

# Woman's Realm Social and Personal Fashions Literature

## Commodore Norah

By ANGUS MACVICAR

Meanwhile, the Mary Rose and the rest of the Grant fleet had overtaken and passed the slower, the McGregor skims and had arrived at the fishing ground only a few minutes behind the Silver Spray and her companion boat.

There was a thin slip of moon above the eastern horizon and on every side the fishing lights of the various boats bobbed up and down like dancing fireflies. The sea was more splattered at this point, as it lay under the lee of a high island and fishing could be carried on in comparative ease, though heavy rain showers swept across the decks every few minutes.

In the bow of the Mary Rose a man lay watching the echometer apparatus, waiting until a tremor should run through the sensitive wire trailing over stem—a tremor indicating that the skiff had located a shoal of herring. Speed had been cut down and the boat steered in wide curves, keeping the sandy shore, off which they were operating, always on his port side.

Suddenly the look-out rose to his feet.

"Herring below us," he called to the skipper.

Watching Hector's plight, Norah watched the subsequent events with keen interest. Across the dark, heaving water Donald Brown shouted to the companion boat of the Mary Rose. Over the side was thrown a small buoy, with a flare, to which was attached one end of the net.

This buoy was picked up by the companion boat. The Mary Rose then circled away, her men playing out the net slowly and carefully, making sure that the net was kept water-tight without being twisted or tangled. When at last it was wholly in the sea, the upper edge kept near the surface by corked floats, the lower weighted down by lumps of lead, it stretched almost a hundred yards between the two skiffs, secured to the deck of each on both sides.

Slowly the two boats began to move forward, gradually converging on each other until the line of corks showing the position of the ring-net described a huge circle astern. After about half an hour of sailing the Mary Rose manoeuvred close to the companion boat and the task of drawing in the net, which by now dragged heavily against the pull of the skiffs, was begun.

In both vessels men clad in oilskins and high sea-boots clutched the net-ropes and began to haul them in. Under the mast-head searchlights, which threw the shadows on the slippery decks and across the dun water, they worked hurriedly, feverishly, aware that if they did not haul in the net before the shoal they had located might move on, leaving them no time to shoot their net again and secure a second haul.

At first, as the cascade of glistening fish tumbled into the well of the Mary Rose amidships, Norah kept out of the way, but presently as the men strained to bring over the side a particularly heavy pocket of herring, she jumped down from the after-deck and took her place on one of the ropes. She pulled steadily, though her soft hands smarted as they slipped on the wet rope hanging on the tarry line. The man beside her, his dark, unshaven face covered by sweat and fish scales, muttered with ungrudging admiration:

"That's the stuff, miss!"

Into the boat came the mass of herring, splashing and leaping and flashing bright beneath the searchlights. They flowed about Norah's feet and she stumbled and fell among them. She laughed and wiped her flushed face with a slimy hand. Strangely enough, she was rather enjoying herself, though she wondered if she could endure this task night after night, week after week, in all weathers, as her men had to do.

Once more, its ends still secured to each of the two skiffs, the net was shot. Once more it was hauled aboard. The holds of the Mary Rose and her companion boat were now almost full, but the echometer indicated that the shoal beneath them had vanished and that in order to secure a third shot, they would have to search again for fish.

"No a bad night's work as it is," muttered old Donald at Norah's side.

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## YOUR INDIVIDUAL HOROSCOPE

(By FRANCES DRAKE)

(Copyright, 1940, King Features Syndicate Inc.) Look in the section your birthday comes in, and find what your outlook is, according to the stars.

For Wednesday, April 17th

**MARCH 21 to APRIL 20 (Aries)**—Between 4 a. m. and 12:10 Noon, three benefic aspects operate presaging this period as good for business and money dealings. Exceptional care is advised between 12:10 and 2:30 p. m. in all matters pertaining to machinery and tools and in driving vehicles. Balance of day less restricting.

**APRIL 21 to MAY 20 (Taurus)**—Inspirational, educational and spiritual matters precede the essentially material interests this splendid day. Don't permit apprehension, worry or other hindrances to keep you from attaining achievement. Romance favored.

**MAY 21 to JUNE 21 (Gemini)**—We hope your enthusiasm and usual industriousness will be up to par this fine day. Generous and stimulating rays favor personal attainment and general issues. Chin up, my dear.

**JUNE 22 to JULY 23 (Cancer)**—Your native planet, the Moon in favor-aspects to Jupiter and Neptune in the morning, and to the Sun, Jupiter, Pluto and Saturn in the afternoon and night. A day for remunerative returns from many endeavors—artistic, scientific, industrial, financial.

**JULY 24 to AUGUST 23 (Leo)**—Mr. particularly favors correspondence, preparing advertising and other copy and investigations. Balance of day encourages selling, manufacturing, contacting new clients, making headway through the surface by corked floats, the lower weighted down by lumps of lead, it stretched almost a hundred yards between the two skiffs, secured to the deck of each on both sides.

**AUGUST 23 to SEPTEMBER 23 (Virgo)**—Matters relating to property, inheritance, insurance and necessary business changes are under a benefic star vibrations today. Literary efforts, hospital and private affairs should meet with success.

**SEPTEMBER 24 to OCTOBER 23 (Libra)**—Get your plans and activities under way early—'tis a great day for accomplishment in personal matters and in general activities. Deal with bankers, brokers, newspapers.

**OCTOBER 24 to NOVEMBER 22 (Scorpio)**—Today offers a wide scope for your unusual talents. Don't flirt with procrastination. Last-minute rushing or crowding your work will not net the gains that can be yours.

**NOVEMBER 23 to DECEMBER 22 (Sagittarius)**—Not so restricting as yesterday. Whatever your profession, trade or everyday affairs, it's up to you to lend your best efforts and knowledge to assist in securing the benefits indicated and favored today.

**DECEMBER 23 to JANUARY 21 (Capricorn)**—Your innate sagacity and appreciation of values are of much good for you today. Money matters, industrial interests, domesticity and travel are among the favored themes.

**JANUARY 22 to FEBRUARY 20 (Aquarius)**—On your toes, my friend! You should be careful not to neglect important work, new leads to advancement or trying out your own clever ideas and methods. Secure takes second place to workaday interests today.

**FEBRUARY 21 to MARCH 20 (Pisces)**—An eventful day with opportunities and advantages for all you who seek them. You can win big things by being far to your own fine capability. Let your ideas be articulate.

**A CHILD BORN ON THIS DAY** will be a respected personality and a super-dictator, with her husband to jump when she speaks to him and obey her commands without question. It is too easy. It takes all the pep out of the situation. It is like quelling Mary's little lamb instead of quelling a man-eating lion. You never see a woman leading a little neek, henpecked husband on a leash who appears to be getting any kick out of it.

Now speaking entirely from the woman's point of view, I should say that the way to manage a woman is by indifference and not by acquiescence. Never, for instance, tell your bride of her faults. Criticism merely sets her more deeply in them. But assume that she possesses the virtues you wish her to have, and she will break her neck to acquire them in order to live up to your ideal.

If you want your wife to be a good housekeeper, don't carp on her cooking. Praise any dish that isn't an actual menace to life and she'll be glad to do it.

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For some time, while the heights of the island remained on their port side, the Mary Rose behaved fairly well. But when she emerged from the shelter and experienced the full blast of the southeast gale, she began to pitch and roll like a wild colt. Norah had to cling to the polished brass rail running round the wheelhouse, while old Donald put an arm about her to help her to steady.

The light was growing better every minute, revealing on one side a wide expanse of grey tumbling sea, and on the other the coast fringed by basalt teeth. Half a mile in front, at the entrance to the harbour, the formidable mass of the Black Rock reared its head to the sky.

The Mary Rose had apparently quit the fishing ground almost as soon as the Silver Spray, for the lifting of the dark, momentary mist, they were almost level for Invercon. They were the leaders of the two fleets, and behind them, strung out for miles, could be seen other skiffs struggling home through the storm, each marked by the constant flurry of white spray breaking over its bows.

The Silver Spray was on the north quarter of the Mary Rose, farther away from the Black Rock. She was led by twenty fathoms distant, and Norah could see David McGregor, standing straddle-legged in the stern, smoking a pipe and apparently unconscious of the wild sea. She glanced at Hector, white and cold beside her, and for a moment a strange thought surged hotly in her mind, but she overcame it at once. She was loyal to Hector. And David McGregor would look just as unhappy in a film studio, probably, as Hector did in a fishing skiff.

"McGregor's got a good catch by the look of things," muttered old Donald, spitting tobacco juice over the side with remarkable precision. "And she's a fast yin, that Silver Spray. She'd ha' the better of 'us in calm weather." He broke off suddenly. "Look!" he exclaimed. "Look, Miss Norah! A shark..."

Her eyes widened.

"Where, Donald?"

He kept a grip of Menteth and nodded in towards the Black Rock, now coming abeam on the right.

"Over yonder, Starboard bow."

She saw the big, triangular fin, the black loke like the hull of a submarine.

"What a huge brute!" she exclaimed.

"A big fellow. Plenty of 'em about—ken that. But it's no often we see them on the surface in a storm."

The shark was moving towards

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"McGregor's got a good catch by the look of things," muttered old Donald, spitting tobacco juice over the side with remarkable precision. "And she's a fast yin, that Silver Spray. She'd ha' the better of 'us in calm weather." He broke off suddenly. "Look!" he exclaimed. "Look, Miss Norah! A shark..."

Her eyes widened.

"Where, Donald?"

He kept a grip of Menteth and nodded in towards the Black Rock, now coming abeam on the right.

"Over yonder, Starboard bow."

She saw the big, triangular fin, the black loke like the hull of a submarine.

"What a huge brute!" she exclaimed.

"A big fellow. Plenty of 'em about—ken that. But it's no often we see them on the surface in a storm."

The shark was moving towards

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## Dorothy Dix's Letter Box

DOROTHY DIX SAYS—

### HUSBANDS NEED LESSONS ON HOW TO MANAGE THEIR WIVES

#### Subtlety and Tact Are Two of the Best Weapons Men Can Have in Dealing With Women

The problem of how to manage a woman is almost universally regarded by men as one of the insoluble mysteries of life, so they just give it up, without even trying to find out the answer. Of course, every man would like to know what makes the wheels go around in a woman's head and makes her act the way she does; why she cries when she is glad and goes out and buys something she can't afford when she is mad; but he just accepts these as idiosyncrasies of the species that are beyond masculine comprehension and lets it go at that. Hence it will be a matter of great joy to all men, and especially to husbands, to learn that the president of one of our largest and most successful women colleges has announced that she has discovered the secret of managing women. He says that the way to manage any woman is simply to do what she asks of you the first time she asks without any argument whatsoever. Now, millions of husbands who slog away like Father Divine's, isn't it wonderful? How long followed the "yes, ma'am" attitude toward their wives, but giving in to a friction isn't managing her. Such a man is simply a human doormat who lets his wife walk all over him instead of being a clever magician who knows how to pull all the strings and make her dance to his piping—and like it.

Incidentally no woman, unless she is a super-dictator, wants her husband to jump when she speaks to him and obey her commands without question. It is too easy. It takes all the pep out of the situation. It is like quelling Mary's little lamb instead of quelling a man-eating lion. You never see a woman leading a little neek, henpecked husband on a leash who appears to be getting any kick out of it.

Now speaking entirely from the woman's point of view, I should say that the way to manage a woman is by indifference and not by acquiescence. Never, for instance, tell your bride of her faults. Criticism merely sets her more deeply in them. But assume that she possesses the virtues you wish her to have, and she will break her neck to acquire them in order to live up to your ideal.

If you want your wife to be a good housekeeper, don't carp on her cooking. Praise any dish that isn't an actual menace to life and she'll be glad to do it.

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