

# Woman's Realm Social and Personal Fashions Literature

## DAUGHTER OF EXILE

By ALEXANDER CAMPBELL

"Herr Schumann."  
 "Yes, Herr Schumann."  
 "He writes from France."  
 "He has been exiled, then?"  
 "Exiled?" Pelmann smiled bitterly. "Would I have been exiled if the secret police had laid their hands on me? No, The Dictator has only one penalty for opponents like Schumann—the headman's axe."  
 "He has fled, then?"  
 "No. He has left the country temporarily on a secret mission for the Party. He is coming here."  
 "Here?" said Heinrich sharply. "He must not! He might be followed. That would be the end of both of you—and, if the Herr Professor will permit me to say so, of your servants, too. I am not," he added with a twisted smile, "persona grata with the regime. But why is Schumann coming here?"  
 "To seek my aid," said Pelmann gravely.  
 "You mean—?"  
 "Exactly."  
 "Then they are preparing to strike?"  
 "Very soon," Pelmann rose and crossed to one of the bookcases. He took down a fat volume, and an envelope slipped out from between the pages. He brought it back to the table. "The simplest hiding places are often the best," he observed.  
 He extracted some sheets of thin paper covered with close, spidery writing from the envelope, which bore a French postmark.  
 "It is in code, but I shall translate it for you. He says:  
 "Our underground movement gains recruits every day. The people are tired of being told by the Dictator's spokesmen how happy they are. They are also tired of such words as 'prestige' and 'national honour,' the very words that brought the Dictator to power. They only know that there is less food, and that one cannot eat unsn.  
 "Our plans are laid and we shall strike soon. By the recent murders and the reign of terror which fol-

lowed the regime has played into our hands, for they have lost the support of the moderate elements. When the moment comes the party will be the spearhead of a mass movement. Our victory will be almost a bloodless one. We need only one thing. A leader...  
 "I shall not bore you with what Schumann says about me," smiled the Professor. He folded up the letter.  
 "So Heinrich was frowning. To anybody who did not know him, his leather mask would have looked positively satanic. He passed a huge paw across his bald, sabre-shashed yellow scalp and regarded, his open palm thoughtfully. "What do you intend to do?"

### MARTHA WANTS TO KNOW

Pelmann produced a thin black check and lit it with care. He snapped the match.  
 "Schumann was ever an optimist," he said. "He lacks the scientific mind. He is inclined to exaggerate."  
 "You think he is being premature?"  
 "The regime is brutal, but it is firmly entrenched. The people are not easy. Bloodless revolutions are not easy."  
 "Then you will refuse your aid?"  
 "A civil war is worse than a dictatorship. An abortive rising would seal the fate of any progressive movement."  
 "You will tell Schumann not to come here then?"  
 "Unfortunately that is impossible. He is already on his way. He will be at Tarbart Harris in three days. Until then I have no means of communicating with him."  
 Heinrich hesitated. "And when he comes—how shall you explain this to Martha?"  
 "She must know nothing of this business," said Pelmann curtly. "She does not know why we have come here. She is unaware that her father is officially a dead man. I could have ensured my safety when I left our country by changing my name and even my appearance. I chose not to do so. It would have aroused her suspicions. We must devise some explanation for her."  
 He broke off abruptly. The door had opened, and Martha came into the room. Both men looked at her in astonishment. She wore a dress and gown over her night attire, and Laurence Shane, if he could have seen her, would have thought her more beautiful than ever. She walked calmly into the room, and regarded them reproachfully.  
 "Martha," said her father sharply. "I thought you were asleep."  
 "I heard the voices, and came down," she replied. "Why aren't you both in bed? Is there anything wrong?"  
 "I was sitting up late, writing," said her father, and tried to chase her. "Heinrich came to chase me to bed, and we started talking."  
 His eye fell on the envelope with the French postmark, which he had laid on the desk. Hastily he pushed it and the letter it had contained under a green blotter.  
 "Now run along, child. We shall not be long, I promise you."  
 But Martha walked up to the desk. She looked troubled.  
 "Father, why don't you confide in me?"  
 "Confide in you?" said Pelmann. "Good heavens, child, what do you mean?"  
 She looked meaningfully at the green blotter, and touched it with her fingers. Both men sat up, and Pelmann half put out his hand to restrain her.  
 Martha did not move the blotter. Instead she raised her blue eyes and looked her father squarely in the face.  
 "You don't trust me, then?"  
 "Trust you?" Pelmann laughed,

## Today's Short Wave Radio Program

(All Time is Eastern Standard)

- FRIDAY, APRIL 22
- PARIS  
 8:30 a.m.—"Clarette's Twenty-Eight Days," operetta in four acts. TPA-2. 19.6 m., 15.24 meg.  
 TOKYO  
 4:45 p.m.—A Talk on Japanese Industry. JZJ, 28.4 m., 11.80 meg.; JZJ, 31.4 m., 9.83 meg.
- LONDON  
 6:35 p.m.—"Viennese Operetta." GSP, 19.6 m., 15.31 meg.; GSD, 25.5 m., 11.75 meg.; GSC, 31.3 m., 9.58 meg.; GSB, 31.5 m., 9.51 meg.
- MOSCOW  
 7:00 p.m.—News and Program for English Listeners. RAN (31 m., 9.6 meg.
- ROME  
 7:30 p.m.—Guest Night; Amy Bernardi; "Rome's Midnight Voice." ZRO, 31.1 m., 9.63 meg.; IRF, 30.5 m., 9.83 meg.; IQY, 25.21 m., 11.90 meg.
- PRAGUE, CZECHOSLOVAKIA  
 8:00 p.m.—Variety; English talk. OLR4A, 25.3 m., 11.83 meg.; OLR4A, 19.7 m., 15.25 meg.
- CARACAS  
 8:30 p.m.—Musical Variety Program. XVSR, 51.7 m., 5.8 meg.
- BERLIN  
 8:30 p.m.—The Schmidts at Home (English). DJD, 25.4 m., 11.77 meg.
- LONDON  
 9:20 p.m.—"Take Your Choice," a weekly entertainment feature. GSD, 25.5 m., 11.75 meg.; GSC, 31.3 m., 9.58 meg.; GSB, 31.5 m., 9.51 meg.
- SCHENECTADY  
 9:30 p.m.—Spanish Literary Program. W2XAP, 31.4 m., 9.53 meg.
- BERLIN  
 9:30 p.m.—"She and He," 30 minutes radio cabaret. DJD, 25.4 m., 11.77 meg.
- PARIS  
 10:45 p.m.—Gramophone Records. TPA-4, 25.6 m., 11.72 meg.
- PITTSBURGH  
 11:00 p.m.—D.X. Club WEXK. 48.8 m., 6.14 meg.
- TOKYO  
 12:45 a.m.—Popular Songs. JZJ, 26.4 m., 11.80 meg.
- AUSTRALIA  
 1:15 a.m.—Talk on Australia. VKZME, 31.28 m., 9.59 meg.

**PURE TEA**  
 Remember King Cole  
 BECAUSE—it is the easy social beverage for an afternoon chat.

Here's Help for the Bashful  
 Dorothy Dix  
 Take Lesson on How to Propose

## Despite all the Examples on How to "Pop the Question" Set in the Movies, Young Men Still Find Trouble in Asking Girls to Marry Them

Believe it or not, innumerable letters come to this column from young men who want to know how to propose marriage to the girls with whom they are in love. Ofttimes one would think that a knowledge of how to do this would come by Nature, as Dogberry thought a knowledge of reading and writing did, but apparently such is far from being the case.



Shy youths choke up on their Adams' apple when they try to ask Angelina or Mary Jane to be theirs. (Gib talkers find them selves dumb when they reach the crucial point in the courtship. Many do it gracefully "keeping company" gets longer and longer because the Boy Friend can never summon up nerve enough to pop the question. And many a poor girl keels so without waiting for a diary lover to mention wedding rings that she has to bring up the subject herself.)

Just why a man who isn't bashful about asking for anything else he desires should get panicky when he offers a girl-edge life to a girl who has given every indication that she is ready to jump at a nobody knows. Yet he generally does. Maybe it is his Guardian Angel whispering a just warning to him to get slow, that he is about to tie a knot with his tongue that he can't untie with his teeth. Or someone, Anyway, most men are in such a blue funk when they propose that they bung the situation, and about the only ones who do it gracefully are the professional philanthropists, who never have the slightest intention of taking up their option on a maiden's heart and hand.

The way men pop the question has long been a sore grievance with every girl has dreamed about being wooed in beautiful, romantic, poetic language and at last having some handsome lad tell her that life without her would be cinders, ashes and dust, and implore her to be his as he clutched her to his manly breast, while a muted violin played in the distance and the moonlight turned it all into a scene of enchantment, Cinnamon and the heating apparatus.

But, alas, and asack, how different is real life from the movies! When and how where do men propose? I have known a man to ask of a girl a vital question when he and the girl were dodging traffic during the rush hour on a crowded street. And when they were eating corned beef and cabbage at a restaurant, with half a dozen waiters hanging around without the chance to marry him when he informed her that he was looking for a good cook and that her apple pie had hit the vulnerable spot in him.

Of course, women do say "yes" to his proposal if they want the man no making much it wrecks their romantic dreams, but it is a bitter pill for them to swallow. And you will notice that one of the secrets that no woman ever tells, not even to her grandchildren, is what Grandpapa said when he asked her to marry him. Heaven knows, there has been little enough of glamour about the average proposal and in the future there promises to be still less. For the students in one of the colleges that have a course in love-making and marriage are being warned not to pop the question except at high noon, starlight and ballroom backgrounds and all the seductive influences that make for sentiment and turn any ordinary girl in a white dress into a siren.

"Using one's head is difficult at any time in choosing a partner," says the professor, "because love is an emotional matter and under strong emotional forces it is hard to think clearly, and the very force of desire clouds your reasoning ability." Which is all true, of course. But the question is if you take away all the lures that lead to marriage, would anybody ever get married? Would any man ever want to marry enough to propose at 12 o'clock in the day, and would any girl ever marry him if he did?

"No, of course not, father," she kissed her on the forehead. "Good night, leibling. Now run along to bed."  
 "Good night," she responded.  
 "Good night, Heinrich."  
 To Be Continued

## How Can I???

(By ANNE ASHLEY)

Q. How can I preserve the elasticity for rubber bands for a long time?  
 A. Rubber bands deteriorate quickly if left exposed to the air. They should be kept in a tin box with a tight fitting lid.  
 Q. How can I clean sponges?  
 A. A good way to clean sponges thoroughly is to soak them in milk for three or four hours, wring them until perfectly dry, then rinse thoroughly in hot water.  
 Q. How can I remove the odor of paraffin from a plate or dish?  
 A. Rub it thoroughly with vinegar.

## Household Scrapbook

(By ROBERTA LEE)

**Search**  
 If a garment has been soiled with white ironing, rub the soiled spot with hydrogen peroxide and allow to dry before again ironing. If the sooch is light, merely moisten with water and place in the sun.  
**Stuck Paper**  
 Paper which has become stuck fast to the polished top of a table may be easily removed by putting a few drops of oil on the paper and rubbing gently with a soft cloth.  
**Pumpkin Pie**  
 A fourth of a teaspoonful of orange juice, or grated orange rind, added to the pumpkin pie filling will impart an extra delicious flavor to the pie.

## THE COOK'S CORNER

**SCOTCH SHORTBREAD**  
 One and one-half cups butter, 3-4 cup sifted powdered sugar, 1 pound bread flour (4 cups sifted). Cream butter and add gradually while beating constantly the sugar. Then work in the flour using the hands and press out on lightly floured board, then roll with floured rolling pin, edges will crack but must be forced together with hands—keep rolling until surface is smooth—it must be 1-2 inch thick. Then cut with floured cutter into desired shapes and bake in very slow oven at 275 to 300 deg. Fahr.—do not rush these or butter will burn. Turn often while baking—they are done when they are crisp to touch of finger nail. Do not brown them at all.

**STEWED APPLES**  
 To relieve the monotony of stewed apples, add a little lemon rind and whole ginger, and stir in an ounce of finely-chopped preserved ginger, or flavor strongly with cloves and sprinkle the handful of small seedless raisins.  
 Apples are also delicious mixed with marmalade, especially if one of the more unusual varieties is used, such as grape-fruit or tangerine. All these mixtures make very delightful fruit fillings.

**OVEN SCONES**  
 To 1 lb. self-raising flour allow 1-2 teaspoonful salt, 3 ozs. margarine, 2 ozs. castor sugar, about 1-2 pint milk and 3 ozs. sultanas.  
 Sieve together salt and flour, then rub in the margarine lightly with tips of fingers. Add the sultanas, then the sugar, and stir to a soft smooth dough with the milk. Turn on to floured board, roll out to 1 inch thickness, then cut into rounds, set on a greased baking sheet, and bake for 20 minutes. Brush with egg or milk if desired.

## The Housewife And Her Activities

**SPRING DANCED THROUGH MY GARDEN**  
 Spring danced through my garden only yesterday—  
 Left behind her in a row  
 Nodding crocuses aglow,  
 Cottage tulips gay.

Blossoms strewed the leaf-green  
 of my garden room.  
 And wherever her footsteps trod,  
 Peeping through the young-green  
 sod,  
 Hyacinths abloom.

Spring danced through my garden,  
 Tripping through the grass;  
 And all the little woodland flowers,  
 Budding brave through rainbows,  
 Showed their heads aglow,  
 Woke to see her pass.

—By M. A.

## Modern Etiquette

(By ROBERTA LEE)

Q. When meeting on the street, who should speak first, the man or the woman?  
 A. The woman, if the acquaintance is casual. When two real friends meet, they often speak simultaneously.  
 Q. May a bride have both a matron and a maid of honor at her wedding?  
 A. Yes, if the wedding is a very large and formal one.  
 Q. Should the spoon be left in the cereal bowl after one has finished eating?  
 A. No.

## A Morning Smile

"Dearest, it will have to be a long engagement."  
 "Darling, I'll wait for you. It will be worth it."  
 "But what about policemen?" said the little boy. "They have to work on Sunday. Don't they go to heaven?"  
 "Of course not," she replied. "They're not needed there."  
 WHERE OFFENCES MOST  
 LONDON (CP)—Traffic offences accounted for 69 per cent of the offences brought to book by officers against the laws of Great Britain in 1936.  
 Every man came into the world for something.  
 Persevere. Failures come first, successes last.

**A BOWL OF CORN FLAKES—AND THEY'VE GOTTA BE FRESH AND CRISP**

**RIGHT! KELLOGG'S COMIN' UP!**

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**MADE BETTER • PACKED BETTER TASTE BETTER**

but the laughter had a forced note. "But of course we trust you, Martha. What notions are these?" he said to a gentle hand. "Come, child."  
 She tore herself free. Her blue eyes snapped at him.  
 "Child! That is why you will tell me nothing. I am not a child any longer. I am nineteen—or will be in three weeks," she added.  
 Her father laughed again, more genuinely this time. "Ah, yes! Nineteen in three weeks! My little girl is growing up! She makes her poor papa and the faithful Heinrich feel quite old, eh, Heinrich?" But he will celebrate that nineteenth birthday in proper fashion, I promise you."  
 Martha sighed. "I don't know what the mystery is. I can't make you tell me. But there is something, I know it. Why have we come here? Why are we in hiding? Oh, yes! She said with spirit, 'I know we are hiding from something or somebody!' She laid a hand on her father's arm. 'It is something to do with the troubles in our country, isn't it?' she asked. 'That is why we fled that night, without even packing? Is it not so?'  
 "These are unhappy times," Martha said Pelmann gravely. "But you must not worry. Little head about it. It will all come right soon. Meanwhile we make holiday here, and it is pleasant, is it not? You are not too lonely, Heinrich, sitting in the corner, saw the brief blush that covered her cheeks.

## Cutwork is Fashionable

by Maryfair



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**BETTY THE NAIL-BITER**  
 SHE WAS PAINFULLY THIN AND NERVOUS

WHAT'S ALL THIS? A NEW DRESS FOR THE PARTY TOMORROW?  
 BETTY DEAR, DON'T FIDGET SO—AND PLEASE STOP BITING YOUR NAILS.  
 (FORGOT?)

WHAT AN ADORABLE LITTLE GIRL THERE ALL ALONE—BUT WHAT SHAME SHE'S SO THIN AND NERVOUS... I WONDER WHY HER MOTHER DOESN'T TRY GIVING HER OVALTINE?

GOODNESS! SAID BETTY!

WHAT'S ALL THIS? I MUST PHONE EDNA JACKSON TOMORROW AND ASK HER ABOUT IT!  
 HAVE I EVER HEARD OF OVALTINE? WELL, I SHOULD SAY, MOLLY! IT'S THAT FOOD-DRINK THAT'S DONE SUCH MARVELOUS THINGS FOR SO MANY CHILDREN WHO ARE NERVOUS AND UNDERWEIGHT!  
 REALLY, EDNA? WELL, I'LL CERTAINLY GET SOME FOR BETTY. THE FIRST THING TOMORROW MORNING.
 UM—M! THIS TASTES WONDERFUL. MAAMA, CAN I HAVE SOME MORE?  
 I'LL THANK YOU, GOODNESS! AT LAST WE'VE FOUND SOMETHING SHE REALLY LIKES!

WILL YOU LOOK AT THIS, MOLLY! SHE'S GAINED 7 POUNDS IN JUST NO TIME AT ALL!  
 ISN'T IT WONDERFUL! AND HOW MUCH LESS NERVOUS SHE IS—SHE HARDLY FIDGETS AT ALL ANY MORE AND NEVER BITES HER NAILS!

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 Boys! Girls! Act Now!  
 Get this beautiful Drinking Mug! Bright colors, gorgeous silver band! Regular price 50c. Now get it absolutely free with the purchase of a 10-oz. tin of Ovaltine at grocery or drug stores.

## Chronic Fatigue Tells of exhausted Nerves

In health, rest soon overcomes fatigue. When you become chronically tired there is an underlying cause.

Perhaps you cannot rest or sleep because of the irritability of the nerves. Memory and power of attention soon weaken when the nervous system is exhausted. It is difficult to concentrate the mind and the daily task becomes a worry and a burden. Indigestion and sleeplessness ruin your temper, and you become depressed and discouraged.

Whatever may have been the cause there is a way in which to regain health by the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. New Nerve Force is created to restore the functions to the bodily machinery and ensure the healthful working of the mental and physical organs.

## FASHION GUIDES FOR THE HOME DRESSMAKER

Here's a simple and smart spring dress, you'll find infinitely useful later for summer. It could be made of pin-checked washable rayon crepe in azure blue, the loveliest and softest of spring's pastels. Its trim, tailored, buttoned-down-heron closing terminates in an important action-pat. You'll love the clever way it is "nipped in" to give the waistline a fitted look. If you're planning for a navy blue dress, the high necked version is perfect with contrasting yellow slide-fastener right up the front. Repeat the yellow in bias trim at the neck and on the pockets. It's the easiest dress imaginable to sew—for it cuts in one-piece from neck to hem. Only two major parts to the pattern.

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Life without cross-examination is no life at all.—Socrates.  
 Life is not a goblet to be drained, but a measure to be filled.—Masson.