# Woman's Realm..



## Household Scrapbook

By Roberta Lee

**Table Linen**

Try darning table linen on the sewing machine. First put the worn places in embroidery hoops, loosen the tension of the machine, and then stitch back and forth until the place is neatly mended. The mended portion is hard to find after laundering.

**Home-Made Metal Polish**

A practical polish for all metals can be made with one cup of cigar ashes mixed with a tablespoon bicarbonate of soda brought to a smooth paste by the addition of water. Use on a soft cloth, rubbing vigorously.

**A Clean Chimney**

If a little saltpeter is sprinkled over the fire occasionally, it will keep the chimney free of soot.

## How Can I ! ! !

By Anne Ashley

Q. How should I boil clothes on laundry day?

A. The best way is to start the clothes in cold water, and allow to remain until they have boiled for at least ten minutes. They should be stirred occasionally with a stick, kept in a convenient place for this purpose.

Q. How can I drive a tack or small nail into a place where it is difficult to hold it with the fingers?

A. Thrust the tack or small nail through a little strip of paper and hold the end of the paper while driving.

Q. How can I prevent skin from forming on a cream of milk soup

A. Beat it just before serving. The froth protects it against surface skin.

## Modern Etiquette

By Roberta Lee

Q. I have often seen the dummy's partner in a bridge game pass over his hand for the dummy's inspection before beginning play. Is this considered proper?

A. It is definitely improper. It delays the game, and the dummy will have ample time to see his partner's cards as they are played.

Q. If in a public restaurant and your dinner companion says to the waiter, "May I have some more butter," is it proper to offer your own butter which you haven't touched?

A. No; this is considered improper, whether it be your untouched butter, water or bread roll.

Q. Is it proper for the mother to mail a printed "thank you" card for a gift sent to her newborn baby?

A. No; the mother's thanks should be expressed in a sincere, personally-written note.

## Better English

By B. C. Williams

1. What is wrong with this sentence? 'This winter is colder than any I have ever experienced."
2. What is the correct pronunciation of "hydrangea"?
3. Which one of these words is misspelled? Spacious, spaghetti, spasmodic, stupification.
4. What does the word "recrudescence" mean?
5. What is a word beginning with dep that means "to exhaust"?

**ANSWERS**

1. Say, "This winter is colder than any other." 2. Pronounce first a as in an, not as in drain. 3. Stupefaction. 4. The state of breaking out again after temporary abatement. "A recrudescence of barbarism brought poverty to the nation." 5. Deplete.

## ELLEN'S DIARY

By An Island Farmer's Wife

The wind blew gently this morning, singing a low sweet melody about the eaves of the barn, where a farmer in a raggedy but favorite sweater and blue overalls was at the feeding. We suspect it would be whispering the names of departed friends to him as he parcelled the hay neatly before placing it carefully in the mangers. He would be thinking of the animal so recently gone, — that he was a willing dependable creature and "always ready for the collar." Names of others too, would come to mind, because there are those gone from the farm for years, whose memory James keeps evergreen

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He speaks of these sometimes to the children when hanging about his chair they beg for a story, mentioning them in a loved-and-lost way. "And there she was" he will come to a lovely ending "the prettiest foal you ever saw! I just went in to my breakfast and was gone no time at all, and when I came out, I found her there beside her mother! . . . The cropping was all done then, Ellen, I remember . . .Her mother was the old mare of all. And the foal was marked prettily — white star on her forehead and white markings on her legs up to here" and at once the youngsters glance down along their own sturdy limbs, so real are his stories.

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And why did you ever sell her?" granddaughter would question with regret, she being the most interested of the three . . A gift from Santa Claus, on his recent itinerary brought her a barn, a smallish but wonderful building of cardboard, which houses not only its own complement of animals but others she had gathered in her lifetime. She has received most of them as gifts from her father, who encourages their liking. Sometimes they come as rewards. "Now if you will just swallow this medicine for your cold I'll bring . ." Or "If you won't mind that I can't take you with me

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## Cook's Corner

**ORANGE-COCOANUT PUDDINGS**

Bake or steam these puddings, whichever you prefer; the results are considerably different so perhaps you will vary your method of cooking, baking the dessert if you have the oven going anyway, steaming the puddings if you are preparing a top-stove dinner. The steamed pudding is quite typical—close-textured and moist. The baked pudding has a pleasant golden crust and is lighter in texture.

Yield—5 servings.

1-3 cup corn syrup
1 tablespoon lemon juice
Orange sections
1¼ cups once-sifted cake flour
1½ teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
1 egg
2-3 cup fine granulated sugar
½ cup milk
1 tablespoon grated orange rind
¼ teaspoon vanilla
¼ cup desicated cocoanut
4 tablespoons shortening, melted.

Combine the corn syrup and lemon juice and place a spoonful in the bottom of each of 5 greased individual baking dishes; arrange 5 or 6 orange sections in the bottom of each dish.

Measure and sift together twice, the flour, baking powder and salt.

Beat the egg until thick and light; gradually beat in the sugar, beating well after each addition; stir in the milk, orange rind, vanilla, desicated cocoanut and melted shortening.

Add dry ingredients, about half at a time, combining lightly after each addition.

Turn batter into the prepared baking dishes.

To bake puddings: Bake in a moderate oven, 350 degrees, about 35 minutes.

To steam puddings: Cover each dish with a little square of cookery parchment which has been wrung out of cold water or with greased paper and tie down; steam over plenty of rapidly boiling water, closely covered, 35 to 40 minutes.

Turn puddings out and serve hot with a suitable sauce or pouring cream.

## Strange But True

By F. H. MacArthur

Glass windows, except in churches and wealthy homes, were rare before the time of Henry VIII. . . . Do you look at the new moon over your left shoulder and make a courtesy or a wish? If you do, then you are observing an old Scottish custom. . . .

If you have any red coins that you can't read because of much wear, heat a poker red hot and place the coin upon it. The inscription will then plainly appear, but will fade out as the coin cools. This method used to be practiced at mints to discover the genuine coin when the silver was last called in.

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Farmers in 1870:— Man to the plough; Wife to the cow; Girl to the sow; Boy to the mow. — Farmer in 1950:— Man to his car; Wife to the bar; Girl without socks; Boy on the rocks. . . . A few particulars relative to organs, may be of interest to musical readers. Organs have been with us for so long that their origin is lost in antiquity. St. Jerome tells us of one that could be heard a "mile away; and says that one in Jerusalem could be heard at the Mount of Olives. Organs were first introduced into France by Louis I, A. D., 815. Organs were in use in the churches of Italy, Germany and England as early as the tenth century.

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If you think it difficult to trace relationship in your family tree, read this and shudder:— At Givennop in Cornwall, in March of 1823, Miss Sophia Bowden was married to Mr. Robert Bowden, both of St. Day. By this marriage, the father became brother-in-law to his son, the mother, mother-in-law to her sister; the mother-in-law of the son, his sister-in-law; the sister of the mother-in-law, her daughter-in-law; the sister of the daughter-in-law, her mother-in-law; the son of the father, brother-in-law to his mother-in-law; and uncle to his brothers and sisters. The wife of the son, sister-in-law to her father-in-law, and aunt-in-law to

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## A Country Garden

The snow swirls at the window sills,
The drifts are high,
The pale-gold winter sunlight spills
From a cold sky;
But in my hand I hold a small
And lovely thing:
A nursery catalogue, with all
The light of spring
And summer in it ....
SWIRL at my window, snow, and see
If you can prison me.

Grace Crowell.

The first seed Catalogue of the new year has arrived and it is quite attractive with the colored photographs of "New Regal" Giant Larkspur on the cover. Looking over the catalogue is to forget the season and to wish for the seeds of many of the unusual plants described, and the illustrations of the grand fruits and vegetables make you long for them and the warm summer days. Every week will bring new catalogues and annuals of favorite flowers; planning for next year's garden is made easier when it is possible to get all the latest information from the Experimental Stations and other sources. Gardening is like everything else, it is necessary to keep on learning all the time and at this season more time can be given to the reading of garden books and catalogues.

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This is the time of year to gather up all the interesting garden items that you have been collecting in the busy summer days and make them into a garden scrapbook so that the information is easy to find when needed; and these books can be very attractive with beautiful illustrations taken from magazines and catalogues. Every gardener knows how valuable these scrapbooks can become through the years.

Early planted daffodils and Hyacinths have been brought from the house cellar up to the light and very soon they will be in fragrant bloom; watch the bulbs still left in the dark as they need moisture at this stage of growth.

As I write the snow has disappeared and the garden is bare so more spruce boughs have been gathered for the covering so much needed. Every day in the year it is possible to care for a garden.

"Knowing and loving the earth does enhance this business of living. It establishes an escape and an experience that does aid us in the sordid round of detail.

Nothing much matters when we are in the absorbing act of gardening.

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It is amazing how gardening increases our sense of the mystery of life. This digging in the black loam of the soil, this planting of a tiny seed and its resultant wonders, does bring back something of that deep appreciation of the divine pattern that is akin to religious ecstasy. You become not only conscious of the strange renewal of life but you become part of it. Once you have experienced that partnership with nature, it is impossible to do without it. A nostalgia for a garden possesses us when we are torn from it, and nothing makes us completely happy until we are on our knees to the earth again. A garden is at once a temptation and a challenge. We may work, sweat, plan, struggle; but one tall spire of curving delicate Columbine will rest our aching muscles; one straight shaft of heavenly blue Delphinium will answer our wonder about life. A garden is the answer to all human doubt.

We need beauty, kindliness, and happiness. All over this harassed world, we need the qualities that come from unselfishness in cooperation. Even if you and I persevere with a rich energy and a constant ideal of beauty, we may help by making a garden. This fusion with the earth, this dim vision of the eternal pattern, this eagerness for beauty, all grow with the making of a garden and they will in some measure find their way into the heart of the beholder.

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Deep in the oldest tradition of the human race dwells an affinity with the earth. From her fertility we gain bodily sustenance; from her natural law we gain stability of order; from her patient revivals we learn the lesson of resurrection.

There is a keen awareness of the mystery of life in the steady routine of a garden. The dull, dormant seed, sunken into the warm bosom of the earth; the welcome slash of the silver rain, the wonder of the first green shoot, the bud, the blaze of blossom, the whole cycle, of life, unfolded and made known. Is it any wonder that uniting in this cycle, partaking living and partaking of its mystery, every gardener who plants a seed, regards his garden as a moral blessing? I would teach morality by making a garden.

## The Stars Say - -

By Genevieve Kemble

**For Tomorrow**

WHILE there are excellent promises for the promotion, advancement and sound development of very ambitious plans and important enterprises of more than passing purpose, yet there are also signs of pushing with such vigor, ardor and impetuosity as to set back the worthiest and noblest objectives. Rash impetuous and irrational moves, based on excitement or impulses, could prove ruinous.

**If It Is Your Birthday**

Those whose birthday it is, are advised to curb an overwhelming urge to put over big deals or major objectives by force of main strength, aggressive or strenuous endeavors rather than a judicious application of rational and practical ideas, plans and purpose. The highest of enterprises or ambitions could be defeated by sheer push, untimely tactics or a show of indomitable will. Don't shove or hammer.

A child born on this day, while having excellent prospects for successful enterprises may undermine its finest plans and purposes by an indomitable use of force, aggression ,or high pressure tactics Runaway impulses may prove its un-

## That Body Of Yours

By James W. Barton, M.D.

**LONG TRIP OF FOOD THROUGH THE BODY**

Indigestion is one of man's commonest foes, yet when we think of the tube that carries our food from the mouth to its exit from the body, and trace its winding course uphill, downhill, around single curves, and then around double S curves, the winder is that we do not suffer even mode digestive troubles.

The tube is not unlike an elastic tube in that it can be stretched at certain points. The fact that there is so much elasticity in the walls of this tube means that it can remain "on the stretch" for long periods. It loses however, some of its stretch or squeezing ability if kept that way too long. It then loses its tone, and lack of tone in stomach and intestinal walls may mean failure to push food and wastes onward and downward.

The stomach can be distended by too much food, too much water, or because it hangs too low at times. This makes a hard climb for the food up to, instead of down to, the opening into small intestine. The small intestine which is 20 feet long and piled up in folds in the abdomen, empties into the large intestine by means of a valve which prevents the digested food from flowing back. All the nourishment of this digested food is absorbed into the blood and lymphatic vessels, leaving only the wastes to travel the six more feet of the large intestine and thence out of the body.

There is often a delay just beyond the valve in the large intestine and the waste matter pouches or dilates the large intestine in region of appendix at lower right side of abdomen. After climbing about ten or 12 inches up right side, the large intestine with its wastes makes a sudden turn across abdomen from right side to left, about two or three inches below stomach. Sometimes it doesn't go straight across as it may form a loop downward for inches and sometimes a foot or more, which, of course, means a delay in progress of wastes to the left side. This condition may be mistaken for appendicitis.

When the large intestine reaches the left side, it again has to make a sudden curve downwards (another delay at this curve); it then goes all the way down the left side till near its lower end when there is another double S curve, causing a slowing up or delay of wastes before they are pushed out of the body by the walls of the large intestine assisted by muscles of the abdomen.

Even with all these points where delay may occur, exercising the body and eating fruits and rough vegetables should prevent delays and thus prevent constipation.

## Morning Smile

**All Depends**

"Now, sir," defending counsel said to the witness, "you have known the accused a long time?"

"Twenty-odd years," was the reply.

"And you think him perfectly honest?"

"Perfectly!"

"Would you trust him with your own money?"

"I certainly would."

"Then tell me, sir—do you consider it likely he would have stolen this sum of money, as the prosecution alleges?"

"I consider it most unlikely — impossible — that is — er — well, how much was it?"

## DOROTHY DIX SAYS—

### Parental Conceit

#### Father Insists On Choosing Careers For Grown Children

DEAR MISS DIX: When it came time for me to choose a career my father informed me that I would be trained for a schoolteacher. My natural talents follow the line of journalism and dramatics, but these my father scoffs at. Reluctantly I became a teacher, a poor one whose heart was not in her work. Now after three years at this occupation I am a complete nervous wreck. My 17-year-old sister desires to enter a business career but because of our father's domineering will she must train for a nurse, though the odor of a hospital repels her and she faints at the sight of blood. Our father believes us to be stubborn, ungrateful children and we think him lacking in understanding. Which of us is right, and what can we do about it?

MARY

ANSWER: Probably no other one thing has done more harm in the world than the colossal conceit of parents which makes them think they have a right to play the part of God to their children and decide their fates. Somehow they seem to think that with the advent of the first baby they are endowed with Almighty wisdom and become perfectly capable of directing and shaping the whole career of the life that has come into their hands.

**THIS HOLDS FOR INFANTS**

In the small matters in a child's early life this may be partially true, but such is not the case when it comes to deciding the big matters which will affect the youngster's whole life. Then Father and Mother do not always know what is best for the child because they cannot see into the child's mind or heart and know what is there what hopes, desires, ambitions, talents lie hidden in the child's secret soul.

Innumerable fathers have forced dreamers into business, made lawyers and preachers of dummies and turned boys who would have been great writers, artists or musicians into grocery clerks, all because Father thought he had a right to decide his children's lives for them.

That is what your father is doing. There is no greater crime than any man can commit because the round peg never fits into the square hole. People who are forced to do what nature never intended them to do are nearly always failures. The greatest happiness that any of us get is in following some congenial occupation and doing the thing we enjoy doing.

In your particular case the way out is plain if you have strength enough to follow it. Go on with your teaching and try to find out whether you have the ability to write or not. Just wanting to do it isn't enough. You have to have a talent for it. And you can give yourself a tryout while you are still teaching. As for your sister, the first time she faints in an operating room will end her career as a nurse and leave the way open for her to go into business as she desires.

DEAR DOROTHY DIX: I am a boy 17 years old and I am in despair because I have a receding chin, as this is an evidence of weakness, mentally and physically. I am also undersized, but I have led my class for five years. Yet on account of my physical make-up I

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## -Needlecraft-

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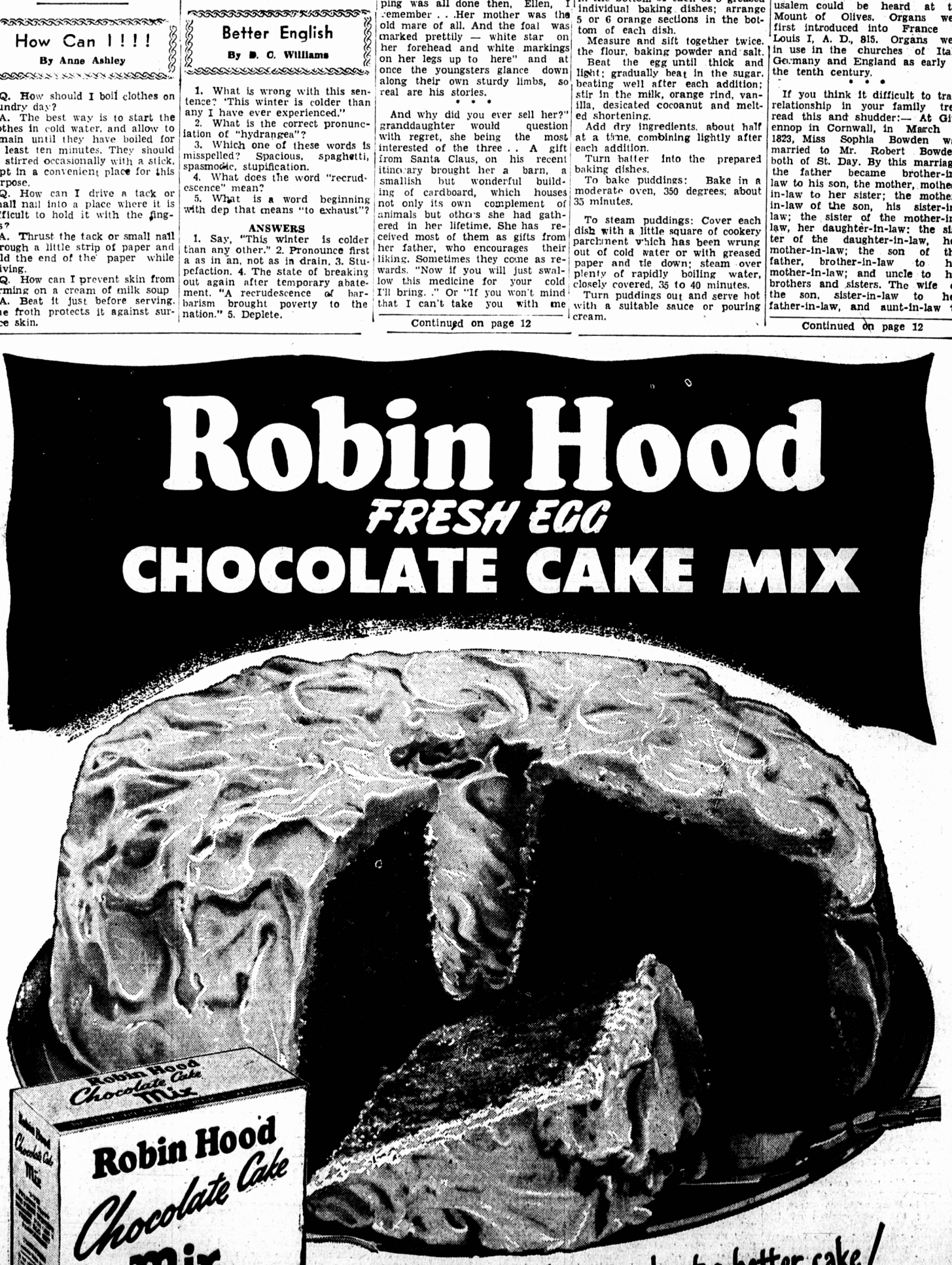

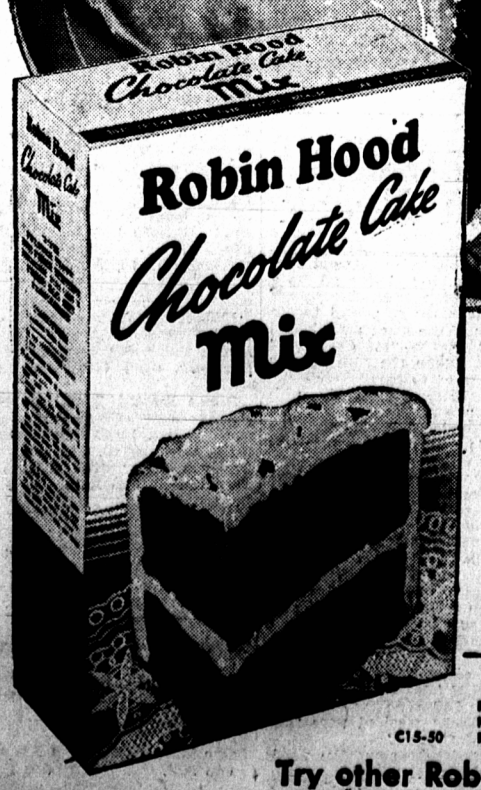


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