

Woman's Realm Social and Personal Fashions Literature

Living & Leisure THE WOMAN'S REALM

KILL-JOY All will stop to hear a jest. Laughter, friendship doubles. But they'll think you are a pest if you tell your troubles. —Edgar Guest.

Chewing is necessary to ensure proper digestion and to get the most out of what we eat, say health authorities. Eating is serene with a minimum of clatter and chatter is also advised.

ACCEPTING WITH GRACE IS PART OF FRIENDSHIP

One of the least appealing things about working women is that so many of them carry over into their personal lives the independent attitude that is a necessary part of their working lives. This is no help in friendships.

To make her point the woman who voiced that complaint told this story: Waiting very much to help a working friend of theirs who had to leave her job to undergo a serious operation, she and her husband persuaded the friend to stay with them during her weeks of convalescence.

They figured they could considerably cut down on the cost of her illness by doing it for her. She accepted their invitation. Determined not to be indebted to them, she bought them several expensive gifts as soon as she was back at work.

Said the friend who tried to help her: "Those gifts just made us feel silly. Why, we didn't help her at all. With the money she spent 'paying us back' for an act of friendship, she could have gone to a nursing home to recuperate from her operation. But like so many working women she has the deep-rooted idea that she must never be indebted to anyone."

It is just as important in any friendship to be able to accept graciously as to give graciously. Working women shouldn't overlook that. Not if they want to have warm and lasting friendships. Independence in the business world is good. In the social world it is better to relax a little.

LOBSTER FISHERMEN CHARGED

NEWCASTLE, N. B., June 20 (CP) — Fifty-three lobster fishermen of Hardwicke Parish were charged today with taking gear to the fishing grounds April 30 before the official opening of the season in that district at 5 a. m. May 1. The cases will be tried at Chatham.

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BETTER ENGLISH D. C. Williams. 1. What is wrong with this sentence? "They divided it among one another."

Modern Etiquette By Roberta Lee. Q. Should a woman always remove her hat in a theater? A. Yes. It is considered bad form to keep the hat on, no matter how small it is—and in the case of some hats it is very inconsiderate of those seated in back of you if the hat is kept on.

GIRLS! WOMEN! TRY THIS IF YOU'RE NERVOUS On 'CERTAIN DAYS' of the Month! Vegetable Compound to relieve such symptoms. This fine medicine is very effective for this purpose!

Ellen's Diary By an Island Farmer's Wife.

Father's Day celebrated over the spot where a length of a root, week end brought, I believe, a measure of happiness to at least one of these at Alderlea. Sunday morning, James found and adjusted his glasses to read an oversized card which I had fancied for him on a recent trip to the city.

Strange it is that one searches out the like to express one's appreciation when even a line scrawled on a scrap of paper can convey quite as precious a message! However, I was in accord with the sentiment it contained, though I'm afraid that part of it was pretty well lost on James. When through the dampness of the early morning he carried it carefully across the lane to show Jean he said in a pleased voice: "You would suspect which part of it I like best? The name signed. Yes, it's many a day since Ellen sent a card to me." There really has been little need of any correspondence between us down the years for any separation has not continued much beyond a week and telephones give quicker service. Men then are unreadable creatures. One cannot know what word or casual deed will strike an agreeable note on the string of the most indifferent heart. Only a woman's name on a card, but doubtless recalling almost forgotten scenes from past years. Not that present days fail to hold an equal charm. On the contrary, at Alderlea our days are much enjoyed. Our only complaint might be that we would wish for more "time on our hands."

Yesterday's Sabbath, however brought us rest from our workday affairs and accordingly more leisure. We found time to listen in to a church service in the morning, of more than ordinary interest to us because the presiding clergyman, whose voice we had not heard in a ministerial capacity for a period of years, is a family connection. Indeed the 'fe' is so strong that as I listened, I could visualize others of his relatives on the broadcast. His parents doubtless; the small brisk lady with the pretty Scottish name seated in the old rocker; he in the "sacred" armchair, his reading put aside for the time—a page marked to be picked up presently. The two inclined perhaps to appear indifferent to an honor bestowed on an elder son and yet well aware and extremely proud of it. As I am of ours when they grow a better than average yield of potatoes, develop a fine team or a fatter beef or are favored with overflowing bins and mows. As James was on Saturday when his Jamie-fellow walking along the intervening farms came hurriedly on an errand to our farthest field where James was at the sowing and stopped in the cultivated field when he came to a spot where a length of a root, which had escaped James' eye, lay on the smoothness. "You should have seen him, Ellen," James told me later and there was pride in his tones "trying to pull that out—and I left the sowing and came to help him." James and I then, listened to this church service, while the dampness of a night-long rain still lingered in the fields, and a coolness was about. But indoors it was cozy—almost drowsily so. I remember now that as "Martyn" flooded the kitchen a pair of dark wild ducks flew above the mill in the valley, winging their flight gracefully down to the river reaches. And every shrub and tree had been "made new" overnight and the old lilac in the border, only a remnant of what once was, but valiant still was bursting into blossoms of virgin white.

One tree, I missed from the surroundings, as seated in the quietness of the old kirk at the corner

LIGHTENING WASH-DAY

At its best, wash day is bad enough; but there are several ways in which a homemaker can make blue Monday just a little brighter. Any mother knows that Junior must go through that exuberant period when he delights in diving into his porridge and scattering it to the four winds; when he dribbles on the table cloth like a senile old gentleman. The proverbial ounce of prevention lies in placing a round of wax paper, cut several inches wider than his plate, at Junior's place. It lies flat and is scarcely noticeable on the table cloth.

One of the most helpful gadgets is a shelf, right next the laundry tubs, where we keep all the spot-removers. As we sort the laundry, it is a simple matter to remove the stains we discover. Thus we don't have to run all over the place looking for the various cleaning aids. A list of these aids just under the shelf is a good idea. Here is a fairly complete list: Grease and oil: Sponge and rub with a clean cloth wrung out of carbon tetrachloride, ether, or naphtha gas. Shoe polish: Carbon tetrachloride. Tar: Moisten with carbon tetrachloride or naphtha gasoline, and scrape off with a dull knife. Then again rub spot, with a cloth wrung out of the same solvent. Candy, fruit, and ice cream: Rub with a cloth wrung out of very hot water or tetra-chloride. Paint: Place damaged part over open vessel; in another pan heat vinegar to boiling point; pour over paint stains.

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CUE Modern Liquid Dentifrice. TASTES GRAND—children love Cue's delicious taste and bright baby-white color. IS SAFE—no abrasives or acid to harm delicate enamel or irritate tender gums. SAVES MONEY—you need only 2-3 drops at a time to clean teeth, sweeten breath.

DOROTHY DIX SAYS—

Lazy Husbands

Woman Advised To Drop Man Who Expects Support From Her

DEAR MISS DIX: One week after our marriage, my husband "re-signed" his position. Since then, he sleeps until 1 P.M., after which he has his lunch and goes to a show or a ball game. He depends on me to supply him with everything, money, clothes and entertainment. I work all day at a trying job and unless I shop after work, carrying home food, cook and serve it, there is nothing to eat. Otherwise he visits all our neighbors and friends asking for something to eat and borrowing money that he knows I have to pay back. I own the house and furniture and would find it most inconvenient to have to move. He has a charming manner toward me, except when he is grumbling about my spending some of my money on myself instead of giving it to him. I am a nervous wreck. How can I put an end to this? A READER.

ANSWER: Easy enough. Refuse to be the family goat any longer. It is your house. Lock him out of it. If he had no place to go and no bed on which to doze the morning hours away while you toil at your job, and if there was no food to eat, he could not live the life of Riley.

WIFE IS CONTRIBUTING

He would be compelled to, at least, support himself. But as long as he has a slave wife, who provides him with the comforts and luxuries of life while he loaf, he can take it easy. You are contributing to his worthlessness and encouraging him in his laziness, and it is up to you right now to decide whether you are going to spend the balance of your life being a nanny goat, or a self-respecting, independent woman.

DEAR MISS DIX: I am a widow of 27, with a little boy of two, and am now back in business life. Except for young John, my life is very drab. I have not been dancing, nor to a party of any kind since my husband's death, and I am beginning to feel the lack of companionship and that I would enjoy an evening of mixed company where some of the participants were under 50 years old. There is no reason, I suppose, why I should not go out occasionally. I am not setting a man-trap, for I can stand on my own feet and support myself and my child, but I feel that a little social life is good for most people, including myself. What do you think? NANCY

ANSWER: I think you are exactly right. Everybody needs human companionship to keep him mentally and spiritually alive. The people who withdraw into their shells after some grief or misfortune invariably get dull, narrow and morbid. Many women who lose their husbands never remarry because they are afraid they will give their children cruel stepfathers. Of course, this can happen, but it need not if the woman selects as her second mate some man of whose character she is assured. At any rate, nothing is worse for a child than to be brought up by a mother who has absorbed her whole life in him, and who almost always spoils him rotten.

DEAR DOROTHY DIX: I am to be married in September and my fiancée's sister is also to get married at the same time. We are worried about one thing. Is it bad luck to have a double wedding and to have two brothers and sisters in one family marry in the same year? CANDY

ANSWER: Don't be silly. There is no such thing as luck in marriage. It is the judgment you showed in picking out your mates that determines whether a marriage is a success or a failure, and whether it is double or single has nothing to do with it. Don't let a senseless superstition worry you.

I wanted the first organ notes of last evening's service. The brightness from the sunset still lingered on the sky, as yet vying for place with the lighted lamps indoors. But twilight was advancing settling above an horizon where a field, gently rolling, disappeared over its edge. Near trees were held motionless, and the farther ones were now dark lines against the meadows. Then it was that I missed the old silver birch from a corner of God's acre. It was one of a row of trees that edged it along the highway. Cemeteries, I fancy are not such lonely places if there are neighboring trees, where winds may croon—and Summer birds carol their given tunes. But this one has been absent as an offering to the ruthless march of time, gone to make way for a widened road or string wires demanded by the ever-quickening pace of these days that are ours. Not that I do not favor making electricity and the best of roads available to farm and village folk. 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