

# MURDER AT HAZELMOOR

by AGATHA CHRISTIE

On a bleak English winter's afternoon a party of neighbors gathered at the home of Mrs. Willett and her daughter Violet, in the village of Sittaford near Exhampton, to enjoy a game of bridge for amusement and receive a message that Captain Trevelyan has been murdered.

CHAPTER I.—(Cont'd.)  
"Look here," said Ronnie. He took his hands from the table. "I call this a rotten joke." His voice trembled. "Turn up the lights," said Mr. Rycroft.

Major Burnaby rose and did so. The sudden glare revealed a company of pale uneasy faces. Everyone looked at each other. Somehow—nobody quite knew what to say.

"Silly nonsense," said Mrs. Willett. "Nobody ought to make jokes like that."  
"I wasn't joking," said Ronnie, feeling unspoken criticism leveled at him. "I swear I wasn't."

"I can say the same," said Mr. Duke. "And you, Mr. Rycroft?"  
"Certainly not," said Mr. Rycroft warmly.

"You don't think I'd make a joke of that kind, do you?" growled Major Burnaby. "Rotten bad taste."  
"Violet, dear—"

"I didn't, Mother. Indeed I didn't. I wouldn't do such a thing." The girl was almost tearful.

Everyone was embarrassed. A sudden blight had come over the cheerful party.

Major Burnaby pushed back his chair, went to the window and pulled aside the curtain. He stood there looking out with his back to the room.

"Twenty-five minutes past five," said Mr. Rycroft glancing up at the clock. He compared it with his own watch and somehow everyone felt that the action was significant in some way.

"Let me see," said Mrs. Willett with forced cheerfulness. "I think we'd better have cocktails."  
The situation grew a little tenser.

"Well," said Ronnie, raising his glass. "Here's how."  
The others responded—all but the silent figure by the window.

"Major Burnaby. Here's your cocktail."  
The Major roused himself with a start. He turned slowly.

"Thank you, Mrs. Willett. Not for me." He looked once more out into the night then came slowly back to the group by the fire. "Many thanks for a very pleasant time. Good night."  
"You're not going?"

"Sorry, Mrs. Willett—but it's got to be done. If there were only a telephone."  
"A telephone?"

"Yes—to tell you the truth—I'm well, I'd like to be sure that Joe Trevelyan's all right. Silly superstition and all that—but there it is. Naturally, I don't believe in this tommy rot—but—"

"But you can't telephone from anywhere. There's not such a thing in Sittaford."  
"That's just it. As I can't telephone, I'll have to go."  
"Go—but you couldn't get a car down that road! Elmer wouldn't take his car out on such a night."

Elmer was the proprietor of the sole car in the place, an aged Ford, hired at a handsome price by those who wished to go into Exhampton.

"No, no—car's out of the question. My two legs will take me there, Mrs. Willett."  
There was a chorus of protest.

"Oh! Major Burnaby—it's impossible. You said yourself it was going to snow."  
"Not for an hour—perhaps longer. I'll get there, never fear."

Argument and entreaty had no more effect on Major Burnaby. He was an obstinate man. Once his mind was made up on any point, no power on earth could move him.

He had determined to walk to Exhampton and see for himself that all was well with his old friend. He wrapped himself up in his overcoat, lighted the hurricane lantern, and stepped out into the night.

"I'll just drop into my place for a smoke," he said cheerily, "and then push straight on. Trevelyan will put me up for the night when I get there. Ridiculous fuss, I know. Everything more to be all right. Don't worry, Mrs. Willett. Snow or no snow, I'll get there in a couple of hours. Good night."  
He strode away. The others returned to the fire.

Rycroft had looked up at the sky. "It is going to snow," he murmured to Mr. Duke. "And it will begin long before he gets to Exhampton. I—I hope he gets there all right."  
Duke frowned.

"I know. I feel I ought to have gone with him. One of us ought to have done so."  
"Most distressing," Mrs. Willett was saying. "Most distressing. Violet, I will not have that silly game played again. Poor Major Burnaby will probably plunge into a snowdrift—or if he doesn't he'll die of the cold and exposure. At his age, too. Very foolish of him to go off like that. Of course, Captain Trevelyan is perfectly all right."

Everyone echoed  
"Of course."

### Skerrymore: The Parallel

Here all is sunny, and when the truant gull Skims the green level of the lawn, his wing Dispartles roses; here the house is framed Of kneaded brick and the plumed mountain pine. Such clay as artists fashion and such wood As the tree-climbing urchin breaks. But there Eternal granite hewn from the living isle And dowered with brute iron, rears a tower That from its wet foundation to its crown Of glittering glass, stands in the sweep of winds. Immovable, immortal, eminent. —From "The Poems and Ballads of Robert Louis Stevenson."

### Romance of Eighties Revived Again

#### Wedding Bells Ring Out for Lord St. Levan and Dowager Countess of Dartrey

A 75-year-old peer and a 72-year-old peeress are honeymooning in Europe this month, after a secret wedding at the parish church of Newhaven, Sussex, a couple of weeks ago climaxed their half-century of romance, interrupted for 40 years when each married another person.

### Collecting Fad Proves Not For Wealthy Alone

New York.—It is possible to become a collector and assemble a collection without spending one penny, according to members of the collectors' group at the American Woman's Association. Ever since September a group of about 30 collectors have been meeting once each month at the association to compare their treasures and to relate the experiences they have had in gathering them.

The Dowager Countess visited St. Michael's Mount, Cornwall, island estate on which a castle rears precipitously from the sea, and Julia, Dowager Countess of Dartrey. Only 12 close relatives of the elderly couple were present at the wedding and a woman relative "gave away" the bride who is a grandmother. Even servants of the countess were surprised, they told a reporter who discovered, two days late, that the marriage had taken place.

And while one of them has priceless old lace and another has old furniture, both of them confess to having inherited their possessions so they have spent nothing. Another of the group has picked up shells at the seaside on various vacation trips. The mounted shells shown interested her fellow collectors quite as much as some of the costly articles owned by other members.

For 10 years Lord St. Levan remained a bachelor. He went to Egypt and had a distinguished military career. Then he married Lady Edith Edgcombe, a daughter of the Earl of Mount Edgcombe. They had two daughters. She died in 1921. Lord Dartrey had died in 1920.

In the group there are women who spend all day in offices and utilize their collections as hobbies for their few hours of recreation. There are housewives who brighten the monotony of routine tasks by collecting Chinese textiles or old rings. And then there are women of independent income who can add to their collections as they like.

There is an artist who has collections of old rings, Chinese prints, textiles, shells, and Chinese costumes, a playwright whose interest is in lace and old jewelry, a librarian who owns priceless family lace, a genealogist who is just interested in collections but doesn't have one herself, a teacher who owns pewter, furniture, and Chinese textiles, and a writer who buys old jewelry.

At each meeting one type of collection is chosen as the subject and owners bring what they have to show.

The German actress was garbed in a chocolate polo coat, beret, and shoes, and a man's lounge suit, of pearl grey. She wore huge goggles. Miss Dietrich attracted the biggest battery of photographers since Col. Charles A. Lindbergh flew the Atlantic. She was tired from the voyage over, she said, and proceeded to Versailles, a suburb.

### New Rail Coach Streamlined

A new sixty-foot streamlined railroad coach only a quarter the weight of a standard coach and seating forty-two persons is being tried out. A low gravity center adds safety and the body is of aluminum.

### Unearthed Old Medal

Gananque, Ont.—Workmen repairing pathways in the town park here dug up an old American medallion dated 1863. One side bore the inscription "The Union Must and Shall Be Preserved.—Jackson." On the reverse was the date, a statue of a man on horseback and the words "First in War and First in Peace."

### London Baby Clinic in 1816

It has just been discovered that in 1816 London had a baby clinic where mothers could take their children and receive advice.

### Trousered Marlene Dietrich Jeered by Paris Crowd

Paris.—Marlene Dietrich, the screen star, followed by her husband and 17 trunks, arrived here from Hollywood and was jeered by a large crowd at St. Lazaire station.

### Garbo Is Back!



The camera-man caught the exotic Garbo, as the waved farewell to passengers on the S.S. Annie Johnson from which she disembarked at San Diego. She wore a new costume with white dot pattern.

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### The Joys of Exploration

The joys of exploration are as varied as the numbers and characters of the explorers themselves, and the joys change during the lifetime of each person. I can remember the time when my greatest ambition was to be the first to step upon some tropical desert island, or to penetrate to where no white man's foot had ever trod. Then came the period of peripatetic journeys, of covering as much ground as possible in a given time. But I soon found that the island might be "desert" in very truth, with no return in scientific loot, and the thrill soon passed of encircling a sandy pit and seeing none but one's own footprints.

I came to learn that worthwhile observations of birds and animals and insects were great in proportion to the smallness of territory covered. One might shoot a large parrot or catch a brilliant butterfly as one traveled, but to go slowly or to sit quietly was to invite the acquaintance of many rare and interesting creatures. To be a good naturalist one must be a strolcher or a creeper, or better still a squatter in every use of the word—never a traveller.

Then came joys within joys. For to be a squatter alone is only the beginning. We can divide our observations into static and dynamic. We can wait for hours and days for the glimpse of a bird, or for the courtship of a spider, or spend a whole night of the full moon in hopes of seeing a jaguar or a vaporet, not from the point of view of a man, but from that of another jaguar or another vaporet. This method is of vital importance, and probably four-fifths of creative study of life histories must be gleaned in this manner. But there remains a residue of technique which exceeds all. It is the supreme achievement, the essence of intelligent deduction, which, when successful, brings to us

### London Tit-Bits

(By Dick Whittington in "The Titan Science Monthly")  
2, Adelpia Terrace, Long's.  
Fewer top hats than usual marked the 165th Private View of the Summer Exhibition of the Royal Academy at Burlington House, Piccadilly. This popular social function, which heralds the opening of the London season, is thus conforming with a growing tendency to dispense with traditional British ceremonial attire.

The arrangement of the pictures produced some striking results. Mr. James Maxton, Socialist member of Parliament, who has hitherto fought shy of sitting for his portraits, frowned across at the Prince of Wales in the robes of the Chancellor of Cape Town University, with two golden tassels hanging over his head.

The treatment of the Birth of Venus, and "Bank Holiday, Brighton," are in close proximity. Mr. Neville Chamberlain, Chancellor of the Exchequer; Mr. G. Bernard Shaw and Abe Mitchell, professional golf champion, look indifferent to their surroundings.

### Sonnet Sought for Sculpture.

Paintings are not the only works of art to attract the attention of the London man in the street. There is, for example, the statue of Rospero and Ariel that Mr. Eric Gill has recently erected over the porch of Broadchurch House. This statue has already received what some people consider to be the highest compliment that can be paid to a work of art in England; a gentleman in the House of Commons has asked for it to be removed. The degree of public interest that sculpture arouses is really astonishing. One of the most highly praised of the younger British novelists told me not long ago that his public was strictly limited; and the general public often does not even hear of plays until about a fortnight after they have been taken off. But a new piece of sculpture is an event. If it is by Jacob Epstein, shares rise and feathers show a most remarkable rise; if by Mr. Harold Man or Mr. Gill, the correspondents' columns of the daily papers begin to burst with angry letters from retired colonels in Cheltenham and North Oxford. Sculpture seems always to have possessed this faculty of exciting people. When Benvenuto Cellini was finishing his statue of Perseus in the great square of Florence the public came and gave him sonnets in honor of his work. For, says Cellini, "the University of Pisa was then in vacation, and all the doctors and scholars kept writing with each other who could produce the best." What professor, doctor, or scholar will be first in this field with a sonnet to Mr. Eric Gill?

### Forests

Turn, now, tired mind unto your rest, Within your secret chamber lie, Door shut, and windows curtained, lest Footfall or moonbeams stealing by, Wake you, or night-wind sigh.

Now, self, we are at peace—we twain; The house is silent, except that—hark! Against its walls wells out again That rapture in the empty dark; Where, softly beaming, spark by spark, The glow-worms stud the leaves with light; And unseen flowers, refreshed with dew— Jasmine, convolvulus, glimmering white, The air with their still life endue, And sweeten night for me and you.

Be mute all speech; and not of love Talk we, nor call on hope, but be— Calm as the constant stars above— The friends of fragile memory, Shared only now by you and me.

Thus hidden, thus silent, while the hours From gloom to gloom their wings beat on, Shall not a moment's peace be ours, Till, faint with day, the east is wan, And terrors of the dark are gone?

Nay—in the forests of the mind Lark boasts as fierce as those that tread Earth's rock-strown wilds to night resigned. There stars of heaven no radiance shed— Bleak-eyed Remorse, Despair beclouded in lead, With dawn these ravishing shapes will go—

Though One at watch will still remain, Till knells the sunset hour, and lo! The listening soul once more will know Death and his pack are hot as lead again.

—Walter De La Mare in the London Spectator.

### Trucks Cross Africa After 3500-Mile Trek

Luxor, Egypt.—The broadest part of the African continent has been crossed. Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Glover, Captain B. H. Andrew and Mr. S. Morgan have arrived here from Khartoum after trekking two years with three trucks. During explorations in the northern half of the "Dark Continent," they negotiated the 3,500 miles from Dakar, the farthest point west, to Ras

### Prince's Cuffs Please Tailor

The sartorial success of this year's Royal Academy is a portrait of Prince George, in the opinion of a representative of "The Tailor and Cutter." Each year this most exacting of critics scrutinizes the attire of the portrait subjects, and his comments are often poignant. He expressed himself well pleased with Prince George's regalia, with trim sleeve cuffs of the correct width. "An object lesson in painting clothes correctly, naturally, and agreeably," he contended.

Mr. Maxton, on the other hand, he considered to have been treated rather shabbily by Sir John Lavery. The extreme left wing Socialist, certainly could not be accused by his political supporters of "toffing himself up" for his sittings. Nor had his torn coat pocket even been mended for the occasion.

"Why," asked the representative of the tailoring journal, "should James be sent down the corridors of time in such gear? We know him as fearless, but he has never affronted 'St. Stephens' (the House of Commons) with such villainous toggery. Clyde-side is loyal to him, but never would it send him to Parliament in such rags and tatters."

### Sidewalk Art in Springtime

London does not confine its art to the Royal Academy or to its other picture galleries. As I walked away down Piccadilly I noticed four pavement artists within a stone's throw of one another, while an enterprising and ambitious painter had chalked out for himself a thirty-foot piazza at Hyde Park Corner. Below each of the pictures was inscribed a short biography of the artist, usually finishing up with the ominous information that the painter had ended his career "in poverty."

One would imagine that the monster sunshine which London has enjoyed during the early spring would be high by favor to pavement artists, who it brings out great crowds of people and puts them into a good and generous humor. But though the sun may be a financial friend to the street painter, it appears to be an aesthetic enemy. At any rate, a certain pale ness in the tints of the Hyde Park Corner exhibition was accounted for in legend boldly written underneath: "These pictures are fading in the heat of the sun, which draws up moisture"

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