

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, 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, Sheila's maid, is arrested and admits that Ellsworth married Sheila under threat of breach of promise. The breach of promise papers are not in Sheila's safe, but Cavanaugh and Peter find a note signed "David Orme." Peter finds Orme at a tourist camp. Cavanaugh agrees to examine Orme. Peter sees Barbara destroy a jeweled comb of Sheila's.

CHAPTER XXXV.—(Cont'd.)

With a deep, tremulous sigh Peter moved away from the tree and walked slowly up the driveway where Barbara had run a few minutes—or was it hours?—before. Barbara needed saving, far more than he had dreamed. He was admitted, fleetingly, the idea that she, herself, was responsible for Sheila's death, but he knew now that he had never believed it. It had taken the flash of emeralds in the sun to bring that idea into the light where he must face it—face it with all its implications.

His mouth set in a hard, grim line. He knew exactly what he was doing. There was no ignorance of the law to blind him. He knew that he was going to suppress his knowledge of material evidence of a crime. If Barbara was guilty, no wrangling lawyers, no avid press, no stolid jury should tear that bright and gallant spirit to shreds.

If she was a murderer, she was still Barbara! He forced himself to say the word, with dry, stiff lips: "Murderess!" And he heard, as clearly as if he sat in the courtroom, as he had heard it many times from his seat in the press row, the voice of the judge solemnly intone, "And may God have mercy on your soul!" Never that—never that—for Barbara!

He fought his way back to self-control, his nails forcing tiny red drops of blood from the palms of his clenched hands. If Barbara was guilty, he would share her guilt. He squared his shoulders as if against the wind. He was accessory after the fact of murder.

This time there was no hesitation on the doorstep before he rang the bell. Peter's training stood him in good stead; the black-and-white automaton who answered the door saw only a tall and rather pale young man whose clothes were badly in need of brushing—several twigs and bits of leaf were clinging to them—but who showed no evidence of excitement. She looked up at him with a tentative half smile of recognition, but he had evidently forgotten her. He fished a "Herald" card from his pocket and scribbled a message on the back:

"Please let me see you at once—it is most important." He paused a moment, and then added: "I am counting on you—we are friends, remember."

He looked up, as if he had just become aware of the figure in the open door.

"Oh, it's you! I hope you found the two letters—though you didn't deserve them that time. Will you take this to Miss Cavanaugh, and tell her I'll wait in the room with the marigolds?"

"There aren't any marigolds—the season's past, sir," the automaton explained, meticulously.

"Never mind—we know what we mean. You just cut along." The automaton obediently "cut," wondering as she mounted the stairs how Miss Barbara had ever discovered such a very nice young man who obviously did not belong in her own social circle.

"He can't have any money—his clothes are a sight—but he does have a way with him. And Miss Barbara can afford to like whoever she pleases," she reflected enviously.

Peter stood anxiously waiting in the small room, where daffodils had replaced the marigolds, but where a little fire still twinkled in the grate. He wished he had warned her to take off that dust-streaked dress before she came down. She might meet any number of servants, and they'd be sure to notice it and wonder. He wished he had told her to destroy his card—but then, the girl might already have read it on her way up. He had thought only of Barbara while he was writing it—he strove now to remember the wording. It was non-committal enough, still, it was better out of the way.

His brain felt paralyzed with the sense of his own incompetence. There were so many things to think of—so many things that he had never had to consider before. Peter found himself wishing that he had committed any number of crimes so that he would have been "practiced" in technique, would know exactly what ought to be done. Suppose he made some horrible blunder. Suppose he could not save her. Suppose—

"You wanted to see me?"

She was there, slim and straight and child-like between the folds of the curtains. Before entering the room, she turned and slid the folding doors shut. She was immaculately dressed in a straight little blue frock, and she held Peter's card, twisted in a tube about her slim fingers.

"Thank God!" Peter cried. Barbara summoned a wan little smile.

"You always do have the most astonishing ways of opening a conversation," she said.

"I was afraid you wouldn't change your dress," Peter explained. "And may I have that, please?" He took the card gently from her fingers and dropped it on the glowing coals.

She looked up at him, faintly surprised, as one who has just passed through an earthquake might be surprised at the unexpected falling of a leaf. Unresisting she allowed him to lead her to a chair and place her in it. Peter towered over her, his elbow on the mantel.

"Barbara," he said, "God knows whether I've the wit to be of much good to you, but I think the first step had better be for you to marry me."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

"Oh, Peter!" Barbara cried. Her voice was the thin, small voice of a terrified child at the touch of a reassuring hand in the dark. "If I only could!"

She leaned forward, her hands clasped tightly between her knees, her pinched, white face irradiated with a flood of rosy color. Her eyes, seeking Peter's, were wells of glory.

Peter forgot that Sheila O'Shay had ever existed. His world was narrowed to one consuming blaze of divine astonishment.

"But Barbara! You can't mean—" he stammered.

"Of course," Barbara nodded her head twice, with slow emphasis. "I mean just that. I should think you'd have seen it from the beginning."

Peter, still with that look of awed wonder, leaned down to kiss the bright, bowed head. But before he reached her, he forced himself back, holding to the mantel piece as if he feared to trust his own unaided will.

"But listen, you amazing child, you can't mean it!" he said. "You don't know a thing about me, really. I'm just a hard-boiled newspaper reporter." (It was a fixed delusion with Peter that he was "hard-boiled.") "I earn \$50 a week, and the only car I own or am ever likely to own is one you'd be ashamed even to collide with. I never thought of it before, but for all you know I might be nothing but a fortune hunter."

"I know quite enough." A shadow of the old gamine smile, hovered at the corners of Barbara's mouth. "Are you trying to persuade me to marry you or trying to persuade me not to—which?"

"If things weren't as they are, I'd try to have too much sense to ask you. But I've got to have the right to help you—to stand by to the last ditch. Of course I'll do that anyhow, but it'll make things simpler. That's why I want you to marry me."

"Oh, no, it isn't!" Barbara's shining gaze was still fixed on Peter's face. "It's because you love me."

"Oh, that!" Peter's scorn was the most sublime assurance. "That goes without saying. Who wouldn't?"

"Still," said Barbara. "I'm glad you said it, even though I knew. I ought to be sorry, but I'm not. I'm glad—glad that I shall have to remember always. Because I'm not going to marry you, Peter."

"Don't be absurd!" Peter said angrily. "Please, Barbara, get this straight. Even if you hadn't looked at me like that, you glorious child—I don't know how it ever happened, but somehow it has—I'd have wanted you to marry me anyhow. Then, if we got things straightened out and you wanted your freedom, you could have it. Nothing, nothing at all, could possibly make any difference to me, except as it gave me something to do for you. That's the way I feel about it. Now, will you marry me?"

"Don't!" Barbara buried her face in her hands. "You make it so very hard." Then she looked up, her small chin very stubborn, her eyes very steady. "I can't marry you Peter—not ever."

"Why not?" Peter glared down at her belligerently.

"Because—" Barbara took a deep breath, then went on steadily. "I'm going to tell you something I have never hinted to another soul. I told you how Dr. Cavanaugh adopted me out of the orphanage. I rather think that I am really his daughter."

It was so far from what Peter had expected her to say that he could only stare at her in blank amazement.

"But, darling child," he said when he had caught his breath, "can you think for one moment that that would make any difference to me?"

"It would to me," Barbara said, so low that he had to bend toward her to catch the words.

"But it mustn't. I don't care a fig whether your parents had a marriage license or not. As the lawyers say, it's incompetent, immaterial and irrelevant. Dr. Cavanaugh is a very great man—you might well be proud to get some of your heredity from a brain like that. Even if he did your mother and you a social injury by not marrying her, he's done his best to make it up to you."

(To be continued.)

"Follow the Equator" Is Goal Of Hypothetical Air Trips

Among the possible airplane flights for 1932 being discussed in Europe, the "follow the equator" feat is talked about more than any other. European airmen say the best starting point would be Libreville, French Equatorial Africa. After crossing Africa in two "legs" there would be a long and dangerous flight across the Indian Ocean, with a stop at Maldiva Islands for fuel.

Next would come the 7,000-mile flight across the Pacific on a course where shipping is scarce. A pilot might make land at the Gilbert Islands, at Christmas Islands, and at Galapagos. From the latter he could proceed to Quito, in Ecuador. Then would follow a journey across South America to the mouth of the Amazon. His gigantic flight would terminate with the crossing of the Atlantic to Libreville.

Eros Soon to Appear Again in Piccadilly

London.—The long heralded replacement of Eros in the Piccadilly Circus is now expected to be only a matter of days. The base of the famous memorial has been completed, but the bronze basin of the fountain must be erected and other work done such as connecting the waterpipes. This is now going on behind the canvas-covered scaffolding that screens it from public gaze. According to the latest information the little god is certain to shoot his arrows over Piccadilly again before long with the unveiling probably early in December.

Amusing Anecdotes

A queer little incident during the run of "Leah" at the Lyceum Theatre, London, in the palmy days of Henry Irving and Ellen Terry, is recorded by W. Graham Robertson, in his captivating reminiscences "Life Was Worth Living." One evening, Ellen Terry, as Cordelia—and Robertson stood together at the wings during the last act when the great actress said:

"Graham, why do men always spit on their hands when they are going to take up anything?"

"They don't," said Robertson, "at least only laborers handling a spade or a navy gripping a pick-axe."

"Well," said Cordelia, "you come and look at Henry." (Irving was playing Leah.)

It was almost time for Leah's entrance, bearing the body of his murdered daughter, and said daughter began to get ready, stretching herself at full length upon a table that she might be the more easily gathered up. King Lear swept down from his dressing room and stood beside her, waiting for his cue. As it came he stooped over Cordelia and whispering "Now then—ready?" carefully spat upon both palms, rubbed them hastily together, and shouldering his burden, trudged with it on the stage.

Tit-bits from the intimate diaries of the late C. W. Barron, noted financier.

"I do not agree with the people who try to apply mathematics and extreme logical abstractions to the regulations of the human race."
—Sherwood Anderson.

"Artificial inflation of stocks must be considered a crime as serious as counterfeiting, which it closely resembles."
—Andre Maurois.

Quality has no substitute



Tea "fresh from the gardens"

Grasses Still Most Vital Living Thing to Mankind

Berkeley.—Grasses always have been and still are more important to mankind than any other living things, finds Morris Halperin, research assistant in agronomy of the University of California. "Evidence for this statement," states Halperin, "is abundant throughout the history of man in all ages and on all continents. The geologic age of mammals, the nomadic life of primitive man, the beginnings of civilization, and the existence of modern life are closely interwoven with the indispensability of grasses to man."

"Every known primitive civilization has been built directly upon one or another of the cereal grasses, supplemented in some cases with pasture grasses. Primitive man, living by hunting, was completely dependent on grassland and became a nomad as he followed grass-feeding animals in their wanderings. Cereal grasses changed man from a nomad to a settler and led to the cultivation of land. Even the calendar and social life were made necessary by the cultivation of cereal grasses."

"In 1700 B.C., the Chinese instituted the symbolic ceremony of sowing five useful plants each year, these being rice, wheat, sorghum, millet and the legume, soybeans. In Egypt, barley and millet were produced as early as 4000 B.C. On the American continent all civilization from Canada to Patagonia is practically synonymous with one grass, maize or Indian corn. "To-day grasses furnish all the breadstuffs and most of the meat and sugar consumed by man. Grasses also play an important part in building material, reclaiming land, providing turf for lawns and the athletic fields. The greatest portion of the dry land surface of the earth is occupied by grasses."

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What New York Is Wearing

BY ANNEBELLE WORTHINGTON
Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson
Furnished with Every Pattern



Seaming detail introduces the new back movement in the skirt of this black canton-faille crepe silk frock. Bright green canton-faille crepe provides an accent in the one-sided rever and in the inset sleeve section.

You'll love its smart individuality and slimming qualities. Style No. 3357 is designed for sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust.

Size 16 requires 3 1/2 yards 39-inch, with 3/4 yard 35-inch contrasting.

It's a model that will make up just splendidly in the sheer woolen fabrics now so outstandingly smart. Crepe satin and crepe marocain are also suitable.

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.

The Lion Rears

Dreaming the Lion sits, While all around The greedy chorus rings Of flouting jackal, fleeing hound.

Has he forgot his kingship, Bought with the price of years? Is this the end of greatness? Squander'd the blood and tears?

Sudden the Lion rises, The Lion roars... The curs that yapped he silent, Licking their sores.

—M. D., in the Morning Post.



"I have just been reading the constitution of the United States."
"Well?"
"And I was surprised to find out how many rights a fellow has."

Autumn Colors

The coloring of leaves in the fall is not, as many people suppose, the result of the first sharp frost. It is a chemical process, favored by gradual cooling rather than sudden cold.

Through the season of growth the leaves serve as food factories for the trees. In their cells the carbon of the air is combined with materials brought up by the sap from the roots to form starch, sugar, and other substances by which the whole tree is fed.

The food-making process is performed by sunshine with the aid of a substance called chlorophyll, or leaf green. Chlorophyll is a mixture of several pigments, or coloring matters. One of these is green, and gives the leaves their ordinary color. Another is yellow, and is the same substance that, on account of its abundance in growing grass, makes butte, particularly yellow in the spring. This information is furnished by Charles Fitzhugh Talman in his Science Service feature, Why the Weather? (Washington). He goes on:

"When the cool weather sets in and the growth of vegetation slows down, the trees need less food, and gradually suspend work in the leaf factories. Both the 'food' and the chlorophyll in the leaves are drawn into the body of the tree and stored up for use in the spring. This transfer involves many chemical changes."

"One of them is the breaking up of the chlorophyll into the substances of which it is composed. The green pigment passes out of the leaves before the yellow. Thus yellow becomes one of the prevailing hues of autumn foliage."

"The reds, which also prevail in the autumn, do not come from the chlorophyll, but from the pigments contained in the sap. Their appearance indicates an excess of sugar in the leaves, after the withdrawal of other materials."

Sacrifice

Far in the western world where trains go by, Piled for Rest, cushioned for Comfort, do We ever think how in lone graveyards lie Along the road, brave, happy lads who knew—

The heathery Pentlands, or the moors of York, The Tuscan vineyards, or German-lands streams?— Death found their leaky shacks and stopped their work, And now—the sage-brush mingles with their dreams.

Deep down they lie around the corner stones On which the walls of Industry arise; There is a place where Progress, too, atones, For she is not exempt from sacrifice—

Nor is there where Freedom her tent may rear— But has a grave within some corner, near!

—Alexander Louis Fraser.

Insects Hamper 5-Year Plan

Important economic plans of the Government of Soviet Russia threaten to be thwarted by that humble insect, the bedbug, declares Dr. E. E. Froe in his Week's Science (New York). We read:

"As part of two of the chief units of Russia's 'Five-Year Plan,' the housing campaign and the farm campaign, the Soviet Government mobilized many months ago gangs of laborers who were to live in barracks and work on new houses or in the fields. At a recent meeting of the Union of Sanitary Workers in Moscow it was admitted that bedbugs largely had defeated both of these plans for barrack housing of necessary workers."

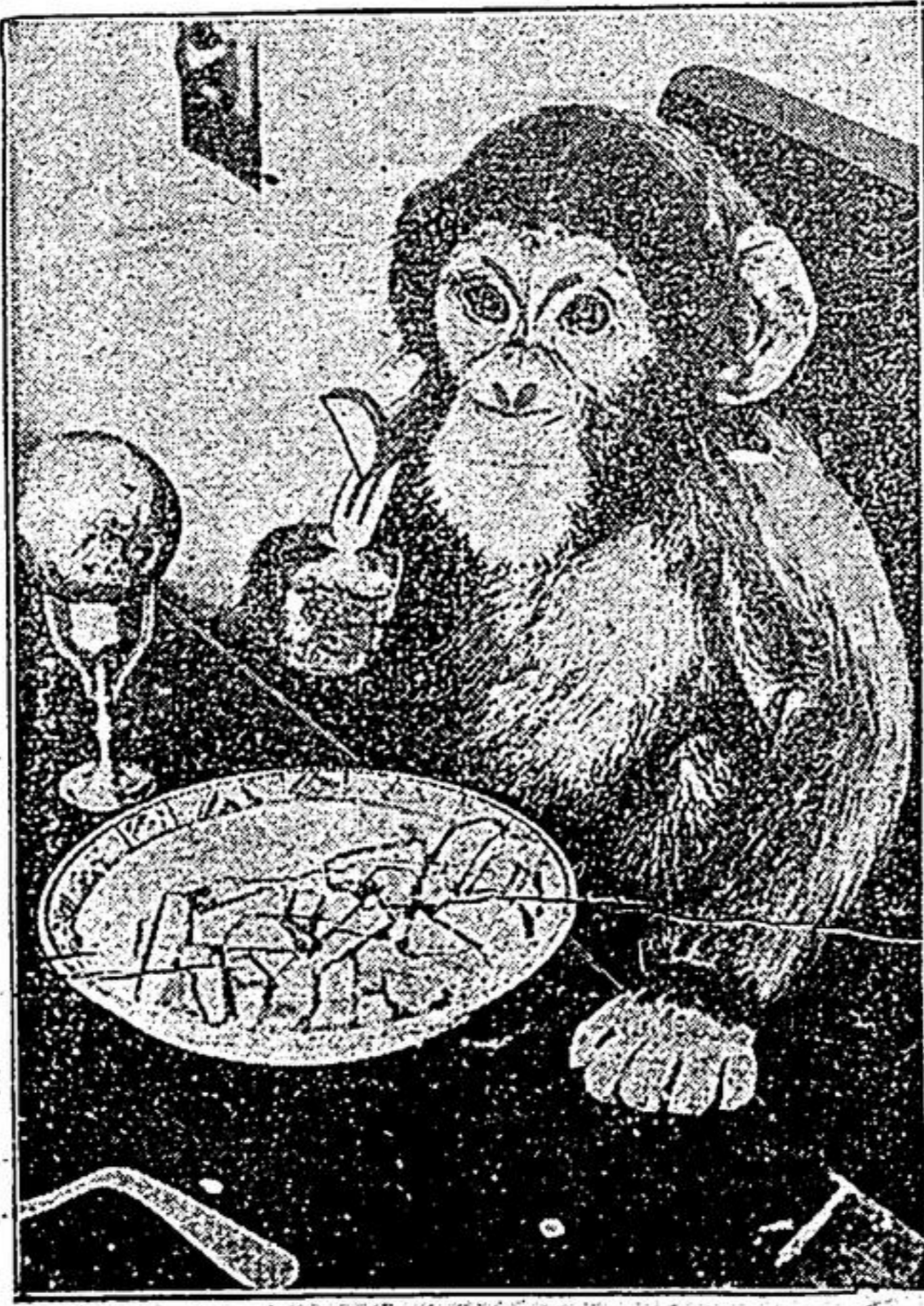
"These insects appeared in enormous numbers in the workers' barracks. Means of exterminating them were lacking, and the sanitary officials were helpless. As one result, the workers refused either to live in the infested houses or to work at the assigned jobs."

"News from the 'bedbug front' still is reported as discouraging. Soviet scientists having failed to devise any practicable means of getting rid of the insects."

How Ants go to Bed

An ant-hill is made of tiny pebbles, which are piled about an entrance hole. At night the ants take these pebbles in their mouths, and, carrying them to the hole, pile them one upon the other, as men build a wall. After the hole is filled up, except one tiny place at the top, the last ant crawls in, and with her head pushes sand up against the hole from the inside, thus stopping it up entirely. Then all night not an ant will be seen, but about eight o'clock the next morning, if one looks very closely, one may see a pair of tiny feelers thrust out through the chinks between the stones. Then an ant pushes its way out and begins to carry the pebbles away. Just behind the first comes another, and another, until the whole family comes journeying out.

"Knowledge, whatever ill uses bad men make of it, is in its essence good."
—Bertrand Russell.



According to a scientist's recent statement monkeys develop quicker than children. Perhaps they "ape" their elders more effectively? This Bronx Zoo chimp, Buddy, likes his meal this way.