

Woman's Realm Social and Personal Fashions & Literature



THE HOUSEWIFE -AND- HER ACTIVITIES

A BRIEF PRAYER

May we never be hastily in judgment and always generous. Teach us to put into action our better impulses, straight forward and unafraid. Let us take time for all things: make us grow calm, serene, gentle. Grant that we may realize that it is the little things that create differences; that in the big things of life we are one. And may we strive to touch and know the great human heart common to us all, and O Lord God let us not forget to be kind.

One simple method of removing alcohol stains from furniture is to saturate the discoloration with pure olive oil, rub in a little fine salt very gently, and allow to set over night. In the morning, wipe off with a clean soft cloth and, if necessary, polish with wax or your favorite furniture polish.

It is said that a solution of "Inegar and chlorax will remove brown stains from white sinks and drains.

All meats for broiling are better if cut thick. Steaks should be cut at least one inch thick for then the outside may be nicely browned while the center is rare, if desired.

The foods served with steak vary with individual preferences and with the time of year. Fried onions and French fried potatoes have become almost the standard ones.

PLAY SAFE
Take out the hems of the dresses that are to be lengthened before sending them to the cleaner. Then no streak will be left at the bottom after cleaning, and the hem may be turned up at any place desired.

BETTER ALL AROUND
Instead of making belts to match each dress, use a black leather belt with all of them. It will save you material, time and bother in making and the trouble of washing and ironing, and if you send your wash out to be laundered you know what a simple matter it is for a belt to be lost.

Dip the knife in boiling water before cutting through hard soap.

Always brush a hat, dress or coat the direction in which the nap runs.

Add a little starch to the kitchen curtains and they will keep clean longer.

A garden basket equipped with garden tools is an interesting bridge prize for the summer party.

Never turn the freshly-washed milk bottle upside down. It will keep sweet only if the air is allowed to circulate in it after washing.

USEFUL NEGLIGEE
A loose, belted smock of daintily flowered cotton or polka dot silk worn over last year's garden or beach slacks makes a practical negligee ensemble. Patch pockets sewn on a diagonal angle add interest.

TALE OF A CAT
Workmen engaged on rebuilding operations at the Turf Inn, School Street, St. George's, Wellington, had a surprise on Wednesday afternoon when from between the ceiling of the ground floor and the floor boards of a bedroom above, the dead body of a cat fell down to the floor.

It was in a wonderful state of preservation and even its whiskers could be seen. Its tail was fully extended and even its teeth were discernible.

Mr. S. Bloor (the local diviner) estimates its age at over 100 years, a point which is borne out by the fact that over 100 years have elapsed since the house was first erected.

It is supposed that during the erection of the house, while the floor boards were being fixed, the animal had got between the floor and ceiling and became fastened in.

The animal gave one the impression of a flat cardboard cutting and the body was larger than is usually seen.

OUTDOOR AIRING
When hanging clothes outdoors for an airing, use two coat hangers instead of one, reversing them so the hooks form a circle. This will prevent the garment from blowing off the line as so often happens.

SUMMER FURS
If you are one of the vast army who wear furs in the summertime, don't forget they soil very quickly in warm weather and the neckband should be cleaned with a piece of flannel moistened with a cleansing fluid every so often.

SLEEPERS IN SUMMER
Just because the weather is so warm, do not be tempted to run around at night without your bedroom slippers. You can have the same sort of a contact with a dropped pin or needle as you can in winter and besides your feet are not just the cleanest things to put back between the linen sheets.

LEAKY FOUNTAIN PENS
No matter how certain you feel

How Can I ? ? ? (By ANNE ASHLEY)

Q. How can I keep the ironing board clean?

A. The efficient housewife will be repaid many times by making a bag for the ironing board out of some dark material. Keep the board in this bag when not in use, and it will stay clean and free from dust.

Q. How can I improve the flavor of towl, and help make it tender?

A. Add a pinch of baking powder to the washing water. An old towel should be soaked in vinegar for a few hours before cooking.

Q. How can I remove perspiration stains from a garment?

A. Try sponging the spot with white vinegar, and wiping dry with a soft clean cloth.

that your fountain pen will not leak, don't take a chance on carrying it in the pocket of that white summer suit. The pen may be all right but you might put it away carelessly and have an accident just the same. It is safer to confine fountain pens to more practical suits.

BEAUTY STAYS LATE WHEN FAULTS ARE BANISHED EARLY

The woman who is determined to stay as attractive as possible through the years tries to correct each beauty fault as it appears. At first instances she gets out the bathroom scales every single day and thus doesn't gain a good deal of weight without knowing it. As soon as she discovers that she has gained one pound, she takes immediate steps to lose it. She knows that it's a simple matter to lose one, but that it takes more will power than the majority have to lose several.

Even though her hair is in perfect condition, she brushes it every night. And she treats it to a hot oil shampoo about once a month. As a result, she never even has to look carefully to see if there are flecks of dandruff or dry cuticle on her scalp or if her hair is getting too dry or too oily.

Furthermore, she keeps informed on current hair styles, tries a new coiffure occasionally—without carefully reversing them so the hooks form a circle. This will prevent the garment from blowing off the line as so often happens.

When she notices that the hem in a coat or dress is about to fall down or that its little white collar looks slightly shabby, she repairs or has it repaired immediately. She found out long ago that it is far easier to keep a wardrobe in excellent order than it is to put one back in order after weeks and weeks of neglect.

If she notices that a few pores in her nose seem enlarged, she immediately gets a jar of mask, uses it once a week, and begins to clean up the enlarged pores and to apply some kind of mild astringent regularly. She would not dream of waiting until practically every pore is definitely larger.

She's meticulous about less serious faults, too. The minute the hair on one nail chips or gets discolored, she remedies it and applies a fresh coat. She doesn't try to make her wave "do" one more day, either. And if the directions for an outfit don't say that the preparation is to be used every night, she uses it every night. Consequently, she never suddenly discovers a network of new, fine lines or a bad case of excessive dryness.

PERSONAL CARE VITAL TO GIRL

If you want your daughter to grow up to be an attractive woman.

Don't let her go to bed one single night until her face has been carefully washed, rinsed and dried. See that the salesman who helps you select her shoes actually measures her foot before suggesting a size or a style. Never, never let her wear shoes one fraction of a size too short or too narrow. She ought to be kept in fairly low heels as long as possible.

Allow her to go along on shopping trips for clothes, she is going to have to wear. Don't simply refuse to let her select a certain colour. Explain patiently why she ought not to wear that shade. Train her to know good fabric from shoddy, the importance of getting a few good dresses rather than several so-so ones. In other words, install the principle of good taste in her little mind while she is young and impressionable.

See that she brushes her teeth after each and every meal.

Equip her dresser with a good hairbrush with flexible bristles (she should use it every night), several orange sticks. She ought not to clean her nails with sharp instruments either.

Encourage her to push cuticle back with a towel each time she dries her hands. If she bites her nails, manicure them yourself twice a week, filing away rough edges, softening cuticle with cream and so on. Eliminate ragged bits of cuticle and keep her nails smooth and she's less likely to be tempted to bite them.

RULES FOR PERFECT DINING ROOM TABLE

The perfect dining room table is one which fulfils the following conditions:—

(1) A surface which can be easily cleaned and does not show the marks of hot plates.

(2) The table should be plenty of room for knees, and the legs should be right at the corners and not somewhere near the centre of the table so that you knock yourself every time you sit down to a meal.

(3) The table should be the correct size for the room. There must be plenty of room for hanging vegetables round each of the four sides.

CALIFORNIA INTRODUCES SUSPENSERS WITH BELTS
A group of belts and suspenders has been designed by Ames Barrett, Los Angeles. Included are turquoise-studded copper plaques combined with leather thongs in a series of different models. Some

Dorothy Dix's Letter Box

Mothers Can be the Most Deadly Rivals of Young Wives, so a Girl Should Make Sure Her Husband-to-be Does Not Have too Much Mother Complex

Dear Miss Dix—About a year ago I married a young man with whom I was very much in love and who I thought loved me, and we went to live in the home that he had provided for many years for his mother. Being a business girl, and his mother still desiring to be mistress of her son's home, I kept my position in order that she could be in the home alone during the day. This I thought would keep her from feeling that I had taken her place. Soon after we were married my husband began to tell me he would rather stay at home with his mother than go places with me, and whenever we went out he would first ask his mother's permission. If she consented, we went. If she objected, we stayed at home. At night he sits up a couple of hours after I go to bed to entertain his mother. He consults her about everything, and openly says he loves her better than any one else. I left a good home where I was happy to do my best to increase the love and intimacy he is doing in his new home. It seems that I have failed completely, and I am so miserably unhappy that I do not know what to do. Is there any remedy for the situation? Will my husband ever change? Could he treat me like this if he really loved me? LILLIAN.

Answer:— Evidently your husband has a fatal case of mother complex, and this is no cure for that. As long as he lives, you will always be to his mother's apron strings, and you will never be able to cut them. He will always think that Mother knows best, that his first duty is to Mother, that Mother is closer to him than any other human being, and you will always play second fiddle to her.

It is only too true that a mother can be a more deadly rival to a wife, more completely destroy her happiness, and more utterly break up a home than any other person. No matter how beautiful and seductive she may be. Indeed, a wife is far more powerless to fight against her mother-in-law than she is against the Other Woman, because a man can never be brought off seeing what a cruel wrong and injustice he is doing in preferring his mother to his wife. He hurts her just as much when he neglects her for his mother, as if he were neglecting her for some flapper.

Worse still, his wife cannot appeal to his conscience as she could if he were having an affair with a girl because he counts it unto himself for righteousness that he is so devoted to his dear old mother. He considers that it is nothing but selfishness and jealousy that keeps his wife from thinking that she has any right to his time, his attention and money, and refuses to sacrifice herself on Mother's altar.

The old saying that a good son makes a good husband is only true when the son and mother stand in a normal relationship to each other, and when they have for each other only a wholesome affection that does not preclude love for others. No other man in the world is so undesirable as a husband as Mother's petted darling whom Mother has spoiled and who is selfish and who goes to his dying day will cling to Mother's hand as he did in his babyhood.

Such being the case, and your husband's infatuation for his mother being something that you will never be able to overcome, my advice to you is to have a showdown with him on the subject before there are any children to complicate matters. Tell him frankly that he has to decide whether he wants to be married to his mother or you, and that he has to choose absolutely and when he prefers Mother, you will be wise to accept his decision and leave him to his mother's worship. You are still young enough to make your life over.

Dear Miss Dix—I am a boy 20, living on a farm. I love animals and to see things grow, and my ambition is to own a farm of my own some day. I don't have much spending money, and the girls think me queer, because I don't give them good times, and take them about much. But they like me, and I like them, and I want to save my money. Now my problem is this: If I save my money now, will I cur myself the remainder of my life for not having had a good time when I was young, and there were lots of pretty girls even if I never got out of debt later on. WILBERT.

Answer:— I think there is a lot more chance of your cursing yourself later on, Wilbert, if you spend your money on girls and good times, now, than there will be if you save it to get a start in life. Nobody ever regrets having money in the bank and being prosperous. And you needn't worry about the pretty girl supply giving out. That's one crop that never fails.

Every poor boy has to make a choice between present pleasure and future goods. If he spends all that he makes as he goes along on girls and parties and payments on a car, he will never get anywhere, because he will get that car and the money on it, and go into business for himself or get a share in some paying enterprise. He can't even look for a better job because he can't risk being idle with no money to back him. The door of opportunity only opens to a golden key. Thrift is the basis of every success, and unless you save when you are young you will be poor when you are old. Whether you are a down-and-outter and living on a dime from the Government, or sponging on your children in your old age, or whether you are one of our prominent citizens and living on Easy Street, you should depend on whether you started out to put a few dimes of your first salary into the savings bank every week, or blew in every bit of it on whoopee parties.

You may say that if you have to deny yourself at one end of our life or the other, you'll do it at the latter end. But this is a mistake. Youth is so full of the joy of living, it is such a bunch of thrills in itself, everything is such fun and excitement that it doesn't need to buy its pleasures. But as we grow older, and the excitement of youth is given only to the successful to make it endurable. No people are so unhappy and so much to be pitied as those who have never saved anything for a rainy day, and who are poor and dependant in their old age.

Dear Miss Dix—I have a boy friend who never makes a date, but just drops in. Sometimes I stay at home and wait in vain for him to come, sometimes I am out when he comes (and it doesn't seem fair to me not to know when to expect him). My place to ask him when he is coming, or his to ask me when he can come? E. L.

Answer:— It's his place to ask you when he can come. But don't waste your time waiting at home waiting for him. He has no matrimonial intentions. DOROTHY DIX.

Modern Etiquette (By ROBERTA LEE)

Suspenders with wide belts that lace through eyelets or shoe hooks are made of genuine Mexican serapis. The colorful, light, hand-woven woolsen throws are cut to make the suspenders and shoe hooks are designed to be worn over simple dresses in monotonies of almost any color, since so many different tones are worked in the serapis.

Other suspenders made in monotone stude with wide, corset belts that lace in front and also at the waistline in the back, making the suspenders adjustable to a certain extent. These are shown in a wide range of colors for use similar to the serapis.

Felt suspenders and attached belts are embroidered in yarn, bright colored wooden flowers and novelty figures, such as one called "Ferdinand," with little "hills" heads. All of these are handmade and include many different designs. There are also novel patent leather belts in original designs and numerous colors.

NO MORE NICKLES

On October 28 Italy will have a new coinage. Nickel will be replaced by a stainless steel alloy to be called "aemontal," which means "Italian monetary steel."

This is part of the plan to cut down imports and reduce the adverse trade balance which last year reached \$240,000,000.

The new coins will bear the effigy of King Victor Emmanuel III, and on the reverse, the Lictor's Rod, the Roman Eagle and the symbol of maritime Italy.

OPPOSE HOLIDAY SHOWS

LONDON — Annual conference of the National Association of Theatrical and Kine Employees passed a resolution to press for national agreement to close cinemas on Christmas and Good Friday in future.

Use Minard's for burns.

THE COOK'S CORNER

NUT CRISPS

4 tablespoons butter
3-4 cups sugar
2 eggs
2 cups cornflakes
1 cup rolled oats
1-2 cup chopped nuts
1-2 cup shredded coconut
Method: Cream the butter and the sugar, then add the well beaten egg yolks. Add the cornflakes, oatmeal, chopped nuts and coconut. Mix lightly.

Grease a cookie sheet and flour it lightly. Drop the cookie mixture by small spoonfuls onto this, leaving room for them to spread a little. Bake in a slow, 325 deg. F. oven for about 25 minutes until they are a delicate brown.

Remove the pan from the oven and set it on a towel which has been dipped in cold water. This loosens the cookies so that you can easily lift them up with a round knife or a pancake turner.

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PEANUT BRAN COOKIES

1-2 cup butter
1-2 cup peanut butter
1-2 cup brown sugar
1-2 cups white sugar
2 cups flour
3-4 teaspoons baking powder
1-2 cups prepared bran
2 eggs
milk

Method: Cream the butter and the peanut butter, then add the white and brown sugar and cream again. Add the well beaten eggs and beat hard. Sift the flour with the baking powder and add this, then add the bran with enough milk to make a stiff dough. It takes about 1-4 cup milk.

Mix well and form into rolls about 1-2 inches in diameter. Roll these in wax paper and chill in the refrigerator overnight. Cut with a sharp knife into thin slices and bake on a lightly greased cookie sheet in a hot, 400 deg. F. oven until a golden brown—about 10 minutes.

A Morning Smile

POOR PA!
"What does 'C.O.D.' mean on the box of your new hat, Elsie?"
"Charge on Dad," I hope."

MORE EFFECTIVE
The chief salesman of a certain New York firm had a very loud voice. One morning the manager heard a terrible noise coming from the salesman's office.

"Who is that shouting?" asked the manager.
"That's Mr. Hill talking to Chicago," replied his secretary.
"Well, tell him to use the telephone."

Home Service

Surprise Your Friends With Clever Fortunes



Easy to Read Horoscopes
Carolyn knows one sure-fire way to interest a new man! She promptly reads his horoscope. And how he loves it!

Just how she's saying to Bob: "Since your birthday is July 28, your sign is represented by the lion. You are strong-willed, hopeful, joyous. Your lucky number is one. Sardonyx and crystal are your jewels."

Try Carolyn's technique on your boy friend. If his birthday is March 28 he'll love to know that he has fine business ability. His jewels are diamond and bloodstone.

On the day when the engagement is formally announced.

Household Scrapbook (By ROBERTA LEE)

Ironing Board Cover
Many people have trouble in making the covering of their ironing boards smooth. This can be eliminated by fastening the cover on when it is wet or very damp. The cover will dry slowly and be as smooth as when it is put on.

Apple Cider
Apple cider may be kept from becoming acid by adding one-tenth of one per cent of benzoate of soda. If the cider is to be sold, the benzoate of soda content must be stated upon the label of the container.

Lifter Putty
Lifter putty may be satisfactorily kept wrapped in waxed paper and stored in a covered fruit jar.

Name _____
Street Address _____
City _____ Province _____

Name _____
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Name _____
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Name _____
Street Address _____
City _____ Province _____

MISS NAPOLEON

By VIOLET METHLEY (Continued)

It was a gala day at the Gymkhana Club. The ground was crowded; the long side adjoining the pavilion had the appearance of a herbaceous border in full bloom, so gay-colored were the dresses of the women, their silks, organdies, and muslins.

Struan's primrose-patterned chiffon under a pale yellow silk coat was new for the occasion, yet somehow leaning back listlessly in her carved chair, she looked quiescently colourless.

Leonie Valence, standing beside her, erect against one of the pillars of the pavilion, made the yellow gown seem almost dowdy beside her dress of delphinium blue, with a long chiffon scarf to match draped round her huge black hat, framing the clear pale of her face.

Her look, intent and interested, was fixed upon Struan's pony, from which he had just dismounted in the clear path of her face. "Struan answered, "And so he does!" Struan answered.

"Duke" is an old polo pony—he's played for years and knows the game. And loves it! "The darling!" Leonie said softly, and Chrissie laughed.

"I believe you like horses better than men, Leonie," she said. "Believe me, go on a whole. They're so thorough. Duke, now, hasn't a single thought in the world except for the game he's watching. He doesn't fritter away his time, trying to do several things at once."

"Duke" and his master would both like to be playing. "Struan looked at her, getting obsessed for want of exercise."

"There doesn't seem much fear of that at present," Chrissie glanced up at the tall, well-built figure beside her. "You're still quite passable."

"Ah, but flying tends to fat. I'm afraid," Leonie said. "Struan broke off, staring away over the polo ground to where a faintly blue, serrated line of hills rised on the horizon to the north."

Then he shrugged his shoulders and laughed. "Oh, well, pioneer work of any kind is a good fun, I suppose. Hullo—who's the new arrival? No, I needn't ask. There's only one such car-owner in the neighbourhood—Miss Highness, the Maharajah's friend, G.C.S.I., and all the rest of it."

"I've not seen him yet," Leonie spoke carelessly. "Oh, haven't you, Leonie?" Chrissie looked up. "No, of course, you didn't come with Ranny and me to pay our duty call, and he's been away from Khatoligar ever since. Well, we'll introduce you now; he's nearly as respectful as his car. It's rather like a modern version of Gaudet's, there's the Maharajah himself getting out—oh, and Mr. Hill. I wonder if he's leaving Khatoligar for the present, if he's coming back to us. I do hope so, don't you, Leonie?"

But Leonie Valence, with lips pressed close and gravely appraising eyes, was gazing at the tall figure which had preceded Wilson Hall from the car.

A handsome man with his pale olive skin, long-lashed black eyes, and a well-trimmed moustache, curled away from the full, beautifully-cut lips. He wore a white silk suit of perfect tailoring, and gleaming patent leather shoes. But his head was covered with an exquisitely-folded pugger of blue silk threaded with silver, clasped at the side with a single enormous emerald, whilst another, equally large, held the folds of his white silk hunting stock.

He stood like one who rests his hand on the hilt of a sword, head raised, eyes roving until they meet those of some valence.

"Ah, Capt. Struan—and Mrs. Struan! This is very pleasant," Mrs. Maharajah's voice had only the faintest intonation to differentiate it from that of a European. Struan returned the greeting stiffly. It was Chrissie who made the introduction.

"This is my friend, Miss Valence. Your Highness."

"Ah, I am delighted! Mr. Hill has spoken of you, Miss Valence, as a comrade. And now I wonder less than ever that he decided to return to Pathapore."

"I simply haven't my austere Republicanism undermined any further," Wilson Hall joined their laughing. "Can you imagine it? Mrs. Struan, they gave me a golden bowl studded with turquoise, when I wanted a pot for turpentine to clear my brushes."

"Well, we shall be delighted to have you in the car, Mr. Ranny," Chrissie said, smiling.

"Of course," Struan's tones were brusque. "But you're leaving all the polo, this is my last match; the best match this season."

"Doesn't my little friend in the car want to see the game, you might as well ask the game, you Maharajah nodded."

LEONIE LOSES NO TIME
"Krishna!" he called, and at once, as though the signal had been awaited, a small figure scrambled over the fence, and came toward them shyly. It was a boy, six or seven years old, whose olive skin, brilliant dark eyes, and clearly-cut features were amazingly like those of the Maharajah. This resemblance was rather comically heightened by the fact that the child was dressed as an exact miniature of his father, from the silver-threaded blue pugger, with its emerald clasp to the diminutive shining patent shoes.

"Does he speak English?" Leonie asked, and her tones held the unmistakable interest of a real child lover.

"Not yet. I want him to learn both English and French, before he goes to Europe for his education and I am trying to find a suitable tutor."

"Would you consider a governess, instead, Your Highness? Because if so, we might be able to come to some arrangement," Leonie spoke so bluntly, so unconcerned, that Chrissie glanced at her as though uncertain whether she was joking. But she went on in the same even voice.

"I am half French by birth and a teacher by profession, as my friends here will tell you. Also, I am extremely fond of children. I'm sure I should get on with the Prince."

She smiled down at the little boy as she spoke and he responded instantly, slipping his hand confidently into hers.

"You see, we are friends already, your Highness," Leonie raised her head, met the Maharajah's dark eyes, and spoke after a perceptible pause.

"I see—yes. Would you really be willing to become Krishna's governess?"

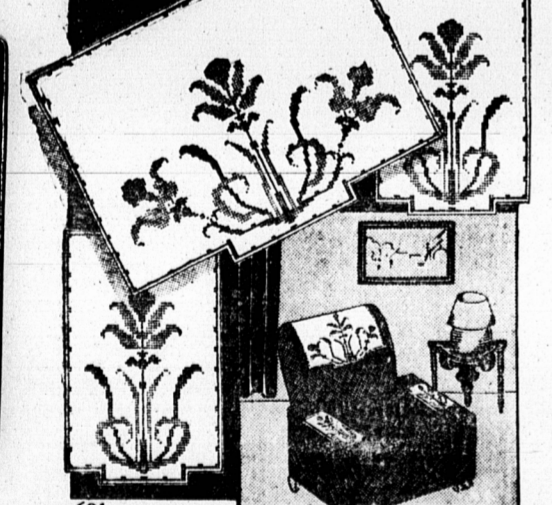
"I think so. I came to India for a certain purpose, not only for a pleasure trip: I can't afford to waste time."

"Surely you can carry out that purpose, whatever it is, just as well by staying with us," Struan's voice was low and harsh. Having spoken, he set his lips, stood staring straight in front of him.

(To be Continued)

To-Day's Popular Design

By Carol Aimes



NOTE: Miss Aimes receives at least 200 votes for each design before it is accepted for this column. Send us your votes. We print all the popular designs.

CONVENTIONAL DESIGN CHAIR SEAT
DESIGN NO. 601

Dear Readers: "Cross stitch worked into a conventional design" is what you have asked us to prepare for you for living room, den and sun-porch chair seats. This one would be lovely worked on heavy peasant linen in a variety of deep, rich tones to harmonize with your rooms. Very simple to do and quickly worked.

The pattern includes transfers of the designs, material requirements, color schemes for both light and dark treatments, finishing directions, color keys and guides.

Send 15 cents, coins preferred.

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To The Charlottetown Guardian Needlework Dept.
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