

The RED HOUSE MYSTERY

by A. MILNE

(Continued From Our Last Issue)

Bill pushed it through the mouth-piece, blew again, said, "That's better," and returned the pipe to his pocket.

"How are we going to get out without Cayley knowing?"

"Well, that wants thinking over. I wish we were sleeping at the inn. Is this Miss Norbury, by any chance?"

Bill looked up quickly. They were close to Jallands now, an old thatched farmhouse.

"Yes—Angela Norbury," murmured Bill. "Not bad-looking, is she?"

The girl who stood by the little white gate of Jallands was something more than "not bad-looking," but in Bill's eyes she must be judged and condemned by all that distinguished her from Betty Calladine. To Antony, unimpressed by these standards of comparison, she seemed, quite simply, beautiful.

"Cayley asked us to bring a letter along," Bill explained to Betty Calladine. "Here you are."

"You will tell him, won't you, how dreadfully sorry I am about—about what has happened? It seems so hopeless to say anything; so hopeless even to believe it. It is true, what we've heard."

Bill repeated the outline of the events of yesterday.

"Yes... And Mr. Ablett hasn't been found yet?"

"No."

She shook her head in distress. "It still seems to have happened to somebody else; somebody we didn't know at all." Then, with a sudden grave smile which included both of them, "But you must come and have some tea."

"It's awfully decent of you," said Bill awkwardly, "but we—"

"You will, won't you?" she said to Antony.

"Thank you very much."

Mrs. Norbury was delighted to see them, as she always was to see any man in her house who came up to the necessary standard of eligibility. When her life work—a completed, and summed up in those beautiful words: "A marriage has been arranged, and will shortly take place, between Angela, daughter of the late John Norbury... Then she would utter a grateful Nunc dimittis and depart in peace—to a better world, if heaven insisted, but preferably to her new son-in-law's more dignified establishment."

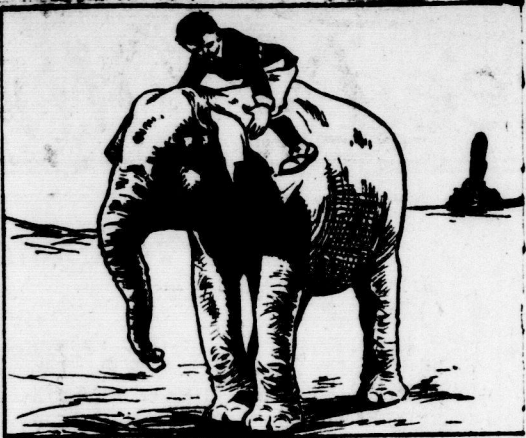
But it was not as "eligibles" that the visitors from the Red House were received with such eagerness today, and even if her special smile for "possibles" was there, it was instinctive rather than reasoned. All that she wanted at this moment was news—news of Mark. For she was bringing it off at last; and, if the engagement columns of the "Morning Post" were proof, as in the case of its obituary columns, by a premonitory bulletin, the announcement of yesterday would have cried triumphantly to the world, or to such part of the world as mattered: "A marriage has very nearly been arranged (by Mrs. Norbury), and will certainly take place, between Angela, only daughter of the late John Norbury, and Mark Ablett of the Red House."

The girl was often amused by her mother's ways; sometimes ashamed of them; sometimes distressed by them. The Mark Ablett affair had seemed to her particularly distressing, for Mark was so obviously in league with her mother against her. It was a pleasure to turn to Cayley, that hopeless ineligible.

JACK DAW'S ADVENTURES



JACK RODE MERRILY ALONG THE ROAD ON BOARD THE OLD ELEPHANT'S BACK. THIS WAS SOMETHING NEW FOR HIM AND HE ENJOYED EVERY MINUTE OF IT.



AFTER HE HAD RIDDEN IN THIS MANNER FOR A FEW MILES JACK FOUND THAT THE ELEPHANT'S BACK WAS NOT AS SOFT AS A WAGON. THE LITTLE BAREBACK RIDER THEN CHANGED HIS POSITION.



THE BIG LUMBERING ELEPHANT HAD NOT STOPPED ONCE DURING THE DAY, SO THEY HAD COVERED A GOOD MANY MILES THE HUGE ANIMAL NOW STOPPED, HOWEVER, AND REFUSED TO SUDGE ANOTHER INCH.



JACK THOUGHT THAT THE MYSTERIOUS OLD MAN HAD GIVEN THE ELEPHANT ORDERS TO CARRY HIM JUST TO FAR, SO HE HOPPED OFF THEN THE ANIMAL TURNED, AND STARTED BACK. CONTINUED IN NEXT CHAPTER.

BY ELTON

MOLDED RICE WITH FRUIT

RICE lends itself to many treatments and easily becomes a different dessert. It may be cooked in water, but is richer and has more food value if cooked in milk. Skimmed milk may be used and cream served with the rice. All kinds of fruits—dried, canned or fresh—may be combined with the cooked rice.

The following recipe is a good cold rice dessert:

1 cup washed rice
4 cups milk
1 teaspoon vanilla
2 strips of lemon or orange rind
In a double boiler heat the milk and add the rice, salt and lemon or orange rind. Cook about one and one-half hours, or until the rice is tender.

Add sugar, remove from fire and cool. Then fold lightly in the beaten cream, and turn the mixture into a mold.

Thoroughly chill, and at serving time turn from mold and surround with the fruit.

(Cut this out and paste it in your cook book.)

Cynthia Grey's Mail-Box

TO MAKE BREAD.

Dear Miss Grey,—Could you or any of the Boxites kindly tell me how to make first-class home made bread as I am a new beginner and am having poor luck with my bread, also how to make good elderberry pie, and how to cook summer squash. Hope I am not asking too much, and will try to return the favor another time. Thanking you in advance,

LARKSPUR.

The best results are gained from having everything in connection with the setting of the sponge quite warm, and keeping it warm. The warmest corner in the house is none too good for the sponge while rising, for we have the whole week after to enjoy or regret the care for a few short hours of attention. A small board about 12x18 inches is large enough to mould the loaves on, and handy too. The very best of flour is the cheapest, for with good bread, very little yeast is needed. Here is Conie's method of making yeast and bread: "I often make the yeast two or three days before I need to set bread, but the only object in doing so is that there will be no chance of being caught short. We never know when a neighbor may borrow a loaf, or some one may be called for on short notice. But to make the yeast the day or evening before is quite as good."

Yeast—I save the potato water, and when the potatoes are taken up for dinner I leave two tablespoons in the pot. After dinner I mix one tablespoon of flour into the potatoes and add about two cups of the water, stir well and boil it set off to cool. Then soak one-third yeast cake in one-quarter cup of warm water. When batter is ready beat in the yeast cake (and beat for five minutes as though it were white of eggs), then pour it into a quart jar and put jar into cosy and leave in a warm place to rise, turning sometimes to get even heat. The yeast will rise and then fall; then I put it away where it won't freeze until needed.

To set the sponge—Into a small quart measure I put ½ cup of white sugar, one teaspoon of salt, ½-inch slice of butter or other shortening. Half fill the measure with boiling water and stir to melt it. While cooking, put about five quarts of flour into kneading pan, set it on the stove and stir constantly till quite warm.

It occurred to Antony that Mrs. Norbury had come a long way from her opening statement that Mark and Miss Norbury were practically engaged. She was now admitting that dear Angela was not to be rushed, that dear Angela had, indeed, no heart for the match at all.

"The day before yesterday, as it happened, dear Angela was out. Not that it mattered. She was driving to Middleton. He hardly had time for a cup of tea, so that even if she had been in—"

Antony nodded absently. This was something new. Why did Mark go to Middleton the day before yesterday? But, after all, why shouldn't he? A hundred reasons unconnected with the death of Robert might have taken him there.

He got up to go. He wanted to be alone—alone, at least, with Bill. Mrs. Norbury had given him many things to think over, but the great outstanding fact which had emerged was this: that Cayley had reason to hate Mark. Mrs. Norbury had given him that reason. To hate? Well, to be jealous, anyhow. But that was enough.

"You see," he said to Bill, as they walked back, "we know that Cayley is perishing himself and risking himself over this business, and this must be for one of two reasons. Either to save Mark or to endanger him. That is to say, he is either wholeheartedly for him or wholeheartedly against him. Well, now we know that he is against him, definitely against him."

"They had come to the gate into the last field which divided them from the road."

"Tolly little place, isn't it?" said Bill.

"Very. But rather mysterious. Isn't there a drive, or a road or anything?"

"Oh, there's a cart-track, but motor cars can't come any nearer than the road."—he turned round and pointed—"up there. So the week-end millionaire people don't take it. At least, they'd have to build a road and a garage and all the rest of it, if they did."

"I see," said Antony carelessly, and they turned round and continued their walk up to the road. But later on he remembered this casual conversation at the gate, and saw the importance of it.

CHAPTER XVI.

WHAT was it which Cayley was going to hide in that pond that night? Antony thought that he knew now. It was Mark's body.

(Continued in Our Next Issue.)

Radio Radiations

DETROIT, Mich., Aug. 18.—Passengers taking the 30-minute flying trip between Detroit and Cleveland may soon be listening in on radio concerts during their journey.

Experiments with a radio set in the cabin of one of their flying boats have led officials of the company owning them to plan the installation of a permanent set in each boat.



PASSENGERS LISTENING IN ON RADIO OF A DETROIT-CLEVELAND FLYING BOAT LOWER RIGHT, HOWARD E. CAMPBELL, OPERATING THE RADIO SET, CENTER, ONE OF THE BOATS.

These experiments were made with the co-operation of Howard E. Campbell, chief radio engineer of the Detroit News broadcasting station, WWJ. Campbell installed a three-foot loop antenna with a three-stage radio frequency and three-stage audio frequency set for reception of a special concert broadcast from WWJ.

A loud speaker was also installed, but the noise of the powerful motors overhead drowned out the music from the horn. When ear phones were put in place, however, the music came clearly. At times it was found unnecessary to use the radio-frequency tubes.

LONDON, Aug. 18.—The widely scattered dominions and territories of the British Empire will be more closely united by radio.

Work is going on rapidly toward the completion of a wireless system by which almost instant communication between the mother country and its dependencies will be possible. This work has been entrusted to a wireless commission of experts in connection with the engineering department of the general post office.

Back in 1919, parliament appointed an imperial wireless telegraph committee to consider the scheme of intercommunication between all parts of the British Empire. The next year this committee advised the establishment of imperial wireless stations at distances of about 2,000 miles, connecting the various communities of the empire.

On the basis of this report, a wireless commission of experts was appointed. This commission has just issued its findings for the installation of radio lines connecting the British Empire.

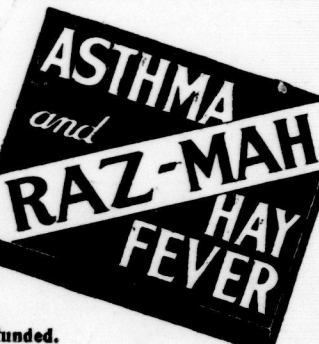
can be detected at all parts of the earth.

Postmaster General F. C. Kellaway, who is in charge of the work of spreading this wireless chain throughout the empire, reports establishment of stations will be started first in the Far East.

There will be large wireless towers in India, South Africa, Australia, Canada, Egypt, East Africa, West Africa, Ceylon, Singapore and Hong Kong. After these, smaller stations will be considered for the remaining dependencies and protectorates.

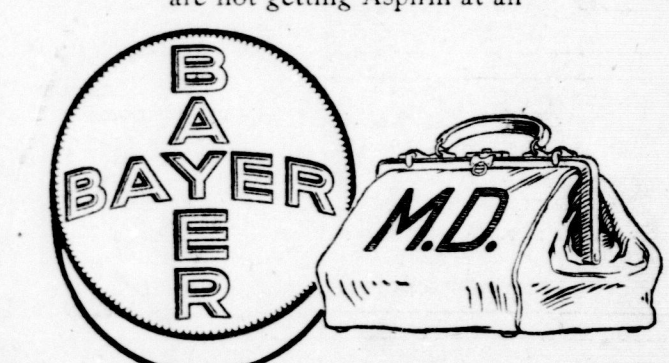
Would you avoid your annual attack of Hay-Fever or Summer Asthma? The remedy is simple, easily taken and harmless. RAZ-MAH is a small capsule readily swallowed.

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Irritable People

Are Usually Victims of Poor Blood and Weak Nerves.

"Irritability is one of the manifestations of nervousness, and it becomes worse as the nerves become more unstrung and approach a state of exhaustion. No one is irritable from preference, and this state is often only the outward expression of a great deal of physical suffering which friends do not realize. It is accompanied by headaches, sleeplessness, nervous indigestion and depression. Unless it is promptly checked more serious trouble develops."

The treatment for the earlier stages of nervousness, as well as the more advanced condition, is one of nutrition of the nerve cells, requiring a tonic. As the nerves get their nourishment from the blood, the treatment must be directed towards building up the blood. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills act directly on the blood, and have proved of the greatest benefit in a great many cases of this kind. A tendency to anaemia or bloodlessness, shown by most nervous people, is also corrected by these tonic pills. This is shown by the case of Mr. Kenneth R. McDonald, of New York, who says: "For a long time I was a severe sufferer from nervous trouble, with the result that I grew pale and weak, lost weight, slept poorly, and always felt tired out. Various medicines I tried had no beneficial effect, until finally I was persuaded to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I found these just what I needed, as after taking them a couple of months I not only gained in weight, but felt stronger, more cheerful and better in every way. I feel that I cannot praise these pills too highly for what they have done for me."

You can get Dr. Williams' Pink Pills through any dealer in medicine, or by mail, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50. From The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.—Advt.

Fall Fashions For the Little Ones



PEG-TOPPED rompers are fashionable for very young men, and shops are showing blower dresses with a new collar for small girls.

An attractive example of the latter was made of tangerine-colored cotton crepe and trimmed with brown velvet ribbon stitched with blue and brown yarn.

Velvet, by the way, is expected to be fashionable for all two to ten-year-olds—at least, so we are told by those designers who consider children's clothes very serious matters.

Velvet will be used especially for little girls' dresses, and the favorite trimmings will be ribbon quilting and hand embroidery.

Long waisted and straight lines, they tell us, will be modish for little girls as well as their mothers, and several new materials are promised for coats and dresses.

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