

# Just Drink "SALADA" TEA

Its superb flavour satisfies.

## Triumphs of M. Jonquelle.

by MELVILLE DAVISSON POST.

THE FORTUNE TELLER.

It was an ancient diary in a faded leather cover. The writing was fine and delicate and the ink yellow with age. Monsieur Jonquelle turned the pages slowly and with care, for the paper was fragile. He had dined early and came in later to his house on the Faubourg St. Germain in Paris.

He wished to show me this old diary that had come down to him, from a branch of his mother's family in Virginia—a branch that had gone out with a King's Grant when Virginia was a crown colony. The collateral ancestor Pendleton had been a Justice of the Peace in Virginia, and a spinster daughter had written down some of the strange cases with which her father had been concerned. Monsieur Jonquelle believed that these cases in their tragic details, and their inspirational deductive handling equaled any of modern times. The great library overlooking the Faubourg St. Germain was certainly off from Paris. Monsieur Jonquelle went by the first train, returned as by some recession of time to the Virginia of a vanished decade. The narrative of the diary follows:

It was a big sunny room. The long windows looked out on a formal garden, great beech trees and the bow of the river. Within it was a sort of library. There were book-cases built into the wall, to the height of a man's head, and at intervals between them, rising from the floor to the cornice of the shelves, were rows of mahogany drawers with glass knobs. There was also a flat writing table.

It was the room of a traveler, a man of letters, a dreamer. On the table were an inkpot of carved jade, a pen-knife of ivory with gold butterflies set in; three bronze storks, with their backs together, held an exquisite Japanese crystal.

The room was in disorder—the drawers pulled out and the contents ransacked. My father stood leaning against the casement of the window, looking out. The lawyer, Mr. Lewis, sat in a chair beside the table, his eyes on the violated room.

"Pendleton," he said, "I don't like this Englishman Gosford."

The words seemed to arouse my father out of the depths of some reflection, and he turned to the lawyer, Mr. Lewis.

"Gosford!" he echoed.

"He is behind this business, Pendleton," the lawyer, Mr. Lewis, went on. "Mark my word! He comes here when Marshall is dying; he forces his way to the man's bed; he puts the servants out; he locks the door. Now, what business had this Englishman with Marshall on his deathbed? What business of a secrecy so close that Marshall's son is barred out by a locked door?"

He paused and twisted the seal ring on his finger.

"When you and I came to visit the sick man, Gosford was always here, as though he kept a watch on us, and when we left, he went always to his room to write his letters, as he said."

"And more than this, Pendleton," Marshall is hardly in his grave before Gosford writes me to inquire by what legal process the dead man's papers may be examined for a will. And it is Gosford who sends a negro riding, as if the devil were on the crupper, to summon me in the name of the Commonwealth of Virginia, to appear and examine into the circumstances of this burglary.

"I mistrust the man. He used to hang about Marshall in his life, upon some enterprise of secrecy; and now he takes possession and leadership in his affairs and sets the man's son aside. In what right, Pendleton, does this adventurous Englishman feel himself secure?"

My father did not reply to Lewis's discourse. His comment was in another quarter.

Here is young Marshall and Gosford," he said.

The lawyer rose and came over to the window.

Two persons were advancing from the direction of the stables—a tall, delicate boy, and a strange old man. The old man walked with a quick, jerky stride. It was the old country doctor Gaekki. And, unlike any other man of his profession, he would work as long and as carefully on the body of a horse as he would on the body of a man, snapping out his quaint oaths



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wanderer, one who loved the world and its frivolities, and the son takes that temperament, softened by his mother. He ought to have a guardian."

"He has one," replied my father. "A guardian!" repeated Lewis. "What court has appointed a guardian for young Marshall?"

"A court," replied my father, "that does not sit under the authority of Virginia. The helpless, Lewis, in their youth and inexperience, are not wholly given over to the soldier."

The boy they talked about was very young—under twenty, one would say. He was blue-eyed and fair-haired, with thin, delicate features, which showed good blood long inbred to the less of vigor. He had the fine, open, generous face of one who takes the world as in a fairy story. But now there was care and anxiety in it, and a furtive shadow, as though the lad's dream of life had got some rude awakening.

At this moment the door behind my father and Lewis was thrown violently open, and a man entered. He was a person with the manner of a barrister, precise and dapper; he had a long, pink face, pale eyes, and a close-cropped beard that brought out the hard lines of his mouth. He bustled to the table, put down a sort of portfolio that held an inkpot, a writing-pad and pens, and drew up a chair like one about to take the minutes of a meeting. And all the while he apologized for his delay. He had important letters to get off in the post, and to make sure, had carried them to the tavern himself.

"And now, sir, let us get about this business," he finished, like one who calls his assistants to a labor.

My father turned about and looked at the man.

"Is your name Gosford?" he said in his cold, level voice.

"It is, sir," replied the Englishman, "Anthony Gosford."

"Well, Mr. Anthony Gosford," replied my father, "kindly close that door that you have opened."

Lewis plucked out his snuffbox and trumpeted in his many-colored handkerchief to hide his laughter.

The Englishman, thrown off his patronizing manner, hesitated, closed the door as he was bidden—and could not regain his fine air.

"Now, Mr. Gosford," my father went on, "why was this room violated as we see it?"

"It was searched for Peyton Marshall's will, sir," replied the man.

"How did you know that Marshall had a will?" said my father.

"I saw him write it," returned the Englishman, "here in this very room, on the eighteenth day of October, 1864."

"That was two years ago," said my father. "Was he well here at Marshall's death?"

"It was. He told me on his death-bed."

"And it is gone now?"

"It is," replied the Englishman. "And now, Mr. Gosford," said my father, "how do you know this will is gone unless you also know precisely where it was?"

"I do know precisely where it was, sir," returned the man. "It was in a row of drawers on the right of the window where you stand—the second drawer from the top. Mr. Marshall put it there when he wrote it, and he told me on his deathbed that it remained there. You can see, sir, that the drawer has been rifled."

My father looked casually at the row of mahogany drawers rising along the end of the bookcase. The second one and the one above were open; the others below were closed.

"Mr. Gosford," he said, "you would have some interest in this will, to know about it so precisely."

"As to me, sir," replied the man, "it left me a sum of money."

"A large sum?"

"A very large sum, sir."

"Mr. Anthony Gosford," said my father, "for what purpose did Peyton Marshall bequeath you a large sum of money? You are no kin; nor was he in your debt."

The Englishman sat down and put his fingers together with a judicial air.

"Sir," he began, "I am not advised that the purpose of a bequest is relevant, when the bequest is direct and unencumbered by the testator with any indicator-words of trust or use. This will bequeathes me a sum of money. I am not required by any provision of the law to show the reasons moving the testator. Doubtless, Mr. Peyton Marshall had reasons which he deemed excellent for this course, but they are, sir, entombed in the grave with him."

My father looked steadily at the man, but he did not seem to consider his explanation, nor to go any further on that line.

"Is there another who would know about this will?" he said.

"This effeminate son would know," replied Gosford, a sneer in the epithet, "but no other. Marshall wrote the testament in his own hand, without witnesses, as he had the legal right to do under the laws of Virginia. The lawyer," he added, "Mr. Lewis, will confirm me in the legality of that."

(To be continued.)

The pedestrian is not only a nuisance, but he's an expense. If it weren't for the pedestrians a city could get along with half the traffic clogs it now has. Cleveland Press.

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**Unions**  
Pick relief from pain.  
At all drug stores.  
**Dr. Schell's**  
**Zino-pads**

**Advertising Draws**  
Londoner's "Ad" For a Cat  
Brings 117 Felines to Door

In connection with the recent advertising convention in London, the story of how a dubious citizen became convinced that advertising is sometimes effective is being related.

The story concerns the attempt of a canvasser to persuade a reluctant trader to place some advertising. The trader couldn't see it, asserting that "nobody reads advertisements."

The agent decided to represent his client as desirous of purchasing a cat. The advertisement was inserted. Four hours elapsed after publication, and then the office of the newspaper received a frantic telephone call.

It was the trader. Please, would they withdraw the notice at once? It must not be allowed to get into another edition. For already, he said, no less than 117 cats had been brought to his door.

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with wood, steel, sandbags, air cushioning space and reinforced concrete, are nine and a half feet thick and built in accordance with the principles that underlie the construction of a bombproof shelter on a battlefield. The door alone weighs seventeen tons.

In this curious padded cell rotors fourteen and a half feet in diameter and shafts forty feet long can be spun at speeds as high as 21,600 revolutions a minute. When the part to be tested is mounted in position the door of the test house is locked and the effect of high speed is watched vicariously with the aid of a formidable battery of scientific instruments. There are dials, revolution counters, tachographs, oscilloscopes and fast macaras to show exactly what is happening.

The padded cell is of especial importance in subjecting wheel and alternators to overspeed tests. Such machines may be speeded up in actual practice 80 per cent. above what may be called the "normal maximum," whereupon stresses result that are three and one-half times greater than those of full speed.

Weather Maps for Fliers

The flights across the Atlantic Ocean, notably that of Commander Byrd, have proved that the chief obstacle in the maintenance of a regular airplane passenger service between America and Europe is meteorological. We must know more about the weather.

Byrd postponed his taking off time and time again, only to plunge into a fog so dense that he could not see even the tips of his machine's wings, much less the blaze of lights intended to guide him to Le Bourget.

Although nothing short of an international meteorological service (in which every ship on the ocean will play its part) can solve the problem of future Byrds, the United States Weather Bureau is already doing what it can to speed the planes through the air. The fliers who carry mail and passengers across the continent, and passengers from city to city, need guidance as much as do the pilots of transatlantic machines. Accordingly the Weather Bureau is now preparing maps to show the conditions that prevail not only on the ground but also at different altitudes.

Small free balloons are sent up from forty stations—balloons freighted with instruments provided with pens to write down their impressions. Thus temperature, humidity, barometric pressure, wind velocity are recorded in a script that the meteorologist can read. The instruments are sent up as high as ten and fifteen miles. The records appear on the new weather map and show plainly enough what conditions prevail at 250, 500, 1,000, 2,000, 3,000 and 4,000 meters above the ground. In future the pilot of a machine that carries passengers from New York to San Francisco will be guided on his way by half a dozen such maps, each good for a stretch of perhaps 800 miles.

German architects are reported studying to improve the appearance of buildings as viewed from the air. More concrete evidence of flying progress?

"There is no limit to the possibilities of flying now," says Sir Alan Cobham. Unless, of course, when one moves in a downward direction.

Now that one form of refrigerator burns gas to produce frigidity, when will we begin cutting up glaciers for fuel?

The United States Government wants more college men to take up aviation. Encouraging higher education?

Macnab's assistant second to "the king" remark he made will be by all Canadians. He C.N.R.O. (the Canadian National Railway), and Daily Star station at broadcasting to Canada. Not appreciating Canada did not realize that the stations were thousands nearer Alaska than named.

THEY'RE

"The bell! the bell! Names, and then blow Tunney's 'one, two, Dempsey's rapid cover were recorded. The gladiators between rounds of the points as the go the listeners out of the smell of resin and sweat nostrils. The gleaming tense set faces of the in the eye. The timbre voice and the hissing he described a pure sickening thud to the eatic seventh round when sey's "wild animal" o with every atom of science and strength gain his lost crown curdling suspense as he called, with Tunney ropes, carried us to a cecented.

We saw this terrible ing tiger, motion with ance to his apparently ponent, to come on a We shook with Tunney knees as he fought of the gnawing punishment ed, and here is

## SCIENCE NOTES

**Artificial Snow for Sport in Hot Weather—A New Form of Concrete**

By Waldemar Kaempfert

While the promenaders of the Unter den Linden map their brows in the Summer heat there is sking and tobogganing in the old Automobilhalle of Berlin. A runway of wood has been built about a thousand feet long and sixty feet wide. Hundreds of perspiring ski jumpers now disport themselves in true Alpine fashion before a crowd that wears the thinnest Summer clothing.

This meteorological anomaly is due to the invention of an artificial "snow" by a British diplomat, L. C. Ayacough. Upon the runway of the Automobilhalle 200 tons of Ayacough's snow have been spread. Of the chemical composition of this mysterious substance nothing is publicly known. It is a white powder which is mixed with shavings and which has all the properties of natural snow, except that it does not melt.

With characteristic caution Berlin commissioned the head of its Municipal Health Bureau, Dr. von Drigalski, to make a medical and hygienic study of Ayacough's "snow." When Drigalski reported that sking on the "snow" was not likely to increase the mortality rate, Berlin proceeded to build the runway and to order a trainload of "snow." Now a company has been formed to build Summer toboggan slides in Dresden, Munich and Frankfurt.

Concrete Made With Ice

"Ice concrete" is the name of a new, porous, astonishingly light building material invented in Finland. Like ordinary concrete, it is composed of cement and sand. Crushed ice or snow is used during the process of mixing. Heat evaporates the water of the melting ice, and the result is a block of brick uniformly honeycombed with minute pores. The number of pores varies directly with the quantity of ice or snow mixed with the cement and sand.

Building blocks thus made are exceedingly light and durable. In a house or office building of ice concrete there is a saving of weight varying from 20 to 50 per cent. Because they are cellular in structure, the blocks act as insulators to keep out heat in Summer and cold in Winter.

If ice concrete is made without sand the resultant product is a tough compound that can be sawn, nailed, screwed, chiseled and cut as readily as if it were wood.

Machines in Padded Cells

A modern electric generator of 26,800 horsepower with rotating parts that weigh twenty tons and spin around 3,000 times a minute is a storehouse of energy comparable with a carboy of nitroglycerine. When the machine is driven at its maximum speed the twenty-ton rotor generates as much energy as two 600-ton trains colliding head on when both are traveling at the rate of thirty-five miles an hour.

How can the designing engineer be sure that the generator will not burst and scatter death and destruction? His materials are selected with the utmost care, and he calculates with nicety the forces released. The rotor forging is subjected to bending and pulling tests in machines that torture and abuse it. A hole is bored clear through the centre of the shaft and the interior is minutely examined for flaws with the aid of electric lamps and optical instruments.

While all this bending, twisting and examining is reassuring it is not the equivalent of actual operation. Some manufacturers, therefore, mount the machines in open shops, and run them at high speed. Others lower the rotors into pits, cover them with steel beams and a heavy load of sandbags, and drive them hard.

The newest of all these expedients is a kind of padded cell, which has been adopted by a famous British firm and which is officially known as the "test house." It looks like an airship hangar. Its walls, "padded"



A CHIC ONE-PIECE FROCK. Unusually smart is this modish one-piece frock of slenderizing lines. Contrasting material may be effectively be used for the front panel, vestee, shield, long collar, and facings on the dart-fitted or loose sleeves. An inverted plait at each side seam provides for the necessary fullness, and the narrow belt fastens with a buckle. No. 1644 is in sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust. Size 38 requires 3 1/4 yards 39-inch, or 2 3/4 yards 54-inch material for the dress, and 1/4 yard 39-inch for collar, vestee, shield, and sleeve facings. Price, 20 cents the pattern.

Our Fashion Book, illustrating the newest and most practical styles, will be of interest to every home dressmaker. Price of the book 10 cents this copy.

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