

The RED HOUSE MYSTERY

by A. A. MILNE

BEGIN HERE TODAY.

The prospective visit of a new-door brother, who had been absent for fifteen years in Australia, was a far from pleasing prospect to MARK ABLETT, bachelor proprietor of The Red House. Mark and his constant companion, MATTHEW CAYLEY, remained in The Red House awaiting the arrival of the brother.

ROBERT, while the house-party guests were away playing golf. When Robert appeared, the parlor-maid, startled by his rough appearance, ushered him into Mark's office and went to inform her master. Mark was not in the garden, and when the maid returned to the house she heard the report of a revolver and then the sound of Cayley pounding on the locked office door and demanding admittance. This was the state of affairs when

GO ON WITH THE STORY.

CHAPTER III. CAYLEY looked round suddenly at the voice. "Can I help?" said Antony politely.

"Something's happened," said Cayley. He was breathing quickly. "I heard a shot. I was in the library. A loud bang. And the door's locked. He rattled the handle again, and shook it. 'Open the door!' he cried. 'I say, Mark, what is it? Open the door!'"

"But he must have locked the door on purpose," said Antony. "So why should he open it just because you ask him to?"

Cayley turned to the door again. "We must break it in," he said, putting his shoulder to it.

"Isn't there a window?"

"Window? Window?"

"So much easier to break in a window," said Antony with a smile. He looked very cool and collected, as he stood just inside the hall, leaning on his stick.

"Window—of course! What an idiot I am."

He pushed past Antony, and began running out into the drive. Antony followed him. They ran along the front of the house, down a path to the left, and then to the left again over the grass. Cayley in front, the other close behind him. Suddenly Cayley looked over his shoulder and pulled up short.

"Here," he said.

They had come to the windows of the locked room. French windows which opened on to the lawn at the back of the house. But now they were closed. Antony couldn't help feeling a thrill of excitement as he followed Cayley's example, and put his face close up to the glass. But if there had been one shot, why should there not be two more?—at the careless fools who were pressing their noses against the panes, and asking for it.

"Can you see it?" said Cayley in a shaking voice.

The next moment Antony saw it. A man was lying on the floor at the far end of the room, his back toward them.

"Who is it?" said Antony.

"I don't know," the other whispered.

"Well, we'd better go and see." He considered the windows for a moment. "I should think, if you put your weight into it, just where they join, they'll give all right."

Cayley put his weight into it. The window gave, and they went into the room. Cayley walked quickly to the body, and dropped on his knees by it. With an effort he put a hand on the shoulder and pulled it over.

"Oh, dear!" he murmured, and let the body go again.

"Who is it?" said Antony.

"Robert Ablett."

"Oh!" said Antony. "I thought his name was Mark."

"Yes, Mark Ablett lives here. Robert is his brother." He shuddered, and said: "I was afraid it was Mark."

"Was Mark in the room, too?"

"Yes," said Cayley absently. Antony had gone to the locked door, and was turning the handle. "I suppose he put the key in his pocket," he said, as he came back to the body again.

"Who?"

"Antony shrugged his shoulders. "Whoever did this," he said, pointing to the man on the floor. "Is he dead?"

"Help me," said Cayley simply. They turned the body on to its back, and Cayley looked at it. Robert Ablett had been shot between the eyes.

"Did you know him well?" said Antony quietly. He meant, "Were you fond of him?"

"Hardly at all. Mark is the brother I know best. He hesitated, and then said: "Perhaps I'd better get some water."

There was another door opposite to the locked one, which led, as Antony was to discover for himself directly, into a passage from which opened two more rooms. Cayley stepped into the passage, and opened the door on the right. The door from the office, through which he had gone, remained open. The door at the end of the short passage was shut. Antony, kneeling by the body, followed Cayley with his eyes, and after he had disappeared, kept his eyes on the blank wall of the passage, but he was not conscious of that at which he was looking, for his mind was with the other man, sympathizing with him.

Cayley came into the room again, murmured something, and knelt down to bathe the dead man's face. Then he placed the handkerchief over it.

They stood up and looked at each other.

"If I can be of any help to you," said Antony, "please let me."

"That's very kind of you. There will be things to do. But you mustn't let me trespass on your kindness."

"I came to see Beverly. He is an old friend of mine."

"He's out playing golf. He will be back directly."

"I will stay if I can be of any help."

"Please do. You see, there are women."

Antony a timid little smile, pathetic in its big and self-reliant air. "Just your moral support, you know."

"Of course," Antony smiled back at him, and said cheerfully, "Well, then, I'll begin by suggesting that you should ring up the police."

"The police? Yes—yes." He looked doubtfully at the other. "I suppose they'll come."

Antony spoke frankly. "Now, look here, Mr.—"

"Cayley. I'm Mark Ablett's cousin. I live with him."

"My name's Gillingham. I'm sorry, I ought to have told you before. Well, now, Mr. Cayley, we shall do any good by pretending. Here's a man been shot—well, somebody shot him."

Cayley shrugged his shoulders and went to the telephone.

"May I—look round a bit?" Antony nodded toward the open door.

"Oh, do. Yes." He sat down and drew the telephone toward him.

"You must make allowances for me, Mr. Gillingham. Of course, you're quite right, and I'm merely being stupid. He took off the receiver."

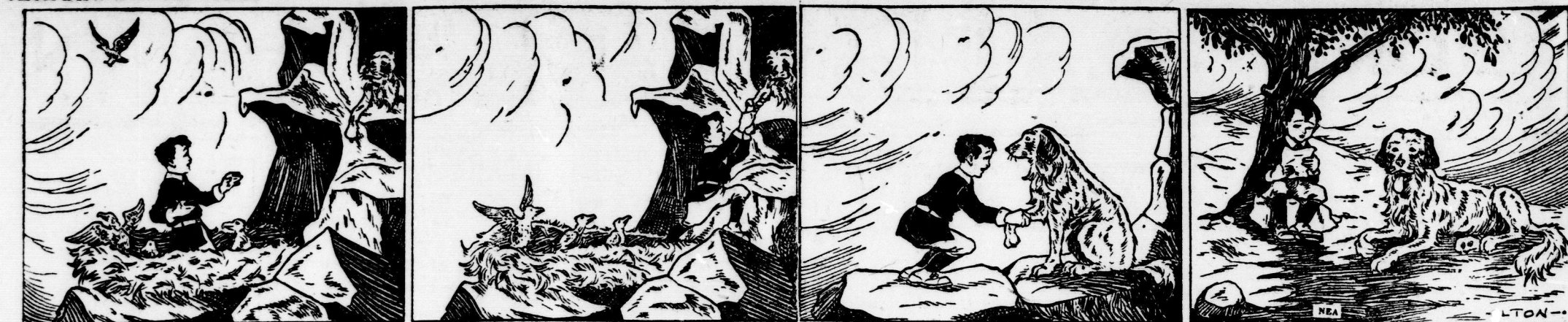
Let us suppose that, for the purpose of making a first acquaintance with this "office," we are coming into it from the hall, through the door which is now locked. As we stand just inside the door, the length of the room runs right and left. Across the breadth of the room (some fifteen feet), is that other door, by which Cayley went out and returned a few minutes ago. In the right-hand wall, thirty feet away from us, are the French windows. Crossing the room and going out by the opposite door, we come into a passage, from which two rooms lead.

The one on the right, into which Cayley went, is less than half the length of the office, a small, square room, which has evidently been used some time or other as a bedroom. The window faces the same way as the French windows in the next room.

The room on the other side of the bedroom is a bathroom. The three rooms together, in fact form a sort of private suite.

Antony wandered into the bedroom. The window was open, and he looked out at the peaceful

JACK DAW'S ADVENTURES



FLIP WRITING UNTIL THE EAGLE HAD GONE, AND THEN BARKED TO ATTRACT JACK'S ATTENTION. THE LITTLE WENTENUT WAS VERY CLAY THAT HIS FAITHFUL DOG HAD FOLLOWED HIM TO THE EAGLE'S NEST.

THE DOG KEPT SHAKING HIS PAW AT JACK UNTIL HE MADE HIS MASTER UNDERSTAND HIS PLAN. JACK THEN CAUGHT HOLD OF THE DOG'S PAW AND CLIMBED UP OVER THE JAGGED ROCKS TO SAFETY.

THEN THERE WAS A HAPPY REUNION. JACK SHOOK HIS DOG'S PAW HEARTILY, THANKFUL FOR HIS LATEST ESCAPE. THEN THE TWO WALKED DOWN THE MOUNTAIN AND RESTED UNDER A TREE.

JACK THEN SOLVED THE MYSTERY OF WHY HIS MAP HAD NOT BEEN FOUND ON HIM IN CALAMITY CAVE. IT HAD BEEN LEFT TO FLYNN ROCK. JACK STUDIED THE MAP AGAIN, CAREFULLY. THE TREASURE HUNT CONTINUES IN THE NEXT CHAPTER.

Look What They in Paris Do, Ladies' Ears Bared To View!

BY MARGARET ROHE.

NEW YORK, Aug. 3.—Oh, look who's here. The female ear is all exposed to view. From out its lair of ambush hair it has emerged anew. So long concealed when now revealed all naked and bare, it seems to shrink from public gaze and from the rush of air. Like captives taken from their cells, unused to light of day, the just-emancipated ears most likely feel that way and so to temper their release, on being liberated, they're quickly hung with ball and chain of earrings, heavily weighted.

'Twas Irene Castle brought the news of freedom of the ear. They turned them loose in Paris first. They'll soon be showing here. She wears hers flaunting in the breeze and prophesies this fall will be the era of the ear with ears worn out by all.

The national hairdressers here with her do not agree and Mr. Miller, who's their head, says ears will be covered. He thinks at first the ears may peep from out their nest of hair, but that they'll soon shrink in again and keep within their lair. He also says bobbed hair is doomed while Irene says "Not so." Abroad, she says, as many bobs as let their hair to grow.

But whether hair be long or bobbed, it must be peeled away to show the aural organs off exposed to light of day, if you would do as Paris says, which is the smartest way.

Short skirts revealed some tragedies—knock knees, bowlegs and such—and now exposure of the ears sure promises as much. For though

Antony felt quite sure, from what Cayley had said and had hesitated to say, that Mark had been the last to see his brother alive. It didn't follow that Mark Ablett was a murderer. Revolvers go off accidentally, and when they have gone off, people lose their heads and run away, fearing that their story will not be believed. Nevertheless, when people run away, whether innocently or guiltily, one can't help wondering which way they went.

"I suppose this way," said Antony aloud, looking out of the window.

(Continued in Our Next Issue.)

HOW DUCKBILL GOT JEALOUS

[By Olive Roberts Barton.]



MR. WAGGLETAIL DUCKBILL was out for a walk. He stopped every now and then to gobble up something to eat. Then he would go on again.

Mr. Duckbill was feeling fine and very happy. He even hummed a little tune:

"A frog he would a-wooing go, whether his Mammy would let him or no, Hi umpty larum a diddle oh!"

He stopped and ate a beetle. Then he went on and sang his song all over again.

"A frog he would a-wooing go," and so on.

This time he stopped and ate a mosquito.

He hummed another line and stopped to eat a white grub.

He'd eaten a fuzzy worm, a bee, a rain-toad and a grasshopper when he spied a lovely white creature with a long neck away out on Lilly Pond. It swam gracefully about, spreading its wings and folding them again proudly.

"H'm!" said Mr. Duckbill, looking awhile and then gazing thoughtfully at his own reflection in the water.

"I wonder why I have such a short neck, and no wings to speak of!"

Then he went on with his walk and his song.

By and by he saw a pony in a field waving his fine, long tail about to chase the flies away.

"H'm!" said Mr. Duckbill again. "What a fine tail! I wonder why I have such a nubby one!"

He went on with his walk again, and his song.

"Goodness! What a fine pair of legs that bird has! That must be Mr. Crane. I wonder why I have such ugly, short legs!"

This time he went on with his walk, but not his song.

"How do you do this fine morning?" said Dr. Snuffles, passing by.

"Rotten!" grumbled Mr. Duckbill. "I'm going home and go to bed!"

Jealousy, my dears, is the worst disease there is.

To Be Continued.

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Fabrics Elaborate, But Lines Simple in Evening Gowns

WHEN the shades of night are falling fast the fashionable woman puts on a gown of this sort.

The lines of the frock are very simple, the style entirely without frills. Instead of elaboration of fashion there is elaboration of fabric and the result is brilliant and colorful.

For really formal wear there are glittering gowns of sequins and all-over beading. Metal cloth in wide stripes of harmonizing colors or colored lace dresses with metal cloth slips are in great favor.

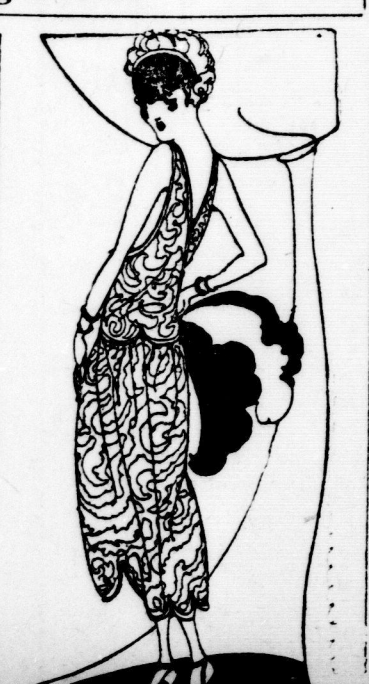
Lighter than these and perhaps to be preferred for summer wear are the beautifully heavy crepes with all-over patterns of metal thread or colored silk embroidery. It is seldom that these gowns are trimmed at all—a brilliant and sophisticated simplicity is the aim of the season's evening fashions.

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Canned Sweet Corn, 2 tins, 25c

Laundry Starch, 2 1/2 pounds, 25c

Corn Starch, 3 packages, 25c

Clark's Pork and Beans, 3 tins, 25c

Muscatel Raisins, pound, 25c

Choice New Prunes, 2 pounds, 25c

Oatmeal, 5 1/2 pounds, 25c

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