

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

Picking a Lemon in The Garden Of Love

Dorothy Dix

Says All Marriages Are No Failures

While Many Signs Point Warnings Against Matrimony, There Are Enough Successes To Give Us All Hope

A cynical bachelor says that after he has spent an evening at the home of one of his married pals he always sends the wife next morning a bunch of roses with his card on which he writes: "With gratitude."



Because, he contends, these visits which show up married life as it is in reality, instead of the way it is pictured in novels, keep him safe in a state of single blessedness. When he sees Tom, who used to be so gay and light-hearted and such a swell dresser, old before his time and hump-shouldered and shabby and discouraged trying to support a family on an inadequate salary; when he hears Sam, who was once so bold and audacious, saying "Yes, ma'am" to a wife who has him under her thumb; when he is called upon to referee a fight between Percy and Mamie who are always scrapping, he goes back to his quiet, peaceful, bachelor flat where there is no one to call time on him, or to lecture him, thankful to those ladies to whom he owes the continuance of his personal liberty.

No doubt there are many other men and women who are shooed away from the altar by the AWFUL WARNINGS against marriage that encounter at every step. They see love drop from fever heat to subnormal almost as soon as it is subjected to the domestic atmosphere. They see men and women who thought they couldn't live without each other find that they can't live with each other without fighting like a cat and dog. They see husbands and wives who dispense with all the decencies of civilized society in dealing with each other and who treat each other with a brutality that they would not show to any other human being on earth.

There are the X's, for example. X was such a handsome young chap. Lots of ability. Full of ambition. Everybody prophesied he would go far, but he fell in love and married before he really got started going. And look at him now! Weighted down by a wife and children so he couldn't climb. Spirit broken. Ambition gone. Slave to a wife who is fretful and complaining and who publicly belittles him because he doesn't make as much money as some other man.

And there is the case of Annabelle, who had all that it takes to make a girl popular. Beauty, intelligence, charm. She could have married any one of a dozen men, but she chose Tom. And look what marriage has done to her! It has brought her poverty and hard work and babies and scuffling to keep a house full of children clothed and fed, and a grouchy, grumpy husband who never speaks to her except to find fault with her.

Oh there are plenty of AWFUL WARNINGS against matrimony all about us. Indeed, the experience of others has lighted so many red danger signals along the road to the altar that it is a wonder that any youth and maiden have the courage to take it.

They wouldn't, except for two things. One is that there are exceptions to all rules and, if there are more blanks than prizes in the matrimonial lottery, still there are winning numbers and when one is lucky enough to draw one of these he has got the best thing on earth. True, we must spend a hectic evening with the Battling Newlyweds whose chief indoor sport is biting and clawing and calling names, but it is equally true that we may spend the next evening in the serene drawing room of the Benedicts, where a husband and wife, through love and tenderness and consideration and companionship, make a little bit of heaven for each other.

And another reason that people still marry in spite of the AWFUL WARNINGS against matrimony that are ever before them is because none of us ever learn anything from another's experience, and we never think that the misfortunes that have happened to others will befall us. Somehow, some way, we are going to be the darlings of fortune and our marriages will escape the dangers that have wrecked so many others.

Our love will endure. Our husbands will always be romantic sheiks. Our wives beautiful and glamorous. Our marriages will always be a glorious adventure, never a dull treadmill. We will never mind paying bills, or cooking dinners, or doing without the comforts and luxuries to which we are accustomed because they are done for John or Mary, and in this faith we marry.

Long ago witty Dr. Johnson said that a second marriage is the final triumph of hope over experience. Every marriage is that. If some of them turn out AWFUL WARNINGS, others are SHINING EXAMPLES. DOROTHY DIX.

THE COOK'S CORNER

ORANGE AND APPLE SALAD

The pale yellow of salad dressing, with the lighter cream tones of celery and apple and the deeper hue of diced orange meat—with browned walnuts and bits of bright red cherry for accent—makes a beguiling salad plate. Such a salad, if finished with a dressing that has lots of whipped cream folded into it, would make an admirable ending for a luncheon—instead of something along more usual sweet lines. Or it can be served as suggested in our last paragraph.

JELLIED SHRIMP SALAD

For a main-course salad, the mixture that features fish is deservedly popular—and the glowing and deliciously flavored little shrimp, is

Baby Needs Cuticura for that Rash

Why let him cry when an application of Cuticura Ointment will quickly soothe that irritation. Cuticura Ointment is a helpful friend to millions of babies throughout the world. It is gentle in action and promotes healing.

Sample free. Address: Lyman Agencies, Ltd., Dept. 23, 288 St. Paul Street, W., Montreal.

one of the most popular of all the fish we use for such purposes. You can get fresh shrimp now, if you prefer to cook your own freshly. Chill well before the time to use in the salad. Or you can buy canned shrimp that has been put up by either the wet-pack or dry-pack method. Remember that the black line must be removed from either freshly-cooked or canned shrimp, for it is the intestine.

The HOUSEWIFE and HER ACTIVITIES

A PRAYER

Let me be a little kinder, Let me be a little blinder, To the faults of those about me; Let me praise a little more, Let me be, when I am weary, Just a little bit more cheery; Let me serve a little better, Those that I am striving for.

PLEATS ARE IMPORTANT FASHION DETAILS

Pleats are important in the fashion schemes of things this year. Daytime skirts have kick pleats in front and back. Many are accented with the pleats stitched down about the hipline. Evening gowns are pleated from top to bottom in the Grecian manner.

BANANA HAM SANDWICH

Bananas are good in the minced ham sandwiches for the children's school lunch. Spread the sandwich bread with butter, then minced ham and finally add a layer of sliced bananas.

Well Marked

It is well to keep all kitchen jars and bottles labeled. Then in case of sickness a stranger in the kitchen can find things readily and confusion and searching are avoided.

On Wash Day

Try cooking a cup of rice in 1 gallon of water for 30 minutes. Drain and use this water for starch. You not only have a splendid washday starch, but a substantial luncheon vegetable.

In the Lunch Box

One housewife who packs her husband's and children's lunches makes her pies in the form of little tarts, using her ramekins as molds for the pastry. Then the next day each lunch kit contains one of these delicious dainties.

YOUR DAUGHTER

The mother who wants her small daughter to grow up to be a decorative note about the house ought to do all she possibly can to keep the youngster's hair healthy and to teach the fundamental principles of perfect grooming during the child's formative years.

Let your little girl learn to enjoy her daily bath even if you have to shop around for doll soap, wash cloths that look like animals and sponges in queer shapes to float in the tub with her.

Try to keep her interested in brushing her teeth and cleaning her nails. There's no reason why this should make her grigish about playing in the dirt or climbing trees. It only will teach her to like to be spic and span once play days are over.

Until she is old enough to do it, you'll have to brush her hair for her. Use long upward strokes, wiping the brush on a clean towel after each stroke. Shampoo her locks with the blandest soap you can buy and rinse it at least three times in clear water. If her hair has even a slight wave, coax it into place several times a day. This seems pretty much of a bother, but sometimes faint waves turn into lovely deep ones, and, if hers should happen to do this, think how grateful she'll be to you the rest of her life.

If her skin is sensitive, better put a tiny bit of plain vaseline or pure cold cream on her cheeks and forehead before you send her out to play in the snow. When little hands get chapped rub them with vaseline before she goes to bed. As a matter of fact, it's a good idea to teach her to use a drop or two of your hand lotion several times a day.

TO COOK BEEFSTEAK

The beefsteak (cut to about 1 1/2 inch thickness and surrounded by fat.) Seasoning, lemon juice and salad oil.

1-Beat the steak well. This is to break down the tissues, not to flatten it.

2-Rub with salad oil (but this may be omitted), squeeze lemon juice on it. Season well on both sides.

3-The best method of cooking is on a grill. If this is unavailable, a frying pan may be used. If a grill, brush the bars with salad oil, heat thoroughly and place the steak on it (according to the grill's construction).

A Morning Smile

Joe worked as checker in a munitions plant. He learned one day, by interviewing the laborers whose truckloads shell he tallied, that they got \$10 and time and a half overtime, while his wages were only \$5 a day. He then interviewed the foreman of his floor, asking to be reduced from checker to laborer.

TWO DAYS MISSING

Two Irishmen roomed in an eight-story apartment, on the top floor, and could be seen sleeping on Sunday morning as the sun would shine in the windows and wake them up. They bought some black paint and painted the windows, and lay down to sleep. When they woke up, they realized they would be late for work as it was 1:15. They rushed to their jobs, and the foreman looked at them in bewilderment. Pat says:

"Faith, and what's the matter, boss? We're only 20 minutes late." Says the foreman: "Twenty minutes? Where were you Monday and Tuesday."

HE PAINTS TOY SOLDIERS

It has been recorded of some old generals of the past that they delighted in fighting their battles over again with the aid of toy soldiers, writes a correspondent in the London Daily Mail.

Today the collecting of toy soldiers is a favorite hobby on the continent, and its popularity in England which grows so much that it has been found necessary to establish the British Society of Collectors of Model Soldiers.

Although this body has been in existence only a few months its membership already includes many enthusiasts abroad.

Appropriately enough, a soldier has become patron of the society. He is Lord Greenway, formerly in the Indian cavalry, who succeeded to the title on the death of his father, one of the founders of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company last year.

Lord Greenway is a collector and no ordinary one. At his home at Edenbridge, Kent, there is a collection of models of the Indian Army which is perhaps unique.

He is not content merely to buy his models; he obtains the lead figures he requires and then "recruits" them in to his "army" by

Feather in Her Hat

By JULIE ANNE MOORE

Cowed by the belligerent attitude of the two plainclothes men, the hotel clerk admitted readily that Senator Rumbrocker and a Glad Balmer had been registered there. They had checked out, he said, shortly after breakfast.

The doorman remembered the gentlemen perfectly... an oldish man, rather rugged looking; and a powerfully built young man who was a bit unsteady on his feet and smelled strongly of liquor. They had gone off in a Black and Yellow cab. Yes, he could identify the driver—Name was Tony. Nice young man, a "taxi cab" office. "I took 'em to Berwyn field. The young egg gave me a two-buck tip. He was plastered. He was talking his head off."

"What time did you leave Berwyn field after taking them there?" "Three or four hours ago, I guess. Right around half past nine..."

A few minutes later a police cruiser darted away from the curb in front of the taxi cab office, and went off with siren shrieking. It could not have been later than a quarter after ten when Lee dropped down onto Berwyn field.

"I don't know what is the matter with Carl," Senator Rumbrocker told Lee. "Unless the strain he went through with the kidnapers got the best of his nerves. He was all right until about two o'clock this morning when I woke up and found he had been out and brought up a supply of whisky. He has been drinking ever since. And—" said the Senator, irritably—"talking. He's completely out of his senses—so pay no attention to anything he says."

"What he was talking about, Senator?" They were walking to the field office then.

"Deane's and Fuhrman's deaths, principally," Senator Rumbrocker said. "You need not be surprised if he accuses you of the murder. He

has already charged that I killed my own son."

Lee shook his head. "Too bad. Well, we'll load him in and get started. Is he with him?" The Senator said sadly that his daughter was not with them. "They told Carl we would find her at home when we returned. I don't know, Lee. I've a feeling—"

The door of the little office burst open and Carl stumped out. "Well, if it is—Lee, old boy, old boy, how goes—Good old Lee and where—"

"Go along with the Senator, Carl, while I get your luggage," Lee said. "I'd like to get off before a crowd gathers with the aid of the field personnel they got Carl inside the cabin and settled in a seat. Three minutes later they were in the air—Washington bound."

It was almost three o'clock when the Chicago police cruiser screamed and sped out of the field hangar. A mechanic gave the wanted, the information they wanted, then one of them went into the office to telephone. Presently he came out and led the way back to the car. "That clears it up for us," he said to his companion. "They're advising Washington the plane's due there any time... Too bad we didn't get the tip sooner. I'd like to get a look at Lee Monday. Wonder where he figures in with the guy they're after?"

Bill Hudson was glad the Justice Department man had asked him about Carl. He didn't give a darn about Carl, but it gave him something to think about—something to think about instead of the thing he had been thinking about constantly since he had left Ann at the apartment yesterday. Twice this morning he had practically decided to kick over the traces—his own better judgment, his loyalty to Lee, his job if necessary. Ann loved him. He was sure of that. Not because of what her father had said. Ann had made it all too evident when she told him good-bye... And God knows he loved the very ground she stood on.

But here they were just pulling out of Baltimore... and he hadn't kicked over the traces... and that was over. By the time Ann met Lee at seven o'clock he'd be far away. And the farther the better... But he was a fool just the same. Her father had called his number. A man with gumption wouldn't have stalled around while another man married the girl he loved... Let him. Why? He had engineered the whole thing, right from the first. Ann never would have met Lee if it hadn't been for him. And then when she talked to him over the phone after putting him out of a booze joint that night, she had as good as told him she loved him. Let him. And when he said then? "Told her she had to give Lee a break... Fool! Fool! Fool!"

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WHAT PRICE EDUCATION?

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"And we'll never disagree, Dick—well anyway not about the quality of this coffee."

I'VE PROVED THAT THROUGH ITS PERFECT NEW GRIND MAXWELL HOUSE GIVES MORE FLAVOUR WHETHER BOILED OR PERCOLATED



I AM THE SAME SUPERB BLEND OF CHOICEST COFFEES THAT WON THE HEARTS OF THE OLD SOUTH.

Maxwell House Coffee

ROASTED AND PACKED IN CANADA

counted telegraph poles... But his thoughts ran on, feverishly, interminably. He had been a fool and a coward. He had stubbornly refused the only thing in this world he had ever really wanted. Worst still, he had let Ann go through that rotten farce alone... What if Lee had millions? Ann didn't love him—and if she didn't love him... Bill was standing in the vestibule of the coach when the train stopped at Philadelphia. He raced into the waiting room, found the information desk.

SMART CLOTHES FOR THE HOME DRESSMAKER

Rabbit's hair woolen mixture in smart smoke grey made this youthful dress. The buttons are self-material. Self-color braid trims the shirt collar. The slim skirt, has plaits to give it smart flare in motion.

Navy blue velveteen is another delightful way to carry it out with self-color braid and antique metal buttons. Wool-like silk crepe, wool jersey, rayon novelties, etc., will also make a lovely wearable little dress.

You'll find it as simple as A, B, C to make it. Style No. 509 is designed for sizes 14, 16, 18 years, 36, 38 and 40-inches bust. Size 16 requires 2 1/2 yards of 54-inch material with 1 1/2 yards of binding for collar and sleeve.

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

Form with fields for Name, Street Address, City, State, No. 509, Size, and Name.

C. N. R. To Aid of Crippled Children

(Special to the Guardian) MONTGOMERY, N. B. Nov. 9—A Twelve day excursion is being operated to Toronto by the Moncton Rotary Club in aid of the crippled children's fund leaving over the Canadian National Railways on Tuesday next, November 12th, and returning any day up to and including Sunday, November 24th, with optional return routing via Ottawa, Montreal and Quebec.

FARM FOR SALE

I am instructed to sell by Auction on the Premises at South Melville, the farm owned by the late John McQuaid, on Tuesday, the 12th instant, at 2 P. M. This farm contains 100 acres, is in high state of cultivation, is conveniently located and has up-to-date buildings in first class condition.

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Alex. W. Matheson BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, ETC. Money to Loan Collections Office: 140 Richmond Street.

NORMAN W. LOWTHER Barrister & Attorney at Law 86 Great George Street Charlottetown, P. E. I. MONEY TO LOAN

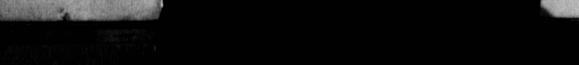
M. ALBAN FARMER B. A., LL.B. BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, ETC. MONEY TO LOAN Bank of Canada Bldg. Charlottetown

Those Splitting Headaches A Symptom of Disease

The cause of headache is the accumulation of poisonous matter in the blood which spreads with it, every moment, to all parts of the body.

This poisoning of the system must be cleared up before you can get rid of the headache, which is a symptom of an unhealthy condition of the body.

Remove the poisonous matter from the blood with Burdock Blood Bitters, then, "No more headaches".



Advertisement for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, featuring a large graphic of a pill and text describing its benefits for iron and vitality.