

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

FREEDOM FOR TWO

By MARGARET WATSON

CHAPTER TWO
(Continued)

LOVE ACROSS THE FOOTLIGHTS

Erica's later memories of Otaf Elson's performance were of the vaguest, for she was busy thinking angrily and humorously how completely he had made a fool of her.

It seemed to Erica, as he took his perfunctory bow after the storm of applause that rewarded his first appearance, that his eyes were roving rather widely over the body of the hall, almost as if he was looking for some one particular person. She sank lower in her seat against Michael's shoulder, and made no sign; and she had the undoubted satisfaction of seeing Martin's face cloud in a frown as he left the platform. It was the merest contention of the dark brows, and the slightest lift of the shoulders, but she saw it, and could not choose but be mollified.

Until he came into sight again the concert was undeniably dull. When at last the orchestra set back with a second concerted sigh of relief, more unanimous than their instrumental efforts, Erica sat forward eagerly, as if moved by the same charm. In came Martin for the second time, and again there was that questioning glance across the array of heads, with keen eyes narrowed to miss no sign which might identify—dared she say herself—at any rate the person he was seeking. She lifted her programme so that for a moment it made a patch of white beside her head. She was not sure that he had seen it, but she could not make any plainer sign.

This time he played Mozart's Sonata in A, and she had leisure now that the first surprise was over to realize that he played it uncommonly well. The long hands as fluent upon a keyboard as they had been among the mysterious intricacies of the car's engine on the previous night. He was applauded with enthusiasm. She was not sure that he would not have been well worth a visit to the concert on his play-fair alone.

"Fine, isn't he?" said Michael in her ear, flushed with pleasure that she should be pleased. I wonder what he'll give us?"

Across the hall, crowded room the artist looked for one second full at Erica. There was no doubt at all; but she failed to see the significance of his brief, shy smile until he began to play.

He gave them Minstrel's, Erica was startled. No one else, surely, no one else in the world, would have examined a topical Bradford audience and offered them Debussy. Or was it, indirectly, an offering to her. Erica was very much afraid to flatter herself by thinking so. Instead, she turned inward every sense but hearing, the better to enjoy the brief pleasure of Minstrel's.

The soft plucking of invisible gutters stopped out from under Martin's fingers, and broke into the elusive safety of trousseau song. For her there was a sort of wistful, kind nostalgia in it for the strange days of Melicent and Melusine. She loved him for playing it. Bradford could have its Handel

and its Chopin; but what this man liked playing was Debussy.

When he brought the encore to a close, with the wanderers jangling gaily on their way in the distance, all Bradford clapped decorously.

Rum piece, that, wasn't it said Michael. What was it?

Minstrel's—Debussy. Like it?

Well, not very much, I'm afraid. Too deep for me.

She sat with impatience through the anti-climax the Society provided. No sooner did they end their last item before the finale than the tall figure of Martin came sauntering inconspicuously from the artists' room beyond the stage, and slipped quietly down towards her. He had not reached her when the audience rose to the National Anthem, and immediately after that they were dissolving into little chattering groups which effectively blocked every gangway, though they were continually changing their formation and moving on from one position to another. This phase of the evening made no appeal to Erica. She stood under one of the lamps, its yellow light scintillating over her green dress, and waited for them to grow tired of talking and let her out.

Michael was saying something to her on one side, but her attention was not with him. She heard Mrs. Benzome saying to Miss Riley: "I wonder if our rolling stone will ever settle down. That was herself, she knew, though she was not supposed to know it. Then Michael's voice, which could not draw her thoughts by speaking, drew them at last by ceasing to speak. She looked up, and found him staring at Martin Hurst, who was bearing down upon her with the slight smile of an old friend.

She forgot Michael; it was impossible to remember him when Martin was in sight. She held out her hand.

"I don't know to whom I owe the apology—Martin Hurst or Otaf Elson."

Neither of them deserves one, he said, smiling.

But I do think you might have told me. Supposing I'd said something much, much worse.

Martin Hurst doesn't usually go about claiming to be the pianist Otaf Elson. As a matter of fact, except when he's on the concert platform he doesn't resemble him in the least.

His self-assurance, seen so closely, was much too vast and stable for her to question. She looked round, instead, for Michael, and found him trying not to stare at them both, and failing.

"I'm sorry, Michael. I should have told you that I met Mr. Elson, quite by chance, last night. Only as a matter of fact, I didn't know that he was Mr. Elson. This is Michael Dunn. She added malleously: He enjoyed Minstrel's so much that I'm sure he'd like to tell you so."

Michael stammered something obvious but characteristically kind. Erica stood back and looked at them both. Yes, he was the taller of the two. He topped Michael by two or three inches, and contrived to be equally broad in the shoulder without the suggestion of bulkiness which Michael's figure un-

A Morning Smile

Sign on Scotch golf club: "Do not pick up lost golf balls until they stop rolling."

LEGAL EVIDENCE

A man was charged with shooting a number of pigeons. Counsel for the defence tried to frighten the farmer.

"Now," he asked, "are you prepared to swear that this man shot your pigeons?"

"I didn't say he did shoot 'em," was the reply. "I said I suspected him of doing it."

"Ah! Now we're coming to it. What made you suspect this man?"

"Well, first I caught him on my land with a gun. Secondly, I heard a gun go off and saw some pigeons fall. Thirdly, I found four of my pigeons in his pocket—and I don't think those birds flew there and committed suicide."

NERVOUS WOMEN



If your day begins with backache, headache or periodic pains, and you are associated with functional disturbances, and you are miserable, you should try Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It stimulates the appetite and gives you greater energy. This is what Mrs. Atkinson, 41 Dundas Street, Hamilton, Ont., said: "Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a good tonic. It helps to stimulate the appetite and relieves the tired, nervous condition. It is so good for girls growing into womanhood; it gives relief from periodic distress and helps to build one up. It was of fine benefit to me in my younger years." Sold by druggists. New size, tablets 50 cents, liquid \$1.00. Large size, tablets or liquid, \$1.35.

de. lately had. And there was no comparing the two faces. They were from different worlds; the one so entirely static, the other so frighteningly dynamic. Michael was in eclipse.

In a few minutes more he was in still more certain eclipse; for his mother came panting through the throng with a lament that she had lost her bag, and hauled him away to find it for her, and only the briefest and vaguest of glances for Erica and Martin. Michael said hurriedly:

"You'll excuse me, won't you, Erica? I'll be back in a moment. It's sure to be where she left it—it always is."

I'll look after Miss Manning, said Martin coolly, and looked after her to such good effect that within two minutes they were out of the hall, and walking at a leisurely pace along the dark street, past the rowed array of cars awaiting their owners.

It was a fine night, full of stars, and the rectory was almost distressingly near. Erica had stored up a great deal in this moment that now that she had it she found it a strong bid without a word from her. She turned her head and looked up at him as they strolled at the dark profile which seemed so high above the level of her eyes, at the lips which had an almost vivacious curve as he talked, with complete un-self-consciousness and absolute self-reliance about himself.

(To Be Continued)

Prowse Bros. Ltd.

HAVE JUST RECEIVED ANOTHER SHIPMENT OF

LADIES BLACK HEEL CHIFFON HOSE

COLORS ARE POMPOM, FRENCH BEIGE & NIGHT CLUB. Sizes 8-12 to 10-12

\$1.00 pair

There's No Freedom After Marriage Dorothy Dix Personal Liberty Idea Is All Bunk

Young Couples May Make Promises About How They Will Live After Their Visit to the Altar But They Will Find That Marriage is a Ball-and-Chain Affair

Two young people who are engaged have been telling me that they have solved the problem of how to make marriage a success. It is for the husband and wife to be as free after marriage as they were before, and so they have made a solemn agreement not to interfere in any way with each other's personal liberty.



Great idea, I replied, if it will work. Nobody will deny that one of the main drawbacks to matrimony is that it cramps one's style. No matter how much the fetters are gilded, they still hold one down; and so if you have found some way of eliminating the ball-and-chain motif in the wedding march you will certainly deserve well of your fellow creatures. But inasmuch as one cannot be both bond and free at the same time, it will take a bit of doing, as our English friends say, to be both married and single and make a good job of it.

It sounds very broad-minded, modern and intriguing to talk about a husband and wife leaving each other free to do as they please after marriage, but the thing isn't possible. It can't be done. Marriage isn't freedom. It is slavery. A happy and voluntary bondage generally, in which the slaves hug their chains, but all the same they are bound and tied, subject to each other's wills and whims, peculiarities and prejudices and they have no more individual liberty than a pet poodle on a leash.

No married man and woman can live the untrammelled life after marriage that they did before. There is no use in you befooling yourself into thinking that you can. Marriage interferes with your tastes and habits at every turn. You will find that you can't even eat what you like, or you will find that you can't sleep with a light on, or can't see why you want to have that frowsy Smith man always hanging around and drinking up the expensive Scotch, or what you see in that silly, affected Jones woman, even if you did go to school with her.

This bandage of husband and wife to each other goes all through marriage. Before marriage you are free to spend your money on yourself, but after you are married you will find that every dollar of it belongs to your wife and children and the support of your home. Before marriage you were free to stay down town at a night, play poker, eat any old time and roll in with the milkman, but after marriage you will have to punch the home timeclock on the dot and be prompt for the dinner your wife has spent hours in cooking for you, or else—

And you will find out, Daughter, that the money you were free to spend on beauty treatments and fine clothes has to go for shoes for Little Mary and sweaters for Bobby; that you can't spend your afternoons at the movies or in bridge games; that you are tied down by babies and housework and about the only freedom you have is the freedom to work fourteen hours a day.

As for husbands and wives giving each other freedom to play around with other men and women and have affairs with them, that freedom invariably ends in the divorce court. Human nature can't stand it. The man who loves his wife cannot endure seeing her philandering with another man. The thought that she is betraying him and tarnishing his honor burns him up. The woman who loves her husband and sees him making love to another woman eats her heart out in jealousy. If, Son, you think that you and Mary are going to be any exception to this rule, you are making the mistake of your life. We are all monopolists when it comes to our own husbands and wives and don't want to share them with any one.

Those who crave freedom should never marry, for the very essence of marriage is the sense we have of belonging to some one we love, and of the love we have belonging to us. A glorious slavery. The only free people are those who care for nobody but themselves, and for whom no other human being cares.

DOROTHY DIX.

REMOVING MILDEW SOUNDPROOFING

Although mild cases of mildew appearing on painted surfaces may be removed with sandpaper, followed by a rubbing with kerosene, washing with a solution of one ounce of bleaching solution of three gallons of water usually will produce satisfactory results where the mildew is in an advanced stage of development. Care should be taken with the bleaching solution, as it is poisonous.

To deaden partitions between rooms effectively so that sounds will not penetrate direct contact between the wall surface should be broken. A way of doing this is to set two rows of studs staggered, and weave a blanket of deadening material in and out through the studs.

To produce knotless lumber, a government scientist recommends pruning forest trees young, by sawing them off close to the trunk.

LISTEN COLD CATCHERS READ THIS

THANKS, TEACHER THAT OLD HEAD COLD FEELS BETTER ALREADY

YES, BUT YOU MUST USE THIS EARLIER NEXT TIME—IT HELPS PREVENT MANY COLDS

This specialized medication—Vicks Vapo-Nol—is expressly designed for the nose and upper throat, where most colds begin—and grow. Used in time—at the first sneeze or sniffle or irritation in the nose—it helps to prevent many colds, or to throw off head colds in their early stages. Even when your head is all clogged up from a cold, Vapo-Nol brings comforting relief—lets you breathe again!

Elizabeth, Dowager Queen of Belgium, leaves the Belgian Embassy in London, to attend a luncheon engagement, during a recent visit to England, during which her son, King Leopold, accompanied her.

Keep it Handy—Use it Early

VICKS VAPOR-NOL

THE COOK'S CORNER

PRUNE SPONGE

Four tablespoons quick-cooking tapioca, 3 tablespoons sugar, 1-3 teaspoon salt, 1 1-3 cups prune juice and milk, 1 tablespoon butter, 1-8 teaspoon cinnamon, 1-2 teaspoons grated orange rind, 2 tablespoons orange juice, 4 teaspoons lemon juice, 1 cup finely cut cooked prunes, 3 egg yolks, beaten until thick and lemon-colored, 3 egg whites, stiffly beaten.

Combine tapioca, sugar, salt, prune juice and milk in top of double boiler. Place over rapidly boiling water and bring to scalding point (allow 4 minutes), and cook 3 minutes, stirring frequently. Add butter, cinnamon, orange rind, orange juice, lemon juice and prunes. Cool slightly. While beating eggs, add egg yolks and mix-well. Fold into egg whites. Turn into greased baking dish. Place in pan of hot water and bake in moderate oven (350 degrees Fahrenheit) 50 to 60 minutes, or until firm.

THREE-TIERED WEDDING CAKE

Five cups sifted cake flour, 3 teaspoons combination baking powder, 1-4 teaspoon soda, 1-2 teaspoon salt, 3 teaspoons cinnamon, 1 teaspoon allspice, 1 teaspoon mace, 1-2 teaspoon nutmeg, 3 pounds raisins finely cut, 2 pounds currants, 1-2 pound dates seeded and finely cut, 1 pound citron thinly sliced, 1 tablespoon grated orange rind, 1 pound butter or other shortening, 1 pound brown sugar, 12 eggs, well beaten, 4 squares unsweetened chocolate, melted, 1 cup molasses, 1 cup tart jelly, 3-4 cup orange juice, 3 tablespoons lemon juice.

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder, soda, salt and spices, and sift together three times. Sift 1 cup of flour mixture over fruit and mix well. Combine orange and lemon rind with butter, creaming thoroughly; add sugar gradually and cream together until light and fluffy. Add then molasses, jelly, and fruit. Divide into pans which have been greased. Bake in slow oven (250 degrees F.) until done: In 10-inch pan (6 1-2 pounds batter), bake in 5 1-2 hours; in 7 1-2-inch pan (4 pounds batter) bake 4 hours; in 5-inch pan (2 pounds batter) bake 3 hours.

CHARM POPULARITY ROMANCE

COMPLEXION DREAMS COME TRUE

Regular care with Cuticura is a wonderful way to help win and keep radiant skin-loveliness. FREE sample, write "Cuticura", Dept. 44, 285 St. Paul St., Montreal.

CUTICURA SOAP & OINTMENT

AT THE OLD GAME

The master of the house rang the bell loud and long. When, after some delay, the butler appeared, the master demanded an explanation of the terrible din going on in the servants' quarters.

"I'm very sorry, sir," explained the butler. "It happens to be cook's birthday and we are celebrating. The game they are playing is rather a noisy one, I'm afraid, sir, consisting of all the men standing in a ring with one girl in the centre, blindfolded. This girl has to—kiss a man and guess his name by the kiss."

"Well, well," smiled the master. "That sounds a very interesting game. I wonder whether I might join in and give them a little surprise?"

Belgian Queen Mother



The Housewife And Her Activities

A NOBLE LIFE

Wouldn't shape a noble life? Then cast No backward glances towards the past; And though somewhat be lost and gone, Yet do thou act as one new-born, What each day needs, that shalt thou ask; Each day will set its proper task. —Goethe.

FRIENDSHIP

Real friendship is of slow growth It seldom arises at first sight. Nothing but our vanity will make us think so. It never thrives unless engendered upon a stock of known and reciprocal merit. — Chesterfield.

BOOKS

All that mankind has done, thought, gained, or been is lying in a magic preservation in the pages of books. They are the chosen possession of men. — Carlyle.

LEMON AND ORANGE RIND

Be careful when grating lemon and orange rind not to grate too deeply and include any of the white part under the skin. It contains no flavor and is just very bitter.

A CIRCUIT OF AIR

Don't expect to boil cabbage, cauliflower, onions, etc., and make an odorless job of it without some ventilation in the kitchen. Have the window down at the top and up at the bottom a few inches and create some circulation.

THE MINIATURE DAIRY

A wooden box outside the kitchen window with a lid on hinges is a splendid little house for the milk until you arrive downstairs to take it. It keeps it clean, helps to prevent freezing in winter, and keeps it out of the sun in summer until you place it in the refrigerator.

INSTEAD OF FLOWERS

A better centerpiece for the table at the children's party is a bouquet of lollypops of different hues. The lollypops may be fitted into a flower holder with larger ones in the center and tiny ones forming a border. You can gamble the children will be more appreciative of this sort of decoration than a bowl of lovely blooms.

WEAKNESS

Referer: "Have you discovered their centre's weakness?"

Halfback: "Sure, she the blonde in the third row."

REBUILT HOUSES RETAIN CHARMS

Alterations in an old house call for thoughtful planning. They are not just a matter of tearing down columns and walls, to be followed by a rebuilding which will give changed appearances. A harmony of shape and lines is an important factor requiring careful study if the "new house" is to have the exterior beauty which is associated with most early Canadian houses.

FASHION GUIDES FOR THE HOME DRESSMAKER

The ease with which little daughter can get into this buttoned-at-front plaid wool dress... will make it her school favorite. The bright red braid at the edge of the "Merry-Go-Round" swingy skirt is a pleasing trim. Square neck and short sleeved version is just adorable in velveteen to wear to Sunday school. As for suitable cottons... dark ground percale prints, plaid gingham, solid colored cottons in such shades as royal or wine are most popular. It's amazingly easy to sew... costs very little... takes only 2 1-8 yards of 39-inch material with 10 1-2 yards of braid for the 8 year size. Style No. 2006 is designed for sizes 8, 10, 12 and 14 years.

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

Style No. 2006 Size.....

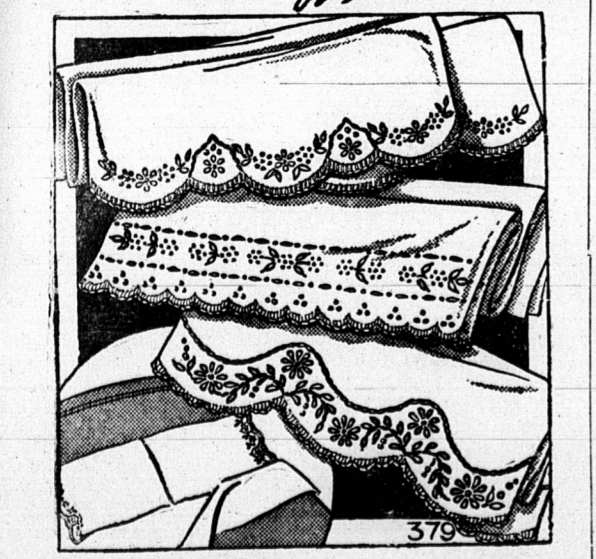
Name.....

Street Address.....

City..... Province.....



Embroider These Lovely Pillow Slips by Mayfair



Mayfair No. 379

Dainty flowers from a summer garden have been gathered to decorate these lovely pillow slips. Only the simplest embroidery stitches have been selected to work the flowers, and the hems are either finished with a crocheted border or buttonhole stitch. Working these dainty slips is a pleasant pastime indeed and you will be proud of your handiwork when they are finished. You may use colored or white threads as you prefer.

The pattern includes transfers for three different designs, embroidery instructions, color and stitch charts, and keys and diagrams of all 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. 379

Name.....

Street Address.....

City..... Province.....

Home Service

Poor Table Manners Are a Give-Away



Gretchen thinks she's passing herself off as a person of culture. But her table manners are a dead give-away.

She whacks and stabs at roast, potatoes and vegetables—reducing all to mince-meat before she eats. She brandishes elbows in mid-air, holds her fork awkwardly, and spreads her napkin like a blanket on her lap.

Well-bred diners cut off only one piece at a time and keep elbows lowered inconspicuously while cutting. They hold the fork easily with forefinger extended along the handle. And they lay the napkin across the lap in a double or triple fold—unless it's a tea napkin.

Learn little points of etiquette that make you welcome at smart places. Our 32-page booklet teaches manners at restaurants and clubs as well as at home dinners, formal and informal.

Send 20c in coins for your COPY of Good Table Manners. The Guardian Home Service, Address. Be sure to write plainly your Name, Address, and the Name of booklet.

Name.....

Street Address.....

City..... Province.....