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'SALADA' TEA

Seeing New York

By ED. B. WARING.

New York's Great White Way, known the whole world over for its bright lights and bright wisecracks, the mecca of three million visitors daily (these figures were given to us but may be some more "yankee" ballyhoo") is to most people a great disappointment, and so it was only natural that we were no exception.

Broadway starts at the Battery and stretches, so we were told, to Albany, but the part which has become world famous is from about 38th Street to 57th Street, with 42nd the centre of activity and sometimes called "The Crossroads of the World."

It is littered with everything imaginable from the "bum" up from the Bowery to see what he can get, to the millionaires, from midgets to giants, from burlesque to opera, in fact everything can be found on "The Great White Way."

Walking along Broadway about 44th Street one day I noticed a midget of not more than two feet in height at the most hurrying along the street. She was dressed to kill and had all the face decorations which the modern young lady wears, but much to my amazement not one person seemed to notice her, while I stood there gaping, with open mouth, at her cross the street. This is typical of Broadway. They have become used to everything. Afterwards I imagined what a mob would have followed this young lady had she dared to walk along Gerrard Street.

What amused me greatly on the "Great White Way" was the way they dressed the fellows who stand outside the movie houses. These fellows are outfitted in the most fantastic uniforms. Anything from a Colonel to an African head hunter. The fellow bedecked as an African head hunter was advertising one of those "savage" pictures which happened to be playing at this particular show. These "colonels" and "what nots" remind one of a barker on the midway, their job being to sell the show, and in this respect they carry out their job superlatively. They give a running description of the show and in fact it seems the only reason a person goes inside is to see the action.

The Great White Way is the home of the chiseler, wisecracker, and all other menaces to the welfare of the local boy in the big city. An example of the chiseler was made apparent to me while walking along Broadway one day. When down there a year ago I wandered into an auction room and while watching the "suckers" all bite I heard the auctioneer mention that everything had to be sold because they had to vacate the store that night, but much to my surprise when I chanced to walk into the same store this time, exactly a year later, here was the same auctioneer telling a different bunch of "suckers" the same old story, that they had to vacate the store that night, and everybody was biting.

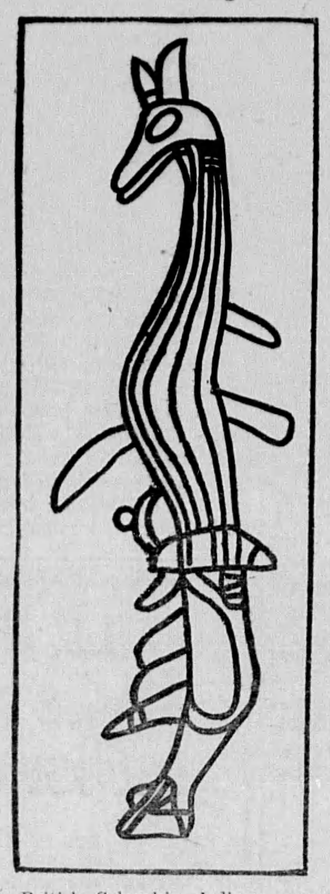
Times Square, in the heart of the "Great White Way," besides being the "Crossroads of the World," is about the best lighted place in the world. It is at night with all these lights, dazzling in their splendor, that Times Square and the "Great White Way" can be best appreciated. There are lights of all the colors of the rainbow, and of all sizes, and they advertise everything from beer saloons to churches.

The Broadway Melody of a few years ago certainly gave some good advice, because Broadway is no place to wear a frown, and your troubles are certainly out of style. It is a place where no one seems to sleep. There is as much activity on the "Great White Way" at 4 o'clock in the morning as there is at Yonge and Queen around noon on an ordinary day. It is good advice to keep one's mouth closed and eyes open while parading this hunting ground of the chiseler, otherwise you are liable to meet up with some of these "wise guys" who will sell you anything from a needle to the Empire State Building.

Harlem, home of the "heidy ho" and the place made famous by Amos 'n' Andy, is another one of New York's interesting spots. Lennox Avenue, the main drag in Harlem, looks to me to be the perfect paradise of the black person. Everything is black on Lennox Avenue. Even the sky seems cloudy at times.

One of the most exciting experiences in my young life happened in this centre of Harlem's night life. Having slept most of the day and always having wanted to see a night club, I wandered up to Harlem one bright evening and wandered into a night club which, unfortunately for me, was one of poor repute. It was called the "Purple Derby" and had as its advertising sign a large derby painted purple with all kinds of pictures painted thereon, and these pictures weren't those which you see in any good magazine. To get into the place I had to pass down a long hall, on either side of which stood some huge black men, and this gave me the shivers before I got into the place. After paying the admission, which covered a special dinner, I went in and sat at a table near the door, just in case I wanted to get out in a hurry. No sooner had I sat down than over danced, in the best fairy-like fashion, one of those dark clouds. She sat down at my table and asked what I would like to drink. Never having partook of anything stronger than water in my life, I told her "nothing," and, greatly huffed and after telling me what she thought of me, she went out in search of some fresh game. After getting over this I proceeded to enjoy the music of one of those hot orchestras and the antics of the chorus, but my enjoyment was shortlived, however, because before I realized it there was two rather husky men sitting beside me. After watching them out of the corner of my eye for quite a while I decided I would leave, but as I made to get up, the fattest of the men started talking something about the weather and then he asked for the loan of some money, and when I refused he proceeded to tell me some weird tales of what happened to people who refused him. Not believing him, but at the same time thinking what would happen if he wasn't kidding, I decided to get out of there as soon as possible, and it didn't take me many minutes to get my hat and coat and clear out. I afterwards learned that this particular night club was often the scene of many fights. After recuperating from this I decided Toronto wasn't so bad after all and decided to return the next day.

B.C. Carving



British Columbia Indians were seeing the ogopogo 2,000 years ago. The above is a reproduction from an ancient rock carving near Victoria.

If we are long absent from our friends, we forget them; if we are constantly with them, we despise them.—Hazlitt.

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The MURDER at HAZELMOOR

by AGATHA CHRISTIE

SYNOPSIS.

Capt. Trevelyan rents his house in Sittaford to Mrs. Willett and takes a smaller one in Exhampton. While his friend Major Burnaby and three neighbors play at table-tipping with Mrs. Willett and her daughter Violet, a "spirit" message is received that Trevelyan has been murdered. Burnaby finds his friend dead. Trevelyan's estate is willed to his sister, Mrs. Jennifer Gardner, and the three children of another sister, Mrs. Pearson, now dead. James Pearson had come to Exhampton from London the day of the murder. He is arrested. Emily Trefusis, his fiancee, meets Charles Enderby, reporter, and asks him to help her. After she had talked to Violet Willett she heard Mrs. Willett mutter, "Will night never come? I can't bear it." Enderby, watching the Willett's house at night, sees Violet secretly meet Brian Pearson, one of the heirs, who was supposed to be in Australia. Martin Dering refuses to account for his movements the day of the murder.

CHAPTER XXIII.—(Cont'd.)

"You made a certain statement to us, Mr. Dering, and I want that statement verified. Part of it has already proved to be untrue. I've got to check up on the other half. You say you lunched and spent the afternoon with a friend."

"Yes—my American publlisher."

"His name?"

"Rosenkraun, Edgar Rosenkraun."

"Ah, and his address?"

"He's left England. He left last Saturday."

"For New York?"

"Yes."

"Then he'll be on the sea at the present moment. What boat is he on?"

"I—I really can't remember."

"You know the line? Was it a Cunard or White Star?"

"I—I really don't remember."

"Ah, well," said the Inspector, "we'll cable his firm in New York. They'll know."

"It was the Gargantua," said Dering sullenly.

"Thank you, Mr. Dering. I thought you could remember if you tried. Now, your statement is that you lunched with Mr. Rosenkraun and that you spent the afternoon with him. At what time did you leave him?"

"About five o'clock I should say."

"And then?"

"I decline to state. It's no business of yours. That's all you want surely."

Inspector Narracott nodded thoughtfully. If Rosenkraun confirmed Dering's statement then any case against Dering must fall to the ground. Whatever his mysterious activities had been that evening could not affect the case.

"What are you going to do?" demanded Dering uneasily.

"Wireless Mr. Rosenkraun on board the Gargantua."

"Damn it all," cried Dering, "you'll involve me in all sorts of publicity. Look here—"

He went across to his desk, scribbled a few words on a bit of paper, then took it to the Inspector.

"I suppose you've got to do what you're doing," he said ungraciously, "but at least you might do it in my way. It's not fair to run a chap in for a lot of trouble."

On the sheet of paper was written: *Rosenkraun S.S. Gargantua. Please confirm my statement I was with you lunch-time until five o'clock Friday 14th. Martin Dering.*

"Have the reply sent straight to you—I don't mind. But don't have it sent to Scotland Yard or a police station. You don't know what these Americans are like. Any hint of me being mixed up in a police case and this new contract that I've been discussing will go to the winds. Keep it a private matter, Inspector."

"I've no objection to that, Mr. Dering. All I want is the truth. I'll send this reply paid, the reply to be sent to my private address in Exeter."

"Thank you, you are a good chap. It's not such easy going earning your living by literature, Inspector. You'll see the answer will be all right. I did tell you a lie about the dinner, but as a matter of fact I had told my wife that that was where I had been, and I thought I might as well stick to the same story to you. Otherwise I would have let myself in for a lot of trouble."

"If Mr. Rosenkraun confirms your statement, Mr. Dering, you will have nothing else to fear."

"An unpleasant character," the Inspector thought, as he left the house. "But he seems pretty certain that this American publisher will confirm the truth of his story."

A sudden remembrance came to the Inspector, as he hopped into the train which would take him back to Devon.

"Rycroft," he said, "of course—that's the name of the old gentleman who lives in one of the cottages at Sittaford. A curious coincidence."

* * *

Emily Trefusis and Charles Enderby were seated at a small table in Deller's Cafe in Exeter. It was half past three and at that hour there was comparative peace and quiet. A few people were having a quiet cup of tea, but the restaurant on the whole was deserted.

"Well," said Charles, "what do you think of him?"

Emily frowned.

"It's difficult," she said.

After his interview with the police, Brian Pearson had lunched with them. He had been extremely polite to Emily, rather too polite in her opinion.

To that astute girl it seemed a shade unnatural. Here was a young man conducting a clandestine love affair and an officious stranger butts in.

Brian Pearson had taken it like a lamb, had fallen in with Charle's suggestion of having a car and driving over to see the police.

Why this attitude of meek acquiescence? It seemed to Emily entirely untypical of the natural Brian Pearson as she read his character.

"I'll see you in hell first!" would, she felt sure, have been far more his attitude.

This lamb-like demeanor was suspicious. She tried to convey something of her feelings to Enderby.

"I get you," said Enderby. "Our Brian has got something to conceal, therefore he can't be his natural high-handed self."

"That's it exactly."

"Do you think he might possibly have killed old Trevelyan?"

"Brian," said Emily thoughtfully, "is—well, a person to be reckoned with. He is rather unscrupulous, I should think, and if he wanted anything, I don't think he would let ordinary conventional standards stand in his way. He's not plain tame English."

"Putting all personal considerations on one side, he's a more likely starter than Jim?" said Enderby.

Emily nodded.

"Much more likely. He would carry a thing through well—because he would never lose his nerve."

"Honestly, Emily, do you think he did it?"

"I—I don't know. He fulfills the conditions—the only person who does."

"What do you mean by fulfills the conditions?"

"Well (1) Motive." She ticked off the items on her fingers. "The same motive. Twenty thousand or more pounds. (2) Opportunity. Nobody knows where he was on Friday afternoon, and if he was anywhere that he could say—well—surely he would say it? So we assume that he was actually in the neighborhood of Hazelmoor on Friday."

CHAPTER XXIV.

"They haven't found anyone who saw Brian in Exhampton," Charles pointed out, "and he's a fairly noticeable person."

Emily shook her head scornfully.

"He wasn't in Exhampton. Don't you see, Charles, if he committed the murder, he planned it beforehand. It's only poor innocent Jim who came down like a mug and stayed there. There's Lydford and Chagford or perhaps Exeter. He might have walked over from Lydford—that's a main road and the snow wouldn't have been impassable. It would have been pretty good going."

"I suppose we ought to make inquiries all round."

"The police are doing that," said Emily, "and they'll do it a lot better than we shall. All public things are much better done by the police. It's private and personal things like listening to Mrs. Curtis and picking up a hint from Miss Percehouse and watching the Willetts—that's where we score."

"Or don't, as the case may be," said Charles.

"To go back to Brian Pearson fulfilling the conditions," said Emily. "We've done two, motive and opportunity, and there's the third—the one that in a way I think is the most important of all."

"What's that"

"Well, I have felt from the beginning that we couldn't ignore that queer business of the table turning. I have tried to look at it as logically and clear-sightedly as possible. There are just three solutions of it: (1) That it was supernatural. Well, of couse, that may be so, but personally, I am ruling it out. (2) That it was deliberate—someone did it on purpose, but as one can't arrive at any conceivable reason, we can rule that out also. (3) Accidental. Someone gave himself away without meaning to do so—indeed quite against his will. An unconscious piece of self-revelation. If so, someone among those six people either knew definitely that Captain Trevelyan was going to be killed at a certain time that afternoon, or that someone was having an interview with him from which violence might result. None of those six people could have been the actual murderer, but one of them must have been in collusion with the murderer. There's no link between Major Burnaby and anybody else, or Mr. Rycroft and anybody else, or Ronald Garfield and anyone else, but when we come to the Willetts it's different. There's a link between Violet Willett and Brian Pearson. Those two are on very intimate terms and that girl was all on the jump after the murder."

"You think she knew?" said Charles.

"She or her mother—one or other of them."

"There's one person you haven't mentioned," said Charles, "Mr. Duke."

"I know," said Emily. "It's queer. He's the one person we know absolutely nothing about. I've tried to see him twice and failed. There seems no connection between him and Captain Treelyon, or between him and any of Captain Trevelyan's relations; there's absolutely nothing to connect him with the case in any way, and yet—"

"Well?" said Charles Enderby as Emily paused.

"And yet we met Inspector Narracott coming out of his cotage. What does Inspector Narracott know about him that we don't? I wish I knew."

(To be continued.)

ISSUE No. 47—'33

PIANOS and ORGANS

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Hospitable to Young Visitors

Louise R. Marshall

When friends have called on you and brought along their children, have you often felt shocked at their lack of manners because they would not sit down as stiff as automatons and keep quiet while you and your guest chatter of things that held not the least interest for them?

However, if a child has not been "well brought up" he is very apt to prowl from one thing to another until you are ready to scream from thinking every minute he will tip over that vase of flowers, surely break into the bookcase with the glass front, or explore library table drawers, the contents of which are frail and precious.

We can eliminate nervous apprehension on our side, overcome "snoopiness" on the part of the little visitor, and secure peace and quiet for his mother and ourselves in which to enjoy each other's company if we have a hospitable disposition and do a little planning beforehand. We take particular delight in showing some treasured piece of art, a new lunch cloth, or a recent book to make the mother feel we are happy to have her come into our home and want her to share in our latest possessions, so why should we not exert ourselves to display a like hospitality to her youthful companion?

With that idea in mind I secured a large cardboard carton in which I store in boxes, trifles that are sure to amuse young minds. I give out one or more boxes at a time according to the need. In the collection I have drawing books and a box of crayons, some large cardboard dolls with cut-out coats, dresses and hats, a bag of marbles a set of tiny chairs that were left from a parlor suite my own children used, a pair of kindergarten scissors, and a smaller set of paper dolls and clothes to be cut out if the player chooses, several rubber ducks and fish for very tiny callers, a toy truck, and a small wagon, a tea set and an aluminum baking set, a fairylike stove, a fair-sized doll that has seen much use, and a box of clothes for her, a top, some puzzles, and dozens of trinkets.

Nowadays so many pretty cards and novelties come into the home in the way of advertising that one need not go to the effort and expense of buying elaborate games and articles, because all these will be new to the little explorer and different from his supplies at home. I endeavor to put into this box only toys and trinkets that do not create confusion, for if drums, horns, pianos, trains, rifles and the like were included the purpose would be frustrated—there would still be as much clatter and tumult as if the youngsters were scampering from room to room helping himself to whatever took his fancy.

In this collection are boxes of toys that appeal to the boys and others that charm the little girls, or, if there happens to be more than one child at a time, two or more boxes furnish just the things needed for a session of school, to play housekeeping, or some other interesting game together.

If you show thoughtfulness for the little guests, they will enjoy coming to your house and not have to be dragged protestingly along just because Mother wants to go. My chest has served not only as a safety valve for pent-up vim during calls but has also proved a drawing card as well. Many of the boys and girls come to "visit" with me by themselves for they realize they will receive a hearty welcome and find a sympathtic understanding of what little folks need and like.—Issued by the National Kindergarten Association, New York City.

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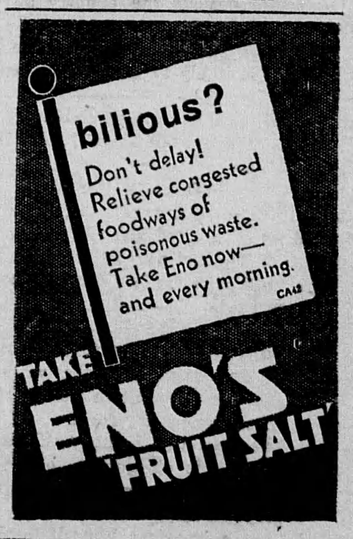

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