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

HAPPENINGS OF THE ..WEEK..

Queen Elizabeth is said to be very fond of lime as a color. The French Government is using lime-colored tapestries to decorate the rooms in the Quai d'Orsay which the Queen will occupy on the forthcoming official visit to the King and Queen to France in June.

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The Duchess of Kent appeared at a fashion display in London Thursday night with her hair fixed in a new style. Her coiffure — formerly fixed in tight curls — was a long bob with only the ends curled under, giving a pageboy effect.

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Queen Mary shares the modern liking for Regency furniture, and when she recently visited Hartwell House, near Aylesbury, Bucks, she inspected some pieces of this period, and also some of the pictures there. Among the chief features of interest are the relics of the exiled Louis XVIII., who lived at Hartwell with his family for six years at the beginning of last century. Private possessions left by the King and his family were still kept, a century later, in the rooms they used to occupy, and the bells retain their names —the King's Room, the Queen's, the Duchess d'Angouleme's, and so on. Hartwell House, the home of the Lee family from the time of James I., has often featured in the chronicles of contemporary writers. It has an Elizabethan front of softly weathered grey stone "of a grave cheerfulness," as one writer describes it.

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The Duke of Connaught quietly observed his 88th birthday at his home, Bagshot Park, Surrey, on Monday, with a small family luncheon party. The Duke's health was announced as good. He is a former Governor-General of Canada, from 1911 to 1916 and a son of the late Queen Victoria. The King and Queen called to congratulate him. They stopped while motoring from Windsor to Buckingham Palace.

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At the closing of the Senior St. Peters Badminton Club on Thursday night Miss K. Peters, one of this season's brides-to-be was pleasantly surprised when the President, Mrs. H. J. Palmer presented her with an Electric Toaster the gift being accompanied by the hearty good wishes of the club. The evening passed all too quickly in interesting games and a dainty supper.

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Miss Elsie Nicholson is being welcomed on a short visit to her mother, Mrs. Donald Nicholson, Prince Street. She is returning to New York next week and leaves shortly on an extended European trip.

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In a recent copy of the Dundee School Magazine there appears a very interesting as well as original description of Prince Edward Island under the title of "Abegweit" from the pen of Miss Janet MacLaren, daughter of the late Mr. W. A. MacLaren and Mrs. MacLaren of this city. Miss MacLaren, who is a student at the Dundee High School, is to be congratulated on the many original touches she added to the history of her native Province, The Garden of the Gulf.

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Mrs. H. S. Henderson who has been in the P.E.I. Hospital for the past ten days, suffering from a severe cold, is now convalescing nicely.

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Mrs. J. Gordon McDonald entertained on Wednesday evening at a delightfully arranged eight table bridge at the Queen Hotel.

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Peach and blue are the Queen's favourite colours. She chose dress lengths in blue when visiting the British Industries' Fair. She also chose a peach woollen counterpane for Princess Margaret Rose; some towels in pale blue and in peach colour; lengths of blue cotton linette, and a luncheon set in rose colour. Blue was also Queen Mary's frequent choice. She ordered lace flouncing in the "Riviera" blue, and the new cotton blankets, towels and a hand-painted luncheon set were all in shades of blue; a bed-cover was in pink.

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Miss Lois Alward of Ottawa and her sister, Mrs. Dill of Hampton, N.B., who came home for the funeral of their mother, Mrs. Nelson Alward have returned home. Mrs. Sutherland is remaining over with her sister, Mrs. W.A. Brennan of Summerside, for a short while.

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Miss Lena McLure who arrived home from Toronto on Monday is being cordially welcomed.

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Mrs. Wilfred J. Leekey, of Summerside, was hostess at a very much enjoyed mixed bridge of six tables at her home on Tuesday evening.

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The critical illness of Mrs. Keefer of New York, sister of Mrs. G. Gordon Hughes, who is at present with her, is deeply regretted by a wide circle of friends among whom she was an annual visitor while spending the holidays at Inkerman.

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Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Colwill left Monday on a motor trip to Boston.

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Mrs. Harold Crockett, Summerside dispensed hospitality Monday evening inviting friends in for three tables of bridge.

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Miss Bessie Beer is enjoying a holiday visit to Boston.

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Many of the new-born colour shades are named after places in Mayfair. One shade is called Curzon blue—a very bright shade. Mayfair green is a typical jade, Linden—called after the lime trees which once grew in Shepherd Market, the pastoral heart of Mayfair —is a soft yellow-green; it would look lovely in fine tweed. Clarges pink is expected to be popular — half way between strawberry and grenadine. It is called after Nan Clarges, the needlewoman who became a duchess.

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side entertained at a pretty two table bridge at her home on Thursday evening.

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Mrs. Ready returned to Truro today having enjoyed a pleasant visit among her friends here.

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Mrs. R. M. Johnson has arrived from Montreal to take up her permanent residence here, stopping at the Charlotte Residence.

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Miss Eira Clarke who has been taking a course in Medical Technology at Temple University Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa., returned on Wednesday and has taken charge of the Laboratory of the P.E.I. Hospital here.

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Miss Mabel F. Hersey is retiring at the end of May as lady superintendent of the Royal Victoria Hospital after 30 years service and is to be honored with the Degree of Doctor of Laws by McGill University at the Convocation exercises May 26th. The value of Miss Hersey's services to the nurses has been recognized on several occasions. She was president of the Canadian Nurses' Association from 1928 to 1930, and during that time she was hostess to 6,000 nurses who gathered from all parts of the world for the International Council of Nurses Congress in Montreal in 1929. Following the Congress she went to London and was received in audience by Queen Mary at Buckingham Palace. Royal recognition of her work came in 1935 when she was made an Officer of the Order of the British Empire (O. B. E.) Miss Hersey is well-known in this Province having trained many of its daughters in her noble profession.

Queen Mary Needlework Guild

On Wednesday afternoon the Patroness of "The Queen Mary Needlework Guild", Mrs. George DeBlois, Government House, and the officers, and numbers of the Guild were invited to "Bonnahinley", the beautiful home of the President, Mrs. Chester S. McLure, to an exhibition of work done by the Society in 1938 for the Prince Edward Island Protestant Orphanage, and for the annual Birthday Box to Her Majesty Queen Mary, for her Maternity Home, at Hampstead, London.

Nearly one hundred members were loud in their praises of the great number of garments made for the Orphanage. These consisted of sweaters, gingham dresses, pyjamas, nightgowns and boys suits in several sizes.

In one part of the spacious drawing-room a table of tray cloths, nightgowns, pillow slips and many exquisite little woolies, donated by the members were on display. In the centre of the table the beautiful Christmas Card sent every year by Her Majesty to the Society, was on view, also the lovely handpainted card sent to the Queen by the Guild with birthday greetings.

This box contains the only annual fee paid by the Society to their head office, and is opened personally by Her Majesty, who through Her Lady-in-Waiting gratefully acknowledges it.

Tea was served during the afternoon, Miss Lena McLure graciously welcoming her mother's guests in the dining-room. She was assisted by the members of the Executive Committee of the Queen Mary Needlework Guild.

BOOKS / ARTS / MUSIC

(By F. R. H.)

The Modern Library has published over two hundred titles so far. These are reprints of famous books in a good-looking uniform edition priced at $1.10. The Modern Library Giants are $1.49.

The Modern Library title that has sold more than any other during the past ten years is "The Brothers Karamazov" by Fyvdor Dostoyevsky. It was closely followed by "Of Human Bondage" Somerset Maugham's greatest novel.

In the Giant series, the best sellers have been "The Complete Novels of Jane Austen" and "The Poems of Keats and Shelley."

New spring additions to the Modern Library include the reprints: "Studies in Murder" by Edmund Pearson, "Rome Haul" by Walter D. Edmonds, "Of Mice and Men", by John Steinbeck, "The Wisdom of Confucius" edited by Lin Yutang, "Progress and Poverty" by Henry George; and the Giants, "Jean Christophe" by Romain Rolland, "The Basic Writings of Sigmund Freud," translated by Dr. A. A. Brill, with a biography, "The Complete Tales and Poems of Edgar Allan Poe."

Of one of the Modern Library volumes Professor W. L. Phelps writes: "I congratulate the publishers of this book, the Modern Library...all the novels of Nathaniel Hawthorne, and thirty-seven of his short stories enclosed between the covers of one volume. It is a triumph of book-making...It is interesting to remember that Time, the most callous and most cruel of all critics, has been powerless to lessen fame of three American writers all of whom lived in the little village of Concord—Emerson, Hawthorne, Thoreau. They stand higher now than ever be-

(Continued on Page 12)

Modern Etiquette

(By ROBERTA LEE)

Q. When a bride is wearing a gown with a puffy elbow sleeve, what length gloves should she wear?

A. The glove should be long enough to crush softly at the point where it meets the sleeve.

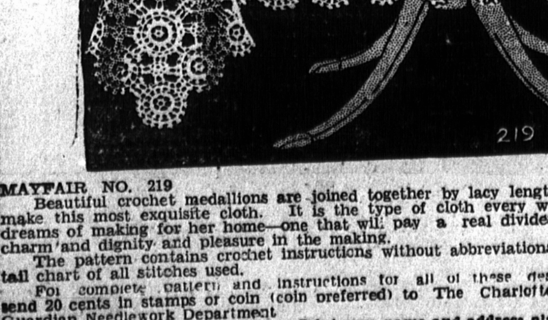
THE COOK'S CORNER

GUM DROP CAKE

One pound seedless raisins, which have been boiled 5 minutes, drained and cooled; 1 cup applesauce, sweetened and cooled; 1 pound gumdrops, cut in small pieces with scissors dipped in hot water (do not use the black ones); 1 cup butter, 1 cup sugar, 2 eggs, 3 cups flour, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon soda, dissolved in a little hot water.

Sift dry ingredients, cream butter and sugar thoroughly. Add 1 cup flour gradually. Add well-beaten egg. Add 1 cup of flour gradually, then applesauce and raisins, then remaining flour gradually. Mix in gumdrops and lastly add soda as above. Bake two or two and a half hours in a slow oven. Do not cut for at least ten days. Keeps beautifully (if hidden) and is delicious.

Crochet Medallion Table Cloth by Mayfair



MAYFAIR NO. 219

Beautiful crochet medallions are joined together by lacy lengths to make this most exquisite cloth. It is the type of cloth every woman dreams of making for her home—one that will pay a real dividend in charm and dignity and pleasure in the making.

The pattern contains crochet instructions without abbreviations, detail chart of all stitches used.

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The Housewife And Her Activities

WHAT EVERY WISE CHILD SHOULD DO

If I want to be happy
And quick on my toes,
Is must eat my food slowly
And breathe through my nose.

I must press back my shoulders,
And hold up my head,
And not close my window
When going to bed.

I must soap my bath-flannel
And scrub all I know;
I must then take a towel
And rub till I grow.

I must never be idle,
And loll in my chair;
Or shout like a demon,
And act like a bear.

I must play and not fidget,
Read books and not flop;
Begin all with purpose,
And know when to stop.

I must love what is noble,
And do what is kind;
I must strengthen my body,
And tidy my mind.

Yes, if I would be healthy
And free from all cares,
I must do all I've told you,
And mean all my prayers.
—Harold Begbie.

PLAY CHAIR TABLE COMBINATION. GOOD

A particularly worthwhile investment, because it can be used until a child is about eight years old, is one of the newest combination baby chair and play tables.

When in it the child can neither topple, slip or fall; the table folds flat as a card table, yet the legs lock securely when it is set up. Usable indoors and out, the feeding chair can be eliminated whenever necessary.

Grease Stains on Rugs

Mix one tablespoon Fuller's earth with the same quantity of lump magnesia and make into a stiff paste with boiling water. Spread while hot over the grease spots on the rug or carpet, and let it remain on until dry. Then sweep with a wisk or broom and the grease stains will be gone.

Sspender dresses with lingerie guimpes have summery appeal for the young folk.

CHIC TRIMMING

Pique vestees are seen on tailleurs, dresses, and even coats, the favorite trick of the season being to simulate a two-piece outfit by tacking a vestee onto the blouse of a dress or to make a coat look like a skirt and bolero jacket with the aid of a similar device. White pique edges dark wool coats; runs in a panel down the front of a hand-knit dress; makes up into crisp corsages of spring flowers, and turns into a little winged cockade that adds dash to the neckline of a black jersey trimmed with grosgrain ribbon.

CLEANING UPHOLSTERY

Use your stiff furniture brush to clean your furniture. Dip the brush into a basin of non-explosive cleaning fluid and quickly brush the upholstery. It will remove all soils and bring back the original freshness of the fabric.

SOOT ON THE CARPET

Take up the surface soot lightly with a whisk broom, carpet sweeper, or vacuum cleaner, then add a tablespoonful of turpentine to a basin of hot soapy water. Wash the sooty patches with this, using a nail brush to scrub the soot out of the pile. Remove the suds with a cloth wrung out in warm water and rub the carpet dry with old towels.

How Can I ??

(By ANNE ASHLEY)

Q. How can I remove fat from the hot soup?

A. Pour the soup through a cloth that has been wrung out of cold water, and practically all the fat will adhere to the cloth.

Q. How can I clean parchment shades?

A. Try using wall-paper cleaner. Or, sponging with a cloth moistened in soapy water is often effective.

Q. How can I get rid of silver fish on the backs of pictures and book bindings?

A. Rub the backs of the pictures and the books with oil of cedar occasionally.

Household Scrapbook

(By ROBERTA LEE)

The Whisk Broom

The life of a whisk broom may be renewed by clipping off the ends evenly, tying a rag around the broom, to hold it straight, and then soaking in hot suds for an hour.

Keep Fat Usable

It is advisable to drain fat through cheese cloth. In this way all food particles are removed and the fat may be used over and over.

Washing Glass

If a little ammonia is added to the suds when washing windows, mirrors, or glassware, it will make the glass sparkle brightly.

A very cordial welcome is being extended to Mr. Charles Bentley of this city and his young bride formerly Miss Helen Eileen Bernasconi, who returned this week from their honeymoon to take up their permanent residence.

The lovely spring wedding took place quietly in old St. Paul's Church Halifax, the bride's uncle, the Venerable Archdeacon A. W. Watson solemnized the ceremony. The bride looked smart and lovely in a grey crepe bolero frock with which she wore a Mary Queen of Scots bonnet of grey trimmed with French flowers in pink and blue. Her corsage was of deep pink roses and lilies-of-the-valley. She donned an Alice blue coat with large grey fur collar leaving the church. There were no attendants.

There was a small reception and wedding breakfast at the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Bernasconi following the ceremony. Mrs. Bernasconi wore a black sheer jacket frock with flowered blouse and corsage of yellow roses. Mrs. Bentley, of Charlottetown the groom's mother, wore a navy blue dress with hat to match, and her corsage was of pink roses. Mrs. Watson, wife of Ven Archdeacon Watson, was in a black dress trimmed with cut velvet, black hat, and her shoulder bouquet was of red roses. The bride's table was daintily arranged with a bouquet of pink snapdragons and candles of matching color. A collection of beautiful wedding gifts was displayed. Both young people are very popular. The bride has been artist with the Halifax Mail for the last three years. Mr. Bentley is a graduate in Arts from Acadia, and Law from Dalhousie University, and is practising law with his father, Mr. W. E. Bentley, K. C.

Through The Looking Glass

(By E. O. LAIRD)

FLOWERS AND REMEMBRANCE

The Philosopher and I are very good friends. I often sit with him under a fine old maple tree in the garden at the south side of his house. It is pleasant there even in the early spring when the sunshine sifts down through the bare branches, making crazy patchwork below on the seat where we sit. The Philosopher built the seat. It encircles the large tree trunk and its outer edge is foursquare. Here he scatters crumbs. When the sun is warm, they are crumbs of wisdom for human beings, but, when the winds howl through the naked maple and the snow piles up in long deep drifts they are crumbs of bread and such intended solely for the winter birds.

I found him, the other day, under his maple, sitting so that he faced the house. He was looking at the two lower windows in each of which stood a large, potted geranium in full bloom, the one a brilliant red, the other a deep rose pink.

"They are very beautiful this year," I said, indicating the geraniums.

He smiled and made room for me on the seat. "The sun was kind this winter. Growth, shape, color are good. It takes a bit of prayer, though, to have them at their best for The Day. To be Nature's partner is to be on your tip-toes most of the time if you want certain results for special occasions. You know," he continued, somewhat irrelevantly, "I often think our Days of Remembrance, are like lovely old songs that have been jazzed till their theme is almost obliterated. Take Christmas. One has to dig beneath tissue paper, ribbons, bells and Santa Claus to find the Star and the Cradle. Too often Easter is a beautiful parade; and, of course, we want beauty at Easter. 'Behold, I make all things new', is the Theme of the Resurrection. But, it should be more than a fashion parade. Now, Mother's Day," the Philosopher looked thoughtfully over at the geraniums, "we can keep it sane and sweet, as we can all special days, if we celebrate it right."

"You would do that-"? I queried.

"Flowers for the living, and kindly deeds in remembrance of those gone on," said the Philosopher.

"Someone remarked once," I ventured, "that it is an institution intended to give the other members of the community an opportunity for paying honor and respect to the Mothers in it."

"An idea very well phrased," said the Philosopher. "And, it is interesting to recall that many people have paid special honor to their mothers before ever this day was set aside in 1914. Benjamin West said, 'A kiss from my Mother made me a painter'. Abraham Lincoln: 'All that I am or hope to be, I owe to my Angel Mother'. John Wesley pays this tribute: 'My Mother was the source from which I derived the guiding principles of my life.' Thackeray wrote: 'Mother is the name for God in the lips and hearts of little children'."

Pausing, the Philosopher peered up among the branches of the maple to where a red-breasted robin was carolling on the topmost limb.

"If friendship were a sound," he said softly, "I think it would be like the music of the birds, clear, sweet and warm. Friendship between Mother and children must be so. I like to think of the friendship between that remarkable English woman, Mrs. Elizabeth Haldane, and her distinguished son, Lord Haldane, who twice occupied the position of Lord Chancellor of Britain, — one of the greatest statesmen of his generation. After the death of Mrs. Haldane's husband, Lord Haldane wrote to his mother every day for forty-eight years. What splendid devotion. Goethe, we are told, was overwhelmed with grief when his mother died. A gifted storyteller, she thrilled her small son with the tales she told. Carnegie dedicated his book 'To My Favorite Heroine, My Mtoher'."

"Bliss Carman expressed a tribute in his poem 'The Givers of Life.," I said. " I remember some of the lines:

'Who strengthened our souls with
courage, and taught us the
ways of earth?
Who gave us our patterns of
beauty, our standards of flaw-
less worth?
Mothers, unmilitant, lovely,
moulding our manhood then,
Walked in their woman's glory,
swaying the might of men.

If we be the builders of beauty
if we be the masters of art,
Theirs were the gleaming ideals,
theirs the uplift of heart'."

"It is our forty years since my Mother died," said the Philosopher gently. "But to me, she lives still. She wore a blue bonnet, wreathed with flowers, and tied beneath her chin with ribbons. I remember her eyes. They were kind, and sometimes, I think, they were tired. Yes,they were often tired. Oh, if one could turn back the years!

'For I am moved to take her
hand,
And tell her now I understand
How tired she grew beneath the
strain
Of feeling every loved one's pain.
Then I would smooth and kiss
her face,
And by her side take my old
place
And sob my years and cares
away;
The tears I have so long repress-
ed
Would lose their ache upon her
breath'."

When I went away, the Philosopher was watering the potted geraniums. Soon he would take them to the County hospital, and in the words on Mother's Day there would be color: brilliant red sending a glow to men's pale faces; rose pink spreading its benediction to tired, wan women.

Flowers for the living, and kindly deeds for Remembrance.

Dorothy Dix's Letter Box

Second Marriages Can Be Successful Only When the Participants Lay Aside All Thoughts of Their Former Mates and Live Only for Each Other

Dear Miss Dix—I was a widow and I married a man whose wife had been dead two years. Before marriage we discussed our former marriages to the fullest extent and agreed that we were beginning a new life together and that we would not expect each other to be like our lost mates. In spite of this, however, in less than two months after we were married my husband found that he was not reconciled to his wife's death and that, although he had no fault to find with me, I could not take her place. I was well enough as I was, but I was just not like she was. His disappointment brought on a nervous breakdown and he requested me to leave him, which I did. I love him very much, but he says that our marriage was a sad mistake and that he does not want to go on with it. There is to be a meeting soon for us to come to terms and I don't know how to prepare myself for it. What can I do? MRS. L. W.

Answer:

It seems to me that the best thing that you can do is to spar for time. Do not consent to an immediate divorce. Tell him that you want to wait for a couple of years before making a final decision on the subject. Perhaps if you give him a chance to get good and lonesome and to miss the ministrations of a wife, he will come to his senses and realize that a live woman who loves him is better than mooning over the memory of a dead one.

Your husband has certainly put you in a very embarrassing position, but if you hope to win out you must meet the situation with poise and dignity. Don't try to force yourself on him and make him keep his marriage vows. It will only make him hate you, for there is nothing that a man resents in a woman as much as her holding him up. Be independent.

Tell him you will be no man's unwanted wife. But that you want him to be sure of himself before he makes a final decision that is unjust to you. Don't reproach him. Show him that you can understand his feelings and are sorry for him. Don't write him beseeching letters. Don't tell him that you still love him and are pining for him. Just let him alone and let the lonesomeness sink in, while he remembers what a sensible, considerate woman you are. And unless he is absolutely obsessed by the ghost of his first wife you will get him back.

Your husband has an unusually bad case of the dear-departed-Maria complex, but most widowers have it in one form or another and it is one of the afflictions with which nearly all second wives have to contend. And it is a queer and inexplicable thing, too, for the very men who are always flinging No. 1 in No. 2's teeth didn't regard her as such a paragon while she was alive. It was only after she had passed on that she became the model of perfection upon which they expect No. 2 to found herself.

There are very few second wives who are not called upon to listen to a panegyric about Maria's bread and Maria's thrift and home-staying qualities, and how she always wore a hat two seasons and never dreamed of stepping out anywhere except to church, until Mrs. Number 2 feels like bursting into tears and crying out: "Say no more. No one else could possibly regret her death as much as I do."

Of course, it is a lovely thing for a husband to forget all of his wife's faults and remember only her virtues after she is dead, but its mighty hard on the second wife who can't be a duplicate of the loved and lost and wouldn't be if she could, and who is filled with a bitterer jealousy of her than she could be of any siren. For she could do battle with a live woman, but she is helpless to contend with the image a man builds up of a woman who never existed.

A second marriage can be far happier than a first marriage, because mature men and women are more capable of picking out suitable mates than boys and girls are, and age and experience have taught them the art of living with people without friction. But a second marriage can only be a successful one when a man and woman bury their memories in the graves of their dead, and hold no post-mortems.

Dear Dorothy Dix—What are the dangers of child-marriage? CAROLINE D.

Answer:

First, impermanence. Child-marriages rarely last. Boys and girls who marry in their teens are generally divorced in their twenties. It is the young who mostly clutter up the divorce courts with their mistakes. Adolescents lack the knowledge of life, the experience and the maturity of judgment that fit them to pick out their mates, and it is a disgrace to civilization that an age when boys and girls are not legally responsible for any other act they can take out a marriage license.

Very young marriages are seldom happy ones. The tastes of boys and girls are continually changing. The thing they are crazy about today, they tire of tomorrow. And that is just as true about marriage as it is about bicycles or hats or dancing. Many a boy husband and girl wife are sick of each other three weeks after marriage. The husband has seen a perfect peach of a girl whom he likes better than he does his wife; the wife has met a perfectly w-o-n-d-e-r-f-u-l boy who has the most beautiful eyes and dances divinely whom she lives better than she does her husband and they are both tired of staying at home and want to play around with the other youngsters.

When a youthful couple grow up and develops along the same lines it is sheer luck and it doesn't happen once in a thousand times. Usually one goes ahead and the other stays put, and we have either divorce or one of the tragic marriages where one or the other drags the corpse of a mistake through life, bound to his or her side.

When boys and girls marry they throw the burden of their support upon their parents, and that is a cruel injustice to the men and women who have worked and sacrificed to rear one family and who have looked forward to having some rest and ease when their children were grown and to save up something for their old age. It is a yellow and dastardly thing for any boy to marry who cannot support his own family.

These are only a few objections to child-marriage. There are a million others, not the least of which is that those who are nothing but children themselves are not fit to rear other children.

Dear Miss Dix—I am in a sophomore year in college and have very poorgrades and have so far failed on my record. Am having to work my way through college. Do you think I should drop out of school and go to work, or try to graduate? I fear I am lacking in either brains or initiative in not being able to make my grades. R. S. M.

Answer:

Not every boy is college material. Perhaps you would succeed better in business than you do at school. Talk it over with your dean of men and take his advice. DOROTHY DIX.

FASHION GUIDES FOR THE HOME DRESSMAKER

Soft Town or Country Shirtmaker

A soft Shirtmaker dress of smart cotton hopsacking that is just perfect for in or out of town, and essential for vacation wardrobe. The coat like buttoned front closing gives you a slim line. The soft bodice fulness makes it roomy for active sports; assures a good golf swing. You'll use the pattern over and over again for other summer cottons as shantung, challis prints, linen like weaves, sheer lawn prints and for pastel washable silks.

The pattern is quickly followed even by a beginner with the Picture Step-by-Step Chart included that shows every step of the way.

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A Morning Smile

SPELL OF WEATHER

Teacher: "Willie, spell weather."

Willie: W-i-e-t-h-o-u-r.'

Teacher: 'Sit down, boy; that's the worst spell of weather we've had this year."