

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

Parents' Advice in Children's Loves Dorothy Dix Should Fathers Select Mates?

Mothers and Fathers Should be Consulted by Mary and John When it Comes to Heart Affairs, for Parents Frequently Have to Pay Dearly

One of the problems that doubtless originated when Cain and Abel first went a-courting is how much rightly parents have to interfere in their children's love affairs and pick out their mates for them.



Fathers and mothers have always believed that they had a right to regiment their sons' and daughters' hearts and direct their affections in the proper channels while the children have contended that as they were the ones who had to live with those they married, it was their privilege to please their own taste and not their parents'. And so the battle has raged on from generation to generation, and is still going strongly.

Unfortunately, the question can never be settled because there is so much to be said on both sides of it, and one argument seems about as convincing as the other. Certainly parents speak no less than the truth when they tell their children that it takes more than a passing gust of passion, or a fancy for a pretty face, or a bit of hero worship for a gridiron star to make a happy marriage; that romance does not last, and that only the foundation of common sense and reason and the ability to supply a family with three square meals a day.

Parents are also justified in trying to keep their adolescent children from committing hark kari by making premature marriages before they are old enough to know what they are going to be themselves when they grow up, much less what they are going to want regarding a husband or wife. And it is their bounden duty to move heaven and earth to keep Mary from wrecking her life by marrying a drunkard, or John from tying a millstone around his neck by picking out some little flibbertigibbet without heart or brains for a wife.

It is folly to contend that parents have no right to say so in their children's marriages, because not only are a father's and mother's happiness wrapped up in their children and they are made miserable if John and Mary are unhappy, but when their children's marriages turn out failures they must pay the price of their children's mistake. You can't let your adored son or daughter starve, so when jobless Tom brings home his penniless bride there is nothing that Father and Mother can do but support them. Likewise, when Sally loses her taste for her husband and divorces him and comes back home with her offspring, Father and Mother are bound to take her in and divide their income with her, no matter how meagre it is.

We all know dozens of men and women who are the real victims of their children's divorces. Tom and Sally can't get along with their wife or husband, so they part and dump down their children as a matter of course on their parents. Mother is turned into a nurse-maid, Father has to keep on working after he had planned to retire and take life easy. The quiet house is turned into bedlam by noisy youngsters. "The income that was comfort for two means pinching economies when it has to be spread over the diets and doctors' bills and education of children.

That is one side of the question. But, say the children, our parents give no inspiring example of conjugal bliss themselves, so what guarantee have we that they would be more successful in picking out our husbands and wives for us than they were in picking out their own? Besides, husbands and wives are purely a matter of taste. It doesn't really matter what you get just so it is the thing that suits you, and our likes no more jibe with our parents' in people than they do in food and the movies.

The very quality that appeals to us in a boy or girl may be anathema to our parents. Every mother would pick out for her son a nice, quiet domestic girl who is kind to her old mother, who would never waste his money on frivolous gewgaws, or want to step out anywhere except to prayer meeting, but that kind of a wife would bore the son to tears. He wants as a life companion a woman who is pretty and gay, and on her tips toes and who would keep him always interested and excited.

Every father would select for his daughter's husband a middle-aged, settled man with a big bank account, and a big bank account, when what the girl wanted was somebody to give her a thrill, not pay her bills. And the betting is ten to nothing that after she got tired of yawning in the face of a stuffed shirt she would buy a ticket to Reno.

So there you are, and just how far parents are justified in making and breaking their children's matches, nobody knows.

DOROTHY DIX.

The HOUSEWIFE and HER ACTIVITIES

CUMULATIONS

The pretty wreaths are put away, The tree seems bare and old Since all its lights are stored again, Its trimmings all re-rolled.

What of the warmth within our hearts? Our charity towards men? Let's keep that with us through the year Till Christmas comes again.

By MYRIE J. BROLEY

It takes a woman to break a self-made man. Nothing pleases a flapper more than a call to arms. The modern gold-digger is a girl with a do-all personality. Honesty is the best policy—especially when you're being watched.

The biggest fool is an old fool because he has more time to practise. It's often the case that love at first sight doesn't survive a second look.

Home is not home as long as some birds look upon it merely as a roosting place. The wild life in the big open spaces may need preserving, but in the city it needs taming. The wife who keeps her husband in hot water all the time could not complain if he becomes hard-boiled.

Going to church doesn't necessarily make a man good any more than going to a garage makes him an automobile.

The latest "Quin" sets, comprising gloves, bag button-hole, belt,

and umbrella case in coloured leather, are useful to go with plain suits. They are made in all shades. The "triple" powder-case has just arrived. It is a square compact in silver and enamel with three-hinged mirrors to allow visibility from all angles.

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THE DOUBLE CLIP-BROOCH One of the most attractive and useful jewellery innovations is the double clip-brooch. These brooches are so designed that the halves can be worn separately on occasions when something discreet and not too conspicuous is needed. When worn together they make a more gorgeous display suitable for evening wear or more formal occasions.

COFFEE CAKE Coffee cake never lets a man down. Try this novelty for breakfast.

Sift cake flour, then measure 1 cup. Add 1 1/4 teaspoon baking powder, 1-4 teaspoon salt, and sift again. Cream 3 tablespoons butter or other shortening, then cream again with 2 tablespoons sugar added. Beat 1 egg and add to butter mixture. To this batter and the other, 1-2 cup milk and the sifted flour mixture. Beat again each time you add to it. Use a 9-inch pie pan. Grease it well. Turn in the dough. Sprinkle evenly with 4 tablespoons sugar and 1-2 teaspoon cinnamon mixed together. Bake in a moderate oven for about 20 minutes. Remove from oven, moisten top with 2 tablespoons melted butter and 2 tablespoons milk. Return to oven and bake another 15 minutes. Serve piping hot. The day is well begun.

"Oh!" A sudden thought came to her. She went into the spare room and switched the elderdown of the bed. There lay the wedding present she had bought for Don. A superb motoring coat of the darkest, supplest leather, lined with a wonderful fleece, and with all sorts of gadgets for keeping the wearer warm. Here was a splendid present for David. Don didn't deserve it in the least. It was David who was going to give her a gay evening, not Don. This lovely, lovely coat was far too good for an erring husband.

She made up her mind to give it to David. But as she stood looking down at it big tears came into her eyes. Don would have looked so splendid in it. He was far handsomer than David, and she loved Don, and didn't really care to suppose for David. Why was Don so hateful? He couldn't really care for her much if he never remembered her day they were married.

Rubbing her eyes, she went into her own room, and spread the frock that David liked on the bed. It was a fairy-like frock of pink tulle, flounced from the waist, with a rose coloured velvet bodice, and a butterfly sash. It wanted just a little pressing, and Marcia gathered it in her arms and ran downstairs to heat the iron.

As the day went on her spirits rose. It was fun going out, even if it was the wrong man, and David was a splendid host. She even found herself humming a little tune, as she dressed for dinner, and put the final little touch of lipstick to her naturally rosy lips.

If Don had been with her she should have been, he would have had the pleasure of entertaining this vision instead of David, even though, in that case, her eyelashes mightn't have been quite so black, or her lips so carefully outlined with carmine, or her frock quite her prettiest one, because Don didn't care what she wore.

She ran downstairs and let herself out of the empty flat. A taxi came crawling along, fortunately, and Marcia hailed him.

"Ratelli's" she said, as she hopped in, and was driven towards that maelstrom of maddening light and deafening noise and gay crowds that make up Piccadilly Circus.

David was waiting for her on the steps of the restaurant, the kind of handsome, rather effeminate young man that women alternately mother and make love to. He was voted a great pet with married women, and a beastly little bore by the husbands.

"I've booked a table," he said, as she entered the foyer. (Dan always forgot to book a table). "How

"David," she remarked, from the bottom of the stairs. "You dine rather a lot with him, don't you?"

"Do I? I really haven't counted." "I never liked the fellow."

Marcia seated herself at the breakfast table, and poured out the coffee. "He doesn't like you," she remarked.

"Why do you go out with him then?" "He likes me all right."

"Naturally," said Don, rather curtly, as he cracked his egg somewhat violently. "Of course, you can look after yourself, darling, but he's rather a slimy sort of bloke."

"He's a very clever, intelligent, attractive young man," said Marcia provokingly.

"Meaning I'm not." "Oh, no."

"Well, mind your clever, intelligent, attractive young man doesn't get his head knocked off. He will, if he comes nosing round after you," said her husband angrily.

"As you say, I can look after myself. Pass the marmalade, please," said Marcia.

Don felt that there was some cloud on the horizon. But Marcia was always rather given to moods. He understood all wives were. Anyhow he hadn't done anything. He was sure of it. And if she liked to do with David, well he trusted her absolutely. And it would be dull for her dining alone. He knew she hated it, but business was business.

So he finished his breakfast in r.agnanimous silence, only saying cheerfully as he got up: "Don't be too late, darling."

As soon as he had gone, Marcia shed a few tears on the marmalade, finished the slice, got up and went

"THE SPLENDID COAT"

By HELEN ROSE

It was their wedding anniversary. And he had forgotten it. He always did forget it, until Marcia's stony silence, kept up for several days, reminded Don that he was in disgrace over something. Then, after asking her a hundred questions as to what he had done, he would drag the information from her, and would rush out to buy her a diamond ring, or a gold cigarette case or something of that kind, and present it with frantic excuses and apologies.

And Marcia could never make him understand that it wasn't the present, but the remembering that mattered. The fourteenth of September wasn't their wedding day. And it wasn't a bit the same thing giving her a present on the fourteenth when it should have been the tenth just because she'd had to remind him of it.

And there he was, brushing his hair in front of the mirror, and whistling to himself. He didn't care. She hated his sleek head, and his broad black harness with the blue silk braces. He just didn't care. He couldn't care if he couldn't remember the day on which he had married her. And she'd brought him the most lovely present. It had cost pounds. And she'd bought a four guinea frock instead of a ten guinea one in order to buy it.

"Shan't be in to dinner to-night, darling," he observed as he selected a tie. "Got to dine with old Carr. We've got a nice little scheme on."

A further insult! So she was to dine alone on their anniversary, too! And there'd be no chance of a nice little scheme to spoil his dinner, which she had thought out. "Don't expect I shall be late, though. But don't sit up for me."

Not sit up for him! Wouldn't she though, even if he didn't get in till midnight, the horrible callous brute.

She walked coldly to the door. "I'm dining out myself," she answered, as she went out.

"Oh, are you? Who with?" said Don, shrugging himself into his coat and followed her.

"David," she remarked, from the bottom of the stairs. "You dine rather a lot with him, don't you?"

"Do I? I really haven't counted." "I never liked the fellow."

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defiantly to the telephone. David would be nice to her, David wouldn't forget a thing like that. His voice answered her in a moment.

"Hello, that you, Marcia?" "Yes. . . David. . . are you doing anything to-night?" "No. . . why?"

"I wish you'd take me out." "I was just going to ring you. . . It's my birthday. . . Don't forget to bring me a present."

"Rather not. Where shall we meet?" "Cattelli's at eight? That suit?" "Oh, yes. Lovely."

"Put on your prettiest frock." "The green one? The one you liked?"

"No, the frilly one—" She laughed. "So you do notice! All right. Thanks so much. I'll be there."

She hung up the receiver and went upstairs. That was the sort of man for you! Even remembered your frocks. Don never noticed. The account against poor Don was piling up rapidly. Funny that it was his birthday. What should she give him?

"Oh!" A sudden thought came to her. She went into the spare room and switched the elderdown of the bed. There lay the wedding present she had bought for Don. A superb motoring coat of the darkest, supplest leather, lined with a wonderful fleece, and with all sorts of gadgets for keeping the wearer warm. Here was a splendid present for David. Don didn't deserve it in the least. It was David who was going to give her a gay evening, not Don. This lovely, lovely coat was far too good for an erring husband.

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'NOW I never lose a day with COLDS!'

He was one of those people who "came down with a cold" three or four times every winter. Then his doctor suggested Scott's Emulsion, twice every day, to build up resistance to infection. Scott's Emulsion gives you quickly the full benefit of the protective and body-building Vitamins, A and D, found so richly in Cod Liver Oil. Start with Scott's Emulsion to-day.

SCOTT'S EMULSION DIGESTS 4 TO 5 TIMES FASTER THAN ORDINARY COD LIVER OIL. CHILDREN AND GROWN-UPS LOVE ITS FLAVOUR.



Look for the World-Famous "Fisherman" Trade Mark!

Today's Short Wave Radio Program (All times in Eastern Standard)

FRIDAY, JANUARY 15 ROME 6 p.m.—News in English. Folk Songs. "Rome's Midnight Voice." Opera "Daphne." 2RO, 31.1 m., 9.83 meg.

LONDON 6:45 p.m.—A Program of Operatic Music. The BBC Empire Orchestra. 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 Summer in the Arctic. Agriculture within the Arctic Circle. Russian lesson. RAN, 31.2 m., 946 meg.

BERLIN 7:30 p.m.—Popular Orchestra Concert. DJD, 25.4 m., 11.77 meg.

CARACAS 8:45 p.m.—Concert Orchestra.

lovely you're looking!" "Am I? Well, I mustn't disgrace your birthday, must I?" laughed Marcia. "Oh, David, I was so glad you'd nothing to do to-night. I should have been bored to death all by myself."

CORNS LIFT OFF! Pain Stops!

PUTNAM'S CORN EXTRACTOR

Fashions' Latest For Chic Dressers

Isn't this little moulded bodice black velvet dress a darling affair? The collar lends an old-fashioned aspect. The princess shaped peplum makes the fitted waistline and the hips appear very slim. The flared skirt has such a lively swinging hem. You'll wear it for evenings as well as for afternoons.

It will cheer up your drab winter wardrobe in beige, aqua, rose, grey, red or peacock blue crepe silk for all day wear 'neath your winter coat.

The bright new woollens are charming for this model with short or long sleeves.

Style No. 1923 is designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20 years, 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40-inches bust. Size 16 requires 3 5/8 yards of 39-inch material with 1-4 yard of 39-inch contrasting.

Price of pattern 15 cents in stamps or coin (coin preferred) wrap coin carefully address to Charlottetown Guardian giving—Style No. 1923 Size.

Name _____ Street Address _____ City _____ State _____

NEED RECOGNITION A young fellow who aspired to emulate Clyde Beatty, the wild animal trainer, was excited by the news that lion taming was now taught by mail. He asked a circus acquaintance about it.

"Well, if you ever graduate from that course," advised the friend, "just be sure the lions recognize the diploma before you enter the cage."

THE COOK'S CORNER

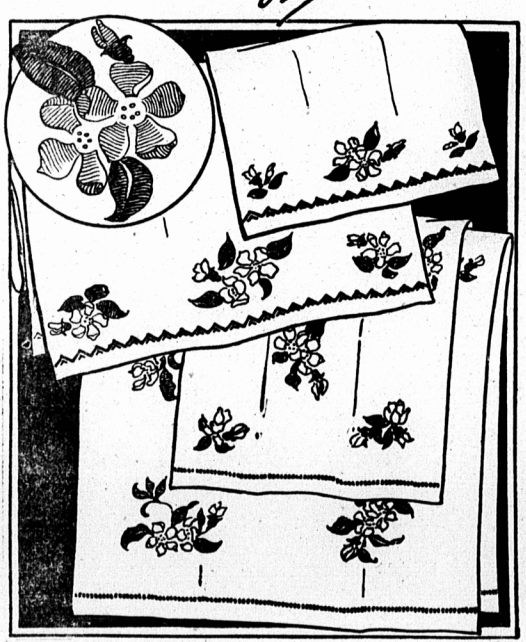
COFFEE CAKE Coffee cake never lets a man down. Try this novelty for breakfast.

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"QUIN" SETS The latest "Quin" sets, comprising gloves, bag button-hole, belt,

CHEST COLDS Distressing symptoms relieved by rubbing on VICKS VAPORUB Now WHITE-STAINLESS

'Apple Blossoms' On Linen by Mayfair



Mayfair Needle-art Design No. 234 Now that winter has come we know that spring is not "far behind." The busy homemaker will wait and spend her leisure moments making bright accessories for her home. What could be more delightful to work and to use and more appropriate than delicate apple blossoms embroidered in natural colors on white or pastel linens. Use them on towels, runners, vanity sets, dainty bedroom curtains or tea clothes. Very smart when used in pure white on pastel bed linens.

The pattern includes transfers for towels, detail of embroidery stitches to be used, as well as complete color chart and sample of embroidery floss used on the original model.

Send 20 cents in stamps or coin (coin preferred) to The Charlottetown Guardian Needlework Department.

Needlework Dept. DESIGN. NO. 234

Name _____ Street Address _____ City _____ Province _____

BRINGING UP FATHER

REMEMBER WHEN YOUR LITTLE COUSIN "SNIFFY" BROUGHT HOME A LETTER FROM HIS SCHOOL TEACHER FOR YOUR FATHER? BUT HE COULDN'T READ IT!

AND HOW SORE YOUR LITTLE WAS WHEN THE BIGGER BOY MOVED HIS HEAD TO GO TO THE CORNER AN LEAN ON LAMP-POST