

What the Fashionables are Wearing

Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished With Every Pattern

By Annabelle Worthington



No. 759—Becoming Model. This style is designed in sizes 14, 16, 18, 20 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 4 1/2 yards of 39-inch material with 1 1/2 yards of ribbon.

No. 179—For The Toddlers. This style is designed in sizes 1, 2, 4 and 6 years. Size 4 requires 2 1/2 yards of 39-inch material with 1/2 yard of 32-inch contrasting.

No. 180—A Practical Type. This style is designed in sizes 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. Size 4 requires 1 yard of 39-inch material for blouse with 3/4 yard of 35-inch material for trousers and 1/2 yard of 35-inch lining.

No. 663—Smart Xmas Gift. This style is designed in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 16 requires 1 1/2 yards of 39-inch material with



**Mentholatum**  
The healing cream  
for Colds, Catarrh,  
Sore throat, etc.  
MADE IN CANADA

Magnate Of Bridge Has A Great Racket

(By J. V. McAree, in Toronto Mail and Empire.)

Ely Culbertson, upon whom the eyes of the world are reverently fastened at the moment, is one of the smoothest racketeers ever to gain prominence in the United States. The son of a Russian mother and an American father of covenanting Scottish descent, he has had an adventurous career and now, still a youthful man, he is one of the world's celebrities. The extent of his fortune is not known but his income is probably far greater than that of the average millionaire, and the tournament in which he is engaged will no doubt vastly increase it. He does not make his money by playing cards, for in the ordinary course of events he would find few people to play against him. Indeed he says that there are just 13 real experts in the United States, one of them being Lenz, his opponent. Culbertson's bridge income is derived from his books, the fees he receives from other instructors licensed to teach his new system, the sale of syndicated articles such as appear in the Mail and Empire, and tables, lamps, pencils, cards, etc. connected with the game.

He owns and edits a magazine and is his own publisher. His 1,000 graduate teachers pay him an annual fee of \$60. He need not envy the affluence of the card player who broke the bank at Monte Carlo. Yet he has been playing bridge only a short time. His original plans were to become a professor of sociology and help remould the world nearer to the heart's desire. His messianic urge was derived from Russia where he spent his boyhood, while his father was busy developing oil wells. Ely fell into the company of a group of young radicals, many of whom were later on to play a part in the Bolshevik revolution, and adopted their theories with enthusiasm. When the war broke out he served in the French Red Cross. The Russian revolution spell ruin for the Culbertson family and Ely still has an account of \$3,000,000 which he says the Bolsheviks owe him for confiscating his father's oil property.

**His First Coupe**  
After the war he hung about Paris and Geneva living in the mysterious manner of other refugees without visible sources of income. It was at this time he turned to cards. In the cafes he became known as not only a poor player but a stubborn one. He was not so much interested in winning as in learning why a certain play had been made. He became a bore, and people declined to play with him. It is related by Andrew A. Freeman in The Outlook that one evening he dropped into Paris gambling club with 100 francs in his pocket. He put a 20-franc chip on the table and as he did so became involved in an altercation with another player who had stepped on his toe. They retired to fight and when Culbertson, somewhat dishevelled, returned, he found that his 20-franc chip had miraculously multiplied itself into 20,480. It was after this coup that he left Europe and went to the United States, looking for a job. He might never have become noted as a card player but for the accident of meeting with Miss Josephine Dillon with whom he fell in love, and who later on became

of scientific progress—whether nutritionists and psychologists will be physicians of the future!

Recently, we heard of a man who consulted a well-known nerve specialist regarding frequent attacks of insomnia which were interfering with his work. This man was a writer—one of the temperamental folks who work best during the late hours of the night. Night after night—after he had retired—he spent long hours, tossing, turning and worrying—bodily tired but active of brain—until the approach of

quality, cleanliness, accuracy and detail.

Now, I can see no reason why I should spend long hours preparing and cutting vegetables for soup when a ready-to-serve soup containing a dozen choice vegetables may be purchased for a few cents. I do not use canned vegetable soup merely as a soup. It is one of the most useful of canned foods for adding flavour and nutriment to made-over meat dishes, for adding to steamed meat puddings, casserole dishes, in jellied salads, and countless other appetizing "made" dishes suitable for luncheon or supper.

At one time,—when I wished to serve tomato soup,—I bought tomatoes, washed them, cut them, cooked them with seasonings, rubbed them through a sieve, then made up a sauce,—with which I combined the tomato puree. Now I merely open a tin of condensed tomato soup, dilute it with an equal amount of milk,—add other seasonings, if desired, and re-heat,—with the result that a saucepan of delicious soup is produced at a moment's notice,—and without soiling countless dishes in the process. Like the vegetable soup canned tomato soup is of inestimable value in general household cookery,—as it may be used in sauce, made-over dishes, cereal dishes, jellied salads, etc.

At one time,—when I required consommé—a soup that is necessary in all households in which the making of well-flavoured foods is attempted,—I purchased beef and veal and ham and chicken,—and spent long hours making up the consommé,—the recipe for which called for a dozen or more different ingredients,—including four egg-whites for "clearing" the soup. Now I find that where only a small amount of stock is required,—as is the case in households where the family is of moderate size,—one can of consommé supplies the required amount of stock for sauce, gravies, etc., at a minimum of trouble and expense.

There are other appetizing soups put up in cans. I have mentioned only three of the type which may be used in many dishes other than soups.

**A HARMLESS SEDATIVE**  
One begins to wonder—in this age dawn.

Chief Complaint of Wives  
**Dorothy Dix**  
Suggests Compromise Between Partners

What the Average Home Needs is a Little More Conversation and Theatre Tickets on the Husband's Part, and a Little More Pity for the Exhaustion Resulting From a Hard Day's Work on the Wife's

In a survey that has recently been made of a hundred married couples the husbands' chief complaint was that their wives talked too much, and the wives' chief complaint was that their husbands talked too little.

Inasmuch as most men and women presumably get married for the purpose of securing companionship for themselves, it is queer and ironic that conversation should be bone of contention in so many households, but it is. Apparently after marriage a man's ideal of the perfect wife is one who is both deaf and dumb, and who can neither talk herself nor listen to talk, while the woman still yearns for cheerful chatter, and this gives rise to endless friction between them.

Why the man who before marriage could not get enough of a woman's society can do with so little of it after marriage, no one can explain. It is merely one of those inexplicable changes that matrimony works in the masculine sex, but it is a never-ending amazement and a never-ending grievance to wives to discover that their husbands, who used to hang upon their words by the hour during courtship, and with whom they held endless discussion on every subject under the sun, never seem to hear a word they say after they are married.

Every bride looks forward to marriage being a perpetual talkfest, but she soon discovers that as soon as hubby comes home of an evening and has his dinner, he takes refuge behind his paper and all that she can get out of him is an occasional grunt. Loving the sound of her own voice, she battles against this for a while and then, wearying of monologuing, she gives up, and the hours that she had thought to spend in happy converse are spent in a dull, sickening silence in which you could hear a pin fall.

Not this do women expect of marriage, and the thing that chiefly peeves wives with domesticity is its long, dull, lonely evenings spent with husbands who are about as loquacious as a store dummy.

The husband, on the other hand, pleads in his own defense that he is tired of talking and tired of listening. That he has spent his day lending a weary ear to boring conversationalists and that he has worn himself to a frizzle trying to be bright and witty and cheery and stimulating and convincing and that he yearns for nothing else on earth when he gets to the shelter of his own home but silence. Deep, dark chunks of silence, so thick that you could cut them with a knife.

And the woman counters by saying that she is starving for companionship while her husband is fed up on it. She has been alone in the house all day, with nobody to talk to except the baby, and however much you may love an infant there is nothing to get excited about listening to its saying ga-ga and gogly-goo. What she yearns for is a husband who will come back with a lot of cheery gossip that he has collected in the outside world and who will divert her by telling some good stories he has picked up and who will listen with interest to all the little details of her day.

It is unfortunate that the very circumstances of a man's and woman's life should be a barrier between them and keep them from understanding and sympathizing with each other, but such is the case.

Take this matter to talk for one illustration. Men complaining that their wives talk too much. Women complaining that their husbands do not talk enough. For another illustration take the matter of going out of an evening, which is the cause of as many family rows as any other one thing on earth.

The man's day is spent in store or office or shop, in the midst of his fellow-creatures. All day long he is seeing people and going to places. All day long there is the babble of conversation in his ears, and he looks forward to going home and getting into slippers and dressing gown and relaxing over the paper or listening to the radio as the most delightful way in which he can spend his evening.

But the wife has been shut in the four walls of her house. All day she has done the same dull, monotonous tasks, cooking, sewing, cleaning, baby-tending, and nothing to give her thoughts a new turn. By night she is ready to scream with boredom and she wants to put on a pretty dress and step out, even if it is only to the neighborhood movie or to get a bite at the delicatessen shop.

So the man regards his wife as unreasonable and a garabout because she wants to go out to some place of amusement in the evening and the wife thinks her husband is a selfish old grouch because he won't take her.

And it takes more unselfishness and wisdom for each to see the other's point of view than most husbands and wives possess. Hence these quarrels, and it is pitiful to think how much domestic misery and discord and divorces could be prevented by just a little bit more conversation in the family circle and a few theatre tickets on the husbands' part. And by wives showing a little more pity for husband whose daily work has exhausted them, body and brain and vocal cords.

**DOROTHY DIX.**

his wife. Miss Dillon was a well-known player and teacher of bridge, and she convinced Ely that he had the qualifications to make a great player.

**A Revolutionary Player**  
Bridge as he played it in those years was less a diversion than hard work. He kept a record of every hand he played or saw played. He dissected the play to detect where the mistakes had been made and why. At the end of the month he produced a statistical chart such as great business executives used to keep in their offices before they threw them out of the window, in 1930. A revolutionary at heart, he came to the conclusion that there was something radically wrong with the game. He insisted that the fault lay with the teachers and for a considerable time before his fame was actually established, he was the most disliked bridge player in any community he haunted. Gradually he evolved a theory of his own which now has millions of adherents and which is being tested formally in the games against Lenz. Certainly he has had more advertising out of bridge than any

pair of suspenders with gold buckles. He never walks, if he wants to go even half a block he hires a taxi. With a former member of the Russian duma he is now collaborating, on a book to show the inevitability of a war between Soviet Russia and the United States. So far in the present contest Culbertson has skilfully out-talked Lenz.

A "GIFT" FOR SANTA CLAUS



"Sure, Santa Claus is going to bring me everything I asked for. He won't forget one little toy, even."



"I'll bet when he reads it he'll put our house the very first on his list. Just you wait and see."

Let the Clark Kitchens Help You for Quicker and Better Meals. A Canadian firm through and through, established 1877

**CLARK'S**  
PORK & BEANS WITH TOMATO, CHILI OR PLAIN SAUCE.

There's a real, home-made flavour to Clark's Plum Pudding... a famous old English recipe is responsible!

Secrets Of Dew Ponds

A number of British stock farmers recently asked the agricultural editor of the London Daily Express if he could tell them anything about the old dew ponds. They have questioned if they really are effective in prolonged rainless spells. It is certainly extraordinary that these ponds in exposed positions on the tops of chalk hills should remain full of water while large ponds in the valleys dry up, but "seeing is believing" and in the driest spells I have seen these ponds still full, though large numbers of cattle and sheep have drunk daily from them.

Why are they not more freely used? The answer is rather startling. The making of these ponds is a secret, centuries old, and of the considerable number who once shared it, only two men remain. They are two brothers named Smith, who live near Basingstoke. They have taken the oath of secrecy, handed down through their family for many generations, and they may divulge their secret to no one but their descendants. They are unmarried, and are now about forty years old. They have been asked to leave their secret to the nation when they die. They say they cannot because of their oath.

These two brothers have made ponds in almost every county in England and Wales, and no pond has ever failed to provide water. They have been asked to go abroad and make ponds in California and elsewhere. They say they have all the work they need, and prefer England.

I have seen them at work, and they have described to me as much of their process as they dare. They dig out the soil to a depth of five feet or so in the centre, sloping upwards to the edges, where it becomes level with the ground, where it is banked up eighteen inches. The pond is then lined with clay.

Etiquette  
By Roberts Lee

**Q.** What kind of clothing should be worn by a woman staying alone in a hotel?  
**A.** The most modest and least conspicuous dress appropriate to the hour of the day. Full dress should not be worn unless she has an escort.  
**Q.** Must an invitation to a reception always be acknowledged?  
**A.** Yes, if the letters R. s. v. p. appear on it.  
**Q.** Does the hostess or her daughter pour tea at a formal tea?  
**A.** No; waiters perform this task.

and the clay covered with lime, and the lime must on no account be allowed to mix with the clay lining. A special substance is mixed with the lime, and it is in the constitution of this substance that the chief part of the secret lies. I was not allowed even to see the substance. Plain earth is then laid over the lime, and hammered down with wooden rams to make the bed, or "stan," of the pond. That finishes the job, and it only remains to wait for the pond to fill, which takes about six months. After that, the less rain there is the more easily the pond remains filled, and any number of sticks with which other sources have dried up. The accepted scientific explanation seems to be that the layer of dry straw insulates the earth below and prevents heat passing from it to the water in the pond. The water, therefore, remains cold and causes the moisture-laden night air to part with its water. The heat of the day also causes evaporation of the pond water, and this increases its coldness and further facilitates condensation.

By following these principles, firms using modern scientific methods guarantee to make ponds and provide water. Yet the fact remains that men who have worked for years with the brothers Smith have sometimes left them and set up as pond-makers on their own; but while meeting with some success, they have never produced ponds as effective in really dry times.

Now the age-old system that, in the opinion of some experts, dates from the time of the pyramids and is still in use by the great of two lives.

A Morning Smile

**A SMILE OR TWO**  
Lady of the House—"I've called you in about a damp patch in the kitchen."  
Plumber—"Ere! Steady, lady, Strong language never 'elped!'"

For The Cook

**CREAM PUFFS**  
With cool weather, everyone will have a great deal more ambition along cookery lines. One of these days, you will want to make these custard-filled cream puffs. It is a most intriguing business, the making of choux paste—and you can work up a wide variety of uses for it with different fillings (savory as well as sweet!).

1/2 cup butter.  
1 cup hot water.  
1 cup flour.  
1/4 teaspoon salt.  
4 eggs.  
Add the butter to the hot water, bring to the boiling point, and add the flour and salt, all at one time. Stir rapidly and constantly until the paste leaves the sides of the pan. Remove from the fire and when cool beat in the eggs one at a time until thoroughly blended with the paste mixture. Drop by spoonful about 3 inches apart on a greased inverted baking pan, and bake in a hot oven (400 degrees F.) until puffed and golden brown. When cool cut and fill the lower sections with seasoned whipped cream or custard, put the tops in place, and sprinkle with powdered sugar.

**Puff Filling**  
1 cup cream or rich milk.  
2 tablespoons cornstarch.  
2 tablespoons sugar.  
1/4 teaspoon salt.  
2 egg yolks.  
1/2 teaspoon vanilla.  
2 tablespoons butter.  
Heat the cream or milk in a double boiler. Mix the cornstarch, sugar, and salt, add the heated cream or milk, return to the double boiler, stir until thickened, cover, and cook for 10 to 15 minutes. Four some of the hot mixture slowly into the well-beaten egg yolks, mix all together, add the butter and vanilla, from the double boiler, and mix well. Use as the filling for the puffs.