

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



WHAT WILL BE GOOD FOR DINNER THIS CHILLY NIGHT, JANE?



ASK SOMETHING HARD-START WITH ONE OF THOSE DELIGHTFUL NEW HEINZ SOUPS

They're All Ready to Serve You add nothing. Simply heat Heinz Soups in the tin, open and pour. Different! Enticing! True-to-nature taste.

- Heinz Cream Soups (made with real cream) Green Pea, Celery, Asparagus, Tomato. — And Delicious Beef Broth, Vegetable, Mock Turtle Noodle with Chicken, Mutton Broth

AND THIS IS FAME!

LAWRENCE, Kas., Oct. 20.—Mrs. Amelia Earheart Putnam, aviatrix, has been congratulated for being the first woman to swim the English channel and has been mistaken for the President's wife.

Truths for Business Women!

SAVE—that you may not WANT when the business world no longer wants YOU.

Many a woman gives the best years of her life to a business career. Then, one day, owing to the death of her employer or a change in management, she finds herself out of a position and discovers that, despite her experience and efficiency, SHE CANNOT COMPETE WITH YOUTH.

There's one certain way to prevent the distress that follows the unhappy realization of this truth. That is to buy (out of your present salary) a Confederation Life Pension Bond, to pay you at least \$50 a month, commencing at age 50, 55 or 60. Remember also that, if you become totally disabled, due to accident or disease, it can be so arranged that your premiums will be waived and you will receive a monthly cheque to replace, in part, your earned income.

You will be quite interested in the particulars we shall send you if you fill out and mail the coupon below. May we suggest that you do it NOW.

Confederation Life Association, Toronto, Canada.

Without obligation, send me full information of your plan to provide \$50 a month to Every Business Woman.

Name (Mrs. or Miss) \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

Occupation \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

FOR THE WOMAN READER

JUST TO BE NEEDED

"She always seems so tied" is what friends say. She never has a chance to get away! Home, husband, children, duties great or small, Keep her forever at their beck and call!

But she confides, with laughter in her eyes. She never yet felt fretted by these ties. Just to be needed is more sweet, says she. Than any freedom in this world could be!" —Mary Everaley.

SAFETY COLLARS FOR DOGS SHOWN IN LONDON

Safety collars for dogs are soon likely to be the fashion for dogs. The collars which have now appeared on the market (London, Eng.) are studded with solid pieces of red glass to safeguard the animal's eyes as they cross the road at night when traffic is passing.

"Animals of all kinds are difficult for a motorist to detect at night," the owner of a pet's store said. "The new collars are a brainy idea, and successful tests have been made with them. "No matter how the dog twists its collar one of the red studs is always visible to road drivers."

NEW STYLE TREND INFLUENCES FOOTWEAR

The ecclesiastical influence in clothes is rapidly affecting shoe designs. High-throated monk styles will just about put everything else in your shoe closet out of the picture. Light-treated moose skin designs will be right in the top ranks and gored elastic step-ins with plenty of cut-out straps, etc., will walk in for the Mae West type of the rich afternoon costumes. The girl without an evening slipper dyed in multi-colors will be a poor little nobody, and about the only styles worth saving from your present assortment of shoes are those with perforations or stitchings as ornamentation.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

Burned saucepans should never be cleaned with soda. Although it will remove the burned portions, it will also make the saucepans liable to burn again. Instead, fill the pan with salt and water and leave for a few hours before bringing slowly to the boil. The burned particles will come off without any trouble and there will be no after-effects.

LIVING ROOM COMFORT

You'll find that your family will be much more comfortable and enjoy spending evenings at home if you group your living room furniture. See that each chair has its own reading lamp and a little table. The tables should be large enough to hold ash trays, magazines and perhaps a book or two.

HANDS ARE ALWAYS IN BEAUTY PICTURE

Don't leave your hands out of the

beauty picture this winter. There simply is no excuse for allowing them to become rough and red just because the weather turns cold.

Manufacturers of household soaps know that the same hands that wash the dishes and dust the house in the morning, play bridge in the afternoon and go to dinner parties at night. Consequently, they make many brands which are bland enough not to injure the skin. At the same time they are strong enough to remove grease from dishes and dirt from clothes. Lay in a supply of hand lotions and creams before cold weather starts. Plan to use one every time you wash your hands.

A good bleach is a necessity. Whether you use a prepared bleach or a piece of lemon or some other bleaching agent is up to you. But use one of some kind.

Many hands become swollen and red when they are held downwards. There isn't much you can do about that except to try and hold them upward. Fold them in your lap instead of allowing them to hang at your sides.

Keep your nails manicured and don't cut or bite the cuticle. A little cuticle cream or a bit of olive oil should be rubbed into the cuticle occasionally. And "juice" is helpful if you have little corns on the sides of your fingers.

HE GETS HIS Bottled Sunshine EVERY DAY

A well-shaped head... strong back... fine, full chest... straight legs... sound even teeth.

To build them your baby needs the protective bone-and-tooth building factor, Vitamin D.

Give your baby Bottled Sunshine—Squibb Cod-Liver Oil—every day. Squibb's is guaranteed to supply an abundance not only of the bone-and-tooth building Vitamin D, but also of Vitamin A, the important factor in good resistance and growth. Squibb's is so rich in vitamins, also, that it goes farther and is more economical than inferior oils.

Ask your druggist today for Squibb's Cod-Liver Oil—the guaranteed, vitamin-rich oil. FREE—Send NOW for helpful booklet, "Why Every Baby Needs Bottled Sunshine" by E. K. Squibb & Sons, major facturing chemists to the medical profession since 1858.

SQUIBB COD-LIVER OIL

HEARTS AFIRE

By MARY CHRISTIE

CHAPTER 72 PRUDENCE'S CHANCE

Then they both started as a call came from the invalid's room, nearby. "Nurse!"

"Excuse me," Janet hurried to her patient who was lying, propped up on his pillows, just as she had left him. The bandages had been replaced, and on the light of the shaded room, only the clean cut mouth and chin were visible, and the thick, wavy hair, above the bandages.

"Did someone come in now, nurse?" The tones were low and steady.

"Only Prudence Page." Like a mother-bird fussing over her young, Janet drew the clothes more comfortably about him, fluffing up a pillow, adjusting a coverlet. Peter started.

"Prudence Page? Has she been here before?" "On yes. Every day, and sometimes twice a day, to inquire. Those roses are from her." Janet moved a vase of blooms so that their perfume reached him. "And she isn't the only one who comes. I should think the entire village is at the door, most of the time. You're a popular young man, Mr. Peter Armstrong!" She tried to make her voice sound jocular, but a half sob caught it, which Janet cleverly translated into a cough.

"Does she know the doctor's verdict?" he asked, very low, ignoring the latter bits of information. "Gracious! how could I be telling her what talk takes place in a sick room? Besides, I've yet to learn that the doctor has given his verdict!" She had got control of herself by now, and her manner was really bracing. "Think of all the treatments you'll be having! Aren't the bandages on again, to give those stupid eyes of yours a further rest? What more do you want?"

Peter's slow smile would have torn any heart in twain, so full of it was of knowledge, of pathos, and of pain bravely struggled against. "It's better to face the truth. I'll never see again. Living here in the dark, trying to readjust my life, my future, I—I've know it—all along."

"Nonsense! You're morbid!" Janet clattered about the room, making a great noise, to hide her own emotion. "I'm going right up to the Towers, now, and get your young lady, to come and cheer you up!" Under the bandages, his brows contracted. His lips twitched sensitively.

"Miss Dale won't come. She—she isn't well." "She'll come, right enough," said Janet grimly. "Whenever Nurse Brown comes back from her walk, I'm going and fetch her. Now, is there anything you want?" "If I might have a cigarette?" Janet offered him some in a silver box, and allowed his fingers to grope until he found one. (It was kinder not to make him feel his helplessness too much.) Then she applied a match to the end of it, and when she saw that he was smoking, she slipped quietly from the room.

"Go in and talk to him. Be bright. Be very, very hopeful," she adjured Prudence. "That Virginia Dale's

No Woman Is Man's Equal, Says Reader Dorothy Dix

Manhood is Not Only Decadent in This Country; It is Dead, Cries Irate Male Reader—Only by Lowering Himself Can Any Man Accept Any Woman as Equal!

I have an irate letter from a young man who simply foams at the mouth at the thought of a wife having the presumption to consider herself her husband's equal and who is so lost to all sense of shame as to regard marriage as a partnership. He says that he has made it plain to the young woman he has condescended to ask to be his wife that he is to be the head of the house and that she must submit to his direction in everything, although she is better educated than he is.

Then he goes on to say: "The great majority of men never admire a woman and her abilities anywhere but in the family circle. Woman's idea that the outside world cannot get along without her talent is her own misfortune and her harping on her independence and equality is what brings about domestic discord. As for me, I refuse to subscribe to living in a state in which I should feel as though I had a dunce cap on my head, which I would do if I admitted the state of man and woman being equal. It would take away all the pride of manhood."

"I have seen enough of the families where there were no bosses, which, of course, meant that the man was just another well-trained American husband. Manhood is not only decadent in this country, it is dead. Men have ceased to be conscious of the pride of manhood. They are led by women. For a man to treat a woman as his equal he must either be a poor specimen of manhood or he must lower his status to the proper level."

Well, doesn't that letter sound like something out of the hair trunk in the attic? Who could have believed that there was any such set of ideas extant outside of an antique store? Wake up, Mr. Rip Van Winkle, Jr. You are at least fifty years behind the times. The subject of sex equality is just about as much a burning topic of discussion nowadays as is the right of secession or the folly of anybody even imagining that a boat could be built that would go across the Atlantic in two weeks' time or that anybody could ever possibly fly through the air.

Intelligent people don't bother about sex equality because they know there is no such thing and never can be any such thing. They know that neither sex is superior or inferior to the other. They know that there are some men stronger than some women. They know that there are some men wiser than some women. They know that there are some men better morally than some women. And they also know that there are women who are stronger physically, who are better morally and who have ten times the brains of many men.

Neither sex has a monopoly on the virtues, and just because man happens to be born of the masculine persuasion doesn't automatically fit him to boss and direct all women. Think of the absurdity of a little anemic man, who wears a fourteen collar, trying to handle a strong woman of the circus! Imagine a \$10-a-week clerk advising a Hetty Green about her investments!

In the pre-historic times, to which my correspondent belongs, the superstition prevailed that just because a man was a man he was superior to all women, but very few cling to that hoary tradition now. We know that it is not a matter of sex but of individuality, and while probably in his highest estate the very strong man or the very intelligent man is a little stronger and a little more intelligent than any woman is, the vast majority of men and women are much of a muchness.

The average American husband realizes this. He recognizes that the good Lord has endowed his Mary Jane with brains and brawn that she has developed by study and outdoor sports, and so he accepts her as his equal and listens to her advice and lets her be a helpmeet in whatever way she is most efficient. It is not lack of virility, as my correspondent thinks, that causes the American husband to go fifty-fifty with his wife, but bigness and broadness of view and a sense of justice and the knowledge that the altered status of women has also altered their status as wives.

It is as foolish to try to treat a college-bred woman, who has held down a good job before marriage, as a man used to treat uneducated, timid little women who had never earned a dollar in their lives, as it would be to try to treat a modern servant as slaves used to be treated. "The world do move," as Brother Jasper used to say, and women and matrimony have moved with it.

Nor is it true that the great majority of men never admire a woman and her abilities anywhere but in the family circle. What about the famous women doctors and lawyers and sculptors and writers and business women? They never would have achieved fame on the exclusive approbation of their own sex. Gone are the days when it was worse than a scandal for a woman to be known as a blue stocking. Why, men are not even satisfied with wives who confine their interests to the family circle and whose whole conversational repertoire runs from the kitchen to the nursery and back again.

As for any man in these times being the undisputed head of the house, he has just one chance in being it, and that consists in marrying a spineless moron, which doesn't seem a very alluring prospect nor worth the price of being able to lay down the law to a poor little coward wife.

So if my correspondent wishes to be happy though married he had better scrap his outmoded ideas about the wife's place in marriage and realize that any woman who is fit to marry has intelligence, education and independence of character and that she isn't going to be fool enough to make such a losing bargain as to put all that she is and has into the matrimonial partnership and get nothing out of it but being bossed.

DOROTHY DIX.

FIVE TYPES TO AVOID IN MOTHERS-IN-LAW

CHICAGO, Oct. 21.—Dr. E. W. Burgess, University of Chicago sociologist, sifted through 6,000 questionnaires today in efforts to determine how people may be happily though married, and said there were five types of mothers-in-law to be wary of.

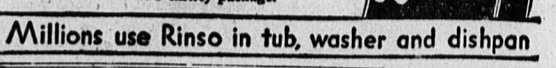
- 1. Keep their children close to them after marriage. 2. Make the newly married couple dependent upon them financially. 3. Insist on living with newly married couples. 4. Try to insert themselves in the newlyweds' social affairs and try to act the ages of the youngsters. 5. Take the part of the new mates against their children in domestic arguments.



Wash dishes, pots and pans this new easy way

YOU can save yourself a lot of work—three times a day—if you use Rinsol in your dishpan. Grease doesn't stand a chance against lively Rinsol suds. It melts right away and china, silver, glassware, pots and pans come clean in no time.

You'll like these richer suds on washday, too. Rinsol soaks clothes whiter and brighter—scrubbing. Wonderful for all cleaning. No grit. Cup for cup, Rinsol gives twice as much suds as light weight, puffed-up soaps—even in hardest water. Get the BIG thrifty package.



Millions use Rinsol in tub, washer and dishpan

A Morning Smile WHO CAN VERIFY IT?

Have any readers heard of the following story, which occurred when the late Queen Victoria was paying one of her visits to Balmoral? Her Majesty took a great interest in the estate and its crofters, and drove round to see some of the old women and take them presents. On one occasion, so the story goes, she found on a cottage fire a large pot from which came a very savoury smell. She inquired what was in the pot, to which the old cotter replied, "Broth, Your Majesty."

"And what is the broth made of?" asked the Queen. "Well, there's cabbage intill't, and there's beans intill't," said the woman.

"And what is intill't?" asked the Queen. "Weel, Your Majesty, there's cabbage intill't, and there's beans intill't, and there's peas intill't," said the woman.

"Yes, yes, my good woman, but what is intill't?" asked the Queen again, to which the woman replied, feeling rather nettled, "Weel, men, a'm tellin' ye, there's cabbage intill't and there's beans intill't, and there's peas intill't, &c., &c.," making out a long list of ingredients, but leaving the Queen still quite mystified about the Scots word which she had never heard before.

The works foreman had called to see Mrs. Wilson, the wife of one of the employes, one afternoon. "Yu'know, mum," she said, conversationally, "I'm afraid your husband has been badly spoiled."

Daintiness With Chic Styles ILLUSTRATED DRESSMAKING LESSON FURNISHED WITH EVERY PATTERN BY ANNABELLE WORTHINGTON



new every time she wears it. The extra cost will prove very small for the smart variety it will give daughter's wardrobe.

The original model was carried out in dark blue wool jersey jumper. The gumples is darling in light blue cotton plaid in dark blue.

Yellow cotton broadcloth, vivid red wool jersey and red and white gingham check are other smart ideas for extra gumples.

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Style No. 584 is designed for sizes 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. Size 8 requires 1 1/4 yards 54-inch material with 1 1/4 yards 35-inch and 3/4 yard 36-inch contrasting for blouse.

Price of PATTERN 15 cents in stamps or coin (coin is preferred). Wrap coin carefully.

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