

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

Yellow — Color Of Hope

Gold Standard For Room Decoration Embraces Every Shade Of Yellow From Palest Cream To Deepest Amber, And Does Not Exclude Soft Buffs And Golden - Browns.

Not everyone that even before the snowdrop comes, the tiny acornite lifts its round yellow face to the sun. It is significant that this very firstling among flowers should be yellow for yellow is surely the color of Hope. From that fact we may learn that we ourselves may do much to brighten the days of bitter winds and grey skies by bringing into our daily lives the color of Hope. Most people — especially women — realize that to a very great extent their clothes affect them mentally, but few seem to realize that their surroundings also have a good deal to do with their mental outlook.

I have in mind as I write, a room which looks to the west, and so is flooded with the afternoon sunshine. The curtains and the rather shabby carpet are old gold in tone, and the furniture is covered in goldy-brown. The walls are the color of butter, the tiles in the grate a deep orange. Coming into this friendly room on the greyest of days, one feels as if one had walked from the shadow into full sunshine, while on bright days it is a veritable sun parlour.

Would anyone be in a bad humor for breakfast, one wonders, if the walls of the breakfast room were a warm yellow in tone, and if yellow flowers, according to their

seasons — daffodils, tulips, wall-flowers, chrysanthemums — glowed in brown bowls on table and mantelshelf?

One Color for All Rooms The theory beloved of paper-hangers and decorators, that rooms which face south or west should inevitably be papered or painted in cool blues or greys, and rooms looking to the north or east in warm reds or browns is actually a fallacious one, for in no room does the sun shine all day long. Let the color of Hope, in its many cheering, heartening tones, reign in our homes and a surging warmth will be far more likely to flood our hearts than it would if we had a "blue room," a "grey room," a "mauve room," or a hot looking "red room." Let every room be a "yellow room," the word yellow being used in its widest sense, which includes the whole gamut of color, from palest cream to deepest amber, and which does not exclude any of the warm, soft buffs and golden browns.

Even the most matter of fact among us cannot help responding to the blessed feel of the first real spring sunshine; without knowing how or why it is our hearts grow lighter, our hopes expand. So, in a lesser degree, might it be with us, were we to bring into our daily surroundings the sunny color.

For The Cook

ORANGE ROSE SALAD

(Serves 4)

Milk, fruits and vegetables are most important parts of the diet, and the food elements they furnish are particularly essential in low-cost diets. The milk may be served in cooked dishes or cheese, as in the following salad which combines cottage cheese and oranges and makes a substantial luncheon or supper main dish at a very small cost.

4 to 6 oranges.
Lettuce.
1 cup cottage cheese
French dressing.

Peel oranges, removing skin down to juicy pulp. Cut in slices and cut slices in halves. On lettuce-covered salad plates, centre a mound of cottage cheese. Circle cheese with two rows of orange slices, to simulate petals of rose. Serve with French dressing. This may be made by blending together thoroughly: 3 tablespoons orange juice, 3 tablespoons lemon juice, 4 tablespoons salad oil, ¼ teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon sugar or any red jelly.

BREAD DOUGH

If you wish to keep the bread dough for a few days before using, add a small amount of bicarbonate of soda to the dough and keep it in the refrigerator.

Thinking in Harmony

There are some people who go so far as to declare that we think in colors, and while one hesitates to "go all the way" with such a theory everyone will admit the wisdom of allowing some "golden thought" — even though it be but of odd moments — to enter into the hidden chambers of our minds. Springtime, chill though it may be, treacherously sudden in its changes from sunshine to shadow brings us the "host of golden daffodils," the pale primrose-stars, and all the earliest yellow flowers. Nature — never off the gold standard — points a way for us! Let us then, who can afford it, "do up" our living rooms, and let the color chosen — even though it be only put on in cheap distemper — be the color of Hope!

A Morning Smile

Melancholy Aunt Clara from the country had the habit of listening to the big clock on the town hall in the village where she was visiting and exclaiming every time it struck: "Eternity draws one hour nearer." Clarence was very much impressed with that solemn reflection. One day the big clock got out of order. While repairing it the workmen made it strike every few minutes. Clarence heard it with bulging eyes. "Oh, Aunt Clara," he said, excitedly, "eternity has got a move on today."



"SICK HEADACHE?"

It is not necessary to give-in to headaches. It is just a bit old-fashioned! The modern woman who feels a headache coming on at any time, takes some tablets of Aspirin and heads it off.

Keep Aspirin handy, and keep your engagements. Headaches, systemic pains, come at inconvenient times. So do colds. You can end them before they're fairly started if you'll only remember this handy, harmless form of relief. Carry it in your purse and insure your comfort while shopping your evening's pleasure at the theatre. Those little nagging aches that bring a case of "nerves" by day are ended in a jiffy. Pains that once kept people home are forgotten half an hour after taking Aspirin! You'll find these tablets always help. In every

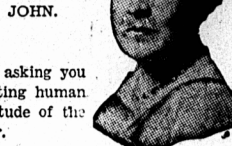
package of Aspirin tablets are proven directions which cover colds, headaches, sore throat, toothache, neuralgia, neuritis, sciatica, and even rheumatism. The tablets stamped Bayer won't fail you, and can't harm you. They don't upset the stomach. So take them whenever you need them, and take enough to end the pain. Aspirin is made in Canada.



Dorothy Dix Letter Box

Tightwad Husband Wants to Know Why Wife Prefers Allowance to Dole—Can a Man Kill His Wife's Love For Him by His Coldness?—Straight Talk to Philanderer

DEAR MISS DIX—Why do women make all of this fuss about an allowance? If I pay the bills for supporting my family, why is it not just the same to my wife as if she handled the money? Why does she object to asking me for a dollar or two if she needs it? My wife is not extravagant. She was a trained business woman and earned a good salary before I married her, so I am not afraid of her wasting my money, but I feel that I, as the head of the house, should hold the purse, and we have many arguments on this subject.



JOHN.
The reason that your wife objects to asking you for money is because she is a self-respecting human being and resents being put into the attitude of the mendicant who rattles a tin cup on a corner.

Whether you give her the money freely when she begs it of you or whether you give it to her grudgingly does not alter her sense of humiliation. You will have no difficulty in getting her point of view if you will consider how you would feel if you had to ask even the most indulgent father or brother for money for your carfare or to buy you a new necktie or to get you an ice-cream soda.

No freedom human being can be happy who is not free, and the basis of all freedom is financial independence. As long as you have money in your pocket you can snap your fingers in the face of the world and tell it to go to any kind of climate it prefers, but as long as you have to depend upon some one else for every mouthful you eat and every stitch you wear you are in bondage to him. Possibly our grandmothers did not resent this domestic slavery. Probably they did. Whatever they thought about it is buried in their graves with them, but the modern woman resents marriage being made penance with all the strength that is in her.

It makes your wife mad through and through to have to ask you for every penny, because she feels that you are giving her a rotten, unfair deal in making her beg for money that she earns over and over again by her work. She feels that she is just as much entitled to her wages now as she was when she was employed in an office. Her boss then would have dreamed of holding out her pay envelope on her or of dribbling out a dime here and a quarter there and expecting her to be as grateful for it as if he had presented her with a gratuity.

Your wife works harder than she did when she was a business woman. She has no 9-to-5 job now. She is the first one up in the morning and the last one to bed at night and there is not a minute of the time in between in which she is not working to make you and your children happy and comfortable. She gives you a service that it would bankrupt you to pay for if you had to hire the half-dozen women to do the different sorts of work that she does, and yet you expect her to do all of this labor for her board and clothes.

Of course, men say that all that they have is their wives, which means just about as much as when we read in the papers that every man, woman and child in the United States has so much per capita of the national wealth. Husband may have it, but it is his, not hers. He spends it as he pleases and he gives her what he sees fit. And often a woman could break into the national treasury just as easily as she does into a tightwad husband's pocket.

Aside from preserving a woman's self-respect to have an allowance and because she has a right to a fair share of the money she earns, it enables her to manage her affairs better and to be more economical. Without knowing what she is to have to spend or how much she can really afford, she is just as much at sea as a man would be who didn't know what capital he had to run his business on.

And it saves endless argument and bickering over money in the home. Try it and you will see that it will make your life a happier and more contented woman and there will be peace in your home and money in your purse.

DEAR MISS DIX—My husband is a good man, kind to me, and I think that in reality he is very fond of me, but he never shows me any affection of his own free will. If I make the advances he meets me part way, but he never takes the initiative. I have tried being cold to him to see how long it would be before he would show any affection to me, but he was indifferent so long that I couldn't stand it. Now this is what I am afraid of: That he will kill my love. That he will starve it to death, and then after I did not care at all it would be terrible to find out that he really loved me all the time.

Answer: The tragedy that you dread befalling you happens often. I heard a physician once say that the most pathetic death-bed scene he ever witnessed was when of these frigid, dumb men on his knees at the bedside of his dying wife sobbed out to her all the love and devotion and admiration he had felt for her.

The woman was literally dying of a broken heart because she was one of those gentle, clinging creatures who can no more live without affection than they can without sunshine and warmth. But the knowledge of her husband's love came to her after she was done with earthly things. "I could have lived and been happy if you had only said one word of what you are telling me now," she murmured, "but it is too late now," and with that she died.

Not many men ever take the trouble to keep their wives in love with them because they have a queer idea concerning the way women's hearts are constructed. They believe that when a woman once loves a man that she is bound to go on automatically loving him to the end of the chapter, no matter how he neglects her or how he treats her. He thinks her ability to love is a sort of perpetual-motion machine that can't stop and doesn't even need to be oiled up by a few kind words now and then.

Never was there a greater mistake. Women are emotional, romantic, with an abnormal craving for affection and an insatiable desire for admiration and flattery, and if their husbands do not give it to them they soon cease to love them and only too often begin to love some other man who will supply them with the attentions they are hungering and thirsting for.

Of course, husbands will say that their wives have sense enough to know that they love them because they work to support them, but how would the husbands like their wives to say that it was sufficient proof of their love that they were good housekeepers? That reduces marriage to the level of a business partnership and takes from it the things that give thrill and sweetness to it.

It is the warm caress, the kiss that stays a lover's through the years; it is the appreciation, the tenderness, the little cajoleries and flatteries that are the food of love and that keep it alive until the golden wedding day.

And without these love dies. Starved to death by neglect. DOROTHY DIX.

Happenings of the Week

You don't have to play golf to be captain of an English golf club. For instance, the Duchess of York doesn't play, but she has consented to be captain of the Sunningdale Ladies' Golf Club. She is thus the first royal woman to hold the captaincy of a golf club. "The Duchess will have to play herself in" by driving off from the first tee but she is not expected to "flur" her drive, for although she does not play she often has accompanied her husband, the Duke of York, around the course. Other royal captains of golf clubs have been the Duke of York and the Prince of Wales. Both have been captain of the Royal and Ancient Club, St. Andrew's, while the latter has been captain of Royal St. Georges, Sandwich, and Sunningdale, holding the latter post in 1930.

Lord Byng of Vimy, former Governor-General of Canada, and Lady Byng, who were in Vancouver, B. C., last week, were the guests of Colonel and Mrs. Reginald Chaplin while there. Mr. Jack Chaplin, a son of their host, was an aide de camp to Lord Byng when the latter was in residence at Rideau Hall, Ottawa.

Hon. J. A. MacDonald M. P. was receiving the congratulations of his friends, Tuesday on the occasion of his 58th birthday.

Many happy returns were also extended to Hon. Adrien Arsenault, M. L. A. on the occasion of his 43rd birthday on the same day.

Miss Elsie Nicholson is being welcomed home from New York on a visit to her parents Mr. and Mrs. Donald Nicholson, Prince Street.

Justice and Mrs. J. D. Hyndman Ottawa have returned from a fortnight's holiday in Bermuda.

Regretful farewells are being said to Mr. and Mrs. George Filliter and sons Dave and Bryan who are leaving Monday to take up their new residence in Moncton.

On Wednesday afternoon Mrs. Filliter entertained a number of intimate friends at the tea hour to introduce Mrs. Finlayson wife of the Manager of the Bank of Montreal who is succeeding Mr. Filliter. Mr. and Mrs. Finlayson their son and daughter are being cordially welcomed to business and social circles.

Mrs. Walter Hyndman who has been a patient at the Highland View Hospital, Amherst was expected to return to the home of her parents Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Lamy, this week.

Mrs. A. C. Hutcheson of Halifax is visiting her father Mr. H. E. Holl, Upper Prince Street. Mr. Hutcheson has been transferred from the Royal Bank Halifax to the bank's branch in Sydney.

Mrs. B. Roy Holman Brighton, was hostess at a prettily arranged Bridge Saturday evening in honor of Mrs. A. B. Lee Home and Mrs. G. S. Inman of Summerside. In the afternoon Mrs. (Dr.) Dewar entertained in their honor.

The musical event of the season, the Hart House Quartette concert on Monday evening was greatly enjoyed by a large and appreciative audience.

A London despatch says: The humble nightshirt is staging a comeback and is all the rage among London men. It's a throwback to the old-fashioned nightshirt, only it's brilliantly colored and has a belt around the waist.

Rev. Dr. J. A. Gordon, who is over 85 years of age and "still going strong," addressed the Brotherhood of St. James United Church, Montreal on Sunday on "How to retain the essence and spirit of youth in spite of passing years and decades." "Keep your old friendships in repair and constantly make new ones," he advised. "No one gets old by the mere passing of the years. Dr. Gordon, who is the father of Mr. J. P. Gordon of this city says: You get old when you lose contact with and interest in things that count. Persist in the pursuit of knowledge."

Mrs. W. E. Hyndman was hostess for the Thursday afternoon Bridge Club this week.

Miss Emma Nicholson and her sister Mrs. J. P. Hillon left Tuesday on a holiday visit to New York.

Mrs. Colwill of Montreal has arrived on a visit to her parents Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Rattenbury. Her sister Mrs. Read who recently underwent a serious operation is now convalescing nicely at her parents' home.

Misses Alena and Irene Horne entertained delightfully at three tables of Bridge on Thursday evening.

Misses W. C. Cook left Thursday morning on a visit to her sister Miss Ella B. Cumming.

Embroidered batiste, while not as important a competitor of organdie in formal fashions, as last year, continues to be sponsored by some of the best dress houses. It is introduced to good advantage in dinner gowns with jacket, the summery appeal of which is heightened in the cool pastel colorings, such as yellow and green. Formal afternoon frocks with the briefest of sleeves and shirred details to give width at the shoulder, are equally attractive in this cotton, and obtain an informal air through the ankle length and jackets. Eyelet batiste spectator dresses are interesting with linen jackets.

Fancy Fruit Dessert For an Occasion

THE EVENT WILL OCCUR IF YOU MAKE THIS JELL QUENTLY

Sometimes you want to make an especially good dessert — a dish that you can count upon for a triumph from the very outset. We are going to give you just such a useful asset in this fruit dessert—a delicate molded sweet that will give you a new reputation (if you need it!) Here are the ingredients: 2 tablespoons gelatine 1-2 cup cold water

What the Fashionables are Wearing

Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished With Every Pattern

By Annabelle Worthington

Printed crepe silk in navy and white is especially nice. The bindings are vivid red to tone with the vivid red leather belt.

It's dress that is extremely flattering. And incidentally, it's a type that suits the miss or the matron. The crossed bodice and the plaits at the front of the skirt, stitched part way are decidedly slimming qualities, you'll like.

White promises to be very fashionable for summer. And this model would be adorable in flat or crinkle crepe silk and novelty cottons that resemble woolen.

Style No. 870 is designed for sizes 16, 18, 20 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust. Size 36 requires 3 1/2 yards of 39-inch material with 3 yards of binding.

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

Form for ordering pattern No. 870, including fields for Name, Street Address, City, and State.



1-2 cup boiling water
2 cups whipping cream
1-2 cup preserved cherries, drained

1 cup sugar
1-2 cup orange juice
1-2 cup juice from cherries
1 tablespoon lemon juice
Grated rind of 1 orange
Soak the gelatine in cold water for 5 minutes to soften it—then dissolve in the boiling water. Add sugar, stir until it too is dissolved, then add the orange rind (grated off carefully so that none but the yellow "zeste" is included, as the underlying white fibre is so bitter). Add the fruit juices, the cherry syrup that has been drained off the cherries, and allow the mix-

ture to cool. When it begins to thicken, fold in cream which has been whipped stiff. Add the cherries—which should be cut up in pieces—and powdered sugar if needed—so much depends upon the sweetness of the oranges and the cherry syrup.

Turn into a wet mold and put in a cold place to set and chill. Serve with a little slightly sweetened whipped cream (we like a suspicion of almond flavoring in the cream). Or rich sour cream may accompany the jelly.

Advertisement for Red Rose Tea featuring 'NEW LOW PRICES on RED ROSE TEA'. It lists three varieties: Brown Label (40c/lb), Red Label (50c/lb), and Orange Pekoe (75c/lb), with 'was' and 'now' prices. The ad concludes with 'You can now use Red Rose at about the price of inferior tea.' and 'T. H. ESTABROOKS . CO. LIMITED, - SAINT JOHN, N. B.'