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

The HOUSEWIFE and HER ACTIVITIES

What can a Mother give her children
Greater today than this one thing—
Faith in an old, sweet, beautiful story.
A star, a stable, a new-born King?

—Grace Noll Crowell.

PRECIOUS MAKE-UP BOX TREASURE FOR SWEET YOUNG THING

Make-up is as precious as jewels to modern women—so boxes like jewel cases are being sold to hold make-up, and provide the ideal solution of the nearly forgotten gift.

They contain four or five beautifully shaped glass jars, three powder boxes, manicure tools, three lipsticks, and things to beautify eyebrows and eyelashes.

The nicest boxes have a mirror in the lid.

TABLOID

I have found that by using lard or dripping to rub on spots where "chimney drip" (that vile, sticky soot that sometimes runs drown a stovepipe) has soiled clothing, and washing them in mild warm suds, a complete victory in a difficult job is achieved.

LINK BETWEEN SCOTIA AND GREECE

Links between Scotland and the Duchess of Kent were forged in quick succession, writes May Gibson in the Glasgow Herald, following her first acquaintance with our country on her September visit to Balmoral. One was the conferring of the Earldom of St. Andrews on her fiance, the Duke of Kent and later there was the appointment of the Lady Mary Dorothea Hope, sister of the Marquis of Linlithgow, as the Duchess' Lady-in-Waiting.

But is it not also an interesting coincidence that the wedding of the Duke of Kent was solemnized on St. Andrew's Eve? For not only is St. Andrew, whose day is November 30, the patron saint of Scotland, but he has also a close association with the Duchess' own country, Greece Moreover, St. Andrew is, most appropriately, the patron saint of lovers.

From Greece To Fife

The saint, according to tradition preached the gospel in Greece and Asia Minor, and it was in the city of Patras, in Achaia, that, after a cruel scourging, he met his death by crucifixion in the year 70 A. D.

It was a Greek monk, named Regulus or Rule, who, having exhumed the bones of St. Andrew took them on board a ship, and, accompanied by fourteen other monks, set out for some distant land, eventually being cast ashore in a storm on the coast of Fife. There the holy relics were reverently reburied and a little church erected over the saint's new grave Thus, it is used, was the town of St. Andrew founded.

Although we in Scotland do not appear ever to have made much of our patron saint in his capacity as the patron saint also of lovers there is no doubt that St. Andrews has always been greatly honored in this respect on the Continent.

AMOROUS CUSTOMS

On St. Andrew's Eve the country girls of Germany who may be desirous of ascertaining what will be the color of the hair of their husbands to be, go through the time-honored ceremony of talking hold of the latch of the house door and repeating three times: "Gentle love, if thou lovest me show thyself." The girl then clutches through the opened door at the darkness, and in her hand, when she withdraws it, she is supposed to see a representation of a lock of masculine hair.

The peasant people of France have a similar custom. On St. Andrew's Day itself the French country girl fasts all day, and when night comes she gets into bed on the wrong side, and, on lying down and closing her eyes, says aloud: "Sweet Andrew, show me, I beg you, the man whom I an to marry." The revelation is not immediate, but comes to the maiden in a dream when she has fallen into slumber.

It may be that the proximity of Hallow'en with a similar customs has militated against St. Andrew being observed by amorous young women in Scotland as their particular patron saint. But, in any case the coincidence of the Eve of St Andrew and the Royal wedding day was interesting enough to be worthy of note.

HEALTH BATHS

There are so many agreeable ways of varying the bath hour that it need never be monotonous, and indeed, it is difficult to choose between them, writes Alice Latham in New Health Magazine.

Aromatic and herb baths help to ring the changes, and beside being fragrantly delightful, are decidedly healthful as the herbs contain antiseptics, and have an astringent tonic effect.

A home-made preparation has these ingredients; sage, thyme rosemary, peppermint, and camomile. These are placed in a cotton bag and boiled for a quarter of an hour, and the liquid poured into the bath water. A charmingly perfumed bath is the result. Other herb mixtures are lavender and elderflower, or mint and marjoram Such baths—are surely as "special" and exciting, as the far-famed bath of asses' milk, accredited to the wife of Nero, or those of champagne accorded to Ninon de l'Encols.

Hop baths are very soothing to jaded nerves, using a handful each of hops, lavender, and camomile flowers. This induces a most welcome and refreshing sleep.

Other ideas for the bath hour include pine for stiff, tired limbs, and rheumatic tendencies lime water for insomnia and orange flower water as a splendid skin tonic. Sulphur and electric baths are very valuable in the treatments for heart trouble neuritis, etc., but should be taken only under medical supervision and advice.

A salt glow may be taken at home. This produces a glorious feeling of vigor and health, akin to a real sea dip.

A tub of hot water should be ready, and a basin of course salt moistened with water. The damp salt should be rubbed over each limb vigorously, after wetting in the hot water.

After a final rinse, rub down with a coarse towel. This is most exhilarating, and is particularly delightful when followed by a sunlight bath. A feeling of renewed youth and buoyancy follows this routine.

CANADIAN TENOR WANTS US TO BE A SINGING NATION

Edward Johnson, Canada's distinguished tenor, has a pet dream, which is to see Canada a singing nation and he believes the dream will come true in his lifetime.

To bring this about he pointed out, it would be necessary to have music established in all the schools from the kindergarten to the university, so that it would become a real part of every child's education an integral part of his life. He believes this will come, and, as a result expects Canadians to become "a musically cultured people, with understanding and discernment."

LACE HATS TO BE WORN NEXT YEAR

PARIS, Dec. 27.—The interest in lace hats is a new and very vital one. Lillian Callet is making a whole series of new models, both for formal wear in Paris and for the first advance spring styles for the Riviera.

Most amusing of the evening arrangements is a swirl of tulle with just a touch of paillettes for the touch of partying atmosphere. She is doing this in colors to match the gown with which the hat is to be worn—and very effective it is.

She is also working out some "hattier" hats, if one may use such a term, which are intended for evening and cocktail wear, but which area definite suggestion of things for the first spring costumes on the Cote d'Azur. These use either stiffened lace or the sheerest of Chantilly types on a wired frame, and are noticable for their brims. Definitely reminding us of the fin de siecle, they have suddenly become excessively chic to our eyes, instead of being "quaint" as such a design would have seemed a year ago.

The continued tendency for bangs and the "Little Women" type of coiffure, which is variously attributed to Katherine Hepburn by movie fans, and to Gabrielle Chanel by those who remember how she first tipped her little pancake hats and then her coiffure down the forehead, brings veils into prominence as they haven't been since the automobile scarfs of by-gone days. They have always been flattering, and now they are also so smart that everyone is wearing them. The shapes are pleasantly varied, though almost all of them remain slightly stiffened in one fashion or another. Mainbocher, whose allegiance to narrow laces is unaltered, proceeded to do an entirely new thing in his draping of fine Chantilly lace around the face in replacing the veil. He usese it as a frame in one of bonnte shaped hats, sometimes with a chin strap, too. Again he takes the more convential veil and hangs it directly over the eyes under a wide brimmed hat, instead of fastening it at the edge.

The newest rumor is a lace beach parasol which will be made for early resort use, and which has just been sketched for the outstanding Paris women's monthly magazine.

18 YOUNG SKUNKS FARM BOYS' HAUL ON "FISHING" TRIP

CASTOR, Alta., Dec. 27—Three farm youths went afishing, for skunks. Using a long wire hook, they fished 18 young skunks out of a den and dispatched them with shots from a small calibre rifle. The animals had raided a chicken house and the boys tracked them to the den.

THE QUAKER METHOD OF EASY BREAD BAKING

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The easy, quick, Quaker way

With Quaker Flour and the Quaker Method you can make bread or rolls *without* kneading—or setting the sponge overnight.

Your baking will be lighter and more delicious too — and you will always be certain of first-class results.

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A Morning Smile

The lodger was settling his bill but on looking through it he found several things for which he had been overcharged.

"Surely this isn't right," he said angrily to the landlady, indicating an item.

"All right," she snapped back, after admitting that there had been a mistake, "you needn't get so excited. Keep your wool on, young man."

"Keep my wool on," repeated the lodger. "How can I when I'm being fleeced?"

Collector—Say, bozo, I want to collect some back payments on your antique furniture.

Head of the House—You're crazy. I never bought any antique furniture on the instalmen plan.

Collector—Well, maybe it wasn't antique when you bought it.

THE COOK'S CORNER

POOR MAN'S GOOSE

One pound of liver, ⅛ pound of bacon, potatoes, 1 cup of water, 1 tablespoon of flour, 2 onions, 2 teaspoons of sage, pepper and salt to suit, dripping.

Wash the liver, cut in thin slices and roll them in flour. Prepare the onions and potatoes and cut them in thin slices. Cut up the bacon. Grease a pie dish or casserole, put in the different ingredients in layers, seasoning them with pepper, salt and sage. The last layer should be potatoes. Then pour the water over all, put knobs of dripping over the top and bake in a moderate oven for two hours.

CASSEROLE OF CHOPS

Six loin or rib chops, 1 heaping teaspoon each of butter and flour, 12 small carrots, 12 small whole onions, ½ pound sauted mushrooms, 1 bay leaf, 1 cup strong stock, 1 small bunch of parsley tied together, salt, pepper. Place butter in saucepan and sear chops in this until a light brown. Remove chops, blend flour with the butter in the pan, and add the stock. Place chops in casserole, pour gravy over them and add vegetables, bay leaf and parsley. Season all well, cover tightly and simmer for about one an done-half hours. One-half hour before serving add mushrooms. Serve from the casserole.

PEANUT STRIPS

Pie paste
Peanut butter
Lemon juice
Egg white
Chopped peanuts

Roll paste very thin. Spread half with peanut butter thinned with lemon juice. Cover with the other half and with a sharp knife mark in strips, 4 inches long and 1 inch wide. Bake on a lightly greased baking sheet in a quick oven. When baked, brush with white of egg, slightly beaten and diluted with 1 teaspoon cold water; sprinkle with finely-chopped peanuts. Return to the oven for about 3 minutes, until the nuts are slightly crisped, then cut apart. These are excellent with coffee or afternoon tea.

IRISH SODA BREAD

Take 3 breakfastcups plain flour, ½ teaspoon salt, and ½ teaspoon soda.

Sieve these ingredients and mix to a soft dough with two-days-old cream, kneading as little as possible. The cream should be just on the point of turning. Roll out about an inch thick, cut into squares or triangles, and bake in a hot oven for ten minutes.

In Ireland they eat this hot, split and spread with farmhouse butter, defying all the canons of modern dieticians.

It is a useful recipe to know about if unexpected guests arrive for tea.

THE FAMOUS RUBBING LINIMENT

Rub on—pain gone. Get the new large economy size—Also available in smaller, regular size.

MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT

Has Woman Right To Hold Job?

Dorothy Dix

Finds Increasing Sentiment Against It

Did Women Achieve Equality With Men When They Won the Right to Vote?—In Politics, Yes; in Business, No, for the Old Clamor Against Women Who Hold Jobs Has Increased Hundredfold

Those of us who fought, bled and died to gain the recognition of women as human beings, entitled to equal rights with men, fondly believed that we had achieved our purpose when women were granted the right to vote. It seems, however, that we were vastly mistaken and that political rights are one thing and the right to hold down a job is something else, and that while the great majority of people are perfectly willing to grand women the privilege of the ballot, they are not willing to concede them the privilege of following a gainful occupation.

During the depression the very heavens have been rent with cries of protest against the woman who worked outside of her home. She has even been accused of having precipitated hard times upon us. She has been held responsible for unemployment, and every man out of work has charged her with stealing his means of livelihood. Any woman who worked outside of her own home has been held up to obloquy as a racketeer who took the very bread out of the mouths of men, women and children in order that she might feast on terrapin and champagne, and if the working woman happened to be a married woman there has simply been nothing bad enough to say about her. She was Female Public Enemy No. 1. To the gallows with her.

These critics of the working woman always assume that she labors for fun and not because of necessity. She is invariably depicted as leaving a luxurious home, where a wealthy husband or father provides her with every imaginable comfort, to go out and stand eight hours a day behind a counter or pound a typewriter, and she always spends the money she thus earns to buy $25 hats and $5 stockings and imported frocks.

Never by any chance is she poor and homeless. Never are her frail little tired hands the only ones that feed a hungry family. Never does she have helpless old parents, or a sick husband, or little children dependent upon her.

Yet in real life not any of us have known a woman who worked outside of her home for the mere sake of amusing herself, unless she was one to whom God has given some gift or talent that drove her relentlessly on to fulfill her destiny. The great majority of women are not so industrious as that. Nor have they a queer preference for getting up early of a morning and, sick or well, punching a time clock and putting up with unreasonable customers and surly bosses and standing on feet that ache until they are ready to fall off, instead of going to parties and riding around in limousines. Nor have any of us ever known any working woman who did not have others whom she supported. Always she stood between some unfortunate and starvation or the poorhouse.

So all this talk about women working for amusement, or because they want to buy themselves gewgaws, is out. There is not a word of truth in it. They work because they need the money for themselves and their dependents.

But this raises the interesting question—and it is a curious one to crop up in this late day in civilization—of why a woman should have a different status in the working world than a man. Why have not a woman the same right to earn an honest living that a man has? And why, particularly, does it constitute a high crime and misdemeanor for a married woman to have a job?

There has been so much propaganda on this subject that we have lost all sense of justice in the matter. Many employers not only refuse to hire a married woman, but dismiss every female employe on her wedding day. Yet the married woman may have an invalid husband and starving little children to provide for and be in far greater need of a job than any single woman. And the knowledge that her marriage will mean the loss of her pay envelope drives many a girl into an illicit relationship with the boy she loves who doesn't earn enough to finance a marriage by himself, but who could do it if they could pool their earnings.

Of course, the theory that every married woman has a husband amply able to support her and that she has no one but herself to consider is a lovely one that we all wish was true. Most of all the wives wish it. But, unfortunately, such is not the case. Thousands of young couples can marry only if the wife can keep on being a money-earner, and thousands of fine men, who are everything that is lovable and livable in a husband, have not the gift of money-making, or they are incapacitated by lack of health from doing strenuous work, or they meet with financial ill luck, and their families must suffer unless the wives can add their quota to the family budget. And thousands of men could support their wives if they did not have also other members of their families to be supported.

Aman was telling me the other day that he had been taken severely to task for having in his employ a valued secretary, trained to difficult and intricate work, but who was married. "She has a husband who earns enough to take care of her, and some single woman should have her place," said the busybody.

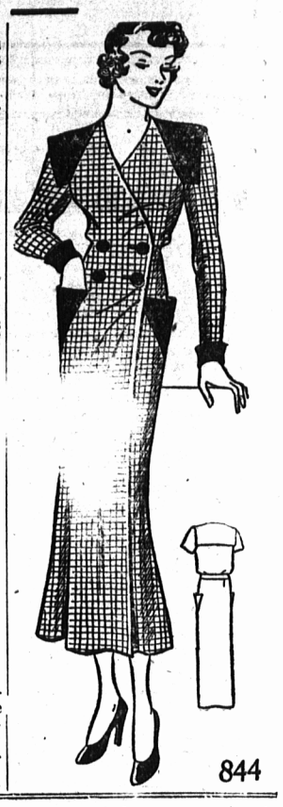
"You think so?" replied the man. "But I happen to know that my secretary and her husband support between them two old mothers, an invalid sister and six little children who wouldn't eat but for them. What about that side of the question? The husband couldn't do it alone."

Nobody thinks a man should retire the minute he gets enough to live on. Nobody thinks a rich man's son should live a life of idleness because his father can give him food and clothes. Nobody thinks a man should give up his job because somebody else would like to have it. It is only women who have no right to follow a gainful occupation or exercise their talents.

Which shows that in the matter of equal rights women still run a bad second.

DOROTHY DIX.

SMART FROCKS FOR FASHIONABLE PEOPLE



Here's one of those likable tailored home frocks you can don when you are "doing things" and feel just right in. It has no fussy bits and ends to get in the way when making the house attractive or sewing, etc. Its cut will allow you nice easy freedom. Being wrap-over—it's easy to slip into and easy to launder.

One's mind almost naturally runs to thoughts of cottons for such a dress, but there are other materials, such as rayon novelties, wool challis prints, wool jersey, etc., which could enter the running, too.

For the model sketched, blue and white gingham check was used with plain blue trims.

Style No. 844 is designed for sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust. Size 36 requires 4¼ yards of 39-inch material with ⅝ yard of 35-inch contrasting.

Price of PATTERN 15 cents in stamps or coin (coin is preferred) Wrap coin carefully.

No. 844. Size .....
Name .....
Street Address .....
City ..... State .....

NEW HISTORY FELLOWSHIP

Women graduates of any university in the United Kingdom are eligible for a fellowship for historical studies worth $1,250 a year tenable at the University of London, England.

WHISPERING ROCK by JOHN LEBAR

For the last few days as she watched the water so relentlessly disappear, Ruth thought less about meeting her note and more about the cattle themselves. The tears often started in her eyes these days. When the girl came upon a gaunt cow lying in the stifling shade at the bottom of some gully, with a shriveled, panting calf at her side, she wanted desperately to explain to these poor creatures that she could not help, that she was not to blame.

When the last of the water was gone in the south pasture, Ruth felt that she would gladly give every animal on the place to any one who could take them to green fields and running water. Feeling as she did, the blow which fell on the following mail day was robbed a little of its power to hurt. She had written a letter to Parker explaining the situation and thanking him for his previous offer to extend payment. And although Old Charley would be bringing the mail and would not be going into town again until next week, the girl rode to the box.

But the mail had already arrived when she reached the box. There were two letters addressed to her. The one with the earliest postmark was from Parker who explained that for business reasons he had been obliged to take a loan on the note. It was now in the hands of J. H. Witherspoon, Inc., a broker. The second letter was from the broker. After reading it the girl glared at the cloudless skyline, then rode home. Her lips were set and her face shone yellow under the tan. . . . .

"Consequently, the cattle situation being what it is owing to the present drought, we feel it necessary to call payment on the note when due; namely, November first, next."

* * *

"Well," said Will, "there's one thing crtain—when the rains hold off as long as this they make up for it when they do begin."

Again, Ruth shook her her head.

Old Charley studied for a moment, then slowly climbed out of the car. Will followed. "I've seen some pretty bad times mended," remarked the old man. "Things most always seem worse than what they are. But pshaw—we're bound to get rain before long and when we do, it'll likely be a good one, same as Will says."

"The last pond went dry a week ago," said Ruth dully.

Old Charley tried not to show his surprise. "So? Well, they'll get a little thin waterin' at the well, but it won't hurt them.

"Oh!" Ruth suddenly turned away. After a moment she said slowly, "I gave my note to Parker for the cattle—my interest in the ranch will be gone by November—there's no water—the cattle will be dying in another week."

"Another week!" Both men stared at the girl. "You must be wrong," said Old Charley.

"No, the well's going dry—it gives out sooner each day."

"But, Mrs. Warren"—Will looked from Ruth to his father—"I don't understand. There was surface water there last June, worlds of water. Why, there must be two or three thousand acres which drain into that well!"

"It's going dry," said Ruth.

"New wells sometimes give out quick," replied Old Charley slowly, "but it sure seems funny. You see. Will, here, helped your brother locate that well. You ought to be able to take care of a good half of your herd—let part of 'em water at the corrals."

"At — the — corrals? But I don't understand—do you mean?"

Old Charley looked at his son and then at Ruth "Why, just what I said; use the well at the corrals, the one with the windmill—the old well."

"But that's what we have been using," cried Ruth; "that's the one that's going dry!"

"What!" ejaculated Will. "Aren't you using the upper well at all?"

"Upper well—what upper well?" asked Ruth in a dazed voice.

"Well, I'll be—" Old Charley looked at his son.

"He never went on with it," said Will, softly.

Old Charley nodded and turned to Ruth. "The prospect Harry and Will found last summer was in the upper end of the north pasture—I guess Harry didn't get around to developing it before—he left. But didn't anybody tell you about it?"

"No—" Ruth's heart was beating wildly, "I never heard about any other water."

"Harry bought the pipe," said Will, "Remember, Dad? We passed a load of it on the way to town last fall."

"There's a big pile of pipe behind the barn, said Ruth. "Tell me quick! Is there water we can use in the north pasture?"

"It'll have to be developed," said Old Charley slowly.

"Shouldn't take more than a day or two," responded Will. He thought a moment, then pulled an envelope from his pocket and wrote on it with a pencil, "Here, Dad, you run on into town and send this telegram—I'll be staying over a few days." He turned to Ruth. "Suppose I ride back with you and show you that place. Seems to me you ought to develop plenty of water with a day's work or so."

Snavely slowly arose as the riders came straight up to him. Ruth spoke: Mr. Thane has told me of a place in the north pasture where there is indication of water—he and my brother found it last summer." She paused. "Why didn't you tell me about it?"

"I had reasons,' said Snavely, his eyes on Will. "I didn't want to go gettin' your hopes up—there ain't no use diggin' in that gully bottom jest because of a little rain seepage."

If not rain came within a week the cattle would begin dying by dozens.

"But, Mr. Snavely," said Ruth, "now that we have need of the water don't you think it would be wise to try to get it?"

"If you can—you won't find nothin', though. Maybe a little rock basin full of rain water under the sand."

"There had been no rains for several months when we located the prospect last summer," said Will; "the sand was wet and we dug far enough to see that water was running into it from that big dike. That dike is a natural underground dam—"

"All right, all right—go ahead and dig all you're a mind to if you've got such an all-fired interest in the Dead Lantern, Mr. Thane."

Will make no reply and Ruth thanked him with her eyes. To Snavely she said, as she started her horse, "Please have the two men follow us with picks and shovels."

It was not long before Will guided her into a small arroyo, one of the hundreds which led down from the mountains.

(To Be Continued.)

ENGLISH COUSIN AT VANDERBILT HOME

NEW YORK, Dec. 27—A sombre brownstone house in East 72nd street, hushed in recent months while a mother fought through the courts for custody of her child, resounded today to the merry romping of two healthy youngsters.

Gloria Vanderbilt, centre of the legal struggle between her mother and her paternal aunt, returned from 10 o'clock mass to find her cousin and favorite playmate waiting for her. He was Anthony (Tony) Furness, who arrived from Europe with his mother, the former Lady Furness. The boy is the same age as his cousin Gloria—10.

Tony brought several Christmas gifts to add to the pile that already awaits Gloria, but neither he nor his mother would tell ship reporters what they were.

"Toys," said Lady Furness firmly, "must always be a surprise."

Lady Furness, twin sister of Gloria's mother, Mrs. Gloria Morgan Vanderbilt, said she would remain with her sister until the latter's court contest with Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney is ended.

"I doubt if I shall see my mother," Lady Furness had said, referring to Mrs. Laura Kilpatrick Morgan, who testified against Mrs. Vanderbilt at the hearing which led to an order decreeing that Gloria should spend five days a week with Mrs. Whitney.

"It seems a shame to have the family split at Christmas," she added. "But of course I am sticking by my sister."

Three giant flying boats are to be put into service between Miami and British Guiana, on March 1 The trip will take two days instead of three days, as at present St. Lucia and any other places cut out will be served by a shuttle service from Trinidad.

Old Gentleman—I am eight, young man, and I don't recollect ever having told a lie.

Young Hope—Well, sir, you can't except your memory to be reliable at your age