

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

The HOUSEWIFE and HER ACTIVITIES

Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast. To soften rocks, or bend a knotted oak.

PERFECT SUMMER COIFFURE IS EASY TO ARRANGE

The perfect summer coiffure is one which you can put in place unaided after a swim, a motor trip or between visits to the beauty salon.

One can tell at a glance that the Page Boy hairdresser isn't going to give too much trouble. It calls for hair which hangs about two inches below the ears, a few permanent wave curls around the hairline at the front, no waves and no swirls.

LEATHER ON FURNITURE

The leather on furniture can be washed with one teaspoon of vinegar to each cup of warm water used. Use a soft cloth wrung out of this solution.

THE FINISHING TOUCH

Just before you leave the house, always give your face a finishing touch or two. Brush eyebrows free of powder, put on a bit more lipstick, carefully, yet firmly.

DIAMOND BROOCHES

Brooches and clips of diamonds in white metal settings and fine patterns are featured in la Rue de la Paix, Paris.

Quick Relief for Pain. I always carry PARADOL in my handbag. DR. CHASE'S PARADOL

FASHION GUIDES FOR THE HOME DRESSMAKER



The shirred shoulders add new feminine touch to this cool summer cotton print dress.

Could anything be more charming than the soft tulle neck and belt? The smooth hipline skirt has a graceful flared hem.

A step-by-step picture sewing chart included enables you to sew it in a jiffy.

Style No. 2718 is designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20 years, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches. Size 24 requires 3 1/4 yards of 39-inch material.

Price of pattern 15 cents in stamps or coin (coin preferred) wrap coin carefully address to Charlottetown Guardian giving—Style No. 2718 Size.....

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Street Address \_\_\_\_\_ City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



What was she going to do? She hadn't known when she said those angry words to Duke; she didn't know now.



Carol, in an exquisite black net high-stepping, sleek young thoroughbred, she was angrier than ever with Duke.

THE COOK'S CORNER

CUCUMBER CREAM DRESSING FOR LETTUCE.

One and one-half cups thick, sour cream; 1 tablespoon onions, chopped fine; 1-2 cups olives, sliced thin; salt, pepper and vinegar to taste.

COCONUT MACAROONS.

One-half cup white sugar, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons melted butter, 1-2 teaspoon salt, 1-2 teaspoon vanilla, 2 cups desiccated coconut, 1-2 cup of seedless raisins.

CORN FLAKE WAFERS

One-quarter cup butter, 1-2 cup brown sugar, 1-2 cup granulated sugar, 1 egg, 1-2 cup nuts, 1-2 cup shredded coconut, 5 cups corn flakes.

STOP FACIAL BLEMISHES. CUTICURA SOAP AND OINTMENT

and, of course, his business training would be valuable if it were anything important, but it wasn't really; no she couldn't say how long it would take, but she hoped it would be all cleared up very soon; when it was she would join him at his mother's.

"Well, that was done. What next? How was she to get seventy-six thousand dollars to pay Duke? She had wandered over to one of the windows and was looking, without knowing that she was looking, down toward the stables. Her grandfather was patting Moon Ray. Suddenly everything was clear in her mind.

"Perhaps she isn't the best yearling ever bred at Brookdale or any other farm," she thought, "but she's pretty good. She'll do."

to Mr. Clayton; he was very sorry but it would be impossible for him to keep the luncheon appointment.

"It's O. K. by me," said the old man, when she told him, "as long as you're here. Anyway, I want to take it easy, so I'll be in shape for the auction tonight. Even if I don't buy and haven't anything to sell, I want to see it."

Carol did not answer. She hated to hurt her grandfather, to deceive him. But it had to be done.

The paddock of the Saratoga track was brightly lit that evening and a gay throng had turned out—horse-owners and horse-purchasers, breeders, bookmakers, bettors, society people, townpeople. Music from a big band rang out as an accompaniment to all the excitement.

Duke Bradley came along, but he was not lonely. He was a most popular young man and a familiar figure at every race track. Old acquaintances asked him for advice about the horses; new acquaintances were made.

"Duke, me lad," it was Fritzie, linking her arm through his, "are you a sight to see? You always could bring out the good point in dress clothes—a lot of these guys look as if they'd rented 'em. You look as if you'd been born in 'em."

"I had nothing to do with it. This is my own idea."

A light begins to dawn on me. You really aren't going to let Hartley Madison settle that little amount in either way we discussed this morning?"

Right, for once. I'm starting tonight. When I have paid you every cent and not until then, I'm going to be married."

What, may I ask, does Mr. Madison say about postponing his marriage—after all, it is his as well as your's you know."

I might say that is none of your business. But instead I will answer you impertinent question by saying he doesn't know a thing about any of this. But I'm going to prove to him and his family that I am not marrying him for his money!"

"For those kind words," he said making a courtly bow.

"Here, said Fritzie, hurrying him over to a man who looked disconsolate. "You must meet Mr. Kiffmeyer, Mr. Bradley. But you're Kiffie and Duke from now on."

The men shook hands. They had no chance to speak, because Fritzie kept right on talking.

"Duke, it is my Irish luck that led me to barge into the first thing, or is it? You are just the one to give Kiffie pointers. Now, Kiffie-doodles, don't put in on this talk. Of course, you want to buy some horses tonight! You just think you don't like 'em. And as for giving you hay-fever, it's all—goodness, as the Dutchies say," this as Mr. Kiffmeyer sneezed.

"Now, Duke, give us a tip. You know what horses are up for tonight and Kiffie is perfectly willing to take your word for it. What is the best buy—he doesn't care what it costs."

"A wise man," said Duke, smiling at Mr. Kiffmeyer, who seemed to grow more dejected every moment. "If you promise not to tell anyone—and why would even as big a talker as you, if you're going to bid?—I'll tell you that if I were buying just one horse, I'd go in for Lightning. It will be the last horse put up."

But on one point, Duke was wrong. The auctioneer announced that there had been a change made—the last minute another horse—had been put up. After Lightning had been sold to the highest bidder, there would be a surprise. It would be well worth waiting for.

Duke saw Grandfather Clayton coming toward him. At first he wondered if the old man could have been drinking. He waved his arms and he could hardly speak.

"Stop her," he cried to Duke. "I can't do a thing with her! Don't let her—don't!"

"What are you talking about, Grandpa," asked Duke.

The old man was beyond words. He pointed toward the paddock. Duke was leading in Moon Ray. Duke was beside her in a minute. I thought you were in Newport, he said.

Many of the things you think about me have no basis in fact," she said. "Why mention this one? Because—he can't see Grandfather a short space off, frantically entreating him to save Moon Ray."

"I just wondered why the elaborate subterfuge about being in a hurry to make your train when you meant to be here."

My plans were suddenly changed this morning," she said with elaborate subterfuge about being in a hurry to make your train when you meant to be here."

The "personality kid" of the British royal family, little Prince Edward, 20-months-old son of the Duke and Duchess of Kent, peeks out from under the sun-shelter of his pram at admiring passersby in London. The little prince, whose curly head might conceivably wear the crown some day, was named for his Uncle Edward, the present Duke of Windsor.

ORDER KING COLE AND ENJOY A Real CUP OF COFFEE

"Don't you mean, he asked, you're going to prove it to me?"

"If you don't mind, Mr. Bradley, if we are to continue talking at all, I'd like to change the subject. It's a beautiful evening, isn't it?"

"This is going to be hard on Grandfather," said Duke, in a kinder tone. Selling a horse is always hard on him—and Moon Ray!"

"Don't tell me! I know. But it has to be done. I may be stupid, but frankly, I don't see how selling a horse is any great help to you. What's a few thousand, if we are going to be necessary?"

"Fortunes have been made from lesser stakes." "A stake?" he asked puzzled. "I can run it up to what I owe you."

"Betting?" he said in amazement. Handicapping, if you must know. "But—"

"Will you kindly let my affairs alone? All that concerns you is getting your seventy-six thousand dollars. And you will."

"You must listen to me—I can't let you do this." "How will you stop me, pray?" "Perhaps I can make you get it through your crazy head that you can't beat the old law of averages—handicapping or any other way."

"So you say. Just watch me." "But—"

"Au revoir, Mr. Bradley. Moon Ray has to be sacrificed. But Brookdale remains to the Claytons. And without any larceny."

Duke walked slowly back to Grandfather Clayton. He did not speak. He simply held up his hands in a gesture of futility.

With her mind made up, Duke is powerless to prevent Carol from selling Moon Ray. Can she really make good on her promise to pay him, herself? Be sure to read tomorrow's fast-moving installment. (To be continued)

YOUR BODY'S BIGGEST ORGAN. It has so many functions that, if unhealthy in action, many ill result.

Yeast is your liver that affects your digestive tract, kidneys, blood, skin, muscles, intestines and certain glands—including reproductive glands. If it's sluggish you may suffer headaches, nausea, indigestion, constipation, backaches, yellow skin and other ills. So keep your liver active. Use Fruit-A-Tives, the famous remedy that contains extracts of fruits and herbs—that works like nature to stimulate the liver, the proper flow of bile. Fruit-A-Tives cleanses the entire system and energizes effects help bring you life and energy. Clear your liver today. And be sure to get genuine "Fruit-A-Tives"—don't accept substitutes.

Learn how to be a good cook and run a budget. It is just as much a wife's duty to be a good manager as it is her husband's to be a good provider.

Take your husband "as is." If you don't like his manners and his habits, his politics and his religion, don't marry him. Being made over according to the wife's taste is a painful process and few husbands forgive the women who do it.

Laugh off your husband's faults instead of making tragedies out of them. It is far better for a wife to have a funnybone than a classical profile.

Finally, and above all, make yourself your husband's most interesting companion. Be the one on whom he can always count for sympathy, loyalty and understanding, and so shall you walk happily together down the long trail of marriage.

Today's Short Wave Radio Program (All Time is Eastern Standard)

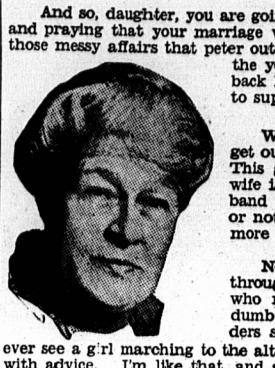
MONDAY, JUNE 14 PARIS 9:30 a.m.—A Concert of Light Music. TPA—2, 19.6 m., 15.24 meg. SANTIAGO, CHILE 4 p.m.—Selected Music and News. OB615, 24.3 m., 12.30 meg. BERLIN 5 p.m.—"The Beggar Student," opera. DJD, 25.4 m., 11.77 meg. MOSCOW 7 p.m.—20 Years of Soviet Science. RAN, 31.2 m., 9.6 meg. PRAGUE, CZECHOSLOVAKIA 7:05 p.m.—Orchestra and Variety Program. OLR4A, 25.34 m., 11.84 meg. BUENOS AIRES, ARGENTINE 8:30 p.m.—Jazz Orchestra and Female Trio. LRX, 31.06 m., 9.66 meg. CARACAS 8:45 p.m.—Amateur Hour. YV-5RC, 51.7 m., 5.8 meg. LONDON 9:50 p.m.—"Ghosts of London." GSI, 19.6 m., 15.26 meg.; GSF, 19.8 m., 15.14 meg.; GSD, 25.5 m., 11.75 meg.; GSC, 31.3 m., 9.58 meg. PRINCE ALBERT 11:30 p.m.—Book Review, by James Stuart Wood. CJO, 48.7 m., 6.15 meg.; CJRX, 25.5 m., 11.72 meg. TOKYO 12:15 a.m. (Tuesday) — Folk Songs. JZJ, 25.4 m., 11.80 meg. LYNHURST, AUSTRALIA 4:30 a.m. (Tuesday)—National Program. VK3LR, 31.3 m., 9.58 meg.

for STIFFNESS! Plenty of Minard's will rubbed in soon sets you right. Bathe the sore part with warm water before you start. You'll soon limber up!

MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT

The "personality kid" of the British royal family, little Prince Edward, 20-months-old son of the Duke and Duchess of Kent, peeks out from under the sun-shelter of his pram at admiring passersby in London. The little prince, whose curly head might conceivably wear the crown some day, was named for his Uncle Edward, the present Duke of Windsor.

Marriage Is Just What You Make It. Dorothy Dix. Success Depends More on The Wife. Marriage is a Job, Not a Romantic Adventure—It is a Long Hard Road to Travel and Each Step Must be Guarded



And so, daughter, you are going to be married, and you are hoping and praying that your marriage will stick and will not become one of those messy affairs that peter out in divorce in two or three years, with the young wife taking the baby and going back home to Mother and hunting for a job to support herself.

Well, marriage is what you make it. You get out of it just as much as you put into it. This goes double for women because every wife is twice as much married to her husband as he is to her and, unfair and unjust or not, the success of the marriage depends more upon her than it does upon him.

Now no woman who has ever been through the matrimonial mill herself, and who remembers with smiles and tears, how dumb she was, and the mistakes and blunders she made when she was a bride, can ever see a girl marching to the altar without yearning to load her down with advice. I'm like that, and so here's 2 cents' worth:

My first bit of counsel is to look upon marriage as a job instead of a romantic adventure. Marriage isn't a sentimental journey. It is a long hard road that is difficult to travel. You will find plenty of discussions and discouragements, but it leads to Paradise if you have the courage and grit to follow it. Make up your mind that you are going to stick it, no matter what happens. That you are going to put your heart and your back into making your marriage a success, and that you are going to be just as good a wife as you were a private secretary or clerk.

My next bit of counsel is to watch your step the first year of marriage. That is the crucial time when you and your husband will virtually settle the quarreling habit, or acquire dexterity in handling each other with gloves. Don't argue. Don't nag. Don't henpeck. Don't forget that the greatest charm that any wife can have for her husband is being easy to live with.

Don't expect too much of your husband. Fairy Princes exist only in young girls' imaginations. No woman ever marries one. The man she gets is just a plain ordinary human being as full of faults and foibles as she is. He is irritable when he is hungry, so feed him instead of bursting into tears when he snaps at you. He has to blow off steam or explode when he has been nagged by the boss, or had to deal with cantankerous clients all day, so make yourself into a handy safety valve for him instead of taking it as a personal affront. He is not romantic by nature, so let him say "I with checks in place of orchids, instead of thinking he has ceased to love you."

Don't put away your romance with your wedding veil and lock it up in the closet of your heart. Keep on being a lover. Before marriage a man does the courting. After marriage the wife must do it if she wants to keep the fire burning on the altar. No matter how much a man takes his wife for granted, he doesn't want her to take him that way and regard him as just a bill-payer. He wants her to fuss over him and flatter him, and tell him how happy she is and what a good husband he is and how she thanks her lucky stars that she got him.

Don't throw away your bait. You know by what tricks you charmed the bird out of the bush. Keep them up. Dress up for him. Cater to his whims and prejudices. Make him attractive. Enter into his moods instead of being a killjoy. Listen to him. Praise him for the things he does well and let somebody else tell him of his faults. The reason most husbands leave home is to escape the critic on the hearth, and to find a woman who will give them the glad hand.

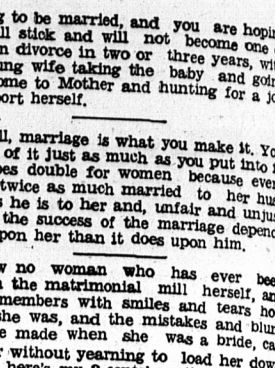
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Peacock Embroidery Design by Mayfair



Vivid hues of the handsome peacock are transferred to linen by simple embroidery stitches. Used on a table or buffet runner this design will add color to any room. Equally attractive as a wall decoration, living-room pillow or under the glass top of a tray.

The pattern includes instructions for embroidering and finishing details of stitches, color chart and stitch chart.

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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