

# The Affair at Flower Acres

**BEGIN HERE TODAY**

Douglas Raynor is found shot through the heart in the early evening on the floor of the sunroom of Flower Acres, his Long Island home. Standing over the dead man, pistol in hand, is Malcolm Finley, former sweetheart of Raynor's wife, Nancy. Eva Turner, Raynor's nurse, stands by the light switch. In a moment Nancy appears, white-faced and terrified. Orville Kent, Nancy's brother, comes in from the south side of the room. And then Ezra Goddard, friend of Finley; Miss Mattie, Raynor's sister; and others, enter upon the scene. Detective Dobbins heads the police investigation. An autopsy reveals that Raynor was also being systematically poisoned with arsenic. Lionel Raynor, son of Douglas Raynor, comes to claim his father's estate. Now Dolly Fay, neighbor girl, intimates that she knows more about the affair than she is telling.

**CHAPTER VIII—(Cont'd.)**

"If you don't know anything of more importance than that I threw away a worthless parcel, you don't know much, dear."

Nan smiled a little at the child, thinking she was exaggerating her knowledge of events.

They parted on the bridge, and Nan climbed the gently rolling hillside toward the house.

Orry came to meet her.

"Nan, dear," he said gently, "there's trouble afoot. That despicable spy of a Dobbins has been ferreting about and has found some arsenic tablets—do you know anything about them?"

"No—no, Orry, of course I don't."

"But—he says he found them in a vase—in your bedroom. In a large tall vase that stands on a pedestal."

"Yes, I know the vase—"

"And did you—Nan, did you put the tablets there?"

"Don't ask me, Orry—oh, don't ask me."

"I must ask you, Nan. You did put them there, Nan, after Douglas's death."



**"NOW, AS TO THAT PRINT OF AN OVERSHOE, I BELIEVE SOMEBODY FAKED THAT."**

thinking nobody would find them. Didn't you?"

"Yes—Orry—but—but they weren't poison tablets."

"They found them, Nan, and they've analyzed them, and they contain arsenic—no, I think, sister, you'd better deny all knowledge of them."

"Deny all—"

"Yes, Nan, pull yourself together. Realize that you're suspected of murdering your husband! They think you were poisoning Douglas, and you must stoutly deny it."

"You believe I was, Orry?"

"Of course not! But that's neither here nor there. The others believe you guilty—"

"Who?"

"Who? Why, the detective, the police, the district attorney, the coroner—all the horrid gang. Now, Nan, listen; you must deny it—in toto—firmly, positively and repeatedly."

"I will then," and Nan looked half dazed.

"And do it intelligently, Nan. See? It won't do for you to face the de-

**Im never too tired to sleep now**

*Rested nerves make all the difference*

Your doctor will tell you how chewing relieves nervous tension, how the healthful cleansing action of Wrigley's refreshes the mouth and tones you up.

Wrigley's does much—costs little.

**WRIGLEY'S**

after every meal

**Symbols In Rugs**

Montreal.—Interpretations of drawings on Oriental carpets were exemplified by D. W. Thomas, president of St. David's Society, in an address on "The Influence of the Orient on American and European Countries."

Various industrial contributions of the Orient to other nations of the world and a short history of the Orient opened the speaker's remarks. In early days, Oriental rugs were not marketed. They were given to relatives or friends as tokens of remembrance or friendship. But to-day, the Orient, like all other countries, has commercialized all its products and its arts. Nevertheless, the same art of preceding centuries still prevails in all exported carpets.

To the majority of possessors of Oriental rugs, the speaker stated, the designs are without meaning. But such is not always the case for every design such as the eight pointed star, the sun, the flowers, the four cardinal points and the bird, is the symbol of an actual thing. Imitation of the style existing in Persia erected in Persia has also prevailed throughout the centuries.

These carpets are found chiefly in Persia. There is a notable difference between the style of Northern Persia and that of Southern Persia. The latter differs from the first in the abundance of curves rather than the geometrical and symmetrical forms of Northern Persia. Various examples of these differences were illustrated by the speaker.

"Who would do such a thing?" he asked.

"Why, Miss Raynor is quite capable of such a trick—or old Goddard, or Miss Turner—or yourself, if you'd thought of it. It all draws suspicion away from Nan—"

"And away from you. Maybe Nan did it for your benefit, Finley?"

"Maybe she did," said Finley, thoughtfully. "It wasn't a bad scheme, except that it was a little ridiculous to a keen observer. It was so—obvious."

"And you propose doing more of such obvious hocus-pocus?"

"Don't take that one, Orry, as if I were compounding a felony. But by any such trickery I can divert suspicion from Nan, I'd gladly do it. However, if I were to engage the detective I have in mind—Wise, his name is—he'd see through all planted clues in a minute. He'd go straight to the truth of the matter—and, if that involved Nan—"

"Then we don't want Wise—that's positive," Kent declared. "Now what about Lionel Raynor and his will business?"

"Looks bad to me. That's the thing I'd like to put Wise on. He's soon settle the will business, he'd straighten out all the question of property and inheritance, and he'd show up who did the poisoning and who did the shooting!"

"Well, old chap, there's no chance that you did it, if you're willing to have the big sleuth on the job!"

"I didn't shoot Raynor, but look here, Kent, I'd swear that I did, if Nan should be accused of that."

"Don't get that detective, Finley," said Kent. "Let's manufacture clues—or whatever your plan is, ourselves."

A tap on the door sounded, and Kent admitted Goddard and Detective Dobbins.

"We've come for a definite talk about these matters," Dobbins said; "it's time things came to a focus. Now, I'm sorry, but I can't see any way to look for the criminal in this case, except toward the one most interested—most benefited by the death of the victim—and that's Mrs. Raynor."

(To be continued.)

## Some Rules to Follow In Feeding the Pre-School Child

- Rules for Eating**
- Children should wash their hands before eating.
  - Food should be eaten slowly and chewed thoroughly.
  - Include some fresh vegetables in each day's meals.
  - Give each child at least a pint of milk a day.
  - Water should be given freely between meals, but not at bed time.
  - A glass of milk and a piece of bread or some fruit is all that should be given to a well child between meals and then only if he is really hungry.

**Cereals**—Coarse cereals require at least three hours' cooking in a double boiler, fine cereals at least one hour. Cereals are largely composed of starch and fibre. Long cooking is necessary to soften the fibre and thoroughly cook the starch. In a fine cereal, heat penetrates more quickly to the centre of each grain than in a coarse cereal—hence the necessity of longer cooking of coarse cereals.

**Vegetables**—All vegetables need to be thoroughly cooked. Steaming is the best method of cooking vegetables, because there is not as great a loss of food material, particularly the valuable mineral salts. If vegetables are cooked by boiling, however, the water in which they are cooked (stock) should be kept, and used when making soup or vegetable sauce. Potatoes are best baked, or boiled with the skins on and peeled afterwards.

**Eggs**—Should be soft cooked, codded, poached or scrambled, not fried.

**Meats**—Should be roasted, boiled or broiled. Fried meats should not be given to children. Most steaks made with potatoes and other vegetables are recommended, provided they are thoroughly cooked and the fat has been removed.

**Soups**—Clear soups have practically no food value, but soups made from meat, to which vegetables and barley, rice or macaroni are added, especially those made from peas and beans with the addition of milk, are nutritious and cheap and may largely be substituted for meat and eggs.

**Serving Food**

Food should be served warm and well cooked, on clean plates and on a clean table. Food that is "off flavor" or tainted should never be served. Milk should be kept cool—if possible on ice.

Flies should be kept away from food.

For sunburn, apply Minard's Liniment

**Usefulness**

In youth you must lay in a stock of knowledge which may carry you through life, whatever your after pursuits may be, with usefulness and honor. But recollection, this is not to be done without exertion, without the frequent sacrifice of momentary pleasure and gratification. Self-denial is a virtue of the highest quality, and he who has it not, and does not strive to acquire it, will never excel in anything.

Conybear.

Most of Canada's bullion is now refined in the Royal Mint at Ottawa.

**NURSES WANTED**

The Toronto Hospital for Incurables in affiliation with Bellevue and Allied Hospitals, New York City, offers a three years' Course of Training to young women having the required education and desirous of becoming nurses. The hospital has adopted the eight-hour system. The pupils receive uniforms of the School, a monthly allowance and traveling expenses to and from New York. For further information write the Superintendent.

**SALADA has the finest flavour in the world and it costs only one-quarter of a cent a cup**

**"SALADA"**

ORANGE PEKOE BLEND

**TEA**

"Fresh from the gardens"

**Western Hills**

During my months in Peking, of the many things I enjoyed those that stand in my memory for delight are excursions outside the city. I had been prepared by photographs for the beauty of the Great Wall, but it was exciting beyond expectation. Besides the power that belongs to all great walls, the sense of fortitude and stability, there is an impression of active energy, as though soldiers were hardy needed to defend it, and its many watch-towers were for its own use only. It is an inspiration to stand on a Tower and see the Wall travelling determinedly as far as the eye can reach in either direction, up hill and down dale, discovering even in the valleys ridges on which to perch itself, a breathless impetus carrying it to the top of the highest hills.

My visit was in July and the hills, obviously never green, were completely bare. In the crevices of the Wall itself were hints of wild flowers there might be, strange varieties generally of things well known at home: salvia, campanula, morning glory, etc. There were also Mongolian lilies lying in wait for the innocent sightseers, with stalls of lemonade and other refreshments.

My last trip in the Western Hills was in late October, to the great pilgrimage temple of Miao Feng Shan—the Mountain of the Marvelous Peak. To go there we followed the Pilgrims' Way. This, while not much more than a path in width, is one of the very few made roads in North China, paved in its length. In the first stage my vivid recollection is of persimmon orchards. The trees, far larger and more bushy than any to be seen in an English orchard, were laden with large golden fruit, brilliant as oranges among sparse crimson leaves—the sight of the orchards alone would have been well worth the journey. The stage ended at the house of our host, Lo Ching Shan Chai, so christened by the late Emperor. In English the name sounds elaborate, though it is certainly appropriate, the Nature Lover's Mountain Lodge. It was situated in Ming Tao Kow, Cherry Glen by interpretation, the leaves, autumn-tinted, still made the foreground brilliant as it fell rapidly from us.

Below a mountain stream rushed, tearing its way between trees and boulders, we were here and there a smooth sheet of water. The view from the dwelling house, the lake broad, enclosed by the outlines of ordered hills, blue and purple at sunset against a primrose sky. Half a mile up a steep glen on the other side of the stream the temple of our host was dedicated "To all great men who loved nature." The tablets of Kents, Shelley, Walt Whitman and Shakespeare, among English-speaking nature-lovers, and many another great one from every nation, were there in company with two fine old Buddhas who, when the village temple was

overtaken by destruction, had found a refuge here.—Rachel Wheatcroft in "Siam and Cambodia in Pen and Pencil."

"Say Bill, has your doctor proven reliable?"

"Yesiree! A pint a week regular as clockwork."

**Mousse Flavorings**

Chestnut: Mash three cupfuls of cooked French chestnuts and add one tablespoonful of vanilla.

Grapejuice: For water in the recipe substitute one cupful of grapejuice and two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice.

Maple: Use maple sugar instead of white sugar.

Strawberry or raspberry: Mash one quart of ripe prepared strawberries, or from three to four cupfuls of red raspberries, mix with the sugar in the recipe and leave standing one hour.

Peach: Two cupfuls of peaches, minced or crushed, used as directed for strawberries.

Pineapple: One cupful of pineapple syrup and two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice.

Peardt: Omit sugar from the recipe and add as flavoring three-quarters of a pound of peanut brittle put through the food chopper.

Macaroon: One cupful of dried, powdered macaroons and one teaspoonful of vanilla.

**Being and Thinking**

Character is higher than intellect. Thinking is the function; living is the functionary. The stream retreats to its source. A great soul will be strong to live as well as to think. Living is a total act; thinking is a partial act. Let the grandeur of justice shine in his affairs. Let the beauty of affection cheer his lowly roof. The scholar loses, no cheer that the man lives, Emerson.

**Gevaert Films**

(Call it Gevaert)

**TRY THESE FASTER BETTER FILMS**

You'll be amazed with the results—clear, sparkling negatives—fewer failures—better pictures—rain or shine—anytime, anywhere.

Remember—Gevaert film practically eliminates underexposure—the cause of ninety per cent of poor pictures.

At dealer's everywhere. Say "Gevaert" the next time you ask for film.

The Gevaert Film Improvement is a Discard

**LUXO FOR THE HAIR**

Ask Your Barber—He Knows

**Partners since 1857**

If your baby is bottle-fed use Eagle Brand, the leading infant food.

**EAGLE BRAND CONDENSED MILK**

FREE Write The Borden Co. Ltd., Dept. B. 25, Montreal, for Baby Book.

**NURSES WANTED**

The Toronto Hospital for Incurables in affiliation with Bellevue and Allied Hospitals, New York City, offers a three years' Course of Training to young women having the required education and desirous of becoming nurses. The hospital has adopted the eight-hour system. The pupils receive uniforms of the School, a monthly allowance and traveling expenses to and from New York. For further information write the Superintendent.

**"Pine Riders" In "Roller Contest"**

High Climbing, Tree Topping and Chopping Races Will Be Other Features of Novel Exhibition Illustrating Woodsmen's Skill in Tasks of Every Day

Longview, Wash.—Riding pine instead of ponies, punching logs instead of cows, scaling trees instead of steeples, lumbermen of the Northwest are preparing for a widely advertised day—or, rather, forest day is to be devoted to competitions according to arrangements now being made.

Called a "rollo" because it offers many similar tests of skill with none of the objections of the rodeo—the days is to be devoted to competitions in sports and practices common to lumbermen in the Northwest.

As the name implies, the contest will center about the rolling logs which lumbermen "herd," ride and drive through the great mill ponds to the slips of the head mills.

Some of the other competitions which are being arranged are high climbing, tree topping, leg bucking and chopping races.

High climbing and tree topping are spectacular and necessary parts of the Northwest woodsmen's job. Every woods camp has at least one high climber whose job it is to mount the giant Douglas firs to a height varying from 150 to 225 feet, using a belt and spurs similar to a telephone lineman's equipment.

At the highest feasible point, he cuts off, with axe and saw, the top of the tree, and clings to his precarious perch as the top, frequently 60 feet high itself, thunders to the ground. He then rigs the tree with pulleys and cables, and it is used as a spar tree for a "log setting" to haul in the logs and load them aboard logging cars.

Other lumbering communities in the Northwest are being asked by the Longview Chamber of Commerce, which is sponsoring the event, to cooperate, and the competition, which will last two days, is being billed as the "rollo's" championship.

The "rollo" will be held in Lake Sacajawea Park, within the city limits. Twelve hundred dollars in cash and prizes are offered, and the event is advertised especially as a tourist attraction.

**The Cedar Swamp**

Long Horn and the little doe followed a path to the very heart of the range, where very tall timber extended between dense cedar swamps. To the eastward ran a belt of scrub trees and then the salt meadows bordering the bay. Beyond this was the Atlantic Ocean.

The two breathed contentedly all the well-known old scents. They walked the length of the tall timber and out among the meadows where the vicious little salt marsh mosquitoes rose in hordes but could not worry them very much through thick hair. All the other deer seemed to be absent, perhaps wandering as they had, to the distant creeks and luscious fields beyond the Pine Barrens.

The buck found a low wild cherry tree alone on a sandy knoll, and rubbed his antlers against its twigs, up and down, backwards and forwards until the little tree was bent and scarred. He had been doing this often in the evenings, after feeding, as well as scratching with the sharp hoofs of his hind legs. The brown velvety skin which had covered and protected his horns while they were soft and still growing, had become useless and itchy as soon as the points were full size and had begun to harden. The skin cracked and came off in strips and strings. . . . On the little cherry tree was left the last piece of this velvet.

The buck shook his head and stamped with a front hoof. His antlers shone clean and grayish white in the moonlight, the points sharp and warlike. . . .

The doe had found some late blueberries along the edge of the meadows. These she daintily picked off and ate with relish. Gradually she and the buck satisfied their hunger with small quantities of grass tips, grapevine leaves and soft sprouts of the wild raspberry. Farther in the woods, on the way to a safe, cool resting place they nipped birch and other leaves as they passed the trees.

In the early morning they came upon an old doe with two fawns following her. The fawns were brown, with white spots all over. When they stood still their color matched the summer woods so perfectly that an enemy could scarcely see them. The old doe was a friendly one and stayed all day and down near each other for the day and solemnly chewed their cud. . . .

When walking about in the woods feeding and on the watch for enemies, a deer had little time for chewing, but when lying down resting, it could be done comfortably and thoroughly. . . .

When the shadows grew long, they moved away to feed again and to drink in the green pools of the cedar swamps.—Joseph Wharton Lippincott, in "Long Horn Leader of the Deer."

He: "I fell over 50 feet."

She: "And weren't you hurt?"

He: "No. I was only getting off a crowded street car."

ISSUE No. 27—29