Women's Realm—Social and Personal—Fashions—Literature

YOUR INDIVIDUAL HOROSCOPE

(By FRANCES DRAKE)
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Look in the section your birthday comes in, and find what your outlook is, according to the stars.

For Wednesday, Jan. 10, 1940

MARCH 21 to APRIL 20 (Aries) —All hands on deck for big doings! Don't think about the past or the future, but about TODAY. Back everything you do with morals and faith in God and in the fine ability He has given you. Your managerial talents valuable.

APRIL 21 to MAY 20 (Taurus)—A mixture of influences. Be guided by your intuition and judgment, backed by your conscience. Attend to duties first, then indulge outside interests or hobbies.

MAY 21 to JUNE 21 (Gemini)—You can be quick in thought (as you usually are), but you'll be wise if you deliberate carefully before making statements of importance or agreements. Don't be extravagant with your money.

JUNE 22 to JULY 23 (Cancer) —Look to your own capability and also to outside assistance for favors and gain today. Stars advocate ambition in any worthy line of endeavor. Let your healthy imagination help.

JULY 24 to AUGUST 22 (Leo)—If your industrious, responsible self is in command of your affairs, those affairs should bring happiness and a measure of success to you. Colloboration and cooperatin in first order.

AUGUST 23 to SEPTEMBER 23 (Virgo) — Personal, domestic and heart interests ask especial attention and are favored, you born before Sept. 7. You born after Sept. 6 will find profit in business matters, dealing with progressive people and possibly through travel (by you or someone else).

SEPTEMBER 24 to OCTOBER 23 (Libra) — Safeguard your income; spend wisely, both of your time and energy. Don't mind a few restrictions, you can still accomplish under them. Practicality a necessity.

OCTOBER 24 to NOVEMBER 22 (Scorpio) — Benefic vibrations for your activities. Use your alert mentality and able physical powers to put over your work or whatever is the day's order for you. Heart interests especially favored for you born after Nov. 9. Mars suggests resoluteness.

NOVEMBER 23 to DECEMBER 22 (Sagittarius) — Seek the advice of a valued friend, if you have the opportunity. You should be able to make considerable headway this star-friendly day. You born after Dec. 6 are under the most stimulating vibrations. News likely. Keep your jovial self on top.

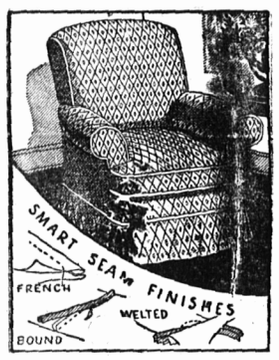
DECEMBER 23 to JANUARY 21 (Capricorn) — Much depends upon your attitude to your obligations and your willingness to avoid being upset at a few obstacles. The practical things are most likely to succeed first. Helpfulness of Taureans, Virgoans and Geminians especially beneficial.

JANUARY 22 to FEBRUARY 20 (Aquarius) —Call upon discretion and commonsense methods. You may be irked by the idleness or the incompetence of others, but don't let this affect your efforts or your disposition. Work upon improvements and new, useful advantages.

FEBRUARY 21 to MARCH 20 (Pisces) — Keep your wits about you. Forgetfulness and indifference will set you back. Don't be carried away by your imagination. Be straightforward, firm in consistency and sound plans.

A CHILD BORN ON THIS DAY should look ahead to a most useful, happy, and possibly famous, life. A profound mentality plus the determination to succeed are assets. Overwork and becoming blasted through real can, if not curbed, be this individual's undoing. Spiritual needs should come first, then thought of all material benefits. Statesmanship ability.

Brighten Rooms With Your Own Slip Covers



Upholstery Style Easy To Make

Like getting a new chair when you dress up an old one in a trim, upholstery-style slip cover! And easy to make such a cover, finish it with professional smartness.

For the upholstery effect, clever to choose an all-over pattern like that in our picture, have a straight flounce with inverted pleats at the chair corners.

To make your cover, just smooth the material over the old upholstery, beginning at the top of the inside-back and working down over the seat. Pin every 3 inches where seams will be, then cut 1½ inches outside pins for seams. Fit sides, arms and back the same way, baste and try on.

As for the finish, any of the 3 seams diagrammed will be smart. For the French seam, baste and stitch on wrong side, then turn and stitch on right, leaving ridge on the right side. To make a bound seam, neatly sew braid over seam on right side. For the professional looking welted seam, insert covered cord in seam from right side, baste and stitch on wrong side. Simple, isn't it?

For complete instructions and diagrams for making and trimming slip covers—see our 32-page booklet. Tells how to fit all types of chairs and sofas, has decorators' suggestions for fabrics, colors, trimmings.

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

Name

Street Address

City Province

A Morning Smile

WHETHER OR NO

"I've seen better days, ma'am," pleaded the beggar.

"An' so have I," answered the Scottish wife as she slammed the door, "but I've nae time to discuss the weather noo."

A PLEASANT SIGHT

Short-sighted Gent (to boy who is joyfully watching a red glow in the sky)—I'm glad you're admiring the sunset.

Small Boy—That's not a sunset, mister. That's our school burning!

Bomb's Victim

A child victim of Russian air raid on Rovaniemi, Finland, is carried through the snow by a Finnish woman. Exclusive NEA photo by Staff Photographer Eric Calcraft.

PRISONER IN MAJORCA

By BENTLEY RIDGE
Copyright

CHAPTER XI

"LEAVE HIM TO ME!"

Weary, mentally stunned, they were transported back to Manreal in the cars. They were put into the guard room again at the barracks.

Cullen had been through the war and was less thrown off his balance by the sights they had witnessed than the others.

Geoffrey seemed shocked out of his usual indifference.

"You read about these things," he said, in a wavering voice. "But you don't really believe that they exist until you see them!"

Poor Charlie sat and shuddered, looking scared out of his wits.

"What's going to happen to us?" he kept saying. "Are we in for that, too?"

"Don't worry, son," said Roger. "Of course we're not! They wouldn't dare touch British subjects."

But he was not so certain as he pretended to be for Charlie's sake.

Kitty brooded silently, her eyes two wells of agonized emotion too deep for words. Roger fixed his mind on the problem of the "Kate," trying to rid himself of ghastly recollections.

The sentries murmured outside the door and slip-slopped up and down in their rope-soled shoes. No food was brought to them, the prisoners; and for once Geoffrey had too little appetite to bother to demand it. The exhausted Charlie fell asleep.

Shortly before nine p. m. Senor Nome turned his attention to them again. This time he sent for Roger alone.

"Why you only?" Kitty asked nervously, as Roger got up to follow the guard.

"No idea!" replied Roger; but the fancy that she was anxious for him brought a little glow of warmth to his otherwise uneasy heart.

He was taken to a room on the first floor, a comfortably furnished room which looked as though it might have been a private sitting room before the hotel was turned into a barracks. Though it was a warm evening a large brazier of charcoal was burning in the middle of the floor; sprawling beside this in a chair with the air of having dined well, was Senor Nome. A bottle of cognac and a half-filled glass stood beside him amid a mess of papers on a small writing table.

Senor Nome dismissed the guard. Roger and he were alone. Roger looked at Senor Nome, at his protruding, bullike eyes, and his tight, red skin through which the viciousness of his nature seemed ready to burst,and disliked him extremely.

He had never met such a specimen as Senor Nome before and hoped never to meet with one again.

"I had almost forgotten you," said Senor Nome in his most insulting tone. "You and your yacht! It went right out of my head. But you had not forgotten me, I guess!"

He laughed.

"Tell me——!" he leaned forward in his chair. "What did you think of our administration of justice up at Juan Cruz? Tell me that? You didn't feel so happy after that, eh?"

"No," said Roger evenly. "I didn't get an exactly favourable impression."

Senor Nome poured out another glass of cognac and drank it. He frowned.

"I send for you now," he said heavily, "so that you shall tell me what you were doing off Manreal at such a time as this for no reason, in the middle of the night? I am suspicious of your story. I do not understand. You must explain more carefully."

Roger experienced that little chill at the nape of the neck which warns a man that he is faced with more danger than he can actually see. The very blandness of Senor Nome implied a trap.

"But aren't British yachts entitled to cruise in Majorcan waters?" asked Roger innocently, after a moment.

"You do not reply to me!" Senor Nome thundered it out, and rose abruptly to his feet. Suddenly harsh and dangerous, he shouted for the guard. The man came.

"Tie that man in his chair!" ordered Senor Nome, in Majorcan dialect.

Roger could follow it enough to grasp what was meant. His impulse was to resist. Three soldiers came forward briskly from the door. One caught his collar, and the others his two arms—the uselessness of any protest was immedaitely obvious. He submitted.

With much hard breathing and unnecessary hustling, they sat him in a chair and twisted his arms behind it. They tied his wrists to the back with some stout cord, and his ankles to the front legs.

Senor Nome stamped up and down apparently in a passion of indignation.

Roger set his teeth and wondered what was coming. It was an unpleasant situation.

"Bring him here!" said Senor Nome, pointing to a spot on the floor not far from the brazier.

Half hauling and half lifting him, the soldiers dragged Roger and his chair across the floor and dumped him in front of Senor Nome.

"That will do! Leave him to me," said Senor Nome.

The soldiers saluted, slouched out, and shut the door.

KITTY CONFRONTS A TYRANT

"Now you are going to tell me what your business was off Manreal in that yacht last night!" Senor Nome turned upon Roger with viperish suddenness, and pointed a thick finger at him.

Roger took refuge in attack, as the best means of defence.

"This is a stupid outrage! Take these ropes off me! I demand to be released. I came to Majorca on a pleasure cruise and I demand——"

"You still tell that stupid tale? Do you not think that I know—I know —?"

Senor Nome let his voice eddy to a significant whisper; he thrust his face, threatening and brick-like, towards Roger's. Roger stared, fascinated, into the hot, bloodshot eyes.

"What do you know?"

"That you lie! You are a liar! You are an enemy," shouted Senor Nome, and putting his hand against Roger's shoulder, flung him and his chair over sideways with all the power in his beefy frame. Roger and the chair crashed noisily to the floor together . . .

Half stunned, with all the breath shaken out of his body, his left arm nearly wrenched out of its socket, and his right arm crushed under the edge of the chair-back, Roger lay on the floor and faced, somewhat dimly, an aspect of life that he had never encountered before.

Senor Nome walked up and down.

"You know why I order the executions at Juan Cruz?" he said. "It was because they were the enemies of our cause! You came here as an enemy. I know it!"

Roger, through the cloud in his head heard Senor Nome talking, but was only vaguely aware of what he said. Senor Nome walked over and hauled the chair on to its legs again. Roger shook the fog out of his eyes and tried to get a grasp of things.

Senor Nome stood in front of him and shouted:

"You lie and lie to me! If I can prove that you are an enemy of the cause, or even the friend of enemies, I will exterminate you as I would put my foot on a beetle! It is enough even to suspect!"

Crash! The chair went over again. This time Roger lay still.

Senor Nome looked at him, then shouted for the guard.

"Bring in the woman!" he said, when the guard came.

Roger groaned and stirred. Sagging in his bonds, he began to come to. He was fully alert to things when Kitty came in. The guards came over and set him and his chair upright again.

(To be Continued)

Marry In Your Own Class — Dorothy Dix — Hints to Man Looking for Wife

The Paragon You Are Seeking As a Wife May Not Exist, But Here Are Some of the Points it Would be Well to Investigate

One of the curious chores that I am frequently asked to do is to pick out a wife for one of my readers. The man who is evidently girl-shy, will write that he desires to marry, but he distrusts his judgment about women and feels that I know so much more about my sex than he does that he would like me to select a wife for him.

Now this is, of course, a difficult assignment because wives are purely a matter of taste, and the woman who is one man's Angel Face is another man's poison. That none of us ever know what it is that attracts a man and woman to each other is amply proved by the fact that at every wedding the guests are whispering behind their hands: "WHAT did she ever see in HIM?" "WHY on earth do you suppose he ever picked HER out?"

So inasmuch as it is the man himself and not his mother, nor his sisters, nor his cousins, nor his aunts, nor his friends who will have to live with the woman he marries, he has the right of choice, and if he gets what he likes she is all right for him, no matter what other people think about her. But while I decline to be a matchmaker and select a wife for any man, if I were a youth contemplating matrimony there are a few things that I would consider long and prayerfully before I popped the question to any girl.

I should pick out a girl in my own class, one who had about the same background that I had, financially, socially and religiously. The old Cinderella motif is fine in song and story, but it doesn't work out successfully in real life. When a poor boy marries a very rich girl, he becomes nothing but her pet poodle. If he marries a very poor girl, he becomes a slave to her family.

If he is a highbrow and she is a lowbrow they bore each other to tears. If they belong to different religions they quarrel over the Church, and goodness knows there are enough things in marriage to fight about without engaging in a Holy War.

I'd take a good, long, lingering look at the parents and the home of the girl who had caught my fancy, because that would give me a preview of the kind of wife and housekeeper that the girl would be practically sure to make. If Mamie's mother was a slovenly housekeeper and a poor cook; if nothing was ever done on time and there were signs of thriftlessness all about; if Mamie's mother henpecked her husband so he dared not call his soul his own, I'd pass on and leave Mamie for some sap who couldn't read the signs. And I would never, never, never marry a doting mother's only daughter, for the worst wife on earth is a spoiled brat.

I would like the girl I married to be easy on the eyes, but I would be much more concerned about her being easy to live with. I'd shop around until I found a girl who was a good sport and who could take the ups and downs of life on the chin and come up smiling. I would want a wife who would be cheerful and humorous and who could laugh things off instead of making tragedies out of them. None of your whining, complaining, peevish Janes for me.

I would pick out a girl who was congenial and who really liked to do the things I do. For the only happy and successful marriages are those in which the husband and wife do teamwork. I would like to think that I would spend the balance of my life with a wife who had the same interests that I have; who would work with me and play with me and to whom I could talk about my hopes and plans, and what I was reading and thinking, and who would make everything that happened just a little bit better or a little less hard because she shared it with me.

I would pick out a wife who had common sense and who didn't make mountains out of molehills. And I would want one who was domestic-minded, and who thought that being a good wife and mother and making a comfortable home was a better career than running a shoppe or being atmosphere in the movies.

And if I could find a girl with all of these qualities, she could lead me to the altar whenever she chose. But maybe such a paragon wouldn't want me.

* * * * * * *

Too Great An Age Difference

Dear Dorothy Dix—Two years ago I was left a widow, destitute and with three children, two girls 15 and 13 and a boy of 10. Early this year I met a man who is sixteen years my junior who wants to marry me. He is my equal if not my senior in maturity. We are very congenial and we love each other and I think could be happy together. Do you think I would be a fool to marry him? E. A. G.

Answer:

I certainly think you would be taking a long shot at happiness in marrying a man so much your junior because not once in a hundred times does such a marriage turn out happily. Nature is against it. In time the man gets over the the mother complex that made him marry a woman so much older than himself and he begins to cast eyes at young girls. He wants to play around with them instead of being tied to his elderly wife's apron strings.

On her part the woman who is much older than her husband is filled with jealousy of younger women and always suspects her husband of being tired of her, whether he is or not. Furthermore, she takes on herself the heartbreaking and impossible job of keeping young and slim and gay and vivacious to keep up with a young husband when all she desires is to let out her corset strings and slump into the comforts of middle age. Your problem is further complicated by having nearly grown children. Your older daughter would be a more suitable wife for the young man than you are. Don't try such a hazardous experiment.

DOROTHY DIX.

For Bad Winter Coughs, Mix This Remedy at Home

Quick Relief. Big Saving. So Easy. No Cooking.

This well known recipe is used by many thousands of housewives, because they have found that it gives them an effective, dependable remedy for distressing winter coughs. It's so easy to mix—a child could do it.

From any druggist, get 2½ ounces of Pinex, a compound containing Norway Pine and palatable guaiacol, in concentrated form, well known for its effect on throat membranes.

Then make a syrup by stirring two cups of granulated sugar and one cup of water a few moments, until dissolved. It's no trouble at all, and takes but a moment. No cooking needed.

Put the Pinex into a 16 ounce bottle and add your syrup. This gives you 16 ounces of cough remedy, unusually quick-acting and dependable, and you get four times as much cough medicine for your money. It never spoils, and is very pleasant—children love it.

You'll be surprised by the way it takes hold of severe coughs, giving quick, satisfying relief. It loosens the phlegm, soothes the irritated membranes, and helps clear the air passages. Money refunded if it doesn't please in every way.

THE COOK'S CORNER

FIG BARS

2 1-2 cups flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
1-4 teaspoon salt
1-2 cup white sugar
1-2 cup brown sugar
3-4 cup butter
Milk

Method: Sift the flour, measure it and sift it twice more with the baking powder and salt. Add the sugar and mix well, then add the butter, or you can use a mixture of butter and vegetable shortening. Rub this in as you would for making pastry, then add just a very little milk to make a rather stiff dough.

Turn onto a floured pastry cloth and roll the dough thin. Cut into strips about 3 inches wide. Spread the fig jam down the centre of these strips, then fold the edges over to meet in the centre, pressing them so they won't break open in the baking.

Cut these folded strips into pieces about 2 1-2 inches long, then place them with the seam side down on a lightly greased cookie sheet. Bake in a hot 400 deg. F. oven for about 15 minutes, until they are a delicate brown.

FIG FILLING

2 cups chopped figs
2 tablespoons brown sugar
1-2 cup water

Method: Cut the figs in small pieces and cook them with the sugar and water until they are thick. Add more water if necessary, but keep the filling thick or it will cook out of the bars.

Steamed fig pudding is good at this time of year. It is not so hearty as many steamed puddings, at least this one is not, but it's mighty good.

IRISH STEW FOR FOUR OR FIVE

This is an inexpensive meat dish for a large family.

1 lb. scrag end of mutton (or middle neck). Salt and pepper, 2 lbs. potatoes, 1-2 lb. onions (or more). About 1-2 cup water.

Peel the potatoes and cut into thick slices. Wipe the meat and cut into neat pieces. Peel and slice the onions. Put layers of the vegetables and meat into a casserole seasoning each layer, and finishing with a layer of potato (if the potatoes are small, put some of them whole on the top). Pour in the water, put on the lid and simmer gently for 2 hours.

TAKE NO CHANCES WITH BABY'S COLD

DON'T LET your baby's little cold develop into something worse. Let Mrs. Geo. McBride of Scarborough tell you what to do. "My baby of 26 months caught a nasty cold, so I tried Baby's Own Tablets and she threw this cold off quicker than ever before. I certainly am for Baby's Own Tablets from now on."

Baby's Own Tablets are safe and sure in their action. They correct the *cause* of baby's trouble. Effective in clearing up teething troubles, constipation, simple fevers, diarrhoea, upset stomach, colic and summer complaint, *irritability*, simple croup and other of "baby's" ailments. Yet they are utterly free from opiates or stupefying drugs. An analyst's report is given in each package.

Get a package today. Sickness so often strikes in the night. 25 cents. Your money back if you are not satisfied.

FOR WOMEN ONLY!

If fidgety nerves, restless nights and distress from female functional "irregularities" keep you from having fun in life—take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made especially to help such run-down, weak, ailing women. *Try it!*

The Housewife And Her Activities

SMALL BOY

Serenely he looks up at me
His glance all innocence and guile
And I frown down, after hastily
Concealing an indulgent smile.

And when I speak of discipline
Contritely he surveys his toes
Then give me an engaging grin—
He knows his power—he knows HE KNOWS!

—May Richstone.

In 1904, 201 out of every 100,000 persons died of tuberculosis; in 1938, 49 persons died from this disease. Tuberculosis can be wiped out.

New Version

"Those who go to bed feeling peevish," says a doctor, "usually wake up in the morning in an even worse frame of mind." Surly to bed, surly to rise.

To remove stains or incrustations from old glass, fill with warm soapy water to which a little borax has been added. Let stand for several hours, then rinse in clear water. If the stains are stubborn, crushed egg shells added to a fresh solution and shaken in the stained vessel should clear it thoroughly.

Try this new idea for a holiday dessert: Pile drained red cherries, slightly sweetened in meringue shells. Sprinkle with grated sweet chocolate.

Many English villages have odd names, including Egg Jump, Butter Bump, Great Fryup and High Ham.

Try fried apples and link sausages at your next bridge foursome. Add scrambled eggs or an omelet, plenty of hot coffee and hot buttered toast.

One should take good care not to grow too wise for so great a pleasure of life as laughter. —Addison.

A baby breakfast food product is among the rations carried to Antarctica by the Byrd expedition.

MARKING THE CHILDREN'S CLOTHES

A roll of half-inch adhesive tape will make dozens of nametabs for kiddies' coats and caps. It is the work of a moment to snip off a couple of inches write the name and stick the tab on the garment.

Metal cloths are favorites for Sunday night wear, a fact that was evident in the smart audience gathered at the premiere of "Ghost Town" at the Metropolitan in New York. Metals appeared as bodices or close-fitting jackets worn with black skirts (dinner length) and there was one harem style frock in soft gold fabric.

Scarf hats are Paris' latest interest. Not snoods, though these new ones are an outgrowth of the snood. These scarfs which are waist-length ends of draped turbans, or crowns of brimmed hats (Schiaparelli does the latter), and meant to warm the throat and ears, or to keep coiffures in order.

Small black-and-white checked smooth woollens, the classic shepherd checks that women love to wear, are a revival to check seriously for spring.

Raglan shoulders of natural proportions, for resort and country wear, are another manifestation of the casual side of life in new coat styles.

A fine black wool frock has the lower part of the bodice and sleeves covered with gold sequins and crystal drops, leaving the yoke plain.

Hooded fashions are good in daytime and evening dresses, and approved also on gowns of the dinner-at-home - we - may-go-out-later type.

The bell-shaped cape in fur adds another Victorian fashion to this season's list of charming feminine styles.

EASTERN MOOD IN JEWELRY

Two elaborate versions of the Eastern mood in jewelry are sponsored by Lilly Dache, who is dramatizing the Javanese theme in turbans and accessories for Southern resort wear.

The bracelet is of gold filigree with red green and white pearl dangling balls. The luxurious necklace with its triple pendant front treatment done in gold filigree with a series of chains linking big cubes of the metal. The stones which accent the medallion motif are in various colors and painted enamel dots repeat the tones.

The nervous system of the human body operates chemically, rather than electrically, says a noted physiologist.

KNITTED BED JACKET

DESIGN NO. X 392

For feminine convalescents or those who enjoy breakfast in bed this hand knitted bed jacket is created of fine angora in a simple drop stitch. Pattern No. X 392 contains illustration of the bed jacket, list of materials needed and complete instructions.

To order this pattern, send 15 cents in coin or stamps to Needlework Bureau, Charlottetown Guardian.

To Charlottetown Guardian
Needlework Department

Design No. X 392

Name

Address

City Province

Smartest Fashions And Winter Styles

An extra skirt is a boon to your wardrobe. There are so many times when an attractive skirt and a pretty blouse fills the bill. Now that two tone ensembles are so smart a daytime skirt and an evening length are both essential. Plaid wool, plain crepe or wool jersey are all very practical to wear with tailored and more formal blouses. For evening choose velveteen, taffeta or crepe and top it with lame, chiffon or a bright evening sweater, the new cover-up mode, for holiday parties.

Style No 3106 is designed for 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inch waist measurements. Size 28 requires 3 yards of 39-inch material for short version; 3 3-4 yards for evening length.

Send fifteen (15c) (coin is prefered) for pattern. Write plainly your Name, Address and style number. Be sure to state the size you wish.

Style No. 3106 Size ....

Name

Street Address

City Province

GOOD NEWS FOR YULE

CARLISLE, England — (CP) — News from Germany made a merry Christmas for Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Moorhead, who heard their 16-year-old son William, missing three months, was alive and well in a prison camp.

TILLIE THE TOILER — WATCHFUL WAITING By Westover