

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

The Housewife And Her Activities

THE FARM LINE FENCE

The son, he says, says he to me: "Dad, you know where the farm lines be... all your neighbors know their's, too. I'll tell you what we'll have to do: We'll just tear down the farm line fence. It's quite unsightly—not worth two cents."

For to me, Old Chap, it don't make sense. "This doing away with the farm line fence."

Hard-cooked eggs will peel easily if, as soon as they are cooked, their shells are cracked slightly and the eggs are dropped into cold water for five minutes. The eggs may then be chilled and used.

If polished furniture has suffered from sticky fingers, wet glasses, and surface scratches, treat it to a pick-me-up with a good furniture polish, and if the glass rings and scratches prove difficult, see how quickly they respond to a little warm linseed oil.

Apparently scheduled for revival this spring is the young-looking "baby blouse" in batiste and sheer. In case you've forgotten it—which isn't likely—it's the blouse with little round lace-edged collar, and pin tucked yoke.

Navy sabardine trousers, of narrow tapered downhill styles, also natural, light gray or white cotton windbreaker and visored cap to match one or the other, a bright flannel shirt or turtleneck sweater—that is the favorite of the skier at Sun Valley this season.

A feature in new handbags are made of rough straw braids, often interplated to give spiky surface. Some of these, for resort wear, are like baskets with handles, but one of the smartest is a navy town bag in plain rectangular shape with thick base, and a heavy gold chain around it near the top, simulating drawstrings.

Both tulle and braid are used in formal bags as well as a small round cocktail model of black lacquered satin ribbon, and tulle suggest petals. Several town bags for summer costumes are made of grosgrain ribbon, one of them elaborately studded by large round motifs covered with the same grosgrain that makes the square basket weave bag.

TO REPAIR WALLPAPER To patch a worn or marred place on papered walls rather than cut a piece from matching paper large enough to cover the spot generously. The rough torn edge will be easier to match and blend with the pattern of the paper than a sharp cut edge. Use ordinary library paste or a good wall paper paste.

Soak washable materials stained by contact with meat in cold water, then wash in cold water and use a bland soap.

COVERING A BOOK The best material for covering a book is fairly thick brown paper, but sometimes glazed lining is used, and it lasts well. When covering with paper we lay the book open in it, leaving a margin of about two inches round it, then fold this margin in over the two leaves of the cover. Next we take a pair of scissors, and cut the paper margin at the top in two places slantwise toward what we may call the backbone of the book, repeat this at the bottom, and the two little flaps so formed between the binding and the paper cover. Now the margin stands out in two pieces above and two pieces below, so we take the corners of the parts folded over and tuck them down behind the back, between the binding and paper cover, as far as they will go, and fold over the four outstanding flaps.

Household Scrapbook (By ROBERTA LEE) Washing Corduroys Wash the corduroys carefully, then rinse until the water is clear. Do not squeeze out the water at the last rinsing, but throw the garment over the line in a shady place while dripping wet. This keeps the material soft and fluffy.

Frying Basket Don't forget, when using a wire basket for frying croquettes, to dip it into the hot fat before putting in the croquettes, so that they will not stick to the basket when done and be difficult to remove.

Play Safe It doesn't pay to take chances with stain removers on colored fabrics. Try it on the undermost part of the hem of the frock first to see if it affects the color.

New Under-arm Cream Deodorant safely Stops Perspiration

ARRID

Does not rot dresses—does not irritate skin. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving. Instantly stops perspiration for 1 to 3 days. Removes odor from perspiration. A pure white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream. Arrid has been awarded the Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering, for being Harmless to Fabrics.

TEN MILLION jars of Arrid have been sold. Try a jar today! ARRID

CHRISTABEL By PEARL BELLAIRS

CHAPTER VIII PROSEQUIING PRACTITIONER

What surprised Christabel, that a rising K. O. should have turned psychologist, was not unnatural in Hewitson's case; the study of criminology when he was taking his law degree had fostered his interest in general psychology; and all the time during his work at the bar the human material with which he had come into contact had fed his interest in men's motives and the working of their minds.

To understand all is to forgive all; and it was sometimes said that was that fact which finally made his career as an advocate impossible as well as absurd.

He watched Christabel put the tray on his desk, the glow of the reading lamp falling softly on her face. He saw a line of dark hair on the smooth white forehead below the nurse's cap; he saw the dark eyes under beautiful lids, a soft shadow under the curve of her cheekbone; his attention was attracted by the patient on the couch.

She straightened to look at him, his observation something slight puzzled him in the dark, the gleam of her eyes; something that puzzled him in his own reaction.

When he had been before, for a moment there was a sterner utterly different from any silence of awkwardness one might expect from a new patient, brings in the practitioner's office.

He had not changed. Perhaps there was a touch of grey in the hair at his temples; but he still had the same looking figure; the same vitality in his manner, the keen intelligence in his eyes.

It might have been yesterday, not nearly so long ago, that he had stood before her, pointing an accusing finger at her, "the female accused," while his voice rang continuously through the tense silence of the court.

Christabel leaned against the office door, feeling suddenly weak. Since she had entered the clinic everything had gone well; she had done her work satisfactorily so far as she knew, from the behaviour of the three practitioners who had come down in their various hours to attend their patients. The job was not so plain as it seemed.

But she had not expected the sight of Hewitson to disturb her. She trembled as she wondered: "Did I recognize me? Will he recognize me?"

Hewitson's terror arose from the fact that he was lying and casing the room, and he was wagging his tail with an expectant look.

She bent and patted his head. So much Hewitson had patting it, often and often. Presumably he was fond of the dog. The queerness of finding a dog in a room, which he had not recognized, had haunted her prison nightmares had all sorts of human attributes which one might expect from a dog, and somehow had never taken into account!

She began to put things straight in the office, in preparation for leaving to go home. She was living in the Halfa Road. She heard Hewitson's patient go.

Now, surely, he would be home for his dinner. She wondered if he had recognized her.

The bell rang. The dog followed her to the door. Hewitson was at his desk putting the notes he had made on the evening's work together, getting ready to go home.

"I'm leaving this envelope for Dr. Sanders, if you'll give it to him when he comes down to-morrow." He rose, and she saw him go, casually, it seemed. "Hello, Gipi! Tired of waiting? I hope he wasn't in your way, Miss Christabel."

"Miss Collet. Thank you. I'll be down on Monday afternoon." He was gone, and she was left alone. His voice was calmly matter of fact. He did not know her.

He snapped his fingers at Gipi, and she saw him go. "Better look up carefully, Miss Collet; this isn't a neighbourhood in which people can resist temptation. A staunch friend of mine, promised by the King of Clubs and the Seven of Hearts says you're going to win in love."

Lady, you overwhelm me," chuckled Ralph. "But, Phyllis goes on, 'you'll have a disappointment, that Ten of Spades says. The Seven of Clubs hints a spot with someone. And before that final grand love affair, there'll be a broken engagement, according to the eight of Spades.'"

him hastily along the passage to the office. He half-opened the door, pushed Gipi inside, glimpsing a female figure within, which he took to be that of the nurse he knew, and said: "Here's something for you to look after!"

He slammed the door, and went away to attend to his patient. After a particularly difficult hour, Hewitson rang his bell for the coffee he usually took midway through the evening. The door opened and the nurse came in with his tray.

Hewitson saw at once that it wasn't Miss "Tite" and remembered that Mrs. Collet had told him she was leaving and there would be somebody new.

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Fun and easy to tell fortunes like that, to learn the meanings of other luck and unlucky cards. Read tea leaves, too. Haven't you seen a chain of leaves in your cup? A wedding, that means. A pipe-smoking group of leaves promises adventure.

Or amuse the crowd with domino fortunes. Our 32-page booklet gives these and many other things ways to tell fortunes—tea leaves, crystal gazing, cards, horoscopes. Fortune games.

Dorothy Dix

Many "Old Maids" Are Such Because They Set Their Ideals of a Husband Too High and Cannot Bring Themselves Down To An Ordinary Level

A great many women are old maids because they have wasted their marrying time waiting for a man who never existed. They are the victims of a dream that never came true. They are pathetic sacrifices to a deception they have practiced upon themselves.

In their adolescent days, when they still believed in fairy tales, they began building up an ideal of a Prince Charming who would come riding down their street on his milk-white steed and bear them off to realms of romantic bliss. He would be tall and slender and wondrously beautiful, with flashing eyes and waving locks. He would be bold and daring and dashing; cold and stern to all the world, but soft and tender only to them. He would speak in beautiful and poetic phrase and be incredibly rich. And at the mere sight of him, at the sound of his footsteps, they would thrill from their permanent waves to their toes.

Well, somehow the dream never materialized. Nobody who even remotely resembled him ever passed their way. There was only Tom, who was bald and stout, Bob, whose office coat no one could possibly mistake for a suit of shining armor, Sam, whose conversation centered around the sport page and the stock market, and whose Adam's apple rose in his throat and choked him when he tried to tell a girl that he loved her. And so they passed up these good, honest, commonplace chaps for the ideal who never came.

I get many letters from women who are still on the lookout, waiting for the Impossible He to cross their paths. They ask me if they shall give up their virgins and marry the good men who are asking them to be their wives or if they shall continue their watchful waiting?

They say that Tom is so kind and considerate and a tower of strength to lean on in times of trouble. That Bob is so well off and could give them every luxury, and they are so tired of working in an office and long for home and a man of their own and children. That Sam is so congenial and so companionable. But Tom and Bob and Sam are so unlike the men they had always dreamed of marrying. It seems like descending to a lower level to marry them. And, besides, neither Tom, Bob nor Sam raise any thrill in their breasts. They are awfully fond of them. They enjoy being with them, but they don't palpitate or grow hot and cold and tremble at their approach. And they want to know if just asking and liking are enough to marry on.

I always feel like respecting these optimistic ladies who are still looking for the Fairy Prince who they think there is about them that would attract the roving eye of His Royal Highness? Are they Miss Americas? Are they brilliant and scintillating and fascinating streamers who could cast a spell over any man? Or are they just nice, good, ordinary women who are fit mates for just nice, good, ordinary men?

Silly enough, isn't it, for a woman to out herself out of a good husband who would be a good provider because he is three or four inches shorter than her ideal? And sillier still for her to be afraid to marry a man because she doesn't thrill to his touch, when probably nature gave her more logic than imagination and she is not of the thrilling sort. There are plenty of women who are spinsters because they couldn't find their dreams a-walking and because they couldn't get all wrought up and excited over meeting the men at dinner with whom they had worked all day at the office.

As for whether respect and congeniality and liking are enough to marry on, that is for every woman to decide for herself. Personally, I think they are a mighty sound foundation for marriage, because they are what every happy marriage comes to in the end.

Husbands and wives cease being romantic and glamorous to each other, but if they admire and respect each other there is a bond between them that grows stronger as the years go by and that draws them closer and closer together.

Great expectations are as foolish in marriage as they are anywhere else in life. If women would quit looking for Prince Charming for their husbands, there would be a lot more marriages and fewer disappointments in marriage.

Modern Etiquette (By ROBERTA LEE) Q. Would it be proper, as an introduction, to say, "Mr. Marshall, this is Miss Wilson?" A. Reverse the names. The man should be presented to the woman. Say, "Miss Wilson, this is Mr. Marshall."

Q. Should the wedding rehearsal be held several days prior to the wedding? A. No; it is customary to have the rehearsal the day or evening preceding the wedding.

Q. My friend is calling to see a friend who will and one is not permitted to see him, is it all right to write a short message on one's card? A. Yes.

CHAPTER IX "YOU LOOK PALE, NURSE!" She looked at her meeting with Hewitson, Christabel awakened next morning in a clean, neat little bedroom in a house in the Halfa Road kept by a Mrs. Creedy.

But to Christabel there was nothing mean about it. The bed was soft, and the sheets were white; she could lie as long as she liked in the morning. Breakfast, consisting of a boiled egg and half a pint of fresh milk was a luxury to her.

But that morning she could only think of Hewitson. "Gings that he goes about the world looking so pleased with everything in it," she said to herself, bitterly. "And doesn't even remember, when I like to see her, that she was ever Miss Collet, or that a Mrs. Milson came to prison for three years as the price of his being so extremely clever."

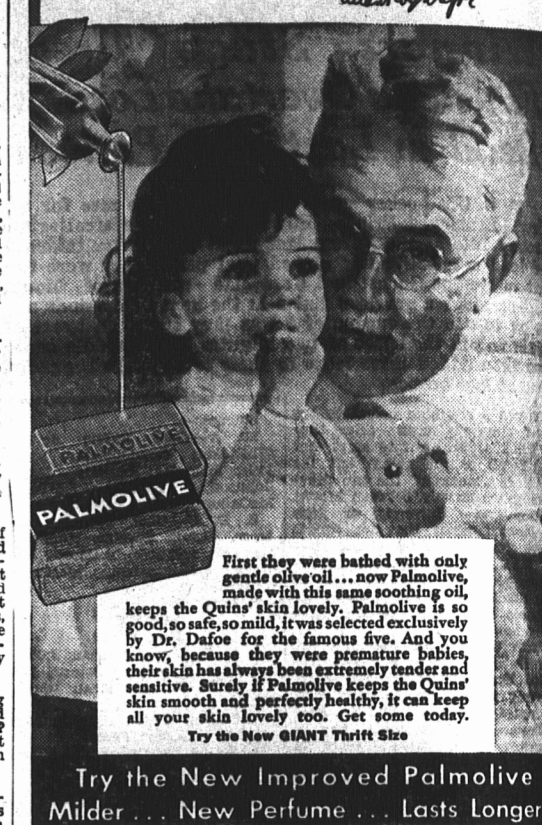
She wished that meeting him could have removed the grudge she bore him. She felt it to be something that he had done, which she possessed her, and corrupted her better judgment. But instead her resentment was becoming deeper and more real.

Between that Thursday and the following Monday she did her best to forget him; but with so little else to do it was difficult to keep her thoughts from him.

Indiscretely avoiding personal contacts as much as possible, she kept her distance from the various specialists who attended the clinic during the week; little knowing that she was discussed by them.

Dr. Roger Sanders, a typically English, fresh-faced young man with a fair moustache and a large nose, was particularly interested in her.

Palmolive is the only soap used in the daily baths of the Dionne Quintuplets. Their skin is clear, normal and healthy.



First they were bathed with only good old... new Palmolive, made with this same soothing oil, keeps the Quins' skin lovely. Palmolive is so good, so safe, so mild, it is selected exclusively by Dr. Dafoe for the famous five. And you know, because they were premature babies their skin has always been extremely tender and sensitive. Surely if Palmolive keeps the Quins' skin smooth and perfectly healthy, it can keep all your skin lovely too. Get some today. Try the New GIANT Thrift Size

Try the New Improved Palmolive Milder... New Perfume... Lasts Longer!

THE COOK'S CORNER

DEVIL FUDGE 2 cups sugar 1-4 cup flour 1-2 cup cocoa 1 cup evaporated milk 1 tablespoon butter 1 teaspoon vanilla 1-3 teaspoon soda 1-3 cup coarsely chopped nuts and dates or raisins. Stir all the dry ingredients (except soda) well together, then add the milk and stir again. Bring to the boil and add the butter. Boil until it thickens and reaches the soft ball stage, then add vanilla.

CREAM CARAMELS To one cupful brown sugar allow one of cream or unsweetened condensed milk. Mix well together in a saucepan with a wooden spoon, then cook over slow heat stirring gently all the time, until the mixture becomes soft golden brown, the color of caramel.

Have ready a shallow tin, slightly oiled, and buttered. Put the caramel on to this and when it is set but not cold, mark it into squares. Out when quite cold. The caramels should be rather soft.

TIMELY TIPS - FOR THE HOME SEWER

Spring's popular shirt type-like bodies and flared skirt to wear now... for your cruise! It is made of navy blue and white novelty sheer woaden. Another young touch is the contrasting cyclamen colored pique collar. The slipper and the leather belt, repeat the navy. Again, you'll love it made of a washable print crepe silk. See small view! The delectable petal collar is in a shade picked out of the print. Note the cunning tailored patch pockets with petal trim!

Send fifteen cents (15) in stamps or coin (coin preferred) wrap each carefully address to: Charlotte Town, N.S. 3320

Mock Welsh Rabbit 1-2 tablespoons butter, 1-2 tablespoons flour, 1 cup milk, 1-2 teaspoon salt, few grains cayenne, 1-4 teaspoon dry mustard, 1-3 lb. soft, sharp cheese.

Method: Make a sauce of all the cheese, cooking until thick, stirring constantly, then serve on toast or crackers.



3320 ST. JAMES ST. N.S.