From My Notebook

Farewell to Preston

A Well-known Public Worker Leaves for London

IN slightly more than a fortnight Preston is to lose an old and valued friend who for more than 30 years has taken a keen interest in the life of the town. I refer to Mrs. James Todd, of Leyland. On August 31st Mrs. Todd is to leave her beautiful home Farington Lodge, for Chipperfield, Hertfordshire, north of London.

"I have lived in the North so long," Mrs. Todd said with a smile, "that I have even choose the north of London rather than the south."

Mrs. James Todd.

Memories

Twenty-one years is a long time in any one's life, and as Farington Lodge has been Mrs. Todd's home during that time it is easy to understand that she will leave behind much that is dear to her, and memories which have become a treasured part of her life. She will leave, too, many friends to whom her going will be a real and personal loss.

I think it is only the fact that her family are settling in London which is responsible for Mrs. Todd's final decision to leave Preston and her many interests connected with the town.

When she came to Preston in 1900 she attended the High School and some years afterwards married Mr. James Todd, a well-known Preston accountant. Her earliest public service was as secretary to a Cripple Aid Society which was organised by the High School. Then from 1910 to 1919 she was actively connected with the suffrage movement, and when the Preston Branch was formed Mrs. Todd was made secretary.

A Hard Fight

Of the struggles during that period she can tell many interesting stories, but of her own work she has little to say. It is sufficient for her that she had the cause so much at heart, and her work to further its ends was one of her greatest undertakings. After the vote was given to women, the Preston Branch of the Women Citizens' Association was formed in 1919 to replace the Suffrage Society, and from being the secretary Mrs. Todd has passed through almost every office until her last one as chairman of the Association.

Speaking of the work of that organisation, Mrs. Todd expressed her delight in the progress which is being made.

It is, she feels, an institution which is going forward in every sense and one which has the right ideals and brings new interests and increased scope into the lives of its members.

Gratitude

One of the happiest and yet perhaps saddest memories of her activities in Preston will be associated with the Preston Women Citizens' Association, for the presentation has been made to her by the members in gratitude for all the work she has done for the Society. The little ceremony took place at Mrs. Blackhurst's house in Broughton, and Dr. Mary Lowry and some of the earliest members of the Association had made a special effort to attend. As Mrs. Todd said, it was an evening spent happily chatting about old times.

The gifts included a beautiful fountain pen, a cheque and a fitted work-basket lined in blue leather and bearing the inscription: "Presented to Mrs. Beatrice Todd, B.A., J.P., a founder of the Preston Women Citizens' Association as a mark of affection from the members, July 27th, 1935."

War Work

During the Great War Mrs. Todd was responsible for starting the famous Preston Sailors' and Soldiers' Buffet on Preston Station, and she smiles to recall the plate which was over their stall. It read: "Beatrice Todd. Licensed to sell Tobacco and Snuff."

She was then busy with the Leyland Day Nursery until the County Council took it over. The next venture, in the nature of a Social Club for women, Mrs. Todd regards as one of her failures. Its opening more or less coincided with the opening of the Conservative Club to women and the number of members did not justify its continuance. I cannot help feeling such a general club would have been both pleasant and useful to Preston women to-day.

For Women and Children

After the horrors of war, when the ideal came to be to preserve life, not to destroy it, attention was turned to the infant mortality in the town which was unduly high. It was then that Mrs. Todd, assisted by a friend, Mrs. Player, who had experience in London baby clinics, struggled to get the Infant Welfare work started in Preston, or as Mrs. Todd says, "made themselves general nuisances" until the clinics were opened.

Among her activities for the Liberals, for whose cause she has always been a staunch supporter, she smiles to remember a meeting held in the Public Hall in 1918 when Mr. Asquith was one of the speakers, and she dared to go on to the platform and address the audience for about three minutes. Such an event, I gather, was rather unheard of for a woman, and Mrs. Todd has always been regarded as a good speaker, and even as an orator, since that day.

In London

When I asked her whether she was continuing any of her public work in London she only smiled and shook her head, but I can't help feeling that if any cause for the benefit of women appeals to her she will not have the heart to refuse.

Her aims and hopes for the future of women are still high, though she urges that the younger generation should realise the dangers which lie ahead and strive to make the position of women as individuals more secure and more generally acknowledged than it is to-day.

Her message to youth is that they should carry on the torch as the older generation is compelled to lay it down.

Among her other activities in Preston, Mrs. Todd has been a Justice of the Peace, a co-opted member of the Education Committee, a Governor of the Park School, and a member of the Ladies' Maternity Committee of the Preston Royal Infirmary.

Women Readers

One of the best used rooms in the Harris Library, Preston, Mr. J. Pomfret, the Borough Librarian, assures a colleague, is the one used jointly as the women's reading room and the repository for directories of all kinds. A recent suggestion that this room should be amalgamated with the general reading room is ridiculed by those who know the use made of it. A census made some time ago revealed a steady daily attendance of 500 in this one department, which, it is considered, is ample to warrant its continuance.

New Headquarters

Mrs. H. Bruce Wickham, chairman and president of the Tarleton branch of the Women's Conservative Association, tells me that good progress is being made with the branch's new headquarters in Gorsefane, Tarleton. Hitherto the members have had to hold their meetings in hired rooms or wherever else was convenient. The new building, however, will cater for all their requirements and a dance floor, and committee rooms will be probable features. The members have worked very hard to achieve their object, and the new headquarters will satisfy a long felt requirement. They are expected to be completed some time in September.

A Seasonal Occurrence

". . . brunette, age 18, dressed in navy blue costume, light coloured stockings; believed to be in Blackpool. . . .

Messages similar to these concerning girls reported missing from Lancashire homes are regularly received by the Blackpool police during the season, writes a colleague. Most of the girls are traced and sent back to their different towns.

The reason for leaving home? Just the lure of Blackpool. These reports of missing girls become more numerous about a fortnight after the season has commenced. It has often been found that the girls have been on holiday at Blackpool several days before and that they have disappeared a few hours after arriving home.

Most of them come from poor or middle-class homes and from small towns of drab streets, where amusements are of the most ordinary kind, where their life goes on at a quiet, monotonous pace.

Then they spend a few days at Blackpool. To them it is a sort of paradise with its pure breezes and sunshine; promenades, amusement palaces and ballrooms, its glitter, laughter and fun. They return home to "Drab-street," with memories of the seaside still fresh. Discontent is bred and they run away from home back to the scene of happy holidays. Soon shortage of money drives them to obtain work as domestic help in the town, but whatever they do, few remain long in the town without being traced by the police.

Elizabeth

WOMEN IN THE NORTH-WEST

Our Pattern Service

To Wear at Play

A DAINTY blue cambric is used to make this new overall with a "nursery" design outlined in yellow at the lower edge and on the pockets. Other suitable materials are organdie, voile, casement and washing silk.

It has a pointed front yoke-bodice, and buttons down the back yoke. The neck and armholes are bound or piped with material on the cross which may match or contrast.

Material required: 1 yard of 36 inch material, for 1 to 2, and 2 to 4 years, 11 yards for 4 to 6 and 1½ yards for 6 to 8 years.

Paper pattern of overall for 1 to 2, 2 to 4, 4 to 6 or 6 to 8 years, with diagram for cutting out and detailed instructions for making up, may be obtained for 6d. post free, from: Paper Pattern Department, "Lancashire Daily Post," 3, 4 and 5, Salisbury-square, Fleet-street, London E.C.4.

When ordering remember to quote number of design (No. 357) and to state age of child for whom pattern is desired.

COLD OR HOT
HORLICK'S
GUARDS AGAINST "NIGHT-STARVATION"
AND GIVES YOU ALL-DAY ENERGY

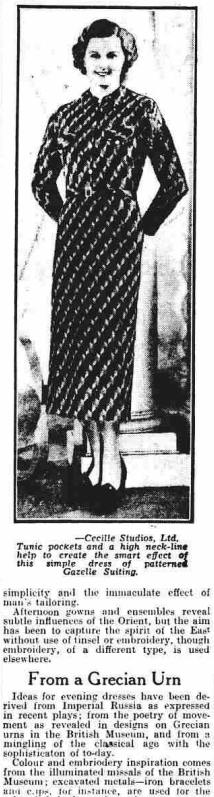
FASHION'S SIMPLE LINES

The Latest Dresses are Classical in Design

BY the end of this month women will have grown tired of dressing up in "Little Women" styles and will have realised the impracticability of bouffant and cumbersome skirts; this, at any rate, is the considered opinion of one well-known gown designer, who has never been a disciple of the vogue which he believes to be passing.

His new collection, presented recently, is remarkable for its variety, novelty, and, above all, for grace of line. Waistlines remain unchanged; skirts tend to be a little shorter for day wear, and even for some dinner dresses. Most evening dresses have trains.

For sports wear and street ensembles there is a marked concentration on that clean-cut look which always appeals to the well groomed woman; new models give an impression of youth and ease and yet avoid the mistake of appealing only to the very young. Sports clothes show an extreme simplicity and the influence of man's tailoring.



—Cecille Studios, Ltd.
Tunic pockets and a high neck-line help to create the smart effect of this simple dress in patterned Gazelle Suiting.

Afternoon gowns and ensembles reveal subtle influences of the Orient, but the aim has been to capture the spirit of the East without use of tinsel or embroidery, though embroidery, of a different type, is used elsewhere.

From a Grecian Urn

Ideas for evening dresses have been derived from Imperial Russia as expressed in recent plays; from the poetry of movement as revealed in designs on Grecian urns in the British Museum, and from a mingling of the classical age with the sophistication of to-day.

Colour and embroidery inspiration comes from the illuminated missals of the British Museum; excavated metals—iron bracelets and copper, for instance, are used for the sake of their decorative value; a return to intricate needlework, pipings, cording and smocking is everywhere to be seen; flat furs are used as fabrics, with kolinsky as a favourite, embroidery emphasises line, and is not merely a trimming.

Metal prongs in antique enamel colourings; string crochet edgings, reminiscent of a Vandyke picture, and iridescent colourings as of pigeons worked into the fabric itself are also among new things for the coming season.

Tints for Tweeds

Colourings for sports suits have that blurred and blended appearance which is suggestive of Nature's tones in the fall of the year; checks, both small, and in fine-lined window-pane pattern, are much in evidence. An attractive tweed suit called "The Twelfth" was in a pinky-brown check, one trimly belted coat having a back panel which was slightly longer than the rest of the jacket; the belt, of the material, was brought from under this panel to fasten at the front.

A windowpane check brown on a greyish beige was seen in a tweed suit which had a jacket cowled exactly from a man's; the skirt buttoned down the front; a chalky pink scarf gave a high neckline. Very wide shoulders characterised a long-sleeved tweed frock in green and putty-coloured suede.

The Three Musketeers

Three mannequins appeared as "The Three Musketeers," in deceptively simple suits with wide, adjustable collars, narrow revers and deep, pointed cuffs of flat fur, edged with strung crochet. Beige fur was used on green plaid and also on navy blue; a brown suit was collared and trimmed with kolinsky. The belts of the green and navy blue suits were of the beige fur. The cavalier collars of these suits could be worn in three different ways, spread wide upon the shoulders, with the back of the neckline moderately high; fastened just below the throat, or under the chin.

Among afternoon gowns, "Mystic," in a lovely shade of dark green, worn with a matching coat luxuriously collared in black seal attracted attention. The front of the frock showed shaped panels, suggesting the outline of a bolero, and carried just above the top of the bodice, with something the same effect as the raised and stiffened revers which we already know well. Necklines tend to be broken in this way. In this instance, however, the whole design was soft, graceful and mysterious-looking; the metal clip worn on the bodice was a Buddha.

New Interest

In shot magenta and green taffeta was a glamorous frock, much beaded and smocked, with long, very full sleeves and a green velvet belt; this was called "Borgia," and illustrated the touch of the Renaissance which is still one more feature of autumn fashions. A distinctive afternoon frock in a fine black woollen material and black velvet was made with wide, short open sleeves of the woollen material and a frilled collar effect and belt in velvet. It was worn with black shoes, black hat, also black, and placed on one side of the head; this mode had been named "China Tea."

The new Imperial Russia influence was seen in a striking evening gown of crinkled crepe in a light jade green colour, made with a long tunic, adorned with vertical stripes of the same material in white, matching white bands of the material formed shoulder straps carried to the waistline at the open back. At the narrow hemline of the frock, slit to give ease of movement, was a band of kolinsky fur.

A tailored Aquascutum suit in attractive check Irish tweed. —Cecille Studios, Ltd.

adorned; its beauty being found in the material and in the classic monotony of draping both of the bodice and the long skirt.

An evening wrap was in red velvet lined with matching angora; surely a good idea for warmth as well as for attractiveness!

Iron bracelets and an iron clasp and buckle were worn with an evening gown of highly lacquered black material; this dress was backless and the sides of the bodice were "tied" in points from the nape of the neck; the bodice was stiffly draped at the front in an original fashion and a stiffened skirt gave a bustle effect at the back; the sleeves were long. "The Valkyrie" was the name of this extremely effective model.

"Cold Feast" was a beautiful dress of dull crepe in a golden yellow set off by an enormous ostrich feather fan shading from pale yellow to burnt orange. The dress had no trimming other than the draped effect given by intricate smocking on the bodice and on the front of the skirt.

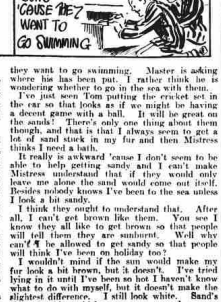
Classic Moulding

A black velvet dress, backless and with narrow shoulder straps, was entirely unadorned; its beauty being found in the classic moulding of the material and in the draping both of the bodice and the long skirt.

An evening wrap was in red velvet lined with matching angora; surely a good idea for warmth as well as for attractiveness!

Art silk locknit in a gay striped design is used to make this morning and useful "Ladies' Pride" model.

TOGS THE TERRIER



HELLO, Children,—

I shall have to write this letter quickly this morning. I've had a t'rriffic surprise. It is to-day Master starts his holidays and I was thinking it wasn't until next week. Isn't thilt lovely?

We are all ever so excited. It's a splendid feeling to know that for two whole weeks we can go out in the car and do all sorts of nice things. Spice a lot of you are having holidays now. I do hope you are enjoying them. John and Tom say they are having a great time, and I think they are, really, 'cause they both seem so happy.

Master tease them about their holidays. He asks them where they work 'cause he says he is sure they must forget what work is like when they have such long holidays. They only grin and say it's 'cause they work so frightfully hard that they need a few weeks' rest. Perhaps it is, you never know do you?

We are going to the sea to-day. Sally is busy making sandwiches for lunch now, and Mistress Jenny's sure to make some pinks. The boys are looking for their bathing suits 'cause they want to go swimming. Master is asking where his has been put. I rather think he is wondering whether to go in the sea with them.

I've just seen Tom putting the cricket set in the car so that looks as if we might be having a decent game with a ball. It will be great on the sands! There's only one thing about them though, and that is that I always seem to get a lot of sand stuck in my fur and then Mistress thinks I need a bath.

It really is awkward 'cause I don't seem to be able to help getting sandy and I can't make Mistress understand that if they would only leave me alone the sand would come out itself. Besides nobody knows I've been to the sea unless I look a bit sandy.

I think they ought to understand that. After all, I can't get brown like them. You see I know they all like to get brown so that people will tell them they are sunburnt. Well, why can't I be allowed to get sandy so that people will think I've been on holiday too?

I wouldn't mind if the sun would make my fur look a bit brown, but it doesn't. I've tried lying in it until I've been so hot I haven't know what to do with myself, but it doesn't make the slightest difference. I still look white. Sand's the only thing which does me any good.

Yours, getting ready,

TOGS

ON YOUR WIRELESS

GERT and Daisy, alias Elsie and Doris Waters, will be in fine fettle when they take their "Zoo Olliday" to-night at eight o'clock. Ashley Sterne and Elsie Waters, who are responsible for the book of the programme which listeners will hear from Regional, have provided a series of extremely amusing situations for Gert and Daisy. Their comments in the monkey-house, the inhabitants of which apparently bear a striking resemblance to many of their acquaintances, are in their best and familiar style. Edie, Daisy's unpleasant offspring, as usual gets herself into trouble, and is only saved in the nick of time from drowning herself in the canal.

NATIONAL
200 kc/s (1,500 Metres).
2: Music of Percy Fletcher; the B.B.C. Midland Orchestra. 2.15: Time Signal. Gramophone Records. 3: The Abersman Original Silver Band; Trevor Watkins (tenor), from Cardiff. 3.45: A Sonata Recital: Frederick Grinke (violin); Dorothy Manley (pianoforte). 4.15: The B.B.C. Northern Orchestra. 5.15: The B.B.C. Dance Orchestra. 6: Time Signal; the First News, including Weather; Bulletin for Farmers. 6.25: Interlude. 6.30: The B.B.C. Military Band: William Bertrand (baritone). 7.20: from the London Theatre: Extracts from Victor Payne Jennings's production of Seasons at the Door, now running at the Comedy Theatre. 7.40: Nat Gonella and his Georgians. 8: Promenade Concert: Wagner Programme (part 1): the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra; Eva Turner, Astrud Prey, relayed from the Queen's Hall, London. 9.50: Interlude. 9.40: The Second News, including Weather; Forecast for Shipping. 10: Time Signal; Foreign Affairs. 10.15: The Bernard Crook Quintet. 11-12: Lou Preager and his Band. Time Signal at 11.30.

LONDON NATIONAL
1,149 kc/s (261·1 Metres).
2—6.30 p.m.: National. 8: National. 11.15—12: Television transmission.

NORTH NATIONAL
1,149 kc/s (261·1 Metres).
2—6.30: National. 8—11: National.

REGIONAL
877 kc/s (342·1 Metres)
2: Time Signal. The Commodore Grand Orchestra, relayed from the Commodore Theatre, Hammersmith. 3: Northern, and Scottish Metropole Orchestra, relayed from the Hotel Metropole, Llandudno. 4.45: A Ballad Concert; Constance Stocker (contralto), Ridgway West (tenor). 5.15: Children's Hour. 6: Time Signal; The First News, including Weather; Bulletin for Farmers. 6.25: Interlude. 6.30: National. 8: Gert and Daisy take a Zoo Holiday; book by Elsie and Doris Waters and Ashley Sterne, lyrics by Elsie Waters, music by Ashley Sterne, produced by Charles Brewer. 8.45: My Piano and I, by Tony Lewis. 9: Orchestral Concert; the B.B.C. Orchestra; Ambrose Gauntlett (viol da gamba). 10: Time Signal; Weather and News summary. 10.10: Sports Bulletin. 10.20: Lou Preager and his Band. 10.45: Gramophone records of dance music. 11—12: National. Time signal at 11.30.

MIDLAND
1,013 kc/s (296·2 Metres).
2: Regional. 3: Northern. 4: Regional. 4.45: A Ballad Concert: Irene Hinsley (soprano), Vernon Roberts (baritone), Stuart Jones (violin). 5.15: Children's Hour. 6: Time signal. The First News, including Weather; Bulletin for Farmers; Midland Announcements. 6.30: Interlude. 7: Alec Rowley and his Orchestra; Miranda Staples (soprano). 8: Regional. 9: Swing Life: Further Experiences on Cover Island, by Leonard G. Sinclair. 9.20: The Second News, including Weather; Bulletin for Farmers; Bisodil (solo trombone). 10: Time Signal; Weather and News Summary. 10.10: Sports Bulletin. 10.20: 11.15—12: Television transmission.

NORTHERN
668 kc/s. (449·1 Metres).
2: Regional. 3: Time Signal. 3.1: Lionel Johns and his Orchestra; leader, Alan Spiller; relayed from The Floral Hall, Bournemouth. 4: Regional. 5.15: Children's Hour. 6: Time Signal; The First News, including Weather; Bulletin for Farmers; Northern Announcements. 6.50: National. 8: Regional. 9: Northern Kinsmen Glees. 9.30: A Sonata Recital by Marie Hall (violin), Mary Ramsay (pianoforte). 10: Time Signal; Weather and News summary. 10.10: Sports Bulletin. 10.20: Regional. 11—12: National. 11.30: Time Signal.

NORTHERN IRELAND
977 kc/s (307·1 Metres)
2: Time Signal; Regional. 3: Northern. 4: Regional. 4.45: A Concert: Henrietta Byrne (mezzo-soprano); Patsy Simcock (soprano) and Kathleen Simpson (mezzo-soprano) (duetting); May Gowdy (contralto); Arthur Gotts (baritone). 5.15: Children's Hour. 5.55: Northern Ireland Bulletin for Farmers. 6: Time Signal from Greenwich; the First News, including Weather Forecast; Bulletin for Farmers; Northern Ireland News. 6.50: National. 8: Regional. 9: An Englishman Looks at Ulster-Belfast: Handel Weston. 9.15: Weather Forecast for Northern Ireland; Provincial Journey—Newtownards. 10: Time Signal; Weather and News Summary. 10.10: Sports Bulletin. 10.20: Regional. 11—12: National; Time Signal at 11.20.

SCOTTISH
767 kc/s. (391·1 Metres).
2: Regional. 3: Time Signal. 3.5: Northern. 4: Regional. 5.15: Scottish Children's Hour. 6: Time Signal; The First News, including Weather Forecast; Scottish Announcements. 6.50: National. 8: Sunshine Follies, relayed from The Pavilion Theatre, Perth. 8.55: The Song and Story of the Gael by Rev. Kenneth MacLeod, of Gigha, with musical illustrations by Hugh MacLean (harp). 9: Scottish Light Orchestra, Eliot Dobie (bass-baritone). 10: Time Signal; Weather and News Summary. 10.10: Sports Bulletin. 10.20: Regional. 11—12: National. 11.30: Time Signal.

K.L.M. REDIFFUSION PROGRAMMES
SWITCH UP.—10.15: The Daily Service. 10.30: Weather Forecast. 10.45: Tom Jenkins at the Organ. 11.15: The Whitby Municipal Orchestra. 12.15: Hovis Hymn and his Band. 1.15: Gramophone Records. 2: The Commodore Grand Orchestra. 3: F. Lionel Johns and his Orchestra. 4: The Hotel Metropole Orchestra. 4.45: A Ballad Concert. 5.15: The Children's Hour. 6: The First News. 6.30: The B.B.C. Military Band. 7.20: From the London Theatre. 7.40: Nat Gonella and his Georgians. 8: Get and Daisy take a "Zoo Olliday." 9: The Northern Know-Alls—3. 9.30: The London Town Band. 10: News Summary. 10.15: Sports Bulletin. 10.20: Lou Preager and his Band. 10.45: Gramophone Records. 11: Lou Preager (continued). 12: Close Down.

SWITCH DOWN.—8: Continental Selections. 10.45: Gramophone Records. 11.30: Organ Recital. 12: Western Studio Orchestra. 12.45: Gramophone Records. 1.15: Music of Percy Fletcher; B.B.C. Midland Orchestra. 2.15: Gramophone Records. 3: The Abersman Original Silver Band. 3.45: A Sonata Recital. 4.15: The B.B.C. Northern Orchestra. 5.15: The B.B.C. Dance Orchestra. 6: Continental Selections. 7: Jan Berenska and his Orchestra. 8: Promenade Concert. 9.30: Interlude. 9.40: Second News. 10: Foreign Affairs. 10.15: The Bernard Crook Quintet. 11: Continental Selections. 12: Close Down.

Murder in the Fog

Chapter VI.—The Locket Puzzle

IT was a favourite habit of Inspector Reynolds to be not merely punctual at an important appointment, but a little early. This morning was no exception. Ten minutes to ten found him strolling along the street surveying the block of flats in which Monique had lived.

Very little was to be learned here, he reflected. The street was quiet, mostly composed of newly built "apartment" premises of a good middle-class. Neither could nor chained. Monique had selected her locality well if she wished her movements to be inconspicuous.

Had he been wise in telling Luigi to meet him? Was he would a scented gigolo with his infernal monosyllabic mode, or a passionate revenge-taker he? He had seen the Italian in both these roles. Either would be merely a handicap. He looked at his watch: three minutes to ten. Yes, far better he'd tackled this job alone. The fellow would probably be late, anyhow. He turned impatiently and scarcely recognised the young man walking to meet him.

A swift, lithe, light-footed figure in a dark suit, quiet as and dark overcoat. He raised his hat as he met the detective and bade him a grave "Bon jour."

For once Reynolds was nonplussed and looked at.

Altered Appearance

"You've changed in some extraordinary way, Luigi," he said in puzzled tones.

The flicker of a smile passed across the Italian's face.

"I've had my hair cut and those stupid side whiskers removed, monsieur. They were part of my trade, you see."

"Well, this is a great improvement," stated the detective sturdily. "Come along. Let's see this concierge woman."

"You will find her difficult," Luigi warned.

"She is a Napoise, of a type I do not care for."

Within ten minutes Reynolds was prepared to endorse that opinion. He tried every method of cajolery and bribery to extract information, but the woman was adamant. Mademoiselle Monique had lived there, Mademoiselle Monique did not live there now. She would have closed the door in their faces but Reynolds had still a card to play.

"Very well, madame, either you show me the flat or I call the police," he threatened sternly.

"It makes no difference to me. I give you one minute to decide." He pulled out his watch and studied it grimly, knowing if this ruse failed he'd reached his limit.

The woman hesitated, a cringing expression on her furtive face. Doubtless she had some reason for not wishing the police to be drawn to her house. Suddenly she drew open the door and stood aside for them to enter.

The inspector stamped along the hall, followed by Luigi. Reynolds knew gentle methods with this woman were useless. Intimidation was the only weapon. He applied it ruthlessly.

Making Demands

"Show me her flat at once," he commanded in a hectoring tone.

The concierge twisted her hands nervously.

"Monsieur, it is let since several weeks."

"By what right?" roared the detective, thoroughly enjoying himself now. "All Mademoiselle's things were there, and," he made a chance shot, "the flat was hers as the rent had been paid in advance."

"It was paid until the end of December, monsieur," the woman admitted humbly. "As she was away I thought she would like to sub-let it."

"Lies!" cut in her inquisitor. "You hoped to make money for yourself. I know all about the key you had made secretly when you could much as when she was out. Who owns this house? Tell the truth."

"A Monsieur Pascal who lives in Paris, monsieur. I send him the rents. Mademoiselle took this flat furnished and paid, of course, in advance. I was surprised when November came and she went away until the end of the month. Then an old tenant arrived and as all the other flats were occupied, I—I let him here. He goes out early morning. I can show monsieur the flat. All mademoiselle's things are safely locked in a cupboard."

"This Jamais Sûr," snapped Reynolds. "You had all the December rent and kept it by a trick. If you attempt to conceal anything from me, I shall inform your master and also the police. Now then, you've been warned. Open the flat," he ordered.

It was a small apartment on the ground floor at the back of the house. The sitting-room opened by casement windows on a tiny garden, from which easy access to a side alley was obtained.

Luigi stood in the doorway with immobile features. Only his eyes betrayed his suffering in seeing Monique's flat.

"All very nice and convenient for those queer visitors she had," commented Reynolds to himself.

Minutely he inspected the three rooms, characteless as furnished-to-let places can be.

"These visitors who came for her, you saw them?" he demanded.

Mysterious Visitors

"Mostly they came and went by night through that window," the woman said. "My flat is in the basement. I have no duties after seven in the evening. But many times I heard voices and twice I saw two gentlemen come in. It was nearly dark and I was in the garden."

"Describe them!"

"One gentleman was young, thin and dark. Both were well-dressed and they talked German."

Reynolds's face lit up. "Go on, madame."

"How do you know?" instantly he demanded in that language. "Do you speak German?"

"A little, *mein Herr*. My mother was German but died when I was ten," the *concierge* replied in the same tongue, with lightingly. "I have almost forgotten it."

The detective turned to Luigi.

"Did Monique speak German?"

"Fluently. I've heard her talking it many times to cadiers at the *Jardin Joyeux*. French and English perfectly and some Italian. Ah, she was clever, monsieur."

"Show me her belongings," Reynolds ordered the *concierge*.

The woman led them to a tiny room and unlocked the door.

"We store trunks here for tenants," she explained. "This one belongs to Mademoiselle, I was locked as you see it now. The valise was empty. I filled it with clothes I took from her wardrobe. She can't have taken much with her in that small attaché case. That seems to be the only thing missing."

"What was it like?"

"Black leather," she paused and eyed the detective furtively, with strong hope. Keep jewellery there, perhaps, though I never saw her with anything more than those ugly blue beads with that queer locket." She gave a little laugh. The detective stared hard at the woman a minute. Did she know something? His hand carelessly drew out a note.

The Locket

"It would be worth this if you knew what was inside the locket," he said persuasively. "But you don't invent anything. I can easily prove the truth."

The *concierge* twisted her apron, her eyes on the notes.

"Only once I got a chance. Mademoiselle was in the bath when someone telephoned to her. I was working in the kitchen and, when she went to the telephone, I slipped into her room. That necklace was on the table. I managed to open the spring in the locket. It's hollow, with a funny sign engraved inside, and the figure 7."

"What sort of a sign? Initials?"

"No, monsieur. Two wooden dolls exactly alike with the figure 7 beneath. Nothing else. I snapped it shut quick and ran back to the kitchen. Merci, monsieur, merci!" she added as the note changed owners.

"Get back into the flat with the woman, and keep her there," Reynolds requested Luigi in an undertone. "I want to examine those things alone. Stay there until I come."

Left alone, the inspector shut the door of the storeroom and ransacked the suitcase minutely. Other than the familiar parcelling perfume, there was nothing to help him. Dancing frocks, slippers, ordinary clothing and hats, toilet brushes and bottles, piled in by clumsy hands.

He turned to the trunk. It was of strong, thick wood with iron bands. With less difficulty than he anticipated, he opened it with one of his own keys. Inside was more clothing, a few French novels and old magazines. Not a letter or envelope; not even a scrap of paper with perhaps a tell-tale sheet of blotting paper.

Disturbed, Reynolds sat back on his heels and regarded the unprofitable spoils. Surely they had had no time to destroy everything identifiable, and had no space to take much with her. Yet here was this strong—unusually strong—trunk full of stuff that was rubbish so far as he was concerned.

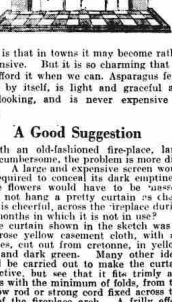
A Hiding Place

With a sigh he emptied the whole lot on the floor and examined the trunk minutely. Suddenly he gave a little grunt. Apparently he had set to scrutinise the screws that were placed at intervals round the bottom. Queer place to hide anything, but beginning a special blade in his penknife, he tried one. It unscrewed easily! In three minutes he had extracted three small articles from the false bottom. It lifted like the flap of a writing desk.

(To be continued).

Screening a Fireplace

MODERN fireplaces are easily concealed in summer time by a fire screen, by tall flowers, ferns or grasses placed in a jar. The only objection to this second plan is that in towns it may become rather expensive. But it is so charming that we all afford it when we can. Asparagus fern, used by itself, is light and graceful and cool-looking, and is never expensive to buy.



A Good Suggestion

With an old-fashioned fire-place, large and cumbersome, the problem is more difficult. A large and expensive screen would be required to conceal its dark emptiness, while flowers would have to be "massed." Why not hang a pretty curtain as cheap as it is cheerful, across the fireplace during the months in which it is not in use?

The curtain shown in the sketch was of primrose yellow casement cloth, with appliques, cut out from cretonne, in yellow, pale and dark green. Many other ideas could be carried out to make the curtain attractive, but see that it fits trimly and hangs with the minimum of folds, from the narrow rod or strong cord fixed across the top of the fireplace arch. A frilly effect would be out of harmony with the notion, and should be avoided.

WOMEN'S INSTITUTE NOTES

MISS BARTON, of Preston, gave a demonstration of rug-making at the monthly meeting. About 112 members were present, and Miss Wooler presided. Mrs. Seed proposed, and Mrs. Jackson seconded, a vote of thanks to the demonstrator.

A competition was held for the most useful article made from a cotton flour sack. Miss Barton judged the excellent entries and awarded the prizes to 1, Mrs. Lowe; 2, Miss Marsden; 3, Mrs. Seed.

The arrangements were made for the annual outing which takes place on September 4th and dancing and games concluded the meeting.

CATFORTH

This monthly meeting was held in the Village Hall, when Mrs. Wilkinson and Mrs. J. Thornton were hostesses. The chief business features were the Country Exhibition and Village Fair, and the social programme. "Characters" and shuttlecock and battledore caused much amusement.

HOGHTON

At the August meeting of the Hoghton Women's Institute, an interesting practical demonstration of millinery was given by Miss Baird, of Blackburn. As a result, a competition is to be held at the September meeting for the best beret with original trimming. It was decided to ask members to bring their contributions for the Village Market to the pavilion between 6 and 7 p.m. on September 18th.

YOUNG WIFE POISONED
BY EATING BREAD, BACON AND FRESH EGGS
Unless your liver pours 2 pints of liquid bile into your bowels your food doesn't digest. It just lies about and rots in your bowels. You wake up every morning feeling tired and heavy.
The amazing poison-case letter which follows proves that if you suffer from tiredness or headaches, indigestion or constipation, you need more than purgatives or cleansing medicines to make you well. These things only move your bowels. They don't touch the cause, your liver.
Mrs. M. F. L., Parker Hayes, writes, "I bought good simple food — bread, bacon, fresh eggs, etc. — yet she suffered from constipation, headaches, sour breath and biliousness. Her skin looked unhealthy. She felt tired-out.
"*My husband* sent me to the doctor, who examined me and said that purgatives or cleansing medicines couldn't stop the poisoning because these things only moved the bowels and a mere movement wasn't getting at the cause. So he put me on to Carters Brand Little Liver Pills to make your bile flowing again.
"Now I feel absolutely well, and my husband says my complexion is lovely." Make sure you get Carters Brand Liver Pills — ordinary liver pills or salts can't give you the full 3 pints that you need. Ask for Carters Brand Little Liver Pills, and you'll never have to dose yourself with laxatives again. At all Chemists, 1/3 and 3/-.

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