ASK NO QUESTIONS!

By BELDON DUFF

CHAPTER XXIX.—(Cont'd.)

"John," said Cropsey, glancing down at Diamond, "I want you to look at this boy and tell me who he is."

The millionaire stared at David, stared for a long time.

"Were it not that you would think me mad," he said at last in his old-time cumbersome way, "I would say he was myself—my young self, risen from the past to confront me with the mess I have made of my life."

"He tells me his name is Renny," Cropsey lowered the candle, "and that he comes from Maryland. Does that mean anything to you?"

The flush entirely receded from Diamond's cheeks, leaving them paler than before.

"Come closer!" A gesture of appeal brought the giant to his feet before the cot-side. "Sol That's better." Wistfully, "Renny—a Maryland Renny. ell me, who were your father and mother?"

David returned the millionaire's look with inter st. "Roderick and Annabelle. But they were only my foster-parents. I am a foundling."

The owner of the Daily Tree Press laid his one sound hand on the young man's shoulder and looked up at his managing editor breathlessly.

"The mystery of Bridge's House deepens, Alva," he said. "Roderick and Annabelle Renny were my own father and mother. And this lad, with his great body and dark curly hair, might well be, as Miss West says, my own son."

It was Sunday afternoon, and the living room of Bride's House was crowded: Alva Cropsey, smoking his pipe; John Diamond, his arm in a sling, occupying the big chair in the bay window; Willie Prentice and Claudia, hand in hand on the couch. Even Seth Toby and Noah Peabody had come, both a little self-conscious, in their prayer-meeting clothes.

The table was set for tea. There were sandwiches and a plate of iced cakes. Noah hoped that Miss West would come soon. The ride over from the Crossing had given him an appetite.

"All's well that ends well," observed Seth Toby, breaking what had become a painful silence.

John Diamond sighed and Alva glared. It seemed that perhaps this observation needed a bit of explaining.

"There's no danger of any further publicity," said the chief of police. "I'm glad the boy didn't see his mother."

"I'm glad too, Toby. I'd rather David never knew how badly his mother was disfigured, for why. Has Cranson made a statement yet?"

Seth Toby nodded.

"A pretty clear one when we first took him. Lucky he did because now he's gone completely off his head."

"What did he say about her?" asked Diamond.

"Seems the little doc musta lived for the past thirty years between the devil and the deep sea. He wanted revenge on you; but he was afraid if he had it they'd take Jane Runnels away from him. You'll have to remember, sir, that Cranson loved Jane Runnels from the minute he set eyes on her."

Diamond asked: "How did Cranson know I had put my wife's body back of the fireplace?"

"Heard her groaning," interposed Noah Peabody cheerfully.

"I say," demanded Cropsey, "what's the idea of going over all this. It has been decided that no crime but assault was committed and that your years of anxiety have been sufficient punishment for that."

For the first time in days the millionaire smiled, and it pressaged a more peaceful outlook for the future. "Alva," he said gently, "I must hear Derick Cranson's story to the end."

CHAPTER XXX.

Again the good-hearted chief squirmed. This was a job he had not bargained for.

"There ain't so much more to tell. Jane's beauty, as I said before, was spoiled. The bottle, when it broke, gouged out one eyes, smashed in her nose, and split her cheek. On top of all that, in Cranson's shack she developed blood poisoning, which finished the job.

"When the baby came, Cranson persuaded a friend of his from the circus to take it down to Maryland and leave it on your own doorstep. The address was on a letter in Jane's pocket.

"Well, Doc was obsessed with the idea of having Jane all to himself at last."

"Did he say anything about that inscription over there?"

"Why, sir," the chief of police said, "Cranson done that himself. It was the beginning of his crack-brained scheme to punish you."

Seth Toby said: "I'm convinced Cranson will never say a rational word again. If there's any more to his story, you'll have to fill it in for us yourself."

"It's easy enough to do that," Diamond said. "Years of grueling anxiety for both of us. And then I came back to Hales Crossing, just as Derick knew I would."

Claudia Prentice stepped forward: "The fact that I was kept so long, safe and unharmed, seems to prove Cranson had no intention of killing. It was only when Otto discovered the tunnel in the red barn that he found himself driven to murder as a means of protecting his secret."

"I don't think Otto found the tunnel," objected Cropsey. "But it looks like a certainty that Otto saw Cranson dig up the coffin in which Jane Runnels was supposed to be buried; and Cranson knew he saw him."

"The boy's gone," said Noah, "and Doc's in a lunatic asylum. Poor little head he wouldn't have harmed a fly."

"What's eating me," said Toby, "is why Cranson should have dug up that coffin in the first place. I thought his idee was to keep everyone from knowing that Jane wasn't buried in it."

"I think I can explain," Diamond volunteered. "Derick Cranson had the stage all set. Through Miss West, I was to be lured to this house where, as he himself said, he wished to see his revenge completed. What that revenge was to be we can all imagine. But at the last moment his mad brain suggested a macabre touch—the coffin in which my wife had not been buried. The coffin was his undoing, for it led to the murder first of Otto and then the deputy." With a shudder, "I all but caught him at his bloody work. It was my car that was on the Wood Road the night the deputy was shot.

"Last Sunday I had talked with Miss West—urged her to leave. Her determination to stay threw me into a panic. All evening the thought of that girl, exposed to a danger which I had no way of explaining, drove me almost mad. As midnight approached I ordered the car and drove over to bring her back with me, by force, if necessary."

"Will you kindly explain why you didn't go in and lend a hand?" Seth Toby asked.

"I can never explain that even to myself," Diamond said. "Darling started the car and the first thing I remember with any clearness is that we were back on the main road. It was the most cowardly act of my cowardly life."

"I always said," stated Seth Toby, that I'd know you wherever I saw you. But it was Noah who first suspicioned you was the Southerner who came and took Jane Runnels away so long ago."

Willie Prentice drew Claudia from the couch to a seat into the bay window. "Here they are at last," Willie suddenly announced.

Walking up the path from the white barn, where a new box stall had just been completed for Dreadnaut, came Nassa West and young David Renny.

The giant had discarded his khaki overalls for sole-leather boots and white whipcord breeches. A favorite colored coat fitted smoothly over his broad shoulders. The red-headed girl was also in riding clothes. She had tucked one hand through her companion's arm and was looking up at him with smiling, adoring eyes.

At the front stoop Annassa paused.

"You've met your inheritance face to face at last, dear; and it isn't so dark after all, now is it?"

Gently the giant put h's hands under the girl's elbows and lifted her to the top step, where her face was on a level with his own. Then he kissed her.

"This is all that counts in my life from now on," he said gravely. "As for my inheritance, the old haggard look returned for a moment to his eyes, "I'm not so sure they've told me everything. Sometimes I ask myself—"

Annassa put her finger to his lips. "Remember the motto of your house and don't ask too many question. What's the use of going back over a past you never knew?"

"Maybe you're right," was David's answer; and the cloud lifted from his face.

"Always right," came the gay retort. "I'm a woman."

He kissed her again.

"There now," chirped Noah, who could have given a controlling interest in the Ark just then to be able to hear as well as see what was going on outside, "it looks as though everything was settled in that quarter. Let's get on with our tea."

(The End.)

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"SALADA" TEA

"Fresh from the Gardens"

The Englishman Abhors Pedantry

Too have seen the English gardens, the glorious parks where trees and flowers flourish as if they knew that they were beloved. Many an English road bends merely to avoid disturbing an oak or an elm. And this is not merely due to the decrees of some lord of the manor. You will seldom see in England gardens laid out in the Italian manner with their horizontal alignment, which is nothing more than the prolongation of the architectural plan set out by the house. The English look down on this style. "Artificial" they call it disdainfully. Its unbending lines displease them. I suppose that is why the word "crescent" in an address has a slightly aristocratic tone, possibly because it suggests a curve.

One day when I was having tea with an old squire in his garden under the shade of the immemorial trees, he told me what a painful impression he had had of the avenues of Versailles, where the trees are clipped to a line. He went so far as to say that this alignment, this repeated tampering with the intentions of Nature, was a marked characteristic of the French mind. "This is not how we understand Nature." He smiled, and then added, "I have often wondered how you could bear to live in the Boulevard de la Reine?" and while he was speaking he waved his stick and quite unconsciously it seemed to be pointing in the direction of his perfect lawn, immaculately shorn and cut every other day and rolled night and morning, and from which every dotsy, plantain, and dandelion was rigorously extirpated, and where no blade of grass would dare lift its head above the others. "Six to one," etc.

The Englishman has such a horror of pedantry in all its guises and such a great admiration for character that he has come not actually to despise intelligence but to disdain it somewhat, so that now the word "clever" bears something of a derogatory connotation. For my part I think that England has done and is still doing a great service to humanity in proving almost daily that intelligence is not the greatest and the most important attribute of man, and that so long as he forms a part of the community his moral qualities are of even greater value. There is no country where it needs less courage to maintain a ridiculous point of view, and on the other hand, where it is less necessary to show intellectual originality to cut a good figure in the world. It will be considered sufficient for a man to have an ample fund of anecdotes and mildly amusing stories, and no blame attaches to him if he prepares his most spontaneous impromptus beforehand.—Felix de Grand 'Combe, in "England This Way" (London: Ivor Nicholson & Watson Ltd.)

Pierre Curie Pushing Search for Element 61

Paris.—The search for the chemical element No. 61, missing from the atomic chart but identified in 1926 and christened illinium by Dr. B. Smith Hopkins, of the University of Illinois, is being pursued by Pierre Curie, grand-nephew of Mme. Curie.

He and S. Takvorian, an American student, are examining four tons of rare earth in an effort to isolate the element. They have reported to the Academy of Sciences that they have ascertained the existence of the element, but were unable to extract any. They obtained only proof of its radio activity.

Their experiments consisted of an analysis of a mixture containing elements sixty and sixty-two, in the course of which they got a radio activity ten times greater than either of those.

Straw, regarded as a waste product of agriculture, costs the world some £500,000,000 a year.

Hollywood Flashes

Mary Pickford, who first greeted Toronto on April 8, 1893, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John C. Smith, at 211 University Ave., received greeting from her many friends around the globe.

This year seems to have been more than usually disastrous so far as Cupid is concerned—he has practically been kicked out of the film colony. The latest break-up is Janet Gaynor and Lydell Peck, whom she declared, criticized her work in hard terms.

Lew Ayres, hero of "All Quiet On the Western Front," has definitely parted with his wife, Lola Lane.

Many rumors are floating about regarding the retirement of popular stars. According to one news source four headliners have definitely announced they will desert Hollywood within the next twelve months.

No. 1. Ruth Chatterton gives as her reason—her real love has always been the stage. It is understood she intends to rebuild her career as a stage actress and will appear in a London play. No. 2 is Constance Bennett, who declares she will settle down on the acres with her husband, the Marquis de la Falaise de la Coudraye, and raise a family.

No. 3, Ronald Colman, may not retire permanently, but desires a "breathing spell" of about two years' duration.

No. 4, Clive Brook, who is under contract to make one British picture, when his present Hollywood agreement expires, will afterwards devote his whole time to writing. He formerly wrote short stories.

Farmhand Finds Fortune In Swedish Fields

One of the finest collections of antiquities ever dug up from Scandinavian soil was revealed when Emil Joensson, a farmhand in Skanse, the most southern province of Sweden, uncovered this fortune while plowing.

Joensson at first noticed some blue-white pieces of porcelain in his furrow, stopped his horses to investigate and discovered a number of silver coins. Right then his fortune was made. An archaeologist was sent for, and the "lucky strike" examined. There were no less than 378 Swedish, Danish and German coins dated some 300 years back, beautiful ornaments of hand-wrought, gilt silver and a set of beautifully worked and decorated buckles, spangles and mountings of a belt. Archaeologists are of the opinion the ornaments belong to the very best specimens of late Gothic silver work now existing in Sweden.

It is thought a wealthy nobleman or merchant probably hid his most valuable belongings in the ground during times of warfare and peril about 300 years ago, and was prevented from recovering them, probably by death.

The find, in accordance with the Swedish law, was offered to the State for redemption and the State Historical Museum purchased it from the lucky farm hand, who profitted by a fortune lost centuries ago.

Fingerprint Test For Art

Munich.—Fingerprints for identifying old masters without having to call in art experts, with their conflicting tenets, is what Alexander Eibert, Ph.D., of the Munich Institute of Technology, is developing into a systematic testing method.

Starting with some thoroughly authenticated old painting, says a Durer, Dr. Eibert makes a searching microscopic and micro-photographic study of the fingerprints. After comparing these with other genuine works by the same hand, the Durer finge.print, once established, can be invoked as a conclusive test of doubtful or in any way questioned "Durers" in quite the same way as fingerprints are used by the police.

This new art dactyloscopy, applicable of course only to painters who helped out their brush work with their fingers, especially thumbs, is being developed at the Institute for the Technique of Painting, of which Dr. Eibert is director.

There are now nearly 6,000 fully qualified women doctors in the United Kingdom.

Vitamin C May Be Obtained From Paprika, Chemist Finds

Budapest.—General scientific interest has been aroused by the claim of a prominent Hungarian chemist, Dr. Albert Szentgyoergyi, professor at Szegedin University, to have discovered after ten years research a method of producing vitamin C artificially.

Professor Szentgyoergyi says he has established that the vitamin is abundantly present in the Hungarian paprika, or sweet pepper, which he holds contains at least four times as much vitamin C as an orange or a lemon. In his experiments he has used 10,000 paprikas and claims that he has now extracted the vitamin which can be administered in the form of powder or pills even to babies.

At the present rate of progress there will be as many deaths as births in England and Wales in 19

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ISSUE No. 16—33

Woman's World

By MAIR M. MORGAN

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

Breast of Lamb is Inexpensive But Good.

If you are in the habit of using only lamb chops and leg of lamb you are missing some economical and delicious meals featuring such inexpensive cuts as the breast and shoulder of lamb.

Breast of Lamb.

Two and one-half pounds breast of lamb, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 small onion, 1 medium sized parsnip, 1¼ cups cooked peas, 2 cups milk, 2 tablespoons butter, 2 tablespoons flour.

Separate lamb into pieces for serving and put into a casserole with boiling water to cover. Season with salt and onion, peeled but not cut. Cover and cook in a moderate oven for 45 minutes. Add parsnips which have been scraped and cooked 45 minutes longer. Drain from broth and arrange on a hot platter, putting meat in the centre and making a border of parsnips. Melt butter in sauce pan, stir in flour and when bubbling slowly add milk, stirring constantly. Bring to the boiling point and add peas. Pour over lamb and parsnips and serve.

Roast Shoulder of Lamb

One shoulder of lamb, 1 quart canned tomatoes, 1 pound fresh young onions, 1 sweet green pepper, 1 cup hot water, 2 bouillion cubes, 2 cups elbow macaroni, ½ cup grated cheese, salt, paprika.

Put meat on rack of roaster and roast in hot oven for 20 minutes, then reduce heat and pour over tomatoes which have been rubbed through a sieve and combined with onions cut in slices, pepper seeded and shredded and bouillion cubes dissolved in hot water. Season with 2 teaspoons salt and ½ teaspoon pepper and baste the lamb frequently with this sauce while roasting two hours. In the meantime cook macaroni in boiling salted water until tender. Drain. Place meat on a hot platter and pour over tomato sauce, surround with cooked macaroni sprinkled with grated cheese. Put under broiler flame long enough to melt cheese. Add a dash of paprika over macaroni for color and zest.

Beefsteak Universal Favorite.

Beefsteak is the one food that is known the world-round. Say the English word and waiters in China. Japan, Germany, France and even Russia will know what you mean and bring you your idea of it.

Filet mignon is the de luxe edition of this universal dish. When you serve it home take time out to make it good fit for a king!

One glamorous way of fixing mignons is to serve it on sauted circles of pineapple, garnished with dices of cored green peppers.

Have your butcher cut your filet mignon from one and a half inches to two inches thick. If you can't go do this as on it, it is better to serve something else. Steak should be thick! Steaks cut in slices, and when cut thick, one is enough for a serving.

To prepare the setting for your steak, put one tablespoon of butter in a saucepan and slowly saute one large cored green pepper, or two small ones. Remove pepper dices, when they are sauted, to a brown paper and place in your warming oven, which should be kept hot. Then put another tablespoon of butter into the saucepan, and carefully saute your slices of pineapple until the juice drained off. Brown nicely on both sides. While this is being done, of course, your steak should be broiling.

The secret of broiling steak just right is to have your oven piping hot when you put the steak in. Light the oven at least 15 minutes before you want to cook your steak. This will help to sear your steak quickly, which keeps the juices in and makes it tender. Slow heat spoils the best steak.

When all is ready have your platter piping hot, place the pineapple dices carefully and top each with a dice of steak. It is necessary to use a dash of cayenne pepper over the steak to add zest to the combination of the steak makes with the pineapple. Place the diced pepper around the pineapple, as a garnish.

Wardrobe Secrets.

A friend of mine, who is very much in demand at all types of parties, has always amazed me by the well-turned outlook she always has. Yet she is one of the busiest people I know. I questioned her the other day, and her tips of how to keep a small wardrobe fresh and ready for any demand are really worthwhile passing on:

Joan says she takes off business clothes, as well as shoes, on reaching home, puts shoes on trees, and hangs up clothes, leaving them to be well-brushed in the morning. On my querying this, she remarked that any mud-spots removed when dry do not stain the material.

Once a week she spends a little time over her day-wear, sponging, pressing, and where necessary cleaning with a flannel rag and benzine. Every garment has a hanger, even blouses. Her jumpers, however, are kept in a drawer with a roll of tissue paper twisted inside the top.

A stocking box with compartments is for separating best, second best and very-much-mended stockings. In each compartment also is the silk or skein of mending material to match.

Gloves are kept in linen sachets which she makes and tissue paper goes between best pairs. A scent sachet is sewn in the packet, delicately perfuming the gloves. She has invested in glove trees, as with washing gloves this expenditure is well repaid in time. Instead of sending gloves to the cleaners she now buys washing kinds and does them at home.

For her delicate dresses Joan has a big cretonne sheet, and this is wrapped around the hangers which hold those most likely to be soiled if touched by darker clothes.

A scent sachet is attached to each hanger, and this again gives just that faint suggestion of perfume which I noticed clinging about Joan's clothes.

Joan also has a box where nametapes, cotton, elastic, different kinds of buttons, a strong needle and thread for sewing are kept.

No wonder she always looks neat.

Kitchen Kinks.

A lump of sugar added to cold tea used for cleaning black walnut or oak furniture will impart a rich and lasting gloss to the wood.

When frying fish, use clarified drippings or salad oil. Lard smells, and butter fries a bad color.

For refreshing bath: Make a bag of cheese cloth or butter muslin. Put into it a handful of wheat bran, a shred of soap, and an ounce of powdered or bruised orris root. Use this bag as you would a sponge. It cleanses, soothes and perfumes.

Instead of scrubbing hearth tiles, rub them with floor or furniture polish. They will look much cleaner and take on a splendid polish.

Save tobacco ash and use for cleaning silver or silver plate. Apply with a damp cloth, and finish with a soft, dry one.

White turnip, well grated and mixed with a little mustard and vinegar, is an excellent substitute for horseradish.

The best and quickest way to clean badly stained medicine bottles is to put in a teaspoonful of vinegar then a few grains of rice, and shake well. When rinsed, the bottle will be quite clean.

Vacant-Eyed Youth (effusively): Don't you think to be absent-minded is a terrible affliction?
Miss Caustique (crushingly): Yes, especially when it's chronic.

Many sudden changes in London weather in recent months have broken thousands of watch mainsprings, making business good for repairers.

Good Form On the Court

Miss Batt, one of the entrants in the recent Hampstead, England, tennis tournament, believes in being up-and-at-'em as exemplified in the above photo.

Sunday School Lesson

April 30. Lesson V. Jesus Sets New Standard of Living—Mark 10: 13-27. Golden Text—As ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise.—Luke 6. 31.

ANALYSIS.

I. THE HEART OF A CHILD, Mark 10: 13-16.

II. THE GREAT CHOICE, Mark 10: 17-22.

III. THE WEALTHY CHRISTIAN, Mark 10: 23-27.

Introduction—Following the teaching of last day's lesson, Jesus emphasized the strenuous demands of his religion, Mark 9: 44-50. The revolutionary character of his teaching is brought out in his argument with the Pharisees, Mark 10, 1-12. The ideal marriage is a permanent bond. Jesus places the two sexes on an equal footing, a hitherto unheard-of thing in the East.

I. THE HEART OF A CHILD, Mark 10: 13-16.

He then goes on to set up new standards for admission into the Christian fellowship. The blessing of the children shows the young man of thirty cuddling little babies "in the crook of his arm" (the literal meaning of "in his arms"). It is a gracious picture. Mothers have him "touch" them—or have them touch him. Italian peasants today bring their children to receive the blessing of a Cardinal, or to touch the relic of some saint.

The disciples said, "These youngsters are a nuisance, take them away!" These old-minded young men would not think much of "Young Worshipers' Leagues." "No," said Jesus. "Let them come. It is to such as these that my kingdom belongs."

It is the outlook of the child that is needed in religion. To a child the unseen realities are very real. Wordsworth, in his *Intimations of Immortality*, writes:

. . . Trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home;
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!

But as we grow older, it grows more dim until:

At length the Man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day.

To a child there are no social distinctions. "I wish you would find another little boy to play with," said a mother to her boy. He replied, perplexed, "But, mother, he is a nice boy. He's much nicer than . . . (naming the suggested alternatives). He wouldn't do the things they do." He could not understand his mother's point of view. He knew only that his friend was a nice, good boy. To him, that was enough. Would Jesus agree with him?

The child deals with realities all the time—grown-ups, occasionally. The child "receives" the kingdom. He does not try to buy it, because it never occurs to him that he has "won his own way" to success.

II. THE GREAT CHOICE, Mark 10: 17-22

The new standard is now discussed in its relation to money. The young man wanted to know how he could get the best kind of life. "Jesus, looking upon him, loved him," that is, was very much taken with him. He hails the inquirer's enthusiasm by telling him that no one is good but God. Jesus refuses to take credit to himself independently of his Father. A Christian saint might say, "Not I, but Christ; so Jesus says, "Not I, but my Father."

The young man had been accustomed to observe the law, but now, dissatisfied, he feels that there must be something higher. Jesus, putting his finger on his weakness, said, "Sell all you have. . . ." The young man lost the kingdom because he was not willing to lose his property for it. Jesus wanted him, but he wanted him poor. We can sympathize with the disciples who could not understand this! This passage does not mean that every wealthy man must give away his wealth when he becomes a Christian. It may be a much more difficult and Christian thing to administer property wisely than simply to dispose of it. In this man's case, the love of money seems to have had such a hold on him that to get rid of it was the only remedy. Jesus had no place among his followers for a man who puts property rights ahead of his religion. The young man made his great choice, and went away sorrowing.

III. THE WEALTHY CHRISTIAN, Mark 10: 23-27.

Jesus says that it is almost impossible for a rich man to become part of the brotherhood. He had a haunting dread of the deadening power of money in a man's spiritual life. The making of it does not tend to cultivate the qualities that make for brotherhood. Once made, it erects a barrier. It requires a mighty demonstration of good will to overcome the undue deference, the diffidence, or the suspicion with which the world so often looks upon a rich man, v. 23. This teaching was quite "beyond" the disciples, v. 24. The more money the worshipper had when he went to Jerusalem to worship, the more splendid his part in it would be. But, Jesus went on, not only will it be difficult for a man who puts his money first, it will be impossible for him to enter the brotherhood. Verse 25, quoting a current proverbial phrase, is to be taken literally. It does not mean "difficult"; it means "impossible." Christ must have the throne in our hearts. Not even money, masterful as it is, may usurp that position.

If the rich cannot get in, what about the rest of us? To accomplish it, says Jesus, will be nothing short of a miracle—a miracle of grace, v. 27. "So opposed to current ideas was such a thought, that the disciples, accustomed to think that wealth meant happiness, were amazed. If the same doctrine were proclaimed in any great commercial centre today, it would excite no less astonishment. At least, many Christians and others live as if the opposite were true. Wealth possessed, and not trusted in, "on top of" aright, may become a help towards eternal life; but wealth as commonly regarded may be a curse."

Refrigeration Achievement May Help Solve Scientific Problems

Berkeley, Calif.—Officials of the University of California announced last week that the coldest man-made temperature yet attained, 459.1 degrees below zero Fahrenheit, had been reached by experimenters at the university.

This achivement of W. F. Gianque, assisted by C. F. Nelson, mechanician, was accomplished by use of a magnetic cycle process which Prof. Giauque developed. The mark reached is within .25 degree Centigrade of the absolute absence of heat. Experimenters generally have held attainment of practical zero is essential to solution of numerous scientific problems.

Among theories advanced is that the practical absence of heat is necessary as a preliminary to creation of a perfect vacuum, that new low temperatures can be applied to manufacture of a super-steel and that this research will contribute to the study of the structure of the atom.

The substance used by Professor Giaque was gadolinium sulfate octahydrate, a compound of gadolinium, a metallic element discovered in 1880.

By ammonia refrigeration and other customary cooling processes Prof. Giauque reached a temperature of about 306.4 degrees below zero Fahrenheit, at which point the magnetic cycle begins. The heat generated by magnetizing and demagnetizing is drawn out of the substance by liquid helium which surrounds it. The substance then is isolated from the helium by a high vacuum. The magnetic field is decreased and this action further cools the substance.

Home of Future Designed By Doctor

Novel Parisian Edifice Built of Glass, Steel, and Rubber

Paris.—Behind the walls of an old-fashioned mansion in the heart of Paris has been built the "Home of Tomorrow"—a remarkable edifice of glass, steel and rubber with permanent sunshine within. At least, this is the town house of Dr. Jean Dalsace, a wealthy French sportsman, art collector and noted doctor, and was designed as an experiment by M. Pierre Chareau, a leading architect.

Passing through the very normal courtyard portals at No. 31 Rue St. Guillaume, Faubourg St. Germain, the unsuspecting visitor comes upon this surprising house. To build this house the architect tore down the three lower storeys of an old mansion, but left the fourth storey to rest upon the top of this super-modern home and serve as servants' quarters.

The outer alls are composed of thick glass tiles set in steel frames, giving a not-like effect. These are not transparent but they admit plenty of light.

TEMPERATURE CONTROLLED.

Within this "Home of the Year 2000" are vents which shoot currents of warm air through the floors, the temperature thus obtained being tempered by ventilators in the walls. Nevertheless the temperature permits of the free growth of cactuses, orchids and other tropical plants.

The floors are composed of rubber tiles which muffle footsteps, yet are specially made to permit dancing. Levels change gradually so that usual staircases are eliminated.

There are no interior walls, properly speaking, but mere partitions of steel netting or painted metal.

The lighting system is, however, the triumph of the architect. This is provided by six huge reflectors outside the building. When the lights are switched on these reflectors throw a strong glare through the tiles of the walls, giving a perfect illusion of sunshine.

Man Leaves Position To His Wife by Will

A woman is to take her husband's place as chairman of directors of a company of brassfounders.

This is the remarkable condition laid down in the will of Frederick Machen Watson of Rotherham, Yorkshire, Eng., a civil engineer, who left estate of the gross value of £69,264, with net personality £59,017.

Mr. Watson was chairman and managing director of a Rotherham firm of brassfounders, and in his will he stated that he desired his wife to be in the same position as he (at the time of his death) and that she should, after his death, be appointed chairman of directors of the said company, and that the company should pay to her the same salary as he was receiving from it at the time of his death.

Mrs. Watson, for about five years during which time she was prisoner of Germany, took an active part in the management of the business.

Clean Crime Sheet For Chinese Isle

Shanghai.—The International Settlement at Kulangsu on the island of Amoy, off the coast of Fukien Province, has established a notable record for peace and order during the past year.

The chairman of the Municipal Council, in his annual report, declares: "There has been a total absence of armed robberies, abductions, murders or other serious forms of crime . . . no industrial disputes have occurred to disturb the peace and good order of the Settlement."

The population of Kulangsu exceeds 32,000, of whom the vast majority are Chinese.

"I fear we are losing our ideals in the mad rush for wealth."
"Oh, I don't know. The mad rush for the ball park will begin again before long."

Wood Stoves Return

Fort Worth, Tex.—Wood and coal stoves are returning to popularity here. During the past year the number of wood-yards increased from 43 to 97, and coal companies report heavy increases in business. Woodyard owners believe the depression is forcing more families to seek cheaper fuel.

Banknote History Fills 110 Specimen Volumes

London.—A banknote history of the world has been collected by a London doner. For fifty years Fred Catling has scoured the globe in pursuit of his hobby and today has 110 leather-bound volumes containing more than 40,000 notes.

One, which he claims is the oldest, is of the Mongol period of Kublai Khan. It was printed on mulberry silk paper 700 years ago.

One of his German mark notes has on it the denomination of 5,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000.

"If that note had been issued before the war," Catling says, "there would have been enough money in it to pay off the English national debt. As it was, it was worth about $25."

Rock Lies Buried 610,000,000 Years

Rock in the Phoenix reef, Rhodesia, was calculated to be 610,000,000 years old by Mr. A. MacGregor, government geologist of Southern Rhodesia, who was giving evidence recently in the High Court during a mining law suit. He said he was able to fix the relative age of the rock by means of a dye which cut through it.

MUTT AND JEFF— By BUD FISHER

You Gotta Believe What You See and Hear.