

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

MYSTERY HOUSE

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

"I do almost everything for myself. I've even been taking my own bath lately. But sometimes I like my head rubbed," she said. "I've worn Flora out, or maybe she wears herself out."

"You like to say that sort of thing," Flora said in icy resentment.

"I want her to go away, take a vacation," the old woman said.

"I haven't the slightest desire for a vacation, nor will I take one," Flora remarked steadily.

Flora filled the silence with an inconsequential cheerful remark about a book. Rand, reading his newspaper by the fire, had glanced up to listen to the little exchange between the two women; now he returned his attention to his paper.

"Well, Miss Hazelyne—Jean's your name, isn't it? I'll have to call you Jean," Mrs. Prendergast began, as she set down her empty cup.

"Page," Rand Harwood said quietly, not looking up.

He was quite at home with her name already! An electric thrill, as astonishing as it was novel, went through Page, but she gave no sign of it, and the old lady went on talking.

"Page, eh? I was going to tell you that if you set your cap for Rand here you'd better look out for Flora!" Mrs. Prendergast said. "You are simply impossible in this mood!" Flora said in a low tone, as she left the room.

"Oh! I wouldn't attempt to cut Babs out!" Page said lightly, to carry off the bad moment.

Mrs. Prendergast's head came down and she turned narrowed eyes on Page with a sort of scornful half-smile.

"Babs? Babs Preston, eh? Rand, what's this about you making love to Babs?"

"Have I been making love to Babs?" the doctor asked, raising his head and looking over at them amiably. "Here, I've got to get to work!" he said. "It's eleven now. I may not be to lunch! Miss Hazelyne—tell 'em, will you, if I don't come? What's it to you if I make love to Babs or anyone else, Duchess?"

The fat old hand was holding tightly to his now; the old woman was looking up at him with adoration.

"Only that I won't have it," she said. "You mind what you're about, now! Go along with you!"

I want to talk to Page."

It was all oddly agreeable. Page had not had so much novelty in her life that this did not strongly appeal to her sense of adventure; nor had many men shown her as plainly as Rand Harwood had already shown her that she was attractive, more attractive to him than Babs. By the time Babs' brother called or her and the pair 'departed' just after luncheon, Page felt sufficiently at home in her new position to be sorry for Babs, who had so excuse for remaining; to be glad that she was the girl who was staying—staying here to win, Flora's confidence. Lynn's friendship, the old lady's liking and perhaps more than all these from Rand.

Page had not been at Mystery House ten days before she knew that they all liked her. And Lynn was her slave, her devoted servant, following her about, listening to every word she said, struggling through the fogs that engulfed him.

"You've done us all good," Dr. Harwood said to her briefly. "But you have already done that poor chap untold good. As for the Duchess, she's talking of abandoning Mystery House, tearing it down and selling the place, and going abroad on a trip! She wasn't talking like that a few months ago. I congratulate you!"

On a warm December day Page and Lynn went out to Rock Island. They had been there before in the catboat, but only for a brief visit. Today they had packed a little lunch, and brought it out to his eyrie, to build a fire and enjoy a gypsy meal.

By this time his adoration of her was matched by her own sincere and pitying affection for him. There was nothing trying or repelling in Lynn's infirmity. In almost every way he was like a fine brown boy, a boy who loved the water and the hills, enjoyed his meals, and slept like a log for ten hours every night. His joyous laugh was over their little jaunts together, his eager, intelligent interest in everything that pertained to the woods or the sea made it seem only the sadder to Page that there was a veil over his mind, over his memory. She came to like the nearness of the lean long figure with the tumbled fair hair, and to miss him if for any cause he were absent.

On this particular sunshiny winter morning they were both in high spirits. Lynn had said to her shyly, "Would you like to go out to the Rock?" and Page had answered enthusiastically: "Oh, let's! And I'll tell you—we'll take our lunch!"

So they had stepped into the rocking catboat, had put up the little sail, and had made the half-mile easily across a placid sea.

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Page with a laugh of sheer delight springing out upon the big flat rock that formed the island's only pier.

"It's not dangerous," Lynn said, tying the boat to an iron ring. "Oh, but I rather think I'd like it to be!" the girl answered gaily.

"It would be in a big tide," Lynn told her. "You'd have to climb up to the top of the rock. And what'd happen to your boat! Up there where the oaks are you'd be safe enough."

"How big would you say it is, Lynn?"

"About an acre, I'd say. I've got a kind of path around it. I'll show it to you."

"Oh, let's! To get starving for lunch." They had put down their basket and coffee pot. Now she stretched an eager firm young hand to his, and Lynn guided her up the steep natural stairway of stones to the top of the big rock where they could look far off across the glittering blue Pacific.

There was a charm about the freshness, the solitude and beauty of it that silenced both man and woman for awhile. Page was conscious of her own slender young body, her fragrant tumbled hair, of her small sturdy brown boots planted on the turf of the big rock, of the brown hand that, to steady her against dizziness between the winds and the sky and the sea, was gripping the gnarled low branch of an oak.

"Lynn, who are we, and what's it all about?" she asked, speaking only to herself, and unthinking of the possible effect of her words upon him.

"That's—that's what I want to know," the boy said in so troubled, so puzzled a tone that Page instantly saw fit to change the tenor of the conversation.

"None of us really know!" she said gaily. "Come on, let's go down and have lunch!"

He obeyed her readily enough. But she saw, to her secret concern, that he was still puzzled he was still thinking, or trying to think, of an answer to what she had so idly asked.

(To be Continued)

Dorothy Dix

Young Girls Are a Problem for Any Mother, so the Utmost Care and Good Judgment is Needed in Seeing They Take Their Places in the World

How to handle young girls is such a heart-breaking problem that it must make many parents sigh for the good old days when daughters were kept under lock and key from the time they shed pinafores until they put on their wedding gowns.



The difficulty of solving this question has given rise to two opposite schools of thought on the subject. One denies young girls all personal liberty and makes them virtual prisoners at home. The other imposes no restrictions upon them and lets them run wild. And which system of bringing up a girl is most disastrous, heaven alone knows.

On the one hand, we have the sorry spectacle of girls scarcely in their teens, girls as ignorant of the world as the day they were born, whose irresponsible parents give them no guidance or protection and permit them to ruin their lives before they have fairly begun. Everywhere we see girls who are mere children who have been given automobiles in which they tear around at breakneck speed to places of which their fathers and mothers have never even heard.

We see girls, so babyish that they look as if they should be drinking milk in the nursery, guzzling cocktails in bars until they are drunk. We see girls who should still be playing with dolls playing with passion. We see them through sheer ignorance blundering into the road that leads to hell, and it is a sight that strikes terror and pity to our souls and must make the angels weep.

On the other hand, we see parents who, through fear of their own little ewe lambs running into danger, as do so many others about them, keep them so closely confined in the home corral that the results of being too much guarded are as bad as not being guarded at all.

The fathers and mothers who make their daughters wear little girls' clothes while all the other girls have sophisticated frocks; who won't let their daughters have their hair waved, or use lipstick or rouge when all the other girls are painted up like barn doors; who won't let their daughters go to the school dances with boys when all the other girls have dates, think that they are protecting them. But, nine times out of ten, what they are really doing is to turn their girls into liars and cheats and hurt them into the very temptation from which they are trying to keep them safe, or else they isolate them.

If a girl is naturally high-principled, or if she is mild and meek and timid, she obeys her parents and sits at home of an evening and reads an improving book while the other girls are having good times and playing around with the boys. But if she is high-spirited and full of life and avid for pleasure, as most girls are, she is only too likely to climb out of the window when the door is shut, pick up boys on the street, go places and do things that she never would have dreamed of doing if she had been allowed to have the boys come to her home to see her and to have a reasonable amount of liberty.

The overstrict parents who will not let their young daughters have any association whatever with boys forget a number of important things. One is that girls in their early teens are always boy-crazy, and the remedy for that is not to deny them the society of boys, but to give them an overdose of it. Make boys forbidden fruit and girls will follow their Mother Eve's example and break their necks to get them. Make boys a commonplace and they will just be Johnny Jones and George Smith and of no interest whatever to them.

Another thing parents forget is that young people run in crowds, and that if they keep their daughters from being one of the bunch they simply shelve them. When they grow up they are aliens. They don't belong. They are left out of everything. They are wall-flowers at parties. They can't break into that close corporation of the boys and girls who have played together since their grammar school days. Many a girl is an old maid because her mother wouldn't let her go to the junior prom.

Still another thing that parents forget is that the girl who is never allowed to have a date until she is 20 years old doesn't know how to make herself attractive to men. She is awkward. She is either too difficult or too easy. She lacks the technique that a girl must begin acquiring almost in her cradle if she ever becomes one of the popular girls who never lacks for dates and whose dances are cut into mincemeat.

The moral of all of which is that moderation is the word for parents in dealing with their girl children. Drive with a light rein, but see that they never get out of hand.

LAZY DAISY ICING

- 6 marshmallows
- 1 cup icing sugar
- 2 tablespoons cream
- 1 square chocolate
- 1 teaspoon butter
- 1-2 teaspoon vanilla

Method. Melt the marshmallows over hot water until they are soft and spongy. Mix the cream and sugar and stir smooth, then add the melted marshmallows and beat hard.

Melt the chocolate and butter together and add to the first mixture. Add the vanilla and beat until the icing is smooth. If it is too soft, add slightly more icing sugar, until it is thick enough to spread.

WHEN SENDING FLOWERS BY PARCEL POST

When sending flowers by post, wrap the stems in strips of wet rag, then roll them in one damp and one dry sheet of newspaper, pack them closely in a stout cardboard box and an outer wrapping of brown paper. The rags will remain wet and the flowers should arrive beautifully fresh.

JUST PLAIN OUT-OF-SORTS

LIVER-STOMACH-KIDNEYS ALL UPSET

YOUR SYSTEM NEEDS A THOROUGH CLEARANCE YOU NEED BEECHAM'S

This purely vegetable remedy, safely and certainly removes those minor ailments that make you feel tired and out of sorts. They restore the inner cleanliness which is the basis of all good health. Start taking Beecham's tonight—they will speedily make you feel happy and bright.

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Regular and Family Size



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JUST KIDS

POP - I THINK OUR NEW BOARDER HAS A MEAN DISPOSITION

WHY?

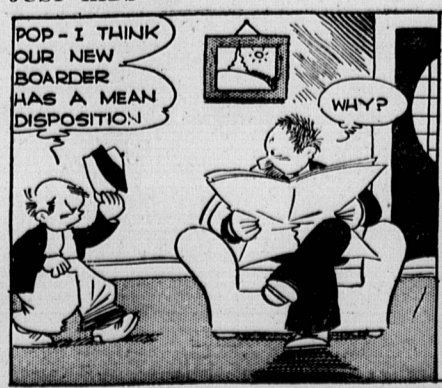
WELL - HE PASSED ME ON THE STREET TODAY

AND?

HE JES' NODDED TO ME!

WELL - WHAT'S THAT GOT TO DO WITH A MEAN DISPOSITION?

WELL - HE DIDN'T EVEN ASK ME HOW I LIKED THE WEATHER!



THE COOK'S CORNER

LAZY DAISY CAKE

- 1 cup flour
- 1 cup fine fruit sugar
- 2 teaspoons baking powder
- 2 squares chocolate
- Milk
- 2 tablespoons butter
- 1 egg
- 1 teaspoon vanilla

Method. Sift the flour, sugar and baking powder into a bowl. Break the egg into a measuring cup and fill up with milk. Pour this into the dry ingredients and beat very hard.

Melt the chocolate and butter together. Add this to the cake batter and beat again, then add the flavoring. Pour into a small loaf pan lined with waxed paper and bake in a moderate, 350 deg. F. oven for about 35 to 40 minutes.

When cool, ice with the following icing:

First FOR THEIR TINY BABY BATHS ... ONLY Olive Oil

DR. ALLAN ROY DAFOE



Cecile Yvonne Emile Annette Marie

Five tiny Dionnes after their Palmolive bath... pink as tiny rosebuds, their skin satin-smooth, glowingly fresh.

Now the lovely Dionne Quintuplets use only PALMOLIVE the soap made with Gentle Olive Oil.

Why Palmolive was chosen! Because the Quins were born prematurely, their skin is unusually sensitive. So delicate that it has always required very special care.

Dr. Dafeo himself explains: "At the time of the birth of the Dionne Quintuplets, and for some time afterward, they were bathed in Olive Oil... When the time arrived for soap and water baths, we selected Palmolive Soap exclusively for daily use in bathing these world-famous babies."

Think of it! Of all the oils known to science, only Olive Oil was gentle enough for the Quins' first baths. And then, out of all the soaps available, only Palmolive, made with Olive Oil, was chosen for the Quins!

What a lesson for every Mother... for every woman

Mother! Should that precious baby of yours be bathed with any soap less gentle, less soothing than the one chosen for the little Dionnes? Why not decide right now that only Palmolive, made with Olive Oil, will ever touch your baby's tender skin!

And you too, Lovely Lady... you who want to keep your complexion soft, smooth, alluring through the years! Why not give your skin the matchless beauty care that only Palmolive's secret blend of Olive and Palm Oils can give? Why not begin today to use Palmolive exclusively, for your own face and bath.



MADE WITH OLIVE OIL TO KEEP SKIN LOVELY THROUGH THE YEARS

The HOUSEWIFE and HER ACTIVITIES

MORE AND LESS.

- A little more kindness, a little less greed;
- A little more giving, a little less greed;
- A little more smile, a little less frown;
- A little less kicking a man when he's down.
- A little more we, a little less I;
- A little more laugh, a little less cry;
- A few more flowers on the pathway of life;
- And fewer on graves at the end of the strife.

Boys are always boys, but men are not all men. Few women believe all that men believe they believe. A deserved kick helps us more than an undeserved pat.

Some people pray for rain and then cuss because the roof leaks. A man can get married once, and then get married once too often.

Love draws more plans for air castles than all other architects combined.

The happiest people in this world are those who don't want things they can't get.

Many people are much like the globe they inhabit, slightly flat at the poles.

The hardest thing about making a fool of yourself is to keep other people from finding it out.

The older we get, the more we find ourselves paying closer attention to our friends and less to our enemies.

HOW GREEN TOMATO PRESERVES ARE MADE

This recipe for green tomato preserves is one of Jessie Marie de Both's:

One quart sliced green tomatoes, one quart sugar, one lemon, grated rind, pulp, juice, one stick cinnamon.

Place in a kettle together, let stand several hours to draw out the juice. Cook in same kettle until the tomatoes are thick and clear. Raisins and nuts may be added to this recipe to make a conserve if desired, in which event the tomatoes should be chopped. (Do not peel the tomatoes).

A Morning Smile

"I've just heard that there was a big smash-and-grab raid at Briggs's the jewelers, yesterday," said Wilson. His companion grimaced. "And did they get away with it?" he asked. Wilson shook his head. "No," he replied. "Apparently the bandits were Scots. They were arrested when they came back for the brick."

An anxious patient once asked a

Today's Short Wave Radio Program

(All time in Eastern Standard)

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 23

Paris
2:45 p. m.—The Secret, Play in Three Acts, by Tenri Bernstein. TPA-3, 25.2 m., 11.88 meg.

Moscow
4 p. m.—How Health Results are Developed in the U. S. S. R. RNE, 25 m., 12 meg.

London
6:27 p. m.—A Short Recital of Hunting Songs by Wilfred Essex (Bass-Baritone). GSP, 19.6 m., 15.31 meg.; GSD, 25.5 m., 11.75 meg.; GSO 31.3 m., 9.58 meg.

Madrid
7 p. m.—Light Orchestra Concert. Watch Tower Program. EAQ, 30.5 m., 9.87 meg.

Eindhoven, Netherlands
7 p. m.—Happy Programs. POJ, 31.2 m., 9.59 meg.

Berlin
8:30 p. m.—The "Shock Troop" — Kameradschaft. DJD, 25.4 m., 11.77 meg.

Caracas
8:45 p. m.—Dance Music. YVZRC, 51.7 m., 5.8 meg.

Regina
12:30 a. m.—Garden of Melody CJRC, Winnipeg, 48.7 m., 6.15 meg.; CJRX, Winnipeg, 25.6 m., 11.72 meg.

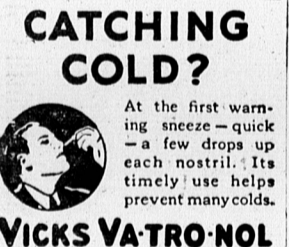
physician: "Are you sure that I shall recover? Doctors sometimes give the wrong diagnosis and have treated patients for pneumonia who afterward died of typhoid fever."

"Don't worry," replied the medico, indignantly. "If I treat a man for pneumonia, he dies of pneumonia."

—By Ad Carter

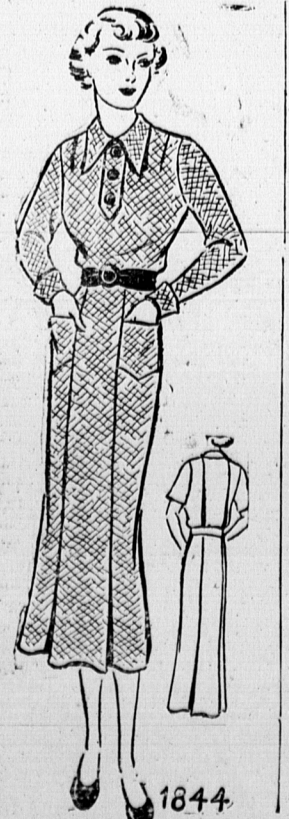
CATCHING COLD?

At the first warning sneeze—quick—a few drops up each nostril. Its timely use helps prevent many colds.



VICKS VA-TRO-NOL

Autumn Fashions For Chic Dressers



Inverted plaits at the back of the bodice are a youthful detail of this shirtmaker frock. The buttoned tab neckline is smart and trim looking. Tweedy mixture in rayon and wool novel as the original is a nice choice for autumn days for town or back-to-school.

Velveteen promises to be very popular this season and especially in wine shades. Use nickel buttons for its trim.

Crepe back satin would also be attractive with the lustrous surface used for the collar, front tab, cuffs and the pockets. Soutache braid is being used quite extensively, and will add further decorative touch.

Style No. 1844 is designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 16 requires 4-1-8 yards of 39-inch material.

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