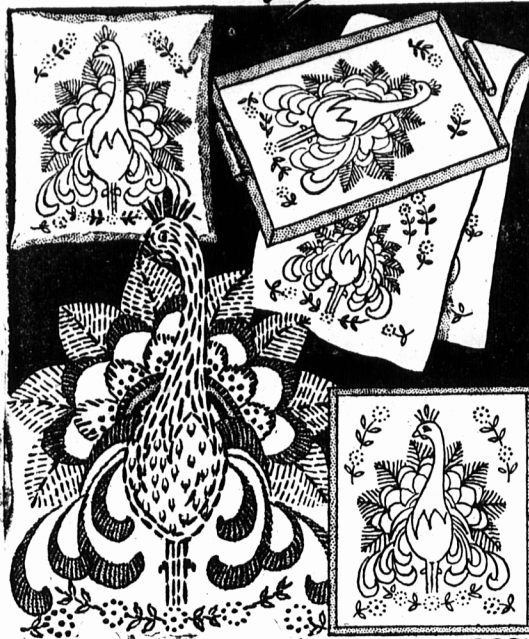


# Woman's Realm :- Social and Personal :- Fashions :- Literature

## Peacock - Symbol of Beauty

by Mayfair



227

Mayfair Needle-art Design No. 227

Vivid hues of the handsome peacock are transferred to linen by simple embroidery stitches. Used on a table or buffet runner this design will add color to any room. Equally attractive as a wall decoration, living-room pillow or under the glass top of a tray.

The pattern includes instructions for embroidering and finishing, details of stitches, color chart and stitch chart. Pattern also contains sample of the thread used for the original model. Send 20 cents in stamps or coin (coin preferred) to The Charlottetown Needlework Department.

To The Charlottetown Guardian Needlework Dept.

DESIGN NO. 227

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## A Morning Smile

### CLOSELY LINKED

In a kindergarten class, flags were shown, and in answer to a



question a little girl gave the response that was expected of her. "This is the flag of my country." "And what is the name of your country?" was the next question. "This of thee," was the prompt reply.

"Good morning" Martha; always knitting. Do you find the stockings wear longer if knitted by hand? "Wear longer? Yes, of course, mum. You wouldn't believe it, but this pair of my husband's socks I knitted five years ago and I've knitted new legs to 'em twice and new-footed 'em five times. Seems to me they'll never wear out."

## Home Life Still Prevails Denies Family Circles Broken

Dorothy Dix

### Changing Conditions Have Brought Equal Changes in Family Life, But There is Still Love and Ties That Bind the Members Together

A group of eminent sociologists are trying to find out what is causing the breaking up of family life as it used to exist. They say that the old-fashioned home, in which devoted parents and dutiful children, loving brothers and sisters formed a close-knit family circle is as extinct as the dodo. That if you could find a home in which the father and mother and children gathered about the lamp to spend a happy evening together you could sell it to any museum for a curiosity. And they want to know why this is thus.

Many explanations may be offered for the decline and fall-off of home life. One is that a home feeling has necessarily to be built about one's abiding place, and when we give up living permanently in houses and begin migrating from flat to flat we broke the tie that bound us to any one spot. You can't form any deep attachment for a place that you leave before you ever really get its street number fixed in your memory. Nor can you sing "There Is No Place Like Home" about a cubicle that is an exact duplicate of hundreds of others all about you.

We are born in hospitals. We live in rented apartments. We are buried from a funeral parlor. And after we have been away from our old home for a couple of years we couldn't go back to it if we wanted to, because it has been torn down and a garage or filling station erected where once our infant feet trod.

It isn't the fault of the young that they are not sentimental about home. On the contrary, they are actually maudlin over the subject, as is proved by the fact that almost the first thing the new rich buy is somebody else's ancestral home, and that almost any old place that looks as if it dated back to the Rutherford B. Hayes Administration will fetch twice what it is worth.

Another reason for the decline in family life is that there is so much more gayety now than there was formerly. In the good old days a family stayed at home in the evenings and listened to somebody read aloud or play on the melodeon because there was nowhere to get and nothing else to do. There were no cheap amusements. No automobiles clamped at the curb eager for a spin over a good road. No roadhouses, no movies, no taxi dances, no hotdog stands, none of the thousand-and-one inexpensive diversions that tempt old and young, rich and poor, away from home, which, after all, if we are honest enough to admit it, does get dull and monotonous and on the nerves of even the most domestic.

But after all, isn't this wailing over the breaking up of the family a little premature grief? For the catastrophe hasn't happened yet. The family circle may have lost its original shape and become a little bent and lopsided, but it hasn't been broken. Blood is still thicker than water. Brothers and sisters have stood shoulder to shoulder during the depression and divided their last penny with each other. Boys and girls who call their parents "the old man" and "the old woman", and flout their authority and mock their opinions, sacrifice their desires for love and marriage and homes of their own in order to support their fathers and mothers.

And parents never turn a deaf ear to their children's cry for help. No matter how small their house it is always big enough to take in the homeless. No matter how thin their purse there is always something in it to divide with the needy. No matter how bent the back it can always take on the burden of the son or daughter in trouble. And so the eternal family tie still holds, no matter how widely a family scatters.

Furthermore, we must remember before we get out the tear jug, that while family life can be the most beautiful thing in the world, it can also be the most hideous and cruel. There were homes that were prisons and in which every joy and hope and ambition was crushed out of the inmates. There were parents who were grinding tyrants and who ruined the lives of their children by forcing them to do things they were not fitted to do, and who doomed them to loneliness and heartbreak by preventing them from marrying those they loved. To becomen the passing of such homes and to bewail the breaking up of such families is an incongruous as it would be to grieve over the fall of the Bastille or the abolishment of slavery.

Not all homes are places of peace and rest. Not all parents are wise and tender and just. Not all brothers and sisters are congenial. The members of many a family never really love and appreciate each other until they live a thousand miles apart. So perhaps the breaking up of the old-fashioned home is not as great a tragedy as we suppose. DOROTHY DIX.

## PERMANENT WAVES



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## The HOUSEWIFE and HER ACTIVITIES

Silent night, holy night, All is calm, all is bright, Round your virgin, mother and child, Holy infant, so tender and mild, Sleep in heavenly peace, Sleep in heavenly peace.

Bells call many to church, but few enter. If women had any sense, there would be more bachelors. An executive is an important person who hasn't much to do. It's a wise fool who can keep his lack of wisdom to himself. The louder a man squawks in his office, the softer he talks at home. Most girls use make-up because they haven't the face to go without it.

## Today's Short Wave Radio Program

- WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 23 PARIS 3:45 p.m.—Comedy: Seven Four are Twenty-Eight, by Romain Coolus. TPA-3, 25.2 m., 11.88 meg. ROME 6 p.m.—News in English. Symphonic Concert. "Topics of Interest" a talk. Vocal concert. 2RC, 31.1 m., 9.63 meg. LONDON 6:55 p.m.—"Empire Magazine." No. 19. Christmas Number. 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.—Women's half-hour. A Woman Goes Shopping. RAN, 31.2 m., 9.6 meg. EINDHOVEN, NETHERLANDS 7 p.m.—Happy Programs. PCJ 31.2 m., 9.59 meg. BERLIN 7:30 p.m.—The rising light of the New Year. Cantata by Erich Kruger. DJD, 25.4 m., 11.77 meg. SUEBICITY 8 p.m.—Latin American Concert.

## Fashions' Latest For Chic Dressers

This black satin-back crepe dress of princess lines features slim band contrast down the front. The graceful swing hem is moderately flared. The skirt is cleverly gored to keep the back slim and has an inverted plait at the front. A decidedly slenderizing feature is the panel effect from neck to hem.

Use your own taste about the neck. It may have a shirt type collar or a stand-up collar. The sleeves add slight shoulder fullness to make your waist slim.

This easy to sew dress is also distinctive in wool with braid trim or in crepe silk with two-tone velvet ribbon.

Style No. 1904 is designed for sizes 14, 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48-inches bust. Size 36 requires 4 1/4 yards of 39-inch material with 4 yards of 1 1/2-inch braid.

Price of pattern 15 cents in stamps or coin (coin preferred) wrap coin carefully address to Charlottetown Guardian giving—

Style No. 1904 Size... Name \_\_\_\_\_ Street Address \_\_\_\_\_ City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

W2XAF, 31.4 m., 9.58 meg. BERLIN 8:30 p.m.—Songs by Robert Schumann. DJD, 25.4 m., 11.77 meg. LONDON 9:55 p.m.—"London at Christmas Time." GSD, 25.5 m., 11.75 meg.; GSC, 31.3 m., 9.58 meg. MONTREAL 10 p.m.—"Ici Paris"—musical entertainment in the Parisian manner. CROX, 26.6 m., 11.72 meg.



1904

## THE COOK'S CORNER

- PLUM PUDDING BARS. One-half cup citron peel, 1-2 cup raisins, 1-2 cup dates, 1-4 cup sweetened condensed milk' icing sugar. Put fruit through food chopper. Moisten with sweetened condensed milk and dust with icing sugar. Set in refrigerator overnight. Cut in bars and serve. These are very different from any home-made candy and are delicious. CHRISTMAS CANAPES. Cut the bread for the foundations of the canapes with a star-shaped cutter. Beat a cream cheese with a

# Elizabeth's Girlhood Happy, Busy; Wins Duke's Heart



Gravely peering out from a firm stance in her high-chair, this little Scotch lassie certainly had no idea that she was one day to be a queen.



Lovely long dark hair was a feature of the girlhood beauty of Elizabeth, at 5, as in the top picture, and in the years just before her marriage, lower photo.



The big day in every woman's life, even a queen's. Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon leaves her father's house for her wedding in Westminster Abbey.



The crown of motherhood, twice bestowed on Elizabeth before she became queen, became her well, in the eyes of her subjects. Here she is, as Duchess of York, with the tiny Princess Margaret Rose in 1930, when the Princess Elizabeth was a bonnie girl of almost 5. Elizabeth's personal care in the rearing of her girls has endeared her to domestic-minded Britons who have watched with keenest interest the growing up of the children who may themselves be queens.



Even a seven-pound New Zealand salmon trout knows his place when the Duchess of York goes a-fishing. It's at the end of a gaff! Note the informal garb.



One of the queen's last photos as Duchess of York, made as she went for a walk with Princess Margaret Rose (in light coat) and Princess Elizabeth.



Poise and repose, two of the new queen's most characteristic qualities, are suggested by this new and informal portrait study with a pet dog.

BY MILTON BRONNER  
Nea Service Staff Correspondent  
London, Dec. 20.—Lady Elizabeth was brought up in the best and happiest aspect of English country life. Except for a couple of brief terms at a London day-school, all her childhood was closely linked to the rural life of St. Paul's Waldenbury in Hertfordshire, turned to grassy lawns, an dthe drone of bees over the clipped yew hedges. There were alluring woods thereabout, as there were also at Glamis, where the earl and his family went for a stay each year. It was her youngest brother David who was Elizabeth's special playmate in forays into barn lots and hay tacks, and in charades and games or recitations in the evenings.

The talent for entertaining developed young, and many visitors were much impressed by the facility with which the little lady of 3 or 4 managed to engage them in conversation at tea. Education was by private tutors at home, and progressed rapidly, with the typical continental course, which included foreign languages, music, and dancing. War Came Close Let it not be forgotten, however, that Lady Elizabeth, like the son of the king himself, was a child of the war-time generation. It was on her 14th birthday, the dark Fourth of August, 1914, that Elizabeth, in London theatre with her mother and brothers and heard the news that war had been declared.

Within a few days, her four older brothers, Patrick, John, Michael and Fergus were all with the colors. Fergus died at Loos, and Michael was badly shot up, and was invalided home after a long stay in a German hospital. Immediately Glamis Castle was turned into a convalescent home for the healing of the broken bodies that began to stream back from the fields of France. Ward cots were installed in the dining room, and a soldiers' mess maintained in the ancient crypt where armored figures suggesting Macbeth himself looked down on the weary and battle-torn soldiers. Fire Threatens Castle Elizabeth was, of course, too young to do any actual nursing, but she knitted garments for the

soldiers, talked with and entertained them with singing and music, helped them write their letters, and a thousand and one things that helped them through the weary weeks of convalescence. Once during this period, Glamis took fire, and Elizabeth was one of those who helped direct the inadequate fire brigade from nearby Forfar and Dundee. Through only 16 at the time, she took an active hand in removing art treasures and other valuables from the threatened castle. It was not until mid-1919 that the last of the wounded soldiers, health restored, left the castle, and brother Michael was at last repatriated from Germany, his health incompletely restored by two years of confinement in a German

hospital camp. Active in Girl's Work This four-year experience served to sober somewhat the joyous little girl of the country frolics. And a formal "coming out" into society was "not done" in those days. Because her sister, Lady Rose, had married during the war, Lady Elizabeth became her mother's chief assistant in running the extensive domestic side of the earl's affairs. Journeys to London now became more frequent, however, and the Forfarshire Girl Guides took a great deal of her attention. And when the Princess Mary visited in the neighborhood, her own interest in the Girl Guides formed a common link of interest. The Duke of York, he who is now king, was a guest at Glamis at that time.

Three Proposals? It was shortly after this that Elizabeth was one of the white-and-silver bridesmaids at the wedding of the Princess Royal in Westminster Abbey to Viscount Lascelles. Two short journeys to Paris were her only trips outside the British Isles. Her friendship with the royal family firmly established in the public mind, Lady Elizabeth was one of the popular objects of speculation when the British public took part in its chief recreation, that of suggesting a mate for the then Prince of Wales. But the Duke of York had a different view of the situation. One Sunday while he was again a visitor to St. Paul's Waldenbury, the young couple did not go to church, but walked instead in the woods where Elizabeth had so often played as a child. When the duke returned to London on Monday, he had news for his royal parents. It is generally believed in Britain that he had to ask three times for the hand of Lady Elizabeth before she was convinced that he really loved her and was not simply being driven by parental or public pressure. Hesitation to accept the burden of the duke's public responsibilities would be only natural. But three times; or once, the engagement was announced in the Court Circular Jan. 16, 1923. The following week she motored to Sandringham to receive the royal blessing, which was gladly given. Wedding is Impressive The wedding was held on the

following April 26, with all the pomp of royalty. As she entered the Abbey, the bride paused for a moment to lay her bridal bouquet on the grave of the Unknown Warrior. Then she advanced down the dim aisle as the sun broke through the stained-glass windows of the historic Abbey. The Prince of Wales handed over the ring to his brother, Albert, and the Archbishop of Canterbury followed the vows with solemn words to "you yourselves as simple man and maid." He consecrated the couple to the public service, and concluding, "Through all the changes and chances of this mortal life, may God's love overshadow you, His power protect you, His peace unfold you."

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