

WOMEN

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KEEP IN TRIM

Self-Esteem and Stylish Build By Lifting up Sagging Ribcage

By Ida Joan Kain

The style line for this season is fitted and curved to follow the lines of your figure. By the way, how are the lines of your figure? You can swing into style proudly by lifting your ribcage.

Catch hold of this idea — your style is the way you carry your ribcage, and this reflects the way you feel about yourself. A bit of advice to the heroine in a story called "Thinking Makes It So" by Elva Williams serves as an eye-opener.

"You're not dumpty, you know" the man in the story tells Cindy. "You're just not proud enough of yourself. A figure like Joan Crawford's is above all an inside pride, a holding up of the ribcage that's got something to do with how you think about yourself... we've got to change your opinion of yourself."

That's about the size of it. You have to be a winner mentally. If you're a girl with spirit, you'll never settle for the slump.

By lifting the ribcage, you pull the diaphragm out of the waist and lift the weight off the abdomen. The whole movement is streamlining. Your chest is automatically raised to normal high position and you come that bump of self-esteem on the top of your head.

It will help you to understand why the uplift action is streamlining when you know that uplift middle muscles are attached to the ribcage.

near the wishbone. Be at ease, with shoulders relaxed... the muscle attachment is not at the shoulder girdle. Raised shoulders make for awkward movement and tension. Square your shoulders and keep them relaxed.

Now for a supplying exercise routine that will lift the ribcage and streamline the middle measurement.

Position: Standing, feet slightly apart, arms up overhead.

Movement: Push right arm back behind right ear, and at the same time step back with right leg. Now pull, long and slim. Hold for a slow count of three. Then push left arm back behind left ear, step back with left leg and pull along that side. Again hold. Repeat a few times, smooth and easy... relax to change your opinion of yourself.

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Ruhamah Scheinfeld Frank We And Our Neighbors

AT THE LIBRARY

Summer is not only a season but a mood. Even those who work hardest then, the farmer, the fisherman, those in the tourist and building trades, etc. feel the vacation mood of friendly reunions and relaxed responsibility. But now it isn't so much the summer is over (these weeks set by the calendar) as that the vacation mood is wearing thin. Visitors and old friends are leaving—and the school year is beginning. But letters will keep new and old ties in repair, and reading can lighten and brighten the sober obligation to do one's best for the young.

Prince Edward Island is fortunate in its libraries. The Charlottetown library, for instance, is probably one of the best anywhere for a place of its size. Keeping the opening of school in mind, I found a dozen or more new and outstanding books relating to school and home problems on open shelves placed together near the newspaper and magazine racks (alone worth daily visits to the library). The very pleasant and co-operative librarians brought me additional ones.

First, in one volume you will find the answer as outlined by leading authorities to almost any problem arising in a normal child-parent relationship. The Encyclopedia of Child Care and Guidance, edited by Sidonie Gruenberg, has a careful index that will lead you straight to the chapter or page you are interested in. All that remains is to give the suggestions a real trial (ah ha!) before deciding they aren't worth following.

If you really want to know what the fuss is about there is a small volume, "What is Progressive Education?" by Carleton Washburne that supplies short and clear answers.

People interested in "slow-learning children" will appreciate the book, "Teaching the Slow-learning Child" by Marion F. Smith with Arthur Burks. The joint authors

have had many years of experience in this field.

"How Good is Your School?" by Wilbur A. Yauch is thought-provoking. There is a fine chapter on the child's first year at school. There is also a clear explanation "why" schools should be different today.

A volume of special interest to the growing number of art-conscious parents and teachers is, "Education and Art" published in 1933 by the United Nations' Education, Scientific and Cultural Organization. It shows beautiful examples of the art work of children from different nations and gives practical suggestions for guiding the young people in art.

"The Children's Village—Village of Peace" by Mary Buchanan, General Secretary of the British Pesticides Association is a heartening description of the daily life of children from many nations working and playing together in peace and happiness. Established in 1944 to care for war-orphaned from Europe, it has been steadily expanding. You will find many other books on those open shelves in the library but I shall mention one more, on the fiction shelves but worthy of a prominent place under the heading, "Education." "Charley is My Darling" is written by the brilliant Irish author, Joyce Cary. Charley is a fourteen year old evacuee from the slums of London sent during the war with other children of varying backgrounds to the "West Country." The author knows every child inside out and with his artist's magic shares his insights with you. Knowing Charley and his group so well you will understand all children better. The preface in itself is illuminating. Joyce Cary tells how he was "in flight from the police for a whole afternoon at the age of seven," for tearing out several door-bells clean from their sockets. He feels that just such childish mischief that was met with love and understanding by his own parents, can lead to juvenile delinquency under other circumstances.



Mr. and Mrs. P. R. Foy

Tryon United Church Manse was the scene on Saturday, July 28 at 4 p.m. of the marriage of Eva Eunice, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Cairns, Lady Fane, P.E.I., to Percy Raymond, son of Mr. and Mrs. Maynard Foy, Tryon, P.E.I. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Lloyd Archer.

The bride chose for her wedding a white satin gown with overskirts of nylon net, which featured a bolero of Chantilly lace. Her fingertip veil was arranged from a crown of seed pearls and she carried a bridal bouquet of red roses trimmed with fern and white streamers.

The bridesmaid, Mrs. Eric Butler, sister of the bride, was gowned in blue net and lace over satin and matching cap and mitts. Her bouquet was of white mums and yellow carnations.

Following the ceremony a reception was held at the bride's home which was decorated with pink and white streamers, wedding bells and bouquets of mixed summer flowers for the occasion. Approximately 50 guests were in attendance and Miss Violet Cairns, sister of the bride, was in charge of the guest book.

The bride's travelling costume was a pink taffeta dress of princess lines with which she wore navy and white accessories and a corsage of pink roses.

The newlyweds left on a honeymoon trip to Nova Scotia and New Brunswick where they visited the bride's brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Cairns, in Montserrat, Meyers Studios

Girl of 23 Wed to Man 38, unaccepted As an equal Partner

DEAR MARY HAWORTH: My husband is a former newspaper man, now a fairly successful free lance writer. I am 23; he is 38. We've been married 18 months. My problem is how to strike a happy medium between his desire to "baby" me, and my desire to be regarded as a mature woman.

John's friends are around his age or older — a closely knit group, well informed, very nice people. Their social life consists largely of parties at each other's homes, that involve good food, too much drinking and a great deal of conversation. I don't drink but always enjoy myself and their cordiality to me has been very heart-warming.

However, the whole group, John included, persists in reacting to my serious remarks of mine as if I were a precocious 5-year-old. Yet I've always read a great deal, made good marks in college, and I have opinions, ideals and ideas. John is always telling me how proud he is of my "freshness" and "unaffectedness."

The situation is at least partly my fault, because I was almost openmouthed in my admiration of John's knowledge and charm when we first met. My first feelings were closer to hero worship than love. But gradually I realized that he has virtues and faults like anyone else, and my bedazzled worship turned into what I know is a very deep love.

EXPECT CHILD
NEXT FEBRUARY

I don't want to disillusion him, but I don't want to "play house" forever either. I feel that his present happiness is unrealistic and that it may be punctured like a balloon when he finds he is married to a woman and not a doll. I am really afraid that 10 years from now he may suddenly see that I am no longer a "fresh young thing" and that he won't like it.

We are expecting a child in February and John is pleased; but I feel he will regard me as a cute little girl playing with dolls... I am really afraid it could become very serious.

In other respects John is a good husband—faithful, kind, easy to live with. A thoroughly entrenched bachelor, he adjusted to marriage far more easily than would most men his age. I think. But at present I am frightened and I can't tell you how much I need and would appreciate your advice. L.V.

INSIDE MEANING OF APREHENSION

Dear L.V.: In your lengthy letter, here cut in half, you say, "I've done everything I can think of, to make John see me as a grown-up wife. You keep house competently, cook smartly, budget thriftily, etc. But, you ask, what else can I do? And you go on to confess mounting tears of a busted dream for John, some future day in marriage."

I believe your present mood of apprehension has to do with a specific (maybe unconscious) hunch that you've gone too far, perhaps, in trying to emphasize to John that you are a grown woman who wants to share, maturely, in a mature relationship. In short, it strikes me you are suddenly afraid that having a baby may make a difference, and not for the better, in your love life with John.

You say John is pleased, but— and the "but" signifies that you aren't convinced he is adaptive to parenthood. Vaguely you seem to accept the prosaic nature of adult marriage, and give you sound emotional support in the real world role. What will happen to his joy in you then, after you have a child to care for (and to steal your youth), you ask yourself. Such anxious second thoughts have triggered off your call for help I think.

YOUR INTEGRITY

However, speculations aside, you do have downright cause for concern, here and now, in John's foolish emotional refusal to treat you as an equal, in social situations and in realm of ideas. In effect he obstinately denies the existence and blocks the emergence, of your real self—in order to indulge himself, undisturbed, in his own private fantasy idyll of matchood (immature male version). By this blindly selfish performance he forces you to be false to yourself, as you try to please him—which leads, of course, to a split personality sort of conflict in your nature.

John, as described, is a very familiar "literate" type in Big Town life. He hasn't matured beyond the level of college age day

Words Of The Wise

A creditor is worse than a master: for a master owns only your person, a creditor owns your dignity, and can belabour that. —(Victory Hugo)

78th ANNIVERSARY

VEVAY, Ind. AP — Mr. and Mrs. Frances Miller, believed to be the oldest married couple in the United States observed their 78th wedding anniversary quietly today. Mrs. Miller was 99 April 19 and her husband will be 104 Oct. 19. They share a farm home with their son Thomas and his wife, who have been married 55 years.

Frothy Young Fashions For Children's Party Time

Clothes, today, are designed to fit in with our casual way of life. But perhaps the pendulum is swinging a little the other way.

PLUFFY PARTY DRESS

At several children's parties that we were privileged to look in on this season, almost every little girl was decked out, not in just a pretty cotton, but in a fluffy, honest-to-goodness party dress. And happy mothers assured us that small daughters did not have to be coaxed to climb into these frothy creations, but actually asked for them.

Dresses of nylon net, nylon tulle or nylon lace are popular and best of all, many of these frothy concoctions are as sturdy and easily cared for as a pair of blue jeans! Among the pretty dresses we admired, was one of nylon lace over an underskirt of nylon net, in a delicate pink.

The bodice is of sheer nylon and under it all is a separate nylon taffeta slip with ruffled net skirt. Little clusters of forget-me-nots and tiny pink rosebuds trim the scalloped ber collar. Blue hair ribbons and little pink kid slippers completed a charming costume.

Another dress we admired was of nylon tulle combined with nylon lace. A shadow-printed leaf design, making a white on white effect on nylon, goes in for fluffing at the collar on a soft shirt-waist bodice and has a wide satin ribbon sash.

The nice thing about all these youthful charmers is that they do up in a jiffy and go into the suds with ease.

Loosely to Look at Delightful to Wear

ELASTIC STOCKINGS

You're ALWAYS COMFORTABLE in this EASY-GOING TRUSS

CORRECT SUPPORT for 'LADIES in WAITING'

dreams; hasn't latched onto any really serviceable eternal values; and, talking, he finds temporary release from the tensions of balked careerist-ambitions.

To save yourself from demoralization, or slow deterioration of personality, you've simply got to be true to yourself, calmly and steadfastly, without apology. When you take this stand within your soul and proceed to act accordingly—mildly but unflinchingly—you will begin to "hatch out" into adult form in marriage. Whereupon you can take it from there, in coping with John's obstructive tactics.

M.H.

Mary Haworth counsels through her column, not by mail or personal interview. Write her in care of "The Charlottetown Guardian."

MORNING SMILE

A waiter in a swank restaurant was horrified to see a patron washing his spoon in the finger-bowl. Calling the manager they hurried to the man's table.

Manager — Why on earth are you washing your spoon in the finger-bowl?

Diner — For the perfectly good reason that I don't want to get ice cream all over my pocket.

MODERN, UP-TO-DATE FITTING ROOM WITH QUALIFIED FITTERS AND ATTENDANTS.

Stead's Pharmacy
126 KENT ST. DIAL 4131

Ear-Piercing Salon At C. N. Exhibition Is Well Patronized

TORONTO (CP)—There is an old wives' tale that to have one's ears pierced improves one's health and hearing. But it is doubtful that this myth is responsible for the booming business at the ear-piercing salon at the Canadian National Exhibition.

Mrs. Audrey Berisford of Toronto and her assistant, Mrs. G. Gould, are convinced that, with middle-aged women, family heirlooms have something to do with it.

"Many tell us they have had expensive earrings in the family for years and dared not wear them with unpierced ears," said Mrs. Berisford. Mrs. Gould said teenagers are eager to have their ears done because they realize piercing will enable them to wear better jewelry than they could otherwise.

The piercing is no more than a pin-prick. It takes the experienced Mrs. Berisford, a registered nurse, less than 30 seconds.

Mahar-Batchilder Nuptials

Saint Dunstan's Basilica was the scene of a pretty wedding on Saturday, June 18, when Marie Florence Batchilder, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Milford Batchilder, 310 Fitzroy Street, Charlottetown, was united in matrimony to Howard Edward Mahar, son of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Mahar, also of Charlottetown.

The nuptial mass was celebrated by Monsignor P. McMahon. During the mass appropriate hymns were sung by Mr. Frank McIntyre with Mrs. Joseph Dougan as organist.

The bride, who was given in marriage by her father, looked charming in a ballet-length gown of white satin with bodice and sleeves of Chantilly lace. She wore a finger-tip veil with silver accents and carried a pearl prayer book.

Mrs. Maurice McAleer, the matron of honor, wore a gown of aqua satin with matching headpiece and carried a nosegay of spring flowers.

The bridesmaid, Miss Teresa Bowlan, wore a gown of rose satin with matching headpiece and carried a nosegay of spring flowers.

Mr. Reginald McAleer acted as best man and the ushers were Mr. Gerald Batchilder and Mr. Maurice McAleer.

The bride's mother wore a gown of navy blue nylon with pink accessories and a corsage of white carnations and the groom's mother wore a coat dress of navy rayon sheer with white accessories and a corsage of white carnations.

The reception was held at the Queen Hotel with 40 guests present. The bride's table was centered with a three-layered wedding cake and was decorated with flowers and ribbons. The toast to the bride was proposed by Mr. Reginald McAleer and responded to by the groom.

For her travelling costume the bride chose a two-piece suit of heavenly blue with white accessories and corsage of pink carnations. The newlyweds left by plane for Boston, Mass. on their honeymoon.

A Mushroom Casserole

By Ida Bailey Allen

"Here is a big basket of fine mushrooms fresh from the market, Madame," said the chef. "See how white and firm they are!"

"A sure sign they're fresh—and how crisply they break! When they are well washed, dried and sliced, raw mushrooms are good as a dip or in a salad. But few persons know it," I added.

DON'T PEEL

"Another thing they do not understand, Madame," continued, "is that mushrooms should not be peeled and the black lines or gills underneath the caps should not be removed. Just wash thoroughly in cold water and dry. The ends of the stems should be cut off and the stems sliced crosswise to make tender. Just as meat is cut across the grain. And another point, overcooking mushrooms make them tough."

"Unless the tops—or crowns, to use the technical word—are to be used whole for garnishing, I prefer to slice them before cooking. It releases more flavor and makes them go farther."

TO BRING OUT FLAVOR

Mushrooms contain a little vegetable protein, which adds nutrition when released by combining with any animal protein, as in a mushroom omelet or cream soup. A very little nutmeg brings out the delicate meat-like mushroom flavor.

"How about the calories, Madame?"

"Good news there for calory-watchers, Chef. Plain-simmered in broth, there are only 16 calories to 10 small mushrooms. But cook them in butter and the calories zoom to nearly a hundred!"

ELLEN'S DIARY

By An Island Farmer's Wife

Winging by, as wild ducks fly into the rose of the west of evening, the summer days go until we count too quickly those which now remain of them. Full were those gone, though made up by the housewife with only the little dubs of her round, the humble tasks of earth, which go to make up the fabric of her life. Nothing extraordinary, nothing remarkable — just the common and sometimes humdrum chores. Yet that is important to contribute a share to the comfort and happiness of her household; to shape a child's first words, to make school-lunches for young students, to bake bread and spread tables, as to swim a broad channel or scale the Mt. Everests of the world?

"It's not that I don't realize my role in life is important — not great, I know, but as it is, necessary, a farmwife offered on a summer evening past, "but it's mostly unrewarding, you'll agree."

No smiles for pay? Not even a pleased and grateful "Thank you"? No eyes lit at a home-coming? Thus it is usual to find our reward. So good and satisfying they are, that if we but stop to reckon them, we shall doubtless find ourselves well, over-paid.

Fried chicken was our noon-fare today, and the leaves of the Virginia Creeper, damp and still on a wall beyond a door. And a blue-jay calling, calling, in the spruces by the dam. And James saying, "There's not the nourishment to this that there is in a steak or great. I know, but as it is, necessary, a farmwife offered on a summer evening past, "but it's mostly unrewarding, you'll agree."

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