

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

Living & Leisure THE WOMAN'S REALM

CHOP OR ROAST

My mood is one of fierce rebellion—Just scratch me and you'll find a hellion. While I politely wait my turn To buy a spot of meat, I burn As I compute the price I'd pay Were I to choose a ham today. I must be rich as well as glib To order lamb chops known as rib. I must be opulent and rash Even to dream of corned beef hash. No longer can I hope to brew A toothsome, inexpensive stew For when I buy a pound of chuck. It sets me back about a buck. Well heeled, indeed, and rare the host.

Who can today serve guests a roast! When in a butcher shop, I think, "What am I out for, meat or mink?" It grows dishearteningly clear We'd better eat it some other year. —By Margaret Fishback in New York Herald Tribune

FIDGETY GIRL LACKING POISE

The way in which you sit down to chat with older friends tells them instantly whether you are going to be a fidgety or a poised conversationalist.

Household Scrapbook

Rubber Gloves
A right-handed person will usually find that the right glove wears out much faster than the left one. In this case, merely turn both gloves wrongside out and wear them on the opposite hands. Or better still, use this method with the new pair of rubber gloves, turning them every time before wearing, and they will give much longer service.

Ice Cubes
When entertaining guests, and an extra number of ice cubes are desired, empty the cubes from the electric refrigerator into a vacuum jug, and fill the drawers again with water for more cubes.
Mustard Plaster
Use the white of an egg instead of water to mix a mustard plaster, and it will not blister.

Ellen's Diary

By an Island Farmer's Wife

And so all on a Sabbath Day, James and I went to Rob's, to enjoy with them the chicken which Carolyn had killed and roasted by way of celebrating their eighth wedding anniversary. Following the week-end rainfall, the day was cold and cheerless. Dead leaves were blown about the yards by a bitter wind that continued to bluster and blow gustily about the eaves. We thought the out of doors dreary and forbidding, before Rob and his boys came to take us to noon at their home in the room "Cold!" Jamie said, his cheeks red from the wind-sting. "This isn't cold—it's just nice!" He perhaps most of all, was well pleased with the prospect of our visit. The dogs were out as soon as we set out, and the pup running a race ahead of us, their barking, rudely shattering the peace of the day. Mutt an out-riider-of-sorts rode in the truck and was well content to join in the fun. Jamie said, his cheeks red from the wind-sting. "We must stop and send our home." "But you just wait," Jamie laughed, "they follow us every time we come from your house, but only as far as Sam's Bridge. It's funny, but they never come one step past there!" So it was that we were able to ride the last lap of our trip in peace. It was too cold to loiter outdoors, admiring Jamie's place, the cats or calves. We caught a glimpse of the young ducks, led by a handsome drake, and all fine fellows, and we heard with dismay that their elders had again stolen off to the stream.

OLD-FASHIONED SHRUB
MADE FROM CURRANTS
Perhaps grandmother may remember a refreshing old-fashioned fruit drink called currant shrub. It is quite easy to make but it must stand three days to extract the currant flavor. This recipe requires four quarts of red currants. Put two quarts stemmed, washed red currants into a large bowl. Pour over two cups wine vinegar. Cover, and set in the refrigerator or a cool place overnight. Then strain off the liquid and put two additional quarts red currants into the bowl. Add the strained currant liquid; let stand till morning, and strain again. Then put all the liquid into a kettle; add six cups sugar, bring to a boil, skim off any froth and boil twenty minutes. Pour boiling hot into sterilized bottles; fill to overflowing, and seal at once. Use three or four tablespoons as the basis for a refreshing cold drink.

The currants that are left make a good conserve to eat with roast meats. Put them in a preserving kettle with three cups sugar and half cup water. For a spice flavor, add a two-inch stick of cinnamon, six cloves and half a bayleaf tied in cheesecloth. Simmer about one hour, making sure it does not burn. Remove the spice, transfer the currants to sterilized glasses and seal.

Dinner, which commenced with a fruit cup and ended with sweets, was delicious, enjoyed the more perhaps because of the winds and chill of the outdoors. There was the choiceness of the pizzard, divided in three now that young brother must also share in it with Jamie and his grandfather, and making our wishes Jamie and I broke the wishbone, and laughed over the pieces. "Many more years of this," I whispered, and James heard and nodded. If the day was cold, here was shelter and plenty and happiness, with those young and older gathered about the table, pausing before meat, to give thanks for "all good gifts."

This morning brought back the stir and haste of the workaday week to the folks at Alderlea. (Continued on Page 9)

DOROTHY DIX SAYS—

Philandering Partner

Middle Aged Benedict With Children Courts Secretary, Associate Complains

DEAR MISS DIX: My business partner is a man in his early fifties. He has a lovely wife and three children, but much to everyone's disgust he has fallen so much in love with his young secretary that he has lost all sense of everything else. He makes no attempt to hide his feelings and it is simply sickening.

We have been together for many years and I am devoted to him, but I am at a loss as to what to do about the situation. He is losing out in business in more ways than one. If you were his partner what would you do?



WORRIED
ANSWER: I should tell him that he would have to send the girl away and do his love-making outside of the office and business hours. Nothing could do more to disgust decent business men and to ruin the credit of a firm than for one of the partners to be billing and to be a love-sick school boy with his secretary. Such affairs are always bad enough. They should at least be kept under cover. As the cynical old proverb says: "If you can't be good, be quiet."

BEGINNING OF THE END

I should be much inclined to break off my partnership with such a man because he is a sinking ship. If you will notice when a middle-aged man begins having illicit love affairs, nine times out of ten it is the beginning of his downfall. Whether it is because his attention is distracted from his business by his lady love, or whether it is because he is acting a fool, shakes other men's confidence in his business sagacity, or whether bankers feel that a man who is not playing square with his wife is intrinsically dishonest and not to be trusted, or whether it is the judgment of God on him for breaking the oath he swore at the altar, I do not know.

But look about you. Run over the men you have known who at middle age forsok the wives who had helped them build up their fortunes, and you will see that with nearly every one of them their prosperity ceased with the beginning of their leading of the double life.

DEAR DOROTHY DIX: When my sister died I went to my brother-in-law's home to care for his children and to keep house for him. But I am only 23 years old and I want to get a job and be on my own. My brother-in-law, who is 50 years old, wants me to marry him, but I don't love him and I don't want to marry him. My entire family tell me that it is my duty to marry my brother-in-law and take care of my sister's children. What should I do?

UNHAPPY GIRL
ANSWER: Certainly it is not your duty to sacrifice your life to take care of your dead sister's children. Your brother-in-law wants you to marry him because you are young and pretty and because you spare him the expense of getting a housekeeper. Just tell him that you are going to leave, and leave.

Your first duty is to yourself. Don't be one of the foolishly sentimental people who ruin their lives to accommodate their relatives.

DEAR MISS DIX: I am a girl of 17, in love with a widower who wants me to marry him. He has four children. Please advise me what to do.

SCHOOL GIRL
ANSWER: For Heaven's sake don't. Don't do it if you value your own happiness, or the man's happiness, or the happiness of the four children. A school girl of 17 is too young to marry anybody. She is too young to have anything, but a passing fancy for any man, or to know what she wants in a husband when she is grown up. She hasn't had any girlhood and she isn't ready to settle down.

At 17 no girl is fitted to be a stepmother. She is a child herself and she is sure to quarrel with her stepchildren, and that means misery all the way round. There is no harder job on earth than to have to take care of some one until you are grown, and then marry a nice young chap who will not present you with a ready-made family.

Modern Etiquette

By Roberta Lee

Q. What is the usual limit for flat silver that is placed on the table before the meal is served?
A. Three pieces of flat silver at each side of the place, and one additional silver is usually brought in with its own course.

Q. Should the bridegroom pay for the bridesmaids' flowers?
A. No; this is an obligation of the bride.

Q. Is it proper for a man to offer his hand to a girl before she makes a move to do so?
A. No; he should always wait for her to offer to shake hands first.

The Stars Say—

By Genevieve Kemble

For Tuesday, December 7.

A STUBBORN obstacle, some static condition, may give zest and challenge to very constructive manipulation, which initiative and aggressive action may break up the congestion and eventually yield rich and lasting progress.

Timely aid from friendly sources may be counted upon, but shrewd analysis, profound thought, and probably compromise or readjustments are in order.

Personal affairs thrive and there may be encouragement for social festivities.

For the Birthday

Those whose birthday it is may look forward to a progressive year, with definite headway in breaking up static conditions. This, by force of sound preparation, clear-thinking and long-range plans, in which it may be necessary to change tactics, make adjustments or perhaps make friendly efforts for needed assistance from influential sources.

A child born on this day may be ambitious, capable and resourceful, although studious and introspective.

How Can I!!!

By Anne Ashley

Q. How can I fit pieces of fur properly, when remodeling a fur?
A. When fitting pieces of fur, be sure that it all runs in the same

Cook's Corner

DATE ICE-BOX DESSERT

1 cup graham cracker crumbs
1 cup sliced dates
1/2 cup chopped nuts
1 cup marshmallows (cut pieces)
1/2 cup orange juice
1/2 teaspoon salt
2 teaspoons grated orange rind
1/2 cup cream, whipped

Prepare the crumbs and place in mixing bowl; reserve about two tablespoons. Add the dates, nuts and marshmallows. Stir in the orange juice orange rind and salt. Fold in the whipped cream. Shape into a roll. Roll in the crumbs that were reserved; wrap in wax paper. Chill overnight in the refrigerator. Cut in slices and serve with whipped cream or ice cream.

Q. How can I prevent the formation of icing, or turning back to sugar, when making syrup?
A. When the syrup is coming to a boil, add one-third teaspoon cream of tartar to every two cups of sugar used, and this trouble will be avoided.

Q. How can I treat wet shoes to prevent them from cracking?
A. Stuff the shoes tightly with paper, then let them dry very slowly.

Q. How can I rub my feet to relieve the pain of chilblains?
A. Rub the feet with VapoRub. Rubbing action starts right away.

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Legends

OF

P. E. Island

THE HOUSE OF DEATH

By Uncle Joe

It was built by a pirate who, tradition says, was marooned at Cape Wolfe over two centuries ago, and it became known as the "House of Death" after the buccaneer had murdered his Indian wife and their four small children.

This foul crime stirred up such anger among the Indians and the few white settlers that the old buccaneer was forced to flee for his life into the dense forests which lay all about the district of Cape Wolfe. Here he was hunted like a wild beast and finally tracked down and killed by an arrow shot from the bow of his wife's brother. Later the Indians scalped him and left his carcass to be eaten by the animals of the forest. He had sold his soul to the Devil and did not deserve a decent burial.

Although the couple were forced to find new quarters, the curse which hung over the place followed them, and in the space of one month both lay side by side in their graves. The old buccaneer's ghost actually frightened the pair to death.

For some years after these events the house stood empty, shunned by Indians and whites alike. Indeed, rumor had it that even to cross the threshold would bring death to the intruder.

But Sandy MacGregor, who just arrived at Cape Wolfe from Scotland, laughed at the stories told him about the place being haunted. So he repaired the building and brought his wife and two children to occupy it the following spring.

The MacGregors had been living in their new home scarcely one month when tragedy descended upon their heads.

Their two children, both girls, aged eight and ten respectively, had been playing about the house, awaiting the arrival of their father and mother, who had gone some distance to visit a sick friend.

Suddenly the house was filled with the sound of running feet and the voice of a person swearing dreadfully. Terrified, the two little girls huddled together in a corner while the figure of a man rushed past them. In his hands was the cutlass red with blood. Twice he entered and left the building while the frightened children froze in their corner, afraid even to cry out.

That same night Mary, the younger and more delicate of the sisters, passed away in her sleep. The other child was found drowned in the gulf waters that same summer.

The doctor, who shook MacGregor by the hand, but still he would not believe the house was haunted. What his children had claimed to have seen was only imagination on their part. And the fact that both children died afterward was, he contended, purely coincidental.

But his wife took a different point of view. The stories she had heard about the place had left a deep impression on her mind, so that she never had fancied living under the same roof with a pirate's ghost which might go on the rampage any time of the day or night.

And now that her little ones had been done to death by the curse, she gathered up a few meager belongings and left her husband and home, never to return.

Neighbors told Sandy MacGregor that if he were a wise man he would leave the accursed house and follow his wife; but MacGregor swore that no ghost of an old swearing buccaneer was big enough to scare him away from his home. Besides, he still considered the stories pure myths.

After this, people took a dislike to Sandy and seldom bothered to visit his shack. If he chose to live in the House of Death—well, that was his business; but for themselves they entertained such a horror of the place none of them cared to go near it.

But when the Christmas season rolled around, and scattered settlers began to make plans for the Holy Day and share with one another the spirit of brotherly love, Sandy MacGregor's name was on everybody's lips. They wondered among themselves as to which of them had seen him last. It had been quite a while, they agreed. And it was the Christmas season. So they decided that Sandy be invited to the community dinner which was a custom long carried out in sparsely settled districts like Cape Wolfe.

Consequently, early Christmas morning two of the settlers set out on foot for the MacGregor home. As they neared the place they noticed a dead calf lying in the snow beside the crude log building that served for a stable. The whole place seemed dead and deserted. Inside the barn they discovered a dead horse, and a cat that peered at them through half-starved eyes. No trace of a human footprint, save their own, could be seen anywhere. The two men looked into each other's faces and shook their heads in an understanding nod. By this (Continued on Page 9)

Needlecraft FOR THE HOME

SIMPLE CHRISTMAS SEWING

A bed jacket that cuts from one yard and a quarter of 39-inch, an apron that takes a like amount of 35-inch, make easy Christmas sewing and such dainty gifts. Try dotting the swiss for the apron and finish the bedjacket with the lazy-daisy stitch. Two separate patterns.

No. 2218 is cut in one size, requiring 1 1/2 yards 39-inch fabric. No. 2892 is cut in one size, requiring only 1 1/4 yards 39-inch fabric.

Send 20c for each PATTERN which includes complete sewing guide. Print your Name, Address and Style Number plainly. Be sure to state size you want. Include postal unit, or zone number in your address. Pattern Department, The Charlottetown Guardian.

Pattern Nos. 2218 and 2892

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Province _____



2218 ONE SIZE



2892 ONE SIZE

That Body Of Yours

By James W. Barton, M. D.

WATCHING THE EMOTIONS IN TEEN-AGERS

One of the problems for parents and physicians is the way the average boy at puberty dislikes admitting that he is not well, physically, and that it is beneath his dignity as a boy approaching manhood.

Physical disability of any sort is reacted to as a tremendous threat to prestige among the competitive relationship which characterizes the attitude of the adolescent or teen-age boy. He just does not want to be considered weak enough to be sick or have any physical disability. Yet if he is not well, trying to play hard with thin blood or some infection of the teeth, gums or tonsils, considerable harm can be done physically if his parents fail to notice his "drawn" appearance or lack of energy.

When the boy who denies any symptoms of illness is a cause of anxiety to his parents, the boy who "leans" on any slight physical disability as the reason for not participating in group games, in which he must give and take, is likely to become a nervous or neurotic adult.

When boys and girls do not play or mix regularly with those of their age, then the time which should be spent in play in some other way. Unfortunately, many of these boys and girls, or approaching the puberty age spend much of their spare time in eating rich, starchy foods. Instead of this extra food being used or burned in play, it is stored in the body as fat. A fat child, and particularly a very fat girl, is likely to draw within himself or herself, avoid playmates, and store up a neurosis. Instead of the excess fat being "washed" off them, as normal fat is washed off those of normal weight or underweight, the fat deposits increase as is no work or play to remove it. As the excess food is eaten and there often stated before, see that your puberty-age girl or boy plays and mixes well with others.

NEUROSIS

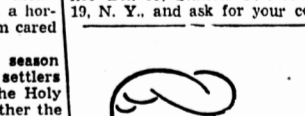
Neurosis—believing you have a physical ailment when none exists—is becoming increasingly common. Send today for Dr. Barton's informative booklet on this subject entitled "Neurosis." To obtain it, just send 10 cents and a 3-cent stamp, to cover cost of handling and mailing, to The Bell Syndicate, in care of this newspaper, Post Office Box 99, Station G, New York 19, N. Y., and ask for your copy.

TIRED

A farmer wrote to a Sydney practitioner asking advice on diet. He says he finds he gets more tired than he should be after a day's work and wonders if it's due to wrong food. He was 57 1/2 year old, he added.

How to give TIRED EYES a quick rest

MAKE THIS SIMPLE TEST TODAY!

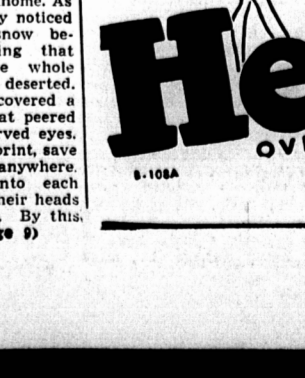


EYES TIRED? Soothe and refresh them in seconds with two drops of safe, gentle Murine in each eye. You get—

QUICK RELIEF. Instantly your eyes feel refreshed. Murine's skillful blend of 7 ingredients cleanses and soothes eyes that are tired from overwork or exposure to sun, wind and dust.

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

YOUR NO. 1 treat, coming up, darling!



Heinz OVEN-BAKED Beans WITH PORK

Aunt Lucy says:
"You have more free time with extra-soapy Sunlight on the job!"

WHITER
YES! ALL-PURE SUNLIGHT WASHES CLOTHES WHITER.

BRIGHTER
YES! ALL-PURE SUNLIGHT GETS DISHES, POTS AND PANS BRIGHTER.

LIGHTER
YES! ALL-PURE SUNLIGHT MAKES YOUR WORK LIGHTER.

Gets out more dirt... FASTER! You ought to see those fast-acting suds get after stubborn dirt and drive it out: leaving a spotlessly clean wash and oh, so sweet-smelling! And what a quick job those busy Sunlight suds do on greasy pots and pans, tile, linoleum and woodwork. The dirt seems to vanish like magic, no rubbing and scrubbing needed. Sunlight's all pure, too—so kind to clothes—so gentle on your hands. Get a big, economical cake of Sunlight today.

A LEVER PRODUCE