

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

The HOUSEWIFE and HER ACTIVITIES

It is easy enough to be "easy and cool. When another must suffer the blow: It is easy enough to establish the rule...

Meat in the Country The country housewife who is able to get meat only when the butcher drives to her home will tell you to wipe the joint of meat with diluted vinegar if it is on the verge of going bad.

A Pitcher and a Glass One mother solved the problem of making the milk more attractive to her child by serving the milk in a quart pitcher and allowing the child to do her own pouring of it into her glass at the table.

Household Data Darn the worn places in Turkish towels and make them last a while longer. Keep your metal brocade slip per wrappers in black tissue paper between wearing to prevent tarnishing.

Perhaps that dim electric light means nothing except that the bulb could stand being wiped off with a damp soapy cloth and then polished dry.

TABLET Egg Glaze for Pastry: Yolk of one egg, half cup evaporated milk or cream. Beat the yolk of egg and add the milk or cream to it. Brush over pastry or rolls, applying it with soft pastry brush. This mixture will keep in a cool place for a week.

THE MEDICINE CABINET The medicine cabinet needs frequent cleaning of old, medicine bottles and boxes containing powders and pills. Only the simple safe remedies should be held over from one cleaning to another.

A Morning Smile NO SPEED LIMIT Two negro boys were arguing about ghosts. One claimed to have seen a ghost as he passed the cemetery the night before.

KNOW HIS BUSINESS A man complained to the local postmaster because of the failure to deliver a letter improperly addressed. "Now suppose," he continued, "I addressed a letter to the 'Biggest Dumbbell in Christendom,' what would you do toward delivering it?" "I should simply mark it 'Return to sender,'" coolly replied the postmaster.

SMART CLOTHES FOR THE HOME DRESSMAKER It's the new shirtwaist dress with demurely feminine air, the type that may be worn by women of all ages.

Checked silk gingham in maize and white, with short sleeves as in back view, the dashing for sports. Style No. 321 is designed for sizes 14, 16, 18 years, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust. Size 16 requires 3 1/2 yards of 38-inch material with 1/2 yard of 36-inch contrasting.

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

No. 321. Size Name Street Address City State CAUGHT IN OWN NET CANTERBURY, England - Sir Frank Bernard Sanderson, who sat on the committee which considered the Road Traffic Act, and one of the greatest advocates, was fined \$25 recently for exceeding the 30-mile speed limit here. He had driven 33 years without a black mark against him.

Use Minard's for Dandruff

The Murder at Hazelmoor

By AGATHA CHRISTIE

CHAPTER 3

"Then it wasn't burglary. You mean, sir, it was an inside job?" Sergeant Pollock asked. Inspector Narracott nodded. "Yes," he said. "The only curious thing is, though, that I think the murderer did actually enter by the window. As you and Constable Graves reported, and as I can still see for myself, there are damp patches still visible where the snow melted and was trodden in by the murderer's boots. These damp patches are only in this room. Graves was quite positive there was nothing of the kind in the hall when he and Dr. Warren passed through it. In this room he noticed it immediately. In that case it seems clear that the murderer was admitted by Captain Trevelyan through the window. Therefore, it must have been someone whom Captain Trevelyan knew. You are a local man, Sergeant, can you tell me if Captain Trevelyan was a man who made enemies for every crime?"

"No, sir, I should say he hadn't an enemy in the world. A bit keen on money, and a bit of a martinet—wouldn't stand for any slackness or incivility—but bless my soul he was respected for that." "No enemies," said Narracott thoughtfully. "Not here, that is."

"Very true—we come logically now to the next motive—the most common motive for every crime. Captain Trevelyan was, I understand, a rich man?" "Very well to do, by all accounts. But close. Not an easy man to touch for a subscription."

"Ah!" said Narracott thoughtfully. "Pity it snowed as it did," said the sergeant. "But for that we'd have had his footprints to go on." "There was no one else in the house?" asked the inspector. "No. For the last five years Captain Trevelyan has been here on duty, but this chap, Evans, cooked and looked after his master. About a month ago he got married—much to the captain's annoyance. I believe that's one of the reasons he left. Sittaford House to this South African lady. He wouldn't have any woman living in the house. Evans lives just round the corner here in Fore Street with his wife, and comes in daily to do for his master. I've got him here, that is left her at half past two yesterday afternoon, the captain having no further need for him."

"Yes, I shall want to see him. He may be able to tell us something useful. I think there's a lot more in that man than meets the eye." "In what way, sir?" "But the inspector refused to be drawn. "You say this man, Evans, is here now?" "He's waiting in the dining-room."

"Good. I'll see him straight away. What sort of a fellow is he?" "Sergeant Pollock was better at reporting facts than at descriptive accuracy. "He's a retired naval chap. Ugly customer, but a good sort. "Does he drink?" "Never been the worse for it that I know of."

"What about this wife of his? Not a fancy of the captain's or anything of that sort?" "Oh, no. Nothing of that kind about Captain Trevelyan. He wasn't that kind at all. He was known as a woman hater, if anything."

"And Evans was supposed to be devoted to his master?" "That's the general idea, sir, and I think it would be known if he wasn't. Exhampton's a small place." Inspector Narracott nodded. "Well," he said, "there's nothing more to be seen here. I'll interview Evans and tell him a look at the back of the house and after that we will go over to the Three Crowns and see this Major Burnaby. That remark of his about the time was curious. Twenty minutes past five, eh? He must know something he hasn't told, or why should he suggest the time of the crime so accurately?"

"The two men moved towards the door. "It's a rum business," said Sergeant Pollock, his eye wandering to the littered floor. "All this burglary fack!" "It's not that that strikes me as odd," said Narracott. "Under the circumstances it was probably the natural thing to do. No—what strikes me as odd is the window."

"The window, sir?" "Yes. Why should the murderer go to the window? Assuming it was someone Trevelyan knew and admitted without question, why not go to the front door? To get round to this window from the road on a night like last night would have been a difficult and unpleasant proceeding with the snow lying as thick as it does. Yet, there must have been some reason."

"They found Evans waiting in the dining-room. He rose respectfully on their entrance. He was a short thick-set man. He had very long arms and a habit of standing with his hands half clenched. He was clean shaven with small, rather piglike eyes, yet he had a look of cheerfulness and efficiency that redeemed his bulldog appearance. Inspector Narracott mentally tabulated his impressions. "Intelligent. Shrewd and practical. Looks rattled."

"Then he spoke: "You're Evans, eh?" "Yes, sir." "What name?" "Newlyn, a small fishing village on the Cornish coast of England has become known as the Painters' Paradise. Some very celebrated artists have made Newlyn their home, though many spend only the summer months there. Among the permanent residents are Harold Earmant, a Cornishman who first exhibited in the Royal Academy in 1898 and Stanhope Forbes an A. R. A. who has lived in Newlyn for over half a century. Art students come to the Newlyn school from all over England to work under the tuition of two other well known A. R. A.'s, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Proctor, also live in Newlyn in a very attractive old-fashioned cottage. The friendly villagers, many of them great characters, often pose as models in this Painters' Paradise of Cornwall."

August is the month of the famous Salzbury Music Festival. Salzbury was the birthplace of Mozart (1756-1791) and the Festival has been organized to honour the well-known musician. One of the operas to be performed at the Festival this summer is Mozart's "Don Giovanni". "Falstaff" and "Faust" are to be produced, and also "Jedermann" by Von Hofmannsthal, a drama adapted from a miracle play of medieval times. This performance is given at twilight outdoors on the huge cathedral square and is a spectacle of unforgettable beauty. During the Festival everybody in Salzbury—including tourists and world celebrities—everybody, goes dress and wears the peasant dress of the Tyrol. Some of the symphonic concerts at the Salzbury Festival are being broadcast this year direct from the stage of the Festspielhaus, and rebroadcast over the W.J.Z. network on August 11, 12, 25 from eleven o'clock to noon. Arturo Toscanini is conducting opera at the 1935 Salzbury Festival—his first appearance there, and Lotie Lehmann, the Venetian soprano sings in Beethoven's "Fidelio" under his direction. In the London Musical Times, London Record has written recently a very great tribute to Toscanini and it will not be long before London and New York will be involved in competition for the great little Italian.

"Robert Henry. "Ah! Now what do you know about this business?" "Not a thing, sir, it's fair knocked me over. To think of the Captain being done in!" "When did you last see your master?" "Two o'clock I should say it was, sir. I cleared away the lunch things and laid the table here as you see for supper. The Captain, he told me as I needn't come back."

"What do you usually do?" "As a general rule, I come back about seven for a couple of hours, do acrobatics. And on Tuesdays the Captain would say as I needn't."

"Then you weren't surprised when he told you that yesterday you wouldn't be wanted again?" "No, sir, I didn't come back the evening before either—on account of the weather. Very considerate gentleman, the Captain was, as long as you didn't try to shirk things. I knew him and his ways pretty well."

"What exactly did he say?" "Well, he looked out of the window and he says, 'Not a hope of Burnaby today.' 'Shouldn't wonder,' he says, 'if Sittaford lent cut off altogether. Don't remember such a winter since I was a boy.' That was his friend Major Burnaby over to Sittaford that he was referring to. Always comes on a Friday, he does, he and the Captain play chess and do acrobatics. And on Tuesdays the Captain would go to Major Burnaby's. Very regular in his habits was the Captain. Then he said to me: 'You can go now, Evans, and you needn't come till tomorrow morning.'"

"Apart from his reference to Major Burnaby, he didn't speak of expecting anyone that afternoon?" (Continued on Page 12)

BOOKS, ART, MUSIC

(By F. R. H.)

The Harper \$7500 Prize for a first novel has gone this year to H. L. Davis for his "Honey in the Hills" which was published on August 22. It is a story of youth in the old West and has been compared to "Huckleberry Finn". Mr. Davis is thirty-eight years old, a native of Oregon and has been a printer's devil, a sheep-herder, a surveyor, a county sheriff, a soldier, and a poet before he became a successful novelist.

Judges of the Harper Prize Novel contest were Dorothy Canfield, Sinclair Lewis, and Louis Bromfield. "The Inquirer" by Hugh Walpole, to be published August 28, is the Literary Guild selection for September. "Vein of Iron" by Ellen Glasgow, to be published August 29, is the September choice of the Book-of-the-Month Club. On August 19 was published "The Voice of Bugle" by the late Mrs. E. M. Egan, a long short-story which ran in the Atlantic Monthly and was announced by that magazine as a worthy successor to "Good-bye, Mr. Chips" which ran in the Atlantic Monthly last year. "Mary Queen of Scots" by the late Mrs. E. M. Egan is called a sister-book to his popular "Marie Antoinette."

A reprint of Colonel T. E. Lawrence's "Seven Pillars of Wisdom" is to be published shortly. It is a 600-page book which consists of about six hundred and seventy-two pages and will include forty-eight monochrome illustrations and four maps. The printing and production of the original "Seven Pillars of Wisdom" was supervised by Lawrence himself and he gave full rein to his typographic and illustrative ideals, regardless of expense, and the book, since it was first issued in its strictly limited edition, has been sought after by collectors in all parts of the world.

Of its limited edition Lawrence in 1923, permitted the printing of only eighteen copies for England and twenty for America. These copies were sold at perhaps the highest price ever attained by a modern book, it is said, \$20.00. The "Seven Pillars of Wisdom" has been described as "a great human document, and its splendid prose and vivid descriptive power place Lawrence among the most brilliant writers of our times."

This autumn Doubleday Doran of New York is publishing the "Seven Pillars of Wisdom" in two editions—one will be limited to five hundred copies and will sell for \$25.00, the other, the regular edition will sell for \$6.00. "The Seven Pillars of Wisdom" of the "Seven Pillars of Wisdom" will be withdrawn. Doubleday Doran is planning to exhibit copies of the \$20.00 edition.

Many stories and legends have sprung up about the "Seven Pillars of Wisdom" and in "The Chronicles of Barabbas" by George H. Doran, wherein he reveals much publishing history, Mr. Doran relates his version of the mystery— "Just why the complete book was never offered for sale, I have not been able to understand, for it was neither too shocking nor too revealing for public consumption. Never was better publishing publicity conceived, not a copy was sold—the shrewdest and most penetrating shrew in the whole realm of publishing."

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Simply Amazing!



The wonder still grows that so good a tea as MORSE'S BLUE NOSE TEA can be sold at so low a price—only 23 cents per half pound package.

Dorothy Dix's Letter Box

Home and Family Life Are the Most Important Stones in the Foundation of Child-Rearing — Their Influence on Later Life is Almost Incalculable

Dear Miss Dix—What is your opinion of home and family life? MARTHA.

Answer: There are two important things in the world. They are the foundation upon which all civilization rests. They form the character and set the life pattern of every one of us.

Every man and woman of us are stamped indelibly with the print of the homes out of which we have come. We are what our family life has made us. No matter how far we go, no matter what culture we take on, no matter how much we believe we have changed and how much we think we have gotten away from the teachings of our childhood, they still unconsciously color our every thought and act.

Our mothers and fathers shaped the clay and fired it in the oven of home and we are what they have made us. In the great crises of our lives we do not calmly reason things. We are actuated by the principles that we drew in with our mothers' milk. We stand or fall. We are weak or strong according to the habits that our parents bred in us.

That is why the making of a home and the rearing of a family are the biggest jobs that any man and woman ever undertake, because the children that they send out into the world are going to be a blessing or a curse to it according to the way they have done their work. If the parents have made a home that was filled with love, peace, kindness, helpfulness and fair dealing, it is a practical certainty that the children who grow up in it will be healthy, sane and free from all neurotic tendencies. Psychologists tell us that they almost never have a case of nervous breakdown in people who have been reared in a happy and cheerful home, but that, on the contrary, they can trace innumerable nervous disorders, even in middle-aged people, to their having been reared in stormy households where the husband and wife were at odds with each other and indulged in perpetual quarrels.

And if children are brought up with high ideals of honor and honesty; if they are taught to control their tempers and their passions; if they have habits of industry and thrift bred into them, the chances are a hundred to one that they will develop into the men and women who are the backbone of every community.

It is out of the slovenly and sloppy homes, with never a decent meal or a comfort in them, that children rise to the street. It is the fretful and nagging mothers and the grouchy fathers who drive their children into gangs for companionship. It is the fighting parents whose children run wild to get away from the scene of never-ending strife. It is the fathers and mothers who lie and doublecross each other and who have no fixed principles whose children take the easiest way of getting what they want, and become criminals.

The people who are doing the most important work in the world are not those who are fulfilling some spectacular career. They are not politicians, nor generals, nor admirals, nor writers, nor artists. They are the men and women who are making good homes and bringing their children up to be fine men and women. To be well born is to be long to such a family. Lucky the baby that achieves it.

Dear Dorothy Dix—I am a woman of 40 with a husband three years my junior. We have been married thirteen years and have one child. For the last year I have been in name only and one who is never spoken of except to be a found fault with. If I seek a little affection from my husband I am rudely pushed from him and told to get my own. My hair has turned white under the strain and I have artificial teeth, and he says "Who the devil wants a woman with gray hair and false teeth?" He treats our child kindly and is a good provider, but I am growing weary of being an unwanted wife. Of course there is a woman in the case. His secretary, a pretty young girl of 22. What shall I do about it? MRS. E. J. E.

Answer: What can you do about it that won't make your situation worse? To break up your home because of your hurt pride and your wounded heart will not better matters. It will simply be jumping out of the frying pan into the fire, as the homey old proverb puts it. Certainly it is a humiliating thing for a wife to realize that her husband is tired of her and would be glad to be rid of her, but it would be an even more humiliating thing to think yourself on other people for support on whom you have not the claim that you have upon your husband.

So take counsel with prudence and common sense rather than with your anger before you take any drastic steps. What would you do if you left your husband? Have you any trade or profession by which you could support yourself and your child? You are middle-aged. Do you think you could compete with the bright, quick-witted young girls? Have you parents who are willing and able to provide for you and your child? Don't you think your husband's temper and grouches and even his philandering would seem a small thing to worry over when you were agonizing over where the next meal was coming from? If your husband doesn't want to be kissed and petted, for Heaven's sake, let him alone. Turn into a frigidaire yourself. If he doesn't want to talk with you, leave him to sit up in silence of an evening while you step out and amuse yourself.

There are lots of other people in the world besides husbands and pick-out of agreeable things to do besides trying to propitiate one who gets a little out of saying mean things to you. Keep your home clean and comfortable. Beat the brute. Then regard him in the light of a boarder whose tantrums you have to put up with because he supports the house. Better to endure the ills you have than fly to those you know not of. DOROTHY DIX.

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Happenings of the Week

Two grandchildren of the King and Queen celebrated birthdays Wednesday. Princess Margaret Rose, younger daughter of the Duke and Duchess of York, was five years old. The Honorable Gerald Lascelles, younger son of the Princess Royal and the Earl of Harewood, was 11. The Queen spent the day with her grandson at Harewood House near Leeds, Yorkshire, and joined the King later at Balmoral. Princess Margaret is at Glamis Castle, home of her maternal grand parents, the Earl and Countess of Strathmore, where she viewed a "command performance" of a children's theatre company.

The Lieut. Governor and Mrs. DeBolis entertained at another of their delightful dances at Government House last evening. Mrs. DeBolis was accompanied by Officers of H. M. Dundee and many outside visitors. It was a charming social function, an ideal closing to a week of gaiety.

Quite a number of Charlottetown lady enthusiasts intend motoring over to Moncton to attend the golf meet there on Monday. Mrs. Donalds Putnam of Columbia University, New York City, is holidaying in Eidon at Dr. MacLeod's summer place. Mrs. DeBolis accompanied from Sackville by her brother, Mr. Malcolm Putnam.

Many home friends will join in extending congratulations to J. A. C. F. Wiggins of Sackville, N.E.P., who is today celebrating his 61st birthday. Dr. Wiggins was born at Sackville, P.E.I., a son of the late Rev. Dr. Wiggins, whose wife was also a Charlottetown lady, Miss Helen Townshend.

Mr. and Mrs. James Moulder of Buffalo, N.Y., have been visiting Mrs. Moulder's brother Hon. Dr. J.W.P. McMillan and Mrs. McMillan, have left on return home. Mrs. Moulder, who was making her first visit after an absence of 26 years, was very pleasantly welcomed. Her hostess, Mrs. McMillan, gave a luncheon in her honor and also for her own sister, Mrs. L.A. McDonald, Cambridge, Mass., and niece Miss Virginia Stone, who are her house guests. On this happy occasion Mrs. L.B. McMillan and Mrs. D. Riley presided over the tea table. Miss Nora McMillan, Miss Kathleen Hornby, Miss Helen Hornby, Miss Mary Lappin.

Mrs. H.H. Whitlock returned last week from an European trip through Europe and is spending some time with her mother Mrs. J.B. Macdonald. Mr. Whitlock is at present in West Africa. Mrs. Pineo, who recently resigned from the staff of the E.I. Hospital, is visiting her home in Kentville prior to her marriage. She has been the guest of honor at several social gatherings to mark the happy event.

Mrs. Oscar McCallum, who is the guest of her mother at their summer home in Tracadie, is being widely entertained by her friends. Mr. and Mrs. John Bancroft (nee Cecilia Stodart) of Punta Santa Juan, Cuba, are leaving this morning via New York for their home after having spent a very enjoyable six weeks visit. Mr. Bancroft particularly enjoyed the deep sea fishing of the northern coast and made some fine catches of mackerel and codfish. Mrs. Bancroft was entertained by a number of her former school chums and is taking away

The Hon. Wesley Frost, Consul-General of the United States in Montreal, and Mrs. Frost are leaving early in September for a two weeks' motor tour in New England, and will then return to Montreal, Que., to visit their home in Kentville prior to sailing for New York on September 15. Mrs. Frost will take up her residence as Consul at the United States Embassy.

Miss Agnes Macdonald, Boston, is visiting her mother Mrs. J.B. Macdonald. The tea hostesses at the Charlottetown Tennis Club this afternoon will be Miss Pauline Nicholson, Miss Constance Hyndman, Miss Marion Morris, Miss Jean McLure.

Rev. George Morris and family, of Seaboard, have come to Brading, Vermont, where they will visit with Mrs. Morris' father, Dr. T. P. Frost. Miss Isabel Muir of Woodstock, N.B., is being welcomed here having arrived last week to accept a position with the Prince of Wales College Carnegie Foundation Demonstration in this city. Miss Muir was librarian with the Bank of Montreal, which position she resigned to come to Charlottetown.

Miss Brown of Pictou, N.S. is the guest of Mrs. W. E. Macdonald of Summerside. The tea hostess at the Sunny Side Golf Club this afternoon will be Mrs. E. J. Macdonald, Miss Gladys Holman, Miss Ethel Tanton. Mrs. (Dr.) Bagnall is visiting in Summerside, the guest of Mrs. T. R. Morrison.

Hon. John D. MacKay, a member of the Massachusetts Senate, is spending a few days on Prince Edward Island, after which he will go to Cape Breton for an extended visit. He is a native of Lake Umbagog in Inverness, while his mother's ancestors were natives of Prince Edward Island. The Senator is accompanied by his wife and by his sister, Miss Florence A. MacKay, R.N. of Malden, Mass. They are staying at the Beach House Inn in Summerside. The resident motorists will give the visitor's automobiles a little more than half of the road.

Women have got the habit of following the Duchess of Kent's lead in the matter of her carriage. They are now carrying herself in a very regular manner, with shoulders thrown back and head carried high. "It is the secret of her success in wearing hats of various dimensions," one respectable balancer in order to be able to do so.

Miss Katherine H. MacLeod, R.N. of New Bedford, Mass., arrived home this week with her mother, Mrs. Hugh MacLeod.

THE COOK'S CORNER Layer Cake This is just a simple one-egg layer cake mixture, made along the good lines—producing a light cake of pleasant flavor that is a good carrier for the generous sweet trimming as given. 2 cups sifted flour 4 teaspoons baking powder 1-3 teaspoon salt 1/4 to 1-3 cup butter or shortening 1 cup granulated sugar 1 egg, well beaten 1/2 cup milk 1/2 teaspoon vanilla Measure the once-sifted flour and re-sift, with the baking powder and salt. Cream butter or shortening and gradually blend in sugar, creaming after each addition until light and fluffy. Add well-beaten egg and combine well. Add dry ingredients to first mixture alternately with the milk; combine after each addition until smooth. Stir in vanilla. Bake in two greased and floured layer cake pans in a moderately hot oven, 375 degrees F., about 25 to 30 minutes. Note: The smaller amount of butter or shortening may be used with a cake or pastry flour—the larger amount of fat is necessary when a hard-wheat flour is used.

BEAUFY'S OWN SOAP Beaufy's Own Soap