SYNOPSIS.

While Mrs. Willett, her daughter Violet, Major Burnaby and three neighbors played at table tipping, a "Spirit" message states that Capt. Jos. Trevelyan has been murdered, at his home in Exhampton. Burnaby found his friend dead, the base of his skull fractured. Trevelyan's will divides his estate into four equal parts, between his sister, Mrs. Jennifer Gardner, and the three children of his deceased sister, Mary Pearson. A James Pearson had been in Exhampton the afternoon of the murder, leaving for London the following morning. Major Burnaby receives a cheque for 5,000 pounds in a newspaper competition. While Police Inspector Narracott is questioning James Pearson, a young woman enters the room.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

CHAPTER 9.

She was a very exceptional kind of young woman. She was not strikingly beautiful, but she had a face which was arresting and unusual, a face that having once seen you could not forget. There was about her an atmosphere of common sense, *savoir faire*, invincible determination and a most tantalizing fascination.

"Oh! Jim," she exclaimed, "What's happened?"

"It's all over, Emily," said the young man. "They think I murdered my uncle."

"Who thinks so?" demanded Emily.

The young man indicated his visitor by a gesture.

"This is Inspector Narracott," he said, and he added with a dismal attempt at introduction, "Miss Emily Trefusis."

"Oh!" said Emily Trefusis. She studied Inspector Narracott with keen hazel eyes.

"Jim," she said, " is a frightful idiot. But he doesn't murder people."

The Inspector said nothing."

"I expect," said Emily, turning to Jim, "that you've been saying the most frightfully imprudent things. If you read the papers a little better than you do, Jim, you would know that you must never talk to policemen unless you have a strong solicitor sitting beside you, making objections to every word. What's happened? Are you arresting him, Inspector?"

Inspector Narracott explained exactly what he was doing.

"Emily," cried the young man, "you won't believe I did it? You never will believe it, will you?"

"No, darling," said Emily kindly. "Of course not." And she added in a gentle meditative tone. "You haven't got the guts."

"I don't feel as if I had a friend in the world," groaned Jim

"Yes, you have, said Emily. "You've got me. Cheer up, Jim, look at the winking diamonds on the third finger of my left hand. Here stands the faithful fiancee. Go with the inspector and leave everything to me."

Jim Pearson rose, still with a dazed expression on his face. As they moved towards the door, the inspector said politely:

"Good evening, Miss Trefusis."

"Au revoir, Inspector," said Emily sweetly.

And if he had known Miss Emily Trefusis better he would have known that in these three words lay a challenge.

The inquest on the body of Captain Trevelyan was held on Monday morning. From the point of view of sensation it was a tame affair, for it was almost immediately adjourned for a week, thus disappointing a large number of people. Between Saturday and Monday Exhampton had sprung into fame. The knowledge that the dead man's nephew had been detained made the whole affair spring from a mere paragraph in the newspapers to gigantic headlines. On the Monday, reporters had arrived at Exhampton in large numbers. Mr. Charles Enderby had reason once more to congratulate himself on the superior position he had obtained from the purely fortuitous chance of the football competition prize.

It was that journalist's intention to stick to Major Burnaby like a leech. And under the pretext of photographing the latter's cottage, to obtain exclusive information of the inhabitants of Sittaford and their relations with the dead man.

It did not escape Mr. Enderby's notice that at lunch time a small table near the door was occupied by a very attractive girl. She was well dressed in a demure and provocative style, and did not appear to be a relation of the deceased, and still less could be labeled as one of the idle curious.

"I wonder how long she's staying?" thought Mr. Enderby. "Rather a pity I am going up to Sittaford this afternoon. Just my luck."

But shortly after lunch, Mr. Enderby received an agreeable surprise. He was standing on the steps of the Three Crowns when he was aware of a voice an extremely charming voice, addressing him.

"I beg your pardon—but could you tell me—if there is anything to see in Exhampton?"

Charles Enderby rose to the occasion promptly.

"There's a castle, I believe," he said. "Not much to it—but perhaps you would allow me to show you the way."

"That would be frightfully kind of you," said the girl. "If you are sure you are not too busy—"

Charles Enderby disclaimed immediately the notion of being busy. They set out together.

"You are Mr. Enderby, aren't you?" said the girl.

"Yes. How did you know?"

"Mrs. Belling pointed you out to me."

"Oh, I see."

"My name is Emily Trefusis. Mr. Enderby—I want you to help me."

"To help you?" said Enderby. "Why, certainly—but—"

"You see, I am engaged to Jim Pearson."

"Oh!" said Mr. Enderby, journalistic possibilities rising before his mind.

"And the police are going to arrest him. I know they are. Mr. Enderby, I *know* that Jim didn't do this thing. I am down here to prove he didn't. But I must have someone to help me. One can't do anything without a man. Men know so much, and are able to get information in so many ways that are simply impossible to women."

"Well—I—yes, I suppose that is true," said Mr. Enderby complacently.

"I was looking at all these journalists this morning," said Emily. "Such a lot of them I thought had such stupid faces. I picked you out as the one really clever one among them."

"Oh! I don't think that's true, you know," said Mr. Enderby still more complacently.

"What I want to propose," said Emily Trefusis, "is a kind of partnership. There would, I think, be advantages on both sides. There are certain things I want to investigate—to find out about. There you in your character of journalist can help me. I want——"

Emily paused. What she really wanted was to engage Mr. Enderby as a kind of private sleuth. To go where she told him, to ask the questions she wanted asked and in general to be a kind of bond slave. But she was aware of the necessity of couching these proposals in terms at once flattering and agreeable.

"I want," said Emily, "to feel that I can DEPEND upon you."

She had a lovely voice, liquid and alluring. As she uttered the last sentence a feeling rose in Mr. Enderby's bosom that this lovely helpless girl could depend upon him to the last ditch.

"It must be ghastly," said Mr. Enderby, and taking her and he squeezed it wiith fervor.

"But you know," he went on with a journalistic reaction, "my time is not entirely my own. I mean, I have to go where I am sent.'

"Yes," said Emily. "I have thought of that, and that you see is where I come in. Surely I am what you call a 'scoop?' You can do an interview with me every day, you can make me say anything you think your readers will like. Jim Pearson's fiancee. Girl who believes passionately in his innocence. Reminiscences of his childhood which she supplies. I don't really know about his childhood, you know, she added, "but that doesn't matter."

"I think," said Mr. Enderby, "that you are marvelous. You really are marvelous."

"And then," said Emily pursuing her advantage, "I have access naturally to Jim's relations. I can get you in there as a friend of mine, where quite possibly you might have the door shut in your face."

A glorious prospect opened out before Mr. Enderby. He had been in luck over this affair all round.

"It's a deal," he said fervently.

"Good," said Emily, becoming brisk and business-like. "Now, what's the first move?"

"I'm going up to Sittaford this afternoon."

He explained the fortunate circumstance which had put him in such an advantageous poisiton with regard to Major Burnaby. "Because, mind you, he is the kind of old buffer that hates newspaper men like poison. But you can't exactly push a chap in the face who has just handed you £5,000, can you?"

"It would be awkward," said Emily. "Well, if you are going to Sittaford, I am going with you."

"Splendid," said Mr. Enderby. "I don't know, thoungh, if there's anywhere to stay up there. As far as I know there's only Sittaford House and a few odd cottages belonging to people like Burnaby."

"We shall find something," said Emily. "I always find something."

Mr. Enderby could well believe that Emily had the kind of personality that soars triumphantly over all obstacles.

They had arrived by now at the ruined castle, but paying no attention to it, they sat down on a piece of wall in the so-called sunshine and Emily proceeded to develop her ideas.

"I am looking at this, Mr. Enderby, in an absolutely unsentimental and business-like way. You've got to take it from me to begin with that Jim didn't do the murder. I'm not saying that simply because I am in love with him, or believe in his beautiful character or anything like that. It's just well—knowledge. You see I have been on my own pretty well since I was sixteen. I have never come into contact with many women and I know very little about them, but I know really a lot about men, And unless a girl can size up a man pretty accurately, and know what she's got to deal with, she will never get on. I have got. I work as a mannequin at Lucie's and I can tell you, Mr. Enderby, that to arrive there is a feat.

(To Be Continued.)

Valuable Insecticide Is Found In Common Weed

"The Devil's Shoestring," also known as the wild pea, a common weed in the Eastern half of the United States, contains rotenone, a valuable insecticide, a United States Department of Agriculture chemist has found. The discovery, says "Scientific American," is significant for farmers, both as potential growers of the plant and as users of the insecticide, to insecticide manufacturers and to importers who carry on international trade in rotenone and other commercial insecticides.

W. W. Skinner, assistant chief of the Chemical and Technological Research Unit of the Bureau of Chemistry and Soils, first called attention to the probable insecticidal value of devil's shoestring, following his observation that bees and other insects fed on near-by plants but avoided the latter instigated the research which led to the recent discovery of this weed's booms of this toxic weed. Dr. Skinner rotenone content by E. P. Clark of the bureau's insecticide division.

Rotenone, which is used for the same purposes as pyrethrum and nicotine insecticides, has been extracted chiefly from derris, a vine from the East Indies, and from the root of the cube, a South American shrub. It is deadly to many insects, but it does not poison man or animals.

The devil's shoestring (Cracca virginiana) is the first North American plant found to contain rotenone. Related species are found in tropical countries. The discovery of rotenone in this American plant promises to make the United States independent of foreign sources for insecticides made from rotenone.

The rotenone is found chiefly in the root of the plant. Rotenone and other constituents of an insecticidal nature make up 4 or 5 per cent. of the roots. Department scientists believe this could be increased by selection and breeding. Rotenone now costs about the same as pyrethrins, the active principles of pyrethrum flowers, but the department scientists believe that as its use increases it will become cheaper. It is rapidly coming into use in greenhouses, for truck crops, and for combating fleas and other external parasites on animals. Spray material, containing about 5 per cent. rotenone, has recently sold for about $10 a gallon. A gallon of this material is diluted to make about 800 gallons of spray.

Horse Makes Comeback Australia Spurns Tractors

Melbourne.—Back to the horse is the slogan of farmers of Victoria, who are discarding their costly tractors in this time of depression.

The result is that the price for heavy horses for farm work has bounded from $100 to $225 and $250. The average life of a heavy horse, it is pointed out, is ten years, compared with five years or a tractor, while the horse has no overhead charges for repairs and spare parts.

This revival demand for horses means a revival of the demand for fodder and harness, and also has stimulated the blacksmithing and rug-making trades.

Pupils Help Teach In Model School

Work of Unit at Columbia University Described by Its Director

"Maine, New Hampshire, Vermon, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut." That is the way many of us started our recital of the States of the Union in the school of yesterday, writes Rollo G. Reynolds, Director Demonstration School, Columbia University. They were but names of irregular shapes on the map before us. We learned to name them, to bound them, to give their capitals and principal products. We had vague ideas, very often distorted, of the people who lived in those States; shrewd Yankees selling wooden nutmegs; wild Westerners—on bucking bronchos; long, lean Southernern — supervising Negroes picking cotton.

In connection with the Summer session of Teachers College of Columbia University there is a demonstration school of children who are having a much more vital contact with our country than can be secured by books. By car, by train and by boat these children have come with their parents from the four corners of the land. They make up probably one of the unique and most interesting schools in the world.

The Daily Scene

Of the 400 children more than a fourth come from twenty-five States; from the farms of Vermont, the ranches of Texas, the mines of Montana and the cotton fields of Georgia. The list of States represented in the school this year sounds like a page out of the atlas.

Hundreds of educators every day in the demonstration school are watching these children being fused into groups, being organized in activities, being given experiences which go to make up modern education.

In a fifth grade the group is concerning itself with cotton. In the room there are two young misses who live surrounded by the cotton fields of Georgia. They bring to the group the stimulus of first-hand contact. They can tell how the cotton field looks; how cotton is planted and picked; how it is hauled to the gin, pressed into bales; and perhaps its loading on to the old sternwheelers.

Then, too, there is a young man who lives in a factory town in Massachusetts where cotton manufacturing still reigns. The process of transforming the cotton into cloth as he has seen it becomes real. And again, here is a lad whose father owns a clothing factory in New York City and from him at first hand the group earns of the process which turns the cotton cloth into the finished product.

Toward Larger Concepts

Only the other day among the observers in this grade were some educators from Haiti. The teacher seized upon the opportunity to ask one of them if he would contribute to the discussion by telling of cotton raising in Haiti, and for half an hour the children bombarded him with questions which built up within them a different attitude toward their Haitian neighbors to the south.

From this knowledge about cotton the group will move to some of the conditions which have existed in the cotton industry; the pitifuly low wages which have prevailed; the conditions in the factories; the pressure of piece work; the sweatshop conditions and the New Deal with is codes as they affect the industry.

In a sixth grade the interest of the group for the session centres around the machine and how it has affected the life of man. A discussion of the machines which brought the group to New York starts the interest. And again first-hand information is furnished by the students themselves about the machines in their parts of the country: about the machines that get the coal out of the mines from a lad from Pennsylvania; about the great machines which harvest the wheat for our bread, from a girl from Illinois; from a Detroit lad about the machines which turn out automobiles on a traveling belt.

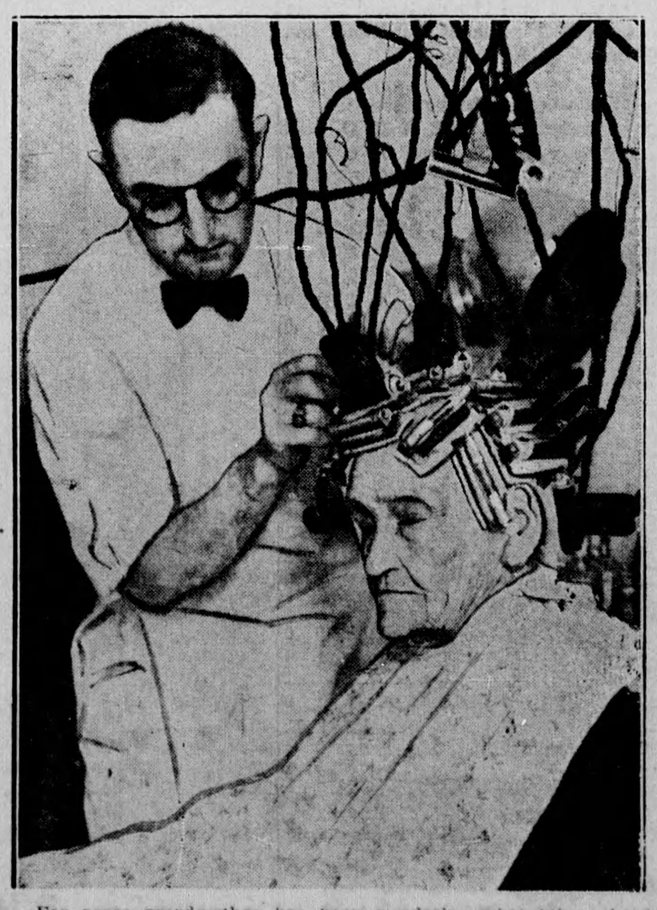
Teaching By Pipils

From this background of experience the teacher leads the children into a consideration of the economic and social difficulties which beset us today; the effect of the machine in turning people from the country to the city; the vast unemployment brought about by the replacement of men by machines in order that the owners of the machine may make more profit. From these children from the mill towns of North Carolina and Massachusetts and from the East to the West the teacher can bring out actual experiences and contacts with this great economic depression and its accompanying human suffering and lead them to a consideration on their level of comprehension, of some of the means and agencies being evolved right now to combat it. These children contribute to the education of the group and gain new concepts of other parts of this country.

On the sidelines the observing students see how the skilful teacher capitalizes these rich and varied experiences; how the interest of these children serves to make dynamic the knowledges, skills, habits and attitudes.

And so, throughout the entire school, from the kindergarten up through the high school, this give-and-take from various parts of the country, this sharing of experiences with each other, this satisfaction which comes from being able to stand out, to succeed in the contribution which each makes, furnishes the finest kind of modern education for the children and enables those who are here for study and observation to see sound modern educational practice in actual operation.

A Permanent at 95



For years grandmother has been wondering what 'these here' permanent waves were like, now she knows. She's Emily Hoskins, aged 95, getting the works in a Los Angeles pulchritude plant.

Miss Anna Manning, a court stenographer in Boston, Massachusetts, claims a new kind of record. In 10 years she has taken down some 60,000,000 words in court cases, and never once has there been a complaint that she made a mistake.

Mr. Freeman Grow, grocer, of Goldendale, California, bought a cat to kill the rats that infested his shop. Next day he bought a dog. The rats had killed the cat.

Unfortified Canadian Border A Product of Many Parleys

President Roosevelt's recent reference to the Canadian-United States border as a boundary without fortifications emphasizes the unusual condition which exists along this 3,000-mile strip of land. Aside from patrols at strategic points of Royal Mounties, customs and immigration officials and boats of the Department of Fisheries and Waterways, it is unguarded. However, it took more than a century of negotiations to arrive at this happy state of affairs.

The fixing of the boundaries, begun in 1783, was not concluded until 1908, and although there were during the negotiations one or two instances of local uprising between the settlers on both sides of the line, the final issue was in no case due to a display of force. Because of the faultiness of the only available maps and the ignorance of the negotiators regarding the topography of the country under dispute, the marking of the boundaries was an extremely complicated affair.

A Dispute in the East

The most dangerous of the frontier disputes was the settlement of the boundary between Maine, New Brunswick and Quebec. This was fixed by the treaty of 1783, but not completely settled for more than fifty years. The treaty named as the boundaries of the United States such vague locations as "the north-west angle of Nova Scotia," namely, the angle formed "by a line drawn north from the source of the St. Croix River" and the islands in the Bay of Passamoquoddy which belonged to his Britannic Majesty. The identity of the St. Croix River was decided by a commission in 1798; that of the islands by an agreement with the British commissioner, Thomas Barclay, of New Brunswick, in 1817, and the "angle" by direct negotiations between Daniel Webster, American Secretary of State, and Lord Ashburton in 1842.

In these negotiations the King of the Netherlands was called upon to arbitrate. Although his award was based on thorough investigations Maine did not agree to it and the difficulties culminated in the "Restook War" of 1838-39. For this affair the President was authorized to call out the militia, but hostilities were averted.

Border West of Niagara

Difficulties also entered into the fixing of the boundaries west of Niagara. France first claimed the Mississippi basin by virtue of the exporations of La Salle; English fur traders claimed the Northwest. With the cession of Quebec in 1763 the situation changed, England claiming what is now the North Central States. The North West Ordinance of 1787 envisioned the ambitions of the young Republic in the vacant spaces of the West. Lewis and Clark, Gray and Astor carried the flag to the Pacific.

The electioneering cry in 1844 of "Fiftyfour Forty or Fight!" typified the spirit of the time, but wiser counsel prevailed. Negotiations were entered into in 1846, and it was decided that the boundary should follow the forty-ninth parallel from the Rockies to "the middle of the channel which separates the continent from Vancouver's Island, and thence southerly through the middle of the said channel and of Fuca's Strait to the Pacific Ocean."

The many waterways along the border—the Great Lakes, the St. Lawrence, St. John, Richelieu and Detroit Rivers—all have caused many difficulties in the boundary question. To solve them Elihu Root, Secretary of State, and James Bryce, Ambassador Extraordinary at Washington, brought about a treaty which created the International Joint Commission. This commission, which first met in 1912, consisted of six members, three appointed by the President of the United States and three by the King on the recommendation of the Governor-General-in-Council of Canada. Its decisions have decided many troublesome controversies.

The Moonlight at Midnight

Majesty and mystery—the moon
A broken circle in the midnight sky—
Across the lake a road of radiant light
Such wondrous beauty makes eternity.

Could there have been before a night
like this?
Yet in the centuries of Time's abyss
How many souls have seen such pageantry—
Mysterious grandeur of the midnight
sky—
And thrilled to see it. Wild men and
their mates,
Before the white man came, had opened
the gates
Of gratitude to God — not knowing
Him,
But deeming One all great, which still
was God.

—May Austin Low.

Gowns Reminiscent of Edwardian Era at Ascot

The curious thing about Ascot this year was that not only the debutantes wore dresses reminiscent of the Edwardian era, but their mothers also did. The older women chose full-length dresses of chiffon and georgette made on long graceful lines with softly feminine trimmings, says a London woman society editor. As a result, they appeared more gracious and charming than they have for many a year.

It would be hard to disapprove of this season's debutantes, she thinks. They are very different from their predecessors of last year or the year before.

ISSUE No. 31—'33