

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

Living & Leisure THE WOMAN'S REALM

SPRING RAIN
From the distant realms of no-where...
The exciting torrent came, As it the soul of all things Had hung its head in shame.
The hemlock and the balsam The wind whips in and out; The pines and aspens shiver, And twice themselves about.

Dark-hidden in the ailments
From misted-deeps of skies A silver shaft of lightning Breaks as with glad surprise.
A robin must it've sensed it, For in his galloped voice The whole world seemed to quicken, And in his song rejoice.

Another spring, what splendor
The winded air disill— Like laughing, bright-eyed children Across the painted hills Beulah Clay Horsey.

HOME NURSE
More and more we have come to consider home nursing a joint responsibility, writes Lona L. Trotter, assistant director, American Red Cross Nursing Service. Especially in the first few months of the baby's life when the mother's strength is at low ebb, the father should be prepared to help with the care of the child.
Of course in these abnormal times, when so many soldier fathers are away the burden falls on the mother for she feels that she cannot worry the absent one with accounts of sickness or her daily family problems. His funtings may be short and far between, so

STAR DESIGN FOR TABLE-CLOTH

With good china so precious these days, what asks for better care than a delicate, cherished teapot? To protect the spout from breaking or chipping over with a hollow cork when not in use.

Up and Down Traffic
A pretty heavy in a two-story house. For least disruption when they break across the floor, use this method. Use the most sure-fire quick-drying paint, paint every other step one night (when the rest of the family has retired) and alternate steps the next night.

Roasted meats retaine more of its flavorful juices, when cooking is done with moderately low even heat.

Stadium is the Latin form of the Greek word for a standard of length.



DESIGN NO. 1036

COOK'S CORNER
SPICY CRUMB CAKE
1 1/2 cups flour
1/2 cup brown sugar
1/2 cup butter
1/2 teaspoon nutmeg
1/2 teaspoon ginger
1/2 teaspoon cinnamon
1/2 teaspoon soda
1/2 teaspoon salt
1 egg
1/2 cup thick sour milk

Method: Sift the flour, then measure and mix with the brown sugar. Add the butter and cut this in until the mixture is in fine crumbs. Take out 1/4 cup of this mixture to sprinkle on top of the cake.

To the remaining mixture add the spices, soda and salt, then break in the butter and mix with milk. Mix lightly, until the batter becomes smooth. Pour into a lightly greased or wax paper-lined pan (about 7 or 8 inches square). Sprinkle the reserved crumb mixture over the top and bake in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for about 40 to 50 minutes. Cut squares to serve when cool.

The Killer Whale is capable of swallowing a fish seal or small porpoise at a gulp.

Name _____ Street Address _____ City _____ Province _____

Wait till you taste a zesty fish loaf made with Heinz Condensed Vegetable Soup

FISH LOAF
1 cup Heinz condensed fish
1/2 cup dry bread crumbs
2 tablespoons finely sliced green pepper
1/2 cup finely sliced celery
1 tablespoon finely sliced onion
1 egg
1/2 cup Heinz Condensed Vegetable Soup, Without green pepper
1/2 cup milk
1/2 cup butter
1/2 cup flour

Combine first seven ingredients. Grease a loaf pan and arrange green pepper rings in bottom. Place a slice of hard-cooked egg in the center of each. Pack loaf mixture in pan. Bake in a moderate oven (350°F.) for 45 to 60 minutes or until firm. Turn out on platter. Serve hot or chill and serve as a cold salad loaf. 57

This recipe is taken from a 40-page booklet—57 Ways To Use Heinz Condensed Soups—just published. Ask your grocer for a FREE copy.

The Wild Bird

By Elizabeth Vernon
"Well, where is he?" asked Jerry Kit, without haste went out into the hall. "Good morning," he said.
The two young things turned toward him. Yes, he reflected, very good-looking was Master Jerry, standing there in his belted leather coat, his head slightly thrown back, a little arrogant. Like a young buck of the eighteenth century.

"Good morning, I was just saying," said the young buck, "that I like to know why no one got in touch with me last night."
"If you want to know why your sister spent the night here," said Jerry, "it was because the radiator of my car is frozen, the telephone is out of order and it was too late—and she was too lame and too tired—to walk to the village where, in any case, she would not have been able to get a taxi."

"Ginnie says there was a woman who left in a car. Why couldn't she take 'Ginnie' with her?"
"Because," replied Jerry, "seems it didn't occur to her to do so."

"Sounds a trifle bogus to me," said Jerry.
"Still presently, Kit said: 'You have only to ask your sister whether she complains of any—hospitality.'"

"Oh, no, Jerry—I don't," said Ginnie. Her sensitive face was shadowed by her hair, and she looked a little sad. "I don't like to see her so. Pleasant breakfast together, she should seem ungrateful. She says a mad smile."

"Well, come along, Ginnie," said Jerry. "I've got an appointment in town." He addressed Kit. "Thank you very much for having my sister's horse sent for me."
"And thank you very much, Mr. Stone," Ginnie held out her hand to her brother. "I'm so sorry to have been such a trouble."

"We shall meet again," he told her, "quietly. Take care of that horse."

From the porch he watched the young couple get into their car. His sister waved as he drove off. He smiled, on this grim winter day. Kit thought, like the flowers of which that light might make one think.

He waited until the car, with rapidly rising wheels, disappeared into the lanes. He turned and entered the house. He stood, his hands in his pockets, balancing himself on his heels. He struck himself on a sporting print, his eyes a little narrowed. "Trouble," he would like in fact he wished for—a little more trouble.

CHAPTER V

"Well, well," said Uncle Dick, "we must answer this invitation that's come for little Ginnie."
He stood by the fireless hearth and ate the butter and out this in her chair, knitted with placid Jerry, a slim figure in a sweater and grey flannels stood, his back to the window. He looked at the window with as much intentness as if there were anything to see except the slow fall of snowflakes on the deserted path. He and Alain lounged on a sofa apparently absorbed in the illustrated paper on his knee. He struck Ginnie, fresh, what a lot of time they all spent—even Uncle Dick—in turning over picture papers and society notes.

The private sitting room of the suite was, today, she thought, a little more than a compromise. It was humanized by the family belongings. Dotted about were Aunt Lou's photographs in their shagreen frames. There was a photograph of Aunt Lou's mother—his own grandmother. She had, Ginnie thought, a tired secret look. Perhaps she had seen poor, old, old Alain, who had been rather unwell lately. Finally there was a photograph, so much disliked by Jerry, of one of the many small portraits of sixteen arms around each other's necks, faces gazing out of the frame; very sentimental. But Ginnie didn't really dislike it. It amused her to see how much better looking Jerry was than herself.

"But I am a little pretty," she thought now. And her heart beat, slightly and unreasonably as Uncle Dick picked up the invitation which this morning had come for her.

"Wanderley," he read aloud, "Belmont, 15th January 1938."
"Dear Miss Riven,"
"I believe that I only just missed you the other morning when I came over to visit my aunt at the little house. I was told how you had had to shelter there for the night. I can't think that you were comfortable if you had to depend on Chesser's idea of house-keeping! And I well know the miserly of being oneself and hounds in a strange country; and a lame horse added to it all."

"We may have already met, I think you were at the same school with a great-niece of mine—Polly Malard—whom I visited there once."

"In any case, my son, and I would be so glad if both you and your brother would come to Wanderley for the weekend of the 23rd. If this frost holds, there'll be no hunting, but we shall be having two or three friends to stay, and a cocktail party (delectable form of entertainment) on the Sunday."

"I do hope you can come. I am, of course, writing to your aunt by this post to ask whether she can spare you."

"Yours very sincerely
"MARY STONE."
"Very nice," said Aunt Lou. "Jerry didn't go; nor did he turn from the window and look at the 23rd. In one way we should know. In one way we should know. In one way we should know. In one way we should know."

"And who then," said Etienne. "Is this Stone? That we should know. In one way we should know. In one way we should know. In one way we should know."

"I don't know," said Etienne. "I don't know. In one way we should know. In one way we should know. In one way we should know. In one way we should know."

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Dorothy Dix Says—

POOR LETTER WRITERS Complaining Women Should Remember Their Soldiers Have Little Time

DEAR DOROTHY DIX: I note that a great number of women write to your column complaining that their husbands and fiancés, who are overseas in the war, do not write to them as often as they think they should. Especially do the wives seem to think that they should get letter for letter from their husbands, and, if they do not, they conclude that their husbands have ceased to love them and even go so far as to ask for a divorce, in many cases, on the ground of neglect.

I often wonder if these complaining wives and sweethearts ever realize that the men in action are not provided with good mahogany desks on which to write daily bulletins to their families; that the enemy does not cease firing regularly at 3 P.M. every day so that their husbands may write his daily letter; that they are living on stretches of K-rations for 48 hours or more at a stretch, gone sleepless and be utterly worn out and weary, and in no condition, mentally or physically, to indite a billet-doux.

I have had letters from my son, written with an ammunition case as a desk, letters written literally on his knees for lack of anything else to support the paper; letters written by a flashlight under a blanket because no light might be shown; V-mail letters written because he was out of stamps; letters written in foxholes in well-nigh indecipherable scrawls.

Do these wives and sweethearts, who complain that their men are not letter-writers, realize that censorship forbids practically all accounts of everything that constitutes their sole occupation and that, in addition to having little to write, they are battling incessant discomfort and strain, fear, the loss of comrades and all the horrors of war that they can't even tell about? They can't even write about the weather because that would tip off the enemy to their location.

Starved as they are for the usual family lives, sick with homesickness, tired, worn, how can any woman be ideal enough to be peevish because her husband doesn't write every day to her as she would like? I know you have written this to women who complain about not getting letters from overseas. Do it again. Tell those women to dig a hole in the back yard and spend a night in it. Let them imagine enemy planes are overhead and a day of bloody fighting is behind them and another one coming tomorrow and let them see if they feel like writing a cheerful, chatty letter to a husband who will be miffed if he doesn't get one.

Tell them to look at the pictures that are printed in the newspapers and magazines of the emaciated prisoners and the wounded men and realize that one of them may be her silent husband whom she thinks she is justified in double-crossing because he doesn't write often enough.

ANSWER: There is nothing that I can add to this letter except the fervent wish that all some of the complaining wives and make them see why the letters they look for are not so frequent as they desire.

DEAR DOROTHY DIX: What do you think of a mother who will not permit her 16-year-old daughter to go on a date with a nice boy? My mother never allows me to date with any boy, not even the one I have known all my life. She says that, if I go with one, I can pack up and leave home, that she will never speak to me again.

ANSWER: It is not only being unfair to you, it is being stupid. Any mother who knows anything about how to handle a 16-year-old girl must realize that the best way in the world to make a girl boy-crazy is never to let her associate with one, and that the way to make her run, that she breaks out of at any cost.

Girls who are permitted to grow up with boys naturally and to play about with them and to go to innocent places of amusement with them do not idealize them. They just take them in their stride. To the fatherly prince he is to the girl who sees a hero in every lad because she has not been allowed to have any acquaintance with any boys. Every mother with girls should keep Eve and the forbidden fruit episode in her mind.

BETTER ENGLISH

D. C. Williams

1. What is wrong with this sentence? "He never said a word about that."
2. What is the correct pronunciation of "Gorilla, gossamer, gossamer, gossamer?"
3. Which one of these words is misspelled? "Gorilla, gossamer, gossamer, gossamer."
4. What does the word "prevalent" mean?
5. What is a word beginning with sup that means "haughty"?

ANSWERS:
1. Say, "She did not say a word about that."
2. Pronounce "Gorilla" as "gor-illa" (not "gor-illa").
3. "Gorilla, gossamer, gossamer, gossamer."
4. "Prevalent" means "superior."
5. "Supercilious."

London Directory, Who's Who, Kelly's Directory, the United, Landed and Official Classes.
He opened the Burke.
"Stomach," he murmured. "Stomach, Stone, Stone—ah yes; Stone, Christopher Jetwyn, Landed of the Wanderley. Only son of Christopher Marley Stone, (died 1890) by Mary Charlotte, third daughter of tenth Earl of Cantemere. Born 1910. Eton. Rugby and Magdalen College Oxford—Yes, yes, it is as I remember; this Lady Mary is very charming, very woman-of-the-world. I met her, for a few minutes only, on the Riviera five years since."
"It's a good thing said Uncle Dick, "for Ginnie to get a nice invitation like this. It makes that school and all we've done seem worth while."

"And a nice rum," Aunt Lou laughed, you made when the bill for the hunting clothes came in. But it's just as I've always maintained. If young things once get started, they're all right. The balls at their feet."
Continued

HOUSEHOLD

By Roberta Lee

The Thermos Bottle
If making ice water for the water first and then pour into the jug. The small pieces of ice that go in with the water will not hurt the bottle, but they will when poured in without water.

Ready for Preserving
Wash all the jars and bottles thoroughly before putting them away for preserving time. Then all that is needed before using them is a boiling hot water bath.

Window Screens
If window screens stick by rubbing laundry soap along the rods they slide on. Then run the screens up and down a few times.

HOW CAN I !!

By Anne Ashby

Q. How can I make a solution for dandruffing the hair?
A. Mix 2 ounces of bay rum, 2 ounces glycerine, 2 ounces alcohol, 10 ounces infusion of black tea. The tea should be mixed, 1 ounce to 10 ounces of boiling water. Let the tea steep for 30 minutes, then cool before adding the other mixture.

Q. How can I kill moths in a carpet or rug?
A. Cover the place with a wet towel. Then apply a hot iron until the towel is dry. This kills both the moths and the eggs. Sprinkle with salt every week before sweeping.

ELLEN'S DIARY

By An Island Farmer's Wife

I'm afraid, most of us at Alder, even "the stranger within our gates" did on yesterday in all its sunshine and gentle breeze and sparkling water lightly caressed by swallows, wings, and I very pleasantly away. All but Judy, who represented the family at the services returning from the afternoon one in the Church on the river road and neighbor to the old Kirk, to sup alone. That was when her week-end guests and I were at Rob's where James took us in the car. I may say several halts were made on route not altogether for the sake of the landscape but for to admire the landscape but for me to wonder if possibly the gad-about on the car instrument-board might prove to be more than a match for even James' intelligence. For he is not used to driving our present confounded car, although it pleases me to remember him as my best chauffeur before he was called upon to resign the post in favor of others, younger and more care-free and obviously fairly itching for the feel of the wheel beneath their fingers. We remained with Rob's to tea and then all of us with James conducting went on a tour of inspection. We admired the growing kitchen, the three grey kittens (this morning disposed of via the water method, neglected by a silly and irresponsible mother) the lambs, the calves and other animals. That was before the dusk came and we came back without a delay; incident to Alder and Jack and Jeanie took our visitor to her home in another community. She lives beside a broad river that flows through a smiling and extremely fertile country nearer the city than where one is more aware of a busy bustling outside world. The shortest time in the Book had come then, among the number a two-months girl-babe who regarded James and me from dark wondering eyes. Whether it was that very time angels in the old kitchen whiskered a pleasant secret in my ear or perhaps she had found us rather amusing, at any rate a winsome, toothless smile broke across small features like a sudden beam of sunshine on the gold of dandelions or perhaps more like tender moonlight mellowly lighting a small placid pool.

And a bright new day was with us this morning when a pompous black and gold be courted a white narcissus in the border. The first of either I had chanced to see this season. A mist of pink, like a bride's maid's gown was on the gnarled boughs of the old ruscus in the orchard and the small cherry trees at the foot of the garden were bowers of misty white.

This was the Monday of the federal election—the one day when all across Canada, citizens held equal rights. The men and women of the land were handed smaller ballots and they marked them with the same pencil and one counted as much in the final result as the other. This morning, as Judy said, "perfectly" she is "perfectly sure" as to who of all the would-be-Dominion leaders is the best looking and therefore most entitled to a vote—all but me and "Pard" went early to the poll, held near the highway in a neighboring district. We went early for as James in the backward cropping season at hand reasoned it "There'll be less rush than we. We can register our votes quickly and get back to work." Perhaps it is that the war served to shut out almost every other interest in recent years that it was difficult to recapture the thrill the occasion afforded. Following too, the grandeur of V-E-Day, which came to make other national events even an election seem insignificant beside the three or perhaps representative of as many different forms of opinions as to "platforms" and methods of government. Doubtless each one of us had a greater or lesser make-up and all reminding me that at the foundation all would seek to build a greater world. Whatever the out-come of today's voice-of-the-people may be let it be said the future powers-that-be whether they be statesmen wise and far-seeing with only their country's welfare before them or not, small politicians willing to risk even that welfare for personal gain and self-advancement may be said of either-or-all that they fashioned a mighty country in the reconstruction period, gigantic tasks and momentous time that it is building as it is James would a building or any work of his hands; on a sure foundation with "bread and butter" for all—the land of likable, healthy contented people—a land of smiling faces and of happy homes.

James wished afterwards we had delayed our going till later for if he had commenced the work a little earlier, the sewing he had set himself to do would have been completed. As it was he had scarcely gotten beyond the half-way mark and had come to dinner when the heavens fairly opened and a hurried trip was made to the field to get the grain home and again under cover. This, indeed, James is having a drive with this spring's seeding when brawn and wit are a puny match for the recent variable and indifferent brand of weather. There was however no folding of hands for present most of the family forgiveness in the basement of the house across the lane and this evening a sizable pile of sets, which James thinks may be too deep for the good of the seed, bear evidence to their industry in the rain.

The rain continues as I write and I think maybe it is just as well. Any celebrating because of the election reports will necessarily be curtailed and the accidents and mis-adventures the excitement brings will be lessened. It is quiet at Alder tonight. Outside darkness and rain trickling peacefully down the panes; inside, a sound pleasant conversation. Now Judy comes to watch me at my writing—lonely, doubtless for today a letter she expected did not come. A car makes its way from the hill-top and crawls slowly past the end of the lane, feeling the slippery road so carefully. It was a muddy and forbidding "thor-

DEAD-EYE DICK!



CLANG! And there's another ringer! When Sonny throws 'em, those horseshoes slide on the peg as if drawn by magnets! He wins every game in his gang. Knows a good thing when he catches it, too! "Things to eat?" said Sonny. "Oh, spare-ribs 'n apple pie... and before bed-time a flock of Kellogg's Corn Flakes with some of Mom's cream!" Yes, Sonny, 4 out of 5 Canadians vote Kellogg's first for favour. They're delicious for any meal, any time... economical too! Get a couple of packages tomorrow. Two handy sizes. Made by Kellogg's in London, Canada.

SAVE TIME... SAVE WORK... SAVE FUEL!

MORNING SMILE

NOT NOW

Gruff Father (to son): "Why don't you get out and find a job?"
When I was your age I was working for \$6 a week in a shop, and at the end of five years I owned the shop."
Son: "You can't do that now—You have cash registers."

HE KNEW
Three elders of a kirk were discussing their minister's sermons. "He's wonderful," said one. "I mind him preachin' three sermons frae one text."
"But that's naething tea said Thomas," said another. "I mind him preachin' six sermons frae the shortest text in the Book."
"Oh," said the third man, puffing at his pipe, "that's naething tea ma wife. She's been preachin' at me for twenty years frae one text at a."

MODERN ETIQUETTE
By Roberta Lee

Q. When answering a wedding invitation what form should one use?
A. The same form should be used as when replying to any formal invitation, and should be written on the first page of good, white note paper.
Q. Should the bread and butter plates remain on the table throughout the entire meal?
A. No; they should remain until the dessert is served.
Q. Is it permissible to terminate a conversation that has grown too tedious?
A. Yes; quietly dignity and tact will succeed invariably.
"Cough" at dusk Judy breaks our silence. "I lunched them, Mrs. Ellen," she tells me, "and now I think I shall go to bed."
"Push back that cover on the old piano," I tell her brusquely to nice feelings "and we'll have a bit of what passes for music to brighten up the night." And Judy's eyes brighten and she is off in a dash to do my bidding.
Until tomorrow — Diary-Good-night.

Q. Why is unsweetened canned fruit rationed?
A. Unsweetened fruit in quantities smaller than 165 half-ounces is rationed because it is most bulky and it is required by certain invalids. If it were rationed, these invalids would likely be able to obtain their requirements.
Q. If sugar coupons are cut are the preserves coupon also cut?
A. Unrestricted fruit and preserves still have the same value pound for pound as they did before and half a pound with a preserves coupon if you do not wish to buy commercially made jams, jellies, etc. The reduction in the ration ration will be made by postponing the valid dates for certain coupons from now until the end of the year.

Here's a SENSIBLE way to relieve MONTHLY FEMALE MISERY
Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound not only helps relieve monthly pain but also calms nervous, tired, high-strung feelings—when due to functional periodic disturbances. It's one of the most effective medicines for this purpose. Pinkham's Compound helps relieve! Follow label directions. Try it!

Needlecraft FOR THE HOME

GUNNING PLAYSET
A playset and dress, wonderful for excursions to the beach and outings in the country. So cool, so comfortable and so much room for play.
No. 2869 is out in sizes 1, 2, 3, 4, and 6. Size 2 requires 1 yard 33-inch, 2 yards for ric ric for playset; 1 1/2 yards 36-inch, 3 yards ric ric dress.
Send 20 cents for PATTERN, which includes complete sewing guide. Print your Name, Address, and Style Number plainly. Be sure to state size you wish.
Address Pattern Department The Charlottetown Guardian.

MOTHERS FEEL SAFER
One Mother writes: "With a family of children constantly getting scratches, cuts, or bruises I have proved Mecca an invaluable healer. I cannot praise it too highly. I keep a tin of Mecca upstairs and another downstairs." 62

MECCA OINTMENT
BISLEY FEES REDUCED
LONDON — (CP) — The National Rifle Association has announced that by reduced entry fees it hopes to attract to the Bisley meets, being resumed next year, large numbers of men who have handled a rifle during the war.

2869
SIZES
1-2-3
4-6-6

