

Woman's Realm Social and Personal Fashions Literature

Living & Leisure - The Woman's Realm

EARLY RISING

(By John Godfrey Saxe) "God bless the man who first invented sleep!" Sancho Panza said, and so say I. Bless him also, that he didn't keep his great discovery to himself; nor try to make it—as the lucky fellow might—a close monopoly by patent-right!

MAKING THE MOST OF CELERY

What about new ways of varying the use of celery—especially if you just think of it as something to live up to the dry cheese you are eating right to the rind. You eat raw salads with both hot and cold dishes. Probably you don't forget they're good with roasts and grills as well. Use the heart chopped up on a bed of watercress and green beetroot and carrot in a ring round it—color's important in food you know! Dice the larger stalks and cook closely covered in sticed water, till tender. Use the liquor for a thick white sauce. The unusable outside pieces can be scrubbed and put in the stock-pot or soup saucepan.

ECONOMY TIPS

Clean celluloid with metal polish and a soft rag. Allow a tablespoon borax to a gallon of water when washing cork linoleum.

The brush of my fireside set had completely worn away, and I could not replace or match it, says a reader. The idea occurred to me to buy a round blacklead brush. I removed the short wooden handle of this brush set, which was secured by a screw from the underside of the brush into the rod of the handle. I gave it a coat of black varnish, and now the brush is looking as good as new and is once more in daily use.

WHAT MEALS SHOULD PROVIDE IN VITAMINS AND CALORIES

National security depends largely on national health. That is why the new yardstick of nutrition, announced recently by the U.S. Committee on Foods and Nutrition of the National Research Council, with Dr. Russell M. Wilder of the Mayo Clinic as chairman, is news. This new standard is the first authoritative measure of what a good diet should provide in vitamins and calories.

Diet Standards

Dr. Louise Stanley, chief of the Bureau of Home Economics in Washington, and member of the

FEMALE PAIN

Women who suffer painful, irregular periods with nervous, mood spells due to functional causes should find Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound very effective relief. Thousands of women have reported remarkable benefits. Made in Canada. WORTH TRYING! Any drugstore.

DAINTY CROCHETED MEDALLION



This handsome crocheted cloth, done in a mosaic design, adds special elegance wherever it is used. Grand for buffet cloths, luncheon doilies, dresser scarfs, chair backs, etc. Pattern No. 916 contains list of materials needed, illustrations of stitches and complete instructions. To order pattern: Write or send above picture with 15 cents in coin or stamps to Needlework Bureau, Charlottetown Guardian.

The Golden Sands Riddle

By Alexander Campbell

He walked briskly towards the hotel. Mr. Xosa had not gone many steps when he heard a stifled cry behind him. He swung round lightly on the balls of his feet and covered ground at the speed of a hare. Terry was lying in the shadow of the low wall. As Xosa drew alongside he reached up a hand and pulled the Bantu down alongside him. "He'll see you!" he hissed. "Who is it?" asked Xosa stupidly. "Can't you guess? I caught a glimpse of him before I heard it whine by my head. He threw something. A knife, I think."

Count salt pork, fatback and bacon as fat, not as meat. Use butter or vitamin-rich fat every day. Count spaghetti, macaroni, noodles, grits and white rice along with white bread and cereals—not as vegetables. Count 1 pint of undiluted evaporated milk (a little more than 1 tall can), or 1-4 lb. of dry milk, or 1-2 lb. of cheese as having about the same food value as 1 quart of milk.

CLASSIFY FOODS

The man who kills a woman and the committee suicide invariably begin at the wrong end. Worrying can spoil your sleep. Be firm with yourself about worrying unnecessarily, don't make the night your time for settling problems of the day, be good to yourself, avoid remorse. Forgive your enemies and forgive yourself, so you can relax and not waste valuable time and nervous energy worrying about what is over and done with. The past is gone—forget it. "Live harmoniously," not fretting about the future, but one day at a time. This is the way to set the stage for serenity.

Worrying Can Spoil Your Sleep

On his way to work, he stopped and turned against the wind to light his pipe. He walked on, and soon, somewhat to his surprise, found he was home again. "My!" he exclaimed, knocking out his pipe, "that was a quick shift!"

A Morning Smile

"You gave 100 for that rug?" said Mr. Browne. "Yes dear," replied his wife. "Now, look here, Mary, I'm going to put my foot down on this awful extravagance!" "I don't mind, George, so long as you wipe your feet first!"

CHAPTER XXII WHO IS THE KNIFE-THROWER?

"This suite," said Sir John Cairn grimly, "seems to have become a sort of police consulting-room in the last few days. And he rose to greet Inspector Quayle. They were all gathered there again. Sir John himself, Terry, Lay, Peter, who had dined with them, and Francis Gould. The gloomy secretary had overcome his original suspicions of Peter; or he preferred to earlier in the evening had grunted out something unintelligible which might have been an apology, and his manner was a shade less unattractive. "Good evening," he said briskly. "Mr. Parry, you telephoned me?" Terry nodded. Briefly he recounted his meeting with Xosa, their talk together, and the dramatic incident that had followed their parting.

"The knife missed me by a hair's breadth," he said. "He handed the weapon to Quayle. Quayle took the knife with a frown. They got the impression that this development had come as a surprise to him. "Same type as the weapon used before," he commented. "Did you see who threw it?" "Yes," he answered for a fraction of a second. Then he shook his head. "Quayle had noticed the hesitation. "As you noticed," he insisted. "It was very dark, you know." They paused. "I did get a sort of fleeting impression," but I'm not sure. "Feeling him in the pressions, and giving you ideas about someone who is innocent." Quayle shot him a keen glance, but it proved to be nothing. "Where's Xosa?" demanded the policeman. "Good evening, inspector," said Xosa meekly. "Employing once again his knack of making a disconcertingly silent and sudden appearance the Bantu was standing in the doorway, holding his black stick in one hand, his hat in the other, and making his curious little bow." "Find anything?" asked Quayle sharply. Xosa shook his head. "No tracks," he murmured. "H'm!" Quayle paced the room. "But why," he murmured to himself, "should he attack Mr. Parry, of all people?" Xosa glanced at Terry. "Perhaps Mr. Parry make investigation on his own, discover something," he murmured. "I hardly imagine that Mr. Parry fancies himself as a detective." Terry looked amused. "Thus are we judged," he murmured. "You see, sonny, I always believe in fighting the enemy with his own weapons," said the uncle. "Really?" gasped Tommy. "How long does it take you to sting a wasp?"

Dorothy Dix Says—

COMMON SENSE SHOULD BE USED IN SELECTING MATE

However, The Heart Rules More Often Than The Head, Despite The Fact That One Realizes Selection Is Bad

Whether to use one's head or one's heart in picking out a husband or wife is a problem that concerns only the romantic-minded nations, such as the English and the Americans. The more sophisticated and hard-boiled peoples have long since decided that matrimony was a business proposition in which one needed to keep one's eyes skinned in order not to be gypped in the trade, and that suitability, social position, domestic and financial qualifications were more to be considered than sentiment. For say these realists, lovers' thrills are short-lived, but a property settlement lasts. And in proof of their theory that the head is a better guide than the heart in selecting a mate, they point to the indisputable fact that divorce is very rare among them, while it is practically epidemic among the heart-throbs. Undoubtedly this view of matrimony as a working partnership has its points but it makes small appeal to those of us who belong to a more emotional race, which still believes in Santa Claus and expects to find a Fairy Prince or Princess waiting for us at every turn of the road. The Gallup Poll is still 99 per cent for marrying for love, no matter how soon one gets over it, and the general sentiment is that marriage should be based on thrills and not on common sense.

Now this is a pretty and poetic theory, good for high school debates. One could wish that no youth and maiden ever had to come to grips with it in reality and choose between their fortunes and their fancies, but that every man had the makings in him of a good husband and every girl that each would have a fat pocketbook besides.

The Problem Is Intriguing

Unfortunately, however, such is not the case. Often we have to choose between a good thing and our preference. Sometimes the prize matrimonial package does not come up in a shape that attracts us, whereas as the one that we know will be a bomb that will blow us to kingdom come is so intriguing we cannot resist it. So whether to be guided by reason, or to fall for temptation, becomes a problem whose decision rests the whole happiness of our future lives.

This tragic question of whether to marry the man who sets her pulses thrilling or the one who will be a good provider is one that confronts many girls, and a young woman who is halting between safety and a plunge off of the deep end asks me what she shall do.

She says that a young man wants to marry her who is, to all intents and purposes, an answer to a maiden's prayer: for a good husband. He is a gentleman. He is intelligent and well educated. He is well off and can give her a safe and comfortable home. He is kindly and considerate and generous and puts her pleasure and happiness before his own.

The only trouble is she doesn't want him. She likes him, appreciates his good points, but she doesn't crave him. He doesn't cause a single palpitation in her breast, and if she never saw him again it wouldn't matter.

Advice Is Seldom Heeded

But there is a man whom it would be practical suicide for her to marry. He is a loafer who has never even supported himself. He has no stability of character and no set purpose in life. He drinks and philanders. He has a temper so violent that it amounts to insanity, and in his outbursts of rage he says cruel and insulting things to her. Yet she is attracted to him. She is drawn to him by the spell that she can't resist draws her to him.

It is easy enough to say to this girl "Don't be a fool. Use your head a little. Marry the safe and sane man and live comfortably the remainder of your life. The first two years of marriage wear out the chignons of marriage, no matter whom you marry, and then there is a lot of consolation in being able to have a charge account at the best stores.

But if the girl look your advice and married for her head instead of her heart, would she be happy? Not once in a thousand times. The chances are she would spend her life groining over her lost lover, snubbing her good husband, and believing that she sold her soul for a mess of pottage.

On the other hand, if she let her heart guide her and married a good-for-nothing fascinator, she would know nothing but misery, because often love doesn't stand the disillusion of having a drunken man out of the house and having to work to support him, and she would wish a million times that she had married the man whom she could have respected and who would have given her security.

The moral of all of which, girls, is: Don't marry until you find the man whom both your head and your heart O. K.

DOROTHY DIX.

months. He'd had no telephonic conversations with Johnesburg — I checked that. Therefore he must have got his information here, in Marathon. He couldn't have known before he left Johnesburg, or here—knew then. The lucky strike, in fact, had not yet been made at that time." "Very well, from what source in Marathon did Monte get his information?" "The thing of course, was fantastic; but it was true. So I returned to my first question: how did Monte himself get the information? "That Mr. Xosa," narrowed down immediately to a small circle—the small circle surrounding you, Sir John. You knew about Golden Deeps." "Unknown to the rest, I approached you, Sir John and asked if you had told any of your hotel acquaintances. You said you hadn't, or cause then went into whether Monte or perhaps Mr. Crosby could have got the information by tampering with your typewriter. "The thing of course, was fantastic; but it was true. 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