

Woman's Realm Social and Personal Fashions Literature

Dorothy Dix Says—

WOMEN'S SELF-PITYING HABIT IS CALLED VERY DEMORALIZING

Chief Offenders Are The Middle - Aged Who Often Blame Husband For Tears

If there is one reform that is needed more than any other it is to cure women of being sorry for themselves. The self-pitying habit is every whit as demoralizing as the dope habit and it is a lot harder on the family and friends of the addict. The morphine taker and the drunkard have their moments of sobriety, or they can be clapped into a sanatorium where only those who are paid for it have to listen to their moans, whereas there is no escape from the weeper. She is always on the spot, sitting down with her tears everybody with whom she comes in contact.



Chief among these weepers are middle-aged women. There is not a mail that doesn't bring me a score of brine-soaked letters from melancholy ladies who tell their troubles and ask me to mingle my tears with theirs. Sometimes the writer sobs out that she is the most miserable creature in the world because her husband takes her for granted. He is good and kind and generous and faithful, but he never tells her he loves her, and she doesn't want to be fed on roast beef and potatoes; she is starving for lollipops.

Sometimes she is just plain bored. Her children have grown up and gone about the business of life for themselves, and she is so unhappy with nothing to do or think about that she contemplates committing suicide. Sometimes—boo-hoo, boo-hoo—she is lonely. She has lost touch with her old friends and she doesn't care for strangers. Nobody comes to see her, or writes her. She isn't asked out to dinners and parties any more. And this is a hard and cruel world for a poor, forlorn woman.

ONLY A MOTHER KNOWS—

They are absorbed in their own homes and children. They won't listen to her advice. They don't want her to tag along. When they go out on an evening they don't want her to tag along. And so on and so on. Only a mother knows how children repay her kindness with black ingratitude.

Well, it is too bad to spoil anybody's fun, and as these women get such a kick out of being miserable it seems almost cruel to interfere with their favorite in-door pastime. But as I read these lacrimose epistles I always feel like saying, well, if you don't like being unhappy, why don't you do something about it? Nobody has to live in a slough of despond unless he or she is too lazy or too stupid to climb out of it. Anyway, you know that the only way you could escape the conditions of middle age was by dying young. So why didn't you prepare yourself to meet them?

When all is said, what are you weeping over? Surely you have no cause to weep because your fat, bald, middle-aged husband doesn't make romantic love to you. By the time you have been married to a man for twenty-five or thirty years you have him so securely tied to you that you couldn't lose him if you tried; or you lost him so long ago you don't even remember what he looked like and wouldn't take him back as a girl. Anyway, when a man takes his wife for granted, he pays her his supreme compliment. He thinks she is so all right he doesn't have to mention it.

WHY DIDN'T THEY PREPARE

You knew your children were bound by nature to grow up and leave you, so why didn't you provide yourself with some outside work to do didn't you acquire some skill by which you could support yourself if need be? Why didn't you go in for clubs or philanthropy? Why didn't you learn to be a crackerjack bridge player? That has saved many a woman from a dreary old age.

If you are lonely, that is your own fault. You didn't make new social contacts. You didn't keep your friendship fences in repair. You let yourself become a bore who was always whining, instead of a cheerful, pleasant companion.

And what grievance have you got against your children because they want to live their own lives? Why don't you fill your own life so full of interest and amusement? Why don't you face the fact that if you want them to enjoy your society you must laugh with them, instead of expecting them to weep with you?

Of course, the crepe-hangers are not going to listen to these admonitions. They are having too good a time pitying themselves. But there you are.

THE COOK'S CORNER

CELESTIAL CUSTARD SAUCE

1 pt. milk
1-4 c. sugar or honey
3 egg yolks
Salt
1-2 tsp. vanilla
Heat milk, sugar and a few grains of salt in double boiler. Beat egg yolks slightly, add some of the heated milk and pour all back into double boiler, and stir constantly until custard coats the spoon. Remove at once, add vanilla, place pan in bowl of cold water, and stir occasionally until cool. Serves 6.

MEALS ON THE RAILS

Railway dining cars prepare and serve 25,000,000 meals a year.

The Union of South Africa has an area of 472,550 square miles.

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Living & Leisure

The Woman's Realm

I KNOW SO WELL

I know so well the beauty of neat rooms, white curtains, and the warmth of polished brass.

Wide window sills with plants in flower pots, and the soft glow of serenity that comes in shining glass.

But these, dear God, are not important things, nor will they leave their mark in days to be.

My children will forget my ordered rooms in after years, but when they think of me

FACIAL MUSCLES NEED EXERCISE

Women whose hands and limbs are busier, now are discovering something that is all important to keeping their faces young. They're learning that action—use—is what keeps muscles youthful and vigorous.

This is just as true of your face. It is inaction of the facial muscles and consequent shrinking and shriveling that makes the face, including the skin, sag.

The skin is not so fragile, delicate, tender as has been supposed generally. It is sturdy, elastic, almost impervious to liquids. Even drawn or wrinkled, old-looking faces have fairly good skin.

So why not put those facial muscles into action with some facials and massage? The woman who does this stimulating and exercising the muscles below the skin surface, isn't likely to have a sagging face before she's 50.

Cheering up in the privacy of your room is good facial exercise. It is a good idea to make faces at yourself in the mirror now and then.

When you use lotions and creams, slap them on smartly. The cream or lotion won't do the build-up of the muscles underneath the skin for you, but your patting and massaging does. For a general workout of your face, use a facial cream. It might like the suggestion of an important salon: Walk around "blowing peach blossoms" in your imagination, that is, blowing dust off your right-hand cheek.

The point is, tipce, sretou, fill the cheeks with air, then blow lightly through evenly rounded lips. Turn your head from side to side as you blow.

This brings many small, seldom-used muscles into action, and will ward off wrinkles. It is these that women too often seek to erase by means of a cream alone.

HEAVY SCENTS NOT AGREEABLE

Overheard in an elevator stopping to let an attractive, well-dressed girl get off at the ballroom floor where many women were gathered for a war-work meeting. "Well, I guess everybody she knows gave her something smelly for college graduation—and she feels she has to put on a little dab of each when she goes somewhere important."

A man said it. His small audience snickered.

The remark didn't mark him as a tolerant gentleman, but his reaction certainly was justified.

Increases Scent

Really, it's a serious mistake to use heavily perfumed cosmetics in different scents. Especially in this hot weather when they seem to steam out and become overwhelming to others. No subtle lovely effect can be created by using a bath powder in one fragrance, perfume in another, make-up in still another.

HE'S RIGHT!

Householder Malcolm Holmes of Portsmouth, England, has issued a call for more reason on the kitchen front. He claimed, in a letter to the editor, that there was little point in the food man's early-morning brocade's making "virtue out of sheer necessity."

From time to time, he said, food from the editor and meat, many foods, such as carrots, are so nourishing and good for you, served either raw or under all sorts of sauce, that they should be eaten as they are. He added he didn't mind the food, but the manner in which something everybody has been eating all along is put forward as having some hidden virtue.

"For my part I readily surrender make-shift meals, not because I shall ever be merrier," he believed they are delicious but because they directly help to speed the day when I shall return to real trenchman's plate of bacon and eggs," he said.

Lighter Odours

If you feel that your favourite essence is too heavy or expensive for daytime, consider buying toilet water in matching odour. That way you get a great deal more for the money than went into perfume, and you don't have the worry about too-lavish fragrance.

Smart business women invariably use toilet water or cologne

Public Speaking "Panic" Dispelled by Home Study

Indians Take 3-2 Decision From Chisox

BRINGING UP FATHER

Member Makes Bad Impression

Member Makes Bad Impression

So you never thought they'd ask you to speak!

You can't avoid being asked, sooner or later, if you belong to a group. And even if you only say one little sentence, you sound lovely or awful, depending on whether or not you know public speaking rules.

Maybe you get stage fright, make a poor impression before you even open your mouth. Simple "Don'ts" help prevent this. DON'T scramble to your feet—take your time. DON'T hold anything while speaking.

It helps your ease to practise enunciation at home. Then you're sure you won't ruin people's impression of you by saying "Yes, ar c'middee's maken the samwiches"; you'll enunciate clearly "Yes, our committee is making the sandwiches."

Important, too, to be up on parliamentary rules—to know how to address the chair.

Learn to speak up confidently! Our 32-page booklet tells how you can improve your vocabulary, voice, pronunciation. Describes how to prepare a speech, hold attention, be at ease. Gives sample speeches.

Member Makes Bad Impression

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Remembered

April

By STEWART VAN DER VEER

CHAPTER XXII

"Whoa, Bluebell—steady old girl!"

Evan reined in the chestnut mare and swung in the saddle. He settled himself, but seemed distinctly nervous as the animal danced beneath him.

"Anne, mounted on Bonnie, said, 'Bluebell hasn't been ridden for weeks. She's a bit spirited.'"

As they rode out of the stable yard, she could see that Evan's mount was still giving him trouble. She thought of the last time she had seen Mont astride the same horse. With what quiet skill he had handled the lively mare! Evan simply hadn't had the knack.

When Evan, after dinner, had hinted that he would like to go for a ride with her, she had accepted the suggestion with some misgivings.

She wanted an opportunity to talk to him alone, after the fashion of a girl who might not like their going off together.

The meeting between the two men hadn't gone well at all. There had been an undeniable tension. This had continued throughout dinner. In fact, Linda was the only person at the table who had seemed perfectly at ease. Mont had been pleasant enough, but several times, Anne had caught him eying Evan rather resentfully. Then, immediately after her, he had announced that he had to go into Breckenridge and had departed. Anne had thought it a bit rude. Couldn't he have postponed his errand until a time when they did not have guests?

"Let's ride over to the back part of the place," suggested Evan. "It's been a long time since you and I have done that, Anne."

"Yes—a long time," she agreed absently, still thinking of Mont, trying to decide whether or not he represented Evan's presence at Fleetwood.

They followed a narrow lane which skirted a pasture fence. After a mile or so, they entered a section of woods and rode along a winding track.

At length, Evan halted under a hickory tree draped with wild grapevines. Near by was a little spring that gurgled from the ground.

"Our picnic grounds," he said, smiling reminiscently. "Shall we get down for a while?"

The dismounted and hitched their horses to a tree.

Seated beside the spring, Anne thought of another summer afternoon when she and Evan had visited this spot. He had told her of his love that day and had asked her to marry him. She had put him off, saying that she wanted to wait a while to have a try at a career before settling down. But it had been a magic afternoon. She remembered how deeply she had been stirred.

"When were you married?" he asked suddenly.

"The middle of June."

Anne found herself telling him of Mont's coming to Fleetwood in April and of the events which had led up to their marriage.

"He was silent a while, then said, 'Did Linda tell you I'd broken my engagement?'"

"She caught her breath, glanced at him quickly. Why should the breaking of his engagement to Pamela Gordon mean anything to her now? He had told her of his love, a certain satisfaction that the girl who had taken him from her had been unable to hold him. Though the thought of that engagement had

A Morning Smile

SO SORRY

A doctor was attending a pretty film star who had been ill for some time.

"You've got acute appendicitis," he announced.

The girl set up indignantly. "Say, cut out the freshness," she said. "I want to be examined, not admired."

THE RULER

Said Mr. Hobson: "A baby's troublesome, that's true; but remember the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world."

Replied his wife: "Well, then, suppose you assume world domination for the evening while I go to the movies."

long since ceased to cause her pain, the fact that it was broken was a sop to her pride.

"I hadn't heard," she answered. "I hadn't heard."

Evan snapped the stick between his fingers. "A month after I gave Pamela a ring, I caught her kissing another man."

"Then, maybe you're lucky," declared Anne quietly.

"Sure I'm lucky," Evan agreed. "It hurt like the devil for a while, but I know now that I didn't really love her. She never made me happy, only kept me stirred up. I was never sure of her. Yes, I'm lucky. If I'd married her, she would have been a hindrance rather than a help to me in my career. I'm going into politics, you know—am running for the legislature next year. And that's only a starter. A man in politics needs to have the right kind of wife—a wife whose a credit to him. Pam, with her unconventional ways, would have been a liability."

Anne was embarrassed by these confidences—didn't know quite what to say. There was a short silence. Evan, frowning, dug a hole in the dirt with the heel of his riding boot.

Then, abruptly, he turned and caught hold of her hand. There was a look in his eyes that frightened her.

"Anne," he said fervently. "I was a fool to let you get away from me! But Pamela got a hold on me—made me lose my head. His fingers tightened on hers. 'It's you I should have married!'"

She was startled. How much those words would have meant to her a few months ago! But now they were a shank. Her love for Evan was definitely dead. Her thoughts now were only of Mont. "Break gently—dislodge the stone, even to sit here listening to Evan. Withdrawing her hand from his, she quickly got to her feet.

"You—you mustn't talk like that, Evan."

He jumped up, his face pale and tense. Reaching out, he attempted to draw her to him.

"Let's have something we can do," he said desperately. "To make it like it used to be with—with us?"

Anne pulled away from him, shook her head. "No—it will never be that way again, Evan. You see, I love Mont very much—am very happy with him." She picked up her riding crop. "I think we'd better be getting back to the house."

(To Be Continued.)

RACIAL MIXTURE

El Salvador's population is more than 90 per cent Ladino—Mixed Indian and white blood.

CHINA COOLED UP

China's coal reserve, at the rate of pre-war consumption, could supply her needs for 10,000 years.

GOOD OLD PANAMA

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8 oz. size makes 100 cups

Instant POSTUM
A CEREAL BEVERAGE
There's a Reason
Makes 100 Cups
MADE INSTANTLY IN THE CUP

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CHROMIUM PLATE

Never use metal polishes or any kind of cleaning powder on any chromium finish. It is a soft metal and wears off easily. But it is one of the easiest metals to keep clean and stainless. Simply wipe it off with a damp cloth. If it needs washing, use soapy water, rinse and dry.

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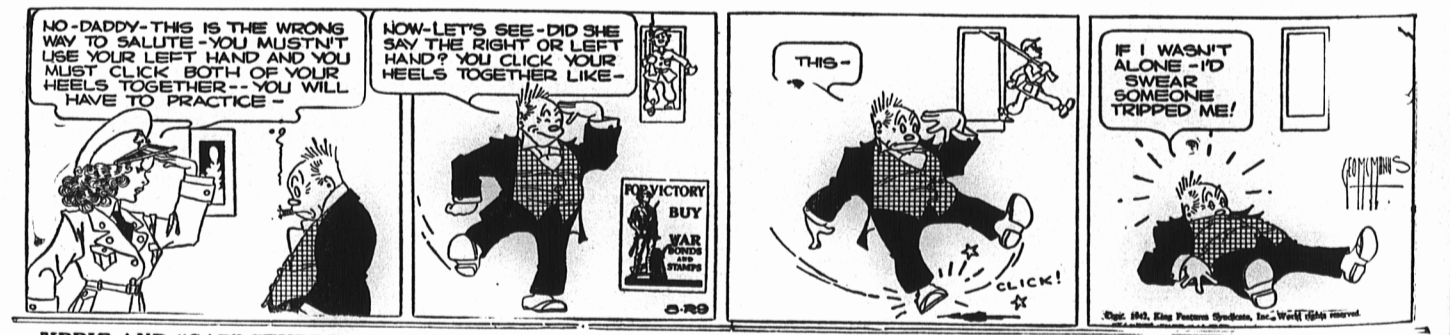
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By George McManus



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