

# Woman's Realm, Social and Personal Fashions, Literature

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## Household Scrapbook

By Roberta Lee

### Gelatine

When it is necessary that gelatine harden quickly add only one-half the liquid boiling hot, and after dissolving the gelatine add the rest of the liquid as cold as possible.

### Storing Linoleum

Linoleum should not be rolled for storing until it has been placed before a fire for a few hours and is thoroughly warm. If this is not done, it is sure to crack.

### Glass Cork

If the glass cork has broken off to the neck of the bottle, hold the neck in boiling water for a few minutes, then tap it gently with a wood block.

## Morning Smile

### BEWARE

"I love your daughter very dearly sir," said the young man, earnestly. "I would suffer deeply if I ever caused her a moment's unhappiness."

### IN ADVANCE

In a college town a student called at a boarding house to inquire about rooms. "And what do you charge for your rooms?" he asked.

## Grey Roses

By PETER BENEDICT

"My dear," said Doctor Wayland wretchedly, "I'm sure you wouldn't wish to be soothed with lies. I know you too well for that. If your friend was quarrelling so violently with Austin, it does look very bad, but there's no reason for us to assume it means—what it seems to mean. It isn't your responsibility or mine to sit in judgment. All we have to do is to tell the whole truth; and we shall do."

But all she said was: "Oh, Charles, Charles—!" in a broken desolate whisper. She covered her face, and swayed forward into her friend's ready arms, and clung there, sobbing.

Jim turned away to the telephone and left them so. The doctor's theories of tactful treatment were perhaps not altogether Jim's but he, the interloper James Foley, was not a person with any rights in Thea Hart; perhaps if he had been less sure of his own penetration Austin Hart might still be living, and the whole hideous affair still no more than a misnomer of distrust.

It had been in his mind to say to her stoutly: "Charles didn't do this, I know it, I'm certain of it. But he was quiet. There was still the ghost of the ghost of a doubt. And how if Charles had done it?" He hurried himself about sending for the police. That at least was a thing which had to be done, whatever the outcome, whatever its cost later on to Thea or to Charles.

### CHAPTER VIII

#### WHERE WAS CHARLES

Jane and Charles were at work in the church, in the best of the afternoon light, when Jim pushed open the heavy door and walked up the aisle into the panted chapel. Jane was sitting cross-legged upon a low plank, adding her favourite rich dark green to a palette not yet fully made up. Charles was aloft among the scaffolding, treading lightly as a cat along a narrow board, his head erect and his face, dim in the shadow, a little sullen and forbidding.

They turned, both of them, as Jim came in, and manifested some pleasure at seeing him. Jane at least seemed to have no present care in the world, and even Charles was no worse than preoccupied in his greeting, lapsing now and again into flowing and ruf-

(Continued from Page 8)

## DOROTHY DIX SAYS—

### Tragedies of War

#### All Things Changed For Returned G.I. And His Womenfolk

Now that Johnny has come marching home he has brought with him a problem that neither he nor the Missus nor the girl he left behind him foresaw, and to which no one knows the answer.

But it has upset the apple-cart, for Johnny is finding out that home, sweet home, is not the Elysium that he visaged in his nostalgic dreams in a fox-hole in a far away country. Seen in reality it is a shabby shack in need of paint, and even Ma's cooking doesn't taste the way he remembered it.

Worse still, this world to which he has longed so ardently to return is not peopled with glamour girls and sirens. The feminine population consists of just plain, ordinary women, a little older, a little faded, a little fatter, a little less seductive than he remembered and he wonders what he ever saw in any one of them that made him think that he would her for keeps.

And, on their part, the women are equally disillusioned. Johnny didn't come home clothed in shining armor and with the romantic technique of a cinema great lover. He shed a lot of his locks just like every other everyday man, and acts the same way.

Unexpected changes. He is glad to be back home again, but he expects his wife to take it for granted. He doesn't go into any ecstasies over the baby, and he is bored with her gettings and whys and his wife finds it hard to buddies. He is hard to get along with and his wife finds it hard to take him. So we have the rush of married couples to the divorce courts, and the crash of wrecked homes and the wail of fatherless babies fill the air.

Nor is the situation better for the engaged couples, for in innumerable cases the girls who sat at home and knit sweaters and wrote letters and waited for Johnny to come home to them have waited in vain. For the Johnnies who went to war as boys grew up on the battlefield, and when they came back they had lost their taste for their old girls.

And the casualties of war none are sadder than these broken marriages and engagements, that are the result of absence and separation and growth of character, and for which no one is to blame. Many a wife would rather her husband had been killed on the battlefield than lost to her through the change in himself.

For in one case she would have the consolation of a beautiful memory to give over and in the other only the knowledge that she has a little bit of the bitter realization that both men and women that they have changed; that the old appeal is gone, the old love dead, and that they must either sacrifice themselves, or hurt the one for whom they have only tenderness and pity. And that is one of the greatest tragedies that war brings.

## MODELS!!

This fine medicine is very effective to relieve pain, nervous and weak, tired feelings, of "certain days"—when due to turbulence. This is something worth trying!

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

## Cook's Corner

### CHOCOLATE GINGERSNAPS

If made very thin, these cookies can be put together in pairs with a stewed date or raisin filling or with a little bit of the suitable icing. 8 tablespoons shortening, 1/4 cup molasses, 1/4 cup corn syrup, 4 tablespoons cocoa, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1/2 teaspoon vanilla, 2 1/4 cups once-sifted pastry flour or 2 cups once-sifted hard-wheat flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1/4 teaspoon baking soda, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon ground ginger, 1/3 cup granulated sugar, 1/3 cup brown sugar, lightly packed. Measure shortening into upper pan of double boiler and add the cooled molasses mixture, part at a time, combining well after each addition. Add the dry ingredients to the cooled mixture, part at a time, combining well after each addition. Shape into a long roll, wrap in wax paper and chill overnight. Cut roll of dough into very thin slices and arrange on greased pan. Bake in moderate hot oven, 375 degrees, about 10 minutes, watching very carefully to avoid overbaking.

## Modern Etiquette

By Roberta Lee

Q. Does a person show good breeding when he insists on desultory and general remarks, or had while on his vacation, or details of his travels?

A. No; a well-bred person will never insist, if he is asked specific questions, and particularly unless those to whom he is talking have visited the same places. It is proper for a girl to strike out the "Miss" if using her personal card when sending a gift. Q. Are "Dear Sir" and "Gentlemen" correct salutations for a business letter? A. Yes.

## Better English

D. C. Williams

1. What is wrong with this sentence? "This book don't belong to you." 2. What is the correct pronunciation of "often"? 3. Which one of these words is misspelled? Nazareth, Naragansett, Narragansett. 4. What does the word "reciprocally" mean? 5. What is a word beginning with ch that means "the science of colors"? ANSWERS 1. Say, "This book (singular subject) doesn't belong to you." 2. Pronounce of-en, o as in loss, and the t is silent. 3. Narragansett. 4. Interchangeably; mutually. "These two particles do reciprocally affect each other with the same force." Bentley, 5. Chromatics.

## How Can I!!

By Anne Ashley

Q. How can I make a good shampoo? A. An excellent shampoo can be made by grinding a little cornmeal as fine as possible and adding a small quantity of pulverized onion-root. Sprinkle this well over the scalp. Let it remain a few minutes and then brush out thoroughly. Q. How can I prevent arroying squeaks in the porch swing? A. If there is a squeak where the chain of the swing joins the book, slip a finger from an old glove over the hook before putting on the chain. Q. How can I ripen green tomatoes? A. If green tomatoes are placed in a paper bag and laid away in a dark place for a few days, they will

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## Ellen's Diary

By an Island Farmer's Wife

Jamie, enjoying the process of the chore, assisted me at my washing today and wondered: "Why do blankets always stick in old wringers?" when the mangle becomes too heavy for his young arms to turn. Our work was not without its delays. We must allow a generous sample from one of the firstlings of the turnip crop, that Jack was fetching from the field to feed to his matrons in the piggery; then since they must be awful thirsty this warm day, the ducks' water-pail must be replenished. There was a time-our-swinging trip to the garden for a tasty carrot because Jamie pointed out: "If you don't come with me, a great big frog might jump out of someone's scare me!" When then would have the eggs to eat, she her wash in the face of such a plea? He made a visit to Jack's door as well as to Jamie's, and said: "How's the baby today?" "She's asleep now," Jamie said. "What me wants a know?" he explained with more emphasis, "his how is her a-day?" Jamie; evidently he's been over-hearing his parents discuss the dreaded, Peo and as a consequence, he's the rest of us. The disease is seemingly on the increase and is finding its victims in widely separated communities. It is then very obvious that folks should heed every advised precaution. Careless-as in details on the part of housewives might be the cause of giving ruffled linens a misery to those most cherished. Not that cleanliness is a virtue that is ever overlooked in Island homes, and there are occasions, when we might be inclined to disregard potential hazards. Ever with this Jamie of ours whose mother is a Spartan for saving and sterilizing and cleaning. One day because he felt unwell, he ate an unwholesome pear and I have a feeling that he's got the germ. Other children often sink their teeth in to luscious but unwholesome apples. When we recall that this has been a strange summer. I do seldom has the air been rain-washed if there has been a smidgen of sun.

Clean and sweet the air was this morning when a brisk fresh wind blew from the gates of the west. It cast beautiful rainy waves of a shadow over the rippling grain fields in the brilliant sunshine that came to gather up the dampness left by yesterday's light showers. The potato-spraying again engaged the attention of our men folk and I went to get up the damper to Rob's. "You farm-women! don't have any trouble in obtaining your supply of potatoes," a city boy said to me one day when he saw our basket of Coolers on a verandah, freshly dug and of fair appearance considering their time of growth. She, of course, knew little or perhaps nothing of the many costly and arduous steps that went to the growing of these. From the commencement of the work—like the bewildering question of which comes first the egg or the chicken, I never can be certain but what the business of growing potatoes begins. It is an unbroken cycle on arms which is especially not beginning, or ending, or anything of the kind. The work of Spring grading gives the seed, I know, and then there is a subsequent round of labor that from the time the seed makes the past Springtime appear to have been only a dream so fulfilled were the days with many phases of growth. The seed, of course, comes through deep waters when he fathers his straight rows—and incidentally "wakes up that team!" Indeed, it seems as if from that time, the farmer and his family come through a succession of trials until at last their tuber seed has been planted to sit with the earth in a car at the railway siding. Even the growing season conspires against them. It is too cold or too hot; too dry or too wet. And the new pests and diseases they are beset with are something Mother Nature is bound to produce in order to keep up with the times. I myself marvelled at the man's perseverance when all of them set out briskly this afternoon to take up the spraying again at Rob's.

Sun shadows in filagree designs lay about the lawn and the mellowness that belongs to the latest summer days was abroad this afternoon. The cricket's music, locusts too droned about in busy flight and a dragon fly like a small plane dipped and soared above the water. I lost it presently in the direction of the pond. The cattle on the hills rested in the shade of pastures and up sparkled lazily in the sun. The same sheen and sparkle would rest on far ponds and rivers and bays; on the island valleys as we as we would be fairly places today and from distant hills-tops the countryside would lie in a lovely panorama of green meadows and woodlands, and the gold of the fields of grain. Woolly clouds floated languidly and ever an anxious one could I see Jamie found me. When he came homing at dusk and the evening was close and the air richly laden with the scent of peonies and phlox. Jamie had seen it too. A shadow peaked one, peary tinted away to the west. 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