

5 June 17

The PURPLE MASK

by Grace Guard
Novelized from the Motion Picture Play of the Same Name by the Universal Film Mfg. Co.

FIFTH EPISODE

Ablaze in Mid-Air.

The loose planking that had been carelessly nailed to form the floor that separated Pat from the room below, rattled under the girl's feet as she hurried to the rescue of Phil Kelly, who was struggling against odds in the room below. With feverish haste the girl grasped the edge of the board, forcing her fingers through the wide cracks that separated the planks, one from the other.

She could hear Kelly's wild shouts for help, coming to her from the room below. The ominous swish of the tails of a score of alligators as they struggled in the water to reach their hapless victim, added a note of extreme terror to the situation.

Kelly's hands and fingers were bleeding from his mad work, trying to save himself from falling into the tank of water among the alligators.

Jacques, who had followed Pat up the rickety stairs where she had run in the hope of finding a means of rescuing the Sphinx, added his efforts to the girl's eager struggles.

"Hold on for your life," Pat called down to the detective. "I'll not see you eaten alive if my efforts can prevent it."

While Jacques worked with his strong hands, Pat scurried about the room in which she suddenly found herself, and discovered a piece of rope. As a gift from the gods she pounced upon the rope, and by using short pieces of planking to pry the boards loose Jacques soon made a hole in the floor large enough to accommodate Kelly's body.

When they had drawn Kelly far enough to permit him to help himself by reaching up to grasp the planks and rafters, Pat shouted to Jacques: "You stay and see him out of his trouble. I'm going to disappear."

It was the next day before Kelly could reach Pat on the phone and ask permission to call upon her. And then the girl put him off with a series of excuses that exasperated him.

"I can't understand why you will not let me call and thank you for saving my life, Miss Pat," Kelly finally said over the phone.

"The truth is, if you must know, I don't require any thanks. It was just the logical action of one human being toward another in distress," said the girl.

"But your action puzzles me—" Kelly started to continue.

"And that's just what I have set out to do," interrupted the girl, "to keep you guessing and make you prove that what your admirers say about your being the greatest detective in all Europe is true."

Before Kelly could continue the conversation Pat had terminated his opportunity by hanging up the receiver. "I'll make Mr. Kelly regret the day he snubbed me," she said to herself, as she lit a cigarette and languidly dropped upon the divan.

Mrs. Van Nuy interrupted her reverie by entering Pat's boudoir and announcing: "We are invited to the Crosbys to-night, my dear. They are giving a party and want you and me to attend," said Mrs. Van Nuy.

Further regret that he had been rude to her.

Taking up her pen, Pat wrote a note, in disguised hand, informing Kelly that there would be a great display of jewels at the Crosby fete, and asking that he attend to protect the valuables.

"There will be one jewel, almost priceless, that the Apaches are planning to get. We hear you are a great detective and suggest that you take measures to prevent the robbery."

When the Sphinx received the communication, from the hands of one of the messengers Jacques sent at Pat's command, the detective wrinkled his brow, as he contemplated the scrawl.

"This girl is defying me again. Her conduct is a mystery—but I'll not take the jibes of a girl and do nothing to resent them," he muttered to himself.

Calling two of his assistants he instructed them to have men enough scattered through the Crosby grounds that evening to cope successfully with any emergency.

Meanwhile Pat had been in consultation with Jacques and had outlined her plans for the Crosby affair.

"There is a man from the aviation corps who wants to join our band," Jacques informed the girl leader of the Apaches, "but we have told him we must first gain your sanction."

Pat thought for a moment, knitting her beautiful brow as she carefully considered what Jacques had said. Finally, as if resolved upon her plans of action, she said:

"Get him and bring him here before this evening. I have something for him to do and if he stands the test we will have a valuable addition to our forces." Jacques bowed in a silent promise to do as he was bidden.

Larry De Saint was one of the most fearless aviators in the army corps. His venturesome spirit had led him to the Apaches. When he visited Pat and explained his motive, the girl leader remarked:

"You will find plenty of excitement with us, and if you wish to join, we will let you start this very evening. Jacques will go into the detail with you, but we will want to use your airplane this evening." And the Pat turned De Saint over to Jacques for final instructions.

The beautiful girl had gone so far in her strange adventures, that she was now infatuated with the excitement—and she was also fulfilling her promise, to herself, that Kelly should be made to suffer humiliation. Then, too, her aunt's charity found needed constant replenishing, and the most gage Jakobski held on the Orphans Home had not been disposed of.

"You must not insist on knowing where I get the money, or how I get it, auntie dear," Pat said to Mrs. Van Nuy. "I have a method of collecting that is unusual, I will admit, but I am not going to divulge the secret."

Jacques drove Pat to the hangar where De Saint kept his airplane that afternoon and the girl looked over the ground to familiarize herself with the situation. She said to De Saint:

"I have come out to get the lay of the land, so I will know how to get here sometime when I'm in a hurry. Jacques has told you what we expect of you to-night, and I can promise you plenty of excitement," she continued.

"You may depend upon me to obey orders, Miss Pat," said the aviator. "Be in the air above the Crosby grounds by ten o'clock this evening, and await my signals," said the girl as she entered her automobile and hurried to her home.

The Crosby mansion and estate were a scene of brilliancy. Pat's Apaches were well distributed throughout the grounds, where they could see and not be seen.

Phil Kelly had sent his own men to the Crosby grounds, warning them to be on the lookout for the Apaches and likewise to be ready for prompt action in any emergency. The Sphinx came in his automobile and had the machine parked where it would be easy of access in a hurry call.

The Housewife's Corner

Canning Rhubarb.

Rhubarb may be successfully canned without cooking. Peel the stems and slice as usual, filling the jar and placing it under the water faucet, allow the cold water to run over the rhubarb, which is packed until every crevice is filled. The jar is then sealed and stored in a cool, dark place. It must not be moved or disturbed until it is opened. The rhubarb is sweetened when the jar is opened for use.

The customary method of canning rhubarb is to pack it as tightly as possible into a jar. Fill the jar to overflowing with a hot heavy syrup made of twice as much sugar as water and cooked until the syrup forms a thread when dropped from a spoon. Adjust the rubber and lid, but do not seal the jar. Sterilize the jar for fifteen minutes, set on a rack in covered pan of boiling water. The water in the pan should come to within an inch of the top of the jar. Seal the jar, remove it from the water, invert on a cloth and allow it to cool.

Another plan is to place a layer of sugar half an inch deep in a pint jar, then a layer of rhubarb of equal depth, alternating in this way until the jar is filled, having a layer of sugar on top. Adjust the rubber and the lid, and sterilize the jar in boiling water, as previously directed, for twenty-five minutes. Seal the jar remove it from the water, invert it and allow it to cool. This makes a richer sauce than the previous method described.

Notes on Preserving Cherries.

All jars and glasses used to store fruit and vegetables in for future use must be sterilized. To sterilize place the jars and glasses in a large boiler and cover with cold water. Bring to a boil. Boil for three minutes, then drain and use at once. Plenty of clean dish cloths are needed while preserving.

Sterilize the rubbers by pouring boiling water over them. This will enable them to stick on the jar easily. Sterilize the lids with the jars. To use the soft and bruised fruit, stem and stone the cherries, removing all blemishes then wash well, to remove all dust and dirt. Place in a preserving kettle and cover with cold water. Bring to a boil and cook slowly until very soft. Strain, then bottle in sterilized bottles. Place in hot water bath and process for fifteen minutes after the boiling starts.

Seal with corks and then dip the tops of the bottles into parowax. Sugar may be added or this juice may be sweetened when used. It may be used in place of grape juice on mince meat and for puddings, or for making jelly when needed during the winter.

Spiced Cherries:—One pound brown sugar, four pounds cherries, one-half cupful vinegar, one cupful water, one stick cinnamon, one teaspoonful blade mace, one-fourth teaspoonful whole cloves, one-half teaspoonful whole allspice, one bay leaf. Place in cheesecloth bag. Pour the cherries into sterilized jars; place the rubber and lid in position and then process in hot water bath for ten minutes after the boiling starts. Remove and then seal and store.

A Test to Use to Try Jellies:—Lift some of the jelly on a spoon, and then pour back to the kettle slowly; if it is cooked sufficiently it will flake from the spoon. Then remove from the fire, pour into sterilized glasses and cover with parowax. Store in the usual manner.

Preserving Eggs.

A five gallon jar will hold fifteen dozen eggs. This is a good size to use in preserving eggs in water glass.

Preserve only absolutely fresh eggs; stale eggs will not keep. Eggs that sink when placed in fresh water are sufficiently fresh. Do not preserve dirty eggs or eggs that have been washed. Washed eggs will not keep, because the protective gelatinous coating has been removed by the washing, and dirty eggs will become tainted in flavor.

Do not leave the eggs in the preservative longer than one year. Eggs that are in good condition when removed from the water glass solution will usually remain good for two weeks.

Eggs preserved in water glass can be kept a year and these eggs are as good for all cooking purposes as fresh eggs. Cover the eggs with fully two inches of water glass. Be sure that the water glass is fully two inches above the top layer of eggs. Cover the jars to prevent evaporation. Keep the jars where they will be undisturbed.

Use nine parts of boiled water, after it has cooled, to one part of water glass. One quart of liquid glass will cover fifteen dozen eggs.

To Improve Your Kitchen.

Put casters on your work-table and move it about wherever it is most convenient. Have plenty of hooks in various convenient places; also a memorandum-pad to jot things down.

A mixture of kerosene and soap applied once a week will keep a porcelain sink bright. Linoleum is very popular for a

wood floor covering. Coat it with a good varnish or paint and renew once a year. Never wash it with soap. Use an oiled mop or wipe it with water and oil to keep it from cracking. A yard of picture-moulding nailed to the wall near the stove, with two lengths of picture-wire, four or five inches apart, parallel with the moulding, will hold hot pots. On the nails at the end hang hot dish-lifters or holders. If your kitchen table has a shelf, cut an eight-inch hole in one end and stand a pail underneath on the shelf; when you are preparing vegetables, all peelings and refuse may go through the hole into the pail. Have a high stool for work and a rocking-chair for rest.

Note: A course in Domestic Science will commence next week in this Department. It will consist of twenty-five lessons, and it would be an excellent plan to paste them in a scrap-book for future use.

TREATMENT OF WOUNDS.

Modern Use of Antiseptics Saves Many Precious Lives.

Since the days of Lister, the famous English surgeon who taught the world the antiseptic treatment of wounds, such injuries have become far less dangerous to life. Formerly it was to be expected that wounds, whether produced by accident or by the knife of the surgeon, would suppurate and give trouble before the healing process could begin. Then came Lister with his theory that absolute antiseptics was possible, and his discovery that the formation of pus in a wound was always the result of infection and might be prevented.

In former times infection was often the result of carelessness on the part of the surgeon or the nurses, but no one realized that fact because no other result was considered as possible. But the medical profession long ago recognized the absolute truth of Lister's words, "Clean wounds heal up; unclean wounds suppurate and refuse to heal."

The awful war that is now raging in Europe has brought benefits to humanity as well as loss, and one of those benefits is the tremendous advance in surgery—an advance that in ordinary times would have taken many years. The wounds in modern warfare are so frightful, so destructive and so disfiguring that the surgeons have been stimulated to devise extraordinary methods of remedy. Many of the worst wounds are of the head and face, and the results of the remedial surgery in such cases are almost miraculous.

The antiseptic treatment of wounds has also taken great strides. Physicians have found that they can bring about healing in wounds that formerly they would have thought to be hopeless. The improved treatment is largely the work of a French surgeon, formerly resident in New York, Dr. Carrel, who not only makes a wound clean but keeps it so by subjecting it to a constant stream of some suitable antiseptic fluid, which bathes the entire wounded surface for days at a time. The treatment has not only saved much disfigurement but it has actually preserved many lives that in previous wars would have been lost.

THE MEASURE OF A MAN.

What Constitutes True Manhood in Times Like These.

The measure of a man is not his courage in combating immediate danger, writes Edwin Balmer, in the Philadelphia Ledger. The cornered rat will turn and fight for his life as desperately as the lion or as the bravest of beasts, man. The measure of a man is his intelligence in foreseeing and forestalling the destruction which threatens him and his.

We are at war because the most intelligent and best informed of our people have become convinced that Hohenzollern triumph would imperil us; the acts of our enemy, from the invasion of Belgium to the murder of noncombatants and neutrals being perpetrated during the moment you read this, more than suffice to convince any intelligent man that we must act vigorously and at once.

The man who does not either enroll himself or his dollars against the enemy is not only unpatriotic, he is unintelligent; he is not only cowardly, he is stupid. He confesses either to atavistic political thought or total lack of imagination.

The man who enlists for service and the man, who, unable to lend himself, lends his dollars, enrolls himself among the intelligent and foresighted, among those able to turn and fight for themselves before being forced into a corner.

Berries should be hauled in a spring wagon to your market or shipping station. If your wagon isn't that kind, buy a pair of bolster springs and use them. Two more hints: Don't forget to cover the load of berries to keep out sun, dust and insects, and don't drive too fast.

22 POUNDS OF SUGAR A "HOARD"

To Keep it in London, American Women Gets Store License.

There is a woman of prominence in the American colony in London who holds a Government license as a shopkeeper. Her store technically is the kitchen of her beautiful house in the fashionable section of Harrow.

It happened this way: The woman had to get the license in order to retain a present of twenty-two pounds of sugar sent by a relative in the United States—two eleven pound parcels post packages sent because of the fear in America that the people in England were suffering for want of sweets.

"Have you a license?" asked an English post office inspector when the packages arrived.

"A license?" returned the American woman, puzzled. "A license? What for?"

"To receive the sugar which has been shipped to you from America,"

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The "immaculate white" characteristic of hospitals has been found fatiguing to the eye by British surgeons, and for this reason a number of British hospitals are being fitted up entirely in green, as the color is restful and offers no sharp contrast to the colors of the wound surfaces.



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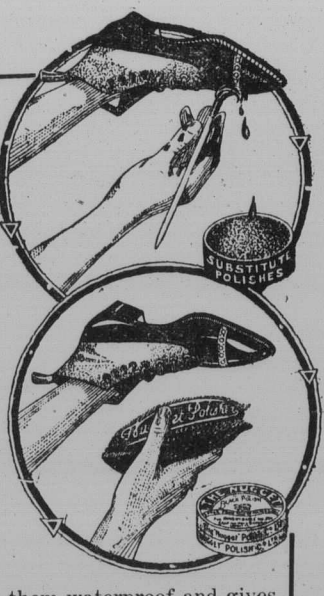
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