A Trial Will Convince!

"SALADA" TEA

ORANGE PEKOE BLEND

T84

Is not equalled by any other tea.

Paul Harley, capital investigator, [illegible] Sir Charles. Abingdon. Sir Charles tells Harley [illegible] to life. He admits that [illegible] and at a loss to [illegible] the cause of the [illegible] villain.

A [illegible] at the home of Sir Charles and nothing is disturbed [illegible] drawer, from which [illegible] a manuscript written by Abingdon. Costly silver and jewelry are undisturbed much to the annoyance of Sir Charles.

Harley is asked to dine at the home of the [illegible] and, when he arrives, the butler informs him that the master calling on a sick friend.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

"Yes, sir. He is attending Mr. Chester Wilson on the other side of the square, and Mr. Wilson's man rang up a few moments ago requesting Sir Charles to step across."

"I see," murmured Harley, as the butler showed him into a small but well-filled library on the left of the lobby.

Refreshments were set invitingly upon a table beside a deep lounge chair. But Harley declined the man's request to refresh himself while waiting and began aimlessly to wander about the room, apparently studying the titles of the works crowding the bookshelves.

Now, as he by musing these suddenly intruded sounds of a muffled altercation. That is to say, the speakers, who were evidently in the lobby beyond the library door, spoke in low tones, perhaps in deference to the presence of a visitor. Harley was only mildly interested, but the voices had broken his train of thought, and when presently the door opened to admit a very neat but rather grim-looking lady he started, then looked across at her with a smile.

Some of the grimness faded from the well-bred old face, and the house-keeper, as this her appearance proclaimed her to be, bowed in a queer Victorian fashion which suggested that a curtsy might follow. One did not, however. "I am sorry I keep you waiting," he said. "Benson did not tell me you had arrived."

"That's quite all right," said Harley gently.

"Times of these times," she intoned, "are not what servants were in my young days."

"Exactly, that is so," Harley agreed.

The old lady tossed her head. "I may be," she continued, "but that I would not have stayed in the house for one week if I had had my way. Miss Phil is altogether too soft-hearted. Thank goodness, she goes to-morrow, though.

"I mean Jones, the new parlormaid. Four hours off has that girl had to-day, although she was out on Wednesday. Then she has the impudence to allow someone to ring her up here at the house; and finally I discover her upsetting the table after Benson had laid it and after I had rearranged it."

Wandering from side to side of the library, Harley presently found himself standing still before the mantelpiece and studying a photograph in a silver frame which occupied the centre of the shelf. It was the photograph of an unusually pretty girl.

"Presumably 'Miss Phil'," he said aloud.

He removed his gaze with reluctance from the fascinating picture, and dropping into the big lounge chair, he lighted a cigaret. He had just placed the match in an ash tray when he heard Sir Charles' voice in the lobby, and a moment later Sir Charles himself came hurrying into the library.

"I was called ten minutes ago by someone purporting to be the servant of Mr. Chester Wilson, that friend and neighbor whom I have been attending."

"So your butler informed me."

"My dear sir," cried Sir Charles, and the expression in his eyes grew almost wild, "no one in Wilson's house knew anything about the matter!"

Sir Charles was staring at Harley in that curiously pathetic way which he had observed at their earlier interview in Chancery Lane. "In any event," said his host, "let us dine; for already I have kept you waiting."

Benson attended at table, assisted by a dark-faced and very surly-looking maid, in whom Harley thought he recognized the housekeeper's bete noir.

When presently both servants had temporarily retired. "You see, Mr. Harley," began Sir Charles, glancing about his own room in a manner almost furtive, "I realized to-day at your office that the history of this dread which has come upon me perhaps went back so far that it was almost impossible to acquaint you with it under the circumstances."

"I quite understand."

"I think perhaps I should inform you in the first place that I have a daughter. Her mother has been dead for many years, and perhaps I have not given her the attention which a motherless girl is entitled to expect from her father. I don't mean," he said, hastily, "that we are in any sense out of sympathy, but latterly in some way I must confess that we have got a little out of touch." He glanced anxiously at his guest, indeed, almost apologetically.

"Pray tell the story in your own way, Sir Charles," said Harley with sympathy. "I am all attention, and I shall only interrupt you in the event of any point not being quite clear."

"Thank you," said Sir Charles. "I find it so much easier to explain the matter new. To continue, there is a certain distinguished Oriental gentleman—"

He paused as Benson appeared to remove the soup plates.

The butler, an excellently trained servant, went about his work with quiet efficiency, and once Harley heard him mutter rapid instructions to the surly parlormaid, who hovered disdainfully in the background. When again host and guest found themselves alone: "I don't in any way distrust the servants," exclaimed Sir Charles, "but one cannot hope to prevent gossip." He raised his serviette to his lips and almost immediately resumed: "I was about to tell you, Mr. Harley, about my daughter's—"

"The danger is not removed, but merely increased."

He paused and cleared his throat, then, hastily pouring out a glass of water, he drank a sip or two and Paul Harley noticed that his hand was shaking nervously.

No longer able to conceal his concern, Harley stood up. "If the story distresses you so keenly, Sir Charles," he said, "I beg—"

He ceased abruptly, and ran to his host's assistance, for the latter, evidently enough, was in the throes of some sudden illness or seizure.

"Benson!" cried Harley, loudly. "Quick! Your master is ill!"

There came a sound of swift running footsteps and the door was thrown open.

"Too late," whispered Sir Charles in a choking voice. He began to clutch his throat as Benson hurried into the room.

"Fire-Tongue," he said [illegible] "Nicol Brinn".

A stifled shriek sounded from the doorway, and in tettered Mrs. Howett, the old housekeeper, with other servants peering over her shoulder into that warmly lighted dining room where Sir Charles Abingdon lay huddled in his own chair—dead.

CHAPTER III.

SHADOWS.

"Had you reason to suspect any cardiac trouble, Doctor McMurdoch?" asked Harley.

Doctor McMurdoch, a local practitioner who had been a friend of Sir Charles Abingdon, shook his head slowly.

"Was he consulting you professionally, Mr. Harley?" asked the physician.

"He was," replied Harley, staring fascinatedly at the photograph on the mantelpiece. "I am informed," said he, abruptly, "that Miss Abingdon is out of town?"

Doctor McMurdoch nodded in his slow, gloomy fashion. "She is staying in Devonshire with poor Abingdon's sister," he answered. "I am wondering how we are going to break the news to her."

Perceiving that Doctor McMurdoch had clearly been intimate with the late Sir Charles, Harley determined to make use of this opportunity to endeavor to fathom the mystery of the late surgeon's fears. "You will understand me, Doctor McMurdoch," he said, "if I venture to ask you one or two rather personal questions respecting Miss Abingdon?"

Doctor McMurdoch lowered his shaggy brows and looked gloomily at the speaker. "Mr. Harley," he replied, "I know yu by repute for a man of integrity. But before I answer your questions will you answer one of mine?"

"Certainly."

"Then my question is this: Does not your interest cease with the death of your client?"

"Doctor McMurdoch," said Harley, sternly, "you no doubt believe yourself to be acting as a friend of this bereaved family. You regard me, perhaps, as a Paul Pry prompted by idle curiosity. On the contrary, I find myself in a delicate and embarrassing situation. From Sir Charles' conversation I had gathered that he entertained certain fears on behalf of his daughter."

"Indeed," said Doctor McMurdoch.

"If thee fears ere well grounded, the danger is not removed, but merely increased by the death of Miss Abingdon's natural protector. I regret, sir, that I approached you for information, since you have misjudged my motive."

"Oh," said Doctor McMurdoch, gloomily, "I'm afraid I've offended you. But I meant ell, Mr. Harley." A faint trace of human emotion showed itself in his deep voice. "Charley Abingdon and I were students together in Edinburgh," he explained. "I was mayhap a little strange."

His apology was so evidently sincere that Harley relented at once. "Please say no more, Doctor McMurdoch," he responded. "I fully appreciate your feelings in the matter. At such a time a stranger can only be an intruder; but"—he fixed his keen eyes upon the physician—"there is more underlying all this than you suspect or could readily believe. You will live to know that I have spoken the truth."

(To be continued.)

Airfield is Lighted By Hum of Engine

Drone, Caught by Amplifiers, Throws Switch—No Other Sound Can Do It

Pittsburgh, Pa.—The noisy hum of an airplane 1000 feet in the air closed the switch that lighted a bank of flood lights at Bettis Field, McKeesport, in the first demonstration of the sound-sensitive automatic lighting agency developed by T. Spooner, research engineer of the Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Company.

The device, in effect uses the drone of the airplane to control electric energy. From a tiny current at first this controlled energy is increased in power by amplifiers until it is strong enough to throw a good-sized lighting switch.

A loudspeaker operated reversely is the "ear" of the mechanism. Laid on its back it gives the apparatus a directive effect with reference to noises from above. A microphone completes the auditory section. Passing through several amplifiers the impulse then passes through the time-limit relay the last step before the current automatically throws the lighting switch. The time-limit relay prevents operation of the apparatus by any noise other than the continuous hum of an airplane.

The switch locks automatically and the lights remain on until it is thrown by a field attendant.

It was a Flag Day in Aberdeen—the day on which Aberdonians are said to stay in their houses! and a holiday maker was asked by a pretty girl to buy a flag. "I thought," said the visitor, "you did not have Flag Days in Aberdeen." "Is that why you came here for your holidays?" "The visitor quickly bought a flag and disappeared.

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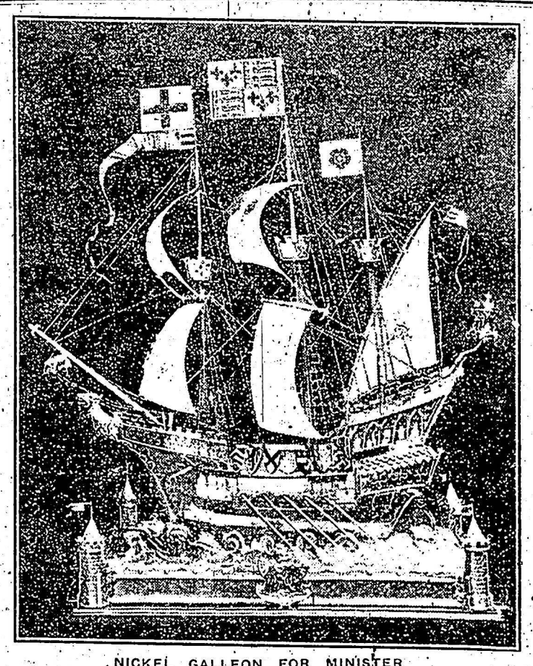
Most Too Good.

He—"I have got to go. Let me kiss you good-bye until Sunday! dear."

She—"No. I couldn't think of it! That would be too long a kiss."



NICKEL, GALLEON FOR MINISTER

Fashioned from solid Canadian nickel this model of a fifteenth galleon was recently handled in shipment to Canada by the Canadian Pacific Express Company and forwarded to the Hon. Charles McCrea, Minister of Mines in the Ontario Government. The ship was manufactured in England at the request of the Mond Nickel Company which concern presented it to the Minister of Mines. Every detail in the reproduction of this model has been adhered to and during the entire construction nothing was used but pure Canadian nickel. On account of the hardness of this metal the model was produced only after many weeks of work on the part of expert metal-workers. The ship stands about two feet counting the base which is ornamented with curling waves and battle towers. The model is valued at $3,000.

Nitrogen Works Grow Quickly Since the War

Synthetic Production Begins on Large Scale in European Countries

A remarkable progress has been made in Europe since the war in the manufacture of synthetic fertilizers, with nitrogen derived from the air as a basis.

At the Polish factory of Chorzon, production has been more than doubled since 1922. In Germany, where several processes are worked, the great Leuna factory of the Chemical Trust has not only increased its output of nitrogenous substances, but is now used for the production of important new compounds and complete fertilizers which have been discovered in the laboratories of the Trust and patented.

In Great Britain the construction and equipment of a huge sulphate of ammonia works at Billingham on the Tees, has so far been very little advertised, but the achievement is now beginning to attract attention by its magnitude.

The Chorzow factory, which is situated a few miles from Kattowitz, was built by the German Government in 1916-18 for war purposes. It was taken over by the Polish Government after the settlement of the Silesian question, and it has since been operated on behalf of the Polish State. All the German experts left the factory, so that some time elapsed before the intricacies of the work were mastered by the new Polish chemists and engineers.

Use on Increase In Poland.

In 1922 the production was 10 tons of carbide and 130 tons of cyanamide per day. This has been increased to 300 tons of carbide and 250 tons of cyanamide. The nitrogen content has been increased, and the electrical power required per kilo of nitrogen has been reduced by one-third. The products are exported to adjoining countries and to France, but latterly the use of nitrogen fertilizers has increased to such an extent in Poland that export has had to be reduced.

The pioneer achievement of the German chemical industry in this field are already well known. During the last two years, the fast-growing sales of sulphate of ammonia have been very profitable to the Chemical Trust, and now that the merits of the new complete fertilizers are widely known among German farmers, this branch of production is becoming increasingly important. But the British development has opened out an entirely new prospect.

Plant Started in War.

The Billingham site was bought by the British Government during the war with the object of trying out the Haber process. The war came to an end before anything had been done, however, and after protracted negotiations the Brunner Mond Company took over the site, which is particularly valuable because it has large deposits of gypsum, which is used in the manufacture of the sulphate of ammonia.

The plant will be in full operation shortly, and the output is expected to jump from the present 250 tons of sulphate of ammonia a day to 800 tons. Negotiations are now on foot between the Mond Trust and the German Chemical Trust with the object of avoiding the intense competition that might easily arise.

British Use New Processes.

It is believed that an agreement will be reached in the near future for the allocation of markets and for collaboration in other ways. Already the British Trust has acquired territorial rights in the German patents for the complete fertilizers, and for certain new products which will give the farmer a much larger nitrogen content in a given weight of fertilizer. One new process is to mix nitrogen with the carbonate of lime, which is a by-product of the sulphate of ammonia process. This is not only very cheap, but it enables the farmer to apply to his land nitrogen and lime simultaneously.

Already the use of nitrogen fertilizers is rapidly increasing in Great Britain, especially for the improvement of grass lands, and it is believed that a huge potential market exists in the British colonies and the Far East.

The Poor Little King

To become a king at five years of age was misfortune enough in the days when infant kings were accepted as natural phenomena and world-wide publicity was unknown. But now the species is so rare that the world contains only one representative, and sob sisters lie in wait to cable his prattlings to the ends of the earth. His case would seem to be hopeless. He might as well be a columnist's child.

From all accounts little King Michael of Rumania, for whom his grandmother is acting as press agent, hasn't a notion yet what it is all about and is treating the fuss made over him much as Lindbergh might. But wait until he learns to read, until he begins to demand his daily batch of clippings. Wait until he hears the echoes of his sport remarks reverberating from a thousand sounding boards of press and motion picture and radio, what will save him then from suffocating spiritually in a sea of applesauce?

One thing only, and that is such a case-hardened shell of irreverence, as our younger generation has developed. With this he might ride the cosmic flood of sentimental acclaim to something new and piquant in the way of royal careers. It would be intensely interesting to see what a true member of what we loosely term the younger generation would do with the job of king. Maybe "Mad Mickey," whose chief joy is still his rubber-tired scooter, will show us. At present we feel sure he is all for fewer spankings and more lolly-pops. "I want to go home, I'm hungry" his first public utterance indicates a Democratic rule. All young Canadians are "for him."

Fresh Tomatoes, Cold or Hot

Fresh tomatoes are on the market practically all summer long, giving the homemaker plenty of chances to exhaust all the ways of serving the vegetable that she knows about. Here are some splendid recipes for dishes that are easily prepared and will be welcome on the days—whether hot or cool—when one wants something a little different on the menu.

Shrimp Tomato Salad

Wash medium-sized ripe tomatoes, cut off the stems ends and scoop out the pulp to form shells. Sprinkle lightly with salt inside, and invert to drain in a cold place until ready to be stuffed. For the filling of 6 such shells, allow 6 shrimps or anchovies, 2 cold hard-boiled eggs, and 1 teaspoonful each of minced olives and capers. Mix these with ¼ of a cupful of stiff cooked salad dressing, and chill. At serving time, lay each shell on a chilled leaf of head lettuce, or in a nest of leaf lettuce shredded by cutting with the scissors, fill with the fish mixture, garnish with mayonnaise diluted with whipped cream and serve immediately.

Tomatoes with Horseradish Salad Dressing

To 4 tablespoonfuls of grated horseradish, add 1 tablespoonful of cider vinegar, ¼ of a teaspoonful of salt, 1 teaspoonful of sugar and ½ of a teaspoonful of paprika or 1 teaspoonful of grated canned pineapple. Prepare ½ of a cupful of stiffly-whipped cream. Scald a fresh ripe tomato for each person to be served, cover with cold water, remove the stem end and peel. Set aside with the cream to become cold. At serving time, make nests on individual serving plates from leaves of head lettuce or shredded lettuce, place on each a tomato cut into quarters lengthwise and heat the horseradish mixture into the whipped cream. Pour the dressing over the tomatoes and serve immediately.

If prepared horseradish is used, drain thoroughly from the vinegar and omit vinegar in the recipe.

Tomato Sandwiches

Peel and chill small firm tomatoes. Into ½ of a cupful of thick cooked salad dressing mix ¼ of a cupful of finely-chopped green pepper and ½ of a teaspoonful of chopped onion. At serving time, spread buttered slices of bread liberally with the pepper mixture, and on half the slices lay thin slices of tomato. Cover with the remaining slices and serve immediately.

If the bread is buttered well so the moisture cannot get through and make it soggy, these sandwiches may be made before they will be needed, placed in piles in the refrigerator and left slightly weighted down with a plate until serving time.

Red and Yellow Tomato Salad

Scald and peel 1 ripe red tomato and 1 ripe yellow tomato for each person to be served and set aside to chill. At serving time, slice each red tomato crosswise on a bed of lettuce, add a layer of crisp cucumber cubes, then 4 wafer-thin slices of green onion and a yellow tomato quartered lengthwise on top. Pour French dressing over all and serve immediately.

Baked Stuffed Tomatoes

Allow 1 large fresh tomato for each person to be served. Slice off the stem end, scoop out the pulp, dust inside the shell with salt and leave inverted to drain until ready for the filling. Fill the cavity with the stuffing, sprinkle the top with bread crumbs and bake, covered, in a brick oven, until the tomatoes are tender. How long this will require depends upon the size of the tomato, large ones require from 25 minutes. Remove the cover and brown lightly before serving. Most of these are liked best when hot, but some people cool them, then place them in the refrigerator to become thoroughly chilled before serving time.

Ham Filling

Mix together equal parts of chopped cooked ham and bread crumbs seasoned to taste with salt, pepper and butter. Add 1 teaspoonful of chopped onion and enough cold beef gravy to bind the ingredients together.

Clam Filling

Chop 1 can of clams drained from the juice, add an equal amount of bread crumbs, ½ of a teaspoonful of salt and ¼ of a teaspoonful of paprika. Mix the clam juice with 1 well-beaten egg and add to the fish mixture. Fill the tomato shells and bake an hour. Serve immediately.

Tomato Croquettes

Chop fine 3 hard-boiled eggs and add to the drained pulp of 2 large fresh ripe tomatoes, 1 tablespoonful of chopped parsley, 1 teaspoonful of powdered herbs, 1 cupful of hot mashed potatoes, ½ of a teaspoonful each of salt and chopped onion, a few drops of lemon juice and the yolks of 2 eggs. Mix and shape into croquettes. Roll in finely-sifted bread crumbs, white of egg diluted with 1 tablespoonful of water and lightly beaten together, then in crumbs again. Set aside to dry slightly before frying. At serving time, fry golden brown in deep hot fat and serve immediately.

Tomato Timbales

Simmer together for 15 minutes 4½ cupfuls of tomatoes cut into small pieces, juice and all, 2 slices of onion, 2 tablespoonfuls of sugar, 1¼ teaspoonful of pepper. Rub through a sieve and add to the puree ¼ of a cupful of cracker crumbs and 2 slightly-beaten eggs. Pour into greased timbale molds, or cups, and bake in a moderate oven until they are firm. Turn out carefully on a platter and pour cheese sauce around them.

Cheese Sauce

Melt 1 tablespoonful of butter in a saucepan and blend well with it 1 tablespoonful of flour. When creamy, add slowly, stirring constantly, 1 cupful of milk. Bring to a boil and cook and stir until the mixture is smooth and thick. Add ½ of a cupful of cheese cut into bits and ¼ of a teaspoonful each of salt and paprika. Stir, and when the cheese is melted pour the sauce around the timbales. Serve immediately.

MOTHER INTERFERES

Pauline Herr Th[illegible]

"Let's play washday," said [illegible]

"Oh, yes, let's! I'll wash and you iron," said Arlene.

"No, I want to wash."

"No, you won't, old [illegible] I won't play. I'm going [illegible]

I tried to close my ears to the [illegible] Usual disagreement between [illegible] girl and her playmate. I was [illegible] of a crowd of boys [illegible] trying to organize a ball game [illegible] a captain. The two children [illegible] agreed so much that they [illegible] accomplish their ends by play.

I had heard so much about [illegible] of interfering in children's arguments that I had specifically refrained [illegible] so. Yet, I felt that I could [illegible] criminate here. The children were not just quarreling they were [illegible] trying to recognize one [illegible] as leader and so fulfill [illegible] their play. It seemed to [illegible] fairly cried out for a capable [illegible] decided act in that [illegible]

Whenever a disagreement arose which promised to be [illegible] sequence to break up a game, but it was not of a serious [illegible] a test of strength or [illegible] step by step I inquired what [illegible] the trouble; I would [illegible] each tell her side of the argument together, we would weigh the advantages and disadvantages of [illegible] which I would suggest a plan of procedure. After they had [illegible] trial, I would inquire how [illegible] worked. Of course it [illegible] and they would be [illegible]

After a period of such [illegible] began to withdraw my own [illegible] in the discussion, [illegible] and plans [illegible] way it was not long before [illegible] "to interfere" to convert [illegible] to me, instead of my [illegible] I found them happy [illegible] for than I suspected, and [illegible] solving their problems [illegible] valuable lessons in [illegible] decision.

I still remain the [illegible] who they know will be [illegible] suggestion if [illegible] for [illegible] I have dropped out of the [illegible] They settle their [illegible] court as it were.

"[illegible] play [illegible]"

"Oh, yes, you say [illegible]"

"I will be [illegible] have the washing [illegible]"

"Oh, no! I want the dish[illegible]"

"I had I wanted them [illegible]"

"Then I won't play."

"Oh, you come on, Arlene, you what's the [illegible] and have all the things [illegible] and you'll be [illegible] say [illegible] and then [illegible]

"Go, [illegible] I'll be the [illegible] you'll be [illegible] lady."

"Won't that be a good [illegible] I'll be well [illegible] have [illegible] play with," says [illegible]

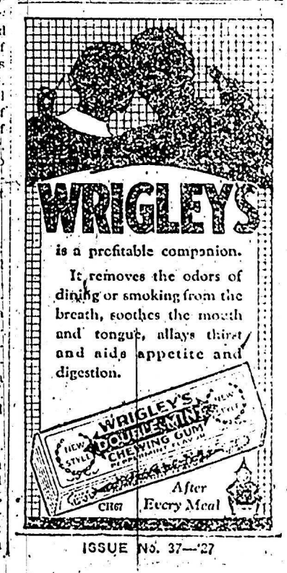
So the play goes on [illegible] Jeanne and Arlene are happy. Mother is happy too!

Glass Blowers Profit

Owing to a scarcity of [illegible] in Venice, it has been found [illegible] by most of the glass factory owners to admit the master glass[illegible] into their firms. This has [illegible] by permitting them to buy [illegible] that many of the works are [illegible] ated on a co-operative, profit [illegible] plan, each master laborer [illegible] least a share of stock and [illegible] the end of the year in the [illegible] net profits, in addition to [illegible] weekly salary.

"Dear Bettie," wrote the [illegible] man, "pardon me, but I'm getting forgetful. I proposed to you [illegible] night, but really forgot [illegible] said yes or no." "Dear Bob," [illegible] plied by note, "So glad to hear [illegible] you. I knew I said 'no' to [illegible] last night, but I had forgotten [illegible] who it was."

"Did you notice poor old [illegible] I thought he looked rather [illegible] didn't you?" "Worse [illegible] drawn."



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