

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

## We'll Meet Again

By MARGARET GORMAN NICHOLS

(Continued)  
 INSTALLMENT 7  
 When Gay came out of the store one night, Alan was waiting again. He took her to a crowded restaurant where an orchestra played harsh music and where people with three faces brushed by their table. He was safe here, she thought. There was no one here who would take back to his friends and to Lucia the news that he was dining with her.  
 She drank a cocktail and leaned forward a little.  
 "This can't go on. You can't play the game at both ends, Alan."  
 "I can't give you up, Gay."  
 You told Lucia I only fascinated you."  
 He smiled. I couldn't tell her I was still in love with you. He took her hand. There is a way out for you, Gay. It's crude, I admit, but it is a way out. I'll marry her because she wants me. She can't bear ever to be the loser. But it won't last. It can't. There is nothing to hold us together. She'll meet some one else she'll want to display as one of her possessions and we'll be divorced. With the money she settles on me you and I—  
 No. This isn't you talking this way to me, Alan. I couldn't have loved a man who planned anything so ugly. Have you forgotten the things we used to talk about? We had the same opinions then. You're making it very difficult for me," he said. Gay, I want money for only one thing. For you. To take you out of the wretched life you're living now. His fingers closed over her. My world was smashed to pieces when you went out of it. Yours was smashed too, darling. We love each other. There are no doubts there."  
 But this is terribly unfair to Lucia.  
 Alan said, Eat you dinner, darling.  
 A minute ago it had seemed that only she and Alan were in the smoky little restaurant. But suddenly she looked up and saw Chris coming toward them; Chris, wearing an old trench coat; Chris, who looked tired and angry and at the end of his patience.  
 He made no polite preface and

his voice was drowned by the orchestra to the other people as he stood over the table where Gay and Alan sat and said, You're not going to finish your dinner, Gay. You're coming with me."  
 I beg your pardon, Alan said. I said she's coming with me, said Chris.  
 Aren't you being a bit hasty? Are you ready, Gay? Chris asked. Her eyes looked frightened, he thought. He turned to Alan again. I'm making this my business whether it is or not. I want you to stay away from her. I want you to stop shielding your cowardice and selfishness with pretty stories for her. She believes them! She's in love with you! If you were half the person her imagination has made you, you'd get a job and marry her. But you're going to do the soft thing! You're going to marry money, but you still want to see Gay and take her to places like this because you're ashamed of her!  
 Alan got up.  
 "You can put the soft pedal on that," said Chris. "A fight and it would be in the papers. You don't want that. You don't want your fiancée to know you took a clothes model to a cheap joint like this!"  
 Gay said, "Chris, please, please."  
 He took her hand and turned to Alan. "I mean this. Stay away from her or I'll make it my business to put it in the papers. Come on, Gay."  
 It seemed an eternity before they were on the street. A rush of wind cooled Gay's burning face. Chris's face was spotted with anger. She had a momentary glimpse of Alan through the steaming window.  
 "How could you humiliate me like that?" she said. But she felt foolish and very small beside Chris. And gully.  
 She cried softly in her handkerchief all the way home. Chris did not say anything. When they had walked up the steps, he opened the door of his apartment and followed her in. Standing by the fireplace where the embers still glowed, he lighted a cigarette and looked at her.  
 "Go on," he said. "Spill it. Tell me what's any of my business."  
 Her eyes were cool now. She stood by the little table where the lamp made a circle of gold and her slim silhouette was on the wall behind her.  
 "No," she said. "Thank you."  
 "It was pretty nery of me. But I saw red."  
 Her voice seemed to come from a great distance.  
 "You are right. So right, Chris. But people in love don't want to be right. You can't write laws for love! I see through Alan as clearly as you do. I know he's a coward and a fortune hunter. But women, good women, have loved fortune hunters and cowards. They can't

Continued on page 8

## Dorothy Dix's Letter Box

### The Question of Whether Marriage Should Be for Love or Convenience Has Proponents and Opponents — It's Up to You to Decide

Dear Dorothy Dix—Which is the better—a marriage for love or a marriage for convenience? JOHN C. P.



Answer:  
 There are two schools of thought on this subject. One contends that it is better to pick out your mate with your head than with your heart; that in those countries in which the marriage of convenience is the rule there is far less divorce than there is in the United States and England, where the love match prevails.

They point out that romantic love lasts but a short time and that after that is gone those who have married just because some pretty face or stunner caught their fancy, or they were drawn together by some physical attraction, have nothing left. Whereas those who have married suitable individuals, who were in their own class and who could advance their interests socially and financially, have a solid foundation on which to build a prosperous life.

There is a good, sound logical argument in favor of the marriage of convenience, provided one is cold-blooded enough to expect nothing of the frosting on the top and it seems to me that it would be pretty heavy and clammy and lie heavy on the stomach if you had a lifetime diet of it. Such a marriage has no thrills to it, no raptures, no sweetness, nothing but just plain duty and making the best of your bargain.

No doubt the marriage of convenience does last longer than the love marriage, taking them both by and large, because it has less exposure to the emotions in it. Those who go into such a marriage do not expect so much of marriage or of each other, as do the romantics who vision marriage as an Eden on earth. Nor are they likely to be jealous, and that makes for a placid and peaceful life. But they never know the rapture that comes of loving and being loved. They never see the glory and the circling wings that the love marriage does, even if they only glimpse it for a short time, and that is what really makes marriage worth while.

The trouble with the marriage of convenience is that it is never safe. A man and woman may think that money, position and comfort are worth more to them than sentiment and then, suddenly without warning, Cupid plays a joke on them and they find that they are wildly, madly, passionately in love, that their good suitable wives and husbands are anathema to them and that their marriage of convenience is a hell on earth. The ideal marriage is the combined love match and marriage of convenience, a marriage in which a man and woman pick out the mates who not only come up to their ideals, but who fire their fancies.

Dear Dorothy Dix—What do you think of a man who says that a woman is not a necessity; she is only a luxury? JUST ANOTHER WOMAN.

Answer:  
 I think he has another guess coming. For who would have the babies if there were no women? You can't deny that women are a necessity for census records.

Of course, if they were driven to it, men could "batch" together, and they could cook for each other, and make each other's clothes, and darn each other's socks, and nurse each other when they were sick, and so on and so forth, but that would be reducing life to its bare necessities. When they wanted to put any frills on it they would find that women were a necessity.

Most men crave homes, for instance, but you can't have a real home with the proper atmosphere unless there is a woman fussing around in it and putting tidies on the chairs and waiting at the window for some man to come home, and worrying for fear he had got lost or was kidnapped on the way if he was ten minutes late. You can't imagine a man caring whether the Tom, Dick or Harry he was sharing a house with got home or not, or whether his feet were dry or wet, or whether he smoked too much or too little.

What would men do if there were no women they could tell their troubles to or boast of their successes? No other man would listen to them for hours and beg them to go on talking. Besides, they would be ashamed to tell a man the things they tell a woman. And who would feed their ego and burn incense before them and tell them how great and wonderful they were if there were no women? You would never catch a man doing it. And what would men do with their money if there were no women? Who would they spend it on if there were no women to buy pretty clothes for, and jewels and automobiles, and no wives and children to feed? Men need so little for themselves. It is the women who keep the money circulating and are an economic necessity to keep business going.

Of course, women are a luxury, but they are also a necessity. The Creator Himself saw His mistake when He made man alone and rectified it as soon as possible by making woman.

Dear Miss Dix—We are two girls, 20 and 21 years of age. Both of us are employed, one a beauty operator and the other a stenographer. For standing in the community we have been going with two young men of goodings and are not spendthrifts. What is your opinion on the subject of marriage. Should we continue to work and not marry? Or should we marry and give up our work? Or should we marry and still hold our positions? MARY AND GEORGIA.

Answer:  
 Evidently you are not very much in love with the boys or else you don't debate so coolly the advisability of marrying them, as they seem to be unusually desirable husbands. If that is the case and you are in a state of mind where you can take 'em or leave 'em, as the phrase goes, leave 'em. The only thing that justifies a girl in marrying is to be so much in love with a boy that he looks better to her than anything else in the world.

As for a choice between your work and a husband, the same rule applies. Take the one you are most interested in and get the most pleasure out of. Generally speaking a husband is a better choice than a career. A woman has to work a long time and be unusually successful before she can earn for herself the comforts her husband gives her.

When you marry give up your job unless you especially need the money. Making a home is a two-handed job that is big enough for any woman.

### Today's Short Wave Radio Program

(All Time is Eastern Standard)

**THURSDAY, APRIL 1**

**CARACAS**  
 9:30 p.m.—"Sea Melody"—Dance Orchestra. YV5RC, 51.7 m., 5.8 meg.

**LONDON**  
 10:30 p.m.—"Haunting Harmonies." GSD, 25.5 m., 11.75 meg.; GSB, 31.3 m., 9.58 meg.; GSB 31.5 m., 9.51 meg.

**TOKYO**  
 12 midnight—"Overseas Program." JZJ, Nazaki, 25.2 m., 11.88 meg.

**NATURE**  
 Nature gives to every time and season some beauties of its own; and from morning to night, as from the cradle to the graves, is but a succession of changes so gentle and easy that we can scarcely mark their progress.—Dickens.

**PARIS**  
 1:50 p.m.—"With the Poets" by M. Charles Vildec. TPA-3, 25.2 m., 11.88 meg.

**BOSTON**  
 5 p.m.—"Broadcast of Selected Subjects." WIXAL, 25.4 m., 11.79 meg.

**LONDON**  
 6:40 p.m.—"Folly to be Wise." GSD, 25.5 m., 11.75 meg.; GSC, 31.3 m., 9.75 meg.; GSB, 31.5 m., 9.51 meg.

**SCHENECTADY**  
 7:30 p.m.—"Science Forum." W2-XAF, 31.4 m., 9.52 meg.

**BERLIN**  
 9:15 p.m.—"Military Concert." DJD, 25.4 m., 11.77 meg.

## "BLUE MONDAY" BESS AND HOW SHE GOT RID OF WASHDAY DRUDGERY

THOSE WASHDAY BLUES, OH, WHAT'S THE USE, P-O-O-R BESS!

LOOK—THE GROCER SENT THE WRONG SOAP. EVERYTHING GOES WRONG ON WASHDAY.

WAIT—THAT'S THE LATEST NO-SCRUB GRANULATED SOAP, OXYDOL. IT SOAKS OUT DIRT IN 15 MINUTES!

WHAT! YOU SAY IT SOAKS CLOTHES 4 TO 5 SHADES WHITER—AND STILL IT'S SAFE?

ABSOLUTELY! YOU DON'T SCRUB OR BOIL AT ALL. YET OXYDOL'S SAFE AS CAN BE FOR COLORS AND HANDS.

15 MINUTES LATER  
 GOODNESS, HOW WHITE THEY ARE—AND ONLY 15 MINUTES' SOAKING.

AND DON'T WORRY ABOUT COLORED THINGS—OXYDOL ACTUALLY SEEMS TO BRIGHTEN COLORS INSTEAD OF FADE THEM.

THAT NIGHT  
 SAY, YOU LOOK LIKE SWEET SIXTEEN TONIGHT—AND ACT IT, TOO. WHAT'S HAPPENED TO THE "WASHDAY BLUES"?

I'VE FOUND AN AMAZING SOAP CALLED OXYDOL, JOHN. IT'S ALMOST A MIRACLE. THE TIME AND WORK IT SAVES.

**STOP DRUDGING AWAY WITH OLD-FASHIONED SOAPS!**  
 Oxydol Soaks Out Dirt In 15 Minutes... Yet It's Safe As Can Be For Colors, Hands!

Blue Mondays are a thing of the past for the millions of women who use Oxydol today. The drudgery of scrubbing and boiling is gone! They get whiter, sweeter-smelling washes. And they wash without fear of faded colors or rough, red hands such as ordinary harsh "no-scrub" soaps cause! Combining speed and safety in an utterly new way, Oxydol does these 4 amazing things: (1) Soaks out dirt in 15 minutes, without scrubbing or boiling. Even grimy collar bands come white with a gentle rub. (2) Cuts washing time 25% to 40% in tub or machine. (3) Gets white clothes 4 to 5 shades whiter, proved by scientific Tintometer tests. (4) Yet so safe that every washable color comes out sparkling, brilliant, fresh. And hands stay soft and lovely! Stop scrubbing your life away! Get Oxydol from your dealer today! **MADE IN CANADA**

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Mayfair Needle-art Design No. 318

"Azaleas" in a basket with butterflies overhead, make this beautiful motif for a lovely spread. Almost like magic, simple stitches make the design and you will enjoy the colorful yet dainty combinations of colors. Now that spring is here, this design will do much to brighten your rooms, especially if the flowers are worked to carry out the main color in your room. The design includes the graceful basket of flowers for the center, four matching motifs for the corners and a special arrangement for the bolster. Equally attractive worked on sheer or heavier materials. The pattern contains a transfer for one large basket and four motifs, complete instructions for making and embroidering, detail of stitches.

For complete patterns and instructions for all of these designs, send 20 cents in stamps or coin (coin preferred) to The Charlottetown Guardian Needlework Department.

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## The HOUSEWIFE and HER ACTIVITIES

### BOUNDARIES

Why speak of boundaries? For you can lay a hedge, and I can take a pile of stones. And build a wall, and any bag of bones. Can plant a row of trees across our way. Yet, of us all, who is there that can turn The flowing, shapely curve of hill aside, Or break the cup wherein the valleys wide Drink deep of mists and to sky spaces yearn? And in whose colors glow and shadows pass Like wind across the land, what care have they For staying hedge or wall? They mould their way To sweeping hills; they bend like flowers in grass. Beneath their breath the daunting boundary line, Sunk in the rich fulfilment of design. —Ruth Harrison.

### Shepherd's Plaids

In Paris shepherd's plaids in coarse woollens are evident. In black and white and brown and white, flecked with bright colors, these look very well, and when softened by being joined to a plain material are sure to be worn this spring.

### Blanket Buying

Take a handful of the blanket you have selected and squeeze it very tight. If the fabric feels springy in your hand, it is made of new wool and should give satisfactory service.

### Worn Too Long

The man who tries to be saving on the laundry and wear the same shirt several times not only results in being poorly groomed but also buys more shirts than the man who wears a shirt but one day. The one-day man rarely soils his shirt and therefore no rubbing is necessary to remove the little dirt that has accumulated and it is the rubbing that wears out those collars and cuffs.

### When Planting Vines

Never plant a twining vine where it can ascend a sapling. Never plant a vine that clings by stems roots near a wooden wall. Never plant a vine where it can bury shrubbery or other plants with its foliage. Always watch a tendrill climb to make sure it does not strangle itself by encircling part of its stem with a tendrill. Be careful where you plant the sturdy vines such as wisteria, Boston Ivy, etc. They grow such thick stems they frequently damage the property upon which they live.

### Dust Stains

Obstinate dust stains should not be brushed vigorously as that will only drive the marks into the material. If a light brushing will not remove them, rub with a soft rag dampened with gasoline and the marks will disappear.

### Tiled Hearths

Clean the tiled hearth with a cloth dampened with turpentine and dry with a clean cloth. Washing tiles with soap and water is apt to split the enamel and spoil the glaze.

### Poorly Placed

If you have mahogany furniture it will be wasted in a room that is paneled in oak. A combination of dark and light wood never makes for harmony in the decorating of a room. The paneled wall will have to be painted an old ivory or cream to form an effective background.

### GIRLS—IF YOU WANT A MAN JUST WEAR WHITE

Advice to young women who would like to have a proposal of marriage:  
 "Wear a white evening gown."  
 "A woman always looks more helpless in white than she does in color, and it's that helpless air which makes men propose," said Edith Barie Reuss today.  
 Miss Reuss, a pretty blonde, 27 the wife of a lawyer, is a color consultant to industrial firms, and has learned a lot about the way people react to color.  
 She believes that the color of a necktie a man picks is a good index to his temperament.  
 "The man who picks red," she said, "are flirts and ladykillers."

### CAPE IN MAIL

For really hot summer evenings a clever little cape has made its appearance. It looks exactly like the coat of mail worn by the Crusaders. The cape is very small, only reaching to the shoulders and has an upstanding Elizabethan collar. Although in appearance it seems to be of metal links, actually it is very light and easy to wear. The capes fasten at the throat with a large beaten silver button. Belts to match have also made their appearance and the addition of these two accessories to a plain evening gown will entirely change its character.

### NECESSITY

All men must recognize the advice of necessity. All men are willing to listen to agreeable advice, but few men relish a dish of advice that will support them — unless it be that they are ambitious and want this brand of help.

### A Morning Smile

Wife was vigorously powdering her face before going out. "Why do you go to all that trouble?" asked hubby, who was waiting impatiently. "Modesty, my dear," was the reply. "Modesty?" "Yes, I've no desire to shin in public." **HARDENED**

Looking around the drawing-room Mrs. Hostess realized that many of her guests' dresses were extremely revealing. She turned to the clergyman on the settee beside her: "I am afraid," she said, "that some of the ladies' dresses are rather décolleté." "Oh, I don't mind a bit," was the reply. "You see, I've been ten years in Africa — among the heathen, you know."

### IDEA FOR SMALL BRIDESMAIDS

Here is an idea for a July bride. At a recent society wedding the bride was attended by four bridesmaids—all under twelve years of age—dressed in exact replicas of her own gown. The only difference was in the headdress, which in the case of the maids was a Juliet cap of pearls. Naturally enough the idea would be unsuitable for grown-up attendants; the bridegroom might become somewhat bewildered) but in the case of "tinsies" it is extraordinarily attractive.

### GENIUS

The richest genius, like the most fertile soil, when uncultivated, shoots up into the rankiest weeds; and instead of being a source of pleasure and use of man, produces to its slothful owner the most abundant crop of poisons. —Rume.

### STUFFED FLANK STEAK WITH VEGETABLES

Bread stuffing (see recipe below)  
 2 lbs. flank steak  
 2 tablespoons fat  
 1 bunch pared sliced carrots  
 6 medium sized pared potatoes  
 2 cups peeled small white onions  
 1-2 teaspoons salt  
 1-4 teaspoon pepper  
 1 cup boiling water  
 Prepare the stuffing following the recipe given below; then spread on the flank steak. Roll up tightly and tie the string. Then brown the roll on all sides in the fat in a Dutch oven or deep kettle. Arrange the prepared vegetables around the meat, then add the seasoning and boiling water. Cover and bake in a slow oven of 325 degrees F. for a hour. Serves six. To serve two or three, make half this recipe.

### BREAD STUFFING FOR FLANK STEAK

Saute 1 peeled minced onion in 2 tablespoons fat. Add 2 cups soft bread crumbs, 3 tablespoons warm water, 1-2 teaspoon salt, 1-2 teaspoon pepper and 1-4 teaspoon thyme.

### STEAMED BROWN BREAD

(For 2 loaves.)  
 One cup rye meal, 1 cup whole wheat flour, 1 cup cornmeal, 3-4 teaspoon soda, 1 teaspoon salt, 3-4 cup molasses, 2 cups buttermilk, 1-2 cup seedless raisins.  
 Sift dry ingredients together, add raisins and mix well. Add molasses to buttermilk and stir until well mixed. Add to dry ingredients and beat until a smooth batter is obtained. Fill the greased mold 2-3 full. Steam from two to two and a half hours. Good with baked beans.

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