

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

## The HOUSEWIFE and HER ACTIVITIES

### CHRISTMAS

Christmas is a time of secrets. I'll whisper one to you. Papa says that all who try it, find that every word is true: "Would you have a happy day? Give some happiness away."

Grampa says this little secret should be carried thro' the year. And if all would try to heed it, Earth would soon be full of cheer. "Would you have a happy day? Give some happiness away."

—H. A. Lynn.

### DARK FLOORS EFFECTIVE

If you are tired of a white bathroom floor why not try a dark one instead? Dark ones are very effective in contrast to white plumbing fixtures. Marbleized linoleum are good for bathroom floors in marine blue or plain black linoleum with huge white inlaid center motif, such as a five-pointed star, a sunburst or a circle.

Chocolate brown is another smart color for a bathroom. Dusky pink walls and white curtains and linen make a stunning effect with this. Deep, vivid hunter's green could also be combined with pure white; grey with scarlet; terra cotta with black. You see there are many different colors and combinations that would individualize your bathroom.

### FACES

Spread round crackers with plenteous cream cheese and make the features of faces using hard pecan nuts for mouths and longwise lashed chicken corn candy for noses. The combination is both effective and nutritious and pleases both young and old. Nice for parties.

### FAITH

Faith makes contact of human need with divine resources.

### WISE MEN

Wise men don't trust the words of those whose word deceives.

### DEEDS

The deed that best proves man's citizenship is what he is.

### SERVICE

Serve the world but do not be the servant of the world.

### SELF-CONTROL

Self-control is the daughter of faith.

### PRIDE

Pride grows fast enough and needs no feeding.

### LITTLE THINGS

Little things make up the sum of good or evil in life.

### WOMEN AND NEWSPAPERS.

(Sudbury Star.)  
Recently a Florida newspaper

offered a year's subscription for the best answer to the question: "Why is a woman like a newspaper?" Here are some of the answers that were sent in:

"Because you can't believe anything they say."  
"Because they are thinner now than they used to be."  
"Because they are easy to read."  
"Because they are well worth looking over."  
"Because back numbers are not usually worth what they cost."  
"Because they always have the last word."  
"Because they carry the news wherever they go."  
But the one that topped the subscription was: "Because every man should have one of his own, and no run after his neighbor's"

### IT FITS LIKE A GLOVE HAS MEANING AGAIN

Following on the very general success of the sports and tailored glove for the past two seasons, a new type is beginning to make its appearance. This is the very "lady-like" glove, usually pique sewn, slim, molded fitted to the hand and usually in glace leathers.

Such gloves require new fashions of fitting, since it has been some time since the "smooched-on-it" has been fashionable.

With street length cocktail frocks, with elegant daytime or informal evening costume which is not an out-and-out sports ensemble, this kind of glove will be good.

### 74392 STITCHES

It takes 74392 stitches to make a suit of clothes for a man of average size, declares De soe Szaky, a tailor of Hodmezo-Vasarhely, a town in Hungary.

Some 36,000 of these stitches are by hand and the rest are by machine.

### COMPLETE OUTFIT

If you don't believe this story, it is filed in the Police Court in Los Angeles as case No. 11263 C. It was heard before Federal Judge George Cosgrave.

"Your name," asked the court of the first defendant in a bootlegging case.

"Coates, sir," said defendant Marvin Coates.

"Your name?" asked the court of the second defendant.

"Pantz, sir," was the answer.

"Tony Panz?"

"Your name couldn't be any chance to be Collar, or Cuff?" the third defendant was asked.

"No sir, no sire it's—it's (Out with it) 'come the order—its Shurtz, judge; honest, judge, its Harold Shurtz."

The judge took a drink of water before asking: "Are you gentlemen, Coates, Panz, and Shurtz represented by counsel?"

Prosecuting attorney answered: "Their attorney is not present." He said, "Their attorney is Mr. Vest, Charles Vest, your honor."

The case was adjourned so that Coates, Panz, and Shurtz could appear with Mr. Vest.

## THE COOK'S CORNER

### CREAMY EGGS

4 tablespoons melted butter  
4 eggs  
1-2 teaspoon salt  
Few grains pepper  
3-4 cup milk

Beat eggs add seasoning, milk and melted butter. Cook in part of double boiler. As mixture thickens around sides and bottom, stir it into centre. Continue until all mixture is coagulated. Serve hot on toast.

### CREAM OF CELERY SOUP

4 tablespoons butter  
1-2 teaspoon salt  
Few grains pepper  
4 cups milk and vegetable water  
1 cup celery pulp  
4 tablespoons flour

Cut outer stalks of celery into pieces and cook in boiling salted water until tender. Strain, retaining vegetable water. Put celery through coarse sieve. Make cream sauce of butter, flour, seasoning, milk and vegetable water. Add celery pulp. Sprinkle with parsley and serve hot.

### FRUIT TAPIOCA

1-4 cup fine tapioca or 1-2 cup pearl tapioca  
1-4 teaspoon salt  
3 cups milk  
1-3 cup sugar  
1 egg yolk  
1 egg white  
1 teaspoon vanilla  
1 cup fresh fruit

Cook tapioca with salt and milk in top of boiler until transparent. Add sugar. Add a small amount of hot mixture of beaten egg yolk. Combine with mixture in double boiler and cook for 5 minutes. Remove from the heat and fold in stiffly beaten egg white and vanilla.

The fruit may be added to the mixture with the beaten egg white, or placed in the bottom of dessert dishes and covered with mixture. Serve warm, or thoroughly chilled.

If pearl tapioca is used, soak for at least one hour in cold water and drain before cooking.

### FOR GRACEFUL APPEARANCE

Correct breathing ensures (1) development of the muscles of the chest, better posture, and more graceful appearance; (2) increase of oxygen, on which the life of the tissues depends; (3) a cheaper and more scientific "cure" of anaemia than iron pills, a crude way of supplying large quantities of iron to the intestine when the blood and body cells require a microscopic quantity; (4) deep breathing causes internal massage of the organs, the digestive organs especially, which is of incalculable benefit to us all; (5) the psychological effect of correct breathing can be only dimly imagined by Western people.

### Dr. Wood's

Get a bottle of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup from your druggist or dealer. It strikes at the foundation of the trouble. A few doses will convince you it is just the remedy you require.

It helps to stimulate the weakened bronchial organs, allays irritation, subdues inflammation, soothes and heals the irritated parts, loosens the phlegm and mucus, and aids nature to dislodge the morbid accumulations.

When this is done the persistent, hacking cough will disappear, no lying awake nights, no inflammation of the bronchial tubes.

### GORDON FIFE, Soldier of Fortune

Alma laughed softly. "What do I want, Mr. Carryall? You can ask that after watching the downfall of the Whittakers! What do you think Lawson Whittaker's daughter would be likely to want?"

He evaded her gaze, and his pale eyes flickered briefly about the laboratory. What did she mean, anyhow? Was she playing with

## Best for all your Baking PURITY FLOUR for Cakes, Pastry and Bread



### CHAPTER XXIX

When Roy Carryall arrived at the laboratory, Alma kept him waiting a quarter of an hour while she finished the job she was working on. Finally, she turned away from her bench, wiping her hands on a dye-stained towel.

"Now what did you want to see me about, Mr. Carryall?"

Carryall smiled blandly. His eyes traveled slowly around the bleak room, with its soot-blackened walls, its green-shaded droplight over the work-bench, and its dyed-stained floor, as if these things had a part in what he was about to say.

"I understand," he began cautiously, "that you've perfected a new dye formula of importance to industry. Have you considered marketing it for the highest price?"

"How did you learn of this formula?" Alma asked, with blunt directness.

"The town is agog with the news," Carryall smiled. "And I have confidential information that the expert chemical engineer who tested the formula considers it a valuable discovery. It occurred to me that perhaps you'd like to get some quick money out of it instead of having to wait for what the company would pay you for it."

"It didn't occur to you that you'd probably make another fat killing?" Alma flared. "You're quite right! Wood. In that way I've learned of your profit on that deal you made with Bestall Remedies! You made thirty thousand on that little deal, Roy Carryall! You had no intention of foreclosing on my father's store and home until Bestall came around and told you my father wouldn't sell for a cut-throat bid! Then you connived with them to take his business away from him by force, and sell it to Bestall!"

She stopped, aware that he was not at all perturbed by her angry outburst.

"My dear Miss Whittaker," he said blandly, "that is business! If modern business operated on Sir Galahad ideals, nobody would have any money! And now, since you've learned something about business and have discovered the value of the rights of your formula for, say, fifty thousand dollars, I can give you a certified check for that amount at once."

"At that price," Alma said, "it would be a gift. You do not exactly flatter yourself, toying with such trifling interests, Mr. Carryall. I would have expected Burntwood's big banker to concern himself with bigger deals!"

He flushed at her taunt, and eyed her warily.

"What do you consider a fair price then?" he asked. "What do you want?"

Alma laughed softly. "What do I want, Mr. Carryall? You can ask that after watching the downfall of the Whittakers! What do you think Lawson Whittaker's daughter would be likely to want?"

He evaded her gaze, and his pale eyes flickered briefly about the laboratory. What did she mean, anyhow? Was she playing with

### him? Then his eyes traveled downward, and he noticed her shoes. Shabby oxfords, they were. Golf shoes, left over from bygone splendor. He did not realize that Alma wore them because it was foolish to wear anything good in a chemical laboratory. He saw only that the shoes were shabby and scuffed and old. "I know what you mean," he said. "You want your father restored to his former position in this town. You want back all that you lost." He smiled benignly. "What?" Alma asked evenly. "Well, Mr. Carryall?" "I can do that for you, Miss Whittaker. I can see to it that your father gets his shop back, debt free—his home, also. I can put you right back where you were if you'll listen to my proposition." "How?" Alma questioned him coldly. "How could you do any such thing, Mr. Carryall? I understand your bank is closed. It may never open again—according to rumors! Yet you prattle of buying a drugstore worth a hundred and fifty thousand, and a home valued at forty thousand!" "I'll tell you how, Miss Whittaker," he said, running his tongue around his dry lips, nervously reaching for his cigarette case. "You can't smoke in here!" Alma said sharply, and he hastily put the case back in his pocket. "I have in my personal possession," he explained softly, "over two hundred thousand dollars worth of Bestall Remedies stock, part of which belongs to Sig Burntwood, but he is in on this with me. And Sig owns your old home." "So what, Mr. Carryall?" Alma persisted. "So if we turn that stock over to you, and deed you the house, will you call it a trade?" "You began by offering me fifty thousand. If that stock's worth as much as you say, you're jumping your price pretty steeply, aren't you?" "I've a gambler's instinct, Miss Whittaker." "I—I'll have to think it over," Alma said. "I'll tell you now." "Why not sign this little binder, Miss Whittaker, giving me a first option? It will not hamper your decision any and it gives you my certified check for five hundred, to convince you I mean business." "Not tonight, Mr. Carryall. I'd like to think this over a bit. If you'll come back tomorrow evening at the same time, I'll have my mind made up." He left, confident that he had persuaded her, unaware that, back in the laboratory, Alma was smiling triumphantly. (To be Continued)

### A Morning Smile

FAIR EXCHANGE?  
Magistrate: "You broke into the same store three nights in succession."  
Culprit: "That's right!"  
Magistrate: "Couldn't you steal all you wanted in one night?"  
Culprit: "Well, you see, sir I stole only one dress really, for my wife, but she made me change it twice!"

### MISREPRESENTATION!

Genleman, killing in insurance form: "It sez 'ere, 'Any insanity in the family?'"  
Lady: "Well, put 'No' of course."  
He: "Ow about Uncle 'Orace' 'n' his 'Napoleon'?"  
She: "Ye'r don't want to take no notice of 'im, 'tis pol'y!"—Leonard Aldridge, Winnipeg, Man.

## Today's Short Wave Radio Program

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 11 BERLIN

5 p.m.—Scenes from "King Lear." R.D., 25.4 m., 11.77 m.g. ROME

6 p.m.—News in English. Concert of Sicilian songs. Rome's Midnight Voice. Operatic selections. 2RO.

6.30 p.m.—Irish Variety or "Ball fast Bran Tub." GSP, 19.8 m., 15.31 m.g.; OSD, 25.5 m., 11.75 m.g.; 31.3 m., 9.58 m.g.

7 p.m.—Topical talk. Russian lesson. RAN, 31.2 m., 9.6 m.g.

8 p.m.—"From a Rose Garden"—orchestra and soloists. CRGX. 49.2 m., 6.09 m.g.; CJRO, 48.7 m., 6.15 m.g.; CJRX, 25.6 m., 11.72 m.g.

8.30 p.m.—Gorgeous Baroque. DJD, 25.4 m., 11.7 m.g.

9.15 p.m.—Dance Music. YVZRO 51.7 m., 5.8 m.g.

10:10 p.m.—Carroll Gibbons and the Savoy Hotel Orpheans. GSD, 25.5 m., 11.75 m.g.; GSC, 31.3 m., 9.58 m.g.

10:40 p.m.—T. Program. RA-4, 25.6 m., 11.72 m.g.

12 midnight—DX Club. W8XK 48.8 m., 6.14 m.g.

## Dorothy Dix

### Children Often Wonder if Parents Face Same Problems in Their Day that Confront the Younger Generation of This Age—They Did

The women who attended a recent mothers' convention decided that the time had come for parents to climb down off their pedestals and dealing with their children and show the children that they were human beings like their parents.



In discussing this subject one woman told of a young girl who came to her for advice about what to do when a boy expected good-night kisses as payment for taking her to the movies and who said that he couldn't ask her mother about this matter because her mother had never been kissed. And she can match this story with a letter I received not long ago from a 16-year-old miss who after informing me that I was totally unqualified to deal with the problems of modern youth, added pitily, "but, of course you are not to be blamed for this, Miss Dix. Sex had not been discovered in your day."

Undoubtedly these two fappers expressed the general reaction of their generation toward their parents. Father and Mother are dears but they are fossils. Their ideas are antique and outmoded and no more fit today's problems than bustles and hoop-skirts did the problems of the past. They are people who have somehow missed all the experience of life and know nothing of the temptations and problems that face youth.

Doubtless every boy wonders by what fluke of luck such a doctor as his father ever managed to accumulate a fortune. Every girl probably secretly speculates about how a woman with as little IT as her mother ever managed to get married. If they think about their parents' coup de main at all they have a mental picture of two prim and precise individuals sitting on opposite sides of a large room shouting conversational platitudes at each other.

It would surprise them beyond measure to know they are taking the very same road that their mothers and fathers have trodden before them; that there is not a desire that animates their hearts that Mother and Father have not felt; not a temptation they meet that has not also assailed their parents. And it would amaze them still more to know that Father was a shell in his day and Mother a flirt and the old-fashioned sofa saw as much getting as ever a parked automobile does, and that Mother and Father made just as many mistakes and were just as silly and got into as many messes as Bob and Sally do.

The real reason that children do not confide in their parents and go to them for counsel is because they cannot picture Father and Mother as ever having been young and having had the experiences that they are going through. They feel that those who have always been strong and wise could not possibly understand or sympathize with their weaknesses and follies.

Naturally this is the result of the parents' teachings. For in their desire to be admired and revered by their children the average father and mother do assume the role of godlings. According to Father, he was always the perfect scholar who loved school and who never had to be prodded to do his homework; he simply loved to do his chores about the house; he always obeyed his parents and loved his little sisters and brothers, and when he grew up he was the industrious apprentice and saved his money instead of spending it in having good times. He never went out wild parties, or drank too much, or played the races, or made whoopee or wandered a step off the straight and narrow road.

And as Mother tells it she also was a model student and practiced her music lessons without being told; she was Mother's little helper at home; never looked at a boy until she was 18; she always came home from parties before midnight and the first man she ever kissed was Father after they were married.

Indubitably this superior attitude of parents raises a bar between them and their children and it will be in the interest of confidence between them for fathers and mothers to climb down off their pedestals to their children's level. But one wonders if the children will really like it, or want it, or even if it will be for the best interest of the children. For we must all have something to look up to, some ideal of perfection, and I suspect the children will be more shocked than pleased to find that Father and Mother are really no better than they are themselves.

It doesn't make for good fellowship for children to see their parents sadden with drink, or making fools of themselves over other people's wives and husbands. It just sweeps away their belief in something finer than that was worth living up to. And so I don't believe in parents destroying the illusion of their infallibility. As long as Mother and Father stay on their pedestals they are an example to their children. —DOROTHY DIX

## Fashions' Latest For Chic Dressers

Even your brother will envy you in this tailored blouse. It has an action pleat at the back, a neat smart yoke and a single breast pocket. The sleeves are gathered into buttoned cuffs. You'll want to make one for yourself after you've made it as a Xmas surprise for daughter. The pattern is so easy to follow.

Creme silk in dark shades are especially smart for school or office wear. Satin crepe, rayon challis print alpaca, wool jersey, linen, etc. are other popular fabrics to consider when you are making your selection.

The pattern and material is another suggestion for Xmas gift. Style No. 1799 is designed for sizes 14, 16, 18 years, 36, 38 and 40-inch bust. Size 16 requires 2 yards of 39-inch material.

Price of pattern 15 cents in stamps or coin (coin preferred). Wrap coin carefully address to Charlottetown Guardian giving—

No. 1799 Size \_\_\_\_\_

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

**Chest Colds**  
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## Crochet Bedroom Sandals Open and Closed Toes by Mayfair



Mayfair Needle-art Design No. 203

Sandals and mules are always very welcome and useful gifts. The two designs shown are with open and closed toes, to suit all tastes. While you will crochet these for gifts, you will also want them for yourself, as they are very quick to make and it is nice work to do.

The pattern contains working instructions for each style without abbreviations, directions for sizing, color suggestions, detail of stitches for crochet and a sample of material used for the original models.

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

To The Charlottetown Guardian Needlework Dept.  
DESIGN NO. 203  
Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Street Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ Province \_\_\_\_\_

## Long Live the King!

ONE MOMENT, YOUR MAJESTY... WE WILL ADD TO OUR CONDITIONS A COMPLETE PARDON FOR MAMSELLE DUVAL... IF ANYTHING SHOULD HAPPEN TO HER, WE WILL HOLD YOU TO ACCOUNT.

COME!... WE'VE NO TIME TO WASTE... SIGN... OR THE COLONEL HAS A NICE LITTLE PLACE ALL PREPARED FOR YOU.

YOU'VE GOT ME... CURSE YOU, AND YOU'R YANKEE TRICKS... I HOPE I LIVE TO SEE YOU HANG.

THEN I WISH YOU A LONG AND PROSPEROUS REIGN, SIRE.

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