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

Living & Leisure
—The Woman's Realm

GOLDEN SMILES

My little one has smiles,
Small baby smiles
That linger for a moment, half expressed,
Then steal away toward the Golden West—
They must have come from where the sunbeams rest.
My little one has smiles,
Such sunning smiles—
I do not ask that they be mine always,
I know that somewhere else the skies are grey.

NO REASON WHY LITTLE CHILDREN SHOULD HAVE "STUDENT HUNCH"

Children may get the "student hunch" from studying too long without compensating exercise. And adolescents may be compelled to crouch a bit because bones grow long and the muscles cannot keep up with them. Muscles may pull shoulders over until they, too, have done their growing to match the bones.

But little children should be straight. Long hours of sleep on a comfortable bed, plenty of exercise and proper food should make a child look and feel fit. If there is something keeping his chin on his chest the doctor should be consulted. Gym work may help, but ask your doctor.

Get In on Vacation Fun—Be a Good Swimmer

Quickly Learn Popular Strokes

The girl who just paddles around finds herself left high and dry when the gang goes off for a real swim.

If only the paddler realized that swimming, too, is just a matter of knowing how. And even the dashing American crawl isn't difficult if you learn it one movement at a time.

To practise the arm strokes stand waist-deep in water, leaning forward from the hips. Advance your right foot and stretch the left arm comfortably out ahead of you on top of the water, palm down.

Now pull arm down, past your left leg and out of the water behind you. Relax arm, turn palm to face water and carry the arm, elbow bent at first, back to first position.

With your left foot advanced, practise using your right arm the same way. Then as you walk ahead use both arms together, pulling down with one while the other recovers across the top of the water.

For complete directions for the crawl, see our 32-page booklet. Also gives diagrams and directions for side stroke, back stroke, back crawl, trudgen, trudgen crawl, breast stroke. Tells how to float, tread water, dive, do racing starts and turns. Includes safety tips.

Send 20c in coins for your copy of How To Be A Good Swimmer to The Guardian Home Service. Be sure to write plainly your Name, Address, and the Name of booklet.

Name

Street Address

City Province

CLEANLINESS FIRST RULE OF BEAUTY

Cleanliness is one of the sound principles on which true attractiveness is based. No fastidious women, determined to appear at her best day in and day out, underestimates for a moment the importance of a daily bath or of hair which looks, smells and is clean.

She may bathe in the morning or at night before going to bed or just before dinner. She may prefer a shower to a tub. She may like bath oils and after-bath lotions or she may not. Her preferences in these matters are not so very important. What is important is the fact that she does take a bath every single day.

With the blunt end of an orange stick or with a little brush, she cleans her nails every day. She knows that dark polish conceals dirt under the nails, but she won't stand for any covering-up business. Her nails are clean, polish or no.

PUMPS ARE PERENNIAL STANDBYS

No chic woman ever tolerates crooked or run-over heels. She has new lifts put on her shoes the moment they begin to show signs of wear on the edges.

And pumps are her old standbys. She may go in for novelty shoes—platform soles, wedge heels and such now and then, but she sticks mainly to pumps.

She has dressy high-heeled ones in black patent leather or kidskin or white buck for summer and in black or brown suede for winter. And low-heeled ones in appropriate materials for casual, daytime occasions in all seasons. She may dance in sandals and walk in exfords, but she lives in pumps—ultra simple ones.

FASHION FLASHES

Jackets combining corduroy with wool handknitting are among autumn sports models. There are also tweed topcoats with handknitted yokes and sleeves.

Cotton, also spun rayon suitings, reflecting Scotch tweeds, are starting to percolate through the Scotch piece goods collections for spring, 1941.

Usually associated with resort wear, shirtwaist dresses will instead be worn by smart women during the next few months. Their degree of dressiness depends entirely on the medium—and this, moreover, is purely a personal matter. Even the simplest dress acquires an air of formality with the addition of an accessory, while the choice of hat also has much to do with the general result.

Small felt hats for summer are in ice blue, pink, chamois, green, beige and off-pink tones to be worn with silk suits—they're frequently trimmed with flowers and accompanied by veils.

THE COOK'S CORNER

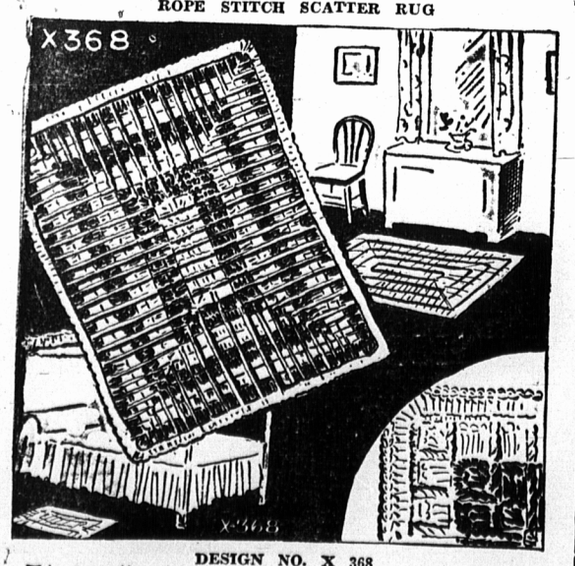
RAISIN SPICE COOKIES

2-3 cup shortening
2 cups brown sugar
Cream together, then add:
2 eggs, well beaten
Mix and sift:
3 cups flour
3 teaspoons baking powder
3-4 teaspoon soda
1 teaspoon nutmeg
2 teaspoons cinnamon
1 teaspoon cloves
1-4 teaspoon salt
Combine:
3-4 cups sour milk
1 teaspoon vanilla

Add alternately to creamed mixture with sifted ingredients. Add:
1 cup chopped raisins
1-2 cup chopped nuts

Drop by spoonfuls on an oiled cookie sheet, and bake in a moderately hot oven, 400 degrees, until lightly browned. These may be dusted with a sugar and cinnamon mixture, when half baked, if desired.

ROPE STITCH SCATTER RUG



DESIGN NO. X 368

This decorative rug is suitable for any room, when crocheted in a rope stitch, which is a combination of single, double and treble crochet. Pattern No. X 368 contains list of materials needed, illustration of stitches and complete instructions.

To order this design, write your name and address on a piece of paper and send with 15 cents in coin or stamps to Needlework Department, Charlottetown Guardian.
To Charlottetown Guardian
Needlework Department.
Design No. X 368

NAME - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -
STREET - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -
PROVINCE - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -

The days of contact flying may be numbered, but Julia Relyea will learn to fly "by the seat of her pants," because of finance her flying lessons she will have to stop buying her favorite piece of clothing — slacks. One of the youngest aviation students, 15-year-old Julia, now of Toronto, has been in love with airplanes ever since she saw one when she was a first-grade pupil in Regina. She went up for the first time with Pete Lennie of Air Transport and Training and came down almost wordless with excitement. "I am not going to stop my private license. I want to go on and on," she said. "My ambition is to go to the Cleveland air races."

BLACK HORIZON
By JOSEPH LEWIS CHADWICK

Rand went out and started along the beach. It was three miles to Duraud's hacienda, a good hour's walk through the loose sand. It was after 7 o'clock when he reached the big house.

There was no one on the veranda this time, but a servant appeared and admitted him to Henri Duraud's library. There, in the big room with its imported furniture, its book-lined shelves Rand waited.

After a few minutes Henri Duraud appeared. The man wore a white linen suit, appeared well groomed. His florid face was amused as he saw Rand.

"Well, Kirby," he said, "what's on your mind now?"

Rand took his time about answering. He knew only hatred for Henri Duraud, and an ugly rage rose in him. He frowned down hatred and checked his rage. He wanted to bargain, and that required calmness.

"I've been thinking about our talk this afternoon," he said. "At first I was determined to fight you, to arm my natives and turn he'll lose on Maglaya. You won't blame me much for thinking of doing that; in my shoes you'd probably do the same."

"I expected you and Maya Jack Cannaghan would get together and plan to do just that. Accordingly I lay my own plans. There would be hell loose on Maglaya, for I intend to keep this island."

Rand nodded. "Maybe you and I would't get burnt, much. But there'd be a lot of natives who would. It wouldn't make sense. What we would lose would be money. That wouldn't make sense, either."

Duraud nodded, his black, beady eyes were bright, hard. "You could cause me a lot of trouble," he admitted.

"Right. But I'm not going to. How much will you offer me for my warehouse and its stock?"

"Ten thousand dollars cash," said Duraud. "Sight unseen."

Rand hesitated. The warehouse had cost him $5,000 in the beginning and the wharf another thousand. His stock at market prices of copra and rubber would bring eight thousand at the least.

"Make it twelve thousand," he said. "And I'll clear out tonight."

"All right. Twelve thousand," said Duraud. He arose and crossed the room to the big safe. He turned the dial for a few seconds, then swung open the door. He was fumbling in the interior, then he came to the desk, carrying a bulging black leather bag.

"Here you are," he said. "You count it while I draw a paper for you to sign, relinquishing all title to your buildings."

It was a brief, simple document Rand signed a little later. But it was definitely his end on Maglaya. More, it was the end of his years of work and deep-laid plans.

Rand arose and took up his bag of money. Duraud summoned a servant to show him out. The servant, a round-faced Filipino, appeared immediately.

"Show Mr. Kirby out," said Duraud. "Then ask Missee Duraud to come to the library."

"Missee Duraud has gone out," said the Filipino. "She talk over radio and then go from house."

Duraud's florid face grew dull red. "Talking over the radio!" he exploded. "If I ever meet that fool Burnell—" He broke off choking.

As Rand Kirby reached the beach which lay glistening white under the tropic moon, he was aware that the distrust he had held for Maya Jack Cannaghan since the first time he had met the man years ago was, suddenly, no longer smoldering, but flaming.

Maya Jack had seemed willing to drop his crazy scheme to kidnap Sonya Duraud, but had he been? The man had depths, was no fool.

Suddenly determined, Rand did not follow the beach towards his part of the island. Instead, he set off northwardly along the shore toward Bar Point. It was a long walk to the rocky point of coral jutting out into the surf. Rand set out at a steady, mile-eating trot with his leather bag tucked under one arm.

He grew cautious and dropped to a walk as he sighted the Point. He left the sand and pushed through the cane brake that grew to meet the beach. He saw the girl standing by the bole of a palm. She was staring out to sea.

The pounding of the surf drowned out the sounds of his approach. He stood close to her before she was aware of his presence. She started violently as he spoke.

"What — what do you want?" Sonya Duraud demanded, her voice unsteady.

"Sorry if I startled you," Rand said. "But I knew you were here and I wanted to—to talk to you."

"What would you want to say to me?" she asked, her dark eyes appraising him. Her lovely face didn't seem any too happy.

"I just wanted to warn you," he said, "that it isn't the safest thing in the world to be out here alone. Too many people know you are here."

Sonya's face blanched. "Too many people. But who—"

"What I mean is that your husband has made enemies, not only with me but with Maya Jack Cannaghan. It might not be pleasant if Maya Jack found you out here."

Sonya looked at him frowningly. "My husband?" she said, in a shrill tone. "What do you mean?"

"I just left Henri Duraud. He knows about your radio message to Phil Burnell."

"Oh!" she said. Then: "But why should Maya Jack Cannaghan wish to harm me? Whatever Henri Duraud did certainly was not of my planning."

It was not in Rand Kirby to betray Maya Jack entirely. He could not bring himself to tell this girl that Maya Jack had thought of kidnaping her. He imagined, looking at her now, that she would laugh at that anyway. Instead, he said:

"You'd better not risk staying here alone."

"I shan't be here alone—long," she said, her tone sharp. "Besides I'm not afraid of Maya Jack Cannaghan. Nor of you. You may be surprised to know that I've had you covered with a gun since you appeared here."

He looked down at her hand. She had held it down at her side during their conversation. Now she lifted it, and revealed a small, but business-like revolver. He saw more then. By the bole of the tree were two travelling bags.

"So you are leaving Henri Duraud," he found himself saying.

Her laughter was not quite steady. "I am," she said. "I'm getting off this wretched island, for good. At 9 o'clock Philip Burnell will take me off in his amphibian plane. I'm never coming back!"

"Be that as it may," said Rand tersely. "In the meanwhile, don't trust Maya Jack if he comes here. Gooyby."

Rand put her out of his mind as he returned to his own part of the island. He wanted nothing more to do with Sonya Duraud. He didn't admire women of her sort, beyond a fleeting admiration for her unquestionable beauty.

He found when he reached his house that Pete Barker and his boys had already moved his belongings out to the Ventura, his schooner. After one last look around, Rand went down to the wharf, got into a boat and rowed out to the schooner. The native seamen who formed the schooner's crew were aboard, squatting aft, smoking. Pete Barker was not yet aboard.

Rand went to his cabin and stowed his money bag into the safe. He took out charts, spread them on the table. He smoked as he studied the charts and marked his course.

Pete Barker wasn't yet aboard by 10 o'clock. Rand was about to send one of the seamen ashore to hunt the man when he heard a boat bump the schooner's port side. He heard voices and then someone come aboard. He went out onto the deck.

Pete Barker was there, his face, in the moonlight, looking like a frightened plaster mask. He was not alone. Maya Jack Cannaghan was with him, and Kelly Burk, Maya Jack's man. And there was a fourth person—Sonya Duraud.

The girl stood between Maya Jack and Kelly Burk, who held her arms. Her face was white, frightened, her eyes wide with terror.

Rand strode forward, anger animating him. He balled his hands into fists, and felt that he would hammer Maya Jack, big as he was, into a pulp.

"Maya, you fool!" he exploded. "I told you not to do this!"

Maya Jack grinned, mirthlessly. "Don't get huffy, Kirby," he said. "This is my little game. And I'm going through with it. There's three to one here—yeah, Pete is in on this, too!"

"Get this woman off my boat!" Rand ordered.

He had not seen the rifle in Maya Jack's hand. He saw it now, as Maya Jack brought it up.

"One step more, Kirby," said Maya Jack Cannaghan, "and I'll see that you're fed to the barracuda!"

Rand paled a little—he knew so well what excellent executioners those fierce fish of the tropics were. His eyes met Maya Jack's steadily.

(To be Continued)

Needlecraft—
—For The Home

Here is a cool dress that does flattering things for the more mature figure. A paneled skirt, smooth waistline and becoming fullness where it is most needed are the details that will please you most. The sleeves are cool and so very comfortable as they are cut slightly circular. Yokes keep a smooth, clean cut line at the shoulders and the V-neckline, tied with a soft bow of the material is decorative. A soft rayon print will see you through all the warm Summer days in style, and it is so economcial to make this dress yourself.

Style No. 2569 is designed for sizes 16, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48 and 50. Size 36 requires 3 1-4 yards of 39-inch material.

Send Twenty (20c) coin is preferred, for pattern. Write plainly your Name, Address and style number. Be sure to state the size you wish.
Style No. 2569 Size .....

Name

Street Address

City Province

Dress fashions that employ satin often call for satin crepe and dull crepes in exactly matching colors. The idea is to use the satin for bright band trimmings on the dull crepe, or to use the satin for blouses and linings of crepe suits. Crepe satin is also a significant fabric for afternoon dresses with wrap-around draped effects, a new silhouette for the fall.

Slim fashions in black will be featured for early fall.

Stiff satin is paired with wool and metal sweater.

Colored metal yarns of the finest twist make a shell-shaped stitch in a jacket-blouse with hood of even finer texture.

Dorothy Dix's Letter Box

SUMMER WIDOWER NEEDS TO GUARD ALL HIS ACTIONS

The Danger Period is Here for the Husband Who Has Sent His Family Away. Don't Fall for Temptations

These few words are specifically addressed to the Summer Widower, and the burden of them is the warning: Watch your step. Go slow. Walk carefully. Or else, as the good old spiritual song says, your foot might slip and your soul get lost. Beware of the dog days which are full of peril to all married men whose wives are away at the seashore and the mountains. Any soothsayer would tell you that you are entering a danger zone in which a strange woman will come into your life who will bode you no good, and counsel you to avoid all females under 50 years of age, especially if they have blond hair and wear shorts, and to write no letters in July that you will have to buy back at a high price in December.

What it is about the good old summertime that melts down our moral resistance as it does our collars, goodness only knows. Maybe there is some occult connection between our clothes and our conduct, for it is not to be denied that when we go negligee in one, we go negligee in the other, and every time we strip off a garment we discard a few inhibitions. Somehow, we just go slack with our slacks and do things in August that we would never dream of doing in December. And herein lies the peril to the Summer widower, more particularly of his middle name is Joseph. If a man is a professional philanderer so to speak, the seasons have no effect upon his activities. He wanders down the primrose path in every kind of weather and whether his wife is five blocks away or 5000 miles makes no difference.

But with the truly devoted domestic, house-broken husband who keeps his wife's picture on his desk and tells you the smart things the baby said, it is another story. He goes into a Summer flirtation as artlessly as a kid into a jam closet and comes out as much smeared.

It begins in the natural human sigh of relief and exaltation that we all feel when we slip the yoke from our galled necks for a moment. The yoke was of our choosing. We love our yokemates. We feel the load we are pulling makes our lives of some service to the world. But, all the same, it is good to rest and relax for a little while, to have no whip cracked over our shoulders, no voice goading us to go on to further effort.

So, no matter how devoted the Summer widower is to his wife and children, when he puts them on the boat or the train and sees them off on their vacation a little tingling sense of freedom that he has not known since his wedding days runs through his nerves and makes him feel that he has left 10 years at the dock or the depot and is almost a boy again.

He loves Mary and the youngsters. He loves his home. But, oh boy, now he won't have to get home on time for dinner, or else. He can stay down town and play poker with the boys if he wants to.

He can eat and drink what he likes without anybody supervising his diet. He can have the program he likes on the radio instead of having to listen to the jitterbug music and twaddle dialogues the children enjoy. He doesn't have to hear to his wife's complaints or the children's quarrels. O peace! O joy! this is the life!

But somehow it isn't. Somehow being married unfits a man for bachelorhood and after the first thrill of being free has worn off the Summer bachelor begins to be bored and lonesome. It is like coming home to a tomb before his time to come back to a shut-up house that is hot and stuffy and that his wife has denuded of everything that made it pretty and comfortable.

So the Summer widower begins quite unconsciously to look around for some amusement and somebody to play with him, and he always finds her or, more correctly speaking, she always finds him. For, 10 to one, she has had her eye on him, waiting for the psychological moment when he was at loose ends and didn't know what to do with himself and the nearest girl could pick him up.

Sometimes the girl is a gold digger and he finds himself buying her clothes and hats at shops his wife is not able to patronize.

Sometimes the girl is a husband-stealer who knows that there is no better way to separate a man from his wife than by starting a Summer scandal that will make his wife divorce him. Sometimes the girl is just a pleasure-mad kid who wants some man with money to take her to roadhouses and night clubs that her boy friend can't afford.

Sometimes the Summer flirtation ends in a tragedy and breaks up a home and blasts many lives. And sometimes it ends only in leaving a dark brown taste in a man's mouth and his carrying a secret that he hopes his wife will never find out.

But, however it ends it is never worth what it costs. And so my warning to the Summer widower is: Watch your step. Summer is called the silly season. Don't add to its stillness by making a fool of yourself.

DORCTHY DIX.

YOUR INDIVIDUAL HOROSCOPE
(By FRANCES DRAKE)

Look in the section your birthday comes in, and find what your outlook is, according to the stars.

For Monday, July 15th

MARCH 21 to APRIL 20 (Aries)—Familiar issues, substantial and essential matters are more favored than launching new projects of which you know nothing. Day can be productive of much achievement — it all depends upon your attitude, willingness and cooperation.

APRIL 21 to MAY 20 (Taurus)—Craftsmen, draftsmen, inventors, you employed in laboratories; research, new developments and building and construction are especially favored. Private and heart interests also.

MAY 21 to JUNE 21 (Gemini)—If you give a new twist to old methods or production and expand in needed commodities you should find conditions agreeable for gains. Constructive issues are particularly favored.

JUNE 22 to JULY 23 (Cancer)—This is an excellent day to start off the new week. Make plans carefully, attend to important details, keep promises and engagement; be willing to double your efforts in needed matters.

JULY 24 to AUGUST 22 (Leo)—Gains indicated in business finances, industrial and mechanical production, government, army and navy interests. Selling and advertising also should bring good returns.

AUGUST 23 to SEPTEMBER 23 (Virgo) — You should have no difficulty mastering your problems this wholesome thought not too stimulating day. Important happenings concerning your personal and business life shown. Take active interest in political and other civic activities.

SEPTEMBER 24 to OCTOBER 23 (Libra) — Excellent vibrations tending to favor personal advancement and acquisition as well as expansion in general business. Conferences, agreements, legal issues require strict attention.

OCTOBER 24 to NOVEMBER 22 (Scorpio) — You must not be neglectful of small but important matters, details, checking mistakes. And don't let procrastination prevent you from accomplishing as much as you should and what is required of you. Evenly allocate your efforts and activities.

NOVEMBER 23 to DECEMBER 22 (Sagittarius) — Not particularly auspicious for quick monetary returns, collections, unnecessary buys. Day best favors solid matters, slowly-moving projects, manufacturing, handling machinery, tools, equipment for army and navy food stuffs and clothing.

DECEMBER 23 to JANUARY 21 (Capricorn) — Gains or benefits through outsiders and opportunities in new lines of endeavor likely now. Be mindful of present day demands; don't let advantages slip through your fingers. Keep in tune with successful competitors.

JANUARY 22 to FEBRUARY 20 (Aquarius) — Income from business and professional matters should improve. At least it is a period for stabilizing your present position or holdings. Take advantage of new offerings and leads to new business. Stand pat on right principles.

FEBRUARY 21 to MARCH 20 (Pisces) — Overwork or tension should be guarded against. More can be accomplished through quiet, yet efficient methods. Give your ability a chance to prove its cleverness and achieving powers.

A CHILD BORN ON THIS DAY may be unusually fond of water and activities connected with it. Should associate always with a high-minded, intelligent people. Very versatile but may not use its talents in the most useful, helpful way if not directed by a sane, constructive elder.

A Morning Smile

THAT'S DIFFERENT.

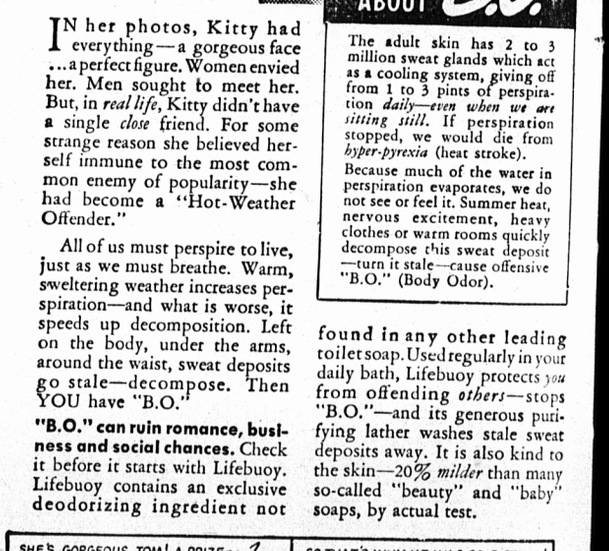
They were both writing letters, but suddenly the husband stopped and looked worried. "What's the matter, dear?" asked his wife.

"Why, e—r, I had it on the tip of my tongue and now it's gone." "Never mind, she said, "just think hard and it's bound to come back." "Thinking won't bring it back. It was a three-cent stamp," said the husband.

Officer—You've been doing 70 miles an hour. Don't you care anything about the law?

Sweet Young Thing—Why, officer, how can I tell? I've only just met you.

HER PHOTO WON THE BEAUTY CONTEST
—but SHE Couldn't Win a Friend



KITTY WAS A HOT-WEATHER OFFENDER

SCIENTIFIC FACTS ABOUT B.O.

IN her photos, Kitty had everything—a gorgeous face ...a perfect figure. Women envied her. Men sought to meet her. But, in *real life*, Kitty didn't have a single *close* friend. For some strange reason she believed herself immune to the most common enemy of popularity—she had become a "Hot-Weather Offender."

All of us must perspire to live, just as we must breathe. Warm, sweltering weather increases perspiration—and what is worse, it speeds up decomposition. Left on the body, under the arms, around the waist, sweat deposits go stale—decompose. Then YOU have "B.O."

"B.O." can ruin romance, business and social chances. Check it before it starts with Lifebuoy. Lifebuoy contains an exclusive deodorizing ingredient not found in any other leading toilet soap. Used regularly in your daily bath, Lifebuoy protects *you* from offending *others*—stops "B.O."—and its generous purifying lather washes stale sweat deposits away. It is also kind to the skin—20% *milder* than many so-called "beauty" and "baby" soaps, by actual test.

The adult skin has 2 to 3 million sweat glands which act as a cooling system, giving off from 1 to 3 pints of perspiration *daily—even when we are sitting still.* If perspiration stopped, we would die from *hyper-pyrexia* (heat stroke).

Because much of the water in perspiration evaporates, we do not see or feel it. Summer heat, nervous excitement, heavy clothes or warm rooms quickly decompose this sweat deposit—turn it stale—cause offensive "B.O." (Body Odor).

LIFEBUOY IN YOUR DAILY BATH Stops "B.O."