

Quality has no substitute



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, the former actress Sheila O'Shay, disappears. Dr. Cavanaugh, criminal psychologist, learns that their married life has been very unhappy. Peter Piper, a Herald reporter while trying to see Dr. Cavanaugh, meets Barbara Cavanaugh, and finds she was engaged to Don Ellsworth before his marriage. An unidentified body found in the tule marsh is identified as the body of Sheila O'Shay. Barbara faints when she hears this. Mrs. Kane, Sheila's maid, is arrested and admits that her mistress forced Ellsworth to marry her by threatening a breach of promise. Peter and Dr. Cavanaugh find that the breach of promise papers had been taken from Sheila's safe, but discover a threatening letter signed "David Orme." Peter finds Orme at a tourist camp.

CHAPTER XXXI.—(Cont'd.)

Forgetting caution, Peter's gaze shifted, startled, from the man's hand to his face. It was a surprising voice to come from a ragged fugitive, hiding under an alias, with murder in the background. It was low, vibrant, modulated, giving to the simplest words a hint of music.

Peter knew with instant absolute assurance that a man with a voice like that might commit murder, but he would never stab an unarmed man with a dirty knife. He slid into a seat on the bench beside Orme and leaned his elbow on the table.

"It would be," he smiled companionably. "It's a funny thing about people who change their names always keeping the same initials. In fact, the tendency is so familiar that I should think by this time everyone would take pains to avoid it. By the way, why didn't you clear out?"

"I didn't have the money," the man said simply.

Peter groaned. There surged over him an irrational impulse to protect this man from the trap which he himself had laid, and into which the victim had stepped with such blind, unhesitating promptness. It was too easy!

"You ought to have a guardian!" he exclaimed almost angrily; and then, almost gently, "It's a good thing I found you."

Suppose this babe had been pounced upon by men from the homicide squad, with their "sweating" methods and "strong-arm" tactics—it would be like seeing a rabbit torn piecemeal by dogs. Peter quite forgot that the man beside him was sought as a dangerous character—a slayer.

"But you haven't told me yet why you wanted to find me." There was not a trace of fear in the low voice, nor any combativeness.

Peter leaned forward and peered at the face before him with his bright, near-sighted gray eyes before answering. It was a worn and sensitive face, young and yet ravaged; a face with delicate, clearly modelled features and dark sunken eyes. The perfectly

shaped head had the smiting beauty of a profile on a Greek coin.

And this was the man whom Ethel had dismissed as a "sickly looking fellow!" If sickness was there, it was a sickness of the soul. The curved lips, drooping slightly at the corners, the dark, steady eyes with their depths of pain, did not suggest weakness so much as the helplessness of one who is an alien in the world where he must live. There was a permanent bewilderment in those eyes—the eyes of a baffled poet thrust into a world of ugly prose in which he could never be at home, bruised and broken and still wondering. A man like that, wounded beyond endurance, might strike to kill—and still not understand what it was all about.

"Surely you know, Peter said at last, speaking patiently as if to a child, "that you are under suspicion of the murder of Mrs. Ellsworth."

The curved lips tightened into a hard, straight line. The face before him became as still, as expressionless as if it were chiselled in stone.

"I don't know any Mrs. Ellsworth." The voice took on a remote metallic ring, as if each word were the dropping of a coin.

Peter stared a moment. Then he remembered something—something that had puzzled him.

"But you knew Sheila O'Shay?" he asked breathlessly.

"Yes, oh, yes—Sheila O'Shay." The words were hardly more than an audible sigh. "A great many people knew Sheila O'Shay!"

His hands were suddenly flung outward on the table in a singularly defenseless gesture. The knife, unnoted, slid across the boards and fell noiselessly to the ground. The woman and her tumultuous offspring had wandered away out of sight.

"Yes," Peter said sternly, "but you wrote Sheila O'Shay a threatening letter. I don't know why you didn't take any pains to disguise it, but you didn't. Then you hung around outside the house, lying in wait for her. Sheila O'Shay was found murdered—and you are out here, hiding under an assumed name. You're absolutely no good as a fugitive, I'll admit—I could have done a lot better myself—but that's no sign you didn't do it. You trembled all over when I spoke to you."

"Oh, but that was before I knew you!" Orme's face broke into a radiant, confiding smile of sheer delight. "You're so very likeable, you know!"

By the way, I don't think you're a policeman, are you?"

"No, I'm not," Peter said harshly. "But I'm just as bad. I'm going to take you to jail."

He wanted to take this unaccountable young man by the shoulders and

shake him—shake him into a realization of the seriousness of the situation. It was like seeing a child watch the house burn down and clap his hands at the pretty fire.

"Well, that can't be helped, I suppose," Orme acquiesced.

"You'd have done better to face the music in the first place, if you couldn't get away any better than this," Peter said crossly. "You've made an awful mess of things."

"Yes," the young man nodded his head gravely. "I know—I do that often. I'm always making a mess of things."

"But hardly with your life in the balance!"

"Does it matter? Not a great deal, I think." Orme's tone was not in the least bitter. He might have been commenting on the prospect of rain.

"I'm afraid you'll wake up too late and find that it does!" Peter raged. "Well, don't let it bother you. It's only—er, potential funeral, after all!" Again that winning, sunny smile, like a child watching the mounting flames. Against his will, Peter found himself smiling back.

"I won't say that whatever you say will be used against you, because you'll be just putty in the hands of the police, anyway. But would you mind telling me—did you really kill her?"

"Maybe so," the young man said. "But that will be for the police to find out."

And this, through all the long drive back to town, was the last word that Peter had from him.

CHAPTER XXXII.

"Did you put up any money on me?" Peter threw his hat into the nearest armchair and leaned forward to examine the top of the desk, but the familiar nickel was not in evidence.

"No," said Dr. Cavanaugh. "The sporting element would be lacking, unless I elaborated a system of odds. I'd hate to have you on my trail, young man—or perhaps this is what you call being on my trail already?"

The doctor's clear brown eyes smiled with warm friendliness into Peter's as he pulled forward a chair.

"Oh, no, I've just got into the habit of consulting you. I hope I'm not making a nuisance of myself."

"I've no doubt you hope it. But even if you were a nuisance, you would regretfully persist."

"I suppose I would," Peter admitted.

"Well, then, if it's any comfort to you, I'm really not particularly busy at the moment and you may help yourself to the cigars. It's rather lucky for me that I've retired from active practice—you might not leave me much opportunity to collect from my patients."

"I'm glad I'm not bothering too awfully," Peter said cheerfully, ignoring the box of cigars which Dr. Cavanaugh extended and pulling forth his inevitable crushed package of cigarettes.

"Because, you see, I do feel sort of responsible for this babe in the woods I turned over to the police."

Dr. Cavanaugh smiled ever so slightly.

"Do the police look on him as a babe in the woods?" he inquired.

"They do not," Peter said emphatically. "As a matter of fact, I'm surprised at him myself. Honestly, I felt as if I were throwing him to the wolves. It had to be done, of course, but I didn't think they'd need to be half as violent as they probably would be, on general principles, to get everything out of him. And yet there he sits and says absolutely nothing."

"They've questioned him in relays, 24 hours at a stretch. They've planted a man in the same cell with him to gain his confidence. They've done everything but light a bonfire under him, and they're getting annoyed."

"You seem rather pleased about it," the doctor observed noncommittally.

"I can't help being proud of his grit. It's a perfectly useless line to take, and it'll only make it harder for him in the end. The district attorney has got to the point where he's out for blood. Why, they even held before his eyes a copy of the 'Herald' with headlines about Sheila's murder and made him stare at it for hours—'Butcher' Joe crumpled under that stunt two years ago, you remember—and he just sits there, looking as if he were somewhere else."

"It isn't as if he were an old hand; a 12-year-old child could have done better at covering his tracks. He

really needs a guardian, and since I found him, I sort of feel that I'm it. At least I want him to have a fair show. He isn't the ordinary criminal type at all."

"Among all the things we don't know about Sheila O'Shay's murderer," Dr. Cavanaugh murmured between puffs of his cigar, "we do know this one thing—that he wasn't an ordinary criminal." (To be continued.)

What New York Is Wearing

BY ANNEBELLE WORTHINGTON

Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished With Every Pattern



Smart sophistication perfectly expresses this Paris dress for the school girl.

It's really quite simple. A circular shaped peplum flounce, added to the circular swaying skirt, gives it smart individuality. And don't you love the neck and sleeve frills? It may be bought all ready to sew in place at the neckwear counter. However, the pattern provides for same. The tailored jabot, button trimmed, is chic detail. Brick-red sheer woolen with white organza is fashionable choice.

Tweed mixtures, ribbed wool jersey, challis prints and many rayon novelties are lovely for this model.

Style No. 3396 is designed for sizes 8, 10, 12 and 14 years.

Size 8 requires 2 1/2 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 express number, and address your order to Wilson Pattern Service, 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto.

Wheat Is Up

The price of wheat has risen, and glorious news it is. It means, you see, There will shortly be Some farm relief for biz.

The farmer in the dell Will soon begin to yell For sugar and spice And everything nice, And radio sets as well.

The wheels of trade will turn So city folks can earn, And every one here Will whoop and cheer, As far as I can learn. —The N. Y. Times.

Gardeners are stated to live longer than men in many other trades, not only because of their healthy work, but also because their contact with Nature gives them a saner interest in life.

Film Displays to Aid British Teachers

Mechanical Devices Are Exhibited at Imperial Institute

London.—That the teacher's task will soon be lightened of much of its routine drudgery, leaving him free to carry out the more personal side of education, is the conclusion forced upon one by the exhibition of mechanical aids to learning which was recently held at the Imperial Institute here, writes a correspondent of The Christian Science Monitor.

The accuracy and speed with which foreign languages could be taught by the help of the gramophone were demonstrated by Prof. J. J. Findlay. Film displays were given illustrating with remarkable clarity lessons in botany, biology, history, geography and so forth. The time of the teacher could be cut down by 50 per cent. and the impressions gained by the pupils were said to be far clearer by the use of such methods.

Apparatus was shown depicting the value of vocational guidance. By the aid of suitable testing appliances children have been launched upon careers suitable to their tastes and abilities. The majority of young people thus guided have had higher pay, have obtained earlier promotion, and have had fewer changes of occupation. There have hardly been any dismissals, and 80 per cent. are satisfied with their work. Of those who after guidance obtained employment other than that recommended, less than 40 per cent. were satisfied with their jobs.

An interesting innovation was the showing of a "talkie" film giving a lesson in phonetics by Prof. A. Lloyd James. This film shows the method of teaching clear English speech. Epithetoscopes, daylight screens, and other pictorial aids were in view, as also were map-making devices, decimal calculating machines and lunar calendars. (There was also historical time maps which can be superimposed one upon another, string diagrams for teaching geometry, astronomical models, and a rector-trolley apparatus for illustration and experiment in dynamics. A number of useful conferences

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V. G. CARDY,
Managing
Director



were organized in connection with the exhibition.

The Watchers

O you who sit in safe and sheltered places,
Serene of face, and of unclouded mind,
Thinking you read what lies behind the faces
Of youth, which you have left so far behind:
Our fight is yours—who thought you had outgrown it—
Our part is in the fray,
Yours, who so oft before have known it,
To watch and wait and pray.
—R. Blackwood in The Australian.

Gold Reported Found in Kenya

Nairobi, Kenya Colony.—Stories of discovery of gold in the north Kavirondo country, near Victoria Nyanza, caused excitement here. Some gold quartz outcrops are said to have been found also in the Kiss II district in South Kavirondo, on the Tanganyika border.

place from the quiet lane

except that the domain is cut off. This is all you will be asked to do from the world by high walls of green, save to the southeast, and even in this direction after you have looked across a field, a wood's edge only a wall. In other directions you may, hundred yards away again raises a look out, for the walls of green are pillared off the ground by brown and grey trunks.

We will show you the sunset, and we will hold you to sit on the porch after dinner to watch the rabbits come out to nibble the clover in the lawn, and to follow the moon as it comes up over the woods and swings around until it hangs large and low behind the windows of our three sassafras trees, so beautiful in their irregularity since the great ice storm. The solitary frog in the pond across the road will croak at solemn intervals, the hats will wheel and squeak over the lawn, and the screech owls will come, a whole family of them. Father, mother and two young and softly hoot and whisper in the moon-drenched sassafrases.—Cornelius Weygandt, in "The Wissahickon Hills."

A Rustic Domain

One becomes steeped in the quiet charm of an old-fashioned garden in the country in this sketch by Cornelius Weygandt. We read:

I shall begin showing you the place bit by bit. First, over the whitewashed three-board fence is the seed-bed for flowers, between the road and the lilac bushes. It is but just planted with wallflower and sweet-william, with phlox and foxgloves, with Canterbury bells and hollyhocks. Then come salad patch, staked peas and grape vines, and on the far side of the arbor the strawberries. You are sniffing the air now, wondering what is the sweetness of the grape flowers, and the next moment you are drinking deep of their delicious scent.

But I hurry you on past the house and lead you to the little front porch, endangering your clothes as you brush by the sweet brier in bloom at the house-corner. Woodbines and grape twigs together up the porch posts, but you hardly notice them as you look at the bushy rhododendron in full bloom at the farthest corner of the bed that bends half round the porch to the south. The irises have dropped now, but the yellow lilies are hanging their bells, where two weeks later the old red lilies will lift, and where are many warm-hearted roses between you and the rhododendron. This way you looked first; now you turn to look across the trim lawn, broken by old pear trees and a wistaria bush. Beyond the sweet brier to the left, whose leaves you have instinctively been crushing in your fingers, you have caught glimpses of foxgloves, purple and white and pink, spiking up their heads as high as your own. Now you move so that you can see completely the large bed of them extending along the south fence until it meets the raspberries that carry the low bank of greenery back as far as the house. Back of the foxgloves hollyhocks are pushing up; in front of them great masses of sweet-william stand close marshaled, white and red and pink; and low in front of the sweet-william and next the fine grass of the lawn garden-pinks send up tufts of spicy bloom. Your eyes move across to the right, where again, in the far corner of the place, are tall foxgloves and nearer columbines and hollyhocks where the spirea hedge ends and reveals the whitewashed paling fence that cuts off the place from the quiet lane

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