THE

TULE MARSH MURDER

STORY OF A MISSING ACTRESS AND THE TAXING OF WITS TO EXPLAIN HER FATE.

BY NANCY BARR MAVITY.

—SYNOPSIS—

Don Ellsworth's wife, formerly actress Sheila O'Shay, disappears. Dr. Cavanaugh, criminal psychologist, learns that their married life has been unhappy. Peter Piper, Herald reporter, meets Barbara Cavanaugh and finds she was engaged to Ellsworth before his marriage. A body found in the tule marsh is identified as that of Sheila. Faints when she hears this. Mrs. Kane, Sheila's maid, is arrested and admits that Ellsworth married Sheila under threat of breach of promise. The trench mouth germs in papers are not in Sheila's safe, but Cavanaugh and Peter find a note signed "David Orme." Peter finds Orme at a tourist camp. Cavanaugh agrees to examine Orme. Peter sees Barbara destroy a jewelled comb of Sheila's.

CHAPTER XXXV.—(Cont'd.)

With a deep, tremulous sigh Peter moved away from the tree and walked slowly up the driveway where Barbara had run a few minutes—or was it hours?—before. Barbara needed saving, far more than he had dreamed. He was admitted, fleetingly, the idea that she, herself, was responsible for Sheila's death, but he knew now that he had never believed it. It had taken the flash of emeralds in the sun to bring that idea into the light where he must face it—face it with all its implications.

His mouth set in a hard, grim line. He knew exactly what he was doing. There was no ignorance of the law behind him. He knew that he was going to suppress his knowledge of material evidence of a crime. If Barbara was guilty, no wrangling lawyers, no avid press, no stolid jury should tear that bright and gallant spirit to shreds.

If she was a murderess, she was still Barbara! He forced himself to say the word, with dry, stiff lips: "Murderess!" And he heard, as clearly as if he sat in the courtroom, as he had heard it many times from his seat in the press row, the voice of the judge solemnly intone, "And may God have mercy on your soul." Never that—never that—for Barbara!

He fought his way back to self-control, his nails forcing tiny red drops of blood from the palms of his clenched hands. If Barbara was guilty, he would share her guilt. He squared his shoulders as if against the wind. He was accessory after the fact of murder.

This time there was no hesitation on the doorstep before he rang the bell. Peter's training stood him in good stead; the black and white automaton who answered the door saw only a tall and rather pale young man whose clothes were badly in need of brushing—several twigs and bits of leaf were clinging to them—but who showed no evidence of excitement. She looked up at him with a tentative half smile of recognition, but he had evidently forgotten her. He fished a "Herald" card from his pocket and scribbled a message on the back:

"Please let me see you at once—it is most important." He paused a moment, and then added: "I am counting on you—we are friends, remember."

He looked up, as if he had just become aware of the figure in the open door.

"Oh, it's you! I hope you found the two bits—though you didn't deserve them that time. Will you take this to Miss Cavanaugh, and tell her I'll wait in the room with the marigolds?"

"There aren't any marigolds—the season's past, sir," the automaton explained meticulously.

"Never mind—we know what we mean. You just cut along."

The automaton obediently "cut," wondering as she mounted the stairs how Miss Barbara had ever discovered such a very nice young man who obviously did not belong in her own social circle.

"He can't have any money—his clothes are a sight—but he does have a way with him. And Miss Barbara can afford to like whoever she pleases," she reflected enviously.

Peter stood anxiously waiting in the small room, where daffodils had replaced the marigolds, but where a little fire still twinkled in the grate. He wished he had warned her to take off that dust-streaked dress before she came down. She might meet any number of servants, and they'd be sure to notice it and wonder. He wished he had told her to destroy his card—but then, the girl might already have read it on her way up. He had thought only of Barbara while he was writing it—he strove now to remember the wording. It was non-committal enough, still, it was better out of the way.

His brain felt paralyzed with the sense of his own incompetence. There were so many things to think of—so many things that he had never had to consider before. Peter found himself wishing that he had committed any number of crimes so that he would have been practiced in technique, would know exactly what ought to be done. Suppose he made some horrible blunder. Suppose he could not save her. Suppose—

"Who wanted to see me?"

She was there, slim and straight and child-like between the folds of the curtains. Before entering the room, she turned and slid the folding doors shut. She was immaculately dressed in a straight little blue frock, and she held Peter's card, twisted in a tube about her slim fingers.

"Thank God!" Peter cried.

Barbara summoned a wan little smile.

"You always do have the most astonishing ways of opening a conversation," she said.

"I was afraid you wouldn't change your dress." Peter explained. "And may I have that, please?" He took the card gently from her fingers and dropped it on the glowing coals.

She looked up at him, faintly surprised, as one who has just passed through an earthquake might be surprised at the unexpected falling of a leaf. Unresisting she allowed him to lead her to a chair and place her in it. Peter towered over her, his elbow on the mantel.

"Barbara," he said, "God knows whether I've the wit to be of much good to you, but I think the first step had better be for you to marry me."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

"Oh, Peter!" Barbara cried. Her voice was the thin, small voice of a terrified child at the touch of a reassuring hand in the dark. "If I only could!"

She leaned forward, her hands clasped tightly between her knees, her pinched, white face irradiated with a flood of rosy color. Her eyes, seeking Peter's, were wells of glory.

Peter forgot that Sheila O'Shay had been murdered, forgot that she had ever existed. His world was narrowed to one consuming blaze of divine astonishment.

"But Barbara! You can't mean—" he stammered.

"Of course." Barbara nodded her head twice, with slow emphasis. "I mean just that. I should think you'd have seen it from the beginning."

Peter, still with that look of awed wonder, leaned down to kiss the bright, bowed head. But before he reached her, he forced himself back, holding to the mantel piece as if he feared to trust his own manhood with.

"But listen, you amazing child, you can't mean it!" he said. "You don't know a thing about me, really. I'm just a hard-boiled newspaper reporter." (It was a fond delusion with Peter that he was "hard-boiled.") "I earn $50 a week, and the only car I own or am ever likely to own is one you'd be ashamed even to collide with. I never thought of it before, but for all you know I might be nothing but a fortune hunter."

"I know quite enough." A shadow of the old gamin smile, hovered at the corners of Barbara's mouth. "Are you trying to persuade me to marry you or trying to persuade me not to —which?"

"If things weren't as they are, I'd try to have too much sense to ask you. But I've got to have the right to help you—to stand by to the last ditch. Of course I'll do that anyhow, but it'll make things simpler. That's why I want you to marry me."

"Oh, no, it isn't!" Barbara's shining gaze was still fixed on Peter's face. "It's because you love me."

"Oh, that!" Peter's scorn was the most sublime assurance. "That goes without saying. Who wouldn't?"

"Still," said Barbara. "I'm glad you said it, even though I knew. I ought to be sorry, but I'm not. I'm glad—glad that I shall have it to remember always. Because I'm not going to marry you, Peter."

"Don't be absurd!" Peter said angrily. "Please, Barbara, get this straight. Even if you hadn't looked at me like that, you glorious child—I don't know how it ever happened, but somehow it has—I'd have wanted you to marry me anyhow. Then, if we got things straightened out and you wanted your freedom, you could have it. Nothing, nothing at all, could possibly make any difference to me, except as it gave me something to do for you. That's the way I feel about it. Now, will you marry me?"

"Don't!" Barbara buried her face in her hands. "You make it so very hard." Then she looked up, her small chin very stubborn, her eyes very steady. "I can't marry you Peter—not ever."

"Why not?" Peter glared down at her belligerently.

"Because—" Barbara took a deep breath, then went on steadily. "I'm going to tell you something I have never hinted to another soul. I told you how Dr. Cavanaugh adopted me out of the orphanage. I rather think that I am really his daughter."

It was so far from what Peter had expected her to say that he could only stare at her in blank amazement.

"But, darling child," he said when he had caught his breath, "can you think for one moment that that would make any difference to me?"

Quality has no substitute

Tea *"fresh from the gardens"*

"It would to me," Barbara said, so low that he had to bend toward her to catch the words.

"But it mustn't. I don't care a fig whether your parents had a marriage license or not. As the lawyers say, it's incompetent, immaterial and irrelevant. Dr. Cavanaugh is a very great man—you might well be proud to get some of your heredity from a brain like that. Even if he did your mother and you a social injury by not marrying her, he's done his best to make it up to you."

(To be continued.)

"Follow the Equator" Is Goal Of Hypothetical Air Trips

Among the possible airplane flights for 1932 being discussed in Europe, the "follow the equator" feat is talked about more than any other. European airmen say the best starting point would be Libreville, French Equatorial Africa. After crossing Africa in two "legs" there would be a long and dangerous flight across the Indian Ocean, with a stop at Maldive Islands for fuel.

Next would come the 7,000-mile flight across the Pacific on a course where shipping is scarce. A pilot might make land at the Gilbert Islands, at Christmas Islands, and at Galapagos. From the latter he could proceed to Quito, in Ecuador. Then would follow a journey across South America to the mouth of the Amazon. His gigantic flight would terminate with the crossing of the Atlantic to Libreville.

Eros Soon to Appear Again in Piccadilly

London.—The long heralded replacement of Eros in the Piccadilly Circus is now expected to be only a matter of days. The base of the famous memorial has been completed, but the bronze basin of the fountain must be erected and other work done such as connecting the waterpipes. This is now going on behind the canvas-covered scaffolding that screens it from public gaze. According to the latest information the little god is certain to shoot his arrows over Piccadilly again before long with the unveiling probably early in December.

"I do not agree with the people who try to apply mathematics and extreme logical abstractions to the regulations of the human race."
—Sherwood Anderson.

"Artificial inflation of stocks must be considered a crime as serious as counterfeiting, which it closely resembles."
—Andre Maurois.

"Buddy" Dines in Style

According to a scientist's recent statement monkeys develop quicker than children. Perhaps they "ape" their elders more effectively! This Bronx Zoo chimp, Buddy, likes his meal this way.

Grasses Still Most Vital Living Thing to Mankind

Berkeley.—Grasses always have been and still are more important to mankind than any other living things, finds Morris Halperin, research assistant in agronomy of the University of California. "Evidence for this statement," states Halperin, "is abundant throughout the history of man in all ages and on all continents. The geologic age of mammals, the nomadic life of primitive man, the beginnings of civilization, and the existence of modern life are closely interwoven with the indispensability of grasses to man.

"Every known primitive civilization has been built directly upon one or another of the cereal grasses, supplemented in some cases with pasture grasses. Primitive man, living by hunting, was completely dependent on grassland and became a nomad as he followed grass-feeding animals in their wanderings. Cereal grasses changed man from a nomad to a settler and led to the cultivation of land. Even the calendar and social life were made necessary by the cultivation of cereal grasses.

"In 1700 B.C., the Chinese instituted the symbolic ceremony of sowing five useful plants each year, these being rice, wheat, sorghum, millet and the legume, soybeans. In Egypt, barley and millet were produced as early as 4000 B.C. On the American continent all civilization from Canada to Patagonia is practically synonymous with one grass, maize or Indian corn.

"To-day grasses furnish all the breadstuffs and most of the meat and sugar consumed by man. Grasses also play an important part in building material, reclaiming land, providing turf for lawns and the athletic fields. The greatest portion of the dry land surface of the earth is occupied by grasses."

Amusing Anecdotes

A queer little incident during the run of "Lear" at the Lyceum Theatre, London, in the palmy days of Henry Irving and Ellen Terry, is recorded by W. Graham Robertson, in his captivating reminiscences "Life Was Worth Living." One evening, Ellen Terry—as Cordelia—and Robertson stood together at the wings during the last act when the great actress said:

"Graham, why do men always spit on their hands when they are going to take up anything?"

"They don't," said Robertson, "at least only laborers handling a spade or a navvy gripping a pick-axe."

"Well," said Cordelia, "you come and look at Henry." (Irving was playing Lear).

"It was almost time for Lear's entrance, bearing the body of his murdered daughter, and said daughter began to get ready, stretching herself at full length upon a table that she might be the more easily gathered up. King Lear swept down from his dressing room and stood beside her, waiting for his cue. As it came he stooped over Cordelia and whispering "Now then —ready!" carefully spat upon both palms, rubbed them hastily together and, shouldering his burden, trudged with it on the stage.

Tit-bits from the intimate diaries of the late C. W. Barron, noted financial reporter—as recorded in "More The old Barron":

Boston, June 5, 1920. Mrs. Coolidge tells the following story. It is her custom, when going out, to leave her address so that the governor (Coolidge was Governor of Massachusetts at the time) may call her up if he returns. Recently the governor returned home, rang the telephone of the party giving the afternoon tea and said to put Mrs. Coolidge on the telephone.

The conversation was as follows:

Governor: "Mrs. Coolidge?"

Mrs. Coolidge: "Yes."

Governor: "Hop home."

If any body can get that conversation into fewer words or letters without cutting the sense, he deserves a prize, remarks Barron.

Under date, New York, November 16, 1927, is this entry:

George Harvey (former American Ambassador in London) said: "I suppose I have told John D. Rockefeller the story of the minister's call at least forty times and each time he seems to get a new chuckle out of it. He is very appreciative of wit. I tell it that there were rumors about Peacham for many weeks that the minister had had a call to a larger parish, but nobody seemed to get any information and the minister said nothing.

"Finally, the deacons agreed that one of them should call and ask him directly. So the old deacon knocked on the front door and asked the boy who responded to see his father. The boy said that his father was engaged. 'Then can I see your mother?' and the boy replied that his mother was busy.

'Then the deacon, sniffingly, began upon the boy and said, 'Can you tell me anything about the report that your father has had a call to another church?'

'The boy said: 'I don't know anything about it, but father is in the parlor praying for light and mother is up in the attic packing the trunks'."

In a talk with Dr. Walter B. James at Battle Creek, Michigan, on October 25, 1922, Mr. Barron quotes the doctor as saying:

"I think the development of women has come largely by discarding their clothing. A father will come to me with a cold and sore throat and pull off clothes like a human onion; they would fill a bushel basket. But his daughter's clothes would go in a quart measure."

Sunned Fish Supply Vitamin D to Foxes

Foxes on the ranches of Prince Edward Island now get vitamin D in their diet through the medium of fish. Twice a week sun-dried herring are fed to them.

The fishermen split the fish through the back, wash them in fresh water, place them in a 5 per cent salt solution for six hours and then put them in the open air for the sun to do the rest. On the ranches the fish are soaked in water for an hour or so before being fed to the foxes. The plant was tried out for the first time last year and at once proved a success.

What New York Is Wearing

BY ANNEELLE WORTHINGTON

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The Lion Roars

Dreaming the Lion sits,
While all around
The greedy chorus rings
Of flouting jackal, fleeing hounds.

Has he forgot his kingship,
Bought with the price of years?
Is this the end of greatness?
Squander'd the blood and tears

Sudden the Lion rises,
The Lion roars. . . .
The curs that yapped lie silent
Licking their sores.

—M. D., in the Morning Post.

"I have just been reading the constitution of the United States."

"Well?"

"And I was surprised to find how many rights a fellow has."

Thankfulness

Lay the frown on the brow; the tone in the voice; and the tenseness of the nervous system? Is it not that we are thinking more of the petty pricks of the thorns in our bouquet of life than we are of the immense fragrance, color and beauty of the roses? Do have our perspective away out of proportion.

What if Johnny comes bouncing into the kitchen leaving a trail of muddy footprints? What if Mary leaves her things on a chair and is so excited over her friends and activities that she has no time to mend her stockings? What if Big John strews his newspaper about and is no longer fervently polite? What if the delivery boy leaves the back door unlatched; and our neighbor Smith is rather gossipy; and a dozen other trifles ruffle your equanimity?

These nettling incidents sink into insignificance compared with the glorious blessings which are yours from day to day. There is your good husband, your healthy, wholesome son; your lovely, sensible daughter; loyal friends and neighbors; industry eager to serve our homes and supplying us with every convenience. There is a comfortable home; your beautiful family life; dear relatives; community associations; intellectual opportunities to satisfy and stimulate; the comfort of religion; peace in the nation—not to mention a postal system which keeps you in touch with almost dear ones, the radio which enables you to sit at the foot of the world and listen, and a million and one inventions and devices which add to the enrichment of life. To enumerate the blessings which constantly surround even the ordinary individual would be an impossible task. They are as countless as the stars. Is it the part of wisdom and practical philosophy to meditate on these things or not allow ourselves to become too sensitive to the tiny harassments of life? The wife and mother virtually determines the atmosphere of the home. Here's hoping that yours will be an abode of joy and appreciation.

Cooperating With the School

Many failures at school are because mothers do not make the proper background for the school child. A failure at school is an expensive thing. It means that the child will have to be reported one year longer, while he completes his course in high school or college. The youth will become restless with the long years at school and may not give himself enough preparation for life if too much retarded. A boy who fails is likely to lose confidence in himself and to be deprived of side activities of school life and develop an inferiority complex.

The child most sure to make a success in life is one who succeeds in his school work.

Mothers can set the stage for this success by seeing that a place is arranged in the home where the child may have quiet for evening study; that the child has time for study and not interrupted; that he does not stay around too much of an evening that he gets plenty of sleep; that he is fed nourishing but simple food, with a warm breakfast and goes to school feeling well; that he is taught respect education and his school teachers and to realize that education is a necessity for leadership in modern life.

Colorful Bedrooms

If one lives in a house with wallpaper, and painted floors and woodwork, she dares to try out a few pet color schemes. For example, there is the yellow-and-orchid bedroom, with a rug or green for accent.

A wall-paper might set the pace, with a combination of these colors. Then the floor may be painted much darker than orchid, as floors should always be the darkest note of a room. The orchid and the green are cool colors, while the yellow will give a sunny note. Your draperies might be orchid, with green bands or designs. The bed-spread may be yellow with trimmings of green or orchid, and the chair-cover slip and dressing table drapery may be a combination of harmonze.

Or, there is the rose and blue bedroom, or the lavender and yellow. It is a good idea to take your cut as to color combinations, from the floor covering or the wall-paper. Do not be afraid to use a little bold ingenuity in this modernistic age.

Neighborly Cooking

Two neighbors, both club women and both with little children have a happy way of saving one another's time and effort stretching their ability and leisure time. The way they manage it is to occasionally plan a meal together and one cooks it while the other is attending a club meeting. They buy a roast together and divide the expense and the roast after it is cooked. One oven will cook the meat, potatoes and pudding for two families with practically the same heat and fuel consumed in doing it for one. Mother who has been having a day off has only to make a drink and prepare a salad and she has a delicious meal all ready to serve to her family. The next time it is the other neighbor's turn. This makes for sociability, efficiency, economy and more leisure and broadening association with the world. The mother who has been out has something new to talk to her family about at supper time. It's fun, too, to eat something someone else has cooked, for a change.

Chowder

In one cup of boiling water, boil until tender one cup of diced celery, or cauliflower cut into small pieces, or shredded cabbage. Five minutes will cook the celery or cauliflower, but it will take a little longer for the cabbage. Put this into the double boiler with one quart of scalded milk, two tablespoons of quick-cooking tapioca, a teaspoon of salt, two chicken-flavored bouillon cubes, three tablespoons of butter and a dash of red pepper. Cook the mixture for fifteen minutes or until the tapioca is clear, stirring frequently.

Add a cup of diced, cooked potato, a cup of diced shrimps, or of any shredded cooked fish or left-over cooked meat, or dried beef. Reheat thoroughly and serve.

Cranberry Salad

To one package of cherry jello, add one cup of boiling water and a cup and a half of sugar, and let the solution cool. Put through the food chopper two cups of raw cranberries, one orange and the peeling of half an orange. Roll two cups of nuts and add all these ingredients to the jello solution as it begins to set. When formed, serve on lettuce leaf, topped with salad dressing.

Pumpkin Pie

For pumpkin pie filling, mix together one cup pumpkin, thoroughly cooked down and strained through a colander, two egg yolks, one cup sugar, one cup milk, a half teaspoon salt, a quarter of a teaspoon of nutmeg and a half teaspoon of cinnamon. Coat the uncooked pie crust with white of egg, that the filling may not soak into the crust if the pie stands a day or two; pour the filling into the crust and bake in a hot oven for ten minutes; then reduce the heat and bake until the custard is done. Serve with or without whipped cream.

Mrs. Solomon Says:

It's not turkey and stuffing and pumpkin pie which make a real thanksgiving dinner. It is a dinner of rabbit and potatoes, where appreciation is than a fifteen-pound fowl and ingratitude therewith.

Three Danger Periods in Flying Life

Three mysterious danger periods in the flying life of an amateur airplane pilot are disclosed by statistics reported recently to the Royal Aeronautical Society, in London, by Captain A. G. Lamplough, British expert on aviation insurance. The first time when the amateur pilot is likely to have an accident, Captain Lamplough finds, is after he has had 20 hours of flying experience and before he has had 30 hours. Increase of accidents at this time probably is due, it is concluded, to mistakes made when the new pilot first tries to fly without an experienced flier at a duplicate set of controls. The next danger period, the statistics indicate, is between the pilot's 80th flying hour and his 120th. This is the most dangerous time of all and is attributed by Captain Lamplough to over-confidence. With 80 hours of experience the beginner feels able to meet any emergency, which he is not. Some unfamiliar chance of flying appears and wrecks him. Finally, there is a more mysterious peak of accidents among amateur pilots having between 500 and 600 hours of flying experience. One suggestion is that this third peak of the accident curve may be due to another kind of over-confidence, to facing weather conditions in which a more experienced pilot would refuse to fly. Some time between his 500th flying hour and his 600th one, this theory suggests, the average amateur pilot is likely to keep a flying in some dangerous weather which tasks his skill and equipment to the limit. If this does not kill or injure him, he knows enough thereafter to let such dangerous weather alone.

The flying fish does not really fly. It raises itself from the water by means of its long fins, and it can support itself in the air until they become dry, when it drops back into the sea.

The greater the difficulty the more glory in surmounting it. Skillful pilots gain their reputation from storms and tempests.—Epicurus.

After two years the jazz age seems as far away as the days before the war.—F. Scott Fitzgerald.

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Send your suggestions for a title along with your appreciation, using no more than three words or less for the title, and not more than 50 words for your opinion of its advantages.

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PICTURED COOKERY

The Old and New

The English village strikingly differs from the typical New England village, where the churn comes of a prim uniformity, and individuality is made to give place to a general parking of lawns and shade-trees in rectangular blocks and avenues. A New England village suggests some large institution disposed in separate uniform buildings, placed on one level carpet of green, each with a definite number of trees, and the very sunlight portioned out into gleaming allotments. The effect gained is for me one of great charm—the charm of a vivid, exquisitely ordered, green decorum. I would not have it otherwise, and I speak of it only to suggest by contrast the different, desultory charm of an old English village, where beauty has not been so much planned as has just "occurred."

Of course, this is the natural result of the long occupation of the land. Each century in succession has had a hand in shaping the countryside to its present aspect, and English history is literally a living visible part of English scenery. Here the thirteenth century has left a church, here the fourteenth a castle, here the sixteenth, with its suppression of the monasteries, a ruined abbey. Here is an inn where Chaucer's pilgrims stopped on the way to Canterbury. Here, in a field covered over by a cow-shed, is a piece of tessellated pavement which was once the floor of an old country house occupied by one of Caesar's generals.—Richard Le Gallienne, in "Vanishing Roads and Other Essays."

Photography Minus Light

A photograph of business men and bankers visiting the new Kodak Research Laboratories, under the auspices of the National Research council, was recently taken in pitch-black darkness, we are told in a press bulletin. To quote:

"Actually, although eyes could see nothing, the room was flooded with invisible infra-red rays supplied by sixteen 1,000-watt lamps in an otherwise light-tight booth covered by a filter which allowed none but the infrared rays to pass into the room. The special plates in the camera were sensitive to the infra-red rays, and recorded the scene. The camera lens was open at f. 3.5, and an exposure of one second was given."

Carrying On

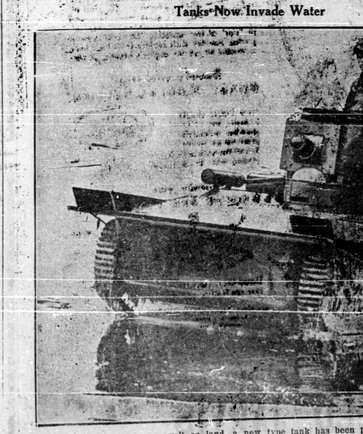
At the cashier's cage of the Equitable Life Insurance Company of Iowa in Minneapolis, a timid little old lady had been appearing regularly for years to pay the quarterly premiums on her husband's life-insurance policy. A few days ago she came in and told the cashier, in a small voice: "I'm afraid I can't make these payments any more."

"What's the matter?" she was asked.

"It's the hard times and all. There isn't as much work for me as there used to be, and my husband doesn't contribute anything any more—he's been dead for almost three years."

He had, too. They looked it up. —The New Yorker.

Tanks Now Invade Water



Wading through water as well as land, a new type tank has been perfected by a British concern with promises to revolutionize tank warfare. In the water, the tank is half submerged, and is driven by a propeller and steered by a rudder, both of which are so placed that they are not damaged when travelling on land.

Telephone Call

Mr. Theodore McManus decided to telephone an old friend of his who is one of the officers on the Leviathan. Mr. McManus told the operator in his office he wanted the Leviathan. You can phone it at the pier, you know. In a few moments a voice answered and said yes, this was the Leviathan. Mr. McManus asked for the officer, and in a few moments the officer answered. They exchanged greetings and Mr. McManus asked his friend what he was doing that evening. "Oh, nothing much." "Well," said Mr. McManus, "why don't you run out to my house for dinner tonight?" The other man laughed pleasantly. "Quit your kidding," he replied. His friend said he wasn't fooling—wouldn't the officer come over for dinner? "How can I?" was the answer to this. "I won't get in till tomorrow. We're 300 miles out!" The gentleman had miscalculated when he figured the ship was at her pier. He had asked for the Leviathan, and Central had got him the Leviathan over the ship-to-shore phone, which, as you see, works perfectly. The call cost Mr. McManus $21.—The New Yorker.

Saying "No"

In numberless cases the failure to utter a ringing "No" that ought to be spoken is due to fear of the cost. The very fact of the cost is what wins for the man brave enough to speak the sincere respect of those that may heartily disagree with his judgment.

Often the fear may be less about personal consequences than about seeming discourtesy. It is to be remembered that there may be both graciousness and positiveness without any sacrifice of either. As in Chinese the same syllable may have wholly different meanings according to the inflection given, there are more ways than one of uttering "No."

A man that won prominence owed much to the training of a wise mother, who noted his weakness when a boy. She used to put to him a series of questions each calling for "No" as the answer and she put him through systematic practice in the fitting tones to be used until he was, skilled in the whole gamut from cautious hesitation and courteous dissent to indignant defiance.

The little word "No" is a mighty one in every language and dialect with power to make or wreck a life.

The Coming of Winter

The gold leaves fade, that made a burnished crown
Set in authority on many a brow;
Little by little drops the glory down;
The splendid woods are grave and quiet now.
Like proud Kings in misfortune, the tall trees
Suffer the ruthless Winter of defeat;
Not pity—admiration is for these,
Who will not bow at any tyrant's feet!
The storm may hurl some headlong death;
Some will survive to woo another Spring;
All will have courage, as all had sweet breath;
Living or dying, each will be a King!
Though fortune changes, these are strong and sure;
They have learnt much; they know how to endure.

—Vera I. Arlett, in the Windsor Magazine.

"America is owed $25,000,000,000 and insists on being paid in gold. There are, however, only $12,000,000,000 in the world."—Sir Hugo Cunliffe-Owen.

Sunday School Lesson

SUNDAY SCHool—Dec. 4.—Graham December 20. Lesson XII—The Supreme Gift of Love (Christmas Lesson)—1 John 4: 7-19. Golden Text—Beloved, if God so loved us, we ought also to love one another. —1 John 4: 11.

ANALYSIS.

I. THE PROOF OF SONSHIP, 1 John 4: 7-8.
II. THE PROOF OF FATHERHOOD, John 4: 9-11.
III. THE PROOF OF THE SPIRIT'S PRESENCE, 1 John 4: 12-16.
IV. THE ULTIMATE SECURITY, 1 John 4: 17-19.

INTRODUCTION—This letter was probably written by the apostle John about A.D. 90. Its main object was to safeguard its readers against certain false teachers. It tells of the revelation of God which came in Jesus of Nazareth, and what it meant for those who follow him.

I. THE PROOF OF SONSHIP, 1 John 4:7-8.

What are the marks of a Christian? Among many others, one answer has usually been prominent—and frequently the first in importance, orthodoxy. Not so does the New Testament teach us. Love is the true orthodoxy. It is the central and determining quality in the character of God. Only the man with love in his heart is a child of God.

II. THE PROOF OF FATHERHOOD, John 4: 9-11.

Love as the mark of a child of God follows from the fact that God himself is love. That quality of God was demonstrated to us by the coming into this life of his son, Jesus of Nazareth.

Those who came in contact with Jesus found their lives immeasurably enriched and ennobled. So different were they from their old selves that the only way in which they could describe the change was to say that they were "born again." This new life which they saw in him, and some of the quality of which they gained themselves, they never thought of as a mere human achievement, but as something which they had received. The coming of Jesus "was not merely the gathering together in one personality of possibilities that had lain dormant in the history of his race, but "a direct enterprise of God" for the enlightenment and salvation of the world."—John Baillie. It gave rise to the sentiment in the hearts of Christians everywhere "not of pride and self-congratulation at something our race has produced, but rather gratitude at something it has received. We are moved, all of us, not to applaud, but to kneel; not to clap our hands in admiration, but to fold them in worship. Jesus was God's gift to men. "In this was manifested the love of God toward us," v. 9.

During his life on earth, Jesus taught men to think of himself and God as similar in kind. "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father," John 14: 9. Then, in his death he demonstrated that love was willing to forgive to the uttermost and was so utterly indeed to endure that it persisted even to the ultimate sacrifice. That was the crowning proof of God's love for men.

"God proves his love for us by this," says Paul, "that Christ died for us while we were yet sinners," Rom. 5: 8. Jesus took on his own conscience the sins of countless others and offered himself in sacrifice, v. 10.

Why was this vicarious suffering necessary? Life is full of it, yet we do not understand it. This, however, we know, as Henry Sloane Coffin says, "Men of religious insight in various faiths had discovered this strange principle in life that the innocent suffer with and for the guilty, and that the voluntary self-offering of the good for the evil reconciles the community with God and works righteousness." Calvary is the overwhelming proof that God is Father-love.

If that is his attitude toward us, then we must have a similar attitude toward his other children—who are our brethren, v. 11.

III. THE PROOF OF THE SPIRIT'S PRESENCE, 1 John 4: 12-16.

Spirit-filled people are the argument that proves God's existence.

What is it to be "spirit-filled"? It is to have a thorough-going belief in a holy and living God who is alive and active in our every-day world, and who reveals himself to us through us. One's faith in God's ability is a perfect gift, and an ultimately victorious enterprise, which ceases to be just keeping from doing bad things. He throws with an overflowing optimism and enthusiasm, in this world of nothingness. The Spirit-filled Christian is an "enthusiastic" (Greek, "God in us") man, means "God in us." God's love is expressed through human lives and come to its perfection, v. 12. The Word must be made flesh, if it is to come to its finished work in the salvation of men.

IV. THE ULTIMATE SECURITY, 1 John 4: 17-19.

The experience of God's forgiving love kills within the sinner the desire for an old, bad way of sinning. He turns with enthusiasm to God's way of living. Instead of being against God and therefore afraid of judgment, he is now with God, and therefore looks to the future with glad expectation. Perfect love has cast out fear by swallowing up the cause of it.

"Europe needs a surgical operation—not medicine."—Gabriel Wells.

"Year breeds repression; repression breeds hate; hate menaces stable government."

—Louis D. Brandeis.

The reason why some men have money to burn is simply because they don't burn it.