Green tea at its best

"SALADA"

520

GREEN TEA

Synopsis of Preceding Instalments

When the United League season opens the gamblers are offering 200 to 1 that Pop Clark's New York Blue will not win the pennant. Terry Burke is the only sports writer to give them a chance. He bets $10 at Tony Murallo's retsaurant in the Broadway district. In the Blues' first game Whitper, the Philadelphia pitcher, is killed with a bullet through the heart after smashing out a home run. Both Burke and Larry Doyle, the Blues' rookie shortstop, for whom Clark's pretty daughter Frances had shown her preference over Whitper, are suspected at first by Detective Kelly. It is Burke who discovers it was Sid Stream, notorious gunman, who wrecked a taxi with a bullet through a tire and injured four Boston players as the Blues are to open a series. Then Dirkin, Chicago star, drops dead on the diamond from poison on a phonograph needle fixed in the handle of his bat. Pietro, Chicago's bat boy, disappears. Clark sends Doyle to Newark but he is soon sold to Boston. When the Blues go to St. Louis, Scotter, the Rubes' star pitcher, is found dead from a gas given off by a mysterious powder in the box with a jigsaw puzzle sent to him anonymously. Each time Burke has a beat on these sensational happenings and masked gunmen truss him up, question him and warn him he knows too much. Rawlins, the Chicago manager, ill when the Blue arrive for a series, is hanged in a hotel room adjoining his, after a maid is gagged and bound, and her pass-key taken. Again there is no clue to the murderer.

The game for the following day was cancelled and the police suggested that it would be advisable for the Blues to leave Chicago as quietly as possible. The Chicago press was wild. There was smoldering fire in the things they said about the Blues and the strange sequence of murder that followed them about the country. It was the series of articles in the Chicago papers that gave Terry inspiration for the article he wrote that afternoon on the Limited as the train raced for Detroit. Terry's article was reprinted in most of the large cities in the countrq. He reviewed the series of crimes which had thus far been closely allied with baseball and turned the finger of suspicion toward the Blues.

"How do we know," Terry asked, "that the crimes are connected with baseball at all? It is true that each of the victims thus far has been a figure prominent in the national game,, but how do we know that these crimes are motivated by anything in the baseball world? Perhaps the police haye been too anxious to cover up their failure to solve the crimes. Has there been sufficient search into the lives of the people murdered? Have the reasons for these crimes been properly investigated to their full extent? Why should this wholesale slaughter have anything to do with the game? We are now in mid-season. Will there be a murder in Detroit? Will there be a murder in Cleveland? How do we know that clever criminals are not using this public suspicion to cover their own tracks?"

Terry typed words and words and words, not believing any of it, but he felt better and hoped that the murderers would leave him out of their calculations in the future.

Craven had been restless while Terry worked. As he walked up and down the lounge car, he would stop and look over Terry's shoulder. Once he stopped and said. "You don't believe all that belly-wash. Why write it?"

"If something doesn't happen we will have a wave of hysteria all through the baseball world. If this thing keeps up, the game may be called off for the rest of the season." Terry was serious.

"Say, depression or no depression, this is the greatest year this league has had in years. It's a wonder the Consolidated League hasn't started a few murders of their own to bring up their gate. People are ghouls. They love it and I'll bet the first day in Detroit will find the park jammed to the limit. They'll hope to see a murder committed right before their eyes."

"What do you think about all this?" Terry asked.

"I think it is some gang trying to force the Blues into first place."

"If that is true," Terry argued, "wouldn't you think the police would have some clues? Suppose you were suspicious. How would you go about finding the guilty people?"

"Search me, I'm no detective," Craven pulled a flask from his pocket. "Let's have a drink before we go back for dinner."

After the steward had brought glasses and water, Terry leaned forward and said, "Listen, Craven, I want to tell you something. Keep it under your hat; don't ever breathe what I'm saying unless I should disappear. If I do, go to Kelly in New York and tell him anything you may know about me. Will you promise?"

"Sure, but I think you're nuts. This thing is getting under your skin. You need a rest."

Then Terry told him about the telephone call in St. Louis and his narrow escape from something, he did not know what.

Craven whistled, and then said. "But why should they be after you? I see. You know too much, or they think you do."

"We learn things, we see things. It's part of our job to do that. If the time comes when I turn up missing, just keep your eyes and ears open, will you? You may be able to help me out of a hole. Anything unusual that you see or hear might be just the thing. I'm not quitting on this murder business. I've some ideas and I'm going to follow them up in my own way."

"What are they?"

"I can't and won't tell you, or you might find yourself in the same boat."

Death on the Diamond .... ED—July

"I see, What do you want me to do?"

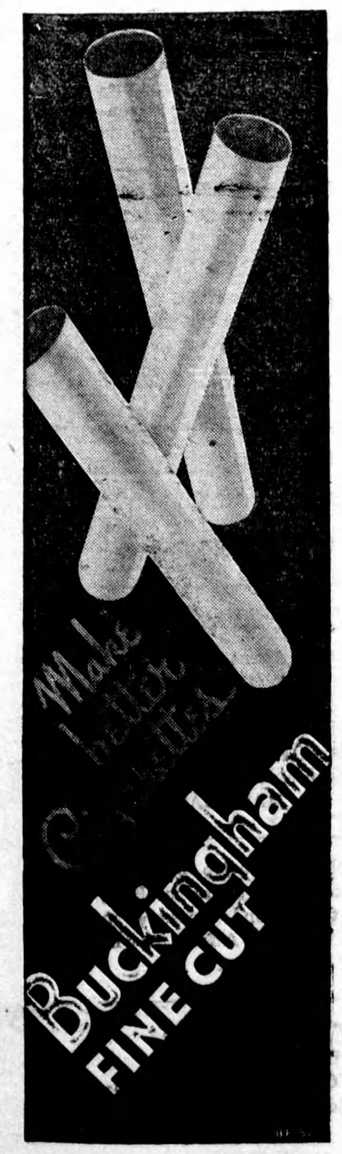
"I don't know. Just be on the job always."

"Like what?"

"Well, for instance—Army has a mascot, hasn't it? A mule, and you always see that mule when you see the Army play, don't you?"

"Yes."

(TO BE CONTINUED)



Postcards handled by the British Post Office in the last fiscal year numbered 7,350,000,000.

Demand Abolition Distinction Between Wives and Spinsters

British Feminists Consider All Adult Women Should Have Common Title

LONDON.—Feminists are on the warpath again. This time they demand abolition of the distinction between wives and spinsters.

Leading the battle, Mrs. F. Pethick-Lawrence asked a Women's Freedom League meeting why single women should be obliged to broadcast the fact by calling themselves "Miss".

She said that she had always felt that women should not have to be divided into "Mrs." and "Miss" when there was no indication of whether a man was married or unmarried.

Declaring the title "Miss" implied inferiority, Mrs. Pethick-Lawrence said she was pleased to see in Nazi Germany any woman was now free to call herself "Frau".

One thing that aroused her ire was that a woman must state whether or not she is married on income-tax forms and other official Government documents.

"I consider it definitely degrading for her to have to do this," Mrs. Pethick-Lawrence said. "No man is asked to put 'married' or 'single' after his signature.

"It is a question of giving a woman adult status by using one title for all women, just as you do for all men. I don't like the word 'Mrs.' I would much prefer the word "Mistress' such as they use in Scotland for all women, or the word 'madam' which is the common title for all women in France."

A Baby's Smile

The man who has not a kindly word and a smile for a baby as it passes him on the street lacks something in his mental and spiritual makeup, observes the Port Rowan News. Lnog before civilization began its march to glory land, the baby was regarded as the most beautiful and lovely of all living things. What will that baby be?

When the mother's imagination begins to work she can see the boy not a king, perhaps, but as a successful business man, or a professional man. A drunkard or a failure in life she does not think it possible for him to be. As the little lad stretches his arms at the bidding of the invisible spirit of growth, the mother's boast seems to hear this spirit say a strong man with power to accomplish something. And the mother smiles and baby's answering smile seems to say, an honest man, an honorable man, a useful man in this big world. Thus the mother has a thousand dreams and a thousand hopes in her fancies for her boy. And these dreams would all come true if it were not for the fact that there are a thousand snares and a thousand pitfalls all ready to catch that nice baby when he goes out into the world.

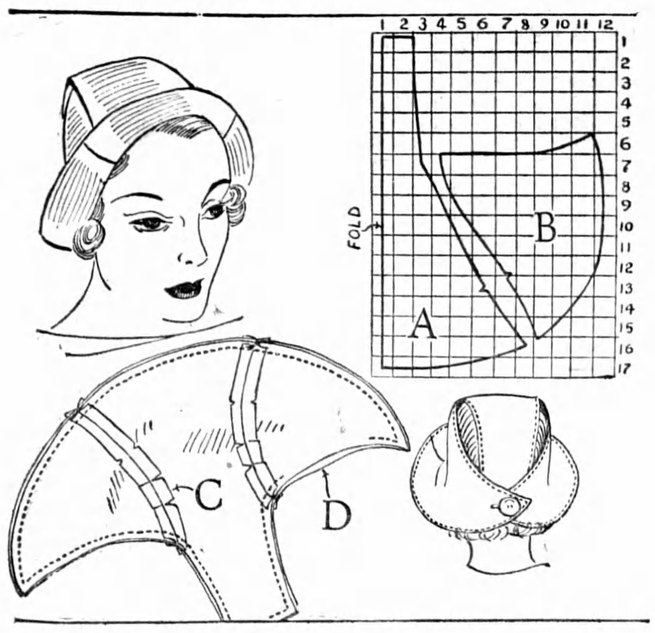
Jotting Down Car Numbers

We have suggested it before, but again we urge the noting of automobile numbers as a hobby. All good citizens, observing cars being driven in suspicious manner or circumstances, should make a point of jotting down the numbers. Many times such a habit has resulted in the arrest of criminals.

In Schomberg, a woman was able to give the police a valuable clue when she handed them the number of a car which had been driving to and fro on the streets of that place, which showed the direction travelled by a gang of robbers. Many a hit-and-run driver has got away, leaving his victim dead or dying on the highway and never is arrested because no one in the vicinity has learned the habit of taking numbers. It is a good habit worthy of cultivation.

In the early days of the oil industry only five barrels of petrol could be obtained from 100 barrels of crude oil. Today they can get 104 barrels of petrol from 100 of crude oil. Sounds like making a quart fit a pint pot.

A BUTTON-ON PIQUE HAT—By RUTH SPEARS



12-S

A white hat is absolutely essential with summer dresses and here is one that is easy to make and launder. One-half yard of 36-inch pique, some white cotton thread, a big pearl button and a piece of brown paper for your pattern are all you need to make it.

The paper for the pattern should be 12-inches wide and 17-inches deep, as shown in the diagram at the upper right. Rule this paper into 1-inch squares and then outline the pattern pieces over the squares so the lines of the pattern cross the ruled lines of the squares just as you see them here. The numbers around the edge of the diagram will help you in counting the squares.

The pattern piece marked A is for the center portion of the hat and the one marked B in the diagram is for the side sections. The long straight edge of the center piece is placed on a fold of the goods in cutting as indicated. The hat is lined with self material so you will need to cut two center pieces and four side pieces. This pattern is for a 22-inch head size. To make it larger or smaller, add or trim away the necessary amount at the seam lines.

Stitch the outside and inside sections together. Clip these seams along curves and press them open as at C. Now, place the outside and inside layers with right sides together and stitch around the edges, leaving an open space through which to turn the hat right side out, as shown here at D. When the hat has been turned through this opening baste along the turned edge to hold it in a firm line while being pressed; then stitch around the hat very near the edge. Sew a button at the back of the center piece of the hat and make a buttonhole in each side end. Button both sides to the one button.

NOTE:—Mrs. Spears' new book, "Sewing For The Interior Decorator," contains 47 other fascinating things to make for the home with step-by-step instructions. Now ready for mailing upon receipt of 14c (10c plus 4c postage). Address: Mrs. Ruth Wyeth Spears, 73 Adelaide Street West, Toronto.

The Love of Reading

Pointing out that a librarian, whether he, or she, works in a small library or a large one, must be a guide, philosopher, and friend to those who come seeking knowledge, Hon. Martin Burrell remarked at the convention of Ontario Librarians that the love of reading must be counted one of the greatest blessings in life, second only, perhaps to health, and happy is the mortal who acquires that love in youth. Free to all, that great storehouse of books contains the records of all human endeavor back to the twilight of history.

"Here we can find the stories of high valor, of duty performed under incredible difficulties, of great love, of implacable hates, of deep tragedy—in short of the struggles, the conquests, the failures, the thousand and one vicissitudes that mark the lives of mortals as they have trodden the dusty road of life. And by this fine ministry of books pain and sickness are alleviated, old age robbed of half its trials, boredom banished."

BLACKHEADS

Blackheads go quickly by a simple method that just dissolves them. Get two ounces of peroxine powder from your druggist, rub this with a hot, wet cloth gently over the blackheads—and you will wonder where they have gone. Have a Hollywood complexion.

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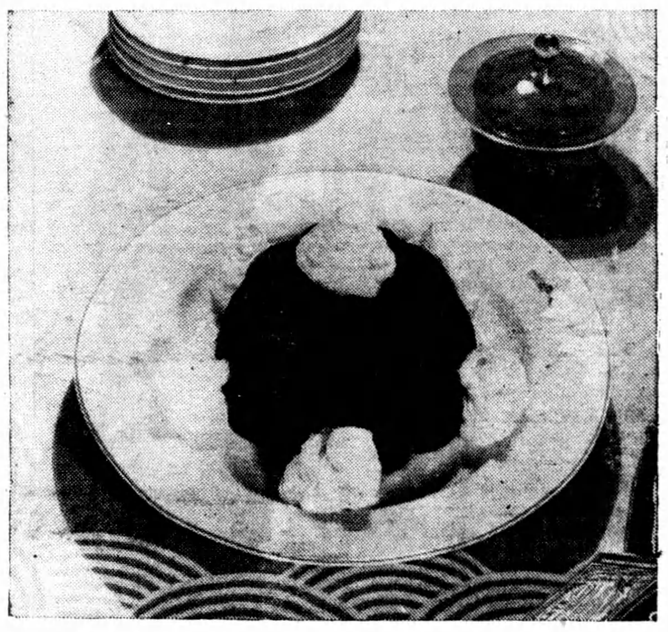

A Fine Pudding

Chocolate is a universal favorite at any time of the day, any season of the year. And it reaches its peak of perfection in desserts, particularly puddings. Rich in flavour and color is this delicious chocolate molded pudding. The ingredients which go into it tell you that it is nourishing and healthful and the relish with which it is consumed tells you that it is tasty.

It's attractive looking too with its cunning garnish of whipped cream. Serve it soon an destablish it as a favorite in your home.

Chocolate Velvet Cream

1 square unsweetened chocolate.
1 cup milk.
1 tablespoon granulated gelatin
1-8 teaspoon salt
½ cup sugar
1 cup heavy cream
½ teaspoon vanilla.

Add chocolate to 3-4 cup milk and heat in double boiler. Soak gelatin in remaining ¼ cup milk 5 minutes. When chocolate is melted, beat with rotary egg beater until blended. Add gelatin, salt and sugar and stir until gelatin is dissolved. Cool. Add cream and vanilla. Chill until cold and syrupy. Place in bowl of cracked ice or ice water and whip with rotary egg beater until fluffy and thick like whipped cream. Turn into large mold, chill until firm, then unmold and keep in refrigerator until served. Garnish with whipped cream. Sprinkle with chopped blanched almonds, or grate chocolate over top, if desired. Serves six.

World Travel

Miss Cora Hind, for long Farm Editor of the Winnipeg Free Press and author of Western crop reports that have enjoyed the highest prestige in grain circles, has lately returned home from a two-year period of world travel that included some 25 countries. While thus engaged she kept her eyes keenly open in the interests of Canada and she had published some of the conclusions reached from these observations.

Among other things, Miss Hind thus advocates: "Consideration of wheat areas, with experts abroad to keep Canada posted on what the world is doing. A well-organized and constantly operating system for selling our wheat."

"Utilizing of markets, however small, with a willingness to buy as well as sell.

"Early consideration of a fresh meat trade with Britain.

"Better status for our Trade Commissioners and close co-operation between the Department of Trade and Commerce and the Intelligence Department.

"Better support on the part of exporters and would-be exporters.

"Finally, persistent, never-ceasing effort to open up the natural resources and enlarge our home markets by increasing our population."

The Ottawa Journal, noting these suggestions, says that it "sounds like a sensible and practical program," which our public men might study with profit. And we can endorse this comment."

Mosquitoes

Mr. Arthur Gibson, Dominion Entomologist, knows as much as any man about making war on mosquitoes and his letter to Mayor Lewis offers a basis on which definite and continuous action should be planned.

Mr. Gibson says it will cost about 10,000 a year to assure "comparative freedom" from the mosquito plague in the mertopolitan area of about fifty square miles in which reside more than 200,000 persons—in other words, five cents per capita per year. This money would provide for a general supervisor; would allow considerable expenditure on cutting ditches, removing brush, other permanent measures; oiling on a large scale; the purchase and maintenance of the necessary equipment.—Ottawa Journal.

Conquest of England

New York Times—Every once in a while some British purist or ancient sounds a warning against the ravages of American slang in the inviolate island. His cause is hopeless. Even in girls' schools, which might be thought the last defence of the proprieties and pedantries of speech, the keen humorous immigrant has made his way. At the annual conference of the Association of Head Mistresses a high school teacher said that modern life is so tiring that the younger generation wants something soothing and relaxing. They are bored by sentences from the classics "whereas slick Americanisms meet their need and are far more effective." One teacher thought "debunk" was an excellent word and defied any one to find a better. She recalled that not so long ago a head mistress would have been fired if she had been guilty of saying "bus." Evidently she believes in selective slang, for she didn't "think children ought to say to their mothers 'O.K., big baby'."

Estate of Willys Is $1,864,069 Net

NEW YORK—John N. Willys, the automobile manufacturer and former ambassador to Poland, who died Aug. 26, 1935, left gross assets of $2,414,729 and a net estate of $1,846,069, it was shown in an estate tax appraisal filed last week.

The only property taxable here belonging to Willys, who was a resident of Palm Beach, Fla., consisted of real estate and personal effects totaling $23,422.

Appraisal papers also listed additional property and furnishings outside New York State amounting to $341,349.

BABY'S OWN SOAP

Best for You and Baby Too