

Woman's Realm -:- Social and Personal -:- Fashions -:- Literature

The HOUSEWIFE and HER ACTIVITIES

BEDTIME REFLECTIONS

By HELEN SANGSTER
A dog is man's (and woman's) faithful friend. He will cleave to you till his short days end.

DISCOLORED NECK

Use a lemon cleansing cream night and morning. Work it thoroughly into the skin especially beneath the chin, and wipe off with tissue.

CLEANING WOODWORK

Mix 1 cup of vinegar, 1 cup of kerosene, and 2 cups of warm water. This is excellent for washing enamelled or painted woodwork or furniture.

CARE OF BOOKS

Books will be kept in better condition if a little powdered camphor is sprinkled over the shelves occasionally.

WASHING CUT GLASS

An excellent wash for cut glass is spirits of ammonia in hot water. Then polish with a chamol.

QUICKER DRYING

Stockings and socks will dry much more quickly if after washing, rinsing and wringing, you run

THE KING AND THE ARMY.

The following announcements were made in a recent London Gazette: The King has been pleased to assume the Colonel-in-Chief of the undimentioned Regiments and Corps.

LINSEED TEA

1 oz. whole linseed, 1-2 oz. liquorice, 1 strip lemon rind, 1 pint water, 1-2 oz. sugar candy, juice of 1-2 lemons.

A Morning Smile

BE EXPLICIT
Some noisy relatives were visiting a couple, and happened to mention their dog, a big mongrel.

GOOD OPERATOR

A man bought a parrot and took it to teach him to talk. Going over to the bird, he repeated for several minutes the words, "Hello, hello."

ON RAINY DAYS

The wise mother will put a newspaper down on her vestibule floor on the rainy school days. Then when the youngsters come home they have a place for their rubbers and umbrellas without causing mother to wipe up the tiles after them.

IN THE APARTMENT KITCHEN

A shelf on hinges is a splendid thing to have underneath the dumbwaiter. It can be taken off the wall and left on the shelf until time is found to put them away.

HELD WHILE DRYING

If the broken piece of china you are trying to mend with china cement is difficult to tie while the cement is drying, try holding it together with narrow strips of adhesive tape.

"WHEN A FELDER NEEDS A TREND"

Poland's blue-uniformed policemen are making a big hit with children, so much so that many a youngster yell, "Police!" instead of "Mamma!" when he needs a friend.

CARE OF BOOKS

Books will be kept in better condition if a little powdered camphor is sprinkled over the shelves occasionally.

WASHING CUT GLASS

An excellent wash for cut glass is spirits of ammonia in hot water. Then polish with a chamol.

QUICKER DRYING

Stockings and socks will dry much more quickly if after washing, rinsing and wringing, you run

How to Please Your Wife? Dorothy Dix Husband Asks For Advice

Women Want so Many Contradictory Qualities in Men That the Poor Creatures are at Their Wits' Ends in Seeking to Keep Peace and Happiness at Home

An exasperated married man writes me as follows: "You are always writing to women about how to please their husbands. Why don't you give us poor husbands a few tips about how to please our wives, and keep their fur rubbed the right way?"



"But does that happen? Take another guess at it. Wife bewoans herself because she is married to a sort of creature who thinks of nothing but business, who neglects her for the store or office or job."

"But if she marries a playboy, who can dance like a gigo'o and who knows all the headwaiters by their first names but doesn't know how to get mighty tired of him and wishes that she had a reliable old bill-payer when the first of the month rolls around and the collectors begin hammering on the door."

"So there we poor husbands are, between the devil and the deep blue sea. We don't know whether to spend our time working for our wives to keep them soft and easy, or whether we had better put it in their hands and telling them how beautiful and wonderful they are."

"Goodness knows, the husband who puts on his hat after dinner and goes down to his club, or for a session at poker with his old cronies, never hears the last of it, and his wife bedews him with her tears as she reproaches him for neglecting her, and tells him that she never left her happy home and gave up all the good chances that she could have married to be treated like this."

"Every man in the world would like to be the head of his own house, and every bridegroom starts out with the firm conviction that he is going to be it. But by the time the honeymoon is set he is wiping his feet on the doormat, just as his father and his grandfather have done. How it happens, no man knows. It is just one of those things."

"Maybe it is because he is too tired when he comes home at night to fight for his rights; maybe it is for peace and to save nagging; maybe it is because he is scared of the little two bits worth of humanity to whom he is married that makes a man give in and let the wife monopolize the home, manage the children, eat what she likes and live where she prefers. But he just does it, while wife complains that he has no interest in his home and puts all the burden of rearing the children on her shoulders."

"Every husband would like to retain his wife's affection and be a little tin god to her, but he doesn't know how to treat her in order to get these results. If he doesn't curb her extravagance, she ruins him. If he does, she is likely to call him a tightwad."

"If he lets her heckpeck him, she despises him. If he talks back to her, she accuses him of mental cruelty and drags him to the divorce court. If he is meek, she walks all over him. And if he stands up for his rights she fights him. Yet she is just as likely to adore the brute who beats her and kiss the hand of the man who makes her support here."

"It is because women want such contradictory qualities in husbands that keeps us husbands wondering, and any one who can tell us how to please 'em will confer a blessing on a long-suffering and oppressed class."

DOROTHY DIX

Today's Short Wave Radio Program

(All time is Eastern Standard) MONDAY, MARCH 30 Tokyo

4 p. m.—The famous Temple of Esawanna, the Goddess of Mercy, in Asakusa Park (Descriptive) J.V.M., Nazaki, 27.9 m., 10.74 me.

Moscow 4 p. m.—"Aristocrats", radio play about GPU by Pogodin/RNE, 50 m., 6 meg.

Berlin 5 p. m.—John Jacob Astor — A German-American pioneer. DJC, 49.8 m., 6.02 meg.

London 6 p. m.—"All Pares, Please!" A medley of London's red buses GSD, 25.5 m., 11.75 meg., GSC, 31.3 m., 9.58 meg., or GSA, 49.5 m., 6.05 meg.

Rome 6 p. m.—News Bulletin in English. Opera from the Royal Opera House in Rome. Talk by Comm. Gianni Caproni on "An eagle's Nest." Diablufo, 21.0, 31.1 m.

Washington 6.15 p. m.—U. S. Army Band. W8XK, Pittsburgh, 19.7 m., 15.21 meg.

Boston 8.15 p. m.—Radio Engineers' Forum: "Radio Past, Present and Future." Zen Bouck, 49.6 m., 6.04 meg.

Toronto 9 p. m.—"Forgotten Footsteps"—Dramatization called "Byzantium of China." CFCX, Toronto, 49.3 m., 6.09 meg., CJRO, Winnipeg, 48.8 m., 6.15 meg., and CJRX, Winnipeg, 25.6 m., 11.72 meg.

Paris 9.30 p. m.—Fantasies and varieties. FYA, 19.6 m., 15.24 r

MY LADY MELODY

By ARTHUR HARDY
Author of "The Merry Masquerade", "Love Song", etc., etc.

AN URGENT SUMMONS.

Sheila returned to her room at the top of the house, still pondering over the fateful decision she was so soon to make.

"Once she had given her word she would never withdraw; it she knew, Oh, if one she felt sure."

"It was not that she doubted Howard. She was troubled about herself. Practice became a farce, and after a wasted hour she closed her mind to brooding thoughts and bathed."

"The hot water and sweet perfume raised her spirits and she began to hum a tune as she donned the evening dress Howard liked the best."

It was of a soft faded lavender. Quite simple and of lovely lines. She combed out her dark hair and touched her lips lightly with carmine. As she turned her head this way and that, viewing it in a mirror she disapproved of the way she wore her hair, but then she was without vanity and had never given much thought to it.

She would take care to make the best of herself after she was married to Howard.

She was thinking of going downstairs, it wanting half-an-hour to dinner time, when the telephone bell in her studio rang. The call had been put through from downstairs, and she had left the door of the sound-proof studio half open in case Howard should call her up.

To her surprise it was not Howard whose voice made the diaphragm of the receiver vibrate.

"Hello! That seven Pleasant Place?—I want Max Huntley—It's Clayton speaking!"

"Yes," Sheila's heart began to race. "What is it, Jack? You're a nice agent. I haven't heard from you for a long time. I thought you must be dead."

"I know, dear." All his lady clients were "dear" to John Clayton, musical agent of Great Marlborough Street. "There bin a famine—see? A few little things goin', you know, but nothin' of your size. But I want you tonight. It's urgent."

"I'm afraid it's out of the question, I'm not free."

"Now listen," the agent's voice became more agitated. "Simmons has been taken to a nursing home and is to be operated on for appendicitis. The Studio Orchestra is down to give a big broadcast tonight and they've tried everywhere to find another leader, but failed. Five minutes ago they rang me up. They'd have done it before if they'd had any sense, for I'm the best musical agent in the business, ain't I? And I told 'em I could get you. Cut your engagement get into a taxi and bring the old musical box along to Broad Street. Cause at once, you've just time for a rough rehearsal—if any. Max Maurice was frantic, for he has never in his life disappointed the public, and when I told him about you he very nearly kissed me over the telephone wire. It's a chance, Max never forget a good turn. You can't do it on your own. Overture William Tell, Number one suite Peer Gynt, Dream Pantomime Hansel and Gretel, Marche Joyeuse by Chabrier, and that scherzo 'The Sorcerer's Apprentice' by Dukas were discussed 'last' time we met. You can't do it."

"Without a rehearsal?" Sheila could scarcely speak for excitement.

"You don't want to rehearsal. Take the music along in the taxi, and a pocket torch to see by. Think it as you run. Remember, a taxi like this may make you. Max is waitin' to ear. I told him to let me tackle you. Now—it may mean your career—will you do it?"

Her career. Just when she was despairing and about to quit the words came to her, as it were, out of the blue. Her career. But what of Howard, who was coming tonight for her answer?

She caught her breath. Her brain whirled. Her heart began to pound. Now that this call had come she realised that she could not have gone on with her marriage with Howard even if she had said yes. Something would have happened to make her break her engagement; she felt sure of that.

"Jack, ring up Max. Where is he? At Broadcasting House? Tell him I'm on my way. I believe I can manage it. I'll be leaving the house in five minutes."

"Thank you, Jack." "The pleasurer's mine, lady." The agent's voice sounded quite elated.

Sheila hastened back to her bedroom and donned a wrap. She snatched up a pair of gloves, went

back into the studio and picked up her violin case. With nimble fingers she selected the music she needed and within two minutes was hurrying downstairs.

In her father's study she put through a call for a taxi and while she was awaiting its arrival she hastily scribbled an apology to Howard.

"Howard dearest,—I cannot stay to dinner or wait in to meet you to-night. So sorry Jack Clayton the agent, rang me up. I am playing with the Max Maurice Studio Orchestra—LEADER. You must be a dear and wait patiently, for I cannot give you the answer you want to-night. Thank you for the lovely rose.—Sheila."

She sealed the envelope and laid it down on the hall table. Her mother on both cheeks, fondly. "Don't take it to heart," she whispered. "I am not ready to marry Howard, yet. Tell dad to make him feel at home to-night. I expect I shall be back late. Wish me luck, darling." The mother's eyes were shining.

Sheila's father came out of the drawing room hands in the pockets of his dinner jacket. A robust and handsome man.

"You had better have a bite before you go, my girl," he boomed. "I haven't time, father. I can get ahead at the restaurant, at Broadcasting House. Can't stay any longer."

Maria, the parlourmaid, opened the front door and Sheila sped through it and down the flight of broad shallow steps her eyes bright with excitement.

She showed her mother, who had looked at both coming along in the cab. Let us take 'The Sorcerer's Apprentice,' if you want to make sure of what I can do. She sat aside her wrap and preceded her violin. Quickly she tuned the strings. A few controlled turns of the bow and she was seated in her place and ready, the music already set on its stand before her.



KEEP YOUR EYES CLEAR AND ALIVE WITH MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

had ever had, she knew, and she did not intend to fail.

The door of the rehearsal theatre moved open silently to admit her, and as she stepped in again.

All eyes were turned in her direction as she hurried forward her wrap thrown a little open, the music tucked under her arm.

Max Maurice gave her a searching glance, and was instantly reassured. He might have been coming to play for her, instead of she for him, she looked so confident.

A man of forty, broad-shouldered, short necked and fat, with double chin, a mass of hair, worn too long. Kindly eyes and fat capable hands. His clothes were angular, his patent boot expensive.

"I am glad you have come, Miss Huntley," he said, pressing her fingers gently. "We have very little time. You know William Tell and Peer Gynt—but the others, the Dukas scherzo and the Marche Joyeuse of Chabrier—if you will run through those—"

She showed him her music.

"I have looked at both coming along in the cab. Let us take 'The Sorcerer's Apprentice,' if you want to make sure of what I can do."

She sat aside her wrap and preceded her violin. Quickly she tuned the strings. A few controlled turns of the bow and she was seated in her place and ready, the music already set on its stand before her.

Max Maurice watched her critically, though she was unaware of his searching eye. A tap-tap on the side of the music stand in front of him, a raising of his ivory baton, and the orchestra sat tense, waiting.

He did not conduct with his hands. He was not a showman. The members of his orchestra were all well-known as musicians and he himself had an international reputation. Only a certain laziness of disposition had prevented him from attaining the highest flight.

A flourish of the baton and the band began to play.

With straining ears the conductor listened to the playing of his new leader, the only woman who had ever figured in his orchestra, for he much preferred to deal with men. His keen eyes followed the even sweep of the moving bow, and presently his parted lips showed white teeth in a smile of appreciation as he realised how perfectly this girl of twenty backed him up and held the rest together.

He had not even reached the heart of the composition when he lowered his baton and the music ceased.

"Perhaps, Mademoiselle," he said with a honeyed smile, "you would oblige me by playing just a little of the Marche of Chabrier?"

The music was changed and the fresh piece began. They did not get very far. Max Maurice rapped his music stand and called a halt.

"Stop," he said with an air of complete satisfaction. "That will do, Miss Huntley. I am more than obliged to you, Jack Clayton has served me well. We start the broadcast at 8.45. We begin with the overture. Be sure that you are in your place in good time. But you are used to broadcasting. I understand. You know the ropes."

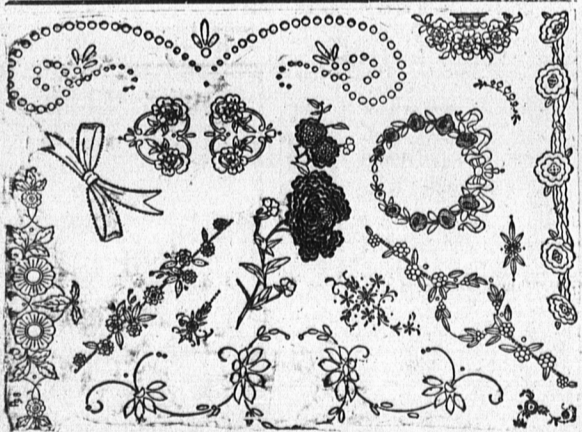
As the orchestra dispersed to smoke, he came to her and again he took her hand in his fat fingers, while he studied her critically.

"You have a gift," he said charmingly. "You could play the violin without having been taught at all. There are few so blessed. And, do you know, you are very pretty—er—what is your first name? Oh yes, of course Sheila."

He looked into her eyes, a little amused, a little wistful.

(To Be Continued)

Daintiest of Designs in the Guardian Wonder Package



Almost any kind of a stitch you ever heard of may be used for the designs in the accompanying illustrations—eyelet, embroidery, satin stitch, button holding, etc.

This is just one more half sheet from the Guardian Wonder Package, but of course very much smaller, for as you know, the sheets each measure 24 by 36 inches and there are twelve in all with over 800 designs.

The spray running diagonally below the graceful bow knot will be ideal for the end of a towel. The bow knot is just the thing for the top of a pillow or towel. This may be etched in colored floss, the edges being finished with French knots to represent a loop finish.

In the upper left is a very attractive design for eyelet embroidery. For one who has the patience for this type of work a pair of pillow cases or towels could be easily and quickly made.

Just imagine the spray of shaggy roses in the center of illustration, shaded from a dark center to a delicate edge in tints of rose, using only one or two strands.

Most of these designs are very appropriate for pillow cases, dresser scarfs and towels, and if you would like to have a scalloped edge you will find some very attractive one elsewhere in the Wonder Package.

There is little to worry about in the transferring to these designs for all that is necessary is to soak the back of the pattern with a little water and then rub lightly with a spoon.

Necessity in Home Because each pattern may be transferred 10 or 12 times, you will find that there are several thousand designs in each package, although there are only said to be "over 800 hundred different ones."

It is impossible to understand how anyone who wishes her home or clothes to look in the best taste could get along without one of these Wonder Packages, for they are so inexpensive and give such good service that they soon pay for themselves in the way in which they solve the problems of decorating and sewing in the home.

If you would like to have this Wonder Package mailed to you the price is 56 cents, but if you prefer to call for it the price is only 44 cents. It may be called for at the Guardian office.

POPULAR FABRIC

Silk crepons are the most frequently mentioned fabrics for dresses in both plain and print this spring.

DARK TOPS

The darker top to the lighter skirt still prevails. People used to say it looked too heavy—it doesn't, except on people who would be top heavy, anyhow.

FOR STUFFING

To make sage and onion stuffing, or when using onions with breadcrumbs, always parboil the onions first, and then cut them up. This will make them more digestible and ensure that they are thoroughly cooked.

MISERABLE? WEAK?

No need for girls or women to suffer from periodic pains, headache or indigestion. Many find that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a very beneficial tonic.

This is what Mrs. Lillian Bate-ache of Ontario, said: "I felt so good and run down before I used Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. I had to force myself to eat, and my stomach would become upset so often. But this tonic put an end to these complaints for after I used it I felt just as good as could be."

Buy your druggist now! New size, tab-lets 50 cts. Large size, tabs. or liquid, \$1.35. Write to Dr. Pierce's Clinic, Buffalo, N. Y., for free medical advice.

THE CHARLOTTETOWN GUARDIAN

Enclosed please find 56c for which I wish you would send me the Guardian Wonder Package of over 800 transfer patterns.

Name _____ Address _____

Street Address _____ City _____ State _____

1708