

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

The HOUSEWIFE and HER ACTIVITIES

What Quality Makes a Woman A Success As Wife? Dorothy Dix Finds Tact Heads List

Tact is the Oil That Stills the Stormy Waters of Family Life and Makes Smooth Sailing for the Matrimonial Ship - It is Because so Many Scorn to Use it That so Many Marriages go on the Rocks



To which I replied unhesitatingly: TACT. That is the headline among domestic virtues. A woman may be a combination of every angelic and practical attribute. She may be as chaste as Caesar's wife; she may be as good a penny-pincher as Hetty Green; she may cook like a chef and talk like a college graduate; she may be as beautiful as a movie star and as industrious as a perpetual-motion machine, yet if she lacks finesse in handling her man she is a failure as a wife.

For the home is the place where diplomacy must do its great and perfect work, if there is to be any peace and harmony in it. Every household is always on the verge of civil war, with would-be dictators struggling for power and malcontents stirring up trouble, and every day complications arise and disputes have to be settled that require as delicate and subtle handling as if they were international problems.

A young man asked me the other day what I considered the quality above all others that a woman should possess in order to make her a success as a wife.

Tact is the oil that stills the stormy waters of family life when poured upon them and makes smooth sailing for the matrimonial ship and it is because so many wives scorn to use it and because so many husbands have apparently never heard of the efficacy of it, that so many marriages go on the rocks.

Most of the disillusion of marriage that ends in divorce, begins with the daily spat between husbands and wives that leaves them both with wounds that even a decree absolute does not heal. Yet there is not one in a million of these fights that could not have been avoided by the use of a little diplomacy.

The tactful woman does not rush into combat at the drop of her husband's hat. She side-tracks every argument. Even when her husband is irritable and unreasonable she makes the soft answer that turns away wrath. She respects all of his taboos and carefully avoids dragging out on the carpet those topics which she knows are the fighting word to him.

The tactful wife does not feel that it is her sacred mission in life to correct her husband's faults. Especially in public. He may have ways and habits that grate upon her and prejudices that she thinks are silly and narrow, but she doesn't wound his vanity by letting him see that she considers him a poor makeshift of a man. On the contrary, she shuts her eyes to his shortcomings and gushes around his idiosyncrasies. She puts the loud pedal on his virtues and the soft one on his weaknesses, and as the result she remains persona grata with him.

The tactful woman knows that there is a time and place for everything under the sun, and that the auspicious hour in which to ask a man for money or to tell him that Aunt Susan is coming for a long visit is not when he is hungry and tired and nerve-racked with the worries of the day. Hence she does not met hubby at the front door of an evening with a tale of everything that has gone wrong during the day and demand that he punish Johnny for bringing home a bad report card and that he speak to the cook and look over a sheet of bills.

She waits until he is rested and refreshed and soothed by a good dinner, and has attained a philosophical calm in which he can listen to the household budget of news without flying into a tantrum and saying the thing that drives a wife to tears and makes her threaten to go back to mother.

"It wasn't what he said, it was the nasty way he said it," ran the old music-hall ditty, and the tactful woman bears this in mind. She never gets an edge on her voice that puts one's back up and rouses one's ire, no matter how reasonable her demand. She is never querulous nor bitter nor sarcastic.

She is always pleasant. Her voice is always sweet and low and gentle, and she puts either a reproach or a command in such a way that it never offends and wins your compliance without your knowing it.

Most men enjoy being managed by their wives. What they object to is the raw way in which most wives do it. The tactful woman is an artist where so many of her sisters are bunglers. She never makes the mistake of ordering her husband around or putting herself forward as the head of the house or of trying to show off how clever she is.

On the contrary, she keeps the spotlight turned on her husband. She asks his advice on every subject and boasts of his wisdom and good taste.

feeling toward Larry. I didn't know whether I cared or not, whether I wanted him or not. The thought which concerned me for the moment was that I couldn't go home at that hour and I couldn't go out into the streets again.

"Where do your parents think you are?" "They don't know. They may not even know I'm gone," I answered.

"Then the best thing to do is to call up your home and tell them that I have invited you to stay here for the night—the telephone is just outside that door."

"But Larry," I started to say. "Is Larry waiting for you somewhere?" she asked.

"No he sent me here to stay alone. Since you're here—he could have come, too."

"That's the lay of the land then never mind Larry, my dear. He's following out some plan of his own," she said.

"Plan of his own?" I echoed. "Mrs. Larry turned on me suddenly. 'Do you still think you care for him?' she asked. 'Yes!' I answered, almost without thinking.

"Then tomorrow I am going to take you out with me awhile—better leave word you'll not get home until afternoon or evening."

"PRETENDERS" Wednesday, December 13th. I wondered, as I lay that night in the linen whiteness of my strange bed, where the next day would take me. Mrs. Larry had some plan. What could any trip we might take have to do with my fondness for Larry? And was I really fond of him? I could think of him coolly and sanely. I tried to remember the tones of his voice, the expression of his face, his eyes, his hands. Those other eyes!

The sun was streaming into the room when Mrs. Larry awakened me from a dream-ridden and fitful slumber. "Better be getting into your clothes child. We're going to motor quite away today, you know. There's no use asking if you've slept well. You haven't of course, she surmised, and then added, 'We've such a way of saying idiotic things as a matter

THRILLS Make the Day's Fun



Here's a THRILL for Breakfast



GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES

GOLDEN-FLAKE COMPANION TO GRAPE-NUTS CEREAL

It is because tact is the slave that makes the domestic machinery run without creaking; because it is the angels' food that keeps a husband eating out of his wife's hand; because it makes pleasant all the hard places of marriage that I urge every young man to choose a female diplomat for a wife.

She is always quoting his opinions, even when she originated them herself. She plants suggestions in his mind and then comes back and feasts on the fruit they have borne.

LEGs TREMBLED; HEART THROBBED

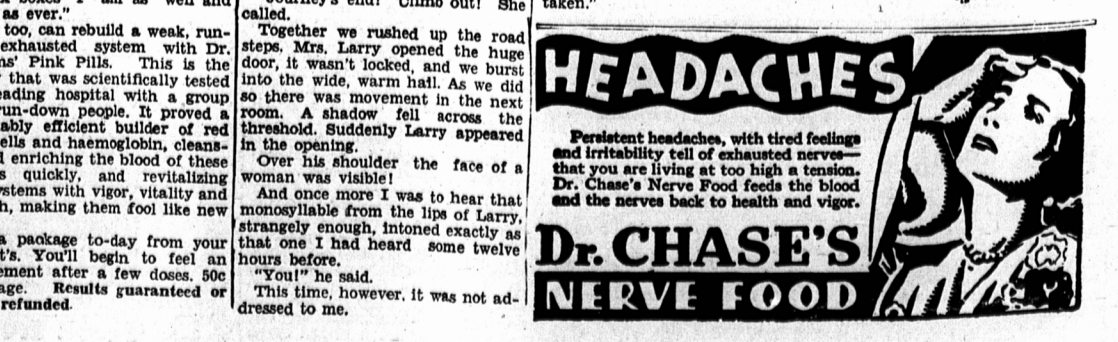
This "Hospital-Tested" Remedy Made Her Well and Strong

"I wish from my heart," writes Mrs. Louise Mitchell of Oak Point, Manitoba, "I could persuade every person who is run-down to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial. About a year ago I was suffering from a run-down system. Any little exertion would cause my legs to tremble and my heart to throb violently. I could not sweep a room or walk fifty feet without being exhausted."

"Then, I began taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and after taking only six boxes I am as well and strong as ever. You, too, can rebuild a weak, run-down, exhausted system with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. This is the remedy that was scientifically tested at a leading hospital with a group of 40 run-down people. It proved a remarkably efficient builder of red blood cells and haemoglobin, cleansing and enriching the blood of these patients quickly, and revitalizing their systems with vigor, vitality and strength, making them feel like new people."

Get a package to-day from your druggist's. You'll begin to feel an improvement after a few doses. 50c a package. Results guaranteed or money refunded.

HEADACHES Persistent headaches, with tired feelings and irritability test of exhausted nerves—that you are living at too high a tension. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food feeds the blood and the nerves back to health and vigor.



Dr. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD

PRIDE thought ye your iron hands of pride could break the knot that hath been tried? No—let the eagle change her plume, the leaf its hue, the flow'r its bloom; But ties around this heart were spun—could not, would not, be undone! —Campbell

LIFE Genius is intensity of life; an overflowing vitality which floods and fertilizes a continent or a hemisphere of being; which makes a nature many-sided and whole, while most men remain partial and fragmentary.—Hamilton W. Mabie.

CAN A WORM MAKE A NOISE? A worm can produce a clicking sound like that of a grasshopper; but it is so low that it can only be heard when a number of worms are making the noise together.

WHY DO BOOTS HAVE HEELS? Flat soles wore out most quickly at the back, and the practice arose of reinforcing them with additional layers of leather, which developed finally into the modern heel.

When making mustard plasters, instead of using cotton to put the mustard on, take a paper table napkin and spread mustard on it. Take another and put over top. Then put them between cheese-cloth and flannel. When the plaster is taken off, the paper napkins can be burned and the cheese-cloth rinsed out and it is ready to use again, saving a lot of cotton.

FASTE FOR PAPER HANGING One package of laundry starch and one pint cold water. Mix well, then stir into this a kettle of boiling water. Cook over the fire, stirring constantly, until perfectly clear. If too thick, thin with cold water. This is much superior to flour starch. If you happen to get some on the right side of the paper it will not stain. To prevent souring or moulding one might add salt in the proportion of one tablespoon to a quart of paste, and the same amount of vinegar.

COOKING CAULIFLOWER There is nothing more difficult to serve without breaking it than cauliflower. To avoid this wrap cauliflower in a square of cheesecloth, tying it corner to corner, with knots. Then put it into boiling salted water, and, when cooked, lift it out with a fork, leaving it to drain in a colander, and the cauliflower is complete just as before cooking.

Flying a sailplane of his own design, "Heinie" Dittmar, of Germany, recently set a new altitude record of 12,500 feet at Rio de Janeiro.

PETITS FOURS The French words "petits fours" are applied now-a-days to designate a very great many kinds of small fancy cake.

The French originals—on which we cannot claim to have improved—usually employ either a fine, close grained cake of the Madeira pound-cake variety, or a delicate sponge, as a base for various decorative and fancying treatments.

Make any favorite batter of either of these types and turn it into a

Child's SIMPLE FEVER Relieved! Teething, indigestion, diarrhoea bring on simple fever. Mrs. Bernard Brown, Enterprise, Ont., says: "My baby's cheeks and hands were so hot I was frightened. I gave him a Baby's Own Tablet at once and after supper he was all better." All the simple ailments of childhood, including teething, are promptly and safely relieved with these sweet little tablets. Doctors recommend them. 25c at Dr. Williams' 23c

BABY'S OWN TABLETS

A Morning Smile IT'S JUST AS WELL. A visitor to a small Scots town had been giving his views about the Department Conference, the Black shirts, the alleged need for more aeroplanes, and other topics of the hour, and when he left the company Sandy MacNab turned to his friend, Jack MacLean, and said: "Man, he's a queer card, that. Think he's a there?" "Weel, Sandy," replied Jack, after a pause for deep thought, "if there's no there that is there, it's just as weel he's no a there!" Wedged in the tremendous crowd at Highbury, on the occasion of the recent football match, a man said to his very diminutive pal, "Can you see all right, Ernie?" "See?" said Ernie bitterly. "I can't see 'er, down 'ere in the boot and t'ipe depot!"

THE COOK'S CORNER

OLD ENGLISH TURNOVERS

Roll and cut baking powder biscuit dough as usual. Roll each biscuit to an oval shape and place a strip of creamed cheese (about one and one-half inches long, one inch wide and one-eighth inch thick) in the centre. Fold over to form a Parker House roll. Bake as usual, in a hot oven, 425 degrees, 10 to 12 minutes. Serve hot.

RAISIN AND NUT STUFFING

Delicious used in the shoulder of pork pocket. One-quarter cup butter, three cups crumbled bread-crumbs, one-half teaspoon sage, one-half cup chopped raisins, one-half cup chopped walnuts, salt and pepper. Add melted butter to bread-crumbs, then add sage, pepper and raisins and mix well. Blend in raisins and nuts and stuff the roast.

OATMEAL ICE CREAM

The following recipe is taken from the new series, home-made frozen desserts, pamphlet issued by the Dominion Department of Agriculture: Oatmeal Ice Cream—One-half cup rolled oats, 1/2 teaspoonful vanilla, 1/4 cup sugar, 1 cup milk and 1 cup cream. Soak the rolled oats in the milk one hour. Strain, cook the strained liquor in a double boiler about 45 minutes, stirring frequently. When cool, add cream and flavoring. Freeze.

Minaard's the great Rubbing Lintment

Confessions of a Debutante

By RUTH A. AEBLING (Copyright)

"LARRY, THROUGH THE EYES OF HIS WIFE"

Tuesday, December 12th Any woman with less poise and less experience than Mrs. Larry would have turned on me in a fury. She didn't. I knew she wouldn't. There was some intangible thing about her, an air of having conquered the world, the flesh and the devil. You saw it in the swing of her walk, in the turn of her head, in the repose of her mouth, verily in the coppery light of her hair and eyes.

"You looked at me a second, only a second, and then a light laugh rippled over your lips. You poor little waif! Why I'd give him to you if it wasn't that I'd just been breaking another heart along with my own! Some men are like that." Her voice had softened suddenly.

"Will you listen while I try to tell you about him?" She was patting my hand as one does the hand of a child. "You're such a little girl to be stumbling around like this in things you know nothing of. I did it too—and learned."

"Larry isn't anybody's man," she went on. "He just doesn't belong to anybody. Not even himself. And he never will. There are men like that. They butterfly. And they take, take all of the time without ever giving the woman who belongs to them—because there is always a woman who belongs to them—just stands by like a vessel on a rough sea."

"I'm the woman who belongs to Larry—because I've learned to stand by. Not every woman can learn it—not every woman. And every woman who does learn it, learns through a broken heart."

We were silent for a space. A bell somewhere out in the night, was tolling the hour. It must have been eleven or twelve and then stopped. "That's why I can't let you have him," Mrs. Larry was talking again.

Itch Stops In 30 Minutes

If your skin itches, burns, cracks, peels, or if you suffer from Hives, worm, Sores, Pimples, Hand-Itch, Athlete's Foot, or Cradle-Itch, you shouldn't waste a minute. Use Itch-Itch in 30 minutes and quickly heal your skin, get Dr. Nixon's Miscevery. A prescription based on the discovery of a famous English skin specialist, and made specially for stubborn skin troubles. It must quickly cleanse and heal your skin to your entire satisfaction or money back as returnable package. Ask your Drug Store for Dr. Nixon's Miscevery today.

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Her voice was steady, even kind. "You're a wild little thing, meant to conquer actively—I can see it in you. You'd throw things. I'm different. I conquer passively. That's why I can stand by—only the women who conquer passively can do that. I'm meant for Larry. I'm meant to be here when he goes away and to be here when he comes back. For he always does come back. They do you know."

"He wouldn't make you happy. Couldn't. Oh—he'd want to badly enough. But he just couldn't—somehow it wouldn't be his fault."

Silence again. "Do you love him?" I asked finally. And then regretted the words. "I did once."

Again that silence which seemed fairly to be alive. "And isn't love a thing immortal?" Mrs. Larry was speaking again, slowly, softly. Her elbows were on her knees, her chin rested between her two hands.

"But this isn't getting you any where?" she said it brightly enough but I could see the tremendous effort behind it. "Tell me what you are going to do for the rest of the night—what are your plans?"

"I haven't any." I had never been so utterly unable to cope with a situation. I couldn't analyse my

feeling toward Larry. I didn't know whether I cared or not, whether I wanted him or not. The thought which concerned me for the moment was that I couldn't go home at that hour and I couldn't go out into the streets again.

"Where do your parents think you are?" "They don't know. They may not even know I'm gone," I answered.

"Then the best thing to do is to call up your home and tell them that I have invited you to stay here for the night—the telephone is just outside that door."

"But Larry," I started to say. "Is Larry waiting for you somewhere?" she asked.

"No he sent me here to stay alone. Since you're here—he could have come, too."

of politeness." Mrs. Larry was adjusting the shades to soften the light in my room. I was up and starting to dress. Suddenly she turned to me with a queer laugh:

"Aren't we silly pretenders!" she said. "Here you come to me and tell me that you love my husband. I pretend I'm not hurt when I'm eating my heart out; not angry, when I could have killed you. Then I plan a trip proposed to change your attitude toward life, to sort of straighten things out and put you in the way of happiness—when all the time I'm just fooling myself. I know I can't do what I want to do for you at all. No one could. You've marked by Fate, somehow. You

couldn't marry some nice young fellow and settle down to keeping house and bringing up a family as some girls could. You'd be dynamite in a scheme like that—you're marked somehow, by fate."

She said the last slowly. The seriousness of her tone almost frightened me. And yet, I felt the truth of her words.

"You can't wear a dinner dress at this hour in the morning so I've brought this little suit in—I think it will fit." Mrs. Larry pointed to a sport suit hanging over the back of a chair and then she disappeared, leaving me to finish dressing.

We rode miles over the rolling hills of Westchester County. The air was crisp but our fur coats—mine from the generous wardrobe of Mrs. Larry—and heavy robes kept us cozy-warm. So lovely was the landscape that I had forgotten, in my enjoyment of it, the import of the journey, until we turned into a long lane, flanked on either side with Lombardy poplars, and finally drew up in front of an old fashioned house.

I recognized the place as Mrs. Larry's country home. I had often heard the story of how she had been born there, the only daughter of well to do parents and lived there until, one day, a carnival in a neighboring town, folded its tents and rattled away, taking with it at the same time the only daughter and the fondest dreams of the owners of that old fashioned house. There was an air of romance about the place even yet.

Mrs. Larry was out of the car almost before it stopped and pulling at the robes at my feet. "Journey's end! Climb out! She called."

Together we rushed up the road steps. Mrs. Larry opened the huge door, it wasn't locked, and we burst into the wide, warm hall. As we did so there was movement in the next room. A shadow fell across the threshold. Suddenly Larry appeared in the opening.

Over his shoulder the face of a woman was visible! "And once more I was to hear that monosyllable from the lips of Larry, strangely enough, intoned exactly as that one I had heard some twelve hours before."

"You!" he said. "This time, however, it was not addressed to me."

New Spring Smartness

Illustrated Dressmaking Lessons Furnished With Each Pattern

Isn't this a jaunty summer frock? See small back view, it opens for a sun back.

You can imagine how simple it is to make it—a one-piece affair. Very easy to handle are the brief flared sleeves. Beited only at the back it has a very slimming effect on the waistline.

Its original in a peasant inspiration in dimity had a warm brown background with smart white and green color accents. The binds favored the green tone.

Secaucus, pique, shirting cotton, linen, cotton crepe prints, tub pastel silks, etc., are other interesting fabrics.

Style No. 805 is designed for sizes 16 and 18 years, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust.

Size 36 requires 3 1/2 yards of 35-inch material, 7 1/2 yards of binding. Price of PATTERN 15 cents in stamps or coin (coin is preferred.) Wrap coin carefully.

No. 805. Size Name Street Address City State

A pompous man misled his silk handkerchief, and accused an Irishman of stealing it. After some confusion, the man found the handkerchief in his pocket, and apologized for having accused the Irishman.

"Never mind at all," said the Irishman. "Ye thought I was a thief, and I thought ye was a gentleman, an' we both were mistaken."



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