

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

The HOUSEWIFE and HER ACTIVITIES

GOODNESS

God's goodness hath been great to thee; Let never day nor night unhal-low'd pass. But still remember what the Lord hath done. —Shakespeare.

GRUDGES

Purge out of every heart the lurking grudge. Give us grace and strength to forbear and to persevere. Offenders give us the grace to accept and to forgive offenders. —Stevenson.

DUTIES

Let the duties that lie nearest you be always the most imperative; the members of your own home circle will always have the first claim on your affection and usefulness. I lay this down as an unalterable rule.— A. Sleeking.

HARM

It is often better to have a great deal of harm happen to one; a great deal may arouse you to remove what a little will only accustom you to endure. Lord Greville.

THANKSGIVING

I feel the earth move sunward, I join the great march onward! And take, by faith, while living, My freehold of thanksgiving. —Whittier.

COMPASSION

Halt the misery of human life might be extinguished by mutual offices of compassion, benevolence and humanity.—J. Addison.

BEST

Put off thy cares with thy clothes; so shall thy rest strengthen thy labor; and so shall thy labor sweeten thy rest.—Quarles.

CONVERSATION

One of the best rules in conversation is, never to say a thing which any of the company can reasonably wish had been left unsaid.—Swift.

A successful dentist needs a lot of pull.

Nobody can see a man who is ill.

A Morning Smile

UNFAITHFUL ONE

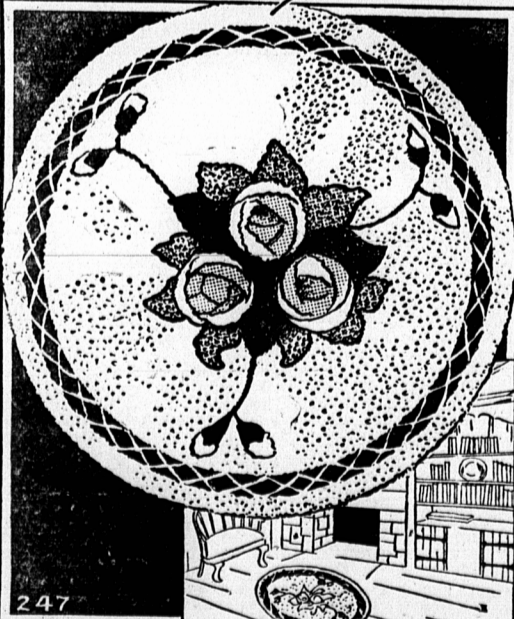
"Oh, George," sighed the young wife, "when you kiss me like that you remind me of Clark Gable!" The husband sprang up. "So," he cried bitterly, "you've been double-crossing me!"

MURPHY SUPREME

Murphy (promoted to foreman) —"An' look here boys, yee'll do as I tell yees or get fired" for I can lick anny man on this job." Burly Navy—"You can't lick me." Murphy—"Then it's fired yees are. I won't have anny chap on this job I can't lick."

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by Mayfair



Mayfair Needle-art Design No. 247
Whether your home decorative scheme is modern or period, hooked rugs will bring spots of bright color to your rooms. Hooking rugs is easy and interesting and goes amazingly fast. You will enjoy working with the colorful yarns and the beauty of the finished rug will be an endless joy to all who see it. The pattern contains detail chart, instructions for making, color suggestions, and a sample of yarn used.
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Dorothy Dix's Letter Box

Straying From the Straight Path in Marriage Inevitably Leads to Heartaches and Loss of Happiness in the Home—Few Women Are Forgiving in This Matter

Dear Miss Dix—I am a married man and last summer while my wife was away I got into a most sordid affair with a young woman. I cared nothing for her and she made it very plain from the beginning just the sort of woman she was. Not for one moment did I imagine that I loved her or that she loved me. Now, Miss Dix—, my wife is an entirely different kind of woman. One of the finest. Calm, serene, lovely in looks and personality, and in spite of all I have done I loved her as I know I can never love another. When I told her what I had done, as I felt that I should, omitting no detail, she suggested in the most matter-of-fact manner that she would get a divorce. I am afraid she has ceased to love me, and when I think of losing her and visualizing her as perhaps being married to another man I am consumed with a most horrible jealousy. I feel that I cannot give her up. I am bowed down by the contempt and loathing I feel for myself, and yet I feel that she must forgive me. What can I do? A HUSBAND.

Answer: What can you do except to abide by your wife's decision in the matter? It is all up to her now. You have put the greatest humiliation upon her that a man can offer his wife by going from her to a wanton; you have wrecked her faith in you and shattered her idea of you. You have given her a wound from which she will never recover. It depends not only upon how much she loves you, but also upon how deep-seeing and broad-minded she is whether she can forgive you or not.

It may be that she can believe a truth that women find it hard to accept—that a man can still love his wife and yet be unfaithful to her. It may be that she can realize that your sin was of the flesh and not the spirit, and was no more to you than gratifying any other physical appetite so temper her judgment of you with mercy and understanding.

Perhaps she will be wise enough to see that it is folly to tear down her home because there is one defect in it, and that it is far better to patch up the weak place than it is to wreck the whole structure. Every wife's first thought when she finds her husband has betrayed her is to rush to the divorce court. In her anger, her jealousy and her sense of outrage she feels that she hates him; that she cannot endure living under the same roof with him; that she wants to stab back and hurt him as badly as he has hurt her.

But when she does break up her home because her husband has had a passing affair with some woman, she almost invariably regrets it and her husband, in spite of his wrongdoing, and that she misses him. She finds that the children mourn the father they miss and blame her for leaving him if they are old enough to understand the situation. She finds that she has to descend to a lower scale of living and that she is paying a high price for maintaining what she called at the time "her self-respect."

No woman can be expected to tolerate habitual unfaithfulness in her husband, but I think she is foolish to break up her home for a first offense, considering that men are, as Mr. Howell said, still imperfectly monogamous after 10,000 years of civilization.

But why, when a man loves his wife, does he risk his happiness and his home for the doubtful pleasure of a sordid love affair? He knows he is gambling with the most precious thing on earth, and that once his wife's confidence in him is shaken it can never be regained. Technically, she may forgive him, but in her heart still rankle her resentment against him as long as she lives.

Her love and her pride have been dragged through the mire, and nothing can ever make them clean and beautiful to her again. And like the elephant, a woman never forgets. Well may the philandering husband ask himself if the game is worth the candle.

Dear Miss Dix—I am an attractive young business woman, engaged to a fine young man, but it will be three years before we will be able to marry. We are very much in love, and our problem is this: He thinks that because we are engaged we have a right to the intimacies of married life. I don't. Am I old-fashioned in my ideas? Or am I right? JILL.

Answer: If you are old-fashioned, you are old-fashioned in the way that the Ten Commandments are, and they are the guide that God Himself laid down for human conduct. There is one of them that precisely and definitely answers your questions. Call your boy friend's attention to that, and they nearly all come to grief. Especially the girls who have liberal ideas on the subject.

I know it is hard for a girl to stand up for her principles when the man she loves is arguing against them and trying to persuade her that the easy way is the right way, but stick to your colors. The more steadfastly you stand by your ideals, the more the man will respect you and love you, even when he is angry with you for not giving in and is deriding you for what he calls your obsolete views. In his heart he knows that the kind of woman he wants for a wife and for the mother of his children is the woman he can trust, the woman he can depend upon to do right, no matter how strong the temptation is to do wrong.

And believe this, too, my dear, that your engagement, like many another engagement, may go blooey long before three years are up. You have no certainty that you will ever marry this boy who asks you to give him the privileges of a husband before he has assumed the responsibilities of one. He may tire of you. In fact he is very likely to tire of you if you become his mistress and he will want to marry some girl who is "pure."

If that happens, you will be one of those unfortunate girls with a past that they dare not reveal to some other man who wants to marry them. Men are rarely fair to women in illicit love affairs. They seldom marry the girl who has "given them her all," as the phrase goes, and when they do they only too often reproach her with it after marriage.

Keep your love clean. Keep yourself clean. It pays in your own self-respect, and it makes you the kind of a girl a man has to marry to get.

Dear Dorothy Dix—I am anxious to adopt a child. Do you know of any institution where they have children that are given for adoption? MRS. E. V. P.

Answer: Every city has a Child Finding Society that gives out children for adoption to the proper parties. DOROTHY DIX.

THE COOK'S CORNER

OAT FINGERS.

One-quarter pound rolled oats, 3 ounces sugar, 2 ounces butter, 1 teaspoon golden syrup. Melt golden syrup and butter in saucepan; then add sugar and oats. Stir together over a low heat for a few minutes until well mixed. Turn into a well-buttered baking tin and bake in a moderate oven for about 15 minutes. The mixture should be a nice, even brown. Let it cool in the tin, and while in tin cut into finger lengths.

ROLLED POT ROAST.

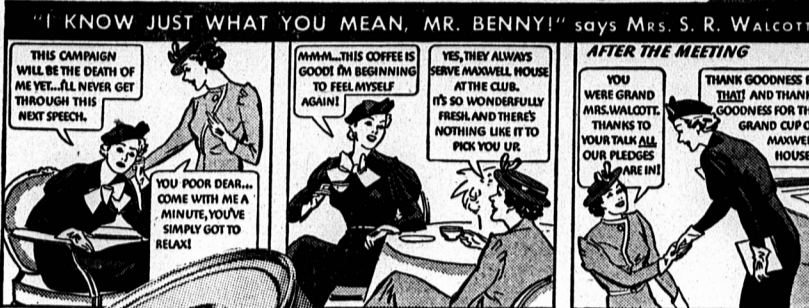
Four pounds of rolled beef, 4 onions, 1 carrot, chopped, 1-2 cup chopped celery, 1 tomato, 6 whole cloves, 1 bay leaf, 2 sprigs parsley, adding more seasoning if necessary, salt and pepper.

Method: Have the butcher lard the pot roast with small fingers of salt pork on both sides. Wipe with a damp cloth and brown well in a deep kettle containing plenty of fat. Add the onions, left whole, and chopped carrot and celery and cook in the hot fat for 5 minutes longer. Cover with boiling water, add the tomato, chopped, and the seasonings and cover kettle closely. A Dutch oven is an ideal utensil for this. Place in a moderate oven or over a low fire and cook slowly for about 4 hours. Turn once and occasionally scrape down the brown glaze that forms on the sides of the kettle. It will melt and improve the color and flavor of the gravy. When done pour off most of the broth leaving the vegetables and just enough liquid to make a gravy. Thicken this with flour and butter rubbed together. Allow the broth which was poured off to cool, remove the fat from the top and use as a basis for a delicious soup for Monday lunch. It may be extended with tomato juice or plain water, adding more seasoning if necessary, salt and pepper.

How Welcome!... THE FRIENDLY STIMULATION OF THIS TRULY ROASTER-FRESH COFFEE

"Good coffee—that's the stuff to keep a man smiling! Nothing like its friendly stimulation to buoy you up... to help you over the hard spots!"

Jack Benny



The camera catches Jack Benny, star of "College Holiday", relaxing over a cup of coffee during a hard day.

"I NEVER dreamed coffee could taste so good!" That's what you'll say as you linger over your first cup of Maxwell House! And how welcome you'll find the friendly stimulation of this finer, fresher coffee.

Maxwell House is so rich and smooth because it brings you every bit of the original flavor. For Vita-Fresh Maxwell House is packed in a super-vacuum tin—the one sure way to bring you coffee hours fresh!



MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE

ROASTED AND PACKED IN CANADA

HONEYMOONSHINE

By J. E. GURDON

(Continued)
But didn't your husband see how much nicer that would be?"
"To this the response was a short and mirthless laugh."
"If he did he didn't say so. He's a motor engineer and spends his time selling tractors to farmers in all sorts of mouldy holes, so of course the sort of hankers after a spot of night life. You can't blame him, really. In fact—I don't. I oughtn't to have made him come here. Anyway—I hope he's enjoying his billiards."

Abruptly she rose to her feet. "Thanks for the coffee," she said. "Good night."
Lady Copeland watched the silver slippers mount the stair case, then turned to her husband with a sigh. "That boy of hers needs a little motherly advice."
"Or a kick in the pants," amended Sir Maxwell.

It was about this moment that Jim discovered that the alleged billiard table at the Forrester's Armas was a nineteenth century bagatelle board. His emotions found expression through a slight rasp in his voice as he ordered a double whiskey.

The landlord wagged his bald head apologetically. "Very sorry, sir, but we don't sell it."
"Don't—sell—whiskey?"
"No sir. No spirits. This is only a beer house, sir."
The reveller breathed deeply. "Have you any quart tankards?" he demanded with elaborate calm. "You have Good! I congratulate you! Will you please fill one of those tankards to the brim with your choicest brew?"
Huffily, for he suspected a leg-pull, the landlord turned to his row of barrels while his guest began a censorious scrutiny of his surroundings.

From the public bar, on the other side of a glass partition, came the rumble of voices and rattle of table skittles, but inside the "snug," which he had chanced to enter, was neither company nor cheer, nor any immediately distinctive feature except a smell. Upon its cheese coloured walls hung three enamelled brewer's advertisements, and a gilt framed assembly of what he took to be newspaper clippings yellowed with age.

Crossing the room to examine this strange decoration Jim found that his conjecture had not been far wrong, although the clippings were taken not from newspapers but from old books or local interest.

At the head of this river, he read, Leland writes that King Arthur our Hector was there slain: For as hee recour'd, peeces of armour, ripes, harness of brasse are otherwhiles

digged up, and turned out of the ground by husbandmen—"See you!" responded the young man irreverently.

"Quite untrue, sir, are they not?" The landlord was back at the counter upon which now stood the largest quantity of beer Jim had ever seen in one drinking vessel. Abstemious both by temperament and habit he had never yet even attempted a pint pot, and the sight of that monstrous jorum made him think of death by drowning.

"How—how much?" he faltered. "Eighteen pence, sir I thank you." Ignoring the landlord's manifest curiosity and willingness to chat he gingerly conveyed the tankard to a table, sank down in a hard chair of shiny leather, and surrendered to his mood of irritable disillusionment.

So this he reflected morosely, was marriage. This was the sort of thing that low artists joked about on comic postcards. For this he had given up his heritage of freedom—to be dragged by the wife to a dead and alive hole where the aborigines made whoopee by swigging beer in a vault!

though any middle-aged man of discernment and experience could in a moment have diagnosed the trouble and its origin.

For all his twenty-five years his six feet of muscularity, and his worldly wisdom as a motor salesman, this young man was still a little boy, and spoiled at that; to awaken him and drive him out of himself into the lists of manhood he needed the touch of a spur.

Loitering now outside the tavern he brooded darkly on the humiliation of being ejected drinkless at nine p. m. That, of course, was the wife's fault. But he'd be hanged if he was going to return to the wife at nine p. m. Not unless ten would he return—or possibly eleven.

Buttoning up the collar of his overcoat he tramped masterfully down the street, over the little arched bridge at the bottom, and so out of the town along the Tor road.

It was about half an hour later that the road faded away.

For some time past Jim, wrapped in husbando self-sympathy, had been aware that its surface was becoming stonier and wetter, aware also of a fork a mile or so back; it was not, however, until he was standing ankle deep in a morass, with icy ooze seeping over the edges of his evening shoes, that he turned his attention from the abstract to the concrete.

With a stifled howl he jerked one foot free, to find himself a moment later nestling like a bird on a tuft

of reeds, and staring at his shoe two yards away. In the reeds were also mud and water some six inches deep.

A cloud drifted over the moon. "Hush, hush, hush! Tut, tut, tut!" clucked a voice in the gloom. A blinding spear of light stabbed his eyes.

"Switch that damn torch off!" raved Jim. "Thanks... thanks very much... ouch!"

"Dear, dear, dear!" rapped the voice. "You are in a beastly mess! Never saw such a mess!"

"My shoe!" "Jim, it's stuck out there. Perhaps you could hook it in with your stick."

"Of course. That's the first job. Second job—clean up. Third job—dry down. Fourth job—two fingers of brandy. Can you hop? Then hop along to my tent."

Not until a full ten minutes had elapsed was the young man at liberty to thank his strange benefactor. By then he was sitting on a camp bed in a small bell tent, wearing a borrowed sweater, flannel trousers, and brogues clutched an aluminium cup half full of brandy, and glowing pleasantly within.

(To be Continued)

Fashions' Latest For Chic Dresses

There isn't anything smarter than a lustrous black satin dress for daytime wear for luncheons, teas and so forth.

This model with soft V-neck is particularly attractive. The tailored bow is caught with a rhinestone ornament.

The sleeves puff out beneath the squared shoulders and the four gored skirt sways beautifully in motion.

All you need is a few yards of satin and hey presto! It's finished. It cost such a small sum.

Jacquard crepe silk in beige is decidedly smart with the splashy bow of black crepe.

Light weight woollens could also be used for this model.

If you'd like something very new and very different, choose one of the gay crepe silk prints. You'll wear it for spring 'too, so it will be very economical.

Style No. 1932 is designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20 years, 32" 34 36 38 and 40-inches bust. Size 16 requires 3 1-4 yards of 39-inch material with 1-4 yard of 39-inch contrasting.

Price of pattern 15 cents in stamps or coin (coin preferred) wrap coin carefully address to Charlottetown Guardian giving—Style No. 1932 Size.....
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