

# MURDER OF HAZEL MOR

by AGATHA CHRISTIE

**SYNOPSIS.**  
While Mrs. Willett, her daughter Violet, Major Burnaby and the first neighbors in the village of Sittaford were table-dipping, a "spirit" message was received stating that Captain Joseph Trevelyan, a retired navy man, had been murdered. For two months the Willetts had been occupying Trevelyan's house. He had been unable to resist an offer of 12 guineas rent and had taken a small house at two guineas at Exhampton, six miles away. Burnaby finds his friend dead, the base of his skull fractured. Police Inspector Narracott questioned Evans, Capt. Trevelyan's man, and then went to the offices of Trevelyan's lawyers, where his will was read. The captain's estate of about £20,000 went to his sister, Jennifer Gardner, and the three children of his deceased sister, Mary Pearson. James Pearson had registered at a hotel the afternoon of the murder and taken the first train back to London the following morning. Charles Enderby, a reporter for the Daily Wire, went to Exhampton to give Major Burnaby a cheque for £5,000, won in a confidential manner to question him about the murder.

**CHAPTER VII.**  
"Captain Trevelyan had no enemies, had he?" asked young Mr. Enderby.  
"No," said the major.  
"But I hear the police don't think it is robbery," went on Enderby.  
"How do you know that?" asked the major.  
Mr. Enderby, however, did not reveal the source of his information.  
"I hear it was you who actually discovered the body, sir," said the young man.  
"Yes."  
"It must have been an awful shock."  
The conversation proceeded. Major Burnaby was still determined to give no information, but he was no match for theadroitness of Mr. Enderby. The latter made statements with which the major was forced to agree or disagree, thereby providing the information the young man wanted. So that the process was really not painful at all and the major found himself taking quite a liking to the ingenious young man.

Presently Mr. Enderby rose and observed that he must go along to the post office.  
"If you will just give me a receipt for that cheque, sir."  
The major went across to the writing table, wrote a receipt and handed it to him, saying: "I suppose you are off back to London today?"  
"Oh, no," said the young man. "I want to take a few photographs, you know, of your cottage at Sittaford, and of you feeding the pigs, or hoeing up dandelions or doing anything characteristic that you fancy. You have no idea how our readers appreciate that sort of thing. Then I would like to have a few words from you on what I intend to do with the £5,000. Something snappy. You have no idea how disappointed our readers would be if they didn't get that sort of thing."  
"Yes, but look here—it's impossible to get to Sittaford in this weather. The fall of snow was exceptionally heavy. No vehicle has been able to take the road for three days anyway, and it may be another three before the thaw sets in properly."  
"I know," said the young man, "it is awkward. Well, well, one will just have to resign oneself to kicking up one's heels in Exhampton. They do pretty well at the Three Crowns. So long, sir, see you later."

He made his way to the post office and wired his paper that by the greatest of good luck he would be able to supply them with tasty and exclusive information on the Exhampton Murder Case.  
He reflected on his next course of action and decided on interviewing Captain Trevelyan's servant, Evans, whose name Major Burnaby had incautiously let slip.  
A few inquiries brought him to 85 Fere Street. The door was opened by a man so typically an ex-sailor that Enderby had no doubt of his identity.  
"Evans, isn't it?" said Mr. Enderby cheerfully. "I have just come from Major Burnaby."  
"Oh!" Evans hesitated a moment. "Will you come in, sir?"  
Enderby accepted the invitation. A buxom young woman with dark hair and red cheeks hovered in the background. Enderby judged her as the newly-wed Mrs. Evans.  
"Had this about your late master," said Enderby. "Who do you think did it?" he demanded with an ingenuous air of seeking information.  
"One of those lowdown tramps, I suppose," said Evans.  
"Oh! no, my dear man. That theory is quite exploded. The police saw through that at once."  
"Who told you that, sir?"  
Enderby's real informant had been

the housemaid at the Three Crowns whose sister was the legal spouse of Constable Graves, but he replied:  
"Had a tip from headquarters. Yes, the burglary idea was all a put up job."  
"Who do they think did it then?" demanded Mrs. Evans coming forward. Her eyes looked frightened and eager.  
"Now, Rebecca, don't take on so," said her husband.  
"Cruel stupid the police are," said Mrs. Evans. "Don't mind what they take up as long as they get hold of someone." She cast a quick glance at Enderby.  
"Are you with the police, sir?"  
"Me? Oh, no! I am from a newspaper, the Daily Wire. I came down to see Major Burnaby. He has just won our Free Football Competition for £5,000."  
"What?" cried Evans. "Then these things are square after all."  
"Didn't you think they were?" asked Enderby.  
"Well, it's a wicked world, sir," Evans was a little confused, feeling that his exclamation had been wanting in tact. "I have heard there's a lot of trickery concerned. The late captain used to say that a prize never went to a good address. That's why he used mine time and again."  
He described the captain's winning of three new novels, Enderby encouraged him to talk. He saw a very good story being made out of Evans. The faithful servant—old sea dog touch. He wondered just a little why Mrs. Evans seemed so nervous; he put it down to the suspicious ignorance of her class.  
"You find the skunk what done it," said Evans. "Newspapers can do a lot. They say, in hunting down criminals."  
"It was a burglar," said Mrs. Evans. "That's what it was."  
"Of course it was a burglar," said Evans. "Why, there's no one in Exhampton would want to harm the captain."  
Enderby rose.  
"Well," he said. "I must be going. I will run in now and then and have a little chat if I may. If the captain won three new novels in a Daily Wire Competition, the Daily Wire ought to make it a personal matter to hunt down his murderer."  
Enderby rose.  
"I wonder who really did the captain in?" he murmured to himself. "I don't think our friend Evans. Perhaps it was a burglar! Very disappointing, if so. Doesn't seem any woman in the case, which is a pity. We've got to have some sensational developments soon or the case will fade out. Just my luck, if so. First time I have ever been on the spot in a matter of this kind. I must make good. Charles, my boy, your chance in life has come. Make the most of it. Our military friend will, I see, soon be eating out of my hand if I remember to be sufficiently respectful and call him 'sir' often enough."

It takes about half an hour from Exhampton to Exeter by train. At five minutes to twelve Inspector Narracott was ringing the front doorbell of the Laurels.  
The Laurels was a somewhat dilapidated house, badly in need of a new coat of paint. The garden round it was unkempt and weedy and the gate hung askew on its hinges.  
"Not too much money about here," thought Inspector Narracott. "Evidently hard up."  
He was a very fair minded man, but inquiries seemed to indicate that it was very little possibility of the captain's having been done to death by an enemy. On the other hand, four people, as far as he could make out, stood to gain a considerable sum by the old man's death. The movements of each of these four people had to be inquired into. The entry in the hotel register was suggestive, but after all Pearson was quite a common name.  
A somewhat slatternly looking maid answered the bell.  
"Good afternoon," said Inspector Narracott. "I want to see Mrs. Gardner, please. It is in connection with the death of her brother, Captain Trevelyan, at Exhampton."  
He purposely did not name his official card to the maid. The mere fact of his being a police officer, as he knew by experience, would render her awkward and tongue-tied.  
"She's heard of her brother's death?" asked the inspector casually as the maid drew back to let him into the hall.  
"Yes, got a telegram she did. From the lawyer, Mr. Kirkwood."  
The maid ushered him into the drawing-room—a room which, like the outside of the house, was badly in need of a little money spent upon it, but yet, had with all that an air of charm which the inspector felt without being able to particularize the why and wherefore of it.  
"Must have been a shock to your mistress," he observed.  
The girl seemed a little vague about that, he noticed.  
"She didn't see much of him," was her answer.

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## A Bull-fighter's Farewell

Senecitas in mantillas and high-backed combs, applauded frantically the other day as Spain's most daring bull-fighter, twice wounded, was carried about the ring shoulder-high after killing two bulls in his farewell performance.  
When it came time to cut off his pigtail in token of his retirement, the crowd protested so loudly that the pigtail stays on. It is getting gray, and its owner—Matias Lara, whom all Spaniards know as "Larita"—is growing stout. Retirement costs him a struggle, however, for the sport has afforded his own burning interest in life, and the Auckland (New Zealand) Weekly News tells us:  
As a lad he played with boys of his own age at bull-fighting in the streets, using any red rag that came to hand, with one of his comrades, with a pair of horns, snorted and charged like a bull.  
When still a youth "Larita" displayed his prowess by jumping into the ring in the course of a bull-fight and playing the bull like a finished torero, amid the frantic applause of the people; for the bull-fighting public loves and encourages a fearless and promising "suicide," as these youthful aspirants are called.  
From that day onward "Larita's" progress was a triumph. He soon became a novillero, or fighter of young bulls, and his utter contempt of danger, hair-breadth escapes and wounds won for him the enthusiastic admiration of the spectators.  
"Larita" might have been the greatest bull-fighter in Spain had he not elected to sacrifice art not only to courage, but to a certain childish clownishness, which pleased the gallery, but was severely condemned by connoisseurs of the art as being undignified. So that today Belmonte reigns supreme as master of the art. Nino de la Palma as the most graceful, and "Larita" as the most fearless bull-fighter.

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## Queer Things in Rockefeller Centre

Six hundred members of the New York Electrical Society recently inspected the 850-foot central building of Rockefeller Centre, from lobby to roof.  
They investigated there some of the curious scientific anomalies resulting from its great size and height.  
To quote a statement issued by the society:  
"One of the experiments while the party was on the roof, 850 feet above the street, included the dropping of a plummet down an elevator shaft to show that a body falling from this great height does not fall straight downward—that is, does not follow a plumb-line, but because of the earth's rotation is carried about five and one-third inches to the eastward, toward Fifth Avenue, by the time it reaches the ground."  
Also it was revealed that Mr. John D. Rockefeller in his new offices on the upper floors of the seventy-story structure will have the experience of traveling more than a mile farther each day, as the earth rotates, compared with his daily rotation in the former offices nearer the ground, according to figures computed by a lighting calculator in the party.  
"The electric-eyes which control the elevator doors in the building came in for careful examination, while the large crowd of science visitors was being whirled aloft at 1,200 feet per minute. (One fat lady in the party unconsciously protruded slightly across the elevator, causing an ellipse of the electric eye on guard. Instantly this electric automaton took control of the situation, reopened the elevator doors and blocked the elevator from moving, until the fat lady could be gotten back within bounds. Fifty-eight elevators in the Rockefeller Centre group are being equipped with these electric-eye safety features."

## English Mystery Writer Delves Into Arab Love

London.—Miss Agatha Christie, the novelist, has just arrived back in England, after an adventure as romantic as anything in her own novels.  
For six months she has been living in an Arab's house in the Mesopotamian desert, with her husband, M. E. Mallowan, and other members of the British Museum expedition to Tal Arpachiyah, near Nineveh. Here she has been helping to unearth clues to a lost prehistoric civilization.  
The discoveries made by Miss Christie and her husband throw light on the mode of life, customs, and religious rites of a people who lived at least 7,000 years ago—centuries before the rise of Ur.  
Finds made in her excavations, Miss Christie said, include:  
Mud and brick houses clustered round a central court. Pottery of egg-shell thickness, decorated in bright black and red paints in geometric designs and shapes, which compare with the finest work of classical Greece. Marble pendant of an ox's head, of exquisite workmanship. Tiny terra-cotta figures of goddesses, whose painted clothing is suspended by braces! Jewellery, including amulets and beads. A circular grainary, containing wheat thousands of years old.  
"It was exciting work," Miss Christie declares. "My job was to clean the finds, and you can imagine the thrill of rubbing away dust and dirt to find, say, an amulet worn 7,000 years ago."  
"I was also in charge of the photographic work, and in addition acted as chief cook and washer-up."  
Shortly the finds will be on view in the British Museum.

## Soviet's New Oil Gusher



A view showing the great rush of oil gushing from the new well at Lock-Batan, in Soviet Russia. Much of the precious fluid was lost because drillers were unprepared for such a tremendous spurt.

## Sound Cooks Egg

It has been only a short time since it was announced that intense sounds, both audible and super-sound, could kill bacteria in milk, water, fruit juices and other liquids. At the current science convention in Chicago, Drs. E. W. Florsdorf and L. A. Chambers, of the School of Medicine at the University of Pennsylvania, have continued this work and sought an answer to this simple question: If these sounds can kill bacteria what chemical changes will they produce in the liquids that contain the organisms? In milk, for example, will sounds change the chemical nature of the desirable proteins, sugars and fats?  
For proteins the Pennsylvania scientists found that intense sounds in their apparatus will start coagulation instantly. A hen's egg treated in this fashion for a few minutes, at room temperature, appears to have been soft-boiled.  
They found also that acetic acid, the acid of ordinary vinegar, could be produced from ethyl acetate when exposed to intense sound waves. Ethyl acetate is a substance which is chemically somewhat similar to fats. They were able to "crack" vegetable oils to produce acetylene gas and other substances. Like investigators working in the super-sound range they were able to turn glucose, or grape sugar, into starch in small amounts.  
Most interesting perhaps were studies of water solution in the ordinary yielded free chlorine gas in solution. Since some salt is present in milk, it might be possible that this free chlorine is the agent which kills the bacteria. Florsdorf and Chambers do not think so, however, since a quantity of chlorine sufficient to kill bacteria cannot be liberated in the short space of time in which the intense audible penetrates the milk. They believe, rather, that it is the change in the protein of the bacteria which results in their instant death.  
Although chemical changes can be produced in milk with prolonged sound treatment the physicians regard these effects as insignificant, considering the short length of time necessary to kill bacteria. The coagulation of the proteins might be expected to make the milk even more digestible than before.  
There is nothing unusual in these reactions since all of them can be produced by other means. "In fact," say Florsdorf and Chambers, "we believe that all of these chemical effects may be an acceleration entirely due to a momentary kinetic effect on the molecules such as is produced by high temperature."

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## A Good Hint to Inventors

Don't try to devise a machine that will imitate man's motions. Human motions are reciprocating, on "to and fro"; most machines have rotating parts.  
Man's legs move in steps; the wheels of an auto or a train go round and round.  
This is the editorial advice of a writer in Roads and Streets (Chicago). He says:  
"In the shop of an old inventor with whom the writer worked for a time there hung this motto: 'What the hand does, a machine can do.' Perhaps the motto expresses undue faith in machinery, but it is the sort of faith that inventors should have."  
"This old inventor, Ross by name, was wont to add: 'But don't let your machine imitate the hand.' He went on to explain that the fingers and the arms are levers that move back and forth. Their motion is a reciprocating motion, whereas rotary motion is the most effective in machinery."  
"For example, he said, a carpet-sweeper has a rotary broom, whereas a broom wielded by the arm moves back and forth."  
At times there appears to be no substitute for the intelligence that guides the hand, says the writer. Thus in separating diamonds from their "blue ground" matrix, only the hand guided by the eye was effective, until one day a man chanced to observe that a diamond that fell upon a thin layer of grease adhered strongly to it.  
Strangely enough, neither quartz nor any other common mineral seemed to adhere so strongly to grease.  
When the "blue ground" containing diamonds was washed down an inclined table coated with grease, only the diamond were checked and held by the grease.  
Here again was no imitation of the human hand and eye. He goes on:  
"Until men invented boats, the legs were their only means of transportation—either their own legs or those of animals. Legs like arms operate back and forth. Had some early inventor attempted to produce a transport machine having legs, he would have failed."  
The first transport machine was probably either a floating log, or a rolling log; the former being the progenitor of the boat; the latter of the two-wheeled cart or the wheelbarrow. In the case of the wheelbarrow it was the wheelbarrow that was replaced by a revolving wheel.  
"This was mechanically efficient because the load was not lifted intermittently. A walkman lifts his weight every step. It became economically efficient not only for that reason but because men or animals could haul much greater loads than they could carry."  
"The wheel and axle is man's first great mechanical invention, with the possible exception of the bow and arrow. In the wheel we see no imitation of the legs. In the bow we see no imitation of the arm for the arm does not hurl a spear by virtue of energy stored up in a spring."  
"When man successfully rivaled the birds, it was not by imitating the up and down motion of their wings, but by using 'planes' driven by a rotating propeller."  
"These examples serve to indicate the wisdom of avoiding a servile imitation of the operation of the arm or leg or wing. On the other hand, there have been many occasions when close imitation of nature has led to successful invention."

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A Good Hint to Inventors. Don't try to devise a machine that will imitate man's motions. Human motions are reciprocating, on "to and fro"; most machines have rotating parts. Man's legs move in steps; the wheels of an auto or a train go round and round. This is the editorial advice of a writer in Roads and Streets (Chicago). He says: "In the shop of an old inventor with whom the writer worked for a time there hung this motto: 'What the hand does, a machine can do.' Perhaps the motto expresses undue faith in machinery, but it is the sort of faith that inventors should have." "This old inventor, Ross by name, was wont to add: 'But don't let your machine imitate the hand.' He went on to explain that the fingers and the arms are levers that move back and forth. Their motion is a reciprocating motion, whereas rotary motion is the most effective in machinery." "For example, he said, a carpet-sweeper has a rotary broom, whereas a broom wielded by the arm moves back and forth." At times there appears to be no substitute for the intelligence that guides the hand, says the writer. Thus in separating diamonds from their "blue ground" matrix, only the hand guided by the eye was effective, until one day a man chanced to observe that a diamond that fell upon a thin layer of grease adhered strongly to it. Strangely enough, neither quartz nor any other common mineral seemed to adhere so strongly to grease. When the "blue ground" containing diamonds was washed down an inclined table coated with grease, only the diamond were checked and held by the grease. Here again was no imitation of the human hand and eye. He goes on: "Until men invented boats, the legs were their only means of transportation—either their own legs or those of animals. Legs like arms operate back and forth. Had some early inventor attempted to produce a transport machine having legs, he would have failed." The first transport machine was probably either a floating log, or a rolling log; the former being the progenitor of the boat; the latter of the two-wheeled cart or the wheelbarrow. In the case of the wheelbarrow it was the wheelbarrow that was replaced by a revolving wheel. "This was mechanically efficient because the load was not lifted intermittently. A walkman lifts his weight every step. It became economically efficient not only for that reason but because men or animals could haul much greater loads than they could carry." "The wheel and axle is man's first great mechanical invention, with the possible exception of the bow and arrow. In the wheel we see no imitation of the legs. In the bow we see no imitation of the arm for the arm does not hurl a spear by virtue of energy stored up in a spring." "When man successfully rivaled the birds, it was not by imitating the up and down motion of their wings, but by using 'planes' driven by a rotating propeller." "These examples serve to indicate the wisdom of avoiding a servile imitation of the operation of the arm or leg or wing. On the other hand, there have been many occasions when close imitation of nature has led to successful invention."

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