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

## Living & Leisure

### —THE WOMAN'S REALM—

The word salad got its name from the Latin "sal", meaning salt.

Six brothers named Bell are ringers at the parish church. Their father, too, was a bell ringer.

**LABOR-SAVERS**

To remove batter from a hand or electric beater, work the beater slowly as you you remove it from the batter.

Tack to the back of your kitchen those for white sauce, biscuits, pie cabinet door such basic recipes as crust.

To separate quickly a head of lettuce, cut out the core end. Then hold, with core end up, under running water until the water, with the help of your fingers, has forced the leaves apart.

**BATH TUB READERS**

There now is available for bath-tub readers a bath pillow of plastic cloth. You inflate what appears to be a flat sack and two suction cups built into the pillow will hold it to the tub while you rest your head against it.

**FIRST FIRE DEPARTMENT**

Ancient Rome was the first city to have a regular fire department, according to The Book Of Knowledge Numbering 7,000, it included human alarms, fire houses, firemen in metal helmets and leather clothing, wooden hand pumps like syringes, axes, hammers, saws, sectional ladders, a bucket-brigade, a fire chief in a chariot, a life-saving pillow envied even by modern fire-fighters, and a fire marshal who set up a court of inquiry before the flames died down.

Oatmeal cooked with molasses in the water makes a tasty iron-rich cereal variation and saves sugar.

**STUDY PROBLEM OF COMMON COLD**

—"A Common Cold Research Unit" is being established by Britain's Medical Research Council and Ministry of Health, and will start work this month at the Harvard Hospital, near Salisbury, says W. K. Information office.

The problem of the common cold is a particularly complex one, made more difficult because, apart from chimpanzees, which are unsatisfactory for experimental purposes, it has not yet proved possible to study it in animals.

Therefore, the first objective on the present investigations into the common cold is to find a susceptible animal or, better still, some other laboratory technique which will permit a scientific approach to the problem. As a check on their laboratory studies, workers at the National Institute of Medical Research will, at least for the time being, require to test on human volunteers the cold-producing activities of materials they are studying.

CARDIFF, Wales — (CP) — Cardiff is seeking to expand its city limits to include outlying areas which will add 54,000 to the city's 240,000 population.

CHEIPSTOW, Monmouth, England — (CP) — Mrs. Mary Hancock, 51, died half an hour after being stung by a bee, the third person to be stung fatally in Britain in a month.

LONDON — (CP) — The Council for the Provision of Rest-Breaks Houses for Nurses and Midwives announced receipt of £1,560 ($6,240) from the Canadian Nurses' Association.

**HOW TO BE PERFECTLY MISERABLE**

Think about yourself.
Talk about yourself.
Use "I" as often as possible.
Mirror yourself continually in the opinion of others.
Listen greedily to what people say about you.
Be suspicious.
Expect to be appreciated.
Be jealous and envious.
Be sensitive to slights.
Never forgive a criticism.
Trust nobody but yourself.
Insist on consideration and respect.
Demand agreement with your own views on everything.
Sulk if people are not grateful to you for favors shown them.
Never forget a service you may have rendered.
Be on the look out for a good time for yourself.
Shirk your duties if you can.
Do as little as possible for others.
Love yourself supremely.
Be selfish.
The receipt is guaranteed to be infallible.

Gospel Herald.

KINGSTON, Surrey, England — (CP) — "Try to reach your century without another black mark" were the words of the judge when he sentenced a burglar of 82 to six months' imprisonment.


**MOTHERS FEEL SAFER**

One Mother writes: "With a family of children constantly getting scratches, cuts, or bruises, I have proved Mecca an invaluable healer. I cannot praise it too highly. I keep a tin of Mecca upstairs and another downstairs." 62

**"MECCA" OINTMENT**


## Household Scrapbook

By Roberta Lee

**Scratches on Silver**

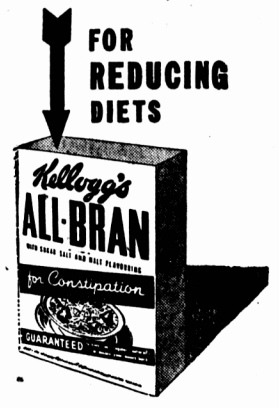
One way of removing scratches from silver is to mix enough putty powder with a little olive oil to make a paste. Rub this paste on the silver with a soft cloth and polish with a chamois.

**Perspiration Stains**

When a garment is stained by perspiration try sponging with good white vinegar, then wiping dry with a soft clean cloth. If the perspiration has changed the color of the fabric, try touching with ammonia.

**Cleaning White Felt**

A white felt hat can be cleaned by making a paste of equal parts of arrow-root and magnesia and cold water and brushing over the hat. When thoroughly dry, brush off.



## How Can I!!

By Anne Ashley

Q. What is a good remedy for excessive perspiration?

A. Bathe the parts daily, and then apply a lotion consisting of two teaspoonfuls of powdered alum to one pint of water. Follow by dusting with a powder made of one ounce boric acid and ten grains of salicylic acid.

Q. How can I make an insecticide for moths and caterpillars?

A. An insecticide that will prove very effective, is to prepare a mixture of 50 parts of resin, 40 parts of lard, and 40 parts of steagine oil.

Q. How can I make corn sweeter?

A. More appetizing and sweeter corn will be the result if a little sugar is placed in the water while cooking.

## Better English

D. C. Williams

1. What is wrong with this sentence? "It sounded like she intended to go."
2. What is the correct pronunciation of "Mardi gras"?
3. Which one of these words is misspelled? Parallel, parady, paragon, paradise.
4. What does the word "aberration" mean?
5. What is a word beginning with ha that means "calm; peaceful"?

**ANSWERS**

1. Say, "It sounded as if she intended to go." 2. Pronounce mar-de-gra, both a's as in ah, e as in me unstressed, accent first and last syllables. 3. Parody. 4. Act of wandering, especially from what is right or normal. "So then we draw near to God, when repenting us of our former aberrations from Him, to renew our covenant with Him."—Hall. 5. Halcyon.

## Cook's Corner

**INDIVIDUAL HAM LOAF**

Shaping this mixture in the form of individual loaves gives it novelty beyond that provided by its ingredients.

1 pound raw ham, minced
½ pound lean stewing veal, minced
1 egg
2 tablespoons brown sugar
½ teaspoon dry mustard
Pinch of ground cloves
2/3 cup milk
4 cups corn flakes
2 tablespoons fine-flavored dripping

Combine the minced ham and veal.

Beat the egg and stir in the brown sugar, mustard, cloves and milk; crush the corn flakes into fine crumbs and add to egg mixture; combine well.

Add egg mixture to the combined meats and mix lightly.

Shape into 5 individual loaves and arrange in a greased shallow baking pan.

Dot tops of loaves with the dripping.

Bake in a moderate oven, 350 degrees, for 45 minutes, basting 2 or 3 times during cooking.

## DOROTHY DIX SAYS—

### Cool Fiancee Bad Risk

**Girl Who Is Lukewarm Over Engagement Is Not In Love**

A LOVELORN swain, whose courtship has had more than the usual ups and downs, complains that he has almost worn out the engagement ring kissing it on his fiancee's finger one day and taking it back home in his vest pocket the next day, and he wants to know if I don't think that the best thing for him to do is to grab the girl friend up, when she happens to be in a melting mood, and rush her to the parson, and be done with the dillydallying.

Goodness me, no. I don't. On the contrary, my advice is to chuck the engagement ring in the river, or put it away for some more auspicious occasion. For if a girl isn't absolutely sure before marriage that she is madly, frantically and wildly in love, she isn't.

Of course, after marriage she may find out that she has diagnosed her symptoms incorrectly, and that the heart flutterings she experienced at John's approach were due to indigestion, instead of the grand passion, and called for bicarbonate instead of a wedding ring. But at the time she starts out on the great adventure she should go into it bubbling over with enthusiasm.

**DANGEROUS SYMPTOMS**

Hence, no man in his senses should ever marry a girl who is lukewarm about her engagement and who keeps putting off her wedding day, yet many men are guilty of this folly. We are familiar with the infatuated lover who hangs around a woman, as faithful as old dog Tray, no matter how much she flouts him, and who appeals to her pity and her generosity until he overpersuades her in getting engaged to him, or marrying him.

The men who do this are victims of the belief that they can teach their wives to love them after marriage. Never was there a greater mistake. For if a man has not the qualities that attract a woman to him while he is surrounded by the glamor of courtship, still less has he the ability to charm her when she sees him with the harsh light of everyday living turned upon him.

The very institution of marriage tends to alienate a man and woman from each other rather than to draw them together. There are times when the fetters of wedlock cut into the flesh of even the most devoted couples and make them regret their lost freedom. Every marriage calls for sacrifices, for putting up with faults and foibles that get upon their nerves, of subordinating their own tastes and pleasures and comforts to another. And nothing but love can do this.

This is particularly true of women. No matter how good a woman's husband is to her, no matter how he laps her in luxury, no matter how he adores her, her marriage is a failure to her unless she loves him so much that just to be with him makes life exciting and interesting, and to be where he is makes the place a little bit of heaven, and that makes her love even his faults better than any other man's virtues.

I doubt if any husband and wife ever fall in love with each other after marriage. They can learn to respect each other. They can establish a warm friendship. But respect isn't rapture. There are no thrills in it. And friendship isn't love. It isn't angel's food. It is cold bread handed out to those who are starving for food for their souls.

So I would advise boys never to urge a girl into an engagement into which she goes half-heartedly. If love isn't spontaneous, it isn't the love that lasts.

## Morning Smile

The ice gave way and a great hole appeared. Then a man's head came up. The park-keeper, crawling cautiously along a ladder, reached the edge of the ice ".Come closer!" he shouted, "and I'll help you out!"

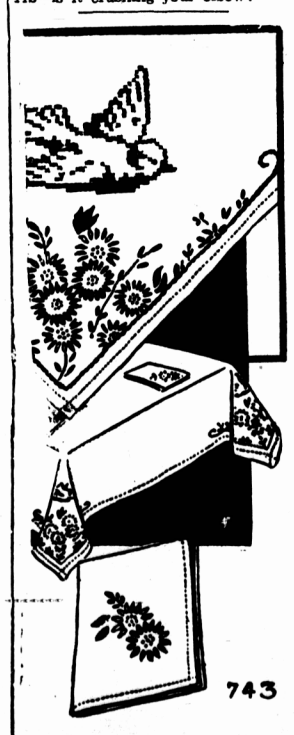
"Not much," said the victim, "I can't swim."

"Can't swim?" sneered the rescuer. "Why it's only up to our armpits!"

"Oh, no, it isn't!" was the retort. "It's about seven feet deep. I'm standing on the chap who broke the ice!"

A typist, severely jostled in the thundering herd of London's rush hour, finally found herself in a solid block. She poked her face close to the ear of an adjoining male.

"Look," she demanded tartly, "my rib—is it crushing your elbow?"



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## Ellen's Diary

By an Island Farmer's Wife

Rested by the long hours of the Sabbath, the men went to their work early in the field today. Our immediate world had scarcely come astir before they had gone to complete the last of the potato-cultivating for this year. James is one—and Jock as well, who likes to finish one activity before going on to take up the next. And several fresh ones are rapidly approaching. Jock went to the scuffling taking the Nell-mare, who steps briskly out daintily and James with the team best suited for it, took care of the hilling. By noon it was done to the satisfaction of all concerned and at dinner the first indication that thoughts were turned to preparing for a colder season to come, appeared, when James mentioned that "Jock thinks we'd better go at the wood next" "But James" I said "won't there be lots of time for that?" "And how will there be so much time, Ellen?" he replied. His eyes rested on the field of grain beside the lane, which in the sunlight held a suggestion of gold in its rippling surface. "It won't be too long now till the harvest is ready. And days are shortening — you can notice it now in the evenings. Besides the wood will never be in better shape for storing than it is now. But perhaps, Ellen" he added "we could sleep this afternoon, if you would rather dig it stick by stick out of a snow-bank?"

• • •

I could easily see that this was "the accepted time" and so with the persistence of the proverbial ant or the foresight of my own friend the pretty brown squirrel over in the neighboring wood-lot, our men began the work of storing the fuel, for our Winter burning, from the wood-pile to the shed across the yard. Jeanie gave spells of assistance when her babe was content to sleep or was quietly wakeful in her carriage which had been wheeled to a shady spot out of doors. Already our grand-daughter likes and sometimes insists noisily on more than her due of attention. But then how can we expect otherwise? James often detours to take in the location of her resting quarters to beg for a smile; Jock who like my old "flame" Anthony is unaccustomed to the ways of small girls, considers her a strange but fascinating bit of humanity. He comes to talk to her shyly or perhaps to hold a tiny hand or a foot, Jeanie herself carries on lengthy and adult conversations with her while I, neglecting every care at home am drawn thither on the least pretext. She is small and fair, round-faced and blue-eyed and very bonny.

• • •

James eyed my afternoon's interests with a measure of suspicion, when he made many excuses to enter the kitchen and once when I suppose he had found there the queer quietness of desertion. He stopped to call: "Ellen! it amazes me to see how you can be content to sleep and let others do your work for you!" Jamie arrived in the evening with his parents, when Rob was on his way to the mill for a grist of crushing. He dropped to the couch with an exhausted air and explained in a low tone: "Me's awful tired—us were at the wood a-day and have a whole lot of it in!" And then he brightened to chat with his grandfather in his old arm-chair. "Me saved some sticks to take to the mill— for boards". "And how would it do" James continued to make believe with him "if I go with the new mare and help you to haul it tomorrow? Since you have it ready, it would be just as well to land it down there at once." "Not a-morrow" Jamie said "me can't very well haul it a-morrow". "And why not?" James asked, knowing the answer already. Jamie dimpled up at him, perhaps fearing a little criticism, because of neglected home duties, "A-morrow me has to go to town. Didn't you know? Old Home Week starts a-morrow!"

• • •

All Island roads tomorrow lead toward the Exhibition Grounds — from the four corners of it—highroads and by-roads bring together folks from city and town and country-village and farmstead, there to enjoy the many attractions and entertainments provided for their pleasure, on the four days which make up Old Home Week. Karolyn, a city girl reared in an atmosphere wherein the Fair—held within sight of her home—was the great entertainment of the year, was disturbed when James came in from his work to report: "that clouds off to the West'ard might bring rain". Not that Karolyn is not interested in the welfare of the growing crops. On the contrary they are usually her chief concern. But then, in my younger days, I confess I too have hoped that rain would be withheld on gala occasions or postponed for a few hours at the least. So that I was able to understand the sentiment of her words when she said as we accompanied them out to the truck: "Wouldn't it be nice, Mrs. Ellen if it would rain only at night until The Big Week is over?" They went then in a bedlam of yelps, the Mutt-dog tied securely in a corner of the truck "like a fat cow" Karolyn had explained. He was an inactive but protesting target for our rascal of a Pard's parting taunts. Pard does forget his manners sometimes to bark at any departing cars. A full moon shedding the mellowest light and making dusky shadowy places about the lawn rode the heavens. Somewhere a sleepless cricket chirped and from the herd, dark on the hill-side, a cow lowed her call loud and lonely on the night air. "Ellen" James tells me "what do you say if we take in a few days at The Old Home Week ourselves? We could go, say in the afternoons and enjoy it better that way—by not tiring ourselves too much. What do you say, Ellen?" With one thing or another, real or fancied, to keep me at home I have not been to a Fair for a long time. Yes, I think I will go with James to the city as Jamie says: a-morrow".

Until tomorrow . . . Diary . . . Good-Night. . .

## Always Another Spring

By Adelaide Humphries

**XXIX**

"Anne, darling, suppose you give me this first dance?" Gil suggested. Then, as his arm circled the silver girdle of her waist, "That was Scene Number One, First Act."

"I don't know what you mean," Anne replied. But she said. She saw now what Gil's intention had been in getting the four of them together. Gil hoped this would prove to Anne that David's and Camilla's marriage, though a grastly mistake, was in no danger of going on the rocks; he thought this would prove that David had no intention of obtaining a divorce in order to marry Anne.

"You will before the evening is over," Gil claimed. His hold tightened, his eyes smiled down into hers. "Remember, my sweet, especially if you are hurt a little, that I am doing it for your sake. I promised you a showdown, didn't I? You don't want to go on waiting the rest of your life, do you, in uncertainty the way you are?"

No, she did not want that. But she was not sure she was grateful to Gil for taking this particular means of showing her. She was not at all certain either that it would work.

"You gave her back as good as she gave, Gil chuckled. "I didn't think you would, my child."

"I might as well," Anne said. "I've found it's best to laugh at everything—even myself."

"You need never do that." His eyes turned grave. "Do you know you're the loveliest lady in the Silver Grill tonight? No, that's wrong—in the whole world. I like that dress, I like everything about you, my sweet." He spun her around gayly, beginning to hum the tune the orchestra was playing.

"You say such extravagant things," Anne said. But she liked them. They passed Camilla and David who were dancing too. But apparently David was not paying Camilla any compliments. It was quite evident that they were quarreling.

"She doesn't know," Gil murmured close to Anne's ear, "that only English butlers are supposed to look that bored—in any play. And did you know, my sweet, that she has broken off with Mr. Douglas? Given him the gate, to put it more elegantly. Which explains why she no longer is particularly interested in him. The lady herself told me as I relieved her of her wrap during a brief moment we had alone. I think her reason for telling me was so I would know the field is not clear. Methinks, alas, besides being as bored as an English buttler, that the lady is a tramp."

"It's not very gallant of you to say so, especially when you are the host and when, as has been quite obvious, you've been exceedingly nice to her yourself tonight."

"Only a real lady calls for real gallantry," Gil returned. The music had stopped. He tucked a hand under Anne's arm to lead her back to their table. "Being the host, as you reminded me, of course I am striving to be nice to all my guests. Then too, I thought, just in case David did decide to chuck Camilla and yours therefore chucked me, I might do worse on a rebound for my aching heart."

"I think you're being rather churlish," Anne said as she slid into her seat again. She felt Gil was carrying things a bit too far. After all, this was no laughing matter to her. She felt decidedly jittery, almost jumpy in fact.

David asked Anne for the next dance. He said, "I hope you didn't believe what Camilla said, that I'd told her I'd cried on your shoulder. I simply told her I had dropped in to see you and that we had had a nice talk. Do you know I believe Camilla's jealous."

(Continued on page 10)


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## Modern Etiquette

By Roberta Lee

Q. When a person is being introduced to another, is a courteous acknowledgement necessary, even if the introduction is for any reason not agreeable?

A. Yes; the well-bred person will extend a courteous acknowledgement under any condition.

Q. What is the correct distance from the dinner table that a person's waist should be, not to be too far or too close?

A. About eight inches.

Q. When a young man is to be married, isn't it all right to leave the matter of his ushers' clothes to them?

A. It is better for him to tell them what they should wear.


**DOZENS OF THINGS TO CLEAN—BUT NOTHING EVER LOOKS "HALF-WASHED"**

## Needlecraft

### —FOR THE HOME—

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