

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

## EAT QUAKER OATS FOR ENERGY



Still Costs Less Than 1¢ a Serving!

Serve a Hot Breakfast of QUAKER OATS EVERY DAY!

### Modern Etiquette

By Roberta Lee

Q. When a formal dinner has been announced, who should enter the dining room first, and who should be the last to enter?

A. The host leads the way with the principal woman guest, followed by the other men and their dinner partners, the hostess and her partner entering lastmaster calls for an impromptu speech from some guest, how long should that guest talk?

A. For not more than three minutes.

Q. Should a woman at her second marriage wear a traveling dress?

A. Not necessarily. Though she should not wear white, nor a veil.

### Better English

D. C. Williams

1. What is wrong with this sentence? "His manners were aggravating."

2. What is the correct pronunciation of "patron"?  
3. Which one of these words is misspelled? Appendectomy, appellation, apparition.  
4. What does the word "scrupulously" mean?  
5. What is a word beginning with the letter "t" that means "thoughtful"?

#### ANSWERS

1. Say, "His manners were provoking." Aggravate means to make worse, as an illness, a wound, or a misfortune. 2. Pronounce the "a" as misfortune. 3. Appellation. 4. Conscientiously; carefully, precisely. "Nor do I believe there ever was a person scrupulously attentive to cleanliness, who was a consummate villain." — Rumford. 5. Meditation.

### Household Scrapbook

By Roberta Lee

**Car Sickness**  
The person susceptible to nausea when riding on a train or streetcar can often prevent this experience by heating the white of an egg until stiff, adding the juice of one lemon and one teaspoonful of sugar, and taking this immediately before starting on the journey.

**Ironing**  
When sprinkling clothes for ironing, place all the easy pieces at the bottom of the basket. When you become as tired the heaviest work is finished and you can sit down to do the rest of it.

**The Snow Shovel**  
The snow can be kept from piling up on the snow shovel if the shovel is rubbed with a piece of candle or paraffin before using it.

### How Can I!!!

By Anne Ashley

Q. How can I clean ivory articles?

A. They will turn yellow if washed in hot water. Wash with warm, soapy water, then wipe dry as quickly as possible. Rub occasionally with flannel moistened with denatured alcohol, and dipped in powdered whiting that has been sifted through cheesecloth.

Q. How can I judge the quality of beef when buying it?

A. See that the meat is firm, the lean parts bright in color, and the fat free from blood stains. When the meat is cut the juice should be a bright red.

Q. How can I restore the luster to oak furniture?

A. Try applying hot linsed oil with a flannel cloth.

### That Body Of Yours

By James W. Barton, M. D.

**FOOD AND BLOOD PRESSURE**  
During World War II, with food restrictions enforced in many countries, research physicians were given an unusual opportunity to study the effects of a reduced diet on the blood pressure.

In the "Journal of the American Medical Association," Drs. Joseph Brazek, Carleton B. Crapman and Ansel Keys, Minneapolis, report the effect of a starving and restricted diet on the weight and blood pressure of 24 young men previously normal in all respects. They were carefully observed for three months, after which their food intake was greatly reduced for an additional six months.

The daily intake of the reduced diet was slightly less than 1,600 calories. Under the reduced diet the average loss in weight was about 24 per cent for the six months period. In line with this loss of weight were striking decreases in blood pressure, pulse rate and basal metabolic rate (rate at which the body processes work).

The systolic blood pressure dropped about 11 per cent, and the diastolic pressure by nearly 8 per cent. The pulse or heart rate went down to 37 (from 72) and the basal metabolism rate to 60 (from 103).

If cutting down greatly on food caused this drop in weight, blood pressure and metabolic rate, what were the effects of the reduced diet in those with high blood pressure?

From all parts of Europe reports have come showing that, owing to the greatly reduced diet, there, the number of cases of high blood pressure, causing heart and brain strokes admitted to hospitals was greatly reduced. The above information does not mean that all with high blood pressure should go on starvation or greatly reduced diets. But it does mean that when they are overweight, they should gradually reduce their food intake—especially table salt—until they get down to, or nearly to, normal weight for their height and body build.

In all cases of high blood pressure (above 140 systolic and 90 diastolic), there are certain foods that should be avoided or greatly reduced in amount. Some of these are: (a) preserved, canned, and spiced meats, goose, pork, mackerel; (b) peppers, onions, garlic, corn, cucumbers; (c) preserves, spiced and pickled fruits; (d) alcoholic drinks sweet drinks, malt drinks; (e) pastry pies gravies sauces hot bread and rolls cream soups.

#### HOW YOUR BLOOD PRESSURE?

Send today for Dr. Barton's booklet dealing with both high and low blood pressure entitled "How Is Your Blood Pressure?" To obtain it, just send 10 cents and a 3-cent stamp, to cover cost of handling and mailing, to The Bell Syndicate, in care of this newspaper, Post Office Box 99, Station G, New York 19, N. Y., and ask for your copy.

### DOROTHY DIX SAYS—

#### Heel Of A Husband

Man Beats Wife, Repents And Then Cries He Loves Her

DEAR DOROTHY DIX: How can a wife tell when her husband loves her? I have been married ten years and all my husband and I do is to quarrel continually. He beats me and swears at me, and then tells me how much he loves me and cries over it all.

Now I would like to leave him and go back to my folks, but he won't let me go. Says he can't bear to be separated from me. Please tell me what to do. Do you think he really loves me?



ANSWER:

If your husband loves you, he certainly takes a strange way of showing it by beating you up. I do not wonder that you are slightly doubtful of the strength of his affection. Personally, I should not care for such love tokens, and I should consider that the tears that he shed over my bruises had a decidedly crocodile flavor.

It is nonsense for a man to say that he loves the woman he mistreats. Love is tender and kind and seeks the happiness of the beloved one. It doesn't strike her. It doesn't batter her up. It doesn't abuse and insult her. Words are cheap and it doesn't matter what a man says. It is what he does that counts. And the only way a wife can tell whether her husband loves her or not is by the way he treats her.

#### TREATMENT COUNTS

If he is good to her, if he is considerate, if he is tender and unselfish, if he works to support her, he loves her. But if he is selfish to her, if he swears at her, if he beats her, if he does not provide for her, he does not love her, no matter what he says.

Nor ever I think that any two people love each other who are continually quarrelling. If they have a real affection for each other, they are willing to sink their differences and to give up their own ways in order to make each other happy.

DEAR DOROTHY DIX: I am a man of 45 years old. Have been divorced twice and am now married to a lovely girl who is everything I could wish for in a wife, and I would be perfectly happy except for one thing. My Father and my 14-year-old son have to live with us because I do not make enough money to support them in a separate home, and they get on my wife's nerves by continually telling her how Mother and Grandmother used to cook and how wonderfully they kept the house.

This runs my wife frantic and I do not know what to do about the situation. Should I forsake my family for the only woman I have ever been happy with, or should I let her go her way and I take care of my family?

#### WORRIED HUSBAND

ANSWER: No problems in the world are so insoluble as those that arise out of domestic relationships, for they are complicated by so many issues that seem right, or wrong, according to the way you look at it, and that leave you heartbroken, no matter what sacrifices you make to try to settle them justly.

Your case is a tragic example of this. You love your wife and want her to be happy. You love your helpless old Father and young son and want them to be happy. But they cannot live together in peace and you do not make enough money to establish them in different homes. And, anyway, you are the bone of contention over which your wife and your family fight. Millions of lives are wrecked by in-laws having to live together.

I, no more than any other dumb cluck know how to solve this problem. The only suggestion that I can offer you is to have a heart-to-heart talk with your Father and your son and tell them that they are breaking up your every chance of happiness by interfering with your wife's housekeeping, and that they must have their tongues cut out rather than throw Grandmother's cooking in the current wife's face.

DEAR MISS DIX: I have a fine wife and three daughters. I make a very small salary, just enough to eke out. However, every winter my wife's sister, who has a good income, parks herself on us and never offers to pay a cent for her living. What would you suggest my doing?

#### AN ANGRY MAN

ANSWER: Send her a board bill. Refuse to let yourself be an easy mark for a deadbeat. Grating relatives are the curse of the world. Nearly every family is afflicted with one or more of these human sponges, but it is their own fault. One good bill would rid them of the pest forever.

### Legends Of P. E. Island

ONE DECEMBER NIGHT

By Uncle Joe

Some forty years ago a strange occurrence took place in a farm home only a few miles from where the writer was brought up. It was a December night with a light snow covering the ground. Here a little girl lay dangerously sick—so ill that her doctors said she might slip away any moment.

For many days members of her family had stood watch beside her bedside; and, when kind neighbors offered to relieve them, their offer was accepted with thanks and gratitude.

On that particular December night to which we already have made reference, three neighbor women volunteered to stay with the sick child. The three were mature married women with young families of their own. And they were not the sort of persons to get panicky over trifles. Indeed, I do not believe that any of the three could be classed as hysterical. Certainly they were not superstitious. At least that's what my informants said about them.

By ten o'clock all members of the home were fast asleep. How they needed rest! The sick child lay in an adjoining room. Her mother lay beside her. All was peaceful and quiet.

The only duty assigned the watchers was that of keeping the fires going and administering the medicines. They talked in lowered tones.

At exactly five minutes before midnight two of the three women started for the sick room. The forms on the bed slept on, and the house was wrapped in silence.

When they re-entered the kitchen the clock began striking the midnight hour.

Suddenly a terrific noise fell upon their ears, a noise which none of them could ever rightly define. Certainly it was a new experience in their lives and one which they would never forget—never. It was like the mad rushing of waters after a spring thaw, or like the roaring of flames sweeping through dry timberland. But according to those who heard it, it was actually the strangest of sounds, something that you had to hear in order to fully realize its awfulness.

This was followed, moments later, by a series of crackling sounds which appeared to come from within the building itself. The whole place rocked gently on its foundations, and the walls groaned and then appeared to expand and contract at frequent intervals.

Thoroughly alarmed and shaking with fear, the watchers stood close together. Not a word passed among them. They just stood there and waited. Then all became as silent as ever.

After a time courage came to them again, and they opened the door leading to the outside. Neither of them had been to the kitchen since. Had anyone been snooping about, their tracks would have shown plainly in the fresh snow. The night was calm.

"It's foreshadowing of the girl's death," they finally agreed. "What else could it be?"

Entering the sick chamber, they found mother and child still asleep. The medicine was administered without even mentioning what had been heard. The little girl appeared to be growing weaker. Returning to the kitchen, the three settled down in their chairs to await the grim reaper. They were all quite sure the end would not long be delayed.

One hour later the terrible blood-curdling noise shook the watchers to their very bones. It was much like the first crackling, only many times louder. The kitchen door opened, though the night was perfectly calm.

The experience was a bit too much for anyone who was not possessed of nerves of iron. So all three fell to their knees and prayed.

When they rose to their feet all was as silent as before. Again they entered the sick room. This time both mother and child were awake, the former visibly frightened.

"Did you hear that awful noise?" chorused the three shaking women. "What on earth can the meaning be?"

"God only knows," replied the weeping mother. "But the very flesh has left my bones."

Now the menfolk were awakened, or if already awake were summoned to join the others downstairs. A thorough investigation brought no light on the mystery. The child did not die as was expected. And that's that.

The next story: Brudenell Island.

### Cook's Corner

#### HAM STEAK SOUTHERN

Order 1 lb. tenderized smoked ham steak cut 1/2 inch thick. Rub in 1/4 tablespoon dry mustard and 2 tablespoons brown sugar. In a heavy frying pan melt 3 tablespoons cooking fat. Put in the ham; sizzle in 12 white cloves. Brown quickly until the sugar melts. Reduce the heat; half cover with boiling water and simmer tender about 30 minutes. Turn once while cooking. Meantime prepare grilled sweet potatoes and Southern corn fritters.

### Morning Smile

At the end of the first week away from home on a new job, the young husband wrote to his wife: "Made foreman—feathers in my cap."  
After the second week he wrote, "Made manager—another feather in my cap."  
After the third week he wired: "Sacked—send money."  
His wife telegraphed back: "Use feathers, fly home."

### Ellen's Diary

By an Island Farmer's Wife

"Now this is better weather," Jennie called to me on a veranda this morning from the yard where she was spreading articles of wash on the line, "not that it hasn't been wonderful all along, but this I would say is more healthful than the damp we've been having of late!" There was an invigorating tang of frost in the air, the breeze was brisk as it blew along our valley and the sunlight brilliant and rare. The pond shimmered lit with a thousand glimmers and where the wind touched it, was adorned with dancing ripples related to the gay summery sea. "Yes, it is a lovely morning—a grand morning for the time of year, that's what it is," the mailman said returning my greeting when later we came with Jennie and the pup to lane's end in time to get the papers and all from his hand.

There was the white spool' too that Jennie needed to sew up some pillow cases she was making; a bit of smoking tobacco for our farmers; stamps for the family and a packet of order the other day at the corner store.—He drives the bay mare these days, she that has the broad white markings on her face that makes one recognize her so easily away beyond the hill and along by Pat's maples. She is a willing sizable animal comely and "as knowing as a man" he will tell you. One believes this for given a loose rein, she draws in her own accord to the mailbox. He is a tall spare man, neither young nor old, with many a long, busy, and I suspect tedious day behind him. Like James he has had few holidays from his farmwork and routine. "I don't see how he can tend to add flesh to a frame."

Today there were bewitching parcels in his wagon and the mail-sack which leans against the thought of those away from them turn to loved ones at home on the farm. For the Christmas season is one which knits family ties even more closely and taking up neglected ends of friendship continues them along the years. The mailman is not one to loiter, though he will stop briefly to give one interesting bits of news—perhaps of a new babe that has just been born to some farmhouse—"Yes," he will smile, "another fellow added to my list of names on the route," and one will know that this small one is regarded almost as one of his family. "Or it may be a death, or a courtin'," he offered, "where there's four thousand more bachelors on our farms—on our farms alone, mind you—than marriageable girls. Now it's hard to credit that, isn't it, until a fellow begins to look around. There's quite a few right in our own community, when you come to think of it, isn't there? Well there should be one comforter in the world for the men, they shouldn't find it any trouble at all to pick a woman. Fortune is with them at any rate! I see too that the bacon contract they made with the old Country isn't going to take as much from Canada as it did—though I guess it will take all there'll be to spare. Little pigs are hard to get this Fall, and one awful price." "It takes a scarcity," I laughed. "It makes land dear."

"Well, it's a good thing we've got no scarcity of bachelors. Am I late? More mail starting to come, you know," and the team was off at a trot "in the road" where many others doubtless eagerly awaited his coming.

He brought us our first Christmas card today, an esteemed missive, quaintly fetching and bearing nice Season's Greetings. It pictured an old-fashioned scene which all of us down to grand-daughter admired and lingered over. Perhaps it was no coincidence that this

### FIRST. Always



### KING COLE COFFEE

VACUUM PACKED

### The Stars Say--

By Genevieve Kemble

For Friday, December 17, BY dint of sheer attack upon snarled and perplexing entanglements, in which peculiar or strange factors give complexity and, by direct and clever attack upon unusual or hidden factors, an involved and threatened impasse may be remedied. But keep alert to trickery, fraud, and fortify position and assets, as well as credit and reputation, in business and personal life.

#### For the Birthday

Those whose birthday it is may have the opportunity of demonstrating unusual creative talents in which novel or unique ideas, cleverly and practically put over, may save a menaced or involved crisis in important affairs. This is true in business, finance, innovations, as well as in all sorts of exceptional personal relations. A tricky or sensational undercurrent may be forthwith dragged from its safe to a surprising turn of vital matters into safe and faithful channels. Protect funds, credit and reputation. A child born on this day may be clever, original and daring, with talents and skills needed to keep in safe and sound creative channels. Strange or unprincipled tendencies should be "nipped in the bud."

Kindly reader in the States—an ex-islander, chose a rural winter scene. There was a spreading white birch guarding just such a house as this one and driving along the lane—but we left it to our small circle to exclaim over. "There's you and granddaddy in the sleigh and the Nell-mare is trotting pretty fast. Is it too fast?" she looked up with some concern to lecture safe and soundly. "I laughed. "Not too fast, just nice." I laughed. "And I took the safe scanning it more closely. "I'm there too," and taking a long breath of delight, obviously well pleased with her findings, "where are we going?" "Why, perhaps, going to greet grand-mama for Christmas!" Jennie answered.

Until tomorrow... Diary Good-night...

### Needlecrafts FOR THE HOME

#### MATCHMAKING NEWS

One of this season's newest two-somes is the skirt and stole. With pattern No. 2897 you can make a striking skirt with side pockets and soft pleats—plus the swirling stole that adds shoulder drama! No. 2898 cuts a trim blouse to complete the costume.

No. 2897 is cut in waist sizes 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34 and 36. Size 28 skirt, 1 1/2 yards 54-inch; stole, 1 yard 54-inch.

No. 2898 is cut in sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34, 36 and 42. Size 36 2 1/2 yards 39-inch.

Send 25¢ for each PATTERN which includes complete sewing guide. Print your Name, Address and Style Number plainly. Be sure to state size you want. Include postal unit or zone number in your address.

Address: Pattern Department The Charlotte-Town Guardian Pattern Nos. 2897 and 2898



**FAB**  
COLGATE'S FABULOUS SUDS  
WASHES EVERYTHING

New scientific washing preparation by Colgate-Palmolive-Peet is a FABulous work saver for the dirtiest overalls, work shirts, children's clothes, towels, shirts... everything that's extra dirty!

**WHAT IS SUPER-WETTING ACTION?**

See for yourself! Take a length of cotton sewing thread. Roll it into a ball. Drop it into a glass of water. It floats; does not become completely wet for a long time. Now drop another little ball of thread into a glass of water and FAB. It sinks, becomes completely soaked at once. This simple test shows you how FAB makes water wetter... instantly penetrates all washable materials faster... pushes dirt out! That's FAB's FABulous Super-Wetting Action... something no soap on earth can give you!

**NEW WASHING DISCOVERY WITH SUPER-WETTING ACTION**

washes everything FASTER, CLEANER, EASIER than any soap on earth!

FAB's Super-Wetting Action means that when you wash with FAB, the FAB-and-water solution instantly penetrates materials, soaks them more thoroughly. FAB—with Super-Wetting Action—gets inside materials; pushes dirt out!

FAB means faster, cleaner, easier washing of dirtiest overalls, towels, work and play clothes... FAB brings extra-dirt-removing power for extra-dirty wash! FAB—with Super-Wetting Action—does away with clinging soap scum! Brings you whiter shirts, towels, and sheets!

Don't miss FABulous FAB... the only thing you'll need for everything you wash!

**FAB WASHES DIRTIEST CLOTHES CLEANER THAN ANY SOAP**

FAB—with Super-Wetting Action—instantly penetrates materials, pushes dirt out. Washes grimeiest overalls faster than soap! Makes tough dirt like the "lime" on shirt collars disappear like magic! FAB leaves no soap scum to "gray" or "yellow" white wash... Wash is whiter, cleaner when washed with FAB!

**FAB BRIGHTENS SOAP-DULLED COLORS!**

Soap-dulled washables look FABulously brighter, fresher, and newer after being washed with FAB. That's because anything you've washed with soap is made duller and grayer looking by soap scum... FAB—with Super-Wetting Action—removes that soap scum... leaves no film or scum of its own even in hardest water.

**FAB WASHES CHEAPER... IN HARDEST WATER**

Laboratory tests prove that cup for cup, in hard water, FAB washes up to twice as much family wash as soap. FAB—with Super-Wetting Action—is up to twice as economical as soap in hard water. You'll notice that all of FAB washes... Nothing is wasted in soap scum!

**Faster And Better for all family wash and Dishes**

FAB is the trademark of Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Company Limited, for a household detergent.

**Chateau Sinister**  
By Leslie Beresford

"Swell... That ought to link up Old Man Payne and our Egyptian friend. I'd say!" the other laughed. "Let's open it, I suppose, right now?"

"I'm not so sure..." O'Hara had already made a movement with a forefinger to tear the packet open when he hesitated. "After all, I've no legal right to do so," he reminded the other. "If these papers are to be examined it is Miss Payne's job."

Again O'Hara remembered that, if the French detective was right in his information the jewels and money were not really Cary's. He could not tell that yet. He did not want to tell her anything at all about this discovery till he had first seen Carnot. He said to Rittenberg, after a moment of thought:

"Listen. I think we'll keep this quiet. I while away. Telling her especially about this sealed packet—will only upset her. Just as well for her not to know, don't you think, that there is a link between old Payne and this Egyptian?"

"Don't forget that she's accepted an invitation to Hussin's place for tomorrow. Better get that over, anyway, before she finds out—whatever is inside this packet."

"Maybe you're right," the other agreed.

"Sure I am." O'Hara insisted. "I'm glad that Rittenberg took it that it's quite enough. Rittenberg that you and I have seen this packet, even if we don't know what's inside it. Those three words in themselves tell us all we need to know, that Hussin and the Old Man Payne had some dealings together, near or mind what they were. (Continued on Page 3)