

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

The HOUSEWIFE and HER ACTIVITIES

LIFE
Life—give me life until the end. That at the very top of being. The battle-spirit shouting in my blood.

A TRAIL

Life is a winding trail that leads from the cradle to the grave, and when I reach its distant end and start on the long traverse from which no fellow traveler has ever returned I hope to leave behind a world made better by my having lived.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

To prevent tea-towels from leaving fluff on the article being dried, dip them into weak starch water immediately after washing.

When straining liquid through a cloth, pin the cloth to the sides of the basin with spring clothes-pegs.

Rubber shoe heels, obtainable in small sizes are valuable anti-skid remedies for chairs and settees that are placed on a polished wood floor. Just fix them in place of castors. They will prevent damage to floors.

If Brazil nuts are slightly heated the shells will crack easily and the kernels come out whole.

The old cashmere stocking over the end of your rain-water pipe to filter the water before it enters the barrel.

Place a bathroom mirror in a convenient position, so that the children can see to clean their teeth. The performance will be more thorough.

To prevent unightly rings left in the porch by milk bottles, a little rubber mat which can be wiped in a second is a boon.

MELANSE CUTLETS

This is an Italian fashion of serving lamb or mutton cutlets. Trim the cutlets nicely then dip them in melted butter. Now cover them with bread crumbs and shake in a mixture of half Shake of what loose crumbs there are, then gently and slowly. Serve them with a tomato sauce.

ITALIAN WOMEN IN INDUSTRY GRADUALLY REPLACED BY MEN

The 40-hour week is in operation in industry in Italy. Women gradually are being replaced by men which coincides with Mussolini's plan for more marriages and babies.

"Social Justice" was the new slogan of Mussolini's program for his 13th year of power. Practical application of "Social Justice" takes the form in agreements made between the Employers and Employees Confederation for the sole aim of increasing employment in all branches of industry, banking and insurance by means of abolition of overtime re-

striction to the 40-hour week and gradual elimination of women workers. Overtime can only be authorized on special occasions when both parties (employers and employees) agree that it is necessary within specified reasonableness. Under no condition must it become habitual. If work in any branch be developed so as to demand overtime being prolonged or habitual in subordinate positions, the number of workers must be increased instead.

With the introduction of the 40-hour week wages based on daily, weekly, or longer period scales, will be reduced proportionally to the reduced working schedule. Collective wage agreements in which the number of workers determines wage scale will not be affected by the increase of workers. Insurance and banking confederation employees who receive 600 lire a month in officers' and employees' positions and 400 lire a month in subordinate positions, will be cut off the payroll. No one person can hold two jobs.

Of 21,000,000 women in Italy, of which 4,000,000 are over 10 nearly 4,000,000 are engaged in gainful occupation including one and a half million in agriculture. In the past decade a marked increase in women in industry over agriculture can be observed in the comparison of statistic table. Companies having more than 20 employees must employ 12 per cent of their number in women in banks and other similar institutions, and 15 per cent in women in insurance; in cases where this does not exist yet, actual replacement must take place within the period specified according to individual agreements.

A world education conference similar to that held in South Africa by the New Educational Fellowship of England will probably be arranged in Australia in 1936, says Australia News. The South African conference was remarkably successful. Eminent educationists from eight different countries and from the League of Nations addressed the sessions. The Australian conference is expected to be equally successful.

There's ALWAYS A NEW HAT TO DISCUSS IN PARIS. In the in-between seasons when fashions seem a bit dull there is always a new hat to talk about.

There were days when a hat was a hat—hat is, had to be and was worn more or less securely on the head—after you had described the general run of models there was little else to say about them.

But today is different. Hats have no rules to follow, no terms to adhere to, no no-look manner in which they must be worn. Consequently there is always news in the hat situation.

Rose Valois made a brown velvet hat with a section of the brain rolled up like a college diploma and tied with a small bow on one side. That's all there is to it.

Martha makes a model of do-skin in dark brown (which she wears with an outer coat). It is a very small affair, shaped like a tiny ball more elevated in the back than the front. It is trimmed on one side with the small tassels of brown satin cre. Around the whole thing is one of those large-mesh, stiffened veils that stands out from the face about two inches.

Marie-Alphonse makes a toque of black satin frissonne (literally shivers satin, as it looks like crushed ice would if it were black), trimmed with two quills of the same material, stuck in the top of the crown in opposite directions.

LAME WOOL. Lame taffeta and lame wool are two of Worth's favorite fabrics.

BEAUTY AIDS MUST BE USED REGULARLY. "I put all these things on my skin fairly regularly, but I really don't notice any results," complains a woman who says her dressing table is loaded with bottles and jars in various shapes and sizes. What can I do to get some good out of them?"

The answer, of course, isn't as simple as the question. She admits she doesn't use anything at regular intervals and, by the tone of her voice and her gestures, she probably applies each preparation haphazardly.

Are You Weak?

IMPROVE the stomach and the blood with Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, a vegetable tonic of roots and herbs that has been helping both men and women for the past sixty years. Read what Mrs. W. Bowman of 10 Wheeler Ave., Guelph, Ont., said: "I had lost weight through poor appetite, my nerves were bad, I had headaches and dizziness and felt miserable. I took Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and was soon enjoying splendid health."

A Morning Smile

Voice Over Phone—"Are you the blankety-blank-blank sales manager who sent that salesman to my office to sell me your blankety—" Sales Manager—"Yes, yes, but my dear man, why—" Voice—"Well, I gave orders to all of my staff to admit no one to my private office, and your man was so persistent that they were forced to get a gun—" Sales Manager—"Oh goodness, man, they didn't shoot him, did they?" Voice—"No, but my bookkeeper wants his gun back."

Caddie—"It's a pity you couldn't have stayed another week and gone in for the competitions, sir." Golfer—"Ah, but I can't. You see, I'm going to be married."

Caddie—"Ah well, sir, you'll get accustomed to that. You've been in the rough all the time you've been here."

blends your rouge and puts on powder. Remember everthing and try to do likewise when you give yourself treatments at home.

HEADS OR TAILS

The next time you want to decide something by flipping a coin you will do well to remember this simple trick whereby the small disk of metal can be made to fall heads or tails, whichever you want.

Hold the coin in an upright position, one side of the rim resting on the table, and the forefinger of your left hand resting on top of the coin. Close your right hand holding the bent forefinger inside your thumb, ready to flick the coin.

Your right hand should rest on the table. You will find that if you flick the coin on the head side it should spin and settle on the table with the head up. If you flick the tail side, it should settle tails after spinning.

WHISPERING ROCK

by JOHN LEBAR

The nine small streams of cattle merged, flowed on, and were thrown into a churning pool by the circling riders. Two of the men left at once, slipping to a ravine where mesquite was plentiful. When they returned dragging firewood at the end of their rifles, the cattle were in a close-packed bunch and the remaining riders at their horses' heads and intervals around the circle. Snaveley, Alfredo, Don Francisco and one of the extra Mexicans dismounted, kicked off their chaps, and building a fire, laid on the branding irons; Ruth and three Mexicans keeping the herd together, meanwhile.

When the irons were hot Snaveley motioned to the grizzled old Juan, who left Ruth's side of the herd and advanced to the center of the milling cattle, swinging his rifle. Ruth had her hands full. With only three riders to keep the herd in place many of the cattle decided to break away. Every ten seconds, it seemed, two or three more slipped on her side of the herd would bolt. She had abandoned old Brisket for such active riding in favor of Boots, a springy young horse with an alert and a thorough knowledge of the cow business. He enjoyed running after the animals that broke from the herd—Ruth rather suspected him of egging them on.

Such riding is exhilarating sport for half an hour—rather like the fastest moments of a fast polo game, but in three hours it can be wearing.

When all the calves had been branded the herd was driven to the holding pens, a small enclosure of one thousand acres. As the cattle passed through the gate the counting began: one man counted calves; another, yearlings another, grown steers, and a fourth, cows.

The count and the riders were returning to the home ranch when Ruth rode up beside Snaveley. "Well, how does it look?" "How does what look?" replied Snaveley.

"I mean—do you think we've gone to have enough or not. As a guess I'd say ain't."

"I have it all figured out just how many we—" "That figured, I reckon, that a quarter of the sale don't apply on that foot note, did it not?"

Ruth drew herself straight in the saddle. "Certainly, Mr. Snaveley!"

She reined in her horse and dropped back between Alfredo and old Don Francisco. The Mexicans pulled their horses aside to make room and with many smiles and chuckles began talking to her. They loved to hear her broken Spanish. By the time the company reached the saddle shed, Ruth had learned that Don Francisco considered the cattle large and fat and the calves plump.

Why Does the College-Bred Man Pass up the College Girl Who is His Predestined Mate?—Because He's a Victim of the Old Superstition That Intelligence in a Wife is a Matrimonial Handicap

According to statistics, about 80 per cent of women in general marry, but only about 55 per cent of college women marry, which indicates that the higher education is a hindrance and not a help to a girl in getting a husband. Considering that all women have a cosmic urge toward matrimony and that every normal woman desires above everything else her own man, children and home, and considering also that college girls are just as good-looking, just as well dressed, just as good dancers and carry just as good a line of attractions as their sisters, it puts the blame for the bad showing that college women make at the altar squarely up to them.

Why Do Half of College Girls Marry?

Of course, you may say that college women are more choosy than other girls in picking out their mates, but this theory does not seem borne out by an observation of their husbands. The college woman, like the noncollege woman, appears to have taken what she could get in the matter of husbands.

Likewise, you may say that the college woman, having fitted herself to follow some gainful career and being able to provide her own cakes and ale and furbelows, is not so keen to marry as the girl whose only way of getting a meal ticket is to marry one. Hence she is not so strenuous in the husband chase and loses out because she wasn't really putting her heart into it.

Doublets, there is something in this contention. For most men marry the woman who went after them hammer and tongs. But, after all, when everything is said, all women want to marry. A university degree doesn't take the place of a marriage certificate, nor does being an M. A. keep any girl from wanting to be a ma. So when a large percentage of college women do not marry it is for the same reason that the general run of the old-fashioned girls do not.

This causes one to wonder anew at the obtuseness of men that makes them overlook the best of the matrimonial bets and shy away from the type of woman that is fitted by nature and training to make superior wives. That they do is beyond discussion. Figures prove it and you have only to look around you to see that the girl who has the most dates is generally the one with the least sense, and that any fluff-headed morsel can marry seven times to a highbrow, none at all.

It is easy to understand why the uneducated, uncultured man should prefer a woman in his own class and one who knows even less than he does, since practically every man has the head-of-the-house complex and his real payoff in marriage is posing as an oracle before his wife and having her genuflect with wonder and admiration over his knowing everything from what the President should do about the financial situation to the baseball score.

Obviously a wife who knew more than he did would get on any man's nerves, and so the man who never reads anything except the stock market and the comic strips in the newspapers very wisely passes up the wife who would be a boon to the world instead of now the people next door by a new car.

But more men go to college than women and the strange thing is why the college-bred men don't want college wives. You would think they would demand them and that the supply wouldn't go around. You would think that the educated, cultivated man would pick out for a wife a girl who had the same education that he had, who spoke his language, who was interested in the things he was interested in, who had the same tastes he had.

You would think that he would consider the many thousands of evenings that they would spend together and that would be so delightful if they could discuss new books, new plays, new policies of Government, the news of the day, the world as it is, the things that are happening in this changing world of ours, or that would be boring if his wife was ignorant and un-informed of current happenings and never knew what he was talking about.

He also succeeded in conveying to her the results of the count. That evening Ruth studied these figures and the results of the count. She had gathered in her conversation with Old Charley and her studies of the cattle raisers' magazine. But she went to sleep as undecided as ever. The round-up would take four days and if on each of these days the count ran as high as on the first, and if on one of those days about one hundred extra animals should appear, Ruth knew that she could meet her note. Provided, of course, that the Mexicans kept the count steadily at the price the cattle buyers would be paying. . . .

Ruth never knew how she got through the fourth and last day of the round-up. Twice, after the cattle had been gathered and the branding begun, she left the herd and rode into the foothills. But neither time did she see a single overlooked cow or calf.

She had pulled her lower lip and pulling at her saddle strings as the counting began. There simply must be more than one hundred and twenty head, she kept telling herself—there just had to be!

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Ruth smiled, went to the fire and spread her hands. "It is cold," she said in matter-of-fact Spanish. Immediately Francisco bowed her welcome and hurried to the barn for one of his rawhide chairs. But when he returned Ruth had seated herself on the ground next to Magda. She was not going to be the

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THE COOK'S CORNER

CRANBERRY MINCE. Two pounds cranberries, 1 cup water, 1/2 cup sugar, 1 cup chopped nuts, 1/2 pound chopped citron peel, 1/2 pound chopped orange peel, 1/2 pound whole seedless raisins, 4 cups chopped apples, 1 cup honey, 1/2 cup vinegar or lemon juice, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 4 teaspoons ginger, 1 teaspoon allspice, 1/2 teaspoon nutmeg. Steam cranberries in water 15 minutes in closely covered pan. Mix well with all other ingredients. Fill into sealers and process 25 minutes.

INDIAN LOAF CAKE

Scald together 1 cup sugar, 1/2 cup butter, and 1 teaspoon salt, then add yellow Indian meal enough to make a thick mush. Beat all hard for 15 minutes, and set to cool. When cooled to blood-heat, add 3 well-beaten eggs, 1 cup slightly warmed milk in which 1 yeast cake has been blended, and beat hard for 15 minutes more. The success of this cake depends on the beatings. Have ready a large pie mould, greased thick and then floured (Indian is apt to stick), put in the beaten mixture, and let rise in a warm place 4 hours, or in not so warm a place overnight. Bake 2 hours in a moderate oven. Turn out top side down, cut in slices with a hot knife, spread with butter and eat while hot.

NUT PANCAKES

Mix 1-3 cup chopped nuts with 1 cup prepared pancake flour and 1 cup sweet milk or water. Stir until smooth. Bake on hot, greased grid-iron until surface is covered with bubbles; then turn and bake on other side.

You would think that the intelligent man would recall the many homes he knows in which the evenings are passed in ghastly silence because there can be no conversation between a clever man and stupid woman. You would think he would recall the many men he knows who have wandered away from their own firesides in search of the companionship they did not find there, and that he would take some precautions against bringing this fate down on his own head.

But does he? Rarely, as statistics show. He, too, passes by the college girl who is his predestined mate. Why? Perhaps because he also craves to be looked up to more than anything else. Perhaps, also, because he is also craves to be looked up to more than anything else. He doesn't want a wife who is his equal. He wants one who is his inferior. Perhaps, also, because he has some sort of misty idea that a college graduate will not be domestic and make a good wife and mother. Yet why intelligent men and women who are following the most complicated profession on earth, nobody can explain.

Perhaps it is because men are still bound by the old superstition that it is easier to manage a stupid woman than it is a clever one, but this is far from the truth. You can reason with a woman who has intelligence. She is open to conviction and will accept a new point of view. But a fool is bound to her folly and nothing on earth can change her.

Anyway, it is a pity that men don't realize that brain in a wife are the greatest asset that she can have. DOROTHY DIX.

have worked and gathered many cattle. The round-up has been good. I think we will have a celebration. Gradually, it became apparent to the Mexicans that the Sec. and Ruth and her son had merely come to the fire for warmth and company. Delightfully, they assured each other

IN MEMORIAM

MR. LAURIE W. MURDOCK. There passed away at the P. E. I. Hospital on December 21, Laurie W. Murdock of Murray River, at the age of forty-three years. The deceased was for a number of years employed as a commercial traveller and in that capacity became widely known throughout the Province.

The late Mr. Murdock had been in failing health for the past year or more and about two months previous to his death had been obliged to desist from his labors. He was taken to the P. E. I. Hospital, where he passed away on the above date, causing very deep regret.

A son of the late George and Anne Murdock of Murray River, he leaves to mourn the loss of a husband and father, a widow, formerly Miss Stella Clow of Murray Harbour, North; one daughter, Florence, Mrs. H. MacLeod, Murray River; one sister, Mrs. Archie Blue, Little Sands; one brother, James of Murray River. A brother, David, of Montague, predeceased him by only nine months.

At the funeral which took place on December 24, at Murray River, a brief service at the home was conducted by Rev. T. E. Goudge. The church service was held in the Kirk, Rev. T. R. Goudge officiating, assisted by Rev. J. H. Douglas.

IN MEMORIAM

MR. VICTOR MACEWEN. There passed away in the Prince Edward Island Hospital, at an early hour Monday morning, November 19, 1934, Victor Henry MacEwen, of St. Peter's Harbor in his 46th year. For some time past he had been in delicate health, and was unable to attend to his duties. On Thursday, Nov. 14th, he entered the hospital for treatment, hoping to be restored to health, and to return home in a short time, but God in His infinite love, willed otherwise. He gradually grew weaker, and his spirit winged his homeward flight.

He leaves to mourn, a sorrowing widow, father, and sister. His funeral from Lot 40 church, under the direction of Mr. Spencer, of McLean's Funeral Home, was very largely attended. The services were conducted by his pastor, Rev. Mr. Boyce, who paid a high tribute of respect to the deceased, and his remains followed by a large concourse of people, were tenderly laid to rest in West St. Peter's Cemetery. The pall bearers were Messrs. Harry MacEwen, Horace MacEwen, Emmett Wisner, Sydney Anderson, Vernon Anderson, Eldon Drake.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the said Court this 19th day of December, A. D. 1934 and in the 25th year of His Majesty's reign. (Sgd.) H. L. PALMER, Judge of Probate. (L.S.) L-2694-12-21-41

SMART FROCKS FOR FASHIONABLE PEOPLE

Illustrated Dressmaking Lessons Furnished With Each Pattern. When you study this smart dress, you can see it's really very simple to fashion, yet it is style found only in exclusive models. It has slimness about it, too. The cut buttoned bodice sees to that, and note how modestly the sleeves are cuffed to match the little capped "boulders."

You'll be needing just such a dress for those formal teas and for cocktail and bridge parties as the original model in black velvet with "deer silver metal lame and rhinestone button trim."

Another fascinating scheme is black pebbly crepe with aqua blue hammered satin contrast. Style No. 946 is designed for sizes 14, 16, 18 years, 36, 38 and 40-inches bust. Size 16 requires 3