THE TULE MARSH MURDER

STORY OF A MISSING ACTRESS AND THE FAKING 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, identifies a charred body found in the tule marsh as that of Sheila. Barbara, his daughter, faints when she hears him tell this to Peter Piper, a Herald reporter.

When Mrs. Kane, Sheila's maid, is arrested she admits that Ellsworth married Sheila under threat of breach of promise. A threatening note signed "David Orme" is found in the murdered woman's safe. Peter tails Orme and arrests him. Peter sees Barbara destroy a jewelled comb of Sheila's and when she refuses to talk he realizes she is protecting someone. At Orme' trial Mrs. Kane states that Orme is Sheila's real husband. Dr. Cavanaugh takes the stand and practically clears Orme. The jury retire.

CHAPTER XLVIII.—(Cont'd.)

"Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, have you considered your verdict?"

"We have."

Down the murmurous lines of an interminable rigmarole droned a voice.

"The case of the people against David Orme. . . . Do you find the defendant guilty or not guilty?"

"Not guilty."

"So say you all?"

"So say we all."

Somebody was trying to scramble over Peter's outstretched legs. Somebody leaped over a chair to reach the aisle.

"Peter, have you gone to sleep?"

Peter stared blankly at Harry, the "Q" twin, who was shaking him by the elbow.

"I believe you and I are working on a rag called the 'Herald.' It's supposed to be a daily newspaper. It's city editor is one Jimmy Sears, who at this moment is shouting himself hoarse and tearing out handfuls of red hair. Suppose you postpone your little dream and come along!"

The dazed look receded from Peter's eyes.

"Call a taxi, Harry, while I phone in. With luck we'll make the 1 o'clock deadline!"

Love and sorrow and joy and life must wait, "Peter Piper of the 'Herald' was again on the job.

CHAPTER XLIX.

Peter knew he should feel flattered by Professor Gamblon's invitation to dinner. Besides, he had always liked the old professor, and he knew that, despite the difference in their ages, the liking was reciprocated. He smiled a little at the transparent craftiness which had led Gambion, on this particular occasion, to invite him to meet the distinguished Judge Hood, visitor from another state.

Gambion had seized upon Peter as one of the most promising of his students, and Peter suspected that in the professor's eyes he had fallen from grace in taking to journalism instead of concentrating on the finishing of his law course—with an income of nothing a week. Judge Hood would be set forth as a shining example: "There, if you stick to the straight and narrow paths of jurisprudence, goes Peter Piper at fifty!"

Yet Peter did not want to go to Professor Gambion's house for dinner. He wanted to do nothing but think—even though thinking had become a single reiterated circle. His thoughts padded on, round and round and round again, wearing ever deeper a track that led nowhere save back to its own beginning.

He believed Barbara. He believed Ellsworth. He believed Mrs. Kane. He believed Orme. Not one of those four had killed Sheila O'Shay. They were simply not the right people for it. It did not hitch on to them.

That murder was committed by someone who knew exactly what he was doing. The case had not progressed one inch nearer to solution than in the beginning. It was deep—far deeper than anyone had yet penetrated. There was a mind behind it—a mind far superior to Orme's or Mrs. Kane's or Ellsworth's.

As for Barbara, her bare word was better than a thousand proofs. She had intellect but she also had character. She had the temperament for truth. She was crystalline. It wasn't a code of moral teachings with her something imposed from without, to be sloughed off when the demands of self-interest became too strong. It was herself.

Peter sat back in the shadow just beyond the firelight, smoking one cigarette after another and now and then sipping at the glass of sherry on the arm of his chair. The old professor had saved a small cellar from the pre-Volstead era, and one of his precious bottles had been brought out in honor of his old friend, the Judge. Now and then Peter roused himself to listen to their desultory talk.

"You're on a newspaper. I believe Gambion said?" Judge Hood turned to Peter, courteously including him in the topic of conversation. They had been discussing, as everyone was discussing, the Ellsworth case, and from that had drifted to famous unsolved crimes of the past.

"Guilty, your honor," Peter admitted, smiling.

"Then I'm sure you'll bear me out against the professor that many of the great unsolved crimes were not really unsolved at all. A group of selected editors and newspaper men, in the mood and with their tongues loosened, could reveal what I believe you youngsters call the 'low down' on many of them. The solution is merely 'not for publication,' for various reasons, influence sometimes, or lack of evidence sufficiently conclusive for a court of law. The Elwell and Hall-Mills murders in New York, the Taylor and Ferguson cases in California, are supposed by many people to fall into that class."

"Still," the professor maintained, tilting his glass against the light and squinting through it, "the only reason that the criminals who undertake to perpetrate the 'perfect crime' seem such utter asses is because they were asses. Their jelly wouldn't jell; but that's no reason to deny that there is such a thing as jelly. Of course we don't know about any successful 'perfect crimes!' If they were successful, we wouldn't know about them. But that's no ground for saying that they don't happen. The normal criminal is stupid, because the normal intelligent man knows that he can go farther and with less risk by sticking to the paths of rectitude.

"But there is such a thing as the abnormal criminal mind—the man of sufficient intelligence to fool the police and the public and make his way unscathed through the whole elaborate machinery we have constructed for the protection of society, but a man intelligence has a fatal flaw; a limitation which allows him to disregard the rights of his fellows and become a criminal."

"Yes," the judge agreed, "there are men like that—though they don't always turn to crime. There was Dawson, for instance. Remember him?"

"Dawson? Let me see—Oh, yes, the queer fellow with delusions of grandeur whenever he got drunk, in our class at law school! What made you think of him?"

"I happened to run across him not long ago."

"Committing the perfect crime?" Peter suggested.

"Nothing quite so dramatic. But the only reason that Dawson has not committed a perfect crime is because he has had no occasion to. You may be surprised to know, Gambion that Dawson has made a name for himself as one of the most brilliant prosecuting attorneys in the history of my state."

"You don't say so!" Gambion blinked. "Why, in our young days Dawson was avoided even by the fellows whom most of the other fellows avoided! He was a complete and perfect rotter."

"He still is. Among the few who know him, there is no more unsavory reputation in the city, than Dawson's. But you forget those delusions of grandeur that used to disgust us, the tales of the great things he was going to do that he told when he was drunk."

"Yes?"

"Well, he's done just those things. And he's done them because he combines uncommon ability with consuming egoism. That's why I said he would be a great criminal if he wanted to—and he'd want to, right enough, if it was necessary to his progress.

"Morality, after all, despite its complications, pretty well boils down to one thing—the faculty of taking the other fellow's point of view. You know that somebody else would dislike being robbed or killed or cheated just as you would dislike it. You put yourself in his place, feel his situation as your own. Call it imagination, sympathy, the faculty of getting out of your own skin. Now and then somebody lacks that faculty. And if he does, the moral code to him is merely a convenient artifice, like etiquette. He eats with his fork because in general it's the easiest thing to do. But if eating with his fork became inconvenient to him, he'd throw the fork away without hesitation. The egoist is the single-minded person. Because he is single-minded, given native ability, he will go far in his chosen direction.

"But if he meets with an obstacle which cannot be circumvented, he will destroy it, without regard to the rights of the obstacle. In other words, he will commit a crime dictated by his egoism, and will conceal it by his intellectual astuteness."

"Yes," said Peter, "I've heard something like that before, in another connection."

The words of Dr. Cavanaugh came back to him, as clearly as if he heard them again in the doctor's quiet, authoritative tones. "The few who can pull their threads out to the end are the great single-minded people: artists, financiers, scientists, even arch criminals."

Then something crashed in his brain. A light, like the dozen fiery globules of a bursting rocket, each separate against the sky, but all emerging from a single source, flamed in the darkness of his mind. He leaped to his feet, knocking the wine glass from the chair arm. The gleaming fragments of glass caught the firelight, and a thin trickle of fluid darkened the hearth-rug.

"My God!" he said wildly; and again, in a low, awed voice, "My God!"

Hood and Gambion were both starting at him, startled into immobility.

"What's the matter? Are you ill?" the judge exclaimed.

"I may be crazy, but I don't think so. I believe I've got it. I think I've solved the Ellsworth case!"

Bareheaded, banging the door behind him, Peter rushed from the house.

(To be continued.)

Yea, Four . . .

Three things on earth are strong and beautiful:
White, gleaming snow that lies, the work done,
Scattered along the shady fields like wool,
And braves beyond its hour the conquering sun;

The last of day beyond the western hill
Lingering, whose dim tremulous shaft of light
Touches the verge of sleeping earth, until
Itself is quenched by the slow dark of night;

And the last desolate leaf that will not go
Its fleeting way from naked woodland thinned
By autumn, when the ghosts of summer blow,
A swirl of dying beauty, down the wind.

Yea, four on earth are beautiful and strong;
These, and the last wise man who travels yet,
Untouched by changing Time and Fate, along
The ancient ways that foolish men forget.

—G. H. Vallins, in John O'London's Weekly.

Staying Power

It is possible to gain your end simply by tiring your opponent out, but this is not a noble way of gaining one's end; nor can it be commended save under pressure of peculiar circumstances. Still we may be usefully reminded how much depends in life upon "staying power." Two eagles will occasionally pursue a hare, one flying low, coursing it along the ground, the other keeping perpendicularly above the terrified animal. When the lowest eagle tires, they change places, and pursue the same system of tactics, until the hare is completely wearied out. Many young people have failed to make anything high and noble of their lives; have failed to triumph over anything, or to gain anything, because they could not keep on; they got tired themselves, and so were beaten. They never succeeded in tiring anybody else out. The old motto says, "All things come round to him who can wait." But it is assumed that he is steadily working on, at the duty of the hour, while he waits.

SERVICE

Until we begin to learn that the only way to serve God in any real sense of the word is to serve our neighbor, we may have knocked at the wicket gate, but I doubt if we have got our foot across the threshold of the kingdom.—George MacDonald.

Bigotry

It is possible to be bigoted in our very broadness. We fail to remember that what may be ridiculous to us may be sacred to others.—Sidney Ransom.

Quality has no substitute

Tea "fresh from the gardens"

Will Warfare Become Obsolete?

A different view, as seen by Stephen Leacock, in the Rotarian (Jan., 1932).

The war hounds, the real ones, the real dog hounds who talk of nothing else—assure us that the next great war is going to be something awful. And it appears that the people who get it in the neck are not these war hounds themselves, but us—you and I—the ordinary plain people who never saw a gun fired in anger outside of a barroom.

It seems, so they say, that the whole attention of the armies will be devoted to destroying civilians—women and children especially. Bombs will be dropped from the air: we will be blown up on our own golf links: killed with gas while at the movies. Churches will be no place for people who fear death and sick people had better keep away from hospitals.

These war hounds keep cheering up with bigger and brighter bombs, higher and higher explosives, yellow and yellower gas. They have an explosive now that will blow us 500 feet in the air: last year we were only up to four. And there's a new gas that you can't see as it approaches; it has no smell, so you can't smell it; it gives no feeling, so you don't feel it. Without having the least idea of it you are dead.

This is really an awful picture. But personally I take no stock in it. I think these war hounds work off this stuff on us because they are scared themselves. For the first time the soldiers are afraid, so they try to pass it on.

Now I have acquired from much reading about wars in past ages the notion that war is coming to an end in fact it is almost there now. The reason is that war has lost what you might call its charm, the peculiar fascination that it had up till about fifty years ago. In those good old days war was the greatest of open-air sports. The life was free and open, the food good, and the danger practically nothing. Can we wonder that war flourished? For the officers it was, literally, a picnic: as for the common people, they didn't matter in those days. But they probably liked it fairly well—better than at home anyway.

Gradually the thing began to get spoiled. New weapons were invented which were really dangerous to handle. Napoleon's wars were fought with an old flintlock gun, which, if handled carefully, was not very dangerous. If fired too quick it might kick or burst and do damage.

The American Civil War was, as we can see it now, the real turning point. The Americans, as usual, took hold of a good thing, improved it, and spoiled it. They got busy inventing iron-clad warships, submarines, trench mortars, and heaven knows what. General McClellan had the right idea; he proposed four years' drill before going to war. Grant butted in and spoiled it.

The Civil War was—in all reverence—the last of the heroic age of war. Then came the war of the Machine Age, the war of gases, bombs, depth discharges: where personal valor is of no avail: where right does not conquer: where the weak go down: where the Mass Production of Death drops its wholesale harvest.

No, it won't do. All people are sick of it. War's finished. It's too dangerous. The League of Nations can try as they like to keep it alive. Their votes and debates and disputes in the old days would have started a war every six months. But not now. Any two nations who start fighting are now looking over their shoulder for some one to intervene and stop them.

Very soon, too, the nations will get slack about armament. It is hard for a busy nation to keep it up. I imagine that in about 20 years the Geneva Pact will carry such letters as this:

From the League of Nations.

To the Business Manager of the United States:

Dear Sir:

I regret to inform you that the present condition of your armament is decidedly below the standard required by this league for qualification. Your battle cruiser is in the opinion of all who have seen it quite obsolete and appears to have only three cylinders instead of five, while the feed box is inadequate for the engine. We have already protested against the disgraceful condition of your submarine and cannot accept your plea that it is not meant to go under water.

That, I hope, no, I am sure—will be the tenor of international correspondence in a few years. And meantime war is drifting the way of all the good old glad things. The old-fashioned Christmas, the old-fashioned dance, the bright old dances of old, and the log fires are gone with them, also, dear old war.

Parker—"I wonder would endorse my note."
Harper — "How known you?"
Parker—"A month long."

Tranquility.

The fountain of tranquility is within ourselves; let us keep it clear.

Old men like to gossip about the past; it consoles them for being no longer able to give a bad example to the youngsters.

Rubber G
Specialties Mailed
Cut Prices. Write for
PROTECTIVE SU
COMPANY
Dept. A, 137 Wellington

"THESE HARD

"The hard times and money makes it more difficult than ever to economize. I save on clothes by dyeing the color of faded silk dresses, coats, stockings, underwear. For dyeing purposes I always use Diamond Dyes—they are the most economical for me because they never fail to produce results that make me proud. Why, things look better when redyed with Diamond Dyes. They go on smoothly, evenly, and never spot, streak or fade. They go on smoothly, evenly, and never spot, streak or fade. When in the hands of a seventy-year-old child. Another good point about Diamond Dyes never fails to dye any color you desire, whether it be a piece of cloth or leather. It is the world's finest family dyes. They deserve the world's finest dyes." 838

Ruth Nichols, famous flier, hit the ceiling, recently, when she went up 21,000 feet, freezing two altimeters and crippling two cylinders of her plane.

A HEADACHE is often the sign of fatigue. When temples throb it's time to rest. If you can't stop work, you can stop the pain. Aspirin will do it, every time. Take two or three tablets, a swallow of water, and carry-on—in perfect comfort.

Don't work with nerves on edge or try all day to forget some nagging pain that Aspirin will end in a jiffy! Aspirin can do you no harm; just be sure that it is Aspirin with Bayer on each tablet.

In every package you'll find proven directions for headaches, colds and sore throat; neuritis, etc. Carry them with you, and be prepared for a sudden cold on the job, quiet a grumbling tooth at the theatre, relieve a headache in the night, spare you a sleepless night when nerves are "jumping."

And no modern girl must "do out" for the time of month without a little box of Aspirin tablets for relief for all such pain.

Take Aspirin for any ache or pain, and take enough to relieve it—it can't harm you. At druggists everywhere. Made in Canada.

...WITH THE LONE SCOUTS

Gilwell Beads

...Ontario Lone Scouts, and especially those of the 2nd Troop, will be glad to hear that Scoutmaster Donchison has been awarded his Gilwell Certificate and Beads which were handed to him by Chief Executive Commissioner John Stiles at the recent Provincial Council Annual Meeting held in Toronto.

This certificate shows that Mr. Donchison has successfully passed the necessary courses of the Scoutmaster's Gilwell Training Course which covers ten days under canvass and this is intended to assist men to be as efficient Scoutmasters. Graduates of this course wear a badge, when in uniform, which consists of two beads worn on a suitable lanyard on a leather bootlace.

We join with all Lones in congratulating Mr. Hutchison.

Lone Scout Work Dedicated

We hear from St. Thomas, Ont., that members of the 5th St. Thomas Troop attended a dedication service on February 14th at Trinity Church, that town, when two flower baskets, which were donated to the church last Christmas for permanent decoration of the church, were dedicated.

Those flower baskets were the handiwork of Lone Scout Charlie Roberts. Sports, from whom the 5th St. Thomas Church had obtained them at Christmas time.

Will Soon Be a Patrol

We are going to hear from Colborne and to know that the Lones in that town are still as keen as ever. They have all passed their Tenderfoot Test and hope to shortly organize into a patrol. Good work, Colborne. We wish you every success.

Cenotaph Custodians

Boy Scouts are the official custodians of the Cenotaph at Hamilton, Ont. Scoutmaster — and four boys from each troop in turn mark war anniversaries by running up new flags. The duty was turned over to the Scouts in consequence of anniversary dates being overlooked at the City Hall.

Perhaps Lone Scouts can undertake this duty in the communities in which they live? Take the matter with the local authorities and suggest it to them. Other duties in connection with the Cenotaph might include keeping the stone clean, cutting the grass around the monument, planting flower gardens, etc. This is an excellent Good Turn to your community.

Scouts at Parliament Opening

As in previous years, a picked group of Toronto Boy Scouts acted as ushers at the opening of the Ontario Legislature, February 16.

This honor indicates the degree to which Boy Scouts are trusted, and the esteem in which the Boy Scout Movement is held in Government Circles in this province.

Tenderfoot Badge

Lone Scouts will please note that at the recent Annual Meetings of the Provincial Council for Ontario it was decided that in future the Cloth Tenderfoot Badge (or the Ontario Official Badge as it is sometimes called) will be worn on the Left Pocket instead of above the pocket as formerly.

2,000,000 Scouts in 45 Countries

World Scout census figures at the end of 1931, as received by the International Scout Bureau, show a total of 2,038,347 Scouts and leaders. This represents a year's increase of 168,023.

800,000 Scouts in the Empire

At the end of 1931 there were 800,307 Boy Scouts and leaders in the British Empire, an increase during the year of 51,424. Canada's total was 58,568, an increase of 5,996.

If all these boys remain true to the ideal taught them in the Boy Scout Movement, such difficulties as are now being experienced in China will not be possible when they are grown up.

Boys Trained For Public Service

During 1931 a total of 4,566 Canadian Boy Scouts passed Proficiency Badge personal health tests, and tests qualifying for public health and safety service. Of the total 1,019 became Ambulance men (advanced first aiders), 517 Missioners (junior nurses), 256 became Public Health Men, 326 Public Safety Men and 318 qualified as Rescuers (from drowning). 474 passed the Healthy Man Tests, 510 qualified as Athletes, 268 as Masters-at-Arms, and 876 as Swimmers.

For particulars of how to become a Lone Scout write to The Boy Scouts Association, Lone Scout Department, 330 Bay Street, Toronto 2.—"Lone E."

One River—and No Rain!

A country about the size of England, peopled by agriculturists, but practically without rain, and dependent for its water supply on a single river—that is the province of Sind, in India.

Under British rule the primitive methods have been greatly improved and extended, and now the province has the largest irrigation system in the world, with a dam about a mile in length, pierced by sixty-six sluice gates operated by hand, and seven great canals, every one bigger than the Suez.

The new system, known as the Lloyd Barrage, has just been opened. The value of the dam is that, during the period when the Indus is normally low, the shutting of the sluice gates will keep the water at a sufficiently high level to feed the canals. Then when the river is in flood the gates will be opened.—"Answers" (London).

Iodine Content of Eggs Raised By Hungarian Farm-Wife

Budapest.—The race, supposed to be exclusively between American and German scientists, to produce an egg containing a large amount of iodine, apparently has been won by an outsider, Mrs. M. Janosi, a poultry farmer, living in Zugulo, near Budapest. It is said that iodine can be far more easily assimilated by the human system if the iodine is contained in eggs, than when it is administered direct.

Mrs. Janosi is said to have succeeded in producing eggs which contain 0.163 milligrams of iodine without any unusual taste being perceptible. Her purported achievement is regarded as of great importance.

Unique Well System Installed in Bermuda

Hamilton, Bermuda.—A great engineering achievement came to fulfillment recently with the opening of a system of horizontal wells, capable of supplying millions of gallons of fresh spring water to the colony of Bermuda. These wells have now begun to supply the city of Hamilton. They will soon be extended to care for the water needs of the entire colony.

Bermuda has been dependent upon rainfall as its source of water. The island is the cap of a submerged marine mountain and the water is quickly shed by the rock underlying the soil. Prof. W. D. Turner, of Columbia University, having been called upon for advice on the possibility of developing a permanent supply of water, found that because of the geological stratification of the limestone rock in Bermuda, the water travelled in horizontal veins before finally reaching sea level.

The problem was to intercept these water veins and collect the water in a central pool. A trench, four feet deep and 250 feet long, has been excavated along a hill at a point just above sea level. Interlocking pipes have been laid at the bottom of a pit intercepting the water veins, and this pipe leads to a concrete-bottomed reservoir.

The new plant was officially opened by the Governor, Lieut.-Gen. Sir Thos. Cubitt.

SELF

Some persons can neither stir hand nor foot without making it clear they are thinking of themselves, and laying little traps for approbation.—S. Smith.

What New York Is Wearing

BY ANNEBELLE WORTHINGTON

Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished With Every Pattern

Flaring sleeves, tightened at the wrists are interesting feature of a jacket-like woolen dress in Spanish tile shade.

The bodice is cut on slightly fitted basque lines. Brown wooden buttons give a double-breasted effect. The revers are of plain brown woolen. Note the snappy partial belt and the slender gored skirt.

Style No. 2514 may be had in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20 years, 36 and 38 inches bust.

Size 16 requires 3 yards 54-inch, with ¾ yard 35-inch contrasting.

A very smart idea you'll like that's rather sportsy is to make the skirt of brown diagonal woolen and the bodice of Persian green woolen. Repeat the brown for the revers and sleeve cuffs and trim with brown buttons.

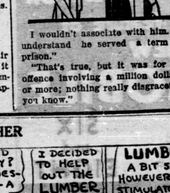
HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS.

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.

Portrait

But you are green and giving and like grass,
Restful and taking rest,
So soft you are that when you walk in trees
You move among them only as a wind,
A stream of life,
A rhythm of the air.

—P. A., in the London Spectator.



I wouldn't associate with him. I understand he served a term in prison."

"That's true, but it was for an offence involving a million dollars or more; nothing really disgraceful, you know."

Sunday School Lesson

March 6. Lesson X—Jesus Washes His Disciples' Feet—John 13: 1-15. Golden Text—The Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many.—Matthew 20: 28.

ANALYSIS.

I. LOVE AND TREACHERY, 13: 1, 2.
II. THE HUMILITY OF GREATNESS, 13: 3-5.
III. THE DAILY CLEANSING, 13: 6-11.
IV. AN EXAMPLE, 13: 12-15.

INTRODUCTION—The first twelve chapter of John's Gospel tell how Jesus worked the works of him that sent him, while it was day. He tried to make himself known to the world, but the world rejected him. 1: 11. Chapter 12 marks the point at which he turned to "his own," 13: 1. No longer are we in the atmosphere of controversy. All is now tenderness and intimacy. We are in the "Holy of Holies" of the Gospel. These wonderful chapters preserve for us the last discourses of our Lord.

I. LOVE AND TREACHER., 13: 1, 2.

The key to all that follows is in the words, "Having loved his own, he loved them unto the end," or "unto the uttermost." He was prepared to face for them whatever the situation demanded, suffering, apparent defeat, death. It was a love which grew more tender and intimate as dangers gathered. He was troubled at the thought of leaving his disciples behind "in the world," like sheep among wolves—while he was departing out of the world unto the Father.

In harsh contrast is the picture of Judas, v. 2. Stubbornly there still lodged in Judas' mind—and indeed, in the others' also—the popular idea of what Messiah's kingdom should be, namely, power, prosperity, independence, for Israel. But now Judas began to suspect that when he left father, mother, houses, lands, to follow this new Moses, he had been deceived. In blind resentment he had bargained to strike at him whom, until now, he had followed. "If he be indeed Messiah he will rout his enemies when his hand is forced. If he will not deliver himself and vindicate his claims, then let him die." Perhaps this may have been the motive that drove Judas out into the night.

II. THE HUMILITY OF GREATNESS, 13: 3-5.

Untouched by the sadness and tenderness of this farewell meal, blind to the situation still, they argued among themselves who should be first, Luke 22: 24. No one was willing to perform the menial task of washing the feet of his companions—a customary and necessary service.

Imagine the feelings of the Master as he looked upon his disciples—Judas, carefully looking for an opportunity to slip out to betray him—the others, standing on their dignity. Without a word he performed the lowly task himself.

The greatest men are often the most humble. It is the "small" man who is always standing on his dignity. True humility is not to doubt one's powers, but rightly to understand their scope. Jesus knew what he was—he was conscious of his divine mission and destiny (v. 3), and by his act of kindly courtesy he put their petty striving to shame. Years after, Peter, in one of his letters, admonished, "All of you gird yourselves with humility to serve one another," 1 Peter 5: 5. He had not forgotten the lesson of that last night together.

When Sir Bartle Frere was coming to visit a Scottish home, the master of the household, sending his servant to meet him, sought for some description by which the visitor might easily be recognized. "When the train comes in," he said, "you will see a tall gentleman helping somebody." Such was Jesus. Such is the Christian ideal.

III. THE DAILY CLEANSING, 13: 6-11.

To Peter's objections, Jesus replies that this is a symbolic act, the meaning of which will be made clear to him later on, v. 12ff. Peter, disciplined by life, purified, enlightened, some day will be able to exclaim, "I understand now what my Master meant."

The insistence on the washing (v. 8), is John's way of saying that only through baptism can one enter the Christian fellowship. As one who has come from the public baths needs only to have the stains of travel removed from his sandalled feet, so the man who has been cleansed spiritually, typified by baptism, does not need to be re-baptized after he has lapsed into wrong conduct, but to have the daily impurities removed by daily contact with his Lord. The absence of daily fellowship with Christ is the secret of our "travel-stained" church membership.

IV. AN EXAMPLE, 13: 12-15.

When Jesus said, "Ye ought also, to wash one another's feet" (v. 14), he asked them not to perpetuate the act itself, but to practice the spirit of it. The truest following is service to our fellows in the spirit of our Master.

Drink More Milk

La Presse, Montreal: In all the highly civilized countries of the world the milk industry is looked upon as being of the first importance, as much because of its profits as of its importance with regard to health. Milk plays a preponderating role in the nourishment of all people. If, for example, ten million pints of milk were consumed daily by the inhabitants of Canada, the health, strength and vitality of the population would increase from day to day, from year to year, and from generation to generation. Illnesses would tend to be diminished in an amazing proportion.

AFFECTION

Just as the diminutive wren will fight hard in her nest for her young against the hungry owl, or just as a hen will gather her chickens beneath her wings, and herself bravely meet and repel the swoop of the ravenous eagle, so will maternal affection nerve her who gave us birth to shield us from all dangers which imperil either our bodies or our souls. Hence maternal affection, for this and other reasons, is truly sublime and God-like!—Dr. Davies.

"Miss Britain" Leaves For Paris

Here is "Miss Britain 1932" leaving for Paris and the international pulchritude display. She hopes to be crowned "Miss Europe."

Applicant—"My former employer will tell you that my character is beyond reproach."
Boss—"Above or beneath?"

Fresh Air Fashions

London.—For the spring every woman will be knitting her own jumpers again. A return to knitted sports clothes worn at all hours and on all occasions is imminent.

Once again a fresh air look is to be cultivated, and women lunching in the most exclusive clubs and restaurants of the West-end will look as though they have left their golf clubs in the lounge.

They will not have done so, of course, for their wind-tanned appearance will be purely synthetic. In complement with the new open air modes dark brown cosmetics are already on the market.

No garment has been missed so much from the feminine wardrobe as the woollen jumper, which has been more or less out of fashion for several seasons. It will return in the spring. The new version is short and must be hand-knitted. Many of them will have light colored tops and sleeves joining a darker foundation. Light blue with emerald green and pale pink on dark red are the two smartest combinations.

Accompanying them will be knitted woollen cravat scarves in a three-colored scheme, the smartest being a tri-color design. These scarves are more than fashionable, they are a craze.

Everything that comes under the heading of "woollens" must look simple and home-made, even the suits which are actually man-tailored and pressed to perfection.

Mexican Kitchens

I wish I could show you a Mexican kitchen. They are quite out-of-the-ordinary. It is a little room with a floor of red bricks. The range is a number of oven-like holes in a ledge of brick and clay, extending two or three feet from the wall with its top about four feet from the floor. Each of the holes is one cooking place. It is filled with charcoal and the draft comes in from an opening underneath. The Mexican cook wants no other stove.

One visitor here recently sent for one of these cooking ranges. He had to tear a hole through the rear wall to make room for the chimney. After setting it up in the visitor's house, he gave instructions that it be used. Later his daughter reported that although the servants had struggled for hours, they could not make the new stove burn. When he went to investigate he found they had built the fire in the oven.

Home baking is almost unknown in Mexico but many of the Indian villages have great ovens which are used in common. The family desiring to bake brings its own fuel, or sometimes several join together in a baking day.

The cooking pots, which are sometimes copper, but more often red clay, are set on the live coals, and water is boiled, soups are made, meats are fried, and, in short, first class meals are prepared in this way. The food is comparatively cheap, so that a workingman's family can do its cooking on about "two cents" worth a day.

—Frank G. Carpenter, in "Mexico."

Fashion Nuggets

Light-weight woolens continue to grow in favor. The weaves, colorings, and styles are so alike that they walked in where a silk would fear to tread. The colors are as delicate as evening shades. Salmon, pink, azure-blue, and pistache-green are among the shades.

Fabric bags in rough, loose weave will be in demand to carry with the woollen frock or suit. Cotton mesh bags are suitable for the wash frock and novelty crepes and twills for the silk ensemble.

CLOUDS

The inner side of every cloud
Is bright and shining,
I therefore turn my clouds about,
And always wear them inside out
To show the lining.

A PURPOSE

Yet, I doubt not through the age
One increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of man are widened
With the process of the suns.

—Tennyson.

MUTT AND JEFF— By BUD FISHER

Big Business.