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TEA

'Fresh from the gardens'

The Affair at Flower Acres

by CAROLYN WELLS

BEGIN HERE TODAY

Douglas Raynor is found shot through the heart in the early evening on the floor 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. Pennington Wise, a celebrated detective, and Zizi, his girl assistant, are called to take the case out of the hands of Detective Dobbins. "Any jury would exonerate a Nancy Raynor if she had shot her husband," Wise tells Zizi, "but I want to prove that she didn't."

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

"That would be almost as bad, wouldn't it?" Wise smiled ruefully. "And so you're going to make up a criminal to put in their place?" "No, he's already made up—the man who wore the rubbers." "And we're going to the Falls to look for the rubbers?" "We are." "Because that's the hiding place Mrs. Raynor chose for the morphine bottles, you think the rubbers man chose the same hiding place?" "True, oh, Queen." "Well—take I from me, you won't find them there." Wise stopped stock-still. "Then there's no use going on." "Oh, come along—I might be mistaken—of course, I never am, but there has to be a first time." "You're an impatient young thing. But, Zizi, I've got to find those rubbers." "All right; we'll find 'em. You see—wait a minute, Penny, was the criminal one of the house people—or not?" "Yes—I think it was." "Then it was either a man, or a woman wearing a man's rubbers. Now, he or she—we'll say he, meaning either sex—he must have hidden the rubbers, because he couldn't destroy them. You can't burn rubbers—they make such a smell—and you can't throw them down a waste pipe. I think they're hidden—they're easy to hide, you see—and if they are, we ought to find them. So, all right, the Falls first, and after that all other possible places." But the most careful examination of the Falls failed to disclose a discarded pair of rubbers. Malcolm Finley approached them as they stood there. "A curious case, Mr. Finley," Wise said, in the colloquial tone of one who addresses a fellow enthusiast. "Where are your shoes leading you now, Mr. Wise?" Finley asked. "Nowhere, for the reason that I have five or six shoes. Except for the new overshoe, I can find nothing to call a shoe." "You call that one?" "Most assuredly. If I can find those rubbers—" "You will convict somebody?" Finley looked alarmed. "It may be so," Wise watched him closely, without seeming to do so. "Then, Mr. Wise, give up your

search. It is unnecessary. I will tell you now what I'm going to tell the police later—I confess to the crime myself—I shot Douglas Raynor, and I give myself up."

Wise restrained his smile. "It is most interesting, Mr. Finley, how people love to give themselves up. It would seem that to confess to a crime is a positive pastime of late! If many more confess to this one, we shall have to arrest them in bunches. Why are you confessing to it, Mr. Finley?"

"Your amusement is decidedly ill-timed, Mr. Wise. I cannot feel a solemn confession is an occasion for mirth."

"Yours is," and Zizi's uncontrollable dimples came into play as she openly grinned at Finley.

"You don't believe me?" Finley said, quite taken aback at the way his confession was received.

"I do not," Wise returned, "on the contrary you have refuted any lingering doubts I may have had as to your entire innocence."

"So a confession convinces you of a man's innocence, does it?"

"Yes, in your case." And then Wise became very grave. "You are making this confession, Mr. Finley, to shield Mrs. Raynor—to save her, if possible, from further suspicion of having killed her husband. Answer me truly, is that this?"

Finley looked at the detective, and seeing his earnest face, suddenly felt that carter was his best policy.

"Yes," he answered.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE MAN WHO WORE THE RUBBERS.

"Now, Mr. Finley," Wise said, "you must know that what you suggest is impossible. It is certainly what you could not do—such a thing over, or that I should allow it. I think you speak honestly when you say you are not sure whether Mrs. Raynor fired the shot or not—and of course, that lets you out. If you had really done it, your attitude would be very different. Also, you must agree that from all the evidence we can get from the people or the scene at the time, it looks as if either you or Mrs. Raynor did the shooting. With you out—by the way, why did you clean off the pistol so quickly?"

Malcolm Finley looked troubled. Then, "I will tell you," he said, "I think it's better to be perfectly frank. I picked up that pistol and wiped out my handkerchief and rubbed off any finger-marks that might be on it, because—because I did think Mrs. Raynor had fired it."

"Why did you think so?"

"Because as I entered I saw her going out of the opposite door—just as Miss Turner said she did. There is no doubt about it—she was fleeing, as Miss Turner expressed it, out of that west door. So I assumed she had shot him, and it came to me like a flash that her fingerprints would be on the revolver, and I must remove them. So I did. That's all. Now I tell you this, for I want your advice. If you think Mrs. Raynor is going to be arrested—I'm going to take steps to get her away. I tell you frankly, because I want your help."

Wise stared at him.

"My help to get a criminal away?"

"Yes," said Finley coolly. "You know as well as I do that she'd never be convicted, so why drag through a trial? Why not spirit her away?"

Mr. Finley, you talk nonsense. Now, I propose that we go—you and I—and have a little talk with Mrs. Raynor. Have you and she talked frankly about this matter as yet?"

"I have tried to," Finley said, looking troubled, "but Mrs. Raynor seems to want to avoid the subject."

"Yes—she would. Well, I think we'll have to ask her to talk."

The two men started toward the house, and Zizi drifted off by herself. She watched the men for a moment, then, turning, she strolled down to the bridge and across it toward Dolly Fay's house.

Zizi had already met that vivacious young person, and since seeing the photograph of her in Kent's room had desired another talk with her.

The two girls seated themselves comfortably on the swings, and Zizi came to the point at once.

"You want to help Mrs. Raynor if you can, don't you, Dolly?" she asked. "Oh, yes, indeed—what can I do? I'm a born detective and I've read—" "Never mind that," Zizi smiled, "but just tell me a few things. Where's your wrist watch?"

"Now how did you know I had one?"

"I saw it on your arm in a photograph of you that Mr. Kent has—a snapshot—and a good one."

"Yes, that is a good one—the one in that mauve organdie—though of course it doesn't show mauve in the picture—"

"Yes—where is your watch?"

"Busted."

"I knew it!" Zizi nodded her black head in satisfaction. "I saw from the picture it was one of those cheap things—forgive me if I am rude—but this is important."

"My watch important?"

"Yes. Now tell me, when you did wear it, did it always keep the right time?"

"Never!"

"Then—think now—then when you stood on the bridge that night with Mr. Kent, and you told him it was seven o'clock by your watch—was it?"

"No—I guess not—for when I got home I was awful late, and mother gave me a wiggling. But, yes, it must have been right, too, for when I said it was seven, Mr. Kent looked at his watch, and agreed."

"What do you mean agreed?"

"Why, he said, 'So it is,' or 'Yes, seven,' or something like that. What has my watch to do with it?"

"Maybe a lot—maybe nothing at all. I say, Dolly, you know that old Gannon man, don't you?"

"Oh, yes, very well. He teaches me natural history."

"Well, enough to go to his house and browse around—and take me?"

"Oh, yes. Want to go now?"

"Right now."

The girls started at once, and reaching Gannon's house they found that worthy, as usual, sitting on his porch, smoking.

"Hello, Grim," cried Dolly, "we're going in to see some butterflies—Zizi wants to see 'em."

"All right. Be sure to shut the cases after you."

The girls went into the room where the specimens were, where almost all the rest of Gannon's belongings were also.

"What a mess!" said Zizi.

"Yes. Here are the butterflies." (To be continued.)

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Dominion Status

Melbourne Argus: General Hertzog's Ministry desires that the new High Commissioner for South Africa in London shall bear the more sonorous title of Ministry Plenipotentiary. This weakness for pomposity is typical of Governments which take the narrow and selfish view of their responsibilities. Invariably any concessions made in their favor by larger minded components of the Empire is used by them to accentuate their self-importance. If the Union Government spends £750,000 annually upon establishing embassies all over the world, does it expect that this expenditure will make South Africa a more valued Dominion of the Empire, or even enhance her status in the eyes of the peoples outside? Her money would be better employed in the fulfilment of obligations nearer home. The fact that her contribution per head of population to Imperial defence compares so unfavorably with that of Great Britain, even with that of Australia, ought of itself to discourage this ridiculous exhibition of misplaced snobbishness.

"Did you know, dear, that tunnel we just passed through was two miles long and cost \$12,000,000?" said the young man to his sweetheart. "Oh, really, did it?" she replied as she started to re-arrange her hair. "Well, it was worth it, wasn't it?"

The Crow a Criminal

Toronto Star (Ind.): When Jack Miner gets talking about the crow he does not mince his words, and the statement issued by the Department of Agriculture at Washington that the crow is not as black as he is painted aroused him to wrath. In a signed article in Field and Stream Mr. Miner paints the crow blacker than we have ever seen him. The crow, he declares, feeds her young on the eggs of song, insectivorous and game birds, and when she cannot get enough of these eggs she will steal the baby young. There are many who do not share the inveterate enmity of Jack Miner to the crow, and there are a few who would argue with him on the subject. But he has accused, pursued and kept tab on the crow for many years, and finds evidence against this bird always piling higher—a bad bird that ought to be destroyed in the interests of all the desirable species of native birds. And some, led by his crusade to keep watch on the crow, report that the bird is probably quite as black as he is painted.

The Crowd

I love the crowd that fills the city street, The endless stream of people passing by. Here in equality before my eye I see the rich man and the beggar meet. I try to lift the veil that masks each face, That I may read the hope that spurs some on; Or in a countenance forlorn and wan, The dark despair behind the lagging pace. Here in the echoproom of humanity, I learn of grit and courage when I see The little crippled newsboy at his stand, A sightless fiddler playing near at hand. With such as these belonging, I am proud To call myself a member of the crowd. —Ray in the Detroit News.

White Magic

Men Are Now at Work Again After Injuries Once Supposed to be Fatal

The real white magic of to-day operates, not in a darkened room, in the midst of dusty folios and mysterious symbols, but under electric light and in an atmosphere of disinfectants. Its practitioner is the surgeon.

Perhaps one of the most marvelous things about the modern surgeon is the way in which he has taken as a leaf out of the book of that other master-magician, the engineer. Just as the engineer will provide spare parts for a motor-car, the surgeon has learned to provide spare parts for men and women.

An interesting case of this sort was made public recently. A young girl came into the surgeon's hands requiring a new nose, and had one built up by means of a graft of cartilage and skin. When she went back to school the change was so complete that her gymnasium mistress failed to recognize her and asked who the new girl was.

Miracles of Healing

But the work of the surgeon does not stop there. In many cases he has succeeded in saving a man's life after he had received an injury of a kind supposed to be fatal. There is one London solicitor with a good practice whose interest in the law courts would have stopped suddenly a good many years ago had it not been for the amazing resources the modern healer commands.

He was shot in one of the vital spots of the brain. Not so very long ago there was no hope in cases of this sort—now there is at least a chance of recovery.

Another injury which is usually written down as necessarily fatal is a broken back. But this is no longer the case. One man who was severely wounded during the War later began to walk in his sleep. Once, doing this, he fell from his bedroom window and broke his back.

It took two years' treatment to secure his complete recovery, but recover he did, and was able to return to his former work. Another man lived for fifty years after his back had been broken.

An amazing case in which a man's indomitable will, aided by the doctors' care and cleverness, defied death for many years, was that of a well-known journalist, formerly the editor of a great British newspaper, who died in Australia the other day. He was wounded so severely during the War—over twenty bullets had entered his body—that he was never expected to survive. But he pulled through, in spite of the fact that, while his legs were still in splints, he spent eight hours in the sea, following the sinking of his ship by a submarine.

The Jews have Samaritans. The white race, descended from Israel, who fall off that high cliff of many captives in B.C. 722, and eastern and not were brought at them. 2 Kings, 6. As well as race people, common to have with that with great success asked to be part of the returned Jew. The second time, fused, Ezra 4. They were never reached in B.C. drove from Jerusalem. Samaritans were preaching to the star town of 8: 5, 6, 28.

In the Gospel account, an over-zealous fisherman, St. Simon, was preaching to the star town of 8: 5, 6, 28.

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Surgery's Cancer Attack Exhausted

Great Need Now for Research Work, Says Lord Moyntham

London—Lord Moyntham, president of the Royal College of Surgeons, in opening the radium clinic at Victoria Hospital, declared that surgery's attack on cancer had reached its limit and it was almost impossible to imagine more extensive operations, or operations with a greater measure of technical success, than that which attended their efforts to-day.

It was necessary to have regard to the fact that one person in seven over 30 years of age died of cancer and that something more must be done. In the last 30 years the general mortality had decreased by 22 per cent, but the cancer death rate had increased by 20 per cent. A great deal remained to be done in educating the people to understand the problems and how they could help by fighting alongside the surgeons.

The great need was for research work into the origins of cancer growth and methods of cure. The public ought to realize that cancer insofar as it was a local disease and insofar as the surgeon could get it was always curable. In many cases cancer of the various organs such as the tongue, mouth and breast were being treated with radium with a success that in some cases far surpassed the best that surgery could now. But radium was such a dangerous remedy and such a powerful agent that unless the most expert supervision was exercised it was possible that more harm than good would be done.

Relief in Sight

Peterboro Examiner: The campaign against unnecessary noises launched by the Local Council of Women should be accelerated by the fact that a Toronto young man who sat in his car in front of the home of the girl friend and used his automobile horn as a signal for her to come outside for a ride has been fined \$5 and costs. A long-suffering public will applaud the verdict as just. The trouble is that the fellow who uses his motor horn in place of a door-bell arouses a whole neighborhood. It is difficult to tell for whom the signal is intended, and half a dozen people make needless trips to the front door and ga back in a far from amiable mood.

Needless Suffering



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ISSUE No. 45—29

Sunday

November 17, 1918

With People 10: 9-15, 30-35 Golden Text:—that God is in every But in every him, and who rears is acco 30, 34, 35.

I. AN INTRUSION Ruth 1: 1-11

The family of hospitably receive across the Jordan ward, he con- Noah Apparent fluenced by the against foreign such a law was tending of their Bethshem, and David, the king of II. OVERTHROWING AND ALL WIT- 19: 1 to 11:—

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