

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

ELLEN'S DIARY By An Island Farmer's Wife

We were in "a heap of trouble" this morning, both of us, Judy and I, myself. Our time once the earlier chores have been completed, usually spent busily, but in an unhurried manner. We were obliged to quicken our steps this evening, Judy's mind roved naturally to that picnic. All summer we had planned to attend this always enjoyable affair. It was to be among the pleasant recollections to take lightly with her from the Island, when presently she returns to school in her native province. Memories of a long lazy sunny afternoon at the sea shore, Judy spoke about the picnic. "There just has to be a cake baked, Mrs. Ellen—if we went to school for the remainder of the week. But the cake was not among our early considerations. Our overnight guests appeared in the kitchen before we even had the smoke from the breakfast fire on its way up the chimney. "Oul, merci, sleep will be big day to come." I also had a great big day. Perhaps I had remembered to save a portion of last night's cream from the can in the spring, we might have gone more leisurely to our housework. The tea-kettle was humming to show signs of steam when, finding the pitcher empty, I gasped: "Judy we've no cream for breakfast" and she was off like a flash to herd the cows to the stable.

But hot cream or cold or as Ellen's father will have it about my "home" at all the meal passed peacefully. We sat a bit longer than usual while the hands on the old clock's face knew no slackness. Judy and I then as Aunt Kitty Mahoney used to say, "seven sons in the fire" when Ellen, my niece and namesake from up the country walked in. By the time we had finished her, admiring her curls—like Judy's wavy but darker—and her pretty gown and sitting there primly and upright in her arm-chair had looked twice to make certain my eyes were not playing tricks on me and that but I saw was an expert decorated too, all the while I was hearing the family news, it was the mere bear for placing the tables on, for the boiling. Judy did not eat her dessert before the car with her and Mrs. Carolyn and Jamie and a collection of kettles and what-not came to bear her away to the home grounds. Duty stern from behind me to my duties at Alderlea, and for Judy and me there is not likely to be other picnic days.

Rob was here helping Jack with the potato-spraying. Jamie will take up the duties of the general duties in connection. She it was who came from the lane bridge for that mail we were to get in the "package" of one of the "times" which go to make up the weekly parcels. Two mechanics and then a third, came to examine and put in order for fair week—these cars of ours which nowadays constitute a necessary part of the machinery used in the interests of the farm, and which must always be in good order for the road.

Two, a gentleman and his wife from a distant town on the Island and returning to the city called at Alderlea this afternoon. He it was, who used one of my misadventures as a password for his visit. I found him as I had expected, educated broadly yet not pedantic. A business man by profession (retired) with an understanding twinkle in his eye. Twinkle, whether found in "peer or peasant" are the graces which make for charm in any personality. If I had been mother to a daughter and there was a chance of a fairy blessing, I should beg on her behalf: "Grant her a quiet saving sense of humor—but there I never had, which perhaps is the gentle lady, his wife, I was proud to be a member of the fair sex. There are times when I own to having a different sentiment. Equal to her makes? Oh yes, in many ways, and should be much better. When our great sisterhood of women—and girls cease to be gentle, modest and understanding, then our country should tremble for its future generations.

An airman and his wife, she a Cape Breton lady, added to the list of guests. She told me of the rugged, picturesque scenery there; the mirrored lakes, the bold, rocky trails. The lad from the next farm returned Monday from overseas as if he "liked Belgium" above and other of the many countries he had seen. Beyond being grown to manhood now, I found him changed. The pluckiness returned in the evening, tired and happy from a day's work. "Mrs. Ellen," there was never a better picnic than the one I had today, was long ago, "I remember now when I missed Judy today, was long ago, and the easy break of it on the warm shore sand."

I must have been lonely too for James accompanied our over-night guests on their return and I met him only briefly at meal times. Even then his concern was for the car. He inquired of Rob: "Is every nozzle of the sprayer working?" and of Jack: "Do you have the spare and fuel out to the pasture—for long and once to me." "Ellen, I hope you are keeping an eye to everything in my absence." He was away as far as I took care of out-of-door interests today at Alderlea. Twice, my duties in this respect came to mind. When Judy came to the piggery today, she had an answer to roll-call up there, and Judy looked sort of bewildered. And again in the afternoon, when I was certain I heard a small plaintive squeal. As it happened, it must only have been "coming events casting their shadow before." All is serene, as yet in Ward A in the piggery.

From a muddled beginning, this turned into a most satisfying day. The cake was made and frosted pink and white according to Judy's plans were spread; Judy went on her picnic; potatoes were sprayed and dismantled cars were assembled and put in the best of order. One incident alone distressed me and that only for the moment—if James had not cooperated. It might have been next thing to tragic or at the least pathetic to me. In his holiday mood, James forgot a much needed loaf of bread at the corner store "without the holler, that would be put up if he sent us for something, Aunt Ellen, and we forgot it" niece Ellen remarked. "You told me Why, Ellen, you never mentioned 'bread,'" was his apology.

Tonight Ellen in "the dark room" neighbors Judy. Their conversation still animated continues. I hear it, but not clearly in the rooms above. James and our overnight guests are in the kitchen enjoying their bed-time smoke. Before leaving them, I asked the Quebecer: "Do you like the Island?" "Oul, lak it ver' much now—but in January? Noni! Noni! The win'!"

Dorothy Dix Says—

LOVELESS MARRIAGES FATAL Daughter Is Smart In Scorning Nuptials Without Affection

DEAR MISS DIX: My daughter fell in love with a young man who had been forced to marry a girl against his wishes. Thinking him a single man, she kept company with him for several months, but finally he told her of his marriage and they both came to me weeping because it was the end of their romance.

This boy is in the service now, but my daughter does not seem any other boy friends. I tell her that she is wasting her life, and she says: "Don't ask me to marry a man I don't love. There are too many marriages without love now and that is what is at the bottom of so much trouble in families—men and women have the wrong mates. I will not be one of them and spoil some young man's life by marrying him when my heart belongs to another."

He has fallen in love with a girl and has asked me to give him a divorce, which I am willing to do as I do not want to hold him if he desires his freedom.

Will you please tell me how long it will take to get a divorce when we have both agreed upon it, and who will get our children, one of whom is ten years old and the other two years old?

ANSWER: I think your daughter is exactly right in the position she takes and that you are doing a very wrong and foolish thing in urging her to marry some man she doesn't love. There would be happiness in such a marriage for her, and she would be playing a dastardly trick on her husband.

It is quite true that many women do marry men for whom they have no affection just because they don't want to be old maids, or because they don't want the poor little unwanted creature to be able to bear his father's name. Your husband is certainly acting out-married man.

DEAR DOROTHY DIX: My husband and I have been married 17 years. He has fallen in love with a girl and has asked me to give him a divorce, which I am willing to do as I do not want to hold him if he desires his freedom.

Will you please tell me how long it will take to get a divorce when we have both agreed upon it, and who will get our children, one of whom is ten years old and the other two years old?

ANSWER: The length of time it takes to get a divorce depends upon the state in which you live. In Nevada and I believe for instance, to several years, and in South Carolina you cannot get a divorce at all. To be sure that your divorce is legal you should have the advice and assistance of a good lawyer.

The court practically always gives the children to the mothers, who are getting divorces from their wives in order to marry a younger man. I do not want to be bothered with their children, and they are glad to be rid of them. But I urge you to see that some provision is made for your and the children's support. There is only one divorced wife out of 20 who gets any alimony.

DEAR DOROTHY DIX: I am 17 years old and expecting a baby. My husband is furious over the fact that a baby is coming. He is so nasty things to me. What do you think I should do? I have been considering a divorce, but I hate to think of the baby not having a father saying he won't and that he will never like it.

ANSWER: Don't think of such a thing as leaving your husband and child after the baby is born. You owe the poor little unwanted creature at least the decency of having its legitimacy established and of being able to bear its father's name. Your husband is certainly acting out-married man.

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Signs of the Times in '99

"Way back in 'cracker barrel' days, Mr. C. W. Post, the creator of Grape-Nuts, was busy telling folks about those carbohydrates, protina, phosphorus, iron and other food essentials that make Grape-Nuts' nourishment so popular today."

- Now millions of folks enjoy that same Grape-Nuts goodness in crisp, golden-brown GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES as well as Grape-Nuts.
- You'll smack your lips to a double goodness in Grape-Nuts Flakes. That's because they're made of two grains—wheat and malted barley—specially blended, baked and toasted for malty-rich, sweet-as-nut flavor and easy digestion. And no fuss or bother—they're ready to eat from the package.
- That hard-working fellow who runs the grocery store down at the corner has been busy all morning stacking Grape-Nuts Flakes on his shelves so they'll be ready when you get down there. Why not hike down now and pick up a couple of packages. Take along your shopping bag so you can take advantage of the real economy of the giant size.

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SEND YOUR BODY RIGHT ON GRAPE-NUTS THERE'S A REASON

To school well fed on Grape-Nuts THERE'S A REASON

Grape-Nuts Flakes

PATTERN OF THREE

By Mary Hastings Bradley

CHAPTER XXI

Calling was out of fashion except among the formal maidens, the only callers were Mrs. Mattland and the Berlows and some Evanson neighbors and Mrs. Vernon, Tracey's mother, who bore down heavily on Tracey's happiness with dear little Nancy and the originality of their very modern house while gazing raptly at this small, old-fashioned one. Kay had an implacable grudge in his arms. She was cramped but you ought to see the first Mrs. Kendall's apartment in Paris!

He was relieved to stay at home, to have a coming baby settle the question of any immediate social effort. Being a wife was quite an occupation in itself, she found. The dream had come true; she lived under Dick's roof, she ate at Dick's table, she slept in his arms. She was to bear him a child. Her life had the quality of a miracle to her.

So says motion picture stylist Orry-Kelly, who has dressed top to tine out 31 ten women. What is the good of smart fashionable attire," he asks, "if a woman slumps like a hippo at the river-side? To put good clothes over rounded shoulders and a sagging frame is like putting a perfect make-up over an unwashed face."

WORN CURTAINS

If the soiled curtains are at the breaking stage and you are hesitating about washing them, put them in a pillow case to wash them and let them soak in a tub of soapy water and kerosene. Remove the curtains when the water is dirty and repeat the process until the curtains are clean. In this way there will be no strain on the curtains and you may get another season out of them—and at this present time, that is most important as curtains are scarce and expensive.

BETTER ENGLISH

D. C. Williams

1. What is wrong with this sentence? "I am not going nowhere unless you go with me."

2. What is the correct pronunciation of "hundredth"?

3. Which one of these words is misspelled? "Gondola, chinchilla, parapsoriasis."

4. What does the word "captivate" mean?

5. What is a word beginning with "th" that means "delicate skill"?

ANSWERS

1. Say, "I am not going anywhere." 2. Pronounce the e as in dread, not hundredth. 3. Chinchilla. 4. To fascinate; to charm. "The orator captivated all hearts." 5. Finesse.

Living & Leisure THE WOMAN'S REALM

Who hath a book hath friends at hand. And gold and gear at his command. And rich estates, if he not loak, Are held by him who hath a book.

Who hath a book has but to read. And he may be a kind indeed. His kingdom is his ingenuok. All this is his who hath a book.

—Willbur D. Nesbit.

Heavy corsets, which squeeze you in here and push you out there are a lay way out of the figure-work you should do for yourself. That is, a corset, diet, good posture practice, or seeing a physician if there is a singular disorder.

HOUSEHOLD SCRAPBOOK

By Roberta Lee

Gas Economy

When roasting, if the gas burner is turned off the oven about ten minutes before the roast is done, there will be sufficient heat to finish the roasting and it will also save considerable fuel.

MODERN ETIQUETTE

By Roberta Lee

Q. Is it appropriate to have a centerpiece for the table?

A. Yes; it is very effective to have a centerpiece composed of a silver plate heaped with oranges, apples, bananas, peaches plums or grapes.

WHY NOT HAVE BABY SLEEP THROUGH NIGHT

YOU and your baby both need sleep. Here's the way you can manage it. Let Mrs. J. of Winona, Ontario, tell you in her own words: "Night after night, as soon as we would get settled in bed, Baby would start crying. . . . Baby's Own Tablets changed all this. What a blessed relief!"

MORNING SMILE

AUDIBLE SILENCE

Blank's wife, whenever a shutter rattled or a board creaked, would wake up her husband and say: "Oh, John, there are burglars downstairs! Don't you hear them? Oh, what shall we do?"

Needlecraft FOR THE HOME

FABRIC SAVING BLOUSE

Immensely popular, because it's so pretty to wear, and nothing at all to make, this blouse can be cut from a short length of fabric. No. 2880 is cut in one size. With the bow-tie neckline it takes only 1 1/2 yards 36-inch fabric; with the sweetheart neckline, a mere 1 1/4 yards.

SOOR STOMACH

For that nasty upset feeling - take

ABBEY'S

Health Salt

HOW CAN I!!

By Anne Ashley

Q. How can I prevent white from turning yellow?

A. White silk should not be washed in water that is too hot. It has a yellowing effect on it.

Q. How can I avoid speckling of greens?

A. The speckling of hot greens can be avoided many times by placing a little salt in the frying pan.

Taste the real vegetable flavour in this tasty soup

HEINZ

Condensed Vegetable Soup

Ask your grocer for a FREE copy of the booklet "57 Ways to Use Heinz Condensed Soups."

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