

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

## ANYTHING but LOVE

by JANET DORAN

CHAPTER VIII

"I'm from the Clarion, Mr. Anthony... any news on Larson Whittaker?" shouted a reporter.

"Not a word! We'll let you know!" Johnny answered grimly.

"Can you tell us where you are going?" persisted the reporter.

Johnny swore softly. "No. And we're in a hurry!" He stepped on the gas and roared down the deserted street.

For fifteen minutes, they tried to shake the press car, twisting in and out of back streets. At last, they got rid of their pursuer, doubled back on their trail, straight through town, and out the main turnpike leading upstate.

The little roadster ate up the miles, and the wind whipped their faces.

"I've been nearly off my nut the past eighteen hours," Johnny said finally, "up against one blank wall after another, and absolutely nothing to go on!"

"Where is he, Johnny, and how did you find him?"

"He's with his Aunt Cynthia on her farm upstate. She doesn't take the papers, and hasn't any radio, and the first she knew he was being sought was this evening, when a man who stops in to mail letters and do errands for her mentioned it."

"But why did he go up there, and why didn't he tell me he was going?"

"He... he thought he was on a vacation, Alma," Johnny said gently, "and he seemed to think you knew all about it."

"Oh, Alma said faintly, "I see. You mean... he's ill?"

"I'm afraid so, Alma. Nerve strain. He'll come out of it all right in time. But right now, he needs you."

"How did you find him, Johnny?" she whispered.

"By simple elimination. I check-

ed back over his life and covered every trail. I called everyone he had ever played golf with, vacationed with, or spent time with. When those all proved blank, I went further back. Larry Craig recalled that he had spent his boyhood vacations upstate on his Aunt Cynthia's farm, and I long-distanced the old lady. She had heard by that time that he was being sought, and she was frightfully upset—hadn't dreamed he wasn't all right."

"Johnny, you mean that he had just dropped in on her without any explanation?" Alma asked unbelievably.

"He is very ill, Alma," Johnny explained gently. "He told her that he was tired out, overworked. Wanted to sleep weeks, and see no one. How was she to know? She thought he was just run down."

The car roared through the still, sleeping countryside. Toward dawn, they stopped at an all-night gas station to refuel. Johnny made Alma eat a thick sandwich, and drink a mug of coffee. Then he made her walk up and down the road to stretch her cramped muscles. She obeyed him meekly.

The rain had stopped, and black clouds scudded across a windswept sky, when they stopped for a final consultation of their road map. Dawn reached searching, wideflung fingers into the sky as they turned off the turnpike and followed a dirt road for a few miles until they came to a little low farmhouse.

A light burned in one window. They drove slowly across the bumpy lawn and came to a stop before the vine-covered porch.

The little old lady who came out to meet them was to Alma only a remembered picture in a family album, but Alma went into her arms as naturally as if she had known her all her life.

"Aunt Cynthia," she whispered.

## A Morning Smile

He—That is the ugliest man I have ever seen.  
She—Not so loud dear. You forget yourself.

### CIRCULAR MOTION

The miserly costermonger smiled happily at the thought that his donkey was enjoying a free feed.

"You're a good little girl to be so kind to a dumb friend," he said, "but who gave you the carrots?"

The good little girl smiled happily. "I took them from the back of your barrow," she said.

"Alma... dear," quavered the old lady.

When Alma had been seven, her father had had double pneumonia and, after lonely, frightening weeks Maggie had brought her to the hospital to see him. She had never forgotten the feeling of suffocation that had constricted her throat as she had stood a moment in the doorway, staring at the white thin face on the pillow there in that barren white hospital room.

Now, as she moved across the red carpet of the little farmhouse bedroom toward the man sleeping quietly in the old-fashioned four-poster bed, the same constriction gripped her throat.

"Dad," she whispered. "Daddy... darling!"

She was down on her knees beside the bed, her face was against his hot hand, her tears streaming, as the agony of hours of anxiety subsided before overwhelming relief.

Larson Whittaker stirred, and as his limp hand touched the curly head on the snowy counterpane, a fleeting smile drifted across his features.

"Baby," he whispered. He did not open his eyes, or otherwise manifest the slightest sign of consciousness.

He did not speak or stir again and, after a few moments, Johnny gently helped Alma to her feet and steered her through the door and out into the narrow little hall.

It seems the most natural thing in the world to Alma to find her face against the rough wool of Johnny's coat. It seemed as if she had never known any other haven than his arms about her, his hand gently patting her shoulder, caressing her hair.

"Dear," he said softly, "everything is going to be all right—now that we've found him. Don't cry."

She lifted her face and looked squarely into his eyes.

"Johnny," she asked, "why have you done all this for me?"

His arms dropped to his sides.

"I... why, anybody'd do as much, Alma, he floundered.

He turned away from her, his face once again taking shelter behind that forbidding mark that Alma had seen there before. Aunt Cynthia called softly from the foot of the stairs and, as they went down to breakfast, the old restraint had risen between them.

## Dorothy Dix's Letter Box

### A Mother Should Influence Her Child, But Does Not Have the Right of Domination When it Comes to Selecting a Career, Especially if the Child Objects

Dear Miss Dix—I believe that parents should absolutely guide their children in the choice of a career and I am adamant in my decision that nothing shall interfere with my own plans for my daughter, to whom I have given the best of care and upbringing. Very few children really know what they want to do. For instance, my daughter at the age of 16 aspired to the stage because her best friend wanted to be an actress. Then later another friend enthused her about being an artist. Still another wanted her to be a reporter. Another a nurse. And each one in turn had a temporary influence upon her. So who is better suited to choose a career for a child than the mother who knows her child's every failing, every good point or the child herself who hardly understands her own needs?



Answer  
A mother has a right to influence her child, but not to dominate her. She has a right to guide her child into the path she is best fitted to follow, but she has no right to force the child into it against her strong disinclination. Every child has a right to its own life and to live it in its own way, provided it does no harm to any one else, and no mother has the right to take this away from it and make it conform to her pattern.

I fully agree with you that parents should help their children to decide on their careers and that they are, or at least they should be, better fitted than any one else to steer them in the right directions because they have had the children under observation ever since their birth and should know in what directions their bent lie.

It is quite true that when most boys and girls have to decide on their life work they are utterly bewildered and have no idea of what they are fitted for. They are too young and ignorant to be able to form any estimate of their own capacities, or even their own likes and dislikes. It is then that the parents should be able, out of their life long study of their children, to advise Mary to take up domestic science because she is of a domestic turn of mind, or Julia to prepare herself to be a teacher or a librarian because she is a born student, or John to go into something in which his mechanical talents will have play, or Tom to be a salesman because he has the gift of personality.

It is amazing how few parents are able to do this, and how many fathers and mothers can be with a child twenty years and never even estimate whether it is deft with its fingers or awkward; whether it is good at figures or bad; whether it makes a good trade of its jack-knife or gets cheated. In the generality of cases, unless a child has some overwhelming

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WE Share Our Profits with YOU

Have your hair attended to by us and receive a SECRET PANEL TREASURE CARD and win from 20c to \$5.00. —NO BLANKS— Everybody a winner

176 Great George Street, Charlottetown

## Colorful Crochet Afghan

by Mayfair

Mayfair Needle-art

The vogue for colorful afghans presents an opportunity to add a magic touch of charm and individuality to any room. You can choose the tones that blend best with your surroundings. Simple to make—fascinating as a pastime and economical as a hobby.

The pattern includes crocheting instructions for making this afghan complete diagram of square used, detail of stitches, and instructions for assembling and finishing afghan, as well as sample of the yarn from which the original afghan was made.

Use this coupon Print your name and address plainly

To The Charlottetown Guardian Needlework Dept. DESIGN NO. 149. SIZE .....

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## Today's Short Wave Radio Program

(All times in Eastern Standard)

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 17

BERLIN  
5:15 p.m.—Women's Hour: The activities of women in the Reich-association of Physical Culture. DJD, 25.4 m., 11.77 meg.

SCHENECTADY  
6:35 p.m.—Short Wave Mail Bag. W2XAF, 31.4 m., 9.53 meg.

LONDON  
6:30 p.m.—"Foreign Affairs." A talk by Sir Frederick Whyte, K. C. S. I., LL.D. GSP, 19.6 m., 15.31 meg.; GSD, 25.5 m., 11.75 meg.; GSC, 31.3 m., 9.58 meg.

CARACAS  
8:30 p.m.—The Continentals. YVZRC, 51.7 m., 5.8 meg.

LONDON  
9 p.m.—Johann Strauss (1825—1899). (A Biograph in Music). GSD, 25.5 m., 11.75 meg.; GSC, 31.3 m., 9.58 meg.

BERLIN  
9:15 p.m.—Abu Hassan. Opera by Carl Maria V. Weber. DJD, 25.4 m., 11.77 meg.

TORONTO  
10 p.m.—"National Sing-song"—Community singing. CJRO, 48.7 m., 6.15 meg.; CJRX, 25.6 m., 11.72 meg.; CROX, 49.2 m., 6.09 meg.

PARIS  
10:20 p.m.—News in English. TPA-4, 25.6 m., 11.72 meg.

TOKYO  
12 midnight—"Overseas Program." JVH, Nazaki, 20.5 m., 14.8 meg.

## THE COOK'S CORNER

DUTCH APPLE CAKE.  
Two cups flour, 3 tablespoons sugar, 4 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 egg, 1-2 cup shortening, 1-4 cup milk.

Sift together all dry ingredients, then work in the shortening. Beat egg light, add milk, and stir into dry mixture. Spread out to 1-2-inch thickness in greased cake pan. Cover surface well with apple slices cut wedge-shaped. Sprinkle well with sugar, then cinnamon, then dots of butter. Bake in a hot oven for about twenty minutes. Serve hot with cream.

BEEFSTEAK.  
For the less tender cuts put a little fat in the frying-pan but in the steak, and fry until nicely browned. Then add a little onion and water and simmer for two hours, or until tender. Cover tightly while simmering, and add a little more water when necessary. Put other vegetables if desired with it when it is nearly cooked.

Did any of the neighbors ever try putting the steak in a jar as you would for canning fruit, place jar in water, and boil for three hours. When ready to use turn it out into frying-pan add a little water, and thicken for gravy. It is real good. You can beef in this way, too, excepting that you put suet on the top of the meat in the jar. This forms a coating of fat over the meat when cooled.

## THE STORE OF CHILD FASHIONS

A distinctive group of Girls' Coats of Imported All Wools (some with fur trims). \$5.50 to \$14.95

Girls' Botany Serge Middy Suits Reg. \$5.00 \$3.95

SNOW SUITS  
One-piece style in all wool blanket and Melton cloth with leather knee patches. All popular colors. \$3.98 to \$7.98

The Misses Holmes and Bradley  
152 Queen Street  
Tel. 92.

with every dollar purchase you receive a coupon entitling you to an entry in the Snow Suit Contest. Drawing to be held Sat. Dec. 19.

FREE

## The HOUSEWIFE and HER ACTIVITIES

THE EXILE  
I was not meant for crowded streets; My feet would turn to grassy ways: Yet, where life's fiercest current heats, I pass my days.

So while my captive body stays Obedient to my fate's control, I teach my willing mind to build Fair, quite spaces for my soul.

—Selected

PARENTS TOO OFTEN HARP ON CHILD'S FAULTS  
A child should only be punished when he persists in refusing to carry out a reasonable request. If you send him to bed and he begins to yell the place down, let him. He will soon discover that it doesn't pay and merely makes him look ridiculous. Parents often make the mistake of harping on the subject of a child's disobedience. This is bad policy. When he has calmed down, forget about it.

If next time he is asked to do a certain job and he does it willingly a little praise won't come amiss. Say what a help he is and how pleased you are he is such a good boy.

THE KING'S MATCHES.  
British Cavalcade.  
—For King Edward there were soft light and slow music one night last week in Dubrovnik.

It was past midnight, but King Edward and his guests still clapped for encores. King Edward, sitting under the fairy lights on a terrace of a restaurant overlooking the Adriatic, enjoyed himself heartily.

ALL AT ONCE  
When cleaning up the kitchen after a meal gather all the things together that are to go in the refrigerator and put them in at one time. Each time the door opens, the refrigerator loses some of its chill, so it pays to open the door as few times as possible, particularly in the summertime. This can be proved very quickly with an electric refrigerator as the motor will start as soon as the temperature goes up inside the box.

TABLOID  
Keep spent tea leaves for a few days, and then soak them for a few hours. Strain the liquid, and use it for cleaning varnished wood of any kind. Tea is a strong cleanser, and will make wood look like new. It can be used also on oilcloth, window panes, and mirrors.

## Fashions' Latest For Chic Dressers

Here's the new pencil-slim costume slip accompanied by brief French panties. It is beautifully cut so that it molds every line of the figure and gives swing to the hem. It is essential for your new frocks. This charming little undie ensemble is so simple to sew, you'll want to make several sets, in street length, besides the formal set. Satin or silk crepe is the most practical choice for the ensemble. For the slip, however, you may include in some of the gay new taffeta prints. It will make a grand Xmas gift.

Style No. 1749 includes slip and panties and designed for sizes 11, 13, 15, 17 and 19 years. Size 15 requires 2-3-4 yards of 35-inch material for slip with 1-1-8 yards of 35-inch material for panties.

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1749

## Dr. Wood's The Danger of Cough Among the Children

In young children a cold or cough is not a thing to be disregarded, as it is often a grave matter, and unless attended to immediately it may eventually cause serious trouble.

On the first sign of a cold or cough the mother will find in Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup just the remedy required.

Its promptness and effectiveness is loosening the phlegm in such that the trouble may be checked before anything of a serious nature sets in. Children like it; take it without any fuss.

NORWAY PINE SYRUP

## Snappy Knit Scarf & Beret

by Mayfair

Mayfair Needle-art

Design No. 190  
A vivid knit beret and scarf. The stripes go all around to give you brilliant color and welcome warmth against cold and wind. You can let your imagination run riot with color—the more the better—for winter background.

The pattern includes instructions without abbreviations, for knitting the beret and scarf, detail of stitches used, instructions for making fringe on scarf, suggestions of color combinations and a sample of the yarn from which the original models were made.

Use this coupon Print your name and address plainly

To The Charlottetown Guardian Needlework Dept. DESIGN NO. 190. SIZE .....

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## TIRED, WORN OUT, NO AMBITION

ARE you nervous and rundown? Does your work seem a burden? Take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It quiets quivering nerves—helps you to eat better—sleep better—feel better. Life will seem worth living again. Get a bottle, from your druggist today.

"It Improved My Health"

"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a life saver for rundown condition. My mother recommended it and it improved my health a lot. I have a good appetite, sleep well, and do my work every day. I am sure your medicine will help other women if they give it a trial."—Mrs. Roscoe Anderson Blair St., New Glasgow, Nova Scotia

Mrs. H. Wakeling of Toronto says, "I was nervous and rundown. My mother told me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and it did me lots of good. I took three bottles and I feel like a new woman."

Do You Suffer Periodically? Take Lydia E. Pinkham's Tablets. They ease periodic pain and discomfort. Ask your druggist.

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