

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

The HOUSEWIFE and HER ACTIVITIES

HAPPINESS The road to daily happiness is not difficult to find; it's what you do for others That brings content of mind.

No Spreading of Germs One wise mother with several children has an old-fashioned china salt box which she keeps for emergencies. When any member of the family has a cold this person's glass is kept in the salt box to prevent any other person using it until he is well. Then the glass and box are sterilized and put away until needed again.

Tips and Pointers Use a piece of candle instead of a cork in the glue bottle and you will find the glue will not dry out. When the cleaner can seem empty, open the top with a can opener and you will have enough for a day's use.

Baking Cake The next time a dark cake is to be baked, try using coffee instead of milk. The coffee may be either hot or cold. It imparts a different and delicious flavor to the cake.

Darning Stockings Keep the next electric light bulb instead of discarding it, and use it to slip into the stocking or sock when darning.

Rust If the coil springs of the bed rust the sheets, give the springs a coat of light-colored paint. This will protect them from rusting.

HATS TO SUIT OCCASION AND PERSONALITY

London—Brains will get a woman anywhere, say the historians—so will hats.

This season's are brim-full of personality. "Manchukoa," for example, is exactly right when smartness, poise and originality must be stressed.

When it "drinks for two" wear a hat with a brim-trimmed with the John's gycerine-culded feathers.

For demure days, semi-bonnets of zaku (feather-weight straw) trimmed with finest lace are displayed.

Mexican sombreros of thick cream straw trimmed with heavy bronze ornaments are shown for devil-may-care moods.

And, right to the other extreme, are the "baby" bonnets—little white and blue creations for river parties.

Procks are just as varied, while dressing gowns are blossoming into originality.

Touch of Aladdin in Istanbul

With an official permit, one may step directly into a page of the Arabian Nights at Istanbul, Turkey. All that is required is a visit to the old Imperial palace.

Legend in Poland The little pink flowers which bloom along the wayside in Poland during the spring grow from the nails that fastened Christ to the cross, according to peasant belief.

Ink Is Mismamed

"India ink" used by artists, architects and others for drawing purposes is not made in India, but is manufactured mostly in Japan.

Best of all fly killers. Clean, quick, sure, cheap. Ask your Drugist, Grocer or General Store.

Penthouse Love By ALMA SIOUX SCARBERRY

CHAPTER 29 Charity stumbled down the hall from Yanner's room, and it was there that Billie and Bim Phillips and Batch found her a few minutes later, huddled in a corner, crying as though her heart would break. Billie ran and dropped beside her, to take her in her arms.

THE COOK'S CORNER

- Strawberry Cordial As a change from the raspberry vinegar that has so long reigned supreme in its own domain, we offer today a delicious and refreshing drink to serve in tall, frosty glasses on a hot day. You will find it nice for party punches next winter, too.

SMART CLOTHES FOR THE HOME DRESSMAKER



Look at this dress with its darling type collar and very modish lines—the skirt slim to a jowish point and then breaking into full flared flutes. The frills with picot-edge form a very dainty and easy finish.

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

A Morning Smile

A bachelor who lodges in a quiet square keeps himself fit by donning running shorts in the evening and going for an hour's trot round several quiet streets.

TONIGHT IN THE CITY OF GOD

The long slanting rays of the sunset, faintly shone from the far West—er sky, and they beckoned the shadows of twilight

With bowed head I knelt in the shadow— With reverence and prayer in my heart,

At the gray granite tomb of a soldier UNKNOWN—from his buddies apart

Oh! Sleep, soldier sleep, I was chanting, For your hard warfare days are all o'er,

And your soul's tent is pitched in the Sunshine That's serene on Eternity's shore.

"Ah yes" came a voice from the shadows, That spoke to me softly and mild— "We are tenting tonight in the Heavens, And our spirits all Homeward are fled."

Then a rustle I heard all about me, In my dream I beheld a vast host, Of the spirits of millions of soldiers Marching on to their Far Away Posts.

"We are the dead" they were singing— "Short days ago we all lived" was their cry, "And we loved—and were loved" That echoed that night from the sky.

"Now the poppies are blowing in Flanders, And the lark sings his song in the sky, But the soldier so dear, that he held them In the fields' meath white crosses now lie.

"For the roar of the planes and the cannons, And the light of the rockets bright glare— That belched forth their cruel death and destruction, Won't awaken our buddies out there.

"For our dust to its dust, has returned, And our mortal remains 'neath the sod— But our soul wings across the Far Reaches Tonight—to the City of God."

Then night draped its dark mantle about me, As I listened—entranced by their song— "Please tell me your name" I implored him, But alas! My own brother had gone.

ROSE VALLEY WOMEN'S INSTITUTE

The Rose Valley Women's Institute met for the June meeting at the home of Mrs. J. A. Todd. Meeting opened by repeating creed, followed by minutes of last meeting, and roll call.

There were ten members and four visitors present. An ice-cream social was planned for and was later held on the evening of June 19, and was quite successful. Plans were made for District Convention. Delegates were appointed for the annual convention, Mrs. Herb. Clow and Mrs. Frank Newsome. Committee reports were received and new committee appointed as follows: Mrs. Herb. Clow and Mrs. J. A. Todd for school, Mrs. Mack Newsome and Mrs. J. W. MacKenzie for sick.

Meeting closed by singing National Anthem. Next place of meeting, Mrs. Wm. Macintosh's on Wednesday evening, July 17th. Roll call to be answered by "A variety of apples grown on P. E. I." A "slang" contest was put on by the president, the prizes which were won by Mrs. J. D. Mathieson and Diana Mathieson being so novel as to be a very pleasant surprise.

Of course, such miraculous transformations ever take place in individuals. It is easier for the leopard to change its spots than it is for us to change our nature. After marriage we still run true to form and are clever or dull, high-tempered or amiable, kind or cruel, some account or no-account even as we were before.

And if young people contemplating matrimony would accept this as a fact, it would save a lot of unhappy marriages. DOROTHY DIX.

Can Marriage Make Over People? Deplores Blind Folly of Those in Love

Don't Expect Marriage to Change a Butterfly Into a Serious-Minded Housewife, or a Ne'er-Do-Well Into a Go-Getter, for You're Sure to be Disappointed— Marriage is a Mordant That Sets Character More Deeply

The most touching example of optimism in the world is the belief entertained by so many men and women that those they marry will be different after marriage from what they were before marriage. Thousands upon thousands of people cherish a deathless faith in the potency of the marriage ceremony to cure what ails you.

This explains, as nothing else does, why there are so many unsuitable marriages, why there are so many disgruntled husbands and wives and why there is so much divorce. A man is attracted by a pretty girl. She fires his fancy but she does not come up to his ideal. She has plenty of faults of which he disapproves, ways that get on his nerves. She is clothes-mad, party-mad, extravagant, useless in no way the type of woman he wants as a wife, but he goes blithely on and marries her in the secure confidence that as soon as the marriage ceremony is over she will be converted into a thrifty, industrious housebody.

No girl outside of an institute for feeble-minded females would let herself in for a lifetime of misery as a drunkard's wife or of grinding poverty with a ne'er-do-well or of heart-rending jealousy with a philanthropist. Yet millions of girls have married souls under the belief that marriage was a never-failing remedy for the drink habit. Millions of women are supporting husbands with whom they never would have burdened themselves except that they were under the delusion that marriage was all that was needed to turn a lazy loafer into a go-getter. And millions upon millions of wives have found out how hopeless was their belief that there was some magic in a wedding ring that would keep a husband with a wandering foot from chasing off after other women.

For, alas, it is only too sadly true that marriage works no miracles in men and women. It is only a mordant that sets the colors more indelibly. What they were before marriage, they are after marriage. Only a little more so. Hence the wise thing is to pick out the kind of wife and husband you want in the first place so that you will know what you are getting instead of trusting to luck that they will change into something entirely different when you get them home. Or else to take them "as is" and make up your mind to be satisfied with your bargain.

It is foolish for John and Mary, who are always having lovers' quarrels and breaking off the engagement and making up again, to marry under the delusion that as soon as they are married their bickering will cease and the dove of peace will brood over their heads. Nothing will conflict more and there will be more things to disagree about, and it doesn't take any prophet to foretell that their marriage will almost surely end in the divorce court.

It seems incredible that an intelligent, highly educated man could be foolish enough to select as a wife a brainless little flapper just because she had a peaches-and-cream complexion and golden hair, and expected to turn into a clever, cultivated woman fit to be a companion to him by the mere act of getting married. Yet we see it done every day, and it is the cause of more domestic tragedies than any other one thing.

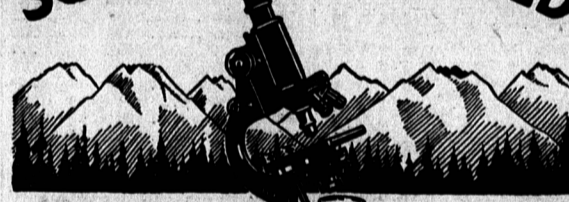
For the "neglected wives," the "wives whose husbands have outgrown them," the "wives who do not understand their husbands," the "wives who are not companions to their husbands" of whom we hear so much and who are the alibis for unfaithful husbands, are just the women on whom the marriage miracle failed to take as their husbands expected it to do. The poor things are just as they were when their husbands picked them out for wives.

And women are equally unreasonable in their belief in the magic powers of marriage to change an individual. A girl will marry a man who has never even supported himself, without a doubt crossing her mind that he will be able to make a comfortable living for her and a family of children. She will marry a man who has never been so stingy even to bring her a box of candy or a bunch of flowers during courtship and expect him to be a liberal and generous provider.

She will marry a man who has been utterly selfish to her, who has never considered her pleasures nor desires, and be sure that as soon as they are married he will turn into a tender and gallant husband. She will even marry a man who is cold, clammy, unemotional and expect marriage to convert him into a great lover.

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SCIENCE DISCOVERED THE NATURAL CLEANING MATERIAL SEISMOTITE

When our scientists discovered Seismotite (pronounced Sis-mo-tite), a natural cleaning and polishing material of volcanic origin, it revolutionized the cleanser industry because it enabled them to introduce Old Dutch to the housewives of the world! No other cleanser can do so much at so little cost, nor so well at any price.

There's nothing else like Old Dutch for cleaning and polishing porcelain, enamel, tile—for painted walls, woodwork, kitchen utensils, glassware—for any surface where water may be used. The flaky, fat-shaped particles cover more surface and contact it completely—they are entirely free from any harsh, destructive, gritty material.

That's why Old Dutch Doesn't Scratch

MADE IN CANADA

BERMONDSEY, England, July 11—John Thomas Smith, a dock worker, was poisoned by eating an imported duck's egg which was contaminated by bacillus, according to the jury's finding at the inquest.

MADRAS, India, July 11—Once a prosperous village with 350 houses and many fine buildings Denduluru, near Ellore has been destroyed by fire. Three persons perished and 3,000 were rendered homeless.