

Salada Green tea is a masterpiece in blending

"SALADA" GREEN TEA

'Fresh from the gardens'

THE

TULE MARSH MURDER

STORY OF A MISSING ACTRESS AND THE TAXING OF WITS TO EXPLAIN HER FATE.

BY NANCY BARR MAVITY.

SYNOPSIS

Sheila O'Shay, formerly a popular actress, and now the wife of the young millionaire Don Ellsworth, disappears, leaving no trace behind her. Don visits Dr. Cavanaugh, the famous criminologist, and confesses that his married life has been unhappy. Dr. Cavanaugh agrees to investigate the case. Peter Piper, reporter of The Herald, is sent to Dr. Cavanaugh's home. By accident he meets the doctor's adopted daughter, Barbara. Peter learns she is interested in the case for some reason. She confesses that she was engaged to Don Ellsworth before his marriage.

CHAPTER VII.—(Cont'd.)

For an instant a whimsical smile flitted across Barbara's eyes, like a shadow of a cloud drifting across a meadow. Then her face hardened again.

"It comes to this, doesn't it? You offer to sell your silence about my personal affairs for an interview with my father."

"Not exactly—though I admit you sound quite devastatingly logical." Peter remained invincibly debonair. "But it really isn't so bad as that. Remember, there is an actual possibility—even a probability—that the disappearance of Mrs. Ellsworth involves a crime. At least we'll have to go on that assumption until the lady herself turns up blithely to tell us differently. If that assumption is correct, finding out the facts is a far more important consideration than your very natural dislike of having your personal affairs become public property. I have gained the definite information that you were formerly engaged to Ellsworth; and there's nothing to prevent my making use of the facts gleaned in this interview with you. On the other hand, if I had a chance to talk the case over with your father, he might see things from an unguessed angle—more important. I'm more than willing to admit that he's a darn sight smarter sleuth than I am, and I'd cheerfully let him knock all my flights of fancy into a cocked hat."

The slight figure in the driver's seat turned sidewise, facing Peter squarely, rigidly erect.

"You said you were being frank. Well, I'm going to be frank, too, Mr. Piper."

"Piper—James Aloysius Piper, commonly called Peter."

"Mr. Piper, I'm not a society bud—at least, only a grafted one. I'm a gutter snipe, really. I grew up in a foundling's home. I was a homely, scrawny little thing, and my hair was straight, so the ladies looking for blue-eyed, curly-haired darlings always passed me by. They'd come and look us over, you know. And at last they didn't send for me any more, even to be looked over. After you're seven years old, there's not much chance. They put me down as 'unadoptable.' And all the time, as soon as I was old enough to think anything at all, I lived in two worlds. There was no hope for me, except to be put out to service as soon as I was old enough."

Barbara's eyes were gazing, sightless, through the window of the coupe beyond Peter's shoulder. Her voice rushed on, low and breathless.

"But I vowed I wouldn't be a gutter snipe—in my soul. Somebody sent an old set of Howard Pyle's King Arthur books to the orphanage in a Christmas box. I read about those knights—over and over. I didn't think much about honor, but I came to care a lot about it. Loyalty. The aristocratic virtues. The kind that are not calculated to get you anywhere—if you are a gutter snipe. They had a reality beyond the reality of a foundling's home. Incurruptible. Incurruptible beauty."

The hurried voice died away. Peter crouched forward in his seat, saying nothing.

"Well, when I was fourteen years old Dr. Cavanaugh was called in as consultant for one of the children, who had what they call a neurosis. Sensory anaesthesia, it was—it doesn't happen very often." Barbara's voice resumed its normal tone. "He is like that, you know. He will take any case, no matter how poor the patient, if it interests him. He saw me in the hall—almost ran over me, in fact, in the dim corridor—and when he had set me on my feet, he stopped to talk to me, casually. I stood there with

The Herald office in a state of inner turmoil much as he had seldom known. "Well—for the moment—you win!" he had said. And Barbara had not refused the hand which Peter extended. At that moment of parting she had looked more than ever like Alice in Wonderland grown up.

Impossible to connect a girl like that with a secret—perhaps a sinister secret. Why, she would not have looked out of place playing house with acorn dishes under a spreading tree! Peter smiled at the picture—a dreamy boy's smile, such as no member of The Herald staff had ever seen on his face.

He brought himself up with a start. Because a girl was young and pretty—childlike even—was no reason at all why she might not be capable of the whole range of human passions and acts. The cleverest woman forger of her time, interviewed by Peter in the city jail where she awaited trial, had been a neat, motherly person, who looked as if she spent her afternoons in baking cookies and her evenings in tating. Mary Saunders, the "tiger woman," who had killed her rival by inviting her to call and then efficiently battering her skull with the fire tongs, had a sweet, appealing face and the air of one misunderstood by a cruel, and captious world.

And there was more—much more—to Barbara Cavanaugh than an attractive face.

"That's where women have the edge on us every time!" Peter growled. "There's something to that Turkish veil idea. If they all wore veils, they'd get away with considerably less."

He forcibly clawed his mind away from the intrusive image of Barbara's yellow-brown hair, curved above small, close-set ears. He even shut his eyes, thereby narrowly missing collision with a lumbering tuck.

"All that aside—" he murmured. "All that aside, a wave of spontaneous admiration lifted him on its crest."

"Ho-o-o-o, hu-hu-hu-hu," he whistled under his breath.

"That girl is no fool!" he crowed, and found an inexplicable delight in the admission. Well, he was no fool, either, if it came to that. Suppose, with those fantastic storybook notions of honor in her head, she had felt that Don Ellsworth's defection was an affront to be avenged. Suppose she had taken matters into her own hands to oust Sheila O'Shay as an interloper. Suppose—nothing to be proved as yet; but a good deal that was worth watching. Peter Piper was seized with a desire to understand Barbara, to know of a surety what unifying reality lay behind that wide brow, and tipping nose, and firm chin. He wanted to know. He wanted to know, not because it might be news, but because the knowledge had somehow become important to him.

(To be continued.)

Radio Letters Mean Quick Delivery

London—Letters, written in mid-Atlantic on one day, will be delivered to their destinations in Britain the next, with a new service just inaugurated by the Post Office here. The Post Office refers to them as "letters" in making the announcement although really the correct name is "ship-letter-telegrams" which, although lengthy, explains the trick of the one day service. Messages will be accepted by the wireless operators in the ships and sent to the nearest short-wave radio station. There the message will be put into an envelope and posted as ordinary mail. Although still rather expensive the new method is decidedly cheaper than sending straight wireless messages. Fee will be three pence a word, as compared with eleven pence a word. There will be a minimum of 25 words.

6th Century B.C. Skull Found

The skull of a great saurian and finds dating from the days of the Celts in Germany—sixth to first centuries B.C.—have been brought to light by excavations in the Steinhilber, a small hill near Hildburghausen. The Celtic finds include parts of sword scabbards, iron vessels, bracelets of beautiful blue enamel glass, shards of pottery and a number of stone hammers and hatchets.

What New York Is Wearing

BY ANNABELLE WORTHINGTON

Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished With Every Pattern



Here's something charming and chic in redingote—and kindly too if you're inclined to be a wee bit heavy. You see the collar of the printed crepe silk dress gives a lengthened line, falling softly in rever fashion as it does over the coat of plain crepe silk.

Both the coat and the dress are finished with applied bands that have a tendency to diminish bulk about the hips. The dress sleeve peeps smartly beneath the seven-eighth length coat sleeve.

It's an excellent ensemble for business or for travel and so splendid for town wear.

Style No. 3083 is designed for sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust. Wool crepe, shantung and many rayon novelties suitable. Size 36 requires 3 3/4 yards 39-inch for coat, with 4 3/4 yards 39-inch for dress.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS.

Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Enclose 20c in stamps or coin (coin preferred); wrap it carefully for each number, and address your order to Wilson Pattern Service, 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto.

Market Last Outpost of Rio's Traditional Color

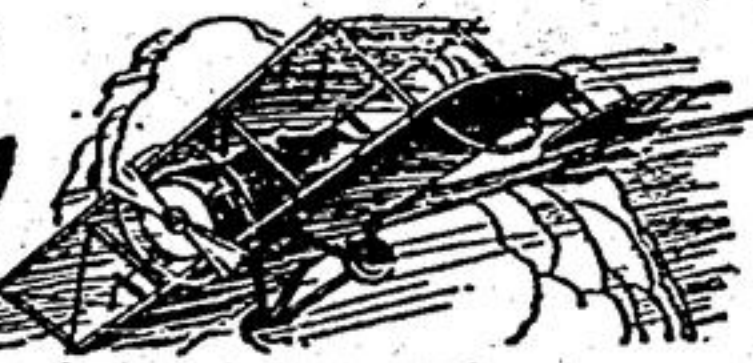
Rio De Janeiro—Rio de Janeiro's last vestige of local color is to be found in its huge market place.

Although tourists are usually amazed at the sharp contrast of Rio's skyscrapers and Moorish-style buildings, the landscaped parks and small tropical overgrown gardens, they are astonished when they enter the market place and leave behind one of the most modern cities in the world.

The market, located by the sea, occupies six blocks and is a copy of the "marché St. Honore" in Paris. Fishing boats of every description are tied up alongside the market wharf, presenting a picturesque scene. Tropical and European vegetables and fruits are found in many varieties.

Tomorrow hath a rare, alluring sound; today is very prose. And yet the twin are but one vision seen through altered eyes. Our dreams inhabit one; our stress and pain surge through the other.—Richard Burton.

The ADVENTURES of CAPTAIN JIMMY and his Dog SCOTTIE



hat came before: Captain Jimmy and his dog Scottie have many strange adventures while flying over China. After escaping from bandits and enemy soldiers they finally land their plane at the military base from which they started, and are greeted with an unexpected surprise.

After escaping from the enemy's soldiers, we pushed the plane to an altitude of several thousand feet, and headed straight for Shanghai. It was still early in the morning when we sighted the familiar flying field, spread out like a small green handkerchief in the early sunlight.

Heading the plane down in a wide spiral, we rolled to a stop outside the airframe.

Then to our amazement, a Lieutenant and a detachment of soldiers drove up and told us we were under arrest.

We were dumfounded. "By who's orders are we under arrest?" I asked.

"General Lu's orders," replied the dapper little Chinese officer.

We were no surprised than ever. General Lu had been our friend and helper from the beginning of our trip. Now he had placed us under arrest.

"On what charge are we arrested?" I asked.

"Kidnapping Colonel Fong," responded the little officer.

We were bundled into an army truck and rushed through the streets with the siren screaming. In no time we arrived at the palace of General Lu.

General Lu welcomed me gravely, shaking hands with himself in Chinese fashion, and then dismissed the orderly. Then he unfolded a plan so amazing that I pinched myself to see if I were really awake.

He had SOLD OUT—can you beat that? SOLD OUT—his office as a General. Someone had paid him a great stack of money to quit—and being a business man first, he had

accepted. To you and I this would be treason—inexcusable—but to General Lu war was simply a business proposition. Why shouldn't one take a job as General, and after making a success of it, sell out?

I must have looked shocked, which seemed to hurt his feelings, but he stifled his pride and continued with his plan. He wanted to leave China promptly, go to Japan, and I was to fly over with him. He offered me a round sum of money, or practically anything I could ask within reason for the trip. The arrest was simply a bluff. If I said "Yes" all would be well.

In a flash it occurred to me that here was all the equipment and help we needed to try to find Lieutenant Stone's brother, now held captive by the mountain bandit tribe. I accepted at once—with the understanding that Guy Stone would first be found. From that moment, there wasn't a thing we could ask for that we didn't get immediately—from extra heavy canvas to phosphorous paint.

Working secretly in a special guarded hangar, we fashioned our plane into the weirdest looking dragon you ever saw. Trailing out back was a long canvas tail, that floated straight out when we were in the air.

In the daytime it was a wild looking plane, but at night it was positively terrifying. So much so, that when Fu Hsu, the interpreter entered the hangar after dark one night, he nearly passed out entirely. Actually he fainted, and I thought we would never bring him around.

(To be continued.)

Note: Any of our young readers writing to "Captain Jimmy", 2010 Star Bldg., Toronto, will receive his signed photo free.

More Laughter Needed Says New Zealand Daily

The habitual optimist, the person with an ineradicable cheer-germ, the confirmed fun-maker, is worth more to us than gold these days, says The New Zealand Free Lance. The merry joker in the army in the dark years of the war was a treasure that inspired his comrades on many a weary march and through many a fearful test of spirit and courage. The people who in a similar spirit of cheerfulness proposed community singing in the towns devastated by the earthquake are doing their fellow-citizens a real service. Anything in that way that will help to relax now and again the mental strain of the moment is to be encouraged.

Some sanguine spirit has offered to help institute old English pageants and floral dances and that sort of thing in Wellington. The notion is not to be despised. It all makes for the brighter life, a colorful bit of relief against the too-dramatic background of working life. Many people happily are coming to realize the great worth of such color, such relaxation, a lightsome change from the prosaic and the sordid. The enormous psychological value of a woman is something all men should appreciate—though unfortunately they don't always recognize the fact. This principle can be carried into a wider sphere. The house, the garden, the town, the streets, all can be made pleasanter to the senses, and unconsciously all this would be reflected in the general attitude toward life.

By the way, some one tells us that in Stockholm even the dustmen wear bright uniforms. Heaven knows we all have enough to worry about, but we need not parade our troubles. Even a cheerful, happy face in a tramcar of people, one has noticed, helps to lighten the whole lot with a little of its own pleasant-seeming outlook on life.



"Why are you always rubbing it in on rich people?"
"They deserve it."
"Yes, but we can't all be poor, you know."

"Picking Your Job" Timely Subject

U.S. War-time Ambassador Gives Some Sound Advice in Recent Speech

New York.—The legal profession is not overcrowded nowadays, but there are a lot of people practicing law who, based on their mentality percentage, ought to be longshoremen, according to James W. Gerard, war-time ambassador of the United States to Germany and former associate justice of the Supreme Court of New York, who was asked for an opinion of how young people can pick their right job.

His references to the study of law, are based on United States requirements, they belong much more strict in Canada.

"The phrase, 'there is always room at the top,' is especially true of the legal profession, and all the large offices in New York have difficulty in finding competent young men of good appearance and education.

"Speaking of education, a young man proposing to study law ought to be a university graduate.

"There are a number of men who have succeeded at the Bar who have not been college graduates, but you must remember that, in the first place, a college education gives a certain grounding, which not only makes for confidence but which brings the habit of study.

"In the second place the college is a miniature world where the undergraduate is educated not only in the curriculum but in worldly wisdom, and where the mistakes he may make do not count as heavily against him as if made in the great outside world.

"And then a partner has been defined as one who brings in business, and the contacts and friendships made at college often prove invaluable in the bitter competition of the outside world.

"If you intend to be a lawyer do not hurry your education, legal or otherwise, and above all do not neglect the physical side. A lawyer who goes to court, who engages in a case which takes weeks to try, with preparation each night for the next day's battle, must have a superstrong constitution. The physical weakening soon falls" by the wayside.

"If you are living in a lively town with stirring business and growing population, and if you have fair connections in that town, stay there, especially if you contemplate matrimony.

"If you are to practice in a country district you may practice alone, but if possible have an office with or some connection with an older practitioner whose advice at critical periods will be invaluable.

"If, however, you seek your fortune in a big city, then endeavor to gain admission to one of the large offices. If you start to practice alone in the city you may succeed but it will be heartbreaking work.

"And I say confidently that any young man who get into a large city office, who is not devoid of talent, who always does a little more than is expected of him, eventually will become a partner.

On Planting a Willow

Kind autumn rains, fall gently down Upon this little tree!
Sun, cherish it with friendly warmth, That nourished it shall be!

Wild winds, be merciful and spare Its young and tender shoots!
Snows, with protecting coverlets Enfold these fragile rovers!

God of all living things! In time, A guardian tall and brave Grant for dear memory's sake, 'twill watch Over this well-loved grave!

And when I, too, come home to rest With all my family, May this same willow stretch long arms In requiem over me!

—Malzie V. Caruthers in the Providence Journal.

Golden Age of Elizabeth Revived by Festivals

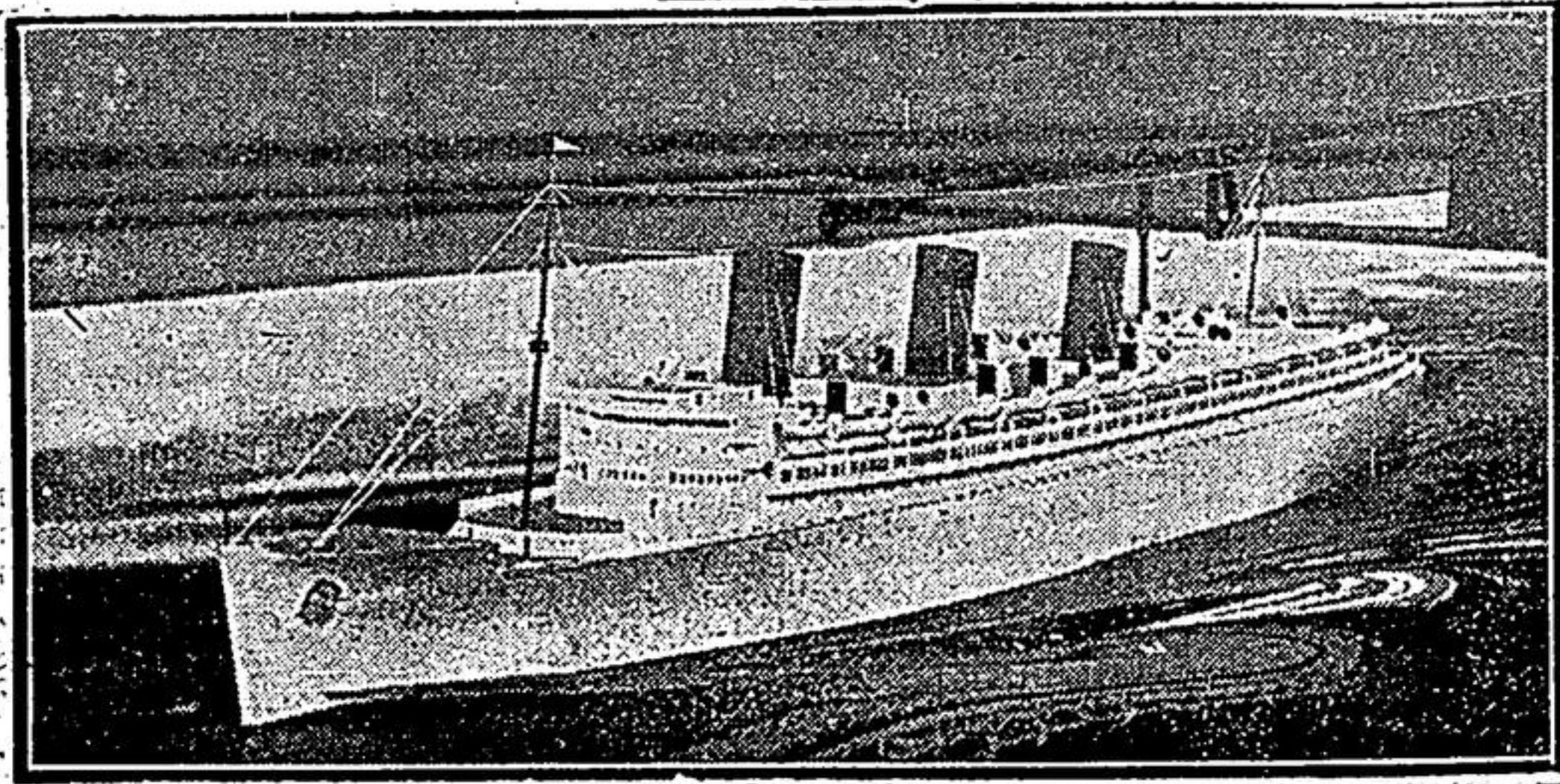
Winnipeg.—England is regaining the gift of song which marked the golden age of Queen Elizabeth, declared H. Plunket Greene, one of the four British judges in the Manitoba musical festival.

With more than 200 song and folk dance festivals held in England every year, the British are discovering the traditions of the madrigal and the round which made them a singing people years ago, he said. Despite the depression, the festivals are growing in importance and appeal year after year.

"I honestly believe that the English are the most musical people in Europe today," Mr. Greene said.

In Elizabethan days, he recalled, one of the qualifications of a cook was her ability to take part in the singing of a madrigal. He believes this again will become one of the indispensable qualities of the modern cook. The festivals have created a singing England, he said.

IN CASE OF DOUBT If he still has his appendix and his tonsils, the chances are that he is a doctor.—Life.



The above photograph is of an 18-foot model of the new giant Cunarder now under construction at Clydebank, Scotland, in the yards of John Brown & Co. The model is shown floating in a specially built experimental tank in which Atlantic ocean conditions were reproduced in miniature. Wind and waves were artificially produced by mechanical devices to subject the model to severe tests. The new Cunarder will be the largest ship afloat, and will gross 73,000 tons. She will be 1013 feet long. Details of her construction which it is said will embody principles entirely new to ship building, are being jealously guarded. The picture above is the first to reach Canada of the model of the new Cunarder.