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

Timely stitches save the britches of this London nursery-schooler— with the first-aid being administered by a 14-year-old Cadet Nurse. Never have children's clothes been so patched, mended and remodeled as they now are in England.

Living & Leisure
The Woman's Realm

THE NIGHT

The night will never stay,
The night will still go by
Though with a million stars
You pin it to the sky
Though you bind it with the blowing wind,
And buckle it with the moon,
The night will slip away
Like sorrow or a tune.
—Eleanor Fargeon.

Lima beans, seasoned with chopped bacon, make a delicious filling for scooped-out tomatoes or parboiled green peppers. Bake in a moderate oven, 350 degrees, for about 15 minutes.

KEEP BUTTONS IN BOTTLE, KNOW WHAT YOU HAVE

Buttons to sew on shirts, on dresses, on blouses, on the kiddies' rompers — sometimes it almost seems that there are gremlins on the job to see that buttons come off as soon as possible. Well, next time that wash is ironed and ready to put away, try these little tricks on the buttons. Keep them in a wide-mouthed glass jar. Then you can easily see what you have. When sewing a button on, place a match under it and sew around it. The button will be looser and will stay on longer. When sewing on buttons with a double thread, make a knot in both ends instead of knotting them together. This prevents the thread from snarling.

COAL SCARCE ACQUATIC REKLESSNESS OUT

"Cleanliness is next to godliness," so the old saying goes — and cleanliness means soap and water. No rules have been set down so far to specify what quantities of either item are required to preserve a continuous state of hygienic perfection. In the matter of bodily cleanliness, however, His Majesty the King has a word to say. Five inches of water in the bottom of the bath tub is the limit for any member of the Royal Household, the Royal Command points out.

Canadians are inclined to acquantic recklessness. Except in times of draught in certain areas of the Dominion, there has seldom been any reason for conserving this commodity.

There is a reason now. Hot water requires the use of coal. Next winter, unless rigid conservation, methods are adopted, there won't be enough coal available to supply all Canada's essential needs.

The thoughtful use of hot water will cut down coal consumption. Hot water taps turned off properly and leaks attended to promptly will help. Hands can be washed in a little water in the basin instead of under running water. The same applies to dishes. The amount in the washing machine should be watched. For a big wash keep to the high-water mark on the machine, to exceed it will strain your equipment anyway. For a small wash use only the quantity necessary.

RESTORATIVE

To clean a badly burned aluminum pan, fill it with cold water, add an onion asd simmer gently. Allow it to cool. The burnt matter will rise to the top. —Modern Woman.

It takes a bushel of greens (32 pounds), to can five to seven quarts.

POPULAR PILLBOX HAT

DESIGN NO. 1024

This crocheted pillbox hat may be made in a jiffy. It is worn without trimming or if preferred, a feather tassel, etc., make quick change abouts. Pattern No. 1024 contains list of materials needed, and 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.

Charlottetown Guardian,
Needlework Department.

Design No. 1024

NAME ——————————————

STREET ADDRESS ——————————————

CITY —————————— PROVINCE ——————————

Karin Ellis

(By Michael Jackson)
Author of Popular Stories in National Magazines

CHAPTER XVI

The Fairview Country Club, an hour out of the city, was among the best of the new clubs open to anyone who had the money. The clubhouse was large and white, colonial in design, and there were pillars along the spacious porch where the women sat in the afternoon shade playing auction, bridge and mah-jongg. The veranda looked over the first tee and the eighteenth green, and Emily enjoyed sitting there afternoons.

She did not belong to any group in the club, although everyone was friendly. But she was not really of them, and she knew it. She did not mind. She liked the new weekend life as she found it.

Because she did not feel that she could take a vacation, she left the office on Friday nights. She would get an early train, have a short swim at dusk, and then have dinner in the clubroom. She would sleep late on Saturday and Sunday, then go for a long walk and return about noon for breakfast.

There was a dance—called "the brawl" by all members—every Saturday night, and lying in bed, Emily could hear the music.

Except for locker room conviviality, there was little drinking during the week, but there was hard drinking Saturday nights. And then on Sunday morning all but the old and the very young were quiet and subdued, and often shamefaced.

There was Jimmy Longren, a bond salesman, who was nicknamed "B.A." for "Blanket Apology". He appeared every Sunday early in the afternoon and always said. "I don't know what I did last night but I deeply regret it. Am I forgiven?" It got so that people never said hello to "B.A." They nodded and said solemnly. "Forgiven." It was the club joke.

Emily was thinking of all that went on behind these clean, smiling faces about her, that Saturday afternoon as she sat on the veranda watching the sun set behind the foursome that was finishing on the eighteenth green.

Two of the foursome went on beyond the swimming pool to the locker room. The other two, much younger, came on to the porch. They were B. A. Longren and Billy Halloran, men in their early thirties, both wearing linen knickers and Argyle socks. They smiled at Emily.

"Howzit, Karin?" B.A. asked. "How's the old do-nothing, see-nothing, hear-nothing department?"

"Pretty good," Emily replied. "How'd the game go?"

"Lou-zay. Billy, here, and I got roped into playing with mike and Ike, the gloomy gus boys."

"Did you have a good game, Billy?" Emily asked.

"Al right, I blew higher than a kite on the sixteenth. I always do. Let's all have a coke. You'll have one with us, won't you, Karin?"

"Love one," Emily agreed.

"No", B.A. said, "let's have a Tom Collins. I have the makings in the locker."

B. A. walked down the veranda, greeting people as he went. Billy slumped into the chair beside Emily. He picked her novel from the floor, locked idly at it and dropped it again. "Want to borrow it?" Emily offered.

"Me? I haven't cracked a book since the Browns won the pennant." He smiled at Emily. "You're a funny one", he said. "It's funny, your belonging to the club. You never play golf and you don't play tennis. If you just want to read, I could think of a lot better places where there wouldn't be so much noise and kids tripping over you and everything."

"I like it," Emily said. "I like the walks and then it's very restful after working in the city all week."

"What do you do?"

"Cosmetics."

"Oh! Are you that Karin Ellis? I never knew that." He was impressed. "Say, think of that!"

"Why, do you us our products?"

"Sure. How'd you suppose I got my rosy cheeks?" He smiled mincingly. "But Margie—she's my wife—she uses some kind of lotion of yours. Swears by it."

"That's nice."

"Sure", Billy agreed. He dismissed the subject. Stretched back in the chair, he beat his cleated shoes against the veranda rail and began to whistle. He was very tall, and rather too thin. His face was boyish, open and pleasant of expression, and it would go on being boyish until it collapsed suddenly with age. He had unruly sandy hair and large untroubled gray eyes. Evidently he had money—for his car, custom built, was the sportiest of those parked in the driveway.

"What do you do in the city?" Emily asked him.

"Plumbing."

"Are you the kind who forgets his tools?"

"No. I haven't any tools. I'm a kind of vice president. I push buttons. My uncle's factory is in Evansville, Indiana. I have an office in town."

B.A. came back. The dusk was fading, and by the time they finished their drinks, a deep darkness had fallen. Beth, B.A.'s wife, a pretty red-haired woman, getting hippish, joined them at bridge. At the completion of the first rubber Billy told Emily, "Pass me the pad and pencil. I'll tally this."

"Never mind," Emily replied. She checked the figures rapidly. "They're down twelve fifty."

Billy let out a laugh. "What are you, a rapid calculator?" He turned to B.A. "Imagine Margie doing a thing like that. Margie can't even make change.

The game broke up after two more rubbers: Emily and Billy the victors. "We killed 'em, partner," Billy said. He took Emily's hand. "Thanks."

Shortly before nine o'clock, the cars began to drive in. Sitting on the balcony, Emily watched the arrivals. After the dance began and the crowd went inside, she was thinking of going to bed when she heard a voice in the hall. "Yoo-hoo, Karin. Where are you? Yoo-hoo."

She left the balancy and hurried across the room to open her door. Bill stood there, two glasses in his hand. He was wearing a dinner jacket with a soft silk shirt. "I've been scouring Westchester for you", he said. I came up to get you for the dance."

"Ch, I can't go to the dance," Emily said. "Look at me!" She was wearing a light blue sweater and plaid tweed skirt.

"No excuses. You go to the dance or I stay here."

Perhaps, Emily thought, it would be better to go downstairs briefly. That seemed the only way to get him out of her room. "All right", she promised. "But I won't be the belle of the ball, I assure you of that."

He sat up and smiled. "Sure you will. We were talking about you and B.A. said you had a room here so I said 'Let's get her' and so here I am and here we go."

Downstairs, they weaved through the crowd to a long table on the edge of the dance floor. "Karin", Billy said, "this is everybody. Everybody, Miss Karin Ellis".

Chairs were pushed and room was made for Emily. "Billy insisted," she said, looking around apologetically. "It's a shame to break into your party."

The men were quick and loud with denials, but Emily felt the wariness of the wives. In a short while though, when the women saw that she had not manipulated this, that she was not flirting with Billy, they accepted her.

Emily remained until two in the morning, dancing to a not very good orchestra of boys who called themselves Kelly's Kollegians and sang novelty numbers through mogaphones.

After the dance, Emily went with the crowd in Billy's car to a roadside diner, where they had hotcakes and coffee and then, at three o'clock, she stood outside her door with Billy. "You sure you're all right?" she asked. "You aren't driving any place, are you?"

"I'm O.K. In the pink."

"Be careful." She opened the door. And when he tried to follow her into the room, she kicked his shin and slammed the door. She could hear him mumbling angrily to himself. She laughed. She'd had a very pleasant evening.

The following Saturday night Billy, at B.A.'s suggestion, called for Karin again. Margie, Billy's wife, was spending the summer in Indianapolis with her parents, and Billy, the odd man, unbalanced the party. It was agreed by all—the women, too—that he should have Karin at the dances. The men liked her and their wives, though loyal to Margie, accepted her as a pleasant and not dangerous addition to the group.

(To Be Continued)

Dorothy Dix Says—

SOME MARRIED MEN FLIRT WITH WAR PLANT GIRLS

How Can Wives Solve The Problem; Many Men Can't Stand The Pace

DEAR MISS DIX—I am a woman of 36 with three children. I love my husband very much. Heretofore he has been a good domestic man. But now they have hired women workers in the factory where he is employed and I am getting uneasy. I trust him more than most men, but I also know he has had mild flirtations. And I hear numerous stories about what happens in defense plants. In one case a father of nine is so completely mixed up with a young girl that for her he has forsaken his wife and children. More than anything in the world I want to hold my husband's love, but how? What can I do to make myself more interesting to him? Should I show how much I love him, act indifferent, or make eyes at some other man? How can we wives deal with this new situation which confronts us and hold our husbands when they are associated with girls younger, better looking, and slimmer than we are? ANXIOUS WIFE.

ANSWER — Uncle Sam certainly started something besides speeding up production when he put women to work in defense plants. He aroused the green-eyed monster in the breasts of thousands of wives who thought they had good housebroken husbands whom they could not lose any more than they could their old dog Fido. I get hundreds of letters like the above from wives who say their middle-aged Darbys have turned into Casanovas, running around after young girls instead of coming home at night, spending money on fancy raiment and jewelry for cuties instead of paying on the bungalow mortgage as they planned. And while wives are willing to give husbands to their country they balk at turning them over to gold-digging sweeties.

Apparently, it is hard to blend patriotism with human nature without making an explosive mixture, for other wives relate that even the share-your-car movement leads to trouble. They found that husbands, instead of going sedately back and forth between their homes and work, have taken to joy-riding with the more ornamental of their passengers.

And all these wives who see the divorce court looming ahead of them want to know how they are to get their husbands back again, safely tied to their apron strings. Perhaps time is the only solution of their problem. Maybe the reason husbands have strayed off the reservation is because it is the first time they have ever worked with women, and the situation is for that reason exciting and intriguing.

Maybe after things have settled down to routine the girls won't look so pretty and fascinating, and that after the men get used to their arts and wiles they won't fall for their glamour, any more than the tricks their wives use when they are trying to break the news that Aunt Sally is coming for a nice long visit, or they want money for a new dress.

But, of course, back of the husbands' suddenly going flirtatious is the big wages they are making. It is the first time they have ever had enough money to indulge in sidestepping, always an expensive amusement. Lack of the price keeps many a man away from temptation. If she can, the best way a wife can reform a husband is to get him to buy war bonds instead of drinks. As to what a wife can do to keep a husband I can give no better advice than this: take it easy, or, at any rate as easy as you can when your husband begins to doll himself up in fancy neckwear and forgets to punch the home time-clock on the dot. Don't nag him. Don't put him through the third degree about where he has been and what he has done. Don't weep, and make home such an unpleasant place that he will hate to leave a girl who jollies him to come back to it.

Don't try to imitate young girls with whom he is running around by dressing up in the silly clothes they wear, and daubing your face with paint and lip stick. Be yourself. What your husband needs right now is a mother instead of another sweetie. And, even unknown to himself, he will be contrasting in his mind your dignity, honesty, genuineness, good sense and judgment against their frivolity and flimsiness. And don't forget that he is as old as you are and he can't keep up the pace set by youngsters. If you will just be patient there are ninety-nine chances out of a hundred he will come back to you, a repentant and chastened man.

"DEAR DOROTHY DIX—I am a young girl engaged to a sailor in the Merchant Marine. His home town is in Missouri. He left after a three months courtship and we promised to be true to each other. Since then he has called me several times from California, always says how much he loves me, and that when he can get a furlough and come back we will be married. Everyone, including my father, tells me that he will never return because he isn't from my state. I know he is somewhere in the Pacific, but I haven't heard from him in two months. Neither has his family. Shall I listen to what my folk say and give him the air, or shall I be true to him? Would you start a trousseau, hoping he will come back I love him very much. What would you do? PEARL."

ANSWER—Well, Pearl, if I loved him, I would be true to him and wait, at least a while longer. Because you have had no letter in two months is no indication that he hasn't written. Often letters go astray, or are delayed, and people do not hear from their wandering boys for many months. The other day the papers ran an account of a Navy man who had not heard from his wife in nearly a year, then he received fifty-two letters in one delivery. Being from Missouri is no sign that your sweetheart will be fickle. Quite the contrary, for people from that state are traditionally hard to fool and know what they want. So if he asked you to marry him he is pretty sure to have done it in good faith. But don't start your trousseau until the lad returns and the wedding day is in sight. There is nothing so pitiful as a hopeless hopechest.

THE COOK'S CORNER

RHUBARB UPSIDE DOWN CAKE

Two tablespoon melted butter, 1-3 cup sugar, 2 cups cut rhubarb, 1-3 cup raisins.

TOPPING

One and a half cups pastry flour or 1 1-3 cps all-purpose flour, 3 teaspoons baking powder, 1-2 tea spoon salt, 1 egg, 1-2 cup milk, 1-3 cup sugar, 3 tablespoons melted fat.

Wash and dice rhubarb. Cover with boiling water and let stand five minutes; drain. Spread the melted butter over the bottom of a square cake pan, sprinkle over it the sugar, rhubarb and raisins.

Sift flour, baking powder, sugar, and salt. Beat egg, add milk and shortening. Stir into dry ingredients, mixing only enough to combine. Do not beat till smooth. Pour batter over the fruit. Bake in a hot oven, 400F, for 25 minutes. Turn out on a serving dish and serve hot with top milk. Serves six.

A Job Only You Can Do

Price Control Questions And Answers

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 on price control are invited to send them in writing to the Women's Regional Advisory Committee of the Wartime Prices and Trade Board.

Q. In a few days I am going to rent one of my apartments to a new tenant. Must I complete the Wartime Prices and Trade Board from, R. C. 40?

Yes. If you are renting accommodation by a written or a verbal agreement for a month or longer, you must submit a copy of a completed R. C. 40 to your nearest rentals office. You must also give a copy to the tenant.

Q. I understand that canning sugar coupons may be used at any time.. Is this correct?

A. Yes, Canning sugar coupons may be used at any time up until September 30, 1943 regardless of the month stamped on them.

Q. Does the regulation forbidding the slaughter of hogs under the 100 lbs. apply only to licensed slaughterers?

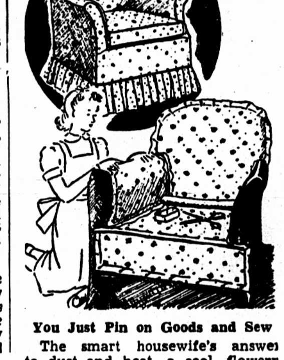
A. No. It applies to everyone, including farmers, who kill hogs and it applies the year round.

Q. Do I need a purchase permit in order to buy an incubator?

A. No, provided it has a capacity of under 150 eggs. Such incubators have been exempted from the rationing of farm equipment.

Home Service

Refreshing Slip Covers Add to a Room



You Just Pin on Goods and Sew

The smart housewife's answer to dust and heat—a cool, flowery slip cover for each chair!

You can make covers easily yourself, professional - looking ones, though you may be just an amateur seamstress. Your only cost is the material and there are such pretty inexpensive kinds—a small-flowered green chintz, for instance.

To start, you remove the cushion and pin fabric to top of chair with large pins. Then you smooth and pin fabric down the inside-back and seat, allowing a 4-inch tuck-in between, and next cut outside pins, leaving 1½ inches for seams.

In the very same way, smooth and pin fabric over back, sides, front and arms (as in our sketch).

Now you're all set to pin pieces together, remove cover from chair, baste, then try on. Does it fit? Good—now sew it together, make placklets and the job is done!

Our 32-page booklet explains and diagrams each step in making smart slip covers the pin-on way for chairs, sofas, also auto seats. Tells how to add flounces, other trimmings. Suggests colors.

Send 15c in coins for your copy of How to Make Slip Covers to the Charlottetown Guracian Home Service, Address. Be sure to write your name, address and the name of booklet.

Name

Street Address

City Province

Today is the 63rd birthday of Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands, who on September 6th will have been on the throne for 45 y[ears] and has more years of reign than any other living monarch.

She is known as a strong personality and magnificent representative of the valiant Dutch people who resist so successfully German R[ule]

CENTRAL ROYALTY W. I.

The regular monthly meeting of the Central Royalty Women's Institute was held at the home of Mrs. Willard Lank on Thursday, Aug. 5th. Nine members and two visitors were present.

The President, Mrs. Stead opened the meeting with the Institute Ode. The minutes of the last meeting were read and approved. The different Committees reported, and new ones were appointed.

Sick, Mrs. Fred Roper, Mrs. Beck and Mrs MacAusland.

Red Cross, Mrs. Wright.

Lunch —Mrs. Fred Roper, Mrs. McKay and Mrs Diamond.

Roll Call—Collection.

Correspondence was read and discussed, a committee was appointed to purchase articles of clothing for our 4 yr. old shower for our District Convention which is being held in Spring Park School on Sept. 3rd. A committee was appointed to meet with representatives from the different Institutes to arrange for the convention. 2 Bed Jackets, 15 comfort bags were completed for the Red Cross. Two new members were welcomed. No report from the annual Convention was given. Owing to the absence of the delegates. The afternoon tea held on Mrs. Willard Lank's lawn on July 15th was a decided success realizing $52.31. The meeting adjourned, lunch was served followed by the National Anthem. The next meeting to be held at home of Mrs. Gordon Warren, Edward Road today

CORNWALL-YORK POINT WOMEN'S INSTIT[UTE]

The August meeting Cornw[all] York Point Women's Institute [was held] with Mrs. Wm. Butler, York Po[int] with 8 members and several vi[sit]ors present. The president, M[rs.] Leslie MacEwen presided and op[en]ed meeting with singing Ode [and] repeating Creed in unison. It [was] decided to hold a dance in N[orth] River School before school ope[ns]. Discussions took place regard[ing] Institute convention to be held [at] Fairview, Sept. 2nd. No deleg[ates] were appointed to attend [but] everyone who could is to att[end]. One dollar was donated by [Mrs.] MacLaren to July dance. Mrs. W[es]ley Bell and Mrs. Mack Vicke[rs] each gave a very interesting [re]port of the F. W. I. C. held in [P. E. I.] C., Charlottetown in July. Rep[orts] of several committees were he[ard]. Collection for evening $'.25. [$] was received for ring fund. copies of Institute Cook Books [or]dered. The next meeting to be [held] at the home of Misses Katie [and] Alice Murchison, North River. [Roll] Call to be answered with sng [or] or pay. Programme Committee, [Mrs.] A. C. MacEachern and Mrs. D[oug]las MacDonald. Meeting cl[osed] with the National Anthem.

Needlecraft For The Home

TIE-BACK COTTON

Fresh as a Breze from the Sea

A list of likeable features reads as follows: front and back yokes for freedom; forward fullness for youthful effect; pretty pockets; tie-back for ease in dressing and undressing; a choice of necklines to suit your type. For a super summer dress, choose plaid gingham or multi-striped seersucker with ric rac matching the leading color, or white.

Style No. 3448 is designed for sizes 12 to 20, 36 to 42. Size 36 requires 2 3-8 yds. 35-in fabric with 5 yds. ric rac. Pattern is hand-cut to United States Standard Measurements and includes chart with step by step instructions.

Send twenty cents for pattern. Write your name, address and style number. Be sure to state size you wish.

Name

Street Address

City Province

A Morning Smile

Caller—May I speak to the lady of the house, please?

Maid —There's no lady of the house any more; she's a lieutenant.

Chief: "Did you get the woman's fingerprints?"

Detective: "Yes, chief. We got them from her husband."

Chief: "How in the world did you do that?"

Detective: "Easy. She'd kept him under her thumb for years."

TILLIE THE TOILER — A SHOW OF SPEED! By W...