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

THE HANDSOME MAN

by MARGARET TURNBULL

Illustrations by IRWIN MYERS

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"Know him?" Judge Arlett asked it of the man on the bed but his glance included Roberta. Though very stout and resembling more than anything else one of the funny "tumble" toys invented for children, the judge managed to give a pleasing impression and was a thoroughly friendly soul.

"Yes," said Sir George quickly, "only too well."

"H'mm," Judge Arlett took in Jack, the constables, Sir George and again Roberta. "Seems his tale is that he was helping himself because the lady told him to get a car, somehow, anyhow, to take you to the hospital."

Sir George looked from Roberta to Jack. His mind cleared suddenly He had the girl to look after. This fellow might have, probably had, some blackmailing scheme up his sleeve. "Gentlemen," he said slowly, "would you mind guarding the door, while I ask your prisoner a question or two? If he doesn't answer them satisfactorily I'll hand him back to you with a much more serious charge to answer than trying to steal a car."

The two constables digested the request and the English accent before they glanced at Judge Arlett.

"Seems reasonable," he remarked.

The two officers of the law, the doctor and the judge slowly left the room. Roberta stood silently between Jack and the window.

"Well?"

Sir George looked up at Jack from the pillow. He beckoned with a bandaged hand and winced with the pain the movement gave him. "Come over to the foot of the bed where I can see you."

Jack with a look at Roberta, did so.

"Now, listen to me, for I can't be bothered repeating myself. I know who you are and what you are. It depends on how you conduct yourself in this interview, how much I tell Miss MacBeth—and the others."

Jack said something under his breath which finally became articulate as "Go as far as you like."

"I will. First, hand over the marriage license."

"What?"

Both Roberta and Jack were startled. Jack looked at the girl with an angry scowl.

"I mean what I say. I'm not bluffing. I know Jack acquired one last week."

Roberta gasped.

"What do you think you can do with it?" Jack sneered.

"Destroy it. Hand it over, because it isn't going to be used. Is it Roberta?"

"No" said Roberta shamefacedly.

"Come, be quick," Sir George demanded. He felt rather rocky.

Roberta took a step nearer him. She looked down on the white bandaged face. "You ought not to talk so much."

"Roberta, were you going to marry this fellow?."

Roberta looked at him with a wide stare. Had she really been going to do that? It seemed impossible. It seemed years ago that she had thought she hated this man and loved Jack. She looked across the bed at Jack. How stupid she had been. How silly! Why the man was common! Somehow she could not meet Sir George's eyes.

"I suppose I did mean to at one time," she admitted. "I was so determined to do something desperate—to get away from everything and everybody, but I won't do it now."

"Good girl!" And then Sir George added: "You couldn't anyhow. That's why I came to stop you. He's married already."

"You lie!"

"Oh, no I don't." He said it confidently for Jack's face had been instant confirmation. "I saw her at the dock and I heard it at headquarters. Unless you've murdered her quite recently, she's still your wife."

Roberta was staring at Jack in horror. She had let a thing like this trick her.!

"Roberta's quite through with you" Sir George told him shortly. "And I will be in a few minutes after you have told me how you got hold of the fact that I was taking the payroll money up the river."

Roberta whirled. "Was he—was he in that, too?"

He nodded. He concealed his surprise that she should ask this. How he had misjudged Roberta! "Come," he said to Jack. "I haven't any time to waste. Who told you?"

"She did."

"Oh, no! No!" Roberta's voice rang out violently. "You don't believe him, do you?"

"Not if you say you didn't," Sir George told her promptly, "though I own it did look like that to me at first."

"I never told him!"

Jack laughed.

"You dare to say—I did?"

Jack nodded. "Everything I knew I got it from you, consciously or unconsciously. You told me several things that put me on the track and it needed only a little questioning about roads and cars and banks to get all I wanted out of you."

(To Be Continued)

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By Annabelle Worthington

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The slip, cut on princess lines—a few seams to be joined—finish the neck and hem with lace. The panties have a fitted yoke and circular legs, not too full. The edges are trimmed with narrow lace to match the lace on the slip.

It's very effective in pale pink crepe silk with ecru lace.

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Dorothy Dix

A Fed-up Woman Tells the World — And Dorothy Lets Her Use a Lot of Type

One Unrepressed Young Woman Acts as Talking Delegate—Explains Why Armies of Women Grab First Men Who Mention Marriage and Drag Them to Captivity—It's Because They Tire of Working so Hard at Pleasing Men

"I have f[illegible] out why most women marry the way they do," said a girl the other day. "It is because they are so exhausted by the labor and strain of being a girl that they are desperate, and any man who comes along and offers them a wedding ring looks like the head of a rescue expedition to them, so they just shut their eyes and grab him. They marry to keep from being girls any longer, if you get what I mean. They want to get into a state where they can sit down and relax for a moment and stop smiling and being sweet and cute and let their face muscles straighten out and tell some man what they think of him and his sex.

"For, believe me, this business of being a girl is the most strenuous occupation that anybody ever followed, and it is no wonder that nobody wants a girl baby, and no girl wants to be a girl, and that girls put on pants and try to look as much like boys as they can. They know what they are up against and how out of luck they are, and that's what makes them feel like committing murder when they have to listen to all this happy girlhood and carefree girlhood and rosebud-gardens-of-girls stuff and all that tosh propaganda put out by men who never even tried being girls for a day.

"Why, lookit. Every girl is supposed to be beautiful, isn't she? Oh, of course. She has got to be there with the pulchritude and bathing beauty effects, no matter what nature did to her in the first place. Maybe her Fairy Godmother was a merry jester who handed her out a lumpy figure and a snub nose and milk-and-water eyes and a saleratus-biscuit complexion, but, no matter what her equipment, she has to look like a living picture just simply because she is a girl, or else she is sunk. No dates. No job. No anything.

"No girl turns down a boy who is intelligent and amusing and a good dancer because he isn't as handsome as Ramon Novarro. No employer considers a boy's looks when he goes to hire him. But a homely girl is foreordained to paper the wall when she goes to a dance, and when she applies for a job she gets the fish eye, and some pretty little Dumb Dora, who can't spell c-a-t or add up 2 and 2 without making a mistake, gets the situation.

"Such being the case, and every girl being traditionally bound to be beautiful though ugly, consider the never-ending labor of those of us who are not born Dolores Costellos, and who have to spend our lives starving ourselves to acquire a willowy figure, being scalped to attain wavy hair, who must put in hours and hours a day painting roses and eyebrows where they ought to be on our faces and otherwise try to camouflage our defects. Fierce? You said it.

"As for girlhood being the carefree time of life, take it from one who has tried it, that nothing but a presidential race can compare with it for stress and strain and jealousy and bitterness and agonized waiting. Every party is a nightmare. You don't know whether you are going to be asked, or whether some boy is going to want to take you, whether there will be cut-ins or some poor youth looking like an early Christian martyr will have to drag you about. And if a girl isn't a hit with boys and she has to sit up at home with mamma and papa when all the other girls are out going places and doing things, she goes through an experience as humiliating and heart-breaking and hopeless as ever falls to a human lot.

"Then consider the boredom girls have to endure. They are the only people in the world who have to suffer fools gladly, as the Bible says. For a girl to get the reputation of being difficult and choosey is fatal to her. It makes men afraid of her and scares them off. For men are like sheep. They follow the leader. Where one goes, they all go.

"So in order to find a nice lamb or two a girl has to put up with a whole herd of goats. She has to dance with clumsy boobs who trample her satin slippers to pieces. She has to listen with a rapt expression of delight to egotists who maunder on about themselves. She has to smile on senile grandpas and callow collegians and make every man she comes in contact with think he is giving her the treat of her life by merely permitting her to look at him, or else she will be considered a flop and spend her evenings sucking her thumbs by her own fireside.

"Then there is the technique in dealing with men that she has to develop, which requires as much diplomacy as it does to settle a League of Nations problem. For no two men can be handled just the same way and the poor girl has to lie awake at night trying to figure out whether she had better be old-fashioned and shy and shrinking violety, or modern and frank and do the proposing herself.

"And always the girl has to work under cover, which cramps her style. No matter how hard she is pursuing a man, she has to give him the impression that she is fleeing from him, and, if that doesn't require finesse, I don't know what does.

"Also, girls have to mostly rustle their dates in these days, for the masculine slogan is: 'Let Mary do it.' They have to do the telephoning and think of amusing things to do and work like coal-heavers to keep the men entertained, and that adds a few more tons to the white girls' burden.

"And, worst of all, the modern girl has to strike the happy medium between prudence and prudery. She has to be her own chaperon and be a good sport while still keeping a death grip on the Ten Commandments, and that takes a bit of doing, as the English say.

"It is because being a girl is the most arduous and strenuos business on earth that makes us so anxious to marry. We want to get where we will only have to please one instead of the entire masculine sex."

DOROTHY DIX.

A Morning Smile

Lady to waiter in station restaurant: "Did you say I had twenty minutes to wait, or that it was twenty minutes to eight?"

"Nayther. Oi said ye had twenty minutes to ate, an' that's all you did have—and yer train's jist gone."

Conductor: "Can't you see the sign 'No Smoking'?"

Sailor: "Sure, mate, that's plain enough. But there are so many dippy signs here. One says, 'Wear Nemo Corsets.' So I ain't payin' attention to any of them!"

At a dance a gentleman got up on a chair and announced: "I have lost my pocketbook with $100 in it. To the man who finds it I will give $50." A voice from the rear yelled, "I'll make it $60."

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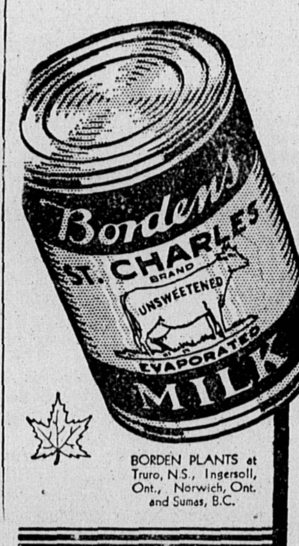

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ST. C. I

Canadian Cookery For Canadian Women

By Mari Moore. Specially contributed to the Guardian for Guardian Readers.

Put Health in the School Lunch Box

"The good old summer time," with its all glorious sunshine and abundance of fresh fruits and vegetables, is waning.

Sir Arbuthnot Lane says the summer was made by an all-wise Creator to give us good health to carry on through the winter.

Physicians' statistics show that they are less busy at this time of car than at others.

Mothers, I want to help you jealously guard that good health your children have developed in the past few months and nurture it as far into the winter as possible.

Nourishing school lunches for your little ones will play no small part in this program.

I have a fond hope that I should not any more than whisper to you, that the kiddies that eat and pack lunches guided by our menus will some day be householders in their own right and that I will not be too old and tottery to still be writing this Page for their cookery guidance.

Some of our readers do not need these school lunch suggestions for I have received valuable lunch box hints that are reprinted here from many of our women readers. Others merely need reminding; but a vast majority frankly admit that they did not know a daily lunch could be the making or breaking of their children's good health.

A lunch box is almost synonymous with sandwiches. Sandwiches are important and convenient, in case

(Continued on Page 6)

For The Cook

ORANGE CAKE

This is a favorite cake of a woman who says "the orange combined with the other fruits gives it a delightful flavor and—the cake keeps beautifully." It requires:

1 cup sugar.
½ cup shortening.
1 egg.
½ cup raisins.
½ cup dates.
Rind of orange.
1 cup sour milk.
1 teaspoon baking soda.
1 teaspoon baking powder.
2 cups flour.

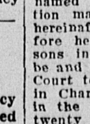
When baked, and while still hot, cover the top with the juice of a good sized orange mixed with ½ cup sugar.

Blueberry-Rhubarb Jam

Recommended as a good way of using up rhubarb that some folks have in the garden, and as a very cheap and wholesome mixture for pies or as a dessert. The proportions are:

1 quart of rhubarb.
1 quart of blueberries.
4 cups sugar.
½ cup water.

Boil hard for 15 minutes, then seal, in jars. Pineapple, raspberry and strawberries are also recommended in combination with rhubarb.



Baby's Colds
Best treated without dosing—Just rub on
VICKS VAPORUB
FOR COLDS OF ALL THE FAMILY

IN BANKRUPTCY

In the matter of the Bankruptcy of Benedict McKinnon, Authorized Assignor.

Sealed Tenders will be received by the undersigned up to noon Thursday, September 15th, 1932, for any of the following parcels which comprises part of the assets of the Bankrupt.

PARCEL NO. 1.

Farm property containing 39 acres of land with buildings, at Grand Tracadie, P. E. I.

PARCEL NO. 2.

Stock and equipment consisting of:

1 Horse, 9 years old.
1 Cream Separator.
1 Fordson Tractor.
1 Threshing Outfit.
1-3 interest in binder.

PARCEL NO. 3

One Victory Six Dodge Sedan.

Separate tenders may be submitted for any of the items included in Parcel No. 2.

Further particulars regarding the above may be obtained from the undersigned.

Dated the 30th day of August, A. D., 1932.

C. M. WILLIAMS,
Trustee of the Estate of Benedict McKinnon.

5575-9-7-wfm-31.

DOMINION OF CANADA
PROVINCE of
PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

In the Probate Court
23rd George V. A. D. 1932

In Re Estate of Robert Simmons . . . late of Crapaud in Queen's County in the said Province deceased testate

By the Honorable Harold Leonard Palmer, Surrogate Judge of Probate &c., &c.

To the Sheriff of the County of Queen's County or any Constable or literate person within said County

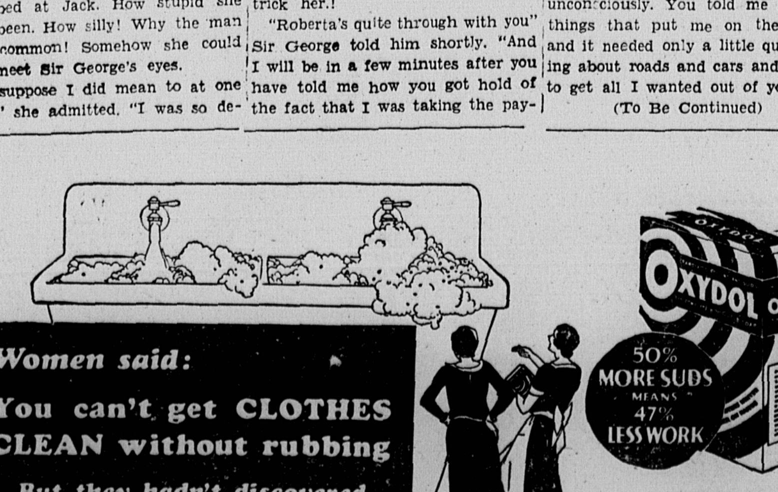
GREETING:

WHEREAS upon reading the petition on file of Frank McDonald of Crapaud, aforesaid, Farmer and John L. Nicholson of the same place, Farmer, the Executors of the above named Estate—praying that a citation may be issued for the purpose hereinafter set forth: You are therefore hereby required to cite all persons interested in the said estate to be and appear before me at a Probate Court to be held in the Court House in Charlottetown, in Queen's County in the said Province, on Friday the twenty third day of September next coming at the hour of eleven o'clock forenoon of the same day to shew cause if any they can why the Accounts of the said estate Should not be passed and the Estate closed as prayed for in said petition and on motion of M. Alban Farmer, Esq. Proctor for said Petitioners, And I do hereby order that a true copy hereof be forthwith published in some newspaper published in Charlottetown aforesaid, once in each week for at least four consecutive weeks from the date hereof and that a true copy hereof be forthwith posted in the following public places respectively, namely, in the hall of the Court House in Charlottetown aforesaid at the Post Office in Crapaud aforesaid and in front of the Hall in Victoria in Queen's County aforesaid And I do hereby further order that a true copy hereof be forthwith served on the Attorney-General of this Province . . . so that all persons interested in the said Estate as aforesaid may have due notice thereof.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the said Court this 17th day of August A. D. 1932 and in the 23rd year of His Majesty's reign.

. . . . (Sgd) H. L. PALMER,
L.S. Judge of Probate
5100-8-19-Fri—4i

Prohibition Commission
Chas. H. Black, Chairman, Charlottetown.
Jas. B. McDonald, West St. Peters.
John Simpson, Hamilton.
Send all information regarding infractions of PROHIBITION ACT to the above or to
Inspector J. Fripps, R. C. M. P., Charlottetown.



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