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

Happenings Of The Week

Queen Mary will operate her own victory factory on the estate where she has lived since early in the war. She will personally supervise assembling of electrical parts in buildings converted from carpenters' and wheelwright's shops. The Queen Mother decided upon this as a further personal contibution to war work after visiting dozens of factories. When she disclosed the plan to women of a nearby village, several volunteered to help. Members of her household also plan to participate

• • •

The bright-eyed son of the Duchess of Kent, born last year shortly before the tragic death of his father in an aircrash, will celebrate his birthday on July 4. He numbers among his Christian names that of Franklin, after President Roosevelt, who is his godfather. The Duchess of Kent's elder son, Prince Edward, is now 7 years old, and his sister, Princess Alexandra, is six. Prince Michael is sixth in direct succession to the throne.

• • •

For Ottawa the christening on Tuesday afternoon of the five-months-old Netherlands Princess, Margariet Francisca, was a historic occasion, marked by the appearance of more top hats than any other event since the war began.

The chancel of St Andrew's Church was decorated with a Netherlands flag and a large white bowl of daisies which Princess Juliana had picked in a field near her home was placed just below the pulpit.

Fifteen minutes before the ceremony was due to begin Princesses Beatrix and Irene, dressed alike in white and blue dotted organdy with white ribbons in their fair hair, entered the church with Mr. Willem Van Tets, Princess Juliana's secretary, and one of the baby's godmothers, the widow of a Netherlands patriot, shot by the Nazis.

The little girls had difficulty keeping their eyes from the whirring movie camera, but Princess Irene turned around to smile and chat companionably with Prime Minister King.

A few minutes later Queen Wilhelmina entered on the arm of the Governor General, followed by Princess Alice and a party from Government House. The Queen was dressed in a long navy blue silk coat over a pale blue and white figured dress with a navy blue straw hat and a corsage bouquet of pink carnations. Princess Alice was in chrome and white printed silk with a wide black straw hat.

Finally came Princess Juliana with Princess Margariet in her arms and Prince Bernhard, all looking extremely happy, preceded by Dr. Burgraaff, Rev. A. Ian Burnett, minister of St Andrew's Church, and Rev. Robert Good, interim moderator of the Kirk Session during the recent vacancy. Princess Juliana was wearing a pale green crepe frock and a small hat made of daisies trimmed with a green veil. Prince Bernhard wore the uniform of a major general in The Netherland Army.

Following the salutation, the congregation rose and sang the tune known in Canada as the Dutch Hymn of Thanksgiving with organ accompaniment played by Carman H Milligan. Prince Bernhard held the order of service card for his wife, while Queen Wilhelmina held hers down for the little princesses to read.

Half way through the service Princess Margariet changed hands and her father held her. Not once during the half-hour service or afterwards in the crowd outside the church did she utter a sound but gazed around at the bright lights brandishing her fist and kicking her bare feet.

Mr. Justice J. D. Hyndman returned to Ottawa on Monday after visiting his mother, Mrs. Charles Hyndman. Another son Mr. Charles Hyndman of Edmonton is visiting his mother this week.

• • •

Miss Lilian MacKenzie and Mrs. G. Elliott Full entertained jointly at the tea hour Monday at Mrs. Full's home for the Serenaders who were honoring Miss Berna Huestis, a popular August bride-to-be, to whom they presented a very lovely gift, of silver as a keepsake and reminder of the happy times the Serenaders had spent together.

• • •

Mrs. LePage, wife of the Lieut. Governor, entertained at a pretty variety shower Tuesday at Government House honoring Mrs. Earl LePage Wonnacott, the former Miss Eunice Eaton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Eaton, Canard, N. S.

• • •

Mrs. J. A. Clark entertained on Tuesday at an afternoon tea honoring Mrs. (Dr.) Wheelock whose late husband was on the staff of Acadia College for many years. Mrs. Wheelock's son Dr. Gordon Wheelock is attached to H. M. C. S. Queen Charlotte Staff.

• • •

Mrs. Lorne Unsworth has arrived from New York for the summer months, and is the guest of her daughter Mrs. Leith McLeod and Mr. McLeod. On Tuesday Mrs Unsworth was hostess at a luncheon bridge at the Charlottetown.

• • •

The tea hostesses at the Tennis Courts this afternoon will be Mrs. Sterling McDonald, Mrs. Ned Wran.

• • •

The illness of Miss Helen Grant is deeply regretted.

• • •

Mr. Harry Winchester who has been so seriously ill is now convalescing.

• • •

Miss Lillian Earle has gone to Souris on a short holiday visit.

• • •

Rev. Dr. J. Sutherland Bonnell and Mrs. Bonnell and family of New York have arrived at their summer home in Georgetown for their vacation and are being cordially greeted.

• • •

Rev. T. H. Bussell Somers and Mrs. Somers who have been spending a month's holiday at their former home in Toronto are arriving back today, accompanied by their friend Miss Mary Wright, R. N. who will spend her holidays with them.

• • •

Miss Dorothy Helm of Toronto is visiting her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Murdock Ross. She is accompanied by her friend Mrs. Huntington of Vancouver.

• • •

Mrs. Heber Large had a smart luncheon-bridge at the Charlottetown on Monday in Honor of Mrs. Grant Johnston who is the guest of Mrs. Russel Bell.

• • •

Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Gordon have as their guests their daughter-in-law Mrs. Doulgas H. Gordon of Kitchener, Ont., and her two sons Peter and Douglas. Mrs. Gordon entertained at a much enjoyed afternoon tea for her guest yesterday afternoon.

• • •

Mrs. R. Reginald Bell was hostess at her home yesterday at a delightful tea in honor of Mrs. Grant Johnston of Montreal.

• • •

Mrs. Oscar MacCallum of Saskatoon is visiting her daughter Mrs. William T. Rogers and Mr. Rogers North River Road.

• • •

Many happy friendships were renewed with Rev. S. J. McArthur, M. A. B. D., of Stellarton, N. S. who returned Monday after a month so-journ in the city, where he occupied St. James Church pulpit during Mr. Somers absence on holiday.

• • •

Rev. Canon R. H. A. Haslam and Mrs. Haslam of Saint John have arrived to spend a two week's vacation at Canon Haslam's former home in Stone Cottage, Springfield. They were accompanied for the first part of their journey by their daughter, Miss Margaret Haslam, who had spent three weeks' vacation with them in Saint John and was returning to her duties in charge of the Sunday School by Post at St. Faith's Mission, Swan River.

• • •

Madame Chiang Kai-shek arrived at Natal this week en route to China after a visit of nearly eight months in the United States. Madame Chiang's departure from the United States was kept secret. It was understood Madame Chiang would go direct to China although she had been invited to stop over in England.

• • •

Mrs. Frank Murray has returned from Toronto where she was the guest of His Grace Archbishop J. C. McGuigan. Mrs. Murray also attended the C.W.L. National Convention in Hamilton, Ont., where she gave her report as National Convenor of the Girl Guides.

CROCHETED SLIPPERS OUT OF THE SCRAP BOX

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Rags from the scrap basket, cut in strips and crocheted make these lovely slippers. Ideal for lounging or beach wear. Pattern No. 1005 contains complete instructions.

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If you are having symptoms of strain — headaches, sore eyes or dizziness — consult a specialist.

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Desert Destiny

By Joseph Chalwick

CHAPTER III

Tracy returned to the Senora's room in a cool green dress, and said, "Now we can talk of Phil Garrison."

"Yes, we must decide today what we shall do about him," Senora Maria said. "I have talked to Ramon, and to Juan and to Ruth, and they are annoyed. They do not want me to bring Philip here, even though he is their own flesh and blood."

"Perhaps it is merely because they do not know him."

"No it is not that. They fear that he might be a man."

Tracy smiled, saying, "We hope he is, darling. That is what the Garrison Ranch needs—a man."

Then, sobering: "But if Phil Garrison came here, and was all we hope, it would make trouble."

The Senora's eyes lighted with eagerness. "If trouble would change matters here, I should welcome it. My husband was a man born to trouble, but he always made it serve him. I pray each night and morning that Phil Garrison is the sort of man my husband, his grandfather, was. Tracy, read to me what the detective said in his letter."

She had the letter among the folds of her billowy black silk skirt. She handed it to Tracy, to be read aloud for perhaps the twentieth time. The letter bore the imprint of a detective agency in Baltimore, Maryland. Tracy read in a husky voice:

"'Dear Miss Hayden: As I noted in my previous report, there is no doubt but that the man you engaged me to investigate, is the son of Miguel Garrison and the grandson of Jeffrey Garrison. I have examined his passport and other papers of identification, and the proof is conclusive.

"'As you requested me not to approach the young man, I have been unable to obtain a photograph. A brief description follows: Age, approximately 28; height, 6 feet; weight, 160 youngs; eyes, dark brown; complexion, dark.

"'The newspaper clipping you mailed me was accurate. Philip Garrison was a member of the Tiger Squadron in China and Burma, and he was discharged because of a wound obtained in action. Garrison now is living at a cheap waterirront roominghouse, and seems in difficult financial straits. His wound has apparently healed, but he appears to be under some physical or mental strain that makes him extremely nervous.'

"It's very little Senora Maria — and yet he is Phil Garrison, your grandson." Tracy finished, with a lift in her voice.

"The grandson I've never seen," the Senora softly replied. "His father, my son Miguel, quarreled with his grandfather thirty years ago, Tracy. Oh, it was a terrible quarrel, for those two — my husband and my eldest son—were too much alike. The cause was unimportant. But Miguel went off when he couldn't have his way, swearing he would never come back, and he never did—"

The black eyes were moist now. "We heard that Miguel lived for a time in the East, married there and had a son, then went to South America. That was the last word of him. Tracy, tell me this unknown young man is like his father —and like his grandfather."

"He is, Senora Maria." Tracy said softly, "because you want him to be so much. It seems that one grandchild must be—"

She abruptly silenced herself, wishing she had bitten her tongue instead of saying that. It was not her place to find fault with the Garrisons because they were not as the Senora remembered her husband to be. But Senora Maria seemed not offended.

"Yes, one must be," she said. "And we must have him here, Tracy. For more than the reason he belongs here." She leaned forward, lowered her voice to a whisper, and worry showed in her eyes.

"We have been rich, Tracy—very rich. But the ranch is not as it once was. Senor Clint Hanlon can not make it earn money as my husband did. And Ramon, who should fill his father's boots, is not at home on a cow pony and among cattle. Young Juan's father is dead, and Juan was not taught to work. And Ruth is like her father, my son Ramon, and only a girl."

The Senora's hands gripped Tracy's arm; it was almost as though she were clinging to Tracy's young strength. "Tracy, we must bring Phil here—to save us all!"

Tracy felt strangely shaken. "I do not know what to say, Senora Maria."

"Ah, but I do!" the Senora exclaimed. She leaned back in her chair now, and closed her eyes. "My husband's last words to me were, 'Maria, I leave my ranch and my children to you—for only you I trust.'" She paused and Tracy realized that her mind was reaching into the past.

"A fine man, Jeff Garrison was—a caballero. I was sixteen when he came to Mexico to buy up cattle and stayed as a guest at my father's hacienda. He was big—the tallest man I had ever seen. And his eyes were blue like the sky. I had never before known a Yanqui, but when I saw Jeff Garrison I knew that my people had lied when they told me all Yanquis were bad!"

Her voice wove a little spell about Tracy Hayden. Tracy could visualize that meeting. The senorita had been promised by her father to another man, to a Mexican of a rich and proud family, but she had fallen in love with the American. The girl had felt something due in her when her father discovered her love, and sent the Yanqui away.

"But he came back," Senora Maria said. "As I should have known he would. He came back with some men who were like himself, and in those days the strongest and bravest man got what he wanted. And Jeff Garrison wanted me!"

They had talked like this before, the Senora and the young blonde girl. Both were making of the unknown Phil Garrison a man like the Yanqui who had taken his bride by force. And they had talked of Phil Garrison so much, he seemed more real than Ramon Garrison, or Juan. They had fallen in love with the man they imagined Phil Garrison to be.

"We must have here a man like that," Senora Maria said. "Another Jeff Garrison—a man who will put Ramon and Juan and Ruth in their places. And a man like that, Tracy, for you."

Tracy said nothing, but her eyes were aglow.

"You shall go to him, Tracy," the Senora said, "and bring him here to us." She lifted a frail hand in an imperious gesture as Tracy started to protest. "That is what I have decided."

(To be Continued)

Dorothy Dix Says—

NOTHING ABOUT DOMESTIC LIFE THAT TYPES GIRL AS WASHOUT

Home-Lover With Pep Welcome To Man Weary Of Restaurant Meals, Moving About

DEAR MISS DIX—You are always tooting the horn for the home girl and wondering why the frivolous girl walks off with the man. It is easy to explain. The home girl knows she is good. It is her ace in the hole and she makes herself a martyr to the cause, and thinks that the reason she is neglected is because men don't appreciate virtue. She is always harping upon "I cook and slave" and blah, blah, blah.

The home girl generally has little or no personcookies, sweetish, but with small appeal to the appetite. In a crowd she is never the life of the party. She is just "good old Susie," never anything else. She has only a slight sense of humor and it is never safe to tell her a joke or kid her because she takes everything as personal. She knows she can't hold her own in a crowd so she always wants to stay at home, and she looks upon every other female as a potential enemy and is jealous of her.

Yes, Dorothy, the home girl is greatly over-rated. She is just like one cookie in a batch of allty. The average man would much rather have part of a lifetime of fun than a whole lifetime of the everyday monotony the home girl can bring. I know. I married one. FOOLISH.

HOME GIRL WITH PERSONALITY IS TOPS

ANSWER—If by a "home girl" you mean a Dumb Dora, who smells of the kitchen instead of Chanel No. 5, who never reads anything but the Cook Book, and whose conversational line is what Mama says and Papa thinks, then I agree with you that she is a bad bet as a matrimonial partner. For man does not live by hot biscuit alone, and being bored to extinction is a horrible way to die, it is so long and lingering.

But what I mean is a totally different specimen of the female fauna. She is a girl who is in the good-looker class, who is peppy and up-to-date and can keep any man entertained and amused, but who has kept her skirts clean,who doesn't go in for heavy petting and who, expecting to make marriage her career, has prepared herself for it beforehand instead of waiting to learn how to run a budget and cook a decent meal on some poor unfortunate man's pocketbook and stomach.

There is nothing about a girl having domestic taste, liking to cook, and really enjoying spending some of her time at home instead of being perpetually on the go and demanding to be taken continually from one place of amusement to another, that requires her to be a frump, or a washout, or a stick-in-the-mud. Quite the contrary. She merely adds one charm to another and, as you might say, dances the rhumba with one foot and rocks the cradle with the other.

Of course, men's taste in wives differs just as much as it does about drinks or cigarettes or neckties. What's one man's meat is another man's poison, in matrimony as elsewhere. So if a man's idea of a happy home is a cubicle, furnished with a can-opener and a cork-screw, in which nothing is ever cooked up but a cocktail and to which he and his wife only return to change their clothes to go out to a hot spot of an evening; and if his preference in wives is a Glamour Girl who is a good sport who doesn't see why merely being married should cramp either a husband's or a wife's style in little side affairs,and who would regard having to spend an evening at home with no other companion than the man she is married to as cruel and inhuman punishment—well, of course, the home girl is not his dish, and he is wise to pass her up.

But there are other men who have a domestic complex themselves. They are tired of gadding about and living on restaurant food and having no settled abiding place and they yearn for a peaceful and quiet home, with a wife who will feed them on home cooking instead of wisecracks, and who will be the joy of the home instead of the life of the party.

Such men find the play girl just as uncongenial a wife as you find your home girl wife. So it is just a matter of taste after all.

DEAR MISS DIX—My girl friend and I want to join the WAVES together. Her mother has given her consent cheerfully to her doing so, but my mother absolutely refuses to let me do so, but my mother absolutely refuses to let me do so. She says that I won't like the navy after I have been in it a month and will come straight back home; that I won't be able to stand the grind, and that I am not old enough to know my own mind, although I am 21 years old and am earning my own living. She threatens to kill herself if I ever leave her.

I have two older sisters who are married and two brothers also older than I am. One of my brothers is in the service, the other sisters and brother live near enough to my mother to look after her. She has also a boy of 13 at home with her and her husband, my stepfather, so she would not be left alone.

I feel that if I join the WAVES I will be able to help my country and also to learn a trade that will assure me of a career after the war, but I hate to hurt my mother by doing something of which she disapproves so violently. What should I do? TWENTY-ONE.

GIRL AT 21 CAN REACH OWN VERDICTS

ANSWER—I think a girl of 21 is old enough to make her own decisions ,and that if she has intelligence and stability enough to hold down a good job and make her own living, she is competent to weigh the advantages and disadvantages of any plan that she has in mind and determine whether she is physically and temperamentally fitted to carry it out or not.

You are aware that becoming a WAVE is no picnic. It is no mere matter of wearing a natty uniform and being a conspicuous figure wherever you go and having people cheer you and pat you on the back. It is hard work and often dirty and uncongenial work, and stern disciplines such as you have never known, and doing without the luxuries and comforts you are accustomed to, and it may be running into danger and death. But your country needs you, and it is up to you whether you listen to Uncle Sam or Mama.

Your mother is evidently one of the possessive mothers who want other women's children to go out and fight and protect them, while theirs stay at home and bear them company.

Send your film rolls to Star Snapshot Service for developing and printing

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A Job Only You Can Do

Price Control Questions And Answers

Questions and Answers on Price Control will appear in The Guardian as a regular feature each day The questions are those which have reached the Wartime Prices and Trade Board from housewives in this region. The answers are provided by the Board Readers who have intelligent questions to ask on price control are invited to send them in writing to the Women's Regional Advisory Committee of the Wartime Prices and Trade Board.

Q. I want to send some tea and coffee to my son who is with the R.C.A.F. in England. Is there any ruling against this?

A. No, it is quite all right to do this, provided, of course, that the supplies come out of your rations.

A Morning Smile

THAT'S DIFFERENT

At a Gloucester Festival a visitor wished to enter the Cathedral during one of the performances. On demanding admission he was told that he could not enter without a ticket.

"D'you mean to tell me," he exclaimed, indignantly, "that I shall require a ticket to enter the Kingdom of Heaven."

"Well, no," explained the polite steward, "but you won't hear Mme.....sing in Heaven."

ALL CHINA

The two commercial travellers were discussing the careless manner in which trunks and suitcases are handled by some railway companies.

"I had a very cute idea for preventing that once," said one of them, smiling reminiscently. "I labelled each of my bags 'With Care—China'."

"And did that have any effect?"

"Well, I don't know; you see, they shipped the whole darned lot to Hong Kong."

Home Service

Your Dog Deserves the Very Best of Care

PERT PUPPIES

Peering over a fence at the world are these two attractive puppies—a person would have to be hard-hearted indeed if these puppies didn't touch a cord of response in him.

Many people love dogs and think that their dogs are the best cared for in the world. Often their care, however, is not of the right kind and although well-meaning the dogs suffer.

Those who love animals do not need to be told the joy of owning a dog or the benefit to children of having one as a pet. But how to select a dog companion, then feed, train and treat this faithful animal —these are matters to be learned from an expert.

Our 32-page booklet was written by an authority on dogs and is intended to guide you in seeing that your dog has a happy life. It also tells of the breeds of dogs and helps you choose the dog best suited for your environment.

A dog for the country is not easy in an city apartment or else

Send 15c in coins for your copy of "HOW TO CHOOSE AND CARE FOR YOUR DOG" to the Charlottetown Home Service, Charlottetown, P.E.I. Be sure to write plainly your name, address, and the name of booklet.

Name

Street Address

City Province

Living & Leisure

The Woman's Realm

Who reads
Incessantly, and to his reading brings not
A spirit and judgment equal or superior,
(And what he brings what need he elsewhere seek?
Uncertain and unsettled still remains,
Deep versed in books and shallow in himself.

—John Milton.

Slip a cotton flannel bag over the broom head and you will have a handy tool for sweeping down walls and ceilings. Cotton flannel washes easily and lasts a long time

When making muffins in iron pans, grease the pans and heat them in the oven before putting the batter in. Muffins will be much lighter.

Grass clippings serve as good mulching material, but they should not be piled on too thickly. Spread thinly so they can dry out without moulding, then add another laver about a week later.

Save leftover lemon halves for cleaning copper. Dip them in salt and rub the stained and discolored articles. Wash well in hot sudsy water, rinse with boiling water and wipe dry.

HOUSEHOLD KNIVES

It is estimated by Consumer Information Service that the housewife uses knives on an average of 130 times a day.

The best knives taper evenly along the blade to the point and from the top of the blade to the cutting edge.

The saw or serrated edge is more efficient than the scalloped edge and cuts fresh bread and cake without crumbling.

If the handles on paring knives are too small they may cramp the fingers.

A butcher knife, heavy, eight or nine inches long with a broad, straight, fairly stiff blade is good for chopping or cutting up large vegetables and slicing cold meats

An edge which turns up at the point is usually the best for paring, and the straight edge best for mincing.

PASS THEM ON

If you have a garden, share your flowers with someone who has not room to raise them. You need not fear to offer the woman next door just two or three blooms, for if she has none, they will brighten not only her room, but her heart.

In these days of crowded housing conditions there are scores of people, long accustomed to flower-gardens of their own, who now live in rooms where it is almost impossible to enjoy anything but the sight of some one else's garden. So pass on beauty and fragrance.

FURS

Care should be taken that furs are not exposed to intense heat; keep them away from the hot radiators. If the fur is wet, allow it to dry slowly, shaking it from time to time while drying.

DRIED FRUITS

It will be a simple matter to cut dried fruits of any kind, even raisins and marshmallows, if scissors that are dipped into flour are used.

PAPER RAINCOAT IS WARTIME INVENTION

Many wartime developments in paper and pulp products will not be available for civilian use until after the war, but have already marked their place in the peacetime picture. One startling innovation is a processed paper raincoat which is presently being used by the Commandos and will be on the market for the ladies as soon as military exigencies permit.

The clematis needs plenty of lime which should be dug into the soil at planting time. New plants should be set about four inches deep. Shallow planting is sometimes a cause of failure.

One tablespoon of orange juice and one teaspoon chopped maraschino cherries added to salad dressing makes a nice dressing for fruit salads.

OLD WIVES' TALES

In ancient days the belief that certain traits could be developed by eating certain foods was a commonplace. A boy given too much milk would grow up timid and afraid . . he would become a "milk-sop". In Germany as late as 1816 a law was passed forbidding women to eat meat more than once a week "lest they become rebellious and aggressive."

MATCHED "UNITS" IN NEW STYLES

Matched separate units of the wardrobe are an old story, but one that is ever new, thanks to the practically endless ways in which they can be achieved. There is the jumper, for instance, as a change from the jacket with sleeves. The jumper, according to reports from all over the country, is gaining in favor. It is worn over a blouse, much as one wears a sleeveless sweater, and is either separate or matched to some other part of the costume.

Then there are blouses and shirts, never better and bigger than now. Stripes, florals, checks and plain with, of course, dots of various sizes. There are novelties too numerous to mention.

Everyone agrees it is a banner season for cotton separates and most agree that this fad is not confined to cottons.

Here are a few notes made from observation of what women are wearing about town:

Bows, jabots, ruchings, ruffles and short frills are conspicuous.

White, preferably sheer white, with frothy bits of lace at the neckline, ruffles of self fabric, short frills and jabots, are prominent in keeping with the popularity of white hats.

BIG WHITE HAT FOR SUMMER CHIC

A great big white hat to shade your face and dramatize your dark frock is a never failing midsummer fashion plot. Add gloves to match and a few pearls of little price and you have the best-liked city uniform for the dog-days.

THE COOK'S CORNER

BOSTON BROWN BREAD

One cup each corn meal, graham flour, rye meal, 1 1-2 teaspoons baking soda, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 cups sour milk, 3-4 cup molasses, 1 egg. Measure the flour, and add the salt and soda. Add the flour and meals. Combine the molasses and slightly beaten egg and the milk. Add to dry ingredients and stir well. Pour into greased baking powder tins, filling to 2 inches from the top. Cover tightly. Set in steamer and steam 1 to 2 hours depending on size of tins. Remove covers. Stand in oven of 300 degrees F. for 15 minutes to dry them off. This slices best when cold.

Needlecraft

For The Home

YOUNG ENCHANTMENT

In a Pretty Basque-Dirndl

Make it of a flower-printed cotton, and see what a gay, light-hearted frock it turns out to be, simple enough to wear at any hour of the day, pretty enough for a party. The new open neckline is a feature, and the capacious pockets add another nice detail.

Style No. 2747 is designed for sizes 10 to 20. Size 16 requires only 3 yards, 35-in. fabric. Pattern is hand-cut to United States Standard measurements and includes chart with step-by-step instructions.

Send twenty cents for pattern. Write your name, address and style number. Be sur to state size you wish.

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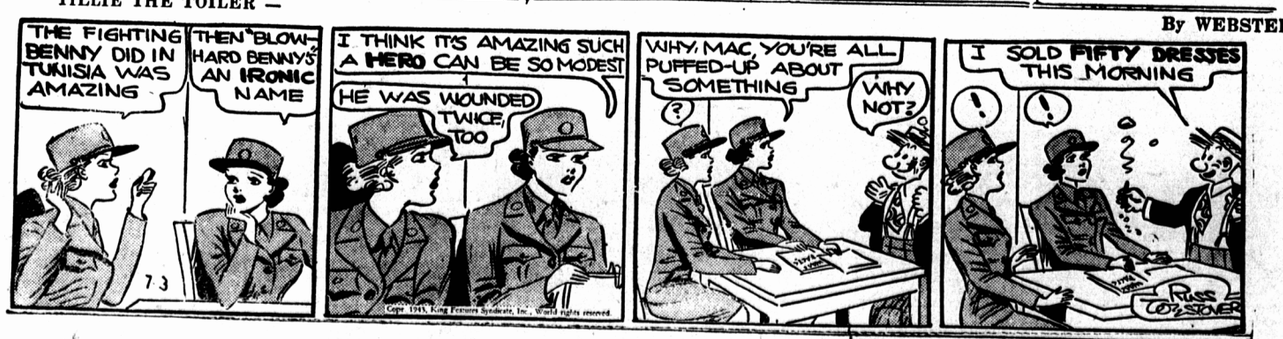
TILLIE THE TOILER — By WEBSTER