

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

## MYSTERY HOUSE

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

"And she was gone! How about the recipe for the gingerbread—Barnes asked. That had meant that had meant—what on earth did that mean?"

"Oh, that's all right, I can get it from you tomorrow." Page managed to say. Immediately afterward Barnes said, "Well, good-bye then," and Page replied dazedly, "Good-bye," and returned the receiver to its hook.

"We were going to have a shower for an engaged girl somewhere about now," she explained, returning to her place at the table upon which the jigsaw was scattered, and searching for a piece with what naturalness she could assume. "But she's gone, so we'll have to postpone it."

Rand began to talk idly of Russia and of Russians that he had known in China.

The sudden unexpected contact with the outside world had somehow reassured and quieted Page. She was willing now to accept fright and the puzzle, Flora's odd abruptness and Mrs. Prendergast's queerness as she had accepted them yesterday—last week—from the beginning—as just the conditions that governed her new job.

Lynn did not come to dinner, and the kitchen Chinese, anxiously interrogated afterward by Page and Rand, reported that he had not come to them for any food. At Page's suggestion Rand telephoned the Japanese at the farm almost five miles away; they had not seen Lynn.

"Where could he go, Rand? His boat is at the dock!"

"You never can tell, with him." Rand's voice was troubled and puzzled. He and Page were going upstairs together, and now she caught at his hand in the half-gloom of the hallways.

"Rand, could they have done anything to him? While you were working this afternoon, and I was asleep?"

"What could they have done?"

"I don't know."

"You mean the Duchess somehow got downstairs and she and Flora roped him, or shot him, and dragged the body somewhere?"

It did sound silly, although he was speaking quite seriously.

Page laughed ashamedly. "They couldn't!"

"Well, I hardly see how they could. Lynn'll turn up. He's able to take care of himself. He may be sheltering in some cave or tree. He'll show up!" Rand had his hand on the door of Mrs. Prendergast's room now. "Don't get her nervous!" he murmured, and Page nodded comprehendingly as they went in.

The movie that night was called "Du Barry"; the star was a European-born woman sophisticated and exquisite. She displayed the most elaborate costumes, her beauty was enhanced by the most extravagant of bettings, a boudoir all mirrors and lights, uniformed menservants, hussars magnificent in gold braid, furs, jewels, castles, drawing-rooms in which thousands of candles gleamed—how far away and unbelievable they seemed!

Page watched in a dream. She could dimly sense the breathing presence of her companions—Flora and Mrs. Prendergast, who sat like statues, and Rand, who had dropped his hand over Page's hand and was holding it tight.

She had let him hold her hand before this, when they were watching the nightly picture show. Tonight her fingers returned the pressure almost without her consent, almost in spite of herself. He was so strong, so courageous she needed him so in this hour of vague terror and bewilderment! It was Rand who would rescue her tomorrow morning, rescue her from fear.

At intervals all through the picture, and afterward, when she was in her room undressing, Page mused on the words of young Barnes Bishop over the telephone, and tried to remember the meaning that he and she had conspired to give them at that long-ago luncheon in the little Italian restaurant.

"Betty", in their hastily arranged code, had been their name for Mrs. Moeckbee, that was certain. But then what did he mean by saying that they had gone to Betty's and that she had not been at home? Betty was buried—Page felt a shudder run over her as her thought reached this point—in afternoon Bay cemetery. Just where the road turned up the hill.

Betty was not at home. And "gingerbread"?

"Oh, yes; 'gingerbread' was dangerous," Page suddenly remembered. "I remember he took that word because it has the letters of 'danger' in it, the idiot! Perhaps he was trying to ask me if I thought I was in any danger? Suppose I had said yes, I did want the gingerbread recipe, what could he have done? Come down here with a lot of policemen just because Lynn didn't show up for dinner?"

## A Morning Smile

**HIS IDEAL.**

"Now, my boy," said the Scots minister, "you know the Parables. Which do you like best?"

The boy hesitated, then replied—"I like that one whaur somebody loafs and fishes."

**NASTY.**

Two bitter enemies were trying to be sociable at a function, and were discussing beauty hints.

"My dear," said one, "I could give you a wrinkle or two."

"I'm sure you could," said the other gently, "and never m's them either."

She was ready to get into bed when there was a knock on her door from Flora's room.

"Come in!" Page said. The door opened, and Rand came in.

Page, clad in her warmest pajamas, reached instinctively for her kimono; its padded dark blue folds were about her as she turned with a flush and a smile.

"Rand, I thought of course it was Flora!"

"She's in with the Duchess. I had to speak to you," he said.

"Well," Page said, not quite at ease, but sitting down on her bed facing the big empty chair that stood beside it.

Rand ignored the chair; instead he sat close beside her on the bed and drew her to him. The girl felt her shoulders stiffen and her whole body instinctively draw away; her heart beat fast; there was something frightening in Rand's manner and his voice.

"Page, I think we ought to finish up this nonsense," he said quickly. "You've got to promise to marry me. I've not much to offer you—but I'm going to get out—I'm going away, and before I go I want to know that you'll not marry anyone else."

Page pushed against him with all the might of her strong young arms. "Please! Don't be so crazy. Rand! You're all I have to depend on; don't fall me now!"

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**KEEPS EYES CLEAR ALIVE**  
USE **MURINE** FOR YOUR EYES

## THE COOK'S CORNER

**MINCEMEAT.**  
(For Four Pies)

Let 1 pound of lean beef and 1-2 pound of beef suet simmer gently 1 hour; cool in water in which they were cooked; chop fine (both meat and suet); add twice the amount of chopped uncooked apples, 1-1-2 cups sugar, 1-2 cup molasses, 2 cups cider vinegar, 1-1-2 pounds Sultana raisins; 1-2 teaspoon each of cinnamon, mace, nutmeg and clove; 1-4 teaspoon of pepper, salt to taste, and the stock in which the meat was cooked, reduced to 1-2 cup. Let cook slowly 1 hour.

**USE FOR FIGS**

Figs, soaked for a little while in water, drained, chopped up into small pieces, then mixed with chopped nuts, make a delicious filling for pastry.

The addition of chopped nuts to the jam of a baked jam roll is a great improvement, especially if the jam used is apricot.

Left-over boiled pudding is delicious if cut into slices, fried in butter and served with clotted cream.

## BRINGING UP FATHER

AM I SUPPOSED TO STARVE TO DEATH WHILE YOU'RE RUNNING FOR THE OFFICE OF MAYOR OF THIS TOWN?

WELL, OF ALL THE INGRATES HERE I AM GIVING MY TIME AND TALENTS TO THE PEOPLE AND YOU'VE THE NERVE TO ASK ME TO GET YOUR BREAKFAST-GET IT YOURSELF-I HAVE A POLITICAL TALK TO MAKE-

I'LL DO NO COOKING-I'LL STARVE FIRST-I'LL GO OVER AND CALL ON CLANCY-MAYBE HE CAN OFFER ME SOME ADVICE ON HOW TO HANDLE MAGGE-

OH-HELLO, JIGGS-PULL UP A CHAIR AND JOIN THE REST OF THE NEIGHBORS-ALL OUR WIVES HAVE GONE TO YOUR WIFE'S MEETING-TO YOUR COOKIN' BREAKFAST FOR THE GANG-

PUT A SLAB OF HAM ON ME PLATE-

TAKE THIS EGG BACK-IT HAS OUTLIVED ITS USEFULNESS-

OH-ED-TOSS ME A BUN-I

## Dorothy Dix

**The Mother of Today May be a Gadabout But She Knows More About Health and Feeding Her Babies Than Her Mother Did. And She Also Knows the Price of Pampering**

There is no other individual in the world who has been so glorified as the old-fashioned mother. Mother-love, mother-patience and forgiveness, mother's sacrifices, have formed the plot of innumerable novels, the theme of many millions of mammy songs and are always good for a rousing cheer and a surreptitious tear.



And justly so. Motherhood is the hardest job that any human being ever undertakes. It calls for the courage of a soldier, the long suffering forbearance of a saint, the wisdom of a seer, the mind-reading ability of a psychiatrist, the hopefulness of an optimist, coupled with the ability to work longer hours than a stevedore. Any woman who can pull off a stunt like this deserves all the incense we can burn at her feet.

Strangely enough, however, while we are fitting a laurel wreath around the head of the old-fashioned mother everybody seems to be busy handling knocks to the modern mother on her most vulnerable places. Nobody has a kindly word to say for her. Everybody is on her neck and she is accused of being at the bottom of all of our troubles, from our alphabetical-soup politics down to the present fashion in hats.

Now without wishing to dim the old-fashioned mother's luster as a mother, I am here to say that the modern woman is just as good a mother as her grandmother was; in many respects a superior one, because she is better educated, rears her children more scientifically—and believe it or not—takes better care of her children than Grandmother did of hers.

Grandmother took her children as they came, and whether they lived or died she laid at the door of an inscrutable Providence. She washed her hands of all responsibility in the matter. There is no more pathetic sight than the rows of tiny graves in every old cemetery that are there because mothers did not know enough to sterilize their baby's milk.

The modern mother is aware that not only are her children's lives in her keeping, but also their health and their ability to do their work in the world depends upon how she feeds them. Hence, even the most flighty young mothers make almost a religious rite of fixing the baby's formula and seeing that the growing children get their vitamins and a balanced diet and their sun baths. If nature has been unkind and a child is born with some defect that can be cured, Mother moves heaven and earth until she gets Johnnie's bandy legs straightened or Susie's buck teeth pushed into line. No children in the past had the chance to grow up into being strong and good-looking men and women that the youngsters of today have.

Many of the things for which the modern mother is most severely criticized are in reality virtues instead of vices. Grandma holds up her hands in horror when granddaughter, and more particularly grand-daughter-in-law, puts the baby to sleep on a hard bed in a dark room instead of rocking and singing him to sleep, and when she teets little Tommy yell his head off until he finds out that crying gets him nowhere.

But all the same, Junior and Tommy are getting a discipline that is going to stand them in good stead as long as they live. They are being saved from being whiners and taught to stand on their own feet, mentally and morally, as soon as they are physically able. It's the men and women who were babied too much who make the quitters and failures of the world.

The modern mother is criticized for being a gad-about who belongs to clubs, steps out evenings sometimes and goes places and does things instead of keeping herself shut up in the nursery and smelling perpetually of baby food. But it's these modern mothers who take their children rationally instead of making fetishes of them and keep their homes together for their children. Their husbands don't go galavanting off after strange women while they are baby-worshipping and when their children grow up they are able to guide them and help them when they most need help, because they have kept up with the world and are modern instead of being back numbers.

Above all, the modern mother saves herself from committing the crime of being a possessive mother. The old-fashioned mother thought that you couldn't love a child too much and cling too closely to it. The modern mother knows that mother love can be the greatest curse that can befall a child. It can block its opportunities, stifle its ambition, thwart its love impulses and ruin its whole life, therefore she is continually on her guard against enslaving her children to her affections. Wherefore, for these and other reasons, I contend that the flapper mother is a better mother than the old-fashioned one.

DOROTHY DIX.

**BEMA BRAND BARBADOS MOLASSES**

Growing Children need nourishment between meals. There is no more healthful or tasty "snack" than bread spread with genuine Barbados Extra Fancy Molasses. It contains the iron and vitamins so essential to health and growth.

Remember: Ask for genuine Bema Brand Barbados Extra Fancy Molasses.

SOLD IN BULK AT YOUR GROCERS

WHAT A GRAND CUP OF COFFEE...YOU MUST HAVE MADE IT SOME DIFFERENT WAY.

THAT'S WHERE I FOOLED YOU, BOB. I MADE THIS THE SAME WAY AS USUAL. BUT I TOOK YOUR MOTHER'S ADVICE AND GOT SOME MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE!

JUST WHAT I'VE SAID ALL ALONG. MAXWELL HOUSE IS A PERFECT BLEND - ALWAYS GOOD NO MATTER HOW MADE.

GOOD TO THE LAST DROP

SUPERB BLEND - ROASTER FRESHNESS - PERFECT GRIND - ENJOY MAXWELL HOUSE AT A PRICE LESS THAN THAT CHARGED FOR MANY ORDINARY COFFEES

## Maxwell House Coffee

ROASTED AND PACKED IN CANADA

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## The HOUSEWIFE and HER ACTIVITIES

**DUTY**

When Duty comes a-knocking at your gate, Welcome him in, for if you bid him wait, He will depart only to come once more And bring seven other duties to your door.

—Edwin Markham in "The Gates of Paradise, and Other Poems," Doubleday, Page and Co.

**FRIENDSHIP**

In friendship your heart is like a bell struck every time your friend is in trouble.— Henry Ward Beecher.

**DUTY**

Duty—the command of heaven, the eldest voice of God.

—Charles Kingsley.

**GREAT MINDS**

Great Minds, like heaven, are pleased in doing good.—Rowe.

**LUCK**

Luck is ever waiting for something to turn up.—Labor with keen eyes and strong will, will turn up something.

**MOTHER'S SMILE**

We would like to stay the hand of time, and keep Mother with us. But the days flit by, and Mother grows old and weary. Her youth and beauty have faded, but her smile, her Mother love endures. If Mother is living, how happy she would be now to receive a letter from her boy or girl! Should one ever be too busy to write often to Mother?

**ARTISTIC NEEDLEWORK**

Picture a screen with a green background and overhanging foliage of green branches beneath which runs a path fringed by all the flowers of the springtime—snowdrops, primroses, scillas, irises, tulips, crocuses, daffodils, all were there. It caught the eye and held

artistic curtains in blue and green were outstanding, while cushions in all manner of designs made a fine show. The work was beautifully arranged, showing most skilful blending of soft and attractive colorings.

**Sores For Ulcers Infection Chest Colds**

THE HOME REMEDY

Soothing Healing Pain-Relieving

## Autumn Fashions For Chic Dressers

Schoolgirls love a dress that buttons down the front. It is simple to slip into and fasten the buttons.

This little wool-finished frock features the new flared skirt. It has a neat shirt collar and cuffs of pique. The bone buttons match the narrow leather belt.

Mummy will like it too, and find it so easy to make. It cuts in one-piece from shoulder to hem.

Clan plaid woolen or gingham in carnation red is another popular suggestion.

This model in navy velveteen is adorable for "best." Edge the self-fabric collar and cuffs with white rick rack braid.

Style No. 1852 is designed for sizes 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13 and 14 years. Size 8 requires 2 yards of 39-inch material with 3-8 yard of 36-inch contrast.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

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

No. 1852 Size \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

—By George McManus

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