

Brides Of 1700's Were Thrifty

Many New England Young Women Had Economical Trousseau — Wedding Gown A Sheet

At least one New England bride of the early 18th century had an economical trousseau. Her wedding gown was simply a sheet. Record of this unusual attire was found in a manuscript collection in the Andover Public Library by the PWA historical records survey. The ceremony was performed December 24, 1733, at Bradford, now a part of Haverhill, Mass.

"Smock Marriages"
Such marriage ceremonies were called "smock marriages" and, it is believed, were common in England and the American colonies.

Although the usual costume of the "smock marriages" was a white sheet, or chemise, the bride at times wore nothing at all.

Mostn't Be In Debt
The unusual procedure was based on a belief that if a man married a woman who was in debt he would be held liable for her indebtedness if he received her at the hands of the minister or magistrate with any of her property. It also was believed that if a woman married a man who was in debt his creditors could not take her property to satisfy them provided he received nothing from her.

Spy Suspect Interned



After having twice attempted to escape while being transported from Toronto's Don Jail to Kingston, Katharine Haldinger, spy suspect, arrived safely at the women's prison in connection with Kingston penitentiary. Miss Haldinger was arrested for illegal entry from the U.S. into Canada and will be interned for the duration of the war.

Handy Hints

A roll of half-inch adhesive tape will make dozens of nametags for kiddies' coats and caps. It is the work of a moment to snip off a couple of inches, write the name and stick the tab on the garment.

When you hang stockings out to dry, put a clothes peg in each toe to fasten them to the line, and join each pair with a peg in the top. The weight of the peg keeps them from blowing up and twisting round the line.

If you have any thick, knitted garment that is practically worn out, pull it undone and wind the wool into a large skein, just like the skein of new wool you'd buy at the shop, but make the skein much thicker.

tie both ends securely and wind round a wooden stick of some sort. This will make an excellent and useful floor mop. Another way of using up the wool is to plant the skein loosely, tying it at each end, and using it as a hand polisher.

To clean paint brushes that have become hard put some vinegar in a saucepan and bring it to the boil. Put the brushes in it and allow them to simmer for half an hour. Then wash them thoroughly in very soapy water, rinse and you will find the brushes as good as the day you bought them.

Dampen an iron-mould stain with peroxide of hydrogen and let it dry in strong sunlight. If the stain is very bad, several applications may be needed, but it will be bleached out eventually. This treatment is only suitable for white material or colors that are fast to light, of course.

Attractive kitchen canisters can be made by covering empty coffee cans with gay burlap. Cut the burlap as wide as the can is high and long enough to go round the can and lap over about one inch. Bind with tape and sew on snaps to fasten.

*They're So Convenient "SALADA" *TEA BAGS

OUT of the NIGHT

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CAST OF CHARACTERS
PRISCILLA PIERCE — heroine, young woman attorney.
AMY KERR — Cilly's roommate and murderer's victim.
JIM KERRIGAN — Cilly's fiancé.
HARRY HUTCHINS — Amy's strange visitor.
SERGEANT DOLAN — officer assigned to solve the murder of Amy Kerr.

Last week: Mrs. Downey reveals that a man whispered to Mrs. Wheeler in the hall an hour or so after the murder of Amy Kerr. By pictures she identifies him as Harry Ames.

CHAPTER XXII
After the investigation, Cilly waited for the others to leave in order that she might see Sergeant Dolan alone. She felt that she at least should try to correct the false impression Mr. Corbett had given of her. But Dolan himself was the first to leave the room; later Detective Martin told her that he might be out for the remainder of the day.

Returning to the apartment house late that afternoon, she then found Mr. Johnson standing in the front.

"Good evening, Miss Pierce," the superintendent greeted. "I was sort of hoping you'd come along. Can I see you for a few minutes?"

"Surely, Mr. Johnson. Come in," she wondered if his memory of the tenant from Salt Lake City had cleared.

He brought the matter up as soon as they were inside her apartment.

"It's about that tenant from the west, Miss Pierce. The one . . ."

"You remember who it was?"

"I found out. I remembered it was a trunk that came from there, so this afternoon I went through the trunk room downstairs and checked the labels. It was Mr. Carruthers. It came here direct from the Hotel Utah in Salt Lake City."

"Something else?"

Cilly took off her hat and tossed it on the divan. "Mr. Carruthers?" she repeated. But that meant nothing. "The Carruthers were in Bernaula, Detective Martin had verified that."

"They're still away?" she asked in the answer.

"Yes. They won't be back until Sunday. Mr. Carruthers told me they were going to spend his full two weeks' vacation in Bernaula."

Cilly looked earnestly at the superintendent, "Mr. Johnson," she asked gravely, "are you sure that nobody could be hiding out in their apartment?"

"Positive, Miss Pierce," he stated with conviction. "That young detective — Martin — went through the place with me on Monday. I stop in every day to see that everything is all right — Mrs. Carruthers asked me to do that — and I would be sure to notice if anybody had been staying there."

Wearily, Cilly sat down. "That puts us right back where we started," she said. "Mr. Carruthers could not very well have thrown away those newspapers. . . . Well, thank you anyway, Mr. Johnson." She smiled gratefully.

The superintendent seemed reluctant to leave. He took his pipe out of a back pocket, toyed with it nervously for a moment, then replaced it. Finally he spoke, a little hesitantly.

"Miss Pierce . . . there's something else . . ."

"Yes, Mr. Johnson?"

"It's about the other morning. . . . I don't know how to tell you. It's about those books you saw . . ."

Cilly nodded.

"Dolan asked a lot of questions about them today. I guess he must think I'm insane. But I didn't tell him. I won't tell the police, and have it all in the papers. It's different with you, Miss Pierce. I would like to explain to you —"

"The police should know, Mr. Johnson. If it has anything to do with nothing. To Do With the Murder."

Johnson held up his hand in alarm.

"I haven't anything to do with the murder, Miss Pierce. I swear it. You can check up for yourself. If you don't believe me, I know you won't let it get into the papers. . . . It's my wife. She's — she's not quite well, Miss Pierce."

"I'm sorry, Mr. Johnson. Terribly sorry. I didn't know you had a wife."

"She's been away. It's almost 10 years now. We had a baby, and it lived only a few days. Then it was like something snapped in my wife's mind. . . . she's never gotten

over it. The doctors don't seem to know how to help her. I haven't had much education myself, but I got those books to study. Sometimes I think it might just be one little thing. . . . one little word, perhaps, which might bring her back. . . . something which the doctors haven't thought of. The trouble came so suddenly, you see. There must be something to bring her back. . . . If we could only find it."

There were tears in his eyes, and he hastened to brush them away with a work-roughened hand. Cilly's heart went out to the man.

"I won't mention what you have told me, Mr. Johnson," she promised.

"I hope you won't, Miss Pierce," he said appealingly. "I never mentioned it to anybody about this before. I don't want it to get around. When my wife gets better, it won't help any to have it known that she has been away all these years. . . . Well, if there is anything else I can do, Miss Pierce. . . ." He started to leave.

"Oh, yes, Mr. Johnson, there is something else. Remember what I said this morning, down at police headquarters, about Mr. Hunter?"

"You mean about seeing him walk last night?"

"Yes. That was the truth, Mr. Johnson. I went over on the roof across the way just to watch the Bayview. What I really hoped to see was somebody in one of the empty apartments. It just happened that I met Mr. Corbett first — he was drunk, and very unpleasant. . . ."

Johnson nodded. "He looked that sort of a man."

"However, I did see Mr. Hunter walking about his bedroom just as sure as I see you now. He's faking this paralysis for some reason, and I'm going to find out why. What time do you usually take him up on the roof, Mr. Johnson?"

"He's up there now. I took him up about 15 minutes before you came along."

"Then Mrs. Hunter is alone now, probably washing the supper dishes. I think I'll go up to see her."

About Your Husband
A few minutes later, Mrs. Hunter came to the door of her apartment in answer to Cilly's ring. "When she saw who it was, she stepped back, startled. Cilly entered, shutting the door behind her."

"I'd like to talk to you about your husband, Mrs. Hunter," she said unhesitatingly.

"I've nothing to tell you!" the woman cried in terror. "You should be ashamed of yourself making all kinds of trouble for decent people. You've no right in my apartment. . . . I'll tell my husband. . . ."

Cilly walked boldly into the living room and sat down. "Why don't you call for your husband now?" she asked. "You might alarm him unexpectedly, so that he'll come running down to see what the trouble is. That would prove my story nicely."

Mrs. Hunter did not cry out, however. But she was frightened. Cilly felt a little sorry for her, but she steeled herself.

"There's been a murder committed in this house, Mrs. Hunter," she reminded the woman. "And the murderer is one of the men living here. Your husband was the nearest to the roof last Sunday night. . . ."

Mrs. Hunter began to cry hysterically. "My husband is no murderer," she sobbed. "He never hurt anybody in his life, no matter what else. . . ."

"No matter what else he did!" Cilly finished for her. "What is his other crime then, Mrs. Hunter? Is he cheating an insurance company?"

"It was a blind stab in the dark; at the moment Cilly did not know herself what prompted the words. They hit home, nevertheless."

Mrs. Hunter paled; she drew in her breath with a sharp gasp. Her hands, clutching her apron to her throat, were shaking convulsively.

"You can't prove it!" she cried hoarsely. "A dozen doctors all examined him. . . ."

"But this isn't a matter of any fraud, Mrs. Hunter," Cilly pursued relentlessly. "This is murder. And the doctors who might believe my testimony would be doubly careful in their examinations. . . ."

"He Was in Bed!"

Mrs. Hunter wilted. Beseechingly she held her hands out to Cilly. "Don't testify, Miss. I'll tell you about it, but I beg of you, don't let them think my husband is a murderer. He was in bed when it happened. I swear it!"

"Why does he pretend to be a

Women To Woo, Men To Weep In Leap Year

Reversal of Roles Established By Old Scottish Statute Research at McGill University Discloses Old Customs

Women must woo and men will weep for a change, according to a hoary tradition, packed up by legislative enactments, which gives a woman the right to propose during Leap Year. The present year is one of these years.

Law Passed in 1288
Research at McGill University into old customs discloses the fact that Scotland was the nation to bring about the legal emancipation of womanhood in this particular respect. A law was passed in Scotland in 1288 which in its essence dictated that:

"For like yeare knowne as lepe yeare, ilk mayden ladye of bothe hiegh and lowe estate shall have liberte to hespeake ye man she likes, albeit he refuses to talk her to be his lawful wyfe, he shall be mulcted in ye sum ane pundis or less, as his estate may be; except and awis gif he can make it appear that he is betrothed ane ither woman he then shall be free."

Spread To Continent
In a few years the custom spread to France where it was given legislative recognition, as it was later in both Genoa and Florence. When and where the custom actually originated is not known, but it has been given widespread recognition.

READERS, WRITE IN!
Miss Chambers welcomes personal letters from interested readers. She is pleased to receive suggestions on topics for her column, and is even ready to listen to your "pet peeves." Requests for recipes or special menus are in order. Address your letters to "Miss Sadie B. Chambers, 73 West Adelaide Street, Toronto."

Canada's Leading Woman Athlete
Mary Rose Thacker, Champion Figure Skater, Wins Title for 1939 — Jeannette Dolson Second
Like many another athlete, Mary Rose Thacker may never get a real chance to show her ability because of the cancellation of the 1940 Olympic Games. For the moment, she will have to be content with laurels to be won on this continent. Pretty Mary Rose, at the age of 16, won the Canadian and North American figure skating championships this year in her first attempt. There seem to be no other fields for the Winnipeg girl to conquer right now, for South America does not go in for that sort of thing, and other continents are otherwise engaged.

Sports writers across the Dominion, polled by the Canadian Press agreed that Mary Rose was the leading Canadian woman athlete of 1939. Some marked their ballots for her alone, though they were given three choices.

Mary Rose gained the title by four points over Jeannette Dolson, Toronto's 21-year-old sprightly star. Miss Dolson held her supremacy over all others in the Canadian track and field championships for the fourth straight year, after bowing to Helen Morrison of Toronto in the Ontario meet.

Letter Mailed In Last War Returns
Emma Williams, of Spokane, Wash., one day last week opened her mail box, took out a letter, then wept softly. It was one she had mailed 21 years ago to her brother, Oscar Birkland, soldier with the American army in France. He died several months after returning home. Clues to his whereabouts mostly were undecipherable. There was a purple notation "wounded 10 - 18 Tours" several illegible red ink marks and Miss Williams' return address. "He must have been in a hospital when the letter got to France," she said, "and they didn't find him. I don't even remember what's in the letter. I'd like to know—in a way. But I'm never going to open it."

Black canaries are now being reared by a Buenos Aires bird fancier. He already owns orange, copper, and red birds in his collection.

TALKS

By SADIE B. CHAMBERS
BREAD AND CUSTARD DESSERTS

Of special importance just following the holiday season are the simple, nourishing desserts, for two reasons. Firstly, they are inexpensive, secondly, they are excellent food value incorporating milk and eggs as they do, thirdly, this type of dish is a much needed change from the rich foods of tradition of the Yuletide season.

CHOCOLATE BREAD PUDDING
1 cup dry bread crumbs
1 square of chocolate (unsweetened) shaved
2 cups of milk scalded
1 tablespoon butter
1 cup sugar
½ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon vanilla
1 egg well beaten
Mix crumbs with shaved chocolate and add to scalded milk in saucepan. Stir over low heat until chocolate melts. Add butter and cool slightly. Add the remaining ingredients and mix thoroughly. Pour into buttered casserole and bake one hour in oven 375°. Test with silver knife to see if it comes out clean (which is the best test for all custards). Serve hot with sweetened whipped cream, sprinkled with chocolate shoit.

VARIATIONS FOR CREAM PIE
Fill a baked shell with alternate layers of cream filling and sliced bananas and top with walppped cream. Or this: Increase the sugar to one cup, and add two squares of bitter chocolate to the scalded milk to melt; top the dessert with whipped cream and chocolate shoit.

If a butterscotch flavor is desired, substitute one cup of brown sugar for the granulated in the basic recipe. Or still another surprise: Serve a date dessert by adding ¼ lb chopped fruit and one teaspoon grated lemon rind to the milk mixture before thickening. And still again, add one cup shredded coconut to the filling and sprinkle an additional half cup over the meringue before browning, for another dessert.

YOU'LL ENJOY SITTING THIS LAURA WHEELER PANEL



WALL HANGING PATTERN 2403
You can "capture" this graceful doe and her fawn with a few simple stitches! Pattern 2403 contains a transfer pattern of a picture 15 x 20 inches — color chart and key; materials required; illustration of stitches.

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Pistol Champion California Girl

New World Record Made By 17-Year-Old Gloria Jacobs, Who Scores 289 Out of Possible 300

The U. S. National Rifle Association announces that 17-year-old Gloria Jacobs of Woodland, Calif., has set a new world pistol record, besting by one point the mark established two years ago by G-Man Walter Walsh.

The First Woman
The Association said that Miss Jacobs, who scored 289 out of a possible 300 points over the difficult 50-shot Camp Perry course, is the first girl or woman to hold a world pistol record. She is the daughter of a California State Police officer.

Miss Jacobs fired the new record on the range of the San Francisco Traffic Police at Fort Funston, Dec. 17.

Despite Japan's 1939 bumper wheat crop, it will import more from Australia.

Scholarship

and cash awards for meritorious musical compositions offered to Canadians of either sex under 22 years of age. The contest closes March 1, 1940; entry forms and detailed information may be secured from The Canadian Performing Right Society, Limited, Royal Bank Building, Toronto.

Members of the Sun and Aia Bathing Association, more popularly known as Nudists, now number about 30,000 in Great Britain.

BUTTERSCOTCH PUDDING

Combine two tablespoons of butter and three-fourths cup of brown sugar in the top of a double boiler and cook over direct heat, until well blended, about one minute. Add two cups milk and place over hot water to scald. Add slowly two well-beaten eggs and season with a pinch of salt and ½ teaspoon of vanilla. Arrange one and one-half of buttered bread cubes in a greased baking dish and add the custard mixture. Bake over 250 degrees, baking until firm in the centre. Cover with a meringue made of two egg whites, one-fourth cup of brown sugar and vanilla to flavor. Return to oven to brown.

CREAM PIE

This simple basic pie is one which should be cultivated in every family. It lends itself to many interesting variations. Mix one third cup flour and two-thirds cup sugar and ¼ teaspoon salt. Add two cups scalded milk, stirring constantly. Cook over hot water, stirring until thick about 15 minutes. Add two tablespoons butter. Pour mixture over three beaten egg yolks, stirring constantly. Cook two minutes longer. Cool and add ½ teaspoon of vanilla extract.

Fill a baked shell with alternate layers of cream filling and sliced bananas and top with walppped cream. Or this: Increase the sugar to one cup, and add two squares of bitter chocolate to the scalded milk to melt; top the dessert with whipped cream and chocolate shoit.

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The Horse Seems To Like Him

Robert Montgomery is the well-dressed horseman as he gives his horse his daily workout on the bridle path near his home.

Fashion Evolves Through Ages

Development of Clothes Traced From 1100 B.C. to Present Day — Byzantine Empire Once Style Centre

The evolution of clothing from early days down to the beginning of modern times last week was sketched by Miss Ruth Dingle, of the drama department of McGill University, Montreal.

The First Petticoats
The only example of women that wore as a regular piece of apparel a bifurcated garment, before 1870, the lecturer said, was in the Minoan period, and down to 1100 B.C. The first "petticoats" were worn by Egyptian women, late Egyptian art indicating a thick petticoat under a still transparent dress. The German lady added to costume a brassiere and continued the waist with a "zone."

From the fifth to the twelfth century the Byzantine Empire, the centre of the civilized world, was the seat of all that was original in fashion and culture. Costume design took salient features of the culture of both East and West, the mingling of the emotional color of the East with the intellectual line and form of the West.

Learning From Orient
Miss Dingle traced various influences that affected dress for both men and women in European countries, in the Plantagenet period, the crusades and other travels further familiarized the English with Eastern cultures and affected the dress of the times. Gorgeous caries and profuse embroidery made garments highly decorative. In the fourteenth century women's dress showed the "princess" line, fitted at the waist and with wide, gored skirts and long fitted sleeves with cut over the hand. At this time plucked eyebrows became "the fashion." The reign of Henry VIII showed unparalleled magnificence in dress both for men and women. The women added to their array of garments the hoop or the "farthingale" as it was called in England. It was a wide stiff petticoat mounted on hoops of iron, wood or whalebone. The time of Elizabeth Tudor was the "age of the ruff, of perfume and wigs, of padded sleeves, spreading farthingales, peaked bodice — of every article that human nature could devise."

Girls, Wear More In Cold Weather

And Have Long Life — Woman of 105 Celebrates 195th Birthday at Her Home in Morewood, Ontario

A little white-haired woman who lived under the reigns of six British sovereigns looked back on 105 years of life last month and opined that girls could do with more respect for cold weather.

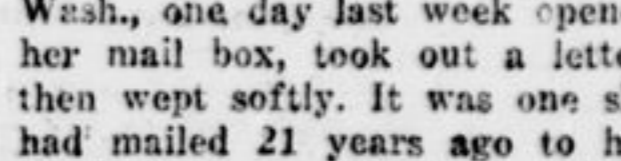
"If they dressed warmly, the way I do, girls would be healthier and live a good deal longer," said Mrs. May Jane Bogart, of Morewood, Ontario, who was celebrating her 195th birthday anniversary.

Mrs. Bogart came to Canada in 1845 as a little girl when her parents moved from Ferranagh County, Ire. She has yet to suffer a serious illness, another point in her argument for more winter garments for Canadian womanhood.

Mrs. Bogart can recall many incidents during the sailboat trip of seven weeks and four days across the Atlantic Ocean 94 years ago.

"MIDDLE AGE" WOMEN

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