

Gems of Peril

By HAZEL ROSS HAILEY.

SYNOPSIS

Rich Mrs. Jupiter is robbed and murdered during the engagement party she gives her daughter, Mary Harkness, Mary's scoundrel brother, Eddie, is suspected. He is run down and killed as he goes to meet Mary.

Bowen of The Star discovers a race-track gambler and crook called The Fly to whom Eddie owed money. Bowen gives Mary a coat he found in the Jupiter house the night of the murder—it is her brother's. The butler recognizes it as having been worn by a "gate-crasher." Mary later meets Bowen for dinner and they learn the Fly is hiding on the premises. Bowen has a plan to "trap The Fly," using a rummy necktie as bait. Suddenly the reporter tells Mary The Fly is approaching.

CHAPTER XIX.

"The Fly!" Mary repeated, horror-stricken. Terror, like a creeping paralysis, began to close in on her faculties. But she hesitated only the fraction of a minute. The footsteps were coming nearer. She began to talk in hushed, conversational tones:

"—Bernuda, I think, though it's hardly the season, but Europe takes too long, and besides," she shrugged lightly, "it's frightful to be a bride and groom on one of those transatlantic boats you could be more conspicuous honeymooning at the Ritz. The orchestra plays at you and they put you at the captain's table and turn spotlights on you and otherwise make you wish you'd died before you were born."

She continued talking as the man brushed by her table and was hidden from sight by the angle of the wall. Only then did he let her eyes stray from her companion's, and then they were cool and incisive.

"Bowen clapped his hands silently, a. I made her a small bow.

"Swell!" he chuckled. "Go to the head of the class, Gloria Swanson!"

Mary was dumfounded. She leaned out and looked after the man who had passed, and saw the large bulk of Jock Shay moving majestically toward the front of the room. She sank back, weak with reaction.

"You fooled me!" she accused furiously.

"Bowen was instantly grave.

"Because this is serious business we're undertaking and I had to know how you'd act in a pinch. You were perfect."

"Was I?" She was slightly mollified by his praise.

Shay, returning past their table, gave Mary a long look and said, "Hello!" He put his hands on the table between them, looked from one to the other searchingly. "I see you. Little shake-up this afternoon didn't bother you!"

"Oh, not in the least!" Mary gave him her most winning smile.

"Jack, do you know Miss Harkness?" Bowen said.

"Sure, we got acquainted this afternoon," Shay was obviously turning over in his mind what connection there was between this afternoon's accident, this girl, and the man she was with. Reluctantly he dragged his eyes away from the girl and turned to Bowen.

"How you been?"

"Never better," Bowen beamed.

"Nothing out of the way about that accident, was there? Miss Harkness has very kindly been giving me a story about it."

"Nah, nah, nah! Shay's denial was exaggeratedly positive. "Just a wild truck driver tryin' to beat the lights

by sneakin' through on a one-way street."

"You were very kind. I want to thank you," Mary told him.

When he had waddled off, Mary whispered, "Was it wise to tell them my name? Won't he tell them there?" nodding toward the private dining room.

"Maybe. But he'd be mighty suspicious if I held out on him."

Just then Mary saw Dirk coming toward them between the tables. Her heart turned over and began to race madly at sight of him. Mary could see that he was angry, even before he saw them.

Until that minute she had not felt herself blameworthy in the least, but immediately a dozen reasons for his displeasure occurred to her. She was flushed and awkwardly conscious of having offended him, when he reached her side.

"Ready to go?" he asked, without sitting down.

"Oh, not yet. Can't you sit down a moment? There's so much to tell you—"

He drew up a chair. "All right, let's hear it," he said, without changing expression.

Mary pucker'd her brow. "You're angry about something. Didn't you get my message?"

"No, I didn't get your message. They told me at the house you'd gone, but no one knew where. Spence happened to find this slip of paper beside the telephone, so I took a chance and came here." He laid on the table the slip on which the address of Shay's was written.

"But I called up your office and told the bookkeeper to tell you where I was! He said you'd be back. I thought you'd call or me, and you were going to be late, so I thought I'd come to meet you, sort of."

"I didn't go back. Dropped everything and went home, thinking we might go out somewhere and party around a while."

"Oh, I'm so sorry!"

"It's all right." But he did not un-bowen.

"That's why I dressed up," she said, indicating the black dress.

"Well," he said, "shall we go?" Beyond his curt greeting he had not given Bowen a second glance. Mary flushed with embarrassment.

"You're not being quite polite," "No," Bowen said sharply. "M. Bowen has some information you ought to hear, if you've time to listen."

Dirk turned a politely attentive face toward the newspaperman.

"The murderer of Mrs. Jupiter and of Miss Harkness' brother is in that room," he said quietly, and nodded toward the closed door.

"And who is that?"

"A man they call The Fly."

"What makes you think he did it?"

"I'll go over the matter with you, step by step, whenever you have the time to give to it," Bowen answered.

"What do you plan to do?"

"We're not talking that over."

"If you've got anything on this man, the next step is a warrant, isn't it? Why don't you have him arrested?"

"No," Bowen said firmly. "I've thought that all out, and it's wrong. I know something about law, too—the kind we get in police court, anyhow. This man has a record of slipping out of one legal knot after another. If we can't make a case, and he goes free, we're through. We'd have to take it and like it. And I couldn't do it. It's—personal with me!"

He had grown pale and his breath came hard. Savage hate gleamed for an instant in his narrowed eyes.

"That man came within an inch of killing me!" he went on in a low voice, strained with emotion. "He did kill Miss Harkness' brother. I think he killed the woman, too, but that much I saw. He ran the kid down, and he did it because he damn well meant to!"

There was a mist of tears in his eyes.

Mary lifted pleading eyes to Dirk. Surely now, once and for all, he would see that his suspicions about Bowen were unfounded.

Dirk looked as if he were about to speak, but stopped. He turned and looked at the closed door of the private dining room.

"It would be suicide to go in there," Bowen warned him gently.

Thoughtfully, Dirk turned and he and Bowen looked glances for a minute. Then he reached into a pocket of his dinner jacket and drew out a long suede pouch which he transferred to a pocket of the topcoat which lay across the table in front of him. He laid his hand on it significantly.

"Don't let anything happen to that," he said and got up.

Before Mary could stop him he was walking casually toward the back of the room.

There were two doors on the small corridor which ran along beside the walled-off kitchen. The first was the door into the private dining room. The second was the men's washroom. Dirk turned the knob and walked into the first, then backed out as suddenly as he had entered. He looked about uncertainly, then went along the hall and entered the other. He was evidently

presuming on The Fly and his companions thinking he had mistaken the door in looking for the washroom.

When he came back to the table, he disregarded Mary's scolding, and levelled his gaze at Bowen.

"What sort of looking chap is The Fly?"

"I've never seen him. The description I get makes him dark, tall, not bad looking. Looks like a Latin. Maybe he is. Did you see him?"

Dirk said, "The room is empty."

"Well I'll be damned!" After an amazed second, Bowen's eyes darted vindictively into search of Mike, the waiter. "If that yegg lied to me—! Still didn't you say there was a side door?" he appealed to Mary.

"Yes, the one I escaped through this afternoon."

Bowen took a long breath. "Then probably they left that way."

Dirk turned to Mary: "Let's be running along," he said. "It's getting late and tomorrow's a big day."

"Wait a second," Mary said. "I want to see what's in that pouch." She slipped her hand into his coat and lifted out the suede bag. She snapped open the cover and a string of blood-red stones fell in a clattering heap in her hand.

"The Jupiter necklace! What are you doing with it, Dirk?"

"Putting it in the office safe till tomorrow," he answered reluctantly.

He held out his hand for it, but Mary's cupped hands eluded his.

"Let me try it on, just once!" she begged, slipping it about her neck. The catch snapped. The two men stared, speechless at the picture she made.

Dirk's eyes glowed. "Marvelous!" he breathed. And Bowen added, "It's a shame to look up anything so beautiful as that!"

Dirk snapped out of it first. "Give it to me before someone sees it," he commanded.

Mary begged and drew her wrap about her shoulders. "There's no one here— you said so yourself!" She turned and looked about. With a shock her eyes met those of three men who had just entered from the front and were seating themselves noiselessly at a table directly opposite. She knew them at once—the same three men who had been in the small dining room that afternoon.

(To be continued.)

RANDOM WRITINGS

By an Astronomer

There's a good deal of religion in an honest man.

The sun is an unerring clock provided by the Creator.

Beauty has its blemishes, even the sun has his spots.

The darker the cloud the brighter the sun when he breaks through the rift.

To some base minds the sight of gold is more alluring than a beautiful sunset or the prospect of heaven.

The merit of an action should always be judged according to the motive which achieved its performance.

Opportunity

The man who makes the most of every opportunity he gets will never have any time left to be envying other people's opportunities. Improving his own will keep him busy and happy. The man who never sees an opportunity going round by itself, but only notices those that other men have taken in hand and improved, is the prince of complainers.

Mistakes

Leave your mistakes behind you, but don't forget how you made them.—General Booth.

Relieve that pain safely

You can always relieve that ache or pain harmlessly with Aspirin. Even those deep-seated pains that make a man's very bones ache. Even the systemic pains so many women suffer. They will yield to these tablets! Aspirin has many important uses. Read the proven directions in every package; and don't endure any needless pains from neuralgia, neuritis, rheumatism.

Keep a bottle of these tablets in the house; carry a pocket tin if subject to unexpected headaches, sudden colds, quick relief, without any harmful effects; Aspirin does not depress the heart. Just look each time for the name Aspirin—and the word genuine printed in red on every box.

Every druggist has Aspirin, and if you ask for it by that name you are sure to get relief. Aspirin is a trademark registered in Canada.

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The Tramp Parson

To be a successful tramp you must have all your wits about you. So, at least, says the Rev. Frank L. Jennings, "The Tramp Parson," who describes in "Tramping With Tramps" his adventures when he set out to find out what the tramp's life is really like.

A tramp, indeed, usually has a tactful answer ready. There was one who chanced to call at the door of a good woman who was a staunch teetotaler. "Do you ever drink intoxicants?" she asked him.

"Before replying, 'lady,'" said the man, thoughtfully, "is that an invitation or merely an inquiry?"

A Workhouse Wash

The average tramp feels uncomfortable unless there is a good layer of dirt on top of his skin "to keep the cold out." A bath, however, is a compulsory preliminary to a night in the casual ward of a "spike," the tramp's name for a workhouse.

"Call that a wash!" said the workhouse master to one of his night guests. "Yes, sir, my face always does dry a funny colour."

"Before replying, 'lady,'" said the man, thoughtfully, "is that an invitation or merely an inquiry?"

Tragedy on the Road

Once the tramp is admitted, he is searched, then compelled to bathe, often in water that several others have already used, is given a dirty towel, an unlauded nightshirt, and is locked up for the night, with his fellows, in cells that are frequently ridden with vermin. On the wall of one such cell a visitor had chalked, "Look in Peaborough Casual Ward my cellmate was a D.S.O."

In this same town he worked in the garden with a man who had once been a wealthy diamond merchant in South Africa, and now made a bare living by selling scrap iron from refuse dumps. In Huntington he met a man who had become a millionaire by planting orange groves in Florida, and who had lost his whole fortune in a cyclone.

But there is no such tragedy about the majority of tramps, the real old "professionals," many of whom stay on the road because they love the life—and some of them do not make a bad living either. One of them specialized in trousers. He wore a very old pair himself, and went from house to house displaying the rents and tears.

By the end of the day he would acquire from twelve to eighteen pairs, and when the pubs opened in the evening he would have his drink, bring out his line of trousers, and sell them at 1s. 6d. to 2s. a pair.

The Doctor's Trousers

One day, however, he had a setback. He was passing a large house on which a brass plate announced "Dr. Smythe" inspired him to try his luck. A lady said that the doctor was in, and what did he want. The tramp immediately displayed his old, torn trousers, and asked for a pair of the doctor's. The lady replied, "You couldn't wear the doctor's trousers, my good man."

"Yes, I could, mum. I'd wear 'em if they were miles too big."

"I'm afraid they wouldn't suit you, Dr. Smythe."

Roadside Language

Some tramps, indeed, make a really comfortable living by begging. Mr. Jennings met a wooden-legged man who made it his business to stand in the principal streets of the towns he passed through, playing his mouth-organ. He reckoned that thirty shillings a day takings was an average return. When he felt like it, he did the pub at night, and carried a further half-crown. That sum is quite enough to excite the envy of many hard-working men of women. In Leicester recently he was summoned for obstruction and fined a pound. He paid the fine at once, and in pennies.

Mr. Jennings frequently came across examples of the incongruous. He was in a workhouse chapel with fifteen

My friends all ask me what I used

"I had a lovely delicately-colored silk scarf from Paris which was my pride," writes an enthusiastic woman from Quebec. "It became so soiled I had to wash it—which ruined its beauty. I was heart-broken. One day I saw in the drug store a new kind of tints—Diamond Tints. The druggist said they were for light shades and needed no boiling. When I found they were made by the makers of Diamond Dyes, I knew that there was something I would dare to use on my precious scarf. (You see, I had dyed my my mourning clothes with Diamond Dyes and knew they were wonderful.) I got a package of Diamond Tints, dipped my scarf and it came out as gorgeously colorful as a sunset! My druggist says repeated washings will not fade it. My friends were as delighted as I and wanted to know what I used. Indeed, I'm enthusiastic about Diamond Tints!"

DIAMOND TINTS

AT ALL DRUG STORES

15¢

The Gorges and Canyons of Canada

The tallest peaks of the Canadian Rockies, crowned by Mount Robson at fourteen thousand feet, seem to beckon across the prairies as the train leaves the neat little outpost city of Edmonton, "North of 53." The air is so clear that one hundred miles distant seems but just over the horizon and the tangle of early autumn in the far north invigorates all things in this expansive land. Presently it is among the foothills, and the Canadian land of grandeur—Switzerland on a mighty scale—is at hand.

There is a special glory here that only October can show and it is largely the golden glory of the little mountain poplar, that tiny tree with its delicate leaves which gleam yellow as burnished gold. In the distance their foliage suggests showers of powdery gleaming metal scattered across the hillsides and through the valleys, or as if some mighty hand had strewn lavishly a golden grain and that from it had sprung this dazzling harvest. Against the green of pine and fir and the black and the white of the mountain peaks above, it stands forth brighter than the yellowing birch and

earnings and findings. They had all things in common.

Mr. Jennings' book is sufficient proof that his adventure was worth while. He shows that it is foolish to regard tramps, as a class, as degenerate idlers and rogues, and he draws a disturbing picture of the conditions he has found in many of the workhouses. If the casual wards of the country are conducted as inhumanly as Mr. Jennings declares, he has done a public service in drawing attention to them.


A Teacher

There is nothing in the world which does not show either the misery of man, or the mercy of God, either man's impotence without God, or his power with God. The whole universe teaches man that he is corrupt, or that he is redeemed; teaches him his greatness or his misery.—Pascal.

WOMEN TRAMPS

It is surprising to learn that there are many women tramps on the road today. Some of them are by themselves, some with their husbands, and in a cobbler near Stamford Mr. Jennings discovered five men and three women, all tramps, who had formed themselves into almost a primitive society. He writes that after being in their company for several hours, I discovered that they had met each other on the road, had gradually chummed up together and agreed to live a thoroughly communal life, sharing one another's loves as well as one another's

HOW DOES YOUR GARDEN GROW?



By MARYE DAHNKE
Kraft Cheese Institute

"Season of mist and mellow fruitfulness," Keats called it! These golden autumn days bring with them the whole harvest of summer—a wealth of vegetables, ruddy and mellow, ripe and tantalizing. They call out to be gathered in all their luscious profusion, to be served daily.

To preserve their crisp freshness, to accentuate their delicate flavors—this is the task of the artful cook.

Autumn vegetables with cheese have a golden goodness in tune with the high spirit of the season. In a luscious cheese sauce, or en-caseroles, even the most ordinary of vegetables has a piquancy undreamed of.

Ideal for cooking with autumn vegetables is the all-milk cheese food Velveta—which melts so readily that it practically makes itself into the smoothest and creamiest of sauces.

BAKED STUFFED TOMATOES

6 medium tomatoes
1 1/2 cups fresh bread crumbs
1/2 package Kraft Velveta
Salt, pepper

Cut a small slice from the top of each tomato. Scoop out the centers and fill with a mixture of the tomato pulp, bread crumbs, Velveta cut in small cubes, and seasonings to taste. Bake in moderate oven, 350 degrees, until Velveta is melted and crumbs begin to brown.

MAKED MACEDOINE

1 tablespoon chopped onion
2 tablespoons chopped celery
1 cup cooked rice
1 cup chopped dill pickles
2 cups cooked tomatoes
Salt, pepper
1/2 package Kraft Velveta

Cook onion and pimiento in melted butter; add tomatoes and cook until mixture thickens, stirring constantly. Add onion, rice, pickles and seasonings to taste. Pour into a casserole and cover with sliced Velveta. Bake in a moderate oven, 350 degrees, 25 minutes.

TWO GIVERS

Who little gives, knows not the joy of living;
His shrunken soul the bliss of heaven foregoes
For earthly gain; and daily harder grows
His task—the task of little giving.

Who gives his all, and gives with spirit willing—
Yea, gives himself and mourns "a gift so slight"—
Shall find in sacrifice supreme delight,
A heavenly joy the emptied vessel filling.

—George Henry Hubbard.

Nanking Ramblings

NANKING GROWS UP.

Nanking is becoming steadily more self-sufficient. Although this city has been the political centre of China since 1927, it has retained the atmosphere of a sleepy country town. The younger men at J. P. Morgan & Co. Government have slipped off as passing, to attend "theater" and concerts and motion picture shows. But for several months this year railway communication between Nanking and Shanghai was cut off. Even the younger people learned to spend their leisure here. And now, with vigorous government retrenchment, they cannot afford to leave. So, in comfortable theatres have opened, and again American "theaters" are shown here even before they appear in Shanghai. Nanking has its own radio broadcasting stations, and can pick up Shanghai programs.

CHINA'S REAL CAPITAL.

Theoretically, Nanking has the status as the capital of China. For strategic reasons, the Government maintains a theoretical capital at Loyang-fu in Honan Province. The more important government archives were moved to Loyang-fu last January, and still remain there, against the possibility of a further Japanese attack. Lin Sen, President of China, has a residence in Loyang-fu, and this is his home until this summer. But he has now returned to Nanking, where all of the active government executives had preceded him.

GOOD WILL TO STRANGERS.

The "antiforeign" feeling in Nanking, which has made foreign residents uncomfortable for years, has largely disappeared since the beginning of the Sino-Japanese conflict. In the stead of arousing the Chinese against all foreigners, the Japanese attacks upon Manchuria and Shanghai have concentrated hostility upon the Japanese. This is not difficult to explain. There has never been natural ill-feeling against foreign residents, among the ordinary Chinese people, who are innately friendly and hospitable. But the Kuomintang, in its eagerness to recover "sovereign rights" for China, has sometimes indulged in publicity campaigns which have stirred up the people against foreigners. For more than a year Kuomintang agitators have devoted their entire attention to Japan. With no agitation against other foreigners, the people display their natural good will.

CHINESE NEWS WRITERS.

Chinese newspaper men with a good command of English and comprehension of the needs of American and European newspapers are finding opportunity in Nanking. Not one foreign correspondent has yet made headquarters in Nanking. They find it more convenient to locate in Shanghai, where there is no censorship and where foreign cable companies have offices.

HIGHWAYS IN PROGRESS.

The Finance Ministry has let nothing stand in the way of its plans, through the National Economic Council, for an adequate highway system linking Nanking with the large nearby cities. Highways, Mr. Song feels, will do as much as anything else to draw the cities of the Yangtze Valley together. The Nanking-Hangchow highway has been completed, and the Hangchow-Shanghai highway is being finished in October. A broad highway has been surveyed between Nanking and Shanghai, and work will be started this year.

MODE LICITY MUST WAIT.

The building program in Nanking has been suspended on account of the financial crisis of the government. Most of the work planned for this year cannot be accomplished. The government has been compelled to use all its funds in the anti-Communist campaign in the Yangtze Valley and in preparations against possible Japanese invasion of China proper. But architects and engineers have remained at work perfecting plans for a "model capital." It is still hoped that substantial progress can be made toward building a comfortable and attractive government centre in 1933.

HOUSING SHORTAGE.

Foreign consular staffs are being increased in Nanking, while legation staffs in Peiping are being reduced. As a consequence, the housing shortage for foreigners has become more acute. Chinese investors have hesitated to put their money into houses or apartment buildings or hotels in Nanking despite the demand for accommodations. It is hoped that the Government can make some definite assurance in the near future which will convince investors they can safely put their money into Nanking real estate.—The Christian Science Monitor.

ONTARIO ARCHIVES

TORONTO