

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

The HOUSEWIFE and HER ACTIVITIES

MAN
But man over men
He made not lord; such title to
Himself
Reserving—human left from hu-
man free. —Milton.

CONSCIENCE
A good conscience is to the soul
what wealth is to the body; it pre-
serves a constant ease and serenity
within us and more than counter-
balances all the calamities and afflic-
tions which can possibly befall us.
—Addison.

CONVERSATION
Equality is the life of Conversa-
tion; and he is as much out who
assumes to himself any part above
another, as he who considers him-
self below the rest of the society.
—Sir Richard Steele.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS
A good way to darken beige
stains is to rinse them in strong
coffee while they are still wet from
washing. The coffee should, of
course, be well strained.

Never cut fur with scissors, or it
will be spoiled. Turn on the wrong
side and cut with either a safety
razor blade or a very sharp knife.
When sewing fur, have a small
piece of cardboard between the two
edges that are being joined. Keep
the fur down with this as you sew,
and move it along as the work pro-
ceeds.

A dash of Worcestershire sauce
added to the French dressing gives
a very pleasing flavor.

DRIED FRUIT COBBLER
Use dried peaches, pears or apri-
cots for this recipe. Wash fruit in
warm water, soak overnight in cold
water. Simmer until tender in wa-
ter in which they were soaked.
Drain.

For one quart of stewed fruit use
one and one half cups dried bread
crumbs, one cup brown sugar, three
tablespoons melted shortening, one
teaspoon grated nutmeg. Mix to-
gether and turn into a greased bak-
ing dish.
Cover with your most delicious
pie paste. Place in hot oven, 425
degrees. After 10 minutes, lower to
225 degrees and bake until crust
brown. Serve with cream or whip-
ped cream thinned with some of
the fruit juice or with a cooked vani-
lla sauce.
This may be baked in individual
baking dishes and served with hard
sauce; a good winter dessert for
family and guests.

IF CHILD IS PALE AND LIST-
LESS
Is Betty pale and listless, short
of temper, hollow-eyed, and with-
out appetite?
If she is take her in hand right
away. There are a dozen reasons
right now why she may be "off her
feed" so to speak.
Mid-winter is always upsetting,
particularly this winter when zero
weather and below has made it im-
perative to shut in any grain of
heat we could conjure, and shut out
the icy fingers of Old Demon Zero
at every window crack and door
sill in the house.

As night the word was "Keep the
windows shut tight. Hang them
with blankets if necessary. House
air is better than chills and bron-
chitis or croup or pneumonia."

"Oxygen Starvation"
But with the usual inconsistency
of our climate, when the thermo-
meter jumped thirty degrees over-
night recently and the rain de-
scended and the barometer fell, no
wonder there was more or less oxy-
gen starvation and pale cheeks and
hollow eyes prevailed.

Another reason for the languish-
ing is that during the holiday vaca-
tion regular schedules were in-
terrupted. Staying up late, sleeping
late, keeping indoors playing with
new toys and reading new books,
munching at candy and the left-
overs from fruit cake and pies and
puddings left on the pantry shelf—
this sort of regimen is not conduc-
ive to rosy cheeks and bright
eyes.

Neither is it conducive to appet-
ites. The first thing to be affect-
ed by this shut-in, munching, ir-
regular life is appetite.

So what is to be done with Ted,
or with Betty or Grace or Lou or
four, if you have four disgruntled
offspring on your hands?
Conform to Schedule
Get the children rounded up for
bed on the dot—the old dot and
even a bit earlier.
See that meals are particularly
simple and wholesome. A little
more milk to drink too is a splen-
did idea.
Get in fresh air if you can do so
without freezing. If necessary put
mushin over partly open windows or
keep some "safe" heat on at night.
Air will make cheeks rosy and that
is what we are after. On warm
nights let in lots of air.
Cod liver oil is a grand pick-me-
up for any listless, pale child,
young or old. Don't think of it as
merely an infant tonic. It takes the
place of sunshine for everyone.
Good old Vitamin D!
Don't expect rosy cheeks back in
one day, but in a week there should
be a difference. And sweeter tem-
pers should be in order. If Betty
keeps on declining, take her to the
doctor.

BE INQUISITIVE ABOUT TOILET SOAP

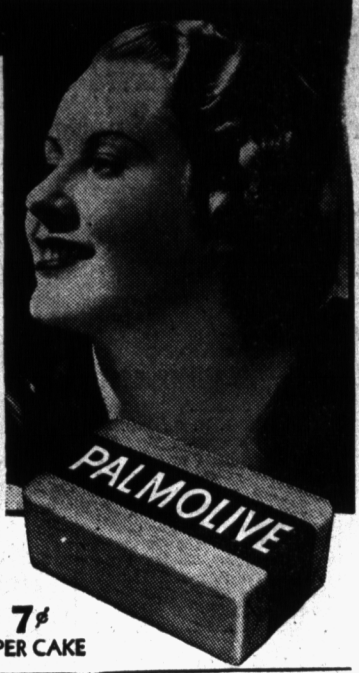
ARE YOU INQUISITIVE? I hope so. It's a good
quality.
Your toilet soap, now. If you're properly in-
quisitive you'll want to know if it is pure... if
it cleanses thoroughly yet gently... if other
women have found that it benefits their com-
plexions.

Palmolive is pure. Even the soft green colour of
Palmolive is perfectly natural, being derived
from the olive oil that goes into every cake.

The secret blend of olive and palm oils in
Palmolive gives it a velvety lather that penetrates
every tiny pore, gently washing away all accumu-
lations... leaving skin soft and smooth,
gloriously clear and fresh.

Buy three cakes today. Every night and morn-
ing massage a warm Palmolive lather into the
pores of the face, neck, and shoulders. Then
rinse thoroughly with warm water, follow by
cold. Thousands of other women have found
that it worked wonders with their complexions.

Use Palmolive faithfully for only a month and
examine—inquisitively—the results. You'll find
that you have achieved a more youthful com-
plexion than you had ever before thought possible!



7¢ PER CAKE

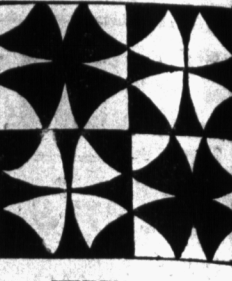
What Every Widow Knows!

By LUCILLE VAN SLYKE

CHAPTER 3 WHAT JIMMIE PROPOSED

The waiter, who was a rightfully
pompous person, piloted Mr. Jam-
son Gordon and Mrs. Molly Ben-
dict to a microscope table in the
farthest, draftiest, noisiest corner of
the Plaza's daily tea battle. But
Jimmie, transfixed him with a
meaning glare, did not seem to see
the table at all.
Three minutes later Molly laugh-
ed softly as she settled herself at
the very pleasant table in the
miniature sort of housekeeping that
seemed to make it peculiarly her
own. Molly was that way. She
twisted the flowers into something
like the posture in which they'd
loved growing instead of the pyro-
technic display into which the flor-
ist had tortured them. She smiled
the bus boy into taking away a ton
or so of unnecessary cutlery. And
then she leaned back to chatter
lightly when she saw that Jimmie
was watching her far more tenderly
than she wanted him to.
"You're a most amazing person,"
he flattered him. "You always get
at what you want without making
a fuss about it. I was quite ready
to be banished to the upper part of
the Bronx—" she nodded toward
the table he had refused. "I'd prob-
ably have thanked his royal crani-
um for letting me have it—where-
as you get what you want without
fussing—" she was repeating her-
self from sheer nervousness.
"No, I don't," said Jimmie quizz-
ically. "I've made a ghastly fuss
over you for years and—"
"I want orange pekoe tea and
toasted muffins—" she interrupted,
pretending to be in a terrific hurry
for food.
"Didn't have time for half a
lunch myself," lied Jimmie. "Think
I'll have coffee and a double por-
tion of chicken salad and—some
sandwiches and some cakes—"
"It's tea time not dinner time,"
she reminded him. "But of course,
coffee would be much nicer than
tea—" There were dark shadows
under Molly's brown eyes. She
wasn't very hungry these spring days
and the food in her stuffy board-
ing house dining room wasn't espe-
cially appetizing. But here with music
and laughter and spring finery, she
began to feel hungry. She eyed
Jimmie, furtively wondering if he
had guessed how she felt.
"Nice of the tables to be small,
eh?" he asked contentedly.
She sighed gratefully. Jimmie was
a dear old comfort. The very fact
that she knew he was almost fifteen
years older than she made it rather
difficult for her to think that he
didn't mean any of his numerous
proposals to her seriously. Jimmie
had confirmed bachelor printed all

Grandmother's Quilt Patterns



WINDING WAYS
Dating back from early Colonial
days this has always been a popular
pattern. It is shown at its best when
the materials form a decided con-
trast.
Blocks finish 9 inches.
80 blocks to full size quilt.
(This an all-over pattern.)
6 inch border all sides.
Materials Required.
5 1/2 yards of white.
7 yards of color.
(The small design shows how
blocks as the blocks are set to-
gether.
Allow for all seams.
Please give No. 6-2 when order-
ing. Book has charts, etc.
Send for a book of quilt pat-
terns containing 7 beautiful Grand-
mother quilt designs—every pattern
different.

she had learned many charming
things but none that were money-
producing accomplishments. She
was beginning to think that she
had no head at all for business. She
found herself thinking about Ker-
ry's letter.

She wondered what Jimmie would
say if he knew that the unknown
seemingly poor Kerry, had left his
with claims on an appreciable ac-
count, and that in spite of her pov-
erty, she didn't want to prove her
claim because she hated the very
thoughts of the attendant publi-
city? She jumped up quickly.
"Forgot to say 'This is so sad
den,'" she remarked ironically
"when you proposed for Ned just
now. Maybe it will interest you to
know that dear one devoted Neddy
hasn't been near me since he last
Aunt Jane had left me nothing—
her lips twitched bitterly. "Ter-
men—oh, Jimmie, what a lot of
deceivers you are!"

"Have I never tried to deceive
you?" he asked softly.

"My dearest, oldest friend," she
sighed. "Let's not quarrel. I can't
marry you but I need you to be
kind to me. You're right, it's time I
stopped mooning and found some-
thing to do. If I only knew any-
thing at all—"

They were outside now, how
going through dashing up the ar-
cades in the early twilight made
Molly's throat ache.

"I've an idea—" said Jimmie
suddenly. "Let's walk a while and
talk about it—"

(To Be Continued.)

Dorothy Dix

Why do Modern Marriages so Frequently End
in the Divorce Court?—Because We De-
mand of Our Life Partners That They
Shall be Heroes and Vamps as
Well as Cooks and Money-
Makers, and if They
Don't Suit We up
and Leave Them

A correspondent asks why there are so many more divorces now than
there were in the past, and why marriage does not seem "to take" on
modern men and women and give them a life immunity against the
charms of vamps and sheiks, as it did on their forebears.

The reason is obvious. It is because we
are not so easily satisfied with marriage as
our grandfathers were. We demand more
of it, as we demand more comforts and luxu-
ries and indulgences in every way than they
ever dreamed of. Also, we are more im-
patient of restrictions. We have less fortitude
in enduring afflictions. And we have found
out that there is neither sense nor virtue in
needless suffering. We no longer reserve the
martyr's crown. We consider it a dunce cap.

There is a general belief, that is part of
the myth about the good old times that are
gone, that formerly all marriages were happy; that husbands and wives
never wearied of each other or ceased to love, but lived to their golden
wedding day in a long-drawn-out honeymoon. It is likewise one of our
cherished traditions that in our grandfathers' and grandmothers' time all
men made model husbands and women were paragons of wives. Hence
there were few divorces because all married people lived in a conjugal
heaven.

Unfortunately, however, these illusions about the golden days of mat-
rimony have no foundation in fact. Human nature hasn't changed and
marriage was no more a ticket to the haven of the blessed in the past than
it is in the present. There were always unconjugal couples who got to-
gether; antagonistic temperaments that rubbed each other the wrong
way; always husbands and wives who fought from the altar to the grave
for mastery; and always tyrannical husbands and nagging wives.

And grandpa was a philanderer with a wandering foot just as often as
grandma was a prude. And grandpa was just as bored with stodgy grand-
pas as granddaughter is with her Tired Business Man and wondered just
as often whatever made her do it.

But there was no Reno on the map in these days, and nobody had
thought of "mental cruelty" as a way out, and, anyway, divorce was one
of the things that simply wasn't done in our best circles. Therefore, the
disgruntled husband and wife went on, year after year, dragging their ball
and chain, fighting together, hating each other, but never breaking the
bond that bound them together.

The ratio of happy marriages in those days was no greater than it is
now. There were more marriages that were endurance tests, but that
does not prove that marriage is a decadent institution. It only shows
that it has changed with changing customs.

One advantage our grandfathers had. Marriage with them was not
the de luxe affair it is now. They took it in their stride as a matter of
course and expected as much as the wren was tied to settle down into a
humdrum partnership that would endure as long as life lasted and in
which they had to make the best of their bargain because there was no
way of getting out of it.

No one then had originated the idea that a wife required to be con-
tinually affectionate and feed her on angel's food as well as ham and eggs.
Nor had the propaganda gone forth that a wife must keep herself slim
and beautiful and young, no matter how old she got or how much she lost
her complexion, and that it was her duty continually to vamp her hus-
band as well as to cook and sew and baby-tend for him.

Neither had the movies taught us that life without thrills was cin-
ders, ashes and dust, and that in addition to being good providers and good
housewives our mates must be able to keep us in a state of perpetual
passion.

All of this made marriage in the past a much less strenuous occupa-
tion than it is at present. Now it calls for an expert, and one with a gift
for it. Then almost any sort of amateur could turn out a fairly satisfac-
tory job.

If grandfather was reasonably kind and considerate and brought
home the bacon, grandmother was satisfied. She didn't bother about
whether he was her affinity or not. She didn't expect him to hold her
hand and repeat poetry to her. She didn't sit with her fingers on her
pulse counting her heart throbs and wondering if they hadn't slowed
down since she married.

She faded away her romantic notions with her bridal veil and never
thought of casting a husband who was a good bill-payer and pleasant to
live with into the discard because he didn't come up to her ideal of a
Fairy Prince.

Nor was grandfather any more exacting in his demands upon his
wife. He didn't expect grandmother to stay forever sweet and 20. He
didn't expect her to be a versatile variety performer who would spend her
time keeping him interested and amused. His affection for her didn't
hang on her waistline nor depend on the number of china she possessed.

He felt that he had got a good wife if she was amiable and sweet-
tempered and a good housekeeper and looked well after her children, and
he no more expected her to use the arts of a siren upon him than he ex-
pected her to be a grand-ops singer or a tight-rope walker.

But the modern men and women are not satisfied for their mates to
be just plain ordinary people like themselves, with just the plain homely
virtues. They want husbands and wives who are money-makers and
good cooks, and who are, in addition, heroes and living pictures and spell-
binders and thrillers, and who possess perpetual youth. They seek the
impossible and that is why there are so many divorces.

A Morning Smile

REWARD OF THIEFT
A father said—Now, son, start
saving the pennies and put them in
this yellow box; and when you get
five pennies give them to me and
I'll give you a nickel, and you can
put that in this blue box; then,
when you get five nickels, give them
to me and I'll give you a quarter,
and you can put it in this red box.
Seventeen years later the boy dis-
covered that the red box was the gas-
meter.

A waiter in a small restaurant
was having a trying time with a
frivolous customer. His patience
reached its limits when, coming
back from the fifth journey, the
presence of the man had occasioned
him, the customer mumbled:
"Waiter, what on earth's wrong
with these eggs?"
"I don't know, sir," said the
waiter, mildly. "I only laid the
table."

Persian Balm appeals instan-
tly to the dainty woman. Stimulat-
ing the skin, making it velvety soft
in texture, it creates and preserves
complexions of exquisite charm.
Delicately fragrant. Cool and de-
lightful to use. Especially recom-
mended to soothe and dispel
roughness or chafing. Stimulating
and invigorating. Imparts a youth-
ful loveliness and protects and en-
hances the most delicately-textured
skin. Persian Balm is the unrivalled
toilet requisite.

Daintiness With Chic Styles

Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished
with Every Pattern
BY ANNABELLE WORTHINGTON

—Here's a smart model for your
spring wardrobe that you can wear
now.
It was originally in navy and
beige printed crepe silk.
—The bodice plays tricks with its
bever which smart worn either
opened or buttoned up to the
shoulder. The paneled skirt is es-
sentially length-giving and slen-
derizing.
It's a dress that you'll enjoy mak-
ing, because of its simple styling.
Lightweight woolsens, plain crepes,
rayons, etc. are other suitable and
smart mediums.
—Style No. 568 is designed for sizes
16, 18, 20 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42
inches bust.
Size 36 requires 4 1/4 yards of 36-
inch material.
Price of PATTERN 15 cents in
stamp or coin (coin is preferred).
Wrap coin carefully.



568
1/2 teaspoon salt
Beef stock.
Plunge the liver into boiling wa-
ter to which the baking powder has
been added and cook for several
minutes. Remove the liver and cut
into half-inch cubes, discarding the
tough skin and connective tissues.
Cut the bacon into small pieces and
par boil until dry. Drain off most of
the fat, toss in the liver and cook a
few minutes. Place the liver, bacon,
vegetables and salt in a casserole,
add enough stock to half cover the
vegetables and bake in a 375 degree
oven for an hour.
Toothache and neuralgia are
instantly relieved with Douglas'
Egyptian Liniment. A quick, sure
remedy. Also recommended for
burns, sprains, aches and inflamma-
tion.

THE COOK'S CORNER

FOUNDATION CAKE
3/4 cup shortening
2 cups sugar
4 eggs
1 cup milk
3 1/2 cups flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon vanilla
Cream shortening, add sugar
gradually, then unbeaten egg yolks
and beat mixture until light and
fluffy. Sift flour, baking powder and
salt together several times and add
alternately with milk to first mix-
ture. Add flavoring and the beaten
egg whites and beat well. Bake in
two large layer pans at 375 degrees.
LIVER CASSEOLE
1 lb. liver (almond)
2 teaspoons baking powder
5 strips bacon
1 tablespoon chopped onion
2 cups carrots
1 cup cooked peas

Advertisement for Lux Toilet Soap featuring a woman's face and the text: 'A lovely skin is all-important says GLORIA STUART charming Universal Star'.