Woman's Realm — Social and Personal — Fashions — Literature

BLACK HORIZON

By JOSEPH LEWIS CHADWICK

Rand knew what had happened, and a new fear swept over him. "We've struck a reef!" he cried. "Come! We must get out of here—"

Balu was behind them in the darkness. They could hear his heavy breathing. He seemed struggling with something.

"The door—it won't open!" the native said in his guttural tones.

Following his outcry, the door did open. It burst inward under the weight of a big form. In the doorway stood Maya Jack Cannaghan, outlined by a jagged streak of lightening that flared in the murk outside.

"Sonya!" Maya Jack shouted. "Sonya — come! We've got to get into the boats. The schooner hit a a reef and is settling——"

Rand moved forward, his left arm about Sonya. The gun in his pocket was forgotten. Balu too seemed to have forgotten that Maya Jack Cannaghan was their enemy. Either had forgotten or was unarmed. Rand marveled at Maya Jack's nerve. The man had risked a shot from within the chartroom to come for—Sonya.

They reached the sloping deck as the schooner gave a lurch to starboard. Rand and Sonya reached the railing safely, but Maya Jack and Balu were flung into the foaming sea washing the deck. Rand worked his way along the rail. Sonya followed close.

They reached the nearest lifeboat, and dropped into it as two of the crew lowered it from its davits. Pete Barker was groveling in the boat's bottom.

The boat, with its five passengers, touched the water, was seized by it and hurled high. It was but a frail shell in all that turbulent water. They lay in the bottom clinging to the thwarts. Pete Barker's whining voice rose even above the storm.

"I—knew—it was the end!" he choked.

The boat settled once and stopped its mad careening. Rand rose to his feet. Lightning flashed, turned the water world unnatural blue. Rand glimpsed a vague shape across the water.

"There's land fifty yards off!" he cried.

Then tons of water broke over the boat. The boat capsized, and Rand felt the sea come up and claim him. He pitched about for what seemed an eternity, then the crest broke and he floated in less turbulant water.

A fear ate at his heart. He shouted, "Sonya! Sonya! Where are you?"

There was only the boiling of the sea.

"Sonya!"

A wall of murky water slapped him, dragged him with it. He fought the sea, his one arm useless.

"Sonya!" he cried.

The wind flung back his cry. He was not allowed the right to voice her name.

CHAPTER VIII

Every movement Rand Kirby made in his struggle against the raging sea was torture. It was a handicapped struggle at best, he with an injured arm. Panic had come to him since the schooner's lifeboat had capsized and Sonya and he and the others had been flung overboard into the maelstrom.

The night hours had been filled with horror, since the moment Rand and Balu had clapped Maya Jack Cannaghan in chains. The typhoon would have been horror enough. Maya Jack's escape from the schooner's hold had come as a nightmarish, unreal episode. But Rand's concern now, as he was flung about in the water, was not raised by Maya Jack's escapes; his panic was because of Sonya's danger.

Sonya had been lying on the bottom of the boat when a mountainous wave had struck and overturned it. Rand's fear was that Sonya might have been thrown into the sea in a state of unconsciousness.

He no longer called her name. Shouting was useless. So too were his struggles. The seething sea carried him with it, flung him high with its crests, and dropped him again as they broke.

Rand was dazed by the lashing of the water when the sea finally let him down, hard and with jolting finality. It was done with him. He felt loose sand under him as he lay in shallow foam. He dragged himself high on the beach and lay panting for water-free breath.

He got unsteadily to his feet after a time, his entire being aching as if it had been beaten. Torrents of rain beat down, thunderously. Rand stumbled along the beach. He saw a figure crawling out of the surf.

It was Pete Barker. The little man was near collapse. His body trembled as if with the ague. Rand grasped Pete by the shoulders and sauled him across the sand.

"The girl?" Rand demanded. "What happened to Sonya Duraud?"

Pete lay a limp shuddering heap. "I don't—know," he choked. "I was in the water alone——"

Rand left him and stumbled on through the rain. He followed the beach for perhaps a half mile and then his way was blocked by a pile of coral rock. He retraced his steps, and saw another figure then—this time one of the seamen.

It seemed to Rand as he stumbled farther, ever searching for her — the woman he loved above all others—that no man could lose so much in so short a time and still not be partly mad. He little cared now that he had lost Maglaya, and all that it had meant to him, his hopes and dreams of years. Nor did the loss of his schooner mean a great deal. Nor the money Duraud had paid for his buildings on Maglaya. All that mattered, all that could ever matter, was that he had lost—her.

He did not know how long he made his torturous way along that beach. He had forgotten time, the storm, himself. He could only think that the sea had taken Sonya, and a terrible hatred for the sea which until now he had loved, possessed him. He hated the pounding of the surf; hated the tangy smell of the salt water, the swirling foam that lapped at his feet.

He nearly collided with a figure that appeared through the lashing rain. It was Maya Jack Cannaghan.

All Rand's hatred for the sea found a target in this man who was behind all that had happened. They stood facing each other, these two; Maya Jack Cannaghan and Rand Kirby. Maya Jack looked as far from sane as Rand. His face was utterly tragic.

"Sonya—where is she?" Rand demanded.

"I've searched the shore ——" Maya Jack said, tonelessly.

"You alone killed her!" Rand cried. He lunged forward, hating the man and wanting to reach him.

His blow aimed at Maya Jack's face, was right-handed. He had forgotten how stiff and sore his arm was. The blow never could have landed. As it was, Maya Jack pushed him aside and stumbled on along the beach, searching. Rand followed the man, searching, too . .

Morning came. And Rand found how hypocritically calm the sea could be. The raging mountains of water had vanished. The sea lay in choppy waves and low swells.

There were not even any white caps to ruffle the even emerald water. The sun broke through the high clouds and everything seemed calm and peaceful. The beach lay white now, drying, strewn with shells. Only those on the shore and the palms behind them looked bedraggled. But there was the Ventura still, high on the reef and leaning to starboard, not more than fifty yards from shore.

Maya Jack Cannaghan was still searching the beach. The others were there, too; Balu, the other seaman—all except one, and Kelly Burk, who lay on his face in a stupor, and Jacques LaBlanc, strange and forbidding, red-bearded and savage. Pete Barker came to Rand; he was hollow-eyed.

"All here but the girl and one of the natives," Pete said, mournfully. "And look——"

Rand's gaze followed the man's extended arm. Pete pointed out to sea. Rand looked and shuddered. He saw those triangular sail fins cleaving the water in furious speed that meant nothing but sharks.

Then they heard Maya Jack's booming voice. Rand sprang to his feet. Maya Jack was gesturing with his arms far up the shore. Rand, hope tearing at his heart, and fear, too, began running toward him.

It was Sonya Maya Jack stood over her, his face like graven bronze. She lay on her back, her arms outstretched. Her face was pale, her eyes closed. Her bosom rose and fell deeply.

"Sonya——" The sound burst from Rand's lips like a grateful prayer. He knelt beside her and lifted her to hold her against him.

"Rand. Is it you, Rand?" Sonya asked, her voice a hoarse whisper.

"Yes, Sonya," was all he could say. Something not physical choked her further utterance.

"I'm so glad. I—I thought all through the night that you——" Sonya broke off, shuddering. "But you are here—oh, Rand!"

Her face was buried against her chest. Rand looked up at Maya Jack. The expression on the big blond man's face was that of a man who has lost far more than life. It was an expression Rand never wanted to see again—on any man's face.

The light of Maya Jack's eyes was but a flicker now; there was no blaze there. Maya Jack turned abruptly and, like a man in a trance, walked slowly away.

The sea might breed terror at night, but it gave strength on the morrow. The morning hours brought vitality, erased memories of the night's horrors. Sonya slept peacefully through the morning.

When she awakened Rand brought her coconuts from the palms that grew in abundance on the island. Balu brought edible shellfish, but uncooked they were unpalatable to Sonya.

(To be Continued)

A Morning Smile

The chairman of a big business was making one of his surprise visits to a local branch. Seeing a young fellow looking very industrious in a corner, he went to him.

"How long have you been working for this firm," he asked kindly.

"Ever since the manager threatened to fire me," was the honest reply.

DEAR OLD SOUL

The dear old lady had arrived and was telling the family about her travelling experiences. "Such an extremely nice young man came up to me at the station and offered to give me the winner of the Derby," she said. "Of course, I had to explain that the chickens occupied so much room in the garden that I had nowhere to keep a horse."

Prevention Easier Than Cure

Twenty-five — not forty — is the age when the average woman should take seriously the beauty expert's sound theory that prevention of lines and wrinkles is a lot simpler than correction of them.

It is generally agreed that signs of approaching middle age are not inevitable. Nobody expects to look 19 when she is 35, but there's no reason why a woman under fifty should have a furrowed brow, crepy throat, lines at the corners of her eyes and a poor figure.

It's all a matter of proper care, but the care must begin before the signs of years appear.

That means, of course, that it's important for every girl of twenty-five to decide what weight, what dimensions will be right during the ten years ahead, then to maintain that weight. It's a simple matter to lose two pounds, but what a task to try to lose ten!

Throat muscles which are exercised properly won't lose their elasticity. The exercises should be started and practiced regularly long before the muscles even start to show signs of flabbiness.

Nightly creaming of the throat and areas around eyes ought not to be considered "something I'll take seriously when I'm nearer mother's age." The time to begin is before a line has appeared. The time to stop is never.

Naturally, a proper nightly beauty routine for one of twenty-five need not be complicated. Thorough cleansing followed by use of skin tonic or by ice water applications, then a good creaming with something to ward off dryness — a prevalent cause of lines and wrinkles—will suffice.

WAS NOTED ATHLETE

FEASMARSH, England — (CP) —Rev. H. O. L. Tindall, 77, who died in this Sussex village, won track honors at Cambridge in the 80s. In 1889 he won the amateur championship quarter- mile in 46.5, a record that stood for several years.

Dorothy Dix's Letter Box

THERE'S NO FOOL LIKE OLD FOOL HUNTING A NEW LIFE

Perhaps, After All, Best Way to Hold a Husband is to Keep Him Poor — He's Less Temptation to Gold-Diggers Then

Once when I reproached a young friend of mine with her extravagance she replied half laughing and half seriously: "Well, you know I'm crazy about Tom. I don't want to lose him, and the only way a wife can be sure about keeping her husband nowadays is by keeping him so poor that other women don't try to take him away from her." I often think of this woman's wise, if hard-boiled, view of marriage when middle-aged women with work-knotted hands come and weep upon my shoulder and tell me that their husbands are asking them for divorces so that they may marry pretty young girls who will spend the money they have helped to earn. One of these discarded wives writes: "We married when we were a poor boy and girl, with scarcely a shoestring between us, but we were both ambitious and not afraid of work. So we both toiled and pinched pennies and we prospered, and now, at middle age, we are rich. We have been very happy together for 24 years, but all of a sudden my husband has discovered that we are not congenial and 'have nothing in common,' and that we should get a divorce so that he can marry a young girl with whom he has become infatuated. He demands that I get out and offers me the barest pittance to live on. He says I don't need much and he wants to give this girl fine clothes and jewels and things.

"Is it fair to me to have to give up my home that I have helped build and surrender my husband to a younger woman, after giving the best years of my life to his service? He doesn't find any fault with me. He merely says that I don't 'understand him' as the girl does, and that he will be happier with her than me."

It isn't fair. It is the most unjust and the most cruel thing any man can do, but this swapping of old wives for new is so common among what we call "successful men" that it seems to justify my friend's dictum, that the best way for a wife to keep her husband is to keep him poor.

For the minute a man acquires money the gold-diggers begin to pursue him, and he needs a steadier head and less vanity than most men possess if he does not listen while they tell him how young and handsome he is, and how he has outgrown his wife and needs a smart young woman to be the mistress of his fine house.

So only too often the middle-aged man ditches the faithful old wife and marries the innocent-looking little home-wrecker, and then his troubles begin. For he finds out a number of things that do not make for his happiness. One is that marriage is no Fountain of Youth into which he could plunge and come forth a boy again.

The little flare of youth that made him think that his wife was too old for him dies down, and when he finds himself united to a girl half his age he realizes that she is too young for him. He doesn't want to jump around and play about as she does. He doesn't want to dance and go on wild parties. He wants to stay at home and rest.

His point of view, his code of conduct, the very things he knows are of one generation, while hers are of another. They clash on a thousand points simply because their traditions are of different eras.

And he finds out that when a young girl marries a middle-aged man she does it because of what he can give her. She is tired of work and poverty and she wants a fine house and parties and clothes. She wants a Sugar Papa instead of a husband, and she lets him pay the bill while she dances with boys as lithe and young as she is, and has dates with lads while husband is working in his office to make the money she throws away.

And he finds out that when a man says that he has nothing in common with the wife to whom he has been married for years and years that he befools himself. He has more in common with her than he can have with any other human being. She is the only one to whom he can say, "Don't you remember?"

It is the new wives with whom men have nothing in common. It is the young wives of old husbands who do not understand them, as every man who trades off his old wife for a new one finds out to his sorrow.

DOROTHY DIX.

YOUR INDIVIDUAL HOROSCOPE

(By FRANCES DRAKE)

Look in the section your birthday comes in, and find what your outlook is, according to the stars.

For Wednesday, July 24th

MARCH 21 to APRIL 20 (Aries)—Today demands close attention to responsibilities and close harmony in business and marital relations. Not an easy day, perhaps but you can modify irritating influences with your own courage and cheerfulness.

APRIL 21 to MAY 20 (Taurus)—Matters pertaining to art, beauty culture, entertainment and articles for adornment, likewise courtship and marriage, ask conscientious treatment, not reckless handling. Day is best for self-improvement, correcting errors, practical issues.

MAY 21 to JUNE 21 (Gemini)—Stars favor forceful activities, difficult tasks, work connected with institutions, army, navy and other arms of the government. Rash judgment and expenditures should be curtailed

JUNE 22 to JULY 23 (Cancer)—You can find contentment and gratification through earnest endeavors. Stars smile benignly on you Cancer-folk and urge you to strive to realize your ambitions.

JULY 24 to AUGUST 22 (Leo)—Very good indications for your plans. Gains through the efforts of others to whom you have been loyal. Avoid a too forceful attitude in your activities.

AUGUST 23 to SEPTEMBER 23 (Virgo)—A very interesting and lively day with unexpected news and happenings forecast. You should be able to realize some cherished ambition today. Meet people; seek favors; make improvements and necessary changes, but don't overdo.

SEPTEMBER 24 to OCTOBER 23 (Libra)—Finishing incompleted matters and checking old accounts and clients for renewal of their patronage more favored than new and unfamiliar interests and trys. Much can be accomplished if irritation and impatience are set aside.

OCTOBER 24 to NOVEMBER 22 (Scorpio)—Your personal and heart interests are more exposed to unpleasantness than are practical and solid issues. Keep usefully occupied with matters that will enhance your income: strive after new achievement and you won't have time for unessentials.

NOVEMBER 23 to DECEMBER 22 (Sagittarius)—Clever management and adherence to tried and true methods will keep you in safe territory. Constructive work, industrial and government issues on first favored list. Risky ventures, unwholesome schemes taboo.

DECEMBER 23 to JANUARY 21 (Capricorn)—Born before January 6? Employment and money matters ask close attention. Personal and artistic affairs more favored. Just the other way round for you born after January 5 .

JANUARY 22 to FEBRUARY 20 (Aquarius)—Do not permit pleasures and purely personal interests to cause you to neglect the more favored essential duties and hard business necessities. There can be time for recreation after urgent matters are taken care of.

FEBRUARY 21 to MARCH 20 (Pisces)—Probably not as restricting as yesterday and much more interesting. Surprises in business portending future benefits. Be alert to gains through new, advantageous leads. Make new contacts.

A CHILD BORN ON THIS DAY will be energetic, daring, inclined to be boastful but kind-hearted and generous. Should be given as extended an education as possible. Can succeed in diplomatic and government service, in politics, on the stage, screen or radio. Rather resents dictation but will want to give it. Self-mastery its greatest need.

THE COOK'S CORNER

Cocoanut Mist Cake

Three cups sifted cake flour, 2 teaspoons double-acting baking powder; 1-4 teaspoon salt; 1 cup butter or other shortening; 1 lb. (3 1-2 cups) confectioner's sugar; 4 egg yolks, well beaten; 1 cup milk; 1 teaspoon vanilla; 1 cup shredded cocoanut; 4 egg whites, stiffly beaten.

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift together three times. Cream butter thoroughly, add sugar gradually, and cream together until light and fluffy. Add egg yolks and beat well. Add flour, alternately with milk, a small amount at a time, beating after each addition until smooth, add vanilla and cocoanut. Fold in egg whites quickly and thoroughly. Bake in three greased 9-inch layer pans in moderate oven (375 degrees F.) 25 to 30 minutes. Spread Tinted Fluffy Frosting between layers and over cake. Sprinkle with Shredded Cocoannut.

Tinted Fluffy Frosting

Three egg whites, unbeaten; 2 1-4 cups sugar, 1-2 cup water; 2 teaspoons light corn syrup; red coloring; 1 1-2 teaspoons vanilla.

Combine egg whites, sugar, water and corn syrup in top of double boiler, beating with rotary egg beater until thoroughly mixed. Place over rapidly boiling water, beat constantly with rotary egg beater, and cook 10 minutes, or until frosting will stand in peaks. Add coloring to hot frosting to give a delicate shell-pink tint. Remove from boiling water, add vanilla, and beat until thick enough to spread. Makes enough frosting to cover tops and sides of three 9-inch layers, or tops and sides of two 9-inch layers with about 1 cup extra frosting for special decorating.

TO LEARN HOW TO USE YOUR VOICE

It is generally agreed that your natural voice is your best voice. Turning on a simpering, whining tone in order to get your own way is giving your natural, non-whining voice a bad break. Allowing your jaw and throat to become so tense that your voice tones become nasal is another great mistake.

It is all important, of course, that tongue, jaw and throat be perfectly relaxed. When you are not talking, try to remember to keep your tongue on the floor of your mouth instead of hard against the roof. Tip of tongue should be held against lower teeth —not upper ones.

To relax your jaw when you are tired and nervous or when you suspect that your voice is hard and nasal, open mouth wide and close it slowly. Then yawn once or twice. Yawning opens the throat, relaxes tongue and jaw and therefore eliminates nasal tones.

The finest voice and speech teachers agree that mastering the art of listening is the first step toward acquiring a fine speaking voice.

A great voice teacher has said: "The ear is three-quarters the teacher." And other experts explain this by pointing out that listening sympathetically and interestedly first relaxes the body and secondly, gives one direct concentration on what he is about to say.

Therefore, an utterly relaxed person who is honestly concentrating possesses three great assets to beautiful speech: (1) clarity of tone and enunciation; (2) vividness in expression because speech on the subject is to the point; (3) ability to concentrate on the idea instead of on the impression being made while talking.

JAPANESE PLEADS GUILTY

SAN FRANCISCO, July 22 —(AP) —A Japanese seaman pleaded guilty to a smuggling charge today as narcotics department agents looked further into the operations of an extensive smuggling ring.

He was arrested here Saturday aboard the Japanese freighter Nanman Maru. Federal and state agents said a large amount of narcotics was found on the vessel.

Living & Leisure —The Woman's Realm

THE NATURE LOVER

In valley ways he seems, remote, aloof
From restless men grown blind to hills and skies;
For he who has the mountains for his friends
Has beauty in his heart, peace in his eyes!

Wide wale corduroy in bright red for the jacket and beige for the slacks and shorts is a novel fabric choice for a three-piece sports set. The jacket is in slim box silhouette slashed at the side seams.

Several houses endorse grays, mainly elephant and light taupe tones. Some dark green is seen, mainly an olive shade, and there a representation of violet in parma and amethyst casts.

The wolf spider carries her young on her back until they are old enough to shift for themselves. The brood often consists of 150 spiderlings.

Thirty to forty leaves are required on a peach tree to provide enough food to develop a good peach.

It has been estimated that only about five per cent. of London's population concerns itself with church going.

Unkind and unappreciative auditors, after hearing a piece of music, have been known to remark that the composer "ought to be shot." It was no joking matter to Rossini, however, whose life actually was threatened because he once displeased a young musical enthusiast by his scoring of the part for (of all instruments) the drum.

One of the most important elements in the art of violin playing is correct bowing.

Armies on foot and with horse-drawn units marched 20 miles a day; now a motorized army can move at the rate of more than 300 miles a day.

The first X-ray apparatus in America was exhibited in the Dime Museum, Rochester, N.Y., in 1896.

There are instances of performers who have been able to whistle two and even three parts at a time. There are other cases of whistlers who could whistle one tune and hum an accompaniment.

One can not well talk about vocal study without talking about its goal. The only purpose of study is to sing better.

CORPSE'S YELL HALTS STUDENTS

When a medical student at the Anatomical Institute of the University of Mexico City touched the chest of a supposed dead man with the dissecting knife the "corpse" sat up and yelled "You fool, you are hurting me". The student almost collapsed as his subject explained that he was a farmer and that the last he remembered was drinking to celebrate a friend's birthday anniversary. He fell in the street and as he showed no life at a hospital he was taken to the morgue where he was left seventy-two hours. Still covered with a canvas he was taken to the Institute for dissecting. The revived "corpse" walked unsteadily to an adjoining hospital. The student, suffering from a severe attack of nerves, had to be carried to the hospital on a stretcher.

During excavations, workmen found a jarful of olives which had been buried in the ruins of ancient Pompeii for 1,800 years. The olives had been kept in good condition by the oil and were still edible.

Are You Always Uneasy in Your Letter-Writing?

You Can Write Charming Letters

That moment always comes — when you want above everything to write a really delightful letter.

The attractive young man who urged you to write, who thought you so extra special when you visited his town — will he be disillusioned by your note? Not if you know the little tricks of good letter-writing.

Don't get entangled at the start by meaningless "Well's," "I'm writing's." Let your enthusiasm for the other person bubble over, "Dear Jack: What wonderful times we did have, didn't we?"

Never feel you must apologize for not having anything startling to say, either. Write the first chatty thing that comes into your head, "My, the weather we've been having! I'm expecting the candles to melt right down in little waxy puddles!"

You wouldn't let him see you looking rundown at the heels, so don't send a slovenly letter. Watch out for grammatical errors—"LIKE you asked" for "AS you asked." Choose crisp unlined paper and avoid messy erasures.

Make all your letters the friend-winning kind. Our 32-page booklet gives sample letters for many occasions — social and business; has pointers on vocabulary, English, correct form.

Send 10c in coins for your copy of GOOD LETTER-WRITING MADE EASY to the Guardian Home Service. Be sure to write plainly your name, address, and the name of booklet.

Name

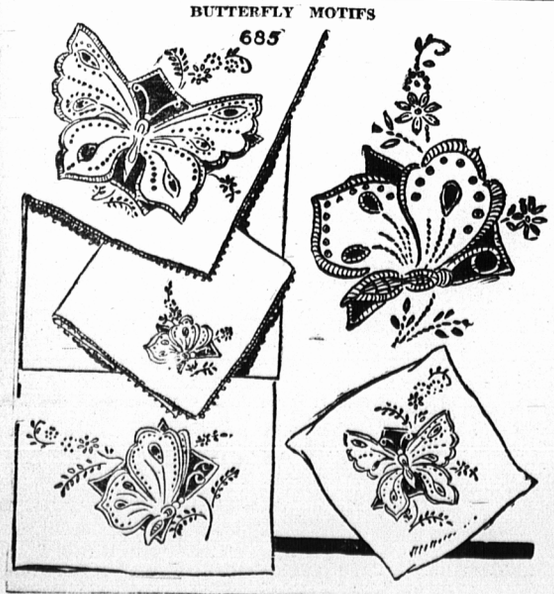
Street Address

City Province

A new burner for gas ranges having two rows of flames directed against an inner and an outer radiant ring is asserted to do faster cooking and save fuel.

Nervous Restless Girls! Cranky? Restless? Can't sleep? Tire easily? Annoyed by female functional disorders and monthly distress? Then take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, famous for over 60 years in helping such rundown, weak, nervous conditions. Made *especially for women*. WELL WORTH TRYING!

BUTTERFLY MOTIFS



DESIGN NO. 685

Those who favor butterflies will enjoy embroidering these on a luncheon set, or tea pillow cases, etc. Hot iron transfer pattern No. 685 contains 8 motifs measuring from 4 by 5 inches to 7½ by 8 inches each and complete instructions.

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Needlecraft— —For The Home

Look pretty please, this summer. This year, more than ever before, femininity counts. With war news pouring in on all sides, it's up to the fair sex to keep up the more charming aspects of life. This little one-piece frock features the smart long torso look and very chic front fullness in the skirt. Notice, too, the unusual petal sleeves. Make the dress of a soft fabric with bows to pick up the predominant color of the print. Lace edging at the neck and lower edge of the waistline lends an icing-cool touch.

Style no 3373 is designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20. Size 16 requires 3 5-8 yards of 39-inch material, 3 yards ruffling.

Send Twenty (20c) coin is preferred, for pattern. Write plainly your Name, Address and style number. Be sure to state the size you wish.

Style No. 3373 .....

Name

Street Address

City Province

They Fled from Nazi Bombs in Warsaw and in Paris

They came down the gangplank at a Canadian port, laughing and as fresh as if they had been on a picnic—yet these sun-bronzed Polish youngsters had travelled across the Atlantic with their mothers—25 in all—aboard a tiny vessel with normal accommodation for four. For 10 days some of them crouched in fear as Nazi bombers had their first deadly "workout" over Warsaw. Others fled Paris and missed death many times en route to Italy and England.