MANHATTAN NIGHT

by William Alexander Wolff

SYNOPSIS.

"It's not as if you and Tack cared—I wouldn't tell you them, but—Martha—don't you know I love you?" Martha Thayer interrupted Peter Wayne with, "Yes, I knew it before you did, but I was in love with somebody else." Peter, some one else was? Tack Thayer, her husband, with whom Peter had gone to Yale, but Evan Ross, Peter recalled this scene vividly as he waited outside the Thayers' penthouse apartment while Inspector Connolly and Asst. District Attorney Marvin questioned Martha about Tack's murder. He had met Martha at Emma's night club, with Tack, and was in love with her before he realized it. The scene, he faced the fact he declared his love, he would not take Martha's attitude as final.

CHAPTER X.

"Ye-es?" Martha answered—and, for once, Peter was pretty sure, it was she who had waked her up, although she denied it, just as she always did. "How do I feel? Terrible!" You sound annoyingly cheerful."

"I am," he said. "I don't believe Kodi's good at breakfasts. How's you like me to send Manuel up to beach him something about the art of making an omelet?"

"Stop it!" said Martha. She laughed. But there was a puzzled note in her voice.

"All right. But my mind seems to dwell on food. Going to have lunch with me?"

She waited a long time before she answered.

"If you like," she said, then. "Peter—do you know what you'd do, if you had any sense? Cross me off your list—right now. Go away—and stay away till—"

"Don't be silly," he said, cheerfully. "Rome's 'On—It's a decent sort of day. Suppose I pick you up and we go somewhere in the country?"

"Oh, I'd love to!" she said. "That—that's different, somehow. I couldn't wear a speakeasy today."

So a little after noon he turned up, in his long, gray car, that, in city traffic, could always be identified blocks away because it couldn't be driven in high until it got across the bridge, as a rule, and Martha came down, in a tailored coat, and he made a great ceremony of wrapping her up. She nestled down beside him, and they didn't talk at all as he drove out through the endless, drab outskirts of Queen and came to open country at last, with last week's snow still white in the fields and in the shady ditches along the road.

He was headed for a place they both knew, though they'd never been there together, thirty miles out, and he was extremely firm when she wanted to stop at a dog wagon.

"Peter—I'm starving!" she said.

"You don't know what the word means yet," he assured her. "Wait till you've had ten miles more of this air. Talk about a cocktail!"

"If you do I'll scream!" she said.

"Steak?" he suggested, later. "And mashed brown potatoes? and whatever they've got in the way of vegetables?"

"Except spinach!"

"Of course. I temper firmness with mercy. Glad you came?"

She looked at him.

"Very glad, Peter," she said. "You you're sweet. I thought when I woke up this morning that I never wanted to see you again."

"That," said Peter, "is so absurd that it doesn't deserve to be answered. Only—you had about as much chance of never seeing me again as I have of not getting pinched if I let that car do its stuff on the way home."

"I suppose so," said Martha. "Only—I am such a selfish beast!" And she looked at him, very straight, with her clear eyes.

"Why?" he said. "Look here. Let's both be sensible. I'm in love with you. And you—well, you say you're in love because I want you myself. And—well—because I think it's not so good, anyway, leaving me out of it. But I can't see why you should call yourself names."

"Because I've just made use of you," she said. "I started in the first time I ever saw you—I've been doing it ever since—if you're fool enough to let me I'll probably keep on doing it."

"All right," he said, evenly. "You can't say fairer than that. Cards on the table. If I keep on it's my look-out, it seems to me; if I get hurt it's my own fault."

"Oh, that's so easy to say!" said Martha. "It sounds like sense—but it isn't. You don't know—and I do. I don't want you to be hurt, Peter. I'm much too fond of you."

"That's something to go on with, you know," he said. "It—it's rather a lot, Martha."

She shook her head.

"No," she said. "It isn't. Not really. You don't know. You think you do, but you don't."

"That's to be seen," said Peter. "Me—I'm taking a chance. I've got sense enough to know it's a big chance. The odds are against me. Ross—"

"He comes first," said Martha. "It—it's a relief to say that, somehow. Tack knows it, of course, and he hates it, but I've never actually told him."

"Right," said Peter. "Well, then—why don't you divorce Tack and marry him? I mean, that seems to be the obvious thing. It's being done all the time. I should think—"

"I can't," she said. "For lots of reasons. For one thing, Evan hasn't any money, and I haven't enough to go very far. I cost a lot, Peter. And then—it would be a rotten trick to play on Tack. Divorcing him, I mean. His mother'd never stand for it. He's put it up to her. I wouldn't matter that it wasn't his fault. She'd make him suffer for it, just the same."

"I see, said Peter, scowling. "That seems to settle that, then. Incidentally—it lets me out, too, of course, as long as old lady Thayer hangs on. Well, then—there's another thing. You're not happy, Martha."

"Happy!" she said. "Happy! No, I don't think you could call me happy."

"Why not?" He asked the question bluntly. "After all—"

She looked at him, puzzled.

"My dear Peter!" she said. "It's not a situation that makes for happiness, is it. I'm in love with a man I can't marry. And—" She shrugged her shoulders."

"And—there's a little more, too," said Peter. "You're in a jam—a bad jam. You're in love with this chap. You can't marry him. But that's not all. There's more to it than that. It's the job with that business about the man at Emma's—I don't know how, and I'm not asking you, unless you want to tell me."

"I can't," said Martha. "That's one of the things that would drag other people in, Peter dear."

"Right. That's up to you. Well, anyway, here it is. I'm in love with you. As far as I can tell, I'm going to keep on being in love with you for quite a while. We're in the same boat—I can't have you, and you can't have Ross. There's a chance that things'll break. I'm not so sure you could marry Ross if Tack were out of the way—I think that's part of your jam. And I think you like me pretty well—"

"I do, Peter. I'm not in love with you, but I like you better than anyone I know."

"Good. I'll take a chance on that—that if this thing with Ross finally goes sour I'll have a look-in. And I have a hunch I can be useful, maybe. I don't know how—or when. But I'm going to be on deck if I'm needed. That's about all."

"You—you're rather surprising, Peter," said Martha. "I hadn't thought of you as being a discerning person, particularly."

"I'm not, not as a rule. You're a special case, you see."

"Am I? I don't deserve to be. I don't want to whine, Peter, but I've had a bad time. There's only been one person I could talk to at all."

"Zahn?" said Peter, quietly.

"Zahn?" she repeated, blankly. "How did you know?"

"That's simple, my dear," said Peter. "How many times have you chased me, after lunch, and turned down his block?"

"I see," said Martha, thoughtfully. "Yes, I've been going to him. I think I'd have gone mad if it hadn't been for him. I've been going to him for ages. She stopped, sat still, thinking. "I started before I even met Evan Ross," she said. "When things were beginning to get so impossible with Tack and me. I was terribly young, and bewildered, and stupid then, Peter. I lost my temper, and kicked and screamed, and just made things worse.

"Dr. Zahn calmed me. He still does. He's uterly impersonal, you see. I go there, and lie down, and I don't even see him—there's just his voice, behind me, asking me questions, occasionally. I think it must be rather like going to confession, for a Catholic. You say anything that comes into your head, and he—well, he sort of helps you to make sense of the things that don't fit. He makes you see that there's a sort of pattern in life, after all, no matter how mad and unfair and confused it seems."

"I can see how that might work out," said Peted. But he was frowning, to himself. An old, atavistic strea of Puritanism, which is more closely related to medieval mysticism than most people of Puritan descent would ever readily admit, even in the face of the flowering of transcendentalism in the stony soil of New England in the middle of the nineteenth century, came out strongly, from time to time, in Peter. He accepted, as a scientist, the value of the psychoanalytic technique in psychiatric medicine, but there remained in him an innate distrust of what he regarded as mental short cuts of every sort. He was, as has been said before, and he remained, a very simple and direct and rather hard-minded sort of person.

"Wel.," he said, "we've got somewhere. By the way—why haven't you been able to talk more to Ross?"

She started again.

"You're rather disturbing, Peter," she said slowly. "I didn't expect that you'd start putting your finger on things that way."

She reached eved and turned his hand, so that she could see the watch on his wrist.

"I'll have to be getting back, Peter," she said. "I'm glad you made me come, I really am. I feel better than I have for weeks."

"So do I," said Peter, cheerfully.

Nonchalance?

William Gray of Hillsburgh, Ont., doesn't mind the odd bee and to show how completely he knows his bees he lets them flock over his "beard".

"It's a silly mess, all around, but it's something to know what one's up against. All right—let's go."

(To be continued.)

The Longest Day

There is a sadness in the longest day.
We feel somehow the year has seen
his best;
He seems to look around, then make
his way
With shortening breath, down to his
snow-wrapt rest.

But 'tis not so. His best is yet to be
When his child, Autumn, shall with
gifts abound,
And when at happy Yuletide we shall
see
His snow-white head with wreaths
of holly crowned.

Then tell me not that life's best part
is gone,
Because the high noon of the day is
here.
There is a beauty in the twilight deep
dawn.

One has not felt at any hour since
And what is there for tired man to
fear
When night comes in with stars and
dreams and sleep?

—Alexander Louis Fraser.

◆

Huge Egg Laid

Huntington, Ind.—An egg measuring 9½ inches by 8 inches was laid by a hen here. It contained two yolks.

◆

"This depression could have been 90 per cent. avoided by the same methods which are now being so successfully used to cure it—controlling the price level."

Recently Wed

Princess Alexis Mdivani shown with her husband, the prince. The princess is the former Miss Barbara Hutton, heiress to the Woolworth millions. The photo shows the couple when they journeyed out to the polo field.

SURPRISE OF THE SHOW

By Herbert Shaw

Warner Carey and his wife, in a stage box at the Cliffsea Hipprdrome, were enjoying the show. The touring company were giving a bright performance of a very successful London revue. There was a lot of dancing, and there were at least two hundred pretty legs. There were some quite good jokes.

The prettiest legs belonged to one of the chief dancers. She had red hair and an entrancing smile and a pleasant and effective voice. Warner applauded her in his hearty way. His wife said she was very good—and such a good dancer. She added:—

"I shouldn't applaud her so much, though. Whenever she's this on the stage, she keeps on smiling at you, Warner."

"Nonsense!" laughed Warner. "You are imaginative, that, my dear."

But he was curiously puzzled. He continued to study the little dancer. He looked at her name on the program—Vera Wayne. His mind went groping. It was as if there were some part of a dream relation between him self and her. He strained hard to find the secret of it. Suddenly he knew, and was shocked. He looked round as though the door of the box had opened and let in a draught.

"Feel cold?" his wife asked.

"I've got cramped. I'll go for a walk round."

Warner stood at the back of the house, and the stage, now distant, seemed to be less menacing. But because he had recognized Vera Wayne at last—it was incredible, he thought, that he had forgotten her name—he was afraid.

Vera and he had been lovers fifteen years ago. She was very sweet and kind, and he had been very fond of her. He was studying in London for his examinations, and to the young man there is romance in having a chorus girl for a friend.

They made all manner of promises to each other. Of course, they would meet again, would go into the country together, would laugh together again. But life often laughs at young lovers. It had been good-bye. Since that parting he had not seen Vera till to-day.

Warner thought of his wife, of his two girls, of his big gloomy house in Western Square, of his success as an architect. He had made a small fortune with the growth of the East Coast town. Vera Wayne finished a song. Somebody standing by him clapped vigorously.

"Bloody, Warner." It was old Vincent, who owned a lot of property in Cliffsea. "Wonderful little woman, isn't she?"

"Very good indeed," Warner murmured.

Old Vincent continued clapping, trying to force an encore, but Vera Wayne bowed and ran off; it was the end of a scene.

Vincent said: "I've been seeing a good bit of that girl this week. She wants to come and live here when ever she can. She's got two boys to keep, and one of them is rather delicate."

Warner was astonished. Here in Cliffsea?" he exclaimed, in a way that made the little lady sharply at him. He added quickly, "She's married, I shouldn't have thought that."

"Not a bloody I," said Vincent. "She don't look much more than a girl now—at any rate, on the stage. Yes, she was married. Her husband died and left her stranded—a bit of a waster, from what I hear. I think she is a wonder."

Warner tried to frame a question that would tell him more. It was not necessary. The hearty red-faced man at his side continued to talk enthusiastically of Vera Wayne.

"If you ask me, that woman's one in a thousand. She'd make the devil and all of a struggle to look after those boys of hers, and she never lets loose a grumble. It's a hard life, this stage business, and not much money. It's a pity that Cliffsea is a bit on the toney side and dear to live in. But if she can possibly see her way to afford it, she wants one of those little cottages I've got."

"You mean those behind Western Square?" asked Warner, with a sudden qualm.

"Those are the ones. She's making up her mind about it to-morrow. She's seen me every day this week about the cottage; that's how I know all about her. Between you and me, I've offered her the place at half the rent I'd want from anybody else. But I can't get rich lower—business is business! I'll be popping off, Warner."

Warner did not go back to his box before the curtain had fallen. His wife was standing up. He was just in time, luckily, to help her into her fur coat. She said:—

"I couldn't think where you'd got to! And you missed the best thing at the end. Something happened that made the whole story different. It was the surprise of the show!"

Waiting in the dull sitting-room of Vera's lodgings, Warner was again afraid. He tried to reassure himself that he would be successful. He must be successful in his plan of preventing her from coming to live in Cliffsea.

When she came in he was relieved. She met him with that lovely smile of hers. She said that it had been splendid to see his enjoyment of the show the night before.

After that frank smile—the smile she had several times given him from the stage—she kept a guarded look. Warner knew, instinctively and thankfully, that she was going to say nothing about their old romance. That still look of hers warned him to make no reference to it, either.

"I'm going to be blunt," said Warner. "If it is not absolutely imperative for you to come to Cliffsea, I shall be very glad. I beg you not to take a house in Cliffsea—please forgive me. I——"

She interrupted him, and told him about the cottage. She had almost arranged to take it. It was Saturday. Early the next morning she was journeying to the next town where they were showing, and the papers were all ready, except for her signature. She had promised to let Vincent know by the next Monday.

"Listen," said Warner. "I know what a hard life you've had—Vincent told me. If you can find what you want on the South Coast, and promise me to give up the idea of living at Cliffsea, I will give you five hundred pounds towards the expenses, and another five hundred pounds next year if you want it."

Vera Wayne was astonished. Then she told him that she wouldn't think of taking the money from him. It was impossible.

He began to argue patiently with her. Of course she must take it. He could afford the money, and it was a pleasure to be able to help her.

Vera Wayne thought of unpaid school fees, of the time when the revue would finish, of a dressmaker's account overdue. Warner was again telling her that there was no earthly reason why she should not have the money. It seemed to her that he would

Buy Quality

SALADA TEA

French Military Pilots to Make Flight In Formation Over Colonies This Season

Paris.—French aviation this autumn will attempt a squadron flight across Africa, prepared and executed after the manner of the exploits of General Balbo and his Italian group flights.

The French attempt will be headed by the French Minister of Air, Pierre Cot, who, after daily study under military pilots since he came into office, has just obtained his pilot's license. One hundred airplanes and hydroairplanes will participate in the flight, and the pilots and navigators who will man them have assembled this month at Istres Aiudromed, near Marseilles where they will go into intensive training in preparation for the undertaking.

According to present plans, the group will take off in formation from the Istres station early in November for a Mediterranean-African circuit, comprising stops in Algeria, Morocco, Western and Equatorial Africa, returning by way of Egypt and Tunis to France. Only military and naval crews will take part.

bilious?

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TAKE ENO'S FRUIT SALT

Woman's World

By MAIR M. MORGAN

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

Salads Are "In"

Salads are practically synonymous with summer menus. Most family lunches and Sunday night suppers centre around the salad bowl. Of course, everybody needs at least one hot dish a day no matter what the thermometer may register. Let that hot dish make its appearance at dinner. In so far as lunches are concerned, the home-maker will do well to look to her salad recipes as long as hot weather is with us.

Lettuce, endive, chicory, watercress and all the other salad greens are rich in vitamin content. They are not to be overlooked, particularly when planning diets for growing children.

Use Fresh Fruits

The fruits which go to make up that old standby, fruit salad, are healthful in themselves. At this time of year you can serve fruit salad composed entirely of fresh fruits. Time enough to use canned ones when the season prevents you from getting fresh varieties. Pineapple, strawberries, cherries, grapefruit and oranges are abundant right now. Take advantage of them.

The dressings which top your salads furnish ample fat for a meal. Mayonnaise is rich in fatty content. French dressing is, or should be, about one-half olive oil.

An ideal summer salad for the main course of a luncheon or Sunday night supper is cottage cheese with sour cream surrounded by a ring of fresh vegetables.

Place crisp lettuce around the edges of a huge platter. A mound of cottage cheese goes in the centre. Sprinkle the cheese with paprika and fine chopped chives or green onions. Whether you mix onions or chives all through the cheese depends on your family's taste. You have to add salt and pepper to most cottage cheese sold in stores. If you make your own it will have been seasoned while it was warm.

Around the outer edge of the cheese put small portions of various cooked vegetables. Diced carrots, beets, peas, string beans, and whole kernels of corn may be included. Celery, radishes, cucumbers and tomatoes can be used to garnish the lettuce between the vegetables.

Put a spoonful of salad dressing on top of each mound of vegetables and pour a little sour cream over the cheese. Everyone helps himself as the platter is passed.

French Dressing

The principal reason so many people fail to make good French dressing is that they do not put enough ingredients into it. Just olive oil, vinegar and paprika are hardly enough. Try using pickle juice instead of plain vinegar. Two small slices of garlic, two or three whole cloves, a half cup of sugar and plenty of salt and pepper to one cup of vinegar and one cup of olive oil give your French dressing a test that it never had before.

Cottage Cheese

A delightful addition to the summer menu, and easy to make, is cottage cheese.

There are so many attractive ways to serve it and it combines so readily with appetizing food accessories that it is a favorite standby with many housewives.

Cottage cheese may be made at home and it's an excellent way to use milk when it sours. If you follow the rules carefully you can't help but have successful results and the cheese will be most delectable. Because it is the protein part of the milk, cottage cheese will take the place of meat or eggs for luncheon or supper or the picnic meal.

Simple Directions

Thick curdled milk that has soured quickly is the best foundation for a good quality of cottage cheese and while there are several ways of making the cheese perhaps the following is the easiest:

Place the bowl containing the thick sour milk into a large pan of hot water. Never let the milk become more than "blood" heat. Too high a temperature toughens and hardens the curd. Let stand until thorough separation takes place. Then pour into a large square of double cheese-cloth placed over a colander. Gather up the four corners of the cheesecloth and hang up to drain. Let it drain until the curd is firm and all the whey is drained out. Remove from cheesecloth to a bowl and beat with a fork, adding cream, either sweet or sour, to make the mixture of the right consistency. Add salt to "taste," usually about ½ teaspoon to two cups cheese.

Serve a big dish of cottage cheese plain, or sprinkle with chopped chives, or mix it with minced onion, olives or cucumber dice, or use shredded green pepper or pimento. Two or three of these additions may be used in the combination.

An unusual and delicious dessert for summer meals combines unmixed cottage cheese with whipped cream, using equal parts of whipped cream and cheese. Serve with strawberry or currant preserves and crisp crackers.

Cool Drinks

As the thermometer mounts, refreshing drinks made with fruit juices become more welcome.

More than this, any drink made with fruit has a definite place in the diet. We all recognize the importance of eating fruit for its mineral content and vitamins, and we should remember those necessary six glasses of water. In a fruit punch, we find these essentials combined in a pleasing fashion.

Scientists tell us that "water has the property of absorbing more heat and being less affected by that heat than any other substance. It will absorb the heat from your body, and in passing off in the form of perspiration the evaporation cools you; hence cooling beverages not only in the immediate cooling effect but in the ultimate effect."

Charged Drinks Healthful

It is also interesting to know that ginger ale and innumerable other bottled beverages made with "charged" or "carbinated" water are healthful drinks, according to chemical research. These beverages are of some food value due to the sugar used in their making, while the fruit juices, acids and extracts and other flavors from aromatic herbs and roots as well as the carbonic dioxide gas present act as a tonic and mild stimulant.

In making drinks for summer refreshment, take care not to make them too sweet. A sugar syrup is better than plain sugar for sweetening. The flavor of the finished drink is spoiled bland and smooth. However, it should be remembered that the syrup acts as a diluent as well as a sweetener and must be considered when water is added.

Fruit Juices Handy

Ginger ale adds sparkle and pep to a fruit punch. Carbonated water gives a tang, while tea distinctly changes the flavor. These all give character to a mild punch whereas plain water merely lessens the fruity taste and increases the quantity.

Don't hesitate to combine fruit juices. The excessive juice left from the canning of small fruits may always be used to advantage in summer drinks.

Lemon or lime juice give a pleasant tartness to all fruit punches and should be added, if at all possible.

Feather Biscuit

Mix together: 1½ cups flour, 1 tablespoon lard, 1½ teaspoons baking powder, ½ teaspoon salt. Add 1 cup milk (or enough milk to make a soft dough). Bake in a quick oven. These biscuits are so easy to make and are always "as light as a feather," too.

Dressmaking Hints

When cutting out a garment always use sharp pins and scissors. Blunt ones are apt to move the material out of position. Always use the scissors at the right side and hold the pattern firmly with the palm of the left hand.

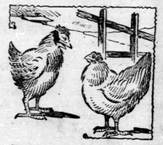
Pleats, and so on, in silk material, should be tacked with silk thread. Cotton or mercerized cotton will mark the stuff when pressed.

Always thread a needle with the end of the thread that first comes off the reel—not the end that you cut—and you will have no trouble with continually knotting threads.

When sewing on a button place a pin between it and the material. Sew the button on in the usual way but before finishing off, take out the pin and wind the thread several times around the stitches between button and cloth. This will form a "shank," and prevent dragging when the garment is buttoned up. On thick material use a match stick in place of a pin.

When sewing buttons on thin material place a piece of strong tape on the wrong side and sew through both material and tape.

In a pleated dress, make a small cross stitch at the base of each pleat, on the inside of the hem. These will show the position of the pleats when the garment has been washed, and help you to iron them straight.



Mrs. Leghorn: I hear that you don't like Dr. Duck.

Mrs. Plymouth Rock: No indeed I'll never let him attend my family, why they say he's a regular quack.

◆

A bullfight in which the matadors were mounted on motorcycles instead of horses was held at Bilbao.

Organdie For Evening

By HELEN WILLIAMS.

Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished with Every Pattern

2620

A tremendous number of the newest Paris frocks feature low flounce skirt treatment. They are circular in cut.

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Such a model could well be carried out in crepe silk chiffon cotton voile prints, plain organdie, etc.

Style No. 2620 is designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20 years, 36 and 38 inches bust.

Size 16 requires 5 yards 45-inch or 4¼ yards 2-inch ribbon.

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Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of each 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.

Sunday School Lesson

LESSON LLL — July 16. DEBORAH — Judges, Chapters 4, 5. Judg. 4:4-10, 13-15; 5:1-3. Golden Text — God is our refuge and strength. A very present help in Trouble. — Ps. 46:1.

I. DEBORAH'S SUMMONS TO BARAK, Judg. 4:1-10. The Judges. The Book of Judges is the account of the long period after the death of Joshua and before the rise of Eli and Samuel, when the Israelites had no truly national leader, when they were harassed by heathen tribes. The people were saved from destruction by the rise at different emergencies of military leaders who forced back the foreign invaders, and gave the land peace for a longer or shorter time. These leaders appeared in different tribes, some of them simultaneously.

These leaders were called Judges, and their period extended through about two and a half centuries. There were twelve of them, not counting Abimelech, who was a local king and not called of God. The first of the Judges was Othniel of the tribe of Judah, who saved the people from the king of Mesopotamia. Next Ehud of the tribe of Benjamin delivered the Israelites from the Moabites. Shamgar, perhaps of Judah, saved the people in an attack of the Philistines. Then came Deborah of Ephraim and Barak of Naphtali who delivered the people from the aggressions of the Canaanites. Gideon of Manasseh fought and conquered the Midianites, who became in upon Israel from the eastern desert. Jepthah of Gilead was victorious over the Ammonites. Ibzan of Zebulun, Elon also of Zebulun, and Abdon of Ephraim were Judges successively. Then came Samson of the southern division of Dan, who struggled heroically against the Philistines on the west. These were the twelve Judges, though Eli, who came next, while high priest, was also a Judge, and Samuel, the last and greatest of all, was a Judge but pre-eminently a prophet.

A Woman Judge. After the victory of Ehud over the Moabites, the land of Canaan was at peace for eighty years. Then after Ehud's death the Israelites, untaught by their past misfortunes, again fell under the ever-present temptations of idolatry, and the Lord "sold them into the land" of another oppressor.

The "purchaser" this time was a Canaanite king, Jabin, whose capital was Hazor, "the Fort" or "the Castle," situated far in the north, near Lake Merom, in the territory of Naphtali. Jabin was a "mighty agent," and he was at least able enough to do a great injury to the Israelites. His accomplished his cruel deeds through a powerful general named Sisera.

"Now Deborah." Her name means "a bee." Rebekah's nurse had the same name. "A prophetess." She was a woman through whom God revealed His will, as he revealed it through the prophets. "The wife of Lapidoth." A man of whom we know nothing except that he was the husband of Deborah. "She judged Israel at that time." At the time when Jabin and Sisera were harrying the people to the north of her, though far away from the scene of their depredations, Deborah had a heart of sympathy for all suffering, and she was a true patriot.

"And the children of Israel came up to her for judgment." For the decision of disputes, the settlement of difficulties. "She did not go on circuit like Samuel, but sat at home in Mt. Ephraim under the tree to which she gave her name." "She was the one person of her day in whom the authentic word of God found utterance."

"And she sent and called Barak." His name means "Lightning"—a good name for a soldier. "And said unto him." He came, evidently, a distinguished general, at the command of a woman. "Hath not Jehovah, the God of Israel, commanded." A definite statement put in the form of a question. "Saying, Go and draw unto mount Tabor." "And take with thee ten thousand men of the children of Naphtali and of the children of Zebulun? These, with Issachar, which also sent a strong contingent to the battle, were northern tribes, and so more erposed to Sisera's inroads.

"And I will draw unto thee." So influence that he will come to attack thee. "Sisera, the captain of Jabin's army, with his chariots and his multitude." The original is very expressive of the mixed host which constituted Sisera's army. "And I will deliver him into thy hand." God promised to put Sisera into the power of Barak, though Barak was so weak, comparatively, and Sisera so mighty. Thus God always chooses the weak to confound and overcome the strong.

"And Barak said unto her, If thou wilt go with me, then I will go." Barak was less heroic than Deborah; for though the general would not go to the battle without the prophetess, Deborah, we may be sure, would have gone to the battle without Barak, if necessary. "But if thou wilt not go with me, I will not go." "Barak's refusal to go without Deborah may reasonably be attributed rather to piety than to fear. Especially as we read of no hesitation in coming at the first call of Deborah.

"And she said, I will surely go with thee." No hesitation here, no doubt, no cowardly conditions. Deborah might have said, "I will go, if I may stay protected in the rear"; or, "I will go, if first you will raise an army of a hundred thousand men." But Deborah simply said, "Right off, "I will surely go with thee." "Notwithstanding, the journey that thou takest shall not be for thine honor; for Jehovah will sell Sisera into the hand of a woman." "Selling upon him a look in which pity, sorrow, and indignation were blended, exactoanh h shrdln wcmfw sh up in the prophetess replied, "If this is thy decision, I will surely accompany thee. Since thou will not go except a woman go with thee, the Lord will deliver thine adversary into the hand of a woman, and her name and not thine shall be handed down to future generations as the deliverer of her people." "And Deborah arose, and went with Barak to Keresh." It was not an easy journey, especially to a home-loving and home-keeping woman like Deborah; but she cared not for thehardships of the way.

"And Barak called Zebulun and Naphtali together to Kedesh. He called the chiefs together at Kedesh, and they summoned their followers quickly. In small companies, so as not to attract the attention of the enemy, they proceeded to the rendezvous. "And there went up thousand men at his foot." "On foot, perhaps; Maffatt translates it, "at his back." "And Deborah went up with him." "Evidently to Tabor, in accordance with her instructions."

II. BARAK'S VICTORY OVER SISERA, Judg. 4:11-24. Sisera's Great Power. "And Sisera Gathered together all his chariots, even nine hundred chariots of iron." "Tidings soon reached the headquarters of Sisera.

"And Deborah said unto Barak, Up; for this is the day in which Jehovah hath delivered Sisera into thy hand." Her words sound like the peal of a trumpet. She was the real commander-in-chief. "Is not Jehovah gone out before thee?" That was the real confidence, the true omen of success. "So Barak went down from Mount Tabor, and ten thousand men after him." Barak allowed Sisera to strike the blow. His men were highlanders, accustomed to fighting in the hills; but they had to do battle on the plain. "And the Lord discomfited Sisera, and all his chariots, and all his host, with the edge of the sword before Barak." "And Sisera alighted from his chariot, and fled away on his feet." None of his boasted multitude of iron chariots remained to help him. In the course of the battle we are left to draw from Deborah's ode of triumph.

"Sisera, vanquished, is forced to trust to his own feet, and, jaded and exhausted, he arrives at the tent of Heber the Kenite. Jael the wife of Heber comes forth to meet him, invites him hospitality into her tent and provides him with food and a couch. He falls asleep, imagining himself safe. Then Jael, taking one of the pins of the tent, drives it with a hammer into the temples of the sleeping man, and he lies slain after all his valor and distinction, by the hand of a woman. Opinions have been divided as to the character of Jael's act. It was that of an assassin, but was the assassin a heroine or a criminal? Did she avenge the wrongs of her country and so take her place beside such women as Joan of Arc, Charlotte Corday, and others, whose patriotism none can doubt? Or was she simply a woman who committed murder with a diabolical ingenuity? Deborah, whose magnificent song of triumph runs the entire gamut of melody, said that Jael was blessed above all women. Deborah voiced the sentiment of the time. The stars in their course had fought against Sisera, and it was his destiny to perish in the way that he would have most hated."

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A doctor pronounced Mrs. Tsuru Kiso, a 92-year-old Tokyo woman of Shirohama-cho, dead. When the funeral service began the mourners were astounded to hear a noise in the coffin. They opened it. Mrs. Kiso calmly stepped out and began to eat one of the rice cakes placed on the altar erected for the service.

Police to Decide If Dress is Modest

Parks Board Declines to be Censor of Public Manners and Mode of Attire

"The Parks Board declines to be censor in advance of Vancouver manners and mode of dress on the bathing beaches this year, and sensible people, we should think, will say that the Parks Board is wise," says The Province editorially. Whether the police authorities will view the board's decision with so much approval is another matter. The board says it is the function of the police to enforce the legal regulations of ba bathing beaches, and bathing dress 'must be modest.'

Public the Arbiter

"But surely the common sense of this question is that finally it is only public opinion that can be the arbiter. This is essentially a question of manners, and not of morals at all.

"It is interesting to note that he presen by-law, although since amended, goes back for 20 ears. It enjoyed the use of a bathing dress which was nothing if not Victorian, but was certainly much more than nothing at all. The general idea of it was that the human body, for purposes of public bathing, must be swathed, almost literally, from head to foot, in wrappings and flappings of concealing fabric, the more the better and the more concealing the better. "The bathing costume of that age would be a figure of fun for this, and we can imagine nothing more likely to cause disorder on the bathing beaches than a sudden reversion to it by some reactionary or frivolous exponent of that forgotten mode.

Jewels Made By Chemical Process

Synthetic Gems of Remarkable Beauty and Flawless Appearance

A farmer's wife of a bank clerk's daughter may go to a party today be decked in jewels as flawless as those of any duchess—at the cost of no more than a few pounds.

The scientist with his electric furnace and a few inexpensive chemicals has conquered the jewel except the diamond, and thanks to the new tariff Great Britain is now making the finest synthetic gems in the world.

Any one today may buy a collection of laboratory-made gems equal in brilliance, beauty and weight to those that constitute the Crown Jewels of Britain—except for the diamonds—for the price of a country cottage.

What is more, the laboratory-made gems are flawless.

"We are now making in London rubies, sapphires, emeralds, and other synthetic gems that defy detection, except by the scientist with a microscope," said the head of a large London laboratory.

Clap of Thunder Causes Drowning

Digby, N.S.—Startled by a heavy clap of thunder, Budd Shortlisse, 26, fell off a pier and was drowned in Round Lake.

He and his faher, Charles Shortlisse, were on a fishing trip.

Hearing his son's cry for help, the father plunged fully clothed into the water, but the son did not reappear after the first cry. The body was recovered a short time later.

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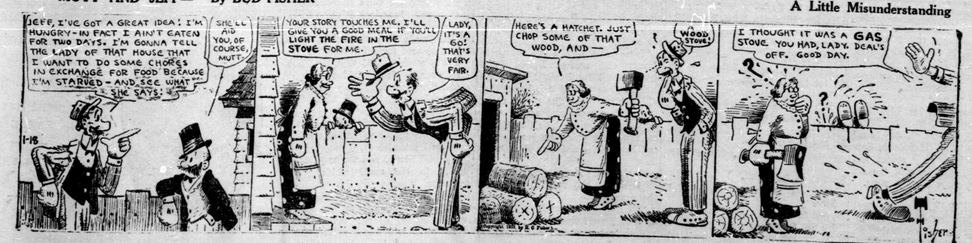
Edith: Going to have a new bathing suit this year?

Gertrude: No, the one I wore last year is just as good as new. You know I didn't get it wet once.

For Foreign Lands

About $35,000,000 will be spent by American tourists who will "do" the continent this year on vacation, the American Automobile Association reports.

MUTT AND JEFF— By BUD FISHER

A Little Misunderstanding