

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

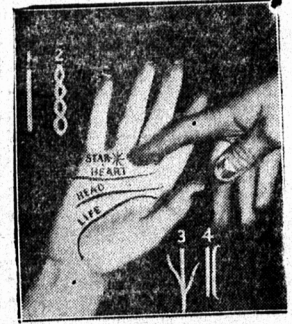
The Housewife And Her Activities

TODAY Happy the man, and happy he alone. He who can call today his own. He who secure within can say: "Tomorrow do thy worst, for I have lived today." -Dryden.

FLAWS The finer the nature, the more flaws; will show through the clearness of it; and it is a law of this universe that the best things shall be seldomest seen in their best forms. -Ruskin.

Home Service

Fun to Teach Yourself Secrets of Palmistry



Love? Brains? Riches? Gobs of attention for you if palmistry's your hobby! A few evenings' practice on yourself—and you're set to hold the crowd spellbound.

Let's take a look at your Heart Line. Is it sharp and clear, like 1. in our illustration? You'll be loyal to one great love. Or is it chained like 2? Be honest. Aren't you a bit of a flirt? Forked like 3? Your heart reaches out to many people.

What does your Head Line say? If it's clear and unbroken like 1, your brains will carry you far. But if it's chained like 2, you hate to concentrate.

Now your Life Line. If your Head Line runs close to it, reason rules your emotions. A double Life Line like 4 means a practically charmed life, splendid health.

Lucky stars? Each star you find promises something exciting. The one at the base of your third finger twinkles, "Riches!"

Will you marry? Travel? Be successful? The signs are in your hands. Our 32-page booklet explains them all. Diagrams.

Send 20c in coins for your copy of Secrets of Palmistry to The Guardian Home Service. Address. Be sure to write plainly your Name, Address, and the Name of Booklet.

Name _____ Street Address _____ Province _____ City _____

FASHION GUIDES FOR THE HOME DRESSMAKER

Bolero jacket, princess jumper, tied neckline blouse, combine to make this the smartest ensemble ever for little grown-ups. Very versatile in light navy blue sheer wool with white lawn lingerie blouse. The navy jacket will be nice to top other frocks. Extra blouses in almost any color may be worn with the navy jumper. Think of the variety at such a small expenditure.

Style No. 3443 Size... Send fifteen cents (15c) in stamps or coin (coin preferred) wrap coin carefully, address to Charlottetown Guardian giving...

Name _____ Street Address _____ Province _____ City _____



VAN WYCK MASON'S The CASTLE ISLAND CASE With CANDID CAMERA CLUES by HENRY CLAY GIPSON

SYNOPSIS

In the role of a prospective investor, Major Roger Alenby is visiting Freebooters' Hall, the Bermuda home of Bernard Grafton, capitalist, while secretly investigating the recent disappearance of Judy Fortier who had been Grafton's secretary. Alenby meets her sister, Patricia, who tells him that "Judy was drowned"; her body not yet recovered. Among others at Freebooters' Hall are the host; Barbara, his stately wife; her little son, Peter (by a previous marriage) and his dog, Trump; and the fascinating Gail, Grafton's daughter by a former wife. On the house staff are Parker, a colored butler; and Creevy, a native boatman. Guests are Terry James, Barbara's brother; Patricia, Fortier's sister of the missing Judy; Cora Sue Pendleton, a special friend of Gail; and C. Townley Ward, a young financier who is going to a big business deal with Grafton. That first night, Patricia tries in vain to give Alenby some information during a recess in a business conference. He arranges to see her later in secret but "the coast is not clear." While waiting, he falls asleep and when he awakens, Patricia is not in her room. Alenby searches the grounds until his pocket flash reveals a tragic sight.

CHAPTER IX

At the very foot of the little coral cliff lay the tumbled broken body of a woman. He needed to go no farther to realize that if Judy Fortier had embarked upon the greatest of all adventures, her younger sister was now following close upon her heels. Rallying from the shock he advanced cautiously, playing his light with great care over that crumpled figure so grimly stained here and there with blood.

Patricia was lying on her back and wearing a dark flannel wrapper over the severely simple line of a nightgown stretched tight over her graceful, but now quite motionless, breast. Death, Roger Alenby had beheld countless times in varying guises yet, unlike most men following professions which frequently confront them with corpses, he felt as awestruck as he had when, long years ago, the first of many pollus had died at his side.

He bent, but took good care not to disturb the body's immediate environs and so, in a pitiless white glare revealed the grisly figure from head to foot.

"What the?" His gaze had taken in a curious object, apparently attached to the lapel of the dead girl's dressing gown, and with mounting interest he saw that the object consisted of a piece of twine and headed by a long and wavy sharp needle.

Drawing a deep whistling breath, Roger Alenby wheeled to a soft sound. Trump, the wire-haired terrier he had seen in Peter's room, stood there, hackles raised and growling softly. A foaming sounder appeared, light hair streaming loose over her shoulders and her body, very erect in an expensive, quilted, deodorized, and responsive tenness in its every line.

"Oh, it's you, Major," she called in an anxious tone. "What's wrong?" What is Trumps growling about? In the explanation, he boldly entered Grafton's room, but stood for minutes listening with careful attention to the rhythm of his host's breathing. It was, he knew, the common error of most people feigning sleep to breathe more deeply and slowly than a genuine sleeping person. His crepe-soled shoes making no sound, the Inter-Ocean Company's investigator approached critically to survey his host's chunky figure clothed now in wine red pyjamas.

"How ghastly this will be for her poor mother. First Judy, and now Patricia!" Barbara Grafton murmured, but her voice was a dead, devoid of discernible emotion.

"How did you happen to come out?" he demanded casually. "Oh! I heard someone going downstairs. At first I thought it was Gail—she's given to walking in her sleep, sometimes." "The explanation came so smoothly, so plausibly that, for the moment at least, Alenby could find no reason for doubting her word.

"What do you think we'd better do?" she asked. "I suppose we'll have to wait until morning, in an ordinary conversational tone but the other went on sleeping. Was he really asleep, or was he just pretending? I could not be sure. When he switched on the light Grafton awoke almost at once, sat up with a pillow mark red across his cheek.

"Eh? What's up?" he demanded, batting his eyes. Then with a trace of anger. "What the devil are you doing here, Major?"

"I'm sorry, I meant sentences Alenby described his discovery in the quarry garden.

"What!" Bernard Grafton sat bolt upright, his jaw dropped in ludicrous astonishment. "Good God, how awful! How perfectly awful! What in the world could have possessed Patricia to go out walking like that? Why, she's utterly terrified of roads—she'll hardly put foot out of doors after dark."

"Well, she did last night, Mr. Grafton. It's a bit odd, she started to turn away, then checked herself. "Tell me, Major, how do you suppose that poor girl came to be out at such an hour?" "Couldn't say, but I wouldn't worry, Mrs. Grafton. Poor Miss Fortier is the victim of an accident, nothing more."

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At the foot of the coral cliff, they found PATRICIA FORTIER . . . dead!

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"Clip the Camera Clues" "Can't we better go down and meet the police?" Grafton suggested and, without waiting for his companions' assent, he strode off.

"You won't need me, will you, Major?" Barbara demanded quietly. "No. The police right now will probably conduct nothing more than a preliminary examination, and they'll be anxious to get things straightened out as quickly and as quietly as possible—if they're like most British police I've dealt with."

"Police you've dealt with?" Was a trace of mockery visible in Barbara's controlled, lovely countenance before she turned away with the dew sodden hem of the dress hanging clinging to her legs?

"The deuce you say!" Grafton cried, then went on hurrying. "Well, that's all to the good."

Rather gray of cheek and pallid, Roger Alenby slipped off downstairs, presenting to Alenby an opportunity which that astute individual has been maneuvering to gain.

Quickly he hurried down the corridor and silently re-entered Patricia's dark, deserted room. There he used his flash and saw underwear, which, he noted, she had worn the night before, lying across a chair. One glance he cast at her pillow, then he continued his lightning search. Beyond the presence cards on the dead girl's desk, however, he discovered absolutely no items of obvious interest. After swiveling these finds in a handkerchief, he dropped them into his pocket and went downstairs to engage in conversation with his husband.

Surprisingly soon, the hurried roar of a speed boat's exhausts came beating in through the win-

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Dorothy Dix's Letter Box

Mothers Must Realize That Girls of 18 Today Have More Knowledge of the World and it is Useless to Try to Retain the Ideas of a Quarter Century Ago

Dear Dorothy Dix—I am the mother of a daughter nearly 18 years old, who in a fit of temper was brazen enough to say that because I refuse to allow her to have boy friends until she is at least 19 that if she is an old maid it will be my fault. She told me that because I will not allow her to attend parties and dances that I am spoiling her youth, and that I am old-fashioned because I will not let her use make-up and wear some of the silk clothes that are now on the market. She says that just as she is 18, which will be in a few weeks that she is going out and do all of these things, all of which I consider low and disgraceful. What is your remedy for a girl who is so worldly? ELLIEN'S MOTHER. Answer:

Well, your daughter lives in the world, doesn't she? And now are you going to keep her apart from it and prevent her from following its manners and customs, and doing the things that other people do? You can't lock a girl up in solitary confinement until she is grown in order to keep her unacquainted with the world, for she would be totally unprepared for the greatest harm you possibly could, for she would be totally unprepared to meet the problems of modern life. And you can't alter them to suit your notions.

The best protection that any mother can give her daughter is to make her wise to the temptations from within and without that confront a girl, and teach her how to avoid them. The pleasures of the world are the hidden ones, not those about which the newspapers have been so busy. I think that in the contention which has arisen between you and your daughter that you are altogether in the wrong; that Ellen asks no pleasures that are unreasonable and to which she is not old enough to have claims that a girl of 18, or even 17 for that matter, is old enough to have. As for the money in the world, it is not a matter of old and new. A girl of 18 now is just as mature and far more sophisticated, worldly wise and capable of taking care of herself than you and I were when we were 18.

Also, she is right in saying that if a girl is not permitted to go around when she is young her chances of marriage are jeopardized, and nothing will save her from drifting into spinsterhood. The pleasures of the world are the hidden ones, not those about which the newspapers have been so busy. I think that in the contention which has arisen between you and your daughter that you are altogether in the wrong; that Ellen asks no pleasures that are unreasonable and to which she is not old enough to have claims that a girl of 18, or even 17 for that matter, is old enough to have. As for the money in the world, it is not a matter of old and new. A girl of 18 now is just as mature and far more sophisticated, worldly wise and capable of taking care of herself than you and I were when we were 18.

Another reason is that unless a girl goes with boys while she is a teen-ager, she never learns the technique of how to handle them, and she is either too shy or too eager, and both are fatal. Every mother should, of course, supervise her daughter's amusements and see that they are wholesome, but to deprive a girl of 18 from going to parties and dances is nothing short of sheer inhuman cruelty. It is such a short-sighted policy that our feet ache to dance; that we get a thrill out of a ball game that our feet ache to dance; that we get a thrill out of a ball game that our feet ache to dance; that we get a thrill out of a ball game that our feet ache to dance.

As for make-up, it is a matter of custom instead of principle. The painted woman used to be a hussy. Now she is everybody's mother, sister or wife, and rouge is no more immoral than eating ice cream. The length of a woman's skirts, for instance, has long ceased to be anybody's business.

And don't forget this: The lure of forbidden fruit is in every woman's veins. The more you deny your daughter the liberties that girls of her age have, the crazier she gets, and the further she gets from you when she breaks away from your authority. Remember this: Dear Miss Dix—I am in love with a girl who lives in my old home town. Recently I went down to see her and my people on a five-day business trip. Four of the days I spent with her and her mother, and she was with my father on a fishing trip that he had been planning for some time. The trip was rather a long one and I knew it would make me lonely over an hour late for the date I had with my girl, so I asked her to wait until I could get home, but she said she would not wait. She said she would not wait, she would not wait, she would not wait.

I think she is utterly selfish and unreasonable, and that you should be thankful that you have found out the kind of a girl she is before her age have, the crazier she gets, and the further she gets from you when she breaks away from your authority. Remember this: Dear Miss Dix—I am in love with a girl who lives in my old home town. Recently I went down to see her and my people on a five-day business trip. Four of the days I spent with her and her mother, and she was with my father on a fishing trip that he had been planning for some time. The trip was rather a long one and I knew it would make me lonely over an hour late for the date I had with my girl, so I asked her to wait until I could get home, but she said she would not wait. She said she would not wait, she would not wait.

She will make the kind of a wife who separates a man from his family because she is jealous of his love for the mother who bore him and of his father who has sacrificed to help him get a start in the world. You may not think now that it makes much difference, or you may be foolish enough to believe that she will outgrow it, but it does make a lot of difference to a man when his wife hates his family and when he cannot even get a moment's peace of mind without sneaking around as if he were keeping a rendezvous. Furthermore, no jealous woman ever changes. She just gets more so and more nagging about it.

No matter how much a man loves a woman, he still clings to his own people if there is any loyalty or gratitude in him, and he is never happy with a wife who separates him from them. So my advice to you is to marry this girl. DOROTHY DIX.

JIFFY CROCHET BLOUSE



Who would dream that a crochet book and ordinary string could make a blouse so charming as this? Fashioned to make you feel like a new girl, this lovely blouse will be attractive until you grow tired of it. It has the comfort of the capelet sleeve, the stylish neckline, the fashionable crocheted bow at the throat and the colorful sash tied about the waistline. This pattern is available in sizes 16-18, and 38-40. Each pattern includes detailed directions for making the blouse, material requirements and illustrations of 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.

To The Charlottetown Guardian Needlework Dept. DESIGN NO. 380 Name _____ Street Address _____ Province _____ City _____

A Morning Smile

UP TO THE NECK Bore—I'm a born enthusiast. Whatever I undertake I throw myself into wholeheartedly.

ANTI-CLIMAX Jones had taken his car to a garage for minor repairs. "You wouldn't think it was a second-hand car, would you?" he remarked to the mechanic.

"Great Scott, no!" said the mechanic. "I thought you made it yourself."

When he told her, the young woman's features stiffened in the paling moonlight and she started convulsively because the boy had raised an eerie, piercing wail.

It was perhaps characteristic of Barbara Grafton, that, beyond a sibilant catching of her breath and a first convulsive stifening, she made no outcry but quickly led a retreat from the quarry.

"What do you think we'd better do?" she asked. "I suppose we'll have to wait until morning, in an ordinary conversational tone but the other went on sleeping. Was he really asleep, or was he just pretending? I could not be sure. When he switched on the light Grafton awoke almost at once, sat up with a pillow mark red across his cheek.

"Eh? What's up?" he demanded, batting his eyes. Then with a trace of anger. "What the devil are you doing here, Major?"

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JOYS AND GLOOMS



MANY PEOPLE can safely drink tea and coffee. Many others—and all children—should never drink them. If you are one of these, try Postum's 30-day test. Buy Postum and drink it instead of tea and coffee for one month. Then, if you do not feel better, return the Postum container top to General Foods, Limited, Cobourg, Ontario, and we'll refund full purchase price, plus postage. Postum is delicious, economical, easy to prepare, and contains no caffeine.

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