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

Only 1 Cup of Meat IN THIS

Delicious Chicken Puff

1½ cups flour
2 teaspoons Magic Baking Powder
½ teaspoon salt
2 eggs
1 cup milk
1 cup chicken, cut fine
2 teaspoons scraped onion
¼ cup grated raw carrot
2 tablespoons melted butter or chicken fat
1½ cups chicken gravy

Sift together flour, baking powder and salt; add beaten egg yolks and milk. Add chicken, onion, grated carrot and melted fat and mix well. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Bake in greased baking dish in hot oven at 425°F. for about 25 minutes. Serve with hot chicken gravy. 6 servings.

MADE IN CANADA

A JOB ONLY YOU CAN DO

Prince 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 War Time Prices and Trade Board.

Q. When I remember what we paid for food and other things both during and after the last war, I realize how lucky we are today. Perhaps you could tell me how much our cost of living has gone up in the past few years.

A. Since the price ceiling was established on December 2, 1941, the cost of living has risen only about 2 per cent, compared with a rise of 44 per cent during the corresponding three years of the last war.

Q. I understand that shoes must have a number on them to show where they were manufactured. I bought a pair the other day that had no identification number. The shoes aren't wearing very well and I want to know how to make a complaint.

A. While manufacturers were supposed to put their license number on their shoes, this was not always possible due to the length of the number. However, since the first of the year, all shoes are to bear a special short code number allotted to each manufacturer by the Prices Board. In the case of the shoes you refer to, you should send them in to the standards division of the Prices Board, together with the name of the store where they were purchased and the bill.

Women who suffer SIMPLE ANEMIA

If lack of blood-iron makes you pale, weak, "dragged out"—try Lydia Pinkham's TABLETS—one of the best home ways to help build up red blood to get more strength and energy—in such cases. Follow label directions.

Lydia Pinkham's TABLETS

HOW CAN I!!

By Anne Ashley

Q How can I make a cleaner for painted walls?

A. Shave a bar of soap and melt it in six quarts of hot water. Add 4 tablespoonfuls of ammonia. Apply with a paint brush and then rinse with hot water and sponge. Rub dry with a clean cloth.

Q. How can I make tart molds?

A. Tart molds can be made over the backs of muffin tins. Make a syrup of sugar and water, drop fresh gooseberries in it, and cook for a few minutes. Fill the tarts and serve with whipped cream.

Q How can I prevent smashing snaps on clothing when laundering?

A Snaps will not be smashed and ruined if they are snapped together before putting the garment through the wringer.

Dorothy Dix Says—

HOUSEWIFE NEEDS HELP

Husbands Should Assist At Home Where Work Never Ceases

DEAR MISS DIX: I am a young married woman with three small children. My husband feels that because he works eight hours a day doing difficult work in a defense plant that he should do no work about the home. I think that he should help me with the children and with the heavier housework on his day off, inasmuch as I work twelve hours a day, with no day off and no holidays, and am expected to have a sweet disposition. What about it?

MABEL.

NO UNION HOURS

ANSWER: Wife labor is about the only scab labor that is left in civilized countries. There are no union hours for wives, no days off. And holidays and Sundays, which are rest for other workers, only add hours of extra toil for them because they are expected to get up an especially good dinner, rise an hour earlier to beat up a cake, fix a lunch for those who are going picnicking and get the children scrubbed and dressed in their best to go to church.

And there seems no help for the situation as long as families have to be fed and houses kept clean and tidy. But it makes one tremble to think what would happen if wives should go on a sit-down strike.

Of course, theoretically, there should be a fair division of labor in every marriage. If the husband brings home the bacon, the wife should cook it, and it is easy to see how a man accepts this pleasant arrangement and feels that when he comes home tired of nights, after a hard day's work, he is entitled to flop down and rest his feet.

And he forgets that his wife has been on her feet longer than he has, and that she is still on them when he is taking his ease with his pipe and paper. So I think that every husband who cannot provide his wife with servants should lend her a hand with the housework.

For, when it comes down to brass tacks, there is no other labor in the world so exhausting and nerve-racking as taking care of children, as every man knows who has ever tried looking after the baby when his wife was sick.

DEAR DOROTHY DIX: I am a young woman employed by a large concern. My position is such that I must meet many people, both socially and in my job. At the social affairs there is a lot of drinking and as I refuse to imbibe, I have to stand a good bit of ribbing about it when well-meaning people insist that I drink with them.

Now I am not a prude. I have no objection to other people drinking. It is just that I do not want to drink myself. What shall I do? Shall I stick to my principles or drink to be considered sociable?

NEW ENGLAND CONSCIENCE.

ANSWER: Stick to your principles. There is not a one of the people who tease you about being puritanical who does not respect you more for having the courage of your convictions. At cocktail parties many women who do not drink alcoholic beverages, yet who do not wish to be conspicuous, take a drink and just carry the glass around in their hands.

SMALL REFLECTORS

There is no mirror that reflects so much as a child does the mood of the parent with whom it is. If mother is cheerful, so is baby but if mother is upset, how quickly baby senses it and is anything but happy. Perhaps that is how so many mothers learn patience.

ELLEN'S DIARY

By An Island Farmer's Wife

But, a life of leisure, inviting as it may appear began to lose its charm this morning. I looked from the window enviously as James went briskly about his earlier chores. I wished I could have gone into the loveliness of the morning but I'm still paying the price of entertaining a common-cold microbe. Where it came from is still a moot question between James and myself. Judy says: "If only you'd stay in bed Mrs. Ellen!" but that is such a lonesome place when others are at work and so dreadfully uninspiring. Cars and trucks went in and out this Alderlea road of ours today. I saw one hesitate on the brow of the hill—going out, but not for long—Slippery, I supposed. A truck came to the yard to unload feed at the barns and then was away as if in summer.

• • •

Judy went skating this afternoon, on the mill-pond frozen now to as she says: "The grandest rink of ice", with a smooth and shining surface. She skates like a veteran, no new experience for her but her first attempt this season. She was a bit conscious of an audience. I was in the sunshine of the window, fearful, after warning her to keep well away from the waste-gates, the flume and both bridges. I had forbidden so much space. I was afraid she would forget some of my injunctions. "Now, if I could only get someone to come with me" she said when she returned. Who knows? There were several taking stock of her adventuring. Indeed, I over heard James tell someone this evening, on a regretful note, perhaps because of passing years: "Its a long time since I skated."

• • •

This afternoon, having become a bit impatient with my knitting I asked Judy: "What shall I do now??" She said: "Why don't you read something Mrs. Ellen?" I had been reading the papers but they were so full of tragic happenings, I had no heart to continue, and had taken up my knitting instead. Judy likes to read—not a regular bookworm at all but she reads at times and strangely. She can read, walking between wood-box and stove. Even when she lit the covers to replenish the fire, her eyes are still on her reading. "Now why don't you read this?" she asked suggestively handing me a periodical. It was an article by an American Medical Doctor and my eyes like Judy's, were attracted by the catchy title: "Do some people drive you mad?" At once I was interested. "Some people" to me meant no one outside our four walls—merely James and Judy. And from their point of view—Ellen. I've often wondered why certain actions of those I live with invariably makes me "see red." Only minor things but to me most irritating. James tapping the ashes from his pipe on top of the clean stove; Judy turning on those awful mystery-murder yarns. I did want to learn how to overcome my reactions to lessen my "inner conflict." This was a good article and gave cures in detail for such a state. Psychoallergy is its name and there are three ways of overcoming it: (1) Avoidance. (2) Blackout and (3) Compassion. Avoidance simply means escape.

• • •

It might be either bodily or perhaps better still, mentally so to protect my nervous system and preserve my peace of mind. Blackout would be a more difficult method. In this "as soon as you yield to another the democratic right of self-determination you can ignore with ease whatever he does." I'm not over James' for years and years. "The third way to defeat psychoallergy—compassion, is friendly, sympathetic, unselfish understanding." Any or all of the three methods "will develop ingenuity and resourcefulness in your technique" that will finally "reduce the total of hostility and anxiety in this troubled world." It was a splendid article, very workable too. But human nature being what it is, and much as I wish to make this work better, the chances are when I'm at my desk concentrating on some problem, and all at once the kitchen-radio emits a series of blood-curdling screams, I'm afraid I shall forget entirely what I have read!

• • •

It is very still tonight at Alderlea. Judy retired after bread-setting, carefully following her New Year's schedule. Lights are out in the house across the lane and across the countryside. Excepting where beyond the hill some one crosses the bared fields with a lighted lantern—someone homing after a "kayley" with the neighbors. A plane almost directly over the smaller light soars away into the night. It's dark now only star-lit before the rising moon, that already is brightening the sky above the city and vieing with her lights, comes over the edge of the horizon. We listened to a favorite American news-cast then James has gone to make his night-round of the barns. A sheep bleats a greeting to him—plaintive this quiet night. I may as well give Karolyn "a ring". I haven't heard from Jamie all this day.

Until tomorrow — Diary—Goodnight.

CLEAN COFFEE POT

Coffee pots can be kept scrupulously clean as they must be, with thorough washing, drying and airing. Coffee makers are treated according to manufacturers' directions.

Tomorrow is Forever

by Gwen Bristow

"I love you too, Elizabeth," said Spratt. "Don't you know it?"

"Yes, oh yes," She smiled at him happily, pressing the hands that were holding her's, and her spirit felt warm and at ease. She went on, "Mr. Kessler didn't need to make me understand how much we loved each other, I knew that. But what he did make clear to me was how much more we loved each other now than we did when we got married, how much we had built up between us, a few big things and ten thousand little things that we share with each other and not with anybody else. Like tonight when we were having cole-slaw for dinner and you said to me, 'Remember that wonderful cole-slaw we had at that funny little restaurant in San Francisco?' It's such a trifle, but all those trifles—You get it, don't you?"

"Sure, I get it," he returned. "I guess that's marriage, isn't it?"

"That's right." She went on, with a shade of diffidence. "Spratt, do you remember, when you and I first talked about getting married, I told you about that—that golden rapture of being in love with Arthur, and how I never could have it again?"

"I remember," he answered simply in a low voice.

"What I want to tell you now," she said slowly, "is that somehow, while I was talking to Mr. Kessler I understood for the first time how really unimportant that has become. It just doesn't matter, because it doesn't matter. I love you now more than I ever loved Arthur, and I want you to know it. Do you understand?"

To her astonishemt Spratt gave her a low matter-of-fact sort of chuckle "Yes, my dear, I understand it, and it's about time you understood it too. If I remember right, I told you then that I didn't want any rapturous adoration from anybody. I wanted just what we've got. You and me and the youngsters, counting on each other as we do. That's what I want, and if I know you after all these years, it's what you want too."

"It is!" she exclaimed fervently. "You've made me a very happy woman, Spratt—that's what I'm trying to say, and I love you more than I ever loved anybod else in my life. That's all."

"I suppose every girl has a romantic hero when she's very young," Spratt said cooly. "But if she turns into a sensible woman," he added, with a warning rebuke in his voice, "she doesn't go about trying to find him again."

"I deserved that." Elizabeth acknowledged. "But it's over. You don't know how completely over it is."

"I think I do If it weren't you wouldn't be telling me all this, would you?" Spratt smiled at her wisely. "You didn't tell me when you thought you saw Arthur's face on poor Kessler Elizabeth, that still isn't troubling you, is it—I mean Kessler's looking like Arthur."

"Oh no! You're right—if I were still troubled about it I'd never have dared to mention it. It's all gone—it just doesn't matter."

Spratt stood up. He examined a tiny spot on the window curtain' "You could have found out, you know," he said dryly.

"What do you mean? How?"

Still without looking up from the curtain, he said, "Soldiers in the last war were fingerprinted. I believe the prints are still on file in Washington."

"Oh!" Elizabth started. She sprang up too, and went to him, taking his arm so he had to turn around and face her. "But it doesn't matter, Spratt! That's what I've been telling you. I was mistaken, and even if I wasn't—it's not important. Arthur isn't there. Don't you understand?"

Spratt took hold of her elbows and pulled her close to him. "You dear goose, of course I understand. I haven't been married to you for twenty years without knowing you have more imagination than is good for you. If you didn't have a tough practical magnet like me to pull you down from your flights of fancy, heaven knows where you'd have got yourself by now. You've been terrified at Dick's joining the Marines because once before in your life you saw a man go off to a war and not come back."

"Did you know that?' she gasped.

"Of course I knew it. It's about time I said so. Dick knows it too, if I'm not mistaken. You've been going around not mentioning what was on your mind because you were so afraid of it. Why didn't you mention it?—or why didn't I, for that matter, since I'm supposed to be the tough member of this partnership? Well, I'm mentioning it now. Nobody can promise you anything, but there are a few plain facts you might look at. Men aren't dying in this war the way they did in the last one, they have blood-plasma and the sulfa drugs and plenty else, they didn't have in those days. When people like you say they want to face facts why do they always mean they want to face unhappy ones? Why the hell don't they pick out a few pleasant facts to face while they're doing it?"

Elizabeth drew a long breath. She lifted her chin and smiled at him suddenly. "Spratt, you're wonderful. Of course I knew that, but I've been so scared I didn't think of it, why didn't you remind me before?"

"Heaven knows. I'm not the only goose in this family. I suppose I kept hoping that if I didn't say I knew what you were thinking about you'd stop thinking about it, and I didn't want to think about it either. But my dear, what with remembering and being afraid, you've had Arthur on your mind for about six months. No wonder as soon as you got a drink too many you went about seeing him. Now listen, Elizabeth. You and I are both up against too much, right now, concretely, to be worried about any past abstractions. Get it?"

Elizabeth remembered what Kessler had told her She nodded. "I do get it. Maybe you still don't know how well."

"All right, maybe I don't. But we've got a job to do. We've got to make a decent life for ourselves and our children, and we've got to take that poor scared kid of Kessler's and undo Hitler's work on her. We can't start breaking our hearts, for instance, by remembering that's she's just one of millions and we can't do anything about the others. You're the sort who's in danger of that sort of worrying you know—it's a temptation, but it's no use."

"I know it's no use. I can't save the world, though I'd like to. If you catch me forgetting to stick to my own corner of it, remind me."

"Never fear, I will I've seen too many people wasting their energies on cobwebs when they might be doing a job of work." He kissed her hard. "I love you, my dear, and I know you love me better than anybody else. Now go say good night to the children, and tell Cherry if she wants to finish reading The White Rose of Flanders she'll have to get it from the library. The copy she took out of my room belongs to the studio story department."

(To Be Continued)

HOUSEHOLD SCRAPBOOK

By Roberta Lee

Flower Pots

Place a layer of small stones in the bottom of the flower pot, or the flower box, and it will keep the water from running through too fast.

A Salad Suggestion

A thick slice of tomato, with a cream cheese ball and mayonnaise on lettuce makes a delicious salad.

BETTER ENGLISH

By C. D. Williams

1. What is wrong with this sentence? "They argued over the matter for hours."
2. What is the correct pronunciation of "vaudeville"?
3. Which one of these words is misspelled? Conscientious, ceremonious, simultainious.
4. What does the word "caliber" mean?
5. What is a word beginning with fa that means "weariness from labor"?

ANSWERS

1. Say, "They argued about the matter for hours." 2. Pronounce vod-vil, o as in no, accent first syllable. 3. Simultaneous. 4. Degree of individual capacity or power. "We measure the caliber of men by their achievements." 5. Fatigue.

MODERN ETIQUETTE

By Roberta Lee

Q. Should the hours always be stated in the invitations to a child's party?

A. Yes. State the hours definitely, so that the parents will know when the children should go and at what hour they should send for them.

Q. Is it correct for a divorced woman to continue using her former husband's full name, such as "Mrs. John E. Doe"?

A. No, but it is sometimes done for business reasons only.

Q. Should a man pay for a woman's railroad ticket when she is going to visit at his home?

A. No; she should buy her ticket.

very certain that I could subscribe to this although I know I should. I've been trying vainly to make-

COOK'S CORNER

BACON LOAF

¼ lb. bacon in the piece
1 lb. beef
1 cup bread crumbs
2 eggs
½ lb. veal
1 green pepper minced
1 cup milk
6 slices bacon

Have the meat ground with the piece of bacon, mix with the rest of the ingredients, reserving the sliced bacon. Line a loaf pan with strips of bacon, fill with the meat mixture and bake in moderate oven (400 degrees F.) for 45 minutes. Turn out on platter and garnish with sliced tomatoes and parsley. There will be sufficient salt flavoring from the bacon.

Living & Leisure

THE WOMAN'S REALM

woe,
Of all the horrid hideous notes of
Sadder than owl-songs or the mid-night blast,
Is that portentous phrase,
"I told you so"

—Bryen

Fewer accidents occur on highways with centre dividing strips because head-on collisions are avoided.

The world production of plastics now replacing the metals as a war measure, is only about one-quarter of one per cent. the output of steel.

Strong long claws on the fore-feet of the pocket gopher, and strong jaws with four bread sharp teeth, unable him to tunnel rapidly underground and also make him a formidable fighter.

The fashion for ribbon trimmings is taking wearing apparel by storm—ribbon hats are gaily worn at the theatre, and dress designers are adopting colorful ribbon trims for distinguished manners in dress.

HERE IS A QUIZ TO TEST YOUR BEAUTY IQ

In computing your beauty IQ, you young women might rate yourselves on the following queries You can provide your good marks or bad, according to your conscience, your mirrors and you

Here are the questions an adviser on beauty matters has compiled.

Do you reef in shoulder straps with safety pins, making you the wrong type of pinup girl?

Do you think a toothbrush is the only member of the brush family, ignoring the hair brush, shoe brush, clothes brush in daily practice?

Do you chew your nails or bite your beads, starting a war of nerves?

Do you have a skirt and blouse that part company, creating a Mason-Dixon line, so to speak?

Do you belong in the flour face brigade choosing powder lighter than your skin?

Do you mix your make-up colors as a blue-red lipstick with orange-red rouge?

Do you tug at your girdle, a sure peril to poise? A well-fitting garment will keep its place you know.

Do you forget to stand tall and tuck in both tummy and rear?

Do you overdo perfume by practically hosing it on?

Do you pile new make-up over old? Courting grime collecting doesn't pay.

Do you change nail polish at the drop of a chip?

Do you observe the advice to spare the scrub brush or cloth and spoil the complexion?

Do you use a deodorant and wash out those sweaters after being worn all day? And do you take off all your make-up before you hop into bed at night?—Exc.

Electronic power heating has greatly increased in American industries during the war, and a far greater increase is predicted for post-war days when electronic equipment will be more easily obtainable.

To Relieve Bad Cough Quickly, Mix This at Home

Does the Work in a Hurry, Saves Money. Easily Mixed.

Here's an old home mixture your mother probably used, and, for real results, it is still a most dependable medicine for distressing coughs. Try it once, and you'll swear by it.

It's no trouble at all. Make a syrup by stirring 2 cups of granulated sugar and one cup of water a few moments until dissolved. No cooking is needed. (Or you can use corn syrup or liquid honey, instead of sugar syrup.) Anyone can do it.

Now put 2½ ounces of Pinex into a 16 oz. bottle, and add your syrup. This gives you 16 ounces of really splendid cough medicine—more than you could buy for four times the money. It keeps perfectly, tastes fine, and lasts a family a long time. Children take it without the usual struggle.

This splendid home mixture has a three-fold action. You can feel it take hold at once. It loosens the phlegm, soothes the irritated membranes, and helps clear the air passages. This explains why it gives such quick relief.

Pinex is a special compound of proven ingredients, in concentrated form, well known for its prompt action on throat membranes. Money refunded if it doesn't please you in every way.

A BAD POINT

The visitor who had stayed one night said: "You advertise this as the best hotel in town."

"Yes, sir, it most certainly is," replied the manager.

"Well, that may be a good thing for the hotel, but it's a terribly hard knock for the town."

Tribute paid to the memory of a woman in a Texas town, as found in a weekly newspaper:

"She lived with her husband 50 years, and died in confident hope of a better life."

You Women Who Suffer From HOT FLASHES then CHILLY FEELINGS

During 38 to 52 Years of Age!

If you—like so many women between the ages of 38 and 52—suffer from hot flashes, weak, tired, nervous irritable feelings, are a bit blue at times—all due to the functional middle age period peculiar to women—try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to relieve such symptoms.

Pinkham's Compound is one of the best known medicines you can buy for this purpose. Here's a product that *helps nature* and *that's* a sensible kind to buy!

Thousands upon thousands have reported benefits. Follow label directions. Pinkham's Compound is *worth trying*.

Lydia E. Pinkham's VEGETABLE COMPOUND

don't envy her Romance Complexion!

A LEVER PRODUCT

Her Whipped Cream Lather facials will make your skin lovelier!

Barbara Stanwyck

First work the creamy lather in; rinse; pat dry. This beauty care leaves skin so smooth and soft!

YOU can make your complexion more thrilling, more radiant with the beauty care that guards Hollywood's Romance Complexions! Tonight start with Lux Toilet Soap Whipped Cream Lather facials. First thing you know he will be admiring your Romance Complexion!

9 out of 10 of Hollywood's Famous Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap