

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

## We'll Meet Again

By MARGARET GORMAN NICHOLS

(Continued)  
 Alan said, "I'd like to dance with you, Gay."  
 Gay introduced Alan and Chris. Two worlds meeting, she thought, in that touching of hands. Chris thought, "I thought he'd look like this. He's Gay's kind and he's the kind of chap all women fall in love with. I'm jealous—jealous as the devil."  
 "I'll get a drink," Chris said and left them.  
 The music started again, an old song, a love song. Gay felt Alan take her in his arms, felt the familiarity of his touch and the familiarity of his dancing. But the heights and madness of a few months ago were not to be recaptured in a room with people watching them, she thought, even if they could be recaptured again.  
 Chris Mallory, with a glass in his hand, saw them pass. "They look pretty right together. They belong and I don't. She loves him so much she's blind to everything going on about her. There's only one way for my play to end—for her happiness."  
 He heard a woman next to him say with a derisive laugh, "Did you see Alan and Gay? They're dancing together. Lucia asked her only out of pity. They say she goes nowhere! Of course, I've always said that Alan loved Gay. Poor Gay. She models clothes and they say she has taken up with the worst people!"  
 Mingled with the music was Alan's voice. "Gay, I'm sorry about that day. We were both unstrung and worried. I've got to see you again. You don't stop loving someone because you've stopped seeing her."  
 "I've got no light to see you. No right. There's Lucia."  
 "Who parades me about as if I were a prize pony. Let's get out of here. Let's go somewhere where we can talk."  
 "People are staring at us, Alan. . . . Let them. There's nothing in this room as lovely as you . . ."  
 Alan led the way to the library and closed the door. Gay thought, "I'm absolutely mad. What would Chris think of me? Let them think what they want to think! I love Alan. I always do what he wants me to do."  
 He held her and kissed her. She drew away from him.  
 "I must see you again, Gay."  
 "You're going to marry Lucia. Don't forget that. I have a great respect for promises, Alan. You want to see me clandestinely, meet me in little restaurants where your friends won't see me, and make love to me in dark corners. I can't do that, Alan! If you don't love me enough to be poor with me and marry me, I won't cheapen myself." He came close to her.  
 "You want to see me. You know you do. You haven't stopped loving me any more than I've stopped loving you. It's been horrible without you. Everything's gone flat for me. No Gay to laugh with and dance with and love. You can't shut it away, Gay. Just see me now and then and ride out in the country with me. We can talk. And I can look at you."  
 "Look at what you have lost . . ."  
 "I've thought of nothing else. Do you think this has been so easy for me? I walked into a trap that Lucia set for me."  
 She lifted her head. "Don't blame Lucia. It's not fair. Alan, you want to have your cake and eat it, too. I'm not good at pretending. I put all of myself, my dreams, my world in you. You're right. I can't shut it away and forget it. But I won't cheapen it by meeting you in places where your friends don't go! I'd hate myself. At least, let me keep my respect." She moved away and said, low, "I love you so much I'd do anything you ask. But don't ask me to meet you secretly."  
 "You're lovely." He said it again and again. Alan's love song.  
 "You're lovely—you're lovely." She smiled. It's such an old story, my dear, of the working girl and the man about town. I'm not the girl people used to bow and scrape to. I have to bow and scrape to people now! But I'm learning things, true things. Love has a newer, deeper meaning to me now. It's a little girl you wouldn't notice and a man who'd seem crude to you to teach me."  
 "You're the same and I need you." She blinked back the tears. Oh, to be strong before the man she loved! To dull her ears to a deep voice that said, "You're lovely." "I need you."  
 In two steps she could be in his arms again. But in two steps she'd make herself cheap and never again could she look Chris Mallory in the eyes!  
 "Let's go, Alan. If Lucia came in, she wouldn't like this. I wouldn't blame her."  
 That moment the library door was flung open and Lucia, tall and handsome in white satin, came in. Her angry eyes flashing first at Gay and then at Alan.  
 "I'd thought I'd find you here," she said coldly. She looked at Alan. "This is certainly a splendid example of gratitude. In spite of Mother's protests and everyone who said you were finished socially, I invited you. Then when my back is turned, you throw yourself at Alan."  
 "That's not true," said Gay.  
 Alan said, "Don't make a scene." "I'm not going to make a scene," said Lucia. "You told me you didn't love Gay. You said she only fascinated you. Do you hear that, Gay? You can make your choice now, Alan."  
 Gay nodded her head. "He has made his choice. It's you he wants, Lucia, you and your money and the polo ponies you're going to give him as a wedding gift. I came tonight only to show the people who were once my friends that I haven't spent my time weeping over a broken life and a broken love."  
 Alan's hand touched Gay in a gesture of apology.  
 "It's all right," she said.  
 She opened the door and looked back at them—looked at a man marrying a woman's money and a woman buying a man's love. She felt a wave of pity for them. What had Chris said? "I don't want possessions."  
 (To be Continued)



nemo SAYS:  
 Your figure line is your age line  
**Arrest Time!**  
 at these FOUR points of danger



THESE are the tell-tale signs of age: a bulging diaphragm, a pendulous abdomen, spreading thighs, and a sway back. More than 80% of women are handicapped by at least one of these four figure problems. Nemo has created four new foundations that preserve youthfulness at these four danger points.

For the woman with a sway back, the garment illustrated will work wonders. There are firm elastic lower back sections on each side. Concealed on the inside, they mould and compress the back into a smart, flat line. Made of lustrous material. High, slightly rounded bust section is of lace. Style 40-750. \$8.50

**New CORONATION COLORS**  
 CORONATION ORANGE CORONATION RED  
 by **Tintex**  
 Consult the Tintex colour card—45 shades. At all drug and notion counters, 15 cents.

## The HOUSEWIFE and HER ACTIVITIES

**SPRING SURPRISES**  
 Astonish your head with a mushroom cloche.  
 Your foot with an open boot;  
 Surprise your hand with snakeskin grey,  
 And cape your tailored suit.  
 Startle your friends with a Camille frock.  
 Or a Jane Eyre gown demure;  
 Amazing yourself with a zest in life,  
 And your Spring success is sure.

**CRACKED LINOLEUM**  
 A crack in the linoleum may be filled with finely chopped cork mixed with liquid glue. After it has set hard, rub down with emery paper and paint to match the linoleum.

**My BABY SKIN is tender and touchy That's why Mother cares for it with CUTICURA SOAP - OINTMENT - TALCUM**

## THE COOK'S CORNER

**CHOCOLATE SAUCE**  
 4 oz. bitter chocolate, melted,  
 1-1/4 cups sugar mixed with 1 tablespoon cornstarch 1-2 cup  
 corn syrup, 1-2 cup boiling water,  
 few grains salt, 1-2 teaspoon vanilla.  
 Method: Cook all ingredients except vanilla for 5 minutes over direct heat. Cool slightly, add vanilla. Serve cold on ice cream.

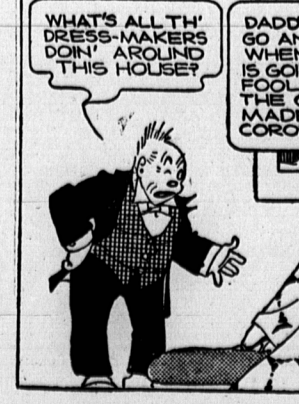
**BROILED BAKED FISH**  
 Method: Clean 2 to 2 1-2 lbs. fish, removing head and tail. Place fish side down in well-greased pan. Pour over it about 1-2 cup cream; dot with shortening, sprinkle generously with fine cracker crumbs, season with salt and pepper. Place under broiler, cook until golden brown, then bake in moderately hot oven, 375 degrees F. until flesh is easily separated. Allow about 15 minutes per pound.

**CANNED BERRY PIE**  
 3 cups canned berries, drained,  
 1 cup fruit juice, sugar (if required), 3 tablespoons quick-cooking tapioca.  
 Method: Combine fruit, juice, sugar and tapioca, let stand while making crust. Line a 9-inch pie pan with dough, pour in fruit and juice, adjust top crust, seal edge of pie. Bake in hot 425 degrees F. oven 30 to 40 minutes.

**TWO-CRUST PASTRY**  
 2 1-2 cups sifted flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 3-4 cup shortening, 5 tablespoons cold water (about).  
 Method: Sift flour and salt, add half the shortening, blending it with fork or two knives until mealy. Add rest of shortening, mixing until particles are size of navy beans. Sprinkle water, 1 tablespoon at a time, over mixture, adding just enough to moisten. Press dampened particles together into a ball. Roll lightly 1-8 inch thick on floured board. Make lower crust 2 1-2 inches larger than pie pan. Fit dough into pan, patting pastry with ball of dough. Trim crust even with edge of plate. Moisten edge, fill pie, adjust top crust. Fold top crust under lower crust, seal edges with times of fork.

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

## BRINGING UP FATHER



**DUTIES**  
 Our thoughts, good or bad, are not in our command, but every one of us has at all hours duties to do, and these he can do negligently, like a slave or faithfully like a true servant. "Do the duty that is nearest thee"—that first, and that well; all the rest will disclose themselves with increasing clearness, and make their successive demand. Were your duties ever so small, I advise you, set yourself with double and treble energy and punctuality to do them, hour after hour, day after day.—Carlyle.

**MAKE ALLOWANCES**  
 You don't always feel at your best; you're not always ready to fight; you're not always sweet and polite.  
 You're not always brimming with zest; sometimes you are glum and depressed.—You're not always up on the heights, you're not always merry and bright.  
 Then bear this in thought when you find a friend seems aloof—or unkind. Don't judge, or be hasty to blame—for people aren't always the same.  
 We all have our burdens to bear; we all have our troubles and care. When folks disappoint—and your're vexed—let two little words be your text.  
 Make allowances.  
 —Patience Strong.

**Chronic Bronchitis?**  
 Does coughing, hacking, spitting, rattle your whole body? Take RAZ-MAH. Relief is sure. Stops coughing. Lets you breathe freely. Sleeps soundly. Quickly relieves wheezing, choking for breath. No smoke, snuff, sprays—just clean, easy-to-take capsules. Relief—or money refunded. 50c and \$1 at all druggists. 400 Templeton's RAZ-MAH Capsules

## Today's Short Wave Radio Program

- (All Time is Eastern Standard)
- TUESDAY, MARCH 30**
- PARIS**  
 9:30 a.m.—"Beloved Celina"  
 Comedy. TPA-2, 19.6 m., 15.24 meg.
- BERLIN**  
 6 p.m.—Smiling Eternity. Radio play. DJD, 25.4 m., 11.77 meg.
- SCHENECTADY**  
 6:35 p.m.—Short Wave Mail Bag. W2XAF, 31.4 m., 9.53 meg.
- LONDON**  
 7:10 p.m.—"The Turning of the Worm" or "Whisk in the Rough Again." GSD, 25.5 m., 11.75 meg.; GSC, 31.3 m., 9.58 meg.; GSB, 31.5 m., 9.51 meg.
- BOSTON**  
 7:45 p.m.—Camera Workshop. WIKAL, 49.6 m., 6.04 meg.
- BOSTON**  
 9:15 p.m.—Harvard Lecture Series: Parliamentary Democracy in Great Britain. WIKAL, 49.6 m., 6.04 meg.
- CARACAS**  
 9:30 p.m.—"Sea Melody"  
 Dance Orchestra. YV5RC, 51.7 m., 5.8 meg.
- LONDON**  
 9:40 p.m.—"Acis and Galatea"  
 —Banded. GSD, 25.5 m., 11.75 meg.; GSC, 31.3 m., 9.58 meg.; GSB, 31.5 m., 9.51 meg.
- WINNIPEG**  
 12 midnight—Just S'posin—dramatic presentation directed by Gordon Mitchell. CURO, 48.7 m., 6.15 meg.; CJRX, 25.5 m., 11.72 meg.

**A Morning Smile**  
 GIVE HIM TIME.  
 Wife—Mr. Jenkins always kisses his wife when he goes to business in the mornings. You never do that.  
 Husband—But dear, I hardly know the woman.  
 NOT EVEN OBSERVANT.  
 Wife—Did you notice the wonderful coat the woman had on who was sitting in front of us in church this morning?  
 Husband—No; I'm afraid I was dozing.  
 Wife—It does a lot of good to take you to church, doesn't it?

**Dr. Wood's NORWAY PINE SYRUP**  
**Feel Chilly—Start to Sneeze Nose Starts to Run**  
 Then comes the cold which, if not attended to immediately, shortly works down into the bronchial tubes, and the cough starts.  
 On the first sign of a cold or cough go to your druggist's and get a bottle of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup.  
 You will find it to be a prompt, pleasant, reliable and effectual remedy for your trouble.  
 It has been on the market for the past 44 years. Don't experiment with a substitute and be disappointed. Get "Dr. Wood's".

## Dorothy Dix's Letter Box

### Found: One Husband Who Knows How to Appreciate His Wife and Does Not Hesitate to Tell the World All About it

Dear Dorothy Dix—I once had dreams of proving my love for my wife by giving her fur coats and jewels and fine cars. Instead, I have brought her hard work and sacrifice and anxiety. My job, home, insurance, all went with the depression. Debts piled up until nothing was left except the priceless wealth of a loyal wife and four lovely children. Through it all, with blow after blow falling upon us, there was never a word of complaint or criticism or discouragement from her, but always the undaunted faith that somehow, eventually, working together, we would win through. If I have not been able to lay the world at my wife's feet, at least I have laid my heart. If I have not been able to give her milk coats, I have clothed her with romance, for I have never ceased being her lover and telling her that she is the only woman in the world to me and dearer and more beautiful to me than when I wooed and won her. And this has kept up her morale and brought her happiness as it has to me. I marvel that husbands so seldom express to their wives the affection they feel for them. It is so little a thing to do for a wife and it means so much to her.

**A MERE MAN.**  
 Answer:  
 I hope that every man who reads this beautiful letter will take to heart the profound truth it conveys and do some high-pressure courting that will make his wife turn sweet-and-twenty again and bring to her lips such a smile as they have not worn since her honeymoon set. For, as a famous French novelist once said, all that many a woman needs to make her beautiful is to be kissed and get a love letter.  
 I have said in this column, time and time again, that the strangest thing in all the strange mystery of masculine psychology was why men from dust and ashes to a glorious adventure by saying a few kind words to them, refused to say them.  
 You can understand why a man who is a tightwad will keep a Yale lock on his pocketbook and refuse to hand out even a penny of its contents to his wife, but no one can explain why a man will shut tight his lips and withhold from her the expressions of affection for which she is hungering and thirsting and which would feed her very soul. It is certainly the acme of stinginess not to be willing to give that which costs you nothing and which would make another rich.  
 As a matter of fact, husbands could practice no greater economy than to keep up their love-making, for it is much cheaper to feed wives on sentiment than it is on filet mignon, and to tell them that their eyes are like sapphires instead of having to produce the real gems. Many and many a wife revenges herself for her husband's indifference by extravagance. She reasons that if she gets nothing out of marriage but a living she may as well have a good one, and wonders if perhaps a lonely heart won't ache a little less under a Paris model than it would under a basement bargain.  
 My correspondent is absolutely right when he says that love and appreciation are more to all women, except those who belong to the gold-digger tribe, than anything else in the world, and as long as they have these they can be happy in a hovel and consider it a privilege to work their fingers to the bone for their husbands.  
 It is the thinking that their husbands don't care when they have to do without things; that their husbands don't notice how hard they work or the sacrifices they make that turn women dissatisfied and bitter. For a husband to tell his wife how he would love to clothe her in sables and diamonds and keep her hands from ever having to do another task, makes the average wife just as happy as if he did lavish the things that riches buy on her.  
 And a lot happier than she would if he flung a diamond necklace at her and never noticed how she looked when she got it on. Funny things, women! And men are funnier still.  
 Dear Dorothy Dix—Should a couple deny themselves children because of their financial situation when they want them more than anything else in the world and the waiting seems so long? My husband and I are 22 and we have been married nearly two years. He makes \$150 a month. We have nothing saved up and are paying on our furniture, but if nothing should happen we expect to be out of debt by the end of this year. My husband hates being in debt and thinks we should wait until we are even with the world before we have a child, but I am afraid to wait. I am afraid something might happen so we could never have one. Is it always better to wait until you can afford a baby?  
**MOTHERLESS WIFE.**

**Answer:**  
 Evidently you have a mother complex that amounts to an obsession, so I should say be a sport, and take a chance on the baby. Lots of us were born into families that couldn't afford us and didn't have \$150-a-month income, yet somehow some way we got fed and clothed and educated and given our chance in the world.  
 It can be done. It has been done millions of times. And if it imposed heavy burdens and called for many sacrifices on our parents' part, they never complained. And sometimes they have got their reward and the child that shouldn't have been born according to any dictate of prudence, grew up into a man or woman who was a blessing to the world and an honor to the father and mother who took a chance on it.  
 If we waited until we could guarantee the future and be sure that everything would be safe, we should never do anything at all, much less bring children into a world that is full of uncertainty. No man knows what a day may bring forth. Everything may go to pot. We may lose our jobs, be sick, have the installment man take our furniture, but, on the other hand, we are just as likely to have good luck as bad and get an advance in salary, have somebody leave us money and everything be jake. So there you are. You pay your money and you take your choice, and who shall say that a baby is not worth all its costs?  
 Dear Miss Dix—Why do wives always lay all the defects and bad qualities of their children on their husbands and their husbands' families?  
**E. W.**  
**Answer:**  
 To save their own faces and satisfy their vanity. Practically all women do it. The good-looking children always take after them. So do the smart ones. While the homely ones resemble their paternal grandparents and ill-tempered ones are just like their father.  
**DOROTHY DIX.**

## Novel Tyrolean Collar & Belt by Mayfair



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## Fashions' Latest For Chic Dressers

You'll be charmed with this youthful hyacinth blue cotton warm weather dress with cunning rolled shirt collar and abbreviated pleated sleeves.  
 It's so versatile and wearable—smart for spectator sports as well as for tennis, golf and other sports activities.  
 The very fitted and narrowed waistline accentuates the animated hem of the flared skirt.  
 When you find that is just as easy to make as it is to wear, you'll want another in new looking beige coarse open mesh cotton.  
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 You'll cut it out and sew it so quickly with the aid of the illustrated Sewing Chart included, you'll be simply amazed.  
 Style No. 2664 is designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20 years. 32, 34, 36, 38 and 42-inches bust. Size 36 requires 3 3-8 yards of 99-inch material with 18 1-2 yards of binding.



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 Felts will be as popular as straws for spring hats.  
**2664**

—By George McManus

