

Rich in body and delicate  
as blossoms in its flavour

# "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 actress Sheila O'Shay, disappears, leaving no trace. Dr. Cavanaugh, criminal psychologist, learns that their married life has been very unhappy. Peter Piper, Herald reporter, while trying to get an interview with Dr. Cavanaugh, meets Barbara, the attractive daughter, and finds she was engaged to Ellsworth before his marriage. An unidentified body has been buried in the marsh until it is entirely unrecognizable except for the fact that it is a woman. Dr. Cavanaugh tells Peter that the body found in the marsh is that of Sheila O'Shay; Barbara faints when she hears this. Peter, who is half in love with Barbara, suspects that she knows something about the murder. Mrs. Kane, Sheila O'Shay's waiting woman, is arrested, and Peter is sent to interview her.

#### CHAPTER XX.—(Cont'd.)

With a smile half indulgent, half wistful, the doctor led the way down the corridor to the jail elevator. Youth! When a man looks thus tenderly or the ebullience of youth, Dr. Cavanaugh reflected, he is growing old. The time had long past when any of life's incidents could make him shout "Whoopee!" The greatest psychiatrist in America glanced briefly at the newspaper reporter whose page envelope held \$50 every week, and sighed a sigh of resentful envy.

The long bare room in the women's quarters of the city jail smelled vaguely of whitewash. The matron, with clanking keys at her belt, and an air of professional maternal, ushered in Mrs. Kane and faded into a corner. Peter grinned. It must be rather a strain to assume a motherly air with the redoubtable person who marched to the table when the two men had seated themselves, and faced them with a belligerent stare.

"Mrs. Kane," Dr. Cavanaugh began with an air of kindly severity, "you have made a mistake in judgment."

"You ain't got a thing on me, not a thing," Mrs. Kane snapped, her teeth flashing up and down with more than usual rapidity. "They can talk till doomsday, and I'll say the same. You got that hair by hook or by crook, but how can you prove that it belonged to Miss O'Shay? Answer me that!"

"A good point," Dr. Cavanaugh conceded blandly. "But if the hair which I took from your dress does not connect you with Miss O'Shay, it does connect you with the woman found, supposedly murdered, in the tule marsh. Things might be rather uncomfortable for you if you refuse to admit that the hair is hers."

Mrs. Kane's mouth opened, closed again with a click, and finally reopened.

"Anybody that thinks I'd harm Miss O'Shay is a fool," she muttered. "All you policemen are fools, anyway."

"Not necessarily," Dr. Cavanaugh argued cheerfully. "But I'm not a policeman. Let us suppose that you have Miss O'Shay's best interests at heart—that you believed you were best protecting her by refusing to tell any of her affairs to outsiders. In

the circumstances, I still think you made a mistake in judgment. The police are bound to find out—or at least to try to find out. And in trying, they may uncover—all sorts of things."

Mrs. Kane, who had stood rigidly erect, sat down very suddenly in the chair by the table, as if a scaffolding under her voluminous garments had collapsed. She had had a sleepless night, and despite her determination, she looked bedraggled and perturbed. The doctor made no move to go to her assistance, but continued to look across at her with steady, placid gaze. He didn't fuss; he didn't shout at her and point his finger; he didn't put words into her mouth and demand "Isn't that so?" He seemed to have some sense. Why not tell him—a little, anyhow? Enough to get those questioning men away from her—those men to whom she would not talk, though they kept at her for a year!

"They'd better have left things alone," she protested sulkily. "What good does it do to rake everything up? If that was Miss O'Shay who was found in the marsh, you can bet there was some scandal back of it. There always was," she added bitterly, and followed her words with a vehement click, like the snapping spring of a trap.

"Still," the doctor suggested tranquilly, "some scandals are worse than others."

"I suppose they are," Mrs. Kane admitted grudgingly.

The doctor continued to gaze serenely into space. Peter was scribbling indecipherable notes on a sheet of copy paper held under the table. The heavy breathing of the matron, who was indulging in what she euphemistically called a "cat nap" in the corner, was the only audible sound in the room.

Mrs. Kane also closed her eyes for a moment; but when she opened them they were alert, with the sharp glint of jet.

"I'll tell you this, if you want to know," she said acridly, "though I never thought as I'd live to tell it to a single soul. That whipper-snapper, Mr. Ellsworth, didn't want to marry Miss O'Shay. He was wild about her at first—and he wasn't the only man who was that, I'm telling you—and then he cooled off and wanted to back out. They had a terrible fight. But anybody that gets into a fight with Miss O'Shay knows he's been in a real scrap. He flung out and said he never wanted to see her again. And then she went to a lawyer, she did, and drew up the nicest little breach of promise suit you ever saw: You bet she'd got it all down in writing, too; and had kept the letters. It took just one look at that legal document and the evidence to bring him round. She kept the papers, just to remind him if he ever got funny, and they're in the wall safe in her bedroom to this day. If you're looking for one person that

wouldn't be too displeased to have Miss O'Shay out of the way, it strikes me you'd better page Mr. Don Ellsworth!"

Swishing her long skirts, Mrs. Kane rose to her feet, with what could only be described as a flourish.

"Thanks," said Dr. Cavanaugh, quite unruffled by this outburst. "I'll do that. I am sure that your information will prove extremely valuable."

Peter had also risen to his feet. There wasn't a chance in a hundred, he told himself, but you never could tell till you tried.

"By the way, Mrs. Kane," he said, speaking for the first time, "I've a camera man waiting just outside the door. I'm a newspaper man, and you know we always have to have attractive pictures to go with our stories. So long as this case is in the papers, anyhow, won't you let us have your picture to dress it up a bit?"

With an amazement that almost robbed Peter of the power of action, he saw Mrs. Kane pat her sausage roll of varnished hair.

"Well, now," she said, "I ain't rightly fixed for a picture."

But Peter was already shaking the matron by the shoulder.

"Hurry up and open the door for the man in the hall, ma," he whispered. "Your prize prisoner is going to pose for a flash!"

"I suppose you'd like me to smile? Dear me, that flashlight thing is sure to make me jump a foot!"

"Sure!" said Peter irrepressibly. "Look pleasant, right towards the camera, please. That's it—shoot!"

As the jail elevator rumbled downwards, Peter turned to Dr. Cavanaugh.

"Whoever would have thought she'd fall for a line like that?" he exclaimed. "Gee, human nature's funny, isn't it?"

"So I've observed," Dr. Cavanaugh agreed imperturbably. "But if you'd looked at her hair, you wouldn't have been so surprised. No woman dyes her hair without a reason—or shall we say without faith? You're the first person, I suppose, who has flattered Mrs. Kane for a long time. You justified her faith. And now, I suppose, she'll be pursuing you, to make sure of her conquest."

"God forefend!" gasped Peter. "I hope they keep her parked in jail!"

#### CHAPTER XXI.

Peter Piper stood with his finger hovering over the doorbell, in a state of acute and unaccustomed embarrassment. Peter's finger usually attacked doorbells without hesitancy. He cocked his head slightly to one side and observed that tentative member with detachment, as if it did not belong to him.

"Shucks!" he admonished it with a shake of the head which tilted his disreputable soft felt hat even farther over one eyebrow. "Punch, you idiot, punch! You can only get kicked out, and heaven knows, that's no novelty."

The doorway where Peter stood was rather impressive, as doorways go; but Peter was unimpressed by grandeur. Too many mahogany doors had swung open to him—swung open upon suicide, murder, embezzlement, the downfall of ambition, the price of folly. The glamor and the awe of wealth had long ago lost all power to affect him—he had followed the same story too often across Khorassan carpets and splintery-bare boards. Yet, for some reason Peter was undeniably nervous.

But then, Peter had never before attempted a formal social call on a young lady.

In Peter's set you did not make calls. If you liked a girl you said casually, "What do you say we stay downtown to dinner tonight, and do a show?" Then you "bummed" two tickets from the drama editor, and that was that.

But Barbara bothered him. You couldn't say a thing like that to Barbara. Barbara probably went to her shows in box parties—without the intervention of a drama editor. He felt as uncertain of Barbara as if she belonged to a strange and probably hostile savage tribe.

He had no particular respect for her tribal customs, whatever they were—in fact, he had an extremely upstanding respect for his own; but

he had to see her again. And for the first time in his varied life, Peter was greatly at a loss as to how to proceed.

Well, the only way to do a thing was to do it. He ought to have asked her first, of course. But you couldn't very well say, "By the way, may I call?" to a girl who has just slumped to the running board of a car in a dead faint.

(To be continued.)

### What New York Is Wearing

BY ANNEBELLE WORTHINGTON

Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished With Every Pattern



3152

Here's a darling style for the school wardrobe, in imitation of the grown-ups.

It just pretends a bolero through applied band trim. The circular skirt too bands its hips to achieve smart sophistication.

The collar and cuffs supply opportunity for contrast. Again you can make it all in one material. Cut the collar, cuffs and applied bands of the bias of the fabric for smart trimming effect.

Style No. 3152 may be had in sizes 4, 6, 8 and 10 years.

Wool crepe or light weight tweed are suitable for this delightful model. Size 8 requires 2 3/4 yards 35-inch with 1/2 yard 35-inch contrasting.

#### 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.

#### Elysian

I shall sing songs of lovely things to you

Who lie so still:  
For you may wake afraid when shadows creep

Over the hill.

The music of a waterfall,  
And children singing,  
The loveliness of sea and sky,  
And white gulls winging—  
These I shall sing to you

When shadows creep.  
So that, all unafraid,  
You wake from sleep,

And think, perhaps, my songs,  
The night wind crying,  
Or bird wings sweeping by

Where you are lying,  
And you shall turn, and stir, and sigh,  
And shall not even know 'twas I.

—K. Blackwood in the Australasian.

#### Despair

Despair is the thought of the unattainableness of any good, which works differently in men's minds, sometimes producing uneasiness or pain, sometimes rest and indolence.—Locke.

Crisp.....  
Salty....  
Crunchy



### The ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN JIMMY and his Dog SCOTTIE

What came before? Captain Jimmy sees a Chinese pirate junk trying to sink another ship and goes to the rescue in his plane. He swoops down in a surprise attack and leaves the junk in a disabled condition.

The last we saw of her, she seemed to be half full of water. Whether she ever made the shore of China, in the stifening breeze, is doubtful. Meanwhile, we circled back toward the little ship. Something white and dense rose from her decks. Smoke! Then a flash of red flame. Sure enough—those villains had set her afire.

As we circled over the doomed vessel, large clouds of heavy white smoke drifted up from the decks. Then, to our dismay, we noticed that the pirates had cut every life boat loose before they fled from the ship, thus taking away the crew's only means of escape.

Back we headed for the freighter and as we passed I dropped a note on her decks. "Ship on fire. No lifeboats. Hurry."

But the captain of the freighter needed no warning. Steam up, he drove his ship with all possible speed. Meanwhile, we circled around and waited, for the water was now too rough to alight.

Fire at sea is a beautiful sight and a dreadful one too. In some way it is like a fire in the country. Unless someone catches it at first, it is almost impossible to put it out, and all you can do is to stand by and watch it burn.

The stern of the little ship now began to blaze brightly and the passengers turned like a mob of fighting madmen, pushing and shoving to get away. Here, the value of discipline and training showed up—for in contrast to the frenzied rush of the passengers, the ship's officers remained cool and collected.



Scottie and I rushed forward to help Chung and despite the seriousness of the situation, we had to laugh at the funny picture of all those Chinese scrambling away to escape getting drowned by Chung and his hose.

(To be continued.)

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

**Borden's Chocolate Malted Milk**  
The health-giving, delicious drink for children and grown-ups. Pound and Half Pound tins at your grocers.

**Spun Glass Now Being Manufactured in Scotland**  
The first factory in the United Kingdom for the manufacture of "glass silk" (also known as glass wool and spun glass) has begun production in Glasgow, Scotland, according to a recent report issued by the Department of Commerce. Although glass wool has been made for a number of years on the European Continent, this is the first attempt at commercial production in England. The new factory is producing glass wool primarily for heat-insulation used in ships, locomotives and engine rooms.

The glass is prepared by being melted in a furnace and passed through holes from which it is spun in fine silky threads of about one-thousandth of an inch in diameter. The strands cling together, giving the appearance of a delicate veil. In preparation for use, it is made into sheets, strips and mattresses, each form having its own application and uses. The strips are built up in spirals over pipes as they are laid in position, without having to wait until they are heated, as in previous processes.

It is reported that the firm producing this glass product is either in association with or has some agreement with Continental producers, who apparently own the process.

**"Little Alley Washings"**  
Oh, little alley washings:  
Hung on my neighbour's line.  
Crisp-crossed above the hot cement,  
Unbleached by brief sunshine.

Oh, ragged alley washings  
(The poor, oh, Lord, how long?)  
You know my neighbour's calloused hands,  
Her cheerfulness and song.

So, little shirts and stockings  
(Grimly, torn, and few),  
You'll never feel the wind from hills  
Nor sweet baptism of dew!  
—Nimrod, in The Chicago Tribune.

**Quick Dressmaking**  
Three-quarters of an hour for sewing a complete dress is certainly worth being registered as a new record. This speed was attained by the winner of a dressmakers' competition in Berlin recently. Half a hundred participants had entered and for about an hour the large hall, where the event took place, was filled with the hum of the fifty sewing machines. The dresses were afterward worn by manikins and sold in an auction, so that even those competitors who were not among the prize winners did not go home empty handed.

### Briefs From Britain

Excavations on the site of the new Royal Bank of Canada in London have resulted in the discovery of an 1,800-year-old jig-saw puzzle in a Roman pavement.

Haymakers in Yorkshire held snow-ball fights in August, 1912.

The London Fishing Board has granted Mrs. Rachel Jones, 50, permission to use a fish trap that had been used by her family for 300 years, although fish traps are forbidden by law.

The "missing link," a skull dug up by Prof. Raymond Dart in 1925, is on its way back to South Africa after having disappeared in London. Mrs. Dart left the ancient relic in a taxicab and the driver gladly turned it over to the police.

Mrs. John King and her little daughter had an attack of near hysterics when a cow entered their home at Hull, England, climbed the stairs and cornered them in a bedroom. The cow was eventually driven out by a rescue party.

During 1930 more than a billion passenger journeys were made by rail in Britain. This number is equal to 30 journeys for every man, woman and child in the country.

No local man has applied for the post of town-crier to advertise the jubilee celebrations of Southgate, N.,—but an outside applicant claims to have a voice that can be heard seven miles away.

About twenty per cent. of the butter consumed in the United Kingdom is blended.

Of the 159,820 babies born in England and Wales in the first three months of this year, 81,881, or more than half, were boys.

Oats which will stand up to heavy rain and wind have been grown experimentally at Cambridge. The popular varieties now most grown have stalks too weak for straw, so they cannot stand the rain.

**THE CHAMBER OF SLEEP**  
I have a Castle of Silence, blanketed by a lofty 'keep,  
And across the drawbridge lie the lovely chamber of sleep;  
Its walls are draped with legends woven in threads of gold,  
Legends beloved in dreamland, in the tranquil days of old.

Here lies the Princess sleeping in the palace, solemn and still,  
And Knight and countess slumber; and even the noisy rill,  
That flowed by the ancient tower has passed on its way to the sea,  
And the deer are asleep in the forest, and the birds are asleep in the tree.

And I in my Castle of Silence, in my chamber of sleep lie down,  
Like the far-off murmur of forests come the turbulent echoes of town.  
And the wrangling tongues about me have now no power to keep  
My soul from the solace exceeding the blessed Nirvana of sleep.

Lower the portcullis softly, sentries, placed on the wall;  
Let shadows of quiet and silence on all my palace fall;  
Softly draw my curtain, let the world labor and weep,  
My soul is safe enwrapped by the walls of my chamber of sleep.

**Age of Tortoises**  
That the age of tortoises cannot always be told accurately by the ridges on their shells has now been ascertained through the study of several Galapagos tortoises brought over to this country several years ago. They were sent to several different stations, where the rates of growth were found to differ, each depending on the climate and treatment. Where the age of the tortoise is known up to twenty years the ridges or serrations agree with the number of years. But in greater ages the ridges tend to flatten out and to become illegible. Thus, it is said that these giant Galapagos tortoises are not necessarily extremely old merely because they are so large and have a large number of ridges; for the rate of growth shows that they are capable of reaching a great size in a comparatively few years. However, tortoises of more than 150 years of age are known to be living, and some of these have been removed to colder climates only to die.

**SHARING JOY**  
Byron has said, "All who joy would win must share it—happiness was born a twin." This implies the readiness to accept on the one hand as much as the desire to bestow on the other. The ability and willingness to impart happiness are always deemed worthy of honor, but the power and desire to participate in it are seldom considered of much consequence. Yet it is just this hospitable and sympathetic welcome to all glad influences which makes a large portion of the sweetness and happiness of life. Like other faculties, it can be cultivated; he who has it not can acquire it and he who has it can increase it.

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# GILLETT'S Flake Lye

cleans floors, walls  
... everything in the  
kitchen

KEEP a tin of Gillett's Lye handy and you can cut your kitchen cleaning time in two.

Greasy pots, pans and dishes, soiled walls, the kitchen floor, etc.: all can be more quickly and thoroughly cleaned with a solution of one tablespoonful of Gillett's Lye dissolved in a gallon of cold water.

To keep drains free-running, pour a small quantity of full strength Gillett's Lye down them each week and they'll never clog with dirt and grease accumulations.

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Full strength for Sink Drains ■ Full strength for the toilet bowl ■ In solution for all general cleaning

**GILLETT'S Lye "Eats Dirt"**