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

Living & Leisure
—THE WOMAN'S REALM—

SILENT NIGHT

Silent night, holy night,
All is calm, all is bright;
Round yon Virgin Mother and Child
Holy Infant, so tender and mild.
Sleep in heavenly peace.
Sleep in heavenly peace.

Silent night, holy night,
Shepherds pray at the sight;
Glories stream from heaven afar
Heav'nly hosts since Alleluia
Christ the Saviour is born
Christ the Saviour is born.

Silent night, holy night.
God on high, love's pure light;
Radiant beams from Thy holy face,
With the dawn of redeeming grace.
Jesus Lord at Thy birth.
Jesus Lord at Thy birth.

CHRISTMAS TRADITIONS

If your Christmas tree is a balsam —and that is the loveliest kind of all, both for appearance and for fragrance —then when you first light it a cheerful old superstition urges a glance at your shadow on the wall —if you dare. Should it appear headless you will not live to see another Christmas. Then, later, when the tree is burned, another tradition suggests keeping a partly burned stick to ward off lightning.

NO LAUNDRY

Paperhand towels are popular for kitchen use, from a sanitary standpoint as well as an economical one.

NATURAL LINE FOR LIPSTICK

Sometimes a girl's attempt to carry lipstick over the lip boundaries, in a heroic effort to make a new mouth for herself, is a mistake. The error is not so much one of faulty as of impracticable design. Self-made outlines turn out to be impracticable because porous or fuzzy skin won't hold them

If yours won't —the best way to find out is close-seeing in a magnifying mirror —it's better to pass up the alterations and leave your mouth be.

You can, however, always paint on a younger and happier expression by adding a little rouge to the corners of your upper lip. An eighth of an inch of bolting over at the corners will do the trick. Because the muscles and fleshy areas of the upper lip conceal all but the effect of adding colour, this is really a safe trick to use.

While we're on the subject of lip make-up —*a job that deserves* all the devotion you're willing to give—don't leave a pale pink rim around the boundaries of your mouth when your rouge it. This failure to coat the line of demarcation between skin and tissue is usually not detected by you but it is by other people. The best way to cover the pink rim is with a lipstick brush.

SHEER AS COBWEBS

Cobwebs look like burlap compared with the newest nylons to be dreamed up by those superscientists who spend their days figuring out how sheer stockings may become without disappearing altogether. The new stockings which look like nothing more than a slight mist on the leg, were unveiled recently in plush surroundings at a New York roof garden. These new 15-denier nylons (the usual present weight is 50 denier) are the sheerest ever made. Further, they come in metallic shades —gold, copper and bronze — to match the new gold and bronze kid evening shoes. No toes or heel reinforcements mar the sheerness of the foot, so that the stocking is almost invisible on the leg, except for a faint sheen.

MADE OF SCRAPS

Machinist Zeno Young is a scrapmaster with a sense of fun. Out of odds and ends —an oil drum, a length of stove pipe, a few nuts and bolts—he has installed in his back yard such children's delights as a miniature train that hauls passengers around a wooden track, a small ferris wheel and airplane swings.

HAT-PINS BANNED

The wearing of dangerous hatpins in public places is prohibited in New Jersey.

HANDY PILLOW

A plastic pillow has been marketed for use on autos, trains buses, and all sporting events. It folds into the size of a match pack, inflates like a balloon to 10 x 13 inches and is said to stand up under 250 pounds pressure.

Ellen's Diary
By an Island Farmer's Wife

Today seems to have ushered in an extremely busy week for us at Alderlea if the past hours are any indication of the remaining days of it. For since the time this morning when James stirred sleepily to inquire: "Is it going to be fine Ellen?" and I opened one eye dutifully to scan the East, until Rob's went home a few minutes since, the men scarcely took time out for their meals. We had pattered down to the kitchen and James was in the act of pulling on his boots when a butcher's truck came to the yard. This is an early bird of a fellow, who is apt to catch the more tardy farmer at a serious disadvantage. On an empty stomach, one lacks the stamina to persist in a set price. However, after ours went into a conference— or so it appeared from a window, a sale was made at the stables and a much esteemed and well respected friend of mine, is due to leave us, so I'm told "the first of the new year". The Guernsey heifer must go. She, of course, is not altogether in that class now, but is still regarded as youthful, by those of us who know her best.

* * *

I sat down sadly beside her this morning. "I'm sure I don't know how I'm going to get along without her" I said to James, who prefers to milk the Kelly cow. "Get along without her?" James snorted "have some sense, Ellen— what's the use of keeping her around like this?" Then he went into some biological details that at once proved the truth of his words. Well, if she was determined to be as he said "only a stripper," her milk would be always creamy, if the flow would be lessened. In any event, I was going to miss her sorely. Many a morning and evening too, when everything about the place was depressing, as things are bound to be on occasions any where, annoyances would be forgotten or dissolve and fade from mind when I came to the stable and began to draw her golden streams to the pail. And all the while she stood patiently in her stall. Others would fidget impatiently, or perhaps step carelessly on ones toe or worst of all kick over the pail. But not the Guernsey.

* * *

She was—I speak of her in the past for in James' words "a sale's a sale" and she is as good as gone now— the quiet restful type, giving before one asked, and with an understanding that matched Pard's. It was a pleasure to come down the line from the others, where one had to be always on the alert to the peculiarities of their temperment and reaching her stall, sit nonchalantly, hands busy but ones fancy free to wander wherever it willed. At the "letting out" time she was the first in a bee line to the pasture and at the assembling she was the first to her stall. There was no loitering along the way to indulge in stolen bites causing Pard and the rest of us extra and unnecessary steps. I know that when Summer comes I shall expect to see her with the others in the daisy sprinkled meadow by the mill stream or in the shadowy one across the creek. I shall look for her sunny colored coat, dappled fetchingly with white but in vain for as James pointed out this morning "she'll have to go, Ellen!"

* * *

Weather being ideal today for the farmers' shipping, our road took on increased traffic. Early, great truck loads of produce moved out along the hill on a round-about way to the railway siding or directly to the city. "I reckon" James said watching one labor up the rise "those second seed of ours might go today". He caught sight presently of Mr. C. engaged in the labor of loading some of his potatoes to a truck and was off then to help, Pard gambolling ahead down the short cut to the mill. Jock went away with Mr. B. who lives next to Rob's to help him weigh a pair of fat hogs. "They're weight, I would judge" Mr. B. said when he came after for the scales "but you know, Missis the best of us can make mistakes—old and young" he added and laughed "and sometimes the old ones make the worst blunders." The scales have an engagging and lengthy history, and have been intertwined in the doings of many a bygone day both here and at Mr. B.'s. Purchased jointly at a sale by James and Mr. B., when ours were only wee lads, they have been used extensively in various farm endeavours, until a more modern set supplanted them in later years at Alderlea. Steelyards, the former ones are and I suspect more than one weighing rope has been worn out in the interests of the farmsteads concerned. "Many a good pig, these have weighed" I remarked handing the weights from a verandah to Mr. B. "You're right, Missis" he replied "many a good one they did—and will weigh yet, I hope." Then he and Jock left in a show of expert horsemanship brisk stepping mare and bare woodsleigh. Not exactly bare now that I recall it. There were stakes for those who found it difficult to keep their equilibrium without benefit of support. These however were disregarded by the two on their way to the weighing this morning.

* * *

And so everyone was busy today. Pard himself caught the spirit of the others and catching up a cat stick ran down the lane to meet the mailman on his incoming trip. Our seconds were hauled and a few firsts were graded as well. We have a number of meals if until the last one they had been very brief. "Five in all" Karolyn laughed when the evening workers came up from the cellar to find steaming coffee and sandwiches ready. The savoury filling was something Karolyn had provided and it added much to the meal. A snowfall is covering the yard paths now and there was an icing of it on Rob's truck as it went down the drive way homing. James has retired—but only recently. Now he calls me, "Ellen" he says "give Rob's a ring to find out if they got home all right—the roads are pretty slippery tonight."

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

DOROTHY DIX SAYS—

Marrying Sight Unseen
Girl Of 17 Advised Against Union With Mail Suitor

DEAR MISS DIX: I am a girl of 17 and I am engaged to a man whom I have never seen who wants me to come out to California and marry him. The affair began by my writing to him while he was in the Army. His letters were so nice that I fell in love with him and feel as if I had known him for a long, long time. But don't you think it would be best for him to come after me instead of me going to him?

My cousin knows this young man and says he is a fine boy.

A DAILY READER.

ANSWER: My dear child, marrying a man you have never seen is like the proverbial folly of buying a pig in a poke. Don't do such a crazy thing. In marriage, personality counts more than the virtues in making it a success. A man might have every good quality so far as character goes and yet be so hideously ugly that he would be repugnant to you, or he might have little mannerisms and ways that get on your nerves so that you couldn't endure him.

And the same thing goes for women. We all know pretty girls who never have a date and homely girls who are belles. We know wives who are lazy and trifling and nagging and poor housekeepers who are simply worshipped by their husbands, and other wives who are pin-feathered angels whose husbands neglect them and are women-chasers. And it all comes back to one woman having an attractive personality and the other woman lacking it.

FOOLISH MOVE

So don't be foolish enough to marry any man sight unseen. Heaven knows husbands have enough peculiarities that a wife has to overlook even when she has done all the sleuthing beforehand that she could.

And don't think that you can judge anybody by their letters. It can't be done. For we all succumb to the temptation to go romantic and poetic and generally put our best foot foremost when we put pen to paper. Especially if we are writing to somebody who has never seen us.

Anyway, 17 is too young for you to marry and go so far away from home. Don't do it.

DEAR DOROTHY DIX: I am nearly 21 years old, a research engineer in a television laboratory. I have no home, no parents, no relatives. I have been on my own since I was 15. As I was unable to finish high school or go to college, I have educated myself by studying and in a few more years I will have a degree in physics and mathematics.

But my trouble is that I am very lonely. I am very shy and I do not know how to go about getting acquainted with other young people. How, or where, could I go to meet intelligent young women and boys who are interested in the things that I am?

L. R. O.

ANSWER: I wish I could have printed all of your letter because it is a marvelous and heart-warming story of a boy having the courage to meet his fate and conquer it. But, son, for every victory we win we have to pay, and the price tag on your success is loneliness. While other boys and girls were going to school and having dates and dancing and amusing themselves, you were toiling upward in the night, studying, working, educating yourself, fitting yourself for a career.

And so you lost touch with your own generation. The boys and girls of your age are still children. You are a man, with a man's knowledge and experience and ambitions, and you have nothing in common with an adolescent crowd. You would bore them and they would bore you. It wouldn't be possible for you to chum up together. You must find your companionship with older men, and the best way for you to do that is by joining men's clubs, especially those to which the men belong who are in your line of work. On its high plane Science is the great leveler.

DEAR MISS DIX: I have gone through two years of high school and would like to quit and go to two years of business school where I can learn exactly what I need and want. What is your opinion about this?

L.L.

ANSWER: Finish high school by all means, because the first thing you will be asked when you apply for a job will be: "Are you a high school graduate?" And let me urge you to specialize in these two years of high school on how to spell and how to write a nice letter. You will find that knowledge is invaluable to you when you enter a business school.

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THE QUINTUPLETS promptly relieve CHEST COLDS BRONCHITIS WITH CHILD'S MILD MUSTEROLE

Modern Etiquette
By Roberta Lee

Q. If a person has accepted the invitation of one hostess, is it permissible to recall the acceptance in order to accept a later invitation elsewhere?

A. Never; it is rude to do so. If such a thing were done, and the first hostess should become aware of it, her resentment would be justifiable. It is a sure road to unpopularity.

Q. Please name six or seven things that a person may eat with the fingers?

A. Bread, crackers, cookies, candy, salted nuts, olives, celery.

What color stationery is in best taste for a man?

A. White, always.

Morning Smile

"Boy, what you doin'?"
"Writin' to my brother."
"How come you write so slow?"
"'Cause my brother can't read fast."

EXPERIENCE NECESSARY

"Madam," said the new caretaker to the lady who had just employed him. "I want to thank you for giving me the job, and ask you one question. I notice that you advertised for a married man. Does that mean that you will have some work in your home for my wife?"

"Oh, no," replied the woman. "I wanted a married man so as to be sure I'd get someone used to taking orders from a woman."

How Can I!!
By Anne Ashley

Q. How can I make an inexpensive polish?

A. By using equal parts of raw linseed oil and turpentine. Put all in a bottle and shake well. Pour a little of the oil on a piece of cheesecloth, then rub over the entire surface and polish with a clean dry cloth.

Q. How can I prevent shoes from cracking?

A. Dampen them and then rub them with linseed oil or sweet oil. Follow this with an application of vaseline to keep the leather soft and pliable.

Q. What can I use as a substitute for lemon juice for flavoring salmon?

A. Try using orange juice; it gives the salmon a delicious flavor.

Cook's Corner

CHERRY MACAROONS

1 egg white
Pinch of salt
¼ cup sugar
1½ cups wheat or cornflakes
½ cup maraschino or candied cherries, cut in small pieces.

Add salt to egg white and beat until stiff. Add sugar gradually, then fold in flakes and cherries. Drop by teaspoons on a greased baking sheet. Bake in a moderately slow oven, 325 degrees F., for 30 minutes. Makes 1 dozen, 1-inch macaroons.

POINSETTA COOKIES

¾ cup mild-flavoured fat
½ cup fine granulated sugar
2 egg yolks or 1 egg
2 cups pastry flour
1 teaspon baking powder
Pinch of salt

Cream fat and sugar well together Add beaten egg. Then blend in flour mixed with baking powder and salt. Roll to about ¼ inch thicknesses on floured board and cut with 2-inch cookie cutter. Make four cuts almost into centre of cookie at equal distance. Fold the four points to the centre as a pinwheel. Place a piece of candied cherry in centre. Bake in a moderately slow oven, 325 degrees F., until cookies are delicately browned . . . about 15 minutes.

FOR STUDENT AID

International Student' Service have disclosed their budget for world student relief is set at $3,126,000 for the urgent needs of 400,000 students around the world.

County Club
By Holloway Horn

"He asked me to marry him," she said quietly. "And I had promised to let him know definitely tonight."

"And are you going to marry him?"

"No," she said.

"Why not?"

"Need we go into all that," she protested.

"I'm afraid so. You were—evidently —considering the possibility of marrying him. But apparently something happened tonight which made up your mind —or his. What was it?"

"My mind was made up days ago. I told him so tonight. I have the greatest respect for him, but that is all."

"All this can, of course, be confirmed by the gentleman himself?" Dollimore asked.

"Yes."

"Have you Mr. Rolliter's 'phone number?" Ducros asked Fernandez.

"Yes."

"Ring him up and ask him to come down, will you?"

"But he wouldn't be at his office at this hour," Fernandez protested.

"Why not his private address?"

"I don't know it."

"Ring up Inquiries in London, Dolly, and get it," Ducros said. "They'll find him." Turning to Mary Stenning he went on in an curiously casual tone. "Have you any idea or suspicion who might have murdered Mrs. Lewin?"

"No."

"Had she any enemies?"

"I don't think so. Not that I know of. But from things she said, I believe that her husband had."

"Why did she need a secretary?" Ducros asked.

"I was a companion as well I suppose she could have got along without me. She hadn't a secretary before me. I drove the car as well."

"Has she left a will?"

"Yes. She made one a month or so ago."

Mr. Rolliter has it?"

"I think so. In some ways she was secretive. She rarely discussed money with me at all."

"Thank you, Miss Stenning."

Dollimore opened the door for her and smiled at her as she went out.

"And now I think we'll see that dance partner, Mr. Glinshe," Ducros said.

"Better see him alone?" Dollimore suggested.

"I think so. Is there a room we can use, Fernandez?" Ducros asked.

"This one. I'll go out, if you wish."

"Right. You might send him in, will you?"

Glinshe seemed rather scared when he came in, and stood watching the three officials in silence.

"Sit down, Ronnie," said Dollimore.

"Were you in the dance-room the whole evening, Glinshe?" Ducros asked.

"I think so—there and in the conservatory. As a matter of fact, I met Mrs. Lewin as she was on her way upstairs."

"Did you speak to her?"

"Yes. It would be about half-past eight. I stood talking to her for a minute or so."

"She was quite normal?"

"In every way, as far as I could tell. She said good-night and went on towards the lift. From what I can gather I was the last person to speak to her."

"You spoke very mysteriously this evening about the people who are running the place," Ducros went on.

"I didn't mean to be mysterious. I meant you to understand that they were a bunch of crooks—that, of course, was after I knew that Dolly was here professionally."

"You've only been here a short time?"

"Ten days, and I'm leaving as soon as I can get away."

"Who is running the place —apart from Fernandez —and why do you think that they are crooks?"

A Sudden Silence

"You've only got to see them. There's something furtive about the place. There were two down here last night, for example. I happened to come in here to see Fernandez, and as I opened the door there was a sudden silence.

"That's not evidence that the people were crooks."

"No. But I've mixed up with all kinds of people —at the university, on the stage, in Hollywood —and these people are different. Besides, the man whose pictures you showed to me is one of them. I'm certain I've seen him here."

"Who is 'them'?" Ducros said, impatiently.

"Fernandez, his solicitor, the Pachmann woman, and the odd people who come down here and spend hours in Fernandez's office. They're a bunch of crooks, I give you my impression; it's up to you to prove it. But the impression was so strong that I was clearing out —apart from this murder."

"I did," Glinshe said calmly.

CHAPTER II

More Facts Emerge

"I say it's murder," repeated Glinshe "She wouldn't commit suicide."

"Look here, Ronny," Dollimore put in. "A fact or so would help us more than all these impressions. What first started you thinking that they were crooks?"

"My room overlooks the garage. The first night I was here, a car went out at three in the morning and came back just before it was light. Fernandez was in it."

"You've nothing more definite? That isn't criminal."

"No. There was one man who insulted a middle-aged lady. She seemed terrified. It looked like blackmail. I told him what I thought of him and he called me a qualified gigolo. Fernandez told me to mind my own business or get out. You'll find that I'm right and they're a bunch of crooks. And I don't think you need look beyond them for the murderers."

"You include the Solicitor."

"Wait until you've seen him yourself. He was here this evening."

The 'phone bell broke across the conversation.

"Hello!" said Ducros, as he lifted the receiver. "Oh, it's you, Mr. Rolliter. This is Superintendent Ducros of Scotland Yard speaking. I should like to see you immediately."

A silence, and Ducros continued: "Your client, Mrs. Lewin, has been murdered. No doubt whatever. I shall be here."

He replaced the receiver: "He's coming down at once." he said. "He should be here within the hour. He's apparently only just got in."

"By the way," Dollimore asked. "What about the jewellery?"

"Gone," said Ducros. "The empty cases are there. The rings were taken from her fingers, even. Thank you, Mr. Glinshe," he went on.

The three police officers were left alone in the office.

"I like that fellow," Inspector Pertwee said. "But what's he doing here at all? He's not the type."

"He took the job as a stop-gap. I knew him at Oxford," Dollimore said.

"I think he's right about their being crooks." Pertwee said thoughtfully. "We've heard vague rumours about the place for some time past. There was a case of robbery a few weeks ago. A lady staying here lost her jewellery."

Ducros nodded: "We've no guarantee that this list is correct," he said, "There are several ways out

(Continued on Page 9 Col. 5)

Better English
D. C. Williams

1. What is wrong with this sentence? What is wrong with this sentence?

2. What is the correct pronunciation of "dishabille" (a loose negligee)?

3. Which one of these words is misspelled? Proselyte, proffessor, protein.

4. What does the word "impetuosity" mean?

5. What is a word beginning with om that means "infinite knowledge; hence, God"?

ANSWERS

1. 'A boy of my acquaintance told me about it" is better form. 2. Pronounce dis-a-bel, i as in miss, a as in ask unstressed, e as in be, accent last syllable. 3. Professor. 4. Violent state; rash energy. "Give not reins to your inflamed passions . . . . impetuosity manages all things badly."—Statius. 5. Omniscience.

THE STARS SAY—
By GENEVIEVE KEMBLE
For Tuesday, December 17

THE sudden and thrilling turnabout in lagging or threatened conditions gives keen impetus to the energies and faculties, inspiring to an abandonment of old ideas, ways and means, and a decisive attack upon restrictions and obstacles with every prospect of renewed values. Fresh techniques for reaching a happy culmination of cherished objectives thrive possibly with spectacular denouement. Creative vision is stimulated by emotional responses, assuring dramatic or romantic adventures in fresh fields of endeavor. It might be well to "strike while the iron is hot" under such ingenious and constructive inspiration. Quick change is favored.

Those whose birthday it is may anticipate a year of swift-moving events, having a radical and thrilling effect on the future fortune, adventures and romantic experiences. This sudden turn incites the discard of old and worn-out ways and means in favor of fresh tactics, new pastures and associations, with tried skills, creative urges and daring, inciting to break away from crystallized routines and leading to spectacular progress and personal satisfactions.

A child born on this day is richly endowed with originality, ingenuity, and splendid creative insight into new ways and means of inaugurating long-range ventures, unique and thrilling.

Household Scrapbook
By Roberta Lee

Pressing Trousers

A method one authority gives for pressing trousers successfully is: Dampen the knees thoroughly and allow to dry for half an hour; this takes out the baggy appearance and allows the cloth to shrink. Now dissolve equal parts of gum arabic and gum tragacanth in one-half pint of hot water. Turn the trousers wrong side out and moisten a strip about two inches wide down the legs. Then turn right side out and press with hot iron until dry.

Apple Sauce

Apple sauce will have a different flavor if stiffly-beaten egg whites are folded into it. Chill and before serving garnish with chopped crystallized fruit.

Soot in Chimney

If some old dry-cell batteries are thrown into a hot furnace, it will be very effective in removing the excess soot from the chimney.

of the place, and whoever did it had a clear hour in which to get away. If Fernandez is a crook, it might have been done by someone of whom we haven't heard at all. And the jewels have gone, too. You can bet on that."

"That's so," Pertwee agreed. "The laddie from the finger-prints will be here soon." Ducros

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Needlecrafts
—FOR THE HOME—

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