

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

Money Earned by Women at Home



Money to Carry Out Pet Dream
"I'm helping too!" Proud words from a housewife, earning money that may make possible new furniture, education, a new home!

Successful home earners have discovered that the way to earn money is to be "different," but it's not hard to be different.

Look at Mrs. U. who made a home dress shop different simply by having an "exclusive" stock of one-of-a-kind dresses. Her advertising was different, too, cheap but charming—postcards that said "Come to the Back Door Shop. It's Lots of Fun."

Another way is to offer quality, yes, and to charge for it. Mrs. G. built a flourishing cake business on a super angel cake she priced at \$1.50, making 35 per cent. profit on each one. And there's Mrs. F. who offered low price, selling tea-sandwiches to those who couldn't afford caterers' wares.

You needn't invest money or be specially talented to earn at home. Our 32-page booklet explains five main ways of home business success, tells how other women got started making money, describes enterprises you might try. Has ideas for women who can sew, knit, crochet, cook, type, be helpful.

Send 20c in coins for your copy of "21 Ways To Earn Money at Home" to The Guardian Home Service. Be sure to write plainly your Name, Address and the Name of booklet.

Name _____
Street Address _____
City _____ Province _____

After mixing materials for a baked custard and before pouring mixture into dish for baking, butter the dish thickly instead of adding knobs of butter on top. The dish will be much easier to clean, too.



MENTHOLATUM SERVES TEN DAILY NEEDS

Mentholatum brings delightful relief for the discomforts of:
1. Head Colds. 2. Superficial Burns. 3. Minor Cuts. 4. Nasal Irritation due to colds or dust. 5. Windburn. 6. Cracked Lips. 7. Surface Skin Irritation. 8. Scratches and Bruises. 9. Stuffy Nostrils. 10. Chapped Skin.

At your druggist. Jars or tubes 30c. At **MENTHOLATUM Gives COMFORT Daily**

SMART SWARTER MADE IN A JIFFY



This hand knitted jacket is knitted with large needles and is on the order of a "jiffy" sweater. Pattern No. 353 contains list of materials needed. Illustration of stitches and complete instructions for making sizes 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42.

To order pattern: Write or send above picture with your name and address with 15c in coin or stamps to Needlework Bureau, Charlotte-Town Guardian.

Design No. 353
NAME _____
STREET ADDRESS _____
PROVINCE _____ CITY _____

Use Minard's for dandruff.

That's what Lord Tweedsmuir said of Canada, and that's what Gottfried Treviranus, one-time minister of agriculture of Germany in its democratic days, came to Canada and became a naturalized citizen. "I wish he (Tweedsmuir) could see us now," says Gottfried.

Nothing can prevent sheets, pillowcases or towels wearing out in use, but don't hasten their wearing by rubbing them into holes during washing.

The spirit of democracy burns within Hans Treviranus (RIGHT), as it does in his father, Gottfried. Now a Canadian citizen, Hans says: "It's a war of ideas, not people represents no change for me to want to fight for democracy as a Canadian soldier." Hans is in the tank corps reserve. Sister Barbara (LEFT), does her share of farm work. The Treviranus family, living near Whitby, has become wholehearted Canadian in outlook and the desire to live as free people.

Send twenty cents (20) coin preferred for pattern. Write plainly your Name, Address and style number. Be sure to state size you wish. Style No. 2847 Size _____

Name _____
Street Address _____
City _____ Province _____

To keep bathroom fixtures bright go over them frequently with a cloth lightly sprinkled with furniture polish.

Honor roll for November:
Senior Department—Mabel A. Boyer.
Grade X—1 Jean Frizzell, 2 Velma Burke, 3 Lee Burke.
Grade IX—1 Margaret Gates, 2 Margaret Curley, 3 Joseph Curley.
Grade VIII—1 Ruby VanDerstine, 2 Harold Gates, 3 Carl Crosby.
Grade VII—1 Patricia Curley, 2 Billy Chown, 3 Francis Gallant.
Grade VI—1 Alice Campbell, 2 Joseph McInnis.
Junior Department—Jean M. MacRae.
Grade V—1 Aurilla Trainor, 2 Francis Curley.
Grade IV (Sr.)—1 Edna VanDerstine.
Grade IV (Jr.)—1 John MacKinnon, 2 Jean Rhynes, 3 Lorne Rhynes.
Grade III (Sr.)—1 Ralph Frizzell, 2 Freda MacKinnon, 3 Vincent Gallant.
Grade II (Sr.)—1 Marie Vlasov, 2 Fred Vlasov, 3 Jack Vlasov.
Grade II (Jr.)—1 Sidney Hussey, 2 Morgan Rhynes, 3 Margaret Curley.
Grade I (Sr.)—1 Agnes Gallant, 2 Irving Frizzell.
Grade I (Jr.)—No examination.

It Happened Twice

BY F. C. BRIDGES

CHAPTER IV FORESTALLING A CRIME

Peggy Garland was an extremely level-headed and competent young woman who had run a big establishment practically single-handed for three years. Not the sort to let the unexpected disturb her. In a couple of minutes she was carefully considering how to deal with the situation.

Her first impulse was to ring up Sergeant Caunter to come out. But that would mean a horrid scandal which must at all costs be avoided. She dismissed it.

Next came the idea of telling Martin, the butler, what she had overheard, but that would be as bad. The more Peggy thought the more certain she became that she would have to handle the business single-handed.

The first thing was to find out, if possible, what villainy the two men were up to.

She left the seat under the cedar tree and went quietly back to the house by the shrubbery path. At this hour the staff were in the servants' hall, finishing their supper. The house was quiet. Peggy went up the back stairs and passing at the door of Mrs. Trelawney's room, she could hear the heavy breathing of the sleeping woman. Satisfied that she was safe for the time being, she crossed to her own room and sat down leaving the door just ajar.

Ten minutes passed and at last Peggy heard steps in the hall below. It was the custom of the house for Martin to put on a table in the hall at ten o'clock her glass of milk which she took at bed-time. To-night he would also put out whisky and soda for the men. After that he would lock up and go to bed.

Martin moved about, closing windows and locking doors, and presently departed into the back regions, but Peggy waited patiently until the door of the smoking room opened and the steps of Edgar and Chesham sounded on the polished oak floor of the hall. The two men crossed the hall and went into the billiard room.

The moment she heard the billiard room door close Peggy got up and went down the front stairs. Looking through the glass panel of the door, she saw the two men playing snooker. She noticed also that one of the two windows was open.

At once she turned, flitted softly down the passage to the sunroom and so into the garden. A minute later she was crouching under the sill of the window.

"What's the matter with you, Trelawney?" she heard Chesham say. "You're as jumpy as a cat on hot bricks."

"I can't play," was Edgar's reply. "My hand shakes. Isn't it time yet, Chesham?"

"Time! We've got the whole night before us. Anyway, we must wait till the girls asleep." Peggy heard him go to the door and open it. "She hasn't even taken her milk yet. Have another spot, Trelawney, then we'll finish the game. The rubies won't run away."

In a flash the whole plot came to Peggy's mind. The Sapphire rubies which had come to Mrs. Trelawney from her husband's grandfather, an officer in the Indian Army. Mrs. Trelawney disliked the heavy stones and never wore them, and Peggy herself had almost forgotten their existence. Yet they were there, at the back of the safe in Mrs. Trelawney's room, in that old-fashioned brown leather case with the brass hasps, and they were worth—Peggy didn't know how much, but certainly a very great deal of money.

Now the whole plot was clear, and Peggy knew why Edgar had brought his crook to Coombe Royal. The odds were that the rubies would not be missed for months—perhaps years.

At once Peggy knew exactly what she must do. She went straight upstairs and stood outside Mrs. Trelawney's door.

She turned the handle and opened the door. She saw the two men playing snooker. She noticed also that one of the two windows was open.

At once she turned, flitted softly down the passage to the sunroom and so into the garden. A minute later she was crouching under the sill of the window.

"What's the matter with you, Trelawney?" she heard Chesham say. "You're as jumpy as a cat on hot bricks."

"I can't play," was Edgar's reply. "My hand shakes. Isn't it time yet, Chesham?"

"Time! We've got the whole night before us. Anyway, we must wait till the girls asleep." Peggy heard him go to the door and open it. "She hasn't even taken her milk yet. Have another spot, Trelawney, then we'll finish the game. The rubies won't run away."

In a flash the whole plot came to Peggy's mind. The Sapphire rubies which had come to Mrs. Trelawney from her husband's grandfather, an officer in the Indian Army. Mrs. Trelawney disliked the heavy stones and never wore them, and Peggy herself had almost forgotten their existence. Yet they were there, at the back of the safe in Mrs. Trelawney's room, in that old-fashioned brown leather case with the brass hasps, and they were worth—Peggy didn't know how much, but certainly a very great deal of money.

Now the whole plot was clear, and Peggy knew why Edgar had brought his crook to Coombe Royal. The odds were that the rubies would not be missed for months—perhaps years.

At once Peggy knew exactly what she must do. She went straight upstairs and stood outside Mrs. Trelawney's door.

She turned the handle and opened the door. She saw the two men playing snooker. She noticed also that one of the two windows was open.

At once she turned, flitted softly down the passage to the sunroom and so into the garden. A minute later she was crouching under the sill of the window.

"What's the matter with you, Trelawney?" she heard Chesham say. "You're as jumpy as a cat on hot bricks."

"I can't play," was Edgar's reply. "My hand shakes. Isn't it time yet, Chesham?"

"Time! We've got the whole night before us. Anyway, we must wait till the girls asleep." Peggy heard him go to the door and open it. "She hasn't even taken her milk yet. Have another spot, Trelawney, then we'll finish the game. The rubies won't run away."

In a flash the whole plot came to Peggy's mind. The Sapphire rubies which had come to Mrs. Trelawney from her husband's grandfather, an officer in the Indian Army. Mrs. Trelawney disliked the heavy stones and never wore them, and Peggy herself had almost forgotten their existence. Yet they were there, at the back of the safe in Mrs. Trelawney's room, in that old-fashioned brown leather case with the brass hasps, and they were worth—Peggy didn't know how much, but certainly a very great deal of money.

YOU TOO MAY HAVE A SKIN MEN LOVE
HELP RELIEVE BLACKHEADS... ALSO EXTERNALLY CAUSED PIMPLES
Mildly medicated Cuticura Soap and Ointment are used by many beautiful women... Cuticura Ointment to help relieve blackheads and externally caused pimples... and Cuticura Soap to help preserve a naturally lovely skin.



CUTICURA SOAP AND OINTMENT

At Your Druggist's

lawyer's room. She glanced up and down the corridor, and slipping into the room, she closed the door softly behind her.

A shaded night-light burned on a bedside table, and helped Peggy to find the key in a small drawer in the upper part of the heavy Victorian dressing-table. As for the safe, it was nothing but an iron box set in the wall close to the fireplace and hidden by the picture.

Peggy soon had the brown leather case. She locked the safe, replaced the picture and the key. Then, opening the door very quietly, she glanced out. The corridor was empty and silent. Three steps brought her to her own room, and, once inside, she relaxed.

But not for long. What was she to do with the case? Chesham, failing to find it in the safe world, of course, tell Edgar, and the only person Edgar could possibly suspect of removing the case would be Peggy. She decided that the case had to be hidden somewhere outside the house—and this must be done before Chesham started his burgling.

At once Peggy thought of the Druids' Den. It was less than half a mile away. She could get there and back in half-an-hour. It was perfect for her purpose, and instantly she made up her mind that this was where she would hide the case.

Once more she went down the front stairs and made straight for the billiard room. She waited for the stroke, then opened the door and went in.

"I am going up now, Mr. Trelawney," she said. "Drinks are in the hall. If you go out again, will you see that the front door is locked."

"I'll see to it, Miss Garland," replied Edgar, civilly. "How is my mother?"

"Asleep," Peggy told him, and turned to go.

"Good-night!" said Edgar. "Good-night, Trelawney!" Peggy answered. She closed the door behind her, picked up her glass of milk, and walked slowly up the broad flight.

Her first impulse was to pour away the milk, but on second thoughts she decided to keep it. Her little medicine cupboard would be the best place. Then she changed, putting on a dark coat and with the rubies she packed inside a handbag, then switched off her light and went out into the corridor. She heard a clink of glasses below. Edgar and Chesham were having their nightcap.

It was time to be away.

TIPS GIVEN ON BASEMENT CONVERSION

With housing space at a premium in many areas of defence production, thousands of home owners are considering the problems to be encountered in converting waste cellar area into finished rooms.

In many cases there are some necessary corrections to be made, but usually these can be accomplished without serious difficulty.

The actual job of building walls and ceilings has been simplified by the development of new building materials which cover large areas quickly and inexpensively and at the same time provide their own decoration.

In most basements there are furnaces, laundry tubs, coal bins, and other unsightly objects which should be concealed. This can easily be taken care of by the way the new walls are planned.

LEARN TO KNOW FIGURE FAULTS

All too realistic of women are all too prone to take their cues from the mirror when it comes to their own figure faults.

Seven out of ten women have posture defects which could be cured or camouflaged quite easily, says Katherine Selby, one-time minister of agriculture of Germany in its democratic days, came to Canada and became a naturalized citizen. "I wish he (Tweedsmuir) could see us now," says Gottfried.

Nothing can prevent sheets, pillowcases or towels wearing out in use, but don't hasten their wearing by rubbing them into holes during washing.

Use Minard's for dandruff.

That's what Lord Tweedsmuir said of Canada, and that's what Gottfried Treviranus, one-time minister of agriculture of Germany in its democratic days, came to Canada and became a naturalized citizen. "I wish he (Tweedsmuir) could see us now," says Gottfried.

Nothing can prevent sheets, pillowcases or towels wearing out in use, but don't hasten their wearing by rubbing them into holes during washing.

Use Minard's for dandruff.

The spirit of democracy burns within Hans Treviranus (RIGHT), as it does in his father, Gottfried. Now a Canadian citizen, Hans says: "It's a war of ideas, not people represents no change for me to want to fight for democracy as a Canadian soldier." Hans is in the tank corps reserve. Sister Barbara (LEFT), does her share of farm work. The Treviranus family, living near Whitby, has become wholehearted Canadian in outlook and the desire to live as free people.

Send twenty cents (20) coin preferred for pattern. Write plainly your Name, Address and style number. Be sure to state size you wish. Style No. 2847 Size _____

Name _____
Street Address _____
City _____ Province _____

To keep bathroom fixtures bright go over them frequently with a cloth lightly sprinkled with furniture polish.

Honor roll for November:
Senior Department—Mabel A. Boyer.
Grade X—1 Jean Frizzell, 2 Velma Burke, 3 Lee Burke.
Grade IX—1 Margaret Gates, 2 Margaret Curley, 3 Joseph Curley.
Grade VIII—1 Ruby VanDerstine, 2 Harold Gates, 3 Carl Crosby.
Grade VII—1 Patricia Curley, 2 Billy Chown, 3 Francis Gallant.
Grade VI—1 Alice Campbell, 2 Joseph McInnis.
Junior Department—Jean M. MacRae.
Grade V—1 Aurilla Trainor, 2 Francis Curley.
Grade IV (Sr.)—1 Edna VanDerstine.
Grade IV (Jr.)—1 John MacKinnon, 2 Jean Rhynes, 3 Lorne Rhynes.
Grade III (Sr.)—1 Ralph Frizzell, 2 Freda MacKinnon, 3 Vincent Gallant.
Grade II (Sr.)—1 Marie Vlasov, 2 Fred Vlasov, 3 Jack Vlasov.
Grade II (Jr.)—1 Sidney Hussey, 2 Morgan Rhynes, 3 Margaret Curley.
Grade I (Sr.)—1 Agnes Gallant, 2 Irving Frizzell.
Grade I (Jr.)—No examination.

Dorothy Dix Says—

MOST MARRIED MEN DON'T WANT UNCERTAIN WIVES

After Courting Days They Want To Settle Down And Not Have To Worry About Holding The Women They Have Won

A girl wants to know if after marriage she should use the same tactics in keeping her husband that she did in winning him. Well, yes and no. She shouldn't throw away her bait, of course, but if she is a wise dame she varies it.

For courtship is one thing and marriage is another, and husbands and sweethearts differ even as caviar and champagne do from roast beef and potatoes, and the technique that was a woe in one situation is a flop in another. It is good strategy, for instance, for a woman to be uncertain, coy and hard to please before marriage and to keep a man guessing. If she arouses his sporting blood for her to flutter just a little way before him, but after he has once caught her and installed her in a nice comfortable coop he wants to rest from the chase. He is done with wild birds and wants a domesticated wife. He doesn't want a wife who is uncertain. He wants one he can put his finger on. He doesn't crave a wife who is hard to please. He desires one who is easily satisfied. The pretty unreasonable that he found so enchanting in a sweetie get on his nerves in marriage. Many a girl makes herself an effective weapon in the pursuer's hands by teaching her how to love the wife who thinks that she can stimulate her husband's affection for her by keeping him green-eyed makes the mistake of her life.

MAN SHOULD DO COURTING

Conjugal love does not thrive on the hell's brew of which jealousy is composed, and all that the wife does who fills with other men is to lose her husband's respect as well as his affection and land herself in the divorce court.

Before marriage the man should do the courting because it nourishes his illusion that he is the pursuer and not the pursued. Nothing makes one lose interest in a girl so quickly as for her to turn wooer and let him see that she is hot on his trail.

So a girl should never wear her heart on her sleeve before marriage or let a man know how much she really cares for him. Every vamp's foxiest play is to make the man believe he is teaching her how to love him. But after marriage the roles are reversed and it is up to the wife to realize, every day in every way, the depth of her devotion. It makes an appeal to his chivalry and his vanity that he cannot resist.

MOST MEN ARE FAITHFUL

Millions of men stick to wives whom they have outgrown and of whom they have tired just because they are not brutes enough to break the hearts that love them and tear away the arms that cling about their necks. Nor does anything blind a man to a wife's faults as much as does the knowledge of her love for him. Other people may think her dull and stupid, but he is bound to respect her taste and judgment as long as she lets him see that she considers him the most wonderful man in the world.

Other people may find her conversation platitudinous, but it never bores him so long as her tongue comes to sing his praises. Her eyes in which he sees himself reflected glorified. This is why the cold wife, to cherish little morons of wives who have only intelligence enough to be incense burners.

WHEN CHANGES COME

Before marriage men fall for the clinging vine act. They like helpless little creatures who have to be lifted over a banister and on the streets and who roll their eyes at them and ask fool questions and make them feel that they are big men and oracles. But after marriage they want a wife who is smart enough to run her own affairs without bothering them and who is husky enough to pull her own weight in the boat.

Before marriage men like to do the kissing, but after marriage they want their wives to do it. They may take their wives for granted, but they will never take her husband for granted. She tells him every day how much she loves him and that she thinks she drew the matrimonial prize.

In a word, while being difficult may pique a man's interest before marriage, it is being easy to live with that keeps him after you have got him.

YOUNG-LOVE PROBLEM

Dear Miss Dix—I am a girl of 16 very much in love with a boy who is almost 18. I have been going with him for three years, but the other day I happened to see him with another girl whom he was taking to the movies. I asked him about this and he said it meant nothing and that he still loved me, but I don't know what to do about it and am wondering whether I should refuse to have anything more to do with him or not. He is just starting college, but I will have another year of high school and I also want to go to college. What shall I do about it?

ANSWER—Just because a boy takes you out doesn't give you a tortoise-gone-on him. Nothing but the marriage ceremony does that and even then if a wife is wise she doesn't let her husband see that she thinks she owns him, body and soul, and has a right to control his every action.

You and this boy are not even engaged. By any sort of a count you have seven or eight years ahead of you in which he goes to college and he can even think of marriage. Surely you are not foolish enough to think that during all of that time you have a right to keep him from speaking to any other female or even taking one to the movies. And surely you don't want to sit up and suck your thumbs all that length of time without dating any other boy while you are waiting for him.

The wise thing is for both of you to go about with other boys and girls and have all the fun you can. Look 'em all over before you make your choice.

DOROTHY DIX.

RESTRAINT

Tommy had been given the job of sweeping the snow from a neighbor's front door. After he had completed the task, the neighbor came to the door and pressed a coin in his hand. Tommy looked at it, but not a word passed his lips.

"Now, Tommy," said the neighbor, "what's that little boy say when he has been given a penny for sweeping the snow away?" "Daddy says I must not use that kind of language," said the boy.

DIED IN FIRST ILLNESS

GOSFORD, New South Wales—(OP)—James Gosford, hair and hearty all his life, died at 101 from his first illness—a cold. Use Minard's for dandruff.

REIGNING IN FLAVOUR!

KING COLE TEA AND COFFEE

THE COOK'S CORNER

CHICKEN FAT SHORTENING

During the Winter months when many dull fowls find their way to the soup pot or roaster, it is easy to accumulate chicken fat, for farmed fowls are usually fat fowls. I use this surplus fat for cookie making, cake making and many other dishes. When using instead of butter, use the same amount of chicken fat as the recipe calls for butter. The results will be equally delicious. Chicken fat is also fine to use instead of butter for dotting the apples in pie, or for making cinnamon rolls. Stews, soups, scalloped dishes, stewed vegetables, baked squash or mashed potatoes may all be made delicious by using chicken fat in lieu of other shortenings. Chicken fat may be kept fresh and sweet for weeks if stored in a cool place.

WINTER MARMALADE

1 20-ounce can crushed pineapple
2 cups sugar
1 pound cranberries
2 oranges
1-2 cup seedless raisins
1-4 cup chopped crystallized ginger
1-2 cup chopped walnut meats
Drain the pineapple and reserve the juice. Measure the juice and add enough water to make two cups of liquid. To this liquid add the sugar and heat until it is dissolved. Add the cranberries and cook five minutes. Add the raisins, apple pulp, raisins, ginger, the grated rind of one orange and the pulp of two. Cook until thick. Remove from the heat and add the nuts, and pour into sterilized jars. Seal at once.

SCALDED MEAL GRIDDLE CAKES

2 cups meal, 1 teaspoon salt, 1-2 cup boiling water, 3 eggs, separated, 1-2 cup milk.
Four boiling water over meal and salt. Stir to blend and well beaten egg yolks, then milk. Fold in stiffly beaten whites. Bake on hot griddle, serve hot with bacon.

A Morning Smile

Wife—Will you love me if I grow fat?
Husband—No, I promised for better or worse—not through thick and thin.



Reigning in flavour!

KING COLE TEA AND COFFEE

THE COOK'S CORNER

CHICKEN FAT SHORTENING

During the Winter months when many dull fowls find their way to the soup pot or roaster, it is easy to accumulate chicken fat, for farmed fowls are usually fat fowls. I use this surplus fat for cookie making, cake making and many other dishes. When using instead of butter, use the same amount of chicken fat as the recipe calls for butter. The results will be equally delicious. Chicken fat is also fine to use instead of butter for dotting the apples in pie, or for making cinnamon rolls. Stews, soups, scalloped dishes, stewed vegetables, baked squash or mashed potatoes may all be made delicious by using chicken fat in lieu of other shortenings. Chicken fat may be kept fresh and sweet for weeks if stored in a cool place.

WINTER MARMALADE

1 20-ounce can crushed pineapple
2 cups sugar
1 pound cranberries
2 oranges
1-2 cup seedless raisins
1-4 cup chopped crystallized ginger
1-2 cup chopped walnut meats
Drain the pineapple and reserve the juice. Measure the juice and add enough water to make two cups of liquid. To this liquid add the sugar and heat until it is dissolved. Add the cranberries and cook five minutes. Add the raisins, apple pulp, raisins, ginger, the grated rind of one orange and the pulp of two. Cook until thick. Remove from the heat and add the nuts, and pour into sterilized jars. Seal at once.

SCALDED MEAL GRIDDLE CAKES

2 cups meal, 1 teaspoon salt, 1-2 cup boiling water, 3 eggs, separated, 1-2 cup milk.
Four boiling water over meal and salt. Stir to blend and well beaten egg yolks, then milk. Fold in stiffly beaten whites. Bake on hot griddle, serve hot with bacon.

A Morning Smile

Wife—Will you love me if I grow fat?
Husband—No, I promised for better or worse—not through thick and thin.

RESTRAINT

Tommy had been given the job of sweeping the snow from a neighbor's front door. After he had completed the task, the neighbor came to the door and pressed a coin in his hand. Tommy looked at it, but not a word passed his lips.

DIED IN FIRST ILLNESS

GOSFORD, New South Wales—(OP)—James Gosford, hair and hearty all his life, died at 101 from his first illness—a cold. Use Minard's for dandruff.

REIGNING IN FLAVOUR!

KING COLE TEA AND COFFEE

THE COOK'S CORNER

CHICKEN FAT SHORTENING

During the Winter months when many dull fowls find their way to the soup pot or roaster, it is easy to accumulate chicken fat, for farmed fowls are usually fat fowls. I use this surplus fat for cookie making, cake making and many other dishes. When using instead of butter, use the same amount of chicken fat as the recipe calls for butter. The results will be equally delicious. Chicken fat is also fine to use instead of butter for dotting the apples in pie, or for making cinnamon rolls. Stews, soups, scalloped dishes, stewed vegetables, baked squash or mashed potatoes may all be made delicious by using chicken fat in lieu of other shortenings. Chicken fat may be kept fresh and sweet for weeks if stored in a cool place.

Living & Leisure The Woman's Realm

"A single step and again a step Until by safe degrees The milestones past We win at last Home when the King shall please; The strangest thing is this: That the weary and tangled spots That cumbered our feet Should be thick and sweet With the Lord's forget-me-nots".