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The RED HOUSE MYSTERY
by A.A. MILNE

BEGIN HERE

Who had shot and killed the ne'er-do-well Robert Ablett, within two minutes after his arrival at The Red House, the country estate of his wealthy bachelor brother, Mark Ablett? Robert's body was on the floor of the locked office. Mark was missing and, in the opinion of Inspector Birch, it was clear that Mark, who had looked toward to Robert's return from Australia with annoyance, had shot him and disappeared.

But there were mysterious circumstances. The shot was fired a few moments before Antony Gillingham, gentleman adventurer and friend of Bill Beverley, one of Mark's guests, had entered the hall where he found Matt Cayley, Mark's constant companion, pounding on the door and demanding admittance. The two men entered a room through a window and found the body. Antony and Bill continue investigations and become convinced that Cayley knows something about the crime. They discover a secret passage leading from The Red House to the bowling green and then Antony questions the maid, Elsie, who overheard Mark speaking to Robert in the office.

GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER X.—(Cont'd.)

"It was you who heard Mr. Mark yesterday, wasn't it?" Antony asked the maid.

"Yes, sir."

"It's my turn now. You wait," murmured Antony to himself.

"Yes, sir. Nasty-like. Meaning to say his chance had come."

"I wonder."

"Well, that's what I heard, sir. Truly."

Antony looked at her thoughtfully and nodded.

"Yes. I wonder. I wonder why."

"Why what, sir?"

"Oh, lots of things, Elsie. . ."

He had found his pipe and went downstairs again.

Antony was glad to have spoken to her, because he had recognized at once the immense importance of her evidence. To the inspector no doubt it had seemed only of importance in that it had shown Mark to have adopted something of a threatening attitude toward his brother. To Antony it had much more significance. It was the only trustworthy evidence that Mark had been in the office at all that afternoon.

For who saw Mark go into the office? Only Cayley. And if Cayley had been hiding the truth about the keys, why should he not be hiding the truth about Mark's entry into the office? Obviously all Cayley's evidence went for nothing. Some of it no doubt was true; but he was giving it both truth and falsehood, with a purpose. What the purpose was Antony did not know as yet; to shield Mark, to shield himself, even to betray Mark—it might be any of these.

Elsie's evidence, however, seemed to settle the point. Mark had gone into the office to see his brother; Elsie had heard them both talking; and then Antony and Cayley had found the body of Robert. . . and the inspector was going to drag the pond.

But certainly Elsie's evidence did not prove anything more than the

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AT ALL DRUG STORES

"It isn't 'knowing,' it's 'guessing,'" said Antony rapidly. "It's much easier to shoot yourself than to drown yourself, and if Mark had wanted to shoot himself in the water, with some idea of not letting the body be found, he'd have put big stones in his pockets, and the only big stones are near the water's edge, and they would have left marks, and they haven't, and therefore he didn't, and—oh, bother the pond; that can wait till this afternoon. Bill, where does the secret passage begin?"

"Well, that's what we've got to find out, isn't it?"

"Yes. You see, my idea is this."

He explained his reasons for thinking that the secret of the passage was concerned in some way with the secret of Robert's death, and went on:

"My theory is that Mark discovered the passage about a year ago—the time when he began to get keen on croquet. Well, then, when Miss Norris was going to dress-up, Cayley gave it away. Probably he told her that she could never get down to the bowling green without being discovered, and then perhaps showed that he knew there was one way in which she could do it, and she wormed the secret out of him somehow."

"But this was two or three days before Robert turned up."

"Exactly. I am not suggesting that there was anything sinister about the passage in the first place. It was just a little private bit of romance and adventure for Mark, three days ago. He didn't even know that Robert was coming. But somehow the passage has been used since, in connection with Robert. Perhaps Mark escaped that way; perhaps he's hiding there now. And if so, then the only person who could give him away was Miss Norris. And she of course would only do it innocently—not knowing that the passage had anything to do with it."

"So it was safer to have her out of the way?"

"Yes."

"But, look here, Tony, why do you want to bother about this end of it?"

door and the two windows insisted on living their own life, even though an illiterate one. To Bill it seemed the most hopeless room of any in which to look for a secret opening.

(To be continued.)

"Where do you want to go?" he asked.

"I don't mind much. Show me the park."

"Righto."

They walked out together.

"Watson, old man," said Antony, as soon as they were away from the house, "you really mustn't talk so loudly indoors. There was a gentleman outside, just behind you, all the time."

"Oh, I say," said Bill, going pink. "I'm awfully sorry. So that's why you were talking such rot."

"Partly yes. And partly because I do feel rather bright this morning. We're going to have a busy day."

"Are we really? What are we going to do?"

"They're going to drag the pond—beg its pardon, the lake."

"We're on the way to it now, if you'd like to see it. What are they dragging it for?"

"Mark."

"Oh, rot," said Bill uneasily. He was silent for a little, and then, eagerly, "I say, when are we going to look for that passage?"

"We can't do very much while Cayley's in the house."

"What about this afternoon when they're dragging the pond? He's sure to be there."

Antony shook his head.

"There's something I must do this afternoon," he said. "Of course we might have time for both."

"Has Cayley got to be out of the house for the other thing too?"

"Well, I think he ought to be."

"I say, is it anything rather exciting?"

"I don't know. It might be rather interesting. I daresay I could do it at some other time, but I rather fancy it at 3 o'clock somehow. I've been specially keeping it back for then."

They had come to the pond—Mark's lake—and they walked silently round it. When they had made the circle, Antony sat down on the grass, and relit his pipe. Bill followed his example.

"Well, Mark isn't there," said Antony.

"No," said Bill. "At least, I don't quite see why you know he isn't."



"He's got such a frightful lot, hasn't he?"

"We can always get it, at the bowling-green end."

"I know, but if we do that we shall have to do it openly. It will mean breaking open the box, and letting Cayley know that we've done it."

CHAPTER XI.

"There's one thing which we have got to realize at once," said Antony, "and that is that if we don't find it easily, we shan't find it at all."

"You mean that we shan't have time?"

"Neither time nor opportunity. Which is rather a consoling thought to a lay person like me."

"You can wash out the kitchen and all that part of the house," said Bill, after some thought. "We can't go there."

"No. What we want to consider is which is the most likely place of the few places in which we can look safely. The library for choice."

Bill got up eagerly.

"Come along," he said, "let's try the library. If Cayley comes in, we can always pretend we're choosing a book."

Antony got up slowly, took his arm and walked back to the house with him.

The library was worth going into, passages or no passages. Antony could never resist another person's bookshelves. As soon as he went into the room, he found himself wandering round to see what books the owner read, or (more likely) did not read, but kept for the air which they lent to the house. Mark had prided himself on his library. It was a mixed collection of books. Old editions, new editions, expensive books, cheap books—a library in which everybody, whatever his taste, could be sure of finding something to suit him.

"And which is your particular fancy, Bill?" said Antony, looking from one shelf to another. "Or are you always playing billiards?"

"I have a look at 'Badminton' sometimes," said Bill. "It's over in that corner there." He waved a hand.

"Over here?" said Antony, going to it.

"Yes." He corrected himself suddenly. "Oh, no, it's not. Mark had a grand re-arrangement of his library about a year ago. It took him more than a week, he told us. He's got such a frightful lot, hasn't he?"

"Now that's very interesting," said Antony, and he sat down and filled his pipe again.

There was indeed a "frightful lot" of books. The four walls of the library were plastered with them from floor to ceiling, save only where the

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door and the two windows insisted on living their own life, even though an illiterate one. To Bill it seemed the most hopeless room of any in which to look for a secret opening.

(To be continued.)

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Roger Babson Sees Flivver Plane
The Day of the Flivver Airplane is Not Far Off, Writes Roger W. Babson in the March Issue of "The Forum"

In giving a blueprint of the future use of airplanes, Mr. Babson assumes the development of a helicopter which will enable a plane to rise straightly hover at a given spot, make a slow vertical descent—and possibly perform as a parachute when the power is cut off.

"This will be the master key," says Mr. Babson. "Other key inventions may be as follows: The planes or blades can be folded up as a grasshopper folds its wings. A pontoon construction will permit landing and locomotion on water or on snow. The landing wheels may be power driven, so that the machine can be operated on the road like an automobile. For example, after flying to a city, it will be possible to land outside its limits and then use the plane as an automobile. Fundamentally this is the flivver airplane which I visualize. Granting the possibility of such a design, we can foresee an industry of giant size. Moreover, it will have profound effects upon human life, equal to or even greater than the vast changes which can be traced to the automobile industry."

"Some houses will have roof garages, reached by automatic electric elevators. Once discovered, the room may be utilized for other purposes in addition to that of garage. Long rows of apartment houses have a roof area that can well be smoothed and generally re-designed to form a landing field. In our big cities there are millions of square feet of roof area that are now an economic waste. We complain about lack of room, but there is still room at the top."

"These changes, however, seem trifling in comparison with other tremendous readjustments in living conditions resulting from the flivver airplane. We get a glimpse of these possibilities by observing what the automobile has accomplished. The automobile has created the suburbs. The airplane will create the countryside. People who used to live in the city now live ten miles out in the suburbs. People who now live in the suburbs will live fifty miles out in the countryside."

"If these anticipations are realized," continues Mr. Babson, "a mammoth and varied volume of construction is on the horizon. The conquest of the skies will result in rebuilding the face of the earth. For example, poles and wires will be recognized as obstructions and they will be removed and placed underground, on the same principle on which we are spending millions to make our roads more clear and straight. Towering smoke stacks will be replaced by power-draught systems. The campaign for smoke prevention will gather new force. In the northern regions snow removal from highways will be extended. While it is true that the plane in flight is indifferent to impassable roads, nevertheless the plane on land will want to taxi about and will insist on adequate facilities. Plane drivers will join car drivers in demanding good roads the year round."

"The plane of the future must be able not only to alight on water but to travel on water. The chief pas-

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Home Dressmaking

Commercial dress patterns are made to suit certain specified textiles. Because of this, it is the best plan to select the material and pattern in relation to each other before purchase.

A model is designed in a specific textile. This means if a velvet model is bought to be copied, the pattern is adapted to velvet and probably is not suited to cotton or chiffon. This is the first stumbling block for the home sewer—she does not think in terms of material and pattern.

The second point is to select the dress best suited to your type. The lines and silhouette are most essential prerequisites for a smart and becoming costume. Every woman should enjoy studying her own problems of dressing, selecting lines which will bring out all her best points and cover any defects, and indulging only in colors which will make her look young and pretty rather than old and worn. If one will only give this thought to the selection of her clothes there is no reason on earth why she may not be becomingly dressed for a minimum sum.

For nearly five minutes there had been shouts from behind the closed door of a Cape Town manager's office. The visitor was tired of it. What's all the noise about," he asked the clerk. "Mr. Brown is speaking to Worcester, sir." "Well, why on earth can't he use the telephone?"

A biologist has decided that the ape is not man's ancestor, and that ought to be comforting to the ape.

Indianapolis News.

FARMERS
Requiring British help—Single men, women or families, to assist with farm work, should write Rev. Alex. MacGregor, 43 Victoria St., Toronto. These people will be arriving after March 35.

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