

Woman's Realm -:- Social and Personal -:- Fashions -:- Lite rature

The HOUSEWIFE and HER ACTIVITIES

A LITTLE HOME.

A swing beneath the apple-tree, Grass thin and green, Daisies lifting faces up Full of wonder. Plants in the window; And on the lawn A little red cart, With two wheels gone, To tell what Heaven looks like. Isn't very hard. Heaven is a cottage, With daisies in the yard. —Mary Carolyn Davies

GOERING KEEPS A PET LION AT HOME

The young wife of General Goering is finding her life in her honeymoon home rather too exciting, writes the Berlin correspondent of the London Sunday Chronicle.

For there are daily "jungle thrills" that are becoming the talk of the town. The cause is a somewhat well-grown lion cub pet of which her husband is very fond.

The main trouble is that this lion scares the servants, suddenly swooping out on the unsuspecting maids just as they are carrying dinner trays well-laden into the dining room.

Regularly these girls are so frightened that they promptly drop the trays and race back to the kitchen — much to the delight of the lion cub.

But Frau Goering also gets a good deal of amusement from the curious pet.

THE LION JOINED IN

She tells of a high official who was summoned to Goering's room for a severe "telling off" while the offender stood before his chief. Goering soundly raised him for his shortcomings.

Suddenly from behind the roaring chief's desk burst the young lion which also began to roar at the visitor, and, in a manner distinctly threatening, fiercely pawed him.

The later did not stop either to hear the finish of the scolding or to bother about the consequences. He just bolted and did not stop running until he was well out of the house.

To the colleagues he was heard shouting on his return "Never again will I go to the chief's office, no matter what happens. First a two-legged lion roars at me and then a four-legged lion attacks me from behind. Never again."

HOW TO MAKE A SOFT FABRIC HAT

The fashionable soft fabric hats are quickly made, whether for child or adult, and may be washed almost as readily as a cotton frock. Procure a piece of wire bent to a circle with a circumference equal to that intended for the hat, and then take a length of material longer than the circumference, join the ends and hem it over the wire. Using a

crossway strip of wide bias binding make a runner, on the inside, at the place where the brim is to meet the crown, and thread this with soft ribbon, allowing the ends to come to the outside. About six or eight inches farther on, according to the size wanted for the crown, turn and stitch a hem, cutting off any superfluous material, and thread a second ribbon. The first ribbon is drawn up to fit the head, the second closes the crown of the hat. If the correct size can be gauged it is better to begin by making the hem and runner and finish by sewing in the wire.

ONCE A PRINCESS. NOW A MAID IN ENGLAND

Here is romance. Working in a Kensington flat, in London was a princess of Burma.

"My father," she said, "was an Irish colonel with a Government post in the East. "My mother was the eldest daughter of King Thebaw of Burma, and she married my father when she was 14. She was killed in a railway accident. Then my father married again. "I left school at 18 and went as a probationer in Rangoon general hospital, but my health gave way. "Later I got a job as waitress in Dublin. My husband earns under two pounds a week, so I am glad to have my present job."

SUBTLE MAKE-UP

Our grandmothers hinted at make-up covertly. We discuss it openly and apply it openly, too! This last is a pity, as it tends to lessen dignity and charm, which are more important even than a perfect complexion.

Every one has different ideas on the subject of make-up, varying from a dash of powder and touch of lipstick to hues outdoing the wildest South Sea islander.

Should not this be our aim: To look always as we would look if we were always at our physical and mental best?

In attempting this we are not only guarded against artificiality, but have the ideal of perfect health ever before us. And how to do it? Choose every accessory with patient care.

In powder, look at the texture as well as the color. Select rouge in a bright light and insist on applying a little before finally deciding.

Lipstick is even more important. The skin of the lips is very sensitive, and liable to break and chap. All lipsticks should have an emollient basis.

Then application. Of course, you must use a foundation cream or lotion, and, as well, perfect cleanliness of skin is essential.

Powder lightly and right to the edge of the hair, but don't forget to brush away any specks from it and from eyebrow and eyelash afterwards.

Rouge placed high on the cheekbones gives length to a too-

A Morning Smile

DIPLOMACY

"Dearest," said the young mother, "I've decided to name our baby Samantha." Disagreeing with her choice, her husband tried diplomatically to solve the situation. Finally, he said: "After all, that will make a fine name, dear. My first sweetheart's name was Samantha. I'm sure she'll feel complimented." The baby was named Janet.

CHANGED

The small girl's grandmother had just returned from the hairdresser's and was proudly exhibiting her new shingle. "Oh, Granny!" gasped the child. "You don't look like an old lady any more!" "Don't I, darling?" smiled Granny, preening herself in the mirror. "No," went on the child, "you look more like an old man!"

round face, but applied too high "hardens" the eyes. For a long, thin face put it lower down and more widely spread. In all cases see that there are no "edges." Let it melt into the pale skin as does natural coloring.

Slightly moisten your lips before applying lipstick, then work them together to distribute the color evenly, after which a little more may be added to the centre of the mouth and gently worked along to the corners.

Make-up of eyes, lashes and brows is largely a matter of individual taste, and always looks better in the evening than during the day.

Last of all—and almost the most important thing—remember, take off all your make-up every night!

TAFETTA SASHES

Wide, taffeta sashes are in style again and are worn in bright colors over darker, duller gowns. Midnight blue or a dark print are favorites with taffeta sashes of a bright shade or red.

JOHNSON'S GHOST SIDE-STEPS FILMS

The Manchester Guardian has been running a price contest for making Dr. Johnson and other worthies of old time modern.

One competitor pictured Boswell assuring the philosopher Johnson that a film of his life would "edify people." The Doctor says testily: "The public does not want to be edified; it demands to be amused, and I doubt whether I am adequately endowed with that doubtful quality which the film people call sex appeal."

"Posterity, sir?" said Dr. Johnson. "I believe, sir, that posterity owes more to me than I do posterity. So they want to film my pranks, do they, the dogs! Am I to be made a laughing stock by some grinning mountebank? This generation would dare anything. I will have nothing to do with it."

TINY TOQUES SUGGEST PEASANT INSPIRATION

There are many tiny fabric toques, from Marie Curie, suggest tiny peasant inspiration. Other hats are small flat berets, some with the angularity of the Italian Renaissance type. In addition, toque-like Florentine caps with a point folded down at one side.

Some berets, also crowns of sports hats of fedora type, have forward height but always moderate, and most hats have a backward slant. Some of the fedoras are so small as to suggest comedy "props."

HEALTH KEYNOTE TO CLEAR COMPLEXION

Generally speaking, the smoothest complexions belong to extremely healthy women who use the proper cream to alleviate dryness. If your skin is dry and flaky, you undoubtedly are applying the wrong cream cleansing. If it is oily, the chances are your diet is wrong and you should consult a physician.

Don't be afraid to run to the doctor with your beauty problem. It may seem like a trivial excuse for a visit to him, but it really isn't at all. After one examination, he may be able to tell you exactly why your face breaks out in blemishes and what you can do to prevent this. Maybe you've been eating the wrong kinds of food—perhaps your digestion is faulty. Anyway, once the doctor has prescribed, do as he says and see if your beauty doesn't improve.

After all, it is pretty ridiculous to expect a face cream to correct a real physical ailment or to make up for lack of sleep and exercise. When your body is in good condition, your creams are a hundred per cent more likely to have the desired effect.

Be sure to take a reasonable amount of exercise. Walking two miles a day certainly isn't an impossible feat, but it is a fine way to stimulate sluggish circulation and to bring some natural color to your cheeks. If you thoroughly detest walking, visit a gymnasium twice a week or go in for some active sport. It really doesn't matter just how you get your exercise. The important thing is to get it!

TO PRESS LINEN SUITS

When pressing linen suits of coats, first iron the inner pockets and the heavy seams which take longer to dry. This will avoid creases when the garments are given the finishing touches.

All Husbands Are Heroes Until the Denouement Dorothy Dix Asks: Who Tires Marriage? First of

Men Are Roamers; They Require Excitement and Adventure; That is Why You Find More Unhappy Husbands Than Wives

In a scientific test of married happiness that has recently been made it was found that there are many more dissatisfied and unhappy husbands than wives.

This is surprising information considering that women are the petitioners in the great majority of divorce cases, and that the favorite indoor sport of wives when two or three are gathered together is recounting their domestic woes, whereas men rarely speak of theirs, if at all. Also, there is the indisputable fact that marriage is harder on women than it is on men by reason of child-bearing and rearing, the monotony of domestic labor with its ninety-hour week, the lack of financial independence, and so on and so on.

For these and sundry other reasons we have assumed that the wife got the hot end of the bargain in the marriage contract, and that whatever she found to wall over in the holy estate, it was a picnic for her husband in which he was having the time of his life.

Hence it is a shock to find out that the discontented sex in marriage is the male and not the female, and that more disillusioned, disgruntled, disappointed husbands than there are wives. And the only reason we haven't known this is because men don't talk about their troubles as much as women do.

No doubt this is true. Not because men are better husbands than women are wives, but because the great majority of men are not by nature domestic in their habits and inclinations and they do not take kindly to the matrimonial yoke.

We talk a lot about a woman being this and that, and doing thus and so, to hold her husband and make him happy, but, in reality, nothing that she is or does counts for beans. Everything depends on whether the man was born tame or not. If he was, well and good. He will be perfectly happy waddling around the barnyard and eating out of her hand.

But, if he is one of those who hears the call of the wild, he will always be restless and dissatisfied, and he will fly the coop from time to time, or be miserable in it, no matter if his wife is as beautiful as a cinema star, if she cooks like a chef and is a spellbinder.

Another reason why there are more unhappy husbands than there are wives is because marriage is not the end object of a man's life, it is not the realization of his highest ambitions, as it is a woman's. Probably there are very few little boys who ever think of marriage except as a misfortune that they hope somehow they will be able to escape, but every little girl begins planning her wedding by the time she is in the second grade at school, and she knows just how many bridesmaids she is going to have and how long her satin train and veil are going to be.

Every bridegroom approaches the altar with frozen feet, but every bride wears the smile of the cat that has eaten the canary. The bridegroom is wondering how he is going to stand being tied down, the bride is rejoicing over her fetters because she has some one bound to her who will take care of her and stand between her and the world.

So the woman adapts herself to marriage easier than the man does because it is in her nature. She has come into her kingdom and even if her husband isn't all her fondest fancy painted she has the consolation of her home, her children, the place in society he gives her.

Furthermore, women are much easier pleased in husbands than men are in wives, as you will realize by observing the married couples you know. Look at the women who still see heroes of romance in their fat, paunchy, bald-headed husbands. And look at the men who fall out of love with their wives for no other reason than that they have lost their complexions and their figures.

Many men are unhappy in marriage because they are roamers. They crave change and excitement. Like the hero of the old poem, "they have one foot on land and one on sea, to one thing faithful never," and to their marriage is anathema just because it anchors them.

To such a man a wife is a ball and chain about his feet. Home is a prison and he hates the hand, however soft and gentle, that tries to hold him.

But women have the advantage, matrimonially speaking, of having been reared in cages for so many generations that they are habituated to them. Few women have the spirit of adventure. Most of them are content to stay put, and they use their ingenuity in glorifying what they have in husbands and homes rather than in seeking change. Thus do the restrictions of marriage cut less deeply into the souls of women than they do into the souls of men.

The money question also plays a large part in the discontent of men with marriage. Men may deny it, but it is true, nevertheless, that a vast number of men resent the cost of marriage, and it is seeing the money that they would like to spend on themselves going for the support of a family that keeps them in a perpetual grouch and makes them wish they were single again. If wives and children could live on air and grew feathers instead of having to be fed and clothed, there wouldn't be so many men sore at marriage.

It is sad to hear there are so many unhappy husbands, but it should sort of cheer up the disgruntled wives to know that men are worse off than they are. DOROTHY DIX.

THE COOK'S CORNER

BAKED HAM LOAF

1 lb. fresh ham, ground 1/2 lb. smoked ham, ground 1/2 cup bottled milk or 1/4 cup evaporated milk and 1/4 cup water 2 eggs, beaten 1 cup soft bread crumbs 2 tablespoons chili sauce 1/2 teaspoon salt 1/2 teaspoon grated lemon rind 1/2 teaspoon pepper

1 cup canned tomato juice or strained tomatoes 1 tablespoon cold water 1 teaspoon Worcestershire or similar sauce 1 teaspoon minced onion

Combine the fresh and smoked ham, and add the milk, eggs, crumbled chili sauce, lemon rind, salt, and pepper. Mix well and place in a greased loaf pan. Bake for 1 hour in a moderate oven of 375 degrees F. After 30 minutes' baking pour the tomato juice over the loaf and finish the baking. Remove the loaf from the oven and pour the liquid from the loaf into a small saucepan. Bring to a boil and thicken with the flour which has been stirred to a smooth paste with the water. Season with the Worcestershire sauce and the onion, and serve with the loaf. This is delicious served cold. Serves six. To serve two or three, make half this recipe.

MEAT LOAF

Two cups ground meat, 1 teaspoon chopped onion, 1 1/2 teaspoons salt, few grains pepper, 1 egg, 1 cup stale breadcrumbs soaked in 1/2 cup milk, 1 teaspoon chopped parsley. Mix first four ingredients, add soaked breadcrumbs, mix thoroughly, then add beaten eggs, and more seasoning if desired. Shape into a

loaf and place on a pan covered with suet. Put suet on top of loaf and sprinkle with salt, pepper and flour. Bake forty minutes, basting occasionally.

SALMON RING MOULD

One cup salmon, 1 1/2 teaspoons butter, 1 1/2 teaspoons flour, 1 cup milk, 1 egg, well beaten, 1/4 cup fine bread crumbs, salt, pepper, 1/2 teaspoon lemon juice, 1/4 cup peas, cooked and seasoned, 1/2 cup carrots, cooked and seasoned, 1/2 cup parsnips, cooked and seasoned.

Melt butter in top of double boiler, blend in flour and add milk gradually, stirring continually. Add beaten egg and stir constantly until sauce begins to thicken, then pour it over the flaked salmon. Stir in the bread crumbs and season to taste with salt and pepper. Add lemon juice and turn into greased individual ring moulds. Set these in a pan of hot water and place in a slow oven (300 degrees F.) until mixture is set, about 30 minutes. Remove the pan over, let stand 2 minutes, then turn out on plate. Fill centre with buttered, seasoned carrots and peas and serve. This recipe makes three portions.

It was working out better than she had hoped. Safe in her own room, Jean switched on the light over her table and uncovered the drawing-board. How long it seemed since last she stood there. She picked up a pencil and made a few aimless marks, glancing furtively now and then through the door she had been careful to leave open. The watchman would be passing soon. He must see her at work.

After an endless interval of waiting, an elevator door banged. Then Johnston paused to remark carelessly: "Hard at it, eh? Not ready to ride down, I guess?" "Not quite, thank you. I'll use the stairs."

Jean waited breathlessly until another clang of the elevator door came to her straining ears. Johnston must have gone down to the third. She extinguished her light. The moment had come.

How unfamiliar the dress department, with its few lights burning in their ghostly dust sheets. Silence everywhere. Jean ran lightly over the carpeted floor and gained the stair wall.

She sped noiselessly up the two flights, opened a door and found herself peering cautiously into a corridor. The offices. Rows of doors, all tightly closed. No sounds of life. She slipped like a shadow along the wall until she gained Sturges's room.

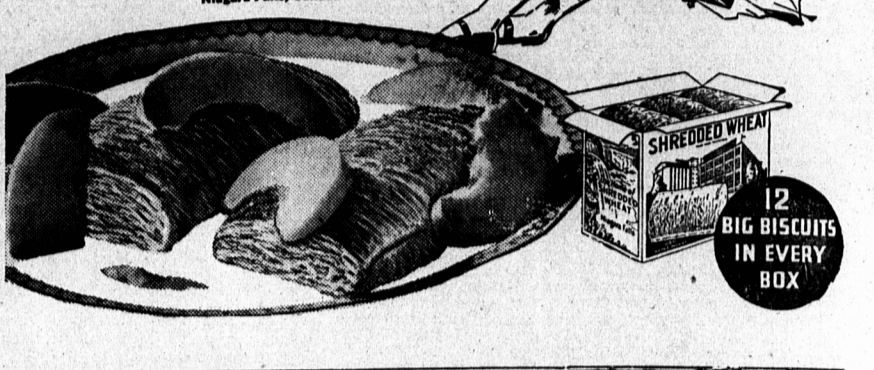
It was very nearly dark in there, except for a dull glow from the street. Jean closed the door noiselessly and drew a deep breath.

Swing along with SHREDDED WHEAT

MADE IN CANADA — OF CANADIAN WHEAT

EAT oven-crisp, golden-brown Shredded Wheat Biscuits, every day. Served with fruit in season, topped off with milk or cream, they make a most delicious meal, containing the vital elements of nature's perfect cereal... whole wheat... in a most easily digestible form.

THE CANADIAN SHREDDED WHEAT COMPANY, LTD. Niagara Falls, Canada



ONE WAY STREET By JOSEPH McCORD

CHAPTER 28

Two squares from The Iron Block, Nam Gamble took reluctant leave of Jean.

"I'll circulate around a bit and pick you up when you come out," she explained. "Don't be any longer than you can help, darling. Listen. You know the drug store, just across the avenue?"

"Look for me in there, if I don't meet you before. I'll be taking an ammonia brazer. You'll be ready for one yourself."

"All right." "Sure I'll worry! Don't waste any time up there and... good luck." There was a call bell at one of the avenue entrance doors that summoned a watchman to admit any of the office force or workers whose duties brought them to the store after closing time. Jean occasionally was one of the number and she congratulated herself that her appearance now would cause no comment.

To her relief, she found the door open. One of the watchmen was seated just inside, "getting a breath of fresh air," he explained, as Jean entered with a friendly nod and smile.

"Can't you folks get your work done in the daytime?" he grumbled good-naturedly. "Not quite," she acknowledged cheerily. "It's only for a few minutes this time." She was hurrying on when he halted her.

"Oh, Miss Sawyer!" "Yes," it was difficult to keep her voice steady. "If you'll wait a minute, Johnston will be going up to punch his stations. You can ride to the fourth and save yourself a climb."

Jean thought rapidly. That was a good idea. It would establish the fact she had gone directly to the little studio. She could keep track of the watchman, too. "Oh, thanks. I'll wait."

She helped herself to a seat on one of the glove counter chairs, assuming an air of indifference she was far from feeling. "I go to the top and work down," Johnston explained, as he ushered his passenger into an elevator a few moments later. "Fourth, isn't it?"

"Yes." "It was working out better than she had hoped. Safe in her own room, Jean switched on the light over her table and uncovered the drawing-board. How long it seemed since last she stood there. She picked up a pencil and made a few aimless marks, glancing furtively now and then through the door she had been careful to leave open. The watchman would be passing soon. He must see her at work."

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It was very nearly dark in there, except for a dull glow from the street. Jean closed the door noiselessly and drew a deep breath.

Her fingers were steady as she located the switch button on the desk lamp. One swift inspection and her heart sank. The glass top held no papers of any description. A sob of disappointment welled in her throat.

Was it all for nothing, then? Another despairing glance at the

desk top resulted in a discovery. The shallow center drawer was open. Jean drew it out farther, peep within.

A pale blue envelope! Smothering a cry of exultation, she snatched it out and held it under the light. It bore an address in curious cramped handwriting: "M. Sturges, Private."

Lelecker had been here! Jean thrust the letter in the front of her dress. She must close the drawer, be very sure... "Oh...!"

A frightened gasp escaped her as the room darkened with light. There, watching from a doorway, was Spencer Cannon. His fat fingers still rested on the wall switch.

Jean stared with horrified fascination at the pale eyes peering at her unwinkingly. "Well, young woman?" pured a soft voice.

She stood frozen in her tracks. No sound came from her parted lips. "It is very interesting to find we have a sneak-thief in the store," Cannon remarked gently. "What is your name?"

"Then perhaps I can guess. Is it... Sawyer?" Jean nodded dumbly. "I was sure of it. Let me see what you have taken before I..."

Made desperate by fear, Jean attempted a dash for freedom. Pudgy fingers clamped down on her shoulder, tightened like claws of iron. "Plead."

"Would you?" "Yes," she sank with a little sob at Cannon's feet. She looked beseechingly into his cold eyes, tried to plead.

Then some one must have turned out all the lights. After a restless stroll past lighted shop windows, Nan returned to the drug store to carry on her anxious vigil.

She perched herself on a stool at the soda fountain and ordered a cooling drink as a substitute for the ammonia spirits. She sipped it

slowly, her glances straying continually to the street door. There were no other patrons at the moment and the white-ackled attendant was prone to converse.

If he didn't snuff up, she'd scream. Nan kept telling herself as she tried to answer in monosyllables. At length, she thrust aside her partly emptied glass and paid the check. Then to the door to stare moodily at the big store across the way.

Why didn't Gorgeous come? As she strained her eyes for some sign of the adventures, Nan felt a sudden tingle of fear. Her attention was caught by a flare of light on the top floor. The offices were up there. It must be Jean. Whatever possessed her to do that? Why didn't she use matches? She wouldn't have a match... A shadow passing across the bright rectangle of the window. The light burned out.

Somewhere in the distance a siren whined. Coming nearer. With a final raucous warning, a small car slid swiftly to a stop before the Iron Block. Two uniformed men sprang out. They hurried to the door where some one let them in.

Cops! Nan gave one horrified look and sped to a telephone booth just within the drug store. Luckily she knew the name of the hotel where Sturges lived. If only she knew the number. The bulky directory seemed to defy her clumsy efforts to find it. "Here it was, last... Gorham... 7-5678." Tricky.

"God," she murmured under her breath, as her finger jerked at the dial. "I don't often bother... but please let that Romeo be home!" Her prayer was answered almost immediately by Sturges himself, once the call was put through to his room. "Hello, Sturges speaking."

"Say! This is Nan Gamble... I'm at Evans'... You know, just across from the store. Come here as quick as you can. I'll be waiting out front."

"What!" came the amazed exclamation. "Never mind. Do as I tell you. It's dreadfully serious. Run!"

Nan put an end to questioning by returning the receiver to its place with a bang. (To Be Continued.)

Attractive enamel clips resembling pointed china are employed in diamond and shield shapes. These of multicolored embroidery simulate pockets on jumpers.

SMART CLOTHES FOR THE HOME DRESSMAKER

For small sister and brother who romp about the house and garden, here are two cool, smart models of similar styling, patterned for today. Sister's dress has simple fullness for active young legs. Brother's shorts tuck securely on to the blouse and are cut with comfortable leg fullness.

White pique made the models pictured, with bright accent in red and navy applied band trim. Carried out in striped crinkle crepe (that needs no ironing after it is tubbed) these models are cunning as can be.

Style No. 314 is designed for sizes 2, 4 and 6 years, and includes patterns for dress and suit, in the same size. If different sizes are wanted, two patterns will have to be ordered and it will cost 15 cents extra. Size 4 requires 1 1/2 yards of 35-inch material for girl's sleeveless dress and 1 1/2 yards of 35-inch material for boy's sleeveless suit.

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

No. 314. Size Name Street Address City State

"You are home early," said Mrs. Berry. "I thought you were going to a lecture?" "So did I," replied Berry grumpily. "It was to be a lecture on 'cola,' but I do not notice until I got to the door that my ticket said, 'Admit one.'"

314

Advertisement for Old Dutch Cleanser. Includes text: 'What is this "SEISMOTITE" they're all talking about?' and 'Old Dutch Cleanser'. Also features an illustration of a woman cleaning a surface.