

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, formerly actress Sheila O'Shay, disappears. Dr. Cavanaugh, criminal psychologist, learns that their married life has been unhappy. Peter Piper, a Herald reporter, while trying to see Dr. Cavanaugh, meets Barbara Cavanaugh and finds she was engaged to Ellsworth before his marriage. A body found in the tule marsh is identified as that of Sheila. Barbara faints when she hears this. Mrs. Kane, Sheila's maid, is arrested and admits threat of breach of promise. The breach of promise papers are not in Sheila's safe; but Cavanaugh and Peter find a threatening note signed "David Orme." Peter runs him down at a tourist camp and Dr. Cavanaugh agrees to examine him.

CHAPTER XXXIV

Peter closed Dr. Cavanaugh's office door behind him in a state of unaccustomed mental turbulence. He loafed along the hedge-bordered path which led from the separate side entrance of the office to the front driveway, chewing a twig which he had absent-mindedly plucked from the closely-woven leaves of box.

There was something intimidating to ordinary folk about the detachment of science, the impersonal clarity of knowledge. Peter no longer thought of the doctor merely as an expert in a field which interested Peter only as a source of copy on occasion. The psychiatrist loomed before his distorted mental vision as a marionette master pulling a hundred invisible wires. There had been a disturbing quality in his laughter—something Olympian and aloof, as if he alone knew what hidden paths they were following, as if they were all acting out a plot with the involuntary jerks of puppets while he sat behind the screen and held the script that gave meaning to their actions—held it by the power that came from understanding of the mysterious springs of human conduct.

Peter shook his head impatiently and tossed the twig away. "I'd better go to bed and get about forty-eight hours of sleep," he muttered. "The pursuit of crime is beginning to tell on me."

Nevertheless, he continued to loiter by the side of the hedge. Were all the people in the world more or less "cracked," needing only a push to knock them off the narrow wall of normality, like Humpty Dumpty? True, Orme might have killed Sheila O'Shay, without being insane—and he might, on the other hand, be unbal-

anced without having killed Sheila O'Shay. They were no nearer to finding out why he had written that threatening letter, why he had changed his name and fled, why that fight had been so inconclusive, so easily abandoned, than they had been on the night when the letter was first found. And whatever Orme's relations with the dead woman might have been, they did not explain Ellsworth's unwillingness to have her disappearance made public, his purloining of the evidence of the contemplated breach of promise suit, nor Mrs. Kane's effort to prevent the identification of the body.

Despite weeks of headlines and front page stories, thousands of words thrown into type and out again, investigations and suspicions, the tule marsh mystery was as much a mystery as on the day when Jimmy first dubbed it "the best murder of the year."

"Motive! The doctor was right. Without understanding what pulled the wires in people's heads, clues were nothing but a meaningless jumble. And motives themselves were a queer mixture—even Peter's own."

What these people did and why they did it was, strictly speaking, none of his business. A month ago he did not know any of them, unless Sheila O'Shay's frequently published photograph in rotogravure sections and news pages constituted acquaintance. Yet here he was, losing sleep, forgetting meals, working uncounted hours of "overtime" in the attempt to find out who had killed Sheila O'Shay, and why.

It was partly sheer human curiosity and pride, an unwillingness to confess himself baffled; partly the desire, not only that a solution be found, but that the "Herald" have a hand in finding it—and partly the need of setting Barbara somewhere in clear sunlight, and brushing aside from her, always, anxiety and doubt and trouble and folly.

It was because he cared so much for Barbara that Orme must have a fair show. There must be no lingering shadows, no thrusting of guilt upon a possibly innocent man. If there were any chance of that, Barbara, he knew as surely as if he had known her all her life, would throw caution to the winds, even to her own mortal hurt. And she had need of caution—that

much was abundantly clear. It flashed upon Peter with the force of complete conviction that though Barbara might conceivably have killed Mrs. Ellsworth—because anyone might conceivably do almost anything, perhaps by a fatal accident in circumstances that would not bear explanation—she could not have taken that body to the marsh and burned it.

With a sigh of audible relief Peter seized firmly on the supposition that she was protecting someone else with her quixotic loyalty. She might even have known, or suspected, what was going to happen. But in either case, neither quixoticism nor loyalty would wipe out the ugly, hard legality of the phrase, "accessory to the fact."

Peter's whirring thoughts stopped short, as suddenly as the cutting off of a motor. He had drifted to the corner where the side path joined the main driveway, and saw Barbara herself at the curb, getting out of her car. He stood and watched her with sheer unthinking delight—delight in the sunshine that made of her hair a gleaming cap on her bare head; delight in the childlike unconsciousness and swift, agile grace of her movements. He smiled as he noted that she had evidently forgotten her handbag. She leaned far forward into the car, and poised with one foot on the curb and groped in the crevice between the seat cushion and the back upholstery.

Slowly she withdrew her hand and stood staring with bent head—not at a handbag, but at something that gleamed and flashed with a row of tiny green lights that caught the sun. It was a large amber comb of the Spanish type, flaring fan-shaped to the double row of emeralds that curved, fully six inches from end to end, across the top.

Peter thought that he had cried out, that he had run toward her; but there was only a slight choking sound in his throat, and his hand reached out automatically and clutched the hedge for support.

That comb was famous from a hundred descriptions, familiar from a hundred photographs. The story had been reprinted times without number—how a headstrong Balkan prince had stolen it from his family's royal collection for a woman's whim, and had been sequestered under guard three years to keep him out of reach of his enchantress when the theft and its motive were discovered; how the woman had worn it triumphantly in her tawny, unbobbed hair ever since, declaring that if they wouldn't let her have the prince, she'd at least have the emeralds, and leaving the royal relatives to sputter helplessly.

It was the emerald comb of Sheila O'Shay.

Barbara held the huge, glittering ornament in her hand for a moment, her head drooping lower and lower. Then her face lifted. Peter saw her gaze dart from side to side, up and down the deserted, sun-drenched street.

He had never seen such utter, trapped terror on a human countenance. Her fingers wrenched frantically at the comb, breaking it tooth by tooth, jewel by jewel into fragments. Some of them dropped to the pavement, but she stooped to pick them up. Then she ran, her two laden hands pressed tight against her breast, to the sewer opening at the corner.

"Don't!" Peter cried out hoarsely, but she did not hear him. He could not himself have told whether he was protesting against her act or against the whole world in which such things could be—an instinctive, horrified denial of his senses.

He saw her kneel in the dry rubbish of the gutter and thrust her hands through the storm grating that covered the entrance to the sewer pipe. When she withdrew them, they were empty. She turned then, and ran back to the house as swiftly as she had come. Her skirt and her right colored stockings were streaked with grime from the gutter, but she made no effort to brush off the dust; she did not even look down. With that white tortured face, staring straight ahead, she fled up the driveway, passed within three feet of Peter without seeing him, and dashed into the house.

CHAPTER XXXV

Sheila O'Shay's body had been driven to the marsh in Barbara's car—the one thing Peter had held to be

incomprehensible had happened. He saw the jaunty little sports coupe nosing its way through the night with its burden of death. Barbara's white face of terror above the wheel. Had she searched with frenzied fingers for the missing comb, not daring to strike a light? Had she, in the horror of those dark hours, not even noticed that it had slipped from the gleaming copper of Sheila's hair—perhaps not even known that it had ever been there?

A groan broke from Peter's lips. He was dully aware that something was pressing sharply against his forehead. The pain brought him slowly from the clutch of that imagined scene to a consciousness of his surroundings, like one who has plunged into the deep water and rises, by no effort of his own, to the surface. He found that he was leaning against the trunk of a tree, his face pressed close to its rough bark. His breath came in sobbing gasps, as if he had been running to the point of exhaustion.

And then, as suddenly as the turning on of a light in a dark room, he was roused from the numbness of nightmare by a flash of absolute certainty. Barbara's hand might have held a knife or jerked a trigger; but Barbara could not have flung the body of Sheila O'Shay into the marsh and set fire to the grass. She could not have done it, simply because she was Barbara.

If he had seen with his own eyes her figure at the wheel with that other huddled figure beside it, he would still have known that she did not do it—because she was Barbara. He had believed without evidence that this one thing she could do. The physically impossible—or what looked like it—was often enough accomplished, but there were impossibilities that struck deeper. He had the evidence now, and he defied it. Evidence was as nothing, because no other facts could give the lie to the central fact: that was Barbara.

(To be continued.)

Cock-Crow

Out of the wood of thoughts that grows by night
To be cut down by the sharp axe of light—
Out of the night, two cocks together crow,
Cleaving the darkness with a silver blow;

And bright before my eyes twin trumpeters stand,
Heralds of splendor, one at either hand,
Each facing each as in a coat of arms:
The milkers lace their boots up at the farms.

—Edward Thomas, in "Collected Poems."

The Changing Army

The men who served in his Majesty's infantry during and just after the War will be interested to know that one of their pet bugbears is likely to disappear.

This is the puttee, the strip of cloth which the recruit was expected to wrap round the calves of his legs in a neat and soldier-like way. And Heaven help him if the result didn't come up to the sergeant-major's expectations!

New designs for infantry uniform and equipment are now being considered, and one proposal which commands much support is that canvas gaiters should be substituted for puttees. Such gaiters are worn by United States soldiers, and are said to be at once more weatherproof and more comfortable than puttees.—London Times.

TOO PARTICULAR

The old family retainer was showing some visitors round his master's ancient castle, which had been thrown open to the public.

Coming to the banquet-hall he said: "In this very hall, two hundred years ago, the young and beautiful countess was foully murdered."

All the visitors but one were duly impressed, and this one said: "I thought you told us last week that it happened in the ante-room?" The guide turned, angrily on her. "I know that," he snapped; "but we can't go in there now, it's being decorated."

What New York Is Wearing

BY ANNABELLE WORTHINGTON

Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished With Every Pattern



Here's slimming lines for the woman of heavier figure. And a smart dress that will answer many needs for fall and winter day wear.

The bodice has a deep cross-over vest, one of the best means to conceal breadth. The softly falling jacket lends a pretty effect and contributes much toward its slenderness.

The yoke of the skirt is cut to the smartest depth to narrow the hips. The seaming, tapering as it does to a deep point, is decidedly length giving. A patterned sheer woven in mauve-brown tone combines with plain blending brown shade woolen.

Black crepe satin with white crepe satin and black velvet with lace vest are stunning for this model. Style No. 3038 is designed for sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust. Size 36 requires 4 yards of 39-inch material with 3/4 yard of 29-inch contrasting and 1/4 yard of 39-inch all-over lace.

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 (c.c. preferred); wrap it carefully for each number, and address your order to Wilson Pattern Service, 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto.

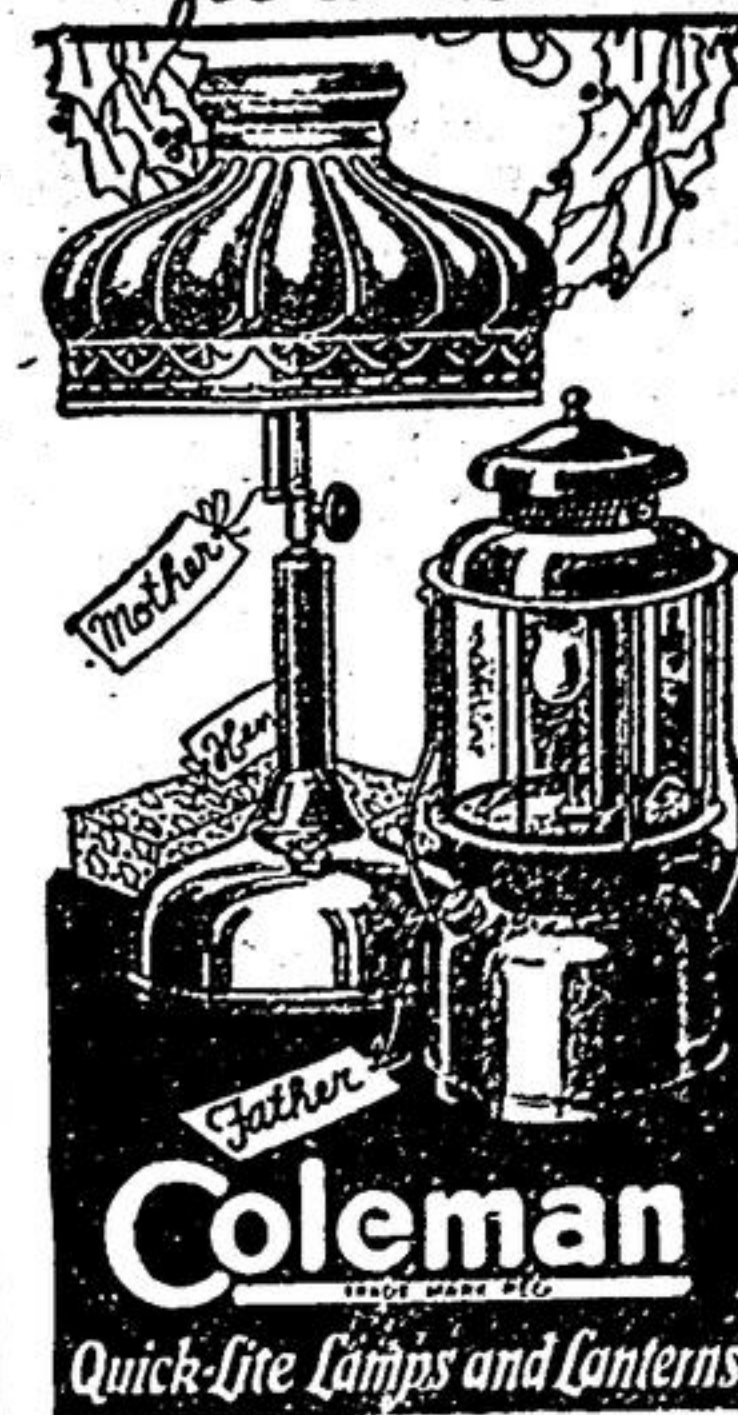
Trapping Season Begins In Northern Manitoba

Winnipeg.—The trapping season "north of 53," has begun in Manitoba. According to the provincial game regulations the season will be open for the trapping of otter, marten, fisher, sable, mink and the various species of fox. For other fur-bearing animals the season still remains closed. The open season for beaver, which lasts for one month only, will begin March 15. This regulation was put into effect by a provincial order-in-council.

A large number of trappers are said to be scattered through the vast virgin territory both north and south of the Hudson Bay Railway. A considerable number are reported to have gone south from York Factory to trap around the shores of James Bay. Some thirty trappers are reported to be located north and west of Churchill, within a radius of from 100 to 200 miles of the town as well as along the bay coast as far up as Chesterfield Inlet.

The crookedness of a river is but a matter of course.

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Cat Adopts Two Rats

Columbia, Mo.—What started out to be an interesting demonstration of maternal instinct has become a scientific experiment in the University of Missouri School of Medicine.

Queen Eugenie, the pet feline, and the best mouser in the animal house, became the mother of a fine litter of kittens about Nov. 1. But the kittens died, and Queen Eugenie was deeply affected.

The other day she reappeared with two baby wild rats, procured from some dark corner of the building. She located them in her box in such fashion that they could not escape, and then with system and dispatch began to feed them as she would have done the departed litter.

In Defense of the Movies

The much-maligned movies have at least one good deed to their credit. Public libraries in Great Britain are reporting that the filming of "classics" sends up the demand for such books.

John Barrymore's picture "Sven-gali" has sent thousands to George du Maurier's famous novel "Trilby," on which it is based, and other old favorites which are coming back to public favor as the result of Hollywood's activities are "East Lynne," "Tom Sawyer," "Resurrection," and "Moby Dick," which gave Barrymore another of his great roles, that of "The Sea Beast."

Nor are the moderns neglected. Thousands to whom John Galsworthy had hitherto been only a name have recently discovered the work of this master of English fiction. This can be traced quite definitely to the popularity of such films as "Old English," in which George Arliss gave such a magnificent performance. "The Skin Game," and "Escape," "Answers" (London).

Isle of Man Clings To Old Customs

The Isle of Man has now made known its desire to adopt a flag of its own, and it is believed by those familiar with Manx tenacity that the wish will be granted. Officially the island is called "a possession of England," and a Lieutenant Governor, appointed by the Crown sits as head of the governing council. In addition there is the Manx Parliament, or House of Keys.

The island is some thirty-three miles long by twelve broad, lying in the Irish Sea midway between England and Scotland, and Ireland. It has its own dialect, its House of Keys is one of the most ancient assemblies in the world. It consists of twenty-four members elected by male and female voters, there being equal suffrage for all persons more than 21 years in the Isle of Man. In fact, equal suffrage was granted to the women of this small island many years before it was granted to the women of England. The House of Keys meets each year on July 5, on Tynwald Hill, in St. John Village, where, following a historic ceremony, it promulgates such statutes as have been passed at the preceding session of the Legislature. The matter of a national flag will in time come before this august body, unless the measure falls to receive the assent of the Crown.

The Resort of Vacationists.

Some time before his death Hall Caine, the novelist, said all readers would be better off with some knowledge of the Isle of Man, the island which he did much to popularize through his novels of Manx life and customs. With its irregular coastline and precipitous cliffs, the island annually attracts vacationists looking for the picturesque. Though formerly not a popular objective for travelers the rocky spot in the Irish Sea today lures more than 500,000 summer tourists. Historical spots are pointed out along rugged crags on the highest peak of which is Peel Castle, a medieval stronghold whose fortified chambers served as paters for scenes of Scott's "Peveril of the Peak."

Your native Manxman, still clinging by preference to the centre of the island, is short and dark. Blonde types in other parts of the little island reflect those Scandinavian forebears who settled in harbor hamlets in post-Celtic days. Though still heard occasionally, the Manx language has given way to English, now spoken by the 61,000 persons comprising the island State's population. The Manx State passes its own education laws and takes direct responsibility for the education of its citizens. In education as in government and in civic matters the Manxman is independent, initiating his own reforms.

Rivers

Rivers wander,
Rivers sleep,
Some are shallow,
Some are deep.

Some are snared
By vine and cress,
Some lie lost
In mudiness.

This one takes
A narrow way,
That one dances
Night and day.

Here one sings;
There one cries;
Yet another
Laughs and dies.

Younger rivers
Stray at will,
Old ones sit
Brown and still.

Rivers brood,
Rivers fess;
I find rivers
Just like us!

—By Minnie Hite Moody, in N. Y. American.

That Was Different

"I've just met Tim," said Bill. "He tells me that you and he are not on speaking terms."

"I should think not," returned Jack. "The cat insulted me."

"Sorry about that," put in Bill. "But what did he say that you took offence at?"

"He asked me if I could play the saxophone," said Jack warmly.

"Well, I must say I don't call that an insult!" his friend exclaimed.

"Perhaps you wouldn't," snapped Jack. "But he asked me the question when I had finished playing the saxophone."

PROOF

The club bore entered the reading-room and seated himself beside one of the occupants.

"By the way," he said, "I've got a fine tale—but I can't remember if I've told you it already."
The other looked up from his newspaper.

"Is it funny?" he asked quietly.
The bore gazed at him suspiciously.

"Of course—very funny!" he replied.
"Then you've never told it to me," came the retort.

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