

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

Happenings of the Week

All the skies were sunshine, Our faces would be fair To feel once more upon them The cooling splash of rain.

Over a thousand guests attended the afternoon party given by the Duke of Connaught at St. James' Palace, London, last week for the

His Honor, Lieutenant Governor Dalton and Mr. Justice A. E. Arsenault were among the prominent

Wednesday was St. Swithin's Day by the superstitious this will be accepted as an augury of rain for the next six weeks—and everyone

Miss Gertrude Davies of Ottawa is being welcomed the guest of Mrs. F. W. Hyndman.

Mrs. H. A. Richardson of Toronto is visiting in Windsor, N. S., on her way to spend the month at Brackley Beach.

Mrs. J. A. S. Bayer has as her welcome guest her aunt Mrs. Cossman of Halifax.

Mrs. (Dr.) Newburn of Calgary who has been visiting in the city is at present enjoying the sea breezes at Souris.

YOUR CHILD Not Stupid—Handicapped

The seeming stupidity of many school children, is directly chargeable to faulty vision.

Correctly fitted glasses often work wonders.

Have your child's eyes examined NOW

G. F. HUTCHESON F. Gordon Hutcheson Optometrists—At your service.

Paris Styles

By MARY KNIGHT United Press Staff Correspondent

PARIS, July 17.—(U. P.)—Imperturbable assurance is sewn into every seam of Lucille's green ensemble that has caused so much favorable comment in Paris.

Miranda has made a smart naval officer's jacket to go with a pinky white satin dress. It has four little buttons in front, long sleeves with three buttons along the outside, and a large white fox fur collar.

A dress seen recently at Cannes was of Green inspiration, done in heavy white crepe, with one shoulder strap and borders of pink velvet ribbon in place of the strips of gold and silver that adorned the ancient robes.

Red crepe and gilded leather make shoes and pocketbooks that match and make a mighty clamor of smart talk along the Riviera.

Etiquette

By Robert Lee

Q. When only should the postal card be used?

A. The postal card, except for the ever-present picture variety, should be used for business purposes only.

Q. Is there any certain hour that a wedding should take place?

A. No; almost any hour of the day is permissible.

Q. What kind of table centerpiece should be avoided?

A. The centerpiece that is so high as to obstruct the view across the table.

Tea hostesses at the Golf Links this afternoon will be Mrs. J. A. Mathieson, Mrs. V. L. Goodwill, Mrs. J. D. Stewart, Mrs. J. O. C. Campbell.

Mr. and Mrs. John F. Taylor, and Mr. and Mrs. Louis Taylor returned to Summerside yesterday after a delightful motor trip through the Province which was greatly enjoyed.

Miss Katherine MacLennan has arrived home from Montreal on a visit to her mother, Mrs. A. E. Morrison.

Miss Penny Morris is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Fredk. Gane-Morris, the Esplanade.

Hon. G. Howard Ferguson, Canadian High Commissioner to Britain and Mrs. Ferguson will return to Canada the first week of August and will take up residence in their former home in Toronto.

Miss Jean Aitken of Regina and Mrs. McDonald of Halifax are at present visiting their mother Mrs. Aitken, who is quite seriously ill at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Clarence Harris, Summerside.

Miss Bell Billingsly's many friends regret her illness of the past several weeks.

Exposed foreheads—the joy of flappers but the bane of everyone else, as far as hat fashions are concerned—are "out" as Paris fashions and the nose tilt is "in."

Mrs. R. N. Nisbet and children of Quebec are summering at Brackley Beach.

Mrs. Myers, wife of Mr. John Myers, M. P., has returned to her home after visiting in Ottawa and Toronto.

Miss Hilda Holman of Summerside is visiting Miss Zoe Paterson at the family's summer residence in Rothesay Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Sadler, who have been visiting in Montreal, Quebec, Niagara and other interesting Canadian centres returned to the city Monday and are the guests of their son Mr. Louis Sadler and Mrs. Sadler, Brighton Road.

Miss Erma Kennedy, Bradalbane, has returned home after visiting in Ottawa, Toronto and Niagara Falls.

The hostess serving tea at the golf links at Summerside this afternoon are Mrs. H. T. Holman, Mrs. H. H. Lefurgey and the Misses Sarah and Eleanor Green.

Mr. and Mrs. Stan Story have arrived from South Bend, Indiana, to spend the summer with Captain and Mrs. T. G. Taylor at Ocean Crest, Keppoch, and are being welcomed by many friends.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Redmond, and Miss Dorothy Redmond, of Moncton, N. B., are visiting Summerside the guests of Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Strong. They are being pleasantly entertained by their many friends.

From London comes the report that bracelets to match the complexion are all the rage with the younger set in Mayfair. For the brunettes, dull gold bracelets are de rigueur; while the fair skin of the blonde is said to be a perfect foil for platinum ornaments set with bato diamonds.

A new style bracelet for the brunettes consists of a number of triangular gold links connected together at an angle. The links lie flat on the back of the wrist. In some bracelets the links are set with a ruby or garnet in the centre. And in speaking of jewelry, a well-known woman who has a world reputation as an author, explorer and big game hunter, appeared recently at the famous Embassy Club in London, wearing a necklace that created a mild sensation.

It consisted of a number of exquisitely carved wild animals in miniature, strung together in the form of a choker necklace. Ebony

For The Cook

ALMOND CHERRY SHORTBREAD

1 cup of butter. 3 cups of flour. 1 cup of glace cherries, red and green.

2-3 cup of brown sugar. 1/2 cup blanched almonds. Cream the butter thoroughly and gradually work in the sugar and the sifted flour; the mixture will become very thick and the flour will have to be practically kneaded in toward the end.

Add the blanched nuts and the cherries, and press into a loaf pan so that the end surface will be about two inches square. Chill very thoroughly, then remove from pan; cut in slices and bake in a moderate oven, 375 deg. Fahr.

A Morning Smile

Neighbor—Did I bring your lawn mower back last fall? Indignant Householder—No, you did not.

Neighbor—Now what'll I do? I wanted to borrow it again.

CORNS LIFT RIGHT OUT

You get sure relief and stop all the pain instantly if you use Putnam's Corn Extractor. This marvel liquid takes the sting out of a corn in a moment or two.

The corn shrivels up, drops off, and doesn't even leave a scar.

elephants, golden lions and tigers, a platinum and onyx zebra or two and ivory polar bears were "herded" together on a fine platinum chain.

Another extremely smart idea is black crepe silk dress printed in pure white design with the jacket of plain black crepe silk, so entirely lovely for town.

It's so simple to make it! The sleeveless bodice has dropped shoulders. Merely sides and shoulders to be seamed and the neck finished with the applied collar. The two-piece skirt is attached to a hip yoke and joined to the bodice under a removable belt. The front of the jacket is underfaced and rolled with the attached collar. The sewing you'll find enormous.

Be sure to fill in the size of the pattern. Send stamps or coin (coin preferred.) Price of pattern 15 cents.

When they tell the truth it is always to tell a woman how she had faded and lost her complexion, or how fat she is getting, or they tell her something mean somebody has said about her or her family.

Beside a black truth that hurts, a white lie that brings happiness is luminous with virtue. But silence will bridge over the gulf between them. Unless we can say kind things, we should say nothing.

Dear Dorothy Dix—If all of the private secretaries were men, would the world be 40 per cent better?

Answer: Good gracious, no. You don't for a minute suppose, do you, that the great majority of employers are philanderers who are having affairs with their secretaries, or that the great majority of girl stenographers are office vamps?

Such a theory is monstrously unjust to both parties. Just remember to work to steal her boss from his wife and who uses all of her arts and wiles upon him to ensnare him. And, of course, there are fickle men who fall in love with every new face and make love to the woman who is nearest them and men who covet every pretty girl they see.

But there is also the husband-matcher in society who is after every rich man and builds her home on the wrecks of other women's homes. And there is the philanthropist who is never true to any woman and the roue who is always a petticoat-chaser.

These various types ply their trades oftener outside of an office than in it, because in these times of strenuous competition a man has to give his thoughts in working hours to his business instead of to dalliance, and because not many employers are romantic heroes to their private secretaries. They have seen the men at too close range and know them too well and the secretary is far more likely to pity the man's wife for having to live with such a husband all the time than she is to want to take him away from her.

So I can't see that the world would be made any better by depriving the girl secretary of her job. It would only make life harder for her boss, not because he is in love with her, but because he has come to depend upon her for remembering everything from his wife's birthday and to send her flowers to what was in a million-dollar contract.

Dear Miss Dix—I am young, good-looking, popular, have a good home and a good job, yet I am wretchedly miserable because life bores me. A career does not interest me, neither money nor society mean anything to me. I might like marriage if I could marry a man who would always pal with me, take me with him when he went on his hunting and fishing trips, talk to me as if I were another man. I would like a home of my own and children, but not unless I could have plenty of money. Everything is hopeless to me. I cannot see any reason for life. What

Dorothy Dix Letter Box

Is a White Lie Better Than Brutal Frankness? Would the World be Improved if There Were no Feminine Secretaries? Bored Girl Asks Why of Life

Dear Miss Dix—Should one tell white lies or half truths to save another's feelings, or should one be absolutely frank? DIXIANA.



Answer: It is my private opinion that the Recording Angel drops a tear that blots out the entry on the record of those who tell a white lie to save another's feelings. Also I regard absolute frankness as one of the headlines among the Seven Deadly Sins.

But why be guilty of either offense since there is a perfectly simple and easy road around either telling tarryiddles or stabbing people with home truths that they would rather die than hear? Why not, when it comes to the pinch, take refuge in silence, which saves your conscience and saves wounding others?

A little tact, a little adroitness will enable you to skip nimbly over the white lie without ever touching it. It is only our clumsiness that forces us into perjuring our souls by telling an untruth to save some one else's feelings.

For instance, most of us let go all 'hold on veracity and say how beautiful and wonderful and like the mother or the father, according to who is showing it to us, is the new baby we are called upon to admire by its dotting parents. Doubtless, this is an untruth at least to virtue's rather than vice's side, but how much better was this problem solved by a bachelor who, when called upon to admire a squirming, red-faced infant, invariably exclaimed: "Well, well, well, this IS a baby," which was undeniable, which committed him to nothing and caused the infatuated relatives of the infant to beam with delight.

So why not exercise a little diplomacy, and when Mary asks you how you like her new hat instead of telling her that you think it is about ten years too young for her and makes her look like a bald eagle, exclaim about the softness of the felt or the beautiful way it is tailored or what a lovely color it is or concentrate on some feature that you can honestly praise.

When you have been bored to tears at a party, if you tell your hostess that it was sweet of her to ask you, she will never notice that you didn't say that you enjoyed yourself. You don't have to chime in on the chorus with the mother who is press-agenting her daughter as a beauty and a belle when she is as homely as a mud fence and never has at date. You can say how wonderful it must be to have a daughter who is so satisfying and all that a mother's heart craves.

The thing that we forget so often is that we do not have to always express an opinion. We do not have to tell Susan that her clothes always look as if her worst enemy had bought them. We do not have to tell Sally that we knew that the husband whose devotion she is bragging about runs around with flappers. We do not have to tell a mother that we think her children are ordinary little brats instead of the paragons she considers them to be. And so about nine-tenths of the white lies we tell are just a waste of good intentions.

As for being absolutely frank, that is absolutely brutality and you will never find one of these self-righteous truth-tellers who isn't mean and envious and spiteful and cruel. He or she delights in hurting people and in puncturing their balloons and making them feel small and cheap. Did you ever know people who prided themselves on always speaking the truth who ever told anything but unpleasant truths? You never hear of them telling a woman how pretty she is, how young and fresh or how good and kind she is and how much people admire her. Not for a minute.

When they tell the truth it is always to tell a woman how she had faded and lost her complexion, or how fat she is getting, or they tell her something mean somebody has said about her or her family.

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Answer: Good gracious, no. You don't for a minute suppose, do you, that the great majority of employers are philanderers who are having affairs with their secretaries, or that the great majority of girl stenographers are office vamps?

Such a theory is monstrously unjust to both parties. Just remember to work to steal her boss from his wife and who uses all of her arts and wiles upon him to ensnare him. And, of course, there are fickle men who fall in love with every new face and make love to the woman who is nearest them and men who covet every pretty girl they see.

But there is also the husband-matcher in society who is after every rich man and builds her home on the wrecks of other women's homes. And there is the philanthropist who is never true to any woman and the roue who is always a petticoat-chaser.

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What the Fashionables are Wearing

Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished With Every Pattern

By Annabelle Worthington



306'

UNDOUBTED CHIC

A smart practical street frock is this little French model of crepe silk in navy blue overlaid in yellow. Vivid yellow crystal buttons adorn the front band of the dress that merges from the applied collar.

The brief jacket of plain navy crepe silk is so winning with its rounded corners, slip pockets and rolled collar. The sleeves fasten at the wrist with a single button. The slim skirt with curved seaming through the hips assumes a tailored air pressed into an inverted plait at the centerfront.

It's a suit that will give excellent wear, for it is equally smart for spectator sports and country.

Style No. 3061 may be had in sizes 14, 16, 18, 20 years, 36 and 38 inches bust. The 16-year size requires 3 yards of 39-inch material for the dress with 1 1/2 yards of 39-inch contrasting for jacket.

For summer, it is quite the smartest thing in white crepe silk with the jacket in skipper blue thin woolen. The applied collar, buttons and belt are matching blue crepe silk.

Yellow linen with brown jersey jacket is swagger. Another extremely smart idea is black crepe silk dress printed in pure white design with the jacket of plain black crepe silk, so entirely lovely for town.

It's so simple to make it! The sleeveless bodice has dropped shoulders. Merely sides and shoulders to be seamed and the neck finished with the applied collar. The two-piece skirt is attached to a hip yoke and joined to the bodice under a removable belt. The front of the jacket is underfaced and rolled with the attached collar. The sewing you'll find enormous.

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Style Chats

WITH ALMA ARCHER

A rich bachelor seeking the new and appropriate for his penthouse apartment learned in a smart 57th Street shop that every well-dressed dining table today must own at least one set of "Rumantoho" dishes.

For the price of a hat, which you don't need anyway, the crockery ware factory (faience) of Sarreguemines has put within reach of all good people this romantic French ware with its refreshing plaid ground pattern and sweet characteristic scenes of the Basque country as painted by Jean-Baptiste Lafargue.

The cups are as big as the bottom as the top and it's fun while enjoying "cups coffee" to muse over the traditions of the Basque land, reflecting on the old XIII century church in Saint-Jean-de-Luz where the Infanta Marie-Theres of Spain was married, the dikes Sooca, Antha and St. Barbe built from 1783 to 1875 to save the town from the floods of the Nivelle, Ascain occupied by the armies of Napoleon and Wellington, the house of Pierre Loti, novelist, in Hendaye; the Mountain of the Three Crowns, the fortress in Fontarabie occupied in 1521 by Francois I . . . and now, how about an encore on the coffee in your new "Rumantoho" cup?

Advertisement for Cuticura Ointment. Includes text: 'Quick Relief! For rashes, eczema and all forms of itching, burning, disfiguring skin irritations. Bathe with Cuticura Soap and hot water, dry, and anoint with Cuticura Ointment. Relief comes at once and healing soon follows. Cuticura preparations are essential to every household.' Includes illustration of a hand pointing to the product name.