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

Happenings of The Week

Field Marshal Viscount Montgomery, chief of the British Army's Imperial General Staff, will visit President Truman and tour the United States' important military schools during his nine-day visit. Viscount Montgomery, who turned wily Field Marshal Erwin Rommel back in Egypt and served as a deputy to General Dwight D Eisenhower, is scheduled to arrive in New York Tuesday. He will visit West Point that day, then fly to Washington. On September 11 he will place a wreath on the tomb of the Unknown Soldier, hold a press conference and call on Mr. Truman.

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Escorted by pipers, the Princesses Elizabeth and Margaret Saturday night attended a performance of Highland and other Scottish dances at Aberdeen in aid of the Scottish Children's League of Pity. Princess Margaret is president of the organization. After joining in the singing of Auld Lang Syne the Princesses motored to Balmoral, the Scottish country residence of the Royal Family.

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Hon. T. W. L. Prowse received the happy congratulations of his family and friends last Saturday the occasion of his 58th birthday.

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Mr. and Mrs J P. Doyle 55 Fitzroy Street, have as their guest Mrs Doyle's sister Miss Reta Terman of Halifax.

• • •

Dr. R. Brow, Mrs. Brow and interesting family have returned to Montreal. They had a wonderful holiday at Gregor's Hotel, Brackley and in Charlottetown.

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Regretful farewells were said to Mr. and Mrs Bosdon who have been the guests of Mrs. H. R. Hillson, the Birches, for the past six weeks. They left Wednesday going by bus to their home in Boston.

• • •

Mrs. E. F Greene of Southport, Conn., is motoring home Monday after spending several weeks at the Charlottetown. She will be accompanied to New York by Miss Emma Nicholson.

• • •

Rev. Mr. Hepburn and son Kenneth who have been the guests of the Misses Townshend, Pleasant Street, left Tuesday on return to Kirkland Lake, Ont., where Mr Hepburn is minister of the Presbyterian church in that mining town.

• • •

Mr. and Mrs W. Lloyd Johnson and daughter Miss Elizabeth of Mechanicville, N. Y., arrived by motor this week and are the guests of Mrs. Johnson's mother Mrs. Charles R. Harper and Miss Hilda Harper, Prince Street.

• • •

Mrs. D. J. Riley who has been attending the Canadian Federation of Convent Alumnae in Montreal arrived home Tuesday coming by plane from Moncton.

• • •

Mr. and Mrs. Archie McInnis of Washington, D. C., accompanied by their son Rev. Father McInnis are on a motor trip reviving friendships in different parts of the Province.

• • •

Misses Margaret and Emma Dougan are visiting in Buffalo the guests of their sister, Mrs. William Corless and Mr. Corless.

• • •

Miss Isabelle Goodwin, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Leonard W. Goodwin leaves this morning to take up her studies at Mt. St. Vincent in Halifax prior to entering the church.

• • •

Miss Doris Gill and Miss Muriel Weeks returned over the weekend from a holiday trip to Ottawa and Boston.

• • •

Mrs. Simon Paoli was hostess at a smart two table bridge last Saturday afternoon at her pretty summer home in Keppoch.

• • •

Mrs. Emma Ryan returned Tuesday to her home 124 Prince Street after several months in the P. E. I. Hospital. Mrs. Ryan who accidentally fell several months ago breaking her hip, has made a splendid recovery.

• • •

Mr. and Mrs. Percy Dawson, of Crapaud, were in Ottawa for the wedding of their daughter, Miss Jeanette Dawson, which took place September 3. While in the Capital they were the guests of their son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Lea F. Dawson.

• • •

Mr. Harry Brown's illness is regretted by his friends.

• • •

Mr. and Mrs W.G. Hogg are visiting witht their son, Dr. R R. Hogg and Mrs. Hogg in Drumheller, Alta.

• • •

Canon Malone is visiting for a few weeks in Winnipeg.

• • •

Mrs. J. D. Hyndman, Ottawa, has returned from Chicago, where she visited her sister, Mrs. Bolton Magrath.

• • •

Miss Gwen Duchemin arrived in Sydney from Bay Fortune over the week-end to spend several days the guest of her brothers and sister, Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Duchemin, Mr. and Mrs Rhoan Duchemin and Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Chaplin. She will proceed to Halifax and visit her sisters, Mrs A G. Christie and Mrs. D. L. Miller before returning to Toronto where she will resume her duties on the teaching staff of the Toronto Conservatory of Music.

• • •

Mrs. B. D. Rogers left by plane for her home in Westmount, P. Q., after a delightful holiday in Charlottetown and Brackley Beach.

• • •

The illness of N.S. Ruth MacLean of Toronto at present in hospital there, is much regretted.

Mr. and Mrs P.R. Boyle, Hunter River and Mrs. Muriel Macdonald, Brighton Road, motored to Cornwall Tuesday where they were guests of the McLeod-Shaw wedding.

• • •

Mrs. J.W. McLeod, Sydney, N S., and her sister, Mrs. Harold Hurry, Halifax, are making an extended visit to many friends on Prince Edward Island. Mrs. McLeod and Mrs. Hurry came over to attend the marriage of Mrs McLeod's son, Allen J. McLeod of the Dept. of Justice, Ottawa, and Miss Eileen Shaw, daughter of Mr and Mrs. Walter R Shaw, Clyde River, which took place in Cornwall United Church Tuesday, Sept. 3rd. Mrs. McLeod's brother, Mr. Edward Jackson and Mrs Jackson, Revelstoke, B. C., were also guests at the McLeod-Shaw wedding and while here were registered at the Charlottetown. Mrs. Hurry a former Islander, is a song writer and some of her songs played by the noted Halifax organist Richard Fry have been heard recently over the radio.

• • •

The tea hostesses at the Golf Links this afternoon will be Mrs. V. L. Goodwin, Miss Norah Longworth, Mrs. Gordon Foster, Miss Mary Haszard, Miss Muriel Weeks.

• • •

Miss Irene McKay is leaving by plane this morning for her home in Boston after a two weeks visit with Mrs. E. H. Norton, Fitzroy Street.

• • •

Mr. Justice William F. A. Turgeon, Canadian Ambassador to Belgium, and Madame Fleury d'Echambault, daughter of a pioneer Prince Albert family, were married in London August 27, according to a cablegram received by Sheriff and Mrs A. J Hansen Prince Albert. Mrs. Hansen is a sister of Madame d'Echambault. Madame d'Echambault married a captain in the French army during the First Great War. Her husband was killed and she lived in France until 1940, when she escaped through Portugal with the Turgeon family. She is the former Alvina de la Gorgendiere. A brother, Robert, lives in Montreal. Ambassador Turgeon began his career as a young lawyer in Prince Albert early in the century.

• • •

Three days before her wedding to Pte. Emile Raymond of Quebec City was to have taken place Marjorie Evans of Harlesden, Middlesex collapsed, stricken with a strange form of paralysis: Unable to move without extreme pain and confronted with a doctor's pronouncement that it would be a long while before she could walk again. Marjorie thought that her blue silk wedding gown, the cake and the flowers all had been prepared in vain. But Emile, whose return to Canada is pending, was determined to carry out the wedding. So Marjorie was helped into the gown by her two sisters, placed on a stretcher and taken to church in a municipal ambulance. The stretcher was wheeled to the chancel of Willesden Roman Catholic Church and the ceremony took place, with Emile standing alongside. Marjorie will join her husband in Canada as soon as she recovers.

• • •

Mrs. Lloyd S. Cox of Morell accompanied by Helen and David Cox motored to Wolfville this week taking David to Horton Academy and later visited Lloyd Jr. in Halifax.

• • •

Miss Betty McPherson and Miss Jean Ramsay are the tea hostesses at the Tennis Courts this afternoon.

• • •

With many delicacies still on the hard-to-get list and extra help almost impossible to find, hostesses these day are entertaining small group of friends, usually two tables of bridge, instead of at the larger, less intimate gatherings.

To keep the "something special" atmosphere for these little affairs, care must be taken to have each detail perfect, for under the close-range scrutiny of your guests each particular will be magnified.

Luncheon or supper, as the case may be, is usually a more formal occasion, served in the dining room rather than at the card tables.

The table itself can be an important factor in giving your party the desired gracious air. The centrepiece will give you an opportunity to try your own decorating ideas and there is no limit to the number of colorful and unusual arrangements you can devise.

You will want something special, too, for your bridge prizes If you have invited couples, choose a woman's and a man's prize to be given, or if you are entertaining a group of girls, have gifts for the two with the highest scores.

People enjoy amusing prizes at the time, but a useful gift is preferable, and many low-priced yet attractive articles are now available.

A most acceptable gift would be a set of eight individual crystal salt dishes, complete with tiny spoons. Their charm lies in that they can double as ash trays and so banish uncomfortable reaching —and spilling on the way.

If your men are the sportsmen type, a golf ball or two will bring a smile of pleasure, and a package of tees could be added for fun.

A little thought spent on prizes pays dividends and, while you don't want anything fantastic, a little imagination used in purchasing gifts and wrapping them will not go unnoticed.

PRECIOUS CARGO

LONDON — (CP) — Packed in a heavily-sealed small parcel, £3,000 ($12,000) worth of platinum was flown from London to Rio de Janerio by British South American Airways.

Ellen's Diary

By an Island Farmer's Wife

James pushed back his chair from the breakfast table and picked up his cap. "I wish Ellen" he said in a voice that fairly purred "that you'd listen to the 'probs' when they come — I believe to my heart it's going to rain. There was a queer sunset last evening and I could hear the train so clearly when I was putting the cows out to pasture — as if it was just back of the farm." While we were eating, I had set aside earlier plans for the day, that had met with instant approval from James. Hence his dulcet tones. For some time, I had been promising myself a long unhurried day in the city with time to shop and time to visit with this one or that and hours out to see the "show." The Bells of St. Mary's have been a-calling me—evenings at dusk. This then of all the days of this week was the one I had selected to be my own. Indeed both daughters-in-law, knowing my intention, came recently to help tidy our abode and so speed me on my way. And then because of advised precautions re polio, that are definitely against congregating, and notwithstanding the entertainments offered, better judgment prevailed. It would be unthinkable for any adult to satisfy selfish interests at the expense of the welfare of a child or other member of the family. So I bided at home today and this time "hope deferred" in consideration of the health of others, did not make "the heart sick."

• • •

I must listen in to the weather forecast on James' behalf for the harvest was commencing at Alderlea today. However, it had scarcely begun when showers came to suspend the work, as we say hopefully "till the first of the week." Rob brought his team this morning, and "the Hurry mare" was riderless. I saw James stop as he made last minute adjustments to the binder and heard him say regretfully: "And you didn't bring Jamie. What a shame! For he told me he wanted to see the first of the cutting." I myself came presently, leaving the cake I was mixing, to sit on a convenient verandah rail to watch the first round of the machine and to enjoy —if with a poignancy — the strange rhythmic noise of the cutting. It is among the several farm operations that to me never lose their fascination and the manner in which this robot sheds the golden sheaves uniformly made and securely tied has lost none of its mystery through the years. Rob, sometimes well content and at other times impatient with the performance of the old binder, is the operator while Jock and his father, sheaves caught up and held expertly for the moment under either arm, fashion the rows of stooks. So, on this the last of Summer's days the harvest began at Alderlea.

• • •

Even now, as on this dark rainy night, I write comfortably in my room by lamplight. August is about to go. An August, stern-named, that doubtless brought many trials and perhaps deep sorrow to some Island folk and yet withal, much that was good. On farms came the end of the haying when last loads were tucked into mows and lofts that had "settled". It brought bare hayfields shorn of their former beauty replaced now that rain has come to stimulate new growth by the pretty green of the aftermath. Island-born folk and their friends homed to our shores this month to renew old friendships and to visit again in well-remembered haunts. And at home the exquisite fragrance of the ripened raspberries, borne on a subtle breeze from hedgerows and stumplands was the excuse for many a farmwife to wander from indoor cares to gather the rich largess of canes planted and fruited by Nature's generous hand. Pard and I picked berries from bushes that grow near the pool below the wastegate and liked the solitude there, with only the evening calls of birds and the gentle drop of water and echoes, for our company. To fill a very small but empty coffer, our lambs were sold this month. Jamie and I should not have loitered that morning when we helped the men herd the flock to a convenient pen in the stump field for the sad farewell rites. But there were late luscious berries and a spike in a ferny dell was delaying. "What about those ewe-lambs?" I overheard James say as we inspected them through fence. "No!" Jamie begged "lets keep every one of the ewe-lambs. Those have the lambs in the Spring. Yes!" he said nodding towards a young sheep "that one did—last Spring."

• • •

August brought the entertainment and varied delights and pleasures of Old Home Week to hundreds of Islanders and visitors and to those of us at Alderlea except Jeanie and her small daughter. In the afternoons we attended. An evening there left an unprecedented state of affairs in its wake. The following morning the cream can missed the truck. And the sound of the vehicle's departure interrupted our several dreams. Harvest apples, firstlings of potatoes and other vegetables came to our tables during this last month of summer; the rich yellows to the flower border and red berries to the rowan trees. Crickets' tunes assume a sadder melody and a dragon fly appeared about the lawn. And precious baby swallows made initial flights, trying out hesitant wings that presently must bear them south. When? Perhaps tomorrow, Tabby our meek cat and her kin and Jamie and I shall look for their flight about yards and pond with longing and in vain.

• • •

Down tumules the water from the roof to the rain barrel. "It's like a Fall night" James remarks to Mr. C. who neighbors from his house on the hill. A stove cover is lifted and a fresh stick placed on the fire. The talk is of wordly things, of fields and potatoes and lumber and harvest and other earthly treasures bringing to my mind, now that the Sabbath is coming, that other treasures there are of hands and heart that may not be saved to barns and mows and cellars but only laid up in Heaven.

Until Monday — Diary — Goodnight.

Morning Smile

CHANGEABLE

Throughout the evening meal, neither had spoken. But as soon as the dishes had been cleared away and they were seated before the fire, the husband's face lost some of its hardness.

'You know, dear," he said, breaking the long silence. "I've been thinking over our argument."

"Well!" she snapped, without looking up from her sewing.

"Yes, dear, I've decided to agree with you after all," he said meekly.

"That won't be any good," she sniffed. "I've changed my mind."

Wife (paying an unexpected call at the office): "You told me, John Henry, that your new stenographer was an old maid."

Employer (flustered): "That's right, my dear; she's away ill today and sent her granddaughter instead."

DOROTHY DIX SAYS—

Career Wife

Business Woman Finds It Difficult To Return To Domestic Chores

Should a married woman work outside of her home when her financial aid is not needed for the support of the family? That is the headachey problem with which many a modern girl has to wrestle, and which will be particularly acute in these days after the war when so many women have found that they have talents that they never dreamed that they possessed, and have gotten their first intoxicating taste of financial independence.

One of these brides who is debating whether to exchange a mahogany desk for a cooking stove puts her case like this: "I am married," she says, "to a good business man who makes plenty to support a comfortable home. He is generous and I would never have to tell him what I did with the quarter he gave me week before last. He loves his work and he would be bored to extinction if he had nothing to do but to try to amuse himself.

"Well, I'm precisely in the same position that he is. I'm a good business woman. I love my work. I get a kick out of planning big deals and matching my wits against other good brains. But I am not domestic in my tastes. I don't know how to cook. I can't get excited over pots and pans. I have been used to handling money by the thousands of dollars and when I go out and buy a ten-cent bunch of carrots for dinner, I feel it is as silly as it would be to harness up a high-powered Diesel engine to a one horse-power job.

HUSBAND OBJECTS

"But my husband insists on my giving up my job, and he can't realize that all women are not born housewives any more than all men are born carpenters or poets. Nor can I make him see that a woman can get the same reaction to doing the work she loves to do that a man does in following a congenial occupation.

"And, anyway, I would think that the woman who followed some trade or profession and who saw new people and had new experiences every hour of the day would be a more interesting companion to a man than the one who spent her days cooking and washing and scrubbing, and who had nothing more exciting to talk about than that the baby had cut a tooth, or that the price of butchers' meat had gone up."

That is the woman's side of the problem of the office wife versus the home wife. The man's side of it is that it hurts his pride for his wife to be as successful in her line as he is in his. He wants her to be dependent upon him and to look up to him as the source from which all blessings flow. No marriage is a happy one in which the gray mare is the better horse.

Furthermore, one of the main reasons that men marry is to get a home, and in a man's picture of the home of his dreams there is always a wife, in a pretty dress or a bungalow apron, coming to meet him with a glad smile and with the savor of good cooking surrounding her like a halo.

He doesn't want to find a dark house, with no wife meeting him, no dinner cooking, and with his only welcome a telephone message saying she had been detained at the office, or that she has had an emergency call to a sick patient, or that she has had to go out of town to see about a contract.

Somehow, alas, women and marriage and careers don't mix, and whether when a girl gets married she should give up her job or not would be an insoluble problem if the first baby didn't settle it.

Modern Etiquette

By Roberta Lee

Q. What is one to do when on a strict diet and he is invited to a dinner party?

A. Decline the invitation. This is much better than sitting at a dinner table and making apologies for not eating.

Q. When one has made a mistake of any kind, isn't a very effusive apology better than just a few words?

A. No; an apology that is too effusive merely emphasizes the mistake. A few sincere words of regret are better.

Q. Is it impolite to stare at a person on the street, or in any public place?

A. Yes, it is impolite, ill-bred, and rude. In some countries it is against the law to do so.

Household Scrapbook

By Roberta Lee

Table Linen

Always hem the table linen by hand. It will mean a neater job and there will be no streak of dirt under the edge after washing, as so often happens when the linen is machine stitched.

Scrambled Eggs

An inexpensive way of serving scrambled eggs is to use three crumbled soda crackers and two tablespoons of milk to each egg. Mix thoroughly, then cramble in hot butter.

Parsley

Parsley will be much easier to cut if it is washed in hot water instead of cold.

In the Face of Death....

In the face of almost certain death, these two youngsters find reason to be happy. Seven-year-old Janice Elizabeth Hansel, left, of Des Moines, Ia., is incurably ill of a combination of heart and liver trouble but she told her mother, "I'm not afraid to die" because Daddy is in Heaven and he'll be there to take care of me." Sunday School classmates help Gary Halstead, right, Granby Center, N. Y., celebrate his fourth and probably last birthday. Gary, dying of what specialists called an incurable brain cancer that already has blinded him in one eye and nearly blinded him in the other, had to be guided down the slide, but he had fun.

It's harvest time in Canada's tobaccoland in western Ontario and a bumper one it will be if the weather holds. Shown there among the tobacco plants at the Delhi, Ont., Dominion experimental farm is pretty Martha Stinson, three-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F A. Stinson. Her father is officer in charge of the station.

Cook's Corner

LEMON BREAD PUDDING

1½ cups dry bread crumbs, or
2 cups soft fresh crumbs
2 cups cold water
3 tablespoons lemon juice
1 teaspoon grated lemon rind
4 tablespoons butter
2 eggs, separated
2/3 cup sugar
4 tablespoons sugar

Method: Soak the bread crumbs in the water, then add the lemon juice and grated rind, along with the 2/3 cup sugar and the butter, which has been melted. Place in a greased baking dish and bake in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for about 1 hour. Then spread the top with any tart jelly. Beat the egg whites until stiff, but not dry, and gradually beat in the 4 tablespoons sugar. Spread the meringue over the jelly and return the pudding to a slightly lower oven (325 deg. F.), leaving until the meringue is delicately brown. Serve this warm or cold, with cream if desired.

APPLE DUMPLINGS

Aylmer Macpherson

Two cups flour, ½ teaspoon salt, 4 teaspoons baking powder, 3 tablespoons shortening, about ¾ cup milk, 6 apples, peeled and cored, sugar and cinnamon and raisins. Mix and sift flour salt and baking powder. Cut in shortening, and add milk to make a soft biscuit dough. Roll to ¼ inch thick and cut dough in 6 squares. Place the prepared apples in centre of each, and fill cavity of each apple with raisns, brown sugar and cinnamon. Draw dough up around each apple. Pierce with a fork. Place in buttered baking dish, and bake in moderate oven of 350 degrees F., until apples are tender—about 40 minutes. Serve with cream.

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The maples he worshipped are flaming, are flaming,
Flaunting red torches on every bright hill;
Below in the valleys the sumacs are turning;
Blue is the Autumn haze, breathless and still.

The loons on the river are calling, are calling,
Plaintive and far, as his skiff's blunted prow
Noses the shore-line. We wait here to welcome him.
I and the Autumn. But where is he now?

Helen Middleton.

Hints on Etiquette

Some men always remove their hats when riding in elevators when women are present; some do not. If a man gets on an elevator accompanied by ladies, he should remove his hat unless the elevator is so crowded that he cannot possibly do so without holding it high in the air.

The slick little suit for daytime —the soft dress for date-time—are good fashions for the young career girl.

TRY A SACK DRESS IT'S PRETTY TOO

The sack has finally come into its own. Easy to make, low-priced promises to be a popular addition and attractive, the "sack" dress to many fall wardrobes.

Made of tubular wool jersey, it can be styled with a plain, high neckline or shaped into a low-cut model.

Shown in vibrant turquoise, warm coral, palest pink and deep purple, it can be dressed up or down, whatever the occasion requires.

RAYON FOR ALL PURPOSES

Rayon can be designed for many purposes! In fact, rayon could clothe us entirely, from hats to shoes, dresses, coats, suits, rainwear, lingerie, handkerchiefs, children's wear and men's wear. It is designed for use in our homes in many products . . . curtains, draperies, upholstery, rugs and even tablecloths and napkins and blankets blended with wool. It can be and is being designed for such diverse fields as luggage, bath mats, optical lens wipers, even reinforcements for quilts and paper.

Rayon textures can be designed to have various characteristics. They can be made so as to have the cool qualities desired in summer. They can be designed to have the warm qualities wanted for cold-weather wear, particularly all the new spun rayon and wool blends in tweed effects, flannels, gabardines, and so on. It can have the tailoring qualities wanted for coats and suits. The sturdy qualities wanted for utility uses of many kinds.

The name, Rayon, was invented only 20 years ago to designate the new textile fibre which was for so many years before that known simply as "artificial silk." Today rayon has become, next to cotton, the most widely used fibre in the world.

ALL ABOUT MARROW

Squash is the name applying to various types of edible gourds, including pumpkin and Hubbard which are well liked and generally used.

Vegetable marrow belongs to the squash family but might be called the weak sister since its personality is so often uninteresting. When properly cooked and well seasoned vegetable marrow is sweet, tender and has a mild nutty flavour. One reason why vegetable marrow is unpopular is that when it is matured it develops a stringy, coarse texture, so that it should be used when of small or medium size.

The home economists of the Agriculture Department Consumer Section suggest cooking vegetable marrow with tomatoes and onions as the Europeans do.

Vegetable Marrow Creole requires one medium vegetable marrow, four medium tomatoes (two cups, cut), one medium of salt and 1-8 teaspoon of pepper.

Peel marrow, cut in one-inch slices and remove seeds. Peel and cut tomatoes in small pieces. Peel and slice onions. Cook the tomatoes and onions together for five minutes, add marrow and seasoning. Cover and simmer for 35 minutes. This makes six servings.

To clean brass, mix flour and salt in equal parts to which vinegar has been added to smooth paste. Apply mixture and let dry Wash in suds and polish.

Better English

D. C. Williams

1. What is wrong with this sentence? "Jane was very mad at her husband."
2. What is the correct pronunciation of "august" (of majestic grandeur)?
3. Which one of these words is misspelled? Reminisense, recompense, condense.
4. What does the word "animosity" mean?
5. What is a word beginning with et that means "celestial; spiritlike"?

ANSWERS

1. Say, "Jane was very angry with her husband." 2. Pronounce a-gust, a as in all, u as in us, accent second syllable. 3. Reminiscence. 4. Ill will; active enmity. "Animosity exists between individuals, hostility between nations." 5. Ethereal.

How Can I!!

By Anne Ashley

Q. How can I make use of the pods after shelling peas?

A. Wash the pods thoroughly and cook them with an onion and some parsley. Then drain mix with milk thicken with a little flour, and season with salt, pepper and a tablespoonful of butter. This makes delicious soup.

Q. How can I strengthen buttonholes?

A. Two rows of stitching around a buttonhole will strengthen it, and no longer will there be the annoyance of having the buttonhole tear at the edges.

Q. How can I make a satisfactory glue, in an emergency?

A. Soak taploca in warm water. This is particularly good when the children wish to do some pasting of pictures.

Needlecraft

—FOR THE HOME—

WEEKIT WISH

For college or career girl, a weekit suit, plus a lumber jacket to change the face of things—all in one pattern.

No. 2711 is cut in sizes 10, 12, 14, 16 18 and 20. For size 16, skirt and weekit require 3 yards 39-inch or 2¼ yards 54-inch; the lumber jacket, 1⅞ yards 39-inch.

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