

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

BOOKS - ART - MUSIC

The October selection of the Literary Guild is Victoria Sackville-West's "Saint Joan of Arc" which is also an English Book Society choice.

Victoria Sackville-West's biography is characterized by the trait most apparent in Miss Sackville-West's Jeanne d'Arc—common sense. It is an authoritative yet pleasingly written and straightforward account of the events in the life of Jeanne d'Arc, and the author has felt no need for romanticising because, in her own words, "There is enough romance, and to spare, in the facts of her life."

Miss Sackville-West has shrewdly sifted the superfluity of evidence to give us a complete and clear-cut picture of Jeanne and to place the whole intricate pattern of her inspiration and career plainly before us. That it will make us think for ourselves there is no doubt.

Bernard Shaw in his play, and Milton Waldeman in his biography, treat Jeanne's Voices (one of the greatest problems of the biographers of Jeanne) as the subjective expression of her own desires.

Victoria Sackville-West believes otherwise, and admits that many of the happenings of Jeanne's life arouse questions that cannot be fully answered and challenge "some of the profoundest tenets of what we do or do not believe." In this, to Miss Sackville-West, lies a great deal of the fascination of Jeanne's story, and the real strength of Jeanne herself dwells, not in the military genius—for that Miss Sackville-West does not believe Jeanne to have been—but in the youthful, sturdy peasant, with the beautifully clear voice, whose courage and conviction, "genius of personality" enabled her "to inspire disheartened men and to bend reluctant princes to her will."

But Jeanne was "all of a piece", and in Miss Sackville-West's authentic, thoughtful and sincere "life" we have even the smallest details about this very human heroine and saint whose "greatest miracle was her whole career."

Another new, and very unusual, book about Joan of Arc was published on September 14th. It is called "Joan of Arc; Self Portrait" and is compiled from the report of the trial and other ancient sources by Willard Trask who has translated from the Latin and French to present the story in Joan's own words. The value of the book lies in its reality and its beauty rather than in its historical significance.

A limited edition contains a letter with a facsimile of the signature "Jehanne". Joan could neither read nor write but she could sign her own name.

Quite recently I read in some article the following—"A copy of Baedeker can for the most delightful reading in the world, arousing as it does memories of lands and places seen in the past, or gliding the lily of anticipation by its descriptions of as yet unvisited scenes."

Soon after, I came across a Baedeker of Paris and environs (1891) and most interesting it certainly is. But even since 1891 there have been many changes in Paris. Maynard Owen Williams, in a splendid article in the October National Geographic Magazine, tells us that on reading about one of the ancient ruins of Paris he immediately rushed to locate it, but he was seven years too late—"A modern apartment building now stands on the site of this old-time inn, where the Normandy coaches once clattered to a halt."

Some changes of course are changes for the better. Mr. Williams' section "New Lighting for the Louvre" is very interesting. He writes:

"Lost my appetite..could not sleep- NOW I FEEL LIKE A NEW PERSON" READ this grateful letter from Miss Evelyn D. "Before using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, I had lost my appetite. I could not sleep and never felt like doing anything. But after taking the pills for a short time I regained my appetite, sleep sounder and have more pep. I feel like a new person!"

THE COOK'S CORNER

CARAMEL PECAN PIE.

One cup sugar, 1-2 cup water, 1-3 cup flour, 3 egg-yolks, 1-4 teaspoon salt, 2 cups milk 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1-2 cup pecans, 1 baked pie shell.

Pour 1-3 sugar in frying pan. Heat slowly, and stir constantly with wooden spoon until brown syrup forms. Add water, cook slowly 2 minutes, or until sugar has completely dissolved. Mix rest of sugar with flour, yolks, salt and milk. Cook in double boiler until thick and creamy. About 15 minutes will be required. Add syrup mixture and vanilla. Add pecans and pour into shell. Cover with meringue.

Meringue: Three egg-whites, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1-4 cup sugar. Beat whites and salt until stiff. Add sugar and beat until creamy. Roughly spread over filling and bake 12 minutes in s'ow oven. Serve cool.

LEMON SHERBET

Two-Thirds cup sugar, one-third cup lemon juice, 1-1-2 cups milk, 1-2 cup cream, sweet or sour, few grains salt, 2 tablespoons cold water, 2 teaspoons gelatine. Mix sugar, lemon juice, milk cream and a few grains of salt. Soak gelatine in cold water, then melt over hot water. Add gradually to first mixture. Chill in refrigerator pan, then beat 10 minutes or until very light. Return to inset pan and leave until frozen. If the mixture separates and the bottom portion becomes icy, beat again.

"What to see at his palace turned show place? Better select one favourite artist or art treasure and work out from there: The Winged Victory; Mona Lisa's smile, and that sweeter one of Saint Anne; . . . Hammurabi's 'eye for an eye' code carved in diorite 4,000 years ago and still legible; . . . the matchless Venus of Milo; Whistler's 'Mother,' calm amid Delacroix paintings of massacre, shipwreck and death; . . . Millet's 'Angelus' . . . or that triumph of modern lighting over time, the frail deathless beauty of Botticelli's Villa Lemmi frescoes, never lovelier than now. . . Venus, Diana, and Victory may be seen two evenings a week from nine to eleven. The new lighting is a revelation. . . Neither in Athens nor in London have I seen any Grecian frieze as beautifully illuminated as the Panathenaic Procession in the Louvre. Neither in Cairo nor in Thebes have Egyptian bas-reliefs and incised inscriptions been thus revealed at their full value.

The new lighting and settings, a challenge to every conservator, will doubtless allow artists, long dust and dustily presented, to speak with new eloquence."

In another interesting section Mr. Williams writes: "People think of the Opera as having always stood there, yet when the Germans entered Paris in 1871, Garnier's masterpiece was not finished. . . . In this Parisian show place, you are quite likely to hear Tannhauser singing German to Elizabeth's French, a use of harmony which shows how far art outruns politics." And again—"On Napoleon's Arch of Triumph—centre of aristocratic Paris—the most spirited figure is Francois Rude's "La Marseillaise," symbolizing a song named from barefoot Provençal troops, including men of Marseille, who came to Paris to storm the Tuileries in 1792. That marching song of a rabble—who called it "music with a mustache"—became the National Anthem of French patriotism.

Rouget de Lisle, author of the "Marseillaise," knew prison and despair. But his song touches glory."

Happenings of the Week

When his Majesty the King drove from Balmoral to Crathie Church for the first time since his accession to the Throne, he was the centre of a public demonstration of loyalty which exceeded anything of the kind ever seen on the scene. For hours before the time of the service in the little church motor cars from all parts of the country made steady streams of traffic towards Crathie, and the largest crowd seen on any previous occasion was easily exceeded. Motor cars of all shapes and sizes, and motor buses, parked close together at the side of the road in the vicinity of the church, stretched for a distance of over six miles. If any members of the great crowd expected to see the usual picturesque picture of an open carriage, drawn by beautiful horses, dashing smartly up to the church, they were doomed to disappointment. Motor cars were the means of transport adopted by the King and the other members of the Royal Family. Between deep lines of smiling, hand-waving spectators the cars passed on their way to the side entrance to the church. His Majesty, in Highland costume, saluted in acknowledgement of his subjects' expressions of loyalty. The King was accompanied in his car by his equerry, Col. the Hon. Piers Legh, and his private secretary, Major the Hon. A. Hardinge. Princess Elizabeth, Princess Margaret Rose, and Miss Margaret Elphinstone were with the Duke and Duchess of York. In the car which arrived just before his Majesty's were the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester.

The many friends of Mrs. A. W. Hyndman will regret her illness in the P. E. I. Hospital.

Mrs. Samuel Kennedy, Jr., received on Wednesday for the first time since her marriage and was charmingly attired in a gown of pale blue lace and received a large number of callers. Mrs. Samuel Kennedy, Sr., assisted in receiving the rooms were beautifully decorated with autumn flowers while yellow roses were used for the table decorations. Those ushering were Mrs. R. E. Sutherland and Mrs. L. E. MacLeod. Tea was poured by Mrs. C. H. B. Longworth and Mrs. K. M. Martin. Assisting in serving were Mrs. E. F. Seller, Mrs. Russell Chandler, Mrs. Fred Moore, Miss Lorna Weeks and Miss Jean Grant. The door was attended by little Miss Elizabeth Martin.

Mrs. Alvin Hansauld of Port Arthur, Ont., arrived last night on a visit to her mother, Mrs. John Agnew and sisters.

Miss Kathleen McMahon, Dominion Field Secretary of the Girl Guide Association, who has been here in the interest of Guiding and holding training classes for Guides and has been the guest of Mrs. J. E. B. McCready, left Monday for Nova Scotia.

Mrs. Allison Webster, and little daughter Joal, who have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Webster, Fitzroy St., leave Monday for their home in Calgary.

Miss Amy Byrne, of Montreal, has arrived in Charlottetown to join her mother, Mrs. John Byrne, on a short holiday.

Dr. and Mrs. Keeping and family have moved into their lovely new home on McGill Avenue.

A jolly party comprising members of St. James Presbyterian Church Choir and other friends were invited to Inkerman on Wednesday evening, when their choir leader Mrs. J. A. Lawson threw open this historic old residence for a dance in honor of Mr. and Mrs. John Hugh Gordon who left yesterday on an extended trip to England and for Mrs. Edwin Warren a popular summer bride. The guests of honor were the recipients of lovely gifts to mark the occasion. The former receiving a handsome diary to mark the outstanding events in their tour and it is hoped on some future occasion Mr. and Mrs. Gordon may favor them with some of the highlights of their activities. Mrs. Warren received a lovely silver comport to mark the happy event. The presentations were made by the choir leader Mrs. Lawson and choir president, Miss Margaret Irving. The Kirk orchestra provided excellent dance music. A toothsome supper added to the fun and

at the close Mrs. Lawson was enthusiastically bounced by her guests.

Mr and Mrs. Hugh John Gordon left yesterday for London where they will spend the winter and return to Montreal in May for the graduation of their daughter, Miss Flora Gordon.

Mrs. Simon Paoli, Jr., left yesterday on a short holiday visit to New York.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. MacDonald, Upper Prince Street, have as their guest Mrs. MacDonald's sister, Mrs. (Dr.) C. W. Harrington, Everett, Mass. Mrs. Harrington is having a most delightful holiday renewing many pleasant friendships and visiting points of interest throughout the Province.

Mrs. (Dr.) Howie left Monday morning for Montreal where she will join her husband. Dr. and Mrs. Howie intend residing in Montreal.

Mrs. Charles Lyons and daughter Miss Louise Lyons, have returned to Charlottetown after spending the summer in Georgetown.

Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Whear are leaving this morning on a visit to New York where they will spend the winter months.

Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Hutcheson and daughter Mrs. Warren Duchemin left last week on a trip to Boston. Mrs. Hutcheson and Mrs. Duchemin will visit Mrs. Hutcheson's son, Dr. Hutcheson in New York.

Princess Elizabeth, elder daughter of the Duke and Duchess of York, who may become a second Queen Elizabeth, will not go to school. The young Princess, now in her 11th year, will be given special private instruction. It was decided at a family council at Balmoral Castle, Scotland, attended by the King and the child's parents. Reasons for the decision were said to be the difficulty in choosing a school without causing deep jealousies and the unusual character of the studies she will have to undertake. The decision is said to be in accordance with the expressed wishes of the late King George V. The course of future studies for the Princess has been carefully planned by the Duke of York after consultation with leading educationists. The entire subject has been considered by the cabinet. It was understood the Duke's suggestions were fully approved by the cabinet members. At present Miss Crawford the governess of the Princess, is in complete charge of the child's lessons. Miss Crawford is assisted by a special woman instructor in French and a music teacher. Later a tutor will take up the classics and history.

Dr. and Mrs. Preston MacIntyre, Montague, who have been vacationing in New York returned home Wednesday. While there Dr. MacIntyre attended a number of very interesting clinics at Presbyterian Hospital Medical centre.

The opening meeting of the Art Club was held Tuesday evening at the home of the President, Mrs. P. A. Creelman.

Mrs. Fred Haslam of New York is visiting her sister, Mrs. K. J. Martin and Mr. Martin.

The tea hostess at the Golf Links this afternoon will be Miss Mary E. Peters, Mrs. J. R. Paton, Miss Helen Wakeford, Mrs. H. L. Palmer, Miss Mona Wilson and for Thanksgiving Day Mrs. McReady, Mrs. W. A. Stewart, Mrs. Bartlett, Mrs. A. B. Cosh, Mrs. C. N. Blissett.

The marriage of Miss Sybil Tanton, only daughter of Dr. and Mrs. E. T. Tanton, to Mr. Frederick Forbes Rutherford of Toronto which was announced this week, is being pleasantly discussed by her friends in Summerside and Charlottetown.

Mrs. C. A. Meikle has had as her guest her sister, Mrs. J. W. Heustis, of Rosindale, Mass. Mrs. Heustis has now returned to her home, accompanied by her mother, Mrs. Lucy Dunning, who will spend the winter in Illinois with her son, Mr. Charles T. Dunning.

Dorothy Dix's Letter Box

No Woman Has the Right to Marry Unless She is Willing to Have Children, for no Adopted Baby is Quite a Substitute for Your Own

Dear Dorothy Dix—My fiance and I have had an argument on the topic of babies. He maintains that a woman is created to have children and that it is God's blessing to have a goodly sized family, whereas I insist that one baby is sufficient. In the heat of argument I said that I would prefer to adopt a child rather than have one of my own. I even asserted that if every couple would adopt a baby this world would be a happier place, for it would save a lot of women from going into the depths of Hades to give birth to a child and it would provide homes and foster parents for many forlorn little children who have neither. This made the boy friend so angry that he left and hasn't been back to see me since. Which of us is right? If I am wrong, I am willing to apologize, but I would like to know what you think.

Answer: Well, I think that babies are like angel's food. They are best when homemade. No matter how much you love an adopted child, you cannot possibly love it quite as much or have just the same feeling for it that you have for the one who is bone of your bone and flesh of your flesh. The very fact that you have risked your life to give it life and that you have bought it at the price of almost unendurable agony makes it the dearer to you, as we all value most that which has cost us most.

I agree with you that the world would be a happier place if more people adopted babies. I can think of nothing nobler and finer or more far-reaching in its effects for good than for a man and woman to take a poor little nameless, homeless, loveless child and give it a name, a home, a mother's and father's affection and rearing and a chance in life.

Moreover, it is one of the good deeds that almost always brings its reward. I have seen so many drab, suppressed lifeless little institution children turn into gay and joyous youngsters in the freedom and warmth of a real home, and under the loving care of foster-parents. And I have seen so many men and women starved for the love of children feed their hungry hearts on the affection of an adopted baby. And I have seen so many homes silent and cold as a tomb almost, that woke to life under the patter of little feet.

I have never known a case in which people who adopted children did not love them dearly and find happiness in them. I have known but few cases in which the adopted children did not love their foster parents as well as they would their own and in which they did not turn out as well as the average of own sons and daughters.

But, desirable as the adoption of children is for childless people, it is unthinkable that a woman should deliberately relegate to some strange woman the chore of bearing her babies for her. Motherhood is not a job in which one woman can pinch hit for another. It is the most personal, individual, intimate task on earth and the woman who shirks it and who goes shopping for her baby instead of making her own makes a fatal mistake.

True, when you get a bought baby you can pick out a boy or a girl, blue eyes or brown, curls or straight hair, instead of having to take what the stork brings you. True, your own baby may look to outsiders as much like the other babies in the maternity ward in the hospital as a sardine in a box, but you'll see points about it that make it superior to any other baby that was ever born. You'll see that he has got all of your family's good points, and that he takes after his father in his temper and the way he he "o"; when dinner is late. You won't have to wonder what strange and unknown strains of heredity will motivate him.

So, Mary, I think your fiance is right. No woman has a right to marry unless she is willing to have children, and no adopted baby is a substitute for your own.

Dear Dorothy Dix—I am engaged to be married to a man who is kind, generous, easy to get along with and has many good qualities, but his idea of having a good time is to get drunk. We have known each other for six years. At first we went to movies, concerts, played cards, etc., but now he doesn't enjoy any of these anymore. Says he would rather spend his extra money on liquor. He stays sober during the week, but at the week-end he makes up for lost time. The things I like—music, books, dancing and sports—he won't be bothered with. He just wants to sit and drink. Is there any way to make him see the better things in life, and want to do something besides just befuddle himself with whisky? Am I foolish to marry him?

Answer: I think you would be crazy to marry him. Because, if you do, you will let yourself in for one of the most miserable of all fates, that of a drunkard's wife.

Your young man seems to have the drink habit in the worst and most incurable form, for he drinks not for conviviality or because of some uncontrollable appetite or because he wants to escape from some reality, but just because he likes to get deliberately drunk, and make a sodden, senseless beast of himself. And what you see in such a man that makes you think you would enjoy spending the remainder of your life with him is past comprehension.

Don't deceive yourself into thinking that you can reform him, and lift him up to the higher level by marrying him. Marriage is no Keesley Cure. He will get on his Saturday night buns just as he does now. He will spend his money for booze instead of bringing it home, and you will sit up waiting for the drag of a drunken step, than which there is no drearier sound on earth to a woman. This man has warned you what to expect if you marry him. Take the tip and break off the engagement.

Dear Miss Dix—Not long ago you wrote in your column about a farmer's wife whose relations and friends were eating her out of house and home. My mother-in-law had that same problem, and she solved it by feeding them beans. She would have her good dinners of chicken and fixings for the middle of the week and when the horde of company dropped in on Sunday she would bring out the bean pot and nothing else, and the visitors melted away like snow in the sun. Let others who have sponging friends and relatives try it.

Answer: I bet it will work. A lot of us are loved not so much for ourselves as for the food and drink we serve.

Rev. H. D. and Mrs. Raymond are being welcomed home after an extended holiday visit to Upper Canada.

Mrs. A. F. Hansauld and young son Kirkland arrived last night from Port Arthur, Ontario, and are the guests of Mrs. Hansauld's mother Mrs. John Agnew.

World's Richest Screen Actress



Beautiful Norma Shearer, screen actress, formerly of Montreal, widow of Irving Thalberg, film producer, is probably the world's richest movie actress to-day. She has been named principal heiress to her husband's estate, unofficially estimated at \$10,000,000, and is at present reported drawing a salary of \$3,500 a week.

The HOUSEWIFE and HER ACTIVITIES

THE TWILIGHT HOUR Happy the heart that keeps its twilight hour, And in the depths of heavenly peace reclined, Loves to commune with thoughts of tender power, Thoughts that ascend like angels beautiful, A shining Jacob's-ladder of the mind!

GREAT OPPORTUNITIES Great opportunities come to all, but many do not know they have met them.—The only preparation to take advantage of them, is simple fidelity to what each day brings.—A. E. Dunning.

GREAT MEN Great men are they who see that spiritual is stronger than material force, that thoughts rule the world.

CHARM It is always good to know, if only in passing, a charming human being; it refreshes our lives like flowers and woods and clear brooks.—George Elliot.

MOTHERS-IN-WAITING Your baby's health depends upon your health, especially before it is born. That is why you should wish to keep yourself perfectly well.

Autumn Fashions For Chic Dressers

Here's an easy to make tailored blouse with soft fulness 'neath the tiny shoulder yoke. Tucks down either side of the front closing create a bosom effect. The sleeves are attractively cuffed to match the rounded edge shirt collar. Crepe silk in rust shade with black buttons in very smart and practical. If you like, you can trim the collar and cuffs with several rows of black crepe braid. It's so fashionable. To make it less "shirtwaisty" for more formal afternoons, make it of metal fabrics or satin crepe. For sports, make it of wool cashmere. Style No. 1858 is designed for sizes 14, 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42-inches bust. Size 36 requires 2-1-8 yards of 39-inch material. Name Street Address 1858 No. 1858 Size City State



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