

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

Happenings of the Week

Then, Ho! Ho! Ho! 'Tis Christmas Eve. Who can there be does not believe, The time of holly, mistletoe, Of jingling bells and sparkling snow, Of hanging stockings, gift and game, Each one for happiness a name, Of ringing laughter, dancing eyes, Each moment joyous with surprise, That Christmas-time, his love and cheer, Is the best holiday of the year? Queen Mary is at the head of all the Christmas parties and festivities in the Royal Household, and works herself, with paper, string and scissors, in despatching the enormous number of parcels to all those children of all ages who come under her friendship and care. Queen Mary and her Ladies-in-Waiting all wear the most workmanlike aprons when engaged in this work in the large storeroom in Buckingham Palace set aside for the purpose. Individual tastes and circumstances are always taken into consideration, when the Christmas presents are being bought and arranged. Princess Mary despatches her own gifts—and so does the Duchess of York—in a similar manner. The Queen and her daughter and her daughter-in-law, have some delightful shopping expeditions to gether about Christmas time. Princess Elizabeth is being now taught the joy of giving at Christmas time, and Lord Lascelles and his brother Gerald were early and apt pupils in the delight of it. Miss Lena McAure arrived home from Toronto last night to spend the holiday season with her parents Mr. and Mrs. W. Chester S. McAure, at Bonaventure. Miss Berna Heustis was hostess at the tea hour yesterday for Miss Dorothy Hutcheson whose marriage to Mr. Warren J. Duchemin takes place shortly. Inviting the intimate girl friends of the popular young bride-to-be a most enjoyable time was spent over the tea-cups. Miss Betty Duff who is a student at the Halifax Ladies College has arrived in New Glasgow, N. S., to be with her mother Mrs. A. E. Duff who is spending the winter at the Norfolk Hotel. On Wednesday afternoon Mrs. (Rev.) Gordon Pringle of Montague, received for the first time since her marriage in September. The tea hour was from three to six o'clock. Receiving with Mrs. Pringle were Mrs. G. A. Thompson and Mrs. L. H. Coffin. The callers were met at the door by winsome little Coleen MacLean assisted by her mother, Mrs. Sydney MacLean. Tea was poured in the dining room by Mrs. H. J. Mabon and the delicious refreshments by the Misses Florrie MacLeod, Catherine Caruthers and Helen Campbell. A large number of friends called to offer their good wishes to the charming bride and to welcome her to Montague. Miss George Boulier of the New England Baptist Hospital, Boston, has arrived to spend the Christmas holidays with her parents Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Boulier. Miss Mary Brown entertained the afternoon Bridge Club at her attractive apartment 235 Prince St. on Thursday afternoon. Mr. and Mrs. J. J. MacDonald, Pinet, left Tuesday to spend the Christmas holidays in Moncton, N. B., the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Hazen Baker. Mrs. Baker was formerly Miss Eleanore MacDonald, Pinet. Miss Helen Duchemin, whose wedding took place this week, was the guest at a dinner given in her honor by Miss Eileen Cantwell. The present indisposition of Col. A. E. Ings is regretted by his many friends. Miss Marjorie McLaggan, M. A., of the Faculty of Branscombe Hall, Toronto, will spend the Christmas vacation at home with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. McLaggan, Terrace Street, New Glasgow, N. S. En route home she stopped in Montreal for a brief visit to her sister, Miss Helen McLaggan, who is taking the Nurses' Training Course at the Royal Victoria Hospital, Montreal. H. R. H. Prince George celebrated his 30th birthday on Tuesday. Mrs. Wright Leard entertained at a supper party and miscellaneous shower last Wednesday evening at her residence in Central Bedoué in honor of her niece, Mrs. C. C. Montgomery of Summerside, a recent bride. In the dining room the tea table was centred with a low silver dish containing yellow and white flowers and was lighted with green candles in silver candlesticks. With much merriment the guests found their places at the table by hunting for their hobbies which had been cleverly arranged. Mrs. Frederick Moyses and Mrs. Arthur McFarlane presided over the tea cups. Mrs. W. S. Stewart, wife of Mayor Stewart, was hostess for the Monday night club this week. Mrs. McCready is being cordially welcomed home from Toronto. Prof. Albert and Mrs. Trueman of Mt. Allison, Sackville, are holiday visitors with Dr. and Mrs. J. M. Trueman, Truro. Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Hutchison and infant son have arrived from Sydney to spend Christmas with Mrs. Hutchison's father, Mr. H. E. Holl and the Misses Holl. Miss Lila Worthy has arrived home from Saint John for the holidays. Miss Carmen Harrington of Quebec City is expected to arrive in the city this evening to spend the holiday season with her mother, Mrs. Peter Harrington. Miss Nuala Frost is arriving in Montreal this week from Oberlin College, Oberlin, Ohio, to spend the holidays with her parents, Mr. Wesley Frost, Consul-General of the United States in Canada and Mrs. Frost, formerly of this city. Mrs. Frank Beer who has been spending several months in the City left last Saturday on return to her home in Toronto. Princess Elizabeth began her Christmas preparations somewhere

For The Cook

ICE BOX DOUGH

2 cups lukewarm water. 2 yeast cakes. 6 or 7 cups flour. 1/2 cup sugar. 1/4 cup lukewarm water. 1 teaspoon sugar. 1 tablespoon salt. 2 teaspoons butter. 2 eggs. Mix 2 cups boiling water, the 1/4 cup sugar, salt and butter and cool to lukewarm. Soften the yeast cake in 1/4 cup lukewarm water to which has been added the teaspoon sugar. Let this remain in a warm place for 15 minutes. Then add to the first mixture when it is lukewarm. Add the beaten eggs and 4 cups flour and beat thoroughly. Then stir in 3 or 4 cups but do not knead. Place in a large greased bowl. Tightly cover with wax paper and a plate and place in the refrigerator. When required remove from the refrigerator. Half fill greased muffin rings with the dough. Let rise for 1 1/2 to 2 hours. Bake in a 425 F. oven.

GLOBE CAKE

Boil one and one-half cups raisins for fifteen minutes. Take off stove and add: One-half cup shortening. One large cup brown sugar. One-half cup sour milk. One teaspoon baking powder. One teaspoon soda. Two cups flour or more. One-third teaspoon each of cinnamon and nutmeg. Pinch of salt. One beaten egg. Method: Mix in order given. Cook in fairly slow oven at least forty-five minutes.

about the beginning of November, by making a clearance of some of her toys. Not that she is allowed to have very many, but, as with other children, they accumulate. With the exception of her favorite toys, or those with special associations, all are packed up and sent to one of the children's hospitals—usually the St. Ormonde Street one, because "Auntie May (Princess Mary) nursed there for some time, and some of the little children there are very ill indeed, and have to stay in bed for such a long time." Princess Elizabeth is keenly interested in the packing up of these toys, with which she assists. The next event in the preparation of Christmas for the little Princess was a shopping expedition to buy some more toys for the hospitals, and for the children upon the Sandringham estate. Then a little later—quite near Christmas—the Duchess of York took her little daughter shopping, to buy presents for her grandparents, the King and Queen and also Lord and Lady Strathmore, as well as for Daddy (the Duke of York), for her cousins, the Lascelles boys, and for a few little chosen friends.

Canadian Cookery For Canadian Women

By Mari Moore. Specially contributed to The Guardian for Guardian Readers.

(Continued)

QUESTION: I enjoy your inquiry column very much and always clip out the tested recipe. I would be glad to have your nut cake recipe. I wonder if any of the departments of the paper could tell me what will help to keep the edges of linoleum rugs down. I have two linoleum rugs and they curl up at the edges, although I have put weights on them, etc. Can you help me? —Mrs. J. M. ANSWER: Under separate cover, we are sending the nut cake recipe. You do not say whether you are using the rugs in a kitchen or bedroom, but if they are curling, it is probably from the difference between room temperature and the temperature of the floor. This means the upper side of the rug is usually warmer than its lower side. The best remedy is to cement it down with linoleum cement, which may be obtained at any hardware store. However, since the edges have already begun to curl, you may find it would be better to tack it down with metal linoleum tape.

Orange Nut Bread

One cup scalded milk, 2 table-spoons butter, 3 table-spoons molasses, 1 1-2 teaspoons salt, 1 moist yeast cake, 1-3 cup lukewarm water, 1 1-2 cups bread flour, 1 1-2 cups graham flour, 1-2 cup very finely sliced candied orange peel, 1-2 cup walnut meats. Add the shortening, molasses and salt to the milk; when lukewarm add yeast cake dissolved in lukewarm water, and flour. Mix and then add orange peel and nuts. When thoroughly mixed let rise until double its bulk, cut down and knead again, and mould into buttered bread pans. Let rise until again double its bulk, and bake in very hot oven.

QUESTION: I always read your interesting page and certainly enjoy it. Having some problems on hand I thought maybe you could help me. First, have you any charts for cutting up a carcass of beef? Second, I wish to tan two rabbit hides. Could you give me directions on how to do it? Mrs. B. B. S. ANSWER: Directions for cutting up a carcass of beef may be obtained upon application to the Minister of Agriculture, Dominion Department of Agriculture, Ottawa. To tan rabbit hides: First, thoroughly wash the skins and remove all fleshy matter from the inner surface. Then clean the hair with warm water and soft soap and rinse well. Allow to dry. Make a mixture of a quarter pound each of common soap and ground alum, half ounce of borax and dissolve in hot water; add sufficient rye meal to make a thick paste which you will spread on the flesh side of the skin. Fold it lengthwise the flesh side in, the skin being quite moist and allow it to remain for ten days to two weeks in a well-aired but darkened place. Then shake out and remove the paste from the surface and wash and dry it. Afterward pull and stretch the skin with the hands and work on the flesh side with a blunt knife.

QUESTION: Please send me a copy of the nut cake you told about in the paper a few weeks ago. I would also like to have a recipe for Orange Nut Bread if you know it. It has thin sliced orange peel in it, I think and is delicious for afternoon teas or such. —Infection's sugar exactly the same as what you buy? under the label of Icing Sugar? Can ordinary cream skimmed from the top of a pitcher of day-old milk be whipped by the addition of gelatine, and in what proportion? I find double cream much too rich for the children, but we all like a little topping to whipped cream on our desserts occasionally.

QUESTION: I enjoy your columns in the paper and have picked out a great many of your recipes for my file. Bettina. ANSWER: Recipe for nut cake has been sent to you under separate cover. Confectioner's sugar and icing sugar are one and the same thing. We have not found the method of using top milk whipped with gelatine very successful. If you find full cream too rich, whip it first and then dilute with a little milk. It will remain stiff even if quite a little bit of milk is added.



Christmas Candles

Burning of candles in the window the night before Christmas is one of the features of the Swedish celebration of the festival. The candles, lighted on Christmas eve, are supposed to last till 6 a. m. the next day, the traditional hour of the Swedish Christmas mass.

A Morning Smile

A CALAMITY

"Say, I saw the awfulest thing happen the other day! Mr. Stone and Mr. Wood were standing on the corner, talking, when a good looking girl passed by. "Stone turned to Wood, Wood turned to Stone, they both turned to rubber, and the girl turned into a drug store."

"I've forgotten what the other thing was I came for," said the small girl in the grocer's shop. The grocer tried to be helpful. "Was it cheese, bacon, butter, margarine, lard, tea, coffee, cocoa, sugar, jam, marmalade, biscuits, bottled fruit, chutney, piccalilli, bloater paste, potted meat, baking powder, soap, soda, spice, rice, tapioca, semolina, macaroni, currants, raisins—" "I remember now. It was can you tell me the right time, please?"

Not a Real Rose Yet

Very sweet are the stories told of the early days of Princess Margaret by Anne Ring in her "The Story of Princess Elizabeth," for Princess Elizabeth from the moment she saw "the baby" found her a real personality, "vital and absorbing," to quote Anne Ring. There was the day when she announced, "I'm four, and I've got a baby sister!" Then presently, with a confidential air, "And I'm going to call her 'Bud'!" And when the Duchess protested, "Oh, but why 'Bud'?" her little daughter promptly replied, "Well, she's not a real rose yet, is she? She's only a bud."—The Weekly Scotsman.

CHILD OF BETHLEHEM

O holy child of Bethlehem! Descend to us, we pray: Cast out our sin and enter in— Be born in us today. Philips Brooks

Dorothy Dix' Letter Box

How Can Children be Made to Leave the Too-Comfortable Home Nest? — Ruthless Divorcee Who Would Snatch Younger Sister's Husband Away From Her

Dear Miss Dix—Your article about getting the children to leave the home nest gets a shout of praise from me, but how to do it? I married a widower with three nearly grown children. I was good to them, and they love me. So well they are not willing to leave mother and her cooking. The two girls married soon after leaving college and they chose fine, sensible, well-educated young men, but was it easy to get them out of the house? I should say not. They never would have gone if I had not kept moving into smaller and smaller apartments. Because they can't come home because there is no room for them they have settled down to a salutary routine of cooking and housekeeping and baby-rearing. Now the problem is the boy. He is now 20. Won't go to school. Won't work. Hates the slightest physical or mental exertion. Sits



at home and does nothing but play solitaire and read newspapers and detective stories and smoke. How can I get him on his way out of the nest in a manner beneficial to him? H. B. Answer: Get the boy a job and tell him that henceforth he is his own master, and that if he wants to eat he will have to work. Then go to live for the time being in one room in a hotel so there will be no place for him. Evidently he is one of the birds that will never leave the warm home nest of his own accord. He will not only have to be pushed out of it, but you will have to destroy the nest, so he cannot return to it.

There is no problem that parents have to face that is more difficult than that of what to do with their lazy, purposeless children who settle down on mother and father to be supported and who refuse to make the slightest effort to provide for themselves. It is a problem so complicated with a false idea of parental duty and so mixed up with maudlin affection that most fathers and mothers lack the nerve and backbone to solve it in the only rational way. Which is by turning the youngsters out on their own and locking the door behind them. But few parents have the hardihood to apply such a drastic remedy, although they know it is the only cure. They can't bear to think that Mamie may be having to cook her a poor meal over a gas jet or Sammie may have no nice comfortable bed to sleep in, so they let Mamie and Sammie sit around idle year after year with nothing to do but to play golf or pool or follow some sort of temperamental occupation which brings in no pay envelope.

All of us know dozens of cases like these. We know plenty of homes in which there are husky young men and women with plenty of intelligence and plenty of energy in amusing themselves, who positively refuse to leave the home nest long years after they should have been out of it and about their own business. Sometimes they stay until they are old birds themselves and father and mother have to scratch around and feed them as long as they live and die wondering what will become of poor middle-aged Sally and Jimmy.

This tenderness on the parents' part that encourages normally healthy and sensible youngsters in a perpetual babyhood does as much harm as any other one thing in the world. It ruins its thousands of men and women who should be braced up instead of coddled and who only need some compelling necessity to make them do their duty in the world. It is the knowledge that there is always home to stay in and three square meals a day that is responsible for nine-tenths of the no-account loafers that encumber the earth.

It is the boys and girls who know that they can always go back home and be taken care of who are the quitters and shirkers, who throw up a job the minute it gets to be hard sledding and there are disagreeable bosses to be contended with. The boys and girls who have no one but themselves to depend on, nowhere to go but the room their labor pays for, nothing to eat but what they earn, are the ones who stick to their work and put their hearts and backs in it until they win out to success.

So the parents who are afflicted with parasitic children who refuse to take an education or hold on any job, do their youngsters the greatest kindness they can possibly perform when they follow the example of the birds and push them out of the home nest and make them try their own wings. DOROTHY DIX.

Dear Miss Dix—I have been married twice and am middle-aged, but look younger than I am and have always gone with those younger than myself. One of these young people is my sister's husband. I am very much in love with him and he with me and he wants to marry me. My sister knows nothing of this affair. Shall I consider her feelings or shall I seize my first real happiness while I am still young? S. C.

Answer: I do not know how you could expect to be happy after you had done such a dastardly deed as to take your sister's husband away from her. It is a cruel and heartless enough thing to break up any woman's home, but the deed seems particularly unforgivable when it is your sister's home you wreck and whose life you shatter. Even savages have a sense of family loyalty and recognize that they owe something to the blood tie.

You have been married twice and twice divorced. Surely those experiences should have taught you something about marriage and men. You have been dull indeed if you have not observed that a young man who is so weak that he lets a middle-aged woman take him away from his wife is poor husband material. He is easily tempted and any woman who wants him can have him by using a few flatteries and cajoleries. He is a poor matrimonial bet and you would lose him as easily as you won him. Again you must have observed that the middle-aged woman who thinks that she still looks like a flapper befools only herself. Nor is that a happy one if she marries a man much younger than herself because she has to keep up a synthetic girlhood that is about the most wearing thing on earth. She dare not have a wrinkle or a gray hair or rest her weary bones. She has to live up to the boy husband and be gay and frolicsome and a perpetual debutante.

So my advice to you is to forget your middle-aged infatuation for this boy and instead of philandering with him send him back to do his duty to his wife. When you consider your sister's feelings you will be doing far more to achieve your own happiness than you will if you rob her of her husband. DOROTHY DIX.

Dear Miss Dix—I am very much in love with a fine young fellow. My parents like him, but they do not approve of his family. His parents were divorced when he was 15 and he had to go out then and support himself. Do you really think it is fair to condemn him because of his parents? V. T.

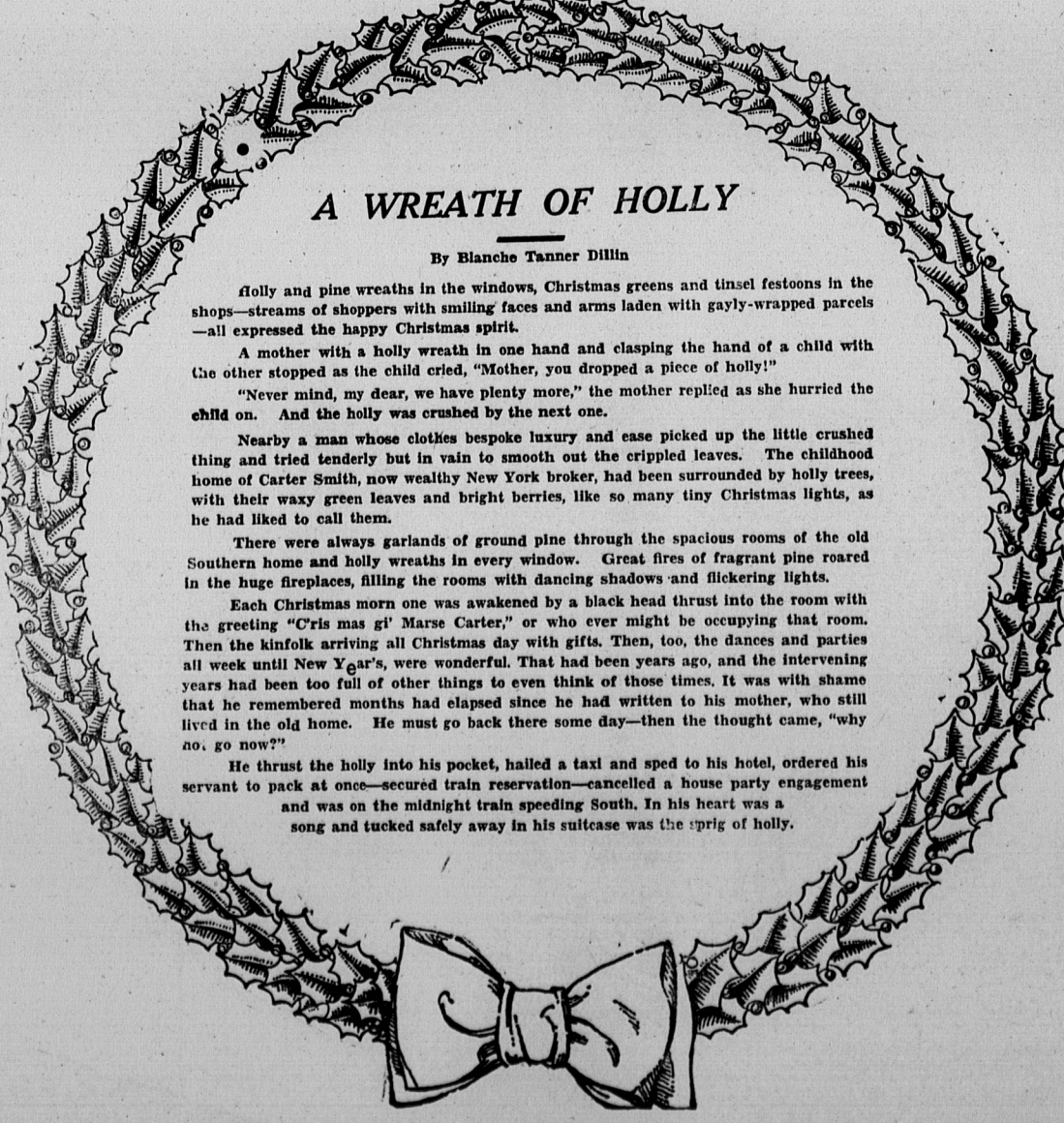
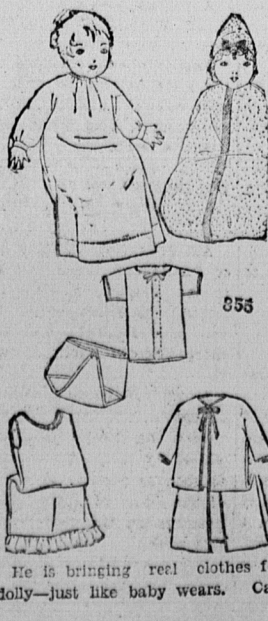
Answer: Certainly not. You are not going to marry his father and mother. You are going to marry him, so it is his record that counts, not theirs. Possibly your father and mother think that he will not make a good husband because his father may have been a bad husband or his mother a bad wife, but this does not follow. Children do not always imitate their parents' example. Very often their parents are an awful warning to them that drives them to the other extreme of conduct.

I have known men who were fanatical prohibitionists because their fathers were drunkards. Some of the thriftiest and best housekeepers have ever seen were women who were disgusted by their mother's extravagance and sloppiness, and I know one woman who spols her husband to death because she was always so sorry for her father because her mother was so cold and indifferent to him. DOROTHY DIX.

What the Fashionables are Wearing

By Annabelle Worthington

you imagine how thrilled little Jane will be. She now can dress and undress her baby doll. It's a wonderful object lesson. It will more than repay you for the short time it will take to make these tiny garments. Design No. 855 consists of a shirt, diaper, slip, kimono, dress and "Baby Bunting." The pattern comes for dolls 18, 22, 26 and 30 inches high. The cost will prove a mere trifle, because remnants can be used. For requirements, see pattern envelope. Price of Pattern 15 cents in stamps or coin (coin is preferred). Wrap coin carefully. No. 855. Name. Street Address. City. State.



A WREATH OF HOLLY

By Blanche Tanner Dillin

Holly and pine wreaths in the windows, Christmas greens and tinsel festoons in the shops—streams of shoppers with smiling faces and arms laden with gayly-wrapped parcels—all expressed the happy Christmas spirit.

A mother with a holly wreath in one hand and clasping the hand of a child with the other stopped as the child cried, "Mother, you dropped a piece of holly!" "Never mind, my dear, we have plenty more," the mother replied as she hurried the child on. And the holly was crushed by the next one.

Nearby a man whose clothes bespoke luxury and ease picked up the little crushed thing and tried tenderly but in vain to smooth out the crippled leaves. The childhood home of Carter Smith, now wealthy New York broker, had been surrounded by holly trees, with their waxy green leaves and bright berries, like so many tiny Christmas lights, as he had liked to call them.

There were always garlands of ground pine through the spacious rooms of the old Southern home and holly wreaths in every window. Great fires of fragrant pine roared in the huge fireplaces, filling the rooms with dancing shadows and flickering lights.

Each Christmas morn one was awakened by a black head thrust into the room with the greeting "Cris mas gi' Marse Carter," or who ever might be occupying that room. Then the kinfolk arriving all Christmas day with gifts. Then, too, the dances and parties all week until New Year's, were wonderful. That had been years ago, and the intervening years had been too full of other things to even think of those times. It was with shame that he remembered months had elapsed since he had written to his mother, who still lived in the old home. He must go back there some day—then the thought came, "why no, go now?"

He thrust the holly into his pocket, hailed a taxi and sped to his hotel, ordered his servant to pack at once—secured train reservation—cancelled a house party engagement and was on the midnight train speeding South. In his heart was a song and tucked safely away in his suitcase was the sprig of holly.