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

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RED ROSE COFFEE as good as Red Rose Tea!

Ellen's Diary

By an Island Farmer's Wife

Today saw the last of the grain sowing at Alderlea, when quite early, James finished seeding "that corner", where the work had been suspended last evening because of the rain. If there were any regrets a casual glance failed to discover them. In fact, I fancied that James was using his lightest step, when after only a short time in the field, and before I had even thought about assembling the makings of the dinner, he returned to the yard. There is always a thrill of delight to be found at the end of any extended chore, and I know James experienced this lovely sensation this morning. Not that the grain sowing can be other than an extremely pleasant part of the farming, but the insistence of the seed time is apt to hurry the farmer over-muc to its completion. Many a time, I have gone indoors to my pots and pans with backward looks. I should like to have gone with the workers to the field, to loiter there in the sun, filling the baskets with grain from the sacks for the seeder or begging for the privilege of putting the hayseed into the smaller box of the machine; to sit on a plump sack between times and watch the width of freshly disturbed earth left in the seeder's wake; or to dream there and fashion the fleecy floating, mass of clouds into fanciful shapes of far away places — but not a whit more beautiful than the one near at hand with a blue Summer sky and a warm haze above the varigated beauty of upland and lowland.

* * *

I have sometmes suspected that beyond gving his approval to the favorable conditions obtaining at the time, in regard to land and team and wind and weather, James in his busy-ness at the work might miss noticing the pleasantness of his surroundings. He would perhaps look across a fence to see whether or not "that grass will hold out until we plan to move them"; he might look at the buildings set cosily only to note "there's a roof will soon need to be shingled" and over the countryside to find that "all the other farmers in the neighborhood have their grain in long ago" But I have misjudged him. When he fetched the old seeder to the yard and prepared to back it into its usual corner of the shed, he halted his team a minute to remove some empty sacks. I nad come then with a pail of water for Jeanie's poultry. We place it in the old stone drinking trough which is really a substantial work of art. It was hollowed squarely from a sunken stone by great-great grandfather to Jamie, for the very purpose and down the years former women of the estate have come there with this refreshment. Carried from the mill stream perhaps or a spring or dipped from a barrel on a stone-boat before the pump was installed. I saw James pause briefly to contemplate the countryside. "Smell the lilacs, Ellen!" he said and added "doesn't everything look lovely this morning?"

* * *

Last night's rain, the regular patter of which had lulled me to rest but which James dismissed as "only a dampness", when he stepped from a verandah this morning, so light was the fall of it, had freshened the lawn and borders and the growing grain below the lane. Indeed life all about was joyous and vibrant. A white iris, the first one to unfold, stood primly in the flower bed I never see a blossoming iris but at once I recall a community at a considerable distance from Alderlea—and it seems to me now it was not very far from a railroad track—where the wild blue flags grew in abundance. I'm wondering if they continue to grow there—maybe I shall revisit this former scene some day just to satisfy old memories. The bleeding heart and the old fashioned columbines turned their wiles on every wandering bee and I knew Jack-in-the-pulpit was in his place well before the Sabbath. The swallows were on eager wing and a robin trilled liquid notes from the rose trellis-of-sorts. I have a notion it was to cheer the heart of his sitting mate well concealed in the nest of years, in the white birch branches above. It was a refrain that matched this June day and I caught a beguiling promise in its tune. "Don't you worry" it told her 'I shall provide for my family. You shan't have a care in the world". And to the robin who paraded on the nearby lawn he boasted "I've got the best wife in the whole country—just see how she attends to her part of our bargain!" And in my mind I could catch the contented gleam in the bright eyes in the nest and the small breast swell with his praise. "That" I smiled to myself "is what makes the world go 'round" and I knew that even if in the busy-ness of his days ahead, he might forget her for the moment yet a glance or a single low utterance would bring back this happy morning to her and serve to renew the age-old covenant between the twain. "The off wheel" James nodded and if my strength is so small that James remarked disparagingly yesterday, that if he was as weak as I on a lift, he would be sure he was dying, we presently had the machine set well back in its place in the open shed.

* * *

"And so Jock went to town?" James asked me when he came from his day's work a short time since "Was there any need of his leaving so early? It was barely after supper". He forgets the daylight saving time, which can be rather confusing to country folk—at least, on occasions at Alderlea "I guess, Ellen" he tells me, bending to unlace his boots and all the time in the comfort of his old armchair "we won't wait up for that boy—tomorrow 'll likely be a pretty busy day".

Until tomorrow. Diary

Good-night.

Dorothy Dix Says—

Happy Marriage Code

Wife Can Assure Self of Bliss by Handling Mate Properly

DEAR MISS DIX: I am a bride of a few weeks, anxious to make my marriage a success, so will you please answer these questions for me: Should I let my husband go out alone if he wishes to see his friends? Should I always ask him where he has been when he stays out late? How can I avoid nagging my husband and still not let him walk over me?

JUST A BRIDE

ANSWER: Certainly I think that every husband has the right to go out occasionally with his men friends, and that his wife is wise if she asks no questions and waits for him to tell her about it. There is no other way of keeping a husband home equal to leaving the door on the latch.

The way to avoid nagging is simplicity itself. Just don't do it. Make an ironbound rule and stick to it never to tell your husband a thing but once; never to remind him of his faults or any mistakes he has made, and never to keep harping on an old grievance. Just forget it.

BE SOLICITOUS

Marriage is a series of concessions, and the best way you can secure your own happiness is by trying to make your husband happy. Put his pleasure and convenience before your own. Do everything you can to please him. Put an olive branch instead of a chip on your shoulder, and so shall you make the sort of peaceful home that a man likes to come back to in the evenings.

DEAR DOROTHY DIX: I have been married eight years, the most unhappy years of my life. My wife is an incorrigible malcontent. Nothing ever pleases or satisfies her. She has a fine home, servants, a car and all the spending money she wants, and she is always taking trips. Several months ago she went to visit friends in a distant city and she refuses to come home. Says if I want to be with her I can come and live there. I simply cannot break up my business to satisfy her foolish whims. What can I do?

A WORRIED MAN.

ANSWER: Evidently you have done your best to make your wife satisfied and happy, and equally evident is the fact that she is one of the women that nothing will content. Therefore, there is no use in wasting any more effort in trying to please her, so do the best you can for yourself.

Any man is foolish who lets his wife ruin his life either by her extravagance or by her restlessness. Have enough backbone to tell her that unless she is willing to do her part that you are going to break up the partnership. You may be very sure that she will have more respect for you and care more for you if she sees that she cannot drag you around by the nose. No woman ever really loves the man she henpecks.

If you want her back, cut off her allowance and refuse to pay her bills unless she will come home and do her duty as a wife. The hand that holds the purse rules the roost.

DEAR DOROTHY DIX: I am a widow with two children. After my husband died I went back to my people to live. My father is rich and is willing to support me, but my mother and my sisters and brothers resent my presence and think that I should go to work in order to support my children and myself. Please tell me what to do.

MISERABLE WIDOW

ANSWER: If your father is not willing to give you enough money to live independently upon, away from your mother and brothers and sisters, the best thing you can do is to go to work and learn some way of supporting yourself and your children.

Ask your father to give you a course in some business or technical school so that you may perfect yourself in any work you decide to do, and be an expert who can command a good salary.

You will be happier when you are busy, self-supporting woman than you are now, eating the bread of dependence and having to endure your family's reproaches.

Household Scrapbook

By Roberta Lee

Hand Lotion

An inexpensive and effective hand lotion can be made as follows: Mix one-half cup of vinegar, one-half cup of water, and four tablespoonfuls of starch in a jar and shake well.

Doughnuts

Doughnuts can be prevented from absorbing too much of the fat in which they are being fried if two or three drops of vinegar are added to the dough when it is mixed.

Lacquered Ware

If there are stains on lacquered ware, rub the spots with a cloth dampened with salad oil. It will invariably remove the stains.

Better English

D. C. Williams

1. What is wrong with this sentence? "How long will you stop in Pittsburgh?"
2. What is the correct pronunciation of "coyote"?
3. Which one of these words is misspelled? Chief, shield, shiek, thief.
4. What does the word "congruous" mean?
5. What is a word beginning with au that means "severe or strict"?

ANSWERS

1. Say, "How long will you stay in Pittsburgh?" 2. Pronounce ki-ot, i as in kite, o as in note, accent first syllable. 3. Sheik. 4. Harmoniously related; appropriate; consistent. "His ideas and his diction are congruous." 5. Austere.

How Can I!!!

By Anne Ashley

Q. How can I re-use used paraffin?

A. By heating it to the boiling point and straining through three thicknesses of cheese cloth over a funnel. Repeat this operation if necessary. It can be cleaned with a brush and warm water if not too dirty.

Q. How can I loosen dirt when washing clothes?

A. On laundry day, if a tablespoonful of kerosene is added to each boiler full of clothes, it will help wonderfully in loosening the dirt and stains.

Q. How can I prevent eggs from bursting while boiling?

A. Prick one end of each egg with a needle before placing them in water. This makes an outlet for air and keeps the shells from cracking.

Morning Smile

He was rather small, and had been used to sleeping with a night-light in the room, but his parents had decided that he must start sleeping in the dark. When his mother put out the light, he asked, plaintively:

"Must I sleep in the dark Mummy?"

"Yes, darling," was the reply, "you are getting a big boy now."

"Well, may I say my prayers over again—more carefully?"

LABOR OF LOVE

Liza, the Negro cook in a certain Southern household, supported a shiftless, happy-go-lucky husband with a wholehearted genius for avoiding regular employment.

"Liza," protested her mistress, "how can you put up with such a lazy, shiftless, good-for-nothing man?"

"Well, I'll tell you, ma'am," replied Liza, her eyes shining with a tender light, "it's like this, I makes de livin' and he makes de livin' worthwhile."

Racing Driver

By Alexander Campbell

WE MEET RUPERT

Rupert Featherstone glanced at his watch.

There was half-an-hour to go before the boat docked.

He had always thought that the people who waved to passengers on incoming ships made singular asses of themselves. Most girls, of course, fed as they were on trashy love stories, would expect their fiances to be there at least two hours before the time, especially after such lengthy separation. They would imagine their heroes rising sleepless at the crack of dawn and rushing forth into the wind and the rain to scan the horizon.

Rupert's lip curled. Thank goodness, Dorothy indulged in none of that sort of hysteria.

He leaned back in his arm-chair in the lounge of his hotel, picked up the book he was reading, and resumed where he had left off. In twenty-five minutes precisely he would summon a taxi, and exactly five and a half minutes after that he would be marching up the gangway of the Athlone Tower—dead on time.

He was not an ill-looking young man. In fact he was rather handsome. A large pair of black horn-rimmed spectacles rested on his straight nose. But that was the only touch of the "high-brow." The brow was broad and white, but not bulging or lofty. The mouth and chin were firm. Behind the screen of the glasses very dark blue eyes were tranquil conveying a sense of confidence and strength.

As he read Rupert passed a hand absently through his thick crop of dark, wavy hair. He was clad in a white drill suit, and he had his legs crossed. The toes of one foot encased in a brown and white shoe wriggled in intellectual ecstacy as he grappled with some knotty problem presented by the writer.

However, he was reading, not a treatise on the origin of man, but a murder mystery. Even Rupert had his weaknesses.

A figure erupted into the lounge. Large and broad-shouldered, its name was the Hon. Reginald Wells, and its owner had, as he put it, "trotted down from Kenya to see the Grand Prix." Like attracts unlike. Rupert and he had become rather friendly.

(Continued on Page 8)

Living & Leisure

—THE WOMAN'S REALM—

Better to dwell in Freedom's hall,
With a cold damp floor and a mouldering wall,
Than bow the head and bend the knee
In the proudest palace of slaverie.
—Moore.

White spots on furniture, caused by water, hot dishes or alcohol, may be removed by rubbing with camphorated oil or oil of peppermint.

Mirth is like a flash of lightning that breaks through a gloom of clouds and glitters for a moment; cheerfulness keeps up a kind of day-light in the mind, and fills it with a steady and perpetual serenity.—Addison.

Hints on Etiquette

In these days of food shortage, it is very poor taste to throw rice on the bride and groom after the ceremony. Rice is food and should be saved to eat at home or sent to starving people overseas.

It is expected that within the next few years more than 300,000 stores will handle frozen foods as compared to 50,000 at present.

METAL JEWELRY

NEW YORK — Metal jewelry limited during the war years, is again in production, providing a wide choice of gifts in costume jewelry.

One of the most persuasive appeals of costume jewelry is that it can be chosen in sets, and at prices that can be met by nearly every budget. It becomes fashion important in direct ratio to its size; the large but well designed piece has the more interesting fashion role.

KEEN SENSE OF TOUCH

Warren Black, 79-year-old full-time welder of platinum and rhodium wires for vital precision instruments, can distinguish between 20,000ths, 22,000ths, and 24,000ths of an inch, in platinum wire diameters. Black lives in Philadelphia.

The greatest trouble with second-hand information is that it usually has been misused.

Needlecraft

—FOR THE HOME—

FOR GRADUATION

This dainty and becoming frock, with its basque waist and high square neck, will make a lovely graduation dress that can go into Summer as the young girl's favorite date dress.

No. 2636 is cut in sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20. Size 16 requires 3¼ yards 35-inch, 1⅞ yards ruffling.

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 zone number in your address.

Address Pattern Department, The Charlottetown Guardian.
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Modern Etiquette

By Roberta Lee

Q. Is it good form to type a personal letter to a friend, and also sign it on the typewriter?

A. No. One may sometimes write to a very close friend on the typewriter, but in any event, the signature should always be written with ink.

Q. Is it proper for a girl to accept a dinner invitation from a young man she has just met at a party?

A. Certainly, if he seems a desirable companion; the girl's hostess would not have invited him to the party had she not thought he was desirable.

Q. Is colored or white linen correct for the luncheon table?

A. Either is correct; it is merely a matter of preference.

Cook's Corner

SHEPHERD'S VEGETABLE PIE

1½ cups cooked sliced carrot
⅔ cup chopped green onions
Or 1 large onion thinly sliced
1 cup canned tomatoes
1 tablespoon flour
½ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
1 tablespoon chopped parsley
2 cups cooked string beans
3 tablespoons fat
2 cups seasoned mashed potatoes
¼ cup grated cheese.

Arrange in layers in large casserole the carrots, onions and canned tomatoes. Combine flour, salt and pepper. Sprinkle over vegetable and cover with string beans. Sprinkle with chopped parsley and dot with fat. Spread top with seasoned mashed potatoes. Sprinkle with cheese and bake in hot oven, 400 degrees F., for 30 minutes. Six servings.

DUETS by Jo FISCHER

CHARLES of the RITZ has the widest and most complete array of fashion-checked make-up. While our Consultant is blending your powder, feel free to ask her any questions about your make-up wardrobe. Let her also suggest a beauty regime especially suited to your skin type.

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