

Alice Brooks Designs



7322



by Alice Brooks

USEFUL AND SMART
USE BRIGHT REMNANTS for this adorable Kitty pinny! Add a touch of embroidery and applique for the trimmings that small girls love. It can be a pinafore for now, a cool sundress later!
 Pattern 7322: transfer; cutting chart; size 2, 4, 6, in pattern. Send Twenty-five Cents in coins for this pattern (stamps cannot be accepted) to ALICE BROOKS Designs, c/o The Guardian, 60 Front Street West, Toronto, Ontario. Please print plainly Name, Address and Pattern Number.

Morning Smiles

Be Quiet
 "Do you know, dear, my husband says I look ten years younger in this hat."
 "Really? And how old are you?"
 "Thirty."
 "No: I mean without the hat."
He Knew
 He was enlarging on the dangers of certain foods, and with a dramatic gesture he pointed an emphatic finger at a rather harassed-looking and inoffensive listener: "What is it? We all eat it at some time or other, yet it's the worst thing in the world for us. What is it, I say? Do you know?"
 It appeared that the little man did know, for he replied in a husky whisper: "Wedding cake!"

Break O'Day Iron

Reginald Wright Kauffman

CHAPTER TEN

Even in that balmy July night a little chill shot down Jerry's spine. For all her apparent knowledge of the world, this girl would be clay to such hands as Twombly's were showing themselves to be.
 "Five thousand? And you — you accepted it?"
 "Oh, I haven't yet!"
 "Then don't." Jerry breathed partial relief.
 "Why not?"
 "Well, why didn't you?"
 "That was simple enough." Elbows on knee and her chin in her cupped hands, she regarded a swaying foot. "You see, I'm in business, and so I have what they call the business outlook. I'd have sold that land to anybody for anything — till somebody wanted to buy. But the minute somebody wanted to buy, I thought I might get a raise by pretending I wasn't anxious to sell."
 He chuckled — turned serious. "And so you created a fictitious competition. Come through, now — Rose! You told friend Twombly he wasn't the only person interested. You told him I was, that I let her slip how the mine could be drained."
 "I didn't!" she indignantly retorted. "Didn't I know the ore hasn't any commercial value any more? He just asked about you, and I said all I knew was you'd nearly killed yourself snooping around there. I'm sorry if —"
 "What?"
 "Never mind. Go on."
 "You're mighty mysterious, Jerry. I was just going to say I was sorry if I got you in wrong with him."
 "Got me in wrong?" Jerry seized her hand and shook it. "I'm as much obliged to you for that as for rescuing me today. He's no idea who I am, and now he thinks I'm here to buy this land. You've given him an explanation of me that I wish I'd had the genius to think up. I'd like to be in business with you!"
 "I asked you —"
 "Come on home."
 The distance was scarcely a hundred yards. Traversing it, he maintained his secrecy. Not till he had closed between them the gate could he be more explicit, and then all that he vouchsafed was:
 "Perhaps I'll talk to you in the morning. When I first went to work, my boss gave me a Christmas present. It was a card, like one he had framed in his office, that said: 'Do it Now.' I did it then, but it never got me anywhere. Tonight I'm going to give it one more try."
 On that, he left her. He turned toward the hotel, yet, as soon as he heard her door shut, he wheeled and, weary as he was, headed toward the Break O'Day mine.
 Within a quarter-hour he had reached that point at which the overgrown track to the tableland made its junction with the pike.
 He had no wish to encounter Angle; none to meet Twombly, if the latter had returned to the shanty. Jerry did not keep to the track. He took to the trees and followed its course under their shelter.
 As he approached the open country, he went more and more carefully. At school, his geology textbook,

Just Fishing



Fishing has an appeal for all ages, regardless of sex and without too much regard for weather. Mrs. G. Chartrand, an elderly native of The Pas, Man., was not to be outdone by youngsters and entered the ice-fishing contest at the Northern Manitoba Trappers' Festival. She pulled in a northern pike from the Saskatchewan river. (CP Photo)

Dorothy Dix's Column

Continued from page 2

a well-kept home. It's a small museum, run entirely for your own satisfaction.

A really well-run home is one in which cleanliness and tidiness are given sufficient, but not excessive, attention, where guests feel welcome to come in at any time, and relax—not made conscious of the fact that they're squashing the sofa cushions, or otherwise disturbing the perfect arrangement of things.

You've learned the truth of this contention, but even now I doubt if you could profit from the knowledge. All through your letter, which I abridged for publication, runs the emphasis on running your home as you want it—not with consideration for the comfort or welfare of your husband.

Perhaps it isn't too late for you to win him home. The only way you can do it is to give your house a cheerful aspect, do a little entertaining, and give the other woman a little competition in the charm department.

DEAR MISS DIX: A married man in our office has been making eyes at me. I was sure he was interested in me, so I told him I had been crazy about him for a long time. Now he treats me with contempt. I thought a man liked to know he was loved; instead he avoids me completely.

ANSWER: But a wise man! Mistaking an ordinary interest in femininity for ardor, you practically threw yourself at the man and as a consequence he's scared stiff of entanglements. Follow his lead, and make yourself scarce.

DEAR MISS DIX: I'm so mixed up I wish you would try to help me. I'm very fond of a boy who comes home from school every other week-end. In fact, when he's home, I'm crazy about him. He's 23, and I'm 16. When he's away at school, however, I go with other boys and like them, too. My friends tell me it's love, but I don't think so.

ANSWER: Your friends are so wrong! Your emotions are just about normal for sixteen, and in due time they'll obligingly settle down to concentrate on one boy.

Miss Nissen cannot reply personally to readers but will answer problems of general interest through this column.

never enthusiastically studied, contained a supplementary chapter on two on mineralogy, but he had forgotten most of it long ago. Not only would he not be able to tell good iron ore from bad, he would not know any sort of ore if he fell into a heap of it. Still less did he understand the collection of specimens. But he believed that, if he could get somewhere near where the last burrowings were made in those cliffs, all his purposes would be solved by filling his pockets with casual clay and pebbles.

He reached the treeless area. The stars burned clearly, yet their light was insufficient to send down more than a ghostly radiance.

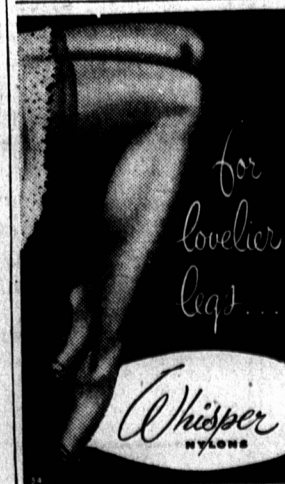
The pine clump, far over there, showed merely as a fringe of shadow.

The shanty was a black mound in the plain, magnified by the semi-darkness until it resembled a tumulus where some prehistoric warrior might be buried.

All around, the inky hills faded into the inky horizon. With them for background, any moving figure would be as good as invisible. One comfort, though. If any guard or prowler was hidden from Jerry, Jerry was equally well hidden from prowler or guard. Still cleaving to the surrounding trees, he began to circle the barren waste.

He had to go slowly, for fear of giving some alarm. He was unskilled in such progress and his best efforts were none too successful. Inevitably, twigs snapped under foot. To his high-keyed nerves the reports sounded as loud as pistol shots. Once he sprawled flat over some obstruction and stayed long quiescent, eyes straining into the night to detect any movement from the hut which the noise of that tumble might evoke.
 To be continued

LONDON, (CP)—Young scholars had better watch their steps. Among imports reaching the London docks from Hong Kong were 26 tons of canes, to be used in British schools.



Modern Etiquette

By Roberta Lee

Q. Who stands the expense of the flowers used at a wedding?
A. The bride's parents assume the expense of flowers used for church decoration, for the bride's attendants and for the bride's mother. The bridegroom furnishes his bride's flowers, and the boutonnières for himself, his best man and ushers.
Q. When a man is dining alone

in a public place, and another man stops at his table for a few words, is it necessary for him to rise?
A. Not when there is no great difference in age. If, however, the man who stops is elderly, it is courteous for a young man to rise.
Q. Is it good form for the host to sharpen his knife at the table before carving a roast or fowl?
A. No; he should take care of this in the kitchen before the meal is served.

Maximum temperature on record was 136 degrees in Libya in northern Africa in 1922.

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