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

The Housewife And Her Activities

OUR DUTIES

I Can,—that measures out the power entrusted me
Of action, knowledge, art, skill, and dexterity.
I Will, — no higher crown on human head can rest:
'Tis freedom's signet seal upon the soul impressed.
I Dare is the device which on the seal you read,
By freedom's open door a bolt for time of need.
I May among them all hovers uncertainly;
The moment must at last decide what it shall be.
I ought, I must, I can, I will, I dare, I may:
The six lay claim to me each hour of every day.
Teach me, O God! and then, then shall I know each day
That which I ought to do I must, can, will, dare, may.

Wisdom of the Brahman.

GENIUS

Genius without religion is only a lamp on the outer gate of a palace. It may serve to caste a gleam of light on those that are without, while the inhabitant sits in darkness.—Hannah More.

LIBERTY

Liberty will not descend to a people; a people must raise themselves to liberty; it is a blessing that must be earned before it can be enjoyed.—Colton.

In the annual poll of Paris dressmakers for the ten best-dressed women of the world, six U. S. dressers were given rankings (Nos. 1, 4, 6, 7, 8, 9), the lineup:

1. The Duchess of Windsor
2. The Duchess of Kent
3. Begum Aga Khan
4. Baronne Leo D'Erlanger
5. Hon. Mrs. Reginald Fellowes
6. Barones Eugene de Rothschild
7. Mrs. Harrison Williams
8. Mrs. Millicent Rogers Balcom
9. Countess Haugwitz-Reventlow
10. Lady Louis Mountbatten.

SOFT PASTEL COLORS USED FOR TABLE DECORATIONS

Professional decorators in Paris have been tending away from the more obvious and brighter colors in table decorations. Soft Madonna blues, washy pinks, white have been this year's favorites, writes Phyllis Jenkins in the Glasgow Herald.

At a favorite shop of mine on the Boulevard Malesherbes I admired an attractive table decoration that strikes refreshingly new. The long, unpolished, natural wood table was set with soft Madonna blue toile mats, almost archaic, style. The plates were of glass, so that at each course the bright little scenes showed through.

Down the length of the table was a series of those low heavy oblong flower vases filled with softest pink chrysanthemum heads, this bank of flowers finishing at either end with spiral candelabra in crystal fitted with candles the same pink as the chrysanthemums.

These candelabra were so new and so lovelly that I really must describe them more fully. Imagine a central support in crystal, perhaps 18 inches high, set in a solid, crystal base and radiating from it; then set one above the other in graduated spiral formation were 15 to 20 crystal arms or branches each holding its pale pink candle. Does that explain itself or doesn't it? Anyway I have done my best in mere words. A spiral motion with the hands on a rough sketch on the back of an envelope would have been so much more satisfactory.

A STIR IN SCOTLAND

"More than 300 tons of sugar are wasted every year in the bottom of teacups," says a statistician. This announcement is expected to cause a great stir in Aberdeen.

Aberdeen Sunday Express:)

COURAGE

We need to learn that physical courage is a grand and precious thing, that it has strong and subtle connections with all the finer forms of courage that we value most. There is great danger with the habits of our civilization lest we grow physically timid, and the highest mental and normal courage must suffer if they are tied to physical timidity.—P. Brooks.

BEING OURSELVES

Thousands of people remain pygmies all their lives because they never dare be themselves. They are afraid to take the initiative. They ruin their judgment by not using it, by depending upon others, running to them for advice, and always following their track marked out by some one else. They are mere echoes, trailers.—O.S.M.

CHARACTER

The characteristic of genuine heroism is its presistency. All men have wandering impulses, fits and starts of generosity. But when you have resolved to be great, abide by yourself, and do not weakly try to reconcile yourself with the world. The heroic cannot be the common, nor the common the heroic.—From "Great Thoughts."

THE COOK'S CORNER

MAKING "WHEY" FOR A COLD

Here are a few excellent wheys for dealing with those ubiquitous colds.

A Syrup Drink.—This is particularly good as it induces profuse perspiration, but for this reason it should always be taken when in bed. Place two tablespoons of golden syrup in a small basin. Heat three-quarters of a pint of milk to boiling point, then pour on the syrup. Stir well, drink it as hot as possible.

LEMON WHEY

Have one lemon; a breakfast-cup of milk; the same amount of water; one dessertspoon of sugar. Place the milk and water in a pan with the juice of a lemon. Boil and strain. The whey is sweetened and then taken very hot when in bed.

NUT FINGERS

One-half cup butter, 1 cup sugar 1 egg, 2 cups flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 cup milk, 1 teaspoon vanilla extract.

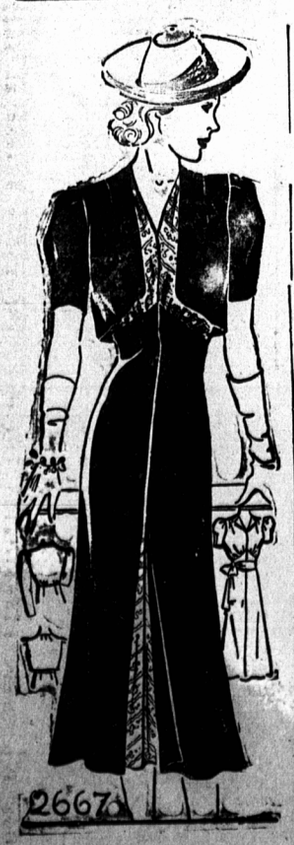
Cream butter, add sugar gradually and cream together until light and fluffy. Add unbeaten egg, beating well. Sift flour and measure. Add baking powder and sift together. Add flour to butter mixture alternately with milk. Add vanilla. Bake in large greased paper lined cake pan in moderate oven (350 degrees F.) 30 minutes. When cool, cut into strips about 3 inches long and 1-2 inch wide.

Frosting: 1 tablespoon butter, 2 cups powdered sugar, 1 egg white, 1 teaspoon vanilla extract, 3 tablespoons boiling water, 1 cup finely chopped nuts.

Cream butter and add sugar gradually. Add very stiffly beaten egg white. Mix to a very stiff paste. Add vanilla and boiling water. Make into a thin paste, about the consistency of buttermilk. Spread lightly on the cuts of cake and roll in the nuts.

NIGHT COUGHS due to colds...checked without "dosing". VICKS VAPORUB PROVED BY 2 GENERATIONS

FASHION GUIDES FOR THE HOME DRESSMAKER



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Double Duty Bolero costume.....without the jacket.....your favorite redingote type dress. See small view .....darling other version same pattern! Make it of print or plain crepe.

Style No. 2667 is designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20 years., 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust. Size 36—3 yards of 39-inch with 2 3-8 yards of 39-inch contrasting.

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A good application of Minard's, according to directions, just "hits the spot". You'll find that you get wonderful relief!
MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT

VAN WYCK MASON'S The CASTLE ISLAND CASE With CANDID CAMERA CLUES by HENRY CLAY GIPSON

SYNOPSIS

En route to Berumda via plane on a secret investigation of the disappearance of Judy Fortier, secretary to Barnard Grafton, capitalist, Major Roger Allenby meets C. Townley Ward, young financier, and Cora Sue Pendleton, vivacious Southern girl. All three are to visit the Graftons at Freebooter's Hall. Grafton greets Ward warmly at the plane moorings.

CHAPTER III

After saying good-bye to the friendly Chief Engineering Officer, Allenby stepped down into the stern of a jaunty, shiny-looking tender where Cora Sue already swayed, watching Grafton and Ward pump hands and slap each other between the shoulder blades. To the blonde girl's evident surprise it was not to her but to Allenby that Ward turned.

—And this, Barney, is Major Allenby, Ward cried. We were lucky enough to fly down together. We've been hoping and wondering whether you've a decent deep sea fishing rig. It'll be your fault if we don't break the local wahoo and tuna records.

Sure. Got a swell cabin cruiser all lined up for you. This is a great pleasure, Major. Grafton's was a big, deep voice, possessing a remarkable degree of magnetism. One could hardly imagine him losing an important point at a director's meeting. Have a nice trip down?

Fine, Allenby smiled, thanks to Miss Pendleton.

Miss Pendleton! Grafton whirled in surprise, appearing not wholly pleased. But didn't you write Gail that you were coming down on the Monarch?

Ah did. Cora Sue's nether lip protruded contritely. Please fo'give me, Mr. Grafton, but there was the grandest hop at West Point last night and Ah just couldn't bear not goin' so Ah reckoned Ah'd just take the plane instead. Ah meant to send Gail darlin' a wire but you know how Ah am—just thoughtless. Mamma says Ah never will grow up.

Well, well, it's all the nicer to have you a few hours ahead of time, so don't give it a thought, Miss Pendleton, Grafton declared, his bigboned hand engulfing Cora Sue's soft white one. I'm stickled to death to see you. Come along. I've talked to the Customs men and explained we've got to catch the 5:30 for St. George so they'll put you through pronto. He pointed to a lean, mahogany-finished speed boat. She'll get us to Tranportation Wharf in plenty of time.

Throughout their brief delay in the Customs office Allenby felt himself undergoing an inspection which, though covert, was nonetheless thorough. Grafton, he guessed, was making a mental estimate of this prospective associate and so was Ward, when Cora Sue gave him respite with a series of breathless raptures over Hamilton Harbour's picturesque loveliness.

Oh, she cried, Ah think it's ever so much prettier than California or the Riviera. But, Mr. Grafton, why aren't there more palms? Ah always thought Bermuda was simply covered with palms.

Don't get downhearted. You'll find all kinds along the South Shore, Grafton replied at the speed boat roared off across the clear blue waters.

Five minutes later large Negroes, apparently familiar with Grafton largesse, fought to carry the party's meager luggage to a strange little gasoline train which was clanking leisurely to a stop a few yards away. In delighted awe Cora Sue and Ward surveyed Hamilton's slow-moving carriage and bicycle traffic flowing by, blissfully indifferent to the somnolent gestures of a gray uniformed Bobby in a snowy sun helmet.

Everything seemed so peaceful, so easy going, it was absurd to experience a recurrence of that uneasy sensation felt aboard the plane. Allenby reasoned sharply with himself. Surely this reaction must have some very simple explanation; he'd eaten something indigestible or, more possibly, the rarefied atmosphere in which the plane had flown, was to blame. Thus he argued it out, and when the two little red cars composing the train clattered into the railway's terminal at St. George a large measure of his premonition had been shaken off.

Clip the Camera Clues

His last trace of uneasiness disappeared once the shipping-dotted expanse of St. George Harbour became visible from the Olde Towne's main square. Roger Allenby heaved a slow sigh of relief. Everything must be all right; amid such perfect surroundings suicide and sorrow simply couldn't take place.

Why, it's a lot like Portofino. Cora Sue declared ecstatically. Look at that funny little island over there. It's simply covered with walls going down to the water. Isn't it simply ducky? What was it, Mr. Grafton?

Originally that little island was where the colonists stored gunpowder, returned the master of Freebooter's Hall, but during prohibition a syndicate of rumrunners kept their goods there.

While speaking, Grafton, not carelessly, not studiously, but with attention, ran his eye over a group of passengers alighting from the train.

Ah, there's our speedboat lying over younder. Here you boys, trot this stuff over to the Dart.

Immediately a half a dozen Negro lads pounced upon the luggage, leaving Allenby free of stride along beside his politely affable host.

There are Miss Fortier and Creepy waiting for us. Grafton chuckled. You'd better hit it off with Creepy; he's my boatman and knows where the game fish go.

Allenby got his Leica in action as they neared the edge of a time-worn stone wharf and Townley Ward's gray eyes narrowed. Say Barney, that boatman of yours is one of the queerest looking shines I've ever laid eyes on. Where's he get a nose like that?

Grafton grinned. Oh Creepy's descended from the Pequots of St. David's Island.

Pequots? You don't mean American Indians?

Yes. Why back around 1675 a lot of warriors got captured in Connecticut —during King Philip's war —and were brought to Bermuda as slaves. Idea didn't pan out though.

Didn't pan out? Cora Sue cried. Why what do you mean, Mr. Grafton?

Well, like most New England Indians these Pequots were pretty ornery, and proud as Punch. The colonists tried everything, but the Indians simply wouldn't do slaves' work. The only things they were good at were whaling and boat building.

With heels crunching gently on white coral gravel covering the wharf, the little party bore down upon a long launch with speed written in her every line. A rather sombre-eyed young woman waved.

That, I presume, is Miss Fortier? Allenby commented casually.

Yes. Just a second, Grafton beckoned the others. I want to warn you about a very sad matter. Miss Patrica Fortier yonder is the sister of Miss Judy Fortier, a secretary I had, he explained, looking into each face in turn. Judy—well, nobody knows just why —committed suicide about a month ago—drowned herself. Her sister has come down to get her things, and Barbara and I are giving her a bit of a chance to rest up and get over the shock before she goes back to her job in the States. I'm only telling you this to avoid possible breaks.

Oh, the poor sweet thing, was Cora Sue's impulsive cry. Ah think she's awfully nice lookin.

Resolutely, Allenby kept clear his mental slate bue neverthless found himself touched on reading a deep sadness at the back of Patricia Fortier's wide gray-blue eyes He felt a vast impatience to question her, to learn her impressions concerning Judy's death.

Paper? All the Bermuda papers! A ragged unchin came running up the dock Gazette and Colonist, Mr. Grafton?

No.

Major Allenby held out his hand. I'll take one.

Save your money, Major, called the host waving the boy on. We've plenty at the house. Creepy, you'd better stow the luggage in the stern. Up to the row of black urchins grinning expectantly, he tossed a handful of sixpences. There you are, boys. Scrambles! Then turning, he presented the new arrivals to the girl who had been quietly stowing shopping parcels on a wicked chair in the Dart's stern.

Major Allenby caught Miss PATRICIA FORTIER and CREEPY, the Indian, with his camera

Clip the Camera Clues

Already feeling refreshed, Major Allenby opened his coat the better to draw deep lungfuls of salt air beating in from the Sargasso's northern edge. Presently his gaze wandered over to the servant called Creepy, and he noticed how restlessly the boatman's very dark blue eyes flickered over the guests. Apparently he considered the silent Miss Fortier as something vaguely distasteful. There was something fascinating about the fellow's feline agility and the coppery undertone of his dark skin. Again Roger Allenby pondered the immutability of Father Mendel's law.

(To Be Continued)

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Home Service

Cheery Indoor Gardens Brighten Wintry Days

Enjoy spring in mid-winter! Build a doll-sized landscape in your terrarium, complete with green hills, blue lake, and tiny blossoming "trees."

A single seeding pine, a few small plumy ferns, and a handful of pale yellow forsythia twigs make the fairy scene illustrated.

Use a mirror to suggest water. Or for a charming pool of real water cut shape of lake and rill out of a sheet of tin; fit over top of a cake pan in bottom of terrarium, see diagram. Paint inside of lake blue, green or leaf brown.

Put cinders or pebbles for drainage on top of tin, build hills of sandy garden loam—and your landscape's ready for planting.

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Our 32-page booklet explains planting and easy care of all kinds of beautiful glass and dish gardens. Orchids, gardenias, African violets; foliage plants, ferns, cacti.

Send 20c in coins for your copy of Glass Gardens And Novelty Indoor Gardens to The Guardian Home Service. Address. Be sure to write plainly your Name, Address, and the Name of booklet.

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City Province

A Morning Smile

IN LIGHTER VEIN

Wife (reading from paper): "They've found an old hen with two hearts."

Husband: "I played bridge with her the other night."

At a Scripture class the teacher had been telling the story of the Prodigal Son. At the end of the narrative she said: "And the son returned, and the father was so glad to have him safe and sound again that he killed the fatted calf in his honor." She then asked if any member of the class could tell a similar story from his or her own experience.

One small boy got up and announced: "My brother ran away from home, Miss, and went a long way off, and after a long time he came back home."

"And," said the teacher, "I suppose your father killed the fatted calf for him?"

"Oh, no, Miss," replied the boy, "but he half-killed the prodigal son."

LOVELY HANDS
Amazing mild medication helps soothe and whiten hands. Superior to lotions, creams!
CUTICURA SOAP AND OINTMENT

Have YOU the Detective Instinct?

Then Clip This Story for — CLUES!

Now the modern camera joins the magnifying glass of Sherlock Holmes as potent instruments of crime detection. Examine carefully all pictures that illustrate "THE CASTLE ISLAND CASE". Some of them give important clues as to its ultimate solution. Clip the pictures from day to day! Check them for detail as you read the story!! By doing so and exercising that detective instinct which is in most of us, you should be able to beat Major Roger Allenby to the discovery of the guilty party or parties. Read the story from day to day and, above all, examine its camera clues most carefully!

Today's Short Wave Radio Program

(All Time is Eastern Standard)

TUESDAY, MARCH 1

TOKYO

4:45 p.m.—Musical Selections. JZJ, 25.4 m., 11.80 meg.; JZI, 31.4 m., 9 53 meg.

SCHENECTADY

6:35 p.m. — Short-Wave Mail Bag. W8XAD, 19.5 m., 15.33 meg.; W2XAF, 31.4 m., 9.53 meg.

MOSCOW

7:00 p.m.—News and Program for English Listeners. RAN, 31 m., 9.6 meg.

LONDON

7:15 p.m.—"Information Received," a play by Francis Durbridge. GSC, 31.3 m., 9.58 meg.; GSB, 31.5 m., 9.51 meg.; GSL, 49.1 m., 6.11 meg.

ROME

7:30 p.m.—Tuesday Symphonies; "The Imperial Short Wave Center" a talk. 2RO, 31.1 m., 9.63 meg.; IRF, 30.5 m., 9.83 meg. 25.2 m., 11.90 meg.

BOSTON

8:00 p.m.—Harvard University Series. WIXAL, 49.6 m., 6.04 meg.

CARACAS

8:45 p.m.— Conchita Ascanio, singer. YV5RC, 51.7 m., 5.8 meg.

LONDON

9:20 p.m.—"The Life of Offenbach," a radio potpourri. GSD, 25.5 m., 11.75 meg.; GSC, 31.3 m., 9.58 meg.; GSB, 31.5 m., 9.51 meg.; GSL, 49.1 m., 6.11 meg.

LONDON

10:50 p.m.—"America Speaks,' a series of talks broadcast from the U.S.A. to the British Empire. GSD, 25.5 m., 11.75 meg.; GSC, 31.3 m., 9.58 meg.; GSB, 31.5 m., 9.51 meg.; GSL, 49.1 m., 6.11 meg.

PARIS

11:45 p.m.—Musical Recordings. TPA—4, 25.6 m., 11.72 meg.

TOKYO

12:45 a.m.—New Japanese Music. JZJ, 25.4 m., 11.80 meg.

SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA

1:15 a.m.—Talks on Australia. VK2ME, 31.28 m., 9.59 meg.

Dorothy Dix's Letter Box

When a Wife Works in Business, She is Entitled to Retain at Least Part of Her Salary for Her Own Personal Use — Too Many Men Are Financially Selfish

Dear Miss Dix—Seven years ago when my husband and I got married we were earning the same salary. We agreed that I would continue to work and that we would save to buy a home and accumulate a bank account. This we have done at the price of wearing cheap clothes, taking sandwiches from home for our noon lunch and economizing in every way possible to accomplish our ambitions. I feel that my sacrifices have been the heaviest as I have stood aside more than once to push him ahead, for I felt that we must plan for his future more than mine. I have been the one to do without a new coat for five years and to give up my club to enable him to belong to a good men's club. Also I have done my housework in addition to my office work to save the price of a maid. My husband has taken possession of all of my money as I earned it, and although he used it for some plan for our mutual benefit, I have not had a penny that I could call my own. So I recently told him I would turn over to him only $100 of my salary of $150, and keep the $50 for my own. At this he went up in the air, and from then on our married life has taken a turn for the worse. What I am actually doing with the $50 is to help my mother. She is a widow with a small income, and the little I give her is a margin of luxury that makes her as happy as a child. I give her only $15 and save the balance for myself. I am sick of working hard and never seeing the money I earn, and being questioned about every cent I spend. What do you suggest?

A WORKING WIFE.

Answer:

It is a queer thing that many husbands who love their wives find it impossible to be just to them in the matter of money. We see this illustrated on every side. Rich husbands who give their wives hundred-dollar purses that haven't even a lone quarter in them. Husbands who make their wives come to them like beggars for every penny, although they do the work of half a dozen servants for them. Husbands like yours, who take their wives' money away from them just as a matter of course and as if their wives were slaves who had to toil for them.

The husbands who treat their wives this way about money do it on the assumption that there is some peculiarity about women that prevents them from desiring economic independence and that makes them enjoy being mendicants. They know that they themselves could not endure going to even the most generous father and asking for carfare or the price of a pair of shoes. Nor would they work for anybody for their board and clothes. Nor would they submit to anybody robbing them of the money for which they had labored. But they think women like it. Or they say they think so. Yet every working woman in the world can tell you that the greatest thrill she ever had was when she got her first pay envelope and had her first dollar of her very own.

This view of men about women's attitude toward money makes the problem of the working wife a very acute one. For the husband is not only too apt to keep his wife in a state of peonage by taking all of her earnings away from her, but also to expect her to do all the housework. It is a common spectacle to see the Tired Business Man lolling in an easy chair reading the paper while the still more Tired Business Woman rushes around cleaning the house and getting the dinner to make him comfortable.

Inasmuch as the laborer is worthy of his hire, even if he is a she, and inasmuch as women crave financial independence as much as men do, it seems to me that a fair solution of the problem would be for the husband and wife to each take a certain amount out of their earnings each month, said money to be the individual perquisite of said husband or wife, to be used as he or she pleased, with no questions asked, and the balance of their joint salaries to go into a common fund out of which would be taken the necessary running expenses of the home.

And if the husband's salary were larger than the wife's, it would be offset by the wife's work in the home and also by the fact that a husband is expected to support his wife. He should feel that he is lucky to have a wife who contributes at all financially to the family income.

Dear Dorothy Dix—I am a man earning a comfortable though modest income, but my wife takes all of the heart out of me by her nagging and complaining about my work having taken us to a new town that she hates; about having had to leave her old friends; about her not being able to have the things that rich people have; about the children getting the house dirty and how hard she has to work; about how troublesome the children are, and so on. She harps on all we don't have, never on the good things we do have. Can she be led away from this nagging to a hopeful, joyous, contented attitude? My success and advancement in my job depend on my morale, and she is breaking that down. What can I do,

WILL.

Answer:

Not much, I am afraid, because the women who are whiners and naggers get their fun out of complaining and making everybody else as miserable as themselves. Why don't you call her bluff about being so dissatisfied with her new home and finding the children such a burden? Tell her that inasmuch as she finds all of her conditions of life so unpleasant that she had better go back to her old home; that you will get a good woman to look after the children and relieve her of them. If you could make a threat of that sort stick, she would cheer up at once.

Or maybe you could appeal to her cupidity by telling her that by making things so unpleasant at home she is killing your earning capacity. She might brighten up if she could see that cheerfulness paid in dollars and cents.

But the women who keep themselves doped up on their tears are harder to cure than a morphine addict.

Dear Miss Dix—I am a woman of 37. Would you advise me to marry a young man of 25?

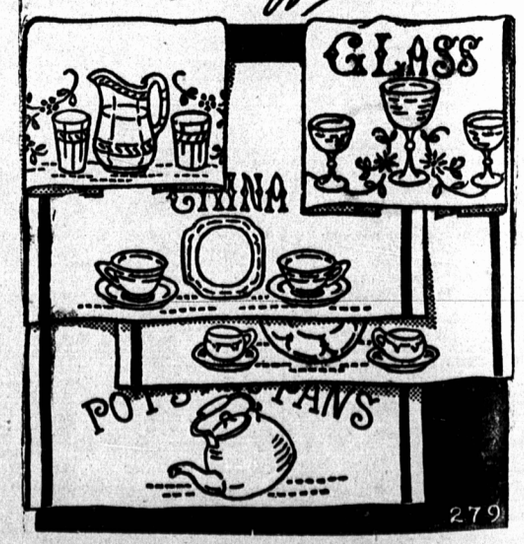
X.

Answer:

By no means. There is entirely too much difference in your ages.

DOROTHYY DIX.

"Pantry Shelf" Design for Tea Towels by Mayfair



What could be more appropriate to decorate gay kitchen towels than cups and saucers and glistening glass? Worked mostly in outline stitch the effect is most elaborate but takes no time at all to do. With these quick-to-work designs, you can dress up all your kitchen towels and dishwashing will take on a new joy. The pattern includes a transfer for the designs, color suggestion, detail chart, complete instructions for embroidering and finishing.

For complete pattern and instructions for all of these designs, send 20 cents in stamps or coin (coin preferred) to The Charlottetown Guardian Needlework Department

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