ASK NO QUESTIONS!

By BELDON DUFF

SYNOPSIS.

Mystery surrounds "Bride's House," Connecticut farmhouse leased by Ann Cranson West. Only a bride, who with her Ann's tenancy, a bride who with her husband had taken shelter there, disappeared. The lease specifies "ask no questions." Then a deputy who was on guard: Suspicion points at John Diamond, owner of a New York newspaper and David, a stranger, who takes up the duties of the murdered Otto. Diamond is wounded and Ann suspects David, with whom she has fallen in love. Dr. Cranson, a veterinarian and former circus athlete, accuses Diamond of murdering his wife and walling her body up in the fireplace. Diamond confesses to the reveals he had the crime by burying a coffin in the family burial plot. A ghost-like figure appears and Cranson shoots at them. David makes his way to the tunnel and discovers Jane Runnels, disappeared five years before. Diamond "ghost" of Bride's House whom Diamond thought he had slain years ago. At Cranson's house Willie Prentice finds his bride.

CHAPTER XXVIII—(Cont'd.)

"She had no face, Willie. No face!" The gentle voice grew shrill at the recollection. "After you left me that night, to find wood for the fire, she came up in the room—behind me. I was asleep. I sat and lifted the veil that was wrapped around her head. When I turned and saw what was under that veil, I screamed. Then—two arms wound themselves frantically around Willie's neck—then someone grabbed me, and that's all I remember until I woke up and found myself here."

"Yes, yes," soothed the youthful husband. "Let's don't talk about it any more." He took one of the lapels and wrapped it about his wife's shoulders. "I'm going to take you to the place where I've been living for the last couple of months. It's a nice place and an awful nice woman keeps it. Fine as fiddles, remember how so very. You used to ride on the handle bars of my bicycle, Claudia, when we were both kids? Well, I got a bicycle with me, Claudia—a bicycle."

Willie first, and then the little bride, they crept down the ladder. Outside the kitchen door they met Alva Cropsey and Gately Terhune. . . .

When Willie recognized his former employer he dropped Claudia's hand and stepped in front of her, ruffling like a game cock.

"I've found her," he shouted truculently. "Found her all by myself. She doesn't love you. She never did."

"Claudia doesn't love me," admitted Terhune humbly.

Willie still tried to ruffle.

"I said the next time I saw you I was going to punch your head. I've got to do it."

Gately made no effort to defend himself. It was Cropsey who caught and held the raised fist.

"Don't be a fool, Prentice," urged the managing editor, giving the fist a sympathetic squeeze as he released it. "Mr. Terhune came over here on purpose to apologize. He's sorry he said what he did about your wife. It was a damnable lie and he admits it."

"A secretary don't have to stand for everything," snorted Willie, looking, however, a trifle mollified. "Claudia never did want his dainned old candy and flowers."

"I discovered that long before you did." Terhune held out his hand. "Can't we let bygones be bygones?"

Willie took the hand.

"I won't tell Miss West, if that's what you're getting at," he answered with one of his unexpected flashes of shrewdness.

The architect made a wry face.

"That's awfully sporting of you. Not," he added, "that it will make any difference. I'd've lost her, too."

An admission of defeat such as this undoubtedly was would have moved a sterner heart than Willie's.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Terhune," he said, completely won over. Then hopefully, "Don't give up just yet. Maybe when all this blows over—"

The architect shook his head.

"Not a chance in the world." Resuming the air of debonnaire nonchalance which was what had first endeared him to the red-headed girl, "I met my rival not ten minutes ago. The better man has won." With a smile at Willie, "The better man of a rogue wins."

The pipe of peace needed no further smoking.

Arm in arm, like old friends, the little group, including Cropsey, left the shack in the woods and, taking care to avoid the swampy places, walked back to Bride's House.

With sounds of the chase luring the others, one by one, out of doors, John Diamond and his man Garling suddenly found themselves alone in the living room of Bride's House.

Glancing to right and left to make sure that he was not observed, the lodge keeper of Berkshire Towers approached the couch on which his master lay. "Now's your chance, Governor," he said in a husky whisper, "they're all 'round back."

John Diamond looked dully at his servitor. "Chance for what?" he asked, a querulous note in his voice.

"Why to make a getaway, of course! The car's right outside the gate. I ain't so sure but what I left the engine running. Had a kind of a notion we'd be wanting to leave here sudden like."

John Diamond did not look as though he had heard; and the lodge keeper tried again.

"I ain't forgot how you saved me from doing that stretch up the river years ago. This'll be a good chance to square myself. Listen. There's a couple of pals of mine in Canada, who'll do anything for money and no questions asked. A regular graduate M.D. One visit from him and you'll be a new man. Then we'll put the ocean between ourselves and this house of yours on the hill. He took his employer by the arm to draw him to his feet, and tried to make him walk the deck of a sailing vessel again, to put on an old sweater and smoke a pipe.

John Diamond slumped back on the couch.

"It's no use," he said wearily. "I'm an old man. No more excitement for me."

The gate keeper made one last effort.

"Old! Why sixty's just a boy—a mere kid. I know a feller who's eighty and he's still aggravatin' the pojice. Come, whadda you say? Remember, once they find your wife's body you're sunk. Connecticut's a bad state for murderers. I had an uncle who give his mother-in-law rat poison out in New Bedford. Swung for it, he did."

But not even the fate of Garling's uncle could move the stricken master of Berkshire Towers to exert himself. Life of late had been running the sand in the glass a bit too swiftly. All he wanted to do just now was sleep. The unbandaged hand went into his pocket and drew out a thick roll of bills, which he pressed upon the lodge keeper.

"Here. I realize your position isn't going to be any too good when a legal investigation into my affairs is begun." John Diamond glanced toward the bay window, from which could be caught a glimpse of the front gate, and the road beyond. "If you find you're going to have trouble getting away, you may take the car. Otherwise you might leave it. There are women to be considered.

The lodge keeper knew that he had heard the final word. He accepted the money without thanks and with no great appearance of gratitude. As a pal, Diamond might have had some claim upon him. As a fallen master, he was of less account than an old shoe.

"Oh-kay," he said indifferently. "And since I think it's safer to walk, I'll be off my way." Calling his dog, Beetle, to heel, the lodge keeper of Berkshire Towers limped out of the room and out of the lives of everyone in Hales Crossing.

CHAPTER 29.

Twenty minutes or so after Garling had made his departure, the back door of Bride's House opened and Alva Cropsey, together with David, the ex-stable boy, helped Annasa West into the kitchen and up the stairs to her room. The girl was white and shaken, but she made no complaint. Abby, who had followed them, took her in charge. The two men went down to the living room.

One on each side of the couch, they faced John Diamond. The millionaire had heard them come in and was sitting up. He said:

"I suppose the police will be here presently to arrest me?"

"No, sir." Cropsey tried to make his voice sound casual and did not succeed. "There's—there's been an unforseen complication. It appears," he hesitated, "that you did not kill your wife after all."

"I'm telling you, sir, that Jane Runnels did not die by your hand. She has been living for years—in that shack in the woods with—with the little horse doctor."

The millionaire drew out his handkerchief and wiped the beads of sweat from his brow. He laughed weakly, hysterically.

"What a gorgeous revenge for Jane to take! How like her! Where is she now?"

Cropsey looked at the tall young man in the stable boy's clothes. There were other feelings to be considered now besides his chief's.

"That explosion you heard a little while ago," he said, "was the dramatic conclusion of a stormy life." Wondering whether he ought to preface what was coming next with the word "unfortunately" and deciding not to, "Jane Runnels is dead—really dead at last. By the irony of fate, it was Cranson, the man who loved her the most, who rang down the final curtain for her. Your paths can never cross again in this world."

For the next few minutes there was very little said. John Diamond asked a few questions and Cropsey answered them. It was all going over the same ground. Like every tragedy, this one dawned upon the brain with appalling slowness.

Finally the managing editor, walking around the couch, lifted a candle from the mantel shelf and held it upon the lodge keeper.

"Go home and get some sleep. Forget all this if you can. Forget everything except that you saved a life when you were young and foolish. Forget everything except that you have lived down your sin and have become a man among men. Go home and sleep on that."

Upon the board was conferred wide powers for the regulation of road traffic as the effect of motor competition was being felt seriously by the railways, particularly as many of the main roads have been built almost parallel with the lines.

Large losses were being sustained by the railways department and it became a question whether some of the routes would not have to be closed. So the experiment of rigidly controlling the road traffic was instituted. It has been conducted sufficiently long to give a thorough test but the board, in its annual report just issued, points out that it is difficult even to estimate the financial effect of the operations on the railways as the revenue statements do not actually reveal the position.

Idea of Diversion

The board explains, however, that some idea of the extent of the diversion of the traffic to the railways may be formed by a consideration of the total annual mileage of discontinued services. This amounts approximately 2,479,958 miles, made up of 937,742 miles for passenger services, and 1,542,216 miles for goods transport. The board calculates that at least £100,000 a year has been added to the revenue of the railways department by the control, or elimination, of road traffic.

To get a reliable idea of the effect of road control the board sent to 18 station-masters throughout South Australia the question, "what has been the general effect of the Road and Railway Transport Act on railway traffic?" he replies showed that the percentages of increase range from 25 to 300. In some instances the revenue has been doubled. In one case it has been quadrupled, and in many instances it is reported that the railways now handle the whole of the local district trade.

What Roads to Close

The board will now devote itself to considering what unprofitable road traffic substituted. The decisive point will be what course is best in the economic interest of the State, with some relation, of course, to the reasonable needs of the district. The question of profit cannot be the deciding factor in all the railways of South Australia.

Many of them are purely developmental lines and are essential to the progress of the agricultural and pastoral industries. Some of them can never pay directly as they traverse long distances of empty country and there is still a demand for further facilities in areas that are opening up. With South Australia's industries being wool and wheat—nothing will be done to hamper their expansion. In fact, the Transport Board so far departed from its policy of road traffic control last season as to institute the experiment of allowing motor lorries to convey wheat from railway sidings and farms to the shipping ports so that there should be no cessation in exports.

The board now controls 49 routes representing 1669 miles, and has paid £17,256 in compensation. The Victorian authorities are so impressed with what has been accomplished that an officer was sent over recently to report on the system, which is the only one of its kind in Australia.

Blind Show Ability In School Exhibit

New York.—A demonstration of ability to rise above seeming handicaps was given by 85 students at the New York Institute for the Education of the Blind in a two-day exhibition here.

Moving freely about the stage, the children put on a conference of the nations in which they depicted various sports—bowling for England, skating for Switzerland, and Irish jig for Ireland, tumbling for Japan, a dance for Holland, a drill for Germany, a gymnasium scene for Greece, and apparatus for Sweden, with the United States in the character of presiding officer.

In addition the children dramatized some of the things they have been taught, including a lively scuffle between a round teapot, a tall coffee percolator and capable bottle of milk who easily vanquished his two opponents. A chorus illustrated the musical activities at the school and there were exhibitions from the literary classes and the department of manual training, including weaving, basket-, woodworking, knitting, sewing and cooking.

close to the face of the tall young stranger, who had stood a quietly respectful listener during the tortuous windings of the conversation.

(To be continued.)

Traffic Control Aids Railways of South Australia

Two-Year Test Indicates Some Lines Must Give Way to Buses

Adelaide, S. Aust.—An experiment has been tried during the past two years throughout South Australia consisting of the Government control of road traffic. In 1926 a transport control board was appointed by Parliament for three years and the legislation will expire in about six months.

Ballet Revival

Ballet athletics at London's Old Vic. keeps dancers in form. The ballet is undergoing a revival in the old land.

A Quality Which Is Incomparable

"SALADA" GREEN TEA

"Fresh from the Gardens"

Jig-Saw

Give me that little scrap of tree—
And take this bit of roof!
That's grass, I guess; and this must be
That's a horse's hoof!
The off coach-horse's hoof!
Now just a minute; please don't mind;
This fits that jag of roof;
And this goes there—and so we find
The landlord has a head!
Just like those English supplements
To Christmas magazines,
Though I really cannot see much sense
Now take those clippers wing-and-wing,
Or that lion by the sense.
They're really more the sort of thing
That have appeal for me.
No! No! Don't put that wiggly one
Down there. . . . Like this. . . Look here!
I guess that funny piece was done
To represent a deer.
You've nearly finished with the wall?
Well, how about this tree?
No, I can't find my ears at all. . . .
You say I've got your knee?
You keep the horses where they were!
I've got that coachman now. . . .
Oh, look; it's her father kissing her! . . . .
That horn goes on the cow. . .

So, with a desperate intent,
They strove from plight to plight. . .
And one who wondered what it meant
Fled gibbering through the night!

The New Yorker.

York Minster

It as early in the evening. The sun as going down over the vale of York and the gray towers of the Cathedral Church of St. Peter rose over the flat lands. There was a wind blowing at my back or I might have heard the minster bells, whose chimes, on a still evening, go over the fields for miles. As I went on between the hedges my spirits rose, because York is the loveliest city in all England. She is England's last anchor to the Middle Ages. . . .

Men were driving cattle through the gates of York. There was a smell of smoke, the last sun lay warm over red roof-tiles, and from within the walls came a marvelous hoiling of men and women, of life, which, although present in all cities, lacks identity unless a city sits cosily behind its walls like a house full of friends. . . .

The ground falls away from the wall to the cathedral and the deanery gardens. You see York Minster through a hedge of silver-white pear blossoms. Everything is silver-white in the early sun. The wall itself is silver-white. Tadcaster stone is washed by every rain, so that the Wall of York has always looked new. And this white, enchanted ribbon twists on and around, never straight for more than twenty yards, losing itself in green bowers as the tops of trees on either side arch themselves over the white bastions.

Rooks were cawing round the west towers. The dean's gardener was bringing the lawn mower to a smooth lawn. A blackbird with the early worm in his saffron beak flew to an apple tree. A thrush was pouring out his heart from a high bough, the starlings, whistling, fighting, chining and beetle-backed, flew in truculent flocks, only becoming sober to rush to the help of some enormous and ravenous fledgling whose shaking wings and open beak were the sole signs of infancy.—H. V. Morton, in "The Call of England." (New York: McBride.)

The man who has the most to say about it doesn't talk until everybody else gets through.

Some women have no sense of humor, observes the Montreal Star, but most of them have a sense of rumor.—Guelph Mercury.

"THESE HARD TIMES"

"The hard times and scarcity of money makes it more important than ever to economize. One way I save on clothes is by renewing the color of faded or out-of-style dresses, coats, stockings, and underwear. For dyeing, or tinting, I always use Diamond Dyes. They are the most economical ones by far because they never fail to produce results that make you proud. Why, things look better than new when redyed with Diamond Dyes. They spot, streak, or run. They go on smoothly and evenly, when in the hands of even a ten year old child. Another thing, Diamond Dyes never take the life out of cloth or leave it limp as some dyes do. They deserve to be called "the world's finest dyes!"

S. B. G., Quebec.

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ISSUE No. 13—

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Christie's PREMIUM SODA CRACKERS

Woman's World

By MAIR M. MORGAN

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

Spring Cleaning

Many of us were brought up in households where the mention of spring cleaning immediately pictured scenes of a veritable orgy of onslaughts against dust and moths; where all the furniture in the house was out on the front lawn at one time; where you ate anything you could find as you stood up in a welter of brooms and mops and pails, where at least two weeks life was acutely uncomfortable, resulting in frayed nerves for the whole family and utter exhaustion for the "lady of the house"; and where for about two months afterwards you couldn't find anything, even your furniture, where you expected to find it. There is no doubt but that we all made up our minds that our spring cleaning would be done little by little, in other words, we would have a system, whereby the accumulation of winter grim would be swept away with as little inconvenience as possible.

Most of us love to hoard things in our cupboards, and we have to exert a great deal of will power to do away with a lot of accumulated junk. Nobody, however, should hesitate to throw away old medicine bottles (if you've kept the stuff too long, it may be poisonous), aged powder puffs, old letters, hats, frocks, and shoes you'll never wear again, broken bits of cheap jewellery, broken china and glass, pictures and furniture put away to be mended—all these come under the head of hoarding and away they must go. After a bonfire, refine all the shelves, drawers and cupboards with clean paper. Wash all the woodwork with turpentine—it helps keep the moths away. A good tip is to collect all chandeliers, globes and glass shades from the electric lights throughout the house and make a box of washing them all in one morning. Warm soapsuds with a few drops of household ammonia will clean them best. Then polish the metal brackets dry, the glass carefully and put it back in place. When you come to do the other part of the room, you cover the electric fixtures with tissue paper. Another helpful hint is to do all the picture in the house at one swoop, cleaning the glass, brushing the backs, leaving they may be piled in the dining room ready to hang when the walls are finished.

Step-By-Step

Blankets, curtains and rugs might gradually sent to the laundry and cleaners. In this way, you will not have all the expense at once and as they come back, they may be put in drawers or put away for the summer. Mattresses should be well aired and flecked with the vacuum. Do one bed day and thoroughly clean and oil the spring. Some rainy morning get to work all the silver and brass and have a regular cleanup. If you possess a large collection of books, go through them, classifying them, give away those you do not want to keep, dust thoroughly those you do want and put back in order on clean shelves. Dust sheets will protect them when the rest of the cleaning is under way.

Preparation

Another thing to do in advance is to inspect your equipment. Be sure you have all the cleaning materials, brushes, furniture polish, turpentine, paint, cleaning-clothes, etc., that you require. Have plenty of soap, washing soda, ammonia, soap flakes and piles of clean rags. Save your newspapers for two or three weeks before you start cleaning as they are useful for covering floors and furniture. Caution: Take it easy—and be fresh when your house when the busy season is over.

Easy, Quick Recipes

The foregoing outline of work calls for something easy and quick to eat, so the following are tasty, time-saver dishes:

Scalloped Tomatoes

Remove contents from one can tomatoes and drain tomatoes from some of the liquor. Season with salt, pepper and a few drops onion juice, and if you prefer, a little sweet. Cover the bottom of baking dish with buttered cracker crumbs, cover with tomatoes and sprinkle top with buttered crumbs. Bake in hot oven till crumbs are brown.

Corn a la Southern

To one can corn, add two eggs slightly beaten, 1 teaspoon salt, 1-8 teaspoon pepper, 1 and ½ tablespoons melted butter and a pint acidded milk. Turn all into buttered pudding dish and bake in slow oven till firm.

Baked Corn With Cheese

One cup canned corn, 2 egg yolks, ½ medium green pepper, 1 tablespoon finely chopped onion, 2 tablespoons butter, 1 teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon paprika, 1 cup cooked rice, and ½ cup grated cheese. Beat the egg yolk well and add to the corn. Add one chopped green pepper and onion to the butter and cook until the onion is lightly browned. Combine with the corn mixture and add cupful of cooked rice and turn one-half of the mixture into a greased casserole. Over this sprinkle half of the grated cheese, add the rest of the corn mixture and sprinkle with the remainder of the cheese. Bake in a moderate oven (375 deg. F.) for 15 to 20 minutes.

Salmon Fritters

One large can salmon drained and chopped fine, four eggs well beaten, pinch of salt and pepper. Mix together, fry in hot fat by tablespoonfuls and serve on lettuce leaves, hot or cold.

Salmon Loaf

Two cups canned salmon, 1 cup soft breadcrumbs, 2 eggs, ¾ cup milk, 1 teaspoon salt, pepper, 1 tablespoon lemon juice and 1 tablespoon melted butter.

Remove bones and skins from fish and drain, saving liquor for sauce. Mix all ingredients together; mold in loaf and pack into well greased shallow mould. Bake 40 minutes in moderate oven. Serve with egg sauce, or plain white sauce, or creamed oyster sauce.

Other Tinned Fish

There are a number of ways of using canned fish of all kinds, and if space permitted we would give you details of them. All the shell fish lend themselves admirably to creaming and combining lobster or crab meat you know may be served in salads too. Celery is always a standby in salads of this kind, and cabbage is sometimes used. Boiled celery and peas add a slightly different, but most intriguing flavor to a la king dishes and the addition of pimento or peppers is also most desirable.

Canned asparagus provides the foundation of a substantial luncheon main course, if it is served on toast with a cheese sauce, or simply with melted butter, in fact all the tinned vegetables on the market may be utilized by the up-to-date housewife with success.

So look to canned goods as a real help in providing your family with nourishing, well balanced meals!

Clocks

Clocks can be cleaned at home by placing a piece of cotton-wool soaked with kerosene at the bottom of the clock inside, and leaving it there for a few days. The fumes of the kerosene will loosen the dirt and dust in the clock so that it will all fall down on to the cotton-wool.

Users of Electricity Gaining in Gt. Britain

London.—One London electric company added 43,000 new consumers last year and another 22,837.

Till a few years ago the British had been slow to adopt electric lights and power. Even now the British consumption is less than one-seventh that of the United States, though it has one-third the population. It is nevertheless three times what it was 10 years ago.

Electricity has now been made available almost everywhere, and the prices charged consumers have been greatly reduced. It is being adopted widely for industrial power, and is making rapid gains in the fields of advertising, heating and cooking.

In London enormous numbers of old houses are being cut up into apartments, or "flats," and thousands of new houses are being built in the suburbs. All are being wired for electricity.

Sunday School Lesson

April 23. Lesson IV.—Jesus Rebukes Self-Seeking—Mark 9: 33-43. Golden Text—Love worketh no ill to his neighbour: therefore love is the fulfilling of the law.—Romans 13: 10.

ANALYSIS.

I. THE REAL GREATNESS, Mark 9:33-37.
II. THE SECTARIAN MIND, Mark 9: 38-43.

INTRODUCTION—Quickly leaving the crowd, Jesus and his disciples made their way back to Capernaum. Since Mark 7:24 they were outside Galilee. Because of the danger from Antipas, and also because he wished for more time in private with his men, Jesus avoided recognition, v. 30. This was really the beginning of the journey to Jerusalem, although it is not mentioned until Mark 10: 32.

Once more he tried to accustom them to the idea of a suffering Messiah, v. 31. Still perplexed, they had not the courage to ask him more about it, v. 32. They were soon to reveal a deeper misunderstanding.

I. THE REAL GREATNESS, Mark 9:33-37.

The little band of men busily talking, their Master in silence going on before, finally arrived in Capernaum. Jesus suddenly asked, "What were you disputing about on the way?" Ashamed to tell, they said nothing. No wonder! It was the same old subject—who would get the most important job in the new kingdom? Mark certainly does not paint a flattering picture of these slow-witted, jealous men, v. 34.

Taking them aside Jesus taught them again that much-needed lesson. The key to life's noblest honor is humility. Ambition and pride lead to ruin. Cardinal Wolsey, in his bitterness when the king whom he had served so long had finally thrown him out, adjures Cromwell:

"Mark but my fall, and that that ruined me. Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition. By that sin fell the angels, how can man then, the image of his Maker, hope to win by it?" The man who devotes his energies to "feathering his own nest," whether in politics, church, society or business, is thereby incapacitated from entering the Christian fellowship. Service is the only valid passport.

To make his lesson plain, he took a little child in his arms—probably Peter's—and said, "Whosoever receives one of such children in my name receives me, vs. 36, 37. The Christian's own humility must be matched by his eagerness to receive into the fellowship of believers the seemingly most insignificant person imaginable. The prominent place that Jesus gave to little children, early inspired the rite of baptism, admitting them into the fellowship of the early church. "In my name" means "because he belongs to me." See v. 41. The next time they would see some ragged urchin, some poor stranger, coming to church they would say, "Here comes one of Christ's little ones," and would treat him accordingly! Who would expect to find Christ behind that dirty face? And yet—. . . . v. 37!

II. THE SECTARIAN MIND, Mark 9: 38-43.

"John then spoke up. Their ambition was really part of their devotion to their Master. He would cite an instance of their zeal, and he told about the man whom they found one day healing people. "We forbade him because he followed not us." John thought this would please Jesus.

"Do not prevent him," explained the Master. "Judge a man, not by the badge he wears, but by the quality of his work. Every life whose touch is loving and helpful is on my side." Some of Baxter's followers condemned Sir Matthew Hale as unconverted, because he did not attend their weekly prayer-meetings. "I," said Baxter, ". . . that have seen his love to all good men, and the blamelessness of his life, thought better of his piety than of my own." The spirit of Jesus is the only orthodoxy. Even the rendering of the humblest service—a cup of water to a passing missionary—because one is favorably disposed toward Christ will be rewarded. People who do such things may be "uncommitted" Christians. They may not use the name, but they are living the life, v. 41.

"Christ forbids such 'forbidding,' and thereby sanctions 'irregularities' and 'unattached' work, which have always been the bugbears of sticklers for ecclesiastical uniformity, and have not seldom been the life of Christianity That authoritative, unconditional 'forbid him not' ought long ago, to have ended the temptation to idolize 'conformity,' and to confound union to organized forms of the Christian community with union to Christ. But bigotry dies hard. The reasons appended serve to explain the position of the man in question. But the saying's special importance is as a reason for the disciples' action. Because the man's action gives guarantees for his future, they are not to silence him. That implies that they are only to forbid those who do speak evil of Christ; and that to all others, even if they have not reached the full perception of truth, they are to extend patient forbearance and guidance. "The month of them that speak lies shall be stopped"; but the mouth that begins to stammer his name is to be taught and cherished."

On the other hand, to put any obstacle in the way of one of "these little ones," the innocent, untutored children whom Jesus loved, or the uninstructed, under-privileged folk who follow such light as they have, is an atrocious crime. It were better for that man that he be "cast into the sea," v. 42. The thought of any punishment that could be worse than being thrown into the sea would make a Jew shudder. The Jew always regarded the sea, with its hideous, hungry monsters, with undisguised horror.

With the extraordinary force and vividness characteristic of the Oriental, Jesus insists that nothing, however precious, is to be permitted to interfere wit. the development of the good life, v. 43. If my hand should become my stumbling-block, I must cut it off. But what good would it do to cut off my hand that did the wrong if the spirit that prompted the act was still unchanged? This is Jesus' vivid way of saying that absolutely nothing must be permitted to oppose love.

"Hell" means Gehenna, the place outside Jerusalem where the city refuse was burned.

Earthworms are ranked as the most useful of all animals. They have made most of the fertile soil of the globe.

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3378

An intensely smart umper dress that carries a sportsy air through its buttoned wrapped closing.

And isn't the puffed sleeved guimpe smart?

Especially for youth is this lovely model designed.

It is carried out in brown rabbit's-hair woolen. The separate guimpe is gray woolen.

Dark hyacinth blue rough crepe silk with light hyacinth lue crepe is delightfully chic.

Wool crepe and wool jersey are also suitable.

Style No. 3378 is designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20 years, 36 and 38 inches bust.

Size 16 requires 2¾ yards 39-inch with 1¼ yards 39-inch for blouse.

HOW-TO ORDER PATTERNS.

Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Enclose 15c 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.

WITH THE LONE SCOUTS

A Practical Suggestion

Here is something that will be of interest to all Lone Scouts living on farms, and it will probably be of interest to any farmer whose eye may catch this column.

As you probably know, all Boy Scouts look forward to the summer time when at least it is hoped to spend a few days in a camp. Every year a large number of Boy Scout Troops from the towns and cities go out to the country or the lake shore and spend a week or two under canvas, and benefit very greatly, both in health and training, by the experience. Last year no fewer than 4500 Boy Scouts in Ontario attended Registered Scout Camps in this manner.

But 1933 does not hold out such bright hopes, as money is scarce, and it costs a great deal of money to organize such a camp. Thus it is feared that many boys will not be able to afford to attend a camp this year, owing to the high cost.

Dominion Headquarters, however, has made a suggestion which we think is very practical. Many Lone Scouts are living on farms, where living is also a difficult problem. Perhaps on the farm there is a barn, sufficiently large to house a troop of about 30 city boys. The Lone Scout or the farmer gets together with the City Troop and arrangements are made to house the boys in the barn for a couple of weeks. The city boys provide items which must be purchased, such as sugar, tea, cocoa, canned goods, jam, etc., and the farm provides garden produce, eggs, milk, fruit, poultry and perhaps meat.

The Scouts arrange to pay the farmer at the rate of say two dollars a week per boy for this produce, and for the use of the barn, and two dollars each per week from 30 boys would be a welcome addition to any farmer's exchequer these days. At the same time it would greatly reduce the expense of operating a camp, as the Troop would not have to pay for hire of tents, etc.

What do you think of that idea? If any Lone or Farmer would like to house a troop this summer under the above conditions, we would be happy to arrange to put you in touch with the Scoutmaster of an interested city troop. All you have to do is to write to "Lone E," at the address given at the end of this column.

St. George?

The Sunday-school teacher was telling her class of boys the legendary story of St. George. She concluded, and asked for the name of the dragon-slaying hero. Promptly came the answer, "Baden-Powell!"

How Mafeking Solved its Currency Problem

The recent auctioning of a Mafeking script shilling at a Toronto Scout fund campaign dinner recalls with new interest the way in which Colonel Baden Powell, the resourceful defender of Mafeking during its siege in 1900 solved the problem of the town's currency shortage. The later originator of the Boy Scouts had printed and signed by his army paymaster a voucher "good for the sum of 1s." and backed by the promise to exchange it for coin "on the resumption of the civil law." At the top of the voucher appeared the Lion and Unicorn of the British coat of arms.

The voucher sold in Toronto reads: "January, 1899. No. A 3266. Issued by the authority of Colonel R.S.S. Baden-Powell (Commanding the Rhodesian forces). This voucher is good for the sum of 1s. and will be exchanged for coin at the Mafeking Branch of the Standard Bank on the resumption of civil law. (Signed) H. Greener, Capt., Paymaster."

It will be seen by the above paragraph that the issue of "Script" money by various persons in the United States, recently, was not a new idea by any means.

Scouts Fight Smallpox With Song

Carol singing against smallpox was the unusual public service rendered by Scouts of Lahore, India. Some seven or eight hundred people had died of the disease, and Sir Geoffrey de Montmorency, Governor of the Punjab, called upon the Boy Scouts to aid in a vaccination campaign. During Christmas week and until January 1 Scout carol parties covered every section of the city singing songs against smallpox and unclaniness, and advising vaccination. As a result many thousands of men, women and children came to the vaccination posts, and substantial progress was made in the fight against the dread disease.

To be a full-fledged Boy Scout, under the Lone Scout Plan, costs only 50c per year, and if any Lone or Farmer would like to house a troop this summer under the above conditions, we would be happy to arrange to put you in touch with the Scoutmaster of an interested city troop. All you have to do is to write to "Lone E," at the address given at the end of this column.

Youth Sees World First Time at Age of 19

Madison, Wis.—Edgar Heisel last week saw the world for the first time in his 19 years of life.

Blind since birth, Heisel emerged from a hospital with his sight completely restored and for the first time, looked with amazement upon common objects. A motion picture filled him with awe and automobiles, street cars and trains attracted unparalleled attention.

A victim of congenital cataract at birth, he was told long ago that he would always be blind, but two months ago came here for an operation.

He left for Pound, Wis., his home, to see for the first time the faces of his parents, and friends whose features have been known to him only by the touch of his hands.

"Time is money."

"Yep. But it's mighty tough if time is all you've got to spend."

Fashion Tips

Big artificial flower posies are worn on evening coats.

* * *

Some of the latest caps are made entirely of feathers or flowers.

* * *

Shiny-surfaced materials are favored for evening wear, and include lacquered satin and cire lace. Lacquered linen makes smart trimming for sports suits.

* * *

Sleeves are very decorative, and have fulness below the elbow when they are long. Short sleeves are trimmed with small frills.

* * *

Skirts of day suits are slit at intervals from knee to hem, so that at first sight the slits appear to be box pleats.

* * *

A new quilted silk fabric with a waffle-iron surface is being used for town frocks and two piece.

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Wide leather belts, slightly stiffened and finished with large metal clasps are worn on some long coats, but many are fitted to the waist and belt less.

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A navy blue outfit may be enlivened with a cravat and cap of blue and white diamond-patterned taffeta. The cap has a big, flat rosette of self fabric perched on top, tilted slightly over the brow.

Living in a Fool's Paradise.

MUTT AND JEFF—By BUD FISHER