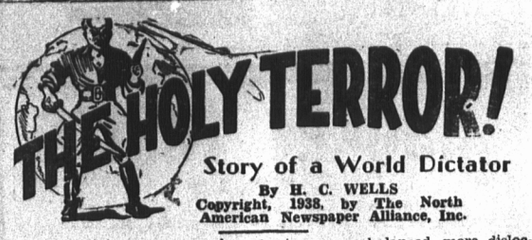
# Woman's Realm / Social and Personal / Fashions / Literature




## Story of a World Dictator

By H. C. WELLS

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He would sit in a corner under a chalk caricature of himself that one of the artistic contingent had made. It was on brown paper and the forehead was exaggerated and done in white. His normal scowl was exalted to intensity, his eyes were alight, and he raised one eloquent fist to the level of his forehead. It was one of those brilliant caricatures that seems to exercise a moulding influence upon their originals.

Since the war scares of 1937 and 1938 the process of world armament had been going on with an ever-increasing intensity and an ever-increasing stress and dislocation of the ordinary life of mankind. Everyone now was being regimented, enrolled, enlisted, taxed beyond all reason, intimidated. If a new world was being born, it was being born very uncomfortably. A feverish exacerbation of human consciousness was manifest under these conditions. Overt criticism was dangerous and suppressed, but doubt and unbelief gathered intensity through their lack of expression. One dogmatism destroyed another and was in its turn destroyed. Everything was being openly accepted and furtively questioned. No tacit assumption and no established institution was safe from this seeping away of belief. A mean superficial cynicism spread like a miasma over every land.

Compared with any former period in human history, the second and third decades of the twentieth century saw a stupendous diffusion and ferment of ideas round and about the earth. The only approach to a parallel is the intellectual, moral, and religious confusion of the world that occurred between the break-up of the ancient localized paganisms and mythologies and the onset of the first syncretic, universalist experiments, Christianity, diasporic Judaism and Islam. And that was an infinitely fainter and slower mental turnover. One instance marks the difference in tempo and the change of scale. In the eighties of the nineteenth century, communism was the imagination of an obscure group of exiles in London. Marx wrote his articles in Highgate and made a scanty living, and young Mr. Bernard Shaw, after speaking, chiefly for his own amusement, at a little meeting in Hyde Park, was accosted by an unrecognised stranger who proclaimed himself: "I am Friedrich Engels!" It did not seem to be anything very wonderful in the way of an encounter at the time. Engels indeed struck Shaw as a needlessly self-important person. "O—o—oh!—Engels!" he said, with the rising inflection of surprised enlightenment. Yet within thirty years there was not a country in the world, from Quito to Lhasa and from Greenland to Papua, where the names and doctrines of Marx and Engels were unknown; and communism and the doctrine of the class war were as widespread as Christianity and far better understood. It was a diffusion ten times as rapid as the former instance—and with a vastly greater range.

One evening Rud found himself eloquent upon this point, rephrasing—and greatly improving—some of Chiffan's remembered wisdom.

"Revolution so far!" said Rud. "Bah! . . .

"Just class bickering, rows in the street, changes of management! The mere beginnings. . . .

"The real revolution," he went on, "is still going about the world like a mighty spirit seeking a body. For a couple of centuries now the world has been troubled by needs that have never once found a suitable working expression. All the time the stress has been getting worse. Life gets more unbalanced, more dislocated, clumsier and more abundant. Then tension of population increases. More and more people suffer. Pointless, silly, bloody warfare! Pointless, silly bloodless unemployment! This real revolution going about the world—"

"Like an evil spirit," said one of the models.

"No! A great spirit, a monstrous spirit beyond good and evil, resolved to embody itself somehow . . . "

Steenhold murmured approval. Beyond Good and Evil," he thought. "Nietzsche! Good!"

"I tell you," said Rud, becoming more and more prophetic in his manner: "social trouble has been growing and growing, ever since civilization began to use money and roads and ships. All the religious, all the loyalties of the past three thousand years, are just the childish palliatives, the insufficient clothes, the shapes, men have tried to impose upon this growing monstrousness to prevent it from disorganizing life too frightfully.

"And it's growing now—faster now—faster than ever—always more intolerant of these shreds and patches, these Gulliver strings, we put about it."

"Gulliver strings?" queried Steenhold, and then with delight: "Oh! Gullivers trings, tying him!"

"Yes, tying him," said Rud. "The real revolution, mind you, will never endure these limitations—not for another ten years. 'Damn you,' it says to us, 'clothe me properly, equip me properly! I am the Age of Plenty, I am the new life.' The new world is getting impatient. It is a new life—absolutely — and it wants the shape and it wants the endorsement of a new life. Communism wasn't enough for it. Not nearly enough. A mere feud of existing classes. The new world has to burst all these racial and national and class ideas, Facism, Judaism, Nazism, Sovietism, by which people are trying to incarnate it. It is bursting them now. They are being tried and found wanting. All of them. They were all experiments. All experiments. Temporary — to the last degree. It is the turn of our generation, of our sort, now, to try and fit the case better. It has come to us, now. Now! Now! We have to solve the problem or go down in our turn. Go down! And every generation that goes down will go down heavier. There is no fury like a revolution frustrated—no disorder like a world in which a new pattern of living has failed to realize itself."

"Now that's real stuff, Rud," said Steenhold. "That's real live stuff. That goes on to something. That goes on."

"But I don't quite see—" began a spectacled Bloomsbury intellectual, sitting on the floor and nursing his knees.

"I tell you, he's fine," shouted Steenhold, quenching the intervention. "Let's have more of it, Rud. Tell us some more."

"That's the gist of it," said Rud.

He was trying to remember exactly what he had said. He himself felt he had said something fine. It was like his first outbreak of eloquence at the Union all over again.

(To be Continued)

### Neglected Tea Kettle

If the tea kettle is treated just like any other kitchen pot or pan from the first day it joins the family it will never accumulate that brown ugly inside so many kettles have. Wash it out and dry it after each using. It will take only a minute and result in a much more sanitary kettle.

## A Morning Smile

### IN LIGHTER VEIN

Wife (newly married): "No two people in the world think alike."

Husband: "You'll change your mind when you look over the wedding presents."

He had lived all his life in a small village. This was his first visit to London. Walking into a city post office, he said: "Half a pound of ham, please."

"We don't sell ham here," replied an amazed official.

"Ye dinna?" exclaimed the villager in surprise. "Ye're awful behind the times here. In the post office where I come from they sell ham, apples, firelighters, eggs and a hundred other things."

## How Can I ??

(By ANNE ASHLEY)

Q. How can I hem fabrics that is too heavy to make a neat rolled hem?

A. Stitch a piece of tape to the material, turn the hem up on the wrong side, and stitch the tape to the material. It will make a much neater job, as it avoids the necessity of folding the material twice.

Q. How can I wash small Oriental rugs?

A. Rub them with a lather of pure white soap. Rub off as much soap as you can and then rinse cloths dipped in clear, cold water. Dry thoroughly.

Q. How can I keep cheese moist and free from mold?

A. Keep it wrapped in a cloth thoroughly saturated with vinegar.

## THE COOK'S CORNER

### Christmas Parfait

1 cup sugar
1-2 cup water
2 cups whipping cream
2 eggs
1-2 cup maraschino cherries
2 rings green candied pineapple
1 teaspoon flavoring

Method: Cook sugar and water until the syrup spins a thread. Pour this in a thin stream over the well beaten egg yolks and beat until the mixture is cool. Beat the egg whites very stiff and fold in the syrup mixture.

Beat the cream until it holds its shape, then fold the first mixture into the cream. Add the flavoring and the cherries and pineapple which have been chopped and the cherries well drained. Turn into a tray of the refrigerator and freeze as rapidly as possible until firm. Then return the cold control half way to normal and hold until ready to serve.

If you are using a freezer, pack in a mixture of ice and salt and let stand until frozen. It isn't necessary to turn the crank, and it will be perfectly smooth, even if you don't.

### Christmas Salad

1 lb. cranberries
1 cup sugar
1 cup water
1 pkg. raspberry jelly
1 cup boiling water
1-4 cup lemon juice
1-2 teaspoon salt
1 cup diced apples
1 cup finely chopped celery

Method: Cut cranberries in small pieces or put them through the food chopper. Add the water and sugar and cook until the berries are tender. Dissolve the jelly in the cup of boiling water and add the lemon juice and salt. Pour this over the cranberries and mix the two, making sure that the jelly is all dissolved.

When it begins to thicken, fold in the finely diced apples and the celery which has been cut very small. Turn into moulds which have been oiled and rinsed with cold water and chill until very firm.

Leafy vegetables stay freshest if kept well dampened. Store in hydrator or in vegetable bag in refrigerator. It's a good idea to wash thoroughly and remove undesirable leaves; but unless intended for use the same day, allow the roots to remain on.

## Dorothy Dix's Letter Box

### Women Should Have the Right to Pick Their Own Husbands, and if They Did There Would be More Happiness and Fewer Divorces

Dear Miss Dix—What do you think of the wisdom of having women propose marriage to men? Some of the finest women I know are unmarried because they adhered to the old conventionality of waiting for men to ask them to be their wives. Sometimes men are bashful. Sometimes they are just stupid and don't see the charming women who are right under their eyes, and I believe that if women could do the proposing as well as men many fine people who are now single would be happily married. I am a man and I would like to hear a woman's reaction to this problem. C. E. K.

Answer.

There is no other one thing in the world that women crave so much as the privilege of selecting their husbands in a frank, honest, open and above-board manner instead of having to do it in the sneaky, underhanded way they do now.

But, courageous as they are about most things, women are cowards about breaking conventions and they are more afraid of Mrs. Grundy than they are of God or man. I know of nothing more ironic than that women battered at the doors of the commercial world until they broke them down; that they fought like tigers for political freedom until they got the ballot, but they have never even tried to scrap the silly old convention that refuses them the right to pop the question to the men they want to marry. Yet, heaven knows, the right to hold down a job or have to vote is a poor thing compared with the privilege of picking out your husband and the father of your children.

I believe with all my heart that no other one thing would do so much to promote general happiness and to stop divorce and the breaking up of homes as for women to be just as free as men to select their mates. There is no doubt that a great part of the domestic misery that we see all about us is the result of women having to marry their opportunities instead of their preferences.

The woman who marries the man who is her heart's desire is a contented woman, a cheerful and happy woman, a good wife and mother. But the woman who married the man she could get instead of the one she wanted is dissatisfied, restless, continually seeking excitement, and she makes a bad wife, who takes out on her unfortunate husband her own disappointment.

I believe that women, who are wiser in matters of the heart than are men, would make better choices of mates than do men. They wouldn't be so carried away by externals as are men. They would look deeper into character and consider suitability more. And, anyway, if a woman got what she wanted in a husband, it wouldn't matter much what he was, since husbands are purely a matter of taste.

I believe that many a man needs suggestion in marriage and that all he requires to make a wise marriage instead of a foolish one, is for some woman to sell herself, as the phrase goes, to him. And why shouldn't she? Why shouldn't a rich girl, for instance, pop the question to a poor boy who is too proud to ask her, or who fears to be thought a fortune-hunter?

Why shouldn't a middle-aged old maid tell the widower with children with whom she has fallen in love now heart-hungry she is for children and what a good mother she would be to his brood? Why shouldn't an elderly woman, with a comfortable fortune and a good home, propose to some elderly man who is living around in boarding houses to come and share her comfort and add to her happiness by being a delightful companion? No reason at all, except that women are afraid of Mrs. Grundy.

Dear Miss Dix—I am a girl of 20 in love with a boy of 19 who loves me. We are in doubt as to whether we should marry now, or wait until he has finished a four-year's college course. I have a steady job with a good salary, but my boy friend is out of work and owing to lack of money he was not able to enter college last Fall. We have thought it best for him to continue his schooling, but we fear for our love, as if he returns to college he cannot be true to me there. Can you advise us as to what we should do? M. A.

Answer:

My earnest advice to you is for you not to think of marrying until the boy grows up and is in a position to marry and support a wife.

It is a sad and unromantic thing that marriage has a practical as well as a sentimental side, and that unless the practical side rests on a good, solid foundation the sentimental side collapses. Alas and alack, in spite of the poets, love isn't enough to marry on. You have to have a house to shelter you, clothes to wear, food to eat. You find out that after marriage you are just as hungry as you were before; that, no matter how warm your love is, it doesn't keep you from getting cold in blizzard weather. That kisses are a slim diet when your stomach craves roast beef and potatoes, and that you don't feel like talking love talk when you are wondering how you are going to stave off the landlady.

So what are you and your boy without a job going to live on if you marry now? What are you going to use for money? Are you going to take him and dump him down on your family, which is playing it pretty low on your poor parents? Or are you going to wish yourself on his people, who are having a struggle to live as they are, without any more mouths to feed?

You have a job, but are you making enough to support yourself and a husband. And what if a baby comes along and you have to give up your job? They do, you know, and the less people can afford them the more they have. Babies are such unreasonable creatures, never knowing when they are wanted.

Don't you see that every dictate of common sense tells you that you must wait to marry until you can afford it? Don't you know that if you can't trust your boy friend to be faithful to you while he is in college, you can't trust him anywhere in life, for the world, as well as a college campus, is filled with pretty girls and nowhere is a man exempt from temptation?

Dear Miss Dix—I am a young man of 23 and would like to marry if I could find a wife who would be as indulgent and as careful of my comfort as my mother has always been. Where can I find such a girl? JAMES.

Answer:

Nowhere. There is no use in wasting your time seeking her. There is no such animal. DOROTHY DIX.

## Modern Etiquette

(By ROBERTA LEE)

Q. Is it ever permissible to interrupt a person who is speaking?

A. It depends entirely upon the reason for interrupting. It is rude to do so merely to break into the conversation, to introduce a person, or because one is bored. If the house were afire, one would be justified.

Q. What are the customary visiting hours when a woman does not observe a regular "at-home" day?

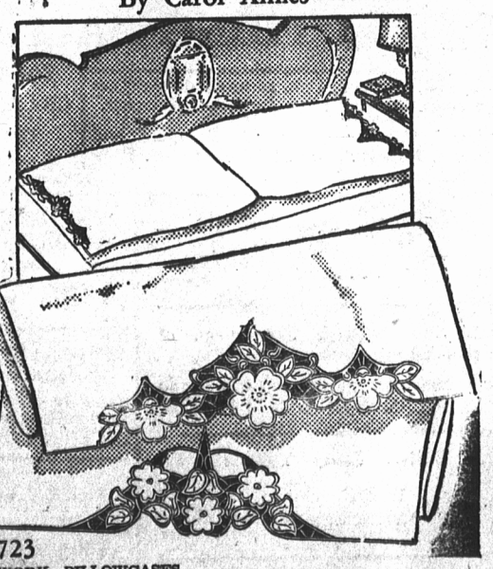
A. Between the hours of three and five P. M.

Q. What should be done with the napkin when a person leaves the table?

A. The napkin should be left unfolded beside the plate.

## To-Day's Popular Design

By Carol Aimes



723

OUTWORK PILLOWCASES
NO. 723

Miss Aimes receives at least 200 votes for each design before it is accepted for this column. Send us your votes. We print all the popular designs.

Dear Readers: I have found that while most fashions in embroidery come and go, outwork seems to be a perennial favourite, so I am glad to offer you these two exquisite designs because I know they will give you years of satisfaction. If you are an experienced needlewoman you will enjoy working out the graceful patterns, and if you are a novice as far as outwork is concerned, you will meet no unsurmountable difficulties. The instructions are so clear and detailed that a beginner might attempt them with safety.

Pattern includes transfer sheet for two pairs of cases, and full instructions for embroidering together with stitch details and material requirements.

Send 20 cents, coins preferred.

Pattern Order Form—To be used when ordering Patterns and Voting for POPULAR DESIGNS.

I suggest the following as a POPULAR DESIGN — — — — — — — — — — — — — — — —

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## The Housewife — AND — Her Activities

### BEFORE THE CRIB

Sing again the Christmas carols
For the Infant King.
Borne on midnight winds, poor shepherds
Heard the angels sing.
All my heart will hearken to
The music that they bring.

Hark! the bells with many voices
Peal their message sweet,
Calling souls to come and worship
At the Infant's feet.
Now with eager steps I hasten
And my Savior greet.

See the beauty of His altars,
Angels bending low
Hear the priestly words that summon
God to earth below.
And my soul in garments white
To the Throne shall go.

"Gloria in Excelsis" clearly
Rings the joyous strain,
In the crib the little Christ-Child
Source of Love, doth reign.
While a white-souled host pays homage
Christ is born again!

—Regina Murray, Charlottetown
in "The Canadian League."

### CHRISTMAS TREES

For dudes—spruce.
For the winter bells—fir.
For lovers—pine.
For bad jokes—the chestnut.
For sugar men—maple.
For politicians—the plum tree.
For dentists—gum.
For slippery people—elm.
For swimmers—beech.
For disappointed candidates — the lemon tree.
For pets' trees—dogwood.
For oil men—olive.

### SIGNATURE ON CHRISTMAS

The signature upon the Christmas cards depends upon the friends call you and your husband by your first names, sign the cards "Helen and John." If you are sending them to those who address you as "Mr." and "Mrs.", sign the cards "Helen and John Jones."

### CHRISTMAS WASSAIL CUP

Boil together as a syrup, two cups of sugar and two cups of water for ten minutes. Remove from the heat and add six whole cloves, a piece of cinnamon, one-half a teaspoonful of allspice berries, one tablespoonful of grated lemon rind, one tablespoonful of grated orange rind, one tablespoonful of fine-chopped ginger and two tablespoonfuls of ginger syrup. Cover and let stand two hours in a warm place. Strain and add one cup and one-half of orange juice, three-fourths a cup of lemon juice and two cups of cider. Bring quickly to the boiling point and serve at once.

### SCIENCE AND RESEARCH

"Those of us engaged in agriculture must pay attention to what science and research can do to help us"—Lord Elgin speaking at the dinner on the opening night of the 1938 Royal Winter Fair, Toronto.

Between six and ten million Christmas trees are used in the United States every year. The Christmas tree industry in that country alone runs to millions of dollars. Many of the trees are shipped from Canada, and New Brunswick supplies a large number of them.

## Easier to Talk Well If You Know Synonyms

"Pet" Words Make Talk Dull

Do you think of bright things to say after the party's over? Perhaps you use your pet words too much; they have your talk in a rut.

Do you say to your hostess, "What a FUNNY antique"? Tell your partner, "I had a FUNNY time getting here"? Then say to the crowd, "How FUNNY the new mystery movie is"? FUNNY's your pet; it pops out before you think, twists your meaning, gives your talk a deadly sameness.

If you wish to compliment your hostess, call hers an "unusual" antique. To interest your partner, speak of an "absurd," an "amusing" or a "diverting" time. To get your friends' attention call the movie "queer," "strange" or "preposterous."

Our 32-page booklet gives you 4,725 lively synonyms for everyday words. Let them put variety into your talk, keep you ready with right words.

Send 20c in coins for your copy of Synonyms For Everyday Words to The Guardian Home Service, Address. Be sure to write plainly your Name, Address, and the Name of booklet.

Name

Street Address

Town Province

## Household Scrapbook

(By ROBERTA LEE)

### Ironing Hint

Be sure never to iron directly on a fabric which is moistened with peroxide. Wait until the peroxide is washed out and the stain dried before attempting to iron. Otherwise, you are liable to leave a rust stain where the peroxide was formerly.

### Fresh Bread

Do not put fresh bread into the box containing stale bread. The nice fresh taste of the bread will disappear in a short time. Keep the box cleaned out, and there will be no difficulties of this kind.

### Red Tiles

When the red tiles of the fireplace or porch floor become dull, rub them with a cut lemon and a little salt; then wash with warm soapy water.

## TIMELY TIPS — FOR THE — HOME SEWER

A smart wearable crepe little afternoon dress boasts charming femininity in its new neckline. It gives you an opportunity to wear all your jeweled clips....your bright necklaces! There's waistline interest in the "cinched-in" fitted waist. The beltless wasp waist and gracious flared skirt are flattering details that lend distinction to the formal length dinner dress. Sheer woolen, crepe silk, crush-resistant velvet are a good choice for this evening dress that you find so useful for numerous occasions. It's just the easiest dress to sew....easy to on your pocket book. You'll want both versions. Complete picture sewing instructions accompany the pattern.

Style No. 2809 is designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20 years, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, and 48-inches bust. Size 36 requires 3 5-8 yards of 39-inch material.

Send fifteen cents (15) in stamps or coin (coin preferred) wrap coin carefully, address to Charlottetown Guardian Pattern

Style No. 2809 Size ... ... .....

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### Children's Pockets

The wise mother makes the pocket on the child's dress more or less of a decoration rather than for use, even to the extent of false pockets.

So many things go into these pockets and so often they are torn when the dress is otherwise good that most mothers have found a real pocket more of a loss than anything else.

## TILLIE THE TOILER — STRICTLY ACCORDING TO PLANS

By Westover