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

ELLEN'S DIARY

By an Island Farmer's Wife

We cleaned the kitchen stove pipes, this morning, encouraged, I would say by the smoke recently hanging above the distant hills and also by the state of drought, already causing the lawns and pastures to brown and making plants droop listlessly in the heat. The smoke may be from another part of The Island, or more likely from the mainland. Our cleaning was a little later than usual operation, though carried out well before fire-lighting time. First, some of the dwellers at Alderlea had to "put the cream up" in readiness for Mr. G. the hauler. He, operating on an earlier schedule than last year's rouses several members of the staff, not long after the signal blush of dawn. To farm folk the cream-hauler's and the mailman's coming and going are among the certain happenings of the day. No matter what changes may take in the farm houses on their routes these men must see that their calls are made, and invariably at a regular time. Indeed we come to regard them as a necessary part of our life and at Alderlea we can almost set our clocks by these good men. If a woman, to whom James refers as becoming "more useless" forgets to wind ours and James comes to the porch to say "it must be around seven" and seeks to enthuse his fellow workers, "seven!" I say, "why Mr. G. hasn't come for the cream yet" and I go leisurely to my chores. Pard and Judy are better acquainted with the hour when Mr. G.'s horse draws in to the box. Pard barks a greeting and then Judy always expectant is away on the run. Judy was off "on the double" this morning but tomorrow—Ah! Tomorrow!

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She was at her singing this morning, and "I think I'll bake some pies for you, Mrs. Ellen" not "before I go"—never a word of leaving—no mention of it at all. However Judy could not concentrate on any baking, nor could I expect her. When the time came to make our preparations, she was quite gay "sassing" James and scolding me, as if we were a pair of children. "Hurry up, Mrs. Ellen, James is right when he says you're always behind." She was beside Jeanie and Jock in the front seat, James and I in the rear with her luggage, when we set out on our way to meet the bus from the east. I saw her look back at the hill top, as we often did when we walked out the road, but quickly today so that I might not notice that she had any regrets at leaving and then when we turned into the highway she kept the Church in sight till we were well beyond the corner—Judy liked her Sundays. Now that she has gone to resume her studies there is nothing I can do but accept the change. It may be that our new helper, who returned with us from the city will one day supplant Judy in our lives and affections.

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"Julie" is our new helper's name. She is an older lass than Judy—very easy in her moving about the kitchen. A gentle smile, with little sign as yet of humor but capable and nice. She's "just frightened to death" of cows and horses she told me with a demure appealing expression. But then so was Judy and Karolyn, once. James threw a despairing glance in my direction, when she said it. In fact, most of my riches for the next week or two will doubtless be made up of looks similar to this. However, to use a favorite sentence of Judy's: "This is a great life, Mrs. Ellen, if you don't weaken." I hope from this time henceforth I may not be guilty of "weakening."

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What a day this has been. We were on our way to the city, when James in that uncanny, psychic way he has just knew the seed-potato Inspector was making his final rounds on this Alderlea road. I suppose when I remember how things turned out, it was as well, James had that to keep his mind occupied, taking it away from Judy's going. It is really sorrowful enough to have come from tearful good-byes and then to be bowling along toward a quiet home, with an "unknown quantity" in the seat ahead and the busy fall work coming up. But to have as well, a problem that has been pretty well solved beside you worrying because he had "missed those Inspectors" was I considered more than my share of the day's perplexities. I was bringing up all my reserves to conquer the situation when out of a cloud of dust, came the now-familiar Inspectors' car. These gentlemen, so necessary now to maintain the high standard of our Island seed, I may say travel in pairs, thus making a thorough examination of the many fields. "Good fellows", James says. He said it when he and Jock came back to our car, fairly beaming, from the inspectors' report. Then he folded his arms, breathed a sigh of content and settled back to enjoy the ride. It had come to me—the rift in my sky of gloom. An unforced smile at once loosened by taut features. As yet, I'm not quite certain it was justified, but I have an idea, that the part of the web of life ahead, in which Julie may be only a bright or darker thread, can become quite as fetching in design as any part of it that has been woven in the past, no matter how lovely its colors.

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Company we had this evening from a fertile district known to James and myself as "across the river." The farmer, in the party went to find James and Jock, at work up the wood road. This task is progressing one shoot and then another toward completion. I heard Jock say "I guess we'll put the sheep there next Spring to keep it cropped closely," as yet Jamie has not been consulted about these plans. Fertile growing fields are hard to win from the woodlands but the delight and the possibilities of the virgin soil! The stumping and the piling; the burning of these—flames mounting, sparks cascading; farmers sweat-stained and presently so weary but with the light of "excelsior" in their eyes. Then the ploughing, turning sods in the shortening fall days, so that the sterner elements; the rains and frosts might work their ways to help the farmer. More and more work done to this place, again in Spring. The nurse crop then—a bit of grain to be cut with a scythe or maybe buckwheat for satisfying pancakes in November days, when farm suppers come with the dusk and the cook turns around to wonder "now where have those gone" when the first panful has been lifted. And only to follow a path through the growing crop, perhaps returning from a berrying excursion to the woodlands beyond, was something out of a dream. The color and fragrance: honey bees holding high carnival, but never bothering passers-by. Years May come and go, Islanders may wander on foreign strands, and see the grandeur of this or that country, yet down in a niche of memory, there's ever the beauty and delight of a blossoming buckwheat patch on the new land on some beloved Island farm.

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Julie chose a different night light from Judy and has gone quietly up the stair to the look-outroom, where Judy had turned back the covers invitingly. Judy, our small Anne, spent her first night at Alderlea in the guest room—"I cried a little, Mrs. Ellen" she told me later "you see it was so quiet." We are alone now, James and I. We miss Judy with her hoydenish ways and her willing feet. It is very still here in the kitchen. 'Till he in tune with my own thoughts says "She'll hate the crossing—she was sea-sick coming over". There it is again—and to crown it all Pard is uttering the most lonely wail at a house corner.

Until tomorrow — Dairy—Good-night . . .

Dorothy Dix Says—

Extravagance Is Unwifely

Man Had Best Get Rid of Women With Clothes Mania

DEAR DOROTHY DIX: We are a young married couple who do not get along so well together because my wife spends more money on clothes than we can afford. When I tell her that we should live within our income and save something if we are ever to get anywhere, she flies into a rage. She has more than 30 dresses, besides dozens of other garments and innumerable shoes and hats. She has to have everything she sees other women have. She is never satisfied.

Can you say something that will help us both to settle this matter?

WORRIED HUSBAND

MAN HELPLESS

ANSWER: No man in the world has my sympathy more completely than the one who is married to a woman with the clothes mania, for he is helpless to deal with it. She is deaf to his entreaties and his arguments, and nothing he can do changes her. She loves a new dress or a new hat better than she does him, and she would rather have a mink coat than a home, or for her husband to be able to go into business for himself.

So there he is, helpless. He can do nothing to stop her senseless spending, and he has to look forward to a lifetime of grinding labor at the end of which he will have nothing but a lot of receipted bills.

I think a man is foolish to put up with such treatment from his wife and that if she will not live within their income that he is perfectly justified in leaving her. Perhaps if you would hold the threat of this over her, you could make her see reason, but I doubt it.

My advice to you is to consult a lawyer and see if there is any way in which you can stop her credit at the stores. Otherwise you are lost.

DEAR MISS DIX: My son, who is 18, loves a girl of the same age. He is going into the service and would like to remain in it after the war. If he marries the girl, it will mean long separations. What do you think would be their chances for an ideal, happy married life? Both have all the qualifications for a good marriage and there would not be any doubt about it if the separation were only for the duration.

ANXIOUS MOTHER

ANSWER: I don't think any boy and girl of 18 are adult enough to be married. They are still growing, still developing, and neither has any idea of what they will be when they mature, or what qualities they will want in a mate. This is amply proven by the fact that the number of divorces in boy and girl marriages far outnumber those of older marriages

Also, it is undeniable that separation puts a great strain on the marriage relationship. Husbands and wives who settle down to live together as soon as they are married grow into each other's lives, learn to adapt themselves to each other and to make allowances for each other's peculiarities, which a couple who is separated much never has a chance to do. Also, a couple who is separated much does not have the common interests that bind people together.

I should certainly advise the young people to put off marriage until their lives are more settled than they are at present.

DEAR MISS DIX: Recently I invited a young girl with several other guests to dinner. She greatly embarrassed me by using the wrong forks. Should I overlook this and invite her out again, or do you think she will embarrass me again? She is extremely attractive and well-mannered in every other way.

D. C.

ANSWER: She will continue to blunder around among the forks because she doesn't know any better, so if that embarrasses you, you had better not ask her when you have other company. Evidently her training in table etiquette has been neglected. I have known more than one young person whose future was wrecked by the way he gargled his soup.

COOK'S CORNER

BARBECUED SPARERIBS

2 strips spareribs
1 onion, chopped
1-2 teaspoon sage
1 teaspoon salt
1-4 teaspoon pepper
2 1-2 tablespoons flour
2 1-2 cups vegetable liquid or water
6 peeled quartered potatoes

Have the spareribs cut in sections of three each. Fry until beginning to brown. Then add onion sage, salt, pepper and sprinkle the flour over them. Continue to cook until the flour begins to brown, turning occasionally. Add the liquid. Add the potatoes, cover and simmer until both potatoes and spareribs are tender (about 35 minutes.) Skim off any floating fat from the liquid in the pan: add one teaspoon prepared mustard, one tablespoon of vinegar and two teaspoons Worcestershire sauce. Serve.

The outlook for grains in Europe this season is the poorest of the entire war period; the reasons include lack of rain in the Mediterranean area, reduced seeding in war-effected areas, and lack of fertilizers.

Living & Leisrue

THE WOMAN'S REALM

KINDLY HEARTS

In every place where grass can grow
The grass is green.
The lilies bloom, the roses glow
On every scene,
The sky is blue, the dawn is fair,
The twilight still,
And hearts are kindly everywhere,
Go where you will.

Too, love is love in every place,
And everyone
Finds sweet contentment in its grace
'Neath every sun.
The human struggle is the same,
Hope and despair;
But kindly hearts, whate'er their name,
Are everywhere.

Unknown

DON'T FORCE CHILD TO WALK TOO SOON

If you want your baby's legs to be straight when she grows up, don't fence her in while she's in eth crawling stage.

Limited to the narrow confines of a play pen, she'll pull up to see what's going on beyond it. But given free scope to roam and satisfy her adventurous soul, she'll stay on all fours until little legs are sturdy enough to carry her around on two hesitant feet, makes And don't try to force her to walk just because her contemporary next door, who is able to get around on two hesieant feet, makes her seem like a slow-poke.

Allowed to crawl until she takes to her feet of her own sweet will, she'll master the art of walking and on legs that will be plenty sturdy to sustain her weight without bowing out.

PARIS HATS BRING ENORMOUS PRICES

New taxes and the raising of salaries has brought an increase of price of hats in Paris, according to an article in Women's Wear Daily.

Prices for buyers vary from 5,000 to 6,000 francs per hat, that is about $100 to $120 at the present rate of exchange. The latter price, however, applies to a fur-trimmed model, and when fur is used it is rabbit, for other furs are too difficult to obtain. One modiste was given an order for a hat with astrakhan, and not being able to find a piece of that fur, she cut a band from her own astrakhan coat to satisfy her client.

NEW PERMANENTS NEED TIME TO SET

Don't invite a frizzy head-piece—which can spoil your vacation looks or your summer fun—by economizing on a permanent wave. You can't reasonably expect from a bargain the best materials and the most expert skills.

After you plunk down your cash gaurantee yourself a good wave by gritting your teeth and allowing your operator to whack off all dead hair or wisps that survive a previous permanent. Best bet for a bouncing crop of curls is a brand new wave put in virgin hair.

Don't fuss with your hair after the new wave is in. Don't douse it in hot water. Anoint it with oil instead of water when you run up pin-curls. A temperamental way of changing the style immediately after the permanent wave cut down the life-expectancy of your wave.

CABBAGE LEAF PROTECTS HAIR

Tennis player? Put inside your visored cap a crisp cabbage leaf, as the lady champions—and for that matter, the men—do. Used thusly, the cabbage sheds its leaves for a good cause. Under the pelting sun, it serves as a shield for preserving the moisture in your hair.

A cabbage leaf works just as well, of course, under your bathing cap, if the sun bombards your head when you swim.

After a few minutes, even a loafer on the grass or the beach should cover her hair with a bandana, kerchief, peasant scarf, snood or beach hat. A little sunshine makes your hair glossier and richer in colour. But too much of it drains colour and makes hair dull or strawy.

Hair unlike skin, produces no protective pigment. It yields its precious oils, moisture and bright pigment as long as there is any. But when the supply is exhausted the prettiest locks will become dehydrated and discoloured, and will make you rue your summer fun.

COSTUME JEWELERY BIGGER THAN EVER

The gold standard in costume jewelery for fall and winter is maintained without any disagreement between clothes designers and shoppers. This shimmering and sometimes glittering metal, whether base or genuine, is extremely effective with the first dull black wool or crepe dress and with all the woolens and tweeds, velveteens and corduroys of rich fall tones that make the suits and ensembles in the fall collections. Even when combined with silver or silver metal, the newest costume jewelery shines enough to tempt Mrs. Midas.

The earrings, bigger and chunkier than ever interest all fashionwise women. A single pair of gigantic whorls or intricately twisted creations or barbaric hunks of metal can dramatize the high swathed neckline of a simple black dress. Add the glitter and sheen of a choker necklace, some bracelets and the picture is complete. The dress can and usually is a mere sheath or form fitting silhouette, the jewelery makes it a costume with definite chic.

MODERN ETIQUETTE

By Roberta Lee

Q. When a man and a woman are eating in some public place and another man stops at their table to talk with them for a moment, should both rise?

A. The man should rise, but the girl should remain seated.

Q. Is it necessary that ushers at a formal evening wedding always wear full dress and white gloves?

A. Yes, always.

Q. What is the proper way to address a formal invitation to several sisters in a family?

A. Address the invitation to, "The Misses Brown."

HERE'S RELIEF FROM INDIGESTION

When Constipation Is The Cause

When you have the kind of indigestion that makes you feel miserable from head to toe—try the Carter way to get relief.

Take Carter's Pills tonight. You see, Carter's remove this cause of indigestion without upsetting your stomach or preventing you from getting the good out of the food you eat.

For Carter's job is not to just sweeten your stomach or counteract acidity. You see, Carter's Pills go to work when constipation is causing your indigestion. They get at this cause of the trouble. And that's the sensible way to get the relief you're after.

Next time indigestion strikes—get Carter's Pills at any drugstore—only 25 cents. Take them as directed. You'll get the kind of relief from sluggish indigestion that will make you feel good again all over!

BETTER ENGLISH

D. C. Williams

1. What is wrong with this sentence? "She was aggravated by her husband's failure to come."

2. What is the correct pronunciation of "lyceum?"

3. Which one of these words is misspelled? Malefactor, malediction, maleable.

4. What does the word "bibliolclasm" mean?

5 What is a word beginning with vi that means "disposed to revenge?"

ANSWERS

1. Say "She was irritated (or provoked ") 2' Pronounce li-seum,, i as in lie, e as in see, and accent second syllable 3 Malleable. 4. Destruction or mutilation of books, especially the Bible. 5. Vindictive

HOW CAN I!!

By Anne Ashley

Q. How can I prevent the bottom of pies from burning?

A. Sprinkle some fine dry salt over the bottom of the oven, and it will prveent the bottoms of the pies, cakes, or other pastry, from burning.

Q. How can I bleach white goods?

A. Put one tablespoonful of borax in one gallon of water. Immerse the goods and then dry in the sun. Repeat this treatment if necessary.

Q. How can I improve the flavor of turnips and lessen the odor?

A. Add a teaspoonful of white sugar to the water when boiling the turnips.

VIVIAN LEIGH IN HOSPITAL

LONDON, Aug. 26 — (CP) — Actress Vivian Leigh has been admitted to the University College Hospital and the Sunday Dispatch said she was suffering from a lung trouble and would be compelled to rest for five months. Miss Liegh is the wife of actor Laurence Olivier.

MORNING SMILE

WORTH WATCHING

Charged with drunkenness and disorderly conduct, the wretched old man smoothed his grey hairs and said, "Your worship, man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn. I am not as debased as Swift, as profligate as Byron, as dissipated as Poe, as debauched as—"

"That will do," snapped the magistrate. "Seven days! And officer, take a note of those names and warn them. They're as bad as he is."

THE DAILY GAMBLE

After a successful business career, Robinson retired to lead the life of a country gentleman.

One of their new neighbors, calling on Mrs. Robinson, remarked:

"I hear your husband has taken up hunting. Do you approve of that?"

"I don't know about approving," said the sportman's wife, "but it makes life more exciting. We never know which to expect home first—my husband or the horse."

HOUSEHOLD SCRAPB...

By Roberta Lee

The Flower Pot

Before wrapping the plain flower pot with crepe paper, cover the pot with about two thicknesses of oiled paper. This will prevent discolored marks from water that may overflow.

The Teapot

Place a small stick across the top of the teapot that is seldom used, instead of keeping the lid on securely. This will allow fresh air to enter and will prevent a musty odor.

Fish

If the fingers are covered with salt one will find that it is much easier to handle fish when cleaning them.

NEW...FROM HOLLYWOOD
WESTMORE'S
Overglo
LIQUID-CREAM FOUNDATION

NOT a cake ::: not a cream ::: does not cause dry skin. Has a lanolin and oil base. Goes on easily, evenly. Hides minor blemishes ::: yet never gives a masked appearance. Just one drop ::: and you have a flawless-looking complexion for the day. Six shades. $1.75

ONE BOTTLE LASTS MONTHS

MISS HALLOWAY
Of the House of
WESTMORE
Demonstrates "OVERGLO" at the Cosmetics Bar, Thursday, August 30th

How would you like to look lovelier tonight . . . today . . . in just one minute?

That is what OVERGLO can do for you. OVERGLO, the sensationally new liquid-cream foundation, created by the Westmores — Perce, Wally and Bud — the men who make up the Hollywood stars.

You are invited to visit our COSMETICS BAR Thursday and let MISS HOLLOWAY of the House of Westmore tell you more about OVERGLO. She'll be happy to help you select your most becoming shade.

MOORE & McLEOD limited

LAZY LIVER?
Clean your system - take
ABBEY'S
Health Salt

In SUMMER
MORE THAN EVER
It's so easy to protect your natural sweet self by using Odo-ro-no Cream. Containing science's most effective perspiration stopper, it gives both you and your dainty summer dresses one to three days' protection against perspiration stains and odours. Applied in a few seconds. Always keep a jar handy.

The NEW ODO-RO-NO
CREAM DEODORANT
1 FULL OZ. 39¢
Also 19¢ and 65¢ sizes

When that last "chore" is done...
IT'S MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE TIME

WHEN you can say "finished" to some tedious household task, there's welcome refreshment and cheering relaxation for you in a cup of fragrant Maxwell House. For this famous coffee gives you a THREEFOLD assurance of enjoyment.

Count first its FINE QUALITY. It contains choice Latin-American coffees—each selected for its particular flavor, mellowness or body.

Next comes SKILFUL BLENDING—a Maxwell House tradition—to combine these finer coffees in one glorious blend that is *completely* satisfying.

Last—the *full* flavor and goodness of this wonderful blend is captured by RADIANT ROASTING... a remarkable process that roasts every coffee bean *evenly*—all through.

Anywhere and at any time Maxwell House is "Good to the Last Drop!" Make it your *regular* coffee.

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