

Women's Realm :: Social and Personal :: Fashions :: Literature

COUNTY CLUB

By HOLLOWAY HORN

"No. Actually, we wish to keep in touch with her, but Miss Stenning and I were quite good friends at Mossford, and I should like to be quite certain that she is safe."

"Safe?" the doctor echoed, "What do you mean?"

"It's a difficult matter to discuss, Dr. Faber. But there were people at the club who were dangerous. It's a long story and I'm not altogether at liberty to discuss it, but I should like to know where Mary-Miss Stenning is. And as I said, that she is safe."

"You are sure she has left Mossford? We have had no communication whatever from her."

"Yes. And we have no idea where she is. She should, of course, have informed us."

"I tell you what, she's probably with relatives somewhere. There are several she keeps in touch with—my wife and I among them. I'll ring up a few and let you know if I locate her."

"I shall be grateful if you will, doctor."

"Half an hour later the doctor rang up. The affair at Mossford, he said, "But she has not turned up at any of the likely places, nor have any of them heard from her for several days. I have no doubt that she is safe, but some simple explanation, but it is strange of her."

"Thank you very much," said Dolmore.

"Not at all. I've begun to be worried about her. We saw the case in the papers, of course. I rang her up on Monday night and offered to go down. She has spent much of her life in South Africa, but although we haven't seen a great deal of her, we are very fond of her."

"She left Mossford on Tuesday."

"I've no doubt that she will hear from her in due course. She's a very independent young woman and she has a certain amount of money of her own."

"Still, if we don't hear fairly soon, I feel it is a matter that should be taken up. The affair at Mossford, I feel certain, was not an ordinary robbery with violence. I'll talk it over with the Chief in the morning. He can get a police messenger broadcast, he thinks it advisable."

"But we shall look such fools if, as is probable, she is staying quietly at an hotel in, say, Bournemouth. The terrible affair may have affected her nerves, of course," the doctor added doubtfully.

"And she may quite easily regard any action we take as 'fussy'—or worse."

"I'll ring you up in the morning, sir, if I may," Dolmore said. "If there is no news of her I shall most certainly mention it to the Chief. The crooks behind the murder at Mossford are dangerous and desperate men."

"That would be the wisest course, Inspector. If I hear anything in the meantime I'll ring you at once."

"There was no news in the morning and Dolmore phoned to Ducros from the office. Ducros had heard nothing about or from her. Ducros, indeed, had no news of any kind. He had spent the hour after lunch in searching the rooms at the club and beyond reducing Fernandez to distraction had achieved nothing."

"Well?"

"She's missing. Rolliter told her, apparently, that since Mrs. Lewin was dead, they had no further need of her. Ducros told me that she had

said easily. "None of her relations know where she is—and she has influential relations who are getting anxious about her."

"Well, she's not here, that's certain. And nobody seems to know how she went. The booking clerk at the station is positive she didn't go on Monday or Tuesday. He was on the jury at the inquest and knew her by sight. She may have gone by car or bus, of course."

"Is Sadie Pacemann back there?"

"She wasn't here last evening. She was up in town."

"I had dinner with her," Dolmore said, casually.

"What?"

"HAS MARY BEEN KIDNAPPED?" Dolmore repeated the statement and added: "She had come up to see her husband—Elsan Gardew."

"What?" Ducros exclaimed again in astonishment.

"I stumbled on her almost accidentally. The Chief sent me down to Asburn. She called at a shop for a letter. She was there the night before. She slipped the chief who was told off to trail her after she had left me."

"I shall have to take the post-graduate course at that perishing college of yours, I can see," Ducros said with reluctant admiration.

Lollimore smiled as he replaced the receiver, but the smile died at once. The door of his office had opened and the Chief came in.

"Morning, Dolmore. I've heard from that friend in the Surety. Lewin seems to have dropped out at least three months ago. He was registered as an alien but the registration has not been renewed in the last two months. Moreover, no letters have been delivered to him at the shop in the Rue Blanche for quite a time."

"So Rolliter is lying, sir, as I was certain he was."

"It certainly looks like it. I agree now that we should make every endeavour to get into touch with Lewin. You had better go across this week-end. You speak French, I believe?"

"And I don't think we'll say anything else to Mr. Rolliter in the meantime. It is best that he should have no idea that we are approaching the case from this angle."

"I quite agree with you, sir. I'm quite sure that he's a twister. I happen to know Montague Blumberg, by the way. I met him originally in the Public Schools boxing competition."

The Chief raised his eyebrows.

"I was in the night before last. He knows Rolliter and although he was very careful what he said, I could see what he thought. There is another matter which is worrying me. I had intended to put it before you, sir, in any case. You may remember that Mary Stenning, the deceased's secretary, discovered the crime."

"Yes."

"I got to know her quite well at Mossford. Her father was a professor in a South African College, and her cousin is Dr. Lovell Faber, of Harley Street, the well-known alienist."

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The Housewife And Her Activities. Illustration of a woman in a kitchen.

ALONG LIFE'S ROAD. Do something for somebody somewhere. While jogging along life's road, help someone to carry his burden.

In the Malay States, bamboo serves a most countless purpose. One of the most curious being as an instrument of torture.

Among the birds that can be taught to talk are the piping crow of Australia, the mynah parrot, some species of jays, macaws, and even starlings.

FOR YOUR EMERGENCY SHELF. Summer is the time the wise housewife adds a generous assortment of canned meats and fish to her provision cabinet and refrigerator.

THE COOK'S CORNER. Delicate Orange Cake. 1-2 cup butter, 1-2 cup sugar, 3 eggs, 2 cups cake flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1-2 cup orange juice.

Method: Cream the butter, or shortening, and sugar until very light. Add the well beaten egg yolks and beat hard. Sift the flour, sugar and salt at least twice more with the baking powder and a little salt.

no. I should not have suggested that she should ring me up in the first place."

"I see," said the Chief, and lit his pipe. "I don't know what to suspect. Frankly, sir, I was attracted to the girl. She told me that she would ring me up when she got to town. And I think she would have done so. But she did not."

"The Chief began to fill his pipe with his usual precise care, and the two men sat in silence."

"What is HOME WITHOUT A GARDEN?" Illustration of a garden scene.

MINOR BULBS BEGIN TO BLOOM WHEN SNOW MELTS. Spring months are almost pure joy for the garden lover, free from the grief and disappointment which come later, with the weeds, and other difficulties.

In the spring our efforts show a higher average of success; and we bring to our enjoyment of their achievements an eager appreciation. Each tiny flower and green leaf, when it first appears, gives a thrill to its beholder.

Yet the average garden in April and May has little to offer, compared with what it might present, because the spring flowering bulbs, upon which gardens chiefly depend for early flowers, are planted by only one-third of all garden owners.

The flowers which will give you thrills in April are not numerous and you do not need so many of them. They are called minor bulbs, probably because they are small and produce small plants with relatively tiny blossoms.

and are precious beyond price. Small they may be, but they have a most amazing hardness. Snowdrops, so perfectly named, because they often blossom in the snow and look like drops of snow would look if there were such things, pass a winter of subzero temperatures and burst into life at the first real thaw of the spring.

Scillas, which bloom after the snowdrops, are quite as hardy, and more vigorous. Their flowers of vivid blue held up above their leaves and carpet the ground with color in a way which violets never do.

Crocuses, which bloom after the scillas, have larger bulbs and larger flowers; they are not so easy to keep, but with their brilliant yellow and lavender flowers they bring the first vivid color contrast into the garden picture.

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Dorothy Dix's Letter Box

Acquirement of Sudden Riches Not Always a Blessing — Care Must Be Exercised As To Whether They Will Mean Continued Happiness Or Be The Cause Of Trouble

Dear Dorothy Dix—My husband and I were of the usual run of people in middle circumstances when suddenly I inherited a fortune. We are rich now and can do whatever we want to do, and I want to travel.

We have bought a plane and are taking instructions, and both of us have solved. What I long to do is to go to far places, but my husband is a mechanical engineer who has been with the same company for more than twenty-two years and he is best with the fear that he cannot take more than a month off from his job or he might lose it.

He is not well, but he thinks that if he retired, as I urge him to do, that he will be in the same predicament that other men who retire—that he will be bored to death because he will not have anything congenial to do. So there we are, both under 50, with no children, plenty of money and me tiring to go and he stuck in the mud.

I have endeavored to persuade him for three years and it seems a shame that I can't do what I so long to do, yet I cannot afford to spoil my husband's life by leaving him to leave his beloved work. He would just let down and give up for he is the go-getter like me. I know what the conventional answer to the question of what I ought to do is, but what will I get out of life in that case? I want to have some fun and excitement and interest. I like to dance. My husband doesn't. I am looking for that supply of dancing partners. But being rich really what I want to do. I want to GO and I don't know what to do. What do you suggest? M. R.

Answer: Your story sounds like a fairy tale. Having a fortune unexpectedly drop into your lap must be a thrilling and wonderful experience. However, your story also makes us wonder if sometimes Lady Luck doesn't smile a little ironically as she bestows her gifts upon us, knowing how little good we are going to get out of them.

I have known many people who have worked their way up from rags to riches—as the saying goes—and none of them, it seems to me, have been as happy in their high estate as they were in their lowly one. When they were poor they were busy, interested, filled with ambition, thrilled with achievement, with something to look forward to at all times. They had companions of their own class with whom they were congenial. They had friends who loved them for themselves. They fitted into their little cottages like hares in a glove. But when they got rich they rattled around and never felt at ease in their palaces. No french chef could cook like Mamma did, and all the people they knew either condescended to them or were parasites trying to get something out of them.

I have seen many a lonely old millionaire who, I thought, would have been far happier hanging out her wash and gossiping over the back fence with a neighbor than she was in her ornate drawing room. However, this has nothing to do with your case. You want to travel and your husband doesn't, and my suggestion is that for a year each of you do what you want to do.

Let your husband stay at home with his job while you make your tour around the world. There is nothing like getting something out of your system, and if you have been bitten by the travel bug nothing will satisfy you until you see the far places of the world. You may not find them so glamorous after all and be glad to get back home.

You think your husband will be lonely without you, perhaps. And perhaps again he may enjoy slipping the matrimonial yoke for a few months and doing exactly as he pleases without wondering what Friend Wife will do and say. Perhaps he may decide that he would like to enlarge his horizon by doing a bit of gadding himself and he may follow you. At any rate, the experiment will enable you and your husband to more intelligently plan the future.

But never, never, NEVER force a husband to go on a trip with you against his will, because if you do he will be unhappy. He will wish you miserable. He will grumble over the food, the transportation service, the hotels, the scenery, the climate, nothing will suit him and you will wish you were looking at the gas house instead of the Taj Mahal if he is your elbow asparagizing the architecture and complaining of the heat and how his feet hurt.

And as for the danger, lady, believe me, that when you are hunting up hotels that supply gignoes to dance with middle-aged women you are starting on your elbow away from your husband than you would if you had a ticket to Samarra.

Girl of 23 Should Know Her Mind. Dear Dorothy Dix—I am a girl 23, engaged to a boy and we are very fond of each other, but we don't intend to marry for at least two years. My mother objects to my going out with him because she does not want me to marry young. Should I give up my boy friend to please her? MARTINI.

Answer: If your mother doesn't think that at 23 you will be old enough to marry she must expect you to stay single until you are so old you will have to totter to the altar on crutches. She is utterly unreasonable, and if she has no objection to the lad on the score of morals and character I think you would be very foolish to give him up just because of her whim, which is based on her desire to keep you for herself and not let you marry at all.

Tell her that in this day of sophistication girls of 21 are older, more matured, know more about life and are better judges of what they want in a husband than women were at 40 in her day; and that, while it is awfully sweet and maternal and all that for her still to regard you as a little baby in rompers, you are definitely out of them and on your own and have a right to make the decision about your own life.

It is a hard thing for many parents to ever face the fact that their children have grown up and are men and women instead of toddling tots, and this is at the bottom of so much of the conflict that breaks parents' hearts and wrecks children's lives that goes on in so many homes.

Don't think that Johnny at 20 is a little boy who shouldn't think of girls or going out of the house without permission, and who can't be trusted to drive the automobile; and both Mother and Father consider such an infant that she has to be put to bed at 10 o'clock every night and not allowed to have boys come to the house, or go to parties, or use lipstick, or paint her fingernails red as the other girls do. The result is that the children defy their parents and take their fun on the sly and leave home as soon as they can.

leaves are not disturbed until they turn yellow, which is a sign that the bulbs are cured. Often rabbits eat their leaves; or if planted in a row, the wind cuts them off and so destroys the buds. The place for them is in a cultivated bed or border.

Each will bring in the early spring. No one attempts to plant the entire garden from a dozen to a hundred bulbs are sufficient in the small garden. The location of this early show is important. If the flowers can be seen from the window, and so enjoyed even on inclement days, the pleasure they give is increased.

If one wishes to enlarge the number of spring flowers there are several others which can be planted. The chionodoxas (glory of the snow) have clear blue star flowers with white centers, and blossom with the scillas. The fritillarias, grape hyacinths and spring snowflakes (leucojum vernum) come later than the crocuses. And for companions to the early bulbs, dwarf irises, of the cristata and pumila classes, may be planted.

Perfect Your Steps at Home. "It's a rumba! Let's dance." Their happy faces show that Don and Dot have the captivating Cuban steps down pat. Secret is, they practiced them at home!

Basic rumba steps are surprisingly simple. It's no trick, with diagrams, to get the hang of them in a few evenings.

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HEINZ Home Style SOUPS

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New Fall Fashions And Winter Styles

The most practical ensemble you could desire for town wear this fall and winter—a meticulously tailored dress with its own jacket. Wear the dress by itself in the house, don the jacket for wear under your furs. The dress flaunts the latest in waistline treatment—a girlish effect that minimizes your waist to mere nothing. The neat lines and careful cut of both dress and jacket have that well-bred look to be found only in custom-made garments.

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Morning Smile

All The Time— "Do you know where Andrew MacTavish lives?" a visitor asked a Scot.

"No, I haven't heard tell of him," the native replied, "but if ye ask at the village sodbord'ill tell ye."

"One hour passed. Then the visitor met the native again. "I can't find him," the visitor explained. "Well, why did ye no say sa?" the Scotsman mused. "Hanna he a nick-name 'o any sort?" "Well, I believe he's called Cockie Mac."

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