

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



CHAPTER XXVI

It was four o'clock of the following morning that Alma awoke with a strange foreboding. She was confusedly conscious that she had been hearing clanging bells and sirens for some time, but had been unable to fight through the deep lethargy of sleep that held her.

"Your laboratory!" Caroline was saying. "Oh, what will you do?"

Alma stumbled out of bed, and began to struggle into her clothes, her teeth chattering.

"Help me, Caroline! I must get down there quick! I must save that formula!"

Police stopped their car a quarter of a mile from the mill. Alma and Caroline tumbled out and began threading their way frantically over a maze of throbbing water lines, past rubbercoated firemen, police, and curious onlookers.

"Let me through!" Alma gasped. "Let me get by—please!"

"Wonderingly, the crowd parted to let her pass; wondering, they stared at her white face and blazing eyes, and a rising murmur followed her.

"It's Miss Whittaker—it's the chemist—they say the laboratory was robbed, and then set fire to it."

"My notes," Alma pleaded to a burly policeman. "I've got to go in there and get my laboratory notes!"

"Sorry, miss—it's impossible—nobody could reach that laboratory now!"

"Alma, you're crazy!" Caroline held onto her friend's coat with a frantic grip. "Can't you see that whole floor is collapsing! Help me to hold her, officer—she'll do something insane!"

"Let me go!" Alma cried, wriggling free.

Someone grabbed her. And as she was held, powerless to move, the loft crashed through to the laboratory floor, and flame roared skyward with increasing fury, mingling with heavy clouds of black smoke.

Someone was speaking her name. She turned. It was Mr. Garrett. He grasped her hand.

"This was my fault," he said bitterly. "I should have taken more rigorous precautions to prevent the news of that formula from leaking out. Instead, I've been using the telephone, sending wires."

"It's true, then, that the fire was set?" Alma asked. "It's true"

that somebody wanted that formula, and after stealing it, resorted to this to prevent us from working it out again in a hurry?"

"I'm convinced of it!" said Mr. Garrett.

"How soon can you set up and equip a makeshift laboratory where I can work?" Alma demanded.

"What do you mean, Miss Whittaker?" he gasped. "Surely, you can't go back and reconstruct that formula without notes, without anything but your memory to go on?"

"There's just one thing worrying me," Alma said, "and that is, whether the thieves can make anything out of my sketchy notes! If they can't, I think we'll be all right."

"But—if you fail? If you can't work the formula out again?" He seemed unable to accept her quiet confidence, her firm determination to achieve the impossible.

"I can," Alma said quietly.

John Garrett stared at her a long moment, and then a ghost of a smile flitted over his face.

"I believe you!" he said. "I believe you can do it!"

"Go get me that laboratory," Alma said unsmilingly, "and let's see if we can outsmart a little more Burntwood crookedness!"

"Now what," John Garrett asked himself afterwards, "did she mean by that?"

He had little time, however, to think about riddles in the hours that followed. The fire, though finally brought under control, had demolished the entire laboratory equipment.

For many hours, it would be impossible even to enter that section of the mill, and firemen kept a steady stream of water pouring over the entire department.

A large wing of the mill, built for storage purposes, was hastily cleared, and Bill Sands brought to bear his cyclonic energy on the business of creating and equipping an impromptu dry-chemical plant and laboratory. Here, finally, when the five o'clock whistle blew, releasing the other workers from their day's toil, Alma began her painstaking backward quest.

(To be Continued)

"My nerves are better"

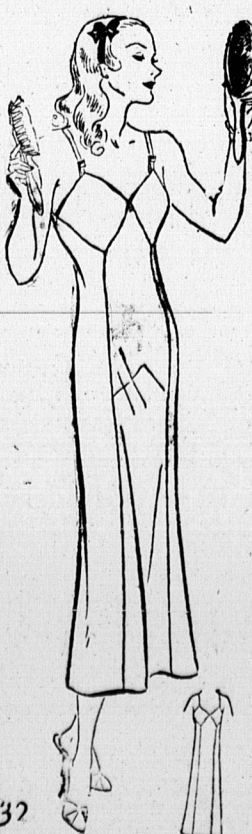
writes Mrs. P. M. Peterson, R. R. No. 2, Strome, Alberta.

"When I was 14 years old I took six bottles of your Vegetable Compound. Now I am taking it again for painful periods and it is helping me a lot. I am in good spirits and do my work every day. My mother used to take your medicine and always recommended it."

98 out of 100 Women Report Benefit

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

Fashions' Latest For Chic Dressers



The right costume slip works miracles in slenderizing your figure. The slip of princess lines is a grand background for the new "back-to-nature" silhouette frocks. It moulds the bust, and is extremely tight fitting through the waist and the hips.

Just a length of silk from the remnant counter at a big reduction in cost, and you're ready to start. You can easily run it up on the sewing machine and finish it completely in about two hours for you've practically only seams to join.

Think of the saving in cost for a perfect fitting slip.

A nice Xmas suggestion is to give the pattern and suitable material. Crepe silk, satin crepe or taffeta is a perfect medium.

Style No. 632 is designed for sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42-inches bust. Size 36 requires 21-2 yards of 39-inch material.

Form for ordering the costume slip, including fields for Name, Street Address, City, and State.

Baby's CHAFING SOOTHED, COMFORTED with CUTICURA SOAP and OINTMENT

Today's Short Wave Radio Program

(All time in Eastern Standard)

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 8

ROME 6 p.m.—News in English. 2RO, 31.1 m., 9.63 meg.

LONDON 6:17 p.m.—George Forsford at the Pianoforte, playing his own compositions. GSP, 19.6 m., 15.31 meg.; GSD, 25.5 m., 11.75 meg.; GSC, 31.3 m., 9.58 meg.

SCHENECTADY 6:35 p.m.—Short Wave Mail Bag. W2XAF, 31.4 m., 9.53 meg.

BERLIN 7:15 p.m.—Today in Germany. DJD, 25.4 m., 11.77 meg.

BOSTON 8:45 p.m.—Traditions of Pan American republics. W1XAL, 49.6 m., 6.04 meg.

BERLIN 8:45 p.m.—Songs by Franz Schubert. Fragments from "Aeschylus"; Revelation; Ganimede. Soloist: Maja Petrikowski. DJD, 25.4 m., 11.77 meg.

LONDON 9 p.m.—Oxford V Cambridge. A running commentary on the Inter-Varsity Rugby Union Match. GSD, 25.5 m., 11.75 meg.; GSC, 31.3 m., 9.58 meg.

TORONTO 10 p.m.—"National Sing-song"—community singing. CRXC, 49.2 m., 6.09 meg.; CJRO, 48.7 m., 6.15 meg.; CQRX, 25.6 m., 11.72 meg.

PARIS 10:20 p.m.—News in English. TPA, 4, 25.6 m., 11.72 meg.

Advertisement for Vicks VapoRub, featuring an illustration of a child and the text "Proved best by two generations of mothers."

THE COOK'S CORNER

BUTTERSCOTCH PEANUT COOKIES.

- 1 cup butter
1 1/3 cups brown sugar
2 eggs, well beaten
3 cups pastry flour
1/2 teaspoon cream of tartar
1-2 teaspoon baking soda
1-2 teaspoon salt
1-2 teaspoon salt
1-2 teaspoon ground cinnamon
1 cup finely chopped peanuts
Cream butter, add sugar gradually. Add eggs combine well. Add sifted dry ingredients, gradually. Then peanuts. Form into a roll and chill. Slice and bake on a buttered baking sheet at 375 degrees F. for 7 to 8 minutes.

MARMALADE WAFERS.

- 1-4 cup butter.
1-2 cup granulated sugar
1 egg, well beaten.
1 cup pastry flour.
1-4 teaspoon baking soda.
1-4 teaspoon salt.
1-4 cup thick marmalade.
Cream butter, add sugar gradually, and cream well together. Add egg, beaten well. Add sifted dry ingredients, then marmalade. Combine well. Drop by spoon on to buttered baking sheet. Bake at 375 degrees F. for 6 to 8 minutes. Makes 5 dozen.

ALMOND BRITTLE.

- 5-8 cups butter (1-2 cup plus 2 tablespoons)
1 1/8 cups granulated sugar
1-4 cup hot water
1-2 teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons corn syrup
6 tablespoons unblanched almonds
1-2 teaspoon baking soda
6 tablespoons blanched toasted almonds
6 tablespoons finely chopped walnuts
Milk chocolate
Chopped nuts.
Combine first 5 ingredients. Heat to boiling and add unblanched almonds and continue cooking slowly until the mixture reaches 262 degrees F. Combine soda, finely chopped walnuts and almonds, and add to hot mixture. Stir only enough to blend. Pour on to a buttered platter. When slightly cooled mark in squares. If desired cover with a thin coating of melted chocolate and sprinkle with finely chopped nuts.

Advertisement for Putnam's Corn Extractor, featuring an illustration of the device and the text "CORN LIFT RIGHT OUT! NO PAIN! QUICK RELIEF PUTNAM'S CORN EXTRACTOR"

Dorothy Dix's Letter Box

Pleasing Manners Are One of the Best Traits That Young Men Can Acquire — They Will Take You Far in Love and Business

Dear Miss Dix—Will you tell us how to acquire attractive manners? We are three boys, first-year students in a large university, rather self-conscious and retiring. Do help us out. THE THREE OF US.



Answer: I wish to congratulate you young men in the intelligence you show in realizing the value of a good address. Nothing else in the world, not even looks or brains, will carry you so far. Pleasing manners are a letter of credit that is honored at sight wherever you go, and they will open more doors to you and push your fortunes faster than any amount of talent and ability.

It takes time for us to recognize the inward virtues of people, but their outward manners are something we judge them by at sight, and they repulse us or attract us to them. Many a man of talent never gets anywhere because he is gruff and never knows what to say or do. Many another man soars into success on a tea plate, as it were, or the way he found a chair for a rich old dowager at a party. Not without reason is the villain in melodramas and novels always endowed with polished manners. Otherwise he could never have taken in everybody and worked his nefarious schemes.

The ill-mannered boor is always under a handicap, so recognizing that you lack the essential to success that good manners are, you are wise to set about cultivating them. Of course, the very foundation stone of all manners is table etiquette. By the way a man eats we judge him. Woe to him who gorges his soup and doesn't know his way among the silver. This knowledge should have been instilled in you in the cradle, but if your mother neglected it my earnest advice to you is to get some tutor you. If this is impracticable, or your pride will not let you admit your ignorance, pick out some boy who has had a good home upbringing and imitate him.

I can't stress the importance of this too much because I have personally known several young men whose careers are being blighted by the way they eat. They are clever, industrious, hard working and are entitled to the big jobs in their lines of work, but they cannot be advanced to positions where they would have social contacts with people who would be repulsed by their uncouth manners.

To all young people who wish to cultivate good manners I can do nothing better than recommend a daily perusal of a column on etiquette. Such columns do missionary work among those who have lacked early training in the conventions, for which many will bless them as long as they live.

Dear Miss Dix—I am engaged to a young man and we are to be married next month if I do not decide to break the engagement. Here is the trouble: He says he cares for me no one but me, but he is constantly petting other girls, regardless of who it is or where we are. He has to put his arms around every girl he meets. When I get jealous over this he says he doesn't mean a thing by it, it is just a habit of which he can't break himself. What chance of happiness do you think I will have married to a man like this? UNDECIDED.

Answer: None at all unless you are able to take a much more philosophical view of a husband's philandering than the more obvious one to obtain. Unfortunately women are monopolists by nature and want to keep their husbands' caresses for themselves alone. Hence they view their husband's petting parties with a jaundiced eye.

There are some men who never can concentrate their affections on any one woman. They are universal lovers who can't see a pretty mouth without wanting to kiss it, or a slim figure without wanting to embrace it, and while this promiscuous petting probably doesn't really mean anything serious, it shows the wife just where she stands. She is also just among many and, in reality, he cares no more for her than he does for Sally or Mary or Jane. And it also shows exactly how far his wife could trust him and how faithful he will be to her, which would be just as long as there was no other skirt on the horizon.

The man with the petting habit is a bad bet for a husband, and the worst of it is that it is pretty sure to grow on him after marriage.

Dear Miss Dix—I have several young children and as Christmas approaches I am confronted with the problem of at what age should children be told that there is no Santa Claus? Should parents tell their children, or should they let them learn about it from their playmates? I shall never forget my despair when I was told by my teacher that there was no Santa Claus who came down the chimney and filled the stockings of good children. What shall I do about it? T. E. A. D.

Answer: Don't tell them at all. Let them believe in the beautiful old myth just as long as they can. To destroy their faith in the mysterious and benign old saint who comes over the roofs in his reindeer-drawn sleigh, and as proof of this observance, just what each child's heart craves, is to rob Christmas of half of its joys, not only for the little ones, but for older ones who renew our childhood in theirs for, at least, one morning of the year as we watch them unpack their stockings.

You don't have to tell children that there is no Santa Claus. They find that out for themselves, God pity them, soon enough and through some strange mysterious way that brings the knowledge so gently to them that they are not shocked by it, as they are when the cold hard fact is rudely thrust in their faces that they have been believing a fairy story and that everybody has been lying to them.

I doubt extremely if any child over 3 years old really believes in Santa Claus. I am sure that they pretend that they believe long after they really know the truth just because it is something that is so beautiful to believe and because there is so much more romance and thrill in getting presents from Santa Claus than those that are given by Mama and Papa. And as proof of this observance, how carefully the older children in the family keep the secret from their little brothers and sisters. I have never known a child who didn't regard another child who told about Santa Claus as a meanie. Don't tell the children there is no Santa Claus. There is. All beautiful tales are true.



Chrysanthemum

Now, when the wandering singing birds have flown, And dull November skies are overhead, When trees are leafless, and the world is lone, . . . . . And all the flaming summer flowers dead. Bravely you bloom, in all your pride elate, Undaunted by the bitter frosts to come, No fading age you know, but meet your fate, Clad in full beauty, brave Chrysanthemum. —Thomas G. Griffiths.

A Morning Smile

"Ay," exclaimed Sandy to his English friend, "Scotland's the finest place on earth."

"Then since you like it so much," protested the Englishman, "what made you leave it?" Sandy grinned.

"Ah, well," he chuckled. "It was like this. In Scotland everybody is as clever as mase!, and I couldn't mak' muckle progress, but here—here, I'm getting on brawly, ye ken!"

A lawyer made his way to some scaffolding where a gang was working, and called for Michael O'Neill. "Who's wanting me?" inquired a voice from above.

"It is my duty to inform you," said the lawyer, "that your Aunt Mary, who married the millionaire Richly, has died and left you a fortune."

"There was a short silence, and then a commotion above. "Are you coming, Mr. O'Neill?" called the lawyer.

"In wan minute," was the answer "I'm just stopping to wallop the foreman."

ROSE VALLEY W. I.

The annual business meeting of Rose Valley W. I. was held on Wednesday evening, Nov. 11, at the home of Mrs. J. W. MacKenzie. The National Peace Day programme was observed throughout. Meeting opened by singing O Canada, followed by reading of minutes of last regular, and annual meetings. Roll call was answered by six members, with a "Peace Motto." There were seven visitors present. The President gave a summary of the year's activities, and showed that much had been accomplished, and because this involved increased expenditures, the Secretary's report showed the lowest financial balance since the Institute was organized. Sick committee reported one member sick in hospital, and the school committee requested new maps and brushes. Seven members enrolled for the coming year. Mrs. J. W. MacKenzie and Maude Mathieson were appointed scrutineers and the election of officers took place, resulting as follows: President, Alice Chowan, Vice-pres., Mrs. J. W. MacKenzie, (re-elected). Secretary, Mrs. K. H. MacKenzie (re-elected). Directors: Mrs. J. D. Mathieson, Maude Mathieson, Sadie Chowan. Auditors: Mrs. Herb. Clow and Mrs. Wm. Mathieson. The new president briefly expressed her appreciation of the honour conferred, and solicited the support and co-operation of the members. The questionnaires were then distributed and conveners appointed; Agriculture, Mrs. J. W. MacKenzie. Canadianization and National Events, Maude Mathieson. Child Welfare, Mrs. J. D. Mathieson. Legislation, Mrs. Herb. Clow. Education and Better Schools, Alice Chowan. Canadian Industries, Sadie Chowan. Public Health, Mrs. K. H. MacKenzie. The Institute News was then given out and subscription renewals attended to. A recitation, "Friendship Song," was given by Alice Chowan and Mrs. J. W. MacKenzie read a paper, "Women lack interest in world affairs."

While lunch was being served a sing-song was enjoyed and meeting closed by singing "The Maple Leaf Forever." Next meeting to be held at the home of Mrs. Henry Chowan, on Wednesday evening Dec. 9th. Roll call to be answered by "What I would like most for a Christmas gift." Programme committee, Mrs. Herb. Clow, Mrs. J. W. MacKenzie and Mrs. K. H. MacKenzie.

MILLVALE WOMEN'S INSTITUTE

Mrs. J. Leeming Murphy entertained the members of the Millvale Women's Institute on Tuesday, Dec. 1st, ten members and five visitors being present. Meeting opened with singing "Old Black Joe." Roll Call was answered by exchange of Christmas gifts. Minutes of last meeting were read and adopted. Correspondence was read by secretary. A committee of E. Hel Hazen, Vertine Parsons, and Lillian Cahill was appointed to sell Christmas Seals. Secretary reported lottery of quilt realized \$16, and proceeds of dance \$7.60. Sick Committee reported one visit made and fruit sent. New Committees were then appointed: Sick: Mrs. McInnis, Ethel Hazen, Lunch: Mrs. Alfred Parsons, Mrs. Alfred Murphy, Mrs. Albert Murphy. Program: Rita Murphy, Mrs. A. Parsons, Ruth Murphy. On behalf of the members a presentation was made by the secretary to Annie McInnis, winner of the lottery contest. It was moved by Mr. Albert Murphy and seconded by Lillian Cahill that \$4.50 be voted for children's Christmas tree. Motion carried. A committee of three was appointed to supervise same. It was decided to subscribe to Institute News, and to circulate it systematically. Mrs. Michael Murphy invited members to roll call to be answered by Question Box; meeting to open with "When You and I Were Young Maggie." Program for evening consisted of: variety contest by Mrs. Albert Murphy, won by Mrs. A. Parsons, Duet by Ethel Hazen and Mrs. John Hazen, Solo by Ruth Murphy, Miss Lucy Gallant also favored the audience with two vocal solos. After luncheon served by hostess meeting closed with God Save the King. (Pioneer Please Copy)

The HOUSEWIFE and HER ACTIVITIES

KNITTING SONG.

Warm brown wool for your husband, Scarlet wool for your son, Wool blue as water For a wild little daughter— Knit till the skeins are done.

Tinselled wool for your laughter, Close-spun wool for your strength— The bright needles dance, Each a silver lance, Conquering Time at length.

It is not only wool you are weaving, It is not only steel gleams bright— You are knitting a cover For child and for lover Of love wovlen close and tight!

—Margaret Willmer in the New York Times.

THE GIRL EVERY ONE LOVES.

We hear a great deal about popularity and how to achieve it, although it held the greatest good obtainable. Beloved is a so much better word than popular, and here is a description of a girl whom everybody loves. She quite evidently doesn't even try to be popular and she isn't thinking about herself, but about others; therefore, she lacks self-consciousness and gains many other things.

Here she is: It is the girl with the laughing eyes and honest heart. It is the girl who is natural. It is the girl who has common sense.

It is the girl without "nerves." It is the girl with tact. It is the girl who doesn't ask questions you do not like to answer. If you have made a blunder, she does not drag it to light by inquiring how you made out in such and such an affair.

It is the girl who is s'mathetic. She shows a kindly interest in your plans when you confide them to her and gives readily her advice and help.

It is the girl who is not cynical. It is the girl who does not think money is the source of all happiness. It is the girl who has other ambitions in life than to resemble the latest fashion plate.

It is the girl who is charitable in thought as well as in deed. It is, after all, the girl whose

Crochet Madcap and Bag

by Mayfair



Mayfair Needle-are Crochet accessories are having a popular vogue and it is a "must." This fall madcap and round bag will "do things" for you and are bound to make them in several different colors. Very simple and quick stitch.

The pattern contains instructions without abbreviations, for crocheting the madcap and handbag, detail of stitches used and complete instructions for assembling of handbag, as well as sample of the yarn used in making the original models.

Send 20 cents in stamps or coin (coin preferred) to The Charlotte-Town Guardian Needlework Department, To The Charlottetown Guardian Needlework Dept.

DESIGN NO. 212

Form for ordering the crochet pattern, including fields for Name, Street Address, City, and Province.

Advertisement for Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, featuring an illustration of a pine tree and the text "The Danger of Cough Among the Children"