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

THE SILK ENIGMA

By J. R. WILMOT

(Copyright)

CHAPTER 1

OXTON'S

Everyone who shops with discretion, as the publicists say, knows, Oxtons, the most important silk emporium in London. Its wealth of windows in the Kensington High Street provide a colourful magnet for women of all nations who linger there, some of them longingly admiring the subtle tints of the silks; their irresistible sheen; the glamour and the romance that lies behind each fascinating and tempting display.

Oxtons have a reputation. It has been built up over scores of years and is rightly proud of its commercial longevity for there are still folk who have a deep-rooted regard for old-established business. But Oxtons do not rely on the time factor. Their fame and fame is undeniably so— has been built on the fact that Oxtons sell nothing but silk.

"No matter what variety of silk you require, they have it at Oxtons. Whether that silk had been woven in modern hygienic factories on British machinery by British workgirls in mob cap and overalls with the aid of every device that science can bring to the art, or silk from the bamboo hand-looms of the Chinese village still employing a similar technique to that introduced to China by the Empress Leitsu, wife of Huang Ti, "The Yellow Emperor" in the year 2700 B. C., Oxtons can show you some exquisite examples.

Old Peter Oxten, who founded the firm more than one hundred and fifty years ago, had left behind him a legacy of personal efficiency that had become a tradition, and today the four generations of Oxtons were as meticulously thorough, that is, in that they believed that the handling of silks was a job for experts, and it was well known in the trade that Oxtons' employees knew their jobs.

Yet there was nothing old-fashioned about Oxtons to-day. The artistry of the modern shop-designer had given them a glazed frontage which enabled the art of the window-dresser to provide a fairyland of colour both for the casual and the studious observer. Inside the establishment King Efficiency sat on his silken throne, but he was, nevertheless, a monarch to be obeyed.

The emporium opened its doors to the public punctually every morning save Sunday at nine o'clock, which meant that Oxtons' employees were required to be at their respective counters fifteen minutes before the green suited commissionaire withdrew the bolts from the main swingdoors and with majestic ritual flung them open.

On this October morning the colour within made a stimulating contrast to the grey aspect without. From eight-thirty onwards the staff emerged from their respective dressing-rooms at the rear of the premises and set to work in the period allotted to them to dress their counters and prepare generally for the business that the day would bring forth.

There was orderliness, method and, where young women are gathered together, an occasional bubble of reminiscent chatter. Of their number it would not have been difficult even to the untutored to have picked out Phyllis Varley, who presided, with a junior assistant, over the Chinese counter.

Miss Varley was that type of girl at which even the unpractised observer would unhesitatingly look twice. This does not mean that her beauty relied solely on chemical artifice. It was true that her well-moulded lips were intriguingly rouged and that a pleasant touch of colour stained her cheeks, but there was something infinitely more striking about her, and that was her hair which smouldered rather than flamed, and her eyes which were large, very round and intensely blue.

She was tall, but not too tall, and the possessor of a figure that conformed to nearly all the dimensions prescribed by those judges of feminine beauty who really ought to know what they talk and write about. Not that personal beauty worried Miss Varley over-much. At twenty-four she had acquired a poise and a well-balanced viewpoint on life that many a woman ten years her senior might reasonably have envied.

She liked her work and her work at Oxtons was done, she liked her play which consisted of all those healthy pursuits which have made the modern young woman so fascinating an improvement on the generation from which her parents came. She was typical of her age and her period—physically and mentally healthy.

At fifteen she had gone out into the world and her world had been the world of the shops because Phyllis Varley, ever since she could remember, had worshipped at the shrine of colour and beauty. Oxtons represented to her probably the acme of her search for professional satisfaction.

She had been with the firm for six years and in that time she had mastered a knowledge of the silk trade that might have been found startling in its thoroughness. And Oxtons appreciated Phillis Varley; so much so that for the past three years she had been first sales in the Chinese Silk Department, a position which she valued.

THE MISSING GREEN

Her young assistant, Miss Staines was not behind the counter when Phyllis Varley arrived. Miss Staines' first task each morning was to go up to the office on the first floor to collect the invoices so that her senior would be aware whether any special order were likely to be arriving and due preparation made for its display either around the counter or in the special Chinese window that Oxtons reserved exclusively for Oriental silks and which again was under the control of Miss Varley.

Fortunately there was little in the way of display to be done on this particular morning and Phyllis Varley paused, for a moment, immediately opposite her counter on the "floor" side contemplating what new scheme she would put into operation for to-morrow.

The rich rainbow fan to the left of the counter would give place to a cascade of some single colour—always an effective device and one which Miss Varley particularly favoured. Having decided this point Miss Varley walked around her counter to check up on the stock. Behind her were the silk shelves where the rolls of silk were stacked, the whole forming a colour scheme as graduated and as artistic as the spectrum, commencing on the left with the pure white and proceeding through all the colour graduations until at the bottom on the right the rolls of grey and black completed the picture.

Every morning for the past three years she had stood, just as she stood now, facing those narrow rolls of silk and knowing with an instinct born of long practice and custom whether even one roll was out of position. Rarely had she discovered this to be the case, but now she realized that there was something wrong. Two tones of green jarred her artistic nerves. Their cadence of colour was too abrupt which indicated that one roll of silk was missing—a roll that would have softened that harshness and made the shading complete.

Without for one moment debating the reason for the misplaced roll Phillis Varley went around the counter to make a closer inspection. Her quick eye decided that it had not been inadvertantly misplaced; that it was, in fact, missing. Her stock book would tell her immediately whether or not it had been sold and the stock book was kept on a convenient ledge beneath the broad and shining top of the mahogany counter.

The girl turned to the accustomed place but as her fingers instinctively touched the ledger she paused. Her eye had caught something further down . . . towards the floor it was . . . something that made her want to scream . . . an involuntary expression of emotion to which she had never been prone . . . As it was she felt suddenly cold . . . like a corpse. Her hair felt bristly; the palms of her hands were moist. If she had wanted to scream she felt that she couldn't, for there was something curiously hypnotic about the sight of a hand protruding unnaturally from between folds of green silk under the well of the counter.

Phillis Varley continued to stare at the hand for a moment and then, very slowly, she felt herself slipping vertically across the brass edge of the counter.

In that last moment of consciousness the girl had realized who it was lay there; whose wax-like hand projected so grotesquely. A curious gold ring fashioned from twisted serpents was still around the little finger, and that ring as everyone in Oxtons knew belonged to Nikolas Nolescue the expert in Oriental silks who had arrived only a month ago.

(To be Continued)

A Morning Smile

MODERN GABRIEL

"Mah bredren," said a colored preacher, "when yo' years Gabriel sound his horn, yo' wants to be ready to jump."

"Mah goodness!" excitedly exclaimed one of the congregation, "am he acoming in an automobile?"

UP-TO-DATE RUSTIC WAYS

Tourist—"Ah, what a pleasurs it is to meet a real old-fashioned countrywoman. Now, may I go in and look around your charming cottage?"

Old - fashioned countrywoman — "O. K.. lady."

Dorothy Dix's Letter Box

Beauty Is the Last Thing a Man Should Demand When He Is Looking for a Wife—There Are Other Qualities That Are Far More Important

DEAR MISS DIX—I am sufficiently practical to believe that a man should choose a wife whose physical qualifications give some assurance that she can be the mother of reasonably strong and healthy children. I believe, too, that he should choose a wife whose looks are such that he would never be humiliated by her appearance. On the other hand there are other desirable qualities that a woman may have, such as piety, domestic efficiency, thoughtfulness, loyalty, etc. My question is: Can these latter virtues justify a man is over looking a woman's physical deficiencies? There are young women who would spare no effort and thought in making their husbands happy and comfortable, yet they lack physical attractiveness. Shall I fall for such a type of young woman an marry her?

LARRY.

ANSWER:

Nine times out of ten plain-faced Alice-sit-by-the-fire makes a better wife than does Miss America. And there are many reasons for this. One is that Nature isn't as unjust as we think she is. Generally she scatters her gifts with an impartial hand and when she gives one girl a beautiful face, she gives her sister a beautiful disposition. When she bestows naturally wavy hair on one maiden, she puts brains under another's straight locks, and so on down the line.

Of course, there is an occasional women who seems to get all the breaks; to have beauty, intelligence, unselfishness, amiability and all the charms and virtues, but such women are rare indeed. Not without reason do we use the phrase "beautiful but dumb" as descriptive of the typical good-looker. It is not often that we see an exceptionally pretty woman who isn't spoiled and who doesn't think that she should have the best of everything, and that her husband should spend his life ministering to her and toiling to give her the fine clothes that she needs to set off her good looks.

The homely woman, on the other hand, knowing that she lacks the fatal lure of beauty, gets busy cultivating other charms. She knows that if she is to be attractive to her fellow creatures she must be interesting and amusing as a companion, so she cultivates her mind.

She knows she must make an effort to be pleasant and agreeable to draw people about her, and that in order to get a husband and keep him she must cater to him. And that there is more potency in these charms than in the one charm of beauty is proven by the fact that so many woman who never take a prize in a beauty show get married.

Personally, I think that the thing that a man should marry for is beauty, because that does not last. In a few years it is bound to go, but the woman who has a beautiful soul gets more attractive as the years go by. Moreover, the homely woman is always so grateful to the man who picked her out for a wife that she spends her time trying to please him. And that's something of which he never tires.

* * * * * *

DEAR DOROTHY DIX— Not long ago I lost my husband. He left me quite a bit of insurance and a nice car, all of which I kept for myself and my family's use. My mother-in-law is a poor widow who earns her living by doing odd jobs and has nothing whatever besides that and the little her children are able to give her. Should I have given her any of the money that my husband and her son gave his life for?

A YOUNG WIDOW.

Answer.

I think so. I think you should make her a monthly allowance of as much as you can afford so as to make her life easier and give her a sense of security. Surely if you loved your husband it will make you happy to do something that you know he would have wanted you to do.

To do this will be not only a generous gesture, but an act of justice on your part. After all, your husband made the money he left you, and his mother has a better claim to enjoy some of it than your family has. No woman can owe a greater debt to another woman than a wife owes to the mother of a good husband. For what every man is, is largely the result of the training his mother gave him. If he is frugal and industrious, nine times out of ten it is because his mother held him to his tasks in his childhood.

If he is a go-getter, it is because she lit the fires of ambition in his soul. If he is tender and considerate to his wife, it is because his mother taught him to be chivalrous to women. So I urge you to help your mother-in-law. Make her life easier in her old age and God will bless you for it.

* * * * * *

DEAR MISS DIX—I am a business woman and want to adopt a baby, but my friends tell me I should wait until I feel that I can give up my work and stay at home with the child. I have my own business that is very successful and which I enjoy very much. Also, my husband and I have made investments and obligated ourselves to such an extent that it would burden him if I gave up my work. We are financially able to have the services of a competent nurse to care for the baby. I think it is the quality and not the quantity of time spent with the child that is important. What do you think about it?

MRS. B. M. L.

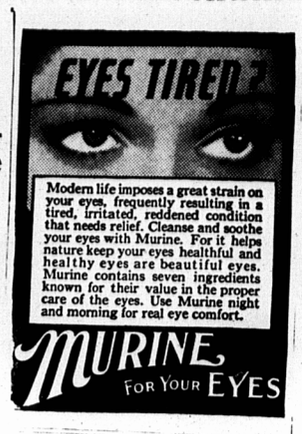
Answer:

I think you should go ahead and adopt the baby right away. Even a part-time mother and a good home is infinitely better for a child than no mother at all in an orphan asylum. If you wait until everything is just propitious for taking the baby, you will never get one at all. Likewise, as you have had no experience with children, a competent baby nurse will be able to take much better care of the youngster for the next two or three years than you would.

Speaking by and large and as a general proposition, when a woman has children she should give them her personal care, but no rule works in all cases and there are many exceptions to this. Theoretically a mother's influence is always beneficient and no hand is so capable in shaping the plastic character of a child as a mother's but we all know hundreds of instances in which this is not the case. We all know motheers who are totally unfit to rear their children, who are so weak they let their children run over them, so blindly devoted they spoil them rotten, and we know these children would be a thousand times better off if they could be turned over to the discipline of a competent nurse.

And also we know that there are many cases in which the money that a mother can make in working outside of the home more than compensates her children in the advantages she can give them, for her not personally wiping their noses and seeing that they ate their spinach. So don't be afraid to take your baby.

DOROTHL DIX.



Today's Short Wave Radio Program

(All Time is Eastern Standard)

TUESDAY, AUGUST 24

MOSCOW

3 p.m.—New Socialist Towns—Kramatorsk. RNE, 25 meters.

TOKYO

4:45 p.m.—Japanese Posture Dance Songs. JZJ. 25.4 m., 11.80 meg.; JZK, 19.7 m., 15.16 meg.

LONDON

7:30 p.m.—Rawicz and Landauer (Two Pianos). GSP, 19.6 m., 15.31 meg.; GSO, 19.7 m., 15.18 meg.; GSF, 19.8 m., 15.14 meg.; GSD, 25.5 m., 11.75 meg.

CARACAS

9 p.m.—Los Cumaneses, Quartet. YVRC, 51.7 m., 5.8 meg.

BERLIN

9:15 p.m.—New German Light Music, the KWS orchestra under the direction of Eugen Sonntag DJD. 25.4 m., 11.77 meg.

BERLIN

10 p.m.—Claudio Arrau, piano. DJD, 26.4 m., 11.77 meg.

LONDON

10 p.m.—An Exploration of one of William Cobbett's Rides in Wiltshire. GSG, 16.8 m., 17.79 meg.; GSI, 19.6 m., 15.26 meg.; GSD. 25.5 m., 11.75 meg.; GSB, 31.5 m., 9.51 meg.

PARIS

11 p.m.—News in French. TPA4, 26.6 m., 11.72 meg.

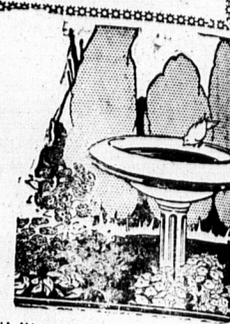
SASKATOON

12:30 a.m.—Old Time Frolic. CJRO, 43.7 m., 6.15 meg; CJRX, 25.5 m., 11.72 meg.

TOKYO

12:45 a.m.—"School Songs of Japan." JZK. 19.7 m., 15.15 meg.

THE HOUSEWIFE AND HER ACTIVITIES



PASSING DAYS

Never more will pass this way,
Every day that comes and goes,
Every mile the river flows
Says to me and says to you:
"Much there is to learn and do;
And the water and the day
Never more will pass this way."

—Anon

FOR THE NEW BABY

A thin hair pillow is an ideal suggestion for a gift for the new baby. It will prevent his head from perspiring and therefore ward off a chance of cold. This is a useful gift that is rarely found in baby's outfit.

MENDED FIRST

Shirts, blouses and outside wearing apparel should be mended before sending the laundry. Then when it comes home nicely ironed and folded it is not necessary to disturb and muss the shirt in order to mend it.

HOBNAIL GLASS

Use a brush to clean the crevices of hobnail glass articles, as well as any deeply cut glass. It is the only way to get into these deep crevices and give the utmost shine and beauty to the ware. It is well to dry this type glass with a soft Turkish towel.

ACCORDING TO SCHEDULE

It is important to raise babies and children according to a regular schedule, better for them and really the only way a busy mother can get through her work. If babies are fed and given their naps at exactly the same time each day, Mother knows just how to plan her day and both baby and mother are more rested and better natured.

A NEW ENTRANCE

Did you ever look at your house as you approached it and think it looked dispirited and dejected? Remember how a facial or a wave will raise your own morale and let the house profit accordingly.

The entrance to house may often change the entire character of the building. A sheltered entrance is a convenience in bad weather for the guest who is waiting for the door to be opened and it also prevents the rain from beating in.

EASTNOR CASTLE POSSESSION OF NOTABLE WOMAN

Eastnor Castle where Queen Mary has been staying, was once the possession and the home of one of the most remarkable women of the nineteenth century—Lady Henry Somerset. Born a Somers, her father, Lord Somers, having no son, she inherited large estates, among them Eastnor Castle, in Herefordshire, and Reigate Priory, in Ken.

It was at Eastnor that in her girlhood she started the little temperance society in the village which lies at the castle gates. From this grew that vast organization, "The British Women's Temperance society," of which she was subsequently president. Her activities in the cause of temperance carried her all over the world, and she became known as one of the foremost public speakers of the day.

Besides her paramount interest in the temperance movement, she took part, together with her younger sister, Adeline, Duchess of Bedford, in most of the other great social movements of her time. Inheriting French blood through her mother, Lady Henry Somerset possessed great vivacity and charm of manner, while in appearance she closely resembled another great Victorian of her day, [illegible] Adelina Patti, the famous prima donna, for whom she was actually mistaken more than once.

DAINTINESS WILL REIGN SUPREME THIS AUTUMN

Daintiness will reign supreme this Autumn. Get rid of the sun-tanned, hardy perennial look you have cultivated since June. Go in for bath oils, masks, rich cream and hand lotions again. Substitute heady perfumes for the light single flower odors you have liked all summer.

Pay special attention to your hands, elbows, shoulders and use hand lotion frequently, cuticle cream about three nights a week. All these things are important to feminine loveliness.

MR. WALTER WAITE, SHERBROOKE

On Sunday afternoon, August 15th, at 2 o'clock, the funeral of Mr. Walter Waite took place from his late residence, Sherbrooke. The very large gathering told of the esteem in which he was held and of the sympathy for the family in the loss of husband and father at the early age of 46. "The candle of life was snuffed out before it had burned half way to the socket."

Rev. George Ayers of Summerside representing Trinity United Church in the absence of the pastor on vacation conducted the service assisted by Rev. J. W. A. Nicholson of North Bedeque, who gave a brief address stressing life's endless continuance and future possibilities. The hymns sung were "Safe in the Arms of Jesus" and "Abide with Me." Also a solo by George Bowness, "Sometimes we'll Understand," and a duett "There is no Night in Heaven," by Mrs. George Pickering and George Bowness, with Mrs. Bowness as pianist at the service. The first verse of "Nearer My God to Thee" was sung at the graveside.

The pall-bearers were his four brothers and his two cousins, Frank Waite, Harry Waite, Ray Waite, Alfred Waite, Fred Waite and Hapgood Rayner. Many gifts of flowers were received.

The deceased was a son of the late Mr. William Waite of Sherbrooke, and leaves a large number of loved ones to sorrow over their loss: the widow, formerly Miss Eva Evans; six children, Glenn, Percy, Wilfred, Ruth, Marion, Ralph, all at home; and four brothers, Frank, Harry, Ray, and Alfred, all living in Sherebrooke.

String the empty spools from cotton and give them to baby to play with.

"Young" and Charming Tyrolean Knit Vestee by Mayfair

Mayfair Needle-art Design No. 200

This season, fashion turns to the Tyrol and this Tyrolean Knit Vestee will fill many needs. It is colorful, warm and serviceable as well as extremely becoming to everyone. We know you will want to make this in various color combinations.

This pattern can be obtained in sizes 12, 14, 16 and 18. Each pattern includes a tissue pattern for blocking the garment after it is knit, easy-to-follow working instructions without abbreviations, a chart for assembling, detail of finishing edge and a full size diagram of embroidered spray.

For complete pattern and instructions for all of these designs send 20 cents in stamps or coin (coin preferred) to The Charlottetown Guardian Needlework Department.

Use this coupon. Print your name and address plainly

To The Charlottetown Guardian
Needlework Dept.

DESIGN NO. 200 ... ..

Name -

Street Address -

City - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Province - - - - - - - -

THE COOK'S CORNER

CARROTS WITH CREAM SAUCE

12 young carrots
4 tablespoons butter
1 chopped green pepper
1 chopped pimiento
Salt and pepper
1-2 teaspoon sugar

Scrape and clean the carrots, cut in two and cook in salted water for 20 minutes. Drain, saute the carrots in the butter for five minutes with the chopped green pepper and pimiento; season with salt, pepper and sugar. Serve very hot.

FLEMISH CARROTS

9 young carrots
2 tablespoons butter
1-2 teaspoon sugar
1-2 teaspoon chopped parsley
1-2 teaspoon salt
1-4 cup coffee cream

Wash the tender young carrots carefully and scrape. Carefully slice them lengthwise in thin match-like strips. This requires at least 20 minutes, but it may be done several hours in advance. Place the butter in a saucepan. When it is melted, add the carrots, the sugar, parsley and salt. Cover the pan and cook the carrots until tender, or for approximately 25 minutes. Turn them frequently so that every strip will be coated with butter. If there is any surplus butter in the pan when the cooking is completed, drain it off and add the cream. Heat thoroughly just before serving.

CARROT FLAN

Use either a deep pie pan or deep layer cake tin. Line the pan with very light, flaky pie crust, then fill with carrot mixture made by mixing together 2 cups carrot puree (carrots that have been cooked and sifted through a puree strainer), 1-2 teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon onion juice, a few grains of pepper and 2 wellbeaten eggs. Bake until the eggs are just set. This is a vegetables dish for vegetarian luncheon.

PIMPLES

CUTICURA

Aggravating itch and irritation disappear promptly when you use Cuticura. Ointment 25c. Soap 25c. FREE sample, write "Cuticura", Dept. 45, 286 St. Paul Street West, Montreal.

FACE PLAN FOR WOMAN OVER 35

This year will see me reach half my three score and ten, writes Ethyle Gray in the London Daily Express.

A very well turned-out Frenchwoman said to me recently, "Remember, thirty-five is half-way house. You must make a point of altering your make-up then if you don't want to look your age." She knew what she was talking about.

If you study your face carefully every morning in the mirror you will easily recognize when "half-way house" has arrived. You will perceive tiny lines at the bottom of your cheeks, round the mouth and eyes.

Then you must change the colour of your powder and not put it on so thickly.

Here are the chief points to remember — they are simple but they will make all the difference to your appearance.

At night a nourishing cream should be rubbed all over the face —the surplus lightly wiped off with a tissue, then the skin left for the night.

In the morning take a big wad of cotton wool—soak it in skin tonic and clean the face with it. Dry with a tissue or fine linen towel.

Now cover the face evenly with a foundation cream. Lightly tap it into the skin with your finger-tips and with the flat of them pat your face upwards and outwards from your chin. Your face should now be dry but supple.

If you use a cream rouge it is as well to press the tissue gently on your cheeks—without rubbing—so that any excess of grease is absorbed, otherwise your rouge may look thick when you apply it.

When you have put your rouge on take a puff with masses of powder on it, and put big blobs of powder all over the face. Do not rub your powder on at all, or move your puff about on your face.

It is really just like using a spray. The whole face is covered with powder, but it hasn't been rubbed in at all.

Don't touch it for a few minutes, and then get a soft brush and sweep your face carefuly with it. The skin should now show through the powder.

A damp piece of cotton wool should be used to remove the powder round the eyes.

With the cotton wool remove the powder from the roots of your hair round your face. Lots of women forget to do this, and never really look well groomed.

Remember two things: first, thick application of make-up makes you look older; and second, the finer the powder you use the better.

Choose a powder as near the tone of your skin as possible. You will find that the tone as well as the texture of your skin has changed during the last year or two.

POWNAL ALEXANDRA W. I.

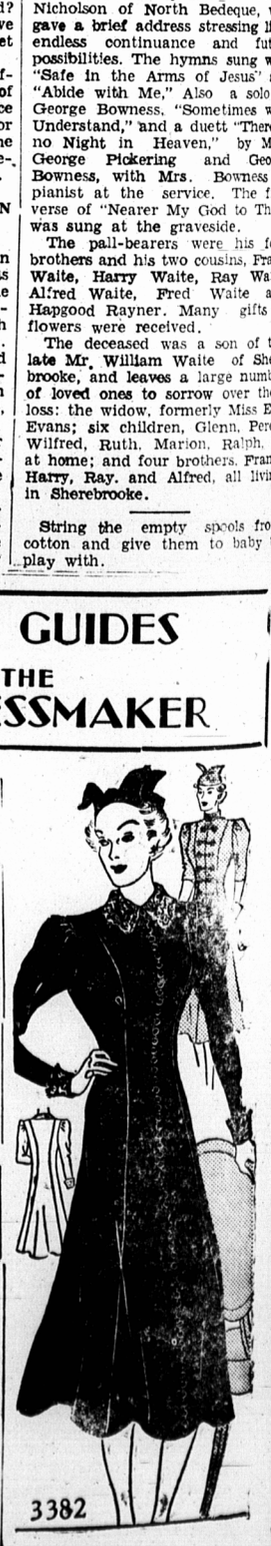
The Pownal Alexandra W. I. met for their August meeting Aug 9, at Bellevue shore, 20 members and 25 visitors were present the Vice-Pres. Mrs. Arthur Moore had charge of the meeting which opened in the usual manner followed by reading the minutes of the July meeting and Committee reports. Three bills were presented by the Sick Committee and paid. Two dollars each was paid to the delegates who had attended the Convention at Charlottetown. All Committees were re-appointed to carry on for one more month.

Lunch was then served followed by a Sing-Song around the bonfire. Meeting closed with hearty cheers for the Committee who had made arrangements for such an enjoyable evening. (Patriot Please Copy).

AIRING MATTRESSES

Never hang a mattress over a clothes line to air it as this will break the filling and result in an unsightly and uncomfortable hollow in the centre of the mattress. Air it flat in the sunshine, turning so each side may absorb the sun.

FASHION GUIDES FOR THE HOME DRESSMAKER



Here's a black rayon jersey autumn dress that you can wear right now. This fitted and flared fall silhouette is inspired by princes lines you found so figure flattering. It's exciting too in velveteen or plaid wool for back to college. It's easy as A, B, C, to put this one-piece model together; no bothersome waistline seams to join. A diagrammed sewing guide included.

Style No. 3382 is designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20 years, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42-inches bust. Size 36 requires 3 7-8 yards of 39-inch material with 1-2 yard of 35-inch contrasting.

Send fifteen cents (15c) in stamps or coin (coin preferred) wrap coin carefully address to Charlottetown Guardian giving—

Style No. 3382 Size..... ... .

Name

Street Address

HAY FEVER

Blessed relief in a few hours to your satisfaction or money back. "Dr. Platt's RINEX Prescription" relieves the sneezing, wheezing, itching eyes, runny nose, headache, that depressed feeling. Equally good for like symptoms of Rose Fever, Nasal Catarrh, Head Colds, Asthmatic Cough. Druggists recommend it; $1 on guarantee of satisfaction or money back promptly. Or get 24-hour trial FREE from Frailey Products, Inc., Norwalk, Conn.