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

Living & Leisure

—THE WOMAN'S REALM—

ASCENT

mere existence were the goal
f every baffled human soul,
f life were lived upon a plane
f dull monotony and pain,
What madness then to struggle on!
ut each day brings another dawn.
ach sunrise spreads a glorious feast,
o prove Man greater than the beast;
nd he who will may rise and soar—
n eagle, stronger than before!
—Richard Callan.

CLOTHES MADE FOR ADORNMENT

NEW YORK —Among the costumes for evening one designer has stressed his conviction that clothes should be designed "not merely to cover the body, but to adorn it ... to harmonize with and enhance the contours of the body." Working happily on this theory, he has produced a skirt treatment which involves the use of pyramidal-shaped crinoline underskirts to give the effect of bouffant softness.

Another innovation is the use of square folds to form a floating drapery or enhance a neckline. A long sleeved, high-throated dinner dress of black crepe employed the former concept, while a rustling evening gown in a deep, heavenly blue (the shade that most men adore) had the folded drapery in back and flat folds at the neckline. All this, and strapless, too.

For cover-up there was a wonderful evening wrap of black velveteen with a high-standing collar and full sleeves which was lined in mauve taffeta quilted and studded with colored sequins embroidered to look like jewels. This was definitely designed for the Grand Occasion but poses the question: "Please, mayn't we wear the inside outside?"

AVIATION NOTE

It's a flying age we zoom in:
Note the wing sleeves, with much room in.

JUST A STUDY IN CONTRAST

Everything is in extreme contrast this fall in the fashion line. Skirts, with more length of purse, are either very full and gathered snugly at the waist, or fly straight with perhaps a soft front drape.

Sleeves are caught tightly below the elbow, or they fall in smart fullness to the wrist.

Belts are wide and conspicuous, or narrow and of the same color-ing as the frock.

Shoes are spike-heeled, or very low, in the style of the ballerina.

Necklines are predominantly high and rounded, or scooped low, particularly for evening wear.

BACK TO TWENTIES

NEW YORK —A few 1920 costumes were shown in a recent fashion display, notably a full winter white coat with black seal full lining and rounded flat collar that could stand up when the coat is wrapped and held. A suit with big fox collar and cuffs has the same reminiscent look.

From bell-shaped jackets that scarcely touched the hips, to evening gowns that were topless and seemed to billow out as if by a breeze, the collection has more beauty and freedom than any shown for many years.

PEANUT CHEESEBALLS

Spark up fruit salad with peanut cheese balls. Blend together cream cheese and peanut butter; form into small balls. Then roll in finely crushed graham cracker crumbs. Nice as hors d'oeuvres, too.

For a sugarless graham crumb crust, blend thoroughly 16 graham crackers finely rolled (1 1/3 cup crumbs) 1½ tablespoons honey or corn syrup and ¼ cup table fat.

Press mixture firmly in even layer against sides and bottom of 9-inch pie plate. Bake at 375 degrees F. for 8 minutes. Cool and fill.

JEWELS WORN ON SPECTACLES

Ogden Nash once said, "A girl who is bespectacled, she may not get her neck tickled," but the modern lassie whose optic nerves need a little outside assistance need have no such worries.

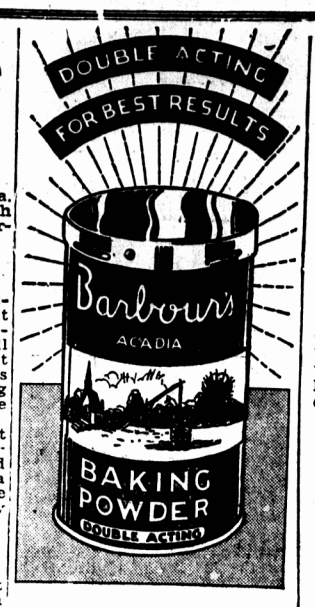
Designed to become part of a costume, the new spectacles are studded with pearls, rhinestones or jewels and are not meant to be hidden, but predominant.

Personality "specs," one might call them.

COFFEE FRAPPE

Coffee Frappe is an elegant drink in which either sugar or honey may be used.

Servings for eight require three eggs, slightly beaten, a dash of salt, 2/3 cup of sugar or ½ cup of honey, three cups strong, hot coffee, one cup of cream, crushed ice, one pint of vanilla or coffee ice cream. Mix the eggs, salt, sugar or syrup in top of double boiler. Add coffee, stirring and cook over hot water stirring constantly until mixture thickens slightly. Cool and add cream. Pour over ice in tall glasses stirring well and garnish each glassful with a spoonful of ice cream.



Morning Smile

IN A DAZE

"How did the Smith wedding go off?"

"Fine, until the parson asked the bride if she'd obey her husband."

"What happened then?"

"She replied 'Do you think I'm crazy?' and the groom who was in a sort of daze, replied, 'I do'."

LOGICAL

Pat, a truck driver, stopped suddenly on the highway. The car behind crashed into the truck and its owner sued the Irishman.

"Why didn't you hold out your hand?" the judge asked Pat.

"Well," he said indignantly, "if he couldn't see the truck, how in hiv'n's name could he see mi hand?"

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BERLOU GUARANTEED MOTHSPRAY

DOROTHY DIX SAYS—

No Magic In Marriage

Character Of Participants Seldom Changed By Ceremony

ALTHOUGH the dumbest of us know better, the most intelligent of us still cling to the superstition that there is some magic in the wedding ceremony that miraculously changes men and women from what they are into what they should be. That fantastic theory is what leads otherwise sane people into making the unsuitable marriages that even a blind person could see were bound to end in disaster.

For John would never in the world marry a shrewish girl, with a red-headed temper, if he expected her to stay that way. Nor would Tom handicap himself for life by burdening himself with a wife who was lazy and trifling and clothes-mad. Arabella wouldn't pick out a drunkard for a husband if she knew she would spend the balance of her days fishing him out of the gutter. Nor would Susie espouse an I. W. W. if she dreamed she would have to take in boarders to support him.

It is because these matrimonial candidates are the victims of the belief that the parson has only to say a few words over a girl and, presto, she is changed from a virago into an angel in whose mouth butter wouldn't melt; or to transform a girl who is a waster and a spender into a penny-pincher; or to turn a drunkard into a prohibitionist, or a loafer into a go-getter.

NOT A CURE-ALL

And the fact that no one has ever seen any of these incarnations take place doesn't shake the popular faith in the efficacy of marriage as a cure-all for whatever ails the character and disposition and habits of a man and woman and make them different before and after taking.

This artless belief in the conjure powers of marriage would be strange enough if we applied it only to others, but it is incredible that we honestly believe it of ourselves. We are convinced that just having the marriage ceremony said over us will automatically change our entire natures, and wipe out all of our old tastes and desires as if they had never been. Our feet will no longer ache to dance. We won't want to step out among the bright lights. We won't long for pretty clothes. All we will want will be just to settle down and spend our evenings at home reading an improving book and watching Junior sleep.

Sometimes marriage does bring about this sea change. Oftener it doesn't. And when the charm fails to work and the husband and wife want to keep on with the order of life to which they are accustomed, and are frustrated in it, trouble begins.

This is the season that there are so many more divorces among young couples than among old ones. The girl wife still wants the pleasures that belong to her time of life. She wants to step out in the evenings and she has to stay at home with the baby. She longs for pretty clothes and she has to stretch every nickel to make her money cover the grocery bill. She is bored stiff with cooking and washing and baby-tending and she grows peevish and fretful and discontented.

The moral of all of which is, for both men and women: Know and pleasure-loving and longs for the old amusements to which he was accustomed, and marriage becomes to him a prison instead of the house of joy he expected it to be.

The moral of all of which is, for both men and women: Know yourself. Be sure of what you want in a life partner. For marriage isn't going to change you. It is only going to make you more so. .....

Modern Etiquette

By Roberta Lee

Q. Is it considered good form to use the letters "R.s.v.p." on invitations?

A. While this is often done, it is really a reflection on a well-bred person who knows enough to acknowledge an invitation without being requested to do so.

Q. Is it all right for a girl to invite her escort into her home after returning late at night from some party, dance, or the theatre?

A. According to the rules of etiquette, she should not do so.

Q. Does the clergyman receive a fee for conducting a funeral, and how much?

A. Yes; the amount depends entirely upon the means of the family.

How Can I!!

By Anne Ashley

Q. How can I leave house plants for several days, so that they will have sufficient moisture?

A. Place a number of bricks in a tub, set the flower pots on the bricks, and pour in water to cover the bricks. The plants will draw sufficient moisture.

Q. How can I give canned goods a better flavor?

A. Always open canned fruits and vegetables a few hours before using, if possible, and the flavor will be far better than when used immediately after opening.

Q. How can I remove scars from pimples?

A. They will soon disappear if they are bathed with a solution of boracic acid, followed by an application of zinc ointment.

Better English

D. C. Williams

1. What is wrong with this sentence? "How long did you stop in Atlanta?"

2. What is the correct pronunciation of "Himalaya"?

3. Which one of these words is misspelled? Alabaster, porter, janiter, arbiter.

4. What does the word "perfidious" mean?

1. What is a word beginning with dem that means "a woman of doubtful reputation"?

ANSWERS

1. Say, "How long did you stay in Atlanta?" 2. Pronounce hi-ma-la-ya, 1 as in him, first a as in ah, second and third a's as in ask unstressed, accent second syllable. 3. Janitor. 4. Basely false to trust. "Involved in this perfidious fraud." —Milton. 5. Demimonde.

FURS MORE ELABORATE

Fur coats show furs more elaborately worked than ever. One of the newest means of smoothing their lines and giving them the grace of cloth is by weaving the skins, basket fashion, right up the sleeve and shoulder of the coat.

Household Scrapbook

By Roberta Lee

Washing Bottles

To clean a discolored or soiled glass bottle, mix soapy water and coffee grounds and pour into it. Let it stand for an hour, shaking the mixture occasionally. Finish by washing and rinsing with clean hot water.

Hard-Boiled Eggs

The shell of a hard-boiled egg will come off instantly if it is placed in a basin of cold water for a few minutes.

The New Clothesline

Boil the new clothesline before using. It will make it last longer and prevent it from stretching.

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Ellen's Diary

By an Island Farmer's Wife

James lazy! James has not one lazy bone in his body. But all the same it is rather encouraging on "blue days" to have someone outside of the family interested in my welfare. One nice letter I received told me that the writer's son's birthday was the same as that of our wee one in the house across the lane, giving Jeanie and me something pleasant to remember as the years roll. One fine missive, written in a lovely hand, said he "didn't blame James one bit for considering any time spent in helping me about the flowers as wasted. I've had my spell of it too" he said I kept that one from James, for presently I shall need assistance in covering the perennials and shrubs for their Winter sleep and the least bit of sympathy might be the cause of his baulking. For as it is, I am obliged to employ every, wile before he will consent to come near the work and then he fidgets and hurries me and all the time he tells me of the dozen or more endeavours of his own, simply crying out for attention. "Rob's just the same way" Karolyn complains. So mainly by her own efforts, she had a pretty lawn and flowers and attractive window boxes even though "those rabbits" and "those hens" and "that dog" did some minor depradations there this past Summer. "And Jock" Jeanie says "doesn't know a thing at all about gardening". And one wrote me: "Ellen, that pond you write about and that you think is so beautiful, is really very small and the Alders and Maples are just the same as those that grow anywhere else on the Island Granted—in one way, for like "folkses" there is always some thing to admire about a tree. But then how can they be "the same"? Are the home lights the same as those which shine from other windows—no matter how welcome they beam? There are brave letters from shut-ins and those temporarily laid aside from active work all most inspiring to those whose lives they touch reaching as far as Alderlea, to clasp hands with James and me.

• • •

James' call to me last night brought a query. It was about time to retire. "Ellen" he asked me "would you rather mend these pants now or in the morning? Now? Did you say? Then you'll find them here on the kitchen floor. I'm going to bed". It was really fortunate that I decided to stitch the rents up then, if I did find it difficult to enter the thread in the needle's eye. For there would have been no time for such dilly-dallying this morning. The D's—father and son, came today to finish the work of repairing the barns at the other farm. Nowadays, farmers seize the opportunity to get carpenters and when they come, are indeed "truly thankful". So all this day, our men including Jamie forgathered there. Only taking time out for meals and there was a trip to a sale where as they said they "picked up some young stuffs" to replace those animals that have been sold off the grass. Karolyn dined our extra men and it fell to me to prepare their suppers. Down came the old mixing bowl, for since James is fed only existence rations I was obliged to bake. Only staples: biscuits and rolls designed to feed hungry men; cookies with a number of raisins atop that Jamie could easily count oaten ones, easy on sugar and easily fashioned and funny too because I just happened to have them, sausages and fried eggs for the first course and strawberry jam and cream to second it.

• • •

There was threshing being done over at the barn on the hill this afternoon. In the stillness of the day, the regular beat of the gear echoed clearly along the valley below. So still it was today that even the Blue Jay's call from the orchard hung loud and shrill on the air. Pard's excited and pleased bark re-echoed as together we went along the fields to fetch the cows from the pasture. Very quiet it was along the wood road through the stumps then, and deserted until we came within sight of one of the "last trains" of black birds, even then noisily leaving the tree tops in a colorful distant grove. A rabbit hopped ahead of us but only a short distance before it disappeared into the underbrush. A squirrel scampered along a weathered fence-rail and the ewes now reunited with their lambs regarded us from among the bracken. Already the sun was slipping out of sight behind the woodlands. A delightful trip, I found it this September evening when Pard and I fetched the cows home to the milking.

• • •

"We got along fine up at the other farm today" James tells me. He has been reading here in an easy chair in my study-of-sorts and now he removes his glasses and prepares for a chat. "I see there's been no new Polio cases for a few days now, They think it's safe enough to open the schools and colleges next week. It's to be hoped that cooler weather will set in—it likely will with this moon-changed today or was it yesterday? I wonder if those young cattle they bought will be contented in with the others? And is that rain I see on the window, Ellen?" James has so many things to talk about, "it behooves me" to stop and join in Until tomorrow. . . Diary. . . Good night. . .

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The Girl From The Double R

By BETTY BLOCKINGER

CHAPTER V

A short meeting was held after supper. Each ranch appointed someone to represent it at another meeting to be held Sunday afternoon, with the sheriff presiding, for, much to Uncle Jed's disgust, they decided to work with the law.

"Start out with our hands tied right at the beginning," he complained to Rusty later. 'Cain't do this and cain't do that 'cause it ain't in the statutes. How's a man to catch criminals effen he don't git himself down to their level?"

"Their level might be dead level and the lot of you dead, if you tried to play their game." Rusty comforted him.

"Sooner be laid out, decent, than livin' a sucker to city slickers." the old fellow grunted. "Goin' t' turn in, Night, Rusty."

"Good night, Uncle."

Rusty made her way to the brooder pen with food for her new kitten. Fatso ate, then stood up on her hind legs, inviting Rusty to pick her up.

"Oh well," Rusty decided, "come on. I really need someone I can talk to."

In her room, she placed the kitten on the floor, but Fatso jumped to the bed to await her new mistress.

"I wish," Rusty told her, "that you could talk. You lived around the Westmores long enough to pick up a few facts, didn't you?"

Fungi poisoning. Just why had Miss Westmore given her that lecture on that peculiar phase of ptomaine-poisoning? To fool whoever was listening in from the hospital? But why should she want to deceive anyone? And why had Herb Westmore ordered her not to answer the door? Had they expected someone other than Decker and his men?

"I'm right back where I started," she complained, "and too tired to figure it out."

In the morning, when Rusty went downstairs, she found her mother standing in the center of the living room looking perplexed.

"Now what?" inquired Rusty.

"Just trying to think," said her mother. "This house was built for so many, and so few are left."

"Muz, look here, why don't we shut off everything downstairs except the living room and kitchen? We could eat in the kitchen; plenty of people do."

"Standards—" protested Mrs. Rowland faintly.

"Standards don't hold in war."

Rusty spent most of the morning in the house, devising ways and means of cutting actual living chores to a minimum.

Shortly before noon, a car drove up to the house, and two men came to the door. Rusty recognised them as dealers from the city's largest packing house.

"Young Mr. Ralph said you'd have the final say," one said, "so we're putting it up to you, Miss Rowland. There in our city, we've thousands of war workers to feed and no meat to feed them. Understand you'll have eight hundred head ready in two weeks and you're sending them to the feeder's. Why not switch them to us? We'll pay you ceiling price."

"So will the feeder," remarked Rusty.

"It's your patriotic duty, Miss Rowland," said the second dealer. "You've got to realize the men building planes and tanks need proteins to keep their production schedule up. Right now—"

Rusty interposed, "What about next winter when they're going to need more than they do now? Suppose all of us sell our young stock for immediate slaughter? Where will you get your supply in the fall and winter? There won't be any."

"Miss Rusty" — the man took a new line—"you want to save this ranch. Now we know the rustlers have marked it as free game because there's a kid —beg pardon, a young girl running it. Who's your beef feeding when it's killed? And when the war's over, what will your brother find — a ranch sunk into debt or riding free? We can't offer you more than the ceiling price, but there are such things as a bonus for immediate delivery, or say—"

"I'm sorry," Rusty interrupted, "I can't accept it. It won't help anyone to burn the bridges ahead. That's what selling young stock would be doing. As for losing the Double R—well, my grandfather and his father fought through the reconstruction period after the Civil War. They had 'slim pickings' but they pulled through. My own father fought through the reconstruction period after the First World War, the depression, and he pulled through. Surely, I can fight through the present war to give Ralph something to come home to when the war is over."

Rusty found Uncle Jed overseeing a new line of fencing.

"To think," he fumed, as she rode up, "that I'd live to see the day we got to keep our cattle safe from highway ridin' rustlers! What brings you out?"

When Rusty was through with her story, Jed raged.

"You up and throw away a chance like that! Suppose the feeders go out o' business like they're threatening to do and we have to do the fattening."

"Let's worry about that when it happens."

(To be continued)

Cook's Corner

ORANGE FRUIT LOAF

2 cups flour (gen. purpose)
1 teaspoon baking powder
½ teaspoon each soda and salt.
½ cup sugar
3 tablespoons melted shortening
1 cup mixed fruit
½ cup boiling water
½ cup orange juice
1½ teaspoon orange rind
1 teaspon vanilla
1 egg slightly beaten

Sift flour, salt, soda and baking powder several times. Put fruit, sugar and shortening in a bowl. Add the boiling water. Mix thoroughly. Add the orange rind and juice, vanilla and egg. Mix well and combine with the sifted dry ingredients. Pour into a small greased loaf pan. Bake in a 310 degree oven for 1 hour.

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