

# Woman's Realm Social and Personal Fashions Literature

## Dorothy Dix Says—

### Marriage as an Institution Takes Pounding in This War

#### In Every War Women Get More Liberty Than They Ever Had Before

It appears that the home front has already become the fighting front, and the list of casualties that daily reported from it is so great that it makes us fear that marriage, as an institution, will be bombed out of existence during the present conflict. Statisticians report that divorces are increasing to an unheard of degree; and when we reflect upon the astronomical figures to which they will mount after the war, when the war-bred couples take a second look at each other and see what they have gotten, we realize we may well view the situation with alarm.



It is the history of every war that, no matter which side won, women somehow managed to wrangle out of it more liberty than they had ever had before.

Of course, many causes have worked out to this end, the principal one of which is the pay envelope. Millions of women endure marriages that are lifelong martyrdoms and put up with brutes of husbands who beat and insult them because, with all their faults, they are their meal tickets.

#### BACK TALK FROM HUBBY OUT

They had no skill with which they could support themselves and their children, and so they had to stick to an unhappy marriage whether they like it or not. But the war has changed all that. Wife has found out that she is as good at making airplane wings as she is at embroidering dollies, and that it doesn't take any more brains to read a blueprint than it does to decipher a cut paper pattern. So she has become a high-speed riveter or maker of precision tools, with a fat salary, and she is not putting up with any more of husband's back talk.

And naturally men don't like it. This isn't what they married for. They want somebody they can boss around, not some one who will tell them how big and strong and wonderful they are, not someone who will pooh-pooh their achievements and say: "Look after little Johnny, will you, while I'm gone. I am off to fly a flying fortress to China." And, above all, a husband, no matter how lazy and trifling he is, or how much he grates on his wife, hates her when he has to ask her for pocket money.

So the new order of working wives isn't going over big with husbands and they, also, are joining the ever-increasing army of divorce seekers. And, curiously enough, they are copying women in the charges they are bringing against their wives, which are the old familiar ones which have enabled so many women to live comfortably upon their alimony.

#### SHOE ON OTHER FOOT NOW

For they are claiming, in many cases, that Friend Wife is no longer faithful to the poor old husband who has grown fat and stoop-shouldered slaving to support her and the kids, but has succumbed to the glamour of a uniform and is stepping out with some nifty, young goddine (j.g.) and passing her evenings dancing the rumba with same, while the old man stays at home helping the children with their school work.

Also, they allege, that while Wife makes good money, she doesn't bring her pay envelope home, but blows it in on beauty shops and clothes and beer taverns, which everyone will agree is no way for a wife to do. Also, husbands have been suing their wives for non-support and demanding alimony from them with which to soothe their wounded hearts and enable them to live without working. All of which is strangely like the feminine divorce tradition and proves that Judy O'Grady and the Colonel are alive under the skin, or something.

It seems too bad that to the horrors of war we have to add so much domestic strife, but perhaps it is inevitable. When people's minds are distraught, as they are now, they cannot meet their problems with calm common sense and settle them fairly and justly; when their nerves are taut with anxiety and fear of a future all dread and none can visualize, every little thing irritates them and they grasp at every fleeting pleasure with a fantastic feeling that this may be the last time. And, above all, there are the temptations offered by easy money to those who have never had money before.

There is nothing that keeps people walking the straight and narrow path so surely as lacking the price to slide-step.

1167

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## THE PRINCESS OF GRATZEN

By Louis Arthur Cunningham, Author of "Of These Three Loves," "Marionette," Etc.

### CHAPTER III

Madame had flung Michel's picture in a trunk that night and tried to put him forever out of her heart. She had heard no word of him in the years between, nor had his brother Roger, who was now with the air force; nor had anyone else. If he had come to France, as planned, perhaps they would never know what had become of him. Wild young devil anyway; volatile, hot-tempered, reckless and devoid of any fear of self-consciousness. The old lady had set his picture in its frame in her dressing and had taken it up to look at it, holding it close to her, when she heard Roger's step on the stairs.

Roger put down the picture, hastily, but Roger's madame's face lit up once "For-given him, Tante Mimie? None of your business." She gave him her cheek to kiss "And why are you sneaking up the back stairs?"

"You told me to, over the phone—don't you remember? I'm the house-keeper's nephew now. What is all this anyway?"

"It's Rudolph. He's the Baron's son. He's been letting everyone in this silly little country of his. He's worth a million. I didn't have the heart to tell these poor little children that he's only their uncle, Roger. It would have been cruel to do so. Had you seen them when they walked into Philibert this evening?"

"I can imagine," said Roger slowly. He sprang out in an easy chair, a tall, neat figure in the uniform of a flight lieutenant. He had been over and back twice. "I'm glad you did it, Tante Mimie. It was like you. I'd never made a such a thing. I'd have made a mess of the situation. You and Mike are the ones who think of the fitting thing to do. I'm glad you've brought his handsome mug out of the ash can. He was always your favorite, wasn't he?"

"That ungrateful, headstrong, irresponsible—"

Roger held up his hand. "He's your son, Roger. He's the son of your father and your mother. You were always fond of him. But underneath it all, Madame Fabre-Luisman, Mike was the apple of your eye. You know it. The harder you yelled at him, the louder you swore at him, the more you loved him."

The old lady scowled fiercely. Then she blew her nose and waited for a cigarette. "You're too smart, you Roger—always was—too damned smart."

Roger grinned, shook his head. "I'll never be able to outsmart you, Duchesse. Now what about the royal guests? Is the housekeeper's nephew permitted to have a peep at them?"

"They are at dinner now. I take it you're before at home here?"

ed to alter, to become somber, grim and terrible. A queer duck, Mike, full of strange theories, strange dreams, a lover of dawns and sunsets and beauty in any guise. Where was he now? What had he found in the mountain of snow? Had he gone out in a burst of glory, as a thunderclap of glory? Had he turned his back on the whole thing and taken refuge in a mountain top or a green isle in the sea? Perhaps one would never learn. Michel had always been an enigma, a man one could never know. Not even madame, who had the wisdom of all women, had really understood Michel; otherwise she would not have tried to force her will upon him; to make a tame pigeon of one who would range like the hawk in the evening stillness, Roger Fabre heard Michel singing. He smiled, pleased, got up from his chair and crossed to the window. He saw a tall girl whose hair was a deep black and two little blond children frisking about her as they walked with Rudolph across the lawn toward the beech trees.

Roger disobeyed madame's injunction, and went quickly down the back stairs and out into the garden. After all, it wasn't every day that he could see a real live princess, even when they were a dozen and no takers at that. He strolled along the bank of the little stream that wound through the park and flowed into a miniature lake at the foot of the hill.

The young moon was bathing in the lake when Roger came there. Tall, slender birches stood about its rim, white and straight and virginal, and in their leaves was a soft and steady music and the air was rich with the smell of clover and wild thyme and damp earth and in the sedgy shallows a frog croaked in a deep bass and he heard the winnowing wings of the wild ducks high overhead.



"Good evening," he said, "I hope I do not intrude."

For a while he did not see her standing there in the moonlight, the trunk of a birch. She wore a white dress and it was not until she turned that he marked her presence. Her hair was dark and she wore a dark and in that repulsive light, but there was no hiding the beauty of her hair, the slender grace of her figure as she walked along the path toward him.

"Good evening," he said, "I hope I do not intrude."

"You will miss it, Your Highness. I shall miss it. But this—this is so beautiful, this land of yours. These mountains of Laurentia. It is God's great kindness that there was such a place for us in which to seek refuge. For myself I did not mind I would have stayed at Gratzen."

Something in her voice made him look at her sharply and he saw that her eyes were gazing far off, not at the night-blooming hills or the crystal sky of the mirror pool in which the moon bathed.

"You let someone there whom you whom you cannot easily forget?"

## Living & Leisure The Woman's Realm

Who keeps the summer in his heart will know, The seasonal impermanence of snow; As fingers of the wind along the grass, Here recollection of all sorrows passes. Grief, shadows of defeat, sharp thrusts of pain, Are transient as the momentary rain.

Yet in this bright and changeless land, love still Touches each golden valley, field and hill. With summer in the heart one hears Enduring music through the ears.

—Isabel Harris Barr in The C. S. Monitor

**FILL DOUBLE BILL**  
Make spicy cakes, gingerbread or devilfood cakes serve a double purpose. Bake them in shallow square or oblong pans, cut into squares, ice or sugar some for use.

"Perhaps I understand," said Roger. "I do not think so," she smiled then, a brief smile that lit up all the dusk like a firefly's lamp. "Ah, how could you? I do not myself understand it."

But she was thinking, as she walked back with Roger to where they heard the children's voices, of the winding streets of Gratzen, of the Inn of the Cog d'or, of an August day so much like this had been, of a tall youth with a rucksack on his back, who had come to face with her as he walked out of the tavern. They had both stopped, she could still recall that moment, relieve every second of it. His eyes were blue in his thin brown face and his teeth so white when he smiled. "Are you real?" he said. "Is this place real? Can there be such loveliness in all the world?" It was his first day in Gratzen and she had come to the fair with him. She had come to the fair with him together they had laughed at the

to-morrow and save the rest to warm for dinner dessert with whipped cream or lemon sauce. Orange sauce would be good on devilfood. And here's a tip on flavouring. Save skins of oranges and lemon and store in covered jar in refrigerator and grate for flavouring sauce, cakes and puddings.

**YOUR VACUUM CLEANER**  
Now that the supply of new vacuum cleaners is limited, your old cleaner, if working, takes on added value. So cherish it. Periodic checks and adjustments by a reliable service man will keep it lengthen its life and give you most efficient use. Intelligent care of your own part is important, too. So don't neglect emptying the dust bag after each using—brush out all the clinging dust; don't expect it to pick up everything—sharp, hot particles may damage it; don't let the electric cord around sharp objects that will cut or fray the covering, step on cord, drag along floor, or disconnect by pulling on cord instead of grasping plug. Do store your cleaner in a proper place—where it will be protected from dust, as well as knocks.

**SHAPELY HANGERS**  
It's worth while to provide coat and dress hangers that really fit the garments they are intended to hold. Skimpily hangers that do not follow the garment lines cause sagging hems and wrinkles and otherwise unnecessary pressing. Hangers that are a little too small may be padded with tissue, or even with cotton carefully shaped and placed, and covered with remnants of silk or chintz.

**LEMON AND HONEY DRESSING**  
With a salad of grapefruit and orange sections on crisp lettuce, try a dressing of equal parts of lemon juice and honey. Add a little parsley and garnish with watercress, parsley, or black grapes.

**BE WIRE-WISE**  
Electricity starts many a rip-roaring blaze. Have extension cords replaced as soon as they become frayed. Under run cords under rugs. If a fire should start, pull the main

**Home Service**  
Jolly Games for Your Next Party

**What's this? Big game hunters routed by a toy mouse? These hilarious goings-on are called "On Safari," and it's a grand game to play at your next party.**

**Give each guest a toy gun—or one cut from cardboard—and announce a prize for the largest bag of game to be caught in 30 minutes. Lions and tigers count 25, elephants and giraffes 10, mice one point.**

**You have previously hidden about the room pictures of animals cut from inexpensive children's books. But more fun to have the mice mechanically on the scene. For the biggest kill, award a toy elephant.**

**Another rollicking game is "Who Am I?" Pin the name of a famous person on back of each player, and let him learn his identity by asking questions: "Am I dead yet?" "What's my claim to fame?" Give a tin horn to the first to guess his name.**

**And did you ever try "Magic Writing," "Card Toss Fortunes?" They're great fun—like the dozens of other games and stunts given in our 32-page booklet. Has ice-breakers, team games, guessing contests, fortune games to make you the most popular party-giver in town.**

**Send 20c in coins for your copy of "Party Games for All Occasions" Charlottetown Guardian Home Service Address. Be sure to write your name, address and the name of booklet.**

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By Geoff Hayes

**DEAR GIRLS AND BOYS: WE ARE GOING TO HAVE A LOT OF FUN, SO LOOK FOR US RIGHT HERE FROM NOW TILL CHRISTMAS.**

**JUNE AND TED AND GRANDFATHER RABBIT**

## THEIR SMILES ARE YOUR REWARD



● Jell-O Pudding is a dessert that will bring happy smiles of satisfaction to your dinner table. All four flavors are nourishing and downright delicious.

Easy to prepare too. Just add milk, cook five minutes, then cool. You get four to six servings of tempting goodness without a bit of your valuable sugar.



**JELL-O PUDDINGS**  
CHOCOLATE, BUTTERSCOTCH, VANILLA, CARAMEL

**DATE DRESS**  
The schoolgirl's date dress is dreamy, and young. It may be of velvet, sheer wool, crepe or a smooth rayon mixture and fits like a glove. Smooth shouldered and well fitted to her figure, it is a masterpiece of designing by clever creators who have made the date dress of wartime restrictions. Impressed upon them, the tamer's silhouette has been tapered down to a happy medium. No skirts are not dirndl full, they are slim, sometimes gracefully draped, bodices and shoulder lines are skillfully moulded to make the most of young figures.

**PEARL EMBROIDERY ON WEDDING GOWN**  
Pearl embroidery for ivory satin wedding gowns is a revival of that era that finds a place on the wedding gowns of today. Velvet hats revived in all types from the tiny beret that clings like the cap of an English nurse to the wide-brimmed velvets which are faced with ostrich or other feather and fast as a trim facing. Little girls, your mother has such a hat, no doubt, that she bought 25 years ago. If the moth has not consumed it or the trash basket caught it, you might as well know that fashion has overtaken you by a repeat of feather facings on hats.

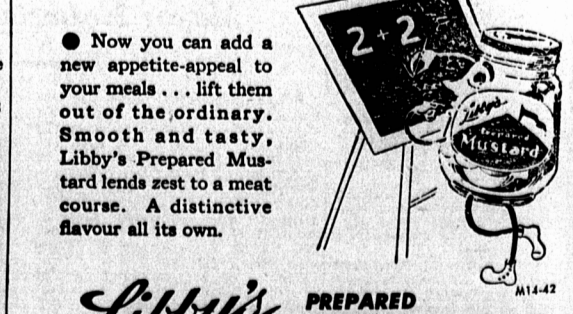
**SWEATER CARE**  
Take care of your good, all-wool sweaters, even if a little outdated. They may be hard to replace. Sweaters that are in daily use should be folded and laid out in a drawer or on a shelf. Hangers are taboo for sweaters, since hanging causes stretching and loss of shape. When not in use, have sweaters cleaned or washed and store in mothproof containers.

## Needlecraft For The Home

**A CHARMING YOUNG FROCK**  
That Goes from Desk to Date. This is just the sort of a frock, but pretty, little frock that girls are choosing to cover the double purpose of daytime wear and after-dinner date; or for a mmattinee. Style No. 3350 is destined for sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20. Size 16 requires 2 7/8 yards 39-inch fabric with 1 3/8 yards for dickey. Style No. 3350.

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Your skin has nearly 50 million tiny seams and pores where germs hide and cause itching, craking, eczema-like Rash, Peeling, Burning skin, Itchiness, Pimples, Ringworm, Foot Itch and other skin troubles. The new treatment Nixoderm stops the itching in 7 minutes and soothes, smoothes and more attractively—in fact Nixoderm must satisfy you completely or you get your money back on return of empty package. Get Nixoderm from your drugist today—see how fast it works and how much better you look. The money back trial offer protects you.

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**Libby's PREPARED MUSTARD**  
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Painful Roughness Prevented  
Rough, chapped lips are painfully sore and unsightly—the cracked surfaces easily infected by dangerous germs. Get relief the quick, sure way with Lypsyl! Its wonderful emollient action instantly soothes the wounded membranes and seals them against germs and impurities. It softens the painful, cracked surface, keeps them pliable, hastens natural healing. The first application gives wonderful relief—lips quickly regain normal smoothness. Get Lypsyl at your store today. Use it regularly to soothe and protect your lips. Sold everywhere in handy stick form.

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