

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

## THE SILVER ASSASSIN

By WILLIAM J. MAKIN

(Continued)

A little rostrum was backed by velvet curtains. Facing it was a long, low table of a black surface like ebony. From its shining surface it reflected the silver light, eerily. All the hooded heads were turned expectantly towards the velvet curtains. There was a queer, dead silence.

Then, in a solemn chant, a vibrant voice came from behind the curtains.

"We are gathered together, lost children of the moon, to do homage and give forth praise to the silver, shining light of night."

"We bow ourselves humbly," muttered the gathering in unison.

Once again the voice intoned behind the velvet curtains.

"We swear to do thy commands, Mother Moon. Under thy shining light we will fulfil all thy desires, each one of thy commandments."

"Look down upon thy lost children marooned on the earth," responded the congregation. "On our knees we worship thee."

A shuffle, and all in the room bowed their hooded heads. Peter was among them. But through the slit of his eye he eyed the black curtains expectantly.

They parted. A tall, commanding figure appeared. Like all others, he was hooded. But this was only part of a blue voluminous robe decorated with moons that covered him from shoulder to toes. There was something dramatically effective in his appearance. And the vibrant voice that came from beneath his hood had a commanding, terrifying resonance.

"Rise, lost children of the moon!" he said. "Let us sing our praises to the mother of us all."

Once again the shuffle of feet. Everyone stood. Then a woman began to sing in a shrill, tremulous voice. Others took it up. Soon, the blue-black walls were thrumming to the strange liturgy.

It was a gabble of medieval Latin. It was a chant of mysteries and hellish powers. It invoked devils and black shades. It was a caterwauling of dreadful tortures.

To Peter Allister, understanding little, but his musical ears appreciative of the macabre tonality of the chanting, there was in his mind the bewilderment of one who had stumbled across something hitherto outside his ken. He had heard of

black magic being practised in Mayfair, and he had read sensational accounts by men and women who hinted at societies who held queer ceremonies within a stone's throw of Piccadilly Circus. But, in his own mind, he had dismissed such reports as fantastic.

Yet here was the reality, more fantastic than he could have imagined. A Moon Society. It was a strange series of events that had led him to this apparently hermetically sealed meeting-place, poised above Mayfair. Moon children! He almost laughed aloud.

It was while a queer piece of moon music had been playing from a gramophone in the laboratory of a professor of astronomy in Oxford, that he had idly picked up a torn piece of paper from a diary. When he had returned to his room at the hotel, he had puzzled for some time over the symbols. But a muriclan was used to symbols, and in a flash the message came to him.

In the same idle fashion and with a sense of humour at his own idleness he had decided to test the reality of that message.

And now he stood with a chanting throng of queer Mayfair idlers in a flat that had been converted into a temple for moon worship. A matter of a hundred feet below, a policeman paced the pavement, taxis slurred towards Piccadilly, and the jostling indifferent life of London trailed towards the lighted ways of the West End.

"Black magic among the bright lights," he chuckled to himself.

But the chanting of the moon worshippers had come to an end. Silence once again descended upon the room. The congregation seated themselves. All the hooded heads were turned to the high priest in his voluminous blue robe decorated with moons.

He opened a huge tome on the rostrum before him. From behind the slits of his hood, eyes seemed to blaze questioningly at the moon children. He began to read in that same vibrant voice which to Peter Allister, seemed vaguely familiar.

"To-night, my brethren," began the high priest, "I propose to read from the Testament of the Baron Gilles de Rais, one of the greatest of the moon men, and a martyr to our beliefs. It is the chapter devoted to the moon as a deity, and the mother of all fertility."

The moon worshippers listened tensely to every word. It was a chapter of dreadful revelation and one that emphasized the pathological manias of the depraved gathering. Peter Allister recalled the young women, the old men, the pallid faces, the cruel mouths of all those he had seen entering this house. And his gorge rose as the Walpurgis description was intoned by that powerful figure of the high priest.

At last it ended. A mumbled liturgy followed.

"Blessed be they who worship the moon."

## The HOUSEWIFE and HER ACTIVITIES

### GRAMMAR IN RHYME

Three little words you often see  
Are articles:—A, an, and the  
A noun is the name of anything  
As school or garden, hoop or swing.  
Adjectives tell the kind of noun,  
As great, small, pretty, white, or brown

Instead of nouns the pronouns stand.  
Her, head, his face, your arm, my hand.  
Verbs tell of something that's been done;  
To read, count, laugh, sing, jump or run.

How things are done the adverbs tell,  
As slowly, quickly, ill or well.  
Conjunctions join the words together.  
As men and women wind and weather.

The preposition stands before  
A noun, as in or through a door.  
The interjection shows surprise.  
As Oh! how pretty. Ah! how wise.

The whole are called nine parts of speech  
Which reading, writing, speaking teach.

### COOKING DISHES

Coloured pottery and glass fire-proof ware, in which food can be cooked and brought straight to the table, much washing up and provides one of the great labour-saving devices.

### Children's Colds

Best treated without "dosing" VICKS VAPORUB Now WHITE-STAINLESS

"The moon is all powerful." "Swift and sure is the vengeance of the moon," intoned the priest savagely.

Peter Allister started. "Peter Allister assassin will come on wings through the night sky," responded the worshippers.

"Death to all enemies of the moon!" shouted the priest. "And to all their kind!"

On this note, the concealed lights in the room began slowly to dim within the space of a minute blackness came to him. All those hooded, Peter Allister stared into that blanket of darkness he saw queer, glowing shapes materializing. Hooded shapes. They glistened like shining silver. Heads with slitted eyes. In his first cold shiver he imagined that he was witnessing some strange materialization. Then the explanation came to him. All those hooded, he saw daubed in his phosphorus. It was the phosphorus, shining in the darkness that gave this eerie effect.

A steady rumble sounded above his head. He jerked back his head. And so did all the others in the spacious room.

"Down on your knees before the great revelation!" thundered the high priest.

Perched above them was the blazing bladder of the moon. The false ceiling had slid back, in the fashion of an astronomical observatory, and the night sky with its suspended, lopped moon leered down upon them.

There was an hysterical scamble to the floor. Women cried. Men shouted. And out of that hysteria began once again the medieval Latin chant which had opened the strange ceremony. The chant this time was one of triumph. The moon worshippers were facing their god. The singing seemed to slobber to a close. It was followed by tense silence. Still on their knees, awed, the moon children waited.

The high priest, whose phosphorescent robe seemed to blaze like a flame in the darkness to tower over them. His passionate voice came towards them like waves of radiation.

"The moon whispers a warning to us to-night, my children. A warning of peril."

A woman sighed in the darkness. "It tells me," went on the voice, relentlessly, "that somewhere in our midst to-night is a spy."

Peter jerked back his head. There was a cold chill at his spine. "A spy! insisted the priest, giving the hiss of the word a cruel twist. "Hidden among us, an unbeliever. Somewhere in this darkness. "Death to the spy! shrieked one of the women.

"It shall be death, said the writhing flame in the darkness. "The unbeliever shall be sacrificed. But first the spy must be denounced. Be careful, moon children! The spy may be at your side."

Everyone in that assembly seemed to shrink. To Peter eyes the shining hoods seemed to close towards him. He clenched his fists and quietly drew his chair towards him. He was ready to fight his way out of this hellish gathering.

"But he not afraid, went on the priest. "The spy will be revealed. Be ready, my children. The moon goddess approaches."

A bright light split the darkness. It was a spotlight, shining upon the black curtains that were slowly parting. Everyone seemed to hold their breath. Something glittering, moving, was materializing there.

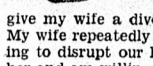
Soon the figure was revealed. It was the strange woman Peter had seen descending from a car in a bright, shimmering frock. In the spotlight, her eyes took on a deep, fathomless quality. The head was held back, the slim sinuous body taut as though some possession was inflicting her.

(To be Continued)

## Dorothy Dix's Letter Box

### There Is No Marital Catastrophe So Great As a Middle-Aged Wife Enamoured With a Youth — Only Disaster Can Come Of It

Dear Miss Dix—This is not the problem of a middle-aged man who has fallen for a young girl, but a middle-aged wife who has fallen in love with a callow, worthless youth. We have been married more than fifteen years ago lived a happy, companionable life. My wife has worked, holding a very good position. It was not because I did not support her, but because she wanted extra money for expensive clothes and luxuries. She is 41 years old and has fallen in love with a young man in his early twenties whom she partially or wholly supports, as he is often out of work. He drinks and gambles, and several times when they were out together he became too intoxicated to see her home and she had to telephone for me to come and get her. Her charm seems to be that he is a good dancer, is free with compliments and flattery and takes her around to places of amusement, where she pays the bill. Anyway, she is infatuated with him and deaf to all of my pleas and the warnings of our friends that she will find no happiness with him. I asked this boy if I would give my wife a divorce if he would marry her, but he refused to answer. My wife repeatedly tells me to get out, but inasmuch as I have done nothing to disrupt our home I feel that it is my place to go. I still love her and am willing to forgive in the past and start anew, but this is not what she seems to want. What shall I do?



Answer: When a middle-aged woman falls in love with a boy and makes a fool of herself over him there should be some sort of a padded cell in which she could be locked up until she regains her sanity. Unfortunately, there is nothing that can be done to keep them from wrecking their lives and bringing shame and sorrow down upon their silly heads.

They have temporarily taken leave of their senses and are deaf to reason and reckless to consequences. You just simply have to let them go their own way to destruction. Which is pretty hard on the husband if he happens to love the philandering wife and isn't so disgusted with her conduct that he is glad to be rid of bad rubbish.

An old man trailing around after a girl young enough to be his daughter is a sad enough spectacle. But a middle-aged woman in love with a boy young enough to be her son is a sight at which the angels must weep—and gag. Maybe the male parasite who sells his kisses is no worse than the female, but somehow it is more repulsive to us. So when we see an elderly woman going around with a boy friend whose clothes she buys and whose bills she pays and who we know will leave her as soon as some other old woman comes along with a longer purse, we feel that something drastic should be done to them both.

Of course, in the end she gets her punishment. Sooner or later he gets tired of faking emotion he does not feel, of telling flattering lies that feed an elderly woman's vanity and of dragging stiff bones around a ballroom floor, and she finds out that he has some girl of his own age that he is spending her money upon.

It is worse still if she marries him because the little flare of passion soon dies and then she is bored to tears with a boy with whom she has nothing in common, and weary to death of trying to keep up with him and keep him amused. It is always a misfortune for both men and women to marry out of their age class, but it is doubly disastrous to the women who does so.

Dear Miss Dix—I thought you might like to receive a letter from a thoroughly contented and happy woman. So here's my picture: I am a young, good-looking, attractive, intelligent, well educated. I have a husband whom I love dearly and who adores me. He doesn't philander, has no vices, attends to business, and yet is a good sport. I have two darling babies, twins—one boy, one girl. I have a good maid, who works hard and doesn't ask high wages. I have an admirer who is single, a pal of my husband's, who is attentive enough to keep my husband on his toes and just a wee bit jealous.

I have a family at enough distance to constitute no problems. No mother-in-law. A father-in-law who is almost like another boy friend and we have great times together. Both my husband's and my family possesses a comfortable amount of money with which they are generous and which we could always count upon in an emergency. I have never lost any one I loved by death.

I have an attractive, spacious, uncluttered home, with beautiful furniture, silver and linens. I have lovely jewelry and clothes. I traveled quite extensively before my marriage. Never lacked for dates. We have delightful friends. I have good health. I have a lovely dog. A new car paid for. My husband makes about \$35 a week and we get along on that with just enough worry and sacrifice to make us feel that we are achieving something. Our expensive possessions that I listed above were gifts.

You get so many letters from people who are whining and complaining, that I just wanted you to know that there is one person who is perfectly happy and contented.

Thanks a million. It is refreshing to find that there is one woman

LUCKY SEVEN.

## Princess Samples Soup Of Jobless



Food for the unemployed in Belgrade must be good enough to satisfy Princess Olga, wife of Prince Paul of Yugo-Slavia. Her royal highness is shown above sampling the soup during visit to a refuge for the jobless.

## A Morning Smile

THRIVING TOWN. A Montrealer, motoring through Pennsylvania, stopped to chat with a native in a small town. This tobacco-chewing individual was a laconic soul, but friendly. They discussed various subjects, and the Montrealer asked—"What is the principal industry of this town?"

The native responded—"Bein' on relief, I guess."

NO NEW STEPS. Two flappers were discussing the movies and one asked the other if she had been to see "Thirty-nine Steps."

"Yes," she said, "and I was very disappointed."

"Why?" said her friend, "what was wrong with it?"

"Well," she said, "I thought it was a dance, and it turned out to be only a blinking spy story."

## THE COOK'S CORNER

### PINEAPPLE LOAF

- 1-2 cup butter
- 1 cup white sugar
- 2 eggs
- 1 tablespoon cream
- 1 cup crushed pineapple, drained
- 1-3 cup pineapple juice
- 2 1-2 cups graham wafer crumbs

Method: Cream the butter and sugar very thoroughly. Beat the egg yolks and cream and cook over hot water until the mixture thickens. Cool then add to the sugar mixture, mixing well. Fold in the

## Today's Short Wave Radio Program

(All times in Eastern Standard)

TUESDAY, MARCH 2 ROME

6:00 p.m.—News in English. Band Concert. 2R0, 31.1 m., 9.63 meg.

LONDON

6:30 p.m.—"Cumberland Crack." GSD, 26.5 m., 11.7 meg.; GSC, 31.3 m., 9.58 meg.; GSB, 31.5 m., 9.51 meg.

SCHENECTADY

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

CARACAS

9:15 p.m.—Venezuelan Orchestra. YV2RC, 51.7 m., 5.8 meg.

LONDON

10:25 p.m.—"Monologues in Melody." GSD, 26.5 m., 11.7 meg.; GSC, 31.3 m., 9.58 meg.; GSB, 31.5 m., 9.51 meg.

PARIS

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

SASKATOON

11:00 p.m.—Old Time Frolic. CJRO, 48.7 m., 6.15 meg.; CJRX, 25.5 m., 11.72 meg.

TOKYO

12 midnight—"Overseas Program." JVB, Nazaki, 20.5 m., 14.6 meg.

pineapple and the juice and finally add the stiffly beaten egg whites. Line a loaf pan with waxed paper. Sprinkle thickly with the graham wafer crumbs. Then add a layer of the pineapple mixture. Continue adding layers until all the ingredients are used, having the crumbs for the top layer. Cover with waxed paper and chill in the refrigerator for 24 hours. Unmould, and serve with whipped cream which has been sweetened and flavored to taste.

who appreciates her blessings and enjoys them instead of beating upon her breast and walling because there is a single crumpled rose leaf under her forty mattresses of ease.

I can only hope that your luck may continue and I think it will, because with an appreciative and grateful heart like yours you will always make the most of your blessings and find something to be happy over.

New CORONATION COLORS by Tintex

CORONATION ORANGE CORONATION RED

Consult the Tintex colour card—43 shades. At all drug and notion counters, 15 cents.

Shell Mesh Scarf by Mayfair



Mayfair Needle-art Design No. 155

Here is a beautiful crochet scarf—collar with a dual role. Knot it casually as illustrated and instantly a plain drab dress becomes dramatic and important. Or you may wear it as a scarf with sports togs for novelty, under a dress coat or with a tailored suit for that appealing feminine touch. Shell stitch used throughout. The pattern includes complete crocheting instructions without abbreviations, and a sample of the crochet cotton used for the original model.

For complete patterns and instructions for all of these designs, send 20 cents in stamps or coin (coin preferred) to The Charlottetown Guardian Needlework Department.

Use this coupon Print your name and address plainly

To The Charlottetown Guardian Needlework Dept.

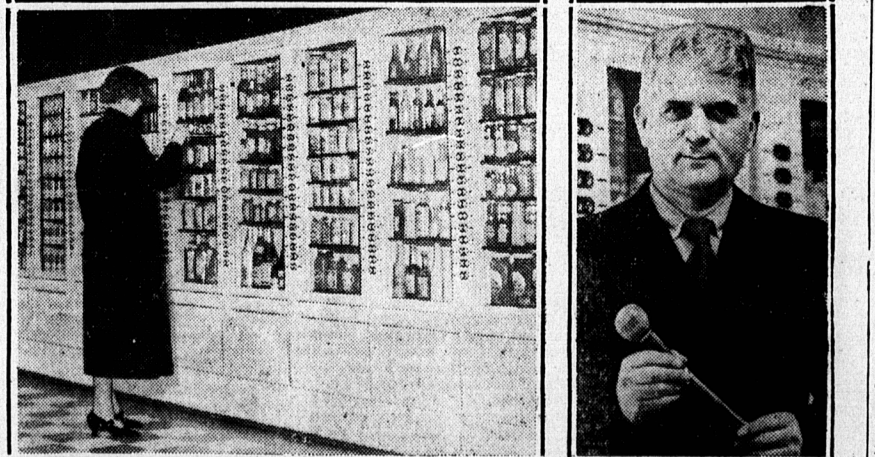
DESIGN NO. 155

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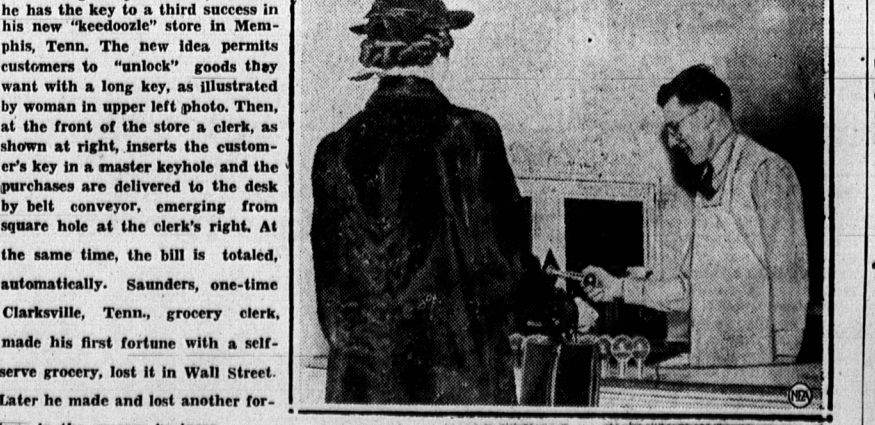
Street Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Province \_\_\_\_\_

## Something New in Store for Shoppers



Clarence Saunders, upper right, who has made and lost two fortunes in retail grocery business, believes he has the key to a third success in his new "keedoote" store in Memphis, Tenn. The new idea permits customers to "unlock" goods they want with a long key, as illustrated by woman in upper left photo. Then, at the front of the store a clerk, as shown at right, inserts the customer's key in a master keyhole and the purchases are delivered to the desk by belt conveyor, emerging from square hole at the clerk's right. At the same time, the bill is totaled, automatically. Saunders, one-time Clarksville, Tenn., grocery clerk, made his first fortune with a self-serve grocery, lost it in Wall Street. Later he made and lost another fortune in the grocery business



## Fashions' Latest For Chic Dressers

This new and clever little wool crepe frock will have instant appeal to smart women.

Its air of casualness will make it a joy to have and to wear.

The intriguing pockets are so tailored. Square flat shoulders give it that slim straight look. A well come detail of the swing gored skirt is the kick plait at the front.

The price is well within your budget allowance. For the 16 year size 4-8 yards of 30-inch material is sufficient.

It's admirable, too, in gay crepe silk prints and in plain crepes.

If you're going South or on a cruise plain or printed linen is fascinating with the roomy short flared sleeve. They have a plait at the top.

It's easy to make! The sleeves cut all in one with the shoulder yoke. Style No. 1939 is designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28 and 40-inches bust.

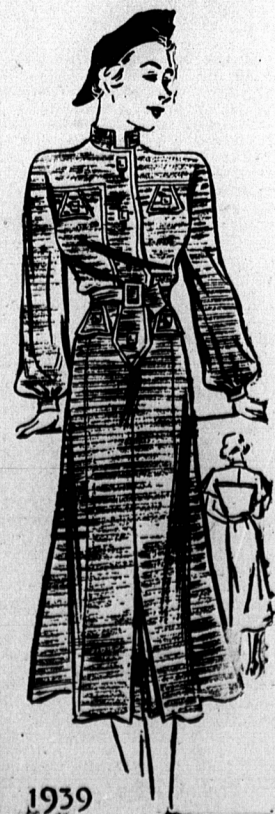
Price of pattern 15 cents in stamps or coin (coin preferred) wrap coin carefully address to Charlottetown Guardian giving—Style No. 1939 Size.....

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Best of Baby SUPER-SOFT MILDLY MEDICATED LUTICURA Talcum Powder



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