

To make ICED TEA—Brew tea as usual—strain off leaves—allow to cool—add lemon and sugar to taste—pour into glasses half full of cracked ice

ICED "SALADA" 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 criminal psychologist, learns that their married life has been unhappy. Peter Piper, Herald reporter, 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 to help with the identification. The only thing by which the body can be identified is a patch of scalp with some hair attached. Dr. Cavanaugh takes this home with him and tells Don of his latest discovery.

CHAPTER XII.—(Cont'd.)

"Language is an absurdly ambiguous instrument of communication," the doctor meditated, completely ignoring Don's agitation. "For example, that last sentence of yours. On the face of it, it might mean that you are indifferent to all else but Sheila's welfare and her possible danger—or it might mean that you hoped above all things that Sheila would not be found. Naturally, I assume that the first interpretation is the correct one."

"I don't know what I meant!" Don's hand was flung out in a gesture of angry impatience. "I don't feel much like entering on a discussion of grammar."

"Oh, but it sometimes matters quite a lot—quite a lot," the doctor murmured. "Well, I'm not in a mood to choose my words very carefully. Suppose Sheila never shows up, simply drops out of sight altogether. I'd still be legally tied to her, wouldn't I? Unless—unless—a faint gleam of eagerness shone in Don's hollow eyes—"unless I could get a divorce on grounds of desertion. Do you think I could?"

"No doubt. But that's not the particular bridge we are crossing at the moment," Dr. Cavanaugh ruthlessly killed him back. "Well, then, suppose she came back—with all this turmoil there's been in the papers. I'd be in a sweet position then, wouldn't I? Things would be as bad as before—no, a hundred times worse, because 'the one thing I put my neck into the noose to secure, decency and dignity would be gone. What a life!' His lips twisted in what was almost a grimace. 'I wish I'd been blind and deaf before I ever met that woman!'"

Dr. Cavanaugh listened calmly to this jerky, spasmodic outburst, his face as expressionless as that of an image of Buddha. He waited without interruption until Don relapsed into a silence as abrupt as his speech. "There's still another possibility," he said then. "A cutting of all Gordian knots. I don't say that it is more

than a possibility. But I wouldn't be too sure, if I were you, that the activities of our friends, the police, as outlined in tonight's paper, can be disregarded."

With an obvious effort at self-control, the young man forced his hands to stop their nervous clenching and unclenching and lie tightly closed in his lap. Only the involuntary twitching of a muscle at the corner of his eyes betrayed an agitation beyond the power of his will to conceal.

"I don't understand what you're driving at," he said in a low, breathless voice. "You said—the body they found in the marsh couldn't be identified."

"You came here not long ago and asked me to help you," Dr. Cavanaugh went on, as if Ellsworth had not spoken. "But the positions are reversed—I am now about to ask you to help me. I said that the body I mentioned was unrecognizable. It was—except for a tiny patch of scalp. Without raising its tone, the doctor's voice took on a new emphasis. "That body belonged to a woman about forty years of age. She patronized an expensive beauty parlor, where she had recently had what I believe is called a marcel. She was in the habit of using black narcissus perfume. She was fair of skin with brown eyes and vivid color that accompany this particular pigmentation. Her hair, naturally red, was darkened to auburn by the use of henna, and was worn long—in fact, rather surprisingly in this day, it had never been cut. It was thick and luxuriant, and she took an extreme pride in it. So much for what the microscope tells us."

"From measurements taken of the body itself—Camberwell of the identification bureau was kind enough to supply me with the figures over the telephone (I have not seen it myself)—we are safe in saying that this woman of expensive tastes, which she was able to gratify, and a somewhat overweening consciousness of her personal appearance was rather tall—five feet seven inches. Naturally, she would have been of the opulent, deep-bodied type. But she kept herself trained down to the fashionable slenderness. The articulation of the bones, particularly of the feet, indicate that she was trained in dancing. The formation of the roof of the mouth makes it probable that she was a singer—though she had not taken her singing very seriously of late, as stains on the teeth show her to have been an excessive smoker of strong cigarettes. Does all this convey anything to you?"

The face in the chair opposite might have been carved out of ivory—yellow white, with burnt-out coals for

eyes. Don cleared his throat and ran the tip of his tongue across dry lips. "You mean—it's Sheila," his voice was a rasping whisper.

"I mean it was someone who at least bore a general resemblance to Mrs. Ellsworth," Dr. Cavanaugh amended imperturbably. "But there is a way of finding out whether we are dealing with a resemblance or identity. Under the microscope the cell structure of the hair is as individual as the whorls that make up the pattern of finger prints. I have the hair of the woman who was found in the marsh. Will you bring me for comparison a hair belonging to Mrs. Ellsworth—from her brushes, her gown—any place where you can be sure the hair was hers? That ought to be easy."

For a moment the face before him did not change. Only that twitching eye muscle marred its absolute rigidity. The teeth were clenched so tightly that the line of the jaw stood out sharply. Then a dark flush, almost purple, flooded his cheeks and mounted until even the eyes were blood-shot. His fist crashed suddenly on the arm of his chair.

"I'll be damned if I will!" he shouted.

CHAPTER XIII.

With a single movement that was like the spring of a puma, Don Ellsworth catapulted from his chair. His toe caught in the fringe of a rug. He half stumbled, but recovered his balance blindly, hardly noticing the check to his progress. In another instant he had flung himself from the room, his hat forgotten on the table, and the outer door crashed shut, propelled by the backward fling of his arm.

Dr. Cavanaugh's hand paused a fraction of a second, his cigar half way to his lips. Then the interrupting movement was completed, as deliberately as it had been begun. He had not risen to intercept Don, and he made no effort now to follow him.

"Hm!" The sound was half a hum, half a gentle sigh. It was Dr. Cavanaugh's equivalent of half a dozen excited ejaculations. He settled his thick shoulders against the pillows of the chaise-longue. But there were no more smoke rings. Instead, he drew from his inner pocket a small leather bound notebook, propped its lower edge against his arching middle, and proceeded to make notations in almost microscopic handwriting, first on one, then the other, of the two pages spread open before him.

"Hm!" he murmured again, like a gigantic bumble bee. "On the one hand—we have a young man of uncontrolled emotions, subject to gusts of rage which he has never been taught to control. Unused to delaying his reaction to any impulse. Caught by the tremendous vitality and charm of the dazzling Sheila O'Shay. But the attraction: evidently soon spent. Query: Why did he marry her?" The query was underlined in the little notebook, and further marked by a star in the margin. "Corollary: Why did she marry him? Money, probably. But did she capture him before he had time to get back his emotional balance, or had she some means of forcing him to it? Not a means from present data. Leave that out—confuses the present problem."

Dr. Cavanaugh accordingly drew a line lightly through the "corollary." He carefully deposited an inch of white cigar ash in the tray, allowing the notebook to slip forward, then adjusted it at its former angle.

"In general, people will subconsciously choose words that tell the truth, even when it is not the truth they mean at the moment. A great little master of the double entendre, the subconscious is!" he mused. "Let's see. Don did not say that he wanted his wife back—he said that he wanted to be rescued from the undesirable publicity aroused by her disappearance. That's quite different. His anxiety was not for her, but for the effect on himself. He resented the interference of Mrs. Kane, and of the police. He didn't care what was found—so long as it wasn't Sheila."

"On the other hand"—Dr. Cavanaugh's minute scratchings were now scrawled on the opposite side of the facing pages—"His own subconscious desire to have his wife out of the way might have a powerfully disturbing effect when that unexpressed wish was suddenly fulfilled. There is also his extreme dislike, amounting almost to a phobia, of publicity, by which he feels that he has been victimized. The impulse to run away from an intolerable situation—all the more intolerable if it were to involve him in a sensational murder case—may have become overpowering; and so he ran away, without even considering the futility of the escape, nor its consequences. One thing is certain: Don Ellsworth would not be capable of any carefully devised plot. Unless we have to do with a person clever enough to convey the impression purposely, the whole evidence—what there is to it—does not point to premeditation either on the part of Mrs. Ellsworth, if she actually left of her own will, nor of her murderer, if she was killed. Ellsworth might conceivably act with extreme rashness, follow an instinctive immediate course of self-protection, and then wake up to find himself in a mess, utterly helpless, both by temperament and training to devise any sort of scheme to extricate himself."

(To be continued.)

The cruellest lies are often told in silence.—R. L. Stevenson.

What New York Is Wearing

BY ANNEBELLE WORTHINGTON

Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished With Every Pattern



2846

The youthful animation of hem makes this dusty-pink washable crepe silk frock especially attractive. It is equally suited for sports or spectator sports.

The cape sleeves of the yoked bodice of plain crepe in blending shade are outstandingly chic in their unique pointed treatment.

A narrow belt of self-fabric is adjustable and is smart worn at the higher or the natural waistline. Style No. 2846 comes in sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. In the 16-year size 3 yards of 39-inch material with 1/2 yard of 32-inch contrasting is sufficient.

It's very snappy in navy blue silk crepe with white crepe contrast. Other very charming ideas for its development are pastel handkerchief linen, printed dimity, men's cotton or silk shirting, shantung, printed chiffon voile with dark background, eyelet batiste, eyelet linen and pastel flat washable crepe silk.

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.

Too Much Weight

They were talking earnestly in the club room. "Jove," said Higgs, "it was a weight off my mind when my wife told me she could cook."

"That's a change these days," said his friend. "And I suppose she really can cook?"

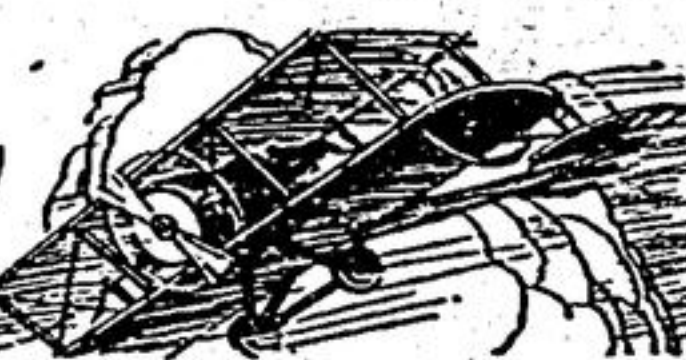
Higgs grimaced. "No; the weight is on my stomach now," he replied.

New Chapeau



New gesture in millinery that made its first appearance at the French races. Shallow crown with a mushroom brim set at a most tantalizing angle.

The ADVENTURES of CAPTAIN JIMMY and his Dog SCOTTIE



What came before: After many adventures flying over China, Captain Jimmy agrees to fly General Lu to Japan. Running out of gasoline, he is forced to land on a lonely island.

There we were on that lonely little island; General Lu, the Chinese War Lord; Ching, his faithful servant, Fu the interpreter, Scottie and myself.

Rank and fortune suddenly counted for nothing. We were four hungry men—and a dog. Even General Lu's huge fortune, which we had stored away in our plane would not buy us a square meal.

The sea stretched away on every side like a flat mirror. The island went back four or five miles and ended. Above, the sky rose in a huge empty dome.

"Look here General," I said, "you and I are going rabbit hunting." After that we tramped and hunted for hours, but never found a rabbit. In fact, we never even saw a mouse or a squirrel. The island rose to a peak near the spot where we had landed. The remainder was covered with stunted brush, often burned brown from the sun's heat. The rocks were blazing hot.

More serious than the lack of game, was the absence of water. Hour after hour, we searched for fresh water, but not a drop could we find. As we walked home over a flat sandy place, General Lu suddenly gripped my arm.

In the sand was a long, streaky track, as if you had drawn a stick along it, then it suddenly occurred to me that the mark was made by the tail of some animal, while the sand was wet during the rain of the night before. A lizard, or a turtle might have made it, but because the track appeared so far inland, it seemed probable that the creature was heading for some known water hole.

The track faded out after a few hundred yards, but soon another appeared. This in turn faded out.

We continued to follow in the direction the last track had pointed. Some large sand dunes rose in front of us. Climbing to the top of these, a very small, green valley appeared below.

Hurrying down, we found a deep rocky dell, from which came the distinct tinkle of water. Out from between two rocks poured a clear, cold spring!

General Lu drank so much, I really feared he would drown. Then we filled our water can and walked down to the plane, where Chung and the interpreter anxiously waited for us.

Meanwhile Scottie had gone on up the beach, and was busily digging the sand, and half growling to himself. The sand flew in all directions. Then he came racing back to me. Sure enough, he had found a nest of eggs buried in the sand. His rough methods had ruined some of them, but there were almost a dozen left.

I put the good ones in my helmet and back to the boys I went. The Chinese, seemed delighted, and sat about baking them by the fire. Well, perhaps I am not a very good judge, but to me those eggs surely seemed terrible.

The interpreter looked at me questioningly. "No likee eggs?"

Then he pointed meaningfully to the sea. "Flish, he go mightee flinee—easy catchee, hu?" (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.

Borden's Chocolate Malted Milk

The health-giving, delicious drink for children and grown-ups. Pound and Half Pound tins at your grocers.

To a Returned Traveler

(From The Spectator) Wise with your wanderings, you thought to find Us somehow altered, too; but in 'amaze Found us contented with the very ways, The thoughts, the projects that you left behind. And in our littleness we were so blind. Unshaken by the splendor of your days We talked of them as of a finished phase, And then forgot, nor knew we were unkind. Then, in the grip of swift reaction 'held, You kept yourself apart; we thought you strange, Unconscious of the worlds dividing; us. We did not guess how fiercely you rebelled To think that you must take in poor exchange Our hobby horses for your Pegasus —Diana Carroll.

Violets

(From the Observation) He was ragged—as tramps are, Perhaps he was hungry As he knelt in the cinders of the bank; Then, as the great train slackened speed, I saw a flash of purple in his hand, And in the gaunt, unshaven face—upturned, I saw and knew; A tramp may also love the spring— And feel himself a gentleman Picking flowers in his garden— A little patch of violets by the track. —Caroline Lawrence Dier, in "Out of the West."

One Smoked

The two tourists had spent six hours climbing the great volcano. At last, weary of limb, he reached the top and approached as near as they dared to the crater. It was smoking ominously. One of them sat down to admire the view, but the other turned his back on it. "Look here," he said suddenly, "let's go down and get back to the hotel. I can't stand watching that thing any longer." "What!" ejaculated his friend. "We've climbed right up here, and as soon as we reach our objective you want to go back again?" He paused and looked anxiously at his friend. "It isn't that you're afraid, is it?" he added. "No," came from the other tourist. "It's only that I can't endure watching that crater smoko after I've found that I've left my tobacco at the hotel."

He Got the Job

The senior partner had dismissed his office-boy for untidiness and general slackness, and was interviewing in turn a waiting line of some twenty applicants. Presently a smart looking youth was ushered in. "Well, my boy," said the senior partner, "I am looking for someone who is smart and tidy. He must look round the office and note down little things that have to be done. The office must look clean and tidy. I'm fed up with boys that never see anything that requires doing, and I'm determined to have an office boy with some idea of keeping things as they should be kept. You understand me, is course?" The boy nodded briskly. "Yes, sir, certainly," he said. "Shall I begin by putting your tie straight?"



"This confounded automobile is always breaking down." "Oh, you'll get over it." "I'm not thinking about that. Getting under it is what bothers me."

Gain Recorded in Population

The population of Stockholm has increased so much that the city now has more than 500,000 inhabitants. The census of the various districts was finished in March and shows that the total population at the beginning of 1931 was 502,203 persons.

Good Nerves Result Of the Good Life

Would you live happily and usefully?

Then cultivate a healthy, normal nervous system. Do not spoil a good one if you have it naturally; endeavor to soothe and make normal a poor one, if that is your misfortune.

In an article published in Medical Insurance (Reno, Nev.), Dr. D. L. Kerlin, of Shreveport, Louisiana, explains how one with healthy nerves may ruin them, and how sick nerves may be toned up and made to function. Writes Dr. Kerlin: "I am not sure that those with good nervous systems fully realize this fact. 'The lack of understanding of the milder mental and nervous conditions resulting from sick nervous systems has been passed down from generation to generation, and even at this enlightened age the general ignorance concerning the prevention and treatment of such conditions is astonishing. 'Most all of this ignorance can not be placed at the door of the laity, for the medical profession as a whole has been rather backward in diagnosing these conditions and supplying the proper treatment. 'Often people who are badly in need of treatment for some mental or nervous condition are deprived of this help through the lack of understanding of their relatives. Then, too, very often an individual suffering from some neurotic condition, fearing that his condition may be much worse than it actually is, fails to go to a physician for help. 'Another attitude taken by many neurotic people is that nervousness is a weakness of character, and they suffer in silence. This attitude often leads to serious mental and nervous conditions, for the factors which originally produced the nervousness often have gained a sure foothold, whereas, if counteracted early, little damage would have been done. 'The functional unit of the nervous system, Dr. Kerlin reminds us, is the neurone, or nerve cell, millions of which are supported in a network of tissue, that can become sick just as the lung tissue, the liver tissue, or any other tissue of the body when there is sufficient cause. He goes on:

"One may inherit weakened nervous tissue through the effects of alcohol, syphilis, tuberculosis, congenitality, infections, toxins, and psychic trauma upon the nerve cells of immediate ancestors. In the same way these conditions can damage one's nervous tissue during life, and various forms of nervous and mental disturbance are the result. "There is always a cause for nervousness, whether it be the conditions enumerated above, gradually damaging the nerve cells, or harmful environmental factors producing markedly exaggerated emotions: fear, anger, pain, jealousy, sorrow, resentment, and emotion of a sexual nature which in turn brings about damage to the nervous tissue. This damage, no doubt, is due to insufficient nourishment of the nerve cells as a result of the effect of the emotions upon the sympathetic nervous system and the resulting effect upon the secretions. "There is a physical basis for all nervousness, and that basis consists of minute changes in the structure of the nerve cells. The extent of the physical change is in direct proportion to the severity of the cause, whether it be emotional or otherwise. "Often patients come into my hands with nervous systems physiologically exhausted. The reserve energy of the nerve cells has long been used up. The more their reserve is exhausted, the more nervous and restless they become, and exaggerated mental and physical activity is the result. This condition in turn brings about a more profound state of exhaustion. "A weakened nervous system, through any of these causes, makes it difficult, Dr. Kerlin tells us, to adjust oneself to a complex environment. A large part of the misery and unhappiness in many individuals' lives is due to the constant fight to make life's adjustments with poor nervous systems. Most cases of suicide, if not all of them, are simply failures of adjustment. The doctor proceeds: "Unless the physician is continually on the lookout, neurotic disturbances are often not diagnosed as such, for they may simulate organic disease of any organ of the body.

An Old British Clock Saved for Salisbury

One of the oldest clocks in England was recently salvaged and placed in the north transept of Salisbury Cathedral. It dates back to 1386, and was originally in a bell tower in the Close, built around 1258. This ancient time-piece, made of handwrought iron, without a dial, proclaimed only the hours. In 1790 the clock was removed to the central tower of the cathedral, where it lay hidden, neglected and forgotten, its days of usefulness apparently at an end. In 1884 a new clock took its place. The recent discovery of the old clock and its reconstruction, however, has given it a proud place once more.

The Modern Wolf

Have you heard of the unemployed man who put a sign on his gate reading: "Agents, solicitors, etc., etc., Keep Out. Beware of the Wolf on the Porch!"

SCIATICA?

Here is a never-failing form of relief from sciatic pain:



Take Aspirin tablets and you'll avoid needless suffering from sciatica—lumbago—and similar excruciating pains. They do relieve; they don't do any harm. Just make sure it is genuine.

ASPIRIN

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Then a dark flush, almost purple, flooded his cheeks and mounted until even the eyes were bloodshot.