

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

For The Cook

WINTER STEW WITH DUMPLINGS

One and a half pounds of neck of lamb, 2 carrots, 2 onions, 1 turnip, 1 stalk celery, 3 tablespoons bacon drippings, 1 teaspoon salt, 1/4 teaspoon pepper, 2 tablespoons flour, 3 medium-sized potatoes, meat stock, sprig of parsley.

Cut the meat into half-inch cubes. Salt and pepper them and toss in flour. Melt the bacon drippings in an iron skillet and brown the meat. Add the sliced onions and let them brown slightly. Add enough stock to cover the meat. Add the turnip and carrots which have been cubed, the celery cut in small pieces and a sprig of parsley. Let this simmer two hours. Then add the cubed potatoes and cook more rapidly until the liquid with flour is necessary and serve with dumplings made as follows:

One cup flour, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1/4 to 1/2 cup milk, 1 teaspoon fat drippings. Sift the dry ingredients, cut in fat and add enough milk to give a smooth dough. Drop by spoonfuls over the top of the stew. Cover the dish and allow dumplings to steam about twelve to fifteen minutes. Serves six.

Etiquette

By Roberta Lee

Q. Should capital letters or small letters be used for the abbreviation R. s. v. p.?

A. Both are permissible, but the s. v. p. in small letters is preferable.

Q. Are dessert spoons served with the course or are they placed on the table before the meal is started?

A. They are placed at the right of the cover when the course is served.

Q. What luggage is necessary when making an overnight trip.

A. Just enough to make the traveler comfortable and presentable on arrival at his destination.

Dorothy Dix Letter Box

Bride Who is Letting Her Husband's Love for His Dead Mother Spoil Her Happiness—How Can Poor People Keep Dead-Beat Neighbors From Borrowing?

Dear Miss Dix—I am a bride of a few weeks, happy except for one thing: My husband, who is 33, was unusually fond of his mother, who died a month before I met him. He says that his mother will always come first in his heart and that he never would have married if she had lived. He says that he loves me next to her, but I want him to love me best and I feel that his mother comes between us and it makes me miserable. What can I do?



Answer:

You can use a little common sense and refrain from borrowing trouble. The Princess in the fairy tale who searched and searched until she found a single crumpled rose leaf under her forty mattresses of ease had nothing on you as a trouble bound.

You should worry if you have nothing worse in your life to complain of than your husband's affection for his mother's memory. Suppose that he were neglecting you and running around with some pretty little flapper? Suppose, even, that your mother-in-law were alive and that she was a disagreeable and cantankerous old woman with whom you had to live and who interfered with everything you did and put her meddling old fingers in every pie?

Then you would have some excuse for turning on the weeps and beating your breast and getting all the misery you could out of the situation. But to be jealous of a memory and let that spoil all the sweetness of your life! How ridiculous!

But I think that you and your husband are two nitwits who should have your solid-ivory domes knocked together. For any man is certainly lacking in natural gumption who is silly enough to tell his wife that his mother came first with him. Certainly he knows nothing of feminine psychology if he isn't aware that that remark would rankle in any woman's breast, that it would make her green-eyed and that he would never hear the last of it.

So your husband is just as wrong and foolish to keep continually throwing his affection for his mother in your teeth as you are to keep chewing upon this purely hypothetical grievance. For it is silly for a man ever to bring his love for his wife and his mother in contrast, because they are two entirely different things. They are not alike in any respect. You might just as well ask him whether he preferred roast beef to ice cream as to inquire which he loved the better, his wife or his mother.

Your husband never cared to marry before his mother died simply because he hadn't happened to meet a girl with whom he fell in love. If you had crossed his path he would have found out quickly enough that mother didn't suffice him and that he wanted the love of a mate.

In his particular case, his love for his mother has become a morbid obsession. He glorifies her and idealizes her because she is dead and magnifies his affection for her. You can't argue with this, but you can win your husband to a more normal way of thinking by not quarreling with him on the subject, by not showing any jealousy and by accepting the situation cheerfully and philosophically.

It really means nothing. It takes nothing from you that is your own

and you are very foolish to let it make you unhappy even for a moment. Be jolly and cheerful and affectionate to your husband and his love for his mother will gradually slip back into its rightful place among his sacred memories.

Don't be jealous of your husband's love for his mother. Some day you will have a son and you will want him to love his mother.

DOROTHY DIX.

Dear Miss Dix—We have some neighbors who borrow everything we have, from a bucket of flour to a spoonful of soda. And they never bring anything back. When they have a big dinner they raid the neighborhood and go through our kitchens and pantries and take what they need and that is the last of it. Most of us are poor people who can't afford to support these grafters. What must we do about it?

Answer:

Refuse to be held up. It is silly and weak to permit yourself to be victimized by a deadbeat. Borrowers are not only intrinsically dishonest—they are the meanest sort of sneak thieves, because they take advantage of friendship and family ties to rob us.

Also, they trade on our hospitality and generosity and all of our finer feelings that make it hard for us to say "no" to those who come to us, not in the guise of beggars, but as friends and neighbors, asking a small, temporary favor which would seem niggardly to us to refuse.

That works both ways, because they not only get what they want without having to pay for it, but save their faces and do not have to be grateful, as they would if we gave them what they asked for outright.

So they borrow our books and never return them. They borrow our automobiles and send them back with a broken spring and punctured tires and no gas in the tank. They borrow our jewelry and lose it. They borrow our clothes and get spots on them and there is no greater pest under the sun.

You can generally get rid of the borrower who borrows money by lending \$5 or \$10 more than he asked for, and you can frequently stop a borrower who sends the children over for a dab of butter or a cup of coffee by sending back for it the next day and repeating the performance the next. This causes the borrower to hate you and pass you up for some good-natured soul who is too lazy to attempt to collect back.

The only way really to circumvent the borrower is by having enough backbone to refuse to lend. That saves you money and trouble and making enemies, for borrowers invariably dislike the poor sops they borrow from.

DOROTHY DIX.

Dear Miss Dix—I have observed that most of the present-day girls have not the slightest idea of true love. Would you advise me to exclude love from my life or accept the new kind and endure its imperfections?

Answer:

What is true love? And on what do you base your theory that the modern girl is lacking in it?

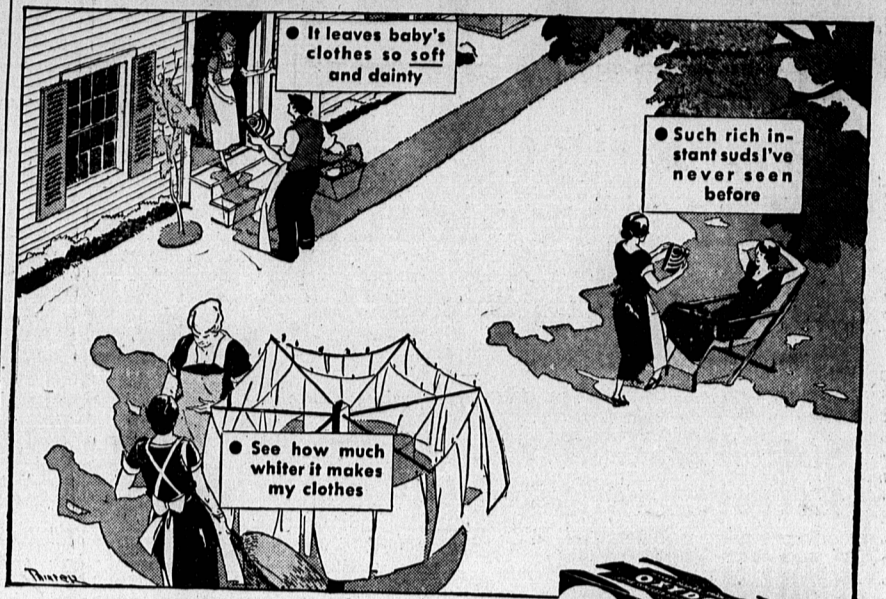
So far as I can see, girls are just as anxious to love and be loved as they ever were and they are just as foolish about the kind of men they throw their hearts away upon and they make just as idiotic marriages.

The modern girl is accused of being hard-boiled, but it doesn't keep her from stepping up to the altar with a boy who isn't making enough to support her. It doesn't keep her from marrying a boy that she knows to be a drunkard and shiftless and ne'er-do-well. And it doesn't keep her from going to work and helping to support the man she loves if he is sick or helpless or down and out. And if this isn't true love, I don't know what is.

Life is a mighty lonesome thing without any love in it, so I shouldn't advise you to exclude it from your scheme of things. Take what you can get and be thankful for it. It's God's own blessing on a man.

DOROTHY DIX.

What's this they're saying about OXYDOL!



Suds! Suds! Suds!—50% more of them! How much easier housework is with these new-type richer suds. And how much quicker too.

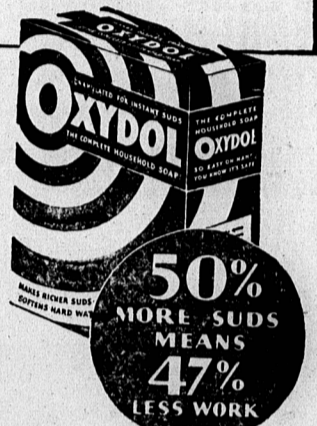
Here are suds that do more work for you—that soak clothes whiter, in any water, hard or soft—lift the dirt right out of dirty clothes and float it away, to the very last particle—all without rubbing. Why? Because of the livelier, sudsier, extra suds.

And your hands will tell you that it's good for even your most delicate things. And so wonderful for dishes and glassware! Every speck of grease vanishes like magic—rinse and they're gleaming bright, with no trace of clinging, streaky film.

Let Oxydol show you how much easier housework can be. Ask your grocer for the big orange and blue package today.

Procter & Gamble Toronto, Ont.

OXYDOL THE COMPLETE HOUSEHOLD SOAP MADE BY THE MAKERS OF IVORY SOAP



A Morning Smile

"Hullo, Brown, painting the car again?" "Yes; the wife's been making innuendoes about a Winter coat she says exactly matches the color of the car."

MAIL CONTRACT

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa, until noon, on Friday, the 12th February 1932, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for a period not exceeding four years, six times per week on the route PEAKE STATION RURAL ROUTE NO. 3, from the 1st April 1932.

MAIL CONTRACT

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa, until noon, on Friday, the 12th February 1932, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for a period not exceeding four years, six times per week on the route GEORGETOWN RURAL ROUTE NO. 1, from the 1st April 1932.

MAIL CONTRACT

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa, until noon, on Friday, the 12th February 1932, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for a period not exceeding four years, six times per week on the route ST. MARY'S ROAD RURAL ROUTE NO. 4, from the 1st April 1932.

John Gresham's Girl

By Concordia Merrel

(Continued)

"Will it look very blisful if you avoid my touch as if it were contaminating?" he said with a curious bitterness. She looked up straightly into his face.

"There are some things I can't do, Jim," she said in a low voice. "I think I'd... scream..." if you touched me..." She turned towards the door.

He smothered an exclamation, flung the offending little pony on the floor and put his foot on it savagely. Then he followed her, and as they went out into the porch, he cried:

"I'll make you... You shan't treat me like this!"

"What can it possibly matter or mean to you?" she answered.

"It doesn't matter—only it's... it's offensive..." he said, surlily, and they went round to the stables and started for their ride in silence.

Engrossed in thoughts and very conscious of the appalling strain that existed between them, they went further than usual; scarcely speaking; scarcely noting where or how far they were going. And so they didn't notice that the deep, July blue of the sky was being gradually blotted out by clouds, until he suddenly raised his head sharply, as they were crossing a stretch of grassy common-land, and said abruptly:

"Storm... Come on, let's find shelter..." But even as he spoke the rain fell, first in big, separate drops, but after a moment in a driving, drenching show-

er... A flash of lightning and the rumble of thunder followed. The nearest approach to shelter was a big clump of blackberry bushes. They dismounted, tethered the horses in the garled remains of a once mighty oak, and crouched down in the lee of the bushes. They did not afford much protection but were the best in sight. Lucy's linen habit, too, was not much of a shield against the drenching downpour. Without speaking Lee shed his coat and flung it round her shoulders. She shook it off, her color rising hotly; but through her indignation there was a strange expression in her eyes that he did not understand.

"Put that coat on," he said abruptly.

"No," she answered, but her voice was oddly shaken.

"Put it on, you little fool; do you want to get soaked through?" he said, furious now and speaking through his teeth. The storm seemed at that moment to break sheer over their heads, and he saw that her hands were clenched to fists, and her lips pressed to a line. Suddenly he understood, and a short laugh broke from him.

"You're scared," he said bluntly, and she raised very wide eyes to his, and nodded.

"I can't help it," she stammered. "It's silly... I've always been scared of a thunderstorm."

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Maintain Your Health TAKE REGULARLY Scott's Emulsion

"Some women are scared of a mouse," he observed.

"I'd... I'd exchange a thunder storm... for a mouse any day," she said, smiling a trifle unsteadily.

He laughed again in the same short way.

A splitting crash almost deafened them, and she cried out shakily.

He put out his hand and caught her arm. She shook herself free, eyes blazing. But a blinding flash of lightning made her cry out again and cover her face in her hands.

He caught her arm again and would not let go this time, no matter how she tried to twist it free.

"Come nearer," he said, and pulled her roughly close against him.

"Don't... Don't!" she gasped. How can you... How dare you...!

He only laughed and put both arms strongly around her.

"You said you'd scream if I touched you... Well, scream! But I'm not going to let you go..."

She struggled against him, but with the next flash was suddenly shrinking close and pressing her face against his shoulder.

"I'm no more powerful against it than you are, and my touch is hateful to you—all the same, that's

comforting, isn't it?" he said, gathering her closer still.

"Let me go! Jim... let me go..."

"Well, go, then," he said, freeing her suddenly, but the sound of the storm's mighty artillery kept her clinging close. His arms no longer held her, but fear made her arms hold him; clinging, desperately close. So he caught her near again, and held her with comforting strength.

"I've held you in my arms before," he said, as the thunder rolled away, "why mind?"

"You know why I mind," she gasped out. "Oh, you know..."

"But you mind the storm more, don't you...? Jove! What a flash... Makes things so dark."

And once more she was clinging tense and close, caught by her unreasoning, elemental fear. There was no explanation for it. It had just always been so with her. As a child she would fly, panic-stricken, to the nearest pair of arms that offered shelter—their father's, generally—at the first flash of

lightning and the first roar of thunder that heralded a storm. She had tried to conquer the fear; tried to argue herself out of it, but it was there, deep within her, and the probability was that as far as a thunderstorm was concerned she would always be that panic-stricken child... Perhaps she seemed like a child to Lee during those moments he held her in his arms, for he found himself thinking again of what she had said of herself.

"Rather a little girl." His lips even formed the words soundlessly, as he felt her crush her face against him in her wild endeavour to shut the blinding light from her eyes and the tumbling crash of sound from her ears...

It was a noise-storm while it lasted, but it didn't last long. As it abated she rested for a while close against him, momentarily spent with her fear; then drew slowly away, her face suddenly burning; her eyes wide with a rather strange wonder. She had told him, only that morning, that she

would scream if he touched her, and now she had let him crush her in his arms; had even held him tight in her own and been glad of his comforting nearness... Yes, glad. Where was the feeling of numbed horror. The feeling that he was a strange, monster-like thing...? Gone. She searched her heart for it, and it simply was not there.

His eyes met hers. "I said I'd make you," was his comment. Her color deepened further still. Then:

"Thank you, Jim," she said pluckily, "for helping me through that."

"Oh, I have my uses," he said drily.

Within ten minutes the sky was blue overhead, again the sun was shining down upon the drenched world, and the storm clouds were clustered far off above the horizon. They were wet through when they rose, mounted and turned their horses' heads for home. When Lee picked up the despoiled coat and held it out to her, she quite quietly allowed him to put it on her. She even looked up at him, smiling tremulously and wagged the long sleeves that hung empty far beyond her finger-tips. Even let him roll them up for her; even let him button the collar up under her chin.

"Aren't you afraid of a thunderstorm?" she asked suddenly. "No, even a little bit?"

"Lord, no," he answered. "It can't do anything worse to a man than men can do... And if it deals a knock-out it at least does it in a

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grand, blind, elemental way, without fear or favor. It doesn't stab in the back..."

(To Be Continued)

NOTICE

ANNUAL MEETING

The Annual General Meeting of the Charlottetown Driving Park and Provincial Exhibition Association will be held in the Secretary's office, Provincial Building, Wednesday, January thirteenth, 1932, at the hour of 2 p. m.

J. W. BOULTER, Secretary.

It will be necessary to adjourn the above meeting to a later date, awaiting the return of the President.

J. W. BOULTER. 11328-eod-31.

NOTICE

NOTICE is hereby given that Benjamin Benjamin of the City of Charlottetown in the County of Queens in the Province of Prince Edward Island, Merchant, will apply to the Parliament of Canada at the next session thereof for a Bill of Divorce from his wife George Benjamin on the ground of adultery.

Dated at Charlottetown, Province of Prince Edward Island the 30th day of December, A. D., 1931.

BENJAMIN BENJAMIN 11257-21-31-thur-5

By BRIGGS

MR. AND MRS.

HERE'S YOUR SUIT, MR GREEN — CLEANED AND PRESSED

THANKS, MR. GELB

BE READY IN A JIFFY, VI. TAILOR JUST BROUGHT IT

HOW NICE IT LOOKS! NOW DO TRY TO KEEP IT NICE

DON'T I ALWAYS?

YOU'D PUT THE KITCHEN STOVE IN YOUR POCKET IF YOU COULD!

BUT THEY WERE ALL IN MY OTHER COAT!

By BRIGGS

Post Office Inspector's Office Charlottetown, P.E.I., Dec. 20th, 1931. 11244-12-31-Thur-31