

RACING DRIVER

By ALEXANDER CAMPBELL
Author of Daughter of Exile, etc.

"Good morning," said Frank "Good morning!" said Dorothy Ellington, and smiled in friendly fashion. Then she stopped smiling and frowned.

"But you shouldn't be up. The doctor said—"

"Oh, I'm all right," he said carelessly. "I suppose you're used to crashing?"

"As a matter of fact, no. I've been remarkably lucky, so far."

"So far," she echoed. "What a curious profession, Mr. Carter! And, if you'll excuse me saying so, what a silly one!"

"Well, for one thing, its social value is nil. In fact, it's anti-social. You cater to the thrill lust of the crowd. And every psychologist knows that thrill lust in any form is just sublimated blood lust."

"Sublimated blood lust," she repeated firmly.

"If the girl wouldn't talk like something out of an idiotic sort of book!"

"Where," he inquired, "did you read that?"

"You'll find it in any standard work of reference."

"Well, we all have to live," he laughed.

"Is it necessary to die for a living?"

"I'm not dead yet. However, I see you don't like motor racing."

"Not at all. It's not a matter of personal likes and dislikes. Emotionalism of any sort," she said firmly, "has no place in the scientific mind."

He couldn't resist it.

"No place at all?"

"You mean a girl engaged to be married has no right to say that," she picked him up with disconcerting swiftness. "I'm afraid you don't understand, Mr. Carter."

"No, I'm afraid not," he said boldly. "I'm just a member of the blood-thirsty mob, lacking the scientific mind. A sort of throwback to the Stone Age, when they—beat women over the heads with clubs."

HOW PERFECTLY GHASTLY!

"The latest discoveries prove," she said inflexibly, "that the men of the Stone Age were really quite mild sort of people. And anyway the system was matriarchal. The women ruled."

"But that's getting away from the point. Don't you understand, Mr. Carter, that relationship can be almost purely on the mental, spiritual plane, and that emotionalism—what is commonly meant by emotionalism in that context—needn't play any considerable part in it?"

"I'm glad you said 'almost,'" he smiled.

"Practically none," she assured him.

"Especially after two years' separation?"

She was silent.

"I'm sorry," said Frank impulsively. "Darned rule of me. I apologise for that remark."

"You needn't," she said, and suddenly smiled charmingly in return. "After all, I started it. And the discussion was purely academic."

"Well, let's get back to something with more human interest in it," he begged. "After all, I haven't the share of a scientific mind, but a normal share of curiosity. Inquisitiveness, if you like. Will you pardon a question?"

"I have nothing to hide," she laughed. "The scientific mind loves a good probe."

"All right, then. What kind of a chap is this fiancée of yours, Miss Ellington? From all that has been said, I imagine he's terrifically brainy and all that. But he can't be so terrifying?"

"Well, just a little bit," admitted Miss Ellington.

"Not too frightfully superhuman?"

"—I sometimes wonder."

"This thought, Frank, is much better. This is her real self peeping out."

It thrilled him to think that he seemed to have the power to make her drop that awful pose of blue-stockinged know-all which so ill became her.

"Well, what's he like to look at? Have you got a photograph of him?"

"Oh, no!"

"No!" He was rather staggered. "No, I destroyed them all. And he destroyed all the ones he had of me. Not that he had many."

Frank did not know he was treading on dangerous ground. The carefully schooled emotions of Miss Ellington were still a little raw at that mental picture of Rupert, solemnly destroying the two or three pictures of her which were all he had ever bothered to acquire. She flushed slightly.

"The probe was painful, after all. She began to wish he would stop asking the questions which she, in a sudden mood of wilfulness, which puzzled herself, had almost eagerly invited.

"You destroyed them? He destroyed yours?"

He was looking at her aghast—



When Marjorie Hillis explained to American women how to get along without a man in her book "Live Alone and Like It," she made a lot of disciples. But now the high priestess of Pappy spinsterhood has become Mrs. Thoma H. Rowland, wife of the wealthy chain store magnate. Bride and groom are pictured after their Valley Forge, Pa. wedding.

Beauty and Charm

Slim Figures For Smart Autumn Suits

The anticipation of the yearly vacation is always a thrill. We are looking forward to a lot of fun whether we like ourselves to be sunny beach or seek the cool shade of northern forests. There will be new adventures filled with romance (we hope). In short, when we once get the idea, we can hardly wait for the time to take off.

This is always the way it should be and it usually is, except when it comes to a question of the right clothes and the right figure. There may be a bit of a cloud over the radiance of our cherished spot in the sun if the figure is not the trim, streamlined one it should be. We all buy a few good suits at the end of the season when they are marked down and those, along with the new ones, constitute our summer wardrobe.

The high-priced suits of last year show us whether we are the right size and wear them beautifully, or reluctantly turn them over to the eager, and thinner, little sister.

Tired, Aching Feet

This is when we begin to feel sorry for ourselves, but we really should be just good and mad. Mad enough to get up and do something about it; and it won't be long before we are back to the desired slim lines and able to enjoy our clothes and forget about size and figures.

This slimming is not nearly so boring as you may think. We must exercise. It's the effective and sure way, but most of us are busy with our daily occupations and haven't time to spend hours at a time in this work, so we must combine the work we do with a somewhat restricted diet.

You can be very sure these daily exercises will bring satisfactory results if you are willing to do them regularly. So go to work—on the ribs. Pull from the arm and rise on toes. Do 15 and alternate.

Gay's Vegetables

The vegetables sold direct to the consumer from our garden, including cauliflower, cabbage, beans, cress, cucumbers, wax beans, green, head lettuce, bunch onions, new potatoes, turnips, etc.

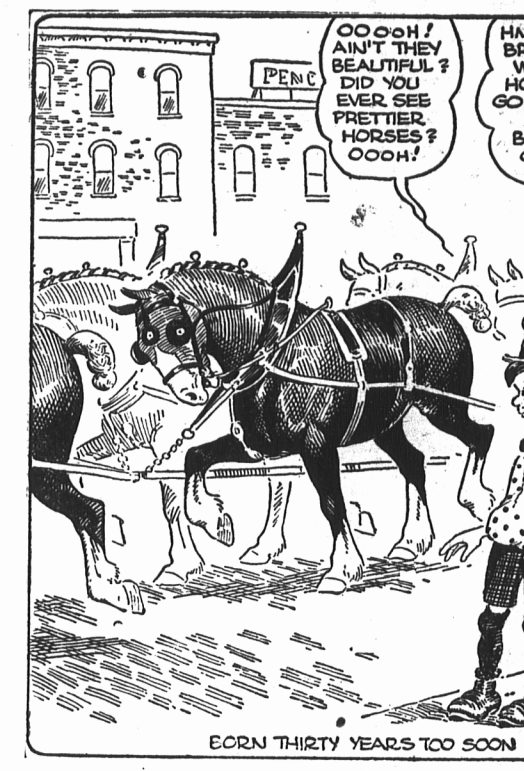
Later in the season, ripe tomatoes, corn, celery, squash, savory, small pickling cucumbers, and white small pickling onions.

Save the delivery and other expenses, and buy direct from the producer.

J. J. GAY & SON, HEAD OFFICE PRINCE ST.—PHONE 261

L-1045, 8-7-4

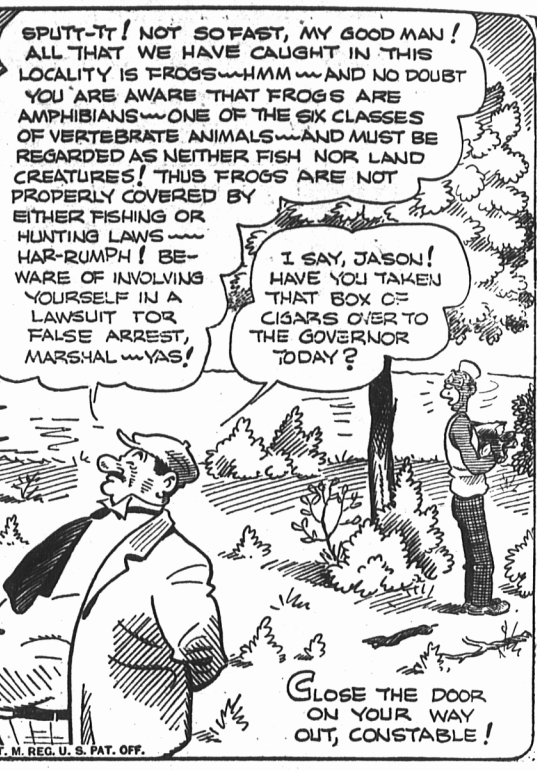
OUT OUR WAY



By J. R. Williams OUR BOARDING HOUSE



With Major Hoople

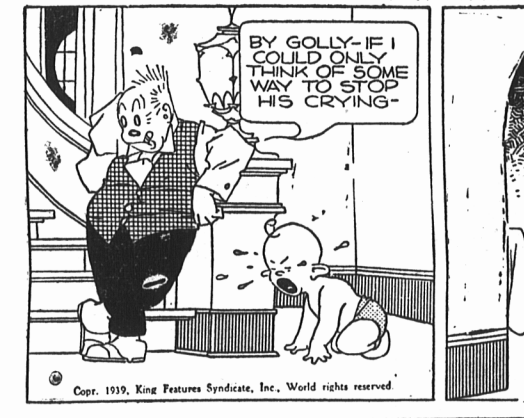


Today's Short Wave Radio Program

(All Time is Eastern Standard)

- MONDAY, AUGUST 14**
- NEW YORK**
9:00 a.m.—Musical Interlude. W3XY, 17.78 meg., 16.8 m.
- MOSCOW**
4:00 p.m.—Broadcast in English. RAN, 9.6 meg., 31 m.
- BERLIN**
5:00 p.m.—Variety Concert. DJD, 11.77 meg., 25.4 m.
- LONDON**
6:26 p.m.—"Silly Season" or "The Geographer of Glenboig." GSD, 15.14 meg., 19.8 m.; GSB, 11.75 meg., 25.5 m.; GSB, 9.51 meg., 31.5 m.
- FRAGUE**
6:55 p.m.—Musical Program. OLRAA, 15.23 meg., 19.7 m.
- BUDAPEST**
7:00 p.m.—"March," interpreted by a Military Band. HAT4, 9.12 meg., 32.8 m.
- ROME**
7:30 p.m.—"Italy, Land of Song" a concert; Popular Hungarian Songs; 2RO's "Mail Bag." 2RO, 11.81 meg., 25.4 m.; IRF, 9.83 meg., 30.5 m.
- CARACAS**
8:30 p.m.—The Theatre of the Air. YVSR, 5.9 meg., 51.7 m.
- BERLIN**
9:15 p.m.—Songs and Dances of Harvest Time. DJD, 11.77 meg., 25.4 m.
- PHILADELPHIA**
9:30 p.m.—Grant Park Concert. W3XAU, 9.59 meg., 31.2 m.
- PITTSBURGH**
9:30 p.m.—Music You Want. W8XK, 11.87 meg., 25.2 m.
- SAN FRANCISCO**
9:30 p.m.—Magnolia Blossoms. W6XBE, 15.33 meg., 19.5 m.
- LONDON**
9:45 p.m.—"The Finest Stories in the World"—3. Ahab and Jazabel. GSI, 15.26 meg., 19.6 m.; GSD, 11.75 meg., 25.5 m.; GSB, 9.51 meg., 31.5 m.
- PARIS**
10:20 p.m.—Gramophone Records. TPBB11, 11.88 meg., 25.2 m.; TPA4, 11.71 meg., 25.6 m.
- CINCINNATI**
12:30 a.m.—Moon River. W8XAI, 6.06 meg., 49.5 m.
- TOKYO**
12:45 a.m.—Military Concert. JZJ, 11.80 meg., 25.4 m.

BRINGING UP FATHER



Timble Theatre, Starring POPEYE



Tippie and "Cap" Stubbs



Tillie the Toiler



By Edwina

By Westov