

Quality has no substitute



Tea "fresh from the gardens"

THE TULE MARSH MURDER

STORY OF A MISSING ACTRESS AND THE TAKING OF WITS TO EXPLAIN HER FATE.

By NANCY BARR MAVITY.

SYNOPSIS
Den Ellsworth, actress, formerly actress Sheila O'Shay, disappears. Dr. Cavanaugh, the great criminal psychologist, learns that their married life has been very unhappy. Peter Piper, a Herald reporter, while en route to Ellsworth before her marriage. Dr. Cavanaugh identifies a body found in the tule marsh as that of Sheila O'Shay. Barbara Fairis, who she bears this name. Fairis ever's mind is arrested and admits Sheila forced Ellsworth to marry her by threatening breach of promise. Peter and Dr. Cavanaugh find the breach of promise papers have been taken; they find a threatening letter signed "David Crane." Peter trails crane to an automobile tourist camp.

CHAPTER XXXII—(Cont'd.)
"Well, it's a funny thing," Peter said, his brow wrinkled in a puzzled frown. "I went rumpling out after Orme on suspicion of his being the O'Shay woman's murderer. If he's guilty, I want him to be convicted. In fact, I shall be extremely relieved and grateful if he turns out to be the guilty party."

"He's the most promising suspect that's turned up so far. And you had to hire a lawyer for him, out of my own pocket. He didn't even have the sense to ask for one. There's a sort of innocence about him—I don't mean innocence in this particular crime, but of the world and all its works. "I couldn't see him or anybody drift straight down the rapids to the big crash without even grasping what was all about. My wires are all crossed, somehow," he concluded ruefully. "The world is very full of people whose wires are tangled," Dr. Cavanaugh said meditatively. "That, we might say, is the normal state of humanity. Motives are not laid side by side and neatly balanced. They are more like a basketful of loose sticks of silk after the kitten has been playing with them. You pull a motive and the threads' coming out and instead of its entire length, you run smooth for its entire length, you run

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Three Days
"I shall see her in three days." So Browning said. The sun wears out, and many stars go wrong. The old Earth totters, and none trusts her long. "I shall see her in three days." So Browning says. But I: "To-day I make for her this song. Sleep well, O nights! O sun, three days be strong."
—T. E. Casson, in the London Observer

Volga Tapped for Water
It has now been decided that part of the Volga water shall be directed into the Moscow River by means of a canal. By obtaining a reinforcement of water from the Volga the Moscow River will gain in volume, the water supply of Moscow, which is beginning to show signs of shortage, will be replenished, and Moscow will acquire additional significance as a river port.

Heavyweight Boxer
The trouble is, doctor, I can't sleep a wink. Doctor: "You must practice auto-suggestion. Why not lie on your back, relax, and count slowly up to ten?"

energy to seeking bargain rates in professional services for the sake of a notion of abstract justice. "Justice be blowed!" It was Peter's code to smother with indignation when accused of lofty sentiments. "This chap rather interests me," said the doctor. "He interests me very much. He shows an interest in me very much. He had the idea that a plea of insanity might be in order. He even suggests that our peculiar Mr. Orme is laying the ground for it by his present attitude. It just so happens that the district attorney's office has already requested by services as alienist for 'the prosecution.'"

CHAPTER XXXIII.
"My grief!" Peter's hands were flung out in a gesture of despair, stroking ashes from his half-burned cigarette heedlessly over the doctor's Pekin rug. "That jig's up then. The jury won't understand half of what you say, but they'll believe all of it because you say it. I wish you'd wait for me," he added reproachfully. Dr. Cavanaugh wafted three smoke rings into space before he answered. "I did," he said at last.

"You did?" "That is, I waited for everybody. I am quite willing to examine Orme. His case, from what I hear, presents some interesting features, but I am definite bias than I would have if he had come as a patient to my office. "The district attorney was rather heated in his comments on the 'insanity dodge' as the current fashion among criminals of the present day is to defend themselves by claiming insanity. And would like to engage you as defence alienist to examine Orme." "I've no doubt you would," Dr. Cavanaugh said blandly, following with his eyes the floating procession of a series of smoke rings.

"Of course publicity means nothing to you—you could get as much free publicity as a movie star by lifting your finger. And there isn't any money in it. After all," Peter exploded, "I can't be expected to go broke in order to pay for the defence of a man I never saw in my life until I grabbed him for the sheriff! And even if I did go broke," he added more calmly, "I couldn't raise enough to interest you."

"So far as I know," the doctor said placidly, "nobody expected anything but all from you, except yourself." "Oh, it was nothing to crow about," Peter hastened to assure him. "Only

"Suffering cats!" ejaculated Peter. "That's so—and let's lost two fingers off his hand," he added in a tone of awed sympathy. "No wonder he looks as if he'd been thrown into a world where he can't find his way. Music was his own particular world, and he was pitched out of it, without music, deprived of the only way he knew of making any—cast into the society of auto camp humbugs."

"Still," Dr. Cavanaugh brought him down to earth, "that hardly explains why he should forthwith walk out and secure a rich and rather famous lady of the stage."

"No," Peter assented glumly, "it doesn't." (To be continued.)

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V. G. CARDY, Managing Director

standards we are often compelled to meet we cannot ourselves relax and to lay down rules which could not ourselves satisfy.

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HEADACHE
The woman who lets headaches upset her plans must have her eyes and ears closed to certain facts about Aspirin. There is always swift comfort, and never any harm, in Aspirin tablets. Doctors have said so; men and women everywhere have found it so. Any headache from any cause—is always relieved by one or two tablets. And lots of other aches and pains. Neuralgia. Neuritis. Rheumatism. Naggings. The pain from colds which make you "ache all over." Sore throat. Systemic "muscular" pain. Aspirin can spare you lots of needless suffering! Be sure you get Aspirin—not a substitute!

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ASPIRIN
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Anecdotes Recall Naughty Nineties
Thoughtful stories about famous moments of the nineties—and after, are recalled as autumn leaves fall from the trees in the remembrance of "Life in the Nineties" at W. Graham Jackson, the painter. Mr. Robertson has a genius for making a story out of what is more difficult to recall. He has discovered and caught the best of the nineties in the close of Sarah Bernhardt and Ellen Terry. Then he knew, intimately, the nineties. Roosevelt, Burnham, Henry Irving, Oscar Wilde and the rest were nearly everybody in the world worth knowing.

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Daughter of Dominions' Secretary Weds
Miss Doris Thomas, daughter of the Rt. Hon. J. H. Thomas, secretary for the British dominions, was married to Mr. Robert Framley-Whittingall at St. Martin's-in-the-fields church in London, England. Here are the bride and groom leaving the church after the ceremony.

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Sunday School Lesson
December 4. Lesson X—Rome and Beyond—2 Timothy 4: 8-18. Text—I have fought a good fight, the race is run, I have kept the faith.—2 Timothy 4: 7.

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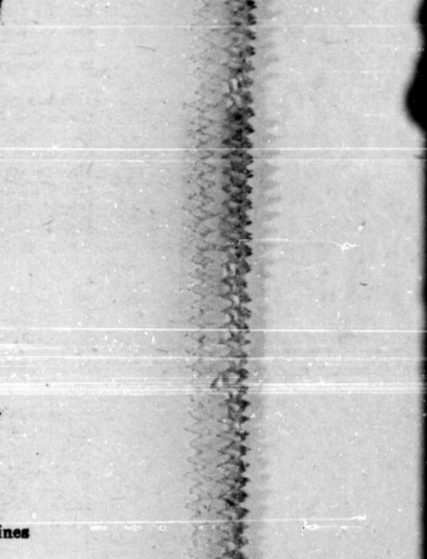
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What New York Is Wearing
BY ANNEBELLE WORTHINGTON
Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Prepared With Every Pattern



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MUTT AND JEFF—By BUD FISHER
I GOT MISCLE INTO A FINE TANGLE—I BORROWED A DOLLAR OFF SIR SIDNEY TO PAY JEFF.
THEN I BORROWED MY BACK FROM JEFF TO PAY SID—AND INSTEAD OF OWING SIR SID ONE DOLLAR TO JEFF (BLVD) -
NOW I OWE EACH ONE OF THEM A DOLLAR—
WELL, I'M ESTABLISHING CREDIT ANYWAY!