

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

What the Fashionables are Wearing

Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished With Every Pattern

By Annabelle Worthington



SIMPLICITY FOR YOUTH

It's very, very young with its simulated bolero achieved through applied circular band trim.

It's a mode that instantly will appeal to good taste. It expresses new loveliness in blue crepe silk with white polka dots and plain white crepe contrast.

Style No. 2885 is designed for sizes 11, 13, 15 and 17 years. And it takes but 3 3/4 yards of 35-inch material with 1/2 yard of 35-inch contrasting to make it for the fifteen year miss.

A crany red and white printed linen is equally youthful. Use plain white linen for collar and cuffs.

Eyeblet batiste in opal yellow is adorable with matching shade of crisp organdie trim.

Men's silk shirting in greyish-blue colouring is very snappy either with trim of self-fabric or of white shirting for contrast, and is exceptionally lovely for vacation days and resort.

Shantung, pastel flat washable crepe silk, plaided gingham, novelty rayons and thin woolsens are ideally suited to this model.

The easy manner in which it is made will surprise you. Be sure to fill in the size of the pattern. Send stamps or coin (coin preferred).

Price of pattern 15 cents.

The Modern Sunday School

One of the most important features of the modern Sunday School is the fact that it has in some measure, grasped the truth in the broad conception of education which is current today.

We recognize that a child's home leaves perhaps a deeper mark on his life and character than any other subsequent experience. What is the reason? The influence of a Christian home does not lie mainly in words that are spoken.

A similar situation is to be found in the influence of a good school. It is generally acknowledged that a school with a proud history and fine traditions—particularly if it be a boarding school—leaves an unmistakable impress on her sons.

It is recognition of the importance of the community influence

For The Cook

BANANA WHIP

- 1 tablespoon gelatine. 1/4 cupful cold water. 4 tablespoonfuls of lemon juice. 1 cupful of boiling water. 1 cupful of banana pulp (about 2 bananas.)

Soak the gelatine in cold water for five minutes; add the sugar or syrup to the boiling water, boil for one minute and add to the softened gelatine. Cool. Add the lemon juice to the banana pulp and mash until blended.

Soak the gelatine in cold water for five minutes; add the sugar or syrup to the boiling water, boil for one minute and add to the softened gelatine. Cool. Add the lemon juice to the banana pulp and mash until blended. Beat the gelatine mixture until it is frothy and of about the thickness of whipped cream.

Etiquette

By Roberta Lee

Is there any cause for embarrassment if one is compelled to ask a person his name in order to introduce him?

A. No; ask it in a perfectly natural manner.

Q. What kind of blouses is considered bad form?

A. Transparent blouses that display underclothing.

Q. If one is asked to "fill a place" at dinner, must he accept?

A. Yes; he is rather obligated by the rules of good manners to accept if possible.

fluenced by companions than by adults. Membership of a child community which is permeated by the right spirit is perhaps the best possible instrument of moral and religious training.

It is this truth which underlies the various methods by which the modern Sunday School tries to cultivate the community spirit. Primary and junior play-hours are not mere opportunities for happy frolics.

They help to strengthen the community feeling of the school, and at the same time they should succeed in establishing sound traditions of conduct. Unselfishness can be developed far more effectively through a successful play-hour than by any amount of moral teaching.

Contrast again the influence of a properly organized Christmas party in the modern Sunday School with the annual soiree of olden days. Today each department holds its own party. There is also orderliness and an entire absence of the irritating shouting and whistle-blowing—often necessary in the old days, when some cessation of the din was called for.

In other words, in place of a crowd of aggressive young individualists, each thinking of his own enjoyment, there is a community with definite standards and traditions, which all love to observe.

The most important point, however, in this conception of the Sunday School, lies in the central place which worship takes in the life of the community. We may perhaps best characterize the Sunday School as a worshipping community, because it is in the common worship that the heart of the community life should lie.

—Northern Messenger.

3 tests of tea

- 1. COLOR - deep amber in the cup. 2. AROMA - pleasing fragrance. 3. TASTE - smooth, rich flavor.

RED ROSE TEA "is GOOD tea"

2 CHOICE BLENDS - Red Label & Orange Pekoe

Dorothy Dix Letter Box

What is There to Marriage? Why Are so Many People Dissatisfied With it? — Is a 13-Year-Old Girl too Young to Have Boy Friends?

Dear Miss Dix—Of all the men I know very few are satisfied with the marriage state. Aside from the physical relationship what is there to marriage? PLUTO.



Answer:

Dissatisfaction with whatever they have is the common lot of humanity, and it does not apply to matrimony more than anything else. Old bachelors are no more contented with their lot than are married men.

The married man, seeing the freedom from responsibilities that the single man has, thinking that the single man can come and go as he pleases without having to furnish an alibi to a wife and that he can spend all of his money on himself instead of having to pay grocery bills and shoe bills and school bills, is dissatisfied with his state and wishes that he had never married.

The old bachelor, thinking of his lonely and loveless life, looking at the married man with his home and his wife and his children growing up around him, finds his freedom dust and ashes in his teeth and wishes that he had married when he was young.

And so it goes. We all know where our own shoe pinches, and we imagine that the other fellow has wings on his feet. Always the grass is greener in another's pasture and the water sweeter in his brook. Always it is the other chap who gets all the breaks, and it is eternally true, as Puck once said to the young man who asked whether he should marry or not: "Whichever you do, you'll regret it."

It is not criticism of marriage to say that most men and most women, too, for that matter, are dissatisfied with it. So they would be with any other arrangement. So they are if they stay single, and the best proof of this is to be found in the fact that when they lose a husband or wife, either by divorce or death, they nearly always remarry if they can.

The physical side of marriage is important because that means the carrying on of the torch of life, but a real marriage means so much beyond that. It means the soul-mating as well as the body-mating.

It means friendship and comradeship and loyalty carried to a point that is only possible between a man and woman who have all interests, all hopes and plans and ambitions in common, so that they literally become one. When we speak of a man's wife as his better half, we use no figure of speech. If she is a real wife it is a literal statement of fact.

The one thing that is more necessary to our happiness than anything else in the world is friendship, comradeship. There is literally nothing that we can find any pleasure in doing if we have to do it alone. The finest meal lacks flavor unless some congenial person sits across the table from us. If we go to a play or an art gallery or read a book we must have some one with us with whom we can discuss the merits of what we have seen or heard if we are to get any enjoyment out of them.

It is only congenial husbands and wives who are ever privileged to experience this glorified comradeship in its perfection, for in addition to having the points of contact among usual friends, they have all memories in common, and that makes an inexhaustible well into which they can dip for conversation with no fear of its ever running dry.

Who are the people that we enjoy being with most? Are they the most brilliant, the most learned, the greatest spellbinders? Not at all. They are those who have had the same experiences that we have had, those with whom we have a common background, those to whom we can say: Do you remember that night on the Marne when the Germans began firing? Or: Do you remember our hair in pigstails down our backs? when we were schoolgirls and wore Or: Do you remember that time we stole watermelons out of Farmer Brown's field? Or: Do you remember how seasick we were when we crossed over from Dover to Calais?

And if we are buddies with those with whom we have fought shoulder to shoulder and if there is a peculiarly tender tie between us and the girls with whom we went to school, think how strong is the bond that grows between the man and woman who have worked together in building up their fortune, who have sacrificed to each other, who have watched over sick beds together and who can never talk out because everything is part of their mutual lives.

And loyalty. Think what it means to have even one human being in the world whose affection not only overlooks all your faults, but loves them because they are yours, a person whose affection you have tried and not found wanting; to know that if all the world turned against you there is one to whom you could flee secure that he or she would not fail you and that you could pillow your weary head upon a breast that would be filled with pity and not condemnation.

There are many husbands and wives like that. I have seen many a man work himself to death to pay the bills of an extravagant wife. I have seen many a man nurse a poor, neurotic invalid through years of querulous whining and complaining. I have seen many a man trying to make up to his children for the neglect of a lazy, good-for-nothing mother, with never a word of fault-finding for her.

And I have seen many a woman standing outside the prison gates waiting to take a criminal husband back home. I have seen many a woman teach her children to honor the father who had broken her heart with his cruelty and neglect and dishonored her by his dissolute life.

And finally there are the children who are the consolation prizes in so many unhappy marriages. And that's what marriage means, friendship and loyalty, and sons and daughters to give meaning to a man's life and make it worth while. DOROTHY DIX.

Dear Miss Dix—I am 13 years old and in the eighth grade. Do you think it right to go with boys at that age? I will take your advice. DIMPLES.

No, Dimples, I certainly do not think it proper for a girl of 13 to step out with boys. She is far too young and she should wait three more years before thinking of such a thing. Because, you see, when you are 13 you are just a little girl and don't know how to take care of yourself.

Besides, if you start having dates when you are 13, it makes you seem so much older than you are that by the time you are 19 or 20 and should begin to think about getting married, no one will believe you are a young girl. Every one will think you are an old maid and they will say: Don't tell me Dimples is only 20. Why, she must be 27, at least, for

Happenings of the Week

The tea hostesses at Golf this afternoon will be Mrs. G. F. Nicholson, Mrs. G. F. Dewar, Miss M. Wilson, Miss R. Nicholson.

Mr. Kenneth B. Stewart is the guest of his father, Mr. Stewart, Dundas Esplanade. This is Mr. Stewart's first visit in Charlottetown in nine years, in summer.

Mrs. (Dr.) Harry Pierce of Morgantown, Virginia, is visiting her mother, Mrs. Judson of Alexandria.

Rev. Mr. Bate and family of Fredericton, N. B., are spending their vacation at Rothsay, N. B.

Miss Lena Barrett is home from Regina to visit her mother, Mrs. James Barrett and is being pleasantly entertained by her friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Ben Murchison with their winsome little daughter and nurse have arrived from Buenos Aires on a holiday visit and are stopping at the Canadian National Hotel.

Mrs. Prowse, wife of Mayor T. W. L. Prowse, with her young daughters, is visiting her home in Ripley, Ont.

Miss Jean Grant's many friends are regretting her departure for Halifax where she has secured a position in the law office of Mr. Beer will regret her illness in the

Tomoto Jelly Moulds

Tomato Jelly Rolls No more appetizing hot-weather dish, no better nor interesting accompaniment to many of our cold dishes, can be found than little individual moulds of bright tomato jelly. They look so good, to start with—and if the flavoring is clever and the texture delicate the whole thing chilled to perfection, your little jellies will be popular whenever they appear.

Quick Tomoto Jelly Small can tomoto soup Equal amount water 1 tablespoon gelatine Salt, tabasco Dilute soup with cold water—just as its own directions say for serving soup. Bring to boil.

Have the gelatine soaking in twice its own quantity of cold water so that it will be soft to add to the heated soup when the latter is taken from the fire.

Season rather highly—much will depend upon the soup's flavoring, but usually it is well to add trifle more salt and a dash of tarragon sauce—an invaluable flavoring for such purposes. Add the softened gelatine to the hot soup, stirring until you are sure it is dissolved.

Turn into wet moulds and, when cool, put into refrigerator to set and chill.

Tomato Mousse Allow tomoto jelly to cool and thicken to the point of setting, then fold it into one cup of heavy cream that has been whipped stiff. Make sure the seasoning is sufficient—it will stand a trifle more than the plain jelly, on account of the addition of the cream.

Tomato Jelly 2 tablespoonfuls of gelatine 1/2 cupful of cold water

Style Chats

WITH ALMA ARCHER

Now that the season of by-bye is on, and you are going places, even if it's only up to Albany, be sure to take along your "Wagons Lits."

These adorable Pullman pajamas with matching robe are of cotton broadcloth printed with an amusing train of cars pulled by a late-type Baldwin locomotive, printed in brown and white or navy and white. Of course they're washable, so don't worry about a couple of hundred cinders.

I don't believe in stalking calamity, but if your train should jump the track in the night, or your boat sink unexpectedly, you can certainly make a delectable, smart and nonchalant exit from your berth if you're wearing a "Wagons Lits."

So don't be in a hurry to be grown up, Dimples. Age comes fast enough, anyway. Hang on to your childhood and be a little girl as long as you can. Keep on being Dimples. There is nothing else quite so sweet as a little girl whose mind is full of innocent thoughts and whose mind isn't cluttered up about boys. Besides, Dimples, you should be giving all of your time now to getting an education so that later on you will be able to attract worthwhile men and not have to put up with nitwit boys who are satisfied with a girl who is a Dumb Dora. DOROTHY DIX.

BABY'S SOAP It's Best for You and Baby

A Morning Smile Hector McInnis, K. C.

Dr. and Mrs. Reddy of Monkeppon when they are cordially welcomed.

There is a new fashion developing in Paris. It has to do with general effect of fashions rather than with any one detail and scribes a trimmer, neater appearance. Everything must stay in place. Scarves must not fly about, but cuffs must not be floppy, belts and necklines must be clean-cut.

Mr. Don Lawson who spent past six months with his Mr. J. A. Lawson and Mrs. Lawson has left on return to his home on Marsden Ranch, Alberta.

The death of Mrs. Fred J. is deeply regretted by her circle of friends to whom her memory will also be a pleasant remembrance. Deepest sympathy will go out to family in their bereavement.

Miss Ruth Byrne of Montreal spending a holiday renewing friendships in this city.

FOR Diarrhoea THERE'S NOTHING TO EQUAL D. FOWLER'S EXT. OF WILD STRAWBERRY