



TRUE BY THE SUN

By LIDA LARRIMORE

(Continued)
CHAPTER X

Jim parked his car in the enclosure at the side of the Cherry Hollow theater Cecily's fawn-colored roadster was already there. Jim wondered whether or not Cecily would be in the audience. Jeremy Clyde frequently used her to drive to the theater. She was probably here this evening though. Tonight the Cherry Hollow company was giving the best performance of the season.

The small, dimly-lighted theater was well filled when Jim found his seat in the row next to the last. Cecily was there. She sat at the side, near the front, alone apparently, wearing some sort of soft brown dress with a scarf knotted under her chin. He had an excellent view of her profile against a background of rough, smoke-colored walls.

What was she thinking? She sat so quietly, looking down at something in her lap. Was she happy? New arrivals blocked his view of her. Jim's glance settled upon the deep blue curtain with a roughly bordered design of acorns and leaves. He was curious to see Jeremy in the stage. He had a compelling desire to find out all that he could about him, to discover, if possible, whether or not there was anything under his surface charm and romantic good looks. That he told himself, was the reason he had come to the theater tonight. Was it actually, though? Or had his presence there a morbid aspect—like the irresistible desire to prod a wound or bite on an aching tooth?

Something brushed the back of his neck. Jim glanced up and around. Two girls were settling themselves in the seats directly behind him, a tall girl with an olive skin and dark braids bound around her head; a small fair girl with a prominent nose and light brown hair cut in a deep bang level with her brows. It was a scarf in the tall girl's hand which had touched Jim.

The girls behind him, respectively inferred were members of the company not playing this evening. They talked of a trip to the coast, which the company was to make during the autumn and early winter Jim listened, filling in the time before the performance commenced.

—Has Jeremy condescended to sign up for the trip?

It was the tall girl who asked the question.

Jeremy! On the road! The answering voice had a lyric quality, light, lilting, clear. You insult him, darling. Our Jeremy has his eyes on bigger and better things. His girls papa is going to back a play for him—at least that is what he modestly intimates.

So! A low throaty laugh. Something romantic I suppose. Costumes perhaps. He will need to look very beautiful not to waste papa's money.

It won't matter whether he can act or not I think he can. At least he's terribly effective.

Shh!

A song rang. The deep blue curtain slithered open disclosing the stage. The performance began.

Jeremy was effective. Jim realized that as he saw him make his

The Housewife And Her Activities

THE ARROW

Life is an arrow—therefore you must know what mark to aim at, how to use the bow—Then draw it to the head, and let it go!

—Van Dyke.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS
Planning housework by the week is a good way to eliminate confusion and an almost sure way to cure yourself of forgetting important, though not routine, duties. Write down the days of the week and under each one the important things to accomplish that particular day.

Vegetables which retain their fresh garden-color when served are more appetizing than those from which most of the color has been bleached by faulty cooking. Green vegetables, such as peas and string beans, should be cooked uncovered in rapidly boiling water. Onions, cauliflower, celery and other white vegetables will remain white when cooked if boiled in soft water or water to which a pinch of cream of tartar has been added.

Red pepper is used by Mexicans to flavor their chocolate drink.

SOME DOCTORS FAVOR PERSPIRATION-ABSORBENT FABRIC NEXT SKIN

If milliners are frowning because night club managers here won't receive guests wearing hats, underwear manufacturers are happy in rumors that the medical profession may give them a hand by coming out for woolen undies for health.

Nothing official has been said yet, but doctors have already taken up the question, and one school of medical thought is strongly in favor of perspiration-absorbent fabric next the skin, if present day levels don't want thick stiff joints a decade hence, from rheumatism, not to mention the danger of being curled right off in their heyday by purial pneumonia.

KING LEOPOLD'S VISIT

Interesting innovations in Royal entertaining are likely to be an outcome of the visit of King Leopold of the Belgians to England next month.

The King and Queen, who are very fond of dance, may decide to modernize the ball which they hope to hold at the Palace during his visit (says the Daily Telegraph).

Royal balls have undergone various stages of evolution to bring them into line with modern trends.

For the first time a modern dance band may play at the Palace. Although no final decision as to date has been made, the ball will probably take place on Wednesday, November 17.

Military bands have hitherto been used at Palace balls. The innovation of a syncopeated band would mean lighter music and a modern dance programme.

Evening dress, not Court dress, will be worn at the ball, which is to be a private and not a Court ball, in order to create a less formal atmosphere.

Over 1000 guests will be invited, a smaller number than at the Court balls of last summer.

What is troubling you? Do you want to tell me?

Of course. That's why I kidnaped you. Will you listen, Jim? My one accomplishment.

The water brought tall glasses. Cecily took a few sips and set her glass aside.

It's Jerry, she said, after a moment.

You astonish me, he said. I thought it was the new issue of government bonds.

That's what I'm looking for. I thought perhaps you were looking for me.

No, she smiled. You are a nice surprise.

They stood on the steps of the theater. Jim lit her cigarette. It his own, flicked the match away. Are you interested in the drama. Miss Vaughn?

She laughed. We are being polite, aren't we? That's so stupid. Jim, do you want to see the rest of the play?

I can take it or leave it.

Jim took her arm. It's been four times this summer. I've seen it four times this summer. It's one of the best things Jerry does. Her voice brightened. Let's run over to Dutch's.

How about Jeremy?

We'll be back here by the time the performance is over.

Jim took her arm. All right he said. Let's go.

They walked to the fawn-colored roadster.

Will you drive? she asked.

Want me to?

Please, I'm awfully tired. She settled into the seat with a little sigh of relief. We went up to New Hope and along the canal. I adore Jerry but I won't ride in a car he drives.

There were only a few scattered groups in Dutch's garden, two or three couples moving about the floor. A waiter led them to a secluded stall at some distance from the orchestra.

Want to dance? Jim asked when the waiter had taken their order.

She shook her head.

I'm weary. I just want to sit.

You're so restful, Jim.

I mean it. I like to be with you. She pulled off her hat, rested her head against the trellis behind her. She looked weary. Jim thought, dispirited. There were faint shadows under her eyes.

What is it Cecily? Jim asked.

(To Be Continued)

Dorothy Dix's Letter Box

Wives Can Blame Only Themselves if They Keep Their Husbands From Doing the Things That Mean More Wealth and Affluence

Dear Miss Dix—I was very much interested in a letter that recently appeared in your column from a woman who signs herself "An Unhappy Wife," and whose grievance is that her husband is a traveling salesman who is away from home most of the time and she is lonesome. She wants him to give up his job, although if he does he would be demoted by his employers and have to take a smaller salary and be out of the line of advancement that he is in now. Perhaps I can keep this wife from making a great mistake in inducing her husband to give up his present good position in order to stay at home with her by telling her of my experience.

I am also on the road, away from home from two to three weeks at a time, and I also have a wife and children whom I would like to be with. But we look at the thing this way: It is either a small salary and no prospect of advancement, or on the road with a salary three times what I could get in an office and a chance for a good sales job wherein I shall spend my declining days, with almost every night at home. And I think it is worth the price. For let us not kid ourselves. We need money to have happiness. Especially when we are children.

In order to be at home as much as possible I moved my family as near to the center of my territory as possible, my wife giving up her mother, friends, etc., without a protest.

The "Unhappy Wife" worries a lot over the chance of her husband getting to drink too much and forming wild habits. That need not bother her, for he will behave himself or he will no longer travel. His company will not tolerate drunkenness. Anyway, by the time a salesman gets a hard day's work done, his reports made out, the orders mailed in and plans the next day's schedule he has little time for drinking and philandering. And if he wishes to get along he must keep up to the minute by reading and studying, not only current events but also market conditions, so as to be able to talk intelligently with his own records of customers' personal habits, likes and dislikes, write letters of thanks for orders, letters to his office, etc.

I think a wife makes a great mistake when she interferes with her husband's business and by her tears and entreaties and complaints makes him give up the work for which he has fitted himself. I know it would take all the heart out of me if my wife was always writing me discouraging letters telling me how lonely and miserable she was without me. Instead of the bucks she me up, puts me on the head, tells me what a grand salesman I am and that gives me nerve enough to go out and tackle a hard prospect and sell him a bill of goods. A happy man makes a good worker. Believe me, I know. For I have a number of men under me and I can tell from the way they go about their jobs whether their wives are helpers or hinderers.

SALESMAN.

I have printed this man's letter in its entirety because it is full of good practical advice, not only to the wives who are standing in the way of their husbands' advancement by their whining and complaining, but also to the husbands of these discouragers.

There are many women who wreck their husbands' careers by refusing to go with them where opportunity calls. Sometimes a woman keeps her husband tied down to a small job with no future in it, because she will not leave Mother and the girls and her bridge foursome to go to the distant place where fortune awaits him. Sometimes she will not adapt herself to the place where they do move and makes enemies instead of friends for him by her complaints against it.

Often a wife forces her husband to give up the job for which nature fitted him to do something for which he was never intended to do but which she considers more classy. Often, as in the case of the "Unhappy Wife" referred to in this letter, a wife by her tears and entreaties induces her husband to give up his chances of success in life just because she cannot bear to be parted from him and wants him to sit at home and hold her hand instead of doing a man's work in the world.

Always it is a mistake for the man to give in, because a man who just lays his failure at his wife's door never forgives her for wrecking his career, and because, in the end, the woman wants the money her husband could have earned and is dissatisfied without it. She is disappointed by his not realizing the promise of his early life, and wonders why he just peters out instead of being the success that everybody thought he was going to be. And she never admits her responsibility, or confesses that she ruined him.

Dear Dorothy Dix—Some years ago my sister and I had a quarrel in which she said bitter things that hurt my feelings and I cried and vowed I would never speak to her again. My husband sided with me. Within a few months my sister and I patched the matter up and have been friends ever since, but my husband has never forgiven her. He will not permit me to see her or let her come in our house or let our children mingle. When my son and I do see my sister and her children, he accuses us of double-crossing him and plotting against him. It makes a very unpleasant situation for all of us. We could be a very happy family, for any husband is a good man and is generous and kind to us, if he would only just forget and forgive. Is there any way that I can make him understand this?

ANSWER: PERFLEXED WIFE.

Evidently your husband is one of the stubborn men who have a lot of foolish pride that makes him stick to a position once he has taken it, and so your best chance of getting him to drop the old feud is just to let the issue die. Don't argue with him about it. Don't discuss it. Don't plead with him to let you go to his sister's. Just cover the whole matter with a pall of silence and in time his old grievance will grow dim even in his own mind.

And it would help a lot if you would be unusually affectionate and attentive to your husband and make him understand that you and the boy are not siding with your sister against him. What feeds the flame of his hate is jealousy. He can't bear to think that you don't approve of him and consider that he is being mean and little about the matter.

But thousands of other women have had this same experience that you have had in dragging their husbands into their quarrels with their own families. They forgive each other and kiss and make up, but husbands still stand mad.

DOROTHY DIX.

THE COOK'S CORNER

Half a pound of flour; half a gill of milk; half a gill of cream; a pinch of salt; one teaspoon cream of tartar, a quarter of a flat teaspoon bi-carbonate of soda; one ounce of sugar; one and a half ounces of sultanas.

Wash and dry the sultanas. Sieve the flour, cream of tartar, and soda together. Add the sugar, and prepared sultanas to the flour. Add the cream and milk to the dry ingredients, and mix all together. Have a bowl lightly floured, roll out the mixture until it is half an inch thick, place on a greased baking sheet. Brush the scones over lightly with milk, and bake in a hot oven for twenty minutes.

FASHION GUIDES FOR THE HOME DRESSMAKER

A two-piece wool tunic dress of smart sculptured lines to ensemble your own. You'll want to fairly live in the tunic blouse with its tailored patch pockets and miniature shirt collar... and will wear it with a gay plaid or contrasting wool skirt to give variety to your wardrobe. A satin or crepe "tuck-in" shirt blouse or sweaters afford other grand changes with your tunic dress skirt. With the same pattern you can make a crepe silk or velvet tunic dress with short sleeves, two breast pockets and vee neck with or without a collar (see small view!) No one would ever dream you used the same pattern for both costumes.

Style No. 3225 is designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20 years' 32 3/4 38 38 and 40-inches bust. Size 16 requires 4 5-8 yards of 39-inch material.

Send fifteen cents (15c) in stamps or coin (coin preferred) to Charlotte Guardian giving: Style No. 3225 Size.....

Name _____
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Today's Short Wave Radio Program

(All Time to Eastern Standard)

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 16

PARIS
9:30 a.m.—"The Fat Cat," a play. TPA-2, 19.6 m., 15.24 meg.

TOKYO
4:45 p.m.—A Talk on Current Problems. JZK, 19.7 m., 15.16 meg.; JZJ, 25.4 m., 11.80 meg.

BERLIN
6:00 p.m.—Dance Music. DJD, 25.4 m., 11.77 meg.

SCHENECTADY
6:35 p.m.—Short Wave Mail Bag. W2XAD, 19.5 m., 15.33 meg.; W2XAF, 31.4 m., 9.33 meg.

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

LONDON
7:15 p.m.—Irish Concert. GSP, 19.6 m., 15.31 meg.; GSD, 25.5 m., 11.75 meg.; GSB, 31.5 m., 9.51 meg.

BERLIN
8:45 p.m.—The German Museum in Munich. DJD, 25.4 m., 11.77 meg.

LONDON
9:00 p.m.—"World Affairs" a talk by Sir Malcolm Robertson. GSD, 25.5 m., 11.75 meg.; GSC, 31.3 m., 9.56 meg.; GSB, 31.5 m., 9.51 meg.

BERLIN
9:15 p.m.—"The Gypsy Baron,"

A Morning Smile

HOME FROM THE "SOUP"

Sailor (to waiter)—What d'yer call this?

Waiter—Soup, sir.

Sailor (to his mate)—Just fancy, Bill! We've been sailin' in soup these two years.

The attorney for an electric light company was making a popular address. Warming up to his subject he cried: "Think of the good this company has done! If I were permitted to pun, I would say in the words of the immortal poet—'Honor the Light Brigade.'"

Voice of consumer from the audience: "Oh, what a charge they made."

—The Island Crusader.

operetta by Johann Strauss. DJD, 25.4 m., 11.77 meg.

TOKYO
12:45 a.m.—Japan in November, a talk. JZK, 1.7 m., 15.16 meg.

SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA
1:15 a.m.—Talk on Australia. VK2ME, 31.28 m., 9.59 meg.

NIGHT COUGHS

due to colds, checked without "dosing"

VICKS VAPORUB

PROVED BY 2 GENERATIONS

Mad Cap in Crochet



Design No. 163

This trick little crocheted snow cone will be seeing a lot of winter sports very soon. You can perch it high on your head or pull it snugly down over your ears to withstand the wintry blasts. Crochet it in your favorite color and see how becoming it is and how quickly completed. The pattern includes easy-to-follow instructions without abbreviations. For complete pattern and instructions for all of these designs, send 20 cents in stamps or coin (coin preferred) to The Charlotte Guardian Needlework Department.

Use this coupon. Print your name and address plainly.

To The Charlotte Guardian Needlework Dept.
DESIGN NO. 163
Name _____
Street Address _____
City _____ Province _____

Home Service

New Low-Calory Diet Melts Away the Pounds

276c LAMB CHOP 100c
BAKED TOMATO 33c
SPINACH 43c
BUNCH OF GRAPES 100c

80c PORK CHOP 200c
MASHED POTATOES 300c
LEMON MERINGUE PIE 400c

Mrs. Stout has gone on a low-calory diet and changed her name to Mrs. Slim.

She catches a reassuring glimpse of trim ankle below snugly tailored skirt and murmurs, "No, thank you" when kindly Mrs. Plump urges, "Do have cake with your tea."

One small square of chocolate cake equals 350 calories. And Mrs. Slim's losing 2 pounds a week eat less than 1,200 calories a day.

For lunch Mrs. Plump had a pork chop, mashed potatoes, lemon meringue pie—800 calories—while Mrs. Slim ate a lamb chop, baked tomato, spinach, grapes—only 276 calories.

No wonder Mrs. Slim's friends say, "We've never seen you looking so well." Fruits and green vegetables in her low-calory diet are rich in important vitamins, minerals.

It's easy to reduce healthfully. Our 32-page booklet gives calory chart, 2 weeks' reducing menus, 3-day liquid diet. How to cook.

Send 20c in coins for your copy of The New Way To a Youthful Figure to The Guardian, Home Service, Address. Be sure to write plainly your Name, Address, and the Name of booklet.

Name _____
Street Address _____
City _____ Province _____

TACT WINS THE DAY

Don't stress the point that spinach, carrots, red beets, etc., are "good for you" when fixing the child's plate. These words seem to take the flavor right out of the vegetable. Use some other method of interesting the youngsters.

Bad Cold Developed Into Bronchitis

Many people have bronchitis and don't know it. Don't even know the danger of neglecting it.

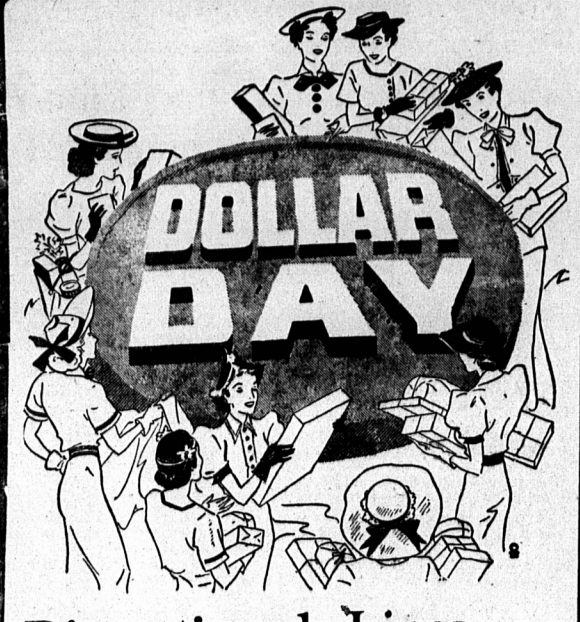
Bronchitis is generally the result of a neglected cold caused by exposure to wet and inclement weather, and is a very dangerous inflammatory affection of the bronchial tubes.

Those troubled with bronchitis will find in Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup a remedy that will help stimulate the system, subside the inflammation, soothe the irritated parts and loosen the phlegm.

Mrs. R. P. MacDONALD, Nappan, N.S., writes:—"Last winter I had a very bad cold which turned to bronchitis. I tried different kinds of medicine, but none did me any good.

A friend told me about Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, as she had used it for her children with great success. I purchased a bottle and before it was used I got great relief; the phlegm was brought up easily without any hard coughing, and after using three bottles I was completely relieved of the bronchitis."

Put up by The T. Millburn Co., Ltd.



Discontinued Lines of Lingerie HALF PRICE

Discontinued lines of Lingerie—Gowns, Pyjamas, Slips, Panties—broken sizes—**HALF PRICE**

Slightly soiled Flannellette Gowns and Pyjamas—**HALF PRICE**

Jersey Pyjamas, broken sizes, warm and comfortable. Regularly up to 1.95 — **49c**

Slips obtained especially for Dollar Days. Fine satin with the "Courtaul" label—easily laundered and ironed—sizes from 32 to 44. **\$1.00**

Tea Rose only

Ladies' part wool Vests, fine quality, all sizes. Cream color. Made to sell for **\$1.00**. **59c**

Fine Jersey Bloomers in broken sizes—the perfect warm over Bloomer. Worth **1.00**, for **59c**

Discontinued Corsets, Corsettes, Girdles, Brassieres—**1/2 Price**

KOTEX 21c ea. **2 for 39c**

KLEENEX 13c ea. **2 for 25c**

Moore & McLeod Limited

DOLLAR DAYS

THE COOK'S CORNER

Half a pound of flour; half a gill of milk; half a gill of cream; a pinch of salt; one teaspoon cream of tartar, a quarter of a flat teaspoon bi-carbonate of soda; one ounce of sugar; one and a half ounces of sultanas.

Wash and dry the sultanas. Sieve the flour, cream of tartar, and soda together. Add the sugar, and prepared sultanas to the flour. Add the cream and milk to the dry ingredients, and mix all together. Have a bowl lightly floured, roll out the mixture until it is half an inch thick, place on a greased baking sheet. Brush the scones over lightly with milk, and bake in a hot oven for twenty minutes.

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If your older child is inclined to tease the baby continually, perhaps it is jealousy. He hears constant praise of the baby and begins to feel the baby is loved more than he is. Explain to the boy that he must help protect the baby and that you are depending upon him to cooperate with you and he will soon see he is just as important as before baby's arrival and the teasing will cease.

3225