

Salada tea is gathered from the world's finest gardens

# "SALADA" TEA

'Fresh from the gardens'

## THE TULE MARSH MURDER

STORY OF A MISSING ACTRESS AND THE TAXING OF WITS TO EXPLAIN HER FATE.

BY NANCY BARR MAVITY.

### SYNOPSIS

Don Ellsworth's wife, former actress Sheila O'Shay, disappears. Dr. Cavanaugh, criminal psychologist, learns their married life has been unhappy.

Peter Piper, a Herald reporter, while trying to get an interview with Dr. Cavanaugh, meets Barbara, the attractive daughter, and finds she was engaged to Don before his marriage. Dr. Cavanaugh identifies a body burned in the tule marsh outside the city as that of Sheila O'Shay. Barbara faints when she hears this. Mrs. Kane, Sheila's maid, is arrested and Peter learns that Sheila forced Don to marry her by a breach of promise threat. Peter tries to persuade Don to give him an interview.

### CHAPTER XXIII.—(Cont'd.)

Peter spoke rapidly, emphatically, but without raising his voice. His head was thrust a little forward, his bright, near-sighted gray eyes steadily fixed on the dark face before him.

He saw that face whiten about the lips, saw the veins bulge at the temples—and stepped back just in time to avoid the lunging sideways blow whose impetus brought Ellsworth through the open door, which crashed shut behind him.

Don required Peter's steady touch on his elbow to recover his balance and prevent his plunging forward down the steps. He was not even conscious of that briefly supporting hand.

"I may not keep the public out, but I can keep you out!" he said, turning toward the vague blot of shadow on the darkened porch, which was Peter. "And every other newspaper reporter, too. I've not one single word to give to the press, now or at any other time. That's my answer!"

"Very well," said Peter imperturbably; but he said it to Don Ellsworth's back, rapidly losing its form as a shadow among other shadows as he dashed down the driveway, his feet scuffing with vicious force on the unoffending gravel.

"And the worst of it is," mused Peter as he followed at a more leisurely gait, pausing to light a cigarette from a crumpled package which he exhumed from his overcoat pocket, "he may have to give all those words to men from the district attorney's office, and they'll pass them along to us; and by that time they may not sound so well—not half so well. But Barbara's tip was certainly a good one. I almost think he doesn't like reporters—not one little bit he doesn't!"

Peter's evening assignment was by no means concluded. He returned to the dark and almost invisible Bossy at the corner, and looked carefully up

and down both streets before he decided that he might properly venture the glow of his lighted cigarette behind the side curtains.

He did not know precisely what he was waiting for, but he waited in a state of alert quiescence. If the police should force the pace and come with a warrant to search the house, Peter was going to be there.

They might let the Kane woman out—though that was unlikely; she was fairly sure to be held as a material witness, unless Ellsworth gave bail for her, and Peter was of the opinion that Ellsworth would bear with equanimity Mrs. Kane's absence from his house. Or something altogether unforeseen might break. You never could tell. He might better have followed Ellsworth; but after all, he had nothing to go on there—and anyway, his present job was with the house.

It was neither the returning Ellsworth nor Mrs. Kane whose appearance brought Peter leaning forward in the front seat an hour later, but a small black coupe, from which emerged the broad shoulders and rotund form of Dr. Cavanaugh. He walked up the driveway with long, leisurely strides, and stood in parley for some minutes with the maid at the door.

Peter had closed Bossy's door gently behind him and was half way across the street when he paused.

"After all, I can't very well trail the doctor like a faithful pup," he pondered. "He's been pretty good to me, and I don't want to break the charm. It's just possible I might be in the way." While he still hesitated, the front door closed and the house turned to him a shut, impenetrable face.

Peter, however, did not recross the street. Instead, he turned the corner and gazed upward at the dark side of the house. A pergola led to a garden at the rear, and above the pergola to the left a faint gleam of glass indicated what was probably a sun porch.

A few lights still shone on the lower floor at the back—"Servants' rooms," commented Peter—and a dimmer light, as if penetrating a dark room before reaching the street, indicated the front hall.

"Hm," meditated Peter. "Now where the dickens did the great Cavanaugh go to?"

As if in answer a light—bright, definite, unshaded—flashed on in the

room over the pergola, on the second floor.

"Now I wonder. Suppose I have a look-see. If it's none of my business, I can just climb down again. If it is, I'll crash the front door, ask for the doctor, and trust to him to let me in on it. Of course, if I'm caught on that pergola-thing, it may take a fair bit of explaining."

It was the idea of that possible explanation that determined Peter. Jimmy would not back him up in any such performance—Jimmy, having told him to cover the Ellsworth house and not come back till he got something, would merely take his copy and read him a lecture if he got into difficulties. But the lecture would not be nearly so hard to take as if he didn't turn in any copy.

He could hear himself arguing with a bevy of frightened, indignant, incredulous servants, thoroughly enjoying the excitement of capturing a burglar red-handed. He could see himself submitting with sang froid to a ride to the station in the jangling patrol wagon, and the confronting the irate, spluttering, and friendly Captain Davis, who would ask him if he expected to get away with murder. Decidedly, such a culmination would not be without its points.

Neither, Peter discovered, was the pergola without its points. They were the sharp, half-inch points of a particularly stalwart variety of climbing rose. They made long claw-marks on his calves and his hands seemed to encounter them with unerring and painful precision.

"Gosh, what a cat-fight!" breathed Peter. "If I don't claim damages under the workmen's compensation act for this—"

He began his climb at the farther, garden end of the pergola, and walking, crouching, along the top, where progress was easier, except when his foot slipped through the squares of the lattice. And then, in a state which it seemed to him must of one of fluttering ribbons, he reached the house wall at last, and, squatting on his thighs, looked into the brightly lighted boudoir of Sheila O'Shay.

### CHAPTER XXIV.

Dr. Cavanaugh's broad back loomed directly in the field of Peter's vision. He was seated somewhat absurdly on a very small chair whose long spindling legs and short back gave it the distorted look of something that had started out to be tall and had stopped growing.

It was the sort of chair peculiar to ladies' dressing tables, but as this was the first time Peter had ever seen a lady's dressing table, it appeared to him something of a monstrosity.

Dr. Cavanaugh's solid bulk clad in its usual sober black, projected beyond his insufficient seat; he looked, Peter thought, rather like a block of granite balanced on the top of four far too slender stakes.

The dressing table itself—a glass topped, triple-mirrored affair on which at the present moment the doctor rested a nonchalant elbow—was covered with a surprising multitude of objects, each of which looked like something else.

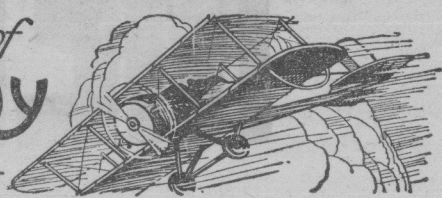
The glass bottle of rose-colored bath salts had the form of an elephant; a squat object which should have been a jar of cold cream masqueraded as an overblown pink rose.

A long stick with a wide flat circle of powder puff at the end was painted with the face of a black-and-pink, very exotic lady.

The bases of a procession of batties peeped from the widespread taffeta skirts of a row of dolls.

Peter's entranced gaze veered to a small stand nearby, on which rested a telephone book in a tapestry cover bound in gilt braid, together with an-

## The ADVENTURES of CAPTAIN JIMMY and his Dog SCOTTIE



What came before: After many adventures, Captain Jimmy lands in his plane at the Island of Formosa. He goes inland to see the camphor camps and the country of the head-hunting savages.

At last we reached a settlement of little huts with a big one for the manager. The camp boss was a young Japanese, who spoke English perfectly. He had a long white scar across his face, which he told us was a souvenir from a fight with a head-hunter.



A group of savage youths had raided his camp at dead of night, eager to bring back heads to their dusky maidens. He objected to having his head cut off and, seizing an iron pot, bounced it off the skull of the leader. Some one threw a knife at him, just grazing his face, and then the soldiers came on the run and the head-hunters vanished into the darkness.

After the camp foreman had told us the story of his fight with the head-hunters, he invited us to visit the camphor camp.

"This is the hut where I slept on the night of the attack," he said, with a grin that showed his white teeth, "and this," he continued, pointing to a large iron kettle that stood on a crude shelf, "is the pot that I bounced off the chief's head. One never knows when it might come in handy again."

What a life! Sleeping and working in the shadow of continual danger. Certainly the camphor camps are no place for a nervous person.

We walked down a trail through trees with big, thick green leaves and finally arrived at a small clearing, where a number of fires were burning. Over each fire was a large pan of water and a barrel. Our guide explained that the barrels were filled with chips from the camphor trees and when steam from the boiling water passed through these chips, it took the camphor with it.

He then showed us how a bamboo pipe caught the steam from the barrels and carried into clay chambers where it was cooled and turned back into water, in the way that steam from a kettle will turn to water on a cold window pane.

Some of the camphor crystallizes on the sides of the clay chamber and some drops to the bottom as oil. After that, they take the crude camphor and heat it again until it turns to vapor and stream and condense it until it is solid.

In another part of the camp they pressed it into little cakes and packed it in lead boxes, ready to send to Japan. The guide told us that most of the world's camphor supply comes from Formosa.

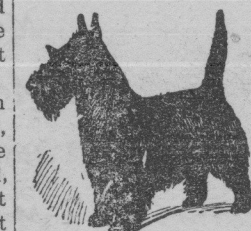
About a quarter of a mile from the camp, we came to a well beaten road, with a high wire fence on the far side of it. This fence was charged with electric current to keep out the head-hunters from the hills. Near the fence, someone had dug up a quantity of fresh earth.

"This," said our guide, "happened last night. The head-hunters tunneled under for a surprise attack when a patrol caught sight of them. We nabbed one, who was not quick enough to get back. We've sent him down to the jail for a while."

Later on we had a good look at him. He was a powerfully built fellow, with a square sort of face and a low forehead. His eyes were shifty, crafty, like those of a fox. He was a hard looking customer and not the sort of person you would care to have prowling around on a dark night.

(To be continued)

Note: Any of our young readers writing to "Captain Jimmy", 2010 Star Bldg., Toronto, will receive his signed photo free.



## Borden's Chocolate Malted Milk

The health-giving, delicious drink for children and grown-ups. . . Pound and Half Pound tins at your grocers.

other and larger doll concealing the telephone instrument.

The electric light brackets by the dressing table were shaped like candles, with small pointed globes, and the reading lamp by the bed cast its rosy glow through the frosted petals of a cabbage-shaped flower.

Peter shifted his weight from one cramped leg to the other.

"Gosh!" he breathed. "What a way to live! No wonder somebody bumped her off!"

His change of position brought him within sight of the door, where stood a girl in maid's uniform. Her round flushed face was a study in alarm, pleased excitement and admiring awe.

It was a larger number of emotions than that ingenious countenance was used to expressing at once, and the effort had widened her eyes to the roundness of very blue marbles. She stood fiddling with the door-knob, obviously seeking an excuse to remain in the room. The stolid set of Dr. Cavanaugh's shoulders and his relaxed

attitude before the dressing table indicated bland and patient waiting.

In the darkness Peter grinned. "She'd give her eye-teeth to stay, and the doctor is calmly sitting her out," he opined.

The window was closed and he could not hear what was said, but in another moment the maid, with a broad smile making her cheeks bulge rounder than ever and a lingering gaze of extreme respect towards the figure at the dressing table, withdrew, closing the door behind her.

Peter eased himself to his knees and reached for the upper ledge of the window. He had no intention of spying. He would open the window and tell the doctor he was there. Then, if he wasn't wanted, he'd depart along the thorny path by which he had come.

(To be continued.)

**To a Cynic**  
Be patient, lest this wisdom you assume  
In sprays abortive wear a transient bloom.

Until you can explain the riddle seen  
In every day, why don't dark wisdom's mien?

Or set a verdict like a judge who knows  
A witness waits but vows that court must close?

Be patient; man will find through toil and dream  
His certain place in the eternal scheme.

And there is equal chance, in any case,  
That he will find it noble and not base.  
—Arthur Wallace Peach, in the New York Times.

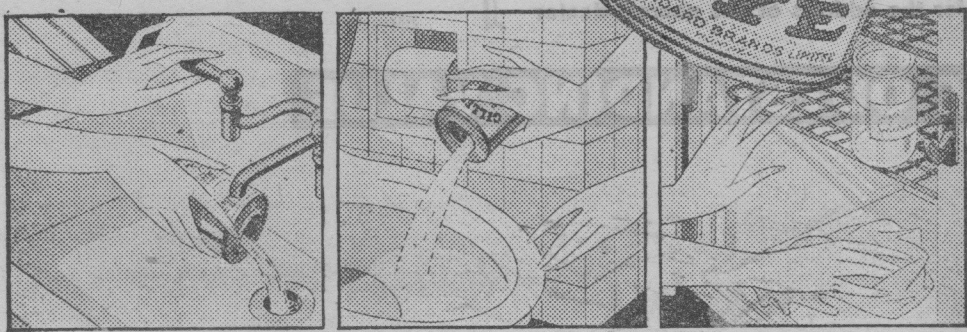
**A Blessing**  
Blessed is the calamity that makes us humble; though so repugnant there-to is our nature, in our present state, that after a while, it is to be feared, a second and sharper calamity would be wanted to cure us of our pride in having become so humble.—Coleridge.

"We are surrounded by traditions that once were living and now are dead."—Havelock Ellis.

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## GILLETT'S

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DRAINS and the  
TOILET BOWL



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