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, 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 newspaer competition. Emily Trefusis, Pearson's fiancee, believes he is innocent and hurries to Exhampton and makes the acquaintance of a newspaperman, Charles Enderby, and asks him to help clear Pearson. She accompanies Enderby to Sittaford, where a Mr. Rycroft offers to help her solve the mystery.

CHAPTER XV.

"What do you think about this table-turning business, Mr. Rycroft?" asked Emily.

"Now, that is very strange. I confess, Miss Trefusis, that I am powerfully impressed by it. I am, as perhaps you may have heard, a believer in psychic things. To a certain degree I am a believer in sirtualism. I have already written out a full account and sent it up to the Society of Psychical Research. A well authenticated and amazing case. Five people present, none of whom could have the least idea or suspicion that Captain Trevelyan was murdered."

"You don't think—"

Emily stopped. It was not so easy to suggest her own idea to Mr. Rycroft that one of the five people might have guilty fore-knowledge, as he himself had been one of them. She pursued her object in a more roundabout manner.

"It all interested me very much, Mr. Rycroft. It is, as you say, an amazing occurrence. You don't think any of the people present, with the exception of yourself, of course, were in any way psychic?"

"My dear young lady, I myself am not psychic. I have no power in that direction. I am only a very deeply interested observer."

"What about this Mr. Garfield?"

"A nice lad," said Mr. Rycroft, "but not remarkable in any way."

"Well off, I suppose," said Emily.

"Stony broke, I believe," said Mr. Rycroft. "He comes down here to dance attendance on an aunt, from whom he has what I call 'expectations.' But Miss Percehouse has a sardonic form of humor and keeps him dancing."

"I should like to meet her," said Emily.

"Yes, you must certainly meet her."

"Tell me about the Willetts," said Emily.

"Charming," said Mr. Rycroft, "Colonial, of course. No real poise. A little too lavish in their hospitality. Miss Violet is a charming girl."

They had been slowly descending the hillside and were now wending their way down the lane.

"Who lives in that cottage?" asked Emily abruptly.

Captain Wyatt—he is an invalid. Rather unsociable I fear."

"A friend of Captain Trevelyan's?"

"Trevelyan merely made a formal visit on him every now and then. As a matter of fact Wyatt doesn't encourage visitors. A surly man."

Emily suddenly remembered the hitherto unmentioned member of the seance.

"What about Mr. Duke?" she asked.

"Well," said Mr. Rycroft slowly, "that is what nobody knows. You see, Duke is such an entirely unmysterious individual. I should imagine that the only mystery about him was his social origin. Not—not quite, if you understand me. But a very solid good fellow," he hastened to add.

Emily was silent.

"This is my cottage," said Mr. Rycroft pausing, "perhaps you will do me the honor of coming in and inspecting it."

They went up the small path and entered the cottage. The interior was charming. Bookcases lined the walls.

Emily glanced curiously at the titles of the books. One section dealt with occult prenomena, another with modern detective fiction, but by far the greater part of the bookcases was given up to criminology. Books on ornithology held a comparatively small position.

"I think it's all delightful," said Emily. "I must get back now. I expect Mr. Enderby will be waiting for me. As a matter of factI haven't had breakfast yet. We told Mrs. Curtis half-past nine and I see it's ten o'clock." Emily gave Mr. Rycroft her hand and squeezed his warmly.

"It's so wonderful," she said, "to feel that there's someone on whom one can really rely."

Emily returned to find eggs and bacon, and Charles waiting for her.

Mr. Curtis was still agog with excitement over the escape of the convict.

"Do you think he'll come this way?" asked Charles.

"They never comes this way; all bare moorland it is, and only small towns when you do come off the moor. He'll make for Plymouth most likely. But they'll catch him long before that."

"You could find a good hiding place among these rocks on the other side of the Tor," said Emily.

"You're right, Miss, and there is a hiding place there, the Pixie's Cave, they call it. As narrow an opening between two rocks as you could find, but it widens out inside."

"I must take a look at that Pixie's Cave," said Charles.

"You'll be surprised how hard it is to find, sir. Many a picnic party in summer looks for it the whole afternoon and doesn't find it, but if you do find it be sure to leave a pin inside it for luck."

"I wonder," said Charles when breakfast was over and he and Emily had strolled out into the garden, "if I ought to go off to Princetown? Amazing how things pile up once you have a bit of luck. Here I am—I start with a simple football competition prize,—and before I know where I am I run straiht into an escaped convict and a murderer. Marvelous!"

"What about this photgraphing of Major Burnaby's cottage?"

Charles looked up at the sky. "H'm," he said, "I think I shall say the weather is wrong. Er—I hope you don't mind, I have just sent off an interview with you."

"What have you made me say?"

"Oh, the usual sort of things people like to hear," said Mr. Enderby. "Our special representative records his interview with Miss Emily Trefusis, the fiancee of Mr. James Pearson who has been arrested by the police and crarged with the murder of Captain Trevelyan. Then my impression of you as a high-spirited, beautiful girl."

"Thank you," said Emily.

"It was a splendid interview," said Mr. Enderby. "You've no idea what fine womanly touching things you said about standing by your man, no matter if the whole world was against him."

"Did I really say that?"

"Do you mind?" said Mr. Enderby anxiously.

"Oh, no!" said Emily. "Enjoy yourself, darling."

Mr. Enderby looked slightly taken aback.

"It's all right," said Emily. "That's a quotation. I had it on my bib when I was small—my Sunday bib. The week-day one had 'Don't be a glutton' on it."

"Oh! I see. I put in a very good bit about Captain Trevelyan's sea career and just a hint at foreign idols looted and a possibility of a strange priest's revenge—only a hint you know. What have you been up to?"

Emily described her meeting with Mr. Rycroft. She broke off suddenly. A pink, healthy-looking young man was leaning over the gate.

"I say," said the young man, "frightfully sorry to butt in. I mean, it is awfully awkward, but my aunt sent me along.

Emily and Charles both said, "Oh!"

"Yes," said the young man. "To tell the truth my aunt's rather a Tartar. What she says goes, if you know what I mean. Of course, I think it's frightfully bad form coming along at a time like this, but if you knew my aunt—and if you do as she wants, you will know her in a few minutes—"

"Is your aunt Miss Percehouse?" broke in Emily.

"That's right," said the young man, much relieved. "So you know all about her? Old Mother Curtis has been talking I suppose. Well, the fact is, my aunt said she wanted to see you, and I was to tell you so. Compliments and all that, and would it be troubling you too much—she was an invalid and quite unable to get out and it would be a great kindness—well, you know the sort of thing. I needn't say it all. It's curiosity really, of course, and if you say you've got a headache, or have got letters to write it will be quite all right and you needn't bother."

"Oh, but I should like to bother,' said Emily.

'I'll go with you at once. Mr. Enderby must go along and see Major Burnaby."

"I must?" said Enderby in a low voice.

"You must," said Emily firmly.

She dismissed him with a brief nod and joined her new friend in the road.

"I suppose you're Mr. Garfield," she said.

"That's right, I ought to have told you. Splendid of you coming along like this. Lots of girls would have been awfully offended. But you know what old ladies are."

"You don't live down here, do you, Mr. Garfield?"

"You bet your life I don't" said Ronnie Garfield. "Well, here we are." He pushed open a gate and Emily passed through and went up the path leading to a small cottage identical with the rest. In the living-room giving on the garden was a couch and on it was lying an elderly lady with a thin wrinkled face and with one of the sharpest and most interrogative noses that Emily had ever seen. She raised herself on an elbow with a little difficulty.

"So you've brought her," she said. "Very kind of you, my dear, to come along to see an old woman. But you know what it is when you are an invalid. You must have a finger in every pie going, and if you can't go to the pie, then the pie must come to you. And you needn't think it's all curiosity—it's more than that. Ronnie, go out and paint the garden furniture. In the shed at the end of the garden. Two basket chairs and a bench. You'll find the paint there all ready."

The obedient nephew disappeared.

"Sit down," said Miss Percehouse.

(To be continued.)

Princess Elizabeth Is Growing Up

Is Now Seven Years Old — Resemblance To Queen Grows

Princess Elizabeth is growing up. The small, enchantingly grave baby who once christened herself "Lilybet" has vanished for ever, and her place has been taken by an equally charming young lady of seven years old.

Her likeness to the Queen grows more remarkable ever day, much to her Majesty's delight, and she combnes, in a curious way, her mother's charm with her grandmother's dignity and purposefulness. Her gaiety, however, is all her own, and nowhere is it more apparent than in Scotland, where she is adored by all the tenants and ghillies around Glamis and Balmoral.

They love to see her starting off on a picnic with the Queen—one of her favourite treats, this!—particularly if the expedition leads to the new summer-house in the Pass of Ballater, which has been specially built for such occasions.

With a perfectly cut kilt of royal Stuart tartan and a hand-knitted pullover of green, she hardly ever wears a hat, but allows her fair, wavy hair to blow happily in the wind. That hair, to give away a secret, is the envy of her small sister, Princess Margaret Rose, whose curls sometimes need a little gentle persuasion!

Princess Elizabeth is always delightfully maternal towards this younger sister of hers, and no wonder, for she is a delicious child, rather more fluffy and frilly than "the fourth lady in the land," who is very severely and beautifully tailored nowadays, as befits one of her dignified age. Her military greatcoats and embrodered muslin smocks are at once the despair and inspiration of every mother in London.

These two royal sisters set nursery fashions everwhere.

If they are seen in red coats one morning, red coats are certain to break out all over the Park the next day, and they have done much to popularize the simple, streamlike type of dressing so becoming to the modern child.

They work and play, two charming and typically British little girls, in an atmosphere of perfect simplicity. Nursery teas in their airy pale blue and primrose suite at 145 Piccadilly are presided over by Mrs. Knight, their dignified nanny.

There is no formality—lucky children invited to share their fun never curtsy—and the time-honored rule of "bread and butter first" is always most firmly enforced.

One small guest returned home from a royal tea party, and plaintively asked her mother:

"What is the use of being a Princess if you can't start with chocolate cake?"

Princess Elizabeth is something of a tomboy, and so has much in common with her two cousins, Lord Lascelles and his younger brother Gerald. Another small companion, also a cousin, is "Jamie," the sturdy brown-eyed son of Lady Maude Carnegie, the King's favourite niece. Although he is only three, he is quite undaunted, and insists on taking part in all their games, however strenuous.

"The children next door," too, play a great part in the life of our birthday Princess.

Their mother, Lady Allendale, gives an annual Christmas party at 144 Piccadilly, which is always honoured by her presence. Nicholas Beaumont, nicknamed "Tupenny," the third son of the house, is a special favourite and this happy little group indulge in many thrilling bicycle races together, quite unconscious of the admiring crowd which gathers to peer at them through the railings whenever word goes round that "they" are out in Hamilton Gardens.

Lady Doris Vyner, one of the Duchess of York's best friends, has a pretty little Elizabeth of her own, named after her royal godmother, and she and her brothers, Charles and Henry, are all active members of this youthful circle.

Princess Elizabeth shares with them the joys of her gramophone, a present from the King, who understands his granddaughter's musical tastes perfectly, and keeps her well supplied with records of all the latest—and the loudest—military marches!

The Princess is not merely an admirable hostess. Her perfect dignity, remarkable power of forming quick decisions, and faculty for knowing what she wants, combine to make her the natural leader of the "Nursery Party."

So her days go by, filled with games and lessons and the other normal activities of little girls of seven, while all England watches with love and admiration this specially sweet seven-year-old, who is also their own Princess.

Knitting Competition For Women of Empire

Fifty organizations of Australian women, urban and rural, are making busy preparations for the Centenary Celebrations beginning in October next year. They are raising £50,000 by a shilling drive and hope to gain much more by selling little books and certificates giving biographies of women pioneers and graphic scenes from their lives. A bronze statue will probably be erected bearing memorial panels to women pioneers. Country nursing colleges, a cancer hospital ward, extensions of children's welfare work, a college of social science, civic beautification schemes—proposals like these make up an extensive program. One of the features will be an Empire Knitting Competition with Australian wool, for which there will be rich prizes open to every woman under the British flag. Full information can be obtained from Brigadier-General Jess, Town Hall, Melbourne, Victoria, Australia

Oldest Town Crier in England

Sam Smy, of Orford, the oldest town crier, has just celebrated his ninetieth birthday. Mr. Smy was a powder-boy in the Crimea, and has 200 grand and great-grand-children.

He became town crier 70 years ago, and nearly all the inhabitants of Orford are his relatives.

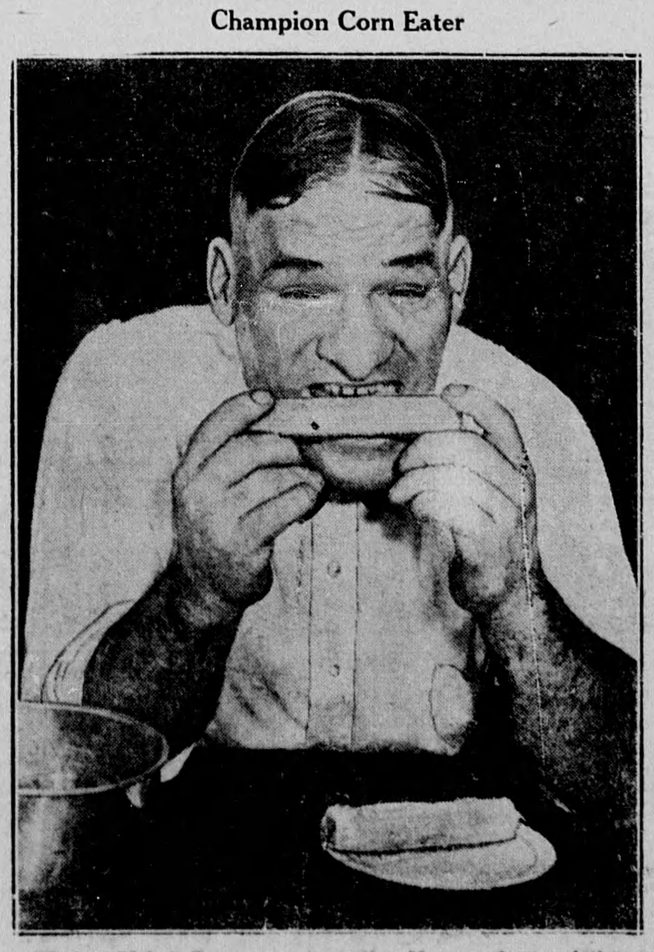
Mr. Smy's duties are very varied. He must call the inhabitants to a fire when one occurs. He also takes visitors to the castle and tells them all about it.

In private life he is the village rag-and-bone man, newspaper man, chimney sweep and fisherman. He has a small holding on which he keeps pigs and poultry and grows vegetables and fruit.

Granted!

Seeking a divorce decree, Mrs. Alida Doebler of Chicago said her husband was absent-minded. "He even forgot I was his wife," said she. "He criticized me for tring to flirt with him on the street." The decree was granted.

Champion Corn Eater



Thomas "Jake" Eaton, who by eating 52 ears of corn dethrones the former champion, Ed. "Korn King" Kottwitz, who held the record previously with 50 ears.

You be the judge

'SALADA' TEA

Sleeping Sickness In Two Types

Scientists Declare St. Louis Epidemic Different from Malady in Other Parts of Country

Baton Rouge, Pa.—Herbert Brown, 27-year-old ex-soldier, has offered himself as an experimental subject in the fight against sleeping sickness.

Brown described himself as a victim of tuberculosis, unable to work, and expressed the desire to "do something useful before I die." He asked that physicians in St. Louis, where encephalitis had made heavy inroads, should be made acquainted with his offer.

St. Louis, Mo.—Scientists studying the "sleeping sickness" epdemic here were of the general belief that the encephalitis outbreaks in other parts of the United States were of a different type than the St. Louis malady.

Two deaths, believed to have been caused by sleeping sickness, occurred in Kansas City, Kas., within 24 hours, and six cases have been reported over Kansas. Ten cases have developed in Kansas City, Mo. Another death was reported at Fort Smith, Ark. The death list rose to 47 in St. Louis.

"There are two types of encaphalitis which make their appearance in many communities," said Dr. Paul Zentay, assistant health commissioner. "They are the sporadic type, which usually follows another illness such as measles, whooping cough or other types of body infection, and the lethargic encephalitis, which is a primary disease.

At Jefferson City, Mrs. Mary Edna Cruzen, State Labor Commissioner, said she had written St. Louis County health officials asking them to determine whether "filthy bedding" was contributing to the epidemic

Mrs. Curzen said she had closed several mattress firms, where inspectors found "filthy conditions," and that other firms voluntarily cleaned up when they "saw we meant business."

Washington.—The Associated Press has asked me for an acticle on epidemic encephalitis, the "sleeping sickness" which in the past month has resulted in 45 death, 320 cases, in St. Louis, writes Hugh S. Cumming, Surgeon-General of the Public Health Service.

My experience is that the Press is the most valuable adjunct of the Public Health Service in meeting such epidemics. It gives the people information for their protection.

Not since the poliomyelitis epidemic in New York in 1916 has this service been confronted with an epidemic in such imperative need immediate and intensive study. To further it, I am asking the Treasury Department for $25,000.

Inflammation of Brain

Epidemic encephalitis, or "sleeping sickness" is an inflammation of the brain itself, with a moderate involvement of the meniges, or coverings of the spinal cord.

It is one of the group known as virus diseases, the ultra-microscopic germ having thus far proven impossible of isolation. Its carriers remain unknown.

It usually starts wth a pain in the back of the neck and headache. Often there are gastro-intestinal symptoms—vomiting, diarrhoea, or constipation. The patient is apathetic, lying immobile. The temperature rises. Characteristic is the "facial mask"—no mobility or expression in the facial muscles. Accompanying this condition often are motor reflexes of elbow, knee, wrist, or ankle; or tremors of arms or legs—continuous shaking. Irregular paralysis may occur.

Postmortems show evidence of destruction of the brain tissue.

Minnesota Deaths

St. Paul, Minn.—The State Department of Health have announced that 20 of 28 cases of encephalitis or "sleeping sickness" reported in Minnesota since January 1 had resulted in death. There are four cases at present.

Dr. A. J. Chesley, department head, said the fatalities occurred in western and southern Minnesota. He asserted that the situation was no worse than n any other year since the first Minnesota case appeared n 1919.

"Shower" for Bridegroom Introduced by Men

Seattle.—A shower for prospective bridegrooms is the latest in social events.

Truman C. Cragin, who will marry Sally Crocker in Tacoma, Sept. 23, was honored at such a party by his male friends.

The gifts included dish cloths, boxing gloves and a mail order catalogue.

19th Motor Offense

English Mayor Sorry He Can Only Fine Titled Culprit

In inflicting two fines on Lady Aline Barnett of Sopwell, sister of the fourth Earl of Verulam, H. F. Gibbs, the Mayor of St. Albans, remarked:

"This is her nineteenth motoring conviction. I do not recall the name of another woman in the country who has had so many. Two distressing features of her cases are, that she is always summoned but never arrested, and that she consequently never appears in person, but is always represented by counsel.

"I am not suggesting that the constables who summon her do not do their duty, but it must be evident that if she were brought here on a warrant, she would then be obliged to listen to what we might wish to say and I would have the privilege of depriving her Ladyship of her license, which I cannot do under a summons."

Lady Aline Barnett is 26 years of age and the wife of Geoffrey Arthur Barnett. In the present case against her she was fine $100 for driving a car "without reasonable consideration for other persons," and $100 for failing to give her name and address after an accident.

Through her counsel, as usual, she pleaded not guilty to the first summons and guilty to the second. Her lawyer read out a statement prepared by her and strongly intimated that all the constables in the country were prejudiced against her driving.

In her statement she alleged that the accident in which she was involved was due to the other motorist not keeping a proper lookout. On the second charge, she said she was unaware that she had to give her name and address in a case where no persons were injured.

"Hello, Bob. Glad to see you. I just got back from my vacation."
"Sorry, old man. I can't lend you a cent. I'm just going on mine."

Undertakes To Explain Pickford-Fairbanks Trouble

New York.—Victor McLaglen, British-born motion picture actor and former soldier of fortune, analyzed the Mary Pickford-Douglas Fairbanks domestic situation for ship news reporters when he arrived on the Olympic.

"She loves Douglas Fairbanks and he loves her," said McLaglen, "but she attained everything she could ask for, and he did in his way, and the trouble was she didn't look up to Douglas. That's all.'

McLaglen, who was enroute to California after making a picture in England, said Miss Pickford "is the sweetest woman in Hollywood. None other can touch her."

Explaining he was "taking a chance" in saying so, he added that Marlene Deitrich is the "most intelligent" woman in Hollywood and Marion Davies is "the finest woman in Hollywood when it comes to the humanities of life"

bilious?
Don't delay!
Relieve congested foodways of poisonous waste.
Take Eno now—and every morning.
TAKE ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT'

ISSUE No. 37—'33