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

How Can I!!
By Anne Ashley

Q. How can I drive a nail into plaster, without marring the wall?

A. A nail can be driven into a plaster if the nail is put in hot water for a few minutes, or dipped into melted paraffin.

Q. How can I prevent dandruff?

A. Dissolve one ounce of flour of sulphur in one quart of soft water. Do not use it until it is thoroughly mixed and settled. Apply it at night.

Q. How can I successfully launder ties?

A. Before washing ties, baste them carefully, to prevent the lining or padding from becoming lumpy. Remove the basting before ironing and the ties will look like new.

The Cooks Corner

PEANUT BUTTER MUFFINS

Sift together 1 cup flour, ½ cup cornmeal, 3 teaspoons baking powder, ½ teaspoon salt and 1 tablespoon sugar. Combine 1 beaten egg, ¼ cup peanut butter, 1 cup milk and 1 tablespoon melted fat. Add to dry ingredients. Mix only until blended. Fill greased muffin tins 2-3 full. Bake in hot oven of 400 degrees Fahrenheit about 18-20 minutes. Serve hot. These muffins have an unusually delicious flavor.

Living & Leisure
The Woman's Realm

Who sows ill actions and of blessing dreams,
Fosters vain fantasies and idly schemes.
Saadi.

HINTS ON ETIQUETTE

If you are unavoidably late to a dinner, telephone your hostess and tell her you will be late, but will arrive as soon as possible, and ask her not to wait dinner for you. Apologize profusely when you do arrive.

Plastered walls can be saved by placing a small piece of adhesive tape over the spot where picture hooks are intended. Driving the nail through the tape prevents plaster cracking.

High school girls will get a look at the latest in made-over frocks this Autumn when wardrobes now being prepared by the Consumer Branch make a tour of various high schools across Canada. Each wardrobe will comprise 23 articles, each article designd from a cast-off.

To relax while standing, spread feet apart, put hands on hips, allow shoulders and head to drop and waist to bend.

Draperies, bedspreads, couch throws and printed cotton wall hangings can be made into slip covers, dressing table skirts and cushion covers.

WAFFLEE IRON IS NOW TREASURE

If you're lucky enough to have one of those pre-war treasures a waffle iron make use of a good thing while you have it. Just mix, pour and bake—then sit by cool as a cucumber and watch your reputation as a cook soar.

For cool, effortless cookery at any meal, waffles just can't be beaten, and your waffle iron is a versatile appliance. It takes kindly to gingerbread or biscuit dough, as well as to waffle batter. And did you ever know anyone who didn't like waffles?

Start with a good basic recipe, then let your fancy ride free. The result will be mouth-watering delicacies for breakfast, lunch or dinner.

TAKE DIM VIEW OF FEMININE SEX

The conversation turned to women and their place in the world and a southern newspaperman said:

"The trouble with women is that they are ambitious only for themselves. Individually a woman is ambitious. She wants more money for herself or her husband because she believes that money is power. Individually she is a hog for power.

"But collectively, women are something different. They have proved that money in the hands of women is not power. To-day they own more than 60 per cent. of the country's real estate, more than 60 per cent. of all stocks and commodities—but they let men rule the roost.

"Let a woman step out to do something new and other women try to tear her apart. Let her get a little power and other women never rest content until they have discredited her.

"So men rule the world because they act together. In business and in the professions their motto is 'Scratch my back and I'll scratch yours.' But the guiding principle of women is "Let's schatch her eyes out before she has a chance to scratch ours.

He's right, of course, Women have so little power they are talking wistfully of maybe having a woman at the peace table, when they should, of course, be equally represented with men.

They have managed to get into the professions that once wouldn't have them—but for the most part they take the plodding work men don't want. They now have a chance to wear their country's uniform—but the women who are wearing uniforms get little credit from other women for the job they are doing. What credit they get comes from generals.

HOME NURSE

Have you noticed that the question usually uppermost in the mind of one who has been ill in a hospital is, "When can I go home?" asks Mary Beard, director, Nursing Service, American Red Cross.

Even though a person has had the best of hospital care, there nearly always comes a time when he will make much better progress in the home nest, provided conditions are such that his basic needs for rest, nourishment and care can be met. Because the interests and activities of the convalescent are limited, he needs the security of familiar surroundings and the affectionate concern of those he loves to bolster his courage and make him feel he still has a place to fill in family life.

It is equally as important to recovery to encourage a normal mental attitude as it is to give good physical care—but it is sometimes more difficult. After a severe illness the vitality is low and all body processes are somewhat depressed. The muscles are weak, and any exertion is tiring. The nervous system may be disturbed, the emotions difficult to control, and the patient likely to be irritable and exacting. These problems must be handled by the home nurse with patience, tact and consideration.

Keep on Light Diet

Nourishing food is imperative to complete recovery, but the convalescent's appetite is not to be relied upon as a feeding guide. It may have to be either encouraged or restrained. Light diet is usually advised until he becomes normally active, because the power of digestion, and elimination are likely to be sluggish until he gets more exercise.

Both mental and physical exertion should be increased by slow degress. A regular schedule alternating sleep, rest, diversion and activity is advisable in order to prevent overdoing. Light diversion is useful in helping the convalescent forget his illness and develop new interests. Reading, puzzles, card games and hand work of any kind are suitable occupations if not continued too long at a time.

A Morning Smile

EXPLAINED

When the crowded bus stopped, a stout, middle-aged man descended the stairs, carrying a small girl. Placing her carefully on the kerb, he climbed up and brought down a smaller boy.

Again he made the journey, and this time carried down an even younger child.

"Lummee!" said a passenger, waiting in the impatient queue. "E must 'ave a nest up there!"

A BOLD FELLOW

After writing a prescription the physician told him that the druggist would probably charge him 60 cents for filling it. Then the patient asked the physician to lend him the money. The physician carefully scratched out a part of the prescription and handed it back with 10 cents, remarking: "You can have that filled for a dime. What I scratched out was for your nerves."

CO-OPERATIVE SYSTEM

Group studies indicate that a book purchased by one individual is used at least five times.

A Job Only You Can Do
Price Control Questions And Answers

Questions and Answers on Price Control will appear in The Guardian as a regular feature each day. The questions are those which have reached the Wartime Prices and Trade Board from housewives in this region. The answers are provided by the Board Readers. Persons who have intelligent questions to ask on price control are invited to send them in writing to the Women's Regional Advisory Committee of the War Time Prices and Trade Board.

Q. Is it legal for me to send half a pound of tea once in a while to civilian friends in England?

A. In so far as the Wartime Prices and Trade Board is concerned, it is quite permissible to send tea to England so long as the tea is shipped in accordance with the ration regulations of the Prices Board. But there may be certain post office regulations that must be observed.

Q. Do I need a Wartime Prices and Trade Board permit to buy a sump pump?

A. A Prices Board permit is not required for the purchase of a sump pump that is operated by hand; but if a sump pump is operated by either an electric motor or a gasoline engine, it is considered a power pump and as such requires a permit for its release.

Q. Is the reduction in the cost of imported far mequipment computed on the wholesale or the retail price?

A. The reduction in the cost of imported farm equipment is computed on the laid-down value of the machinery to the importer, not on the selling price to the consumer. Since the laid-down value does not include the parts of Canadian origin necessary to make the machinery a complete unit, the decrease in cost to the consumer may not be so great as anticipated.

Ellen's Diary
By An Island Farmer's Wife

"The wind she blew one hurricane", last night, well, not exactly so terrible as that but strong enough to make doors creek and houses complain through the silent watches." It accompanied showers of rain bearing out Saturday's rainbow in the morning with of course yesterday's and Sunday's interval of glorious weather. I had planned to return to Alderlea this morning and I wondered as at times the rain fell in torrents; if this would be the best course to follow. There was that mile's hike from the corner without protecting rubber or raincoat! There was no communication with Alderlea for the phone is still definitely out. Then when I found the rain came only in showers, I knew the Bus would have an extra passenger this morning.

* * *

Sunday was a golden day, beautiful in the balminess peculiar to approaching Autumn. I enjoyed every waking minute of its idle hours. I visited old haunts, strolling, with others, to see the brook through the orchard. I found the dam, constructed by willing boyish hands, where small boats with white sails spreading, once sailed or tugged at anchor, and the miniature water-wheel, tumbled merrily with water from the overflow, gone now; washed away long since in the waters of the past. The water below the old bridge was clear then and tiny minnows darted hither and yon, or small speckled trout sought sanctuary from inquisite eyes. Now, native waterweeds of every description grow luxuriantly there, and there were no small fishes. Neither was there any mirrored reflection, smiling back from the bridge-rail above. Perhaps it was just as well, for no doubt I would have expected to see a different face in its waters. But the brook flows on, through the growth of years, to benefit waterfowl and thirsty animals and most important now, to provide water for "the spraying" on this, and also I noticed on neighboring farms it crosses, before going by way of a broad river to join the harbor-waters below.

* * *

We visited the school, forlorn then with bell hanging idle. The building is the same although rearranged and brought modern indoors. And much—and many—has been taught since my day. Different and improved methods prevail but the fundamentals are the same. I could easily have slipped into a familiar seat, this time to at least try to understand what patient instructors sought to impart. That is the worst of this business of living, there is no going back once only we pass this way. I learn now but not so unwillingly, in life's school and there is still much I can absorb

* * *

The Church too, that I attended for evening worship is little changed. The interior is of course nicely kept, in keeping with its use. But the trees nearly interlaced with the rose of the western sky are the same—and the manse beside is staunch through the years. My recollection of this house is most pleasant. It was here I received my first proposal. About the age of seven, a son of the Manse, a year or so older, asked for my hand and affections. Not on bended knee, I think, although tonight I find it hard to remember. I do recall keeping out of his way afterwards. And he? Moved away to other Manses I suppose. Living yet? I have never heard. The memory came to me, as I sat waiting for the service to begin. Kit beside me asked why I was smiling. If it was a smile it was a tremulous one

An eminent preacher from our farthest Canadian coast graced the old pulpit that evening, with the present good Minister presiding. This was not his first holiday-visit to his home-town and church, there to stand and preach where many other good men, through the years have expounded. The word He I believe is fulfilling a boyish ambition and dream, for worth-while dreams can be made to come true. It was pleasant to hear him as silver-tongued but with the simplest words he "opened the Scriptures" to the large congregation. There were solos, exquisitely rendered each I thought a sermonette. I liked the service. And if at times my mind strayed, as James says it will, it was to remember others now gone. Girl and boy-friends gone on. Ones taken—others left.

* * *

Monday, too, I spent indolently, so much that I'm afraid the folk I visited looked and hoped for blue skies this morning! And when I came to breakfast, neither late nor early yesterday morning, a washing was already drying on the line. I shopped a bit at the near-by stores and "tackled" a horse to drive to the last field by the shore. My practise gained at the raking stood me in good stead yesterday. I went to the local Red Cross in the hall in the evening to see always—busy women at work with nimble and practised fingers. Some sewed a pattern on a quilt, while others affixed irregularly-shaped patches to form — blocks to be used for the same purpose. There was little talk of their day's work but the conversation concerned a son or a daughter in the Services and it came to me that this was no duty carelessly performed, these hundreds of stitches were just a service, lovingly rendered.

* * *

The bus-ride this morning was through a bedraggled countryside. But even then, I thought, the heads of growing things only bowed in gratefulness for needed moisture received The rivers held umbrellas of mists and flowed a bit sullenly, but were most picturesque in their wanderings. Fortunately it cleared and I had a pleasant walk to Alderlea My heart accelerated with a thump or two, when from the hill-top, I made out unusual activity about the barns. "Threshing!" I said But they were only loading the threshing gear on the trailer to take it in to Rob's. James and I dined at Jeanie's and then once more I slipped into my "traces." I may say James was neither alone or as far as I can yet learn, lonely. Neither was there any food consumed here. The cereal still reposed in the double-boiler on top my still-clean store.

* * *

Jeanie had welcome visitors on Sunday, I was sorry to miss seeing, but there will be other days. There was also something else occurred in my absence. Jeanie told me about it. She said she thought they were cranes, huge ones. One, she said came almost to the house across the lane, up to where the warning-crow swings dead on its gibbet of wire. The other waded about the pond, before joining the first one to fly away down the river. Then it must have taken two strokes—and small wonder!—to deliver a plump baby-girl to a city hospital last evening. They left it safe and sound, this wee first-born. Eight pounds and five ounces. "Kathryn Elizabeth" by name and "very good." But its lunch time again and James has just said: "If I missed you at all, it was at lunch and news-time" so Until tomorrow — Diary—Goodnight.

PINEAPPLE DOILY

DESIGN NO. 1164

Pretty ten inch doilies are crocheted in the favorite pineapple motif. Pattern No. 1164 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. 1164

Name

Street Address

City Province

Dorothy Dix Says—

SIX MONTHS ENOUGH TO WAIT

Man Must Make Up His Mind About Marrying By Then Or Girl Send Him Packing

DEAR MISS DIX—I am 26. College education. Excellent job in the advertising business. Have a sense of humor, but I let my heart rule my head. Recently I have fallen in love with a young man of 29. He likes me tremendously and does not want to go out of my life completely, but he does not want to become engaged or to marry.

I have definitely asked him to make up his mind about us, but he says he is unable to do so. How can I help him to solve this problem of indecision? E. C.

TIME FOR LAUGHTER

ANSWER—You say you have a sense of humor. If you will bring it to bear on the problem, you will see that there is no mystery about it at all, and you will laugh a little wryly at yourself for not facing the fact that the young man is not in love with you; that he has no matrimonial intentions whatever, and that you are wasting your time and effort in trying to bring him to the proposing point.

There are laughs sadder than any tears because they are the camouflage that a woman puts on to hide the wound in her heart and because back of them there is so much disillusion and lost faith and dispelled glamor, and because so much of her girlhood goes with them. But there is something antispetic in such laughs. When we can laugh at our folly we are cured.

So my advice to you is to write "finis" at the end of this romance. Put this young man entirely out of your mind. He is one of the sentimental deadbeats who picks out an attractive girl, makes semi-love to her, wins her affections, monopolizes her time and keeps other men away, but who never courts. The men whose attentions are without intentions are responsible for more old maids than anything else. Don't be one of their victims. Six months is long enough to give any man to make up his mind about whether he wants a girl for a wife or not. If he doesn't pop the question by then, tell him good-bye and send him packing.

DEAR DOROTHY DIX—The girl I intend to marry is about 19. I am just over 21. At the present time she is working and doing well at her job. We have agreed, should we get married in the near future, that it would be best for her to keep her job and live with her mother while I am in the army. My civilian job is being kept for me, and it is a good one.

My question is: Do you think we would be doing the sensible thing in getting married this summer? F. W. O.

SOLDIER SHOULD POSTPONE MARRIAGE

ANSWER—I think you would be doing a far wiser thing if you waited until the war is over before you married, for in that way you will stand a far better chance of having your marriage a success than if you make one of the off-again war marriages that are now filling the divorce courts.

Your experiences as a soldier, the girl's experience in business will change you both from what you are now. You will be adult then, instead of a boy and girl as you are now. You will know what you want in a life companion. Wait until after the duration and look each other over then and see if you still want each other before you marry.

If your love isn't strong enough to stand a little separation now, how do you expect it to last a life time?

DEAR MISS DIX—My grandparents have been married for forty years and they have not spoken to each other for the past fourteen years. They are left alone in the house to take care of their grandchildren and they play checkers together, but they are both so stubborn that neither will say a word to the other.

Can you suggest any way of solving this problem? JULIE.

ANSWER—People that stubborn are more mule than human, but perhaps their silence is a blessing in disguise. I have known plenty of quarreling husbands and wives who would have made their homes happier if they had been dumb.

GETS TENTH TERM

LEWES, Sussex, England — (CP) — Alderman C. D. Grist has been elected mayor of Lewes for the 10th time a record in local civic service. The mayor is 80.

SWIFT'S WEEKLY FOOD HINTS

Martha Logan, Swift's famed home economist, whose weekly, wartime cooking column is a regular feature of this page. Look for these valuable hints each Monday

by Martha Logan

Now for Spring Lamb

There's nothing so delicious as a leg of spring lamb, and now's the time to serve it!

Now that spring lamb's in season we can enjoy this tender, juicy roast often and with a clear conscience.

Remember that the delicate flavour of lamb is best preserved by slow roasting in a 325 degree oven. Do not cover. Allow 35 minutes per pound for the small roasts (under 5 lbs.) and 30 minutes per pound for larger ones.

Serve with fresh green peas, parsley new potatoes and, of course, mint sauce, and you'll have a dinner fit for a king!

And for a second appearance what can be more delectable than cold roast lamb with a tossed green salad and cold mint sauce. Serve a hot soup to begin the meal.

Martha Logan

MARTHA LOGAN'S MINT SAUCE

Mint Sauce with lamb is practically a must.

4 tbsps. chopped fresh mint
2 tbsps. sugar
1 cup vinegar

Place the ingredients together in sauce boat or bowl two or three hours before serving. Allow to steep. If dried mint is used, allow to stand in hot water to cover before adding vinegar and sugar.

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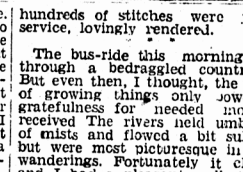

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Household Scrapbook
By Roberta Lee

Care of Umbrella

A wet umbrella should be closed and stood with the handle down. This prevents rusting of the point where the ribs join and also prevents stretching of the cloth.

To Test Eggs

Place an egg in a pan of water. If fresh it will lie on its side. If a few days old it will tilt upwards. If stale it will stand on end. If very old, it will float.

A Convenient High Chair

If four rubber-tipped door stops are screwed into the legs of an ordinary chair, it makes an ideal high chair for the kitchen work, or for a small child.

The Hawaiian Islands were formed by lava shooting up from a crack in the bottom of the ocean three miles down.

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