

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

"Daughter Of Venus"

BY ROBERT TERRY SHANNON

Reasoned thus, the balance was all in his favor. Yet there was another side of the ledger. Marriage meant, definitely, the renunciation of her own career—the devotion of her whole life to his. Perhaps O'Hara would prove one of those incurable failures.

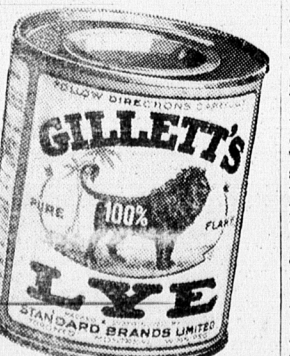


I'M LIMP AS A RAG... FROM RUBBING AND SCRUBBING... YOU'D SAVE LOTS OF HARD WORK IF YOU USED GILLETT'S EYE LYE

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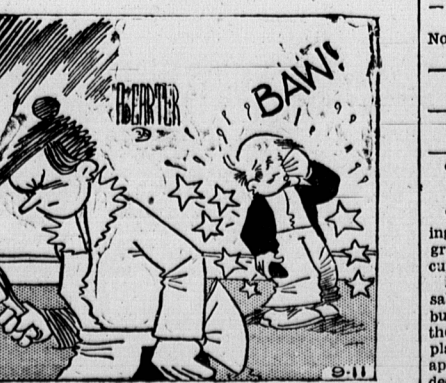
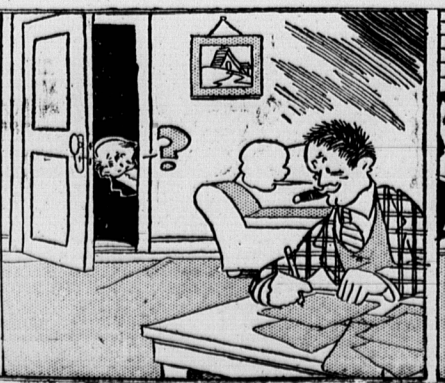
Cleaning jobs are quick and easy with Gillett's Pure Flake Lye. Use a solution of 1 teaspoonful dissolved in a quart of cold water.

*Never dissolve lye in hot water. The action of the lye itself heats the water.



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JUST KIDS



down to the mediocre level of life from which she had struggled so long and so violently to escape?

These ingredients she weighed as though love—marriage needed scales...

"Well—this is a surprise!" Her words crackled with sarcasm.

O'Hara started at her in a kind of absent-minded surprise as though he were coming out of a dream...

"Hello, Katie," he said coldly. "Be quiet, will you, please."

"Of course I can see!" She uttered a short, jeering laugh.

"Will you please leave us alone," O'Hara said imperatively.

"He tells me to get out!" cried Katie derisively.

At this, Juliet reared herself out of O'Hara's embrace and stood up, two spots of color burning in her cheeks.

"You're crazy!" cried O'Hara, menacingly.

"Why don't you go on and hit me" she queried, lifting her voice with a yowl.

Juliet caught her breath, while O'Hara went quickly red about the cheeks and forehead.

"You can't get away with it, big boy!" shouted Katie.

Juliet slowly turned to O'Hara. He tried to meet her eyes, but failed.

He made an effort to speak, and then tried again. "I don't know."

"Certainly it's true!" cried Katie vigorously.

Juliet's heart, so far as she knew, had stopped beating entirely.

"I agree with you, Katie," she said tensely.

"She walked across the room to the door, opened it and went down the softly-carpeted corridor.

Life is not simple. It cannot be solved merely by passing through a revolving door.

Outdoors on the sidewalk Juliet was no further from unhappiness than she had been upstairs in that unseemly room with O'Hara and Katie Schmidt.

"It's all over," she told herself silently. "Finished. Wound up. Caved in. Why was the ending so ugly? Maybe I'm under an evil cloud—I don't know. Why should I be punished and blighted because I took up Katie and tried to help

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After All It's the Same Old World Dorothy Dix Says Life Is Changed Only on The Surface

The Modern Boy Learns He Has to Work if He Wants Riches - The Girl of Today Soon Learns That Bad Conduct Leads to Disillusionment

George Gershwin says that people have changed outwardly, but not inwardly, and that the same old songs about love and moons and Mother and home are still the ones that wow audiences and that sell a million copies.



No matter whether we sing it or croon it, our hearts still make the same old cry for love. No matter whether it is a lament or the blues, we all have the same old nostalgia for what we have missed in life.

As Talleyrand said long ago: "There are many civilizations, but only one human nature," and it is curious how little that changes through the years.

our forefathers wanted, we still want. And the paths they trod in their search for happiness we must still walk if we find it.

This is a truth that it seems impossible to make the young generation believe. Because they fly through the air and ride in high-powered automobiles instead of traveling by foot or in oxcarts; because they can be shot up to the top of skyscrapers instead of having to toil up the steps;

But they are mistaken. It is the same old world, with the same old laws of cause and effect working in the same old way, with the same rewards and punishments, with the same old games that must be played by the same old rules.

All of us have always wanted money and the things that money buys, but the youngsters of today are not willing to earn it by hard work and thrift as their elders did.

But when he starts out to get rich quick or to become famous in an hour, he finds that success is just as hard to achieve as it ever was and that it has to be done in the same old patient, hard way.

Because they can go out into the world and make their own living instead of being Mother's helper at home, and because they can wear pants on the street without being arrested by the police, girls are very certain that this is a changed world for women and that they can do what they please and not be held by any of the old taboos for their sex.

For dissipation still shatters the women's bodies. The best people still look askance at the ladies who live in love nests. And lovers still kiss flapper dawns on the scene.

Many young people believe that marriage has changed, that it is an until-you-get-tired arrangement instead of an until-death-do-us-part contract, and that a husband and wife should not be called upon to give up their individual liberty, but should be free to phlunder around with other men and women after marriage just as they did before.

But they find that no matter how gay a cloak of liberality a marriage may wear on the outside, within it is just the same monopoly it always was, and that the husband and wife who indulge in extra marital affairs invariably come to the divorce court.

O'Hara, as a lover, didn't matter. His weakness she could forgive. It was a blinding illumination of a trashy steak she shared with Katie that wiped him out.

She walked to the edge of the curb and stood there, as though expecting a car to come by and pick her up. A dozen went past but no one noticed her.

"What does the world care?" Juliet thought. "I could die tonight without a whit of difference."

The only one who cared was Von Guerdon. But she had let him down, too. She had been obsessed with ambition for a business tri-

umph—had rated success more important than the love Von Guerdon offered. She had felt merely a perfunctory sympathy for his disappointment—had turned thanklessly from his staunchness to mawkish sentimentality over O'Hara.

Thus O'Hara following, found Juliet on the curb, undecided, purposeless, her face white except for the patches of feverish red in her cheeks. It was almost a trance-state a cessation of any forward thinking whatever.

"I can't let you wander like this, Juliet," he said desperately. "I'm not thinking about myself. It's you—you're on the verge of a break-

Today's Short Wave Radio Program

- FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 11 Paris 2:30 p. m. The Taming of the Shrew, by Shakespeare. TPA-3, 25.2 m., 11.88 meg. Moscow 4 p. m. —Talk: The New Constitution of the U. S. S. R. Songs of 1936. RVE, 25 m., 12 meg. Rome 6 p. m. —News in English. Opera Italian songs. ZRO, 31.1 m., 9.63 meg. Madrid 7 p. m. —Orchestra. Spanish Lesson. EAQ, 30.5 m., 9.87 meg. Berlin 8:30 p. m. —String quartets with 2 Horns by Mozart and Beethoven. DJD, 25.4 m., 11.77 meg. London 9 p. m. —The Gershwin Parking Quintet. GSF, 19.8 m., 15.14 meg.; GSC, 31.3 m., 9.58 meg. Caracas 9:15 p. m. —Dance Music. YVRC 51.7 m., 5.8 meg. Pittsburgh 11 p. m. —DX Club. W8XK, 48.8 m., 6.14 meg. Regina 12:45 p. m. —On the Range — old time orchestra. CJRO, Winnipeg, 48.7 m., 6:15 meg. CJRX, Winnipeg, 25.6 m., 11.72 meg.

A Morning Smile

"Why are you going to the public library, Mrs. Brown? Suddenly taken up science?"

"The doctor told my husband he was bibulous and now he's torn the page out of the dictionary."

Pat was about to take his holiday, and decided it would be a good idea to buy a car.

The enthusiastic salesman pointed out all the advantages of the latest models, and Pat was very taken with a modern two-seater.

"Just think, sir; you can step into this car and in two hours you'll be in the mountains."

"Pat looked worried and shook his head."

"Beggrrrah!" he said. "O'il not be buyin' that one, then."

"Why not?" asked the surprised salesman.

"Because," said Pat. "O'im going to Toronto this year."

down. That girl upstairs is getting out now, but I'll look after her."

Not until he had finished speaking did Juliet look at him. Curiously, he had no effect on her emotions at all.

He might have been a stranger. She thought, with a little surprise, how peculiar it was that she could ever have had any interest in this disheveled-looking man with his white, strained face, his troubled eyes, the faint blue-black necessity of a fresh shave.

"Thank you very much," she said in a formal tone. "Please don't bother."

He stood there, shattered and defeated, no longer the lover but the victim of a stricken conscience, trying to make amends for some great but obscure wrong.

"You can't stand around in the streets like this," he said helplessly. "I'm responsible for you. It's not that I want to force myself on you now. That's all over — and I don't blame you. I wasn't up to you. Let me take you to some friend — some woman — who will look after you. Perhaps, Mrs. Gottlieb."

Juliet heard his words but without meaning, without a trace of importance.

"Thanks for your kindness," she said passively, with no intention of sarcasm. "I'm quite all right."

"Where are you going?" She felt dimly that he was badgering her with silly questions not worth answering. What did it matter to her whether she was going—or to her, either? One place was as empty as another.

"Please leave me alone," she said curtly, to be rid of him. And, turning, she walked down the street aimlessly yet briskly.

O'Hara followed her with his stark gaze. There was, he knew, no sense in going after her. The time had passed when he could influence her as a potential lover, or even as a friend.

"Decision formed slowly but definitely in his mind. (To Be Continued.)"



Here's a complete meal! SHREDDED WHEAT and WHOLESOME MILK. SHREDDED WHEAT and milk give you one of Nature's most complete and nourishing meals.

THE COOK'S CORNER

BONNIE SCONES

Two cups sifted flour, 4 teaspoons baking powder, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon sugar, 4 tablespoons butter (or shortening), 2 eggs, 1/2 cup light cream.

Sift flour once. Measure and sift together flour, baking powder, salt and sugar. Cut shortening into dry ingredients until it has appearance of corn meal. Separate 1 egg, saving white for the tops of scones.

Beat yolk, and remaining egg until light and yellow colored. Mix cream with egg. Add to dry ingredients all at once and stir until well mixed, and dough is soft.

Turn out on lightly floured board and knead quickly for few seconds. Roll out lightly to 3/4-inch thickness and cut in small rings or diamond shapes. Brush tops with egg white, and sprinkle with sugar. Bake in an oven of 425 degrees Fahrenheit (hot) for about 12 minutes.

THE SMELL OF FISH OR onions may be removed from forks and spoons by washing them in hot water after use, and afterward allowing them to stand for half an hour in a basin of tea leaves.

A large glass pie plate is good to use for this dish. Cover the bottom with 1 1/2 cups of hot boiled rice, and over this lay strips of fresh lean pork, hot from the broiler and nearly but not quite fully cooked. Fill in the chinks with shredded pineapple, and pile over all another 1 1/2 cups hot cooked rice. Place in a moderate oven for 1/2 hour, then sprinkle over with 1/2 cup grated cheese and set the plate under gas until cheese is melted. Garnish with green olives or sweet pickled gherkins.

POPULIUM AS A PERFUME Oil of geranium popular as a perfume for soaps, bath powder and other toilet articles, is extracted from the stems and leaves of the plant.

So great is the demand for this scent that geraniums are a common crop in sections of North Africa, Spain and other Mediterranean countries.

TOQUES AND MORE TOQUES for the new season. Many to be worn perched chivalrously on the back of the head. Many two-color models. For instance, Suzy's violet velvet toque trimmed with big gold bow fair in front. Much tobacco brown

Three cups flour, 2 tablespoons baking powder; 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1 1/2 tablespoons sugar, 6 tablespoons shortening, 1 1/4 cups milk. Sift dry ingredients, blend in shortening, and add milk. Knead dough lightly for 1 minute and roll out 1/4-inch thick in a sheet 9 x 18. Spread with softened butter and cut in 6 strips 1 1/2 inches wide. Lay the strips one on the other and squares 1 1/2 inches square. Place in muffin pans and allow to rise 15 minutes. Bake in the oven at 450 degrees for 15 minutes.

WILSON'S FLY PADS REALLY KILL

One pad kills flies all day and every day for 2 or 3 weeks. 3 pads in each packet. No spraying, no stickiness, no bad odor. Ask your Druggist, Grocer or General Store.

10 CENTS PER PACKET WHY PAY MORE? THE WILSON FLY PAD CO., Hamilton, Ont.

There are so many delightful lightweight wool and rayon novelty crepe silks with jacquered designs, thin woollens, etc., being used this season. They are lovely materials for casual day wear. They will make up charmingly in today's model.

The material used for the original is a soft wool and rayon mixture resembling a thin woolen. Effective contrast is seen in the collar and pocket trim.

For a more "dressy" version black crepe-back satin with the trim of the justous surface, is suitable for almost any occasion.

Style No. 1644 is designed for sizes 14, 16, 18 years, 36, 38 and 40-inch bust. Size 16 requires 3 1/2 yards of 39-inch material with 1/2 yard of 39-inch contrasting. Price of PATTERN 15 cents in stamps or coin (coin is preferred). Wrap coin carefully.

No. 1644. Size Name Street Address City State

PEANUT BUTTER BREAD Two cups flour, 4 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon salt, 1/2 cup granulated sugar, 1 1/4 cups milk, 2-3 cup peanut butter. Mix and sift flour, baking powder, salt and sugar. Mix milk and peanut butter and pour this mixture into the dry ingredients. Beat well and place in well-greased loaf pan. Bake approximately 1 hour in a 400-degree oven.

The HOUSEWIFE and HER ACTIVITIES

THE ART OF LIVING To touch the cup with eager lips and taste, not drain it!

To woo and tempt and court a bliss and not attain it! To fondle and caress a joy, yet hold it lightly!

Less it become necessity and cling too tightly! To watch the sunset in the west without regretting!

To hail its advent in the east the night forgetting! To smother care in happiness and grief in laughter!

To hold the present close, not questioning the hereafter! To have enough to share to know the joy of living!

To thrill with all the sweets of life, is living—James P. Haverson.

FALL MATERIALS Gay and colorful plaid. Rabbit's hair, too. In fact many materials with hairy finishes. Nearly all these weaves will have the hair dyed to match the ground.

The woman in the country will like new raffia accessories with casual clothes. One nice set includes a backless hat, pull-on gloves and a unique-shaped purse. Rain won't hurt them.

A new cotton cloth which is water and wind resistant is being worn by feminine fishing and canoe enthusiasts.

If a fellow must lie, he ought to do it cheerfully. Stepping to one side never gets you any nearer to the front.

Where ignorance is bliss, make no attempt to understand a woman.

The only trouble with living within one's income is that it isn't any fun.

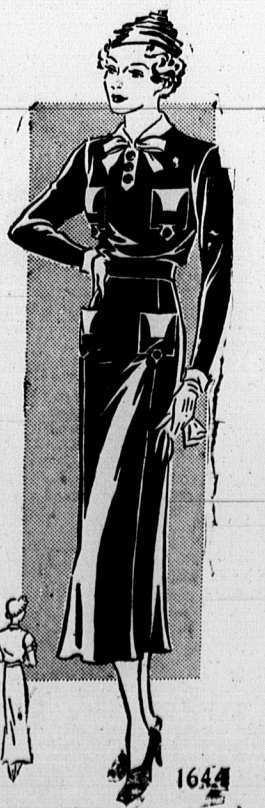
Our sins will find us out, but they can generally be relied upon to call again.

Persistent traffic courtesy is simply an accident looking for a place to happen.

Even when a girl has no place to go, she often complains that she hasn't anything to wear.

The poorest man in the world is one whose expenditure of speech is greater than his income of ideas.

Autumn Fashions For Chic Dressers



1644