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

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Ellen's Diary

By an Island Farmer's Wife

I set my bread last night while our carpenter continued his story about a recent horse-buying excursion. "Well", he went on to James seated in his old armchair "I heard that Mr. So and So had a lovely mare to sell so I called there first". He paused then in his narrating to snort in infinite disgust "The kind of an animal some people call good! I just consider they don't know anything at all about a horse" "Or" interposed James dryly "know too much—and want to make a sale. And what like was she?" James asked much interested in the subject. "Not a bad little mare. But aw shucks, her neck was put on wrong—upside down it is". James nodded understandingly "And that" he agreed, tamping down a fresh supply of tobacco in his pipe with an air of finality "is something about a horse I don't like, no matter how good they may prove to be". James always considers it his duty to remain in the kitchen with me while I mix the bread-dough.

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He fills his pipe or sometimes fixes a bit of lunch for himself or maybe just sits there to watch the interesting proceedings. And infrequently when I have arrived at the point where the supply of liquid needs replenishing he will come to my assistance patiently combining the cold from the pump, I care not touch with my floury hands, with the hot from the kettle, and with his pipe still functioning, he will offer the mixture for my approval. "Is it too cold, Ellen?" he will ask with concern. "It's just right" I reply. "Perhaps I should add just a little more hot?" he inquires and not waiting for my aye or nay, he adds the little more. "The little more" and then "what worlds away!" Last night the topic discussed was so engrossing I had neither assistant nor audience and I confess that as I kneaded and turned and re-kneaded the dough, I too, was away along inviting country lanes, calling at this or that farm-house, each one marked plainly with many distinct characteristics of its owner, a-buyin' a horse with our carpenter, to work in the Spring fields. This carpenter, who merely to oblige James, and for the sake of Auld Lang Syne had stayed over from his weekend at Alderlea to ply his trade, completed his work today, and went to his home this evening. The grand and surprising ending to his work of shingling one side of the kitchen roof as well as that of the vine-clad pump-house, was the laying of a new floor on the back verandah and to crown it all—and would the receipt of a jewel be more appreciated?— a neatly constructed, and brand new woodbox was set in place there. I think that it was Jamie who first drew my attention to this necessity when he came a-calling today. He inspected the old one which had been moved aside. He tried to tighten a wire to hold the sides, which I had bound about it awkwardly more than a year ago "Do you know what, Nanna?" he inquired looking up "You should have a new wood-box". And as if to encourage the building of one he added: "Us brought lots and lots of new boards up from the mill a-day". This man resides in a farming community at a considerable distance from Alderlea by road but only a short way, as the crow flies. It lies into the sunset from here, I would say, though James smiles in sheer amusement at my sense of direction. "Ellen" he dismissed the subject lightly, if there be a third party present and James and I get into a moot question in regard to a certain location "has no idea of direction at all—I just bet I could take her back and lose her in some of our own fields" which assertion in the words of Mark Twain is slightly exaggerated. For well, I know the fields and woodlands; the winding trails; and every spring and stream on the farm.

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This carpenter fellow "batches" at times in company with an older brother, but more often alone. In a cottage of his own construction, set on the level summit of a lengthy rise. "Such a hill" a Minister's wife, who had recently come with her husband to that congregation said to me. "Are all of your Island roads so hilly?" Of course they are not. But then neither do I find all of them so charming. Winding upward from a valley, where a brook meanders lazily in summer, following a red trail through woods in spots, and then the higher one ascends commanding, in the clear spaces an unmatched view of the country for miles around. A church spire etched on a far-away skyline; long stretches of farmlands with their nestling houses and away to the south, to which my eyes so frequently turn, there is the blue of the Strait. Here in this delightful place, away as it is from near neighbors, away too from the bustling "world with its toils and its cares" if some might flee from its loneliness, others find peace and content.

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I sat in the sun porch of the house across the lane this evening Jeanie had slipped away, while her new daughter slept, to plant the later vegetables in the turnip rows in the field above the rise. The babe was fast asleep at the time, two small hands up flung. Not stirring, her breathing so light as to be unnoticed until one bent nearer. My book lay unopened for like Jamie and the rest of the family, she never fails, asleep or awake to charm and interest me. A wide weary yawn; eyes fastened seemingly on her mother's face; a face —at less than a month—begging; "do take me up"; a lovely flicker of a smile, that posses like a flash leaving me wishing I had been more observant, knowing that something beautiful was there and like the passing of exquisite music, had gone. We were alone there, the wee one and I.

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Out of doors the evening shadows were falling on mill and pond and tree. The horses grazed quietly in a near meadow, their day's work at an end. The milk-cows prettily colored now and the calves were there as well. Birds called in the lawn trees and a great crane, with its odd flight homed down the river. The grain in the pond-field had a rich color and the haylands on the opposite slope were faintly white with the daisy-bloom. Mr. C's black mare ate on the hillside and his plump brood sows fed in their out-door pen. It's a grand time of year when the farm animals are in their pastures and it makes one regret these swiftly passing summer days. Presently the moon lit the sun-porch and the babe's face was hidden in the shadow of her carriage. Jeanie came then a little breathlessly — as mothers will. Then it was I returned to this deserted house. Deserted? Not at all. I had just laid plans for my beauty sleep, when all at once, the lights of the family car are on the drive-way.

Until tomorrow. . . Diary. . . Good-night. . .

DOROTHY DIX SAYS—

Penurious Husbands

Stingy Suitors Make Poor Mates And Should Be Dropped

DEAR MISS DIX: I am a girl 20 years old. Am engaged to a man six years my senior. I have a good job and am used to spending my money the way I want to. This man never takes me anywhere. When he comes to my home he just sits and sits. He thinks that I am very extravagant and criticizes me if I buy more than two hats a year. He says I cannot work after we are married.

When our views are so different do you think we will be happy together?

ON THE FENCE

ANSWER: Not a chance in the world of it, my dear. You will be miserable and the man will be miserable, and life will just be one perpetual wrangle over money.

BAD RISK

A woman may be happy and do without many things, if she knows that her husband wants her to have them, and that he grieves because he ca not give her luxuries. There is all the difference in the world between the generous poor man who cannot give to his wife because he hasn't got it, and the stingy poor man who wouldn't give her anything if he had a million.

Your fiance has shown you that he belongs to this latter class for courtship opens up the hand of every man who isn't a congenial tightwad, and if your sweetheart never takes you out, or spends a cent upon you, he has tipped you off to how he will treat you if you marry him.

Don't marry a stingy man. He is the worst husband there is in the world. Furthermore, meanness and stinginess are not confined to the pocketbook. They extend to the soul, and he will starve you for love and appreciation just as he will for food.

DEAR DOROTHY DIX: I am going to be married very soon and I want to make a happy home for my husband. I do not want to be a ball-and-chain wife so I shall put welcome on the doormat for his friends and I shall not put him through a questionnaire about his comings and goings. I shall try to keep myself attractive to him at all times. Do you think I am too easygoing in my plans?

RUTH T.

ANSWER: Indeed, no. Your plans for making a happy home and making your marriage a success are the very essence of wisdom. The real secret of managing a husband is to drive him with a light rein. Never let him feel the curb and realize that you are guiding and controlling him. Never flick him with the whip of reproof. Never let him feel that he is in harness and has become the family dray horse and can never kick up his heels again.

The thing that makes husbands bolt oftenest is their wives' incessant nagging about their little faults and habits. It is the easygoing wives who keep their husbands. A man gets enough bumps in the outside world. He has to watch his step every minute of the day and when he comes home he wants peace and quiet and o be jollied and have somebody to laugh at him if he is cross, instead of having her feelings hurt and making an issue of it. He wants to flop down on the couch and put his head on the best sofa cushion and scatter the newspaper and cigarette ashes all over the floor without a row being made over it.

So don't be afraid you will be too easygoing with your husband. Sugar catches more flies than vinegar and if you want your husband to eat out of your hand, just feed him on angels' food.

DEAR DOROTHY DIX: My wife blames me for everything that goes wrong. When I ask her opinion on any matter, she will never decide it. Always says do as you think best. Then if it turns out badly, she never ceases reproaching me. I am very fed upon all of this. What shall I do?

X.Y.Z.

ANSWER: Just laugh at her. Her case is very common. Sometimes I think that husbands and wives marry in order to get somebody to lay their mistakes on. Don't let it get you down.

Modern Etiquette

By Roberta Lee

Q. When one has been presented to eight or ten persons and is taking leave, is it necessary to bid each one of them "good-bye"?

A. No; a cordial "good-bye", including the entire group, is sufficient.

Q. Should one use a high centerpiece on the dinner table?

A. No; the centerpiece should never be high enough to obstruct the view of the guests who are opposite each other.

Q. Should a business man allow a business woman to pay for her own lunch, when meeting in a restaurant?

A. Yes, unless he has taken her to lunch by invitation.

Better English

D. C. Williams

1. What is wrong with this sentence? "It is a mighty difficult problem."

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

3. Which one of these words is misspelled? Isack, Nathaniel, Emmanuel.

4. What does the word "abstract" (verb) mean?

5. What is a word beginning with or that means "belief"?

ANSWERS

1. Say, "It is a very difficult problem." 2. Pronounce ko-ke-tri, o as in no, e as in bet unstressed, i as in it, accent first syllable. 3. Isaac. 4. To disengage the mind, attention; etc. "His attention was abstracted from the subject," 5. Credence.

Cook's Corner

FOR THE RHUBARB LAYER

4 cups ½-inch dice of raw rhubarb
3 tablespoons granulated sugar
Few grains salt
½ teaspoon ground ginger
¼ cup corn syrup

FOR THE BATTER

1 cup once-sifted cake flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
¼ teaspoon salt
3 tablespoons shortening
3 tablespoons granulated sugar
1 cup corn flakes
1 egg, well beaten
1 teaspoons grated orange rind
½ teaspoon vanilla
¼ cup milk

Place the prepared rhubarb in a baking dish. Combine the 3 tablespoons sugar, few grains salt, and ginger. Sprinkle over the rhubarb and drizzle with the corn syrup. Place in a moderately hot oven, 375 degrees, while preparing the batter topping. For the batter measure and sift together twice the flour, baking powder and salt. Add the shortening and cut it in finely Mix in the 3 tablespoons sugar. Measure the corn flakes, crush them slightly and add to the flour mixture. Combine the well-beaten egg, orange rind, vanilla and milk. Make a well in the dry ingredients and add the liquid mixture all at once. Combine lightly but thoroughly. Carefully spoon the batter over the hot rhubarb mixture in the baking dish. Bake in a moderately hot oven, 375 degrees, about 40 minutes. Serve

Morning Smile

WASTED EFFORT ?

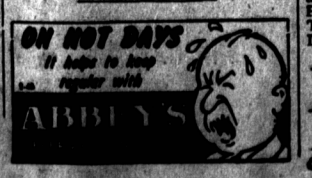
A metropolitan symphony orchestra had given a special performance in a small New England town. It was a new experience for many of the inhabitants. The next day some of the old-timers, gathered around the stove in the general store, were expressing their opinions of the concert.

"Well, all I got to say," commented one old character with finality, "is that was a long way to bring that bass drum only to bang it wunst."

JUST BE QUIET

A grouchy naval officer fell overboard and was rescued by a sailor. When he spoke of a reward, the sailor said:

"The best way to reward me is to say nothing about it. If the other fellows learn I pulled you out, they'll throw me in.



Needlecraft

—FOR THE HOME—

PRETTY OUTFIT

This sweet and adorable outfit for a very little girl should be extremely easy to make, and will give her a really useful Summer ensemble. You will also find it is easy to wash and iron.

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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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Household Scrapbook

By Roberta Lee

Testing Jelly

One way to determine when the jelly point has been reached is to put a little jelly on a cold dish and draw a line through it with the point of a spoon. If the jelly does not run together, the point has been reached.

Keeping Fit

The children will be in the pink of condition during hot days by cutting down the amount of meat and giving them lots of fresh vegetables, fruits salads and milk.

Moths

Newspapers are a moth preventive, and it is well to spread them down on the floor before laying a rug or carpet.

How Can I !!

By Anne Ashley

Q. How can I prevent curtains from blowing out of the window and becoming soiled?

A. Buy lead dress-weights. Cover with cloth the color of the curtains and slip into the bottom hem of the curtains. Use about five weights in each hem and the curtains will hang in place.

Q. How can I prevent food from absorbing odors in the ice box?

A. Covered crockery dishes should be used in the refrigerator to prevent foods from absorbing odors. The crockery should be scalded when washed.

Q. How can I exterminate black ants?

A. Try placing an earthen dish filled with chloride of lime near their haunts.

Non-alcoholic beverage is made in Germany from sugar beets; the beets are steamed in an autoclave for 15 minutes under one-half atmosphere pressure, then the juice is squeezed out in a cider press, filtered, bottled and carbonated.

Living & Leisure

—THE WOMAN'S REALM—

RIGHT AND REASON

Right and Reason are wise old birds.
Precise is ever their choice of words,
Maxims they rase of what's best to do
To come to the happiness all pursue,
But ever the many of earth explain
Love must be more than just safe and sane.
Right and Reason are cold and stern.
"No lane so long but must somewhere turn."
"Look," they counsel, "before you leap!
Out of each dollar a portion keep!"
But the many of earth say love takes wings
When it gives up doing some foolish things.
Right and Reason are hard as steel,
The pangs of another they seldom feel.
"Pity," they say, "is misunderstood.
And often it does more harm than good!"
But the many insist that devotion dies
The minute it thinks that it must be wise.

—EDGAR GUEST

Hor d'oeuvres without bread. Planning a party? Serve two-inch celery sticks stuffed with cheese, peanut butter or eggs. Soft cheese balls rolled in parsley, chopped nuts or ground chipped beef. Cauliflower flowerettes, carrot curls, radishes and strips of green pepper arranged on beds of watercress add a colorful note.

Medical science has developed a "suction-cup" appliance to combat snakebite where serum is not readily available.

Hints on Etiquette

It has been said that "a gentleman never splurges." Only vulgar folk spend more than they can afford.

SWING TO COTTON

NEW YORK —As American as jive, and as sleek as a jeep, is the perennial swing to cotton at this season of the year. Fine cottons have long been traditional in the American wardrobe. Today good styling and shortages have put them among the luxury fabrics, and the importance of a well-chosen wardrobe in cotton is imperative.

This summer wear cottons on the beach, on the street under the stars and for your leisure moments Fine cottons have been created for all occasions.

Oxygen in compounds makes up about one-half of the earth's crust, and about nine-tenths of the weight of water.

FOOD TIPS

A little lemon juice or vinegar adds a pleasantly tart note to boiled carrots, beets or turnips. . . . don't throw away leftover cooked fish. It may be flaked and used in salads, fish cakes, or croquettes . . when you store cream or cottage cheese in the refrigerator be sure it's well wrapped or covered for it takes on other odors easily.

Complete de-frosting before cooking is recommended for frozen poultry.

THREE DOZEN MOTIFS

DESIGN NO. 575

Odd lengths of bright colored floss from the sewing basket are used to embroider these gay Mexican designs on place mats, towels, curtains or children's clothing. Hot iron transfer pattern No. 575 contains 32 motifs with complete instructions.

To order Pattern: Write or send above picture with your name and address with 20 cents in coin or Postal Scrip to Needlework Bureau The Charlottetown Guardian. Design No. 575

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