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

Does Money Bring Happiness? | **Dorothy Dix** | Cites Tragic Case To Prove Contrary

The Tragic End to a Gilded Youth's Career Emphasizes Fact That Money is Oftener a Curse Than a Blessing — Yet Poor People Who Can't Give Their Children Wealth That Would Ruin Them Feel That They Have Failed as Parents

The papers have recently been full of the pathetic histiry of a poor little millionaire boy who at 20 years of age had run the whole gamut of life and experience and was burned out and exhausted, mentally and physically. Before he had even arrived at man's estate he had been married. He had been a father. He had been divorced and married again, and died either by his own hand or those of his drunken companions.

Many fathers and mothers who read this tragic story must have been less regretful that they did not have fortunes to bestow upon their children, and have realized that money is oftener a curse than a blessing to the young.

One of the strange vagaries of human nature is that all parents know this, yet none are willing to apply it to their own children. A thousand times they have seen rich girls married for their money by fortune-hunters who mistreated them and broke their hearts. A thousand times they have seen the sons of rich men grow up idle and purposeless and develop into drunkards and wasters and spenders. A thousand times they have seen youngsters throw away in wanton dissipation, that wrecked them, body and soul, the money that their parents had toiled for a lifetime to earn.

Yet in spite of seeing the baneful influence that money has on other people's children, most fathers' and mothers' one desire is to lavish wealth on their children, and to leave them a fortune when they die, and to this end they toil and strive and sacrifice all the best years of their lives. And when they fail to give their children the money that would ruin them, they feel that they have failed as parents.

Nothing is more common than to hear poor parents bewailing that they have been able to do nothing for their children and that they have nothing to give them. Yet these same parents have given their children enough peaceful and happy homes and the personal love and care and close daily association of a mother and father, and these are frequently blessings that millionaire parents cannot give their children from the very nature of their circumstances.

And, above all, poor parents give their children the necessity of developing their talents and making something of themselves. Some one once said to a famous self-made man: "You have given your son every advantage in the world." "Yes," replied the father, "every advantage except the greatest advantage of all. Poverty."

Every mother who cradles her babes on her breast and who makes her arms a refuge to them to which they flee in every time of childish troubles gives her children something that no high-paid nurse or governess can give them. Every man who takes his boys fishing and helps them build camps and chums with them gives them something far more valuable than the checks a rich father writes for his boys whom he has been too busy to even get acquainted with.

As we grow older we grow more avaricious, but when we are very young money and the things money buys are not a substitute for a real father and mother.

The fathers and mothers who so lament that they have no money to give their children may also take comfort from the fact that practically every man who occupies a position of power and influence, or who is rich himself at middle age, was a poor boy. Of course, there are a few exceptions of rich men's sons who have made good, and a very few fortunes that have lasted beyond the second generation, but these exceptions are so rare that you could almost count them on your fingers and toes.

Ninety-nine times out of a hundred, maybe more than that, the rich man's son is a playboy whose greatest exploits are on the golf links. Or else he is an incompetent who dabbles in this and that and never makes good at anything. Possibly he has just as much intelligence as the poor boy, but he has lacked the spur in his side to goad him on that necessity gives. He has lacked the strength and stamina, the moral muscle, if you like that the boy develops who knows that he must fight his own way, and who cannot give up because that means defeat.

And the one sure thing that money buys above all else is temptation. Every rich boy is the predestined victim of a horde of conscienceless men and women who try to drag him down into the abyss of drunken debauchery where they can most easily prey upon him. They flatter him, they cajole him, they play up on his every passion. Beautiful gold-diggers rob him and blackmail him and marry him and besmirch his character and his name with scandal. Wiser than his years, stronger than most, must be the young millionaire who escapes unscathed through the pitfalls that are laid for the youth with money.

And, finally, let poor parents rest assured that here is truth in the old axiom that you cannot purchase happiness with money, not even for your children. The poor girl who is in business has more dates, more fun, more interest in life and a beter chance to marry than the idle rich girl. Statistics showthat there are more old maids among millionairesses than among any other class of women.

And the man who makes his own fortune gets a million times more kick out of it than he would out of inheriting a billion.

DOROTHY DIX.

What the Fashionables are Wearing

Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished With Every Pattern

By Annabelle Worthington

Don't you love it?

The sleeves are tricky. They start from the shoulders and burst out into big puffs above the elbows.

Black rough crepe silk made as the original you'll find particularly wearable. Strawberry red crepe provides a smart accent in the neck band that is carried down the front of the bodice and in the button trim.

Style No. 919 is designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust.

Rustic green wool crepe will give it a sportive-air, worn with a matching shade leather belt. Make the neck and applied front band of rough crepe silk that tones with the wool crepe.

Crinkly crepe satin and velvet are smartly appropriate.

Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 39-inch with ½ yard 39-inch contrasting.

Price of Pattern 15 cents in stamps or coin (coin is preferred). Wrap coin carefully.

No. 919. Size ....

....

Name

....

Street Address

....

City State

Hair Styles That Are Individual And Distinctive

Would you like your hair fixed differently?

It is a great year for adventuring into new coiffures. The more distinctively you do your hair, the more of an individual you are right at this moment.

However, intrying out new and wonderful manners of fixing your hair, please remember several things.

RULES TO REMEMBER

Don't lift your hair clear off your forehead if your forehead is low, bulging and your hairline across the top of it an unbecoming curve. Don't totally expose your ears if you know in your own heart that they're not delicate and beautiful as little shells.

Don't just copy somebody else's coiffure, without looking at your own features, the girth and length of your neck, the kind of hair you have and whether it is coarse, fine, stringy, wavy or just so so.

New coiffures might almost be called custom made ones. They are so individual that the one you pick must fit you, be tried on and cut and combed to measure.

Several underlying principles govern all the new coiffures, no matter how varied they are.

Bronchial Trouble

Guelph, Ont.—"My second oldest boy, Kitchener, has been a chronic sufferer from bronchitis. He seemed to choke up so and coughed very frequently. He did not rest well at night and was so run-down," said Mrs. H. Carter of 94 Alice St. "We gave him two bottles of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and it gave him excellent relief from the bronchial trouble—helped to relieve the cough, increased his appetite and built him up and he rested better at night."

If you want free medical advice write to Dr. Pierce's Clinic in Buffalo, N. Y.

For The Cook

COOKIES

These are the days when hungry boys and girls relish the cookies jar. And wise mothers can make fine, nutritious cookies that will keep for a long time in closed tins. Some cookies have nuts and cocoanut, each giving its share of vegetable oil to the system.

The recipes given here make several dozen cookies at very low cost.

PEANUT COOKIES

3 cups sifted cake flour.
¼ teaspoon soda.
1 cup peanuts chopped.
1 cup butter or other shortening.
2 cups sugar.
3 eggs well beaten.

Sift flour once, measure, add soda, sift together three times. Add peanuts. Cream butter, add sugar gradually and cream thoroughly. Add eggs and flour. Beat well. Drop by teaspoons on greased baking sheet and bake in hot oven (400) 9 minutes. This recipe makes 7 dozen cookies.

Boys and girls will love the fine flavour of chocolate drop cookies and although they keep very well, they will not remain long in the cooky jar.

CHOCOLATE DROP COOKIES

2 cups sifted cake flour.
½ teaspoon soda.
Dash of salt.
½ cup butter or other shortening.
2-3 cup brown sugar, firmly packed.
1 egg, well beaten.
3 squares unsweetened chocolate.
½ cup milk.
1 teaspoon vanilla.
½ cup walnut meats, broken.

Sift flour once, measure, add soda and salt and sift again. Cream butter thoroughly, add sugar gradually, and cream together until light and fluffy. Add egg and beat well. Add chocolate and blend. Add flour, alternately with milk, a little at a time. Beat after each addition until smooth. Add vanilla and nuts. Drop from teaspoon on greased baking sheet and bake in moderate oven (350)about 7 minutes. Makes 50 cookies.

PURITY FLOUR
BEST FOR ALL YOUR BAKING

A Morning Smile

A dear old woman, over ninety years old, had never once seen the sea, having lived always in the heart of Yorkshire. So her grandchildren saved up to give her a treat. They managed to get the old woman to Scarborough; they sat her down in front of the sea.

"There, Grannie," they said, what do you think of the sea now?"

The old woman gazed for a few moments without replying, then she rasped: "Is that arl it does."

Chicken Shortcakes

Make in the same way as directed for oyster shortcakes, substituting a filling of creamed chicken for the oysters.

Shortcake and a salad make a delicious luncheon menu.

Couldn't Walk A Step

Credit Given Dr. Williams' Pink Pills For Ending Severe Attack of Rheumatism

Rheumatism Never Returned

"My father a man past middle life, was suddenly stricken with rheumatism in the knees," writes Mrs. James Mitchell, St Catharines, Ont. "So severe was the attack that he was unable to take one step without assistance. We concluded that the trouble was constitutional, so we procured a supply of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. A decided improvement was noticed, and when three boxes had been taken the trouble had completely disappeared. He never had the slightest return of the rheumatism."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have proved wonderfully effective in numerous cases similar to this one. When the blood stream becomes thinned, rheumatism attacks the system. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills actually create an abundance of new red blood cells, which enrich the blood stream and revitalize the entire system. They're highly recommended for ALL run-down or nervous conditions. They are a great help to growing girls. Get the Pills at your Druggist's. 50c package.

IN THE MATTER OF THE VOLUNTARY WINDING UP ACT
15 George V., Cap. 9.
NOTICE OF SPECIAL GENERAL MEETING of R. J. MacNEILL BLACK AND SILVER FOX COMPANY, LTD.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a Special General Meeting of the shareholders of the R. J. MacNeill Black and Silver Fox Company Limited will be held in the office of Ellis Stewart at Northam in Prince County in Prince Edward Island on Thursday the twenty-fourth day of November A. D., 1932, at the hour of two o'clock P. M. for the purpose of passing a resolution requiring the said Company to be wound up under the provisions of "The Voluntary Winding up Act, "and for the purpose of appointing a liquidator or liquidators for the said winding up, and for the giving of consequential, directions, and for the transaction of such other business, as may be incidental thereto.

Dated this twenty-seventh day of October, A. D., 1932.

BY ORDER OF THE DIRECTORS.

WILLIAM H. ELLIS, President.
J. ELLIS STEWART, Secretary.

5760-10-31-121.

FarmForSale

A beautifully situated farm at North River, 5½ miles from Charlottetown, consisting of 125 acres, in high state of cultivation; has commodious outbuildings, in excellent repair; also fox ranch. There is spring water on premises and dwelling has hot water heating system. This farm is conveniently situated near store, school and churches. For further particulars apply to,

VICTOR E. COLLINS,
North River, P. E. I.

6104-11-9-wsm-3i

EYES TESTED AND GLASSES FITTED
J. S. TAYLOR
E. W. TAYLOR
Optometrists
142 Richmond Street

ZORA The Invisible

By J. R. WILMOT

CHAPTER XXII
THE AMAZEMENT IS BLAYN'S

The six o'clock train from Waterloo on the Oaktree line was, as Blayne had erpected but could not possibly avoid, crowded to capacity.

Before reaching the station Blayne had stopped at a booksellers, purchased a slim volume of problems in Theosophy, and he sank into an available seat in a first-class carriage conscious that the business men who faced him and who sat alongside were scrutinising him in much the same way the white races invariably endeavor superficially to dissect the colored as opportunity offers.

He was telling himself that this was an excellent test, particularly as the man in the far corner by the window with his back to the locomotive was well-known to him as a stock broker in no mean way of business. Not that Blayne anticipated any recognition. He was confident in the abilities of Burkinshaw.

By the time Oaktree was reached, the carriage had partially emptied and Blayne, who had sat throughout the journey with his eyes downcast on his book, arose and reached for his black Trilby hat which he had reverently placed on the rack above him.

Leaving the station, Blayne strolled along the High Street and paused to inquire the way to "Red Gables" from a white-aproned shopkeeper who stood at the door of his shop. He felt that as an emissary from the Sons of Zora in India he would not be expected to know his way about with any degree of certainty.

The man gave him the answer he asked for in sharp, curt tones. It was obvious that the gentleman had rather more white in his eye than black.

Blayne walked leisurely along the road, turned down to the left when he came to the stone cross, and ten minutes later found himself opposite the gates of the mystery house he sought. Here he paused looking up at the massive iron gates with their delightful filigree work. To his usrprise they were unlocked, and swinging one section forward he soon found himself in the neglected drive that led to the house among the trees.

What was he going to do in case of emergency, he had not thought out. Blayne believed that should an awkward crisis occur he would trust to circumstances to point a way. In his pocket beneath the long cloak he carried a squire white envelope. This was his message to the great Zora from the brethren in India. That letter on no account must be opened by anyone but the great Zora herself.

As he neared the house, Blayne told himself that the Sons of Zora were obviously so numerous that there was little likelihood of his deception being discovered until he had accomplished his purpose. One Hindu was very much like another. That was a comfort.

On the far side of the grounds he noticed a number of small groups of orientals strolling about, many of them immersed in reading. The sight of them raised Blayne's hopes. It certainly looked as if he were going to be lucky. They would not be there unless—unless the great Zora was to appear at a special performance.

The door was slightly ajar as he mounted the steps. He knocked cautiously, and a moment later found himself gazing into the penetrating eyes of Ann Morrison. It was a critical moment, and her keen scrutiny was disconcerting.

Blayne doffed his hat and bowed courteously.

"I have arrived in England from India, Madame," he explained. "I bring a message from the priests for our great Zora. You will take me to him, Madame?'

"This way, if you please," said Mrs. Morrison, and led the way into a room on the ground floor that opened from the spacious hall on the right. Now," she continued turning to face him, "what is your name?"

"Rama Duprejii, Madame", answered Blayne politely.

"Have you the message with you?"

"It is here, Madame," Blayne announced taking the envelope from his pocket.

The woman held out her hand upon whioh a number of rings glittered.

"I am so distressed, Madame, but I fear that I am instructed to hand this to our Zora himself. It is so urgent . . . important . . . a warning, I think."

A trace of annoyance flashed through the woman's eyes as she saw Blayne replace the letter in his pocket.

"Warning, did you say? How so?"

"I do not know, Madame. I only suspect. But take me to our Zora," he pleaded, earnestly.

"That is impossible,' Ann Morrison told him, calmly. "Do you not understand that we have never seen our Zora; that the time has not yet come when he shall be revealed to us?"

"Then my journey has been in vain, Madame?"

"Not in vain," she answered, slowly. "Our Zora will be here tonight for the meeting. You will be present, of course, and then I will see that your message is handed to him." Her demeanour, which had been kindly condescending, changed suddenly. "What boat did you come by?" she demanded with a touch of imperiousness. But Blayne was equal to the occasion. He had left nothing to chance.

"The S. S. Zambesi, Madame, which docked this morning."

The woman appeared satisfied with Blayne's answer.

The meeting will be eight o'clock" she told him. "In the meantime perhaps you would like to see our grounds," her hand indicated the window and beyond. "You may walk where you will, and commune with the setting sun.

"I thank you, Madame," Blayne bowed. "The time is nigh for my devotions."

Secretly pleased with himself, Blayne strolled leisurely down the steps and out into the grounds.

The sun, red as rich blood, had not yet dipped beyond the broken horizon in front of him. An almost cathedral calm had settled over the landscape. The birds were caroling their evensongs in the trees that skirted the road. But Blayne was not indulging the glories of nature so intently as might have been apparent from his unhurried demeanor. He knew that as soon as he had left the house Ann Morrison would look up the shipping news in the evening newspapers to see whether the S. S. Zambesi did dock that morning, and Blayne smiled to himself as the thought occurred to him. She would find that what he had told her was the truth.

The Sons of Zora continued to wander about the spacious grounds of "Red Gables," and Blayne watched them interestedly. There was something here that needed a whole lot of explaining. What it was, he hoped to discover, but more than that he hoped, by revealing the identity of Zora, to solve once and for all the singular mystery that still surrounded the death of Montgomery Gaynor.

Cautiously he looked at his watch. It was not yet seven o'clock. For some reason best known to her, Ann Morrison did not want his presence in the house, and she would not be disappointed. It was pleasant enough wandering around these delightful grounds. Pleasant and restful.

But as he walked Blayne could not help thinking that he was being followed. Possibly it was by the same person who had precipitated that ugly little dart at him on the day he had first made his discovery of the house. So Blayne decided to put his theory to the test.

He deliberately refrained from walking anywhere near where the other groups of the Sons of Zora were. Instead he made his way towards the trees. Once safely within their shadowy recess he paused to listen. The cracking of a twig told him what he wanted to know. They did suspect him. Someone had been told off to see that he didn't get into mischief. Well, Blayne, with an hour to spare, decided that whoever it was should be given a run for his money.

(To Be Continued)

HEAD COLDS
Melt in boiling water and inhale vapors; also snuff up nose.
26 21
VICKS VAPORUB
OVER 17 MILLION JARS USED YEARLY

IN MEMORIAM

MRS. JAMES MACINNIS

Surprise and sadness were mingled together as the tidings of the sudden death of Mrs. James MacInnis passed from one to another or were flashed over the wires on the evening of Oct. 14th instant, at the early age of 31 years. The late Mrs. MacInnis(Laura Sampel) was a daughter of the late Robert and Mrs. Sampel of Peake's Station. She will be greatly missed by her many friends and relatives, but her loss will be more keenly felt in the home. Besides her sorrowing husband, one son Holton and one sister Margaret (Mrs. John L. Proctor, Hunter River) are left to mourn her loss. A sister Eliza, (Mrs. W. Ingram), predeceased her by nine years. She was attended during her long illness by her pastor, Rev. Louis Dougan, who administered to her the last rights of the Roman Catholic Church of which she was always a faithful member. Her funeral, which was largely attended, took place on Monday morning, Oct. 17th, from her late residence to St. Dunstan's Basilica. Service at the church and grave were conducted by Rev. Louis Dougan.

(May her soul rest in peace).

Man's Heart Stopped By Bad Stomach Gas

W. L. Adams bloated so with gas after meals that his heart missed beats. Adlerika brought out all gas and now he eats anything and feels fine. Hughes Drug Co., Ltd.

MORE MACARONI

The Canadian people appear to have developed a considerable taste for macaroni, vermicelli, spaghetti and the like, a food preparation that came originally to us from Italy. The output of 14 Canadian factories in 1931 was 20,311,423 pounds, compared with 16,819,625 in 1930.

The imports decreased from 2,968,506 pounds in 1930 to 1,294,649 and the exports increased from 731,842 pounds in 1930 to 1,149,934 in 1931. Adding the imports to the production and deducting the exports, the domestic consumption in 1930 appears to be 19 056,289 pounds and in 1931, 20,456,118 pounds.

There are four factories in British Columbia and in Ontario turning out this product, three in Quebec, two in Manitoba and one in Alberta. The 1931 output was valued at $1,195,987 and the much smaller output of 1930 brought $1,246,147. The 1931 capital investment was $1,847,708, the average persons employed numbered 233 and the payroll $[illegible].

Snubs Follies To Wed, Then Gets Divorce

(Canadian Press)

BOSTON, Mass., Nov. 12.—Jessie Smith, 22-year-old beauty from Nova Scotia who surprised her friends by snubbing the Ziegfield Follies and the talkies to marry, is single again.

The marriage tie was severed in a Boston courtroom when she was granted a divorce from her husband James N. Murphy of Roxbury, Mass.

She came to United States from Stellarton, Nova Scotia, where her father, the late Alexander Smith was employed by the Acadia Coal Company. In 1929 she was crowned "Miss Quincy," a title that brought her many offers to begin a stage and screen career.

She turned down an opportunity to join the famous Ziegfield Follies and later rejected a change to follow her friend, Thelma Todd, to Hollywood. She had met the well-known James N. Murphy and decided to forsake a career in favor of marriage.

Miss Smith makes yearly trips to her native province and during the Christmas season of 1931 visited two sisters who reside in New Glasgow.

IN THE MATTER OF THE VOLUNTARY WINDING UP ACT
15 George V., Cap. 9.
NOTICE OF SPECIAL GENERAL MEETING of THE JOHN R. DINNIS PEDIGREED FOXES LTD.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a Special General Meeting of the shareholders of the John R. Dinnis Pedigreed Foxes Limited will be held in the Parlor of the Y. M. C. A. at Charlottetown in Queen's County, Prince Edward Island on Tuesday the Twenty second day of November A. D. 1932 at the hour of Seven thirty o'clock P. M. for the purpose of passing a Resolution requiring the said Company to be wound up under the provisions of "The Voluntary Winding Up Act" and for the purpose of appointing a liquidator or liquidators for the said winding up, and for the giving of consequential directions and for the transaction of such other business, as may be incidental thereto.

Dated this Seventh day of November A. D. 1932.

BY ORDER OF THE DIRECTORS.
CHAS. H. BLACK, President.
CHARLES LEIGH, Secretary.