

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

FOR THE WOMAN READER

A RIDDLE-ME-DEE

I am an animal, you'll see
And I live in a sty,
Of course I have a head and tail
But strangely, but one "eye"
What am I?
Answer: Pig. (It has only one letter.)

INDIAN FAKIRS

Believing such an existence will earn for them a place in the Hindu's paradise, many of these natives spend their time lying on a bed of nails, wearing spiked collars or enduring other forms of self-torture.

ANT EATERS

There is a species of ant-eater called the Tamandua Ant-eater, which, unlike the majority of its relatives, lives almost entirely in the trees. Its tail is practically hairless, and it is thus able to be coiled round branches from which the Tamandua Ant-eater can swing to and fro. There are many species of ant-eaters, the smallest of which is no bigger than an ordinary rat.

DOUGHNUTS

The flour may be either bread or pastry flour. Both give good results. When mixing the flour the utmost care should be taken to handle it as little and as lightly as possible.

Care should be taken not to place too many doughnuts in the fat at one time, as this decreases the temperature of the fat and tends to make the doughnuts greasy. Remove the doughnuts with a perforated spoon, drain on kitchen paper, and sprinkle with sugar mixed with spice.

A SUPER FAVORITE

Cabbage cooked with leeks (Austrian recipe).—Chop the cabbage with four large leeks (the latter should be chopped in slices half-inch thick). Cook the leeks with the cabbage in a casserole with two ounces of butter and salt and pepper to taste. Add some finely chopped parsley and (if obtainable) a little finely minced raw celery. When cooked, place on a fireproof dish, cover with breadcrumbs and a little grated cheese, and cook in a hot oven for ten minutes. This is a very favorite supper dish.

NEW CROCHET COTTON

The newest yarn for crocheting summer accessories is a knitting and crochet cotton. This cotton is as thick as very heavy string, but

is not stiff and scratchy as is string. It is unmercerized and soft, but with enough body so that you can crochet heavy, rough looking things. Sports sweaters are particularly popular with well dressed women. Many women are crocheting themselves several sports sweaters of this heavy cotton in different pastel shades to wear with cotton or linen suits.

The newest sweaters are made with a high round neck and elbow length sleeves which are rolled up casually to resemble shirt sleeves.

HOME NURSING HINT

If a child has a slight temperature and nothing else wrong with him should he be kept in bed? It is true that a child's temperature goes up for much less than that of an adult, but it always does so for some reason. Except in very rare cases a child with a temperature raised in bed; only occasionally a doctor may rightly decide otherwise.

LAURELS TO LINENS

Linens have captured the field of summer fashions for all articles of apparel from beach pyjamas and tennis dresses to evening gowns and men's dinner jackets. Handkerchief linens, tweed weave linens and hound tooth checks are all taken in the stride of this fabric which has such a royal ancestry.

EGG YOLKS

Place left-over egg yolks in a deep cup, beat one minute with fork, add one tablespoon of cold water and cover. Store in a cold place and the yolks may be used in various ways.

OLDER WOMAN SHOULD USE MAKE-UP CAREFULLY

Mother's make-up should never ape daughter's. Older skins need different treatment. Older cheeks and lips call for quite different effects.

The sophisticated older woman knows the value of a skillful hand at applying rouge and lipstick. Less rouge, subtler use of lipstick, and everything put on after a nice greasing.

Greasing is really the word. For skins after 35 years are drier and there's no use minding words. The average older woman needs more of that bloom-on-the-peach daintiness than she does color. And it is the right creams and powder bases which will give it.

Try a little brillantine on both your eyebrows and your lashes.

A Morning Smile

The Waiting List

In the Old Country sons-in-law were often given free board and lodging instead of a dowry.

A young man and his sweetheart were discussing "ways and means" one day. The girl's father could not afford a dowry.

"We might board with your parents until times get better," the young man suggested hopefully.

"Not a chance," sighed the girl. "My parents are still boarding with my grandparents."

Slow Work

He: "I have been wanting to ask you a question for months."
She: "I have been wanting to answer it for years."

Reputation Established

"If you know anyone in court who will vouch for your character, call him," said the magistrate.

"Yes, sir," said the prisoner. "There is the chief constable."
The chief constable was amazed. "Why, your worship, I don't know the man," he protested.

"Now, sir," broke in the culprit, "I have lived in the borough for twenty years, and if the chief constable doesn't know me yet, is not that a character for you?"

This is a marvellous little helper.

Having your eyelashes and brows properly groomed is half the battle.

When it comes to picking rouge and lipstick, if your hair is graying or white, choose a light red tone, a blonde shade. And don't use too much. And always use a cream powder base for your cheeks and run a little cold cream over your lips. Try these little hints. Every one of them is worth while.

Warmer Day Hints

Warm weather is coming. In fact, it has already appeared in most places—although it does not seem to remain long at a time.

The kiddies are flying kites, playing marbles and either swinging baseball bats or airing dillies in the open. They are getting outdoor exercise and beginning to eat and drink in surprising style.

See that they get their alkaline foods in quantity. It will go a long way towards keeping them in perfect health. They won't eat all the green vegetables that we elders eat, but they will drink milk, will appreciate an orange between meals, and surely will delight in a glass of old-fashioned lemonade as often as "mother" will prepare it.

Each of the trio is an excellent alkaline food or drink, and it is a wise mother who realizes this and acts accordingly. The appetizing orange is far better than the "piece of bread and butter" that too often takes the edge off the appetite for dinner, rather than putting it on.

Dorothy Dix' Letter Box

Boy Going Through Stage Common To Adolescents, Consoles Dorothy Dix—Let Son Get Job Since He Likes Work; Don't Waste Money on College.

Dear Miss Dix—My son is 17 years old and in the tenth grade at school. I am a widow and my husband's great desire was that I should educate the boy with his insurance and make something out of him. But my son has begun to skip school, will not read or study, and wants to go out every night. All he will do is to play ball and do the things he likes to do. He has a job on Saturday and works like a Turk until late, but when it comes to do anything for me he refuses. I have to wait on him, pick up his clothes. He lies in bed until the last minute before he goes to school. I have tried kindness, persuasion and rewards to get him to do the work, but he refuses to mind me and is impudent. Do you think it would do any good to give him a good whipping? It is biblical not to spare the rod,

Answer:
You are seventeen years old, now in teaching your boy obedience. You have to do that in the cradle, and any spanking that has to be done has to be performed then. A child is too little to understand the why of things and has to be taught by fear of punishment not to do certain things.

If you whip a boy of 17, you will only make him so angry that he will probably run away from home. You will not make him mind you.

But perhaps the situation is not as bad as you think it is. From what you write I should judge that your son is only going through the usual experience of adolescence, and that you are not making enough allowances for his time of life. The hobbledehoy period, when a child is neither man nor boy, is always one of great strain between him and his parents, and this is particularly the case when the only parent is a widowed mother who finds herself utterly incompetent to deal with a headstrong youngster.

And you are terribly disappointed because he is just a boy, because he is sleepy-headed in the mornings and considers going to school a penance, and he throws his things about and leaves the bathroom looking as though a waterspout had passed over it. Well, he is just exactly like the millions of other boys who have grown up into fine citizens and the prop and stay of our country.

Virtually all boys are like that at 17. They hate to work around home. They resent authority. They are irritable and impudent and apparently haven't any decent natural emotions in them so far as their parents are concerned. And there is nothing that their mothers can do but just to keep hands off as much as they can, and use as much tact in dealing with them as a diplomat does in settling the national debt question.

You say your son likes to work. That will be his salvation. As soon as he finishes high school, let him get a job that interests him. There is hope for every industrious person. They seldom go far wrong.

But one thing I do urge upon you and that is not to waste your husband's insurance money in sending a boy like that to college.

You can lead a horse to water, says the old proverb, but you can't make it drink. So you can send a boy to college, but you can't make him a scholar unless he has a thirst for learning.

DOROTHY DIX.

Let Sports Be Unconfin'd

All in all, the smartest sports clothes are made to play a winning game with an added attraction of a jacket or cape to take you smartly to tea or a matinee afterwards.

Red-heads will be the rage this summer. Redheads not too red—just a sort of red brown, known technically as auburn. And the red-heads will wear their hair short. Not too short—just sort of down to the neckline. That's the prediction made by experts of the Massachusetts League of Women Hairdressers during their annual meeting.



DENIES ROOSEVELT ROMANCE

Elliott Roosevelt, second son of the U. S. president, added his denial to that of Miss Ruth Googins (above) when he styled as untrue reports he and the attractive Fort Worth, Texas, brunette might be married after his Nevada divorce from the former Elizabeth Donner, of Philadelphia.

THE COOK'S CORNER

Rhubarb Rolls

How the children will enjoy these for tea! Wipe, skin if necessary, and cut into 4-inch lengths 4 sticks of fresh young rhubarb. Make some short pastry, roll it out thinly, and cut into oblongs, 3 inches by 4 1/2 inches. Roll each piece of rhubarb in caster sugar, place on a piece of pastry, moisten the edges with white of egg, and roll them round, seeing that all edges are sealed. Place on a greased baking tin, and bake in a fairly hot oven till done. These may be eaten cold, but are very much nicer if made just before tea-time and served hot, with plenty of sugar.

In some households honey takes the place of sugar when sweetening rhubarb.

Meat Loaf With Macaroni And Cheese

Two cups ground raw meat, 1/2 cup minced onion, 1 teaspoon salt, 1/2 teaspoon pepper, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 cup canned tomato soup or strained stewed tomatoes, 1/2 cup cooked macaroni, 1/2 cup grated cheese. Mix all ingredients thoroughly. Press into greased loaf pan and bake in oven of 325 deg. Fahr. for one hour. This will keep in the ice box several days and makes excellent sandwiches. Delicious sliced cold.

Savory Meat Loaf

Two lbs. ground beef, 1/2 cup suet, 2 small minced onions, 2 cups soft bread crumbs, 3 teaspoons salt, 2 eggs, 4 tablespoons horseradish, 1 teaspoon dry mustard, 4 tablespoons minced green pepper, 1/2 cup tomato catsup, 4 tablespoons Worcestershire sauce. Mix well all ingredients except catsup. Pack in greased bread tin and cover top of loaf with tomato catsup and bake in oven of 350

DISHES, DISHES, DISHES—THREE TIMES A DAY—I HATE IT!

YOU OUGHT TO USE RINSO. IT'S THICK SUDS SOAK OFF GREASE IN A FLASH AND IT'S SO EASY ON THE HANDS

Millions use Rinsol in tub, washer and dishpan

deg. Fahr. for 1 hour. This loaf may be made of left over meat and is delicious hot or cold.

STONE PRESERVED

Famous Clough-Oir Stone, or "Golden Stone" from which Clough, Ireland, is said to have derived its name, has, with the consent of the Lord Bishop of Clough, been placed in the vestibule of St. Macartan Cathedral, Clough, to preserve it from the weather. The Clough-Oir Stone is said to have been one of the three sacred stones of Erin, the others being the La Fall, or Stone of Destiny, which rests under the Coronation Chair at Westminster Abbey and the Crom Cough, which is supposed to have bowed before St. Patrick. The Clough-Oir Stone, which has hitherto rested against the north wall of the Cathedral, was once visited by Conocobor MacVesse, High King of Ulster.

Daintiness With Chic Styles

Black and white tiny checked crepe silk combined with plain white crepe in this attractive dress. It moulds the figure beautifully through the waist and the hips. The partial belt arrangement breaks undue breadth. The neckline is very flattering. And aren't the sleeves smart?

You can cut in out and finish it the same day. It's so easily put together.

It can also be carried out in semi-sheer crepe print and is charming for warm days in town.

Style No. 511 is designed in sizes 14, 16, 18, 20 years, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust. Size 16 requires 2 1/2 yards of 35-inch material with 1 1/2 yards of 35-inch contrasting and 1/2 yard of 35-inch lining.

Price of PATTERN 15 cents in stamps or coin (coin is preferred). Wrap coin carefully.

No. 511. Size

Name

Street Address

City

State

Experiments have proved that potato beetles are more readily killed immediately after hatching than at any other time.



TENDERS

Written Tenders will be received at the Orphanage Office, 158 Prince Street, on or before June 20th, for supplying and delivering approximately 80 lbs. of milk daily to the Protestant Orphanage, Mt. Herbert. The lowest or any Tender not necessarily accepted.

Dated at Charlottetown, P. E. I., June 8th, 1933.

IRA M. BROWN, Secy.-Treas.

1932-6-10-12-14-16-19.

MORTGAGE SALE

To be sold by public auction in front of the Law Courts Building in Charlottetown on Tuesday the eleventh day of July 1933, at the hour of twelve o'clock noon, all that tract, piece or parcel of land situated lying and being on Lot or Township Number Twenty-two in Queen's County in Prince Edward Island, bounded and described as follows, that is to say: Commencing at a stake fixed in the West side of Saint Mary's Road and in the southeast angle of land formerly in possession of Victor Gallant now owned by Fidele Pineau, thence running west along said Fidele Pineau's south boundary line to Saint Patrick's Road, thence south along said Saint Patrick's Road to a road leading from said Saint Patrick's Road to Saint Mary's Road, thence east along the said road leading from Saint Patrick's Road to Saint Mary's Road, thence north along said Saint Mary's Road to the place of commencement containing thirty three acres of land a little more or less.

The above sale is made under a power of sale contained in an indenture of mortgage dated December 12th 1919 made between Cyrus Gallant of New Glasgow, Farmer, and Mary Gallant his wife, of the first part, and George S. McLeod of Fredericton, Merchant, of the second part and which mortgage has by diverse assignments, been vested in the undersigned.

For particulars apply to McLeod and Bentley, Solicitors, Charlottetown, Dated this 16th day of June 1933. WILLIAM E. BENTLEY and ALBERT J. D. MARTIN, Executors of the last will of Catherine McLeod, Deceased. 1933-6-12 Mon 4.

The Other Man

By RUBY M. AYRES

Barbara moved restlessly. "It doesn't make him any less nice because he doesn't care for his wife, does it?" she asked a trifle impatiently.

Pauline sat silent, her eyes downcast. "If Dennis ever loves anyone but me I shall die," she said extravagantly. "I was only thinking just now, when that woman in the play took the man away from his wife—supposing it was Dennis—and me?"

"You may cheer up. In the play he goes back to her, so it's all quite satisfactory."

Pauline shook her head. "It couldn't be. Once he'd stopped loving his wife and cared for someone else. He would always be thinking of the other woman—and wanting her."

A sudden wave of pity swept Barbara's heart. She laid a hand on Pauline's arm.

"It's only a play," she said. "Don't look so tragic."

"But it's so real," Pauline said wistfully.

Afterward, when they were leaving the theatre, she caught her husband's arm. "Did you like it?" she asked.

He glanced down at her with pre-occupied eyes. "Well enough. Did you?"

"I thought it was dreadfully sad." "Sad! With the stereotyped happy ending?"

"I don't call that a happy ending. I am sure he really loved the other woman best all the time." Dennis laughed. "Don't take it so

seriously. It's only a play." They went on to a night club for supper.

It was hot and crowded and garishly lighted and furnished with many gilt chairs and tables. Pauline had never been to such a place in her life. She kept close to her husband and talked almost in a whisper.

"Isn't it lovely? I've never seen anything so lovely. Look at the masses of flowers, and all the beautiful girls."

"They won't look very beautiful at nine o'clock to-morrow morning without their make-up," Dennis said ruthlessly.

Barnet had booked a table near the centre of the floor. Both he and Barbara seemed well known to the manager and waiters.

The leading violinist in the orchestra bowed and smiled across the room to them.

Pauline felt very important. She looked at Dennis. There was no man in the room so distinguished looking as he, she thought proudly, and a sense of humble gratitude filled her heart.

"I suppose you won't be able to dance," Barbara was saying to him casually. "I suppose your leg isn't really fit enough."

Pauline broke in eagerly. "Oh, but it is, and Dr. Stornaway said it would do him good to exercise it. Dennis is a lovely dancer! You must wait with him, Barbie—he waltzes perfectly. Before we were married—"

"I darsay your idea of a perfect dancer and Barbara's are very different," Dennis broke in calmly. "And hadn't you better sit down, my dear? You're in the way there."

arched aloof into a small unoccupied room.

"We're not allowed here," Barbara said calmly.

"In a moment. I want to speak to you."

"Pauline will miss us."

"She is dancing with Barnet—I saw her."

"Let me go."

"In a moment." He was between her and the ballroom. "Look, Barbara—answer me one question and I swear I'll never mention it again. I don't know what you've done to me. It's—it's like being possessed—I've fought against it ever since you left us. It's no use. I've tried to despise you. I pretended I didn't like you—but that makes no difference. When I was smashed up—you kissed me, Barbara."

There was a tragic silence, and the scornful smile died slowly from Barbara's face, and she just looked at him, her lips quivering, her eyes suddenly very young. Then she moved her hand slowly and touched his.

"Dennis—Pauline is very fond of me."

"I know."

"Well, then—she took her hand away—"Let us go back, shall we?"

Dennis went on quickly: "I don't know what you've done to me. But if you'll just tell me—I'll never ask you again. If I'd been free—"

Her trembling lips smiled.

"Such a big 'I!' Dennis."

At that moment he seemed to her almost a boy—no longer the disappointing, almost brusque man she had known, and at that moment she felt also as if all her bitter experience had been swept away from her and she was a girl again, in love for the first time.

She closed her eyes, and as almost unconsciously she swayed toward

him, Dennis caught her in his arms.

On the way home Jerry Barnet was silent and sulky. It was three o'clock in the morning, gray and chilly with a fine drizzle of rain.

Wrapped in her fur cloak Barbara sat with closed eyes and tried not to think. It was only when they stopped outside her flat that she roused suddenly with a start.

She flung the rugs aside. "I'm tired. Why do we do these mad things, Jerry? It's a loathsome life."

"You seemed to be enjoying yourself," he paused. "At any rate, with now at four o'clock in this gray morning she sat down by the fire before she went to bed and looked into her heart with cool deliberation.

She loved Dennis O'Hara as she had never loved any man—that was a truth that she had never questioned. She was sufficiently a woman of the world to recognize that her attraction for him was probably largely physical. She knew that she was angry and exasperated him even while she drew him, and that the obstinate, intensely masculine trait in his character longed to overcome her and prove himself master.

She had controlled her love for him bravely enough until tonight, until that moment in Riltzen's little room when he had taken her in his arms and kissed her.

Dennis was married, but lots of other men with whom she had had affairs had also been married, and it had not seemed as insuperable a barrier, but here again Dennis was different.

Suppose he had been free. For a moment Barbara gave herself up to the wonderful happiness of that thought. Free! So that she could

have married him!

She felt, for the first time, as if she had lost her way on the road of life; as if she had turned aside and so missed the greatest treasure of all. Without her Dennis would have been quite happy with Pauline, quite satisfied with her—but would he? Wasn't he already tired of Pauline's insistent affection, her childishness, and her demands upon him?

"If I hadn't come there would have been somebody else some day," Barbara told herself. "That was all she knew it."

She tried to feel brave and determined, but when at last she got into bed sleep was impossible. She kept living over and over again those few moments with Dennis O'Hara. His kiss had been the real thing—a set upon her heart and soul forever.

(To be Continued.)

WABASH, Ind., June 12.—Albert Wigner accidentally ate a fishbone while practising deception on his playmates.

Other boys looked on with horror as Wigner pretended to eat the worms, which really were being dropped into his sleeve. Suddenly Wigner became as horrified as the boy friends when one of the worms slipped from his fingers and wiggling down his throat.

AUCTION SALE

To be sold by Public Auction June 23rd, 1933, at 1.30 P. M. on the premises at St. Peters Bay, Business Stand, also Cottage, Apply H. J. McPhee, Solicitor, or 75 Upper Queen Street for particulars. 1933-6-12 Mon 5.