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

Happenings of The Week

Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret and a party of eight persons, last week attended the New York ballet company's performances of "Romeo and Juliet" and "On Stage" and later went to the hotel Savoy where they made their first appearance together in a public restaurant and danced to the music of a rhumba band.

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The Royal family cracked two longstanding social precedents this week by going to the theatre on Bank Holiday and sitting in the balcony instead of occupying the traditional family box. The King and Queen and the Princesses Elizabeth and Margaret and other members of the Royal household attended the evening performance at the Strand Theatre of "Fifty-Fifty", a popular farce on a labor-capital theme, starring Harry Green, an American comedian. Heretofore it had been the Royal family's custom to spend holiday quietly, foregoing all public functions and appearances.

• • •

Mrs. Bruce Marr who has been spending several weeks with her brother Mr. Harold Messervy and Mrs. Messervy during the critical illness of her aunt Miss Mary Wade left Thursday on return to her home in Elmira, Ont.

• • •

Mrs. (Dr.) Smallwood was hostess at a luncheon party at the Charlottetown Tuesday for visiting friends.

• • •

Mrs. F.A. Stewart Jones entertained at a most enjoyable summer tea at her home North River Road, Thursday afternoon.

• • •

Miss Mary Doyle, Montreal and Miss Cherry McGregor, New Glasgow are the guests of Miss Audrey DeBlois at her summer home, Keppoch.

• • •

Misses Jean and Doris Gill, and Miss Muriel Weeks entertained at the former's home Monday in honor of Major General Ernest G. Weeks and Mrs. Weeks of Ottawa. It was a reunion of intimate friends and a delightful social evening was spent in happy reminiscing.

• • •

Miss Margaret Lawson of Calgary, Alberta who has been visiting her brother Mr Jock Lawson and Mrs. Lawson, left on return Tuesday after being widely entertained.

• • •

Mrs. G. E. Henderson has left on return to Windsor, Ont. and plans stopping en route to visit with her son Homer Henderson and Mrs. Henderson.

• • •

Mr. and Mrs C.M. Williams, accompanied by their daughter Miss Mary have returned from a visit to Mr. Williams sister, Miss Claire Williams, Fredericton, N.B.

• • •

Mr. and Mrs. Russell of Halifax are the welcome guests of their son Mr. A.E. Russell and Mrs. Russell, Prince St.

• • •

Mrs. A. T. Vinnicombe, St. John, arrived to spend a holiday at Dalvey.

• • •

Mr. and Mrs. E.F. Green, South Port, Connecticut, are vacationing at the Charlottetown Hotel. Mrs Green is a sister of Mrs. H. H. Shaw, Upper Prince Street.

• • •

The tea hostesses at the Tennis Courts this afternoon will be Misses Fleur Hillion and Helen Dewar.

• • •

Dr. and Mrs. Lawrence Burpee Ottawa, have left on return after spending several weeks visiting spots of interest on the Island

• • •

Miss Helen Cookson of Plainfield New Jersey, arrived by plane Wednesday night on a visit to her mother Mrs. Cookson and her aunts the Misses Hodgson.

Major and Mrs. E.S. Chandler and their two daughters, Connie and Carol, returned home on Wednesday after spending two weeks in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. Mrs. Chandler's niece, Miss Yvonne Kinley of Middle Musquodoboit, accompanied them home and will be their guest for two weeks.

• • •

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Aucion and interesting children Nancy and Peter, left on return to Halifax after spending a holiday in the city, guests at the Charlottetown Hotel. They were accompanied by Miss Marion Doyle of Halifax who visited with her brother Mr. J.P. Doyle and Mrs. Doyle, 55 Fitzroy.

• • •

Mr. and Mrs Harry Jenkins, N.Y. are visiting in the city, the guests of Mr. Jenkins' mother, Mrs. S.R. Jenkins.

• • •

Mrs. J.D. Stewart, Ottawa is the guest of her son Col. J. David Stewart and Mrs. Stewart.

• • •

Mr. and Mrs. J.M.B. McFadyen, Edmundston, N.B. are spending a two weeks vacation at Stanhope Beach.

• • •

Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Arsenault have as their welcome guest Mrs. Florence Meredith of London, England. Mrs. Meredith also visited her son Commander Ralph Meredith at Dartmouth, N.S.

• • •

Mrs. Esther Lewis, international representative of Beta Sigma Phi, Kansas City, Mo. left Wednesday for Sydney following a delightful weekend in Charlottetown. This was Mrs. Lewis' first visit to the Garden Province and while here she was the guest of different sorority members for delightful drives to the outstanding beaches and the Anne of Green Gables country. On Sunday Mrs. Morton Dew entertained at the tea hour in her honor and Mrs. Lewis left the province with many pleasant memories.

• • •

The illnes of Mrs. Charles McKenzie of Newtown in the P.E.I. Hospital is deeply regretted by her many Charlottetown friends.

• • •

Mrs. T.M. Barton (formerly Helen McEachen) and children Nancy and Colin of North Billerica Mass. are visiting in the city, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J.J. Connolly, North River Road.

• • •

Miss Beryl MacDonald daughter of Mayor S. Earle MacDonald and Mrs. MacDonald has as her house guest her class mate Miss Garnice Dumone of Lunenburg, N.S.

• • •

Many friends of Mr. Harry Brown will be pleased to know that he has returned home after being a patient for three weeks in the Charlottetown Hospital.

• • •

Mrs. James Ings, California entertained with a dinner party Saturday evening in honor of her brother-in-law and bride, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Ings. Mrs. Ings was Miss Anna McCannell of Lorne Valley, Prince Edward Island. Covers were laid for eight including the honorees, Miss Florence Ings, Mr. and Mrs. Forrest Ings and daughter, Susan and host and hostess. The newlyweds plan to make their home in Downey, California.

• • •

Miss Helen Agnew is spending a week's holiday in Cardigan, the guest of her uncle Mr. William Agnew and Mrs. Agnew.

• • •

Miss Nora A. Harper, R.N. has arrived home from Montreal to spend a holiday on the Island with her family and friends. Miss Harper graduated from the Royal Victoria Hospital Training School for Nurses last Spring and has since that time been on the staff of the Royal Victoria Montreal Maternity Hospital.

Household Scrapbook

By Roberta Lee

Baking Bread

When making home-made bread, care should be taken when placing in the oven that the pan does not touch the sides of the oven, or the bread will not bake evenly and will result in unshapely loaves.

Underclothing

Silk underclothing will iron perfectly if it is folded when dry and wrapped in the center of the bundle of sprinkled clothes. It will absorb just enough dampness.

Sink Strainers

Wash the sing strainer after each meal. When neglected it is attractive to mice and roaches and also gives the kitchen an unpleasant odor.

HISTORIC HOUSE OPEN TO PUBLIC

YEOVIL, England, Aug. 7. — (CP) — Montacute House, built by Sir Edward Phelps between 1558 and 1601 and in the hands of his descendants until 1931, has been acquired by the National Trust and is open to the public.

Built of local stone, the house is noted for its panelling and embossed plaster work, and its east front, where Nine Worthies stand in niches. Rooms are being furnished with valuable relics including a James I royal bedstead, early Brussels tapestries and portraits by Romney.

Better English

D. C. Williams

1. What is wrong with this sentence? "Our work is nowhere near done."

2. What is the correct pronunciation of "nucleus"?

3. Which one of these words is misspelled? Irascible, isolation, isenglass.

4. What does the word "inveterate" mean?

5. What is a word beginning with ve that means "pertaining to spring"?

ANSWERS

1. Say, "Our work is not nearly finished." 2. Pronounce nu-kle-us, first syllable as new, e as in me unstressed, accent first syllable. 3. Isinglass. 4. Confirmed in a habit. "He is an inveterate smoker." "He is an inveterate idler." 5. Vernal.

Always Another Spring

By Adelaide Humphries

XXII

Arizona, to Anne, was simply unbelievable. It was such a contradiction of towering snow-capped peaks, massive canyons, quiet blue artificial lakes and canals, lovely fertile valleys, and then the long white roads twisting through the whining sands over the flat hot plains of desert that stretched as far and wide as the eye could see.

It was, as Gil's aunt had said, a land as far removed from civilization as one could find, and yet holding civilization within its gasp. It was, as Anne had hoped, the one place in the world that made her come alive. She could feel that slowly healing process taking place within her, that reawakening. The painful and frightening awareness that David was lost to her forever was diminishing; not only David, but all that on which she had built and planned her life, that something within herself that she had held on to, her faith and pride. Personal equations, love and hate, triumph and sorrow, pride and fear, shriveled into nothingness in a country so magnificent. What would it matter in another thirty million years that a girl named Anne Ashton had been hurt, that she had thought that hurt mattered? She was made humble instead of resentful, peaceful instead of rebellious. If she could not yet be grateful, at least now she accepted what had been and knew it beyond her power to resist or question what was to be.

"You've lost that peaked look," Miss Tracy informed her. "It's this desert air, clear as a trout stream, and the sunshine and the long rides—there's nothing like the outside of a horse for the inside of a man, you know—and the quiet like a prayer at night."

"And Pepita's cooking!" Anne laughed. "Don't forget that."

An old Mexican couple, Pepita and Sabas, and their daughter Neonila, were the only house servants at this time of the year. There were cow hands and herdsmen, a few Indians. The ranch covered forty square miles. There were any number of out buildings, big barns, cattle sheds, barracks and mess halls, and what seemed like a scattered village of small guest cabins for in season there were sometimes from fifty to a hundred guests.

Both Miss Tracy and Anne were still in riding breeches—they had ridden twenty miles that day!—and had decided not to change for dinner. Replete with Pepita's famous cooking, drugged with mountain air, weary with the delightful fatigue of sheer physical exertion, they were as content as two purring kittens. They sat curled up before the six-foot fireplace in which logs had been laid and lighted, as the nights were cool after sundown.

"You can stand a few extra pounds," Miss Tracy said. "I can't see why girls want to keep so scrawny these days. Now when I was a girl, if I do say so myself, I had a figure that would take any man's eye." She gave her knitting a little poke with her needle as if to stab home the certainty of her remark.

"Tell me," Anne asked on an impulse, "were you ever in love, Aunt Bobby?" They had become almost as good "pals" as Giles was with his aunt, and Miss Tracy had insisted that Anne must call her "Aunt Bobby."

"Hmm. . ." Barbara Tracy counted off a row of stitches before she answered. "Was I ever in love? What a question! Certainly I was in love. A half dozen times. I expect to be in love a time or two again before I pass on into a better world, my dear. I'm not a centenarian yet!"

"But I meant really in love—with one man."

"It was so real I thought I'd never get over it," Aunt Bobby said. "Would you believe it? I took to my bed for four months. I went about in a coma for almost another four. Then suddenly I snapped out of it and found I couldn't kill myself off like that, no matter how I tried. People don't die of love—that's so much bunkum, my dear."

"What happened to snap you out of it?" Anne asked.

"What happened? Why, I fell in love again, of course!"

"But I don't want to do that. I don't want to love anyone ever again, leave myself open to be hurt, humiliated. . . ."

"Bunkum!" Miss Tracy sniffed. "You were made to love and be loved, my dear. The best thing you can do is fall in love again as quickly as you can."

"With one of the handsome cowboys around here?" Anne asked, her grey eyes twinkling.

"Some of them are handsome." Miss Tracy's eyes twinkled, too. "In their chaps and boots, plaid shirts and kerchiefs, big sombreros. You might practice on one. But I'd suggest for permanency, someone else if I may, my dear."

"I suppose you mean Giles?" Anne said.

"You could do worse," his aunt said complacently. Her needles flew back and forth with amazing rapidly, catching the firelight, flicking it away. "I had a letter from Giles today," she added after a short silence. "Posted from New York. Asking if he might come out and pay us a little visit—with your permission, my dear."

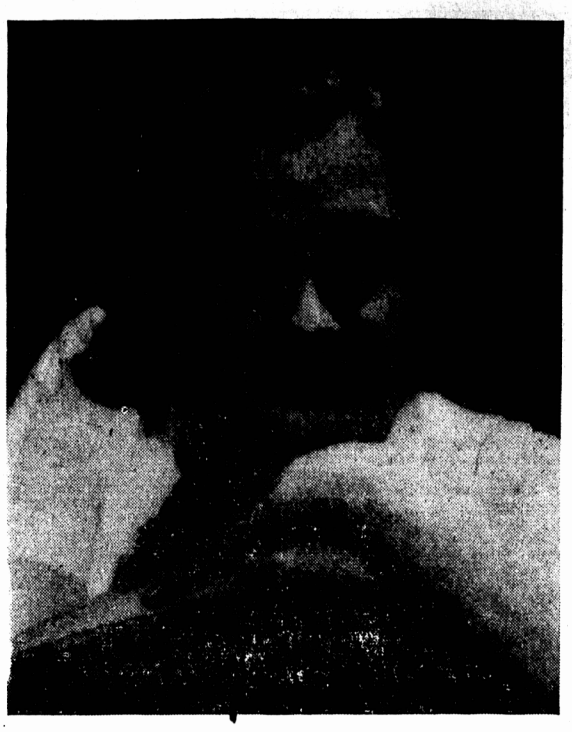
"My permission. . . New York!" Anne supposed it was surprise that brought the warm glow within her breast. "I . . I didn't know he could get back so soon."

"He's been gone six weeks," Miss Tracy commented dryly. "I'm glad you take the same attitude I do. That it wasn't necessary for Giles to ask permission of anyone. Especially since this happens to be his ranch. He's always been crazy about the wide open spaces, so his father deeded it to him when he was twenty-one. I sent him a wire, Giles, I mean. He'll probably be here tomorrow."

"Tomorrow!" Anne's voice sounded rather faint, even to her own ears.

(To be continued)

Revisiting Home In S'Side After Busy Operatic Season



Gladys Bell Owen, operatic soprano, whose home is in Summerside. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Bell and she is about to visit them for a rest and vacation after an active New York season during which she was stage director of the Gelling Opera Group production at the Brabazon-Plaza Theatre.

Gladys Bell Owen will return to New York early in September to supervise a new series of operatic production at the Brabazon-Plaza. Moulding of several opera excerpts into a single performance is musically, artistically and in point of stagecraft a very difficult task. The Prince Edward Island artist's success has been highly praised by New York critics.

Living & Leisure

—THE WOMAN'S REALM—

A CONFESSION

I love old and changeless things
That through the ages olden,
Have mellowed in the heart of man
More lovely and more golden.

Meaning such things as rare old bells
And chimes of other days,
That still call men to worship
And spell out hymns of praise.

Meaning such things as evergreens
That point up to the sky,
Oh hush! stand close and listen
To their soothing lullaby.

Meaning such things as oceans old,
Now grey and flecked with white,
Now blue beneath a summer sky
Or dark neath spangled night.

Meaning such things as heady winds
That pull and clutch and shrill,
Tugging at doors and windows
And calling where they will

Meaning such things as friendships rare
Lasting from youth straight on.
Eyes that are blue and smile at you,
Or hazel eyes or brown.

Meaning such things as love and home,
Parents and children dear,
And all our cherished family
That love us now and here.

—Edith Hallett.

Silk gut used for fishing tackle is obtained from the silk glands of an insect closely related to the silkworm.

Cook's Corner

Corn Syrup Spice Cake

1¾ cup sifted cake flour
2 teaspoons double acting baking powder
¾ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon cinnamon
¼ teaspoon cloves
½ teaspoon nutmeg
½ cup milk
¾ cup dark corn syrup
1½ teaspoon vanilla
1/3 cup vegetable shortening
1½ teaspoon grated lemon rind
2 tablespoons brown sugar
1 egg, unbeaten.

Sift flour once, measure and sift with baking powder, salt and spices. Combine syrup, milk and vanilla. Have shortening at room temperature; add lemon rind and mix or stir just to soften. Sift in dry ingredients. Add brown sugar, forcing through sieve to remove lumps if necessary. Add ¼ cup of liquid to the egg.

Mix until all flour is dampened then beat 1 minute. Add remaining liquid, blend and beat about 2 minutes longer. Bake in 8 x 8 x 2 inch pan which has been greased and lined on bottom with waxed paper and greased again. Bake in moderate oven (350 deg. F.) about 40 minutes. Serve plain or with your favorite topping.

Bread Pudding

2 cups milk, scalded
1 cup soft bread crumbs
2 tablespoons butter
¼ teaspoon salt
1 or 2 eggs or 3 yolks
¼ cup sugar, brown or white or honey
½ teaspoon vanilla

Grease a baking dish. You will need a 350 deg. F. oven. Scald milk. Prepare bread crumbs or cubes and pour melted butter over them, tossing them to bring them into contact with the fat. Put in baking dish. Beat eggs or egg yolks with sugar or honey and vanilla, add hot milk slowly, blending as added.

Pour over bread mixture in baking dish, set in another pan of water and bake in a moderate oven until firm, about 1 hour. Raisins, currants, nut meats or all three may be added to the pudding, if you like.

RESIN KEPT INSECTS

Copal, a form of resin, is used for varnish making, but to the entomologist it has a different use, in that insects of past ages frequently have been found imbedded in the product in a perfect state in preservation.

CHECKERBOARD STYLE INSPIRATION

NEW YORK—Eta, noted designer of "proportionate sizes," plans her vivid collection around a series of delightful checkerboard figures—both daytime and formal clothes inspired by world-famous chess collections. From the quaint little ivory, jade, and jewelled gaming pieces, which have given significance to the game of chess for hundreds of years, Eta, with the skill and finesse of a great player, borrows a silhouette here, a line of drapery there, and spins them through a series of deft moves into a collection of enchanting clothes. Continuing to mirror the romance of chess, she groups her line in "moves".

Hints on Etiquette

If you invite a girl to go to a dance, you must furnish the transportation, whether you have your own jaloppy or share the ride with friends. When you get to the dance, arrange where to meet your partner after she has checked her wraps, so you will not get separated in the crowd.

MEDIEVAL MOTIF IN ELABORATE SLEEVES

NEW YORK— In many collections there is a medieval motif, evidenced by elaborate sleeves with attached capelets or huge umbrella puffs above the elbow, all heavily embroidered in gold and jewels. The high jeweled chocker neckline and the doublet jacket also are motifs suggesting the days when knighthood was in flower.

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Ellen's Diary

By an Island Farmer's Wife

James must have continued to keep in touch with the vague complaints of the wind about the house, even after we retired last night. For it seemed as though I had scarcely left off admiring the play of moonlight through the stirring leaves of the silver birch, when all at once dawn had arrived and James remarked brightly: "It's all overcast, Ellen— and loads to be taken off the wagons at Rob's!" It was early then, so early that the cream-truck had not come to the mill to pick up our can, which is among the first of the load. "But never you mind rising Ellen" James said, slipping a suspender into place "I can get a bite for myself this morning." This lovely suggestion led me then to describe in detail, the exact places where he would find food for the meal— about dining-room, cellar and pantry.

• • •

Dear James, I blessed him in my mind, and then turned away from the light of the window the better to seek repose. "El-len!" he called presently, in a muffled voice from the distant dining-room "is this all the bread there is?" "No!" I called lustily "there's another loaf in the cellar." Funny how sounds are determined to rise, while words are supposed to fall. "Where?" James came to the foot of the stairs to ask. "In the cellar" I repeated. There would, as a matter of course, be a trail of crumbs here and there that even I could read. And then remembering other probable mishaps, I called: "Be sure to shut the cellar door James!" And turned once more to resume my rest. It was an ideal state this. Perhaps now that I had the time, I might consider—in this semi-wakeful state which invariably courts the sub-conscious— the plot of a book or short story. I would name my heroine. . . But James was not to be dismissed so easily. "Ellen!" he called "where did you say I'd find the milk and cream?" I left off my personal interests, for the sake of Alderlea and shouted directions.

• • •

Then a perfect silence reigned and sleep was again flirting with me when I heard: "Ellen, when you have finishing the milking, don't bother letting the cows out— we won't likely be away long". And then the car rolled down the driveway. I overheard James tell a visitor this evening in a proud tone "Yes, I was up early this morning. I got my own breakfast. You know" he went on "I never remember having to get my own meals before Ellen came. I had to this morning so as to get off early to Rob's!" Which might serve to point out to any bride, that contrary to her expectations that time will eventually erase certain begone delights from the mind of friend husband, never will the memory of those halcyon days of mother's care pass away. I have a feeling that when this James of mine, finally reaches the state he sometimes describes as "near to the end of my tether" and is old and toothless and white-headed, he will still be able to pipe up in a quavery voice to tell me, "Ellen" he will say as he did reminiscently this evening "I can't mind one time when my mother was living that I had to get up and get my own breakfast" and to emphasize the utterance "No! I do not! Oh me! Oh my!"

• • •

As it happened, however, we neither did the milking nor otherwise disturbed the cows and after all, it was only a snack that James had prepared for himself. When two loads were tucked away in the hay-loft at Rob's and a dampness and grey clouds hung about, the men returned to Alderlea in time for James to join me at breakfast. After supper it was, when a drying wind tossed the pond waters into wavelets and the afternoon sun shone brilliantly to make an ideal combination for the haying, they were off again to Rob's. This work was completed here this week, with the usual mows and lofts filled to the top and a snug stack "in the bank" up by the line fence. The yield exceeded James' expectations in this season of a "fair to middlin'" crop. If it was my lot, for the most part to stay at the buildings I could visualize the delights of riding down along the road through the stumpfield, skirting the maple grove, seated high on a fragrant load of hay. We drove the horse in the hay-fork on occasions and gathered cherries one day with Jeanie and Karolyn, in the garden in the precious period known as "between loads". James himself finds it difficult to reconcile any minor interest with the seasonal work at hand. One evening the younger ladies and Jamie, much excited, spread the supper on a table of new boards in the shade of the old birch and we enjoyed the meal amid pleasant and summery surroundings. A fat grey clucker who had stuck to her guns too long furnished the piece de resistance, she being truly a bird o' pairts. Pard and Mutt got "the crumbs". And July went far and ever away on a beautiful moonlit night and August slipped in to fill her place—and a flock of blackbirds congregated in the orchard and held a session that can only have one sad meaning.

• • •

And now borne to me softly in the arms of the peaceful night, comes presently the Day so welcome to those "who labor and are heavy-laden" with "the strain of toil—the fret of care"—His day—and ours—The Sabbath.

Until Monday . . . Diary. Good-night. . .

"FROM SOUP TO NUTS" NEW HAT MOTTO

TORONTO — Everything from "soup to nuts" has been predicted for milady's millinery menu this fall and not only will ostrich plumes sway along city streets at the cocktail hour, but the business girl will even wear them downtown to the office.

Feathers of all kinds will deck the more expensive hats and all colors will prevail from sophisticated black to lush pink, said an official of Toronto Fashion Industry. "There will be a wide variety of the more shocking shades and many of the popular spring colors will be selling along with those which usually appear in the fall."

GENEROUS INVENTER

Benjamin Franklin made no money from his inventions. He believed they should be contributed to the public, and refused patents

DOROTHY DIX SAYS—

Good Husband Material

Picking Spouse Often Backfires Sorry Woman Finds Out

A GROUP OF GIRLS ask me by what signs and tokens they can tell whether a man is good husband material or not. Well, daughters, picking out a husband is always a chancy undertaking that may backfire on you, for most men suffer a sea change after marriage and no wife knows until she has tried living with a husband whether she has gotten a household angel or a domestic devil.

Still and all, there are certain precautions that a girl does well to bear in mind when she goes husband-hunting. For instance, she should concentrate on trying to find out what sort of disposition he has, for that is what she has to live with, day in and day out. It isn't enough for a man's manners and morals to be above reproach. Many a pillar of the church is a lousy husband. So don't marry any man until you find out whether he is going to be easy to get along with and make marriage a picnic instead of a purgatory.

ONE WHO LAUGHS

Then pay more attention to a man's funny-bone than you do to his having a Grecian nose. Domestic life is full of ups and downs and what you want is a husband who can laugh off the little misadventures of marriage instead of raising rows over them. Also take note before marriage of a man's appetite. If he is a dyspeptic, if he is a food faddist, if he is strong for diets and plain living, go slow about the wedding bells. Stomach ulcers have wrecked more marriages than sirens ever have.

Don't marry Mama's darling unless you are hunting for trouble. You never will have a whole husband. The most you will get is a small part of his interest and affection. Mother will have all the rest and the most you ever can hope to be will be a humble slave trying to pinch-hit for Mama and never succeeding in giving satisfaction.

Don't marry a callow boy. The boy who marries in his teens is just as likely to lose his taste for his wife as he did for gooey ice cream sodas. Pick out an adult man for a husband who knows what he wants in a wife and sticks to his bargain.

Don't marry a man to reform him. Marry one who doesn't need reforming. No woman ever has been surgeon enough to put a stiff backbone into a spineless man or to galvanize a lazy one into being a go-getter.

Don't marry for money, but don't marry any man who hasn't proved that he can support a family. All the love talk about living on bread and cheese and kisses is hooey and the young couples who try it soon delete the kissing part of the menu.

Don't marry a man whose tastes and habits don't jibe with yours. Whether married couples coo like turtledoves or fight like cats and dogs depends altogether on whether they like to do the same things or not. For whether we think a thing is right or wrong depends upon whether it is our dish.

A possessive man who thinks everything he has is superior, just because it is his, and who brags about his car and his dog and his gun is a good bet as a husband because his wife will fall into the same category and he will boast of her perfections.

Generally speaking, you won't go far wrong when you choose a jolly, good-natured, able-bodied man for a husband and, above all, a hungry man who likes to eat and who makes it worth-while for a wife to get up a good dinner. For, as a rule, such men are amiable, good providers and easy to housebreak.

So there you are, girls. In marriage there is no sure thing. You go into it at your own risk.

Morning Smile

DIAGNOSED

Dr. Knowall: "You must not stay out late at night, Mr. Smith."

Mr. Smith: "Is the night air bad for me, doctor?"

Doctor: "No, it isn't that. It's the excitement after getting home that hurts you."

SOME SPEED

When they met at lunch time Jim had some news for Jack.

"Heard about Percy?" he said.

"No, what's happened to him?"

"He got engaged at the dance on Saturday, and they're getting married almost at once."

"Oh, are the banns up yet?"

"I'll say they are. No more smoking, drinking or betting."

How Can I!!

By Anne Ashley

Q. With what should the lips of the invalid be moistened?

A. A bit of absorbent cotton dipped in a solution of half glycerine and half lemon juice is one of the best things for moistening the fever-parched lips of a patient.

Q. How can I make creole potatoes?

A. Add minced green pepper, a little corn, and a few lima beans, with strips of pimento, to boiled potato cubes. Then cream in the double boiler.

Q. How can I revive cut flowers?

A. They can often be revived by plunging the stems into boiling water.

CARD ODDITIES

There are 52 cards in a full deck of playing cards, the number of weeks in a year, and the sum of all the cards in the four suits plus one for the joker, is 365, the number of days in a year.

Modern Etiquette

By Roberta Lee

Q. When sending a birthday or greeting card of some kind to a person who is employed in the same office, should the card be mailed or merely placed on this other person's desk?

A. It is preferable to mail the card to the person's home.

Q. Who should show the first sign of recognition when a boy and a girl meet on the street?

A. The girl should make the first move to speak.

Q. May one ever be inquisitive?

A. No; no matter how many charms a person may possess, an inquisitive manner will overshadow them all.

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