

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

The HOUSE WIFE and HER ACTIVITIES

PATIENCE

Endurance is the crowning quality, and patience all the passion of great hearts; These are their stay, and when the leaden world sets its hard face against their faithful thought, And brute strength, like the scornful conqueror, Clangs his huge mace down in the other scale,— The inspired soul but flings his patience in, And slowly that outweighs the ponderous globe.— One faith against a whole earth's unbelief, One soul against the flesh of all mankind.

—J. Russel Lowell.

CROSSING THE THRESHOLD

Those who are crossing the threshold of manhood or womanhood should meditate on the two paradoxes which seek for solution—the paradox of Authority and Freedom, and the paradox of Right and Duty. I should sum up the first by saying, "Freedom is not the right to do what you want, but the power to do what you ought," and the second by the words, "No man has any right save one—the right to do his duty." —Sir H. Stuart Jones.

FEARS

Every one wishes that the man whom he fears would perish.—Ovid.

The absent danger greater still appears, less fears he who is near the thing he fears.—Danfel.

Fear, either as a principle or a motive in the beginning of all evil.—Mrs. Jameson.

IMPUTATIONS

Let us be careful to guard ourselves against all the groundless imputations of our enemies, and to rise above them.—Addison.

MILITARY SHOES MARCH NALONG PARIS BOULEVARDS

Smart military shoes are marching right along Paris boulevards trying to keep up with the Italo-Ethiopian situation. Ethiopians wear barefoot, but Parisiennes wear martial-looking shoes of brown, black or navy kidskin which are trimmed with fine braid, tiny gilt buttons and sometimes miniature military plastrons.

The Italian Renaissance influence has been responsible for the glittering, metallic sheen of after-noon "lippers. Considerable bronze has been shown, while kid, fabric or suede slippers all have a narrow piping of gold and silver. The numerous high and wide-tongued shoes, some of which are slit in three sections, are reminiscent of the Italian comedies.

Back to cave man days with the new fur trimmed shoes. For street wear, low-heeled oxfords with ties are seen in suede with insertions of leopard across the toes. For afternoon, there is a pump in black kid with a tongue and heel of black broadtail fur.

The Parisian black and white is bolder and more pronounced this winter. Some black dresses have entire sleeves of white others have mannish sleeves of starched white linen, similar to a man's boiled evening shirt, and others are trimmed with bits of white feathers or beads. To keep step, shoe-makers are making black and white shoes for winter and a pump of black kid has a collar of white lizard, while the heels are piped in white.

LACE TRIMMING

Jodelle emphasizes skirt tenderness with full sleeves above and below elbows as shown in a black silk Moroccan dress trimmed with heavy cream lace.

WEAR "JEWELS" TO ENHANCE YOUR CHARM

Do you prefer to wear jewels? Many women look better without them, but others add to their appearance in a striking manner when they wear them.

This season for the women who like adornment, there are many "costume" jewels from which they may choose.

None is expensive. They do not imitate real stones, but have a distinctiveness and originality of their own.

There are clips for hats and suits; necklets introducing diamonds to pastel-shaded frocks or carved feather "tips" in mother-of-pearl, lying on double strands of golden tinsel clips.

Large flat transparent daisies; flowers of mother-of-pearl centred with different colored stamens, or of vivid porcelain backgrounded by metal leaves, are ideas in these new braid necklets for evening.

Red and white porcelain petals clustered to resemble a carnation are a smart novelty in clips. Short strings of pearls are worn with flowers in several useful colorings. Enormous rings and bracelets of crystal, occasionally studded with stones, are effective worn with the latest drifting chiffon evening

THE COOK'S CORNER

Macaroon Cream Pie

Macaroons are such characterful bits of goodness that they are able to step quite beyond their accustomed role of the small cake, and play part in the making of a lot of quite fancy desserts.

In this instance, we use them to give a very definite touch of interest to a pie filling.

1/4 cup sugar
1/4 cup sugar
1 tablespoon cornstarch
1/4 teaspoon salt
2 cups milk (scalded)
3 eggs
1/2 dozen macaroons

Mix sugar, cornstarch and salt together. Stir in milk. Cook over hot water, stirring constantly until mixture thickens slightly. Cover and cook, with occasional stirring, until no raw starch flavor remains. Stir into beaten egg yolks. Add finely-rolled macaroons. Turn into lightly-baked pie-shell and bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees F.) till set. Cover with meringue (3 egg whites beaten stiff with 6 tablespoons sugar). Scatter 1/4 cup blanched and shredded almonds over top of pie. Replace in oven (300 degrees F.) oven to cook to golden brown.

Macaroni and Cheese

There are two things we would like to say about any dish of macaroni and cheese. The first has to do with the pre-cooking of the macaroni. Be sure that you are using a very large pot—for any amount of macaroni should be cooked in a good many times that amount of water, be sure the water is boiling hard—drop in the macaroni a little at a time so as not to reduce its temperature too sharply—and be sure that you are using enough salt to kill that "flat" flavor.

Our second specific warning has to do with the amount of sauce provided. It is almost impossible to err on the side of too much sauce—the fault is usually the other way. With plenty of moisture, plenty of flavor, your macaroni-and-cheese dish will be sure of popularity.

1 1/2 cups macaroni
2 cups medium-thick white sauce
1 cup grated sharp cheese
1/2 teaspoon mustard (optional)
1/2 cup buttered soft breadcrumbs

Cook macaroni in a large pot of boiling, salted water until tender. Drain and rinse with cold water. Drain thoroughly. Arrange a layer of macaroni in greased baking dish. Add a layer of sauce to which the combined cheese and mustard have been added. Add second layer of macaroni, then cover with sauce. Cover with crumbs and bake in a moderately hot oven, 375 degrees F., until re-heated and delicately browned. Noodles or spaghetti may be used instead of macaroni.

BLANCH BEFORE SALTING

All nuts with a tough outer skin like almonds must be blanched before salting. To blanch nuts, pour over boiling water to more than cover them—after shelling of course—and let stand five or ten minutes or until the skins slip easily. Drain and cover with cold water. Rub or pinch off the skins. Drain as thoroughly as possible in a colander and then spread on a dry linen towel. Place another towel over them and pat dry. If convenient let stand several hours. Peanuts for salting should be purchased raw.

Any good cooking oil is used for deep-fat frying. Butter is excellent for roasting and olive oil gives a delicate flavor used for either deep-fat or pan frying or roasting. To prepare nuts for roasting, "paint" the inside of a bowl with oil or melted butter. Put a few nuts in the bowl and shake until each nut is lightly coated with fat. Continue adding fat as necessary until all the nuts are coated. Use as little fat as possible. Spread prepared nuts on a baking pan and roast in a moderate oven (about 350 degrees F.) until a delicate brown. It will take about 20 minutes. The dryness of the nuts before coating determines the length of time it will take to roast them.

Sprinkle evenly but sparingly with salt, stirring with a fork. There should be a distinct salt flavor, but no vestige of a crust of salt on the nut. Try 1-2 teaspoon salt to one cup of nuts and add more if individual taste demands it.

EGG WHITE

Egg white may be used in place of fat if preferred. Beat the white slightly and "paint" the bowl with it. Add nuts a few at a time and shake until coated. Roast and salt. They are not shiny when done and are a bit more delicate.

It will take about 2 minutes to fry nuts in deep fat. Heat fat in a deep fat kettle to 390 degrees F. on a fat thermometer. Be sure the nuts are free from all moisture and spread them in a frying basket. Immerse in the hot fat and fry until a delicate brown. Drain thoroughly on brown paper and sprinkle with salt. Spread out to cool and become crisp.

Soiled nuts add a pleasing variety and are browned the same way as the salted ones, the only difference being in the seasoning. After browning mix one-half teaspoon each of cinnamon, cloves and all-spice with 3-4 teaspoon salt and sprinkle over cup browned nuts.

CAKES FOR LUNCH BOX

When it is necessary to pack a lunch it is wise for the housewife to make her cakes in the form of gem cakes rather than a layer cake. One or two of these small teardrop cakes just about strike the right note to those who carry their lunch, where a slice of layer cake would be apt to dry out a bit.

Lemon juice gives a pleasing flavor to the chopped spinach.

LEAGUE OF MODESTY, FORMED IN CHICAGO, ADOPTS RULES OF NEAR VICTORIAN VINTAGE

In Chicago, a League of Modesty has been formed. Its object is to warn women against immodesty and "the philosophy of the New Paganism."

The league's first job has been to draw up some rules. Here they are:

(1) Necklines should not be cut lower than one or two inches—back and front.

(2) Sleeves must at least cover the elbows, and skirts fall "far below" the knees.

(3) Stockings must come over the knees and must not be transparent, nor flesh-colored.

(4) Women's clothes generally should conceal rather than reveal

Dorothy Dix's Letter Box

Millions of Men Have Been Floated to the Altar on Tears of Women They Did Not Want to Marry

Dear Miss Dix—About two years ago I met a young girl about my age and became very much infatuated with her. After knowing her only two weeks I asked her to marry me. She accepted.



Times were so bad that we could not be married immediately and in six months I was tired of her and told her I did not want to keep company with her any more. She threatened to kill herself if I left her. That frightened me, so I broke down my resistance and I kept on going to see her. A number of times since then I have tried to break off with her and when I do she always makes scenes and says she will take her life if I give her up.

My mother, father and the whole family know how I feel toward this girl. They call me a fool and an idiot for consenting to marry her when I actually dislike her. Yet I can't bear to think that I will break her heart and be the means of her death if I reheart and be the means of her death if I refuse to do so. Shall I marry this girl and sacrifice my life in order to secure her happiness?

Answer: You will be all that your family calls you, and then some, if you let this girl force you into marrying her against your will. If you knew anything about women, you would know that there are a million chances to one that her threat of killing herself is nothing but bluff, and that she has no idea whatever of even injuring a hair of her head.

Tears and threats of suicide are the cowardly weapons that women have used on men since time immemorial. Millions of men have been floated to the altar on the tears of women they did not want to marry. Millions of men have been terrorized into marrying women they loathed by the women flourishing revolvers or reaching for the poison bottle when the poor dunderhead tried to make a getaway. The real shotgun marriage is not staged by outraged fathers. It is pulled off by astute femmes who are out to get their man.

It is only masculine vanity that causes a man to believe that it will break a woman's heart to lose him, and that without him life will be so valueless that she will throw it away. Most women's hearts are constructed of rubber instead of glass and stand a deal of punishment. The proportion of girls who die for love is so negligible that there is no cause to worry over any tragedy resulting from your backing out of an engagement; you should never have gone into it.

Of all the terrible mistakes and useless sacrifices that men and women ever make, the greatest is that of marrying, when they have ceased to love, from a sense of duty and because they have not the courage to inflict pain upon those of whom they were once fond. Yet this folly is continually committed, and men and women who drag through a long engagement until they have worn their romance to tatters and are disillusioned with each other even before marriage, go on with a marriage for which they have lost their desire because they think they owe it to each other's faithfulness.

The boy who has gone out into the world to seek his fortune comes back and marries the girl he has outgrown because she has waited for him for years. A girl's nubile fancy changes and she loses her taste for the dull, stolid youth to whom she has been engaged, but she marries him because she hasn't the courage to tell him that she has changed and that he bores her to death.

The men and women who marry those whom they have ceased to love think they are being noble and kind, but, in reality, they are doing the cruelest act that one human being can do to another. For they doom the other part to being an unwanted wife or husband, which is part of the other part to being an unwanted wife or husband, which is a fate far worse than being plied. Nothing can hurt an individual's pride more than knowing that he or she has been married for pity; that he or she is being merely endured and that whenever he or she is given a chance it is one that comes from a sense of obligation and not from the heart.

No man can be a good husband if he is miserable and feels that his wife has forced him into marrying her. He is bound to take his resentment out upon her. And so for the girl's sake as well as your own, Albert, I advise you to refuse to let her bulldoze you into this marriage. You will be saving her as well as yourself a lot of grief.

Dear Miss Dix—I am a man in great distress. Under extraordinary circumstances I was married to a woman far below my social standing when I was very young. A girl child was born to us and at the end of two years my wife died. Ashamed of this marriage, I did not claim my child and she has grown up in the old neighborhood under the impression that she is an orphan. Now I am happily married to a second wife who does not know the story of my first marriage, or even that I have been married before, nor of the child. I do not wish my wife to find out these facts after my death, so I have decided to tell her now, but my worry is how will she respond. Will she leave me, or will she forgive and forget?

Answer: Your wife's reaction to your confession will depend altogether on the kind of woman she is and how much she loves you. It is an acid test of her character and her heart.

If she is narrow-minded and jealous, she is likely to make a great pother over it and to consider herself ill-used, and especially to resent the girl. But if she is broad-minded and has intelligence enough to see the incident in its true perspective as a piece of youthful folly long over and deeply regretted, she will just be terribly sorry for you and anxious to comfort you and to help you make amends to your neglected daughter.

And she will wonder why you did not know her well enough to trust her and take her into your confidence and let her help you bear your burden. There are wives who let a man down in his hour of need, but there are other wives who brace him up and stand by him and fight shoulder to shoulder with him through every battle of life.

You made a great mistake in not telling your wife about this first marriage, and especially about the child, before you were married, and you cannot blame her if she feels hurt because you have kept this secret from her. But your real sin has been against your child, whom you denied a father's love and guidance. Try to rectify that wrong as soon as you can.

Dear Dorothy Dix—What do you think of companionate marriage for girls?

Answer: Companionate marriage is a legalized liaison in which a girl supports herself in addition to making a home for a man in which no children are allowed, and out of which a man can walk whenever he feels so inclined. A bad bargain for any girl.

Would Protect Canadian Antiques

(C. F. By Guardian's Special Wire) CALGARY, Dec. 25.—It may be a new sport but if it is there is no approval but much concern from officials of the National Museum of Canada whose work is to aid in safeguarding ancient rocks and stones of historical value.

Armed with small calibre rifles, men or boys have caused mutilation of outdoor antiquities, of which Canada has so few, and an appeal has been made by Harlan I. Smith of the National Museum, for their preservation and safeguarding. He has appealed for a campaign of education to guard against destruction of historic places.

Rifles have been used to mutilate a famed mystery stone of Southern Alberta and in other provinces of the Dominion other means have been used in the defacement of ancient outdoor antiquities.

In the Milk River Valley, 17 miles east of Coultis, on the Alberta-Montana boundary, and near the site of

SMALL TOWN GIRL

BY BEN AMES WILLIAMS

CHAPTER VII

Kay said quickly: "Oh, I've too much to do to bother with men, this year. The work's harder than I expected; and I'm rusty."

"Your duty to the race," Sally reminded her. As she looked at Kay's face, she saw the advantage of natural selection. Lost unless the female of the species has a free opportunity to choose her mate, and from the widest possible field. How can you do your little part with no one but a red-eared electrician to choose from? I ask you?" She looked at Kay thoughtfully. "Is he really the only boy in this rustic retreat of yours?"

And Kay said soberly: "Almost I was telling Helen before you came in. Most Carvel boys . . . Before Kay's freshman year was done, she did meet Chick Rantoul, and other young men besides. Bill Hurd was at Harvard, and he quired Mary Bingham to Yale game, and was occasionally in evidence on Sunday evenings during the winter. But Dean, at Harvard Medical, came out regularly to see Lucy Smith, Ned Matthews and Chick Rantoul shared a bachelor apartment in Boston, and Sally Hays, in her own phrase, was just now trying Ned's places. She was often away for week-ends; and she more than once urged Kay, or Helen, or both of them, to go with her.

"I've got a blanket invitation," she assured them. "As many girls as I want to bring. Helen, come along. Bob Dakin's sure to be there!"

But Helen declined. "Not for me, darling, thank you, awfully," she said in an amused tone. "The burnt child dreads the fire. I haven't seen Bob since the row last spring. He got me into that, remember. If I never see him again, it's too soon."

And she explained to Kay: "He was the boy who took me to that place that was raided, when Emily had to send me home. He finished Harvard Medical four or five years ago, and now he's pretending to be a doctor. You know what these young doctors are?"

"I don't think he's much of a doctor," Sally intoned. "But, Oh, what a wonderful man!"

"He's fun," Helen assented. "But a little too rich for my blood!"

So she and Kay declined Sally's invitation, on that occasion and on others, till Sally at length produced Chick Rantoul one Sunday afternoon and introduced him to Kay.

"Mahomet to the mountain," she explained. "You wouldn't go to him and I wanted you to know what you're missing. Chick's just a sample."

Rantoul looked down at Kay and smiled. "You're not a very mountainous-looking person," he remarked. That was in the spring and the day was fine. Ned Matthews and Chick had come out together.

Sally said directly: "Take her canoeing or something, Chick, and captivate the child. She's wasted all this time, but I don't mean that she shall waste another one."

Chick nodded good-humoredly and Ned and Sally moved away upon their own concerns. "Where do I acquire this canoe?" he asked. "Or could I do the prescribed captivatng on dry land?"

Kay said frankly: "I'd rather walk! Around the lake, say, and through the gardens."

"Fine," he agreed. "He chuckled to himself. "Key, my," he reflected. "How many times I've tramped that bank. They swung away together, and he tried to match his long strides to her short ones, but gave up the endeavor almost at once. "Can't be done," he confessed. "I'm this way and you're that way, and no remedy for it in either case. We'll have to walk out of step, or else stand still."

She laughed softly, looking up at him. "You're older than the boys that come out here," she suggested. "You'd make a centenarian feel young," he assured her.

Kay was silent for a moment. She said then straightforwardly: "I'm not—particularly frivolous, Mr. Rantoul! And you don't need to work one up for my benefit." She looked at him squarely, smiling. "Let's just get acquainted," she said. "And no foolishness."

He chuckled. "Touch!" he exclaimed. "Sorry, it's automatic to start kidding, when you meet a new girl, suppose."

"Sally has spoken of you a lot," she said. "She's forever telling me about you." She hesitated. "I've had a faint idea that she likes you more than she pretends. She always pretends to make fun of you, says you're a sobersides; but I suspect she doesn't mean it. And—she doesn't give details." Her eyes were twinkling. "So you'd better do that. Name, please, and all about you. I'm Kay Brannan, and I live in Carvel, New Hampshire, and my sister Emily was here last year, and that's all there is about me."

"I knew your sister, met her once or twice," he assented. "Something splendid about her, isn't there?"

"She's wonderful," Kay agreed, her eyes twinkling. "But—I know about Emily! Tell me about you."

Chick nodded chuckling. "Why, I'm Charley Rantoul, better known as Chick," he assured her. "Graduated from Yale eight years ago; then three years at the Business School. I write advertising copy for Burnett and Gould."

"Just what does that mean you do?"

A Morning Smile

THE EXPLANATION

"I want a room with twin beds," insisted the new arrival at the hotel. "Certainly," replied the clerk, "but what an odd request for a man travelling alone!"

"Perhaps," returned the traveller. "but when I spent a night here last year I had only half enough bed clothes for one."

A prominent Toronto educationist when chided recently for his slow driving in his car, made this timely and pertinent reply. "I'd rather be five minutes late here, than 20 years too early hereafter."

cried; and he stayed to lunch and for most of the afternoon before continuing on his way. Kay realized that he enjoyed the visit.

Emily had smiling questions afterward; but Kay shook her head. "Nothing to say," she insisted. "I like him and he likes me, and we both enjoy being together. But that's absolutely all."

"It was nice of him to come out of his way to see you," Emily remarked; and Kay said quickly, as though she suspected the wistful thought behind the other's words: "But he didn't have to come all the way from Paris, Emily!" The older girl laughed fondly at Kay's reassurances.

Their summer was quiet. Ned Pastor was gone to Manchester to a position of larger responsibility; but he drove up almost every week on business, and never failed to stop at the house, and between-times he wrote occasionally. Yes, Kay saw with a sort of pity that already Emily spoke of him in the past tense.

"We had a lot of good times together, he and I," she said. "But of course I knew he was too able a man to stay here in Carvel very long!" There was something rueful in her tones.

CHAPTER VIII

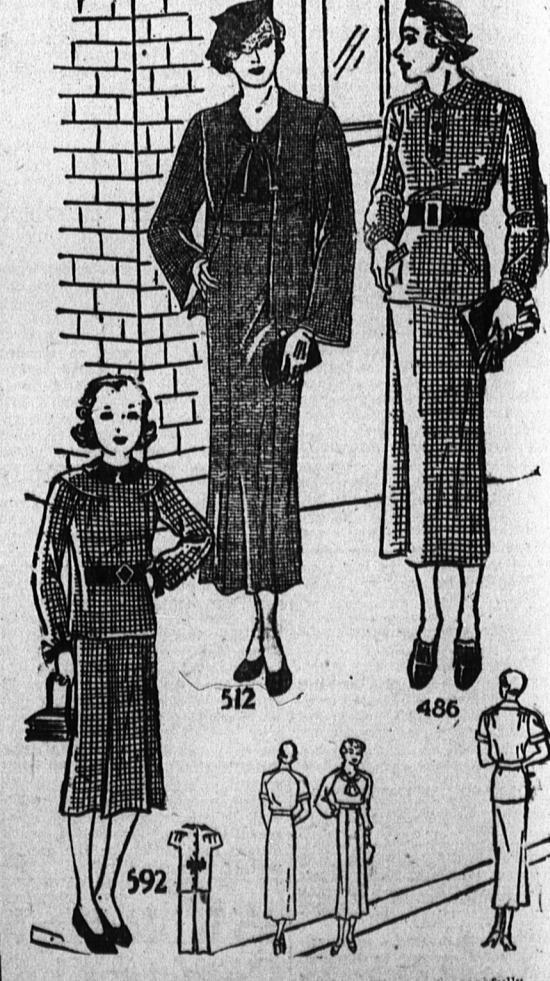
Kay thought her sister seemed tired. "Teaching in winter must have worn Emily out," she told Mrs. Brannan. "She looks—older, Mother!" There was a deep distress in her tones. "I saw her with Lilian today, and—she almost looks alike. Mother, she mustn't stay here and just—get dusty and worn and old!"

Mrs. Brannan smiled faintly. "People do grow older, Kay," she reminded the girl. "And—not so quickly in Carvel as in other places, perhaps." She added: "But I don't think Emily will teach school long."

Kay looked at her sharply. "Mother, what do you mean?"

Continued on page 8

SMART CLOTHES FOR THE HOME DRESSMAKER



All patterns 15c (coin is preferred.) Wrap coin carefully.

No. 512.—For Schoolgirls. This style is designed in sizes 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires 2 1/4 yards of 39-inch material with 1/2 yard of 35-inch contrasting.

No. 512.—Sunder-Line Jacket Dress. This style is designed in sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 5 yards of 39-inch material with 1/2 yard of 39-inch contrasting.

No. 486.—Two-Piece Shirt Type. This style is designed in sizes 14, 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 4 1/2 yards of 39-inch material.

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