

Woman's Realm Social and Personal Fashions Literature

Living & Leisure - THE WOMAN'S REALM -

EATING BETWEEN MEALS

Twixt breakfast and dinner. And dinner and tea, a boy may get hungry. As hungry can be.

But if he's impatient. And eats right away, his appetite's gone. For the rest of the day.

Whereas by just waiting. This fact I assert. His bread and potatoes. Will taste like dessert. St. Nicholas.

BREAD FRONT

Many years ago the people of Reading, Berks, were perturbed when they were supplied with bread with the distinct sign of a skull and bones on the crust. Others saw impressed on their loaves the words "died" or "resurgam". At first everybody thought a practical joker had been at work. Later it was found that a local baker had acquired some tombstones from a disused graveyard and used them as a new floor for his oven. The inscriptions on the tombstones had impressed themselves on the loaves.

EVEN FUR SKIRT

NEW YORK — A fur bolero with any three-quarter or balloon sleeves worn with a smartly draped skirt of the same fur, generally of broad-tail, features a one-of-a-kind costume every extensive wardrobe likes to afford. Other novelties for resort and early spring wear include smart fur tunics and cape jackets, as well as jackets with wide armholes for over suits.

CAPELARS AND SOFT COLLARS FEMINE

NEW YORK — The accent is on the feminine expression of clothing, soft stand-up collars, little capelars. The tiny jacket which is a topper for dresses, and all forms of pleats are used with a restraint which well-dressed women favor. For example, skirt fullness may be a series of unpressed pleats, others at the side or back of the skirt. Rolled collars, balloon sleeves, boleros, decorative effects by matching rows of tiny buttons, contrasting collar and cuffs on slinky tone suits, tier in skirts, real silk simulated by deep tucks, are a few of the details which have been brought into fashion by good designers, such as Suzanna Augustine, Hattie Carnegie, Sophie Gimbel, Omar Klam and Charles Lamour.

Household Scrapbook

By Roberta Lee

Canned Goods Do not allow the canned goods to remain in the tins after opening. Remove the contents of the cans before placing in the icebox, then cover the dish to prevent odor from permeating the refrigerator.

A Good Dentifrice Lemon juice is a good dentifrice. Dilute it with water and use as a mouth wash. It will make the mouth and teeth clean and wholesome.

Absorbent Cotton The box containing the absorbent cotton should always be kept closed to keep the cotton sanitary. A mason jar makes a good container.

MAD PLAIDS IN NEWEST COTTONS

NEW YORK — Clean stripes, mad plaids, tiny dots, exotic primitive splashes. They'll all be on the cotton clothesline for summer coming, and the clothes have as many bright new quirks as the gingham and chambrays they're cut from. Fabric designers and cutters of patterns relieved of wartime controls, have let themselves go. The fabrics are gay, bold and clearly defined. Even pastels have more backbone than the pale shades of last summer. Most of the line are the large loud plaids, and the designers have thrown them together every which way in costumes primarily from a Portuguese fishwife. There are high water fisherman's pants, knickers, long trousers drawing at one ankle and half way up the other leg (casual-like) and voluminous skirts for play. A good proportion of the designers have thrown the plaids into violent mis-matched combination — a combination of the red, for instance, over yellow and shady tree green. For more ladylike marketing or going to the office, the stripes come cool and gray or blue or green, with white or yellow or a quiet red. The dresses are (trill) festal, with tucks to break the lines and dressy touches. Neat town suits are also shown in veskit pique with blue or red polka dots, or a combination of the two. There's brand new town talk in dark spring woolen suits with gingham linings showing. Lovely pastel linens are ready for walking or play. There's a black marked butterfly fur over matching shorts with a skirt giving another wing flutter at its centre-front closing. Prints inspired by the tapa cloths of the south seas and the clear white on blue flower patterns of Samoa did most gaily. And right up at the end of the line are the small tablecloth checks of every season — a brown and white one, shirred between bands, worn over younger daughter's summer dancing slippers.

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Ellen's Diary

By an Island Farmer's Wife

And now, Christmas Day, 1946 is past. It was a day, which I know brought joy to many because of pleasant family reunions and addresses to others, when death or illness or loved ones missing from the circle, marred the happiness that once attended their day. On The Island, the day was ideal for the holiday at hand. The morning was fair, and if presently clouds gathered, only a few snow flakes fell and the air was pleasantly crisp and refreshing. It was a white Christmas. Contrary to our expectations, a light fall of snow through the night, commencing indeed before Rob's went home on Christmas eve, lent the country the traditional appearance of Christmas. It was however mainly by way of decoration, for only cars or wagons moved on the roads and no jingle of sleigh bells was to be heard. This, I confess was a disappointment, only a few snow flakes fell only a silly notion, when we considered the ease and comfort of travelling by motor vehicle, distances that must be covered in order to unite families on the Day of days.

Santa Claus had come to Rob's. We were assured of the fact by Jamie himself early in the day, and in turn he wanted the particulars of his visit to Alderlea, of course. The gentleman had been here but when Rob and Jamie made a Christmas morning call, I found it trying to produce tangible evidence of the fact. There was more proof of it at the house across the lane, where the small one played with her new toys. "Money," I said. "And not even a note to tell you what to buy with?" Jamie asked and then laughed "wasn't that funny?" It was. "And so he came to your house?" I made conversation. "Yes," Jamie answered in a tone that left no room for any doubt in the world. "You see, Nanna," Jamie said, hugging a brand new truck under an arm "I went a bed whenever we got home and," he added certain that this was no mean contributing factor "I said my prayers last night!" His gifts were most acceptable, for he appeared to be well pleased with his world.

I delayed the washing of the breakfast dishes, while Jamie and I unwrapped our gifts. I may say at the outset that James is of late inclined to belong to that fraternity of husbands, who never remember their wives with gifts on birthdays, anniversaries or at Christmas. I present him with a remembrance, but as he reminds me sometimes though obviously well pleased: "who should get the credit, Ellen?" I bought with a man's own money? That is perhaps a disturbing circumstance on some farms, but of course never with James. I suppose it can be found in every walk of life. The man's attitude: "what's mine is mine; and what's mine is my own." I think some day a farmer's wife will be allowed wages. And how about the farmer himself? Yes, that is the difficulty. It is an intricate problem to work to a satisfactory conclusion and I would be the last one to arrive at a working solution to fit every farm. But if I receive no gift, when James fetches an armful of wood to the box or goes out of his way to do a thousand other hum-drum tasks for me, I take these in lieu of a present and count myself blessed. As always our Christmas gifts were chosen sensibly. Gloves there were for James and a new one of his much liked breed caps; woolen scarves to provide warmth and nowadays "that touch" and slippers for our evenings by the fire; there was no scarcity of rich smacking for James and delicious candy for the both. There was a neat scent that I shall treasure, from two small lads, neighbors and good friends of mine. Jamie brought bottles of pop, gift-wrapped Christmas eve, that to his delight all of us promptly shared and drank with our Christmas cookies.

Rob's spent the day "in home" in the city; in the best interests of the babe, Joak's spent them at home, while James and I went up to grandma's. Jennie is made of fairly stern stuff. Or so I thought when I learned of their decision. Luke Eliza in Uncle Tom's Cabin. I would have been tempted, with the odds against me, to clutch the small one closely to me and hurry, even by way of ice cakes to "the hills of home." I could tell I was "home for Christmas" the minute I opened the door. It was not the tantalizing aroma of the roasting turkey, nor the spicy fragrance of the plum pudding, nor yet the clean woody smell of the decorating greens. But altogether, with the sound of merry chattering it spelled "home." The pudding, Ellen's great-grandmother to four small ones, confided to me "we started to cook it in a smaller pot, but it increased so much that we had to change it to a larger one—now could you turn it upside down and... did someone remark of the younger bricker generation "Well, that's all she did towards helping all day?" Except that later, I sit a generous helping of the same! Small ones paraded their brand new dolls; older ones, home from schools and colleges or teaching spoke a language of their own. And the day sped — the hours winged. There was music and sweet

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Personal Christmas cards with a picture of himself and family, as shown here, were mailed by His Excellency Viscount Alexander, Governor-General of Canada, this year. A Toronto photographic firm got the order for 500 prints.

The Life-Story of H. R. H. Princess Elizabeth

By ARTHUR NETTLETON, F. R. G. S.

4. Pageantry and Playtime

Her father is crowned — Royal horses — Royal chums at Royal Lodge — Home movies — Thrilling days — The Princess as an artist.

For its pageantry, the Coronation of a British monarch is unique among traditional ceremonies. King George the Sixth became Sovereign on December 11th, 1936, and the Coronation of His Majesty and Queen Elizabeth took place in the historic Westminster Abbey, London, on May 12th, 1937. Not for very many years had London—or the whole of Britain, for that matter—witnessed such scenes of splendour. The nearest approach to rejoicings on the same scale were those with which the silver Jubilee of King George the Fifth and Queen Mary was celebrated in 1935. Princess Elizabeth's interest in the Coronation was twofold. Firstly, as heiress to the Throne, she was directly concerned. Secondly, as a girl of eleven years she was naturally fascinated by the glamour of it all. It was a day to which she looked forward with an increasing thrill as she watched the preparations—the re-gilding of Buckingham Palace, the appearance of flags, emblems, and bunting along the four-mile route of the procession, and all the other changes which were to make up the gay pageantry.

Being a Princess and not a Prince however, she was denied one experience that she would have liked. Male heirs to the British Throne give homage to the new Sovereign at one stage of the ceremony in Westminster Abbey, the appearance of flags, emblems, and bunting along the four-mile route of the procession, and all the other changes which were to make up the gay pageantry. Being a Princess and not a Prince however, she was denied one experience that she would have liked. Male heirs to the British Throne give homage to the new Sovereign at one stage of the ceremony in Westminster Abbey, the appearance of flags, emblems, and bunting along the four-mile route of the procession, and all the other changes which were to make up the gay pageantry.

It is appropriate here to refer to the personalities of the two royal daughters. One of the most attractive aspects of Princess Elizabeth's life has been her unstinted affection for Princess Margaret. They have been thrown together much more than is the case with most daughters, but this has fostered rather than hindered their companionship. It would not be correct to say, however, that they have the character and outlook of twins. A friend who has met them many times had stated that each has a personality of her own. Princess Elizabeth, irrespective of her extra four years, has a more enquiring mind than her sister. She likes to puzzle things out for herself; she likes to understand as well as to know—and those are not quite the same things.

Princess Margaret, on the other hand, has more spontaneous gaiety than her sister. She is less deliberate in her actions, and in a general way rather more carefree. Both young ladies, however, have that kindness unaffected friendliness, and entire lack of "side" which constitute real charm. Their somewhat different personalities have been carefully nurtured in family life, education and training for public duties. It is untrue to believe that the younger Princess has been brought up first and foremost as an understudy to her sister. Though Princess Margaret is next in the line of succession to the Throne, she has been educated and trained to occupy a position of her own. The latter stages of the Princess' education have been carried out separately, largely for this reason.

(Continued on Page 6)

Modern Etiquette

By Roberta Lee

Q. When visiting in a home of a friend, and this friend's child needs reproving, is it all right for the guest to do so gently?

A. Never, or it may be 'the end of a beautiful friendship.' Leave this duty to the parents.

Q. Must one acknowledge an invitation to a home wedding?

A. Yes, but not to a church wedding.

Q. If you live in an apartment, should you ask the employees of the building to do anything for you that is not in their line of work?

A. No.

How Can I!!

By Anne Ashley

Q. How can I destroy plant insects?

A. To destroy the insects and fertilize the plant, soak one table-spoonful of smoking tobacco in one quart of water over night. Pour this solution on the soil about every thirty days.

Q. How can I make a play table for the children?

A. Use a discarded card table. Cover with oilcloth, which is easily cleaned, and then spilled water or paints will not leave unsightly marks.

Q. How can I remove cranberry stains from linen?

A. By washing with warm water and soap.

Morning Smile

Employer (interviewing applicant for job) — Know anything about electricity?

"Yes sir."

"What's an armature?"

"A chap who boxes for nothin'!"

FANCY HANDBERCHIEFS



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DOROTHY DIX SAYS—

Domestic Millennium

Keeping Husbands Happy Is Really Money In Bank For Wives

If wives could be made to realize that keeping their husbands happy was money in their pockets, as well as peace and happiness in their homes, it would go a long way towards bringing about the domestic millennium. For, strangely enough, while many women marry for love, few of them seem to ever grasp the fact that whether their husbands feed them on pie, or keep them on a bread and water diet, depends upon how they are treated.

Perhaps it is because women are so sold on marriage as a sentimental proposition that they are so dumb about connecting the profit motive with it. They think that all that counts in marriage is love, and that as long as they are still able to wear themselves out making things pleasant for them.

So they nag and grouch and complain and make homes that are just