

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

Like What You Have

Dorothy Dix

Says None of Us Get What We Desire

If Women Made the Best of Their Surroundings and Life They Would be a Lot Happier - Adjustment to Conditions is a Good Philosophy to Follow

It is said that the late King George took for his guiding motto in life this truism: "The secret of life is not to do what one likes to do, but try to like what one has to do."



There may have been more thrilling and romantic slogans than this, but I doubt if there ever was one that contained more good hard sense, or came nearer to comprising the whole of the law and the prophets on how to be happy.

I would particularly urge the members of my sex to paste these royal words of wisdom on their mirrors where they will see them every time they put on their complexions and their hats because, somehow, women seem constitutionally unable to make the best of a bad bargain or to adjust themselves to difficult situations.

In the thousands upon thousands of letters that I get from women telling of their woes, the thing that amazes me most and that seems most tragic to me is that so much of their suffering is unnecessary.

I get many letters, for instance, from women who are perfectly miserable themselves and who make their husbands perfectly miserable because they have to live in California while they want to live in New York, or their husbands' business keeps them in Chicago when they prefer New Orleans.

Sometimes the unhappy woman is an old maid. She is engaged in some work that she enjoys doing and in which she is intensely interested. She gets a good salary. She has her own nice apartment. She is free to come and go as she pleases.

There are millions of women who might be happy who are miserable because they won't even try to like what they have. They won't realize that a husband can say it with best interests just as truly as he can with orchids, and that a charge account at the best stores is more solid comfort than having poetry quoted to you.

And so it goes through life. None of us get just what we want, but we can all have what we like if we like what we have.

DOROTHY DIX.

King Leopold and His Children



This photo, good enough to have Leopold III holding in his arms the work of a professional the young prince, Duke of Liege, photographer, was made by the and the Prince of Brabant. The Dowager Queen Elizabeth of Belgium was made at the royal esplanade. It shows her son, King late in Liege, Belgium.

"Daughter Of Venus"

BY ROBERT T. EERRY SHANNON

CHAPTER XXXII

Juliet opened her eyes. Neither she nor Von Guerdon knew how long they had been silent, for thought is timeless. "Feel better?" he asked her, his voice careless.

"I rested," she said quietly, "but the sound of the sea is dreary, isn't it? And I'm cold."

"But you are, I don't know another man who would be so nice to me. I feel I could tell you anything and you'd understand."

"I think I would." "I could tell you about a lover I had years ago." Her voice was dreamy. "But I won't. He's like a half-forgotten dream now. But there's another man I can't get out of my mind. I forget him and he returns, and then I am all confused. He comes creeping into my heart but I am not happy. What am I going to do?"

Von Guerdon's voice was toneless. "O'Hara?" "Yes."

"He buried the lighted stub of his cigarette in the sand. "Do you love him?" "I'm afraid so. Tell me, what can I do?"

"Marry him, of course." His voice cut like a knife. "Why do you say that? You don't really mean it."

"I say it," spoke Von Guerdon, "because you desire it." Juliet sat up. "Shall we go home?"

"I think so," said Von Guerdon quietly. "As he helped her to her feet their hands met. His grasp was firm and sustaining, but he made no effort to prolong the contact."

Von Guerdon would have left Juliet in the lobby of her apartment.

"Excuse me, Miss Rankin, please," he said apologetically. "I'm afraid I have taken quite a liberty, but I know you'll understand. Madame Hubert called a little while ago and insisted I let her wait in your apartment instead of the lobby. Of course, I recognized her and knowing you are with the Institute, I—"

"You mean she's waiting in my apartment?" "She said you were expecting her and it would be quite all right. Ordinarily of course—but under the circumstances—"

"It's quite all right," Juliet assured the man quietly. Von Guerdon's expression hardened slightly; he said nothing but he took Juliet's arm as they moved down the corridor toward her door. A wave of distasteful apprehension spread over Juliet; she felt that something unpleasant was about to happen.

"I can't imagine what she wants at this hour," she said. "There's something wrong—the manager felt it. She practically forced her way into the apartment."

"She's probably worried about O'Hara," responded her companion. "I'm glad I'm with you. I'm afraid her transformation has been mental and emotional as well as physical. We can't always foresee results."

"I'm glad you're along," said Juliet, with a little current of nervousness.

Today's Short Wave Radio Program

(All times in Eastern Standard)

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 4

Paris 2:30 p. m.—Dramatic Broadcast dedicated to Works of Lamar-tine. TPA-3, 25.2 m., 11.88 meg.

Rome 6 p. m.—News in English. Opera. Italian songs. 2RO, 31.1 m., 9.63 meg.

Berlin 6 p. m.—Peasant Cabaret DJD, 25.4 m., 11.77 meg.

London 6:50 p. m.—"Spilling the Beans." Four historical snaps of how it is done. GSP, 19.6 m., 15.31 meg.; GSD, 25.5 m.; 11.75 meg.; GSC, 31.3 m., 9.58 meg.

Berlin 7:30 p. m.—Richard Strauss Evening. DJD 25.4 m., 11.77 meg.

Caracas 9:15 p. m.—Dance Music. YV2RC, 51.7 m., 5.8 meg.

London 10 p. m.—"Hotel Tariff." A radio revue. GSF, 19.8 m., 15.14 meg.; GSC, 31.3 m.; 9.58 meg.

Pittsburgh 11 p. m.—DX Club. W8XK, 48.8 m., 6.14 meg.

Regina 12:45 a. m.—On the Range—old time orchestra. CJRO, Winnipeg 48.7 m., 6.15 meg.; CJRX, Winnipeg, 25.6 m.; 11.72 meg.

ousness. "Somehow she gives me the creeps—an old witch painted up like a young girl."

"Perhaps I had better go in alone," suggested Von Guerdon. "No, I'm not afraid." Juliet took out her key, and then decided to knock first.

"Come in," a dusty voice called out.

Unlocking the door, Juliet entered. "Hello, anyone here?" she called in a brisk voice from the entrance hallway. There was no reply.

Then—Madame Hubert had stood up to greet them. Her hat was on a table, and her platinum hair clustered in metallic ringlets along her narrow vitrified cheeks. The hair looked as artificial as though it were on a wax doll.

From under the thin line of plucked and pencilled brows the intense eyes fixed themselves upon Juliet with a glassy malevolence.

"I would have a few words to say to you, Mademoiselle." The words fell like drops of vitrol.

Juliet did not smile. "So I gather. What is it please?"

The sight of this bizarre creature with her fantastic artificiality, this old woman who had intruded with her bitter sneering leer, irritated Juliet until her nerves suddenly went rasping, her face tingling. "Where is he!" demanded Madame Hubert.

"I don't know what you mean," replied Juliet coldly.

Von Guerdon, severe and collected, stepped forward.

"I assume, Madame, you are inquiring about O'Hara?" he said with inflexible politeness.

The old woman with harsh determination, fixed him.

"Don't try to cover up for her, Von Guerdon. She has been out with O'Hara tonight."

Juliet stared straight and silently at the antagonistic woman, struggled to keep her temper against the beating radiations of hate that poured from Madame Hubert.

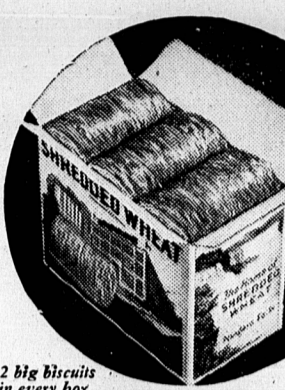
"The contrary," said Von Guerdon. "Miss Rankin and I have spent the evening together and we have neither seen nor heard of O'Hara. I must say, Madame, that your presence here and your attitude are in very bad taste. If you're not careful you'll work yourself into a serious nervous attack with this kind of conduct."

Madame Hubert went a dull red across her forehead and glared back at him.

"This is no concern of yours," she said virulently. "She's making a fool of you to cover up her scheme. She had been after O'Hara since the minute she met him. I've known it all along. O'Hara promised to come to my house tonight but she lured him off."

(To Be Continued)

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If desired, each ham roll might be enclosed in a lightly-battered, crustless thin slice of fresh sandwich bread, or in thinly-rolled pie paste. Juliet until her nerves suddenly went rasping, her face tingling. "Where is he!" demanded Madame Hubert.

IN MEMORIAM

MRS. STANLEY E. POWELL

The death occurred at Little Harbour on Friday evening, Aug. 21st, of Mrs. Stanley E. Powell in the 47th year of her age, after an illness of ten months, which was borne with great patience and cheerfulness. Mrs. Powell, who before her marriage was Ethel, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. William Henry, of Charlottetown, P. E. I., came to Little Harbour at the time of her marriage in 1918, during which time she was closely associated in church and community circles, particularly the Ladies' Missionary work of which Society she was made a life member in 1933.

In her neighbourhood she will be sadly missed where every one was her friend and her cheerful smile and wholesome hospitality will live long in their memory. In the home, especially, her loving qualities will be greatly missed by her husband and daughter who during her long illness spared nothing in giving her the best medical attention and skilled nursing available.

The funeral was one of the largest ever held in the community and was held on Monday afternoon at 2 p. m. from her late residence. Interment was in Little Harbour cemetery. The service was conducted by Mr. Murray Fraser, who visited the deceased every day, comforting her with scripture reading and Kennedy of New Glasgow and Rev. prayer, assisted by Rev. Norman Kennedy of New Glasgow and Rev. A. J. MacDonald of Milford. Mr. Fraser, in his remarks spoke very feelingly of her sterling qualities and how during her illness he had never heard a complaint and that her cheerful attitude should very well be a lesson to all. The choir of which she was a member, assisted by the Pietou Landing choir, sang "The Lord's My Shepherd." Safe in The Arms of Jesus." Mrs. Sidney R. MacKay, a member of Rebecca Lodge, of which Lodge Mrs. Powell was also a member, sang very touchingly "The Old Rugged Cross" which was the favorite hymn

The HOUSEWIFE and HER ACTIVITIES

TIME'S PACE

When I was young, the hours would tire. That stood between me and desire; I wished that they would faster go. They seemed so very very slow. But now that I am growing old, And spent desire has left me cold, I view the racing hours aghast—I they go so very, very fast.

GRANNIES REBEL

The revolt of the grandmothers started in a small way. The original cause, no doubt, was feminine vanity, but the effect is none the worse for that, says a writer in New Health Magazine. One now sees women of over fifty who look almost as slim and bright-eyed as girls in their twenties.

INDUSTRY

Acquire the habit of untiring industry and of doing everything well.—Todd.

FEAR

By fear nothing is to be gained but by it everything may be lost.

A SOFT ANSWER

A soft answer turneth away wrath.

ADVICE

He who can take advice is sometimes superior to him who gives it.—Von Knebel.

Autumn Fashions For Chic Dressers

You'll plan your kitchen chores with much enthusiasm with this pretty flowered percale apron in mind. And it's the most simple thing to make. Colorful bias binds finish all the edges. And by the way, these bias binds come folded. They are quickly stitched along the edges. Yellow and green dainty with green binds is very effective. Tissue checked gingham in red and white with many binds is another attractive scheme. For dainty wear, as for preparing Sunday night supper, pastel organdie is very flattering. You can make it for a minimum cost for it requires only 3 yards of 39-inch material with 9 1/2 yards of binding for the medium size. Style No. 835 is designed for sizes small, medium and large. Price of PATTERN 15 cents in stamps or coin (coin is preferred). Wrap coin carefully.



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of the deceased. The pallbearers were Messrs. William MacDonald, George Milne, Graham Reid, Russell Colquhoun, William Cameron and Stewart Reid. The floral tributes were beautiful and profuse, literally banking the casket and room, testifying to the esteem in which the deceased was held. Left to mourn their loss are her husband and one daughter, Dorothy, and a brother, Arthur Henry, of Charlottetown.

—By Ad Carter

A Morning Smile THE SLUGGARD He was addressing a brilliant and distinguished gathering. He felt in the mood for panegyrics. "Gentlemen," he said, "I have been born an Englishman. I have lived an Englishman and I hope I may die an Englishman."

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JUST KIDS

WE GOT A BOARDER OVER TO OUR HOUSE AN' HE'S A WRITER! I'M GONNA WRITE TWO OR THREE BOOKS MOST ANY TIME! ME, TOO, ALSO! HE JES' GIMME A DIME FER MYSELF! HE'S THE KIND OF A MAN I'D LIKE TO MEET! TAKE SHAKESPEARE AN' NICK CARTER, GRAN'PA—I LIKE NICK CARTER AN' I'M NO HIGH-BROW! HOW ARE YOU, MR. HOUSTON? FINE, THANKS—MY BOY. BAW-W-W GEE—MR. HOUSTON—WHEN I TOLD YOU THIS WAS A NICE QUIET PLACE TO BOARD, I FERGOT TO MENTION THAT WE HAVE TWINS! BAW-W-W

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