

The RED HOUSE MYSTERY

by A. MILNE

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BEGIN HERE TODAY.

Lunch was over and the house-party guests were away on the golf links. Quiet reigned in the Red House while MARK ABLETT, the bachelor owner, and MATT CAYLEY, his companion, awaited the arrival of Mark's brother, ROBERT, who was returning from Australia after a 15 years' absence. Startled by Robert's rough appearance, AUDREY STEVENS, the maid, ushered him into Mark's office on his arrival. After an unsuccessful attempt to find Mark in the garden, Audrey returned to the house to find the other servants frightened by the sound of a revolver shot and to hear Cayley, pounding on the office door demanding admittance.

GO ON WITH THE STORY.

CHAPTER II

WHETHER Mark Ablett was a hero or not depended on the point of view, but it may be said at once that he never bore his company on the subject of his early life. However, stories get about. There is always somebody who knows. It was said that, as a boy, Mark had attracted the notice, and patronage, of some rich old spinster of the neighborhood, who had paid for his education, both at school and university. At about the time when he was coming down from Cambridge, his father had died.

Mark went to London, with an allowance from his patron, and made acquaintance with the money-lenders. He was supposed, by his patron and any others who inquired, to be "writing," but what he wrote, other than letters asking for more time to pay, has never been discovered. Fortunately (from Mark's point of view) his patron died during his third year in London, and left him all the money he wanted. He settled accounts with the money-lenders, abandoned his crop of wild oats to the harvesting of others, and became in his turn a patron. He patronized the Arts.

Editors were now offered free contributions as well as free lunches; promising young painters and poets dined with him; and he even took a theatrical company on tour, playing host and "lead" with equal lavishment.

His patronage included Matthew Cayley, a small cousin of thirteen. He sent the Cayley cousin to school and Cambridge.

Cayley at twenty-three, looked after his cousin's affairs. By this time Mark had bought The Red House. Cayley superintended the necessary staff. He was not quite secretary, not quite land-agent, not quite business-adviser, not quite companion, but something of all four.

Cayley was now twenty-eight, but had all the appearance of forty, which was his patron's age. Sporadically they entertained a good deal of the Red House. Let us

deal at The Red House. Let us have a look at them as they came down to that breakfast, of which Stevens, the parlormaid, had already given us a glimpse.

The first to appear was Major Rumbold, a tall, gray-haired, gray-mustached, silent man, who lived on his retired pay. He had got to work on a sausage by the time of the next arrival. This was Bill Beverly, a cheerful young man in white flannel trousers and a blazer.

"Hallo, Major," he said as he came in, "how's the gout?"

"It isn't gout," said the Major gruffly.

"Well, whatever it is,"

The Major grunted.

"I make a point of being polite at breakfast," said Bill, helping himself large to porridge.

"Well, we've got a good day for our game. It's going to be dashed hot, but that's where Betty and I score. Hallo, good morning, Miss Norris. Do you want any assistance, or do you prefer choosing your own



HE WAS NOW THIRTY.

breakfast?"

"Please don't get up," said Miss Norris. "I'll help myself. Good morning, Major." She smiled pleasantly at him.

The Major nodded.

"As I was telling him," began Bill, "that's where—Hallo, here's Betty. Morning, Cayley."

Betty Calladine and Cayley had come in together. Betty was the eighteen-year-old daughter of Mrs. John Calladine, widow of the painter, who was acting hostess on this occasion for Mark. Ruth Norris took herself seriously as an actress and, on her holidays, seriously as a golfer. She was quite competent as either.

"By the way, the car will be round at 10:30," said Cayley, looking up from his letters. "You're lunching there, and driving back directly afterwards. Isn't that right?"

Mark came in. He was generally the last. He greeted them and sat down to toast and tea. Breakfast was not his meal. The others chattered gently while he read his letters.

"Good God!" said Mark suddenly. There was an instinctive turning of heads toward him.

JACK DAW'S ADVENTURES



FLIP REALIZED HE COULD NOT BATTLE WITH THREE HUNGRY WOLVES, AS HE HAD THREE FROM HIS HAND AND WRITING FOR THE WOLVES TO GO HOME IN HALF AN HOUR THEY LEFT AND FLIP STARTED ON AGAIN. HE WAS ANXIOUS TO FIND JACK.



FLIP SOON REACHED THE TOP OF THE MOUNTAIN AND WALKED OUT ON A ROCK. AND LOOKED DOWN THERE WAS JACK, IN THE EAGLE'S NEST. THE FAITHFUL DOG HAD FOUND HIS LITTLE MASTER AGAIN.



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CORN PUDDING

THIS dish is excellent to serve with cold meat, or with a brown sugar sauce it may serve for a simple dessert. It can be made with either cooked or raw green corn, the latter giving a better flavor.

1 pint grated green corn 1/2 teaspoon salt
1 quart milk 2 tablespoons butter (melted)
1/2 cup sugar 3 eggs (slightly beaten)

Mix all together, turn into a buttered baking dish and bake 30 minutes, having the dish set in a pan of water. If the water does not boil, the pudding bakes without separating, and the custard will be smooth. This is true with all combinations of eggs and milk.

OSCAR OWL FORCED TO GO ON DIET.

[By Olive Roberts Barten.]



One day Phil Frog and Munch Mouse and Mrs. Bat had a confab.

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It was about Oscar Owl.

"Yes, sir," Munch Mouse was saying. "It's true, for my cousin, Harry House-Mouse, saw it in a book. A brown owl sometimes eats twenty mice, twenty frogs and a dozen bats in one day."

"Goodness!" gasped Phil. "At that rate not one of our children or grandchildren will be left, to say nothing of ourselves."

Mrs. Bat wagged her head indignantly. She was hanging upside-down by her feet inside a hollow tree. Usually at this time of day she was asleep, but news like this

would waken anybody.

"What's to be done?" she croaked. "I thought maybe Dr. Snuffles and his helpers could do something for us," said Munch Mouse. "Those

Twins are kind-hearted, and they're wise. Let's go and tell them the whole thing."

So Munch ran, Phil hopped, and Mrs. Bat flew over to the fairy doctor's house by the blueberry patch, and soon told their troubles.

"It's too bad!" said kind Nancy. "And too greedy!" declared Nick. "And too much!" nodded Dr. Snuffles. "I'll speak to Oscar at once."

Off to Oscar Owl's house in Maple Tree Flats they went, not Phil Frog and his friends — but the others.

Oscar was at home, but asleep. Also he was as cross as a bear at

Radio Radiations

If your radio receiver doesn't work, use a fault locator and discover the trouble.

Sometimes even the best apparatus manufactured by reliable manufacturers may not work when installed. Usually there is a wrong connection somewhere. But occasionally the equipment may have been damaged in shipment.

To find the trouble use an easily made fault locator.

Accompanying the equipment is a circuit diagram. If the set is home-made, it, too, is a diagram. Study this and then take a 110-volt lamp placed in series with a cord and an electric lighting supply, as shown in the diagram.

By following the chart, you should be able not only to test the circuit as a whole but any individual piece of the equipment.

With the variable condenser, the point at which contact is made between the plates may be ascertained by watching carefully for a spark. The lamp used for this purpose should be of 25 watts. If it is too large, the current flowing in the delicate windings of such places as the potentiometer may ruin it.

Where no electric current is available, testing may be done by placing a battery in series with a telephone receiver.

This is a method, however, which may mislead the inexperienced, for even in a coil where the circuit is actually broken, small currents will flow momentarily on account of the electrical capacity between the separated portions of the circuit.

Leakage—Gradual discharge of a condenser after a voltage is applied to it and its terminals are left disconnected. A set of plates with dry air as dielectric will retain the charge almost indefinitely after the voltage is cut off, but in some paper condensers, for instance, the charge disappears by leakage in a few minutes.

Using a lamp as fault locator.

Often tapped connections may have become loose either from the coil or switch point. More frequently the alignment of a variable condenser may have gone awry with the result that the plates touch.

Fixed condensers, rheostats, potentiometers—all may be tested by placing them in circuit with the electric lamp.

In the case of the coils and rheostats, the lamp should light if everything is all right.

In the case of the condensers, the being awakened in broad daylight.

"Oscar!" said Dr. Snuffles. "I know you didn't send for me, but I saw you yesterday, and you looked so bad I thought I'd call. Stick out your tongue, please."

"There!" That's it! Just as I thought! Too much frog and mouse and bat. You'll have to diet for two months. Nothing but a few bugs and a mosquito or two."

"Now, remember! I'll have you well in spite of yourself!" Phil and Munch and Mrs. Bat did a jig when they heard the news.

(To Be Continued.) Copyright, 1922.)

Simple Treatment For Oily Skins

If your skin is sallow, oily or muddy, if the pores are full of dirt and other accumulations—if blackheads inhabit the face—get from your druggist a package of peroxide powder. At night just before retiring, take your wash cloth, wet it with hot water and sprinkle a liberal quantity of the peroxide powder on it. Now rub over the face, neck, arms and bust, working up a lather. In a few seconds you will feel a delightful tingling sensation—you will know that the powder is dissolving away every particle of the dust and dirt and excess oil—even to the blackheads—you can just feel it doing its work. After a minute or two, wash off with plenty of warm water finishing up with cold—the colder the better. Now dry the skin and look in your mirror—you'll be surprised at the wonderful refreshed appearance of your complexion.—Adv.

Cotton Again Is Most Popular Material for Underwear



A WOMAN in her hours of ease would have to be rather more than hard to please if the new summer lingerie couldn't do it. The shop windows compete with each other in displaying the good-looking novelty-cotton underwear and nightwear that seems so appropriate to summer dresses and summer weather. It is probably the contrariness of fashion that makes cotton underwear popular again just as it becomes more expensive. At any rate no one disputes the charm of the colored batistes, checked ginghams, striped voiles and dimities, flowered crepes and tissue ginghams used for this newest lingerie. Dotted swiss is very popular for step-in sets and breakfast coats. Negligees are made of flowered voiles. The finest of white chiffon voiles is used for handsome trousseau lingerie. Ruffles and pipings are used for trimming, but not a superabundance of lace. The straight lines popular in dresses these days are inimical to elaborate underwear.

Did You Ever Try

"SALADA"

natural leaf Green Tea? It has proven a pleasant revelation to thousands of those hitherto used to Japan and China Greens.

ADVERTISER PATTERNS



A Frock in Dainty Style.

2998—This model is easy to put together, and very easy to launder. In pongee, prints, or crepe, it will be very attractive.

The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. A 6-year size requires 1 1/2 yards of 32-inch material. As illustrated, figured voile was used with rick rack braid for decoration.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

Address all pattern orders to Pattern Department.

Name

Town

Province

Age (if child's or miss's)

Measurements: Bust..... Waist.....

CAUTION: Be careful to inclose the above illustration, and send size of pattern wanted. When the pattern is sent, you need mark only 38, 44 or whatever it may be. When in waist measure, 22, 24, 26, or whatever it may be. If a skirt, give waist and length measure. When miss's or child's pattern, write only the figure representing the age. It is not necessary to write "inches" or "years." Patterns cannot reach you in less than one week from the date of application.

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