

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

Try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound



Had Splitting Headache

Agonizing pain... spoils her 'dates' and robs her of youth and beauty. By taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Tablets, cramps are relieved.

A Morning Smile

She was a very proper sort of person and much inclined to be upbush when answering the phone.

On this occasion the call came while she was sitting down to dinner with friends, so she was even more upbush than usual when she answered it.

'Are you the lady that washes?' asked a very impudent voice. 'Cer-tain-ly not!' she replied, highly indignant.

For The Cook

ORANGE YEAST ROLLS

- (Makes 3 dozen rolls) 2 cakes compressed yeast, 3/4 cup sugar, 4 tablespoons butter, 2 teaspoons salt, 2 cups hot water, 6 cups sifted flour, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind, 36 orange sections.

Crumble yeast and cover with sugar. Add butter and salt to hot water, stirring till butter is melted. Cool to lukewarm. Add yeast and sugar, flour and orange rind. Beat well. Let rise in a warm place till double in bulk.

Put out pieces of dough about the size of an egg into 3-inch squares. Keep dough as soft as possible, using only enough flour on board and hands to prevent sticking.

On each square place an orange section which has been rolled in sugar. Fold over dough, completely enveloping orange. Roll in melted butter and pack closely together in a well-buttered baking pan. Let rise till very light.

Bake in a hot oven (450 deg. F.) 15 to 20 minutes. Brush generously with a powdered sugar and orange juice icing as soon as removed from oven.

The entire proceeds may be completed in 3 to 4 hours.

Says Men Often Become Goats Dorothy Dix Can a Goat Become a Man?

The Student of Witchcraft Who Claims That She Can Turn a Goat Into a Man is Merely Reversing the Process, for Women Throughout the Ages Have Known How to Turn Men Into Goats

A young German girl, who is a student of witchcraft, has announced that she will 'pass a miracle,' as they say in 'Green Pastures,' and by the use of magic turn a goat into a youth of surpassing beauty. Maybe. How susceptible goats are to the Black Art we do not know, but it is no trick at all for a pretty girl to turn a man into a goat. We see it done every day of the week.

How she does it is her own trade secret, but practically every flapper has changed some once proud and independent lad into her own pet Billy, who eats out of her hands and hauls her about to places of amusement in his little go-cart and is generally a beast of burden for her and who bleats with delight if she will occasionally give him a pat on the head.

You can see the faithful creature standing by on the side lines at the party to which he has taken a girl, watching her dance with other men and going home by his lonesome if some other man offers her a joyride in his flivver. You can watch him toiling to earn the money to give the girl wristwatches and costumes jewelry and silk stockings and corsage bouquets and the other dodads for which she has an insatiable yen. You can observe him hanging faithfully around her doorstep year after year, humbly grateful for the empty tin cans of a few kind words that she throws out to him after she has feasted other men on their contents of sweetness and affection.

As for wives, they are past mistress of the conjure that turns men into goats, and if every bridegroom realized his danger he would go to the altar with his fingers crossed and the left hind foot of a graveyard rabbit that had been killed in the dark of the moon in his pocket.

For little as he suspects it, for many a young husband the murmured words that his bride whispers in his ears and the gentle strokes she gives his hair are nothing but the incantations she is saying over him and the mystic passes she is making that are changing him into the family goat. We have all seen herds of these tamed and house broken animals who are so thoroughly domesticated that they obey their mistress' every command and follow at her heels without ever having to be even on a lead rope.

Sometimes the poor goat spends his whole life after he is married working to support his wife's family. Paying father out of debt. Paying for mother's operations and having her teeth fixed. Paying for brother's college education and sister's party frocks.

Generally he works himself to death providing his wife and children with town houses and country houses and trips and fine cars and glad raiment for which he never gets a penny so much as a 'thank you.' Always he is bossed out of his life and treated with disdain. Always he has the poorest clothes and gets the neck and the back of the chicken and the tail end of the steak and has no place in the house he supports to call his own.

Old people are invigorated by OVALTINE TONIC FOOD BEVERAGE

What the Fashionables are Wearing

Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished With Every Pattern By Annabelle Worthington

A rayon print in yellow and brown with brown bindings made the original. The belt is brown suede. It's a dress that is extremely flattering for home wear. It has that very orderly look, which is such an asset in one's home. And incidentally, it's a type that suits the miss or the matron.

Later it will be splendid for porch wear. The crossed bodice and the plaits at the front of the skirt, stitched part way are decidedly slimming qualities you'll like.

Purple promises to be very fashionable for spring and summer. And this model would be adorable in purple linen with orchid bindings and belt.

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

Be sure to fill in the size of the pattern. Send stamps or coin (coin preferred). Price of pattern 15 cents.

No. 870. Size Name Street Address City State



FLORENCE REED. A recent photograph of this glamorous star whose latest success was The Shanghai Gesture. She is now in Hollywood to make pictures.

'I'm over 40!' FLORENCE REED SAYS

Famous stage Star tells how you, too, may keep youthful charm

'WITH a woman it's how old she looks, not how old she is that counts!' says Florence Reed, famous stage star. 'Stage and screen stars know how to stay young—how to keep youthful freshness year after year. And practically every prominent star shares one secret. Youthful charm depends on complexion beauty! We consider our complexions priceless. For years I have used Lux Toilet Soap regularly to keep my skin youthful.'

Lux Toilet Soap 10¢

John Gresham's Girl

By Concordia Merrel

(Continued) 'All right, I will, let's see how long it'll take...' she said composedly. But he had already put down his cup and was getting out a cigarette. With the last little remnant of the match she lighted it for him. She dropped the little twisted bit of blackened wood into an ash tray, and stood beside him for a moment watching him. Then: 'Isn't there something in it, Jim?' she said slowly. 'In what?' he asked. 'Home... a wife... and...' 'This isn't home,' he broke in with a touch of violence. 'It's a beastly hotel! And you...' he broke off. 'Yes?' she questioned. 'You are not my wife. You are a woman who bears my name...' He laughed shortly. 'What else was on your list?' 'Love and tranquility... All the lasting things of life, Jim,' she said. 'They aren't for me,' he answered heavily. 'I've told you that. She reached out a hand suddenly and pushed the dark hair from his forehead, looking down into his face. Her voice was low and soft and tender, as she said: 'You think yourself a man aged by suffering. Made... oh, so terribly old... but you aren't, Jim; you're just a hurt boy, mad with the boy's impulse to hit back... Just a hurt boy, Jim, dear.' He started from his chair. 'Damn it! Don't!' he cried fiercely. A silence followed that held the words ringingly. She looked at him with shining eyes. 'Now I suppose you'll demand that I apologize for swearing,' he broke out, a tempest in his voice. She shook her head. 'I have been known to say swear-words myself on occasion. Such a relief, sometimes, aren't they? Besides...' And this she added very slowly and deliberately, 'I'm learning more clearly every minute. That wicked word...' she smiled faintly, 'has helped to make the revelation still more complete, ...' 'Oh,' he cried out, 'it was madness to come here! I don't know what made me do it.' 'Don't you? I believe you do, Jim, I believe I do, too. And if you don't own up that you know, I'll

shall tell you what I think the reason is...' There was something like sheer, downright panic in his stark eyes at that; and he stretched out a hand defensively as if to ward her off; although she had not moved one step. 'I own up... I own up...' he said unsteadily. 'For God's sake let me go... Let me go...' He turned, searchingly, because the room was not familiar, and made for the door. She heard him go through her bedroom—rather as if he plunged, blindfolded, through it—to his own. Then the slam of his door. She stood for a moment very still then crossed to the window, drew aside the curtains and looked out, breathing in the night air as if she needed it. It was a still, steely night; the sky dark with clouds, and no breath of wind stirring. She raised her hand to her forehead, drawing a quivering breath. Something had happened this evening that changed the whole aspect of life for her. She knew that Jim did not love Jocelyn; never had loved her; and she knew that he was jealous of Olver. Beside that wonderful knowledge, her indignation against Jocelyn for the lies she

had told, dwindled to a small thing. She scarcely had time to feel indignant at all. Amid the glorious crowd of new thoughts and new hopes, that were suddenly in her heart, she could find very little room for anger against anyone. And, after all, Jocelyn's lies, outrageous, inexcusable as they were, had served a palpable purpose. ... They had brought Jim to her here! and they had brought him nearer, in spite of his brusque ungraciousness, than he had ever been before. ...

INSTALMENT 33 Even the adventure of the afternoon with Billy was dim in her memory, compared with the light these new discoveries shed. A light so bright that it seemed to dazzle even thought; so that she stood, scarcely thinking of Jim; rather dreaming of him. Minute after minute passed over her head while she stood there looking out into the breathless night, weaving the delicate gossamer of dreams...

Presently she aroused herself, leaned out of the window and looked up at the dark, angry sky. ... Then drew in quickly, closed the curtains, turned off the light, and went to her room. When she was in bed she lay for a long time staring up into the dark, unable to think for the memories of Jim; of looks and words, that kept racing through her mind. When at last she did sleep it was to dream of his harsh, broken voice, and his dark, tormented eyes. But along towards midnight, her dream changed to more violent things. It seemed to her that the hotel was on fire and that it was Billy who had set it alight. It seemed to be rocking violently, and there was a sound of people running about, and then the whole place seemed to be tumbling down with the most terrific banging and crashing and roaring and she sat up with a start, switching on the light over her

head, to find that the threat of the last three stifling days was being carried out at last, and that a thunderstorm was raging. She sat for a moment, rigid, staring, while the lightning flickered its piercing, vivid light through the room, and thunder crashed overhead. Then panic swept her, as a storm always made it, and before she knew it, she was out of bed, flinging a wrap around her shoulders, and was halfway to Lee's door. ... But evidently he had already thought of her, for before she reached it, she saw him in the doorway, a dressing-gown over his pyjamas, and he was saying: 'It's all right, Lucy don't be afraid; I'm here if you want me.'

If she wanted him! She just stumbled towards him, hands outstretched and found herself caught in his arms, caught and held close against his neck, as a blinding flash lit the room, to be followed by a vicious crashing that seemed to shake the world. (To Be Continued)

ELECTION CARD TO THE ELECTORS OF WARD FIVE:

Ladies & Gentlemen: It is my privilege once again to offer my services to Ward Five and the citizens in general as Councillor.

Having been one of your representatives for the past six years in the City Council, I have endeavoured to give you the best services within my power. Everything in connection with the betterment of the City consistent with our revenue will receive my hearty approval. It is not my intention to make a personal canvass; my record is before you and I take this opportunity of soliciting your support on election day. Thanking you for your support in the past and anticipating a continuance of same on February 10th.

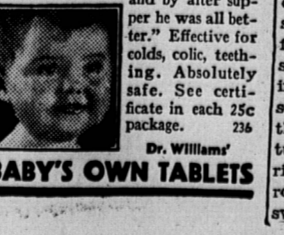
Respectfully yours, SAMUEL KENNEDY.

Best Remedy for Cough Is Easily Mixed at Home

You'll never know how quickly a stubborn cough due to a cold can be conquered, until you try this famous recipe. It is used in millions of homes, because it gives more prompt, positive relief than anything else. It's no trouble at all to mix and costs but a trifle. Into a 16 oz. bottle, pour 2 1/2 ounces of Pinex; then add plain granulated sugar syrup or strained honey to make 16 ounces. This saves two-thirds of the money usually spent for cough medicine, and gives you a purer, better remedy. It never spoils, and tastes good—children like it. You can actually feel its penetrating, soothing action on the inflamed throat membranes. It is also absorbed into the blood, where it acts directly on the bronchial tubes. At the same time, it promptly loosens the germ-laden phlegm. This three-fold action explains why it brings such quick relief even in those severe coughs which follow cold epidemics. Pinex is a highly concentrated compound of Norway Pine, containing the active agent of creosote, in a refined, palatable form, and known as one of the greatest medicinal agents for severe coughs and bronchial irritations. Do not use a substitute for Pinex. It is guaranteed to give prompt relief or money refunded.

Feverish?

'My baby's cheeks and hands were so hot,' writes Mrs. Bernard Brer, Enterprise, Ont., 'I was frightened. I gave him a Baby's Own Tablet at noon and by after supper he was all better.' Effective for colds, colic, teething. Absolutely safe. See certificate in each 25c package. 236



ELECTION CARD

To the Electors of Ward One Ladies and Gentlemen: Complying with the request of a large number of the Electors I have nominated to contest Ward One in the coming Civic Election. I elected I promise to support all measures that may come up for the good of the city consistent with the revenues, to safeguard the interests of the working man, to urge for a reduction in our electric service charge, and rates. Now that valuation of property has been increased I am in favor of a lower percentage of taxation. There may be some voters that I will miss seeing personally in my canvass, and I earnestly solicit their support on Election Day. If you determine the honour of electing me I will work for the best interest of the city and Ward One in particular. Respectfully yours, JOHN T. DOYLE.

ELECTION CARD TO THE ELECTORS OF WARD FOUR

I respectfully ask the support of those who feel that I am capable of representing them in Ward four and the city in general. FRANK S. CURRIE, 532-2-5-51

To The Electors Of Ward Three LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

I have been requested by many of the voters in this ward to nominate for City Councillor. In placing my name in nomination I wish to work for the best interests of the city, watching out for economy in all departments. I am a business man, carrying on business in Ward Three, also a property holder. As a member of the City Fire Department for many years, I have endeavored to give my best services to the city. Thanking the many electors for their courtesies and asking for your support at the polls on Wednesday, the tenth instant, I remain, Yours respectfully, FRED H. TRAINOR.