

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

Milady Beautiful

BY LOIS LEEDS



SHAMPOO FOR ASHEN BLONDES

There have been so many requests for treatments for lard hair that I am going to discuss the subject of hair-bleaching in some detail today.

In the first place I personally do not recommend bleaching the hair for three reasons: First, bleached hair is out of harmony with one's natural skin tints and eye-color in most cases. Second, as the hair grows in dark at the roots it must be re-touched regularly by an expert. It is the upkeep and not the original cost of a bleached head that mounts up in time and money.

I know that these reasons will not prevent many of my readers from wanting to keep their hair light, so I am describing for you today a bleaching shampoo that will lighten hair that has not previously been bleached.

The bleaching shampoo is made by mixing two tablespoons of peroxide with six tablespoons of a liquid shampoo mixture. You may use a commercial liquid or make one by shaving and melting castile soap in hot water. Do not boil it, however. Moisten the hair and rub in the shampoo, working up a rich lather all over the hair, including the ends. Leave the lather on for five minutes and then rinse it off. If the hair is light enough, repeat the lathering and rinse again after another five minutes. The longer the lather is left on the lighter the hair becomes.

The bleaching shampoo is far better than the method some girls use to bleach their hair, rubbing on the peroxide with the palms of their hands. This gives a streaky effect. If bleaching is done at all it should be done by an expert. Retouching the dark hair at the roots is not a job for amateurs, either, as great care must be taken not to let the new bleach overlap the old.

While I am discussing bleaching, a word on the treatment of over-bleached hair would be timely. The typical "peroxide blonde" with hair like old dry straw often wishes to restore health and beauty to her hair. The best treatment for this condition is the use of warm oil followed by an egg shampoo. The oil may be a commercial hair oil or a mixture of equal parts of olive oil and mineral oil. Four to six eggs are required; the whites and yolks are beaten separately and then folded together. The head is "lathered" in the egg and then rinsed, three or four times.

Tomorrow—Beauty Questions Answered.

"PINKHAM'S COMPOUND IS WONDERFUL"

Read This Letter from a Grateful Woman

Vanessa, Ont.—"I think Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is wonderful. I have had six children of which four are living and my youngest is a bonnie baby now eight months old who weighs 22 pounds. I have taken your medicine before each of them was born and have certainly received great benefit from it. I urge my friends to take it as I am sure they will receive the same help I did."—Mrs. MILTON MOULTON, Vanessa, Ontario.

Halls New Era of Spanking Machine

Dorothy Dix

Should Children Be Disciplined?

"There is no Other Such Sinister Figure in Modern Life as the Child Bolshevik, Nor is There Any Other Crime Equal to Letting a Child Make Itself and Everybody Else Miserable"

The simultaneous announcement that two different men in different parts of the country have invented a patent spanking machine that is guaranteed to carry repentance and reformation in its wake when properly used is more than a coincidence.



It is a prophecy, and it indicates that flaming youth is about to get its comeuppance. Of course, there is nothing the matter with the old-fashioned hand-made spank, except that there is not enough of it to go around. Hence the invention of something that promises to enlarge its scope and usefulness meets a long-felt want, for there is no other such crying need in America today as for some method of dealing with the obstreperous children who are in need of a good padding.

I am quite aware that these heterodox views will not meet with the approval of most mothers, and that I shall be considered a rank Philistine by the child culture devotees, but to my mind there is no other such sinister figure in modern life as the child Bolshevik, nor is there any other crime against society equal to letting a child make itself and everybody else miserable and uncomfortable when it could be sweetened, made agreeable and optimistic by a judiciously administered spank.

For the spank stands to the child for law, order and respectability, and it is happy just in proportion as it is amenable to it. The child criminal is just as unrepentant as the adult criminal.

The most curious evolution of the civilization of our day is the attitude we take toward children, and its fundamental principle is that a child must not be made to behave. He is no longer forced into the straight and narrow path and compelled to stay there. An effort is made to beguile him into the ways of righteousness and politeness and civility, and if he condescends to walk in that direction everybody offers up prayers of thanksgiving. If he behaves, it is simply a matter of grace. Nobody is rash enough to try to make him.

In other times there didn't seem to be any particular difficulty or flurry about rearing children, and when most of us older ones were brought up it was a perfectly plain and simple proposition without any sterilized milk or sterilized philosophizing about it.

We were just dressed simply, reared plainly, spanked when we were bad, kissed when we were good, taught obedience to our parents, respect for our elders, and that our place in the scheme of things was in the background.

Now all of that is changed. After the first baby is born into a family nobody expects to get any rational conversation out of either parent for the next twenty years. It is always what Tommy thinks or Sally says or Johnny did, and no effort is made to suppress these infant terrors. On the contrary, they are dragged to the front and kept there.

Now I do not believe in suppressing children, but I hold it is a rank injustice to any child to bring him up to think that he is of supreme and paramount importance. It is going to be a bitter day for him when he finds out, when he is grown, that nobody will listen to him, and life will give him many a hard knock before it kicks the inflated self-esteem out of him and reduces him to the proper size for the little bit of place he is going to fill in the world. Many a man is a failure because his mother has brought him up to think that he ought to start out by being President of the United States instead of emptying somebody's wastebasket.

Another cherished theory is that you must never force a child to do anything. Lead him to it. Entice him. Always present duty with a halo around it.

"I never give my children any duties to do at home as duties, because it would be distasteful to them, but I make a game of it and they never discover it is anything but play," said a woman to me, exploiting this theory.

Yes, but how about the day when that child grows up and faces the work that is stripped of its tinsel and disguise, and that is nothing but a hard, unromantic, twelve-hour-a-day job? We get the answer to that in the down-and-outers who have never had the grit to do anything hard, who all their lives have drifted from place to place and occupation to occupation, trying to find a soft snap in which there was good pay and no work.

There isn't any use in trying to sugar-coat life in the hope that we can swallow it and never discover there is a bitter pill inside. The sweet always rubs off at the critical moment. Far better to cultivate enough backbone in a child to make him strong enough to choose the right, even if it is hard. When any one has learned to do what they have to do without fuss of complaint, when they have learned to take their pill without making faces, they have conquered fate.

In the new attitude toward children it is held that obedience is desirable, but that it is tyrannical, and brutal to enforce it. You must not say MUST to a child, but instead insinuate your desire in a diplomatic way. That is why you hear parents say that they can do nothing with a 10- or 12-year-old boy or girl. That is why mothers are sitting up at night, with their hearts torn with fear, waiting for their flapper daughter to come in at 3 o'clock in the morning, and why fathers are going down to the police courts to pay the fines of their hoodlum sons.

The greatest misfortune that has fallen the human race since the Eden episode is the discovery that the child is a problem. Up to that time we hadn't been pestered and confused with theories. In the mercy of Heaven, it had not occurred to anybody that there was danger of cowering a proud spirit by making a child behave, or that it was a humiliation for a child to have to obey its parents. It is altogether probably that Mrs. Washington and Mrs. Jefferson and Mrs. Lincoln and millions of other women who brought up sons who were a credit to them never once suspected that little George or Thomas or Abe was a problem. They were just boys and they dealt with them on that platform.

Children are just as adorable now as they ever were and we need to get back into a saner attitude toward them. They need to be disciplined. They need to be taught obedience. They need to be strengthened to meet the hard requirements of life, not taught that they may shirk its responsibilities, for childhood is the school of life and as we learn its lesson we stand or fall.

DOROTHY DIX.

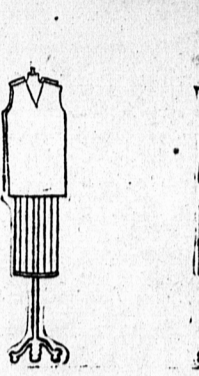
For the Cook

FILLED ROLLS FOR LUNCHEON

Choose small, plain rolls about four inches long and two inches wide. Cut the top off carefully, and scrape out all the crumbs, leaving the inside hollow. Fill the inside with

shrimp or lobster, seasoning them with salt, pepper, oil, vinegar and parsley, and thickened with mayonnaise. Lay the covers on top, place each roll in a bed of grass, and surround with olives, gherkins, and tiny radishes. Serve at once and very cold.

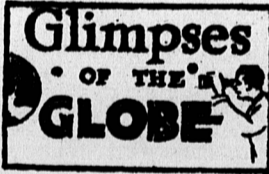
A Fashion a Day



SLIM HIPS

An exclusive new blouse of brocade lame the smartest women everywhere are wearing with black sheer velvet skirt. Style No. 391 boasts its slender hips, achieved through molded bodice and snugly fitted hipband, shirred through center-front to create swathed movement. It's so simple to make and requires but 1 1/2 yards of 40-inch material with 1/2 yard of 36-inch contrasting for the 36-inch size. It is designed in sizes 16, 18, 20 years; 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust. It is very attractive made of silk bright red crepe de chine, georgette crepe in modernistic print, plain crepe in jade green and add chartruese green wool jersey. Pattern price 15 cents in stamps or coin (coin is preferred.) Wrap coin carefully.

We suggest that when you send for this pattern you enclose 10 cents additional for a copy of our Spring Fashion Magazine. It's just filled with delightful styles, including smart ensembles, and cute designs for the kiddies.



1934 Calendar Started

Calculations for the world's official calendar for 1934 are under way, and it is expected that the information will be issued in the "Nautical Almanac" by the end of 1931. The work was started last August by eminent scientists in the Greenwich Observatory and the Nautical Almanac Office. They are working out for all nations the right ascension and declination of the sun, moon and 84 of the fixed stars for each of the 24 hours for every one of the year's 365 days. By August of this year there will be printed and sent to the directors of National Observatories in the United States, Germany, France and Spain, to enable each to begin his quota of the great work mutually allocated. The three European countries supply calculations on many stars.

Man Has Three Voices

Accidental discovery of a freak voice may bring fame and fortune to Strath Mackay, a London window cleaner. He is able to sing tenor, switch to a deep bass, and then produce bass and tenor simultaneously. Auditors say it is as if two male vocalists were singing in a duet. Added to this, Mackay, at times, adds a third voice and tuned between the other two. Mackay discovered his double voice while trying to imitate a phonographic reproduction of Harry Lauder's singing. Soon afterward, while singing as he cleaned windows of the home of Sir William Milligan, an eminent throat specialist, he was heard by a passer-by and taken to Sir William, who advised him to take up voice culture. Mackay has filled many professional engagements and appeared before scientific bodies.

"Please Pass The Potatoes, Sergeant"

By J. W. Curran (In Vancouver Sunday Province) "Will you please pass the potatoes, sergeant?"

It was His Majesty King George V. speaking to Sergeant William Merrifield, V. C., M. M., Sault Ste Marie's own Bill—at Sandringham, on January 27, 1919. Bill had been gazetted on January 6. The King, Queen Mary and the Princess Mary were entertaining at dinner Bill. Col. Peck of British Columbia and Corporal Metcalf an American from Los Angeles, who had signed up with the 16th Canadian Battalion. The three soldiers had been summoned to the palace to be decorated with the Victoria Cross "for valor."

It was, Sergeant Merrifield says, the afternoon of afternoons which stands out in his life. He described King George as "a little frail man, but a regular human being. No frills, no side, just a common man like one of us trying to be friendly and do his job as well as he can."

Bill, on that afternoon, had sat on the king's right hand, with the queen on his majesty's left. Col. Peck sat next to Bill and Corp. Metcalf next to the queen. The Princess Mary sat between the colonel and the corporal. Just the six at a homey dinner specially set in front of a grate fire after the guests arrived. Everybody was happy and everybody at ease.

"You could tell the king enjoyed it. The queen didn't talk very much. But the king had a lot to say, and I never met a finer man, modest, and a real human being."

It was a regular home dinner with only one waiter—a returned soldier. His majesty asked Bill to please pass the peas.

"What vegetables did you have?" "I don't remember much about anything but the steak, the potatoes and the peas," said Bill. "I was hungry and when I started on the steak—about an inch thick—I said to the king: 'This is great steak, sir.'"

"The king said 'It was from his own private herd. When ever I hear people talk about good meat I advise them to go to Sandringham for their steaks.'"

They talked of everything from the great war to Algoma. His majesty thought Passchendaele had been the toughest battle of the war on account of the mud. "I was there myself for a while," said Serg. Merrifield, "but I got knocked out, and had to leave."

It was there the sergeant won the Military Medal for finding the 4th Battalion.

Bill won the M. M. at Passchendaele "in the fall of 1917"—he doesn't remember the exact date. He was acting as a stretcher bearer at the time. There was a duck walk, that ran up past a pill box (military term for cement machine gun fortification). The Canadians were trying to avoid the German fire but a shell lit in front of the pill box and knocked over eight of them.

"I cut across the angled corner of the duck walk, and could hear somebody yelling for me. I used up all the dressing I had on the men yet alive. There was a young fellow named Lamb who had an artery cut close to his groin and he took most of the shell dressing. I missed a wound in his ankle, he had so many. I met him afterwards in Toronto and he was lame. It was caused by the wound I missed."

"Old Dad Lyons," as we called our captain, pointed out a red light two miles away.

"See that, Merrifield! That's Bellevue Spur, and Passchendaele is just over the hill from it. You get up there. The boys will need you."

"I set off, and I don't know how I got there. I had to go through bush and swamp, it seemed to me, with no

guide, but I got there somehow. The men were surprised to see me, and wondered how I did it. But I didn't last long as I got wounded and had to leave.

"We spent about half an hour at dinner at Sandringham, and I never enjoyed either the food or the company more. His majesty is certainly good company and likes to meet people. He ate a fairly good dinner, but for all that he didn't seem up to the mark. He is quite a small man, some shorter than the Prince of Wales. It was when he tried to pin my medal on my tunic that I realized what a frail man he was. He couldn't drive the pin through the cloth, and the Princess Mary stepped up and did it for him. My tunic was unbuttoned for this and when the princess had clasped the medal she said to the king, 'There father, that's all right,' and she handed me the little mahogany case for the medal. And both of them looked up and smiled at me.

"Then his majesty handed me a cigarette with a little holder attached and told me he liked them."

"And you smoked it?" "I sure did."

The presentation of the Victoria Cross medal took place just after dinner in an adjoining room. Col. Peck was taken in first, Serg. Merrifield second, and Corp. Metcalf last.

"It was quite a lengthy ceremony," said the sergeant. "We were invited into the other room one at a time, and the king spent half an hour in talking, and giving the medal. When I went in first I stood stiffly at attention feeling a little nervous that I might do something I shouldn't and the king came over to me and said, soothingly, 'Take off your hat.' He didn't want me to feel uncomfortable, you see."

"So he just talked away and gently pushed me over against the wall, where he wanted me, as if I were an old acquaintance. The queen and the princess were then and they smiled and talked like ordinary people. I began to feel quite at home.

"His majesty asked me where I lived and what my occupation was. I told him I was an Algoma Central railway man and had been with the C. P. R. He knew all about the C. P. R. and about my old run which was

Household Hints

BY ROBERTA LEE

Felt Hats Dirt and dust can be removed from a felt hat and it made to look like new if the entire surface is rubbed with fine sandpaper.

Filling A Bottle When filling a small, slender bottle, or the barrel of an old-fashioned fountain pen, if a straw is placed in it, it will prevent the formation of air bubbles.

Odor On Frying Pan Pour a little vinegar in the frying pan immediately after use and heat over a fire. Then wash well. This will destroy any odor.

A Morning Smile

She Needs' Walk Home

It was their first airplane ride, and the young woman of the party felt quite nervous.

"You will bring us back safely, won't you?" she said to the pilot, with a rather faint smile, as they were about to start.

"Of course I will, miss," he assured her, touching his leather helmet. "I've never left anybody up there yet."

The Daily Argument

AUNT HET

BY ROBERT QUILLLEN



"Some ways I don't mind Pa bein' absent-minded, but it gives me the creeps ever' time he scratches before company."

POOR PA

By Claude Callan



"Jones an' his wife quarrelled while Ma an' me was there, an' I was expectin' it when I noticed that at every breath they was callin' each other dear an' darlin'."

Boy! . . . What a Breakfast!



...this rich Orange Marmalade pepes you up for a busy day

Shirriff's Seville Orange Marmalade has a tang that banishes halfhearted morning appetites . . . adds zest to the meal, flavor to the toast and coffee . . . It is appetizing, full-flavored, delicious.

No wonder. Shirriff's Orange Marmalade is made from a rare old recipe. The pick of the Seville Orange crop—a big, plump, juicy oranges—the finest grown in the sunny groves of Spain.

Shirriff's SEVILLE ORANGE MARMALADE

From a rare old Recipe

Marmalade Pin-Whiel! Biscuits Make an ordinary Baking Powder Biscuit dough, using the recipe that is found in almost any cookery book. Roll out six one-third inch (1/3) round; spread with Shirriff's Orange Marmalade; roll as a jelly roll; cut one-half inch slices. Place slices in buttered muffin tins, and bake in a hot oven (400 degrees F.). Remove when firm. A tablespoonful of sugar may be added to the dough.