Woman's Realm — Social and Personal — Fashions — Literature

Newly-Weds

An unhappy looking couple, perhaps, but newly-weds just the same. Bette Davis, as Fanny Trellis and Claude Rains in the title role "Mr. Skeffington," have just been married and are returning to New York. The ferry musicians fail to recognize the occasion.

A Morning Smile

DOING VERY WELL

An American in England had an invitation to a private school. Addressing the old gamekeeper, he said: "I'm one of the crack shots in the States. Tomorrow you will be loading for me, and for every bird I miss I'll give you a shilling."

The following evening the gamekeeper met a friend and told him the story.

"If I'd had another blank cartridge," he said, "I'd have made just a pound."

A CIRCUS

A hard-driving taximan ignored a red signal, threatened the traffic policeman's knees, missed the street island by an inch, and grazed a bus, all in one dash.

The policeman hailed him, then strolled over to the taxi, pulling a big handkerchief from his pocket en route.

"Listen, cowboy!" he growled. "On your way back I'll drop this and see if you can pick it up with your teeth."

CRACKED APPLES

That good old dessert stand-by baked apples may be decked out in company dress for a special occasion. Surrounded by golden custard sauce, topped with meringue and a spot of jelly for color, they'll be a sure-fire hit with both family and guests. Here's what to do:

Core six apples, prick the skins, place in a casserole and bake in moderate oven until tender. To make a custard sauce mix two tablespoons sugar, one teaspoon cornstarch and a pinch of salt with one cup of milk. Heat in a double boiler. Beat two egg yolks with one-half cup milk and add slowly to the hot milk, stirring constantly until the mixture is thick enough to coat a spoon — about ten minutes. Remove from the heat and add one-half teaspoon vanilla. Pour custard sauce over and around the baked apples. Make a meringue from the two egg whites, beating in two tablespoons of sugar. Pile lightly on top of the apples and garnish with a spoonful of jelly. Set casserole in a pan of hot water and return to oven—350 degrees Fahrenheit—to brown. Serve hot or cold.

A Job Only You Can Do

Price Control Questions And Answers

Questions and Answers on Price Control will appear in The Guardian as a regular feature each day. The questions are those which have reached the Wartime Prices and Trade Board from housewives in this region. The answers are provided by the Board Readers. Persons who have intelligent questions to ask on price control are invited to send them in writing to the Women's Regional Advisory Committee of the War Time Prices and Trade Board.

Q. Does the new order on the sale of used cars apply to the sale of used trucks?

A. No. The new order on used cars concerns only the sale of used passenger motor vehicles which means, according to the order, "a motor vehicle suitable for carrying passengers, with seating capacity for ten people or less." By a previous order sales of used trucks were placed under ceiling prices.

Q. Recently I bought a dress which I found was not suitable when I took it home. Is there any way that I can secure a refund from the store where it was bought?

A. If the store has never made exchanges or refunds, it can not be compelled to do so by the regulations of the Wartime Prices and Trade Board.

Q. I should like to have some rooms of my house redecorated. Are there any regulations of the Prices Board which oblige a landlord to meet my request?

A. There is no Wartime Prices and Trade Board regulation which obliges a landlord to make any improvements in the houses or apartments he rents.

Ellen's Diary

By An Island Farmer's Wife

I was better this morning, and although not back to my usual health, following my brief illness of yesterday, I was able to be as James says: "On deck" this morning. I think I really rested better than he for sometime, after midnight, it was, I heard almost at the same time, James sigh and the raindrops patter on the roof. Not that in his heart, he did not wish for the refreshing and badly needed rain but then there were those windrows of hay. I suppose it is only human to wish for an extension of time. I suppose if we were warned—as indeed we are!—that world's end with the promise of a new and glorious existence were already in sight, say tomorrow morning, there would be those of us to say: "Grant me one day more, only one extra, to put my house in order." If James did have the one day more free from rain and wet, those windrows would doubtless be safely gathered but there would as yet, be others larger to take their place but in another field of course. But the showers were good for the crops, the grains and roots. Even the garden crops and flowers have been displaying lack adasical features for the last few days at Alderlea. Pat called after putting the cows safely beside the brook to pasture to tell me: "The rain was naded badly. The hay will kape."

• • •

I was happy to be back at work this morning, able just to potter 'round. I think James was glad to have me "about" again, although he went shortly after breakfast to fix the fence around another pasture complaining: "That Guernsey heifer is the worst animal." I remind him even I, sometimes think other pastures greener and more alluring. He said: "There'll be no haying today "but at the time I thought differently. There was only a smal quantity of rain fell last night. I looked in the rain-barrel this morning to find very little increase there. And with the heat of sun and wind, there was bound to be hay made later today.

• • •

Among the visitors to Alderlea today was one, much interested in education and well-qualified to give his opinion on matters in connection with and incidental to child-training. We spoke of child-delinquency. I suppose I was speaking of Jamie at the time and it led up to this problem among older children. We concurred in our opinion that discipline so necessary for children —and many adults!— is sadly lacking in our generation. We were grateful too that we had outlived that era when children were only "to be seen—not heard." There is however a common ground between —a safer place. And children may be disciplined in many ways, some fair, some foul. And sometimes when the patient, fair way fails after given a trial, then I've seen even a slight dose of sterner measures work miracles, through storm at first but eventually to lovely calmer days.

• • •

I see obedience should be taught to the very young. Even Jamie past two and a half is already past the easiest impressionable stage. We came to the conclusion this gentleman and I, that the Proverbs of Solomon were not written either because of the abundance of ink or parchment in those days but as a guide as Aunt Kitty Mahoney used to say: "Not to be sneezed at" for bewildered parents floundering about in a sea of indecision. Obedience is of course, I believe, the first lesson taught in any of the Services. It must have been a difficult and a bitter lesson for those from homes where discipline is lax.

• • •

We spoke too of idleness in connection with this problem. Not that as I see it, there is one child on any Island farm, who is not pulling more than his or her weight at the present time. Indeed I often think they do too much for once a child can hold a feed-pail to a hungry calf, he has begun to assume his responsibilities, which after all perhaps is just as well for there is an old saying that has to do with "mischief" and "idle-hands."

• • •

There was work at the haying at Alderlea today, beginning before the supper-hour and lasting until an orchestra of crickets who now supplant our stream-singers, sang the workers home at dusk. The late news came at lunch tonight. "Prime Minister Churchill is in Italy." James nodded proudly to Mr. Evret as the latter tapped down the tobacco in his pipe and James motioned for me to bring the matches.

• • •

Another sparkling, golden thread in history's web!

Until tomorrow — Diary—Goodnight.

THE COOK'S CORNER

SUMMER MEAT LOAF

1 pound ground round steak
1 pound sausage meat
4 pieces stale bread
Cold water
1 small onion minced
1 tablespoon minced parsley
1 egg
Cream or milk to moisten
Salt and pepper to taste

Method: Combine the ground round steak and the sausage meat. Add the cold water to the stale bread and allow to stand until the bread is softened. Then press excess moisture from the bread and add to the meat mixture. Add the minced onion and parsley and the egg which has been beaten. Mix together thoroughly, adding enough cream or milk to moisten. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Place in a pan lined with heavy waxed paper or heavy brown paper that has been well greased. Bake in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for about 1 hour.

PADRE WINS D. S. O.

MANCHESTER —(CP)— Hon. Capt. Ronald Edward, 28-year old curate of St. John's church here until two years ago, has been awarded the D.S.O. for great gallantry during the Gustav line battle in Italy last May. First padre to win this high award in the Italian campaign, Capt. Edward swam the Rapido river three times under heavy fire carrying medical supplies to wounded men.

Dorothy Dix Says—

MOTHER MONOPOLIZES GIRL

Solution To Possessive Parent Problem Ends In Stalemate Caused By Tears

DEAR MISS DIX—I am a girl almost 21 years old. I work six days a week from eight to five and believe that I should be entitled to a week end to myself now and then. But whenever I am at home my mother follows my every step and makes me go wherever she goes. I have no boy friends as my mother feels that she has a right to monopolize me and that I should devote all of my time to her. In order to avoid an argument I stay at home.

Can you suggest any way in which I can get a little liberty? ALICE.

MOTHER BECOMES A TYRANT

ANSWER—I am afraid not, because a possessive mother is the most grinding tyrant on earth. She feels that her children belong to her, body and soul, and that she has a right to every minute of their time and to direct their every move. It never occurs to the possessive mother to consider anyone but herself. Still less does it cross her mind that her children are not as interested in her as she is in them and that while she enjoys being with them continually, she bores them to death.

You often hear a mother boast about what companions she and her children are and how they do everything together. You wonder that anyone can be so besottled in their selfishness as not to know that youth calls to youth and that no grown up person can really be a companion to a child.

And for proof of this you have only to notice that when little children go out with Mama and Papa they are always stiff and dull and lacking in all animation and spontaneity. It is only when they play with no grown up around them that they whoop and yell and have good times.

The mothers who insist on helping to entertain their girls' boy friends, and who wish themselves on their girls and their beaux when they step out, ruthlessly are sacrificing their daughters to their own pleasure. But I don't know how it can be avoided because when Sally or Mamie try to explain to Mother how they would like to have a little freedom Mother always bursts into tears, and Sally's backbone dissolves in the brine and she gives in to Mother's selfishness.

It is harder to break Mother's apron strings than a steel cable

DEAR MISS DIX—I have been married for three years but what I feel for my husband is merely a protective fondness and not love. I have thought I was in love many times with other men but to cure myself, I merely sit down and concentrate my thoughts on the gentleman in question as long and as often as I have time for, and before I have "been in love" with him very long I am sick at the thought or sight of him.

Am I normal or disillusioned or just what is wrong with me?
A CONSTANT READER.

ANSWER—I think you are right as rain and that you have made a discovery that is of inestimable value to your sex for there is nothing in this world for which there is a more crying need than for a good, reliable cure for love.

And you have hit upon the real, genuine panacea for broken hearts. It is thinking. For if a woman can think herself in love she can think herself out of it if she will only put her mind on it and do a good, honest job at it. Especially if, instead of magnifying a man's charms and glorifying them, she will concentrate on his bad points. One good dose of this and she will wonder how she ever happened to fancy him.

DEAR DOROTHY DIX—I am 21 years old and very much in love with the grandest man in the world but he is 52 years old and my parents think that that is too great a difference in our ages. I don't think so. W hat do you think?
A HEARTBROKEN GIRL.

ANSWER—The best answer that I have ever heard made to that question was by an old colored woman whose young mistress was about to marry a man much older than herself. The elderly suitor said to the old woman: "Mammy, I hear you think I am too old for Sally. Why, I'm just in the prime of life." "Yes sir," the old woman responded, "but where are you going to be when Miss Sally is in the prime of life?"

Figure that out for yourself. Thirty years difference in age is a mighty big difference when one gets into the upper brackets.

As Long as I Live

By EMILIE LORING

He went into the subject in detail and in a sing-song monotone. He smiled as her bronzed lashes drooped and lifted, drooped and lifted until they rested motionless against her cheeks.

The stars brightened. Shrubs cast purple shadows in the moonlight. A frosty wind nipped by. He glanced at his watch. Surely by this time the Croftons would be anxious about Joan, would telephone Silver Birches and that would send his mother to the window. She would, she must see the signal fires. Why didn't Tony Crane see them? He would understand. Why hadn't Johnny Nolan noticed that his roadster has passed the gas station without stopping?

He'd better stop crabbing and think what he would do about that - that huddled body in the cabin. Why in thunder did the door keep up an everlasting creak? Thank heaven Joan was no longer disturbed by it. She must like him she must trust him or she wouldn't sleep so quietly against his shoulder.

He fed the fires and planned until the horizon burned with color. Day slowly rolled up it's curtains and dawn flushed and glorified the world. The broken moon paled. The purple sky turned to amethyse; white clouds to rose.

The serenity, the coolness, the isolation, the girl asleep within his arm, created a new universe for him. It was like being born again into a world of amazing beauty and spiritual exaltation he hadn't known existed.

The sound of birds twittering their morning salutation to the world rose above the rustle of the dewy fragrant woods below. The moment it was light enough, they would start down.

What was that sound? Not the twitter of birds. It was the hum of an engine! A car coming up the mountain! Two? Tony? The Senator? Better wake Joan -

The cabin door creaked. Closed with a bang. Suppose that car coming up the hill were coming for that that grisely thing inside? Joan must not be seen here.

He spoke to her softly. Whispered as if the driver of the ascending car were already within hearing.

Joan! Joan! Wake up, adorable.

She lifted heavy lids. Smiled vaguely and dropped them.

The purr of motors was louder. No doubt that now two cars were coming up the incline. She must not be seen until he was sure who was in them. He shook her gently.

Joan! Cars coming! Wake up!

The quality of his voice pierced her consciousness. Her lashes flew up. Radience crowded out the haze of sleep. Her eyes met his.

I - I love you! she whispered fervently.

CHAPTER XXV

Something that flashed from his eyes to hers brought her wide awake. Even in the faint light he could see color dye her face as he demanded.

What do you mean by that, Joan?

She sprang to her feet. Acknowledged breathlessly.

I was dreaming, really I was, for one minute I thought you were someone else. Good cinema, wasn't it? Do I hear a car coming?

It's not only one car, but two. Her admission that she had thought him someone else when she had said, "I love you," had frozen his heart. It was as numb as the arm in which he had held her as she slept against his shoulder. Why was he wasting a moment thinking about himself? He must get her out of sight before the cars appeared. They might have come in answer to the signal fires, or for that gruesome cargo in the cabin.

Come over into the black shadow of the Inn, Joan, until we are sure why those cars have come. He flexed his arm which prickled as if being probed by a million needles.

Who could be in them but - she look up at him, then furtively at the cabin. She shivered. Something horrible is in there! I knew it, she whispered. Each time I look at it, something grabs me by the throat.

Forget the cabin!! Come! Watch your step he warned and caught her as she stumbled over a low bush. He drew close against the house which cast a black shadow over them.

No matter what you hear or see, don't make a sound, he said close to her ear.

She nodded and gripped a corner of his coat.

He held his breath to listen. Light from the approaching cars were gliding tree tops Lower now! A sedan took the last rise and stopped. The glow illumined every inch of the mountain top except the black shadow in which he held Joan as in a vise.

A second car lurched into sight. The engines purred softly as men jumped out. Lamont couldn't see their faces, but he could hear a voice,

Craig! Craig! Are you here?

It's Tony! Tony! he exulted. Come Joan!

He caught her hand to draw her forward but she shook him off and ran to the man standing beside the sedan. She sent her voice ahead of her.

It's you, Jerry Jerry, darling! I knew you'd find me!

Joan looked back as the green sedan in which she sat beside Jerry Slade, silently coasted into the mountain road. The scrub bushes were white with rime. Three men were walking toward the cabin. She had recognized two of them, Johnny Nolan of the gas station, and the sheriff who had served the summons to her. The figures of Craig Lamont and Tony Crane were motionless against the brightening sky as they stood side by side near the dying fires. There was light enough for her to see the whiteness, the tense lines in their face. As she looked, Tony slipped his arm within Craig's. Something in the gesture brought a blinding rush of tears to her eyes. Why, why, hadn't she refused to leave the mountain top without Craig?

Because you had been dreaming of him and when you woke and met his eyes, you knew you loved him and told him so, and then remembered that he was 'tenderly, deeply' in love with someone else, a voice within her answerd her passionate question.

She turned and spoke to the silent man at the wheel.

Who are the men who came in the second car, Jerry? And why did Tony and Craig refuse to come with us? There is plenty of room in this sedan for them.

Don't talk to me, darling. I need to keep my eyes and thoughts on this road. It's fierce. The next time I visit a mountain top I'll land in my plane. if we reach the level without a crack-up, I'll apply for a Humane Society medal for rescuing a lovely lady.

(To Be Continued)

Living & Leisure

The Woman's Realm

"How'er it be, it seems to me
'Tis only noble to be good:
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood."
—Tennyson.

When you have finished whatever it is you are painting, keep what is left of the paint in good shape by covering it with a thin coating of linseed oil. If oil isn't available use melted paraffin. It will harden, and when paint is needed again may be easily lifted off.

"As the earth is round," remarked a lecturer the other day, "it is obvious that we could go east by going far enough west." That's the sort of thing that puts ideas into taxi-drivers' heads.

After washing milk bottles do not stand them upside down to drain. Let them stand in their natural position and let the air circulate and dry them.

Cottons for town clothes, the country, or around the house show the versatility and beauty of this cool textile for summer. For around-the-clock wear, why not plan a broadcloth frock with a sweetheart neckline and crocheted button finished off with its own fingertip-length tailored jacket in a contrasting color?

SCALLOPED CORN AND CHEESE

2 cups fresh corn, 1 tablespoon chopped onion, 1 tablespoon chopped green pepper, ¼ cup milk, 1½ cups soft bread crumbs, 1 cup grated cheese, 2 tablespoons butter or fat, salt, pepper.

Combine corn, milk, onion, green pepper, salt and pepper. Put half in a baking dish, add ½ cup cheese and ¾ cup crumbs. Add remaining corn, then cheese. Cover with remaining crumbs mixed with melted butter or fat. Bake at 375 degrees until brown.

RETURN OF PRINTS IN FALL AS ACCESSORIES IS FORECAST

Prints will make a return appearance, by popular demand, for late summer and fall wear, this time in accessories, it is indicated by the Wesley Simpson collection of Vertex designs in print accessories, keyed to tone with fall shades. His ace idea is a series of scarves, in two shapes and sizes and matching colors to be worn alone or as a set.

The long, norrow scarf—or stole—has returned after 50 years. No other scarf is so versatile for it can be wrapped around the head, turban-like about the waist as a cummerbund, slipped about the neck and through a belt to make a plastron front, or it can be thrown about the shoulders of a dinner dress and be what it really is, a scarf.

The large print square which may be worn as a snood and matched to a stole cummerbund worn with a simple dark dress is another good idea for autumn. It can be tied in a floppy bow to brighten either neckline or waistline, and one square, draped around the neck, with ends tucked into breast pockets of a suit is a chic idea. An apron-like peplum is achieved by shirring one square and attaching it to the waistline of a slim-skirted dress. Two of these squares will make a short-sleeved bateau-necked blouse for dressy wear.

Color combinations include chartreuse, wine and tangerine to make the "Victory Garden" print; wine, purple, pink and chartreuse in the "Four Faces" design in which violet-eyed girls look to the four points of the compass. "Pale Hands" pick multi-colored sweet peas, and in the designs are also the Busy Bee and Angel.

AUTOMATIC PUFF

The annoyance of powder spilled on your dress is eliminated by a new automatic powder puff—the powder, of a moisture-resisting texture, is contained in a puff and sifts through smoothly without waste for spreading on your face. Its companion piece is an automatic rouge applicator, in white plastic, containing powder rouge in an artist red shade, light, medium or dark.

EARS IN HIDING

With many of the hats, hair plays a less prominent role. In some of the turbans it disappears altogether. So do the ears. Elsa Victor's "double-talk" hats illustrate this admirably. Under the hat —and quite separate—she introduces a band of jersey, or a kind of crocheted cap which fits the head closely, covers the ears and chignon, and sets off, by contrast of fabric or color, the felt or velvet hat superimposed upon it. In one instance she fashions into a turban a glowing striped fabric, hand-loomed by Dorothy Liebes, and sets it jauntily above a black jersey band.

BLACKHEADS
Get two ounces of peroxine powder from your druggist. Sprinkle on a hot, wet cloth and apply to the face gently. Every blackhead will be dissolved. The one safe, sure and simple way to remove blackheads.

BEAUTIFUL LINENS

DESIGN NO. 733

Embroider towels for every member of your family. All simple stitches are used. Hot iron transfer pattern No. 733 contains set of initials, Mr., Mrs., His, Hers, measuring about 1½ inches high with complete instructions.

To order pattern: Write or send above picture with your name and address with 15 cents in coin or stamps to Needlework Bureau Charlottetown Guardian. Design No. 733

Name

Street Address

City Province

Needlecraft

For The Home

SWEET AND EASY

This easy-to-make little frock with its sweet, ruffle-trimmed square neck and cool, butterfly wing sleeves is just as pretty as the little girl it's meant for.

No. 3533 in size 4 requires 1⅛ yards 35-inch fabric, 1¾ yards edging.

Send 20 cents for PATTERN. Print your Name, Address and Style Number plainly. Be sure to state size you wish.

Address Pattern Department the Charlottetown Guardian.

Name

Street Address

City Province

VETERAN PARROT DEAD

MELBOURNE —(CP)— Sydney, parrot mascot of the crew of the German cruiser Emden, sunk by H.M.A.S. Sydney in the Indian Ocean early in the 1914-1918 war, has just ended a not uneventful life in Melbourne Zoo. Sydney was rescued from the Indian Ocean after the Emden was sent to the bottom and was adopted by a member of the crew of the Sydney. Later the German-speaking parrot was sent to the zoo.

WAR WORKERS!
EASE THAT ITCH
Use world-known medicinal Cuticura to relieve—help clear up Eczema, Rashes.
CUTICURA SOAP & OINTMENT