

Gems of Peril

by HAZEL ROSS HAILEY

CHAPTER V

It was Dick's voice—fired, rather, but blessedly his. Mary went weak with joy.

"The word of—the person we're speaking of," he said. "I'll see you at three o'clock. Can you be sure to go with me then? It's all right? Everything's all right?"

"Oh, Dick, of course! Then it's all right? Everything's all right?"

"I don't know that," he hedged. "I haven't talked with him. Better not say anything to anybody yet. Well, my going home and get some sleep now, and I'll be around for you at a quarter of three, sharp. See you then."

The relief Mary had felt at first gave place to a new and more oppressive fear. If he had had good news, or even the hope of it, he would have told her. He had meant to be sure, but the effect of his comforting, but the effect of his warning was just the opposite. She was really alarmed now.

Three o'clock. If she could just keep her own counsel until then, somehow she could not bear to face Mr. Jupiter with the knowledge of what she was holding back. "So far as I have been nothing—nothing—there was something—not much, perhaps, but something. She would feel when Mr. Jupiter knew."

But something held her back. Pride, a sort. She could lie herself but she could not ask Bessie to lie. In going with a housemaid would be humiliating at best. Perhaps Inspector Kane was so busy he would forget her. But as she passed the door she saw Kane there with Mr. Jupiter and the lawyer, talking in a fourth man who had his back to the door. She recognized with a start that it was Tom, the chauffeur.

Tom was shaking his head with great positiveness.

"I'd take my oath on it," he said. "It was the same car. Three times it came in and went 'round the space of half an hour."

"You'd know it again if you saw it?"

"I would. A black body with aluminum trimmings and aluminum hubcaps. Jupiter called our attention to it, why I noticed it. A guy was driving it, but I didn't see his face."

"Anybody in it?"

"Nobody in it that I could see." The detective made a rapid note. "Larger, special body." The chauffeur nodded.

The group of newspapermen waiting in the dining-room, where sleepers and servants had laid a buffet supper at Mr. Jupiter's order, were hurried into the library next. Mary would have slipped away but Inspector Kane, saying he as the greatest man in the entrance, summoned her with a nod.

"Come in, will you please, Miss Harkness? We need a rose among these thorns."

The newspapermen eyed her curiously; she felt as overpowered with grace as if she had suddenly been put out on a stage, alone. But her behavior toward her with the grace of a queen.

Else jumped into the middle of his course. Evidently he had gone over it with them individually before.

"So as I said before to you boys, I convinced the crook who did this, as an amateur and a bungler. I've changed my mind."

"Bungler?" someone snorted sarcastically.

Kane raised his voice. "Bungler, I say. And why? Because he'll have the rap for murder, that's my level thief who knew the ABC of the business could have got his jewels and never left a mark on the old lady." Remembering the name of Mr. Jupiter, he lowered his voice somewhat as if to soften the blow.

"But how did he get in?" someone asked.

Kane waved him down. "He got in, he? Well, I'll get around to that. A Fokker man looked over the gate as there came in and there sat a 'mug' in the lot. But they didn't mind. Nobody was admitted either door without a ticket. There were windows of windows and the French doors in the room were open. If a man could get in the grounds, he could get in the house."

"Bungler?" set on. As I say, Mrs. Jupiter's feet hurt and she went upstairs to her room on the third floor.



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LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

Honest Al

By HAROLD GRAY

THE BEST of the Nation's "Human-est" and Funniest Comics On This Page Daily

THERE—THAT LETTER WILL KEEP 'EM QUIET FOR A LITTLE LONGER—I'VE TOLD 'EM THEIR KID'S SAFE—

YEAH—THAT'LL HOLD 'EM FOR A WHILE—AND SAY—WE'VE BEEN SAPS—

WHY DO WE HAVE TO HAVE TH' KID BEFORE MAKIN' A PLAY FOR TH' MONEY? WHY DO WE HAVE TO HAVE TH' KID AT ALL? IF THEY THINK THEY'RE GOIN' TO GET TH' KID, THEY'LL PAY—WHAT DO WE CARE, AFTER THAT?

NOTHING DOING! THAT WOULDN'T BE HONEST AND YOU KNOW IT—IF WE CAN'T DELIVER TH' KID, WE'D HAVE NO RIGHT TO TAKE THEIR MONEY—I'M SURPRISED YOU'D SUGGEST A CROOKED TRICK LIKE THAT—

HUMPH! YOU ALWAYS WERE TOO HONEST FOR YOUR OWN GOOD—NO BUSINESS MAN—NO WONDER YOU NEVER GOT ANYWHERE—HUMPH!

TIM TYLER'S FLYING LUCK

By LYMAN YOUNG

OOOH—! W-WHAT HAPPENED? W-WHAT W-HIT M-ME?

THE BOYS ARE HURT TRYING TO PROTECT ME—I-I MUST GO DOWN TO HELP THEM—I MUST!

THE "MOON MAN" MUST BE AWFULLY WEAKENED FROM HIS FIGHT WITH MR. SPUD AND MARTIN AND MAYBE IF I—IF I—

POLLY AND HER PALS

By CLIFF STERRETT

COME TO MOTHER, DEAREST!

SAM PERKINS, VENTRILOQUIST

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

Ask Him Again, Boots!

By MARTIN

CHEERIO, MAJOR!

WHY, HELLO THERE, BOOTS! SAY, I HEAR YOU'VE BEEN GOING TO TH' BUSINESS COLLEGE

YEAH, I HAVE

FINE! CAN YOU MAKE A TYPEWRITER BEHAVE YET?

OR, I JUST STARTED SCHOOL A FEW WEEKS AGO

THAT'S ALL RIGHT, Y'KNOW, I THINK WE CAN FIND A PLACE FOR YOU HERE! HOW'D YOU LIKE TO WORK IN MY OFFICE?

SWELL! BUT—DO Y' MEAN IT, MAJOR? I—I—DUNNO THOUGH—DO YOU DO MUCH DICTATING?

WELL—LL, NOT MUCH—BUT, WHEN I SAY A THING, BY GOSH, I MEAN IT!

Disaster Question

YESTERDAY'S ANSWER

15 Active.

17 One who laces.

18 Drunkard.

20 First woman.

23 Sailor.

26 Person under legal age.

27 Divisions of the brain.

30 Dry.

32 Pistol.

34 U. S. police officers are called officers?

36 Pertaining to a weight.

37 Office of dogs.

38 Affirmative.

39 Pecuniary fine.

40 On one side of.

42 Poem.

44 Genus of cattle.

45 Tops of heads.

47 Withered.

49 To lade out water.

51 Setter.

53 Wrath.

55 Seventh note.

40 Bird of the night.

41 Disposition.

43 Type of puzzle.

45 Fair.

46 Borders.

48 Sun.

49 Fundamental.

50 Approached.

52 Type of neuralgia.

54 Playing card.

56 Attempted.

57 Judicial writ of execution.

58 Otherwise.

1 BATERA

2 VELAR

3 ADENINE

4 CURED

5 HOSTESS

6 DILATES

7 RETURNS

8 AAS

9 RAM

10 STORAGE

11 ASPIC

12 TEETHED

13 LEERY

14 OATEN

15 DRESSY

1 BACONY

2 AGAPE

3 GENERAL

4 ARISE

5 HOSTESS

6 DILATES

7 RETURNS

8 AAS

9 RAM

10 STORAGE

11 ASPIC

12 TEETHED

13 LEERY

14 OATEN

15 DRESSY

BRINGING UP FATHER

By GEORGE McMANUS

THERE GOES THAT DOCTOR THAT MAGGIE THINKS IS SO WONDERFUL IF AN APPLE A DAY COULD KEEP HIM AWAY, I'M FER APPLES—

MY GOODNESS, MAGGIE, ME DARLIN, WHAT IS THE MATTER?

OH! I THOUGHT I WAS CATCHING COLD SO I SENT FOR MY DOCTOR AND HE SAID MY THROAT IS IRRITATED—

AND THAT I MUST GIVE UP MY SINGING FOR AT LEAST SIX MONTHS AND TO DO VERY LITTLE TALKING.

WHAT'S ALL THIS? A CHECK FROM MR. JIGGS FOR FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS—I ALWAYS THOUGHT HE DISLIKED ME—?

CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. Measure of a surface.

2. What city of British Honduras was badly damaged by a hurricane recently?

3. Frighted.

4. Third most populous state in the Union.

5. To blend.

6. Departs by boat.

7. Period.

8. Swarming.

9. War flyers.

10. Steel.

11. Above.

12. Carmine.

13. Male courtesy title.

14. Knave.

15. Miter.

16. Buggy land.

17. Public auto.

18. To exist.

19. To entrap.

20. Hides.

DOWN

1. 40 Bird of the night.

2. 41 Disposition.

3. 43 Type of puzzle.

4. 45 Fair.

5. 46 Borders.

6. 48 Sun.

7. 49 Fundamental.

8. 50 Approached.

9. 52 Type of neuralgia.

10. 54 Playing card.

11. 56 Attempted.

12. 57 Judicial writ of execution.

13. 58 Otherwise.

MICKY MICE

By WALT DISNEY

DUDDY'S IN THAT OLD MILL—I HEARD HIM HOWL—I'LL BET THE KIDNAPERS HAVE MINNIE IN THERE, TOO—I'LL GET 'EM—I'LL GET 'EM!

MY NOW MY LITTLE GIRL, YOU ARE GOING FOR A LITTLE RIDE—EET WILL BE A SLOW RIDE, BUT YOU WILL LEARN MUCH FROM EET!

YOU SEE, I START ZE MILL WIT ZEES LEVER—ZEAN I'M GOING SHOW YOU HOW WE GRIND ZE CORN—ONLY ZE PERSONS WHOSE FRIENDS DO NOT DAY OUR RAISON ARE PRIVILEGED TO TAKE ZEES RIDE—EET EES AN HONOR!

GOOD GOSH!