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

RACING DRIVER

By ALEXANDER CAMPBELL

Author of Daughter of Exile, etc.

"What is it?" she asked.

"Nothing," said Rupert nonchalantly. "But you'll have to excuse me. I've one or two things in connection with the excavation work to attend to before we set out for the place. Of course we can't possibly go there to-night. We'll be lucky if we can make it to-morrow."

He spoke jerkily. Florence was suspicious.

She watched him go out of the room, and then took their host aside.

"What did you tell Mr. Featherstone?"

"The rains have got at the diggings," he replied. "The Basuto whom Mr. Featherstone left to guard the place has just come in. He's afraid the whole place will cave in. The excavations must have loosened the soil."

"What does that mean?" she demanded. "Won't they be able to clear it again?"

He shrugged. "It's possible. But unless some sort of support is rigged up there now, without delay, there's a chance that the traces of the cave-men will be simply washed away."

Florence's fears were confirmed. Swiftly she told Professor Ellington what she had learned. He frowned and tugged at his moustache.

"What rotten luck!" he mourned. "Two years' work—and it may all go for nothing! Won't that fellow Jackson crow!" Of course we have the skull which Rupert brought with him, but, he tells me that there may be even more interesting relics hidden away in that cave."

"That isn't all," said Florence quickly. "I've an idea that Rupert has made up his mind to go out there, to-night, to see what can be done."

Ellington stared. "Impossible! It would be suicide to go up on the mountain alone!"

"Rupert is very obstinate," she pointed out. "Don't forget that he has been living for this moment. He'll do anything rather than see his work destroyed."

"Then we must stop him! Come on!"

They raced out of the house into the driving rain, and made for the rondavel which Rupert had made his headquarters when not at the diggings.

They were just in time. Rupert, in fisherman's long rubber boots, with a knapsack on his back and a stick in his hand, was making his way towards the path which led to the mountain that towered over the hostel.

"No you don't, young man!"

The professor caught him by the arm.

Behind his spectacles, there was a fanatical gleam in Rupert's eyes.

"I'm not going to have a common storm wrecking all our work at the eleventh hour! I know what I'm doing. I've been out in these storms before——"

"You'll come back to the house," said the professor grimly. "And then we'll talk the thing over calmly and rationally and plan what has to be done—together!"

Rupert followed rather grudgingly. Florence gripped his arm and squeezed it encouragingly.

THREE MEN AND A MOUNTAIN

"Buck up, Rupert. The professor's right. You couldn't do anything on your own. Don't worry, we'll save your old bones somehow!"

He turned to look at her. Then he felt for her hand.

"Thanks, Florence! You're a darling!"

She felt a little thrill of happiness run through her.

Back in the comfortable living room of the hostel, before a roaring fire, they had a council of war, while a hot supper was being prepared for them.

"Now then!" said Ellington. As he often did, he had ceased to be the professor, and had reverted to his war-time role of company commander.

He glanced round the circle of intent faces.

"Rupert knows all about the diggings, and what chances of their holding out are," he continued. "Rupert, will you please explain the position?"

Rupert spoke with his usual precision.

"The position is this. The rain has got at the foundations of the old camping site. There is a chance that the cave where I have been carrying on my main work will collapse altogether. But I do not think that very probable."

"Unfortunately there is a worse danger. There was a great deal of valuable stuff which I did not have time to remove. I left it covered up with sacking, and put a native on guard.

"This torrential rain may flood the place out. If that happens, these relics will be washed away, and our chances of finding them again are exceedingly remote."

"I see," Professor Ellington brooded.

Then there is only one thing to do. We must wait until morning. If the storm hasn't abated then, I shall go with you to the cave and—"

"Excuse me, sir," Frank Carter leaned forward. "Why wait until morning? I agree that it would be madness for one man to go up on the mountain to-night. But if two went—Rupert and myself — we might be able to do something before it's too late."

"Thanks, Frank."

Rupert's face flushed with pleasure. "That's jolly sporting of you."

"Oho!" roared the professor. "And leave me out of it? Dash it, Carter, you came to South Africa to race. I came to see these relics. You can't leave me out of this!"

The younger men glanced at each other.

"Quite so, sir," said Frank soothingly. "But Rupert and I could do all that's necessary. There's no need for you to go out in the rain and—"

The professor glowered.

"I hope you are not trying to insinuate," he rumbled, "that I am too old to go out in the rain. Hang it, man, do you realise that I am shirtly to be married! Bah. I'm as fit as either of you! No, the three of us will go. But we'll have a good tuckin first. We'll probably need it."

Presently they sat down to a feast of venison, paw paw and coffee—the men's laced with brandy.

Each of the women sat and watched her man.

Outside, the rain lashed down monotonously, and the jagged flashes of lightning revealed the towering mass of the mountain, black and seeing angrily to brood.

One thought was uppermost in each woman's mind.

Would her man come back safely?

Finally the men dressed themselves in appropriate clothes, long rubber boots such as Rupert had been wearing, a turned down hat, and a mackintosh. Each carried a stout stick and a knapsack in which were provisions and some brandy. There was no real rock-climbing to be done, fortunately, but the path, especially in the storm, was winding and treacherous, easily lost in the darkness. Once off the path and a man might wander for hours, in danger of falling down a crevasse and injuring himself seriously, or worse.

FLORENCE FOLLOWS

They went towards the door.

Unconsciously in this moment of crisis, each forgetting the presence of the others, they split for a moment into couples.

"Goodbye, my dear!" said the professor heartily, to Christine. "Nothing to worry about, you know. We'll be back in a couple of hours."

"Look after yourself, old boy," she murmured. "Or I'll—I'll sue you for breach of promise!"

She kissed him.

(To be Continued)

Modern Etiquette

(By ROBERTA LEE)

Q. When a man invites a girl to dine isn't she privileged to order freely whatever she wants?

A. Certainly; but unless she knows that her escort can afford it, she should not be too extravagant in her choice. Even if she knows that the cost is not to be considered, it is not good form to order as though she were starving, or that it is the first "real meal" she has had for a long time.

Q. Does a well-bred person boast about his possessions, his home, his income and the like?

A. Never. This is a habit often indulged in by the nouveau riche, but a well-bred man or woman never refers to his possessions. The old proverb says, "Every fool is in love with his own bauble."

How Can I ? ?

(By ANNE ASHLEY)

Q. How can I successfully measure molasses?

A. Grease the cup lightly before measuring the molasses, or dip it full of flour and then empty it. Either of these methods will enable every drop of molasses to come out of the cup without sticking.

Q How can I prevent a colored suede belt from fading onto the dress from perspiration?

A. This can be prevented by neatly lining the inside of the belt with a strip of waterproof adhesive tape.

Q How can I make putty?

A. Putty can be made merely by mixing linseed oil with sifted whiting until the proper consistency is acquired.

Look Before You Leap	Dorothy Dix	Know Each Other Better

If Sherlock Holmes Methods Were Used During Courtship Days There Might Not Be As Many Marriages But They Would Be More Successful

Courtship should be a season of intensive and prayerful investigation in which a young couple should use all of their detective powers in trying to find out what sort of a woman or man they are considering spending the next thirty or forty years with. Instead it is a time they put forth all of their arts and wiles to deceive each other and tell each other fairy stories.

The suitor only shows himself to his Lady Love when he is barbered within an inch of his life. He is simply a mush of complacence and her will is his law. He tells her that she hasn't a fault or flaw in her entire make-up, and that if she will only marry him that he will love her as woman was never loved before and spend the remainder of his life holding her lily-white hand.

The girl is equally mendacious. She also puts her best foot forth. She never appears before the boy friend without having a fresh wave and putting on her best complexion and company manners. She is meekly adoring and only wants to do the things that he wants to do. She is so sweet-tempered that she doesn't need to sugar her tea. Her theme song is how big and strong and wownderful he is and how marvelous that he knows EVERYTHING.

No doubt it would put a crimp in the vital statistics if courtship were conducted on a frank and honest basis. Probably no girl would say "yes" if her suitor said: "Look here, Mary, I'm not going to hand you any hokum about your being 'Miss America' and ask you why you aren't in the movies, because my eyesight is still unimpaired and I can see that you haven't any looks to boast about. Neither am I going to tell you that you are getting any prize package if you take me for a husband, because I have a cantankercus disposition and it isn't going to be any picnic to live with me. Nor am I a moneymaker. We will probably always be poor and you will have to do your own work and push your own baby carriage. Eat such as you are, I love you. Will you marry me?"

And probably no man would pop the question to a girl who wanted him in time to save himself that she was Mamma's spoiled darling; that she was used to bossing her family and would soon get her husband under her thumb; that she was high-tempered and extravagant and lazy, and that the man who married her would have to get up and get his own breakfast, walk on eggs to keep from riling her and spend the remainder of his life enslaved to specialty shops.

So perhaps, all things considered, such as maintaining the ratio of population, the discipline of our souls through suffering, and the prosperity of the divorce industry, it is just as well that courtship is conducted on the confidence-game plan. As a proof of this and the danger of using frankness instead of subterfuge in wooing a woman, consider this letter from a girl whose sweetheart has attempted to be honest with her.

She says: "When we first became engaged, my fiance's only thought was to make me happy. He told me how he loved me and how he would be my slave, and of all the beautiful things he would like to buy for me, and although he only made a small salary, we planned to be married on it.

"But now he says that we must wait, as he wants to study so that he can better himself. And, worse still, he wants me to study also and make something of myself. He tells me frankly that I haven't the guts to fight for what I really want and that I live only from day to day, not thinking of the future. He says that two people, when they are in love and contemplate marrying, should share their ambitions and work together to make something worth while of themselves, and that we are just wasting our time billing and cooing.

"The silly thing is that I love him in spite of the way he talks to me, but he makes me very unhappy with his ideas and frankness."

There you are. That is what happens when Cupid turns Sherlock Holmes. He finds out that the girl has no ambitions, no taste for climbing ladders, no willingness to take anything but the easiest way through life, and that she will pull her husband down instead of build him up.

The girl finds that he will always be one of the men who is more absorbed in his business than he is in his wife, and that they have nothing really in common except a little physical attraction, which will soon wear out.

No doubt it is better for them to make these discoveries before marriage than afterward, but we wouldn't hear the sound of wedding bells so often if they did.

Girls, Don't Think of Running Away !

Dear Dorothy Dix—I am a girl 17 years old. My father is dead and I live with my mother and brother, who is older than I am. I am very miserable and discontented because I am not given any liberty or permitted to do anything that the other girls of my age do. I am not allowed to use make-up, or to dress the way I want to. I cannot have any dates and I get a bawling out if a boy calls me on the telephone. I am only allowed to have but one girl friend and she is treated worse than I am. When we are together we are spied on to see what we are talking about and where we go. My girl friend and I are so disgusted that we are planning to run away from home together. What do you advise?

UNHAPPY GIRLS.

Answer:

Let me beg you not to do anything so foolish and that will inevitably end in such disaster to you as to run away from home. For no matter how little liberty your mother allows you, it is more than you will have when you find yourselves locked up in a jail as delinquent girls. And that is what will happen to you if you start out to seek your fortune in the wide, wide world.

The gay adventure won't last half-a dozen hours. You will not have got fifty miles on the road before some policeman will spot you and take you to headquarters for questioning and, after you have sobbed out your story and confessed who you are, you will be held until your family can come for you.

Then all of your mother's fears and suspicions will have been justified and she will watch you closer than ever, and you will put a smear upon your character that you will never quite live down. Always when you are older you will think with shame of your escapade and shudder over what might have happened to you. For little young girls who break out of the home fold are in just as much danger as a helpless little lamb would be in a den of hungry lions.

You have my sympathy, for I know how girls of your age long for a little freedom and gayety; how their feet ache to dance; how they thrill over a date; how they agonize over the length of a skirt and break their hearts because they have to wear nice practical clothes instead of the fluffy ruffles the other girls have, and how lipstick and nail polish can seem the most important things in the world to them.

I think your mother is making a great mistake in denying you these innocent pleasures. I think if she were a wiser woman and a more understanding one, she would drive with a lighter rein so that you would not wish to jump the fence and run away.

DOROTHY DIX.

THE COOK'S CORNER

SIMPLE SPONGE CAKE

6 egg yolks
1 cup fine granulated sugar
1 teaspoon lemon juice
1-2 teaspoon grated lemon rind
6 egg whites
1 cup sifted all-purpose flour
1-4 teaspoon salt

Beat egg yolks until thick and light. Gradually beat in one-half cup sugar and add lemon juice and rind. Beat egg whites until stiff but not dry and gradually add one-half cup sugar. Lightly fold the yolk mixture into the whites. Sift flour twice; measure; add salt to the flour and sift four times more. Fold the flour lightly into the mixture. Bake in an ungreased tube pan in a slow oven (300 degrees F.) Baking time: 1 hour.

POPOVERS

1 cup sifted all-purpose flour
1-4 teaspoon salt
1 egg
1 cup milk
1-2 teaspoon melted butter

Sift flour; measure; add salt and sift again. Add beaten egg and half of the milk and beat until smooth. Add remaining milk and melted butter. Beat for 3 minutes with a Dover egg beater. Pour at once into well-greased and heated heavy muffin pans. Fill pans only half full. Pans should be sizzling hot. Bake in a very hot oven (450 degrees F.) for 20 minutes, then lower heat to 375 degrees F. and bake 20 minutes longer, until popovers are light.

PICKLED PEARS

2 pounds pears
1 cup vinegar
2 cups water
2 cups sugar
2 tablespoons stick cinnamon
1 tablespoon whole cloves

Select ripe firm fruit. Peel, cut into quarters and core the pears. Small ones may be left whole. To prevent them from turning dark, drop the fruit into weak brine. Mix vinegar, sugar and spices. Boil this for five minutes. Add the drained pears and simmer the mixture until the pears are tender. Pack the fruit into clean, hot sterilized jars. Cover with boiling syrup and seal.

UPMSTON, England-(CP)-A whirlwind in this district picked up a haystack and made a pillar of it 100 feet high. The hay dropped gradually as the wind died and was widely scattered.

The Housewife And Her Activities

INCLUSIVE .... ..

The blue in the sky
Has a golden rift,
And those that I love, love me.
Then, if those that I love
Mean the whole wide world,
Then the whole wide world loves me.

—M. E. PERRY HADSELL.

Robert Piguet features the "Fuseau" silhouette, which is spindle in English, with long slim waists, narrow hems and hips sometimes slightly peg-topped by pockets or drapes.

There is a sharter trend in Paris evening skirts, which are slit or upcurved at the sides, showing the instep.

Vionnet endorses wide waistband belts of brightly colored antelope for back daytime costumes with bolero tops and widely flaring skirts, a graceful silhouette emphasized for town.

Lucien Lelong offers fur-handled umbrellas among other novel accessories, to go with his "Robin Hood" costumes, featuring Robin Hood red which is bright, and Robin Hood green which is dark. Both are combined in plaid effects for flared skirts.

SHIRTWAIST DRESSES

The more formal aspect of the shirtwaist-and-skirt-dress is being promoted, hence the separate blouse takes on a more formal quality. Also, satins, velvets and metals are in keeping with the more formal trend of fashions generally; and the new long sleeves make "formal" versions of shirtwaists more wearble-looking for daytime.

If you are good at knitting, embroidery or other forms of handicraft, why not make things during long summer days and put them in a special box ready for Christmas?

To make carrot strips crisp, soak them in iced water with a few onion slices for about one-half hour. Carrot strips are popular appetizers now, as well as appearing on the salad late.

To stop his pigs from straying M. Archer has stretched an electric wire round his farm near Abberton, England.

Police of Cadiz, Spain, raided a secret sausage factory whose owners were making big profits by evading the health inspectors and using inferior ingredients.

MOTHER SHIPTON'S PROPHECY

(First Published in 1488; Republished in 1641)

Carriages without horses shall go
And accidents fill the world with woe..
Around the world thoughts shall fly
In the twinkling of an eye.
Water shall yet more wonders do
Now strange, yet shall be true.
Through hills man shall ride,
And no horse or ass be at his side.
Under water men shall walk,
Shall ride, shall sleep, shall talk.
In the air men shall be seen
In white, in black, in green.
Iron in the water shall float
As easy as a wooden boat.
Gold shall be found and coined
In a land that's not now known.
Fire and water shall wonders do;
England shall at last admit a Jew.
The world to an end shall come
In eighteen hundred and eighty-one.

AVOID "PAINTED LOOK"

If there's one time a woman doesn't want to look "painted," it's on her wedding day and that's the one day she's like'y to look that way unless she's careful, warns Betty Clarke, beauty feature writer, New York.

The California Institute of Technology has a "dust-storm machine" for sorting soil particles according to size.

YOUR INDIVIDUAL HOROSCOPE

By FRANCES DRAKE

Look in the section your birthday comes in, and find what your outlook is, according to the stars.

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For Monday, September 18th

MARCH 21 to APRIL 20 (Aries) —You ought to swing into action early this peppy day. Excellent vibrations for business progress, industrial and mechanical interests, inventions, aeronautics, shipping, railroading. Equally favorable for hobbies, sports and heart affairs.

APRIL 21 to MAY 20 (Taurus) —Yesterday was your "personal" day, today offers opportunities for business and work problems, achievement in new trys and in keeping pace with successful competitors. Gains through advertising indicated.

MAY 21 to JUNE 21 (Gemini) —Very full and generous rays. Push business. Hold conferences of a cooperative nature, get new customers and clients and call on old ones and check their needs. Be constructive and consistent in effort that you may realize fully on this benefic day.

JUNE 22 to JULY 23 (Cancer) —You, too, are in for benefits and real headway. Have faith in your product and in your own ability and you'll be able to sell both to that tough customer. Diligence will win. Romance approved, also sports.

JULY 24 to AUGUST 22 (Leo) —Your opportunities will come through others. Be mindful of little but essential details. Don't put off for others what you can and should do yourself.

AUGUST 23 to SEPTEMBER 23 (Virgo) — Finances, investments, collections and paying bills in first order. Should be splendid for making valuable contacts, using new methods and ideas for improvement. Deal with newspapers, magazines, printers, brokers. Be alert, progressive!

SEPTEMBER 24 to OCTOBER 23 (Libra) — Similar to yesterday in tendency, with professional and artistic endeavors, research workers, teachers of trades and technique particularly honored under today's favorable stars.

OCTOBER 24 to NOVEMBER 22 (Scorpio) — It's a live-wire day for Scorpio's indomitable nature. You can remove whatever is in your way this Monday. Proceed under the banner of your self-control and practical-mindedness.

NOVEMBER 23 to DECEMBER 22 (Sagittarius) — Versatility is what this days asks for and if you give it that you'll top your previous good record. Be inspired to carry through good intentions. Be strong in purpose.

DECEMBER 23 to JANUARY 21 (Capricorn) — —Strike while the iron is hot. Assail those difficult propositions. Yes, superactivity is the word for putting over today's schedule. You'll find it a period for advancement.

JANUARY 22 to FEBRUARY 20 (Aquarius) — You've splendid reasoning powers and capable hands to carry out the dictates of a generous mind. Give yourself a break, find a worthy incentive and centre your attention on it.

FEBRUARY 21 to MARCH 20 (Pisces) — Hard work favored. Benefits likely through past efforts and those things previously started. Don't lose time; you'll need a good start today to help carry you through next three days.

A CHILD BORN ON THIS DAY will be a sensible and advantageous partner, knowing how to keep council, to be a good listener and having excellent foresight. An alluring personal charm and sincerity are two gifts. This little somebody may be nervous unless taught to enjoy a change of scene occasionally. Can do exceptionally well with natives of Scorpio, Taurus, Capricorn, Pisces.

GIFT CROCHET AS EASY AS IT IS ATTRACTIVE

DESIGN NO. X 302

These two-tone crocheted doilies may be used for service under finger bowls or as place doilies for glasses, cups or saucers. Pattern No. X 302 contains illustration of the doilies, materials needed, illustration of stitches and complete instructions.

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They thought Betty would never be a bride

Look out! "B. O." can cost happiness

Many wonder why they are "unlucky in love"—unpopular—unsuccessful in business. The reason may be—"B.O." It's easy to offend and *not even know it*. Why take that risk? Why not be on the safe side! Lifebuoy in the daily bath stops "B. O."—assures personal freshness. Lifebuoy contains an exclusive ingredient not found in any other popular toilet soap. *Try it.*

LIFEBUOY IN YOUR DAILY BATH STOPS "B.O."

Household Scrapbook

(By ROBERTA LEE)

Soiled Paintings

A great deal of the beauty of oil paintings is spoiled because of unspected soil. It is well to clean the paintings periodically as follows: Make a thin paste of raw potatoes and clear water. Add fine pumice stone and rub on the paintings gently with a sponge. Then wipe off with clear water and a clean cloth. It is often advisable to apply a coat of clear varnish when the painting dries.

Rusted Lock

When a key refuses to work smoothly in a closet door, dip it into machine oil and then place in the lock and work back and forth several times. It will soon work with ease.

Keeping Ham

Ham can be kept for an indefinite time, without danger of mold, if melted paraffin is poured over the cut end of the ham.

Morning Smile

NICELY EXPLAINED

He—Why did you send that poor fellow back for your cold cream? He'll never find it.

She—I only wanted to get the chap off my hands.

Snappy Fashions For Home Use

A jumper frock is a very practical thing for school because you can wear different blouses and always look spic-and-span. This young style has a particular charm all of its own with its button shoulders and gored skirt. If you make it to wear to the office, a dark color light weight wool is charming and a striped as well as a plain color blouse is smart. For school or college a plaid jumper is bright and gay and clan plaids are ever so important in a school wardrobe this season. A tailored shirt blouse with long sleeves is just about the nicest thing you could have to complete this convenient costume. Make it now, to be prepared for the cool days to come.

Style No. 2638 is designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 16 requires 3 1-8 yards of 39-inch material for the jumper and 1 7-8 yards of 39-inch for the long sleeved blouse.

Send fifteen (15c) (coin is prefered) for pattern. Write plainly your Name, Address and style number. Be sure to state the size you wish.

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