

ELLEN'S DIARY

By An Island Farmer's Wife

There was still night-frost on the panes when we breakfasted by "lamp-light" this morning. And unaccustomed to the wintry weather now prevailing, though it is but seasonal, we heaped—and poured—fresh fuel into stoves "to make us better cheer."

Because of no previous acquaintance with this type of heater, like James we are inclined to look with some suspicion upon it. "Increase the heat a little," we called from upstairs to James this evening. His voice boomed in reply: "Come down and attend to it yourself, Ellen! The confounded thing might explode in my hands."

"I'm not going to like it this year," we overheard Gage say to Jamie lastly when they discussed the decorating of their Christmas tree. He nodded soberly: "We may as well leave those lights in the box. Granddaddy won't like us to put them on, for fear of a fire."

"Use them if you like," James nattered a little, when later the subject was aired. "But if I were you, I wouldn't leave them lit very long at a time—and then only when there are grown-ups around. You know how quickly the branches of a spruce or 'var' catch when we burn them in the woods—all in a flash, isn't it? Well, you wouldn't like that to happen indoors, would you?"

On those acres of this farm which sport spruce and "var" hemlock and odd pines, our woodmen worked this afternoon, gathering pieces of spruce to be used to build something—you never can tell on a farm how much may be used—and making scented summer wood of the discards. The farmers now come and go along snowy trails.

But now, how lone and still are the farmlands! . . . A few minutes ago we stood beneath the wonder and enchantment of this winter night. How silent it was, and how beautiful! Chimneys of the neighboring farmhouses sent up intriguing spirals of smoke, cloudy-white against the silver of night; high above the hills, glittering stars set their courses. A horse and sleigh, like some quaint picture come to life and darkish in the moonlight, followed the winter-set road to be lost presently behind the shadowy spruces which lead toward Home. James came to the doorway. "Come away in, Ellen," he said, "there'll be plenty of nights like this before winter is out!"

"But none so beautiful," we offered. "So peaceful and moonlit. . . . See the shadows down by the spruces. . . . and how bright it is up in the orchard—almost as by day. There bare branches filtered the mellow light, making shadows on the white below. "It is a pretty night," agreed James. "The moon's at its best now and the bit of frost adds a sparkle. Looks as though we're going to get another nice day tomorrow."

He lingered there, eyes toward Good-night. . . .

That Body Of Yours

By James W. Barton, M.D.

WHAT CAN BE DONE ABOUT THE DRUG MENACE

When we read about bank robberies, hold-ups and other forms of crime committed by drug addicts (dope fiends) and learn of the large number of teen-agers who are using and distributing the drugs marijuana, heroin, cocaine, morphine, it greatly alarms us. There is no questioning the fact that the dope habit is increasing in teen-agers and in those who are older; it appears that the alarm of parents, police, and the public generally about the number of crimes reported, as caused by addicts, has resulted in an emotional storm, and rightly so. The Public Affairs Committee booklet, "What Can We Do About the Drug Menace," written by Dr. Albert Deutsch, noted social welfare writer, in cooperation with the Office of Public Health Education, State of New York Department of Health, is most informative.

This booklet points out that the public concern about teen-age drug addicts was so intense as to approach panic at times and occasionally led to follies and excesses. Many over-anxious parents hurried their children to be examined for possible addiction. Over-alert school teachers warned by their supervisors to watch for signs of addiction, rushed pupils to clinics on no more grounds than that they appeared drowsy and listless.

The booklet further points out that while the number of cases of drug addiction has undoubtedly multiplied many times in the past few years, the actual figures have been exaggerated. This doesn't mean that there is no need for action. "The actual situation was—and remains—serious enough to require increasing vigilance and unremitting activity on a sound basis to keep the real menace in check."

Addition to drugs is like a communicable disease, there is a rapid spread of the narcotic contagion; unless prevention and curative measures are vigorously promoted. The booklet points out further that the unrelieved and mounting tensions of these days of mental turmoil are driving larger numbers of leading citizens to seek succor from stress in sleeping pills (principally the barbiturates) for jangled nerves and sleeplessness. This very helpful drug used at first in normal dosage "may gradually cause full-blown addiction with disastrous consequences to economic and social status and perhaps to a fatal end."

Originally intended to relieve pain and produce sleep, barbiturates through the years are being used by people to escape from life's responsibilities and burdens. This habit of irresponsible mental, physical and moral deterioration.

We must all keep alert about habit-forming drugs as regards our children. . . .

the road. Was he seeing scenes from the old years? An esteemed driver, bells jingling on a fashionable cutter? A couple snug—and light-hearted? "We must try to get some of that stuff hauled out, if it starts fine," he observed. "A storm would make quite a mess of it!"

And now days of the New Year slip by. . . .

"Until tomorrow. . . . Diary . . .

He lingered there, eyes toward Good-night. . . .

A Country Garden

By Mrs. Gordon MacMillan

When men were all asleep the snow came flying. In large white flakes falling on the city brown, stealthily and perpetually settling and loosely lying. Hushing the latest traffic of the drowsy town;

Deadening, muffling, stifling its murmurs falling; Lazily and incessantly floating down and down: Silently sifting and veiling road, roof, and railing;

Hiding difference making unevenness even. Into angles and crevices softly drifting and sailing. All night it fell, and when full inches seven

It lay in the depth of its uncompacted whiteness. The clouds blew off from a high and frosty heaven: And all woke earlier for the unaccustomed brightness

Of the winter dawning, the strange unheavenly glare: The eye marvelled at the dazzling whiteness; The ear harkened to the stillness of the solemn air;

No sound of wheel rumbling nor of foot falling. And the busy morning cries came thin and spare— —Robert Bridges.

This January morning the first flowering bulbs of the year are blooming on a sunny window sill. They are the lovely blue scilla in an orange bowl and they were planted in November, kept moist in a dark corner until well rooted, and brought to the light. Then they fairly lumed up and very soon the color was showing. Many of the very early spring bulbs can be brought into bloom in bowls or winter bloomers. They are usually quite inexpensive and it is fun to experiment with some that are not as familiar as others.

Blue flowers are not at any season very plentiful, but they are very attractive. More than any other, and are a very factor in certain color-schemes. Many scillas were planted in the garden here and they are some of the best to look forward to in the spring. Scilla's dominant color scheme is yellow and white, sometimes with a touch of blue. The "breadths of bright blue or violet flowers in the pale yellow grass" breaking up the yellow and white harmonies on every bed and edging them with a depth and richness which alone they do not show. Happily we have in little bulbs much valuable material for this purpose. Many of them furnish us with the most splendid pure blue color, as well as an infinite variety of kindred tones—mauve, lavender, silvery lilac, sky-blue, grey-blue, violet and purple. They should be applied to the spring picture with a lavish brush—washed in broadly among the predominating manifestations in yellow, cream and white in the setting of pale young green. It is impossible for us to have as many of these bulbs as we would like, but it is possible to have a small corner somewhere filled with scillas—the very name is like a song—and they come in many varieties and colors. Plant the scilla sibirica, that wears perhaps the keenest blue in all flowerdom, and planted beneath the forsythia bushes for a yellow and blue show.

Later flowering kinds are the two wood hyacinths or bluebells, scilla nutans and s. campanulata. The former is the loved bluebell of British woodlands. Both blossom with us in May. Scilla nutans is the more lightly made and graceful of the two, growing tall, fourteen inches—with arching stems hung with flaring lavender-blue bells. Nothing could be more enchanting than a spreading sea of these in open woodland, lying close and deep-toned in the damp hollows and foaming softly about the boles of the trees.

If you have, by chance, a beechwood full of the wood hyacinths; the grey trunks and the grey-blue blossoms make a perfect color harmony. No investment could bring a surer return in beauty. Some day I should like to have the little wood at the top of the garden filled with these perfect little flowers that do not ask much in care after planting, then to share this beauty with others multiplies the joy there is in the garden.

"All that is requisite is that we should pause in living to enjoy life, and should lift up our hearts to things that are pure goods in themselves so that to have found and loved them, whatever else may be, may remain a happiness that none can sully." —George Santayana.



THE QUEEN'S A DOLL

Anne Stratton of London, ex-presses a plaster figure of Queen Elizabeth II, one of more than 550 different souvenirs which will be placed on sale during Coronation the market.

DOROTHY DIX'S COLUMN—

An Unfortunate Omission Long-Delayed Marriage Service Source Of Worry To Family

DEAR MISS DIX: My sister has been married for 23 years and has three children. She has had a very happy married life with a fine husband, but recently she confided to me a secret of long standing. She and her husband had lived together ten years before they were married. At that time they had a civil ceremony but he always promised that they would be married in church some day. Now she is worried about her two older children. She has heard that they cannot be married in church because their parents weren't.



ANSWER: The simple solution to your sister's problem is for her and her husband to have a church ceremony as soon as possible. While there is absolutely no truth to the statement that her children will be denied a church wedding because their parents didn't have one, it will certainly make the family feel better if your sister consults her clergyman and arranges for the religious ceremony she wants.

DEAR MISS DIX: My wife was killed in an automobile accident three months ago. She was 51, I am 52. We had been married 30 years and have several children, the youngest 16. This is my problem. My children resent my having lady friends, although I have given no thought to remarrying. I don't live with my married children, the single children are all boys—two in service and one with me. What am I to do? Live alone, marry again or try to please my children? I am so heartbroken over my loss I feel I can't stand the loneliness.

DON'T REMARRY IN HASTE

ANSWER: Your children's chief objection to your having lady friends at present is undoubtedly due to the short time that has elapsed since their mother's death. The worst thing you could do now would be to rush into a second marriage. You are so overcome with grief and loneliness that your judgment could easily be obscured to the point where you might take a step leading to lifelong regret. It's up to your children, if they have your welfare at heart, to see that you have as few lonely moments as they can possibly arrange. Since there are several of them, one or the other can have you as a guest in a concerted effort to assuage your loneliness. After a reasonable interval they should put no obstacles in the way of your making new friends, but please take your time about it.

DEAR MISS DIX: We are two girls of high school age. When we are out walking with our boy friends and they put their arms around our shoulders, is it all right for us to put our arms around their waists?

ANSWER: It is never proper to make a public demonstration of affection; the behavior of the boys is not in accord with strict rules of etiquette. However, it's also true that only a confirmed misanthrope would be severe enough to impose the strict letter of the rule book upon such a small manifestation of youthful romance.

DEAR MISS DIX: Four years ago, when I was 16, I met a man of 30 and we were instantly attracted to each other. He traveled, so I didn't see him too often. Two years later I discovered that he was married to a fine woman, and their home is within five miles of mine. I stayed away from him for several months, but couldn't forget him. My question is that now my brother has invited me to live with him in California. Do you think being away will make me forget this man?

ANSWER: Going away is the wisest thing you could do. Proximity apparently is your Waterloo and while situated so that you see the man quite often, you won't even make a sincere effort to forget him. Be a little more determined in California. Stop mooning over all the nice times you had together, the sweet nothings he whispered to you, and destroy every memento of the friendship you have. Passive resignation will not do in your case; you need active determination to forget. Be assured, it can be done!

Miss Nissen cannot reply personally to readers but will answer problems of general interest through this column.

How Can I . . .

By Anne Ashley

Q. How can I remove ink spots from wall paper?

A. By applying a weak solution of water and oxalic acid. It should be applied with a paint brush and pressed with blotting paper, as the acid might affect the color of the paper. It might be necessary to repeat this process a second or third time.

Q. How can I promote the growth of houseplants?

A. Geraniums and other house plants that are kept in the win-

dows should be turned around frequently so as to promote the growth of well-rounded plants.

Q. How can I be sure of a brown crust when baking sponge cake?

A. Granulated sugar, sifted over the top of sponge cake before putting it into the oven, gives it a rich brown crust when baked.

Better English

By A. G. Williams

1. What is wrong with this sentence? "I see John every once in awhile, and I have no fear of him going away." 2. What is the correct pronunciation of "libretto"? 3. Which one of these words is misspelled? Antiquity, antixylic, animosity, anuly. 4. What does the word "biennial" mean? 5. What is a word beginning with ra that means "to approve and sanction"?

ANSWERS

1. Say, "I see John (omit every) once in a while, and I have no fear of his going away." 2. Pronounce li-bret-to, i as in lit, e as in bet, o as in toe, accent second syllable. 3. Annually. 4. Taking place once in two years; as, "a biennial election." 5. Ratify.

Seven Days A Week

(By Anne Shannon)

1. Monday: Did you know that nylon is unusually sensitive in picking up other colors? So if there is a pinkish cast of nylon garments maybe it is the result of washing them with hosey or colored nylons. Stockings are usually reasonably fast in color but even they will give off a bit of dye which will be picked up by light-colored nylons.

Candy, nuts, fruit and gum are very much in evidence these days and what is more hateful than to pick up a piece of chewing gum on a good dress or skirt! However, gum can easily be removed from heavy or cotton materials by soaking in turpentine. Too, dry ice can be applied to the gum and it will easily chip off then.

2. Tuesday: How often we have heard the hymn "Hark! The Herald Angels Sing" these past few weeks. Charles Wesley first anticipated this carol as he was walking to church one Christmas morning. The merry sound of church bells ringing, the happy laughter of children, the warmth and homeliness of the festival so thrilled him that he exclaimed: "Hark! how all the welkin rings. Glory to the King of Kings." Under grey English skies on a bleak winters day, says Ivy Rogers, Wesley made this joyous exclamation, but it was among the sunny plantations of Georgia that the carol was actually written. And it was the voyage to America which led the Wesleys to become hymn writers. Overtaken by storms on the voyage across, Charles Wesley and his brother were so impressed by the behaviour of the passengers who in spite of the imminent danger of shipwreck, gathered together on the heaving wave-washed deck and sang hymns that when they landed in Georgia the Wesleys began to write hymns. Soon there stole into Charles Wesley's mind the happy memory of church bells and of the friendliness of Christmas under an English sky then he sat down and wrote, "Hark! The Herald Angels Sing."

3. Wednesday: To-day we dismantle the Christmas tree and as Mary, the fourteen year old member of the family says, "It's like saying good-bye to an extra nice friend when we take down the tree every year!" However, it is rather a nice chore. I think, and we think of the future as we lay each shining ball in the nest of tissue paper and pack away the tinsel and the . . .

Continued on page 3

Morning Smile

Clever

Five-year-old Willie had been taught that Sunday is not a day for play. One Sunday morning his mother found him sailing his toy boat in the bathtub. "Willie," she said, "don't you know it's wicked to sail boats on Sunday?" "There's no need to get excited mother," he replied, calmly. "This isn't a pleasure trip. This is a missionary boat going to Africa."

Half and Half

"Hello, that you Brown?" How about a hundred at billiards?" "Sorry, but I'm half asleep." "All right, how about a fifty up?"

Anne Adams Patterns

IF SHE'S SUB-TEEN

For your smart little Sub-Teen daughter, this smart little dress. There's style aplenty in that wing collar, those jaunty pockets. Add interest apertly with plaid bow, pockets and bands on sleeves. Suitable for school and play, pretty enough for dress-up!



Household Scrapbook

By Roberta Lee

Cocoanuts The difficulty of opening a coconut can be remedied by following this method: First, bore a hole in the eye and pour out the milk. Second, place the coconut in the oven and the heat will crack the shell. Then the meat can be removed very easily.

Brick Fireplace The bricks about the fireplace can be brightened if they are first scrubbed with hot soapsuds, then a coat of hot boiled oil is applied, using a paint brush.

The Skin The face, neck, arms and hands will be softer and whiter if a mixture of a little raw cornmeal and sour milk is applied.

The Stars Say . . .

By Genevieve Kemble

For Tomorrow A PARTICULARLY lively and propitious state of affairs exists, with the accent on heart and home activities. Family, cultural, social and romantic celebrations and functions claim the attention. All pertaining to these should flourish, giving much inner satisfaction and stimulus. Keen insight and quick action should point the energies to real enjoyment, but keep free from petty annoyances, trivialities.

For the Birthday Those whose birthday it is may prepare for a very lively, pleasant and happy year, with much to inspire and stimulate in the realm of heart and home. Domestic, social, intellectual and romantic pursuits may prove exciting, although petty annoyances or disappointments should be discounted. Those business affairs connected with all that embellishes the home should thrive, with the wherewithal for improvements in gracious living forthcoming. Mentality is keen to grasp advantages as well as pleasures. Creative thinking is stimulated. Act quickly for gain and advantage.

A child born on this day is generously endowed with talents, energies and aspirations for a progressive, pleasant and rich life. Intellectual and cultural accomplishments may be notable.

4605 SIZES 6-14 by Anne Adams

Modern Etiquette

By Roberta Lee

Q. If one has received a wedding invitation, and because of illness or absence, has not been able to send a wedding gift, is it all right to send this after the wedding?

A. Yes. And it would be nice, too, to send a short note, explaining the reason for the delay.

Q. Would it be all right to write a note of condolence to the parents of a friend who has died, even if you do not know the parents?

A. There is never anything improper about any act of thoughtfulness and sincerity. Q. Is it proper to cut croquettes at the table with the knife?

A. No; the fork should be used for this.



Alice Brooks Designs



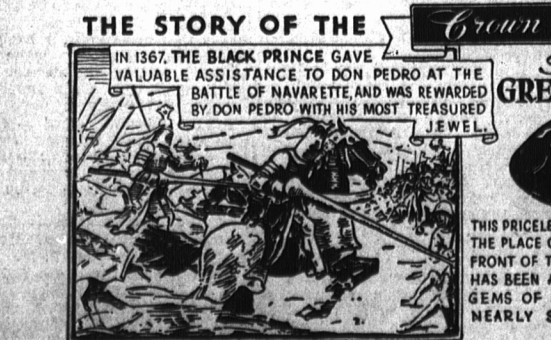
Cook's Corner

FISH PIE AND POTATO TOPPING

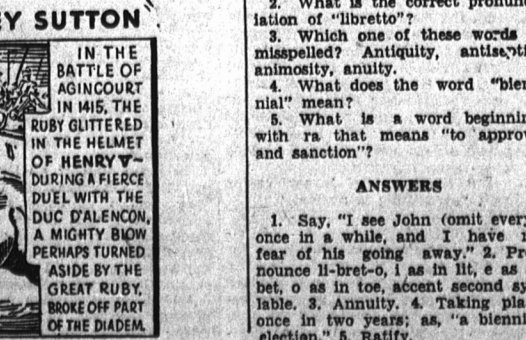
3 tablespoons butter or margarine, 1/4 cup flour, 1 teaspoon pepper, 2 cups milk, 7-ounce can fish flakes, 1 small onion, grated, 1 cup cooked carrots, 1 cup canned peas, 2 cups mashed potatoes. Melt the butter or margarine in a heavy kettle; add flour, salt, and pepper; mix well. Add milk, stirring constantly; cook over low heat until sauce is thick and smooth. Add fish flakes, onion, carrots and peas. Pour into a 2-quart casserole; cover with mashed potatoes. Bake in hot oven 425 degrees F., 20 minutes. Serves 4.

KING COLE

OLD ENGLISH TEA BLEND NOW COSTS LESS



THE STORY OF THE GREAT RUBY IN 1367, THE BLACK PRINCE GAVE VALUABLE ASSISTANCE TO DON PEDRO AT THE BATTLE OF NAVARRE, AND WAS REWARDED BY DON PEDRO WITH HIS MOST TREASURED JEWEL.



KINGSLEY SUTTON IN THE BATTLE OF AGINCOURT IN 1415, THE RUBY GLITTERED IN THE HELMET OF DURING A FIERCE DUEL WITH THE DUC D'ALENCON, A MIGHTY BOW PERHAPS TURNED ASIDE BY THE GREAT RUBY, BROKE OFF PART OF THE DIADEM.

Advertisement for Coty Famous 'Sub-Deb' Lipstick. Features a large illustration of a woman's face in profile, wearing lipstick. Text includes 'Now At HOLLMAN'S', 'New! COTY FAMOUS Sub-Deb Lipstick in the new small size 85¢', and 'Coty SUB-DEB LIPSTICK'. At the bottom, it lists shades: MAGNET RED, SOL D'OR, BRIGHT, MEDIUM, VIBRANT, DAHLIA, LIGHT.