You will prefer it

Few People Born Minus Tonal Sense

College Teacher Says Nine Out of Ten Pupils Who Imagine They are Monotones Can Really Carry a Tune

Nine out of ten people who think they are "monotones" can really sing, according to Professor Frances Ellen Dutting, who has been a member of the education department of a College for almost twenty-five years. Most of the girls who believe they can never sing, go out at the end of the year of music education not only able to sing but able to teach a song.

Professor Dutting explained that real monotones, that is persons who are born without a tonal sense and cannot tell one tone from another or match tones, are very rare. "A monotone is a defective just as much as a person who is deaf or dumb. When I tell that to my students they are less anxious to claim that distinction."

"If a student says she cannot sing, I ask her try some popular song with me. Nine out of ten of them can do it; because they have been hearing these songs practically all their lives. The trouble with these girls is that they cannot match tones. That is, they cannot reproduce exactly a tone, or group of tones given on a pith-pipe or sung for them."

Professor Dutting advises adults who want to perfect their singing to provide themselves with a pitch-pipe. They should match one tone at a time, then groups of tones. After a time it will be possible to sing simple musical phrases. Professor Dutting cited the case of a girl who entered her class last term and was unable to reproduce a single tone correctly. Working with a pitch-pipe every day and having her friends and family listen to her, she was able to sing a song perfectly at the end of the term.

"That girl was an example of the results to be gained by persistent individual work," said Professor Dutting. "I would prefer having that girl teach music to a child of mine to having that child study under a careless musician."

Until recent years little stress was placed on music education and many teachers and even music supervisors could not sing well. Professor Dutting encourages her students to acquire a rich musical background by reading the music columns in the daily newspapers, attending operas and concerts, and listening to good musical programs on the radio. She believes a music instructor should be "a little of a poet and a little of a musician besides being a pedagogue."

"We try here to do with our students what they will do with children in their own classes. They are taught how to introduce and teach a song to a class. As rote songs are the basis of music education and are learned by imitation, the first essential is for the teacher herself to sing well. She should not attempt to cover too much ground but be sure of her selections and insist on their being sung in an artistic and careful manner. Children sing naturally and in a thin flutelike tone."

Many of Professor Dutting's students say they were not allowed to sing at all in elementary schools

"Nothing should disturb the beauty of the class tone quality," said Professor Dutting, "and a 'pitch problem' should not indeed sing with the rest of the class. He should be placed in a position of honor, however, and asked to help the teacher listen to the others. This should be followed up with individual help. The delinquent idea should not be suggested. Children feel this and it is not fair to them. A child does not rationalize and may remain a listener all his life."

When Professor Dutting finds a real monotone, she suggests that the girl drop the course and pass that time in some other department. Very few girls want to do this. They prefer to stay, and seem to enjoy the course, just watching their classmates sing.

Devil's Food Layer Cake

⅔ cup butter	¼ teaspoon salt
1½ cups sugar	3 teaspoons Magic Baking Powder
3 eggs	1 teaspoon vanilla extract
1 cup milk	3 sq. unsweetened chocolate, melted
2½ cups pastry flour (or 2 cups and 3 tablespoons of bread flour)	

Cream butter thoroughly; add sugar slowly. Add beaten yolks; mix thoroughly. Add flour sifted with baking powder and salt, alternately with milk; add vanilla and melted chocolate. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Put into 3 greased layer cake tins and bake in moderate oven at 350° F. about 30 minutes. When cool, put together and cover thickly with Chocolate or White Icing (recipes are in the Magic Cook Book).

Miss Gertrude Dutton tells why she makes her

Devil's Food Layer Cake

with Magic Baking Powder

"I know from experience," says the cookery expert of Western Home Monthly, "that Magic makes most baked dishes look and taste better. Its uniform leavening quality gives *dependable* baking results."

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ISSUD No 46—'33

Standing on Head Proves His Point

Leicester.—In the middle of a lecture he was giving here, Dr. C. K. Millard, the medical officer of health, put his hands on the floor, sprang—and stood on his head!

He was giving a demonstration of how fit a man can be at 63. Here are some points from the lecture: Overeating and under-exercising have been the hygienic sins since the middle ages.

Modern civilization has filled our tables with all sorts of delicacies. These should be studiously avoided by the middle-aged man—or, at least, indulged in only very occasionally.

Women have a two to one better chance than men of becoming centenarians. Women, on an average, live four years longer than men.

Believe it or not, there's trustworthy evidence to the effect that actually some women are still wearing next winter's hats!

SYNOPSIS.

Capt. Trevelyan rents his house in Sittaford to Mrs. Willett and takes a smaller one in Exhampton. While his friend Major Burnaby and three neighbors play at table tipping with Mrs. Willett and her daughter Violet a "spirit" message is received that Trevelyan has been murdered. Burnaby finds his friend dead. Trevelyan's estate is willed to his sister, Mrs. Jennifer Gardner, and the three children of another sister, Mrs. Pearson, now dead. James Pearson had come to Exhampton from London the day of the murder. He is arrested. Emily Trefusis, his fiancee, meets Charles Enderby, reporter, and asks him to help her. After she had talked to Violet Willett she heard Mrs. Willett mutter "Will night never come? I can't bear it." Enderby, watching Willett's house late at night, sees Violet secretly meet Brian Pearson, one of the heirs, who was supposed to be in Australia.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

CHAPTER 22.

"You pointed out to Brian Pearson the gravity of such a course of action?" asked the Chief Constable.

"Said he didn't give a damn. He had nothing to do with the murder and it was up to us to prove he had. The way he had employed his time was his own business and none of ours, and he declined definitely to state where he had been and what he had been doing."

"Most extraordinary," said the Chief Constable.

"Yes, sir. It's an extraordinary case. You see, there's no use getting away from the facts; this man's far more the type than the other. There's something incongruous about James Pearson hitting an old man on the head with a sandbag—but in a manner of speaking it might be all in the day's work to Brian Pearson. He's a hot-tempered, high-handed young man—and he profits to exactly the same extent remember.

"Yes—he came over with Mr. Enderby this morning, very bright and breezy, quite square and above-board, that was his attitude. But it won't wash, sir, it won't wash."

"H'm—you mean—"

"It isn't borne out by the facts. Why didn't he come forward before? His uncle's death was in all the papers Saturday. His brother was arrested Monday. And he doesn't give a sign of life. And he wouldn't have, either, if that journalist hadn't run across him in the garden of Sittaford House at midnight last night."

"What was he doing there? Enderby, I mean?"

"You know what journalists are," said Narracott, "always nosing round. They're uncanny."

"They are a darned nuisance very often," said the Chief Constable. "Though they have their uses too."

"I fancy it was the young lady put him up to it," said Narracott.

"The young lady?"

"Miss Emily Trefusis."

"How did she know anything about it?"

"She was up at Sittaford nosing around. And she's what you'd call a sharp young lady. There's not much gets past her."

"What was Brian Pearson's own account of his movements?"

"Said he came to Sittaford House to see his young lady, Miss Willett, that is. She came out of the house to meet him when everyone was asleep because she didn't want her mother to know about it. That's their story.

Inspector Narracott's voice expressed distinct disbelief.

"It's my belief, sir, that if Enderby hadn't run him to earth, he never would have come forward. He'd have gone back to Australia and claimed his inheritance from there."

A faint smile crossed the Chief Constable's lips.

"How he must have cursed these pestilential prying journalists," he murmured.

"There's something else come to light," continued the Inspector. "There are three Pearsons, you remember, and Sylvia Pearson is married to Martin Dering, the novelist. He told me that he lunched and spent the afternoon with an American publisher and went to a literary dinner in the evening, but it now seems that he wasn't at the dinner at all."

"Who says so?"

"Enderby again."

"I think I must meet Enderby," said the Chief Constable. "He appears to be one of the live wires of this investigation. No doubt about it the Daily Wire does have some bright young men on their staff."

"Well, of course, that may mean little or nothing," continued the Inspector. "Captain Trevelyan was killed before six o'clock, so where Dering spent his evening is really of no consequence—but why should he have deliberately lied about it? I don't like it, sir."

"No," agreed the Chief Constable. "It seems a little unnecessary."

"It makes one think that the whole thing may be false. It's a far-fetched supposition, I suppose, but Dering might have left Paddington by the twelve ten train—arrived at Exhampton some time after five, have killed the old man, got the six ten train and been back home again before midnight. At any rate it's got to be looked into, sir. We've got to investigate his financial position, see if he was desperately hard up. Any money his wife came into he would have the handling of—you've only got to look at her to know that. We've got to make perfectly sure that the afternoon alibi holds water."

"The whole thing is extraordinary," commented the Chief Constable. "But I think the evidence against Pearson is pretty conclusive. I see that you don't agree with me—you've a feeling you've got hold of the wrong man."

"The evidence against James Pearson is all right," Inspector Narracott, admitted to the Chief Constable, "circumstantial and all that, and any jury ought to convict on it. Still, what you say is true enough—I don't see him as a murderer."

"And his young lady is very active in the case," said the Chief Constable.

"Miss Trefusis, yes, she's a one and no mistake. A real fine young lady. And absolutely determined to get him off. She's got hold of that journalist, Enderby, and she's working him for all she's worth. She's a great deal too good for Mr. James Pearson. Beyond his good looks I wouldn't say there was much to him in the way of character."

"But if she's a managing young woman that's what she likes," said the Chief Constable.

"Ah well," said Inspector Narracott, "there's no accounting for tastes. Well, you agree sir, that I had better take up this alibi of Dering's without any more delay."

"Yes, the sister. That's perfectly all right. I have made inquiries there. She was at home at six o'clock all right, sir. I'll get right on with the Dering business."

It was about five hours later that Inspector Narracott found Mr. Dering at home. He couldn't be disturbed as he was writing, the maid had said at first, but the Inspector had produced an official card and bade her take it to her master without delay. While waiting he strode up and down the room. His mind was working actively. He picked up a rather battered old book. "Pride and Prejudice." He opened the cover and saw scrawled on the fly-leaf in rather faded ink the name, Martha Rycroft. Somehow, the name of Rycroft seemed familiar, but he could not for the moment remember why. He was interrupted as the door opened and Martin Dering came into the room.

The novelist was a man of middle height with thick rather heavy chestnut hair. He was good-looking in a somewhat heavy fashion, with lips that were rather full and red.

Inspector Narracott was not prepossessed by his appearance.

"Good morning, Mr. Dering. Sorry to trouble you all here again."

"Oh, it doesn't matter, inspector, but really I can't tell you any more than you've been told already."

"We were led to understand that your brother-in-law, Mr. Brian Pearson, was in Australia. Now we find that he has been in England for the last two months. Your wife distinctly told me that he was in New South Wales."

"Brian in England!" Dering seemed genuinely astonished. "I can assure you, inspector, that I had no knowledge of the fact—nor, I'm sure, had my wife. Sylvia has twice written him letters to Australia during that time."

"Oh, well in that case I apologize sir. But naturally I thought he would have communicated with his relations and I was a bit sore with you for holding out on me."

"Well, as I tell you, we knew nothing. Have a cigaret, inspector. By the way, I see you've recaptured your escaped convict."

"Yes, got him late Tuesday night. Rather bad luck for him—the mist coming down. He walked right round in a circle. Did about twenty miles to find himself about half a mile from Princetown at the end of it."

"Extraordinary how everyone goes round in circles in a fog. Good thing he didn't escape on the Friday. I suppose he would have had this murder put down to him as a certainty."

"He's a dangerous man. Freemantle Freddy, they used to call him. Robbery with violence, assault—led the most extraordinary double life. Half the time he passed as an educated, respectable wealthy man. A kind of criminal mania used to come over him from time to time. He would disappear and consort with the lowest characters."

"I suppose many people don't escape from Princetown?"

"It's well-nigh impossible, sir. But this particular escape was extraordinarily well planned and carried out. We haven't nearly got to the bottom of it yet."

"Well," Dering rose and glanced at his watch, "if there's nothing more, inspector—I'm afraid I am rather a busy man—"

"Oh, but there is something more, Mr. Dering. I want to know why you told me that you were at a literary dinner at the Cecil Hotel on Friday night?"

"I—I don't understand you, inspector."

"I think you do, sir. You weren't at that dinner, Mr. Dering."

Martin Dering hesitated. His eyes ran uncertainly from the inspector's face, up to the ceiling, then to the door, and then to his feet.

The inspector waited calm and stolid.

"Well," said Martin Dering at last, "supposing I wasn't. What the hell has that got to do with you. What have my movements, five hours after my uncle was murdered, got to do with you or anyone else?"

(To Be Continued.)

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DIXIE

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Old Guard List Most Glamorous Movie Artistes

Hollywood.—At a luncheon the other day were some of the Old Guard, men who had been in the movie game for 18, 20 and more years. The talk got on to Garbo and what makes the woman so glamorous, then on to glamorous women generally.

Clarence Sinclair Bull, portrait photographer, the only man whom Garbo has allowed to photograph her during the last five years, was among those present. Mr. Bull was asked to name the most glamorous women of his entire screen career. He named, and this is a game you may play at your own luncheon or dinner table, Theda Bara, Barbara La Marr, Nita Naldi in the Blood and Sand days, Mae Murray, and, of course, Garbo.

Choice of Theda Bara was questioned; Mae Murray's name, too, but other men present volunteered them a distinguished place in their respective heydays. They were colorful, and, according to their day, glamorous.

Certain other names, outstanding ones of the moment and undisputed big box office, were given other credits, but not glamor. Two of my own particular favorites, maybe yours, too, were dismissed as suggesting too much ability to create glamor. Others were condemned as too coldly classical, too self-sufficient, too just beautiful, and nothing else. Anyway, they missed fire somehow on the powerful allure before which strong men bow and weaken. Others, it was contended, affected men in too nice a way to provoke glamor acclaim—a sister hold, a favorite blood relation appeal.

Then it was contended that certain only women have only screen glamor. On the stage or in private life they might be washouts. The suggestion followed that perhaps this was responsible in no small measure for the frequent change in marriage partners out here. The screen personality is fallen in love with.

Later, talking to Alice Brady about glamorous women of the stage, she named Katherine Cornell, Lynn Fontanne, and Ina Claire. Miss Cornell for the dark, brooding, mysterious quality that makes you think of cathedrals and things like that; Miss Fontanne for a brittle careless quality, a mental appeal rather than a physical one; and Miss Claire for the "band box" perfection of clothes and grooming.

It's All in the Method

Toronto.—There was a young man on the verandah o. a Moore Park home when the lady of the house answered the bell. His arm was outstretched for dramatic effect, when he began his speech: "Lady, you will be surprised to learn that I'm not working my way through college, nor have I any starving children. But this soap is honestly worth 15 cents a cake, and I'm selling it at a dime. Any luck?"

He made a sale.

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