Salada Green tea is a masterpiece in blending

"SALADA" GREEN TEA

'Fresh from the gardens'

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 the actress, Sheila O'Shay, disappears, leaving no trace. Dr. Cavanaugh, criminal psychologist, learns that their married life has been very unhappy.

An unidentified body is found in the tule marsh outside the city. It has been burned by a fire in the marsh until it is entirely unrecognizable except for the fact that it is a woman. Dr. Cavanaugh is called in to help with the identification. He has only a small piece of scalp from the body to work on. Don Ellsworth refuses to give him a lock of Sheila O'Shay but he secures one unknown, and tells Peter Piper, a Herald reporter, that the body found in the marsh is that of Sheila O'Shay. Barbara Cavanaugh, who was engaged to Ellsworth before his marriage, and to whom Peter Piper is interested, faints when she hears this. Peter, who is half in love with her, is suspicious that she knows something about the murder.

CHAPTER XIX.

"Suspect Held in Tule Murder."

The "banner line" in heavy black type that screamed across eight columns at the top of the first page caught Peter's eye as the copy boy flung the city edition across his typewriter.

Something in the pit of his stomach seemed to perform a sickening flip-flop—the same feeling which always seized him when a rapidly rising elevator jerked to a stop. The reaction was instantaneous and unreasonable. It could not possibly be—

He snatched the paper from the desk and sank slowly into his chair, his eyes leaping from line to line of the brief story which announced that Mrs. Nellie Kane, former dresser and maid of Mrs. Don Ellsworthy (Sheila O'Shay) was lodged in the city jail.

"No charges have been placed against the woman, according to Captain of Inspectors L. B. Davis, but it is alleged that she is suspected of holding important information which she has declined to divulge and which, in the opinion of the police, may have a bearing on the case."

"Than! God!" breathed Peter. And added: "Idiot!"

He was ashamed of his own relief—a relief which left him light hearted to the pitch of giddiness. Had he lost all sense of proportion, of probability? He decided, ruefully, that he evidently had. But his absurd buoyancy, as if a heavy rock had come hurtling down in the direction of his head and had then miraculously missed him, persisted.

"Because she's old and poor and probably dowdy, they call her 'the woman,'" he mused with a sardonic smile. "If she'd been young and belonged in the fur coat class, she'd have been 'Mrs. Kane' throughout. Lord, what snobs these mortals be!"

"Mrs. Ellsworth, whose disappearance on the eighteenth of last month—" Peter followed a resume of the case, which Peter scanned anxiously. The name of Barbara Cavanaugh was not mentioned.

"Of course it wouldn't be—it couldn't be, without me," he reminded himself. "I'm going positively cuckoo. I ought to be psyched. And by jimmy, the old bird pretty nearly did it, just by the way he looked at me." Thus disrespectfully did Peter refer to one of the foremost psychiatrists of the United States.

"Piper!" The voice of the city editor blared, like the blast of a trumpet considerably off key.

At the sound, Peter was his alert, nonchalant, lounging self again.

"Present or accounted for," he grinned, as he strolled over to the city desk.

"I want you to get an interview with this Kane woman. Get her picture if you can. You can take a camera man with you, but you'd better leave him outside. Davis may balk, but see what you can do with him. They've nothing on her, I understand, but they ran her in last night. Probably thought jail would scare her into coming through. Anyway, stick around and see what you can pick up."

Peter ran his long fingers through the hair which promptly sprang up again from its center part in an incorrigible cowlick.

"Cheerio!" he said gaily. "In other words—you betcha."

The city editor had already seized the desk telephone and jerked it towards him, but he turned to survey Peter.

"Don't play horse-tech on the way," he admonished. "The cops might get you."

But Peter was already on his way to the locker room for his hat, whistling dolefully.

"Temperamental kid!" Jimmy growled. "Low as the seventh circle yesterday, and now he's ready to kick the moon. Talk about prima donnas! But a damn good newspaper man at that. Lord, the better they are, the worse they are. Andy!" he bawled after this brief period of reflection. "Get busy on that annulment cast. Nine o'clock in Judge Wood's court. And get a picture of the mother and baby."

The tumult of the local room was in full swing as Peter banged the door behind him.

"Whatever Miss Kane knew had nothing to do with Barbara. If the old lady really knew something—get it? You bet he'd get it! If that dame knew something that would let Barbara out—Peter's enthusiasm for Mrs. Kane would have astonished that somewhat unprepossessing person beyond measure if she had been aware of it. It mounted so rapidly that by the time he reached the steps of the city hall, he was almost running, leaving the camera man, dragging his black box and tripod, to pant along behind him.

Captain Davis, however, was unresponsive to Peter's carefully veiled eagerness.

"Nothing doing," he said decisively, as Peter leaned over the edge of his wall-high desk. "Wait till she's charged—if she ever is."

"Maybe if I talked to her, she'd let something slip," Peter suggested.

"No chance," Davis reiterated. "Our men have been talking to her all night. She's about as likely to slip as the rock of Gibraltar."

"Do you mind telling me—not for publication—what you've got?"

"I don't mind telling you that we've got nothing at all. But that's not saying that there's nothing to get. She knows more than she's telling, that's certain; and we've got to sweat it out of her. So far," the Captain of Inspectors smiled grimly "our men have been doing most of the sweating. I guess you'll just have to wait, Peter. Cavanaugh's going to have a try at her this morning. I don't think much of these new fangled psychological methods myself. But there's no denying the old bird has a way with him. Camberwell got him in on the case in the first place, and persuaded him to follow it through. They're two cranks together, and thick as thieves. But I should worry, if they deliver the goods."

Captain Davis was well accustomed to the persistence of reporters; never averse to a little chat with Peter. Somewhat to his surprise, however, Peter hunched himself upright and showed no inclination to linger in the captain's office; nor was there any sign of disappointment visible on his mobile countenance.

"Well, see you later," he remarked with a fine casualness, as he drifted out into the hallway.

He did not, however, leave the city hall. Instead, he leaned against one of the pillars at the side of the entrance door, looking very much like a young man with nothing to do and all day for doing it. Yet Peter had a strong hunch that he had never earned his pay envelope more assuredly than by the wasting of that hour.

At last his vigil was rewarded, after a period in which an elevator man, a uniformed policeman from the traffic bureau, and two reporters from the press room had variously commented on his low, breathy, and monotonous whistle as something to be taken to the morgue, to be the equivalent of an injured cat and a banshee, and to be deserving of ninety days in the "cooler."

That whistle lapsed abruptly into silence as a tall figure mounted the steps before him.

"Good morning, Dr. Cavanaugh," Peter extended his hand with the engaging smile of a small boy hoping for a peppermint. "I hope you remember me?"

CHAPTER XX.

"You are the young man who gets—and forgets—his stories. I begin to regard you as a suspicious character. What do you want this time?" The doctor's smile took the sting from his words, as it had a way of doing.

"You're right—both ways." Peter was unabashed. "I've got to get a story and I do want something from you. I'd like to go with you when you interview Mrs. Kane. I want to get a light on her personality. As to what she says, I won't use anything without your permission of course."

"Several other persons share your desire for light," Dr. Cavanaugh observed, "but I understand that so far it hasn't been gratified. Why don't you get your interview direct?" he added crisply.

"Because Captain Davis won't let me. But, of course, if I went with you, there'd be nothing said."

"That's the second time you've told me the truth when subterfuge would have seemed easy and more profitable. I almost suspect it's a habit with you." Dr. Cavanaugh's deliberate, unemphatic voice was almost a drawl. "Well, young man, you've flattered one of my weaknesses. I had sufficient curiosity to read your story. If anybody tells you that he never reads what's written about him you may put him down as a liar or a colossal egotist who thinks that God alone is qualified to have an opinion on him—besides himself. And you didn't once call me a criminologist. Perhaps a scientific training makes pedants of us all. I confess to a twinge of resentment whenever I am called a criminologist."

"Sheer luck," said the grinning Peter.

"Call it luck or inspired accuracy. Anyway, I'll admit I liked it. You see, I never disguise myself in public. I wear all my cards on the table—and let the other fellow play them. I'm not even interested in catching criminals, as such, though I'm interested in understanding my fellow human beings. This little hobby of identification merely helps sometimes to locate the subject whose mental processes interest me. I suppose," he went on, without change of tone, "since I've inflicted all this explanation on you the least I can do is to let you come along."

"Whoop-ee!" crowed Peter.

(To be continued.)

LIFE

If I have helped some struggling man to master
His baser self. A nobler life attain,
If by my love, some heart has been faster—
I have not lived in vain.

If I have sown the seeds of peace and gladness,
If I have caused sad lips to smile again,
If I have eased some other's ache and sadness—
I have not lived in vain.

If I have made one weary life the brighter,
If I have eased another's toil and pain,
If I have made some comrade's burden lighter—
I have not lived in vain.

—Norman Cole.

Elms of Berlin Doomed

Berlin.—Elms in the parks and streets of Berlin appear to be doomed to extinction, the plant pathologists of the park department apparently having abandoned as hopeless their long fight to check the disease that is destroying the trees.

The elms are being killed by a minute fungus carried by a small beetle that deposits its eggs on the bark. A method of treating the elms by inoculation, worked out at the Dahlem Institute of Plant Biology, proved as fruitless as previous remedies.

Not only Berlin but all of central Europe is in danger of losing its elms from the disease which began its ravages in Holland ten years ago and spread rapidly eastward, completely baffling all efforts to arrest it.

If the elms in affected regions are to survive it can only be through some saving process of nature or the discovery of a new remedy. At a recent session of the German Botanical Association it was said that remedies hitherto tried had proved wholly useless.

What New York Is Wearing

BY ANNEBELLE WORTHINGTON

Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished With Every Pattern

When you study this smart model, you'll see it's really very slenderizing. It's full of charm and so thoroughly wearable.

To be certain, it has the best known slimming features—the deep V-front that reaches to the waistline. Then there's the softly falling jabot reverse that detract so beautifully from breadth.

The hip yoke of the circular skirt is the smartest depth to give the matronly figure slenderness.

There are many lovely materials that adapt themselves admirably to this model. Crepe silk print in brown and white with plain white crepe as sketched is extremely chic.

Navy blue crepe silk in combination with white is smart, as is black crepe with white.

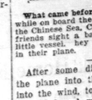
For resort, shantung, pastel flat washable crepe silk, linen, batiste prints and printed chiffon voile are ideal selections.

Style No. 2859 may be had in sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards of 39-inch material with ¾ yard of 39-inch contrasting.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS.

Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Enclose 20c in stamps or coin (coin preferred; wrap it carefully) for each number, and address your order to Wilson Pattern Service, 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto.

The ADVENTURES of CAPTAIN JIMMY and his Dog SCOTTIE



What came before: Late one afternoon, while on board the freighter Madrigal in the Chinese Sea, Captain Jimmy and his friends sight a bandit ship firing on a little vessel. They take off to the rescue in their plane.

After some difficulty we lowered the plane into the sea and heading into the wind, took off. The motor sputtered and missed at first—then it opened out into a deep, satisfying roar and drove the plane at terrific speed towards the scene of battle. There was not a moment to lose.

As we drew nearer, through the twilight, we could plainly see the flash from the guns of the Pirate Junk. As we drew our plane every bit of gas I could and she roared down toward the scene of battle at a tremendous rate.

Suddenly the firing seemed to cease. A lucky shot must have crippled the ship they were pursuing. Quarter of a mile away and we nosed down to get a better view of what was taking place.

A little ship lay over with a heavy list to starboard, evidently leaking, from a shot below the water line. A large Chinese junk was tied behind and a boarding party of pirates swarmed all over the captured vessel. The passengers ran here and there, looking for shelter. Then as we came near we could see a number of figures bound to the rail—evidently white men and ship officers.

As we passed overhead, the pirates greeted us with a volley but they were not used to firing at a speeding plane and their shots went wide.

We swept past the boats at about one hundred and ten miles an hour. The Chinese Junk was our target and how we longed for a few nice hand grenades or a machine gun!

Still, we had the shot gun and plenty of buckshot shells. We could make it hot for those pirates.

About half a mile away, I turned to the attack again. Suddenly I swooped until it seemed as if we would scrape the decks as we passed. Every bit of engine power forced us out of the sky. Our speed was tremendous. It must have been a fearful sight to see a plane making such speed straight at one. In the bow of the Junk stood a group of pirates — petrified. Then, Bang! Bang! roared the heavy shot gun and the pirates raced for cover, for several seemed to stumble and lie quite still.

A few stray shots screeched as fired by the more courageous of the pirates who dared show themselves above decks. Meanwhile, my engineer loaded up his heavy artillery ready for his next attack. Again we swooped and raked the decks with buckshot but this time the pirates had seen enough of us. Several cut the junk loose and the pirates rushed back and crowded on all sail. Now was our chance.

Circling around to gain altitude we suddenly dived straight for the pirate's deck, banging away with our old shotguns. The helmsman of the junk had all he could do, at best, to hold the ship in her course, for a brisk wind has sullen sprung up and she leaned heavily one side.

Then, looking up, he caught sight of us hovering above him like a great bird of prey, just as a charge of buckshot rattled around him on the decks. With a yell, he let go the wheel and fled and the next moment a strong gust of wind keeled the junk over on her side.

(To be continued.)

Note: Any of our young readers writing to "Captain Jimmy", Star Building, Toronto, will receive his signed photo free.

Borden's Chocolate Malted Milk

The health-giving, delicious drink for children and grown-ups. . . Pound and Half Pound tins at your grocers.

Color in the Wheat Fields

All the summer through fresh beauty is indeed with upon the owner's footsteps in the spring the mowing grass rises thick, strong, and richly green, or hidden by the cloth-of-gold thrown over it by the buttercups. He knows when it is ready for the scythe without reference to the almanac, because of the brown tint which spreads over it from the ripening seeds, sometimes tinged with a dull red, when the stems of the grasses are yet plentiful. At first the aftermath has a trace of yellow, as if it were fading; but a shower falls, and fresh green blades shoot up. Or, passing from the hollow mead up on the rising slopes where the plough rules the earth, what so beautiful to watch as the wheat through its various phases of color?

First green and succulent; then, presently, as a modest ear comes forth with promise of the future. Blended by when every stalk is tipped like a sceptre, the lower stalk leaves are still green, the ripening ears have a faint golden tinge, and the ears are paling to yellow. Next the white pollen—the loom—shows under the warm sunshine, and then the birds begin to grow busy among the ripening corn, the stalk itself—it is at that time strong and stiff enough to uphold their weight, one on a stem—but not now for mischief. You may see the yellow-row carpet with him caterpillars for his young upon the housetop hard by; later on, it is true, he will revel on the ripe grains.

Yesterday you came to the wheat and found it pale like this (it seems but twenty-four hours ago—it is really only a little longer); today, when you look again, lo! there is a fleeting yellow already on the ears. They have so quickly caught the hue of the bright sunshine pouring on them. Yet another day or two, and the faint fleeting yellow has become fixed and certain, as the colors are deepened by the great artist. Only when the wind blows and the ears bend in those places where the breeze takes most, it looks pales because the under part of the ear is shown and part of the stalk. Finally comes that rich hue for which no exact similitude exists.

In it there is somewhat of the red of the orange, somewhat of the tint of bronze, and somewhat of the hue of maize; but these are poor words wherewith to render fixed a color that plays over the surface of this yellow sea, for if you take one, two, or a dozen ears you shall not find it, but must look abroad, and let your gaze travel to and fro. Nor is every field alike; here are acres and acres more yellow, yonder a space whiter, beyond a slope richly ruddy, according to the kind of seed that was sown. Out of the depths of what look more like an impenetrable jungle, from each a flower hidden below, a bumble climbs rapidly up as it were by two awful, white you look, and now ing the top of the ear, as a post vantage clear of obstructions, away upon the wind.—Richard in "An English Village."

Helping Hand

When her young man visited camo very plainly embarrassed, thought she knew the cause.

"Er—Miss Johnson," he said, ishly, "could I—er—see your for a moment?"

"Certainly, Mr. Clarke"—cusing herself, she left the room.

Presently her father came in after a short conversation with young man he stepped to the door summoned his daughter.

"It is getting late," said Mr. whose face was radiant, "and have a long ride before he lies will say 'Good night.' Shall I at home on Wednesday evening Johnson?"

The girl assured him that he and the young man took his de "Oh, papa!" began the girl they were alone, "did he—"

"You must not ask questions the old man. "Mr. Clarke see about a matter which he sent must remain a secret."

"I know," pleaded the girl might give me a hint of what —just a word."

"Oh, well," replied her fa dulgently, "since you must wanted to borrow a dollar home with."

He (an author)—"I'm with insomnia. I lie night, hour after hour, about my literary work."

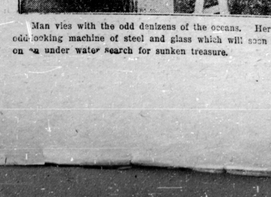
She—"Well, why don't you and read portions of it?"

TWO CLASSES

"I know only two classes 'worker' and the 'loafer.' will find those in every sphere of life and every sphere of life fall ends."—Mrs. Stanley Baldwin.

ISSUE No. 36—

Not a Sea Monster



Man vies with the odd denizens of the oceans. Here we see an odd-looking machine of steel and glass which will soon be launched on an under water search for sunken treasure.

Sunday School Lesson

...ember 13. Lesson XI—Some ...issionary Experiences—Acts 14: ...23. Golden Text—Blessed are ...they which are persecuted for ...righteousness' sake: for theirs is ...the kingdom of heaven.—Matthew ...5: 10.

ANALYSIS

...A CRIPPLE HEALED—Acts 14: 7-10.

...PERSECUTED AND STONED, Acts 14: 11-20a.

...COMPLETING THE TOUR, Acts 14: 20b-28.

...TRODUCTION—In Asia Minor the ...ssionaries' experiences were, in general ...ne, the same; preaching first in ...e synagogues, rejected there, appealing to the Gentiles, received by ...m, attacked by the unbelieving ...ws, finally forced to leave and there...ter carry the gospel farther afield.

...A CRIPPLE HEALED—Acts 14: 7-10.—...cked away in a remote highland ...ey, twenty-five miles from Iconium, ...s a little Lycaonian town of Lys...tra. Its people were chiefly native ...ant, enough Greeks and Romans to ...ve built a temple of Jupiter, and a ...ews, but not enough to form a ...agogue. This country-side was ...ed to Jupiter. Was it not in the ...icinity—Phrygia—that he, with ...ndant Mercury, once visited an ...ple, Philemon and Baucis? The ...o peasants alone recognized and ...ained their magnificent guests. ...ere by them magnificently re...ed. The populace, however, were ...ngly warned that another failure ...ecognize visiting deity would be ...erly punished. Into this primitive ...em came the messengers of the ...

...the course of his preaching, Paul ...ed a cripple, v. 8. It was the ...e of a superior and dominating ...upon a feebler one. The same ...thing happens whenever a ...erful will acts upon a weaker one. ...s the transforming power of ...but the action of Mind and Spirit ...on lifeless matter.

...STONED AND STONED, Acts 14: 11-20a.—...e cure electrified the whole town. ...old legend flashed into these ...ds' minds. Slipping into their ...e tongue, the crowds cried out, ...e gods are come down to us in the ...ess of men!" Paul and Barnabas, ...ant of the local speech, were con...only of the enthusiasm. Swift...ews spread. On it came to the ...of the priest of Jupiter. He was ...to the occasion. Not this time ...the populace be caught napping ...the gods arrived. Sacrifice must ...e.

...en the apostles heard of it they ...ately stopped the proceedings. ...ere men of like passions with ...they said, and Paul began to ...to them. His address is ...first of what all preaching should ...He used the knowledge which ...possessed to bring them to the ...ledge of God.

...work of evangelization was ...interrupted. The persistent ha...of the unbelieving Jews followed ...ostles, even to Lystra. The new ...as had little difficulty in per...the people that these men ...postors. The Lystrians stoned ...He, however, must have man...somehow, in the hail of stones, ...stet his temple and his heart. ...evening, as they watched, his ...ded friends saw the body move, ...se and came into the city" ... ...e would think it was quite the ...y thing for men to walk back ...e would-be murderers! Most ...ould have gone in the other di...Years after, writing to Tim...us, as a boy, he had won for ...in Lystra, Paul said, "I know ...I have believed," 2 Tim. 1: 12. ...that knowledge that kept him ...in Lystra.

...MPLETING THE TOUR, Acts 14: 20b-28.—...the next day he departed with ...as to Derbe." Derbe was not ...on the "Cilician Gates," the pass ...rossed the Taurus Mountains ...Tarsus. Just around the bend ...Mediterranean from Tarsus ...rian Antioch. It was now ...e. The travelling season was ...to a close. After their un...pted success in Derbe (v. 21) ...ere natural than that the two ...hold head for home?

...They? Work was still to be done. ...the cities from which hatred ...ven them they went, strength...the faith of the unsteady Gala...Paul organized the various ...under elders, and, commending ...to the Lord (v. 23), they made ...ay across the mountains again, ...on to Perga where they stopped ...to preach. Back in Antioch they told how God had "opened the door of faith unto the Gentiles," v. 27. It was the door which led into the kingdom, but not through the works of Judaism. Many Jews also were converted. 15: 45; 14: 1; 16: 1. Luke evidently not liking Jews, did not say much about them.

Joy

To-day, whatever may annoy,
The word for me is joy, just simple joy;
Joy of life, the joy of flowers,
The joy of bright blue skies;
The joy of rain; the glad surprise,
Of twinkling stars that shine at night,
The joy of winged things on their flight,
The joy of noonday and the tried,
True joyousness of eventide;
The joy of labor and of mirth,
The joy of air, and sea, and earth—
The countless joys that ever flow from Him
Whose vast beneficence doth dim
The lustrous light of day,
And lavish gifts divine upon our way,
Whate'er there be of sorrow
I'll put off till to-morrow,
And when to-morrow comes, why then,
'Twill be To-day, and joy again.
—John Kendrick Bangs.

What New York Is Wearing

BY ANNEBELLE WORTHINGTON

Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished With Every Pattern

Youthful jauntiness perfectly expresses this simple little outfit.

A fascinating scheme made the original. And unbelievably inexpensive. And to the making of it, you'll be amazed. The dress is just a straight one-piece type. It is lengthened by a circular flounce. The white handkerchief linen frill at the neckline and sleeves may be bought already by the yard if you choose. However, pattern provides for same. You'll find the collarless jacket just as easy as A, B, C, to make it.

Silks, light wool and jersey make up attractively.

Style No. 3156 may be had in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20 years, 36 and 38 inches bust.

Size 16 requires 3¾ yards 35-inch for dress with 1¼ yards 35-inch for jacket.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS.

Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Enclose 20c in stamps or coin (coin preferred; wrap it carefully) for each number, and address your order to Wilson Pattern Service, 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto.

Amusing Anecdotes

It is curious how sometimes question and answer between "grown up" (reflects Mrs. Nelson Christopher in "Life's Little Laughs"). For instance:

A lady saying to a little girl

"I hear you were born in India—what part?" received the somewhat unexpected reply:

"Oh! all of me."

* * *

There are, points out John Hix (in "Strange As It Seems"), 52 cards in a deck and 52 weeks in a year. There are 12 picture cards in a deck and there are 12 months in a year. There are 4 suits in a deck and 4 seasons in a year. There are 13 tricks in a deck and 13 weeks in a quarter. The numbers of the cards in a deck total 365 and there are 365 days in a year.

And, he might have added, the odd trick is the seventh and there are seven days in a week.

* * *

"People who talk about 'poor old Pepy's,'" remarked Edmund Goass at a celebration of the diarist's birthday, should remember that he was only twenty-six when he commenced his diary." But what interests me more is the pronunciation of his name by the people who talk about Pepys. There are, to my knowledge, three variations: Peeps, Peps and Pep-is. Which is correct I do not know.

* * *

However, in south London, in the Borough of Deptford, which for over 300 years has had close affiliations with the Pepys family, there is a Pepys Road. Should a visitor to Deptford ask to be directed to Peeps or Peps Road he would be told "There ain't no such road." But should he spell out the name, a smile would come over the face of the native, who would say:

"Oh, you mean Pep-is Road. Why that is down by New Cross Gate!"

Which it is.

* * *

Li Hung Chang, famous Chinese statesman, when visiting New York some years ago, was taken for a trip on the subway. Told by his guide that they had to change from a local to an express train, the wondering Chinaman asked why the change was necessary. The guide replied that it would save five minutes.

"But," returned Li, "what are we going to do with the five minutes?"

The guide didn't know. Changing was just a habit, he admitted.

"A disease, you mean," corrected Li Hung.

* * *

What would modern diners think of a feast like this—provided at the installation of Archbishop Neville at York in 1467:

A partial list of the food includes 300 quarters of wheat, 300 tuns of ale, 100 tuns of wine, 104 oxen, 6 wild bulls, 1,000 sheep, 304 calves, 304 "pokers," 400 swans, 2,000 geese, 1,000 capons, 2,000 pigs, 103 peacocks, besides over 12,000 birds, hinge and smith of various kinds.

* * *

In addition there were stags, bucks and roes, 500 and more; 1,500 hot pasties of venison, 608 pikes and breams, 12 porpoises and seals, besides 13,000 dishes of jelly, cold baked tarts, hot and cold custards, and "spices, sugared delicacies, and wafers plenty."

It is true that there were said to have been some 6,000 guests at this famous feast, but a slight calculation shows that the allowance for each was enormous, says William E. Meehan (in "The English Medieval Feast").

* * *

The custard included in the above menu bears no resemblance to the custard of to-day. It was then a serious undertaking, as will be seen from the recipe:

"Take veal and smite in little pieces into a pot and wash it clean; then take fair (i.e. clean) water and let it boil together with parsley, sage, savory, and hyssop cut small enough; and when it is boiling take powdered pepper, cinnamon, cloves, mace, saffron, and let them boil together and a good deal of wine therewith.

* * *

Same custard:

"When the flesh is boiled, take it from the broth all clean, and let the broth cool and when it is cold, take eggs, the white and the yolks, and cast through a strainer, and put them into the broth, so many that the broth will be stiff enough. Then make fair coffins and couch three pieces or four of the flesh in a coffin. Then take dates and cut them, and cast thereto. Then take powdered ginger and a little verjuice, and put into the broth and salt. And then put the broth in the coffins, bake a little with the flesh before thou put thy liquor thereon, and let all bake together till it be enough (done). Then (take) it out, and serve forth."

* * *

Like most airmen, Captain Frank Hawks, the "Speed King," won't admit to being superstitious, but on his first "wild journey across the United States," as he calls his record flight from Los Angeles to New York, there was a rabbit's foot tightly wired to his airplane. It was the gift of a friend.

"Because I fared so well on that trip, I have kept it ever since though I am not at all inclined to be superstitious,' says Hawks (in the reminiscences "Speed").

Whether rabbits' feet are effective amulets or not, Hawks doesn't pretend to know, but he does think they are not such hot luck-bringers to the punches that originally owned them.

* * *

Captain Hawks spent five delightful days with Will Rogers not so long ago at the humorist's ranch near Santa Monica, California.

"There are two good-sized boys and a girl in addition to Will and his wife —'Ma' he calls her," says Hawks. "My host's favorite pastime, I discovered, is to go out to the corral back of the house and put in a half hour or an hour roping calves. He is a sure-enough cowpuncher both on and off the stage!"

* * *

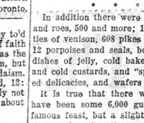
Invited—As a newspaper correspondent during the World War—to join a destroyer of the famous Dover Patrol for a 24 hours' stretch of duty at sea, Cecil Roberts, the novelist, tells of being on the bridge when a wireless message was delivered to the skipper, who, after reading it crammed it in his pocket. Roberts, scenting a "scoop," was curious as to its contents and tactfully began to question the skipper, but to no avail.

* * *

"I became bold, to the point of inviting a snub," relates Roberts (in his reminiscences "Half Way."). "At last the skipper yielded. He pulled the 'dimsy' out of his pocket and passed it to me. Elated, I peered at it. It read:

"His Majesty's Ship Blank to His Majesty's Ship Blue. Is the journalist sick yet?"

Roberts was sick — in more ways than one.



"Beautiful view here. Reminds me so much of Scotland, you know."

"Oh, then you went to that lecture, too?"

Scientists Discover Ancient City Under Black Sea

Moscow, U.S.S.R.—On the southwestern extremity of the Crimean Peninsula, near Sebastopol, the floor of the Black Sea has revealed to Soviet archaeologists an ancient buried city which is believed to have thrived between the fourth and second centuries B.C.

An expedition which was sent there three months ago by the State Academy of Arts reported recently that its operations had uncovered the remains of old Khersoneso, the existence of which has long been suspected, but never verified.

About 40 feet under the sea, the expedition's divers and motion picture photographers found the ruins of a city in the shape of a gigantic horseshoe, with walls, towers, houses and underground tunnels honeycombing the whole.

Archaeologists have believed that the city was destroyed by the gradual sinking of the shores of the sea and by an earthquake.

Stevia Plant Yields Compound 300 Times Sweeter Than Sugar

Paris. — A natural substance 300 times sweeter than cane sugar, rivalling some of the coal-tar products of chemical laboratories, has been shown by two French chemists to consist of a chemical union of common glucose and another compound with has little or no taste. United, they are intensely sweet; divided, they are not even as sweet as ordinary sugar.

The compound bears the chemical name "steviolside," because it occurs in a South American plant known to botanists as stevia. The plant itself was first introduced to the scientific world about the beginning of the present century; it is a close relative of such familiar North American weeds as boneset, joe-pye-weed, and the plant that causes occasional outbreaks of milkness in the Midwest. After its discovery by Europeans it rapidly acquired the name of "the sweetest plant in the world." A very small piece sufficed to sweeten a cup of coffee or tea.

During the past generation several partially successful attempts have been made to isolate and study the particular substances in the plant that made it so intensely sweet. It has remained, however, for the French chemists, M. Brididel and Lavielle, to accomplish the final purification.

They have discovered, to their surprise, that the sweet crystals of steviolside, upon chemical treatment to remove a part o fthe combined water in them, break apart into about 60 per cent. common glucose and 40 per cent. of a new stuff which they called "stevio!." The latter has no taste, but combined with the glucose it produces a most polgnantly sweet substance.

M. Brididel and Lavielle made another interesting discovery, the significance of which is not yet clear. If they freeze a 50 per cent. solution of the intensely sweet stevioside they obtain a mat of fine needle-crystals, which contain more chemically combined water than the original substance, and which are only faintly sweet. The sweetness of steviosside seems to depend on the presence of an exact amount of water in combination with the glucose and steviol; a trifle more or a trifle less spoils the effect.

Analysis Reveals Rain Falls Cycles

Existence of wet and dry cycles is revealed by mathematical analysis of the rainfall records of California, Dr. A. F. Gorton of the Scripps Institution of Oceanography reports to the American Geophysical Union.

"Fluctuations of rainfall," he says, "occurs at intervals of from two to three years, five to six years, and twenty-two to twenty-six years, the first being more noticeable in the records of the northern stations and the second in southern California. Los Angeles shows successive wet and dry periods eleven years in length, with a total cycle of approximately twenty-two years. In addition to these there is evidence of a longer cycle of fifty-five to sixty years.

"The most important for forecasting purposes is the five-and-a-half year cycle, especially marked in the records of the southern California station. It is brought out by computing the frequency of occurrence of seasons with two or more consecutive months of decidedly abnormal rain—the San Diego record containing thirteen such seasons in seventy-two years."

The twenty-two year cycle, he points out, appears to be universal while the others may be more dependent on local conditions.

The Summer Goes

How swift the summer goes,
Forget-me-not, pink, rose,
The young grass when I started,
And now the hay is carted,
And now my song is ended,
And all the summer splendid;
The blackbird's second brood
Routs beech leaves in the wood;
The pink and rose have spooded,
Forget-me-not has seeded,
Only the winds that blew,
The rain that makes things new,
The earth that hides things old,
And blessings manifold.

O lovely lily clean,
O lily springing green,
O lily bursting white,
Dear lily of delight,
Spring in my heart again
That I may flower to men.
—John Masefield, The Everlasting Mercy.

When Hope Lies Sick

When hope lies sick on bed of fear,
And clouds are dark and days are drear,
Faith waits with cup of loving cheer,
To hasten Hope's reviving.
And Love comes with a golden bowl,
To warm and heal her sister-soul;
She steals a smile past Sorrow's toll
With winsomest contriving.
Ah, Hope look up! Arise! Partake
Of these sweet ministrations;
Thou must be well for their dear sake,
Who bring these inspirations.
Faith's cup of Peace, Love's bowl of grace,
Shall bring the smile back to thy face.
—Charles H. Hunter, in Echoes from the Hills.

Summer Quarters of Blue Goose Found

Discovery of a second breeding ground of the mysterious blue goose on Southampton Island in Hudson Bay is reported in the Auk, organ of the American Ornithological Association, by Dr. George M. Sutton, of Cornell University.

The blue goose is very abundant in winter about the mouth of the Mississippi but, until two years ago, its summer quarters were unknown. It seemed to disappear entirely over the northern horizon. Then a large nesting ground was found in Baffin Land.

On Southampton Island, 600 miles to the westward and with an area of 19,000 square miles, Dr. Sutton found an enormous summer bird population, ling with their close relatives, the many thousands of blue geese mingleser snow geese. The whole island has only about 140 Eskimo inhabitants, so the birds are little molested. Their nests are scattered through the lakes, generally close to the shore. As grass ranges between the numerous soon as the young are able to take care of themselves the geese move inland in family groups, feeding until late August, when all reassemble for the migration southward.

The blue goose family, Dr. Sutton found, is a rather stable organization, the male and female remaining devoted to each other and their young through the summer. Whether these families are broken up after the migration is unknown.

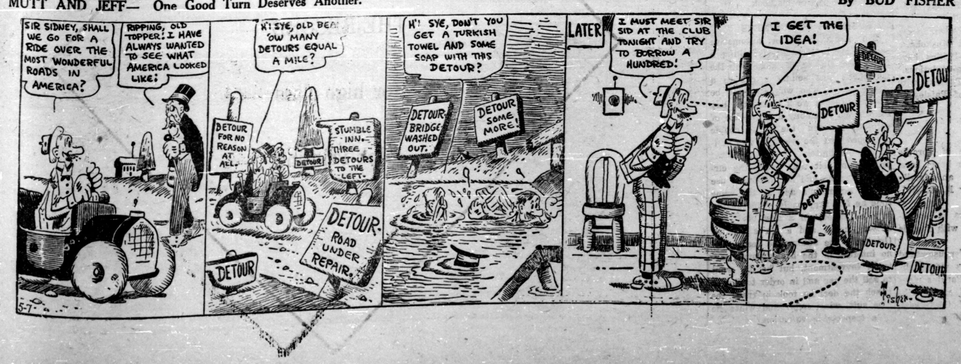
Power

Man has one power in particular, which is not sufficiently dwelt on. It is the power of making the world happy, or at least of so greatly diminishing the amount of unhappiness in it as to make quite a different world from what it is at present. The power is called kindness.—F. W. Faber.

Truth

Truth is always consistent with itself, and needs nothing to help it out; it is always near at hand, and sits upon our lips, and is ready to drop out before we are aware; whereas a lie is troublesome, and sets a man's invention upon the rack.—Tillotson.

"Well, old man, how are things?"

"Bad, with skirts lower this year a fellow has a hard time getting a square meal."

MUTT AND JEFF— One Good Turn Deserves Another. By BUD FISHER