

Woman's Realm :- Social and Personal :- Fashions :- Literature

MYSTERY HOUSE

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

"She'll leave more than a fortune. She's got the Prendergast diamond. Mrs. Hurley said in a half whisper. "One of the biggest diamonds in the world."

"Who has? Mrs. Hibbs?"

"Mrs. Prendergast. That's one of the things that's worrying Mrs. Hibbs. She wants to know, when her aunt dies, who's going to get that diamond. Mrs. Hibbs' mother is the old lady's only sister; she's a Mrs. Roy; she lives in India somewhere. She wrote Mrs. Hibbs to be sure to have everything all understood about the pink diamond."

"A pink diamond? Thrills!" Page whistled.

"Her husband, old Rutger Prendergast, bought it years ago when he sold a mine or something. It's known all over the world. They say it's the size of a pigeon's egg. Anyway, the Hibbs will pay you a hundred a month for keeping an eye on it."

"Mrs. Prendergast of course is not to know that I've ever heard of them?"

"Oh, good gracious no!"

"She doesn't know that you know them?"

"I don't know them. I've only seen their lawyer, Bishop, twice. He came into my office about three weeks ago and asked me if old Mrs. Prendergast ever sent in to me for girls to go down there and work. I says no, that she kept Chinese help and I don't handle them at all. He says that if ever she did, please to phone him as there was something wrong in it for us all."

"Well, my dear, you hadn't gone out of the office day before yesterday when a letter come from Flora Mookbee asking for a nurse, and it come to me like a flash that you was the one to go down there. So I phoned Mr. Bishop and he come in and told me this whole story."

"It sounds kind of wild and weird," Page mused, aloud.

"Well, there's a telephone there, and there's always the doctor. She threw the local man out, Mr. Bishop said, some time last summer, and she's got a resident physician. And, who knows," Mrs. Hurley said comfortably, "you might like her! It'd be easy work; she's not, sick, you know. And there's always the money."

"Change, too," Page said, still slightly hesitant. "I'll go down there and see what's going on anyway. And am I to report to you, or to Mr. Bishop?"

"Don't report to anyone unless there's something unusual going on."

"Me and Mata Hari!" said Page. "It almost feels as if we might have a little shower." Page suggested pleasantly. The man laughed suddenly and abruptly, glanced down at her as if for the first time he really saw her.

He did not see her very clearly. Night was black upon the little station platform at Belmont, and the rain was thudding down upon the umbrella he held against the wind over Page and himself.

He was Dr. Randall Harwood, old Mrs. Prendergast's physician; he had come down on the same train from San Francisco with Page, but they had not identified each other

until a moment ago. Now, laughing, caught by the rain, they waited together for the arrival of the doctor's car. He was to drive Page to Mystery House.

"How far is it?"

"Mystery House? About-well, Half-moon Bay's twelve miles right over the grade, and then we have—oh, less than twenty more—the doctor said. "In pleasant weather it takes only an hour."

The rain slapped and splashed about them in the darkness; toward the west, only a few hundred yards distant, the sea roared and surged on rocks. The night was about them like curtains of ink, without a light anywhere except the fitful flare of the car lights piercing the dripping wall of blackness ahead.

A strange old woman in a lonely country house; an unknown man; a Miss Flora who was odd, moody; Page began to feel uneasy.

"You'll find it a queer, mixed sort of household," the doctor was saying. "But you'll get us all straightened out by degrees. There's Mrs. Prendergast, of course, and Miss Flora. Then there are the servants, all Chinamen. They never come upstairs. And then there's Lynn. He's a sort of cousin or protege or nephew of the old lady, or the son of an old friend. I don't exactly know what Lynn is, and she won't talk about. But he's a little queer—"

"Heaven help me!" Page said in her thoughts. Aloud she added, in a somewhat quavering voice, "Queer?"

"He had some accident, and a long illness, one of those mysterious cases," the physician explained. "No harm in him. A sort of amnesia. He just doesn't quite click. He puts out around with a boat, and sleeps out in the barns somewhere, but he eats his meals with the family, and I didn't want you to be confused meeting him. I'll be just about dinner time when we get there."

"Dinner at half past seven?"

"Most times. Now and then the old lady takes a fancy to having it earlier, or later. For a while we had dinner at ten—the Chinamen stayed up late and served the whole thing, soup and black coffee. Yes, it's kind of mixed pickles!" the doctor ended, laughing. "I didn't know whether or not you knew anything about what you were getting into."

I certainly didn't. Page thought. (To be continued)

WATERLOO BRIDGE

The new Waterloo Bridge, London, Eng., will be opened for traffic at the end of 1939.



Nervous Fears

Fear, worry, anxiety rob you of rest and sleep and health. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food will certainly help you to win back health, vigor and confidence. Use it to-day.

Dr. Chase's NERVE FOOD

MORSE'S TEA
on the FARM

A refreshing and stimulating cup of MORSE'S delicious TEA is enjoyed any hour of the day, on the farm.

It gives new Life and Lightens the day's labors.

The HOUSEWIFE and HER ACTIVITIES

HELPERS

Help me the slow of heart, to move
By some clear winning word of love.
Teach me the wayward feet to stay.
And guide them in the homeward way

GOOD SENSE

Good sense is as different from genius as perception is from invention; yet though distinct qualities, they frequently subsist together. It is altogether opposed to wit, but by no means inconsistent with it. It is not science, for there is such a thing as unlettered good sense; yet, though it be neither wit, learning, nor genius, it is a substitute for each when they do not exist, and the perfection of all when they do.—Hannah More.

JOY

Joy is essential to true religion. A gloomy religion is far from God. A sad gospel is a contraction in terms, like a black sun. "Behold," said the angel, "I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people." And that message was simply the news of a great power which had appeared in the world for salvation.—Van Dyke.

PATIENCE

Patience! Why it is the soul of peace; of all the virtues, it is nearest kin to heaven; it makes men look like gods. The best of men that ever wore earth about him was a sufferer.—a soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit; the first true gentleman that ever breathed.—Decker.

THE BEST FLAVOR

The safest way to make successful pastry is to always use freshly-bought shortening, saving the remainder for frying purposes. Nothing will spoil the flavor of pie crust more than a state or even slightly stale shortening.

FRESH AND SWEET

One way of insuring a neat bathroom by having all the washcloths hung so they may be dried out and stay sweet, is to buy some small ivory rings and sew one of these firmly to one corner of each cloth. They are easy to find and no one will find it a trouble to hang theirs up to dry.

STORED LINENS

If your hope box is getting just a bit passe, it is better to blue an old pillowcase to deep blue and pack the articles in this case. It will keep them from yellowing if the engagement proves a long one—as they sometimes do in this high-priced age.

CARE OF THE HANDS

An ounce of prevention goes a long way in keeping the hands soft and white. Protect them by wearing a pair of old gloves when dusting, gardening, etc. Always keep a piece of lemon on your washstand. You will find it invaluable for removing fruit and vegetable stains. During the winter months one's hands become very rough and chapped. After washing use a good hand lotion. There are many on the market.

Equal parts of glycerine and rose water, with a few drops of benzoin and carbolic acid are very good.

Manicuring is intended primarily to enhance the beauty of nails and make them more attractive. You will need a pair of manicure scissors, a file, orange wood stick and chamolis buffer.

Scrub nails well in soapy water, dry and file, following the shape of the finger ends. Extremely pointed nails are not in good taste.

Clip the corners with scissors and file into shape.

Never cut the cuticle at base of nail. Push back gently with the orange wood stick, being careful not to bruise. Use the pointed end of stick to remove any dirt which may have lodged under the nails.

Finally finish with a good polish, either in powder form, or a liquid nail gloss, which is applied with a small brush. This gloss is especially nice for the housekeeper, as it is not affected by water and acts as a protection to nails.

Give your hands and nails a few minutes' daily care and note how quickly they respond.

HOW NOT TO GROW OLD.

Dunnville Chronicle.
—How to keep from growing old:

Always race with locomotives to crossings. Engineers like it; it breaks the monotony of their jobs. Always pass the car ahead on curves or turns.

Don't use your horn; it may unnerve the other fellow and cause him to turn out too far.

Demand half the road—the middle half. Insist on your rights. Always speed; it shows people you are a man of pep, even though an amateur driver.

Never stop, look or listen at railroad crossings. It consumes time. Drive confidently just as though there were not eighteen other cars in service.

Always lock your brakes when skidding. It makes the job more artistic.

Always pass cars on hills. It shows you have more power; and you can turn out if you meet a car at the top.

In sloppy weather, drive close to pedestrians. Dry cleaners appreciate it.

Never look around when you back up. There is never anything behind you.

Always drive fast out of alleys.

Today's Short Wave Radio Program

(All time in Eastern Standard)

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 16

Moscow

4 p. m.—Navigation in the Arctic. RNE, 26.6 m., 12 meg.

Paris

5:15 p. m.—Concert relayed from Radio-Paris. TPA-4, 25.6 m., 11.72 meg.

Rome

6 p. m.—News in English. Symphonic Concert. Abruzzo songs. 2RO, 31.1 m., 9.63 meg.

London

6:45 p. m.—"Stepping it Out." A novelty program of dance music. GSP, 19.6 m., 15.31 meg.; GSD, 25.5 m., 11.75 meg.; GSC, 31.3 m., 9.58 meg.

Eindhoven, Netherlands

7 p. m.—Happy Programs. PCJ, 31.2 m., 9.59 meg.

Berlin

7:10 p. m.—Technical tips for the Radiofan. DJD, 25.4 m.,

London

7:30 p. m.—A Program of Waltzes. GSP, 19.6 m., 15.31 meg.; GSD, 25.5 m., 11.75 meg.; GSC, 31.3 m., 9.58 meg.

Berlin—9:15 p. m.—Entertainment Program. DJD, 25.4 m., 11.77 meg.

London

9:46 p. m.—Short Story. GSP, 19.6 m., 15.31 meg.; GSC, 31.3 m., 9.58 meg.

A Morning Smile

Traveller—Porter, I want to be called at 5 o'clock in the morning.

Porter—Boss, ah guess you-all ain't acquainted with these hear modern invention. See this heat button, heah? Well, when you-all wants to be called, you jest presses dat button, an' we comes an' calls you.

MARTIAL DIRECTNESS.

The sentry challenged the uniformed figure that had entered the camp.

"Major Jones," came the reply.

"Sorry, sir," said the sentry. "Fraid I can't let you proceed without the password."

"Drat it, man I've forgotten it!" snapped the other. "But you know me well enough."

"Can't help it, sir," persisted the sentry. "Must have the password."

"Don't stand arguing all night, Bill," came a voice from the guard tent. "Shoot 'im!"

THE COOK'S CORNER

BLUEBERRY BATTER PUDDING.

One-fourth cup shortening, 2-3 cup sugar, 2 eggs, 3-4 cup milk, 1 3-4 cups flour sifted with 3 teaspoons baking powder and 1-2 teaspoon salt, 3 cups blueberries mixed with 1-2 cup sugar, 1 teaspoon lemon juice and 2 tablespoons cornstarch. Make a batter with above ingredients, omitting the berries. Place berries in greased baking dish cover with batter, and bake in oven of 325 degrees for three-quarters of an hour. Serve hot, with cream.

WHAT YOU EAT HAS A LOT TO DO WITH HOW YOU FEEL

Correction of Constipation* Is Often a Matter of Menus

For years, the medical profession has insisted that proper diet is more effective in promoting health than the indiscriminate use of patent medicines. Today, they are seeing their teachings bear fruit.

For instance, millions of families have learned that common constipation is largely due to insufficient "bulk" in meals. Many of them correct this condition by the regular use of Kellogg's ALL-BRAN.

This delicious cereal supplies generous "bulk" in effective form. Within the body, its "bulk" absorbs moisture and forms a soft mass. Gently this clears out the intestinal wastes.

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN also supplies vitamin B and contains iron. It may be served as a cereal with milk or cream, or cooked into tempting muffins, breads, etc.

Two tablespoonfuls daily are usually sufficient. Stubborn cases may require ALL-BRAN often. If not relieved this way, consult your doctor.

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN is not a "cure-all"—but it does correct common constipation.* It is guaranteed by the Kellogg Company. Sold by all grocers. Made by Kellogg in London, Ontario.

*Constipation due to insufficient "bulk"

Business of Being a Woman Answered **Dorothy Dix** Says it Is Most Important Job Known

A Woman Must be a Jack of all Trades, a Diplomat, a Mother and to Walk Humbly in High Places and Bravely Through Trouble

A girl asks: "What do people mean when they speak of 'the business of being a woman'?" Well, daughter, they are referring to the complicated job that is wished on all of us who are born of the female persuasion.

Being a woman isn't as simple a matter of nature as being a man is. A man is even as God made him, handsome or ugly, fat or thin, dumb or fascinating. We take him at his face value and let it go at that. But life isn't so easy as that for women. No woman can do with a measly little handful of charms and virtues. She has to be able to shoot the whole works in order to get by.

Take the matter of looks, for instance. Provided a man is neat in appearance, intelligent and has good manners nobody cares a rap about whether he is as handsome as a cinema hero or ugly enough to stop the clock. Ninety per cent of the big men of today are fat and bald-headed, and would never get a prize in a beauty show. No employer considers whether or not a male applicant for a job has naturally wavy hair and melting blue eyes and peaches-and-cream complexion.

But a woman is under the necessity of being beautiful though ugly. If she wasn't born pulchritudinous it is part of her business to make herself so. That is why women spend their money in beauty shops instead of restaurants, why they starve themselves to attain string-bean figures and why they grow old trying to keep young.

Observation shows them that men are far more interested in the outside of a girl's head than in what is within it, and as long as that is attractively upholstered it doesn't matter whether there is a single brain cell functioning or not. Also, they have observed that when a woman looks for a job it is better to be Miss America than to hold the typewriting record, or to be a wizard at figures.

Then part of the business of being a woman is to be a sort of universal genius, a jack of all trades. Nobody expects a man to be a combination lawyer and plumber or doctor and carpenter or preacher and gigolo. No man, after a hard day's work, washes his collar in the bathroom, so he may have a fresh one for the next day, nor does he sit up at night making over his old trousers so they will look as good as new.

But every woman is expected to fill any role that happens to be empty and to be able to perform with equal skill upon the piano and the kitchen range. Just think of the versatility demanded of the ordinary woman who must be caterer and purchasing agent, cook and baby-tender, doctor and nurse, judge, teacher, private secretary, entertainer and financier for a family. It is a stunt in changing colors that would leave a chameleon dizzy with envy yet it is a chore that thousands of wives and mothers pull off every day without turning a hair.

Part of the business of being a woman is getting married. This is a far more difficult undertaking than it is for a man. He, lucky soul, can pick and choose and pop the question to any lady who captures his fancy, but conventions permit women no such free-hand method in getting their mates. A woman always has to work under cover in her wooing, which cramps her style. She has to use indirect ways of selling to some man the idea that she is the wife he has been looking for, that two can live cheaper than one, and that he is anxious to give up his bachelor freedom and settle down.

And after a woman is married it is her business to keep her husband entertained and amused, well fed and comfortable and content to jog along in double harness instead of jumping the bars. To do this she has to baby him and flatter him; give him the glad hand when things go right and buck him up when things go wrong; be combination siren and cook and mother, and take it all in his stride in the day's work.

The business of being a woman is to walk humbly in high places and bravely through troubles. It is to use enough diplomacy in dealing with your own family to qualify you as ambassador to the Court of St. James. It is to be a magician who can turn nickels into dollars. It is to help men rise to their best and train little children into being good men and women. It is the hardest job on earth and the most important.

DOROTHY DIX.

Autumn Fashions For Chic Dressers

Here's a new and delightful version of the shirtmaker frock. It has a smart round yoke, Gibson girl sleeves and buttoned centre-front closing.

It is an easy to make model. Inverted tucks create a snug fit through the waistline.

Lightweight woolen in a honey-brown mixture made the original. It had brown buttons and brown leather belt.

Black velvet, so modish this fall, would also be lovely for this model.

Orepe silk and satins are other suitable mediums.

Style No. 1854 is designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18 years, 36 38 and 40-inches bust. Size 16 requires 2 1/2 yards of 54-inch material.

Price of PATTERN 15 cents in stamps or coin (coin is preferred.) Wrap coin carefully.

NO. 1854. Size

Name

Street Address

City

State

STINGS

For nettle stings rub the sting part with sage mint or rosemary leaves if there is no dock-leaf handy.

For a wasp sting, press out the sting gently if it has been left in, and then rub at once with the cut



1854

OUT OUR WAY

By WILLIAMS

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

with Major Hoople

1897 - I CAN'T TREAT TODAY, BOYS - I GOTTA LOOK THIS QUARTER UP, FIRST - IT MAY BE WORTH A LOTTA MONEY - 1897 - THAT'S PRETTY OLD! I WON'T SPEND THAT, TILL I KNOW -

YOU - YOU - PEST! YOU WORM! YOU'VE RUINED THIS GANG WITH YOUR GET-RICH-QUICK IDEES! I OUGHTA FROKE THIS ON YOUR NOSE AN' TWIST IT!

WHY - I NEVER SAID A WORD ABOUT GETTIN' BIG MONEY FOR OLD COINS - I NEVER OPENED MY TRAP!

1900! THAT'S PRETTY OLD, TOO! BOY, I'M GOIN' TO HOLD ONTO THIS DIME!

NO, YOU DIDN'T SAY NOTHIN' ABOUT COINS, BUT YOU STARTED THIS DISEASE OF GETTIN' RICH WITHOUT WORKIN' - FROKE HIM ONE - WHY, HE'S GOT EVERYBODY WATCHIN' TH' COINS!

LOOK AT THE LAZY POOCH! THE MAJOR WON'T LOOK TH' SAME, FRAMED IN TH' OLD SNOOZE STALL, AFTER IT HAS ITS FACE LIFTED!

TH' OLD WRECK IS BOWLEGGED FROM TOTING HIS NIBS IN ITS LAP!

IT DESERVES TIME OUT-TH' OLD CRATE HAS BEEN SAT ON SO MANY TIMES, IT LOOKS DEJECTED - ITS SPIRIT IS FULL OF SAGS, AN' TH' SPRINGS HAVE BEEN DEPRESSED

STINGS, ITS GOT TH' BLUES!

ON ITS LAST LAP