

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

Pirates In Fact And Fiction

Water—Where No Vessel Is Safe

By CAPTAIN PATRICK CLIFFORD. (Author of "Pirate Cruise", "Men Without Fear", etc.)

They stepped out to gaze on a scene of carnage. Literally tripping over three bodies at the entrance to the vault, they stumbled across still others, until Bill in a loud cry, recognized McGurk and fell on his knees beside him. At first he thought the big Sergeant must be dead, but as he lifted him he heard the faint breathing of his friend. One of the Officers had a flask of whiskey, and Bill poured some of the spirit between the Sergeant's teeth. After a moment McGurk opened his eyes. He gazed at Bill, as though striving to gain mental aid from him, and made a mighty effort to speak. Dimly Bill heard his muttered words, each spoken at the cost of a spasm of agonising pain to McGurk.

"Black Pirate—escaped to river—got god. He broke down, and Bill waited. "Clancy—here—some—where," panted the Secret Service man, and fell back in Bill's arms. Carefully his friend laid him down, where one of the other officers ministered to him. More police now poured into the vault, and Madison heard their cries of astonishment as they beheld the amazing spectacle. Suddenly he heard an officer call out.

"My God, there's a woman here!" he shouted, and Bill swung round. The officer was bending over a still figure in a white dress. Madison hurried forward, and as the policeman stepped aside, he saw the woman's face. A cry of anguish escaped him, and he dropped to his knees, tenderly lifting her dark head in his arms. "Helena, Helena, my dearest," he groaned. "Oh God—dead!" Wilson, who was deeply moved by the young man's suffering, turned to direct the remainder of the search. For several minutes Bill continued to cling to Helena's body, then seeing that all hope was gone, he gently laid her down and covered her lovely face with his pocket. He staggered across to Wilson.

"We've got to find this fiend out of hell," he snarled. "That poor girl was one of the hostages—there's another—we've got to save her." Frantically the police continued their search. One by one they fumbled about near the lift, suddenly let out a yell as the floor gave way under his feet. As he disappeared, the concealed trap closed again and only the stone slab showed where the trap had been. Wilson yelled to some of the men with crowbars and axes, and in a few minutes the trap was raised, and torches were glaring down into the pit. A cry of horror and went up from the men, at the ghastly spectacle the lights revealed.

On the floor, nearly twenty feet below, the young sergeant was sprawled unconscious, and with one leg twisted ominously under him. But it was the condition of the

other occupant of the horrible stone cell, which overwhelmed the watchers. Suspended by his wrists from an iron ring in the ceiling, was a man. His arms were fastened behind his back and he hung in the extreme of torture. His shoulders must almost have become dislocated when he was hauled up, and the blood which soaked his white shirt showed that in addition he had suffered a very severe wound. Yet he was still conscious, and though his breath came in choking, agonised gasps, he made no other sound to express the torture which was killing him. The man was Michael Clancy.

Without waiting for ropes, several men slid down, by holding to the legs of others, and in a trice down they did so, the officer fell forward, his arms still held stiffly behind him, so great had been the strain. He was partially paralysed, and the horrible wound in his shoulder, cruelly accentuated by his appalling torture, had incapacitated the limb for a long time to come. At last they managed to lay the paralysed man in moderate comfort, but in his deplorable condition he could not immediately be hauled up from the cell to the vault above.

Bill Madison had leaped down into the cell with the first of the police. When he saw his friend now he knelt beside him and proffered the flask which had served to aid so recently another friend and victim of the Black Pirate. Clancy nodded weakly, took a long pull, and then a gleam of savage determination showed in his steel-blue eyes.

Stop the Black Pirate, he gasped weakly, but his voice took on a new strength as he continued. Never mind his secret passage to the sea. Stop the Liang-koo—he's aboard with Sally. They stole the ship this afternoon. Wilson, who was eagerly listening beside Bill, nodded, and scribbled something on a slip of paper which he handed to a waiting officer, who promptly clambered out of the pit. It was a brief note to the Royal Navy, asking for a general warning to shipping, and a British warship for the interception of the Liang-koo. Wilson explained what he had done.

Not enough, groaned the injured man. We must get a plane from somewhere. See what you can do. By God, said Wilson. The aircraft-carrier at Wei-hai-Wei, and there's no Air Force unit in Shanghai at the present time. We'll have to depend on the Navy.

They'll be too late, replied the detective making an heroic effort to rise. The Black Pirate in taking the ship to Chinese territory, and by the time the warships spot him, he'll be safely ashore. I'll commandeer any plane in Shanghai, to look for that ship. There's Sukum's, the Greek millionaire fellow, who's touring the

A Morning Smile

HE DIDN'T SING

A young man at a social party was vehemently urged to sing a song. He replied that he would first tell a story, and then if they still persisted in their demand, he would endeavor to execute a song. When a boy he said, he took his violin in singing, and one Sunday he went up into the garret to practice alone. While in full cry he was suddenly sent for by his father. "This is pretty conduct," said his father, "pious employment for the son of pious parents to be saving boards in a garret on Sunday morning loud enough to be heard by all the neighbors. Sit down and take your book." The young man was unanimously excused from singing the proposed song.

HARDY FAMILY

A town dweller walking in the country had a conversation with a farm laborer who, after a few minutes, volunteered the information that he was seventy-four. "You are remarkably fit for a man of seventy-four," said the town dweller. "How old was your father when he died?" "Father's not dead," replied the laborer; "there he is in the garden reading the paper to granddaddy."

world, suggested Bill eagerly. Put a couple of good men aboard, and send them looking for her. This time Clancy got to his feet, though he would have collapsed without Bill's friendly arm about him. He swayed, but he kept his feet.

Sure, will send two men, he said with a sudden terrible fury in his eyes. You and me, Bill—I'm going to kill the Black Pirate myself, or be there when the job's done.

But you can't go—you're hurt—by—by, gasped Wilson. I'd have to be a corpse before I'd forego the pleasure of returning Clancy with a grin. Help me out of this, and have one of your men go ahead and telephone Sukum that this plane's wanted. Tell the pilot in Shanghai to seize it, if he kicks and keep the machine there for me.

Wilson shrugged helplessly, and finally Bill found himself escorting his wounded friend to one of the police-cars. On arrival in the Setonville, Clancy grudgingly submitted to having his wounds dressed. The surgeon who treated him, was appalled.

You may lose this arm, if you don't accept proper treatment, he warned.

Idly he both arms and a leg, rather than miss this show, said Clancy cheerfully. See you later, Doc. While he was in the hospital, word came through that the plane was waiting at the Japanese aerodrome at Honkai Park. Mr. Sukum had loudly protested against the plane being used, but the police had exercised their full powers, and commanded it. Tell him I'll buy him a new one when I've caught the Black Pirate, laughed Clancy when he was having to be carried to the machine. The machine was a beauty, and carried a powerful wireless installation. Clancy looked her over approvingly, and smiled grimly as a police officer placed on board the arsenal he had sent from Headquarters. These weapons included a tear-gas gun, with plenty of cartridges; half-a-dozen hand-grenades, and two rifles. In addition, of course, both men carried revolvers.

They clambered aboard, Bill Madison, a fine pilot, started his machine, and soon the plane was quite close to the "Chat," which they saw far below them. Proceeding on a steady southern course, they flew over the mouth of the Whangpoo just as dark was falling, and passed down at the broad majesty of the Yangtze.

To Be Continued

NOW IS TIME TO CHECK OPERATION OF FIREPLACE

If you have a fireplace which refuses to draw properly it should be checked. One should remember the fire danger and precautionary measures should be taken to prevent snarks from flying into the room. Your contractor will be glad to give you his opinion on how the fireplace and flue should be reconstructed.

Night Coughs Hard On The System

The dry, hacking cough, day and night, is very wearing on the system, and the constant coughing not only disturbs the rest, but it keeps the bronchial tubes in such an irritated and inflamed condition they get no chance to heal.

Sometimes it is the constant cough that won't be quieted, sometimes a choked-up, stuffed-up feeling that makes breathing difficult.

Obstinate coughs and colds generally yield to the grateful, soothing action of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. It is indicated for this kind of a cough, as it is composed of the most soothing and healing expectorant barks, herbs, roots and balsams obtainable.

MA. HARRY LANN, Lakeville, N.B., writes:—"I had such a terrible cough I could not sleep at night. I tried different medicines, but they never helped me; my cough still hung on. I then got Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, and I was surprised to see how quickly my cough disappeared."

Put up by The T. Milburn Co., Ltd.

Dorothy Dix

Homemade Scraps Are as Necessary as Billing and Cooing in Many Homes, so There Seems That Little Should be Done in Trying to Stop Them

A man who has just been celebrating his golden wedding anniversary, and who used the occasion to expound his theories about how to handle the various situations that arise in marriage, asserted that the best way to stop a domestic quarrel is for the husband to put on his hat and leave the house.



The proof of the pudding is in chewing the string, as the old proverb says, and a man who is the battle-scarred veteran of thirty years of matrimonial warfare should be an authority on the subject. Nevertheless, one doubts the efficacy of his theory. No doubt his plan is good as far as it goes, for it is obviously impossible for a woman to keep on talking back to a husband who isn't there, but it is the philosophy of defeatism and one suspects we do not only appeal to the hen-pecked husbands who are afraid of their wives' tongues, anyway.

Of course, it is true "that he who fights and runs away will live to fight another day," but why postpone to the always has to hire a platinum blonde stenographer, or the price of the wife's new hat, when both have put on their fighting clothes and are all worked up for a good scrap?

Nor is there any need for a husband and wife to break off a quarrel right in the middle of it, for they will exhaust the subject under dispute. There are ten million things left for them to disagree about. And if by chance these should give out, they can always dig up an old bone of contention. There are husbands and wives who fight from the altar to the grave over religion, politics, smoking in the house, or whether the breakfast egg should be fried on one side or both.

Moreover, any advice about how to stop a quarrel between husbands and wives is superfluous because they don't want it stopped. They quarrel because they get a kick out of it; because it puts pep into the somewhat flavorless dash of matrimony; because it stirs their blood and makes them feel alive and tingling and good. If you don't believe this, note the fact that after husbands and wives have had a perfect peach of a fight in which they have reviled and insulted each other and said every mean and cruel thing to each other that they could think of, they generally end it up with kisses instead of Reno, and no harm done to the domestic structure. Not a brick loosened.

If further proof were needed that spitting wit with each other is the favorite indoor amusement of husbands and wives, you would find it in the incontestable fact that there probably never was a family row that could not have been avoided by the use of the slightest degree of tact or compromise or self-control. Every husband and wife knows what is the fighting word to each other, but that doesn't keep them from using it. It just gives them a tip on how to start something.

They know what topics are as good for a set-to as a nicked is for a ginger cake, but does that make them walk high, wide and handsome around these forbidden subjects? No indeed. It makes them drag them in by the head or the heels and pass a pleasant evening exchanging criticisms and recriminations about each other's families and personal habits and peculiarities.

Whether or not the home-made quarrel, like home cooking, has a finer flavor than anything one gets abroad, is never been scientifically determined. One would say on a venture, though, that there is something more satisfying about it, something that appeals more to the general taste, for it is observable that people who will go to all manner of trouble to avoid controversies with their bosses, their friends, their acquaintances and even strangers provoke disagreements with members of their families.

The woman, for instance, who yes-yesses her employer and tells him what she thinks he is, no-noes her husband and does not disguise from him her own views on literature, art and politics as if he were hanging on the words of a seeress, tells his wife that she is getting old and fat, and that she doesn't know what she is talking about. And the fight is on.

So, taking all of these vagaries of the domestic quarrel into consideration, we reach the inescapable conclusion that husbands and wives fight because they enjoy fighting, and there is no way to stop 'em. DOROTHY DIX.

structed so as to draw properly and give you the maximum of comfort throughout the winter months. One home-owner with a living-room fireplace bought some expensive rugs and wanted to be doubly sure that they would be protected from flying sparks. She had the fireplace and flue reconstructed so that it would draw properly. Then she bought metal mesh fire curtains, hung them on a rod with metal rings the same as fabric curtains and fixed the rod and curtain in front of the fireplace. The curtains form an effective and attractive screen.

FLAT WHITE PAINT BEST FOR BRIGHTENING ROOMS In trying to bring more brightness and cheer into the too dark rooms of a house, remember that flat white paint will reflect more light than colored paint. Ivory white comes next, then pearl gray, cast green, light gray, ivory tan, pink, bright sage green, buff, shell French gray, dark tan, sky blue, olive green, cardinal red and forest green. Dark blue gray has less reflectibility than any of the above colors, only about 17 per cent.

THE SUBSTANTIAL SORT When buying a new paring knife for the kitchen, be sure to buy the sort with the blade that runs through the centre of the handle and is fastened by rivets. It is much stronger than the sort where the blade is held by a metal ring. Of course those made of stainless steel will save you much cleaning in the future.

STRAIN ON YOUR EYES Eyes used for close work—particularly if lighting is not correct—are subject to a greater than normal strain. This brings the patient discomfort if there is present any appreciable refractive error and shows itself in headaches, sore eyes, etc. A person has no way of knowing the degree of strain on the eyes until they are examined.

G. F. Hutcheson

Put up by The T. Milburn Co., Ltd.

The Housewife And Her Activities

If there's no sun, I still can have the moon; If there's no moon, the stars my needs suffice; And, if these fail, I have my evening lamp, Or, lampless, there's my trusty tall oil dip, And if the dip goes out, my couch remains.

Where I may sleep and dream there's light again. —John Kendrick Bagg.

HOW ABOUT PLANNING A PRETTIER BATHROOM? Bathrooms today can be made more beautiful than ever with new tiling, colored bathtubs, basins, etc., and all the beautifully tinted linens on display. Purplish blue tiles from the floor, a peach colored ceiling, with peach towels and fixtures, a shower curtain draped like your best living room curtains, and blue ties on the floor, make a smart combination.

When the elastic is out of order in the top of children's bloomers and a new piece is needed, do not hunt around for boddin, just tuck the new elastic on to the worn-out piece and pulling out the old, you pull in the new so easily. It saves time if it has to be done when children are dressing only just in time for school.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS If you have a light green and white screen, and don't know what to do with it because your dining room has blue walls—have no fear—put it right in with the blue walls. It's being done.

There's nothing "dull as dish-water" about new kitchen towels in bright colors. If you can't find them in the shops get some remnants of bright linen and make them yourself.

If you have a bathroom too small for a regular sized weighing machine, look at the new tiny square scales. They are small and flat and will fit in almost any bathroom.

KEEPING YOUR JOINTS YOUNG A surprising amount of daily exercise will keep any figure supple and graceful. One who bends forward and touches the floor with her hands 10 or 15 times each morning simply won't have knees which crack when she gets up out of a chair or leg muscles that ache after a short walk.

Stretching routines are most effective when practiced in the morning. When you have turned off the alarm clock, throw off the covers and begin to stretch like a cat. Twist this way and that, pulling waistline muscles, straightening your neck, flinging arms up and down. Now get up, stand in the middle of the floor knees stiff, bend forward and with feet lightly apart, keep touching the floor with fingertips. Touch right toes with left hand. Reverse, touching left foot with right hand. Repeat 10 times.

If you are trying to lose a weight get rid of a waistline bulge or keep hips slim, you must do special exercises, of course. And these should be done regularly, too. Everyone however, fat or thin, tall or short, young or old, needs to do simple exercises which make for grace and figure beauty.

"GASSED" YARNS Gassed yarns, meaning those from which all the "fuzz" has been burnt off, make a group of woollens at a Paris house which are naturally dry to the touch and which feature shadow strips in the weaves obtained by alternately close and loose weaving.

Flannel types with hairline strips and gen check suiting are shown for tailors, and there is a series of Scotch tweeds matching up large checks and crossbars with plain colors in Shetland weaves.

HANDLING GLASS. Always use a dry cloth in handling hot glass cooking utensils. If a damp cloth is used the glass is likely to crack. When a glass dish boils dry allow it to cool before soaking it and then use warm—not hot—water and a cleansing powder.

BEAUTY ROUTINES ASSIST NATURE To the girl who wants to know if spending time keeping young looking is really worth while and why can't she just grow old peacefully and as nature intended anyway? By all means do grow old peacefully, as peacefully as you can that is. Nothing makes lines and wrinkles or dims the sparkle in your eyes and more quickly than over-indulgence in emotional outbursts, such as getting indignantly angry over trifles or going in for fits of weeping all too frequently. You don't want to have a face like a mask or be afraid to show real emotion when you feel it, but being too emotional is even worse on your face and your personality than acting and looking like a stone woman too much of the time.

If beauty routines keep you young-looking well-groomed and lovely, then they are worthwhile. If they occupy entirely too much

THE COOK'S CORNER

FOR LUNCHEON

CANADIAN FISH AND CHEESE CASSEROLE Place a layer of cooked peas or cooked spinach in the bottom of a large, shallow, greased baking dish. Place on the vegetables a layer of any variety of Canadian fish, using either slices of fish or filets cut into suitable serving portions. Sprinkle salt and pepper and cooking oil over the fish. Place the dish in a hot oven for six or eight minutes. Then having a cheese sauce ready, pour it over the fish, sprinkle with fine bread crumbs dotted with butter, and put the dish back in the oven until the top is nicely browned. The cheese sauce may be made as follows: Melt two tablespoons of butter blend with it two tablespoons of flour, and add a cup of liquid (a cup of milk or of milk and vegetable water combined); cook the mixture until it is thick and smooth, stirring constantly, and just before removing it from the stove add a half a cup of grated Canadian cheese, and continue to stir the sauce until the cheese is melted.

Canadian Fish are rich in vitamins and health-building minerals and, having regard to nutritive value, are among the most nourishing of foods.

LACK OF CO-OPERATION "I wish somebody would shovel the path," said Mrs. Brown. The boy delivering the groceries had trouble getting up to the door the snow is so heavy.

Nobody moved and nobody said anything. Father never paid the least bit of attention to anything like that so it wasn't he she meant. And Polly was only six. Jim knew his mother was talking to him.

He finished his dinner and turned on the radio. "Jim," I spoke to you about removing the snow," called his mother. "Why don't you get busy and do it?" "Who? Me?" said Jim surprised. "You said 'somebody'."

"Oh, dear," said Mrs. Brown later. "I'm always leaving my glasses upstairs."

"I'm too tired to get my glasses," she repeated. "I believe they are in my dining bag. Well, who is going for them?" "I guess you mean me," said Polly. "All right. Just a minute."

After a while, "That cellar door keeps banging, and I'm not strong enough to turn the key."

Bang, bang went the cellar door, but David went on reading his paper. "David, did you hear me?" I said that door. None of us is strong enough to turn the key."

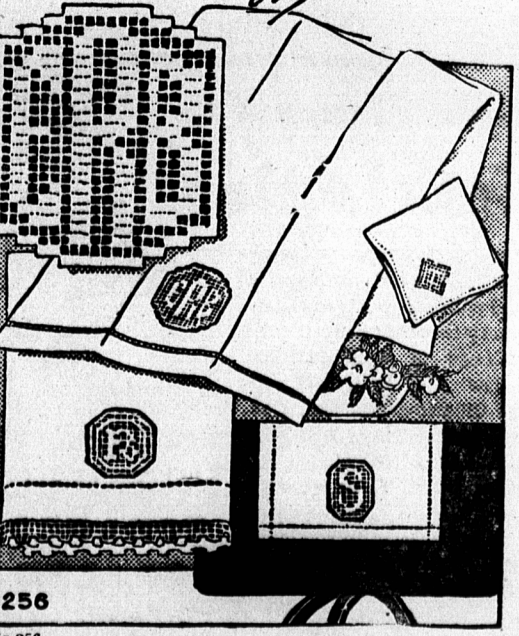
"Sorry, I didn't hear it," said her husband. The evening wore on. The telephone rang and no one got up to answer it. Mrs. Brown finally went to the hall. "Why can't you go one in awhile?" she asked Jim. And Jim answered, "Last time you said dad should answer it. It's mostly for him."

Now it is not Mrs. Brown who is to blame, although these commands may seem rather vague. It really is the family's fault. She has learned to expect protest when she deliberately makes a request and names the performer. So she has adopted a system of asking for things by making a statement of what she needs and not making it appear that they are doing her the favor? These simple requests of this mother were not for her personal benefit, but for the good of the family in general. There should be more co-operation. The housewife sees the need and extends it. But it always appears to be a personal favor to her, when other are asked to contribute to the general fund. And even if it were a favor to her personally, what is the difference? How much simpler it would be if her family would try to anticipate things, without her having to ask. No wonder the Mrs. Browns of the world become vague and disorganized—Exc.

CANADIAN FISH POOLS, rich in nutritive value and in vitamins, are very easily digested because of the tenderness of their flesh.

CANADIAN SCALLOP SUPREME Place in a greased baking dish three cups of diced fresh or left-over vegetables (carrots, potatoes, onions, etc.) and add one cup of cooked flaked Canadian fish. Pour a white sauce over the fish and vegetables, sprinkle finely-sifted bread crumbs over the top, dotted with butter. Bake in a moderate oven until the crumbs are nicely browned. Any kind of Canadian fish may be used. The white sauce can be made by melting three tablespoons of fat or butter, blending in three tablespoons of flour adding two cups of liquid—either half milk and half vegetable water or all milk—and cooking the mixture until stirring constantly. Canadian Fish Pools are comparable to meats in nutritive value and they are especially rich in health-giving minerals and vitamins.

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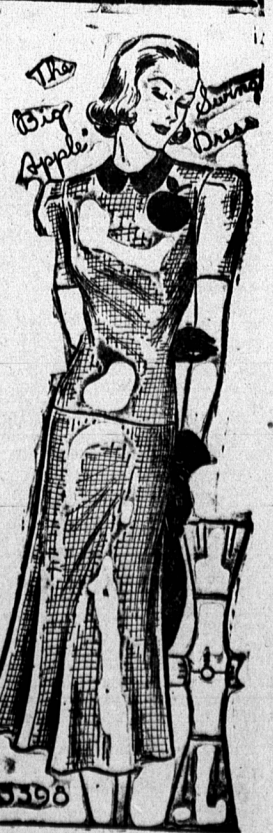
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Lipstick red wool apple applique lends just the right touch of brightness to this new mid-season dress in smart grape shade wool. You'll love it for its gaily alone to freshen your wintry wardrobe... and marvel at its graceful moulded-line that breaks into a young swing-hem. Another very important thing about it is the fact that even a beginner at sewing can cut it out in the morning and finish it to wear the same day. You'll want to make another in rayon crepe print with plain crepe apple applique. Its low price will amaze you.... for it takes but 2 7-8 yards of 38-inch material with 1-4 yard of 35-inch contrasting for the 16 year size.



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HOUSEHOLD HINTS Have you ever tried placing a cloth over the bowl of fresh made starch, and leaving the cloth there until you are ready to use the starch? If you do this, you won't get a "skin" on it, and the starch will remain nice and hot.