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

Ellen's Diary

By an Island Farmer's Wife

"Oh, bother, rain again!" Polly said in disgust when she stepped out on a verandah this morning. "As if we hadn't enough of it yesterday" she grumbled, picking up the milking pails and leading the way to the stable. Yesterday I found altogether pleasant. There had been the Church service in the morning. And if because of a number of things, which after all were only paltry excuses, I was detained at home, Polly was able to attend. Decked out in her becoming Sunday best, her hair in attractive curls, she went, as she said "between drops". Towards evening the dark clouds lifted. A cool fresh wind blew from above the trees in the west at sunset, which in the Sabbath quiet and peace blew company to Alderlea. Among other visitors, Jamie came. He was rather amazed to find, that he has grown so tall, he can no longer stand when he rides in their family car. Since a small fellow he has preferred to ride that way. "Did you hear the frogs a-night?" I overheard him ask James. At the time the air was full of their music. "I heard them in at our own bridge" he said "and do you know? I saw one. With a funny, queer, head poked out above the water. And do you know what he was doing?" James never knows about such happenings —he has to be told. "He was singing away" Jamie explained "fit to burst!"

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And Polly hummed a tune from yesterday, at the milking and it amused me to watch Tabby on a bread sill listening, while she did her morning primping by way of passing the time until the milk "for the cats" should be poured to the pan. After breakfast, Polly went to her house cleaning. She set the room above the kitchen to rights so that again James and I will be able to sleep in comfortable and familiar surroundings. The bed in the hall-alcove did not prove to be nearly so beguiling as I had hoped and I was quite willing last night to follow James to another room. The Saturday night's adventure had given me a crick in my back and James was afraid when he awakened that his rheumatism had returned overnight. "I hope to goodness, Ellen" he said last night, after our visitors had gone and we were making our way to bed, skirting out-of-place furniture and stepping over other obstacles "that you'll soon get this confounded cleaning done." The moonlight was streaming in at the time and if I had failed to see it before, I could catch the harassed expression on his face. That, I think was the reason we redoubled our efforts today, and presently our "last blows" will be struck.

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This morning, the barrels for the treating were fetched from Rob's and the seed-potatoes were bathed. Not all of them, of course, but several batches. This year, the men followed the usual method. This calls for "some boiling water, Ellen!" —to dissolve the "pizen." This urgent demand is apt to come at an inopportune moment in our work and today was no exception. Our supply at the time was wholly inadequate. My heart turned over —my pressure climbed. James came indoors on a half run, the mixings in a wooden pail. He lifted the kettle. "As I expected—a thimbleful" he muttered and let it drop back in place with an empty clatter. He tested the tank-water with a practiced finger. "Oh," he said "so you just filled it!" He threw a withering look toward me and my hand-maiden, murmured Jeanie's name and went on a brisk step to the house across the lane. Polly and I exchanged glances and a broad smile spread across her features. Needless to relate, whatever else was left undone, there was no lack of boiling water at Alderlea throughout the remainder of this grey day.

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On farms, the seed-cleaning season is at hand. It came to Alderlea today when I heard Jock say "we may as well bag up that grain and take it to the plant this evening". Then it came to me with some regret that the old blue fanners, the machine that has served several of the farmers in the neighborhood so well down the years is to be idle now. A new order has come to us. Once proudly owned and used in respected turns, now consigned to some corner of a barn-floor, the handle, wheels and sieves at rest. No more will the family forgather on the carefully swept floor to spend a companionable period at the grain-cleaning; never again shall I run to open a door barn-door to admit the machine, when I would catch sight of James at a turn in the lane; nor shall I ever hear again the not unmusical clickety-clack of the turning re-echo from the rafters. So the beginning of a new era of cleaning the seed grain came to us today.

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James himself took the load of sacks with the brown mare and cart to the modern seed-cleaning plant nearby. When the rain had ceased and the robins' trills sweetened the evening air. Swallows were busy then about the small pools in the yards and the dampness came in a soft fog from the sodden earth. Presently a star hung in the clearing sky and when I came from Jeanie's to meet James returning there were lovely moon-shadows about the lawn. But even at that hour "man's work" had not been over for the day. "That last batch" of potatoes must be lifted from their purifying bath and then there was a last round at the stables and sties. "Oh, ho!" James yawns, which is a signal for Polly and me to do something. She is interested in a radio drama and never hears him. "Oh, ho, ho" he tries again— with better results. Yes, it's quite time for James' bite of lunch.

Until tomorrow . . . . Diary
Good-night

Dorothy Dix Says—

Males Sway Women's Habit

Men Set Pattern For Feminine Behavior By Their Demands

DEAR MISS DIX: We are a group of boys who are faced with the cold fact that we don't like the kind of girls with whom we have to put up. These girls don't seem to realize that decent boys like their girl friends to act like ladies and dress like ladies. We don't like girls who parade the streets in dungarees, puffing on a cigarette that is probably choking them to death, and behaving in a way that a man who is a gentleman despises.

When we ask a girl for a date, we want her to conduct herself so that we will be proud of her and not try to make us think that she is just as rough and tough as we are.

The question with us is: Should we keep away from girls until they reach the age that will bring them out of the adolescent stage?

A DISGUSTED GROUP OF BEAUX

MALE INFLUENCE

ANSWER: Well, boys, if you don't like the hoodlum type of girls, a vast field for missionary work lies before you, for you, and you alone, can reform them and turn them back again into the little ladies that their mothers and grandmothers were. For men have always set the pattern for feminine behavior, and whatever they wanted women to be, women have been.

You can see this exemplified in every way—in their manners, their morals, their conduct and their dress. In the days when men demanded modesty of women, they wore dresses down to their toes. Now they make public displays of their bodies. Then no decent girl would have told a dirty story. Now they consider it witty to be filthy.

Then a nice girl barely touched her lips to a glass of wine, but, alas, now it is no uncommon thing for a girl to get drunk, and not even be ashamed of it. And the reason for this is because women think they are more attractive to men when they are tough than they are when they are refined.

So the solution of the whole matter is in your hands, boys. Just refuse to date girls who do not dress and look and act like ladies, and the world will be suddenly filled with dainty maidens instead of rough tomboys.

DEAR DOROTHY DIX: I am 21 years old. Married to a man I love, but he gives me some unhappy moments. If I am sick, he doesn't sympathize with me. He never remembers my birthday or any anniversary. If I give him his own way in everything, he is all right. If I don't, he accuses me of pushing him around.

He has been married twice before and so have I. We have been married one year and three months, which is longer than I was married to either one of my other husbands, and we spent the time fighting and fussing over nothing. What should I do? Should I leave him?

D W

ANSWER: Apparently neither you nor your husband are good matrimonial material. Certainly to have had three husbands before you were 20 years old and not to have had any one of your marriages last but little over a year, must establish some sort of a record, and must suggest to you that domesticity is not up your alley.

Inasmuch as swapping mates does not seem to have been successful in your case, for evidently your new husband is no easier to get along with than the old ones, why do you not try to make a go of marriage, instead of throwing up your hands and quitting when you find it is not the soft snap you thought it would be?

Surely you must have intelligence enough to know that there never has been and never will be a perfect husband. Every man has faults and foibles that get on his wife's nerves. No two people can live together without having to make sacrifices, so disabuse your mind of the idea that if you keep changing husbands you will finally get your heart's desire.

You won't, but you can give your husband the kind of wife he wants by adapting yourself to him; by making him a comfortable home; by refusing to argue with him, and by reforming yourself instead of wasting your energies in trying to reform him. Suppose, instead of getting a divorce from Number Three, you try it.

Modern Etiquette

By Roberta Lee

Q. Is it ever proper to use the knife to cut the salad when eating?

A. Only when the lettuce is unusually tough and defies cutting with the side of the fork; otherwise, use only the fork.

Q. May invitations, acceptances, or regrets ever be typewritten?

A. Never; they should be written with pen and ink on correct stationery.

Q. How should a man introduce his wife?

A. As "my wife" to social equals, and as "Mrs. Smith" to his employees or mere business acquaintances.

How Can I!!!

By Anne Ashley

Q. How can I test the quality of coffee?

A. By putting a spoonful in a glass of cold water and adding a few drops of lemon juice. If the coffee is pure it will remain on top of the water; if not, the water will become discolored.

Q. How can I clean colored felt hats?

A. By adding enough gasoline to a teacup of flour to make a paste. Rub it on with a brush and let it dry. Then brush off with a stiff brush.

Q. How can I dye white kid gloves tan?

A. Dip them in saffron water until the desired shade is obtained.

Many Women Depend On It

Come across a company of women having a chit-chat and sooner or later they are almost sure to get around to the question of health and Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

This is because women of all ages have learned to depend on Dr. Chase's Nerve Food to help them over the trying times of their lives.

The maiden growing into womanhood, the young mother before and after childbirth, the older woman experiencing the change of life—all find Dr. Chase's Nerve Food just what they need to enrich the blood and build up nervous energy and to help them through these trying times with least disturbance.

Headache, loss of sleep, indigestion and feelings of fatigue and depression are avoided and they have the energy to live a full and joyous life. Ask for the new economy size bottle of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food FOR NEW PEP AND ENERGY

Cook's Corner

CHOCOLATE-ORANGE PUDDING

¼ cup granulated sugar
3 tablespoons cocoa
3 tablespoons corn-starch
¼ teaspoon salt
¼ cup cold milk
1¼ cups scalded milk
1 egg, separated
1 teaspoon grated orange rind
¼ cup orange juice

Combine the sugar, cocoa, corn-starch and salt; blend in the cold milk.

Gradually stir in part of the scalded milk; stir back into remaining milk in double boiler and cook over low direct heat, stirring constantly, until smoothly thickened; cover and cook over boiling water, stirring occasionally, until no raw flavor of starch remains.

Beat the egg-yolk slightly and gradually stir in part of the cooked mixture; stir back into double boiler and cook over boiling water, stirring constantly for 2 minutes.

Remove from heat and stir in the orange rind and orange juice.

Cool to lukewarm.

Beat the egg-white until stiff but not dry; add to cooled pudding and fold in lightly.

Turn into individual dessert glasses and chill for serving.

DAINTY HANDKERCHIEFS

DESIGN NO. E-1106

Three quaint edgings are crocheted on handkerchiefs. Inexpensive gifts or bridge prizes. Pattern No. E-1108 contains complete instructions.

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Better English

D. C. Williams

1. What is wrong with this sentence? "The saleslady showed me some samples."

2. What is the correct pronunciation of "prelude"?

3. Which one of these words is misspelled? Emphasis, emulsion, emporer, emissary.

4. What does the word "acquisition" mean?

5. What is a word beginning with cut that means "attainment of the highest point"?

ANSWERS

1. Say saleswoman. The use of saleslady would justify the use of salesgentleman, instead of salesman. 2. Pronounce prel-ud e as in bell, u as in use, accent first syllable. 3. Emperor. 4 Act of acquiring. "The desire of knowledge, like the thirst of richnes, increases ever with the acquisition of it."—Sterne. 5. Culmination.

Household Scrapbook

By Roberta Lee

Marks On Furniture

Rub the spot on the furniture well with a good furniture polish or wax, or with camphorated oil, to remove marks made by hot dishes. Next, a clean soft cloth. Wring a soft cloth out of clear lukewarm water and apply three drops of ammonia to the cloth. Then rub the spots carefully with this cloth and follow immediately with another clean cloth, moistened with polish or wax.

Shabby Umbrella

The appearance of a shabby umbrella can be improved if it is sponged with a strong solution of sweetened tea.

Cleaning Photographs

Photographs can be satisfactorily cleaned with art gum or sponged off with water.

Morning Smile

JUST LEARNING

A passenger train was being shunted rather jerkily. First it would jolt forward fifty yards or so and then suddenly come to an abrupt stop. After this had been going on for some minutes an occupant poked his head through a window and called the guard.

"What's the matter with this train?" he asked. "We are getting shaken to death with all this shunting."

"It's quite in order, sir," the guard answered. "The engine driver is teaching his wife to drive."

Living & Leisure

—THE WOMAN'S REALM—

The trees to their innermost marrow
Are touched by the sun;
The robin is here and the sparrow.
Spring is begun!

The sleep and the silence are over;
These petals that rise
Are the eyelids of earth, that uncover
Her numberless eyes.

ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN.

The sport of bowling originated as a religious ceremony in cathedral cloisters, where, if a parishioner bowled over his pin, he was considered to be leading a clean life.

TONGUE TESTERS

Say swiftly: Cooper's cook drew a cup of coffee out of the proner coffee pot as a capital cure for a coughing potter's cough.

Susie saw sixty sea sheels shining on the sea shore.

Collard greens, a plant of the cabbage family and a favorite of the deep South, are very tasty when panned and seasoned with salt pork or bacon fat. The leaves are large and grow in tufts, or big rosettes. Cook in the same way you cook cabbage.

To keep leather gloves soft and pliable wash and rinse them in a mixture of three tablespoons of paraffin and a quart of non-inflammable cleaning fluid.

FASHION FORECAST

Spring won't give way to summer for a while yet, but the weatherman doesn't always take cognizance of the calendar. So, it's not too inappropriate of we discuss cottons today. Anyhow, the early selection is always the best and it's a good idea to start planning now for the summer wardrobe.

Colors are blended for that dress-up look with a touch of sophistication. Black, the ever serviceable black—is starred as an all ever color and as a predominating tone in prints, stripes and plaids.

The black with white contrast is playing a top role in the summer drama of color; black is also a leading lady on pink, aqua, blue and chartreuse.

Wine, pink and grey are turning in a popular performance together as are wine and blue, pink and green; and brown with a mixture of brilliant pastels. The deeper toned shades making a favorable impression on the eyes of fashion critics are turquoise, jade, royal blue, wine and rose.

For the dress up look in cottons, mercerized finishes on broadcloth, poplin and balloon cloth add an eye appealing luster; glazing has done the same job on other summer fabrics. As for the styling of the hot weather cottons, here comes the influence of the 20's again... rounded hiplines, billowy skirts, small waistlines and decolete neckines, fashioned to make the most of curves and the least of the waist.

For evening wear, full skirts, bustles, ruffles, lace trims and puff sleeves mix with the mode of several decades ago with a few stylish twists of 1946. Supplies of cotton dresses, however, are still not adequate to satisfy the feminine demand. Textile men sound hopeful and express optimism, but they can say little beyond the fact that production is being stepped up.

Weavers have more manpower than they've had in over a year; cotton goods are being channeled to dress manufacturers; there's a better price ceiling . . . All things, the textile men declare, encouraging. More dresses reach the retail market by early mid-summer, but they will remain in short supply.

Needlecraft —FOR THE HOME—

FLATTERING NECK

This lovely frock has a gently curving neckline, and is a style you will like for yourself as May and June come into sight. Cut in a large range of sizes it is suitable for many ages and figures.

No. 2639 is cut in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 40, 42, 44 and 46. Size 36 requires 3⅛ yards 35-inch, or 2⅞ yards 39-inch; with ⅜ yards ruffling.

Send 20 cents for PATTERN which includes complete sewing guide. Print your Name, Address and Style Number plainly. Be sure to state size you wish. Include postal unit or zone number in your address.

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"That's where my favorite flavor was born!"

1. Round about 1897 big doings were going on in that little white house. For C. W. Post was busy creating that one really different flavor in breakfast cereals — the malty-rich, nut-sweet Grape-Nuts flavor.

2. Nowadays the glorious flavor created in that little white house brings folks eagerly to breakfast in little houses and big houses all over Canada — in delicious, honey-golden GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES as well as Grape-Nuts.

3. And Grape-Nuts Flakes give you folks needed nourishment in every spoonful: carbohydrates for energy; proteins for muscle; phosphorus for teeth and bones; iron for the blood; other food essentials.

4. Two-grains — not just one — make Grape-Nuts Flakes so good. Wheat and malted barley are skilfully blended, roasted and then toasted for golden crispness, grand flavor, easy digestion. Get the giant economy package at your grocer's.

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