Woman's Realm / Social and Personal / Fashions / Literature

How to Hold Your Wife | **Dorothy Dix** | Don't Take Her for Granted

Just a Lot of Common Sense With a Dash of Tact and a Little Lovemaking Will Work Wonders in Keeping the Little Wife Happy

The least of every married man's troub'es is retaining his wife's affections and keeping her glad she married him. That is something he doesn't worry over because he entertains the comfortable conviction that once a woman loves a man she goes on loving him because she is built that way and can't help herself. Besides, no matter how bald and paunchy he gets, nor how grouchy he becomes, he is certain he is the answer to any wife's prayer for a husband.

Nevertheless, women do lose their taste for their husbands, as is amply proved by the divorce statistics and by the number of peevish, fretful, disgruntled wives who take out their disappointment at having got the wrong man by running up bills at the specialty shops and slacking on their housekeeping.

So it is money in a husband's pocket and peace in his home and good food on the table for him to keep his wife in love with him and on her tiptoes trying to please him. Here are a few suggestions about how to do it::

First. Never climb down off of your pedestal. There is a lot of sound psychology in the old theory that the man should be the head of the house. In her heart every wife wants to look up to her husband and feel that he is wiser and stronger than she is. This is true even if she is bossy by nature herself. She may have a pitying maternal affection for the weakling she dominates, but no woman ever really loves a man who lets her henpeck him. So when Maria begins telling you where you get off, correcting your grammar and pronunciation, picking out your clothes for you and supervising your diet, it is time to pull some caveman stuff, unless you want to become one o. those poor creatures who are nothing but a cash register to their wives.

Second. Don't cut out the lovemaking as soon as you get married. It is like taking candy away from a child. There is nothing in the marriage ceremony that automatically cures a girl's vanity and desire to be told how beautiful and wonderful she is, and that she is the ONLY woman in the world to the man she loves. If every husband would pay his wife even one compliment a day and give her one kiss that wasn't a perfunctory peck on the cheek, it would stop divorce.

Third. Don't take your wife for granted. Wives are not mind-readers and they cannot know that they are their husbands' Dream Girls unless they mention the fact occasionally. It is silly for wives to want their husbands to say it in words instead of deeds, but if it will make them happy why not give them what they want? Nothing is cheaper than salve or returns a higher percentage to the user.

Fourth. Show your wife some appreciation. Don't forget that you are audience, her public, and that the only reward she gets for much of her work is getting the glad hand from you. You know how discouraging it is to work for an employer who is quick to criticize, but who never hands you a word of praise. It takes the heart out of you and makes you ask what's the use.

So if you want your wife to think it is worth while being a real helpmeet, don't be niggardly in your commendation. If you want her to be thrifty, tell her what a grand little penny-pincher she is. If you want her to be a good cook, tell her that her dinners are feasts for Lucullus. If you want some personal freedom, compare her broadmindedness with the tyranny of other wives who are their husbands' jailers. The infallible recipe for closing a wife's eyes and silencing her tongue is to kiss them shut.

Fifth. Don't be a tightwad. Whatever you have to give to your wife, be it much or little, give it freely and make her feel that you wish it was more. Give her an allowance, because it humiliates a woman to have to ask her husband for every penny as if she were a beggar, and it infuriates her for him to dole out pennies to her and make her account for every cent when she has earned it over and over by her labor in the house.

Don't row over the bills and act as if she was responsible for little Johnny having to have his adenoids out and meat going up. There is nothing that kills a wife's affection for her husband so quickly as for him to be stingy. She will forgive him for loving a platinum blonde sooner than for loving the lady on the dollar too much. But we will continue this subject another day.

DOROTHY DIX.

Household Scrapbook

(By ROBERTA LEE)

USES FOR SALT

Salt water is excellent as a throat gargle. It is also an effective spray for catarrhal infections. Salt is a wonderful tooth powder and aids greatly in making the gums more firm. Salt used generously in the water will both cool and rest the tired feet.

AN EBONY FINISH

If it is desired to obtain an ebony finish, try the following method: First use a coat of vermilion flat paint; then a coat of black paint that has already been mixed with a small amount of Chinese glue. Finish with a coat of rubbing varnish.

CAULIFLOWER

Cauliflower will not darken when being boiled if a slice of lemon is added to the water.

BEFORE WASHING

It is much easier to measure the curtains before laundering them, so you will know the size to which they should be stretched, than trying to measure the window frames and allowing for this and that. Remember to do this before putting the curtains in the suds.

Crochet Cap and Gloves by Mayfair

MAYFAIR NO. 393

Lacy crochet gloves are so cool and fresh made in colors to match or contrast with your summer togs—add a smartly styled calot made of the same airy mesh and you are ready to go motoring, to the country club or to dash about town. The calot may be made of gold or silver threads for evening, or of raffia or chenille for day time. Remove the "top-Knot" and add flowers or a velvet bow for more formal occasions.

The pattern includes easy-to-follow instructions for making the gloves in sizes 6, 6½, 7, 7½ and for making the calot; also diagrams of stitches and material requirements.

For complete pattern and instructions for all of these designs, send 20 cents in stamps or coin (coin preferred) to The Charlottetown Guardian Needlework Department.

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DAUGHTER OF EXILE

By ALEXANDER CAMPBELL

CHAPTER XXII
GENERAL MITCHELL VISITS "THE LILIE"

General Mitchell stood on Gallows Hill, where they had hanged murderers in bygone days, taking them high up so that they could feast their eyes for the last time on the island, north, south, east and west. He looked with brooding eyes at the town spread at his feet.

It lay exposed like a model community made from toy bricks. It was on a slope, and steep streets ran down from the top of the water's edge. The general could see a diminutive horse and cart crawling down one of the streets. The spires of many churches, built of grey stone, pierced the morning sky. Farther to the general's right a broad boulevard, with the Town Hall of red stone at one end of it, faced the sea. The quays spread out into the bay like the ribs of a fan. They were piled with barrels, and lorries were busy loading and unloading more. From the round, red fish market came the ringing of a bell, summoning the buyers. Out in the bay itself, a few pleasure craft lay peacefully at anchor. Goat Island glistened like an emerald set in the blue.

Halford, Mitchell was now convinced was Wolff's tool. Halford might lead him to Wolff at last, if all else failed.

He rose and retraced his footsteps, down the hill to the winding sea road, and back over the little wooden bridge. He did not enter his hotel at once, but walked on down the street. It had occurred to him that the doctor he had sent to attend to Heinrich might have returned by now. He wanted to know how Heinrich was.

He came in sight of the doctor's house and stopped abruptly. Then he turned away, and leaning on the stone wall which overlooked the little creek seemed to become absorbed in the antics of the yellow-billed sea-gulls on the flat stretch of mud below.

The doctor's car stood outside the house. A man had just climbed out of it, and was leaning over the side talking to the doctor. The man was Halford.

Halford turned with a nod and a wave —he was, in fact, expressing his thanks —and the general prepared to move. Halford walked swiftly down the street towards the centre of the town. The general walked after him.

The town was busy. Mitchell blessed the crowds, and especially the big-bellied buses which blocked the narrow thoroughfare. He was able to dodge behind them whenever Halford turned his head.

But Halford did not look round often, and, when he did, he betrayed no interest in the pedestrians. He was walking swiftly and purposefully. He seemed to be making for some definite goal. There was a certain tautness about his gait which spoke of determination to fulfil a mission.

Mitchell grew keenly interested. Wolff, of course, would want to know what has been happening at the House of the Birds. Perhaps Halford was on his way to meet his master now.

Halford turned abruptly when he reached the Town Hall, to his right, along the broad boulevard facing the sea. He was making for the quays.

And now his gait seemed to slow down. He appeared to hesitate, then pushed grudgingly on, as thought what lay ahead was not to his liking, but had to be gone through with. Mitchell's interest passed into excitement.

They were in the open now, and there were no more buses. The general dropped behind. But the precaution was hardly necessary. Halford did not once glance round.

Halford swung on to the quay. The general crossed the road and leaned over the sea dyke. He was able to watch Halford's movements without going any closer.

He saw Halford slow up where the masts of an anchored trawler showed above the level of the quay. Halford bent down and gripped the top of an iron ladder. He went down until he was out of sight, on to the deck of the fishing boat.

Mitchell let a few minutes pass. Then he strolled on. He turned on to the quay and slowly approached the side. His air was that of a casual tourist.

He glanced down at the length of the boat below him. Smoke emerged lazily from the funnel. There was no one on deck. He strolled on. The name painted on the bow was Lilie.

He walked on, to the edge of the quay and gazed across the bay. All around him men were shovelling herring into barrels and pouring rough salt on the fish. The air was filled was the soft accents of the Gaelic tongue. It was broad daylight. Nothing much could happen to him here.

He made up his mind. Walking back he went down the iron ladder and stepped lightly on to the deck of the trawler.

He glanced up. The wooden boards of the quay creaked under the tramp of many feet, and the weight of barrels being trundled about. A single cry, if the need arose would bring him instant help. There was nothing to fear.

Still nobody emerged on the deck of the boat to challenge the intruder.

"I WANT THE SKIPPER"

Mitchell walked bodly along the deck and descended cramped wooden steps into the interior of the ship.

He found himself in a narrow passage. At one end was a door, and from behind it came the sound of men's voices

Mitchell walked softly towards the door. He had almost touched it when the door opened, and a man came out. He was dressed in a rought blue jersey and big sea boots. He started back as he saw Mitchell. Then he came forward with a scowl.

"What do you want?"

He spoke in German.

Mitchell answered in the same language.

"I want to see the skipper of this boat."

The man stared at him. There was fear in his eyes. Then he turned and walked through the door. Mitchell did not wait. He followed close on the man's heels.

A bearded fellow with a battered-looking face and a neck like a bull jumped up from the table on which a meal had been set. He glared at Mitchell.

Mitchell said: "You the skipper of this tub?"

"Ja," said the man. He wiped his thick lips with the back of a hairy hand. 'What d'you want?"

Mitchell played for time.

"A friend of mine came aboard a few minutes ago. Name of Halford. I want to see him."

The bearded man half crouched, and his big hands slowly curled into fists.

"Halford?" he repeated. "You must be mistaken. Nobody has come aboard. I don't know any Halford."

Mitchell's eyes narrowed.

"I saw him come aboard. Don't lie!" he said, sharply.

The man shook his head doggedly. "Don't know any Halford," he repeated.

Mitchell spoke crispy. "Look out, now. I'm the police. I'm going to search this ship."

They stared into one another's eyes. Then the seaman lowered his gaze.

"Search if you want to," he said sullenly. "I'm just a poor fisherman. You think I'm up to some game eh? You're making a mistake, mister. I'm an honest man. I'll prove it to you. Go ahead, search."

He waved a massive arm.

If Mitchell had not seen Halford go aboard the boat with his own eyes he might have hesitated. But he was not deceived.

"You'd better come with me," he said uncompromisingly.

"And no funny business!"

He began to search the ship.

He realized at once that he was under a big handicap. He did not know much about boats. There might be a dozen hiding places for a man or his body—which he could easily overlook. He kept all his faculties alert as he walked about.

He poked about in the engine room, searched the focsle, where the crew gathered about and watched him in disconcerting, dour silence, and at last returned to the big cabin where he had encountered the skipper. He faced the man across the table.

"I'm not satisfied. I tell you I saw Halford come aboard this boat. He must be here still. Where have you got him hidden?"

The skipper shrugged. "I haven't got anybody hidden. You've looked for yourself. You must have made a mistake. Did you actually see your friend on the deck?" he asked amiably.

Too amiably, Mitchell thought. But the question made him frown.

"I saw him leave the quay, he went down the iron ladder, and must have stepped aboard this boat. I don't think he was preparing to go for a swim."

The skipper laughed. "So! But many people cross our decks. You noticed there were boats on the other side of this one? To get to them it is necessary to climb across this one, as we are nearest to the quay. Your friend must have gone aboard one of the other boats."

Mitchell paused. Was that possible?

He turned and looked round the cabin. I struck him that he had not searched here, principally because the place was so bare there was no possible hiding place.

Mitchell glanced round the walls, when were panelled in cheap wood, roughly varnished over.

A thought struck him, and he strolled over to one side of the cabin. He tapped on the wood, and out of the tail of his eye saw the seaman stiffen.

But the wood emitted no hollow sound to tell of a cavity behind.

Mitchell persevered.

He walked slowly round, tapping as he went.

"What are you doing?" barked the seaman. His voice was suddenly rought with fear.

Mitchell paused in his tapping.

He turned to face the man, and he was smiling a sleepy, dangerous smile.

"It just occurred to me,, he said softly, "that I might find another of my friends aboard this tub —a certain Mr. Herman Wolff."

"How right you always are, general," said a calm voice behind him.

Mitchell spun round. In spite of his last remark, he was taken by surprise.

A section of the panelling had slid noiselessly back. A slender figure emerged. Cold grey eyes surveyed Mitchell, and thin slips parted in a smile to reveal white, sharp pointed teeth.

The man held carelessly in one hand a small automatic pistol, directed at Mitchell's heart. The other hand was held half shut, but Mitchell glimpsed the drawn flesh at the base of the thumb.

He ignored the pistol, and said pleasantly:

"Herman Wolff. I believe?"

Wolff inclined an ironic head

"General Mitchell, I presume?"

To Be Continued

The Housewife And Her Activities

BEGIN

Lose this day loitering—'twill be
the same story
Tomorrow and the next more dilatory.
Each indecision rings its own delays,
And days are lost lamenting o'er
lost days.
Are you in earnest? Seize this very
minute.
Boldness has genius, power and
magic in it.
Only engage and then the mind
grows heated.
Begin and then the work will be
completed.

—GOETHE.

AS BABY GROWS

A steady gain in weight.
Bowel movement every day.
A good appetite.
No vomiting.
A clear skin.
Bright, wide open eyes.
Very little crying.
Quiet, unbroken sleep, with eyes and mouth closed.
A constant growth in stature and intelligence.

Other points in normal development:

The soft spot on the top of the head (fontanelle) begins to close at fourteen months and should be entirely closed at two years.

The baby learns to hold up his head, unsupported, during the fourth month.

He laughs aloud from the third to the fifth month.

From the fifth to the seventh month he reaches for toys, and holds them.

At seven or eight months he is usually able to sit erect.

During the ninth and tenth months he makes the first attempt to bear his weight on his feet, and can usually stand with assistance at eleven or twelve months.

He begins to walk alone in the twelvth and thirteenth months and walks without aid at the fifteenth or sixteenth month.

At one year usually a few words can be spoken, and at the end of the second year the baby makes short sentences.

Children differ in the rapidity of their development, some being slower and some faster; therefore the mother should not be unduly alarmed at variations from this statement, although marked differences should put her on her guard.

A cloth dampened with ammonia will remove those machine oil stains from white material.

PUMPKIN MARMALADE

(A very old recipe from grandmother)

Method: Chop coarsley, 3 pounds of peeled pumpkin; cover with 3 pounds sugar, and let stand over night. In the morning, add the grated rind and juice of 6 oranges and 3 lemons. Cook slowly until thick. A few raisins may be added.

PUMPKIN BREAD PUDDING

Two cups stale bread crumbs, 3 cups milk, 1-4 cup sugar, 3-4 cup pumpkin, 1-2 teaspoon ginger, 1-2 teaspoon cinnamon, 1-4 teaspoon salt. 1 teaspon grated lemon rind, 2 eggs.

Method: Cook the crumbs, milk, sugar and pumpkin for 1-2 hour. Cool slightly; add the spices, salt, lemon rind and beaten egg. Pour into a greased baking dish and bake in a moderate oven, 350 degrees F., 45 minutes.

TONGUE CLUB SANDWICH

Method: Use cooked fresh or smoked tongue. Slice tongue very thin, using three slices on each layer. Spread the first slice toast with mustard butter, add slices of chilled tongue. Top with slice of toast, spread on lower side with mayonnaise and on top with butter. Place piece lettuce on it. Spread with mixture made by combining chopped tomato, chopped cucumber, chopped celery, chopped pickle and mayonnaise. Top with third slice toast.

BAKED BEAN CLUB SANDWICH

Method: First layer is composed of drained and slightly crushed baked beans. Second layer, of chili sauce and chopped pickle topped with lettuce leaf.

Don't Keep on Having Constipation!

If constipation's got you down—so you feel heavy, tired and dopey—it's time you did something about it. And something more than taking a physic! You should get at the *cause* of the trouble.

If you eat only the things most people do, the chances are that a very simple fact causes your constipation—*you don't get enough "bulk."* And "bulk" doesn't mean heavy food. It means a *kind* of food that isn't consumed in the body, but leaves a soft "bulky" mass in the intestines and helps a bowel movement.

If this is your trouble, eat crisp crunchy Kellogg's All-Bran for breakfast every day and drink plenty of water. All-Bran is not only rich in "bulk"—it also contains the natural intestinal tonic, vitamin B_1.

Made by Kellogg in London, Ontario. Sold by every grocer.

How Can I ? ?

(By ANNE ASHLEY)

Q. How can I clean enamelled or painted woodwork effectively?

A. Mix 1 cup of vinegar, 1 cup of kerosene, and 2 cups of warm water. This is excellent for washing enamelled or painted woodwork or furniture, going over a small portion at a time, then drying with a soft cloth. It will remove grease and dirt, leaving a nice glossy surface. Do not use on varnished surfaces.

Q. How can I keep pansies blooming all summer?

A. Pick the blossoms before they fade; give liquid manure after midsummer; remove a part of the plant with the blossoms after the season is well advanced.

Q. What are the proper lengths of time for broiling steak rare, medium, and well-done?

A. Rare, eight minutes; medium, ten minutes; well-done, fifteen minutes.

FASHION GUIDES FOR THE HOME DRESSMAKER

Look Smart For Daily Chores! Look young and smart in this gay "Big Apple" apron while you chase dust from the corners. It will make you feel as happy as a lark . . . and your daily chores will become a pleasure. Its easy to slip in and out of . . . only two buttons to fasten! The clever belted treatment insures a perfect fit at the waistline . . . creates a slenderizing front panel effect. Two decorative and useful pockets always a joy for odds and ends you pick up about the house. Make it of bright solid colored cotton with contrasting "apple applique" or of apple print cotton percale. See diagram . . . quickly made even by an amateur.

Style No. 2032 is designed for sizes small, medium and large.

The medium size requires 1 3-4 yards of 35 inch material with 7 3-4 yards of binding.

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THE COOK'S CORNER

BEEF LIVER EN CASSEROLE

One and one-half pounds beef liver, 1-8 pound salt pork, 1 large onion, 3 large carrots, 2 stalks celery, 1 cup medium sour cream, salt, pepper, cayenne, flour.

Slice onion, carrots and celery. Cut liver into 6 pieces. Cut salt pork into small slivers. Soak liver in salted cold water for 1-2 hour, drain and then rinse in ice water. Drain and dry. Roll in flour. Fry liver in bacon fat until browned on both sides. Arrange slices in casserole and scatter salt pork over them. Cover liver and salt pork with the vegetables. Sprinkle with seasoning, dust lightly with flour. Add just enough boiling water to cover. Bake in moderate oven (350 degrees F.) until liver is tender, about 1 1-2 hours. Stir in sour cream, mix well, and bake another 10 or 15 minutes. Have a few fat baked potatoes at hand to help you celebrate.

FRUIT PUNCH

2 cups strawberry juice, 1 cup tea, juice of 5 oranges, 2 cups sugar, juice of 3 lemons, 1 quart soda water, 1 tin grated pineapple, 1 quart water.

MUSHROOM SOUP

Three cups raw mushrooms. Cleaned and chopped, 1 1-2 quarts water, 5 tablespoons butter, 5 tablespoons flour, 1-4 cup sauted mushrooms, diced, 1 cup heavy cream, 1 1-4 cups scalded milk, salt and pepper.

Boil water and mushrooms together to make 2 cups stock. Blend flour and butter together in another pan and cook well. Then add mushroom stock, milk, cream and sauteed mushrooms. Stir constantly until boiling. Simmer for 5 minutes and serve.

Modern Etiquette

(By ROBERTA LEE)

Q. When one wishes to remove a piece of bone from the mouth, while at the table, should one use a spoon, fork, or napkin?

A. None of these things should be used; merely use the thumb and forefinger and lay the particle on the plate.

Q. What are some appropriate gifts to present a girl on graduation day?

A. A string of pearls, pendant, silk stockings, purse, fountain pen, books.

Q. Are all wedding gifts sent to the bride?

A. Always; never to the groom.

A Morning Smil

THE REAL DANGER

"Oh, dear, its started to rain, my wife's out without an umbre

"I shouldn't worry. She can ways take refuge in a shop."

"That's just what I'm worr about."

BUSY FELLOW!

"I never see your name in papers," remarked a constituen the member for the division. "D you ever make a speech?"

"Certainly," replied the "Look here. Here is a full re of the Prime Minister's speech, at the end you will notice in b kets the word 'murmurs'. Wel I was the man who murmured

GOING THE PACE

He was very small and rat timid, and was being examined life insurance.

"You don't dissipate, do yo asked the doctor. "You're no fast liver, or a heavy drinker anything of that sort?"

The little man hesitated fo moment, and then replied n vously, Well —er —I someti chem a little gum!"

Home Service

Lovely Rock Gardens Easy to Care For

Lily Pools Add Enchantment

You always have room for a ti rock garden, a jewel-like lily po

Spunky, amusing cacti thrive this small sunny garden; white a yellow pigmy water lilies bloo happily in the little pool.

Cacti start easily from seed. for speedier results you can b small plants. Put them in the ro garden, pots and all, when summ comes, then conceal the pots wi sand. Learn from simple diagra just how to place your rocks f proper drainage.

An old tub or half barrel mak a fine pool—and a single pig water-lily plant will produce many as a hundred flowers in season.

If you have a shady corner for rock garden make it lovely wi hepatica, trillium, plumy bleedi heart, and ferns. Plant a sha pool with parrot's feather, wat hyacinth.

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