

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

## What the Fashionables are Wearing

Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished With Every Pattern

By Annabelle Worthington

It's a darling. The bodice is given a basque effect. A wide sash caught in at either side and tied at the back, draws it snugly to the figure. The short puffed sleeves are cute idea. However, if you wish to omit the sleeves then the pretty neckline will just turn the shoulder and form quite a delightful finish.

And as for the trouser legs, they are shaped so as to affect a skirt, when not in motion.

A flag blue and white linen print made the original with plain white ruffling.

Batiste prints, wide wale pique and tub silks are lovely too.

Style No. 911 is designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20 years, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust. Size 16 requires 3 1/2 yards of 39-inch material with 1/2 yard of 35-inch contrasting.

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### A Morning Smile

OH! OH!

A man and his wife were bathing in the sea when they were joined by a friend of the man, who introduced his wife.

Some time afterwards the friend noticed the woman sitting opposite him in a tram car. She bowed. He looked puzzled for a moment and then exclaimed: "Oh, how do you do. I really didn't know you with your clothes on."

Conjurer: "Now, sir, you hear your watch ticking inside this handkerchief? Are you satisfied?"  
Bou: "More than satisfied. It hasn't been going for a month."

## For The Cook

### FAVORITE DEVIL'S FOOD CAKE

2 cups sifted cake flour.  
1 teaspoon soda.  
2 eggs, unbeaten.  
1/4 cup butter.  
6 squares unsweetened chocolate, melted.  
1 1/4 cups sweet milk.  
1 teaspoon vanilla.  
1 1/4 cups brown sugar.  
Sift flour once, measure, add soda, and sift together three times. Cream butter thoroughly, add sugar gradually, and cream together until light and fluffy. Add eggs, one at a time, and beat well. Add chocolate and beat well. Add flour alternately with milk, a small amount at a time. Beat after each addition until smooth. Add vanilla. Bake in two greased 10-inch or three 9-inch layer pans in moderate oven (325 degrees F.) 30 minutes. Spread with Divinity Frosting.

### DIVINITY FROSTING

3 cups sugar.  
1 teaspoon light corn syrup.  
1-3 cups boiling water.  
4 egg whites, stiffly beaten.  
1 teaspoon vanilla.  
Combine sugar, corn syrup, and water. Place over low flame and stir constantly until sugar is dissolved and mixture boils. Continue cooking until a small amount of syrup forms a soft ball in cold water, or spins a long thread when dropped from tip of spoon (240 degrees F.) Pour syrup in fine stream over egg whites beating constantly. Add vanilla. Continue beating until stiff enough to spread on cake. Makes enough frosting to cover tops and sides of two 10-inch layers or three 9-inch layers.

wearing of green dress by brides. When several brides in one season, as they have this year, elect to do this, it becomes news. The superstition that "green is bad luck" has held no terrors for recent brides.

These weddings were, of course, of the semi-formal type, and when green is worn this way, it should be regarded as a substitute for successor to beige, gray or any of the neutrals which are associated with informal weddings.

It is interesting to speculate whether the "girlish" psychology is changing and that with the wearing of the green will not other innovations and departures from "family album" wedding types be introduced—thoroughly expressing their thoroughly modern bride.

## Wearing Of Green By Modern Bride

In all the ways that modern young women have asserted themselves in breaking away from the orthodoxy of dress ideas, she has showed reluctance in giving up the traditions that go with the costume of the bride. "Quaint," "picturesque" and all those adjectives that describe the bride dressed to follow conventions, have persevered in connection with wedding clothes, while they are entirely rejected and out of place for all other types of clothes that dress the modern fashionable girl.

The most modern and sophisticated type of girl will simply "step out of character" and assume the role demanded by the role of the bride of tradition, completely losing sight of the rules she has adopted for herself in the matter of clothes, and deportment, for that matter. The first hint of a tendency to upset the beliefs that were as law in choosing bridal clothes, came with the wearing of attenuated pastels in place of white. The first step was a gesture of a kind, since the general formality and elaboration of the gown itself was retained.

The latest move in this respect is much more daring, since it challenges a superstition—namely, the

## Teamwork Needed In Marriage! Dorothy Dix

### Making a Success of Marriage is a Two-Handed Job — Unhappy Homes, Lack of Success in Business, Divorces, Wayward Children — These Are the Price of Failure of Husbands and Wives to Co-operate

The most important thing in domestic life is co-operation between husband and wife. Making a success of marriage is a two-handed job that requires the united efforts of both a man and a woman to pull off, and neither one can accomplish it working alone.

No woman can make a happy home, though she grins like a Cheshire cat and cooks like an angel and is meeker and more humble than Patient Griselda, if the man of the house is a grouch or a sulker or a knocker or one who passes into the silence when anything displeases him and if the mere sound of his key in the lock sends the temperature down to zero and hushes the children's prattle and makes the dog beat it for the cellar.

Nor can any man make a happy home if he provides his family with a mansion to live in and French finery to wear and imported cars to ride in and if he works himself to death to gratify his wife's and children's every wish, if he is married to a woman who is peevish and fretful and whining and complaining and nagging and who is always picking on him and the children and wondering why he isn't as handsome as Ramon Navarro and as romantic as Clark Gable and doesn't make as much money as Mr. Ford.

But when a husband and wife work together to make a happy home; when they treat each other with affection and consideration and tenderness; when they are more tactful in dealing with each other than they would be with strangers; when they give the very best that is in them to each other, then they establish the sort of home that is a Paradise on earth.

We all know the value of teamwork. We know that the winning of a game depends not so much on the brilliancy of any one player as upon the teamwork of all of the players. We know that the success of a business depends upon the whole organization working harmoniously together to a common end. But we fail, curiously enough, to appreciate the value of teamwork in family life.

Half the homes you go into are battlegrounds in which a perpetual civil warfare goes on. The husband and wife are totally at variance with each other, with different aims, aspirations and desires, and each apparently bent on thwarting the other. There is no working for the common good. No merging of tastes and interests. No realization that after all a husband and wife are one, and that they must stand or fall together.

And the terrible thing about this lack of teamwork is that it is so fatally easy for either a husband or wife to nullify all of the other's efforts and that each is so helpless to protect himself or herself against the other.

How often, for instance, do we see a woman stand in the way of her husband's success. A poor but ambitious and energetic young man has got his foot on the first round of the ladder. He has shown that he is a go-getter and every one prophesies great things for him, but he marries and that is the end of him. He just fizzles out into nothingness.

And the reason of it is that his wife would not do teamwork with him.

## AS HE SAID "GOOD-NIGHT"



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She pulled against him instead of with him and so they got nowhere. Perhaps she was extravagant and kept him always in debt with her bills. Perhaps she killed his faith in himself by her lack of belief in him and her croakings against everything he wanted to undertake. Perhaps she wouldn't leave mother and the girls and her bridge clubs and Main Street to go with him where fortune called, and so she kept him tied down to a small job in which there was no future.

The worst effect, however, of the lack of teamwork in families manifests itself in the rearing of the children. It is ruinous for them, because it results in an utter lack of discipline and it kills the children's respect for both parents.

Yet there are comparatively few households in which the father and mother agree upon any plan of bringing up their children. When father is cross he thinks the children should be spanked and made to behave. When he is in good humor he says: "Oh, let the little things alone. They'll come out all right," when mother wants to punish them for misbehavior. Father thinks that boys should be taught to be independent, and mother wants to hold them by the hand. Mother thinks the girl should have dates. Father thinks they shouldn't. And so it goes. And the clever youngsters soon find out that they can play one parent off against the other and get away with anything short of murder.

When ever you hear parents complain that they have no control over their children and can do nothing with their wild sons and daughters, you may be sure that it is because they never co-operated with each other in bringing them up, but fought over everything from the time of putting the baby to bed to buying them a sport car and sending them to college.

Unhappy homes. Lack of success in business. Divorces. Wayward children—these are the price of the lack of teamwork between husbands and wives. For a house divided against itself shall fall.

DOROTHY DIX.

### Periodic—Eye Examinations

Don't wear your glasses for five or ten years, as some do, without re-examination, for in that time serious changes are vitally important, whether one's eyes are good or otherwise.

may take place, which if not discovered, may work permanent injury to the most precious sense you possess.

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## THE HANDSOME MAN

by MARGARET TURNBULL  
Illustrations by IRWIN MYERS  
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W. N. U. Service.



"I Don't Choose to Play Second Fiddle to Sir George"

say. Can't be done. I don't choose to play second fiddle to Sir George?"  
"Who told you his name was Sir George?"  
"You did."  
Roberta shook her head.  
"Of course you did. You told me that day we lunched at Indian Lodge."  
He had overreached himself and Roberta let him see that he had. "I couldn't. I didn't know he was coming or anything about him then."

"Well, then, you said something about him this morning."  
Roberta looked extremely skeptical and opened her mouth to protest when Jack dropped his pliers.  
"Oh, d-n, I jammed my finger! See here," he turned on her holding his finger in his handkerchief.

"What difference does it make that you have forgotten you told me his name, when I say you did? Are we going to argue all morning about that? I have got to be off unless," and he stooped and smiled at her, "unless you want to come with me and convince me I am wrong."

Roberta shook her head, but she was puzzled. She did not like Jack's way of saying things today.  
"Well, then I'll just start the old bus, and see you again. When?"  
"I don't know," said Roberta. Then, suddenly, as she looked at him directly, "Jack, why not come to the house? It would make it lots easier for me and we could see each other oftener if you'd just come along and be pleasant to father."

"No" Jack answered, so promptly that it was like an explosion of wrath. Then he looked at Roberta and smiled, showing his perfect teeth. "I don't mind the old man, Bobbie, but I can't stand watching that Englishman hanging around, bluffing your father, and trying to get at you. When will he go?"  
"I don't know," Roberta was disturbed.

"Meet me Friday, same place, and we'll plan things out."  
"If I can."  
"Oh, you'll be there if you really care," and Jack was gone.

Roberta stared forlornly after him. She turned to go toward the house and saw the kill-joy, as she mentally called Sir George, coming along the towpath.

He still looked puzzled, but when he looked into Roberta's hostile eyes he saw there was no prospect of

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help in that quarter.  
How could he go to this girl, who disliked him enough as it was, and question her about her recent companion because the man looked like a type of bondholder he had frequently seen on his way to and from Yucatan?

CHAPTER V  
But could he speak to the girl's father, or even to the girl herself, on the strength of a likeness, and that, not very strong? He could not even remember the man's name!

When he came within hailing distance Roberta spoke: "Are you ready to go to the village with me to meet the bank manager?"  
"Absolutely. Now?"  
"Immediately after luncheon. On the way back we'll stop at Green Bend for tea. Father says now that you're fairly well acquainted in the city—he wants you to meet everybody here. We will probably give a dinner and dance this week for Aunt Aggy—and for you. I'll have to consult her as to the night."

"Awfully good of you," Sir George said mechanically, wishing that he might ask her a question or two about the lad in the blue car.  
As though answering his thought, she continued with a disdainful grimace, "Entertaining here's the last scream in old-fashioned stuff. It will be a mixture of old and young."  
"Is the man I saw this morning one of the 'young'?"

Roberta stopped short, flushed and answered him slowly: "No, he doesn't belong about here."

## NOTICE

The Prince Edward Island Branch of the Canada Life Assurance Co., has been moved from its former location at 94 Great George Street, to 168 Great George Street in the Stanley, Shaw and Parden Building, Room 5, with M. C. Stewart as Branch Manager.

PHONE 1370

"Sorry. His face interested me."  
"Oh, you will probably see him again," answered Roberta lightly but though Sir George nodded, he noticed she did not give him the man's name, and she had not made the slightest effort to introduce him this morning.

They sat around a table in a cheap Philadelphia restaurant, and they might have been, such is the uniformity of men today in their custom-made and fashioned clothing, anything but honest clerks at luncheon. In clothes, manners and language they resembled some of the crude but fairly straight business men of that district. Their business, if neither legitimate nor honest, was profitable.

The oldest man, gray haired, with thin lips, was the head of the business. He had thought it out carefully during three years of imprisonment at Sing Sing and he had chosen his associates with care. It had been a profitable and exciting partnership, although the offices in this backwater street seemed dull and respectable enough.

The name on the door was, "The Elite Social Register, Inc." and the offices, two in number, were duly supplied with files and card indexes. If the police ever grew suspicious what was there to dread? All they would find was a quiet office run by one man, a stenographer and filing clerk. If they should by chance find the leader, why here was a crook who was tired of the game and had settled down to

earning an honest living, issuing a little blue book that told society climbers who was who, in that world of millionaires which constitutes America's aristocracy of money.

The youngest man present was Jack Navarero who was talking vehemently. While the others listened to him with attention, it could not be said that they listened with patience.

"You bring too little," the leader interrupted. "You say there is money in the country bank, but how much? You say this Englishman is about to be trusted by his employer—but how far?"  
(To Be Continued)

MADRID, Aug. 13.—(A.P.)—General Jose Sanjurjo weary and dejected, was taken from the civil jail to the military prison today, his royalist rebellion already a footnote in the brief history of the Spanish Republic. He said nothing during the brief trip and the government authorities refused to disclose for publication any part of the statement they had obtained from him. He is to be tried for treason in a branch of the Supreme Court. This in itself is a departure from custom, for heretofore a man suspected of such an offense as the General's would have been taken before a courtmartial. Some factions have demanded that he be put to death, but there were indications that his fate would not be so severe.

Asnalcollar, but the damage was slight. A mob attacked the Mayor of Santin Ponce and beat him with his own cane. A crowd burned a convent at Albacin and a church at Santo Tomas.

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### Will Be Tried For Treason

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The rebellion was definitely ended with Sanjurjo's capture but reaction continued in the south today. Loyal Republicans expressed antagonism to the rebels by attacks on suspected Monarchists. One man was killed and three were wounded at Santa Fe when civil guards dispersed a crowd which had fought and burned its way about the city. Another man was killed in a riot there this afternoon. A mob attacked the jail at Seville, seeking to capture and lynch rebel prisoners. A civil guard was killed in that fracas. Churches were set afire in San Lucar and

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