

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

ALPINE TRIAL

By KELVIN RHODE

The trim-looking maid set down the tray and withdrew. Tony Ideal looked enquiringly at his guest. "Black, please, old man. One lump." "Thanks." The visitor took the cup of coffee and sank luxuriously into a comfortable armchair. "Quite the Benedict, aren't you? Pity I missed your wife. I say, what's this?"

He picked up a silver ornament and examined it carefully. It was a beautifully made model of a sheep lying curled up, apparently asleep. Tony grinned reminiscently. "Just a memento—a reminder of a premonition." "Don't be so deuced tantalizing. What's the story?" Tony shrugged his shoulders. "Alright," he laughed, "it's mainly of sentimental interest, but I'll tell you if you wish."

It all dates back to the time I went on that Alpine trial a couple of years ago, he continued. You remember I arranged to go with Tim Beckett as one of his passengers. I was thrilled to the marrow about it. We were going across to Vienna in his car to take part in a three days' trial through the Austrian Tyrol. You know the style of thing. Got to keep up a steady speed and not be more than ten minutes early or late anywhere. Tumult and shouting at the finish and then a comfortable trek home with, we hoped, a cup or trophy of some sort. Altogether a most delightful holiday.

As the time approached, however, something seemed to go wrong. An indefinable uneasiness assailed me which I did my best to shake off. Two days before I was due to start Cecily excelled herself by bursting into tears one evening without any warning. "It's no good," she sobbed, "I can't keep it in."

"Keep what in?" I asked in astonishment. "I know I shall never see you again," she cried. "Something's going to happen to you. Something dreadful."

You can imagine what I felt like. Here was an absolute echo of my own feeling, yet I did not dare to admit it. I soothed her as best I could. Laughed at her fears. Pointed out that anyhow I could not back out at this stage and so on, but for all that, the remainder of the waiting period was very strained. The forced cheerfulness which we both affected did not really help matters a bit.

Eventually the day for my departure arrived. I had to leave home about five, and I remember creeping into the nursery to kiss Peter in his cot with the full conviction that I should never see him again. Cecily came with me to town, where I joined the others—our meeting place, I remember, was the south side of London Bridge—and though our progress was very silent I give her credit for the fact that she smiled the whole time when it came to the actual leave-taking.

The excitement of getting under way distracted my attention for a time. We were on one of the Townsend ferries which had only just been started. Unfortunately, no sooner had we enclosed ourselves in the cabin than Tim produced a wad of documents and said in a cheery tone, "Well, let's have a look at these insurance papers and see how much you blokes are worth."

It was quite a nominal value—about a thousand pounds each, I believe. One can, of course, take out special short term policies for these events for quite large sums, but I had refused to do anything of the kind. I think, from a sense of bravado because I did not want to believe my premonition.

The journey across the Continent was full of fun and frolic, and for long periods I quite forgot my troubles. Every now and then, however, something would come in my mind which would set me off again. Early in the second day Geoff Meaker, the spare driver, took over the wheel, and in getting the feel of the car skidded us dangerously near the edge in a stunt ascent of one of the hills en route. Under normal conditions I should have laughed at it, because it was not really much of a risk, but in the circumstances I felt ghastly.

"Oh," said Tim with a laugh. "Thanks very much." And with a wave of his hand he let in the clutch again. "Curiously enough, once we had started I felt better. 'Might as well enjoy it,' I thought, 'as long as it lasts.' It was good fun too, that night drive, with the various secret checks where they initiated our cards and warmed us with full-bodied wine that sent us on our way glowing and cheery, but beyond a rather exhilarating climb up the Josephsburg just as dawn was breaking the journey was without incident.

We checked in at Leben, put the car away in the sealed park—for we were allowed no adjustments except on the road, when any time taken had to be made up again by hard driving—and tackled a welcome breakfast of bacon and eggs, mit beer. I went back to my room to send off a letter to Cecily—I had arranged not to wire until the end of the trial, because even if you are expecting it, a telegram always carries a suggestion of bad news.

We began to get friendly with some of the other competitors, and in particular with von Heeling, who was driving an Amilcar with his rather attractive wife as his passenger. He was an old hand at these trials, and was immediately ahead of us in the starting order each day. We also made the acquaintance of numerous of the officials and other competitors, and in fact the whole proceedings became very jolly as the day wore on.

The next day's run to Innsbruck was without special incident. We passed von Heeling pulled up by the side of the road making some minor adjustment. He waved cheerfully to us as we went by, so we assumed all was in order, and later on he duly passed us in order to regain his correct place.

We clocked in on time and were so far without loss of marks, much to our jubilation. Tim was very quiet. He saw the trophy within his grasp, but was too old a hand to indulge in any premature rejoicings. I woke on the morning of the third day with all my fears back again in their most unpleasant form. We snuffed some coffee and rolls at two and were in our places ready to start shortly after half-past. It was not yet light, and we had some tricky road finding to do which occupied all our attention for the next hour or so, but somehow I knew that today was the day, and try as I would I could not shake off my forebodings.

Tim drove superbly. He was taking no chances whatever and normally I should have said it was the safest of the three days. And then it happened! A most ludicrous occurrence, and as you may guess, quite different from the wild imaginings of my fevered brain. We had reached the Arlberg—a timed climb on which we had to make very fast time, for ours was one of the most powerful cars in the trial and in addition I knew that Tim wanted to make it the fastest climb of the day. All went well until about the middle, on probably the safest stretch of the whole climb, when suddenly a sheep—I ask you, of all things, a sheep—bounced into the middle of the road right in front of us.

Talk about anti-climax. Tim tried to avoid it, but skidded into the side of the road and broke a front axle. And with it went our chance of the cup, let alone the hill climb record. All our careful driving of the past two days counted for nothing.

Tim never said a word. It meant the end of his hopes and aspirations and not a little financial loss too, but he simply smiled rather grimly as we set about getting the car off the road as far as possible without to hinder the following competitors. Then with a pathetically cheery countenance, he got off with the wreckage and set left on foot down the hill for help.

I was bewildered. Was this trivial mishap the cause of all my agonising premonitions? I looked again at the sheep. The impact had killed it outright and it was lying there, as if sleeping, by the roadside, where we had dragged it. No wonder they called sheep silly. What on earth had induced this lunatic animal to choose that particular moment to skip light-heartedly to its death and our undoing?

I was aroused from my reverie by a shout from Geoff Meaker. He was a taciturn chap, solemn but steady, and I had forgotten all about him in the happenings of the past ten minutes. In answer to his hail I walked over to the car where he was examining the damage thoughtfully.

"The sheep never did this," he greeted me. "How do you mean?" "There's a flaw in this axle. Look for yourself." "Sure enough the fracture was

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The HOUSEWIFE and HER ACTIVITIES

It is not Love that gives the clearest light; For out of bitter tears—and tears unshed— Risseth the Rainbow of Sorrow overhead And 'neath the Rainbow is the clearest light. —Piona Macleod.

TABLET
Finger marks in books can be removed by covering with French chalk and leaving for some hours. Then cover with blotting paper and iron carefully.

Soll deposited by floods was recently tested in New Hampshire and found to be lacking in mineral nutrients needed by plants. Canning experiments show that the colour of green vegetables can be "set" by precooking at low heat from 160 to 180 degrees F. before the canning process. Language specialists find that the broad A was not fashionable in England or American, but was regarded then as a rustic turn of speech.

CHEERFUL SALAD BRIGHTENS THE TABLE
It goes without saying that a bouquet of fresh flowers enlivens the dinner table and adds to the enjoyment of any meal; and it is even more true that a beautiful, colorful salad—being a food—stimulates appetites which begin to fall the moment a hint of summer is in the air.
Red, White and Green Salad
1 cup chopped celery, 1 cup shredded white and red cabbage.

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significant. Only a small section at the edge was clean and new. The greater part was tarnished, showing time ago. I looked at him in astonishment. "But how have we managed to come so far without finding it?" I objected.

"A flaw like that is very difficult to detect, if it's not actually visible on the surface. You could go for thousands of miles under normal running conditions before anything happened."

"You wouldn't exactly call these conditions normal." "That's just the point. The extra strain of the last few days has been too much—probably extended the flaw nearly to the outside—made it liable to go at any minute."

"Then the collision with the sheep supplied the finishing touch?" "We didn't touch the sheep with this wheel. It was the sudden swerve that did it. Any sudden swerve would do it."

"Any sudden swerve! The significance of the words suddenly broke through my bewilderment. "You mean . . . ?" "I mean that there are three hairpin bends just ahead," interrupted Geoff harshly, "all requiring heavy cornering at speed—and any of them on the very edge of the mountain!"

Chill Sauce Mayonnaise
1 cup mayonnaise, 1-2 teaspoon lemon juice, 1-2 teaspoon confectors' sugar, 2 teaspoons Chill sauce, 1-2 teaspoon horseradish. Blend ingredients thoroughly. Makes 1 1-2 cups mayonnaise.

SOCIAL GOSSIP FROM MAY FAIR

Fashion notes spotted in London during the hot weather. Lady Patricia Latham's black, white and grey print worn under a violet jacket. Her grey straw hat had violet ribbon round it. The whole effect was most pleasing. Lady Jersey struck a compromise. Her tiny pill-box hat was almost entirely hidden by a gigantic spray of pink and mauve orchids. Orchids worn in the daytime and on a hat is a new one on us—but we're converted.

THINKS SPINSTERS SHOULD BE REGARDED AS VALIANT

"Anyone can get married, but it takes a good, valiant woman to remain unmarried," said Miss Hector of Ashton, championing the cause of spinsters at the conference of the United Textile Workers' association at Blackpool recently. Pensions for spinsters at 55 was the subject of debate, and Mrs. Hallworth, of Great Harwood, opposed the motion.

Said Mrs. Hallworth: "Pensions at 55 for spinsters would not be an economic advancement to our sex. "We, in the weaving industry, pride ourselves on the equality of the sexes. We have the same wages as our menfolk. We have the independent spirit to work alongside our man and demand the same rates of pay."

She asserted that it was the widows and women with pensions who had stayed at work and accepted reductions in pay. Widows were paid a pension, but a widower did not get one. Then up spoke Miss Hector, who said she made no apology for being a spinster; indeed, she defended it.

The widow drew her pension and the spinster paid for it, she declared. Delegates considered these rival points of view and voted—for spinsters' pensions.

Vaseline
for Cuts, Burns
Vaseline White
RESERVOIR

Dorothy Dix's Letter Box

Self-Invited Week-End Guests Usually Are Not Welcome by Relatives, Especially Those Who go to the Country and Make a Nuisance of Themselves

Dear Dorothy Dix—We live on a small farm, one hour's ride from the city. We are a young couple of small means and have three little children. We work hard to try to get along and deny ourselves every luxury. But here is our trouble: Friends and kin-folks. We are fond of them and enjoy them, but we can't afford them. They are literally eating us out of house and home. On the week-ends they will descend on us in ten or twenty strong and eat up a week's supply of provisions, so by Monday we don't even have milk for the children. We have wrestled with this problem for three or four years without finding any solution for it. I do all of my own housework and it keeps me tied to the range so that I don't have time to even speak to the guests who are so lavish in their praise, but not with their money of the good food I give them. What to do?

Answer:
If I were you, I should write a nice little note to each and every one of your self-invited guests and tell them on account of the depression you have decided to earn a little pin money by serving lunch over the week-end so much for dinner, so much for lunch, and so much for supper, and that you hope very much that you will have their patronage. Make it plain to them that there will be no free list and be sure to present your bill to the very first ones who come so he or she will see that it is no bluff on your part, and that they have to pay for what they eat.

Get busy at once with your announcement that you have turned your house into a pay restaurant instead of a free hotel, for the Summer is the time when grafters are abroad in the land and when everybody who lives on a farm or has a country place is the predestined victim of those who want to eat and drink without money and without price. They are the worst form of the roadhog. Why people who in the wintertime and in town would never dream of inviting themselves to your house to visit or to a meal, nor would they be capable of the impertinence of taking along with them a lot of their family and friends and superimposing them upon your hospitality, commit these crimes against even common decency in the summertime, nobody knows. But they do.

Everybody who lives out of town has experienced the sudden passion of affection and longing to see them that arises in July and August in the breasts of their city friends and relatives who write or telegraph that they can't be parted from them any longer and to meet them at the 6:30 train on Saturday and that they are coming for a nice long visit. And everybody who has a country place knows the awful sinking that comes in the pits of their stomachs when they see a crowded automobile drive up and seven or eight people descend therefrom demanding high-priced food. They are just starved and any little thing will do, provided it consists of a square meal. And they have brought along their friends, the Joneses and the Smiths, whom they know you are just dying to meet and to feed.

Usually the hostess gives these spongers a welcome that is cold enough to freeze the cocktail tinter glasses, but it does no good. No barbed speech penetrates their rhinoceros' hides. They have saved a few dollars by passing by all of the hot-dog stands and restaurants that strew the road, and they should worry that they have made you treat them and their friends. They forget that it is ten times more trouble to entertain company in the country than it is in town, and that you have come to the country yourself for a rest, which you never get. Something should be done about the dead-beat guest.

Dear Miss Dix—My husband is an A-1 plus perfect piece of humanity. He doesn't drink, smokes moderately and remembers always to use the ashtray. He is instantly concerned if I look blue or not well and he does something about it. Plans for a good time or takes me to the doctor. He gives me all the money I want. Never makes me feel that he is holding the purse strings. He is always bringing home little treats that are sweetening to any woman's soul. He is man enough to be head of the household without being bumptious about it. He doesn't want to stay at home like a cat on a hot tin roof. Neither does he crave wild parties. He doesn't go into a trance every time he sees a pretty girl. He doesn't rave to me about some beautiful woman he has met. He does not tell stale jokes. Neither his people nor mine live with us. He treats my family just as he does his own. He never brags about how his mother used to cook. He is kind, considerate, lovable, good-looking, healthy, a good worker and provider and a real help around the house. In word, he is perfection. A HAPPY WIFE.

Answer:
What a man! I never heard of such a paragon. And how happy you must be unless, indeed, it is too much of a strain upon your constitution living up to your ideal. But here is a thought: Perhaps your attitude towards your husband has something to do with his having attained such a state of grace and part of his credit is due to your appreciation of his good qualities. As long as you admire him so much, he has to be what you think he is, he has to live up to his blue china. I confess the thought has often occurred to me that the wives who were always finding fault with their husbands and reproaching them with their weaknesses were taking the wrong way to improve them and were a poor inspiration for better things.

There is no doubt, for instance, that a woman who is jealous of every woman her husband looks at simply eggs him on to little affairs. He knows she is going to give him the name and he thinks he had as well have the game. And I knew one wife who got pretty clothes out of a stingy husband by always parading his generosity before her friends and boasting of what lovely things he gave her. After all, husbands, like wives, are amenable to flattery. DOROTHY DIX.

Dear Miss Dix—I am a grandmother of 46, and I am writing to ask you if I am too old to ride a bicycle. We have had to put up our car on account of hard times and I should greatly enjoy cycling. It seems much better than sitting in the house reflecting on your age and wondering when the Grim Reaper will come on and get you. SPRINTER.

Answer:
No reason in the world why you shouldn't bicycle if you want to. There is no age limit on what a woman can do in these days and if you want to mount a wheel go to it. Nobody but old fogies will criticize you and it will be envy on their part. DOROTHY DIX.

Today's Short Wave Radio Program

(All time is Eastern Standard)

THURSDAY, JULY 9
Tokyo
4 p. m.—News and Opinion. J.V.M. Nazaki, 27.9 m., 10.74 meg.
Moscow
7 p. m.—News and Views from Soviet Capital. R.N.E., 31.5 m., 9.5 meg.

Madrid
7 p. m.—Music; time signal; Uncle Gordon's program. EAQ, 30.5 m., 9.87 meg.
Berlin
7:30 p. m.—"Hallo, girls and boys." D.J.D., 25.4 m., 11.77 meg.
Caracas
7:45 p. m.—Venezuelan Songs Contest. Y.V.Z.R.C., 61.7 m., 5.80 meg.
London
9 p. m.—"Late Extra!" A feature program following through the life of a London newspaper. G.S.D., 25.5 m., 11.76 meg., G.S.C., 31.3 m., 9.58 meg.

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THE COOK'S CORNER

Chicken, Green Peas and Cucumber Salad
The addition of peas to chicken for salad is not an especially new idea—but you will be intrigued by the flavor which results from the use of diced or sliced cucumber. Do notice that the meat and vegetables are marinated in French dressing before the final combination of the salad—this marinating does much to improve the flavor of any salad mixture.
3 cups diced cooked chicken
1 cup cooked fresh peas
1 cup diced or sliced cucumber
½ cup finely cut celery

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1798

9:15 p. m.—Dance Music Y.V.Z.R.C., 61.7 m., 5.80 meg.
London
9:55 p. m.—"The Blue Peter." A comic opera in one act by A. P. Herbert. G.S.D., 25.5 m., 11.76 meg., G.S.C., 31.3 m., 9.58 meg.

GORDON FIFE, Soldier of Fortune

FIFE AND ENID HAVE BEEN SWEEP BY THE CURRENT OF THE UNDERGROUND RIVER INTO THE SECRET TOMBS OF ANNET.

I'LL BE ALL RIGHT IN A MINUTE, NOW WE MUST GET BACK AT ONCE. FATHER WILL THINK WE'VE DROWNED.

THE SOONER THE BETTER...BUT CAN'T THE WAY WE CAME...I'LL HAVE A TRY AT THE WALLS...MAYBE THEY BUILT ANOTHER TRICK ENTRANCE INTO THIS PLACE.

IT SOUNDS HOLLOW HERE... AND PERHAPS THIS KNOB MEANS SOMETHING...STAND BACK NOW...HERE GOES... WE DON'T WANT ANY MORE ACCIDENTS.

LOOK, GORDON!—A STAIRWAY... BUT WHERE CAN IT LEAD?

UNDER THE PRESSURE OF FIFE'S FINGERS THE HUGE PANEL SLIDES SILENTLY ASIDE.

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By Bob Moore and John Hales

UNDER THE PRESSURE OF FIFE'S FINGERS THE HUGE PANEL SLIDES SILENTLY ASIDE.

BACK TO YOUR FATHER, I HOPE... ANYWAY, WE HAVEN'T MUCH CHOICE... WE'LL HAVE TO TRUST TO LUCK.