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 she heard Mrs. Willett mutter, "Will night never come? I can't bear it." Enderby, watching the Willett's house, sees Violet secretly meet Brian Pearson, one of the heirs who was supposed to be in Australia. Enderby queries Emily's whereabouts the day of the murder.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

"How extraordinary!" exclaimed Emily. "I never thought of that. I was in London, of course. But I don't know that I could prove it. I was alone in my flat."

"There you are," said Charles. "Motive and everything. Your young man coming into twenty thousand pounds. What more do you want?"

"You are clever, Charles," said Emily. "I can see that really I'm a most suspicious character. I never thought of it before."

* * * *

Two mornings later Emily was seated in Inspector Narracott's office. She had come over from Sittaford that morning.

Inspector Narracott looked at her appraisingly. He admired Emily's pluck, her courageous determination not to give in and her resolute cheerfulness. She was a fighter and Inspector Narracott admired fighters. It was his private opinion that she was a great deal too good for Jim Pearson, even if that young man was innocent of the murder.

"It's generally understood in books," he said, "that the police are intent on having a victim and don't in the least care if that victim is innocent or not, as long as they have enough evidence to convict him. That's not the truth, Miss Trefusis, it's only the guilty man we want."

"Do you honestly believe Jim to be guilty, Inspector Narracott?"

"I can't give you an official answer to that, Miss Trefusis. But I'll tell you this—that we are examining not only the evidence against him but the evidence against other people very carefully."

"You mean against his brother—Brian?"

"A ery unsatisfactory gentleman, Mr. Brian Pearson. Refused to answer questions or to give any information about himself, but I think—" Inspector Narracott's slow Devonshire smile widened, "I think I can make a pretty good guess at some of his activities. If I am right I shall know in another half hour. Then there's the lady's husband, Mr. Dering."

"You'e seen him?" asked Emily curiously.

Inspector Narracott looked at her vivid face, and felt tempted to relax official caution. Leaning back in his chair he recounted his interview with Mr. Dering, then from a file at his elbow he took out a copy of the wireless message he had dispatched to Mr. Rosenkraun "That's what I sent," he said, "And here's the reply."

Emily read it.

Narracott 2 Drysdale Road Exeter. Certainly confirm Mr. Dering's statement. He was in my company all Friday afternoon. Rosenkraun.

"Oh!—bother," said Emily, selecting a milder word than she had meant to use knowing that the police force was old-fashioned and easily shocked.

"Ye—es," said Inspector Narracott reflectively. "It's annoying, isn't it?"

And his slow Devonshire smile broke out again.

"But I am a suspicious man, Miss Trefusis. Mr. Dering's reasons sounded very plausible—but I thought it a pity to play into his hands too completely. So I sent another wireless message."

Again he handed her two pieces of paper. The first ran:

Information wanted re murder of Captain Trevelyan. Do you support Martin Dering's statement of alibi for Friday afternoon. Divisional Inspector Narracott Exeter.

The return message showed agitation and a reckless disregard for expense.

Had no idea it was criminal case did not see Martin Dering Friday Agreed to support his statement as one friend to another believed his wife was having him watched for divorce proceedings.

"Oh," said Emily. "Oh!—you are clever, Inspector."

The inspector evidently thought that he had been rather clever. His smile was gentle and contented.

"How men do stick together," went on Emily looking over the telegrams. "Poor Sylvia. In some ways I really think that men are beasts. That's why," she added, "it's so nice when one finds a man on whom one can really rely."

And she smiled admiringly at the Inspector.

"Now, all this is very confidential, Miss Trefusis," the inspector warned her. "I have gone further than I should in letting you know about this."

"I think it's adorable of you," said Emily. "I shall never, never forget it."

"Well, mind," the inspector warned her. "Not a word to anybody."

"You mean that I am not to tell Charles—Mr. Enderby."

"Journalists will be journalists," said Inspector Narracott. "However well you have got him tamed, Miss Trefusis,—well, news is news, isn't it?"

"I won't tell him then," said Emily. "I think I've got him muzzled all right, but as you say, newspaper men will be newspaper men."

"Never part with information unnecessarily. That's my rule," said Inspector Narracott.

A faint twinkle appeared in Emily's eyes, her unspoken thought being that Inspector Narracott had infringed this rule rather badly during the last half hour.

A sudden recollection came into her mind, not of course that it probably mattered now. Everything seemed to be pointing in a totally different direction. But still it would be nice to know.

"Inspector Narracott?" said said suddenly. "Who is Mr. Duke?"

"Mr. Duke?"

She thought the inspector was rather taken aback by her questions?

"You remember," said Emily, "we met you coming out of his cottage in Sittaford."

"Ah, yes, yes, I remember. To tell you the truth, Miss Trefusis, I thought I would like to have an independent account of that table-turning business. Major Burnaby is not a first-rate hand at description."

"And yet," said Emily thoughtfully, "if I had been you I should have gone to somebdy like Mr. Rycroft for it. Why Mr. Duke?"

There was a silence and then the inspector said:

"Just a matter of opinion."

"I wonder. I wonder if the police know something about Mr. Duke."

Inspector Narracott didn't answer. He had his eyes fixed very steadily on the blotting paper.

"The man who leads a blameless life!" said Emily. "That seems to describe Mr. Duke awfully accurately, but perhaps he hasn't always led a blameless life? Perhaps the police know that?"

She saw a faint quiver on Inspector Narracott's face as he tried to conceal a smile.

"You like guessing, don't you, Miss Trefusis?" he said amiably.

"When people don't tell you things you have to guess!" retaliated Emily.

"If a man, as you say, is leading a blameless life," Inspector Narracott said, "and if it would be an annoyance and an inconvenience for him to have his past life raked up, well, the police are capable of keeping their own counsel. We have no wish to give a man away."

"I see," said Emily, "but all the same—you went to see him, didn't you? That looks as though you thought, to begin with at any rate, that he might have had a hand in it. I wish—I wish I know who Mr. Duke really was? And what particular branch of criminology he indulged in in the past?"

She looked appealingly at Inspector Narracott, but the latter preserved a wooden face, and realizing that on this point she could not hope to move him, Emily sighed and took her departure.

When she had gone the inspector sat staring at the blotting pad, a trace of a smile still lingering on his lips. Then he rang the bell and one of his underlings entered.

"Well?" demanded Inspector Narracott.

"Quite right, sir. But it wasn't the Duchy at Princetown, it was the hotel at Two Bridges."

"Ah!" Theinspector took the papers the other handed to him.

"Well," he said. "That settles that all right. Have you followed up the other young chap's movements on Friday?"

"Her certainly arrived at Exhampton by the last train, but I haven't found out yet what time he left London. Inquiries are being made."

Narracott nodded.

"Here is the entry from Somerset House, sir."

Narracott unfolded it. It was the record of marriage in 1894 between William Martin Dering and Martha Elizabeth Rycroft.

"Ah!,' said the inspector, "anything else?"

"Yes, sir. Mr. Brian Pearson sailed from Australia on a Blue Funnel Boat, the Phidias. She touched at Cape Town, but no passengers of the name of Willett were aboard. No mother and daughter at all from South Africa. There was a Mrs. and Miss Evans and a Mrs. and Miss Johnson from Melbourne—the latter answering the description of the Willetts."

"H'm," said the inspector—"Johnson. Probably neither Johnson nor Willett is the right name. I think I've got them taped out all right. Anything more?"

There was nothing else it seemed.

"Well," said Narracott, "I think we have enough to go on with."

(To Be Continued.)

Yale Displays Rare Elizagethan Documents

New Haven, Conn.—The Sterling Memorial Library at Yale University has just opened an exhibition commemorating the 400th anniversary of the birth of Queen Elizabeth. In addition to the few works of Shakespeare printed during her lifetime, the Yale library is showing five cases of items which are devoted to the Queen herself.

One group is made up of the Queen's own literary accomplishments, most of which remained unpublished until the last century. There is a facsimile of the manuscript of her early translation of Queen Margaret of Navarre's poem, "Miroir de l'ame pecheresse," done by the Princess in 1544 for her French tutor, John Belmain. Fifty years later, in the exciting 1590's Elizabeth again set about translating—this time Boethius, Plutarch and Horace.

Included in the exhibition is a reproduction of her household accounts during her residence at Hatfield from October, 1551, to September, 1552, and John Foxe's account of the princess's miraculous preservation. Elizabeth's letters to James I. and others, printed in early memoirs, are represented. Showing her social life are reprints of two entertainments devised for her, as well as the unique copy of "The quenes maiesties passage through the cite of London to Westminister, the days before her coronation," published in London in 1558, from the Elizabethan Club. Two editions are shown of her famous speech to her last Parliament, November 30, 1601. Finally, beside a contemporary engraving of Elizabeth lying in state, is a copy of the memorial verses written at the time of her death by 189 members of the University of Oxford.

The Elizabethan Club has one of the most important collections of Elizabethan literature outside of England, including Shakespeare quartos and folios.

Behaviour of Boys Subject of Address

Montreal.—In the whole realm of child study, mental health and character formation, the most vital things for the child are to know himself, to become aware of his limitations, and to benefit from the opinions of others and this is only possible through the understanding and co-operation of parents and teachers. These are the basic principles in the shaping of children's characters, stated Taylor Statton, of Toronto, director of child character education, Pickering College, Newmarket, Mr. Statten speaking recently in Montreal.

Special study of child character by permitting the child to hear his faults discussed by companions, was advocated by the educationist. "We are satisfied that every child has a feeling of inadequacy," he declared, "and his life doctrine is worked out on the basis of that feeling. It is an infantile misconception, which sometimes springs from the parents, and we have the problem of analyzing to determine in what direction his feeling of inadequacy lies.

There are five basic urges in children, Mr. Statten said: as recognition, experience, affection, power and security. The child desires recognition, and if he does not get this in a way to benefit his character he will acquire something leading into trouble. Every normal child requires a constantly changing experience to produce a healthy, mental state, and affection is vital to children by parents if bonds are to be maintained. Desire for power latent in every normal child, very often leads to a wrong place in life, he explained. The security of the home, Mr. Statten concluded, also exerts a vital influence on boys, because without this feeling their outlook is hopeless and success in life difficult.

Whims of Weather Help Stormproof Clothes Trade

London.—Complete inconstancy of its weather is one of Great Britain's big trade assets, according to figures recently published here from a German newspaper surveying world trade in ready-made clothing.

No one country has the opportunity or the conditions necessary for producing the best of all types of clothing, it is pointed out. But Britain seems to have taken the lead with stormproofs. It appears that the uncertainty of whether it will rain, snow or keep fine has meant that coats have to be really waterproof.

It is not said whether all ready-made clothes export figures act as an index to national assets. Figures show that Paris and Vienna export most women's clothing and luxury habit, Germany specializes in no set clothing, the United States has an advantage in sports clothing, and Belgium specializes in working clothes.

The survey states that conditions in most of the "ready-made" trades are already improving. Manufacturers are replacing stocks and, it is said, there are definite indications of increased consumption.

I find no quality so easy for a man to counterfeit as devotion, though his life and manners are not conformable to it; the essence of it is abstruse and occult, but the appearances easy and show.—Montaigne

We must truly serve those whom we appear to command; we must bear with their imperfections, correct them with gentleness and patience, and lead them in the way to heaven.—Fenelon.

Pithy Anecdotes of the Famous

Jack London was "inherently individualistic" and "un-Socialist of all Socialists I have ever met," says Frederick Palmer, noted war correspondent (in "With My Own Eyes.") During the Russo-Japanese war—which they both "covered":

"He (Jack London) had his own separate mess and tent: general and private of his army of one, he rode in front of his two pack-donkeys, which jingled with bells, the leader bearing an American flag.

"'The novelist,' exclaimed Japanese censor, T. Okada, 'Noise and Color.'"

For weeks the correspondents sat around behind the lines and were not allowed to go near the fighting.

"Occasionally," reminiscences Palmer, "Censor Okada brought us cryptic information that 'All is going according to plan.'

"'Don't forget to tell us if it is not,' said Jack London.

"Censor Okada could only smile and reply, 'Very sorry.'"

The restraints were particularly irksome to Jack London, says Colonel Palmer.

"The movement of a large army was wholly alien to Jack's literary understanding, and therefore he did not remain long with us. ..... Stephen Crane, who wrote his classic, 'The Red Badge of Courage,' before he had ever heard a shot fired in war, suffered the same disillusionment in the Greco-Turkish war. I recall his puzzled mood in an Athenian cake. ..... It did not seem to me he ever wrote about war so well after as before he saw it. The realities had hampered his imagination, his gift in picturing reality."

The trials and tribulations of an "Attraction" on the Chautauqua vircuit in days gone by, are amusingly—if feelingly—described by Charles Edward Russell (in "Bare Hands and Stone Walls: Some Recollections of a Side-line Reformer.") He tells of a violinist—"I will withhold his name, which was well-known in Boston and in musical circles elsewhere"—practising in his bedroom in a Southwestern town one morning, when the door was suddenly kicked open and before his petrified gaze strode in a tall and brawny native.

"You stop that damn noise," said Husky, standing over him and glowering.

Violin, when he got his breath, explained deferentially that he was engaged to play at the Chautauqua that afternoon, that he could not play without practising, that he must keep up his practice for the sake of the public.

"Cut that all out," says Husky. "Are you going to stop?"

"I am sorry if it annoys you, but you see I must practise."

Whereupon the native ended the debate by knocking the violinist down.

The local management to whom Violin complained, advised him to have his assailant arrested. The case was tried before a local justice of the peace, who dismissed the complaint. The native now swore out a warrant against the violinist and Dogberry on the spot fined him $25 and costs.

"What for?" adds Russell. "Oh, for disturbing the peace by playing the violin."

Then there was the unfortunate lecturer who found no key to his room in a rural Illinois hostelry.

"He was new to the business," says Russell—an old Chautauquan himself—"or he would have known, first, that these rooms never have keys, and second, that no matter what may go wrong in such resorts never on your life complain about it or mention it or betray the least consciousness of it or of anything else. Silent submission for you, and a-plenty of it. He had about $300 in his possession and he thought he would rather have his door locked.

"The night clerk was reigning over the establishment, having succeeded to the insignia of office, which consisted of the cob-pipe, shirt sleeves and seat behind the counter:

"Guest: 'May I please have the key to 19?'

"His Majesty: 'Ain't none.'

"Guest: 'I beg pardon?'

"His Majesty: 'Ain't none, I told yuh.'

"Guest: 'Well, I have a considerable sum of money. May I leave it in your safe?'

"His Majesty (glaring): 'Safe Whadda think this is? A bank that's open day and night. Old Man's got key and gone to bed.'

"Guest: 'Then I think I ought to have something to fasten the door.'

"His Majesty (annoyed now to the point of sarcasm): 'There ain't no key, but if youh're afraid to stay in yuhr room alone here's the dog yuh can take up there to pertect yuh.'"

There are some actors and actresses—and good ones too—who read nothing but their parts, declares Lillah McCarthy (in her reminiscences, "Myself and My Friends."

"How they succeed I know not, and yet they do," she adds. "I have even met one who was yet more economical of his energy. He had played, and played well, in one of Chekov's plays. I went round to congratulate him. Admiring Chekov as I do, I asked him what he thought of Chekov's way of writing

"'Who?' he asked.

"'Chekov,' I replied.

"'I never heard of him,' said he."

Miss McCarthy—creator of many Shavian heroines—gives her own method of studying a part:

"I read and re-read the play, pay no attention to my part, until the play as a whole has taken on a pattern in my mind. Then comes the task of seeing my part in relation with the whole and in balance with all the rest, and when that is done I know my part. The words have engraved themselves in my mind."

Expressing a determination to go on working till she dies, Lillah McCarthy recalls a little girls, "the daughter of a man who lives for work," who asked her mother:

"Where is Pappsie?"

"He is working, that how he gets us cakes and clothes, and everything we have," said mother.

"I hope he'll go on working till he dies," the little girl made answer.

Soldier of All Nations Arrives in London

The world's greatest soldier of fortune has just arrived in London. His name is General Rafael de Nogales.

Very soon he will be off again to finish a man-size revolution that he left uncompleted 19 years ago in Venezuela.

Nogales left that revolution at the call of a much bigger adventure — the War.

Led the Turks.

Men who fought in the East will remember him as Nogales Bey. Then he was leading the Turks against the British. He was, in fact, the last Christian commander to remain in the Peninsula, though Allenby was fast on his heels.

That was typical of Nogales. Wherever there has been trouble and adventure in the world during the last 30 odd years he has managed to find his way into it.

He started with the Spanish-American War of 1898, on the side of Spain. Then there were exciting spells in gold rushes in the Klondike; in the American cattle country's cowpunching business; in Mexico's revolution business.

But there is one thing this man of many nations stands firmly by — his nationality. His one regret is that he has never in his world-wide wanderings, fought under the banner of his own coutry.

"I am a Venezuelan," General Rafael de Nogales said when interviewed. "I was born in Venezuela, and I am a patriot."

"Soon I am going back to my country. This time I am going to finish that revolution.'

Many of his friends in London now are men he first saw in the enemy trenches outside Gaza. But Nogales does not bear malice.

"I am entitled to wear the Iron Cross of Germany, First Class, a thing very few foreigners are allowed to do, but what do these things matter? I have dined with Lord Allenby here in London," he said.

General Rafael de Nogales, soldier of fortune, chuckled.

"Soon go back to my own country. . . . "he said.

Plan Canadian Branch Of Empire Air Pilots

Winnipeg.—Organization of a Canadian branch of the Guild of Air Pilots and Navigators of the British Empire has been started here by H. Hollick-Kenyon, noted western pilot.

Names to be on the Canadian branch, first overseas group to be formed, will include such noted airmen as C. H. "Punch" Dickens, of Edmonton; W. E. Gilbert, flying out of Fort McMurray, Alta., and T. M. "Pat" Reid, of Montreal. C. S. Kent, of Saint John, N.B., also is expected to become a merber.

Aid to the new organization has been promised by J. A. Wilson, Ottawa, controller of civil aviation in Canada. The organization seeks to maintain high standards of airmanship, provision of pensions and insurance and general welfare of flyers and aviation.

"Bud" Fisher Fails to Get Alimony to Wife Reduced

New York.—Mutt and Jeff's creator, Harry C. "Bud" Fisher, failed to have the alimony he is paying his wife reduced from $400 to $100 a week.

Fisher pleaded that his income has been cut from $350,000 to $31,600 a year, and that his estate has dwindled from $3,000,000 to $232,000, but the appellate court ruled the wife, Mrs. Aedita Fisher, must still get her $400 weekly.

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

King Listens To Private's Plea

Wanted to Get Out of Army In India; Finds Way

London, Eng.—Private Sam Lee, of the 2nd Battalion of the Northamptonshire Regiment was troubled. The army did not agree with him, and he was anxious to get out of it, but he did not know what steps to take. He did not relish the obvious method approaching his commanding officer.

Then a bright idea dawned on him. He would write to the King asking him to grant his discharge on what the Army calls compassionate grounds. He spent a considerable time composing the letter. He consulted a book on etitquette and finally mailed his petition. For several days he waited hopefully then one morning the C.O. sent for him.

It wasn't long till Private Sam Lee was on the high seas, but he no longer belonged to the 2nd Battalion of the Northamptonshire Regiment. He was on his way to join the 1st Battalion in India.

His letter to the King reached its destination, but His Majesty necessarily had to refer it to Private Lee's C.O. And the C.O., after politely but firmly, pointing out that privates are not allowed to write to the King, gave him some good advice, which on reflection, he thankfullly accepted.

Heiress to Millions Goes into Movies

Hollywood.—Heiress to oil millions, Janet Snowden, 19, said she had given up all thoughts of another marriage and would seek a career in motion pictures.

Miss Snowden said she had engaged William S. Gill, former husband of the late Renee Adoree, as her agent to guide and advise her getting into the films.

"Hollywood fascinates me and I am determined that I can be a success on the screen," Miss Snowden said.

The young woman said reports romantically linking her name with a number of Hollywood actors "is unpleasant, to say the least"

Among the San Blas Indians women hold first place in all things. Descent is by the female line and she owns everything. Only his hammock, canoe, gun, fishing gear and clothing actually belong to the subservient male.

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