

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

The HOUSEWIFE and HER ACTIVITIES

A haze on the far horizon The infinite tender sky, The rich, ripe tints of the cornfield, The wild geese circling high;

And far over the upland and low-land, The charm of the golden-rod, Some of us call it Autumn, And others call it—God.

—Dr. William Herbert Carruth. Praise often does more harm than censure A merry host is bound to have merrily guests.

Man is made of dust—but unfortunately, not gold dust. When a man drinks too many draughts, he soon needs a brace.

Life was safer and quieter when the homing was done by geese. Many a bookkeeper spent his vacation looking at figures on the beach. One trouble with the world is that you can't believe what some people say.

Although a rolling stone gathers no moss, it certainly accumulates plenty of polish. The first wife's relatives always rejoice over the difficulties a man has with his second spouse.

A committee of five usually consists of the man who does the work, three others who put him on the back, and one who brings in a minority report.

OFFICE CLOTHES Your first job! What a thrill!

A Morning Smile An Italian about to be admitted to American citizenship had to appear before an official to answer certain formal questions.

When that part of the business was over the official anxiously to discover if the new citizen appreciated the possibilities of his new status, drawled: "Now, see here, could you be President of the United States?"

And the new citizen answered appealingly: "No sir, please, sir, you excuse me. Me very busy in the ice-cream business."

BABY'S QUESTION BOX By Mary Paton How can I stop my child's tantrums?

Leave it alone. Don't argue or plead. By your indifference, teach your child that it is wasting its time. But never be indifferent to even the slightest cold. If you can stop a cold early, you may save your child from a serious illness. Thousands of mothers have learned to turn to Baby's Own Tablets when their children show the first sign of a cold.

Mrs. Harvey of Washago writes: "Colds last but a few days when given Baby's Own at the beginning." Mrs. Gill, a graduate nurse of Barrie writes: "When all the rest of us had the 'flu', I soon had baby's cold checked and better, thanks to Baby's Own Tablets."

These tablets, used and respected for 35 years, also give relief in cases of constipation, diarrhoea, teething troubles, fever, restless sleep, colds and spasmodic croup.

This safe, mild medicine in tablet form is pleasant to take, economical, and you are always sure of the correct dosage.

Mrs. Cowan of Wallace town writes: "I know I can depend on Baby's Own Tablets to straighten up a peevish, fretful, restless child in a few hours. They promote natural sleep and elimination and will not harm the youngest child."

Sold at all druggists—25 cents. BABY'S OWN TABLETS

Advertisement for Kayser Stockings and Gloves. Includes text: 'CLEAR AS A FLAWLESS GEM', 'MIR-O-KLEER\* HOSIERY...85¢', 'MADE IN CANADA', 'ONLY KAYSER MAKES IT', 'KAYSER STOCKINGS...GLOVES LINGERIE SOLD IN CHARLOTTETOWN -BY- Moore & McLeod Ltd.'

Feather in Her Hat

By JULIE ANNE MOORE



He recorded various petty vents in his unregulated life in England and devoted considerable space to his numerous amours both in England and on the Continent, gradually leading up to his sudden decision to go to the United States and seriously apply himself to the study of criminology at the University of Chicago. Then:

"My only purpose in going to Washington was to see the city, but before I had been there a week, I knew that I should never see the University of Chicago. There were two reasons for this. First, it had been on my conscience for some time that while I had had the courage to present certain unpopular convictions in 'The Police Are Puppets', I had not had the courage to put them to the test. Since I had none of the average weakling's sensitiveness to violent death and none of society's prejudices against premeditated murder, I determined to make an actual test."

"The second reason for my decision to remain in Washington was that I met a charming young woman, the daughter of a Senator, and through her good offices secured a place as secretary to a New England Congressman, and two years later became her father's secretary."

"At this point in Fuhrman Wells' personal record there was noticeable a distinct change in style. No longer did he lapse into long involved sentences. It was as if he wrote now with effort, forcing himself to the task. "I was in love now. For the first time in my life I was really in love. My projected experiment seemed no longer important. The Senator was rich and politically powerful. We knew he would object to an alliance between his daughter and his secretary. Our affair, therefore, remained a secret from the world. And it was all the sweeter because of the secrecy that surrounded it. Had it continued, my plan to prove that the police are fools would have been permanently discarded. However, it did not continue."

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CHAPTER 25

"I've never before run into a case with so many apparent contradictions," Mollie's friend at police headquarters told her. "To date we've pushed the investigation in two directions, first, to trace Wells' movements before he came to Washington. In this we have completely failed."

"And then we tried to check the story in this thing you've just read. The Cairo police insist that angle of the story is nonsense, and the authorities at Oxford scoff at the idea that anyone answering Wells' description was a student."

"Which leaves us with just two established facts: the two books mentioned as being the work of Wells, 'The Police Are Puppets' and 'The Strange Case of Dr. Chezzie,' were published in London at about the time this diary thing says that Wells was there—and the identity of the author was never discovered."

Mollie found Carl waiting at the office. He said Senator Runbrecker had received a ransom note. "Fifty thousand smackers," said Carl. "The note said they would send him instructions as to where, when and how in the next few days."

"What do you think about it, Mollie?" "Me?" asked Mollie, shrugging. "I'm like Ann. I don't think any more, but I can't quite get it into my head that Selmo was kidnapped."

"And I can't either," Carl agreed. "Personally, I think the Senator is off his nut."

As Mollie told Bill when he came unexpectedly to the apartment Wednesday evening things were popping. Senator Runbrecker had received a second note raising the ransom to \$75,000 and advising that he would receive specific instructions before the end of the week.

Carl, who had been on the go night and day since Selma's disappearance, had finally collapsed and been rushed to a hospital suffering from what was diagnosed as a form of epilepsy.

And Bill himself had brought the news concerning the now famous case of the two boxes. The two boxes it seemed, had been delivered to the Capitol some time around the middle of December. Tacked to the top of each was a neatly printed card reading:

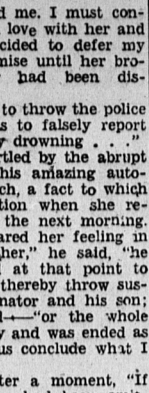
VERY CONFIDENTIAL! THE EXHIBITS CONTAINED HEREIN FOR USE BY THE MUNICIPAL INVESTIGATING COMMITTEE. TO BE KEPT ON THE FLOOR OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES UNTIL CONGRESS CONVENES WHEN THE SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE WILL HAVE THEM DELIVERED TO THE CHAIRMAN OF THE COMMITTEE.

A member of the Capitol police had opened one of the boxes and found it filled with large, empty brass shells. The boxes were then placed in the center aisle of the House of Representatives.

As Bill had got the story, the boxes had remained on the floor of the House until the day before when he was to convene when they were removed to an ante-room. There they had been forgotten and not until the day before had an attendant come across them by accident and notified the Speaker.

Dorothy Dix's Letter Box

The Mother of a 15-Year-Old Girl Needs the Wisdom of Solomon to Properly Direct Her Offspring



Dear Miss Dix—I am an attractive young girl of 15 and my mother is continually worrying about me. I am perfectly capable of taking care of myself, but she thinks I am too young to go out, and she particularly objects to my going out in cars with boys, as she says that all fellows park for is to get it. It is made of importance by my younger girl friends whose mothers are more broad-minded than mine and this I cannot stand. I look older than I am and am popular with the boys, but my family are always putting a damper on my innocent joys.



MODERN DAUGHTER. Answer: There is anybody on earth who has my earnest and heartfelt sympathy, it is the conscientious mother who is trying to do her duty by a 15-year-old daughter in these days when all the decencies of conduct seem to have been scrapped. She needs the wisdom of Solomon, the patience of Job, the finesse of a diplomat, the discipline of a drill sergeant, a sense of humor that will enable her to laugh things off instead of making family feuds out of them, the ability to think and feel as she did when she was a girl, to which must be added second sight and the gift of prophecy, and even with all of these attributes she is likely to find herself routed, horse and dragon, by a little adolescent flopper.

Not long ago I met at a party one of the greatest scientists in the world. He is a man of profound learning, of gigantic intellect. He has made discoveries that have made him famous and for which he had received decorations and degrees from every civilized country, but he backed me into a corner and spent the whole evening asking me what he could do with a little 14-year-old daughter who would go riding with boys at night after parties instead of coming home, because all the other girls did it. He had solved the secrets of the universe, but not all his wisdom nor his knowledge gave him any inkling of how to manage a young girl.

The trouble in dealing with adolescent children is that they think that they know everything that is to be known and that their parents are meddling old fools who should be in homes for the senile. They are also utterly self-confident and feel perfectly capable of deciding every question pertaining to themselves, and they resent any suggestion or advice from their elders. Furthermore, they believe that they have to assert their independence and show how grown up they are by defying their parents.

So you are just running true to form, my dear, when you are furious at your mother's efforts to protect you and when you say that you are perfectly capable of taking care of yourself. Believe me, no girl of 15 is any more capable of doing that than a little lamb is capable of defending itself against a pack of wolves.

You know nothing of life, of the world, nothing of men. You have had no experience to guide you. You have no strength of character with which to fight off temptations. You do not even know how to judge men and tell which are to be trusted and which, as they used to say in melodrama, bode you no good. So how can you protect yourself? How can you save yourself from the dangers that menace a young girl at every step?

And it is to keep you from doing the things through sheer ignorance that may wreck your life in its very beginning; it is to try to keep you from stumbling into some pitfall of whose existence you do not even dream as you dance down the gay path of youth that your mother is trying to hold your hand a little and save you from a fate that might be worse than death. For what happens to other girls may happen to you.

You have only to read the newspapers every day to see the pitiful tales of little young girls who have killed themselves rather than face disgrace; of child mothers; and of girls who have runaway with handsome strangers who sold them into white slavery; of girls who have listened to their undoing to the lies of plausible villains. Yet every one of those girls thought that she was perfectly able to take care of herself.

So don't try to block your mother's efforts to protect you. She isn't unreasonable in her demands, and you know very well yourself that she is right when she says that parking is for the sake of parking, and that the girl who goes in for that is in such danger that her guardian angel must quake with terror for her. And your mother is right when she says that the mothers who allow their girls to run wild are fools. They are more than that. They are fools and traitors to the trust God gave them when he put a girl baby into their hands. DOROTHY DIX.

Dear Dorothy Dix—What is your advice to a wife who wears herself out trying to keep her house spick-and-span so that she has no time or energy left to spend with her husband and children? NEGLICTED HUSBAND.

Cleanliness and order are virtues that can easily be turned into vice, and when they are overdone they can wreck a home much more effectively than slovenliness and dirt can.

A home is primarily a place in which a family can take its ease and comfort and it becomes no home if it is turned into a sanitary prison in which every one goes in fear and trembling of muzzing up a pillow, or tracking up a floor, or disarranging a bookshelf.

Yet all of us know women who make homes like that and who are such cleaners that they literally sweep their husbands and children out of the house into the streets, or clubs where they will not be continually told to hang up their hats, or pick up their papers, and, for heaven's sake, not to drop cigarette ashes on the rugs.

Worse still, these meticulous housekeepers wear themselves out so with their scrubbing and their polishing and their cleaning that they make themselves nervous wrecks whose tempers are always on edge and who are about as pleasant to live with as a fretful porcupine. There isn't a man in the world who wouldn't rather have a good-natured wife who was pleasant and comfortable to live with, and who had time to stop and talk and play with him, than to have a domestic drudge who worked herself to death to keep the front steps polished. Nor are there any children in the world who wouldn't rather have a sloppy, easy-going home where they could do as they pleased than one in which they had to be always on their P's and Q's for fear of muzzing up things and getting a scolding.

Dear Dorothy Dix—Does a widower show regard for his deceased wife by delaying his search for a second wife? I am a man of 40, with two little children. Lost my wife last February. After ten weeks of bewilderment I was deeply attracted to one of my wife's friends, who had always loved my children. I proposed to her and was accepted and we expect to be married before the year ends, but I have received much criticism about my haste in replacing my wife. Is this just? K. C. M. Answer:

The accepted canon of good taste is that a man shall wait a year before marrying again. It is a little tribute to her memory of a wife that indicates she is not forgotten as soon as she is underground. But it is a matter of individual inclination and, of course, a husband who isn't greatly bereaved has a perfect right to do as he pleases in the matter. DOROTHY DIX.

coming back from Elmville Sunday anyway. Let her alone. She needn't know anything about this. The police ought to be through with Lee and take a turn around the room. "Have you ever stopped to think how much unpleasantness we've had crammed into our lives these last six months," Mollie said.

A sad little smile grew on Mollie's lips. "I'm afraid I've thought of it. It all began the night Ann and Rita came. Odd how we've changed since then. We're not the same people. You less than any of us. All the fun's gone out of you, Bill."

He nodded, gravely. Suddenly his eyes sought hers. "Look here, Mollie, you're not holding anything against me?" (To Be Continued.)

Advertisement for Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. Text: 'Mother Not to Blame For the Children's Colds', 'Despite all the mothers can do the kiddies will run out of doors not properly wrapped up; have too much clothing on; get overheated and cool off too suddenly; get their feet wet; kick off the bed clothes, and do a dozen things the mother cannot prevent. Half the battle in doctoring children's colds is to give them something they will like; something they will take without any fuss, and this the mother will find in Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. It acts promptly and effectively.'

SMART CLOTHES FOR THE HOME DRESSMAKER

Typically of the new feeling for elegance, is this exquisitely lovely dress, patterned for today. It has a very bloused bodice at the front, that makes hips look slim. The pretty yoke is shaped to give the new drop-shoulder line. The fulness of the sleeves and the tunic skirt are details of importance. It is made of plum colored crepe silk that shows new interest in its weave. It's a perfect dress for that luncheon "date", for the afternoon bridge, for dropping in for cocktail and for those informal evenings. Easy to sew! You'll be simply amazed at the short time it will take you to make it. Style No. 954 is designed for sizes 14, 16, 18 years, 36, 38 and 40-inches bust. Size 16 requires 4 1/2 yards of 39-inch material with 1 1/2 yards of lining. Price of PATTERN is 15 cents in stamps or coin (coin is preferred.) Wrap coin carefully.



No. 954. Size ..... Name ..... Street Address ..... City ..... State .....

THE COOK'S CORNER BROILED PORK TENDERLOIN

Most people consider that there is no more satisfying piece of meat than a pork tenderloin that has been given one of the very good methods of cooking. This tenderloin seems to be unlike most of the pork cuts, and entirely different from any other meat. It is well able to rise to quite special occasions for us.

This is a slightly unusual method of preparing tenderloin—the chief difference being in the use of soy sauce. This gives it a Chinese touch that is novel. Of course, this sauce may be omitted and a small amount of one of our familiar savory thick bottled sauces used instead, in the marinating mixture.

2 tablespoons flour 1/2 cup salad oil 1 cup soy bean sauce 2 tablespoons sugar (optional) 1 tablespoon salt

Slice pork tenderloin into 8 long, narrow strips and lay out in a shallow pan. Combine soy bean sauce, oil, salt, sugar and flour for about 3 to 4 hours. Remove from mixture and broil rather slowly for 1/2 hour. Turn pork during broiling, and cook until tender and golden brown.

PRIZE DEVIL'S FOOD CAKE Two cups sifted cake flour, 3/4 teaspoon baking powder, 1/4 teaspoon salt, 2-3 cup butter or other shortening, 1 1/2 cups sugar, 3 eggs well beaten, 3 squares unsweetened chocolate melted, 1/2 cup milk, 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift together three times. Cream butter thoroughly, add sugar gradually, and cream together until light and fluffy. Add eggs and beat well; then chocolate and beat until smooth. Add flour, alternately with milk, a small amount at a time, beating after each addition until smooth. Add vanilla. Bake in two greased 9-inch layer pans in moderate oven (350 degrees F.) thirty minutes, or until done. Spread Orange Mist frosting between layers and on top and sides of cake.

Orange Mist Frosting—Two eggs well beaten, 1 1/2 cups sugar, 4 1/2 tablespoons orange juice, 1/2 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind. Combine egg whites, sugar and orange and lemon juice in top of double boiler. Beating with rotary egg beater until thoroughly mixed. Place over rapidly boiling water, beating constantly with rotary egg beater, and cook seven minutes, or until frosting will stand in peaks. Remove from boiling water, add orange rind and spread on top and sides of cake. Melt two squares of unsweetened chocolate with two teaspoons butter. When orange frosting is set, pour chocolate mixture over cake, letting it run down on sides.

AT NORTH RIVER BRIDGE ON WEDNESDAY, NOV. 6, 1935 Starting At 1 O'clock Sharp

I am instructed by Parker A. Horne to offer by public auction his beautiful farm of 40 acres and lovely home. All modern conveniences situated thereon. This is an opportunity to purchase a real home. Also an ideal location for tourist trade.

Also at the same place I will offer 1 choice milch cow due to freshen.

Also Crop consisting of 20 tons pressed hay, timothy and clover, 7 tons pressed straw, 40 bushels choice wheat, 300 bushels oats.

Also quantity of household furniture comprising of dishes, oilcloth, wear-ever cooking utensils, beds, etc. Everything in and about the place. Also 1 truck wagon.

Terms Cash. PARKER A. HORNE, North River. J. A. MacDONALD, Auctioneer, L-2438-11-2-4-5-31.

TO LET Desirable tenement, 12 Ambrose St., Brighton, eight rooms, two fire places. Phone 449. L-2471-11-4-3i

FOR SALE AT MONTAGUE Residence and Fox Ranch, in good condition. Properties will be sold separate or together. Priced low for quick sale. Apply, E. E. PARKMAN Box 447 Summerside, P. E. I. 2444-11-2-4-5-31

FARM FOR SALE Farm at Donaldston Lot 35, consisting of 100 acres, 60 under cultivation and balance under lumber and firewood. Apply, LORNE F. QUICK, Donaldston, P. E. Island or M. ALBAN FARMER, Solicitor, Charlottetown, P. E. I. L2397-11-1-4-6-31

AUCTION SALE AT NORTH RIVER BRIDGE ON WEDNESDAY, NOV. 6, 1935 Starting At 1 O'clock Sharp I am instructed by Parker A. Horne to offer by public auction his beautiful farm of 40 acres and lovely home. All modern conveniences situated thereon. This is an opportunity to purchase a real home. Also an ideal location for tourist trade. Also at the same place I will offer 1 choice milch cow due to freshen. Also Crop consisting of 20 tons pressed hay, timothy and clover, 7 tons pressed straw, 40 bushels choice wheat, 300 bushels oats. Also quantity of household furniture comprising of dishes, oilcloth, wear-ever cooking utensils, beds, etc. Everything in and about the place. Also 1 truck wagon. Terms Cash. PARKER A. HORNE, North River. J. A. MacDONALD, Auctioneer, L-2438-11-2-4-5-31.

Buying Potatoes Buying No. 1 and No. 2 Certified Seed Potatoes, also table stock daily taking delivery at the Railway Wharf. Our office and warehouse has been removed to W. D. Gillis Co. Wharf, same warehouse where J. Lester Douglas operated at. Call and get your bags. Our prices are as high as other dealers. PAUL A. MURRAY.