

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

The HOUSEWIFE and HER ACTIVITIES

Wouldst thou go forth to bless? Be sure of thine own ground: Fix well thy centre first. Then draw thy circle round. —Archbishop Trench.

TISSUE PAPER

Use the tissue paper that came wrapped around your Christmas presents to dry and polish mirrors and windows. It will give a lovely high polish to them. Don't just throw it away.

WINDOWS IN WINTER

Wood alcohol is an efficient agent for window cleaning during the cold weather. It will not freeze on the window as water does. Dampen a cloth with alcohol and apply it to the window. Shine with a clean dry cloth.

SOAP AND WATER ONLY METHOD OF CLEANING HAIR

"The only way of keeping the hair clean is by washing it with soap and water," writes a scalp specialist. "Washing never did and never will harm the hair," he continues. "It does not dry the scalp, it does not destroy the hair growth and it does not cause or increase dandruff. On the contrary soap and water simply clean and do not lose their historic property when coming in contact with the scalp and hair."

VARIED THOUGHTS

Onion juice will remove scorch stains from white materials. Give all naps on which damp towels or cloths are to be hung a coat of white enamel. A lump of starch dissolved in the water when washing windows will make the glass clear and sparkling.

A little starch in the rinse water when washing rag rugs will prevent them from curling on the ends and will also keep them clean longer.

SHORT SKIRTS OF PRE-DEPRESSION DAYS RETURN TO FASHION

Pre-depression days of short skirts in women's clothing designs are here again. A consensus of film colony fashion designers revealed last night.

Seventeen motion picture fashion designers agreed that skirts this spring will be from 14 to 16 inches from the ground — decrease of four to six inches in the length of skirts.

Among film fashion predictions for this year are a "rage for blue, cornflower and delphinium — particularly navy blue," abandonment of puffed sleeves, heavy evening wraps and introduction of cartoon effects on dresses.

Orry-Kelly predicted "an important trend toward Persian clothes" and added that "comical figures will appear in print."

Edward Stevenson expects skirts to be "shorter and swingier" in keeping with swing music. They also will be uneven along the hemline, according to Royer.

EXERCISES FOR HANDS, KNEES AND FEET

Nowadays' most women realize the importance of bending and stretching routines that keep waistlines slender and supple. But a good many pay no attention to their hands, knees and feet.

Dorothy Dix's Letter Box

Every Woman Should Be Taught The Intricacies of Finance So They Will Be Able To Take Care of Any Estate Left Them By Husbands

Dear Miss Dix—Something that you said in an article not long ago about how ignorant most women are of financial matters set me thinking of the number of women I know who have been left comfortable estates by their husband and who, with pitifully few exceptions, have lost them not only through sharks, but also through well-meaning but badly informed friends who gave them bum tips. Then I remembered that I also had inherited property which I had turned over to my husband to manage and about which I knew nothing and I began to think what would become of me if he should die.



So I asked my husband if he would give me a course in the principles of sound investing. He was surprised and amused, but when he saw I was serious he agreed and now we take one hour and a half regularly one night a week and let no engagements interfere with the lessons. I am not the type and never can be, to turn into a financial wizard, but I am learning about the different types and the merits of each kind, and about diversifications and now much risk one is justifiable in taking. I am even learning to read a financial statement so that I can at least tell whether a company is in a strong or weak position. And so I would not be perfectly helpless if I was suddenly called upon to manage my estate.

The by-products of this are also worth considering—they are the pleasure it is giving my husband. Now he can show me his business statement with pride, and whereas, formerly I would murmur vaguely "how nice," now I can discuss it with something approaching understanding. For myself, I am getting a realization that good business management requires plenty of shrewd judgment, and that there is a dash of adventure and excitement in these things.

My lessons are conducted like a classroom course. I take notes and am quizzed each time on what has gone before. As I said, I will never be a Betty Green, but this course of study under my husband has drawn us closer together, given us a new mutual interest and is fitting me to be better able to look out for my children if I should ever need to.

I commend this highly intelligent and interesting letter not only to every married woman who reads this column, but also, more particularly, to her husband. As I have said and again, there is no other one thing so strange as that the great majority of American men spend their lives toiling to make the money to keep their wives and daughters safe and comfortable when they are no longer alive to support them, yet these same devoted husbands and fathers make no effort whatever to teach these women how to take care of the money they leave them when they die.

Every man knows that it is even harder to keep money than it is to make it, and they know that every woman who has any money is the fore-damned prey of every crook and grater who hears about it. Any knowledge that the grave will not have closed upon them before all the high-powered salesmen all the peddlers of blue sky stock, everypoop with an itching palm and a 20 per cent dividend scheme, will be hot on the trail of their widows out, and that what these don't hornswoggle their bereaved widows into, Uncle John and Cousin Thomas and Deacon Bank, who pray so beautifully, will borrow without security. The statistics collected by an investment company show that the average widow gets rid of whatever money her husband left her within from five to seven years.

Why men who have intelligence enough to make a success of their business should think that a woman who has never taught anything about financial matters, who doesn't know a gilt-edged security from Wildcat preferred, who has never had the handling of any money, who often has never even signed a check, should suddenly upon their death be turned into a financial wizard, nobody can explain. But apparently they do, for a single string tied to them, to the ignorance of women who in life they had never trusted to even handle the market money.

The only protection that a woman and her children can have is for her husband to do as this man has done, and for him to systematically set about teaching her how to manage the estate he will leave her. And it is no use for men to say that this can't be done; that women have no head for business and can never be taught to handle money in this day when there are so many successful business women, and when the cashier in three-fourths of the stores and restaurants in the land are mere girls. Every married man knows that when it comes to spending, his wife can get twice as much out of a dollar as he can, and the women who can do this can be taught how to manage investments if her husband will take the trouble to do so.

Dear Dorothy Dix—Are people happier with children or without? We are a young couple. My husband is 25, I am 22. We have been married nearly four years and so far our home life is beautiful and we have been perfectly happy, but our problem is this: We cannot decide whether or not we should have children. Are they worth the expense and worry they cost? Do children ever appreciate the efforts their parents expend to rear them? What do you think?

I do not believe that any one should have children unless they ardently desire them. Nature does not implant the paternal and maternal instinct in every breast, and when this is lacking there is also lacking the love, the intuition, the patience, the sympathy and tenderness with which to deal with children.

But the good Lord will doubtless settle your problem for you by giving you, when you are a little older, a child-hunger that will make you feel that life is chinders, ashes and dust without a baby's head on your breast and little arms about your neck. As to whether children are a good investment or not that depends mostly I think on the way you rear them. If you bring them up properly they will be a crown of glory to you, otherwise they will bow your head in shame.

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The House Not For Her

By EVE BRANGWYN

As the big picture faded out Sonia Watson gave a queer little gasp and glanced at Alec, whose handsome profile she could just make out, dark against the pink of the wall behind.

It was a film that made one think, somehow. Even though it was about nothing more than the struggles of a young couple for life of an everyday kind together. They had been prepared to sacrifice so many of the things that other people prize, just for this end alone.

Alec Cardew was lighting a cigarette. He was looking straight in front of him and his thoughts seemed far away. After a second, he said lightly.

"Had enough, dear Or shall we stay for the comedy?" Sonia shook her head and they got up to go. Alec took her arm as they went out into the street and walked towards the supper room where they generally finished their evenings. He still seemed a little remote, and she wondered what he was thinking about.

Over supper in the bright room with the orchestra playing and a few couples already drifting round, it was the same. She and Alec appeared to have nothing to say to each other, a thing which had happened once or twice lately, though it had not always been so.

They used to have so much to say! Innumerable things to discuss, apart from Alec's work in the insurance office, Sonia's own still more intriguing job as dress designer. Why had all this suddenly come to an end?

As she ate her ice she caught Alec studying her enquiringly. She looked at something new and rather analytical in his eyes.

"Well," she challenged, "and what do you think of me? This is a new frock I'm wearing, if you haven't happened to notice!"

It was time he had, Sonia thought to herself, aware of looking her best in the jade green dress that showed up the whiteness of her skin and lit smouldering tawny lights in her dark hair.

"Darling, you always look perfect," he assured her with a mock gravity. "Only I was—just wishing you were not quite so competent and cool. So independent—Oh, I can't explain!"

Sonia was looking at him in surprise. What an extraordinary thing to have said!

"Why not competent and cool?" she demanded. "Since I have my living to earn, that's what I ought to be, isn't it?"

There was a slight edge to her voice. Hadn't she always rather prided herself on her poise?

Rather clumsily Alec began explaining that this business of competently earning her own living was what he didn't care about. He'd rather she wasn't doing it so well, getting so wrapped up in it. He

"Don't be silly, Alec!" Sonia cut him suddenly short, fighting down the conviction that she knew what he was driving at. It's absolute nonsense you're talking! Do you want me one of those sobby little clinging fools that can't do a thing for themselves and have to have a man to save them every time?

She broke off, realizing that she had been really angry and was glaring at Alec across the table.

He looked at her in surprise and his colour rose faintly.

All right, dear, I was only just trying to explain. Shall we dance now? This is the Sundown Waltz."

She had been silly, Sonia thought. What was the matter with her tonight that she felt as if she was keeping something at bay?

Taking out her compact, she powdered her face unsteadily. Then, with a rather a winking smile, she rose and slipped into Alec's arms, to be swung out on to the shining floor.

They had danced for too long together, and both with too great perfection, for there to be anything but harmony there.

It was midnight when they left the room, to find a warm dark night, dry underfoot, though it had been raining when they went in.

"Shall we walk to your place?" Alec said. "You're not tired, are you?"

Sonia shook her head. Alec often walked back with her through the empty streets to the block of women's flats up Euston way where she lived, though his own rooms were in another direction.

He was smoking as usual when they got out, but after a few minutes he threw away the stump of the cigarette and thrust his arm through hers. There was an urgency in the movement that startled her.

"Look here, do you love me, Sonia?" he said. "Tell me, I want to know."

"Why, Alec—" Sonia was taken aback. "I'm fond of you, of course. Should we have gone about together

as we have for over a year if I wasn't?"

"Well then, if you really are, can't we get married? Soon, I'd like to. We've gone on long enough like this. Let's make an end of it, Sonia!"

At the sound of pleading in Alec's voice Sonia swept over Sonia. This was what she had been keeping at bay!

"Oh, Alec, why this, all of a sudden?" she said distastefully. "Why are you even definitely engaged? I don't want to get married yet."

"Why not, if you care for me?" Alec said.

"Oh, for lots of reasons. You know when first we knew each other we agreed that this sort of thing was much better than being tied up and married—more interest and variety about it. We couldn't get dull and bored with each other and so on."

"Any more reasons?" Alec said grimly.

"Yes. There's my work. I couldn't let that go, and I must concentrate on it if I'm to make the name for myself I want to. Besides, you couldn't afford it, Alec, either."

She knew this was only catching at a straw even before Alec said, "I can afford it perfectly well. You know my salary has just been raised again, and how well I did invest that legacy I had just spring. I can marry when I want to, Sonia. And I want to now."

His jaw had set and his grey eyes smouldered in the way Sonia always found disturbing. All the same, why should she be rushed like this?

"Oh, do leave it a bit, Alec," she said. "Because you want to get married it doesn't follow I do. And here we are. I must go in and get some sleep. I've some designs I must work on to-morrow, Sunday or no Sunday."

"Always work!" Alec said jealously. "I come definitely second, don't I? Just among the 'also-ans'!"

"I think you're horrid to-night!" Sonia said stiffly.

"Sorry, dear," Alec's expression had softened slightly. "But I want to get this clear. Am I to understand you won't marry me, then?"

"When will you marry me, my pretty maid? This year, next year—perhaps—she said," Sonia quoted with a flippancy meant to cover her own uneasiness, as she turned away, though she regretted it the next moment when Alec said shortly.

"All right! That's your last word then. Good-night."

Then he was gone. Dismayed, she watched him walk away down the street his shoulders set very square.

Her hand shook as she thrust the latchkey up among the echoing corridors of the big building.

Inside, the small place waited for her just as she had left it, very neat and impersonal, almost entirely given over to her drawing and other requirements of her profession. Alec had seldom been here, and she knew somehow that he didn't like it.

She'd always thought it strange of him, though it hadn't seemed to matter, as she spent most of the day at the office of the paper she worked for, while she and Alec could always meet out in various places. But to-night she seemed suddenly to see the place with different eyes. It wasn't home!

By the time the maid she was heating for herself on the gas-ring had boiled up she realised she was horribly tired. And yet when she'd torn off the jade green frock and tumbled into bed she couldn't sleep for thinking of Alec going away like that, hurt, angry, disappointed.

She'd ring him up in the morning she decided. Only to remember with a pang that he'd no telephone to his rooms and was going away early to spend the day with his people in the country. Perhaps he'd ring her up before starting, he'd often done before, she thought as she finally dropped off.

(To be Continued)

THE COOK'S CORNER

BEEF LIVER WITH VEGETABLES

(4 to 6 servings) One and one-half pounds beef liver, 1-8 pound salt pork, 1 onion, 4 carrots, 2 stalks celery, 1 cup sour cream, salt, pepper, flour.

Slice beef liver into 6 pieces for servings. Wash and remove all membranes. Stand in salted cold water for 20 minutes. Drain and dry. Dust lightly with flour season delicately and then brown lightly in bacon drippings. Arrange pieces in baking dish. Slice pork into thin strips, chop onion, carrot and celery coarsely. Sprinkle chopped vegetables over liver, dust with flour. Cover with boiling vegetable stock. Bake in moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for 1-2 hours. Remove, add 1 cup sour cream, stir it in carefully, and return to oven for another 15 minutes. Inexpensive and flavourful! This is a health-guarantee d'ish.

LAMB KIDNEYS WITH MUSTARD SAUCE

(4 to 6 servings) Eight pairs of lamb kidneys (at least 1 pair kidneys a person), 3 tablespoons butter, 3-4 teaspoon



FREE BEAUTIFUL Wm. Rogers & Son Silverplate is yours free—all you have to do is save the coupons in every 1 lb. and 1/2 lb. package of Lipton's Tea. You pay no more, yet you get the finest quality teas, more cups to the pound—and beautiful gifts. Write for complete premium list.—Thos. J. Lipton Limited, 43 Front St. E., Toronto.

THE LARGEST SELLING TEA IN THE WORLD LIPTON'S TEA

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A Morning Smile

BUSMAN'S HOLIDAY An old tramp walking one day on a canal bank very tired and weary hailed a man in a passing canal boat. "Will ye gie me a lift' mister, on yer boat?"

Barge Man—"Aye, but ye'll hae tae work yer passage."

Tramp—"Och, that's a right, mister, what'll I hae tae dae?"

Barge Man—"Lead the cuddy along the bank!"

PLEASING PROUETTE A popular referee was M. C. at a charitable boxing display and appeared for the first time in evening clothes. When the first bout was due he went into the centre of the ring and with arms outstretched, turned slowly to secure silence.

As a deep hush settled over the audience, a voice came from the back of the hall—"It fits a'right, Jimmie. What about buyin' it?"

Mustard, 1 teaspoon. Flour, 1-4 teaspoon. Lemon juice, 1-3 cup boiling water.

Clean kidneys by removing skin and all membranes and fat tissue. Cut each in half lengthwise. Wash carefully in cold water. Drain and dry. Heat butter in iron pan. Cook kidneys in butter, dusting them lightly with salt. Use slow fire and turn kidneys frequently. After 10 minutes of cooking, add this mixture: mustard, flour, lemon juice and water. Make into smooth paste and when added to pan, stir constantly for 1 minute then serve kidneys and sauce at once.

AN INDIVIDUAL SERVICE

Since no two pair of eyes are alike, no one pair of lenses can bring the same hoped for relief to two persons. An eye examination is individual. Great accuracy is demanded, and results are secured by the use of instruments that can be depended upon to reveal conditions exactly as they exist.

G. F. Hutcherson

Fashions' Latest For Chic Dressers

Sister and brother as is the way of smart English children dress alike to the delight of everyone. They too! Just love the idea.

Sister's dress is yellow cotton broadcloth with brown collar and trim. The puffed sleeves cut in one with the shoulders, make this dress especially easy to sew. The plait at the back is a cunning way of adding fullness to the hem. Brother's trousers are brown cotton broadcloth. The cunning yellow blouse of similar styling to sister's dress, uses the brown for its trim.

Besides cottons, linen or wool jersey is also fascinating for these easy to make costumes.

Style No. 1618 includes patterns for both models in the same size. If different sizes are wanted, two patterns will have to be ordered and will cost 15 cents extra. Sizes 2, 4 and 6 years. Size 4 requires 1-5/8 yards of 35-inch material with 1-3/4 yard of 35-inch contrasting for girl's dress with 1 yard of 39-inch dark material with 7-8 yard of 35-inch light material for the boy's suit.

Price of pattern 15 cents in stamps or coin (coin preferred) wrap coin carefully address to Charlottetown Guardian giving—Style No. 1618 Size.

Name _____ Street Address _____ City _____ State _____

1618

Dr. Wood's NORWAY PINE SYRUP

Feel Chilly—Start to Sneeze Nose Starts to Run

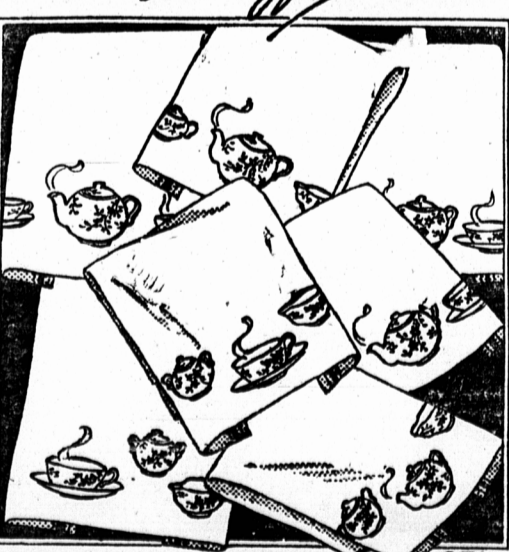
Then comes the cold which, if not attended to immediately, shortly works down into the bronchial tubes, and the cough starts.

On the first sign of a cold or cough go to your druggist's and get a bottle of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup.

You will find it to be a prompt, pleasant, reliable and effective remedy for your trouble. It has been on the market for the past 44 years. Don't experiment with a substitute and be disappointed. Get "Dr. Wood's".

'Tea Time' Embroidery Designs

by Mayfair



Mayfair Needle-art Design No. 251 Tea cups and saucers and fat pitchers, sugar bowls and teapots have holders and aprons. The "hina" is usually worked in delf blue while the shades of pink, mauve, yellow and green. However, hard and fast rules do not apply and you may select any color schemes you prefer. The pattern contains transfers of the designs, complete instructions for embroidery, detail of stitches used, color chart, and complete finishing instructions as well as sample of floss used.

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

DESIGN NO. 251

Name _____ Street Address _____ City _____ Province _____

Today's Short Wave Radio Program

TUESDAY, JANUARY 20

9:30 a.m.—Little Lord Fauntleroy. TPA-2, 19.6 m., 15.24 meg. BERLIN

6 p.m.—Mona Lisa. Max von Schillings' opera adapted to the microphone. DJD, 25.4 m., 11.77 meg. BERLIN

8:30 p.m.—Special concert: Orlando Barera. violin. DJD, 26.4 m., 11.77 meg. BERLIN

9:15 p.m.—Venezuelan Orchestra. YV2RC, 51.7 m., 5.8 meg. BOSTON

9:15 p.m.—Traditions of Pan American Republics. WIXAL 46.6 m., 6.04 meg. LONDON

10:15 p.m.—A Ballad Concert. GSD, 26.5 m., 11.75 meg.; GSC, 31.3 m., 9.58 meg.; GSB, 31.5 m., 9.51 meg. SASKATOON

11 p.m.—Old Time Frolic—The Farmer Fiddlers, old time orchestra. CJRO, 48.7 m., 6.15 meg.; CJRX, 25.6 m., 11.72 meg.

CHEST COLDS

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

James R. Gregor. Adapted for broadcasting, with additional scenes by William MacLurg. Produced by Frederic Piard. GSD, 26.5 m., 11.75 meg.; GSC, 31.3 m., 9.58 meg.; GSB, 31.5 m., 9.51 meg. BERLIN

8:30 p.m.—Special concert: Orlando Barera. violin. DJD, 26.4 m., 11.77 meg. BERLIN

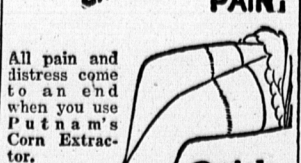
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Paradol you know, is the new, scientific treatment for the neck, eye and more effective relief of headache, periodic pains, rheumatism, lumbago, and other pains. There are no disagreeable after effects.

For full particulars about this contest turn to page 27 of your Dr. Chase Almanac or write for entry form to the Dr. A. W. Chase, Medicine Co., Limited, Box 1024, Oakville, Ont.