Orange Pekoe Blend
"SALADA"
TEA
515

Synopsis of Preceding Instalments: It has been ten years since Pop Clark won a United League pennant with his New York Blues. As the season opens the sports writers, with the exception of Terry Burke of the Star, give them little chance. He bets $10 on them at 200 to 1 at the restaurant of Tony Murallo, a gambler, in the Broadway district. From the first game, in which Whitper, the Philadelphia pitcher, is killed with a rifle bullet through the heart after smashing out a home-run, death or injury cripples the Blues' opponents. Both Whitper and Larry Doyle, the Blues' rookie shortstop and ex-Fordham star, had been attentive to Clark's pretty daughter, Frances, and she had shown her preference for Larry. When four Boston players are injured, Burke learns that Sid Stream, notorious New York gunman, wrecked their taxi with a rifle bullet through a tire. Stream is found dead and Terry receives by mail the warning: "People who know too much die!" Terry has the news first also when Dirkin, Chicago star, drops dead from poison after hitting a homer. The poison comes from a phonograph needle fixed in the handle of his favorite bat. Pietro, the Chicago bat boy, disappears mysteriously. Masked gunmen truss up Terry, question him, gag him, and warn him he knows too much. He swears his beats are due to lucky hunches. Both Terry and Doyle have been suspected by Detective Kelly, and Clark sends Doyle to Newark. Larry plays good ball there, is sold to Boston, and is becoming one of the most popular players in the league.

"Nix. You stay here until I hear from New York."

Terry watched Dowell and Klein as they began a systematic inspection of the room. They went over it completely and thoroughly.

The manager was still standing about uneasily. Finally he coughed. Dowell paused. "What do you know about Scotter?"

"Nothing really. He was a good and steady guest here at the hotel."

"Any peculiarities that would be noticeable?"

"He was a very quiet man. He spent a great deal of time in his room. He liked to do jigsaw puzzles; you have had a sample of that. He did not fraternize with the rest of the men as most players do. It was not snobbishness, rather a certain aloofness. He was amiable, but liked to be alone. He was woman shy, and was sometimes rude to women who tried to get his autograph."

"None of the general things, then, that you are apt to find about single men."

"Oh, no!" the manager hastened to say. "He was a confirmed bachelor, and while he was polite to the maids, there was never any complaint about him in any way. He was an ideal guest in many ways."

"You may go. I'd like to have a talk with the maid who takes care of this room. Will you see that she comes up at once?"

The manager nodded and backed from the room. The maid soon came. She was a tall, thin, pale yellow Negress who walked up brazenly to the inspector and said, "I don' know nothing about anything! I knocked on the door about 9.30 and Mr. Scotter said he wouldn't be going out until noon."

"Were you in here last night?"

"Yes, sir. I came in about 9.30 and turned his bed down the same as I do every night."

"Was there a jigsaw puzzle on the table then?" The inspector turned toward the table near the window.

"Yes, sir."

"Was it that one?"

She walked across and looked at what was left of the puzzle. "No, sir."

"Are you sure?"

"The one last night was nearly finished. There were just a few pieces left to be put in."

"You are positive of that?"

"Yes, sir. Mr. Scotter was very particular about his puzzles. I knock-one off one day when I was cleaning and he was powerful mad about it, and one time he came in unexpected and found me putting in some pieces and he gave me instructions to leave his puzzles alone. Very touchy he was about them."

"Did you ever see that one before?"

"Not that I remember, but when he is here he has so many of them I wouldn't say."

"He always has a lot of them in the room?"

"Yes, sir. He keeps them stacked up on his dresser. He rented them from the bookshop. They would send them over three or four at a time."

When the maid left, Dowell said to his man, "Look through that batch and see if there is a bill or anything to tell which shop rented him the puzzles."

There was a bill in one of the boxes for three puzzles. There were three boxes of puzzles on the dresser and the empty box that had contained the puzzle sprawled out on the table.

"That one isn't part of this lot," the man explained.

"Are you sure of that?" the inspector asked.

"I've checked them and they agree with the bill."

Dowell grunted. "Call the mail clerk and have him come up."

The mail clerk was a thin, pale young man who slid into the room a few minutes later.

"What kind of mail did Scotter receive?" Dowell asked.

"All sorts of letters from all over the country and many packages."

"What kind of packages?"

"From the sound of most of them when you picked them up, I'd say they were probably jigsaw puzzles. It was a known fact in the hotel that Mr. Scotter spent a great deal of his time doing puzzles."

"How long has he been here this time?"

"Four or five days. The team came back last week."

"Any packages this trip?"

"There was one this morning that came through the mail. I sent a boy up with it as soon as it came in."

"What time was that?"

"I called Mr. Scotter and asked him if he wanted it sent up and he said yes. It was a little after nine o'clock."

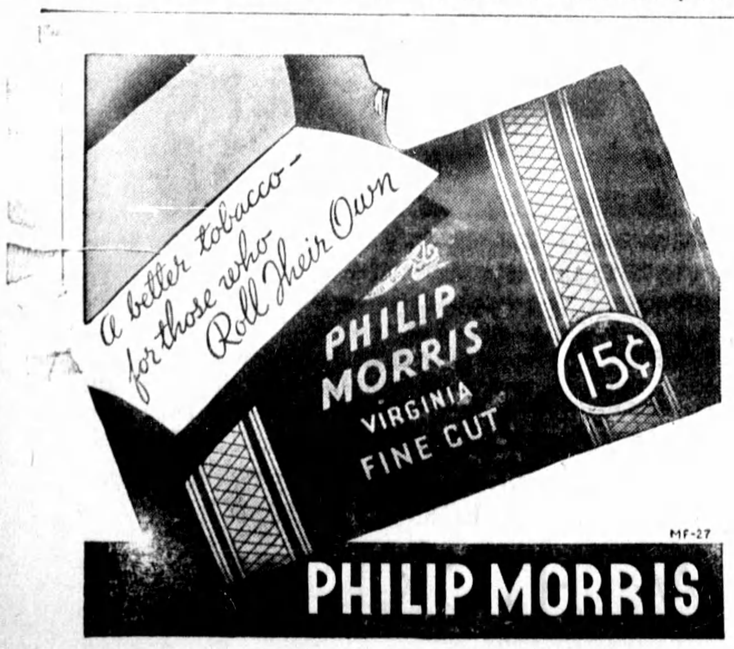
Dowell went over to the wastebasket and pulled out part of the morning paper, some torn letters and a large sheet of wrapping-paper. He studied it for a moment and then handed it to the clerk.

"Was that the one you saw this morning?"

The clerk looked at for a moment. "Yes, sir. I remember the printing. It's very bold lettering and it has the room number, too."

It was indeed bold lettering. Terry could see it from where he sat and it looked as if had been done with the end of a match-stick.

(To be Continued.)



Canadian Press Service Lauded

President Says News-Gathering Association Lived Up To Reputation

TORONTO, — Addressing the annual general meeting of the Canadian Press, the cooperative news gathering association of the daily newspaper publishers, President W. B. Preston of the Brantford Expositor made an interesting survey of the world situation during the past year. "European complications," he said, "preempted the front pages of the newspapers and there were many times since last we met when another world conflagration seemed practically unavoidable. The threat of war almost continuously upon us brought the nations to the very brink of another struggle.

"Demand from the newspapers for the latest information has seldom been more intense and the responsibilities resting upon news gathering organizations have been most severe. I am glad to say that The Canadian Press, through its London Bureau and its alliances with the Associated Press, Reuters and Havas, has lived up to its best traditions and performed a great public service by giving a very complete coverage of all the news, while maintaining its reputation for speed and accuracy and the general reliability of its reports."

The president went on to refer to the careful coverage of the difficult political situation occasioned by the Social Credit experiment in Alberta, to the reorganization and enlargement of the London Bureau last winter resulting in a much expanded and more intimate report of the news of the old country and the Empire, and to the successful experiment last summer of a Canadian Press picture service, whose logical development in time would be the carrying of an all-Canad picture service by telephoto alongside the news.

Referring to the recent retirement of E. H. Macklin, Mr. Preston said: I would like to remind you that the beginning of our cooperative association goes back 30 years to the establishment of the Western Associated Press in Winnipeg in 1907. That young organization owed much to E. H. Macklin of the Manitoba Free Press, first its treasurer and from 1913, its president. A man of vision, he never lost sight of the ideal of a national news association. That doctrine he steadily preached to his confreres in the east with an eloquence of phrase so characteristically his own. His unremitting missionary work finally bore fruit in 1917 when the four sectional news associations were knit into one which has become the Canadian Press of to-day.

"Mr. Macklin gave the new organization his warm-hearted support and on every occasion he has taken the long view of the future of our cooperative association. He could have been president any time these score of years but he preferred to remain in the background, though even his modesty could not refuse the office of honorary president, created in 1924, to do him honor. History will acclaim him the Father of the Canadian Press."

Queer World!

Putting Back the Clock: Every German university man must henceforth defend his honour by sabre duels. "An affair of honour," it is officially stated, "may deal with love, money, and reputation of self, family, or Fatherland." The sabre is 3 ft. long with a quarter-inch rounded tip, razor-sharp.

Aftermath: It is nearly twenty-three years since the war started and yet last year fourteen new cases were admitted to St. Dunstan's—all those of men who have now gone blind as a result of having been gassed. During the last five years nearly two hundred new cases have been admitted.

Expensive Buttonhole: An English carnation valued at £1,000 caused great interest at a display in New York. The high price is due to the fact that only the first plant of the new variety can be used, as the seeds seldom breed true. It takes about five years to develop.

Don't Want Money: Nearly 80,000 unclaimed accounts exist in the Post Office Savings Bank. They range from a few shillings to hundreds of pounds the average working out at about £16.

Snake Slakes with Beer: There was pdacticallf a riot when a travelling salesman entered a bar in Sydney, New South Wales, with a 10 ft.-long snake curled round his neck. But the snake caused no trouble. When his master ordered a pint of beer, it curled its head down to the glass and enjoyed a drink.

A name for every letter of the alphabet, from Ann to Zenus, is the proud possession of a London woman.

Age Means Nothing to Maria Zogarska, a Polish woman. She is 65 years old, has been married for nearly 40 years, and looks like a young woman of 20. The closest medical examination has failed to find any trace of age in her.

Cross-Purposes

Our favorite story of the week is about a nurse and a truck-driver.

The nurse, an efficient young lady named Pauline, was walking along Fifth Avenue one bright morning, on her way to a private case, when she saw a truck rolling slowly down the street, without a driver. With no hesitation, she ran out, hopped onto the running board, and applied the hand brake. The truck stopped, and Pauline, wanting to go right through with the thing, began looking around for the driver.

Just then a man appeared on the sidewalk, and she said to him, "Is this your truck?" He said yes, it was. "Well," Pauline said, "it was rolling down the street." "I know it was, lady," the fellow said, wistfully. "I was pushing it."

Tobacco Men Get More Pay

New Agreement in Quebec Also Cuts Work Week To 48 Hours

MONTREAL, — Chairman Gustave Francq of the Quebec Minimum Wage Board announced last week a conference of workers and employers in the province's tobacco, cigar and cigaret manufacturing industry approved new wage rates ranging from one to four cents an hour higher.

The new agreement, effective August 1, cuts two hours from the industry's 50-hour week and provides that at least two-thirds of all employees, instead of only 50 per cent, as at the present, must receive a $12.50 a week wage, paid workers with two years' experience.

Beginners' wage will be $7 a week. Wage scale are slightly lower outside Montreal district.

About 4,000 women workers are affected by the new schedule.

Birds, as a rule, do not use their nests for sleeping purposes. Only the parent incubating the eggs remains in the nest at night; the other parent usually sleeps nearby.

Home Hints

By LAURA KNIGHT

Cookies For All Occasions

Unlucky the child of four or forty who lives in a house without a cooky jar. And unlucky the cook who never knows the thrill of making a variety of fancy and very tasty cookies. There are so many occasions when you will be glad that the cooky jar is full. These lovely spring days, for instance, when the children come home from school ravenously hungry—give them cookies to eat. They can take them outside and eat while playing. Long, sunny afternoons bring many of your friends to your door while strolling and with a host of dainty cookies on hand, you need have no hesitation in asking them in for a cup of tea, accompanied of course, by any of the cookies for which the recipes are given below. These dainties well made, which necessitates using the finest and best cake flour on the market, will establish your reputation, not only among your adult friends but among your younger acquaintances.

Cookies for parties—cookies for every day—cookies for high days and holidays—all can be made from these recipes with the aid of a few fancy cutters and a little imaginative decorating.

Nut Florentines

Two cups sifted cake flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ cup butter or other shortening, 1 cup sugar, 2 eggs, well beaten, ½ teaspoon vanilla, ½ cup nut meats, chopped, ½ cup brown sugar, firmly packed, ½ teaspoon vanilla, 1 egg white, stiffly beaten.

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift again. Cream butter thoroughly, add sugar gradually, and cream together until light and fluffy. Add eggs and vanilla, and beat well. Add flour gradually, beating until smooth. Spread ¼-inch thick in three greased pans, 8 x 8 x 2 inches. Sprinkle with nuts.

Beat brown sugar and vanilla into beaten egg white, and continue beating until mixture thickens again. Spread thinly on surface of dough. Bake in slow oven (325 degrees F.) 30 minutes, or until done. When entirely cool, cut into strips, 1½ x 3 inches. Remove from pan. Makes about 3 dozen cookies.

Coconut Cream Jumbles

Three cups sifted cake flour, 3 teaspoons baking powder, ½ teaspoon soda, 1 teaspoon salt, 1½ cups sugar, 2 eggs—well beaten, 1 cup heavy sour cream, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 2 cups coconut, premium shred.

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder, soda, and salt, and sift again. Beat sugar into beaten eggs. Add cream, vanilla and coconut and mix until blended. Add flour and mix well. Chill thoroughly. Roll ¼ inch thick on slightly floured board. Cut with floured cooky cutter into 3-inch circles. Place far apart on ungreased baking sheet and bake in hot oven (400 degrees F.) 12 to 15 minutes, or until done. Makes 30 cookies. (One cup sweet cream may be substituted for sour cream and soda in this recipe.)

Swedish Cookies

Four cups sifted cake flour, 1 cup sugar, 2 cups butter, 1 egg — well beaten, 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Sift flour once, measure, and sift again. Cream butter thoroughly, add sugar gradually, and cream together until light and fluffy. Add egg and beat well. Add flour, a small amount at a time, mixing thoroughly after each addition. Add vanilla and blend. Shape into 2 rolls, 1½ ins. in diameter, chill overnight, or until firm enough to slice, and cut in thin slices. Or press dough through cooky press. Bake on ungreased cooky sheet in hot oven (400 degrees F.) 4 to 5 minutes, or until done. Makes 5 dozen cookies.

These rich cookies are especially dainty for refreshments. When sliced, they may be decorated attractively with bits of candied cherry, angelica or citron, chopped nuts, colored sugar, or decorettes.

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