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

## Modern Etiquette

By Roberta Lee

Q. When one is taking a meal alone in a hotel dining room, is it all right to read a book while waiting to be served?

A. Yes; there is no reason why one should not read if alone. However, it would be extremely rude to do so if accompanied by another person.

Q. Under what circumstances is a man obligated to pay a woman's streetcar or bus fare?

A. Only when he is her escort; never otherwise.

Q. Where should the clergyman sit at the wedding breakfast table?

A. At the table of the bride's parents, and at the left of the bride's mother.

## Household Scrapbook

By Roberta Lee

**Powder Stains**

Powder stains can be removed from most hard-finished fabrics with cleaning fluid. If the stains are on silks and woolens, treat the stains by rubbing with cheesecloth dipped in warm soap suds and wrung out. Then use the cleaning fluid.

**Spinach**

Spinach will be cleaned more readily by using hot water instead of cold. Wash the spinach first in hot water, then rinse it with cold.

**Health**

In the home where gas stoves or oil stoves are used, a pan of water should be kept filled on top or very close to each stove, to purify the air.

## Cook's Corner

**SEVEN MINUTE FROSTING**

1 egg white
¾ cup granulated sugar
1 tablespoon corn syrup or ½ teaspoon cream of tartar
3 tablespoons water
½ teaspoon vanilla

Combine all ingredients, except flavouring, in top of double boiler and beat with rotary beater until blended.

Place over rapidly boiling water and continue beating for seven minutes or until frosting is fluffy and will hold shape.

Remove from boiling water, add flavouring and beat one minute longer. Spread immediately on cake.

Before frosting sets on cake, sprinkle with cocoanut which has been browned slightly in the oven.

**Some "Do's and "Don'ts" of Frosting**

Do frost as soon as thoroughly cool.

Don't place layer on filling until filling has set.

Do frost sides from bottom up, holding knife or spatula in vertical position.

Don't smooth off edge — cake will look extra high if you pull knife around top to form ridge of icing on edge of cake.


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## Longevity Candidates

By Uncle Joe

**MRS. MARY KENNEDY**

Mrs. Mary Kennedy, 42nd on our longevity list, was born at Point Prim, 91 years ago (nee Mary Grace MacRae). Like many daughters of the Garden of the Gulf, she became a school teacher and taught two terms at Cambridge.

In 1879, she married James Kennedy of Murray Harbor North. (Mr. Kennedy died 30 years ago) and to this union were born six children, three of whom are still alive. There are: William, of Murray Harbor North; Florence, Mrs. J. E. Fraser, Montague; Lemuel of Moose Jaw, Sask.

Mrs. Kennedy also brought up an adopted son, named George. The little fellow came to her when only five days old. This boy served his King and Country during the First World War and returned home marked by the scars of battle. George died in Boston several years ago.

Mrs. Kennedy resided at Murray Harbor North until eleven years ago, when she came to live with her daughter at Montague. But she has never forgotten the old homestead, and spends part of each summer there.

This grand old citizen has lived a long and useful life, is ever ready to help the needy. Her home always was open to the stranger and her daughter recalls the year when she kept twelve student ministers at her home during their time of probation.

This fine old candidate still is bright and cheerful; and, for a hobby, does a lot of letter-writing to the friends she cannot visit.

When not thus occupied Mrs. Kennedy finds time to knit, mend and do a few household duties.

We like to visualize Mrs. Kennedy as the sort of person who casts a ray of sunshine everywhere she goes. No doubt her happy outlook on life has much to do with her serene old age.

**MRS. ARTEMAS WRIGHT**

Mrs. Artemas Wright, formerly Louisa Campbell, daughter of Peter Campbell and his wife Harriet Craswell, was born July 19, 1856.

Miss Campbell grew up at Bonshaw where her father owned a farm and carried on his trade of tailoring.

The girl's parents passed away when she was quite young. After leaving Bonshaw, Miss Campbell attended Normal School and later assumed the duties of a school teacher in various parts of the Island.

Then she went to the U. S. A., where she met and married Artemas Wright. The year was 1887.

The following year, or in 1888, Mr. and Mrs. Wright returned to their native Island to make their home at Middleton. Her husband passed away in 1942.

During the Christmas holidays this fine old lady enjoyed the company of her children, grand-children and great-grand-children. (A wonderful and happy reunion, no doubt.)

Mrs. Wright enjoys reading, knitting and housework, and takes more than a passing interest in the affairs of her community.

Like most Island folk, Mrs. Wright loves the "Million Acre Farm", and especially Bonshaw, the home of her childhood.

She has vivid memories of Strathgartney which in those days was considered to be one of the Island's beauty spots.

It is the sincere wish of the writer, friends, relatives and The Guardian, that Middleton's oldest resident enjoy many more years of serene living.

## The Stars Say--

By Genevieve Kemble

**For Wednesday, January 19**

WHILE afafirs generally seem to reach new heights of attainment and fulfilled ambitions, with marked pleasure, self-expression and gratification, yet a sudden turn, a misstep, a mistake in judgment, or unforseen contacts, are likely to dampen such treasured prospects, with probable unexpected reactions of a purely personal nature. Conflicts through jealousy, hurt, strange drives, excess or rash inclinations, block or upset cherished hopes and desires. Protect all from abrupt and ill advised moves or suspicious contacts inciting estrangements.

**For the Birthday**

Those whose birthday it is may be prepared for a sudden reversal of seemingly prospering affairs, possibly owing to a strange intervention of officious personages, through an abrupt situation, brought about by mistaken judgment, error, reckless conduct, extravagance or misdirected energies and plans. There are implications of purely personal involvements. Jealousy, extravagance and overindulgence may alienate friends or family. Beware sudden disruptions, queer contacts, strange places and suspicious transactions. Protect funds and reputation.

A child born on this day while ambitious, efficient and progressive, may be subject to defeat through queer adventures, persons or physical encounters. Gullibility and extravagance may complicate

## Ellen's Diary

By an Island Farmer's Wife

"I'm not so sure that Mrs. A.'s fruit-cake, good as it was will ..." "sit quiescent'" I supply his thought. "Unless I have a few draws of the pipe before going to bed," James says. The shingles we placed there have served to revive the dying embers in the kitchen stove. Now the fire crackles reassuringly and altogether this promises to be a fitting end to a pleasant day, and evening. We have just returned from a walk "in along" which took us to call at Rob's and later for a nice "kaley" with the A's, neighbors to us, in the road. There it is that one is treated to refreshments, the cup of tea stimulating one to remain for further conversation, when it has reached that time of night that Aunt Kitty Mahoney used to tell about chuckling: "It's come the time now", she would say suggestively to her visitors who would enjoy lingering into the mid-night hour, "when decent people should be to their beds and rogues on the road!" And now James smokes his pipe and doubtless dreams and plans in the enveloping smoke-wreaths and I unmindful of the day's passing and enjoying much its last quiet hour, write of our doings here.

• • •

We have had a pleasant evening. At Rob's he and his present assistant were busy at the choring—on "over-time" though likely without any thought of it. There would be the feeding of stock, delayed owing to the work at the lumbering, bedding must be carried and the cows milked—among these the one which recently presented them with a new calf, a shorthorn, roan in color Jamie said. James was off to the stables, glancing I suspect with critical though mostly approving eye at these creatures of sty and stall. Sometimes there is criticism, though always constructive over some of Rob's methods of feeding, though it is certain that nothing there suffers for want of care. But "don't you think you should increase the grain ration?" or "I fancy that ox—that second one from the door isn't doing as well as he should" shows an interested and fatherly concern. A visit to Rob's every day would not be at all complete for James without a round of inspection there.

• • •

Indoors Karolyn, who had spent a busy day, which had included some pieces of washing as well as churning, was washing the supper dishes. She must leave them to show me the golden rolls of butter she had made, and one saw fresh loaves of bread beneath a white cover on a cupboard. Jamie was at his lesson, and soon three of us were along the paths of learning with him, I with interested lads on either side, an adult finger guided strongly by a warm fat hand pointing out each word in turn. Jamie is commencing to write, finding much fascination in forming the letters, a work which to childish eyes and fingers must be often bewildering and wearisome. This has been an ideal Winter for his first one to school. He walks the distance, about a mile, sometimes alone or in company with other youngsters from the neighborhood, his school day ending with the last recess.

• • •

At Mr. A.'s, a kitten purrs on a cushion and all about as usual one finds peace and content. The days of the folks there are busy yet most orderly and their pleasant world takes in a wide circle of relatives and friends. Handy naturally with saw and hammer, Mr. A. has been remodelling a stable to more conveniently meet the needs of his present herd, in a manner that James critical of workmanship, spoke of with praise. All was so neat and true. James was silent on the first stretch of the homeward way, and I aware of his inclinations farmer that he is, knew that neither world, nor community events nor family doings occupied his mind at the moment, but one by one he was leading Mr. A.'s young stock destined for these quarters into their newly-done stable.

• • •

"And where's the moon?" I asked, scanning the night sky. We had come as far as the old pine then, a venerable tree which holds its head high above the others there at the edge of the woodland across the road from us at Alderlea. At the time a cloud with raggedy smokey train had come between us and its light leaving us not in darkness but in a mystic brightness, veiled and silent—and alone. I recall now the sound of the wind high up in the trees was a lonely thing, though the roadway was calm and sheltered. . . . But "Dear me, Ellen!" James exclaims, starting up suddenly, "just look at the time!"

• • •

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

## Morning Smile

Mother and daughter were consulting seriously on daughter's boy friends.

"But, Mother," said Mary, "I can't marry Jim. He's an atheist. Why, he doesn't even believe there's a hell."

"You go right ahead and marry him, daughter," said the mother firmly, "between the two of us, we'll convince him he's wrong."

## DOROTHY DIX SAYS—

### Tightwad Husband

### Well-To-Do Benedict Never Gives Wife Any Pin Money

DEAR MISS DIX: Is there any way of loosening up a tightwad husband? That's my problem. I have been married to a man for 11 years and he has never bought me so much as a handkerchief or a pair of stockings. Whenever I have had any new clothes, I have had to work outside of the home to buy them. My husband even complains about having to give me the market money.

We have no children, so don't you think he might give me a few dollars once in awhile to spend as I please? He is well-to-do and doesn't want me to have a job, but I am tired of working just for my board and am thinking of leaving him. Don't you think I would be justified in doing so?

MRS. T. G. B.

ANSWER: You certainly would be, for if there is any person in the world who earns her living by the sweat of her brow, it is the domestic woman who cooks and washes and scrubs and pinches pennies, day in and day out, year after year, without ever a holiday or even a day off. Making a home is a perpetual-motion job, for beds have to be made and floors swept, not once but every day that rolls around. Families are always hungry and have to be fed. The baby has to be cleaned, soiled clothes washed, a million and one tasks performed, so there is never a place where Mom can get off of the threadmill.

**WIVES ARE LIKE SLAVES**

If any human being is entitled to a fat pay envelope, it is the housewife, and it is a sin and a shame that she so seldom gets it. For there are thousands of husbands like your miserly one who not only make their wives do slave labor, but begrudge them the very bread that they eat.

Why any man has the nerve to think that his wife has no right to share in the money that she earns by her ceaseless toil in the home, is a mystery past finding out. But it is the truth that many husbands force their wives to hold down jobs outside as well as inside the home, and then make them crawl, like beggars, to get a few pennies of the dollars they have earned. Such husbands are entitled to the Meanest Man medal.

DEAR DOROTHY DIX: Why do the children of today treat their parents so badly? They have no respect for their fathers and mothers. All they want is what they can get out of them. I have two high school girls who apparently have no affection for me. All they think of is clothes and doing as they please and having dates with boys, and when I try to control them they just defy me and tell me that I am old-fashioned and don't know what it's all about. Many is the night that I wet my pillow with tears over my selfish, greedy daughters.

MRS. K. N. W.

ANSWER: Before you can reform the present generation of children—and Heaven knows most of them need it badly enough—you have to reform their parents, for children are what their fathers and mothers make them. Every baby comes into the world as a plastic bundle of potentialities. It can be made into something fine and beautiful that will be a blessing not only to its parents but to the world, or it can be turned into a monstrosity that will be a curse to its generation. It all depends on how it is handled.

The trouble with the parents of today is that so many of them are too occupied with their own pleasures and pursuits to devote any time to forming their children's habits. Or they are too weak to fight it out with their children when some basic principle of right living is involved. Most modern parents stand in awe of their brats and let teenagers settle questions that need the wisdom of grownups.

Believe me, Mrs. K. N. W., you wouldn't have to wet your pillow with tears at night over the way your daughters treat you if, when they were children, you had taught them to respect you and obey you.

DEAR DOROTHY DIX: My wife, who is 20 years old, and I have been married for three and a half years and have been very happy together until a few weeks ago when we went to a party and there met a young man with whom my wife fell desperately in love and for whom she has deserted me. I have tried to speak to her, but she went to the police station and took out a peace bond on me, so I can't even see her.

Do you think she really has lost her love for me in just a week?

A HEARTBROKEN HUSBAND

ANSWER: If you have been married for three and a half years to a girl who is barely 20 now, yours must have been one of those childmarriages that so often end in disaster. For no teen-age girl has had enough experience of life to be able to analyze her emotions and know whether what she feels for a man is a deathless passion or just a passing fancy. Evidently your wife belongs in this class, and it is folly to try to hold her. She is emotionally unstable, and probably will spend her life in swapping husbands.

## That Body Of Yours

By James W. Barton, M. D.

**MIGRAINE—ONE SIDED HEADACHE — CAUSES AND TREATMENT**

For many years, physicians have been searching for the cause of migraine — one-sided — headache, other symptoms present being nausea and vomiting When it was discovered that ergotamine tartrate (gynergen) or inhaling pure oxygen would stop the attack in the majority of cases, patients and some busy physicians did not seek further for the cause of migraine.

Research and clinical physicians always try to find the cause of an ailment and prevent attacks. Thus, in the Boston number of "Medical Clinics of North America," Dr. Ruskin Graham, Harvard Medical School, states: "Any doctor who has seen his patient with a full-blown migraine attack will realize that it is a violent experience, the frequent repetition of which may make serious inroads on life and livelihood, and in some cases actually cause total incapacity."

Because migraine is such a serious ailment, Dr. Graham suggests investigation from various standpoints — the history of the beginning of the attacks, how often attacks occur, other symptoms present besides headache, how much relief is obtained by treatment used, any family history of headache, any injury that may have occurred.

Most important in the search for the cause is the patient's day and diet—how every hour is spent and what foods are eaten. Also vital is the home or family life.

The patient is given a thorough physical examination — eyes, nose teeth, throat, sinuses, neck posture blood pressure and thyroid gland Then a mental and emotional history is taken.

Some of the mistakes in everyday living that are factors in causing or aggravating migraine are: Getting up too late in the morning and hurrying breakfast and stool habits, working steadily through the day without any breaks, staying up too late at night, not enough time off for relaxation or recreation, too much concern about household duties and cleanliness, too much starch food, too much extra trying to do too many things in or outside work and responsibilities the one day or week.

The ergotamine tartrate treatment is still considered best in severe attacks, while acetylsalicylic acid (aspirin) appears to control mild attacks.

**NEUROSIS**

Neurosis—believing you have a physical ailment when none exists—is becoming increasingly common. Send today for Dr. Barton's informative booklet on this subject entitled "Neurosis." 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., and ask for your copy.


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## Legends Of P. E. Island

By Uncle Joe

**THE ADVENTURE OF NATHAN CLARK**

That night, long ago, when Nathan Clark was en route to his home from Maine, little did he realize that the greatest adventure of his life lay ahead—a memorable event which could be chalked up as something beyond his wildest imaginings.

Born on a small farm at Riverton, one of a large family, Nathan was obliged to seek his bread and butter early in life. For a time he hired out among the neighbors, but when he had entered upon his seventeenth year he bade goodbye to the past and struck out for the lumber camps at Maine. They were paying good woodcutters the princely sum of $15 per month, with board and room thrown in.

With a little experience Clark soon became one of the camp's top hands, for at seventeen the youth was a powerful, broad-shouldered man, deep-chested and fully six feet in height.

Nathan soon learned the lingo of the camp, learned to take the bitter and sweet of life, learned the old camp songs and could tell a tale with the best of them.

But the big adventure story which you are about to hear was seldom on his tongue; and when he did narrate the event of that hectic night he did so with caution and, I might add, reverence.

**The Story**

When the snows had fled from the forests, and the logging camps closed for another winter, Nathan Clark, along with others, rolled his blankets and started for home. Sewed up in his undershirt was a tidy sum of money, one hundred hard-earned bucks. In his pants pockets were a few bills of small denomination, together with a handful of silver to be used on the journey.

He was dressed up in a spick and span new homespun suit which he had bought in one of Maine's small towns. Dangling across the vest of the suit was a huge silver chain, minus a watch. The chain was the gift of his deceased dad—the only possession the father had to leave his favorite son.

Nathan had stopped at the home of a friend to rest his weary legs and to have a snack of food. The long tramp from Cape Tormentine had tired him and he welcomed the chance to rest up a bit before continuing his journey.

"Better hitch up Minnie to the old buckboard," advised the kind farmer. "That old mare needs a bit of exercise, I reckon."

"Waal, if ye insist," said Nathan, "I b'lieve I will. I kin return the outfit tomorrow or the day after."

"Thar ye be," said the farmer as he tossed the reins into Nathan's lap. "Don't be afraid to use the whip, for old Minnie is as lazy as sin. 'Bye, me lad, 'bye."

"'Bye," said Nathan as he steered the unwilling mare out of the yard and into the road. "Be seein' ye tomorrow. 'Bye."

As he rode down the highway the neighbors could hear snatches of songs wholly unfamiliar to their ears and they guessed aright that Nathan Clark was on his way home.

Nathan was well pleased with himself, and a feeling of independence came to him as he reached his left hand to where the money bulge stuck out. For a time he rode on in silence. Minnie hit her own pace. The large silver chain rattled and swayed with the motion of the driver's body.

The sun had gone down and a few stars appeared in the vast canopy of heaven, foreshadowing the approaching night. By this time they were nearing Nathan's home. Already the crest of the hill overlooking the little brook that flowed by Cran's hollow had been reached and ascended.

But here the fate's took over and a dreadful thing happened, namely: the mare stopped dead in her tracks, almost causing the rider to plunge headlong from his seat.

Nathan coaxed and urged, but Minnie would not move forward so much as an inch. Indeed the poor critter appeared to be frozen to the spot.

Jumping from the buckboard, Nathan seized the bridle and tried to pull Minnie ahead by sheer force. It was no use. The mare just stood there with ears erect and eyes staring straight into space.

Nathan shoved the cap farther back on his head and scratched his bald spot, thoroughly puzzled. At that precise moment a fiendish laugh reached his ears from the near-by bushes which grew along the road. Before he had time to collect his wits, five witches rushed at him and tried to put him off his feet. Quickly he sidestepped them and started down the hill faster than he could ever remember running before.

At the foot of the hill a little wooden bridge spanned the stream. If he could make the bridge and pull up its two planks he knew he'd be safe. No witch ever could cross water. He had heard that remark from his dead grandmother.

He was running fast and his breath was getting shorter, but just when the goal was in sight the witches overtook him and carried him back to the top of the hill. Now they divested him of his clothing and one old hag took his prized chain and hung it around her neck. Another robbed him of his hard-earned money. All the while they mocked him and spat in his face and thrashed him so soundly that every bone in his body ached like a million toothaches.

Then they vanished as completely as if the earth had gulped them down.

The next story: The Kept Promise.


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## How Can I !!!

By Anne Ashley

Q. How can I cut crocheted lace without raveling?

A. Stitch across the lace on the sewing machine twice, then space to the left and stitch twice again Cut between the two rows of stitching.

Q. How can I overcome a sallow complexion, and dark circles under the eyes?

A. Take more sleep, drink more water, eat more fruit, get more fresh air, take more exercise, and notice the beneficial results.

Q. What ingredients should I use to make a good conserve?

A. A good conserve can be made by using one part of peaches, one part rhubarb, and three parts of oranges. Nut meats may be added if desired.

## Better English

D. C. Williams

1. What is wrong with this sentence? "It is for you and I to decide this question."
2. What is the correct pronunciation of "civilization"?
3. Which one of these words is misspelled? Campain, porcelain, legerdemain.
4. What does the word "beguile" mean?
5. What is a word beginning with den that means "the solving of a plot"?

**ANSWERS**

1. Say. "for you and me." 2. Pronounce first three i's as in it, not siv-i-lie-za-shun. 3. Campaign. 4. To cheat. "Let no man beguile you of your reward." 5. Denouement.

## Needlecraft / FOR THE HOME /

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