

Woman's Realm / Social and Personal / Fashions / Literature

HAPPENINGS OF THE WEEK

Happy, childish laughter rang out in Buckingham Palace Tuesday for the first children's party there in many a year.

His Majesty King George VI, who was also celebrating his 42nd birthday spent the morning in his rooms at the Palace, signing a number of official documents and receiving birthday gifts from Queen Elizabeth, Princess Elizabeth and Margaret, and other members of the Royal Family.

The Right Hon. R. B. Bennett, Ottawa arrived home on Saturday after an extended trip through Western Canada.

Mrs. A. A. Bartlett was hostess for the Thursday afternoon bridge club.

Miss Nancy Weeks gave a most enjoyable bridge party at five tables at the Queen's Hotel on Thursday evening and invited additional friends in for supper and a social hour.

Mrs. H. R. Large was among the bridge hostesses entertaining on Thursday.

Miss Hunt and Mrs. Mussen of Summerside were the guests of their sister, Mrs. L. B. Hunt this week.

Miss Fannie Stevens, of Truro is arriving Monday night to spend Christmas with her sister, Mrs. H. C. Brown and Mr. Brown of the Queen Hotel.

Miss Norah Longworth entertained at a bridge and tea on Wednesday afternoon.

Glimpses of the nursery life at 1, Belgrave-square, were given by the Duchess of Kent to saleswomen at a charity bazaar, when the Duchess was buying produce and groceries for use in her household.

Happiest congratulations are extended to Mr. and Mrs. Harry Edmarsh, the announcement of whose marriage came to their friends this week. After visiting in Banff they will spend the Christ-

mas season in High River, Alberta, with Mr. Fred Blake.

Mrs. Minnie Wright, of Westmount, P. Q. left last week for St. Petersburg, Florida, to spend the winter months.

Miss Beryl DeBlais, who has been attending Netherwood school at Rothesay, N. B. has returned home to spend her Christmas holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Noel D. Blais.

Mrs. A. H. Mould is being welcomed home from a holiday visit to Maone, New York.

Mrs. Pierce and her sister, Miss Lillian Hooper entertained delightfully at a smart bridge-tee at the Canadian National Hotel on Tuesday afternoon.

The early departure of Prof. and Mrs. Louis D. Thompson for Cornwall, Ont., is regretted by their numerous friends and they will be followed to their new home with many good wishes for continued health and success.

Mrs. W. T. Parker was the guest of honor at several delightful social gatherings prior to her departure in the New Year for Souris, Mrs. Benjamin Rogers Jr. gave a bridge for Mrs. Parker on Friday and on Saturday Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Beer entertained at a mixed bridge. Mrs. James E. Harris had a tea on Wednesday for Mrs. Parker and Mrs. H. R. Large a bridge party on Thursday.

Miss Alice Compton, of Georgetown has left on an extended visit to Boston and New York.

Miss Helen Holman entertained very charmingly last Friday at Bridge for a number of her friends.

Mrs. Benj. Tanton (nee Georgie Campbell) has been spending a few days with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John E. Campbell, Summerside.

The Earl of Bessborough, former Governor-General of Canada and Lady Bessborough, were among the guests at the recent week-end house party given by the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire at Chatsworth. The other guests included the Earl and Countess of Cromer, Field-Marshal the Earl and the Countess of Cavan, Lady Cavendish, Lord Richard Cavendish, the Duke of Northumberland, Colonel Bradshaw, Brigadier-General the Earl and the Countess of Lucan, Lord and Lady Balmie, Miss Pamela Cobbold, Mr. Phillimore, Mr. Knoblock, and the Marquess and Marchioness of Hartington.

Mr. and Mrs. Melville Bradshaw, Summerside, gave a dinner party on Thursday evening, the occasion being Mr. Bradshaw's birthday.

Miss Dorothy Ellis, winsome little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Ellis, Summerside gave a jolly birthday party on Wednesday.

Today's Short Wave Radio Program

(All Time to Eastern Standard)

PARIS SATURDAY, DECEMBER 18 9:30 a.m.—Paris Sights," by Mr. Desfortes. TPA-2, 19.6 m., 15.24 meg.

TOKYO 4:45 p.m.—National Program. JZK, 19.7 m., 15.16 meg.; JZK, 19.7 m., 15.16 meg.; JZJ, 25.4 m., 11.80 meg.

BOSTON 5:00 p.m.—World Youth Speaks. WIXAL, 25.4 m., 11.79 meg.

BUDAPEST, HUNGARY 6:00 p.m.—"Singing Hungary." HAT-4, 32.8 m., 9.12 meg.

MOSCOW 7:00 p.m.—News and Program for English Listeners. RAN, 31.1 m., 9.6 meg.

ROME 7:35 p.m.—Symphony Concert. "The 37-38 Winter Sports Season, a survey; Folk Songs 2RO. 31.1 m., 9.63 meg.

LONDON 7:45 p.m.—Quarterly Technical Talk-1, by Sir Noel Ashbridge, Chief Engineer of the British Broadcasting Corporation. GSD, 25.5 m., 11.75 meg.; GSC, 31.3 m., 9.58 meg.; GSB, 31.5 m., 9.51 meg.

PARIS 8:00 m.p.—Talk by Mr. Archinard (in English). TPA-4, 25.6 m., 11.72 meg.

CARACAS 8:30 p.m.—Popular Music YV-5RC, 51.7 m., 5.8 meg.

BERLIN 8:45 p.m.—Diet in the Tropics. DJD, 25.4 m., 11.77 meg.

LONDON 9:30 p.m.—"Stradivarius," by Joan Adey Easdale to commemorate the bicentenary of the death of Antonio Stradivarius. GSD, 25.5 m., 11.75 meg.; GSC, 31.3 m., 9.58 meg.; GSB, 31.5 m., 9.51 meg.

TOKYO 12:45 a.m.—National Program. JZK, 19.7 m., 15.16 meg.

SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA 4:30 a.m. (Sunday)—Chimes from G. P. O. Sydney VYK2ME, 31.26 m., 9.59 meg.

A Morning Smile

"Please, sir, I think you're wanted on the phone." "You think! What's the good of thinking?" "Well, sir, the voice at the other end said, 'Hello, is that you, old idiot!'"

afternoon on the occasion of her eighth birthday. The tea table was daintily trimmed with seasonal decorations and eight tiny candles illuminated a lovely frosted birthday cake. Party games were played after tea and the little guests had a most enjoyable time, wishing their young hostess many happy returns as they took their leave.

Home Service

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The thrill of seeing your very own stories in print! The welcome cheque! You need not neglect your home. A famous woman novelist wrote her first stories while rocking her son's cradle. She wrote of mother, sisters, home.

Write about people you know. Young Dick Wilson eloping with pretty, penniless Joan, living on an allowance from his family. In choosing the right words to show the conflict of their characters, assemble lists of synonyms: Joan is "selfish, pampered, egotistic or self-centred." She "plains, schemes or contrives." She hopes to "surpass, rival, outshine or outvie" her friends.

Send 20c in coins for your copy of Learn To Write For Publication to The Guardian, Home Service, Address. Be sure to write plainly your Name, Address, and the Name of booklet.

Dorothy Dix's Letter Box

We Pay a Heavy Price for Our Weakness and Folly When in Love, But the Results of That Folly Can Make the Best of it if Nerves Are Steeled



Dear Dorothy Dix—I am a young man 23 years old. I graduated from high school with honors and was in my first year in college when I found out that I was an illegitimate child.

Never speak of your birth. Don't let yourself think of it. Forget it and other people will forget it, too. If you lived to be 21 without knowing it yourself, realize how few people know about it. All of us are of so much importance to ourselves that we do not appreciate of how little importance we are to the outside world and how little interested they are in our affairs.

However, what he needs right now is not sympathy, but a brace. Something to put courage into his soul, and steel into his backbone and make him realize that a million things is not over for him; that he is not a hopeless victim of everything fate; that he may yet do anything and become anything that it is in him to do, and have many years of honor, prosperity and happiness before him.

I urge him, in the first place, to quit brooding over his birth. It is folly to deny that it is a handicap, but it is not one whose weight will keep him from winning out in the race of life if he has the courage to do so. Read the list of famous men who were "love children." They did not let their origin crush them. They rose above it. And you do that, too, if you will.

Don't judge your mother too harshly. Her sin was to love not wisely, but too well, and for that she paid with a lifetime of repentance and suffering that must have atoned for the wrong she did.

Don't blame yourself too much that you were cruel to her when you learned the wrong she had done you. She was not cruel to her very love for her and the honor in which you had always held her made your revulsion of feeling merciless. And she also understood that youth, that knows so little of life and its temptations, can never be just. As she forgave you, so you should forgive her and put her back in her shrine in your heart.

Quit brooding over the past, son. Go out among people and take your part in the pleasures of youngsters of your own age. Work hard and make the sort of a man your mother wanted you to be. That will be your atonement to her.

Dear Miss Dix—I am the only child of a dotting mother. Several months ago I was married and I took an apartment in my mother's house. Since we returned from our honeymoon she has not left us alone long enough to change our clothes. She even brings orange juice to my bedside in the mornings, but for me alone, thus hurting the feelings of my wife. I do not wish to be unkind to my mother, as I love her and she has been good to me, but she is wrecking our marriage. Some of my friends call me a jellyfish; other advise me to have her head examined. Will you tell me what to do?

Answer: Any woman who does not realize that no matter how much her children love her, nor how much they appreciate her kindness to them, nor how grateful they are to her, they do not always want her under foot when they are married and set up their own homes certainly does need the attention of a psychiatrist, or something.

But there is nothing the matter with your mother's mind. She is just so obsessed by her devotion to you that she has lost her perspective. She doesn't see you as a grown man with a wife, but as a little baby in the cradle, who has to have his orange juice brought to him. She would dandle you on her knees and rock you to sleep and never let you take a step without holding you by the hand if you would permit it. Mothers like that—and there are millions of them—are among the most pitiable people in the world, because when their children marry they lose everything that makes life worth while to them.

But these possessive mothers, who are determined never to let their children get out of their clutches, even when they marry, head the list of trouble-makers and are responsible for more broken homes and more divorces than any other one thing. The prejudice against mothers-in-law is not ill-founded. The presence of a household is about as dangerous as a stick of TNT under the doorstep.

Why any woman with ordinary commonsense can't realize that her children want to be left alone sometimes with their husbands and wives; why she can't understand that they have things that they want to say to each other that they do not want her to hear; why she can't appreciate that her own presence is the little caresses and endearments that are the sweetness of married life; why she doesn't suspect that they want to talk about the things they are interested in—of which she knows nothing—and that they are bored to extinction by her reminiscences of the time John had weeping cough, and what she said and the doctor said and the neighbors said, passes comprehension.

It is nothing but selfishness that makes Mother impose herself on her children, and there is nothing the children can do about it unless they make her read this article. Perhaps that will make her stay in her own house more and give the children a break. DOROTHY DIX.

Advertisement for The Rose Marie Hairdressing Parlor, featuring a woman's face and text: 'SPECIAL PRICES for the holiday season, on all PERMANENTS. GIVE BEAUTY THIS CHRISTMAS. A REALLY PERSONAL GIFT. Her hair styled by our thoroughly experienced operators. -GIFT CARDS SUPPLIED- Try our FINGER-WAVES, FACIALS and MANICURES. The ROSE MARIE HAIRDRESSING PARLOR. B. WALLER PHONE 1243'

BOOKS / ART / MUSIC

(By F. R. E.)

One of the most popular current books in England is "Forbidden Journey" by Ella K. Mallart, the story of that great and perilous trek from Peking to Kashmir which she made in company with Peter Fleming, London Times correspondent.

Fleming's splendid book "News from Tartary" appeared last year and it is extraordinarily interesting to be able now to read "Kin's" account of the same journey. Personally I prefer her version. And the difference in the books is the difference in their attitudes to the journey. Fleming's driving desire was ever to push on, to accomplish the journey—"Peter seemed to be less afraid of finishing up in the depths of an Urunchi prison than of being home too late to shoot grouse in Scotland." Kin's would have liked the journey to continue for the rest of her life.

She was in the fabulous country of her dreams where "the caravan trails that were as old as the world, still wound." She takes time out for living, for thought, for assimilation. And from her one can understand the joy of the Journeying. Some of her descriptive phrases are superb—"...And at the time of year when watch dogs are no more than balls of hair—frozen, crystallized round a warm sleep, I spent nights in felt tents."

After they reached India Kin's travelled back to France by airplane and in conclusion marks the astounding contrast from going fifteen miles a day to fifteen hundred!—"I had so got into the habit of moving at the same rate as people did a thousand years ago, with the camels, that now I found it difficult to realize I was every day flying over new countries inhabited by different races. Centuries of history! Cradles of religions! They seemed to be huddled into a little space, whereas from Peking to India, Asia had seemed endless. But though Europe was so small, misunderstanding was more rife than ever amongst its occupants. Yet they all have fresh water and grass growing on their lands. Night was falling when the vast swarm of lights that was Paris appeared in the north. Suddenly I understood something. I felt now, with all the strength of my senses and intelligence, that Paris, France, Europe, the White Race, were nothing—The something that counted in and against all particularisms was the magnificent scheme of things that we call the world."

Today, December 18th, marks the two hundredth anniversary of the death of Antonio Stradivari, most celebrated of the masters of the art of violin making. Born in Cremona in the plains of Lombardy, Italy, Stradivari lived for ninety-three years and spent seventy of them making violins.

Cremona was the home of many famous old families of fiddle makers—the Amati, the Guarneri, and the Stradivari families. Antonio who had learned his craft in the workshop of Nicolò Amati had two sons who were also violin makers.

Henrik Willem Van Loon in "The Arts" gives his opinion that the climate of Cremona may have had something to do with the success and establishment of the great fiddle making dynasties in that dull little city—"The air in Cremona is both hot and dry and this allowed a man like Antonio Stradivari to do all his work in an open workshop on the top of his house. Furthermore, Cremona was situated on an old trade route from east to west which made it easy to import the right sort of wood from the other side of the Adriatic.

Good violin making, Van Loon goes on to say, is mostly a matter of time. The old craftsmen could afford to let their wood hang in the sun, they could let their varnish sink in. When a customer was in a hurry, Stradivari told him to wait half a year or go elsewhere.

This tremendous improvement in violins and the violin family played an important role in the development of music as composers did not begin seriously to write music for orchestras until after this perfect state of violin production had been attained.

The bicentenary of Stradivari's death is being celebrated in New York by a special concert in Carnegie Hall on December 20th. It is being given by the Stradivari Memorial Association, an organization which was recently incorporated on a national basis for the purpose of "encouraging, aiding and developing talent among music students of unusual ability by making available to them, by loan or gift, fine musical instruments of recognized masters."

Efrem Zimbalist, who owns one of the finest Stradivari violins in existence, accompanied by an orchestra under the direction of Dr. Walter Damrosch, opens the concert with the Bach E Major concerto for violin. All the string musicians in the orchestra are to be equipped with Stradivari instruments.

Sascha Jacobsen, the Musical Art Quartet, and the Stradivari Quartet, appearing later on the programme, will also perform on Stradivari instruments. Among those on the sponsorship committee are: Toscanini, Kreisler, Sikowicki, Zimbalist, Fulvio Savich the Italian Ambassador, Jascha Heifetz, Serge Koussevitzky, Hendrik Willem Van Loon.

THE HOUSEWIFE AND HER ACTIVITIES

CHRISTMAS Christmas is a time of secrets So I'll whisper one to you, Grandpa says that all who try it, Find that every word is true; "Would you have a happy day?"

"Give some happiness away." Grandpa says: this little secret Should be carried thro' the year, And if all would try to heed it, Earth would soon be full of cheer. "Would you have a happy day?" "Give some happiness away."

(By H. A. Lyman)

DEEDS Very slight deeds and words may have a sacramental efficacy if we can cast our self-love behind us in order to do and say them.—George Eliot.

PROCRASTINATION Procrastination is the thief of time. Defer not till tomorrow what may be done today. He has three hands, right, left, and a little behind hand.

ETERNAL THINGS Nothing is eternal but that which is done for God and others. That which is done for self dies.—Aughey

SILENCE To silence another, first be silent yourself.—Seneca.

SACRIFICE You cannot win without sacrifice.—Charles Buxton.

PEACE Peace of mind is worth more than all things else.

TRUST Trust not him that hath once broken faith.—Shakespeare.

THE MIND The mind is the only force in nature that doesn't wear out with use. Your mind makes your work and your work makes your mind. The more your mind is exercised the greater it grows.

Therefore, the business in which you would succeed is unimportant. The one thing to realize is that your mind is a machine which once set in motion along the right lines, will make success a certainty.

You want success. It will be yours if you are willing to pay the price for it. And the price is hard work and the sacrifice of all your other wants.

All your habits have been formed

by your mind. Most of those habits are waste habits which will never carry you anywhere. Your hard job will be to scrap them and form new habits.

It will be a task of severe discipline to get your mind to "work." But if you will have the grit to tackle the job you will in a very short time be conscious of a sense of efficiency which will make easy the doing of the hardest things.

USE PLENTY OF PINS Use plenty of clothes pins in hanging the laundry on the line. Careful pinning will save much ironing and pressing.

BLUE MIRROR TABLE Blue mirrored plate glass makes a satisfactory and very lovely dinner table top.

FOR WEAK EYES. One housewife, whose eyes are none too strong, has a cheap pair of dark glasses which she keeps in with her clothespins. Then when hanging out the white clothes in the bright sun the glare does not bother her and the change from the subdued light of the basement laundry is not annoying.

A very smart shoe for early fall wear is the five-eyelet oxford in black suede, with cutout lattice workings in moccasin outline on the vamp and black calf toes.

THE COOK'S CORNER

One cup juice, 7 cups sugar, 2-1/2 cups water, green coloring, 1 cup bottled fruit pectin. Add juice of 8 to 12 limes to grated rinds of half the limes and let stand 10 minutes. Press juice through small cloth. Measure sugar and juice added to water into large saucepan and mix. Bring to boil over hottest fire, and at once add pectin, stirring constantly. While mixture is coming to a boil, add coloring to give desired shade. Use coloring which fruit acids do not fade. Then bring to a full rolling boil, and boil hard 1-2 minute. Remove from fire, skim pour quickly. Cover at once with hot paraffin. This makes about 10 six-ounce jars of jelly.

For Bad Winter Coughs, Mix This Remedy at Home

Quick Relief. Big Saving. So Easy. No Cooking. This well known recipe is used by many thousands of housewives, because they have found that it gives them a much more dependable remedy for distressing winter coughs. It's so easy to mix—a child could do it. From any drugist, get 2 1/2 ounces of Pinex, a compound containing Norway Pine, in concentrated form, well known for its effect on throat membranes. Then make a syrup by stirring two cups of granulated sugar and one cup of water a few moments, until dissolved. It's no trouble at all, and takes but a moment. No cooking needed. Put the Pinex into a 10 oz. bottle and add your syrup. This gives you 10 ounces of cough remedy, unusually quick-acting and dependable, and you get four times as much cough medicine for your money. If never spoils, and is very pleasant—children love it. You'll be surprised by the way it takes hold of severe coughs, giving quick, satisfying relief. It loosens the phlegm, soothes the irritated membranes, and helps clear the air passages. Money refunded if it doesn't please in every way.

FASHION GUIDES FOR THE HOME DRESSMAKER

Little schoolgirl's who like to look attractive in their leisure will be delighted with a housecoat for Xmas gift. It may zip right up to the neck or button-right-down-the-front. It may have a Peter-Pan collar or a perky rever collar for those who prefer a vee neck. A warm flannel housecoat is so comfy to breakfast "in" and comfy to don after dinner to write home school lessons. It's such an inexpensive gift and so easy to sew. You've practically only shaped gorges to join. The pattern and material in a gay Xmas box will be a most acceptable gift to your little niece.

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