SYNOPSIS.

While Mrs. Willett, her daughter Violet, Major Burnaby and three neighbors in the village of Sittaford were table tipping, a "spirit" message was received stating that Captain Joseph Trevelyan, a retired navy man, had been murdered. For two months the Willets had been occupying Trevelyan's house. He had been unable to resist an offer of 12 guineas rent and had taken a small house for himself at Exhampton, six miles distant. Burnaby finds his friend was dead, the base of his skull fractured. Police Inspector Narracott questioned Evans, Captain Trevelyan's man, and then had his will read. The captain's estate of about 90,000 pounds was divided into four equal parts, and went to his sister, Mrs. Jennifer Gardner, and the three children of his deceased sister, Mary Pearson. A man named James Pearson had registered at an Exhampton hotel the afternoon of the murder and taken the first train back to London for following morning. Charles Enderby, reporter for the Daily Wire, who went to Exhampton to give Major Burnaby a cheque for 5,000 pounds for sending in the only correct solution of his paper's football competition, interviewed the annoyed major on the murder. Narracott went to Exeter to question Mrs. Gardner.

CHAPTER VIII.

"You have come from Mr. Kirkwood, the lawyer at Exhampton?"

"Not exactly, Mrs. Gardner," Inspector Narracott replied. "I put it that way to your maid. Your brother, Captain Trevelyan, was murdered yesterday afternoon and I am Divisional Inspector Narracott in charge of the case."

Whatever else Mrs. Gardner might be she was certainly a woman of iron nerve. Her eyes narrowed and she drew in her breath sharply, then motioning the inspector to a chair and sitting down herself, she said:

"Murdered! How extraordinary! Who in the world would want to murder Joe?"

"That is what I'm anxious to find out, Mrs. Gardner."

"Of course, I hope I shall be able to help you in some way, but I doubt it. My brother and I have seen very little of each other in the last ten years. I know nothing of his friends or of any ties he has formed."

"You'll excuse me, Mrs. Gardner, but had you and your brother quarreled?"

"No—not quarreled. I think estranged would be a better word to describe the position between us. I don't want to go into family details, but my brother rather resented my marriage. Brothers, I think, seldom approve of their sisters' choice, but usually, I fancy, they conceal it better than my brother did. My brother, as perhaps you know, had a large fortune left him by an aunt. Both my sister and myself married poor men. When my husband was invalided out of the army after the war with shell-shock, a little financial assistance would have been a wonderful relief—would have enabled me to give him an expensive course of treatment which was otherwise denied to him. I asked my brother for a loan which he refused. That, of course, he was perfectly entitled to do. But since then we have met at very rare intervals, and hardly corresponded at all.

It was a clear succinct statement.

An intriguing personality, the inspector thought. Somehow, he couldn't quite make her out. She seemed unnaturally calm, unnaturally ready with her recital of facts. He also noticed that, with all her surprise she asked for no details of her brother's death. That struck him as etraordinary.

"I don't know if you want to hear what exactly occurred—at Exhampton," he began.

She frowned.

"Must I hear it? My brother was killed, painlessly—I hope."

"Quite painlessly, I should say."

"Then please spare me any revolting details."

"Unnatural," thought the inspector, "decidedly unnatural."

As though she had read his mind she used the very word that he had spoken to himself.

"I suppose you think that very unnatural, inspector, but—I have heard a good many horrors. My husband has told me things when he has had one of his bad turns—" she shivered. "I think you would understand if you knew my circumstances better."

"Oh! quite so, quite so, Mrs. Gardner. What I really came for was to get a few family details from you. Do you know how many relatives living your brother has besides yourself?"

"Of near relations, only the Pearsons. My sister Mary's children."

"And they are?"

"James, Sylvia and Brian."

"James?"

"He is the eldest. He works in an insurance office."

"What age is he?"

"Twenty-eight."

"Is he married?"

"No, but he is engaged—to a very nice girl, I believe. I've not yet met her."

"And his address?"

"21 Cromwell Street, S.W.3."

The inspector noted it down.

"Yes, Mrs. Gardner?"

"Then there's Sylvia. She's married to Martin Dering—you may have read his books. He's a moderately successful author."

"Thank you; and their address?"

"The Nook, Surrey Road, Wimbledon."

"Yes?"

"And the youngest is Brian—but he is out in Australia. I don't know his address, but either his brother or sister would know."

"Thank you, Mrs. Gardner. Just as a matter of form, do you mind my asking you how you spent yesterday afternoon?"

She looked surprised.

"Let me see. I did some shopping—yes—then I went to the pictures. I came home about six and lay down on my bed until dinner, as the pictures had given me rather a headache. Is there anything else?"

"No; I don't think I have anything further to ask you. I will now get into communication with your nephew and niece. I don't know if Mr. Kirkwood has informed you of the fact yet but you and the three young Pearsons are the joint inheritors of Captain Trevelyan's money."

The color came into her face in a slow, rich blush.

"That will be wonderful," she said quietly. "It has been so difficult—so terribly difficult—always skimping and saving and wishing."

She started up as a man's rather querulous voice came floating down the stairs.

"Jennifer, Jennifer, I want you."

"Excuse me," she said.

As she opened the door the call came again, louder and more imperiously.

"Jennifer, where are you? I want you, Jennifer."

The inspector had followed her to the door. He stood in the hall as she ran up the stairs.

"I am coming, dear," she called.

A hospital nurse who was coming down the stairs stood aside to let her pass up.

"Please go to Mr. Gardner, he is getting very excited. You always manage to calm him.

Inspector Narracott stood deliberately in the nurse's way.

"May I speak to you for a moment?" he said. "My conversation with Mrs. Gardner was interrupted."

"The news of the murder has upset my patient," she explained, adjusting a well-starched cuff. "That foolish girl, Beatrice, came running up and blurted it all out."

"Is Mr. Gardner dangerously ill?" inquired the inspector.

"It's a sad case," said the nurse. "Of course, in a manner of speaking, there's nothing the matter with him really. He's lost the use of his limbs entirely through nervous shock. There's no visible disability."

"He had no etra strain or shock yesterday afternoon?"

"Not that I know of," the nurse looked somewhat surprised.

"You were with him all the afternoon?"

"I intended to be but, well—as a matter of fact, Captain Gardner was very anxious for me to change two books for him at the library. He had forgotten to ask his wife before she went out. So, I went out with them, and he asked me at the same time to get one or two other little things for him—presents for his wife as a matter of fact. Very nice about it, he was, and told me I was to have tea at his expense at Boots. I didn't get out until past four, and didn't get back until after six, but the poor fellow had been quite comfortable. In fact, he told me he had been asleep most of the time."

Mrs. Gardner was back by then?"

"Yes, I believe she was lying down."

"She's very devoted to her husband, isn't she?"

"She worships him. I really do believe that woman would do anything in the world for him. Quite touching, and very different from some of the cases I have mentioned. Why, only last month—"

But Inspector Narracott fended off the impending scandal of last month with considerable skill. "Very pleased to have had this little chat with you, nurse."

Inspector Narracott's next move was to report to his superior, Superintendent Maxwell.

The latter listened with interest. "You must get after this James Pearson as soon as possible—find out where he was yesterday afternoon."

"That's what I thought, sir. I'd better take the 1.45 to town. Some time or other I want to have a word with this Willett woman who rented the captain's house. And, by the way, rather a queer thing happened—"

The inspector narrated the story he had heard from Major Burnaby.

"That's a rum go," ejaculated the superintendent. "Think this old fellow was telling the truth That's the sort of story that gets cooked up afterwards by those believers in spooks and things of that kind."

"I fancy it's true all right," said Narracott with a grin. "I had a lot of difficulty getting it out of him. He's not a believer—just the opposite—old soldier, all silly nonsense attitude."

The superintendent nodded his comprehension. "Well, it's odd, but it doesn't get us anywhere," was his conclusion.

"Then I'll take the 1.45 to London."

"The other nodded.

On arrival in town Narracott went straight to 21 Cromwell St. Mr. Pearson, he was told was at the office. He would be back about seven o'clock.

'I'll call back if I can," Narracott said, and departed quickly without leaving a name.

(To be continued.)

Woman Declares Her Sex Inhuman

Mrs. Laura Harris, Lawyer, Says Women Must Learn to Support Each Other to Gain Success

Chicago.—American women must be educated to patronize and support the members of their own sex, delegates to the National Federation of Business and Professional Women's biennial convention were told last week.

A paper prepared by Mrs. Laura B. Harris of Casper, Wyo., read in her absence to the lawyer's round table section of the convention, brought the issue to the fore.

Mrs. Harris, believed to be the only woman legal adviser to a state senate, detailed tribulations of a woman seeking topnotch recognition in the legal profession and said not until women learned to support women would feminine president of the United States become a possibility.

Other speakers listed a variety of reasons why women do not patronize women more generally in the legal field. One suggested the feminine client only comes to the lawyer when seeking a cut-rate. Lydia Lee, a Missouri lawyer, said most women owning property have inherited it and "know little about handling it."

"They don't believe there are other women who do and should be educated to the fact that there are," she said.

Martha L. Connole, East St. Louis, Ill., attorney, said: "Womens' attitude is the one they have had for years."

Ship Ends Old Custom

London. — The icebreaker Nascopie steamed down the Clyde from Ardrossan, marking the end of a tradition that has lasted 245 years.

In 1688 the fifty-ton ketch Nonsuch sailed from Gravesend to Hudson Bay with forty-two men, the pioneers of the Hudson Bay Company. It was the dashing Prince Rupert, the first Governor, who backed the first venture of The Governor and Company of Adventurers of England Trading Into Hudson's Bay, and ever since then ships have sailed from Britain to Canada with stores and provisions and back from Canada to Britain with cargoes of furs.

But the Nascopie is the last of them, and will never return to British waters. The departure was the last sailing of a Hudson Bay Company ship from Britain. The Nascopie will remain permanently in Canadian waters and fur collections will in future be shipped each year to England by the regular Atlantic liners to London.

Housekeeping at Dr. Barnardo's Homes in the United Kingdom is done on an enormous scale. More than 25,000 meals a day have to be provided for 8,456 children. One big item is milk, 1,000 gallons per day being required.

An Old-Fashioned Garden

Mr. Jerome was tempted to linger in the garden, for though the house was pretty and well deserved its name—"the White House"—the tall damask roses that clustered over the porch being thrown into relief by rough stucco of the most brilliant white, yet the garden and orchards were Mr. Jerome's glory, as well they might be; and there was nothing in which he had a more innocent pride than in conducting a hitherto uninitiated visitor over his grounds, and making him in some degree aware of the incomparable advantages possessed by the inhabitants of the White House in the matter of red-streaked apples, russets, northern green (excellent for baking), swan-egg pears, and early vegetables, to say nothing of flowering "shrubs," pink hawthorns, lavender bushes more than ever Mr. Jerome could use, and, in short, a superabundance of everything that a person retired from business could desire to possess himself or to share with his fiends. The garden was one of those old-fashioned paradises which hardly exist any longer except as memories of our childhood: no finical separation between flower and kitchen garden there; no monotony of enjoyment for one sense to the exclusion of another; but a charming paradisaical mingling of all that was pleasant to the eyes and good for food. The rich flower-border running along every walk, with its endless succession of spring flowers, anemones, auriculas, wall-flowers, sweet William, campanulus, snapdragons, and tiger-lilies, had its taller beauties, such as moss and Provence roses, varied with espalier apple trees; the crimson of a carnation was carried out in the lurking crimson of the neighboring strawberry beds; you gather a moss rose one moment and a bunch of currants the next; you were in a delicious fluctuation between the scent of jasmine and the juice of gooseberries. Then what a big wall at one end, flanked by a summer-house so lofty that after ascending its long flight of steps you could see perfectly well there was no view worth looking at; what alcoves and garden-seats in all directions; and along one side, what a hedge, tall, and firm, and unbroken, like a green wall! —George Eliot, in "Scenes of Clerical Life."

Loans Help Students

Paris.—Honor loans to permit needy students to complete their course in the University of Paris were of great service in the last university year, and an increased number of students are applying for this aid during the coming year.

The system was adopted in 1924 by the Academy of Paris which established a fund out of which deserving students could obtain financial aid. The maximum loan is for 3,000 francs, which the student receives by weekly signing an honor declaration that he will repay it within twelve years after he obtained his university degree.

This year 514 of these loans were issued to French students, and 440 the year previous.

France is losing her tourist traffic, the number of visitors falling from 1,911,107 in 1929 to 994,358 last year. The drop is least heavy in the case of British visitors, who numbered 522,000 in 1932.

ORANGE PEKOE BLEND
"SALADA"
TEA
"Fresh from the Gardens"

Mosquitoes Raised in Hundreds For Purposes of Observation

Baltimore.—Mosquitoes, which most people wish would stay away, are the parlor guests of Edwin H. Perkins, of Baltimore.

He has raised hundreds of them in his living room during the past two months for a study of the insects and a series of photographs of them at various stages of development.

Rafts of eggs are collected from two barrels of stagnant water in the backyard and placed in jars of sterile water in the house. The hatching is aided by electric heaters controlled by thermostats.

By the hour, Perkins watches his jars, taking photographs of the insects to show their life circle, but there is one picture which he has been unable to obtain.

The single missing photograph is the mosquito's life is when he has pushed his head through his shell and is pulling himself out of it.

At one time he said he watched for eight hours without success. The change is so quick, he added, he has not been able to catch it with his camera.

As a control against the insects, he said 'a bowl of goldfish in your house will eventually get rid of the mosquitoes." The insects, he asserted, keep the goldfish healthy, contended and grateful.

And here's good news for the misogynist. Perkins says only the "lady" mosquitoes do the biting.

Poetry Love Taught Wthout Study Rule

Children show a much greater interest in poetry if they are not required to do any memorizing, Dr. Honora M. Frawley, research graduate at Teachers College, Columbia University, declares in a survey just made public.

When children are allowed to read poetry in a natural manner, devoid of rules or academic rote, their enjoyment in poems increases accordingly, Dr. Frawley found. She experimented with 300 pupils of Grade 5B in Public Schools 33, 66, 17, 108, 148 and 124 in the borough of Queens.

"The problem undertaken was to compare results in comprehension, amount of memorizing and attitude obtained by teaching poems to children with five different procedures in regard to memorization," Dr. Frawley explains.

These procedures were immediate: Required memorizing without any teaching of the poem, required independent memorizing after the poem had been taught, required supervised memorizing after the poem had been taught, memorizing encouraged but not required after the poem had been taught, and no memorizing required or suggested, but time spent on free choice activities out of the study of the poem.

Dr. Frawley found that the pupils responded more eagerly to the poetry hour where no memorizing was required but where free activity in the study of the poems was allowed. Not forcing the pupils to study the poems in minute detail brought forth a desire to read more poetry, she adds.

Past and Present Positions Compared

Greater Freedom Stressed by Business Woman in Hamilton Address

The emancipation of modern woman and the important place she had come to occupy in the busy modern world were emphasized in an address which Miss A. Josephine Dauphinee, of Vancouver, gave to members of the Canadian Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs, meeting in Hamilton, Ont.

Contrasting conditions affecting women in 1870 and the present day, Miss Dauphinee recalled that the Victorian Miss would not go to a skating rink unaccompanied. The woman of sixty years ago depended on her men folk for her knowledge of public affairs. She did her needlework while her husband read the difficult passages in the newspaper to her. To-day women were in every sphere of life, competitive, social and public; they were running their own factories, they were merchants, dentists, doctors. They took part in aviation, filled no second place in sport, and took part in the Bisley rifle competition. Woman today, Miss Dauphinee said, might choose any career which suited her.

Man Who Melted From the Heat

In London, on June 6, the thermometer rose to 90 in the shade, and the next day some of the papers related the story of a man in the South end who had actually melted from the heat and had attracted such great crowds by so doing that the police had to disperse them. One of the papers printed a photograph of the phenomenon. It shows a young man of about 20, with clean-shaven face and hair neatly plastered down, and arrayed in the latest fashion, but with drooping head and a smile that is rapidly dissolving into an expression of horror as the eyes appear to join it. The police came and moved the terror-stricken or joking—according to temperament—people on, but called no ambulance. Just as the poor man collapsed he was taken into the shop before which the tragedy had taken place—for he was a dummy made of wax.

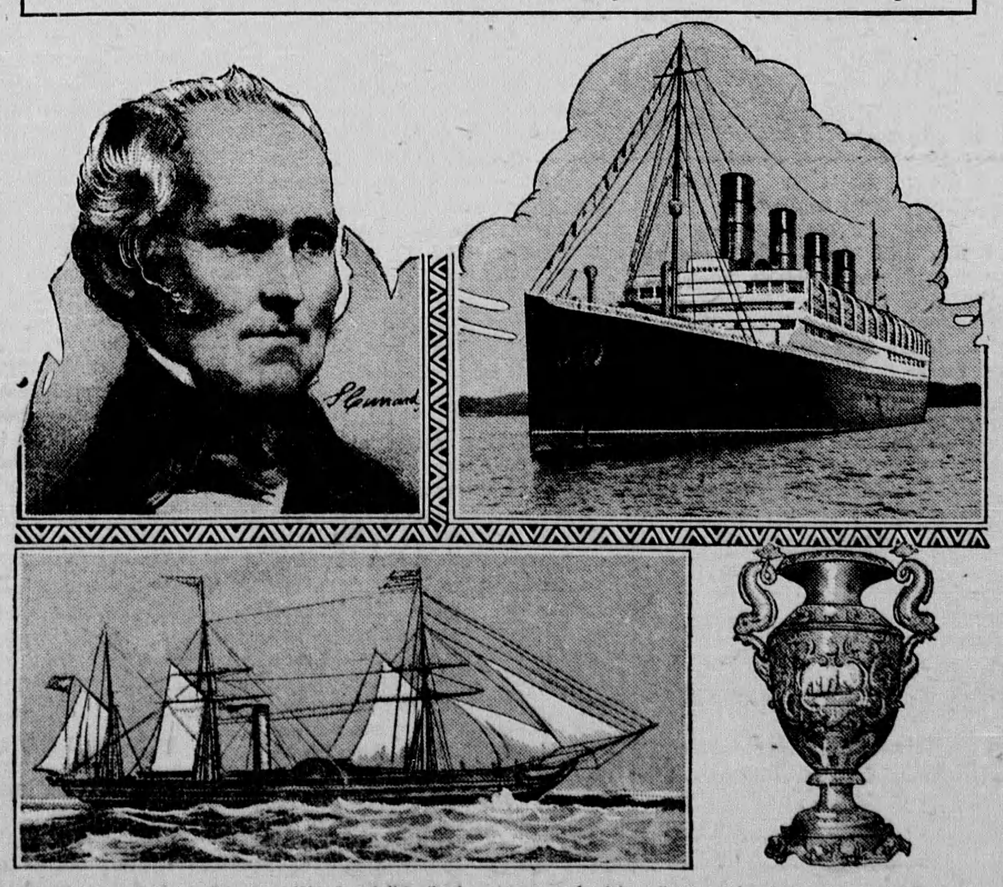
Time to Duck

"I see you advertised your saxophone for sale," said my friend.

"Yes," he sighed, "$ saw my neighbor in the hardware store yesterday buying a gun."

The thread of an argument often implies that the whole thing is merely a yarn.

Cunard Celebrates Its Ninety-third Birthday



When the Cunard flag-ship "Aquitania" sails into Halifax, N.S., this week on a cruise from New York, her arrival will mark the ninety-third anniversary of the first voyage of the pioneer Cunarder "Britannia" from Liverpool to America.

The "Britannia" left Liverpool on July 4th, 1840, for Halifax and Boston, covering the route in 14 days and 8 hours; in the same year the "Acadia," her sister ship, made the same voyage in 11 days and 4 hours. This inaugurated the first regular steamship service across the Atlantic.

Samuel (afterwards Sir) Cunard was a passenger on the maiden voyage and on his arrival at Boston he was presented with a silver cup by the merchants of Boston, commemorating the achievement, a trophy which is still in existence and valued at over $50,000.

Sir Samuel Cunard was born in Halifax in 1787 and even before founding the Cunard Line in England, had by the year 1830 amassed a huge fortune and was head of a fleet of sailing-ships plying between Nova Scotia and the West Indies.

He was knighted in 1859 for outstanding service in the Crimean War and died in London in 1864 in his 78th year

In contrast to the 1,100 gross tons of the 1840 "Britannia," is the 45,000-ton liner "Aquitania" of to-day.

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