

Woman's Realm Social and Personal Fashions Literature

FREEDOM FOR TWO

By MARGARET WATSON

It wasn't true. I'd still like to see you but I can't yet. You're going, then? To the island? Of course I'm going.

Are you orders from Jameson? I can't tell you anything more. She turned her face to him suddenly and he saw her eyes blazing with a withering cold anger.

Are you orders from Jameson? Martin drew a long breath. Very well, then, if you must know. No, they're not. Jameson knows nothing about it. It has nothing to do with Jameson. It's my pigskin.

Then you could tell me. But I can't tell you anything more. Erna dropped the subject with the suddenness of a blow. She did not mention it again for several days.

When he had almost reached the door she said with a bird-like instinct to frighten and hurt, and grasping at the first weapon which offered: I may not be here when you come back.

And Martin laughed. For a moment she did seriously hate him for that. He was so empty optimistic, so sure that he could afford to laugh at what she said.

When he had almost reached the door she said with a bird-like instinct to frighten and hurt, and grasping at the first weapon which offered: I may not be here when you come back.

Erna sat there for a full half-hour tormenting herself about her own reasonless disappointment in him as about his mission. Then her loneliness became overwhelming. She could no longer bear to sit there by herself in the hotel.

She died at a little restaurant on the edge of the gardens of Norrmalm. It was warm and she had a table in the garden, where lights hung in trees, and music came and went fitfully between the wafts of wind, as if from no human agency.

Afterwards she went down towards the harbour. She did not in the least know why her aimless wanderings should lead her that way, unless because Martin had always turned his head in that direction by instinct, like a horse headed for home.

she heard footsteps approaching at a leisurely walk from the way by which she had come; but when a hand touched her arm lightly, she started out of her reverie, and swung round.

Jon! He came and leaned upon the wall beside her. She saw his face in the half-light pensive and serene. So it is you. Without the attendant husband, I hardly recognized you. Whatever are you doing here all alone at this hour?

On just absorbing the local colour, she said rather wearily. It's too lovely to go indoors yet. So you're taking a last stroll—just as I am. I don't know what you're doing here, but for me this place has no glamour except by night.

He turned his head suddenly and met her eyes with a curious level glance, and smiled. Martin did not ill. I hope? I suppose not, he never is. But it's so odd to see you without him.

Oh, no, it's business. At least, he called it that; but it must be rather a strange kind, for he's gone away for two or three days, and won't tell me why.

It's strange, said Jon, in a soft bantering tone which he could use at will whenever she seemed in danger of losing her poise, to conduct one's business in the evenings. I suppose it is business. I can't think he's found a mountain to climb even here in the middle of Stockholm. But perhaps he's swimming in the harbour.

Erna laughed. No, only crossing it in a boat. This certainly does sound a strange kind of business. Though believe me the business of a man like Martin are often strange.

That one is, I'd arranged to go to Upsala this afternoon, and come back late; and then a perfect stranger stopped him in the street, and stood talking to him for a few minutes in German, and from that moment his plans were changed. He's gone off to one of the islands in great excitement and I'm just lamenting.

Jon laughed, a soft, rich sound, as impersonal as the sea. Oh, I wouldn't lament if I were you. Now you can, at least stand here and look at the lights of the harbour in comparative safety. No one will rush up and tell you that he's second mate on the old Captain Macheath of Cardiff, or passenger in the flying Dutchman, or her record breaking flight from the Cape to London in the year you were President. You can walk the streets of Stockholm and be free alike of reconnaissance and celebrity. What do you say?

All Erna said was: I must be going, I suppose. But she stood there for one more long minute before she moved; for the sea and the night were beautiful, and the company of Jon, even though he knew and cared little about her, comforting. They stood close to the wall, and looked across the waves. As far as they could see there were islands, and the sparkle of light from the windows of their great houses, fell down upon the waves in little broken crescents of gold.

Nearer, the tall masts of a few Baltic ships speared the air, and the many steamers lay compactly black. There was life on board them; but from the shore they were ghost ships upon an enchanted sea. Beautiful, isn't it? said Erna. There was no answer, but she looked for none. She lifted her throat to the soft wind, and drew

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a deep breath. Jon had moved nearer. His hand had touched her arm below the elbow, was circling it with a curiously firm clasp.

Without paying much attention she tried to free it, but it was held fast. Then she turned with a little cry of protest.

She saw his face close to her, beautiful, purposeful, and passionate; and then his arms closed around her, and she was lifted against him like a child and kissed. Nothing had ever been like that in her life, nothing. She could have believed that she dreamed, but for the struggle to breathe in his tight hold. She had been a fool, what a fool! Nursing a tender child of a love, as she thought, that monster all along, while it wore a gently smiling face and talked of the three stars in the dagger of Orion, and bided its time.

She gasped; Jon Pleasat and braced her arms against him, and tried to push him away. He did not even have to exert himself to hold her; she could feel his arms smooth and easy as a garment, but she could not break their clasp. Why should I? He asked, in a very soft voice. I've waited a long time. Erna, and now you are quite alone at last. There's no Martin now to interfere between us.

Unless you want me to hate you, she said even though she knew she was being unkind. Forgive me, I'm forgetting you with some dignity. Martin's better than I am.

How much do you know about him? How long have you known him? Long enough to trust him. After to-night I hope you and he will never meet again; it might be unfortunate. (To be continued)

A Morning Smile

THE ETERNAL YOUNGSTER Timothy, aged 9, inquisitive to know what cows had done that were so impressed when the farmer told him that they had a lot of goldfish in winter, but were turned to pasture in the summer. On his way back to his home in the town, Timothy listened to his little friends telling him about a man he had seen eating nails.

NO MORE Mr. and Mrs. Abraham were walking home from the birthday party of their little nephew. "Abey," protested Mrs. Abraham, "you do your mean by being generous all at once. You spent five shillings on this gigawatt puzzle you gave as a present to young Isaac, and then you told the boy that as soon as he had got the puzzle fixed up right he must show it to you, and you'd buy him another one!"

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"CAP" STUBBS AND TIPPIE

Dorothy Dix

If More Families Owned Their Homes There Would be Less Cause for Divorce and Children Would Learn the Responsibilities of Life

An astute observer asserts that one of the things that is going to militate against the success of the President's grandiose housing project is the impotence of modern marriage. Nowadays virtually every marriage license has a divorce coupon attached, and newlyweds who do not know how soon they are going to use their return ticket are not sold on the idea of scrimping and saving to put money into a home that they may wreck before they ever get it paid for.

In the good old times when marriage was an until-death-do-us-part contract, the holy estate and real estate were synonymous. Then the dream of every bride and groom was to own their own little vine-wreathed cottage in which they expected to settle down for the remainder of their lives, rearing their children, moving their own laws and meeting their monthly instalments due the building and loan association.

But, alas, that ideal of conjugal bliss has been scrapped along with other quaint old customs of yesteryear. Here is one school of thought: Owning your own home is no longer regarded as the badge of respectability. It is the mark of the sucker, going in debt for something that you may not want next year. Besides, it ties you down.

Also, in case of divorce, for you never can tell when you are going to lose your taste for your husband or wife, owning a home is a hindrance. It is so much easier to part if all one has to do is to throw a few belongings in a suitcase and leave the key to the flat at the office. It is a million times less trouble than if there is a house for which both have sinned and sacrificed, and the Duncan Phyfe furniture that Aunt Jane left them in her will. Many a woman has stuck to an uncongenial husband instead of going back to mother because she couldn't bear to leave the kitchen that she had just had done over in green enamel.

As to the economic side of the question, there is the school of thought: Those who favor it say that for a young couple to buy a home is to incur a debt that it is easier to save for, for they will decay themselves many indulgences rather than lose what they have put in their savings. Likewise they have a tangible asset. They can see where they are going back to mother because she couldn't bear to leave the kitchen that she had just had done over in green enamel.

Best of all, it gives to children the inestimable advantage of being brought up in a permanent home. A child who spends his life from the an undertaker's parlour to a maternity hospital to the day it is buried from one ever staying in one long enough to remember the name of the street where any real love of home or any sentiment about it or feel that it is where else. It never has a chance to get down its roots into the soil and get that feeling about home which is one of the most beneficent influences in life.

And so I am all for homes, no matter what they cost. Maybe if there were more young people working together for their homes there would be fewer of them parting. DOROTHY DIX.

THE COOK'S CORNER

A MAN'S BEEF STEW 2 lb. lean beef 2 onions 2 carrots 4 medium sized potatoes 1 cup canned tomatoes 1 teaspoon spicy meat sauce Salt pepper Method: Buy lean beef for this; a piece of the shoulder or chuck or rump, and have it cut into nice even cubes about 1 inch square. Roll these well in flour and then brown them until they are a rich golden color in plenty of hot, melted drippings... or beef suet... or butter, or shortening. Peel and slice the onions and scrape the carrots and dice these. Put them in with the meat and season well with salt, pepper and meat sauce. Add the tomatoes and water to cover and then put a tight fitting lid on the kettle, which should be a heavy one. Lower the heat so that the meat just simmers. Cook it like this for at least 2 hours or until the meat is so tender

DUMPLINGS 2 cups flour 3 teaspoons baking powder 1/2 teaspoon salt 1/2 cup milk Method: Sift the flour, baking powder and salt. You notice that there is no shortening. I think dumplings are lighter without it. Add the milk and stir until the ingredients are well mixed and there are no lumps. The mixture should be just drop enough to drop from the end of a spoon, so if you need a little more milk, add it now.

Take the cover off the pan, be sure the liquid is boiling and drop the dumplings quickly in spoonful onto the meat and vegetables. Right from the meat so they won't sink down into the gravy, then replace the cover and cook steadily for 15 minutes. Don't even peek during that time, and you'll be sure of dumplings light as a cloud and tender as butter. Sounds easy, doesn't it? And it is just as easy as it sounds and just as fall proof. I like to keep dragging the dutch cover into the conversation, but really it is what you need for this kind of cooking, not only because it is so heavy itself, but because it has such a heavy, tight fitting cover.

Today's Short Wave Radio Program

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 4 TOKYO 4:45 p.m.—A Talk on Japanese Industry. JZJ, 25.4 m., 11.80 meg. JZL, 31.4 m., 9.53 meg. BERLIN 6:15 p.m.—"Steel and Success," a play. DJD, 25.4 m., 11.77 meg. SCHENECTADY 6:35 p.m.—Spanish Home Program. WXXAL, 19.5 m., 15.33 meg.; WXXAF, 31.4 m., 9.53 meg. MOSCOW 7:00 p.m.—News and Program for English Listeners. RAN, 31 m., 9.6 meg. ROME 7:30 p.m.—Guest Night; Amy Bernard's "Rome's Midnight Voice." 2RO, 31.1 m., 9.63 meg.; IRF, 30.5 m., 9.83 meg. BOSTON 7:45 p.m.—Pathways to Peace. WIXAL, 49.6 m., 6.04 meg. LONDON 8:00 p.m.—Fencing and Duelling through the Centuries. GSC, 31.3 m., 9.58 meg.; GSB, 31.5 m., 9.51 meg.; GSL, 49.1 m., 6.11 meg. BOSTON 9:00 p.m.—Broadcast for Latin American (in Spanish). Under the auspices of the Pan American Union. WIXAL, 25.4 m., 11.79 meg. CARACAS 9:15 p.m.—Popular Music. YV-5RC, 51.7 m., 5.58 meg. LONDON 10:45 p.m.—"How Table Mountain Got its Crown," a legend of South Africa. GSB, 31.5 m., 9.58 meg.; GSC, 31.3 m., 9.58 meg.; GSB, 31.5 m., 9.51 meg.; GSL, 49.1 m., 6.11 meg. PITTSBURGH 11:30 p.m.—DX Club. P8XK, 48.8 m., 6.14 meg. PARIS 11:45 p.m.—Musical Recordings. TPA-4, 25.6 m., 11.72 meg. SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA 1:15 a.m.—Talk on Australia. VKCME, 31.28 m., 9.59 meg.

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Home Service

Editor Gives Tips on Writing Good Stories

FASHION GUIDES FOR THE HOME DRESSMAKER

Here are two of the cutest pajamas you ever saw... made with a single pattern. The one tailored like brother's... the other very feminine size. Tuffed finished square neck and brief puffed sleeves. The trousers are cut with plenty of fullness for comfort... with elastic casing at the top. Percale and broadcloth print pajamas are smart as can be for the tailored shirt collared pajamas. For the more feminine pajamas... soft chills prints and crinkle crepe cottons are simply adorable... can be and launder almost as easily as a handkerchief. Flowered flannel is the lowly material for warmth. Mummy will want to make several of each style... easy as A, B, C, to sew and cost so little.

Style No. 3387 is designed for sizes 8, 10, 12, 14 and 16 years. Size 8 requires 2 1/2 yards of 39-inch material with 1-2 yard of 39-inch contrasting. Embroidered pattern No. E-11171 provides for 22 names in assorted sizes and cost 15 cents extra. Teen cents (15c) in stamps or coin (coin preferred) wraps color carefully, address to Charlottetown Guardian giving:—

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LONDON — White City Stadium this summer will be the stage for a big athletics program. The Oxford-Cambridge vs Princeton-Cornell meet, July 23, is one of the highlights of the series of events.

The Housewife And Her Activities

A BRAVE MAN The brave man is not he who feels no fear. For that were stupid and irrational. But he whose noble soul its fear subdues. And bravely dares the danger nature shrinks from. —Joanna Bailey.

ADVICE If there are few who have the humility to receive advice as they ought, it is often because there are few who have the discretion to convey it in a proper vehicle, and to qualify the harshness and bitterness of reproof by an artful mixture of sweetening ingredients. —Sead.

BLESSINGS Every man has some present blessing, but nearly all men dwell on some past blunder, and with this mud in their minds, they look over into the future for more trouble. —V. A.

Be Careful About Children's Colds

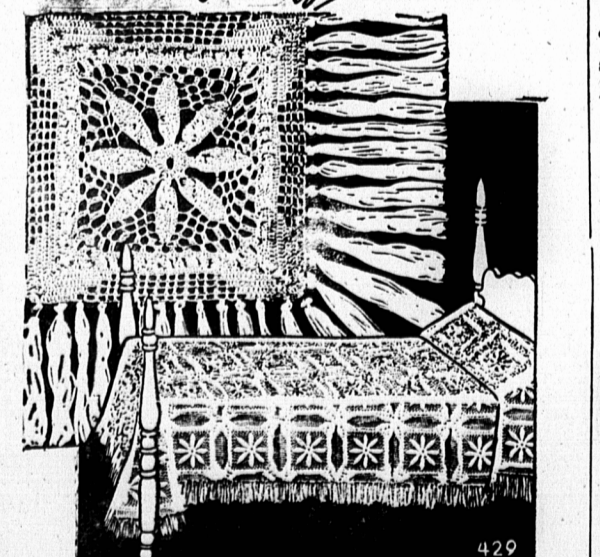
TREAT THEM PROVED WAY More mothers use VapoRub than any other medication of its kind—they have proved it by use in their own homes. It was first used by the world's largest cough-cure manufacturer, Dr. J. C. Ayer, in 1846. It is a just massage VapoRub on throat, chest, and back at bedtime. Almost at once, its poultice-and-vapor action helps to loosen phlegm, relieve irritation and coughing, help break local congestion. Or, by morning the worst of the cold is over. VICKS VAPORUB

STRAIN ON YOUR EYES

Eyes used for close work—particularly if lighting is not correct—are subject to a greater than normal strain. This brings the patient discomfort if there is present any appreciable refractive error and shows itself in headaches, sore eyes, etc. A person who has the way of knowing the degree of strain on the eyes until they are examined. G. F. Hutcheson 53, Grafton St.

PETAL POPCORN SPREAD

By Mayfair



MAYFAIR DESIGN NO. 429 A petal design has been combined with the sturdy popcorn stitch to make this attractive cord bedspread. It will instantly recognize to be both handsome and very practical. Work one or two squares and you will have memorized the pattern it is so simple. The squares, or medallions are joined together and the fringe added to complete this smart bedroom accessory that will be the envy of your friends and a joy to use for many years. Crocheting bedspreads is a fashionable vogue. You can crochet one square each day and in no time at all a charming spread is your reward. The pattern includes easy to follow crochet instructions and assembling charts for all of these designs. Sent 20 cents in stamps or coin (coin preferred) to The Charlottetown Guardian Needlework Department. Use this coupon Print your name and address plainly. To The Charlottetown Guardian Needlework Dept. DESIGN NO. 429 Name..... Street Address..... City..... Province.....

Comic strip with dialogue: NAW—I DON'T WANNA PLAY A GAME — HERE'S A NICE BOOK, CAPPY — WELL, WE'VE SEVERAL NEW MAGAZINES — NAW—I DON'T WANNA READ — WELL, I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH HIM — MY LAND! HIS COLD'S LOTS BETTER TODAY, MARY!