

Woman's Realm :- Social and Personal :- Fashions :- Lite rature

The HOUSEWIFE and HER ACTIVITIES

SINGING OUT OF DOORS

I hear the voices Of girls and boys Singing together. A joyful noise Comes floating over The cherry trees, Sweeter than murrn Of honey bees; Sweeter than carols Of birds at dawn; Fresher than dewdrops Upon the lawn; Along the stream; Clearer than ripples Lovely as rainbows. Bright as a dream, I hear young voices, Happy and high, Flinging their gladness Into the sky.

PINEAPPLE LOAF

Heat two tablespoons of the juice from crushed pineapple in a double boiler with twelve marshmallows, until dissolved. Remove from fire and beat until cold. Add one cup cream whipped until stiff and beat again. Line the tray of an automatic refrigerator with lady fingers, then spread with three tablespoons crushed pineapple. Pour in the beaten mixture. Freeze for two or three hours until firm, then remove to a serving platter, cover with more whipped cream and garnish with two bananas peeled and sliced. This will make six servings.

Potato Salad Recipe

A combination potato salad is so satisfying that it could be a one-course meal. Or it may be served with cold cuts for Sunday night supper. Mix together carefully four cups cooked diced potatoes, three diced tomatoes, two diced cucumbers, one chopped green pepper, one small chopped onion, one tablespoon chopped parsley. Marinate in French dressing and chill in refrigerator. Serve on crisp lettuce leaves.

CLEANING MARBLE

If the surface of marble is not damaged the lustre can be restored, no matter how dingy it has become, by rubbing in any good furniture cream. Polish with a piece of silk.

WASHING-DAY WISDOM

On washing day if your hands are very "crinkly" when you've finished, rub a little rough cooking salt well into the palms of the hands and the fingers. It will take out all the "crinkle."

BROWNE SCALLOPS

Boll scallops in salted water until tender, then drain them well and cut them into small pieces and mix them with tomato flesh (less skin and pipes), a little onion, parsley and a few small mushrooms. Cook all to gether for a few minutes in butter, then season well and bind with some thick Bechamel sauce, and not too much. Sprinkle with breadcrumbs and butter, and brown in the oven.

WORN FURNITURE

A little white of egg painted on the worn parts of leather furniture will completely prevent further wear at that spot and will greatly improve its appearance. If the leather is tinted and the color has worn off, paint it with water paint to match before putting on the egg white.

FROM HEAD TO TOE

Sophisticated seekers after style must ever bear in mind that a costume must be complete in all its details and shoes, stockings and gloves are not considered mere nothing in the hand of the connoisseur.

OXFORD'S LITERARY BUTLER IS DEAD

Oxford's literary butler, who between his college duties managed to write novels, poems, and a work on philosophy, has died. He was Mr. Frank Finch, senior common room butler at St. John's College, who, like his father, has been a college servant all his life. His first novel, "The Passionate Pretender," caused a stir in Oxford some years ago. For some time recently he had been engaged on an ambitious philosophical work. He was the author of over 100 poems.

Mr. Finch of course, was self-taught. He was a popular figure among dons and undergraduates, and he dedicated his first novel to the president of St. John's College, which he served for 16 years. He gained the reputation of being a perfect butler, a model of "bane efficiency, but his greatest interests were literary. In his room "below stairs" he carried on his writing but he also found time to be a keen motorist, study Greek mythology, and collect stamps.

UNUSUAL CAKES

Lady Zia Werner, the Duchess of Kent's cousin, and daughter of the late Grand Duke Michael of Russia, gave her guests at a cocktail party last week, two original Russian cakes that had to be eaten together. Pashka, made from curds, eggs and cream was a four-sided cake that takes thirty-six hours to set, and koutitch a cake made with yeast and containing currants and iced in pink and white.

TOWER OF LONDON MAY HIDE TREASURE

London.—A treasure worth anything from \$7,000 to \$50,000 may be buried somewhere under the Tower of London. The history of this treasure begins with a certain Colonel John Barkstead, Lieutenant of the Tower, under Oliver Cromwell, and one of the "regicides" who signed the warrant for the execution of King Charles I. Believing, rightly, in 1660, that a restoration was imminent, Barkstead fled to Holland, taking care before he left to bury his private

ONE WAY STREET By JOSEPH McCORD

CHAPTER 26

The hour of six-thirty usually found the Iron Block deserted save for its caretaker. Henri felt when he stepped out here and there about the office. Among them was Jean Sawyer, putting some final touches to a display ad, which must be ready for the paper by morning. Deeply engrossed in her task she looked up with a start when her door opened, closed softly.

A young man stood regarding her. He smiled. "I beg Mam'selle's pardon."

"Oh... Were you looking for someone?" "Only Mam'selle. If I may have a moment of her time." He came nearer to Jean's table. "May I hope that I'm not unknown to Mam'selle?"

"Why, I think I know you... I've seen you driving Miss Cannon's car."

"I was in Mam'selle Cannon's service. Unfortunately, I am free. After tomorrow. That is why I am here."

"There was in Delcierre's manner and smile a frankness, which banished an alarm that Jean might have felt. She laughed, in spite of herself."

"You didn't think I needed a chauffeur, did you, Mr. ...?" "Henri Delcierre is my name. But no, Mam'selle, I had not hoped for such good fortune."

"Why did you wish to speak to me?" Jean suddenly felt apprehensive. "I have something to tell you, for your ear alone."

"You need have no fear of Henri," he assured her earnestly. "I think what I have to say will be of interest."

"You may trust Henri. He is very discreet... always."

"Not when I let you know that Miss Cannon once did me the honor of... giving her heart to me? It is so. I swear it. We have had a romance, what you call it?"

"Why not? I feel Mam'selle will sympathize."

"Precisely. I have seen for myself that M'sieur Sturges is most attentive to Mam'selle. One could not

hoard somewhere in the great fortress. He was captured while abroad, however, brought to England, and executed in 1682.

Several months after his death a torch, in which Pycles assisted, was made for the treasure, but nothing was found.

The truth of this story is vouched for by Walter G. Bell, one of the leading authorities on the Tower of London, in his book, "The Tower of London."

Other treasures now proudly displayed in the Tower were not appreciated in former days. There is the almost incredible story of the great sale of Crown Regalia ordered by the Commonwealth Government on August 13, 14 and 15, 1649, when the slack Prince's precious ruby, today the central ornament in the State crown, was bought by a "caring adventurer" for four pounds.

ARTIST'S GIFT TO BRIGHTON

Frank Branwyn, R. A., has presented to the Brighton Corporation a collection of his etchings and lithographs. The collection comprises 209 pieces of work and is one of four similar sets in the world. The other three sets are in Paris, Amsterdam, and Tokio.

The gift was made by Mr. Branwyn in recognition of Brighton Corporation's action in giving him the use of the Bright Art Gallery as a studio when he was recently painting the huge canvases which are now in Radio City, New York.

"A large glass-up," writes Mr. Bell, "wrought in figures, was among the best bargains at \$102 1/2. Actually it was the agate chalice of Edward the Confessor."

Only a hundred years ago the magnificent collection of armor in the Tower was furiously kept.

"William the Conqueror rode in a fine suit of Elizabethan armor; Henry V faced Agincourt in a 17th century plate; and George II wore the armor of Henry VIII."

blame him." "How dare you say that!" "Because I think I know how Mam'selle feels. I know how Henri feels when... You understand. It pains the heart."

"Will you please go away?" Jean entreated. She could not maintain her composure much longer.

"Bien," Henri remarked resignedly. "I leave you the same as I leave a city where I am happy once. I see I am mistaken about Mam'selle. It is possible M'sieur Sturges will be more grieved at Henri's misfortune. I regret if I have intruded."

"Wait! You mean... You mean you are going to tell Mr. Sturges that? What you just told me about... Miss Cannon?"

"Assuredly," Henri touched the tip of his waxed moustache. "I have thought a plan. I leave the city very early tomorrow. Happily, I have had the good fortune to find a letter to console my spirits when I am so far from her side."

"Oh! Jean was agitated as the plan dawned upon her. "It may amuse him... non?"

"He will read. After that... who can say? No doubt he will return the letter to Mam'selle Cannon. She will be so glad, she will be for all of them. But Henri's price is too high."

"Don't do it!" Jean entreated. "Please don't!"

"No, no. Can't you see how terribly it will hurt... both of them? They are happy now, and..."

"What of Henri? He is hurt. Mam'selle Cannon tell him they will go away together for always. Then Henri will be so glad, she will be for all of them. But Henri's price is too high."

"You're a coward!" Jean exclaimed hotly. "You are! That's blackmail..."

"You are! That's blackmail... She wondered if it were. But it sounded right. "You don't realize what you're doing," she hurried on. "If you must say something, go and tell him. Like a man. Not that way!"

"And Mam'selle is... But non. She is too charming to say that. Delcierre offered her a pale blue envelope. She said one word on it. "Henri! A woman's writing. Angular and bold."

"No! I don't want to read it!" "Almost the instant she made that decision, Jean had a sudden thought. She held out her hand. "Give them all to me," she begged. "You'll be so glad when you've had time to think it over. I'll keep them safe. I promise you. Nobody shall ever see them..."

It was so unfair for Mr. Sturges to be hurt that way. If only there was some way to save him from that. There must be some way. There must!

(To Be Continued.)

Cocktail Parties Taboo Down Under

Cocktail party hostesses in Sydney, Australia, are becoming much more discreet.

It may or may not be the result of periodical pulp denunciations of such parties, but they are now seldom announced; they are just "parties" where guests are provided with any drink they may care to have.

The change, news reports show, is attributed to a few prominent women having directed the attention of society leaders to the need for tact. The announcement and record of cocktail parties, it was considered, tended to excite too much interest by young women not yet "out."

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MINARD'S LINIMENT

"KING OF PAIN"



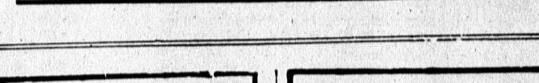
HAVE A Schoolgirl Complexion ALL OVER!

Keep your whole body—not just face, neck and shoulders—soft and lovely

TODAY—when fashions in dresses, hosiery and bathing suits are so revealing, it's important to keep your whole body soft and lovely—glowing with youth! And that's so cooling and comfortable when the weather's warm.

Try this Beauty Bath Massage your whole body with a wash cloth filled with soothing, gentle Palmolive lather. Cleanse the pores thoroughly. Rinse completely and finish with a dash of cool water. This simple beauty bath leaves your skin soft and lovely—glowing with youth!

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A Morning Smile

Mrs. Webster Patsy was still a very little girl, but quite interested in new words. After hearing a conversation between two elders, she said, "Mother, what is temperament?"

"Mother absentmindedly," "Oh, just a temper with a ruffle on it."

A farmer arrived very late at a country doctor's house and requested him to come instantly to a distant farm. The doctor hitched up and drove furiously.

Upon arrival, the farmer enquired: "What fee?" "Three dollars," replied the doctor, surprised. The country man said, "There ye are, Doc; that darned iveryman wanted five."

SCIENTIST IS TAUGHT BY HIS WOMAN COOK LONDON, Aug. 13.—Sir William Bragg, the scientist, thought he knew more about eggs than his own cook, but a visit to the kitchen convinced him that he did not.

Sir William told the story at a dinner when he addressed the Assembly of College Faculties of University College. "I had found out," he said, "that you can easily tell an egg that has not been boiled from one that has been boiled. If you roll along a table an egg that has been boiled hard and put your finger on it, it stops. If, on the other hand, you do the same with an egg that has not been boiled it will go on the inside still revolving and carries the shell with it."

When he asked his cook whether she could tell the difference, she replied that she could always tell by the weight.

Sir William said that at first he was slightly puzzled, but he found that it was really just an example of the differences of language. What the cook called weight he called inertia.

"The cook was quite right," he added, amid laughter.

Canadian Vegetables

The large and rapid increase in the volume of vegetables produced for sale in Canada during recent years is the result of an increase in the per capita consumption of vegetables, both fresh and canned; an increase in exports of canned vegetables; and a decline in imports.

Fresh vegetables are imported mainly at seasons of the year when the fresh domestic product is not available, and imports vary with the general trends of consumption in Canada. The decline in imported canned vegetables has been pronounced, dropping from 14,807,000 pounds in 1929 and 24,000,000 in 1934 to about 2,000,000 pounds in 1934.

Imports of canned asparagus declined from nearly 2,000,000 pounds in 1930 to 273,000 pounds in 1934; corn from nearly 5,000,000 pounds to 45,000,000; peas from 5,800,000 pounds to 107,000,000; and tomatoes from 2,000,000 pounds to 418,000,000. It appears, therefore, that no small part of the increased production of vegetables in Canada has been used by canning establishments and has displaced canned vegetables, as well as helping to provide for increased exports.

Take Eno morning, noon, or night—it's always delightful as a beverage and you can add to your drinking water just as little or as much Eno as the need calls for. Action is gentle. Eno is pure—safe. Handy size 50c. Household size 85c.

RANGOON, Burma.—Two Burmese were arrested recently when customs officers seized 480 ounces of cocaine in a house here.

The Attitude of Modern Man Toward Woman Dorothy Dix Declares That Chivalry Still Exists in World

Women of Today, Having Taken Their Places in the Business World, do not Expect the Same Attentions in the Offices That They do in Their Homes—But They Find Men Are Still Chivalrous

A great many people beat upon their breasts and strew ashes on their heads when they speak of the attitude of the modern man toward the modern woman and the lack of chivalry which he treats her.

"Look at the way men knock women around in a crowd," they cry. "Look at the men who grab the best seats in a car and sit while women stand! Look at the way men puff their pipes in women's faces instead of asking permission to smoke a cigar as they used to. Why, even lovers are not gallant any more. The Romeo of today doesn't climb up to his Juliet's balcony. He drives up before her door and honks his horn and she comes out and climbs into the car by herself. He doesn't even lend her a hand!"

To a degree all of this is true. You can't eat your cake and have it, too. When women fought for their rights and got them, they automatically lost their privileges. When they showed they could stand on their own feet, men jolly well made them do it.

It is intrinsically impossible to be a sturdy oak and a clinging vine at the same time, and when women entered no active competition with men in business and took their jobs away from many of them, they no longer be regarded as helpless little pets that had to be cherished. They became equals and rivals. And that was the end of the old-fashioned chivalry.

Men had to devise a new technique for their dealings with women. The etiquette of the drawing room entered no active competition with the hand of the stenographer every time she came into the office, or for male clerks to spend their time picking up the handkerchiefs of the salesladies.

Because, however, these gallantries have been abolished, it is as absurd to say that chivalry is dead as it would be to declare that men are no longer brave because they do not put on a suit of armor and go forth seeking adventure. The truth is that never in the whole history of the world were men so truly chivalrous toward women as they are today. Never were women so well treated by men, as you will recognize if you will consider the condition of women in those much-talked-of days of chivalry.

Then a woman was a slave, a prisoner, a toy for men's convenience and amusement, and a man who treated one even halfway decently was considered so remarkable that minstrel went around the country singing his praises. Even in our grandmother's time men displayed their gallantry by supporting a lady on their arms when she took a walk abroad; they picked up her hat when she dropped it and doubtless would have given her their seats in the subway if there had been any subways, but they didn't give her any rights. If she was an heiress when she married, her property was all turned over to her husband to spend on other women if he chose. If she had a mind and desire to learn, she opened her college door to hundreds of poor young women and saves them from the poorhouse and the street.

In the days of chivalry no woman dared put her nose outside of her own door without a husky guard to take care of her. Today a woman alone can travel from one end of the world to the other and every man she meets becomes her protector. And that is a piece of chivalry so great that it is beyond the dreams of King Arthur and his Round Table.

So in view of these facts it is idiotic to speak of the decay of men's gallantry. It has simply changed to meet a new demand. Men are no longer carpet knights. They are big brothers. And women are perfectly willing to pick up their own handkerchiefs with one hand as long as they can pick up a pay envelope with the other.

DOROTHY DIX.

SMART CLOTHES FOR THE HOME DRESSMAKER

Here's a new type of wrap-around apron home frock, that is quite smart enough to run to market in. It has a paneled bodice that carries down into the skirt, that would flatter any figure. The flared sleeves are cool and pretty.

Calico or percale print is especially nice for its development. As a "Cover-All" to wear over one's "best" frock to prepare dinner, it is nice made of a dimity print.

It's unbelievably simple and inexpensive to make it. Style No. 310 is designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust. Size 36 requires 4 1/2 yards of 35-inch material.

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

No. 310. Size... Name... Street Address... City... State...

Australian Oil Is Sought From Plane

MELBOURNE, Aug. 13.—Dr. G.M. Lees and Dr. K. Washington Gray, two English geologists, whose assistance has been obtained by the Commonwealth Oil Refiners, Ltd., in its search for oil in Australia, left Melbourne for Adelaide recently by airplane on a preliminary air reconnaissance of Australia. They were accompanied by Dr. Woolnough, geological adviser to the Commonwealth Government, who is a member of the advisory board appointed by the G.O.R. to assist Dr. Lees and Dr. Gray with information.

Although Dr. Lees and Dr. Gray will use such data, they will conduct an entirely independent investigation of the possibilities of oil in Australia. It is expected that the preliminary reconnaissance will occupy several weeks.

Miller's Worm Powders will purge the stomach and intestines of worms so effectively and so easily and painlessly that the most delicate stomach will not feel any inconvenience from their action. They recommend themselves to mothers as a preparation to their children strength and vigor to their children protect them from the debilitating effects which result from the depredations of worms.

310