

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

The HOUSEWIFE and HER ACTIVITIES

A PRAYER

Grant us the will to fashion as we feel.
Grant us the strength to labor as we know;
Grant us the purpose, ribbed and edged with steel.
To strike the blow.
Knowledge we ask not—knowledge Thou hast lent;
But Lord, the will—there lies our bitter need.
Give us to build above the deep intent.
The deep, the deep!
—John Drinkwater.

TREATING A TEA STAIN ON RUG OR CARPET

If treated immediately a tea stain on the carpet will come out easily. Cover with kitchen salt, then rub vigorously with a cloth dampened in hot water. Rinse lightly and dry with a rough cloth.

COOKING HINTS.

In cooking pork chops, rub skill first with a cut clove of garlic.

Today's Short Wave Radio Program

(All time in Eastern Standard)

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 23

- BERLIN**
5 p.m.—The Song of the Bavarian Homeland. DJD, 25.4 m., 11.77 meg.
- ROME**
6 p.m.—News in English. Operatic Selections. "A Statesman in America," a talk by Prof. Corrado Gini. Concert Violinist, 2RO's Mail Bag. 2RO, 31.1 m., 9.63 meg.
- LONDON**
6:30 p.m.—The Dweller in the Dark. By Reginald Berkeley. Production by John Pudney. GSP, 19.6 m., 15.31 meg.; GSD, 25.5 m., 11.75 meg.; GSC, 31.3 m., 9.58 meg.
- MOSCOW**
7 p.m.—Review of the Week. Russian Lesson. RAN, 31.2 m., 9.6 meg.
- PARIS**
7:15 p.m.—Theatrical Program. TPA-4, 25.6 m., 11.72 meg.
- BERLIN**
7:45 p.m.—The German Choral Union. DJD, 25.4 m., 11.77 meg.
- CARACAS**
8:45 p.m.—Amateur Hour. YV2RC 21.7 m., 5.8 meg.
- TORONTO**
10 p.m.—"Strike Up the Band"—orchestra and soloists. CRGX, 49.2 m., 6.09 meg.; CJRO, 48.7 m., 6.15 meg.; CJRX, 25.6 m., 11.72 meg.
- LONDON**
10:05 p.m.—"The Policeman's Lot."
—A talk by an Inspector of Police, Straits Settlements. GSD 25.5 m., 11.75 meg.; GSC, 31.3 m., 9.58 meg.

This does not give a garlic flavor, but, instead, it gives a faint suspicion of something different which cannot be defined.

In preparing a meat loaf, have a slice or two of liver ground with the meat. This adds a delicious flavor.

In preparing a bread dressing, dice and brown bacon together with the onion before adding to bread crumbs. Moisten and season the dressing as usual. The bacon and onion browned together add a splendid flavor.

SHAPE OF FACE SHOULD DETERMINE HAIR STYLE

The plump round-faced girl should wear her hair close to her face. One with a long profile ought to fluff it out around her face and no one, unless she is a ravine beauty, should try closely cropped, unwaved effects. The average face needs the softening effect of waves and delicate curls.

A Morning Smile

LOW IN AMMUNITION

The nice lady entered the restaurant and ordered an omelet. The waiter took the order.
"I'm sorry to have to explain, madam," he said, "that the price of omelets has been raised. It's on account of the war you know."
"My goodness!" exclaimed the nice lady, "are they throwing eggs at each other now?"

ANYTHING IN A NAME?

Visitor (to a Southern mammy)—Aunt Mandy, what are your children's names?
Aunt Mandy—I done name 'em all foh flowers; but de youngest one got de prettiest name—I name her Artificial!

ADVICE TO WOMEN

ALL women at some period of their lives need a strengthening tonic like Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. The young woman who suffers from monthly pains, the expectant mother who experiences "heat flashes" will find this "Prescription" a dependable tonic. Read what Mrs. D. James Arnot of 512 Simcoe St., London, Ont., said: "Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has done a lot towards keeping me well and healthy. I used it before each of my children came and it helped to alleviate many discomforts. I also used it during 'change of life' and it helped me equally as much." Buy now at drug store.

King Cole TEA

Old English Blend

Verily, Women Must Be Versatile

Dorothy Dix

Says Men Demand Too Much of Women

Woman, to Capture Her Man, Must be as Changeable as the Chameleon, and Yet She Must be Very Subtle or She Will Lose in the Race

The trouble with a woman coming up to a man's ideal is that he demands that she shall possess two entirely different personalities, and few women are that versatile. She could be one thing or the other and make a hit with him, but when she tries to fill both roles simultaneously she is like a fly to fall between the stools with a dull resounding thud.



Now take the dilemma of the girl who wishes to please the boys. What is the poor thing to do? She must be a good-looker whether nature made her that way or not, but she mustn't show that her complexion is only hers by right of purchase and that her golden locks came out of a bottle.

She must be a swell dresser, but she mustn't look so much like a million dollars that it sets a lad to figuring on her upkeep, and makes a poor boy feel that he dares not ask her to ride in his rattle-trap auto or eat a hot dog with him.

She must be gay and cheerful, but not one of the laughing hyenas who are always having hysterics of mirth over nothing. She must be lively and vivacious, but not a chronic giggler, or one of the kind who are always jumping around like a monkey on a stick.

She must like to step out and go places, but she must not be one of the gadabouts who come down with her hat on when a chap calls, and asks: "Where do we go from here, and eat?" She mustn't haggle over the price of a dinner or theatre seats or street-car fare and make him feel cheap, but she must go light on his pocketbook and not have more than one birthday a year.

She must have a keen line of conversation, but she mustn't talk too much, and she must confine herself to topics in which a boy is interested. She must listen with a bright, alert expression while a boy tells her all about his job, and what he said to the boss and the boss said to him, and how many miles he made in his automobile, and what a woe he was at college, but she must never bore him by telling him about HER work and recalling any reminiscences of HER school days.

She must be intelligent, but she must never let any man find out how really clever she is. She must be good at all sorts of sports and play bridge and tennis and golf well enough to keep a boy interested, but she must never play well enough to beat him. She must be independent and able to take care of herself, but she must also be able to flop on a man's shoulder and make him feel how big and strong he is and how superior to the little woman.

She must have a sense of humor so she can appreciate the points of a good story and laugh in the right places when a man tells one, but she must never, never cap a man's good story with a better one of her own. When she meets a boy she must show him that he has strangely interested her, but she mustn't grab at him like a hungry dog at a bone.

When a boy pays her any attention she must be appreciative, but she mustn't be so grateful that she shows that she is passed over by the other boys and has few dates. She mustn't be standoffish, neither must she be possessive. - For no man wants a woman to publicly proclaim that she has him on the leash.

She mustn't be a prude, neither must she be the kind of a girl whom any man can kiss and maul. She must do the courting, but camouflage it so deftly that the man thinks that he is the pursuer instead of the pursued.

All of these and a hundred other contradictory things men demand of women. What wonder that so many girls fail to have dates, and so many husbands are disappointed in their wives. DOROTHY DIX.

ANYTHING but LOVE

by JANET DORAN

CHAPTER XIII

The reporter dashed away, and Alma faced her aunt in speechless consternation.

"Well," said Aunt Harriet, "are you going to stand here, all evening like a ninny, or come and get dressed? Murphy has prepared your bath. Now do hurry, Alma." "I . . . I don't want to see Sig, Aunt Harriet!" Alma pleaded weakly. "I . . . I can't!" "Nonsense, Alma! What possible reason could you have for not wanting to see him? After all, it's very kind of him to come back here like this, considering! And you are in no position to act haughty!"

It was a cold slap in the face. Alma flinched.

"You asked him to come back!" she accused her aunt in a choked voice. "You asked him without consulting me! You're trying to marry me off to him!"

Aunt Harriet shot her a hasty, uneasy glance.

"Nonsense, Alma," she contradicted smoothly. "I asked him to come back because he's the one person who knows most about your father's affairs! And after all, the least we can do for your poor father is to see that he gets the best advice, the best assistance possible, under the circumstances!"

Alma stared at her in open suspicion. She did not in the least believe her aunt's smug statement.

And so you invite him to dinner and a social evening, and insist that I dress for the occasion?" she flared bitterly. "Did you know that he has already asked me to marry? And that I refused him?" Aunt Harriet eyed her in exasperation.

"No," she said crisply, "I didn't, but that has nothing to do with the matter! Naturally you are the person most concerned with your father's welfare, and I assumed you'd want to hear whatever Sig Borndike has to propose!"

"Even if it's a further proposal of marriage?" Alma asked sarcastically.

"You could certainly do a lot worse, Alma! Your father is a bankrupt. I've lost nearly everything myself and am in no position to help you. You'd better think about Sig!"

"Don't worry," Alma choked. "You won't have to support me on your declining fortune!"

She turned, and started up the stairs.

"Don't be ridiculous, Alma!" Aunt Harriet came hurrying after her. "You're my dead sister's only child, and I certainly shall not stand by and watch you wreck your prospects. After all, you're a Falken!"

Alma reached the second floor and turned down the hall toward the room where her father was. Aunt Harriet came after her determinedly, still talking.

"If I hadn't let your poor dear mother ruin her life the way she did twenty-one years ago, perhaps I shouldn't have this problem on my hands now!"

"Please!" Alma begged, terrified lest her father overhear the slur against him.

But Aunt Harriet was not to be stopped.

"Lawson Whittaker has never been in any doubt as to my opinion of him. I always said he'd end up like this! I told your mother so when she married him, but she wouldn't listen to reason. Thought that love was all that mattered. Bah! I never yet heard of love lasting long when poverty takes a good grip on things!"

Alma watched her aunt swish indignantly through the doorway into her room and, for the first time in her life, she became fully aware of the antagonism that had existed between her father and her mother's people all these years. Never from him had she heard a word of bitterness. The nearest he ever came to betraying his attitude was an occasional wry remark about Aunt Harriet's penchant for running things.

As Alma opened the door of her father's room and entered, the nurse came swiftly toward her.

"You'd better not disturb him right now, Miss Whittaker. Dr. Randolph has given him a sleeping potion, and we must let him rest. He should not be excited." The nurse was polite, but very

firm, and Alma had a fleeting, bitter impression that her tone was condescending, as though she were fully aware of speaking to the pauper daughter of a bankrupt man.

"Alma," her father said weakly. "Is that you, baby?"

Alma brushed past the nurse, and knelt at the bed.

"Daddy," she whispered, unashamed of the tears swimming in her eyes. "Daddy, darling, are you all right?"

His weak fingers closed about her hand, and he did not speak for a moment. When he did, his voice was quiet.

"Of course, Baby. Everything will be all right. Just stop worrying."

"Do you really feel better, Pops?" Alma persisted.

The ghost of a smile lifted his tired lips.

"It's something, Alma, to be beyond feeling!"

"Miss Whittaker, Dr. Randolph expressly ordered that Mr. Whittaker was not to be disturbed. I must insist that you let him rest now!"

"I won't talk any more, nurse," Alma promised.

Her father's fingers tightened slightly on her hand.

"Don't go, Baby; don't leave me, will you?" he whispered.

Alma sat motionless, until finally the sleeping portion took effect, and her father slept. Ever so gently, she removed her hand from his grasp.

Murphy, the maid, opened the door soundlessly, and beckoned imperatively. Alma stood up. For an instant, she stared down at the white wan, sleeping face of her father. Then, she tiptoed out to

Announce Engagement to President's So



Miss Ethel du Pont, heiress to part of the vast du Pont fortune, and bride of Franklin D. Roosevelt Jr., son of the president.

Murphy, and the waiting bath and finery.

(To be Continued)

Sweaters in flecked yarns like tweeds are admired by the large number of women who like their

tweeds. They are to be worn in tweed suits, and take their place the vogue for matching fashion. For instance, a suit of mustard yellow nubbed in red and brown is shown in it. Very smart and exclusive.

Swank Knitted Tweed for Campus Wear

by Mayfair



Mayfair Needle-art

No one can get along these days without a 2-piece knitted suit, and this one has all the clever, smart lines, that are so characteristic of modern apparel. You'll like it for casual wear and you'll like making it, for it goes very quickly.

There are separate instructions and a separate pattern for each and every size including 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20. The pattern includes a sample of the yarn from which the original garment was made, a tissue pattern for blocking the garment after it is knit, easy-to-follow working instructions without abbreviations and an assembling chart. . . Send 20c in stamps or coin (coin preferred) to the Charlottetown Guardian Needlework Dept.

To The Charlottetown Guardian Needlework Dept.

DESIGN NO. 178 SIZE

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Fashions' Latest For Chic Dressers

Here's a home frock that's different and smart as can be with its trim tailored lines.

The raglan sleeves that cut in one with the shoulders make it very easy even for an amateur to sew. The sleeves may be short as in the back view.

A wool-finished cotton in rust tones made this attractive dress. The shirt collar is white pique. Cotton or wool challis prints make up beautifully in this model. Two wool challis prints are particularly nice to wear to market. They tub perfectly.

Style No. 1855 is designed for sizes 16" 18 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46-inches bust. Size 36 requires 4 yards of 39-inch material.

No. 1855 Size

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1855

THE COOK'S CORNER

DARK CHRISTMAS CAKE

- 2 cups brown sugar
- 1 cup molasses
- 1 cup strong coffee
- 1 cup butter
- 2 cups raisins
- 2 cups currants
- 1-2 lb. chopped mixed peel
- 1 lb. walnuts
- 2 teaspoons baking powder
- 2 teaspoons cinnamon

- 1 teaspoon cloves
- 1 teaspoon nutmeg
- 1 teaspoon soda
- 4 cups flour
- 4 eggs.

Method: Cream the sugar and the butter, then add the molasses and the coffee. Sift the dry ingredients over the chopped fruit and nuts and mix well. Add these to the first mixture and then add the beaten eggs.

Turn this batter into one or more loaf pans lined with heavy waxed paper and bake in a moderate, 325 deg. F. oven for an hour or longer, again depending on the size of the pans used.

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Growing Children need nourishment between meals. There is no more healthful or tasty "snack" than bread spread with genuine Barbados Extra Fancy Molasses. It contains the iron and vitamins so essential to health and growth.

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