

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

The HOUSEWIFE and HER ACTIVITIES

SOMEbody did a golden deed; Somebody proved a friend in need; Somebody sang a beautiful song; Somebody smiled the whole day long; Somebody thought: 'Tis sweet to live; Somebody said: 'I'm glad to give'; Somebody fought a valiant fight; Somebody lived to shield the right; Was that "Somebody" you?

DUCHESS CHOOSES BLACK AND GREEN

The Duchess of York revealed her taste in bathrooms when she visited the Dundee-Angus exhibition at Marble Arch.

"Black and green has always been my ideal color scheme for a bathroom," she remarked. "I can never imagine anyone getting tired of those two colors," she added.

MUFFS ARE BANNED FOR ROYAL COURTS

In view of the discussions that have been going on concerning the carrying of muffs by ladies attending "Their Majesties' courts, the Lord Chamberlain has now officially drawn attention to the regulations which lay it down that only fans or bouquets may be carried on these occasions.

This rather bears out the forecast last week, but the ruling seems rather unkind for the West End dressmaker, who has been so busy with new muffs designs.

Spring is Coming

Salt and water make a good cleaner for wicker furniture, but perhaps a solution of warm water and a little turpentine is even better. It will clean out those crevices like magic.

Straight Little Legs

Unless the child has very strong legs do not encourage early walking. If the legs are .7 all week it is apt to result in rickets or bowed legs. He will have plenty of time for walking later on so do not hasten the process.

A Trick Pocket

The young son will be pleased if Mother would run a row of stitching about one-half inch from the left side of the blouse pocket from the top to the bottom of the flap. It will form a narrow pocket for a pencil that will hold it fast and prevent its slipping from the looser pocket.

NEW SILHOUETTE AT BEST IN LACE

Fashion news is headlining skirts as of the greatest importance in the picture for 1935. He new silhouette—and there is a new one—seems to be based on this change in skirt cutting.

For a number of seasons the only real news in the 1-wer half of the silhouette has been one of length. But cutting is now the important thing. In the present and coming style picture, as launched at the Paris openings, the memory of other days, which was the dominating note, seems to have been largely achieved by the revival of interest in width.

Molynaux launched two new silhouettes, and both of them featured gored. These varied from the narrow form, sometimes called snake hips, to the ten-yard bottoms, with either pleats or shirtings to hold the fullness to the hips.

Naturally, the full skirt silhouette means sheer materials, for the woman of 1935 has no desire to look like a wrapped mummy. And for sheer fabrics, laces seem to be sweeping the fashion picture. That's because the lace designers have been doing such marvellous new things in creating patterns that are so like fabrics. These are the ones that are being used for the new tailored dresses and suits.

Gores remains as prominent in tailored skirts for suits as in the formal field. Marcel Rochas has launched, in the most successful collection of his career, the four, six and eight-gored skirt of moderate length. And though his collection was the first the others which followed day after day, developed the same theme. The jackets for these suits are generally simple and close-fitting.

A ROMANIAN HOME

On the threshold stood the householder and his pretty wife, whose white teeth flashed from a winsome bronzed face. The happy husband had inherited the house from his father, who was born in it. He and his bride were thus saved the trouble of constructing a home. They had to bend their heads, to save bumping, while they stepped over the stone threshold and entered the main room, the floor of which was of beaten mud, as smooth and clean as scrubbed boards.

Along the wainscot ran a wide wooden shelf, gaudily painted. On this were pegs from which hung gaily painted jugs and platters. Other wall decorations were pictures of saints painted on glass and strips of woolen carpets of many colors inwoven with gold thread.

The candelabra, burning the holy oil, memorialized the permanence of home life; it is never extinguished. One side of the room was taken up by a handsome bed, on which lay huge square pillows, very beautifully ornamented with a cross-stitch embroidery; they were piled up as high as the ceiling. On the top-most layer were brightly embroidered counterpanes. On the other side of the room stood a wooden chest, of which the sides were decorated with a naively executed flower pattern. On the top of it were piled up carpets, embroideries, and more pillows. A couple of stools and a small table were the only other pieces of furniture.

From the rafters by cords, ornamented with ribbons, hung a rack with wooden soup-plates and carved spoons, and a funny oval box in which a baby might sleep, although the accommodation of the utensils appeared to be the primary purpose of the domestic trapeze. The infant's cradle suggested by its altitude the apocryphal baby who slept on the tree-top. There was no chimney in the apartment, the smoke escaping through a hole in the roof. Another room was almost entirely taken up by the handloom, the Rasboll, at which the woman and children do all the weaving thus solving the problem of raiment.

TABLOID

Those corduroy knickers can be washed in warm suds. Lift out the knickers from the water and hang up without wringing; then brush with a stiff brush.

DIAMOND DYES

ARE your curtains gray and faded from dust and smoke, dull from light? Don't be discouraged. You can make them crisp and new looking, with new color! Thousands of women are prolonging the wearing service of their curtains and other decorations and giving new beauty to their homes, with Diamond Dyes! Because Diamond Dyes actually do contain a greater amount of the finest aniline colorants, they give lovelier colors and surer results. Use Diamond Dyes for permanent dark colors by boiling and Diamond Tints for light shades without boiling. All drug stores, 15c.

WEAK WOMEN

ARE you tired, nervous, run-down? No pep? No ambition? Take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It quiets quivering nerves—improves the appetite—makes life seem worth living again.



A Morning Smile

The Slide Trombone

The one-riding circus was in town, and the band was playing. The country folks recognize all of the instruments except the slide trombone.

An old settler watched the player for a time, and then turning to his son he said, "Don't let on that you notice him. There's a trick in it; he is not really swallower!"

As an old lady was walking along a street she was amazed to see a young man rush out of a house, charge to the edge of the pavement, jump up into the air and fall with a crash in the gutter.

"Are you badly hurt?" she asked, helping the young man up. "No, nothing serious; only bruises," was the answer.

"What on earth were you doing?" "Well, you see," replied the young man, "my girl's just promised to marry me and I was so happy that I clean forgot I hadn't come on my bicycle."

C. N. E. EARNINGS

MONTREAL, Apr. 2.—Gross earnings of the Canadian National Railways system for the 10-day period ending March 31, were \$4,452,342 as compared with \$4,876,096 for the

ELECTED PRESIDENT OF LE SOLEIL

(C. P. By Guardian's Special Wire) QUEBEC, April 2.—Henri Gagnon was elected president of Le Soleil Publishing Co. at the annual meeting here. Mr. Gagnon had been vice-president of the company for several years past.

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DIAMOND DYES

Made in Canada better because richer in pure anilines

"The Trail of The Lonesome Pine"

By JOHN FOX, Jr.

XII

With Budd, Hale returned to his office and made out deeds to the Tolliver land which were transferred to June, but specified that the girl must not know of it until "her father dies, or I die, or she marries." At the same moment Dave, back in the cabin, revealed to Judd and the others that Hale himself now owned the land.

THE COOK'S CORNER

Dorothy Dix's Letter Box

Modern Parents Who Let Children Grow up Without Restraint do Them Irreparable Injury, Says Dorothy Dix—Man Who Became Expert at Cooking Wife's Breakfast Tells Secret of Being Master

Dear Miss Dix—What can a grandmother do who sees two fine and lovable grandchildren being utterly ruined in their rearing? These children are never made to obey or to treat their parents or any one else with even common politeness. No restraints whatever are laid upon them. Are the young parents of today too lazy to put themselves out a little to rear their children properly? I thank Heaven daily that I don't have to live in the house with these children, much as I love them. A PERPLEXED GRANDMOTHER.

Answer: (There is nothing that you can do in the matter, because if parents have not enough sense of responsibility to rear their children properly, no one can substitute for them or undo the harm that they have done. No one can interfere until the hard hand of the law gives the children the discipline and teaches them the obedience that their fathers and mothers should have inculcated in them in the cradle.)

There are three reasons why people spoil children. One is when they are so foolishly fond of their offspring that they cannot see any fault in them, and don't want to exert anything they wish to do, or deny them anything they want, no matter even if they know that it will be to the children's injury.

Another reason is that they are lazy and don't want to take the trouble to make a child behave. It is easier to let little Johnny eat with his knife and smear food all over his face than it is to teach him table etiquette. It is easier to let little Mary grunt when she is spoken to than it is to drill good manners into her.

Another reason is that they haven't the courage to stand up and fight self-willed youngsters who are determined to have their own way. It takes a battle royal to make Sam submit to authority and Sally give up anything she has set her heart on, so parents let Sam and Sally defy them and do as they please because they lack the nerve to struggle with them.

But whatever the reason, the parents who wreck their lives in the beginning. It seems a cruel thing to say, but it is nothing less than the solemn, awful truth that almost every man and woman who is a failure in the world, almost every criminal, almost every unhappy man and woman is the result of some mother's spoiling.

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For who are the failures but the men and women who have never been disciplined, the men and women who were never taught to do anything they didn't want to do, or to stick to anything longer than it amused them the men and women who threw up their hands and quit whenever the slogging got hard?

Who are those whose marriages are failures? Are they not the spoiled men and women who were brought up to be selfish and to take the best of everything without considering any one else? Are they not the men and women who rush to the divorce court as soon as they are displeased and who take life on the chin and come up smiling after every knockout?

Who are the drunkards except the men and women who have never been taught to control their appetites, who were permitted as children to gorge themselves on cake and candy until it made them sick? Who are the murderers but the men and women who were never taught any self-control until in some moment of passion they passed their lives as a fellow creature to the thieves but those who have never been taught to deny themselves anything they want?

The patterns of our lives are set before we are 3 years old. Our parents determine by the way they rear us just what sort of men and women we are going to make. And it is a cruel and a terrible thing they do to us when they doom us to go through life handicapped by faults that they should have corrected in our infancy.

Dear Miss Dix—On the subject of my wife was a light sleeper and needed her rest in the mornings, I set myself to learn how to prepare a delightful breakfast for her. On boasting of this to some women friends they dared me to prove it. I invited a party of six ladies, treating them to baked apple, omelette souffle and the rest, all my own handiwork, which they declared to be the best breakfast they had tasted during the season.

My wife still does her part, preparing the best dinner as she knows in these parts. Her pies are not like the ones my mother used to make. They are a great deal better. With the right tact and tactics a man can still be master in his own house, but here's the secret—never let the wife know it.

EXPERIENCED.

The man who writes this interesting letter is a professor in one of our leading colleges. He doesn't have to go to work early, and hence does not fall in the category of those husbands who get a raw deal from their wives who make their own breakfasts. On the contrary, I commend him for the tender and considerate and gallant attitude he takes toward his wife in pampering her by bringing her breakfast in bed, thus indulging her in what all women consider the acme of luxury. And were he to open a waiting list for another spouse the whole unmarried feminine population would rush to put their names down.

It is, of course, no surprise to learn that he has developed into a first-class cook. He is a man of the highest culinary talents that surprise even themselves when they go off on camping expeditions. Not only that, but they enjoy it, and this makes it a little surprising that so few men can enter their own kitchens.

In the New Deal, which gives men so much leisure but does not add a minute to a woman's, it will be only fair if husbands take over part of the cooking. There seems no reason why wife should stand over the kitchen stove on her husband's days, and we can look forward to a kitchen where the domestic happiness when father pinch-hits for mother in the household, when father's cakes and father's roasts are the pride of the family, and when Mother will have time to rest and enjoy herself because father is lending a hand with the work.

Dear Dorothy Dix—My husband is always having an affair with some woman and then thinks I should be tickled pink when he comes back to me. Because of our son I always take him back and go on with a smile. But how I hate him! This has gone on for fifteen years. Our boy will know some time. Am I wrong in postponing the blow? Always I pretend to be supremely happy, but every day the lump in my throat gets larger.

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The gray horse stopped to browse and he heard a low whistle calling to the animal.

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At the cry she gave, Hale flashed a hunted look and started past, as she dropped from the horse.

"Where is he?" Hale demanded. "Are you with him?" For a moment she thought from his wild face that he had gone crazy, then she seemed to understand and sank weeping at the foot of the Pine.

"Don't cry," Hale said gently, and waited helplessly.

"Dave was killed out west," the girl sobbed. "He gave me his horse. Oh, how could you?"

"Why did you come back?" he asked.

"When Dad died out west, I learned everything," she said. "You did everything for me. It was your money. You gave me back the old cabin. It was always you, you, you, and there was never anybody else but you." She stopped for Hale's face was as though graven from stone.

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