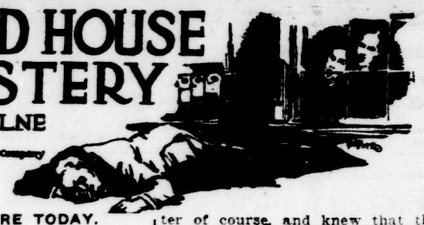
The RED HOUSE MYSTERY

by A. A. MILNE



BEGIN HERE TODAY.

The body of the ne'er-do-well brother,

ROBERT ABLETT, was found on the floor of the locked office of The Red House, and

MARK ABLETT, bachelor proprietor of the country estate, was nowhere to be found. In the eyes of Inspector Birch, it was clear that Mark had shot Robert, particularly since everyone knew Mark learned with disgust and annoyance of Robert's return from his fifteen-year stay in Australia.

But the circumstances were mysterious. The shot was heard two minutes after Robert's arrival, and when

ANTONY GILLINGHAM, a gentleman adventurer, entered the house to visit Mark's guest,

BILL VEVERLEY, he found

MATT CAYLEY, Mark's constant companion, pounding on the locked door and demanding admittance. The two men entered through a window and found the body. How could Mark have locked the door if the keys were on the outside? puzzled Antony. He discusses some of the mysterious clues with Bill Beverley.

GO ON WITH THE STORY.

Antony smoked thoughtfully for a little. Then he took his pipe out of his mouth and turned to his friend.

"Are you prepared to be the complete Watson?" he asked.

"Watson?"

"Do-you-follow-me-Watson that one. Are you prepared to have quite obvious things explained to you—to ask futile questions, to give me chances of scoring off you. Because it all helps."

"My dear Tony," said Bill delightedly, "need you ask?" Antony said nothing, and Bill went on happily to himself. I perceive from the strawberry-mark on your shirt-front that you had strawberries for dessert. Holmes, you astonish me. Tut, tut, you know my methods. Where is the tobacco? The tobacco is in the Persian slipper. Can I leave my practice for a week? I can."

Antony smiled and went on smoking. After waiting hopefully for a minute or two, Bill said in a firm voice:

"Well then, Holmes, I feel bound to ask you if you have deduced anything. Also whom do you suspect?"

Antony began to talk.

"Do you remember," he said, "one of Holmes' little scores over Watson about the number of steps up to the Baker street lodging? Poor old Watson had been up and down them a thousand times, but he had never thought of counting them, whereas Holmes had counted them as a matter of course, and knew that there were seventeen. And that was supposed to be the difference between observation and non-observation. Watson was crushed again, and Holmes appeared to him more amazing than ever. Now, it always seemed to me that in that matter Holmes was the ass, and Watson the sensible person. What on earth is the point of keeping in your head an unnecessary fact like that? If you really want to know at any time the number of steps to your lodging, you can ring up your landlady and ask her. I've been up and down the steps of the club a thousand times, but if you asked me to tell you at this moment how many steps there are I couldn't do it. Could you?"

"I certainly couldn't," said Bill.

"But if you really wanted to know," said Antony casually, with a sudden change of voice, "I could find out for you without even bothering to ring up the hall-porter."

Bill was puzzled as to why they were talking about the club steps, but he felt it his duty to say that he did want to know how many there were.

"Right," said Antony. "I'll find out."

He closed his eyes.

"I'm walking up St. James' Street," he said slowly. "Now I've come to the club and I'm going past the

"I SAW THE KEY OF THE BILLIARD ROOM."

smoking-room windows—one—two—three—four. Now I'm at the steps. I turn in and begin going up them. One—two—three—four—five—six, then a broad step; six—seven—eight—nine, another broad step; nine—ten—eleven. Eleven—I'm inside. Good morning, Rogers. Fine day again." With a little start he opened his eyes and came back to his present surroundings. He turned to Bill with a smile. "Eleven," he said. Count them the next time you're there. Eleven—and now I hope I shall forget it again."

Bill was distinctly interested.

"That's rather hot," he said. "Expound."

"Well, I can't explain it, whether it's something in the actual eye, or something in the brain, or what, but I have got rather an uncanny habit of recording things unconsciously. You know that game where you look at a tray full of small objects for three minutes, and then turn away and try to make a list of them. It means a devil of a lot of concentration for the ordinary person, if he wants to get his list complete, but in some odd way I manage to do it without concentration at all."

"I should think that's rather a useful gift for an amateur detective. You ought to have gone into the profession before."

"Well, it is rather useful. It's rather surprising, you know, to a stranger. Let's surprise Cayley with it, shall we?"

"How?"

"Well, let's ask him—" Antony stopped and looked at Bill comically—"let's ask him what he's going to do with the key of the office."

For a moment Bill did not understand.

"Key of the office?" he said vaguely. "You don't mean—Tony! What do you mean? Good God! do you mean that Cayley—But what about Mark?"

"I don't know where Mark is—that's another think I want to know—but I'm quite certain that he hasn't got the key of the office with him. Because Cayley's got it."

"Are you sure?"

"Of course, I don't really know that he's got it, but I do know that he had it. I know that when I came on him this afternoon, he had just locked the door and put the key in his pocket."

"You mean you saw him at the time, but that you've only just remembered it—reconstructed it—in the way you were explaining just now?"

"No. I didn't see him. But I did see something. I saw the key of the billiard-room."

"Where?"

"Outside the billiard-room door."

"Outside? But it was inside when we looked just now."

"Exactly."

"Who put it there?"

"Obviously Cayley."

"But—"

"Let's go back to this afternoon. I don't remember noticing the billiard-room key at the time; I must have done so without knowing. Probably when I saw Cayley hanging at the door I may have wondered sub-consciously whether the key of the room next to it would fit. Well, when I was sitting out by myself on that seat just before you came along, I went over the whole scene in my mind, and I suddenly saw the billiard-room key there—outside. And I began to wonder if the office key had been outside too. When Cayley came up, I told you my idea and you were both interested. But Cayley was just a shade too interested. I daresay you didn't notice it, but he was."

"By Jove!"

"Well, of course, that proved nothing; and the key business didn't really prove anything, because whatever side of the door the other keys were, Mark might have locked his own private room from the inside sometimes. But I piled it on, and pretended that it was enormously important, and quite altered the care altogether, and having got Cayley thoroughly anxious about it, as I expected, he couldn't resist. He altered the keys and gave himself away entirely."

"But the library key was still outside. Why didn't he alter that?"

"Because he's a clever devil. For one thing, the inspector had been in the library, and might possibly have noticed it already. And for another—" Antony hesitated.

"What?" said Bill, after waiting for him to go on.

"It's only guesswork. But I fancy that Cayley was thoroughly upset about the key business. He didn't want to commit himself definitely to the statement that the key was either outside or inside. He wanted to leave it vague. It was safest that way."

"I see," said Bill slowly.

But his mind was elsewhere. He was wondering suddenly about Cayley.

"Now then, Watson," said Antony suddenly. "It's time you said something."

"I say, Tony, do you really mean it?"

"I mean what I said, Bill. No more."

"Well, what does it amount to?"

"Simply that Robert Ablett died in the office this afternoon, and that Cayley knows exactly how he died. That's all. It doesn't follow that Cayley killed him."

"No. No, of course it doesn't." Bill gave a sigh of relief. "He's just shielding Mark, what?"

"That's the simplest explanation if you're a friend of Cayley and want to let him down lightly. But then I'm not, you see."

"Why isn't it simple, anyhow?"

"Well, let's have the explanation then, and I'll undertake to give you a simpler one afterward. Only remember—the key is on the outside of the door to start with."

"Yes; well, I don't mind that. Mark goes in to see his brother, and they quarrel and all the rest of it, just as Cayley was saying. Cayley hears the shot, and in order to give Mark time to get away, locks the door, and that he can't get in. How's pretends that Mark has locked the door, and that he can't get in. How's that?"

"Hopeless, Watson, hopeless."

"Why?"

"How does Cayley know that it is Mark who has shot Robert, and not the other way round?"

"Oh!" said Bill, rather upset. "Yes." He thought for a moment. "All right. Say that Cayley has gone into the room first, and seen Robert on the ground."

"Well?"

"Well, there you are."

"And what does he say to Mark? That it's a fine afternoon, and could he lend him a pocket-handkerchief? Or does he ask him what's happened?"

"Well, of course, I suppose he asks what happened," said Bill reluctantly.

"And what does Mark say?"

"Explains that the revolver went off accidently during a struggle."

"Whereupon Cayley shields him by—by doing what, Bill? Encouraging him to do the damn silliest thing that any man could possibly do—confess his guilt by running away!"

(Continued In Our Next Issue).

Be Your Own Skin Specialist

New Treatment Brings Fresh, Youthful Complexions.

Clear away every pimple, every blackhead and every other skin blemish almost like magic! Exchange muddy or rough skin for a clear, smooth, velvety one. It is delightfully easy to do. Just take two pleasant-tasting tablets of Ironized Yeast three times a day, and, in an incredibly short time, blemishes will have vanished. Ironized Yeast supplies you with certain vital elements now lacking in your food—the very elements needed to keep your skin clear and your cheeks rosy. Get a box of these remarkable tablets from your dealer today. In a short while your fresh and rosy cheeks will compel the envy and admiration of your friends. Get Ironized Yeast today. To try it free, mail postcard for Famous 3-Day Trial Treatment. Address Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd., Dept. 89, Toronto. Ironized Yeast is recommended and guaranteed by all good dealers.—Advt.

WILL TAKE OFF ALL EXCESS FAT

Do you know that there is a simple, harmless, effective remedy for overfatness that may be used safely and secretly by any man or woman who is losing the slimness of youth? There is; and it is none other than the tablet form of the now famous Marmola Prescription, known as Marmola Prescription Tablets. You can well expect to reduce steadily and easily without going through long sieges of tiresome exercise and starvation diet. Marmola Prescription Tablets are sold by all druggists the world over at one dollar for a case, or you can secure them direct from the Marmola Co., 4612 Woodward Avenue, Detroit, Mich., on receipt of price.—Advt.

HOW TO GET RID OF SKIN PORE IMPURITIES

Science has exploded the old idea of taking internal remedies for getting rid of blackheads, pimples and other skin impurities.

It is now done externally by the use of a simple, harmless powder that dissolves away every particle of dust, dirt, excessive oil and other disease forming impurities in the pores of the skin.

Just get from your druggist a small package of peroxine powder and at night, just before retiring, take your wash cloth, wet it with plenty of hot water, sprinkle a little of the peroxine powder on it and rub it over the face, neck, arms and bust, working up a little lather.

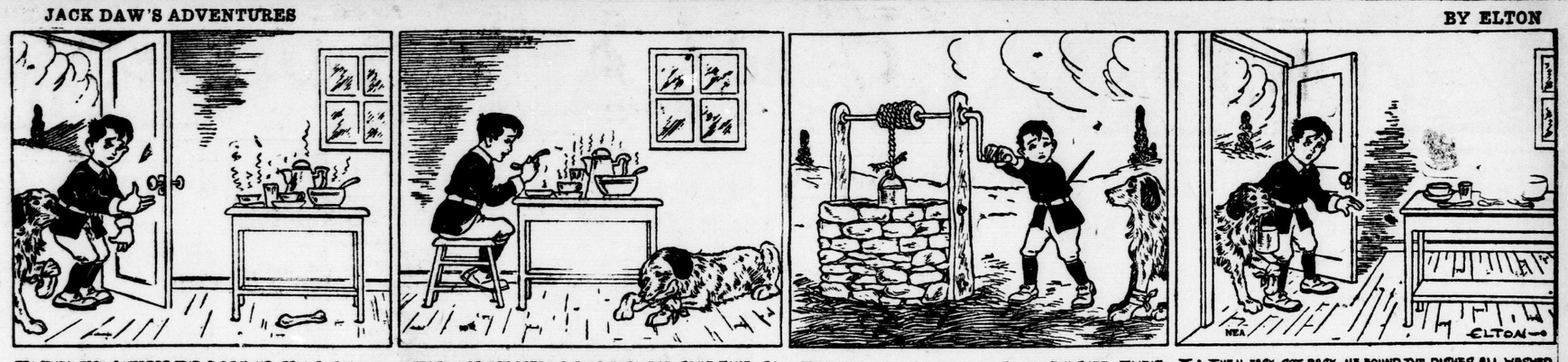
You will notice a delightful tingling sensation while this is on the skin. Leave on for a minute or two, then wash off with warm water and finish with cold—the colder the better. Dry the skin—look in the mirror and notice its wonderful refreshing appearance.—Advt.

Asthma

The terrible struggle to breathe, the choking from restricted throat muscles find wonderful help and permanent benefit.

Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy — Two Sizes 25c. and $1.00.

JACK DAW'S ADVENTURES — BY ELTON



WHEN JACK ENTERED THE ROOM HE SAW A SMALL TABLE SET WITH GOOD THINGS TO EAT, AND ALL STEAMING HOT. THERE WAS ALSO A BONE FOR FAITHFUL FLIP.

JACK HAD NOT EATEN A GOOD MEAL FOR SOME TIME, SO HE SAT DOWN AT ONCE AND HELPED HIMSELF. FLIP WAS VERY GLAD TO GET A BONE AND HAD A GOOD TIME ROLLING OVER THE FLOOR WITH IT.

AFTER THE TWO TRAVELERS HAD FINISHED THEIR MEAL, JACK TOOK A PAIL AND WENT OUT TO GET SOME WATER. HE INTENDED TO WASH THE DISHES.

WHEN JACK GOT BACK HE FOUND THE DISHES ALL WASHED AND DRIED AND PILED NEATLY ON THE TABLE. THIS LITTLE CABIN WAS JUST LIKE HOME. JACK TRIES TO FIND THE OWNER IN THE NEXT CHAPTER.

COMMEND UNION OF ENGLISH-SPEAKING

Orators at California Union Urge Fostering of International Goodwill.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 9.—Four men prominent in world politics, addressing the California branch of the English-Speaking Union, in session here yesterday, commended the aims of the union in seeking to bring the English-speaking nations into closer harmony, with a view to fostering an international spirit of goodwill.

The four—William Howard Taft, chief justice of the United States, and former president; Lord Shaw of Dunfermline, member of the British House of Lords; George W. W. Wickersham, former attorney-general of the United States, and John W. Davis former ambassador of the United States to Great Britain, are here for the convention of American Bar Association, which opened here today.

Lord Shaw expressed a desire to see a wider understanding among English-speaking people. "When we stop troubling about our poorer qualities and find the best ones, we will all understand," he said. "That is what England has tried to do in Ireland, and it is succeeding so well that today I believe that Ireland is on the crest of a wave that will send it on to splendid achievement."

Mr. Davis said that solution of the Irish problem and the elimination of the jealousies aroused through the naval strength of Great Britain have removed two of the major threats which beset world peace. He declared that the "liberation of Ireland" did more to assure the world that freedom was not a mockery than any other agency in ages.

Mr. Davis concluded by saying that English-speaking nations must help Ireland by making the world a place of peace.

WILL CARRY CASES OF BANKRUPTCY TO COURTS

Action Decided at Canadian Credit Men's Trust Association.

WINNIPEG, Aug. 9.—In the case of bankruptcies and assignments occurring in any province the courts of that particular province should be used, it was decided at the Canadian Credit Men's Trust Association convention here today.

The matter was brought before the convention because of a case in which the courts of Manitoba were used for assignments of Saskatchewan, which were managed by trustees in Manitoba.

It was felt it was the duty of trustees to instruct solicitors to carry their cases only to the courts of the province in which the particular assignment was made.

AN ANGLER'S PARADISE.

Two hundred miles north of Toronto and one hundred and seventy miles west of Ottawa, is situated Algonquin Park, where the fishing this year is better than it has been for some time. Great catches are being made—black bass running three and four pounds, speckled trout three pounds, and salmon trout up to twenty-five pounds. This park is ideal for the camper and canoe cruiser, and good hotel accommodation makes it the popular spot for the summer vacationist, who does not like to rough it. Ask any Canadian National-Grand Trunk agent about it, or write to C. E. Horning, D.P.A., G.T.R., Toronto, Ont. a5,8,10,12

WINTERBOURNE

WINTERBOURNE, Aug. 9.—Mr. and Mrs. Henry Sheriff and daughter Jean, of Detroit, are visiting relatives here.

Dr. and Mrs. Hugh Vietch and little sons, and Ralph Aiken, all of Toronto, spent the week-end with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Vietch.

Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Bright, of Oshawa, spent a few days visiting the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Mills.

Mrs. MarFarlane and son, Ernest, of Guelph, spent a few days visiting friends here.

Miss Nellie Brown of Guelph, spent several days visiting her mother, Mrs. Andrew Brown.

Miss Hattie Dicks is visiting her brother in Indiana at present.

Mr. and Mrs. Rayburn Hamilton and little son, Garfield, of Brantford, spent the week-end with the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Sheriff.

Mrs. John Simpson, of Brantford, attended the funeral of her nephew, Carter Sugg, on Saturday.

RUTHVEN

RUTHVEN, Aug. 9.—The past week has been a busy one for all the farmers in this section. The heavy crops of every description are maturing faster than has been known here for years and the result is that it has been keeping the growers hustling almost night and day to pick the ripening vegetables.

The hum of the threshing machines is heard at many places and many bushels of oats and wheat have been already put through the fanning mills and markets.

Mr. and Mrs. Ross Quick of Harrow, who were married at the home of the bride here recently, have left for their honeymoon trip and will tour the West. They will return by way of Los Angeles, Cal., where they will stop for a month as guests of the bride's brother and sister, Everton and Grace Malott, who have resided at Los Angeles for the past fifteen years.

The committee of the Old Boys and Old Girls reunion is now busy sending out invitations to all former residents.

The heavy west winds for the past two days have lowered the water at the lake almost two feet and large rocks and bars that have not been seen for years are quite conspicuous just now.

ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS

NANCY AND NICK FIND CHOCOLATE ROOSTER

(By Olive Roberts Barton.)

A Chocolate Rooster came out of a coop made of sugar cookies.

"HELLO," said a voice when Nancy and Nick and the Magical Mushroom had landed in the middle of the Tinky-Winkel Star. "Who are you and what do you want?"

"We're after Flap-Doodle, the purple fairy, who flies with his ears," said Nancy. "He stole the Fairy Queen's wand."

"Oh, ho!" answered the voice. "Well, he never told me a word about it!" And a Chocolate Rooster came out of a coop made of sugar cookies, with a saucy strut.

"Oh, do you know him?" asked Nick eagerly.

"Well, I should say!" answered the Rooster. "I'm his lord high councilor. He's the boss of this star, you know. In fact, I'm often mistaken for him, being so handsome and all, only I am orange instead of purple, and my ears are not quite so large and fine as his."

"Orange!" cried Nancy.

"Ears!" cried Nick.

"Certainly!" the Chocolate Rooster assured them with dignity. "All Tinky-Winklers are orange-colored and have big ears to fly with. Are you blind, my dears?"

"No, but we think you are," Nancy couldn't help saying. "You're not orange, you're brown, and you've no ears at all!"

At this the Rooster looked down at himself in astonishment, and no sooner had his eyes spied his chocolate feathers than he let out a screech like a fire-whistle and a foghorn rolled into one.

"Oh!" he screamed. "This is an outrage. This isn't I! Someone has turned me into this creature. I'm not I at all."

"I know," said Nick. "Flap-Doodle has the Fairy Queen's wand and he has used it on you."

"Sure as you're born," declared the Rooster. "What shall I do?"

(To Be Continued.)
(Copyright, 1922.)

NEW NAME COINED FOR MOTOR-BUS OPERATORS

Buffalo Citizens Patronize "Jit-Leggers" in Spite of Prohibitory Court Order.

BUFFALO, Aug. 9.—The police today began enforcement of the supreme court order prohibiting automobiles from operating in competition with the street car lines of the International Railway Company, which is endeavoring to resume operations with non-union men, after being tied-up for six weeks by a strike. Several arrests were made this morning.

The jitney men have formed an organization and intend to make a legal fight for the right to continue business. The six weeks' street car strike and the expedients adopted to handle street traffic have resulted in the coining of new words. Today the operator of a jitney is referred to as a "jit-legger," because such operation is held illegal.

REPORTS PAST YEAR'S ACTIVITY MADE RECORD

Secretary of Canadian Municipal Union Presents Encouraging Review of Work.

WINNIPEG, Aug. 9.—Seldom, if ever, has the assistance of the Union of Canadian Municipalities been invoked more extensively, or exercised with greater success than during the past year, according to the report submitted today to the annual convention of that association by A. D. Shibley, secretary-treasurer.

Invitations for the 1923 convention have been received from Halifax, Windsor, Regina and Edmonton, and a selection will be made tomorrow.

Fall Frock Is Mixture of Cape and Panel

HERE is a fall frock from Paris that could not decide whether capes or panels were to be most popular this fall. So it has both.

The back panel folds up over one's shoulders in the most deceptively simple fashion, and is fastened on one shoulder.

This frock is made of velvet combined with satin, and is only one of many fall models of the same materials.

Velvet is expected to be aspecially fashionable this fall and winter.

There is no material made more supple or soft than the genuine French chiffon velvet—one can pull an entire breadth of it through a bracelet without crushing it.

This model was developed in navy blue and black, with bands of embroidery touched with red.

Purity SALT — PURE FULL FLAVORED SALT — BEST FOR KITCHEN USE

STUFFED CUCUMBERS

3 large cucumbers
3 tablespoons butter
1 teaspoon chopped onion
½ cup chopped cooked meat—any kind except beef
1 cup soft, stale bread crumbs
Salt and pepper to taste
1 teaspoon chopped parsely
Speck of thyme

COOK the onion in the butter, add the meat and cook two or three minutes, then add crumbs and seasonings.

Pare cucumbers and cut in halves lengthwise. Remove seeds. Divide stuffing in six portions, and stuff each cucumber. Place in a baking dish, add one cup water, and bake until cucumbers are soft.

Radio Radiations

MOTORISTS! Detect the speed cop. By radio.

No less an authority than Marconi suggests the method.

It really can be done. Besides, it is very interesting, for it brings to the general attention a problem with which aviators have been wrestling a long time.

The ignition system of any gasoline engine acts as a radio transmitter.

The length of the wave which a car or motorcycle sends out differs with each make of car, for the wiring and the capacities of the circuits are seldom the same for any two makes of engine.

In connection with his radio work at very short wave lengths—one to fifteen meters — Marconi says that passing motor cars caused great trouble and interference during the experiments. Unfortunately for him the apparatus had been set up at the expense of considerable time and trouble near a main highway. When all the equipment had been put into operation, it was discovered that each time a motor-driven vehicle came within a half mile of the station, all experimenting had to stop.

Individual Signals.

Before long, the operators learned to tell the make of the car long before seeing it.

The "call" of the motorcycle cop was particularly easy to discern.

Even with sensitive receiving outfits built to tune in on much longer waves, the presence of a motor vehicle near the antenna is easily perceptible.

Where radio outfits had been installed on airplanes, great difficulty was found in overcoming the interference caused by the ignition system on the plane. This was finally accomplished by carrying all wires within copper tubes which were grounded to the frame of the machine wherever possible.

If radio equipment is to be installed on autos, motorboats, gas-driven vessels, and the set used while the engine is running, the same expedient will have to be resorted to.

Tip to Cops.

In most cases, the "armored" cable which is on the market will serve the purpose.

And therein lies a way out—for the motorcycle cops.

By shielding the wiring of their machines they could prevent detection.

But the odds are still on the motorist.

If he's a good radio fan and has a keen ear, he'll be able to sense his Nemisis half a mile away!

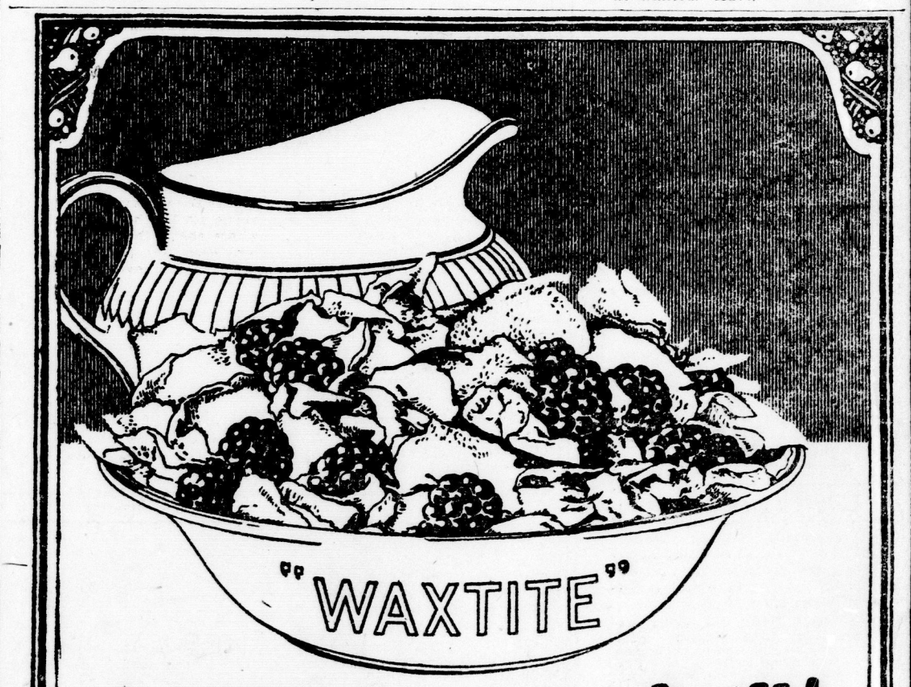
RADIO PRIMER.

Coefficient of Coupling—The ratio of the mutual inductance of two circuits to the square ro of the product of their self-inductances. The coupling is thus spoken of as a 5 or 10 per cent coupling or more. It is generally called weak when below 5 per cent, and strong or closed when more than 10 per cent.

For New Styles and Pretty Arms

(Beauty Notes).

Women are fast learning the value of the use of delatone for removing hair or fuzz from face, neck or arms. A paste is made with some powdered delatone and water and spread on the hairy surface. In 2 or 3 minutes it is rubbed off, the skin washed and every bit of hair has disappeared. No failure will result if you are careful to buy genuine delatone and mix fresh as wanted.—Advt.



A summer taste thrill! Kellogg's WAXTITE Corn Flakes with raspberries!

Compare such a breakfast or lunch with a heavy, greasy diet on a hot day! Realize the health and cooling refreshment of Kellogg's "WAXTITE" Corn Flakes and raspberries, or other fresh fruit! You'll feel so much better, work and play better!

And Kellogg's "WAXTITE" Corn Flakes are so appetizing. They appeal wonderfully to finicky folks—just the food for hot, uncomfortable weather. Yet Kellogg's "WAXTITE" are as nourishing as they are delightful. Just use plenty of cold milk and fresh fruit and you have a fine, satisfying meal! Keep the little tots on a Kellogg's "WAXTITE" diet and see how they benefit!

Make sure that each package you buy is sealed air-tight with the wax paper jacket

Kellogg's WAXTITE CORN FLAKES

Also makers of KELLOGG'S KRUMBLES and KELLOGG'S BRAN, cooked and krumbled