WOMEN

LET'S EAT

Time Out For Tea Helps To Overcome Fatique

By Ida Bailey Allen

There's a very good reason for stopping housework, occasionally, to drink a cup of tea: and a good reason for inviting in friends during the afternoon for a social cup.

ERRATIC EATERS

Unfortunately, many home-makers are erratic eaters, starting a long day with no more than coffee, juice and toast; snatching a light lunch on the kitchen table; often rushing all afternoon, then getting dinner, feeling "too tired to eat." No wonder "nervousness" irritability and fatigue set in.

All women who value health, light-heartedness, beauty and buoyance, should eat the right food at the right time. And this "food" should include tea as a between-times lift.

RECENT REPORT

Recent reports from The Biological Sciences Foundation, based on experiments over a long period of time, show that tea helps to overcome fatigue due to muscular work, a trying environment, boredom, mental or nervous strain.

The scientists report that a cup of tea gives both an immediate and a continued lift without inducing secondary depressing effects; that it produces a sensation of comfort and diminishes drowsiness and fatigue.

Checkerboard Tea Cake is easy to manage at tea time without an additional fork or tea plate.

Prepare the batter according to package directions. Bake as for layer cake in two 8" X 8" X 2" pans.

When cool, frost one layer with chocolate icing, the other with lemon or vanilla icing. Cut in 2" square put together on a large plate to look like a checkerboard.

TOMORROW'S DINNER

Cream of Green Pea Soup
Fish Fillets Saute
Broad Noodles in Cheese Sauce
Diced Turnip Pickles
Applesauce Cake Squares
Coffee Tea Milk

Broad Noodles in Cheese Sauce: Break 1 (8 oz.) pkg. broad noodles into 1" lengths. Add to 1½ cup boiling water, 1 c. milk and ½ tsp. salt. Simmer-boil 3 min.

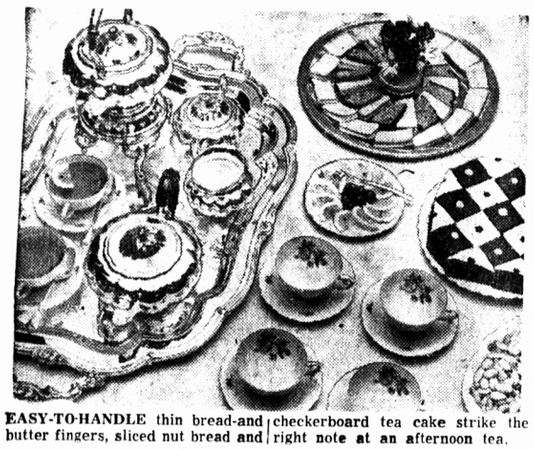
Place over hot water and cook 15 min. or until bite-tender and the liquid is almost absorbed.

Measure any remaining liquid. Add enough milk tomake ½ c. Stir into 1 tsp. flour, ¼ tsp. pepper and ½ c. grated sharp Cheddar cheese.

Pour into the noodles. Steam-cook slowly about 5 min. or until the cheese melts. Stir occasionally. Serve with additional grated sharp Cheddar cheese, and if convenient, a few browned coarse enriched bread crumbs sauteed in butter

TRICK OF THE CHEF

Brush fish fillets, before sautee ing, with non-sweet French dressing.



EASY-TO-HANDLE thin bread-and butter fingers, sliced nut bread and checkerboard tea cake strike the right note at an afternoon tea.

Paris Hats Are Big, Bulky And Awe Inspiring

By PEGGY MASSIN

PARIS (Reuters) — "Heavy, heavy hangs over thy head. . ." is the password for Paris hats.

A revolutionary new era in millinery is established this winter with hats which are big, bulky, top-heavy, awe inspiring—and chic after the eye has become accustomed to them.

Sources of inspiration are varied, ranging from eastern toques and cossack hats in fur, to deep-crowned cloches reminiscent of the 1920s, and the earlier platters and big berets worn before the First World War. Other bulky silhouette themes include chechias, dome shapes and tambourines.

There are not only new shapes, but also new ways of wearing them. The heavy-headed line frequently cuts straight across the forehead, just over the eyebrows, like military tammies, playing up pretty eyes. Christian Dior uses this effect in his rough tweed and Shetland berets, and big toques of sable or mink. Svend recalls the Dolly sisters with cloches and berets which cover the hair completely, and are draped down on the forehead.

Whatever the approach, the new feeling unanimously endorses an overwhelming return to volume, a drastic change after years of the small-headed effects.

Another leading silhouette is the kalmuck turban and toques, featured at Dior, wth elaborate draping covering the entire head and built up to height over the forehead. Dior also endorses height in another manner in the fez or inverted flower pot, towering over the crown of the head.

Borden Nuptials

Sacred Heart Church, Borden, decorated with gladioli and mixed flowers was the scene of a pretty autumn wedding on October 10th at 9 a.m. when Miss Constance Georgina Jeffrey, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fred H. Jeffrey, Borden, became the bride of Mr. Joseph Lester Perry, son of Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Perry, Tignish.

Rev. R. J. MacDonald officiated at the ceremony. Mrs. Clinton Howatt was organist and hymns were sung by the choir and friends of the bride. The guest pews were marked with sweet peas and satin bows.

Given in marriage by her father, the bride wore a floor-length gown and matching bolero of white nylon net over bridal satin. A princess tiara of seed pearls and sequins held her floor-length veil and she carried a bouquet of American Beauty roses with long streamers. Her single strand of pearls was a gift of the groom.

Miss Judy Stewart, maid of honor, and Miss Ramona Gallant, bridesmaid, wore similar gowns of pastel blue nylon net over taffeta with matching boleros, headdresses and mitts. They carried bouquets of pink roses.

Mr. Allison Jeffrey, brother of the bride, was best man. The ushers were Messrs. Everett Campbell and Carl MacInnis.

A reception for forty guests followed at the Birch Hill Tourist Home. The rooms were decorated with mixed flowers and the bride's table was centred with a three-tiered wedding cake topped by a miniature bride and groom.

For her daughter's wedding, the mother of the bride chose a Briar Rose suit with navy accessories and a corsage of yellow roses. The groom's mother was attired in a grey suit with matching acessories and a corsage of pink roses.

For their honeymoon the couple travelled through the United States. For travelling, the bride wore a charcoal grey suit with pink accessories and a corsage of pink roses.

Mr. and Mrs. Perry will reside in Toronto, Ont. (Photo by Edwin Heckbert Studio).

MARY HAWORTH'S MAIL

Woman Asks How To Be Adult In Her Relationships

DEAR MARY HAWORTH: You unravel so many kinks in people's lives, please see what you can do with this: The woman is in her early fifties, with no particular talents or training. She seems at odds with her husband and family in her thinking and desires. How can she go about attaining adult status in her relationships--standing on her own feet, both financially and morally?

She feels that her situation is complicated by the fact that her presence at home seems necessary, due to her husband's poor health. Several times, efforts on her part to get into the employment field came to naught, because always her husband indicated, at the eleventh hour, that such arrangements would make life more difficult for him.

There is much love in the home; and some happiness. But the atmosphere has been geared to invalidism for many years. Her concern not to hurt dear ones, and to do the best by and for them, has created a situation, she feels, where, if there are conflicting views or desires, she is conceded the point. Not because it is right, but to stop the argument and preserve the peace.

Normally this woman is of a happy disposition. But much of the time she feels frustrated and hemmed-in. When these feelings reach a point of unhappiness, the husband and family are upset. What is wrong with this situation? Please help. H.B.

ISN'T HERSELF

Dear H.B. This woman of whom you speak is you, I think. And I wonder why you handle the subject of self so remotely -- as if from a bystander role.

The answer may be that you are seriously wanting in self-esteem; that you've never been comfortably self-accepting; that from earliest memory you've been riddled by self-doubts, self-deprecation, etc. ingrained by a severely censorious, authoritarian brand of rearing.

When relentlessly applied to gentle souls, this kind of rearing tends to produce inwardly demoralized and outwardly conformist personality -- such as we see in the uncertain individual, who takes his cue-for-action from almost any demanding source outside itself.

To lead a satisfactory life, one must have the integrity (the inner wholeness) to chart undertakings for sufficient reasons that make sense to the self --- and the simple courage to go ahead with a fair try-out.

LIFE IS GOING

Nothing is ever resolved for the person who is readily thrown into confusion or retreat by making mistakes, meeting obstructions, hearing discouragement from the sidelines, etc. And apparently you've been such a person, so far -- hamstrung by inner tensions and lurking misgivings, while supposing that you are blocked by circumstances and day-to-day relationships.

At present, you are complaining vaguely of being "humored" by your family -- who give in to you, to end arguments, and who are plainly upset when you are vocally dissatisfied. Much of the time you feel "frustrated and hemmed-in", you say -- and you wonder what's wrong, and how to iron out the problem.

Well, obviously, life is getting on, and you are troubled by feelings of missing much that you had hoped to experience. And your family feels guilty about your fret, as if they were found wanting. You are fiftyish, so it is a bit late in the day to renovate your personality -- to replace longtime neurotic attitudes with reconstructive self-knowledge. But in truth there is no other approach to mature composure of spirit.

In my opinion, you need both psychiatric help and prayer help to put you psychologically en rapport with your calendar-age.

M.H.

Mary Haworth counsels through her column, not by mail or personal interview. Write her in care of this newspaper.

Early October Brid al Party

Mr. and Mrs. Myron Matheson pose with their attendants following their autumn marriage on October 8 at North Tryon Presbyterian Church. Left to right: Mr. James Snowie, usher; Mr. James Howatt, usher; Mr. James Cummings, groomsman; Mr. and Mrs. Myron Matheson; Mrs. Lloyd Harvey, matron of honor; Miss Elaine Chisholm and Miss Marlene Peters, bridesmaids. The bride is the former Miss Doreen Howatt, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Howatt, North Tryon. The groom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Cuyler Matheson, Bradalbane.

ELLEN'S DIARY

By An Island Farmer's Wife

Sun and clear brisk winds, or those that in a whisper lonely in timbre, about the yards and along the fields went searching...searching for lovely tokens now gone: fresh-blown spring dandelion may be the white of a wild strawberry blossom in a sheltered fence-nook, the sheen of a buttercup, the rose-red of a clover, a pensive-faced daisy, a tangle of purplish-blue vetch, a first summer rose....That was October.

With sometimes too, a night-train on the roof weaving the rhythm of its ancient lullaby into our sweetest dreams.

And good weather for the farmers, to favor and further their field-works- the plowing, warrant of another seedtime, and the gathering-in of last harvests to cellars. From a full horn of Plenty this year, Earth has poured her gifts in plenty to loft and granary and bin. This we look back now to see, we farm-folks, and be grateful, glad for the sun and showers and the dews which encouraged the increase.

So, over the hilltops from Alderlea, October the nut-brown month has gone leaving with us pleasant memories of her stay. We remember them now, telling over the days each a gift-pearl as it were, representing a meaning, a memory. All threaded on a colorful cord of the Autumn. And odd ones of the jewels were darkly shadowed for there came tso the concerns and difficulties, the crosses and losses which are ever a part of humans' days. The partings, the sorrows and bereavements, the miseries of illness and care. These are among the other shares and portions of folks' livings.

And with mixed anticipations we turn now to great November. What have we against her in heart? Is it her bleak coldness? Or the listless do nothing air of the beclouded days? Or again it may be the sound of the winds which sometimes attend her, chanting dourly over-head about roof-tops and in bare topmost branches, which make her among the less welcome months of the year.

But she too as a new babe, brings her love with her: the fading gold and sturdy green of her garments, so pretty; the hush and quiet and charm and serenity of a season coming toward its rest; the extended period of lamplight which gives time for books and radio, for handicraft and hobbies, and the forgathering of family and friendly group to the pleasant ingle-places of home

Wan sunrises? Yes. And timorous sunsets or those strikingly colorful...and all the time "dat ole Man, Wintah, a-creepin' up for' ce'tain!" And Christmas!

"We just may be living in a Fool's Paradise" James offers now coming in from a night-look at a mother-to-be in a piggery. "We've had so much nice weather this fall, Ellen, we have a notion it's going to last indefinitely. I think" he nods, picking up his glasses and paper and "repairing" to the old armchair again "we'll get at the turnips in the morning."

Until tomorrow --- Diary---Goodnight.....

COOK'S CORNER

... SAUSAGE BALLS

¼ lb. sausag emeat
1 egg yolk
¾ cup fine dried bread crumbs
1 tsp. scraped onion juice

Combine the ingredients and form into marble-shaped balls. Roll in flour and cook fifteen minutes in boiling soup.

Words Of The Wise

If we are ever to enjoy life, now is the time. Today should always be our most wonderful day.

—(Thomas Dreier)

HOUSEHOLD HINT

Cover bare bed springs so that sheets won't catch on them and tear. Avoid yanking sheets off t bed without first loosening the edges

Wife Preservers

Try starching men's handkerchiefs on the corners only. You'll find they stay neater when tucked in a jacket pocket.

KEEP IN TRIM

Set Your Mind To Reduce

By Ida Jean Kain

How many times have you said . . . "I've half a mind to reduce?" Change that to a firmly determined, "I've a good mind to get down to normal weight." That wholehearted approach injects starch into your will power.

Don't falter at the mention of will power. With enlightenment on what gives force or drive to this nebulous quality, you can shift into power steering and bring your weight to beautiful normal. All that's necessary is to be willing. At this point, you may be honestly puzzled and feel you have always been perfectly willing — if only you had the strength of will to stay on a diet.

Here's the powerful secret. Will power is influenced by the subconscious part of the mind, the deep inner part which carries out your sincere desires. Bear in mind that the will is there, abiding in full power. You always have suf- of your favorite foods? Above all, ficient will to do anything you really want to do. What's needed is your wholehearted desire.

Are you completely willing to diet? Examine your attitude toward the only possible way your weight can be reduced — by cutting calories below the number nature uses daily. To do this, you must leave out certain favorite fattening foods. Now, if your mind balks at this turn, then you have been merely wishing to be slim, which is quite a different thing.

Are you eager to take advantage of the science of nutrition? Or are you feeling sorry for yourself because you have to give up some beware of self-pity, for this attitude permeates and influences the subconscious. Then, instead of strengthening your will to eat for normal weight, your subconscious is right back in the old groove. This is the reason: Self-pity, seemingly against your will, forces you back to the old fattening food habits. Choose the positive approach. Keep your mind focussed on the advantages of being normal weight and picture yourself wearing the size you will wear at perfect weight. This dominant though pattern directs your will towards slimming.

One more tip. Doubt hinders. Never for a moment doubt the science of nutrition. And don't expect to be hungry. You may fell a little unsatisfied the first few days while shrinking your stomach, but soon you will feel content and be perfectly nourished on three balanced meals a day planned on the vital protective foods, with calories cut to 1100 or 1200 a day.

The science of nutrition controls true hunger. False hunger comes from boredom and loneliness. Find an absorbing interest and your mind won't dwell on forbidden foods.

As one courageous reducer has expressed it, once you are in control of your weight, you'll never again feel you lack will power. This triumph can help you to live life victoriously. It's a wonderful feeling to have.

MORNING SMILE

Mr. Henpeck returned from his wife's funeral on a very windy, stormy day. He had just reached home when a tile was blown from the roof and hurtled past his head.

"Phew!" he murmured as he hurried inside, "she's reached Heaven already!"

Child Mother's Story Is Unfolded After 16 Years

Editor's note: Sixteen years ago, the world was startled to learn of the birth of a healthy baby boy to a five-year-old Peruvian girl in Lima. Some of Peru's best specialists confirmed the event, but could not offer an explanation. Mother and son dropped out of sight. Here's the story of how they've lived the years since Lina Medina became the world's youngest mother.

By LUIS LEON

LIMA, Peru (AP)—The clock on the scrubbed tile wall of the operating room in Lima's maternity hospital showed 9:08 a. m.

In the galleries, more than a score of doctors watched intently. At the operating table stood a colleague, Dr. Gerardo Lozada.

They were waiting to observe the delivery, by caesarian section, of a baby from a five-year-old mother. The date: May 14, 1939. It was, ironically, Mother's Day in Peru.

By 9:35 a. m., the operation was complete. Gerardo Alejandro Medina, a healthy baby boy, was born. Ten minutes later, the world's youngest mother, Lina Medina, opened her eyes and said she was feeling well. The baby by her side seemed to her to be a new doll, until she noticed with surprise it could move its arms, legs and eyes.

MYSTERY TO DOCTORS

Several years would pass before this half-Indian, half-white child, born in a poverty-ridden Andean village would realize the new baby was her own child. She would, for a long time, believe it was a new brother.

Almost every gynecologist practising in the area of Lima travelled to the maternity hospital to study the strange case. None could explain the pregnancy.

Some pointed out there were frequent festivities celebrated by Indians in Andean villages like the one where Lima was born. These often ended up in orgies in which rape was not uncommon. But if this theory were accepted, there still was no explanation of how a five-year-old girl could conceive a child.

Lina and her son dropped out of sight but Dr. Lozada kept in touch. A pal eand nervous girl of 22, she now is an employee in Dr. Lozada's private hospital in Lima.

When I went to see her at the hospital, a friendly doctor helped, but warned Lina had avoided interviews and would be extremely reluctant to talk about herself. She was.

"Why do you come to disturb me?" she asked.

PROMOTERS REJECTED

Finally she agreed to answer a few questions about what her life has been like. She explained that after her son was born, she was approached by hundreds of representative who wanted to exploit her and her son abroad.

Doctors turned the offers down—not without resistance from Lina's father, Tiburcio Medina, who thought the gates of fortune suddenly had been opened to him and his family.

As the publicity fanfare dwindled the father finally took Lina and his new grandson back to their mountain village and went on cultivating the small piece of leased land as he had done before.

Later, Lina was taken to the capital and raised by people who had taken an interest in the case and felt pity for her. The boy Gerardo grew and attended grammar school. According to teachers, he was an excellent student — and probably the best bugle player the school ever had.

Lina told me the boy is fine, is still in school—and wants to be a doctor.

ALICE BROOKS DESIGNS

by Alice Brooks

EASY TO KNIT

Use large needles, heavy knitting worsted — and watch the inches g-r-o-w! Easy to knit in a smart pattern stitch. Toss this toast-warm shrug over everything!

Knitting Pattern 7099: Easy shrug! Misses' Sizes 32-34; 36-38 are included in pattern.

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Wife Preservers

The brine left over from a jar of sweet pickles makes a good substitute for vinegar

"BRAN-ANA" NUT BREAD

¼ cup shortening
½ cup sugar
1 egg
1 cup Kellogg's All-Bran
1½ cups mashed ripe bananas
1 teaspoon vanilla flavoring
1½ cups sifted flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon baking soda
½ teaspoon salt
½ cup chopped nutmeats

Blend shortening and sugar thoroughly. Add egg and beat well. Stir in All-Bran, bananas and vanilla. Sift together flour, baking powder, soda and salt. Add to first mixture with nutmeats, stirring only until combined. Spread in well-greased 8½ x 4½-inch loaf pan. Bake in preheated moderate oven (350° f.) about 1 hour.

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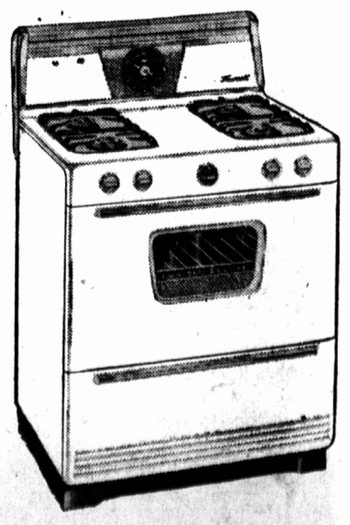

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