

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

## The HOUSEWIFE and HER ACTIVITIES

Pluck wins! It always wins! though days be slow And nights be dark 'twixt days that come and go And still pluck will win; its average is sure; Who faces issues; he who never shrinks; He gains the prize who will the most endure; He waits and watches, and who always works. —Author Unknown.

### TABLOID

To clean currants, wash them well in 2 or 3 waters, drain in a cloth and finish in a slightly warm oven. A little flour dredged over them will absorb any remaining moisture.

To get an extra bit of flavor into cake, candy or pudding, add a little almond extract. Even if you are also using lemon or vanilla, the almond is a good idea.

Have you heard of the little piano which Pearl Adam describe. Our little Princesses, she tells us, are learning on it. It is well suited to the small house which thinks itself too small to hold a piano. It has no back behind the keyboard. It is four feet long, less than three feet high, or a foot and a half deep. It has six full octaves, and a good wood frame.

### VARIETY OF COSTUMES MAY BE WORN AT A TEA

The greatest advantage of cocktail parties and afternoon teas is that almost anything can be worn and still the person is considered well dressed. There may be elaborate cocktail suits of velvet and lamé, but the chances are that the greater part of the feminine guests will be wearing afternoon dresses or tailored suits.

A suitable dress for this occasion comes in rough brown crepe. The bodice is made with front fullness gathered into a square yoke which is topped by a roll collar. The wide sleeves are cut on raglan lines with a two-inch band of the brown crepe running from the tight wrist up the arm and over the shoulder in the square neck yoke.

Equally appropriate is a trim tailored suit in black tulle. The skirt is fitted tight at the hips, but flares from the knees to the mid-calf hem line. The short, double-breasted jacket is fitted at the waist and fastens on twin rows of star-shaped buttons below exaggerated revers with wide flaps.

The sleeves are leg-mitten adaptations and the shoulders are given further emphasis by black braid cording. The bright, violet-blue scarf tucked in at the neck is matched by three quills of the same color, which are laid flat on the crown of a small bell hat of black felt.

The new divorce laws of Slam permit infidelity of husbands, but not of wives, as grounds for divorce.

### MOCK DUCK

Here is a good, economical recipe well worth trying: Two pounds veal steak cut 1-2 inch thick, 1 loaf stale bread, 2 teaspoons salt, 1-2 teaspoon pepper, 1-2 cup melted butter, 1 egg, 1 quart Italian chestnuts, 2 tablespoons minced parsley, hot water or milk.

If meat is cut from the thickest part of the leg, two slices will make two pounds. Trim and cover one slice with stuffing. Place other slice over stuffing and bind securely with a strong soft cord. Roll duck in flour seasoned with 1 teaspoon salt and 1-4 teaspoon pepper. Put in a covered roaster in a slow oven (325 degrees F) and roast two hours, basting occasionally with fat melted in hot water. Serve with mushroom sauce.

To make the stuffing, crumb the bread coarsely, discarding crust. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Slowly add melted butter, tossing crumbs lightly with a fork mix thoroughly. Add chestnuts which have been boiled until tender, shelled, skinned and coarsely chopped. Add egg well beaten and mix lightly with fork, and not more than one-half cup hot water or hot milk, cover and let stand five or ten minutes. Add parsley and mix well. This stuffing may be used for

fowl or any variety of meat. Fresh ham is delicious boned and filled with the stuffing. Or split pork tenderloin and stuff them for a small family. Half the stuffing will be enough for tenderloin. Serve stuffed fresh ham or stuffed pork tenderloin with cinnamon apple and glazed sweet potatoes. A boned leg of lamb or shoulder of lamb is good with the chestnut stuffing, too. Serve either of the stuffed lamb roasts with individual molds of mint jelly on thick slices of orange. For vegetables, use buttered peas and creamed potatoes.

### FRENCH AND ENGLISH CULINARY ART IN CANADIAN RECIPES

Dorcas whittaker writes in The Boston Transcript: "It is always pleasant to learn how food is cooked in other countries. Particularly when the country in question is a next-door neighbor, which has been schooled in the art of ancient French and English cookery.

"For over 300 years Canadian cooks had to depend solely upon their own birds, fish and domestic products without the aid of imported spices or superficial condiments. They served wholesome, delicious food, cooked right regardless of the time and care it took, and garnished with whatever they found for a palatable and pleasing to the eye.

"Some of the finest exponents of old-time cooking, both English and French, are to be found among the chefs of Canada's best known hotels, and I felt you would be interested in trying some of the dishes which have made them famous.

"From Monsieur Baltera of the Chateau Frontenac, we receive this famous recipe:

"For Planked Gaspé Salmon, Boquetiere: Salmon steak of about eight inches, rolled in oil and seasoned with salt and pepper, and placed on a hot plank. Put in a very hot oven, on the top rack. It will require about 15 to 20 minutes to cook; when half done, arrange a border of mashed potatoes around the plank. Place in oven to finish cooking until potatoes are golden brown. Spread a little butter over the fish, fill spaces around fish with sliced cucumbers, peas, cauliflower and any cooked vegetable. Send to table on plank, placed on a platter.

"For Crepes Suzette: One-half pound flour, two ounces sugar, one and one-half pints milk and cream, milked. Four eggs. Mix flour, eggs, sugar and a pinch of salt as desired; add some milk and cream so it will form a thin batter, then fry the pancakes very thin. Spread pancakes with the following mixture: Butter mixed with a little lemon and orange, hazel nuts chopped very fine a little brandy and benedictine and orange and lemon juice. Fold the pancakes in flour; spread a little powdered sugar on top, add a little brandy. Light and serve while burning. In the Chateau Frontenac this dish is prepared on a special chafing dish in the dining room in the presence of the guests."

The Hotel Algonquin, St. Andrew's New Brunswick, is quoted for beefsteak and kidney pie, and the Pines Hotel in Doby and the Corn walls Inn, near Evangeline's Grand Pre, gave this recipe:

"For Lobster Thermidor: Boil two large lobsters, cool them off in water and split. Remove the meat and cut in half-inch pieces. Place these pieces of meat in a saucepan with butter, fry, and after a few minutes add some cream sauce and a little powdered sugar, salt, cayenne pepper and some fresh cream. If too thick, add more cream. Take the two half shells and fill them with the above preparation. Mix a little cream sauce with some Hollandaise sauce, and pour over the lobsters. Glaze in a hot oven or under a salamander. Serve very hot."

### CONCEALED BUTTONS

The coat with fly-front buttons concealed under a stitched panel of cloth is a new idea for spring. One particularly nice model of this type comes in soft navy blue woolen, has bloused sleeves that add breadth to the shoulders, a small collar and buttons from a neckline to hem, all concealed by the fly-front.

## Dorothy Dix's Letter Box

### Parents Should Exercise Tact in Criticism of Their Children Who Seem Unable to Get Jobs as Soon as They Are Out of School — It May Ruin Your Child's Complex

Dear Dorothy Dix—I am a high school graduate and have been out of school for a year and a half. I have been looking for work unsuccessfully. My family instead of offering me a little encouragement, add to my depression by reproaching me for not getting a job.



It takes a lot of grit to meet the continuous refusal and snubs to one seeking employment and then to return home and be accused of "not wanting to work," "too lazy to get a job," "loafing," and so on, and to be reminded of how much "you owe us" takes the last bit of heart out of one. The family never considers that I didn't ask to be born that hanging around the house is enough to drive any one crazy, and that sitting on the sidelines because you haven't the money to go anywhere or make new friends is a curse in itself. Why are our families so cruel to us? MARGARET.

Ignorance. Lack of sympathy and intuition. Selfishness. The weariness that comes from having borne a burden a long time and one's eagerness to lay it down. If you will look at your parents' side of the question a little, you will understand their treatment of you and be better able to make excuses for them. Rearing children is a terrible struggle to the poor. Every new baby means that the father must toil harder and spread his pay envelope a little thinner because there is another mouth to feed another back to clothe.

It means that the mother must work harder, sacrifice more, be crushed under more anxiety. The mother and father nerve themselves up to this. They do without pleasures without the comforts they need, often without the medical attention that might save them years of suffering or even death, but they are determined to give their children an education and the best chance in life they can.

So the hard years go on. The one thing that sustains them and that they look forward to is getting their children through high school and into jobs where they can support themselves and help a little the father and mother who have done so much for them.

Your parents have been through this ordeal that nothing but their love for you gave them the courage to endure. It is because they are so tired and so worn out and so anxious to shift their load to young shoulders that makes them heartless to you in their blighting disappointment at your failure to find work. So have a little pity on them, even if they show none to you.

Of course, if they were wiser, they would know that they are defeating their own end by their reproaches to you about not getting a job, because they are giving you an inferiority complex that will keep you from having the courage to make the right approach to employers. They will make you distrustful of your own ability, timid, lifeless and hopeless, so that you will look like a failure. That will make any employer pass you over for some bold, confident, self-assured girl who looks competent to deal with any situation. You've got to look like a success in order to succeed.

When you come home at night from your heart-breaking round of knocking at doors that are shut in your face, what you need is a brace and not to be wet-blanketed with reproaches for not having achieved the impossible. Your mother and father should hide their own disappointment and tell you not to give up, to keep trying, that maybe tomorrow you will have better luck; that you are so competent that once you get a foothold on the ladder you will climb to the top. They should encourage you, bolster your up, build up your morale; not beat you down to lower depths of despair.

One of the worst crimes parents commit against their children is in discouraging them and killing their faith in themselves. For it is certain that the measure of our success is our belief in our own abilities. DOROTHY DIX.

Dear Miss Dix—I am engaged to a kind, considerate man, who would give me a good home and security if I married him, but I do not love him and he is physically so repulsive to me that my flesh crawls when he kisses me. My mother, who is a widow and not well, has set her heart on this marriage, partly because she wants to see me provided for, but mostly because it will provide for her. I have tried to tell her over and over again how I feel, but she works herself up into such a state of nerves that I am afraid of killing her. Beside this, I am in love with a man who is generous, easy-going, selfless and with not much ambition. He hasn't even a job and I would have to go on working the remainder of my life, because I could never depend on his making a living. I am a wreck trying to decide what to do. Will you help me? I. M. W.

Answer: Both proposition look like bad bets to me, and my advice is to take neither. If you marry the man you don't love and who is physically repulsive to you, you will be utterly miserable yourself and make him so.

When women marry men for a home they never seem to consider the man's side of the question and what dastardly, low-down trick they are playing upon him. No decent man would marry a woman if he knew she didn't love him, and particularly if she writhed under his caresses. That isn't the kind of return he expects for spending the remainder of his life working to support her and, in your case, her mother. It is not a fair bargain.

As for telling your mother that you don't propose to sell yourself in order to provide for her just do it and make her understand that the subject is closed. It is a common trick for mothers to develop poor hearts and bad nerves or go into fainting fits in order to coerce their children into doing what they want them to do but it is all camouflage and all you have to do is to call their bluff. The shock never kills them.

I knew one girl who was kept from marrying a most estimable man for twelve years by her mother going into a collapse every time the subject was mentioned. Finally the man took the girl by the hand and rushed her to the parson. Mother didn't die when she heard of it. She took it perfectly calmly and went to live with them ever after.

But the man you are in love with sounds like a Weary Willie to me. The trouble about marrying a lazy man you have to support is that after a while the job will sort of pall on you because you will get to have a contempt for the man who sits down and does nothing while his wife makes the living.

Why not at all until some man comes along whom you can both love and respect? DOROTHY DIX.

## Dotted Line Honeymoon

By JOSEPH McCORD

### INSTALMENT 17

"Borrow Vince!" Jacqueline's voice betrayed her complete amazement. "That's right" was Larry's quiet reply. "But . . . what do you mean?" "Simple enough. When he gets out of that bed, he isn't going to be able to do much for himself, in spite of what he thinks now. He's going to need a good deal of care, rest and proper food. All that sort of thing. How is it going to fit into your picture?"

"I know that Vince will need looking after. I'll attend to that. 'Surely' you can do it better than anyone else in the world. But you'll find it's going to break into your day somewhat."

"Figure on giving up your job?" "Oh, I can't do that now! But I might take a vacation until Vince is able to look after himself."

"If you keep him with you, that means a move, doesn't it?" "Yes," Jacqueline did not succeed in keeping the regret out of her voice. Each time she thought of leaving that little apartment on Courtland street, a lump came into her throat. It seemed the only real home she ever had known.

"I think that would be letting yourself in for a lot of unnecessary bother," Larry said. "I've a much better plan than that."

"What is it?" Jacqueline resolved to be on her guard. "There's a place up in the country I know of . . . it's a farm, in fact. Swell place for Vince. Lots of fresh air, eggs, milk and that sort of thing. Just what he needs while he's recuperating. He could take all his traps along and amuse himself any way he wanted."

"It might be too expensive . . ." Jacqueline hated to say that. Everything that happened now seemed to have its financial aspect. And her own finances were so intolerably emeshed in Larry's. If he were figuring on doing something nice for Vince, she wouldn't agree. Wood's even listen to it.

"Dir cheap," Larry insisted easily. "They don't know about city prices up there. I think it's the thing to do."

"I'm not going to be separated again from Vince. He needs me." Jacqueline hated to say that. "Use" she echoed. "What sort of things?" Jacqueline asked quietly.

"I'm going in for some research," was Larry's sober reply. "I can use the services of an inventor, when your dad gets up and about. In- Jacqueline had never been interested in that project her working on. I think it has possibilities."

"Larry." "Yes, ma'am?" "Has Vince suggested your . . . you backing his invention?"

"For honor, he did not! But I do want to see him carry on with it. I'm not so sure it's a 'dud.'"

"Larry, I'm going to speak plainly. I'll have to ask you something. Why do you want to go and stay on a farm?"

"You should know the answer," he replied cheerfully. "Weren't you the one to tell me that I was being hounded by the minions of the law? Why shouldn't I go into retirement for a time? You see, I'm trusting you not to give me away."

"I can see that you don't wish to be serious. But you can't blame me if I form some opinions of my own. I suppose it sounds very silly to you, but I feel responsible for Vince."

"You think there is some danger of his becoming involved?" "Perhaps. I don't want to hurt your feelings . . . after all you've done. But you must understand how I feel. It is just another way of being nice to me . . . it's rather intolerable."

Larry dropped his bantering tone. "You're not altogether right, Jack. Perhaps I do want to be nice to Vince, as you phrase it. Why not? He's your father and . . . and I like him. If you're unwilling for him to be my guest for a time, it's quite all right for you to pay his expenses. They won't be much."

Jacqueline clenched her hands tightly in the darkness. Having to sit there and hear him talk of spending . . . his money! Thank heaven, they were almost home. "I still think it's a much better plan," Larry continued imperturbably, "than for you to leave your apartment and make Vince shift for himself while you're at work. The only better plan I could suggest would be for you to come along. Vince's being with us would make it perfectly proper."

"You speak as if it were already settled," was her sarcastic retort. "Oh, it really is. I put it up to Vince this afternoon. He's quite keen about it."

"You didn't! Vince has spoken about my finding a place where we could be together when he leaves the hospital. That's what he wants."

"Did he say so to-night?" "Yes. Well . . . not exactly . . ."

"Vince is a man of keen perception. I think we'll get along fine. Hello . . . here we are at home already."

Jacqueline was making ready to leave the car without another word when Larry spoke softly. "Jack?" "Well?" "Not mad with me, are you?"

The rays from a nearby street lamp fell full on her face. Larry could see her dark eyes, wide with anger or hurt. Which? All he was sure of was that she never had looked quite so adorable. Her answer was not at all what he expected. "You have made me respect you, Larry. But tonight . . ."

"What about tonight?" "You've done your best to tear things down. And I can't seem to do anything about it." Her hand was working at the door fastening. But her gaze did not falter. "Look here, Jack!" Larry exclaimed, almost roughly. "You're looking at all this the wrong way. God knows I want to do everything in the world for you! And all I can do is run around the picture, nibbling at the edges. I can't come into it. So don't grudge me that little. There are so many things I'd like to do. Really important things. One above all, this minute . . ."

"What?" "Kiss you between the eyes . . . just where that little pucker is." But Jacqueline had fled. Once in the sanctuary of her apartment Jacqueline dropped wearily into a chair and thrust her hat from her head. There was a dull pain in her temples. She drew her hand slowly across her forehead. That was when Larry said he would like to . . . Oh . . .

A sudden sob shook her. Two big tears rolled down her cheeks. She never had felt so helpless, so baffled. Checkmated at every turn of the game. Why did it have to be like this? If all might have been very beautiful . . . very beautiful, she whispered to herself. It might have been right, too . . . instead of that hated contract with its sordid provisions. That was what was making it possible for all these things to be heaped upon her helpless shoulders. She had sold herself . . . she had. Just for a fancied security when there seemed nothing secure. Security! Facing a danger of being drawn into . . . something. Anything seemed possible now!

And here was Vince being drawn into it, too! She had been foolish enough to believe Larry when he said that no one need ever know. There was a possibility that he had taken Vince into his confidence in order to tighten his hold on her. No! She wouldn't believe that. Not yet. Nevertheless, she looked forward with fresh dismay to her visit to the hospital the following evening.

Vince seemed in good spirits, sitting up in bed smoking and covering the back of an old envelope with figures and diagrams. When he showed no inclination to bring up the subject of Larry Cutter Jacqueline boldly introduced the topic.

"Vince," she began quietly, "why didn't you tell me that Mr. Cutter wanted you to go to the country with him? You remember you asked me to find an apartment so that we could live together again?"

"Vince wrinkled uncomfortably and scratched his chin with the pencil stub before he spoke. "Well . . . it was like this, Skipper. He said he'd prefer to tell you himself. Asked me not to say anything."

"But you're going with him?" "Oh sure! I think it will be great! You see, Cutter thinks I'll be able to do a little work for him and still have time to go on with my experiments. When I get a little stronger, I'll be able to make my own expenses. Of course I jumped at it. I knew this business of mine here was costing you plenty . . . that is, until I could pay you back. And I thought it would make it a lot eas-

# RED ROSE TEA

"is good tea"

## GOOD Today, Tomorrow . . . Always

### THE COOK'S CORNER

#### Creamed Celery

One and a half cups of celery cut in pieces one inch long, one small green pepper cut in shreds (be careful to remove all seeds), three tablespoons butter, three tablespoons flour, and one and a half cups of milk.

#### Celery Chowder

Four cups chopped celery, one small finely chopped onion, three large potatoes diced and one-half teaspoon salt. Cook together in two cups of water until tender. Then melt 2 tablespoons of butter or bacon fat, add two tablespoons flour, and hot vegetable mixture over. Cook 5 minutes. Add one cup rich milk. Re-heat and serve.

#### Celery Relish for Home Preserves

1 quart chopped celery  
1 cup chopped white onion  
2 large red peppers  
2 large green peppers

### Dr. Wood's NORWAY PINE SYRUP

#### Don't Neglect That Persistent, Hacking Cough

Get a bottle of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup from your druggist or dealer. It strikes at the foundation of the trouble. A few doses will convince you it is just the remedy you require. It helps to stimulate the weakened bronchial organs, allays irritation, subdues inflammation, soothes and heals the irritated parts, loosens the phlegm and mucus, and aids nature to dislodge the morbid accumulations. When this is done the persistent, hacking cough will disappear, no lying awake nights, no inflammation of the bronchial tubes.

### SMART CLOTHES FOR THE HOME DRESSMAKER

A charming dress — simple and smart as can be — is today's pattern. The neckline is so youthfully becoming. The panel idea at the front of the bodice and the skirt, have a slenderizing effect. The skirt panel is slightly shaped to allow just a hint of hem fullness. The new looking neutral shade wool crepe in beige or pale grey is especially suitable for this easily made model. Printed crepes are stunning for its development. Economical choice — you can wear it right through the spring.

The pastel silks, novelty cottons, linens, etc., will make up lovely in this model with short sleeves for later season wear.

Style No. 1667 is designed for sizes 14, 16, 18 years, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust. Size 16 requires 4 1/2 yards of 39-inch material with 3/4 yard of 35-inch lining for camisole. Price of PATTERN 15 cents in stamps or coin (coin is preferred.) Wrap coin carefully.

No. 1667. Size . . . . .  
Name . . . . .  
Street Address . . . . .  
City . . . . . State . . . . .

ter for you. I don't want to be a burden . . . . .  
As if you could be! Wouldn't you rather be here with me, Vince?" A little note of entreaty crept into her voice. "It wouldn't be fair to you," her father said decisively. (To Be Continued.)



1667

### For Quick Cough Relief, Mix This Remedy at Home

No Cooking! No Work! Real Saving!

You'll never know how quickly a bad winter cough can be relieved, until you try this well known recipe. It is universally used throughout Canada because it gives such gratifying results. It's no trouble at all to mix, and costs but a trifle.

Into a 16 ounce bottle, pour 2 1/2 ounces of Pinex; then add granulated sugar syrup to make 16 ounces. Syrup is easily made with 2 cups of sugar and 1 cup of water, stirred a few moments until dissolved. No cooking needed. This gives you four times as much cough medicine for your money. It never spoils and tastes fine.

Quickly you feel its penetrating effect. It loosens the phlegm, helps to clear the air passages, and soothes the irritated membranes. This three-fold action explains why it brings such quick relief in distressing coughs.

Pinex is a compound containing Norway Pine in concentrated form, well known for its soothing effect on throat membranes. Norway refunded if it does not please you in every way.

## LIFE OF KING EDWARD VIII - HIS PERSONALITY

Sketched By C. H. CRITTENDEN



When speaking, Britain's new King frequently flashes an engaging smile as he enunciates with clarity in a rather high-pitched voice.

A perfect gentleman, courtesy comes to him naturally, but there is a rugged side to his nature that discloses itself when he is ruffled.

He is happiest when riding to the hounds, or playing polo. The score of falls he has taken has not curbed his fondness for horses.

A recent photo of King Edward VIII in the service uniform of the . . .

Though not the most graceful dancer, his highness never tires of it and always puts off going to bed as long as he possibly can.

One of the many incidental tasks that his position (crowd upon the Prince of Wales, was setting the styles for the world's best-dressed men.

Thousands of pictures have been taken of Edward who ever lived has been photographed so often.