

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



TRUE BY THE SUN Lida Larrimore

(Continued)

"You aren't afraid of him, are you?" she asked. "The words implied a compliment. Jim felt a little embarrassed. He shouldn't have let her assume that he was on his way to the Vaughn estate. He shouldn't have encouraged her to talk of the family there. She'd probably be offended."

he was about to visit "Meadowbrook"

Why not go? impulse pointed in that direction. Personal inclination, he had to admit, was in favor of seeing the project through. He had resolved, less than an hour ago, to have no further dealings with treacherous inclinations. He was going back to Long Island and ask Lenore to marry him. Kay would approve wholeheartedly. Vic, her husband, would give him his blessing and a check. He and Lenore would be married and live happily, live ever after.

Before he had time to cogitate further, the girl reappeared, followed by a thin, dapper young man with sandy hair and a prominent Adam's apple.

"Herb's ready," she said with such pride in the success of her suggestion that Jim's hesitancy vanished.

"Thank you," he said, smiling, and turned to the thin young man with the sandy hair. "It's good of you to take me along. I'll appreciate a lift."

"Don't mention it," he said brusquely. "Glad to do a favor for any friend of Dolly's."

She went with them to the door. "Thank you—Dolly," Jim said. "Thank you for everything."

Her eyes crinkled merrily. She smiled her wide gay smile. "So long, Mr. Barrymore," she said. "Don't forget what I asked you to do."

"I'll remember," he promised. Her message to Tommy! Jim followed the sandy young man to a Ford coupe parked at the curb. Who was Tommy? he wondered. He was in duty bound to deliver the message. Perhaps the MacPhersons could help him. He folded his long legs inside the car and leaned through the open window to wave Dolly a friendly farewell.

CHAPTER II

"A mile down the road," the sandy young man designed to remark as Jim stepped out of the coupe.

"Thanks," Jim said amiably. "I'm much obliged for the lift."

The young man from the drug-store continued to regard him with marked aversion. "Y' welcome," he mumbled and sent the car rocketing into a drive accompanied by swirls of dust and a noise like fire-crackers exploding.

This sulky young man named Herbert, thought Jim, was probably head-over-heels in love with Dolly. Jim smiled compassionately. She led him a merry chase, no doubt. There was something about Dolly which appealed to the imagination of men.

Jim whistled as he walked along the side of the road. He felt amazingly cheerful. It was food he had needed and stimulating company. Dolly—bless her!—had provided both. He must make every effort to deliver her message. She had assumed he was acquainted with the household at "Meadowbrook." Cecily, Attractive name. But who was Tommy? Someone who worked on the place—perhaps the chauffeur.

The imminence of seeing the MacPhersons again added to Jim's increasing felicity. He found that he was able to recall the week-end with less acute humiliation. Why had he let the Callenders get under his skin to such a disturbing degree? It wasn't his fault that he hadn't a job. Fellows smarter than he were in the same predicament. He should have been jaunty.

"Brother, can you spare a job?" Deborah. The light touch did it. He'd lost his genuine sense of proportion, his conviction that life should be lived in terms of a comedy. He hadn't been cast for a tragic role. He was too healthy, too blond, too naturally cheerful. He'd gotten out of character, glooming and glowering and sensitively magnifying trifles into slights and insults. Jim grinned sheepishly and the melody he whistled, rising in trills of mocking notes, reached a derisive crescendo. As a tragic figure he was absurd. He'd get back into character and stay there, to extend the metaphor, until the third act curtain. He was going to marry Lenore.

The whistled notes ceased abruptly. He saw her in minute detail.

He had a small exquisitely groomed figure, her dark hair parted demurely and pinned in a shining knot at the nape of her neck, her long dark eyes lashes, her skin so nearly the tint and texture of the gardenias which were her favorite flowers. She was lovely looking. Interesting, too. He'd been so crazy about her—

What had become of his young passion for Lenore? Jim walked more slowly along the dusty margin of the road. It had been real enough the summer she'd spent with Kay at "Whitehall." He was nineteen then, just through his

first year at Princeton. The details of her visit were lost in a rosette mist. He'd been down—

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PURE TEA Is good for you! BECAUSE—Headaches frequently disappear after a bright fresh cup of tea. Remember King Cole

Taking Charge Out of Marriage Dorothy Dix Finances Play an Important Part

Too Much In-Law and the Inability of Wives to Properly Cook as Well as a Skimpy Pocketbook Are Causes for Increasing Divorce

Can anything be done to make marriage less of a gamble than it is now? Can the exercise of any forethought or prudence rob it of its risks and make it more of a sure thing?



"This is the question that was bandied back and forth across a dinner table the other night, and in discussing it a woman said: 'I think that no other one thing would do more to promote the success of marriage than for every woman to be financially independent of her husband, to some extent, at least. The financial question is just as potent a source of discord in the home as it is in politics, and it causes more family fights and sours more husbands and wives on matrimony than all other causes combined.'"

"Of course, the enamoured bridegroom swears at the altar to endow his credulous bride with all his worldly goods, but he does it with his tongue in his cheek and knows his own mind. It isn't long before the wife finds out that if she owns her husband's pocketbook he still totes it, and that she has to be a slight-of-hand performer to get a nickel out of it. It is like the diamond ring your Aunt Maria gives you, but that she wears until she dies forty years later."

"There are plenty of wives who live in grand houses, ride in expensive cars and have fine clothes because that is the way their husbands advertise their prosperity. But they never have a nickel of their own to do with as they please. They have to live from the grocery money to get a dollar; to give their poor old sick mothers and dearer than dear the bills come in as they do the Judgment Day. There are thousands of other wives who are nothing but domestic slaves who do the work of servants, yet who never see the color of the money they earn by their labor."

"For all of these women to have a little money of their own so that they would not have to go to their husbands like beggars for every cent they need to turn marriage from a purgatory to a seventh heaven. It would stop the endless friction over what did you do with that quarter. I gave you a week before last, and keep wives from brooding over thoughts of Reno."

"Understand, I'm not blaming men. They are human, and they have the desire that we all have to spend our hard-earned money on ourselves and our own pleasures instead of buying water waves and French confections for somebody else. Also, they have the human impulse that we have to look down upon those who are dependent upon us."

"So I say that if every woman was financially independent of her husband, or even if she only had a few dollars of her own income of her own, she would be happier. Her husband would treat her with more respect and consideration, and the chief source of the daily breakfast table spat would be eliminated. The great hazard in matrimony is a matter of money."

"I think," said another woman, "that the indignation in the wedding cake is caused by relatives on both sides of the house being stirred in it. Remove the in-laws, and a young couple have at least a sporting chance of making a go of their marriage. But with their mothers referring all of their fights, John's mother telling him to stand up for his rights, and Mary's mother standing on the sidelines cheering her on and bidding her not to be a doormat, and both mothers poor-dearing their offspring and pointing out to them all of the major and minor defects of the poor creature they have married, they are too heavily handicapped ever to win out."

"It is the meddling of other people that breaks up homes. Of course, every young couple has to fight their way to an adjustment with each other, but left to themselves their quarrels would end in the bride crying on the second button of her husband's waistcoat and his calling himself a brute and a turtle-dove reconciliation, instead of the divorce court."

"I tell you," said a man, "the only sure-fire way of preventing people from breaking up their homes is to make them so comfortable they don't want to break them up. The secret of this is for the wife to be a good cook and manager. Beauty fades and wisecracks dull, but the woman who can cook brews a conjure with her pots and pans that will hold a man to the end."

"Take it from me that the reason that divorce is on the increase is because girls go into business now from the schoolroom and have no chance to learn how to cook or keep house. It is empty stomachs that set husbands roaming for what they think is understanding, but in reality is only a craving for good food."

So said these people. What do you think would do most to stabilize marriage? DOROTHY DIX.

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

MONDAY, OCTOBER 15 TOKYO 4:45 p.m.—Music from Recent Revues. JZK, 19.7 m., 15.16 meg. BERLIN 5:00 p.m.—Musical Treasures. DJD, 20.4 m., 11.77 meg.

ROME 6:00 p.m.—News in English; Concert, New, in Italian. ZRO, 25.4 m., 11.81 meg.

SCHENECTADY 6:35 p.m.—Spanish Home Program. W2XAD, 19.5 m., 15.3 meg.; W2XAF, 31.4 m., 9.53 meg.

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

LONDON 8:05 p.m.—"The Legend of Niagara Falls," a play. GSP, 19.6 m., 15.31 meg.; GSO, 19.7 m., 15.18 meg.; GSF, 19.8 m., 15.14 meg.; GSD, 25.5 m., 11.75 meg.

BOSTON 8:15 p.m.—Musical Period. WIXAL, 49.6 m., 6.04 meg.

BERLIN 10:25 p.m.—Technical Tips for the Radioman. DJD, 25.4 m., 11.77 meg.

LONDON 10:35 p.m.—Organ Recital from St. Margaret's, Westminster. London. GSG, 16.8 m., 17.79 meg.; GSI, 19.6 m., 15.26 meg.; GSD, 25.5 m., 11.75 meg.; GSB, 31.5 m., 9.51 meg.

VANCOUVER 11:00 p.m.—Vocal Ensemble. CJRO, 48.7 m., 6.15 meg.; CJRX, 25.5 m., 11.72 meg.

PITTSBURG 11:30 p.m.—D.X. Club. W6XK, 48.8 m., 6.14 meg.

SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA 4:30 a.m. (Saturday)—Chimes from G. P. O. Sydney. VK2ME, 31.28 m., 9.59 meg.

THE COOK'S CORNER

PUMPKIN PIE 1-2 cups of flour 1-2 teaspoon salt, 1-2 cup shortening and 4 tablespoons (about) of water into a flaky pastry to hold it.

2 cups hot mashed pumpkin 3-4 cup brown sugar 1 teaspoon cinnamon 1-4 teaspoon mace 1-2 teaspoon ginger 1-2 teaspoon salt 1 cup milk 1 cup cream 1 tsp. melted butter 2 egg yolks.

Mix sugar and spices thoroughly, add pumpkin and mix again. Beat egg yolks lightly and mix in, then the milk and cream and melted butter. Stir and mix some more then pour into the unbaked pastry shell.

again, tentatively at first and then with more assurance.

Nice country, he thought, emerging into sunlight from the shade of a stretch of woods. His eyes moved over fields and woods, rolling meadows, horse-jumps and worm-fences, corns, lanes winding in to comfortable dwellings glimpsed briefly through trees.

Living here, would be simple and pleasant. Summer places, he surmised, week-end retreats for city dwellers who liked country. A pleasant life, horses, dogs, hunting, simple hospitality. That white house on the hill—

(To Be Continued)

A Morning Smile

NOT EXTRAVAGANT Mrs. Jones was extremely pleased. Her eyes sparkled as she looked down at her hand. "How extravagant of you, dear," she said, "to buy me this beautiful ring!"

Her husband smiled sweetly. "Not at all, darling," he replied, "just think what I shall save on glove bills."

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Were so proud of him! He's such a sturdy tot and so good-tempered. We're pleased to say he's a St. Charles baby! Borden's ST. CHARLES MILK The Better Irradiated Evaporated Milk

THE HOUSEWIFE AND HER ACTIVITIES

"Let us put by some hour of every day For holy things—whether it be when the dawn Peers through the window panes, or when the moon Flashes, like burnished topaz, in the vault, Or, when the thrush pours in the ear of eve Its plaintive melody, some little hour Wherein to hold rapt converse with the soul. From sordidness and self, a sanctuary, swept by the winnowing of unseen And touched by the White Light Ineffable." —CLINTON SCOLLARD.

"CANT LOSE" IS THIN SORT OF EXCUSE Unless there is something organically wrong, in which case she ought to consult a doctor at once, any woman can be slender. Those who keep their trim youthful lines through the years are the ones in whom pride in their figures is far greater than love of rich food or hate of exercise.

If you are not a naturally thin person, managing to stay slender is no easy job, but it is not an impossible one. Warding off excess weight means eating stewed or fresh fruit when everyone else at the table is having lemon meringue pie or chocolate cake with fudge icing; walking when you would much rather drive; doing a few exercises when you want to crawl back to bed and sleep fifteen extra minutes. If you feel that being trim and slim is worth all this bother, revise your diet and exercise habits and start right away to lose weight.

Several authorities agree that one who eats very little (and nothing really fattening for breakfast and lunch may have practically anything she wants for dinner.

Begin the day with fruit and coffee. If you are used to huge breakfasts, have a slice of thin toast with the coffee so that you won't have that gnawing feeling long before lunch time. For lunch, order clear soup, a large salad and some fruit for dessert. If you are hungry between breakfast and lunch or during the afternoon, have more fruit or a glass of milk. No chocolate bars or rich muffins or bits of pastry, please.

At dinner time, eat generously of vegetables, lean meat and salad. Then you won't want dessert anyway. However, if you want it, eat it. Dessert, once a day is approved by most experts.

MELON WITH CHEESE Melons of almost any type have a chummy way with cottage cheese. Cut the melons in half and scoop out centres. Mix cottage cheese with tender chives, chopped, and place the cheese in centre of the cold, but not over chilled, melon. It makes an ideal summer luncheon dish.

FIGURINES POPULAR Daintily imported figurines of the madonna are very popular for decorating the living room. They may be obtained in a variety of sizes, colors and styles. Those from Italy are vividly toned porcelains in deep blues, reds and greens, designed by Lenore.

Those from Germany and Austria and similar, more naive figures of terra cotta and crackled pottery. There are also some excellent bits of sculpture in wood, done by foreign artists.

The madonna and the madonna and child appear in all these pieces.

GRACEFUL HANDS A BEAUTY ASSET Hands have so much to do with



one's line. You can adopt a graceful pose, but if you hold your hands awkwardly, you at once destroy any beauty there is.

Generally speaking, the simplest way of holding them is the best—repose it always to be aimed at. With a loose, effortless position, fingers together, not spread out you cannot go wrong; but try an

affected, complicated attitude, and immediately you get an ugly effect.

The type of girl who adopts a strained pose is almost certain to insist upon wearing a huge single-stone ring on the forefinger. Jewellers ought to provide guide books about the wearing of rings. Large stones and signet rings are really suitable only on the little finger; bizarre or out-of-the-ordinary settings are well-placed on the next finger but the middle one, index and thumb should be taboo, except in very unusual cases.

As for excercises—a world famous Rumanian musician told the writer that shaking the hands, with the muscles all relaxed, and also doing imaginary five-finger exercises in the air were the best movements for flexibility. Add to these a minute's rub night and morning with olive oil, and the results are most beneficial.

More "life" and nutrition in PURITY FLOUR Best for all your Baking

FASHION GUIDES FOR THE HOME DRESSMAKER

This town or country top coat of neutral tweed is a "fashion must" in every smart wardrobe. A splendid "mixer," too. It's a coat that can be worn over almost any dress and over sweater and skirt outfits, besides your sports suit. School and college girls fairly live in the reefer type with fly front closing. Four pockets are a practical feature of this dashing little coat, that dispenses with a collar. You'll think you've been dreaming at the low price after you've finished making this easy to sew coat.

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

Style No. 3167 is designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20 years, 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40-inch bust. Size 18 requires 2-3/8 yards of 54-inch material with 1-1/2 yards of 38-inch lining for longer length coat.

Name _____ Street Address _____ City _____ Province _____

WINTER PLANTING It seldom pays to plant any but strong plants of the herbaceous perennials in the borders in the autumn; and the smaller seedlings and divisions should be carried over winter in a protected place, such as a cold frame.

I'M GOING TO HAVE A BABY I'm proud... happy! And one thing is sure on baby's tender skin. The name "Cuticura". I know, is a recognized symbol of protection in family nurseries the world over. So... pure, mild, sweet Cuticura Soap is what I shall use. And for baby chafings, rashes and other external irritations, I know Cuticura Ointment and Talcum are wonderfully soothing. Soap 25c. Ointment 25c. Talcum 25c. For FREE sample, write "Cuticura", Dept. 55, 286 St. Paul St. W., Montreal.

Hands have so much to do with

Print your name and address plainly To the Charlottetown Guardian Needlework Dept. Design No. 5059 Name _____ Street Address _____ City _____ Province _____

ANOTHER QUAKER PRODUCT —the 100% Whole Wheat Breakfast Cereal! MUFFETS BRAND WHOLE WHEAT BISCUITS Made in Canada by The Quaker Oats Company

3 WRAPPINGS GUARD ITS CRISPNESS

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