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

Dorothy Dix Says—

UNINVITED GUEST EVIL

Habitual Unasked Callers Are Social Grafters — Deserve Sharp Insults

DEAR MISS DIX: After nearly a quarter of a century of managing our domestic affairs successfully, my husband and I are now confronted with a situation we do not know how to handle. Our problem is "the man who came to dinner," and because we made him welcome a few times he has practically taken up his abode in our house.

He comes in without even knocking at any time, day or night, and stays until he feels like leaving. He doesn't take hints. We have tried telling him that we are expecting guests, or that we are giving a party, or that we are leaving town, but this means nothing to him. He just stays and stays.

What can we do, short of insulting him?

PUZZLED PAIR.

ANSWER: The self-invited guest is a problem with which practically all of us, who have comfortable homes and good cooking, are confronted. And, curiously enough, it is one which most of us lack the intestinal fortitude to deal. We are such slaves to the tradition of hospitality that we haven't the nerve to throw the deadbeat out of the door, although we know perfectly well he or she is sponging upon us, and that it is not desire for our society, but saving a hotel bill, that makes him or her camp in our guest room and devour our food.

DUMB AND SOCIAL GRAFTERS

There is no one so dumb as not to know we specifically invite those whom we wish to entertain, and that we set the time and date when it will be convenient for us to have them, and anyone with any decency or feeling respects this unwritten law that you wait until you are asked to pay a visit. But the social grafters refuse to be bound by this basic rule of civilized conduct.

They are great on surprise visits. They descend on you when you least expect it, with bag and baggage, and the children and the dog, and it doesn't matter to them the family has to sleep on couches while they preempt their beds, or that there is no cook, or there is sickness in the house, and they are eating up all of the red stamps in the ration book.

Why do we put up with the self-invited guest? The answer is cowardice. We hate to insult anybody in our own houses. But we have to do it if we ever get rid of this pest. And we have to make our insult particularly insulting to do it.

DEAR MISS DIX: What are we girls going to do when our boy friends go overseas? They ask us to wait for them and then, after they have been in a foreign country a month or so, they write and tell us they are going to marry girls they have met over there. What have these foreign girls got we American girls haven't got? Do we have to turn around and marry foreign men? We would rather have a good American husband than a foreign one.

WORRIED

ANSWER: It is the fortunes of war, but it is certainly tough luck for the girls left at home to lose their boy friends to foreign girls, yet it is bound to happen in thousands of cases. It is not that the foreign girls are any more attractive than the American girls. It is just that they are Sally-on-the-spot. The boys are lonesome and homesick and fed up with looking at other men and talking to other men and any girl looks good to them, and they fall for her. It is propinquity that does it.

And the poor, forsaken American girl can't even matters up by marrying a foreign husband because they are practically none to be had in this country.

ONLY PHYSICAL ATTRACTION

DEAR MISS DIX: What is your opinion of love at first sight? Don't you believe that it happens only in the movies?

WONDERING.

ANSWER: Undoubtedly there is a physical attraction certain men and women have for each other that they feel at first sight and they mistake it for love. But his isn't the sort of love that endures. It is just a passing fancy that is gone when they cease to thrill at each other's touch.

Real love has to be built on congeniality, companionship, on the knowledge and respect a man and woman have for each other's characters, and this takes time. No human being is enough of a seer to know in a first glance at a stranger whether he or she would make the kind of wife or husband he or she desires.

I have been perfectly appalled at the fact that the love at first sight myth is forming the theme of nearly all of the current magazine stories. Girl meets soldier or sailor. They fall madly in love with each other at first glance and get married almost within the hour. It sounds so romantic that it is setting the pattern for thousands of marriages that will end in divorce.

A NEW HAT

DESIGN NO. 1280

This smart hat is easy to crochet, fits every head size beautifully, and is suitable for all ages. Pattern No. 1280 contains complete instructions.

To order pattern: Write or send above picture with your name and address with 15 cents in coin or stamps to Needlework Bureau Charlottetown Guardian.

Design No. 1280

Name

Street Address

City Province

BETTER ENGLISH

D. C. Williams

1. What is wrong with this sentence? "Dinner at six has been an institution in my home."
2. What is the correct pronunciation of "trousseau"?
3. Which one of these words is misspelled- Caliber, callope, calisthenics.
4. What does the word "arboreal" mean?
5. What is a word beginning with int that means "innate or instinctive knowledge"?

ANSWERS

1. Say, "has been a custom is my home." 2. Pronounce troo-so, oo as in food, o as in so, accent last syllable. 3. Calliope. 4. Pertaining to trees, living on or among trees. "I have little interest in doctrines concerning arboreal ancestors." 5. Intuition.

COOK'S CORNER

CHUTNEY-STUFFED APPLES

Should your roast of pork not carry a stuffing—or should you be using chops, spareribs, tenderloin, etc.—you will want a fruity accompaniment. Do try our baked apples with chutney in the cavity left when they were cored. Definitely something!

6 medium-sized red apples
Chutney
1-3 cup brown sugar, lightly packed
¼ cup boiling water
1 tablespoon lemon juice

Wash the apples thoroughly and remove the cores to within about ½-inch of the bottom; stuff each apple with chutney and arrange in a baking dish; sprinkle with 2 tablespoons of the brown sugar and add 2 tablespoons of the boiling water.

Bake in a hot oven, 425 degrees, for 15 minutes.

Mix together the remaining brown sugar and boiling water and add the lemon juice; pour over the apples and continue baking until apples are tender.

With Wac's

L.-Cpl. Dolores M. MacDonald of Mermaid, who is serving as a stenographer with the C. W. A. C. at Barriefield, Ont. Dolces joined the C.W.A.C. Feb. 20, 1943, took her basic training at Kitchener and spent some time at Ottawa before being posted at Barriefield.

ELLEN'S DIARY

By An Island Farmer's Wife

This was the morning, Judy and I were undecided about our work. There are times when if a housewife can not make up her mind, the weather does it for her. The weather, too, was in a similar mood. Sometimes it was so promising, it bade one throw all other indoor duties to one side and get the water in the tub, this Monday morning for the week's wash. Why have you already wasted so much of this sunny day? Then when we were about to take up that work, a cloud would take the sunlight away from the kitchen-wall and a flurry of snow would be in the air. Then I told Judy: "I think we had better leave it. There'll be another day." So the washing was postponed for the morning. There were other things demanding our attention. If the sawing was to be continued, there would be hungry men to feed at the supper hour for because of the insistance of stable-chores, any extra work is done in the afternoons. Judy and I are not alone in respect to feeding any helpers at the farm-work at Alderlea. Jeanie and I are extremely conscientious in the discharge of this duty. We "halve" our help and indeed I can easily recall in pre-Judy days, if circumstances demanded my absense, Jeanie willingly fed them all. And even now when we are prepared, at this house at Alderlea, all—excepting James, and I fancy I catch a regretful expression, about his face—wander, as to-day, to Jeanie's house, perhaps drawn thither by more tantalizing supper-odors from that house across the lane. At other times, when I say to Judy: "Oh, anything will do—James doesn't mind", he comes in with quite a following. Either way suits Judy and me. At times the latter plan is rather trying. Especially I think, at this work of wood-sawing when James expects us to hear the thud of the last-block-before-supper to the pile. Then we are supposed to have the tea drawn, the beans and pies cooling and the chairs "around!" Disconcerting to have this signal thrust suddenly into ones consciousness. Sometimes I confess at such times I'm caught far away from Alderlea, perhaps "wandering on English meadows" or scanning the lofty Ben at the far-side of a storied Loch Or it may be on a Canadian farm, as I was this very afternoon with one of the Jalna books—enjoying it to the exclusion of all else. But I'm ahead of my story!

* * *

Before the wood-sawing could even be considered to-day extras for the balky engine had to be procured. I had a feeling from James look when I brought up the matter at breakfast, there might be a considerable delay before getting the necessary part. We might even have to send to Toronto or some other far-away point. This make of engine, to my mind seems to be rare—when something in it breaks. "That year's make" James will explain patiently—my knowledge of such machinery being limited. "Certainly there's plenty of that kind of engine—but not that year's make.' At any rate, and contrary to what I was led to believe when I had carefully weighed my findings on the subject, Jock found exactly the part that was needed, in a garage in a neighboring community. He was back before James had the remainder of the morning chores straightened away. It was no time after the helpers had arrived that we heard its regular beat and I saw the blocks of silvery-birch falling in quick succession to the pile nearby.

* * *

It was then, Judy decided to go at her "rinsing," the sun shining only feebly at the time. "To get it out of the way" she told me. I was entertaining company in the room at the time. When next I chanced to watch the progress of the sawing, James' bright plaid work-shirt was swaying on the line, interfering with my view. The rose trellis too was decorated. There were pinks and yellows draped becomingly where the silvery green of the vines hang in summer. And up, as high as Judy could reach she had placed some articles, which made me forget the colors of the roses. Quite valuable and comforting too if not quite so beautiful. There, James brand new socks, I had knit from the home-made yarns, vaunted their staunchness above the pastel shades.

* * *

Jamie was the guest this afternoon. Not for long. For when he had played with the new low table, fashioning on it, pens, stables and barn-yards from paper-clips, he went with his mother to visit his Aunt Jeanie in the house across the lane. There were lanterns carried at the barns this evening. Jean and Judy were out with the others. Once Judy came indoors in a great hurry, red-cheeked and breathless, from her out door exertions. "The old fellow wants this lantern" she explained, hurrying to the tin-container where the matches are kept. "Whom did you say, Judy?" I asked. "Why—er — James" she replied looking at me, eye against eye. Truly "business was rushing" at Alderlea to-night.

* * *

But any evidence of a busy day has disappeared. James smokes in his old arm-chair. The arome overflows from the kitchen to reach me, at my desk. There are visitors. Two youngsters. (Now will they like that!) from the corner area I hear talk of skating — in the city rinks now. Judy pipes up to inquire: "Did you go to the show as well?" They did. And James alert said: "You never came home, at that hour, on the ice." No, they returned by car, which might mean equal danger. There is talk, too of brothers overseas, one in England and one in hospital since Christmas "somewhere." I'm being impolite, eaves dropping like this. I must join those in the kitchen.

Until tomorrow — Diary—Good-night.

A New Nose For 30c

Relieve Nasal Irritation

Mentholatum quickly relieves sniffing and sneezing... clears the nose and keeps it clear. Jars and tubes, 30c.

MENTHOLATUM Gives COMFORT Daily

The Tea of Good Taste!

RED ROSE ORANGE PEKOE TEA

Canada's largest selling fine QUALITY tea!

Living & Leisure

THE WOMAN'S REALM

WHO CAN FEAR

Too many stars, though each in heaven shall roll—
Too many flowers, though each shall crown the year?
Say, thou dost love me, love me, love me—toll
The silver iteranee!—only minding Dear,
To love me also in silence, with thy sould.

—E. B. Browning.

Parting and forgetting? What faithful heart can do these? Our great thoughts, our great affections, the truths of our life, never leave us. Surely they cannot separate from our consciousness; shall follow it withersoever that shall go; and are of their nature divine and immortal.—Thackeray.

Putting rock salt on coal keeps it from freezing in cold weather.

Tradition says that pruning can be done at any ime when the tools are sharp; however spring-made cuts heal faster.

Starch in sweet potatoes and other plant materials is now determined by chemists by a polarmetric method somewhat similiar to that used in sugar analysis.

The 100-year-old iron mines at Iron Mountain, Mo. are now again in operation giving the St. Louis area steel industries a supply of pig iron produced locally.

Bottle making is one of Spain's oldest and strongest industries; it has centres of fine glass-bottle production with traditions of good workmanship extending over 2,000 years.

Seed potatoes with surface infections of organisms that cause black scurf or rhizoctonia, and under certain conditions common scale and blackleg, may be treated effectively with formalhyde, it is claimed.

Before adjusting the hems of dresses to new lengths, rip the hen and wash the garment. It is easier to get rid of the crease and thin ridges of soil which often forms at this point with this method.

FEATHERS

In London feathers of all kinds are being widely used to trim this season's hats. They range from small curled ostrich tips to a flight of small birds arranged around and over the crown. Some small tip-felted hats have long pheasant's tail feathers—almost threefeet high. Brides are wearing pastel shaded feathers clustered together and fastened to the back of the head with a velvet ribbon. A veil is worn over the whole and the effect is that of a smart toque.

POTATOES AND VITAMINES

Properly-cooked, gneen, leafy vegetables and turnips are rich in vitamine C, but one would have to eat a great deal of them to take the place of the daily orange, or tomato juice. Potatoes are an exception. For instance, two medium sized potatoes steamed or baked in their skins contain as much vitamine C as one medium orange, but when mashed or scalloped, potatoes lose so much of their vitamine C that they can no longer be depended on as a source of it.

If baked potatoes, however, were the only source of vitamine C it would be necessary to eat six of them every day in order to get through for optimal health. But by eating a variety of foods each contributes its quota to the day's total.

MODERN EDIQUETTE

By Roberta Lee

Q. How long after refreshments are served should a guest remain at a bridge party?

A. This depends upon how early in the evening refreshments are served, but probably about thirty minutes after finishing is the usual time to leave. A guest at any affair should never "eat and run."

Q. When introducing a relative, is it proper to use the possessive pronoun?

A. Yes; one may say, "My father, my mother, my sister, my uncle."

Q. If there is no reason, financially, for postponing a marriage, what is usually the maximum length of an engagement?

A. Six months.

HOUSEHOLD SCRAPBOOK

By Roberta Lee

A Fire Extinguisher

Put three pounds of salt in a gallon of water and to this add 1½ lbs. of sal ammoniac. This liquid should be bottled. When a blaze is discovered pour the solution on it.

Scratches on Furniture

Marks on dark oak furniture may be removed by rubbing boiled linseed oil on the scratch, rubbing until the marks disappear.

Oil Spots on Carpet

Cover spot with paste made of fuller's earth and water and let it remain for twenty-four hours. If it is oil from oiled streets, scrub with benzine.

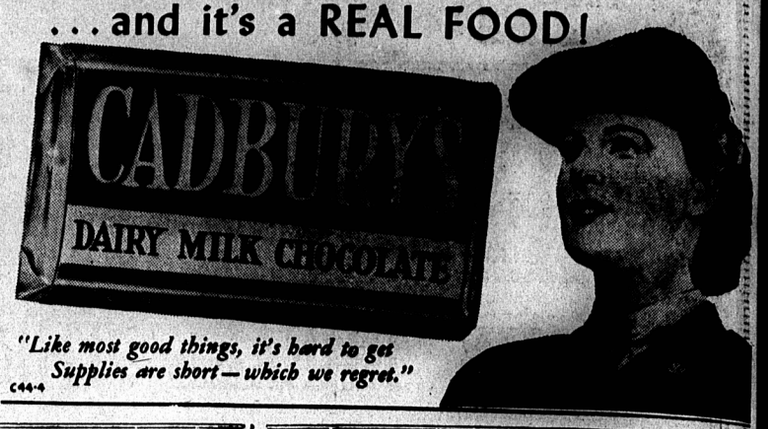
"I NEVER KNEW EATING WAS SO MUCH FUN"

Taste is important in persuading baby to eat new foods. With *Aylmer* Strained Foods, you can be sure all the natural flavor and goodness of choicest fruits and vegetables have been retained through exacting care and steam-pressure cooking. Give Baby these nourishing *Aylmer* foods . . . high in *vitamins* and *minerals*.

AYLMER BABY FOODS

Your Baby Deserves Aylmer Quality

DELICIOUS - ...and it's a REAL FOOD!



"Like most good things, it's hard to get Supplies are short—which we regret."

C44-4

ALSO THE HILL

by Frances Parkinson Keyes

Thinking of Jerome

"Yes, I shall. I'm very eager to please you, Dexter and very willing to try, as far as little things are concerned. But as far as big things are concerned, it seems to be more important to do what Jerome wants than what you want me to do. And Jerome wants me to pay for everything he'd have paid for himself if he hadn't gone into the Army. And he wants me to pay back every cent Father and Mother Farman borrowed to help Jenness, Dexter."

"If you think I'm going to take money from a woman "

The exclamation was an angry one. As he voiced it, Dexter tried to rise, as abruptly as he had spoken. Alix leaned across the table and laid a small white hand lightly on his arm.

"I'm Jerome's wife, Dexter, I'm his son's mother. I'm his parent's daughter. He feels I'm the proper person to represent him in the family while he's away. He feels it's more proper that I should do this than you should. He'd accept the money from you if there wasn't anyone else to supply it. He has accepted a great deal of help in other ways and he's ready to accept a great deal more.

"He thought you'd be my partner here on Farman Hill, that you'd do the things I couldn't. I couldn't do manual labor. I can't take responsibility for the land. But Jerome thought I ought to do my share, too. Part of my share was coming here in the first place. Part of it's having the baby. Part of it's supplying the funds. You're his best friend and he hoped you'd be my best friend too. But there isn't a friend in the world, Dexter, who means as much to a man as his wife, if he loves her the way Jerome loves me. You're not going to prevent me from doing what Jerome wants me to, just because you're a man and I'm a woman, are you? You're not going to make it impossible for us to be friends and—and partners?"

Relenting

"Seems like Mother told me, the day after Alix got here, that you said we ought to be able to put our pride in our pockets, Dexter. Daniel said drily. He saw that the white hand, which looked so small and fragile, was still resting lightly on Dexters sleeve as he spoke and he looked down at it fondly.

Then he found that his eyes were blurring. He took off his spectacles and wiped them slowly before he went on. But no one tried to interrupt him. He was speaking as the head of the house.

"Of course maybe you didn't mean what you said. But Mother and I thought you did when we let you put those heaters and the upstairs bathroom into our house. I hope you aren't going to make us sorry we've been so beholden to you, instead of being grateful that you were such a friend in need when we didnt have any other. Because its like Alix says, Dexter. She ought to safeguard this property for her son in the absence of her husband, so he can carry on when we have to leave off. And I'll take it very ill myself if you make it hard for her to exercise her right and do her duty."

CHAPTER 44

The evening when all this had been discussed and decided had marked a turning point on Farman Hill. Later that night, Alix and Dexter had walked on together through the freshly planted field towards the road leading to the Back Pasture. Neither of them remembered an unopened letter from Judith which Dexter had put in his pocket.

Dexter had agreed with Rhoda that for her short spring vacation it was not worth while to open the Abbott Homestead. It was complicated, as well, as expensive, to turn the water and the heat on and off; besides, Rhoda added there would have been so much cleaning to do, first to get the house ready to live in for a week and then to leave it in good shape before it was closed again. So she stayed an Farman Hill, occupying the West chamber which was now destined for a nursery and finding, in this adjacency to the one occupied by Alix, a ready excuse for running in on her requently.

The strong attraction Rhoda had felt for the girl, merely from looking at her picture, had been intensified from the moment she actually saw her in the flesh; and the generous responsiveness Alix revealed to her first timid advances, encouraged her to seek closer communion with Jerome's young wife. Never in her starved and thwarted life, as far as Rhoda could remember, had she talked with anyone freely and intimately as she now found it possible to talk with Alix.

After everyone else had gone to bed, after the house was hushed and the deep tranquillity of night lay over the countryside like a veil, she was still sure of a welcome in the East chamber.

On this night she was sitting on a low stool beside the bed where Alix lay at ease, her braids black against her white pillows. She could hold the girl's hand and pour out the confidences she could share with no one else.

I've got a problem, Alix, and I don't know how to deal with it."

"Won't you tell me about it? I don't know that I could help, but sometimes it is helpful just to tell a friend about a problem."

"I've— I've got attached to a little boy."

Alix stopped stroking Rhoda's hand and instead gripped it hard to steady her.

"Yes? But why is that a problem- I should think an attachment for a little boy might give you a great deal of companionship and comfort. Is this little boy one of your pupils, Rhoda? Is he an orphan?"

"No, he isn't. Of course I'm very fond of all my pupils—they're wonderful children. But there isn't one of them who can compare with this little boy. He lives in St. Johnsbury. I don't know whether he's an orphan or not."

"I'm afraid I don't understand very well, Rhoda. How can you help knowing whether he's an orphan or not."

"Because he's a little refugee. He was smuggled out of Germany some way to England and by and by friends managed to get him to this country. But his mother and father didn't get out. He's never heard from them since he went over the frontier. His father's probably in a concentration camp. He lives with his uncle in St. Johnsbury."

"I see," Alix said, speaking more and more gently. "You know the uncle and through him you met this charming child."

"I didn't exactly meet the uncle, Alix. Not—not the way we usually mean when we speak of meeting anyone. The uncle keeps a clothing store and when I started off to teach school last winter, Dexter gave me a hundred dollars to spend on clothes. So I went into this store to buy clothes and—"

"Why that is a wonderful way to meet anyone, Rhoda! That is the way Jerome and I met each other! I was working in a jewelry store in Fayetteville, and Jerome came in to buy a service pin for his mother and—"

Rhoda locked up, astonishment and relief mingling in the expression of her tear-stained face.

"Why so it was!" she exclaimed. "I never thought of that, Alix! And—and Daniel and Serena didn't mind because you and Jerome met that way either, did they, Alix?"

"I suppose they did at first," Alix said calmly. "But that was before they understood. They understand now though. And I should have understood anyway, about you.

So you went into this store to buy some clothes, and you and the proprietor got into conversation. You told him you were a school teacher and that you wanted a new outfit that would be suitable for your profession. He helped you choose this outfit, and then he told you that since you were a teacher prehaps you might be interested in hearing about the little nephew who had just come to live with him—the smartest child he'd ever seen, leading everyone of his classes."

(Continued Tomorrow)

MORNING SMILE

RATHER CYNICAL

A small boy in the visitors' gallery was watching the proceedings of the Senate chamber.

"Father, who is that gentleman," he asked, pointing to the chaplain.

"That, my son, is the chaplain," replied the father.

"Does he pray for the Senators?" asked the boy.

The father thought a moment and then said: "No, my son, when he goes in he looks around and sees the Senators sitting there, and then he prays for the country."

Junior—Say, Grandma, make a noise like a frog.

Grandpa—What on earth do you want Junior?

Junior—Well, Dad says that when you croak we'll get $5,000.

HOW CAN I!!

By Anne Ashley

Q. How can I make the hot water bottle last longer

A. It will last twice as long if the steam is pressed out before inserting the stopper. If it is never filled more than two thirds, and never with boiling water, and when not in use, the bag is hung with opening downwards.

Q. How can I make lime water

A. Dissolve a fresh piece of lime in two quarts of water. Let it stand for two or three hours. Shake occasionally and remove any substance that may rise to the top.

Q. How can I make attractive desserts?

A. Try using vegetable colouring when making bread pudding or custard, it is harmless and will make the dish look more appetizing.

CARTOONIST BEREAVED

NORTH CHAPEL, England — (CP) — Maj. T.H. Bairnsfather, 85, father of Capt. Bruce Bairnsfather who became famous for his "Old Bill" cartoons of the First Great War, has died in this Sussex town.

PIMPLES

Try Cuticura for the prompt relief of unsightly, blotchy pimples; Cuticura promptly helps clear up

BLACKHEADS

Scientifically medicated. Used by many nurses. Buy at your nearest druggist today! Made in Canada.

CUTICURA SOAP and OINTMENT

MOTHERS! TRY CUTICURA BABY OIL

Needlecraft FOR THE HOME

SHIRTWAIST INCORE

No wonder the shirtwaist is the smart woman's choice! In any fabric in a combination of fabrics, it's attractive. Two versions suggested in the pattern.

No. 2576 is out in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 36-inch fabric for the short sleeved dress.

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.

Address Pattern Department The Charlottetown Guardian.

Name

Street Address

City Province

COLDS Check your cold with ABBEY'S Health Salt