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

Living & Leisure

THE WOMAN'S REALM

THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

Hunt out the little lame girl
The poor boy who is blind;
Who thinks the world unkind;
Go down among the victims
Hunt out the weary widow
Of chance anl greed and crime,
And cause them to remember
That this is Christmas-time

HOW TO LIVE 100 YEARS

Captain John Howell, of the U.S.A., who is 104 years old and fought on the side of the South in the American Civil War gives this advice for living to be 100 years old: "Eat three square meals a day, keep your chin up and your temper under control and make the 23 Pslam part of your daily life."

The 23 Psalm of course is the one that begins, "The Lord, is my Shepherd; I shall not want."

WHAT THE TREE GIVES US

The walunt the old wood of which is brown, veined and shaded, is very valuable for furniture.

The unriped fruit is pickled and the ripened fruit gives us dessert.

The tree also yields an oil used in artists' colors, and a dye for staining light wood brown.

WIPING GREASY PANS

Old newspapers are handy for wiping greasy pots and pans before you pop them into rich "grease-dissolving suds" that give them a nice polish. Cut the papers into seven inch squares and spike them on a nail near the kitchen sink.

CHRISTMAS A STATE OF MIND

Christmas is observed just because it had and still has to do with people. Christmas is a state of mind. It is a beautiful spirit.

BAKED APPLES FILLED WITH MINCEMEAT

Have you ever tried baked apples filled with mincemeat. Wash and core apples and hollow out, leaving a shell about one-half inch tick. Chop pulp and combine with mincemeat sweetened with one tablespoon brown sugar for each apple. Fill apples and bake at 350 degrees until soft. If desired serve apples with a hard sauce.

PRINT HANKIES

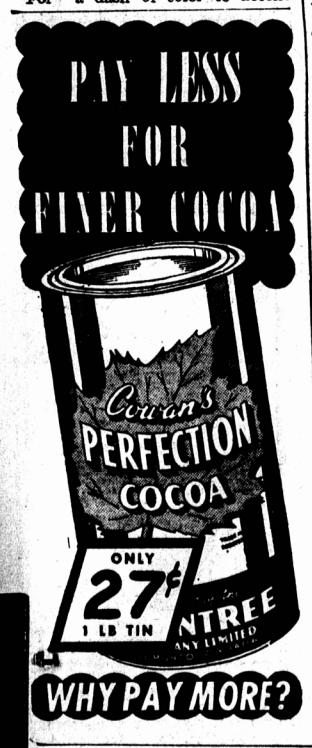
For a dash of color to accent your fall costume carry a flashy printed handkerchief or tuck one in the pocket of your jacket. These new designs are done in beautifully harmonized fashion colors, printed on Irish linen. That means you will find them as pleasing to the touch as they are to the eye.

DISADVANTAGES OF MINERAL OIL

Junior probably doesn't like taking a mineral oil laxative and the nutrition division backs him up because the oil has bad qualities which most persons may not know about. These qualities are just as bad if the oil is used in foods because of the present animal fat shortage.

There is evidence that more than two tablespoons of mineral oil in the digestive system will reduce the absorption of carotine and, to a slightly less extent of vitamine A since both are soluble in fats and this oil is not absorbed into the blood stream. Vitamin A is the vitamin necessary for good vision and healthy, beautiful skin.

Pumpkin and squash are so low in acid that special means must be taken to preserve them. Temperatures higher than the boiling point must be applied, and the only way to do this in the home is with a pressure cooker. small pint jars rather than quarts should be used because these vegetables pack so solidly that heat penetration to the center of the jar is too slow.



How Can I !!

By Anne Ashley

Q. How can I economize in the use of coal,

A. By purchasing an ash-sifter and sifting the ashes regularly. The partly burned coal that has fallen through the grate bars can be used again. Sometimes a ton of coal can be saved from an eight-ton supply.

Q. How can I make shoes waterproof?

A. By using netsfoat oil on the uppers and soles, warming the shoes slightly whlie applying. Use a small brush to apply the oil.

Q. How can I dry out a cold in the head?

A. Snuffing powdered borax up the nose will often dry out a cold in the head within a very short time.

Cook's Corner

CHEESE CAKE

¼ lb. salt butter
1 cup sugar
1 egg
2 tablespoons cake flour
5 egg yolks
1½ lbs. pot cheese
A little cinnamon or nutmeg if desired.
1 pt. sour cream
1 teaspoon vanilla
5 egg whites, beaten stiff

Sieve the cheese very fine. Mix ingredients in order named and bake 1 hour or more in a slow oven (250 to 300 leg. F.) Let stand in oven for a short time after heat is turned off. Mrs. W. says she bakes her cake in a 9 or 10-inch spring mold, well greased. There is no crust tothis cake, as Mrs. W. says that would spoil it.

CHEESE POTATOES

3 tablespoons melted butter
4 medium-sized boiled potatoes
2/3 cup corn flakes
½ cup finely grated cheese
½ teaspoon paprika
1 teaspoon salt

Pour 2 tablespoons butter into shallow baking pan. Cut potatoes into ½ inch slices and place close together in pan. Brush tops with remaining butter. Roll corn flakes into fine crumbs. combine with cheese, paprika and sal; sprinkle over potatoes. Bake in moderately hot oven (425 deg. F.) about 15 minutes. Serves 4 with 5 slices each.

Fashion Horoscope

by Colette

a grand mustard sauce for vegetables

RECIPE

● Heat vegetables. Drain off liquid. Simmer down to ½ cup. Combine 2 tsp. Heinz Brown Mustard, 1 tsp. sugar, ⅔ tsp. salt, 2 tbs. melted vegetable shortening or salad oil, 3 tsp. lemon juice, speck of pepper. Stir into vegetable liquid. Heat. Pour over hot string beans, beets or limas. Wonderful ... the zest Heinz Mustard gives to simple dishes!

C-135N

Ellen's Diary

By an Island Farmer's Wife

James brought his Sabbath to a close by walking over the fields in the starlight to "kaley" with Rob's. Not that any length of time had elapsed since he had seen them, for Rob and Jamie came to call "a minute" and had stayed to dinner. Jamie has picked up the cold—which must be in the air—and was warmly clad in his new snow suit. "Who made these mitts for me?" he asked me, stuffing them boy like into a pocket, when he was about to take off his wraps. I pleaded ignorance. "You're foolin'" Jamie said "you knit these for me last Winter—an' who made these new overalls." I had a good idea. Warm and soft they were, fashioned out of pieces salvaged from a pair of men's trousers and very well made. "My other grandmother—in home. Did you know I have another grandmother?" Jamie has a problem, which he manages well: to keep track of relatives. He has so many "in home" in the city, as well as "out home" at Alderlea.

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Last night, James also slipped in a visit at a farm-home beside Rob's, but nearer us, where Mr. and Mrs. B. continue to operate the same farm they have for well on to half a century. To be a guest at this home is a pleasant and worth-while experience. Here, if on any farm-stead on The Island one finds only neatness and order, indoors as well as in the farthest field. On this farm, this worthy and industrious couple follow a good system and with it there is always time to attend to the smallest detail. It has often puzzled me, through the years, to find the secret of this well ordered place. It must be because an exact schedule, which allows no late rising, has been held to day after day all down the years. Mr. B. has also been "kaleying" at Rob's, so that returning James accompanied him across Rob's fields and his, where a neighborly gate with an iron hasp, opens at the line fence for all who choose to travel that way.

• • •

Jock and Jeanie represented the family at Service, yesterday in the old Kirk, in the loveliness of the afternoon. We had company at the time from the city—small cousin to Jamie, pretty in a white fur coat and cap and there were other "folkses" as well. Some of the men went with James to inspect the Nell-mare's foal and forgetful of the day as we sometimes are, James' hand was on the door where the fat calf was stabled "before he knew it." Perhaps there was no harm in drawing the visitors' attention to the best of the flocks and the herds. As it happened, the men disposed of this calf today, to a local butcher,—to go presently to be slaughtered. This is the same animal that several times made strong bids for his freedom. More than once when the men were at work in the fields the women "on the staff," were obliged to tether him to the first convenient post "to have and hold." The same one that as he waxed bigger and fatter, occasioned, the combined feminine strength of three of us to finally persuade him that "enough is enough" especially when there was no more liquid refreshment to be had. So a beef problem at Alderlea has been settled. The pork situation, I fear will be more disturbing

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While a favorite radio announcer of ours on the mainland is at present greatly concerned with getting his pig converted to pork for home consumption, the chances for our supply has faded away to make place for what promises to be a more remunerative plan. "I've just been figuring" Jock said today, when I carried a pail of garbage to the piggery, where it disappears much faster than when fed to any incinerator "it would be a shame to kill that pig for our own pork Did you ever see a prettier one? And look at the depth of her! And besides she can mother 14 easily" The lady in question was rooting away at some fresh bedding Jock, who attends to this end of the farming, had thrown into the sty. Then she left it to come to the trough. Jock put down his hand as he might to pat Pard, but the gesture turned into a scratching. I have a notion that the folks at Alderlea will need to look in another pen for material to replenish the pork barrel this Winter.

• • •

And the potato grading continues busily, the number of helpers being increased this evening by three, thus leaving Jeanie and I to our own pursuits. Pat came: "Shure an' I may not be much good at the wurk, but I'll do me best." Mr. C. from the house on the hill, who has his tubers all graded and awaiting shipment, and his nephew came too a quick-turned lad of a fellow. There is a sound of great industry down there, broken at times by hearty laughs, which turns the work into a pleasant pastime. Pat is likely airing his grist of stories and James also will contribute in no small degree to the entertainment.

• • •

Jeanie had a caller this evening a small dainty lady from her home community, one whom she taught in school there. "I can hardly believe the way they're growing up" Jeanie told me when she came in for the paper. This lassie was with her father, an enterprising farmer and produce dealer and there was another prosperous farmer in the number as well—but the grading had ceased for the day. Now what comes next? Refreshments of course. Tonight we divide "spoils" Jeanie and I. I overheard Pat say, when they went out to the work "If you and I had a swaller av whiskey when we come up James, just to cut the dust from our throats....." "Ah, ha you two" I said in a superior way "whusky's only for the Scotch." At any rate, tea it will be.

Until tomorrow—Diary -- Good-night.

Dorothy Dix Says—

Discarded Financee

Woman Jilted by Widower Shoule Pretend She Likes It

DEAR MISS DIX: For several years I have been corresponding with a man whom I thought was seriously interested in me, though he told me he could not marry me because he had vowed after his wife's death never to marry again. I felt so sorry for him that I tried to cheer him up and was willing to wait and carry on our courtship in secret, thinking he would change his mind.

Now I find he is going to marry another woman. I am so humiliated and feel that I can never trust another man I had felt so smug and satisfied when I saw other women casting lovesick looks at him, for I was sure I was the only one. What should I do in a case like this?

A. B.

ANSWER: There is nothing that you can do except to accept the situation with a smile and pretend you like it. Of course, when a girl is left flat, it is a bitter pill she has to swallow; but if she is wise, she takes her medicine without making faces over it, and never, never, NEVER lets down her hair and tells even her best friend about how badly she has been treated and about her broken heart.

BLUFFING, GOOD CURE

The cure indicated in such a case as yours is to put up a bluff and give the impression that you wearied of the man and dropped him, instead of letting him broadcast that he ditched you. Go to the beauty shop for consolation instead of the wailing wall. Buy yourself a lot of pretty clothes and get into circulation again. Like cures like, and a new boy friend will soon make you forget the old one.

But why, oh, why, will girls refuse to apply a few acid tests to men's lovemaking? Why will they let a man hang around them for years and monopolize their time and keep other men away, but who never pops the question? Why haven't they sense enough to see that a man who carries on a secret courtship never means to make good on it? Why, in a word, don't they make a man put up, or shut up, before they get serious about him?

DEAR DOROTHY DIX: I have met a beautiful, intelligent, capable and understanding young woman who I believe loves me as much as I love her, and we plan to be married soon. My problem is this—she is majoring in biology and finds snakes very fascinating. She has a collection of 15 snakes and plans to breed snakes as a hobby after we are married.

As I do not have any affection for snakes, would this necessarily create a marital problem?

J .D. G.

ANSWER: Every man to his taste, and if you want to marry a snake-charmer it is your own funeral, especially if one of your bride's pets happens to be a rattler. But if I were a man, I would put about a million miles between me and any lady serpent addict.

I can't imagine a happy home with snakes squirming and crawling all over the place, and having to watch one's step for fear of treading on a dear little cobra, or disturbing a python who was taking his rest on the sofa. I am confirmed in my opinion that snakes do not promote domestic felicity by a divorce case I once reported in which a man demanded separation from his wife on the grounds that she made him sleep with the snakes in the wintertime in order to keep them warm, and that it made him nervous to have a snake crawl up his neck and stick its head in his coffee cup when he was trying to eat his breakfast.

So my advice to you is to think long and earnestly before you marry a girl with the snake complex. Remember the trouble that the serpent got Eve and us into.

DEAR MISS DIX: I am in love with a married man who can't get a divorce because of religious reasons. It will be impossible for either one of us to forget the other unless one of us quits our job, as we work in the same place and are thrown constantly together. What should I do?

WORRIED GIRL

ANSWER: Give up your situation. Remove yourself from temptation. It is better to lose a good job than a good name.

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Modern Etiquette

By Roberta Lee

Q. Is it ever permissible to use the knife to convey any kind of food to the mouth?

A. No. The only purpose of the knife is for cutting, and then it should be done as skillfully as possible, and not used as a saw.

Q. When should one tip the porter on a train, at the beginning or at the end of the journey?

A. The porter should receive his tip at the end of the journey.

Q. When a man is accompanying a woman on the street, should he take her arm when crossing the street?

A. Yes.

Morning Smile

FOOD FOR THOUGHT

The oher day Sir Ben Smith, new minister of food, and well known in Washington, where he had been British supply minister, asked Col. Llewellyn, outgoing head of the food ministry, if it were true he was receiving a peerage and what title he would take.

Llewellyn said he hadn't thought about it.

"Why not Lord Larder?" said Sir Ben.

Llewellyn agreed the question provided food for thought.

STILL IN DOUBT

Said the young intelne as he sat with his fiancee in the twilight, "Darling, have your people agreed to our marriage?"

"Not yet," she replied, as she nestled closer to him. "Father hasn't said anything, and mother's waiting to contradict him."

Utmost in Quality
"SALADA"
TEA & COFFEE

If The Bough Breaks

By LOIS MONTROSE

She picked up a leather brief case. "I'm not going there. I have another engagement." That was a lie. It was Nathan who had the engagement only he didn't know it yet.

"Where?" he asked suspiciously.

"I am going to see Alexis Jerome,' she said. Her knees trembled as she stood waiting for his anger to break around her. It took him a moment to comprehend; then his face went dark, and he seized the leather case from her resisting fingers. The clasp opened and the sheets of music fluttered about his feet. "I'll never forgive you, Tam," he said between his teeth.

She knelt and picked up the music with shaking hands.

He demanded: "Do you mean that you were actually going to take 'Dynamics' to Jerome behind my back without my consent? as if you were peddling the fare of a beggar, humiliating me as if I were afraid to go myself As if a woman had to sell him on my work?"

"You are afraid," she said, although she almost expected he would strike her for that.

"Afraid? Of What? Of a pampered conductor who lives in a big hotel and has never known struggle or desperation? If he could write a symphony as good as this he wouldn't be a conductor."

"Then why are you afraid of him?" asked Tam.

"My goodness, is that what you've been thinking? When it was all a matter of pride and self-respect?"

She said stubbornly. "Your pride is just fear. You are afraid, Nathan. That's why I am going for you."

He snatched the sheaf of music and thrust it into the brief case. "You're not going for me. If Nathan were summarily turned that's what you think I'll go myself—I'll go and be turned away like a beggar and I'll come back and tell you how the great Jerome treats unknown musicians." He jammed his hat on his head and rushed out his thin topcoat flapping pathetically and his cheap muffler awry.

Tam who was still on her knees, sank down on the floor and began to cry from relief and excitement, but her heart raced with exhilaration from the conflict. And she had won. But had she? Suppose Constance had forgotten to write? Impossible. Constance never failed to keep a promise. And yet a secretary might have pigeon-holed the letter and Alexis Jerome be unprepared If away he would never forgive Tam for forcing him into defeat It would be real defeat of course but the pain of his embarrasscent would embitter him for months.

Having known embarrassment seldom and defeat never. Tam was still surprised by Nathan's vulnerability He shrank from rebuff as if he had an open throbbing wound. She could only imagein that he had suffered as a small child when his father and mother quarrelled: that his father had taught him how insensitive hands could destroy the artist: that he feared the same failure and poverty which had wrecked the older Pierriles, and was doggedly resigned to face a bleak destiny. All that he did was at the exigency of his own soul and he faced the world defensively, his back to the wall. He fought when there was no need to fight he dreaded when there was no cause to dread.

She haard a soft tap at the half open door and saw the solicitous face of Santo Cressini. Before she could rise he entered and drew her to her feet, kissing her hand. "Misericord," he exclaimed "What has come over our Pierrille? He passed me, rushing along the street like a madman—his coat tails were flying like the flag of a rebel. And you-you have been crying. It is a quarrel, then?" aHe closed her fingers about a cornucopia of waxed paper— ' the usual "harmonious posy."

"Grazie Signor.'" she said gratefully. She hurried to powder her face and to put the small bunch of red rosebuds into watter. "No, it wasnt a quarrel. It was because I forced him to go to see Alexis Jerome. I told you I would. But was I wrong? Please tell me. I'm a little afraid." She told the story and waited anxiously for his opinion.

CHAPTER XIV

Cressinis eyes, which were always as fathomless as small black mountain lakes, seemed to ruffle under a sunlit breeze. He said in his precise, crinoline English: "Nathan's cowardice is more furious than his bravery. But all that is in his music, which is fortune. We do not derive good music or poetry from those who are only brave. When cowardice forces a human being to sing bravely, we have art. It may be Lead Kindly Light by the Cardinal Newman whose lips must have trembled like a child's when he faced the thought of death and darkness. He gave you a great song there, when he tried to console himself . . . Or think of Wagner shaking his fist at the pagan gods, challenging them to come down and— as your Swineburn sang: 'Redeem us from virtue."

"You believe then, that Nathan's music—"

"I believe that Nathan needs more courage, and that you are giving it to him. And its senseless to say a man must stand on his own feet. I have never seen a man yet who didn't need a steady-hand on his arm. The man who thinks he doesn't, turns into a dictator—a bully—a self-elected Napolean who inevitably meets his St. Helena."

He launched into a political diatribe which she heard vaguely while she longed for him to return to the subject of Nathan When he had expressed himself fully he took off his overcoat and drew forth a bottle of wine from the pocket. "You and I Signorina," he said, flashing his fleet white smile "shall we drink to the success of our Pierrille?"

They drank the wine while a long hour passed She could not summon energy to prepare supper. Cressini watched the clock as anxiously as Tam At last he said "Could I take you out with me some place? aI think you should eat."

(To Be Continued

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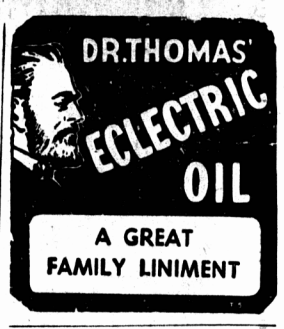

Household Scrapbook

By Roberta Lee

Candied Kumquats

Candied kumquats are made by boiling them in water until the skin is tender, then cooking them in a syrup made as follows: 1 cup of prepared fruit, 1 cup sugar, ½ cup water. First heat the water and sugar until the sugar is dissolved. Put a few pieces of the fruit in at a time, boiling gently until tender.

Rubber Boots

Rubber boots that are not being used should be kept standing erect by placing rolls of cardboard in them. They will not crack, as this will permit a free circulation of air.

The Skin

To whiten the skin, peel a cucumber and chop it into the form for a poultice. Bind it to the face allowing the juice to remain until dry.

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Better English

D. C. Williams

1. What is wrong with this sentence? "I read a book where it explained these things."
2. What is the correct pronunciation of "only"?
3. Which one of these words is misspelled? Manageable, incurable, interchangeable.
4. What does the word "inveigle" mean,
5. What is a word beginning with tra that means "a burlesque imitation".

ANSWERS

1. Say, "in which it explained these things." 2. Pronounce the o as in no, not as in son. 3. Incurable. 4. To lead astray. "His promises will not inveigle me." (Pronounce the ei as e in me). 5. Travesty.

Chapped Lips

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MENTHOLATUM
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DEVELOP CEYLON PORT

COLOMBO—(CP)—It is hoped that largescale plans to develop Ceylon's chief port of Colombo will soon be put into operation The imprvements will cost about $7,500,000 and will take over four years to complete and will give employment to at least 2,000 people.

RYDE, Isle of Wight — (CP) — Mrs. Tate Maud Butler, formerly Miss Maud Milton a star of the Victorian stage, died at 90 years of age

LONDON — (CP) — First consignment of toys made for British war orphans by German prisoners of war in England has arrived in London from Par Camp, Cornwall.

Ever Try Making Cough Syrup in Your Kitchen?

Gives Quick Relief. And It's So Easy! No Cooking.

If you've never tried mixing your own cough medicine, you've missed a lot. It's no trouble—needs no cooking—and gives you about four times as much cough syrup for your money. You'll say it is splendid for coughs due to colds. Here's how it's done:—

Make a plain syrup by stirring 2 cups of granulated sugar and one cup of water a few moments, until it is dissolved. Or you can use corn syrup or liquid honey, instead of sugar syrup.

Get 2½ ounces of Pinex from your druggist. Put this into a 16 oz. bottle and fill up with your syrup. Thus you make 16 ounces—a family supply. It tastes fine and never spoils. Children love it.

And as for results, you'll find it very satisfying. It goes right to work on the cough, loosening the phlegm, soothing the irritation, and helping clear the air passages. You will like it for its results, and not merely for the money it saves.

Pinex is a special compound of proven ingredients, in concentrated form, a most reliable agent for soothing throat and bronchial irritations. Money refunded if it doesn't please you in every way.