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

New Beau Every Day | Dorothy Dix | Don't Become One-Man Girl

Most of the Misfit Marriages Are the Results of Young People Not Having Enough Experience With the Opposite Sex to Learn to Know Them

Listen, girls! Have a new beau every day. Change the Boy Friend as often as you do your hat and your hair-do. Get acquainted with all the different styles and types of boys—tall ones and short ones, fat ones and thin ones, blondes and brunettes, good-lookers and homely ones, those who have a line and those who choke on their Adam's apple when they try to jolly a girl—to see which one you really like the best and which one blends the best with your own particular taste and disposition.

That is the advice that a distinguished professor gives to the girls of 'teen age in a coed university. And he further goes on to say that the more experience that young people have in love, the better their lives will be; that mothers shouldn't try to keep their young daughters from falling in love. They should encourage bread-and-butter romances and Mamie and Sadie having a fresh "pash" at least once a week.

Have a new beau every day. These are words of wisdom that I trust every girl who reads these lines will cut out and paste in her compact where it will be continually before her eyes, for the biggest mistake that a girl ever makes is in letting some boy monopolize her and segregate her from the crowd before she ever has a chance to look 'em over and see which one really hits her fancy.

Don't make that mistake. Don't tie yourself down to Tom before you have given Dick and Harry, Percival and Augustus a whirl. Play around with just as many lads as you can because that is the only way you can get to know anything about men, get wise to their little tricks and manners, and so be able to compare them and decide which is the most desirable. Or, at any rate, which one you want for keeps.

Most of the misfit marriages that end in divorce are the result of young people not having had enough experience with members of the opposite sex to be able to judge whether they were shoddy or all wool and a yard wide and guaranteed not to shrink or fade in the wash of everyday living. All boys and girls look alike to them, so they take the first one who is handsome and "amusing," as the saleladies say, and regret their bargain ever afterward. Don't do this. Shop around for a husband as carefully as you would for a dress that you expected to have to wear a long time and that you would still feel dressed up in as long as there was a rag of it left.

Experiment a lot with love before you go off the deep end with any man. There is nothing so tricky as heart disease. The first time you have an attack and find your pulses throbbing, your breath going short and you lose your appetite and lie awake at night wondering if he got home safely or was run over by an automobile, you are sure that you have a fatal case that nothing but death will ever end.

But no casualty occurs. He goes out to scratch or you go to visit Cousin Maria; another boy comes along and another after him, who rouses the same symptoms in you. But like cures like and you are miraculously saved for the time when you are past the calf-love stage and are capable of a deep and enduring passion. But you would have been sunk in you had married your first sweetheart.

So while you are young and unformed and your emotions haven't had time to jell, change your partners often, girls. Have a new beau every day! Don't go "steady," as the phrase goes with any boy. Constancy at your age is just a quality of stickiness that you have in common with a porous plaster. Don't be afraid that if you give up one boy you won't get another. The reason they steer clear of you now is because they think you are bespoken.

Anyway you look at it "keeping company" is a racket in which men get all the percentage. It is bitterly unfair to girls. It forces a girl to give up all other men for one and cuts her off from any chance of marrying any one else, but it doesn't obligate the man to marry her. He can kiss and ride away whenever he likes and she is left flat. And the marvel is that girls are silly enough to enter into a game in which the cards are all stacked against them.

Don't do it, girls. Have a new beau every day! Change boy friends! Competition is the life of trade in love as well as business.

DOROTHY DIX.

A Morning Smile

CAREFUL DOCTOR.

"Now that you are through college, what are you going to do?" one of his relatives asked.

"I shall study medicine and become a great surgeon," replied the youth.

"The medical profession is pretty crowded already, isn't it?" ventured the relative.

"Can't help that," snapped the youth. "I shall study medicine, and those who are already in the profession will have to take their chances, that's all."

"Pop, you know everything, don't you?" said little Joe.

"Some very few things in the universe may have escaped me," answered the parent modestly, "but they are hardly worth mentioning. What do you want to know?"

"I want to know," replied little Joe "what relation an august king is to a May queen?"—Unidentified clipping.

Home Service

Etiquette Wins You Exciting New Friends

Be Sure of Your Poise

Laurels to the girl whose charming manners capture two beaus in one evening.

"Such a grand evening! I hate to see it end," she says lightly as she bids them both good-night. No effusive thank-you's. And if she likes one better than the other, she doesn't show it.

She's unfailingly gracious. At a party she never turns down a dance with one man, only to sail off five minutes later with another. When men rise to greet her as she enters a room, she seats herself quickly so she won't force them to remain standing.

She's smooth. She never embarrasses her escort by leaving it up to him to say when it's time to go home. She knows it's the girl's place to suggest leaving a party to make the first move toward getting up from a restaurant table, to terminate a telephone conversation.

Men like to date the girl whose social poise puts them at ease. Our 32-page booklet gives etiquette for formal and informal parties, restaurants, movies. Introductions, invi[illegible]

Send 20c in coins for your copy of Etiquette For All Occasions to The Guardian Home Service. Address. Be sure to write plainly your Name, Address, and the Name of booklet.

Name

Street Address

City Province

Household Scrapbook

(By ROBERTA LEE)

When Too Much Salt

If food is too salty, place a wet cloth over the top of the vessel which is cooking. The steam will draw the salt into the cloth.

A Substitute Bodkin

A smooth safety pin for thin or lacy material makes an excellent bodkin. The pin holds the material securely.

Free Wrinkles

Try binding the forehead with a linen bandage soaked in equal parts of alcohol and the white of an egg, allowing the bandage to remain over night.

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

CHAPTER XXXII

In much the same manner as a trio of expectant fathers pacing the halls of a maternity hospital, all three men waited for the plate to dry and though they smoked valiantly, exchanged reminiscences and laughed at even the feeblest of jokes, their eyes kept switching over to a battered alarm clock. At the end of half an hour, Allenby knocked the ashes from his pipe and said quietly. "Well, the great moment is nearly here. If the negative has dried I'll have a print for you in about five minutes."

"Do you mind if we watch you work?" inquired Tyson, ignoring the implied suggestion.

It was characteristic that although Allenby would have given much to make the discovery by himself, he respected the very natural curiosity of his companions. "Come along," he invited and presently detached the negative from its rack.

It was quite dry so, after carefully scrutinizing a hobgoblin figure on the negative he dimmed the lights, selected a sheet of medium print paper and raised the lid of a contact print box. Despite himself, his fingers quivered a little as he placed the negative in position, then laid the paper on top.

"Well, gentlemen," he announced closing the lid, "here goes!"

Clip the Camera Clues

Roger Allenby counted slowly to three, then, by the safe light's dim glow, removed the print, conscious of stinging beads of perspiration popping out all over his forehead. Deftly, he placed the print in a developing bath. Who? Who? WHO? Breathless he peered at the all important rectangle of paper. Ha! Its edges were beginning to darken like school boys perrity into a forbidden book. Tyson and Turner crowded in to look over his shoulder.

In a moment the print was developed, features and detail sprung out into stark clarity.

"Great Scott! Now who is that?" Tyson exploded.

In his chest Allenby's heart executed a wing-over then powerdived down into his boots when he recognized the stealthy figure so clearly depicted.

Aimlessly he held the dripping print up to the light, studied the frail figure's garment, facial expression and attitude. He heaved a deep sigh and shrugged. Surprises he had been prepared for, but this was something else again! All at once perspiration commenced to draw stinging rivulets down his cheeks.

The full scope of the disaster which had overtaken his conception of the case did not really come home to Roger Allenby for some moments, but Superintendent Tyson stood frowning at the startled roundeyed face staring up from the fixing solution.

"Well, Major, do you ask me to believe that Judy Fortier murdered Mrs. Grafton?"

His hands spread in an attitude of complete bewilderment, Allenby could only say, "I don't know—this is the last thing I expected to have happen."

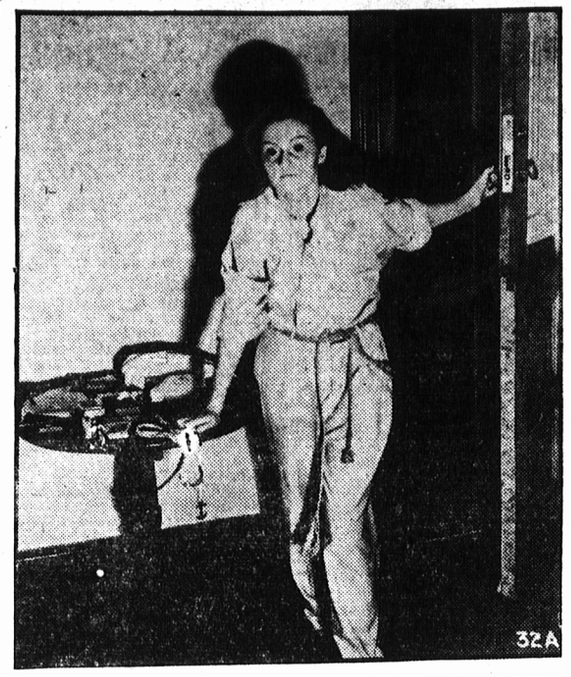
"Turner," said Tyson sharply, "you're certain there were no boats other than ours on the island tonight?"

"Absolutely, sir. Inspector Boyd and I made a complete circuit of the island at nine o'clock and again at midnight."

"Then," Tyson observed, "we must conclude that the Fortier girl is still on this island." He swung, turning a bleak face on Allenby. "If you've had time to think, Major, perhaps you'll explain to me why Judy Fortier would break into the Grafton residence to steal a belt which, in all probability, was not hers? Or do you think it was hers?"

"I—I still don't know what to think," Allenby confessed miserably. "How soon until daylight?"

"About half an hour," snapped the Superintendent, "and the minute we can see, we're going to turn Punder Island inside out. Incidentally, despite your invaluable help, Major, from now on, I'm handling this case."



The print revealed the likeness of missing JUDY FORTIER!

Resolutely, Roger Allenby, sidetracked a thought concerning his defeat and the maddening implications raised by Judy Fortier's unexpected appearance. Thanks to an unimpaired will power, he was able to drop into a sound sleep from which he was awakened three-quarters of an hour later by Inspector Boyd, official of manner but sympathetic of eye.

"Right, Major, it's getting light now. We're going to look for that Fortier girl."

Fortunately for Allenby's jangled nerves, the search proved to be short. They came upon the missing girl huddled in a little hollow in the midst of a cedar clump. Wearing dingy male clothing appropriated no doubt from the long-suffering Portuguese, Judy Fortier lay as if drugged, her eye sockets bluish-brown beneath, and her cheeks hollowed. Beside the wanted girl lay a paper bag of food, and ginger-ale bottle or two; but there was no trace of the belt!

"All in," Allenby murmured sympathetically and kneeling, touched the sleeper's shoulder. "Don't be frightened, Miss Fortier, I'm Roger Allenby. I used to know your mother. Do you remember?"

Apparently the first word to penetrate Judy's dawning consciousness was "mother" for she smiled wanly. Suddenly she sprang up on becoming aware of Constable Turner's uniform.

"Oh, please don't arrest me," she gasped, flinching. "I—I haven't done any thing! Really, I haven't. Oh, dear, I was going to, but—but—"

In gentle firmness Allenby put a reassuring arm about her when Tyson rapped, "It is my duty to warm you, Miss Fortier, that anything you say now may be used against you."

They took her back to the boat shed where Allenby insisted that she begiven tea and some chocolate ere any questioning was begun.

"First," he smiled encouragingly as she warmed chilled fingers on her teacup, "suppose you tell us where you've been and what's happened since you disappeared from Freebooter's Hall."

To his surprise, a furious flush surged up above the line of the too big cotton shirt she wore. "I—I'd rather not—"

"But it's important, Judy, that you should. You see when a girl suddenly drops out of existence and someone feels it necessary to forge a suicide note for her, one deduces something important must lie back of it all."

Judy first turned aside her haggard features, but then looked piteously, desperately, from one face to the next. At last she sank trembling on a chair and addressed Tyson. "There is no way out of this?"

"No, Miss Fortier. You'll have to tell your story sometimes. Possibly we are more sympathetic than another audience might be."

"Very well," she mutered, and her eyes sought the hands so rigidly clasped on her lap. "As you probably know, I've been in Barnier, Mr. Grafton's employ for almost two years. At one time we were in love, I desperately and he, well, I still believe he meant what he said. But anyhow, we—I—we—"

"In other words," Allenby hurried to spare her difficult words, "You—er—were intimate?"

She nodded numbly and her sunken cheeks flamed.

"And then he married Mrs. Grafton?"

Again a frozen nod.

(To Be Continued)

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After a short search, they found the utterly exhausted Judy . . . she "lay as if drugged" . . .

THE COOK'S CORNER

SALMON LOAF

1 lb. can salmon
1 cup bread crumbs
2 eggs, 1 teaspoon salt, 3-4 cup milk
3-4 cup chopped pickles
1-2 cup chopped sweet pickles
1 small onion, minced

Method: Bone and flake the salmon. Beat the eggs and add the milk. Pour over the bread crumbs and let stand for about 5 minutes. Add the salmon, chopped pickles, salt and melted butter. Chop the onion fine and cook in a small amount of shortening until it is tender then add this also.

Mix well and turn into a well greased fish mould. Bake in a moderate, 350 deg. F. oven for about 30 minutes, until the loaf is firm. Unmould, and serve with a medium white sauce to which has been added 2 hard cooked eggs, chopped fine.

CODFISH CAKES

2 cups salt codfish
2 eggs 6 medium potatoes
1-8 teaspoon pepper
4 tablespoons cream

Method: Soak the codfish in cold water to cover over night. Drain and rinse in several waters to remove the excess salt. Peel the potatoes and cut in halves. Put on to cook with the codfish and boil until the potatoes are tender. Drain and mash well. Add the unbeaten eggs, the pepper and cream and beat until the mixture is very light and fluffy.

Shape into small cakes, dip in flour and fry to a golden brown in hot, melted drippings. Serve with tomato sauce.

TOMATO-CHEESE SOUFFLE

(Serves 4 to 6)

Two tablespoons butter, 3 tablespoons flour, 3-4 cup milk, 1-2 cup condensed tomato soup, 1 1-2 cups grated cheese, 1-4 teaspoon dry mustard, 4 eggs, separated, 1 teaspoon Worchestershire sauce.

Melt the butter, add the flour and cook until frothy. Then add the hot milk and cook until thoroughly thickened. Stir in the tomato soup and the grated cheese and heat until the cheese is melted. Remove from fire and add the mustard and egg yolk — adding one egg yolk at a time and beating thoroughly after the addition of each egg yolk. Add Worcestershire. Beat the egg whites until stiff, but not dry, and fold them into the mixture. Pour into a well greased casserole and bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees F.) 50 to 60 minutes, or until firm in the centre.)

The Housewife And Her Activities

SWEET LIVES

The sweetest lives are those to duty wed,
Whose deeds, both great and small,
Are close-knit strands of one unbroken thread
Where love ennobles all.

A STRANGE SCENE IN INDIA

This account has come to hand of a visit paid by the Education Minister for the Central Provinces of India to schools in the district of Itarsi.

As he finished each school the scholars were dismissed and followed the Minister to the next.

By the time he reached our schools there was an uncontrollable crowd of several hundred boys, and all the leisured population of Itarsi. We had been expecting to show the Minister the schools at work, but instead the hall was invaded in advance by the crowd, waving Congress flags and wildly excited. The Christian girls attending the school sang the song Beloved Hindustan, after which nothing else was possible but to ask the Eductation Minister to address the crowd and then present him with the garland that had been prepared for him.

What goes up and down a hill, but never moves?
A path.

What has an eye but cannot see?
A needle.

A WONDER CLOCK

Visitors to Weimar in Germany may once again see the city's Wonder Clock in the Castle Museum, or it has been repaired by a local clockmaker.

It was built in 1704 for the Duke of Weimar by Johannes Asmann, and besides telling the time of day it recorded the Duke's age from time to time and also the position of the sun and moon in the heavens. But that was not all. On each day of the week a different picture of some Biblical subject appeared to remind the Duke of his pious duties.

For 150 years this clock did its duty nobly, and then one day, probably owing to the strain of being adjusted to tell the ages of successive Dukes in turn, it stopped.

Now it is again the city's pride, drawing visitors from far and wide.

A CHRYSANTHEMUM LEGEND

The beautiful yellow, bronze, white and wine colour chrysanthemums that deck our gardens and make them look so gay when summer flowers have faded, first came over the sea from Japan. Little Japanese children love this beautiful feathery flower better than any other.

They have heard from their parents the wonderful story of how the chrysanthemum first came to earth, and they think of the story when they admire the blossoms. You will think of it too when you next see these flowers.

In Japan, long ago, there was a very poor mother who worked had all day long to get food and clothing for her three little girls. Their father was dead, and although she worked hard, yet she earned so little that often there was not enough food for the children, and their clothes had to be mended and patched till hardly anything was left of them.

One moonlight night in winter this poor mother had to put her children to bed without giving them any supper. She cried bitterly, but at last dried her tears, tucked the children into bed, and thought that she would go away and pray for help in her misery. It was cold frosty, moonlight night and just as she opened the door she heard a voice saying, "Help me, give me shelter, I am cold and hungry."

There stood a thinly clad, shivering little boy. The mother's eyes filled with tears as she drew him into the little room, for she had hardly any food to offer him, and the room was cold. She gave him all that was left in the cupboard, and wrapped him up in her own cloak, and then set out to go to the shrine to pray for help. But she was so weak from lack of food that she fainted by the door, and there she lay for hours.

When she opened her eyes at last what was her amazement to find that the boy whom she had left sleeping was nowhere to be seen. He had vanished.

She went to the door and looked out to see if he was there, and found that where he had stood a tall plant was growing. It had beautiful feathery flowers. As she knelt beside the plant the poor mother realised that it was not a poor child but an angel who had visited her.

From that day henceforth she knew hunger and poverty no more, for the plant was worth thousands of dollars. The story of the wonderful plant was told far and wide, until the Emperor heard it, and sent one of his servants to buy from the widow a small piece so that he too might grow this wonderful plant.

Modern Etiquette

(By ROBERTA LEE)

Q. Is it permissible to apply make-up in an office, comb the hair or manicure the nails?
A Never.

Q. When callers arrive in succession which should leave first?
A. The first to arrive.
Q. Should toothpicks be used at dinner.
A Never in the presence of others.

BABY ECZEMA

How you hate to see baby suffering from chafed, itching skin and Eczema. Applied after the bath Dr. Chase's Ointment prevents and relieves these distressing ailments. It is a proven medicinal treatment which keeps the skin healthy. In tube or box.

Dr. Chase's OINTMENT

How Can I ??

(By ANNE ASHLEY)

Q. How can I preserve a new clothesline?
A. A new clothesline should be boiled for about thirty minutes before using it. This prevents stretching. It will not tangle as readily and will last much longer.

Q. How can I mend kid gloves?
A. Buttonhole around the edge of the tear before drawing together. Then over-sew the buttonhole together and the repair is substantial.

Q. Hoy can I make a cockroach trap?
A. Fill a pie pan, or similar container half full of sugar water. Place it on the floor and slant several sticks, each about three inches long, from the floor to the edge of the vessel. The roaches will crawl over and drown.

FASHION GUIDES FOR THE HOME DRESSMAKER

Here's spring news for a captivating bolero jacket costume. Why not make it of rayon crepe, in striking-beige. It solves your clothes problem, is marvelously easy on your pocket book, and is just as easy to sew. The simple shirt type dress may be worn without the jacket for a smart change. Wear the beige bolero jacket over last years dark dress. It will rejuvenate it. A dress to be proud of this season, particularly if made of navy blue crepe, polka-dotted rayon crepe in brown and beige or black wool hopsacking or rayon crepe. The popular craze for bolero costumes will make you want the vee neck version with the rounded front jacket in a sheer rayon crepe for constant wear...right through summer.

Style No. 2756 is designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20 years, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44-inches bust. Size 36 requires 4 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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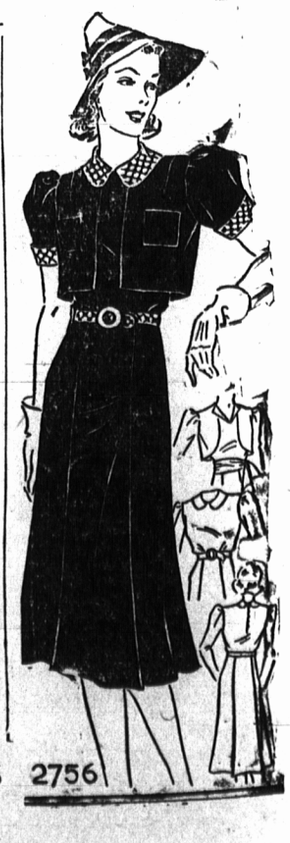
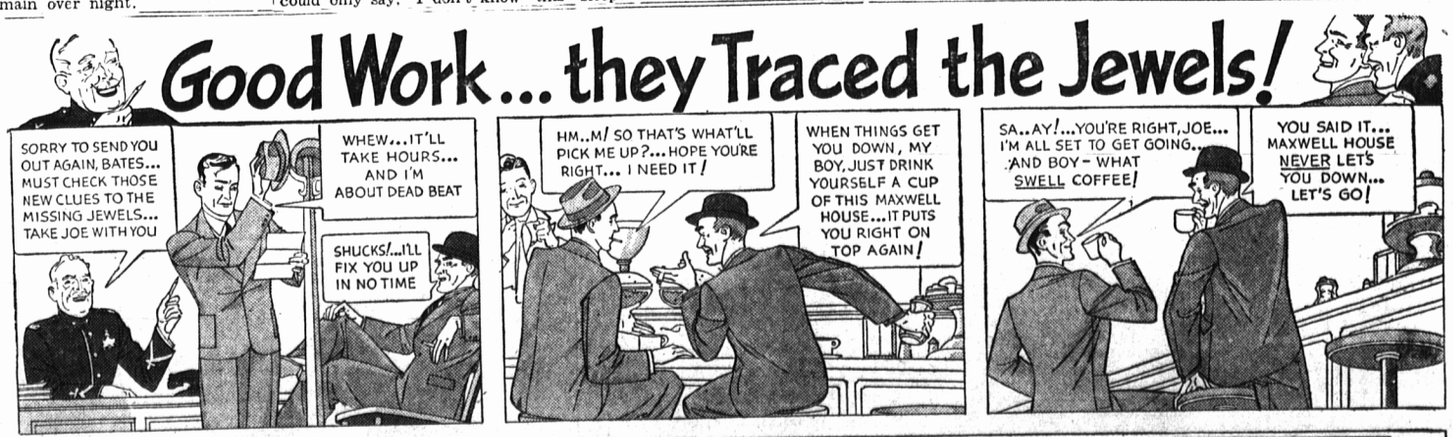


Good Work... they Traced the Jewels!



It is Indeed a "Friend in Need"

. . . The Friendly Stimulation of Maxwell House

In a crisis—or whenever you feel low and tired—there's nothing more helpful than the friendly stimulation of Maxwell House. It buoys you up—never lets you down. And the flavour of this blend of the world's finest coffees is so smooth—so rich, mellow and satisfying.

Maxwell House comes to you in a super-vacuum tin—the one sure way to bring you coffee that is *truly* roaster-fresh. If you use a drip-pot or glass coffee maker, be sure to get *Drip Grind* Maxwell House—for boiled or percolated coffee get the *Regular Grind*.

NOW 2 GRINDS DRIP GRIND AND REGULAR

MAXWELL HOUSE BRAND COFFEE MH58