

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



THE HOUSEWIFE - AND - HER ACTIVITIES

New fashions demand new measures and new means. The world advances and in time outwears that in our fathers' day were best.

Measured by special apparatus the speed of a driver when it touches a golf ball is 70 to 125 miles an hour, according to experiments performed in England.

The whippet is said to be the fastest thing on legs. This creature can travel in 10 to 12 seconds or half the time a man would require.

Bananas sliced "on the bias" five pre-shaped slices that look good and taste good around your puddings, gettin molds, etc.

Use boiled rice instead of bread crumbs in making your next "batter" of stuffing for fowl.

It is quite easy to preserve runner beans for eating in the winter. Choose young beans and prepare them for cooking in the usual way.

Cover the bottom of an earthenware jar with a layer of salt, then a further layer of beans, then a further layer of salt. Continue this process until the jar is full.

Finish with a thick layer of salt, taking care that you are poking through it or they will siphon down air, probably preventing the beans from cooking.

When you want to eat the beans, wash them in a little warm water to which soda has been added, then cook them overnight in cold water. No further salt should be added when they are cooking.

ENGLAND HAS GONE IN FOR OPEN-AIR SCHOOLS

England now has 153 open-air schools, accommodating over 15,000 children. In 1910 there were only seven such schools in this country.

This progress was remarked on by Mr. Kenneth Lindsay, Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Education, when he recently opened a \$30,000 open-air school built at Hoxing Island, Hampshire.

At Hoxing Island, Hampshire, at such a school, said Mr. Lindsay, children get fresh air and sunlight, a proper and sufficient diet, a healthy and adequate rest, a hygienic way of life from regular bathing to participation in formal physical training, medical treat-

ment, individual attention, and special educational methods.

Black afternoon dresses of woollens or peony silk crepes are trimmed with masses and motifs of colored metal.

Pale pink and all its rose relatives are the evening spotlights as color society dines and dances in a moonlit Bois de Boulogne, in the gardens of Versailles.

Nothing is impossible to the Missing Persons' Bureau of the Salvation Army.

When the China Clipper raced across the Pacific on a scheduled flight last month from Toronto to headquarters of the Salvation Army to Far East officers of the Army it was the start of a widespread search through the battle-scarred Province.

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How Can I ? ? (By ANNE ASHLEY)

Q. How can I stop window rattles?

A. Felt weather stripping tacked, or stuck on with glue, to the door or window that rattles will stop the annoyance.

Q. How can I remove labels that are pasted on pillow slips and similar articles?

A. By placing a wet cloth on the wrong side, then setting a hot iron on it for a few seconds. Or, pour over the steam coming from the spout of the teakettle.

Q. How can I easily grease baking pans?

A. Wrap a piece of clean muslin around the pan, or a rack, and use this for greasing the baking pans. The muslin can be oiled with a little piece of wax the next time. A supply of muslin pieces can be kept on hand for this purpose, as a convenience.

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Dorothy Dix's Letter Box

Mothers Who Are Compelled by Circumstances to Live with Their Married Children Have a Doubly Hard Time and Need to Exercise Utmost Diplomacy

Dear Miss Dix—In this day and time, when so many young and old people are having to live in the homes of others, will you not say something kind about the old mothers and fathers? No doubt some of them are trouble-makers, but so are some young people. I happen to be a mother-in-law who has to live in the home of an only son. I have lost everything but him, and he cannot help me other than to have me share his home. I would be happy in my own home if I had one. No doubt they would prefer to be just alone. But what can we do? I try to be kind and considerate and helpful to his wife. It is a situation whereby we can all cultivate being unselfish. A READER.

When I write of the danger of a mother going to live with her married son, I am thinking far more of her than I am of him. I am thinking of the greater danger to him. I am thinking of the young man whose life he is taking and whose life she is taking. I am thinking of the young man whose life she is taking and whose life she is taking. I am thinking of the young man whose life she is taking and whose life she is taking.

There is no more pathetic figure than that of the woman who lives with her married children. For for years she has been at the head of her own household, the supreme authority, the one who makes the decisions, the one who is responsible for the welfare of her family. Now she is reduced to a mere spectator, a mere onlooker, a mere bystander. She has lost her independence, her self-respect, her dignity. She has lost her place in the world, her place in the family. She has lost her life.

Strangely enough her own child is changed. She still thinks of John and Mary as little children who must obey her and now she finds that they don't obey her. They have grown up, they have become men and women. They have their own lives, their own homes, their own families. They have their own responsibilities. They have their own lives to live. They have their own lives to live.

And Mother finds that if she is not to be a firebrand in her children's home she has to be a rubber stamp. She has to efface herself as much as possible. She has to let her tongue be ruled by a suggestion. She has to let her hands be kept by her fingers out of their pockets. She has to let her mind be ruled by the mind of her son-in-law. She has to let her life be ruled by the life of her son-in-law.

This is maddening, and it is no wonder that few women have sufficient self-control to keep silence when they are just boiling over with things that they are doing to say about son-in-law's personal habits, or the way daughter-in-law cooks, or that the son-in-law is a drunkard, or that their children do not belong to them as much after marriage as they did before.

It is because two generations always look at everything from a different point of view and there are bound to be clashes between them that it is unfortunate for mothers to have to live with their married children. But frequently this cannot be helped, and then it is up to both parties to selflessness and kindness. For not all mothers-in-law are a curse upon a household. Often they are a blessing. Often their wisdom is the all-star to steer by.

All of us have been in homes in which there was an old woman who looked up to with reverence and affection not only by her own child but by a son-in-law or daughter-in-law. To her quiet room they came for counsel in their perplexities. To her they turned for advice. To her they turned for comfort. Little children were cradled in her arms. And when Mother's chair at last was empty every one mourned the passing of the household angel.

Dear Miss Dix—I have been going steadily with a young man for more than two years. It is mutually understood that as soon as he is making enough money we are to be married. Some time ago he was out of work and had a chance to make a living if he had a small sum of money with which to get started. I advanced him the necessary sum. He is grateful. He says that he will not be able to repay me for some time to places of amusement and spend money on them before he repaid me? I do not want to be small about a thing like this. A B C.

It is the hardest thing in the world for a woman to help a man with money without incurring his dislike. The old proverb that says "when you lend money to a friend you lose both your friend and your money" goes double when a woman is the lender.

I do not know why there should be something deadly in money when it passed from a woman's hands to a man's, but there is. A man will let wash for him and wait on him hand and foot; he will go to her for sympathy when he is in trouble; he will take her time and her labor and love her for it, but the minute he takes money from her he hates her.

Perhaps it is because it humiliates him to have to acknowledge that he is less successful than she is, less competent. Perhaps it is because he owes money. However it is, it is there, no matter how generous the woman is about it.

I think that explains why your boy friend is taking out other girls on him and think he is a Napoleon of finance. When he blows these girls to a good time he inflates his self-esteem, and he couldn't do that with you. No doubt you will get your money back, but I greatly fear you have lost your sweetheart.

Dear Dorothy Dix—I am a young married woman thoroughly discouraged with life. My husband and I can never agree about anything. I have tried to make peace, but it is no use. He openly flaunts his affairs in my face. He has a child and I have decided to stand by the cradle, no matter what, but, oh, what heartache I have considered the matter. Would it be wrong? It is lonesome looking out at a husband who grudgingly comes home at late an hour as he can make. A CHILD'S MOTHER.

If you and your husband cannot agree and are always fighting, why do you not separate temporarily, at least. Sometimes absence makes the heart grow fonder and husbands and wives, who thought they had ceased to love each other find when they are parted that the old ties hold and that they are necessary to each other's happiness.

But if you have the courage to go on living with your husband you must have the strength to add to it by refusing to quarrel with him. If you disagree and so keep peace, you can keep silent about the things about which nothing on earth wrecks a child's life so much as being brought up in a discordant household. Better any kind of a home where there is peace, than a fight between the husband and wife.

Don't think that you have a right to have affairs with men because your husband's affairs with women. Your child should have at least one decent parent.

Crystal Chandelier To clean a crystal chandelier, wipe it carefully with a cloth dipped in a half-and-half solution of water and vinegar. Then polish immediately with a dry chamois.

Adding a few drops of olive oil to the water when washing chamois leather gloves will prevent their becoming hard and stiff. The oil helps to preserve the leather.

Modern Etiquette (By ROBERTA LEE) Q. Is the response to an introduction, "I am pleased to meet you," all right? A. Avoid this phrase, as it is generally meaningless. When true one may say, "I have heard of you," or "I have looked forward to knowing you."

Q. When one is traveling and asks a stranger for directions to some street or building, is it necessary to thank him? A. Certainly one should do so. It is rude not to say "Thank you."

Q. Isn't it all right for a person to use both hands when eating corn from the cob? A. Only one hand should be used.

MISS NAPOLEON By VIOLET METHLEY

"I didn't know that there were any Air Regiments in the British Army." There was an awakening of interest in Miss Valence's voice.

"What a comfort to hear her confess ignorance!" Struan apostrophized a swooping gull. "There aren't—yet. But we've an aviation school at Netheravon on Salisbury plain and quite a number from various regiments and from the Navy and Marines are learning to fly. It's the greatest game in the world—oh! I can tell you. Great Britain isn't going to be behind other nations in the air. We've made a good start already."

"But America and France were first," Miss Valence said softly. "I don't deny it. They did the sprinting at the beginning of the race, but there's such a thing as catching up before the lane is reached and that's what we're going to do, I fancy."

"There isn't much credit in flying the machines that other people have invented!" Struan flushed at the scorn in the cool voice. "We're studying design also, and we've made a good deal of progress. Some of us go in for it pretty seriously, in this year of grace 1912, Miss Valence."

"Designing flying machines, do you mean?" "Yes. That's why I've been to America, as a matter of fact. But I'm not going to bore you with a lot of technical stuff, that's the worst of starting on one's own pigskin. I suppose, with the usual vanity of mankind, I'm merely trying to prove to you, Miss Valence, that I'm not the hopeless simpleton you imagine."

"I thought nothing of the kind—and I'm afraid I've been acting the schoolmarum. Forgive me, won't you?" "HE WAS MY GRANDFATHER"

Suddenly the austere lines of the girl's face broke into a smile and she looked at the transformation. Upon Ranny Struan, for whom the smile was directly intended, the effect was even more marked. He coloured stammered, protested that there was nothing to forgive—that she'd every right—and wouldn't she and Christie like an ice cream? The steward chap was over there.

In another moment he was gone in quest of the steward and his tray with an outbreak of quarrelling among the Burgham-West children drew their governess hurriedly back to her duties.

"You've made friends whilst I was preoccupied," Hall smiled at Christie Ryland. "With Miss Valence? Yes—at least—well, I don't think one makes friends with her easily," Christie frowned. "She's somehow different."

"Yes, I feel that way myself," Hall answered. "I fancy it's because she seems so extraordinarily sure of herself. And most of us aren't."

"Mrs. Christie nodded. "She'd never give herself away, but the rest of us do all the time in bits here and there—big bits if we like people. I'm talking nonsense; I'm not nearly good at explaining myself or other people. And there's Rannie waiting to play tennis."

Hall, left alone, established himself in a deck-chair and idly watched the panorama of liner life passing and repassing before him.

There was Leonie Valence, sitting with the children, telling them a story it seemed. Her profile was clear-cut against a Wedgewood-blue sky and something in the cameo-like colouring gave Hall the

CHAPTER III "BESIDES... I LIKE YOU" Hall stared. He found himself stammering feebly. "Your grandfather? Do you really mean it?"

"Yes, you don't believe me? I can see that. Well, I can't help it and I really don't care who tells you or do not. It doesn't alter the fact that the Emperor was my grandfather."

Hall was recovering now from the first shock of surprise and protested eagerly. "You misunderstand me, Miss Valence. I'm not doubting your word for a moment—only you must allow that it was a rather breath-taking announcement. But your likeness to it speaks for itself."

"I suppose so," she spoke carelessly, then with a change of tone and a kind of suppressed vehemence. "I've inherited more than mere physical likeness. I'm like him inside as well."

"I can believe that," Hall said gravely. "Even from the little I've seen of you."

"Don't think I'm just boasting!" She turned on him almost angrily. "It means more to me than that—it means just everything!"

"You are ambitious perhaps like him," Hall spoke questioningly. "Oh, that—yes! Who isn't? But what I've chiefly inherited from him—my grandfather—is love and hatred. The love of France, hatred of England!"

The last word came with fierce violence. She swung round, head lowered. "You think that's melodrama. It isn't! That's what I live for—vengeance on the country that defeated him in spite of everything. It is the purpose behind everything. Behind telling me this story, for

Today's Short Wave Radio Program (All Time is Eastern Standard) TUESDAY, AUGUST 23 MOSCOW 4:00 p.m.—Special English Broadcast. RAN, 31 m., 9.6 meg. 5:00 p.m.—The Monitor Views the News. WIXAL, 25.4 m., 11.79 meg. 5:00 p.m.—Science in the News. WXXAD, 19.5 m., 15.33 meg. 6:15 p.m.—Military Air. JZL, 16.8 m., 17.78 meg.; JZJ, 25.4 m., 11.80 meg. 7:00 p.m.—Contemporary German Concert. Light Music. DJD, 26.4 m., 11.80 meg. LONDON 7:00 p.m.—"She Stoops to Conquer" (Part II). GSG, 16.8 m., 17.79 meg.; GSP, 19.6 m., 15.31 meg.; GSO, 19.7 m., 15.18 meg.; GSD, 25.5 m., 11.75 meg.; GSB, 31.5 m., 9.51 meg. 7:30 p.m.—Tuesday Symphonies. ELAR Symphony Orchestra. 2RO, 25.4 m., 11.81 meg.; IRP, 30.5 m., 9.83 meg. PRAGUE, CZECHOSLOVAKIA 8:25 p.m.—2nd Act of the Opera "The Bride of Messina." OLRSA, 25.3 m., 11.84 meg.; OLRSA, 19.7 m., 15.33 meg. EINDHOVEN, NETHERLANDS 8:45 p.m.—Special Broadcast for South-East States of the United States. PCJ, 31.2 m., 9.59 meg. BERLIN 8:45 p.m.—The Institute for the Production of Educational Films. DJD, 25.4 m., 11.77 meg. BARCELONA 9:15 p.m.—Maristany, singer. YVSRG, 51.7 m., 5.8 meg. LONDON 9:20 p.m.—Science and the Public: The British Association for Work. GSI, 19.6 m., 15.26 meg.; GSD, 25.5 m., 11.75 meg.; GSC, 31.5 m., 9.58 meg.; GSB, 31.5 m., 9.51 meg. TOKYO 9:45 p.m.—Chorus by Pupils of Mizuho Gakuen School. JZK, 19.7 m., 15.16 meg. 10:20 p.m.—Gramophone Records. TPA7, 25.2 m., 11.88 meg.; TPA8, 25.2 m., 11.88 meg.

STOMACH TROUBLES Often Due To Constipation



HOW TO GET WELL One quick aid for an ailing stomach is Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Many people use no other medicine.

"I was a constant sufferer from constipation and sick headaches," writes G. Slater from Calgary "and for two years felt so sick and miserable I would cheerfully have died. A friend of mine sent me Dr. Hamilton's Pills and they did wonders for me. Indeed they saved my life. They have ended my headaches, given me a fine healthy complexion, increased appetite and have made me well."

"Why of portraits busts, medals, gems, cameos, coins! Surely none one must have told you before that you are amazingly like the young Napoleon, the Napoleon of the early days?"

"For a moment Miss Valence did not answer, but her firmly pressed lips relaxed into a curious little smile. "You're not offended, are you?" Hall asked.

"Scarcely. But there is nothing very remarkable about it," she said. "How do you mean?" Hall frowned perplexedly. "Because... he was my grandfather," Leonie Valence answered quietly.

"You won't! Don't be afraid!" she said. "You're not English and besides... I like you."

"Then I hope we shan't lose sight of each other when the voyage is over," Hall's formality hid a real desire. "I don't think we shall," she looked at him gravely. "I'm sure we were meant to meet. But I must go down to the children now. Good-night." She had gone, almost before Hall had time to answer, but she did not move from his position for some time.

"Star-gazing like that at your age—my good fellow, you're a fool!" he told himself grimly. "And you'll get a most anomalous cold in the head. Better see about a hot whisky." (Continued on Page 8 Col. 1)

THE COOK'S CORNER

SPONGE CAKE. Seven eggs, 1 cup of cake flour, 1 cup of sugar, 1 lemon, pinch of salt. Beat egg yolks until creamy. Add sugar gradually, juice and grated rind of lemon. Add salt to egg whites. Beat until stiff; add first mixture, fold in quite flour. Bake in ungreased tin for 1 hour in a slow oven.

COCOA OR MAPLE CREAM ICING. Two-thirds cup granulated sugar, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 tablespoon cornstarch. Blend well and add 1 cup hot water. Cook and beat till cool. Pour leaving out the cocoa and using brown sugar, you have a maple cream icing. The secret of its smoothness lies in the beating.

An adorable suspender jumper dress, that growing daughter will be so happy to wear. It's copied from big sisters' dress. Has a bolero jacket, too! The fitted and flared jumper has her favorite princess lines... and suspenders. And to keep her spine and span, mummy can make two blouses. One with the collarless neck and one with a Peter Pan collar. Choose from the sturdy cottons as percales, pique, broadcloth, chambray, etc. in such popular shades as powder, brown, navy, luggage-tan, royal, rose, etc. in solid coloring or prints for the jumper and jacket. Make the blouse of white or a contrasting shade. It's so smart looking and so useful for back-to-school wear. Easy as A, B, C, to make! The jumper is a one-piece affair!

Style No. 2127 is designed for sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires 1 3/8 yards of 39-inch material for suspender skirt; and 1 1/8 yards of 39-inch material for blouse.

Embroidery pattern No. E-11175 cost 15 cents extra. Send fifteen cents (15c) in stamps or coin (coin preferred) to obtain carefully, address to Charlottetown Guardian giving:—

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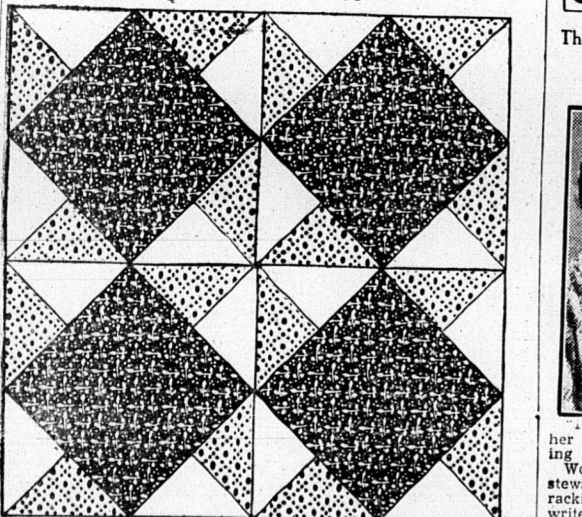
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To-Day's Popular Design By Carol Aimes



NOTE: 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.

GARDEN PATH PATCHWORK QUILT NO. 604

Dear Readers: Years ago the grandmothers of our land sat by the fire-side and pieced bright patches to make GARDEN PATH QUILTS. Apparently GARDEN PATH is one of the better-known designs because we are lucky, writes Mrs. F. V. N. Here it is—and with it go our good wishes.

The pattern includes patterns for the individual patches, piecing instructions and directions for quilting, assembling and finishing, also material requirements.

Send 20 cents, coins preferred.

Pattern Order Form—To be used when ordering Patterns and Voting POPULAR DESIGNS. To The Charlottetown Guardian Needlework Dept. DESIGN NO. 604 Name \_\_\_\_\_ Street Address \_\_\_\_\_ City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

I suggest the following as a POPULAR DESIGN. All reproduction rights to this Design reserved.

Home Service

There's No Excuse for Writing Dull Letters

Dear Miss Dix—I am a young married woman thoroughly discouraged with life. My husband and I can never agree about anything. I have tried to make peace, but it is no use. He openly flaunts his affairs in my face. He has a child and I have decided to stand by the cradle, no matter what, but, oh, what heartache I have considered the matter. Would it be wrong? It is lonesome looking out at a husband who grudgingly comes home at late an hour as he can make. A CHILD'S MOTHER.

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