

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

The HOUSEWIFE and HER ACTIVITIES

THE FIRM FAITH

I will not doubt, though all my ships
at sea
Come drifting home with broken
masts and sails;
I shall believe the hand which never
fails.
From seeing evil worketh good for
me;
And though I weep because those
sails are battered,
Still will I cry while my best hopes
lie shattered—
"I trust in Thee."
Author Unknown.

LARGE WEDDING RINGS

Women today are wearing larger
wedding rings—larger gloves.
Rings that fitted the Victorian
and Edwardian Miss are so small.
"Two generations ago," said a jew-
eller, "the average wedding ring was
1 in. to 1-1/2 ins. in circumference.
Today it is 2 in. to 2-1/4 ins. Driv-
ing cars, playing golf, and tennis, are
the causes."
And a gover: "Women today are
not self-conscious about the size of
their hands. All they demand is com-
fort."

It is a stupid mind that has no
turning.
A driving license is the only
license some drivers have.
You can save yourself a lot of
trouble by not borrowing any.
The man who is really sharp nev-
er complains about dull times.
A little moonlight now and then
will marry off the best of men.
Happy to the man who is pleased
with everything including himself.
The girl who's out for compli-
ments knows how to get the right
feeling—thank.
One fellow who gets paid for
whistling at his work is our friend,
the policeman.
Too often the supposedly empty
gun is not nearly so empty as the
head of the person who flourishes
it.
A woman is a small, delicate-
looking person who can make a
man's feet burn to the instep on a
shopping tour.

SOAP ON CHAIR LEGS
PREVENTS SCRATCHED FLOOR

If easy chairs are not provided
with casters rub a little soap onto
each leg. They will move easily
over the floor without scratching.
When polished furniture seems dull,
rub it with minkie wrung out in
equal parts of warm water and
kerosene before polishing.

LOOKING-GLASS LIPSTICK

What next? One of the little new
toilette novelties takes the form of
a mirrored lipstick. A mirror is
released by the action of pulling
out the lipstick.
Fumbling for the handbag mirror
is no longer necessary, and there
is no worry about the lipstick top.
Looking-glass lipsticks are used
both for daytime and evening.



Autumn Fashions For Chic Dressers



The dress is flattering to all
figures. It features a pleating
trimmed blouse, a smart bow-
trimmed neckline and long or
short raglan sleeves. The skirt has
two ample pleats at the front to
flare the hem.
The soft raglan sleeved jacket is
easy to wear. It gives just enough
extra warmth for early autumn.
The original was in rayon and
wool mixture in green shade. The
blouse of the dress was in shiny
satin crepe in matching shade.
Black satin-back crepe is another
nice suggestion with the blouse of
the lustrous surface.
Style No. 1877 is designed for
sizes 14, 16, 18 years 36, 38, 40 and
42-inches bust. Size 16 requires
4 1/2 yards of 39-inch material for
skirt and jacket with 1 1/2 yards of
39-inch material for short sleeved
blouse.
Price of PATTERN 15 cents in
stamps or coin (coin is preferred).
Wrap coin carefully.
No. 1877. Size _____
Name _____
Street Address _____
City _____ State _____

King Cole TEA

The Royal Drink

Dorothy Dix's Letter Box

Mothers Who go to Live With Daughters Have no Right to Usurp the Place as Mistress of the Home, and Should be so Told

Dear Dorothy Dix—My husband is one of the best men in the world. We have two fine children and no home could have been more peaceful and happy than ours has been until two years ago when my mother came to live with us. We would be glad to take care of her and do everything we can for her if she would only be easy to live with, but she has upset everything. She finds fault with everything we have and do. She badgers the children, and me about the way I am rearing them. I can't have my own home the way I want it. She nags us until we have nearly gone crazy. She has made my husband cranky because she has got on his nerves so, and now instead of staying at home of evenings as he used to do he goes downtown as soon as dinner is over just to get away from Mother. My husband's mother is a widow, too, and older than mine, but she works at housekeeping jobs so that she isn't with any of her married children. My mother is only 53 and in perfect health. What do you suggest as a solution of my problem? Is it my duty to sacrifice my family and my home to my mother?
WORRIED.

Answer:
No woman has a right to let her mother wreck her home. Your first duty is to your husband and children. That far transcends any obligation you owe to your mother. If she is driving your husband out of the house he supports and making him miserable; if she is warping the children's dispositions by her continual picking on them, and if she is generally turning your home into a place of torment instead of the haven of peace it used to be, the proper thing for you to do is to read the riot act to her and tell her that she either has to behave herself and be pleasant, or get out.
And, believe me, that will sweeten her disposition. She doesn't want to give up her soft living and if she has to control her temper and her tongue she will do it. She acts as she does because she thinks she can have her cake and eat it, too; that she can work off all her spleen on you and yet be taken care of. Just call her bluff and see how it will work.

One of the most pathetic things in the world is the needless suffering so many of us go through because we lack the courage to stand up for our own rights and force others to respect them. There is probably not one of us who doesn't support some deadbeat who is just as able to work as we are and who would work if forced to labor or starve, but we encourage him or her in loafing by always responding to a touch from poor Uncle George or poor Cousin Sally.
There isn't a family who isn't martyred by some selfish, high-tempered man or woman whose cantankerousness we put up with, whose insults we endure because we think they can't help it, they have such bad dispositions. But they would help it and be pleasant and amiable to live with if they knew they would have to be agreeable or else be kicked out of the house.

In too many families there are old people who make their age an alibi for just such conduct as your mother. They are fault-finding, interfering, nagging, self-centered just because they think their sons and daughters will stand for it. They make a graft of filial duty, and they are perfectly willing to wreck their children's homes for the sake of indulging their own tempers and grouches at life.
It is no merit for their children to stand for this. It is folly. Spoiled old people, like spoiled children, need to be disciplined and forced to do right if they won't do it of their own accord.
What your mother needs is occupation and the real solution for your problem is to get her a job and let her go off to herself to live. A woman at 53 who is healthy is more capable of doing good work than at any other time of her life and she should be ashamed to become a parasite on her children. If your mother had something interesting to do, she could expend her energies on that instead of upsetting your family. And if she had interests of her own to think about she wouldn't be so critical of everything you do. If you haven't enough courage to tell your mother this, show her this article. Maybe it will do her some good.

Dear Miss Dix—I am engaged to be married to a very fine man who is fifteen years my senior, but here is my problem: He is very domestic in his tastes. Loves a home and is especially fond of children and is always talking and planning the home and children we will have. Unfortunately I have had to have an operation that will prevent my ever having children. Should I tell him or marry him without telling him?
LUCY.

Answer:
Tell him before you marry him. It is the only honorable thing to do. If you married him without telling him that you could not have children, he would never forgive you. In fact, the marriage would not be binding in law and he could have it annulled if you deceived him in this important matter.

To many men children are not a requisite to a happy marriage. They have no strong paternal instinct and are rather glad than otherwise if they do not have to be bothered with babies. A great many other men have a positive aversion to children. They regard all children as brats who monopolize too much of their mothers' time, who are too noisy and who require to have money spent on them that their fathers would prefer to spend on golf.
But there are many other men who adore children, who have a father-heart, just as a woman has the mother-heart, and whose arms ache for babies to cuddle, and to such men as these marriage without children is cinders, ashes and dust. They are always more father than husband, and no woman would make them happy who did not give them children.

Dear Dorothy Dix—I am considered ugly by people, but when I look in the mirror I don't look so bad to myself. Has an ugly boy a chance with an attractive girl?
LONESOME BOY.

Answer:
If you are handsome in your own eyes, it doesn't matter how homely you appear to others. Anyway, a boy's looks don't matter to a girl, provided he is neat and well groomed and is interesting to talk to. The ugliest man in England once said that he could cut out the handsomest man in the world with a woman if he were given fifteen minutes' start.
DOROTHY DIX.

MYSTERY HOUSE

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

Page scrambled eggs; the coffee pot boiled; presently they were eating their egg sandwiches in great hungry bites, and exclaiming over the hotness and deliciousness of their drink.

"I'll tell you something if you'll not tell anyone," Lynn said, when they were relaxed and comfortable after the meal.

Page's eyes came about to his. "I'll not tell anyone."
"No but really. Don't, will you? They—they lie to me a good deal Lynn said, as a bewildered boy of eight might have said it. A sudden wave of pity for him surged through Page's heart.

"I'll not tell anyone,—truly," she said.
"I keep it out here," Lynn said. "What she wants, you know, that's why she wants you to make friends with me. She knows I have it, but she doesn't know where I keep it."

"Keep what?" Page asked, at a loss.
For answer he hunched himself a little nearer to her, without rising, and fumbled for a moment in his sweater pocket.

"This," he said. He extended his open palm and Page saw it lying there; a bit of glass the size of a grape, faintly pink in the sunshine, and flashing sharp lines of radiance, green, pink, blinding white, back at the sun.

"It's the Prendergast diamond, Lynn said.
"For a full minute the girl sat stupefied, staring down at the glittering beautiful thing; then her widened eyes went to his eyes.

"Lynn, it isn't!"
"Isn't it lovely? Do you wonder men kill each other for the silly thing?" He was so nearly reasonable as he talked that Page almost forgot the jewel in watching him.

"But how did you get it?"
"That's what I don't know," he said, and the cloud came over his face again.

"Mrs. Prendergast didn't give it to you?"
"No; I don't think so. We talked about it—I can remember that. And then they hunted for it."

"Hunted for it?"
"Yes; after Trudy died."
"Did Trudy have it?"

Lynn frowned, trying to remember. "I don't think so. Why should she have it? She was only the companion."
"Mrs. Prendergast might have given it to her to keep, since she herself is lame. Lynn was Trudy your mother? Was Mrs. Mockbee your mother?"

"No; she's Flora's mother. Isn't she?" he asked, in the troubled way he usually met any serious question.
Page stretched out her hand, and he tumbled the diamond into it carelessly.

"It's not really any good, is it?" he said somewhat timidly, as they looked down at it together. "It isn't like a book, is it, or a picnic, or anything real? It isn't even like dinner, if you're hungry."

"No but all the world would go crazy over it, just the same!" the girl said.
"Would you like to wear it?"
"Wear it no woman could wear it. She'd be mobbed in the streets!" She handed it back nervously. Instantly she wished she had kept it.

"I won't give it to you now," Lynn said, putting it into his pocket again. "But some day you can have it. I won't give it to you now because you'd give it to her."
"Give it to Mrs. Prendergast? But, Lynn, it's hers."

"But you see if she gets it," he argued, "she'll send me away."
"Send you away?"
"Yes, as long as I have it, and she can't get it, she'll let me stay here, and have the camp and the boat! Don't you see?"

"Where would she send you?"
"A terrible place. She said she would. The place they send crazy people."

"Why, you're not crazy!" Page protested sturdily.
"But—you see they think I am!"
"Yes, but Lynn, she might have the police come here, and make you give it up, and then that would frighten you terribly."

"Oh, but she did!"
"Did have the police come here?"
"Oh, yes; two private detectives, down from San Francisco. But then, Lynn explained, "I just told them, 'Lynn couldn't remember. And they knew I couldn't, too. So they hunted the house—it's a big place to hunt!—and the island and everywhere, and then they went

Today, these healthy Dionne Quins had Quaker Oats

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THE COOK'S CORNER

CUCUMBER PICKLES.

Put 4 quarts of medium-sized cucumbers in a strong brine and let stand for 3 days, then in fresh water for 3 more days, changing water each morning. On the fourth morning simmer for 20 minutes in three parts water to one part white wine vinegar, adding a teaspoon of alum.

Drain and pour over the cucumbers the following mixture: Three pounds white sugar, 3 pints white wine vinegar, 1 ounce each of cinnamon buds, celery seed and whole allspice. Bring to a boil. The next two mornings drain off liquid and heat to boiling before pouring over cucumbers.

PICKLES

Brine: Mix together in a crock 1 gallon vinegar, 1-4 pound root ginger (crushed), 1-2 pound mustard, 1-4 pound mustard seed, 1-4 pound salt, 2 ounces curry powder, 4 pounds brown sugar, 1-2 teaspoon cayenne. Mix and stir every day for a week (do not cook). Wash cucumbers and anything else you care to put in, such as tiny onions, young green beans, tiny green tomatoes. Stir each time anything is added. Cover crock.

BROILED MACKEREL.

Wash a good-sized mackerel and split in half. Season with pepper and salt, and place on a broiler which has been well greased. Place in broiling oven (approx. 550 degrees Fahr.) and broil on both sides until tender. Put fish on a hot platter and sprinkle with cayenne. Serve with a sauce made of three table-spoons melted butter and the juice of half a lemon.

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