

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

Discusses Women's Bewilderment
Dorothy Dix
 Man: The Humble Enigma

No Woman Can Understand How An Intelligent Man Can be so Easily Befeated by Designing Women — Nor Can Any Woman Understand Why the Man Works Himself to Death for Her Starves Her for a Little Tenderness

Men and women can never understand each other. Neither ever knows what the other will do under any given circumstances nor which way the cat will jump. Each is a perpetual riddle to the other and doubtless this is well and God in His wisdom created them this way and hung this veil of mystery between them so they would be of never-ending interest to each other. A sort of human cross-word puzzle that they would spend their lives trying to work out.

Now there are a million things that women cannot understand about men. One is why men seem to park their brains in some inaccessible place where they cannot get at them when they come to dealing with women.



A man may have the intelligence to have raised himself from the lowest to the highest place in the land. He may be a world authority in his particular line, a great inventor, a famous lawyer or doctor or financier. He may have organized great combinations of industry and won famous battles or written profound books, yet when there's a woman in the case he doesn't display the acumen of a moron nor the force of character of a sick butterfly.

Why he doesn't even use his mind at all in picking out his wife, which is the most important act he ever does and determines his whole after life. Every day we see highly cultured and intellectual men marrying pretty little nincompoops who never read a book in their lives and who haven't an idea under their water waves. We see poor young men marrying clothes-mad girls who will work them to death to get Paris finery. We see hard-headed old millionaires marrying girls young enough to be their granddaughters.

And they all expect to be happy even though they have selected wives so unsuitable that even an idiot would know that their marriages were foredoomed to failure. In no other matter do men use so little judgment and intelligence as in marrying. And women can't understand that.

Nor can women understand why men are so easily befeated by women. No matter how clear-visioned a man is he never seems able to see through a woman's arts and "lies, no matter how transparent they are. A man sizes up another man and gets a pretty clear idea of what he is. He weighs every business proposition that is put up to him and looks for patches in it, and it takes a slick man to put anything over on him, but any pretty girl baby can pull the wool over his eyes and work him for all he is worth.

Just let a woman have a good complexion and a man is sure she is the model of all the virtues. Just let her have a good line of jolly and a deft hand at spreading the save and he is convinced that she is animated by only the noblest and most altruistic of motives.

Look at the way juries free murderers whose hands are dripping with blood because they are sure no pretty young thing with blue eyes could be anything but innocent. Consider the ease with which any painted-up platinum blonde can convince twelve good men and true in a breach-of-promise suit that she is a trusting little creature whose affections have been trifled with and that she is entitled to damages.

Consider the diamond bracelets and square-cut emeralds that gold-diggers amass as a real proof of love from elderly laddie boys who never doubt that they are loved for themselves alone. Observe the way just any plain, common or garden variety of woman can lure a man to the altar without his ever suspecting that she has had a hand in the proceedings. Why a man is Doubting Thomas with men and Simple Simon with women is what keeps women guessing.

Another thing that women can't understand about men is men's before-and-after-taking attitude toward marriage. Before marriage a man spends hours upon hours telling a woman how much he loves her and how he couldn't live without her. After marriage he drops the love-making with a suddenness that jars her smooth tooth-loose and seldom mentions the state of his affections again. Before marriage a man can't get enough of a woman's society and she virtually has to throw him out of the house at night to get rid of him. After marriage he can't beat it away from home quick enough after dinner and she has to hobble him to keep him for a fireside companion. Before marriage he did nothing but sing her praises. After marriage his favorite indoor sport is knocking her faults.

Why this change? She is the same woman, with the same set of charms and conversational repertoire. It isn't because she has deteriorated. It isn't because he is disappointed in her. It isn't even that he has ceased to love her. And so she is left guessing at the conundrum of why he burdened himself with a wife who never can please him, a companion whose company apparently bores and a home he doesn't want to stay in.

And the greatest mystery of all to a woman is why a man will work himself to death to give a woman fine clothes and a fine house and fine car and yet refuse to give her the thing she craves more than anything else on earth; why he will surfeit her on luxury and starve her for a little affection, a little appreciation, a little tenderness.

Yet men who really love their wives do this. A man will know that his wife would rather have a spontaneous kiss that had some real fire and passion in it than a diamond tiara, yet he will let her break her heart for it in vain. He will know that if he will show any interest in holding one hand she will work the other to the bone for him, yet he won't do it. He will know that he could turn her from a sour, peevish, discontented nagger into a beaming domestic angel by a few compliments, but he won't pay them. And that is the greatest mystery of all.

DOROTHY DIX.

Children's COLDS

Mothers testify that BABY'S OWN TABLETS are invaluable for children's head colds and feverish colds.

"At the first sign of a cold," writes Mrs. Isaac Kellar, 4 Shaftesbury Place, Toronto, "or if the children have been out in damp weather, I give Baby's Own Tablets, and they are all right again the next day."
 Mrs. Albert E. Knowles, R. R. 3, Granton, Ont., writes: "Baby's Own Tablets relieve colds so easily—I wouldn't be without them if they cost twice as much."
 Mrs. James O'Connor, Godfrey, Ont., writes: "Baby's Own Tablets are wonderful for children's colds and fever."
DR. WILLIAMS'

BABY'S OWN TABLETS
 Make and Keep Children Well—As Mothers Know

What the Fashionables are Wearing

By Annabelle Worthington



965

It's a fascinating model of black rough crepe silk. Black velvet is used for the puffed sleeves and the belt.

You'll note the soft draped neckline and the dropped shoulders, so modish. And there is the slimming bias neckline, so well liked.

Style No. 965 is designed for sizes 16, 18, 20 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust.

The two surfaces of crinkly crepe satin can be worked out marvelously in this model. Dark-hyacinth blue is a new favourite. Then, of course, black is always stunning. Sheer velvet is a smart choice.

Size 3 requires 3 1/2 yards 39-inch with 1 yard 35-inch contrasting.

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

No. 965. Size

Name

Street Address

City

State

For The Cook

Macaroni and Cheese

1 cup macaroni broken into one-inch pieces.
 1 cup milk.
 2 tablespoons butter.
 2 tablespoons flour.
 1/2 lb. Canadian cheese — rub through grater.

Salt, pepper, paprika to taste.
 Cook macaroni in a large amount of boiling salted water until tender, turn into a colander and rinse with cold water to prevent pieces from sticking together. Make sauce as follows: melt butter, add flour, and seasonings, then milk, and cook thoroughly, add cheese, and stir until melted. Arrange alternate layers of macaroni and sauce in a buttered baking dish, and cover with soft bread crumbs which have been buttered.

Macaroni Salad

2 cups boiled macaroni.
 1 cup chopped celery.
 6 sweet pickles (finely chopped)
 1 green pepper (finely chopped.)
 2 pimientoes (finely chopped.)
 1 cup Canadian cheese, grated.
 Mayonnaise or French dressing.
 Lettuce.

A Morning Smile

It is related that an old lady accosted Paderewski just before one of his concerts and said: "Oh, Mr. Paderewski, I am so glad to see you! I have tried in vain to purchase a ticket; have you a seat you could let me have?"
 "Madam," said the great pianist, "there is but one seat at my disposal and that you are welcome to if you think fit to take it?"
 "Yes, yes, and a thousand thanks! Where is it?"
 "At the piano," replied Paderewski.

A man in a mental hospital sat dangling a stick, with a piece of string attached, over a flower bed. A visitor approached, and, wishing to be affable, remarked, "How many have you caught?"
 "You're the ninth," was the unexpected reply.

ASHES of ROSES

A Romance of Today

By Joanna Cannan

"They sent us out for picnics," said Geoffrey sheepishly.

"Very nice," declared his father with an indulgent smile. "Sir Hugh tells me that the country round Castle Erle is very fine; romantic Scottish scenery and so on. I think he mentioned having spent his own honeymoon there."

Geoffrey scowled.
 "The rainfall there is enormous. Arran is one of the wettest places in the United Kingdom."

"You speak as though you had suffered. Did you have a wet weekend?"

"Oh no. It was perfectly fine. I was speaking from the point of view of . . . of . . ."

"Honeymoons," supplied his father almost roughly, and then with a change of tone: "To come down to brass tacks, have you any messages from Mr. Anderson?"

"He didn't send any by me," said Geoffrey cheering up a little. "I've got one or two points of my own that I want to raise at the meeting in the ordinary way."

John Gilmour looked sceptical. "Well, everyone is given a hearing. That's the object of the convention. But come to your point quickly. We don't want to sit there all afternoon."

There was a knock on the door. "Mr. Cripps to see you, sir," said the office boy.

"Show him in, Stevens," ordered John Gilmour. "Geoffrey, you'd better wait in the board room."

Geoffrey said, "All right, sir," and took himself off. There was no one in the board room, but it had already been prepared for the convention at which John Gilmour did not want to sit all afternoon, and sheets of clean white blotting paper and pens with shiny new nibs in them were placed at regular intervals round the great Victorian table. Geoffrey felt a vague pleasure in assisting at this function, though

it was well-known that nothing said or done here would make the slightest difference to the policy of the firm. The autocrat, which John Gilmour was, had instituted it merely as a safety valve: here, every three months, his agents could air alike their brain-waves and their grievances.

Geoffrey sat down in one of the least important places at the table and looked at the files on the ceiling and thought of Fay. He thought what a joy it had been to see her, and how that one moment had brought all the lost magic back into life again. He thought that he would give all other happiness, health, wealth and hope, to kiss her only once; for happiness without her was, at the best, only content, content with an ache behind which became intolerable when spring blossomed, when the sun set behind blue mountains, when the saxophone took up the melody. He imagined a kiss, the first after nine months of hope, less separation, and shut his eyes, turning the sober daylight of the solemn board room into the rapturous darkness of a taxi-cab. When he opened them again, there was only one thought in his mind; how to persuade Fay to come out with him that evening. He glanced at the clock. It was a quarter to eleven. The meeting would certainly not be over until the office staff had gone. He leaped to his feet and rushed from the board room, colliding with his father and Mr. Cripps, the Manchester branch manager, in the corridor.

"Sorry . . . Forgotten something . . ." he blurted out and made for the door of the main office.

Fay and Miss Evers were checking figures at their table. Geoffrey went up to Miss Evers and took the pile of invoices from her hand.

"I've nothing to do," he said. "And the habit of unremitting industry is strong. I'll get on with these and you get on with something else."

Miss Evers looked at him with a twinkle in his merry eyes. "That's awfully considerate of you, Mr. Geoffrey. Not one branch manager in a thousand would have thought of that. But there! you know what Saturday morning is in a London office. I'll get on with something ever so urgent that I've got to do."

She picked up some papers and went away. Geoffrey sat down in her chair and studied the invoices. "I see," he said. "This is where you have got to. Two pounds, seventeen and sixpence. Three, nine, eight. Two, four, six and a half. Are you pleased to see me, Fay?"

Fay said nothing. Geoffrey looked at her. He saw two large tears roll down her cheeks and splash on the typewritten page in her hands.

"There! I shall have to type that page again," she said in a stifled voice.

Profoundly moved, Geoffrey pulled out his brown silk handkerchief and mopped up the tears. "Fay, don't my darling," he whispered and under the table he took hold of her hand. But she snatched it away.

"What's the next figure?"
 He looked down at the invoices. "Three, eight, nine."
 "We've done that," said Fay.
 "So we have. Well, here we are, Five, three, one, o, sixteen, six. All

the time in Scotland. I've never stopped thinking of you, Fay."
 "Mr. Wilde's looking at us," said Fay, coldly.

Geoffrey looked up and met the keen eyes of the sales manager. "I'm putting in a few moments at the old game, Mr. Wilde," he cheerfully called out.

Mr. Wilde smiled in a way that made Geoffrey suddenly realise the double meaning of his words. He blushed hotly. "One, seven, six. Four, eight, six. Nine, two, one," he read out in a busy voice.

"That's right. Just one moment while I find the other page," said Fay.

Geoffrey looked round. The sales manager had gone.
 "Fay," he said. "In five minutes I shall have to go in to that meeting. I must see you. All these months it's been too horrible for words. Say that I can call for you and take you out to-night."
 "You can't," said Fay very promptly.
 "Well, you know as well as I do."
 "But it can't hurt anybody, Fay," he argued. "To begin with, no one will know; and if they did, what harm is there in it? If you like, I'll tell Patricia about it when I get back. Fay do come. Just one evening out of the whole year!"
 "I can't."
 "Fay, you are unkind. Why won't you come? I'll behave like a . . . like an angel. I'll promise not to say anything that everybody could hear!"
 She shook her head.
 "All right," said Geoffrey, rising. "I've got to go in to the meeting now, but I shall come to your house to-night at seven sharp. And I shall be dressed, and dinner will be ordered at that place in Soho, and I shall have tickets for a show. And if you don't come, I shall simply go away and chuck myself over one of the bridges and that'll be the end of it. Seven o'clock, and Fay, darling, do come."
 "Look, they've sent for you," said Fay.
 Mr. Mossop was standing at the door.
 "Mr. Gilmour's ready, Mr. Geo-

Do you, too, look Younger than you Are?



I'm over 30... says Anna Q. Nilsson

Fascinating, radiant—who would guess from this recent photograph that she is over 30? Her recent return from Sweden caused thousands of fans to rejoice!

LUX Toilet Soap — 10¢

Lever Brothers Limited, Toronto
 Soapmakers by appointment to their Excellencies the Governor-General and Countess of Beesborough.

Share the stars' complexion secret!

"YES, I'm over thirty years old," says Anna Q. Nilsson, lovely screen star. "Keeping young isn't a matter of birthdays. It's a matter of knowing how!"

"No woman need worry about growing old," this radiantly youthful star goes on, "provided she takes the proper care of her skin!"

"It was years ago I first discovered what a wonderfully soothing effect Lux Toilet Soap has on the skin. I use it regularly to keep my skin always at its best."

9 out of 10 screen stars use it

Of the 694 important Hollywood actresses, including all stars, 686 use this fragrant white soap regularly to guard complexion beauty. Stage stars, too, have long been insistent on Lux Toilet Soap for regular complexion care.

You will want to try it!

Mix well all the ingredients. Blend with mayonnaise and serve on lettuce garnish with mayonnaise and grated cheese.

Cook macaroni, leaving pieces as long as possible. Combine 1 cup minced ham with 2 cups cooked or canned peas, roughly mashed. Season well with salt and paprika and pack into a small buttered mold (half-pound coffee tin is good). Stand in ice-

box until stiff enough to turn out. Put a two-inch layer of cooked macaroni in the bottom of a larger well-buttered mold. Turn out the ham and peas, place on the macaroni and wind the long strips of macaroni around and around the mold, completely filling the space and packing it down tightly. Continue until the whole mold of peas and ham is covered with macaroni. Set in steamer, steam for 1/2 hour, turn out on a heated dish and serve with brown or tomato sauce.

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1/4 cup macaroni broken into small pieces.
 1 cup milk.
 1 cup soft bread crumbs.
 1 tablespoon butter.
 1 tablespoon chopped green pepper.

1 teaspoon each chopped onion and parsley.
 3 eggs.
 1 teaspoon salt.
 1/4 cup Canadian cheese — rub through grater.

Cook the macaroni in boiling salted water until tender, and rinse in cold water. Cook the parsley, onion and pepper in a little water with the butter. Pour off the water or allow it to boil away. Beat the egg white and yolk separately. Mix all the ingredients, cutting and folding in the stiffly beaten whites at the last. Line a quart baking dish with buttered paper; turn the mixture into it; set the baking dish in a pan of hot water, and bake in a moderate oven from one-half to three-fourths of an hour. Serve with tomato sauce.

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Own Children Made This Woman Nervous

Mrs. Lillian Payne was so run-down her own children made her nervous. Vinol (iron tonic) made her sleep and eat, and nervousness is gone. Tastes delicious. Hughes Drug Co., Ltd.

Course For Fishermen

The Biological Board of Canada offers to assist a limited number of fishermen from the Maritime Provinces to attend the Short Course for Fishermen to be given at the Fisheries Experimental Station Halifax, N. S., during a term of six weeks commencing on January 25th 1933. Each will be given on completion of the course the sum of forty dollars plus the amount of railway fare for a return trip between Halifax and the railway station nearest his home. Only bona fide fishermen from 17 to 35 years of age, who have passed through grade 6 in the public schools of the Maritime Provinces or an equivalent grade, will be able to obtain these grants. All applications must be in by January 14th, and should be addressed to Fisheries Experimental Station, Halifax, N. S.

Mothers, Mix This At Home for a Bad Cough

Saves \$2. So Easy! No Cooking!

You'll be pleasantly surprised when you make this simple home mixture and try it for a distressing cough. It's no trouble to mix, and costs but a trifle, yet it can be depended upon to give quick and lasting relief. Make a syrup by stirring 2 cups of granulated sugar and one cup of water for a few moments until dissolved. No cooking needed. Get 2 1/2 ounces of Pinex from any drugist, put it into a 16 oz. bottle, and fill up with your sugar syrup. The 16 ounces thus made costs no more than a small bottle of ready-made medicine, yet it is the most effective remedy that money can buy. Keeps perfectly and tastes fine.

This simple remedy has a remarkable three-fold action. It soothes and heals the inflamed membranes, loosens the germ-laden phlegm, and clears the air passages. Thus it makes breathing easy, and lets you get restful sleep. Pinex is a compound of Norway Pine, in concentrated form, famous as a healing agent for throat membranes. It is guaranteed to give prompt relief or money refunded.

EYES TESTED AND GLASSES FITTED

J. S. TAYLOR
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 Optometrists
 162 Richmond Street



Her Heart Was Weak Nerves Shaky, Nights Restless
 Mrs. A. Black, Wallaceburg, Ont., writes:—"I suffered from heart weakness, shaky nerves, and restless nights. I saw your advertisement for Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills and decided to try them although I didn't have much faith, but now I am very thankful I did as they have proved of wonderful help to me. I am now strong and well again, but am never without a box in the house."

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