

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

The HOUSEWIFE and HER ACTIVITIES

GROWING OLD

Let me grow lovely, growing old: So many fine things too, Lace and ivory and gold and silks, Need not be new. And there is healing in old trees, Old streets and glamor old, Why may not I, as well as these, Grow lovely, growing old?"

BODY BUILDERS

You may not be fond of stooping, housewife, but it is an excellent exercise, and if you remember to pick up things without bending the knees, just bending from the waist, you have done a splendid reducing exercise each time you try it.

Poor Sleepers

Perhaps there is someone in the house who retires early yet sleeps very light and one hesitates to run a bath tub water for fear of waking him. If you will just put the rubber shower hose on the faucet and then run the water the tub can be filled with no noise whatsoever. If you have no shower hose purchase two feet of rubber tubing that will fit the faucet. It will answer as well.

Housepan

Toothpaste will clean tarnished French jewelry. Fruit should always be pared with a silver knife. Never buy anything you do not need just because it is cheap. The fact you do not need it takes it out of the "bargain" class immediately. When making candies or sauces that are apt to boil over, rub the inside of the top of the kettle well with butter, down about an inch from the top. The contents will not pass this line.

STYLE WHIMSES

Patent leather handbags are more popular this season than they have been for the past few years. They are especially smart in black but red and white are also very good.

POTATO CAKES WITH CHEESE

A novelty in the line of potato patties. Use two cups cold mashed potatoes and roll them in a flat sheet. Over these sprinkle one-half cup grated cheese. Fold over and cut into small squares. Fry to a light brown in butter, turning just once.

THE SICK DOG

If the dog has an upset stomach, stop feeding him immediately and let his stomach rest for a day. The following morning give him a physic and feed lightly. It will strengthen his digestive tract.

NO WHIPPER AT HAND

When there is no cream whipper at hand the double boiler comes in very handy. Put a little ice and salt in the lower section and the cream in the upper and whip with an egg beater. You will be pleased how quickly your job will be finished.

Facts and Fancies

Ground cinnamon sprinkled on top of the stove will remove disagreeable odors.

That old discarded barharbor cushion will make a grand winter bed for the dog.

Have you located your nearest fire box and do you know how to turn in an alarm?

Add a few drops of glycerine to the soapuds when the youngsters are blowing bubbles and make the bubbles particularly colorful.

Fasten the snaps together before putting the garment through the wringer and they will not be smashed flat and ruined for further use.

A GREAT MAN

The first test of a truly great man is his humility. All great men not only know their business, but usually know that they know it, and are not only right in their main opinions but usually know that they are right in them; only they do not think much of themselves on that account and they see something divine in every other man.—Ruskin.

HEALTH MEANS CHARM AND HAPPINESS

Sparkling eyes and smiling lips speak of health and vitality. Clear skin attracts. The healthy active girl is both happy and popular. Perhaps you are not really ill 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.

Solemnly Swears



MRS. ADGOA NORMANDIN

Mrs. Normandin, 1367 LaGauchetiere Street, Montreal, tells in a sworn statement how her constipation and indigestion were completely relieved by Fruit-A-Tives. She explains that she is now entirely well and full of life and energy. So you can be certain of the truth of her statement, Mrs. Normandin made it under oath before a notary. She states, "I was sleepy and dizzy after meals. I suffered badly from indigestion. Everything I ate formed a lump in the stomach and gas which caused heartburn. I found that by taking Fruit-A-tives my indigestion disappeared. I am lively and energetic all day now. Copy of Mrs. Normandin's complete sworn statement will be sent on request. Write Fruitatives Limited, Ottawa, FRUIT-A-TIVES—25 and 50c EVERYWHERE

THE COOK'S CORNER

ROQUEFORT STUFFED BAKED POTATOES

6 large baked potatoes 12 tablespoons grated Roquefort cheese 1-2 cup hot milk 2 teaspoons salt Paprika Cut a slice from the top of the hot baked potatoes and scoop out the mealy centres. Whip these lightly with the hot milk and salt, then your conscience approves the fluffiness of the mixture, pile it back into the waiting shells and return them to the hot oven (with a gay dash of paprika on each) to achieve a crusty browned top.

White Python

By Mark Channing, Author of "King Cobra"

The hunchback was now shuffling himself towards the fissure. With a convulsive movement he tore out the knife.

"Behold the end of thy king prophecy, Samdad Chiemba!" he screamed. "I hold it! I hold it! The king prophecy is mine!" And he fell into subterranean fires.

Running stumblingly, at times half carrying Piers, Gray followed the leopha up the passage. More than once the open lamp which the tribesman was carrying shielded with one hand, nearly flickered out, crossing the last of the big caverns, his elbow knocked against an angle in the rock wall, and the lamp fell and was extinguished. Thought they felt long and carefully in the darkness, they could not find it.

The horror of their situation was increased by the thunderous noise of falling invisible masses of rock and the grinding and groaning of the cavern and its towering roof caused every sound to be multiplied a thousand fold. But only once did fragments fall near them, and then the wind created by a fall of rock drove clouds of dust into their faces and half-blinded them.

At last the upper door was reached. But they could not open it. The earthquake shocks had shifted the wall, and it was jammed. Frantically Gray and the leopha labored at it, Piers sitting in silent terror, listening. "We'll have to wait for the next tremor, and try while it's on!" said Gray, momentarily pausing to wipe the sweat from his eyes. His plan only half worked. The door swung partly open, towards the end of the tremor, and again stuck.

He pushed Piers through, and insisted on the leopha following. His own bulk was too great to allow him to pass.

Alone on the other side of it, he allowed himself to think of what was going to happen to him. He must get through—or die. Placing his back against the edge of the pivotted block of masonry, he dug his heels into a groove in the rock and shoved with all his huge strength, his back muscles cracking under the strain.

The door gave grudgingly, but sufficiently for him to squeeze past. Samdad Chiemba's audience chamber was in wild confusion. A lighted lamp, hanging from the ceiling by the chains, was still swinging to and fro. Outboard doors were wide open. The dragon embroidery had fallen a trailing glory on the littered floor. The altar of black magic was overcast, statues had fallen from their niches, books and papers, scattered from the pigeon-hole book case arrangement, were lying everywhere. Great cracks yawned in the painted walls.

Crossing towards the exit passage, Piers suddenly gave a cry of astonishment, and stooping, picked up something from the floor.

"Why here's a photograph of you, Collin! How on earth did it come here?"

Dorothy Dix's Letter Box

How Can Mother Make Husband Pal Up With Son? — Our Quarrels Private Affairs," Say Parents, But Nervous Daughter Bears Pitiful Witness to Fallacy of This Argument

Dear Miss Dix—I have a son, an only child, a bright, affectionate boy of 11. I try to be mother and father both to him for he has a father in name only, but I find that I cannot make the grade alone. I need his father's help in bringing up the boy and I have not got it. My husband is a good man, nothing the matter with him except that he just seems to have no interest in his son. Never pals with him, never speaks to him unless it is to curse him and fuss at something he has done, never forgets any childish misdemeanor and brings it up on every occasion, never helps him with his lessons, but when his report isn't perfect tells him he is going to whip him if it isn't better next time. He goes fishing sometimes twice a week, but never takes the boy along. He never shows the boy any affection. What can I do to make my husband realize what a wrong attitude he is taking toward the boy, and that if he doesn't change the boy will grow up with neither love nor respect for him?



MRS. B.

Answer: It would seem that your husband is entirely lacking in all parental instinct. If that is the case nothing can be done about it. It is a natural defect and he will always feel that a child is a bore and an incubance. Also, it would seem that he is jealous of the boy. He resents your love for the little fellow and takes out his spleen upon him by neglecting and ill-treating him.

A great many more men are jealous of their children than we realize. Before these were children the husband was the little tin god of the household, the one the wife adored, the one she catered to, the one for whom she dressed up, the one she tried to entertain and amuse, but with the advent of the first baby all this is changed. Junior has the pedestal. He is the one who is worshiped. He is the one who is petted and caressed whose comfort and well-being comes first and thereafter husband runs a bad second to the occupants of the nursery.

If the man is as much a father as the woman is a mother, all is well. They can worship together before the cradle. Nothing will seem more beautiful and touching to the man than his wife's devotion to the children because he shares it, but if he regards all babies as brats and nuisances he will resent her preferring the children before him and giving to them all her kisses and caresses. He wants to be babied himself and he gets green-eyed when he sees all the cooing and gooing and chucking under the chin going to a little squalling, red-faced creature instead of himself.

It is often said that children draw a husband and wife a closer together, a cleavage between them that begins almost in the maternity ward at the hospital. Young mothers do well to take into account this jealousy of fathers of their own children and to walk warily when their first baby comes. They have reached a crisis in their married life and much of their after happiness depends on not letting their husbands see that their noses have been put out of joint and that they have rivals with whom they can never hope to cope successfully.

Being the jealous father there is the indifferent father, who for some inexplicable reason never seems to feel any responsibility for his children or to take any interest or pleasure in them. He is the kind of man who says, "I let my wife raise the children," although he knows perfectly well it is a job that no woman can do properly single-handed. He may even know that his wife lacks the intelligence and the strength to do it, but it is a common thing to see a man who wouldn't trust his wife's judgment to buy ten shares of stock put his children's whole future lives in her hands.

There can be no excuse for such a crime, but it brings its own just punishment. For the children who might have been fine men and women if they had had a wise and strong father to guide them and control them, grow up to be wastrels and disgrace him. The children who would have loved him if he had ever palled with them and shown them tenderness and sympathy have no affection for him, as why should they have for one who has never shown them love? And so his old age is lonely.

You hear many fathers talk about their ungrateful children, but what have children to be grateful for to a father who hasn't even taken the trouble to get acquainted with them?

Dear Dorothy Dix—I am a most unhappy girl of 18 and my unhappiness is caused by the constant quarreling between my mother and father. There is never a day that there isn't a fight between them over the silliest trifles and the most unimportant things. Then they make up and all is forgotten by them, but not by me. Their quarrels have made me lose all interest in life. I have got so nervous that things fall from my hands and I am on the verge of a breakdown. I sometimes think of taking my own life to be out of it all. My parents say that their quarrels are between them and have nothing to do with me, but they are ruining my life. What can I do? A DAUGHTER.

Answer: A great many parents besides yours think that their quarrels are their private affairs and that if they get any fun out of a cat-and-dog fight they have a right to take their pleasure as they find it.

So they do not hesitate to stage the most disgraceful scenes before their children. They fling open the skeleton closet and rattle every bone in it. They call each other every vile name they can lay their tongues to. They accuse each other of the most atrocious crimes. They literally tear each other limb from limb and hold up the gory fragments before their children's horrified eyes. Often they call upon the children to take part in the copy, and because these quarrels do not end in murder or the divorce court they think that no harm has been done.

Apparently they have no conception of the suffering they are inflicting upon their children and the injury they are doing them. They do not seem to realize how it tears a child's heart to tatters to see the mother and father it loves hurting each other so cruelly. They do not seem to sense the shame and degradation that fills a child's soul at having the reverence it feels for its parents torn from it and having them decimate each other in anger and which they themselves know to be false, the children accept as truth. They do not seem even to imagine how the loud voices and the shouting and the hysterics and the tears and the excitement prostrate a child.

But any neurologist will tell you that no misfortune can happen to a child worse than being brought up in a quarrelsome home, and that it is better for one to be reared even in an orphan asylum than in a home in which the father and mother are continually arguing and fighting with each other. It wrecks them in body and mind and as long as they live they suffer from the shocks that their parents gave them when they were young. One famous doctor said that he had never had a case of nervous breakdown of a middle-aged man or woman who had been reared in a peaceful home and by parents who got along harmoniously.

Inasmuch as children have to pay not only with their happiness but with their health and with the future of their lives for their parents' quarrels, it does seem that fathers and mothers might deny themselves the kick they get out of fighting for the sake of the helpless little creatures they have brought into the world. DOROTHY DIX.

"Give it to me," snapped Gray worriedly. "I haven't a moment to lose!" His eyes fixed on the door in front of them, mechanically he reached out and took it from her.

As he thrust it into the pocket in his robe, he remembered, disjunctedly, entering his cabin on the Or-lumba and missing from the breast pocket of the master he had taken off in the house in Waldgrave Square, one of half a dozen photos he had brought with him to get ready for posting during the voyage. Looking across the valley from the outer gallery, they saw that a murky gloom shrouded everything. On the far side, high in the darkness,

glowed a dull-red, inverted cone. Slightly to the left of it was a white light. What the white light was, he could not tell. The dull red cone he knew to be the glow of subterranean fires beneath the Chimney of Hell reflected on steam and smoke.

They were fortunate in having the leopha for their guide. He had not boasted when he said he knew these hills as the veins on the back of his hands! He knew every path in them. Guided by him, they soon reached the track leading up to the tableland. Then began the upward climb. (To Be Continued.)

Another Royal Wedding



Formal announcement of the betrothal of Princess Ingrid of Sweden (above), daughter of the Crown Prince Gustav Adolf, to Crown Prince Frederik (inset) of Denmark is expected at Stockholm shortly. The princess, who is 25, has in the past frequently been mentioned as a possible bride for the Prince of Wales, and her approaching marriage to the heir to the Danish throne eliminates another of the few remaining eligible foreign princesses. The date for the wedding was not immediately announced.

A Morning Smile

Special Occasion

A verger in the East End of London was showing a party of visitors over the church. When they reached the belfry the verger said: "This 'ere bell is a bit remarkable it is. We only ring it on the occasion of a visit from the lord bishop, or when we 'ave a fire, a flood, or some such calamity."

Her Best

A maiden lady, down in Maine passed on some months ago. She had never been bright, but a good and willing soul, and her nephews and nieces passed the hat to buy her a pair of tombstones. What inscription to carve thereon? Husband she had none, accomplishments few. This is her epitaph: "She Done the Best She Know-ed How."

Kent, but the match was broken off after six months.

A brief statement from the palace post throughout Stockholm as a royal decree, confirmed the oft-repeated rumors of the royal romance.

"With the approval of King Gustav of Sweden," it said, "Princess Ingrid of Sweden has promised herself in marriage to Crown Prince Frederik of Denmark and Iceland."

Shortly before the announcement, Prince Frederik and his mother, Queen Alexandrine of Denmark, went to the palace in automobiles accompanied by Princess Ingrid and other members of the Swedish Royal Family.

Stockholm newspapers soon appeared on the streets with special editions displaying innumerable photographs of the Prince and Princess and enthusiastic congratulations.

The engagement is regarded in political circles as of unique importance since the marriage will serve to bind the royal families of Sweden and Denmark even more closely.

In Denmark, King Christian, astride an Irish hunter, smilingly acknowledged the greetings of his subjects as he returned from his morning exercise simultaneously with the official announcement.

The news was welcomed by the Danish public in general which has been anxious to see its Crown Prince put an end to his bachelorhood.



STAR GARDENER

Gardening is a favorite recreation in Hollywood. Jean Muir, motion picture star, is shown transplanting a clump of monbretias which grow luxuriously in the garden of her home.

-: FASHIONS FOR SPRING :-



Ellen Worth offers pattern of this youthful ensemble so popular for spring. Style No. 781 is designed for sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 40-inches bust. Size 16 requires 6 yards of 39 inch material with 2 yards of 39 inch lining for jacket.

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

No. 781. Size Name Street Address City State

Grippe! 'Flu'! Colds Raging Through Canada

The nasal discharge that makes a cold so disagreeable can be quickly stopped by Catarrhosone. Like magic, it takes away that itchininess in the nose. It dries up the bad-smelling discharge that drops from the nose to the stomach. Impossible for a cold to hang on if you treat it with Catarrhosone. No medicine to take, just a little pot-hoc to breathe through—and presto in a few moments the breathing organs are cleared, headache goes and you feel like a new person. Get Catarrhosone from your druggist, two months' treatment, including hard rubber inhaler, price \$1.00. Smaller size 50c.

TO HELP PREVENT COLDS I USE VICKS VA-TRO-NOL TO HELP END A COLD I USE VICKS VAPORUB Follow VICKS PLAN for better CONTROL OF COLDS (Full details in each Vicks package)

CLEAR AROUND TOWN WEAR MIR-O-KLEER* HOSIERY...75¢ UP MADE IN CANADA ONLY KAYSER MAKES IT Stockings — Gloves — Undergarments Moore & McLeod Ltd.