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

The HOUSEWIFE and HER ACTIVITIES

AT CHRISTMAS TIME

The little houses cuddle down,
Each cosy cot and bungalow
Now hides its shingled head beneath
An eiderdown of snow.

The air is crisp and diamond-bright
And over every snuggling house
A kinky coil of smoke creeps up
As silent as a mouse.

The sound of softly tinkling bells;
Sweet, rosy faces at the pane;
A spicy whiff from out the door—
A dear one's home again!

The little houses gleam with joy,
The very rafters thrill with mirth,
And love comes back to every heart
At Christmas time on earth.

JEWEL TONES

Emerald, amethyst, and the red jewel tones, are consistently popular colors in fabrics. Couturiers are enthusiastic about these shades, and likewise much favorable comment is heard about changeable taffeta which shades from deep blue to bright red.

GREAT-GRANDMOTHER'S PAINT BOX INSPIRES HER

Flower paintings by a 60-year-old woman, inspired by the attic discovery of her great-grandmother's paint box, were among those on exhibition at the Royal Horticultural Society's Hall, London, Eng.

MARTIAL TOUCH

Military themes in cocktail, dinner or dance frocks continue to centre chiefly on the addition of frog closings in jackets of metallic, or in the longer tunic jacket of velvet.

COMFORT FOR THE FAT

A doctor has recently written that there are worse things for an individual than fat, and that every plan for the reduction of weight has its perils, some of them deadly ones. He says that it is better to be fat than dead, a point of view that is likely to commend itself to most of his readers.

Nothing is denied to well-directed labor; nothing is ever to be attained without it.—Sir Joshua Reynolds.

ALLIGATOR GRAIN

The new alligator-grained calfskin handbags are mighty fine substitutes for the alligator bags, which are being carried by the smartest hands this fall. They are reasonably priced and come in envelope, pouch, top handle and underarm styles in smooth and grained calfskin, in black, brown and navy blue.

Lady Haig, widow of Field Marshal Earl Haig, recently led 400 Scottish ex-service men on a visit to Arras and the Somme battlefields.

KEEP YOUR EYES LOVELY

Beauty for the eyes is no longer an over-night ritual.

It is now possible to care for the eyes and the delicate tissues round them, by day.

After cleansing the skin, smooth on an eye cream, beginning at the bridge of the nose and working out, lightly, over the eyelids.

Pat in the cream—a very small quantity only—and leave it on throughout the day.

It may be used also beneath the eyes, working from the outer corners in to the bridge of the nose, and has a way of keeping crows-feet away.

If you use little enough of it, the skin will not appear greasy—and in any case you will powder lightly over the cream when making up.

For the older woman, when the eyes begin to lack the lustre from tiredness or strain, an eye lotion used daily is a tonic to the muscles.

Then smooth on the eye cream, and leave it on. And if you can afford the time, use a herbal eye pillow which has been dipped in hot water, and press gently over the closed eye-lids.

The moment it is cool, dip again in hot water, and replace.

It is acknowledged that if you can keep your eyes young you can always be youthful.

There are dyes, too for lashes and brows that are too light.

For the not-so-young of you, in any case, we would not advise mascara, because when it smudges it leaves an unfriendly shadow beneath your eyes.

Eye-shadow, too, is no longer used solely for the evening and festive occasions. It may be used for the day, provding you use little enough, and a shade which harmonises with your eye-coloring but does not deaden it.

And, on retiring, try a soothing, nourishing skinfood about the eyes, using the same massage movements, always lightly and leave it on overnight.

WOMEN HOTEL-KEEPERS BETTER THAN MEN

TULSA, Okla., Dec. 9—Women are better hotel keepers than men—and there are at least two reasons why—Miss Jennie Fisher told a hotel greeters' convention.

1. Women can bounce rowdies when men can't.

2. Women are better homemakers.

"No matter how drunk a man may get," said Miss Fisher, former president of the National Greeters' Auxiliary, "he won't fight a woman who is in charge."

A DREAM COMES TRUE

MOUNTAINSIDE, N. J. Dec. 9—Unless new and unforseen difficulties arise, Mrs. Mabel I. Watts and her three sons will move soon into the "dream house" they've built with their own hands near the summit of Pot Luck Hill.

The house needs a few finishing touches, but Mrs. Watts formerly of Toronto, is happy the work is almost done. It won't be long, she's sure, before she and her boys will be able to sit in their cosy home and look out at Manhattan's picturesque sky-line.

It's been a long, hard task, filled with obstacles of various kinds. One obstacle took the determined middle-aged mother into Chancery Court and back there she is to go in another phase of the matter.

The court appearance resulted from the revocation of her building permit by the Borough Council October 28. The council contended the building did not conform to the building code in regard to its setback from the street.

Mrs. Watts, contending the officials knew how the house was to be located months before they took action, appealed to the coucil but the revocation was upheld. She then went to Chancery Court Vice-Chancellor Malcolm G. Buchannan issued an order directing the mayor, council, and building officials today why they should not be restrained permanently from interfering with the work.

Mrs. Watts has lived in this vicinity about 15 years. She is a native of Toronto and her father, Harold A. Small, was formerly chief observer for the Canadian Meteorological Bureau.

She is divorced and, she told the court, has only a modest income. But for years she had dreamed of making a home for her sons, Leslie, 17, Bruce, 15, and Robert, 8.

She purchased an acre of ground in the comparatively wild section of Pot Luck Hill, across from the Watchung reservation. When she consulted builders, she found their prices too high for her small bank account. So she and her boys decided to do the job themselves.

They started to clear the ground early this past summer. This done they took pick and shovel and dug for the foundaton. An experienced builder was called in occasionally for advice as the structure grew, but Mrs. Watts and the boys did practically all the manual work.

They made the ground floor into a two-car garage—hoping to rent it and thus add to their income—and added living quarters on the second floor, with a spare room in the attic.

The home was almost complete, except for doors and windows, when the building permit was revoked.

The task was Mrs. Watts' first in the building field. But now she talks like a veteran and knows the answers to questions about minute details. The boys,too, are adept with tools, using the knowledge they gained in manual training courses in school.

THE PERFECT SON-IN-LAW

Here, to my mind, is the formula for the perfect son-in-law.

Brains, good health, and the ability to meet life gallantly.

Gentle birth and a clean line.

Educational equipment for success in a definite profession or line of business.

A sufficient degree of clean-cut good looks.

Tolerance, broadness of outlook, and a sense of humour, and the greatest of these is a sense of humor for happiness in married life sometimes depends on the mutual conception of a joke.

These qualities ensure the ability to conquer life in youth so that the middle years bring comfort. The mother who fails to teach her daughter that she is worth all that the best man can confer, has failed in her most important duty. We teach them so many useless things. Why are we labelled calculating, mercenary, if we teach them that it is just as easy to love expediently, and far more comfortable? Love and passion do not pay bills.

It is only we British who swim in such tepid waters of sentimentality as regards marriage. No nice girl is supposed to think about the material side of marriage, and her mother must not be ambitious for her. Yet in pre-historic days, when only the strong survived, the mother drove the weaklings away, you may be sure.—A writer in the Woman's Journal.

FACE THE WINTER SQUARELY

Many people dread the advent of winter, but there is no reason to dread it once you begin to face it squarely. Live sensibly, and you will not find winter has so many terrors.

For instance, many people who get covered in chilblains do not seem to realize the fact that if they keep their wrists and feet really warm, they will not get chilblains A wooly jumper with tightly-fitting wrists is a boon in winter. Circulation is the crux of the matter when we are dealing with chilblains; get that right and your troubles are over.

If you are one of those who go in for slimming, do not forgo your ration of butter or other fats, because your body requires extra warmth in winter, and this is supplied by fats.

Avoid sitting over a fire at any time, for not only is this extremely bad for the skin, but it also makes you far more liable to catch cold when you go out. Wear a cosy scarf or cravat if you like for this prevents many people from getting that ugly "blue look" on a very cold day. See your gloves are cosily lined, and also that they are not too tight. Camel's hair scarves, gloves, dressing gowns, and jackets are beautifully cosy for warm winter wear, and are available in attractive colours these days.

Warm, cosy undies are a necessity nowadays when we wear so few clothes. Hand-knitted Shetland undies are the daintiest things imaginable, for, like everything else these are not what they used to be. They fit snugly to the figure, are delightfully warm, and are made in the loveliest patterns.

Shoes, of course, are an important item, they must be strong enough to protect you from cold and wet. A fleecy sole inside keeps the feet snugly warm, while a pair pair of stockings kept at the office will prevent many a chill from this cause.

HOW TO DO AFGHAN STITCH

It often happens that we think a stitch is more difficult than it actually is, but if we are able to try it out with just a little piece of either knitting or crochet, we are able to see that it is not nearly as difficult as it appeared to be at first sight. Afghan stitch is a crochet stitch, and this is how it is done.

It is an easy stich if worked loosely with not too many loops on the hook at once. It is frequently worked in narrow strips which are afterwards joined, and is a useful alternative to double crochet for smaller garments. Make the required length of chain.

First Row—Miss one ch, draw a loop through each of the remaining ch, leaving all the loops on the hook as if for knitting. To work back wool over hook and draw through the first loop (*), wool over hook and draw through two loops; repeat from * until all the stiches are worked off again.

Second Row—The loop on the needle stands for the first stitch, so draw a loop through the next stitch (i.e., the perpendicular stitch over the ch stitches), draw a loop through each of the perpendicular stitches along the row, then work back as to the first row. Repeat this row for the length required. Finish with one d.c. into each upright stitch.

THE SECRET OF CHARM

Charm is more compelling than beauty, writes Ursula Bloom in the London Daily Mail. It carries a woman farther, wins her rarer laurels, and makes her for more successful. It is a subtle quality; something on which it is difficult to lay one's finger.

It does not need beauty to qualify it. I know a most charming woman who is well over seventy, and who dress like a rag-bag. Yet she has such charm that her house is always full.

Charm, therefore, is not something that you can put on as a face cream, or a new hat. It cannot be worn. It comes from within and not attainable from without. Its pseudonym is personality. In every generation there are outstanding people who have this amazing attribute, and I am convinced it is because they are to be themselves. This probably explains the reason for the number of well-remembered men and women of the Edwardian period in contrast to the few remarkable personages there are today.

Charm is at a discount. This is a generation of copyists. Ths is an era which is suffering from the over-production of cinema and theatrical shows, with the result that too many women have "gone chameleon."

"What a dull little thing it is," said a woman staring at a chameleon in the Zoo. "Why, one can hardly see it!"

Which is very much what happens to the woman who cannot make up her mind about her own personality. The chameleon turns brown when she sits on a brown leaf, green when she sits on a green one. This merging into her immediate surroundings is what happens to innumerable women today.

They go to the cinema and are dazed by some ravishing heroine. Jean Harlow, Greta Garbo, Jean Crawford, and Ginger Rogers have done their worst by us. All are themselves outtsanding successes, but the hundreds of young women who have endeavored to copy them, have come away wth the mere husk. They have been failures because they dared not be themselves. A very excellent self is too often a very shoddy imitation.

The person who dares to think originally, and to express her own theories and opinions is interesting, very often charming. Today anybody can educate their ideas with a library subscription. Knowledge is going cheaply. We have the tremendous advantages of wider travel and a broader outlook, but none of these things is going to help if we draw down the blinds on ourselves and try to be somebody else.

There is only one you in the world. Deep down in your own heart there is a personality which is entirely copyright. Cultivate it. Take up an angle on life. Be sincere in your opinions and think for yourself.

A woman who is interested is as a matter of course interesting. She does not pretend about matters. She has no cheap coating of veneer on her opinions and prejudices. Her naturalness is her passport to any society. In an era of people who insist on veiling themselves in a cheap kind of transparency, it is refreshing to meet the women who dares to be herself.

The secret of this intangible quality is, I am sure, lying in the heart of every one of us. There is no need to look farther afield for it. A little courtesy, a great deal of sincerity ,an ability to form opinions and to express them without bias from outside conditions. All these form one great quality which makes the owner of it a real friend, an entertaining companion and altogether a very charming person.

For Bad Winter Coughs, Mix This Remedy Yourself

Saves Good Money! No Cooking!

If you want a splendid cough remedy, mix it at home. It costs very little, yet the way it takes hold of distressing coughs, giving quick relief, is astonishing.

Any druggist can supply you with a 2½ ounce bottle of Pinex. Pour this into a 16 ounce bottle and add granulated sugar syrup to make 16 ounces. To make syrup, use 2 cups of sugar and one cup of water and stir a few moments until dissolved. No cooking needed. It's no trouble at all and gives you four times as much cough medicine for your money—a real family supply. Keeps perfectly and tastes fine.

It is surprising how quickly this loosens the phlegm, soothes the irritated membranes, and helps to clear the air passages. This three-fold action explains why it relieves an annoying cough in a hurry.

Pinex is a compound containing Norway Pine in concentrated form, a very reliable soothing agent for winter coughs. Money refunded if it does not please you in every way.

THE COOK'S CORNER

Fudge

2 cups brown sugar, 2 cups white sugar, ½ cup syrup, 1 small can unsweetened milk (condensed), ¼ cup melted butter.

Boil 2½ minutes, add 2 teaspoons cocoa if you desire chocolate fudge or boil 5 minutes after it comes to boiling and when it forms a soft ball when dropped in cold water. Then remove from the stove add 1½ teaspoon vanilla and let it cool slightly. Beat until creamy, add nuts if desired and pour into a buttered pan. If 1 cup of milk is used it may take longer boiling.

Reducers French Dressing

1 teaspoon mustard, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon paprike, 3 tablespoons ketchup, 1 cup lemon juice, 2 cups mineral oil, grated onions.

Helen's Cream Fudge

1 cup brown sugar, 1 cup white sugar, ¼ cup butter, ½ cup cream, ¼ cup corn syrup or suitable maple syrup, ½ teaspoon vanilla. Mix sugar, butter, cream and syrup. Boil until it spins a heavy thread, add vanilla, beat creamy and pour on buttered dish, and hide it if you wish to share it.

Hard Tack Taffee

2 cups brown sugar, 2 tablespoons butter, 2 tablespoons vinegar, 2-3 cup water. Place butter, sugar, and vinegar on stove, and bring to a full rolling boil. Add brown sugar. Do not stir or it will sugar. Cook till it stops steaming and begins to smoke. Pour on buttered pan and cool.

A Morning Smile

Golfer (to partner in foursome): "What was the matter with you at the sixth and seventh? You went all to pieces."

Partner: "Well, it suddenly struck me that I was to have been married to-day, but when I remembered I'd nothing fixed for next Wednesday I felt all right again."

SHE LOVED HIM

Little Louise was lost in the street and was brought into the police station. The officers tried in every way to learn her name. Finally one of the officers said:

"What names does your mother call your father?"

"Why," said Louise, very innocently, "she don't call him any name; she likes him."

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

Laxatives are only makeshifts. A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up". Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 25c

Dorothy Dix's Letter Box

Mother Love is a Great Blessing, Yet it Can be a Curse Also to Growing Daughters

Dear Miss Dix—My trouble is a too doting mother. I am 21 years old, yet she holds me by the hand as if I were a child of 3. Never lets me out of her sight if she can help it. If I suggest going any place, she says: "Wait, I'll go, too." If I have a date, which is seldom on account of her, I either have to sit at home, or tell her every word that is said. She listens in on every telephone call. If I get a litter she reads it. My girl friends have dropped me because mother has to go everywhere we go. Older persons say how sweet we look together, but I'd feel sweeter if she wasn't always along. Can you think of any remedy for this possessive mother love? I can't stand much more of it. A PERSECUTED WIFE.

Answer:

The real remedy for your situation is to leave home. That is the only way by which you can keep your mother from ruining your life, because if you stay with her she will suck your very life blood from you. She will alienate you from your friends, drive all men away from you and you will end up by becoming one of those desicated, colorless old maids who have no personality or existence of their own. They are just mother's shadow.

Mother love can be the greatest blessing in the world, or it can be the greatest curse. A mother can love her child unselfishly so that she puts the child's good always before her own. She can fit the child for life by strengthening it so that it can stand on its own feet and by fostering a spirit of independence in it. She can love her child so much that she will sacrifice herself to its and send it away from her when it is for the child's good, even though it tears her heart out to part with it. That is the kind of mother love that is the greatest good fortune that any child can have.

But there is the possessive mother love that seeks only its own gratification at whatever cost to the child. Because it wants to be all in all to the child it babies it and makes it a weakling; it cuts the child off from all association with others; it deprives it of all freedom and makes it dependent, and ruthlessly stands between it and the natural desires of youth, for such mothers are never willing for their children to leave them, or to marry. No greater misfortune than to have a possessive mother can befall any child.

You can see these selfish mothers and the wrecks they have made of their children all about you. Stuffy old women with middleaged sons whom mother has kept from marrying, and who dance attendance upon her and who get sissy looking themselves, because mother has always kept them tied to her apron strings, and they have never had any of the liberty that real he-men have. Anemic old maids whom mother has doomed to a dull and lonely life because she shut the door in the face of every suitor, and who still have to obey mother as implicitly as they did when they were in the kindergarten, and who have to ask her permission to even walk to the corner. Bitter, disappointed men and women who are failures because their mothers would not let them leave home when opportunity knocked at their doors in their youth.

How any mother can be cruel enough to let her selfish love ruin her children's lives is almost beyond comprehension. It is quite beyond comprehension that any mother can be stupid enough not to recognize that when she makes her love a burden to her children she is killing their affection for her. Yet that is what many mothers do, and it answers the question they are always asking: "Why are my children so anxious to leave home?" If they would be honest with themselves, they wolud know it is because the children recognize that they are being smothered to death by too much mother love and they are trying to get away from it, and save themselves.

For the fact remains that while a child may fill a mother's life and supply her whole interest in life, no mother can fill the child's life or supply its interest. The child wants the companionship of those of its own age. It wants to go places and do things. It wants independence and freedom and privacy. And when a mother denies her child this she inevitably alienates it from her.

And this is something that every mother should lay to heart. Too much love is like too much candy, it sickens.

* * * * * *

Dear Dorothy Dix—My husband came home from a business meeting with a smudge of pink on his white shirt sleeve and collar which, of course, suggests rouge or lipstick to me. I pounced on him and asked him if he had had his arm around a girl and he said "no" and was quite angry with me for thinking such a thing, and said he had no idea how it got there. But I cannot eat, or sleep, or work for thinking of it. I do not know what to do. I am not broadminded enough to pass it off with the thought that he loves me more than any one else, or that we have been ideally happy and that I love him madly. I see no way of proving whether my thoughts are true or false. There is also the question of the children. I have to be all, or nothing. But how can I throw our lives away on the chance that he might have done wrong, and how can I eat my heart out and say nothing? (A SUSPICIOUS WIFE.)

Answer:

I'll say you are a suspicious wife, and how. And you will be a fool one if you let a smudge of lipstick wreck a happy marriage, break up a home and half orphan helpless little children.

For Heaven's sake, have a heart and use a little common sense, and try to look at what has happened from a practical standpoint. Suppose the pink on your husband's shirt is lip stick. Are you crazy enough to imagine that a married man never kisses any other woman save his wife? And are you unsophisticated enough to think that in these days when kissing is so common that it has no more significance than hand-shaking that because your husband kissed a woman, if he did, that it indicates that he is in love with her and is being unfaithful to you?

If you will just calm down enough to think coherently, you will realize that there is nothing in kissing any more. Everybody does it, just as they call casual strangers "darling" or "sweetheart" and nobody takes it seriously except a jealous little goose of a wife like you. And, believe me, you are making the mistake of your life in doing so because, in the first place, you make your husband lie to you because he is afraid to tell you the truth and, in the second place, you make a kiss seem so devilish that he is bound to try it over again to see if it has the wicked kick that you attribute to it.

So do pipe down and forget it all, and don't even think of committing such a crime as wrecking your own, your husband's and your children's lives because of a kiss. If you must have revenge, kiss somebody yourself and you will see there is nothing to it.

* * * * * *

Dear Miss Dix—I have adopted an illegitimate child. What should I tell it about its parents? R. K. Z.

Answer:

Tell the child before it is really able to understand the full significance of it, that it is an adopted child, and that you took it because you wanted it and loved it and because its parents could not take care of it and had no home for it to live in.

Let the matter rest there until the child begins to ask questions and then answer these are vaguely as you can, and soften all the facts as much as possible. But don't lie to the child. Children never forgive having been deceived. DOROTHY DIX.

Too Many Beaus

By ALMA SIOUX SCARBERRY

"I don't wonder you're surprised. Your salary will be ten dollars a week, and I've arranged for your board and room at Mrs. Sidel's boarding house for six dollars. That will leave you four dollars for spending money. Aren't you thrilled?"

"But," Sugar said dazedly, "th—that means someone else will have to take care of Skeeter?"

"Mrs. LeMasters nodded.

"That's all set, too. Dillie isn't getting along so well with her new husband. She's anxious to come back. She's been with Skeeter ever since he was born. So you don't need to worry about that."

"I—I don't know what to say—" Sugar's face had lost all its color.

"Oh, don't thank me." Jane Lee crossed to the door. "I just decided we were a little hard on you. And I'm always glad to admit when I'm wrong. If you're a good girl and work hard there'll be a promotion for you later. You don't want to be a soda clerk all your life. Perhaps later I'll find you a job where you aren't known. That's always best in a case like yours."

Sugar was like a graven image. When she did not answer, Jane Lee went on:

"You can pack and leave while Skeeter takes his nap this afternoon. He might ask questions if he sees you getting ready to go. Children don't miss older people long. They soon forget."

With that she was gone. Sugar looked after her dumbly. She had to leave. Her promise to Skeeter was to be broken so soon. Did Mrs. LeMasters think she didn't see through her little plan? She had been clever, but not clever enough.

She sat down stiffly on her bed, trying to collect her thoughts. She was up against a stone wall. There was no use trying to fight back. It would be better to take the job in the drug store, at least for awhile. It was more money than she had ever dreamed of earning.

And it would mean her independence. She would not have to turn to Scoop for help. She had Mother Friddle to think of too. No doubt the old lady would be very much distressed and puzzled if she went away to New York with a man who was practically a stranger.

Finally Sugar went downstairs. Skeeter was so happy at being permitted to fish in the lily pond that he did not notice Sugar's failure to enter into his game.

In a few minutes Eurasia came out. When Sugar saw her face she knew Mrs. LeMaster's had told the old darky the news. Her black wrinkled face crumpled.

"Dat ole debbil done got her way at de last." Eurasia wiped her eyes on her apron. "It goin' jes lak graveyahd 'roun heah now,' honey."

Sugar put her finger to her lips and motioned toward the baby.

The old cook broke into a fresh burst of tears and hurried back into the house.

Nothing had ever hurt Sugar so much in her life as saying goodbye to Skeeter. When she left the orphanage it had made her sad. But when she bent over the sleeping baby to kiss him she was certain it was farewell forever. Mrs. LeMasters would see to that.

There had been room in her little heart for all the babies at the orphanage. But none of them had ever seemed so nearly her own as Skeeter. She had watched him grow from a thin, underfed, frightened little baby into a rosy, romping boy in six weeks. And it had seemed like a miracle she had performed herself.

And now Skeeter would wake up and find her gone. He would think she had gone because he was a bad boy and tried to get out of his crib. And she had promised she would forgive him and stay with him always.

For once in her life Sugar Friddle wished she were dead. As she walked down the long shiny stairs and out into the stifling July afternoon she was certain life could hold no more happiness.

Mrs. Sidel was so bursting with pride that the rich Mrs. LeMasters had selected her boarding-house as a proper setting for her protege that she gave Sugar the best vacant room in the house.

The furniture was old, but clean. The windows opened to an old-fashioned flower garden next door, and Sugar caught her breath at its beauty.

(Continued on Page 6)

LIMITED TIME OFFER

83¢ Jar NOXZEMA 59¢

at All Drug and Department Stores

WHICH SPOILS YOUR BEAUTY

Pimples?
Blackheads?
Oiliness?
Enlarged Pores?
Red Chapped Hands?

BRINGS NEW BEAUTY QUICKLY BY CORRECTING SKIN TROUBLES

—say scores of nurses

AMONG the millions of women who are now using this famous medicated cream, there are thousands of trained nurses. They are enthusiastic—they tell their friends to use it. Their training has taught them what the skin needs to keep it healthy and beautiful.

Science now recognizes that many of the common skin faults come from tiny hidden poisons that lurk unseen deep in our pores. Pimples, Blackheads, Large Pores, Oiliness, Coarseness and many other beauty-destroying flaws are now traced to these invisible poisons.

Ordinary care is not enough. Soaps and creams that merely cleanse the surface fail to reach these insidious poisons. A special cream is necessary—a *greaseless* medicated cream that will sink into the skin, help purge "poison pores" and soothe irritated skin.

Snow-white and dainty Noxzema Skin Cream is such a cream. If your skin is marred by blemishes, if you are troubled by itching irritations, use Noxzema. Apply it at night and during the day as a foundation for powder.

Note how Noxzema soothes irritations—how clear, soft and lovely your skin becomes—in a few short days.

SAVE 24¢

Clip this coupon today as a reminder to stop in at your nearest drug or department store and get the big 83¢ jar of Noxzema for only 59¢.

All Drug & Department Stores

SMART CLOTHES FOR THE HOME DRESSMAKER

A charming dress that will fill a dual role in the wardrobe is patterned for today.

Wear it all day and for those glamorous evenings at informal bridge.

Favored black crepe with novelty interest in its weave, which holds important place among fabrics this season, made the original. The white crepe collar was clutched by a gold clip at the front with the gold repeated in the belt buckle.

Then again, you'll like it of velvet, thin woolens, rayon novelties, etc.

Style No. 1613 is designed for sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48-inches bust. Size 36 requires 4⅝ yards of 39-inch material with ⅝ yard of 35-inch contrasting.

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

No. 1613. Size .....

Name .....

Street Address .....

City ..... State .....

1613

HELPS PREVENT MANY COLDS

Especially designed aid for nose and upper throat, where most colds start.

JUST A FEW DROPS UP EACH NOSTRIL

VICKS VA-TRO-NOL