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

The HOUSEWIFE and HER ACTIVITIES

THE GAME OF LIFE

Not the quarry, but the chase,
Not the laurel, but the race,
Not the hazard, but the play,
Make me, Lord, enjoy alway.
—Gelett Burgess.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

If you flush with excitement at an enjoyable party, be sparing with the make-up, especially the rouge. Girls who turn pale should also take note or they will have glaring tell-tale spots.

* * *

Bathe your feet in water in which two tablespoonfuls of Epsom salts are dissolved, dry, then dust them with talcum powder before you put on your stockings. You will then be able to dance the Last Waltz with enjoyment.

* * *

To simplify the removal of skewers from meat, fasten a loop of strong string through metal skewers. A sharp tug on the string will remove the easily.

For a really hot mustard with an original flavor, mix the mustard with piquant sauce instead of water.

BERETS TO THE FORE FOR SPRING WEAR

Whether in response to general demand, or because the French woman is extremely fond of the beret as a hat type, it is gaining strength for spring. We hear various descriptions of berets as recently created in Paris, which augurs that they may be adapted to many different individuals.

We learn that berets are of medium size and favor a flat effect in front but continue with the forward movement. But there are also influences ascribed to the beret which naturally applies namely to the treatment of the crown. For example the beret mounted on a bandeau is very important. It resembles a small boy's sailor hat. Then there is the beret with toque qualities, that is, its first qualification must be head moulding, with the beret drape superimposed and always forward.

It seems entirely possible, however, that with the later French collections this trend will continue, particularly because the double brim or one that has that effect is so very important in spring, 1935, millinery.

KNITTING SPRING CLOTHES

Hand-knitted and hand-crocheted fashions are destined to be smart next spring and summer. Paris has devised new hats and sweaters, with cotton the favorite material because it is coolest and most comfortable with tweed suits. These styles may be knit at home and enable women with long winter evenings on their hands to make inexpensively a variety of gay accessories.

CARE KEEPS PERMANENT FROM BEING TEMPORARY

Within the past few weeks a good many women have wanted to know how to care for the permanents they got during the holidays. The majority complain of dryness and a few say that their hair is unmanageable now. All want to have healthy scalps and smooth coiffures.

A dry condition is fairly easy to remedy. You need hot oil shampoos, of course, and, since you don't want to brush out your finger waves, you should massage your scalp with your fingertips every night before you go to bed.

Sit beside a fairly low table, putting your elbows on it and resting your head in your hands. Place fingertips flat against the scalp and try to move it backward and forward as well as in tiny circles. Remember that your scalp—not fingers—should move. If you are a little careful, this simple treatment won't disturb your wave. However, it will stimulate circulation and cause the oil glands to function properly.

If your hair is frizzy and never seems to look sleek and well-groomed, ask the operator who gives you a finger wave to apply a little brilliantine before she puts on wave set lotion. Between shampoos, use a bit of it yourself. Simply pour a few drops on your hairbrush and then lightly draw your hair across the britsles before you start to arrange your coiffure.

White Python

By Mark Channing, Author of "King Cobra"

K. B. flatly declined to go with them. He had, he said, to administer an urgent treatment to the Keeper of the Books, which was a fact. But he also intended to get Timor Khan away before Gray came to the cell. That done, he would try to give a strychnine injection to the dying Librarian.

"Can't I go to see him now?" asked Gray impatiently.

"No," was the uncompromising answer. "It will be better for you to see him when you return! At present he is unable to speak."

Swallowing his disappointment, Gray left, accompanied by the Guest Master . . . .

The first two Trails of Justice—ordeals of primitive barbarism only less horrible than the third—were soon over.

The first victim was a frightened-looking peasant accused of stealing grain. One of six Whip-bearers held two smallish stones, one white and the other black. Wrapping each in a rag, he dropped them, separately, into a cauldron of boiling oil in the sight of the accused man.

The prisoner sunk to his knees protesting his innocence; washed his hands with water and then with milk. He walked up to the cauldron, smoothing the milk up his right forearm as he went. With a sharp intake of his breath he dashed it into the cauldron and as swiftly withdrew it.

In his glistening fingers was one of the rag-wrapped stones.

"Open it!" ordered the Provost to the young lama.

With a quick gesture he shot the stone clear of the rag. On the ground lay the white stone.

"He is innocent!" proclaimed the Provost, inspecting the peasant's arm, which did not appear to have been scalded.

From out the center of the fire under the cauldron was kicked a red-hot stone ball the size of an ostrich's egg.

The accused man—a brutal-looking yak-herd accused of murder—washed his hands in water and milk.

"Take up the ball and carry it in thine open palm for five paces!" commanded the Provost's bass tones.

The man bent down and caught hold of the glowing ball.

The fifth pace completed, he collapsed.

A white cotton bag was at once slipped over his hand by one of the Whip-bearing lamas and sealed by the Gekhor. After five days it would be opened. If the hand proved to be unblistered, the man would be held innocent blistered he would be declared guilty and put to death.

A sitting-mat was now spread a short distance from the fire, and a tall cadaverous-faced lama took his seat upon it. Placing a long knife between his knees he closed his eyes and began to pray aloud, invoking the aid of the demonic underworld. Soon he began to tremble convulsively. Then, suddenly sitting upright, with a quick movement he tore off his upper garments . . . .

What followed, Gray was convinced, was nothing but mass hypnotism. Eventually passing his hand over his stomach, he was evident as whole as before.

"It is over!" said the Guest Master. "Let us return."

Gray was about to follow him, when someone thrust a screw of paper into his hand.

He made no attempt to look at it. He would read it later.

Suddenly the deep droning of an aeroplane sounded high overhead, causing the crowd to look anxiously at the sky.

If only it had been a blue and silver monoplane! But is was a gray-colored R. A. F. Scout with a wake of snow flakes drifting behind it, slantingly, and downwards.

"R. A. F. scattering propaganda leaflets! Things are beginning to move!" muttered Gray. "I wish they were moving with me!"

CHAPTURE 13

By the time Gray reached the monastery gates, night had fallen. In the East, darkness and dawn come with a quickness unknown in the West.

K. B.'s cell proved to be empty.

Where, Gray wondered, was the Librarian's cell? K. B. might be with him.

The monks had all retired for the evening meditation and it looked very much as if he would have to ask one of them to direct him—a thing he was extremely anxious to avoid. The fewer people who knew about this visit, the better!

"Where is our brother the amchi?"

It was the deep voice of the Gekhor lama, who had come silently out of a cell near-by.

"I know not, his room is empty," responded Gray.

For a moment the two men stood in silence.

"I had news for him," said the Gekhor lama, almost unwillingly. Gray pricked up his ears, and decided to lie.

"He said that I was to take a message which you would give me. I was waiting here for it."

The Provost's eyes seemed to bore into Gray's brain. Would it be safe to tell this gigantic, worried-looking lama the news which he had just heard—that the Abbot Samdad Chiemba of Hlampo, had been murdered? He decided it would not.

"Tell the amchi not to go to Hlampo! There is work for him, here!" he said. And turning, walked quickly away.

Gray did not move.

Something secret was afoot; he was going to find out what it was.

To the right and to the left he glanced. The Gekhor lama was making his way to the garden of the gompa. Gray supposed he had already looked there for K. B., and had failed to find him. The realization of what that failing to find K. B. might easily mean, made him doubly anxious There was not only something secret afoot; there was something seriously wrong—somewhere.

Once more he looked up and down the length of the veranda. No one was in sight. A lizard was chuck-chucking in the rafters. Every cell door save the Provost lama's was closed. From under the lintels of one or two of them came thin pencils of light, but by far the greater number were darkly inhospitable.

He thrust open the door of the Gekhor lama's cell and pushed it softly to.

A butter lamp was burning brightly, On a low table lay a volume of the Buddhist scriptures. There didn't seem to be any writing materials . . . Yes! A swift further search had revealed them in a cupboard. A quick inspecion of the papers on its shelves revealed nothing of interest, however.

Then an angle of white paper projecting from under the volume of the Buddhist scriptures, caught his eye.

Gently he tried to pull it from under the book, but the ponderous tome was too heavy and there was a risk of tearing the paper.

Carefully noting the angle at which the volume was lying, he lifted it. Underneath it were a number of other papers—copies of a proclamation, in Tibetan.

At the head of each sheet was the royal cipher of England.

They were propaganda pamphlets, notifying the Tibetans of Chorjieff's intention to hand over Tibet to that Vaster Country and so betray the Mongol—Tartars and Buriats.

Gray thought hard. It was fortunate that the idea had suddenly come to him to search this cell. But having found these proclamations—what was he to do? Did they mean that the Gekhor lama was an agent of K. B.'s or was he one of Chorjieff's and privy to the murder of the distributor of these leaflets! Quite certainly he was either a very valuable ally or an extremely dangerous enemy.

Stuffing a copy of the proclamation into his robe, Gray's fingers felt the crew of paper that had been thrust into his hand in the market place.

Taking it out, he spread it open.

To-day the Bengali has been accounted for. I go to Hlampo to account for another. Then it will be your turn. At present you are playing my game for me.—C

Silently he slipped out into the corridor.

It was now or never; he must question the Librarian, search his cell, and be on his way to Hlampo before dawn!

Every minute was precious.

About to knock on a cell door to ask his way, the sound of the Guest Master's voice froze him into immobility.

"The soul of the Keeper of the Books departed for the Realms of Bliss, as hour ago!" said the lama monk, hollowly.

Gray stared at him without answering. The news had confused him.

"I would like to sit by the body for a while," he said, at length. He knew lamas sit with the dead, shortly after death.

"Our amchi brother asked me should our Librarian die, to recall him to life," said the Guest Master slowly. "Had he not asked that favor of me, I would have made a death mask of paper up-

(Continued on Page 6)

To Avoid 'Flu', Grippe Keep Nostrils Clear

It is in the breathing organs that the germ of Influenza gains its foothold. Go after your little cold at once. With the first sneeze, use Catarrhozone. Flu germs can't live in the atmosphere of Catarrhozone. You get relief at once. The cough and nose cold stop quickly. Sore throat is relieved. Sneezing, spitting and pain over the eyes come to an end. Nothing quicker than Catarrhozone for Grippe, Colds, Catarrh, 'Flu' and winter ills. Sold everywhere, complete outfit including Inhaler $1.00, small size 50c.

NOTICE

Having installed new sieves in my flour mills I am prepared to put out No. 1 flour.

LESLIE WEEKS,
Elliotts.

L-4285-2-12-31.

Proves Her Statement

MISS HELEN PASCARIK

Miss Helen Pascarik, 1316 22nd St. West, Saskatoon, tells in a statement made under oath before a notary how Fruit-a-tives brought her lasting relief from chronic constipation. Miss Pascarik told her experience in a sworn statement so that everyone can be sure of its truth. She states,—"As a child, and during my teen-age, I suffered severely from chronic constipation which kept me continually listless. Then I read of Fruit-a-tives and started to take them. After the first box I noticed immediate improvement. So much so that I was soon feeling in top-notch condition and was able to participate in increased activities."

Copy of Miss Pascarik's complete sworn statement will be sent on request. Write Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa, Canada.

FRUIT-A-TIVES—25c and 50c EVERYWHERE

Dorothy Dix's Letter Box

Shall Woman Who is Career Mad Give it up to Marry Man She Loves?—Best Way to Tell Whether Wife is Intelligent or Stupid is to Judge Success or Failure of Her Marriage

Dear Miss Dix—Which is best for a woman, a career or a husband? I have to decide this vital question. My career means a great deal to me. I have spent a lot of time and money preparing myself for it. I have a good start working at the thing I love and am receiving an excellent salary. If I follow my career, I will have a brilliant life, with travel, meeting interesting people, going places and doing things. Marriage, on the other hand, offers me a home of my own and life with the man I love. But if I marry I must give up my work and I am not sure that I am fitted for the role of a wife. I am perhaps too independent for that. Do you think that if I marry I will be disconetnted with domestic life, and that if I do not marry I will be lonely? M. S.

Answer:

Whether you will be happy either way depends altogether on how philosophical a disposition you possess, and whether you have the strength of character to abide by the decision you have made and are good enough sport to make the best of it.

Undoubtedly, if you marry, there will be many times when domesticity will pall upon you and when you will regret the thrills and excitement that a career would have given you. Many a time when you see the women that you started out in the race with forging on to the goal; when you hear them praised for their achievements and see them occupying positions of power; when you hear of them doing glamorous things, there will be the bitterness of envy in your mouth and you will think that you were a fool to have wasted your talents on making beds, cooking dinners and wiping little noses and all the drudgery of domestic life.

But if you choose to give up love for a career, no matter how much you succeed you will have an empty life so far as human relationships go, and you will find, as a poet has said, "how desolate it is for women to sit by solitary fires and hear the nations praising them afar." Then you will think that you made a tragic mistake and that not all the fame and fortune in the world is worth a husband's love and the clinging of little arms around your neck. And then it will seem to you that making a comfortable home, a home in which a man can find peace and rest and in which little children can grow up into fine man and womanhood, is the noblest work to which a woman can set her hand, and the greatest career she can follow.

So either way you choose you are bound to make a sacrifice, for it is one of the many cures that have been laid on women that they can never have their cake to eat, too, as men can. When a man marries he does not have to choose between the woman he loves and the career that is the very breath of life to him. He can have both. He merely adds a wife and children and home to his other blessings, and they are an asset because he has more physical comfort, greater mental serenity and more incentive to succeed.

But marriage hampers a woman's career even if it does not kill it and nine times out of ten it wrecks her marriage. The two things no more combine than do oil and water, for each is in itself a separate definite job that calls for all strength and energy any woman possesses and takes up all her time. No man wants a wife who is giving all of her thoughts and interests to her work and who comes home at night so tired that she is cross and nervous. Nor can any woman bring up children properly who is traipsing over the country after contracts, or lecturing, or singing.

So there you are. No one can make up your mind for you. You have to do that for yourself. But one thing I adjure you: If you decide to take the man instead of the career, play crickett with him. Give up the career entirely and never cast a backward glance at it. Don't be forever whining to your husband about how much better off you would be if you hadn't made the mistake of giving up your job for him.

Many a man who spends his life listening to his wife's wails over her folly in giving up a career for love must regret her decision far more than she does.

DOROTHY DIX.

* * * * * *

Dear Miss Dix—What is the difference between an intelligent wife and an ignorant one? Are consideration and truthfulness the keynotes to happiness. If either the husband or the wife is a gossiper, does it make for unhappiness in marriage? Does keeping mum about one's affairs show superior intellect? These subjects have been matters of discussion in our circle and we would like to know what you think. R. E. L.

Answer:

First. I am tempted to say that the difference between an intelligent wife and an ignorant one is the difference between succss or failure in a marriage. An intelligent woman is better fitted in every way to be a helpmeet to her husband than a stupid one.

She is, to begin with, more interesting to live with because she knows what is going on in the world and has something to talk about. She is more reasonable because she can see both sides of a question... You can alter a smart woman's point of view, but you can never teach a fool anything.

She is a better manager, a better cook and raises her children better than an ignorant woman because she reads and studies and learns the new way of doing things. She learns about budgets and how to feed babies and child psychology, whereas the Dumb Dora goes on doing things the way her mother did them and never learns a thing as long as she lives.

Second. Consideration, whether we apply it to other people or they apply it to us, certainly makes for happiness, since we all love to have our little peculiarities respected and deferred to and object to having people tread on our toes. But I doubt if any of us could speak the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth to our fellow creatures without making wholesale enemies and being avoided as if we had the plague, and I am sure that none of us would find that it added to our happiness to have others tell us the truth and just exactly what they thought about us. Truthful Jane and Veracious James would never win a popularity medal.

Third. Stevenson rated being a good gossip as one of the most desirable qualifications that a wife could have. I agree with him. A gossiper need not be a scandal-monger. Certainly the wife who cannot go two blocks to the grocery store without seeing and hearing something interesting and who collects during the day a little budget of news makes a dinner table a far pleasanter place than is the one presided over by a silent woman who never says a word except to correct Junior about the way he eats.

Most women would feel that they had drawn a prize in the matrimonial lottery if they had got husbands who would spend a companionable evening talking about what they had done and seen at the office instead of sitting up like dummies behind their newspapers. A gossipy evening at home is always a pleasant one.

Fourth. Keeping mum about one's affairs is a bar to friendship, but it is no indication of profundity of intellect. People who don't talk are generally empty-headed ones who have nothing to say. We used to fall for the great silent men, but now we know them for what they are. Just stuffed shirts.

DOROTHY DIX.

Mix Best Cough Remedy At Home. Easy! Big Saving!

Beats Them All For Quick, Lasting Relief.

If you want the best remedy for severe coughs, mix it at home. Once tried, you'll never use any other kind, and it's so simple and easy.

First, make a syrup by stirring 2 cups granulated sugar and one cup of water a few moments, until dissolved. A child could do it. No cooking needed.

Then get 2½ ounces of Pinex from any druggist. This is a highly concentrated compound of Norway Pine, famous for its healing effect on throat and bronchial membranes.

Put the Pinex into a 16 oz. bottle, and add your syrup. Thus you make 16 ozs. of really better medicine than you could buy ready-made for four times the money. It never spoils, and tastes fine.

And for quick, lasting relief, it has no equal. You can feel it penetrating the air passages in a way that means business. It loosens the germ-laden phlegm, soothes and heals the inflamed membranes, makes breathing easy, and lets you get restful sleep.

Just try it, and if not pleased, your money will be refunded.

GIVE ME GOOD COFFEE PROPERLY GROUND— AND FRESH!

I'LL GIVE YOU COFFEE GROUND IN A NEW WAY TO EXPOSE MORE FLAVOUR CELLS —AND THAT MEANS MORE FLAVOUR WHATEVER METHOD OF MAKING YOUR MISTRESS USES

I'LL GIVE YOU A GLORIOUS BLEND OF CHOICE COFFEES FIRST PREFERRED IN DIXIE YEARS AGO

I AM THE VITA-FRESH TIN. I CONTAIN LESS FLAVOUR-ROBBING AIR THAN ANY OTHER COFFEE TIN. THIS COFFEE IS THE FRESHEST COFFEE YOU CAN BUY

MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE

Roasted and Packed in Canada

"Good to the Last Drop"

MH12-35

THE COOK'S CORNER

Roquefort Mayonnaise

1½ ounces Roquefort cheese
6 tablespoons mayonnaise
2 teaspoons lemon juice
½ teaspoon chopped pimento

Crumble Roquefort cheese with a fork and mix lightly with mayonnaise. Add lemon juice and pimento. Serve on a salad of greens, or raw fruit.

Piquant French Dressing

(For Green Salad)

1 cup French dressing
½ cup chilli sauce
1 tablespoon horseradish
1 tablespoon prepared mustard
½ bunch watercress, chopped fine
1 tablespoon sugar

Put French dressing in a mixing bowl and add chili sauce; mix well. Add horseradish, prepared musatrd, watercress and sugar. Mix thoroughly and serve at once on a salad of greens.

Macaroni Loaf

1½ cups cooked macaroni
1 teaspoon onion juice
1 cup soft bread crumbs
1½ cups grated cheese
2 tablespoons chopped green pepper, pimento or parsley
2 eggs
1 cup hot milk
Salt and pepper

Combine all ingredients except eggs and milk and place in a buttered baking dish. Add hot milk slowly to beaten eggs and pour over other ingredients. Place baking dish in a pan of hot water and oven-poach in a moderate oven (350 degrees F.) until set about 40 minutes. Serve with tomato sauce or hot chili sauce.

Almond Fingers Recipe

Rub one cup butter into two cups of flour that have been sifted with one teaspoon baking powder and one tablespoon granulated sugar. Beat an egg yolk and add one teaspoon milk and stir into the flour mixture. Mix and roll into a sheet. Beat the white of an egg until stiff, and five-eighths cup powdered sugar and a few drops vanilla. Spread over the cookie mixture and sprinkle with one-half cup chopped almonds. Cut into strips and bake until light brown in a moderate oven.

A Morning Smile

Ikey went to order a new suit and his wife went with him. After inspecting a number of materials he found one to his liking, but discovered that the suit would cost him six guineas. Ikey considered this excessive, and said so.

After some argument, the tailor said: "The price of this suit is six guineas; I'm sorry I can make no reduction."

Ikey still seemed to hesitate, when his wife, losing patience, snapped. "Oh, Ikey, give the man his money, and don't be so Scotch!"

FIRST THINGS FIRST

An American, who had taken a shooting lodge in Scotland, got lost one day in a heavy mist. Finally he came across a native of the moors.

"I'm lost," said the American.

The old Scotch mountaineer answered him: "I know you are lost, but is there anything for finding you?"

Here is an especially attractive pantie and brassiere set with French accent, yet it's not a bit difficult and need not be expensive.

The original in soft satin crepe in exquisite shell pink shade was embroidered in pale blue. The edge of the uplift brassiere is finished with blue bias satin binds. The panties fit smoothly through the hips.

Crepe de chine or flat crepe is equally lovely medium to make this dainty yet so practical set.

Style No. 727 is designed for sizes 14, 16, 18 years, 36, 38 and 40-inches bust.

Embroidery pattern No. 11015 costs 15 cents extra.

Size 16 requires 1¼ yards 39 inch.

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

No. 727. Size .....

Name .....

.....

Street Address .....

City State

Sir H. C. Lambert Dead in London

(Cp Cable: By Guardian's Special Wire)

LONDON, Feb 11.— Sir Henry Charles Lambert, who formerly held several posts in the Colonial office, died Sunday. He was 66.

Sir Henry was assistant undersecretary of state in the Colonial office and secretary to the imperial conference from 1915 until 1921. From that time until 1932, when he retired, he was senior crown agent for the colonies.

He visited Canada in 1930.

RELIEVES SKIN IRRITATIONS

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For sufferers from itching, burning affections, eczema, pimples, rashes, red, rough skin, sore, itching, burning feet, chafings, chappings, cuts, burns and all forms of disfiguring blotches, prompt relief may be found by anointing with **Cuticura Ointment.** It quickly soothes and soon heals.

Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Talcum Powder are sold at all druggists.

Made in Canada