

A cup of Salada Green tea invigorates and refreshes

# "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.

Don Ellsworth's wife, formerly the famous actress Sheila O'Shay, disappears, leaving no trace. Dr. Cavanaugh, the great criminal psychologist, learns that their marriage life has been very unhappy. Peter Piper, a reporter on The Herald, tries to get an interview with Dr. Cavanaugh. Instead, he meets Barbara Cavanaugh, the attractive daughter, and finds that she was engaged to Don Ellsworth before his marriage. An unidentified body is found in the tule marsh outside the city. It has been burned by a fire in the marsh until it is entirely unrecognizable except for the fact that it is a woman. Dr. Cavanaugh is called in to help with the identification.

### CHAPTER XI.

"You're right!" Camberwell swung the front legs of the swivel chair to the floor with a bang. "There's just one thing more—and it's beyond me." He pulled a bunch of keys from a baggy trousers pocket, flung his cigarette butt on the floor and automatically stamped it out, and reached down to unlock the drawer of a specially constructed fireproof cabinet that stood beside the desk. "What do you make of this?" he asked.

The object which Camberwell held out on the extended palm of his hand was a small flat jar of glass, with a tightly fitting screw top. "Fire is always a freakish thing," he mused. "With the brush dry as tinder, as it is at this time of year, it was not enough to burn nearly all the flesh off this woman's bones. Of course, if it was murder, and the fire was not accidental, there is the possibility that the body was drenched in some inflammable substance, first. Yet this one little scrap was left. A flame that veered in a puff of wind, a bit of earth less dry than the rest—we'll never know the how and why of it, but here it is."

Dr. Cavanaugh deliberately flattened the burning end of his cigar against the side of the ash tray before reaching for the jar. He was capable of rapid action when necessary arose, but he never hurried without reason. His only sign of eagerness was the agate-hardening of his brown eyes—a change of expression which Camberwell was quick to note and appreciate.

"I told you I didn't bring you here for nothing," he said. "You can bet one of those nickels with yourself that you'll find this interesting."

Dr. Cavanaugh gravely selected a nickel from a handful of loose change and laid it on the corner of the desk. Then he unscrewed the lid of the jar and walked to the light of the big window.

"Hm." His only immediate comment was a noncommittal hum, but when he returned to the desk after a somewhat prolonged scrutiny at the window, he pecked the nickel.

"This goes to the elephant," he said. "But it was hardly a fair bet. I expected to lose. Your finds usually are interesting, you know."

"Yes," he added, "I can doubtless do something with this—not everything, but something."

placed her there had obligingly left for us a full set of her finger-prints. We are very ignorant, after all." Dr. Cavanaugh turned the box idly in his hands and looked meditatively into the distance. "It has taken thousands of years for us to discover that the skin of the fingers, and the hair, and the markings on a discharged bullet are unique and individual. Perhaps in a few more thousands of years we shall know that of a million pebbles on the beach, each has marks of identification which makes it different from every other."

"That would make the keeping of our records even more complicated," Camberwell smiled. He rather bowed the reference to his own work would bring the doctor back to the matter in hand. "But Dr. Cavanaugh's mellow voice rolled steadily on."

"Hegel, whom perhaps you have never read, called it the uniqueness of the real. A dime, for instance, he maintains, has what he termed 'an infinite number of distinguishing marks,' even though a million dimes were stamped with the same die and minted with the same machinery. We can never construct in our imagination any idea or image of a dime, or a hair, or a bullet, which is as infinitely complex as the real object. Hegel is considered old-fashioned now but he would have agreed wholeheartedly with your new science of forensic ballistics."

An acute observer might have harbored the suspicion that Dr. Cavanaugh was drifting along the current of this irrelevant discourse with the surface of his mind, while his real attention was elsewhere. Under cover of these meanderings, he appeared to be gaining time for some hidden line of thought, reaching some inner decision. But Camberwell was not a psychologist. He twisted uneasily in his chair—with so much to be done, he was in no mood to listen to a lecture on philosophy!

Slight as it was, his impatient movement did not escape the dreamy, inattentive eyes of Dr. Cavanaugh. He shook off his absorption, and laid down his cigar, as if that small and definite act were the symbol of his decision.

"I'm as bad as Hamlet's grave digger. He'd never been allowed to finish that soliloquy if one of you detectives had been present!" he said with the smile which revealed a surprising mobility of expression in the large, deeply chiseled features. "However, I promise not to waste any more time. I'll take this home with me, where I can take a squint at it under the microscope, and give you a report in the morning."

"You think you can identify it?" Camberwell asked eagerly.

"At least, I'll narrow the range of possibilities." And Dr. Cavanaugh slipped the gruesome little box into his pocket as nonchalantly as if it had been a package of peppermints.

Camberwell's impatience, perhaps, would again have been severely tested if he had seen the psychologist, several hours later, placidly stretched on the chaise-longue and apparently concentrating on the production of the series of perfect smoke rings which floated ceilingward. No one would have suspected that recumbent figure of a pre-occupation with crime.

Nevertheless Dr. Cavanaugh had spent a busy two hours, during which the Florentine desk appointments had been relegated to the floor, and the piece taken by a sheet of glass. The desk, oddly out of keeping with the rest of the furnishings of the room, became a laboratory table where Dr. Cavanaugh, his big fingers moving with delicate precision, made a number of smears on a series of small strips of glass, protected each one with a cover-glass, and marked it with a red-bordered sticker, labeled in the doctor's neat, minute handwriting.

pad of paper under his hand without removing his eye from the lens. At last, with a faint sigh he shut the microscope once again into its wooden case and restored the desk fittings to their accustomed places. Even the sheets of faintly pencilled notes were thrust casually into a drawer. Stretching himself comfortably on the chaise-longue, Dr. Cavanaugh devoted himself to watching the procession of smoke rings through drowsy, half shut eyes. To all appearances, body and mind were alike relaxed in the aimless reverie that precedes sleep. But the air of somnolence which hung over the quiet room was illusory. Dr. Cavanaugh was thinking hard, slipping ideas and inferences into place as precisely as he had slipped the slides under the lens of the microscope. Suddenly he heaved himself up from the chaise-longue and moved to the telephone; then returned to his former position to await, with his usual quiescence, the ringing of the office door bell.

Fifteen minutes later the door banged open and Don Ellsworth rushed in before the doctor had time to put his feet to the floor preparatory to answering the single sharp announcement of the bell.

"You've found out something!" The momentum of his entrance carried Don half way across the room before he paused. The words were half a question, half an exclamation.

### CHAPTER XII.

Dr. Cavanaugh motioned his visitor to a chair, disregarding the tempestuous manner of his entrance, and waited until Don had flung himself into it. "I don't believe I said I had found anything," he corrected mildly.

"No; but I understood." "That there was some news in which you might be interested. As a matter of fact, it is impossible to say as yet whether even that really concerns you. However, on the fact of it, it seemed worth discussing."

"What is it you have found?" From Don's dry throat the words emerged as little more than a hoarse whisper. "Not I; I've merely been asked to enquire into it a bit—and, as I told you, I am still in the dark. Have you read the evening papers?"

"I haven't looked at a paper for a week. I won't read the cursed things, with my name sticking out in headlines all over the place!"

"You have not heard, then, that a body, burned beyond recognition by the action of a grass fire, has been found on the slope of El Cerrito, above the marsh." Dr. Cavanaugh's voice was studiously conversational. He might have been mentioning nothing more important than the finding of a golf ball.

"I don't care who or what they've found," Don exploded, "so long as it isn't Sheila!"

Don twisted his hands nervously in his lap. There was the tension of long continued strain behind the irascibility in his voice. At first glance he looked noticeably thinner than on his previous visit; but a careful observer would have noted that the effect was due not so much to actual loss of weight as to the lines which gave his features a drawn look and to the dark smudges under his eyes.

### Popular



Crochet suits, insidiously but steadily, have made inroads into beach modes. Juliette Compton, uses blue and white crochet pyjamas.

## What New York Is Wearing

BY ANNEBELLE WORTHINGTON

Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Finished With Every Pattern



2650

A dashing little frock that you'll find so useful.

The tightened neckline gives emphasis to the basque effect of the bodice. The front buttoned closing is youthful.

The skirt is designed in circular sections. The curved outline of the upper part is slimming.

The collar and cuffs are white crepe silk.

Style No. 2650 comes in sizes 14, 16, 18, 20 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust.

No. 2650, size 36, requires 5 1/2 yards 39-inch material with 1/2 yard 39-inch contrasting, 1 1/2 yards binding, 1 yard ribbon and a leather belt.

It makes a splendid travel dress. It is an advanced Fall fashion for street and general wear.

Shantung, linen, silk or cotton pique and silk or cotton-shirting are lovely fabrics for this new sports type.

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.

The Rainbow's End

Light of foot and gay of heart,  
He took the rainbow road  
With empty pack while others bore  
Ambition's heavy load.

He sought like them the pot of gold,  
But ever on his way  
He paused to hear the thrushes sing  
A requiem for the day.

He lingered where hill vistas spread  
New beauty to his sight;  
He saw the great hills wear at dawn  
Creation's holy light.

The Autumn's loveliness was his,  
The Spring's ecstatic word;  
The lyric phrase of bird and bee  
His listening spirit heard.

He came belated to the place  
Where down the hills descend  
The eager feet that seek the gold  
Hang at the rainbow's end.

They found no shining pot of gold  
Who took the trail with him  
And never knew his pack of dreams  
Was laden to the brim!

—Arthur Wallace Peach.

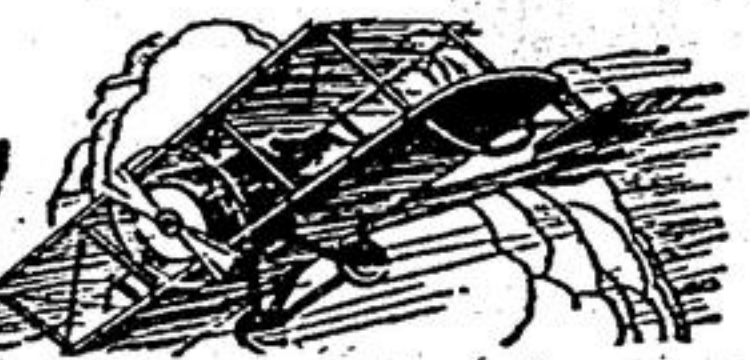
Three Generations in Teaching Post

For 104 years—from 1821 to 1925—a teaching position at Southwicks (Meuse) France, was held successively by Nicholas Grandjean (1821 to 1867), his son, Prosper (1867 to 1899), and his grandson, Charles (1899 to 1925), according to L'Ecole et Vie, a weekly review of education published in Paris. The item was quoted in School Life, official organ of the United States Office of Education, which said this was a record as far as it knows.

Self-Confidence

"She had a quiet confidence in being able to do whatever was needful for her to do. She leaned on her necessities instead of being broken by them," says a biographer, of a busy and useful life. The statement is worth more than a passing thought, for the necessities that confront most lives can either be allowed to become a crushing burden, or turned into a staff that will aid on the journey or strengthen for higher climbing.

## The ADVENTURES of CAPTAIN JIMMY and his Dog SCOTTIE



WHAT came before? Captain Jimmy bargained with General Lu to fly him to Japan in exchange for help in fitting up his plane to rescue Lieut. Stone's brother Guy, from the bandits. He is about to start on his long trip across the Chinese Sea.

General Lu sent for us in haste. He wanted to start at once. He had sold out his position as General for a huge sum of money, which had just arrived, and he was anxious to be off before any of his officers found out and made him divide up his wealth.

The following night we bid Guy and Jed Stone, good-bye, and began our trip under cover of darkness. Six hundred miles or more across the Chinese Sea was no joke. Many bad storms and typhoons sweep the waters, and heavy sea fogs make flying dangerous.

Once off the ground I could see we were in for it. The air was just full of bumps, and General Lu and his faithful servant grew nervous. We tried a thousand feet higher up, and it was even worse. The plane tossed like a boat riding on a rough sea.

The sky gradually clouded up and the wind grew in volume. The darkness and fog seemed to crowd us down to the water. Long curling waves with sharp white crests made any chance of surviving impossible, should we be forced down.

Hour after hour we flew along, steering by the instruments. A cold wet drizzle blew right through our coats. I wrapped a blanket around Scottie, but the poor little chap still shivered. The past few days had been strenuous, and we were about fagged out. Most likely I dozed, for the next thing I knew I was being vigorously shaken. Scottie was barking furiously.

Right under our wheels the waves lapped angrily. I nosed the plane up. The gasoline swished around in nearly empty tanks. Flying against the wind had exhausted our supply. We might have enough for another fifty miles.

The dawn broke in a cold grey

streak. I strained my eyes to see a large black object through the mist. Then a rocky headland emerged from the fog on our left.

Carefully I banked the plane and nosed her down as close to the rocks as I dared. It was a sheer precipice. At its foot the angry waves dashed themselves into white fury. Gradually the cliff descended within fifty feet of the water. Surely there must be a sand beach somewhere.

Imagine my despair when the cliff began to rise again and ended in a steep crag without a single inch of sandy beach. Soon we circled the island, and it was simply a tremendous volcanic rock with straight, high sides.

Suddenly we noticed a line of white breakers a mile or two away. The water seemed shallow. As a last chance I followed it—two miles, four miles, six—our gasoline was almost spent, when right below appeared the nicest sand beach you ever saw, sloping gradually up to a little island.

Like a great many beaches, this one looked much harder and smoother than it really was. With the motor cut out we hit, rolled a few feet in the soft sand, and then the plane went over on her nose. During all this time General Lu was splendid.

Never a complaint. Never an argument; he sat quietly and calmly, waiting for what might happen.

Soon we kindled a roaring fire from driftwood, and dried ourselves out. To our surprise, General Lu began peeling off one suit after another, until he had taken off about six. Then I remembered that some of the Chinese had a way of putting their suits on in layers. General Lu could afford plenty of suits, so why not have them?

Meanwhile the question of food and water became pressing. We set out to search without delay.

(To be continued)

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

## Interesting Notes On Famous Writers

Of course we all know that some people don't think much of anyone who makes a living by his pen. G. H. Burgin, author of countless books, including many novels, declares (in his reminiscences "Memoirs of a Clubman") that when he was beginning to write, a dear old friend of his—a Presbyterian elder—was so pained at the outlook that he was moved to prayer.

"O Lord," he prayed one night, "turn our young friend from the error of his ways and teach him to do something useful!"

Not so bad!

On the other hand, Sir Harry Johnston, noted explorer and administrator—who late in life turned novelist and wrote several fine stories including "The Gay Dombey," a sequel to Dickens' "Dombey and Son"—relates (in "The Story of My Life") how when staying with H. G. Wells on one occasion, Wells turned to him and said:

"Why have you never written a novel? Every man who has been out in the world and seen the world, ought to write at least one novel."

And why not?

Only the other day, a lady who until quite recently had never written anything but a letter in her life before, won the Pulitzer fiction prize for 1930 with a first novel—"Years of Grace." I refer to Margaret Ayer Barnes, wife of a Chicago lawyer, and mother of three growing sons, aged 9, 13 and 15 years. How did Mrs. Barnes suddenly start to write?

Well, some three years ago she and her husband were motoring through the French cathedral towns when they met with a nasty automobile accident. Mrs. Barnes had her skull cracked and three ribs broken. As a consequence she was laid up for six months. To beguile the inactive hours, she tried her hand at writing short stories, and several accepted by a magazine, and in less than three years she won the Pulitzer prize. Now I am not suggesting anything so drastic as a cracked skull and three broken ribs as being essential qualifications to literary fame and fortune. The point is, you never know what you can do until you try.

One of the quaintest reasons for taking up writing is that owned up to by E. M. Delaford, noted English novelist. It seems that on a dull visit to country acquaintances, she suddenly found herself adopting the ruse of a friend to escape from the company on the excuse of having to work on her novel—a purely imaginary novel in the literal sense. To quiet a tender conscience, Miss Delaford made a feat at beginning a romance became interested, and to her surprise, found a novel taking shape under her hand.

There is a story of the book world, which may be recalled as suggesting the things necessary in a first novel and a "first novelist." A well-known publisher, relates James Milne (in "A London Book Window") was called upon by the young son of an intimate friend with the question:

"I want to be a novelist; will you tell me what I should do?"

"Young man," was the answer, "I cannot tell you how to succeed in the most difficult profession in the world. But I can give you one or two hints as to how to get about it. You should clearly decide in your own mind what you wish to say; then you should decide equally clearly how you wish to say it; and finally you should say it all as clearly and concisely as you can in not more than 100,000 words; and if you can make the words fewer, so much the better."

Then there is Mark Twain's advice to young authors. You recall he said:

"Yes, Agassiz does recommend authors to eat fish, because the phosphorus in it makes brain. But I cannot help you to a decision about the amount you need to eat—at least not with certainty. If the specimen composition you send is about your fair usual average, I should judge that perhaps a couple of whales would be all you would want for the present. Not the largest kind, but simply good middling-sized whales."

Daily Work

Idleness is the key of beggary and the root of all evil. If the devil catch a man idle he will set him to work, find him tools, and before long pay him wages.

Do not overwork yourself, nor sit up too late, and never continue any one mental employment after you are tired of it.—Southey to Coleridge.

As soon as a man begins to love his work, then will he also begin to make progress.

What we would do, let us begin today. Every good we would have must be paid for in strokes of daily effort.—William James.

It is inevitable that the entire banking system must be socialized in the public interest.—Professor Colston Warno.

## Nurses Wanted

The Toronto Hospital for incurables, in affiliation with Fordham Hospital, New York City, offers a Three Years' Course of training to Young Women, having the required education and experience of bookkeepers. This Hospital has adopted the eight-hour system. The pupils receive uniforms of the School, a monthly allowance and travel expenses to and from New York. For further particulars write or apply to the Superintendent.

## Summer COLDS

"Almost everybody knows how Aspirin tablets break up a cold, but why not prevent it? Take a tablet or two when you first feel the cold coming on. Spare yourself the discomfort of a summer cold. Read the proven directions in every package for headaches, pain, etc."



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