

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

**COFFEE-AS YOU LIKE IT**



**KING COLE COFFEE**

VACUUM PACKED

## Living & Leisure THE WOMAN'S REALM

**LIVING WINTER WAKES**

King Winter wakes, and with his mighty yawn a cold breath swiftly sweeps away the Fall. The evenings chill, and frost comes with the dawn; King Winter wakes!

His heralds' trumpets sound an icy call To warn all Nature, 'ere the coming morn. He'll cast his snowy mantle over all.

The fly, the thrush, the bear, the timorous fawn, Those in the sordid slum and rich man's Hall, All know the gentler seasons have withdrawn; King Winter wakes!

—Geoffrey Fielden-Briggs Montreal.

### USEFUL HINTS FOR HOUSEWIFE

Greasy or scorched pans will be easier to clean if they are soaked first in hot water to which one or two tablespoons of ammonia have been added.

Needlepoint flower holders may be firmly held in place in a vase with modeling clay or scotch tape. If you use modeling clay, press clay around the rim of the holder and flatten to bottom of vase.

Savoury way to coat cheese and shrimps as a canape spread is to mash one package of roquefort or blue cheese with two teaspoons of cream or beer. Blend to a smooth paste and spread on crackers. Place one-half a shrimp, cut lengthwise, on the centre of each canape and top with a slice of olive. Sprinkle with lemon juice.

Unexpected company for tea? Prepared cake mixes which can be stirred up in a few moments are one answer to what to serve. Packaged instant frostings which come in strawberry, vanilla and chocolate flavours need only the addition of

### Cook's Corner

#### CHOCOLATE CHIP CUP CAKES

- 1/2 cup shortening
- 1 cup sugar
- 3 eggs
- 1 1/2 cups sifted cake or pastry flour
- 2 1/2 teaspoons baking powder
- 1/4 teaspoon salt
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1/2 teaspoon vanilla
- 1/2 cup semi sweet chocolate, chopped, chips or bits.

**METHOD:** Cream the shortening and gradually cream in the sugar. Add the eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Then add half the semi sweet chocolate, mixing it well.

Sift the cake or pastry flour, then measure and sift again with the baking powder and salt. Add this to the creamed mixture, alternately with the milk to which the vanilla has been added.

Fill greased cup cake pans two thirds full with the batter and sprinkle the remaining semi sweet chocolate chips over the top. Bake in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for about 25 or 30 minutes.



**Just relax for a jiffy, my dear!**

**HEINZ COOKED SPAGHETTI**

## Legends Of P. E. Island

By Uncle Joe  
THE POKER FACE

It used to be an old saying that a pack of cards was the devil's prayer book. Another saying is that drink and cards don't mix. Surely the twain did not mix well that night, long ago, when a group of Frenchmen were playing poker in a certain home at Ruskington. Rum and cards were being mixed freely that eventful night—or rather, I should have said that morning, for the old grandfather clock which stood in one corner of the room pointed to twelve a.m.

And John Barleycorn did his level best to keep the hearts of winners and losers in high spirits. The game went on and on. Drink after drink was passed around. On the table lay a considerable amount of money. The bleary-eyed players looked at each other, trying, if possible, to read the hands held by their opponents. All looked upon the money with covetous eyes.

Loud conversation, much of it fighting talk, passed among the men as one or another of the group was caught in the act of cheating. It was quite obvious to everyone present that things were beginning to shape up badly, as the saying goes.

A new hand just had been dealt to each player, and the boys were arranging the cards with deft fingers while bleary-eyed looked this way and that, mistrust in every glance.

Suddenly up jumped one of the players, but the words of accusation which he was about to utter died on his lips. The men dropped back into his chair—silent, like a man who had been shot through the heart.

Under the table could be heard the rattling of chains, followed by a long, hollow laugh. The men about the table stiffened. The hands holding the cards began to tremble visibly. Fear played like a shadow upon their rough, unshaven faces. Their bleary eyes opened wide as they tried to shake the effects of the potent liquor from clouded brains.

Then, by some mysterious agent, the candles were snuffed out, leaving the room in darkness. Not a word was spoken, though by now most of them were thoroughly sobered.

The crawling figure rose to a standing position. All eyes instantly were focused upon it. They could see it better now, see its cloven hoofs, the red hood upon its head, the long, two-tined fork held firmly in a pair of hairy, sinewy hands. The form moved again, lifted a long slender tail and wound it about its half-nude body. The mouth of the creature stood open in a horrible grin.

More magic! Both cards and money were snatched from the table by unseen hands. The silence of that room was the silence of the grave. Then from the mouth of the creature came a flame which left a slight odor of sulphur. Another horrible grin spread across the monster's face as it took a long withering glance at the terrified group.

Then the door opened and the strange thing stepped across its threshold and vanished. New players were seated at the table. The next story: Story of the Horse and Cart.

### Morning Smile

A sultan at odds with his harem, He caught his eye he could scarce see. He caught him a mouse. Set it loose in the house; Thus starting the first harem-scarem.

Because a man cannot read or write, he is not necessarily ignorant, says Justice Cassels of Liverpool, England.

"Two hundred years ago," he said, "most people could neither read nor write; but they knew a thing or two."

"Many would say they managed things a little better than we do now, and we can all read and write."

### Better English

1. What is wrong with this sentence? "We came to the final end of the road."
2. What is the correct pronunciation of "annunciate"?
3. Which one of these words is misspelled? Rubescent, rubicund, rubarb.
4. What does the word "trivial" mean?
5. What is a word beginning with quin that means "the essence of a thing in its most concentrated form"?

**ANSWERS**

1. Final is redundant and should be omitted. 2. Pronounce a-nun-shi-at, third syllable sh and not si. 3. Rubarb. 4. Ordinary; commonplace; unimportant. "Such matters too trivial to mention." 5. Quintessence.

## DOROTHY DIX SAYS—

### Equality in Love?

#### Nearly Always One Party in Marriage Is Kisser, Other Kissee

DEAR DOROTHY DIX: When people marry, which should be the more in love—the man or the woman?

**AN INTERESTED PARTY**

**ANSWER:** Well, of course, the ideal state is for them to be equally in love. Crazy about each other. "Two souls with but a single thought, two hearts that beat as one." That sort of thing, you know, but unfortunately this happy state of affairs seldom exists. Nearly always one party in marriage one kisses and the other permits himself or herself to be kissed, as the old French proverb puts it. When this is the case, it is far better for the man to start out, at least, as the kisser than the kissee.

Unless a man enters into marriage with a heavy heart, the steam of affection, he is apt to slow down completely that his wife won't know he is going at all. There are many reasons for this. The very condition of a man's life tend to kill sentiment in him and to wear him away from his wife. After marriage a man's thoughts are centered not on being the perfect lover, but on being a good provider. He gets absorbed in his business or profession; and the thing that thrills him is not the touch of his wife's hands, but winning a lawsuit or performing a brilliant operation, or pulling off a big business deal.

On the other hand, all the circumstances of a woman's life tend to draw her closer to her husband. Her interests are not diffused as are his. Her home becomes her world in which the central and most important figure is her husband. Her dependence on him for every comfort and luxury makes her cling to him and look up to him.

Almost any wife will fall in love with her husband if he is good and kind and generous to her. But not all husbands fall in love with their wives, no matter how good they are nor how much they break their necks to please them. It seems that many men just naturally cool off from fever heat to subnormal after marriage, and that is why they need to start in with a high temperature.

Finally, a man should be more in love with his wife because women need love more than men do. They are more dependent upon love than men are. Their happiness lies in their husbands' hands. If love fails them, he has his occupations—his business, his ambitions, his career. But if love fails a woman, she has nothing. She is desolate.

DEAR DOROTHY DIX: We are a young couple who have been married for three years and we have one child. Our problem is this: I want to go home and do that goes with it and am willing to do without good times until we get a start in the world. But my husband wants to have good times and that means spending all he earns.

This difference of opinion is causing us much unhappiness. What should we do?

**A YOUNG WIFE**

**ANSWER:** Of course, theoretically, you are right in wanting to save until you get a start in life and own your own home. But a wife must always take her husband's temperament into consideration, and that often confounds all theories and turns wisdom into foolishness. It doesn't always pay a wife to be too provident and too saving. It never does when she has one of the half-fellow-well-met sort of husband who likes laughter and gaiety and to be with other people. Then her only chance of happiness is to go along with him and enter into his amusements and try to keep them within bounds. A wife can't change her husband's nature, the most she can do is to modify it.

My advice to you is to try to get your husband to compromise. Work out a budget and put aside a certain amount for your home and a certain amount for your good times. Agree to abide by this rule and quit quarreling over the question.

DEAR DOROTHY DIX: I am a widower with children. I am thinking of marrying a widow I have known for two years. She has no children and I think she would be good to mine. What do you think of remarrying?

**A WIDOWER.**

**ANSWER:** There is no reason why a widower should not marry again if he can find a suitable mate. A widow is generally a safe choice for a widower, because she also has had matrimonial experience and understands the technique, so to speak, of matrimony. She is broken to the double harness and knows how to pull her half of the load. She is quite as likely as any other woman to make a good stepmother. Often, if she is a childless widow, she takes her step-children into her heart, and satisfies her mother-yearning by lavishing an affection and tenderness on them that makes them forget that they are motherless.

### That Body Of Yours

By James W. Barton, M. D.

### Modern Etiquette

By Roberta Lee

Q. When a man is introduced to a woman and the man offers his hand, is she obligated to extend her hand?

A. Yes. While it is the woman's privilege to refuse to shake hands, it would be very ill-bred for her to refuse if the man should extend his hand first.

Q. Is it permissible when eating to cut the bread with the knife, or to life it to the mouth with the fork?

A. No; neither is correct. The bread should be broken, one bite at a time, and lifted to the mouth with the fingers.

Q. Is it all right for employees to send cards or gifts to their employer on holidays and anniversaries?

A. This is often done, but it is really better to keep business relations entirely separate from things personal.

causing the pain in the chest, and not coronary thrombosis? In many cases, this same chest pain under the breastbone can be reproduced by pressure on the spine or backbone in line with the heart or by bending the head forward on the chest. Pain may occur at night when the patient turns in bed, or during the day when rising after sitting a long time.

As symptoms may begin during a walk and stop with rest, the patient may think he has angina pectoris, a common symptom of coronary thrombosis. By stretching the head up high and throwing shoulders back, the pain is relieved if it is caused by irritation of a spinal nerve root. Treatment for spinal root irritation is sitting and standing tall, lying on bed boards, and keeping shoulders well back.

**WHY WORRY ABOUT YOUR HEART?**

Do you get out of breath on slight exertion? Does your heart seem to skip beats? Send today for Dr. Barton's interesting booklet on this subject entitled "Why Worry About Your Heart?" To obtain it, just send 10 cents and a 3-cent stamp, to cover cost of handling and mailing, to The Bell Syndicate in care of this newspaper, Post Office Box 99, Station G, New York 19, N. Y.

## Ellen's Diary

By an Island Farmer's Wife

"If you're so feeble as all of that, Ellen, don't you think it is foolish of you to consider venturing out at all tonight?" James commented this evening when leaving the lane we entered the roadway to walk to Rob's. "You know you might just collapse on the road, and I may be mid-Victorian or whatever they like to call it, but I always think that the most fitting place for a woman to collapse is in the house and not away on some outing or another." "But you're walking so fast," I gasped, protestingly. "Well you can't keep up with this pace, Ellen, you're really courting disaster by leaving home at all. Actually we're going so slowly that it would need a land-mark to tell that we are moving at all. Perhaps you would prefer to go back?" And then he chuckled at the improbability of it, and obligingly lessened his steps that I might easier match mine with his, and with spirits high we were off in the road.

We were not going to visit at Rob's, but to join them in attending a wonderful affair. It was to the annual school concert we were going, not in our own district, but in the adjoining one, where Jamie, elder grandson of ours goes to his classes. And of the numerous concerts we had attended down the years, this we felt, would be the very best one of all for James and me. For was not Jamie himself taking part in this his first Christmas concert? And how could he if we were not there to see and encourage him? "Oh!" I exclaimed, trying desperately to right myself, and clutching James in the attempt. "You'd better watch your step, Ellen! The cars had that bit of new snow from today's odd flurry of it has made the walking slippery in places. Watch out now—or here take my arm!" More concerned now with his assistance we walked into the night. A windingsnowy way we followed, silent and enchanting, our footfalls the only sound in the stillness except of course the gentle sound of the mill-stream below in the valley. At times one caught a glimpse of it flowing darkly between white banks and again lost it in the dim secret places of its edging trees. But always there was the murmur of its ripple, a familiar music to our ears.

"It's lovely out this evening isn't it?" I remarked and James, his mind apparently on his farm cares at the moment said, "I wouldn't talk too much, if I were you Ellen—this white frost is pretty trying on the throat!" and so in a silence that was most companionable, we arrived presently at Rob's. There we found a bustle of preparation, small fellows being hustled into their Sunday bests, the Mut-dog taken to the confinement of a building, and soon a horse hitched in a sleigh which carried us in a pleasant ride, though without any jingle of bells, to the community hall near another corner-store.

There a delightful scene greeted us—one which never fails to entertain, a bright happy picture wrapped about with the tangy aroma of spruce and fir. Eager, willing, and talented children, clad as was Jamie, in his best, the boys brave in ties, the girls with bows afloat in their curls, the parents assembled more concerned than the youngsters who must perform—but proud that this was to be a night of nights for all, one much anticipated and always to be remembered. Even past many a year, James and I can look back to place a certain event or other with: "Why don't you remember it? It was the very night of the Christmas Concert in the Church?" and there is no doubt that many another now far dwelling from our community can look back as we, to recollect with poignancy the delight and magic of those past evenings in this week at hand. The tree of tonight, carried I believe from the other farm, where in every time dwell those much interested in the welfare of their school, was fine in its gay trimmings, and with its wealth of parcels received many an admiring and I suspect wondering glance.

And now, home again, James, poor fellow, is coaxing dying embers into a blaze. And why? To finish a nice evening with a cup of tea.

Until tomorrow... Diary... Good-night...

### Household Scrapbook

By Roberta Lee

**Beating Eggs**

When desired to beat the whites and the yolks of eggs separately, beat the whites first, then add a little to the yolks before beating. This will cause the yolks to thicken more readily and prevent sticking to the whip or dish, as so often experienced when they are beaten separately.

**Ironing Shirts**

Time can be saved when ironing a man's shirt if it is spread over the wide end of the board instead of the narrow end. A larger square of shirt can be worked on at one time.

**Shoe Polish**

Shoe polish that has become hard and dry, from falling to fasten the container securely, can be softened by pouring a few drops of turpentine in it.

### How Can I!!!

By Anne Ashley

Q. How can I make good fruit bars?

A. Grind equal parts of nuts, dates, figs, and raisins, mix them thoroughly, and knead on a board covered with powdered sugar. Pack in a deep pan and allow it to stand for about twelve hours. Then cut into bars and roll in powdered sugar.

Q. How can I keep the hands soft, and prevent chapping?

A. Rub Indian meal on the hands after soaping them for washing. It will not only cleanse and soften the skin, but will also prevent chapping.

Q. How can I make an emergency candle out of paraffin until it is pilable, then wrap it around a heavy cord, and your candle is ready for use.

season. His younger brother already a hero-worshipper, and also familiar with the lines was an interested attendant and "there he is!" he told his mother, singling Jamie out from the others quickly when they presented their first chorus.

"Santa Claus," Jamie confided to me as I tucked him into his jacket later, "did you notice that he wasn't the right one? I mean not the one we saw in town. You could tell that easily!" "This was a substitute for the right one, I suspect," "Yes," Jamie nodded, "I guess the other one's pretty busy!"

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THEY OUGHTA BE A LAW!

## Needlecraft FOR THE HOME

TW NEW IDEAS

Both a grand new skirt with the graceful six-gore styling and a jaunty jerkin with handy patch pockets can be cut from this pattern. They're terrific together as a suit—and smart to wear as separates, too.

No. 2891 is cut in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48. Size 38 skirt, 1 1/2 yards 54-inch; jerkin, 1 1/2 yards 54-inch.

Send 20c for each PATTERN which includes complete sewing guide. Print your Name, Address and Style Number plainly. Be sure to state size you want. Include postal unit, or zone number in your address.

Address Pattern Department, The Charlotteville Guardian, Charlotteville, N. C. Pattern No. 2891

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THEY OUGHTA BE A LAW!

EGGNOGG, WE MUST DO SOMETHING ABOUT GETTING PLAYMATES FOR JUNIOR. JUST LOOK AT THIS PLAYING OUT THERE ALL BY HIMSELF. SO WRISTFUL.

YOU'RE RIGHT! WE WANT OUR CHILD TO GROW UP NORMAL AND HEALTHY.

SO THEY MOVED INTO A NEIGHBORHOOD SWARMING WITH PLAYMATES AND IT'LL BE A MIRACLE IF JUNIOR GROWS UP AT ALL!

Thanks to ROGER BACHMAN, ALLENTOWN, PA.

INCLUDE NEWSPAPER SYNDICATE