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

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MOORE & McLEOD Limited

THE COOK'S CORNER

DONNY'S HONEY BRAN MUFFINS

Two cups sifted whole wheat flour (bran siftings included), 1 cup sifted white flour, 1 cup bran (sifted out of whole wheat flour—leftover flour can be used as you would use white flour, Donny's mother says), 4 teaspoons baking powder, 3-4 teaspoon salt, 3-4 cup chopped walnuts or raisins or a mixture of both, 1 egg, well beaten, 1-2 cup strained honey, 1 1-4 cups whole milk 1tablespoon melted butter or lard. Mix and sift flours, baking powder, salt. Stir in the bran and the nuts or the raisins. Combine remaining ingredients and add to the dry mixture, stirring only enough to mix them well. Dip into greased 2-inch muffin tins by tablespoonfuls, filling two-thirds full. Bake at 400 degrees Fahrenheit from 25 to 30 minutes. Makes 24 small or 16 large muffins. A 2 1-2 or 3-inch muffin requires 35 minutes baking.

Dorothy Dix Says—

WELL, AREN'T SOME HUSBANDS CHOOSY AND HARD TO PLEASE?

One Of Them Complains Because His Wife Is Too Affectionate

DEAR MISS DIX—My wife and I knew each other more than two years before we were married. During that time I was the lover and it was really Heaven on earth. But after we were married she got the idea that the role should be reversed and that she should do the love-making and she is suffocating me with her affection.

For no reason at all, and no matter where we are, she throws her arms around me, kisses me, and whispers in desperate tones: "Darling I love you." Then she stops and holds her breath, waiting for me to say: "I love you, too." At first I played up to her because I knew what she wanted to hear. Besides, if I didn't answer, she would say: "Well?" Or lately: "Tell me you love me, too." Or: "Don't you love me any more?"

Now when I tell my wife I love her I want to put some feeling in those cherished words, but how can you do it when they are merely an answer to a question that you have been backed into a wall and forced to make? I know a wife wants her husband to make love to her, but God knows if husbands are in any way like me they just don't have a chance to; their wives beat them to it. That isn't what men want. They want to do the love-making after marriage as well as before. What can I do?

HELPLESS HUSBAND.

ANSWER—Aren't husbands the choosy things? And hard to please? No wonder wives don't know how to handle them. For here is one set of husbands who find courtship such a bore that they really get married to put an end to it, and to be able to say it with beef steaks and shopping tickets instead of "I-love-you's," and who expect their wives to take their affection for granted because they don't haul them into the divorce court.

And there is another set of husbands who are so romantically inclined that they want their wives to preserve the illusion of still being the bird on the wing, even after they have been captured and locked up in the domestic hen-house, and always to keep them guessing. So what is a poor wife to do when one type of husband wants her to do all the love-making, and the other type of husband wants to monopolize the job himself?

BETTER GO SLOW

No one can tell her. She has to try it out on the individual man; and if she gives the wrong answer, it is just too bad. But one thing she can be told with certainty, and that is to go slow on her demonstrations of affection, for nothing disillusions a man so quickly and so completely as for a woman to thrust upon him ill-timed and unsolicited caresses.

Even Solomon who holds the world's record as a great lover, cried out in disgust: "Stay me with flagons, comfort me with apples, for I am SICK of love." If you want proof that men still react the same way to exhibitions of affection from women, watch the next couple of spooners you see in an automobile or at the movies. The girl has her arms around the boy's neck and her head reclining on his shoulder, and he is sitting up, straight, with DAMN written all over him.

The truth is that every woman who ever offers her lips to a man for a kiss, or asks him if he loves her, either before or after marriage, is a dumbbell who blocks her own game. She takes the flavor out of a kiss by not making it hard to get. She turns what should be an experience rare and precious and thrilling into a conventional chore that has no more meaning than a casual handshake. And when a woman asks a man if he loves her, she knows he doesn't, or else he wouldn't wait to be asked; or she knows it has become a part of a daily ritual that has no more sentiment to it than if she asked him whether he had brought home the pork chops.

Love is a rummy thing any way you look at it, but one thing about it is certain—if you want to keep it alive after you are married, you can't check it off among your daily dozen. If you keep any romance in it, you must wait for the mood for its expression. One kiss in the star light, when one's heart is filled with tenderness, is worth a whole year's ham-and-egg kisses, when one is in a hurry to catch the 7.30 train. .

* * * * * * *

NOT THE MARRYING TYPE

DEAR MISS DIX—You have advised girls to be true to the boys in the service. What should I do? Tom says he loves me, but he has put off our marriage for about six years when he was perfectly able to marry. Now he has left for the service and expects me to wait some more. I have a good job and am willing to keep the home fires burning. I do love him, but am tired of being asked to wait on a man who may be no more eager to marry after the war than he has been before it.

What would you advise me to do? COLLEEN.

ANSWER— I should certainly advise you to tell the gentleman that his option on your heart and hand has expired, for he evidently is not the marrying type. Otherwise you would have been Mrs. long ago.

I think any girl is foolish to waste her time for more than a year on a man who shows that his attentions are without intentions.

* * * * * * *

READ THIS, IF YOU WANT DATES

DEAR MISS DIX—I took a girl out for an evening of dancing last night. She is one of four girls who live together in an apartment. They are very nice and attractive, and I have often wondered why they never seem to have any dates.

Well, I found out last night. The girl I took out could hardly dance, although she is in her twenties. She was not dressed for dancing. Her skirt was ful enough, but she had a row of big, wooden buttons up the front of her dress and a double row of beads around her neck. I still have a sore place on my chest where the beads and the buttons dug in, to say nothing of having my feet probably crippled for life by her treading on them.

I have had the same thing happen to me at public dances, when girls would have on dresses and jewelry that are entirely unsuited to the occasion. Also, a girl should be dressed so that you can tell whether she is a girl or a boy other than by the perfume with which she as anointed herself. Certainly I don't think a girl is ever equipped to get what she ought to out of life unless she is up to the social graces and knows how to dress. BOB.

ANSWER—Read this, girls, and profit by it. Nowadays it is just as important for a girl to educate her heels as her head. So take some dancing lessons if you want to have dates. And if you don't know how to pick out your clothes, put yourself in the hands of the best-dressed clerk in a dress shop and let her select them for you.

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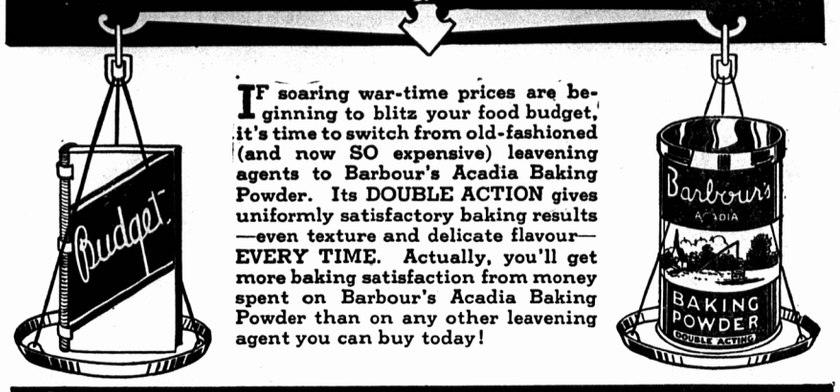

IF soaring war-time prices are beginning to blitz your food budget, it's time to switch from old-fashioned (and now SO expensive) leavening agents to Barbour's Acadia Baking Powder. Its DOUBLE ACTION gives uniformly satisfactory baking results—even texture and delicate flavour—EVERY TIME. Actually, you'll get more baking satisfaction from money spent on Barbour's Acadia Baking Powder than on any other leavening agent you can buy today!

Barbour's ACADIA BAKING POWDER

A Morning Smile

The hawker had almost effected a sale of a parrot. "Are you sure," the maiden lady inquired, "it doesn't swear much?"

"Certainly 'e doesn't swear much, ma'am. But wot bit 'e does swear e' swears extremely loud an' clear!"

UP AND DOWN

Old Gent—What does your father do for a livin sonny?

Tommy —He chops down trees.

Old Gent —And what does he do when he has chopped them down?

Tommy —He chops them up.

Scooter explained. "That was before old Lally begun his dirty work, gobblin' up the best valley lands, gettin" ready to shut us off from Thumb Crick. Before we and the other two spreads above us along the hills knowed what was up, old Lally had about twenty stools enter homestead and tree claims on the best valley lands.

"That was five years back. They just built shacks and scratched the ground in a few spots, enough to prove up for land deeds. Now every spankin' one of them stools has sold out to Lally, so he owns every foot of Thumb Crick up to where it turns back into his reg'lar Half Diamond lines."

"Looked to me like good mesa country back of the hills here," Radkin said. "Isn't it good open range?"

"Best in the world between dry seasons but, from July till the winter rains come in November, there ain't enough water outside Thumb Crick to wet a lizard's whistle. That's why old Lally pulled his long whizzer, gobblin' up Thumb Crick where the Waller, Thule and Ormond herds used to range in dry weather. That's why the Chief is so het up.

"Old Lally is haulin' in bobwire and fence posts right now. Come July, they won't hafta be cuttin' MW beef down with lead and wild dogs, or rustlin' plenty cows like they done till right recent, all to break the Chief. Thirst'll do it."

"Why does Lally want to bust these north-side ranchers?"

"He's tryin' to force 'em to sell to him at dirt prices His bank in Shady Gulch wants to put over some big deal with the coal lands under the north or Baca mesa and build

(Continued on page 8, Col 2)

Stranger In Shady Gulch

By Denver Bardwell

CHAPTER IV

Radkin whirled Tuffy out of the willows and broke him into a run. He kept to the grass beside the road so that he would not leave a trail of dust hanging on the air. Behind him, the trees along the creek course hid him from the two following riders until they crossed the bridge.

By that time, he was a mile away, turning up the lowland road beside a branch of Thumb Creek which came down from the northern hills. .

Two miles up the nearly dry little stream, he crossed it, still pursuing the only road visible. The road now skirted the foot of the mesa rimming Thumb Creek valley on the north.

A gray, starlit darkness shrouded the valley and hills by the time the rider and big dog loped in through the wide, open gate to the MW ranch yard. Radkin knew it was the MW because of the big-limbed, spreading cottonwood beside the gate, described to him by Scooter.

There were lights in the big house off to the left and lamplight shone weakly through the windows of a long bunkhouse a short distance from the big cottonwood.

As Radkin paused in the shadows under the tree, a man came hurrying toward him from the main house.

"Is that you, Arlene?" the man called.

Then, Radkin heard Scooter's voice from the direction of the barn straight ahead.

"Naw, that ain't Miss Arlene, Chief. That's the coyote hunter we was tellin' you about." Then, Scooter called to Radkin, "On here to the barn, feller, and rest your saddle."

Radkin rode to the wide barn door, halted, and slid to the ground. As a cowboy came out of the barn with a lighted lantern, Scooter and his employer approached.

Waller was a big man, with black hair graying at the temples. He now seemed thoroughly angry as he addressed Scooter- and the man with the lantern.

"If anything happens to that girl coming home in the dark alone," he boomed, "I'll fire you two jug-headed rannies! When you saw she was in town, why didn't you stay and come home with her her?"

"You been givin' us mighty powerful orders lately," Scooter replied, without humility, "not to hang 'round town Saturday nights since that last tangle with the Half Diamond bunch. How could we know Miss Arlene wouldn't git in before dark?"

"I guess your daughter'll be getting here pretty soon, Mr Waller," Radkin said. "I saw her coming outa town just after I crossed Thumb Creek bridge."

"Then why in blazes didn't you wait and come with her?" Waller stormed. "If you've come here to get work, young feller, you sure don't come with a very good recommendation, leaving my girl to come home in the dark alone!"

"She wasn't alone, Mr. Waller," Radkin said quietly "A little white-haired boy, name of Tom Lally, was riding with her."

"Oh . . . ." Waller looked relieved. "But what do you mean by that 'little white-haired boy' stuff? Young Tom is the only decent man left in the whole Lally outfit. If you're going to hang around here, stranger, you'd better understand that young Tom Lally is the last hope for us ranchers on the north side of Thumb Creek. You can put up your horse and stay over Sunday, but I'm not hiring any more men—won't even be able to keep the three I've still got, the way everything looks now!"

The worried rancher stalked off.

Scooter gave Radkin a look, shook his head mournfully, then led the way into the barn.

When Radkin had unsaddled Tuffy and turned him into the corral, he and Scooter went to the kitchen of the big house. Before entering, he ordered Caesar to lie down out under the trees, well away from the kitchen door.

"We already et," Scooter said, "and Cooky's done turned in, but I guess I can shake out some chuck for you."

While he set out some food on a table, Radkin glanced into the long, dark dining room

"Looks like you got a dining room here big enough for a lots larger crew," he commented.

"The Chief used to run a steady crew of fifteen to eighteen, and nearly that many more at hound-

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Home Service

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To start your garden in a jar, first drop cinders, for drainage, and next some soil, into it.

Next, ever so carefully, fold the leaves of each seedling around its stem and lower it to a hole in the soil with a homemade forceps—a length of wire folded in the middle.

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Send 20c in coins for your copy of "Glass Gardens and Novelty Indoor Gardens" of Charlottetown Guardian Home Service, Address. Be sure to write plainly your name, address and the name of booklet.

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Living & Leisure

The Woman's Realm

BUSY BEES

H. Wyatt Washington

Noon fields
And the white clouds furled;
Work yields
To resting world:
But who shall keep
Bees from sweet clover
That work and reap
The noon hour over?

Noon shade
Where the horses rest;
Plows laid
By earth's turned breast;
But what of these
That harvest clover?
Who pays the bees
For working over?

The ancient practice of fishing with cormorants, voracious web-footed birds, is still followed by the Chinese. Taken from the nest when young, the birds are easily tamed and trained. The Chinese carry them on poles to the river, where they are set free. They dive into the water and invariably emerge with fish in their beaks. Strings around their necks keep them from swallowing the fish.

SAVE ELECTRICITY

Sweaters and other knitted garments need never be ironed. After a garment has been dipped in gentle suds that won't shrink woolens and spread on a flat surface to dry, take a small piece of stiff clean paper and smooth the wrinkles out by drawing it lengthwise over the garment. If brown wrapping paper is used, be sure the shiny side is next the wool.

A new half-pound emergency "bail-out" food package for army fliers has been invented, which contains a day's nourishment for a soldier. The complete ration weighs about eight and one-fourth ounces and fits into the pocket. It contains a vitamized chocolate bar, a box of malted milk-dextrose tablets, a carton of dextrose tablets, a tube of bouillon powder, and a stick of chewing gum. . . . .

Hair is collected from barber shops in Germany to make men's suits.

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