

Woman's Realm -:- Social and Personal -:- Fashions -:- Lite rature

The HOUSEWIFE and HER ACTIVITIES

BLESSED ARE THE HOME-MAKERS.

How blessed are the homemakers, whose job it is to stay after dreary day; who get up coals and sweep the steps, and light the kitchen fire, making a lyric of their lives to suit an angel's lyre.

Yes, blessed are those loyal souls who work on bended knee, or polish taps, or mangle clothes or make a cup of tea; who rise up early every day, and work in any weather, and And all to be a homemaker and keep a home together.

A "GERMY" ARTICLE

Few people realize how quickly the germs collect on the fly swatter and nothing is ever done to get rid of them. Pour boiling water through it daily and keep down the germs.

Heavy Furniture

If the piece of furniture is very heavy and hard to remove, do not try to move it each week but sweep under it with a whisk broom. The small amount of dust can be removed easily in this fashion.

A Real Economy

One housewife who has to count her pennies very carefully buys a pound of butter and a pound of margarine and mixes them well. There is no change in flavor from the fresh butter but this measure saves quite a bit of money in the course of a year.

Meals on Time

Regular hours for meals will be a great help to the mother of a large family. Children soon learn to be on time if they know the meal will be started whether they have arrived or not. Children are always ready to take advantage of the indulgent mother who will wait until they arrive before serving that meal.

TABLOID

If you will give straw baskets, nutcases, matings, etc., on occasion coat of white varnish they will look much better and last longer.

FASHION'S FANCIES

"Frou-frou" dresses are worn again—you remember how the pleasant frou-frou of her skirts was a favourite cliché of the Victorian novelists? They are tunics of sheer tulle or georgette worn over a side skirt of taffeta.

Niches for Phones

Designers of modern flats are finding that the "phone in every room" is setting a problem in design. Many small flats are now having "phone niches" built into the walls and corners. This enables the telephone to be safely out of the way and yet keep it in for the latest type of coloured hand micro-telephone is sufficiently attractive to be worth putting "on show" in a modern home.

FAT PEOPLE EAT TOO FREELY OF ALL TYPES OF FOOD

We are never left long without some allusion to obesity in women, says a writer in the New Health Magazine. Obesity in men seems to excite no popular interest; the experienced journalist leaves it severely alone, it would seem not to have any circulation-increase value.

But obesity in women as a topic is always with us. Fatness is first of all constitutional in the sense that some women, although they may eat relatively small amount of fat-producing food, tend to lay on fat in excess of the physiological requirements. Other women

Athletic Girls

After a hard game it is not only the delicate fragrance of Baby's Own Soap which pleases, but also the wonderful restfulness imparted by its refreshing lather.

BABY'S OWN SOAP

Best for you too. BABY'S OWN SOAP. ALBERT SOAPS LIMITED - MONTREAL.

BOOKS, ART, MUSIC

(By F. R. H.)

"Dan Chaucer," a very interesting book, published less than a year ago, is claimed by the author himself as an ordinary man's expression of his admiration for a most excellent artist. It is not Chaucer's book that Henry Dwight Sedgwick has written about the first great English poet, but a book for ordinary people, filled with the details of the life, so far as the meagre records allow, and the augmented by pleasing imaginative pictures, of this first Englishman who was primarily a human being before he was a poet.

Geoffrey Chaucer first appears in history in a record of 1357 which tells us that he was a page in the household of Prince Lionel, a younger brother of the Black Prince.

Mr. Sedgwick seizes every opportunity to introduce some fascinating glimpses of the history of the times and of the sights of London town, though he in no way neglects Chaucer's importance as a poet. He tells of Chaucer's campaigns in the East of London and was given a lease for life of the dwelling over Aldgate, famous in history. On his walks from his house to his office Chaucer passed through a crowded part of London where he saw and noted many of the types which he afterwards made famous in his "Canterbury Tales." Studying from life, not from old models, was Chaucer's particular talent.

STUDY CHILD'S DREAMS TO DETERMINE CAUSE

Grown-ups take their own dreams rather seriously, yet parents are likely to pooh-pooh the dreams of children.

When we say "seriously" we don't mean that we rush to dream books, although some do, or to interpret them through Freud (and some do that, too), but if we have too many apprehensive dreams or nightmares, we begin to think about diet, going to bed earlier, taking a vacation, or buying another mattress.

We know that something is wrong when we get up feeling morbid and blue from the left-over impressions of the night.

It happens that children are subject to the same kind of dreams. If we only knew, perhaps they are even more terrifying because they are so marvelous, and especially that of little children. The big bear who seems so funny in daytime stories may be a turn-coat at night. The roller-coaster may decide to unroll itself in dreamland and pursue its victim like a huge serpent.

CALM THE DREAMER

Children often visualize things in the dark they would never think of when the lights are on. No matter how careful parents are about keeping fear of the dark out of a child's mind—almost anything can upset the apple-cart, and there it is.

Children forced to go to sleep in the dark, after a period of remaining everything under the sun, or moon rather for an hour or so, will wake up screaming.

About the kindest thing we can do is to get the dreamer up, put on the light and get his mind on something else before we leave him to try to get away from a light where it will reflect softly into his room.

BITTER DARKNESS

As a matter of fact, it is not considered so terribly virtuous any more to abandon little folk to bitter darkness. Perhaps, when possible, it is best because they cannot see to play and will relax more quickly. Besides, sleeping in the dark is supposed to be more restful, and the healer-darkness-defeats itself and becomes a horror, then why persist in it?

Children who sleep poorly, or jerk, or have night terrors, may have easier to heavily or too richly at bedtime. Or they may have run too much or had too much excitement and depleted nerve reserve. Or they may be thoroughly upset and need a thorough going over. Or they may be unhappy and apprehensive. But merely saying, "Why there's almost useless as a cure. Certainly there is a cause when the mind becomes an enemy at night."

DO YOU KNOW HOW TO LAZE?

How few of us really understand the art of lazing! To be able to enjoy a laze thoroughly, without ever bothering about anything at all is a gift not given to all of us.

Really to benefit by our lazing it is first of all necessary to relax to put all thoughts of work and worry right out of our minds; the next thing to do is to relax physically, to stretch luxuriously as a cat or a dog does, thoroughly enjoying itself.

When he had grown old Chaucer took a lease of a house in the garden of Saint Mary's Chapel beside Westminster Abbey. The site of Henry VIII's chapel now stands. Before a year was out Chaucer died—in October 1400—and his lease entitled him to burial in the Abbey.

The now famous Poet's Corner in Westminster Abbey owes its origin to this circumstance.

Jean Froissart, Flemish poet and historian and friend of Chaucer, visited the English court frequently. On one occasion, after a long absence, he brought a gift to King Richard II who was a lover of the arts. He collected all the poems on love that he had written since he left England, had them handsomely copied and illuminated and bound in crimson velvet with silver studs and clasps.

The last art of illumination had reached its utmost beauty in the 13th and 14th centuries. It had begun in Egypt long before the dawn of bookmaking—"The Book of the Dead," the first great poem of the Egyptians was an illuminated manuscript—had spread through the East, then to Western Europe and finally to France and England, and had outlasted, by a full century, the first presses in Europe.

The monks are to be thanked for the overleaves specimens of this magnificent work which was done on vellum the tenderest hide of kids and calves. After this parchment had been sized, flamed and dried many times, the "enlumineurs" drew in their designs with a stylus of silver or gold, then "broad, durable and flat, the glorious colours were laid on. . . . The illuminated manuscripts are not merely the mirror of a vivid and subtle faith; they are also a luminous, intense and changeable document of the architecture and the paintings, the ways of war and love and work and trade, the costumes, the jewelry, the very faces of that time; to say nothing of all flowers and beasts then known or dreamed of. There is no such to be seen through the lens that is this art."

England is proud to show in the British Museum the earliest secure part—composition that has been found in any country and is found in "Summer is Icomen in," was composed less than a century before Chaucer's time and the English bears a close resemblance to his.

Dorothy Dix's Letter Box

Your Husband Will Have a Hundred Love Affairs—Give Him Time to Cool Off Before You Run Off to Reno to Seek a Divorce

Dear Miss Dix—Five years ago my husband fell in love with a young girl. He tried to be honest and fair about it and told me of it and pleaded for his freedom. He admitted that I had been a good and devoted wife, but he had just lost all affection for me. Advised by relatives and friends, and chiefly because I loved him so dearly, I fought desperately to hold him and refused him the divorce. Today, although I still have my husband and my home, I have neither. My home is just a house. I am a wife in name only. I am miserable. My nerves are shattered. My health gone. My good looks going. My husband's hatred of me grows daily. He still loves the girl whose happiness and his he says is selfishly ruined for she is married to some one else and is miserable also. I feel now that it would have been much better for all, me included, if I had given him his divorce when he wanted it. Now I offer him his freedom and he says it is too late. A BITTER WIFE.

Answer: There are as many angles to divorce as there are to individual personalities, and what is the wise and the right thing for the wife to do when her husband asks her for his freedom depends upon the individual temperament of the man.

There are men who are born philanderers and who are constitutionally incapable of ever being faithful to any one woman. They will always have a thousand light loves. They will always be chasing some new skirt. They will always be having an affair with some girl. And when a man of this type thinks that he has at last found his soul mate and wants to marry her, his wife is quite right in refusing to accommodate him by going to Reno until he has at least given his affections a time test and found out whether he is really suffering from the grand passion or a passing attack of fancy.

Nine times out of ten the romance wears itself out. A still more charming charmer comes along and the philanderer is grateful to his wife for having protected him from his folly. The wife has kept her home together, prevented her children from being half-orphaned and still possesses whatever equity she had in her unstable man's heart.

There are other men who are good and kind and desirable as husbands, but who are fatally weak where women are concerned and whom any designing adventuress can have for the taking. They fall for the flatterer and the cajoler. They are the predestined victims of the gold-digger. Any siren can lure these men temporarily away from their wives. Any 16-year-old little chiseler can make a grand believe that she loves him and for him to realize that after 50 a man finds his happiness at his own fire-side and not in treading the primrose paths.

Many a middle-aged man who has been a devoted husband and father falls into the hands of these girls who make him believe that he too young for his wife and that he has a gay life again if he marries her. And when his wife sees that he is about to commit mental and moral suicide by marrying a girl young enough to be his daughter, or some hard-faced, stone-eyed grafter who cares for nothing but his pocketbook, she is justified in refusing to give him a divorce until he has had time to get over his infatuation, and for his part she has been paining him, and for him to realize that after 50 a man finds his happiness at his own fire-side and not in treading the primrose paths.

But there are other marriages in which a man finds that his wife is not his mate. They have nothing in common. There is no "spiritual" correspondence between them. His love for her dies because it has nothing to feed upon. She bores him, is distasteful to him.

Then Fate throws in his way the woman who is his other self and to whom his very soul goes out, who gives meaning to life for him. And when this is the case, when a wife knows that some other woman can give her husband what she is powerless to give him, that this other woman can make him happy while she makes him miserable, then all that she can do in kindness to him and for her own self-respect is to let him go. For you cannot coerce love. You cannot make a man love you because it is his duty. And to hold the body of a husband after his "spirit" has escaped you is to bind oneself to a rotting corpse. When we do that which makes another unhappy, we only make ourselves miserable.

Dear Miss Dix—I know two sisters who are well educated, quite pretty and attractive, excellent cooks and housekeepers, but they are extremely self-conscious. They won't go with men who are not as tall as they are, because they think it makes them look "funny." They could very easily date nice men who are shorter than they are, but if they can't go out with tall men they stay at home. Do you think their chances of being happily married is lessened by their height? MRS. L. D. J.

Answer: I think there is something worse than being tall the matter with the girls. It is a lack of common sense. If they used their brains a little bit they would realize that their height doesn't matter a particle to anybody but themselves.

Indeed, the "daughter of the gods divinely tall and most divinely fair" has been the type of woman over whom poets have raved and whom artists have loved to paint since the beginning of time. You never heard of them celebrating the little sawed-off woman.

But your tall girls are very foolish if they turn down small men and refuse to go about with any youth who doesn't measure up to their height. Good husband material is not to be estimated by the yardage, and many little men who are short on size are long on intelligence, energy and initiative, and are the most desirable catches. Also, short men almost invariably fall for tall girls, just as giant men do for pocket-Venus girls.

Dear Dorothy Dix—I have been married a little more than four years to a woman I love better than any one else on earth. She has been a true wife to me in every way and has a rare character, and we have been very happy together. But a few days ago she told me that there had been another man in her life before we were married. The other man had loved her under protest of marriage. She had offered me my freedom if I would feel like taking revenge on the man who wronged her. What shall I do? WORRIED HUSBAND.

Answer: Forget it. Is your own slate so clean that you can sit in judgment on her for a mistake she made before she ever knew you? If every woman left her husband because he had not always trodden the straight and narrow path, the divorce courts would be working overtime.

You are married to a woman you love and who is a good woman and a good wife. Thank Heaven for her and bury the memory of her one little slip so far down in your mind that it will never come up. Her mistake has been in telling you and thus poisoning your mind against her. Neither husbands nor wives should ever tell their mates the things that don't concern them.

As for your idea of revenge on the scoundrel who abused your wife's trust in him, forget that, too. You would only blazon to the world something that it will never know otherwise, and get yourself into trouble. Revenge is a bogmerger that annihilates those who throw it.

A Morning Smile

Why NOT? A man was buying a suitcase but all of those shown pleased him not.

"When I buy a bag," he declared, "I like to see some one who has a five dollar bill. Did I see a five dollar bill?" "Oh," said the merchant, "you should want tricks. Am I a magician yet?"

A boy from the town was passing through a hay field with a young friend. "What are those funny things?" asked the town boy, pointing to hayricks. "Oh, that's hay," replied the friend. "Pull my other leg," shouted the city youth. "Hay doesn't grow in jumps like that."

The following letter was received by a company which manufactures corn syrup: Dear Sirs: Though I have taken six cans of your syrup, my corns are no better now than when I started."

MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT. Clean Head and Glorious Hair.

Happenings of the Week

Lord Tweedsmuir, governor-general designate of Canada, has graciously consented to be patron of the Canadian Authors' Association. The president-elect is Professor Pelham Edgar of Toronto University; Professor Jean Bruchsal, Nellie McClung and B. K. Sandwell, vice-presidents.

Mrs. W. D. Herridge, of Washington, D. C., has left St. Andrews-by-the-Sea to spend a few days in Ottawa.

Mrs. Dora Mathieson Campbell, who has been spending a pleasant holiday with her parents the Chief Justice and Mrs. Mathieson, is leaving this morning on return to Montreal. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Chauvin and children, of Montreal, who are holidaying at Keppoch, will remain for another week.

Mr. Fred Howe is receiving the congratulations of his friends on his appointment by solid acclamation to the coveted position of Grand Representative of Sovereign Grand Lodge of the Maritime Provinces for two years. The meeting of the year will be held in Atlantic City on Sept. 15th.

The I.O.O.F. visitors were charmed with their week spent in Charlottetown and the entertainment so nicely arranged to offset their official duties. The garden party at Government House was very much enjoyed, the guests carrying away with them pleasant memories of the gracious hospitality of the Lt.-Governor and Mrs. DeBios.

Mr. and Mrs. R. N. McNeill, whose marriage took place in Newfoundland last week, are spending their honeymoon in Quebec, guests at the Chateau Frontenac. They are expected home next Saturday.

Miss Kathleen Hornby entertained delightfully at the tea hour on Monday in honor of her sisters, who are on holiday.

Mrs. Willard J. McDonald and daughter Shirley are visiting with Mrs. McDonald's father, Mr. Stewart C. Moore.

The many friends of Mrs. Alec Scott will regret to learn that she is in the P. E. Hospital for a few weeks.

Mrs. Arthur McKinnon and two children of Toronto, who have been visiting Mrs. McKinnon's parents Mr. and Mrs. Harry Winchester, are now at Shaw's Hotel, Brackley Beach.

Mr. Harry D. McLean of Souris was receiving the good wishes of his friends Wednesday on the occasion of his 58th birthday.

Miss Jeanette MacPhail, Saint John, is spending a few weeks with her brothers, Sir Andrew and Col. J. C. MacPhail at the MacPhail home at Orwell.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Duvar entertained a delightful dance on Thursday evening at "Orwlands" for their daughter Miss Kathleen Duvar. About fifty young people happily whirled away the merry hours.

Dr. J. Wendall McKenzie and Miss Lillian McKenzie entertained at a jolly party at Mrs. Wm. Brehaut's summer house Wednesday evening in honor of the Riding Club and other visitors. The delightful setting, enhanced by wonderful moonlight, colored lights and a huge bonfire, was a thing of beauty long to be remembered.

Miss Belle Jamieson of Charlottetown, was among the guests of honor at a tea given by Frederick, N. B., by Mrs. W. J. Osborne.

Mrs. J. J. McKinnon has as her guests Mr. Joseph Hurry and Miss Ada Hurry of Needham, Mass.

Mr. Gifford, who has been the guest of his daughter Mrs. Hart, West street, is leaving this morning on return to his home in Oklahoma.

The tea hostesses at the Charlottetown tennis courts this afternoon will be the Misses Betty Holl, Marjory Shaw, Lella Morris, Alice Fraser.

Miss Helen McMillan who has been visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. L. B. McMillan and her friend Miss Ruth Melvine, are leaving this morning on return to Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Duvar have gone on a motor trip through Cape Breton.

Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Ripley and young son, of Hunter River, are spending their vacation at Braemar Lodge, Wallace, N.S.

Regretful farewells were said this week to Mr. James E. Simpson, Mrs. Simpson and three children, who left for Edmonton after a very much enjoyed visit with Mr. Simpson's sisters Mrs. W. A. Stewart, Mrs. Bell and Mrs. Tait. A family reunion was held at the old home in Cavendish last Sunday with 21 of the immediate family present. Many happy friendships were renewed and incidents of their younger days recalled.

Dr. and Mrs. C. J. Tidmarsh and daughter, Barbara, have returned to Montreal from Boston, where Dr. Tidmarsh has been engaged in post-graduate study during the past year.

THE COOK'S CORNER

Gooseberry Chutney 1 quart gooseberries (these should be slightly underripe; those in market are perfect.) 1/2 lb. raisins 3 small onions 1 cup brown sugar 2 tablespoons prepared mustard 2 tablespoons ginger 1 tablespoon salt 2 pints vinegar 1 teaspoon turmeric Method—Chop the onions fine. Place all ingredients in a large kettle and cook slowly until thick and smooth. Seal in hot, sterile jars.

Rhubarb and Gooseberry Marmalade 2 quarts gooseberries 2 quarts rhubarb, cut in 1/2-inch lengths 10 cups sugar Method—Put gooseberries and rhubarb in a preserving kettle with 2 cups water, cook until the fruit is soft. Add the sugar and boil until mixture is thick, about 20 minutes. No longer boils to prevent burning. Pour into hot, sterile jars and seal immediately.

Two excited little visitors to the Zoo recently were Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose. They arrived very early—at 9.30 a.m.—and they did not go home until lunch time. Hardly a minute of the children's time was wasted in the grounds recognized the Princesses, and no special arrangements were made for them. They mingled with the crowds, often running from their pursues to attract their attention. Among the exciting things they did in the morning were: Nursed a baby alligator; talked to "Jubilee," the baby chimpanzee, who is just learning to clean her newly-cut teeth with a tooth brush; watched the lions at a feeding time; and the Princesses made a long stay among the beautifully-plumed birds.

A very pretty and fitting example of fraternalism was exemplified at Tuesday morning's session of the Rebekah Assembly in the Prince of Wales College hall. The occasion marked the presentation of a basket of beautiful cut flowers by Mrs. et of Beatrice Laphroo, W. M. of the half of the Rebekah Club No. 1 Order of the Star, to Miss Mabel I. Taylor, President Rebekah Assembly, who graciously acknowledged the gift from the chair. Miss Taylor also received beautiful flowers from the Grand Lodge of the L. O. B. A., and the Grand Alpha Rebekah Lodge, and the Vice President of the Assembly, Miss Jones, and the Warden of the Assembly, Miss Ida McDonald, were also honored by the Alpha Rebekahs, and were cheered when visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. David Campbell, Montrose.

Shunning the Rivera's social whirl, the Prince of Wales has turned hermit in a perfect hideaway near Nio, the only land approach to which is through an underground passageway. The heir to the British throne is now living "down" the railway tracks. Major John Aird, his equerry, revealed. The passage leads under the tracks and is closely guarded night and day. "His Royal Highness has at last found perfect peace," Major Aird said, "far from photographers, auto-graphers, and social climbers. He swims, sun-bathes, and enjoys the absolute quietness of the village's private beach. It's a great contrast to last summer, when he was constantly annoyed." The villa, "Le Roc," belongs to the Marquis of Cholmondeley. Tennis shirts and colored flannel trousers usually make up the Prince's garb, his equerry said. He is returning to England at the end of this month.

Turn out dough on a lightly floured board and sprinkle with flour. Roll dough 3/8 inches thick. Cut into rounds with biscuit cutter. Divide each round into three parts with knife. Roll each portion to form a smooth ball. Dip balls in milk; place three balls to form clover leaf design, in greased custard cup. Let rise about forty minutes or until double in size. Bake for 1/2 hour at 350 degrees F, with the rack of the oven meat. Makes 12 rolls.

James G. Babcock, daughter of Col. and Mrs. J. C. Mesereau. Mrs. George Hooper, of Brookline, Mass.; Mrs. Roseville Anderson and Mrs. Grace L. Hebb of Lunenburg, N.S., a Past President of the Rebekah Assembly, were guests of Mrs. Henry Phillips.

Miss Florence Campbell, R. N., Supt. of Hahnemann Hospital, Worcester, Mass., has returned home after visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. David Campbell, Montrose.

Mrs. Cameron of Stratgartney is the guest of the Misses Green, Summerside.

Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Campbell have returned to Worcester, Mass., after visiting Mr. Campbell's parents, Mr. and Mrs. David Campbell at Montrose, and his sister Mrs. Carl Crockett, Summerside.

The Misses Lillian Sprague and Smith of Lowell, Mass., are the guests of Mrs. H. R. Crockett, Summerside.

The golf hostesses at the Summerside links this afternoon are Mrs. H. G. Muttart, Miss Ruth Muttart, Miss Evelyn McKenzie, Miss Betty Robinson.

Miss Rosamond Richardson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. R. Richardson is leaving this morning for Fredericton, N. B., to visit Mrs.

SMART CLOTHES

The Dressmaker

Here's a smart and simple sports dress with such diverting details as gay kerchief scarf with matching belt, tab trimmed pockets, coin sleeves with plastic action plait at "U" back and bodice.

Wear it for active or for spectator sports. The original pictured is gray linen. The trim in red, gray and navy striped linen, sets it off most delightfully.

Tub silks and cottons are also lovely for it. Style No. 936 is designed for sizes 14, 16, 18 years, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust. It requires 3 1/2 yards of 27-inch material with 3/4 yard of 27-inch contrasting for scarf and belt. Price of PATTERN 15 cents in stamps or coin (coin is preferred.) Wrap coin carefully.

No. 936. Size ..... Name ..... Street Address ..... City ..... State .....

Mr. Nurich was spending a few odd thousands in brightening up the walls of the castle he had just purchased.

In a dealer's shop he took a fancy to a work of art. "Let me see, now," he said, "who painted this picture?" "It's an lithograph," said the dealer coldly. "Why, yes," Nurich hastily agreed, "I ought to have recognized his style."

