

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

The HOUSEWIFE and HER ACTIVITIES

Who sweeps a room as for Thy laws, Makes that and the act on fine. —George Herbert

WORTHWHILE THOUGHTS

"There never was a good war, or a bad peace." —Franklin.

"What you dislike in another, take care to correct in yourself." —Sprat.

"One vicious habit each year rooted out, in time might make the worst man good." —Franklin.

"It has been the fate of all bold adventurers and reformers to be esteemed insane." —G. B. Cheever.

"Some one says, 'Boys will be boys,' he forgot to add, 'Boys will be men.'" —Joubert.

"He who reforms himself, has done more toward reforming the public than a crowd of noisy, impotent patriots." —Lavater.

RUNNING AWAY

Shrinking duty, or running away from the things that we feel we ought to do, has a peculiarly demoralizing effect on one's high purpose or right. Our judgment of what our duty is may be a mistaken one, but there is something imperious about the call of duty that makes the slighting of it a very serious matter indeed. —The New Outlook.

LARGE FUR MUFFS TO BE SMART FOR WINTER

Fashions in both fur and fabric coats for the winter season demonstrate the effectiveness of fur muffs, as accessories of particular fitness to complement the coats of either straight-line or princess silhouettes. Large muffs take designs of originality and novelty. They are good fashion accessories for the completely unfurred costume as well as for the fur coat itself.

SMOKING USED ON CHILDREN'S GARMENTS

Smoking is being revived in a big way in the children's wear being shown in London. History reveals that at one time the various counties of England had their own type of smoking—thus Sussex smoking, Essex smoking, and so on. Different designs are being traced and reproduced in chic little garments for the young miss.

MARRIAGE SUPERSTITIONS

The old custom of "marriage by capture" when the bridegroom saw the lady he fancied for his wife and just raided her home and captured her, is responsible for many of our modern wedding superstitions. The old shoe that we tie on behind the bride's carriage today is

symbolic of the missiles hurled in futile rage by the outstripped relatives as the retreating captor. The "best man" is also a relic of these times. Bride stealing was a little too difficult single-handed, so the groom used to take some of his friends with him to help carry out the raid—and here we find the modern "best man."

FACTORY GIRL HEARD MORE THAN WHEELS

Not so many years ago a little Scotch girl, born in Aberdeen, worked in a factory. She did not always hear whirl of the wheels as they spun fabrics for she was listening intently to the whisperings of One who controlled the business of the universe. He was speaking to her of a foreign land, whose people were black and whose civilization was even blacker.

Working twelve hours each day deprived Mary Slessor of all but the most meagre education. She gave her heart to Christ early, and although too timid to even make a talk in prayer meeting when men were present, she decided to become a servant of Christ in that mysterious and terrible land, ruled by witchcraft and skull crushers. At the age of 28 she began her mission work after having prepared herself by working in the slums of Dundee. Her education was very limited, her preparation far from adequate, but her heart and life were given entirely to God—and that was the thing that counted.

The death of that great missionary, David Livingstone, in 1874, was a challenge to the Christian world. Mary Slessor answered it by first setting her timid feet on African soil in 1874. —The Canadian Baptist

NEW APPARATUS TO BANISH FEAR IN DENTAL CHAIR

A "stop," "caution," "go" apparatus by which patients can reveal to the dentist exactly how they feel is the latest device for banishing fear from the dental surgery being used in Britain.

The patient holds the control switch in his hand while his teeth are being drilled. A box containing the red, amber and green lights attached to a collar placed on the shoulder of the patient shows the dentist instantly if he should stop, go cautiously, or go all out.

The lights were first suggested to the inventor, a leading Wolverhampton dentist, as a joke. He perfected the apparatus and found that its psychological effect was tremendous. It usually gives patients so much confidence that they do not signal "stop" at all.

Experiments reveal that when dishes are damaged in manufacture by "split-out" this eruption on the glaze is due to moisture aided by gas-producing substances; and now preventive measures are being sought.

BLOSSOM THOUGHT SO

By JOAN KENNEDY

(Continued)

So they knelt in the sweetness, the white violets between them, scenting the air with the wonder of their blooming.

"Blossom, you're just a sweet little violet yourself—the little flower I want for all my own. Dear, little dear! Didn't you know when we met last night that we were meant to meet? Didn't something tell you that—that?"

Now he has drawn her close and was looking down into a softly flushed face where wonder dwelt. Oh she knew now. This was love, and she understood why the touch of his fingers had been so different from the touch of any other fingers. He loved her and his fingers had told her so even then.

So sweet her lips, waiting in trembling wonder. So beautiful those widely opened eyes where little lights were flickering, coming and going in the love-glow. He closed them with a kiss, then pushed back the soft curls, filled his eyes with the beauty of her, felt the throb and beat of life reaching out to this moment which was his, stooped to her lips and felt their response—a thing which made his blood race and sing in his vein.

"I love you! I love you!" Clinging arms of newly awakened love! Radiant hour! They forgot the violets, forgot time and place and all the world except themselves and the glory which wrapped them about.

So beautiful this waking to love. So sweet this blossom of girlhood.

"I love you so! I love you so!" And the man knew the marvel to be true. So short is time to lovers and it did not matter that twenty-four hours ago they had not met. Nothing mattered but that Fate who had designed them to meet should have brought about the completion of her plans.

It was long afterwards that they talked sensibly. And Blossom said, "Mother always said I must never marry a poor man."

His arm tightened about her. This child had such perfect trust in him, and the only urge with him then was that he must make her happy. She loved him, and he did not want to cloud that love. He would give her all he had to give—the worship of his heart.

So, as lovers will, they planned their meetings. For Blossom's life had altered. Such wonderful evenings when he and she spent radiant hours. Nothing he could do for her was ever too much. But it seemed that simple pleasures were the most—those long bus rides when he and she sat close in the gathering dusk, the days in the country at the week-end when they wandered hand in hand telling of their love.

He bought her flowers and gave her gifts, but she loved nothing as she loved the kisses of her lover, those close embraces when he told her the secrets of his heart. He realised how fragrant was this blossom he ached to own as his wife. Yet never a word of marriage did he say, and she did not think it strange. The days were so joyous as the wave of love lifted her beyond earth's worries. Someday, she supposed, they would marry. All lovers did. But for the present she was content to go on meeting him, her dearest dear who made her world seem gold and wonderful.

So to the day when bleakness came. He had arranged their meeting-place and he was not there. Blossom waited and waited, but he never came. And, at last she went home. Her pale face was not noticed that night. There was so many things to worry Sarah Wild.

"Oh!" said Blossom that night to the stars. The pain in her heart was hurting in a way that made it seem as though she could not breathe. She did not sleep that night. Why hadn't he come? Then another day drifting by and no sign of the man. Another drifting at the trust and another drifting homewards not having seen him.

Why hadn't he come? What had happened? Blossom's face grew strangely thin and pale. That cruel pain hurt so deep down, and the longing was like a knife turning in her heart.

On the next day, just towards closing time, she found someone at the soap counter asking, Are you the young lady called Blossom?" She nodded.

"He wants you—he's had—cruel bad," said the woman. She was a homely creature, with the drawn face Blossom knew so well in Winter's Building. But there was kindness in her eyes.

Blossom caught at the worn hand, held it firmly, cried "Where is he?"

For answer the woman thrust a scrap of paper into her hand. "Come as soon as you can, dearie," she said. He keeps asking for you."

That last hour went on leaden wings, seeming that it would never pass. But down in her heart a little pulse was leaping all the time—he hadn't forgotten her. There was some reason why he had not kept the trust. The woman had said that he was cruel bad. Her dear lover was asking for her. Then, at last, freedom.

She almost ran through the streets leading to that very ordinary quarter given on the scrap of paper. Funny that Jack should be

there—her wonderful Jack who belonged to another world. But perhaps he had been taken ill and they hadn't been able to move him. Somehow those immaculate clothes of his didn't seem to fit in with the scum of the neighbourhood, and she smiled as she found the house given her. A card in the window indicated that rooms were to let.

It was the woman who had come to the store who opened the door. "Go on up to Number Seven, dearie. You'll find him," she said.

Blossom went up the shabby stairway, with its bit of cheap druggery placed for the tread, with its faded walls and general dreariness, but that stairway might have been of gold to judge by the shine on her face—the love-glow which radiated there.

She tapped at the door marked seven and heard his voice—such a tired voice, which called out, "Come in!"

She opened the door. Somebody was lying still in a none too comfortable looking bed. There were a lot of papers scattered over a large table. Some of them were on the floor. The room looked dreary as the rooms in Winter's Building, and a sob rose in the throat of Blossom. Her wonderful lover to have to lie here! She moved nearer to the bed and the figure moved.

(To be Continued)

Today's Short Wave Radio Program

(All time in Eastern Standard)

FRIDAY, JANUARY 8

BOSTON 4:30 p.m.—The Monitor Views the News. WIXAL, 25.4 m., 11.79 meg.

ROME 6 p.m.—News in English. Royal Opera House—"Madame Sans Gene" "Rome's Midnight Voice." Folk Songs. ZRO, 31.1 m., 9.63 meg.

LONDON 6:45 p.m.—Some of London's foremost Variety artists. GSD, 25.5 m., 11.75 meg.; GSC, 31.3 m., 9.58 meg.; GSB, 31.5 m., 9.51 meg.

MOSCOW 7 p.m.—A Broadcast for Shop Assistants. Accordion music. Russian Songs. RAY, 31.2 m., 9.6 meg.

BERLIN 8:30 p.m.—"Porcelain." Fairy tale by Manfred Kyber. DJD 25.4 m., 11.77 meg.

BOSTON 8:45 p.m.—The World of Poetry. WIXAL, 49.6 m., 6.04 meg.

LONDON 9 p.m.—A Program of Marches. The BBC Military Band. GSD, 25.5 m., 11.75 meg.; GSC, 31.3 m., 9.58 meg.; GSB, 32.5 m., 9.51 meg.

PARIS 10:40 p.m.—Theatrical Program. TPA-4, 25.6 m., 11.72 meg.

WINNIPEG 11:30 p.m.—Love, Laugh and Love—orchestra with soloists and Count Pravia. CJRO, 48.7 m., 6.15 meg.; CJRX, 25.5 m., 11.72 meg.

Children's Colds... Best treated without "dosing" VICKS VAPORUB Now "WHITE-STAINLESS"

It is up to Husbands to do 50 Per Cent of the Entertaining and Share Alike the Responsibilities of the Home if Marriage is to be Happy

One of the unsolved mysteries of the relationship between the sexes is why men demand so much more of women than women do of men, and why women make so much more effort to please men than men do to please women. Considering that women, taking them by and large, are more fastidious in their tastes and harder to suit about other things than men, it would seem that it should be the other way around and that it should be men who were breaking their necks trying to make themselves popular with women, instead of women working themselves to death in an attempt to make a hit with men.

Such is the case, however, and it has always been that way. Women have always danced before men and been humbly grateful to any kind of a sheik who would throw them the handkerchief. Nor have they looked the gift bridegroom in the mouth. They have taken what attentions men were pleased to bestow upon them, and married their opportunities when they couldn't get their preferences, while men have demanded to be amused and diverted, and have taken their pick and choice among the fairest maidens.

That men demand more of women than women do of men is a fact that no one will dispute. You can begin with morals as you like. Very few men will marry a girl whose slate isn't clean, but every day we see white and innocent little lambs accompanying some black sheep with a lurid past to the altar. Furthermore, wives are expected to forgive and forget the philandering of their husbands, but nobody expects a husband to overlook his wife's side-stepping. He drags her into the divorce court.

Then there is the matter of personal appearance. A man demands pulchritude in the girl he dates. She must be good looking, or at least appear to be. She must be well dressed. She must be neat and have the latest thing in bobs and curls and be something he is proud to show off. You can't imagine a boy taking out a girl who was fat and frowsy and slovenly and who looked like something that the cat brought in.

But do girls demand the same smartness in appearance in boys that boys do in them? Not at all. No girl turns down a man because he is forty pounds overweight and has a bay window and a bald head. Everywhere you go you are confronted with the spectacle of girls, who are as neat as a pin and who look like a daily hint from Paris, who are out with young men who have a three-day stubble of beard on their faces and who look as if they needed to run through the laundry. Every girl feels that she has to doll herself up for the Boy Friend, but a lot of boys consider that they are the girls' answer to a prayer, so it isn't necessary to bother with shaves and haircuts.

Watch any group of men and women at dinner, at the theatre, at a restaurant. Occasionally you see a man who is entertaining the woman, but ninety-nine times out of a hundred it will be the woman who is working like a coal-heaver to try to make the man have a good time. She is the one who is keeping the conversational ball rolling. She is the one who is being bright and vivacious and amusing while the man only grunts now and then to show he is still awake. Half of the time if an oyster with a pocketbook was substituted for the man who took her out for the evening, the woman would never find out she had changed companions.

In marriage the same rule holds good of the husband demanding more of the wife than she does of him and of the wife having to make more effort to please the husband than the husband ever dreams of making to please the wife. It is only men who expect their mates to keep perpetually young and beautiful and woe that for a wife to lose her figure and her complexion justifies their philandering, or calls for a divorce. No man lies awake at night wondering if his wife will cease to love him when he grows old. You never hear of a man doing without the things he likes to eat in order to retain his boyish figure, or buying a toupee so that he will have the ambrosial locks his wife fell in love with.

But millions of women subsist on a starvation diet and suffer martyrdom in beauty parlors being pounded and boiled and painted and dyed trying to keep their husbands in love with them and from finding out that they have grown fortyish and stout.

And it is wives who have to do the smiling and the handling with velvet gloves if husband is kept happy and satisfied and glad he married the lady he did instead of wondering what made him do it, though why it isn't as much up to a husband to help make marriage a success as it is to a wife, nobody knows.

Only it isn't done. Men always demand more of women than women do of men. And they get it.

A Morning Smile

chair and, going to the desk, demanded to see the manager. "What for," asked the girl. "I've got a complaint," he replied.

"Complaint," retorted the girl, haughtily. "This is a cafe, not a hospital."

PUNISHMENT.

Father—"So you've been fighting again, have you? Then you go to bed without supper, young man."

Freddy—"All right, dad, I've only got two teeth left, anyhow."

MISTAKEN.

He had been trying to secure the attention of a waitress for 20 minutes, but at last got up from his

TRANSFERRED HERE WESTVILLE, N.S., Jan. 4.—(CP)—Lloyd Muirhead, son of Mr. and Mrs. Murray Muirhead of Westville, has been transferred to the Charlottetown branch of the Royal Bank of Canada.

NEW MODE FOR 1937 Marie, tiny member of the famous Dionne quintet, has a new hobby, the collection of men's hats. Here we see her after appropriating Dr. Allan Roy Dafe's best chapeau. Both Marie and the doctor seem highly pleased about it all.



Color Adds Touch to Latest Styles



Colorful paillettes embroidered the flowered print jacket and cut-out print belt which enlivens the gown of royal blue silk marquisette shown here at the LEFT. The lovely tiered frock is of white imported heavy thread lace with a corsage bouquet of red and pink flowers.

THE COOK'S CORNER

BUTTERSCOTCH PIE

- 1 cup brown sugar
4 tablespoons flour
1-4 teaspoon salt
3 eggs
2 cups milk
1 teaspoon butterscotch flavoring
2 tablespoons butter
Baked pie shell

Method: Sift the sugar, flour and salt and add the well beaten egg yolks. Scald the milk and pour it slowly over the first mixture. Return to the double boiler and cook over hot water until the filling is thick, stirring frequently. Add the flavoring and the butter, and cool. Pour into a well baked pie shell. Beat the egg whites until they are stiff. Add six tablespoons brown sugar and 1-4 teaspoon salt. Continue beating until the mixture stands in peaks. Spread roughly over the top of the pie and brown in a slow, 325 deg. F., oven about 20 to 25 minutes.

PECAN BARS:

- One-half cup melted butter, 1 cup brown sugar. Beat well together, then add 1 beaten egg, 1 cup flour, 1 teaspoon

RECORD HERRING CATCH

FORT WILLIAM—A record catch of herring was harvested here in the season just closed. The total was estimated at more than 1,500 tons—the equivalent to 100 carloads. There has been an unprecedented demand for fish at milk farms this year and fishermen have been kept busy.

"I WAS ALL NERVES"

FOR young girls growing into womanhood, for women in middle life going through the "change," or those who suffer from headache, weakening drains, backache and nervousness, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is just the tonic needed. Read this: Mrs. William Roy of 18 Pelham Road, St. Catharines, Ont., said: "I was all run-down and at all well. I could not do a day's housework without feeling tired to death. Headaches ached, my strength, I decided to use Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and it strengthened me and rid me of that run-down, upset condition." Buy now!

Fashions' Latest For Chic Dressers



Your figure will be a dream in this dress with molded bodice. A decorative slide-fastener zips it right up the center through the shirred bosom to the tied neck. The lively swinging skirt is fitted beautifully through the hip area. The first model, intended for afternoons, was of lustrous satin crepe. It's a fascinating affair of bright red wool crepe with gleaming dark blue slide-fastener. Crepe silk and velvet are equally lovely materials for this easily made dress.

Style No. 1905 is designed for sizes 11, 13, 15, 17 and 19 years. Size 15 requires 3 3-8 yards of 39-inch material with 1-4 yard of 35-inch contrasting.

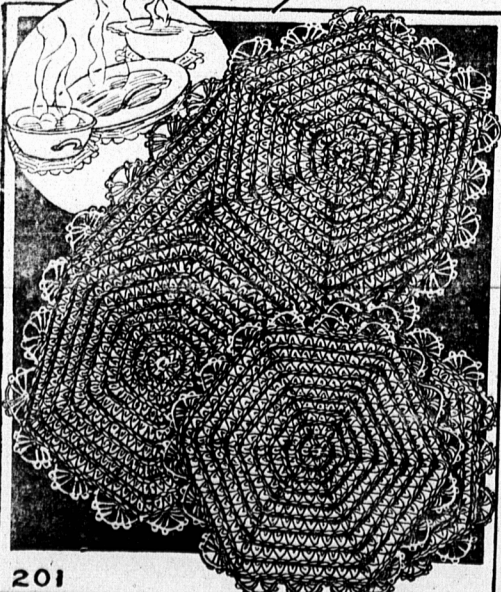
Price of pattern 15 cents in stamps or coin (coin preferred) wrap coin carefully address to Charlottetown Guardian giving—Style No. 1905 Size.....

Name
Street Address
City State

DIES FROM EXCITEMENT

NEW YORK—Morris Fenyes, 34, a Brooklyn printer, died from a cerebral hemorrhage brought on, it is believed, by excitement when his 11 year old daughter won second place in a radio spelling bee.

Crocheted Hot Dish Mats by Mayfair



Mayfair Needle-ari Design No. 201. Steaming platters and hot dishes leave no marks when polished tables are protected by these pretty mats. They are crocheted of heavy cord, using a simple stitch and are made in sets of three—an oblong for platters and smaller mats for vegetable dishes or plates. The pattern contains full chochet instructions, without abbreviations, sample of cotton used in original model. Send 20 cents in stamps or coin (coin preferred) to The Charlottetown Guardian Needlework Department. To The Charlottetown Guardian Needlework Dept. DESIGN NO: 201 Name Street Address City Province