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



'Fresh from the Gardens'

THE

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

BY NANCY BARR MAVITY.

never been actually introduced to you

"Don't quibble!" Peter said sharp-

will be public property in a few hours

anyway. If I can get it from your

don't-well, I'm sunk, that's all. And

"No," said Barbara. "He won't

mail it Father never wastes time

you almost might be-one of my

At that moment the front door

opened, framing Dr. Cavanaugh's

bulky figure for a moment before he

descended the steps with his usual air

of deliberation covering the speed

"Can you wait just a minute, fa-

Dr. Cavanaugh held out his hand

have usually been at second hand," he

said. "But this younger generation

has a way of adding to our educa-

"I hoped I might meet you if I

came around," Peter said with a dis-

arming grin. "In fact, I'm supposed

to be cooling my heels outside Cam-

terwell's doorstep at this moment,

but I cooled them outside yours in-

stead. I'm working on the Tule

marsh story for the 'Herald.' We

have it from Camberwell that certain

evidence was turned over to you for

identification, and that your report

would be submitted this morning.

Would you have any objection to giv-

ing me the substance of that report

these few minutes in advance? I take

it that it will be made public at once,

of course; but if I had it from you

direct and-well, a few minutes be-

fore the other boys got hold of it, it

Dr. Cavanaugh paused, his face de

void of expression, while Peter felt

"Some day," he said at last, "I am

going to write a monograph on occu-

pational psychology. So you're try-

ing to work a little gentle graft

"Yes," he said, looking rather as i

he were backed against a wall in front

"A queer thing, human nature,"

Dr. Cavanaugh mused. "If you had

denied it, I should have sent you pack-

ing. But I see no real harm in telling

you that-the body found in the

marsh is that of Mrs. Don Ellsworth."

ined with an incredibly wide grin. His

wide-set gray eyes were sparks of ex-

citement. He turned to Barbara, his

arm extended for an eager hand clasp.

where her fingers clung to the door

handle for support. Her eyes were

Then, with an effort that summoned

"I'm glad-you got your story, Mr.

Piper," she said, and crumpled to the

CHAPTER XVII.

Dr. Cavanaugh, despite his age and

his position on the steps, several feet

farther away from the curb, was the

first to reach Barbara's side. Peter,

his face a blank mask of amazement.

"If your reaction time is always as

"What-do you think-" Peter

stammered inanely.

the last reserves of vitality, she open-

her pinched, wan face.

ed her eyes.

running board.

But Barbara was leaning against

"Whoop-ee!" Peter's face was illum-

his hands grow icy with anxiety.

would be a help."

through Barbara here?"

Peter swallowed.

of a fireing squad.

ther," Barbara called out. "I want

you to meet Mr. Piper. He's a friend

with his grave, but friendly smile.

that comes of no waste motion.

friends."

SYNOPSIS Don Ellsworth's wife, the former act-ress Shella O'Stay, disappears, leaving no trace. Dr. Cavanaugh, the great meet my father are not usually accriminal psychologist, learns that their quired so-suddenly!" married life has been very unhappy. Peter Piper, Herald reporter, tries to Instead he meets Barbara, the attractive daughter, and finds that she was engaged to Don Ellsworth before his marriage. The burned remains of an unidentified father personally, and get it first, I'll body is found in the tule marsh outside the city. The only clue is a patch of have a whale of a good story. If I scalp with some hair attached. Dr. Ca-Ellsworth and Mrs. Kane. Shella's mald. it he's more likely to mail it than to Both refuse. Peter Piper hopes to get take it himself, I'm sunk anyway." advance information about the body found in the march from Dr. Cavanaugh through Barbara.

CHAPTER XVI.

"He either dreads his fate too much, or his deserts are small, who fears to put it to the touch, to win or lose it all," Peter chanted under his breath. He did not reflect that the words had been written as a love poem-nor that "hard-boiled" reporters' were not supposed to be given to the quoting of seventeenth century lyrics.

of mine, who works on a newspaper. Once again he slid "Bossy" to the curb opposite the Cavanaugh entrance, and waited.

Barbara's tennis dress had not been a fancy "sports costumé." It was built for real play, and her racquet showed signs of hard usage. If she was the kind of girl who got up at eight o'clock in the morning to play tennis, the chances were that she did not merely play occasionally. Peter was placing a iong bet that the morning tennis was a daily "workout." No being a psychoanalyst he was untroubled by the suspicion that his subconscious was arranging a possible opportunity for him to see Barbara again- and that he was pinning his faith on her because he desperately wanted that faith.

But by the time he had waited half an hour, a chill grayness had seeped upwards from his toes and spread until it absorbed even the pale sunny blue of the sky. He was a fool-a fool without excuse. She was not coming. Dr. Cavanaugh had doubtless sent his report by mail. Even now it had been received at the police department on the morning delivery, and Jevons of the Record was pounding out the story. He was so deep in despondency that he did not even see the shiny little sports coupe-until the corner of his eye caught a flash of white and rose as Barbara slammed the door of the car behind her. With that, he was across the street. "Thank God!" he said loudly and

fervently. "Oh, yes?" The corners of Barbara's lips turned upward. "Is that the way newspaper men say 'Good morning?""

"You bet it is!" Peter agreed. "Look here," he hurried on, glancing uneasily at the closed front door of the Cavanaugh house. "The other day I asked you to do something for me. and you wouldn't. Now I'm going to ask you to do something else."

"Meanwhile, you've done something the side of the car, her knuckles white for me," Barbara said gravely, "I don't think you reporters are half as inhuman as you pretend to be: closed. Her lips were only a faint haven't looked in the papers lately, compressed line against the pallor of but I'm so sure you didn't write anything about me-that I'm going to thank you."

Peter flushed. It was a rare opportunity that the staff of the Herald room missed, for not one of them had ever seen Peter blush.

"I don't know what I'd have done." he said with difficult honesty, "if a big story hadn't broken and let me

"I'm glad you said that," Barbara said simply. "I like people who tell the truth-when it isn't necessary.' It's one of those impractical virtuesyou remember? Now what is it you'd in fact, was rigid with astonishment, like me to do?"

"It's this," Peter answered with a Only the sight of Cavanaugh's dark directness equal to her own. "Your figure bending low, obscuring Peter's father is supposed to go to the city vision of the little heap of rose and hall this morning with a report. I white on the running board, brought want you to stand here talking to me his feet into tardy action. when he comes out, and introduce me Dr. Cavanaugh turned his head as to him. He'd naturally stop to meet Peter reached his side. one of your friends. I'll do the rest."

"It sounds simple," Barbara said. slow as that," he observed, "you'll be "The only trouble I can see with at a disadvantage in a number of your very neat little plan is that I've situations."

ISSUE No. 34-31

"It's nothing to be upset about," Dr. Cavanaugh assured him. He did not add that the degree of Peter's concern was rather excessive. The sight of a faint could hardly be in newspaper reporter. "Too much tennis before breakfast. I've warned her before that she played too hard," he continued, extracting a small bottle from his pocket. He withdrew the cork and waved the phial under Barbara's nose. "She'll be all right in a few minutes."

Peter abstractedly picked up the tennis racket from the sidewalk and stood turning it in his fingers. "But can't I-do something?" he

asked miserably. Barbara's eyes opened wearily and

closed again. In another moment she had struggled unsteadily to her feet. "Don't be in a hurry," Dr. Cavanaugh advised. "You've gone at things a little too hard and you paid the penalty in a fainting attack. Nature's way of enforcing withdrawal from the scene of activity. A day's rest in

bed will set you up finely." "Mayn't I carry her in?" Peter had never in his life felt so incompetent. There was a hint of humor in Dr. Cavanaugh's glance.

"No such romantic measures are necessary, young man," he said. "My arm will be quite sufficien | -though less spectacular. I'm not saying this to hurry you, but wasn't there something about your trying to get a story to your office ahead of time?"

"Suffering cats!" Peter exclaimed. "I forget all about it. You're right, I've got to beat it."

He was half way across the street when Dr. Cavanaugh called him back. "By the way," he said, "you might return my daughter's tennis racquet."

For the second time that morning Peter blushed, as he looked down and saw the racquet unconsciously clutched in his hand. He bounded back to the curb and tilted it against the side of th. car. I think for the occasion of a crisis.

Barbara said nothing. She leaned against her father's encircling arm, and as far as Peter could judge, was oblivious to any other presence.

(To be continued.)

Thankfulness for Light

We should render thanks to God for having produced this temporal light, which is the smile of heaven and joy of the world, spreading it the brown shade. The beruffled sleeves like a cloth of gold over the face of the air and earth, and lighting it as a torch, by which we might behold "My dealings with the newspapers | His works .- Caussin.



First Chorus Girl-"These camawfully annoying."

Second Chorus Girl - "Indeed they are. But don't move, dear. There's one justa going to take us now."

Benjamin Disraeli.

What New York Is Wearing

itself alarming to an experienced BY ANNEBELLE WORTHINGTON

Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished With Every Pattern



Develop this delightfully smar model in one of the new printed linens now so modish-and it's stunning.

Carry it out in yellow and brown scheme as sketched-it's just perfectly dear. The ground is yellow and is patterned in soft green and cocoa brown coloring. The bindings are in and jabot are plain yellow handkerchief linen.

It's so inexpensive and simplicity itself to make it.

Style No. 3153 is designed for sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust.

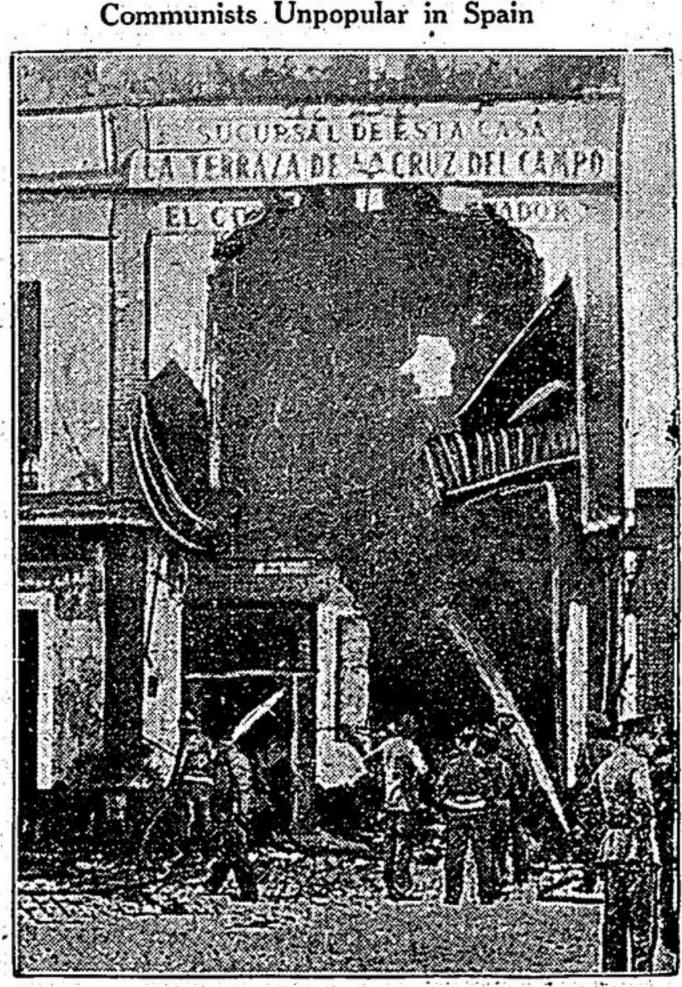
In a silk crepe print, it is especially nice in skipper blue and white print When Depressions with sleeve frills and jabot of selffabric with the binding in:plain blue. For resort, a red and white dotted pink is very chic.

chiffon print, cobwebby lace or chif- work, and tried to keep their families

fon printed voile. Size 36 requires 3% yards 35-inch with % yard 35-inch contrasting with 3% yards binding.

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 era fiends from the newspaper are Scrvice, '73 West Adelaide St., Toronto. New York was bankrupt.

Fleet Street, London, has a namesake in Toronto, where a twenty-one story building has just been built for use as a merchandise mart, where Increased means and increased loi-, manufacturers and wholesalers can sure are the two civilizers of man .- display their goods for the benefit of the retailers.



Twenty-two rounds of rapid fire from the machine-gun and artillery units by Spanish soldiers, left this building headquarters of Communists in Seville, in ruins.

The ADVENTURES of and his Dog SCOTTIE-

What came before: Captain Jimmy is creed down in his plane on a desert island, while flying from China to Japan. Night after night he builds a fire in hope of attracting a passing ship. Then one evening he hears a steamer whistle in the darkness.

Night can't last forever. Gradually a faint light showed in the East. There we sat, all huddled around the fire, waiting. A dozen times I thought I made out a ship-only to find out that it was my imagination. Then came an excited yell from Chung.

"Lookee, lookee. Bigee Boat!" ip, a boat put off

freight steamer, anchored several miles from shore. Just about sun

ed about where we landed our plane. The Captain, whose - name Bueno, had seen the faint glare of our fire and decided to stand by and investigate in the morning. crew were all Philipinos and spoke

not a word of English. I explained to him that we must take the plane spart and bring it with us, and after a while we dismantled it, and carried it abroad. General. Lu had gone with the first boat to the ship, from which he refused to budge, but Chung stayed with Scottie and me and went in the last boat.

"Chung", I said when leaving, "What shall we call that island of

Chung gave it a scornful look. "Call him EGG" and so Egg we called it, which after all was appropriate, for it was nearly egg-shaped. It was hazy and growing towards

dark as we stood on the bridge of the Madrigal peering by turns through a telescope at the vessel which lay on the very horizon. Now and then we could see faint flashes as though photo, free.

a small gua was being fired. Through the glass we could make out the ship as a small steamer, while dead a head of it, and partly hidden from us was a second boat that we couldn't see clearly.

It was late in the afternoon of the first day out from Karatsu, Japan, Manilla. Scottle and I were making the trip with Capt. Bueno and planning to spend some time on the was our plane, the Borden Eagle. At Karatsu, we hal built her some Department of the Interior. pontoons and we had rigged a derrick and sling so that in a very short plane, overside.

longee stlick," he announced.

alone hold one, and he was all excit- ing worked over.

there stood layer is. Chung with thei

about two or three feet long he held risk) as nil, low, moderate, high or exin his hands one that was only about treme. In the first two grades there eight or nine inches long. You is little or no likelihood of fire being should have seen the surprised ex- started. Beginning with a moderate pression on his face.

(To be continued.)

Borden's Chocolate Malted Milk

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

Were Depressing

.I can remember back in 1873, when cimity is attractive. Flat washable times were really hard, writes F. Van Paleontology of the University of crepe silk in white, yellow or dusty- Dyck in the Saturday Evening Post. Michigan recently announced discov- gether, and so retain their moisture Laborers in our streets were glad to ery of the dorsal armor of a giant better and at the same time allow less For more formal occasions, select get 87 cents for twelve hours of hard phytosaur of the Triassic Age. alive in the squalor of insanitary arillo, Texas, by an expedition comslums.

There were all kinds of bargains being offered in those times. Men said the country had gone to the "demnition bowwows." There were a lot of spectacular failures that grew out of an equally spectacular boom. I was offered a seat on the New York Stock Exchange for \$5,000 by a member who a great animal about twenty-five feet believed the economic bottom

Our red menace in those days was the red flag of the auctioneer. He believed that before long the flags of auctioneers would be floating above the doors of most business houses. He was scared and he had to have the dorsal armor in place is a unique

I do not remember who bought that seat that was offered to me for \$5,000, tinct creatures. but I know that it might have been sold a few years ago for \$625,000. I the future a New York Stock Ex-1 million dollars.

One of the bargins I did buy during that panic was a 43-acre farm with an 8-room house and barn at Scarsdale, in Westchester County, New York. I paid \$11,500 to a man who felt that a country place was an extravagance; that the United States of America was ruined.

I sold off that place in small plots. To-day the tract, with the improve- Education. ments, is assessed at more than \$400,-000. There are thirty or forty houses there now.

Traveler's Song He who would travel far

Must travel light And for his company Take dear, Delight. Delight loves simple things, Her red is are few; She is as young and fair As untouched dew.

But if Delight should prove A fickle friend Let him to sturdy Grief A hearing lend; He from her well-lined store A cloak may borrow, No cobbler patches shoes So well as Sorrow.

The man who knows these two . Grief and Delight-May view the varied world And sleep at night.

Sunday Times.

Armour of 25 Foot Crocodile is Discovered in Texas

Ann Arbor, Mich .- The Museum of

The discovery was made near Amposed of Dr. E. C. Case, director of the Museum of Paleontology; W. H. Buettner, preparator, and Theodore White, graduate student in the university. Dr. Case describes the phytosaurs as

large carnivorous reptiles, resembling crocodiles in form and habits. The specimen was part of the skeleton of long which lurked in the swamps dur-

1000 years ago. by an armor made up of thick bony made the first find of a set of armor Case said the finding of the plates of discovery, as it will solve many ques-

Near Amarillo, the expedition found, besides the specimens of phytosaur arhave not the slightest doubt that in mor, a large amphibian skull, probably new to science, two phytosaur skulls change seat will be rated a bargain at and many other portions of the skeletous of reptiles and amphibians.

Future of Young Farmers Lies Right At Home

not want city jobs were hailed as the dreds of miles away. hope of agriculture in a recent radio address by Dr. J. C. Wright, director Australia strengthens the conviction of the Federal Board for Vocational of many scientific men that such col-

asm for country living displayed by that once was imagined and that the 10,000 boys belonging to the Future terrible catastrophe of one of them Farmers of America, an organization striking near a large city is by no sponsored by vocational agricultural means impossible. A larger scientific

portunity for the future lies right on more thoroughly and to bring back the home farm or another farm," said further specimens. Dr. Wright. "You will not find them walking the streets of our large cities looking for jobs where there are no

"They form and operate their own co-operative associations, they buy and sell, they conduct agricultural meetings, and they participate in the agricultural program of the community. Their laboratories are their home farms."

Coal Deposits Discovered .Rio Do Janiero .- Largo deposits of high-grade coal have been discovered in the Xingu region, according to advices from Para. The coal, a commodity somewhat scarce on the east const of South America, is described -Elluned Lowis, in The London as equal in quality to the best grade mined in Wales.

Weather Influence On Forest Fires

Canadian Experts Find Species of Trees Makes Big Difference in Spread of Flames

At the Petawawa Forest Experiment Station, maintained by the Forest Service, Department of the Interior, intensive research work is being carried on to ascertain more clearly the inwith a full load of coal bound for fluence of the weather on forest fires, with a view to putting this knowledge to use in rendering the suppression of such fires prompter and more efficient. islands. Securely lashed on deck The study is described in a News Bulletin released by the Secretary of the

The composition of the forest-that is to say, the species of trees of which space of time we could launch the it is composed and the relative proportion of each species-makes an im-The Captain was intently examin- portant difference in regard to the ocing 'he strange ship through the currence of these fires, the bulletin telescope when Chung rudely inter- says. The investigation has been conrupted. "Chung lookee through ducted in two different types of forest, namely, pure red pine forest and That China boy was all a quiver mixed red pine and white pine forests; to get the glass into his hands, and a third type-mixed forest of Never had, he seen one before, let white, red and jack pine-is now be-

With one hand he held the The top half-inch layer of the dead eye piece to his eye and grasped needles, or leaves, and duff that lies the other end of the telescope firm- above the soil in the forest contains The very next minute there the greatest fire risk. When this layer was and ex- becomes sufficiently dry, a dropped clamation of match, an ember or similar flaming surprise a n d object starts a fire whose intensity and dismay, and speed will depend on how dry this

Careful measurements of the moisalliture are made in the morning. Ac-He cording to the relative amount of had pushed the moisture in the duff, the risk of fire to that day is designated (ranging from gether and instead of a telescope entire absence of risk to an extreme risk, however, the danger increases up to "extreme," when a fire may be Note: Any young reader writing to started by the most insignificant "Captain Jimmy", 2010 Star Bldg., agency and is extinguished with con-Toronto, will receive his signed siderable difficulty. At this stage it may even be possible for a fire to start from a campfire though the embers have been left floating in water.

Fires start more readily in a red pine forest than in a mixed forest of white and red pine. Careful measurements showed that in a red pine forest litter containing 35 per cent. of moisture would burn as readily as litter in a mixed white and red pine forest that contained only 23 per cent. of moisture. This arises from the fact that red pine needles are larger, contain much resin and lie loosely on the ground, allowing much space for air to circulate, while in the other forest the needles pack more closely to-

Third Known Meteor Crater Discovered in Australia

The third place on earth where a comet or a gigantic meteorite must have struck at some time in the past, undoubtedly with force enough to have demolished a city had one been on the spot, has been discovered near Fink River in Central Australia. Thirteen craters dug by the impact of the metdropped out of the world. He believed ing the Triassic Period, some 50,000, eoric fragments have been mapped, the largest nearly a thousand feet in The phytosaur's back was covered diameter. Hundreds of fragments of meteoric iron are reported to be scatplates, an dthe Michigan expedition tered over the nearby desert. Messrs. Winzor and Alderman, two young plates, and the Michigan expedition scientists from the University of Adelaide who visited the site when prospectors brought back reports of the meteoric irons, state that the former tions concerning the form of these ex- walls of the craters have been washed down greatly by rain and that large trees are growing in the hollows, indicating that the meteoric impact must have occurred many years ago.

> Another similar meteor crater exists in Arizona. The second known crater is the one in Siberia, recently studied by Soviet scientists and identified with the fall of a large meteor observed in that region 24 years ago and which created earth shocks and air waves re-Washington.-Country boys who do corded on scientific instruments hun-

The discovery of the third crater in lisions of the earth with comets or Dr. Wright described the enthusi- large meteor swarms are less rare expedition has left for the Fink River "They are learning their best op- site to study the Australian craters



"And how did you spend your month's vacation?"

"Well, I spent the first two weeks trying to look as if I were just going away and the last two weeks trying to look as if I had just got ten back."