

# "The Masked Hostess"

by BLAIR STEVENSON

**CHAPTER XVI**  
Five in the morning had come before the fun began to dwindle. Then Stefano, noticing first of any one—for he had been waiting for it—that the ebb of the merrymaking was setting in, glanced toward the leader of the gaucho band and the man, with his crew behind him, rose from where he sat and led them out into the grounds and away, the beat and strum of their instruments dying as they were gathered into the silence of the fir trees.

"Spill sport," cried the girl Stefano had retrieved from the regions upstairs. "Quite so," he called back to her, "but come have an egg with me, what?"

At once his servants began setting up bridge tables with snowy cloths and heated plates upon them. Coffee urns were brought in, along with eggs, muffins, lamb kidneys, chops, and racks of toast. And more trays of mixed and compounded drinks for who-ever regarded coffee as flat and unprofitable or considered that he or she required a hair of the dog.

"Old Ramon does himself well," remarked a sleek haired blonde girl and tossed down a cocktail. "Now this is what I call the real simple life in country wilds. Cocktails for breakfast. All right—what are cocktails for? Say Stefano I'm coming back tonight and have you shake me some more."

Stefano got right up in his place and clattered a fork against his plate for attention. "Corking idea. And so is everybody. What say henceforward we make it open house? Continuous spinning around? Mark me all of you—from tonight on. I don't even call one of you up. Every night at midnight sharp I'm here and so will be the band. Don't write, don't telegraph, just romp in. That understood?"

A storm of acclamation and applause greeted him. More trays of liquors were brought in. A girl beside Nathalie turned to her. "Where—tell me because I want to go there—do you South Americans get your money? Does it just ooze out of the ground in the Argentine or does it rain down on you there during the rainy season?"

"Don't be silly pretty Polly," a young man beside her cut in. "It'll ooze out of the ground right here in Long Island if you know the right spot to dig and watch it."

"Where?" demanded the girl, laughing. "That'd be telling," he replied. "I'll tell you after it's oozed and I've grabbed it all. He spoke a little slowly and with a funny solemnity for he had looked long and lovingly on many silver trays.

"Monty's dreaming again. Poor old Monty," said the girl and turned to Nathalie again. "He's as poor as a rat—but of course you wouldn't know. He and his people are land poor. They own a lot of perfectly useless land that Monty's grandfather bought all around Long Island years ago and every time Monty gets spiffed he thinks somebody's going to pay millions for it. He has to sell the last pony he owned last week to help pay the taxes on a perfectly hopeless tract of land right next to this. My dear that reminds me—do you by any possible chance know Nathalie Van Slaek or who she is?"

Nathalie shook her head, not trusting herself to speak. The girl went on: "She's another tragedy. This place is hers and it's much worse to own than Monty's because there's a house on it and the taxes are higher because of that. Someone said the other day that she's going to lose it, which convinces me it must be utterly worthless. If there was any value to it anywhere a perfectly merciless aunt she has—Mrs. Pemberton Swayne who is positively filthy with money but a born gold-digger nevertheless—would manage to find out about it and get the place away from Nathalie for a song. But she doesn't seem to want it so I guess it's just a mess."

Monty, sleeping between drinks, woke up for a fresh one in time to overhear the name of Mrs. Swayne. "She's Shwayne," he said. "Don't you be afraid of Miss Swayne. I'm behind you."

"He means," explained the girl Polly, "that Mrs. Swayne has been trying to marry one of her girls to Stefano and that when she hears about you she'll go insane with rage. She'll even make some night, too. The moment she hears about you—which she's sure to because everybody'll be talking about you by tomorrow—she'll come charging in. Now, my dear, I'm telling you this because I think you're perfectly heavenly with a name like Nathalie. Lay off her, Senora. She's an ill one to cross. I know. And it's cocksure she'll be in here for the rest of her life."

"Polly's perfectly right. Lay off her, Senora. She's an ill one to cross. I know. And it's cocksure she'll be in here for the rest of her life." Nathalie went slowly upstairs and into her suite guarded by its steel door. She thought of John Sloan as she looked out at the fir trees crowding to within a foot of her window. She told herself she would write him after she had slept. But as her head touched the pillow it was the image of Stefano, handsome and debonair in his imitable raiment, which rose before her as she drifted off to sleep.

Yet it was Sloan that Nathalie thought at once when she awakened late that afternoon. The sighing black green boughs of the fir outside her windows reminded her of him irresistibly. Mrs. Swayne associated with him in her mind because of his declaration of love for her on that night—only two nights ago—when he and she waited in his car for Stefano in the road outside, would remind her of him always.

The chiming clock on her mantle struck musically and she turned to it and noted the time—a quarter to seven. (To be continued tomorrow.)

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## Face \$140,000 Customs Fine



(Left to right) Ann Storrs, Mrs. Frank V. Storrs and Carolyn Storrs on the S. S. Berengaria as they returned to New York from Europe. Mrs. Storrs faces customs fines and penalties of from \$140,000 to \$160,000 on undeclared clothing and jewels seized when she came to New York from Paris. The seizure is the largest made by Customs officials and involves allegedly undeclared jewelry worth \$65,000 and clothing between \$8,000 and \$9,000.

The police frankly declare they do not believe her, but have no motive with which to confront her and break down her statements.

## Home-Making Helps

**By ELEANOR ROSS.**  
*Vegetables as Decoration.*  
We thought Helen amusingly eccentric, when she used vegetables instead of fruit as table decorations for her luncheons. But Helen had a theory—and the results were lovely to behold.  
"Why stick to fruits for decoration, when vegetables provide a much wider range of color?" she demanded. "You can choose from all the colors of the rainbow among vegetables, and much more interesting shapes, too. Orange and yellow carrots, purple eggplant, scarlet tomatoes, green cucumbers—and on and on. There are all the delightful fantastic shapes and textures. Quaint squash in white or yellow or striped effects—graceful spears of asparagus, and to give a fine natural touch, a few fresh mushrooms in a bed of moss. Give me a hand—some white cauliflower with its natural wreath for a centerpiece—much more refreshing than any waxy-looking oranges and polished apples."  
And recently this idea seems to be spreading—in fact at a horticultural exhibition one of the best attractions was a centerpiece for a luncheon table—a beautiful deep blue bowl containing perfect tomatoes in a bed of assorted edible salad plants.  
Striking but most cheerful effects are obtained by combining some of the beautifully colored vegetables with fruits. Tomatoes and white grapes are a challenging decoration. One skirted in arrangement of perfectly celery and combine them cleverly with shapely green cucumbers, red peppers, perfect yellow bananas, into a delightful and attractive ensemble—a great relief from stereotyped fruit centerpieces.

## LYNCHING IS URGED FOR WOMAN SLAYER

CAMDEN, N. J., Nov. 12.—(AP)—Gladys May Parks, also known as Mrs. Baker, charged with killing one child and suspected of slaying another Monday re-enacted how she buried the children in different parts of New Jersey and incidentally witnessed the wrath of a group of women who cried out "lynch her."  
At National Park, after Miss Parks had shown how she had disposed of one child's body, she was startled when the women, who made up a crowd of 1,000, surrounded the police automobile in which she was and shouted threats against her.  
"Give her what she gave those poor children," one cried. Another with a bunch of flowers in her hand, shouted "kill her and I'll put these on her."  
The accused woman, well protected by policemen and detectives, was never in serious danger.  
Tonight Miss Parks was again in the Camden county jail, still holding to her story that Dorothy Rogers, 4, and her brother, Timothy, 2, came to their deaths by accident.

## CIVIC LEADER TRIED ON MURDER COUNT

AUSTIN, Texas, Nov. 12.—(AP)—Shaking convulsively at intervals in the Travis county jail, John W. Brady, one-time judge of the third court of civil appeals and a leader in the civic, religious and official affairs of Texas, awaited tonight the process of the law he so often expounded. Against him is a charge that he fatally stabbed Mrs. Elnia Highsmith, stenographer for the supreme court commissioner of appeals, late Saturday night.  
While attorneys from many parts of the state sent offers of assistance to the gray-haired, broken man of 57, who sits behind the bars that once confined the noted writer, O. Henry, it seemed likely that the accused man would not get a preliminary hearing on the murder charge until the latter part of the week.  
Brady's counsel stoutly maintains that his client has no recollection of having killed anyone, but said that the attorney drank heavily of liquor after he attended a football game Saturday. Jail attaches said Brady appeared to be in a daze when he was taken to jail.  
Miss Highsmith died early Sunday morning, an hour after she had been stabbed. Her attacker accosted her in front of her apartment shortly after she had alighted from an automobile in which she had been riding with an Austin salesman.

## Seattle Prof Real Grid Fan Records Show

SEATTLE, Nov. 12.—(AP)—Here's one professor who likes his football.  
Twenty-three years ago William M. Dehn, professor of organic chemistry at the University of Washington, attended his first coast conference game in which Captain Enoch Bagshaw led the Huskies. Last Saturday he witnessed the Washington-Stanford clash, Bagshaw's last home game as coach.  
Dehn insists he is the only member of the university faculty who has attended every game in which Washington has played for the last 23 years, having seen 134 tilts.

## DEFECTIVE HEARING A BARRIER TO PROGRESS

Dr. Copeland Decries the Belief of Some Parents That Deafness in Children Is Inevitable—Early Care Will Often Effect a Cure.

**By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M.D.**  
United States Senator from New York.  
Former Commissioner of Health, New York City.  
THERE is a "week" for this and another for that. "Apple Week," "Clean-up Week"—you know all about such weeks.  
Last Spring there was observed the first of the "National Hearing" weeks. This was devoted largely to the children and was intended to point out the significance of deafness as a handicap in child life.  
It has been difficult to overcome the inertia of the public. Deafness has been accepted as inevitable. It is common to hear about deafness in children. "It will be outgrown." "It is useless to attempt a cure."  
When we find out this defect is widespread, then it is we become alarmed about it. At the suggestion of the Bureau of Education of the U. S. Department of the Interior, certain surveys were undertaken to find out something approaching the facts. The report is astonishing and disconcerting. It shows that in the United States alone there are more than three million children who have impaired hearing. That is terrible!

Of course there are different degrees of deafness. It may be so slight as to be unsuspected by the child. But sooner or later it becomes a positive barrier to progress.

No one need be told what disadvantages are suffered by a deaf child. His education is affected, of course. Serious economic and social problems are created.  
Deafness has a distressing effect upon the disposition. Many a deaf child becomes morose and retiring. He cannot hear his teacher. His contacts with other children are made difficult or impossible. In school, he lags in his classes and pretty soon drops out of school.  
But now his troubles have started. Deafness is a dreadful handicap for one who must earn a living. Employment is hard to get and harder to keep.  
Perhaps the best advice I can give in this brief article, is to advise that every child suspected of deafness be given a careful examination by somebody competent to determine exactly what is wrong. It is by neglect that the ailment grows serious. In its beginning it may well be that appropriate treatment will bring about full recovery.  
Deafness is an embarrassment to the afflicted, to his family and associates. It should be overcome if possible. I am glad there are organizations like the Los Angeles League for the Hard of Hearing, organizations spreading information intended to help in the prevention and relief of deafness.

**Answers to Health Queries**  
M. S. P. R. Q.—What is the normal blood pressure of a woman of 45?  
A.—Is there danger when a heart beats out of rhythm?  
A.—The blood pressure in this case should be about 135 or so but may vary a few points in either direction without causing alarm.  
A.—There may be an examination will determine what is wrong and what treatment is advisable.  
C. V. Q.—What will increase the height in a boy of 19 years of age?  
A.—Nothing can be done. You will probably grow until you are 21.  
M. D. Q.—What can be done for itching scalp and gray hair in a girl of 19?  
A.—The itching is probably due to dandruff. Nothing can be done to

## POLLY AND HER PALS



## "Paw Always Was Strong for the 'Males'"



## "The Road to Riches"



## By CLIFF STERRETT

## TILLIE, THE TOILER



## "One of the Family"



## By BEN BATSFORD

## By RUSS WESTOVER

## LITTLE ANNIE ROONEY



## "Fair Exchange Is No Robbery"



## By JIMMY MURPHY

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## TOOTS AND CASPER



## "Fair Exchange Is No Robbery"



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