

# THE... Mysterious Masquerade

By J. R. WILMOT

## SYNOPSIS

At a London dance club Molly Carstairs meets Roger Barling, who promises to get her a job. The following morning Molly is stopped by a policeman and taken to the police station where she is identified by a Mr. and Mrs. Silver as their missing niece. That night at the Silver's home she discovers that Major Carstairs has been in a gambling house. The Silver's next tell Molly that Major Carstairs has been in a gambling house. The Silver's next tell Molly that Major Carstairs has been in a gambling house. The Silver's next tell Molly that Major Carstairs has been in a gambling house.

## CHAPTER XIII

"What are you doing there?" demanded Silver, an ugly glint in his eyes. "I just happened to be passing," explained the girl. "Am I to be blamed if my passing coincides with your seeing a friend off the premises?" "I'm in no mood for saucy, young woman," Silver snapped. "But tell me, his tone suddenly became more conciliatory as though he had regretted his outburst, "do you know that young man?"

"You mean the young man who stormed down the stairs a moment ago?" He nodded. "Name of Roger Barling," he told her, regarding her narrowly. "I can't say that I do," reflected Molly, seriously. "Of course I might have seen him before, mightn't I? He might even have proposed to me and I've forgotten all about it. How thrilling! I never looked at my lost memory in that light, did you?"

"Damn your lost memory," exclaimed Paul Silver as he rudely slammed the door of his office and flung himself into the swivel chair in front of his desk. The truth was, Paul Silver was worried. There were moments when he devoutly wished he had never seen Molly Carstairs' photograph in the "beauty" album at Elstree; wished he'd cleared right up; immediately because he was aware that Major Carstairs was on his way home from India. That way would have saved a whole heap of worry. As things were shaping he'd be a nervous wreck before he was through with it.

Major Aldous Carstairs had always been a simple-minded man; one of those treasured, trusting natures, remarkably guileless. He would probably not be staying in England more than a month or two. He was so devoted to India. The Indian Army was his life's work. Well, if this fool of a girl would only go through with it, he hoped she would, it would be well. The Major would go away; again and the nice little allowance might even be increased.

After all, Silver argued, the cost of dressing a young woman of Molly's age wasn't getting any less. And if the Major desired her launching in society, that would cost a pretty penny, too. One couldn't be expected to launch a Major's daughter on less than five hundred of the best. Paul Silver rubbed his hands together in a way that suggested that the action was a habit with him.

But the next moment he was back on earth again. That fellow Barling had scared him—scared him badly. Young Carstairs was dead. The coroner had brought a verdict of "Accidental death," but Barling had hinted that he knew differently that young Carstairs was "cleared out" when I was that suicide.

Beads of icy cold moisture stood out on Paul Silver's forehead. Roger Barling had become a menace. Here was a man who could, at any time he liked, put the screw on Paul Silver, and Paul Silver had been looking for people who were screwing him. He had been down and out when Silver had first discovered him. Judson had been spending even long and tedious years in prison because he had carelessly slipped up in a quite promising blackmail business, and at the subsequent trial it was discovered that Mr. Judson was no stranger to the internal arrangements of Sing Sing Prison, where he had once stayed on a long vacation as the result of a similar slip in Baltimore.

## Dickens Caused Women's Clubs

### Dinner For Him in 1868 Excluded the Fair Sex

New York—The rise in influence and public activities of women following an incident 65 years ago which awakened the indignation of Mrs. Henry Croly, a popular author, at the discrimination against members of her sex is outlined in a monograph entitled "Political, Social and Economic Activities of Women," published under the sponsorship of the Research Committee on Social Trends appointed by President Hoover. Dr. Sophonisba P. Erckinridge, professor of public welfare administration at the University of Chicago, prepared the monograph, in which considerable space is devoted to the women's club movement.

It was the exclusion of Mrs. Croly from a dinner which newspapermen gave in honor of Charles Dickens when he visited this country in 1865 which unwittingly captivated the women's movement as an active issue in public affairs, the monograph holds. Mrs. Croly's husband was a member of the club which was honoring the English novelist, but she was refused admittance to the dinner, although she was very eager to attend it.

"Her sex debarred her," the monograph says, "and in the energy of her exasperation she determined to secure for women some of the benefits that men are unwilling to share with them."

Out of the newspapermen's rebuttal to Mrs. Croly grew the women's club movement, which has been an important factor in improving the status of women," the monograph says. Sorosis, a "women's club in New York City," was formed in the same year and was the "mother" to the General Federation of Women's Clubs, organized in 1890, it says.

On the twenty-first anniversary of the organization of Sorosis, that club invited all the known women's clubs in the country to attend a club convention. Out of 97 organizations which were invited, 67 responded.

Reviewing the growth in membership of women's clubs, the monograph says that in 1896 it was estimated that 100,000 members were affiliated with the General Federation of Women's Clubs; in 1902, the membership had increased to 211,763, and at the end of 1910, the enrolment was approximately 500,000. The monograph discusses also the activities of women in many phases in American national life.

## In a Troubled Hour

Let me consider, now, this tree in bloom. This sudden miracle upon the air, Requiring for itself so little room, That I can shut one eye and miss it there; Requiring, too, so little length of time: A day of sun, a night of rain, no more, To more, This brief inscription like a rhyme Of sudden music heard beside my door.

This is a happy thing I look upon: Here sun and rain have builded in this hour A thing of glory passing rain and sun. This shapely pinnacle, this shining tower Wreath of unhappy thoughts might fly, whose words Come back . . . almost . . . like the poise of happy birds. —David Morton, in "The Lyric."

## Oil Stations Awheel

Writes the Brandon Sun—"Sheffield, England, where the knives come from, is introducing something new to the British motoring public, a travelling filling station. It's a wonder someone on this continent hasn't got as far as that, because, with all the pumps dotted on the maps, there is never too many filling stations at hand."

The British scheme is that of a wheeled filling station that runs up and down the highway, serving the motoring public when, and more specifically where, necessary. So where the plan is working, the motorist who has run short of gas or is in emergency need of some gadget or bit of lighter equipment the lack of which has brought his machine to a halt, instead of worrying over making connection with some distant service concern, has but to shove his car out of the traffic lane, open his newspaper or a book and possess himself with patience, assured that ere long a wheeled gasoline tank, air pump, etc., will pass on its round.

The plan no doubt will appeal especially to lady motorists driving without male escorts to whom the possibility of being stranded en route is something of a constant nightmare. The "first-aid" vehicle might even be equipped with a detachable trailer or in the form of an emergency repair shop. When a mechanical breakdown was encountered on the highway the trailer and its mechanic could be cut loose and left behind to attend to the repairs while the gas supply made its round, picking up its repair outfit on its next passage.

Hindu fakir Ovidio, Spain, had himself buried alive, and said he would remain underground for eight days. On the sixth day it rained, and the fakir shouted for help because water was trickling down the arid hole of his tomb. His disciples built a shelter over it, and the eight days' penance was completed.

A serious phase of New York's unemployment problem is the fact that there are 75,000 girls in the city without jobs, homes, or even sufficient food. The possibilities of a motor-car as an agent of destruction are twenty times as great as those of a pedal cycle.

## Pithy Anecdotes Of the Famous

A well-known captain, who was a great character (relates C. Fox Smith in "A Book of Famous Ships"), lay dying in his ship, and ordered the sailmaker to bring for his inspection the canvas in which he would be shrouded when buried.

"Too good—too good!" he exclaimed. "I can't have good canvas wasted like that! Find a rotten piece. And what are you going to weight me down with?" "Chain cable, sir," was the reply. "Chain cable—chain cable?" returned the dying man. "More waste—I won't hear of it. Holystones, I tell you, or by the great hook, I'll haunt you."

The Banking mergers in which Henry P. Davison was active in his early years as partner of J. P. Morgan and Co., recall a family anecdote related by Davison's son, Harry, Jr., says Thomas W. Lamont (in "Henry P. Davison: The Record of a Useful Life"). By the way, the elder Davison started his career in his uncle's bank at Troy, N.Y.—this to make the point clear.

"One night in the later years of his life," Young Harry relates, "Father woke Mother up and said he had just had a terrible nightmare.

"He thought he was back in the bank at Troy and could not balance the books, and that his uncle told him he had to balance them or get a good horse-whipping. Still, they would not balance, and Father was in a cold sweat. When Mother asked him how it came out, he said:

"I finally solved the problem; I bought the bank."

The first piece of international business that Mr. Davison ever took an active share in had to do with the operations of the old Chinese Consulate, says Mr. Lamont. At a ticklish point of the negotiations, the international bankers concerned—Davison was one of them—were given a dinner in Berlin, and Davison found himself "to his embarrassment," seated next to the Chinese Minister to Germany. Davison did not wish to be impolite, but not knowing a word of any language but his own, he was talking to let the Minister do his talking with his neighbor on his other hand.

At the first available moment, however, the versatile Chinese Minister leaned over to the banker, and in perfect English inquired blandly if Davison could tell him who was pitching for the White Sox this season.

Davison was, of course, amused and delighted (adds Lamont), and he turned his complete attention to the Chinese Minister who, apparently, had spent many years in Chicago and Washington and was most entertaining and interesting.

From "The Journal of Arnold Bennett, 1921-1928": "July 8, 1927: Crossing St. James' Square (London) I was accosted by a smart military-bearing man of 60 or so, in white top hat, white waistcoat, etc. 'Arnold Bennett?' 'Yes,' I said. 'And you?' He was the second son of 'B-D-S', late of Hanley. Quite a pleasant encounter. He said I was just like my photos. I didn't like that much."

"July 22, 1927: As I came home on the bus (top), a woman who had climbed up after me said: 'I'm on the wrong bus, and I got on it so that I would travel by the same route as Arnold Bennett.' She was a lady and seemed quite serious. I was quite touched. I talked to her a bit."

What Arnold Bennett calls "the funniest story I have ever heard about a writer," was told to him by Colonel Fitzgibbon, Minnergrove, American author. This is it—as confessed to his "Journal," under date January 11, 1927:

"At d'Annunzio's place, some servants in the north of Italy, the servants have the strictest orders when they meet the master in or about the house, to drop instantly whatever they may be carrying, and to put one hand and

stream over the other. Whatever it is a treaty with classes, etc., must be dropped on the floor. So that now the servants have instituted a private 'berating' system. A man carrying anything is preceded by another, and if the former meets the latter he crosses his arms, and the latter gets quick out of the way."

Which reminds me that d'Annunzio dedicated one of his novels to Anatole France, describing him in the dedication as "one to whom all the faces of Truth and Error smile alike." On reading this, M. France exclaimed: "It's a back stroke, but very skillfully given," and retaliated by telling this story of d'Annunzio.

When the Italian poet's play "La Pizzarelle" was being rehearsed at a Paris theatre a reporter called on the author. As he was taking his departure the interviewer noticed a cameo ring the poet was wearing.

"What an admirable stone!" he exclaimed.

"If you admire it, it is yours," replied d'Annunzio. And immediately removed the ring, he slipped it on to the visitor's finger.

The Reporter, determined to keep this precious memento, but nevertheless wished to know its monetary value. On his way home he entered a lapidary's shop and showed it to the proprietor, who, without troubling to pick up his magnifying glass, remarked: "A piece of glass, worth about four sous."

"From which," said M. France, "I gather that Gabrielle d'Annunzio is an excellent dramatic author."

Wackford Squeers of Dotheboys Hall notoriety is in danger of losing his seat in the Chamber of Horrors. Efforts are evidently being made to transfer him to the Hall of Fame. Not long ago Mr. E. Plummer of London, England, ninety-two years of age, recorded his recollections of Mr. Squeers and Dotheboys Hall, where Mr. Plummer went to school. He didn't exactly give Squeers a clean bill of health, but the fact that any of Squeers's victims should have lived to the ripe old age of ninety-two is a miracle.

Mr. Shaw (the original Mr. Squeers), the master of the school attended by Nicholas Nickleby and young Plummer, was a short, stout man, "always dressed in a dark velvet." Mrs. Shaw used to administer the brimstone and treacle. Now, no less an authority than Sir William Arbuthnot Lane, eminent physician, declares that the only educational who has dealt practically with the habits of school children "was the much abused Mr. Wackford Squeers of Dotheboys Hall. His pupils probably owed long lives and happy ones to his brimstone and treacle both of which are ideal and beneficial."

Snapshots from "World Panorama: 1918-1933" by George Selde: Versailles: At lunch with George Adam (Paris correspondent of the London "Times") the "father of Versailles" was asked by the journalist what he thought of the Fourteen Points. The reply says Selde will bear repeating. "The good God," Clemenceau declared, "had only ten."


Wilson at Milan: A certain Milanese editor wrote a headline: "Welcome to President Wilson in the name of the traditional lies of democracy." But a typographical error made it read "traditional lies of democracy." It was a portent. The writer of the headline was Benito Mussolini.

Austrian surgeons believe they have discovered a cure for rheumatoid arthritis. It consists of an operation equivalent to an artificial fracture of the thigh bone. Test cases have proved that during the healing of the bone the arthritis vanishes.

A man at Lingfield, Surrey, who has been deaf for years, went for an airplane trip. The noise of the engine cured him.

Motor-cars to the number of 5,860 were stolen in the Metropolitan area of London, England, last year.

# You be the judge



## Lessons Learned in A German Garden

May 16th I knew nothing whatever last year about gardening and this year know very little more, but I have drawings of what may be done, and have at least made one great stride—from ipomoea to tea-roses.

The garden was an absolute wilderness. It is all around the house, but the principal part is on the south side and has evidently always been so. The south front is one-storyed, a long series of rooms opening one into the other, and the walls are covered with virginia creeper. There is a little veranda in the middle, leading by a flight of rickety wooden steps down into what seems to have been the only spot in the whole place that was ever cared for. This is a semicircle cut into the lawn and edged with privet, and in this semi-circle are eleven beds of different sizes bordered with box and arranged round a sun-dial, and the sun-dial is very venerable and mossy, and greatly beloved by me. These beds were the only sign of an attempt at gardening to be seen except a solitary crocus that came up all by itself each spring in the grass, not because it wanted to, but because it could not help it), and these I have sown with ipomoea, the whole eleven, having found the German gardening book, as titles was the one thing useful to me, and to which ipomoea in vast quantity the most hideous desert into a paradise. Nothing else in that book was recommended with anything like the same warmth, and being entirely ignorant of the quantity of seed necessary, I bought ten pounds of it and had it sown not only in the eleven beds but round nearly every tree, and then waited in great agitation for the promised paradise to appear. It did not, and I learned my first lesson.

Luckily I had sown two great patches of sweet-peas, which made me very happy all the summer, and then there were some sunflowers and a few hollyhocks under the south window, and Madonna lilies in between. But the lilies, after being transplanted, disappeared, to my great dismay, for how was I to know it was the way of lilies? And the hollyhocks turned out to be rather ugly colours, so that my first summer was decorated and beautified solely by sweet peas.

At present we are only just beginning to breathe after the bustle of getting new beds and borders and paths made in time for this summer. The eleven beds round the sun-dial are filled with roses, but I see already that I have made mistakes with some. As I have not a living soul with whom to hold communion on this or indeed on any matter, my only way of learning is by making mistakes. All eleven were to have been carpeted with purple panicles, but finding that I had not enough and that nobody had any to sell me, only six have got their pansies, the others being sown with dwarf mignonette.

How I long for the day when the tea-roses open their buds. Never did I look forward so intensely to anything, and every day I go the rounds, admiring what the dear little things have achieved in the twenty-four hours in the way of new leaf or increase of lovely red shoot.

The hollyhocks and lilies (now flourishing) are still under the south window in a narrow border on the top of a grass slope, at the foot of which I have sown two long borders of sweet peas facing the rose beds, so that my roses may have something almost as sweet as themselves to look at until the autumn, when everything is to make place for more tea-roses. The path leading away from this semicircle down the garden is bordered with China roses, white and pink, with here and there a Persian Yellow. I wish now I had put tea-roses there, and I have misgivings as to the effect of the Persian Yellows among the Chinas, for the Chinas are such wee little baby as though they intended to be big things, and the Persian Yellows look big.

It was no doubt because I was so ignorant that I rushed in where Ten-tonic angels fear to tread and made my tea-roses face a northern winter; but they did face it under fir branches and not one has suffered, and they are looking to-day as happy and as determined to enjoy themselves as any roses. I am sure, in Europe—From "Elizabeth and Her German Garden." (New York: Macmillan).

Woman Gives Blood to Sick Without Charge

Giving her blood to sick people without charge is Mrs. Fannie Barton's avocation and all the recipients have been strangers save one.

Within four years she has undergone 24 transfusions and only in two instances did she receive remuneration. "I like to do things for people," she said. "It's enough to know that maybe I've helped save someone's life."

Doctors at the University Hospital, Augusta, Georgia, know she will come any hour of the day or night. Within a period of 14 days she gave blood four times.

She never feels any physical reaction. Once she dropped household duties, gave a quart of blood, walked home, cooked supper for 10 people, milked two cows and finished the family washing.

Success is generally due to holding on, and failure to letting go.

## Dinner and Dance

By HELEN WILLIAMS

Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Finished With Ecry Pattern



2619

Today's charming dinner and dance dress delights in its high neckline and slit opening at the back from neck to waistline.

It provides for huge puffed or ruffled sleeves.

You can have the sleeves of white mousseline de soie or of organdie whichever you choose, while the frock itself can be of plain or of printed crepe.

This model can also be carried out in plaid or dotted organdie, so extremely modish.

It is very slimming and therefore suitable to many figures.

Style No. 2619 is designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust.

Size 36 requires 4 1/2 yards 39-inch with 1 1/2 yards 39-inch contrasting.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS. Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Enclose 15c in stamps or coin (coin preferred); wrap it carefully for each number, and address your order to Wilson Pattern Service, 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto.

Twenty-two million rare goldfish, worth \$250,000, were reared and sold on one American fish farm last year. The neighboring farmers stopped breeding ducks, and used their duckponds to rear water fleas to provide the goldfish farm with fish food.

Expecting a Baby? Send for booklet "Baby's Welfare" FREE!

FREE to new mothers—expectant mothers—48 pages on—Care before baby comes. Layette, baby's bath, sleep, bowels, weight. Latest findings on feeding.

Write The Borden Co., Limited, Yardley House, Toronto.

Fit men win Nothing lowers and depresses you more than the poisons of unexpunged constipation. Take ENO'S FRUIT SALT

## Aviation New Field For Women To-day

### Business and Professional Group Also Hears of Radio and Film Opportunities

Chicago—Miss Ruth Nichols, addressing the convention of the National Federation of Business and Professional Women here, declared aviation the latest field for women to venture into as good fun as small remembrance.

Miss Judith Waller, who introduced "Amos and Andy" on the radio, thought there might be more fortune than fun in radio, but Miss Pauline Frederick, who spoke for the silver screen, claimed both fun and fortune for that occupation.

They were speaking at three breakfasts arranged in honor of the new field for women, flying, radio, and the films.

Public library work was put down as a greatly over-crowded field by Miss M. Louise Hunt of Racine, Wis., but Miss L. Ingram Mace of Dwight, Ill., told the social workers group that there is opportunity for women in administrative posts in penal institutions. The law requires a large investment of time and money with poor promise of returns. Miss Lydia Lee of St. Louis stated, but Miss Kathleen P. O'Brien of Battle Creek, Michigan, pointed to credit management as a field in which women are especially well equipped to excel.

The chairman of the hotel and restaurant group was Miss Minnie A. Albert of Chicago, whose two restaurants a few years ago did a business of \$300,000 annually.

She said by Mexican bandits, sent Miss Mamie Ervin of Little Rock, Ark. from secretarial work to the land and irrigation company, where she became accountant and bookkeeper, a field which she represented. While she waited for the rebuilding of the pumping plant, where she "pounded a typewriter" before the bandits came, there came a chance to enter new work and now she serves the agricultural and home economics extension service and the college of agriculture at the University of Kansas.

Miss Mary Isabel Barber, who spoke in the home economics round table cooked and served the first meal ever prepared in a heavier than air plane.

## Exports to U.S. Show Pick-Up

### Very Definite Increase in Agricultural Products Noted

Ottawa—There was a very definite pick-up in the export of Canadian agricultural products to the United States in June, the value of the total being \$54,600, compared with \$217,000 in June, 1932, an increase of \$329,000 or 152 per cent., a report of the Dominion Bureau of Statistics says.

This increase in June follows the smaller advance of nine per cent made in May. In June, 1930, when the Smoot-Hawley tariff came into operation, the export of agricultural products to the United States was \$32,240,000.

The largest item last month was flaxseed at \$218,000, although the duty is 65 cents per bushel. Bran, shorts and middlings totalled \$118,000, the duty being 10 per cent. avoirdupois; horses, under a duty of \$20, were valued at \$25,000; cheese, with a tariff of seven cents per pound, \$4,000; and wool under a tariff of 24 cents 37 cents per pound, \$55,000.

## Montreal Police Head Commends Radio Patrol

Montreal—Since Montreal's police radio patrol car system went into action on full scale last November the average time taken from the time a call for air was put in until the police car reached to a stop at the scene of the crime was two minutes, seven seconds, Fernand Dufresne, director of Montreal police department, told members of the Quebec Police and Fire Chiefs' Association at their annual convention here.

Director Dufresne said that since the radio cars were put into operation there has been a marked decrease in minor crimes. From Nov. 5 to July 9 Montreal's radio patrols have answered 28,451 calls, arrested 401 persons, recovered 129 stolen automobiles and searched 1,477 suspicious characters.

He explained that Montreal was divided for radio patrol purposes into 14 districts with a car for each district, each car working 24 hours with different crews.

## Amelia Putnam Breaks Own Cross-Country Record

Newark, N.J.—"Dirtier than ever before" to use her own expression, Amelia Earhart Putnam, with a new women's transcontinental record in hand, brought her red monoplane down at Newark Airport at 5:19 a.m. (eastern daylight time) last week, 17 hours, 7 1/2 minutes after she left Los Angeles.

Her former record was 19 hours and 4 minutes. She flew at an altitude of between 6000 and 8000 feet, and rounded several thunder storms. She attributed the success of her flight in a great measure to her variable pitch propeller which, she said, gave her greater speed and an easier take-off and enabled her to get the maximum speed in the air. She estimated the elapsed time of her stops at two hours and a half.

Red-haired girls are to be all the rage this year, according to the Massachusetts League of Hairdressers. But the red heads must not be too red—just a ruddy coppery brown.

Five out of every six lieutenant commanders of the Royal Navy must face the prospect of being "shelved" before the age of forty.

## White House Pet Undergoes Operation



The police dog which nipped Premier Bennett on his recent visit to Washington was operated on for the removal of three large cysts. Dr. Weadon, Washington surgeon, performed.