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

3 STRANGE MEN

By C. T. PODMORE

CHAPTER XIV

BARLING, KNIGHT-ERRANT

At the door of Room 104, Mr. Barling coolly let himself in with a key of his own, and closed the door behind him.

It was as easy as if he had used the proper key. This key of Barling's was a wonderful one: it was like a thin tube. One end drew back like a pencil case, and by pressure he could produce from quiescent metal shoots exactly those which were demanded by the lock into which the tube was inserted. He had an interest in "Keys, Amalgamated," but this one, invented by himself on a whimsical inspiration, could never, of course, be put on market as a boon for burglars. It suited himself.

Looking about the room, he saw that several of Rumely's things were on the dressing-table, a newspaper lay awry on the bed, and his closed bag was on a chair. He had no compunction about opening the bag, on the outside of which the initials "J. R." were stamped. As the only odd thing that struck him, he picked out and pocketed a piece of crumpled paper.

Then Mr. Barling left the room, locked the door again, and passed to the transverse corridor where his own room was. Afterwards he went down and dined. For a man cannot courageously contemplate adventure on an empty stomach.

Later on, watchfully clinging to chances which he knew now to make for himself, he was at hand in the entrance hall, prepared for an instant move, when a man who had called to pay Mr. Diggs' bill was given possession of that dubious person's bag, and shewn out again by the hotel manager. This messenger Mr. Barling, with a nod to the manager, followed as alertly and as furtively as the man had passed into the dusk.

The latter neither paused nor glanced aside, but went along at a quick pace on foot by Ludgate Hill, Fleet Street and the Strand, until at length he turned down one of the quiet side streets into one of those comparatively deserted areas into which only those who have rendezvous there in the evenings are wont to stray. There are small but perfectly nice hotels tucked away here and there, known to habitues who want sanctuary from the noise of casual trade. The dusk was banking up in corners. Grey buildings looked sombre, and a dark stone frontage where the messenger at length, pulled up, featured as it was by a Gothic entrance, had almost the aspect of a church. A small light within a clear-glass medieval lantern hung over the doorway. Mr. Barling watched the man go in —he knew this place. It was The Pilgrims hotel.

A few minutes, and the man came out without the bag.

Barling kept close upon his heels. He got close enough to be able to follow him on to a 'bus going to the East End. He sat in grim patience until, some distance along Commercial Road the man got off and plunged in his business-like way into a labyrinth of the shadowy streets of Stepney.

One behind the other they walked a long time by devious ways which now and then gave Mr. Barling anxiety. It was a bad quarter. At length, however, the man let himself into a dingy house at the corner of a street almost in darkness, and the gentleman-adventurer found himself alone.

He loitered a long time by the corner. The man did not come out again. This house, like all the rest, was mean and decayed. There was no light save a dim one on the second floor. Down the area an open basement lay in heavy darkness; he descended, peered through the dingy window, where he thought he saw dark shapes like furniture, and gently tried the door. It was locked.

Mr. Barling calmly produced his key, unlocked the door, and passed within. He would find out what bearing Rumely's messenger had on the position. He closed the door behind him and trod softly forward, one hand feeling the way. With each step, outlines became more defined. He came to another door, which opened into a narrow passage. From this he found his way to a bricked ascent to a black corner of the passage that led to the street door. There were no audible sounds. The house seemed deserted, save by the occupants of the second floor front.

Mr. Barling now saw to his means of self-defence, if that should be necessary. He had no firearms, but, producing from an inner pocket a stumpy sort of bludgeon, which looked as if it knew its job, he slung it by a leather loop upon his wrist, and went cooly for the staircase leading upward.

More than once he thought the creak of his approach must be heard. As he neared the top he saw light beneath a door. There was no sound of voices. Was that man alone in the house? He had barely wondered, when a woman's tones broke the silence, in a quick, shrewish burst of words that had a note of protest. A man's voice answered viciously, and there was silence again.

But only for a few moments. A loud, peremptory knock sounded on the street door.

Barling stepped for a recess — none too soon, for the opening of the door where the light was must otherwise have revealed his presence. He saw the man he had followed go down the stairs.

After a minute he came up again, accompanied by Rumely. Both went into the lighted room, and the door was swung back, but remained very slightly ajar. Barling went and stood there.

"Well?" said the voice of Rumely.

"She ain't got no papers on her," the woman answered.

"I know that, now," was the rejoinder. "But is she quiet?"

"Quiet enough," the woman said, "and she'll be quieter yet. I'm thinking. If she's got nothing, why don't you let her go."

"There is something else. She knows too much, at present."

"Too much of what? What business is it?"

"I've told her," the man put in rancoruously, "to mind her own."

"It's my business," the woman retorted, "to fear the law, ain't it?"

"Well, do you forget that the law need not always be feared?" Rumely said soothingly. "Your husband might have been doing ten years, but he isn't."

"Oh, I know you can beat the law sometimes but it's always to be feared."

"I can't shut her up," the man said; "I never could."

"Look here, my good woman," and Rumely, "there's no harm to you. The lady is simply ill."

"Ill? Not she. What sort of a cure do you call this?"

Rumely coughed gently. "I think he said, with a change of tone, "we had better get a doctor here, and have her removed. You can find a doctor, I have no doubt."

"Yes," the man agreed, "I can fetch a good doctor from the West India Dock road."

The woman made a sound of hateful execration.

"Doctor!" she cried. "Yes —Lensky. He'll cure her in the river!"

"Sh—dear me," said Rumely drily. "Your wife seems obstainate. She will be getting you those ten years, if she goes on like this."

"No," growled the man, angrily; "I'll swing for her instead."

"What sort of scruples has she," said Rumely, 'at this time of day? Are they more to her than money? Come, now. She knows nothing — has seen nothing —has not even been seen."

"Oh yes —this girl has seen me," the woman said.

"Well —she won't remember."

"No, I s'pose not, poor thing."

Barling thrilled at this note of sympathy. But he had no time to dwell on it. Perhaps the fact that the door had been left slightly ajar had attracted notice, though they were not likely to be overheard if the house was as it seemed, otherwise deserted. Suddenly the door was opened in his face, and the man who had opened it sprang back.

Barling at once stepped into the room.

"Who the devil are you, sir?" demanded Rumely. "What are you doing here?"

Barling softly pushed back the door and stood against it.

"I have called for Miss Cordery," he said. "I have come to take her home."

Rumely, struck dumb by the cool audacity of the intruder, glanced at the man who had drawn aside on Barling's right hand. From him, he looked at the woman, who sat in a crouching posture near the fireplace, and whose lips were parted in astonishment. Mr. Barling's gaze was on this man Rumely, whom he must not forget, whatever the name he used; but he noted also the poorly furnished room—chiefly that there was nothing in the nature of a weapon convenient to the hand of either man.

Rumely's glance came back to him.

"By heaven," he said, "you're impudent, whoever you are. Who are you? I don't know you."

"You will know me well enough," replied Barling, "if there is any nonsense. What do you mean by this wicked business?

There was a vile look in Rumely's face; his brows almost obscured his keen, hard eyes, and his lips were drawn inward. He had pulled up after a first impulse to approach, but his posture remained like that of a man prepared to spring.

"Are you— the police?" he said.

"Ask yourself," answered Barling, "wether you've been inviting the police."

To Be Continued

THE COOK'S CORNER

GINGER SCONES

2 cups flour
1 1-2 teaspoons ginger
2 tablespoons baking powder
1-8 teaspoon salt
3 tablespoons shortening
2 tablespoons light corn syrup
3-4 cup milk

Sift together the flour, baking powder, ginger and salt. Cut in the shortening and then stir in the milk, which has been mixed with the syrup. Roll out 1-2 inch thick and cut in triangles. Bake in a quick oven about 15 minutes. These are good at any time. Try them dripping with butter, with hot tea.

BAKING POWDER BISCUITS

(12 biscuits)

2 cups sifted flour
2 teaspoon baking powder
1-2 teaspoon salt
4 tablespoons butter or other shortening
3-4 cup of milk (about)

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift again. Cut in shortening. Add milk gradually, stirring until soft dough is formed. Turn out on slightly floured board and knead 30 seconds, or enough to shape. Roll 1-2 inch thick and cut with floured 2-inch biscuit cutter. Bake on ungreased baking sheet in hot oven (450 degrees F.) 12 to 15 minutes.

BISCUIT APPETIZERS

(6 to 8 servings)

2 cups flour
2 1-2 teaspoons baking powder.
2-3 teaspoon salt
3 tablespoons shortening
2-3 cup milk
Cocktail sausages.

Sift flour, baking powder and salt together. Cut in shortening with two silver knives. Add enough milk to make soft dough. Turn out on lightly floured board and knead gently. Roll very thin and cut small with biscuit cutter. Place 4 biscuits together with a thin slice of sausage between each two. Place on end in muffin pans. Bake in hot oven (450 degrees F.) for from 10 to 12 minutes.

The Housewife And Her Activities

FISHERMAN

The dusk came heavily on
But he faced it, unafraid,
As the brilliant sky grew wan
And the coast was steeped in shade.
The webs of twilight change
Swirled in as a voiceless crowd
With breezes, cool and strange,
From a distant heap of cloud.
There was none in the world but he
With a hand on the briny mesh
Between the sky and sea
With only his warmth of flesh
—By Alan Creighton.

LOOK YOUR BEST IN SHORTS AND SWIM SUIT

Why is it that lots of girls, who should look trim and sporty in long trousers, can't wear them successfully?

Slack tummy muscles and hips which have been allowed to stray from the straight and narrow path are to blame, so start exercising right away.

One thing which makes for spreading hips more than any other is the habit of standing or walking with the feet wide apart.

Try standing with your feet in the five to twelve position, and see how it pulls your hips into a central line.

Try walking along an imaginary chalk-line, one foot in front of the other, and see how those hips appear to be inches narrower.

Stand up straight and consciously draw your tummy in, abdomen up, hips back, and see what a difference it makes to your figure.

Then do this exercise: Lie on the floor, hands to your sides. Draw the knees up (feet close together, please).

Continue till your knees are as nearly touching your chest as possible. Do it slowly, then equally slowly, return to the first position. Your hands on the floor will keep you steady while you practice this.

"I love bathing, but I look awful in a swim suit, as I am very narrow chested. What can I do?" asks a reader.

Here are two exercises for you. Without shoes, stand with your back to the wall and try to touch the wall the whole length of your body. Keep your feet about a foot from the wall.

Stretch your arms above your head, backs of hands against the wall. Now bend over and touch your toes.

Straighten up, and as you do so feel each part of your back against the wall—right up to the backs of your hands. Now try this exercise:

Start with the hands crossed in front and then fling the arms up and back, as far as possible, without strain. Feel how your chest muscles have to work? Repeat each exercise several times.

TRAVELLING COMFORT AND CONVENIENCE ARE IN THE BAG

If she has the right equipment—plenty of tissue paper, handkerchief lingerie and stocking cases and enough luggage to accommodate everything she feels she must take—any traveler can do the kind of packing job that keeps clothes in good order, comestics from spilling all over several dresses and makes for a minimum of confusion upon arrival.

Naturally, if you try to squeeze ten dresses, an extra coat, a bathrobe and half a dozen gifts for your hostess' family into a bag that was made to hold five dresses and only a few gadgets, not one dress out of the ten is going to be fit to wear until it has been pressed. Talk to the woman who never has to ask the one and only maid in her hostess' household to stop and press a dress before arrival day dinner and you'll be convinced that it isn't silly to take two bags that aren't really full instead of one that is stuffed to bulging point.

You don't have to be an experienced ladies' maid to learn to fold dresses correctly. Simply place any garment front down on a bed or the floor, fold the sides from shoulders to hem toward each other at the back. Now lay a smooth sheet of tissue paper over the lower half of the dress and crush two more sheets—one to go into each sleeve. Smooth the sleeves down along the folds at the back. If the suitcase is long, fold the dress only once. If short, fold it twice, always putting tissue paper between the second layer.

If you are going to buy new luggage, consider at least one bag with special dress hangers in the cover. And you might look at the square types that are high enough to keep hats from getting crushed and which have space for shoes all around the sides.

Incidentally, the minute you arrive, take all of your clothes out of the bags and hang them on the shower rod in the bathroom. Fill the tub half full of hot water, close the door and leave the clothes there to steam. Within an hour, the majority, if not all, of the wrinkles will have disappeared.

USE AN ASTRINGENT IN HOT WEATHER

During the hot summer months a cooling astringent is especially necessary because the heat of the season is inclined to enlarge the pores, induce the exudation of excess perspiration and oil, and relax the skin. A good properly cooled skin lotion or astringent tends to counteract the effects of the heat and to cool and refresh the skin.

Skin lotions to have proper refining and toning effect should be cold when applied. Of course no lotion of any sort should be cold enough to shock the nerves or chill the skin when applied. As cold water is more stimulating than warm, so an astringent or skin tonic is more effective in its result when cold than when tepid. An astringent lotion should be used only after the skin has been thoroughly cleaned. No astringent should ever be applied over a soiled skin, because it keeps the accumulated grime in the pores. Astringents help tone up the skin and enable the pores to function normally.

Apply an astringent morning and night these hot days to keep your skin looking fresh, cool and firm.

COLORFUL WEDDING

A smart wedding in New York last week brought out among the guests many summery costumes in full-length versions with jackets, topped by cartwheel straw hats. The bridal party was colorful in peach net, with matching open-tie slippers, and large leghorn hats trimmed in peach velvet ribbon and streamers. For contrast, the maid of honor wore aqua net in similar styling, deep border of ruffles at hemline and ruffled, puff sleeves, the necklines collared and the bodice buttoned at front.

The princess long-trained ivory satin gown worn by the bride combined a button-down-back treatment, with full-length, high-shouldered sleeves and neckline in shallow V, outlined in ivory color lace. The full-length veil was fastened to a lace coronet.

In the long, afternoon costumes worn by many guests, prints prevailed, often mounted over taffeta and frequently paired with jackets. The wide-brimmed straw hats were styled with flower crowns in several instances. Street frocks in satin polka dots also appeared to be favorites, paired with white hats touched with black. In addition, many of the younger women selected the all-white costume, white semi-sports frocks white fabric, crownless hats and white open sandals.

Modern Etiquette

(By ROBERTA LEE)

Q. May the bride carry a bouquet when being married in a traveling dress?

A. No; she should wear a corsage.

Q. What drinks should be served at a summer garden party?

A. Lemonade, fruit punch, ginger ale, iced tea, chocolate, or coffee.

Q. What is the best way to carry money when traveling?

A. Traveler's checks that are issued by banks and express companies are now used extensively instead of the old-fashioned letter of credit.

How Can I ??

(By ANNE ASHLEY)

Q. How can I make a good substitute for castor oil?

A. Prune juice is a good substitute. Soak the prunes overnight. Stew them in the water in which they have been soaked, and when they are tender, pierce them with a fork to let out the juice. Do not sweeten.

Q. How can I freshen rancid butter?

A. Soak the rancid butter for two hours in cold water, to which a large pinch of carbonate of soda has been added. Work the butter thoroughly, and then form into the desired roll.

Q. How can I polish buttons that have become dull from laundering?

A. Try brushing them with a colorless nail polish.

A Morning Smile

GONE MODERN.

Old Lady to Plowman—Pardon me for interrupting you at your work, but it is so refreshing to hear some one who still speaks the old dialect of the district.

Plowman—That's O.K. with me, old girl.

NO DOUBT ABOUT IT.

Budding Author—Well, at long last I've written something that the editor will not alone receive but welcome with thanks.

Friend—A real masterpiece!

Author—Not exactly that; it's a cheque for a year's subscription.

Household Scrapbook

(By ROBERTA LEE)

Cleaning Compound

A good cleaning compound for washing painted walls is as follows: Dissolve one ounce of soap flakes in 16 ounces (one pint) of water, and add about three ounces of turpentine. Stir the mixture rapidly and apply with a brush or sponge.

Insect Stings

The pain of a sting by a wasp or bee is sometimes quickly relieved by rubbing a piece of raw onion over the affected part.

Added Flavor to Coffee

The flavor of coffee is improved if a little salt is sprinkled on the bottom of the pot before the coffee is put in.

Home Service

Ever Stuck for Words? Learn Vivid Synonyms

Stuck for lack of a word! Does this ever happen to you?

You realize suddenly that you've just said:

"It was a TERRIBLE DAY. We had a TERRIBLE time driving through a TERRIBLE rain. The wind was . . ."

You can't say TERRIBLE again! These clever new acquaintances will think you're a bore. Why not say the wind was violent, tempestuous or raging? Add force by saying the day was exasperating or disastrous. And you had a difficult, trying or perplexing time driving through a gushing, drenching or torrential rain.

Don't go on using stale, flat, ill-chosen words. Our 32-page booklet of synonyms for every-day words adds to your speech the living, vibrant touch that spells charm. Let these 4,725 synonyms rush to your aid in need, stall off embarrassment.

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Youth, Not Age, Suffers Most — Dorothy Dix — Don't Worry About Years

Older People Realize the Futility of Fretting About Imaginary Things and Find a Contentment That Can be Acquired Only With Age

"Like all other women I feared age more than any other calamity that might befall me," said an elderly woman the other day. "I looked forward to my seventies as to being exiled into an arid desert in which there would be no wellspring of pleasure, no prospect to interest me, no green thing to comfort me and where all I could do would be just to sit and fold my hands and wait for death to end my misery.

"But now that I have reached the age that I dreaded so much I find that all my apprehensions were groundless and that age, instead of being the worst time of life, is almost its best. True, it lacks the glamour and excitement of youth, but it has the peace that passes understanding.

"I used to be one of the anxious women, fretting about many things, beating myself up against the walls of circumstances that I could not break down. Now I have ceased worrying because I have found out that so many things that I once thought important are not important at all.

"I can remember when I ate my heart out with anxiety wondering if I would be popular at a ball; when I agonized over not having a dress as fine as some other girl's; when I felt that the world would stop if I did not get my housecleaning done at the proper time, and that it was a tragedy if a servant blundered in serving a dinner. But I know now that all of these things were of no consequence whatever, and I have passed into the serenity that comes from not caring about little things.

"Then now I am beyond all envy. One of the compensations of age is that it narrows down our desires. We are satisfied with less and less every year. Once I craved power and place and all the things that money buys—fine clothes and houses and furs and jewels.

"Now I am satisfied with just ordinary creature comforts, and when my children and grandchildren ask me what I want for a birthday or Christmas present I am hard put to think of anything I really wish for. I have the home I love, food I like, my chair by the fire, my books, my old friends, the pleasures that I still enjoy, and I am content. And when I read of the women who are doing great things in public life and giving grand parties I thank Heaven it is they and not I.

"Then I've quit borrowing trouble. I've learned to trust life and know that it never quite let you down. There is always a tomorrow and the sun rises after the blackest night.

That is the secret of happiness that takes years of living to find out. Youth does not know it. It doesn't know that what Fate takes from you with one hand it gives back with the other. It doesn't know that nothing lasts, neither joy nor sorrow, and that if no pleasure is quite as keen as we thought it would be, neither is any trouble so bitter.

"It is youth that suffers. Not age. It is youth that is filled with despair. Not age. It is youth that beats upon its breast and cries out that this is the end of things it is balked in its ambitions or desires. We old ones take our disappointments calmly because we know from long experience that if we can't do what we want to do at the moment, something better comes along after a bit, and we have seen so often that the thing we had set our hearts upon would have been our undoing if we had got it.

"Then by the time you are 70 you have acquired a philosophy of life. You have learned how to take it and like it, as the slang phrase goes, no matter what it brings you. You have learned how to make the best of things and you have quit kicking against the obstacles which only bruise your own shins and get you nowhere. You have learned how to get along with people, how to walk around their angles instead of bumping into them. You have learned to take the things you enjoy and leave the balance. And you have learned, most of all, to find your happiness in yourself.

"And age furnishes you with the great and unassailable alibi. It gives you the best excuse coming and going that has ever been devised for doing what you want to do and leaving undone what you don't want to do. I, for instance, am too old to play nursemaid to my grandchildren, but I am young enough to belong to clubs and go to parties. And so when I think of the advantages I enjoy, I wonder that anybody should pity age. It has so many more privileges than youth."

DOROTHY DIX.

WOMAN OF EIGHTY RISKED DEATH FOR HER TREASURES

When neighbors dashed to rescue 80-year-old Mrs. Ellen de Wyham de Louth, wealthy widow, from her blazing house in Hove, England, she refused to go—until she had rescued some of the treasures.

She implored people to save her collection of Chippendale furniture pictures and jewels before they saved her.

Then she struggled to save some of them herself—and had to be dragged from the blazing house.

A neighbor said: "The house was packed on every floor with valuable works of art. It was one of the show-houses of the town.

"Besides the large quantity of jewellery, there were two pictures each said to be worth $5,000."

FASHION GUIDES FOR THE HOME DRESSMAKER

You'll wear this dotted percale dirndl at the beach, in the country and at the Club! You'll wear it any where! Andadore it for home, gardening and suburban wear. The full peasant skirt, shirred to a tie "on" belt, makes it smart for spectator wear as well as for active sports. You'll slip the skirt off for tennis and for beach sports. The skirt has a cool cardigan neck; the shorts are comfortably flared. You'll find it the most practical costume in your wardrobe How about using the pattern again for a separate white sharkskin playsuit or a dirndl playsuit of striped chambray?

Style No. 2717 is designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20 years, 30, 32, 34, 36 and 38-inches bust. Size 16 requires 4 1-2 yards of 39-inch material for entire ensemble.

Send fifteen cents (15c) in stamps or coin (coin preferred) wrap coin carefully, address to Charlottetown Guardian giving:—

Style No. 2717 Size..... .....

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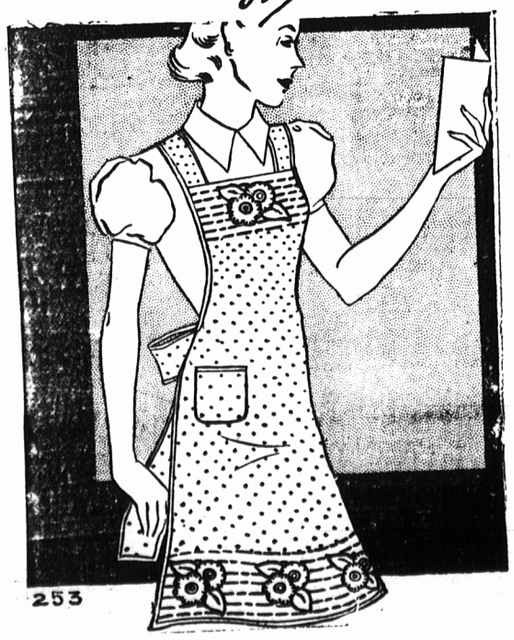
There are lots of ways of removing paint marks from the window pane, but one of the quickest and easiest is this. Attack them with a thick, hard piece of pencil indiarubber, rubbing them lightly. The marks will disappear leaving a clean, quite unscratched window pane behind them.

Flattering Embroidered Apron by Mayfair



MAYFAIR NO. 253

An embroidered, cover-all apron as dainty, as demure and as welcome as first summer flowers! Whether "home" is a very small flat in a big city or a house with endless rooms set in a beautiful countryside, it is always a more delightful place when mother or sister dons a pretty apron and bakes "a batch of cookies" or puts pink icing on a very special cake. You will want them made of delicate organdy, dotted swiss, chambray and even sturdy unbleached cotton.

The pattern contains tissue pattern of apron, transfer for the designs, detail of stitches, color chart, as well as complete instructions for finishing apron.

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

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