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

FREEDOM FOR TWO

By MARGARET WATSON

(Continued)

That was more from more of habit than anything else, because, whatever hare-brained scheme had been proposed to him in the old days, he had always been on to it like a shot; and he knew that it was still expected of him. The one thing he could not understand was where the flavour had gone, why the prospect of diving for a small fortune was dust and ashes in his mouth.

He swung his legs over the end of the jetty, and looked from the pallid blue breadth of sky to the shimmering miles of sea, to the muddy punctures of the driven piles in the dark water under him, to the sands behind, which were of a dull fawn colour, and the splay dark heads of the palms beyond. He had thought of just such scenes from the brief imprisonment of the London flat and his heart yearned for their colour, and perhaps for the distance of them, too. Now that he had them here in his hands, he was busy thinking of the golden-brown cushions in the living room, and the Morgon etchings, and the little basalt Horus falcon, and —

And Erica, of course!

Cavendish came whistling down the jetty, with a crisp clumping of large boots upon the creaking planks as punctuation to his tunes, and sat down beside his guest and pratner.

Nice going. We'll be off next week, if Lacey and Gerrard are ready. Feels good, doesn't it, to be back in these latitudes? I can't think how you lived for so long in harbour.

Martin filled his pipe, slowly stubbing the tobacco down with his finger. After a moment he said gruffly:

Go' plenty of partners, haven't you?

Only those two. Didn't you want 'em? You could have said, and we'd have done the job between us; but they've been in harness with us before.

No, I meant— you won't be sunk for want of cash or help, if—

If what?

If I quit?

You're not thinking of quitting, are you?

The incredulous stare he gave Martin raised the faintest shade of shame, but could not sting as it would have done once.

Why, man we're set for one of the biggest and most profitable larks of a lifetime, and now you talk of backing out. What's eating you?

Martin said, from under the peak of a cap which obscured almost the whole of his face in its shade: Fraid I've lost my taste for larks, d'you know? I know it's a lack in me, not in what you're offering, but I can't help it.

But you were as keen as the rest of us.

I tried to be. I suppose I was for a day or so. But it won't wash, old boy. I must be off colour, I think. Anyhow, you won't be startled if I elect to go home.

He knew then that he would go home; and that in itself was a strange phrase to use of a country in which he had spent so little of his life. Only his boyhood belonged to England, his boyhood and that elusive little scrap of his manhood which had tied him for a while to Jameson's office, and to a London flat full of brown cushions and homeless books.

That, surely, could not have woven even one thread so strongly into his life as to draw him back to it now; and yet here he was, with the sea and the wild earth his peers, homesick for London's little-ness. There was no flavour in the once sweet distances. Even to heave up his anchor again and be off faster than ever on his wild goose chase would be useless, a mere pursuit of the horizon. It was no use trying to fight facts, the zest was gone from roving.

He would go home.

So Cavendish might watch him covertly in puzzlement. Cavendish might confide to the sky, to the empty veranda at night, to the sea itself, that something was very much wrong with old Martin. Lacey and Gerrard, when they came, might put their heads together in corners over the change in him; all three of them might shake their heads sadly for the passing of a boon companion. But no power of theirs could win back again, nor do anything to cure this strange, hesitant sickness of his.

They took him to St. Felix, and deposited him there regretfully to make his own way home; which he did in a sort of living dream, which drew him every day leagues further from the old life he had tried in vain to revive. They went on to St. Feodor reef still subdued by his defection. It was most disturbing to watch such a change taking place in one of their wide and wild circle.

He had, said Cavendish, who carried somewhere in him a scrap of vindictive poetry, a homing look in his eye.

Homing? scoffed Lacey. What should he go home to? This is more his home than England.

Search me! But I tell you, my son, that the spirit is gone out of him. Offer him treasure trove on a golden plate and he'll turn his back on you. Why? How should I know? Maybe because there's something else he wants and can't have; or maybe because his liver's out of order.

But no such sage theorizing could reach or penetrate the dreams of Martin Hirst, as he was carried homeward over the Pacific, and across the face of America, and saw the sundering Atlantic again.

He did not know why he should long to see homeland again. There was nothing to anchor him there, nothing to draw him back to town or country; yet he could not hold back his mind from eager flight forward over the sea. He did not want colour; he did not want adventure; he did not want incident, or thrills, or danger, or the infinite variety of scene which had seemed to him once the only beauty. He did not know what he wanted. There seemed nothing left in life to desire.

He wandered the decks of the ship, during that homeward voyage, like a man in a morose dream, watching the mother of pearl dawns come, and the purple nights go, without seeing any charm in either. The sickness grew upon him.

No one found him at all interesting during that voyage. The few who persevered for a short time on account of his good looks soon retired, giving him up as a lump of a man who leaned upon the rail, watched the waves and the distant skyline as if they had personally injured him, and had nothing at all to say to even the most charming of sirens. Martin hunched his shoulders against them, and did not care.

But England, when he reached it, held for him no more satisfaction than the ends of the world. He walked the streets of London with due intent to enjoy his homecoming, and found the whole thing noisy, irrelevant, and slightly haunted by uneasy memories of two Meryon etchings which changed places upon a cream-coloured wall, and a grand piano standing like a household god in the centre of a warm brown room.

It had been lovely; he knew that now. If only he had been in less of a hurry to throw it all to the winds. But Erica had wanted adventure, so it was inevitable. Or— wait a moment!— had she really wanted it? Hadn't she perhaps responded a little too loyally to his own suggestions of what she ought to like?

If only he could have had it all over again! And there came that hideous and useless pain; because he couldn't and that was that.

He did not quite know why he went to Brandford. When he had reached it he wished himself away again; when he stood upon the rectory doorstep he wished he could make himself invisible when the door was opened; but he was becoming inured to these contradictions in longing. He had wanted to come. He was here. And here he would at least hear of her; and afterwards —well, if they threw him out he wouldn't blame them.

Mrs. Manning herself opened the door. Her eyes lit up at the sight of him, almost as if he had really been her son.

Why, Martin, my dear; How lovely to see you! And her eyes went questingly over his shoulder. Where's Erica?

If that was a particularly nasty shock, it was capped by the readiness with which he found himself telling string after string of lies. He could not in the least understand why she should know nothing of her daughter's parting from him; but he could not bring himself to tell the story, perhaps because he knew that she had trusted him.

I left her in Town, he said. We've only just got back, you know, and naturally there are a hundred and one things to be done at the flat; so she sent me here— to get out of the way, I think.

Yes, she would be coming down in a few days; she was anxious to come. Yes, she was simply bursting with health. He could believe that old tale about seven lies following each other into the world, now. And yet they were all foredoomed; he could not keep it up long; because he had to know what had happened to Erica, what she had told them, or —more important —what she had not told them.

It happened that Michael Dunn was helping the Rector to tie up his rambler roses; so there were four merry people at the rectory that afternoon ;of whom Martin was the merriest, because he was desperate.

(To Be Continued)

ISHBEL MACDONALD TO WED

Soon wedding bells will ring for Ishbel MacDonald, daughter of the late Ramsay MacDonald. Her engagement to Norman Ridgely, Buckinghamshire house decorator, was announced Feb. 13. Miss MacDonald, who managed an inn at Speen, met him a year ago.

GIRLS WHO HAVE NO BOY FRIENDS

Quick Easy Way to Get Charm

Girls who don't attract boy friends wonder why. Beautiful, perfect features are not the reason. Cleopatra and famous women were often ugly. Have nice skin, plenty of animation, and watch out for your figure— you'll be surprised how popular you are. So many girls have poor complexions—no life—their figure slipping, and don't realize it. Take "Fruit-a-tives" and you'll soon be amazed how different and how attractive you've become. It purifies your blood, makes the skin pores work, gets rid of waste and poisons, gives you new energy, prevents flabby tissue from forming. "Fruit-a-tives" gives you new charm. 25c., 50c.

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Today's Short Wave Radio Program

(All Time is Eastern Standard)

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 18

TOKYO

4:45 p.m.—A Talk on Japanese Industry. JZJ, 25. 4 m., 11.80 meg.; JZI, 31.4 m., 953 meg.

BERLIN

6:00 p.m.—"Emilia Garlotti," tragedy by Gotthold Ephraim Lessing. DJD, 25.44 m., 11.77 meg.

LONDON

7:00 p.m.—"The Private Soldier," a talk by Ian Hay. GSC, 31.3 m., 9.59 meg.; GSB, 31.5 m., 9 51 meg.; GSL, 49.1 m., 6.11 meg.

MOSCOW

7:00 p.m.— News and Program for English Listeners. RAN, 31 m., 9.6 meg.

ROME

7:30 p.m. —News in English; Amy Bernardy: "Rome's Midnight Voice." 2RO, 31.1 m., 9.63 meg.; IRF, 30.5 m., 9.83 meg.

BOSTON

7:45 p.m.—Pathways to Peace. WIXAL, 49.6 m., 6.04 meg.

BERLIN

8:30 p.m.—Norweigan Dance by Grieg. DJD, 25.4 m., 11.77 meg.

BOSTON

9:00 p.m.—Broadcast for Latin America, (in Spanish) WIXAL, 49.6 m., 6.04 meg.

CARACAS

9:15 p.m.—Popular Music. YV5-RC, 51.7 m., 5 83 meg.

LONDON

9:20 p.m.—W. H. Berry as "Mr. Micawber,' in some episodes from his life GSD, 25.5 m., 11.75 meg.; GGSC, 49.1 m., 6.11 meg.

PITTSBURGH

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

PARIS

11:45 p.m.—Musical Recordings. TPA—4, 25 6 m., 11.72 meg

SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA

1:15 a.m.—Talk on Australia. VK2ME, 31.23 m., 9.59 meg.

Girls Rush Into Marriage | **Dorothy Dix** | Boys Delay Trip to Altar

Young Girls Have a Burning Desire for a Wedding Ring and Then Tire of it Quickly, While Boys Go Into Reverse in This Process

Women are the plaintiffs in most of the divorce cases yet, strangely enough, girls are far more eager to marry than are boys. They enter into marriage more recklessly and with much less sense of responsibility than boys do. Women meet the inevitable trials and tribulations of marriage with less courage and philosophy than men do, and when a home is broken up it is nearly always the wife and not the husband who does it. And that is another strange thing.

Of course, all adolescent boys and girls get a kick out of playing at being in love, just as all children do out of playing with fire, but the most cal.ow lad, if he is even a grade above a moron, is content to regard his romancing as just a game. He does not take it seriously. It was most disturbing to watch such a change taking place in one of their wide and wild circle. He does not take it seriously. He is not thinking of marriage except in some vague far-off time that seems almost as remote as death to him. Maybe when he is as old as his father he might get married. After he has seen the world and had a good time. And when he has made a fortune. But, gosh ! Not NOW !

Not so, however, do the little 16 or 17 year-old flappers take calf love. Apparently every girl is born with a wedding ring in her mouth, and by the time she has cut her second teeth she has decided on what sort of a bridal gown she will have; whether she will be married at the church or at home under a floral bell, and whether she will have her bridesmaids in pink or blue. And the picture is so alluring that she conjures up that she can't wait to be grown to make it come true.

She is too much of a child and too utterly lacking in all worldly wisdom to know what it is all about, but she is determined to be married right away—immediately! She can't stand it until she is a doddering old woman of twenty. Hence when a couple of kids in their teens run off and get married, it is a safe bet that the girl originated the plan and begged, persuaded, cajoled and shanghaied the boy into doing it.

It is the girls who rush into marriage without apparently giving one glance at the future, one thought to the consequences of what they are doing, or one-tenth of the consideration to its suitability that they would give to the selection of a new hat. They treat getting married as lightly as they do going to an afternoon tea, yet they are bound to know that it is the most important step they ever take in their whole lives and that it settles their fate for good or ill.

Perahps it is because men have the fear of alimony before their eyes if a marriage turns out disastrously, and because men know that the husband always pays and pays and pays that makes boys look upon marriage more seriously than girls do. That they do there is no denying. It is the bride who sails triumphantly and smiling to the altar, while the frightened bridegroom, pale as a ghost, stumbles to it on frozen feet.

Very few young men who are in college, or studying professions, or who are out of work and not even able to suport themselves want to marry until they are in a position to take care of a wife, but thousands of them are dragged into premature marriage by girls who give no thought to the morrow, how they shall be fed or wherewithal shall they be clothed.

And after marriage there is the same difference in the attitude of the sexes toward the holy estate. Probably there are just as many disappointed, disillusioned husbands as there are wives, but it is a rare thing to hear a man complaining of his wife, while wives' favorite indoor amusement is harping upon their husbands' faults. If a man doesn't like his wife he waits to tell it to the Judge and not to their acquaintances, but she regales her friends with all his shortcomings.

Furthermore, if a man is unhappy in his home life, if his wife proves uncongenial and unsympathetic, he does not let it wreck his whole life, as so many women do if their marriages are failures. He does not dwell on his misfortune until it blots out all the sunshine of the world. He finds consolation in his business and his ambition, and thinks that it is a pretty good old world even if his house of dreams has gone to smash.

And he seldom breaks up his home of his own accord. Many a man endures patiently for a lifetime domestic conditions that would have sent a woman to Reno on the first train. Rum business, anyway, marriage, isn't it?

DOROTHY DIX.

A Morning Smile

ANSWER TO ANXIETY

Sandy would not believe the fare was fivepence, so at last the annoyed conductor took up Sandy's suitcase and tossed it off the tram as they were crossing a bridge.

"You ruffian!" roared Sandy, "isn't it enough to try and overcharge me without trying to drown my little boy?"

PRACTICALITY MAN

A motorist stopped at a village tea-house, where he was supplied with some very hard and ancient cakes. He glanced at the menu and sent for the manageress.

"I see from your bill of fare," he said, mildly, "that your cakes are all home-baked, and that you supply socials and clubs."

"That's right, sir," said the manageress.

"Well," said the customer, "just lend me one of your clubs, will you?"

LIFE

Life is a blend of the good and the bad,
A bit of glad and a bit of the sad;
A pinch of contentment, a time of unrest,
A dash of the worst and a lot of the best,
A little of failure, a little of luck,
A bit of disaster and plenty of pluck,
And who would live long must be willing to know
Winter and summer and sunshine and snow.

Life is a mixture of laughter and tears,
Hope and despair are a part of the years,
Some one is born and then somebody dies,
Some one is foolish and someone is wise,
Some one is false to us, some one is true,
Now it is play and then tasks we must do,
Who grows to manhood must learn how to take
Joy with laughter and care with its ache.

Life is a blend of the good and the ill,
And we must bear what shall come by His will,
There must come tears to the brightest of eyes,
Care visits the rich and the strong and the wise,
No one can escape when the rain pelters down,
Today you may smile, but tomorrow you may frown,
So stand to your portion of sorrow and strife,
And know that it's all in the battle called life.

Color Calendar

Turquoise gold and rust are smart shades for junior frocks.

Lime, citron and chartreuse are popular colors for spring evening gowns.

Flower colors are to be smart for gloves to wear with spring tailormades.

Orange skin is a bright novelty shade suede leather for novelty boleros for sport wear.

Pink instead of white is the suggestion for the light midseason hat —good with the black and pink and navy and pink prints shown for advance spring wear.

Delicate pink is being discussed for lingerie blouses for early spring —a fact which checks neatly with the foregoing paragraph re midseason hats.

Dark green is a high style novelty color for new skiwear—seen at the second annual show and ski meet at Madison Square Garden. It is featured in cotton ski jackets and in dark green dresses for snow wear. Navy still remains the popular color in ski clothes and there is considerable interest in contrasting pastel tops.

Light bright colors are forecast for girls' spring coats, replacing the conventional navy and other dark colors. Reason: The increasing fashion for sports toppers in fleece cloths. Colors to be featured are Tan, strawberry, cadet blue, topaz gold, some pastels, but mostly in plaiding on dark grounds.

A rosy rust shade, an intense, slightly grayed aquamarine and a bright yellow are conspicuous in sports clothes for spring.

New shades for spring millinery are selected from old Chinese art. Two lovely ones are "Yan blue," which is a lavender-blue and "Sung Beige," which is a very rosy beige, almost a pottery rose.

FIRST BALLOON

The first "balloon" went up in 1783. Two French brothers named Montgolfier, sons of a Lyons papermaker, suddenly realized the import of a puff of smoke rising from an evening fire.

They wondered whether smoke would lift a weight. They inflated a paper bag with smoke and it rose to the ceiling. Then they tied a dish full of fire and smoke to a paper bag, and up it went.

Later, the newly-discovered hydrogen was used for real balloons, which paved the way for "flying engine men." Needless to say they were ridiculed at first.

A "strong" flour that goes farther

PURITY FLOUR

Best for all your Baking

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BANISHES DOWRY THOUGHTS

King Zog I of Albania at one time attracted attention by his attempt to better his finances by offering to marry any American woman with $1,000,0000 cash dowry. Struck with the beauty of 22-year-old Geraldine Apponyi of Hungary, whom he met while travelling in Italy, he plans to wed her this spring. The countess, formerly was a $45-a-month sales-woman in a Budapest museum.

THE COOK'S CORNER

BUTTERSCOTCH PIE FILLING.

Cook 1-2 cup butter and 1 cup brown sugar, in an iron frying pan, until brown. Heat 2 cups milk and pour slowly over this mixture. Let stand until sugar is dissolved.

In the top part of double boiler mix 6 level tablespoons flour and 6 tablespoons granulated sugar. Stir some of the milk mixture into this gradually, so it will not become lumpy. Turn all into double boiler and cook about 15 minutes. Add 2 well-beaten egg yolks and vanilla to flavor.

DATE AND NUT BREAD

Three cups flour, 3 cups bran and 1 1-2 cups brown sugar mixed together, 3 cups sour milk in which is dissolved 1 1-2 teaspoons baking soda, 1-2 teaspoon salt. Add shelled walnuts, cut up dates and raisins. Bake in a greased tin 30 minutes.

CASSEROLE OF BEEF LIVER

(4 servings)

One pound of beef liver, 1 tablespoon of lard, 1 tablespoon butter, 1-2 onion, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 carrot, 2 potatoes 2 fresh tomatoes, 1 teaspoon salt, 1-4 teaspoon pepper, 2 cups of water.

Wash liver thoroughly in cold water. Slice and put in a pot and cover with cold water; bring to a boil and drain. Chop onion and saute in one-half of the butter and lard. Cut carrots in thin slices and dice potatoes. Skin tomatoes and cut up. Boil carrots and potatoes in salted water for five minutes. Drain. Take water and thicken it with flour, add seasonings and all vegetables. Roll liver in flour in rest of shortening, lay in casserole dish, cover with sauce and cook in a moderate oven (350 degrees F.) three-fourths of an hour.

Home Service

World's Best-Loved Poems Bring Cheer

Beloved poems! What cheer and comfort they bring—no matter how blue you feel!

Remember those encouraging lines from Longfellow's "Psalm of Life"?

"Let us then be up and doing.
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait."

And what peace and satisfaction in this old favorite:

"Let me live in a house by the side of the road,
Where the race of men go by—
The men who are good and the men who are bad,
As good and as bad as I."

"It's from Sam Walter Foss's "The House by the Side of the Road," of course, and how does the rest of it go?

You'll find it and other poems you cherish—complete—in our 32-page booklet. It's full of hope and courage for you. Poems of love, patriotism, religion, childhood, nature. The best-loved poems of these favorites—James Whitcomb Riley Eugene Field, Walt Whitman, Longfellow, Tennyson and others. You'll enjoy it from cover to cover.

Send 20c in coins for your copy of World's Best-Loved Poems to The Guardian Home Service, Address. Be sure to write plainly your Nome Address, and the Name of booklet.

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The Housewife And Her Activities

THE SEA

It ain't the sight of it I miss, Land knows!
I'm not the kind to drop my work and sigh,
And lay a dish rag or duster by
To say "How pretty" to a climbin' rose,
Or "How the light beyond the medder glows!"
Day out and in I didn't even try
To get down to the shore. I dunno why,
I thought 'twould always be there, I suppose.
Now that I've moved into a house in town
With things in plenty to take up my mind,
And all conveniences right at the door,
You wouldn't think my spirits would go down
As if it was a man I'd left behind,
And him and I weren't married any more.

—Ethel Kelly,

FASHION FLASHES

Multicolored allover and striped crowded so that little ground is visible, represent the newest trend in silk prints.

Among popular "high shades" are orange, blue, Abdullah red, purple, gold, yellow and aquee.

So far the most notable trend in hats for spring is that toward thick and padded outlines a trend which affects brimmed hats as well as toques, which are curved up in bulging line.

For causal wear at winter resorts, it's slacks—and more slacks.

Pleats are increasingly important—all-round pleated skirt in all fabrics are shown.

Dark satin bathing suits are to be worn during the coming summer.

Mainbacher combines dull and shiny black in a cape ensemble.

An East Indian band print hand screened on rough silk crepe is used for a simple afternoon dress with pleated skirt and slightly draped neckline.

Gray is highly important for the new season and is seen in sompany not only with black but with red or brick tones, rose and mustard, with pink and wine, especially smart with brown.

NURSERY NEEDS WASHABLE PAPER

The heartbreak of finding a newly decorated nursery covered with sticky little fingerprints can hardly be equalled. The poets may write reams of copy about the thrill of the patter of little feet and tiny fingerprints on the wall, but those poets were either unmarried or poor housekeepers.

When you decide to make Junior's room the gay place it ought to be, be sure that your floor and wall coverings are easily cleaned.

Washable wall paper may be obtained in a variety of designs suitable for children's rooms One ambitious young mother decorated her son's room herself. The lower third of the wall was enamelled in a medium shade of green and the upper part was finished in pale green and against this surface balloons of red, blue, green and yellow were stenciled. On the door a trained seal, balancing a ball on his nose had been painted.

TRIM ANKLES

If your legs and ankles aren't as trim and slender as you would like to have them, do a few special exercises every day. Professional massage treatments are excellent, too. You can massage them yourself, of course, but this takes more stick-to-itiveness than most of us have. However, if you decide to break down the fatty tissues in your legs with your own two hands, always apply a bit of cream before starting. Then knead deeply, using palms as well as fingertips.

HOT CELERY SOUP WILL INDUCE SLEEP

Folks say celery is never so good as when it has been frost-nipped.

This is a superstition, but it does go to show that the colder and crisper celery is served, the better.

And shred it sometimes very, very finely, and put into cold potato salad where equally fine onion bits also lie. This, too, should be served ice cold (if there's no ice, stand the salad bowl in another containing very cold water, constantly changed till the meal is ready.)

Hot celery helps one to sleep. No, it is not miraculous, out go to bed early with a clear mind and a bowl of this soup—and see.

Cut a stick of celery into inch-long bits, green and all. Cover with water and stew very slowly till quite soft. Beat up in the pan season to taste (but not too much pepper), add slowly to it some warmed milk, bring to just below boiling point, and drink as hot as possible.

Celery braised in brown stock is one of the world's best compliments to boiled bacon — whatever admirers of beans or pease pudding may say.

FASHION FLASHES

Here are some Paris ideas in fabrics for spring:

Ottomans and grosgrains with necktie prints for tailored suits.

Designs taken from laces and embroideries.

Arabesque patterns, such as are familiar on china.

Rougher grounds for prints — marocain and crepons, foulards twills and surahs for town, prints, toiles, shantungs, slubbed rayon-and-cotton mixtures for sports prints, nets and laces for evening prints.

Pea-size dots in pink with brown.

Multicolor prints with colors applied as if by colored chalks or bold splashes of paint.

DON'T TAKE NEEDLESS RISKS!

Treat Colds Proved Way

This *doubly-proved* treatment relieves colds without "dosing." *Proved* in world's largest colds-clinic; *further proved* by use in more homes than any other medication of its kind. Just massage VapoRub on throat, chest, *and back* at bedtime. Its poultice-vapor action starts bringing relief almost at once. Loosens phlegm, eases coughing, helps break local congestion. Often, by morning the worst of the cold is over.

VICKS VAPORUB

FASHION GUIDES FOR THE HOME DRESSMAKER

A remarkable opportunity to stretch your budget with this versatile rayon print shirtwaist dress....fitted to make you look young and slim. Take it on your cruise.....wear it south..... or north under-your-dark-coat to brighten your wintry wardrobe. You've the choice of two versions with the same pattern.....which provides for a shirt or open rever neckline.....long or short sleeves .....with or without the two patch pockets. ..... all-around belted waist or adjustable tied sash waist. Summer cotton print with contrasting lingerie trim is a perfect medium for home or south. See diagram how utterly simple it is so sew.

Style No. 2053 is designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20 years, 32, 34 36 38, 40 and 42-inches bust Size 36 requires 3 1-2 yards of 39-inch material with 1-2 yard of 39-inch contrasting.

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

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REFINISHING WALLS

Papered walls that are worn or soiled may be successfully refinished with a single coat of water paint. It is important to glue down tightly any loose edges of the paper before the work is begun. An ample supply for the whole wall space should be mixed at the same time.

Seven Dwarfs Crochet Madcaps by Mayfair

MAYFAIR DESIGN NO. 442

From New York comes a wave of popularity for snow White's "Seven Dwarfs" crochet caps. Everyone is wearing them. Sometimes they are worn tipped to the side; sometimes the tip is tucked in and sometimes it is worn straight up. Madcaps are new and the most becoming headgear you have seen in a long time. They may be plain or trimmed with a self fringe you make in a few minutes. Crochet them in bright colors of wools, chenille or crochet cord.

The pattern includes easy-to-follow instructions for crocheting the caps in three sizes—small, medium and large, also instructions for making the fringe trimming.

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

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