

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

SMART CLOTHES FOR THE HOME DRESSMAKER

The two-piece dress is Paris' pet this season. You must include one or two in your new wardrobe. The college girl and young business woman both adore a two-piece dress. They have learned long since the variety it gives the wardrobe. She wears the blouse with other skirts. And she has sweaters galore! She treasures them and wears them with the skirt of her two-piece dress.



Checked rabbit's wool in just fashioned this easy to sew model, patterned for today. You can use the pattern again for a separate blouse or separate skirt.

Melt 1/2 cup granulated sugar very slowly in a heavy pan, stirring constantly. When sugar caramelizes add 1/4 cup hot water. Stir and bring to a boil. Cool slightly and pour over the pie.

Dorothy Dix's Letter Box

The Art of Living in Other Persons' Houses is One of the Finest in the World, Yet is Seldom Practiced

Dear Miss Dix—I agree with all you say about it being the duty of parents when they go to live with their children, to adjust themselves to their children's way of living, but what about the children adjusting themselves to their parents' way of living when they come back to live with the old people, bringing their families with them?



During the depression several times we have had to take in our children and their families and provide for them. We were glad to do this, but we have felt that they might at least have made the return of trying to make things as easy for us as they could.

And I don't blame you. It is hard for young people to stand having their routine of life disturbed, but it is sheer torture for the old. The young have many sources of outside distraction and amusement, but all the pleasures of life are encompassed in their homes for the old. Our old and quiet make up the sum of our happiness, and we cannot bear it when vandals come in and wreck our quiet with noise and tumult and tear up all of our habits by their roots.

The art of living in other people's houses is the finest art in the world and the one that is least practiced. Perhaps the reason for this is that few people possess a rough sense of justice to accord every man and woman the right to run their own houses in their own way or enough intuition to perceive when they are making nuisances of themselves or enough tact and adaptability to adopt the customs of the home in which they are staying.

And this goes for people's children as well as for strangers. For the curious thing about children is that they never realize that their parents have any right to their homes or to their money or to spend their declining years in peace and quiet and the pursuit of happiness in their own way. Still less do they realize that when once they have gone from the home nest it is no longer their home. They come back as guests and should demean themselves as such.

They don't do it, however. When Mary decides that her husband isn't her real soulmate or she gets tired of her blonde secretary, she grabs up the children and rushes back to Father and Mother and dumps her offspring on them. She doesn't consider for a minute that she is upsetting their whole scheme of life; that she is destroying their peace and quiet and orderly way of living, and that she might just as well have put up with an uncongenial husband as to make them put up with a lot of noisy youngsters. Nor does she consider that it is pretty hard to turn mother into a nursemaid in her own home and to make poor old father hunt up a job because he has more mouths to feed, more backs to clothe and another batch of children to educate.

One of the worst plagues of the depression has been not only that so many children had to go back home with their children to be supported, but also that these children were so often so ungrateful and so unappreciative of the sacrifices their parents made for them, and did so little to soften the sacrifices that their fathers and mothers made. They came and filled the house with noise and confusion. They did not even try to control their children. They kept the radio going half the night. Because they were worried and unhappy they were surly and ill-tempered, and because they were bitter over being dependent they bit the hand that fed them.

Real estate men say that more people are going back into their own homes. Which is a grand break for the old people who will once more be able to resume the even tenor of their ways.

Dear Miss Dix—People often wonder that men who know themselves to be philanthropists and that never could settle down to loving just one woman, ever marry. I will tell you why. It is because they cannot help themselves. Women drag them to the altar where they would never go of their own accord. A real honest-to-goodness man who does not want to marry and who only does it after some woman puts him in a position that forces his hand. My advice to girls is not to "get your man." Let him get you. If this recipe were followed, marriages would drop off 50 per cent, but it would save 50 per cent of the present unhappy marriages. A PHILANDERER.

These are words of wisdom which women would do well to lay to heart, because it is undoubtedly true that in their eagerness to catch husbands women do not consider sufficiently the temper and temperament of the men they are marrying nor whether they are good domestic material or not. Nor apparently do they note whether the bridegrooms are dragging them to the altar or they are coercing them to it.

Unfortunately, women have many artless beliefs about men that experience does not justify. One is that no matter how indifferent a man is about getting married nor how often he puts off his wedding, that he will be perfectly crazy about being married as soon as the ceremony is said over him. Another is that marriage is a sure cure for fickleness and that the man who roamed from flower to flower and chased every petticoat that came his way will settle down into being a one-woman man as soon as he is married. And another faith in which women are strong is that the man who has been a lukewarm lover will turn into a devoted husband and that a man who always wins a husband's love by being in love with him himself and by being patient and kind and a good cook.

If these theories worked out, it would be all right to get your man by hook or crook. Everything would be fine and marriage a grand sweet song. But, alas, marriage seldom comes up to a woman's expectations. Never to her pipe dreams. The man who doesn't go into marriage under a full head of enthusiasm just settles out into indifference and even dislike when he collides with all the hills and hills of domesticity. The man with a wandering foot still roams, and the man who falls in love with his wife after marriage is still a figure in romantic fiction. So, ladies, take a philanthropist's advice and marry the man who wants you. Men are always better satisfied with a thing they picked out themselves. DOROTHY DIX.

Too Many Beaus

By ALMA SIOUX SCARBERRY

For several minutes Sugar went into detail about the beautiful castle in which the little baby lived with her father, the prince, and her mother, the princess. Little eyes grew rounder and rounder as Sugar described all their lovely clothes, how they had ice cream every day for lunch, and the little rich girl had ten silk dresses. All trimmed with real lace!

When Sugar decided her audience must be getting very sleepy she decided to come to the climax. "And so one day," her voice took on a delicious note of sadness, "a wicked gypsy came along. He was the king of all the gypsies in the world and a bad, bad man. What do you think he did? He kidnapped the beautiful little baby, and ran away with her in his covered wagon."

There was dead silence in the room as Sugar went on dramatically. "The big gypsy king was so afraid of the police he traveled miles and miles and miles, and all the time the little girl was being taken farther and farther away from her father and mother. Finally one day the baby gypsy got very, very scared. Everywhere he turned eyes seemed to be watching for him."

"So, one morning, what do you think he did? He took the little baby and put her in a basket and left her on the doorstep of an orphanage. A lovely lady there found her and took her in and gave her a home. She lived at the orphanage until she was seventeen years old."

"I know!" Felicity burst out excitedly. "I know what happened then!" "All right," Sugar laughed. "You finish it, honey."

"Felicity sat up, and her eyes were like stars. "One day the prince and the princess came to the orphanage and found their little girl. They brought a locket that was just like the one the baby had worn on her neck when she was a baby. And they took her home, and her father married to a tall dark haired man and they lived happily ever after, they did!"

"That's right," Sugar jumped up. "Now every one give me a nice big hug, and then go right to sleep."

Sugar passed down the two lines of little bed and tried very hard to love one little orphan even a second longer than another. Although it was difficult not to add an extra little kiss to the homely little-freckled cheek of Felicity Crocker. She was so sure that one would ever pick her out for adoption, Sugar decided privately.

When Sugar had closed the door softly, she remembered Mother Fridde had asked her to come to see her. First she went to the bathroom and washed her face and hands and ran a comb through her curls. No one was in sight, so she slid down the banisters into the hall that led to Mother's office.

"Sophia was standing by the window." "There you are." The older woman forced cheerfulness into her voice. "Let me go around to my sitting room porch. It's such a lovely evening."

The orphanage looked like a lovely old country estate in the early June evening. Scores of trees lined the walks that wound through the lovely kept acres. Flowers bloomed everywhere. Mother's porch was rich with honeysuckle and June roses, and the pungent odor of a dozen

southern flowers sent Sugar's heart to racing happily. "Oh," she threw back her head, when they had sat down in big easy chairs, "it's so grand here in June. I wish it could always be June time."

"Life isn't always June, though, child," Sophia struggled for an opening to what she had to say. "It's constant change. And we have to take December right along with May."

"I'll take vanilla," Sugar wrinkled her nose pertly. "But I'll probably get raspberry. How about a game of cribbage when nobody is looking?"

"They'd sneaked a game of cribbage often, even though Mother had always been afraid some one would accuse her of showing partiality. But the matron shook her head. Then Sugar noticed her face was pale and strained."

"Mother" she got up anxiously to sit down at the old lady's knees. "aren't you feeling well tonight?" "Oh, yes," Sophia plunged then. "It's just that I have news for you and I hardly know how to start."

"For a moment Sugar looked startled. Then she clutched Mother's hand. "I know. It—it's time for me to leave here, I'm seventeen."

Sophia gathered the little red head in her arms so that Sugar could not see the sorrow in her eyes. "Yes, dear. The board met this afternoon and they just let me keep you any longer. We're so crowded."

For a moment Sugar was silent. She released herself gently and smiled whitely. "Well, so I'm to have a try at the big, cruel world. Isn't it thrilling?"

Sophia Fridde made no attempt to hide her tears then. She took Sugar's strong young hands in her wrinkled ones and held them tightly. "I might have known you'd take it with your chin up, honey. But I did tell you, you're like my own child."

A little sob broke from Sugar and she buried her head in the old lady's lap. "You're like my mother," she choked childishly. "I don't know what I shall do without you."

"You can always come to me when you need me," Sophia patted the red curls gently. "And whatever I can do for you, my child, I will do."

COMPARE SOUPS

You'll like Heinz best or we pay for both!

You can't know just how good Heinz Ready-to-Serve Soups really are unless you compare them, taste by taste, with other soups. That's why you are urged to make the test suggested in this advertisement. Your own taste will tell you the difference.

Heinz Soups are not condensed. They are complete soups—started and finished in one cooking by master-cooks. You add no milk, cream or water. They require no extra simmering. This means economy of both time and materials. You simply heat Heinz Soups—in the tin if you like—and serve.

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H. J. Heinz Company, Toronto. Canadian plant established at Leamington, 1909.



Make the CONVINCING TEST. Buy any variety of Heinz Soup you prefer. Also order the same kind of soup of any other brand. Heat and taste both brands. If Heinz Soup does not taste better—mail both labels to us (with your written criticism) mention the ten criteria and we will pay you the full price of both soups. H. J. Heinz Company, Toronto.

decoration—it always crops up! Small straw hats are being used by the ultra-smart as flower containers. A tin for water is placed in the crown, and a velvet ribbon is placed on the brim—and these, we are told, will decorate your dinner table quite beautifully, in beige and golden-yellow and white, filled with sprays of grain; our authority says "sheaves," but one can scarcely imagine the immensity of them on the dinner-table!

These hats, flower-filled or corn-filled, may also be hung on the drawingroom wall. Wheat, barley, oats, and maize appear to be popular decorations in season, also feather onion heads, carrot foliage, wild hops, and bulrushes.

What About the Hair-Net? The hair-net does not bring with it a romantic aroma. One feels that never at any time was it a desirable adjunct to the toilette. Certainly it kept the hair neat and trim, but aren't there times when "a most desired disorder" is preferable? Somehow it associated itself with women past their first youth, lacking in colour and joie de vivre, and all the other qualities that make for interest. It was mid-Victorian—and looked it.

And now it is coming back, sponsored by Persian attentions. These meshes of filet net are made in black hairpin work, ordinary fish net and tweed yarn (or day wear, while evening nets are in velvet chenille and seed pearls. So no doubt, we shall all go "netted," attractively or otherwise. Isn't it amazing how quickly one can accept a custom as becoming once it is "the fashion"?

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A Morning Smile. NEEDLESS UNEASINESS. Sandy M'Pherson was travelling to Glasgow, and on the way he felt thirsty, so he took out a bottle and drew the cork. Just as he was about to take a taste, a fellow passenger in clerical garb addressed him: "Excuse me, sir, but I am sixty-five years of age, and I have never tasted a drop of whiskey." "Dinna worry yersel," said Sandy, "you're no gauntae start noo."

LAKE VERDE SCHOOL. Honor roll for October: Grade X: 1 Alan Callahan, / Grade IX: 1 Martena McAdam; 2 Marion Boylan. Grade VIII: 1 Doris Russell; 2 Esther Redmond. Grade VII: 1 Gavvan Boylan. Grade V: 1 Everett Redmond; 2 John Acorn. Grade IV: 1 Anna Hughes; 2 Vera Boylan; 3 Catherine Shea. Grade III: 1 Helen Shea. Grade II: 1 Arthur Hughes; 2 Kenny Callahan. Grade I: 1 Leo McAdam; 2 Joseph Duffy. Perfect attendance: Mabel Brown, Doris Brown, Anna Hughes, Arthur Hughes. Teacher—Anne L. Gill.

The HOUSEWIFE and HER ACTIVITIES

A CALLING. Who care Only to quit a calling, will not make The calling what it might be:— Who despise Their work, Fate laughs at, and doth let the work Dull and degrade them. —Jean Ingelow.

EVENTS. All the events of our life are materials out of which we may make what we will. He who lives much spirit makes most of his life.—Novallis.

TOGS FOR TOTS. PARIS, Nov. 13—Little girl's clothes like their mother's, are following the feminine trend this season. Though they will still be cut on classic lines, fullness and a wider choice of materials will give them a gay touch.

POVERTY. Poverty is the load of some, and wealth is the load of others perhaps the greater load of the two. It may bear them to perdition. Bear the load of thy neighbor's poverty, and let him bear with thee the load of thy wealth. Thou lightest thy load by lightening his.—St. Augustine.

A FRIEND. We can never replace a friend. When a man is fortunate enough to find several, he finds they are all different. No one has a double in friendship.—Schiller.

DOING OUR WORK. Art thou little? Do thy little well. And for thy comfort know The greatest man can do his greatest work No better than just so.

CLEAR AS BERMUDA WATERS! MR.-O.-KLEER* HOSEIERY..85c. MADE IN CANADA. ONLY KAYSER MAKES IT. KAYSER STOCKINGS... GLOVES LINGERIE SOLD IN CHARLOTTETOWN —BY— Moore & McLeod Ltd.

THE COOK'S CORNER. Date Caramel Pie. 1/2 cup brown sugar, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 3 tablespoons flour, 2 tablespoons cornstarch, 2 cups hot milk, 2 eggs separate, 2 tablespoons butter, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 cup coarsely cut dates, 1/2 cup pecan halves. Method: Sift the sugar, salt, flour and cornstarch and stir slowly into the hot milk. Cook until thick, stirring frequently. Add beaten egg yolks and cook 1 minute longer. Remove from the heat, add butter, dates and vanilla. Cool partially and fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour into a well baked pie shell. Arrange pecan halves over the top and cover with caramel glaze.

...NIGHT COUGHS. Quickly Checked... Inducing Restful Sleep. Just rub on VICKS VapoRUB. RELIEVES COLDS WITHOUT "DOSING". be used. 2 cups milk Or 1 cup evaporated milk diluted with 1 cup water 2 cups fine dry breadcrumbs 1/2 teaspoon salt 1/2 cup sugar 1 egg, well beaten 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind 1 tablespoon lemon juice 1 tablespoon melted butter 1 cup raisins Pour milk, over crumbs. Combine with other ingredients. Turn into a greased baking dish and bake in a slow oven, 300 degrees F., 40 minutes. Serve with cream or any desired sauce.