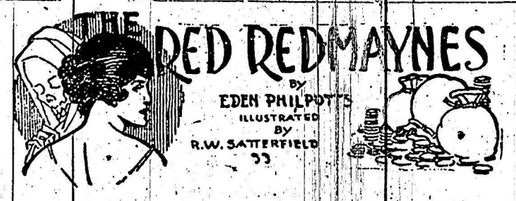


THE RED REDMAYNES

By EDEN PHILPOTTS

ILLUSTRATED BY R.W. SATTERFIELD

BEGIN HERE TO-DAY.

Mark Brendon, famous criminal investigator, while taking holiday on Dartmoor is asked by Jenny Pendean to investigate the mystery of her husband's disappearance. Jenny's uncle, Robert Redmayne, is suspected of murdering Michael Pendean in a fit of insanity brought on by hardships in the recent war.

The two men are traced to the bungalow being built by Michael near Foggintor Quarry. Blood is found on the floor of the cottage and several witnesses testify to seeing Robert riding away on his motor bicycle with a heavy sack behind the saddle.

Mark learns that Robert is the stranger with whom he conversed at Foggintor Quarry on a day when Mark visited a trout stream there. Brendon remembers how conspicuously Robert dressed.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

CHAPTER III.

THE MYSTERY.

Brendon followed Halfyard into the apartment destined to be the kitchen of Michael Pendean's bungalow, and the inspector lifted some tarpaulins that had been thrown upon a corner of the room. Under the tarpaulin a great red stain soaked to the walls, where much blood had flowed. At the edge of the central pain were smears and, among them, half the impress of a big, nail-studded boot.

"Have the workmen been in here this morning?" asked Brendon, and Inspector Halfyard answered that they had not.

"Two constables were here last night after one o'clock—the men I sent from Princetown when Mrs. Pendean gave the alarm," he said. "They looked around with an electric torch and found the blood. One came back; other stopped on the spot all night."

Brendon then examined the ground immediately outside the kitchen door. For twenty yards he scrutinized every inch and presently found indications of a motor bicycle.

Half an hour later one of the constables approached, saluted Mark, and made a statement.

"They've pulled down the wall, sir, and found nothing there; but Fulford, the mason, says that a sack is missing."

Mark came back presently out of the rain which had now begun to fall steadily but not before he had strolled as far as the fishing pools and seen clear marks of naked, adult feet on the sandy brink.

Nothing that he regarded as of value resulted from inspection of the morning visitors and Brendon presently intimated that he would return to Princetown. He showed Halfyard the footprints by the water and had them protected with a tarpaulin.

"What's your idea?" asked Halfyard.

"I should say we have to do with an unfortunate man who's gone mad," replied the detective; "and a madman doesn't take long to find as a rule. I think it's murder right enough and I believe we shall find that this soldier, who's had shell-shock, turned on Pendean and cut his throat, then, fondly hoping to hide the crime, got away with the body."

"Redmayne was a big, powerful man and he may have struck without intention to kill; but this murder means more than a blow with a fist. I think that he was a homicidal maniac and probably plotted the job beforehand with a madman's limited cunning; and if that is so, there's pretty sure to be news waiting for us at Princetown."

The correctness of Brendon's deduction was made manifest within an hour and the operations of Robert Redmayne defined up to a point. A man was waiting at the police station

George French, ostler at Two Bridges Hotel, on West Dart.

"I knew Captain Redmayne," he said, "because he's been down once or twice of late to tea at Two Bridges. Last night, at half after ten, I was crossing the road from the garage and suddenly, without warning, a motor bike came over the bridge. I heard the rush of it and only got out of the way by a yard. There was no light showing but the man went through the beam thrown from the open door of the hotel and I saw it was the captain by his great mustache and his red waistcoat."

"Was anybody with him?"

"No, sir. I'd have seen that much; but he carried a big sack behind the saddle—that I can swear to."

There had been several telephone calls for Inspector Halfyard during his absence; and now three separate statements from different districts awaited him. These were already written out by a constable, and he took them one by one, read them, and handed them to Brendon. The first came from the post-office at Post Bridge, and the post-mistress reported that a man, one Samuel White, had seen a motor bicycle run at great speed without lights up the steep hill northward of that village on the previous night. He gave the time as between half past ten and eleven o'clock.

The second message told how a garage keeper was knocked up at Ashburton, just after midnight, in order that petrol might be obtained for a motor bicycle. The description of the purchaser corresponded to Redmayne and the message added that the bicycle had a large sack tied behind it.

The third communication came from the police station at Brixham and was somewhat lengthy. It ran thus:

"At ten minutes after two o'clock last night P.C. Widgery, on night duty at Brixham, saw a man on a motor bicycle with a large parcel behind him run through the town square. He proceeded down the main street and was gone for the best part of an hour; but, before three o'clock, Widgery saw him return without his parcel. He went fast up the hill out of Brixham the way he came. Inquiries to-day show that he passed the Brixham coast-guard station about a quarter after two o'clock, and he must have lifted his machine over the barrier at the end of the coast-guard road, because he was seen by a boy, from Berry Head lighthouse, pushing it up the steep path that runs to the downs. The boy was going for a doctor, because his father, one of the lighthouse watchers, had been taken ill."

Inspector Halfyard waited until Brendon had read the messages and put them down.

"About as easy as shelling peas—eh?" he asked.

"I expect an arrest," answered the detective. "It can't be long delayed."

As though to confirm him the telephone bell rang and Halfyard rose and entered the box to receive the latest information.

"Paignton speaking," said the message. "We have just called at address of Captain Redmayne—No. 7 Marine Terrace. He was expected last night—had wired yesterday to say he'd be home. They left supper for him, as usual when he is expected, and went to bed. Didn't hear him return, but found on coming downstairs next morning that he had come—supper eaten, motor bike in tool house in back yard, where he keeps it. They called him at ten o'clock—no answer. They went in his room. Not there and bed not slept in, but his clothes not changed. He's not been seen since."

Inspector Halfyard reported the statement and Brendon picked up the mouthpiece.

"Detective Brendon speaking. Who is it?"

"Inspector Reece, Paignton."

"Let me hear at five o'clock if arrest has been made. Failing arrest I will motor down to you after that hour."

"Very good, sir. I expect to hear he's taken by that minute."

Brendon considered, having first looked at his watch.

He turned to Halfyard.

"Should Robert Redmayne not be taken before one or two things must be done, I'd say. You'd better have some of the blood collected and the

"I'll find Captain Redmayne," he said.

fact proved that it is human. Now I'll go and get some food and see Mrs. Pendean. Then I'll come back. I'll take the police car for Paignton at half past five if we hear nothing to alter my plan."

It was now three o'clock. Suddenly he turned and asked Halfyard a question.

"What do you think of Mrs. Pendean, inspector?"

"I have two things about her," answered the elder. "I think she's such a pretty piece that it's hard to believe she's just flesh and blood, like other women; and I think I never saw such worship for a man as she had for her husband. This will knock her right clean out."

"What sort of a man was he?"

"A friendly fashion of a chap—Cornish—a patriot at heart I reckon; but we never talked war politics."

"What was his age?"

"Could't tell you—doubtful—might have been anything between twenty-five and thirty-five. A man with weak eyes and a brown beard. He wore double eye-glasses for close work; but his long sight he said was good."

After lunch Brendon went again to Mrs. Pendean; but many rumors had reached her through the morning and she already knew most of what he had to tell.

"Have you a portrait of your husband?" asked Mark.

Mrs. Pendean left the room and returned in a few moments with a photograph. It presented a man of meditative expression, wide forehead, and steadfast eyes. He wore a beard, mustache and whiskers, and his hair was rather long.

"Is that like him?"

"Yes, but it does not show his expression. It is not quite natural—he was more animated than that."

"How old was he?"

"Not thirty, Mr. Brendon, but he looked considerably older."

Brendon studied the photograph.

"You can take it with you if you wish to do so. I have another copy," said Mrs. Pendean.

"I shall remember very accurately," answered Brendon. "Can you tell me anything about the lady to whom your uncle is engaged?"

"I can give you her name and address. But I have never seen her?"

"Had your husband seen her?"

"Not to my knowledge. Indeed I can say certainly that he never had. She is a Miss Flora Reed and she is stopping with her mother and father at the Singer Hotel, Paignton. Her brother is my uncle's friend in France, is also there, I believe."

"Thank you very much. If I hear nothing further, I go to Paignton this evening."

"Why?"

"To pursue my inquiry and see all those who know your uncle."

Mark rose.

"You shall hear from me to-morrow," he said, "and if I do not go to Paignton, I will see you again to-night."

"Thank you—you are very kind."

Brendon returned to the police station and was astonished to find that Robert Redmayne continued at large. The cement sack had been found in the mouth of a rabbit hole to the west of the Head above a precipice. The sack was bloodstained and contained some small tufts of hair and the dust of cement.

(To be continued.)

Standing six feet five inches in his bare feet, Frank Clarke, aged 18, of the Irish Guards, Aldershot, is claimed to be by many inches the tallest drummer in the British Army. With him is shown the bugler.

The Best Location for Him.

Newly Fledged Surgeon "I don't intend to settle down until I find the best possible location."

Friend—"I can point it out to you at once—the most popular railroad crossing in the country."

The House.

Presently when the stir
Dies in the little street,
When I no longer hear
Chatter or passing feet;
When I have learnt to use
Window and door and bolt,
How to outwit the knave
How to expel the dolt;
No longer mocked by lies
No longer prey to fool,
No longer tyrannized,
I shall begin to rule.
Too much confusion now,
Too wild a discontent,
Too many voices heard,
Servants grown insolent:
Time to assert the will,
Time to make clear my choice,
Time to begin to speak
With a more certain voice;
Ordered at last throughout,
Ridden of bat and mouse,
Presently I shall be
Master in my own house.

—Monk Gibbon.

EAST IS EAST; WEST IS WEST

In the course of a deeply felt discussion of the strange "soul power" that the visitor finds among the teeming peoples of India, Miss Jane Alden, writing in "Asia," tells of a talk she had with a thoughtful Indian youth named Krishna.

Krishna came that afternoon, she says, to take me for a walk. "Tell me something," I began as we strolled along the hill path. "What religion do your people teach you when you are little?"

"They do not teach us any religion. Nobody can teach it, though it may be communicated or absorbed."

"From whom do you absorb it, then?"

"From those who already have it," came the prompt reply. "From the *gurus*, the religious men, who would refuse to teach, counting themselves always students, though other seekers for truth may come and live and study with them."

"What do these *gurus* do?"

"The *guru* is a sacred friend and helper because he already has that light we *seek*. All the *guru* does outwardly, is to give certain breathings, exercises in concentrating the mind and a line or two of prayer: 'I meditate on Him who is the Creator of this universe; may He enlighten my mind.' That way the mind is made open and receptive. All each needs to do is just to make himself a clear medium through which the Infinite Spirit can grow and flower by its own nature. All the teacher can do is to create an atmosphere."

"And the parents of the child, don't they try to mold him or teach him anything, either?"

Krishna shook his head. "The best way to teach is to be," he persisted.

"I'm afraid your system would never suit the domineering West, Krishna," I said. "There, from the moment a child is born, he must do what we tell him to do, be what we've decided it's best for him to be—whether we happens to be the family, the church, the school board or the social community."

"Is it so?" Krishna pondered this wonderingly. "What is your ideal, then, that you teach a child in America? Material success—getting on in this world—is that all?"

"Not just material success. That's only the outer clothing. Rather, I should call our ideal social responsibility."

"But, if a man has no understanding of truth, what good will the society he has served do him when it comes time to die?"

"Perhaps we do not think so much about that as of what good he can do to society. You see him as a spiritual being, in his relation to infinite and eternal life; we see him as a human being, in his relation to other human beings and everyday life. Really he is both."

Fixing his great eyes on me, sombrely, this son of the ancient philosophers demanded: "No matter how powerful, or fine a society you may have, how much good you may do or what rewards you may receive, without spiritual wisdom, constant spiritual inspiration, how can you bear life?"

How indeed! Is not that what the West is beginning to wonder?

But I answered Krishna: "Perhaps my people would ask you how you Hindus have been able to bear life all these years with no relief for your wretched millions in poverty, no money or scientific knowledge to prevent your awful famines, no organized force to keep the invader from consuming your resources and your lives. We should ask you, how can you bear life without practical power?"

We had come to the end of the path. We stood there, exchanging a long look, searching, inquiring of one another.

Finally Krishna said, unmasking all his pain to me, "We bear it very hardly."

"So do we," I said then, showing him mine.

The Soldier Spirit.

Keep the soldier spirit,
Though the wars depart;
Keep the soldier spirit
Bubbling in the heart—
The gay lark of the battle, the fine
spur of the fight!
The crusade of the April dream that
fills the world with light.
Keep the soldier spirit
For old things and for new;
The passion of the morning lay,
The baptism of the dew—
The brave touch of the spirit that
youth brings unto all—
Our youth that helped the old world's
arm beat down the serried wall.
Keep the soldier spirit
The going forth with song
To swing the sword of happiness
Against the shields of wrong—
The blithe blow of the fine blade that
clears each age-worn path
With the new day's fine adventure,
the blood of youth's high wrath.
Keep the soldier spirit,
Though the war no longer beats;
The fanfare of the rattling drums,
The trumpets in the streets
The old, glad youngness mounting as
dreams meant stars of fire,
The battle of the morning joy, the
eternal dawn's desire. —B. B.

Bathing the eyes two or three times a day with cold water makes them bright and helps to preserve the sight.

Surnames and Their Origin

O'LEARY

Variation—Leary.
Racial Origin—Irish.
Source—A given name.

O'Leary is a good old royal name. Even Shakespeare recognized it as such when he wrote his "King Lear."

But the ancient Irish kings who bore this name and from one of whom the modern family name is derived, did not spell it that way. The nearest we can come to the old spelling in using the English alphabet is "Laeghaire." The Irish pronunciation due to the lapse of time, differs at sections of Ireland, and there have also been changes in pronunciation due to the lapse of time, but you can make a pretty good attempt if you say it "Lay-airy," without emphasizing the "airy" too sharply; and if you can inject a faint "h" or guttural sound between the two sections, so much the better.

The most famous Laeghaire of Irish history was the Ard-Righ, or High-King, who held his court at Tara, in Meath (which was a sort of "federal" province, bearing the same relation to all Ireland that the District of Columbia does to the United States), and there received St. Patrick, about 432 A.D. At that first meeting *the* saint converted Laeghaire's daughters and half his court from paganism in open debate, and also won the king's friendship and help in the campaign which spread Christianity over the land like wildfire. But though he aided Christianity, Laeghaire himself never professed faith, and died a pagan.

Of course the orthodox form of the family name is O'Leary, or Hui Laeghaire, the "O'" being a contraction of "Hy" or "Hui," meaning "descendant of." But many families have in modern times dropped this prefix.

KEMPSON

Variations—Kemp, Camp.
Racial Origin—English.
Source—An occupation.

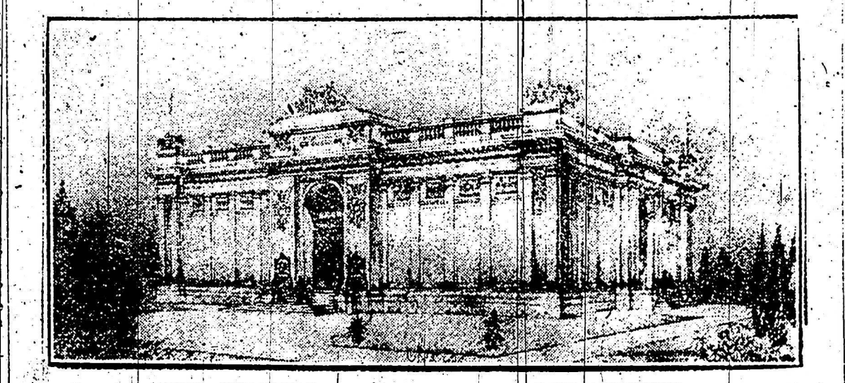
Here is a group of family names the origin of which could not be recognized without reference to some compilation of English words in use about the time the Norman overlords of England ceased to use French as their common tongue, and the Anglo Saxon speech, after two centuries or more of depression and change, emerged and, under the influence of Norman pronunciation, formed the foundation of our modern English.

"Kemp" was a mediæval English word for "soldier." "Walter le Kemp" was already "Walter the soldier," and "Hamo Kempson" was "Hamo the soldier's son." The form Camp is in most instances due simply to a natural change in pronunciation occurring regularly in many English words in certain parts of that country and reflected in the changed spelling.

We have instances of similar changes in the word "Derby." On this continent we pronounce it as spelled. In England they call it "Darby."

As often as not the reverse change in pronunciation has taken place in the course of centuries. Thus the name of that famous street in London, Pall Mall, is pronounced "pel mell."

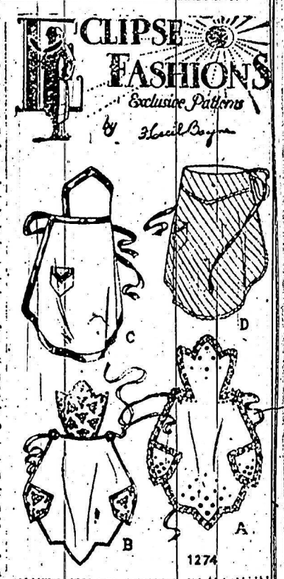
There is no telling how often since the word "kemp" was in common use families bearing it as a surname have changed the pronunciation back and forth between "kemp" and "camp" through succeeding generations. But the changes in spelling have been more rare, as they always are.



CANADIAN NATIONAL'S NOBLE BUILDING AT WEMBLEY IS TO BE SOLD.

PRIZE STRUCTURE WAS DESIGNED BY TORONTO ARCHITECT.

Above is shown the magnificent building of the Canadian National Railways at the Wembley exhibition, which is to be sold, together with the other buildings erected by interests from the overseas dominions. The C. N. R. building, shown above, was awarded the prize medal by the exhibition authorities in 1924, and was designed by Eustace G. Bird, A.R.I. B.A., Toronto architect, his design being chosen from a large number submitted by architects from all over the dominion. The building is 90 x 110 feet in dimensions and is distinguished by fine carving and noble sculptured groups. The award for the finest building in 1925 has not yet been announced.



GIFTS THAT BRING PLEASURE

Make them to wear—or to give away. Let your aprons be the bright badge of your happiness in your home! Look your prettiest while you're busiest—is a good watchword for every housewife. All you require is a yard of material, some lace, ribbon and ready-made colored binding. The pattern for View A is perforated for embroidery dots, and there is a clever arrangement of pockets. 3 yards of lace is required to finish the edge and 3 yards of ribbon will make the rosettes and strings. The apron in View B was made from the same pattern and odd bits of china used to make the bib and pockets. Colored binding makes a neat finish for the edge and ties. Unbleached cotton forms the apron in View C with wider width colored binding for the edges. It is larger than the two aprons previously described, which makes it of a more practical nature. The bib was omitted in View D and a yoke substituted. No. 1274 is in one size only. Price 20 cents.

Our Fashion Book, illustrating the newest and most practical styles, will be of interest to every home dressmaker. Price of the book 10 cents the copy.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS.

Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Enclose 20c in stamps or coin (coin preferred; wrap it carefully) for each number, and address your order to Pattern Dept., Wilson Publishing Co., 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Patterns sent by return mail.

How Does She Do It?

"The average mother with four or five children," has been under scrutiny by an investigator in home economics.

He finds that in the course of a year she makes the equivalent of 1,095 loaves of bread, fifty cakes and 730 pies, prepares meat which, if assembled, would make one or two cows and about six hogs, peels 5,110 potatoes, makes 1,200 beds, dusts 7,500 chairs and sews fifty to one hundred garments, exclusive of mending and darning and the sewing on of buttons. The gross amount of dishwashing and a number of other activities is not computed. In her spare time she may do the family wash.

This hardly seems to cover the ground. Mothers can be recalled who do all that and then some. They do it without any claim to knowledge of modern efficiency systems. Their objective is work performed and they go far in its attainment.

The investigator is endeavoring to contribute an answer to the question: Shall mother be paid a salary? That question, however, once answered in the affirmative, is productive of another just as difficult of answer: Can we pay her what she is worth?

Convict labor is to be used in reforestation work in Michigan.

HELP-FRIENDS

[illegible] Brooks says, "Since we are what we are by the impact of those who surround us, those who surround us with the highest will be those who will change us into the highest." This is equally true of books and of friends.

There is a certain companionship about a loved book even though it lies unopened in the bag or the pocket. It is ready to give a needed word, the touch of two to lift thought above the atmosphere of the day. Did you ever start on a walk in the country, placing a well-loved book in your pocket, and return home with the feeling that you were satisfied; you were aware of the ballast it had given you, you were more attuned to nature, and all because of this silent companion?

A friend of Isaac Walton once said: "Books and quiet are a delight in themselves and meditate and write [illegible] offended and offer disgust."

There is a friend who cheers and inspires. Many deep friendships are built on sport; silent companionship is one we can sit for an hour with or [illegible] knowing that we could [illegible] it.

Choosing a friend and choosing a book are in this: we can choose [illegible] presence, then [illegible] friendship. Again, we choose a book according to our [illegible] of the moment; we choose a friend according to our [illegible] at the moment. We can throw them at their heads [illegible] may not be used, for the mind may be [illegible] poetry reaches down to us from [illegible] mountain peaks. [illegible]

[illegible] have felt a presence that disturbed [illegible] elated thoughts; a presence [illegible] something far more lofty [illegible] disturbed.

Where a dwelling is the light of [illegible] eyes, as found ocean, and [illegible] blue sky."

[illegible] in Tintern Abbey we are [illegible] poems which are like friends who tire us [illegible] much speaking.

[illegible] speaks of "distinguished [illegible] books, we are inspired to [illegible] thought, and there we [illegible] the companionship of books which I know even [illegible] rising suddenly from the grass [illegible] white flock on skyward [illegible] as of old when one [illegible] the watching shepherds [illegible] glad tidings," and "suddenly there was with the angel a [illegible] the heavenly host [illegible]

Does a Horse Have a Sense of Humor?

I think some horses do have a sense of humor. But I find [illegible] are like humans in the extent [illegible] of say a dozen horses [illegible] a dozen different dispositions [illegible] herd of say half a dozen there is the "tease" a horse [illegible] tease other horses for hours, nibbling at them, chasing them, kicking them now and then [illegible] hard enough to injure the horses, but in somewhat the [illegible] of a boxer who just toys [illegible] opponent.

[illegible] instance which I now recall of [illegible] of humor in a horse happened [illegible] was a small boy on the farm [illegible] was holding an old experienced friend while my father trimmed [illegible] hoofs. The trimming of the horse still standing, the boy sat on the barn floor directly in front of the horse, facing away [illegible] with its tail lying back along [illegible] The old horse pricked up [illegible] and it seemed to me that a [illegible] mischief came into his eyes [illegible] shot out a front foot very [illegible] and touched the cat's tail [illegible] jumped away, and if a horse [illegible] he, I really believe that [illegible] smiled. He didn't try to hit the cat—just touched it gently [illegible] above the humorous instance [illegible] in colts more often than in [illegible] horses. We raised one colt that [illegible] tear a rag. My father wore a [illegible] coat, and this colt would [illegible] him all over the barn lot, [illegible] tearing at the rags of his [illegible] seemed to enjoy the fun [illegible]

[illegible] becoming a grown horse, this [illegible] would nibble at our hands and [illegible] though not with the intention of [illegible] bite. He seemed to think it [illegible] sometimes he would get [illegible] and we would slap him. This [illegible] to be very much offended [illegible] in his feelings.—M. M.

The Woman Pays.

[illegible] new housemaid is a treasure," [illegible] Mrs. Johnson. "I had a bridge [illegible] the other evening, and one [illegible] ed to turn up. You know how [illegible] he gave me no notice, what [illegible]

[illegible] annoying."

[illegible] housemaid, however, pat[illegible] my gowns and fitted in [illegible] was helpful."

[illegible] and I won her week's wages."

Reds Bit Ant Dust.

[illegible] dust found at the bottom of [illegible] nests and taken internally was [illegible] cure for snake bite among [illegible] American Indians.

Lofty Telephone Line.

[illegible] telephone line in the [illegible] to the world's most lofty [illegible] on Monte Rosa, [illegible] above sea level.