ASK NO QUESTIONS!

By BELDON DUFF

SYNOPSIS.

Mystery surrounds "Bride's House," a Connecticut farmhouse leased by Anna Baxka West. Strange deaths have occurred there. Only few months before Miss West's tenancy, a bride, who with her husband had taken shelter in the house, disappeared. Otto, the stable boy, is murdered. The police question "Ask No Questions," a drifter, who with Otto, Diamond is wounded when he drives Ann home after a dinner engagement, and she suspects David, with whom she has fallen in love. Dr. Cranson, a veterinarian and former circus athlete, accuses Diamond of murdering his wife and threatens him with a blow-torch. Diamond confesses and burns the fireplace. Ann's family bury the coffin in the family burial plot. A ghostly figure appears and Cranson and Ann disappear. David goes in pursuit.

CHAPTER XXVI.—(Cont'd.)

Without warning a weight dropped across the stallion's back. Legs that had a family of feet kneed his ribs. A flannel shirt was wrapped about his eyes and nose, mercifully blotting out the terrifying flames. And at the same moment a voice, remembered for its cool assumption of authority, bade him, "Get-the-hell-out!"

In a great rush, the Killer cleared the burning planks and came through into cool night air.

As they emerged to safety David heard a hail and, looking down, saw Willie Prentice, his youthful form outlined in the fire's glare against a background of gesticulating men. He was shouting something through cupped hands. With a swoop, the Killer swung his half-naked body almost to the round and caught the smaller the stallion's broad back.

the stallion's road ack.

"The other end of the tunnel," he roared above the din—"where is it?"

"That's what I was trying to tell you," came the plaintive reply, "It's on the other side of the south pasture. I'll show you just where—if I don't fall off! His fingers gripped flesh that felt slippery because it was wet with sweat."

They turned and headed for the south pasture, unmindful of either commands or bullets, Dracula taking the low stone wall like a trained hunter. To Willie, holding for dear life, was a feat of daring equalled by none he had ever witnessed in a circus. That he managed to keep his seat, shouting directions all the while, was a tribute to the hypnotic influence of a recently acquired belief in his companion's ability to handle the situation. Across the pasture on wings of the wind, and then another stone wall. They were in the woods now, on treacherous ground. Told that the mouth of the tunnel was near at hand, David brought the stallion to an abrupt halt, bade his companion dismount, and followed him, though not in such headlong fashion, to the ground.

A few steps and Willie Prentice said, "There," pointing to twin oaks whose twisted trunks left a yawning gap between. "I came up through those trees."

David paused.

"Did you bring a light with you?"

"No," moaned Willie.

"Neither did I."

"I'll go first, if you want me to." It was a valiant offer. The youngster's knees were shaking.

For the time it takes to draw one deep breath, David hesitated. Then, in a voice which rang with a newly-discovered power, he announced:

"You're not even coming with me. Take this!" It was the automatic he held out. "If that mob over at the house gets here before I come out, warn them they're not to follow me. If they try to rush you, shoot one in the leg. That'll hold them for a while."

The order to pour bullets into people whose flesh might be quivering like his own did more to unseat Willie Prentice's courage than anything that had happened so far that evening.

"I—I'm not much of a shooter," he stammered, "but I'll do m—my best." And at last, in utter panic, "You know something terrible's happening in that tunnel and you're going into it alone—unarmed."

In the darkness David smiled. It was a smile that would have bewildered the other man had he been able to see it.

"Yes, I'm going into the tunnel alone. I'm going into a dark hole whose sides will almost touch me." He said the words softly, experimentally. "But it's all right. I'm not afraid."

For what seemed a distance of endless miles, the tunnel dipped down like a rabbit warren. Then, unexpectedly it straightened out, the walls fell away; and even a six-footer could walk erect.

David breathed a sigh of relief. For all his new-found courage, there was comfort in the thought that he need no longer crawl on hands and knees. Only the darkness now impeded his progress, that and the fear of stumbling into some unexpected pitfall. How long he had travelled since leaving Willie Prentice he had no means of knowing; but presently a sound from somewhere ahead of him warned that another person was negotiating the tunnel—someone approaching on uncertain feet and with no thought of concealing his or her presence.

The giant planted himself in the middle of the tunnel and waited while the faltering steps came closer. A strange, unexplained noises fell upon his ears—noises that resembled the gurgles of a drowning child. For some reason those sounds clutched at his heartstrings, set his pulses to beating more feverishly. By stretching out a long arm in either direction, he spread a net across the tunnel. It was not long before he made a catch.

Silent now, the thing in his arms sought a means of escape, and, finding none, collapsed with a suddenness that was disconcerting. It was a woman.

Her soft body lay against his breast. A familiar perfume filled his nostrils.

"Annassa!" he whispered. "Ann!"

She struggled again. The strange sound broke out afresh. They were sobs.

CHAPTER XXVII.

"Dearest, what have they done to you?" His voice was fierce but, by some process known only to lovers, at the same time tender.

The girl let herself relax, feeling a sudden sense of protection and, with it, lassitude.

David's lips brushed her hair. He had picked her up and was striding back through the passage, his one thought that he had found her. Tunnels—darkness—a mob waiting to lynch him; these were the merest incidentals. The girl was alive, in his arms. Nothing else in the world mattered.

"I—I'm all right," she said at last. "Where are you taking me?"

"Out of this hole. Back to the house."

Her body stiffened in his grasp.

"No, no! We can't leave them. Turn around. We must go back."

David strode on.

"To Cranson? Not a chance!"

"But, David, dear," she knew the right note to strike, "he's in trouble. When he blew up the tunnel the walls caved in on her. She's there, pinned down, crushed maybe — suffering. Think of it—buried alive."

The giant faltered.

"Who do you mean—her?"

Annassa relaxed. Her head sank once more against the protecting shoulder.

"I don't know who she is or what. Just Dr. Cranson's woman. But she is a human being; and she needs our help."

Muttering something about not wanting to help anyone who belonged to a creature like that, David turned and began to retrace his steps. After a moment, "I have no light. How can we find them?"

Annassa murmured that the doctor had a light. She'd left him clawing at the earth, trying to dig the woman out.

"You say it was Cranson who blew up the tunnel? What was the idea?"

"To cut off pursuit. You see, when he knocked the candle off the mantelpiece with the poker I was the nearest to him, so I hung on to his coat-tails. That's how I came to know about the trap door in the clothes closet. You know the clothes closet in the back of the hall. Well, it seems there is a flight of stairs, just like the regular flight, leading to the cellar. They're side by side with only a thin board partition between." Snuggling closer, "Cranson tried to shake me off but I hung on tight. We went through the cellar and into the tunnel. He seemed to think that I'd known about it all along, that all the others knew about it, too. Maybe I said they did. I don't know. I was scared to let him think they wouldn't be able to find me." She was conscious that the arms around her had tightened convulsively. "How did you find me?"

The explanation was not given then, because at that moment they rounded a turn and came upon a scene of horror, etched in Gargantuan masses of black and white against gray stone. In the foreground a desperate little figure tore at the stone wall which now cut off the other entrance to the tunnel. Closer, they spied an end of black cloth sticking out of the piled earth—a hand, palm up, in what looked like a gesture of appeal. And to make that inanimate hand seem all the more ghastly, from its thumb and forefinger trailed a glittering string of sapphires—the lure that had hastened the debacle.

"Wait here," commanded David, as he set Annassa upon her feet. "This is no business for a woman." He talked to the veterinary and caught him by the shoulder. "Let me," was the said as he took the shovel from

On The Links

Dressed to "a-dress the ball" at Pinehurst, N.C., Miss Virginia Oakley, favored the masculine mode when she made the rounds the other day. She's from Pasadena, California.

with which the other had been digging.

Dr. Cranson looked up, a pallid, unseeing stare in is small black eyes.

"She's in there," he mumbled. "Jane's under these rocks. Thirty years ago I dug her out; but I can't seem to do it now." Sensing that a physical strength greater than his own had come to the trapped creature's aid, he moved to one side and dropped on both knees, raised clasped hands above his head. "Ye have taken away my gods which I have made. And what have I more? . . . I have sinned and perverted that which is right and it profited me not . . . but Thou art holy . . . our fathers trusted Thee . . . and Thou didst deliver them". The voice quavered and broke. "Bring this, Thy servant, out of the pit . . . raise her, even as Thou raiseth Lazarus from the tomb . . ."

The sound of many feet approaching through the tunnel cut short the agonized prayers and supplications.

(To be continued.)

Enjoy This Finer Quality

"SALADA" TEA

"Fresh from the Gardens"

Inhabitants Refuse To Leave Island

Curious History of Tristan da Cunha—A Blow to Accepted Theories

It is rare to read of civilized communities nowadays accepting privation as part of the settled order of their existence. A striking example is, however, to be found in Tristan da Cunha, about which Mr. Douglas Gane has written a most fascinating book, writes J. Menzies Campbell in John o' London's Weekly.

Ever since this settlement was started by William Glass, in 1817, its history has been rich in shipwrecks and heroic rescues. Vessels belonging to various nationalities have foundered off the coast of Tristan da Cunha; in consequence many of the survivors have adopted this island as their home.

Several attempts have been made to break up this community. For example, as a recompense for evacuation these islanders have been offered a free passage to South Africa, re-settling on the Coast, each with two acres of land and financial aid—but they have remained adamant.

The morality of the Tristans is high. The oldest inhabitant can recall only two cases of children born out of wedlock, in one of which the parents afterwards married. Such morality, in a place where education is practically non-existent, must come as a wide awakening to those who still maintain that these two are closely interlocked.

These broad-shouldered, lithesome, and sinewy people are contented. There are no indications of physical deterioration, despite continued intermarrying. From the foundations of the settlement until 1853 there were only six deaths from natural causes, three of old men and three of children. The present population totals 163, and is the largest on record.

WANTED—A PIED PIPER!

The medical officers, attached to each succeeding visiting ship, confirmed their predecessors' statements that a healthier place than Tristan da Cunha could not be found. The last Health Survey was carried out very thoroughly in January, 1932, by three naval surgeons and one dental surgeon. They drew attention to the excellent physique and nourishment of the community. Further, there was no evidence whatsoever of rickets; and such infectious diseases as scarlet fever, diphtheria, mumps, measles, whooping cough, etc., were unknown. To many persons this immunity will appear surprising, especially when it is realized that the sanitation on this island is very crude and unsatisfactory, and the water supply most certainly contaminated. Also, rats and fleas abound. In passing, it is interesting to record that a similar state of immunity prevailed amongst the inhabitants of St. Kilda, but was lost after their removal to the Scottish mainland.

NO TOOTHBRUSHES.

The perfection of the teeth will come as a rude awakening to many people—professional and lay. The dental inspection revealed 83.33 per cent. of the community with perfect mouths; and out of 4,060 teeth examined decay was present in only 1.84 per cent. Irregularities were negligible, and no evidence was found of acute or chronic abscesses. Perhaps of greatest interest is the fact that not one of the islanders has ever used a toothbrush. Besides, they regularly eat soft foods, which leave sticky surfaces on the teeth. Their diet consists mainly of potatoes, fish, milk, and eggs. Cabbages and turnips are grown, and used while they last. Meat is seldom eaten, and never more than one kind of food at a meal.

Owing to an ever-increasing number of rats, cereals cannot be grown; any deficiency in this respect is adequately remedied. In 1923 three and a half tons of flour and two tons of sugar were landed on Tristan da Cunha. Since 1925 the yearly visits of ships have on each occasion taken flour and sugar as the chief articles in their consignments. This is divided amongst the various families. Yet the people have not suffered in any way, although the younger members of this community have been born and reared since these articles became more or less regular, thus suggesting that a small amount of sugar and flour is not harmful. Those whose faith is riveted to the toothbrush and hard foods to prevent dental disease will find considerable difficulty in reconciling their beliefs with the conditions prevailing at Tristan da Cunha.

THE FOUNDATION-STONE.

Scientists nowadays declare that Foods rich in vitamins, mineral salts, and roughage are necessary for attaining and maintaining health—which includes sound teeth. The diet of these islanders is replete in these essentials. It would appear that the expectant mother, by habitually eating sufficient of those foods which act as barriers against disease, builds in her unborn child strong bones and teeth which, later, are able to withstand any possible ill-effects which might otherwise arise from eating sticky cereals and sugar. Further, the Tristan infants are weaned at twelve to fifteen months. In highly-civilized communities today infants are often not even breast-fed at all.

In reviewing all the available data regarding the health conditions found at Tristan da Cunha, one inclines to place diet as the foremost responsible factor. Civilized man seems ever eager to alter or produce substitutes for the food provided by Nature. The Tristan Islanders do neither.

It is interesting to refer to the visit, in 1930, of the Danish traveller, Knud Andersen. He brought back with him to the Cape two members of this community—one an old man, and the other aged twenty-one. Competent authorities describe the latter as being a superman, six feet in height, and weighing 160 pounds. He had a remarkably small appetite and, in justification thereof, said that to be really healthy one eats a meal at four a.m., fishes all day, and eats again in the evening. The old man, solicitous in his desire to return to his island home after a year's stay at the Cape, stated that home food was best—it keeps one tough. He also referred to the noise and rush of the city, heavy clothes, and many meals. He was fully convinced that no one could possibly live long under such conditions.

These observations may hold a solution to the riddle. Certainly ideal sanitary conditions, a pure water supply, and the extermination of rats and fleas, however laudable these measures undoubtedly are, do not offer an adequate explanation, because life on Tristan da Cunha is the very antithesis of these ideals.

This book, and the recently published reports and Press articles, suggest a profitable field for investigation.

"Trust her! You surely don't think she could keep a secret."

"Well, I've trusted her with other things and she kept them."

A Smile

Mother—As soon as you're asleep the angels will come into your room and guard you.

Small Son—Then, mummie, take my chocolates off the dressing table and put them under my pillow, please.

Some men are worth more than others and some are worth less.

headaches? Act at once! Is your system poisoned by inner sluggishness? You need Eno every morning.

TAKE ENO'S "FRUIT SALT"

ROYAL YEAST CAKE

Coffee Cake

A Real Treat!

COFFEE CAKE—*equally popular for tea, luncheon or supper . . .*

Cream together ½ c. butter and ½ c. sugar, add 1 well-beaten egg and ½ c. milk. Add this mixture with about 2 c. flour and ¼ tsp. salt to 1 c. Royal Yeast Sponge* to make a soft dough. Knead lightly and place in greased bowl. Cover and set in warm location until double in bulk. (About 1½ hrs.) Shape into regular coffee roll shape. Allow to rise until double in bulk. Brush surface with melted butter and sprinkle with nuts or cinnamon. Bake at 400° F. about 25 min.

*ROYAL YEAST SPONGE:

Soak 1 Royal Yeast Cake in ½ pint lukewarm water for 15 min. Dissolve 1 tbsp. sugar in ½ pint milk. Add to dissolved yeast cake. Add 1 quart bdy. Cover and let rise overnight to double in bulk in warm place free from draughts. Makes 5 to 6 cups of batter.

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Woman's World

By MAIR M. MORGAN

"A Woman's Place is in the Home."

Buttermilk Sherbet

Combine 2 cups buttermilk, ¼ cup sugar, 1 cup canned, crushed pineapple, 1 teaspoon orange juice and 1 teaspoon lemon juice. Place in tray of electric refrigerator, freeze until mushy, remove from tray to deep bowl, and fold in 1 egg white, stiffly beaten, 1½ teaspoons vanilla, 10 maraschino cherries, cut in halves. Beat until mixture is light and fluffy. Return to refrigerator trays and continue freezing.

Mother Hubbard Meal

Bake a Hubbard squash whole in a moderately hot oven (375 deg. F.) 1½ to 2 hours, or until it is tender. Try it with a sharp pointed knife. Remove from the oven; cut a rather thick slice from the top of the squash, remove the seeds and then scoop out the squash itself. Mash and season the squash with shortening, salt, and pepper.

Have boiled together in salted water until tender, 6 whole small onions, 3 four-inch slivered carrots, ½ cup chopped green pepper and flowers of cauliflower from one small head. Fold these carefully into the mashed squash and return to the shell, piling mixture up about the top. Cover with buttered bread crumbs, top with grated cheese, return to hot oven (400 deg. F.) to brown, about 20 minutes.

When ready to serve, arrange a circle of minced parsley around the opening of the shell.

Place squash in centre of chop plate, around edges arrange pork chops on toast. Top chops with fried apple rings. Garnish generously between the chops with sprigs of parsley.

Quick Banana Custard

One egg yolk 1 cup condensed milk, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 3 tablespoons water, 1 egg white, 3 bananas. Beat egg yolk and stir into it the milk. Add lemon juice and stir until mixture thickens. Add water and fold in beaten egg white. Slice bananas into sherbet glasses, pour custard over them and top with red maraschino cherry.

Special Muffins

Two cups prepared flour, 4 tablespoons melted butter, 2/3 cup evaporated milk, 1 egg. Mix flour and evaporated milk, add butter and beaten egg. Bake in cherry cups, date with nut, ruffle cheese, a little coconaut or a dab of orange marmalade in centre.

Special Salad

One cup mayonnaise, 1 teaspoon dry mustard, 2 teaspoons salt, 1 package cream cheese, 2 cups chopped apples, 1 chopped celery, 2 cups chopped cabbage, ½ cup chopped onion, ½ cup chopped pimento. Mix all together with mayonnaise. Serve on lettuce.

Australian Goose

Have bone removed from 5 lb. tender shoulder of lamb. Make stuffing 2 tablespoons fat pork, chopped, 1¼ cups soft bread crumbs, ½ cup raw rice, ½ cup milk, 1 teaspoon onion salt and pepper, nutmeg.

Cook pork crisp, add crumbs, and brown; mix with other ingredients, and fill into lamb cavity and fasten.

Rub outer surface of meat with 1 tablespoon shortening, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 cube beef extract, dissolved in ½ cup hot water, salt and pepper.

Brown in hot oven, reduce temperature to moderate and continue baking, allowing 25 minutes to the pound. Serve with Noodle Kugel.

Noodle Kugel

Cook until tender in rapidly boiling water, 3 cups noodles. Drain—then add ¼ cup shortening, 4 well-beaten eggs, salt and pepper.

Place in muffin pans with bacon strips, fill with noodle mixture and bake until well browned, in moderate oven. Serve hot and thickly with orange marmalade.

Cream Kolatchen

Cream until soft ½ cup shortening, add stirring well, 5 egg yolks, beaten, 2 tablespoons sugar, grated rind of 1 lemon, 1 cup thick sour cream, ½ teaspoon salt, 2 cakes yeast, dissolved in 1 teaspoon baking soda in 2 tablespoons lukewarm milk. Mix in carefully 4 cups sifted flour.

Fill greased muffin pans. Let rise until light, in warm place. Put a raisin or cherry on top of each cake, spread with beaten egg white, sprinkle with sugar and bake in moderately hot oven.

Spiced Angel Food

Combine and beat until frothy—1½ cups egg whites, ¼ teaspoon salt. Add, and beat until whites stand up in peaks, 1 teaspoon cream of tartar. Sift and beat with egg whites 1½ cups sugar. Sift and fold in gradually 1 cup cake flour, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1/8 teaspoon cloves. Add 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Put in angel cake pan, in cold oven, turn on gas, set regulator at 325 degrees F. Bake 1 hour. Cover with orange marmalade and top with double boiler frosting.

Apple Fritters

These are a popular dessert in England and if you haven't had any for some time—try this recipe:

Peel, core and slice 1 lb. of large cooking apples, roll in caster sugar, and leave for half an hour. Make a batter with 2 tablespoonfuls of flour, the yolk of an egg, 1 dessertspoonful of butter, a pinch of salt, and a little warm water. Beat thoroughly and leave for about an hour. Beat the white of the egg to a stiff froth, add to the batter, then heat a little fat in a pan, place some of the apple slices on a portion of the batter, cover, and drop into the pan. Fry both sides a golden brown, remove, and drain on paper. Continue in this manner until all the batter and apple slices have been used. Sprinkle with caster sugar and serve as hot as possible.

Banana Fritters

Skin and cut a number of bananas, dip in batter, and fry a golden brown. Sprinkle lightly with lemon juice, and serve with cream and caster sugar.

For Kitchen Files

Oil Bottles

When bottles of olive oil or castor oil are in use a thin film of oil usually finds its way down the outside and leaves a greasy mark wherever the bottle stands. To prevent this a collar of lint should be slipped over the neck of the bottle to absorb the oil. To make the collar, take a small square of lint, cut a round hole in the centre large enough to fit over the bottle neck, and trim the corners off neatly. When the collar becomes saturated with oil replace it with a fresh one. To keep the cork of an oil bottle firmly in place lay a small rubber band across the top of the cork, stretch the ends down one each side of the bottle neck, and secure them just below the rim by tying a string tightly round. The band will keep the cork in position, but will stretch sufficiently to allow it to be taken out and replaced.

To Mend Lamp Shade

Parchment lampshades which have split may be mended with an adhesive transparent tape, which will be scarcely perceptible.

Washing Rugs

Small rugs may be washed quite simply at home. Shake well to remove loose dust and rinse thoroughly in cold water. Then prepare a large vessel of lukewarm soapy water, using flaked soap and squeeze the rug well in this. Rinse in warm, and lastly in cold, water, using one teaspoon of vinegar to every quart of water for this last rinse. Put through wringer with a very loose tension and shake vigorously to raise the pile. Dry in a warm place or in the wind, shaking once or twice during the drying.

Cretonne and colored cotton curtains will look much better if washed in bran water instead of with soap. It does not harm the colors, and imparts a slight stiffness to the material, so that starching is unnecessary.

An excellent ironing blanket can be made from old newspapers. Stitch together several large sheets, keeping them quite flat. It will be found that the newspapers retain the heat.

When making a milk pudding or a baked custard, stand the dish in another dish containing cold water. The custard will not boil over, and will be quite firm when cold.

Cover ink stains on a carpet with salt and remove with a spoon, applying fresh salt until it absorbs no more ink. Then rub the spot with a cut lemon and rinse with clean water.

If a cleaning powder is not available, a sprinkling of flour on a damp cloth will remove dirt from tiles or white enamel.

Keep a piece of flannel under the needle of your sewing machine. It will never get rusty and work will not be soiled.

For Washing Gloves

If your chamois leather gloves have lost most of their color, this can be revived. Soak some orange peel in water for a day, and then add this to the warm water which is to make the soapy lather for the gloves. This orange water will give the gloves the correct yellow tint.

When chamois leather gloves are very dirty they will come clean much more quickly if a little olive oil is added to the soapy water.

Man, Aged 83, Wins At Knitting Competition

London. — The All-England lace knitting competition recently held at Leighton Buzzard has been won by a man. Moreover, the man is 83. Ur. David Rush, who by trade is a master printed, possesses all the requirements for this delicate craft—keen eyes, steady fingers, and a fine perception of art,—and so exquisite was the lace he submitted that the work of the numerous young lady competitors was put in the shade.

Tax Pays Hospital Bills

A poll tax of 12 cents a week, imposed on all adults in the federal capital of Canberra, Australia, provides free treatment for all residents at community hospitals.

Easily Made

By HELEN WILLIAMS.

Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished With Every Pattern

3409

So easily made is this fascinating little frock, yet so professional in its effect. And all because of its smart details.

The bodice with its pretty and unusual neckline is quite plain. And note the clever placement of the skirt seaming.

Softly falling silk (either plain or patterned) such as crinkly crepe is delightfully smart for this model.

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Sunday School Lesson

April 9. Lesson 11—Jesus Requires Confession and Loyalty—Mark 8: 27-38. Golden Text—Whosoever will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me.—Mark 8: 34.

ANALYSIS.

I. THE CONFESSION, Mark 8:27-30.

II. THE CHALLENGING CALL, Mark 8: 31-38.

INTRODUCTION—Leaving Decapolis, Jesus made His way into some desert region. After satisfying the physical needs of the crowd (Mark 8: 1-9) he crossed the lake to "Dalmanutha." There he encountered some Pharisees who engaged him in the usual controversy, vs. 11, 12. The departure for Bethsaida seems to have been hurried; the disciples forgot to provision the boat, vs. 13, 14. The lack of real understanding revealed in what followed (vs. 15-21) indicates how urgent was the need for training. The healing (vs. 22-26) had the usual result. Jesus moved on again.

I. THE CONFESSION, Mark 8:27-30.

Going northward, Jesus and the disciples made their way up the southern slopes of Mount Hermon until they came into the towns growing up around Caesarea Philippi. Here again Jesus seems at last to have found the quiet retreat which he had been seeking so long. We now come to another stage in the Costly Way. This stage (Mark 8. 27 to 10: 45) is marked by solemn and repeated predictions of approaching death for himself, and persecution for his disciples, Mark 8: 31; 9: 31; 10: 33. They ring out like the muffled strokes of a bell, giving the whole section a tense and sombre character.

Suddenly Jesus asked his momentous question, v. 27. Quoting other people's opinions is always easy (v. 28), but Jesus made it personal, "Whom do ye say that I am?" Peter broke the silence with his great confession, v. 29. The disciples had been coming to this conclusion for some time. Their faith, wavering as it often was, would be strengthened made more definite, by this expression of it. "No impression without expression," say the psychologists. Hence the evangelist at a revival meeting calls for a public decision. He knows that it will strengthen the faith of the convert. Temperance workers call for a pledge. It is easier to be a Christian if one joins the Church.

Not until he had a chance to acquaint the people with the new idea of Messiahship would Jesus permit the truth to be told. Divulged now, it would do more harm than good.

II. THE CHALLENGING CALL, Mark 8: 31-38.

To Peter and the others, "Messiah" meant the national deliverer for whom Israel had hoped for centuries. All that was needed now was to give the signal, march on Jerusalem, and there inaugurate the new kingdom. But they had to learn a disappointing lesson. Their Master was different from the Messiah they had planned for. Not by the way of military stratagem and triumph, but by the way of suffering, rejection, death, resurrection, was he to win his spiritual kingdom, v. 31.

Peter's vehement protest must have reminded Jesus of the first time that an easier, more popular alternative presented itself to him. Did not the Tempter suggest that God would protect his faithful servant? Matt. 4: 6. Quick as lightning came his answer, "Get thee behind me, Satan." Once more it was the Costly Way, vs. 32, 33.

He now called openly upon all the people to undertake with him this hazardous venture, v. 34. The terms of discipleship were self-denial. To "deny" oneself is not to do without sugar in one's tea and put the money in the missionary box, desirable as that might be. When Peter "denied" Jesus in the High Priest's palace, he "repudiated" his Master. Here is the same word. To deny oneself is to repudiate oneself. "It doesn't matter about me" must be the attitude of every follower of the Christ.

It is only the one who can take this attitude toward himself who will be able to take up the cross, v. 34. A "cross" is not one of the many troubles which life brings to us—a painful illness, a financial loss, a wayward son. It is the hard and dangerous way which we deliberately choose when an easier, safer way is open to us.

Dr. Maclaren said: "The law for every disciple is self-denial and taking up his cross. How present his own cross must have been to Christ's vision, since the thought is introduced here, though he had not spoken of it, in foretelling his own death! It is not Christ's cross that we have to take up. His sufferings stand alone, incapable of repitition and needing none; but each follower has his own. To slay the life of self is always pain, and there is no discipleship without crucifying "the old man." Taking up my cross does not merely mean meekly accepting God-sent or men-inflicted sorrows, but persistently carrying on the special form of self-denial which my special type of character requires. It will include these other meanings, but it goes deeper than any such self-immolation is the same thing as following Christ; for, with all the infinite difference between his cross and ours, they are both crosses, and on the one hand there is not real discipleship without self-denial, and on the other there is no full self-denial without discipleship."

Ultimately this costly way is the only way, if one is going to *live*. The man who hoards up his powers and opportunities and uses them for self, will lose his higher life. He who is willing to suffer physical loss, even physical life itself, will develop his spiritual life.

So valuable is a man's higher life that nothing physical or material can be balanced against it. Supposing a man makes a lot of money, has every creature comfort, enviable worldly position, what of it, in the gaining of the he has starved his finer nature, vs. 36, 37?

Verse 38 does not appear to be clearly related to the rest of this section. It deals, not with a suffering Messiah which is the theme of this passage, but with the Son of man in glory. Nevertheless, it is likely that Jesus did, in some way, insist on a personal loyalty to himself.

Youthful Woman Diplomat Spain's Latest Appointment

Madrid—The daughter of the writer, Don Jose Salaverria, Senorita Margarita Salaverria, has become Spain's first woman diplomat. She was the only successful woman candidate at the recent examinations for entry into the diplomatic service, in which women were allowed to take part for the first time.

Senorita Salaverria is under 23 years of age, and had always wanted to be a lawyer. She studied at Madrid University, specializing in mercantile law in which she recently took her diploma.

Surgeon Stops Patient's Heart to Perform Special Operation

Stockholm, Sweden. — A remarkable heart operation, said to be the eighth of its kind in the world, during which the patient's heart was stopped for four minutes, was performed recently at the Hospital of Salbastberg, in Stockholm. The heart was laid bare and its beating was stopped during the four minutes needed for the operation.

The surgery was successful and the patient has now regained full health.

Telephone Patent

March 7 marked the fifty-ninth anniversary of the issuance to Alexander Graham Bell of a patent on the invention of the telephone, but apparently everybody was too busy talking over it to talk much about it. —The Christian Science Monitor.

Queen Victoria's Triumph

Next year was the fiftieth of her reign, and in June the splendid anniversary was celebrated in solemn pomp. Victoria, surrounded by the highest dignitaries of her realm, escorted by a glittering galaxy of kings and princes, drove through the crowd-ed enthusiasm of the capital to render thanks to God in Westminster Abbey. In that triumphant hour the last remaining traces of past antipathies and past disagreements were altogether swept away. The Queen was hailed at once as the mother of her people and as the embodied symbol of their imperial greatness; and she responded to the double sentiment with all the ardour of her spirit. England and the people of England, she knew it, she felt it, were, in some wonderful and yet quite simple manner, hers. Exultation, affection, gratitude, a profound sense of obligation, an unbounded pride, such were the emotions that, colouring and intensifying the rest, there was something else. At last, after so long, happiness—fragmentary, perhaps, and charged with gravity, but true and unmistakable none the less—had returned to her. The unaccustomed feeling filled and warmed her consciousness. When, at Buckingham Palace again, the day was over, she was asked how she was, "I am very tired, but very happy," she said.

And so, after the toils and tempests of the day, a long evening followed—mild, serene, and lighted with a golden glory. For an unexampled atmosphere of success and adoration pervaded the last period of Victoria's life. Her triumph was the summary, the crown, of a greater triumph—the culminating prosperity of a nation. The solid splendour of the decade between Victoria's two jubilees can hardly be paralleled in the annals of England. The sage counsels of Lord Salisbury seemed to bring with them not only wealth and power, but security; and the country settled down, with calm assurance, to the enjoyment of an established grandeur. And—it was only natural—Victoria settled down too.

The last and the most glorious of such occasions was the Jubilee of 1897. Then, as the splendid procession passed along, escorting Victoria through the thronged re-echoing streets of London on her progress of thanksgiving to St. Paul's Cathedral, the greatness of her realm and the adoration of her subjects blazed out together. The tears welled to her eyes, and, while the multitude roared round her, "How kind they are to me! How kind they are!" she repeated over and over again. That night her message flew over the Empire: "From my heart I thank my beloved people. May God bless them!" — Lytton Strachey in "Queen Victoria." (New York: Harcourt, Brace).

Leaves To Forget

Joan Crawford, whose marriage with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., has gone the way of most Hollywood romances, left for a quiet retreat to forget.

Shanghai Honors Mme. Wang

Chinese leaders of Shanghai gathered, writes the correspondent of "The Christian Science Monitor," to honor Mme. Y. K. Wang, the mother of three brilliant sons. Mme. Wang is the mother of Dr. C. T. Wang, twice Chinese Foreign Minister; C. F. Wang, director of the former Manchurian Mining Administrate, and C. H. Wang, a leading Shanghai banker. All are active in the counsels of the present government.

Mme. Wang was the daughter of a wealthy family in Shaoshing and married an eminent Chinese scholar who was later converted to Christianity and became a clergyman. The sons have been raised in the Christian faith. The Wang and Soong families are regarded as the two foremost Christian families in China.

February Beech

I know a slender winter tree,
Ethereal and grey as mist,
With branches curving to a brief
Translucent spray of amethyst.

Poised over water like a still
Colossal bird of paradise,
It plunges talons in the cliff
From which it seems about to rise.
And I must linger by the stream
Instead of going on my way,
Because I cannot bear to leave
A thing so lovely and so grey.
—Eleanor Glenn Wallis, in "The Lyric."

Breath of Spring

The moon is high:
The budding branches of a tree
Stand out like ancient filigree
Against the blue and silver of the sky—
The popular quiver in sad ecstasy
In wonder for the night's bliss rhapsody.
And gently sigh.
—Jeannette Ely

MUTT AND JEFF— By BUD FISHER

A Dog-Gone Mean Trick On Jeff.