

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

Don't Dread Middle Age

You can depend upon the Pinkham Medicines. Many women like the Tablets for the relief and prevention of periodic pain. Chocolate coated, convenient, effective. Small size 35 cents.



MRS. FRANK P. STONE, Lacombe, Alberta

"I have been taking the Vegetable Compound at the Change. It was irregular, I was bloated across the abdomen, and my organs troubled me. Now I am much stronger, less nervous and in good spirits. My back does not trouble me and I sleep well." - Mrs. Arthur Clifford, Orville, Ontario.

"Since 1913 I have taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound off and on. First for a run-down condition and now at the Change of Life. It built me up till I could do my house work lots better. I also take care of the garden and poultry." - Mrs. Frank P. Stone.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S TABLETS

A Uterine Tonic and Sedative for Women

The HOUSEWIFE and HER ACTIVITIES

"In the breast of a bulb is the promise of spring in the little blue egg. In the heart of a seed is the hope of a sod. In the heart of a child, is the Kingdom of God."

TUMOR WEIGHED OVER A HUNDRED POUNDS

ELIZABETH TURNBULL, editor of The Missionary Monthly, Toronto, writes to the press: "A story from Kingston about the removal of a 55-pound tumor from a woman has caused me to send you the following: 'We have just received word from one of the nurses of the woman's Missionary Society of the United Church of Canada, Miss Isabel Leslie of Weiwei Hospital, North Honan, China, telling of a young girl of 25 who was brought in with an enormous tumor which had been growing for three years. Every known device had been tried by the quacks on the street with no result, and finally they took her to the Mission Hospital. A tumor weighing 110 pounds was removed. The girl made a good recovery.'"

MAYBE OLD WINTERS ARE NOT SO BAD

MINNEAPOLIS, July 9.—Housewives, forced to halt their work to war on ants, can blame the drought and the mild winter. Lack of severe cold weather since last fall made possible for the insects to become unusually plentiful this year. University of Minnesota entomologists pointed out today, adding that the dry weather this spring was conducive to rapid development. More numerous this year also, the entomologists said, are other insects, such as corn ear worms, chinch bugs, grasshoppers and worms.

MUSIC TO SOOTHE THE TIRED JUVENILE

WASHINGTON, July 9.—The right kind of noise may keep a child out of mischief, but the wrong kind is apt to undermine his health and his mind. Music's power to soothe the juvenile was vouched for today before the National Education Association by L. A. Woods, superintendent of public instruction in Texas. "Music turns the individual from mischief and strife to a purposeful co-operative way to living," he said. The other side of the noise picture was sketched by Ruth M. Van Deventer, of Springfield, Illinois. She said it was time to toss overboard the idea that a noisy environment teaches children to concentrate. Pupils can "get used" to needless noise, the speaker explained, but continue to waste energy combating it.

ARITHMETICAL PROPHETS

In time it will probably be possible for statisticians to estimate how many blue-eyed or brown-eyed children are likely to be born in England in any year. This claim to apparently magical power was made at the centenary meeting of the Royal Statistical Society, which the Prince of Wales opened. Other equally astonishing predictions showed that statisticians are indeed the real magicians of this age. You have no idea of their powers, served slavishly as they are by those almost omnipotent geniuses.

Among the British statisticians present was Mr. G. Findlay Shirras, principal professor of economics at Gujarat College, Bombay University, who stated that statistical work in India had recently proved that ninety-four out of every 100 of the women of the country bear children. Figures have a very definite relation to every family in the world — as Professor Shirras made clear. "If a boy" he said, "the chances are three-to-one that boys will predominate in that family. If the first child born is a girl, the chances of the preponderance of girls are three to two." The discussions of these mathematical Aladdin's at University College, Gower street, whether they came from twenty-six countries, not only extracted magic from figures, but showed an amazing knack of making jokes out of them. All of them seemed to be accomplished linguists—English, French, German found them fully understanding.

UNIMPORTANT THINGS MAY OFTEN CLOUD ONE'S HAPPINESS

The lady has a garden. It is a very beautiful place to behold in the city. When you view it with her she shows you how each rose bush is pruned at the right place, at the right time. Roses differ. Some will bloom better with cutting back while others are exactly the opposite. You hear all this when you talk to the lady. She shows you the dry wall and the little rock-plants clinging in its crevices. She explains the difference between biennials and perennials and how she starts her annuals in sand boxes. You look around at all the blooms and sigh that you wish you could live in such a heaven. The bird bath has exactly the right amount of water. The pool is precise and clean. Not a dead leaf anywhere.

MINOR IRRITATIONS

A puppy wanders in. An elephant of a puppy, for he is a St. Bernard. Where he sets his foot, nothing ever grows again. "Go home," she shrieks the lady. "I can't," shrieks the puppy. "Go home," she shrieks the lady. "I can't," shrieks the puppy. He licks hands all round, then shoots over to the next yard where there are pigeons in a chase. Keep a thing for the children, the dogs and the pigeons," she worries. "Oh, here comes that baby now. His mother ought to know better. He pulls things." The baby, however, does not arrive. He is rescued by his mother in time. The lady speaks of the weather. It has been too dry and then too wet. The wind has broken some delphinium and some hollyhocks.

LACK OF "SOUL"

We took over the garden. Marauders and weather have made no dent that we can see. The thousands of blooms have closed like a wave over the vacancies left by their broken brothers. It seems such a pity that the owners can not enjoy what she has without noticing the little annoyances. She allows all the happiness of her beautiful garden to be destroyed by a few minor mishaps. Or in other words, there is no "soul" or "spirit" here. It has become a thing of parts—technical and almost prosaic. A family of children may be likened to a garden. There will be daily disturbances and worries. But a mother can, if she will, be happy in the whole picture. She will weigh beauty against small breaks or even occasional ugliness and glory in it. Her sky will not be perpetually overcast by small clouds. The happy "spirit" of the home things close over and are lost to view.

LINENS FOR SUMMER

College boys are said to have originated the men's style of linen suits for summer. Whoever thought it up first, it has now taken the country by storm and North, South, East and West, in business offices as well as country clubs, you will find men in attire as cool as that of their wives. This year, too men are going in for cottons with the same enthusiasm as women. Mesh shirts, mesh socks and washable cotton ties as well as percale and gardine suits are making life much more endurable on hot days. Use Mincard's for Stiff Collars

Dorothy Dix's Letter Box

Only Regret Follows Casting Aside of Faithful Old Wife for Young One, Cries Man Who Tried it—Woman Who Wants Perfect Husband Had Better Add Up Own Virtues First

Dear Miss Dix—I am one of the hundreds of old men who have given up their old wives for young ones. How a man of this mind can do such a foolish thing is beyond comprehension, but I and thousands of others have done it to our sorrow. I married my first wife when we were both young and she stood the test of going through all the rough places with me. She helped me get on my feet and make my fortune. For forty years she toiled by my side and then, when I got on Easty Street, success went to my head. I thought she was not good enough for me and I married a girl young enough to be my daughter and I am punished for what I did, as I deserve. Do I think it all over, and do I repent? Plenty. W. H.

Answer: If it is true that misery loves company, as the old proverb says, you have the comfort of the same boat with you. For swapping old wives for new is an unholy business. There is a curse upon it that blights the life of the one who engages in it. I get hundreds upon hundreds of letters from men who tell me exactly the same story that you do. When they were young they married girls who loved them for themselves alone and who endured every hardship in the world; doing without every comfort and luxury so that the money which their husbands climbed to steady their shoulders a ladder on absolute devotion and selflessness these women gave their husbands. Twenty, thirty, forty years of cooking and washing and scrubbing and baby-tending, of watching by sickbeds, of work and anxiety, and hoping and planning, of living just for a husband.

And then, the goal won, the fortune made. The wife's services no longer needed. The man's ego so inflated that he thinks himself superior to his wife and is ashamed of her. His money and position make him worth exploiting by the gold-diggers, and young and pretty women flatter and cajole him and tell him how young and handsome he is, and he falls for it like the veriest ass.

He decides that he needs a pretty young wife to match his fine new furniture, and forgetting all that his old wife has done for him he orcs her and pensions her off with the least alimony her lawyers will let her take.

It is a common story. It is told to me every day. Not one of us but has seen it happen and not one of us but has seen it end in tragedy.

For girls do not marry men old enough to be their fathers for anything except their pocketbooks and the old man who thought that a over that the only thing she loves about him is his money and she begins collecting the price for which she sold her soul. Her first wife saved him. The first wife burnt incense at his feet. The young wife derides him for the old fool that he is, and lets him see that she is bored to tears by his tussy old ways.

And the man who thought he was too young for his old wife finds out that he is old also, and that he deluded himself in believing he was a boy again. He can't go the pace with the youngsters. His old bones cry out for rest instead of being dragged around to places of amusement, and so it ends up by his sitting on the sidelines and paying the bills for the fling his young wife has with youngsters of her own age.

No man on earth is more lonely, more forlorn, more out of the picture than the old husband of a young wife. They have no common ground, not a taste, not a thought, not a memory, and he is of all men the most miserable.

It is the custom to pity the woman when a man forsakes a faithful old wife for a pretty young girl, but the one to be sorry for is the silly old man who throws away the priceless devotion of a life-long partner for a pretty face that mocks him behind his back and whose every kiss is a dagger.

Dear Miss Dix—The ten qualifications that a man must have to attract me are: First—Good health and habits. Second—Good looks. Third—Intelligence. Fourth—Cleanliness. Fifth—Kindness. Sixth—Good nature and big-heartedness. Sixth—Must be good speaker. Never blink an eye when paying a bill. Always buy best food and liquor. Remember birthdays, anniversaries, etc. Seventh—Must be good mixer. Must have many friends. Must be efficient. Good money-maker. Tenth—Must be a good drinker. One who does not get silly and maudlin over a few cocktails. Yes, Miss Dix, a man must be quite unusual to please me. I have found two or three who did, but haven't been able to hold them. Can you advise me how to do it? I am a divorcee, 28 years old, with two children. LILLIAN.

Answer: Alas, Lillian, the Admirable Crichton perished untimely many years ago and he left no successor. At any rate, if there is any one pinching it for him I haven't his address. All you seem to desire in a man are all the virtues and graces and then some and that may explain why you are a divorcee, but why you have been unable to hold the men who attracted you. You ask too much of any mortal man. They simply couldn't make the grade. Men don't like having to live up to an ideal. It puts too much of a strain upon them. They want a woman to admire them for their good qualities and turn a blind eye upon their faults, and until you do this they will fight shy of you.

And then perhaps it would be just as well for you to take stock of your own qualifications as a woman and ask yourself what you have to give in exchange to this paragon among men. Are you beautiful, healthy, witty, wise, popular, a good dresser, a good cook, a thrifty manager? Have you money of your own? Are you intelligent, sweet-tempered, tactful and easy to get along with? What virtues have you to recommend you? Turn about is fair play, you know. DOROTHY DIX.

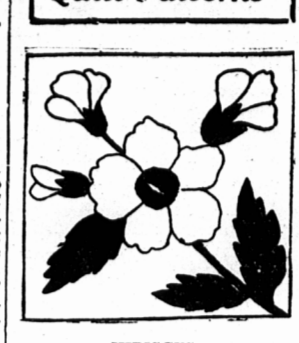
Dear Dorothy Dix—I have been married fifteen years to a devoted husband who is very domestic and rarely goes out without me. Lately several women have called me up on the telephone and told me that my husband was unfaithful to me and stepping out with other women. I do not see how this would be possible as he is always with me when he is not at work. Should I tell him about it or let the matter drop? JOYCE.

Answer: Let the matter drop unless it is worrying you. If it is on your mind, tell him about it and who the cats are who are trying to make trouble between you. And woman who would try to rouse a wife's jealousy is so unprincipled that she is perfectly capable of making up the stories she tells. DOROTHY DIX.

"Unsafe" Subjects Listed

Geography was considered an "unsafe" subject to teach in public schools in 1879. Miss A. E. Phillips, president of the London Teachers' Association, in her presidential address at the annual conference, caused laughter by quoting from evidence given before a Select Committee of the House of Commons regarding "extraneous" school exercises in that year. "Geography, sir, is ruinous in its effects on the lower classes," a witness said. "Reading, writing, and arithmetic are comparatively safe, but geography is invariably leads to revolution. Physiology, besides being costly and useless, is an immodest subject. When the Author of the Universe hid the liver of man out of sight He did not want frail human creatures to see how He had done it. Grammar is an overrating exercise." "No, sir," was the reply; "by Hand."

Grandmother's Quilt Patterns



HIBISCUS This lovely tropical flower makes a lovely quilt, and one can make it in the soft pastel shades or in the more glowing shades of the real flower. It is a new pattern and should appeal to the quilt-lover seeking something different. Blocks finish 18 inches. 10 pieced blocks 10 plain blocks 4 inch border all sides. Applique design on an 18 inch block of cream white. Set together with an alternate block of plain white. Add border made of the same soft green used in the leaves. Material Required: 7 yards of white 1 1/2 yards of green (includes border) 1 1/2 yards color for the flowers. Allow for seams when cutting patterns. When ordering give Number 8-3. Send 15c for a book of quilt patterns containing 7 beautiful Grandmother quilt designs — every pattern different.

THE COOK'S CORNER

RHUBARB AND FIG JAM

crackle! snap! pop! Out the rhubarb into small pieces and stew it gently until soft with a little water, allowing 1/4 cup water to each four pounds of rhubarb. For this quantity wash, dry, and mince a pound of dried figs and 1/2 cup blanched sweet almonds. Add these to the rhubarb pulp with the grated rind and juice of two lemons and three pounds of granulated sugar. When sugar is dissolved, bring to the boil and boil for about half an hour, or until the jam sets.

RHUBARB AND ORANGE JAM

This is made in the same way as the rhubarb and orange jam, but instead of the orange rind and juice you must add half a pound of preserved ginger, chopped small. You may use lemons, if you like, instead of the oranges, but it is not so good and more rhubarby.

RHUBARB AND ORANGE JAM

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The Million Dollar Doll

By C. N. & A. M. Williamson

THE MILLION DOLLAR DOLL

By C. N. and A. M. Williamson Authors of The Lightning Conductor

CHAPTER I

Of a Lord, the Stage and a Millionaire

No one would believe in Terry Desmond and her story without some knowledge of her childhood and her upbringing. Those years would have explained her to Sheridan. But, he had understood in the beginning, or near it, the story would have been different. "Goeh' isn't a nice word," she informed him. "Sorry!" remarked the youth, continuing to stare. "But I got a shock seeing you. You're the livin', miniature image of my young lady. She doesn't look old enough to be but you never know! Say, who is your Mother?" "Her name's Mary Desmond," Terry replied. "This is our house." "Some house!" the guardian of the blue car echoed. (Terry had never heard the word "chauffeur." For her, he was the owner.) "Sure your ma doesn't live in New York?" "No. It's my sister who lives there," the child explained. "She comes to see us." "I guess she's come now," said the man. "But her name's different from yours. That'll be because Miss Divine's on the stage, I expect." "Miss Divine? On the stage? Terry didn't know what being on the stage meant. She wished to ask, but some thing sensitive within her forbade questions to a stranger about Julia. Besides, the child's attention was caught in another trap. Julia had come—in a motor car! It was magical!

And the front door stood open. That was strange, too. No one ever used the front door. Terry forgot that Father was in "one of his moods," and that she had been warned to keep at a distance. She started up the steps of the porch and into the house. Then, before she could run across the hall to the passage, leading down to the basement (the family lived in the basement) a voice stopped her. "Damn you, mind your own business!" it roared. Father's voice! And he never spoke but that, except to Mother—Mother, who was so small, so meek, yet seldom gave in, really, even to him. "Everything was queer today! The voice came from the drawing-room; and now Terry remembered that the shutters were open. The door of the room was a little open, too. The child peeped in, and saw three figures in a scene of confusion. There was Mother, her tiny figure almost overwhelmed by a mass of white calico covers taken from the brocade furniture and piled onto her thin arms. There was Father, towering giant-like, red-haired, black-browed, handsome yet terrible. Both were standing, the small woman shriving that odd mixture of cowardice and obstinacy which was just Mother; but Julia had thrown herself into one of the newly unshrouded chairs. It gave a background of crimson to a long coat of embroidered pearl grey silk. Oh, Julia was more like a princess than ever! And she looked sure of herself, not angry or afraid. "Nobody asked you to interfere!" Terrence Desmond bellowed at Mary. Julia's daughter, not yours." This juzzled the child, how could Julia be her sister if Mother wasn't Julia's mother too?

Terry stared at Julia. What was there different about her, beside the clothes which were so much grander than anything she had worn before? Why—her hair had turned from black to red, as red as Terry's own! It was true now, as that man had said; it did look alike, if a little girl could look like a big one. The child longed to rush in and surprise Julia with a hug, but instinct held her back. She did not know that she ought not to listen to the conversation of grown-ups. "I only repeated your own words," Mary replied. "If I'm not her mother I've always tried to act as a mother should. And to see her disgrace herself—" "Oh, cut it out, Ma! Anyhow, I haven't disgraced either of you," Julia broke in. "My name's Julia Divine. Nobody knows who my people are. And the way I'm fixed I don't want them to know. If I told Tom Perrin that my father and mother were caretakers in an old lady's house on Long Island—"

Advertisement for Kellogg's Rice Krispies. Text: "LITTLE EARS ARE BIGGER THAN THEIR APPETITE". Image: A bowl of Rice Krispies cereal with a spoon, and a box of Kellogg's Rice Krispies. The box says "crackles in cream".

YOU need never coax the children to eat Kellogg's Rice Krispies. These crisp bubbles of rice actually crackle in milk or cream. They fascinate youthful appetites. Grown-ups like them too. All the nourishment of wholesome rice. Ideal for breakfast, lunch, or boys' and girls' suppers. Made by Kellogg in London, Ont.

Listen!—get hungry

FACINATING SUMMER STYLES

Illustrated Dressmaking Lessons Furnished With Each Pattern

Smart new lines and becoming ones for figures no longer slender, are the attributes of this lovely dress with cool slimming cast treatment. A chiffon cotton voile print made the original. You'll find it very inexpensive. It tucks beautifully and packs so perfectly for those week-end vacations. A coin spot cotton, say in soft handkerchief-finish lawn would also made up very effectively in this model. The pastel silks in plain or prints, chiffon prints, handkerchief-linen prints, etc., are fascinating materials for this easily made model. Style No. 406 is designed for sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust. Size 36 requires 3 1/2 yards of 36-inch material. Price of PATTERN 15 cents in stamps or coin (coin is preferred.) Wrap coin carefully.

Form for ordering a pattern. Fields include: Name, Street Address, City, State. Below the form is a small illustration of a dress.

"Curse Tom Perrin!" bawled Terrence. "You ought to bless him," said Julia. "I may do better some day, but I can't yet, and I never dare bust—because, why, he's a millionaire! He'd marry me if he could." "Why doesn't he make his wife get a divorce, then?" "Nothing doing with her, and I don't want to be tied, though I'm not telling him that. Oh, I'll climb higher than Tom Perrin! He's a stepping-stone. Now do have a little horse sense! Tom's my biggest catch, but—he's not the first. How do you think I've lived the way I live, with things costing what they do? It's late in the day or fuss, when I've rushed down to show you my smart clothes and car, and see what I can do for you all!" "My God—to hear my daughter talk this way!" groaned Terrence. But the rage had died out of his voice. Often it had been like that before, when Julia and Father had their "rows." If Mother interfered Father turned against her and took Julia's part.

While Terrence wondered who Tom Perrin was, and what it meant to be a "millionaire," Father looked suddenly reflective. Perhaps he too was thinking about millionaires. "Well, I've had my say!" Mother said the words on a long breath. "You've told me to hold my tongue. Terrence, and I will. I must hurry and get about my business, anyhow. With the ladies arriving this evening, and expecting dinner, there's all I can handle, end more." "So soon?" Julia pulled the white cover off the last chair, and was at the door before Terry could have done so unremarked, she would have swept the child away; but Julia caught sight of the pink gingham dress and sprang up. "Hello, kid!" she cried her sullenness gone. Picking up the small stater, she kissed Terry as she had never been kissed before.

While Father brooded in silence, scowling, Julia took the child on her grey chiffon lap, and explained that she had come partly to bring presents for the "kid." She was going away, perhaps before Terry's birthday, going to have a real good time, because she was rich now. The first check out of her new check book had bought an outfit for Miss Teresa, from hat to shoes! So there!

Terry would rather have had a doll than new clothes, thought her were old, but she would not hurt Julia by saying so. She put her arms round the beautiful, big girl's neck, thanked her, sniffed her heavenly perfume, and began to ask questions. "Was the stage? Or what had made her hair turn red?" "Oh, the stage is a sort of place where you dance or sing, or walk on and show yourself," said Julia. "That's what I do. But I'm going on a ship soon. Maybe I won't be back on the stage much again—or maybe I will; just as I feel. And my hair has turned red because—well, be-

NEW SPY SCARE STRIKES FRANCE

METZ, France, July 9.—A New spy scare struck the fortified region today, with the arrest of two Germans and one Frenchman. The Germans, Jean Racheck and Alois Frischmann, were said to be members of the guard in a Saas factory, while the third man, Othob Baltes, formerly was a high functionary in the Rhineland during the French occupation. "Goodness! How fat Betty is getting!" "That's because she daily doesn't."