

WOMEN'S REALM SOCIAL and PERSONAL FASHIONS LITERATURE

YOUR INDIVIDUAL HOROSCOPE

By FRANCES DRAKE

Look in the section your birthday comes in, and find what your outlook is, according to the stars. (Copyright, 1939, King Features Syndicate Inc.)

For Tuesday, Aug 1 1939

MARCH 21 to APRIL 20 (Aries) - Today's vibrations are well on the friendly side, especially for you born after April 3 in heart, personal and domestic matters. If you wish to gain better headway in more general and business interests you'll have to exert yourself above the usual.

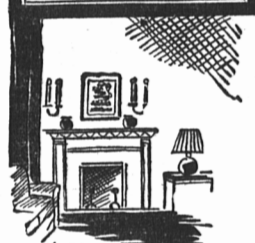
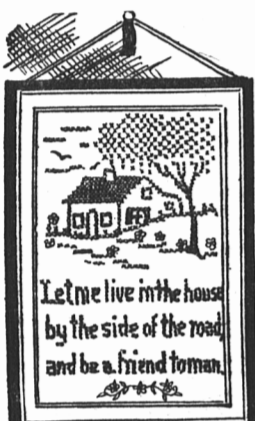
APRIL 21 to MAY 20 (Taurus) - Generally favorable, particularly in the everyday affairs for you born before May 6. Where there's a will there's a way should be your motto - all of you! Give some time to the proper planning of the week's activities.

MAY 21 to JUNE 21 (Gemini) - And you, my friend, have vibrations that warn against spending money foolishly. And this includes investing in buys that may seem good upon first sight but that show their instability with a little investigation. Put something away for those "rainy" days we all have occasionally.

JUNE 22 to JULY 23 (Cancer) - Born before July 8? There is opportunity through the opposite sex and loved ones to obtain new advantages. You other Cancer natives: be guarded against dissension and pointless disputes.

JULY 24 to AUGUST 23 (Leo) - Especially fine aspects for you this

AN OLD FOLK MOTTO FOR THE FRIENDLY HOME



DESIGN NO. 590

This cross-stitch embroidery picture should be hung in every home. The finished picture before it is framed, measures 13 1/2 by 16 inches. Hot iron transfer pattern No. 590 contains transfer sheet, illustration of stitches and complete instructions for stamping.

To order this design write your name, address and No. 590 plainly on any piece of paper and send with 15 cents in coin or stamps to Needlework Bureau, Charlottetown Guardian.

To Charlottetown Guardian

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

Strange Engagement

Parted Lovers' Unromantic Pact

DOROTHY ELLINGTON, daughter of Leonard Ellington, an attorney on the origin of man, shed not a tear when her betrothed, Rupert Featherstone, was sent to South Africa for two years, to conduct certain investigations for the girl's father, into the remains of pre-historic creatures.

The father was prepared to agree to immediate marriage, but the lovers seemed content to wait until the two years were over.

There were no tears at parting, and most extraordinary of all, each destroyed all photographs of the other before Rupert left, saying, "I am 'man' images."

Such was the girl when Frank Carter—virile, romantic and impetuous—had as companion on the boat in which he was travelling to South Africa to take part in a great speed contest. The two years were up, and Dorothy was still minded to marry Rupert, who celebrated his fiancée's arrival by finding the jaw-bone of an ape-man.

On discovering this astonishing attitude to love in a girl so attractive, Frank took upon himself the task of "humanising" her.

To reveal the results of Frank's attempt, and the ultimate meeting between Dorothy and Rupert, would be to anticipate one of the many delightful aspects of the Guardian's new serial story "RACING DRIVER," the first instalment of which is to appear in a few days.

The author, Alexander Campbell, who wrote "Daughter of Exile," has achieved a romantic series which is refreshingly different from most love stories. The theme is handled with a certain lightness of touch, but without relaxing the grip which a good romance always exercises upon those who delight in a fine piece of fiction.

Here an interesting group of characters are seen against some unfamiliar backgrounds, and the situations and thrills have a freshness that is in harmony with the dominant note of originality.

For The Little Folks

COCK O' THE MORNING (Edith Fisher)

I must have been asleep the first four years of my life. I don't remember single things. I try to conjure up memories, but my brains are numb. Suddenly one of my blurred vision a Spring morning dawned.

Four years old. We had moved the night before to a new home. I was put to bed late at night without knowing where I was. Next morning I opened my eyes and looked for the window. I beheld a great big red painted rooster on a snowy white blind.

Rooster on a snowy white blind. I was so sure a vision would thrill any traveller, especially if he had gone to bed at night and next morning had suddenly been greeted by such an object of novelty. His feathers were all shades of red—at first a dark deep garnet, but as the light became stronger and brighter and the rooster to stand out in a flaming red flurry. I looked—bewildered. I'm sure my mouth was wide open.

Immediately I christened him "Cockie" and loved him from that moment on, and Cockie seemed to know for he turned his glorious head and looked at me with his big eyes and just as he was going to tell me something, Mother dearest opened the door, and pulled up the blind and Cockie went back to his old place on top of the window.

For a whole year Cockie and I had our secrets and we became real friends. I was very fond of him. The room was black as ink and funny shapes seemed to come out of the darkness. Some were black and some were white. I would melt into the darkness to be replaced by strange faces. I could never see them, but I knew the window was. Sometimes my eyes would smart from tiredness at looking so long in one position, but the reward was worth it.

One day I was looking at the window and I saw the dark gray blind like an etching. You had to watch carefully for the tractor, making it a bit of a thrill. The tractor was a gray blind would clear up into a creamy color and Cockie's feathers without blinking. I watched as the feathers brightened and then into red and orange and the blind would get as white as snow. You had to blink for the light was getting so bright and then Cockie stood up in all his finery of flaming red feathers. I could kiss that head for love and then he'd blink and say, "Aren't you ashamed you sleep head?" And as usual Mother would break the charm by pulling up the blind to let the gold and light stream on my face. It would be like losing a friend for a day and a night.

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Dorothy Dix's Letter Box

If a Girl is Not Popular With Boys She Needs to Change Her Technique — and One of the Best Ways is to Feed the Brutes, Once She Gets Them Into Her Home

Dear Miss Dix—I am a coed at college, and just finished my junior year. So far, I have had no dates at all except for the house parties where the girls invite the boys, and I am getting mighty sick of it. I am good-looking and not a bad conversationalist, and it makes me feel awful to look across the campus at the boys' dormitory and know that there are plenty of boys over there but not doing the any good. And now I am home to spend the Summer sitting on my front porch, and the only men that I will see for three months will be my father and the minister. As everybody knows, college is the best place there is to get a boy friend, but it hasn't worked out with me. It is all right when you are 14 to see to be patient and wait a while, but I am 20 and feel as if my life is being wasted.

WILMA THE WALLFLOWER

Answer: Well, Wilma, I don't see how any girl who writes as peppy a letter as you do and who is as young as you are, can be so disappointed. They must be not only dumb, but also blind as to what a good job you are. If I were you I wouldn't waste any more time upon them. I'd change my base of operations.

Try your luck next Fall at another coed institution, where the boys may have a better perception of a good thing when they see it. That may give you the advantage of being a novelty, and this is always one of the best selling numbers in any girl's bag of tricks. Also, it will save you from having to live down the reputation of having been a flop, you from having to look at your own interest. There will be no girl around to say to any boy who looks at you: "Oh, yes, Wilma! Such a sweet girl, and so GOOD, but somehow she never seems to make a hit with the boys."

And, believe me, daughter, that is an advantage not to be despised, for you know how boys are. They are like sheep when it comes to girls. They follow the leader and where he goes they go in droves. They want to follow the leader and where he goes they go in droves. They want to follow the leader and where he goes they go in droves. They want to follow the leader and where he goes they go in droves.

But don't get discouraged. Never say die. Never admit even to yourself that you are a failure with the boys. Keep in the going and you act like a success. Don't be silly enough to be about dates that you have never had, but just keep your chin up and look like you are accustomed to having boys waiting in a queue to take you places.

You know when trade is bad you have to drum up customers, and that is as true in society as in business. If the boys don't flock around you of their own accord you have to entice them into your parlor, make them feel that you are interested in them. A choice and this is best done by giving little parties. Feed the brutes, a girl out as a late cake and a pitcher of lemonade has launched many a girl out as a belle.

So this Summer don't sit idly on your front porch with your father and the preacher. Get busy. Your neighbors and can't be entirely devoid of the masculine attention and telephone them to come to lunch on your terms. You think of them first and telephone them to come to lunch on your terms. You think of them first and telephone them to come to lunch on your terms.

Dear Miss Dix—I am a young man in love with a girl who is a grand person in every way except that she is very negligent about her home. She is not the domestic type and never will be. I am fussy about how a house is kept and think that it is a disgrace and everything is upset when she takes no interest in her home at all and everything is upset when she takes no interest in her home at all and everything is upset when she takes no interest in her home at all.

Answer: If you are contemplating marrying the girl, I think you should certainly have a showdown with her on the domestic proposition and find out how often that. Probably she thinks it is folly to sweep under a bed and a waste of time and energy to prepare a good meal.

There are plenty of women like that, who can sit down in the midst of a room as if like a cyclone had just passed through it and calmly discuss transcendental philosophy and who can't understand why any one should bother about newspapers and cigarette ashes being strewn all over the floor.

A man who marries a woman who frankly admits that she is not domestic and that housework bores her should make up his mind to live in a hotel. It will save a lot of wear and tear on his temper and his affection for his wife, as well as on his digestion.

I don't think that a man who is home-loving, who takes a real interest in furniture and carpets and hangings and whose comfort depends upon cleanliness and many cases a gracious living, can ever be happy with a woman who is undomestic, who takes no pride in her home and doesn't even try to keep it neat and orderly.

Every day there would be a million little things that would grate on his nerves and irritate him with her. He would feel that he was spending his money and getting nothing in return. She would feel that he was fussy over things that didn't matter. There would be endless friction and quarrels between them. The only way of thinking, no woman is a good wife who isn't a good housekeeper.

Dear Miss Dix—I read all the time about people giving showers for brides and for new babies, and I think it is a great idea. But why do not people give showers for those who die? If each neighbor and friend would give fifty cents or a dollar when a friend passed on it would be a great kindness and respect for the dead and many cases a blessing to the charity but in that of love, as the showers are given to the brides and babies.

Answer: The custom of making gifts to the dead is common in many countries. Who knows but what it might be introduced into our own country. You with advantage and do something to ease the burden of those who not only mourn the loss, but also mourn with anxiety as to how they can meet the expenses of a funeral.

How Can I? (By ANNE ASHLEY)

Q. How can I remove sun tan? A. Rub one-half ounce of glycerine, one ounce of rosewater, the juice of one small lemon, and some apply. Or, try buttermilk applications.

Q. How can I keep piano keys white? A. Rub them occasionally with a cloth dipped in alcohol, and then dry with another cloth. Do not allow any alcohol to get on the varnish, as it is a varnish remover.

Q. How can I keep sandwiches fresh for several hours, if necessary? A. Place them in a earthenware receptacle in a vessel of cold water.

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Today's Short Wave Radio Program

(All Time is Eastern Standard)

TUESDAY, AUGUST 1

4:00 p.m.—Broadcast in English. RAN, 9.6 meg., 31 m.

5:45 p.m.—"Human Interest Editorials," by Ted Rogers. W2-XJ, 26.3 meg., 11.4 m.

6:25 p.m.—"The Summer Revelers," GSF, 15.14 meg., 19.8 m.; GSD, 11.75 meg., 25.5 m.; GSB, 9.51 meg., 31.5 m.

6:55 p.m.—Music and Entertainment. CARACAS, 25.3 m.; YVSRG, 4.9 meg., 51.7 m.

7:30 p.m.—Tuesday Symphonies. 20.11 meg., 25.4 m.; IRP, 9.83 meg., 30.5 m.

7:45 p.m.—Latin American Songs. W2XAP, 9.53 meg., 31.4 m.

8:20 p.m.—Woodland Sketches. W2XBE, 15.33 meg., 19.8 m.

8:45 p.m.—PHOHI Program for South East Asia of the United States. PCJ, 9.60 meg., 31.2 m.

9:00 p.m.—Broadcast in English. "Voice of Sosta Rica." TIANRH, 9.59 meg., 30.9 m.

9:00 p.m.—Pop Concert. W2XK, 11.87 meg., 25.2 m.

9:15 p.m.—Sound Waves—Classic Music. W2XL, 6.10 meg., 49.1 m.

9:45 p.m.—"The Time Has Come"—radio play by Arthur Watkyn. GSI, 15.26 meg., 31.2 m.; GSD, 11.75 meg., 25.5 m.; GSB, 9.51 meg., 31.5 m.

10:15 p.m.—Sammy Kaye & His Orchestra—Dance Music. W2XKE, 11.83 meg., 25.3 m.

10:20 p.m.—Gramophone Records. TPA, 11.71 meg., 25.6 m.; TPB11, 11.88 meg., 25.2 m.

11:00 p.m.—Dance Music. Marimba Ensemble. TGWA, 9.68 meg., 31.1 m.

1:30 a.m.—The Nation Dances. W2XAL, 6.06 meg., 49.5 m.

Modern Etiquette (By ROBERTA LEE)

Q. Should a person use highly perfumed stationery? A. Never. A woman can keep her stationery in a drawer that contains a very delicate perfume. A man who uses perfumed stationery will invariably be considered effeminate.

Q. What is an enjoyable means of entertainment that a country hostess can provide? A. A picnic to some interesting spot is always enjoyable.

Q. Is it all right to eat the lettuce on which a salad is served? A. Yes, if one desires to do so it is all right.

For Jolly Times Tell Gay Fortunes

Who Will Get a Lucky Card? Never a dull moment in your social life—if fortune-telling is in your bag of tricks. And you can quickly learn exciting ways to read the cards.

Here's one way, "Six Fortunes," that keeps six of your crowd entertained at once. Take these six lucky cards—King, Queen, Jack of Diamonds, Ace, Three, Two of Hearts. Shuffle with 14 cards picked at random. Now have each person draw a card.

Lucky are those who draw one of the prizes six "A splendid job," promises the Queen of Diamonds. "Romance in the offing," says the Two of Hearts. The King of Diamonds means a gay social whirl—and more treats in store for those who draw the other three.

And fun to learn your fate in the flames—on evenings round the campfire. Embers flying nearest you are your fortune—a boat-shaped ember means a trip, a square ember a letter. The quicker the ember turns black the sooner the fortune comes true.

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