Woman's Realm / Social and Personal / Fashions / Literature

THE WOMAN'S REALM
Living & Leisure

PLAY HORSE

All saddled and bridled
With a sack and some string,
Our tree horse is ready
For anything.

We jump on our horse
And it's "Yippee" and "Whoa",
As over the range
After cattle we go.

He's a fine, splendid horse
For everyday play,
He doesn't need oats,
And he can't run away.

For Frankie and John
And Susan and me,
The best horse we know
Is a limb in our tree.

—Miriam Latourell in C S Monitor.

FORGET PRUDERY IN GREAT DRIVE

Behind the success public health authorities are having in their efforts to eliminate venereal disease is the story of the determination of many Canadian women. A few short years ago the North American continent was startled by a frank and revealing article by Surgeon-General Thomas Parran, of the U. S. Public Health Service, which appeared in one of the most widely read magazines.

Taking heart, Canadian as well as American health departments renewed their efforts to battle syphilis and gonorrhoea. It was not an easy task, for "nice people" didn't talk about such things. It would have been very easy for women's groups to ignore the plea for support. Some, of course, did. But most realized that the scourge that was casting its ugly shadow across thousands of Canadian homes could not be wiped out by a horrified shrug of the shoulders.

In British Columbia, where a vigorous campaign of education was started in 1938, women rallied to the support of the provincial health department. They attended lectures, saw the first of the modern movies on the subject, visited the Vancouver clinic during non-treatment hours and learned first hand what the health department was doing and what they, as good citizens, could do to help out.

From that time, women all over the Dominion have more and more taken a leading role in the fight against V.D. They have urged premarital and prenatal blood tests to protect innocent marital partners. They have supported the health authorities' demands that commercialized prostitution be abolished.

By their common-sense attitude, the essential facts about V.D. are now being made available to help protect the youth of our nation against needless, hurtful experiences.

Ambergris has been called by the Chinese "dragon's saliva."

Eggs in storage quickly absorb odours such as those of onions, cabbage, decaying potatoes, fruit or kerosene.

High-quality lamb has largely superseded mutton on the American market because it is more profitable to the producer and is preferred by consumers.

It is important in curing hay to save the leaves, as they contain more feeding value than the stems; alfalfa leaves, for example, have twice as much protein, calcium and phosphorus as the stems.

FEWER WOMEN EMPLOYED

Is the migration of women from industry back to the home getting underway? It would seem so, judging from a report recently issued by the Dominion Bureau of Statistics. The report indicates that in the last six months the number of women employees in recorded employment has been reduced by 25,500 or almost five per cent. The greatest reduction is taking place in the types of jobs in which women originally replaced men.

Eggs keep fresher if they are stood with the smaller ends down.

COLLAR-LIKE NECKLACES

NEW YORK — Gold collar-like necklaces are worn over the collar of a high-necked dress, or at the edge of a high neckline. Some are stone-set, others combine pearls and gold beads.

SMALL THINGS

"Small things make base men proud."—Shakespeare.

MORNING SMILE

WHIRLING

"I have come to join my husband," said Mrs. Smith, arriving at the Golden Gates.

"Delighted to meet you, ma'am," replied the keeper. "What was your husband's name?"

"Joseph Smith."

"I'm afraid that will not be sufficient for us to identify him. You see, we have quite a lot of Joseph Smiths up here. Are there any other means by which I can identify him?"

"Well before he died he told me that if I ever kissed another man he would turn over in his grave."

"Oh, I know the chap. Up here we call him "Whirling Joe!"

PROBABLY NOT

Doctor—Lady, let's have a look at your tongue. Say Ah-h-h.

Woman—Oh, doctor! Do you see anything on my tongue?

Doctor—No, ma'am you never expect to find grass growing on a race track.

INDIGESTION
After over-eating—take
ABBEY'S
Health Salt

Needlecraft / FOR THE HOME

GAY PINAFORES

Here's a darling team of playtime pinafores, gay for summer heatwaves. Dirndl skirts and ruffles over the shoulders are flattering features.

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NORTH SEA MONSTER

KINCARDINE, Scotland —(CP)—Claims to have seen a sea monster in the North Sea a mile off the mouth of the Tyne River were made by Skipper Lowrie and two crew members of a salvage ship. They said its back was eight to 10 feet across.

You Mothers Know—

The health value of Irradiated Evaporated Milk. Get Silverwood's—It is unsurpassed for babies and the whole family—it is pure whole milk in concentrated form with all the goodness left in—it's SAFE —Those who use it prefer it.

"Good Milk Makes Good Meals"

Silverwood's
Irradiated for Vitamin "D"
EVAPORATED MILK

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3 MP

ELLEN'S DIARY
By An Island Farmer's Wife

A great many delightful things occur in holiday time, new interests and enjoyments to be remembered and stored away in the fathomless depths in the treasure house of memory, laid carefully there, to become lavender scented through the years. So I found every waking minute of vacation days at Alderlea full of new delights 'till each one was "pressed down and running over"; and all for my pleasure. There were sunlit days when James came in sweat-stained from the haying to say apologetically: "Ellen, if you could come to do that after-raking it would be a considerable help. That cloud over there above the woods is heading for the west. I wouldn't trust thunder out of this heat." And willingly I left the "James" of my story to follow the flesh and blood one on a pleasant vagrant trail to the open spaces. And the cloud was only a fleecy white lazy-puff-of-a-one without will or purpose floating aimlessly on a turquoise sky. But a robin on a fence-rail trilled "Could you presume to write a better tale than this?" The sheen of the mill-stream was through the trees and the beauty of hay-time was all about me. And no rain came, until every last bit of the hay here and at Rob's was safely gathered to stack and loft and mow. On Saturday evening it was completed and Rob and Jamie went in the road homeward with horses and hay-wagon. I had driven "the young mare" in the lift for the last load and it was James, who unhitched her from the swing and I saw him tenderly smooth her mane before she set off briskly to follow the others home. Ours were let to water. I saw them canter eagerly to drink at the stream. And their harness was hung in the stable and the hay-wagons wheeled to their accustomed places. Weary workers smiled, and went easily to the chores. After a week of work that had been tiresome yet good, the prospect of a day of rest straightened weary shoulders. I stood in the yard in the afterglow, when the west was still alight with the shades of the dying day. James was beside me. We watched a car leave a cloud of dust behind it as it passed on this Alderlea road of ours. The particles hung together like a veil above the fields and road, caught and held there for a time in the coolness of the evening. James' gaze shifted from there to the potato patch below the lane, and the turnips beside, begging now for the dews of heaven. "Ellen," he said, turning to me, with a ghost of a smile, "a day's rain now wouldn't do a mite of harm!"

* * *

The Nell mare was excused from all work at the haying. For her, this year, there were no lengthy days at the raking. No sweat-stained coat nor mark of harness. The satin of her chestnut coat, remained dappled and pretty. Nell has been favored among females—being now the mother of a son. He came to Alderlea James says (but things happening as they did, outside his usually infallible reckoning of such matters, leave room for doubt) about dawning, on August 3. That was the windless lovely morning when the sky above the barns was rose and amber tinted. Early that morning when I was yet in my deepest slumber, James nudged me to say: "Ellen, have you forgotten? The fat cattle are to go today," and at once he fairly sprang from the old bed to the floor. Judy, in the look-out room, where the sound of the overflow at the waste gates on the dam below, now is an enchanting lullaby, took the tumult of his rising for her cue and presently all Alderlea was astir. The cows were herded to the milking and with each milker to her or his favorite, the work was soon neatly done. It was while the cream-separator was humming and the women-folk had the calf-pails set in orderly rows to receive their ration, that Jock came from the rear of the buildings. He had gone there to fetch the horses for their morning grain, in preparation for the work at the haying. "Nell has her foal", he said to me, then the only one in sight "It's up on its feet and the other horses might hurt it." I know now that Jock must have been rather excited for he added quietly but suggestively "you couldn't hurry your step a little?" I jumped to relieve James at the separating; Jeanie and James tore away to the field to greet and protect the new-comer, but not before I had answered Jock with equal sarcasm and in a voice that carried to its mark: "We've had foals before this at Alderlea". I sometimes vary similar infrequent statements to "before you were born." Age will have its innings! However it's as Pat would say "a very foine foal." I found that out when the last bit of cream had dribbled from the separator to the pail and I hoisted this cash crop to a nail out of reach of the cats and Pard and I went to join the procession bringing the mother and son from the pasture. Perhaps, now that I think of it, I walked too sedately, unbefitting so jovous an occasion. Jock's words still rankled. But, mothered by the Nell mare—and there never was a kinder dam—and although perhaps of only commonplace origin as regards any or all of his forbears, this white-starred horse, that may one day be a bay or a red or a brown, come to us "out of the everywhere" has already won his way into our hearts.

* * *

That was the very same morning, only Karolyn and Jamie, of all of us, missed the round-up, the cutting-out and the loading to the truck, of the fat cattle that have been pasturing on the other (rented) farm. Sold, one day in spring when I was in town and farmers were sowing the first of their grain. To a popular dealer from "up the country" to go "off the grass." The animals were to be cut-out from the rest of the herd and driven to a pen convenient to the loading. At a signal (loud) I was to open the connecting gates and also (provided I had the wit, strength and cunning) to "keep them out of that there oats" to the right. It was after the cattle were tied on the truck and someone asked: "Ellen, what were you going to do with that stake in your hand?" I looked down to find that I had hurriedly broken a small switch from a wild cherry when I caught a fat steer "making eyes at me."

* * *

There were other things happened that very day. These must wait their turn. For Monday is going away cool and star-lit. Jeanie re-opened a book when I left her a few minutes ago in the house across the lane. Jock is helping Mr. C returned well and happy from the hospital-crush a grist for a down-the-river farmer. This is one who changing blocks near the inner peak of the new, high barn, had the misfortune to have the ladder break beneath his weight and he came down and down fortunately with no broken bones. And I said: "What did you think about when you were falling?" "Think, woman!" he replied, "there was no time to think." Writers of fiction then as James will have it, must all have the wrong idea. Judy is typing a letter to her own folk, another fine art she has acquired, as well as learning to milk the Kelly cow, since she came to the Island. And James is opening the porch door this very minute. Where has he been? I'll tell you. Near dusk, when all other work for the day was over, he led the calf, now grown to join the adult class, once the care and pride and joy of the women folk (and James says their only exercise) through last winter's days, in the road to the other farm. James comes slowly in the door—a dejected, mournful neglected expression on his face—a signal that lunch-time has come again to Alderlea.

Until tomorrow — Diary —good-night.

Dorothy Dix Says—

DECEMBER - MAY MARRIAGES

Girl Finds No Happiness As Wife Of Older Man

DEAR MISS DIX: Sixteen years ago, when I was 18, I married a man 30 years my senior and ever since I have been perfectly miserable. I have been bored to death, for he made me give up all my friends and associate only with women who were old enough to be my mother. He is jealous of the very air I breathe. He never permits me to go to dances or parties or do any of the things that women of my age enjoy.

I am still young and he is a tired old man and all I can do is to sit and wait, and for what? For no doubt he will outlive me, as my health has given away under the strain I have to endure. If any young girl thinks she can find happiness with an old man, she is making the mistake of her life.

J. C. H.

AGE IS CHASM

ANSWER: Your experience is the inevitable one of all girls who marry men old enough to be their fathers, for age is the chasm that not love, nor good intentions, nor duty, nor even gratitude can ever bridge. On one side of it stands youth, eager for life, avid for pleasure and filled with energy. On the other side sits tired old age, even its emotions atrophied, wanting only rest and not to be disturbed.

There is no other proverb that has so little truth in it as the one about its being better for a girl to be an old man's darling than a young man's slave. It is the other way about, for the old are almost invariably tyrannical. And especially do they think that they have the right to dominate the young. They are so sure that their way is the right way, that they know best about everything and that it is their privilege to enforce their views and habits on their families.

So the young girl who marries an old man isn't petted and spoiled. She has to sit at home and nurse his rheumatism, while he tries to make her as old and stuffy as he is. It is a sad life and foolish is the girl who lets herself in for it.

DEAR DOROTHY DIX: My mother is trying to force me to marry a man whom I do not love because he belongs to a wealthy family. Since I have a good job and am self-supporting, do you not think that I am free to leave home? I am afraid if I do not go that my mother will nag me into marrying this man to whom I could never be a good wife because I actually dislike him. What should I do?

LEANORE.

ANSWER: Obedience to one's parents doesn't include marrying the man that Mama picks out for a husband because he has some money. It takes love, congeniality and the joy and comfort of being together to make any marriage a success and these are things that come by nature and are not bought over the counter.

Anyway, a husband is a matter of personal taste and every girl has the right to pick out her own. Because Mother fancies a man is no sign that you would care for him, for you are the one who is going to have to live with him—not Mother.

I have known many cases where mothers forced their daughters to marry rich young men, even when they were in love with poor boys. Then the rich young men, who had never done a hand's turn of work in their lives, lost their money and the poor girls had nothing left—neither love nor money.

DEAR MISS DIX: What do you think of a husband who will not let his wife drive their car, but who thinks that it is perfectly all right for a young woman to pick him up and take him to and from work, on the sly, in her car?

BLUE EYES.

ANSWER: Perhaps your husband is trying to economize on gas and is bumming a ride with the girl instead of having a love affair with her.

COOK'S CORNER

SUGAR COOKIES

This recipe should yield you about 7 dozen rather thin c..sp cookies of medium size.

2¼ cups once-sifted pastry flour or 2 cups once-sifted hard-wheat flour
1 teaspoon baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon ground ginger
1½ teaspoons ground cinnamon
1 cup quick-cooking rolled oats
⅔ cup shortening
½ cup plus 2 tablespoons fine granulated sugar
½ cup brown sugar, lightly packed
1 egg, well beaten
¼ cup milk
½ teaspoon vanilla
½ teaspoon vanilla flavoring
1 teaspoon ground cinnamon.

Measure and sift together twice, the flour, baking powder, salt, ginger and ½ teaspoon of the cinnamon; mix in the rolled oats.

Cream the shortening and gradually blend in the ½ cup granulated sugar and ½ cup brown sugar; mix in well-beaten egg, a little at a time, beating well after each addition.

Combine the milk, vanilla and lemon flavoring.

Add the dry ingredients, alternately with the flavored milk, to the creamed mixture, combining well after each addition.

Wrap dough in a piece of waxed paper and chill thoroughly.

Roll out to ⅛-inch thickness on a lightly floured canvas or baking board; cut with a floured cutter and arrange the cookies on a lightly buttered cookie pan. Sprinkle with a mixture of 2 tablespoons granulated sugar and 1 teaspoon ground cinnamon.

Bake in a moderate oven, 350 degrees, 12 to 15 minutes.

MODERN ETIQUETTE
By Roberta Lee

Q. After the knife has been used to cut a bite of food, what should be done with it while conveying the food to the mouth?

A. Place the knife across the edge of the plate, but never with the handle resting on the tablecloth. Sometimes the knife is held closely to the plate with the right hand.

Q. Should the man or the woman alight first when they are leaving a taxi or streetcar?

A. The man should go first, then turn and assist his companion to alight.

Q. What part of the expense should a man pay for when giving a golfing party?

A. The host should pay for the caddies, the balls, and the refreshments.

PATTERN OF THREE
By Mary Hastings Bradley

He never played a game with that hope. He either gave himself to it wholeheartedly, as happened when he had received one of Eve's bright chronicles of life abroad, or he revolted from it moodily, as a delusion. In those somber times he would say harshly, "Nothing will ever change for us I ought to make you love me or make you go."

Kay had many answers. They all meant "Wait." Once she said desperately, "I can bear what people may say so long as it isn't so."

* * *

When Kay was with Richard it was a paradise The magic thing about love was that you never had enough of the other person; you were never ready to say good night even when you knew you were to meet the next day. June, July, and August ran by in a brightness like quicksilver.

Dick was away on his vacation for only the last two weeks of that September. "That's the curse of loving you darling, I can't forget you, even for fish." And then his mood with one of its swift changes, turned to darkness, and he caught her to him tightly. "Oh, my girl, what are we going to do?"

It was not long after his return from the north that the letter came. It came to the apartment, not to the office, and Kay knew of it only at the end of the day when Dick laid it on the desk before her—he had asked her to stay on. "Read that," he told her.

His voice was changed and Kay quickly remembered that he had seemed preoccupied all day.

She read it swiftly, then she read it again slowly over and over to give herself time, yet she could not believe it. She knew now that she never believed that it would happen. She felt a strange unpreparedness Confusedly she wondered if Dick felt this. She wondered if he had any credence in those quiet words: Since life abroad here is so pleasant I should like to continue it indefinitely. Under these conditions it is only fair to suggest that you might like a divorce

Kay thought, "I've done this to her—can I do this to her?" and then she thought, "Oh, thank God—thank God!"

Mrs Richard Kendall. Dick's wife at last She could sit at his table and sleep under his roof. And after a time this feeling about Eve would die down.

CHAPTER XVIII

Dick said, "It's our way out, Kay" in a sober voice and instantly she felt in him the force of his decisiveness and her own fluttering of fear seemed silly. He was more moved than he admitted—she saw that in a flash of feminine insight—but all the regret in the world wouldn't change the facts, he said bluntly. It was the only possible solution to their three lives. It was what he had hoped for, what Eve had half indicated might occur. He was grateful that the life abroad had meant as much to her as she expected

Kay gave him an oblique look when he said that. Didn't he have a suspicion of Eve's motives? Her own penetration, her feeling of knowing complicity, brought the bright blood to her face, and when he said, "I've worried about you, Kay" she flashed "Don't think you owe me anything," disowning her own secret outcry

(Continued on Page 8)

Do you suffer from MONTHLY NERVOUS TENSION with its weak, tired feelings?

If functional periodic disturbances make you feel nervous, tired, restless—at such times—try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to relieve such symptoms. Pinkham's Compound is one of the most effective medicines for this purpose. Follow label directions. Buy today!

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SAVE TIME . . . SAVE WORK . . . SAVE FUE

HOUSEHOLD SCRAPBOOK
By Roberta Lee

Lilac Bushes

Lilac bushes should be transplanted any time between late fall and spring, and they thrive best in a rich and moderately moist soil. The bushes should be pruned after they are through flowering.

Extracting Onion Juice

An easy way to extract onion juice is to cut a slice from the root end, draw the skin, and then press the onion, with a rotary motion, on a coarse grater.

Preventing Dandruff

It is claimed that dandruff can be prevented by applying a solution of one part apple juice to three parts of water, about twice a week.

Q. How can I test the heat ful part of mushrooms?

A. By stirring while cooking silver spoon. If there is any for substance in the mushrooms, silver will turn.

Q. How can I prolong the w of trouser cuffs?

A. Sew soft strips of leather the inside of the cuffs. This not be noticeable.

CHILD'S PRAYER

BETTER ENGLISH
D. C. Williams

1. What is wrong with this sentence? "She never said a word about that."
2. What is the correct pronunciation of "heyday"?
3. Which one of these words is misspelled? Longevity, localism, lornyette, lollipop.
4. What does the word "contravene" mean?
5. What is a word beginning with qui that means "at rest; still"?

ANSWERS

1. Say, "She did not say a word about that." 2. Pronounce hay-day, accent first syllable. 3. Lorgnette. 4. To go or act contrary to. "Nature is always consistent, though she feigns to contravene her own laws."—Emerson. 5. Quiescent.

HOW CAN I!!
By Anne Ashley

Q. How can I make a substitute cedar closet?

A. If there is no cedar closet in the house, wipe the shelves and the woodwork of the clothes close with cedar oil when cleaning. This process should be repeated from time to time.

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