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

FREEDOM FOR TWO

By MARGARET WATSON

She had looked at him as if at a stranger, and an unwelcome stranger. Get away from me. I never want to see you again. But it was impossible to hate him in the measure she wished; perhaps because, however unscrupulous his methods had been, he had valued her more than Martin had.

Better be kinder to me, he had said, in his rapid but even tones, and with the swift gleam of a smile on his lips, or I may feel it my duty to lead the police to Martin.

You don't know where he is.

Still in Stockholm. Jon had said meaningly; but she knew that he was merely drawing a bow at a venture.

That's your mistake. He's gone; and even I don't know where.

And she had plucked her arm from his hold and passed on, unhurried, secure, not caring whether he pursued her or let her alone, now that Martin was out of his reach. Several times since that street meeting she had passed and repassed that familiar hotel; but she had never seen Martin again; and she felt reasonably sure that he had taken her at her word, and gone from Stockholm, somewhere far away, to the world's end, with the proceeds of his robbery in his pockets.

Well, he would travel farther and faster, and probably be much happier, without a wife to hamper him. She supposed that she had really been to him nothing better than an infatuation and that in a month or two he would be quite healed of his hurts at losing her, and resume his old wandering life without a regret.

Without a regret, of course; because she had them all. As for Jon, she never thought of him at all, now that she was out of his power and his presence. Jon had his own troubles, and must cure them himself. He was nothing to her.

The living she earned by giving lessons was meagre enough, after the casual plenty to which she had been accustomed; and presently she began to look round for a way of augmenting it. Music as a means of life had a very different character from music as an amusement and a hobby.

Erica found that she could sing sufficiently well to obtain occasional engagements at unimportant halls; and once the new career was fairly launched, ambition came to life in her, and she sang with larger ends in view. If she could not keep her chosen prize from life, she would at least have some sort of consolating prize, and music was the most consoling of all. A sort of forgotton zest returned into her mind. She was still young; it was much too early to settle into a mere slough of memories.

She dared not use her own name for these concerts; and when she was faced with the sudden necessity for choosing another she found her mind blank. What was it Martin had called himself? Olaf Elson. But she was finished with Martin, so why hark back to that closed chapter? None the less, the name remained fast in her thoughts, and no other would replace it.

Olave Elson, she said, and Olave Elson she was upon her first concert bills, before she had time to change her mind.

She sat beside the window of her small sitting-room, towards the end of an evening writing a letter home. Only one place was home, now, and that was the rectory at Brandford; and there they did not know that the son-in-law they had blandly accepted at their daughter's hands was either a burglar or a murderer or that he and his wife had parted company once and for all. Nor would they ever know any of these things, at least from Erica.

It was not so much consideration for them, but pride and humiliation on her own part, which moved her to write in the deceptive vein she was using now.

We are still here in Stockholm, she wrote, and likely to stay here for some months. Martin's business has developed into a chase from island to island, all over the town. I, of course don't understand anything about it, and he knows I shouldn't follow if he tried to explain it to me, so he wisely doesn't say anything. Still, we have a great time together whereever he's free to play.

We spent last week-end at Upsala; and next week we're going to see the copper mines in Dalecarlia. Martin likes that part, because it's connected so much with Gustavus Vasa. They have a lot in common. I don't know very much about the hero king, but I believe he was constantly having the most hair-breadth escapes from death.

I am enjoying Stockholm so much that I may never want to come home to England again. We are both very well, and very happy.

She stopped there, staring at her own words. It was very easy to tell lies like that, much easier than she ever guessed. She looked up, through the open window. The summer twilights were all gone. Nights were nights again, instead of fairy afternoons.

It was nearly October. Where, she wondered, was Martin now?

Alva, the little maid of the house, came in with cocoa and biscuits; and putting her tray down upon the table, said importantly:

There a gentleman to see you. Shall I bring him up?

Oh, who is it? Didn't he give his name?

No, he said it would mean nothing to you. But he is a gentleman. She dwelt upon that with pride: they were few and far between in her experience.

Erica, still looking listlessly out at the half light round her window, thought instinctively: Perhaps it's about a new pupil. She folded the letter into its envelope, and said: All right send him up.

She was writing the last few words of her parents' address when he came: a light step, half-remembered, and yet somehow more hasty than she remembered it. She made her raise her head even before the door opened. She felt her heart quicken although as yet she had not seen him.

The door swung, quickly and nimbly, and was shut into place again in a second; and Jon Bernstorn stood with his back against it, smiling thingly, the breath hurrying between lips slightly parted.

Jon! she cried, and was on her feet facing him in one startled movement. How dare you come here? I told you —

She did not finish the sentence, not because his reappearance had caused her any emotion as yet, but because he was not listening to a word of what she said, because he had left the doorway; and crossed the carpet with the speed and grace of a cat to the open window, and with body pressed close against the wall was peering down cautiously into the street. He stood there quite still for a moment, and then his body seemed to relax, as if he had just realized that he was tired. He turned languidly, pivoting upon his shoulder, but still, she noticed, out of sight of anyone who might be watching the window. She saw the old, remembered smile touch his lips.

You don't mind, my dear? I couldn't think of anyone else who could be trusted.

What's the matter? she asked. What happened? Why have you come here?

Go to the window, he said, and look out, and see what you can see.

She went, stealthily; it was odd how that cat-like quiet had infected her own mind. She looked casually up and down the street.

I don't understand. Maybe I'm being blind, but I don't understand. There's hardly a soul in sight. No, wait a moment. There are two policeman coming along the other side of the street. She remained still, tensed. They're crossing the street. I think they're coming here. She turned and looked at him in sudden bewildered fear, her eyes questioning.

Not for you, he said softly; for me.

I still don't understand.

I prefer it that way. But they are coming for me. I thought I'd shaken them off, but I was tired, and suppose I muffed it. In a maze like Stockholm, too. Ah, well, Dagmar will have her triumph, after all. I'm sorry I troubled you, my dear.

She did not realize for a moment what he was about to do. His hand was at the door before she could see that he was going out to meet them. Then she ran and caught him by the arm.

My bedroom, quick. They won't search. They've no right.

Yielding to the urge of her hand, he turned. You'd do that for me? But why? Don't you remember what I did for you?

I don't care what you've done. Do be quick! What do you expect me to do, open the door and call them in?

Why not, he said, with the faint smile. Dagmar sent them to the island after me, and I don't know that she had half your reason to hate me.

For a moment, as she pushed him into her room, their bodies were close together. There was a fleeting warmth, and a swift glance almost of kindness passed between them.

She had, said Erica. You stopped loving her.

She closed the door, and sat down. A chill clearness like twilight settled upon her brain. She did not know why Jon should be wanted by the police, what he could have done to bring them upon his trail like this; but they were there, outside her door, climbing the stairs, mounting steadily nearer to the room where Jon was sitting. And it lay with her to save him; and she would do it. She felt no bitterness towards him: she had always, even against her will, admired him. Even now she knew a certain kinship with him, through the beating of her heart and the racing of her blood.

(To Be Continued)

THE COOK'S CORNER

APPLE PIE
2 tablespoons butter
2-3 cup brown sugar
1-4 teaspoon salt
3-4 cup corn syrup
1-2 cup milk
3 eggs
1-2 cup chopped nuts
1 teaspoon vanilla
Pastry dough

Method: Measure the brown sugar packed down into the cup. Cream the butter with the brown sugar until the mixture is fluffy. Add the beaten eggs and the salt. Mix the milk and syrup and add these, then the vanilla and nuts.... I think pecans are nicest.

Line a pie pan with pastry, building it up well around the edges. Pour the filling in carefully and set in an oven pre-heated to 450 deg. F. Bake for ten minutes, then reduce the heat to 350 deg. F. and continue baking until a silver knife inserted comes out clean, about 30 minutes longer. Cool and serve with a thin layer of whipped cream over the top.

Placing the pie in a hot oven for the first ten minutes, sets the crust so that the filling doesn't soak in and make it soggy. To reduce the heat, just open the oven door for a few minutes, or open and close it gently two or three times. That will bring it down quickly, then close it up and continue baking.

So many people have trouble with a custard pie and yet it is a great favorite. This is the way I do mine and it always turns out well, a smooth filling and a crispy flaky crust.

CUSTARD PIE

3 eggs
1-4 teaspoon salt
4 tablespoons sugar
2 cups hot milk
1-4 teaspoon nutmeg

Method: Beat the eggs with the salt and sugar until they are light and frothy. Then add the hot milk and the nutmeg.

Meanwhile, line a pie pan with a nice, rich pastry dough. Place in an oven which has been pre-heated to 450 deg. F. Set a second pan on top of the pastry to keep it from shrinking and bake for ten minutes. Now take it out of the oven and pour the filling in carefully.

Reduce the oven heat to 400 deg. F. and bake the pie for 10 minutes, then again reduce the heat to 350 deg. F. and continue baking until the filling is firm. It takes about 30 minutes longer.

Partially baking the crust first and then baking the pie at the two temperatures insures a crisp, flaky lower crust. Sometimes I add 1-2 or 3-4 cup of finely ground nuts to the custard mixture. During the cooking, these rise to the top and form a delicious topping.

If you are making a single crust pie, perhaps you'd like to know just how much flour and shortening to use. This amount will nicely fill a 9 inch pie pan.

SINGLE PIE CRUST

1 1-4 cups flour
1-2 teaspoon salt
6 tablespoons shortening
Ice water (about 2 tablespoons)

Method: Sift the flour (carefully measured) and the salt. Cut the shortening in with a pastry fork or with two knives. Do not cut it too fine, leave some of the shortening in pieces as large as beans.

Now add all the ice water, just a few drops at a time, stirring with a fork until the dough will just cling together. Squeeze into a ball and chill in the refrigerator for an hour or longer before rolling.

Roll on a lightly floured pastry cloth; inch thick. Fit into a lightly floured pie pan and bake in a hot, 450 deg. F. oven about 15 minutes.

Dorothy Dix's Letter Box

A Bank Account and Your Own Roof in Old Age is Far Better Than Deeding Everything Over to the Children on Their Promise to Care for You

Dear Miss Dix—I am a man of 60. My wife is dead and my children are urging me to transfer my home and all of my possessions and come to live with them. They say that they would give me a good home and every comfort and I would have them and my grandchildren for comfort and would not be lonely as I am now. But what assurance can I have that I would always be wanted?

A FATHER.

Answer:

None whatever. In fact, the only thing you can be absolutely certain of is that there would be no welcome on the mat in front of your childrens' door once they had got possession of your money.

Surely you have seen the tragedies that have happened to other parents who have done what your children are trying to get you to do often enough to be warned of the danger of committing such a folly. Have you forgotten old John Smith, who turned his fine farm over to the boys, who were going to cherish him and give him the warmest seat by the fireside, fees him on the tid-bits at the table and relieve him of all work and care, who was treated as if he had been a despised pensioner as soon as his greedy sons got their fingers on the place?

Don't you remember that it was a neighborhood scanda, when he was ousted from the room he had slept in for fifty years and moved up to the attic because his daughter-in-law wanted a sunny place for the children to play? Don't you remember how shabby he grew to be; how insultingly they interrupted him when he tried to tell a story; how they let the children talk back to him?

Have you forgotten Mrs. Jones, who fell ino the trap that her children baited for her with kisses and sweet words and promises of how happy they would make her; how they would spend their lives waiting on her and entertaining her and doing everything for her pleasure if only she would give them all of the money that Pa left her and the old home:

Don't you recall how the children tried to land her on each other because none of them wanted her? Don't you remember that she was not even welcome in the house that she had given them? Don't you remember how cowed, forlorn and piteous she got to be because she knew herself a helpless dependent who was treated like the beggar she had made herself?

And didn't you know at the time that if these old people had kept their money that their children would still be at least giving them lip service and be gracious and affectionate to them? Because between father and mother who have empty pockets and nothing to give and between father and mother who come bearing gifts there is a great difference.

Any father and mother who turn over their property to their children while they are still alive deserve just the kind of treatment they get. For of one thing they may be sure, and that is that the right sort of children, the children who really love them, would not rob them and would not be willing to deny them the happiness of an independent old age. And against the wrong sort of children, the ones who are so avaricious that they cannot wait for their parents to die to get their hands on their money, they are wise to protect themselves.

As for a man of 60 thinking of turning over everything he has to his children and becoming dependent on them, that is sheer insanity. Sixty isn't old in these days. It is just middle age, and gives a man a long, long time to repent the mistake he makes if he gives away all of the property he has worked for.

My advice to you is to say "no" most emphatically to these grasping sons of yours, and to marry again and keep your own home and bank account.

* * * * * * *

Dear Dorothy Dix—My husband, after twenty-five years of marriage, has decided that he wants a divorce, as he has at least met the ONE and ONLY woman for whom he has been looking, more or less, ever since we were married. This is the second time he has discovered her. He wants me to get the divorce, as he says it would save my face. He sits home and pouts. Won't talk. Won't eat. Doesn't care what happens. Threatens suicide. Acts worse than any spoiled child. The gloom is so thick you would think we were in a morgue. My life is made miserable and I only hesitate about the divorce because we have an 11-year-old child. I want to hold the home together for her, because I know my husband will soon tire of his new charmer as he has of all the others. I have tried everything I know of to cheer him up, but just when he is getting back to normal he receives a letter from his Lady Love asking what of MY plans and we start all over. Shall I write her that I intend to stay married, or pack my trunk, as I have been requested, and leave?

UNDECIDED.

Answer:

If you have any affection left for your philandering husband and think he is worth keeping in spite of his defects, I strongly advise you to stay put and to write the woman that you haven't the slightest intention of ever getting a divorce and that your husband can't get one from you, so she had just as well turn her affections toward some more promising prospect.

Evident y your husband is just one of the spoiled-child type of men. After he gets through pouting and sulking he will cheer up and thank you for saving him from all the mess of a divorce and the expense of having to support two families.

But make your plans to stay married very clear to the other Woman.

* * * * * * *

Dear Dorothy Dix—My husband and I have some friends of whom we are very fond, but they have an only child, a boy of 7, who is so rude and insulting to us whenever he sees us that it makes us dread to have them come near us. He slaps and kicks us and they think it is cute and smart; and he monopolizes the conversation. We hate to say anything to the parents about this boy, as we know it would break up the friendship, but we don't feel that we can stand him any longer. What should we do?

G. C. J.

Answer:

If any child should kick or slap me I know what I would do. And I know what the child would do—it would eat standing up for a week. If the parents got angry, so much the better. I would feel I had been delivered from a couple of fools.

DOROTH DIX.

ELMWOOD SCHOOL

Standing for month of January:
Grade X—1. Mary McQuillan; 2. Bell Campbell.
Grade VIII—1. Faustina McQuaid; 2. Helda Gallant.
Grade VI—1. Raymond McQuillan; 2. Eugene McQuillan; 3. Catherine McQuillan.
Grade V—1. Leo Gallant; 2. Stephen McQuaid.
Grade IV—1. Wilfred Campbell, 2. Judson MacPhee; 3. Bill MacPhee.
Grade II—1 Roma MacPhee; 2. Helen Docherty.

Teacher—L. P. Berrigan.

A Cough Won't Go Away Of Itself

Many people get a nasty cough and do not pay any attention to it, saying, "Oh, it will wear away in a short time," but even should it, serious injury may have been done to the bronchial tubes by the prolonged, harsh, racking coughing.

Too much stress cannot be laid on the fact that on the first sign of a cold or cough it should be gotten rid of immediately, as failure to do so may prove a serious matter to the general health.

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup has been on the market for the past forty-eight years, and we can recommend it as being one of the best remedies for colds and coughs you can possibly procure.

MISS AGNES S. FRASER, R.R. 4, New Glasgow, N.S., writes:—"I had a terrible cough. I used to cough a lot at night. I could not get rid of it. A friend told me about Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. It relieved my cough right away."

Put up by The T. Milburn Co., Ltd.

FIRST AID CABINET HANDY FOR KITCHEN

A new addition to the modern kitchen is the combination medicine cabinet and dressing-table for the particular benefit of the housewife who does her own work. Something of this kind is not merely a luxury. At times it may become a necessity.

Very few women can work in the kitchen without suffering, from time to time, those slight injuries which sometimes become so important. A burn on the hand when removing a pie from the oven, a cut finger when opening some tinned product — these are little things but they should be given immediate aid. The remedies should not be far away. They should be right at hand.

If hands are constantly going into water, the skin tends to roughen. Here is where the dressing-table idea comes in. Hand lotions can be kept available for quick use, while a mirror will assist the housewife to make those few adjustments sometimes when the door-bell rings unexpectedly.

STRAIN ON YOUR EYES

Eyes used for close work — particularly if lighting is not correct — are subject to a greater than normal strain. This brings the patient discomfort if there is present any appreciable refractive error and shows itself in headaches, sore eyes, etc. A person has no way of knowing the degree of strain on the eyes until they are examined.

G. F. Hutcheson
53 Grafton St.,

The Housewife And Her Activities

A KINDLY THOUGHT

A kindly thought and a helping hand,
Though little they cost in the giving
May cheer a heart when the clouds are rife,
Renewing its strength for the daily strife,
And brighten for someone the path of life,
And make it worth the living.

—Author Unknown.

PRINCE PLAYS TRICK ON DUCHESS OF KENT

Athens streets were strew with rice—and the Duchess of Kent's gloves were filled with it—after the wedding of Crown Prince Paul of Greece and Princess Frederika.

The Duchess's gloves were filled (when she was not looking) by Prince Hubertos, the bride's youngest brother.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

Tissue paper will remove rain spots from satin. Crush the paper into a soft ball and rub over the spotted parts with a circular movement.

Here is a hint for the spare bedroom where there is no wardrobe. Screw six small cup hooks into the underpart of a coat hanger. This can be hung behind the bedroom door and will hold six coat hangers quite easily. The frocks on the hangers will overlap and not crease, and a chintz curtain hung from the top of the door will keep away the dust.

Rug manufacturers warn against beating rugs or carpets, since this vigorous treatment may cause the threads of the weave to break. Use the carpet sweeper daily, if necessary, and a vacuum cleaner about once a week.

Try adding a pinch of salt to the sugar when cooking icing for cakes to make it smooth and fine textured.

PETROLEUM PROTECTS

To avoid the permanent spotting of locks, door handles and other hardware when painting woodwork, cover their surfaces with a coating of Petroluem jelly before beginning to paint. All spatters of paint may then be easily removed with a dry cloth. Be careful, however, to avoid getting any of the jelly on the brush as this may retard the drying.

SAUSAGE SCRAMBLE

Boil half a pound of sausages gently for ten minutes, then skin them and break up with a fork. Beat four eggs with four tablespoons of milk, and season with pepper and salt. Put two tablespoons butter in a saucepan and make it hot. Beat the sausage and egg well together, pour into the butter, and stir over a low heat until just set. Serve on rounds of buttered toast.

LACE-CLEANING METHODS

If you have some white lace which needs cleaning, you will find either of these methods satisfactory.

Wind the lace round a fairly thick wooden handle, or better still as this is far easier to obtain usually, a fairly thick bottleneck. Pin the lace so that it will not move, then soak it all night in Castile soap-suds and milk. Next day rinse the lace then soak it in fresh sud lather for a short time. Rinse well two or three times, never, of course, actually rubbing the lace; it should only be gently squeezed. Whenever possible the lace should be dried in the sun, as this bleaches it, but in winter the best way is to pat the lace in a towel to absorb surplus moisture, then place on a double sheet of kitchen paper and dry quickly over the plate-rack or some other warm spot.

Dry-Cleaning Method. — This method requires the lace to be spread out on clean white paper, then completely covered with calcium magnesia. Next place another sheet of clean paper over it and put away somewhere for two or three days. Heavy books or some such weights should be placed on top. At the end of the time all you need to do is to shake the lace in order to remove all surplus powder, when it will be found to be beautifully clean and white.

DON'T ALWAYS MAKE UP CHILDREN'S MINDS

Mothers should depend on the sense of fair judgement of their children. Not always, of course, but the habit of depending on a mother's word for everything is wearing and unnecessary. Let children get together and make up their own minds. Then you won't be in the position of an unfair umpire.

SILVER ASHTRAYS

Silver ashtrays for the arm of chairs are a useful addition to any house. A novel ashtray is fitted into a miniature leather saddle with silver stirrup-irons hanging down on either side.

Silver pipe-stands are for the absent-minded husband who will leave his pipe lying about. Matchstands and decorative table-lighters with striking silver statuettes beside them are very popular.

Another lighter is in the form of a silver sphere with a gold "flame" coming from the top. These lighters hold a store of petrol that lasts for months.

THE LITTLE BLACK FROCK IS UNLIMITED IN ITS USEFULNESS

You must have a little black frock because you can wear it on a hundred different days in a hundred different ways.... with short coats and long coats, with belts and sashes, with collars and scarves, with necklaces and bracelets.... or just absolutely plain. Men will always think you well dressed, and women will envy you the different outfits you have for every occasion. Here is the type of frock; black wool marocain, high-waisted and moulded to the figure, quite plain at the back slightly full in front. Neck is plain and cut high; sleeves are gathered in to just below the elbow. You can wear it—

To the office—belted with a wide band of emerald green crepe, closely draped, but held with a whale-bone at the back to keep its width, fastening off in a short frill.

Out to lunch with several strands of pastel-colored pearls, two gold clips, and a long gold chain hung with gold shells. On one wrist a thick gold cable bracelet, on the other a bangle of twisted old gold and copper and a wide gold band.

For a day's shopping with an astrakhan collar and belt and little peaked cap to match.

To a wedding under a bright lame wrist-length coat, striped either of these methods satisfactory.

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PIN YOUR WAVES

Set all waves in this way and pin with the finest hair pins, adding setting combs, if necessary, to make the waves more strongly.

You are now ready for the curls and will probably need a fresh application of setting lotion. Take the strand to be curled, comb out straight and sleek and tapering, and then wind into place. Pin firmly and dry, with a net keeping the hair in place. When dry, comb out the curls and finish with a touch of brilliantine.

BUILT-IN EQUIPMENT PROVIDES CHARACTER

Most living rooms, no matter how attractively furnished, grow tiresome if the decorations are not occasionally changed. An effective improvement is built-in book shelves on each side of the fireplace. They will add character to a room, improving it out of all proportion to the truth and expense involved. Other effects may be obtained with built-in window seats and wall cabinets.

FLOWERY MILLINERY TO GREET THE SPRING

Many of the new spring hats designed to compliment the new high coiffures, are lavishly bedecked with flowers. Tube roses, cabbade roses, delphinium iris, and four-leaf clovers are a few types you will find on your chapeaux. Many will have veils and chiffon scarfs, too.

Home Service

Up-and-Coming Ideas for Jolly Parties

Are you psychic? Tin Pan Telepathy will tell.

This is a grand stunt at any party; it's a riot at a hick jamboree. Give Dick a tin pan and spoon. Tom is "it" and leaves the room while the rest of the crowd decide he's to "put on the dairymaid's bonnet."

When he comes back, all concentrate on the bonnet — thought waves fairly zoom through the air. And when Tom starts toward the dairymaid, Dick beats softly on the tin pan. Beating gets louder as he nears the bonnet until he gets the idea—and the dairymaid becomes "it."

Wind up the evening with a Scavenger Hunt. Give each couple an identical list of 12 articles they're to bring back to the party within an hour without spending any money but carfare. For example, any animal except dog or cat, horseshoe, day before yesterday's newspaper, a stranger to every one, three red hairs. Luckiest couple gets a prize.

You'll find the parties your crowd will fall for in our 32-page booklet—Shipwreck Party, Merry-Go-Round Jamboree, Lucky 13 Party.

Send 20c in coins for your copy of What's New In Parties to The Guardian Home Service, Address. Be sure to write plainly your Name Address, and the Name of booklet.

Name

Street Address

City Province

A Morning Smile

"The Righteous tell me that you have a model husband, Mrs. Wilson." "Yus, sir; but 'e ain't a workin' model."

"I had a beard like yours once but when I realised how ugly it made me look I cut it off."

"I had a face like yours once and when I realised I couldn't cut it off I grew this beard."

SETTING YOUR PERMANENT

"Set my own hair? Oh, no, I simply couldn't!" is the answer you'll get from nine out of ten girls if you put that question to them, writes Joan Berlinger in the London Daily Mail. And so they spend their entire hairdressing allowance on "shampoo and sets," at the same time bemoaning the fact that they can't afford a really expensive, meticulously, sophisticated permanent.

It's easy enough to shampoo your own hair, set it as the hairdresser set your permanent, and, if you do it aright, your hair will look lovelier for the slow home drying.

Suppose it's time for the first shampoo after the permanent. Choose your shampoo with care and make sure it's easy to use, easy to rinse out, and won't leave that unbecoming film of lime on your hair, but will make it as healthy and lustrous as it is clean.

You'll need, too, a good setting lotion, chosen for the texture of your hair. As well, hair net and pins, a clean, fine comb, and you're ready.

Follow the rules given with the shampoo, and bear in mind these hints: Don't use very hot water, do give at least two latherings, and rinse by holding your head under tap or shower if possible.

Now is the moment to be generous with the setting lotion. Comb it through from scalp to ends till your hair looks like lank rats' tails.

Comb your hair as you wear it off or across your forehead, keeping the comb tightly against the scalp. With your free hand follow the comb, plastering your hair closely to your head. When you've reached the place for a wave, press firmly with the following hand and hold the hair down while the comb describes the wave. A finger there again held firmly as the comb continues with its work.

PIN YOUR WAVES

Set all waves in this way and pin with the finest hair pins, adding setting combs, if necessary, to make the waves more strongly.

You are now ready for the curls and will probably need a fresh application of setting lotion. Take the strand to be curled, comb out straight and sleek and tapering, and then wind into place. Pin firmly and dry, with a net keeping the hair in place. When dry, comb out the curls and finish with a touch of brilliantine.

BUILT-IN EQUIPMENT PROVIDES CHARACTER

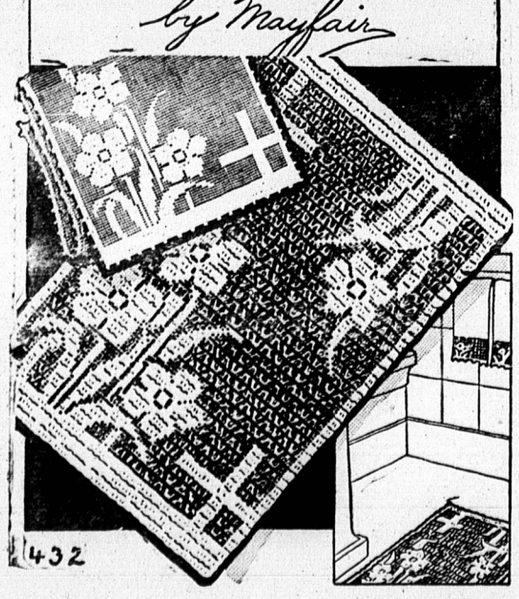
Most living rooms, no matter how attractively furnished, grow tiresome if the decorations are not occasionally changed. An effective improvement is built-in book shelves on each side of the fireplace. They will add character to a room, improving it out of all proportion to the truth and expense involved. Other effects may be obtained with built-in window seats and wall cabinets.

FLOWERY MILLINERY TO GREET THE SPRING

Many of the new spring hats designed to compliment the new high coiffures, are lavishly bedecked with flowers. Tube roses, cabbade roses, delphinium iris, and four-leaf clovers are a few types you will find on your chapeaux. Many will have veils and chiffon scarfs, too.

Daffodil Crochet Bathroom Set

by Mayfair



MAYFAIR NO. 432

Your bathroom will be "all primped up" when you have completed this delightful crochet set which consists of a lovely mat for the floor, a filet runner for the dresser or table and heavy crochet edgings for bath towels to match.

You may use either rags or chochet string or cord for the rug which is crocheted in two colors. String is used for both the runner and the towel edgings.

The pattern includes complete, easy-to-follow directions for crocheting the mat, runner and edgings, also black and white charts of the complete designs, color suggestions and key and diagrams of the simple crochet stitches.

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.

Use this coupon — Print your name and address plainly

To The Charlottetown Guardian
Needlework Dept.

DESIGN NO. 432

Name -

Street Address -

City - - - - - - - - - - - - Province - - - - - - - - - - -

FASHION GUIDES FOR THE HOME DRESSMAKER

There's something very feminine, smart and lovely about this black crepe dress. It has soft front draped bodice fulness..... slim gored skirt for figure flattery. Conservative for casual daytime wear, yet dressy enough for afternoons. If you're bored with sombre colors make it in a bright small neat print on royal blue or a medium blue ground.....wear it right through spring. The cleverly high at the shoulder sleeves..... give you an amazingly easy to sew dress. Included in the pattern is a picture sewing instruction chart.

Style No. 2059 is designed for sizes 16, 18, 20 years, 34, 36, 38, 40 42, 44, 46, 48 and 50-inches bust. Size 36 requires 3 3-4 yards of 39-inch material.

Send fifteen cents (15c) in stamps or coin (coin preferred) wrap coin carefully, address to Charlottetown Guardian giving:—

Style No. 2059 Size..... .....

Name

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