

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. Cavendish, criminal psychologist, learns their married life has been unhappy. He identifies a charred body found in the tule marsh as that of Sheila. Barbara, his daughter, faints when she hears him tell this to Peter Piper, a Herald reporter. When Mrs. Kane, Sheila's maid, is arrested she admits that Ellsworth married Sheila under threat of breach of promise. A threatening note signed "David Orme" is found in the murdered woman's safe. Peter trails Orme and arrests him. Then Peter sees Barbara destroy a jewelled comb belonging to Sheila. Barbara refuses to talk and Peter realizes she is protecting someone.

CHAPTER XXXVI.—(Cont'd.)

"Yes," Barbara said gravely, "he is a great man, and he had been good to me. But, oh! Sobs rose in her throat, but she fought them down. "You don't understand—you never can understand—I can never tell you!"

"Listen to me," Peter said sternly. "We're talking at cross purposes. You're not being frank with me. I saw you find that comb behind the seat of your car, and destroy it!"

Her hands reached out in a gesture of frantic protest, but he disregarded them.

"I said I didn't care what you've done. I meant it. As a matter of fact, I think that you probably killed Sheila O'Shay, and that we may have the device of a time getting you out of it. Now will you marry me?"

"You think that of me?" Barbara said wonderingly. "You think that I killed her—I, with these hands, committed murder?" She held out her hands, palm upward, and looked at them, curiously. "You think I am a murderess, and that I may be hanged for it, and still—I will you want to marry me?"

Peter did not know that he had moved until he reached her and lifted her from the chair and held her close, his cheek against her hair.

"They shan't hurt you, Barbara. Nobody shall hurt you. I won't let them." Staring into the distance above her bowed head, Peter defied the world.

"I think," murmured Barbara, "that it might be worth dying for, to know that somebody felt like that." Then, very gently, she slipped out of those encircling arms. "But I won't do it, Peter. No power on earth—not the power of love itself—can make me marry you. That is the ultimate truth, and you will have to believe it."

Peter looked long and steadily into her eyes, lifted bravely to his, but they did not waver.

"It only makes things a little harder, darling," he said at last. "You know that I'll do whatever I can, anyway. And we mustn't be frightened. I was standing in the driveway when you got out of your car; I'm sure that nobody else saw you. Perhaps, when all this is over and forgotten, you'll be willing to decide differently."

"I can't. Please, unless you want to pain me terribly, don't ask me again."

"But you don't want me not to love you, do you, Barbara?"

Once again Barbara's face was lighted by its elfin smile.

"I don't think there's anything can prevent—either of us," she said.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Public interest in a murder trial is as unpredictable as the success of a theatrical production, but the trial of David Orme was "sure fire" from the beginning.

"It's got everything," Jimmy asserted with enthusiasm. "Sex appeal, mystery, big money. It's a wov of a story!"

Peter glared dourly at his fellow human being as he fought his way through the crowd in front of the court house. It was a quiet, even a contented crowd, content to stand and stare all day at the familiar outlines of the building—familiar and yet curiously dramatic—now because of the drama of life and death opening behind its walls. There was absolutely nothing for them to see, Peter reflected crossly, and yet they thought nothing of waiting there, hour after hour. There were women with small children jammed against their skirts, men carrying their lunches in paper bags. Ropes guarded by policemen cleared a lane to the door; but inside, the crowd poured itself down the corridors from wall to wall. They showed no disposition to make way for Peter.

"I'm sorry, you'll have to let me through," he reiterated mechanically, displaying his press badge and reinforcing it with the sharp prodding of elbows.

"There's too many of these here press fellows; that's what's keeping everybody else out. Where do they get all their pull, anyhow?"

Peter shouldered the speaker aside, forcing his way forward, yard by yard.

"Say, young man, how do you get

in to see this boy that's killed somebody? I've been here since six o'clock this morning and I ain't no nearer than when I started." Peter felt the pressure of a hand on his arm and turned to look down into the face of a neat little old lady, garbed in her "best" of faded black.

"You don't get in," he snapped. "And you wouldn't understand a word of it if you did. You'll learn a whole lot more if you go home and read the 'Herald'."

"Well I never did see the inside of a courtroom," the old lady persisted plaintively. "I thought it would be kind of nice to see it once."

That was what it was to them—a show. It would be equally a show if it were Barbara inside instead of Orme.

A hastily erected fence of unpainted laths walled off the entrance to Department 24. Peter ran the gamut of six policemen, holding fast to his card of admittance. "Pres. Pass. Admit J. A. Piper representing Herald to all Court Sessions of Orme Trial, Attest A. W. Moore, clerk; Charles Harvey, judge. Seat number 53." It was his ticket to the arena, where the gladiators would lounge at one another with their word-lances, where the judge would loiter in his chair—thumbs up, thumbs down. And outside, the blindly patient crowd, waiting hungrily for its crumbs of vicarious excitement.

Peter flung himself, worn and dishevelled, into seat 53. Inside the courtroom it was very quiet. In one corner a muted telegraph instrument ticked sharply, like the sound of an industrious cricket. Behind the railing which divided the courtroom in half, Peter recognized the roll of fat on the back of the neck of the district attorney, the scrubbed blondeness, like a small boy just out of the tub, of the young defence lawyer, the stewart, motherless shoulders of Dr. Cavendish. Orme himself was overshadowed by the huge figure of the deputy sheriff from the homicide squad who sat beside him. Twelve men and women ranged in two rows along the side wall contrived to look at the same time blank and self-conscious.

One of them wore a green hat perched high above her sallow face. Peter decided that a hat like that deserved a peremptory challenge.

"The case of the people against David Orme . . . as alleged in the indictment . . . That he did wilfully and feloniously murder one Sheila Ellsworth . . ." intoned the district attorney.

The judge, with a face all sharp angles, like a cubist drawing, topped by hair that glistened like spun sugar, rapped out questions.

"Conscientious scruples against the death penalty in a proper case . . . Any prejudice for or against the defence of insanity . . . The criterion of accountability is this."

Questions. Questions. Questions. "The people will excuse Mr. Warren . . . The challenge is with the defence . . . The defence will excuse Mrs. Barnes." That was the woman in the green hat. Thank heaven he would not have to face that hat in the jury box day after day!

The personnel in the twelve chairs shifted. The bailiff pulled slips of paper out of a revolving tin box and boomed new names, one by one. Orme—Peter could see him now, over the shoulder of the sheriff—sat with folded arms, staring dreamily into space, his profile motionless in relief against the plaster of the wall. Not once did he glance towards the jury box. The questions and challenges floated unnoticed over his head. Not once did he start at the words, "murder."

"Sheila Ellsworth," "hanged,"—words reiterated and hammered on Peter's consciousness until he wanted to strike out against them in unreasonable fury.

The very worst feature of being tried for murder, Peter decided, was the torturing, abysmal boredom of it. If they would only get on with it! The press correspondents slumped in their chairs, jotting down the names and addresses of jurors and crossing them out again when they were challenged. A "sketch artist" in the row ahead amused himself by drawing a libelous caricature of the court reporter. With one accord the men and women in the jury box denied that they ever read anything in the newspapers or had ever heard of the murder of Sheila O'Shay. The faint slip-slip of pencils on copy paper, the chirping of the telegraph cricket sounded as a constant faint overtone to the droning of questions and answers.

There was an indefinable stir, like wind sweeping through a forest.

"Court adjourned until 2 o'clock."

"Order in the courtroom, please! Keep your seats!"

"First juror chosen in Orme Murder Trial"—it would be shouted in "extras" on every corner within the hour. Stumbling and pushing, the reporters crowded the aisle, breaking for the telephone in the witness room outside.

Quality has no substitute



Tea "fresh from the gardens"

Silver Lining

BY HECK.

Eminent economists attest their faith in upward trend for wheat. Jobless experts offered work by Soviet Russia.

President of C.P.R. originates movement to supply credits for live stock. Western motor officials report better business and improved conditions. King Township sells 2,000 acres of land to be settled by Dutch immigrants.

Burlington, Ont., to get a new factory to make and distribute insecticides.

Western mercantile failures were much fewer in the closing year than during the 1921 depression, says Premier Brownlee of Alberta.

Ottawa figures show that Canadian motor car purchase increased over 10 per cent. during October.

Electrical Power Utilities show an increase of \$100,000 in electricity used during the year.

Canadian population jumps 1,565,839 in ten years. Almost a million of this between Quebec and Ontario.

No fire loss in Guelph in one month. Canadian wheat export during the week was 3,534,278 bushels.

Large chain store doubled telephone service, necessitated by increased patronage.

Increase of 4c a bushel, Chicago wheat pit last Tuesday.

Since last December 209,657 men found jobs in London, England.

Professional hockey in Toronto continues to fill 12,000-seat arena.

Tobacco firm prophesys favorable year.

Toronto subscribed \$64,000,000 of the \$150,000,000 National Service Loan.

Toronto Inspector Littleproud reports that 35,913 deposits were made in November by school children.

The biggest week in the history of the Penny Bank.

Toronto school children now own over \$725,000.

Y.M.C.A. offers recreation and education to jobless.

Prairie Provinces have paid all the money they owe to the banks.

It is probable that Felspar Mines around Kingston, which have been dormant for years, will be re-opened.

Sarnia, Ont.—New management to take over the Sarnia Brewing Company and operate it as a going concern.

National Service Loan—Canadians asked for one hundred and fifty millions. Government receives two hundred and fifteen millions. And to use the words of the Minn. weekly, "long-faced, dour pessimists began to disappear as the mists before the morning sun"; but to use my own words, I say, "Turn those two hundred and fifteen millions into wages: that will

be the kind of dynamite which will blow depression to . . ."

Picton, Ont.—Half a million dollars is paid to farmers in cash by canning factories.

New railway-crossing warning being tried out.

Fraser Mills, B.C.—Mammoth saw mill employing 700 men, was re-opened after being closed two months.

St. Thomas.—The railway shermen to return to work next week at Pero Marquette shop.

Premier Taschereau announces a surplus of \$773,775 for the Province of Quebec at the end of the year.

Partial moratorium on mortgages is proposed by Toronto City Council to Ontario Government.

Sir Frederick Lewis, chairman of board, Cunard Line, has given contracts to Vickers & Armstrong for new ship at cost of \$8,000,000, to replace the fire-swept Bermuda liner.

The Optimists Club, Toronto (R.L. 4732), will collect old toys, have them repaired by Junior Vocational School, and distribute them to the poor.

Labr. Congress ask Ontario Government to insure unemployed.

European miser wills \$800,000 to London Metropolitan Court poor boxes.

International Live Stock Show at Chicago opened Saturday. More than 12,000 head of cattle, sheep and swine are stalled. Grain and hay entries have 5,000 samples. Ontario exhibitors get 22 first prizes.

Kentucky coal mine owner keeps mine going at a loss to minimize depression.

New York has an unemployment program to raise \$18,000,000 for relief.

Building permits for the week in Toronto totalled \$224,000.

English, Irish and Scotch looms now humming as trade improves. Mills going till 3 p.m.—Belfast.

Easy

An angler had a four-hours' tussle with a huge salmon before he was able to land it. When at length he had made sure of his catch he took it home and related his triumph to his wife, and laid special stress on the time it took and the energy he had to expend before he could secure the salmon. When he had finished he waited anxiously for praise.

For some moments there was silence; then, with a puzzled expression, his wife looked up from her knitting.

"But, my dear," she said, "why didn't you cut the string and get rid of the brute?"

OMISSIONS

An equitable man looks not outward on a defective law, of the mistakes or omissions of which he seeks to take advantage; but he looks inward upon that law of rectitude which is written upon his heart, and is guided by its dictates.—William Fleming, D.D.

Equine School For Future Racers



Here at this equine school at Agua Caliente, yearlings are being taught how to get away at the barrier.

Why Gold Is Standard

By WALTER E. SPAHR.

Professor of Economics, New York University, Speaking Before a Forum in the Stock Exchange Governor's Room.

Gold has been accepted by the world as a standard of value largely because it satisfies a desire for ornamentation, ostentatious living and display. The value of gold as an ornament depends largely on its scarcity. If gold were as plentiful as water, its possession would confer no distinction and its value as an ornament and as a medium of exchange would be destroyed. It is an interesting fact that the monetary standards which have outdistanced all others have been anchored to the superfluities in life, to the frills and trinkets, rather than to the necessities.

Naturally, not all ornaments could serve as standards of value or as media of exchange. Certain other characteristics are also necessary. The standard must have durability, stability, scarcity; it must be easy to carry about, easily recognized, have the quality of divisibility, be made of homogeneous material, and it must have the character of malleability.

The assumption in various proposals put forth by the bimetalists for the adoption of silver standards by certain countries is that the value of silver will be increased if this is done. If the value of silver is increased, it is reasonable to assume that the production of it would soon increase and tend to depress its value. It is fundamentally a commodity, and therefore can never become a monetary standard unless all the leading countries adopt it.

The Wise Buyer

The Montreal Daily Star.—It is of interest to note that a more sensible argument than the sentimental is now being used in urging us all to buy more and buy now, not from patriotic reasons, but because it is distinctly to their advantage to do so. After all, when it comes to a matter of expenditure, sentiment plays a very minor part with the great majority of the spending public. They prefer facts.

And facts are forthcoming—facts that ought to convince. The purchasing value of the dollar is far greater now than it was three years ago. It is greater than it has been for many years past. It will buy for you now what will cost you a great deal more in a year's time, if present indications are any sort of accurate criterion.

Prices are away down. Things people need are cheap today. They will not, however, always be so cheap. Hence it is a wise economy to buy things needed while the low prices prevail. These are simple facts that stare everybody in the face. But most people do not give them more than a passing thought. If they thought a little more over the situation, undoubtedly there would be a very considerable augmentation of buying. To buy now is to save what cannot be saved later on.

Color in the Patent Office

The monotony of the black and white of the United States Patent Office files is now to be enlivened by bright colors, according to the American Association for the Advancement of Science. The plant patents, recently authorized by Act of Congress, will be issued in full color whenever the color is a part of the "invention" claimed by the horticulturist who has produced the new variety of plant. The two colored patents issued so far are for a white carnation with a delicate touch of yellow and for a rose of deep pink.

The necessity for putting out patents in color has set a new problem for Patent Office officials, for color has never previously been required for any type of patent. Despite the great additional expense for printing, the office is not allowed by law to charge any more for copies of the patents, so it is planned to limit the sale of them to those who can show that they have real need for them.

Style No. 3349 may be had in sizes 16 1/2, 18 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust.

Size 36 requires 2 1/2 yards 54-inch, with 5/8 yard 35-inch contrasting.

A silk and wool novelty is small woven pattern in marve-brown with reddish-violet plain wool vest is chic. Black crepe satin with white revers and vest is adorable.

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.

Doubtful Compliment "Speeding the parting guest," might be described as one of the negative virtues of hospitality. A woman rather overdid the part recently.

She was saying goodbye to some visitors who had long overstayed their welcome.

"It was so sweet of you to let us stay so long," they said, with effusion.

"Oh, I'm so glad you've been," she replied, with obvious relief.—Tit-Bits.

Her Only Hope "And what if the engine fails when we're up in the clouds?" asked the pretty girl of the pilot as she was about to enter a machine for her first trip.

"Well, if that should happen," replied the pilot, "you just leap out, count ten, and then pull the cord on your parachute."

"But what if it doesn't open?" "In that case the only logical thing to do is to flap your arms up and down and say, 'I'm a bird—I'm a bird.'"

THE SOUL

Your soul makes your body, just as a snail makes his shell. It is enough for us to be sure that whether or not we lived before, we shall live again.

Wisdom Daro to be wise: begin it at once; he who puts off the hour for living aright is like the country clown who waits for the stream to flow by; but it glides on, and will glide on, flowing past all the time.—Hecate.