MANHATTAN NIGHT

By William Alonzo Wolff

SYNOPSIS.

Tack Thayer, Peter Wayne's college mate at Yale, lay murdered in his penthouse apartment in the East Fifties. His wife, Martha, was being questioned by Inspector Connolly and Asst. District Attorney Barclay, and Peter waited outside, anxious for Martha. Peter, ran into Tack in Emma's night club and met Martha for the first time. Before he realized it, he had fallen in love with her. Martha had confessed she was in love with Evan Ross. Betty Rogers told Peter that Martha and Ross were having a late dinner at the Fantomas Club when Tack, who had been drinking heavily as usual, came in. He was prevented from beating Ross up, and then left. As Peter recalled this, Connolly came out and after prolonged questioning, asked Peter if he could tell anything that might lead to the murderer.

SHAPTER XIII.

Peter did take time to think over his answer, and that not only because Connolly had asked him to. Murder. Murder was not a thing to be dealt with lightly. And while he didn't think so, he couldn't be sure that he didn't, in fact, possess knowledge that might be of some significance; that some seemingly trivial bit of information that he, more than any one else he knew, had, concerning Tack and Martha and Connolly, didn't have strangely hysterical lives, didn't have some bearing on this tragedy. But then, slowly, he shook his head.

"No," he said. "No, Inspector, I don't believe I do. I can't imagine any motive any one would have for killing Tack Thayer. He had no enemies that I've ever heard of."

"Enemies!" said Connolly. "That's a queer word to be coming into your mind, surely, Mr. Wayne. It's seldom an enemy does a killing—leaving out the mess prohibition's let us in for."

He rose, slowly; stood a moment looking down at Peter, until Peter, too, got up, and stretched himself in the chilly dawn. He was stiff; it had been colder than he had realized, sitting there so long. Once again the elevator came up, and a uniformed policeman stepped out and approached Connolly.

"It's them reporters, Inspector," he said. "They're raisin' hell about bein' kept downstairs."

"Are they so—are they so, now?" said Connolly. "It's sore my heart is to be hearing it. Tell them I'll be in to be hearing it. Tell them I'll be down presently, or, if they like, they can go over to the house and wait, where there's a nice fire and the desk sergeant for them to be swapping lies with. But tell them we've no room for them up here, O'Brien."

He smiled again at Peter. Then, at a sound, he turned to the door of the penthouse, in which Barclay appeared. The assistant district attorney came out, nodding absent-mindedly to Peter.

"Dr. Johnson'll have a preliminary report for us in a few minutes, Inspector," he said. "Mr. Wayne, Mrs. Thayer is ready to see you now, I think. You'll find her in the dining room." He shuddered, faintly. "The medical examiner is busy in the living room."

Peter went in. Martha was sitting at the table; she raised her head and looked at him as he came in.

"They think I did it. I think they're going to arrest me, Peter," she said, in a quiet, lifeless voice.

He dared not show his feelings.

"Rot!" said Peter. "They know very well you didn't do it." And he told her about the search for the revolver. But she shook her head.

"I know," she said. "I don't mean they think I actually fired the shot. They think Evan did that. And—and—that I helped him. That I'm what they call an accessory."

"If they do they're crazy," said Peter, hotly.

"Of course," said Martha. "Peter—you know Evan didn't do it, don't you? He didn't even come upstairs with me when he brought me home. I never let him, just—just because he and Tack— Oh, and tonight, of all nights!"

She got up, and came around the table, and put her hands on Peter's shoulders.

"Peter—" she said. "I'm afraid. I'm terribly afraid. I've never been really afraid before in all my life. I—"

In the next room there was an explosion, and a cloud of pungent smoke came creeping through the interstices of the closed door. Martha screamed, and Peter's arm closed about her instinctively. It was the first time that he had ever embraced her.

"Steady, darling—" he said. "They must have used a flashlight. They always take pictures, I've heard."

"Oh—oh—I didn't know!" she said. She clung to him, sobbing. "I didn't know."

The door was ung open, suddenly. Connolly stood, looking at them. His eyes, as they met Peter's, were almost said in their ironic satisfaction. Behind him loomed the gross bulk of Charley, his dead eyes still pendent in one corner of his mouth.

Peter stared blankly at Connolly and Charley as they stood in the door, the smoke from the flashlight still eddying about them. Something about the way Charley looked at him puzzled him; there was a curious, almost a friendly gleam in the big detective's eyes. They were going to arrest Martha, Peter supposed; she had infected him with her terror, and he stood quite still, his arm about her, as if, no matter what they tried to do to her, he would protect her. His mouth was very dry; he tried to say something, but he couldn't. It was Connolly who spoke, and his voice was gentle, friendly, even cheerful.

"I'm afraid the flashlight scared you, Mrs. Thayer," he said. "I'm sorry. It slipped my mind to tell you, so that you'd be ready for it." But that wasn't true; Peter knew it wasn't true. This big, white-haired policeman forgot nothing, except by design, except because it suited his purpose to forget. He'd meant Martha to be startled; he had calculated the effect of that explosion, and, Peter supposed, he had got what he wanted from it. "You see, we have to take pictures before—while everything's the way it was when we came in."

Martha was growing tense. Why didn't the man get on with it?

"Now—" Connolly's voice was still gentle. "Now, you can stay here if you please, Mrs. Thayer, but I'm thinking you'd be better off at some friend's house, or a hotel, maybe. We'll have to be in and out, and there'll be the newspaper men. We'd do all we could to keep them off you, but—"

He shrugged his shoulders. Martha stared at him.

"You mean I can go, if I please? You won't stop me?"

"Stop you? Now, what would we be stopping you for, Mrs. Thayer? If you don't go you won't be going so far that we can't get to see you and talk to you when there's need."

"No," she said, slowly. Her breath was coming in great gasps. "No, I don't—I don't know where to go. She shuddered. "A hotel—I go—" She shuddered. "A hotel—I couldn't go to a hotel. Peter, what shall I do? Where shall I go?"

"Let's see," he said. He was trying to think. "Your mother's away, isn't she?"

"Yes. She's in California. And Father's south. So's Mary Young, or I could go to her. I—"

"I know," said Peter. "I'll get hold of my sister. She's got loads of room, and she'd love to have you."

"But, Peter—I scarcely know her."

"Forget it. She's a good egg. I'll call her up right now. Leave it to me. You start packing a bag."

He went out into the hall to telephone. It was about half past six; he hadn't had an idea, until he looked at his watch, of the time. It took him some time to get Carol at all, and then he had to wait while she woke up. But, once she understood, she was all quick, helpful sympathy.

"The poor child! How dreadful!" she said. "Of course—bring her over right away, Peter. I'll have everything ready, so that she can go right to bed."

Peter went back into Martha's bedroom, then, and helped her, vaguely, to get what she needed together. It was a shock to come upon things of Tack's: a pair of riding boots, a white waistcoat that had fallen to the floor of a closet. Martha had pulled herself together; she was beginning to think of things that had to be done. A cable must be sent to Tack's mother; lawyers and his office must be notified; telegrams ought to go, if only for form's sake, to her people.

"I suppose they'll want to know, if I'm going to be arrested," she said. "Not that they'll do anything—they never have, when I needed them."

"Snap out of it," said Peter. "I'll attend to all that. And you're not going to be arrested. Get that idea out of your head."

She gave him a forlorn smile.

"You weren't in here when they were talking to me," she said. "I know, now, how a mouse feels when a cat's playing with it after it's caught it, before it eats it."

"You're all wet about that," said Peter. "Stop thinking that way, or you'll put the idea in their thick heads! Look here—you didn't have anything to do with this business. Remember that. They've got to have some evidence before they arrest any one, and they haven't any against you. You can put it up to Steve Went-worth, later—he's a good scout and a good lawyer—if he is my brother-in-law, and he'll tell you. Quit worrying and come along."

They went out into the hall. Charley was waiting for them.

"Hold it a minute," he said. "The Inspector's gone on down to draw off the newspaper gang. I'll get you through any that are still hanging around downstairs. O'Brien's going to call up on the house 'phone when it's all clear."

Peter had to admire the skill and precision with which Martha's flight was arranged. The house 'phone buzzed, and in a minute Ann came up for them in the car. Martha and Peter hung back while Charley stepped out.

"Go west—give him the address later!" called Charley. "Good luck!"

They were off, with two or three young men running after them, shouting angrily. Peter laughed; that bit of action was exactly what he had needed. The cab turned up Second Ave.; turned west again, a block north, and Peter knocked on the window, then, and gave the driver Carol's address.

(To be continued.)

English Mystery Writer Delves Into Arab Love

London.—Miss Agatha Christie, the novelist, has just arrived back in England, after an adventure as romantic as anything in her own novels.

For six months she has been living in an Arab's house in the Mesopotamian desert, with her husband, M. E. Mallowan, and other members of the British Museum expedition to Tal Arpachiyah, near Nineveh. Here she has been helping to unearth clues to a lost prehistoric civilization.

The discoveries made by Miss Christie and her husband throw light on the mode of life, customs, and religious rites of a people who lived at least 7,000 years ago—centuries before the rise of Ur.

Finds made in her excavations, Miss Christie said, include:

Mud and brick houses clustered round a central court. Pottery of eggshell thinness, decorated in bright black and red paints in geometric designs and shapes, which compare with the finest work of classical Greece. Marble pendant of an ox's head, of exquisite workmanship. Tiny terra-cotta figures of goddesses, whose painted clothing is suspended by braces! Jewellery, including amulets and beads. A circular granary, containing wheat thousands of years old.

"It was exciting work," Miss Christie declares. "My job was to clean the finds, and you can imagine the thrill of rubbing away dust and dirt to find, say, an amulet worn 7,000 years ago.

"I was also in charge of the photographic work, and in addition acted as chief cook and washer-up."

Shortly the finds will be on view in the British Museum.

Remember Your Pets

Advises the Montreal Daily Star: "The annual appeal of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals to householders who are spending the summer in the country to remember their pets merits wide publicity. Every year there is a pitiful record of dogs and cats and birds having been left behind in closed houses to starve to death. It is incredible that anybody with decent instincts would do this intentionally. Of course it is due to forgetfulness. And it is with the express intention of reminding those liable to forget that the S.P.C.A. calls attention to the fact that in all cases where people find they cannot take their pets with them, the society will undertake either to call for them, or to receive them at its headquarters, and give them a swift and painless end. The society has authority to enter closed houses where pets have been left behind, but its appeal is to the humanitarian instinct of all who keep dogs, cats or birds in their homes. It is an appeal that ought not to go unheeded in a single instance.

Soviet's New Oil Gusher

A view showing the great rush of oil gushing from the new well at Lock-Batan, in Soviet Russia. Much of the precious fluid was lost because drillers were unprepared for such a tremendous spurt.

Queer Things in Rockefeller Centre

Six hundred members of the New York Electrical Society recently inspected the 850-foot central building of Rockefeller Centre, from lobby to roof.

They investigated there some of the curious scientific anomalies resulting from its great size and height.

To quote a statement issued by the society:

"One of the experiments while the party was on the roof, 850 feet above the street, included the dropping of a plummet down an elevator shaft to show that a body falling from this great height does not fall straight downward—that is, does not follow a plumb-line, but because of the earth's rotation is carried about five and one-third inches to the eastward, toward Fifth Avenue, by the time it reaches the ground.

"Also it was revealed that Mr. John D. Rockefeller in his new offices on the upper floors of the seventy-story structure will have the experience of traveling more than a mile farther each day, as the earth rotates, compared with his daily rotation in the former offices nearer the ground, according to figures computed by a lightning calculator in the party.

"The electric-eyes which control the elevator doors in the building came in for careful examination, while the large crowd of scientific visitors was whisked aloft at 1,200 feet per minute. One fat lady in the party unconsciously protruded slightly across the elevator, causing an eclipse of the electric eye on guard. Instantly the electric automaton took control of the situation, reopened the elevator doors and blocked the elevator from moving, until the fat lady could be gotten back within bounds. Fifty-eight elevators in the Rockefeller Centre group are being equipped with these electric-eye safety features."

Number of Ash Blonde Babies is Increasing

Twice as many blonde babies are being born in Britain now as there were ten years ago.

Doctors say that modern developments in the diet and habits of their mothers are responsible.

If the babies were 20 years older, they would be called ash blondes, a shade extremely rare only a few years ago.

Now one has only to walk through any park to see dozens of children with hair of the fashionable shade. The reporter recently counted 15 in a minute and a half.

As a Harley Street doctor explained: "A diet of fresh vegetables and salads with a fair supply of meat contains those ingredients which might be expected to lead to fair hair and skin.

"Fresh air and exercise may also effect the coloring of children indirectly by making the parents more healthy. We are going back to the appearance of our Viking ancestors."

The chief secret of comfort lies in not suffering trifles to vex us, and in prudently cultivating our understrong of small pleasures, since very few great ones, alas, are let on long leases.—Sharp.

The bliss of the drunkard is a visible picture of the expectation of the dying atheist, who hopes no more than to lie down in the grave with the "beasts that perish."—Jane Porter.

Insist on it

SALADA TEA

Tending Graves New Occupation for Women

"Bride Broder," writing in the Toronto Mail and Empire, says:

"One of our correspondents writes: 'In these days when women are looking for means whereby they may earn the odd dollar, it struck me that many more might do as one woman I know has done. She has offered to care for the graves in a country churchyard, placing fresh flowers there each week. It seems a reasonable occupation for a woman in the quiet country places, and I am sure there are many people living in cities who would be glad to contribute something towards keeping the family plot in the little churchyard tidy and beautiful. Of course, this brings one, I know, to the proper upkeep of cemeteries. But at all events, I thought you'd be interested in what seems to be a new occupation for women.'

"If this suggestion were generally adopted many country churchyards, a tangled but lovely, garden of nature's own planting, would be saved from those devastating onslaughts known as 'clearing up the cemetery.' Too often the bonnie brier bush at the head of the grave has been torn up and an aluminum-tinted tin affair of some kind bearing the word 'Father' or 'Darling' planted in its place; the tree that cast a grateful shade or held a nest of robins in its hair, has been cut down; the blue-flowered periwinkle that clothed the grass in rich, luxuriant green, has been torn up. Were a woman to have individual responsibility, these well-meant errors might be avoided."

A Bull-fighter's Farewell

Senoritas in mantillas and high-backed combs, applauded frantically the other day as Spain's most daring bull-fighter, twice wounded, was carried about the ring shoulder-high after killing two bulls in his farewell performance.

When it came time to cut off his pigtail in token of his retirement, the crowd protested so loudly that the pigtail stays on. It is getting gray, and its owner—Matias Lara, whom all Spaniards know as "Larita"—is growing stout. Retirement costs him a struggle, however, for the sport has afforded his own burning interest in life, and the Auckland (New Zealand) Weekly News tells us:

As a lad he played with boys of his own age at bull-fighting in the streets, using any red rag that come to hand, while one of his comrades, with a pair of horns, snorted and charged like a bull.

When still a youth "Larita" displayed his prowess by jumping into the ring in the course of a bull-fight and playing the bull like a finished torero, amid the frantic applause of the people; for the bull-fighting public loves and encourages a fearless and promising "suicide," as these youthful aspirants are called.

From that day onward "Larita's" progress was a triumph. He soon became a novillero, or fighter of young bulls, and his utter contempt of danger, hair-breadth escapes and wounds won for him the enthusiastic admiration of the spectators.

"Larita" might have been the greatest bull-fighter in Spain had he not elected to sacrifice art not only to courage, but to a certain childish clownishness, which pleased the gallery, but was severely condemned by connoisseurs of the art as being undignified. So that today Belmonte reigns supreme as master of the art, Nino de la Palma as the most graceful, and "Larita" as the most fearless bull-fighter.

Kreuger Inquiry Reports Complete in 8,000 Pages

Stockholm.—After fourteen months' work by the Stockholm police, the criminal investigation of the affairs of Ivar Kreuger, has been completed. The results are embodied in fifty reports, the equivalent of an 8,000-page book.

More than fifty persons have been formally prosecuted and of these twenty have been sentenced.

Many new points of law have been raised during the investigation, especially as regards "swindling of the general public" and responsibility of directors of a company for false bookkeeping.

K. G. A. Sandstrom, Prosecting Attorney, has announced his intention of seeking charges in some of the prevailing laws.

There is virtue in country houses, in gardens and orchards, in fields, streams and groves, in rustic recreations and plain manners, that neither cities nor universities enjoy.—Alcott.

Sound Cooks Egg

It has been only a short time since it as announced that intense sounds both audible and super-sonic, could kill bacteria in milk, water, fruit juices and other liquids. At the current science convention in Chicago, Drs. E. W. Flosdorf and L. A. Chambers, of the School of Medicine at the University of Pennsylvania, have continued this work and sought an answer to this simple question. If these sounds can kill bacteria what chemical changes will they produce in the liquids that contain the organisms? In milk, for example, will sounds change the chemical nature of the destroyed proteins, sugars and fats?

For proteins the Pennsylvania scientists found that intense sounds in their apparatus will start coagulation instantly. A hen's egg treated in this fashion for a few minutes, at room temperature, appears to have been softboiled.

They found also that acetic acid, the acid of ordinary vinegar, could be produced from ethyl acetate when exposed to intense sound waves. Ethyl acetate is a substance which is chemically somewhat similar to fats. They were able to "crack" vegetable oils to produce acetylene gas and other substances. Like investigators working in the super-sonic range they were able to turn glucose, or grape sugar, into starch in small amounts.

Most interesting perhaps were studies of water solution in the ordinary table salt. Here the dissolved oxygen yielded free chlorine gas in solution. Since some salt is present in milk, it might be possible that this free chlorine is the agent which kills the bacteria. Flosdorf and Chambers do not think so, however, since a quantity of chlorine sufficient to kill bacteria cannot be liberated in the short space of time in which the intense audible pulsations strate the milk. They believe, rather, that it is the change in the protein of the bacteria which results in their instant death.

Although chemical changes can be produced in milk with prolonged sound treatment the physicians regard these effects as insignificant, considering the short length of time necessary to kill bacteria. The coagulation of the proteins might be expected to make the milk even more digestible than before. There is nothing unusual in these reactions since all of them can be produced by other means. "In fact," say Flosdorf and Chambers, "we believe that all of these chemical effects may be an acceleration entirely due to momentary kinetic effect on the molecules such as is produced by high temperature."

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ISSUE No. 22—'31

Woman's World

By MAIR M. MORGAN

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

Salad Dressings

The menus of the summer season consistently call for salads and with the many greens offered it is a simple matter to throw a delicious appetizing salad concoction together. The dressing, however, calls forth the creative powers of the cook. The following recipes have been tried and found simple and easy to make, at the same time offering the right amount of flavor to appeal to jaded palates:

Boiled Salad Dressing

Mix together, dry, one teaspoon salt, one tablespoon sugar, one heaping teaspoon flour, one tablespoon sugar, a speck of cayenne pepper. Beat the yolks of three eggs and stir into the dry ingredients until smooth. Add butter the size of two eggs, two-thirds of a cup of milk and two-thirds cup of vinegar. Cook until thick. This dressing is improved by adding cream plain or whipped just before serving.

French Dressing

Take one-half teaspoon salt, one-quarter teaspoon pepper, two tablespoons vinegar and four tablespoons olive oil. Mix by stirring together in a bowl, or put into a bottle and shake well.

Mayonnaise Dressing

Mix together one teaspoon mustard, one teaspoon salt, one teaspoon powdered sugar, a few grains of cayenne, two well-beaten eggyolks, and when well blended add one-half teaspoon of vinegar. Add one cup olive oil gradually, drop by drop, stirring constantly. As the mixture thickens thin with vinegar or lemon juice alternately until all is used, stirring or beating constantly. A Dover egg-beater may be used. It is well to place the bowl sitting in a dish of cracked ice or ice water.

Cream Dressing, Uncooked

Into one-half cup of sweet cream, stir three tablespoons of vinegar, one-quarter teaspoon salt and a few grains of cayenne pepper. The cream may be whipped and the seasonings added.

Stuffed Tomatoes

To stuff tomatoes choose large, firm ones, remove the skin by plunging them into hot water for a few seconds, cut a slice off the stalk end, and scoop out the pulp from the inside.

Mix the pulp with a little pepper and salt, a little chopped onion and cucumber, or, for a change, some minced ham. Add a dash of vinegar, then fill the centre of the tomatoes with the mixture.

Place one tomato on each plate, surround with slices of cucumber and decorate with slices of hard-boiled egg.

Cool Drinks

1 cup cantaloupe balls or cubes, 1 cup diced orange pulp, ½ cup diced pear, ¼ cup orange juice, 2 tablespoons lemon juice. Cut balls from melon with potato cutter or scoop out with small spoon. Combine with the orange pulp and diced pear. Pour over fruit juices, chill thoroughly and serve. Serves 2.

Bridge Party "Pick Up"

9 cups orange juice, 6 tablespoons lemon juice, 1 cup sugar, 3 cups ice water, crushed ice, orange slices. Combine and serve over crushed ice in tall glasses. Place a half slice of orange over rim of glass. Serves 18.

Ginger Sorbet

½ pound candied ginger, 2 quarts water, 2 cups sugar, 1 cup lemon juice, juice of 4 oranges, Crushed ice or ice water. Chop the ginger fine, add it to the water and sugar and boil for fifteen minutes. Cool, and add water to make ten cups of liquid. Add the fruit juices and serve in glasses half filled with crushed ice, or diluted with ice water.

Summer Hints

A few slices of cucumber and a little stewed fruit, added to the fresh foil of your fruit salad, will give it an added piquancy which everyone will appreciate.

Chopped nasturtium leaves between thin broad-and-butter makes a sandwich for those who like something rather spicy and hot in flavor.

A fourpenny brick of ice-cream served with stewed fruit or fresh strawberries or raspberries makes a party dessert for two.

Cream cheese and chopped olives between brown bread-and-butter make a tasty and nourishing luncheon sandwich.

For a quick last minute sweet cut a banana down the middle and spread with jam, then serve with whipped cream on the top.

If you are hot and tired and not inclined to eat anything, try this as a nourishing pick-me-up. A fresh uncooked egg, with the white and yolk beaten separately. Put a teaspoonful of sugar and the juice of half a lemon into a glass with a little of the beaten white of the egg, then a squirt of soda water, then more white and more soda until all the white is used up. Then put in the beaten yolk in the same way with more soda water. Drink this while it is still fizzy, and see how much better you will feel.

Have you ever tried stewing dates in just the same way as you stew prunes, with a little lemon rind? Cold and served with custard they make a sweet which is very refreshing.

Olives gathered at a picnic are often found to be withered when they arrive home. Don't throw them away before you have tried placing them in a jug of fairly hot, steaming water. Most flowers will respond to this treatment within an hour, but if it fails and you happen to have any gum camphor in the house, drop a tiny piece in the jug. It greatly helps to increase the absorption of water.

A Fashion Note

Satin is being hailed as the new popular fabric of the moment. For daytime and street wear it is styled into suits or dress and jacket ensembles. Black, of course, is the leading color. However, one shop is showing a sleek, trim jacket outfit in cool lemon yellow. Another leading store is displaying a white shadow-check organdie frock with which is worn a black satin jacket, a little longer than fingertip length. Satin shines in evening dresses. It is being developed in cool pastels, as well as black or white. Looking crisp and cool and very sleek was a black satin evening gown with which was shown an organdie jacket, cut mess-jacket style. Evening gloves in satin, palmed in kid, have appeared. And stepping jauntily along was a spectator sports frock of white satin.

Aid to Coolness

One or two electric fans, placed in the rooms you use most, will do much to make your home more comfortable in the summer. The kinds which oscillate are, of course, best. Point them up toward the ceiling so the air can circulate and yet will not blow directly on anyone. Never sleep with a fan blowing on the bed.

July

Fair was the morn today, the blossom's scent
Floated across the fresh grass, and the bees
With low vexed song from rose and lily went,
A gentle wind was in the heavy trees.
The earth no longer labored; shaded
The sweet-breathed kine, across the sunny vale,
From hill to hill the wandering rook did sail,
Lazily croaking midst his dreams of spring,
Nor more awake the pink-foot dove did cling
Unto the beech-bough, murmuring now and then.
All rested but the restless sons of men.
And the great sun, that wrought this happiness
And all the vale with fruitful hopes did bless.

—William Morris, Poems.

SOCIETY NOTE

While walking on the street today
I met Miss Peach in plumage gay,
And as in maidenly dismay
Her sweet face fell,
The rest of her just followed suit
And hit the walk—it was a beaut
Of a banana peel.

Professor Ernest Janecke says the earth is shrinking. His calculations show that its diameter is reduced by five inches every thousand years.

Sunday School Lesson

LESSON IV.—JULY 23.

ISAIAH DENOUNCES DRUNKENNESS AND OTHER SINS—Isaiah 5: 1-30. Golden Text—Righteousness exalteth a nation; but sin is a reproach to any people.—Prov. 14: 34.

THE LESSON IN ITS SETTING

Time.—Isaiah began to prophesy (Beecher) in B.C. 766, and died about B.C. 676.

Place—Jerusalem.

1.—DESOLATE HOMES.—Woe unto them that join house to house, that lay field to field. Ceaseless wars had so impoverished the small proprietors that they were obliged to borrow money at ruinous rates of interest, sometimes as high as twenty per cent., which they were unable to pay. This led to foreclosures, to evictions, and the rich greedily added lands and houses to their already vast possessions. Isaiah noted this as one of the major evils of his day. Till there be no room. No land to be bought, even if there were money with which to buy. And ye be made to dwell alone in the midst of the land! The selfish rich dwelt in solitary grandeur, each surrounded by his enormous unpopulated territory. God has made the poor land, not that the most be the of the country.

In mine ears, said Jehovah of hosts, God the commander of the Armies of heaven! He had condescended to give a message to his prophet, as he will speak to any attentive and obedient listener. Of a truth many houses shall be desolate, even great and fair, without inhabitant. The greed of the rich defeats its own end. A nation is prosperous as all are prosperous, great and humble, learned and unlearned, employer and employed, ruler and ruled.

For ten acres of vineyard shall yield one bath. A bath was a measure of between eight and nine gallons—a miserably small yield for an acre of vineyard. And a homer of seed shall yield but an ephah. Probably an "acre" is not an adequate rendering of the Hebrew term.

2. WOES OF DRUNKENNESS.—Woe unto them that rise up early in the morning, that they may follow strong drink. Drinking in the morning was very unusual and specially disgraceful. That tarry late into the night, till wine inflame them! Isaiah represents the drunkards of his time as so eager for liquor that they not only spend the entire day in its pursuit, perhaps going from one convivial gathering to another, but tarry in the evening.

And the harp. Such a stringed instrument as David played, having a stringed instrument, but lacking the sounding-board; the psaltery. The tabret. A percussion instrument, a drum. And the pipe. A wind instrument, a flute. And wine, are in their feasts. Music played a large part in their revels, as they sought thereby to drown the voice of conscience. But they regard not the work of Jehovah, neither have they considered the operation of his hands. They take no heed, in their drunken orgies, to "the crowning work of judgment which God is about to execute, and of which there were many ominous warnings for those who could discern the signs of the times.

3. REJECTING THE LAW.

Woe unto them that draw iniquity with cords of falsehood, and sin as it were with a cart rope. These men are represented as tugging away at a heavy load of sin by means far too weak for the task, as if one were to pull a great weight with a frail and treacherous cord, or tug at a lumbering, high-piled cart with a mere rope sure to be frayed and to part in a few minutes.

That say, let him make speed, let him hasten his work, that we may see it. Instead of trembling at the coming judgment of God, which Isaiah has announced, they pretend to desire its immediate arrival; they want to "see it." They walk, not by faith, but by sight. And let the counsel of the Holy One of Israel draw nigh and come, that we may know it! "The Holy One of Israel," a precious name of God, is not said with reverence but with a sneer.

Woe unto them that call evil good, and good evil. This is the fifth Woe, directed against false reasoners, men who twist arguments, sophistical pleaders for evil, skilled to make it appear as good. That put darkness for light, and light for darkness. These speakers and writers set forth moral midnight as if it were the dawn of righteousness, they can turn even the night to day. That put bitter for sweet, and sweet for bitter! These words are a denunciation of presumptuous rebellion against recognized law.

Woe unto them that are wise in their own eyes, and prudent in their own sight! This, the sixth Woe, is directed against blind self-conceit.

Woe unto them that are mighty to drink wine, and men of strength to mingle strong drink. This the seventh and culminating Woe, directed against the bold and violent drinkers. Intoxication is never to be associated with strength, but only with the weakness it invariably produces. It is never heroic, always craven. And taks away the righteousness of the righteous from him! The law courts of Isaiah's time not only acquitted wrongdoers, but condemned those who were in the right.

Therefore as the tongue of fire devoureth the stubble, and as the dry grass sinketh down in the flame. A metaphor peculiarly suited to a pastoral country: the ruin of these evil men shall come swiftly and irresistibly as fire sweeps over a dry meadow. So their root shall be as rottenness. Not only shall the top of their life-plant dry up, but the very root shall rot away. And their blossom shall go up as dust. Their blossom shall produce no real fruit, but shall turn into powder.

Girl To Practice Law in Ceylon

Avadai Mehta, Nineteen, Will Not Be Called to Ceylon Bar for Two Years

If you look at the list which has just been published of the people who have passed the examination for call to the English Bar you will find the name of Miss Avadai Mehta, of Colombo, Ceylon.

Miss Mehta is only 19 years old. She is a slim attractive Parsee girl from Ceylon whose appearance would give the impression that her school days were hardly over yet.

She was a brilliant scholar at the Maria Grey Training College, London, and after she matriculated she read for the Bar in Lincoln's Inn.

I saw her today at her home in Hampstead, where she is living with her mother—writes an Evening News representative. She was wearing a native dress of blue and gold.

"I shall be the first woman barrister in Ceylon," she said. "There are, of course, a number of women lawyers in India, but up to now there have been none in my own country."

"I am eager to begin work at the Bar in Ceylon, but I have to wait some time yet before I can do that. I cannot be called until I am 21, and I have to eat my dinner for three more terms.

"I may go to India first and practice there for a time before going to Colombo."

Miss Mehta said there was no branch of the law in which she took especial interest and her practice would be a general one.

"In my country," she explained, "English law has been super-imposed on the old native laws. There is divorce law there as here.

SIX YEARS IN LONDON.

"I have not considered taking up divorce practice. I can only wait to see what briefs may come to me."

Miss Mehta said her father was a marine superintendent at Colombo and was one of the few Parsees in Ceylon. "There are only 200 there," she said, "but there are 100,000 in India."

Every dog has his day—but the cat has a monopoly of the nights.

Macon At Mooring

A splendid photograph of the new dirigible, Macon, snapped from the top of the hangar at Lakehurst, N.J. After a early dawn flight from Akron, Ohio, the huge ship was officially turned over to the United States government, then hauled into its garage.

July Jottings

The London, Telephone Exchanges employ 6,000 girls, some of whom speak three or four languages.

The average rate of pay for both men and women in the cigar-making industry in Gt. Britain is $1.25.

Screen stars have, on the average, a shorter "life" than actors and actresses who succeed on the stage.

Among normal children the dinner should amount to not less than two-thirds of the total daily requirements.

Policewomen have been appointed in Kanaker, Illinois, to arrest and escort to their homes girls found spooning with boy friends after 9 p.m.

London (Eng.) dogs are said to be developing a road sense, even to the extent of looking both ways before crossing a thoroughfare.

Monkeys are kept in Siamese banks to bite coins to test their genuineness.

Potato plants from six to ten feet in length are grown at the special plant nursery of the London County Council, situated at Avery Hill, near Woolwich.

The present strength of the Royal Air Force is 2,600 officers, including 2,200 pilots, and 22,000 other ranks. The aeroplane strength is 884 "first line" machines and 1,200 of other types.

Roads made from cast-iron moulds, which have recently passed severe tests with success, are said to be antiskid, ice-free, and guaranteed to last twenty years without repairs.

Hitherto fire brigades have had to go to Germany for steel turntable fire escapes, but now a Greenwich firm has produced an all-British model.

During the pigeon-racing season, which lasts from May to the end of August, the London, Midland & Scottish Railway will use some 2,250 special vans to carry 2,000,000 birds.

Although the annual influx of American visitors to Gt. Britain is smaller this year than usual, the loss is more than made up by the increased number of Continentals, particularly Germans, who are coming to London.

Outbreaks of fire in Great Britain and Ireland caused a direct loss of £45,0005 a day during a recent month, the total loss during the first four months amounting to more than £3,500,000.

Millions of bees invaded a shed on the quay at Fremantle, Australia, where thirtyaix cases of honey, one of which was leaking, were stored. The fire brigade had to repel the invaders with poison gas.

Training telephone operators at the London (Eng.) school takes from seven to thirteen weeks, according to the aptitude of the pupil. Candidates must have good sight and hearing, and no trace of accent in speaking.

Readers on holiday who purchase Answers at kiosks and from beach sellers will receive bars of Cadbury's Dairy Milk Chocolate, while one-pound boxes of Cadbury's mixed chocolate will figure among the prizes at concert party and cinema gala nights.

Among the diseases for which treatment is available at one or another of British spas are affections of the skin and kidneys, arthritis, rheumatism, gout, catarrh, dyspepsia, nerves, debility, and anaemia. In fact, practically any form of "spa" treatment is available in our country.

News in 1833 Same As To-day

Superabundance of Lawyers Doctors — Bachelors Called "Blockheads"

In these days a plethora of lawyers and doctors seems to exist in many districts, but according to the Herald, published weekly in Saint John, N.B., a century ago, the situation then was the same as today.

"The three black graces, law, physic and divinity, are weary of their innumerable worshippers and yearly sentence crowds of them to perish of the aching sense of failure," said the Herald warningly "Every profession in England is over stocked."

The pages of this weekly were filled with pungent comment. Under the heading "Evils of intemperance" was the following item: "It was recently proved that in the town of Hartford, Conn., among a population of 10,000 persons, within the last 11 years 156 persons have died of delirium tremens."

Bachelors of a century ago were "blockheads." Attacking gentlemen who, at the age of 40, were still unattached, the Herald sternly remarked: "These consummate blockheads the bachelors, they too, must join the hue and cry to deface and defame the most beautiful part of creation. Conscious that they are running contrary to all laws, human and divine, they come forth with hard words in the place of arguments; they say they are unable to support a wife; why, it costs you more in six months to pay for the soda water you drink and the cigars you smoke and give away (two articles that you can well dispense with and articles that our fathers never saw) than it would to support a sensible woman for 12 months."

Another article deplored the tendency of thoughtless ladies who, rising on a steamboat, dropped broad and successful hints for seats among tired, labor-wearied workmen.

The paper related an amusing anecdote of Lessing, the German author, "who, in his old age, was subject to extraordinary fits of abstraction. On his return home one evening, after he had knocked at his door, the servant looked out of the window to see who was there; not recognizing his master in the darkness and mistaking him for a stranger, he called out, 'The Professor is not at home.' Lessing replied, 'Oh, very well. No matter, I will call another time,' and very composedly walked away."

A true story also was told of a lady who welcomed her friends by saying: "Do make yourselves at home! I'm not at home myself and wish you all were."

Libyan Desert Believed Once Fertile Territory

Florence. — Belief that figures of animals found carved on rocks in the interior of the Libyan Desert date back to a time when the desert was fertile apparently is supported by the report of a University of Florence expedition recently returned from Africa.

Professor Lidio Cipriani, heading an earlier expedition for the university, believes that the figures were tens of thousands of years old. He found them several portrayals of what he took to be the Mauretanian bull, an animal mentioned in the most ancient human records as even then extinct.

The same figures, together with representations of elephants and giraffes, were examined by Dr. Paolo Graziosi, head of the second expedition. He, like Professor Cipriani, is of the opinion that at the time they were placed there the desert supported such animal life. He thinks the figures were inscribed on the rocks as part of these people's religious rights.

A prehistoric village, consisting of a group of natural caves profusely decorated with the carvings, was found by the second expedition. It recovered hundreds of stone spears and arrow heads from the caves.

A Cupar (Fife) man has given his bride a sewing-machine, a cookery book, and a kilt of scrubbing brushes as a wedding present.

A man bought a bundle of old books at an auction at Wickford for one shilling. Between the leaves of one of them he found ten £1 notes.

MUTT AND JEFF— By BUD FISHER

Paging Annie Laurie