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

HAPPENINGS OF THE ..WEEK..

As they grow older, the scope of public activity engaging the attention of Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret increases. The public meets them coming from museums and art galleries guided by their grandmother, Queen Mary, or sees their pictures in the rotogravure section attending fetes or entertainments. But in the confines of Windsor Great Park where the Royal Family spend a good deal of time they are just the healthy, pony-riding daughters of an English squire. In fact, it is not unusual for visitors to the park to see King George in cap and leggings holding a lead attached to Margaret's mount while Elizabeth competently rides unguided at his side. Elizabeth fell from her bicycle in the grounds of Buckingham Palace a couple of months ago and skinned a shin but when it comes to riding a pony she shows neat style. Her curiosity shows no sign of slackening as she grows older. The other day a motor works band which had won seven English championships gave a command performance at Windsor. When the King was complimenting the conductor, Elizabeth, who had been fascinated by only one man in the band, asked what was "the funny thing" he was playing. She studiously tried to repeat the word euphonium after the conductor and then asked if she could play it. The horn was produced by her temporary hero and she gave a lusty blow with little effect. So the euphonium player demonstrated nervously and Elizabeth gave him an appreciative smile which he is still telling his neighbors about. Both Princesses are looking forward to a big special matinee performance by 300 children at the London Hippodrome June 23. Elizabeth feels quite grown up about it all because she's president of the Princess Elizabeth of York Hospital for Children—her first appointment—in aid of which the performance is being held. Marguerite Vacant's child actors and actresses, their ages ranging from two years upwards, are taking part and the programme will include ballet, modern dancing, tableaux and playlets. Among the young stage artists will be the Hon. Julian Brougham, six-year-old son of Lord Brougham and Vaux; two daughters of Countess Raczynka, and two children of Lord and Lady O'Neill.

* * * *

The death of Mrs. W. D. Herridge, known intimately to many in this Province, is deeply regretted. Sincere sympathy is extended to her husband, winsome young son and to her brother Rt. Hon. R. B. Bennett with whom she visited this Province some years ago.

* * * *

The Lieut.-Governor, Hon. G. D. DeBlois, attended by Lt. Col. G. Elliott Full, A.D.C., and Mrs. DeBlois, welcomed to historic Government House on Wednesday afternoon the ladies attending the United W. M. S. conference from different points in the Maritime Provinces. It was a delightful social gathering, the visitors enjoying the lavish hospitality and beauty of Government House as they chatted with friends and listened to the sweet strains of Mr. Harry Gomes and his orchestra. In the diningroom Mrs. Hugh Miller and Mrs. H. D. Raymond presided over the tea cups and Mrs. G. Douglas Steele cut the ices, the guests being ushered by Mrs. G. Elliott Full and Mrs. George J. Tweedy. Assisting in serving were Mrs. L. D. Murray, Mrs. N. H. DeBlois, Mrs. W. E. Champion, Mrs. E. W. McKinnon, Mrs. L. T. Lowther, Mrs. J. R. Paton, Mrs. W. E. Cotton, Mrs. N. W. Lowther, Mrs. P. D. Williams, Mrs. H. R. Large, Mrs. F. I. Andrew, Miss Wakeford.

* * * *

Charlottetown had quite an influx of visitors this week prominent ladies from different parts of the Maritime Provinces coming here to attend the Maritime United Church W. M. S. conference. They have returned home with pleasant memories of interesting and instructive meetings and of generous hospitality. Other Provincial visitors this week came to attend the 8th annual session of the L.O.B.A. and the 77th session of the Grand Orange Lodge of P.E.I. and two happy days were spent renewing friendships and furthering the work of their societies.

* * * *

Hon. A. E. MacLean, M.P., was receiving the congratulations of friends Saturday on the occasion of his 70th birthday.

* * * *

Latest treasures of Princess Elizabeth and Margaret Rose are two big rabbits in the summer house of Buckingham Palace grounds, regularly tended and fed by their royal mistresses.

* * * *

Mrs. L. E. Shatford entertained at a very delightful coffee party at the Canadian National Hotel on Thursday morning.

* * * *

The engagement was announced this week of Miss Eleanor Grew, of Halifax, to Dr. Thomas B. Acker of Halifax. The marriage is to take place the latter part of May in Ottawa.

* * * *

Following the graduation exercises of the P.E.I. Hospital nurses on Monday evening in St. Pauls Parish Hall, the nurses were guests of honor at a jolly reception at the Nurses Home were they were the centre of happiest congratulations. The eleven young ladies were Misses Annie Lillian Weir, Norma Jean Ayers, Helen Margaret McEachern and Mary Winifred McNutt of Charlottetown; Hazel Pearl Wood, Rollo Bay West; Alma Gertrude Newson, North River; Jean Katherine McPhee, Heatherdale; Mary Janet Herring, Murray River; Nina Gladys Aitken, Fortune Bridge; Evelyn Blanche McRae, Wheatley River and Sadie Elizabeth MacDonald, Kinross.

* * * *

Miss Margaret Horne was hostess at a pretty two table bridge for her friends on Tuesday evening.

* * * *

Mrs. F. Chauvin of Montreal was cordially welcomed over the week-end the guest of her parents, the Chief Justice and Mrs. Mathieson.

* * * *

By the way, the other day I heard a charming story about the Duchess of Kent, says a writer in an English magazine. She was being fitted with a lovely evening frock for a State ball, when she noticed in the looking-glass that the door was open and several bright eyes were gazing in longingly. "Let all the work-girls come in if they wish," said the Duchess, "I'd like them to see my dress"; and the delighted girls crowded in.

* * * *

Mrs. J. A. S. Bayer is leaving this morning on a week's visit to Halifax.

* * * *

Mrs. Jos. McNeill, of Boston, is in Georgetown, stopping at The Highlands.

* * * *

Mr. Andrew McKenzie of Pictou spent the week-end with his son, Rev. Andrew E. MacKenzie and Mrs. MacKenzie, Upper Prince Street.

* * * *

Prior to leaving on return to New York Mrs. A. H. Mould entertained at the Canadian National Hotel at a luncheon bridge in honor of Miss Elsie Nicholson.

* * * *

Mrs. Bruce Davison entertained on Tuesday evening at the Mawley House to a supper bridge of four tables.

* * * *

Dull yellow was worn by Queen Elizabeth when she was inspecting fabrics at Lord Derby's town house in connection with the British-fabric-for-Ascot movement. She had a dress and straight matching coat of lightweight woollen in this color, which is new for her. She carried a blue fox scarf and wore a two-strand pearl necklace and pearl drop earrings. To complete her costume, she wore a brown felt shovel brim hat, brown suede gloves and pumps. Queen Mary, who accompanied her, was all in powder blue, including a fox collar. The Duchess of Kent was likewise there in an ensemble by Molyneux with double silver fox scarf, shallow black saucer-brim straw with white spotted veil, and all black accessories, including very sheer black stockings.

GRADUATES

MISS JOAN I. McNEILL,

granddaughter of Mrs. Andrew McNair of this city, who is one of the life officers of the graduating class this year of Acadia University. She is Class Vice-President and a great favorite with her friends.

Dorothy Dix's Letter Box

Don't be a "Tedious" Mate; That Drives More Husbands and Wives Apart Than Any Other One Cause; Each Must do His Part in Helping Entertain Other

Dear Dorothy Dix—I have recently become engaged to a very nice young man and we have good times when we go out together, but on the evenings when we stay at home I am bored stiff. I don't know how he feels about it because he refuses to say anything on the subject, but he certainly can't be enjoying himself just sitting there not saying a word or going to sleep in his chair. I read much. He reads little. But he won't discuss anything that either he or I have read. We have similar interests in sports. Belong to the same church. Have mutual friends. Like to go to the movies. But what about those l-o-n-g evenings after marriage when we have nothing to say to each other?

A. L. S.

Answer:

Once upon a time I knew an old lady who was as Victorian as the late dear Queen herself. She was one of the kind of women whom you just felt instinctively would suffer and be strong and endure any sort of cruelty from her husband without making even a protest.

But to my great amazement I found that she had divorced her first husband. For years I racked my brain trying to imagine what a man could have done to her that would drive her to the divorce court, and there was no inkling or villainy that I didn't picture him as committing. Finally I met a woman who had known her in her younger days and I said: "For goodness sake, tell me what Mrs. X's first husband did that caused her to divorce him." "Oh," she responded, "there was nothing the matter with Tom except that he was tedious."

And I don't know that there really is any better grounds for divorce than just being tedious. As a matter of fact, boredom is at the bottom of most divorces. It is when a man gets so fed up on listening to the babble of a dull woman that he thinks he will scream if she tells him one more time about the price of butchers' meat or what some other woman as stupid as herself said to her over the back fence, that he puts on his hat and starts out to hunt up some more entertaining lady.

And it is when a woman gets so weary of looking at a stuffed shirt behind a newspaper of an evening, or listening to a man's snore on the couch, or when the most exciting conversation she ever gets out of him is "uh huh," that she gets peevish and fretful and wonders what made her do it and why she ever thought she loved him.

Marriage is for a long, long time, and it seems longer if you have to spend it yawning in your mate's face. So in picking out a husband or a wife I think that the prime necessity is to get an entertaining and amusing companion. You can't always be gadding, especially after the children come. Nor do you always want to be stepping out. The happy home is not a place you have to get away from to have a good time. It is a spot where you stay put, where you rest your feet as well as your soul, and where you find your keenest pleasure in the society of the husband or wife with whom you never talk out.

Stevenson rated being a good gossip as one of the most desirable qualities a wife could possess. That holds good for husbands, too. No husband is more livable as well as lovable than the one who brings home at night his little budget of news, who recounts the interesting and amusing things he has seen during the day and tells his wife the good stories he has heard, while she chips in with her little two cents' worth of chatter.

But to marry a man who passes into the silence as soon as he is fed of an evening, who has no small talk, who can't even keep the conversational ball rolling, from all such "deliver me" should be every maiden's prayer. For being bored to death is such a particularly painful process.

Dear Miss Dix—Will you please tell the men who are jealous of their wives loving their children better than they do them that the love that a woman gives her children and that which she gives her husband are entirely different and do not conflict. If men could only realize that it would save them a lot of needless heartache.

G. A. E.

Answer:

It isn't the quality of the love that women give their children that their husbands object to. It is the quantity.

It is their wives giving all of their time and attention and interest and petting to their children and leaving the husband outside in the cold that the latter resent. Before the first baby arrived the husband had been the center of his wife's universe. He was the one to whom she catered. He was the one for whom she dressed, whom she sought to amuse and please. He was the one on whom she lavished her affection. But when Junior's advent all of that was changed. Everything was for the baby, and she who had been ALL wife became ALL mother. She no longer had any time for her husband. She didn't even see him any longer as a man. He merely became the baby's father, and his purpose in life was to provide the youngster with real lace for his caps while he was in his perambulator and sport cars when he got old enough to break the speed laws.

Of course, a woman doesn't love her children in the same way she loves her husband but how she does it is of small matter to the man whose wife neglects him for the children, who works him to death for the children and who gives all of her tenderness to the children. And a lot of women do it.

Dear Miss Dix—I am a young man of 25. Am married and out of work, but my wife, who is a trained nurse, has been very fortunate in having a steady job. At first I looked for a job but after a while I got tired of it and just gave it up. Lately when I think of a job I just see a blank. I am afraid I am getting lazy. My wife is going to have to quit work before long and then I will have to snap out of this spell. Is there anything you could say to a weak little fellow like me?

E. M.

Answer:

Yes, there is plenty I could say. I could tell you that I think a chap is a pretty poor sort who sits down and lets his wife support him, without even trying to get something to do. Evidently you are the one of the kind of job hunters who pray that they won't find what they pretend to be looking for. And their prayer is answered.

Nobody is going to hire a slack, lackadaisical fellow who gives up and drifts on at the first discouraging word. Try putting a little punch and look as if you meant it into your job-hunting, and see if you don't get some results.

DOROTHY DIX.

BOOKS / ART / MUSIC

(By F. R. H.)

Some time ago in this column "Seven Gothic Tales" by Isak Dinesen was mentioned very enthusiastically.

At that time it was not known of what nationality Isak Dinesen was, or, whether man or woman. But the book aroused such widespread interest that the author was forced to declare herself as Karen Dinesen, Baroness Blixen of Denmark, she herself writing of her anonymity, to her publishers, —"I meant it as a sort of joke, or mask, but when a mask is taken as an attempt to deceive, it changes its character even to oneself."

Her second book, "Out of Africa" appeared recently and was one of the February choices of the Book-of-the-Month Club.

No two books could probably be less alike than the involved, extravagant and fascinating "Gothic Tales" and this restrained yet moving account of ten years of the author's life on an African farm. Yet after reading the latter, one can understand somewhat, how and why the former was written.

Isak Dinesen's thoughts and descriptions are note quite like anything one has ever read before, and her personality, as glimpsed in "Out of Africa", is equally unique and as compelling. She must be a marvellous story-teller — perhaps in her Scheherasade herself is reincarnated.

The variety of her knowledge is amazing and the following paragraphs will serve to reveal to some extent her great sensitivity of expression and discernment.

In describing the position of her farm which lay at a very high altitude thus creating a landscape that had not its like in all the world, Isak Dinesen writes: "It was Africa distilled up through six thousand feet, like the strong and refined essence of a continent ... the wind in the highlands blows steadily from the North—North-East. It is the same wind that, down at the coasts of Africa and Arabia, they name the Monsoon, the East Wind, which was King Solomon's favourite horse. Up here it is felt as just the resistance of the air, as the Earth throws herself forward into space."

The Somali natives she describes as "wiry people hardened in deserts and on the sea. Heavy weights of life, strenuous pressure, high waves, and long ages, must have gone to turn their women into such hard, shining amber."

And of one of her shooting expeditions — "Camping places fix themselves in your mind as if you had spent long periods of your life in them. You will remember a curve of your waggon track in the grass of the plain, like the features of a friend ... Out on the Safaris, I had seen a herd of Buffalo, one hundred and twenty-nine of them, come out of the morning mist under a copper sky, one by one, as if the dark and massive, iron-like animals with the mighty horizontally swung horns were not approaching, but were being created before my eyes and sent out as they were finished..."

As an exhibition of the work of Canadian Painters in Water Colour has been showing at the Harris Memorial Gallery this week, it may be interesting to read the comments of Graham McInnes, Canadian art critic, on some of these artists and on one of these exhibitions:—

"The annual showings of the Canadian Society of Painters in Water Colour are proof that to band together on the basis of one medium is at least as fruitful as banding together on the basis of common ideology. Controversy means progress; but it also means cliques and cabals. True devotion to a medium means that experiment is continually encouraged, both technically and aesthetically. It has also ensured that painters will be on the whole, more interested in how they paint things than in what they paint.

"Interest in the North or in contemporary life are both meaningless unless they are used as a 'pied a' terre' for excursions into the realm of form. As John Lyman wrote recently in the 'Montrealer'; 'the talk of the Canadian scene has gone sour. The real Canadian scene is in the consciousness of Canadian painters, whatever the object of their thought.'

"To particularize in a showing of this kind is not as important as to recognize that the general spirit even if it lacks some of last year's vitality, is that of a healthy pursuit of painterly ends. Nevertheless, there is a sufficient number of outstanding works to warrant examination. Lismer is a romanticist who objectifies his feelings in brilliant, pearly colors; Jack Humphrey works through spare design to distil a mood; Henri Masson and Louis Muhlstock give us rich texture and flowing rhythm; Fritz Brandtner explodes onto the paper in the full flood of his exuberant expressionism; in the work of Mrs. Haworth we have sincerity and feeling expressed through turbulence, in that of Caven Atkins they filter through an apparent calm. But whatever the subject, whatever the method, whatever the approach of these painters, they are all searching for sensitive self-expression through form. That is the important thing. The emphasis has shifted from matter to manner, and from group manner to individual manner."

In the recent music competition sponsored by the Canadian Performing Right Society the major award, a scholarship at the Toronto Conservatory of Music—value $750, went to Eldon Rathburn, aged twenty-one, of Saint John, N.B.

Three additional cash prizes went to Leonard Basham of Vancouver, aged twenty, Louis Applebaum, nineteen, and Francean Campbell, seventeen, both of Toronto. There were some entrants below scholarship age, and one of these, Clermont Pepin of St. George West, P.Q. revealed such promise that he was given a special prize.

Entrants were requested to submit two original compositions one of which must be a song. Over eighty compositions were received. Sir Ernest MacMillan was one of the judges.

The Housewife And Her Activities

MEADOW PATH

I know a little winding path,
A little wandering wayward path
Beside a silver river;
Where weeping willows bend and sway,
The glancing shadows dance and play
And slender grasses quiver.

Two children knew this hidden way,
And told their secrets there one day
Each in a mood confiding:
So now remains a treasure store
Of precious things forever more
In memory abiding.

—Gwen Castle.

CANDLE ENDS

The small scraps of candles may be put together in a little cotton bag and used to prevent the iron from sticking or soiling the clothes.

IN YOUR GARDEN

In your anxiety for a garden do not plant all early flowers, leaving no room for late summer and fall blooms. You will be so glad to have the cosmos, dahlias, and chrysanthemums later on so leave space for these in the planning of your garden.

BROILED LAMB CHOPS ARE GOOD EATING

If lamb chops are broiled in a gas oven, they should be placed on a rack about two or three inches below the flame, turned moderately high, and allowed to sear, then reduce the flame and finish broiling. The chops may be turned occasionally, but care should be taken not to pierce the seared crust, lest some of the meat juice be lost.

THICK-SOLED SHOES FOR ADDED HEIGHT

Fashionable eighteenth century Europeans had their footgear made with elevated soles to protect their delicate slippers from the puddles and dust of the unpaved roadways. A famous Parisian shoe designer recently revived the style in France by creating slippers with five-eighths inch soles and smart shops here immediately imported the idea. Draped slippers for evening with thick brilliant soles, patent tattle-toe pumps in black or blue for town wear, or a cross-strap, open-toe, open-heel in brown or black suede with patent soles give ultra smartness to the spring costume, and adds inches of height to your stature.

How Can I ? ?

(By ANNE ASHLEY)

Q. How can I keep lacquered copper in good condition?

A. Rub it occasionally with a cloth wet in kerosene.

Q. How can I loosen a screw or nail that has become rusted in wood?

A. Apply a little hot paraffin to the nail or screw; let the paraffin soak in for a short time and the nail or screw will easily yield.

Q. How can I make the task of removing egg stains from dishes?

A. Place the dishes in cold water immediately after they are removed from the table and allow them to stand for awhile. All the egg will be loosened and the task will be no trouble.

THE COOK'S CORNER

CHICKEN CLUB SANDWICH

Method: First layer has two slices raw tomato, lettuce and one slice boiled or baked ham. Second layer has lettuce, sliced cold cooked chicken (preferably white meat), and one slice crisp bacon. Garnish with Russian dressing, olives and gherkins.

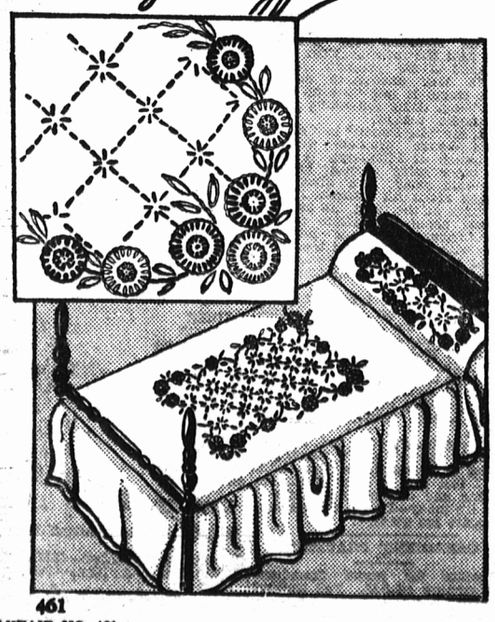
CONSTIPATION

By arousing the torpid, sluggish liver to healthful action, you eliminate the cause of constipation and chronic indigestion. You can depend on this time-proven treatment,

DR. CHASE'S

Kidney-Liver Pills

Latticework Embroidered Spread by Mayfair



461

MAYFAIR NO. 461

An all-over design for the centre of a bedspread is always welcomed by women who appreciate dainty accessories for the home. This one is not only an all-over pattern but is also very easy to do. The centres of the flowers may be French knots or small rounds of satin stitch. The two rows of petals may be coarse buttonhole, straight stitches or lazy daisy stitch. The centre circle of petals is worked with thread two shades darker than the outer circles, giving a dainty and decorative effect. The lattice work is pretty worked in gold with the single stitch matching the darkest shade of the flowers. Two shades of green are used for working the leaves.

The pattern includes complete instructions for making and embroidering, a transfer of the design, detail of stitches used.

For complete pattern and instructions for all of these designs, send 20 cents in stamps or coin (coin preferred) to The Charlottetown Guardian Needlework Department.

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Home Service

Etiquette Paves Way to Gay Good Times

Don't Guess at Good Manners

What a kick to take Nathalie on an outing! She's practiced the smooth, gracious ways that put a man at ease until they're second nature to her.

Chattering merrily, she steps to one side to let Dick show his good breeding by opening the car door for her.

When they meet Dorothy and Jack at the country club for lunch, Nathalie doesn't enter the dining-room clinging possessively to Dick's arm. She and Dorothy follow the head waiter, the two men bring up the rear.

And when they wind up the day at the movies, they seat themselves—Jack, Dorothy, Nathalie, Dick—the girls in the centre, the men on each side.

Don't guess at etiquette. Little things—like accepting compliments gracefully, knowing that it's the girl's place to end a telephone conversation, say when it's time to go home—rate you socially. Our 32-page booklet tells how to make a correct, charming impression anywhere. Formal and informal parties. Movies. Restaurants.

Send 20c in coins for your copy of Etiquette For All Occasions to the Guardian Home Service, Address. Be sure to write plainly your Name, Address and the Name of booklet.

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DAUGHTER OF EXILE

By ALEXANDER CAMPBELL

Pelmann smiled at Shane's enthusiasm.

"You are a brave man, Mr. Shane. No doubt the men of Carnach are brave, too. But, remember—the people we are fighting will not use their fists. They will use guns."

"And you have no guns?"

"I have told you I do not believe in force. But this house is strong. It could defy a siege very will if the worst happened."

"And the captain? Should we confide in him?"

"I think you should, father," and Martha. "He will help if he can—and I think he can."

Pelmann paused undecided; and the captain came into the room.

"Professor Pelmann," he said, "there's something wrong here. First Halford is knocked out, and then somebody tries to heave your servant over a cliff, not to speak of that Irish feller snopping around. And what was Halford up to in the library, I'd like to know?"

He paused. "I'm not trying to poke my nose into your affairs. But I've a notion you're in trouble, and if I can do anything to help you and Miss Martha here, you only need to say the word."

"Thank you, Captain Macpherson," said Pelmann gravely. "Mr. Shane has been urging me to seek your assistance. I don't want to involve others in my troubles. But you shall hear what we are up against. Then, if you're still of a mind to join us, I shall be glad of your help."

He sat down, and the captain, bewildered, sat down too.

In slow, measured phrases, Pelmann repeated what he had told Shane.

When he had finished the captain passed a hand over his chin.

"I can't say I hold with this revolution business," he declared roundly.

"Naturally," Pelmann smiled sadly. "You live in Britain. My unhappy country is not like Britain."

"Nor do I understand all the politics. Politics have never been my line. But apparently this fellow Wolff, if he is really after you, is a scoundrel. I don't like scoundrels, especially foreign ones —if you'll forgive the insular prejudice. You can count on me."

"Good man!" cried Shane.

"There will be risks," said Pelmann quietly.

"I'm used to them," replied the captain grimly.

"Then that's settled," said Shane. "If the captain is to join forces with us, I suggest that he leaves The Lighthouse for the time being and comes to stay here." He rose. "And I will have to leave at once, if I'm to meet Schumann at Tarbert Harris to-day."

"You can drive the car?" asked Pelmann..

"Yes."

Pelmann hesitated. "I do not like asking you to do this. There may be danger——"

"Nonsense!" said Shane spiritedly. "If there is danger, it is here, in the House of the Birds. In a sense, I'm running away. But somebody has to go, and I'll be back as soon as I can."

Martha had slipped quietly away. Now she returned, wearing a coat and hat.

"I'm going with you," she said to Shane.

"You can't!" said Shane sharply. He saw her small chin tilt, and hurried on. "I mean, it will be a tiring journey, and I'll be in a hurry. Better stay here until I get back."

Pelmann said quietly: "You yourself said there was more danger here. I think I would be happier if Martha went with you."

Shane hesitated and was lost. "Very well," he said.

Martha turned to her father. "You will be careful?" she said anxiously.

"Don't worry, Miss Martha," said Captain Macpherson heartily. "We'll repel all boarders. If the worst comes to the worst, I can call in the lads from the village."

But Shane watching him, felt a twinge of uneasiness. There was no doubting the captain's honesty. But Shane felt that he was rather sceptical about this whole business of foreign spies and far-off revolutions. Would he take sufficient care?

There was not time to say much more. They must be off at once.

Pelmann and the captain accompanied them to the car. Shane took his place at the wheel. He glanced around him.

On the cliffs, the sea birds screamed and sailed in the blue sky. The silent moor stretched inland, ridge after ridge and trench after trench, black and grey and green. The road wound like a dusty white ribbon, its rise and fall marked by the bare telegraph poles.

It was a scene to which he had grown accustomed, had even grown fond of, regarding it as his temporary home. He and Martha were to return to it under very diffrent circumstances.

To Be Continued

Household Scrapbook

(By ROBERTA LEE)

Prevent Moths

If whole cloves are sprinkled in the folds and pockets of the garments which you are storing, the moths will be kept away.

Ink on Mahogany

Ink stains on mahogany furniture can be removed by putting a few drops of spirits of nitre into a teaspoonful of water and touching the spot with a feather dipped in the fluid.

Custard Pie

Custard pie should be first started to bake in a hot oven to set the crust. Then the heat of the oven should be quickly reduced so that custard may cook slowly.

Modern Etiquette

(By ROBERTA LEE)

Q. Is it necessary to favor a considerate servant with a kind word of appreciation, in addition to a tip?

A. It is not necessary, but it is very nice to do so.

Q. Is it absolutely required that a pall bearer wear a black suit?

A. No; any dark business suit is appropriate.

Q. Should invitations for any formal affair be written in the third person?

A. Yes.

A Morning Smile

SURPRISED

Policeman (about to reprimand fair motorist): "Now miss, I've had my eye on you for a long time."

Lady Driver: "How perfectly thrilling for you, and I thought you came over to me about some beastly driving offence."

FASHION GUIDES FOR THE HOME DRESSMAKER

A Casual Town Or Country Coat

You'll find all sorts of uses for this smart young casual coat for town, as well as for country life, country week-ends and the beach. It has such becoming softness in camel's hair in natural or in any of the new lovely colors. Another definitely popular scheme is slimming chalk stripes in rayon and wool on navy, black, grey or luggage. Tweedy woolens, pastel flannel, wool hopsacking, etc., are other favorites you'll like.

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