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

Beauty Alone Doesn't Win | **Dorothy Dix** | It Takes Brains To Catch Husband

Charm is the Principal Bait That Draws Substantial Men to the Altar and Makes Them Happy and Satisfied Husbands

The romance between former King Edward and Mrs. Simpson may have been full of headaches and heartaches for those most intmately concerned in it, but it has been the balm of Gilead for millons of women throughout the world who have had their witherng hopes revived by being shown that there are other charms more potent than youth and beauty with which to conjure men. If all the ugly ducklings reared a monument sky high to Wally, it would no more than repay the gratitude they owe her.

For here is a woman who is middle-aged and who even in her girlhood was never more than "nice" looking, yet the Fairy Prince of modern times passed by all the rosebud garden of girls to pluck this fading flower to wear in hs buttonhole. All the beauties of the world flashed their bright eyes and flaunted their pulchritude before him in vain. He passed up the good-lookers for the one who was a good talker and who kept him interested and amused.

We have been so long accustomed to thinkng that women's chief attraction for men is youth and beauty that it has rather stunned us to find out that a nimble tongue can be as valuable an asset as a peaches-and-cream complexion or naturally wavy hair. Yet this need not have surprised us, for if we had observed more closely we would have noticed that while men rave over "Miss America" or "Miss Europe" and cast bouquets at her feet, they are loath about offering her a wedding ring, and that a plain-faced girl with the come-hither look in her eye and a way with her can marry in circles around a living picture, if she has no other attribute than just being a household ornament.

Also, it would be borne in upon us that the women we have known whose husbands were still in love with them at 50 had not held them by keeping a boyish figure, or having their faces lifted and their hair dyed and looking like flappers, but by being polly good companions who were sympathetic and understanding, and had the knack of cheering a man up and making him forget his troubles at the end of a worrisome day.

In reality, it is a thousand times more important what is inside of a girl's head than what is outside of it if she wants to make a hit with men. For all men want to be amused, entertained, jollied, played up to. Any girl who has the wit to do this will never lack for dates and she can snap her fingers in the face of all the bautiful but dumb blue-ribbon winners in the world.

The girl who can keep a conversation going and who always has something bright and funny to say; the girl from whose lips laughter bubbles as spontaneously as water from a spring; the girl who always says the right thing to the right man—asks Tom about his new automobile, John about the grocery trade and Sam about his golf score; the girl who has the trick of getting every man started on the topic of most interest to him and who listens with a rapt expression while he discourses about his hobbies or his business, has what it takes to make a hit with men.

Cheerfulness, intelligence, intuition, tact, subtle flattery are the lethal weapons in a woman's armory of charms. If she has these, she is sure of getting her man and her looks do not matter. She must be gay, for men crave laughter. She must be interesting to talk to. She must know instinctively when to let a man weep on her shoulder and when to buck him up. She must know how to rub his fur the right way and she must make him feel that he is w-o-n-d-e-r-f-u-l — a happy combination of Henry Ford, Clark Gable and Gene Tunney—and that she is the only woman who never really understood and appreciated him.

I am not denying for a minute that men are attracted by a pretty face, but if that is all a girl has it isn't enough. If she is dull and a bore a man gets tired of her, no matter if she is a second Mona Lisa. If she is so occupied with admiring herself that she has no time to comment on how handsome he is, he leaves her for some woman who will ask him how he escaped getting into the movies. If she makes a stodgy and gloomy home he will flee from it to the bright lights. For while beauty may draw men with a single hair, as the poet says, it doesn't hold them unless it is backed up with brains.

The patron saint of all women in Scheherazade, who, the legend tells us, saved her life from a husband addicted to uxoricide by telling him a story that she broke off every night at the most exciting point and that kept him so interested he spared her so he might find out what came next. That plan still works.

DOROTHY DIX.

SHEPHERD'S PIE WITH SWEET POTATO CRUST

Six medium sweet potatoes, one-third cup evaporated milk and one-third cup water from potatoes, mixed; two tablespoons fat, two cups left-over roast, two tablespoons flour, two cups hot water, salt and pepper. Pare potatoes. Cut into quarters or eights and boil in only enough salted water to prevent scorching. When tender, drain and mash. Add enough diluted milk to moisten. Beat until light and fluffy. Melt fat (fat from roast gives an excellent flavor). Cut meat in large pieces and add to hot fat. Sprinkle with flour. Stir to blend well. Add water and cook slowly until gravy thickens slightly. Pour into baking dish. Drop mashed potato by spoonfuls over the top, or press through a pastry tube. Set in moderate oven to brown top. Will serve six to eight.

TWO-WAY CROCHET COLLAR
by Mayfair

Mayfair Needle-art Design No. 170

Delicate strands of chain stitch crochet make this two-way collar to dress up your favorite frocks. Knot it demurely at the front or give it a youthful air by turning the ends to the back. Just the thing to give new life to those dresses one wears day after day.

The pattern contains full crochet instructions, without abbreviations, as well as sample of cotton used in original model.

Send 20 cents in stamps or coin (coin preferred) to The Charlottetown Guardian Needlework Department.

To The Charlottetown Guardian
Needlework Dept.

DESIGN NO. 170

Name — — — — — — — — — — — — — — — — — —

Street Address — — — — — — — — — — — — — — — —

City — — — — — — — — Province — — — — — —

The HOUSEWIFE and HER ACTIVITIES

Hope, like the gleaming taper's light.
Adorns and cheers the way;
And still as darker grows the night,
Emits a brighter ray.

GOOD FURNITURE POLISH

Have four ounces of beeswax: two ounces white wax; two ounces Castile soap; two pints of turpentine; two pints boiling water.

Have a good-sized jar, place this in a warm spot, shred up both the wax and soap into it. Stir until this is melted. Then add the boiling water and turpentine. Remove from the heat and stir occasionally until it is quite cold. At this stage it should be like thick cream. This can be kept in the jar. On the other hand, if you have old pickle jars at hand, it can be poured into these while still warm and stirred at intervals until cold. The polish will keep for years, and in fact is better when old than new.

FOR BRIGHTENING FURNITURE

Have one gill raw linseed oil and half a gill of turpentine. Mix well together. Use a little of this on a dry duster. Then rub well with a clean soft cloth to finish off with. The furniture will then look like new.

CLEANING CELLULOID ARTICLES

Many people are unware that celluloid articles can be cleaned most satisfactorily with metal polish.

WHEN CEILINGS FLAKE

Nothing looks more unsightly, or is more irritating to a careful housewife, than to have a ceiling which is constantly flaking. As a rule this is due to a very steamy atmosphere. However this state of affairs can be remedied by applying a solution made up of half an ounce of alum to one pint of water. Paint this over the ceiling with a soft brush.

PRINCESS ELIZABETH

It is well knowns that Princess Elizabeth's education is carefully planned to prepare her for the high position she may one day occupy. She has, of course, already been present at many public functions with her parents, and on these occasions it is fascinating to watch how the natural eager interest of the little girl is mingled with the dignity and poise of the important young personage. At home she lives a simple, happy life of ordered routine, but routine is relaxed sufficiently to enable her to develop her own individuality. Devoted to her younger sister, she is never happier than when playing with little Princess Margaret Rose. She "mothers" her with a charming assumption of grownup care, as is the way of elder sisters in every walk of life. The two little girls have a circle of friends of their own age whom they visit at their homes and themselves entertain at nursery tea parties.

IT LOOKS LIKE FUR

One of the most practicable materials this winter is fur fabric. Anything from ermine, seal, and caracul to beaver, fox, shorn lamb, and nutria can be obtained and it is used for coats, hats, gloves, capes, and wraps, and extensively for frock-trimmings.

Its great advantages are that it looks lovely, is both warm and light and while protecting the wearer from the cold, can be discarded without the inevitable risk of a chill.

GROOMING IS MORE VITAL THAN BEAUTY

In the long run perfect grooming is more important than great beauty. Even though her skin shows a few wrinkles, her figure a slight tendency toward plumpness, the nature woman who learned when he was quite young to keep herself immaculately turned out will have no cause for worry. The years may take away a good deal of youthful freshness as far as physical beauty is concerned, but they never can take away your right to be neat and spic-and-span.

Care of your clothes is important. With harmless dry-cleaning fluids for home use so easily available and so inexpensive, there is no excuse for one who goes about in soiled suits, dresses and coats.

Hats are things that one can forget about too easily. Remember that your hat should be brushed and aired thoroughly every day and that the inside should be sponged off with a bit of cleaning fluid every time you clean the outside. Air your shoes, too; use shoe trees and never, never run around in heels that are run down.

It is quite impossible for any one past 30 to get on by mere prettiness. Once girlhood has been left behind, popularity and lasting friendships depend more and more on personality charm and other assets of beauty besides pretty features.

It is too bad that so many mature women worry a great deal about fine lines and wrinkles, which, unless you spend three-quarters of your time in beauty shops, are inevitable. Wrinkles that come from laughter which is mockery or from tears that are bitter or which stream down in fits of temper are the ones to grieve about.

When you find a satisfactory beauty shop operator, follow instructions faithfully, and your beauty will be enhanced.

DATE SALAD

Now is the time to enjoy the new season's dates at their best. There is, however, just one thing to beware of in this direction, and this is to see that they do not try and palm off one of last year's boxes on to you while you are not looking. You can always tell last season's dates by their distinct odour of fermentation, and dates like this are not worth eating. Here are a few date novelties to try out.

For Date Salad:—

Choose sound dates, remove the stones, then replace these with shelled brazils. Cut up some crystallised ginger into squares, scatter this around two or three nut-filled dates, and serve on a bed of shredded lettuce over which has been poured a little mayonnaise dressing.

Today's Short Wave Radio Program

(All time is Eastern Standard)

MONDAY, JANUARY 11

ROME

6 p.m.—News in English. Opera "Deborah and Jael". "Agriculture in the Empire and at home," a talk. Concert of folk songs. 2RO's Mail Bag". 2RO, 31.1 m., 9.63 meg.

BERLIN

6:15 p.m.—Folk songs and dances from the German countryside. DJD, 25.4 m., 11.77 meg.

LONDON

:30 p.m.—"John Londoner at Home"—1. GSD, 25.5 m., 11.75 meg; GSC, 31.3 m., 9.58 meg.; GSB, 31.5 m., 9.51 meg.

MOSCOW

7 p.m.—Review of the Week. Mongolian music. Russian lesson. RAN, 31.2 m., 9.6 meg.

SCHENECTADY

8 p.m.—Spanish Program. W2XAF, 31.4 m., 9.53 meg.

PARIS

8:15 p.m.—Theatrical Broadcast. TPA—4, 25.6 m., 11.72 meg.

BERLIN

8:45 p.m.—Songs by Hugo Wolf. DJD, 25.4 m., 11.77 meg.

LONDON

9 p.m.—"Plough Monday." GSD, 25.5 m., 11.75 meg.; GSC, 31.3 m., 9.58 meg.; GSB, 31.5 m., 9.51 meg.

TORONTO

10 p.m.—"Strike Up the Band"—orchestra and soloists. CJRO, 48.7 m., 6.15 meg.; CJRX, 25.6 m., 11.72 meg.

YES, THIS FOOD ENDS YOUR CONSTIPATION

Look out for those half-sick days, when you feel listless, headachy, out-of-sorts. Your trouble may be constipation. The real cause of common constipation is too little "bulk" in meals. Your system misses its regular exercise.

Get this needed "bulk" in a delicious cereal: Kellogg's ALL-BRAN. Within the body, its "bulk" absorbs moisture, forms a soft mass, gently sponges out the system.

Why keep on feeling bad when you can feel good? Millions of people use ALL-BRAN. Tests prove it's safe and effective. ALL-BRAN is *guaranteed*. Try it a week. If not satisfactory, your money will be refunded by the Kellogg Company.

Two tablespoonfuls daily are usually sufficient. Serve as a cereal, with milk or cream, or cook into recipes. Remember, ALL-BRAN also supplies vitamin B and iron.

Certainly you'd rather eat a food than take pills and drugs. Buy ALL-BRAN at your grocer's. Made by Kellogg in London.

"Symphony On Seven Floors"

By STUART JACKSON

Sometimes those who lived in that boarding-house would all sit together in the dining-room that was too large to be comfortable, and agree that nothing ever happened.

Yet it happened one night that the sound of music emerged from a little room on the seventh floor of No. 44, Granthian Square, and the echo of its influence passed right through the house.

Now it chanced that on the floor beneath the musician a little typist had a room, and her dreams.

Monica Verrell wanted to be married. She had wanted to be married for two years now, and it seemed as though that miracle would never happen.

She and Dick had waited and waited for the change in prospects that never seemed to come. And loving so much and waiting so long had made them desperate and frayed their nerves a little.

And last night they had quarrelled, for no more sufficient reason, really, than that they were so very fond of each other.

He had not called for her tonight. Wherefore the little typist sat alone in her room on the sixth floor and was very miserable indeed. So miserable, in fact, that he might have been a news item in the next day's newspaper had it not been for the music that filtered through from the seventh floor.

You see, a dangerous solution to her troubles had suddenly entered her head, a solution that appalled and attracted her at the same time.

Mind you, the thought had been suggested to her, and was not of her own seeking. She had stopped to put a match to the gas-fire of her bed-sitting-room, and the match had gone out. The gas had gone on hissing, hissing insidiously for half-a-minute while she was fumbling for another match in the box.

And then something inside her head had whispered: "Why not let it go on hissing? Why light the gas at all?" Almost while she was thinking about it the little room had taken on a faint tinge of escaping gas.

Oh, but it was so easy. You just let it go on and on. What did people do? They locked the door, and shut the window, didn't they? And put pillows down and went quietly off to sleep on the floor.

But, though she put the pillows down and shut the window, and let the gas go on hissing, something stopped her from going to sleep. For just when she was thinking how hard the fender felt through the pillow, the new arrival upstairs began to play his 'cello.

And what he was playing carried Monica's memory back to the day when she and Dick first found they loved each other. She did not know the name of the melody, and had never heard it since, but the association had been imprinted on her mind for ever.

They had been sitting in some gardens by the sea, and an orchestra had played that melody then. And Dick had looked at her very steadily, and said, "Heaven knows when I'll be able to get a home together for you, darling, but let's always remember to-day when we are fed up about waiting."

And, remembering that day, brought to her mind by musical association, it suddenly seemed very silly and wateful to let that gas go on escaping.

So she turned it off, and went on listening to the 'cello player instead.

Presently, she was telling herself that it was wrong, thatit was wrong of her to have doubted Dick for a moment.

And at that moment there was a knock on her door and a Cockney voice called out, "Miss Verrell, your young man's downstairs waiting to see you."

Monica rushed down to the door, and there was Dick, his eyes shining, eager, excited. He seemed to have forgotten all about last night.

"Couldn't get round before, darling," he said, breathlessly. "I had to go out to Golden Green. Oh, Monica—I've got great news!

"You know that new estate our people are building out there? Well, Old Man Verity called me into the office to-day, and said he wanted a live young man to go out there and take charge. He said that it is supposed to be an estate to accommodate young married couples, someone ought to be there who could enter into their interests.

"Then sort of looking at me from under his eyebrows, he said, 'How soon can you get married, Denton There's a house rent free, and a salary of five pounds a week with the job.' 'Right away, sir!' I told him. Gee, Monica, isn't it marvellous! Listen, I've got to fl now, but I'll be along to-morro evening to take you along to se the place."

He was off, almost before Monic knew h had been there, but he feet seemed winged as she flew up the stairs. So much so that she rushed headlong in to Mrs. Grantham, who was coming out of her room on the fifth floor.

"You look excited, child," said Mrs. Grantham.

"I am," gasped the girl. 'I'm going to be married!"

"And you think that's such a lot to be excited about?" asked the older woman.

The truth about Mrs. Grantham was that she was a cynic by profession and a sentimentalist who'd been hurt. The other guests looked upon her as "rather modern"; they would have been considerably surprised to know that in the loneliness of her own room the pose fell from her completely.

Mrs. Grantham wanted to be divorced. That is, she had thought that she wanted a divorce when she had come to No. 44, Granthian Square three months before. Now, in her more soul-searching moments, she was not so sure.

When she had found that Gilbert was wedded to his work, it had seemed very "modern" to tell him that he couldn't expect an intelligent woman to be merely a cipher of circumstances in his life, and to walk out with the intention of "preserving her individuality." Her husband had looked at her in a dumb and uncomprehending sort of way, and let go.

And now, after three months, Mrs. Grantham was almost on the point of admitting to herself that there were setbacks to preserving one's individuality" in a bed-sitting-room where the slot meter always seemed to be hungry for shillings.

"Don't you think it's a mistake for a girl to marry so young as you?" suggested Mrs. Grantham, tentatively and not too convincingly.

"I'm twenty-three," retorted Monica, sublimely unaware of the fact that Mrs. Grantham's "advanced" views were at stake. "And I've been waiting to get married for two whole years."

"But think of your . . . career."

"Career!" Monica laughed gaily. "Not much of a career hammering a typewriter all day for forty-five shillings a week! I'd rather be married, thanks! Who wouldn't? Perhaps it's different if you want to go on the films and be a great actress, like Sonia Selby, on the floor below—but I don't want to go on the films, anyway! I—"

"Marriage means," broke in Mrs. Grantham, as though the clichés were being dragged forcibly out of her, "that you will have to sink your individuality. You will be just a cipher in a man's existence. You'll have to wash crocks and darn his socks, and when he comes home from work he'll expect you to forget all about yourself and listen to all the troubles he's had during the day."

"But Dick doesn't talk about his troubles," said Monica, and somehow Mrs. Grantham felt quite floored. Looking back, she suddenly realised that Gilbert hadn't talked such a lot about his own troubles, either.

And then the pesudo-cynical Mrs. Grantham did a most unexpected thing. She suddenly put her face in her hands and burst into tears.

"Oh, I'm such a fool," she cried through her sobs, as the barriers went down and she became just a lonely woman who had been trying to tread on her own happiness. Such a silly fool Of course, you're right, child. I'm sure you'll be very h-h-happy."

Gilbert Grantham never knew that his wife went back to him because of a certain melody played by an unknown musician on the seventh floor of a boarding house.

A little later that same evening Mrs. Grantham went to the floor below for a few words with Sonia Selby.

(To be Continued)

NERVOUS WOMEN

NO need for women or girls to suffer every month from periodic pains, headache or sideaches. In girlhood Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a very beneficial tonic. This is what Mrs. Earl Johnston of 445 Jackson St., W., Hamilton, Ont., said: "I suffered from pains in my back and side periodically. I would be weak, 'all nerves,' and had headaches and dizzy spells. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription helped to rid me of those awful pains and drove away the headaches and dizzy spells. This medicine improved my appetite and helped to build me up so that I felt just fine in every respect." Buy now! New size, tabs. 50c., liquid $1.00 & $1.35.

"This is the way they go to town . . . in Bermuda. The whole family is in on an outing on the coral Island and it's fun to ride about the flower bordered coral roads on a tandem!"

FOR PRINCE EDWARD

Queen Mary and the Princess Royal paid a private visit to the sale of the War Service Legion held by Lady Londonderry at her house (says the London Daily Telegraph.)

Ask Your Husband to Help You END A COLD Quicker

Of course, you can really do most of this yourself. But he'll gladly help you end the misery of your cold.

Massage VapoRub briskly on the throat, chest and back (between and below the shoulder blades). Then spread it thick over the chest and cover with warmed cloth.

Already, your VapoRub has begun to bring relief—two ways at once:

1. Through the Skin. VapoRub acts *direct* through the skin like a poultice or plaster.

2. Medicated Vapors. At the same time, its medicated vapors, released by body heat, are breathed in for hours—about 18 times a minute—*direct* to the irritated air-passages of the nose, throat and chest.

This combined poultice-and-vapor action eases the breathing—loosens phlegm—relieves irritation—helps break congestion.

While you relax into comfortable sleep, VapoRub's two-way treatment keeps right on working. Often, by morning the worst of the cold is over.

Now White—Stainless

Thanks to a new process, VapoRub now comes to you in white *stainless* form. Only the color is removed; it is the same VapoRub—the same formula and the same effective double action.

VICKS VAPORUB

THE COOK'S CORNER

SAUSAGE LOAF.

One cup each of mashed potatoes, lima beans and strained, canned tomatoes, and bread crumbs, 2 cups cooked, chopped sausages, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons melted butter, 1 dessertspoon minced parsley, 1 teaspoon salt, 1-8 teaspoon white pepper. Mix all ingredients well together, pack in individual, greased moulds, and place in a pan of hot water. Bake in a moderately hot oven about 45 minutes. Serve hot, for luncheon with chili sauce.

ENGLISH PLUM PUDDING.

Two pounds raisins, 2 pounds currants, 1 pound mixed peel, 1 pound brown sugar, 1 pound breadcrumbs, 1 pound beef suet chopped fine, 1-2 pound dates, 1-2 pound almonds chopped, 1 pound flour, 2 tablespoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon each of nutmeg, ginger, cloves, cinnamon and salt, 2 medium-sized apples, 2 carrots scraped fine, 4 eggs, 1 pint milk, 1 cup molasses.

Mix dry ingredients well, putting eggs and milk in last. Pack in buttered paper and tie in cloth over top. Steam for 6 or 8 hours.

BRAN BANANA BREAD.

One-quarter cup butter, 3-4 cup honey, 1 egg, 3-4 cup bran, 1 1-2 cups flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1-2 teaspoon salt. 1-2 teaspoon soda, 1-2 cup chopped nuts, 1 cup mashed bananas. Cream butter and beat in the honey and egg. Add bran. Sift dry ingredients and mix in the nuts. Add dry ingredients to the creamed mixture alternately with the bananas. Bake in a moderate oven about 1 hour.

A Morning Smile

IN LIGHTER VEIN

Lord Pomp was making a periodical visit to a certain mental hospital. Nearing the main entrance he saw emerging towards him a very well dressed gentleman. Thinking him connected with the place, he greeted him with a polite 'Good morning.'

The person returned the greeting and halted, remarking, "Are you going to the hospital, sir?"

"Yes," was the reply. "I'm Lord Pomp."

"Go on in, sir," came the reply, "they'll cure you. I thought I was Mussolini when I came here first."

After many months of unemployment Pat got a job as packer in a china factory. Not being used to the work, it was not long before he dropped and smashed a valuable bowl. At the end of the week when he went to draw his pay, Pat was informed that a small amount would be deducted every week until the damage was paid for.

"And how much was that bowl valued at? asked Pat curiously.

"One hundred pounds," replied the cashier. Pat began to laugh.

"Begorrah!" he cried. "It looks as though Oi'd be gettin' a permanent job at last."

Fashions' Latest For Chic Dressers

Style-conscious daughter will feel like a little princess in this bright wool crepe dress.

It's ever so practical, too. The buttons down the front are so easily and quickly fastened. It has her favorite Peter Pan collar and short full sleeves. The pattern however, provides for long sleeves. Another thing she'll adore is the flared skirt that swishes about so prettily every time she moves.

Of course, she must have a princess of gay tyrolean cotton print. It's tremendously smart.

Velveteen, rayon challis prints, plaid wool or wool-finished cotton, etc., are other suggestions for this easily made on-piece dress.

Style No. 1907 is designed for sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires 2 1-8 yards of 39-inch material with 3-8 yard of 35-inch contrasting.

Price of pattern 15 cents in stamps or coin (coin preferred) wrap coin carefully address to Charlottetown Guardian giving—Style No. 1907 Size..... ... ...

Name

Street Address

City State

The Royal ladies held out a white woollen dressing-gown embroidered with blue rabbits to see if it was the right size for little Prince Edward.

"It's too big," his aunt declared.

'Never mind,' said Queen Mary. "He'll grow into it." She bought it as a Christmas gift.

Itching, Burning, Stinging Eczema or Salt Rheum

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

Eczema or Salt Rheum as it is often called is one of the most agonizing of skin diseases.

The intense burning, itching, smarting, especially at night, or when the affected part is exposed to heat, or the hands placed in water, are almost unbearable.

Use Burdock Blood Bitters internally, and apply it externally. A few bottles are usually sufficient to afford relief from this torturing blood and skin disease.