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

3 STRANGE MEN

By C. T. PODMORE

STRANGE ENDING

Surprise at this rencontre was George Parmitter's topmost feeling as he stepped on to the pavement outside.

It was barely eight o'clock, and taxis were plentiful in the streets Twenty yards from Jawney's door, where a fare was being discharged, he observed Ephraim Diggs stepping into a cab he had just hailed. Another cab was approaching. This, at a sign from George, was stopped for him by Jawney's commissionaire. He had just time to give rapid instructions to the driver when Diggs's cab started off.

Unless he had an intermediate call to make, Diggs was not going to Adinger's Hotel, for the taxi was speeding in another direction. By the left along Oxford-street, it turned into the Edgware Road. The idea which had apparently entered Mr. Diggs's mind in Jawney's bordered suspiciously on evasion.

George scarcely wondered at the man's duplicity however, for he had enough incentive to this as a single unit of three with equal chances. He would naturally ask himself, "What game is that fellow up to?" Still, he must be made to listen.

Passing rapidly through Marylebone, by Maida Vale, and along the Kilburn High Road, the car containing Mr. Diggs turned off by Cricklewood-lane for Finchley Road. "Golders Green, perhaps," thought George, intently watching the route.

He had not much knowledge of this neighbourhood, and could not have named a single street they passed. The district was comparatively rural. When at length the Diggs's taxi turned down a side road, threaded several avenues, and drew up at a house shaded by trees in a garden of its own, exactly resembling others in its immediate neighbourhood, George had but a dim idea of where he was. And by this time the dusk had deepened into dark.

His driver pulled up at house about fifty yards behind

From this distance George saw Mr. Diggs discharge his man, pause to survey the road, and disappear along the path to the house.

The driver of the taxi which had brought Diggs gazed hard, as he came by, at the one which had followed. George decided to pay off his driver as Diggs had done. The situation looked speculative.

Then he went forward to the house Diggs had entered, and boldly rang the front door bell.

There was no immediate reply, so he rang again.

This time he was answered by a man who had somewhat the appearance of a butler, and who stood in the aperture of the doorway like a screen, so that George had but a slight glimpse of a hall in darkness.

"I wish to see Mr. Diggs, please," said George.

"Mr. Diggs sir? There is no such person here."

"But haven't I just seen him enter?"

"No, sir —not here, sir. No one here this half-hour."

"Strange!" George returned. "I am positive I saw him come here three minutes ago in a taxi. May I ask who lives here?"

"I do," the man replied, 'and my name ain't Diggs. This is a private club, sir, and I'm the resident steward."

George was nonplussed. But he returned to the attack.

"I am quite sure," he rejoined, "that I saw a gentlemen come here three minutes ago. Have you a side or back entrance?"

"No, sir—front only."

"Are you in alone?"

"Well—no. But there's no Diggs. If you like to step in, I'll bring the secretary, and perhaps you'll take his word."

George promptly accepted the invitation, and the man as promptly closed the door behind him. They were quite in the dark. George had observed that all the blinds were drawn. The steward's hand was on his arm, guiding him gently but firmly to one side

"In this 'ittle room, sir, please—if you don't mind being in the dark a minute—I'll give you a light."

George moved forward a little as the door softly clicked behind him. And then he stood still, hardly daring to grouse forward lest he walked into someting.

It was an odd position to be in. But he knew something of the secrecy of private clubs, and, though tempted to feel for his matches as the moments went by, since no light came, he waited and listened in patience.

Footfalls sounded at last. How many he could not tell, they were so commingled, but he had an impression that they were shuffling and stealthy. Then the door was opened, just as he was about to put his hand upon it, and the voice of the man who had admitted him said, "Come this way, sir, will you?"

Two persons were waiting for him to cross the threshold. He stepped out; and what happened afterwards seemed like the remnants of a dream

There must have been others on either side of the doorway. From one of them a blow fell that put resistance out of his power. From the two in front he remembered no movement at all. But he did not at once lose consciousness. He heard a short, grim laugh, like an ejaculation, and was aware of an impulse to launch himself into violent muscular exertion seemed to be exciting him when he came round, though in reality he was almost nerveless.

He was suffering from violent headache and nausea . . . .

And it was early daylight

He lay in the garden. They had put him outside. That was strange. How long had he lain here?

He gazed round while struggling to his feet.

The house looked quiet and ordinary; so normal, in fact that he felt like a trespasser. Anyone passing might imagine that his condition was the climax of a drunken escapade. That was how he felt —as if he had got here by misdirection, and had merely dreamed the truth

What to do now? He shook himself, and flicked soil off his clothes here and there. He felt that Mr. Diggs would not be here now, if he were to knock at the door. What mistake lay at the bottom of this? It was a mystery.

Moving round to the back of the house, he was able to peer into a couple of the lower rooms, where the blind had not been fully drawn. One was an ordinary kitchen, trim and lifeless. The other was a dining room, where cards had been played, some glasses were in evidence, and chairs stood out of place.

Gathering his wandering and troubled wits together as well as he could, he moved back to the front gate, and, opening it, stepped almost into the arms of a policeman.

"Hallo!" exclaimed the latter curiously

"Who lives here, officer," George returned, "do you know?"

"Gentleman name of Swayle, sir."

"It's a club, isn't it?"

"Club? Lord, no. There's no club round here."

"No private club, with a resident steward?"

"No. Nothing of that sort. Have you been in a club?"

"Yes."

"Where?"

"Here."

The constable shook his head rather gravely. "No, sir," he said, "not here. Nowhere about here."

"Funny," said George; "there's a mistake somehow."

"And you'he hurt too," the constable remarked "—eh?"

"Nothing much, I think," George replied, conscious that some blood from an abraision on his head had dried about his forehead. He knew, too by his sensations, that he had been dosed with a drug of some sort. "Never mind, officer; perhaps I had better get home."

"Far to go, sir?"

"Brompton Road."

"It's early —but take the second turn up there, and you'll get a taxi."

"Thanks." George gave him half-a-crown, and moved on. But after a few steps he looked round upon the constable, who had seen all sorts of early morning sequels to adventures of the night, and had no idea that he was in this case drawing wrong conclusions. "You don't happen to have heard the name of Diggs round here?"

"No, sir. No one round here name of Diggs."

George had reached the corner of the first street before he conceived at all clearly what his procedure should be. The officer was now out of sight, so he began to look for the marks of wheels turning in by the pavement. He found none but middle tracks.

"The wrong street," he said to himself. "It's strange."

Then, struggling against his giddiness, he found his way into a parallel street of similar houses, and continued his search for the tracks. Here again he was disappointed. Further survey, however, revealed that three was still another street —if not more —of the same type, and in this he found what he was looking for. Here were two vehicular indications, at about fifty yards from each other.

At the second one George stopped. This was the house. He noted that even at this early hour a languid blue smoke curled from one of the chimneys. Determinded to get at something, he turned in at the gate, buttoned up his coat, and prepared to pull hard at the bell.

Then he stepped back. This bell had no handle

"Wrong again?" he muttered. "Can't be. It's a trick."

He knocked peremptorily.

Almost before he had ceased, the door opened. He stared at an anxious and trembling old man, with a white beard and watery eyes, who peered searching'y at him.

"Youre not the doctor?" he said

"I am not." George replied. "I called here last night inquiring for Mr. Diggs, and—"

"Mr. Diggs? Not here. Don't know him. I thought you were the doctor. I can't talk to you, sir—my wife is dying. You're at the wrong house."

"Isn't this a private club?" George demanded desperately.

"No—there's no club here. You've got wrong. Please go away."

And the frightened old man closed the door.

To Be Contnued

AN EASY METHOD

One woman stitches an extra row of colored stitching along the hems of her sheets, using colors that correspond with the different rooms. It is an easy way to know where each sheet belongs when it comes from the laundry.

A Morning Smile

THAT'S OVER!

Little Gertie to the new minister: "Ma says for you to come to tea this afternoon: then that'll be done."

NO REPLY

"How are the fish in these parts?" said I.

The ancient fisherman looked up with a sigh: "Well," said he, "I really can't say. For a week I've dropped them a line each day, but so far have had no reply."

How Can I ??

(By ANNE ASHLEY)

Q. How can I prevent people passing outside my window from seeing through the screens?

A. Paint the screens with aluminum paint, or with white paint thinned with turpentine. A person on the inside will be able to look out, but one on the outside cannot see in.

Q. How can I make a substitute for cream?

A. An excellent substitute for cream can be made by beating three eggs to a stiff froth. Then gradually pour over them boiling tea until the thickness of cream is obtained.

Q. How can I remedy the drooping of a straw hat at the brim?

A. The hat can be stiffened by sponging with the white of an egg that has been thoroughly beaten; then place on a hat stand to dry.

How to Treat Your Husband | Dorothy Dix | Golden Rule Should Apply

Men Don't Object to Being Managed by Their Wives, But They do Resent the Raw Ways That Wives Adopt in This Management—Also, Husbands Secretly Like Baby Treatment

Although marriage has been the chief business of women ever since Eve put on the first wedding in the Garden of Eden, women have not yet mastered the first indispensable principle to success in their profession. Millions of women have married. Hundreds of thousands of women marry annually and yet, taking them by and large, they have not found out how to treat a husband.

Of course, here and there is a shining exception to this rule and the result is an inspiring picture of domestic bliss, but such cases are rare The great majority of women still go stumbling on into misery and divorce because they have not had the wit to find out how to make themselves persona grata with their husbands.

In a word, they fail to strike the right note in their attitude toward their husbands. Sometimes they treat them better than they deserve. Sometimes worse. But seldom do they treat the men just as they would like to be treated.

Both parties are to blame for this state of affairs. The husbands are to blame because they camouflage their feelings on the subject. They pretend that they want one thing when they really want another. They pose as big, strong, silent, stoical heroes who are above all human weaknesses and who would be repelled at the very thought of any blandishment or jollying. And they are disappointed because their wives are not mind-readers enough to know that they are just putting on a show, and that what they are really pining for is to be babied.

And wives make a mistake because they haven't enough sense to see this, and because they take their husbands seriously and because they don't realize that no man in the home circle is the same sort of man that he is out of it. The John Smith to whom a woman is united is no more the John Smith of the outside world than he is some other man.

The John Smith who is a lawyer or a doctor or a grocer is a big, strong, self-reliant man who is tolerant in meeting the vicissitudes of life and can stand for the unvarnished truth. The woman who marries him has understood all o. these qualities and loved him for them and she naturally expects him to exhibit these characteristics in home life.

It is her error. John Smith the business man is dealt with on a plain, sensible, above-board platform, but John Smith the husband has to be cajoled and petted and wheedled along the road he should go if there is anything doing in the domestic felicity line in the household of which he is the alleged head.

Now the majority of husbands average up quite as well as the majority of wives, but even when a man is really good and true and strong, experience teaches his wife that if he is going to get along with him in peace that she has to use tact in dealing with him and choose the psychological hour in which he is well fed and at peace with the world in which to impart to him inevitable bad family news, such as that the coal is out or the baby has broken his pet pipe or that Mother is coming for a nice long visit.

Also, she discovers that husband's sensibilities cannot stand the shock of being told the plain, unadulterated truth that a wife did a thing because she wanted to do it, or paid $40 for a hat because it took her fancy. Even when he doesn't object to what she does or her spending the money he feels it only decent for her to somehow drape chiffon over the transaction.

As a matter of fact men don't object to being managed by their wives. It is the raw way the wives do it that gets them. They want to be bound by garlands of roses instead of being dragged along by chains.

But, most of all, husbands want to be petted and coddled and chucked under the chin. There isn't a man living whose secret ideal of a perfect wife isn't one who waits on him hand and foot and does things for his comfort with her own hands. It isn't because a man really wants his wife to slave for him, it is just because he is like the 3-year-old who howls for Mama to put on his shoes, or butter his bread when there are seven nurses standing around to do it.

Men want their wives to show them off. The expression on the face of little Sammy while his mother is telling the smart things he said is exactly the same expression that is on Sammy's father's face when his wife is bragging about his organizing a trust, or asking him to tell that funny story again.

A man wants to be babied when he is sick. He wants his wife to sit by his bed and hold his hand and believe he is going to die every time he has a headache, and if she doesn't he considers her a cold, hard icicle and wonders why he married her. Hence the first principle in treating a husband is to treat him as if he were your littlest baby. As long as you do that he will gurgle and coo, and you will never have to shop for a ticket to Reno.

DOROTHY DIX.

Tomorrow, Dorothy Dix says that husbands want their wives to treat them as if they were little tin gods. Watch for the second article in this series.

THE COOK'S CORNER

STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE

Cake Base

1 cup sugar
2 eggs
2 cups cake flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
1-2 teaspoon salt
1 1-4 cups whipping cream
1-2 teaspoon almond flavor
1 quart strawberries

Method: Beat the eggs very light and add the sugar gradually, beating until it is dissolved. Sift the flour before you measure it, then sift it once more with the baking powder and salt. Add this alternately with the cream (unwhipped) to the sugar and eggs. Beat the batter smooth after each addition. Add the flavoring.

Turn into a shallow pan about 7 by 10 inches that has been lined with waxed paper and bake in a moderate, 350- deg. F. oven for 45 minutes, until the cake is done.

Wash the berries, stem and quarter them. Sprinkle with sugar and let them stand while the cake is baking. To serve it, cut the cake in squares. Split each piece and fill with the crushed, sweetened berries. Cover the top layer with the berries also and finish off with a spoonful of whipped cream.

STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE

2 cups flour
4 teaspoons baking powder
1 tablespoon sugar
5 tablespoons butter
3-4 cup milk (about)
1 quart strawberries

Method: Sift the flour, baking powder and sugar. You might add 1-2 teaspoon of salt at this time, too, but go easy on that for you're using butter, remember.

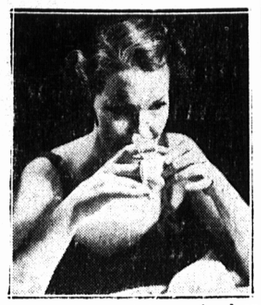
Now add the butter and rub or cut it until you have a mixture of coarse crumbs. Add the milk gradually, and if you want it extra rich beat an egg and add with the milk. Use enough to make a soft dough.

Turn this onto a floured pastry cloth and knead it lightly for about 1-2 minute. Then pat into a circle and place in a floured pie pan. Bake in a hot, 425-deg. F. oven until the top is a nice brown, about 20 minutes.

Now split the cake through the centre and butter generously. Cover with the berries that have been standing in their own sweetened juice. Cover with the top layer of cake and then add the rest of the berries. Spoon over the whole thing any juice that is left in the berry bowl and then bury the whole shortcake under a thick blanket of whipped cream.

Home Service

Do Your Bad Manners Fuss Your Escort ?



Oh, Dorothy! Only one hand on the coffee cup, please. Can't you see how fussed Paul is—because people are watching your show of bad manners?

He'll invite Polly next time, you may be sure. She's no cup-cuddler or elbow-bracer. Nor does she wad her napkin! She lays it across her lap—folded double or triple—deftly touching only a corner to her lips. Leaving the table to dance, she drops the napkin on her chair. At the close of the meal, she tucks it —partly folded—under the edge of the plate as she rises.

Charming table manners certainly are an asset! Learn fine points of gracious dining from our 32-page booklet. Etiquette for luncheons, teas, dinners, buffet parties—at home or at restaurants, clubs, other public places.

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Name

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TELLTALE DUST

Be sure to dust the inside of the card table as well as the top if it has not been used for some time. In changing places the dust from the underneath ridge will smudge a light dress very quickly and perhaps one of the guests may be the victim.

Household Scrapbook

(By ROBERTA LEE)

Porch Pillows

Pillows that are to be left outdoors should have an inner covering of oilcloth, and an outer covering of some attractive washable material. Then there will be no worry about them on a wet day, as the rain will not injure them.

Treatment of Corks

When bottling fruits, catsup, etc., if the corks are boiled for a few minutes, so that they become soft and pliable, they can be easily pressed into the bottles and when cold they will fit tightly.

Cigarette Stains

Lemon juice or grape fruit juice is very helpful in removing cigarette stains from the fingers.

Modern Etiquette

(By ROBERTA LEE)

Q. What is the correct hour for giving a breakfast?

A. Any time in the morning up to twelve-thirty. If it is given before a sporting event, the breakfast must be governed by the hour set for the particular event it precedes.

Q. Is it customary for a woman to remove her wraps when making a formal call?

A. No; she should retain her hat and wraps.

Q. How soon after the engagement is announced should the man's parents call on his fiancee?

A. Within twenty-four hours.

The Housewife And Her Activities

NETTLES

There are nettles everywhere
But smooth green grasses are more common still;
The blue of heaven is larger than the cloud.
—Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

COURAGE

The most sublime courage I have ever witnessed has been among that class too poor to know they possessed it, and too humble for the world to discover it.—H. W. Shaw.

A GREAT THING

If a great thing can be done at all, it can be done easily. But it is that kind of ease with which a tree blooms after long years of gathering strength. —Ruskin.

FAULTS

He who everlooks a fault, invites the commission of another. —Syrus.

FAULTS

Better mend one fault in yourself than a hundred in your neighbor.—Elbert Hubbard.

BACK BEAUTY

It is most depressing, the horrid backs one sees about in evening dress. Women who wouldn't wear a halo hat because they know their face is too round, or sandal shoes because their feet are too fat, will unblushingly wear an evening dress cut to the waist, displaying a back which has nothing to be said in its favor except that it is clean. And with backs, as with faces, cleanliness is hardly enough.

There are backs which get spotty. That, alas! is true. Even women whose faces have never known a spot get them on their backs just when they are going to a very special party. And there are backs which are greasy, even when the owner's face is as dry as dry. And —I hate to mention it, but you don't see your own back, do you? —there are backs which get blackheads.

For all these things, friction is the remedy. Have you a back brush? Well, just go out right away and buy one. It's better to be a mad, reckless thing and get good bristles, as this is a thing you will only buy once in a life time.

Once you've got the back brush, use it every day. If spots are your trouble, use medicated soap, but in any case scrub away until your back tingles and goes bright red. This stimulates the circulation and checks the greasiness and the open pores, and refines the skin all round.

Now and again, put a handful of Epsom salts in your bath, particularly if greasiness is your trouble. And if the skin is in really bad condition, or discolored, bully someone into putting a face pack on your back. A girl's best friend may be said to be her mother on occasions like this. At the same time, she can make a pass at any lurking blackheads.

If you still get spots, put on a spot-curing lotion night and morning. To cover them, if they persist in appearing on evening-dress nights, use a spot stick, which is a new gadget for disguising such things quite antiseptically.

If you make up your back and arms, for goodness sake do it with something which won't come off. There isn't any record of a man killing a woman for leaving wet-white on his dress clothes, but I doubt if any jury would convict if he did. It costs dollars to get marks out.

You can't fatten your back, unless you fatten up everywhere else too. But you can make it look less scraggy (fat girls score in evening dress, their backs always look lovely) by holding yourself properly, and by doing exercises to check round shoulders.

Holding yourself properly doesn't mean chest out and shoulders back like a drill sergeant. The ideal is tummy in, shoulders erect but not thrust unnaturally back, neck stretched at the back so that there won't ever be a dowager's hump and shoulders carried as far away from your hips as you can. Practise this position standing against a wall, touching the wall all the way down, and then step forward still holding the same position.

For rounded shoulders, do club-swinging exercises, but without the clubs. Swing an imaginary club round, both arms together. Then stretch your arms out at right angles to your body, palms forward, and swing them back and back and back; trying to clap the backs of your hands together behind your back.

You probably won't manage to touch, but your back will look a much prettier affair for your efforts.

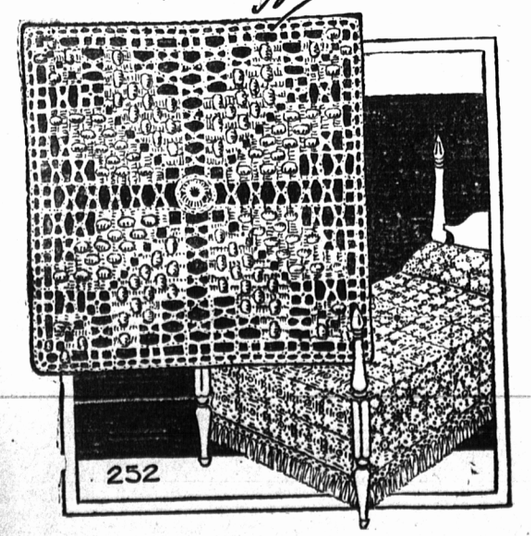
HOUSEHOLD HINTS

Next time you're cutting meat sandwiches seasoned with mustard try spreading the butter and mustary together by mixing them before you start. This is quicker in the long run and prevents the mustard from being all in one place.

Here's a hint which may help those of you who intend to repaper the room yourself. Try applying the paste to the wall instead of to the paper, and you'll find the whole job is much easier. It's those long coils of pasted paper that cause half the trouble and wicked words!

Air conditioned rooms mean longer life for rugs and furniture. Dry, hot air causes the rug fibres to become easily broken. A receptacle of water placed on your steam radiator will answer the purpose, if your home is not mechanically air-conditioned.

'A Square A Day' Crochet Bedspread by Mayfair



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BOLEROS MATCH SASHES

Have your bolero match the polka dots in your blouse. A smart Fifth Avenue shop is now featuring soft blouses with colored polka dots with boleros and wide sashes matching the color of the tiny dots. A black blouse with pink spots would have a pink bolero and sash. They are seen in many color combinations.

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