

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

The HOUSEWIFE and HER ACTIVITIES

COURAGE
Courage is what we need today.
The things we say;
Courage to rise
And take our stand,
On what we know
And understand.

WINTER HEALTH

We must rid our minds of the idea that exposure to moderate cold is harmful to health. It is, in fact, the reverse, for in healthy beings it speeds up all the activities of the body.

VEGETABLES AND EGGS AS HORS D'OEUVRES

A good substitute for sweet or salty hors d'oeuvres is a platter of colorful fresh vegetables - tiny bouquets of cauliflower, radishes, carrots and hearts of celery.

POET HAD TO SUITS

LOS ANGELES, Calif. (C.P.)—William Thomas, 82, who was a butler in Robert Browning's London home, recalls the poet had but two suits, a "little gray one" and his evening attire.

The Duchess of York, when she went to the Edinburgh Lady Provost's tea party wore a charming ensemble of grey and violet. Grey and purple was worn by the Royal Duchesses for the Christmas house party at Sandringham and until January, indeed, in deference to Queen Mary's wishes.

GOLD IN OUR CLOTHES

One of the most notable features in recent fashion trends is the pre-eminence of gold in trimmings of every kind. Nothing is so chic as a severe black frock relieved only by the new gold-link collar, gold belt, or more demurely, with gold buttons.

A lovely evening dress seen recently in Paris was of pure moonlight white, flowing to the ankles with the entire yoke made of tiny flexible gold links.

Suede bags with a gold clasp are not only lovely but practical; when the bag itself is worn out the clasp can be used again for a new one.

Many of the latest hats are trimmed with small gold designs applied on to the crown or brim. Even shoes are sporting tiny gold buttons or buckles.

ROYAL BABY CLOTHES

Memories of the days when Princess Elizabeth led the fashions of babyland were recalled by the loan exhibition of the Cradle Song Market, held at the American Women's Club. There was the proud day when the little Princess was short-coated. The Duchess of York has loaned one of her daughter's first short frocks to the exhibition. It is a little white muslin garment over a peach silk slip, sleeveless and allowing ample room for movement, and trimmed with old-world bows on the shoulders, little frills on the skirt, and a ribbon run through the waist.

This accompanies a magnificent oyster-satin baby cloak made with a cape of real lace. The real lace coverlet used for Princess Elizabeth's cradle had the Royal arms worked in lace in the centre and emblematic thistles and roses at the corners. The Duchess has sent the lace and satin pillow used for the Royal baby.

HEALTH TRUTHS

Life is a bundle of habits. We cling tenaciously to life, and if normal want to live just as long as possible. This is natural law. Life should be, and can be, free from suffering and disease, for the full life period, which is about one hundred years.

Our habits determine whether or not we shall enjoy a healthy mature life period. Disease and premature death, except in cases of accidents, are invariably the result of broken laws. We break these laws ignorantly and innocently to a great extent, yet the consequences are identical, whether we disobey in that manner or knowingly.

It is our duty to thoroughly acquaint ourselves in regard to this knowledge just mentioned. If we love life and health, and we do, we will at once, if we have not already done so, make the laws of health the subject of special study.

Prevention of disease is the only prudent, economical, easy, comfortable and natural method of maintaining health, and this is decidedly the one which is being followed by those who appreciate true values, and will more and more become the future treatment of healthy bodies - the only sane treatment.

"HEREDITY"

By ROLAND WILD

It is more than probable that if you took your holiday cruise through the excellent firm of Drakes, with which is incorporated Drakes Tours and Drakes Steamship Line, you will eventually make the acquaintance of Mr. John Livingstone. That will be your good fortune, for once having met him, you will anticipate your holiday with added pleasure.

For Mr. John Livingstone is the clerk whom you consult regarding your cabin. You will remain a land-lubber after having passed the very obvious ex-seaman at the door, and you may still be un-bashful of your bowler hat even when you have examined the model ship, while waiting for the serenity of the busy Mr. Livingstone. But after he has finished with you, there is no doubt at all that you will be conscious that the sea is the Englishman's heritage. You knew it before of course. But, somehow, it never came home to you in the same personal way.

Mr. Livingstone is excellent at his job. He stands there behind the broad counter in a double-breasted blue suit, a smile on his face. There is, there must be, the bronze of the seven seas on his face. He is slightly grey at the temples. The way he peers at you, you call to mind that remark so often found in novels, to the effect that "his steely blue eyes had that keenness of the seas."

He has, to that condensation which is the privilege of seaman for landlubbers. He will laugh very gently at your mistakes. Very tactfully he will find out what'er you have ever been on a cruise before. Out will come the plan of the ship which would have selected, and a gold pencil will trace in a businesslike way the completely unintelligible highways and byways of the ship's complicated interior.

"Yes, Sir," he says in that confidential voice, "I think you have chosen well. I don't know whether you know the 'Vesuvius'?" No fine ship. Fine ship in any weather. Luxurious, and you still know you're on the sea, so to speak. There's the lift, first saloon, smoking saloon, port company.

His gold pencil wends its way, as if happily, in and out of the maze of black lines on the shiny plan. Mr. Livingstone has this advantage over his clients: he knows which way the ship will be going, can translate those tiny circles and squares and broad avenues into cabins, single and double, and corridors - or rather companions. Most visitors to the office are slightly bemused by the appearance of three distinct ships on the plan instead of one. But Mr. Livingstone's pencil wanders airily from one to the other. It seems that they are all connected by one or other of the broad avenues of white between the lines.

"Let me see," Mr. Livingstone will say breaking off reluctantly from his pencil-wanderings to consult an order book, "you would be best on the port side at this time of year. Cool going out - and the Mediterranean won't be so warm coming home. Afraid we can't come back astern all the way to please you sir, -hatha otherwise it would be perfect. Now, double cabin, with private bath, close to the bar (ha! ha!) and a few steps to the swimming pool. How's that?"

And since you are wearing a bowler hat carrying a rolled umbrella, and embarrassed that your jacket is only too plainly single-breasted, you do not have the heart or the nerve to argue. There cannot enter into your mind even a suspicion that Mr. Livingstone recommended the port side because he had no starboard. Indeed, for some time after reaching home with the plan, you are not yet quite certain which way the ship is going.

And that is why Mr. Livingstone is such an excellent booking clerk for the firm of Drakes Cruises.

A Morning Smile

THE HIGHER POWER

"My boy," said a married bishop to a youngster employed as butler in a grand old palace, and who had been found out in some fault, "I want you to remember not only that you grieve me by your conduct, but that there is one far greater than either of us who takes notice of everything we do, and who will hold us responsible for our actions."

"Yes, my lord," replied the boy. "She's already spoken to me about it."

A keen golfer had a charming girl on his right at dinner, and gave her graphic descriptions of his achievements with the clubs, hardly allowing her time to say more than "Really!"

"During the desert he remarked: 'I'm afraid I've been monopolizing the conversation and talking nothing but golf.'"

"Oh, never mind," said the girl. "But you might tell me: what is golf?"

A breath of sea-air, the tang of salt and the cold early-morning breeze of countless foreign ports, seem to come over the counter of Drake House when Mr. Livingstone leans his refter jacket onto his spotless pine and talks of the wind-swept days ahead for his client. Those steely-blue eyes have that far-away look in them so often harped on by lady novelists. What was he in the old days? Deck hand risen in the world? Pursuer chained to the shore by family responsibilities? Commander of a crack liner come down in the world?

The answer is in the negative. Mr. Livingstone has never been further than the Isle of Wight, and then he was ill. Mr. Livingstone then proved that he was a bad sailor. It is doubtful whether he is honest even with his family about this seafaring pose, but he is certainly honest with himself. His home-life, with placid wife and spoiled fourteen-year-old son, is more or less a continuation of that office-hour deception. The illustration has entered into his blood. He sleeps and dreams the part. All very well, so long as he can sleep ashore.

Mr. Livingstone shudders at the prospect of going on a cruise. He fears the sea, detests the unforgettable smell of a ship, wonders increasingly at the new popularity of cruises. His secret prayers are directed towards the firm earth of Cockspur-street beneath his feet. But he is an artist; he is as thorough as any sailor. And you will seldom catch him off his guard.

The spilt son, Henry Bartholomew Livingstone, receives a familiar sermon at the beginning of every term. He is impressed with the sanctity of Big Business, warned against the temptations of get-rich-quick adventures, and urged to work hard so that at some future date he may become "established in some good City firm." The sea is not mentioned, save as a vast holiday area to which thousands of clients can be sent, for the ultimate prosperity of firms like Drakes Cruises. He must have learnt his lesson by now. For both Mr. and Mrs. Livingstone believe that he could do no better than emulate the tireless and conscientious industry of his father.

Conscientious? Perhaps he is at his best when nervous ladies twitter about booking their first cruise. Then Mr. Livingstone's chin comes out. Mr. Livingstone's eyes go an even paler shade of blue. The tan seems deeper on his fresh complexion. He leans further over the counter.

That nice tea! Old English Blend King Cole

Observe Mr. Livingstone when an experienced traveller enters the office to book a cruise. Mr. Livingstone is undeterred. He has yet to meet his match. Seeing from afar the evidences of past experience, he alters his line of approach.

"Egypt this trip, sir?" he asks. "Going to see if the Canal's still in the same place? I'm glad to see you've chosen Drakes this time. The 'Vesuvius'! Just look over the plan and signal me when you've found your berth. I'll see if we can fix it up..."

"Wish I were coming too," says Mr. Livingstone. "I could do with a cupful of breeze right now! Can't stand this stuffy weather! And give me a night ashore on the Cannebiere, or even the Rambla, for that matter..."

But perhaps he is at his best when nervous ladies twitter about booking their first cruise. Then Mr. Livingstone's chin comes out. Mr. Livingstone's eyes go an even paler shade of blue. The tan seems deeper on his fresh complexion. He leans further over the counter.

LAVENDER GROWING The King has given permission for some acres of land at Sandringham to be devoted to experimental lavender crops to assist this new Norfolk industry. Remarkable results have been achieved from lavender grown at Fring, a few miles from the Royal estate, where a lavender distilling plant has been installed.

Today's Short Wave Radio Program

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 13

BERLIN 5:15 p.m.—Demonstration for the return of the day of the Star plebiscite. DJD, 25.4 m., 11.77 meg.

ROME 6 p.m.—News in English. Ryal Carabinieri band. "A glance at music muslieland," a talk by Bruno Barilli. Violin concert. BRO, 31.1 m., 9.63 meg.

LONDON 6:30 p.m.—"Cue for Adventure." A play with music, by William MacLurg. GSD, 25.5 m., 11.75 meg.; GSC, 31.3 m., 9.58 meg.; GSB, 31.5 m., 9.51 meg.

MOSCOW 7 p.m.—Review of Art, Theatre, Cinema, Literature. Songs from Pushkin's poems. Soviet Opinion and World Affairs. RAN, 31.2 m., 9.6 meg.

BERLIN 8:30 p.m.—Press Review. Editor in Chief Hans Fritz che. DJD, 25.4 m., 11.77 meg.

MONTREAL 10 p.m.—Chamber Musicale. CJO, 48.7 m., 6.15 meg.; CJRX, 25.6 m., 11.72 meg.

LONDON 10:05 p.m.—Scenes from "Twelfth Night," by William Shakespeare. GSD, 25.5 m., 11.75 meg.; GSC, 31.3 m., 9.58 meg.; GSB, 31.5 m., 9.51 meg.

PARIS 11:40 p.m.—Theatrical Broadcast. TPA-4, 25.6 m., 11.72 meg.

TOKYO 12 midnight—"Overseas Program." JVH, Nazaki, 20.5 m., 14.6 meg.

At the Circus



Lady Margot Asquith, grand old lady of English politics, in a characteristic pose as she attended a circus at Olympia, London, England, recently.

Splendid Cough Remedy Easily Mixed at Home

It's So Easy! Makes a Big Saving. No Cooking. To get quick relief from a distressing cough, mix your own remedy at home. Once tried, you'll say it's your favorite cough medicine, and it's so simple and easy.

First, make a syrup by stirring 2 cups granulated sugar and one cup of water a few moments, until dissolved. A child could do it. No cooking needed. Then get 2 1/2 ounces of Pinex from any drugist. This is a compound containing Norway Pine in concentrated form, well known for its prompt action on throat membranes.

THE COOK'S CORNER

CHICKEN PAPRIKAS

1 large onion
2 tablespoons fat
1 tablespoon paprika
1 chicken, disjointed
Salt
2 cups sour cream
Method: Chop the onion and cook it until it is tender in the melted fat. Add the paprika and the chicken, which has been cleaned and jointed. Season with salt and add just water to cover. Simmer until the chicken is about half done. Then add the sour cream and cook until it is very tender. The chicken is served in the sauce and generally with tiny dumplings called galushka.

GALUSHKA

1 cup flour
1 egg
1-2 cup milk
1-2 teaspoon salt
1-2 teaspoon baking powder
Method: Put all ingredients into a bowl and mix with a spoon, but do not beat. Drop these from the tip of a spoon into a kettle of boiling, salted water, and cover close y. Boil for 10 minutes, then lift out and serve with the chicken. These are not like our dumplings, but more like a thick noodle.

EVERREADY CAKES.

Mash brown sugar very thoroughly with a rolling-pin to press out all lumps and measure 1 cup; add 1-3 cup shortening and rub together until smooth. Add 2 well-beaten eggs, mix well, and if there is any doubt about lumps of sugar, put the mixture through a sieve. Add dry and liquid ingredients alternately, making a smooth batter. Use 1 2-3 cups flour, 3 teaspoons baking powder, 1-8 teaspoon vanilla, 1-2 cup water, and 1 teaspoon vanilla. Pour into a refrigerator picher, cover closely, and store at a temperature of 45 degrees Fahrenheit. Unless kept cold, more baking powder must be added before baking. When needed, pour into greased pans. The muffin-sized cakes require twenty-five minutes in the top-stove oven shown, over a low flame.

Serve the cakes warm with the following caramel sauce: Mix together 1 tablespoon cornstarch and add 1 cup hot water gradually, stirring until smooth. Add this mixture to 1-2 cup sugar which has been placed in an iron skillet and stirred until slightly browned. Stir and cook until the caramelized sugar has dissolved in the liquid and the cornstarch has thickened the mixture and become a car. Remove from the fire and add 1 teaspoon butter. Pour over the cakes in deep individual dishes.

Are Books Best Friends Children Should Love to Read Dorothy Dix

Parents Need to Inculcate a Desire for Reading as Well as the Ability to Digest the Printed Word When They Start Training Children

I have been reading a most delightful and inspiring little book that is called "The Birthright of Babyhood" and what special and inalienable privilege to which every human being is entitled do you think it champions?



The right to be taught to love to read, and the author tells mothers just how they can do it and lead Junior gently and insistively up from Mother Goose to Proust. Heretofore we have been by way of looking upon bookishness as an individual idiosyncrasy, something that was as purely a matter of taste as caviar or tobacco in your soup. You were crazy about books if you liked 'em and you loathed 'em if you didn't, and that was all there was to it. Those of us who found our chief solace in life in reading pitied those who were shut out from it, but we never thought of them as underprivileged people who had been deprived of their constitutional right to one of the greatest of all sources of deep and abiding happiness.

Yes this is true. Every child can not only be taught how to read but also what is far more important: to love to read. If this is not done he has been defrauded of a birthright that is far more valuable than any lands and gold. He has been cheated out of a broad and full life and made to live in a narrow one. He has been denied a pleasure that never palls and of which he never tires and which he can enjoy under any circumstances. Between the man who loves to read and who has all its literature for his heritage and the man who has only the headlines in the newspaper and the comic strip, is the difference between the multimillionaire and the pauper.

We cannot possibly enumerate all the blessings that a love of reading bestows upon us, but let us consider only a few of them: It is the ever-ready and at hand panacea for what ails us. Are we sick and miserable, too nervous and weary to endure human companionship? We can turn to our old and well-beloved friends in books, whom we can shut up when we have had enough of them without apology and without fear of giving offense. Are we harassed and worried about our affairs? Are we gloomy and distraught? We can pick up a magazine and read a gay story that will turn our gloom into laughter, or we can forget our own troubles by reading in the morning paper of some tragedy so great and overwhelming that it leaves us humbly thanking God for our luck, and ashamed of having whined over our petty misfortunes.

If we love to read we are saved from the curse of loneliness that devastates half of humanity. We can never lack for company, for they are there on the shelves waiting to be asked to spend the evening with us. There are the wits to make us laugh, there are the poets to sing to us. There are the wits to make us laugh, there are the spinners of tales to keep us entranced with their stories of high adventure.

You don't have to put in an evening listening to dreary bores tell over the dull stories you have heard a hundred times or more, or have your ears wearied with petty gossip and backbiting. Nor do you have to yawn behind your hand while Mr. A. discourses about how many miles he can make on a gallon of gas in his new car, or Mrs. B. recite all the infantile bonnets of little Johnny, when you can spend it with the immortals.

You don't have to leave your comfortable chair and warm hearth to hunt up amusement if you love to read. It is at your hand in a new book or a fresh magazine. The people who spend their time and money going to see pointless plays and silly movies and other people as uninteresting as themselves, who wander from night club to night club and every place that purveys alleged amusement, are the people who have never learned to love to read.

The love of reading is the one comfort to us in our grief. It puts glamour into the long hours of our sleepless nights. It lets us live a vicarious life, in which we are great lovers and handsome sheiks and beautiful maidens instead of the commonplace individuals we are, and in our rocking chairs brings us all the thrill and romance of travel in far places.

The love of reading is the greatest safeguard that young people can have. It keeps them at home of nights. It forms their characters on high ideals. It fires their ambitions and does more to keep them in the strait and narrow path than all the moralists and preachers.

So great and manifold being the blessings it brings, it is indeed the birthright of every child to be taught to learn to love to read. DOROTHY DIX.

GILDED TOADSTOOLS some metallic shade, and toadstool's Shadow-leaf flowers are another A new decoration in the Mayfair novelty. Gossamer leaves are used drawingrooms takes the form of as petals with centres provided by toadstools, dried and gilded. Groups the dried heads of a winter flower of weird things bring their bizarre helichrysum.

Fashions' Latest For Chic Dressers

Here's an easy to sew dress that will thrill you in loveliness. It is shimmering satin for your casual dinner parties as well as for more formal evenings. You'll wear it right through the season. For its mauve-pink tone makes it grand for southern climates.

The Empire bodice with shirred bosom will make your waistline appear almost fragile. The deep décolletage dips to the waistline with sweeping back skirt fullness.

For another little affair for afternoons, you can use the same pattern. This of course will be street length with built-up back and square neck at the front. See the small view! Black velvet is stunning and really conservative! You'll always feel smartly dressed. The new bright crepe silks would also be charming and youthful.

Style No. 1922 is designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20 years, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40-inches bust. Size 16 requires 4 yards of 39-inch material.

Price of pattern 15 cents in stamps or coin (coin preferred) wrap coin carefully address to Charlottetown Guardian giving—Style No. 1922 Size.....

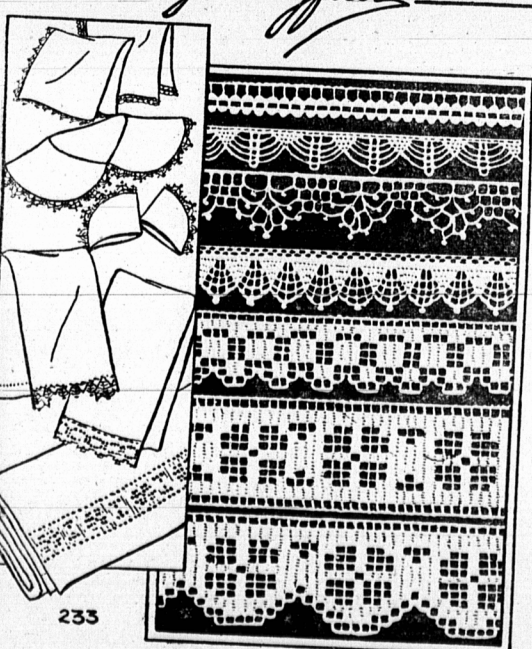
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RAILWAY REVENUE UP

MONTREAL, Jan. 11—Gross revenues of all-inclusive Canadian National Railways system for the week ending Jan. 7 were \$2,915,481 as compared with \$2,584,318 for the same week last year, an increase of \$331,163



Crochet Laces and Insertions by Mayfair



233 Mayfair Needle-art Design No. 233

Every well planned home has no end of uses for dainty crocheted laces and insertions. They work up very quickly and are a pleasant pastime when sitting by the fireside or chatting over a cup of tea. The pattern includes instructions for making wide insertions for sheets, narrower matching widths for pillow slips, edgings for runners, centerpieces, handkerchiefs, lingerie, collars and towels. It also contains detail chart of all stitches used and sample of crochet cotton used in the original model.

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

To The Charlottetown Guardian Needlework Dept. DESIGN NO. 233

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