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

Tears Woman's Best Weapon | **Dorothy Dix** | Man Cannot Fight Weeping

Woman's Ability to Cry Often Gains Her Point, But Just as Often Does Great Damage Because They Are Signs of Selfishness

Probably no other gift that heaven can bestow upon a girl is so valuable as the ability to weep without her nose getting red. It is an asset upon which she can always depend in need. For if given eyes that can become wells of grief that overflow in crystal drops that do not even wash the make-up off of their owner's cheeks, a woman can get away with murder, as is amply proven by the number of ladies who float safely past the electric chair on their tears.

Why tears have this strange and mysterious power upon us, we do not know. For, in reality, we all have a contempt for whiners and complainers. Also, we know perfectly well that nine times out of ten tears are a racket of which we are being made the victim, yet when we see a woman weeping into her handkerchief we don't say: "Moron! Coward! Weakling! Don't be a cry-baby. Act your age. Get up and do something about whatever ails you."

On the contrary, we "poor darling" her and pity her, and let her sob on our shoulders until we have got rheumatism in them and she has got out of us whatever she wants. Drying a widow's tears is the most costly and hazardous undertaking in which any man ever engages, as many a gay and carefree bachelor has discovered. What there is in a woman's tears that paralyzes our judgment and turns our spinal columns into mush, science has not been able to determine, but it is there all right. And it enables any little two-by-four woman with the brain of a canary bird, who is a free weeper to outwit the most astute man, to change a bemedaled war hero into a trembling coward, to cause honest men to become thieves and strong men to work themselves to death to try to stop the flood she poured over them.

We see this happen every day. We know plenty of men who are married to women whom they have never loved and never had the slightest intention of marrying until Ethel or Sally or Maud turned the hydraulic pressure on them and landed them at the altar before they knew it. They could have withstood any other sort of force, but when a pretty little thing clung to them and cried for them, they didn't have the heart to refuse her.

And look at the henpecked men we know, the poor, downtrodden creatures who say "our" pants and dare not call their souls their own! Are they dominated by Amazons who crack the whip over them and make them jump through the hoop at their command? Rarely. The lady dictators of the home seldom rule with an iron rod. They do it with their tears. They use the water cure on their husbands whenever they show any signs of rebellion, and they collapse into a sodden mass of acquiescence.

A man can fight with a wife who fights back. He can argue with one who is open to reason. But he is helpless before one who just sits down and opens the flood gates until she drowns out his last ounce of resistance and makes the home such a damp, dismal, uninhabitable place that he gives in to get out of it.

But the worst weepers, the most conscienceless ones and the ones who do the most harm are the mothers who rule their children through the tyranny of tears. Mother doesn't want Sally to Marry the fine young man she is engaged to, and she cries and cries and cries until she forces Sally to give up her lover and settle down into a dreary spinsterhood. Mother doesn't want John to leave the old farm, or little village, to go where fortune calls him, so she shuts the door of opportunity in his face by bursting into tears every time he says anything about leaving her.

Many mothers enslave their children to them by their ability to sob every time their children make an effort to get out from under their thumbs and have a little life of their own. If the youngsters want to step out, if they want to have friends they have to wade through mother's tears to do so, and it isn't worth the price. They give in and drown in salt water. Of course, tears are always a coward's weapon, but when a woman uses them she is pretty sure to win the fight.

DOROTHY DIX.

Helps PREVENT COLDS

Specially designed for the nose and upper throat, where 3 out of 4 colds start. Use it at the first sneeze.

VICKS VA-TRO-NOL

A Morning Smile

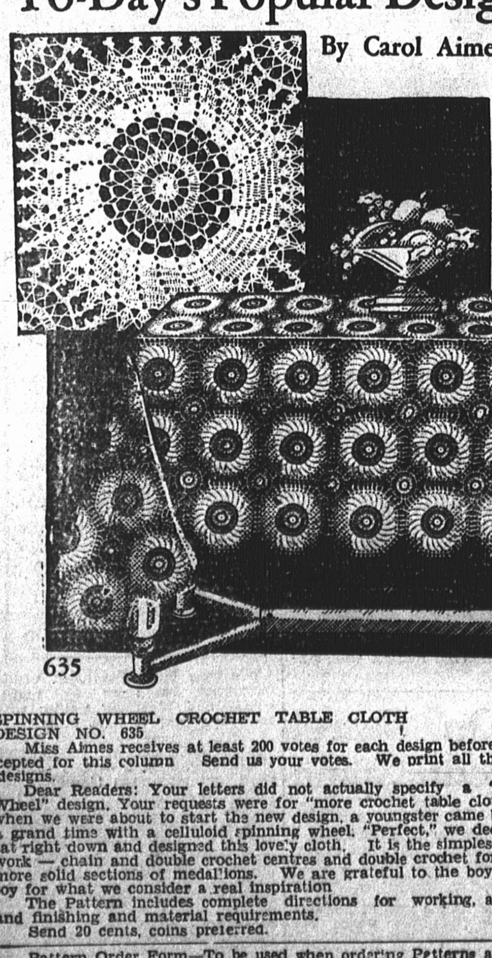
WHY IT BLUSHED

Overcome with curiosity, a fellow-passenger asked the victim: "I say, old man, what's wrong with your nose?"

"Nothing at all," replied the man. "It's simply blushing with pride because it doesn't stick itself into other people's affairs."

To-Day's Popular Design

By Carol Aimes



635

SPINNING WHEEL CROCHET TABLE CLOTH
DESIGN NO. 635

Miss Aimes receives at least 200 votes for each design before it is accepted for this column. Send us your votes. We print all the popular designs.

Dear Readers: Your letters did not actually specify a "Spinning Wheel" design. Your requests were for "more crochet table cloths." Just when we were about to start the new design, a youngster came by having a grand time with a celluloid spinning wheel. "Perfect," we decided and sat right down and designed this lovely cloth. It is the simplest thing to work — chain and double crochet centres and double crochet forming the more solid sections of medallions. We are grateful to the boy with the toy for what we consider a real inspiration.

The Pattern includes complete directions for working, assembling and finishing and material requirements.

Send 20 cents, coins preferred.

Pattern Order Form—To be used when ordering Patterns and Voting for POPULAR DESIGNS.

To The Charlottetown Guardian
Needlework Dept.

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Name: ______________________

Street Address ______________________

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I suggest the following as a
POPULAR DESIGN ______________________

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THE COOK'S CORNER

Chicken Halibut.

1 1-2 lbs. halibut
1-4 cup melted butter
1-2 teaspoon salt
2 teaspoons lemon juice
1 teaspoon scraped onion
1 green pepper

Method: Remove the skin from the fish and cut the flesh into narrow strips, about 1 inch wide. Roll these, jelly roll fashion, into a flat patty and fasten each with toothpicks. You can fasten several smaller pieces together to make the patties if the fish doesn't all come out in pieces of the right length.

Add the salt, lemon juice and scraped onion to the melted butter, then dip each fillet into this. Arrange them in a shallow pan and sprinkle lightly with flour. Place a thin slice of green pepper on each fillet and bake in a hot, 425 deg. F. oven until the fish separates easily ..about 20 minutes. If there is any of the melted butter left, pour this over and around the fish while it is cooking.

Halibut done like this is very nice; it is so delicate and because there are no bones or skin, it is easy to eat and easy to serve.

Oysters in Brown Sauce

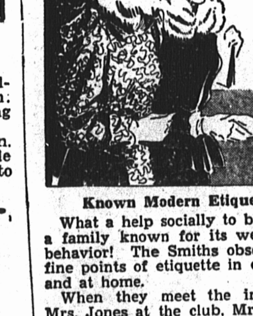
1 pint oysters
1 tablespoon chopped onion
2 tablespoons chopped carrot
1 tablespoon chopped parsley
2 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons flour
Milk
1 bouillon cube
1 egg yolk
2 teaspoons lemon juice

Method: Drain the oysters and measure the liquid. Add enough milk to make 1 cup. Melt the butter and brown the onion, carrot and parsley, then add the flour and cook until it browns nicely.

Add the milk and oyster liquor in which the bouillon cube has been dissolved and cook until this forms a smooth sauce. Keep stirring so the sauce won't lump.

Now add the oysters and cook them just until the edges curl. If they are large ones, I like them better chopped coarsely. Remove from the fire and pour over the beaten egg yolk, then add the lemon juice gradually. Season with a touch of salt and paprika and serve on buttered toast or in patty shells, garnished with a sprig of parsley. This makes a grand party dish, unusual and very tempting.

Manners Help Family Win Social Standing



Known Modern Etiquette

What a help socially to be one of a family known for its well-bred behavior! The Smiths observe the fine points of etiquette in company and at home.

When they meet the important Mrs. Jones at the club, Mrs. Smith knows it's correct to introduce her daughter before her husband, so she says, "This is my daughter Faith, Mrs. Jones." Women, even young girls, are always introduced before men.

Mr. Smith she introduces with "Mrs. Jones, may I present my husband?" She'd never refer to him as "Mr. Smith"—except to servants or tradespeople.

The Smiths make such a charming impression that Faith will surely be asked to the dance Mrs. Jones is giving for her daughter.

And Faith will fit easily into the Jones circle. She's accustomed to courtesies from men, for Mr. Smith opens doors for his wife and daughter, helps them with their wraps. When Jones, Jr., sends flowers, Faith will telephone at once to thank him.

Give yourself and family "social security." Our 32-page booklet, ETIQUETTE: THE CORRECT THING TO DO, gives smooth manners for the whole family. Tells what's expected in public places, at dances, the theatre, when travelling, at bridge.

Send 20c in coins for your copy of Etiquette: The Correct Thing To Do to The Guardian Home Service. Be sure to write plainly your Name, Address, and the Name of booklet.

Name ______________________

Street Address ______________________

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TOO PRECIOUS TO LOSE!

Guard your children from the serious results which may possibly follow a heavy cold if you neglect it. Give them Father John's Medicine which builds up bodily strength, restores lost energy — helps the body to throw off cold infections. It is rich in vitamins—free from harmful drugs and alcohol.

For 84 years Father John's Medicine has been the dependable family remedy in treating coughs, colds and as a body-builder.

Father John's Medicine

THE HOLY TERROR!

Story of a World Dictator

By H. C. WELLS

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CHAPTER XLV
CHIFFAN DISMISSED

Chiffan found it more difficult even than he had expected to get an audience with Rud. He had to apply, he had to wait, he was kept waiting in an ante-chamber for three quarters of an hour. When at last he was admitted to the Presence, he found himself in a long room with a polished floor that slanted upward to the dais that carried Rud's desk. Halfway there was a flight of seven shallow steps, too wide to be taken two at a time and only about five inches high. They would have reduced the most confident stride to a totter. He thought how much Rud had improved upon the crude methods of Bohun's reception room, and the reminiscence served to sharpen the blade of hard derision in his make-up, already whetted by his unnecessary wait outside. He was no longer the affectionate and persuasive Chiffan he might have been.

Rud sat at the desk pretending to be occupied by some papers and peering under his shaded desk lamp at the approach of his old friend. Chiffan entering and seeing this pose of preoccupation, advanced at a leisurely stroll, hands in pockets, and realizing the difficulty of the shallow steps, halted there, turned his profile to the Dictator and professed to consult some memoranda, humming and—as Rud seemed still occupied—producing a pocket pencil and making corrections. Rud decided to conclude his sham work with a sigh and turned his face towards his visitor.

Chiffan packed up his memoranda, clicked his pencil together, pocketed it and strolled up to the desk. "Hope I don't interrupt your—annotations," he said.

Rud stood up, came to the corner of his bureau, and stared at Chiffan in silence.

Chiffan's first impression was that the lop-scowl had become intenser and then that Rud looked over-strained and ill. His face was a deader white than ever and his eyes burnt with an unwonted fever. It was going to be harder to bring this Rud-like creature back to the Rud of the summer school and Camborne Square than Chiffan had anticipated. But there was no time now to alter what he had in his mind to say.

"Hello Rud," he said. "How goes it with the Representative Common Man?"

"You wanted to talk to me?" said Rud.

"As one common man to another."

The malignity of the scowl increased. "About what?"

"About that idea of your being the supreme embodiment of the common man and the effect that is having upon the world."

"Well, what effect?" asked Rud.

Chiffan had meant his talk to develop gradually but this compact answer spoilt his approach. He felt himself blundering directly into the gist of what he had to say. "There is a feeling abroad," he said, "that your role of being a sort of incarnation of humanity is being—to put it bluntly, Rud—overplayed. It was, you know, one of the greatest of your inspirations to make our Revolution the Revolution of the Common Man, not to set up yourself or the Gang or anybody as the heaven-sent leader of mankind. It was a great phrase to call you the World Trustee and make you, so to speak, Trustee and make you, so to speak, the Commonest of the Common, in the common interest. . . . You were the common man, yes. The common man. On those terms we won the World Revolution. But now the job's done and finished, and I take it you have to be a common man again. Because if you don't, you will come to be in a sort of way a new Caesar, a new Imperator, Boss of the World a tyrant, traitor to the Revolution."

"Well," said Rud. "That is plain enough anyhow."

"I didn't mean to begin as bluntly as this with what I have to say."

"But you meant to say it?"

"Yes."

"A sort of Message, eh?" said Rud. "Telling me my times are at an end and that I have to go. Mene, mene, tekel, upharsin. Eh?"

"Don't make me feel like a Prophet of the Lord rebuking a wicked King of Israel," said Chiffan.

"And what in the name of the lord," said Rud, "is this message you bring me, if it is not that?"

"Well," said Chiffan, "if that is the tone we are to adopt, then let us speak plainly, the time has come for you yourself, as the last crowning service you can render to mankind, to prepare for the liquidation of your trust."

"The liquidation of my trust?"

"The restoration of the world to the heir."

"Who is?"

"The common man—the common-sense of mankind."

"Go on," said Rud darkly. "Go on. Tell me more of what you have in mind."

"I came to tell you—plainly—as no one else will dare to do—that you are hanging on to power too long. You know how to overthrow, Rud, you know how to destroy and how to grasp, but you don't know how to guide and you don't know how to let go."

"And you—on behalf of yourself and friends—I suppose you have come to tell me to let go."

"I came of my own accord."

Rud tried to look penetrating, but he merely looked cunningly skeptical. "Assuming that is true," he said, "go on. I am to let go. Well? I want to hear all you have to say against me."

It appeared to Chiffan that Rud had become endowed with a new defensive obduracy.

"It's not against you," he said.

"Go on," said the Dictator. "Now you are here."

"Well, Rud, in the old days you used to face up to facts. I ask you not to think of me as an antagonist. Why should you? You never did that in the old days. Hear me out. You have played a great part in this change-over of the world. You have been the star in the limelight, but—"

"Yes—but? Go on. Go on."

"You are not the whole play. Damn it Rud, you must face up to that! This new world didn't begin and it won't end with you."

"And to whom am I to give way? Tell me that. Who is to make the new directorate. You and these friends you speak for?"

"Rud, again I tell you, I have no friends behind me in this. There is no conspiracy or movement or revolt against you. None at all. But I want to warn you. It will come, Rud. Unless you relax this grip you have taken upon the world movement. Men will not stand it. Rud, I implore you, listen to me. I have always done my best to stand at your elbow, warn you and supplement you."

Rud was nodding his head in silence. He regarded Chiffan with a faint, derisive grin, and there was hatred in his eyes.

"So I am to give way. I am to retire. I suppose I had better go off fishing, eh? And some sort of Royal Society and World Civil Service and new Universities and so on, what your friend Norvel—oh yes, he's your friend, I know—calls the Knowledge Organization. My God! are going to take over the world that I—yes, I—have liberated and unified. Am I permitted to be skeptical? I tell you, Chiffan, I have had time for thought and experience since you and I talked nonsense together in those old days. And there is nothing whatever to override Will in human affairs. And like it or not—and you,—you know hardly anything of the burden I carry—I am the Will."

Chiffan swung half round with a gesture of despair, took a step away from Rud and then turned upon him.

"Rud," he cried. "Don't be an idiot! What has come over you? Will is all about us, the collective will, guided by the free wisdom of thousands of brains. Will can never be concentrated in one individual. Power you can grab but will escapes you. You of all people understood that so well—once. Parallel cooperation! Your own phrase, man! And now, here you are, lonely, secretly watched, implacable, trying to clutch everything. Why? Can you trust nothing free outside yourself? Come off it, Rud. Come off it."

He stopped short and began again on a less strident note.

(To be Continued)

How Can I ? ?

(By ANNE ASHLEY)

Q. How can I treat a cellar that is moldy?

A. Use a garden spray to apply some unslacked lime to the walls. The atmosphere of not only the cellar, but the whole house, will be freshened.

Q. How can I prevent the odor of certain foods, such as fish, from permeating other foods in the refrigerator?

A. Anything with an odor should always be placed at the top of the refrigerator, as odors have a tendency to rise.

Q. How can I remove the marks made by placing hot plates on the table?

A. Try applying paraffin, rubbing it thoroughly into the surfaces. Then polish with a soft cloth.

Modern Etiquette

(By ROBERTA LEE)

Q. Is it necessary to send an acknowledgement of an invitation to a formal tea?

A. Yes, if the invitation bears the letters R.s.v.p., or any phrase that has the same meaning, it is necessary to send an acknowledgement.

Q. How many bridesmaids and ushers should be included in the wedding party?

A. This depends upon the style and setting of the wedding.

Q. What is the chief obligation when visiting at a friend's home?

A. To be an appreciative and charming guest.

TAKE THE LEAD OUT OF YOUR LEGS

Get Oxygen in Your Blood and You'll Get the Pep that Sends You Bounding Up the Stairs

People who smother to death die because oxygen has been completely cut off from them. Just as surely you are slowly smothering if your blood lacks red corpuscles. Red corpuscles are your oxygen-carriers. They carry the oxygen you breathe in to every part of your system. Without enough oxygen-carrying corpuscles, your kidneys, liver, stomach and bowels slow down. Your skin gets pale, flabby, often pimply. Your nerves may become jittery — you tire quickly — feel depressed.

What you need is Dr. Williams Pink Pills. These world-famous pills help make more and better red corpuscles and thus increase the oxygen-carrying power of your blood. Get Dr. Williams Pink Pills today at your druggist. See for yourself how quickly this time-proven blood-builder will help give you back your pep. Copr 1938, G.T. Fulford Co., Ltd

Household Scrapbook

(By ROBERTA LEE)

Don't Beat Rugs

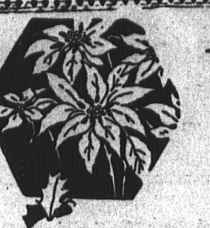
Most rug manufacturers advise never to beat rugs and carpets, as beating causes the threads to weaken and break. Instead, use a carpet, sweeper daily and a vacuum cleaner once a week, and beating will not be necessary.

Egg Stains

To remove egg stains from linens or cottons, soak the material in cold water. Egg stains on silks should be rubbed with table salt, then laundered.

Improved Stew

If the meat for the stew seems to be tough, it can be made tender by adding a teaspoonful of lemon juice to the cooking water.



The Housewife — AND — Her Activities

THE SEASON OF DISCONTENT

Of winter I'm woefully weary —
It really has lasted too long!
Its days are so doleful and dreary
That everything seems to go wrong!
The skiers and skaters may praise it,
And hockey-fans give it three cheers,
But me—I would gladly erase it
From all future years!

At this time of year I decide to
Move out when the bitter siege ends,
Which drastic resolve I confide to
All visiting neighbors and friends.
It's carried by straight acclamation—
My move to abandon this vale,
Folks say when I find a location
They'll follow my trail!

But, lo! There is no trail to follow!
I flod my exuberant wing,
When spread on the hill and the hollow
I see the first promise of Spring.
I find myself genially scoffing
At scenes where I once thought to roam—
With winter so far in the offing
There's no place like home!

—ISA GRINDLEY JACKSON

Eyebrow slots," a fixed installation on the leading edge of army planes, is said to cause a smooth flow of air to pass over the ailerons at a slow speed. This is said to result in faster recovery from stalls and spins.

To improve the flavor of stewed prunes, cook a slice of lemon and a cinnamon stick with them.. A speck of salt added to any fruit sauce helps bring out the flavor.

TABLE MANNERS IN THE OLDEN DAYS

In an old castle in France they used to show — and probably still do—what must be one of the world's biggest carving forks. It is a great two-pronged affair, large enough to hold a joint of enormous size, and it belonged once upon a time to a king known in history as Henry of Navarre.

Even in those far-off days it was a curiosity—partly because it is so huge, and partly because forks of any sort were hardly used at all in Europe during the Middle Ages. A few people had them, but they were kept for special occasions and special purposes.

Italy was the first country to take to them, and the custom spread from there to France and England—but only gradually. For a long while forks were looked upon as strange and foolish things, used by foppish and fussy people.

Even in Queen Elizabeth's time it was the usual thing for everybody—including the royal lady herself—to eat with the fingers, and to pop choice mosels of meat and vegetables straight into the mouth after picking them up in that fashion. And, since food was sometimes very hot, and likely to burn the hand, it was a common custom to wear buckskin glovse while sitting at table.

At certain times and in certain places, forks have been forbidden by law—as senseless things and a waste of good money. In old days, you sometimes came across bitter jests against people who used them.

When forks did become more popular, they were mostly made of steel or iron. They had two long prongs, set wide apart, and short bone handles. Silver forks were looked upon as a sign of great wealth, and they often had fancy designs.

By and by a third prong was added, and later still a forth, and then forks really were forks. Then it began to be the fashion to have one for each member of the family instead of two or three for the whole lot, and the shovelling of food into the mouth with knife and fingers came to be looked upon as bad manners.

THE GREAT UNREAD

According to a literary critic, 1938 saw some gallant efforts by a small band of novelists who will probably never receive public recognition. The thin, unread line of heroes.

Don't forget how good oysters are dipped in butter, and broiled quickly, and made into a sandwich with a piece of bacon. The traditional oyster sandwiches contain fried oysters, but for quick suppers and last minute snacks, broiling is quicker. Of course, hot beverages tea, coffee, or chocolate suggests itself.

fight that COLD
FEEN-A-MINT
THE CHEWING GUM LAXATIVE
DELICIOUS DEPENDABLE

TIMELY TIPS — FOR THE — HOME SEWER

And your little darling will be just thrilled with this new woolen skater-skirt jumper dress with a "snug-me-tight" jacket-top. It's exactly like grown-up sister is wearing for school.... ice-skating and roller skating. The jacket-top makes it so cozy and warm besides being such a popular fashion. Match or contrast the jacket-top to the jumper skirt with suspenders in monotone woolen..or combine a plaid and monotone woolen that picks up one of the colors of the plaid. The separate buttoned-down-the-shirt type blouse may be of woolen or of cotton. She can wear the jacket-top over some of her other frocks of cotton or of woolen. Wear it with other skirts and top the suspender skirt with sweaters.

Style No. 3087 is designed for sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires 1 1-4 yards of 39-inch material for blouse; 1 1-2 yards of 39-inch for skirt and 1 1-8 yards of 39-inch material for jacket.

Send fifteen cents (15) in stamps or coin (coin preferred) wrap coin carefully address to Charlottetown Guardian.

Style No. 3087 Size ....

Name ______________________

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SOME SHOCK

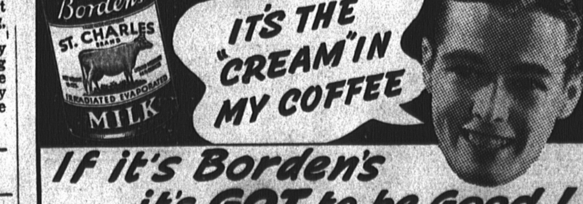
Neighbor — Come quick! Your Mary's fallen into the pond!

Farmer—What has?

Neighbor —Your wife— Mary.

Farmer—You did give me a shock. I though you said the mare had fallen in.

Borden's EVAPORATED MILK



If it's Borden's it's GOT to be Good!

TILLIE THE TOILER — ANDY'S NOT ON THE JOB By Westover