MANHATTAN NIGHT

By William Alison Wolff

CHAPTER I.

Peter Wayne wasn't asleep when the telephone rang. He ought to have been; it was late enough, n all conscience; well after three, nearer four, probably. And he'd been in bed since half past on. He wasn't able, later, to letter just when the quick, stabbing sound of the bell roused him; that was to seem important, for a while. But he was lying in the dark, so that he couldn't see his watch. He had turned out the light some time before, because, though he couldn't sleep, he had found that he couldn't read, either.

Peter was in a vile temper, and he lay in the dark silence of his room, giving way to it, as one does, stupidly enough, sometimes, encouraging it to grow worse and worse. Nothing is more futile than the sort of sort of anger that possessed Peter, but every one does yield to it from time to time; the sort of anger in which jealousy and resentment, and a sense of being, really, in the wrong, are all component parts, together with a score of other confused emotions.

So there he stayed, turning and tossing, drawing up, perfecting his silly, arrogant indictment of Martha Thayer, and making up his mind for the dozenth time that he was through with er for good and all. He knew, of course, how absurd it was or him to make any such resolution. Really, he was just living through the night as best he could, waiting for morning to come. She'd call him up, probably, between nine and ten; that was the way it was usually, at times like these.

Even in his anger, even as he rehearsed his grievances, Peter was anticipating that telephone call. He'd know, when te bell rang, that it was she; he always did. Then he'd hear her throaty, husky voice in his ear, as he always did after she'd done some particularly outrageous and unforgivable thing the night before, and all he'd really care about would be whether she was going to have time, that day, to see him.

She wouldn't ask to be forgiven, of course. But he'd hear the contrition in her voice, though there'd be deep, chuckling laughter in it, too; that, and her amused, tolerant understanding of the bad temper he'd been in. And the whole structure of his just complaints and his offended pride would go tumbling down, like a house of cards that had been built up too high.

But, of course, it wasn't after daylight that she called him this time. It was right ten, in the middle of the night, while is hepless anger still ri ed him, that the bell beside his bed rang out, with the sinister, terrifying note a telephone call in the middle of the night always does have, no matter how sensible one is about such things.

"Peter!" Mrtha's voice was queer. It wasn't shrill with fright, at all; it was as deep and throaty and beautiful as it always was. But he could hear fright in it, just the same, and even horror—just in that repetition of his name. "Peter! Can you come up here right away? I've just come in. Something frightful has happened. Some one's killed Tack—"

"Tack? Killed?" Peter echoed, stupidly.

"Yes. He's been shot. Can you come right away, Peter?"

He'd switched on the light, by that time; it helped to steady him.

"Of course!" he said. But—Martha—wait a second—what have you tone? Have you called the police?"

"No. I've just called you. Can you tell them for me? And then come some yourself—come quickly?"

That was all. He got police headquarters on the wire right away, but it was a long time before he could stop talking and begin getting threed. He was passed on from one thin, disembodied voice to another, and all asked him the same maddeningly futile questions. Who was he, where was he? How did he, away down town, come to be epostitg a murder that had taken place miles uptown? One man asked him, insistently, two or three times, how he knew it was a murder, anyway, and not a suicide; you might have thought, it seemed to him, that he was a mischievous boy who'd been caught turning in a false alarm of re It didn't, at the time, so much as occur to him that that senseless, maddening iteration and reiteration of stupid questions had any purpose or design; that it was, perhaps, a part of a calculated routine.

Even after he hung up he made slow work of geeting into his clothes; he was awkwaard and clumsy. He was beginning to realize the stark horror of what Martha had told him, to anticipate what he would find when he reached the pentouse where she and Tack lived, way over East, in the fifties. He kept seeing Tack Thayer, and trying to grasp the fact that he was dead.

He'd seen Tack, very much alive, not so very many hours ago. He'd had lunch at the Yale Club, with George Garrison, and Tack had been at another table. They'd waved to one another; he wished, now, that he'd gone over and spoken to him. One's mind works addly at such times. And —too, he'd expected to see Tack this evening, only, of course, as things had turned one, he hadn't.

But he didn't really grasp the fact that Tack was dead. It wasn't imaginable that he shauld be, and still less was it imaginable that anyone should have killed him. It didn't make sense. Who on earth would want to kill Tack Thayer, and why? He wasn't the sort of man anyone would dream of killing. No one, just for one thing, would take him seriously enough. Peter caught himself up, sharply at that. It wasn't the way to think of a man who was dead. Still, that didn't alter the fact; no one would. It was a rotten epitaph for any man, perhaps, but it was true. Or so Peter thought.

He still made poor time, for all his hurrying, when he got out in the street at last. He had trouble, first, finding a taxi. Cruising cabs are thick along lower Fifth Avenue, as a rule, at almost any hour, but that morning he had to walk clear over to Union Square before he saw one. And even that one he almost didn't take, because it was one of the gyp cabs that still charge the old high rate; it struck him, after he'd got in, that that was an index of the way on'e mind worked in a crisis. What difference did ten or twenty cents of a cab fare make just then?

As he might have expected, if his brain had been functioning properly, he found the police ahead of him. A uniformed patrolman was lounging down in the hall; he gave Peter a queer look when Axel, the night elevator man, called him by name. Axel looked very sick, Peter thought, and very glad to see him. Servants had always been crazy about Tack; about Martha, too, for that matter.

It was no longer quite dark when Peter stepped out on the at roof. For one thing, every light in the penthouse was on, and in the glare from the windows he saw more policmen. He started to go in, but a plainclothesman stopped him.

"Just a minute, brother, just a minute," he said. "Who'll you be?"

"I'm a friend of Mr. and Mrs. Thayer's," he said. "My name is Wayne. Mrs. Thayer called me up—I'm the one who notified you people. You're a policeman, I suppose?"

"Yeah," said the man. "I'm a policeman, all right."

"Well, I want to see Mrs. Thayer."

"Plenty of time for that. She's busy right now. Better have a cigarette, brother, and calm down. Pretty much excited, aren't you?"

Peter stared at him. Then he laughed. That was due to sheer nervousness, of course, but he saw, at once, that it must sound bad. The cigarette was a good idea, though; he needed one. The fact that he wasn't smoking already was another index of his mood. He lighted one cigarette after another all day long, as a rule, but he hadn't so much as thought of smoking since Martha had called him up. He wondered later, if that didn't mean that he must, from the first, have had some premonition of what was coming. Even then, though he had no conscious apprehension.

But it was obvious, anyway, that he must resign himself to waiting. So he sat down on the parapet that ran, about knee-high, around the roof. He was too nervous to sit still, though, and, all at once, the idea of Martha, inside along with Tack, and, as he supposed, more policemen, was too much for him.

'Look here!" he said, getting up. "Why can't I go in? Who's in charge here? I'd like to see him. And some one she knows ought to be with Mrs. Thayer—"

"Plenty of time, plenty of time," the detective said again. "Calm down, brother. Take it easy. The little lady's all right."

Peter was disposed to argue the point, but just then another plainclothesman came out of the penthouse. He was smoking a cigar, and wore a derby hat tilted sideways, and pushed far back on his head. He stared at Peter.

"Hey, Charlie," said the first detective. "Here's Way:e—the guy that 'phoned the squral."

"Yeah?" said Charley. He went over slowly toward Peter, still staring as he moved, his jaw thrust out. He was a big, square shouldered brute, with small, keen eyes, and a cruel, tight lipped mouth. For a second he didn't speak again, but only stared. Peter could see that this man was trying to confuse him; that he was using a sort of hypnotic power he evidently thought he had.

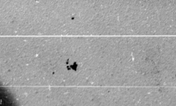
"Look here," Peter said again, indignantly.

"Sit down, you!" said Charlie, abruptly, in a sharp, peremptory voice that reminded Peter of an old-fashioned army noncom. He was so taken aback by voice adn manner that he obeyed the order, instinctively; he knew, later, that that had been a matter of reflexes.

"Now, fella, come clean! How'd you come to call Headquarters? Where were you?"

"Home," said Peter. "I live in East Ninth Street. Mrs. Thayer called me up and asked me to notify the police."

(To be continued.)



"I thought you said you'd never speak to Jack again as long as you lived?"

"So I did, but he cut me dead the next time we met, so I started all over again."

Effect on Car Lubrication

Experts declare that when atmospheric temperatures are highest that wear has worst effect upon efficiency o' lubrication of the car.

Phonograph Disc Output of Russia

The proletariat must have its music, so the gramophone record factory at Aprelevka, Russia, largest in the Soviet Union, is being enlarged to an annual production of 30,000,000 discs. It turned out only a little more than 1,000,000 last year, says The Associated Press.

"Did Harry propose to you in flowery language?" "Yes; but I nipped it in the bud."

G. B. Shaw Takes a Dip

Keeping cool in the pool. While the Empress of Britain made its way through tropical waters, a Hearst-Metrotone-Fox Movietone cameraman snapped George Bernard Shaw sans bathing shirt.

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Chicago's New Mayor

The new mayor of Chicago goes on the air. Here's Edward J. Kelly, newly-appointed mayor of the windy city replacing Joseph Cermak, assassinated in Florida.

$8,075,000 Village To Replace "Lung Block"

Infamous Tenements of Old New York to Disappear —Average Rental to be $12.50 per Room

The infamous "lung block" on the lower east side, New York is to go. A new village is to spring up in its place. Plenty of air, sunlight and elbow room and no more little consumptives to be carried of to free wards.

"Lung block" is the name given to New York's worst square of squalor by Ernest Poole when he was living at the University Settlement in the days when tenement-house reform was talk. Thirty-three years ago the Tenement House Committee condemned it as the "worst" in the city.

Now, in 1933, they are to be demolished, thanks to the enterprise of the Fred F. French Company and the aid of the R. F. C., which loaned $8,075,000 for the clean-up and the building of Knickerbocker Village on the site.

It commemorates a dream Mr. French had when he was recuperating in a hospital four years ago.

But, he says, "it was the President and the Secretary of the Treasury who finally put it over. President Roosevelt is very enthusiastic about it." When Mr. French made his application to the R.F.C. he was supported also by the State Housing Board, the Emergency Public Works Commission and former Governor Alfred E. Smith.

These rookeries, as Mr. Smith calls them, house close to 3,000 men, women and children. They will be replaced by twelve-storey and basement fireproof apartments of steel and concrete construction. They will contain 1,662 apartments and 6,020 rooms at an average rental of $12.50 a room per month.

Work will begin in the first part of May, and, according to a published statement by Mr. French:

Offers Work to 10,000.

"It will provide immediate unemployment relief, 2,0000 men will be engaged actually on the site, another 8,000 in shops, foundries, factories, mines, lumber camps, etc. About $8,000,000 will be distributed among about 10,000 people, averaging about $800 per person per year.

"It will encourage the revival of business in a broad sense, and may lead to other like developments in other cities.

"It definitely will give to the families and their children, 1,000 of them, who will live in this development, a new type of living which will stand as a model for the country at large."

"Here," comments The Times, "is a genuine venture in slum clearance not on so large a scale as might be desirable, but at least directed at the right point." "It is," says The World-Telegram, "one of the most heartending things that have happened in New York City during the depression."

But with The Herald Tribune it is still a question whether any large number of such projects could be successfully undertaken. "A rebuilding project covering, say, the whole of the lower East Side," it thinks, "would raise possibly insoluble problems in economics, taxation, finance, city plan and social requirements, not the least of which would be the problem of housing those who now live in the 'lung blocks,' since the $12.50-a-room rental in the new construction is considerably above the minimum rentals now paid by the poorest classes. In other words, the single new apartment will not permit us to assume that the housing problem is solved, fine though the project is in itself."

Gt. Britain Cleaning Up.

A massed attack on all slums is taking place in Great Britain, where they have been a problem for many generations. In moving the third reading of a new housing bill in the House of Commons, Sir Hilton Young, Minister of Health, declared: "Too long have the slums acted as radiating centres of disease of the body, mind and social order. The clearance work must be done, and the Government means to see it through." According to the London News Chronicle, the Government would provide the essential finance in the form of a subsidy, and such financial provision as might be required in order that the work may be carried on with the greatest possible speed and efficiency.

"In an age of electricity and chromium plating," writes H. V. Morton in the Laborite London Daily Herald, "millions of people are living in surroundings as barbaric as those of our Saxon forefathers. They are actually worse, for in the old days the serf, no matter how hard his life, was a kind of poor relation, whereas the modern slum-dweller is an outcast."

Mr. Morton has made a tour of the slum districts of the great industrial cities of England. They have appalled him, and he declared emphatically:

"The slums of Britain, that mountain of bad living, are a cancer in our national life.

"A country is happy and fortunate only in proportion to the well being of its people, and while we suffer this army of outcasts—from whom, by the way, we are glad to take votes and rent—to exist in conditions that are a disgrace to them and to us, we can not call this country great or happy.

"We have clearly reached the end of an epoch. Our first task is to bring ourselves up to date. We can not talk about Progress and Civilization while millions of our people are still bogged in the nineteenth century."

Novelist Would Ban Honeymoon

Prominent English Women Take Issue With Mary Borden's Conclusions

The suggestion in Mary Borden's new novel, "The Technique of Marriage," in which the idea is expatiated on that time has come to abolish the honeymoon, has been followed by a deluge of remonstrances from readers of the London paper which first dragged that idea from her pages to its own columns. First on the list of pro-honeymoon believers is her fellow-novelist, Margaret Kennedy, followed by Mrs. J. B. Clynes, wife of the British Home Secretary in the last Labor Government. Then comes Miss Elinor Glyn, who dissents from their views.

Mrs. Clynes writes:

"Any attempt to abolish the honeymoon would be doomed to failure and would be viewed as fantastic. It is part of the established ritual, and custom is often finer than law. There are, of course, cases where the honeymoon is overdone by too much travel and needless expense and the leading of a strenuous life."

This from Miss Kennedy:

"The average person cannot afford to take a long honeymoon, and in most cases when it comes it is taken in conjunction with the ordinary holiday from work. It is great fun, and a gloriously happy time, and over all too soon for most people. I disagree, too, that marriage should be harder and divorce easier. It is hard enough to get married nowadays, especially for people who are not too well off. But it should not be too easy to divorce."

And from the exotic author of "Three Weeks":

"The honeymoon is an anachronism, which should be abolished. How? I have not had time to consider, but I am in entire agreement with Miss Borden that marriage should be made harder and divorce should certainly be easier to get. I believe that before marriage people should submit to an examination of character to see if they are really suited to each other—oil will not mix with water, you know. There is only one point on which I am averse to easy divorce, and that is where it would bring harm to children."

French Jurists Shun Overwork

Paris.—French judges are not overworked, says a Chamber of Deputies report on the budget of the Minister of Justice. The report shows that two provincial courts average only one sitting a month and a dozen others only two a month.

Pride is a luxury the poor cannot know and with which the rich may well dispense.

Patience, persistence and power to do are only acquired by work.—J. G. Holland.

ORANGE PEKOE BLEND

"SALADA" TEA

"Fresh from the Gardens"

Health Hen Fails To Make Appearance

New York.—The famous hen of Martha's Vineyard island, long accepted by ornithologists as the pride of her species, apparently is entered in the More Game Birds Foundation announces.

The conclusion is based on a trip to the foundation by Prof. Alfred Gross of Bowdoin College, who just completed a long investigation of the island in behalf of the Massachusetts division of fisheries and game.

"The last authentic appearance of the lone bird was March 11, 1932, when it was seen at the James Green farm near West Tisbury," Professor Gross reported. In passing into extinction the heath hen joins the great auk, Labrador duck, Eskimo curlew and passenger pigeon.

That which is everybody's business is nobody's business.

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ISSUE No. 17—33

Woman's World

By MAIR M. MORGAN

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

LIGHT MENUS FOR SPRINGS.

The season is now graduating, too slowly, for some of us, into the warm days of spring and our appetites are being weaned from the heavy meals of winter. The following recipes will assist the housewife who wants something light for indifferent appetites:

Carrot Pie.

One cup carrot pulp, cooked carrots mashed through sieve, 6 cups sweet milk, 2 tablespoons butter, 1 lemon, juice and half the grated rind, 1 cup sugar, 6 eggs. Mix together as for any custard pie. Bake same as a pumpkin pie, 10 minutes in hot oven, and the rest of time in moderate oven.

Cream of Fresh Mushroom Soup

Peel and wash, then boil in a quart of water till tender one quart of fresh mushrooms. Mash them through a sieve. Melt two tablespoons butter, and two tablespoons flour, blend them together, then add slowly one quart hot milk and one pint of the boiling water in which mushrooms were cooked. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Stir in the pulp of the mushrooms, boil up first once and serve with croutons.

Spinach Loaf.

Cook two pounds of spinach, drain and chop it. While still hot, add two beaten eggs, one teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper, one cup fine sifted bread or cracker crumbs. Place in a well greased baking dish, cover with ½ cup hard grated cheese. Bake till top is browned. Serve with topping of French fried parsnips.

French Fried Parsnips.

Scrape and boil parsnips until about tender. Cut them in strips lengthwise, roll in cracker crumbs, then dip in egg mixture and again roll in cracker crumbs. Fry quickly in hot deep fat until golden brown.

Pancakes Popular.

Spring is the traditional time for pancakes, and if you have not tried any of the following serve them up to your family as a surprise. Here are a few tips to follow:

Stir the batter rather than beat it; a little cold water added to the milk is said to make pancakes lighter than if milk only is used; drop batter in spoonfuls on griddle, or into well-greased frying pan and keep takes hot until they are served.

Honey and Nuts.

Sit tablespoons flour, 2 eggs, about half a pint of water and about half a pint of milk, pinch of salt. Mix the flour and salt in bowl, break in the eggs, add enough cold water to mix into thick batter, and beat thoroughly until bubbles appear. Add sufficient milk to make the batter the consistency of cream, and allow it to stand for at least one hour before using.

Fry, a teacup at a time, in a little boiling fat, and when the underside is brown, toss. When both sides are a golden brown, put a generous dessertspoon of the honey mixture on the pancake, fold into three, dust over with sugar and serve.

For the honey filling, mix well together ½ pound honey, and 1 tablespoon each shelled walnuts, brazil nuts, hazel nuts and almonds and juice of half a lemon. The shelled nuts should be chopped finely before mixing with honey and lemon juice.

Basic Recipe.

Here's a good basic recipe. Sift 1 cup flour and a pinch of salt into a basin. Make a well in the centre, and into this break an egg. Work with a wooden spoon, adding by degrees ½ a pint milk until a smooth batter is made.

Beat for two minutes and leave to rest for two minutes. Then beat again adding aside to rest for an hour. Cook in hot fat in a small omelet or frying pan. Serve with lemon, orange, honey, jam or syrup.

Sour Milk Cakes.

Two and a half cups flour, ½ teaspoon salt, 2 cups sour milk, 1¼ teaspoons soda, 1 egg.

Mix and sift flour, salt and soda; add sour milk and egg well beaten. Dry by spoonfuls on greased hot griddle; cook on one side. When puffed full of bubbles and cooked on edges, turn and cook on other side. Serve with butter and maple syrup.

Corn Cakes.

Two cups flour, 1 cup corn meal, 1½ tablespoons baking powder, 1½ teaspoons salt, 2 tablespoons melted butter, 1-6 cup sugar, 1½ cups boiling water, 1¼ cups milk, 1 egg.

Add meal to boiling water and boil five minutes. Turn into bowl, add milk and remaining dry ingredents mixed and sifted, then egg well beaten and butter. Cook same as any pancakes.

Rich Cakes.

Two and one-half cups flour, ½ cup cold cooked rice, 1 tablespoon baking powder, ½ teaspoon salt, ¼ cup sugar, 1½ cups milk, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons melted butter.

Mix and sift dry ingredients. Work in rice with tips of fingers; add egg well beaten, milk and butter. Cook.

Bread Cakes.

1½ cups fine stale breadcrumbs, 1½ cups scalded milk, 2 tablespoons butter, 2 eggs, ½ cup flour, ½ teaspoon salt, 4 teaspoons baking powder.

Add milk and butter to crumbs and soak until crumbs are soft. Add well-beaten eggs, then flour, salt and baking powder mixed and sifted. Cook.

Served as Savories.

With mushrooms.—Required:

1. Ordinary pancake mixture which has stood for a couple of hours.
2. Thick white sauce.
3. Mushroom filling made as follows: Put in saucepan 1 tablespoon of butter, add teaspoon finely chopped onion and one of parsley, then ¼ lb. mushrooms cut into small pieces and cook gently until the mushrooms are tender.

Fry small-size pancake, put in a large spoonful of mushroom filling, roll and arrange in buttered fireproof dish. Continue until the dish is full, pour the thick white sauce over it, add small pieces of butter and brown under the grill or in a hot oven for a few minutes. Serve immediately.

Apple Pancakes.

Mix 1 cup pastry flour and a pinch of salt into a smooth batter with 1 egg and ½ pint of milk. Add a large finely chopped cooking apple. Cook in hot fat in the frying pan.

French Pancakes.

Beat ¼ cup each butter and sugar to a cream. Add 2 beaten eggs with ½ cup flour and ½ pint warmed milk, and beat until smooth. Divide the mixture on to six well-buttered saucers, and bake in a hot oven for 20 to 30 minutes. Turn each pancake on to a sugar-sprinkled cloth. Lay a teaspoon of jam in the centre and fold over.

Sardine Pancake.

Make the pancakes in the usual way and in each put one or two sardines, according to the size of the pancake. Roll the pancake up and serve very hot with friend tomatoes and fried parsley.

FOR KITCHEN FILES.

The bottom crusts of fruit pies will not become sodden if, after having lined your dish with paste, the latter is brushed over with a beaten egg and allowed to stand for a few minutes before putting in the fruit.

Eggs for poaching should be put in boiling water for a few seconds before cracking the shells. This prevents the yolks from breaking.

A piece of blotting paper cut to the shape of the salt-cellar and placed in the bottom will prevent salt from becoming damp and lumpy.

When cleaning brasses, first moisten your cloth with paraffin. This will result in more brilliant and lasting polish.

A little coarse sugar stirred into soup that has been made too salty will render it more palatable.

If any odd pieces of material left over after making a frock are washed each time the frock is washed, they will not look so odd if used later on for repairing the garment.

Potato water is excellent for removing tea or coffee stains from linen.

The worst of me is known, and I can say that I am better than the fame I hear.—Schiller.

Sunday School Lesson

Lesson VI., May 7—Jesus Faces the Cross. Mark 10: 32-35. Golden Text: And it came to pass, when the time was come that he should be received up, he stedfastly set his face to go to Jerusalem.—Luke 9: 51.

ANALYSIS

I. The Deepening Shadow, Mark 10: 32-34.

II. The Selfish Request, Mark 10: 35-40.

III. The Road to Greatness, Mark 10: 41-45.

Introduction—Mark 9. 30 records the real beginning of the last journey to Jerusalem, although definite mention of it is not made until Chapter 10: 32. It would appear that during his brief visit to Capernaum (vs. 9-33) the Master made preparations for his great adventure. We shall find later that a large number of his galilean friends were gathered in Jerusalem to support him during those last fateful days. He must have given some inkling of his plan to those whom he could trust. He would go to the capital of his nation for the Passover feast. What he expected would happen there his utterances and even his demeanor made increasingly clear.

I. The Deepening Shadow, Mark 10: 32-34.

Jesus and his little company traveled slowly. For him the territory through which they were passing (Mark 10:1) was new ground, but here it was that John the Baptist had labored not long before. Many people were, therefore, ready for his message. He himself was possessed by the feeling that his time was short, and that whatever he would say must be said now.

Mark gives a vivid glimpse of our Lord as he makes his way toward Jerusalem. We see "the striking figure of the Master walking alone in front, the wonder-stricken disciples behind, and still farther in the rear, a group of terrified adherents." (See Revised Version.)

Then taking his disciples apart from the crowd, he tried once more to prepare them for what lay before them. Not once, but again and again, he tried to warn them. All his own deep instincts had told him from the first that only by suffering could he fulfil his appointed task. He was going to Jerusalem with the clear presentiment that he was going to his death. The details of the predictions (vs. 33, 34) may have been filled in from later knowledge, but our Lord was already suffering the agony of Jerusalem and Calvary.

II. The Selfish Request, Mark 10: 35-40.

While our Lord's mind was thus filled with the thought of what he must soon endure, his disciples were still cherishing the old dream—a glorious earthly kingdom.

James and John decided to "put in their names" early, vs. 35-37. Probably before that forward Peter would speak for himself! Perhaps they were jealous of Peter after the incident of Mark 16: 18. At any rate, he was not with them when they came to Jesus. Matthew, evidently wishing to save the reputation of the two brothers, introduces the mother to make the request, Matt. 20: 20, 21.

How little they understood what an answer to their prayer involved! Patiently and pityingly the Master replied: "Ye know not what ye ask. Can you share my cup and my baptism?" v. 38. He meant, could they share his sufferings? See Mark 14: 36 and Luke 12: 50. The Greek word translated "bastim" was used in common talk to mean "flooded" in the sense of "overwhelmed with calamities." They, poor fellows, ambitious yet so loyal, thinking only of the "chief places" ahead, replied, "We are able." "Yes," thought the Master, sensing their real loyalty, 'Ye shall indeed share my cup and baptism."

But the place nearest Christ is not given as an earthly monarch bestows favors. Our spiritual king knows only "spiritual" nearness. The place of pre-eminence is won only by likeness to him. It is "prepared" (v. 40) only for those who qualify.

III. The Road to Greatness, Mark 10: 41-45.

The ten were displeased (v. 41) not because the brothers were so sordidly ambitious, but because they had tried to take an unfair advantage of themselves. They all had "great expectations." Such was the mood of the disciples on the very eve of their Master's sacrifice.

Once more he tried to teach them. They had a wrong view of "greatness". Among the Gentile nations around them, the standing of the kings and princess was determined by the size of their establishments. Their "greatness" was measured by the number of people who served them. He who gave orders to the greatest number and took orders from none was, to those oppressed and subject Jews, the very personification of greatness.

In the Christian community, however, there must be no such standard of greatness. Did the Master, with prophetic insight, envision the day when his church would be corrupted with that same notion of greatness? Said he, the great man among you is not he who can afford to have many servants attending him, but he who himself delights to be of service to others. The quality that counts in the Christian community is not position, but personality; not salary, but soul. The more a man is prepared to do for the sake of others, the greater he becomes—in soul. The highest tribute that one can pay to a friend is to say, "He is a great soul."

"I myself," continued Jesus, "have come among you, not to be served, but to serve, and give my life a ransom for many." The primary idea in ransom seems to be that of rescue from some danger or some enemy. The whole life of Jesus with its service, its suffering, and finally its humiliating ending, was the ransom he offered for the sins of many. By that offering he was destined to rescue mankind from the power of sin. "Ye shall call his name Jesus, for he shall save his people from their sins."

Breathing Spring In Every Line

By HELEN WILLIAMS.

Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished With Every Pattern

2552

If you want an attractive little afternoon dress for Spring, here's your number.

The bodice fitted at the lower front gives a hint of a basque effect. Its bias lines are slimming.

Almost any of the crepe silks in plain or print are admirable for this model.

Da rn-blue crinkly crepe silk made the original.

It's easily made! The saving in cost is marvelous.

Style No. 2552 is designed in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20 years, 35 and 38 inches bust.

Size 16 requires 3¾ yards 39-inch with ½ yard 39-inch contrasting.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS.

Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of each patterns as you want. Enclose 15c in it carefully) for each number, and address your order to Wilson Pattern Service, 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto.

Hen Knows Her Home

Williamsport, Md.—Mrs. Ross Downs saw a hen in a poultry dealer's crate. She said it had been stolen from her. The dealer said he paid 35 cents for it and demanded proof.

"Turn her loose," Mrs. Downs suggeste to a policeman.

He did and with the interested parties trailing, the hen went straight away to the rear of the Downs home where she resumed her duties on a nest of setting eggs.

Alternating Diet Produces Pink Eggs

If Experiments Prove Satisfactory Hens Will Lay Different Hued Eggs

Chicago.—Egg whites have gone pink—and so have chickens. The pink egg "white" and pink chick are scientific facts and the results of controlled feeding experiments in the laboratories of a chicken food concern here.

And, if further experiments being conducted by L. G. Neal, head of the food house's educational department, Dan Schaaf, and their assistants turn out as expected, the ..ens will be laying eggs with blue "white" and hatching blue chicks.

They have proven, they said, that by controlled feeding it is possible to produce eggs uniform in size, taste, color of white and yolk, and vitamin content the year through.

In addition, they have achieved eggs with "white" a deep pink and yolks varying in color from lemon to deep yellow. A cross-section of one hard-boiled egg showed a pink "white" and a yellow yolk with rings of deep red.

Neal said an egg is 12 days' work for a hen, for the yolk, when laid, has that many rings. It is possible, he said, by alternating the hen's diet, to color red as many of those rings as desired.

Imagine the dilemma of a white hen laying eggs with pink "white." Her chicks will have pink fluff.

The combinations of grain and mash feedings are laboratory secrets, Neal said.

Fashion Tips

Monkey fur and fox fur are used lavishly on formal ensembles. Lynx is used for trimming on tweeds.

Dark brown is allied to raspberry-pink, grey, beige and blue in many ensembles.

Belts are made from plaited string, metal, knitted silk and leather appliqued with chromium.

Ordinary house flannel is used for blouses and for coats worn with beach suits and beach shorts.

Heavy silk makes wide-skirted petticoats beneath frocks of organdie or tarlatan.

Feather ruffles are still popular for evening wear, and are dyed the same color as the frocks they accompany.

There is much variety in coat lengths. They may be just to the waist, to the hips, or three-quarter length.

When two different colors are used for a coat and dress revers of the same color as the dress, put a smart finish to the coat.

Scarves made of several different colors put together like bunting are gay additions to summer sports clothes and cruising ensembles.

Long velvet coats accompany dressy afternoon frocks.

"White" on Moths Ultraviolet

Butterflies and moths, as seen by each other, are very different from the way they appear to human beings, because they see ultraviolet radiations and reflections beyond the range of the eye of man, Dr. Frank E. Lutz, of the American Museum of Natural History, has demonstrated this by taking photographs of butterflies, moths and flowers in which only the ultraviolet patterns were visible. It was found, for instance, that all patches and spots on butterflies and moths which appear to be Chinese white to the human eye were in reality a deep ultraviolet in rue. Other white shades were also found to be ultraviolet when seen by the insects. —Popular Mechanics.

EAT OYSTERS "CLEAN."

"What is the best way to eat oysters?" asked the Prince of Wales recently when seven-year-old oysters fresh from their native beds were laid before him, at an oyster farm, "should you take vinegar or red pepper, or both?" he asked. The manager replied: "Never, sir. The best way is to 'eat them clean.' Then you get the true sea-water flavor."

Stammer Is Sign Child Is Spoiled

Thumb Sucking and Stutter Are Marks of Pampering, Speech Conference Told

New York.—A stammering child is a spoiled child and can be cured only through patental discipline, in the opinion of Dr. Frank Pearcy, New York psychologist, before the final assembly of the Eastern Public Speaking Conference, which closed its twenty-fourth annual convention. Dr. Peacy was one of three to lecture on speech disorders.

"A child stutters and stammers for the same reason he cries for hours at a time, whimpers, is finicky about his food or sucks his thumb," said Dr. Pearcy. "He simply wants attention. He wants to be sympathized with, to be noticed. And when parents pamper him he stops thinking about his own misfortunes and is content until they leave him alone once more."

Stuttering in childhood is far easier to control than in adolescence or later life, said Dr. D. Pearcy. With a baby, it is possible to correct any such speech disorder by ignoring it; the grown man or woman is confronted with a basic defect in personality coupled with the tentacles of habit.

"Many people can talk perfectly at home, but find themselves utterly incapable of expression among compara ers or strangers," he said. "Shock, or what we call stage-fright, should not affect a normal person in such a way as to render him utterly unable to speak. Yet with many who have been allowed to grow up in an atmosphere of pseudo-sympathy, the consciousness of habit gives them an inferiority outlook which prevents articulation."

The cure for stammering lies in control of behaviour, rather than in an attempt to change the mechanism or physical basis of speech through special exercises or medical attention, he said.

Dr. Leo A. Kallen led a discussion on occupational disorders of the voice which were caused, in the main, he said, by overstraining, or ignorance of the principles of declamation.

"Teachers, preachers, lawyers and lecturers who do not pay particular attention to their vocal apparatus soon find themselves the victims of chronic phonesthesia, which renders them mute. The commanding voice is usually one octave higher than the speaking voice. This the actor or the teacher too often forget. He hurts his throat much as the boy who tries to sing soprano long after his voice has changed."

Mrs. Lou Kennedy of Brooklyn College, told of the difficulties encountered by lexicographers in finding the true pronunciation of a word which has become mutilated geographically.

"Our only hope for purer speech is through national radio hookups which will distribute into every American dialect the element of pure English," she said. "This can best be accomplished with children, for the entire creation of a child's style in speech takes place before the age of five. At this age its personality is crystalized."

How to Torture Your Husband

The big game hunter was telling his stay-at-home wife all about his encounter with the Bengal tiger and how he had finally shot it. "Yes," he wound up, "it was a case of the tiger or me."

"I'm so glad it was the tiger, dear," she said sweetly, "otherwise we wouldn't have this lovely rug."—Boston Transcript.

Enticement

From the maple tree I heard
The cosmic rhythm of a bird.
He wore the raiment of a king
With lucent scarf and mottled wing
And from his elevated throne
He sang with esoteric tone
An invitation for a mate
To share in his petite estate.
—Roy Danford Parker.

"Sweet Corn" Defined

All grades of canned corn, according to the new amendment of the Meat and Canned Foods Act, must be packed from certain varieties of corn known to the trade as sweet corn. The corn must be picked from the stalk when it is young and tender; that is when the kernels are in a creamy or milky state on the cob.

MUTT AND JEFF— By BUD FISHER

Now Jeff is Puzzled.