

Gems of Peril

By HAZEL ROSS HAILEY.

SYNOPSIS

Rich old Mrs. Jupiter is robbed and murdered during the engagement party she gave for her secretary, Mary. Suspicion points to Mary's brother, Eddie, who is killed by a car as he goes to meet her. Bowen, police reporter, discovers a race-track crook called The Fly to whom Eddie owed money. The Fly is said to be hiding. Dirk, her fiancé, comes to take her home. He is his way to look up the Jupiter recluse in his office safe. Just as Dirk looks up the necklace, a crash outside. Bowen lets the thieves smash into his car rather than overtake Mary. A Dirk Dirk disbelieves the existence of The Fly and Mary goes off with Bowen.

CHAPTER XXII.—(Cont'd.)

Bowen came hurrying in, in his arms full of packages. In his left hand he held a whisky-bottle carefully by the neck.

"Sorry to be so long," he explained, "but I had to buy some powder and some other junk. I got a pretty good thumb print, I think, but the rest are not so good. . . . I want you here a little longer till I go up and develop this. I'll hurry. . . ."

"What's the bottle for?" Mary asked, bewildered.

"Don't touch it!" He drew it away from her pointing finger. "It's his—the Fly's. He drinks a special brand. Mike sneaked it for me while Jack's back was turned. Let me get upstairs with it, quick, before something happens to it." He was laboring under strong excitement. "Can you imagine it? I've been carrying this down the street like this. Afraid to wrap it up and smear the print. Wonder I wasn't pinched." He started off and Mary followed.

"Oh, don't leave me here! One more black mark on my reputation won't hurt. I'm going up with you." In the elevator she asked bitterly, "Did you know what was in that magazine you gave me?"

When they were out of hearing of an exotic-looking couple who went up in the elevator with them she told him. Bowen did not seem impressed.

"Oh, who reads that lousy sheet anyway? A handful of nitwits with more money than brains, who know it anyhow, and about a million repressed schoolteachers who won't understand it after they read it. Forget it."

"Emily Ann Ruyther reads it," Mary said worriedly. "I suppose she's in the midst of a pink fit by now."

"Forget it! We'll have Emily Ann begging you par-oon on bended knee before we're through."

He proposed the door of his room open with a book of the purchases on the table, the precious bottle occupying an open space all its own. After that, they did not bother to talk. Bowen set to work and Mary watch, absorbed. The thumb print came up clearly, the others were, as he had said, too faint to be of much food.

Presently he raised a flushed, perspiring countenance and said dramatically, "Now!" He laid on the table the sheet of paper containing the fingerprints obtained from the gun. Beside it he placed a fingerprint chart and a magnifying glass. Occupying the place of honor stood the whisky-bottle, oset, its powder-blackened sides showing a variety of finger-smudges.

He bent his eye to the magnifying glass, moving it from one to the other, back and forth.

"I'm no expert," he said, at last, "but if those thumb-prints aren't identical, I'll eat 'em. I'll get an expert's opinion on it, if you want it. The boys in the identification bureau will do it for me."

"Do it, will you?" she asked eagerly. "I accept your word, but we must be absolutely certain."

"Right. Tomorrow, without fail. Well, Miss Sherlock Holmes, let's shut up shop for tonight."

He removed a pile of clean shirts from a dresser drawer, laid his exhibits carefully away in the empty drawer, locked it, and they went out.

"It's only 10 o'clock," he whispered in the elevator. "You'll be home and in beddy-bye in an hour. What could be sweeter? And don't worry, your boy-friend'll cover for me. Keep a stiff upper lip, and remember what you've got now to knock sense into him with—that whisky bottle!"

She didn't want to hear him talk about it. She was more grateful that she could ever say for the surety he had just given her. It made her course clear. But personally, he had become faintly repulsive to her. . . . that declaration of his was shocking, somehow, centred as her emotions were in Dirk, and Dirk only. Perhaps she drew away slightly; her feelings may have shown in her face.

"Listen, forget what I said a while ago, will you?" he said. "I ought not to have—but hell, you asked for it! And I know it doesn't make any difference to you."

"Oh, I'd forgotten all about it!" she assured him, surprised at his perception.

They stepped out into the lobby. "Hungry?" he asked. "Better have a cup of coffee before you go. You look done up. Did you eat anything at Shay's?"

"Not much," she confessed and followed him, almost wobbling with faintness and weariness, to the grill, which was empty except for the couple they had seen in the elevator. Mary recognized them without more than a brief glance. The odor of the woman's oriental perfume was overpowering. The man with her was odd-looking, too—foreign, apparently. Such of their talk as drifted to her ears was in French, and his clothes sloppily worn, his hair thick and long below his large black felt hat. He wore a

all waxed mustache. Mary began to feel a peculiar uneasiness. She had been unconventional in going to that room, if anyone chose to be priggish about it. She would not have given it a second thought if it had not been for these exotic-looking people. Continentals of that type always made her rush for safety to the ideals of her Puritan ancestors.

She drank hot coffee gratefully. Bowen did not talk much.

"I was supposed to cover a Red riot in Jersey City tonight," he observed. And added complacently, "The hell with it." After that he did not talk at all.

The couple passed out of the room just ahead of them, pausing in the doorway to kiss passionately.

"An revoir, my darling," muttered the siren, in a guttural voice with a marked accent. "Monsieur go!"

"I must, sweet." He tore himself from her arms, and hurried out.

Mary and Bowen made amused grimaces at each other. In the doorway they gave an exaggerated imitation of that parting—all but the kiss. And howled with laughter.

The dandified stranger, came over his arm, small waxed mustache bristling, paced the curb impatiently as the doorman sought a cab. Mary and Bowen, waiting their turn for a taxi, watched him involuntarily. He was like something out of "La Vie Artistique." When the cab came up, he said loudly, "Can you take me, please, to Jupiter House, at the Point, Pleasant Hills?"

Mary clutched Bowen's arm. "I knew I'd seen him somewhere! It's Bruce Jupiter, come home!" she cried.

CHAPTER XXIII

Della thrust her head in the door and demanded: "Aren't you ever going to get up, Miss Mary? Think what day it is! And the packing! Who's to do that, if I don't, and how can I do it at all if I don't begin?"

Mary gave up trying to feign sleep any longer, and forced herself to face the old servant's curious eyes.

"I'm not going away just yet, Della," she told her. "Don't ask me any questions. I can't bear to talk about it. And put those things out of sight, won't you?" She pointed to yesterday's purchases piled about the room. Then she turned her telltale eyes away.

"An' a fine mornin', too, as anyone could wish for a weddin'," she grumbled.

"Oh, I'll be getting married one of these days—don't lock so door," Mary assured her. "I've this and that to do first, that's all. Did Mr. Bruce come?"

"Yes, and gone away again, already." Della thumped pillows about grumpily. "I don't know whatever's come over the world that a nice young man like Mr. Bruce can't set foot in his home without his own father layin' it onto him. Faith, and if I was Mr. Bruce, I'd never come home, that I would not!"

"Della! What do you mean?" Della set sturdy arms akimbo, and gave forth the details with relish.

"Did they row! Faith, and ye never heard the like! Says his pa, 'You're a skunk and a scalpeen lallygaggin' round Europe with them low foreigners, too busy spendin' money to come home, and yer mother lyin' dead! Too busy to send a cablegram or a wreath of flowers for her coffin! How have ye the face to walk in here with the black conscience on ye, dressed like a dude and smellin' of rotten perfume!'"

Della paused for lack of breath. Discounting the obvious Celticisms, Mary was still able to form a good idea of what Mr. Jupiter had said and meant, in greeting his only son.

"What did Mr. Bruce say?" she prompted. Pumping servants was not a thing one did every day, but Mary excused herself on the ground that she had to know what Bruce was going to do, before she could decide what to do herself.

"Oh, sure, he'd a bunch of excuses at his tongue's tip. He'd sent a friend out to send off a cablegram, he said, and how was he to know it never went? And it was only a fortnight ago that he got the news, indeed; he was that high up in them Alps mountains, paintin' pictures of glaysers, and the like of that. An' when he got the message, he come down at once, and took the first boat. An' if his pa wants to know where come that perfume from, the man in the barbershop

Proper Toys Aid Self-Expression In Children

Play Things Help Learning—Children Bored Without Adequate Play

New Haven, Conn.—Children develop best because they are bored, according to Dorothy Cannon Thompson, of the Yale University faculty and director of the Cannon Nursery School of New Haven, a laboratory of child life where students in the Department of Education of Yale University study child development. It is Mrs. Thompson's belief that the lack of proper provision for play is probably the most common cause for the "cantankerous child."

Children who are supposedly having the best of modern care in superior homes, in hospitals or in institutions are being almost universally hampered in their growth through lack of proper provision for play," Mrs. Thompson said. "Active, constructive play leading to growth is by no means a panacea for the difficulties of childhood, but the implications in the social, emotional and mental development are such that one can no longer afford to ignore the subject."

Autumn Maple

What golden ichor rose through trunk and bough From unimagined springs within the earth With soundless flow the summer long, That fountain luminously comes to birth

And spills upon the frosty air a spray That stais with gold this blue Oct. o'er day?

These showers that descend will deepen soon To burnished pools upon the autumn grass That seems to mirror some refulgent noon

Whose sun is held immobile in the glass, —Adeleide Love, in "Voices."

Aid to Aviators

The Dominion's newest weather bureau at Mooseonee on James Bay should prove of great value to aviators, according to Andrew Thomson, chief physicist of the Dominion Meteorological Service, who has completed a visit to several northern stations.

The bureau, ranked as a first class station, will record temperatures, hours of sunshine, precipitation, wind velocity and other information necessary to the work of forecasting weather conditions.

As at other outlying stations, the Mooseonee bureau will wire reports daily to the Toronto observatory, stations are already established at Fort Churchill, Chesterfield Inlet and in the Hudson Straits, and the new one will fill a gap and greatly assist the service, according to Mr. Thomson.

The Meteorological Service works under what is known as the "polar front method," which was worked out in Norway during the war years. Great strides have been made during the past few years, Mr. Thomson says, but reports every six hours and observations by means of planes would greatly facilitate the work of forecasting accurately.

The Mooseonee Bureau is established at James Bay Inn. The wind instruments are on the roof and the other instruments are set up nearby. James Kingston, manager of the inn, has been placed in charge of the station.

Gems from Life's Scrap-book

"Patience and gentleness is power." —Leigh Hunt.

"Power obeys reality, and not appearance; power is according to quality, not quantity." —Emerson during the war years.

"Power dwells with cheerfulness." —Emerson.

"God is everywhere, and nothing apart from Him is present or has power." —Mary Baker Eddy.

"Pretension is nothing; power is everything." —Whipple.

"The highest power may be lost by misrule." —Syrus.

"Power acquired by guilt was never used for a good purpose." —Tacitus.

"These are some of the things that he may learn from his toys, and he will if his play materials are chosen with that end in view. Many of them

squirted it on him by mistake, and— Mary burst into peals of laughter. "How does he explain those waxed mustaches?" she demanded. "Don't tell me he keeps them like that in self-defence?"

"That I don't know," Della denied, "but I do know I'd have got married myself years ago if I'd have found me as fine-lookin' a young man as him!" (To be continued.)

Champion Cheese Taster

He's the "big cheese" among the cheese-tasters. Donald Smith, a Mississippi youth, at a recent dairy show in Detroit scored highest and won the \$750 prize.

Longer Ocean Liners

A change in the design of steamships, involving a five per cent. increase in length which would bring an increase in efficiency of almost 100 per cent. is near birth in the experiments of German scientists, Dr. Fritz Zeilky, physicist of the California Institute of Technology at Pasadena, California, said.

Dr. Zeilky said the principal experiments indicated that if most ocean liners were severed in the middle and a section inserted, increasing their lengths but slightly, an immense improvement would be obtained.

He told of tests near Hamburg, Germany, in which paraffin steamship models were propelled at the rate of 30 miles an hour. From these tests have come the theory of an improved design through increased length, the physicist said, and equally important research is under way on the shapes of prows and sterns.

The scientist predicted the future would bring considerable change in the types of prows. One of these would be designed with a bulge both at top and bottom, leaving the centre concave. Another proposes a straight profile, jutting forward at the top. Tests of this, the "barge" type, have indicated it is better adapted to rough seas.

Turbulent, discontented men of quality in proportion as they are puffed up with personal pride and arrogance, generally despise their own order.—Burke.

Four-fifths of the world's motor-cars are in Europe

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 the 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 trade-mark registered in Canada.

Labour costs represent two-thirds of the annual expenditure of British railways, the total wages and salaries bill of the four companies in 1931 being £102,000,000, as compared with £47,000,000 in pre-war years.

American children are eating penny candies at the rate of 195,000,000 pounds a year.

ORANGE PEKOE BLEND

"SALADA" TEA

"Fresh from the Gardens"

Polluted Air Disease Carrier

Smoke, Soot and Dust Cut Off Ultra-Violet Rays

Washington.—Polluted air, preventing human beings from receiving their due share of ultra violet rays ranks with polluted milk and water as a health menace.

Dr. Fred C. Tonney, of the Chicago Health Department, told the Public Health Association meeting here that ill effects "in health of shutting off the sun's ultra-violet light by smoke, soot, dust, fog, and other impurities are more serious and widespread than generally realized."

Dr. Haven Emerson, of Columbia University, reported there are even indications that it may be a contributing factor in causing rheumatic fever that results in illness and death of many children. The amount of heart disease in children caused by rheumatic fever falls off steadily from Boston south to Atlanta, he said, seeming to correspond to the increasing amount of sunshine as one moves south.

Decreased sunshine may increase activity of the rheumatic fever virus. There is no rheumatic fever in Puerto Rico, Dr. Emerson said, which has plentiful sunshine.

Danger in Smoke

Dr. Tonney explained that smoke palls hanging over cities, especially in winter, often have such far-reaching and unsuspected effects as making teeth more liable to decay, endangering health of mothers before and after childbirth, and lowering resistance to disease. Rickets, due to lack of sunshine, is one of the most prevalent of childhood diseases.

Layers of children's teeth built up when sunshine is deficient lack lime and are easily attacked by decay which spreads to the healthier parts of the teeth, Dr. Tonney said. He added that lack of Vitamin D, supplied by ultra-violet light, prevents mothers from absorbing from their food the extra calcium and phosphorus they need during pregnancy and the nursing period. Dr. Emerson found that children who have had rickets are especially susceptible to bronchitis, pneumonia, measles, whooping cough, convulsions and tuberculosis.

"We can now provide a health motive for the clearing of the skies," Dr. Tonney asserted, "a motive as fundamental and far reaching as those that brought about the control of water-borne and milk-borne disease."

Plants were raised recently in Kew Gardens, London, from lotus seed found in Manchuria and believed to be more than a century old, and even four centuries, or older.

Among the Royal stamp collectors, in addition to H.M. the King, there are the Queens of Italy and the Belgians, Prince Leopold, Crown Prince of Sweden, and King Fuad of Egypt.

"Any changes for the better in football this season?"

"Yes. Understand that not more than one ticket speculator will be allowed to tackle a single patron at the same time."

Longer Ocean Liners

A change in the design of steamships, involving a five per cent. increase in length which would bring an increase in efficiency of almost 100 per cent. is near birth in the experiments of German scientists, Dr. Fritz Zeilky, physicist of the California Institute of Technology at Pasadena, California, said.

Dr. Zeilky said the principal experiments indicated that if most ocean liners were severed in the middle and a section inserted, increasing their lengths but slightly, an immense improvement would be obtained.

He told of tests near Hamburg, Germany, in which paraffin steamship models were propelled at the rate of 30 miles an hour. From these tests have come the theory of an improved design through increased length, the physicist said, and equally important research is under way on the shapes of prows and sterns.

The scientist predicted the future would bring considerable change in the types of prows. One of these would be designed with a bulge both at top and bottom, leaving the centre concave. Another proposes a straight profile, jutting forward at the top. Tests of this, the "barge" type, have indicated it is better adapted to rough seas.

Turbulent, discontented men of quality in proportion as they are puffed up with personal pride and arrogance, generally despise their own order.—Burke.

Four-fifths of the world's motor-cars are in Europe

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 the 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 trade-mark registered in Canada.

Labour costs represent two-thirds of the annual expenditure of British railways, the total wages and salaries bill of the four companies in 1931 being £102,000,000, as compared with £47,000,000 in pre-war years.

American children are eating penny candies at the rate of 195,000,000 pounds a year.

The Carrier's Cart

She lived in the days of carriers' carts. In case you should not know what a carrier's cart was, it was a vehicle used for carrying packages of all sorts from place to place in the rural districts. Often, too, the villagers would come into the market town with it in order to do their shopping. These carts plied once or twice weekly between village and town to enable the villagers to do their shopping.

Harris, the carrier of Cliffe, a little village in Kent not far from Gad's Hill (famous as the home of Dickens), ambled into the town of G. and put his cart away for the day, leaving his horses for rest and refreshment till six o'clock in the evening, when the shoppers would return, laden with all kinds of goods unpurchasable in the little one-eyed village of Cliffe-at-Hoo.

She was only eight, but how she loved the sight of the carrier's cart and Harris of Cliffe! For, of course, there were other carriers who came from other towns, but Harris of Cliffe spelled enchantment, joy, peace, freedom, happy days, holidays. Once a year, every August or September, as soon as she was old enough to leave her mother, she was invited by a kind and motherly aunt to stop and play with her cousins, for a long, happy month, in the low-ceilinged country home at Cliffe.

LONGING FOR DAYLIGHT.

The night before the great day no sleep closed her wakeful eyes. Fear lest something should happen to prevent her going kept her turning and tossing and longing for the light. The morning found her tip-toeing about, collecting little treasures to be packed.

The carpet bag (of the period) was ready packed in her bed-room. By dint of coaxing and worrying her mother she was all ready by 10 a.m. Even now something might prevent her going. Fear gripped her! If only she was in her way out of the house, in the street, she would feel happy and content.

Why not sit in the carrier's cart all day? She was sure she would be quite happy. She timidly suggested it to her mother, who looked with tears in the flushed, anxious face, and, understanding, half-consented.

"No, you'll be so tired, dear."

"No, I won't. Oh, please let me do it! I'm sure I'll love it."

AT THE INN YARD.

A little packet of sandwiches was hastily prepared while her mother kept saying:

"I don't like to let you go!"

But she got her way, and after gratefully hugging her mother she grasped the carpet bag and happily made her way to the inn yard.

Here was all the bustle of an inn in the early morning, ostlers running about with pails, washing down carts, grooming horses, the noise of vehicles over the cobble-stones, and then a very little red-faced maid in a long ulster, clutching a huge carpet bag, obviously not full.

First she peeped round the gate, then advanced timidly. One or two ostlers, busy with their work, winked and went on again.

A few steps farther, and she reached Harris' cart, and looked at the shafts, wondering if it would be possible (when no one was looking) to get into the cart by way of the shafts. And then a kindly ostler asked:

"What do yer want, missie?"

"I want to get into the cart."

"What! Harris doesn't start till six to-night." Another kindly glance. "Hold on—up with yer." And she was hoisted into the cart.

ON THE WAY.

Right to the back she crawled out of sight, and the awning completely hid her from view. Happy was she? There is no doubt. Happiness is a matter of degree. Six hours of perfect joy she slept in the van, living in blissful anticipation, and free from the fear that dogged her childish life. In her secluded spot at the back of the cart she heard the wondering remarks that passed amongst the ostlers. But safe in Harris' cart, she was oblivious to all else. She was on her way.

Six o'clock came and the arrival of the passengers of the morning, and expressions of surprise at the extra one already there. But she was recognized, for her mother was a native of the village.

"You have curis like your mother," said one. "She always looked as if she came out of a bandbox," said another.

And then the pleasant sound of the horse being put into the shafts, the rough shaking over the cobblestones, and she was more than on her way. Now the lovely sound of the horses' hoofs on the road, the smell of summer fields, the rough kindness of the villagers to make the little maid comfortable.

"Bee here all day—bless the child!" "She'll sleep well to-night."

And sleep she did! —London "Answers"