

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

Good looks aren't always luck



Sparkling eyes and a smooth complexion depend on good health. The beautiful woman guards against constipation. She knows this condition can cause headaches, sallow skin, dull eyes, pimples, premature aging.

Protect yourself from constipation by eating a delicious cereal. Tests show Kellogg's ALL-BRAN provides "bulk" to exercise the intestines, and Vitamin B to tone the intestinal tract. In addition, ALL-BRAN furnishes blood-building iron. The "bulk" in ALL-BRAN is similar to that of lettuce. Within the body, it forms a soft mass, which gently clears the intestines of wastes. How much safer than pills and drugs—so often habit-forming.

Two tablespoonfuls daily—in serious cases, with every meal—will correct most types of constipation. If your trouble is not relieved in this way, see your doctor. Serve as a cereal, with milk or cream, or use in cooking. At all grocers. In the red-and-green package. Made by Kellogg in London, Ontario.

HELPS KEEP YOU FIT

A Morning Smile

The Colonel was lecturing his men on their behaviour in public.

"If a civilian," he said, "should make offensive remarks and endeavor to pick a quarrel with a soldier in a public-house, the soldier should quietly drink up his beer, and leave the place at once. You understand what I've said, Private Smith? If a civilian tried to quarrel with you in a public-house, what ought you to do?"

The warrior addressed shifted uneasily in his seat. "I ought to drink up 'is beer, sir, and go quietly away!" he said vaguely.



Try this for supper tonight!

CREAM RICE PUDDING

4 tablespoons 2 1/4 cups St. Charles Milk
1/2 cup sugar 1 1/4 cups water
1/2 teaspoon salt 1/2 cup water
Wash rice thoroughly, then add with the sugar and salt to the milk diluted with water. Pour into a buttered baking dish and add a sprinkling of raisins. Set the dish in a pan of hot water and bake three hours in a slow oven (300° F.), stirring several times the first hour to prevent rice from settling to bottom. This is just one of the many practical recipes from our new cook book "The Good Provider." This book tells you how you can make nearly 300 delicious dishes with St. Charles Milk. Send your name and address and the book will be mailed to you FREE.

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Building and lot for sale at Charlottetown. Tenders will be received until noon, August 25th for the purchase of a building situated on Escher Street, next to the Can Factory, building 30 x 30 feet, three stories high, with basement; office furniture and machinery reserved; will be open for inspection 18th, 19th and 20th. The highest nor any tender not necessarily accepted. Tenders to be marked "Tender."

FRANK MULLALLY,
Secy.-Treasurer of the Cass Seed Growers' Assn.
Souris, I. E. Island,
1064-R-17-w/ram-41

Shall We Criticize Our Children? Deplores Our Unintentional Cruelty

Dorothy Dix

How Many Parents Speak to Their Children Only to Find Fault With Them, Yet it is Devastating Family Criticism That Sends Children From Home, Alienates Them From Their Parents and Distorts Their Lives

PARENTS' GREATEST MISTAKE

The greatest mistake that parents make in rearing their children is in being overly critical of them. Psychiatrists tell us that fear can warp a child's character and wreck its whole life. How true this is we know from our own experience, and we also know that the devastating terror of our childhood was fear of criticism. It was not dread of the bogeyman in the shadow of the curtains who might get us if we didn't watch out or the ogre of the fairy tales who feasted on raw heads and bloody bones that made us shudder with apprehension. It was the fear of the critics on the hearth. It was the thought of what father and mother would say about the way we held our forks or how we looked or stood or sat that paled our youthful cheeks and turned our bones to water. Especially if they criticized us before company.



For, little as they realized it, the home was our whole world and our parents our public. They made our fame or shame. We were literally crucified on their disapprobation, and if they found us dull and stupid and loutish, then we tasted as bitter and as hopeless disgrace as any human being ever swallows. No grown man or woman held up to obloquy for a multitude to jeer at ever suffers a keener mortification than does the child who has its faults or blemishes broadcast by its father and mother.

Of course, few parents are intentionally cruel to their children. Most of them even justify this form of child-baiting by actually believing that they do it simply and solely for the children's good and that it is only by having their shortcomings kept ever before them that the youngsters are made aware of their weaknesses and are able to correct them. This may be true in theory, but it does not work out satisfactorily in practice, since children, no more than adults, enjoy having their attention called to what poor, miserable creatures they are, and their instinctive reaction to it is to make a quick getaway from the fault-finder.

One of the problems that parents grow gray trying to solve is why their children are never satisfied to stay at home. School girls and boys spend their leisure anywhere except on their own premises. Flapper daughter comes down with her hat on all ready to step out when she has a date with the boy friend. Girls marry to get away from home and boys seek fortune in distant cities instead of looking for it right around the corner from where they live.

And parents can't imagine why their children want to leave the fathers and mothers who love them so dearly and the comfortable homes they provide for them to live in some third-rate boarding house or stuffy little apartment, yet to the onlooker the reason is plain. The children are fleeing for their lives from parental criticism. They are trying to find some place where the spotlight will not be turned continually upon their every weakness.

It is significant that those unpleasant things about ourselves that we would rather die than hear are called "home truths" and that strangers are always more considerate of our feelings than our close relatives are. Especially is it true that it is only their fathers and mothers who appear to disapprove of young people and all of their ways.

Outsiders flatter Johnny and Mamie and tell them how good-looking and clever they are and laugh at their wisecracks and applaud their cute ways. But at home Johnny is always being told what a young ass he is and not to sit on the back of his neck and to quit shuffling his feet and for goodness sake not to mumble his words and his every opinion is ridiculed.

THE HANDSOME MAN

by MARGARET TURNBULL

Illustrations by IRWIN MYERS

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(Continued)

"Good G-d!" exclaimed Roberta's father. "I didn't. She made so light of it."

"Her father's daughter," said the younger man, with a smile which made MacBeth's heart warm to him again.

He looked at his secretary keenly. "And yet you don't like Roberta overly much."

Sir George flushed. "She doesn't like me, you mean. I think her most attractive."

MacBeth meditated a few moments in silence, then apparently dismissed everything but the business

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By Annabelle Worthington

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And mother and father demand to know of Mamie if the reason she wears her hair that awful way is because she thinks she is Greta Garbo and doesn't she know she makes herself a figure of fun when she puts such gobs of lipstick on her mouth that it looks like a cut of butcher's meat and why on earth does she giggle like a moron when she is with a bunch of girls and boys instead of carrying on an intelligent conversation.

Naturally enough the inevitable result of all of this home criticism is to drive the youngsters away from the hammer-wielders to the salve-spreaders. For it takes more heroism and philosophy that girls and boys possess to enjoy being perpetually reminded of their shortcomings and to appreciate the altruism of those who do it.

Also, knowing that they are going to be "picked on," as they express it, for everything they do causes the children in self-preservation to tell their parents just as little as they can of what they are thinking and doing so that mama and papa may have as scant material as possible upon which to hang their strictures.

It is this devastating family criticism that sends children away from home, that alienates them from their parents and keeps them from confiding in their fathers and mothers; that inflates an inferiority complex on children and that blights and distorts their whole lives, yet there are plenty of parents who rarely speak to their children except to find fault with them and who would consider it a cardinal sin to pay one a compliment.

Truly, they know not what they do. But we will discuss this subject of child-criticism further another day. DOROTHY DIX.

For The Cook

CHOUX PASTRY SALAD SHELLS

One-quarter cup of butter, one-half cup of boiling water, two eggs, one-half cup of flour. Put butter and water in saucepan and place over heat. As soon as boiling point is reached add the flour all at once, and stir vigorously. Remove from

fire as soon as mixed, and add unbeaten eggs, one at a time, beating until thoroughly mixed, between the addition of eggs. Drop by spoonfuls on a buttered sheet one and one-half inches apart, shaping with handle of spoon, as nearly circular as possible, having mixture slightly piled in centre. Bake forty-five minutes in a moderate oven. When done cut circular hole in top, remove centre, and fill with any desired salad.

in hand from his mind and said: "What about the police?" His secretary hesitated: "I think your daughter would rather not have them called in," said he.

MacBeth frowned. "Why should she not want the police called in?"

Sir George waited a moment, and then said slowly: "I don't know maybe you could find out. I leave you to question her."

He went through the window as Roberta entered the room.

Her father touched the bandaged hand lightly. "Doctor seen it yet?" he asked.

Roberta shook her head. "He's coming soon." She hesitated, and looked at her father imploringly. "I think I'd like to see him where you are. I thought that you could keep him from telling anybody about how I got my hand hurt. I'd rather not have people know. I think it was just some poor frightened boy who had been shooting at a rabbit, or a hawk."

"It's funny, then," her father said "that he should shoot the top of Sir George's hat so neatly."

Roberta turned white. "Oh, no," she said, "he didn't mean to do that. It was an accident—that it happened so."

"It looks like intention to me," her father retorted. "I think, my girl, I'll speak to the police myself, not

especially about this, but about keeping an eye on the construction camp. I can say I'm afraid of boot-legging among the workmen, if you like."

Roberta nodded. "That might do." She paused and went toward the window. "Of course, Father, I don't want to make things harder or more dangerous for Sir George, but I think he's all excited about American gunmen and things like that and is liable to imagine any little accident is part of a big plot to 'get' him. You're not going to send him up with that money, are you?"

"Here comes the doctor and your aunt," Robert MacBeth warned her. Then in answer to her question: "As to that, my lass, I've got to send somebody. Why not my secretary?"

Roberta shrugged her shoulders. Her father looked at her sternly, wondering, Did she, as his secretary had hinted, know more than she told? He could hardly credit that.

"Roberta," he said impulsively, "do you know any reason why Sir George should be made a target?"

She shook her head. "I can't understand it at all."

Her father felt the sincerity in her voice. "Well," he admitted, "it's a puzzle."

Sir George strolled back and forth back and forth, trying to puzzle out

whether Roberta had or had not seen the man who fired the shot. His mind continually rejected the thought that the girl, with all her bad manners and temper, could play such a part. And yet? Unable to decide, he finally determined to stop thinking about it. Time would tell. It seemed impossible that Robert MacBeth's daughter could be in league with her father's enemies. And yet, what else did her silence mean? Sir George was positive, despite her carefully worded answers, that she had seen enough of the man who fired the shot to know or suspect much more than she had cared to tell.

CHAPTER VII

At Saturday night's dinner and dance, Robert MacBeth, though still a prisoner to the chaise longue, was enjoying himself tremendously. Lady Sandison, who was having an unmistakable triumph, looked about her with secret satisfaction. The terrace toward the river was hung with electric lanterns. The best orchestra procurable was playing the latest dance music, and a caterer from the city was in the kitchen.

Sir George, even Roberta admitted it, was a wonderful aid to any party. He had a certain intriguing bashfulness of demeanor that made

him popular not only with the girls but with the men.

Despite the fact that he danced well, giving himself up to the joy of it in a way Roberta had not expected, he had danced only once with Roberta. He had devoted himself to her guests both young and old who were, it seemed to Roberta, flattered by his attention. Jack was not here, had refused to come, to Roberta's annoyance. She would like to parade him in front of them all, especially her father's secretary.

Robert MacBeth looked with pride at Roberta's lithe, graceful young figure, and her flushed face with its soft halo of red curls, as she danced through the great hall and living room. He heard discriminate praise of her beauty from the older men, and knew from their actions that the younger men thought her lovely.

He beckoned his sister to him and said: "I'll not move from here until they go in to supper and then you can send August to take me to the library. The men can join me there after supper—at least those near my own age. Are you enjoying yourself Aggy?"

"Just fine."

"The young people seem to be having a good time, too?" There was a question in Robert MacBeth's voice.

"Are they not? Listen to that!" The sound of young voices and vigorous applause came from the hall and living room. "One of the lassies is teaching Sir George some awful-like dance. The Black Bottom, it's called! Did you ever hear the like, Rob? And the rest of them are standing round singing and clapping. It's fair awful! Yet somehow my laddie makes it look grace-

ful. You like him, do you not, Rob? She asked it with a little touch of anxiety in her voice.

"Like him?" Rob roared at her. "Aggy, I fair dote on him. If I were only sure he had the brains to stand up against young American business men I'd be tempted to give him a big boost in my business."

(To Be Continued)

AS HE SAID "GOOD-NIGHT"



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