

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

Canadian Cookery For Canadian Women

By Mari Moore. Specially contributed to The Guardian for Guardian Readers.

One Course Menu

Pineapple fritters; celery and ripe olives; coffee.

This is simply a delicious combination and nobody goes home with that doubtful feeling of being too well fed.

Pineapple Fritters

Cut slices of canned pineapple in half in crescents and drain well from their juice. Dip in batter (see below) and fry in deep fat until golden brown, drain on brown paper. Sprinkle with powdered sugar just before serving.

Pineapple Fritter Batter

One and one third cups flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 1/4 teaspoon salt, 2-3 cup milk, 1 egg. Mix and sift dry ingredients, add milk gradually, and egg well beaten.

Miscellaneous Valentine Suggestions

Small jelly hearts cut out from thin saucers of cranberry jelly may be used as a garnish on top of fruit cups, cocktails or frozen desserts, in place of the customary red cherry.

Jelly Tarts are one of the simplest and most appetizing St. Valentine foods to make. The pastry must be flaky—if you have fluted tart tins use them to bake the pastry in—and use your brightest red jelly to fill these shells just before ready to serve them.

Potato Cheese Sticks

While these are not necessarily confined to Valentine Day, they are a good I want you to try them in a hurry.

Mix well together 2 cups thoroughly washed potatoes, 1 cup sifted flour, 4 tablespoons melted butter, 2 1/2 cup grated cheese and 1 1/2 teaspoon salt. When cool roll out on well floured board with well floured rolling pin, and cut into oblong 1/2 inches long, 1 inch wide and 1/2 inch thick. Brush tops with egg yolk and milk and place on flat baking pan and bake in very hot oven for 10 minutes. Serve hot. These may be prepared for baking several hours ahead of time.

Honey Ice Cream Cake

will make you resolve to have it at your party.

Cut slices of angel food or sponge cake in 3-inch squares, 1-2 inch thick, and arrange them on individual dessert plates. Top each piece of cake with a square of vanilla or chocolate ice cream, and then garnish with 2 tablespoons strained honey and 1 tablespoon salted pecans.

Orange and Cherry Bread

Grated rind of 2 oranges, 3 tablespoons finely chopped candied cherries, 5 tablespoons butter, 3/4 cup sugar, 1 1/2 cups graham flour, 1 1/2 cups flour, 1 1/4 cups milk, 1 egg, 6 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon salt. Wash and dry the oranges, and grate the outer yellow rind, which contains the oil cells, into the mixed dry ingredients. Flour the cherries and add them, then cut in the butter. Beat the egg until foamy, add

the milk to it, and stir them into the flour mixture. When thoroughly mixed pour into buttered bread pan and bake in moderate oven (350 deg. Fahr.) for about 1 hour. The cherries may be omitted from this loaf, but add a note of color for a Valentine meal.

We have room for one Valentine game. This may come to the rescue of the harried mother who is bravely preparing a party for the most difficult of all ages—the elder teens. It must have plenty of love allusions and illusions.

Do You Know Your "Hearts"?

This game usually makes a lot of fun, because funny mistakes are easily made.

Twelve hearts are made up beforehand: 1—Heart cut from sandpaper; 2—Cardboard heart covered with hessian batting; 3—Heart cut from lead tea package; 4—Heart cut from red flannel; 5—Candy heart; 6—Tissue paper heart with feather down stuck to it; 7—huge paper heart; 8—Heart made with hot red candle wax, with little rivulet of wax melting away from the tip; 9—Blue cardboard heart; 10—Matchbox containing pieces of broken candy heart; 11—Pencil sketch of heart with red flames in crayon bursting from it; 12—Heart shaped out of a slice of dill pickle.

All of the hearts are numbered in small figures, from one to twelve. When all the party is seated around the room, pass all the hearts around for each one to examine and determine what they symbolize. They must have a piece of paper with numbers on from one to twelve, and opposite each number corresponding with the hearts will put their answers as they guess them.

When they have all gone the rounds each player passes his piece of paper with the answers to the one on his right. The host or hostess then reads off the correct answers: 1—Rough heart; 2—Soft heart; 3—Heavy heart; 4—Warm heart; 5—Sweetheart; 6—Light heart; 7—Big heart; 8—Melting heart; 9—Sad heart; 10—Broken heart; 11—Burnt heart; 12—Sour heart. Prizes could be awarded for the most correct answers.

MARMALADE—THE WINTER PRESERVE

Here is Your Chance to "Buy British" Again—Use Jamaica Oranges.

By MARY MOORE

Nothing but marmalade recipes here, and every one of them declared "the best" by one or the other of our tasters.

C. T. S. Marmalade

One grapefruit, 1 orange, 1 lemon, 12 cups water, 10 cups sugar, juice 1 lemon.

Wash and dry the fruit, squeeze out the juice, reserving the seeds. Cut rind into extremely fine shavings with either very sharp scissors or knife. Put rind and juice into large kettle, and 11 cups of the water, cover and allow to stand overnight.

Children's Colds
Checked with out "dosing." Rub on **VICK'S VAPORUB**
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A Morning Smile

LONG ON ETIQUETTE

He was very hungry, so he pushed open the swinging doors of the restaurant and entered. It was a rough, ill-smelling place, but he thought he would try a cup of coffee and something to eat.

The waitress brought coffee in a thick, heavy cup.

"Where's the saucers?" inquired our fastidious friend.

"We don't give no saucers here," replied the girl. "If we did, some ill-bred ignoramus would come blowing in, and drink out of his saucer, and we'd lose a lot of our swellest customers."

The teacher had given his class a lesson on courtesy.

The following day when examining the home lessons his eyes lit up with pleasure when he found an all-correct paper.

"Jones," he called to the successful pupil, "I am very pleased with you. All your answers are correct, but why have you put quotation marks to all of them?"

"Out of courtesy to father, sir," came the reply.

and did not explain until after dinner that we were trying our economical menus on them. They all said "we thought it was a delicious company dinner."

Steamed Smoked Ciscoes

Tomato Sauce

Creamed Carrots

Buttered Savoy Cabbage

Raisin Bread Pudding

To Prepare Ciscoes

Carefully remove backbone from ciscoes, allowing one small fish for each person to be served. Cut off head, tail and fins and steam them until they are thoroughly heated.

To make Tomato Sauce, slice finely two onions, six outer stalks celery and fry them gently in 2 tablespoons butter for 5 minutes. Add one-half can tomatoes and simmer gently until slightly thickened. Add salt to taste, and serve with the fish.

Henceforth we resolved to keep smoked fish on hand for emergency meals.

Raisin Bread Pudding

One pint of milk, 1 cup water 1 egg, 2 1/2 cups bread cubes or crumbs, 1 teaspoon vanilla or 1/4 teaspoon nutmeg, 1-3 cup sugar, 1-2 teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons melted butter, 1 cup raisins. Add the bread cubes to the milk which has been scalded and let stand 15 minutes.

Beat the egg slightly and add the sugar and salt to it, then add the milk and bread and melted butter and raisins, then flavoring. Pour into greased baking dish, set in larger pan in a little warm water, and bake in slow oven until set.

ANNOUNCEMENT

A few weeks ago we offered to supply supper and luncheon menus to anyone who cared to write for them. We received so many requests that we decided if they were so widely desired we should publish them on the Cookery Page. Look for them here next week and be sure to clip for future use.

Economical Supper Menu

We served this meal to company

"You'll talk it over with him? I'm not sure he'd agree to . . ."

"Don't worry your lovely head about him, child," said Grenoble.

"If I take him up it means a start on the way to fame and I don't think he'll refuse it." He looked at her keenly. "You're looking considerably brighter than when I was last here," he remarked. "You've been a bit pale and listless lately. I'm posting the notices for the show in a couple of weeks, and then I think I'll pack you off to the South of France while I get the next production started. I don't mean you to rehearse with the company any more than is necessary."

Grenoble took his leave, and Rosemary glanced at her watch. In two hours the author of "Berenice" would be at the iron palings beyond the fountain, and she would see him. She laughed aloud at the good news she would have to tell him, and the next moment was laughing at herself for being so excited over a meeting with an entirely-unknown person.

"It's because I never meet anyone, at least with whom I can be natural," she told herself, and made herself sit down sedately to read until the hour of the rendezvous should arrive. She found it hard to keep her mind on the printed page, however, for she kept thinking of the man she was about to see, and, oddly enough, he merged in her thoughts with the grave young man who had come uninvited to her dressing room and had seemed to have so much more to say to her than his actual words conveyed.

Rosemary looked out of her blue-curtained window. It was a clear, sunny day at the end of April, and there wanted only a few minutes to the hour of her first meeting with Anthony Carson. Outside, the garden was a blowing mass of daffodils, and the fountain twinkled with goldfish.

Grenoble, to do him justice, was a great producer. He saw to it that the setting he had contrived for his new star was kept as near perfection as possible. Hothouses were ransacked for plants in forced bloom, and gardeners laid them in Rosemary's garden in the very early dawn, when no one was about. This was expensive, but Grenoble was well paid for it by the crowds who flocked to his theatre to see the princess who lived in a magic garden of perpetual spring. Some of the yellow roses that riot about the grey stone tower were made of silk treated to withstand rain, and since those who saw them were kept at a distance by the palings, the deception was not discovered.

Rosemary's favourite room was in the centre of the tower. It was hung, like all the rest, with embroidered on cloud-blue silk, but

the walls were lined round and round with books. It was here that Rosemary sat reading, or trying to read, as she waited for the hour of meeting Anthony Carson.

She wore, in honour of the sunny day, the frock of apple green or gaudy in which she had first been seen by the young playwright, but she had not yet bound up her hair, which because of its weight she usually wore in two long braids. As she now leaned out of the window, taking long breaths of the spring air, the heavy golden braids slipped over the sill and hung among the roses against the green lattice below her window.

"Rapunzel, Rapunzel, let down your golden hair!" murmured to himself a young man who had come before the hour set, and waited impatiently beyond the gate.

Rosemary could not have heard the murmur, but perhaps the thought of the well-known fairy tale reached her, for her eyes flew to where the young man stood. He was not dressed as fairy princes are usually described, but in his light spring overcoat, and soft grey hat he pleased the young girl's eyes, and

as she turned back into the room there was in her mind a half-formed thought that he might prove to be not only the playwright she was son to see, but even—who could know?—the Prince himself.

A short while later Rosemary was walking alone down the path to where Anthony stood on the other side of the barred fence. They looked at each other with eyes full of dreams. Both were too dream-ridden for conventional greetings.

"Oh, I'm glad you've come," cried Rosemary, and Anthony replied gravely, "I'm glad I've found you again."

He felt a deep contentment at seeing her there in her green translucent frock in the midst of the blowing daffodils. This was his girl of the garden, and the languorous siren of the stage was some dreadful materialization that should soon be forgotten.

"Mr. Grenoble," said Rosemary eagerly, "has seen your play and I think he means to produce it. It's too wonderful that I'm to play that lovely role."

Anthony made an effort.

Are Only the Beautiful Beloved? **Dorothy Dix** Finds Plain Janes Win Out

Must a Woman be Beautiful to be Loved?—Far From it, for the Plain Girl Develops the Charm That Attracts, While the Living Picture Becomes Spoiled by Homage, and Her Selfishness Repels

Must a woman be beautiful in order to be loved? Probably most people would say "yes" without even stopping to consider the subject. That women believe good looks the necessary bait with which to go fishing for a husband is indisputably proved by the millions of dollars they spend every year in beauty shops and on cosmetics, and the agony they endure to acquire wavy hair and a slim and willowy figure.



Men are also firmly convinced in their own minds that they are beauty worshippers, and that nothing but good looks ever attract them toward a woman. When you tell a man about a strange girl, he never asks: "Is she good?" "Is she intelligent?" "Is she an interesting person to talk to and be with?" The only thing he ever wants to know about her is whether she is easy on the eyes or not.

According to history, the women of the past who enslaved men were only those who had faces that could launch a thousand ships. And in these modern days it is feminine beauty, and not brains, that draws down the heaviest pay envelopes. And every little flapper knows that it is the maiden with the peaches-and-cream complexion, and not the plain Janes, who have dates to burn and dozens of cut-ins in every dance.

From all of which it might well be argued that pulchritude is a necessity to a woman in love, and that no homely lady could hope to inspire the tender passion in a man's heart. Undoubtedly, both men and women are committed to this belief, yet so strange and inexplicable a thing is human nature that we are confronted with the strange paradox that in spite of men's theoretical adoration of beauty, the beauty seldom skims the cream off the matrimonial market.

When they go to marry, men don't pick out the best looking woman they know, as you can easily prove by a casual glance at the married women of your circle, not one of whom could ever have qualified for the Follies or been chosen as Miss America in a bathing-beauty contest.

Likewise, you will note that the most beloved wives you know, those with the most devoted and faithful husbands, are often just plain, stout, ordinary-looking women, with no style to them, than they are ladies with classical profiles and who look like a dally hint from Paris. It is significant that the cinema heroines, who are chosen for their preeminent beauty and who set the standard of feminine pulchritude, seem less able to hold the affections of men than any other women in the world. In all of their many divorces there is no record of a husband committing suicide or wearing the willow for his former wife.

All of this should prove something. It probably is that while men admire a living picture they seldom desire to hang it on their own wall and are perfectly willing to let some other man enshrine it in his house. For themselves they prefer a chromo. Or, if not that, at least some minor work of art that will not require such an expensive frame nor be so hard to live up to.

No one will deny that beauty is an aid to a woman in capturing a husband. It is a grand little come-on, for she must first attract a man's attention, she must make him aware of her before she can get in her fine work, and that is where a pretty face counts. At the beginning. Afterward it doesn't matter.

If a woman can once catch a man's attention and she has personality and charm and finesse, she can give any beauty a run for her money, no matter if her face is just an assemblage of useful features and her figure makes her dressmaker weep.

For she has something that the beauty seldom has, and it is a charm to conjure with, far more potent where men are concerned than good looks. It is a readiness to admire instead of a demand to be admired. It is a willingness to get busy with the punk sticks before a man instead of expecting him to spend his time burning incense before her. It is displaying gratitude and appreciation for favors received instead of taking them for granted and as a deserved tribute to a superior being.

The beauty, just by reason of having always been admired and kowtowed to and having everybody sacrifice to her, inevitably becomes spoiled

What the Fashionables are Wearing

By Annabelle Worthington

A very clever and becoming model is this: It's a slimming affair too, with its downward points.

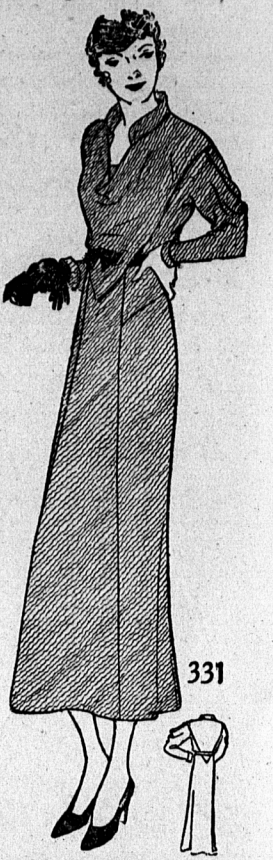
This model is most attractive carried out in a wool crepe novelty in rich rust tones. The belt is crepe satin ribbon in darker toning shade.

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and high-hat toward others. These qualities are not the food of love and explain why men so often get fed up on her.

A man may be attracted to a woman because she appeals to his esthetic sense, but he falls in love with her because she answers some deeper need than that of pleasing the eye. He falls in love with her because she jolles him and makes him feel that there is one human being at least who appreciates how big and fine and wonderful he is. Or he falls in love with her because she is sympathetic and understanding. Or because she is entertaining and amusing. Or because she mothers him. Or just because she loves him. And her looks have very little to do with the matter, barring, of course, that she is not a scarecrow.

And so I say that the answer to the question, must a woman be beautiful to be loved, is emphatically NO. Beauty is in the eye of the beholder, and any woman who is good to a man looks good to him.

DOROTHY DIX.

For The Cook

Split-Pea Soup

2 cups dry split peas
Ham bone
1 small onion, sliced
2 1/2 quarts cold water
2 tablespoons pork fat, bacon dripping or butter.
1 1/2 teaspoons salt.
3/4 teaspoon pepper
1 celery stalk
1 diced carrot
1 chopped tomato (optional).

Wash the peas well, then soak them in cold water overnight. Drain add the ham bone (which should have been cracked), and all the other ingredients, including the water in which the peas were soaked. (Count it as part of the total measure of water.) Bring to boil

then lower the heat and simmer gently 2 1/2 hours. Remove the bone, press the vegetables, etc., through a coarse sieve, return them to the soup and serve piping hot with croutons.

DATE AND NUT BREAD

One-half cup of dates, 1 teaspoon soda, 3/4 cup of boiling water—let cool, then add to the following mixture: 3/4 cup of brown sugar, 1/2 cup chopped walnuts, butter size of an egg, 1 teaspoon of vanilla, 1 1/4 cups flour, salt. Cook in slow oven one hour.

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The Double Act

A Romance of the Theatre

BY MARION TOMLINSON

"After the prologue it changes to a modern scene, during the Great War. Another Berenice gives what she holds most dear, and her husband does come back, but when he learns her sacrifice he blames her and . . ."

"Hm," interrupted Grenoble. "A modern scene and the world war. That's not much good to me—no chance for costumes and spectacles. Still, the prologue is great, once we've cut some of the poetical talk out of it, and I daresay we can do something with the rest."

"I don't suppose he'd like you to make many changes," ventured Rosemary.

"Nonsense, child, plays are not written, they're re-written, and the producer does most of the re-writing. If I buy this play for you the author can consider himself a lucky young man—for I suppose he is young, from the sound of his dialogue. He'll make a fuss, of course, they all do, but when he finds himself made famous overnight he'll realize his luck." Grenoble took up the manuscript and turned over the pages rapidly.

"Yes, I think I can do something with this," he said. "The ideas are good. Is his address on it? Oh, yes, I'll write him and we'll begin rehearsal as soon as I've got it into some sort of shape."

Rosemary looked at her producer doubtfully.

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