

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

THE HOUSEWIFE AND HER ACTIVITIES



One little space of time have I With undisputed right to try The ways of life—to reach the goal That gleams, a fragment of the whole—Today.

PATIENCE

Endeavour to be always patient of the faults and imperfections of others for thou hast faults and imperfections of thy own that require a reciprocation of forbearance. If thou art not able to make thyself that which thou wishest to be, how canst thou expect to mould another in conformity to thy will?—Thomas a Kempis.

SELF-TRUST

Self-trust is the first secret of success, the belief that if you are here, the authorities of the universe put you here, and for cause, or with some task strictly appointed you in your constitution, and so long as you work at that you are well and successful.—Emerson.

LUCKY

Luck means the hardships and privations which you have not hesitated to endure, the lonely nights you have devoted to work, Luck means the appointments you have never failed to keep; the trains you have never failed to catch.

TOMORROW

The immediate present is past before you can speak of it. The immediate present is a time for making friends, and the friends you make today are the people who will make your success possible tomorrow.

EXAMPLES

Noble examples stir us up to noble actions, and the very history of large and public souls inspires a man with generous thoughts.—Seneca.

THE WORLD

The world is what we make it. Forward then, forward, in the power of faith, forward in the truth, forward in the power of friendship, forward in the power of freedom, forward in the power of hope, forward in the power of God.—Henry Vincent.

A STRONG WILL

If we have need of a strong will in order to do good, it is more necessary still for us in order not to do evil; from which it often results that the most modest life is that where the force of will is most exercised.—C. M.

MUCH CARE REQUIRED IN ONE-ROOM HOMES

The decoration of one room apartments requires careful color choice. In space so limited it is necessary that color harmonize and that the effect be artistic, otherwise the occupant soon be-

comes conscious of a disturbing atmosphere. A pleasant effect was achieved in a small apartment by painting walls a butter yellow, a sunshiny hue which keeps the interior bright and cheerful even on the darkest days. An off-white ceiling, tending toward yellow but not ivory, promoted the light, cheerful environment.

Venetian blinds and the background of the chintz curtains matched the wall color. A wing chair covered with yellow carried on the color note, while in contrast the davenport and some occasional chairs were covered in shades of dull reddish purple and egg plant. The rose, blue and green figures in the chintz contrasted with the reddish hue of the mahogany furniture and the plain dark rug.

STYLISH WHIMISIES.

For generations the bride's wedding gloves, as well as her dress, veil and slippers, have been cherished and carefully tucked away with the "something old, something new, something borrowed and something blue."

If the bride's gloves are anywhere from three-quarter length to the shoulder, gloves should be worn. Very long ones meet very short sleeves in the modern bridal dress. Since the ring must go on, the cleverest way of freeing the finger without damaging the glove is to open the seam and tuck the glove finger inside. After the wedding you can have the seam sewed up again at the store from which you bought the gloves.

Ivory white gloves are the rule for wedding gloves, and spurge on this item, you brides. Buy the finest pair you can find, as they are something you will always keep. For her attendants, gloves in color add a great deal of chic to the picture, the modern bride finds. The color of the gloves may be taken from the bouquets the girls carry, or from their corsages. Or they may match ribbons or trimmings on hats, their jewels or any other thing that the bride's ingenuity can conjure.

QUALITIES

Industry, good moral habits, courage, faith in God and man—these are the fundamental qualities in all great lives and great successes in the world of men and affairs.—J. R. G.

PURE TEA IS GOOD FOR YOU!
BECAUSE—It is the ideal refresher on hot summer days.

Remember **King Cole**

ANITA LOOS' SARATOGA

Illustrated by Vincentini

(Continued)
CHAPTER XXX
Forty thousand men and women stared at the board and for a moment were stunned into silence. Then a clamor, unequalled before, broke out. There were angry protests—Lightning had won—Moon Ray had won. Bets as to what the picture would show were made and taken. Forty thousand hearts were beating double time—some in hope, some in favor. How long would be before the film could be developed—run off—furnish the irrevocable decision? How long would their nerves, already strung dangerously high, be asked to bear this suspense?

Duke, alone of all the crowd, had kept his poise. With a shrug of his shoulders, he turned to speak to Tip. But that faithful friend was not beside him. He had slumped to the ground in a faint.

"It's too much, boss," Tip whispered calmly, later on. And I'll know it tonight—and tomorrow—and the day after—and the next one after that. Such things get around, you know.

Tip shook his head slowly as Duke walked quickly off toward the bar. That guy, he said to nobody, for nobody was listening, is the strangest duck I ever saw. And the most wonderful.

Carol, from her box, saw Duke leave the booth. She rose from her chair and without a word started to leave the box. Madison put out his hand to stop her. He asked why she was going.

"I'm going to Duke," she said.

"To ask him to forgive me," she said simply.

She tried to hurry through the crowd, but it seemed as if thousands of men and women were milling around with the sole pur-

A Morning Smile

Earth flew in all directions as the crimson faced would-be golfer attempted to strike the ball. "My word," he blurted out to his caddie, "the worms will think there's an earthquake."

"I don't know," replied the caddie. "The worms round here are crafty. I'll bet most of them are hiding underneath the ball for safety."

Two small boys—this is an English story—were gazing at the shop windows decorated for Christmas. Presently they arrived at a butcher shop and one pointed to a number of hams hanging from a large holly branch.

"Look," he said, "look at them 'ams a-growin' up there."

"Get away," said the other. "Ams don't grow."

"Well, that's all you know about it," said the first scornfully. "Ain't you never 'eard of a ambush?"

he said.

"I'm sorry, she said.

Her thoughts had been all for Duke. She had forgotten that she had done Kiffie and Fritzie a great wrong, too. When she remembered—everything. Her voice was low and pleading when she spoke. Timidly she held out her hand.

Will you please believe, she said that I'm more than sorry, more than ashamed? I'm heartbroken. I can't blame you if you won't take my hand, but I wish you would.

Kiffie's heart was one where anger could not stay long. He saw the sincerity in her face, heard it in her voice. He took her hand.

"I'm sorry that you are unhappy, Miss Clayton," he said. But nevertheless and anyway, I've got to tell you that pulling that switch with Dixie didn't seem—didn't seem—You needn't go on, she interrupted. I don't see, myself, how I ever did—such a low thing. For you see—I love Duke.

"I can't make it out. Did you ever hear of revenge? Yes, And I've also heard of a thing called jealousy. That's why when Dixie told me Duke and Fritzie were planning on Lightning broke in on them, and angry voice calling to—Carol. They swung around and faced Hartley Madison. Carol took a step toward him.

There is an explanation due you, Hartley, she said. I'm sorry it has to come like this—I love Duke.

He drew back from her. In his face was the look that one sees on an animal which has been wounded. Carol saw it; saw it was real. She felt she could not bear to look at his face, but she knew she must. This was the day when all that was in their hearts—the three of them—must be brought out into the open at last.

Hartley, she said, and there was dignity in the simple way she said it, "you will just have to take my word for it that I am sorry if I have to make you unhappy, even for a moment. And you must believe me when I say I tried to think I was mistaken when I first knew I was in love with Duke. I denied it to myself. That was why I was so nervous, so irritable. I couldn't go on denying the truth any longer. I meant to tell you—even before I knew I couldn't marry you."

There was silence for a long moment. It was broken by Madison. He held out his hand to Duke. "I guess the best man's wins," he said. Then to Carol: "It was lovely Carol—perhaps too lovely to be true."

Carol held out both her hands to him.

"Thank you, Hartley," she said. She watched him leave and then turned to Duke. She spoke gaily, almost flippantly. She couldn't go on at such an emotional pitch.

"This time you don't turn me down," she declared. "I've broken my engagement to you. Do you think I intend to be left stranded?"

"If Lightning doesn't prove to be the winner, I'll be left stranded."

"Well, there's always the tin cup we've talked so much about. I'll stand on the corner with you. That doesn't matter. The one thing which does matter is—I'm going to be Mrs. Duke Bradley."

An ear-splitting roar crashed through the room from the outside. Shouts of joy and shrieks of grief were mingled in that mighty noise. It could mean but one thing—the decision had been posted. Hand in hand, they rushed to the door. They stood on tip-toe to see what was on the board—it was impossible to tell from the cries of those around them, which horse had won. They strained their eyes. Then they saw it was a number seven. They had never seen anything so big, so bright, so beautiful in their lives.

Number seven was Lightning!

THE END.

THE COOK'S CORNER

FROZEN TOMATO SALAD

(Serves Five)
3 cups canned tomatoes,
1-4 cup chopped pimento
1-4 cup chopped green pepper
1 tablespoon chopped onion
2 teaspoons granulated gelatin
2 tablespoons cold water
3 tablespoons mild vinegar
1 tablespoon lemon juice
1 tablespoon horseradish
3-4 teaspoon salt

Few grains cayenne pepper
Cook tomatoes, pimento, green pepper, and onion together for five minutes. Soak gelatin in cold water and dissolve in the hot liquid, which has been removed from the stove. Add other ingredients, cool and freeze in refrigerator tray for several hours. Slice, and serve on lettuce with mayonnaise and a garnish of stuffed olives.

Middle Age Can Be Best in Life

Dorothy Dix

It Also Is The Most Dangerous

During Youth Prepare for the Period of Middle Age and Then it Will Become the Finest Time in Your Life

Speaking by and large, and of humanity in general, middle age is not only the most dangerous, but the most unhappy period of life. It is the age of indiscretion for men and of probas and neurosis for women. The time when people who have always been as upright and conventional as a church steeple suddenly go haywire for no apparent reason except that they are fiftyish.



We all know more than one man who after being a devoted husband and father for thirty years, as domestic as the house cat and as reliable as old Dobbin, without rhyme or reason kicks over the traces and runs wild among the wild women until he lands in the divorce court.

Likewise, we know plenty of sane and sensible wives whose middle name was Evidence until they got to be far, fat and away from home. They developed a serene complexion and went flirtatious and began dyeing their hair and painting themselves up like a barn door and doing themselves up in flapper clothes and making eyes at boys young enough to be their sons.

And as for the women who are hale and hearty and cheerful until they are middle-aged and then develop mysterious complaints that turn them into melancholy wrecks, their names is legion. They crowd doctors' offices and fill sanatoriums and enrich high-priced specialists.

Of course, many explanations can be offered for this curious metamorphosis in their personalities that takes place at middle age in so many people. One is that it is the last flare-up of youth, the final call to the dining car. A man and woman have been jogging along through the years, not noticing that they were getting older and still thinking that they are a mere boy and girl, then something happens that jars them into the realization that they are no longer young, that they are middle-aged.

It throws them into a panic. It makes them feel that they must grab youth with both hands and hold on to it; that they must have a last fling; that they must have another bite of romance while they still have teeth to chew it, and so have the middle-aged men who forsake their old wives for flappers and the middle-aged women who create scandals with their goings-on with gigolos.

The dangerous thing about middle age is that it tempts us to make fools of ourselves. The tragedy of it is that it finds so many of us unprepared for it. We have known in the back of our heads that middle age was bound to come to us, as to others, and that the order of our lives was bound to be changed by time, yet we haven't done a thing toward making the transition from one stage of life to another easy and pleasant. We haven't laid up a single resource on which we can depend in our hour of need.

Up to the time they are middle-aged the average married couple have been too busy trying to make a fortune and rear a family to think about anything but the store and the house. They have got their interest and excitement and thrills and amusement out of their work; the one thing the baby said; sending John off to college and giving Mary a debut party and they have neglected nothing else.

Then suddenly it is all over. The children are married and gone about the business of life for themselves. The house that has been so gay with the coming and going of young people is empty and silent. The husband and wife are alone together as they were when they started out. Only there is this difference—that then they were lovers and now, in the great majority of cases, they are strangers.

The man has been too much absorbed in his business to keep in touch with his wife. The woman has been too much absorbed in her children to keep step with her husband. He has lived in one world and she in another so long that they do not even speak the same language and they bore each other to tears.

That is why so many men at middle age become philanderers and why so many women at middle age are peevish, fretful, morbid and make a cult of semi-invalidism. They are lonesome in their big houses when the children have left. They have no companionship with each other and the wife, at least, has nothing to do but to think of herself and worry over imaginary ills. So often is this the case that you can date the average woman's ill health from her last child's marriage.

The moral of all of which is: In youth prepare for middle age. Cultivate some hobby. And keep friends with your husbands and wives. They are the one on whom you will have to depend for companionship when your children are gone.

gether cakes—cakes with a filling of stabled foods too, as they are the only ones that can replace the tissue that is worn out each and every day. If you are working hard see that you eat enough and see to it that your diet includes some of the proteid foods—fish, eggs or cheese.

SQUARE CAKE TINS

My family is very fond of 'to-

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LAND VALUES SOAB

(By The Canadian Press)

JOHANNESBURG—Land values here are rising by leaps and bounds. There are instances where the increase is as much as 600 per cent and other sites have been valued four and five times what they were three years ago.



"The one thing which does matter is—I'm going to be Mrs. Duke Bradley."

posed, when Duke had slapped consciousness back into him and helped him to his feet. "I can't stand it. Cripes, how can you take it this way? Cool as a cucumber! And you stand to lose a hundred thousand smackeroos—and then some!"

"Duke shrugged his shoulders again.

Well, that's what you have to face when you bet on a race. We'll know the worst—or the best—in a few minutes. So long, I'm going over to the bar—maybe one of your oft-touted bicarbs wouldn't be a bad idea, right now."

"To the bar! My Gawd! Ain't you going to wait for the decision? I'll know it, Duke answered

pose of getting in her way. Roughly, rudely, she elbowed her way through groups, breaking them apart. She did not know they stared at her in surprise. She knew only one thing—she must reach Duke; she must tell him all that was in her heart. She must tell him that the one thing in the world she wanted was to have the decision go to Lightning.

She was not conscious that she almost knocked a man down, until he cried out.

"What's the idea, anyway—oh, it's you!"

It was Kiffie. He was very angry.

"You don't have to kill me in addition to everything else, do you?"

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