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

Living & Leisure
—THE WOMAN'S REALM—

I LOVE TO STEAL AWHILE AWAY

I love to steal awhile away
From every cumbering care,
And spend the hours of closing day
In humble, grateful prayer.

I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore,
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On God, whom I adore.

I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven;
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempests driven.

Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm at this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

Mrs. Phebe Hinsdale Brown whose son, the Rev. Samuel Brown, went abroad years later as America's pioneer missionary to Japan, was the author of this favorite "Twilight Hymn."

But she had no thought of composing a hymn as she penned her stanzas one summer in 1818. Living at the time in a modest home in Ellington, Conn., where her husband was a house painter, she was smarting under the rebuke of a wealthy neighbor, a lady who owned an estate with a garden to which Mrs. Brown used to love to flee for evening peace and meditation after a wearying round of household tasks. Informed by a servant of Mrs. Brown's nightly strolls to the garden, the lady of the estate misinterpreted the visits. One day she said rudely:

"Mrs. Brown, why do you come up at evening so near our house and then go back without coming in? If you want anything, why do you not come in and ask for it?"

Crushed and humiliated, Mrs. Brown went home to grieve over the rebuke she had received That night, after putting three of her four youngsters to bed, she sat up rocking her baby —and still thinking about her unpleasant encounter. Tears came, in spite of everything, and as she wept she began to write. Within a little while she had dashed off the verses which were to make the most famous of her fifteen hymns.

When she had finished, she entitled her stanzas, "An Apology For My Twilight Rambles: Addressed to a Lady," and sent a copy to the neighbor who had rebuked her. Another copy fell into the hands of a minister-friend, Dr. Charles Clyde, who published the verses in "Village Hymns," a song volume which he and his daughter were compiling.

TARTAR ON TEETH IS DANGER SIGNAL

Two cues to see your dentist which if ignored may result in trouble are tartar on the teeth and gums that tint your toothbrush pink.

Of course healthy gums bleed if bruised too vigorously or if pricked by a flyaway bristle. But gums that continue to act up are something else again, and should have the attention of your dentist.

The reason any tartar accumulation on teeth should be removed early is that if allowed to pile up it works down under the gums and can create havoc.

These are the more urgent reasons for seeing your dentist. Having no such reasons, you should see him for periodic examinations as often—many dentists say —as every six months. This gives a dentist an opportunity to detect a pit or a fissure while it is still a superficial invasion of the enamel. Halted then, damaging inroads into the pulp of the tooth may be largely averted.

COFFEE GROUNDS

Coffee grounds make a good non-dust compound for the basement floor. Deposit your grounds in a strainer by the cellar drain and when sweeping up the floor sprinkle them in the path of the broom.

SINK STRAINER IS NOW JEWELRY

NEW YORK— Marbles and safety pins, screws and colored jacks, sink strainers and bits of broken glass have artistic approval today as jewelry.

They're hanging side by side with conventioned metals and semi-precious stones on exhibit at the Museum of Modern Art, and the hardware, we'll have to admit, makes just as much sense as some of the fancier stuff.

Anni Albers and Alex Reed of Black Mountain College, N. C., have contrived a necklace, for instance, of the chain from a bathtub stopper, a round perforated sink grating and a handful of paper clips (strung through the gratings like fringe). It's ornament.

Across the room hangs a creation of noted sculptor and "mobile" maker Alexander Calder —an oversized necklace of abstract whirls of unpolished brass. It's art.

The Black Mountain team has strung vari-colored jacks —the kind little girls play with—into a pretty choker.

Calder has made a huge sunburst of brass for a pin, fastened on to it three pieces of broken colored glass.

The majority of the exhibitors presented their abstractions in less startling form. A considerable amount of silver was shown with and and without stones, in simple ornamental shapes.

LUNCHEON CLUB BANS SPEECHES

Chicago now has a "Keep Your Mouth Shut" luncheon club, organized by a select group of businessmen who don't go for talk, especially speeches and gossip, with their meals.

Women, says the chivalrous members, may be guests—if they keep quiet.

On that basis, gentlemen, we say, "No, thanks."

That's not luncheon— that is breakfast, no matter what time of the day it is served.

Breakfast provides the married woman with enough meal-time silence to last the whole day. Why on earth would she get dressed up and rush to town to attend a luncheon at which talk is barred?

But if she were permitted to speak a few words she might go once, just to ask a question and make a suggestion.

Why do the men meet at noon for their talkless meal? Why in the world don't the silence lovers meet and have breakfast together?

That way Mama could sleep late in the morning and have her usual silent meal alone—with the added attraction of having the front page of the morning paper to read while eating.

And the club should certainly be able to gain in membership by making its silent meal breakfast instead of lunch.

The average man is ready for talk by noon, and hence he would not be much interested in a "Keep Your Mouth Shut" luncheon club.

LINDA BECOMES BLONDE

Brunette Linda Darnell has turned blonde for her role as Amber in the movie version of "Forever Amber." Her studio calls the new shade a "soft ash blonde subdued by silver overtones."

KING COLE TEA AND COFFEE

Better English
D. C. Williams

1. What is wrong with this sentence? The lecture treated on subjects familiar to the audience."
2. What is the correct pronunciation of "chaste"?
3. Which one of these words is misspelled? Ascension, asbestos, asfalt, asparagus.
4. What does the word "torrid" mean?
5. What is a word beginning with ju that means "legal power or authority"?

ANSWERS

1. Say. "The lecture treated of subjects." 2. Pronounce the a as in paste, not as in past. 3. Asphalt. 4. Dried with, or exposed to, heat, especially of the sun. "The torrid days of summer had gone." 5. Jurisdiction.

Grand Relief
FROM SNIFFLY, STUFFY DISTRESS OF
Head Colds!

DOUBLE-DUTY NOSE DROPS WORKS FAST RIGHT WHERE TROUBLE IS!
Instantly relief from head cold distress starts to come when you put a little Va-tro-nol in each nostril. Also —it helps prevent colds from developing if used in time! Try it! Works fine! You'll like it!
VICKS VA-TRO-NOL

Modern Etiquette
By Roberta Lee

Q. Is it all right for employees to send cards or gifts to their employer on holidays and anniversaries?

A. This is often done, but it is really better to keep business relations entirely separate from things personal.

Q. When golf, tennis, motoring, and such sports are intended by the hostess of a week-end party, should she mention these things in her invitations?

A. Yes, so that the guests may come prepared.

Q. Is it customary, following a church christening, for the father to give a fee to the clergyman?

A. Yes, and also to the sexton.

Morning Smile

Teacher: "And so we find that heat expands things and cold contracts them. Can any one give me an example of this?"

Bright Student: "Yes, ma'am. The days are longer in summer."

WOMEN

Sued for damages by a man he'd knocked down, the motorist protested his innocence.

"But," he exclaimed, "I was only doing five miles an hour when the man stepped in front of my car!"

"That makes it worse," snapped the plaintiff's counsel. "Imagine the prolonged suffering of my client as the car rolled slowly over him!"

How Can I!!
By Anne Ashley

Q. How can I make a good luncheon dish out of leftover fish?

A. Place the leftover fish in the casserole with a mound of strained, cooked spinach. Cover with white sauce and cheese, and put in the oven to bake.

Q. How can I remove grit from the eye?

A. By applying a drop of castor oil. Or, bathe it well with warm witch hasel or pure olive oil.

Q. How can I remove scorched spots from cloth?

A. Wet the spots with water and cover with borax or cornstarch, rubbing it in well. Let it dry before removing it.

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▶RASHES
▶BLACKHEADS
Mildly medicated Cuticura helps clear them up quickly. Preferred by many nurses. Buy at your druggist's today!
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EVAPORATED MILK
Makes Cereals Taste Wonderful

DOROTHY DIX SAYS—

War Year's Changed Gl's

Many Vets Lost Affection for Fiancees During Army Service

DEAR MISS DIX: We are two girls of 19 who had boy friends in the Army for two years, but they have now gotten their discharges and are home again. During these two years we were true and wrote to them every day, and the boys did the same in writing to us. But since they have come home they won't have anything to do with us, and they seem to have forgotten us.

Have we lost our feminine touch, or just what is the matter?

TWO BEWILDERED GIRLS.

ANSWER: Your feminine touch is doubtless just as potent as ever, only these two GI Joes no longer respond to it; so the wise thing for you to do is just wipe them off your slate and turn the current on some other lads.

Your problem is one that is very common now and that is causing a lot of heartache among the girls who waited patiently and faithfully for their sweethearts to come back from the war, and who find that the boys' love for them has died and that they are no longer desired.

BOYS MATURE, NOW

Understandably the girls resent this and feel that they are being badly used, but, in reality, the lads are not to blame. They were just immature boys when the went into the Army. Too young to know their own minds, or what love really is, or what kind of girls they were going to want when they grew up.

But the war has matured them. The discipline they have endured, the experiences they have been through, the things they have suffered have made them old beyond their years. And so when they come back home many of them find that they have outgrown the girls they left behind them.

Much of the restlessness and nervousness and the drinking and the dissipation of the returned soldiers is due to the fact that their old girls, whom they no longer care for, are insisting on marrying them and making them feel like heels if they don't. They don't want to hurt these girls. They don't want to seem traitors to them and their families. And they don't seem to know how to get out of the sentimental web in which they are involved.

The wise girl should accept the situation as it exists and set Joe free. In refusing to marry his ex-love he is doing a far kinder thing than he would if he let himself be swept into a marriage for which he lost his taste.

DEAR DOROTHY DIX: I was happily married at the age of 20. For a few years my husband was good to me. Then he began having affairs with other women and I divorced him. Later on he married. I am still a widow, but my ex-husband insists on calling on me, using every excuse he can muster up to see me although he is living with his wife.

I want him to let me alone to live my life, but he will not do it. When he thinks I am going to have a date he passes by my home, and if my date happens to be there he comes in and abuses him. What can I do about it?

EX-WIFE.

ANSWER: It looks as if you will have to call in the police to protect you from being annoyed by the unwelcome attentions of your former husband. Apparently he is still in love with you and is jealous of anyone whom you seem to like.

It is a common thing for husbands with a wandering foot, to be unfaithful to the wives they really adore. They cannot resist running after every fluttering skirt that crosses their path, yet at the same time the only women whom they really love are their wives whom they honor and respect and whose hearts they break.

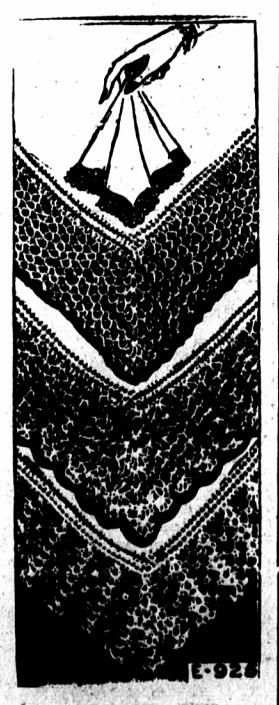
I would say your husband belongs to this class.

DEAR DOROTHY DIX: Is it wrong to write and tell a fellow what you think of him? A boy asked me to go steady with him not long ago and I refused because I was not sure that I loved him Now that someone else has him I know I love him and that if I made the first move he would come back to me. I am 19 and know what I want.

BEWILDERED

ANSWER: For heaven's sake sit on your hands if you have the urge to write so badly that you are contemplating dropping a lad a note telling him that you love him and asking him to please come back to you. There is a better technique than that. Ask him to a party and let him see how pleased you are to see him again. Hand out a little soft talk, if necessary, but don't put it on paper. Emulate the famous coquette who said that she had said many indiscreet things to men, but, thank God, there wasn't a scrap of her handwriting in the length and breadth of the land.

WIDE HANDKERCHIEF EDGINGS



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To order: Send 20 cents in coin to Needlework Bureau, Charlottetown Guardian.

Design No. E-925

Name

Address

City Province

Household Scrapbook
By Roberta Lee

Pie Crust

If it is found that there is not enough pastry to make an upper crust for the pie, cut it into strips and make a lattice-work top. No one will know the reason you have done so.

The Rubber Plant

A little sweet oil around the roots of the rubber plant, every few weeks, will make the leaves green and glossy.

White Paint

A little soap in some milk makes an excellent wash for white glossy paint.

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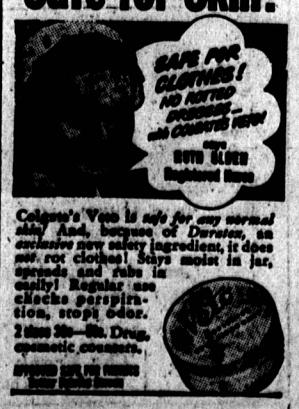

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Lord and Lady Rothermere, the former publisher of London's Daily Mail, were also on the Queen Elizabeth passenger list. Lady Rothermere, shown here, expects to visit Canada when the newspaper magnate comes here on a shopping trip for newsprint.

Ellen's Diary
By an Island Farmer's Wife

But James and I lost the disturbing question of the purchased chicken—which had been in the castle" as James had pointed out—nature of fetching "coals to Newsomewhere along the soothing dusky hours of our night. After all, if my buying had been as he said "not too wise" it was, or so the ladies of my "old home town" assured me beguilingly, "for a good cause." And wound about the article and tucked into the homely folds of the enclosing wrapper, I found many entertaining memories of my childhood days. I saw the azure blue of the shore line with an intriguing horizon beyond it; the old home in "the hollow"; the school on the hill top with its summoning and often welcome bell; the leisurely traffic of olden days on the town road; the quiet and charm of the Sabbath when once devotions were past one might steal away to read. Long lazy Sundays those were, the like of which I have never chanced to find since reaching the adult stage. I saw too as if it had been only yesterday, the old orchard, not so old then, favorite trees with conveniently low and wide-spreading branches, bowers of pink and white blossom in Spring and the dreamy magic of the small brook cornering through.

• • •

The gold of the first dandelion was to be found there, on a sunny and sheltered bank. There too in the amber of the harvest days, first apples might be sampled and later in the same place away from the monotony of "the dishes, Ellen!" and other prosaic chores there were several delicious selections. "Duchess" large and pink-streaked and altogether luscious; Fameuse, snow-white in flesh, a bit scabby perhaps but who cared so long as the flesh was sweet and juicy? And then "when the frost was on the pumpkin" and the last of the fruits of the field had been gathered or perhaps as an incidental to "turnip time" came the apple picking when the treasure hunt was to find the largest "Alexander." I wonder now, as I chance to pass an orchard, this time of year, and my eye picks out the striking red of the Alexander apple if other youngsters know aught of the unmatched delight and satisfaction of finding the very biggest one of them all, hanging there. Not to eat it. Certainly not. But just to have it to display proudly to family and friends, to marvel at its size and then to lay it by carefully "for Christmas" that halcyon season which for children appears rosily in the distance. All of these thoughts came back to me when I unwrapped the "home town" chicken. And if James, this husband of mine professes to have only an indifferent appetite for cold chicken it was surprising how quickly the delicate slivers from the breast disappeared, to say nothing of the meatier and more substantial portions from other parts of the body, when, I set it before him at more than one succeeding meal!

• • •

A feeble flicker of a smile lit up his features in greeting this morning and then as if by common consent, we drew the bed covers more protectingly about our shoulders. And then James, who had been the first to stir murmured sleepily, as he returned comfortably to what he is pleased to term his "best side for sleeping on": "Do you suppose the ground's hard frozen, Ellen? Can you see any frost on the waste gate?" There it was. I could see it by merely raising my head the least bit from my pillow. The silvery-white of it lay on the mill rooves too and on those of the farmstead on the hill. It was a quiet pastoral scene I looked down upon with as yet no sign of a human stirring, in this corner of the world of ours. Mr. C.'s comely pigs were just leaving the warmth of their sleeping quarters to come to their outdoor pen on the hill side. And now the smoke from the morning fire was ascending in a winsome grey cloud to meet the rose glow above. "I think, James" I said with an effort, considering the chill that prevailed, "We had better get going. There's that grading for you and....." He was to the floor in no time and presently, chores and breakfast past, he was off in the family car with Jock to the potato grading at Rob's.

• • •

Autumn lingered pleasantly today granting another day of grace to those at out of door tasks: to those at the digging as well as those at the grading; to Mr. C. and his busy helpers, still by spells at the sawing; to those who with Hallowe'en nearing which really should see the end of the crop gathering, have already commenced to harvest the turnips. To Jeanie spreading small daughter's wash and to me as I idled some of my time away about the lawn. Recent field work has deprived me of my usual and much enjoyed pottering there. Only odds and ends of flowers we have at best and yet often surprisingly lovely and strangely satisfying to those of us concerned in the growing.

• • •

I lifted the dahlias that had been taken in toll by the first "black" frost, one night of the digging and left them to dry in the bright sun and light breeze. A handful of gladioli, too from the the old flower bed and bulbs of the fragile but colorful montbretia. Seeds too, I garnered here and there for the Spring planting. I wondered if the peonies, the gift of a good lady who has since gone on to another garden that is "eternal" were content to send their rootlets down into the good earth or would they fade from my memory garden. And all the time the wee white wash fluttered gayly and some of the leaves on the poplar by the gate—of Jock's planting one by one ceased their restless dancing and drifted earthward. "My soul and body, Ellen!" James who sometimes uses strange expressions says: "Didn't I tell you to give those pigs pails of water at noon? Here we come home at dark to find their troughs as dry as a bone—and you scribbling away here!" which is undoubtedly a sad state of affairs for Alderlea!

Until tomorrow — Diary —Goodnight.

Ill-temper, nervousness, sleeplessness — with some people all of these can result from the caffein in the tea and coffee they drink. They should drink Postum! No caffein — no other stimulants — and a *grand* flavor! Easily made right in the cup with boiling water or hot milk. Costs less than a cent a serving.
A Product of General Foods P117

Cook's Corner

LEMON SNOW

4 tablespoons cornstarch (¼ cup)
Or 4¼ tablespoons of either wheat starch, rice or potato flour
1/3 cup sugar
½ teaspoon salt
2 cups boiling lemon
1 lemon
2 egg whites

Mix cornstarch or either wheat starch, rice or potato flour with sugar and salt thoroughly together Gradually add boiling water, stirring constantly. Cook over direct heat until thick and clear, about 5 minutes. Add grated lemon rind and juice 3 (tablespoons) and pour the hot mixture slowly over the stiffly beaten egg whites, stirring until well blended. Pour into individual sherbets and chill. Serve with custard using egg yolks. Six

THIRSTY CAMELS

In the dry season, camels drink about five gallons of water a day even when not working.

EASY TO BE REGULAR with NR
Take NR at night. Start the day regular. NR has thorough, pleasing action. Makes you feel better. Get NR in the regular strength, or NR Juniors (½ dose) if you only need extra-mild laxative.
TAKE NR TO-NIGHT TOMORROW ALRIGHT Nature's Remedy NR TABLETS 10¢ AND 25¢

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Dream-inspiring nightgown cut in two simple pieces. The neck is a throat-flattering V, the waist darted and tied in, and for added charm you can make a tiny ruffled cap sleeve.

No. 2863 is cut in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 39-inch, 2¼ yards lace edging.

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. Include postal unit or sone number in your address.

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