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'Fresh from the gardens'



The Affair at Flower Acres

BEGIN HERE TODAY

Douglas Raynor is found shot through the heart in the early evening on the cor of the sun room 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. Then Nancy; her brother, Orville Kent; Ezra Goddard, friend of Finley; Miss Mattie, Raynor's sister, and others, enter the room. Lionel Raynor, son of Douglas Raynor by first marriage, comes to claim his father's estate. Nurse Turner confesses to attempting to poison Douglas Raynor for revenge. Fenington Wise, a celebrated detective, and his girl assistant, Zizi, are called to take the case out of the hands of Detective Dohbins. Grimsby Gannon tells Wise that Nancy married Douglas Raynor because she wrongly thought she could save her ailing father from a forgery charge.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

"I'm inclined to think so, too," said Fenington Wise, gravely. "All this puts a new light on it. The fearful truth coming home to her, the impossibility of living with that man after she had learned of his perfidy, and then the added agony of seeing again the man whom she must have loved before her marriage—whom she surely loves now—eh, what other theory is there?"

"Does her brother—does Mr. Kent know?" Zizi asked.

"I'm not sure," said Gannon. "If he does, she has told him lately, for she has tried to keep it from him all along. No, I don't think he knows anything about it at all. But, of course, he knows of the terrible life his sister led with her husband and it has made him sad and ill. Orville Kent is a queer man, but he has a sound heart and a deep affection for his sister. She has cared for him like a mother all his life.

Grim Gannon leaned back in his chair as if he had now settled the affairs of the universe.

He scarcely noticed his callers' farewells, and they left him drowsing over his old pipe.

Crossing the lawn they met Orville Kent coming toward them.

"I want to give myself up," he said, speaking steadily, but with a nervous twitching of his long fingers. "I killed my brother-in-law, Douglas Raynor."

Wise gave a quick glance at Zizi. "Mr. Kent," he said kindly, "I know you think this sacrifice of yourself for your sister is a right thing to do. And

acceptable to the family. He had quite won the heart of Miss Mattie, he got on well with the men, and except for Nan, he was friendly all round. But he was so positive that it was Nan who shot his father that no arguments could change his opinion.

As to the inheritance he was jauntily confident in his present ownership of the whole estate, and reserved any discussion of Nan's rights or claims until the matter of the murder should be settled, one way or another.

Orville Kent puzzled Wise. The young man was so moody, as well as physically upset that Wise was interested in him aside from the matter in hand. Kent's strongest trait—or, so it seemed to Wise—was his affection for his sister. He worshipped her with a dumb, dog-like devotion, often evident in his glances at her, while he said no word.

Wise was not at all surprised when Kent assumed the burden of the guilt. He held that there are some natures not on capable of a great sacrifice for a loved one, but who really glory in it. It is the stuff of which the early martyrs were made.

After Kent had made his sudden and impulsive confession and Wise had asked for 24 hours' further search, the detective was a very busy man.

And so, later that evening, he was going over the sun parlor floor again. It was this that Wise was studying—although he had long ago agreed that it was merely the impression of the right side of the right shoe worn by some one who had entered the room at some time.

Wise looked up at Lionel Raynor's chaff, and smiled a little.

"It's never too late for clues," he said, "and this print is such a good one I hate not to utilize it. To me it is exceedingly indicative, and I am pretty nearly ready to state it left here by the murderer himself."

"Or herself," amended Lionel. "I tell you, Mr. Wise, a soon as you get away from the one who is most concerned, the most interested in the absence of my father, you get away from the truth."

"This overshoe is of too large a size for the one you have in mind," said Wise.

"Nonsense! It is just the thing a clever woman would do—put on the large shoes of a man, over her little

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ISSUE No. 41—29

slippers. Then, she would think, the crew would be misleading, as," he looked at Wise, "as it seems to be."

"Oh, I don't know," said Wise. "Have you noticed the direction in which this points?"

"Well, it is pointed toward the place where my father fell, if that's what you mean."

"That isn't what I mean," said Wise. "And then, with a murmur of excuse, the detective left the room and went into the house. In the hall, he met Zizi and drew her aside for a word.

"Come with me, Zizi, to talk with Kent. And watch him. You know when anybody is making up a yarn, if you pretend to believe him, he will go on and elaborate his falsification until he defeats his own ends. Now, Kent is putting up a confession to save his sister. If he can persuade him that his sister is in no danger, he will doubtless retract, but I propose to let him think she is strongly suspected, and see him insist on his own guilt. Any way, we must learn all he knows—if he is so certain of Mrs. Raynor's guilt, he must know more than we do."

The two went to Orville Kent's rooms.

These were two sunny, pleasant rooms on the south side of the house. Kent received them in his sitting room—which was more like a studio, not a working studio, but the room of an art lover and dilettante.

"Come in," he said, gravely. "You want to see me? Take a seat, Miss Zizi."

"Thank you," and Zizi slid toward the chair indicated. "Oh!" she cried, pausing en route, "what a dear face! Who is it?"

She took up a photograph, and Kent's eyes smiled as he said: "That's Dolly Fay, a neighbor, and a harmonium. That's only an enlarged snapshot, but it shows her at her best."

"Now, just a few words as to your somewhat startling statement, Mr. Kent," Wise began. "I shall start out by saying that I don't believe you shot your brother-in-law, and that I do believe you claimed that you did, in order to lift suspicion from your sister. It is better to tell me the details, than to rehearse them to the police—though if you prefer that—"

"No, no," Orry's fingers were working nervously.

"Well, then, let us start by assum-

ing that your story is true. Why did you kill your brother-in-law?"

"Because—because he made my sister's life a burden."

"But he had done that for two years."

"Oh, it was much worse of late. He was—he was brutal to her—"

"Yes—I know—but that equally explains why she should kill him."

"Oh, she didn't—she never could—I tell you, Mr. Wise, my sister is incapable of such a deed!"

"Then she didn't do it—then she can't be convicted of it—then—then, Mr. Kent, why do you take the blame and pretend to a crime you never committed?"

"Do you mean that?" Orry looked up eagerly. "Do you mean my sister can't be convicted if she is innocent? Can't she be wrongly suspected and—"

"She is suspected, of course. And there is a strong tendency on the part of some to suspect an outsider—on account of the print of the overshoe."

(To be continued.)

Angry Poet: Alright, don't print my stuff! My poetry will be read long after my contemporaries are forgotten!—Weary Editor: Come and see me then.

Traveller (as train is about to leave):—Have I time to go to the gate and say good-bye to my wife—Guard:—Cawn't tell, sir. Depends on 'ow long you've been married, sir.

Electricity travels at the rate of 11,600,000 miles a minute. You would never guess it ran the street-cars.—Kay Features.

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Protecting Health of Children

Regina, Saskatchewan.—Sixteen public health nurses are employed by the Saskatchewan Government, each of whom presides over a rural district. In this way the residents of the rural districts are given excellent health services. The report of the Provincial Department of Health shows that more than 22,000 pupils of schools were examined last year by these nurses, and 1,324 health talks were given. Pre-school clinics were held at which 3,546 children were examined. In addition, the nurses visited 9,932 homes in the follow-up work work in connection with child welfare and prenatal care of mothers.

During winter months home nursing classes are held for adult women and girls of high school age.

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Towser, Dog of Mine

By GARLAND WEST

Towser, Towser, dog of mine, Wild the winds are howling oh, I can hear the groaning pine And the storm dogs growling oh; But in here 'tis snug and fine, Towser, Towser, dog of mine.

'Twas not so that night of dread. In the wild woods lost was I. Darkness reigned and overhead Not a star was in the sky, And the prowling wolf was near, And there was the sense of fear.

And those eyes! I see them yet, Glimmering from the fallen tree As the great cat crouched and let Forth one cry, then sprang at me, Sprang to rend and tear and kill, I beheld her fury still.

But she didn't count on you As you met her strength and rage. On the instant then she knew With what foe she must engage. Fight more sudden, fiercer and keen Selkirk has the forest seen.

She fought to protect her lair And her lawny young ones too. You fought in the night-out then To protect some one you knew. Then you loosed the grip you had, She escaped, and I was glad.

Still the storm's loud voice I hear, But it's cosy here, old friend, With our great fire roaring clear. Books that peace and comfort lend, And your love, so true, so fine, Towser, Towser, dog of mine.

Montreal, Que.—On every side the growth and expansion of the City of Montreal is shown by the annual report of the chairman of the Board of City Assessors. The gross valuation of property exceeds \$1,100,000,000, with a gross increase for the year of \$38,505,612, and an increase of nearly \$6,000,000 in the value of properties exempted from taxation.

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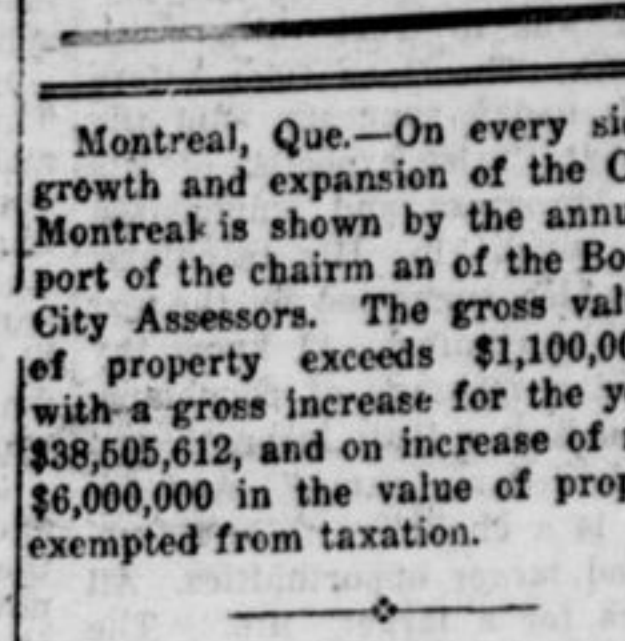
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African Queen Will Not Take Veil

Abyssinian Enemies of Empress Balked in Effort to Force Her to Retire

Religious Issues Raised

Rome.—News comes from Abyssinia that reports, recently circulated, that Empress Zauditu intended to withdraw to a convent to pass her life in contemplation and prayer, are entirely spread by her enemies.

There is no doubt that if this were true it would simplify things for the Regent King Ras Tafari, whom religious circles in Addis Abeba consider with suspicion owing to his modern ideas. The Empress Zauditu sometimes listens to the Copts, who warn her against the king's policy of favoring foreign exploitation of the country.

Queen Proves Difficult

Ras Tafari now and then finds the empress a little difficult. As a general rule she leaves most of the governing to him, but when a measure for bettering industrial conditions is to be considered she strives to keep him from breaking too far away from the traditions which the Copts consider so essential even in the twentieth century.

Ras Tafari, a modern in his ideas, considers it better to give concessions to foreign companies than have the country remain undeveloped commercially.

Court circles now accuse the empress of favoring Catholic missions, which have done much toward educating the people, who up to the time of their coming were illiterate. Few could even read or write. The Coptic priesthood encouraged this condition, as their power over the masses was greater.

Victim of Intrigue

The Catholic Missions, on the other hand, founded trade schools where the natives are taught to use their hands skillfully. Both Ras Tafari and the empress appreciated this work, and gave evidence of their interest.

This is not the first time that the empress has been the victim of court intrigue. After the death of Menelik, the great emperor, who converted the six independent kingdoms of Abyssinia into a powerful state, his widow Taitu, was driven into retirement. Lij Yasa, his grandson, was proclaimed king. He misgoverned for nine years when Zauditu was proclaimed empress. Court intrigue had prevented her succeeding to her father's heritage and even after her coronation they plotted for her overthrow.

This rumor is another effort on their part to drive her from public life. In Abyssinia the rumor had been circulated that she was going to enter a Catholic convent and thus break away from the faith of her fathers. This was an effort on the part of her enemies to weaken the little influence which she still holds in her own country.

To Give King Free Hand

Her friends say that for the good of the country she is determined to give the king, her cousin, a free hand in completing the modern policy which he started when Abyssinia entered the League of Nations. That body in September, 1923, imposed certain conditions, including the abolition of slavery and prohibition of the traffic in arms, in exchange for a guaranty that Abyssinia would retain its independence from foreign control, leaving the government free to grant such concessions as will improve the economic and commercial development of Abyssinia without hindering the internal reforms which Ras Tafari has planned.

For the present Empress Zauditu has no idea of retiring. She finds her greatest amusement in motor cars along roads, recently constructed, which, it is said, the regent king constructed expressly for the purpose of keeping her interested and away from political intrigues, leaving him a free hand in governing the country.

Deferred Fortune

London Woman to Get Jewels Hidden by Father in Corea

Tokio.—Five hundred thousand yen and seventy trunks full of jewels and antiques were the treasures for an heiress, in a veritable fairy tale, the first scene of which was enacted at the old guard's quarters near the great Seidaimon Gate of ancient Seoul, the Korean capital.

The next scene probably will be in some lawyer's office in London, where the long-lost fortune will be placed in the hands of Miss Mary Brown, of that city. Her father, Sir John MacLeary Brown, was a customs commissioner to the old Korean government. The treasures were packed, labeled and hidden in an underground vault in the old guard's quarters, when he left Corea upon Japan's annexation of the peninsula.

In the course of recent repairs to the old building the trunks were found by Japanese officials, who have traced the tale back to its beginning.

As Sir John is dead, the seventy trunks of treasure and the 500,000 yen which has accumulated from interest on the original 300,000 yen deposit made by him at the Seoul branch of the Daiichi Ginko will be sent to his daughter.

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Less Sunday

October 28. Lesson I. WORK AND REST—15; Exodus 20: 9; Neh 5: 17; 9: 4; Acts 2: 42; Galatians 3: 6-12; Golden Text—If any man shall do the will of the Father, he shall have the Father's glory. John 1: 10.

ANALYSIS

I. WORK AND REST—15; Exodus 20: 9; Neh 5: 17; 9: 4; Acts 2: 42; Galatians 3: 6-12; Golden Text—If any man shall do the will of the Father, he shall have the Father's glory. John 1: 10.

II. EXAMPLES OF WORK AND REST—15; Exodus 20: 9; Neh 5: 17; 9: 4; Acts 2: 42; Galatians 3: 6-12; Golden Text—If any man shall do the will of the Father, he shall have the Father's glory. John 1: 10.

III. INTRODUCTION TO THE BIBLE—15; Exodus 20: 9; Neh 5: 17; 9: 4; Acts 2: 42; Galatians 3: 6-12; Golden Text—If any man shall do the will of the Father, he shall have the Father's glory. John 1: 10.

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