

THE TULE MARSH MURDER

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

BY NANCY BAKER VAITY.

SYNOPSIS—
Sheila O'Shay, actress, disappeared. Dr. Cameron, who had been with her, learned she had been married to a man named Peter Piper. Piper was a theatrical producer and had a record for playing a murderer. He was believed to be the killer.

CHAPTER XXXVI.—(Cont'd.)
"Yes," Barbara said gravely, "he is a great man, and he has been a great actor. But, oh! I should have been there when he was shot. I should have seen the bullet pierce his forehead and the life go out of his eyes."

"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."

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

"You think that 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, calmly. "You think I am a murderer, and that I may be hanged for it, and still—still you want to marry me?"

"Peter did not know that he had moved until he had seen her and lifted her from the chair and held her close, his cheek against her hair. Barbara. Nobody shall hurt you, I won't let them. Starting 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—no the power of love itself—can make me do it. 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 hairier, darling," he said at last. "You know that I'll do whatever you ask me to do. But I won't be frightened. I'm 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."

Quality has no substitute



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 move to supply credits for live stock. Western motor officials report better business and improved conditions. King Township sets 2,000 acres of land to be settled by Dutch 'emigrants'. Burlington, Ont., to get a new factory to make and distribute insecticides.

Drunkards at the Wheel

Quebec Action Catholic (Ind.)—At the last term of the Assizes in Arthabaska, Mr. Justice Paulant sentenced a young man to three years in the penitentiary, after being found guilty of involuntary homicide for having caused the death of a person while driving his car in a state of intoxication and not carrying his licence. The automobile is a great benefit to mankind. But if madmen and drunkards become the absolute masters of the road, the people who have slight regard for human life will end by refusing to drive in an automobile again. And the highroads, which cost the population so much, the roads whose utility is so general, would in the end be abandoned to a small number of brainless idiots.

Oh, Mr. Porter

"Porter," said an old woman at a country station, "what time is there a train to Greenwood?"
"Six-thirty," replied the porter, sharply.
"What?" exclaimed the old woman, who was slightly deaf.
"Six-thirty," repeated the porter, angrily, and turned away.
"That's a train at half-past six, ma'am," replied the porter, politely.
"That'll do very well," said the woman. "I just asked that other fellow, and he said next Thursday!"

Equine School for Future Racers

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

Dooubful Compliment

"Speeding the parking of my motor car might be described as one of the virtues of hospitality. A visitor who had long overstayed his welcome. 'It was so sweet of you to let me stay so long,' they said, with effusive thanks. 'Oh, I'm so glad you've been here, with only relief. Thank you very much, my dear,' replied the hostess, with a smile that was only slightly forced.

MUTT AND JEFF—By BUD FISHER

"Mutt, I'd like to have that dollar you borrowed off me!"
"I'd like to have it too, Jeff!"
"Say, you're acting like you thought I wasn't going to pay you!"
"You're acting that way too!"

ISSUE No. 51—31

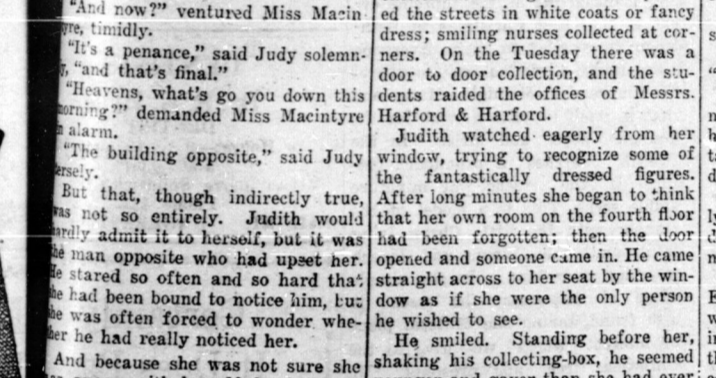
ACROSS THE WAY

BY HELENE STILES.

The little typist, working in the little window on the fourth floor of a building opposite the hospital, finished her letter with a flourish. As she set to work on her next job, she turned to the door and looked at the men's ward, prepared to go. If she could cheer those boys up she would, besides. The Saturday afternoon concert proved to be the usual hospital affair, replete with kind old ladies exercising somewhat doubtful talents. Judy couldn't help being very staid, but all the old favorites she could remember. When she had finished her first piece at the piano, no one would have thought of the man who had gathered in the doorway, ran forward every time she tried to escape, and held her down.

What New York Is Wearing

BY ANNEBELLE WORTHINGTON
Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Fisk and White, Paris Patterns
The young man certainly knows how to stare. Judy casters, said she should feel flattered, dear. "My eyes are too critical, besides, I watched creature always manning the street, but I can't help wondering what she has blighted my life. 'Oh, you shouldn't say that. Don't get it's a hospital. Don't forget me. You won't be here, so you don't remember what this place was like a year or two ago. It was a pleasure to see them.'"
"And now?"
"It's a pleasure," said Judy solemnly.
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Easy

An angler had a four-hour's truce 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?"

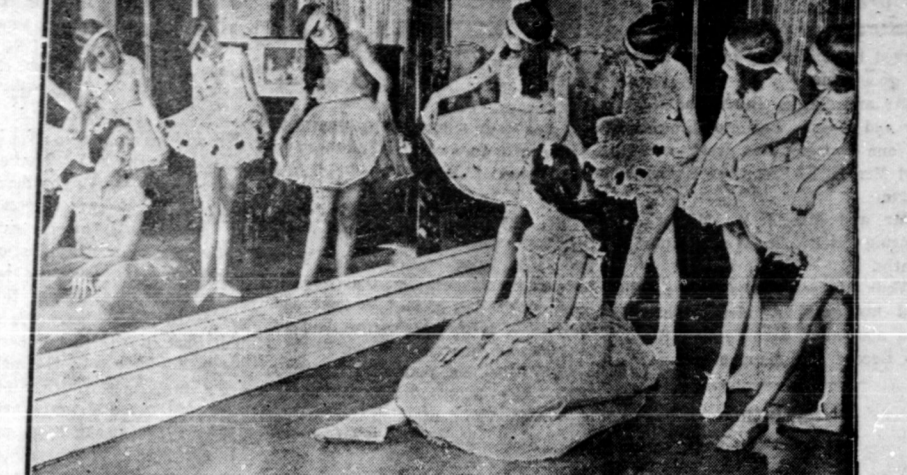
HOUSING PATTERN

Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of patterns as you want. Enclose 50 stamps or coin (with preferred) for each number. If you are a member of your own or Wilson's Service, 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto, please refer to that.

DOLLAR—A DOLLAR—A Ten O'Clock School

A DILLER—A DOLLAR—A Ten O'Clock School
"MY BOY, YOUR DOLLAR IS JUST AS SAFE AS THE ROCK OF GIBRALTAR—AND JUST AS FAR AWAY."
"YOU'RE ACTING LIKE YOU THOUGHT I WASN'T GOING TO PAY YOU."
"YOU'RE ACTING THAT WAY TOO."
"I'M GOING TO ASK THE BOSS TO MAKE DEBIT AND CREDIT ME IN HIS BOOK."
"BUT SUPPOSE HE REFUSES?"
"WELL, I'LL ASK HIM AGAIN."

Followers of Pavlova's Art



Members of the Juno Art School at Finchley, England, pose effectively in a mirror owned by the late Anna Pavlova. Many ballet classes are now preparing for Christmas programs.

Try These

New Wines in Old Bottles
Have you tried the amusing game of making new endings to old proverbs? "It's a long lane," says one, "that has no picture palace," continues another. Or, "There's a willow-tree's litigation," and "People who live in glass houses—should pull down the blinds."
"What are your new endings for 'Too many cooks'—?" "The early bird—" "When the cat's away—" and a host of others?"
Party Problem
Can you make any sense out of these four lines?
Light winds in sighing sink, till rigid light.
Night's virgin pilgrim swims in vivid light.
Conundrums
Why is a wet blanket like a train?—Because it is usually seen upon a line.
What does your butcher weigh?—Meat, of course.
Why is a clock like a discontented worker?—Because it never passes a day without striking.
Why is a careful housewife like a dog trying to bite its own tail?—Because they are both trying to make both ends meet.
Who has a foot and a brow, but no leg and no face?—A hill.
Why is a false friend like the letter 'B'?—Because, although the first in pity, he is the last in help.

In the Air

A well-known bishop was giving a religious address from the London broadcasting studio. His peroration concluded: "... And if we meet these laws..." and he met in heaven."
The listeners were surprised to hear, almost without a pause—"I don't think!"
It seems that the bishop, immediately on concluding his address, turned to the announcer and said, "I don't think it spoke too loud, did it?" but the announcer did not "fade out" until the words: "I don't think..." had been transmitted.

REVEREND IMPER

A Canadian had been asked to give a lecture on the "Reverend Imper" in a Christian Community.
"I find that many of the old racial antipathy and sectarian narrowness has still to be overcome."
Another interesting topic for discussion here would be Philomena's reply to Paul's Letter, asking for grant that Philomena was as good a Christian as Paul believed him to be.

CHICKEN OPPORTUNITY

"I'm going to ask the boss to make debit and credit me in his book."
"But suppose he refuses?"
"WELL, I'LL ASK HIM AGAIN."

A Diller—A Dollar—A Ten O'Clock School

Continued from page 51.

MUTT AND JEFF—By BUD FISHER

Continued from page 51.

Sunday School Lesson

December 27, Lesson XIII—The Spread of Christianity in Europe—Isiah 11: 1-10. Golden Text—The kingdoms of this world are to become the kingdom of our Lord and of his Christ; and he shall reign for ever and ever—Revelation 11: 15.

For six months we have been following the studies of the spread of Christianity after the departure of Jesus in the resurrection, the little band of followers became aware of the living and eternal Christ and they went everywhere spreading the message and the power of his gospel. As we have looked again upon the faith and the courage of these early followers of Christ, and realize something of the price they paid in their journey and their heroic endeavors, risking and sacrificing all that they had, we feel that we have entered a new era. We are constrained to ask ourselves whether we have been as faithful witnesses.

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