

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

MYSTERY HOUSE

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

CHAPTER VI.

After a long silence, during which Lynn lay back in the rough sea-grass and turf with his eyes shut, Page saw that he was almost asleep.

A few moments later she roused him; there was a fog over the sun, and the air was getting cold. He started up bewildered, grinning, and she packed up the remains of the picnic he mounted with long flying steps the rocky steep toward the peak of the rock. "To put this thing away where they can't find it!" he said.

"You hide it on this island?" Page said, when they were getting into the boat again.

"Not always. Once I had it down near the farm, in the pig pen. I moved it."

"I wish you'd let me tell just the doctor about this, Lynn. He knows Mrs. Prendergast so well, he easily might persuade her that she could get it back by promising to take good care of you."

"Do you think she might build me a little house with a fireplace, right out here near the shore, and let me have the boat, and my dog again, and you know, bread and things?" Lynn asked.

"She might. She could buy you the whole country for that one diamond!"

"Then you tell him some day. Tell him why I'm hiding it see?"

"I think that's sensible!" And then: "Did you have a dog?"

"I had Susie. The big dogs killed her."

"Susie?"

"Susie, her name was. She was a little Japanese spaniel—she was affectionate," Lynn said, in his vague voice. "The big dogs—you've heard 'em barking nights—killed her. She shouldn't have gone out, but I was sick—sickish, you know," he ended, using that word he had used before for something that in his own mind was evidently more than sickness.

"We saw the big dogs, remember?—the day we walked in to the farm. Are they loose every night?"

"Oh, yes. They turn 'em loose at six. They hunt rabbits and things."

"But what do you suppose she has such fierce dogs for? Would they kill a person?"

"Tear him to pieces like a rag doll! They're to protect the diamond," Lynn said. "They keep tramps away."

He looked troubled again. But hour later, peacefully reading aloud to Mrs. Prendergast in her room, she discovered him listening, sink in his own favorite chair. Rand came in and dropped into a chair, listening too; Flora was always there.

Page was conscious of a certain satisfaction, as her voice went on and on over words she hardly sensed. To be healthily tired after hours in the fresh winds and the sea air, and now to be shut away snug and warm from the waning winter afternoon—all this was comfortable, satisfying; and the company of these strangely assorted people was satisfying too.

Flora knitted while she listened; her lean spotted hands were always nervously busy. It was to be observed that whenever the old woman spoke Flora started up nervously, as if in anticipation of some need, some interruption. She frequently interpreted Mrs. Prendergast's words, and usually reached the point of the old woman's story, whatever it was, before she did. Page had discovered long before this that this pract-

ice was particularly annoying to Mrs. Prendergast, and suspected that Flora's benefactors had more than once protested against it, in vain, for it went out impulsively, uncomfortably, always, and Flora never seemed able to stop it.

Hide a diamond the size of a cherry? Page mused to herself, when the reading was over, and the conversation had become general. You could hide the regalia of England here, and nobody'd ever find it.

"Oh, I wasn't listening," she apologized, hearing her own name. "I'm so hungry, and so sleepy, and so comfortable that I think I was going to sleep!"

"I was asking you fellows," Rand repeated, "how long you were out on the Rock today?"

Page glanced at Lynn, but he was apparently paying no attention. She answered for them both. "Well, we went out about eleven, I think. And we didn't get back until after three. The fog began to come in about three, and it got frightfully cold."

"You changed your things?" Rand asked. He was not looking at her, but in his tone was the quite solicitude that sometimes made her heart flutter.

"Oh, I had a hot bath; I'm as warm as toast now!" Page knew that Flora was looking at her, looking at her with an expression of steady speculation. Rand's tone would do that. Poor Flora! "What sort of place has the boy got out there?" Mrs. Prendergast asked.

"You'd love it!" she said. "He has a little cave hollowed out, and some pans, and a fireplace where we could have cooked our lunch, but it was so hot—it was really hot at noon!—that we stayed out in the sunshine instead. You ought to see it. You could perfectly well get over there on a quiet day. Oh, but I don't know that we could manage your chair," she added. "It might tire you terribly."

Mrs. Prendergast looked at her with an expression in her eyes that no one else except Rand ever won from her. "This girl treats me like a human being," she said to the doctor. "The rest of you treat me as if I was dead already!"

"We do not," Rand said good-naturedly. "Because the perfectly obvious truth is that you're getting better, -Duchess. We may not ever get you out to the Rock, but we'll have you in Connecticut yet!"

"Why Connecticut?" Page asked. "Because if I ever get there, Mrs. Prendergast said, I'd be well. You don't have to tell me that it's this place that is upsetting me. I was born in a climate that has snow, and where the leaves all turn red in the fall—anyone on earth would be sick here!"

"You'll get there," Rand said. "Where's your crossword puzzle book, Page? Let's do a few more before dinner."

They began the search for words. Presently the mantel clock struck five, and the old woman was wheeled away by Flora to her adjoining bedroom, to rest for an hour before dinner. Lynn had already vanished; Rand lingered for a few minutes talking to Page, and then he went off himself to bathe and change.

The room was dark in the winter dusk now; the fire had burned down to red embers. Page rested her head against the back of her big leather chair, almost asleep in the restful silence.

Perhaps she did lose consciousness for a few seconds; she roused herself when the clock tinged the half-hour. Immediately she heard a low voice behind her, keen and quick—Flora's voice.

"... because it's all nonsense—crossword-puzzles and picnics—and you know it!" the voice said, in the tense whisper of fury.

Unwise Mother Love Is Dangerous Dorothy Dix Says Don't Baby Your Children Too Much

Wise is the Woman Who Does Not Let Her Love for Children Blast Their Every Prospect for the Better Things in Life

The greatest misfortune that can happen to any child is to have an overly devoted mother, for mother love can curse as well as bless. Many a man and woman can blame their mothers' unwise affection for their failures and their wrecked and miserable lives.



It is the custom to glorify mother love and to assume that it is one of the good things that cannot be overdone but, in reality, it is better for a child to have a mother who does not love it enough than it is to have one who loves it too dear.

It is unwise mother love that smothers out all initiative in children and makes them weaklings who never learn to stand on their own feet. Mother babies her youngsters until she forces a perpetual infancy upon them. She waits on them hand and foot and works her fingers to the bone to keep them from any labor. She saves them from every hardship and every responsibility, and as a result when they grow up and go out into a world that is not soft-padded with mother love they are lost. They can't hold their own in the battle of life. They can't take it. And they just throw up their hands and quit.

When you see a husky half-grown boy playing ball for exercise while Mother brings in the coal or cuts the grass, or Mother washing the dishes so that Mamie can keep her hands manicured, you don't need to be a prophet to foresee that Johnny and Mamie will be the kind of boy and girl who will never get anywhere in the world because they will always give up a job when the sledding gets hard.

It is the overloving mother who rears up the anti-social men and women who never fit into life somehow. They are never popular. They never belong to the crowd. The girls never have any dates. The boys no chums. They never know how to mix. And as long as they live their inability to make friends is a handicap to them.

And it is all because mother loved them so jealously that she could not bear to have them interested in anybody but herself, or to care for anybody but herself. When you hear a mother say that she is her children's best friend, that she plays with them and goes with them everywhere and is their only companion, pity the poor youngsters who are not only being deprived of the chief joy of childhood, but who also are being made aliens to their own generation. And a greater wrong than that nobody can commit against another.

It is the overloving mothers who are at the bottom of nine-tenths of the unhappy marriages and divorces. Two mothers raise two spoiled brats who are utterly selfish and know no law except their own wills. When they marry and their desires conflict they fight like cat and dog.

From the time John was born Mother has been his abject slave and spent her entire life catering to his whims. She never dreamed of such a thing as crossing him or denying him anything that it was possible to get for him. He idled his way through college while she and his father scrimped and saved and worked to supply him with money for parties and a sports automobile.

The girl's mother brought her up in the same way; to be selfish and extravagant, to have everybody kowtow to her and give her the best of everything, and to put up meekly with her insolence. And, having utterly unfitted her daughter for marriage, Mother expected her to make a success of it. The grievance that half of the young people who get divorces have against each other is that their husbands and wives didn't continue to spoil them as their mothers did.

Then there is the possessive mother who loves her children so frantically that she cannot bear to give them up and who sacrifices them to her desire to keep them with her. All of us know talented boys and girls whose mothers have shut the door of opportunity in their faces because they could not stand the thought of their going to a distant city or a foreign land where fortune beckoned, so they doomed the ambitious young people to stay on the old farm and eke out a miserable existence, or to stand behind a counter in the village drug store and concoct ice cream sodas when they should have been making fame and a fortune for themselves.

And we all know the possessive mothers who will not permit their children to marry and set up homes of their own. We have seen the four old maids and desecrated old bachelors, the broken hearts and ruined lives that have been the price of mother love, and we have thought that it was a crueler thing that hate.

Wise is the woman who does not let her love for her children become an obsessive passion that blasts them. DOROTHY DIX.

"Flora—Flora—" Rand's voice said placatingly.

"Don't just say my name that way!" Flora protested sharply. "You're not fooling me! You're in love with her!"

Page trembling and strangely frightened, sat perfectly still. She couldn't help hearing. It wasn't her fault that they hadn't seen her, but there was something in Flora's tone that made her afraid. (To Be Continued)

"Hullo, where have you been?" "To the station to see my wife off for a month's holiday." "But how black your hands are." "Yes, I patted the engine."

SHORTAGE OF GILT CHAIRS

Mayfair catering experts are dreading a shortage of gilt chairs next year for the Coronation festivities. These are wanted for all kinds of entertaining.

One leading firm would like to double its supply of gilt chairs before next year, but gilt chairs are not easy to obtain. The home of the gilt chair industry is in France. There are four varieties of French gilt chairs in demand for entertaining in fashionable drawing-rooms and ballrooms. Most favoured are the Louis-Seize chairs with dainty, upholstered backs.

These gilt chairs must be light.

CAUTIOUS CARRIE "Once Bitten—Twice Shy"



The HOUSEWIFE and HER ACTIVITIES

MY STAR

All that I know of a certain star is it can throw (like the angled spar).

Now a dart of red, now a dart of blue.

Till my friends have said they would fain see, too.

My star that darts the red and the blue.

Then it stops like a bird, like a flower hangs furled!

They must solace themselves with the Saturn above it.

What matter to me if their star is a world.

Mine has opened its soul to me: there fore I love it.

—Robert Browning

The Water Control

Every housewife should know where to turn off the water leading to the house in case of a bad plumbing accident when the water is flowing unrestrained. Have the plumber show you this control on his next visit; it may save much destruction at some future time.

And Once More We Move

Clean the new home before moving into it and you will be able to get settled much more quickly.

Pictures and mirrors should be wrapped in newspapers and several tied together with a padding of papers in between.

If the excelsior is moistened a bit when packing china or glass it will swell and cause the articles to be wedged firmly.

Books will carry better if packed in small containers, such as groceries come in. If you anticipate moving, start saving these cartons.

If possible, have one of the family at the new home to direct the placement of the furniture. If each piece is in the correct room and all the heavier pieces in the right places it means lots less work in straightening up.

A girl may be both a miss and a "hit."

Dwelling on the past doesn't pay your debts today.

The man who lives too fast eventually has to fast to live.

Some girls are hopelessly simple; others are simply hopeless.

Unlike the cat, the man who falls in love seldom lands on his feet.

After marriage many a belle finds herself leading a ding-dong existence.

It's a good deal better to be a live cabbage head than to be a dead beet.

There are more ways of surprising a man than by marrying him—but none surer.

A woman lowers her voice when she asks her husband for money and raises it if she doesn't get it.

One of the quickest ways to become a famous writer is to send love letters to a blonde while your wife's on vacation.

THE COOK'S CORNER

MINT JELLY

Mint jelly is a favorite accompaniment for roast lamb and the housewife should not forget to add several tumblers to her storeroom shelves.

To make a good jelly wash mint and chop fine. To each cup of chopped mint add one-quarter cup sugar and one-quarter cup water, and let stand for several hours, or overnight. Bring to boiling point. Combine sugar and apple juice, having boiled apples and extracted juice, using two-thirds cup sugar to one cup apple juice. Cook and test for jelly, and when the jelly-point is obtained, add green vegetable coloring and one or two tablespoons of prepared mint for each quart of apple juice.

Today's Short Wave Radio Program

(All times in Eastern Standard)

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 24

Paris

6:15 p. m.—Concert relayed from Radio Paris TPA—4, 25.6 m., 11.72 meg.

Berlin

6 p. m.—Germans in American Life. DJD, 25.4 m., 11.77 meg.

London

6:30 p. m.—"Empire Magazine," No. 6. A weekly review of things at home. GSP, 19.6 m., 15.31 meg.; GSD, 25.5 m., 11.75 meg.; GSC, 31.3 m., 9.58 meg.

Madrid

7 p. m.—Children's Program. EAQ, 30.5 m., 9.87 meg.

Caracas

8:45 p. m.—The Greatest Composers—There music and their lives. YV2RC, 51.7 m., 5.8 meg.

Berlin

9:15 p. m.—Chamber Music. DJD, 25.4 m., 11.77 meg.

London

10:10 p. m.—"Evergreens of Jazz," GSF, 19.8 m., 15.14 meg.; GSC, 31.3 m., 9.58 meg.

A Morning Smile

THE CORD AND THE KNOT

With a screech of brakes the express came to a sudden stop. Passengers hurried from their seats, were scrambling about excitedly when the guard came along.

"Everything's all right," he shouted. "Somebody pulled the emergency cord and the brakes took hold too quickly. The last coach has left the rails. No one's hurt," he assured them. "But we'll be delayed about three hours."

"Good Heavens," exclaimed a young man. "Three hours and I'm to be married this afternoon in Manchester."

The guard swung about and regarded the young man angrily. "Say," he demanded, "are you the fellow who pulled that cord?"

Vancouver

11:30 p. m.—By the Sea. CJRO, Winnipeg, 48.7 m., 6.15 meg.; CJRX, Winnipeg, 25.6 m., 11.72 meg.

Tokyo

12 midnight—"Overseas Program," JVH, Nazaki, 20.5 m., 14.6 meg.

Autumn Fashions For Chic Dressers

A white pique silk shirt collar completes this smart dress. Shiny bone buttons trip youthfully down the back.

You can go to town or to the office in this costume and then out to dinner.

This model will also appeal to the college girl in a plaid tweed woolen in new looking ginger tan.

You couldn't ask for anything easier to sew. It takes only 3-1-2 yards of 39-inch material with 3-8 yard of 35-inch contrasting to make it for the 16 year size.

Style No. 729 is designed for sizes 14, 16, 18 years, 36, 38 and 40-inches bust.

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

No. 729. Size

Name

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City State

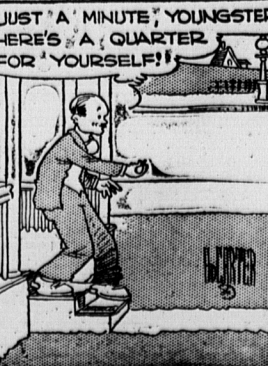
PILES

With a record of 50 years as a most satisfactory treatment for piles or hemorrhoids, you can positively depend on Dr. Chase's Ointment



Children's Colds... Best treated without "dosing." VICKS VAPORUB

JUST KIDS



—By Ad Carter