

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

The HOUSEWIFE and HER ACTIVITIES

You are writing each day a letter to men. Take care that the writing be true: "The only Gospel that some men may read, The Gospel 'according to you.'"

JAR OF POWDER PUFFS

Every bride will like to have a jar of powder puffs ever ready on her petticoated toilet table for guests who forget to bring their own. About fifty puffs in various fairy-like flower tones can be bought in a tall "jar" of imitation glass—a really important addition to the contents of the beauty counter.

SPORT CUTS

When "hot" applications are needed in the sick room, they can be quickly squeezed almost dry without burning the hands, if the cloth is put into potato ricer and placed in scalding water.

To keep the kitchen cookbook clean, paint the outside cover with thin shellac. As sports occur they can be wiped off with a damp cloth.

When cooking rice, add a teaspoon of lemon juice to the water while cooking. The result will be whiter, fluffier rice.

When selecting grapefruit see that they are thin-skinned and more russet-colored than yellow.

Fresh string beans snap easily. They can be cleaned and freed from blemishes.

Floors should be wiped clean of dust before washing or waxing.

"LA JULIENNE."

The soup we know as "Julienne" is perhaps the commonest dish to carry this distinctive descriptive name. Everyone knows the very clear dinner soup, made on consommé lines, that has in it very fine straw-like and colorful pieces of vegetable.

It is this garnish of vegetables cut in very fine shreds which gives a dish the right to use a "Julienne" in title. No one will quarrel particularly with whether the soup base, for instance, is a consommé or a bouillon—not even if it is a quickly-made bouillon achieved by dissolving meat extract in boiling water. But the person who knows will quarrel decidedly with vegetables which pretend to Julienne distinction but which are cut in coarse shreds or pieces. The very finest possible, stand-like pieces of carrot, turnip, well cooked onion or celery are the only ones which should find their way into a dish of this persuasion.

At St. James's Palace Prince George's rooms in York House were prepared for his return to London. All the windows were thrown open and the rooms well aired after having been closed for several weeks. The rooms His Royal Highness occupies at York House are not spacious, but they are extremely comfortable and furnished with taste for a bachelor's quarters. They are in the west wing of York house, with access to them from the private door of the house. This is the door used often by the Prince of Wales, especially during the evening, when he likes to become a private individual. By the use of this entrance he is saved the formality of the salute from the sentry whose beat and box are situated in the south side of the house adjacent to the main entrance.

THE BEAUTY SPECIALIST

"And, of course, for autumn, it must be lettuce-green, both in clothes and face make-up. A trifle of it on the chin, n'est-ce pas? and a deeper shade under the chin, to make a soft shadow as of cab-bages. But, round the eyes and brows, a full strong lettuce-green. And the hair should be tinted very lightly."

"But surely, said Frankie, who had been listening in hypnotized surprise, 'if you paint your face green to go with your red hair, and then dye your hair another color, you'd have to paint your face all

RED-BLOODED PEOPLE GET THE MOST FUN OUT OF LIFE

Albert Hubbard once said, "No man ever successfully made love with a cold in his head." And this witty remark proclaims a truth we have all experienced in some way or another. We all know that work is easier... play is funnier... and life and love doubly desirable, when we are well.

THE COOK'S CORNER

Pecan Pound Cake

2 cups shortening
2 cups finely granulated sugar
10 eggs
4 cups cake or pastry flour
Salt
2 teaspoons nutmeg
1 pound raisins
1/2 pound citron (silvered)
3 pound shelled pecans
Cream the shortening until fluffy, add sugar gradually and again beat fluffy. Add well-beaten egg yolks, fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Sift in flour, nutmeg and salt, beating thoroughly after each addition; add fruit and nuts which have been lightly floured.

Golden Omelette

1/4 cup butter or shortening
1/2 cup sugar
3 egg yolks
1 cup sifted flour
1/2 teaspoon baking powder
1/4 teaspoon salt
1/4 cup milk
1 teaspoon orange extract
Cream butter or shortening until light, then gradually add sugar. Add well-beaten egg yolks. Mix and sift dry ingredients and add alternately with the milk, then add the orange extract. Bake in a loaf or square cake pan in a moderate oven, 350 degrees F., for about 45 minutes.

Cinnamon Peanut Cake

2 cups flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
1/2 teaspoon cinnamon
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/2 cup sugar
1/4 cup shortening
1 egg
1/2 cup milk
Melted butter
4 tablespoons sugar
4 tablespoons chopped, roasted peanuts
1/2 teaspoon cinnamon
Mix and sift flour, baking powder, cinnamon and salt. Add sugar and fat; cut in shortening, finely. Beat egg well and mix with milk; mix lightly into the dry ingredients and combine well. Turn into a greased baking pan. Brush the top generously with melted butter and sprinkle with sugar mixed with peanuts and cinnamon.

red that cannot be surpassed during the year in intensity. They lend themselves to all the artistic genius a gardener may possess in the way of arranging effective color schemes. They are tulips for bedding. They are also useful to intersperse in small groups among the later daffodils to set off the more delicate shades of the latter. They are also fine decoration in connection with the later tulips for the hardy border. They may be taken up after blooming and kept in some convenient place to make way for annuals or other bedding plants as they ripen off much earlier than the late tulips that can be used more conveniently in beds designed for annuals than the later types.

The double earlies are effective bedding plants. Their big, peony-shaped blooms lasting longer than the single earlies. They are not as graceful as the singles and not as popular but they give a more solid mass of color. The late double tulips are seldom sold. Sir Daniel Hall the English tulip authority dismisses them with a single line "Better dead."

PREPARE YOUR HAIR FOR A PERMANENT

The success of your new fall permanent depends on the condition of your hair, and the type of wave you choose and the operator who gives it to you. Dry, lifeless hair doesn't take as good a wave as healthy hair that has an adequate supply of natural oil. Certain permanents are best for special types of hair. And, as anyone can tell you, an experienced operator who understands the intricacies of proper winding is required.

Generally speaking, whether or not your new wave is flattering is up to you. You are the one to see that you have hot oil shampoos (you should have at least six before you make an appointment for a permanent) and also that your hair is brushed daily. When you've finally made the appointment, don't be embarrassed about appearing too fussy. Examine the pads to make sure they're made by a reputable company (each one is stamped) and that they never have been used before. See that the operator makes a test curl before she winds your hair. When the heat has been turned off and the pads removed, ask for an oil-not soap and water-shampoo. It will eliminate the permanent wave odor, leave your hair soft silky and easy to manage.

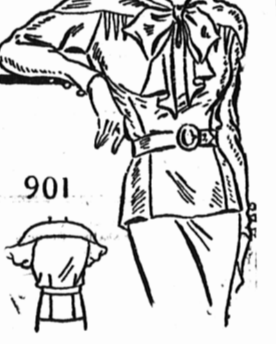
KINGSTON SCHOOL
Standing of Kingston School for the month of September:
Grade X-1, Dorothy Auld; 2, Bernice White; 3, Eleanor Willis and Lenia Paul (equal).
Grade X (a)-1, Daisy Paul.
Grade IX (b)-1, Georgia Willis; 2, Florence Younker.
Grade IX (c)-1, Jeanette Doeherty.
Grade VIII-1, Hilda Auld; 2, Vera Livingstone; 3, Sterling Barrett.
Grade VII-1, Douglas Doeherty; 2, Stewart Colvill.
Grade V-1, Calvin Holmes; 2, Ralph Green.



The Marchioness of Milford-Ha-pear in court as witness in behalf (1) may make a hurried trip of Mrs. Gloria Vanderbilt (2) who from London to New York to ap- is fighting for the custody of her 10-year-old daughter, Gloria, heir-ress to \$4,000,000. Her name has been brought into the case by former servants of Mrs. Vanderbilt.

SMART FROCKS FOR FASHIONABLE PEOPLE

Illustrated Dressmaking Lessons Furnished With Each Pattern



A smart blouse can add such a gay dash of brilliance to the most simple suit. And incidentally, the blouse

That Royle Girl

By Edwin Balmer

CHAPTER 21

A CALL FROM DADS

"I haven't tried to," he countered. "I went to bed, you know." "Yes, I know." "I heard her tell you; I heard her tell you I was asleep. Of course I wasn't. But I was lying quiet—it must've been for a couple of hours. I was trying to think it out—I was trying to think you out, Mr. Clarke, particularly. Of course, you're the person we've got to show. You're from the east, aren't you?"

"New England?" "Massachusetts."

"No; but near there," Calvin volunteered, to stop this. "You talk, and I guess you think that's a liar for a while last night. He went down and did something, I don't know what; but I know it wasn't shooting Adele."

"He was untrue to her; but he wasn't stingy. He pepped around with a lot of girls; and I don't doubt he went the limit with most. He's got nothing behind him but a manure mother and a papa who'd picked her up, I suppose. So whether or not you figure he shot his wife, he's nothing

to you. You'd never have taken any interest in him—would you?—except to hang him. He's nobody for the University Club; he's not a handsome-down man, like you. He's not already made—by his papa and people. He's just a lot of goods which is getting together; and you just give him a chance to get himself together! You just give him a chance, Mr. Clarke! Then you'll see something."

"He won't be like you; so you won't like him, though. That shoe

man I was telling you about was awful worried about this section; he was sure the country was going to be dogs because it was running out of ready-made like him—and you. Now, you know, I liked that man; yes, I admired him; but somehow it didn't keep me awake nights to think of the supply of him running short. I'd look around and I'd see Kest, who came from God knows where and running his own band at twenty!"

Calvin had recoiled; conscious of the policeman behind him; at his side, when he stepped back, he saw the stenographer, Eller, obediently busy with his pencil. Calvin Clarke resumed his previous position before his prisoner.

"That is what you wanted to tell me this morning?" "No," she gasped. "I didn't know I was going to say it. That—that ran away with me, Mr. Clarke! Don't hurt Kest because of me! You can kill Kest, can't you? Or let him free?" "I can't kill any one, in the sense that I can convict him, if he is not guilty," Calvin corrected. "His own acts and his own admissions accuse him."

"Admissions?" she caught at the word. "Kest hasn't confessed!" Calvin turned from her without reply; and she was at his side, phoning at his sleeve. "What have you got from him?" she begged. "Never mind," said Calvin. "Nothing!" she asserted, releasing him. "Bluffing! That's all you were doing. Bluffing!" "I did not mean by admissions that he had confessed, Calvin denied, coldly. "Yet he has made admissions."

"What?" "Do you want to see him now?" "Oh, haven't I been asking it?" "I will arrange it," said Calvin, and, nodding to Eller to accompany him, he went out. In the hall he put out his hand for Eller's book and asked, "Where did you start with your notes in that room?" Crumpling the pages which the stenographer indicated, Calvin tore them out and thrust them into his pocket. Joan Daisy returned to her table where she poured a cup of coffee and drank it, unsweetened and black. "Now eat something, dearie," her guardian urged and herself buttered a roll for the prisoner. "I'm the," Joan protested, feeling her pulse pounding at the stimulation of her excitement and from the strong, clear coffee. "Did I hand him too much?" she inquired of the office woman, as of a friend.

Who's to Blame When Marriage Fails? Dorothy Dix Finds It's Always the Other Person!

"It Wasn't My Fault," Is Chorus Heard Above Every Divorce Court—Yet Nearly All Men and Women Whose Marriages Have Failed Can at Least Be Accused of Contributory Negligence

It is a queer thing that no husband or wife ever assumes the blame when marriage goes on the rocks. They always pass the buck. The man takes refuge in the good old Adam-like excuse: "The woman Thou gavest me, she did it," and the woman lays it all on her jinx.

Probably no other person in the world has listened to so many stories of matrimonial woes as I have, but I have yet to hear the first man acknowledge that he was responsible for the failure of his marriage, and the first woman admit that with her own hands she wrecked her home. On the contrary, each accuses the other and assumes the martyr pose of one who is called upon to suffer for another's crimes.

Undoubtedly the thing that is at the bottom of most domestic infelicity is the lack of congeniality between husbands and wives. A clever man marries a Dumb Dora and is bored to tears by her. A sensitive, clinging little creature, who is all heart, marries a stolid, unemotional man who is mostly stomach and never gets a real thrill out of anything but a ten-point rise in stocks. A rouser marries Alice-sit-by-the-fire, and she hunts up playgirl and she weeps over being neglected, and so on and so forth, and eventually the misfits heroically accept the misery of an unhappy marriage or else try to salvage what they can of their lives by means of divorce.

But do they ever blame themselves for the catastrophe that has befallen them? Never. The man who has to endure a dull and tedious wife, whose conversational repertoire never ranges farther than from the kitchen to the nursery and the affairs of the neighbors next door, never says to himself that he brought his fate upon himself and that poor, dear Dora has had no mental eclipse since marriage and she is no dumber or more stupid now than she was when he picked her out for a wife. Only he didn't notice it then because she was pretty and cute, and she kept him entertained by telling him how big and wonderful he was.

No. The bored husband doesn't cry piteously: "My fault." He blames the tiresome wife for not being scintillating and witty and wise and a spellbinder, for which the poor soul is not responsible, for she is even at Heaven made her.

Equally untenable is the case of the woman who weeps upon our breasts and tells us between her sobs that her marriage is cinders, ashes and dust because her husband is cold to her and takes her for granted. He is as domestic as the house cat, but she never tells her that he loved her. She has an unlimited charge account at every store in town, but he never brings her a bunch of violets. She is starving for love and sentiment and romance, and she is thinking of starting out on a hunt still for an affinity.

No use to say to that type of woman that she is the one who is wrecking their marriage and that her husband is just the same sort of practical, prosaic business man now that he was before she married him, and that if she wanted a goody-lovemaker instead of a go-getter she should have picked him out in the first place. No use in telling her she is acting like an idiot and making mountains out of mole hills and that so far as love is concerned you can say it with breakfasts as well as orchids.

She will never admit she is at fault. She blames it all on her husband, because he can't be a miraculous combination of Henry Ford and John Barrymore and make love like Clark Gable.

As a matter of fact, the husbands and wives who bitterly complain that they have nothing in common with their mates are responsible for their own grief, and have no right to blame the party of the other part for their mistakes. Yet they do. Every time.

When a marriage breaks up, or when it gets to be just an endurance contest, a man does not say: "It is my fault, committed through ignorance and carelessness, but none the less I am responsible for this misery. I married a girl who was in love with me and I starved that love to death. I never showed her any tenderness. I never paid her any compliments. I never tried to entertain or amuse her or to do anything to make her happy. I was absorbed in my business, often overworked and tired, and I was grumpy and cross and hard to live with. No wonder she ceased to care for me. If I had made half the effort to keep my wife that I have to make a success of my career, we would not now be at the parting of the ways."

Nor do you hear a woman say: "I am to blame for the failure of our marriage. I have never been a helpmeet to my husband. I have not even made him a comfortable and happy home. I have been lazy and wasteful and no-account, and if I had been an employe he would have fired me long ago. I have kept him in debt with my extravagance. I have been a petty tyrant who ruled him by nagging. I have been selfish and unreasonable in my demands. I have never shown him any love or appreciation or really tried to make him happy. If I had, I would not now be on my way to Reno."

Not do even the unfaithful husbands and wives blame themselves. The man puts the responsibility for his philandering on his wife's having got old or fat or dull. The woman claims she was driven to it by her husband's not understanding her or by his indifference or neglect. Neither owns to a wandering foot or to being a quitter who could not stand the gaff when marriage ceased to be a romantic adventure and settled down into being a long, hard, steady life job.

And there you are. It is always the other one who is wrong in marriage. DOROTHY DIX.

"Oh, he didn't get it half," Mrs. Howick reassured. "You didn't start him none worrying about him." "Perfectly well, Dads. I'm in a nice room at a hotel. How's mamma?" "Till have you out and home promptly, m'lord." Dads promised with a confident jauntiness which was explained when he added, "I've communicated with Hoberg—effectively—effectively." Dads emphasized happily. "I was absorbed in my business, often overworked and tired, and I was grumpy and cross and hard to live with. No wonder she ceased to care for me. If I had made half the effort to keep my wife that I have to make a success of my career, we would not now be at the parting of the ways." (To Be Continued.)

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