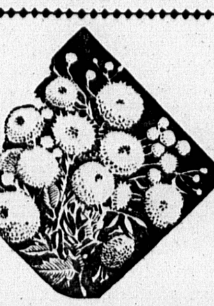
Woman's Realm / Social and Personal / Fashions / Literature

THE HOUSEWIFE —AND— HER ACTIVITIES



GONE

About the little chambers of my heart
Friends have been coming—going —many a year,
The doors stand open there.
Some, lightly stepping, enter; some depart,
Freely they come and freely go, at will.
The walls give back their laughter; all day long
They fill the house with song.
One door alone is shut, one chamber still.

CAPS AND MUFFS ARE TO HAVE GREAT REVIVAL

The fur season is opening! Every-woman loves fur, and it is becoming to most of us.

This season special prominence will be given to short capes, which can be worn with both afternoon and evening dresses. Keep your eyes open for fur muffs, for they are promised a great revival.

Fur trimmed suits are a stand-by for wear before it is cold enough for an all-fur coat, and many of the fur collars worn on cloth coats are large, turned up about the ears, to suit the new high hair-dressing styles.

Another fashionable fur notion is the fur cap, made on Glengarry lines, carried out in Persion lamb for choice.

PICKLE FOR VEGETABLES

One quart vinegar; two teaspoonfuls peppercorns; one teaspoonful allspice berries; piece of root ginger (bruised); blade of mace; cayenne and salt (tied in double muslin.)

Prepare the ingredients and boil them together for five minutes. Strain through muslin, and use hot or cold, according to the nature of the vegetable. Use it hot for a soft pickle and cold for a hard one.

CHEESE SPREAD GOOD STANDBY FOR SNACKS

This old Irish recipe is a good stand-by for the hostess. It can be used in sandwiches or for the cocktail "snack."

Have ready mixed one cup breadcrumbs with a skinned and pulped tomato and a finely chopped onion added. Melt in saucepan on low gas a knob of butter and one of cheese, each the size of an egg. Add other ingredients and seasoning to taste. When thoroughly mixed, bind with a beaten egg and stir the mixture gently for a few minutes. Turn out into little pots and allow to cool.

If waxed paper covers are used this relish will keep for two or three days, but is nicest eaten when freshly potted. Once tried, Cheese Spread usually becomes such a firm favorite that it is used up long before it has a chance to spoil with keeping.

SHIRTWAIST FROCKS ARE ALWAYS GOOD

The classic shirtwaist frock is a favorite once more, a little softer and more detailed, but retaining a trim and tailored air. Shirring yokes, softness over the bust and across the back, skirts gored or pleated, nearly always slim about the waist and hiplines, are features. Dirndl themes are shown in a number of lines, often considerably removed from the original. Windbreaker jackets and boleros over one-piece frocks are very popular, also over skirts with halter or camisole tops.

During her holiday in Kenya the Duchess of Gloucester is spending a good many hours with her easel. This Royal artist took out her sketching materials and paints from England and is adding to the number of studies she made before her marriage of Kenya beauty spots.

The Duchess is full of admiration for the enterprise of her two girl cousins, the elder of whom, Miss Pamela Scott, is now her hostess at Deloraine.

Both girls intend to carve out careers for themselves, one as an East African farmer, and the other on the London stage.

The Duchess is impressed with the efficiency with which the 22-year-old elder sister, Miss Pamela Scott, is running the farm, chiefly given up to dairying, for her father, Lord Francis Scott.

In addition to her whole time job Miss Scott is catering for the Royal visitors. She and the Duchess are old friends and she is delighted that her Royal visitors are enjoying their stay so much. Although too busy to accompany them on many of their expeditions, she took part in one safari.

Miss Scott's younger sister, Moyra, has just started her second year at a Kensington school of theatre. The Duchess's bridesmaid hopes to make a career in straight acting on the West End stage when her training is over. Her mother, the late Lady Francis Scott, was a clever amateur actress.

Wee Scottie

DESIGN NO. 5002.

GRR-RR—The nursery watch-dog stands guard—Ferocious though he seems this wee Scottie could easily be persuaded to poke and enquiring head over the top of bulging Christmas stocking.

Very easy to make, he is knitted in two pieces then sewn together and stuffed with Kapok. A bright tartan ribbon round his neck makes him a 'Hieldam' man.

The original was made in 4-ply grey yarn, but brushed wool also makes a nice cuddly little dog.

The pattern includes complete directions for knitting and stuffing, together with material requirements.

Send 15 cents for this pattern to the Guardian Needlework Dept.

Design No. 5002 ... .

Name

Street Address

City Province

THE COOK'S CORNER

WHOLEWHEAT RAISIN BREAD

Sift three pints wholewheat flour with two teaspoons salt, and stir into quart milk, water, or half - milk and half-water, to which one-half cup brown sugar or molasses has been added, and one-half a compressed yeast cake. The batter should be as thick as a cake batter but not thicker, hence it may be that a little more milk or water will be needed. Beat until smooth and let rise overnight. Stir down in the morning, and fill it into greased bread pans until half-full. Let rise until mixture fills the pans, and bake for an hour. These quantities should make two good-sized loaves. Before putting into the pans add to the batter one pound of seeded raisins.

CRANBERRY APPLES

1 cup cranberries
1 cup sugar
1 cup water
6 apples

Cover cranberries with water and cook until broken. Press through a coarse sieve. Add sugar, bring to a boil; add apples peeled, cored, and cut in eights. Cook very slowly until apples are clear and have absorbed the juice. Cool and serve with whipped cream as dessert. Use apples which do not break up in cooking. Spy, Delicious, Russet, or Tolman Sweet are good varieties for this purpose.

Pumpkin Preserve

Slice a good pumpkin into chips, a quarter of an inch thick, of uniform size, say 6 inches long and 1 inch broad. Weigh, and allow a pound of loaf-sugar to each pound of chips. Pare the outer rind from several lemons and squeeze the juice into a basin: allow a grill of juice to each pound of pumpkin. Put the chips into a broad pan, lay the sugar among them and pour the lemon juice over them. Cover the pan and let the chips stand all night. In the morning put them into a preserving pan and boil all together, skimming well, until the pumpkin becomes clear and crisp—half an hour's boiling is generally sufficient. When finished, take out the pumpkin, spread on a dish and strain the syrup through a bag. Put into jars, pour the syrup over it and tie it up with paper.

Modern Etiquette

(By ROBERTA LEE)

Q. When receiving an invitation to a Halloween party, and the hostess requests one to come in costume, is it necessary to comply?

A. Yes; it would be rude not to come in a costume if requested to do so.

Q. Is 'Yours truly," or "Yours very truly," a good complimentary closing for a business letter?

A. Yes.

Q. What does "en buffet" mean?

A. "Served from the buffet, without tables."

How Can I ? ?

(By ANNE ASHLEY)

Q. How can I give an added flavor to ripe olives?

A. Ripe olives will be more delicious if they are soaked over night in olive oil, to which has been added a small piece of clove.

Q. How can I keep paraffin convenient for use?

A. Keep paraffin in a lipped utensil, or a discarded metal teapot, for quick melting and convenient pouring.

Q. How can I clean velvet flowers?

A. Merely rub some dry bran on the soiled parts, then brush off. Repeat if necessary.

Poems Free You From Humdrum Thoughts

Does life seem a workaday round of meals, duties, penny-pinching?

Remember those verses by Wadsworth—that begin on such a lonely note—then suddenly thrill you with:

". . all at once I saw a cloud,
A host, of golden daffodils . ."

As quickly as that poetry can take you out of yourself.

Even in tucked-away spots life need not close in on you. Turn to the poem by Sam Walter Foss:

"I see from my house by the side of the road
By the side of the highway of life . . ."

Serenity, hope can always be yours. Read John Burroughs:

"The stars come nightly to the sky;
The tidal wave unto the sea
Nor time, nor space, nor deep nor high,
Can keep my own away from me."

In our 32-page booklet read these and many more of the world's favorite poems by Longfellow Tennyson, Riley, other loved poe[ts]

Send 20c in coins for your copy of World's Best-Loved Poems to The Guardian Home Service, Address. Be sure to write plainly your Name, Address, and the Name of booklet.

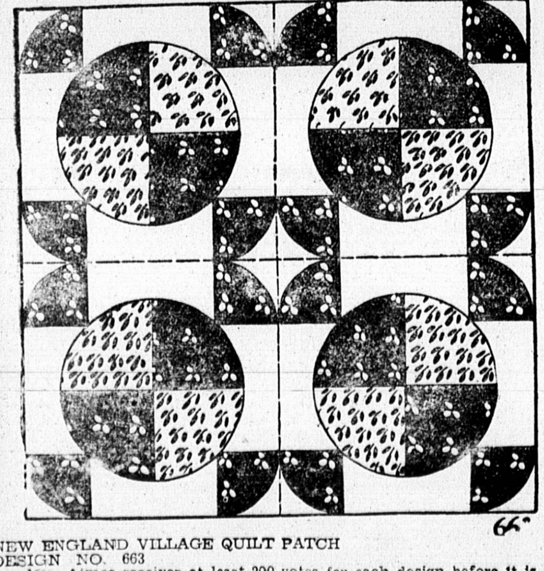
Name

Street Address

Town Province

To-Day's Popular Design

By Carol Aimes



NEW ENGLAND VILLAGE QUILT PATCH
DESIGN NO. 663

Miss Aimes receives at least 200 votes for each design before it is accepted for this column. Send us your votes. We print all the popular designs.

Dear Readers: A lady from the West drew us a sketch of this quilt design. Luckily we had the pattern for it on hand for she plans to make one for her daughter's trousseau. "I had one in mine," she writes, "made by my grandmother; I plan to make this one in mauve and yellow patterned material with pale green background." A delightful color scheme—a lovely pattern—and our compliments to the lucky bride.

The pattern includes cutting patterns for the patches, piecing directions, material requirements and all directions for lining, padding, quilting and finishing.

Send 20 cents, coins preferred.

Pattern Order Form—To be used when ordering Patterns and Voting for POPULAR DESIGNS.

To The Charlottetown Guardian
Needlework Dept.

DESIGN NO. 663

Name ——————————————

Street Address ——————————————

City —————————— State ——————————

I suggest the following as a
POPULAR DESIGN ——————————————

All reproduction rights to this Design reserved.

Mothers Good Guides in Marriage | Dorothy Dix | What to Look For in A Wife

Mothers Are Invariably a Picture of What Their Daughters Will be Like in Future Years, so, Boys, be Observant Before You Pop the Question

Said an old man to a young one: "Pick out your wife by her mother, son. Before you ask any girl to accompany you to the altar take a good, long, careful squint at her mother, for as the mother is at 45 or 50, so in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred will the daughter be. Virtually every mother is a close-up of daughter at middle age. See if you like the picture.

"If Mother is fat, dull-witted and tiresome, don't take on Daughter as a life companion, or else you will be bored to death. But if Mother in her forties is alert and up-to-date; if she reads, is broad-minded, tolerant and jolly good company, daughter is a safe bet as a wife who will always keep you amused and entertained.

"Also, observe Mother's housekeeping. If she is sloppy and slovenly; if she is a bad cook and a wasteful manager; if meals are never on time and the garbage can overflows, then make a getaway while the going is good. For Daughter knows no other sort of housekeeping. She has been bred to no traditions of neatness and order and thrift. She doesn't know good food when she sees it and she will poison her husband on her biscuit, and throw more out of the back door with a teaspoon than he can put in at the front door with a shovel.

"Likewise take note of how Mother treats her husband. If she henpecks him, beware. If she shows him no consideration or tenderness, pause, look and listen. If she regards him as merely a slave to toil for her behoof and benefit, flee for your life, for that is the way daughter has been taught to treat a husband. But if Mother is still a sweetheart to her husband; if she exalts him in his own household and sees that he gets the best of everything, then rush with that girl to the parson because she will make a household pet of you.

"Don't pop the question to a girl until you have been off on some sort of a trip or excursion with her. That will give you some idea of her sportsmanship. Any girl can look like a pin-feathered angel and be so sweet and amiable that butter wouldn't melt in her mouth as long as everything is smooth sailing and going her way. But marriage is full of storms and rough going, and there are plenty of times when a wife has to give up her pet plans and do somebody else's way, and what you want to know is whether she will meet the situation with tears, or laugh it off.

"It would save about 50 per cent of the divorces if bridal trips could be taken before marriage instead of afterward, for a travel brings out the true spots in a disposition as a hot poultice brings out the measles. So watch out for the girl who blames the weather on you if it happens to rain; who gets sulky and glum if a train is late, or there is a puncture in an automobile tire; who can't eat unless she can get just the kind of food she wants; who monopolizes the best of everything and gets hysterical over every little misadventure.

"Be warned in time. She is a rotten sport and the man who marries her will spend the remainder of his life apologizing for things he never did, and working himself to death to try to please one who is never satisfied with anything. She will make the kind of a wife who complains that she can't have all the luxuries that rich women have; who pities herself for being tied down with children, and leaves her husband flat if he loses his money or his job.

"When you marry, get off on the right foot, for the way you start is the way you will go on to the divorce court or the grave. If you commence by making a doormat of yourself, your wife will walk over you and wipe her feet on you. If you let her run you in debt for gilt furniture and near-Persian rugs when you start housekeeping, she will keep your nose to the grindstone. If you let her cold-shoulder your family and friends out of the house and make you furnish an alibi when you are five minutes late for dinner, the time will come when you will be afraid to invite your own mother to come to see you, and you will have to ask permission to go to the corner drug store to get a package of cigarettes.

"Train your wife in the way you want her to go and she will not depart from it. Teach her to regard you as a human being with a few rights and privileges, even if you are her husband. When a man is a nonentity in his own home, it is his own fault.

"Keep your wife busy if you want her to be happy and contented. Give her plenty of good constructive work to do that will make her feel that she is of some real importance in the world. Men think they are being kind to their wives when they support them in idleness. Never was there a greater mistake. It is the women who have nothing to do but to kill time who are the neurotic invalids who enrich doctors, the silly women who get into messes with gigolos, and the peevish, fretful, complaining wives who make their husbands' lives a burden to them.

"And finally, son, always use the salve-spreader instead of the hammer in dealing with your wife. Bear in mind that you can lead a woman anywhere, but you can't drive her an inch. To tell a woman of her faults is simply to confirm her in them, but to praise her for some virtue she does not possess will make her break her neck trying to attain it.

"If you tell your wife that her new hat makes her look like a figure of fun, you have to pay for your indiscretion by buying her another one. But if you tell her how becoming her last year's bird's nest is, she will cheerfully wear it another season. Never bat your wife's extravagance. Boast of what a financier she is and she will pinch every penny. Never throw up your mother's cooking to your wife. Proclaim from the housetops what marvelous angel food she makes, and that her coffee is nectar for the gods, and she will burn herself to a cinder over the gas range to live up to her reputation.

"Managing a woman is the easiest thing in the world, son, if you will only take the trouble to find the combination that works her. And any man who hasn't enough gumption to do that deserves to be nagged to death."

DOROTHY DIX.

IDLE RAINBOW

By Phoebe Sheldon

XXII

Lindsay huddled in one of the chairs before the fire. It was bitter weather. Her hands and feet were cold. She was cold way inside. Cold inside where her feelings were. As if the things inside her that mattered were paralyzed. As if she would never be herself again.

She sighed. "This is nice, Toby. I may as well admit now that all along I hoped I was going to meet you."

Toby whooped. "Lindsay Abbott, that's absolutely the first sign of encouragement you've ever given me! I think we ought to have a celebration of some kind. But you don't drink. How about some tea?"

Lindsay shook her head. "I had tea over at Madge's."

"Then we'll have dinner. And I'm getting hungry, too."

Lindsay said, "Maybe I ought to call Poppy and tell her."

"No," said Toby. "I have you alone for once and I want to talk to you."

"Toby, you keep this place awfully neat for a man." Lindsay's eyes wandered around the room. "I like your water colors. And where did you get that Van Gogh? That's one of my favorites. The Olive Tree, isn't it?"

Toby said softly, "I hunted all over town for that particular one. You admired it when we saw it, remember? But I haven't dared to give it to you."

"How funny, Toby. Though it's much too much of a gift."

"Lindsay Abbott, I'd like to give you everything I possess. If you could only believe how I love you!"

Toby had put his arms on Lindsay's shoulder. The firelight danced in the curls of her hair and lighted up the straight edge of her nose. A high light glistened on the cheery fullness of her lower lip. He put his head down in her hair. Then he kissed her neck. Lindsay's arms crept up and she took hold of his hand.

"You do love me a little, don't you? Say that you do," Toby sat on the arm of her chair.

Lindsay still looked at the fire. Her eyes were fastened on it. She said, "Of course I'm fond of you, Toby."

"Would you marry me, Lindsay?"

She looked up into his eyes. He pleaded with her. She felt a sudden little thrill. To think for once that she, Lindsay Abbott, was needed! That she could actually make someone happy. She had had the curious sense of not being needed by any one in the whole wide world. Even her father and mother had gone off on a Mediterranean cruise and were thankful to dump her on Aunt Spiddy. And Aunt Spiddy had been visibly relieved to see her go to live with Poppy. Even the magazine Lasso no longer needed her. And Rufus—well, Rufus had Julia. Now it was all perfectly clear to her what the trouble had been. There had been no place for her in the world at all. Now she was needed. It was Toby who needed her. Dear Toby. She put her arms up and drew his head down. "Darling!" Toby gathered her up in his arms.

* * * * * *

The next morning Lindsay lay in bed and looked at the ceiling. She had meant to tell Poppy when she came in last night, but Poppy had been asleep and she had decided against waking her. And now Poppy had gone in a hurry.

Lindsay felt relaxed and peaceful. Now that she was going to marry Toby she wouldn't go on looking for a job. After all, it wasn't as if she, Lindsay Abbott, had any great talent or ambition that she had to satisfy. A job was simply the means to an end.

Toby was certainly a darling and he would be so good to her. They would buy a little house over in Jersey somewhere, or in one of those developments in Westchester and she would have grand fun furnishing it. Aunt Spiddy would help, probably. Which reminded her that she must tell Aunt Spiddy. She would never interfere anyway. Neither would her mother and father. Let's see. If everything went well they would be back early in May. Then they would go up home and get the house settled. She would do all the shopping here in the city and then—Aunt Spiddy would help—then there would be the wedding in June. Well, it would be rather fun to be married in June.

The telephone rang and Lindsay jumped up. It was Madge.

"Listen, angel, I'm awfully sorry about yesterday afternoon. It was all my fault. I should have told you as you came in the door that——"

Lindsay said, "Madge darling, I've got some news for you. Toby and I are engaged."

There was silence on the wire for a moment. Then Madge said, "But, my dear! What a surprise! Toby is sweet and I'm sure you two will be awfully happy. Come and have lunch with me. I want to talk to you. Meet me at noon where we had lunch before."

* * * * *

Poppy Cartwright hung up her coat and hat. She took a newspaper out of the pile on the reception bench, went to her desk, opened it and began to read. In the huge room others were hidden behind the newspapers, from which puffs of cigarette smoke arose. Poppy wondered vaguely how soon there would be war on the Siberian border. She looked at the department store ads and gloomily turned the page. Clothes had never been cuter than they were this year. All of a sudden she had a bright idea. That pancake navy blue straw she had last year—if that had a white pique bow in the front and a new lining and a veil, wouldn't it look exactly like this new one? She would have Lindsay take it over to that little hat shop on Eighth Street, and see if it couldn't be freshened up a bit. Cheerfully she turned to see if her school ad was in.

It was. Two columns. The border looked well, too. She had found it in the type book and wondered why nobody used it. It was a perfectly good border, wasn't it? And if it was in the book they must have it downstairs. If she couldn't have art work on her school ads she'd at least have a distinctive border.

There was a noise at the adjoining desk. Her secretary, Miss Katz, had just come in.

"Miss Katz," said Poppy, "go up stairs and see if you can get the proofs on the Sunday black and white fashions from them, will you? The fashion ad has to go down to wait order this afternoon.

(To be Continued)

Household Scrapbook

(By ROBERTA LEE)

Slippery Cans

A good way to prevent cleanser cans, or any others that are slippery, from slipping out of wet hands, is to place two tight rubber bands around the can an inch or so apart.

Cleaning Pewter

Pewter is a soft metal and only very fine scourers, such as fine whiting, rouge, or fine rottenstone mixed with oil, should be used for cleaning it.

Fresh Bread

When the bread is too fresh to slice thinly for sandwiches, place it in the refrigerator for an hour or so and the difficulty will be overcome.

A Morning Smile

PAT ON THE BACK

Maud: How are you getting on, Sarah? Like your new place?"

Sarah: "I think I'm going to like it very much. Yesterday I overheard the mistress say I performed my duties in a very perfunctory manner. That's the first praise I've 'ad from 'er."

"Poor Sandy was very embarrassed during the breach of promise hearing against him."

"Indeed! Why?"

"His postcards were read to the jury."

NOW—See Clothes Wash up to 15% Whiter—with NEW HIGH-TEST OXYDOL

Amazing New Ingredient not only makes new High-Test OXYDOL far whiter washing—but also makes it give up to TWICE THE SUDS even in hard water...

"Impossible!" said millions of women when they heard that America's outstanding laundry soap had been improved.

"Unbelievable!" said scientists when they heard that new High-Test OXYDOL has the power to wash clothes far whiter than the old.

Yet it's true—every word of it! For an amazing new ingredient now makes High-Test Oxydol as much as 15% whiter washing than old-fashioned soaps. Yet keeps it safe for washable colors and fabrics—safe for hands.

Tested against old-style soaps even in hard water, High-Test Oxydol does these amazing things:—(1) Washes white clothes as much as 15% whiter. (2) Gives up to TWICE the suds—suds that actually stand up two to three times longer, in tub or washing machine.

But that's not all. For washable colored things washed in new High-Test Oxydol keep their freshness and sparkle, wash after wash, to a degree that is a revelation. Even gay, colored prints washed as many as 175 consecutive times in new High-Test Oxydol suds showed no perceptible sign of fading—came brilliant, fresh!

Furthermore—High-Test Oxydol soaks dirt loose in as little as 10 minutes, without the ruinous scrubbing or boiling associated with less up to date soaps.

You will be surprised to find how economical new High-Test Oxydol is. Cup for cup, it goes up to ¼ again as far—washes up to 25% more clothes than the old-fashioned soaps you've probably used before.

Try High-Test OXYDOL and see if you don't find an utterly new experience in easier washdays, whiter clothes. Get a package today. Procter & Gamble.

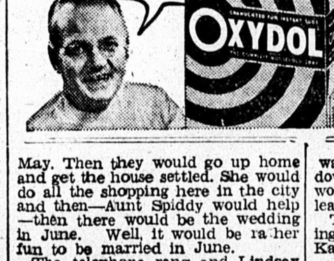
MADE IN CANADA

New High-Test OXYDOL is amazingly safe for washable colors. Even in hard water you'll find that colored things stay amazingly sparkling and fresh through an almost unbelievable number of washings.

The sketches above illustrate how sections of cotton print, washed as much as 175 consecutive times in new High-Test OXYDOL have come through without any perceptible sign of fading.

OXYDOL soaks dirt loose in as little as 10 minutes. Thus ends the washboard scrubbing that shortens the life of clothes.

Picture at left shows a new sheet (highly magnified) washed 84 times by scrubbing with old-style soap. Note fraying in weave, due to hard rubbing and scrubbing . . . On the right, another new sheet washed 84 times the scrubless OXYDOL way. Note difference in "washday" wear and tear.



NEW HIGH-TEST OXYDOL The Last Word in Granulated Soap

Every Day Styles For The Home Sewer

A youthful surplus bodice dress, with soft fullnes from the shoulders, that will make you look slimmer than ever. The interesting collar, adds a bright touch. Its smoothly fitted skirt is gored at the front to give it a gracious flare. The model is lovely in the collarless version with short sleeves. See small view! In such fabrics as crepe marocaine, satin-back crepe, velvet, etc., is ideal for afternoon wear. You couldn't ask for anything simpler so sew....at a budget price. Complete illustrated dressmaking instructions accompany the pattern.

Style No. 2842 is designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20 years, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46-inches bust. Size 36 requires 3 7-8 yards of 39-inch material with 3-4 yard of 35-inch contrasting.

Send fifteen cents in stamps or coin (coin preferred) wrap coin carefully, address to Charlottetown Guardian giving:—

Style No. 2842 Size... ... ...

Name

Street Address

City Province

Wooden Strip Useful

A wooden strip 3 or 4 inches wide set about 4 feet from the floor and running around all four walls of the bathroom makes a convenient base on which to screw towels bars, tumbler holders, etc.

When swallows started from Edinburgh, Scotland, for their winter flight south crowds gathered in the