

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

The HOUSEWIFE and HER ACTIVITIES

They looked up and saw a star shining in the East beyond them. And to the earth it gave great light. And so it continued both day and night. Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, Nowell Born in the King of Israel.

DON'T LET DOWN GUARD ON GERMS

About this idea of "catching" things. Unfortunately you still can "catch" a disease in spite of exploded theories, writes Olive Roberts, Barton.

The public is inclined to down its guard too much about germs. Some scientists have proved that the germs of thus-and-such a disease die when they reach the air. All the magazines print it. And then suddenly the good readers shout, "By Jove, I always thought this business of keeping folks out of disinfecting and boiling was nonsense. If it is true of such a dreadful disease as epidemic, it must be true of all of them. Molly, let the children go in and play with Charlie. He's only got gripe, anyway."

Having just recovered from gripe that I inhaled from another member of the family, I think Molly, that you'd better not.

GERMS WANDER FAR

Who am I to say how far germs get a free ride on a sneeze or how many can crowd on a towel? I don't know a thing about germs except when they begin to dig for quartz rock in my spine, and use my lungs for Big Berthas and split my brain wide open with dull axes; but I can think plenty.

Furthermore, I don't know just how international germs are or whether Charlie's germs have passed to Jimmy or Sue or both.

ISOLATION AT HOME

Do we, at this stage of intelligence, need to be reminded that

For CUTS, BURNS



pillow slips and even beds of the "cold" patients (especially if we suspect a bit of temperature) should be one-man affairs? Or towels or handkerchiefs? No, only should the afflicted be kept in bed, but the other children should be kept away. What may be only a day or two's upset for strong hearty Charles may mean a long and severe illness for Sue or the baby.

It's not always easy to do. No one knows better than I how hard it really is. But if it is only a case of being soothed, let dad and the youngsters be as funny as they like and get out the coat of mail we need for our hearts sometimes. I'll just say NO—and save myself extra nursing.

ROBES DE STILE FASHIONED OF SATIN MOIRE AND TAFFETA

Much interest was shown at a recent fashion show in the gown in robe de style expression, in fabrics with body, much as slipper satin, moire and taffeta, with great variety manifested as regards types. The halter neckline appeared in great diversity with drop-shoulder lines, puffed sleeves, off-shoulder ruffles in long sleeved dinner types all represented. The moulded bodice was a high light with the unbelted and the belted types both recognized, the slender belt often developing just from the sides and

Constrasting with these picture frocks are those in streamline silhouette, with important attention given to the back. Wide skirts, though it was pointed out that the robe de style is also designed with the more mature woman in mind. Fringed trimmings add a slenderizing line as do scarfs, panels and tunic treatments.

PLEATS FOR FULLNESS.

Pleats claim special attention in dinner frocks with skirts and detachable capes entirely pleated, also in summer fashions that introduce pleated sections in skirts. It is interesting to observe that both crisp and clingy fabrics adopt pleats—with slipper satin, taffeta and crepes all subscribing to the pleated mode.

The ensemble appears frequently in cape expressions, also in jackets and in coats with flaring back treatments. A word for the accessories that are always so cleverly presented in Paris. One observed youthful bracelets in real flowers—blueets and white violets for example, also gay trimmings of the hair—feathers and jewels and for wear with neck and dinner costumes. An important point was made of the hat created for just those events. Among the smart shoes displayed were oxfords in crepe or in crepe combined with satin.

TREE TRIMMINGS.

Trim the tree with white tinsel by draping it over the limbs. By using no ornaments and only blue lights a striking effect is gained that is different from the red and green tree of former years.

Advertisement for Stewart's Bakery featuring holiday pastries like Mince Pie, Plum Pudding, Fruit Cake, Apple Pie, Pound Cake, Coffee Roll, Layer Cake, Sultana Cake, and a Grand Finish to a Holiday Dinner. Includes phone number 211 and address Kent St.

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Today, you can rid yourself of common constipation by eating a tempting cereal. Laboratory tests show that Kellogg's ALL-BRAN furnishes "bulk" and vitamin B to aid regular habits. ALL-BRAN is also rich in iron for the blood.

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A Morning Smile

"Have you heard from your husband since he went away on his camping holiday?" asked Mrs. Freeman.

"Oh, yes!" replied Mrs. Baker. "He writes regularly, and always sends me a couple of needles."

"Whatever does he send those for?" asked Mrs. Freeman.

"He wants me to thread them and send them back," Mrs. Baker explained. "He says he has to do his own sewing now."

The little man furtively entered the florist's shop.

"I want three potted geraniums," he whispered to the assistant.

"I'm afraid we are right out of geraniums at the moment," he replied. "I can let you have some very nice potted chrysanthemums."

"No, they won't do," replied the little man, looking more worried than ever. "I wanted the geraniums to replace the ones I gave my wife to water while she was away."

WHISPERING ROCK by JOHN LEBAR

An hour—two hours. Ruth covered by David's crib with her eyes on the door. She had been telling him stories, breathless, incoherent stories. Now he was asleep and she could watch the door unhindered.

She had placed the trunk against the door and she watched the streak of muddy water reach its top, puddle, and run along between the slats and drip. She had long before, with her husband, fixed the loops securely in the walls and the bar was now in place.

Something struck the door heavily; little drops of water showered in the air. The knob rattled and Ruth raised the heavy gun. A momentary hush let her hear the squeak, the creaking feet, then the quick running steps, and the door crashed inward, pushing the trunk before it. The lamp went out. Ruth stood before her baby's crib, the gun held in both hands. Ann filled the doorway, the continuous lightning played upon them. Ruth's hair almost covered her face; sparkling water dripped from the straight black locks. Neither woman moved. The figure towering in the doorway muttered—chantlike guttural words which seemed a part of the storm. Then, in silence for a moment, before the giants crouched low and came forward.

Ruth pulled the trigger—with both hands she pulled frantically, and remembered when the gun was knocked from her hand that she hadn't done something—cocked the hammer, she thought. Thereafter she thought no more; she became a thing of pure instinct, a furious mother animal fighting a black monster. "David—my baby!" When next the lightning flashed, the stupid face had not changed its expression, but Ann was looking at her. Again the girl screamed. The next flashed showed Ann scrambling to her feet and from the quick-thrown blanket of blackness sheaved a great, abbing voice. "My baby!" Ruth felt Ann beside her, big hands fumbled over her own, a great shudder edged itself under the end of the fragment. When light came again the giants was holding up the slabs and inside the crib David lay wide-eyed and gasping.

THE COOK'S CORNER

PARKER HOUSE ROLLS

One cake compressed yeast, 1 pint milk, scalded and cooled, 2 table-spoons sugar, 4 table-spoons shortening or butter, melted, 3 pints sifted flour, 1 teaspoon salt.

Dissolve yeast and sugar in lukewarm milk. Add lard or butter and 1/2 pint flour. Beat until perfectly smooth. Cover and let rise in a warm place 1 hour, or until light. Then add remainder of flour, or enough to make a dough, and the salt. Knead well. Place in greased bowl. Cover and let rise in a warm place for about 1 1/2 hours, or until double in bulk. Roll out 1/4-inch thick. Brush over lightly with melted butter, cut with 2-inch biscuit cutter, crease through centers heavily with dull edge of knife, and fold over in pocketbook shape. Place in well-greased, shallow pans one inch apart. Cover and let rise until light, about 1/2 hour. Bake ten minutes in hot oven.

PRESERVE TURNOVERS

Make a circle as big as a saucer, or a square equal in area. Fill the centre with preserve and fold over matching edges, heavily with dull edge of knife, and fold over in pocketbook shape. Place in well-greased, shallow pans one inch apart. Cover and let rise until light, about 1/2 hour. Bake ten minutes in hot oven.

FUDGE CAKE

Two squares chocolate, 1/2 cup shortening, 2 cups brown sugar, 2 eggs, 2 1/2 cups flour, 1 teaspoon soda, few grains salt, 1/2 cup sour milk, 1/2 cup cold water, 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Melt chocolate and mix sugar in water over to melt. Work shortening until creamy, add 1 cup brown sugar, stirring constantly. Beat eggs until light, adding remaining sugar gradually. Add to first mixture with melted chocolate and mix thoroughly. Add flour with soda and salt add alternately with sour milk mixed with water. Turn into two square layer cake pans and bake 35 minutes in a moderate oven, 350 degrees. Put together and frost with fudge frosting.

Fudge Frosting: Two cups brown sugar, 2 squares chocolate, 1/2 cup milk, 1 table-spoon butter, 1-2 table-spoon vanilla, nut meats.

Put in saucepan sugar, chocolate and milk. Stir over low flame until sugar is dissolved and chocolate melted then increase heat and cook to 232 degrees Fahr, or until mixture will form a very soft ball in cold water. Turn over on enamel tray and add butter, let stand until cool. Sprinkle with vanilla and work until smooth and creamy. Return to saucepan and soften over hot water until of a consistency to pour. Spread on cake, force it hardens and decorate with nut meats.

where David lay huddle. The mother stumbled and as she was trying to rise to her feet, the lightning came again. Ruth screamed; lightning shone like a livid snake through the jagged crack. The snake squirmed its way along the top of the wall above the crib and reached the door. Slowly the earthy water turned over and broke into great, ragged chunks and fell. The stout timbers of the crib creaked under the weight of a slab and all was blackness, grinding earth, and peeling rain.

A sheet of blinding light filled the sky. Ruth saw Ann a few feet away, half sitting, half kneeling, a chunk of adobe propped against her. The big face with its matted hair was stupid, stunned. The chair squeaked at every rock like this one. . . . It was strange, she thought, for a little girl who looked to be rocked to have a monitory of a great, straining face with matted hair. . . . No, it wasn't proper, somehow, to be rocked to sleep with one's mother crooning the old colored people's song, and at the same time keep feeling that terrible face which oddly enough was a lovely, welcome face.

Ruth opened her eyes. Everything swirled about confusingly. Then slowly, taking one thought, one thing at a time, she knew where she was. She was in the sitting room of the Dead Landers ranch house; David lay asleep on a pile of comforts before the grate fire; the clock on the mantel said five minutes to four. . . . She was being rocked and at every swing forward she was being patted on the head. . . . But that old medicine man must be dead long ago.

"That is why he speak so close 'bout our seel'—his body is no more in th' way." "Ann," said the girl, rising and reaching her hand up to the great shoulder, "when you cried out you said, 'My baby—blye you a baby?'" (To Be Continued)

Grandmother's Quilt Patterns

Out out pieces and set together as indicated on small block. Either print or plain material may be used. Set piece and plain blocks together as suggested on quilt diagram. Finish edge of quilt with 1/2 inch border to match piece blocks. Allow for all seams when cutting patterns. Block finishes 10 inches square. 36 piece blocks. 20 plain blocks. 6 inch border around quilt. Material required. 3-1-3 yards material for plain blocks. 1-1-3 yards red material. 3/4 yards gold material. 1/2 yard blue material.

Advertisement for Minard's King of Pain Liniment, featuring a picture of a person in pain and the product bottle.

Dorothy Dix's Letter Box

Why Not Use the Magic Pebble to Avert Quarrels in Your House? — Is This Husband Right to Deny Wife Permanent for Sake of Thrift — Marriage Between 20 and 50 Doomed to Disaster.



Dear Miss Dix—Don't you believe that half the trouble in the world comes from talk? Don't you think silence would avert many a tragedy and save many a divorce? Do you remember the old story of the bride who consulted a wise woman about how to live in peace with her husband and was given a magic pebble to hold in her mouth whenever a quarrel started? The talker was so successful that the bride returned to the soothsayer begging to buy the pebble, only to be told that it was just an ordinary pebble and the virtue consisted in the fact that she could not talk while she held it in her mouth, and so as she could not answer back all arguments between herself and her husband died a natural death. Why talk about unpleasant things which can't be remedied? Why criticize? Why should conversation be pleasant? I adore those golden words from Lorna Doone: "I do love silence. It does no little harm."

Answer: You are quite right in saying that talk stirs up more trouble, brings on more wars, wrecks more homes and breaks more hearts than any other one thing in the world. The tongue is a far more lethal weapon than the sword, and more people have been slain with the jawbone of an ass than ever have by machine guns.

Just now we particularly need a moratorium on talk, for it is pessimistic conversation as much as anything else that has brought about the depression and that keeps it with us. For the last few years a lodge of sorrow and talk about nothing except breaking backs and flopping sock markets and unemployment and hard times and how much money they have lost until they have broken down everybody's morale and put everybody into crepe trousers.

If we could only organize a conspiracy of silence in which nobody would tell their troubles for six months, we would be on the way to recovery by that time, and the world would certainly be a healthier and a more cheerful place to live in in the meantime.

Of course, I know reciting their tales of woe is the chief indoor sport of a lot of people, especially women, who get a kick out of proclaiming their secret sorrows to the world, and who take a ghoulish delight in exhuming their dead from the grave and relating all the harrowing details of their last days.

Why, one wonders, since talk is no remedy for trouble, it does not bring her one's dead, nor restore one's lost fortune. It only depresses the unhappy listener and make his or her own burden harder to bear.

It is also only too true that talk is first aid to divorce, and that what we need more than anything else in the world is a supply of pebbles for the use of arguing husbands and wives. For it is when a married couple start in to debate some subject on which they do not agree that one forgives and that the other kills.

It is literally true that it takes two to make a quarrel, and any husband and any wife could stop a family fight in its first round by a little judicious use of silence. Thousands of homes could be saved from wreckage, thousands of children could be saved the misery of being brought up in turbulent households if only husbands and wives wouldn't give each other baskets.

As for the people who are incessant talkers and who babble along as meaningless as a brook, they are among the world's greatest hopes. I know a dozen women, good and kind and friendly, who wonder at their lack of popularity and can never understand why they are not invited anywhere. The reason is that they talk too much. They ruin a dinner with their monologues. They break up a card game by their chatter. They talk down even a distinguished guest at a party. And so they are avoided as best they can.

Certainly in this restless, noise-ridden age a lot is to be said for silence. No people are more popular than those who are listeners instead of talkers, and no friends are so congenial as those with whom we can

Ann shook her head. "Did the voice tell you to drink and did it tell you to come back to the rock at six o'clock and then when you didn't know what you were doing, did it tell you to—'to kill'—"

"Ann nodded and two great tears welled from her eyes. "Ann, why must you obey the voice?" "The Indian woman spoke, her eyes fixed through the window where the eastern sky was faintly tinted. 'I doan know why I mis— it is the fear'—she touched her breast—'it pulls an' i go.'"

"But what is the voice?" "I doan know—different things." Ann's voice draged slowly, tonelessly. "It's the old medicine man who was with my mother's people— he have the power over all his people an' the blood of his people— he have power on my blood which is the blood of them people."

"That old medicine man must be dead long ago." "Ann," said the girl, rising and reaching her hand up to the great shoulder, "when you cried out you said, 'My baby—blye you a baby?'" (To Be Continued)

Reluctantly the giants placed the girl beside the sleeping child and went into the kitchen. Minutes passed and Ruth became aware that Ann was not moving about in the next room. Painfully, she stood up. In the kitchen Ann was sitting on the woodbox, her big hands over her face.

The girl went to her. "Please don't Ann—It's all past—please, Ann dear." "I ought to be kilt dead." Ruth stood in silence, her arms drawing Ann close against her. After a time she said, "Come on—let's get some coffee. I'll make the fire."

A moment later Ann was making the fire and Ruth stood at the sink, measuring out the coffee. "Ann," she asked, "why did it happen?"

Mingled with the memory of two small arms around her neck, there stood out in Ruth's mind the picture of a livid, tormented face, matted with straight black hair. This memory seemed to have been with her for a long time—since last month or last year or perhaps in last night's dream. Now she was quite comfortable—she had always liked to be rocked, especially when

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spend hours without a word being said.

DOROTHY DIX. Dear Dorothy Dix—I am a married man making a small salary. My wife and I get along splendidly. She is a good housekeeper and a fine cook. My problem is that my wife wants a permanent wave and I think we should try to save money to buy a home. If she gets a permanent wave, every six months she will want another one. What do you think?

Answer: If her heart is set on a permanent wave, I think she should have it. It is just as important to a woman's happiness to have the outside of her head adorned as it is to have a home of her own in which to lay it. Women are queer creatures, Dorothy, and you have to take them as they are. They put great stress on things that seem unimportant to a man, but whether they are happy or not, even whether they are good wives or not, depends upon their getting what they want. A pair of silk stockings, a 10-cent bunch of violets, a bag of gumdrops, a trip to the movies will keep a wife eating out of her husband's hand and thinking she drew the prize in the matrimonial lottery, when all of his solid virtues and his work for her may go for nothing and leave her feeling that she is a poor, neglected creature and picked the wrong man.

It is fine for you to work hard and save toward getting a home. Thrift is one of the most admirable of all the virtues, but it is one that you can easily overdo, and it is just as bad to cut out every pleasure and save every nickel as it is to indulge yourself in every pleasure and spend everything you make as you go along.

We live but once, you know, and all the happiness we ever have is what we have today. So indulge your wife and yourself in a few luxuries while you are saving up for that home in the future. Remember that all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy, and it makes Jill not only dull but peevish.

So give your wife her permanent wave. The main reason she wants it is to make herself beautiful for you so you won't be looking around at other women.

DOROTHY DIX. Dear Miss Dix—I am a girl 20 years old considering marrying a man of 50. We love each other very much. What is the usual outcome of such a marriage?

Answer: Divorce. Anyway unhappiness for both parties. A few years' difference in age between a man and a woman is no matter, no matter which is the elder, but thirty years is too much. Three decades make a gulf that not even love can bridge.

A girl of 20 can have nothing in common in the way of interests, opinions, habits, points of view with a man of 50. They were brought up in different traditions and have a different outlook on life. They do not enjoy the same things.

There are, of course, other issues as gingham, dainties, aerobacter, rayons, cotton challis prints, etc., which can be chosen and are most effective.

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