

Woman's Realm -:- Social and Personal -:- Fashions -:- Literature

Happenings of the Week

A despatch from the Under Secretary of State, in Ottawa, indicates that when the toast to the King is proposed, and it is desired to have other loyal toasts the order shall be: (1) "The King," (2) "The Queen, Queen Mary, and other members of the Royal Family."

The new year was ushered in with gay festivities all over the city. Old friends gathered together to welcome the Little New Year, while the younger and more enthusiastic revelled in gay parties private and public dances and other social activities. The watch night services were well attended and 1937 got underway with a good start.

The Lieut. Governor and Mrs. DeBolis entertained at a much enjoyed dinner party at Government House Wednesday evening in honor of Mr. Richard H. Hegon who is spending the holidays with his mother Mrs. J. B. Hegon.

Mr. and Mrs. B. C. Howard of Sherbrook, Quebec, arrived in the city Monday to spend New Year's with Mrs. Howard's parents Mr. and Mrs. B. Roy Holman, Brighton Road.

Mrs. J. E. Sterns was among the hostesses entertaining pleasantly at five tables of Bridge at the Queen Hotel.

Queen Mary's gift to the Duke of Windsor, who spent a quite Christmas at Castle Enzesfeld with the Baron and Baroness Eugene de Rothschild, was an ivory-framed portrait of herself and the late King George V.

Mrs. A. W. Weeks was hostess for the weekly bridge club on Thursday afternoon.

Mrs. Minnie Wright of Westmount, P. Q., an annual summer visitor to Summerside, left Sunday for St. Petersburg, Florida to spend the winter months.

Mrs. W. E. Hunt of Malden Mass., who has been spending the Christmas season with her niece Mrs. R. Reginald Bell is now the guest of her brother Mr. Benjamin Rogers, and Mrs. Rogers Prince St. and leaves Tuesday on return home.

Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Fairbanks spent the Christmas holidays with the latter's parents Dr. and Mrs. D. J. MacMaster in Antigonish, Nova Scotia.

Miss Muriel Peake, daughter of Col. and Mrs. A. G. Peake is leaving Tuesday for Montreal where she will train in the Royal Victoria Hospital.

Mr. Allan Fulton is leaving Tuesday for his home in Truro after a delightful holiday with friends here.

The Maple Leaf Bridge Club had a very enjoyable luncheon party at the Queen Hotel on Tuesday, inviting other friends to join them for the happy occasion.

On Christmas eve Hon. John E. Sinclair Emerald, celebrated his 57th birthday receiving the congratulations of his friends.

Mrs. Alvin Hansquid and young son who have been visiting Mrs. Hansquid's mother Mrs. John Agnew who is improving after a very serious illness left Monday on return to her home in Fort Arthur, Ont.

Miss Emma Nichol and Mrs. Ed. D. Nicholson were joint hostesses at a luncheon-bridge Wednesday at the Canadian National Hotel in honor of Mrs. W. E. Hunt of Malden Mass.

Mr. Arthur Peake was host at a party of young people numbering 13 on Tuesday at his home North River Road. Monopoly and other games followed by a dainty supper whiled away several happy hours.

Hon. T. W. L. Prowse and Mrs. Prowse entertained at a delightful house dance on Monday for their daughter Miss Margaret Prowse, upward of 75 young people being present.

Regretful farewells are being said to Miss Katherine Hyndman who is leaving Tuesday for Montreal where she will train for the nursing profession in the Royal Victoria Hospital.

Mayor C. J. Cook and Mrs. Cook of Kensington are spending the Yuletide season with their daughter and her husband Dr. and Mrs. R. T. Smallman in Malden, Mass.

In celebration of the marriage of her Royal Highness Princess Juliana and His Serene Highness Prince Bernard, of Lippe-Bieslerfeld, the Consul-General for Netherlands and Mrs. J. A. Schuurman have issued invitations for a reception to be held at the Chateau Laurier on January 7th from five-thirty to seven o'clock.

Miss Vimy Jones was hostess at an enjoyable dance at the home of her parents, Mr. J. Walter Jones, M. P. P., and Mrs. Jones, Bunbury, Wednesday, in honor of her college mate, Miss Tomoko Katsural, of Tokyo, Japan, a student at Alma College, St. Thomas, Ont.

A Morning Smile

"The machine age is taking away a vast number of jobs," said the mechanic.

"Don't I know it?" affirmed a former pipe servant. "It cost me my job."

"How is that?" inquired the first speaker. "You have never done any mechanical labor, have you?" "No," he admitted, "but I got my job when the old crowd were in power; and now the new machine has taken it away."

SMART CROCHET HAT & BAG

by Mayfair



Mayfair Needle-art Design No. 218

Crocheted in no time at all, this very stylish madcap with its matching purse is a most becoming accessory. Make it of cotton, silk or woolen yarns in either light or dark shades. It will "go South" or "go North" depending upon your own whim and the materials you select when you make it.

The pattern contains complete instructions without abbreviations for crocheting the madcap and handbag, suggested color schemes, detail of stitches used and complete instructions for assembling of handbag, as well as sample of the yarn used in making the original models.

Send 20 cents in stamps or coin (coin preferred) to The Charlottetown Guardian Needlework Department.

To The Charlottetown Guardian Needlework Dept.

DESIGN NO. 218

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"LATE HOLIDAY."

By URSULA BLOOM

(Continued)

"You knew I was attracted from the moment I found you trespassing, oh, most vilely, in my woods?"

"Please."

"Well, you know! I've wanted to kiss you all the time, Cherry, I've wanted to kiss you more than I have wanted anything in my life. What about it?"

A cheap flirtation, and he much stronger than she was. She felt his arms closing about her and screaming. She felt his lips and then something happened. She did not know what, and staggered back against the empty shelves where to-morrow's leaves would stretch their tawny arms.

The something was Olive. There was the swift impact of fist against jaw, something muttered, something thick and deep and threatening, and then Keith was staggering out into the road and Olive had come across to Cherry.

"This all comes of running a leaf shop. It sounds idiotic enough in all conscience—a leaf shop."

"I only ran it for you."

"For me?" he gasped at her helplessly.

She said "I know what a toll the farm is. You earn every penny, and quite often you lose a lot, even though you are working all out. Do you think I haven't seen? I'm not quite such a fool as I look."

"Last summer I hoped to build up a flourishing little flower business for your future. This year I hoped you'd see that there is money to be made the beauty around you, not only in your particular way from the land. In other ways, if I stayed here, I'd keep this shop open all winter."

"You couldn't. There aren't any flowers. We don't run chrysanthemum hot houses. We don't force narcissus, and his lip curled.

It was the curl of that lip which got Cherry. She rounded on him sharply. "No, because you are so stupidly stuck to the land that you can't see money in anything else. Do you know what I'd do? I'd sell evergreens. I'd whitewash laurels until they looked like magic flowers. I'd trim them with scarlet berries. You can, you know. It's only done by the cleverest shop, but I know I could do it. I'd sell bunches of fir that sparkled with frost. Unique things. Things that people can't buy ordinarily and the kind of things they want to buy."

"Frost melts," he reminded her. "Oh, don't be so silly. Haven't you ever heard of gum arabic? Haven't you ever heard of boxes of frost. You had them when you were a little kid on your Christmas tree. I would sell them fixed fast to the eternal Christmas tree. I'd have the only flower shop in England which sells outdoor flowers all the year round. Silver paper poinsettias on dark branches. Forced chesnut buds. Haven't you ever thought about it?"

"The secretary retailed it all to the chief."

"Well, I'm jiggered," said he, and sat down heavily and stared across a drab fly-blown desk. He thought it over, and the more he thought about it, the stranger he considered it to be. Then he said, "By jove, she was clever, and I never knew it."

THE END

these things?"

But the old lady had been her knitting again, and was counting the stitches. She knew more than most in her aura of a Dutch interior by the chimney side.

Cherry smoothed her frock and she went out into the garden. It was clear out against the starshine. From the barn came the faint sweet scent of hay, and of a man moving about. She went there. As she went plans beat high in her little heart. Plans for a new farmhouse, for a new shop. She would sell beauty on the highway. She would sell beauty against their deep dark stems. Sticky sycamore buds. The old brown leaves made beautiful by autumn. Gold and russet, Bramble and Chestnut.

She went into the barley barn and saw him standing there. There came the scent of the dead summer stored in hay; of corn cobs and of long forgotten clover.

"Oh, Cherry," she said gently.

He held out his arms to her. He had seen her standing in the doorway with the stars behind her. Just like a little madonna standing in a niche, so he thought, with all the pale candles lit about her. Such a lovely little madonna.

"I have wanted you so much," he whispered.

"Your mother told me."

"Didn't she?" and Cherry's eyes were like stars and his eyes were like stars.

He kissed her then. What did it matter who knew or who did not know? He held her to his breast. The office thought she was mad. Going off like that and throwing up a good job, with a possible pension at the end of it, the firm were always so generous to their old servants, and marrying a quite ordinary farmer. His farm didn't pay terribly well either.

Somebody happened to go down the road, the broad arterial road to the sea. They saw the flower shop. It was different these days. Prosperity had crowned it, as it will always crown original effort. It was a big thatched building. A girl in a smock was serving. It was Cherry, grown much lovelier.

"Flower?" asked the chief's secretary with her eyes popping out of her head.

"These are what we have," said Cherry and she indicated them. Glasses; long and silver. Thistles tied into great bold bundles, a purple glory crowned with feathery silver-white. Vetches in a glass bouquet of mauve. Little tight bunches of red clovers.

"But..." said the secretary bewildered.

Cherry nodded. "We are the only shop in England which sells the flowers as God made them for the earth, and each in its season," she said, "and we are making a fortune."

The secretary retailed it all to the chief.

THE END

BOOKS, ART, MUSIC

(By F. R. E.)

The most recently translated book of sigrid Undset, the Nobel prize winner for Literature in 1928, is "Gunnar's Daughter" copyrighted at Oslo, Norway in 1909, and translated from the Norwegian by Arthur O. Chater in 1936.

It is a tale of Norway and Iceland in the days of the Vikings—a tale of cruelty, of the clash of strong wills, and of revenge, yet—as one reviewer has said—"its savagery savours nobly," and some-how one minds the bloodshed as little as the slaying of giants in a fairy tale. It has something of the quality of a fairy story, but its characters are altogether human with emotions stark and deep, and its action is swift and beautifully clear cut.

One feels that Mrs. Undset has recreated perfectly the medieval age in that Northern land—and with what apparent ease and simplicity has she done it!

"Gunnar's Daughter," although short, is classified with the trilogy "Kristin Lauransdatter" and the tetralogy "The Master of Hestviken," all Medieval romances. Her modern novels are "Jenny," "The Wild Orchid," "The Burning Bush," "Ida Elizabeth" and "The Longest Years."

In Oslo, Norway, there is now being carried out a project which is outstanding in the whole history of modern art. It is a park of sculpture and is now within a few years of completion. Through the generosity of his native city the sculptor Gustav Vigeland has been able to carry out this, his ideal of beauty, and year after year he has worked in solitude and seclusion in his studio where most of the sculpture is still housed.

Alma Luise Olson has written, about this Norse Sculpture Park, an article which is interesting enough to summarize and extensively quote. She writes:

"From the windows of the studio you can look out upon the grounds you being converted into a park, just where the city halts for breath before it begins its picturesque climb up the Frogner peak."

"With a little imagination and a model to serve as guide, it is easy to visualize the project in its entirety—the entrance with immense wrought-iron gates; the brook to be spanned by a bridge holding, in parallel lines, the first group of sculptures in bronze, and the site for the fountain (already thirty years ago the nucleus of this whole plan) and the gigantic bowl will be supported by immense bronze figures, and surrounded by the early charming tree sculptures, now all completed. These tree bronzes form a miniature forest fringe. Here you see a chubby infant perching gleefully in the hollow formed by the generously out-curving branches of a tree; a boy and girl playing under another tree; a youth dreaming alone in a leafy nook; rugged manhood; old age welcoming the shadows after the hot glare of the prime of life."

"A succession of terraces with granite figures gradually leads up to the monolith, fifteen meters high where stone-cutters have been working for years with the carving on the tall shaft of granite, more impregnable than that of the Sphinx. Already the little children of Oslo are telling the saga of the monolith."

"Vigeland found this solid block asleep in one of the mountain ranges and had it brought down the waterways by barge to a city harbor. Thence it was hauled overland along roads and winding streets. At a difficult turn, advancing centimeter by centimeter, crawling imperceptibly forward, it at times obstructed the ordinary traffic for days. And by the time it was swung into place at the crest of the Vigeland Park it had also made its way into the hearts and the consciousness of the people of Oslo. 'It is true, then,' they will tell you, 'that there are giants asleep in the mountains of Norway.'"

"On a plateau beyond this will rest the crowning feature, The Wheel of Life. For the Wheel of Life Vigeland has used seven human figures, the bodies so touching and interlocking that they form a perfect circle—and cycle. This unit (measuring three meters in diameter and designed to rest on a pedestal the same height) suggests motion, rhythm, as if the figures had evolved of themselves in space through interplay of counter-active forces, beneficent and benign. In the rhythm, in the poise and the freedom from restraint, there is also muted melody—a song of life."

Dorothy Dix's Letter Box

Trading Old Wives for New, Especially After You Have Spent Many Years Together, Never Brings a Man the Happiness That He Had Contemplated

Dear Miss Dix—I have been married almost fifty years to as good and faithful a wife as any man ever had. She has helped raise a fine family, worked hard and economized. Until we now have a nice home and a comfortable living. Now, however, with ill health and age, she can never be the wife that she used to be and that I want. I have fallen in love with a much younger and more suitable woman who would marry me if I were free. In fairness to me and for my happiness, should not my wife give me my freedom? She suspects that I care for this other woman. The children would take care of their mother.



Answer: Of all the callously selfish and heartless letters that have ever come to this column, this one is the worst. It is hard to believe that any man can be so lost to every sense of appreciation and gratitude and even common fairness as to wish to be rid of the wife, who has worked and scrimped by his side for nearly half a century and helped him make his fortune, just because she is sick and old. Why, a decent man would've even run a faithful old work horse out of his stable when its usefulness was over.

Have you no tenderness in your soul to be touched by the memory of how she gave you her youth and beauty; how she bore your children and walked uncomplainingly the hard road of the poor man's wife? Have you no gratitude for all the hard work and penny-pinching that she did to help you get a start in the world? Have you no appreciation of all the sacrifices she has made for you?

Do you never think of the days she went shabby so that you might be well-dressed and make a good appearance to the public? Do you never like to eat when she was so tired she was ready to drop with fatigue, or bending above you sickbed through endless sleepless nights? Have you no heart to be touched by the thought of a woman having given you a whole lifetime of love and loyalty and faithfulness and service?

And now you want to throw her out just because she is old and ailing. And you are not honest enough to even want her a fair share of the property you have accumulated together. She has worked for it just as hard as you have. It belongs to her just as much as it does to you. You want to send her away from the home she has helped to build and put a penny in her pocket, to be dependent on her children, while you put your young woman to be mistress of her house and to spend the money she toiled for. Cheating and double-crossing go no further than that.

You say that the young woman is more suitable to you than your old wife. Doubtless you delude yourself with the idea that while your wife has been growing old you have stayed a mere lad. Take a look in the mirror and see how you are befooling yourself. That bald head, those sagging jaws, that paunchy waistline belong to an aging man. Only your wife would not have ceased to love you because you are no longer the boy she married, nor would she have even dreamed of trading you off for a girl because you were sick. She would have given the last ounce of her strength in nursing you and caring for you.

Don't do this terrible thing you are contemplating doing to your old wife. Believe me, it will not only break her heart and probably kill her, but it will bring you no happiness. This illusion of youth that you now have will pass. It is a flash-up of false youth that soon dies out and you will realize that you are an old man just as your wife is. And that you have nothing to do with youth; that you are past inspiring any love but the love of your pocketbook in a woman's breast, and that the only woman on earth with whom you have anything in common, the only woman who will minister to your whims and put up with your faults is the woman with whom you have lived for nearly fifty years.

Trading old wives for new is a bad business. Don't do it. Dear Miss Dix, I am a member of a club at school and have been asked to write you in regard to the rights and privileges of an 18-year-old girl, referring to attending school, parents' support, going out at night, marriage, etc. We are going to study this subject and debate it.

DELORES.

Page Mrs. So'mon. You've tackled one of the biggest and broadest and most intricate problems in the world and you ask me to answer it in a couple of paragraphs. Moreover it is one of the problems that can't be definitely answered because to every rule there are a thousand exceptions. You can't lay down any law, for instance, even about how long a girl should go to school. That depends on circumstances, on how much brains she has, whether she is of the intellectual type; how much she desires an education and how long her parents can afford to send her to school.

Same way about the parents' support. If your parents are well-to-do and able to provide for her, it is manifestly their duty to do so. But there are tens of thousands of cases where poverty forces even a young girl to become a bread-winner. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred it is economic necessity that settles that question.

As for a girl's personal liberty, I think that when she is 18 she is old enough to have a reasonable amount of freedom, but she is still young enough not to be allowed to go wild. Her parents should permit her to have boys call upon and take her to parties, but they should know the kind of boys she goes out with and see to it that she comes home at a reasonable hour. The iron hand in the velvet glove is the ideal one for parents in dealing with their young daughters.

As for marriage, that is a problem that every girl settles for herself and the most that her parents can do is to try to steer her in the direction of the right boy and to try to instill in her enough judgment and good taste to keep her from picking out a rotter.

Dear Miss Dix—I have been unfortunate enough to fall in love with a chronic liar, yet in spite of the lies in which I have caught him he asserts he is truly love and wants me to marry him. His love is the only thing which I have had no reason to doubt. Most things he has said have been open to question. Do you think his love would compensate for this fault? A CONSTANT READER.

Answer: Even a liar must sometimes tell the truth and probably his love for you is the one true thing in him. It is your love that would be likely to fall because you would have no respect for him. A liar is a fool as well as a knave. DOROTHY DIX.

you can look out upon the grounds you being converted into a park, just where the city halts for breath before it begins its picturesque climb up the Frogner peak.

"With a little imagination and a model to serve as guide, it is easy to visualize the project in its entirety—the entrance with immense wrought-iron gates; the brook to be spanned by a bridge holding, in parallel lines, the first group of sculptures in bronze, and the site for the fountain (already thirty years ago the nucleus of this whole plan) and the gigantic bowl will be supported by immense bronze figures, and surrounded by the early charming tree sculptures, now all completed. These tree bronzes form a miniature forest fringe. Here you see a chubby infant perching gleefully in the hollow formed by the generously out-curving branches of a tree; a boy and girl playing under another tree; a youth dreaming alone in a leafy nook; rugged manhood; old age welcoming the shadows after the hot glare of the prime of life."

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The Norwegian National Hym—"Fatherland Song"—was written by Bjornsterne Bjornson (1832-1910) and has been translated by William Ellery Leonard. There are seven lovely verses. The first verse follows:—

"Yes, we love this land together, Where the wild sea foams, Furrowed, beat by wind and weather, With the thousand homes. Yes, we love her; with her blending Father, mother, birth, And that saga-twilight sending Dreams upon our earth."

The HOUSEWIFE and HER ACTIVITIES

Where earnest seekers of the Truth Follow her beckoning from afar. Forever through their dark and doubt Shall shine the guiding star. —Luca Trevitt Auryanssen.

GRANNY'S NIGHTGOWN THE LATEST FASHION Grandma's long-sleeved, high necked nightgown is now the latest fashion.

It is no longer necessary to sleep in a wisp of satin to 'be modern.' Smartly styled flannel gowns and clever knitted numbers, are considered "quite the thing."

The new flannel gowns are not the unsightly oblong box affairs of other days, but streamlined. They are fitted and trimly tailored in a youthful manner.

ACHIEVING COLOR A way of achieving color is illustrated by a coat, which is one of the Mainbocher successes of the season, of black wool with fitted and circular cut, and round collar faced with red velvet to harmonize with three red roses in different tones which make a boutonniere.

COLORS FOR SUITS Paris—Most of the tailored suits in the new mid-season collections have skirts of a solid color worn with a short jacket or three-quarter length coat of a light, brighter color.

When you buy cabbage, choose solid, heavy heads.

HONEY IS IN THE MODE AS A COLOR FOR DRESS New York—Shop windows here continue to stress the importance of color combinations—citing colors to wear with black, colors for wear under fur coats and special colors tied up to events or named by type.

On the heels of these fascinating displays comes the report of one who recently returned from Paris that honey is the last word in colors to wear under the winter coat. Those of us who remember the tremendous vogue beige enjoyed can

today's Short Wave Radio Program (All times in Eastern Standard)

3:15 p.m.—Introduction to Archaeology. WJXL, 25.4 m., 11.70 meg.

5:15 p.m.—We wish the Lord a Golden Table. Twelfth Night customs. DJD, 25.4 m., 11.77 meg.

5:30 p.m.—News from the League of Nations Headquarters. NBL, 31.2 m., 9.65 meg.

6 p.m.—The Walks King Johann Strauss. DJD, 25.4 m., 11.77 meg.

6:30 p.m.—"The Four Winds." New Year's Day in the four corners of the earth. GSD, 25.6 m., 11.75 meg.; GSC, 31.3 m., 9.58 meg.; GSB, 31.5 m., 9.51 meg.

7:15 p.m.—Hampton Institute Singers. W2XAF, 31.4 m., 9.59 meg.

8:30 p.m.—Dance Orchestra. YV2RC, 51.7 m., 5.8 meg.

9:40 p.m.—Speeches at the Wolfe Society Dinner, from Westminster. GSD, 25.5 m., 11.75 meg.; GSC, 31.3 m., 9.58 meg.

10:30 p.m.—"Cameo Theatre"—diversified plays. CROX, 49.2 m., 6.09 meg.; CJRC, 48.7 m., 6.19 meg.; CJUX, 25.6 m., 11.72 meg.

12 midnight—"Overseas Program." JWH, Nazaki, 20.5 m., 14.6 meg.

At the first SNIFFLE

Quick! Use this specialized Vicks aid for nose and upper throat, where most colds start. Helps prevent colds.

VICKS V-A-T-R-O-NOL

Fashions' Latest For Chic Dressers

It's smart! Isn't it? The dark blue wool peplum jacket squares its shoulders and belts its fitted waistline. The most adorable white nubby blouse tops the slender blue wool skirt. There's a slit at each side of the skirt. It allows perfect freedom for walking.

You'll wear it now for school, college or the office and you'll wear it when spring arrives.

Then again, the skirt and blouse is complete without the jacket. The jacket may be worn over a plaid skirt. And think of the changes of sweaters with the blue skirt.

For a dressy version, velvet is stunning with the blouse of shiny satin crepe or of glistening metal cloth.

You can use the pattern for a separate skirt, blouse or jacket. Style No. 1912 is designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26 and 28-inches bust. Size 16 requires 3 7/8 yards of 39-inch material with 1 5/8 yards of 39-inch lining for jacket and skirt with 1 5/8 yards of 39-inch material for blouse.

Price of pattern 15 cents in stamps or coin (coin preferred) wrap coin carefully address to Charlottetown Guardian giving—

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