

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



THE HOUSEWIFE AND HER ACTIVITIES

"Flowers rejoice when night is done, Lift their heads to greet the sun; Sweetest looks and odours raise, In a silent hymn of praise. So my heart would turn away From the darkness to the day; Lying open in God's sight, As a flower adores the light." —Van Dyke.

FAT, SQUATTY OTTOMANS ADD TO ROOM'S COMFORT

Fat, squatly, ottomans give a note of real comfort to almost any room in the house. For the nursery, have them in washable cloth in a gay, childish print; for the living room, real leather, tapestry, chenille or brocade to harmonize with your furnishings; for bedroom, hand blocked linen, chintz, or if the room is more formal, damask. You can sometimes buy them finished in heavy muslin, ready to cover, if you prefer to upholster them with your own materials.

ONLY WOMAN GUIDE IN NEW BRUNSWICK

Although one year past her allotted span of years, Mrs. Stephen Dunn, of Harcourt, N. B., the only woman guide in the Province of New Brunswick and perhaps in Canada, is now making ready for her fall trips into the big woods. Mrs. Dunn was only recently discharged from a Moncton Hospital, following a brief illness; but after a day or so at her home she will be prepared to start out in quest of big game. Mrs. Dunn is an unerring shot, and dozens of moose and deer have fallen to her hunting prowess. And Mrs. Dunn's reputation for cooking, rates on equal terms with her shooting ability.

USEFULNESS

The duty which no one can disclaim, the test which no one may evade and the praise which no one will despise, are all included in the homely word of usefulness. Who will say that it is not his duty to be useful? Who will pretend that he cannot be useful if only he cares to be? We admire a man's brilliancy or we envy his capacity, or we listen to his eloquence; but a man may be brilliant and capable and eloquent, and yet the world may be much the better for him, possibly even the worse. But to say that a man is useful — in other words, that he has served God in his generation with such gifts as were at his disposal, and earned when he died the two great rewards of being missed and being regretted is after all, the greatest commendation that a human soul can receive. —Bishop Thorold.

THAT'S DIFFERENT

"What is the matter, my little man? asked a sympathetic stranger of a small boy whom he saw crying in the street. "Please, sir, my dog's dead," sobbed the boy. "Well," said the man, "you mustn't make such a trouble of it. My grandmamma died last week, and I'm not crying." "No," said the boy, "but you didn't bring her up from a pup!"

WAS HE HIRRED?

A young man applied for a job and was granted an interview. After the usual preliminaries the manager said: "Have you any ambition?" "Ambition?" replied the young man. "I shall never rest until I see you out of that chair."

LAUGHTER

One good hearty laugh is a...

FASHION GUIDES

FOR THE HOME DRESSMAKER

A distinctive black velvet dress of youthful lines. Sparkling buttons trip down the front of the tight bodice to the snug waistline. Excitingly new is the squarish neck with its "stand-up" lace frill... adorably feminine. Its slim flattering lines will tempt you to use the pattern again in crepe silk or sheer wool with shirt collar and zipper closing. You couldn't ask for anything more simple to sew. Included in the pattern is a diagrammed sewing instruction chart.

Style No. 3159 is designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20 years, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40-inches bust. Size 16 requires 4 7/8 yards of 39-inch material with 2 yards of ruffing.

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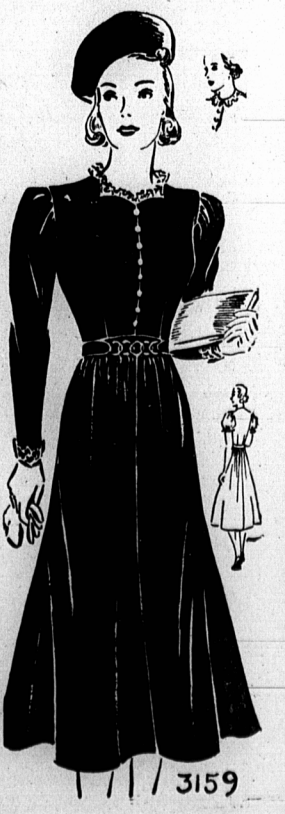
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Dorothy Dix's Letter Box

After a Woman Becomes Forty, She Reaches the Age of Indiscretion and Needs a Chaperone as Much as Her Younger Daughters

Dear Miss Dix—Why are people around the ages of 45 and 50 wilder than even the younger people? I am a young married woman, brought up by a mother who was so strict she watched my every move and never allowed me to drink or smoke. I think she would have had a spasm if I had taken a cocktail or lit a cigarette. So she has always been my ideal of what was proper to do. Now, all of a sudden after having been a pattern of correctness all of her life, she has gone wild. She drinks and smokes, and the other day when I happened to break in on her in the midst of a party the talk and smoking and drinking and goings-on made me sick. What am I to do? I love my mother as much as any daughter could and I feel I can't stand for her to act this way. It is silly and disgusting. It seems to me that when a woman is a grandmother it is time for her to quiet down instead of stepping on the gas to bewildered daughter.

There is nothing the matter with your mother except that she is forty-five. She has reached the age of indiscretion when she needs a chaperone far more than she did when she was 16 but, unfortunately, there is nobody who can keep an eye on her and make her behave. Lots of women lose their heads as your mother has done when they get to be about that old. They have gone along as sober and steady as you please, being good wives and mothers, pillars of the church and blue-ribboners, and patronesses of all sorts of ethical and cultural movements. They have let nature take its course and give 'em the middle-age spread and grizzled hair and you would have sworn that they didn't have a single improper impulse in their whole system.

Then, suddenly, without warning or rhyme or reason, mother kicked up her heels and jumped the fence. She became the pop and stay of beauty shops and the answer to prayer of the people with reducing formulas. She dyed her honest gray hair; she had her eyebrows plucked; she painted her face up like a Jezebel; she bought clothes too young for her indulged in flirtations that got her into messes that her husband had to pay her out of. She began frequenting night clubs and cultivating the society of boys and girls who only endured her because she paid the checks.

You can see plainly of women like Mother wherever you go. Middle-aged women with lifted faces and strawberry-jam-colored hair; figures of boys who slyly young clothes, simpering up into the faces of slick-haired boys whose meal tickets they are; speaking of themselves as "we girls" and trying to ape the tricks and manners of flappers. Old sheep trying to pass for Spring lamb.

Why they do it, heaven only knows. Perhaps it is because that when a woman suddenly realizes that her youth is almost gone she makes a desperate and frantic clutch at what is left of it.

Maybe it is because when she sees romance passing her by she feels that there is a woman with whom she is in love and she is emotionally weak and needs me. So far as I am concerned my life is worthless, and if he can be happy with her it will be salvaging at least half of the wreck. What can I do? WONDERRING WIFE.

Apparently your husband is of polygamist instincts and desires two wives, as he seems unwilling to give up either you or the Lady Love. He wants not only to have his cake and eat it too, but wants a couple of slices. I don't think he is alone in this attitude toward you and the "other woman." I think that there are many men who really love and admire their wives above all other women and are perfectly satisfied with their home lives, yet who like to have a little outside affair just for the thrill and romance and because they like variety in women. When you are demanding that your husband shall get the divorce, you are asking the impossible. He has no cause for divorcing you, so you will have to make the move, if it is made.

Perhaps your daughters are not wrong in suggesting that there be no divorce and that you just let your philandering husband's long drawn-out love affair rock along as it has been doing. Perhaps he is tired of it after all and doesn't want to be forced to marry the "other woman," and perhaps, if you love him, you will be happier with him with all of his faults and weaknesses than without him.

Dear Dorothy Dix—I am in love with a man of 42. He is clean, honorable, upright, with a heart untouched by the sordid things of life, but he has never been able to make much money. I am 23. Should I marry him or some man for whom I do not care, but who has more money? B. J.

I am not strong for these men of 42 who have souls untouched by the sordid things of life. Their wives usually have to support them. But neither do I believe in marrying for money. A woman makes a poor bargain who sells herself, no matter how much she gets. DOROTHY DIX.

PIMPLES



CUTICURA

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You see, she went on presently, I want to do something with my life. I found that out the winter I was a debutante. It was fun at first but I got awfully bored. I wanted to do something. I told you once that I'm the tortoise-shell cat who thought she was a lion. I look like somebody who does interesting things, at least to myself I do, and I'm always sure that I'm going to be a shining success. But I have no particular talents. One Jim said, "You dance beautifully. And one other, at least, you play a swell game of tennis."

But— I don't do either well enough, she replied. I wanted to be terribly interested in something. I was getting discouraged and then I met Jerry. Her voice caressed the name I found Jerry she went on, and I found myself. I knew that Jerry was my job. Jerry has more than a touch of genius. But he needs a tremendous amount of encouragement and sympathy and understanding. How old are you, Cecily? Jim asked, moved by her sincerity, vaguely alarmed for her, unaware that he was asking her a personal question or that he had addressed her, intimately, using her name.

Twenty, she replied. I know what you're thinking, she added. You're thinking that I'm pathetically young and romantic and idealistic. No, he protested. No, you aren't.

But I had to tell you all this so you'd understand, she went on. I want Father to know Jerry. Father has the quaint idea that actors and artists are lily-like creatures, innocent he terms moral fiber. They aren't, Jerry isn't, at least. He can beat me at tennis and swim like a fish. He's well read about his work. I want Father to know him. Jim moved restlessly. He was becoming weary of Jeremy Clyde. He doubted the actuality of the virtues Cecily listed. Jeremy Clyde. The name was an affection. He'd probably been christened Jerome or Jeremiah. Moral fiber. He doubted that, too.

Why bother about your Father? he asked, conscious that the words were edged with sarcasm. Why don't you get married. You're past the legal age. She considered that for a moment. Then—We've talked of it, she said slowly. Jerry has suggested it. But it's taking too great a chance. If Father should cut me off with a quarter, Jerry would have to give up the stage and get a job. That wouldn't be helping him. No, she said decisively. I want Father to know Jerry and to help him. One good part would make him. We have the part. Her voice was almost breathless with excitement. A friend of Jerry's has written a play with a perfect part for him. I want Father to back it.

So that was it! Jim wondered whether the idea was her own or a thought flowering in Clyde's mind. Now for the favor! Cecily drew a long breath. Jim, she said, with admirable directness, I want you to suggest to father that Jerry must come for a visit, the first week in September, after the theater closes. Jim made an articulate sound of protest. Wait a minute, Cecily added quickly. This is the idea. Forbidden fruit. You know. Make Father think that if Jerry can visit us, I'll lose my fondness for him. It's possible. No, it isn't. I'll love Jerry as long as I live. But it's sporting proposition. Both Father and I stand a chance to win—or lose. To Be Continued

TRUE BY THE SUN. By LIDA LARRIMORE. (Continued) CHAPTER VI. Cecily was waiting for him when he returned to Meadowbrook. The instant he saw her car driving in the lower end of the drive, Jim felt that he had known she would be there. The fawn-colored roadster blocked his progress. Good evening, he said distantly. I have a flat tire, she announced. You could have run up to the garage on the rim. Could but didn't she said airily. Why didn't you? I thought you would be coming along this way soon. Oh! Well, I won't try to fix it here. Drive on up to the garage. You drive for me. It was scarcely a command. Her voice was as soft as silk. It's so hard to steer with a flat on the front wheel. And taking his acquiescence for granted she moved over from under the steering wheel. You don't sound very—clummy she said. Are you hungry or sleepy or anything? No. That's good. I want to talk. But why to me? Oh, enemies intrigue me. May I have a cigarette? Jim supplied a cigarette and a light. In the fare of the match he saw distinctly the golden lights in her eyes. His hands were aware of her. He flicked the match into the drive. Thank you. She made herself comfortable again. Did you have a pleasant evening? Very pleasant. Dutch's is fun. Good orchestra. I didn't know that the girl in the dress-store was a friend of yours. She is a nice kid, he said. Amusing. Good dancer. I'm sure she is Cecily's voice was spoken. I meant no disparagement. You needn't get out your duelling pistols. He desisted that. Jim thought. He hadn't been defended Dolly vigorously. Jim, she said, breaking a lengthening silence. Will you do something for me?

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Charming new portrait studies of the Duchess of Kent and Prince Edward and Princess Alexandra. At left, the Duchess is photographed with Prince Edward, who was two years old Saturday (October 9). Princess Alexandra, right, will celebrate her first birthday this coming Christmas Day.