

# Woman's Realm -- Social and Personal -- Fashions -- Literature

## THE HOUSEWIFE AND HER ACTIVITIES

### BLUEBERRIES

The soft, sandy and it will not grow. A single thing of worth. But here and there. Among the few scrub pine, a patch of blue. Conclude with distant sky. Small, spotted bushes, hanging down their heads. Clinging a secret wealth from pastures. A wilderness of blue that is where you find the ripest, bluest kind!

### BELEVO-TYPE COATS

A variation of the straight line that is a striking attempt in an important direction in the modern idea. The modern "break" gives the impression of a summer more tapering silhouette below and the result is a very interesting novelty.

### OVERBLOUSES ARE SMART

Overblouses are to be much worn in the fall. They are to be worn in the fall, presaging a new bell line say stylists.

### CURTAINS FOR SUMMER

It is a common mistake to buy curtains for the winter and use them for the summer. The curtains should be light and airy, and should be made of a material that will not become soiled by the sun.

### JOBS AT LATE HOURS

Do not permit the child to start a new job of coloring or sewing for you, etc. Let him do it himself. It is a waste of time to spare him. Let him do it himself. It is a waste of time to spare him.

### COURTESY TO CHILD

Don't forget, Mother, it is just as rude of you to interrupt the child's activity as it is for him to go to bed. Give him the courtesy of attention and interest or soon he will not bother to tell you his little tales of interest to him.

The warped ironing board will stretch out if you reverse the position to the other side for a while.

### JUST WAIT TILL HUBBY SEES YOUR NEW FALL HAT

Women's fall hats will either tempt men or drive them distracted until they get used to the new look.

Some of the new hats, shown today by John-Prentiss, a leading designer, were as plain as chicken feathers, with the bird's nest finish.

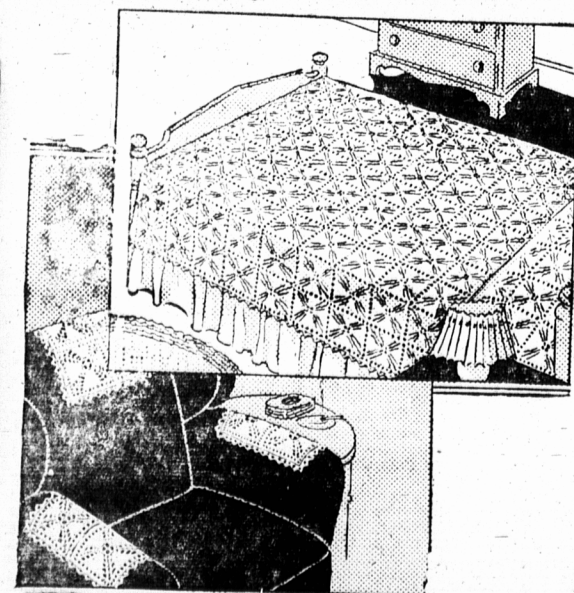
Some had a brush trimming like the top of a shaving brush, and some were shaped like "witches' hats" with a tall peaked crown.

"Hats are very new. I don't know what the birds do, but they do seem to be one of the most important accessories of my career."

"This is a very little shikhan number."

It was a peaked hat covered with black and white plumed rock feathers, with a short chicken feather sports coat to match.

## BEDSPREAD AND CHAIR



Mayfair Needle-art. Design No. 108. How much more charming and cozy the bedroom can be when well adorned. Here is a lovely crochet pattern for bedspread and chair set. Worked of heavy crochet cord, it gets amazingly fast. A few extra squares also make a delightful cover for dresser or chest. Detailed instructions for working are included with the pattern. 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. 106 Name Street Address City Province

## THE GREAT HUSSAR

By HENRY VON RHAN

(Continued)

Silently he handed the dispatch to von der Lanz. Ulrich, he said quietly, I think the jig is up! A gleam of satisfaction came into Schwartz's heavy eyes. Drawing forth a document, impatiently he adjusted his pipe-nez like a pedagogue. Unfolding the paper and clearing his throat, he read: Long live the proletariat! The governing men and all power, having been wrenched from the imperialistic and capitalist usurpers and having passed into the hands of the rightful owners, the people, we do hereby—

The King touched his forehead with one hand and raised the other sharply, protesting. Don't make me listen to these queer, song-winded asinities. I can tell you exactly what you are going to say. You are going to demand my abdication!

That said the Communist, is presently, in essence, our demand, but—

The King took the papers in his hand and lightly tossed them into the fire. Don't be absurd, Schwartz, he said irritably. If I tried to go to sleep from sheer exhaustion and boredom, and I will not sign without reading it. But I will abdicate. With a gesture he stifled a word from anyone. Ulrich, he said to the Hussar, can you write?

Yes, your Majesty, answered the Captain, flushing.

Set down over here and write the following: I, Alexander II, by the grace of God King of Zagau, feeling that a people only get as good a government as they deserve do hereby, reluctantly and under duress, renounce my lawful throne and turn over the government of the people to what I am convinced is a most corrupt set of scoundrels, rogues, and traitors. There, said cheerily to the scowling Hussar, "I'll sign that or nothing!"

Yes, Leopold Schwartz said curtly. The King crossed to the writing table and, taking the pen from the Hussar's hand, with a few bold, rapid strokes signed his name and placed his seal beneath the signature. Then he flung the paper in the direction of the Communist.

CHAPTER X

At the west gate of the Palace grounds all was quiet. Not one of the thousands swarming before the Palace was willing to desert the Königplatz, the scene of greatest excitement.

Within the west gate a solitary steeple stood, peering from time to time through the great iron bars. A few metres behind him, along a path between high trees, a woman swayed in fury, was walking restlessly to and fro with a quick, nervous tread of small, high-arched feet. The steeple's slow mind turned matters over—a day of going surely; a mob overflowing from the Königplatz; the beautiful lady whom he had seen in the King's company, giving him a cold glance over his shoulder as he heard other footsteps crunching on the gravel. He saw the King's aide, Feval Haas, approaching, and him, what next? wondered the steeple, who next?

Nina Poinatovsk's hand shot out and grasped Feval's trembling arm. You have failed, she said in a low, quick voice. You have failed—I can see it in your eyes!

Feval's clammy hand closed over her soft, white wrist. Nina, he stammered urgently, listen to me. I was on the point of doing it—an hysterical sob caught in his throat—when von der Lanz broke in.

Did he see you? panted Nina. No, muttered Feval, but the way he flung himself at me was awful. Does the King suspect anything? No, nothing! He sent me to have his car and chauffeur ready at this gate in ten minutes' time. He is to go back streets past the Biergarten, along the Southern Boulevard, and out of the city by the Königsburg-Gros-haven road, across the border into Saxe-Radig!

Nina's breath came with a sharp intake. Good, she said. You're not such a fool after all. Have you given this information over?

Feval nodded quickly. I had a moment, he said, when von der Lanz was not watching me.

Nina leaned closer to Feval; her mind was working with lightning rapidity.

Go back to the King at once, she ordered, and help him get ready. As soon as he is done Zupke will give us a pass. She looked at him and seemed to breathe a promise. And then, Feval, we shall get away from all this and go to my home in Poland. Feval's mouth relaxed as if surprised at his own determination, and, bowing quickly to Nina, before she could mold his weakness again he strode hastily up the path.

A strange, trapped look came into Nina's eyes. The King stared, as if fascinated, at the clock. Then his eyes travelled to where Count Hohenlohe was gazing at the floor, pulling at the tips of his kid gloves. Out of the corner of his eye he saw von der Lanz peering up and down like a caged black leopard.

Keep quiet a minute, can't you, Ulrich? he said. And you, Joachim, for heaven's sake cheer up!

How much time have they given you, your Majesty? asked Hohenlohe with an effort. Half an hour, said the King. Seven minutes have gone, said von der Lanz sharply, and a screaming mob of ten thousand people is waiting to tear you to pieces!

Very well, mused the King. I suppose I had better be bestirring myself. I have agreed to depart at once. It is the only thing that will

stop useless bloodshed. When I have gone, you and Ulrich and the Palace servants will withdraw with the guard. Use your own judgment about dispersing or staying together. I have a safe conduct pass signed by Schwartz and Zupke, whoever the latter may be, and Haas has been sent to have my car in readiness.

Von der Lanz looked up suddenly. May I be spared a moment, your Majesty? he asked.

Certainly, Ulrich, but hurry back and bring a bottle of brandy with you.

Von der Lanz stepped quickly from the room and a moment later was entering the officers' mess hall, where a solitary figure in an olive-drab uniform sat.

Captain Parker, said von der Lanz hurriedly. I hoped you would be here.

Of course I waited, said the American, rising. I only wish there was something I could do.

Von der Lanz stepped closer to him. There is, he said. Will you? The American nodded. You know I will, don't you?

The Hussar glanced quickly around the empty mess hall, but even then took the precaution to whisper his request.

The American whistled in amazement. Our Embassy is only a step off, he said. I could do it all right and bring the passport to you almost at once, but I'm bound to be caught later and it might cause all sorts of trouble. He smiled grimly. They'll probably send me to Leavenworth Prison. However, I guess it's worth it.

A few moments later the Hussar was standing before the King again with a bottle of brandy in one hand and a diplomatic passport in the other; he handed the latter to the King. The King glanced at it, then, laughing, looked at von der Lanz. Where did you get that, Ulrich? he asked.

From the American Military Attache. It will be far more useful to you in crossing the border than any treacherous paper signed by Schwartz.

The King assented. I think you're right, he said thoughtfully. Now, let's have a stirrup cup.

As von der Lanz was filling three small glasses, an ominous sound gathered in volume from the Königplatz. The King, he said hastily, please listen to the arrangements I have made. Feval Haas has your car and chauffeur at the west gate, he paused an instant, but you are not going in it.

The King saw Hohenlohe nod in assent. I have instructed Jonas to have Hohenlohe's Daimler car, which is waiting near the north entrance. The first plan was for you to drive through the back streets past the Biergarten and thence out of the city by the Königsburg-Gros-haven road to the border. That plan is cancelled.

The King listened, and again Hohenlohe nodded.

You will now, continued von der Lanz, take Joachim's car and tear out your car along the west gate, your car leaving the Königplatz until you reach the Exterior Boulevard; then take Grande Alle until you get on the Königsburg-Roda arterial. The last thing that you or your Majesty would escape towards Roda, the centre of the Communist activity. Once in Roda, you'll be at the junction of the Russian-Saxe-Radig frontier. Your passport should get you over the border into Saxe-Radig easily enough. Does this plan meet with your Majesty's approval?

From the Königplatz again came the sound of singing—a revolutionary hymn. Suddenly the King rose and, glass in hand, walked to the window. He swung open the case-ments of the high French windows. Instantly the singing ceased and thousands of eyes were raised to the Palace window. At the sight of the King standing alone the noise re-echoed for an instant, and then slowly, strangely subdued, he held up his hand in a gesture of command. Suddenly there was silence.

The King raised the glass of brandy. I drink, his clear voice rang out, to Zagau!

Drawing the glass, he flung it high into the air. He heard it shatter on the stones below as he closed the windows behind him.

As the King was striding away from the windows Feval Haas entered the room.

Your chauffeur has been instructed, your Majesty.

Good, said the King quietly. Good! Go back, Haas, and tell him I shall be ready in five minutes, and in five minutes come back here yourself.

A quick glance passed from von der Lanz to Hohenlohe. Travelling clothes, said the King, slipping out of his tunic. In record time Alexander II was garbed as a private

## Dorothy Dix

### First Make Your Own Choice of the Girl You Are Going to Marry—Then Find Out if She Has Good, Hard-Headed Horse Sense — It's Her Best Asset

A young man asks me if I will give him a few tips about how to pick out a wife. Well, son, when you select the woman with whom you expect to spend the next thirty or forty years use both your heart and your head, the while you keep your fingers crossed for luck. You will need them all and a kiss from your Guardian Angel thrown in for good measure, for marriage is a gamble that makes roulette and all other games of chance look like sure things.

Of course, every man's dream wife is a woman who both comes up to his ideal and fires his fancy but, alas and alack, these paragons are as scarce as hen's teeth. If you must choose between a girl who is a combination of all the virtues, but who makes you tired and one who has a thousand faults mixed up with a thousand thrills, take the thrills. Don't marry any woman who doesn't raise your temperature and set your pulses racing. Men need to be crazily in their capital of romance and sentiment, so if they make the grade they must start out under full steam.

Don't let your mother, your sisters or your friends pick out your wife for you. Marriage is the most intensely personal thing on earth and husbands and wives purely a matter of taste. Mother is perfectly sure that you would be happy if you married the nice little girl across the street who has a tidy fortune and makes such good angel's food and is kind to her mother, and that you would bring misery on yourself if you married that little flibbertygibbet who can't boil water without scorching it and who hasn't a penny to her name.

But if you let Mother dump her choice on you, you will be phandering within a year. Marriage is for a long time and it seems longer if you have to spend it with a wife who gets on your nerves and bores you to tears.

Take as much time and give as much intelligence to selecting your wife as you would a new automobile. If you were buying a car you would rooster if you needed a truck in your business. You wouldn't buy a Rolls Royce if all you could afford was a Fiver. You wouldn't buy a Rolls Royce if you wouldn't buy a car just because it had pretty upholstery, tricky gauges, shiny new paint and streamlined effects. You would look at the engine and note how strongly the car was built, and you would lay particular stress on the reliability of the manufacturer.

Well, use the same care in picking out your wife as you would in selecting your car. Don't marry a girl who is nothing but a living picture when what you need is a good working partner. Don't pick out a clothes horse who will keep your nose to the grindstone as long as you live to pay her bills. Don't marry a girl who has nothing but a pretty face to recommend her. Don't marry a girl who is made of stoddard material and the hysterical nagger who considers herself a martyr because she has to keep house and bear children.

Pick out a girl who has good, hard, horse sense. That is about the most useful commodity in marriage and will go further than any other one thing toward making it a success. The woman who has that never makes the sentimental fool who weeps because her hard-worked, hard-driven husband doesn't spend his time making love to her and tell her how beautiful and wonderful she is. Nor does she develop into the hysterical nagger who considers herself a martyr because she has to keep house and bear children.

So look out for what is under the finger wave of any girl who has caught your eye. If there is plenty of gray matter there she will make a reasonable wife who will take marriage on the chin, so to speak, and who will not expect too much of you.

Above all, pick out a cheerful, good-natured girl for a wife. When all is said your wife's disposition is going to make or mar your marriage. If you select one who is amiable and sweet and pleasant to live with, you will have the wife of the scriptures, whose price was above rubies.

DOROTHY DIX.

### GEORGIAN TEA CUSTOMS

BRITISH ETIQUETTE AS WELL-DEFINED THEN AS JAPANESE TODAY

Returned travellers from Japan who have been entertained in homes all come back immensely impressed by the tea ceremony. Training in the exacting etiquette prescribed by the Shoguns is an important part of each little Japanese girl's education. The ceremony itself grew out of the sacred rites performed by the Zen monks before the image of Daruma. Today it is purely social and known as Cho-no-ya.

18th Century Etiquette

Perhaps not so graceful as the Japanese ceremony, English tea-drinking in the early 18th century nevertheless had its own rigid customs.

By instance, when a member of the gathering of ladies drinking tea had had enough she could indicate the fact in one of three ways. The most delicate, perhaps, was by laying her teaspoon gently across the top of the cup. If she felt coquettish she would tap her cup with the spoon—this was an indication that she would like one of the gentlemen to remove her cup. Equally de rigeur, and most emphatic of all was the signal made by turning the tea-cup upside down in the saucer.

### MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

Modern Life Demands special care for the eyes. Your eyes are subjected daily to light glare, dust, smoke, strain from reading, sewing, working, etc. Help to relieve your eyes of needless pain by cleansing, soothing and relaxing your eyes with the daily use of Murine. Healthy eyes are beautiful eyes. For over 40 years Murine has helped keep eyes healthy and rested.

### MUFFETS

The Sunshine Breakfast Cereal

100% WHOLE WHEAT

Delicious as they are nutritious

A QUAKER OATS PRODUCT

### SHOT FROM GUNS

Then triple-sealed to bring that right from the oven's freshness to you!

### QUAKER PUFFED RICE

## FASHION GUIDES FOR THE HOME DRESSMAKER

Keep cool in this darling sheer cotton print. Its easy-to-wearness makes it suitable for town or country. It is so simply styled with soft shirred shoulders. They're immensely flattering and make the waist appear very much smaller than it really is. It can have a veer or square neck.

The printed sheer cottons come in such heavenly patterns on designs on snowy white backgrounds. The price is unbelievably low. Even if it is your first attempt at sewing, you'll finish it in a few hours. A step-by-step sewing chart is included.

Style No. 2542 is designed for sizes 16, 18, 20 years, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44-inches bust. Size 36 requires 3 1/4 yards of 38-inch material with 1-8 yard of 39-inch contrasting for belt. Send fifteen cents (15c) in stamps or coin (coin preferred) wrap coin carefully address to Charlottetown Guardian giving—

Style No. 2542 Size... ..

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street Address \_\_\_\_\_

### Today's Short Wave Radio Program

(All Time is Eastern Standard)

FRIDAY, JULY 30

TOKYO. 4:45 p.m.—Orchestra Selections. JZJ, 25.4 m., 11.80 meg.

SANTIAGO, CHILE. 5 p.m.—Dance Music. CB615, 24.3 m., 12.30 meg.

BERLIN. 6:00 p.m.—German Choral Unions in Breslau. DJD, 25.4 m., 11.77 meg.

ROME. 6:00 p.m.—News in English; Concert; "Rome's Midnight Voice." ZRO, 31.1 m., 9.63 meg.

MOSCOW. 7:00 p.m.—"Peace is Indivisible." (Lithinov). RAN, 31.2 m., 9.6 meg.

LONDON. 7:00 p.m.—Scenes from "The Taming of the Shrew" by William Shakespeare. GSP, 19.6 m., 15.31 meg.; GSO, 19.7 m., 15.18 meg.; GSD, 25.5 m., 11.75 meg.; GSB, 31.5 m., 9.51 meg.

BUENOS AIRES, ARGENTINE. 8:00 p.m.—Light Symphony Orchestra. LRX, 31.06 m., 9.66 meg. CABACAS. 9:00 p.m.—Concert Orchestra. YV5RC, 51.7 m., 5.8 meg.

LONDON. 9:20 p.m.—"Victoria Regina" by Laurence Housman. A talk by Lady Edward Gleichen. GSG, 16.8 m., 17.79 meg.; GSI, 19.6 m., 15.26 meg.; GSD, 25.5 m., 11.75 meg.; GSB, 31.5 m., 9.51 meg.

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

VANCOUVER. 12:00 Mid.—Continental Varieties. CJRO, 48.7 m., 6.15 meg.; CJRX, 25.5 m., 11.72 meg.

TOKYO. 12:45 a.m.—Naniwabushi ballad recitation. JZK, 19.9 m., 15.1 meg.

LYNDHURST, AUSTRALIA. 4:40 a.m. (Saturday)—National Program. VK3LR, 31.3 m., 9.58 meg.

### A Morning Smile

IN LIGHTER VEIN

A Frenchman, who had come over to England for the Coronation, decided to extend his stay and see something of the country. Finding himself one day in a small country village without a film for his camera, he was delighted to see that the local store bore a sign in the window: "Tei on parlie francais."

Entering the shop, he began to explain just what he wanted, speaking, of course, in French. But the shopkeeper couldn't understand a word.

Finally, the Frenchman had to go back to his rather poor English. "Why," he asked, "do you have a notice 'Here one speaks French' if you do not speak French?" The shopkeeper looked amazed,

QUICK CABBAGE SALAD

1 quart of cabbage finely shredded, 1-2 cup of green pepper diced, 1-4 cup of sweet pickle diced, 1 tablespoon sugar, 2 tablespoons of prepared mustard, 1-1 teaspoon of salt, 3 tablespoons of vinegar, 1-4 cup of cream (sour or sweet), black pepper. Mix the cabbage with green pepper and pickles. Combine the sugar, salt, vinegar, cream, mustard, and pepper, and pour over the cabbage. Blend well and serve at once. (Serves 6).

and then explained: "Is that what it means? Why, zur, OI bought 'um from a pedlar last week an' told OI 'twas Latin fer 'God Bless Our King and Queen."



## THE COOK'S CORNER

### SUMMER CONSERVE

1 quart cherries  
1 quart raspberries  
1 quart red currants  
2 small oranges  
Sugar as required  
Wash and stem currants; wash dry and hull raspberries; wash dry and thinly slice oranges, removing any pits; wash and pit the cherries. Place fruit in layers and stand in a warm place till the begins to flow. Bring slowly to boil, then boil quickly till thick. Pot and seal.

### CHERRY AND ORANGE MARSHMALE

3 quarts cherries, pitted  
3 large oranges  
4 pounds white sugar  
Pit the cherries, peel the oranges saving the thin yellow rind. Put cherries, oranges and the rind through a meat chopper, using a fairly fine knife. Simmer for one hour, adding a very little water if necessary. Add the sugar. Cook for 20 minutes longer.

### MARASCHINO CHERRIES

Use large, ox-heart cherries. Wash the cherries and remove pits without crushing. Cover the fruit with a mild vinegar-let stand for 2 days. Then put in jars in alternating layers with granulated sugar between, using as much sugar as the weight of the berries. Cover the whole with vinegar, and stir each day for one week. Allow the fruit to stand for 5 weeks, then add to each quart jar 1 teaspoonful of pure cherry extract and 2 drops of almond extract.

### QUICK CABBAGE SALAD

1 quart of cabbage finely shredded, 1-2 cup of green pepper diced, 1-4 cup of sweet pickle diced, 1 tablespoon sugar, 2 tablespoons of prepared mustard, 1-1 teaspoon of salt, 3 tablespoons of vinegar, 1-4 cup of cream (sour or sweet), black pepper. Mix the cabbage with green pepper and pickles. Combine the sugar, salt, vinegar, cream, mustard, and pepper, and pour over the cabbage. Blend well and serve at once. (Serves 6).

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