

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



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THESE STANDARDS ARE A PLEDGE THIS COMPANY ASSUMES TO PROTECT THE PUBLIC HEALTH, AND ALWAYS REMEMBER THAT OUR ICE-CREAM IS MADE FROM SELECTED CREAM PERFECTLY BLENDED WITH FRUIT OR PURE FRUIT JUICES

"Tastes Better Because Made Better"

Perfection ICE CREAM

Today's Short Wave Radio Program

(All Time is Eastern Standard)

FRIDAY, MAY 14

BERLIN

5 p.m.—A Short-wave hike through the homeland. DJD, 25.4 m., 11.77 meg.

PARIS

5:15 p.m.—Concert. TPA-4, 26.6 m., 11.72 meg.

ROME

6 p.m.—News in English; Concert, "Rome's Midnight Voice." 2RO, 31.2 m., 9.68 meg.

BOSTON

6:15 p.m.—Listeners' Mail Bag. WXAL, 49.6 m., 6.04 meg.

MOSCOW

7 p.m.—New Socialist towns, Magnitogorsk; Red Army music. RAN, 31.2 m., 9.6 meg.

CARACAS

9 p.m.—Concert Orchestra. YV-5RC, 51.7 m., 5.8 meg.

LONDON

10:30 p.m.—Songs of the Sea. GSF, 19.8 m., 15.14 meg.; GSD,

A Morning Smile

Husband: "Am I to take all that medicine? There's enough there to kill a donkey." Wife: "No, there isn't, John, or the doctor wouldn't have prescribed it."

The manager of a vaudeville theatre was testing the abilities of candidates for stage honors. To one would-be comedian he said: "You songs won't do for me. I can't allow any profanity in my theatre."

"But I don't use profanity," was the reply. "No," said the manager, "but the audience would."

25.5 m., 11.75 meg.; GSC, 31.3 m., 9.58 meg. VANCOUVER 12 midnight—Continental Varieties, directed by Jark Avison with Ramona Rambert, soprano. C.J.R.O. 48.7 m., 6.15 meg.; C.J.R.X. 25.5 m., 11.72 meg. PITTSBURGH 12:15 a.m.—DX, Club. W8XK, 48.8 m., 6.14 meg.

Wives Rule Their Husbands Dorothy Dix They Make or Unmake Them

Women Dominate in Nearly Every Household, Hence it is up to Them to Exercise Every Care in Order Not to Ruin Their Men

Considering that a man is legally and technically the head of the family, and as most men are better educated and have had far more worldly experience than their wives, it is a strange thing that wives have so much more influence over their husbands than husbands have over their wives.

Of course, husbands will deny this. Every man fondly believes that he is czar in his own house and that his wife takes her opinions, her convictions, her likes and dislikes from him. It would surprise him beyond measure to know that instead of his leading the way he is following meekly in his wife's footsteps, and that he is echoing all of her sentiments instead of her subscribing to his.

Nevertheless, such is very often the case, and when one of a married couple dominates the other it is nearly always the wife who rules the roost. There are a thousand heepped men to where there is one roosterpicketed woman.

We could understand it if the women who make rubber stamps of their husbands were possessed of supernatural cleverness and cunning, or if the husbands were dumb and stupid or weaklings, but the most curious feature of this whole inexplicable phenomenon of Nature is that very often the wife who imposes the color of her very thought upon her husband is married to a man who is her superior in every way and who is noted for his independence and courage in the outside world.

I knew a scientist, a brilliant thinker, who was broad-minded, liberal in his views on every subject and the soul of generosity. He married a stupid, uncultured, narrow, prejudiced, stingy woman, who in less than ten years had made him over into her own likeness. From their very wedding day he began to degenerate. She killed everything that was fine in him and pulled him down to her own level.

I have known innumerable men whose wives' influence was so great over them that they separated them entirely from the mothers who bore them and the sisters and brothers they loved. The reason a bridegroom's family is always in tears at his wedding is because they know that John's marriage ceremony may be his funeral ceremony just as far as they are concerned, and that they may be losing him just as much as if they were laying him in his grave.

Everything will depend upon his wife's attitude and whether or not she wants him to be friends with his parents. Otherwise she will break off the relationship. How any man can have his mind poisoned against the mother whose devotion and tenderness he has known all his life; how any man can be separated from the brothers and sisters whose oyalty and help have never failed him, only the devil knows, but he has taught the secret to every jealous wife and she can turn the trick.

In the common, everyday affairs of life it is the wives who influence their husbands, not the husbands who influence their wives. It is the wives who decide how much the family shall live and in what style; whether they shall be slaves or spenders; whether they shall try to keep up with the Joneses or live according to their income; what church they shall go to; what schools the children shall attend, et cetera. Husband has precious little say in the domestic circle.

It is women who start to make over their husbands according to the little paper patterns as soon as they are married. Men seldom attempt to change their wives. Perhaps it is because men know that it makes for peace and happiness to take a wife "as is," instead of trying to change her. Maybe it is because they know that it can't be done, and so do not wear themselves out attempting a hopeless task.

But, at any rate, it is a fact that wives influence their husbands far more than husbands influence their wives. No man, for instance, can alienate his wife from her own people. She will love them still and cling to them no matter how much he dislikes them. No big man can make a little woman see life from his point of view. No intelligence of a husband can cure a fool woman of her folly. As she was born and reared a woman stays, and her husband can no more change her than he can the shape and quality of the Rock of Gibraltar. DOROTHY DIX.

The HOUSEWIFE and HER ACTIVITIES

"I LIVE HERE"

A garden, a perfect mosaic deep green against the blackest of loam. Spread out near a little log cabin—obscure but immaculate home! I paused to admire—who could help it! The weedless expanse near the door.

Where, pleased with my pleased inspection, stood a "mummy" years that are yore. "A beautiful garden," I ventured. She cupped a brown hand to her ear. "Fine garden!" I shouted. "Oh Sholy! It ought to be fine—I live here!"

I went on my way with a sermon As great as I ever had heard. The highest paid preacher existent Could never have added a word.

Were every human who cumbered the tiniest spot of the earth To see the place he inhabits—the work brain or fingers gave birth. Stood perfect as 'er he could make it—dear God, what a different sphere! Let's borrow our motto from "mummy" "It ought to be fine—I live here!" —Strickland Gillilan

FENCING GARDENS

The so-called modern trend to enclose the home grounds like so many of the other "modern" trends is in reality an ancient custom. No garden attains its peak until it is completely cut off from its surroundings. Modernizing home-owners have a wealth of material to choose from in enclosing their grounds.

MORE LIGHT

In building houses of stone walls the sides of the recesses into which the windows are set might be cut on a bevel in order to let in more light. This will make quite a difference in cases where the windows are deeply set in the wall.

AVOIDING FALLS

According to accident statistics a large proportion of accidents in the home some resulting fatally, are caused by stumbling while descending poorly lighted stairways. Stairways, especially those leading to basements should be well lighted—the use of electric switches conveniently located may be the means of serious accident prevention.

CASEMENT WINDOWS

CaseMENT windows that have extension hinges facilitate window-washing thereby reducing house-keeping worries. The hinges throw the swinging part of the window far enough from the jambs to admit the hand and arm through the opening, thus allowing the surface to be readily cleaned.

LANDSCAPING

The proper setting is essential to complete the beauty of a house. In planning a house careful thought should be given to the grounds. Results will be much more satisfactory if the landscaping can be worked out at the same time that the house is built.

REMOVE OLD PAINT

Underlying coats of paint should be removed at intervals when foundations are being prepared for new finishes. The practice of piling a number of coats one on top of the other will in time cause paint coats to become so heavy that they will break down on their own weight. It has been found.

DIVIDING ROOMS

When a home is to be built with a combined living-dining room, an alcove at one end may be divided from the rest of the room by pillars. It is not necessary to utilize valuable window space for the alcove. Built-in shelves across one wall, with concealed lighting, give effective and adequate illumination.

WHAT EVERY WOMAN SHOULD KNOW!

No need for women or girls to suffer every month from periodic pains, headache or nervousness due to functional disturbances. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a very beneficial tonic. This is what Mrs. Ada Dix of 157 Front St., Stratford, Ont., said: "I had got so run-down, weak and upset that I had to give up and go to bed. I suffered severely from pains in my side and was a physical wreck when I began, as a last resort, taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It restored me to health." Buy now of your neighborhood druggist. New size, tablets, 50c. Liquid \$1.00 and \$1.35

Honeymoon Mountain

By Frances Shelley Wees

(Continued)

That had been yesterday. Bryn went down and got into the car, standing on the drive. He drew from his pocket the worn piece of paper which... was it only yesterday morning... had caused Deborah such woe.

His eyes traveled down the list on the paper in his hand. Magazines, catalogues, tea, servants, Gardeners, yes. The bank manager was sending them out as soon as he could find them.

"I must say," he said to Bryn, "you got a way of getting things done. And... I'd like to thank you for that tobacco, sir."

"I suppose the electric light situation is next," Bryn said, unheeding. "Well, I think I can fix that myself. Several years of engineering ought to prove of some value. Lead on, Gary."

In the small square house where the dynamo stood greasy and unresponsive, Bryn detached a pair of overalls from a peg on the wall and climbed into them. "Now," he said, when Gary had given him the pathological history of the electric plant, "if you'll go and prepare a large and delectable dinner, and leave me alone in my glory, I'll see what's to be done, Gary."

There was as Bryn had suspected, nothing seriously wrong with the engine of the electric plant. He opened the cocks to drain out all the old oil, cleaned the connections, and made a note of the few parts it would be necessary to replace. Before the motor was started, he decided, it would be wise to inspect the connections at the house. He removed the greasy overalls, hung them on the peg.

He went to the kitchen and got a drink. Gary was shelling peas. All morning, as Bryn knew, he and Deborah had spent making strawberry jam; and now every window was filled with small jars which caught and held the sunlight.

"Where's there a ladder?" he asked. "Out on the edge of the orchard," Gary told him. "But you better be careful. It isn't as good as it might be."

Bryn went out behind the house and followed with his eye the line of the electric wires as they crossed the trees and the brook. He went out to the orchard, lifted the ladder lying half-hidden in the grass, against the wall of the house, beneath the place where the wires entered. Trying each rung cautiously he went up the ladder.

As he reached the top he turned half-around as he took the pilers from his pocket, and was just in time to see Deborah emerge from her retreat down near the bridge. He did not look at her, but went busily to work, whistling blithely, attacking the wires at their point of connection with the house.

There was a sudden ominous cracking which Bryn scarcely heard, he was listening for Deborah's footstep on the path beside him, wondering whether to look down and smile or to continue absorbedly with his work. He was spared the necessity of making a choice; for, a moment after the unheeded warning, the rung which he was standing upon collapsed into splinters and Bryn fell neatly through. He heard Deborah scream; the puppy barked furiously; and then he dropped into oblivion.

He awoke a few moments later, with something cold dashing across his forehead and the sound of Deborah's voice saying in a whisper, "More, Gary, get more, quick!" The sound of footsteps. Bryn lay motionless, collecting himself. He was not hurt. The grass was thick here, and he had broken his fall; his head had probably been whacked just hard enough to put him out for a minute or two. He did not open his eyes. Deborah was beside him. She put her hand on his forehead, lifted the wet hair back from his brow.

"Don't die," she whispered like a breath. "Don't die, please don't die." He moved his head faintly, and lifted his hand. He would find hers... with his wedding ring on it... he would hold it firmly, and tell her... her little white hand... he groped for it.

Some soft and light fell on his cheek a delicate gentle touch. He caught his breath and held it. The touch came again gentle, on his cheek, at the side of his mouth. He threw off his pretense of weakness, put his hand up quickly, opened his eyes, his heart thumping; and found himself clutching with both hands the puppy, nosing him in an anxiety of curiosity. Deborah was gone.

He got up with the puppy under his arm and strolled grimly around the corner, to meet Gary, wild-eyed, approaching with a brimming dipper of water. "You aren't hurt, sir?" Gary gasped breathlessly. "Aren't you hurt?"

"Not a scratch," Bryn replied. "Sorry to frighten you." "Well, that is good," Gary said with heartfelt emotion. "I got a terrible fright. And Miss Deborah was coming to the house and saw you fall. She..." he stopped.

"She what," Bryn asked calmly. "She's crying." Evening came on again dinner was served in the dining room, brighter now with a host of tall tapers. Grandmother was happy tonight, gay and light hearted. When dinner was over she wanted to go for a little stroll.

It was a glorious night. The moon had already risen, and hung a huge silver lamp, just over the top of the lowest hill. The sky was deep blue. Grandmother leaned on Bryn's arm; Deborah was on her other side.

They came back to the front porch at last, but Grandmother did not stop. She did not seem to notice their awkward silences. She walked to the corner of the house, and there, gently she withdrew from between them and tucked Deborah's arm in Bryn's.

"There, my darlings," she said, with the ghost of a laugh. "Walk together down the path beside the brook. It's a perfect night for lovers. I am going in now. Good night!" and before Deborah's hand could stop her, or Bryn's words could form themselves, she was gone.

"Very nice night," Bryn said formally. "Yes," Deborah agreed after a moment. (To be Continued)

SHIRLEY TEMPLE SAYS

You'll just love my cereal!



3 WRAPPINGS GUARD ITS CRISPNESS

MUFFETS BRAND WHOLE WHEAT BISCUITS



THE COOK'S CORNER

MACARONI AND HAM SALAD. 2 cups cooked macaroni 1 onion, minced 2 hard-cooked eggs, chopped 2-3 cup minced cooked ham 2 sweet pickles, minced Mayonnaise Combine ingredients and mix with mayonnaise. Serve on lettuce. Serves six. JELLIED CUCUMBER RINGS WITH SHRIMP 1 pkg. lemon flavored jelly powder 1-2 cups of boiling water 1 tsp. granulated sugar

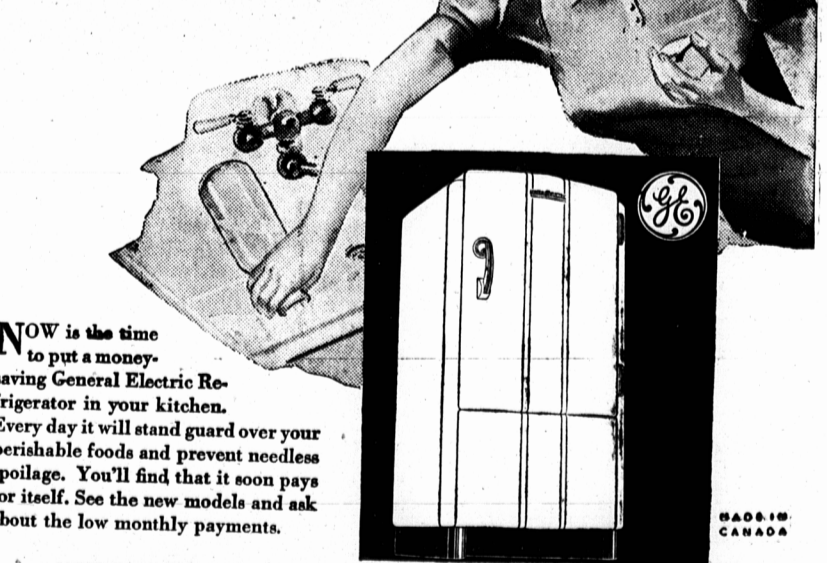
1 tsp. vinegar 1-8 tsp. salt 2 medium cucumbers 1 7-oz. can shrimp or 1 lb. cooked fresh shrimp French dressing 2 small tomatoes, skinned 1 medium avocado Lettuce Mayonnaise or salad dressing. Mix the jelly powder with the warm or boiling water as directed by the manufacturer and stir until thoroughly dissolved. Add the sugar vinegar and salt and allow to cool at room temperature. Meanwhile pare and grate the cucumbers; add to gelatin mixture with a drop of green food coloring to tint delicate green. Turn into our individual molds or ring molds and chill. Let the shrimp, from which the black vein shrimp, from which the black vein running down the back has been removed, stand in French dressing. Skin and cut tomatoes in

lengthwise sections. Pare, stone and slice avocado. At serving time, unmold salads on individual beds of lettuce, and garnish with shrimp tomato sections and avocado. Serve with desired salad dressing. Serves four.

BARTLETT PEAR SALAD 12 canned pear halves 1 large pkg. cream cheese Mayonnaise 1 tsp. top milk Lettuce Tart jelly Place a cube of tart jelly in the core cavity of each half pear and place rounded side up, two on each individual nest of lettuce. Frost each half with the cream cheese which has been moistened with the top milk to spread smoothly. Serve with mayonnaise dressing. If the knife used for spreading the "frosting" is occasionally dipped in boiling water, the process will be much simpler. Serves six.

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