

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

The HOUSEWIFE and HER ACTIVITIES

THE EARTH AND MAN

A little sun, a little rain, A soft impulse from the west— And woods and fields are sweet again.

So simple is the earth we tread, So quick with love and life her frame: Ten thousand years have dawned and died, And still her magic is the same.

A little love, a little trust, A soft impulse, a sudden dream— And life as dry as desert dust.

So simple is the heart of man, So ready for new hope and joy: Ten thousand years since it began Have left it younger than a boy.

TOWEL CURTAINS

Colored bath towelling makes attractive curtains for the bathroom. They are not affected by steam and will, of course, wash perfectly.

DON'T RELAX VIGILANCE DURING MONTH OF MARCH

March is a trying month for mothers because of the risk of infection from coughs, colds and other illnesses.

Perhaps it will be better to put them down under their various headings. For example: Food.—The body has to depend upon this for nourishment and growth.

Exercise.—Walking is an easy form. See that the children breathe deeply when out for their morning walk.

FRESH AIR DAILY

Provided they are warmly wrapped up children should not miss going out into the fresh air every day.

Also, when outdoors, wrap a clean woolen scarf over the throat. Wash the scarf in disinfectant each day after use.

Wet-Foot.—These lower the body's temperature, and thereby give a footing to all sorts of illnesses.

Rooms.—Do not let these become hot or stuffy. If so, insure air will be re-breathed again.

REGULAR BATHS

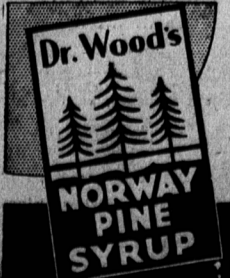
Faces normally become dirtier in winter than in summer. This grime is harmful to the body.

Don't neglect a regular bath. The pores of the skin become clogged, and unless cleaned frequently, will result in scaling in poison.

Teeth.—See that these are regularly cleaned and all holes filled. Don't risk a gumboil, because its poisons drain into the system and invite illness.

THE "TRIFLING" COLD

Cold.—Do not regard these as trifling. Many a case of bronchitis, asthma, "flu" (or even worse) owes its origin to a neglected cold in the head.



If a Hacking Cough Nearly Chokes You... NORWAY PINE SYRUP STRIKES AT THE ROOT of COLDS and COUGHS

THE COOK'S CORNER

Savory Pie

Two cups flaked haddock, 1 1/4 cups thick white sauce, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 tablespoon anchovy essence, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, mashed potatoes or boiled macaroni.

Remove skin and bones from the fish, then flake it. Combine the fish, white sauce and seasonings. Place in a buttered baking dish, and cover with either macaroni or potatoes.

The fish may be used fresh, season well and add enough milk cream to allow them to be heated very lightly. Pie lightly on top of the fish and cook in the oven until brown and well heated through.

Two cups chopped fish, 1/4 cup oil, 1/4 cup flour, 2 cups milk or fish stock, 1 teaspoon onion juice, seasonings, sifted bread crumbs.

The fish may be all finnan haddock or half finnan haddock and half some other kind of fish. Heat the liquid. In another pan heat the oil, add the flour, add the hot milk slowly, then beat until smooth.

Season well with lemon juice, Worcestershire sauce, onion juice if desired. Combine with the fish. When cold, mould into lamb chop shapes, place in a buttered baking dish, and brush over with oil.

Two cups thick white sauce, 2 cups flaked halibut, 1 tablespoon catsup, 2 egg whites, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, salt and pepper.

Season the white sauce with lemon juice and catsup. Combine with the fish, carefully avoiding the stiff beaten egg whites. Fill a buttered baking dish two-thirds full and cover the top with one cup of soft bread crumbs that have been buttered and mixed with one tablespoon of grated cheese.

Old man Cohen placed a ladder against the side of the house, then called his son, Able, aged seven, and after some difficulty got him to climb up to the top.

"I'm frightened," said Able. Cohen stood underneath, holding out his arms. "Do as papa tells you—jump, papa is here."

A passenger in an airplane was flying in the sky, when the pilot began to laugh hysterically. Passenger: "What's the joke?" Pilot: "I'm thinking of what they'll say at the asylum when they find out I have escaped."

When washing fine lace, do not use starch—it is a great mistake. Instead dissolve a little powdered loaf sugar in the water in which it is last rinsed.

To remove colored candle wax stains from a tablecloth, take a piece of white blotting paper and place it under the spot. Sprinkle flour or pure white talcum powder over the spot and iron with a medium warm iron.

To remove India ink from white cotton or linen, make a strong solution of oxalic acid and cold water. Soak the spots in the solution for a few minutes and then soak in ammonia. If necessary repeat this process until the stains disappear.

Make your own cookie cut-outs by drawing or tracing figures of animals and characters out of Mother Goose on cardboard. Roll out the cookie dough, lay the pat-

ter on and with a sharp knife cut around the edges.

Slender, graceful arms are one of the first requisites of beauty. If you want your spring evening gowns to flatter you, better start doing exercises to eliminate surplus fat on shoulders and arms.

First, try this new exercise. Stand erect straight out from the shoulders, palms up. Keeping the elbows up, bring the hands in toward the chest, circle them down and outward until they are straight and at shoulder level again. Then turn them over, making palms face down. Do it correctly and you'll feel the muscles pull and stretch. Repeat 20 times.

Then, extending the arms outward again, palms down, make small circles. This one is particularly good for fat around the shoulders. Begin slowly, lifting the wrists up to the starting position. Later, do it rapidly.

When you have finished your exercises, massage your arms. Using the left hand, actually pinch and squeeze the surplus fat on your right arm. Reverse, making the right hand massage the left arm.

Remember that massaging should be done with upward motions. Don't bruise the skin, but be sure that with each squeeze you actually get a firm grip on it. Repeat until your arms are warm and pink. If you have particularly sensitive skin, better smooth on a bit of cream before you start massaging.

The Australian government is considering an air mail and good will flight to Japan, which country buys Australian goods extensively.

Down With the Heart-Balm Suit! Dorothy Dix Praises Woman Who's Trying to Stop It

Bless the Woman Who Had the Nerve to Try to Stop the Breach-of-Promise Racket—For Blood Money May Swell the Gold Digger's Pocketbook But it Never Yet Healed a Broken Heart

Although men are the chief sufferers from the breach-of-promise suit—for it is only occasionally that a man seeks to have his wounded affections healed by a poultice of the long green—it has taken a woman to have the nerve to try to put a stop to the heart-balm racket.

Mrs. Roberta West Nicholson—praise and glory be to her name forever—has filed a bill in the Indiana State Legislature making it a crime and misdemeanor and arson and mayhem and whatnot to drag one's sentimental adventures into court and seek to cash in on love's young dream. And thus, we trust, will be stopped a proceeding which is a death blow to romance and a pain in the neck to every one with decent instincts.

It is sad enough for love to die. It is ghoulish for its grave to be desecrated and its corpse held up for ransom instead of its being respectfully and silently interred. No sight is more repugnant than that of those who once kissed, biting and scratching and stabbing at each other. Nothing is more disillusioning than to hear the lips that have murmured words of endearment calling each other cheat and chiseler. Nothing more disgusting than for the sweet intimacies of love to be read aloud to a guffawing public. Nothing more sordid than fixing a price on the wound to a heart.

Yet it is a common practice for these sins to be committed against sentiment and for both men and women to regard love as a commodity that is worth whatever it will fetch in the marketplace, and to think that, like an antique, it is all the more valuable if it is damaged. Thus the modern maiden instead of wearing her billets doux next to her heart, jocks them up in a safety deposit vault against the time when she may need to cash them in on a breach-of-promise suit.

Of course, there are two schools of thought in the love-balm racket. One holds that it is justified because it regards a promise of marriage as a binding obligation, and that the one who defaults on this contract must pay for it just as he or she would if it were a business transaction. They say that the poor girl who has gone through the vicissitudes of a long engagement, who has put herself out from the chances of marrying any other man by being affianced to one; who has put in time and money filled her hope chest and who has built all her hopes and plans around marrying some particular youth, suffers a definite loss if he declines to make good on his bargain and marry her, and that she is entitled to her blood money.

The other school of thought contends that while it is, without doubt, exceedingly humiliating to a girl to have her suitor weary of her and give her the air, and while the man who has monopolized her society and won her affections with love-making that never ended in a wedding has done her wrong, still and all, that is just her tough luck. It was only part of the adventure of love and she should be good enough sport to take her loss without whining.

They say that all men and all women know that they travel along the rose-strewn path of love at their own risk, and that when they get hurt they should not sue for damages. They say that love comes and goes as it listeth and no one knows why or when or how, or has the power to control it. They say that no one can make the human heart behave, and that when it ceases to palpitate at the coming of a man or woman who excites their interest, it is high speed, and then the only sensible thing to do is for them to call the engagement off and thank God that it happened before marriage instead of afterward.

And, furthermore, they deny that any one is really hurt in a love affair even if it ends in a broken engagement, for they say even the ones who lose out have been adequately compensated for all they suffer by the excitement of the love chase, the flattery of being selected from all the world as the one man or the one woman by being of the elect, who see the glory and the exciting wings of romance, by the thrills of courtship and the delights of companionship. They say it is better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all, and that there is no girl in the world who wouldn't rather have been engaged and jilted than never to have been engaged at all.

All of which is true. And it is also true that when a broken engagement really makes a heart, money is powerless to heal the wound. All the gold in the world cannot bring back sweetness to a soul that has been made bitter by disillusion, or give back faith to one who has been betrayed. A cash settlement for damaged affections only suffices for those who commercialize love and make the collection of heart balm a racket.



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White Python

By Mark Channing, Author of "King Cobra"

"Well, it seems rather like checkmate, now, doesn't it, Colin?" she exclaimed, staring at the small buter-lamp set out on a projection in the rocky wall outside, which was flickering, uncertainly in the draught. "What on earth are we to do?"

Gray told her of his plan to marry Gynia.

"It was the only thing to do, Colin, dear," she said. "A trifle wildly, fully, it seems to me."

And so they sat and talked of London. Then they drifted back to grim reality.

If Gynia consented to Gray's plan (Piers said) then, as king of this hideous underworld, Colin would be able to secure her release.

He agreed. Even if he couldn't bring it about, Samdada Chiemba would undoubtedly see that she was set free. Samdada Chiemba would also help him to get back to a world where there were trees, birds, and rain, and sun, and open skies.

The return of the guard, carrying a load of skins, and a flat round cake of unleavened bread and a dish of some sort of sweetmeats, was welcomed with a burst of forced gaiety.

Seated on the piled-up skins, they attacked the food. Chiemba would have barely finished his meal, when a guard appeared at the cave mouth.

"The Lady Gynia has sent for you, prisoner!" he said addressing Gray.

Well, here we go round the mulberry bush! jested Gray. "I'll make you comfy before I go, Piers!"

Defly he arranged a bed for her, and taking the softest of the skins, draped it about her shoulders. He bent down and they kissed.

"Turn in and get some sleep! When the maid brings up the tea in the morning I'll drop in and tell you the latest news from Mayfair! Cheerio, Piers!"

"God bless you, old Colin! Shut the front door gently, please, dear!" She chuckled; but sleepily.

CHAPTER 34 THE CHIMNEY OF HELL

When the leprechaun reached the secret entrance, he pressed back the heavy door and entered, swinging it to behind him.

He had hoped to find Samdada Chiemba in the audience-chamber, and deliver the hunchback's message to him at once. But the room was empty.

He went out on to the open-air gallery. Taking a deep breath, he looked up at the stars, muttering a prayer of thanks to his tutelary deity for his safe arrival.

At first he had hesitated to obey the order of the war of the leprechaun, leaving the big lama—whom he had come to adore as a demi-god—alone in that devil-haunted underworld. But, on the day of their arrival in it, he had lost him. Ah, where Gray was, he was, and to his questioning of the war of the leprechaun, he had been met with the one unchangeable, unvarying answer: "The rimpoché is in meditation."

Selecting a corner, the leprechaun squatted on his haunches, and folding his arms on top of his knees, dropped his head on to them; and slept.

Before the dawn, he was awake. Going to the edge of the gallery he looked down into the valley.

In the garden below could be heard sleepy cheepings and mutterings. He descended. In a corner of the garden, under a heap of dew-soaked dead leaves, the tribesman found some dry twigs. Producing his flint-and-steel, he struck a spark and proceeded to kindle a fire.

"The morning meal over, he made his way towards the lake. "Ho, Chela!" called out a voice he recognized.

It was that of the ancient, who had spoken with him at the gateway of the Lunise gampa.

"The leprechaun walked up to him and saluted him reverently. Here, the gods be thanked, was another friend of the big lama! The ancient's first question sounded as if he had read his thoughts:

"Where are the two who are to lead me to the stream and the abode of peace, Chela? I speak of one who is a giant among lamas. Where is he, and his companion?"

"I know not that he had a companion," answered the leprechaun, saluting such astounding Omniscience again, this time even more reverently. "But where is he, I do know! Have you had morning tea?"

"The old man smiled. "I took not often. It is good to fast! Take me to the big lama. I would go to him!"

There was no answer. The little tribesman was prone on his stomach, blowing continuously and crescendo on to another collection of leaves and twigs, from which there soon mounted into the clean morning air, a thin spiral of smoke. . . . "Get out thy bowl, rimpoché! The tea is ready." The steaming beverage, the old man looked up at the great gampa, his wrinkled lips working.

FASHIONS FOR SPRING

Here are two stunning little blouses for your choice. Or maybe you would like to have them both. It's easily possible for today's pattern provides for both.

In the upper sketch, that shows a very smart round yoke arrangement, the sleeves are three-quarter length. One of the new pin striped jacketed jackets made this interesting model.

The lower over-blouse sketch, in rough crepe silk print, approves buttons all the way down the front, and has full length sleeves.

Crepe satin, crepe silk, tie silks, etc., are other lovely suitable fabrics.

Style No. 902 is designed for sizes 14, 16, 18 years, 36, 38 and 40-inches bust. Size 16 requires 2 yards of 39-inch material with 1/4 yard of 3 1/2 inch ribbon for bow for blouse with yoke an three-quarter sleeve and 3/4 yard of 36-inch material for front-closing blouse.

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

No. 902. Size Name Street Address City State

turn, Holy One?" The ancient who was scouring his drinking bowl with a handful of sand, looked up, shaking finger knocking against shank finger.

"Where else should I be but here," he answered mildly. "I shall meditate, chela!"

The leprechaun's inquiries were disconcerting in their results. No one there knew where Samdada Chiemba was. The general consensus of opinion inclined to his being in meditation.

Disconsolately, the leprechaun returned to the ancient and recounted his fruitless search.

"Let me until the afternoon, chela! I will tell thee when it is good to go again. Sit at my feet and tell me of the big lama. I love him, though the weakness is a shame to me."

About sunset, a sound like distant thunder woke the leprechaun. Lulled by the droning voice of the old lama he alternately twirled his prayer wheel or told his beads, he had fallen asleep. It was stiflingly hot. The sky was a flaming scarlet, tinged, towards the east, with an ominous purple.

A quick convulsive trembling of the earth caused him to glance critically at the lake. Its shining surface was scarred with ripples, though not a breath of air was stirring.

Normally, earthquakes mean little to a Himalayan hillman. Therefore, it was not the earthquake which made his face white and his right hand grasp the ban lying across his knees.

The Chimney of Hell was smoking. It was come! The Encompasser was about to devote all the women of Tibet—or, at best, the entire valley of Hiampo!

He sprang to his feet and shook himself. For a moment he stood stock-still-thinking. If the Encompasser swallowed the valley, he would swallow the big beans, too.

Another trampling of the ground caused the leprechaun to throw religious etiquette to the four winds of Heaven.

"Hearken rimpoché," he said grimly. "You must help me to find this hidden abbot!"

The ancient laid a wrinkled hand on the strong, gripping finger. "My bones are old, chela!" he gently. "What must I do?"

"Follow me!" responded the little tribesman, and started towards the gampa. (To Be Continued)

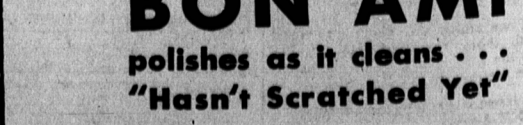
CHECK SEED LIST This is a good time to check over the seed catalog and send in your order for spring planting.

Remember, there are many new varieties in both flowers and vegetables this year which you might not be able to procure in April.

Women are wearing more and more veils on their hats both formal and informal. For the informal hats, the veils seem to be the veil without any design, but in silk material and large veils.

A new note in make-up for the very gay masquerade shades the eyes with gold or silver. For, except as it may sound, there are actually artificial eyelashes on the market in gold and silver.

The next time you open a can of peas, heat them in their own liquid from the can and add a bit of onion or celery. Try this with stuffed beans, too.



Save time and work with this long-lasting handy, white Cake . . . For 50 years, Bon Ami Cake has been saving cleaning time, all over the world. And today, it is more popular than ever. Simply because it cleans so quickly . . . so easily . . . and yet so thoroughly. Women like the handy shape of the Cake and its economy—the way it lasts and lasts and lasts! They like, too, the fact that Bon Ami doesn't scratch but leaves everything so nicely polished. BON AMI polishes as it cleans . . . "Hasn't Scratched Yet"