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

Happenings of The Week

Prime Minister King gave a dinner over the weekend on behalf of the Government of Canada in honor of the Governor General and Princess Alice. Members of the Cabinet and of the Diplomatic Corps, High Commissioners, Privy Councillors who were members of the government during His Excellency's regime, the Speakers of both Houses and leaders of the Opposition, the Chief Justice and retired Chief Justice and Judges of the Supreme Court, the chiefs of Staff and the General Officer Commanding-Chief First Canadian Army, and the Mayor of Ottawa, and their wives, were among the guests.

* * *

Mrs. Truman was hostess at the White House Wednesday at a luncheon in honor of Mrs. Winston Churchill and her daughter, Mrs. Sarah Churchill Oliver. Present also were the Countess of Halifax, wife of the British Ambassador, and Miss Margaret Truman. Wives of cabinet members and legislative leaders were among the guests. During the afternoon Mrs. Churchill and the Countess of Halifax attended the Shrove Tuesday pancake party given for the benefit of the Exchange Student Fund of the English-Speaking Union at the United Nations War Relief Centre.

* * *

Lieut. Governor J. A. Bernard and Mrs. Bernard left for Tignish Thursday afternoon by train. They were accompanied as far as Alberton by Lieut.-Col. P. S. Fielding, M.M., E. D., who is one of the aides-de-camp to the Lieutenant Governor.

* * *

Mrs. Thane Campbell who spent a few days with her sister Mrs. D. S. Blair in Ottawa last week joined her husband, Chief Justice Thane Campbell in Montreal and accompanied him to Winnipeg.

* * *

Mrs. R. S. P. Jardine was hostess at a delightful luncheon bridge at The Charlottetown on Monday.

* * *

Mrs. Harry E. Miller is now convalescing nicely after a recent operation in the P. E. I. Hospital.

* * *

Miss Maud McCannell of the C. N. R. staff of Moncton is convalescing at the home of her sister, Mrs. Ripley in Hunter River following her recent severe illness.

* * *

Mrs. Donald Nicholson is improving from illness which necessitated hospitalization.

* * *

Mrs. J. A. Lawson is leaving this morning for Ottawa and will be among those present at the opening of Parliament, before continuing her holiday visit to Toronto and Saint John.

* * *

Princess Elizabeth, wearing a leaf green coat and brown hat attended graduation exercises at the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, and buckled belts of honour bearing her autograph, on two winning cadets— J. F. G. Hayes and A. L. Price.

* * *

Mr. John Pickard and his bride from Little Hampton, England, who crossed over on the Acquatania spent the weekend with Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Moir in Halifax arriving here by plane on Monday.

* * *

Miss Lillian Stewart caught the bride's bouquet at the wedding of her brother, Mr J. A. (Bill) Stewart, to Miss Ailsa Gerard, which took place in Ottawa on Saturday.

* * *

Mrs. Josephine Pickard is in the P. E. I. Hospital for medical observation and her friends are anticipating her early return to renewed health to resume her many church and charitable activities. Today being her birthday her son, Mr. Harold Pickard and family will be with her. Her numerous friends wish her many happy returns.

* * *

Mrs. Harry James is making a good recovery following an illness of pneumonia in the P. E. I. Hospital.

* * *

Mrs. George Buntain and Miss Norah Longworth had a delightful two table bridge at the residence of Mrs. Buntain on Friday afternoon, March 1st. for Mrs. Alan Cosh, Jr. The guest of honor received a beautiful gift in memory of the event.

* * *

Rev. E. J. O. Fraser spent the week-end in Ottawa, guest of Mr. and Mrs. Edgar D. Hardy, Second avenue. For many years a missionary in Korea he was forced to evacuate by the Japanese military forces and will be one of the first Canadian missionaries to return to Korea. A native of Pictou County, Nova Scotia, he has been supply minister of the United Church at Kensington, during his furlough in Canada.

* * *

Among the more notable weddings of recent weeks the marriage of Elisabeth de Gaulle, daughter of General de Gaulle, must take the first place. It rather resembled a game of hide and seek with reporters frantically trying to find out the whereabouts of the chapel of the convent where Mademoiselle de Gaulle was brought up and where she had chosen to be married to Commander de Boissieu, one of her father's brilliant young staff officers.

* * *

Paquin had designed for her a rather complicated dress that suited her tall slenderness wonderfully. The dress was of heavy silk, the skirt consisting of three uneven frills, shorter on one side than on the other, a light little bodice with a rounded collar, and on each side of the bride's forehead a tight cluster of jasmin blossoms. A minute muff of the same flowers replaced the traditional bouquet. Young French brides prefer jasmin to myrtle and orange blossom this season. Muffs and small round posies replace the classical bouquet which, however, still looks best with a draped dress.

* * *

Thank heavens pink and blue clad brides are out of fashion. I can understand being married "in civvies" if one does not wish for or cannot manage a white wedding. And in that case any color is admissible. But to ape the style of a bride's dress, including the veil— and in an attempt to be original to choose any color other than white, seems to be in the worst possible taste. That style should be left to the Folles Bergere, who, very sensibly, do not choose to show themselves in the white attire of a bride.

* * *

Mrs. Roosevelt picked up a new public in London—Republicans, no less. Senator Arthur Vandenberg and others are pinning the accolade of stateswoman on her as a result of the U.N.O. meetings. Most of them admit they had been a trifle bearish on her prior to the sessions which gave them their first real chance to watch her in action strictly on her own. Some of them had disliked her husband intensely; others felt the first lady should take a more secluded role and were even inclined to dismiss her as another woman-with-a-mission. Mrs. Roosevelt boarded the Queen Mary with these two strikes on her but in London she apparently made a home run.

Ellen's Diary

By an Island Farmer's Wife

I came a few minutes since, along a hazardous path of ice, from the house across the lane. Skies were dark then, as were the surroundings except where the lamp in a window gave light for my careful steps. James is there still, chatting comfortably with the younger folk and their visitor Mr. C., a farmer from down the river road. He came after dark, well mounted, which appears to be his favorite mode of travel. James may remain to lunch, for as I came away, I noticed that Jeanie, drew the teakettle nearer to the flames. Even if they were deep in their lively discussions, concerning a number of things, I entertain a strong notion that James, not at all given to much eating but as he often tells me "only natural", has an extra sense, which gives him warning, when a lunch is in the offing

* * *

Extra busy, our men were today. Engaged in the choring this morning then Jock went in the afternoon to assist Mr. C. our near neighbor on the hill and his nephew at a bit of lumbering in a woods at a distance from Alderlea, and lying beside the highway. Two huge trees, regular monarchs of their kind, and containing several loads of cordwood, were cut down and portioned into lengths convenient for hauling. James a "good hand at it, whetted the axe, before he himself and the brown mare went on what he called "a ferrying job" between the corner-store and Rob's.. Coal for the base-burner, it was, and perhaps a few sacks of imported feed purchased on yesterday's trip to the city. A grist of crushing from the mill, was also taken in the road. Rob, was too busy to attend to his own hauling, unless it might be done after night, for this was the afternoon, that it suited Mr. A. "when that stack cleaned off" to finish his delayed threshing and Rob was one of his hands. "You had better come along too" James invited me and if my Saturday's work had been completed, there would have been no refusal. Regretfully, I returned his wave, from the lane, bluest skies overhead, and bright sunshine and winter birds on the wing, before I turned away from the window and flopped to my scrubbing, which usually climaxes my "for Sunday" duties at Alderlea.

* * *

My mopping-up had several interruptions today—alone as I was. 'Set it in the morning" Karolyn had advised me airily yesterday evening, when among them they had forgotten my cake of yeast. She always so she told me, sets hers in the morning "and before you know it" she said "it's ready for the pans—and the baking." I was a little tired, at the time and besides, she was to send me out the necessary yeast-cake with Jock and Jeanie, when they would return from taking Rob and Karolyn and Jamie home last evening. Accordingly, I attended to the bread-mixing ceremony, while the breakfast was in the course of preparation. I mixed and patted and kneaded, adding a mite more flour and then a little more water, until I was well satisfied, that something extra tasty would come out of that bread-pan. Then I set it out of the traffic, but beside the stove and waited, and hoped.

* * *

At certain times of the year, this old kitchen is the most popular place on the farm. Here James comes twice a day, for water for a warm drink for this or that animal in a procession of palls. "Jam-es!" I called after his exodus with an overflowing pail this morning "please close the door behind you— the bread will get chilled." James complied with a hurt air. What is a paltry pan of bread in comparison with the comfort of potential beeves? I enjoyed a few minutes of warmth and silence, while I returned the morning dishes, to the cupboard. Again, I was forced to remind him: "The bread Jam-es!" not of course that I love the welfare of Alderlea "less" but when I had considered my present meagre supply of it, the bread "more." "Bread be ..." he muttered. But it was a closed incident. A door, shut, well but not too softly, cut off the last word. So this afternoon, after a lapse of hours, I rose slowly from my knees at intervals to lift the cover from the bread-pan, before flopping down listlessly again. There is, in all this wide world, nothing more depressing to a housewife than a weary batch of dough. In comparison, grey clouds, disappointments, rain or snow are only minor distresses. However, like a sun that penetrates overhanging clouds towards evening, my erstwhile gloom has been dispelled. The bread-dough, swelled to amazing proportions, is in the oven at last, and the fragrance of it fills the kitchen. Dark it may be outdoors, with no sign of a star to lighten the Heavens; the sun may have westered behind a questionable purple bank of cloud, but indoors my dark horizons have disappeared.

* * *

And this week, the month of February disappeared, quietly, and March, the variable one, with the shamrocks' greening came in its place. Not on farms does one month actually replace the other, with the same work, for with the turning, time in its ceaseless roll brings new and fresh activities with every month—in an endless chain. This month will see increased hauling, always with the thought "before the roads break up" in mind. A lovely Winter road, with cuddling drifts beside, we followed, one evening this week, when we joined Mr. and Mrs. A. at Rob's to celebrate his birth-date. Many incidents of former years were taken out and dusted off, poignant memories, that had to do with weddings and funerals and births an exhibitions and horse-shows in days of former years. And I questioned his sincerity, when James said I was the one, who, for the time, had forgotten that at home, the cows stood restless for their milkings

* * *

This week leaves us—thankfully—without the flu, which we hear has been causing distress, far and near. Jock feels "a little queer" tonight, which may be a symptom. James who has had a misery in "this here leg" since Monday is able now to step out more briskly. In fact: crunch, crunch, I hear his footsteps now, returning. Away goes cap and jacket. Day's work at an end. Boots follow, and slippers are found. "A bite to eat, James?" I ask. But he has supped already. "Rolls—Ellen" he comments, evidently with the pleasant flavor lingering. "Heigh-ho!" he yawns, tired doubtless, yet grateful for the day of rest, that will be born out of tonight. "Isn't it almost unbelievable, Ellen" he remarks "how quickly the days slip by? So short a time, since it was Monday, and here we are at Saturday night. Each week seems to go more quickly than the last. "A whole life time goes like that James" I remind him "remember, what the Psalmist said—we spend our years ..." "Yes that's it indeed, Ellen" he tells me softly, taking the words out of my mouth "as a tale that is told—yes" as a tale that is told"

Until Monday—Diary — Goodnight.

Dorothy Dix Says—

Fools Never Learn

Even People With I. Q. Rating Fail To Gain From Experience

Wise old Benjamin Franklin said: "Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other." Far be it from me to argue with that immortal sage, but my observation is that fools never learn from experience, and that even people with a high I.Q. rating seldom profit from their blunders. They can read the danger signals that life erects along their pathway, but they refuse to heed the warning and stumble in the same old pit, time and time again.

As an example of our inability to learn from experience, take our health. That is the most important thing in the world to us, for on it depends our ability to succeed, our usefulness and our happiness. If we are weak and feeble and racked with pain, nothing else matters.

WE NEVER LEARN

Yet while all of us know from experience the things that will not only make us ill, but shorten our lives, we keep on doing them. We know that if we gorge ourselves on rich food, it is going to give us dyspepsia; if we worry too much, we will get stomach ulcers; if we overwork and overplay, we are going to break ourselves down. We know, in a word, if we don't take care of our physical machine, it is going to pieces like the one-horse shay. Yet we keep on pushing it until it collapses.

Then think how little people seem to learn from experience about how to handle money. The suckers are suckers from the cradle to the grave. No matter how many times they are cheated, they can still be sold blue sky by any glib talker. And the men and women who have holes in their pockets never sew them up.

I had a friend who was alternately rich and poor. She inherited three different fortunes and spent them. Each time I would think that her experience would have taught her to take care of her money, but it didn't. And she died without a cent.

And marriage. Doesn't it seem that a man and woman who had had a bitterly unhappy matrimonial experience would hesitate to try it again and would, at least, look over the new prospect with a wary eye? Yet women who have had husbands who beat them and starved and were unfaithful to them, and men who have been cursed with wives who were viragoes and naggers, who made their lives a torment to them, can hardly wait to get their divorces to get married again. Nor do they use any more discretion in picking out their Number Twos than they did their Number Ones.

Then the daily spats that wreck so many homes. The inability of so many husbands and wives to get along harmoniously is the direct result of their never learning anything from experience. No man and woman can live together in wedlock for even a month, to say nothing of years, without knowing every quirk of the other's disposition and character. And if they had not been too dumb to learn, experience would have taught them how to keep off each other's sore points.

"Experience keeps a dear school," said the wise Mr. Franklin. Since we have to pay such a high price for our education, what a pity that we don't learn more from our mistakes.

Cook's Corner

TO STUFF BAKED POTATOES

As soon as potatoes are baked, slash top crosswise. Squeeze sides of potato quickly to "break" evenly. Scoop out potato meat carefully but quickly into a bowl. Mix with desired other ingredients (see below.) Stuff potato shells with mixture, place on pie plate, and return to hot oven—450 degrees for 3 to 4 minutes.

STUFFINGS FOR BAKED POTATOES

Parsley: to meat of 6 baked potatoes add few grains of salt and pepper, ¼ cup of hot milk, and 2 tablespoons of dripping. Mix quickly to blend well, then add 1 tablespoon of finely chopped parsley. Continue as directed above.

Cheese: to meat of 6 baked potatoes add a very light sprinkle of salt and pepper, 3 tablespoons of finely grated cheese, OR 3 tablespoons of cottage cheese; add also ¼ teaspoon of paprika. Blend well, and continue as directed.

Vegetables: if you have a few tablespoons of a cooked or canned vegetable left over, such as peas, corn, mashed parsnips or turnips, etc.; use as follows: to meat of 6 baked potatoes add 4 to 6 tablespoons of cooked or canned vegetable, a light sprinkle of salt and pepper, 2 tablespoons of dripping, a light sprinkle of salt and pepper; blend and continue as directed.

SOCKS FOR BED OR SPORTS

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Good looking socks are easy to knit to wear either for sports or to bed. Pattern No. 385 contains complete instructions.

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Household Scrapbook

Cloudy Bottle

If the water bottle is cloudy, clean it by dropping a few pieces of raw potato into it and adding a little water. Shake vigorously or until the glass is clear.

Chocolate

To give an added flavor to chocolate, try adding a small stick of cinnamon when preparing it.

The Hair

The hair will be soft and fluffy if some lemon juice is added to the rinsing water when shampooing.

Morning Smile

WIDEAWAKE FELLOW

The banker's daughter threw her arms around the neck of the bride-groom-to-be.

"Oh, dear," she exclaimed, "dad's going to give us a cheque for a present!"

"Excellent!" exclaimed the happy young man. "Then we'll have the wedding at noon instead of 2 o'clock."

"Why, dear?"

"The banks close at 2!"

First Fisherman — The other day I went fishing and caught one of those great fish—let me see, what is it you call them?

Second Fisherman — Oh, you mean a whale.

First Fisherman—No, that could not have been it. I was using whales for bait.

Modern Etiquette

By Roberta Lee

Q. If a man has a title, such as doctor or professor, does his wife share it?

A. No.

Q. Who should do all the carving in modern table service?

A. The cook should do this in the kitchen, before serving.

Q. When a man meets a woman acquaintance on the street, and turns to walk with her, should he offer to carry any parcels that she may have in her arms or hands?

A. It would be the courteous thing to do, provided the parcels are rather large or heavy, but somewhat silly if the woman is merely carrying a book, or some equally small package.

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Living & Leisure

THE WOMAN'S REALM

MAGIC MOMENT

At this season, every year,
Briefly comes a moment here
When our city shines as fair
As any quiet country square.
Each hydrant, now, each stunted tree,
Is shaped to beauty, wondrously;
Smoke and cinders disappear,
Windows glitter, mirror clear,
And alleys where the wild flakes dance
Are highways leading to romance.
Before the plow comes down the street,
Sweeping slush from trampling feet,
Look quickly as this magic falls
Along the park's deserted malls,
And ask what pureness can surpass
City snow on city grass.

—Barbara Overton,
In the Christian Science Monitor.

Cinnamon roll dough can be cut easily into individual rolls with a piece of clean twine or string. Place string under the long roll of dough at the desired place and pull both ends up and across. As the string tightens, it cuts the dough into smooth rolls without flattening them.

CURE FOR PADED NERVES

For ex-service men, for all those who have worked too hard or at too fast a tempo during the war, and for that vast throng of normal, average human being who get a natural craving to dig in the soil every spring, gardening offers a cure, rest and recreation all rolled into one. There is fresh air, healthful exercise and the solid satisfaction of seeing things grow. One can take as little or as much as one likes and the cost is hardly worth mentioning—a few dollars for tools, a few cents for seed—and nature with a little help will do the rest.

Chloroform is not easily ignited, but at high temperatures it breaks down readily into hydrochloric acid and phosgene.

More soybeans are produced now in the United States than in Manchuria, where for centuries they have been the "staff of life."

Possession of an automobile is not forbidden in Bermuda, as many suppose; the Bermuda law bans their use on public roads, however, and private roads are few and short.

Carbon disulfide is an effective herbicide for killing deep-rooted weeds; when this clear, volatile liquid is injected beneath the soil surface, it vaporizes into a gas that is highly toxic to plant tissue.

Better English

D. C. Williams

1. What is wrong with this sentence? "I have your favor of March 6."
2. What is the correct pronunciation of "ennui"?
3. Which one of these words is misspelled? Harass, embarass, trespass.
4. What does the word "arrogant" mean?
5. What is a word beginning with on that means "burdensome; oppressive"?

ANSWERS

1. Say, "I have your letter of March 6." 2. Pronounce an-we, a as in ah, e as in we, accent first syllable. 3. Embarrass. 4. Making exorbitant claims of importance. "Where men are the most sure and arrogant, they are commonly the most mistaken." — Hume. 5. Onerous.

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Head Colds!
DOUBLE-DUTY NOSE DROPS WORKS FAST RIGHT WHERE TROUBLE IS!
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The French settlers in Nova Scotia and Quebec planted apple seeds more than 300 years ago.

HINTS ON ETIQUETTE

Consideration for others is true politeness. If you have to carry a dripping umbrella into an elevator or public conveyance, be very sure it doesn't drip on anyone's clothes

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Greet Spring in your best mood — wearing a new outfit.

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