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

THUNDER FROM THE STANDS

By Vincent Richards

It was all over, then. Well, he would forget her and throw himself into tournament playing. He would beat Lefevre. Beat him or die in the attempt. He would practice long and diligently. He was free now—entirely free—to concentrate on making of himself the greatest tennis player the world had ever known. And beating Lefvre would be the initial step in attaining the height of his ambition.

He could visualize the future. First Wimbledon. Then Auteuil where he would win the Davis Cup for America. After Auteuil, the National Doubles at Boston, probably with Clark as his partner. Following the Doubles would come the National Singles at Forest Hills. At this, the nation's tennis event of the year, he woud prove conclusively that he was no mere flash in the pan. He would win the championship. The newspapers would sing his praises, compare him to the greats of other days.

The Nationals over, he would be invited to Newport to play in the annual Fall tournament. A telegram undoubtedly would be forwarded to him from Berkeley—Helen Wills' home town—inviting him to take part in the tournament there. He would accept, of course. He would play not only in Berkeley, but all along the Pacific coast—San Francisco, Los Angeles, Pasadena,, Balboa, Del Monte, Agua Caliente.

The South would call next. While Winter snows shrouded the states above the Mason-Dixon line he and perhaps Don Clark and Wheatley would travel each week to a different southern city.

In February they would play at Havana, and from Havana catch a boat to Bermuda. After Bermuda there would be the usual lull of a few short weeks to allow them to rest a while. Then they would plunge into intensive training for the Davis cup team.

The check from Dan Worthington he would return if it was sent to him. That he had determined. He'd show them he wasn't quite as big a bum as they thought. He didn't need money.

He crushed the cablegram into a tight ball, walked to the rail and threw it into the sea.

At the rail outside Clark's cabin stood Frank Wheatley.

"Hi, Rollins." His voice was strange. He kept looking out over the water.

"Nice," Len murmured.

"Yes," Wheatley said, "isn't it? Sometimes it gets me."

"What?"

"The life we lead. Sometimes I think of settling down and getting married."

Len stood silent, thinking.

"But what have I to offer a girl besides a lot of useless cups and medals? I've only a few tennis years left, at best. But what could I do if I gave it up now? What can I do when I finally have to give it up? Sell insurance the rest of my life? Maybe. But I can't sell; I'm the world's worst salesman. So what? If I was lucky enough to find a job I'd have to start where the high school graduate starts, at the beginning. At thirty-two."

"That's not old," Len defended. "You could turn pro."

"I wouldn't have a chance against Tilden and Vines and that gang. I'm only on the cup team today, Rolly, because King and Reynolds turned pro. And I'm not very colorful, you know. Not like you with a smashing overhead and a screwball service. I'm just one of those plodders who got to the top by pulling pretty hard at the boot-straps. But now that I'm here, I wonder if it was worth all the time and effort and sacrifices. Where do I go from here? When I'm all washed up, I mean, Rolly."

Len said: "I had two years of the other life and I came back to tennis. I didn't have to. I just wanted to; I like it better."

"That's exactly the trouble," Wheatley replied. "You like it better. I tell you, Rollins, it's like a narcotic; when it gets you, you can't break away."

Len shrugged.

"You're lucky, an exception, Rollins. You have a wife who helps you keep your balance, who keeps you from letting the dope get too strong a hold upon you. You're managing to live two lives at the same time. Few, if any, of the rest of us can do that. I'm amazed that you can."

"Frank—"

"Yes?"

"Oh—never mind. It wasn't important." No sense telling Frank that he wasn't an exception, that he hadn't been able to live two lives either. They'd all know soon enough. Everyone would know.

* * * *

The Stade Roland Garros lies within the boundaries of Auteuil. Row upon row of seats reach from the eight-foot high wall to the top of the arena. In one corner is a huge score board where, from a tiny platform, the score is announced through a microphone to those in the stands. At the opposite end of the Stade is the runway leading into the dressing rooms. The entire marquee is taken up by the courts lined with white chalk and rolled to the hard perfection of a billiard table.

Now, from the stands at the State Roland Garros, as Len Rollins gazed out across the marque to where Don Clark and Henri Lefevre were warming up, came a constant hum. Men and women of many nations and from all walks of life sat side by side watching intently the two gleaming white-clad figures upon the court commenting, gesticulating, praising.

Henri Lefevre was not the greatest tennis player the world had ever known, but he was certainly the greatest volleyer. Untiring, quick on his feet, accurate, and a remarkable recoverer, he had reigned supreme for four years. Against him a point was never won until he failed to reach the ball, which was seldom. What appeared to be kill shots when leaving the racquets of his opponents were converted into points for Lefevre by his uncanny ability to get the ball and return it.

Clark seemed tense, but Len knew that he would recover his poise when the match was under way. A stray ball came bounding toward Clark. He picked it up and idly tossed it toward Lefevre. The Frenchman nodded recognition, smiled, showing white teeth.

They were ready to play at last and Len turned toward the runway. Swanstrom did not allow the later players to watch previous matches.

"Takes too much out of you," was the captain's explanation.

In an hour or an hour and a half, depending upon the bitterness of the struggle out there between Clark and Lefevre, Len would meet Letenour. If Clark could possibly rise to the heights and defeat Lefevre and if Len could down Letemour, and then Hughes and Wheatley could win tomorrow.

But Clark did not defeat Lefevre. The match was over in an hour and ten minutes. France had drawn first blood. Lefevre was victorious. 6—4, 6—3, 6—8, 6—3.

The racquet was light and airy in Len's hand as he walked from the clubhouse. He was conscious of his white flannel coat with its red, white and blue shield. It inspired a certain ease, a confidence. He could tell from the way he was hitting the ball while warming up that the tall, well-built Latenour would have one hell of a job trying to beat him this afternoon.

At last they were ready. Stands hushed ,ball boys poised, referee and linesmen perched forward in their chairs. Then the high singsong voice of the referee speaking French. But Len knew what he was saying: "Second match in the Davis Cup Singles. Final Round. United States versus France. Mr. Rollins versus Mr. Letenour. Linesmen ready! Players ready!"

Len nodded slightly, Letenour made no motion.

"Play!"

(To be Continued)

MORSE'S TEA

Through the years since it was introduced the record of MORSE'S STANDARD TEA has been one of full satisfaction to Maritime tea drinkers. 85 cents per pound.

Living & Leisure

The Woman's Realm

UNDYING LOVE

God has not promised skies ever blue,
Flower-strewn pathways, always for you;
God has not promised sun without rain,
Joy without sorrow, peace without pain.
But God has promised strength from above,
Unfailing sympathy, undying love.

Dahlias require a good supply of water and a sunny location. Do not plant where there are tree roots.

LUNCHEON DISH

Here's a luncheon dish that will go over big, but is simple to prepare. Hot biscuits split and buttered and filled and topped with a medium white sauce to which cooked shrimp and sliced hard-cooked eggs have been added. Sprinkle tops with grated cheese for an extra flavor fillip.

LUNCHEON SANDWICH

This sandwich should have special luncheon appeal to the younger members of the family: Slices of buttered whole wheat bread filled with sliced ripe bananas and chopped raisins moistened with a little mayonnaise. Add just a dash of salt, too. And a crisp lettuce leaf.

ELECTRIC FAN CARE

You've probably not used your electric fan all winter. If not, then better have it checked by a service man to see if it needs lubrication or any special adjustment to facilitate the blades turning freely. Also it's a good idea, before storing for any length of time, to wrap the fan carefully with paper or cloth to keep dust or dirt from settling in the mechanism.

COTTON WEDDING GOWNS

Advance showing summer bridal fashions stress importance of sheer cottons for the wedding gown A New York shop, for instance, shows a charming gown of crisp, very fine wale cotton pique with a deep yoke and wide skirt flounce of sheerest organdy. Both flounce and yoke are outlined with a narrow organdy ruching—a flattering and feminine touch to the otherwise utter simplicity of the design.

HERE ARE A FEW RULES FOR THOSE WHO LIE AWAKE

The war atmosphere makes it easier for some women to get their beauty rest. Those who needed extra activity to get them more tired at bedtime may find themselves dropping off to sleep effortless, much to their surprise.

The extra activity and greater nervous tension of these times, however, may make it all the harder for some women to "unwind" or relax mentally. So listen to the suggestions of an expert.

Instead of lying awake and tossing, she suggests:

1. Write out the tasks you need to remember to do tomorrow, especially if they seem to weigh heavily on your mind.
2. Make the bed correctly, with smooth corners to hold sheets secure.
3. Keep the bedroom as tidy as possible, and be sure you have sufficient covers to keep warm enough.
4. Select loose nightgowns or, if you prefer them, loose-fitting pyjamas.

Exercise also will help you to relax, even when, and indeed, particularly when you are "too tired to go to sleep." Try tensing your muscles. Lying in bed on your back with eyes closed, raise both arms vertically and clench fists for a minutes, then let arms drop like a rag doll's. Then bend both feet down, stretching ankles, and at the same time bend the toes down. Hold for a minute, and let them go limp suddenly.

Rest a few minutes and stretch the whole body. You might lie on your stomach and grasp the headboard for support. Stretch and tense the whole body, then relax and repeat.

PEG-TOP SKIRT CAN BE UNKIND

In order to appreciate the outstanding style news of the current designers' openings which set fashions for spring and summer, get yourself a pencil and draw two ice-cream cones, one above the other. There you have the perfect geometrical picture of the basic lines of the most different-looking silhouette that has been shown. It is the peg-top skirt silhouette—tough on oversized hips and thighs!

Slimmer dresses have been coming for some time, but until now they have been the kind that concentrated attention on the upper part of the figure, especially the bust and waistlines. Now the spotlight moves; the dress tends to conceal the top, and accentuate the lower part of the body.

So if you want to start a really practical spring beauty regime, begin with your hips and thighs. If here're in proportion, or have only slight bulges in the wrong places, it's quite possible your new volunteer-for-victory activity will get them in proper shape. If they are too big all over, exercise, and more exercise is your answer.

Hips and Stomach

Swimming and skipping rope are excellent thigh-conditioners, and so is your shopping bicycle. For a workout in your own room, try rolling —simply lie on the floor, bend arms up comfortably, and over you go to the left; then roll back to where you started.

Keep it up for five or ten minutes. Now, this simple one. Lie on the floor with back relaxed and flat, never arched. Bring knees upward to chest, taking care not to move the torso. Repeat 15 or 20 times. These two will do a job for hips and thighs, and will keep your stomach flat too.

THE COOK'S CORNER

YORKSHIRE PUDDING

1 1-3 cup enriched flour
1-4 teaspoon baking powder
1-2 teaspoon salt
1 1-2 cups milk
2 eggs
3 tablespoons beef drippings

Method: Sift together the enriched white flour, baking powder and salt. Place in a bowl and add the milk all at once. Beat with a rotary egg beater until well-blended and smooth. Add one unbeaten egg at a time and beat thoroughly after each addition.

Heat the beef drippings in a square or oblong pan until bubbling hot. Now pour in the pudding batter and bake in a fairly hot oven (400 deg. F.) for about 30 to 35 minutes. Serve as soon as possible after taking from the oven. This will be beautifully puffed, and the edges will be crisp and delicately browned.

Now here is a recipe for the pudding made in individual cups.

YORKSHIRE PUDDING II

1-2 cup flour
1-4 teaspoon salt
1-2 cup milk
1 egg

Method: Sift together the flour and salt Add the milk gradually to this and then beat with a rotary beater until smooth. Beat the egg well and add to the first mixture.

Place about 1-2 teaspoon butter or drippings in the bottom of 6 muffin tins or custard cups and heat in the oven until these are melted and the tins or cups are hot. Fill them about 1-2 full with the batter and bake in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for about 45 minutes. Serve with gravy as soon as they are taken from the oven.

Dorothy Dix Says—

WORKING GIRLS BEWARE OF PARASITIC HUSBANDS

Piker Fortune Hunters Prey On Girls With Good Jobs

Not long ago I asked a young woman why she had divorced her husband, to which she replied: "I did it because I was determined not to be one of the fool women who spend their lives slaving to support an able-bodied man. When I married John, he had a good job and so did I, and we had wonderful plans for a marriage that would be a real partnership, with both of us working and saving until we got on Easy Street and could buy the vine-wreathed cottage in the suburbs that every woman's soul yearns after.

We got off to a grand start, for I was still living in the pretty apartment that Mother and I had had, with all the good furniture that she left me when she died, and all John had to do was just to come in and hang up his hat and be as cozy as you please, with none of the fear of the installment collector that haunts most newlyweds' dreams.

JOHN GIVES UP JOB

"Well, everything went fine for a few months. Then one day John came home with the news that he had given up his job. It was a sad tale of an overbearing and tyrannical boss who put indignities upon him that his proud spirit could no longer endure. He loudly proclaimed that he was a man and not a mouse and, by George, he wouldn't stand being treated like a slave, and he would go somewhere where his talents would be appreciated.

"I sympathized with him, as a bride would and said how lucky it was that I still had my job and we could live until he found something to do that suited him. I thought that he would be up bright and early the next morning in pursuit of work, but he casually remarked that he thought he would take a few days to rest up and look over the situation before he settled down into anything permanent. He didn't want to do anything in a hurry.

SLUMBERS WHILE WIFE WORKS

"Well ,he didn't. At the end of six months he was still looking for work and praying God not to find it. And it was getting up in the morning and going to my job, while he slumbered and slept. Then it dawned on me that he was never going to do another tack of work as long as he had a wife to support him.

"And so I told him in no uncertain terms that I wasn't running a loafers' boarding house, and cast him out. And when he had no longer a comfortable place to stay and three square meals a day, he wasn't so choosy about a job and he went back to work. I tell you we women are responsible for a lot o f the no-account men, but I am not one of the husband supporters any more."

This woman's story, with individual variations, comes to me every day of the week, for one of the problems of the modern woman is the parasitic husband who marries for a home. And his poor, tired wife, who is worn to a frazzle trying to hold down two jobs, doesn't know whether it is her duty to cherish him in idleness, or throw him out on his neck.

HAVE GIRL FRIEND ON THE SIDE

It used to be that only millionairesses were married for their money, but nowadays there is a piker variety of fortune-hunter who prey upon girls with good jobs and deliberately marry them in order to be supported. Almost before the ink on their marriage certificates is dry they quit their jobs and join the Weary Willies who spend their time loafing around pool rooms and listening to the radio and watching amateur baseball games. Generally they have a girl friend on the side on whom they spend the money their wives have earned. For, of course, after having pounded a typewriter all day or stood behind a counter and then come home and gotten dinner and cleaned the house, Mary is too tired to want to step out of an evening.

Of course, the parasitic husband may say in his own defense that turn about is fair play, and that what is sauce for the gander is also sauce for the goose, and that inasmuch as a lot of men support trifling wives who lay down on their part in the domestic partnership, why shouldn't a woman support a lazy husband without feeling herself ill-used?

But the situation doesn't always work out the same way, for custom and convention have made the husband the prop of the family and the wife the leaner, and when you reverse the order the whole edifice of marriage tumbles down. A woman can be a poor housekeeper and a poisonous cook and still be pleasant to get along with and still love her husband, but a man whom a woman supports is always a surly dog that bites the hand that feeds it. The man whom his wife supports invariably comes to hate her because she has the strength he lacks, because she has the grit and determination he has not, because she is a success and he is a failure, because she gives and he takes, because she is a better man than he is, and he knows it, and the world knows it.

And that no man forgives his wife. DOROTHY DIX.

New Slip Covers Brighten Living Room

Simple to Make

Winter gloom soon disappears when you brighten up your living-room with gay slip covers. It's easy to make any slip-cover and fit it the pin-on way.

The welting that trims the seams is also easy to sew on. In a color that matches a color in the fabric, it looks smart, professional!

To start the cover, remove cushions and smooth fabric over chair, starting at top-back and continuing to edge of seat. Pin down every 3 inches where seams will be and cut 1½ inches outside pins for seams.

Other sections you fit one at a time the same way—front, sides, arms and back. Where the fabric bunches at curves, take darts as in our diagram. Then pin pieces together and remove cover.

The welting is inserted from the right side and stitched in the seam. The deep gathered flounce goes on last of all.

Full details of making lovely slip covers are given in our 32-page booklet. Tells how to fit chairs, sofas and automobile seats the pin-on way. Gives directions for finishing seams, trimming; for making flounces.

Send 20c in coins for your copy of "How to Make Slip Covers" to The Guardian Home Service. Be sure to write plainly your Name, Address and the Name of booklet.

Name

Street Address

City Province

Picks-you-up in the Spring

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food

The Vitamin Tonic

Time and again it has been a "pick-me-up" for you or your friends, just when you have felt down and out, with tired nerves, loss of sleep or indigestion. Now, it is better than ever with the addition of Vitamin B1. It helps the appetite, improves digestion, gives you new pep and energy. Ask your druggist for the new economy size bottle. Regular size 60 cents. Economy size, three times as much, $1.50.

Needlecraft

For The Home

One of those dresses that will never be in the closet, because you'll wear it so often. A shirtmaker with gathered skirt and nicely tailored top, and a chance to use decorative buttons.

Style No. 3024 is designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 36, 38 and 40. Size 16 requires 3 1-2 yards of 39-inch fabric for short-sleeved dress.

To order pattern: Write or send picture with your name and address with 20 cents in coin or stamps to the Needlecraft Bureau, Charlottetown Guardian.

To Charlottetown Guardian
Needlecraft Department
Style No. 3024 Size .....

Name

Street Address

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DAILY MENUS Sugar-Saving

(FOR WEDNESDAY, MAY 6)

BREAKFAST

Baked Apple
Cereal Toast
Tea Coffee

LUNCH OR SUPPER

Creamed Corn and Weiners
*Steamed Blueberry Pudding
Tea Coffee

DINNER

Tomato Soup
*Crown Roast of Spare-ribs
Pan Brown Potatoes BeBans
Tea Coffee

STEAMED BLUEBERRY PUDDING

1 can blueberries
1 cup corn syrup
1 1-2 teaspoons baking soda dissolved in 1 tablespoon hot water
2 cups sifted flour
1 teaspoon lemon rind
2 tablespoons shortening
1-2 teaspoon salt

METHOD: Cut shortening into flour. Add syrup containing soda, blueberries, salt and lemon rind. Mix well. Turn into a well greased pudding mould. Steam two hours. Serve hot with Maple sauce.

CROWN ROAST OF SPARE-RIBS

(By Kate Aitken, Household Economics Editor, Montreal Standard)

Temp: 450 F. for 15 minutes. 350 F. for 1 1-4 hours.
2 strips pork spare-ribs, 4 1-2" to 5" high (approx. 2 lbs.)
2 cups soft bread crumbs
1 1-2 lbs. round steak, ground
1-2 lb. lean pork, ground
1-2 cup chopped celery
2 medium-sized onions, chopped (approx. 1-2 cup).
1-2 cup chopped raw cabbage
1-8 teaspoon pepper
1 teaspoon salt
1-4 teaspoon poultry spice
2 tablespoons dripping

METHOD: Sew together small end of one strip of spare-ribs to large end of other strip, overlapping slightly and having curved surface out. Complete circle by sewing other end similarly. Place circle in Dutch oven or small round roasting pan. Mix together remaining ingredients; press firmly into spare-rib ring. Sear in hot oven (450 F. for 15 minutes, reduce heat to 350 F and continue baking till meat is well browned. Before sending to the table, impale on the spare-ribs. small pan-browned potatoes. Serves 8.

A Morning Smile

NOWHERE

The circus and fun fair was visiting a small American town, and one old Negro had taken a fancy to the roundabouts.

Round and round he went, never seeming to tire, until all his money was gone. Then only did he dismount to rejoin his wife, who had been watching him with impatient eyes.

"Well, Ebenezer," she said, "you sure have spent your money and had a good ride. But where you been, Ebenezer, where you been?"

PAN-BROWNED POTATOES

Pare potatoes of even size, soak in cold water for half an hour, drain and wipe dry. Put potatoes in pan with roast about 45 minutes in hot oven, or one hour in moderate oven, before meat is done. Baste often with fat in pan and turn occasionally so that they will brown on all sides. Sprinkle with salt.

When dressmaking, press each seam as it is completed and see if you don't notice an improvement in the finished garment.

TRY THIS IF YOU'RE NERVOUS on "certain days" of month

If functional monthly disturbances make you nervous, restless, high-strung, cranky, blue—try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at once to help relieve pain and nervous feelings of women's "difficult days." Very effective. Made in Canada. Well worth trying!

CROCHETED BIB AND BOOTEES

DESIGN NO. 1088

Crocheted bib and bootees are ideal gifts for the new baby. Both items require little time to make. They are dainty, yet inexpensive. Pattern No. 1088 contains list of materials needed, and complete instructions

To order pattern: Write or send above picture with your name and address with 15 cents in coin or stamps to Needlework Bureau, Charlottetown Guardian.

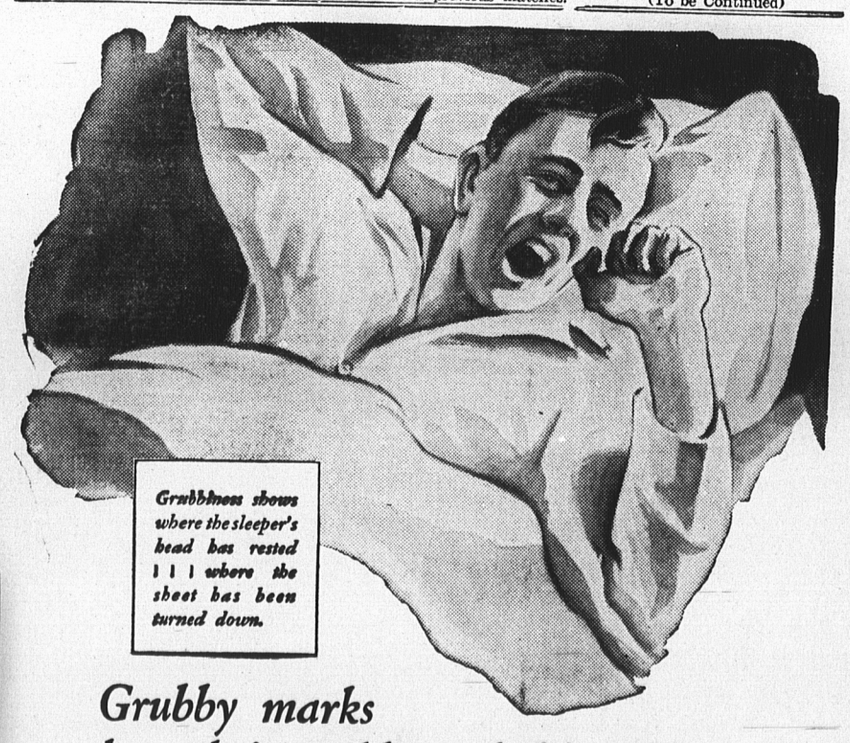
To Charlottetown Guardian
Needlework Department

Design No. 1088

NAME

STREET ADDRESS PROVINCE

CITY



Grubbiness shown where the sleeper's head has rested ! ! ! where the sheet has been turned down.

Grubby marks lose their stubborn hold with

Sunlight's "EXTRA-SOAPINESS"

ANY soap—bar, powder or flakes—will remove the "all-over" dirt from clothes. But almost everything you wash has certain extra dirty parts which require special treatment to get them really clean. Where sheets have been folded down, where heads have rested on pillow-cases, the collars and cuffs of shirts, smocks and children's clothes—these parts call for Sunlight's "extra soapiness"

Sunlight has a wonderful "extra soapiness" which enables you to get right at the extra dirty parts. Apply it lightly—just a touch of Sunlight and you leave a film of soap right on the dirt. And because it is Sunlight Soap you're using, this thin, soapy film is enough to loosen the last speck of stubborn grime, and the rich Sunlight lather carries it away. That is the Sunlight method of washing—an amazingly effective and safe way of getting clothes spotlessly clean.

You'll find this "extra soapiness" a wonderful help in household cleaning, too. It gets everything spotless in no time. And Sunlight is so pure, it's absolutely safe for hands—keeps them soft and white.

You can't do without

SUNLIGHT SOAP

A LEVER PRODUCT