

# ASK NO QUESTIONS!

By BELDON DUFF

**SYNOPSIS.**  
Annassa West, young and beautiful, leaves Bride's House, in Connecticut. Several previous tenants had died there mysteriously, and a bride had disappeared. The lease stipulates that the tenant ask no questions. John Diamond, owner of a New York newspaper, is insistent that Ann leave. Her stable boy, Otto, is murdered. Then a deputy who is put on guard in the house is shot to death. A stranger, who has been riding one of Ann's horses at night, rescues her from a morass when she seeks aid of Dr. Cranston, a veterinary surgeon. Alva Croysey, editor of Diamond's paper, decides to solve the mystery. He learns of a mysterious "naturalist" who does all his searching at night. The stranger who had ridden Dracula is hired to take the place of Otto. He gives his name as David Smith. He and Annassa find the entrance to a tunnel which David refuses to explore.

## CHAPTER XV.—(Cont'd.)

"And now that you are here," Annassa asked eagerly, "what have you discovered?"

"Nothing," David said, "absolutely nothing." Pointing to the wall beside which they stood, "Unless you count that."

She thought a moment. At last: "I'm something of an opportunist. I believe that Fate serves us if we will only hold ourselves in readiness to be served. This tunnel is the last stage of a long journey. At its end lies the answer to your problem."

The man did not laugh at the suggestion. In stead he answered with absolute seriousness: "My dark inheritance: what an appropriate place to keep itself—a hole in the ground." Pessimistically, "Maybe when I've met it face to face, I'll be sorry I didn't let well enough alone."

"It's too late to think of that now. You'd hate yourself for ever and ever if you turned back at the eleventh hour." Persuasively, "Come, let's take a look before we go back upstairs. Nothing like grabbing the bull by the horns, you know."

The man shook his head.

"If my life depended on it I could not go into that black unknown. The fear that the walls were about to cave in on me would drive me mad."

"Unless you explore that tunnel pretty soon," she said, trying to speak lightly, "your dark inheritance will get tired of waiting for you and will come out and gobble you up."

"I cannot help it."

"I tell you what, we'll do," the girl said at last. "We'll think about it. Sometimes thinking about things makes them get easier. Let's put the packing cases and barrels back, just as we found them, and go over to the house. It must be well past lunch time. You could tuck away a bowl of Abby's Scotch broth, couldn't you?"

It took but a moment to restore the cellar to its former air of littered neglect, and they had turned to retrace their steps to the ladder when the sound of voices from the floor above reached Miss West's ears. She prodded her companion in the back.

"Quick, they mustn't see us down here. We don't want anyone to explore that tunnel before we do. It's Seth Toby and his men. I didn't realize they'd had time to get back."

Together they mounted swiftly to the harness room, lowered the trap door, and were in the barn before the chief of police saw them.

"Oh, Miss West," was his greeting. "I've been looking for you everywhere. And as his eye lighted on the tall stranger, 'Who's this?'"

Annassa West looked from one man to the other. Her voice, when she answered, was carefully matter-of-fact.

"Dave Smith, my new stable boy. He's come to take Otto's place. I've been showing him around."

The worried look did not leave Toby's face. "Can you vouch for this young man, marm?"

"Absolutely." It was said without the quiver of an eyelash.

The chief of police rubbed the back of his hand against the stubble of a two days' growth of beard. "Well, I dunno. A mighty despit character escaped from the jail at Ossining two or three months ago. Never caught neither. Descriptions of him was give out at the time over the radio." With a sidelong glance in the stranger's direction, "Six feet, some inches, blue eyes, black curly hair. Had a mer-

maid tattooed on his chest." Removing the straw on which he had been chewing, "Ain't been in the navy, have you?"

Annassa West knew, without turning around, that at mention of the tattooed mermaid David had put his hand to the collar of the khaki-colored shirt. Seeing her eyes upon him, he lowered it now. "No," was his answer to the chief's question, "I've never been in the navy."

They all walked back to the house together, Seth Toby continuing to pump the big stranger in what he doubtless fancied was a deep and tactful manner. For all the information elicited, he might have saved himself the trouble. David was as wary as a mink.

Not so Annassa. Conscience—manifestation of weakness for which she professed the modern maiden's contempt—had begun its business of smiting. She was increasingly aware of the fact that she had vouched for this man, had made herself responsible for his behaviour, to the police.

Yet what did she know about him? Nothing except the story he had told her himself. That fantastic fear of crushing walls which he had described, for all she knew to the contrary, might be only an ingenious way of excusing a mental bias toward killing. There lay in the back of her mind a vivid picture of this same David, etched in the black and white of moonlight, holding together the collar band of his flannel shirt as he strove to cover a mark of some sort on his chest.

She walked into the lunch table, leaving David to help himself in the kitchen. By her plate lay a letter. There was no stamp, indicating that it had come by hand.

"A nice-spoken young fellow in plum-colored livery left it," explained Miss Barth. "About ten minutes after we went out."

"From Mr. Diamond, I suppose." Annassa felt no immediate inclination to find out what the letter contained.

"Bring on the food, Abby, that's a dear, I'm low."

The able Miss Barth, despite an acute longing to hear what Mr. Diamond wanted of her young mistress, set forth an excellent lunch. While it was being consumed she cast inquiring glances at the troubled forehead under the thatch of red hair. At last: "What's happened now? Are ye sick?"

"No," answered her nursing wearily. "A blue funk, that's all."

Miss Barth knew the temperament with which she had to deal. "If ye've taken on another man to worry about, I'm going home. It's bad enough to get ourselves annihilated because of someone who belongs to us, as ye might say, but when it comes to a tramp—a great hulkin' piece of—"

"Abby, please! I'm worried enough as it is. And besides, this hulkin' as ye call him, is a gentleman. He speaks like one and—"

"Looks like one, I suppose," was the acid rejoinder.

The girl declined to be ruffled. "I'll admit he doesn't look like a Park Avenue dancing man; but he's told me his history and I can't help being interested."

They sat for a moment in silence—Miss Barth stoney-faced as a basilisk; the girl idly drumming with her fingers on the table top. Suddenly Annassa rose and with a rush of her most persuasive sweetness flung her arms around the older woman's neck.

"Abby, Abby, stick by me. I'm afraid I've gotten myself in a worse mess than ever."

## CHAPTER XVI.

The letter was an invitation to dine at Berkshire Towers that evening.

Abby, who had never quite overcome her Old World reverence for any lord of the Manor, as thrown into a twitter because of it.

"He'll be sending his limousine for ye, I've no doot."

"Oh, yes," Miss West tossed the letter aside. "Everything's being done according to Hoyle. Nevertheless, I don't think I'll go."

"Not go?" the Scotchwoman gasped. "Whatever's gotten into ye to refuse a grand man like Mr. Diamond when he bids yet to his house?"

"It's a bit late in the day to turn so hospitable," was the enigmatic reply. "I'll send a note of regret by Seth Toby when he leaves at five o'clock."

Nor did Miss Barth's muttered belief that the world was going straight to the dogs move her to change her mind. Not until David entered the living room with an armful of logs for the fireplace was the subject of the letter brought up again. It was the giant himself who mentioned it; and he too no pains to conceal the fact that he had overheard the conversation that had taken place earlier in the afternoon.

"I'd go tonight if I were you," came the unexpected suggestion as he knelt to pile the logs in the wood basket.

"Oh, you would!" said Miss West in a cool crisp voice. "Four hours of brewing over the contradictions presented by this disturbingly ingratiat-

ing stranger had developed in her a difficult state of mind. She was in no mood to listen to advice.

David seemed to notice it. "I know it's none of my business," he made haste to explain, and then, manlike, spoiled the gesture of self-effacement by adding, "but I think you're making a mistake not to."

"Why?" The barrier which she had with such difficulty broken down that afternoon was up again between them. But now it was of her building.

"No reason in particular," the giant answered rather wearily. "I only thought it might do you good to get out of this atmosphere for an hour or two."

"Thanks for your solicitude," she was alarmed to realize that her tongue had become a two-edged sword, yet unable somehow to stay its destructive sweep, "but I've no intention of being inveigled away from the scene of action."

(To be continued.)

## Each Day

I goes to church on Sunday an' I listens to de text.

It sho'ly helps my feelin' when my mind is getting vexed.

De Sabbath religion puts a calmness in de heart—

But everyday religion needs a chance to do its part.

De Monday religion when you's got to go to work.

And de Tuesday religion when you muss' stop to shirk.

Wednesday, Thursday, Friday an' Saturday as well.

Needs everyday religion 'bout no ringin' of de bell.

One day a learnin' 'bout de goodness an' de light.

De other six a showin' dat you got de lession right.

Sunday brings us comfort wid de beauty an' de rest.

But de everyday religion is what puts you to de test.

—Selected.

## Dinnertime in Java

Margaret Holloway, writing in Overseas Magazine of Javanese food, says:

"In Java I had the biggest meal I ever enjoyed. Seated at a large table 20 odd Javanese waiters silently bend down on us, carrying shoulder high glowing dishes of food. As a foundation, I take my share of the mountain of rice, then, portions of Java rooster submerged in a sea of curry sauce. Now a taste of the vegetable dishes as the 'boys' file past in quick succession—cabbage, beans, young corn, and many others. 'This nice, Mem,' said the bearer of the heart of a coconut palm, fearing I may overlook that delicacy. Then liver, minked meat, sausage, small fish, 'ikan kering,' delicious prawns, and a fried egg to crown the formidable plateful. Beware of the man now standing at your side and take sparingly of the biting pounded chilies, hot chutney and highly flavored anchovies, grated coconut, and 'hell-fire sauce.' And still they come with further additions to the feast, which etiquette demands to be placed on one's small plate. Rumor has it that the Chinese duck's eggs have been buried for 20 years, but their present piquant flavor soon overcomes any question of their past. Stuffed scarlet peppers, salted monkey nuts, fried bananas, 'kroeboks'..... the end is in sight..... a stick of pork 'sateh' and a wedge of cooling, refreshing cucumber as the 'last boy' leaves my side. 'The Mem has enough?' asks an attentive waiter."

## Latest Findings Of Science

### Judging Distance of Stars—Tasting By Electricity

The New York Times published last week an enthusiastic endorsement by Professor Harlow Shapley of Harvard College Observatory of the work which Professor Joel Stebbins has been doing in judging the distances of stars. "Judging" is the only word that can be used. Measurement by surveyor's methods is out of the question when stars are so remote that there is no apparent shift in their positions in the course of centuries because of their staggering distance. There is nothing for it but to judge distance by brightness. In this field Stebbins has made an international reputation for himself.

When the intrinsic luminosities of nearby stars of known distance have been determined, a yardstick, based on light, is at the disposal of the astronomer. Thereby he can gauge the remoteness of stars of the same luminosity type. Thus, if on a star of a given color and brightness is known to be fifty light-years away, it follows that a star of the same color but of only half the brightness must be four times as far away, since the brightness of any light falls off as the square of the distance. By carefully measuring the brightness of stars with the photoelectric cell Professor Stebbins has laid down the probable distances of many stars with what is regarded as a high degree of accuracy.

### EFFECT OF DUST IN SPACE

Recent studies by Professor Stebbins have convinced him that there is an absorbing medium, probably dust, in space. "Just as the setting sun appears red because the amount of air we look through near the horizon is greater than the amount through which we look when sun is overhead, so the stars and clusters near the central line of the Milky Way appear reddened," explains Professor Stebbins. Because of this dust or gas in space, he reaches the conclusion that the distances of some objects, such as globular clusters, are only a quarter as far off as astronomers supposed they were. At right angles to the Milky Way, where there are fewer stars and where we can see better into the open, the obscuration of light is not nearly so marked, so that the old distances need be corrected by only 10 per cent.

Dr. Shapley is a specialist on the size of the universe. He has devoted years to a study of the subject and has laid out a program of research for Harvard which can be carried out only in many years more. In his eyes the results and the technique of Professor Stebbins are of the highest importance in carrying out the Harvard program.

### ELECTRICAL TASTING.

While he was sitting at luncheon in the Westinghouse Laboratory in East Pittsburgh, Pa., it flashed on R. C. Hitchcock that an ordinary apple is acid and that the acid must have some electrical response. Out of sheer curiosity he inserted the two dissimilar pins of a very sensitive recording meter into an apple. "I got the shock of my life when the meter began to register," he says. "I immediately conducted the same experiment on an orange and a lemon with the same astonishing results."

Physicists will of course realize that Hitchcock had extended the discovery which Volta made 130 years ago and which ended in the invention of the battery. The two dissimilar

## ORANGE PEKOE BLEND

# "SALADA" TEA

"Fresh from the Gardens"

pins were simply the poles of a battery, and the acid juice of the fruit the solution, or electrolyte. It needed a very sensitive meter to register the feeble electrical currents thus generated. Fortunately Hitchcock had been working on a meter to measure the minute currents that flow in the photoelectric cells, used in sound motion picture projectors and in television. With an instrument that could record one millionth of an ampere, or about one-tenth the wing-power of an ordinary house fly, it became possible to test fruits.

Testing in this case is more accurate than tasting. There is a distinct relation between acidity and flavor. With accurate charts of the current generated by the most luscious fruits and by the best foods with an acid content, possibly the whole system of testing and sipping will be revolutionized. A fruit with a sour taste has a high electrical reading, while a sweet fruit will register a low micro-peres.

It is even possible that, with further development, patients will no longer exhibit their tongues to the doctor. The prongs of the electrical instrument will be placed in the mouth and the acid content of the saliva of the tongue will be recorded on a meter.

### HOW THE UNIVERSE BEGAN

It was at the 1931 meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science that in Abbe Georges Lemaitre promulgated a new theory to account for the beginning of this expanding universe, the cosmic rays and a few other mysteries that are uppermost in the minds of physicists. The theory was briefly presented in this department soon after it was announced. Apparently it did not make nearly the impression that its ingenuity merited. So the Abbe has been presenting it again in American universities. Lemaitre accepts the expanding universe as an astronomical fact, because of the discovery that the outermost nebulae are moving away with the explosive speed of 12,000 miles a second. This expansion began not less than 1,400 or more than 2,000 millions of years ago. It is certain, however, that the stars are much older. Here we have a discrepancy that relativists and physicists have been trying to reconcile.

The Abbe asks to imagine the universe beginning in an extraordinary atom. It had more weight than any star, and it was more fiercely radioactive than radium. "The whole universe would be produced by the disintegration of this primeval atom," says the Abbe. A world full of radiation transforms itself into matter, which it does by condensing into stars. The original atomic star soon acquired an atmosphere. After that its more highly penetrating rays were imprisoned. We seen in the cosmic rays that puzzle physicists those that escaped in the first place. The Abbe

also look for other products of primeval disintegration, such as fast beta rays (electron), alpha particles and even rays still undiscovered. According to this theory the universe has not been expanding at a constant rate. In fact, it is only by invoking some such supposition that it is possible to account for stars much older than the universe they constitute.—Waldemar Kaempffert in The N.Y. Times.

### Say This of Horses

Across the ages they come thundering  
On faithful boots, the horses man disowns,  
Their velvet eyes are wide with wondering;  
They whinny down the wind in silver tones  
Vibrant with all the bugles of old wars;  
Their nostrils quiver with the summer scent  
Of grasses in deep fields lit by pale stars  
Hung in a wide and silent firmament.  
And in their hearts they keep the dreams of earth  
Their patient plodding furrowed to the sun  
Unnumbered springs before the engine's birth  
Doomed them to sadness and oblivion.  
Across the swift new day I watch them go  
Driven by wheel and gear and dynamo.

Say this of horses; engines leave behind  
No glorious legacy of waving manes  
And wild proud hearts, and heels before the wind  
No heritage of ancient Arab strains  
Blazes within a cylinder's cold spark;  
An engine labors with a sullen fire,  
Hoarding no dreams of acres sweet and dark;  
No love for man has ever surged through wire!  
Along the farthest slopes I hear the rumble  
Of these last hoofs—tomorrow they will be still;  
Then shall the strength of countless horses crumble  
The stanchest rock and level the highest hill;  
And man who made machines to gain an hour  
Shall lose himself before their ruthless power.

—Minnie Hite Moody, in The Nation.  
A Mother's Love  
Youth fades; love droops; the leaves of friendship fall;  
A mother's secret hope outlives them all.  
—Holmes.

## Opinions

"We need younger men in politics to bring a more useful ideal into public life."—Fred E. Smith.

"My greatest inspiration is a challenge to attempt the impossible."—Albert A. Cichelson.

"Progress in civilization has all come from seafaring nations."—Bertrand Russell.

"The average American citizen goes to the polls so he can vote against somebody for the sake of kicking somebody."—Norman Thomas.

"The most important thing anyone ever told me was 'Know everything and use it.'"—Eva Le Gallienne.

"Every anarchist is a baffled dictator."—Benito Mussolini.

"Women are beginning to outnumber men in the undergraduate university courses."—Fannie Hurst.

"I wonder how often the sceptics imagine that they can turn the world upside down, without once turning it the right way up again."—G. K. Chesterton.

"There are passages of jazz in Bach and I understand, in Beethoven."—George Kerswhin.

"I am in favor of every political leader who promises social advancement based on justice and sound political economy."—Bruce Barton.

"On matters of principle there can be no compromise."—Adolf Hitler.

"The secret of good health is to keep on working."—Henry Ford.

"The cultivation of good will between nations is one of the principal aims of diplomacy."—Henry L. Stimson.

"Stupidity and cupidity—these are the forces which, at present, control the world."—Aldous Huxley.

"Let us not forget that while we have lost much in this depression, we still have much more to lose."—Herbert Hoover.

"The law exists to guide justice, to regulate it, to systematize it."—Lord Reading.

"Contentment that is worth anything comes from duty well done."—Calvin Coolidge.

"We cannot eat or wear machines. If the world were one vast machine shop, it would die. When it comes to sustaining life we go to the fields."—Henry Ford.

### Thrive On A Lonely Isle

Some time ago the Royal Naval Hospital of Cape Colony made a survey on the island of Tristan da Cunha.

The inhabitants of this island are descendants of castaways from the sea. The British Government seized this island in the War of 1812 and since that time the few inhabitants of the island have lived very largely by fishing, raising wheat and a few animals. They have no laws, but the survey shows that they are moral and temperate. They appeared to the investigators to be extremely hospitable, industrious and healthy.

According to the investigating dentist and surgeon from the Royal Naval Hospital all but 25 of the 156 inhabitants had teeth entirely free of decay although the ages ranged up to 92. No disease was found among these people whose diet consisted of potatoes, milk, fish and eggs. They raised sheep but kept them for meat except on holidays. They had a custom of eating only one article of food at a meal and this custom was apparently producing good results.

According to the investigators one meal would consist entirely of potatoes, another of fish and another of eggs, but whether such an uncomplicated diet is advantageous is quite problematical.

### Four Houses, One Dog

At least one dog to every four inhabited houses—that is how the canine population of Great Britain works out, according to the latest estimate. The total number, allowing for working dogs and puppies under six months old, which are exempt from taxation, is put at roughly 3,500,000.

Dogs are clearly popular as pets, and the dog breeding industry is flourishing. It helps the trade balance, too, for the value of pedigree dogs exported is far greater than that of the imports.

Even Alsatians, of which thousands of pounds worth have been imported from Germany since the war, can now be supplied from home sources.

The most startling increase in any class of dogs has, of course, been in greyhounds. In as recent a year as 1926, only a dozen of these dogs were registered at the Kennel Club.

### Michigan Controls Sand Dune By Extensive Tree Planting

An excellent example of sand dune control by forest planting is reported by the Forest Service, United States Department of Agriculture. At Saugatuck, Mich., Old Bald Head Mountain, 300 feet high and with an eroding area of four acres, is one of the largest and best known dunes in the state. For some time it had been encroaching on the channel of the Kalamazoo River and threatening cottages near its base.

Under the direction of R. F. Kroodama, extension forester in Michigan, the dune was planted to trees in April 1931. The city again planted trees in 1932.

### Famous Runner Now Proud Father



In some things, Paavo Nurmi is as slow as can be. Recently the famous runner became a proud father and did he spread the news about? He did not. A month after the event, he posed with Mrs. Nurmi and the youngster.

can't sleep?  
Act at once!  
There's no rest for a body clogged by waste matter.  
You need Eno's every morning.  
TAKE ENO'S FRUIT SALT  
ISSUE No. 2—33