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

FREEDOM FOR TWO

By MARGARET WATSON

(Continued)

CHAPTER XVIII
HOME

The skirts of the corps de ballet, whirling in clouds of billowing gold and green, made spotlights over the surafce of the ice. Before them, poised on one toe, Eulalia pirouetted slowly, dropping head and arms with a gradual languor to the rhythm of the music. When the light was full upon her face it showed that her eyes were closed. Once again Eulalia was in her heaven, and all was right with the world.

Martin and Erica sat at a table close to the floor, watching her. It was like old times. They might have been in the rink at Dalgano, at the end of the honey moon. It felt like that. The year between had disappeared so completely from their minds; and besides, they were going home to-morrow.

Home. An interesting word. It could be applied to so many and such varied places. But Erica knew now what was home to her. It might be a ship in mid-ocean, it might be a flat in London, it might be an hotel in Rome, or a cottage in the country, or a castle in Spain; but it was wherever Martin happened to be. Martin shared her knowledge. Home was the house he was going to help Erica to choose and furnish; and that house was to be her setting for ever. They had neither of them any doubts of its permanency this time.

Queer, isn't it? said Erica. If I hadn't wanted to do all the giving, it couldn't possibly have happened.

I don't quite see —circumstances made us doubt each other. I don't see how we could have evaded the issue.

If we'd understood each other as well as we ought to have done, it wouldn't have needed evasion. But I wanted you to be the person you'd always been. As if you could!

As if either of us could be the same, once our lives had run into one.

You don't think, do you, said Erica suddenly, that it could ever happen again?

For us to doubt each other? Or for anything to come between us? No, it can't happen again; because we've learned so much about each other that we could never see while we were together. We have each other in focus and ourselves, too. We've struggled through into — what shall I call it?—a freedom, we share between us; and there's going to be nothing competitive about it, and nothing restless, either. He caught her glance upon him, the old smiling glance of the deep brown eyes, but somehow of a softer a more contented affection. I daresay I sound frantically didactic, darling, but I can't help it. I know it comes oddly from —the Ancient Mariner.

Erica laughed, and leaned forwa to fold her arms upon the barrier of the rink.

But it is odd, isn't it? Odd that we should ever have come together again. You known my dear, I expected to be alone for ever. I thought, after I knew that you hadn't done —what I'd believed you had —that you'd never forgive me. I thought you would never even think of me again. It seemed so inevitable that you would go back to your old haunts; and I used to hope you would; because I believed you'd be much happier, really, without me. I tried to hope you'd forget me easily. Yes, I did. Though I don't think I ever quite succeeded.

Martin looked at his wife, at her face in profile, chin on crossed wrists, staring out pensively at the swaying rows of the corps de ballet, at the rich brown hair curving over her ear; at the slender, straight body which leaned to the barrier, and the long, slim arms; at every beauty in her. He said solwly:

You're glad I came back? You did want me?

Want you? She turned quickly, and looked at him. Oh, my dear, I wanted you every minute of every day. But I'd been a rotten failure as a wife, and a very poor sort of partner, and I wanted you to be happy. I thought you were well rid of me. After all, you had your world back again, and your freedom—

Freedom! said Martin, in a long, hissing breath. Don't you know I'd rather have a clerk's job, and a fourroomed cottage, with you, than the world without you.

Suddenly a little afraid, and for almost the last time, she said: Even now, how can you be so sure?

Because I've tried it. Haven't I just come back from the Pacific, because it hadn't a thing to offer me?

Oh, now, while the sting's fresh; but what about afterwards?

Fresh? Hasn't it been getting steadily worse every day I've been away? And wouldn't it get worse every day I lived, if I lost you again.

She sighed: Oh, you won't you can't. I wouldn't let you if you wanted to.

Happy?

Am I happy!

She dropped her cheek upon her hand. Looking back, she saw only a vague period of loneliness which seemed now no more than a few days long. It had been terrible while it lasted, she supposed, but really, it all seemed very far away. She was happy.

The colours swayed in front of her: Eulalia in a Cossack uniform, even her bulkiness lost in that soundless, effortless grace of flight; the peasant embroideries of her satellites in three arches of red and blue and green behind her; and the wondrous music over them all like an enchantment. Back to normal after a nightmare. No, not back, never again back to what had been normal before the world turned upside-down; but forward. For she knew now what freedom was; it was not escaping circumstances; it was triumphing over them: it was not learning to be a superwoman; it was being the woman she was, and making no secret of it. And she had it; freedom to admit whatever loves she had, and whatever hates, to confess weaknesses, to demand sacrifices, to give every part of her mind without restraint or fear.

She was really free at last. She had outbalanced the world for Martin. She had lost him, but she had won him back again; because they loved each other too much to go with the pull of gravity in opposite directions. And now that she knew that, what could fate do against her.

Oh, I'll make you so happy, Martin! she said, with a slow, entranced delight.

You've done that already, darling.

Oh, but I mean, more than this. And I know how, but I can't tell you, because it seems too strange. This is all I've ever really wanted; a wide scope, a wide canvas, if you like. And I have it. You are my sphere of activity, Martin. You're my ship. Will you like being my ship? She laughed childishly into her arms.

All right, then, you're my ballast. It isn't pretty enough word for you, but it's what I mean. A ship without ballast isn't much good.

There was another, long remembrin silence around them, an island in the middle of the colour and sound. Then:

I wonder what became of Jon? said Martin, in a low voice.

I don't know. I tried to find out, but the papers are beyond me, and I couldn't learn anything. They're very reticent Poor Jon!

He had admirable taste, anyhow, said Martin. He could think of no better compliment to pay his enemy and he would not, in this serenity which filled his wn mind, spare any bitterness for the memory of one who was dead to them, whatever the world had done with him. So that was Jon's epitaph.

The ballet was in its last scene, Eulalia in her frills and jewels spinning before her masked pursuers. Martin ground out his cigarette, and rose.

Come on, young woman, time for us to go. Have you forgotten that we're going home to-morrow morning? And we haven't packed a thing yet.

Erica put on her cloak, and they threaded their way between the tables to the foyer, and so into the street. The music fell away behind them, and before them, above the lights of the town opened a luminous grey twilight which would not change until daybreak, a dusk which could not deepen into midnight though all the clocks in Stockholm might strike twelve.

They walked with linked arms, pressed close together, hip and shoulder swinging as one. They were not going to be sentimental in this new life they had won; but on this one night of all nights it was nice to have some postive contact, an asssurance that their happiness was no dream, but a solid reality. They did not speak for a long time, but walked in an unaccustomed and stirring solemnity.

At last Martin said abruptly:

I don't say it will be easy for either of us, dear; but I do say we'll do it, and that it will be worth doing. I mean, there may be times when I shall hanker after an active life —and the more fool I—

I shall tell you so, she said, smiling.

And there may be times when we shall get on each other's nerves a little— We shall tell each other so. But there will never be a time when I shall stop loving you, never.

Nor I you.

They walked on, into their future. Above their heads the sky soared in a limitless cool greyness, into an infinity far out of their imagining, though they went with their faces lifted to gaze upward at its highest reaches, as if they had just realized in what an expanse of free air they breathed (THE END)

A Morning Smile

A man who shot at a saxophone player one night pleaded that he thought it was a cat.

"But you mustn't even shoot a cat," said the Magistrate.

"I thought this one was very ill," pleaded the man.

PURE TEA IS GOOD FOR YOU!
BECAUSE—It's a most friendly drink—enjoy it with your friends.
Remember King Cole

What Is Poor Girl To Do? | Dorothy Dix | Picking Husbands Serious Task

Every Man Has His Faults, So When a Girl Selects Her Mate She is Taking a Long Chance — Here Are Some Things to Look for in a Man

Some women marry on the trial-and-error plan and when they get husbands they don't like they take them back and swap them for others who generally don't give any better satisfaction than the first ones did. Other women marry on the grabbing principle. They shut their eyes and take the first men who come along. Both of these methods of getting a husband have their points and counterpoints.

But suppose a girl takes marriage seriously and belongs to the old-fashioned, until-death-do-us-part school of thought on the subject. By what signs and tokens shall she know that a man will make the kind of a husband she will want to keep instead of one she will want to trade in at the first opportunity? There are so many liabilities to check against any man's assets that it is hard to tell whether one will be a good investment or a total loss.

If, for instance: A girl marries a handsome man, she will go through life presenting an invidious comparison to him and hearing people say behind her back: "Why on earth do you suppose that good-looker married that little frump?" Also she will have to wear herself to skin and bones ministering to his vanity. He will pre-empt nine-tenths of the clothes' allowance for his own adornment, and patronize the best tailors while she haunts the bargain basements.

If she marries a great lover, she will eat her heart out in jealousy, for she will soon find out that the man who has a gift for making love to women in a beautiful and romantic way does not waste his art on any one woman—least of all on his wife. The men who are devils among the ladies are usually devils to live with.

If she marries a good provider, he feels that he has done his full duty in giving her a good house to live in, a charge account at the best stores, a new car every other year and a trip every Summer. It never even occurs to him that a woman could starve for love tenderness and companionship, or that she needs a few white hyacinths to feed her soul instead of much filet mignon for her body; that she would rather have a kiss that wasn't just a peck on the cheek than another emerald bracelet.

If she marries a business man, she discovers that she has committed unintentional bigamy. For the woman to whom he is really espoused is the lady on the dollar and the wife always runs a poor second to her. She will never raise the thrill in his breast that a ten-point rise in stocks does.

If she marries a domestic man he is likely to be one of these fireside sitters who thinks that all the diversion that a wife needs after a hard day with the children, the cookstove and the vacuum cleaner is just to sit up and watch him snooze over his paper. Also, he is more than likely to be an icebox and garbage-can snooper and tell his wife how superior the coffee that he makes when he goes camping is to hers.

If she marries a lawyer, she is likely to die of the pangs of unsatisfied curiosity because she knows he knows the details of so many juicy scandals that she can't worm out of him.

If she marries a doctor, she will live on one end of a telephone wire and he will always be called away to a patient just as they are starting out to dinner or the theatre or a party to which she had set her heart on going. Also, she will have her eyes turn permanently green by suspicions of the neurotic ladies in pink silk and lace negligees whose chief amusement is in sending for the doctor and having him hold their hands whi e they describe their symptoms.

If she marries a preacher, she has to listen to advice from all the old sisters who tell her how she should dress and raise her children, and she will have to compete with all the young sisters who tell the clergyman how wonderful he is and make the salvation of their souls an alibi for flirtations.

If she marries a man who is stingy about money, she has to corkscrew it out of him. If she marries a man who throws it away, she has to stand off the bill collector. So what is a poor girl to do?

DOROTHY DIX.

Today's Short Wave Radio Program

(All Time is Eastern Standard)

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 25

TOKYO
4:45 p.m.—A Talk on Japanese Industry. JZJ, 25.4 m., 11.80 meg.! JZI, 31.4 m., 9.63 meg.

BERLIN
5:00 p.m.—Songs by the Ristenpart Choral Society. DJD, 25.4 m., 11.77 meg.

LONDON
6:20 p.m.—"The Private Soldier"—2, a talk by Ian Hay. GSC, 31.3 m., 9.58 meg.; GSB, 31.5 m., 9.51 meg.; GSL, 49.1 m., 6.11 meg.

MOSCOW
7:00 p.m.—News and Program for English Listeners. RAN, 31 m., 9.6 meg.

ROME
7:30 p.m.—Guest Night; Amy Bernardy; "Rome's Midnight Voice" 2RO, 31.1 m., 9.63 meg.; IRF 30.5 m., 9.83 meg.

BOSTON
7:45 p.m.—Pathways to Peace. WIXAL, 49.6 m., 6.04 meg.

BOSTON
9:00 p.m.—Broadcast for Latin America (in Spanish). WIXAL, 49.6 m., 6.04 meg.

CARACAS
9:15 p.m.—Popular Music. YV-5RC, 51.7 m., 5.8 meg.

BERLIN
9:30 p.m.—"Thank you much better," radio doctor's visiting hours. DJD, 25.4 m., 11.77 meg.

LONDON
9:35 p.m.—"The House in the Country," a musical skit. GSD, 25.5 m., 11.75 meg.; GSC, 31.3 m., 9.58 meg.; GSB, 31.5 m., 9.51 meg.; GSL, 49.1 m., 6.11 meg.

PITTSBURGH
11:30 p.m.—DX Club. W8XK, 48.8 m., 6.14 meg.

PARIS
11:45 p.m.—Musical Recordings. TPA—4, 25.6 m., 11.72 meg.

SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA
1:15 a.m.—Talk on Australia. VK2ME, 31.28 m., 9.59 meg.

CLEAN FALSE TEETH—GET RID OF STAINS
New Easy Way—No Brushing
Stera-Kleen, amazing new discovery, removes blackest stains, tarnish, tartar like magic. Just put false teeth or bridges in a glass of water and add Stera-Kleen powder. No messy brushing. Recommended by dentists—approved by Good Housekeeping. At all druggists. Money back if not delighted.

THE COOK'S CORNER

ORANGE COFFEE CAKE

3-4 cup sugar
3 cups cake flour
6 teaspoons baking powder
3-4 teaspoon salt
1-2 cup shortening
1-2 cup orange juice
2 eggs
1-2 cup hot milk
1-2 cup orange marmalade

Method: Sift the sugar, flour, baking powder and salt. Cut in the shortening until the mixture is mealy. Beat 1 whole egg and the yolk of the other with the orange juice. Add these with the milk to the dry ingredients. Mix lightly. Pour into a well greased pan, so that the batter is only about 1 inch deep.

Beat the remaining egg white stiff and fold in the marmalade. Spread over the batter and bake in a quick. 425 deg. F. oven for about 25 to 30 minutes. Serve hot with tea or coffee.

It's Wise TO BUY NOW!
In the ladies' BASEMENT

Ladies' Celanese Satin blouses. Colors navy, brown, white black — — — $1.49

Ladies' crepe dresses. New spring styles — assorted colors — — — $2.49

Ladies' cotton print house dresses. Assorted styles and colors. Sizes 14 to 42 — 89c

Ladies' sub - standard silk rayon hose. In all the new shades. Sizes 8½ to 10 — 20c

Children's tweed dresses. Many different styles and patterns. Sizes 2 to 14 yrs 89c

Ladies' all wool short sleeve sweaters. Colors coral, royal nile, yellow in three different styles. Sizes 14 to 38 98c

Children's all wool ribbed hose in black only. Sizes 6½ to 10. Pair — — — — 29c

Ladies' berets. Colors orange, brown, black, royal, beige, and scarlet. — — 35c

Children's V-neck sweaters. In assorted shades Sizes 2 to 8 years — — 59c

Ladies' long sleeve flannelette pyjamas. Assorted colors. Sizes small, medium and large — — — 98c

Stanfields' Mayflower fingering. In 23 different shades of full one oz. balls. Ball — — — — 10c

Stanfields' factory yarn. In 12 assorted colors. Skein — 25c

Maids' uniforms in colored broadcloth with white collar and cuffs. Sizes 14 to 42 — — — $1.00

Fancy bordered towels of good quality and weight. Pair — — 29c

Ladies' long sleeve flannelette night gowns — — — — 98c

Linen dish towels. Colors yellow, green and red checkered. Each — — — — 18c

"ON THE ISLAND IT'S MOORE & McLEOD LTD
FOR FASHION AUTHENTICITY"

The Housewife And Her Activities

DUTY

When Duty comes a-knocking at your gate,
Welcome him in, for if you bid him wait,
He will depart only to come once more
And bring seven other duties to your door.
—Edwin Markham in "The Gates of Paradise, and Other Poems," Doubleday, ge & Co.

GOODNESS

The parts and signs of goodness are many. If a man be gracious and courteous to strangers, it shows he is a citizen of the wor d and that his heart is no island cut off from other lands, but a continent that joins to them, if he be compassionate towards the afflictions of others.—Bacon.

PEARL NECKLACES

If your "pearl" necklace is beginning to look dingy, place it in a saucer and cover with a little powdered magnesia. Leave for twelve hours, then gently brush the powder off and rub lightly in tissue paper. The lustre will be restored like magic.

When making custard for trifles and so on make up the quantity of milk required with two tablespoonfuls of fruit syrup. This gives a delicious flavour to the custard.

Make Shrove Tuesday a "CROWN BRAND" feast

"Hurry home! there's 'CROWN BRAND' and pancakes for dinner"

and won't the children be glad it's Shrove Tuesday if you serve them "CROWN BRAND" with their pancakes? "CROWN BRAND," the Corn Syrup with the delicious flavor, is so easily digested that you can give them all they want of this nourishing sweet.

Ask your grocer for a tin of "CROWN BRAND" now —March 1st is "Pancake Tuesday".

EDWARDSBURG CROWN BRAND CORN SYRUP
THE GREAT ENERGY FOOD
One of the famous products of The CANADA STARCH COMPANY Limited

Camera Clue Mystery Shows New Technique In Serial Fiction

HENRY CLAY GIBSON TELLS HOW HE MADE "CANDID CLUES" FOR "CASTLE ISLAND CASE".

"Photographs describe things better than words," Henry Clay Gipson, candid camera expert, told Van Wyck Mason, famous writer of detective novels. "Agreed," said Mason —and asked Gipson to collaborate with him in producing a camera-clue novel, with all the developments and evidence told in photos as well as in words. How Gipson played the part of the detective - photographer in "The Castle Island Case," the sensational new serial which begins tomorrow in the Guardian, is explained here in an article reprinted from "Minicam, the Miniature Camera Magazine," Cincinnati.

The day I met Van Myck Mason the writer, I tried to get a rise out of him by arguing that photographs were better than words for description. To my surprise, he agreed, quoting the Chinese about a picture being worth a thousand words.

From the talk our idea evolved. We would make a book with all the description treated photographically. With this idea, Mason started to write a mystery story, "The Castle Island Case."

For the first illustration we shot 36 pictures. We needed a total of 125 photographs to tell the story. This meant 124 to go. If I continued to take 36 shots of each scene, I would have to take 4,500 negatives! The creation of the world seemed simple in comparison with the task of taking, developing and printing 4,500 negatives. This appalling prospect, luckily, failed to materialize, as only a few of the scenes required more than ten exposures ,and for some of the illustrations I shot only one or two negatives.

"The Castle Island Case" is listed as a murder-mystery, but it is more than that —and more than a "crime-clue" mystery, too. The central character, a detective photographer, uses the candid camera to record all clues, developments and important facial expression. For some of the evidence he sets photographic traps —and takes his pictures in complete darkness.

In making these "trap-pictures" I followed the identical method used by Van Wyck Mason's detective hero, using infrared rays, which really are nothing more than ordinary heat rays. For lighting we used two 8 x 10 safelight boxes with infra-red filters for slides. In these two boxes, 12 photoflash bulbs were set off in total darkness. None of the subjects were aware of the in fra-red (invisible) flash.

Looking directly at one of the above described lights the instant it goes off may reveal the faintest glow due to the inability of the filter to handle the several thousand watts of lights. It was not visible when the picture was taken.

Although I have several other cameras, I used only two for this job, a Kodak Pupille, which takes 16 exposures on a roll of 127 film, and a 3¼ x 4¼ film pack Recomar.

The Pupille is a candid camera in every sense of the word, being small and light, not like some of the overgrown "Candid" cameras which no longer fit into a pocket and with their chrome finishes are about an inconspicuous as a 14-inch gun on a battleship.

With its f2 lens and 1-500th shutter, my Pupille does all I expect. It is not an all purpose camera, lacking for one thing, an autofocal arrangement, but for candid work I think it unsurpassed.

The photographs for "The Castle Island Case" were taken in Bermuda, which is the scene of the story. Most of the shots in the book were taken candidly, that is, when the subjects were unware o the camera.

For one shot I went into what might be called self-portraiture. I borrowed a Bermuda policeman's uniform in order to take one of the character parts in the story. I composed the picture with the camera on a tripod, then stepped into the picture with a long cable release in my hand.

As we got going, we hit many snags. In order to make the perfect dovetail connection between the written and photographed elements of the story, Mason had to rewrite parts and I had to retake scenes. The layout and design of the novel were up to me.

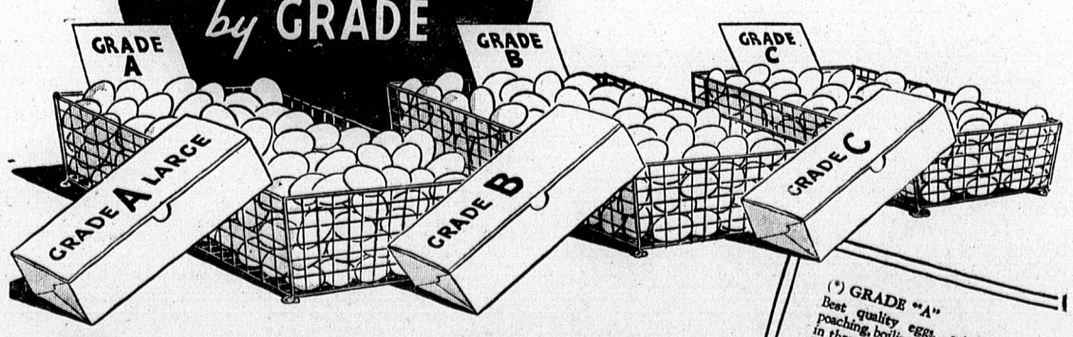
Four of our models were from a New York agency. The rest of our characters were friends whom we unceremoniously rounded up. To our surprise, they were very amiable about being ordered around and actually seemed to enjoy helping us.

Some photographers don't like anyone around when they are shooting, but that doesn't worry me at all. Two minds are better than one. Mason was on hand much of the time and contributed many valuable suggestions. To him goes all the credit for the original story and the written words which cement the whole narrative.

HONEST TOIL

In chaste and warm affections, humble wishes, and honest toil for some useful end, there is health for the mind and quiet for the heart; the prospect of a happy life, and the fairest hope of Heaven—N. Hawthorne.

How to Buy EGGS by GRADE



THE high food value of eggs ... the ease with which they may be prepared . . . and the many recipes in which they are essential . . . make them one of the most important foods. And now, here is information, from the Dominion Department of Agriculture, which makes it as easy for you to select eggs as to serve them. You can buy by grade—with confidence. ¶ All eggs sold in retail stores must, according to law, be graded—and the grade name must be marked on the container. Quality of eggs is designated by the letters "A," "B" and "C;" and grade "A" eggs are sold in 3 sizes—Large, Medium and Pullet. So the grades you have to choose from are Grade "A" Large, Grade "A" Medium, Grade "A" Pullet—Grade "B" and Grade "C."

(*) GRADE "A"
Best quality eggs, suitable for poaching, boiling or frying; available in three sizes: Large, Medium and Pullet. Quality in all three sizes is identical.

GRADE "B"
Good quality eggs. Albumen less firm. Slightly inferior to grade "A" for poaching, boiling or frying. Entirely suitable for cooking purposes.

GRADE "C"
Lowest graded quality eggs.

*GRADE "A-1" represent the finest quality fresh eggs from Government-inspected flocks. Available in limited quantities in certain localities. Like grade "A" they are available in three sizes—Large, Medium and Pullet.

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