

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

Breast fed is Best fed—
drink
OVALTINE
TONIC FOOD BEVERAGE

For The Cook

FUDGE CAKE
2 cups sifted cake flour.
2 teaspoons baking powder.
1/2 teaspoon soda.
1/2 teaspoon salt.
1/2 cup butter or other shortening.
1 cup sugar.
2 egg yolks, well beaten.
3 squares unsweetened chocolate, melted.
1 1/4 cups milk.
1 teaspoon vanilla.
2 egg whites, stiffly beaten.
Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder, soda and salt, and sift together three times. Cream butter thoroughly, add sugar gradually, and cream together until light and

A Morning Smile

Judge: "You don't seem to have a thought for anything but motoring! Why don't you put your wife before your car sometimes?"
Motorist: "My word! That's a great idea!"
fluffy. Add egg yolks and chocolate; then add flour, alternately with milk, a small amount at a time. Beat after each addition until smooth. Add vanilla. Fold in egg whites. Bake in two greased 9-inch layer pans in moderate oven (350 deg. F.) 30 minutes. Put layers together and cover top and sides of cake with fudge frosting. Double recipe to make three 10-inch layers.

FASHION



You'll make no mistake by letting her have this pattern. They're tremendously easy to fashion.
This adorable pantie set is particularly nice for school and college wear.
The pantie legs are cut in six sections, tapering into a smart comfortable fullness. A yoked top gives a smooth neckline. The fitted bandeau closes at the back.
There are numberless materials that are suitable as batiste, dimity prints, crepe de chine, flat crepe silk and crepe satin.
It's just the prettiest set anyone could wish for made of novelty crepe de chine in pale pink with pale blue bindings.
Style No. 663 is designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 16 requires 1 1/2 yards of 39-inch material with 5 yards of binding.
Be sure to fill in the size of the pattern. Send stamps or coin (coin preferred).
Price of pattern 15 cents.

Ugly Ducklings With Swan Mothers Finds They Are Children Without Hope
Dorothy Dix

About the Worst Thing That Can Happen to Any Girl is to Have a Mother That Outshines Her, Says Dorothy Dix — The Eclipse of Her Personality Begins in Babyhood and Continues Until Death

About the worst misfortune that can happen to a girl is to have one of these perfectly wonderful mothers who so outdazzles her that it throws daughter completely in the shade. They seem to form a sort of swan-who-has-hatched-out-an-ugly-duckling case and everybody who sees them wonders how on earth it happened that such a beautiful and brilliant woman should have such an ordinary, drab child.
All of us know dozens of such cases. Mother always forges ahead like a ship under full sail. Daughter meekly follows in her wake. Mother is brilliant and vivacious, the life of every party. Daughter hasn't a word to say for herself. Mother is efficient. Daughter is helpless. Apparently daughter hasn't an idea nor an opinion of her own. Mother buys her clothes, picks out her friends, tells her what to read, and when you ask

daughter if she will have one lump or two of sugar in her tea, mother speaks up for her and says: "Hally only takes lemon."
So we set Sally down as a morose and a bore and she gets hopelessly sidetracked and we pity her mother because she has to drag around with her such an unattractive daughter and because she has such a time getting her married, if ever.

But, in reality, there is nothing the matter with Sally except that she has been so crushed by having so much superior mother that she never had a chance to develop her own individuality at all. She is nothing but a colorless little plant that has grown up in the shade because mother pre-empted the place in the sun in their household.
It began by mother wishing a sort of perpetual babyhood on her and keeping her in socks and pinafores and being put to bed at 7 o'clock, until long after girls of her own age had quit playing with dolls and were thinking about what they would name their real babies.

For mother was determined to be young. Children DO date you so and she couldn't bear to be the mother of a half-grown girl, so poor Sally was kept hidden in the nursery while mother gushed about "my little baby."
Then mother is one of those women who calmly usurp the family throne and make their families kowtow before them, and Sally was brought up to believe that mother is always right and that it was lese-majeste to differ from mother even in her thoughts.
She was never permitted to use her mind any more than if she hadn't possessed any such superfluous piece of baggage. Mother did all of her thinking for her and decided all of her problems. She wore what mother considered suitable and becoming. She ate what mother considered good for her digestion.

Mother made a rubber-stamp of her, and there is nothing particularly thrilling or interesting in a rubber-stamp. Mother robbed her of every bit of personality and that's what makes her seem so faded and colorless.
Sally isn't nearly so good-looking as her mother. Strangers always remark that. Well, for one thing, the inferiority complex is not a beautifier. Good looks are largely self-esteem. They consist in carrying yourself 60 per cent above your appearance instead of 70 per cent under it. That is the difference between mother and Sally. Sally has always thought of mother as being beautiful and admired her and contrasted herself with mother to her own disadvantage until she has absolutely obliterated herself.
And then, too, fine feathers make fine birds and mother has always grabbed the best of the plumage. A middle-aged woman really needs good gowns and jewels, you know, but young girls look so sweet in simple, inexpensive frocks, and Sally believes this because she has been taught ever since her infancy the gospel of self-abnegation and that the best of everything must go to mother.

Sally has few dates. She is a silent little thing, without any line or any tricks to win the admiration of men. Boys find her perplex and difficult to talk to because she has never learned how to talk. In fact, she has never had a chance to talk because mother has always monopolized the conversation, and Sally's role has been that of the patient listener.
Mother has taken away all of Sally's beaux and stood in the way of her marrying. Not intentionally, for she would like to see Sally married and established in life, but whenever a man has dawned on the scene mother has so overwhelmed him by her charms and graces, and her knowledge of how to manage men and jolly them along that he forgets all about poor little quiet Sally who didn't know how to "sell" herself.
And, if Sally ever does get married mother will manage her house

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DR. WILLIAMS' **BABY'S OWN TABLETS**
Make and Keep Children Well—As Mothers Know

"Experience Great Teacher" Says Minister's Wife to Mothers of Children

Mrs. (Rev.) M. E. Conron, 187 Marlboro Street, Brantford, Ontario, Gives Her Heartfelt Thanks for BABY'S OWN TABLETS

"Experience is a great teacher," says Mrs. Conron. "When our first baby arrived I knew nothing about Baby's Own Tablets, and when he began to cut his teeth he was cross and feverish and would not take his food. We lost so much rest at night I was completely played out, but one day while my husband, who is a minister, was out calling, a lady advised him to buy a box of Baby's Own Tablets. We certainly found they worked wonders. In 24 hours we had a different baby. We have now six strong, healthy children, and we have used no other medicine than Baby's Own Tablets."

Another mother who has written of her experiences is Mrs. J. A. Brown, Bay-side, P.E.I. "Being a mother," she says, "of eight children and real healthy ones, I have often been asked, 'How is it your babies are all so good, and thrive so well?' My answer is always the same, 'Baby's Own Tablets is all the medicine I ever give them.' When I notice any sign of a sick stomach or cold coming on, I always give a tablet. Even if the children are real well I give an occasional tablet as a preventive."
Mrs. T. Tweedy, 475 Millwood Road, Toronto, says: "If my baby is crying with colic, or is peevish when cutting teeth, I give a Baby's Own Tablet, and he is soon happy again."
Mrs. W. J. Demill, R. 3, Trenton, Ont., writes: "My baby girl took a terrible cold and a high fever. We were living in Saskatchewan, nine miles from a doctor and the roads were almost impassable. . . . I just gave the

child Baby's Own Tablets, and she got all better."
Mrs. E. J. Mulligan, Kazubazua, Que., says: "I am the mother of twelve children—all living—and I have given Baby's Own Tablets to them all—for colds, fevers, stomach and bowel troubles and during teething."
Mrs. Roy Herman, 108 Wood Street East, Hamilton, says: "Baby's Own Tablets soon break up colds. I have found them very helpful at teething-time, too."
Mrs. Wm. Grant, R. 3, Arden, Ont., writes: "My little girl two years' old sometimes has indigestion and vomits. I give her Baby's Own Tablets and they relieve her promptly."
The experience of thousands of mothers is that Baby's Own Tablets are invaluable for teething troubles, colds, simple fever, colic, upset stomach, vomiting, indigestion, constipation, sleeplessness, and whenever a child is restless and fretful. Children take them eagerly—like candy. And they are absolutely SAFE—read the analyst's guarantee, in each 25-cent package.

GUARANTEE
Montreal Testing Laboratory
I hereby certify that I have made a careful analysis of Baby's Own Tablets, which I personally purchased in a drug store in Montreal, and the said analysis has failed to detect the presence of any opiate or narcotic in them.
(Sgd.) *William L. Horsey, M.Sc. (McGill)*
More than 1,250,000 packages sold in 1931

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By Margaret Pedler
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It was true. Anything that might have spelt danger was past, and it only remained to follow the beaten track up to the hotel, though even so, with the wind and snow driving in their faces, it took them a good half-hour to accomplish the task.
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"Mon d'eu, mademoiselle! But we rejoice to see you back!" exclaimed Madame de Varigny. "We ourselves are only newly returned—and that, with difficulty, through this terrible storm—and we arrive to find that none knows where you are!"
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Had Splitting Headache
Agonizing pain . . . spoils her "dates" and robs her of youth and beauty. By taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Tablets, cramps are relieved.



PAULINE FREDERICK, fascinating star of the stage and screen, as she looks today. Surely no one would dream she is over 40! "Birthdays do not count," she says, "if you guard complexion beauty!"

"I'm over 40!"
Pauline Frederick

Fascinating Stage and Screen Star has a Complexion Secret you, too, can share!

"I AM over forty years old," says Pauline Frederick. "And I am now realizing that it is not birthdays which really count. It is whether or not a woman retains her youthful complexion."
"After every performance of my present stage vehicle, *Elizabeth the Queen*, I use Lux Toilet Soap to cleanse my skin of makeup. Not only does it remove every single trace of grease paint, but it also protects my complexion and

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By Margaret Pedler
(Continued)
He sprang up, as though anxious to maintain the recovered atmosphere of the commonplace.
"Come! Having shot her bolt and tried ineffectually to down you in a ditch, I expect the old lady will let us get home safely now. We're through the worst. There are no more drifits between here and the hotel."
It was true. Anything that might have spelt danger was past, and it only remained to follow the beaten track up to the hotel, though even so, with the wind and snow driving in their faces, it took them a good half-hour to accomplish the task.
Monsieur and Madame de Varigny, a distracted naitre d'hotel, and a little crowd of interested and sympathetic visitors welcomed their arrival.
"Mon d'eu, mademoiselle! But we rejoice to see you back!" exclaimed Madame de Varigny. "We ourselves are only newly returned—and that, with difficulty, through this terrible storm—and we arrive to find that none knows where you are!"
"Me, I made sure that mademoiselle had accompanied Madame la Comtesse," asseverated Monsieur Vautrinot, nervously anxious to exculpate himself from any charge of carelessness.
"We were just going to organize a search party, added the little Countess. "I, myself"—stoutly—

enthusiasm with which a recital of the afternoon's adventure would have been received.
CHAPTER VI THE MAGIC MOMENT
Jean, surprisingly revived by a hot bath and a hot drink, and comfortably tucked up beside the fire in her room, was recounting the day's adventure to Madame de Varigny.
It was a somewhat expurgated version of the affair that she outlined—thoughtfully calculated to allay the natural apprehensions of a temporary chaperon—in which the unknown Englishman figured innocuously as merely having come to her assistance when, in the course of her afternoon's tramp, she had been overtaken by the blizzard. Of the stolen day, snatched from under Mrs. Grundy's enquiring nose, Jean preserved a discreet silence.
"I don't know who he could be," she pursued. "I've never seen him on the ice before; I should certainly have recognized him if I

had. He was a lean, brown man, very English-looking—that sort of cold-tub-every-morning effect, you know. Oh! And he had one perfectly white lock of hair that was distinctly attractive. It looked—descriptively—"as though someone had dabbed a powdered finger on his hair—just in the right place." Madame de Varigny's eyes nar-

rowed, and a quick ejaculation escaped her. It was something more than a mere exclamation connoting interest; it held a definitely individual note, as though it sprang from some sudden access of personal feeling.
Jean, hearing it, looked up in some surprise, and the other, meeting her questioning glance, rushed hastily into speech.
"A lock of white hair? But how chic! It should not"—thoughtfully—"be difficult to discover the identity of anyone with so distinctive a characteristic."
(To Be Continued)

had her husband and her children and decide whether she is to stay married or get a divorce, because she has killed all of Sally's self-confidence and courage and made her such a weakling that she