

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

The HOUSEWIFE and HER ACTIVITIES

'Tis an old maxim in the schools, That flattery's the food of fools; Yet now and then your men of wit Will condescend to take a bit.

'There is no work like early work.' 'Clear as you go: muddle makes more muddle.'

'Spare neither soda nor hot water in washing up greasy articles.'

'Dirty saucepans filled with hot water begin to clean themselves.'

'Wash well a saucepan, but clean a frying-pan with a piece of bread.'

'Never put the handles of knives into hot water.'

'Green vegetables should be boiled fast with the lid off.'

'Baked meat should start in a hot oven.'

'Fish boiled should be done slowly, with a little vinegar in the water.'

'A spoonful of vinegar will set a poached egg.'

'Water boils when it gallops, oil when it is still.'

'A stew boiled is a stew spoiled.'

'Pour boiling water over frying fat to clarify it, and set it aside for using again.'

'Pare potatoes as thinly as possible.'

'Salt meat should go into cold water and be brought slowly to the boil.'

'Always save the liquor in which a joint of meat has boiled.'

EGG WHITES.

There is one precaution to take in the beating of egg-whites, and that is not to beat them too much. This is especially true when they are to be combined with other ingredients, as for a cake. They have been beaten enough as soon as they will stand in high peaks when the beater is lifted from them.

CHEAP CUTS OF MEAT APPETIZING IF BRAISED

Braising meat is a method all too seldom used in this country. It deserves more attention, as it combines the wholesomeness of flavor peculiar to baked meats.

It certainly takes a long while, but needs little attention after the first.

Choose lean meat—the cheaper cuts are quite suitable; they will need long and slower cooking. A few slices of bacon add a distinctive flavor, while if the meat is boned and stuffed it is an improvement.

Clean and peel a quantity of vegetables, the greater the variety the better. You cannot have too many kinds, but onions, carrots, and turnips are essential.

Lay them in a baking tin with the meat on top of them. Cook in a quick oven, basting often with dripping until the meat is a rich brown then remove it.

Drain the fat from the vegetables, season, and if liked sprinkle a few herbs and spices. Put in a casserole or a saucepan, the meat on top.

Make a good gravy. Pour over and cook slowly on the fire or in a slow oven (the latter is far preferable).

NAVY AND WHITE ENSEMBLE WORN BY DUCHESS OF KENT

The Duchess of Kent's flair for elegant simplicity in dress was never more apparent than when she opened the new wing of the South-Eastern Hospital for Children recently.

Wearing a navy blue crepe de chine dress patterned with small white spots and a hip-length sleeveless coat of the same material with a shoulder cape to the elbows, the Duchess evoked the admiration of the great crowd who had waited two hours to see her.

A silver fox fur hung over her left shoulder, and she wore an ideal hat for the somewhat windy afternoon—one of plain navy blue felt, with the brim turned off the face and fastened to the crown, creating a halo effect. At the back

Handiest thing in the house



was a tiny bow, also of felt. ALL IN NAVY BLUE

Wrist-length navy blue suede gloves left her arms bare to the elbows, and she carried a small navy blue handbag. Navy blue kid shoes, the heels not too high, completed her ensemble.

Her only jewelry was a small diamond clip worn at the throat. Before opening the new wing of the hospital the Duchess received purses made of Marina green silk, each of which contained not less than \$25 towards the cost of the extension.

TALKING BOOKS FOR THE BLIND

Talking books, just invented, but already coming into use, are bringing happy hours to people who are blind. The invention consists of an especially designed electric phonograph which plays records of books. The records so far made include the Bible, Shakespeare's works and a number of books of fiction. The records, which are light and durable, can not be used on an ordinary phonograph, although the regulation phonograph records may be used on this new talking-book apparatus, or reading machine, as it also is called. The apparatus of the reading machine turns the records at a speed of thirty-three revolutions per minute. It has been found that this rate of speed is the rate of the average reader.

Blind people, who have had the opportunity of enjoying the pleasure brought by listening to the new talking book report that the reading voices used in making the original records of the books are excellent and that the tonal qualities of the voice are very good. In the recording of the talking books, a man's voice and in some instances, such as in the recording of lengthy extracts from the Bible, a number of men's voices have been used and the results have proven quite effective.

NEW COMPACTS

Smart new leather compacts prove designers of cosmetics cases and manufacturers of makeup have realized at last that the beauty gadgets a woman carries should have a definite relation to the kind of clothes she is wearing. To tuck a cellulose vanity of cloisonne into the pocket of your golf sweater is as inappropriate as to wear a heavy sports bracelet with a chain evening dress.

Of course, if your budget allows for only one compact and lipstick, pick plain, enamelled cases, preferably black or white. Otherwise, shop around for purse accessories that are absolutely in keeping with your various costumes.

For tailored suits, riding habits and active sports frocks, there are charming compacts, covered with alligator, lizard and plain leather in all colors. The majority are round, and, of course, double so you don't have to carry a separate case for rouge. Be sure to fill your vanity with the same powder you use at home. Nothing is worse than to put on rachel powder in the morning, then reappear in spots with a faint pinkish shade.

WEDDING ANNIVERSARIES RHYME

Here is one rhyme for the anniversaries; there may be others: Roses white and roses red For the bride just one year wed. Five years wed—'tis understood Pretty presents all of wood. Then with jollity and din Comes the treasures made of tin. Twelve years means linen soft and sheer; Fifteen, crystal, bright and clear; Twenty, dishes patterned gay For the china wedding day. Twenty-five comes clear and shining— All its clouds have silver lining. Thirty is the year of pearls For the loveliest of girls. Forty is of amber mellow, Fifty is of gold so yellow. Sixty years together spent Tenderness and sweet content. Sixtieth anniversary brings the diamond jubilee.

DIABETES WAS DISEASE KNOWN TO "ANCIENT"

There is a common belief that diabetes is a modern disease, one never heard of by the ancients. As a matter of fact it has been recognized for hundreds, if not thousands of years.

This popular misconception can probably be explained by the present widespread interest in diabetes. Prior to 1922, little was known about how to control the disease. In that year two young Canadian physicians announced the discovery of an extract made from the pancreas, the "sweet-bread" of the calf and other animals. This the investigators called "insulin." When it is injected into the tissues of a diabetic it helps him. It does so by making it possible to utilize starches and sugars which the victim is unable to do because of a physical defect.

While I am about it, let me correct a false idea about this treatment. Although insulin is of tremendous value in the treatment of diabetes and capable of preventing certain complications, it is by no means a cure for the disease. As yet no real cure has been discovered. But with proper regulation of diet and the proper use

Dorothy Dix's Letter Box

Don't Nag Children About Manners! Pleads Woman Whose Self-Consciousness Ruined Her Youth—Can Wife Change Man Who Delights in Fault-Finding?

Dear Miss Dix—Won't you write something about nagging children at the table about their manners. It not only spoils the child's meal, but often wrecks his character. When I was a child, timid and nervous, my



answer: I hope that many other mothers will heed the advice given by this wise woman, for she is leading her children unconsciously into the right road and making them like it instead of scourging them down it with rods. Of course the faults of children have to be taught the amenities of life. But there are different ways of doing this and perhaps the reason that children are so often impervious to their mothers' corrections is because they are given in the wrong way and at the wrong time.

I have often been struck by the unintentional brutality of parents in dealing with their children's mistakes and faults and have wondered how they themselves would like to be treated as they were treating some sensitive, helpless little creature.

They seem to forget that the home is the child's world, that its Father and Mother represent to it what we call society, and that their approval or disapproval is its shame or disgrace.

We have all sat at tables where the father and mother continually called the attention of every one present to the way Johnny was eating his soup or Mary was holding her fork. We have heard them demand of Tommy why he ate like a pig and seen them scold and rebuke the child because she spotted the tablecloth. And as we watched the quivering lips of the little victims and saw them crushed and humiliated we have wondered that any man or woman could be cruel enough and stupid enough so to mistreat a little child.

For what the child is enduring was the shame that a grown-up would feel if he were held up to public obloquy and his name made a hissing and a byword. He would be no longer the child who had come in the newspapers as a boor than the child is by having its blunders in table etiquette called to the attention of strangers.

Often their parents' harping upon the children's faults, and especially shaming them before others, gives them an inferiority complex that wrecks their lives. I knew a woman who would be handsome if she would only hold up her head and carry herself properly and wear the right clothes, but who sits around with bent shoulders and a downcast face because her mother, when she was a child, used continually to bemoan the fact that she didn't know what she would ever do with such an ugly gangling girl. This so mortified the child that she kept out of sight as much as possible and, believing herself hopelessly handicapped, has never made any effort to improve her looks.

Many men and women are awkward because as children they were always berated for their clumsiness. Many are failures because as children their parents were forever telling them how stupid and dull they were. Many a time the fathers and mothers put out the fire of ambition in a child's soul by their fault-finding.

There is a time and a place for all things and for the correcting of children it is not in public, but in private where the child's feelings are spared and the quiet talk of Mother or Father sinks in and becomes a light to guide the stumbling little feet.

Dear Dorothy Dix—How can I teach my husband to be more kindly to people? How can I make him more friendly? He seems to delight in saying harsh and cutting things to every one with whom we come in contact and we are swiftly losing friends through his abrupt actions and conversation. I try to keep our home life running smoothly all the time by being sweet to him, to offset his harshness, but nothing is right with the world or with anybody for him. I never have heard him pay a compliment or even approve of any one. When I say: "Isn't so-and-so nice?" He says: "What's nice about them?" I have never heard a pleasant phrase about any person come from his lips. How can I change him?

Answer: I don't think you can change him any more than you could turn vinegar into honey. They are just natures so soured that nothing can sweeten them. No people are more to be pitied than these bitter misanthropes who see no beauty in God's world, no good in anything; who believe man honest, no woman virtuous, no child innocent; who suspect every one of being animated by the basest motives; who do not trust even their own wives and children.

They miss all that is best in life because our real happiness comes through our affections, through the good will and love of those about us, and if we have none of that, we have nothing. They even handicap themselves in their careers, for to succeed we must have the help of others and they turn every man's hand against them.

We can only surmise that these surly and disagreeable people get a morbid pleasure out of hurting other people and taking the joy out of life for them. Their sport is in trading on the toes of innocent strangers; their most enjoyable amusement is in deflating the little pink balloons that make society pleasant, and they never have such a good time at a party as when they wreck it.

I know a woman like that. She has a tongue like a rapier and wherever she goes she carries desolation. She hurtles a person without having said to him or her something that hurt like a knife stab, something that takes all of the sunshine out of the day and makes it dark and gloomy. I often think that this woman is meaner than any robber because she steals the happiness and peace of mind of others, something that does her no good but leaves them poor, indeed.

supply, sugar is not digested so to speak, and it accumulates in the blood and urine. Then it becomes necessary to supply in place of the natural product the prepared insulin, which is administered under the skin by means of a hypodermic needle.

The diet of the diabetic must be prescribed by the physician. No definite rules can be laid down because each diet is determined by the degree of trouble, as well as by the age, weight, sex and occupation of the sufferer. The doctor will advise you about this.

HEALTH MEANS CHARM AND HAPPINESS

Sparkling eyes and smiling lips speak of health and vitality. Clear skin attracts. The secret of health is both happy and popular. Perhaps you are not really fit yet when the day's work is done you are too tired to enter into the good times that other women enjoy. For extra energy, try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It tones up your general health. Gives you more pep—more charm. Remember that 98 out of 100 women report benefit. Let it help you too.

ONE WAY STREET

By JOSEPH McCORD

Jean closed her eyes momentarily at the thought of it all. The commencement. Like a flash came the memory of Edythe Cannon's: "Can you read your own stars?" She must have known something then. But how could she? Her father had something to do with the Commonwealth. He might have heard something about Daddy Jack and mentioned it at home. Everybody would know.

"Daddy," she suggested abruptly, "do you suppose Mr. Cannon would do something to help you if you told him you were going to give back the money just as soon as you could? They say he is very kind to people. And he must have loads of money."

"Cannon was in the board room this morning," Sawyer replied, a trifle grimly. "He was the one who insisted the case be pushed. As an example."

"Oh!" "I suppose he's right. I'll pay back every dollar . . . if I live. My lawyers will ask for a quick settlement. No good in dragging it out. I want to have it over with."

"You see, dear . . . Is that the dopey thing I've said to a nervous whisper. Bunkie, I can't talk to anybody now! I want to sit with your mother a little while."

"Slip up the back way, Daddy. I won't let them bother you."

CHAPTER 3

Jean found a tall blond youth at the door, turning his battered felt hat nervously in his two hands. He grinned in a relieved fashion when she appeared, but there was no sign of excitement in his frank blue eyes.

"Oh, hello, Jean. Can I talk to you a minute? It's the first chance I had to get here . . . After I heard, I mean."

"Of course, Don. Come in." Young Don Browne, headquarters man for the Gotham Times, trotted softly at Jean's heels as she led the way into the living room. "I'm no end sorry," he began, as he dropped to a seat beside her on the couch. "It's . . . tough."

"There was a sudden fright in the brown eyes. 'You're not after something for the paper, are you?'"

"What the heck! There was no disguising the hurt in his voice. 'I'd let old Parker give me the gate before I'd cover a story . . . here. You know I would. I wanted to see if there was anything I could do.'"

"Of course, I'm sorry." Her hand came out and rested on his knee for an instant. "Okay. How's your father by now?"

"I can't be sure. He's told me . . . everything."

"Yeah? Of course we got wind of it right away. I was at the hearing. Your dad's some sport, Jean. Everybody said so. Guess he told you he came clean. Plenty of guys on the spot like that would have taken it on the lam or else . . . you know. You've a right to be proud of him."

"I am," Jean answered wearily. "Sawyer's a guy."

"What are you going to do? Or do you know? You look pretty much all in."

"I hardly know . . . it's all so strange yet," she admitted with quiet witlessness. "I'm going to look for a position. I know that."

"You'll finish school first?" "I can't go back there, Don."

"No . . . I get you." "You see, Daddy wants to give everything to me . . . to help pay."

"Sure." "We'll take a little house somewhere."

"But what sort of job are you going after?" "I have no idea. I've never worked in my life. Why?"

"It might make some difference. I mean it will. It's not going to be too easy for you." Don stretched out his long legs and scowled savagely at the toes of his dusty shoes.

"What do you mean?" "I'm a dumb cluck when it comes to saying things right, Jean. But, you see, you've always lived right here and . . ."

"Go on."

"I think it might be easier for you if you took an inside job. In an office, that is. Then you wouldn't be bumping into people all the time."

"People I know, you mean. Then you think it's going to make a good deal of difference with my friends." "Heck, no! But . . . you understand."

"I'm sure," she admitted thoughtfully. "It's sure to make a difference. But it's got to be done. If Daddy Jack can face it, I ought to be able to. I'm not going to hide! The small chin came up with a determined tilt."

ment. Advertising, maybe. If you'll come down some afternoon, I'll have you meet Wardlaw. He's a decent guy. They tell me there's fair jack in getting ads and doing copy. It wouldn't hurt to look into it. What do you say?"

"That's just like you, Don. Perhaps I will . . . a little later. I'll have to look for something. I must help Daddy in any way I can."

"Then it's a promise. Guess I'd better ankle on and not bother you any longer. Sure there isn't something I can do for you? Right now?"

"You've done a lot already, Don. Thank you heaps."

Don straightened up as if to rise, then paused to regard Jean with boyish admiration plain in his blue eyes. She was sitting motionless at his side, eyes downcast, hands folded in her lap. He saw her lips quiver suddenly.

"Jean!" he whispered roughly. One of his hands went out and covered both of hers. "I'm not much . . . guess I never will be. But I've been pretty crazy about you ever since we were kids. You know I have. I'd give anything there is . . ."

"Don't, Don."

"I know." He got to his feet. "Wish I'd been born rich instead of good-looking . . ." A smile twisted his mouth. "I'd fix everything so you'd never have to worry. I would . . . whether you liked it or not."

Jean looked up at him and forced an answering smile. "Everything's going to be different now, Don. I'm different. This morning . . . I was just a kid. It's funny. The smile lit her lips. There was a bewildered expression in the brown eyes. "I supposed I'd be going to college next fall. After that . . . I never thought much. Now, it seems I'm putting everything away."

"What do you mean?" "I'm not sure I can explain. I must work now. No more dreaming. Everything's changed."

"Not me, Jean! I'll never . . ."

"Please, Don. We'll have to forget about . . . us. For a very long time. I've got lots to do and think about . . . every minute."

"Sure. I know I don't fit into the picture right now, Jean. But I'll always be hanging around somewhere if you need me. You can count on that."

"I know, Don."

"And about coming down to the office . . . I'll fix that up any time you like. Don't forget."

He caught up his hat and was gone.

John Sawyer's final day of freedom came even more quickly than he hoped. The case had been set forward on the court calendar at his counsel's request. The final act of the drama would be little more than a stage setting. The pronouncing of sentence.

To Jean's relieved surprise, it was her mother who took complete charge of home arrangements that morning. White of face, but smiling and gently efficient as ever, Mrs. Sawyer prepared her husband's favorite breakfast dishes. Norwegian Olga, a commanding figure in the household as long as Jean could remember, had been dismissed a week earlier in spite of her grim insistence that she "could get along as well as not without wages."

After the meal, which no one made more than a pretense of eating, seven-year-old Peggy was asked to help Mother by taking baby Midge out in her go-cart for a few hours. "I think it would be very nice in the park this morning, dear. You'll be very careful, won't you?"

Sawyer helped his daughter down the porch steps with her charge. His fingers lingered in a final caress against the baby's fat cheek. He lifted Peggy in his arms and gave her a kiss.

"Be Daddy's good girl until he gets back. Here . . ."

His pockets had been carefully emptied, save for some small change. He pressed a dime into the child's moist fist.

"It's going to be a warm day," he suggested gravely. "Why don't you get yourself an ice cream cone after a bit? Good-bye, Peggy."

"Bye . . . Oh! Thanks, Daddy!"

Sawyer stood for a moment watching the pair on their way, then reentered the house, in time to hear John Junior, fifteen, announce brusquely that he was going down to see about a job for the summer. He had heard the Star Laundry wanted a boy to help with deliveries.

"I hope you get the place," his mother encouraged. "If you hurry, perhaps you can see that Peggy gets over the car tracks safely. We'll be here to get you some lunch."

With the growing boy's difficulty of self-expression, John turned reluctantly to his father. "Good-bye, Dad."

(To Be Continued.)

Now at a New Low Price!

Advertisement for Mazola Salad & Cooking Oil, featuring 'The Triple Value' and 'The Home Dressmaker'.

SMART CLOTHES FOR THE HOME DRESSMAKER

Crinkly crepe, aqua with brown novelty dots, is the material of this summer suit-like dress with toning brown bow buttons. It's the sort of thing that you'll find endless use for. You'll enjoy sewing it for the charming result gained and will find it so simple to put it together.

Again, this two-piece model is jaunty in checked seersucker, striped poplin, sheer cotton prints, tub pastel silks, etc.

And let me tell you a secret—there's no reason why today's pattern can't be used for a separate skirt or a separate blouse.

Style No. 903 is designed for sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 16 requires 4 1/4 yards of 39-inch material.

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

Form for ordering pattern No. 903, including fields for Name, Street Address, City, and State.

THE COOK'S CORNER

RASPBERRY CINNAMON CAKE

2 tablespoons shortening 1-3 cup granulated sugar 1 egg, beaten 1 1/2 cups minus 2 tablespoons sifted cake or pastry flour 1 teaspoon cinnamon 1/4 teaspoon salt 2 1/2 teaspoons baking powder 6 tablespoons milk 3/4 cups washed, drained raspberries

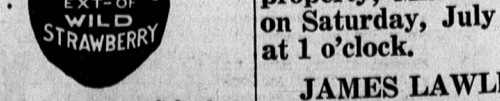
Cream the shortening, add the sugar, and cream thoroughly. Add the egg. Then sift the dry ingredients, and add alternately with the milk to the sugar mixture. Spread into a greased and lightly floured pan about 6 x 10 x 2 1/2 inches. Sprinkle the berries on top and press lightly into place with a spoon. Bake in a hot oven of 400 degrees F. for 30 minutes. Serve with or without foamy sauce. Serves 4 to 6.

DIVINITY PARFAIT

3 egg whites 1 teaspoon vanilla 1/2 cup water 1 cup heavy cream 1/4-lb. marshmallows 1 cup sugar 1/2 cup nuts, chopped fine Cook sugar and water together in saucepan until it spins a thread. Then pour over the stiffly beaten egg whites. Beat until light and fluffy. Fold in the melted marshmallows; then add the vanilla, nuts, candied fruit (if desired) and finally fold in the cream that has been whipped. Turn into inset pan of refrigerator. Let stand 3 to 4 hours or until firm. Slice and serve. Do not freeze too hard.

SUMMER COMPLAINT CAUSES MANY DEATHS AMONG INFANTS

Thousands of mothers throughout Canada have used



during the past 88 years it has been on the market, and their child's life probably saved by its timely use. Price 50c. a bottle at all druggists or dealers; put up only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

TO LET

One Tenement in Terrace House, No. 2 Water Street. Superior House with magnificent view. Apply to L. M. POOLE & CO.

AUCTION SALE

Of 60 acres Hay on Cairns Farm, Avondale, Saturday, 20th inst, 4 P.M. Terms at Sale. J. A. O'KEEFE. L-8472-7-18-11.

PUBLIC NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that the names of those in arrears for School Assessment in the Georgetown School District shall be handed for collection to the Clerk of the County Court if not paid on or before July 20th, 1935. ASHLEY ALLEN, Secretary.

Georgetown, July 8, 1935. L-8737-7-10-13-18

NOTICE

A social picnic will be held by True Brothers Lodge, A. F. & A. M. at John A. Madgogall's, Argyle Shore, Friday, July 19th. These attending will bring their lunches and dishes. Members of this and sister lodges and their friends are cordially invited. If wet, first fine day. L-8403-7-16-21.

AUCTION SALE

Twelve acres of clear land, on Norwood Road about 2 1/2 miles from Charlottetown, the property of the undersigned, with growing crop of hay will be sold at Public Auction on the premises at the hour of three o'clock in the afternoon Saturday, July 20, 1935.

(Sgd.) MRS. JOSEPH GAUDET. L-8441-7-17-41.

AUCTION

Of 100 acres of Standing Hay at Edwards property, Mill Valley, on Saturday, July 20, at 1 o'clock. JAMES LAWLESS

L-8443-7-17-31.

TO LET

One Tenement in Terrace House, No. 2 Water Street. Superior House with magnificent view. Apply to L. M. POOLE & CO. L-8230-6-25-11.