

# Woman's Realm Social and Personal Fashions Literature

## That Body Of Yours

By James W. Barton, M. D.

### EMOTIONS RAISE THE BLOOD PRESSURE

A professional boxer had to travel by motorcar to a city 200 miles distant and arrived by 2 P. M. to be examined and weighed in.

When nearing his destination, the driver of the car tried to avoid a dog, the car went into the ditch and turned over. The two men climbed out, righted the car, straightened out the bumper and mudguards, and were on their way again. But they were forced to hurry to get to the city by 2 P. M.

The boxer had a slight heart murmur but no enlargement of the heart. However, when examined by the Boxing Commission physician, his blood pressure was high. This, together with the heart murmur, caused the physician to hesitate about allowing him to box that night. The boxer pleaded that he was allowed to box by other Commissions, and told them about his car accident. As he was the headliner for the bouts, the physician told him he would see him again that night and then make his decision.

When the physician examined him again his heart was still fast and his blood pressure still high. He was allowed to box, but lost a close decision. Arriving home the next day, he was examined by the Commission physician of his home city and his blood pressure was normal. This man was a trained boxer, who won practically all of his bouts; yet nervousness, the motor accident, the hurried ride and the near rejection by the Commission raised his blood pressure.

## Modern Etiquette

By Roberta Lee

Q. In what form should an acceptance to a wedding invitation be written?

A. Write it in the third person, following the wording of the invitation, repeating it in your acceptance, the place, date, and hour.

Q. Should pickles be eaten with the fingers or cut into pieces and eaten with the fork?

A. Small pickles are eaten with the fingers. The very large ones, however, may be cut and eaten with the fork.

Q. What would be the correct way for a girl to introduce her sister to an older woman acquaintance?

A. She should say, "Mrs. Smith, this is my sister, Mary."

sure many points.

Just as your mouth gets dry, you want to pass urine, your stomach feels gone, and your heart beats rapidly when you are anxious or excited, so also does your blood pressure rise. Not only does the blood pressure rise under emotional disturbances, but it remains higher than when it is increased by the usual exercise test.

Does this rise in blood pressure caused by emotional disturbances do any real damage to the blood vessels when the rise is simply from emotions?

Yes. The lining of the blood vessels contains much elastic tissue and, just as any elastic stretched too often, loses some of its elasticity, so it is with the blood vessels. They thus lose some of their power to move blood along and relieve the work of the heart. The blood vessels become old before their time.

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## Wisdom's Gate

By Margaret Ayer Barnes

Cicely said civilly: "I hope you'll be comfortable."

Then to her horror she heard the voices of the children and the scuffle of their feet as they ran from the pantry into the living room. They had come home for luncheon through the kitchen door.

Almost instantaneously they appeared in the hall, glanced down its length and saw Cicely and Albert standing in the guest room. They joined them immediately.

Sis asked at once: "Are we going to have company?" For why else would her mother be in that room?

Panic seized Cicely, still on her knees. She found herself glancing instinctively at Albert for support in this emergency.

He spoke almost instantly and a trifle huskily. "Sis, I've developed a very bad cold. I coughed all last night and kept your mother awake. Today I went to Doctor Bancroft and he told me he thought it might be slightly contagious. So, as it was Saturday, I came home early and we moved my things down here."

He referred to his infection once more at the luncheon table when Vesta was passing the corned beef hash. He said very casually, "Remind me, Cicely, to order that gargle. I'm not going to like sleeping down in the guest room. I want a quick cure."

"Did the doctor say you must stay in the house?" Sis inquired solicitously.

"No," replied Albert, "he said the fresh air would be good for me. As a matter of fact, I think I'll go for a ride."

His glance as he spoke had barely brushed Cicely. She looked faintly puzzled. There was only one person with whom Albert could be riding.

When luncheon was over she went up to her room. She lay thinking of Gertrude. She did not fall asleep for over an hour.

It was dusk when she woke. Vesta had come up to say that Albert had telephoned that he would not be home to dinner. "So could we have it early?" Vesta inquired.

It was over the breakfast tray Sis brought up to her next morning, on Albert's suggestion, that she realized it was Sunday and that some people from town were coming out to luncheon, with Alan and Sally MacLeod and Avery Caldwell. She had invited them ten days before. Her guests came at one and they distracted her from her misery.

When the women were taking off their wraps in the bedroom, Sally asked a question that she had not anticipated. "Why are we up here? Have you offered guests, Cicely?"

"No," Cicely offered no further explanation.

Sally seemed satisfied. But Cicely's face was suddenly troubled. She was thinking of Avery, the marital cynic, taking off his overcoat in the guest room downstairs. Albert had innocently led the men into it.

When her guests had gone in the late afternoon she turned at once to Albert to ask anxiously, "Did Avery say anything about your being downstairs?"

He raised his dark eyebrows in complete stupefaction. "Of course not. Why should he? What are you thinking of?"

"I don't want to be the talk of the town."

"You know how you can silence it."

She felt herself blushing, curiously embarrassed by the smile in his eyes. But she conquered the weakness. "Yes. But I won't," she said very calmly.

"Cicely—" he moved nearer.

But she turned from him. "I'm going upstairs."

## DOROTHY DIX SAYS—

### Harvest Headaches

#### City Dwellers Visit Country Cousins; Raid Fruits, Vegetable Gardens

DEAR MISS DIX: The season is again at hand when we who get our living by killing the hare are descended upon by our city cousins who visit us once a year at harvest time. The rest of the year when there is ground to be prepared, planting to be done, weeds to be killed, heat and dust to be endured, no cousins are in sight. But as the fruit and vegetables ripen our relatives appear upon the scene with all sorts of cartons, boxes and pans that they have brought along in their cars.

Also, they are full of affection for us and of praise for our beautiful vegetables. And when these charming chislers have loaded down their cars and are ready to depart, they say that we must come and see them sometime, but, of course, we realize that they have no room for us and that we would have to eat out because it exhausts Cousin So-and-So to cook.

I am finding the sucker role unbecoming. The people who are welcome to the shirt off my back are those who believe and practice the Biblical injunction: "If any would not veil, neither should he eat." I tried doubling the gimmes by urging more vegetables upon them, but I was shamelessly rebuffed. They took everything they could lay their hands on.

Is there any way that we can protect ourselves against the hold-ups before another summer rolls around?

A READER.



ANSWER: I am country-bred myself and, so far as my memory serves me, I never sang that lovely lyric, "The Good Old Summer-time," because that was the season when our city friends and relatives descended upon us like the wolf in the fold. Not only were the fruit and vegetables at their finest, but Cousin Sally and Aunt Sue arrived unexpectedly, with bag and baggage, because the doctor had prescribed country air for them. And, worse still, they brought along with them relays of lively youngsters who left the place a shambles.

Why city people, who are the fortunate possessors of money and cars and who practically live in green grocery stores, feel that they in the summertime, is one of the mysteries of human behavior for which there is no adequate explanation.

For city people are not dumb. They know well enough that prize gardens and orchards are not produced by some miracle. Every article in them has cost endless patience and back-breaking labor. Also, they are worth money. So why do they feel that they are privileged to reap where they have not sown just because it is summertime?

It is a conundrum. But it explains one thing, and that is, why people who buy country places nearly always sell them after the second summer. It is too much trouble and expense to feed city deadbeats.

### ENJOY COUNTRY AIR

DEAR DOROTHY DIX: Our problem is about our mother. She is 39 years old. Has a husband and two children and she is making us miserable by her public flirting. She is very pretty, looks younger than she is. She dresses like a teen-ager and chases everything in long pants. My father is so mortified by her conduct that he seldom goes anywhere. None of the women she knows will have anything to do with her, because it is their husbands she runs after.

Is there anything we can do to change her without breaking up our home?

LAURIE.

ANSWER: When a woman who is fortyish gets the idea into her head that she still is a cute little girl, with a cunning way with her, amputation that will cure her. The best advice that is ever given to a woman is "be young," for that disarms criticism.

We respect and admire the woman who is dignified, who wears suitable clothes, who talks intelligently and who adequately fills her place in the world, but everyone ridicules the woman who dresses and acts like a bobby-soxer and who looks like a painted up figure of fun.

If you could get your mother into some situation where she could hear what the other women say about her, it would work an instantaneous cure.

her hands in helpless indecision. Why had Albert let the week-end elapse without arranging a meeting? Every moment was precious. So it seemed to her now.

Suddenly it occurred to her that Albert could still talk with him. Fox might do something, even at that hour. Call up Doty and tell him that his money would be ready. Arriving at this decision, she opened her door.

The hall was pitch black, the stairs a well of darkness. She snapped on the light and descended the staircase. In the dark lower hall she tapped on Albert's door. An instant of silence was as audible as sound. Then she heard his quick step and he threw the door open, standing in his shirt sleeves, very much surprised.

"Albert," she said, "I've been worrying so."

"Come in," he said quietly.

She pulled her wrapper around her, knotting its sash with quick nervous fingers, stepped over the threshold and heard him close the door.

"Sweet, you mustn't worry." He appeared at her elbow.

"I can't help it." She frowned and moved a little away from him, abruptly aware of what he might be thinking. "I've been worrying about Doty."

"Doty?" That checked him. "Why Doty?" he inquired.

She poured out her fears. (To Be Continued)

## Morning Smile

At the end of the sermon in a Scottish church an ardent prohibitionist was permitted by the entirely anti-prohibitionist parson to say a few words on his pet subject.

"Brethren," he said, "if I had all the whisky, brandy and champagne in the world, I would find the whole of it into the Clyde."

He sat down and in the pause that followed the parson rose.

"We shall conclude," he said, "by singing Hymn 157: Shall we gather at the river?"

## Ellen's Diary

By an Island Farmer's Wife

Our farmers were at the mowing today in a field just beyond the buildings. It seems as though, there, every last tiny clover seed of James' sowing last year germinated and grew luxuriantly in our piece of new meadow. "I don't believe we have ever had better!" I commented to it to James, but he is sure that we have had quite as good "one year" in memory. Pat himself who called this morning bright and happy and ready for the new week of work "never before saw the lake ay" theirs and I chuckled when I said "I guess The Lord listened to yours and James' and other farmers' complaints last year and the year before that, and wanted to see how you would use an abundance!" "Shure then an didn't He send us a plenty. An' ain't that always the way ay it: humans are a complainin' lot an' never satisfied."

We fret when He sends us too little an' don't we do the same thing when we have too much? Better though too much than too little—if we use it right, though mind I'm tellin' you there's grace to be a power ay sweat lost before it's all saved. I reckon" he twinkled "we didn't give much thought to the work ay it when we were complainin' about the skimmy crops! Oh well, Ellen, The Lord is good to the lake ay us. It's too good He is whichever He sends—a whole lot better'n we deserve. Now ain't it the true words I'm after sayin'?"

James laughed to Rob when they sat down to dinner today. "On a busy day like this, I think your mother must go in the house and close every door so she won't hear anyone calling her—a good bit here O'Connell, we used to have. We said that he was always behind the stove when he was needed." Then turning to me: "Didn't you hear me calling you this morning, Ellen?" I shook my head. "I ain't didn't" Rob observed chuckling at the remembrance. "I reckon some one out at the corner must have heard you!" and to me "he has very good lungs!" James continued: "I wanted you to come to hold the horses while I went to help the others take the swath I had cut away from the uncut—such work as it is this year! And where were you anyway?" "Down cellar, like you said, at the time getting the potatoes for dinner," I replied. "Well, Ellen," he said, with a smile "that you're getting pretty careful."

(Continued on Page 3)

## Better English

D. C. Williams

1. What is wrong with this sentence? "Each of the men are going to drive their own car."
2. What is the correct pronunciation of "cherubim"?
3. Which one of these words is misspelled: Resistor, resurrection, resplendent.
4. What does the word "stratagem" mean?
5. What is a word beginning with del that means "to reflect"?

ANSWERS

1. Say, "Each of the men is going to drive his own car." 2. Pronounce che-roo-bim, e as in un-stressed, oo as in tool, i as in accent second syllable. 3. Resurrection. 4. Deception. "There is no opposing force to the stratagems of human reason." — L'Estrange. 5. Deliberate.

## Household Scrapbook

By Roberta Lee

### Damp Cellar

Chronic dampness in the cellar can be counteracted by placing large chunks of unstacked lime around in the corners. Use only if the cellar is damp, not actually wet, and replace with fresh pieces when the old chunks don't seem to be absorbing any more moisture.

### Washable Wall Paper

Wall paper can be made washable by applying a thin, even coat of clear shellac. Once the shellac is on, most stains and splatterings can be wiped off readily with a damp cloth.

### Peach Stains

A peach stain will oftentimes disappear if it is rubbed with glycerine a few days before washing.

## Cook's Corner

### CARROT AND CELERY SALAD

Scrape young crisp carrots, and thin-slice enough to make ½ cup. Add 1 cup fine-diced celery. Blend with 1/3 cup mayonnaise which has been thinned with 1 tablespoon top cream and combined with 1 tablespoon lemon juice and 1 tablespoon minced parsley. Arrange in nests of lettuce.

# Living & Leisure

## THE WOMAN'S REALM

I have seen an old faith falter. Spent upon some ancient altar. Where fires have turned to ashes grey.

For one who lost the narrow way; But in spite of wind and rain I have seen old love remain.

Yes, I have seen old love survive. Taking the dead to make alive. Opening the eyes of one so blind That even darkness held the mind—I have seen love write in pain Rise up and smile and love again.

—And the Greatness of These. J. R. Perkins.

A soft custard, cooked on top of the range, makes a delightful sauce for any of the berries that are in season: raspberries, blackberries, blueberries.

Cake may be freshened by cutting in squares and reheating in a double boiler. Serve with a pudding sauce for dessert.

### EASY EGG PEELED

After eggs have been hard-cooked, shell them directly under running water. First cool them under the water to loosen the shell, prevent overcooking and make the handling easier. Then crack the shell by tapping it against a hard edge or with a spoon. Loosen by rolling the egg between the hands, until egg and water and peel at the large end where there is an air space under the shell.

### COTTONS HANDLED WITH REAL SKILL

CHICAGO — Cotton, always a summer favorite, is handled with particular skill for the Middle West, which boasts a "cotton climate." Dark cottons, both plain and plaid, are good street clothes, while pastel and white are delightful in chambrays, plaques and lighter textures for both casual and former costumes. Chambrays have the texture of silk which fits them for any occasion from street to evening and denim comes into town when tailored neatly as a suit.

### IF PARENTS ENJOY ILLNESS YOUNGSTERS WILL SUFFER

"That poor kid hasn't a chance to grow up to be anything but a neurotic," said a doctor friend of the family.

Why did he say that of a five-year-old child? asks a commentator. Because the child hears too much talk of sickness, too much dramatization of small ailments.

Mama is always bidding for sympathy because of her "awful headache." Papa is always being reminded that this or that food doesn't agree with him. Junior is forever hearing his childhood diseases discussed in detail.

It's a pity more parents don't realize what they are doing to their children when they talk so much about sickness.

Maybe Mama can't help her headaches. But she doesn't have to talk about them—or let her children learn when they are young that sickness can be used to get attention, to promote sympathy, and as an excuse to avoid unpleasant situations.

A child can't be kept from having his share of the common diseases. But his parents don't have to dramatize each illness, to build it up in his mind as one of the more important things that has ever happened to him.

The sensible way, of course, is for the grown-ups to keep still about their minor ailments, to do as little talking as possible about their serious ones and to treat their children's illnesses as matter-of-factly as possible. That is the

### THE STARS SAY—

By Genevieve Kemble

### For Tuesday, August 8

THE prospects are most propitious for pushing to major objectives, in which matters of large scope and of peculiar angles, must be handled with exceptional calm, consideration and precaution against possible hidden factors and emotions, as well as ideals and imaginary ideas, should be held in realms of reason. With matter-of-fact manipulation, intriguing and alluring situations could unfold constructively. Maintain composure and keep alert.

### For the Birthday

Those whose birthday it is, may be wise to keep alert to the development of strange, irregular or unique situations or propositions outside the realm of the realistic and commonplace. A subtle undercurrent may unfold, in which hidden circumstances could be manipulated with strategic force to exceptional heights of achievement. Feelings, emotions and imagination being a strong element in making decisions, or influencing agreements, the situation might prove critical as well as intriguing and glamorous. Curious circumstances demand logic and regulation tactics, in personal, intellectual and business activities.

A child born on this day may be endowed with peculiar faculties, with ideals and aspirations of subtle force. With calm composure and good sense exceptional experiences may develop.

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He raised his dark eyebrows in complete stupefaction. "Of course not. Why should he? What are you thinking of?"

"I don't want to be the talk of the town."

"You know how you can silence it."

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"Cicely—" he moved nearer.

But she turned from him. "I'm going upstairs."

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### XIX

It was when she was undressing for bed that evening that Cicely was possessed by the fear of Mr. Doty. Why was Fox so certain that he would accept settlement? Nothing was certain until it was accomplished. He might change his mind, determine upon vengeance—

She stood by her bed, twisting