

# Woman's Realm Social and Personal Fashions Literature

## PRECIOUS EGGS, BUTTER, MILK, FLOUR SAVED WITH MAGIC



Costs less than 7¢ per Average Baking

## Home Service



### MAKE THIS YOURSELF

What a lovely rug! Wouldn't you like to be able to make it yourself? This rug is made exactly as are the soft, lustrous rugs of the Orient. The knot used in tying in the pieces of pile is the Turkish or Ghiordes knot.

The size, the material needed and the complete directions of how to make this rug, along with many others is included in our booklet. Our 32-page booklet is full of step-by-step rules for hooked rugs, woven rugs, braided rugs, crocheted rugs, tufted rugs. It even has knitted rugs, floral applique rugs, mosaic rugs, French knot rugs and cross-stitch rugs. Every variety is included and you have your choice of whichever type you particularly desire.

The types of rugs described in this booklet have had their origins in many parts of the world and in many ages. They were made on looms or with tools very much like the ones used here. They are all easy and simple to make, and were designed to be adaptable to many types of interiors and to many uses. You will find much pleasure from them.

Send 15c in coins for your copy of How to Make Your Own Rug to the Charlottetown Guardian Home Service Address. Be sure to write plainly your name, address and the name of Booklet.

Name: \_\_\_\_\_ Street Address: \_\_\_\_\_ City: \_\_\_\_\_ Province: \_\_\_\_\_

NO SCRAP From lost when potato peelings are scraped. Just another argument for cooking potatoes in their jackets.

## Living & Leisure The Woman's Realm

### A CHINESE TALE

By EDGAR A. GUEST

I tell the tale as it came to me of the Chinese view. Which holds, that the blame must be for what children do.

Sent home from school for some mischief done As a youngster plays. The teacher wrote: "You must punish your son For his willful ways."

All the morning long of a bitter day, Through the window pane. Uncovered, they noticed a grown man stay In the driving rain.

Said he, when asked why he stood so long, By the storm assailed; "The parent has erred when a child does wrong, And I have failed!"

"They have written: my son is a willful lad, And mine is the shame. By me must the punishment now be had, For mine is the blame."

Fill a few tiny glasses with preserves and jellies and keep for the breakfast tray of the guest who enjoys her breakfast served in her bedroom.

### FAT SAVERS

Bake or grill meat cakes, croquettes, patties and fish, instead of frying. Instead of greasing baking sheet for pastry, biscuits, plain scones and rolled cookies, simply flour it. Heat a cake pan slightly before greasing, less fat will be needed.

### HEARTY SANDWICH MAKERS

- (1) 1 cup chopped cooked tongue or other cooked meat 1-4 cup chopped sweet pickle 1-4 teaspoon dry mustard Mayonnaise Whole wheat bread sliced. Salt and pepper (2) Leftover baked beans Cooked bacon Chilli sauce Finger or wiener rolls. (3) Chopped cooked vegetables Sauce from mustard pickles Sliced brown pickles (4) Sliced roast pork or other meat Thick brown gravy Melba toast. (5) Sliced liver sausage Sliced mustard pickle Rye bread slices.

### KEY PERFUME TO PERSONALITY

Though wartime has made a difference in gifts and gift-giving, there are still many attractive ways to remember friends. And certainly perfume is one of the amenities of life that give a lift to anxious days. An inflexible rule should be that no matter how small the bottle it should contain one of the fine perfumes that bespeak quality and good taste.

The single flower odors are always favorites, but to give a geranium-like lady a violet perfume, is tops in inappropriateness. Such a perfume suggests a subtle, sophisticated type, while the clear sweet odor of Parma or white violets is symbolical of the quiet restrained person.

Sweet pea is excellent for young girl or ingenue type, and jasmine, "key to memory" is a fresh elevable naive sort of fragrance, suitable for that sort of person, whether she be blonde or brunette.

Ash blonde with a sprituelle loveliness, or the fragile dainty person, and lily of the valley seem synonymous. Narcissus is a good choice for the dark-haired, creamy-skinned woman, while lavender goes hand in hand with the serenity of the rather petite older woman with silver hair.

### SNUGGLES TO SOAKERS

Do you have an old pair of snuggles, too good to throw away, but shrunken perhaps, and spotted with holes? Maybe the you can't wear them yourself but the mother of the new baby down the street would be glad of them. With holes carefully darned and the material recut from patterns available in many stores, snuggles can be transformed into babies' soakers. It is possible to get as many as three pairs of soakers from one woollen undergarment.

### CALLING ALL WIVES!

On touch of nature makes the whole world kin and in Australia, husbands and wives argue as to who should get what's left of the housekeeping money. National Australian opinion was measured on this vital domestic issue by the Australian Gallup Poll and shows a thumping victory for the wives.

The issue put to a representative cross-section of Australian voters was this: "If a wife doesn't spend all the housekeeping money, who should own what is left, the husband or the wife?" Say the Aussies: The wife, 60 per cent.; the husband, 5 per cent.; both, jointly 25 per cent.; spend on home, 7 per cent.; undecided, 3 per cent.

### SCHOOLBOY BONERS

Bigotry is having two wives at one time. The principal parts of the eye are the mote and the beam. The hardships of the Puritans were what they came over in. The American government finally decided to put all the Indians in reservations. In order to keep milk from turning sour it should be kept in the cow. The single tax is a tax on bachelors. The Moratorium is the largest ocean liner. The only article is a clothing worn by Gandhi is the shirton. An omelet is a charm worn around the neck in India. Fiction is books which are fixed on the shelves and cannot be removed. Chicago is almost at the bottom of Lake Michigan. Golconda are boats on the canals of Venus. A planet is a body of earth entirely surrounded by sky. A psychiatrist is a doctor with mental disorders. A millennium is an insect with many more legs than a centennial. "From 'The World's Best Jokes'."

### Mr. Winkle Goes To War

Private Tindall came in shortly after five looking hot and not uttering a very attractive figure in his soiled dungarees. His thin line of moustache did not seem to fit his garments at all. Several of the men wanted to know what he had had to do. Freddie glared at them disgustedly. "I washed floors" he snarled. "Me!" Jack led the laugh that followed. Freddie strode over to him and without a word drew back his fist and hit him. Jack sat down on a cot, not hurt but angry. Mr. Winkle had time to think that it was a good thing he had finished his letter mentioning Jack before the boy rose, again to battle Freddie. From the doorway the voice of Alphabet was heard: "For fighting you'd be surprised what there is. Private Tindall. But this time we'll make it just the garbage detail for tomorrow." Mr. Winkle had written in his notebook and gone away, Freddie promised, "I'm going to kill him, From A to Z." "If I don't get you first," Jack muttered. "You" Freddie demanded, "and what other part of the Army? You and Pop, maybe?" Mr. Winkle reflected that this was not the right outlook at all. It was hardly the true spirit of the reason they were here. Mr. Winkle had found a friend of his own age until he was shipped on a train to his Replacement Training Center. Camp Squibb was a thousand miles away from home. Mr. Winkle had been in this great distance was for the purpose of getting him away from family ties.

### A Job Only You Can Do

He was no happier at this than was Freddie Tindall when it was learned that Sergeant Cuzdelakovsky was to accompany and stay with them. It seemed that the Alphabet had been championing at the bit for having been put in what he referred to as the "idea job" of receiving drafts. He wanted active duty, and now he looked at it as a step toward this when he was assigned to new training troops. Men, it was a great deal like their first camp, except that it was much larger, stretching for miles across the flat bare land. It was the general belief that no one knew how large it was, nor where it began and ended. It had simply continued to be built until there were no boundaries at all. Mr. Winkle had been some time in it and not found. Another rumor had it that in case of invasion the enemy was to be lured to Camp Squibb where, once landed, this trap would never find its way out. On the first afternoon in their new barracks, Mr. Winkle discovered a crowd. That was an encouraging sign. Mr. Winkle eyed the thickest man with a scowl on his broad face sitting on the next cot, and saw that there was a man of his own age. They eyed each other. Mr. Winkle smiled briefly, and was given a frown. That was an encouraging sign, nevertheless. Mr. Winkle spoke, introducing himself. He gave his age, glanced around and observed, "I guess we're sort of two of a kind here." "Yeah," the other man said in a deep voice. Mr. Winkle offered the information where, once landed, this trap would never find its way out. His look inquired if the same situation held true with his acquaintance. "Yeah," the man said. "Then the matter rested for a moment until the man suddenly announced his own name, which was Tinker and his age forty-two. He said he was a plumber. Mr. Winkle asked him how he felt about being in the Army. "Me" said Mr. Tinker. "I feel good. I was going to join up anyway. After morning he growled. "My kid brother was at Midway. He was a flier. Yeah, he got killed there. After the family squeezed every nickel for years sending him to college and on." "Oh" said Mr. Winkle. "Me" Mr. Tinker went on, "all I want to do is kill one Jap. I don't want to shoot him. I just want to get him between these." He pushed out two great hairy hands and clenched each into a fist. "That'll be for the kid. The rest I'll get will be gravy." Mr. Winkle wished that he had had only a small part of the plumber's lust for vengeance. "I don't go to the Japs," proposed Mr. Tinker, "and you do, will you strangle one for me?" Mr. Winkle swallowed. His throat felt dry. "Why, yes—certainly" he promised. "Don't go back on me" Mr. Tinker searched Mr. Winkle with his beaming gaze. But he didn't stir. Mr. Winkle the mouse-look. In appreciation, Mr. Winkle said, "I won't go back on you." "As if he weren't quite sure Mr. Winkle would keep to his word, or was capable of keeping to it, Mr. Tinker pronounced, "I'm going to

### Questions and Answers on Price Control

Questions and Answers on Price Control will appear in The Guardian as a regular feature each day. The questions are those which have reached the Wartime Prices and Trade Board from housewives in this region. The answers are provided by the Board Readers. Persons who have intelligent questions to ask no price control are invited to send them in writing to the Women's Regional Advisory Committee of the War Times Prices and Trade Board. Q. I understand that bedding sheets are to be standardized. What will be the maximum length of these sheets be? They should be long enough to prevent covering bedding from being soiled. A. Cotton sheets and other bedding goods are being standardized to conform with an order of the Board in order to meet the increased demand for these goods, but will still be sufficiently generous in size. Lengths will vary from 86 to 104 inches. Q. I usually have a large meal at a downtown cafe and can only get one pat of butter with a meal and it usually varies in size. Why can't I get more than one pat of butter and what size should the pat be? A. According to the regulations of the Board cafes may serve not more than one-third of an ounce of butter per meal, and only when butter is requested by the customer. Q. I bought a property in Sept. 1942, and understand that the agent made \$300 on this property. Is there a ceiling price on property? A. No. There is no ceiling price on property.

### HERE'S A GIFT YOU CAN MAKE IN AN EVENING



John: "That is a nice umbrella you've got." Allok: "Yes, but it's not really mine. I was walking home in the pouring rain and saw a young man going my way with an umbrella. I thought I would ask if he would let me share it with him, so I went up and said, 'Where are you going with that umbrella?' And he threw it down and ran off as fast as he could!"

### A Morning Smile

The country squire met a former church squireman, it never see you passing the plate round now, Hodde," he said. "No, sir," th' vicar roared this 'ere 'Safety' 'ere," and give the job to Bill Brewer. "Why?" "Well, poor Bill lost a 'and in the war."

### DESIGN NO. 1256

Here is a crocheted mitten which may be made in an evening. Made of white wool and the flowers embroidered with scraps of colorful wool. Just the thing for high school or college girl. Pattern No. 1256 contains complete instructions. To order pattern: Write or send above picture with your name and address with 15 cents in coin or stamps to Needlework Bureau, Charlottetown Guardian, Design No. 1256. NAME: \_\_\_\_\_ STREET ADDRESS: \_\_\_\_\_ CITY: \_\_\_\_\_ PROVINCE: \_\_\_\_\_

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## Dorothy Dix Says—

### PARTIES TO SHATTERED WAR ROMANCE FACE BIG QUESTION

#### Should They Tell Mates Of New Love Or Wait Until War Over And Conditions Normal?

For nearly half a century this column has been the Walling Wall to which the lovers have come to ween over their heart troubles. Adolescent boys and girls, suffering from their first acute attack of love. Senile, rich old men having a momentary flash of sanity in which they wonder if girls young enough to be their granddaughters are marrying them for themselves alone. Fat old widows debating whether to invest their husbands' insurance money in a boy husband or not.

Wives who have lost their taste for their husbands, and husbands who have found the other Woman. Multitudes of men and women who are miserable because they ARE married, and other multitudes of men and women who are miserable because they are NOT married, have dumped their perplexities in my lap and sobbed out on my shoulder the story that is as old as humanity and as new as the first kiss, but to which no one has ever found out an answer.

### WAR BRINGS DOMESTIC TRAGEDIES

But, common as are blighted affections, fickle being old maids, and because they have taken this war to bring about a sentimental situation that is producing almost as many tragedies as the war itself. And perhaps bitter ones, for it is not so hard to lose one we love by death as it is by faithlessness. And the irony of it all is that they became romantically interested. They are just the result of Nature working out to its inexorable ends.

The foundation for the unhappiness that is wrecking so many young lives lies in the war hysteria which has flooded the country and swept all but the strongest and best balanced off of their feet. Everyone has been keyed up to the highest emotional pitch. No one sees straight any more.

Boys who have never thought of Kate and Susie as anything but the girls they went to school with since their kindergarten days and play around with as they did with their sisters, suddenly imagine they entertain a deathless passion for them. Girls see the heroes of their dreams in every commonplace lad in uniform. And so they rush into marriage with those whom they would never have thought of choosing as mates in normal times.

### BASIS OF RECENT WAR WEDDINGS

Thousands of youngsters have married just because everybody else is doing it. Thousands of girls have married because they were afraid of being old maids, and because they felt left out of things when all the other girls have husbands and they have none. Thousands of other girls have married to have swanky war weddings, with bridal cakes that they could cut with a sword. Thousands of other girls married because they thought it was romantic to have a husband at the Front whom they could talk about. And tens of thousands of boys married because they were homesick at leaving everyone they knew, and wanted to feel that they had someone who belonged to them who would be watching and waiting for them to come home.

And so they got engaged, or they were married, and the boys went off to the war. And for a little while the engaged girl and the bride have been content to sit at home of evenings with Mama and Papa and knit sweaters and write letters to the absent ones. But after a bit this begins to pall on girls who are used to having dates, and they begin stepping out and going places.

They intend no disloyalty to their fiancés and husbands, but in thousands of cases the inevitable has happened. Absence and separation has wiped out the last vestige of feeling they had for the boys to whom they became betrothed or married, and they fall desperately in love with men to whom they can give the kind of love that lasts.

### SOLDIERS JUDGE BY NEW STANDARDS

And thousands of boys have had this same experience. They have grown up in the army. They are men now who have seen the world and the different types of women who are in it, and it makes them tired even to think of the girls back home, and spend their lives paying for a mistake in love. Worse still, sometimes they have found the girls who could be their real mates.

Now neither the girls back home or the boys at the Front want to hurt those who trust them. They don't deliberately fall in love with someone else. It just happened. And what troubles them is what to do about the situation. Shall they go on and marry those for whom they have lost their affection and spend their lives paying for a mistake in their youth? Or shall they honestly and frankly confess that their unrequited hearts have found new shrines at which to worship?

And, if they do shall they tell the bad news at once, or on keeping up a pretense of affection they no longer feel for the duration? Every mail brings me scores of letters telling of some war romance that has failed and asking these questions, and they are written by youngsters who want to do what is right and who do not know that often we have to be cruel to be kind.

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