

Woman's Realm Social and Personal Fashions Literature

The Life-Story of H.R.H. Princess Elizabeth

By ARTHUR NETTLETON, F. R. G. S.

Article 2. Happy Days in Mayfair
New nursery—Her early schooling—"Grandma Queen"—Royal etiquette—Fun and frolics—a Baby Sister—Celebrations at Sandringham—Presents for a Princess—Birthday parties.

The nursery at 145 Piccadilly, the house chosen by King George and Queen Elizabeth (when they were still Duke and Duchess of York) as their London home, was on the top floor. This house, one of a row of eight residences between Hyde Park Corner and the bottom of Park Lane, was chosen partly by reason of its suitability for the Princess.

It was so constructed that the nursery could be self-contained, even to the extent of having its own small kitchen, where the meals for the royal baby could be prepared. Her diet was carefully arranged, and was prepared separately from the meals for the rest of the household.

Before the house was taken over by the Princess's parents, the nursery was redecorated in light colours and ultra-violet glass windows were fitted. Even the decorations were selected as much for their educational value as for their other qualities.

The walls bore gay designs of animals and flowers, some of them based upon historic traditions and not merely upon fairy tales. Thus, from a very early age the future Heiress to the British Throne was surrounded by things which instructed as well as amused her.

In the nursery bedroom was a cradle in bed, replacing the cot which the Princess had hitherto slept in. The furniture of the day-room included low chairs and a low table, and special attention was given to hygiene and safety.

Many of Princess Elizabeth's first lessons in talking and writing were given by Queen Elizabeth. Despite an ever-increasing programme of public engagements, the Queen did not delegate her daughter's upbringing and education to the staff more than she could avoid.

So dutiful was the Princess in those days that many distinguished visitors, and the Princess on the top floor soon began to realise that they were interested in her. Although only the most privileged persons were allowed to ascend the last flight of stairs, she was intrigued by the comings and goings down below. More than one impatient personage was startled by a toy or shoe dropped through the balustrade, a trick adopted to attract their attention.

The late King George the Fifth, spent many happy times playing with the small Princess. When, during her third year, His Majesty was recovering from a severe illness, he stated that the most valuable tonic of his convalescence were the visits paid to him by his granddaughter.

So strong was the affection between them that the Princess in her childhood could never understand why part of her training in matters of royal etiquette sometimes included currying to him. For some time she could not be persuaded to do this, but at last she agreed to surprise him when next he entered the nursery.

She carried out her promise perfectly—except that she made the curtsy with her back towards the King!

Through not a precocious child, Princess Elizabeth at the age of four had all the impishness of a healthy, growing youngster. In her mind were hatched many little plots.

Ellen's Diary

By an Island Farmer's Wife

But presently Saturday night, as James had expected, the water from the thawing snow broke away from meadows and hillsides and in small or larger streams flowed down to swell the pond water, and while James and I slept comfortably in the old mind bed, wandering hand in hand in our dreams, Mr. C. from the house on the hill with his helpers kept a vigil on the dam. Every passing hour they patrolled it, drawing board after board from the waste-gates as the water rose, and allowing the pent-up water to escape, to drop in a seething mass of foam to the pools and then in a widened stream rushed along wildly to join the river below. This then was the sound we heard at Alderlea when we opened our eyes to greet the Sabbath day, and the morning for the time of year, this December thaw. And a strange sight: met our eyes from the new window. Large ice cakes broken by the freshets were being borne along on the swiftly flowing stream or were cast in one occasion after such a lapse as "freshet!" James remarked, fastening an overall strap "and" he said, looking about with an experienced eye "it's not over yet." At Rob's Jamie was excited. He called by phone, "I've just seen the water up over your bridge out home?"

He first lesson that day was to be a good man and the duty of royalty to practice them just as much as anybody else. The most momentous event in Princess Elizabeth's fifth year occurred at Glamis Castle. That rather grim but historic Scottish home came to the fore in the news again on August 21st, 1930, when a sister arrived there for Her Royal Highness. "May I see her?" Shall I be allowed to play with her? What shall we call her? Questions flooded from Princess Elizabeth, and as soon as she was told the glad tidings she was told, "Henceforward the elder Princess took it upon herself to act as her sister's guardian and guide. Their constant appearance together as they grew further into girlhood was not a duty imposed upon them for the sake of the crown, but the outcome of their devotion to one another.

They shared the same nursery, the same pets and the same toys and had their lessons together. Princess Elizabeth regarded it as her privilege to instruct her sister in the intricacies of her play, and she in turn, when royal schooling was difficult, and was always ready to take part in games which, at her older age, seemed somewhat too childish.

On Princess Elizabeth, too, the companionship of her sister in her play, in growing up with her four-years-younger sister she developed her own character. The fact that she has been so often in the younger company has resulted in the growth of that solicitude and sympathy which is today so plainly visible in her activities.

The pets which they shared were kept chiefly at Royal Lodge, though on one occasion Princess Elizabeth was so heartbroken at the thought of leaving them behind, when she went to Balmoral, that she was allowed to take her favourite dog with her. A pet sufficiently privileged to have a quarters in the nursery at 145 Piccadilly was Dougal, an Aberdeen terrier, originally the property of the late Duke of Kent.

When Princess Elizabeth heard that Dougal was to be sent to Balmoral, she was so grieved that she begged to have him. It says much for their winning ways with animals that he was soon turned into a well-trained dog.

Other early favourites of Princess Elizabeth and her sister were Ohu-chu, a Tibetan lion-dog, Dookie (a Welsh corgi), Jane of the same breed, and Mimsey, Stiffy, and Scrummy, three yellow Labrador.

Looking after her pets, intensifying her interest in them, was Princess Margaret, made Princess Elizabeth's life a particularly full one. But there were compensations. These included vacations spent at Glamis, Balmoral, Windsor, and St. Paul's, Walsdenbury, the Hertfordshire home of her maternal grandparents.

Above all there were the annual Christmas festivities at Sandringham. No other events in the British royal calendar are quite like these. The Yuletide celebrations at the royal residence in Norfolk, with the exception of Balmoral in Scotland, Sandringham is the only royal residence in Great Britain which is private property of the reigning monarch.

Consequently, this is the place where the Royal Family are best able to relax for a time their royal rank, where they hold family celebrations, and where they can invite their personal friends, as distinct from those whose acquaintance is necessary for political or State reasons. The highlight of Sandringham events has long been the Christmas party, attended by every member of the Royal Family able to get there.

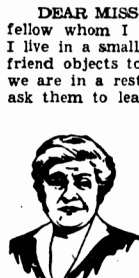
It is not surprising that Princess Elizabeth as a child looked forward to Yuletide as a long time in advance, for that her joy in these reunions and family festivities still continues. There is the Christmas tree ceremony to look forward to, and the Christmas morning service in the little church on the estate. The central hall of the mansion is gaily decorated on these occasions, and

He is enjoying forty weeks of

DOROTHY DIX SAYS—

Jealous Suitor

Girl Should Give Up Man Lacking Friendliness For Her Acquaintances



DEAR MISS DIX: I am now going steady with a really wonderful fellow whom I love and would like to marry. My problem is this: I live in a small town where I know practically everyone, and my boy friend objects to my even saying hello to them when we meet. When we are in a restaurant and anyone joins us, he says it is my duty to ask them to leave, inasmuch as they are my friends. I say it is for him to ask them to leave if he objects to their presence. Anyway, I'm not the type to tell anyone off and all of this has made me very nervous and upset, as I love him and want to satisfy him. What shall I do? Break with him, or marry him and go off and stay in the mountains until he can realize that I have to mix with people and have friends to find any real, honest-to-goodness happiness? JANE.

ANSWER: Somebody has said that jealousy is the jaundice of the soul. A truer word was never uttered, and your boy friend seems to have a fatal case of it. He is ingrowing and he will never get over it.

BREAK UP AFFAIR

So unless you are hunting for trouble, break with him, for if you marry him you will be desperately unhappy. You will be worse than a slave. He won't even let you go to the corner grocery without watching you and suspicioning that you are having an affair with some man. You will spend your life defending yourself against his unjust accusations and apologizing for things you never thought of doing.

Also, and this is worth considering, no man who is so lacking in friendliness and even ordinary manners as to insult everybody who speaks to you, and especially ask them to leave the table when they have just dropped by for a little gossip, will ever get anywhere in life. We are dependent not only for our happiness, but our success in life, upon being good mixers.

DEAR DOROTHY DIX: A woman and a man I know, who decided that they would not be bound by the ordinary conventions of life, lived together very happily and contentedly for a number of years. Finally they got married and now they are at the point of divorce because each is so jealous of the other that they are perfectly miserable. He thinks she is having affairs with every man she speaks to, and she is certain that he is unfaithful to her whenever he looks at another woman. What's the answer to this mixup? PUZZLED.

ANSWER: In the course of time and nature every possible variation has been rung on the relationship between men and women and monogamy has been found to be the best solution of the problem. The man and the woman publicly proclaiming that they are taking each other in honorable wedlock and setting up a permanent home instead of making a love nest. So when people break this rule they are always under suspicion.

And that is where your man and woman come into the picture. Not having played the game fairly themselves, they don't trust each other. What they have done themselves, they believe the other capable of doing. The man whose wife has been his mistress rarely, if ever, trusts her. The woman who marries a philanderer gets green-eyed if he so much as looks in the direction of a pretty girl.

DEAR DOROTHY DIX: According to tradition love takes away a girl's appetite, but we find that being in love has given us a nervous appetite that keeps us eating all of the time. As we are already overweight, we are wondering if this insatiable hunger is a sign of true love. TWO BEWILDERED GIRLS.

ANSWER: You will have to refer this question to a dietitian. Undoubtedly happiness stimulates the appetite. We always associate good times with good food, and it is only when we are sick and miserable that we don't want to eat. So, perhaps, being in love is responsible for your appetite.

But don't forget, daughters, that while love may increase your gastric juices, it is the girls with the lean and hungry look who seem to catch the eyes of the boys.

Modern Etiquette

By Roberta Leo

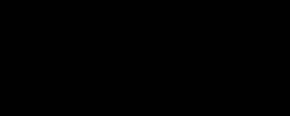
I fetched the mail myself only because I sighted the mailman's apron still damp with rain, and I thought I would find safe passage for the stock daily, rain or shine down to the watering place in the stream. However, when James had first accepted the trail, that part of the chore was carried out without any distressing feature. Indeed very pleasantly, Jennie sang as she spread small daughter's wish in the sunshine and light breeze. Small daughter herself smiled as she inhaled the fresh air, and things I saw her when I came there with the mail, a small fuzz of a curl atop her head.

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present. No, none. Pard is there too snugly comforted by the foot of the couch dreaming perhaps of a white Christmas or any Winter day that gives intruding rabbit tracks on the face of a stump field. James is breathing heavy but not snoring. Oh dear no, James positively does not snore. In any event, it is time to wake him and retire. Tomorrow—the day before Christmas will be a fleeting and busy day.

Until tomorrow—Diary—Good-night.

spicy flavour for every meal



Household Scrapbook

By Roberta Leo

A Duster

An excellent duster can be made by using an old piece of flannel, dipping it in paraffin oil and letting it soak for several hours. Wring out lightly, then wash in tepid water and let dry. It will gather all dust and give a good polish to furniture and floors.

Polished Wood

To remove paper that has stuck to a polished surface put a few drops of sweet oil on the paper and then rub with a soft cloth. Finish with a good furniture polish.

The Windshield

When the windshield of the car is frosty, try rubbing it with a raw potato.

Cook's Corner

LEMON BREAD PUDDING

1 cup bread crumbs
2 cups milk
1/2 cup sugar
Grated rind of 1/2 lemon
2 egg yolks
2 egg whites
4 tablespoons sugar
1 tablespoon lemon juice
METHOD: Use 2-day-old bread to make the crumbs. Cover these with the milk and allow to stand for 1 hour. Add the grated lemon rind, along with the sugar, then mix in the beaten egg yolks. Pour into a greased baking dish and bake in a fairly slow oven (325 deg. F.) for about 35 minutes, or until set. Put in a cool place to chill thoroughly. Cover with a meringue made by beating the 2 egg whites with the 4 tablespoons sugar and adding the lemon juice. Brown the meringue by placing in a moderate oven (325 deg. F.) for about 12 to 15 minutes. Chill again before serving. The flavor is better if this is served cold.

How Can I!!

By Anne Ashley

Q. How can I make a good satchet powder?
A. Mix 1/2 lb. Florentine orris root, 1/2 lb. ground rose leaves, 2 ounces powdered tonquin bean, 1/2 grain of musk, and 2 drops of essence of almonds. Mix well by passing through a coarse sieve several times.

Q. How can I sweeten sour cream?
A. If cream has soured, put a pinch of bicarbonate of soda in it and it will sweeten it again. Do not add this soda to fresh milk.

Q. How can I treat frost bite?
A. Rub gently with snow or with cloths wrung out of ice cold water, and keep the patient away from any direct source of heat.

A DOLLY WITH A WARDROBE

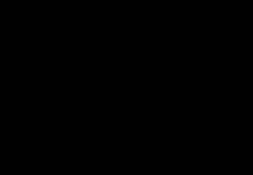
Back from the "20's", the long, lithe look of the "sweater top" drawn low over the hips for a more feminine silhouette. Cap sleeves and a softly gathered skirt subtly emphasize "the look."

No. 2841 is out in sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20. Size 16 requires 2 1/2 yards 38-inch, 1/2 yard 35-inch for bow.

Send 20 cents for PATTERN which includes complete sewing guide. Print your Name, Address and Style Number plainly. Be sure to state size you wish. Include postal unit or zone number in your address.

Address Pattern Department, The Charlotte-Town Guardian, Charlotte-Town, P. E. I.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ Province _____
CANNING ORIGINATOR
Appert, a Paris chef, originated this method. His method was to place sealed bottles containing the food in a water bath and then bring the water to the boiling point.



Living & Leisure

—THE WOMAN'S REALM—

FAITH

There is no unbeliever! Whoever plants a seed beneath a sod, And waits to see it push away the sod, He trusts in God.

There is no unbeliever! And day by day, and night, unconsciously, The heart lives by that faith the lips deny— God knoweth why. —Lytton.

No Knots

Knots in the thread when hemming table linens may be avoided by running each needleful of thread through a piece of araffin before using.

Dress Shields

If you are stitching under the arms despite the usual medical precautions it is wise to wear dress shields. In frocks that are not washable. No matter how careful you are an odor is apt to get into the frock if dampened with perspiration. Keep these shields immaculate, however, as they must be thoroughly perspiration washed from them after one or two wearings or they will have an odor also.

FRENCH HANDEKERCHIEFS

NEW YORK—Imported French handkerchiefs are pure silk, linen and cotton and printed Egyptian mull. They may be hand-embroidered with scalloped edges, corded borders and hand-blocked in dainty floral designs.

TO PREVENT DARKNESS

In a word of noise it has been found increasingly necessary to protect the ears from injury. Many engineering and other jobs necessitate men and women working amid terrific noise which may eventually injure the hearing. An ingenious ear-protector known as the Nosonic, is now being used by workmen with great success. It consists of scientifically-constructed bulbs which fit into the ears, and low sounds, even whispers can be heard distinctly.

When the marriage of Princess Elizabeth to Prince Philip of Greece becomes a fact, and in the course of time Elizabeth succeeds her father on the British throne, it will not be surprising if a Prince Consort is named Philip, says The New York Times. It is almost 100 years since Mary II of England—long before there was a Great Britain—looked for a husband her second cousin, Philip, of the Emperor Charles V, who shortly thereafter abdicated and was succeeded by his son on the throne of Spain. Mary was the daughter of that formidable and unpleasant character, Henry VIII, by his first wife, Catherine of Aragon, whose wrongs Charles V, who shortly thereafter abdicated and was succeeded by his son on the throne of Spain. Mary was the daughter of that formidable and unpleasant character, Henry VIII, by his first wife, Catherine of Aragon, whose wrongs Charles V, who shortly thereafter abdicated and was succeeded by his son on the throne of Spain.

HEALTH-DESTROYING BRONCHITIS Gets Fast Relief

Do you choke, wheeze and gasp for breath? Is your throat dry and irritable? If you suffer in this manner, turn at once to Polson's Cough Syrup.

Help yourself to clear away these troubles by using Polson's Cough Syrup; it is so soothing. Let it help those raw surfaces to heal over and relieve that burning dryness. The antiseptic medication in this syrup can do no harm to the world of good. Accept no substitute. Polson's Cough Syrup. Sold in 35c bottles by all Dealers.

Needlecraft

—FOR THE HOME—

LOW WAIST . . . LONG LINE
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