

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

**CLEAR AS CELLOPHANE**



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**Feather in Her Hat**  
By JULIE ANNE MOORE

CHAPTER 15

It developed that Mollie herself was responsible for the renewed interest of the police in Fuhrman Wells' death. She had been in New York when she read the suicide stories and had promptly decided that somewhere, somehow, the process of justice had gone awry. On the face of the evidence reported in the newspapers, the police were justified in recording the case as a suicide. But they could have known nothing of the telephone call she had received, else they would have called her back to Washington immediately. Not having heard about that call, they had missed the most important piece of testimony in the whole case. When she had received the call falsely reporting Fuhrman had been murdered, Fuhrman was standing directly behind her and could not, therefore, have been the speaker.

Mollie had almost decided to go back to Washington at once, but while she debated the wisdom of this, Lee and Ann had disappeared from their flight from Elmville and it was not until two weeks after her return to the capital that she finally walked into police headquarters, asked for a high police officer she had known for several years and told him her story. When she had finished, the officer said:

"Well, have to look around for an accomplice."

Mollie was amused. "You still think Fuhrman killed himself?"

"If I'd seen it, I couldn't be any surer, Miss Winslow. . . There's one thing you don't know. We discovered a diary in Wells' effects. He planned to write out the whole of the entire Runbreaker family. Apparently he changed his mind and decided to kill himself to throw suspicion on the Senator. If you know Wells didn't make that first phone call, then somebody else is involved and we'd like to know who it is. But an accomplice is the most you can hope for. Beyond the shadow of a doubt, Wells ended his own life. If you learn anything of importance, I'll appreciate it if you will get in touch with me."

The weeks passed and Mollie heard nothing more about the new investigation. Her work at the Globe was keeping her very busy. Bill Hudson had developed a curious case of melancholia, avoided the crowd, sulked when cornered and refused to offer any explanation of his strange conduct. The case between Carl and Rita had developed to the point where trouble threatened unless he made a clean cut with Selma, which, until now, he had carefully refrained from doing.

"The one member of the gang I'd expect to keep her life free of complications," Mollie told herself in one of her reflective moods, "and she turns out to be the most vexing problem I have."

No sooner had Ann left the hospital after letting Lee slip the engagement ring on her finger than she had taken it off and tucked it away in her purse. She had sworn Rita to secrecy, knowing that Lee would say nothing until he had heard it from other quarters, and for three weeks Rita had gone around with a fever of suppressed excitement. Then one night when Ann had gone to the library, she whispered it to Mollie, and Mollie, in a glow of happiness, spent two hours hunting for Bill and finally located him in a place called The Parakeet.

Bill had had more drinks than he cared to admit. Mollie never drank liquor and Bill never insisted. He ordered her a bottle of ginger ale and listened to her jubilant announcement with as little evident emotion as if she had informed him of some change in the weather.

"Great. . . ." he said. "Yes, sir, that's fine. That's perfectly splen-

**THE COOK'S CORNER**

**ALMOND COOKIES**

1/2 lb. shelled almonds  
1 cup granulated sugar  
3 egg whites  
1/2 teaspoon cinnamon  
1 teaspoon grated lemon rind

Wash but do not skin the almonds. Dry in a moderate oven of 350 degrees F. for 10 or 15 minutes, then put them through a food chopper. Beat the egg whites stiff with a hand beater or an electric beater at high speed. Fold in the ground almonds, sugar, cinnamon and lemon rind, and drop from a teaspoon on to a greased baking sheet. Bake in a slow oven of 300 degrees F. for 15 minutes. Cool and store in a tightly covered container. These cookies will keep a long time and will improve in flavor. Makes about 40 small cookies.

**WAFFLES**

Measure 2 cups pancake flour in mixing bowl. In another bowl beat 1 egg and combine with 2 cups water, or milk. Pour liquid and 2 table-spoons melted butter or shortening into flour. Have waffle iron hot enough to bake a waffle perfectly in 3 minutes. Grease iron lightly with paraffin after heating. Grease only once. Serve waffles as soon as done. Never stack, stacking spoils crispness.

**QUICK ORANGE JAM**

2 cups orange pulp and juice  
1 lemon, pulp and juice  
1 1/2 cups sugar

Boil quickly about 10 minutes or until syrupy and clear. Very good served warm on hot biscuits.

Broken glass or earthenware may be easily mended by this simple treatment: The broken edges together so that they will stay in place. Do not wash or wet them after they are broken, but put them, after as above, in a flat kettle and cover with skim-milk. Place kettle on fire and allow to simmer for two hours or more. Then remove, and when cold take the ware out carefully and put it aside for a month. It will then be ready for use.

**Dorothy Dix's Letter Box**

**Brains Are More Important Than Backs When it Comes to Properly Managing a Household**

Dear Miss Dix—I am 24 and have been married almost a year. Before I was married I did stenographic work and liked it very much, but gave up my position when I married. I have a fine husband whom I love and who is good to me.

I have a nice home, but at times I get very restless. Domestically gets monotonous and I become very depressed. I feel pinned down and that there is not enough excitement in keeping house or cooking to keep me interested. Since I have been married I have taken several temporary positions and as soon as I did I lost the depressed and restless feeling, but when I did, I couldn't keep up my housework and we had to eat out. My husband thinks it makes a happier marriage if the wife stays at home. Perhaps it does, but I don't know anything about cooking or domestic work and pine for my old job. What can I do to get over this restless feeling and find life interesting again?

PUZZLED.

Answer: Have a baby. Nature supplies the remedy for idle women. When you have a youngster to love and pet, feed, bathe and dress, and who will keep you on the jump every minute of the day and half the night, you will not complain that time hangs heavy on your hands, or that you are bored because you have nothing exciting and interesting to do.

Your reaction to your present situation is perfectly natural. Every business woman who gives up her job and gets married feels this same way at first. She has been used to an ordered life in which every minute had its scheduled task. In her own little new home her time is her own. Nothing presses. She can do as she pleases with her time. She has been accustomed to working in a group, to the excitement of people coming and going, to the thrill of new projects being launched, new campaigns put through. Perhaps she has been the right hand of her boss who controlled great enterprises. Now she helps decide no more important question than whether there shall be roast beef or chops for dinner. Perhaps she has been a buyer who spent thousands of dollars in a single transaction. Now she buys 10 cents worth of stew meat and half an apple pie.

One successful business woman who had been the brains of a department in a large store and who gave up her position to go domestic when she married, explained the situation by saying to me, "To put me to take care of a six-room apartment, furnished with every modern gadget for labor saving, is like putting a 1000-horsepower engine to life a one-horsepower weight. It is a waste of energy. I have been taught system and efficiency. I do all my work in an hour and then I do not know what to do with my time."

In your particular case, and while you are waiting for the baby to solve your problem for you, I urge you to try to regard homemaking as a profession and not as a chore. If you do, you will find that housework is just as interesting and exciting as office work and that you can get just as big a kick out of it.

It is because most women only put their backs and not their brains nor their hearts into housework that they find it drudgery. They never learn how to cook, so they never find out that it takes skill and artistry and poetry and imagination to make a dish that delights the palate and the eye and the stomach. They never learn how to buy so as to get the most out of a dollar, or to run a house on a budget, so they never find out that a housewife needs to be as good a judge of commodities as any purchasing agent and as much of a financier as any banker.

They never think of making a home that is a place of rest for a tired man to come to of an evening and for children to grow up in in an atmosphere of peace and comfort and order and love, as the greatest work that any woman can ever set her hand to. And so they miss the real reward of their labor.

Believe me, my dear, if you will go at your housekeeping in the right spirit, you will find it one of the most interesting and absorbing occupations, and if you make a success of it you will have acquired one of the most profitable professions that any woman can follow if she needs to make her living.

And your husband is right when he says that it makes for the happiness of the wife to stay in the home. For the very good reason that no woman can be a competent housewife and a competent business woman at the same time. Either job takes all she has.

Dear Dorothy Dix—Is it true that 85 per cent of married men are unfaithful to their wives? If so, why do the wives stand for it? Is it true that most wives are suspicious of their husbands? Is it true that 85 per cent of the wives are unfaithful to their husbands? Does a man lose his respect for his wife if she comes to his aid financially and if she waits on him a great deal?

WONDERING.

Answer: I am afraid you will have to keep on wondering as to the number of husbands and wives who are philanderers, since there are no statistics on this subject. I can hardly believe however, that the majority of married people are unfaithful to their mates. For most of the husbands and wives that we know give no evidence that they are treading the primrose path and conducting illicit love affairs.

Certainly Mr. Jones and Mr. Brown, and Mr. Smith, who live next door to us or across the street and whose comings and goings are so punctual that you could start the clock by them, have no earmarks of being Don Juans or Casanovas. We see them watering the grass and trimming the roses and spending their evenings by their own firesides, or going out in the family car with their wives and children, and if they are roaming it is hard to figure out when they do it, or how they finance it, since stolen kisses come high and they have about all they can do to support virtuous domesticity.

Nor as we observe fat, middle-aged Mesdames Jones and Brown and Smith can we picture them as inclining romantic ardors in the breast of any man. Still less can we believe that instead of going to market, as they appear to be, that they are stealing away to a hidden lover.

No. Human nature being what it is, there are no doubt many husbands and wives who are unfaithful to each other, but to accuse 85 per cent of the married people of being sheikhs and sirens is to unduly flatter them.

The reason that so many wives put up with their husbands' side-stepping is obvious. Many of them have to. Husband is the meat ticket. Without him they and their children would be homeless and foodless, and they shut their eyes to their husband's flirtations for the sake of safety. Many other wives put up with their husbands' unfaithfulness because they have no other way to forgive. They have no lives outside of their husbands and they would rather beg the crumbs of affection that they carelessly bestow upon them than starve for love away from them.

No man loses his respect for his wife if she helps him financially, or if she waits on him a great deal. On the contrary, he likes it. And occasionally he is grateful for her for it.

DOROTHY DIX.

**The HOUSEWIFE and HER ACTIVITIES**

**THE ROYAL BETROTHAL**

The betrothal of Lady Alice Montagu-Douglas-Scott and the Duke of Gloucester adds an interesting chapter to the romance of the Borders, with which the family of the Scotts of Buccleuch is so intimately linked. Lady Alice is the third daughter of the 7th Duke of Buccleuch, whose ancestry can be traced back to the time of Alexander III., in whose reign a forebear was a knight of distinction. The name of the Scotts of Buccleuch will always stir the blood when the story is told of the daring capture of Kinmont Willie from Carlisle Castle an exploit which is immortalized in the ballads of the Border. The son of the hero of that exploit became the first Earl, and his granddaughter Countess Ann married the ill-fated Duke of Monmouth.

It was the fourth Duke of Buccleuch who was the friend of Sir Walter Scott, and to whom "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," the writing of which was suggested by the Countess, was dedicated. The late head of the house, who succeeded to the title in 1914 was John Charles Montagu-Douglas-Scott, 7th Duke of Buccleuch and 9th Duke of Queensberry, and he sat in the House of Lords as Earl of Doncaster, a title conferred on his ancestor, the Duke of Monmouth.

**HISTORIC GALLOWAY CASTLES**

Kenmore Castle, which has just changed ownership, is a notable feature in one of the finest landscapes in the South of Scotland. It is equally conspicuous in the history of Galloway. The original building was a frequent residence of John Balliol, and further back the lands of both Kenmore and Lochinvar were acquired by Sir Adam Gordon, ancestor of the first Earl of Sumbly. Sir John Gordon of Lochinvar was a strong adherent of Mary, and the sixth Viscount Kenmore was beheaded in London for his part in the 1715 Rising.

Queen Mary is said to have resided at the castle on her flight from Langside. The building in the course of time has had many vicissitudes, the old structure suffering from fire in the time of Mary and of Cromwell. The main building belongs to the 17th century, and its winding staircases, its mysterious passages, and its collection of portraits, including "Young Lochinvar," make the interior even more interesting than the exterior.

Another castle that has come into notice is that of Castle Doon on one of the small islands of the loch which is to be seen in connection with the electricity scheme. "Balliol's Castle," as it is sometimes called has an interesting octagonal tower, once strongly fortified, and its postern gate and fine ashlar work are regarded with such interest by antiquarians that the Office of Works has undertaken to remove the structure, stone by stone and erect it on another site so as to avert its submergence with the island. The transfer of the castle is more interesting parts of the castle is now proceeding, and photographs are being taken of parts not suitable for removal.

When making starch, take your soapshaker with a couple, or even one, small piece of soap in it and stir the hot starch with it instead of using a spoon. The iron does not stick to clothes when starch is made this way.

**A Morning Smile**

**"SCOTTISH" AND "BRITISH"**

The patriotic Scots parent was answering a deluge of questions put to him by his small son.

"And who was Burns, dad?"

"Burns, my boy? A famous Scottish poet."

"And Wallace?"

"Ah! A famous Scottish hero."

"And Shakespeare?"

"Shakespeare? A—er—a great British playwright."

**WELL AND TRULY**

Surrounded by members of the Corporation, the Mayor, in his robes and chain of office, stepped forward to open the new golf course.

He took a mighty swipe with a driver, which he buried in the earth a foot behind the ball, smashing the club-head and dislodging a large piece of turf.

"Then, in solemn tones, he said:—

"Gentlemen, I declare these links well and truly opened."

**SMART CLOTHES FOR THE HOME DRESSMAKER**

Today's charming black velvet dress for formal afternoons, cocktail, dinner and dance wear, appears covered shoulders and high draped neck. The skirt shows the newest way to achieve a flare slimly with plaits.

See small back view! The pattern provides for this formal dress to be made in street length which is very fashionable this season for cocktail wear. In fact you can wear it for almost any more formal occasion, except strictly formal evenings.

It's so easy to make and quite inexpensive too.

Style No. 513 is designed for sizes 14, 16, 18 years, 36, 38 and 40-inches bust. Size 16 requires 3 1/2 yards of 39-inch material with 1/2 yard of 4-inch ribbon for trimming and 2 1/2 yards of 5-inch ribbon for sash.

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

No. 513. Size . . . . .

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**COLOURS**

I love colour.  
I love flaming reds,  
And vivid greens,  
And royal flaunting purples.  
I love the startled rose of the sun at dawn,  
And the blazing orange of it at twilight.

I love colour.  
And yet to-day  
I saw a brown little bird  
Perched on the dull-grey fence  
Of a weed-filled city yard  
And as I watched him  
The little bird  
Threw back his head  
Defiantly, almost,  
And sang a song  
That was full of gay ripples,  
And poignant sweetness,  
And half-hidden melody

I love colour.  
And the glowing purity of white.  
And yet to-day  
I saw a living bit of brown,  
O vague oasis on a streak of grey,  
That brought heaven  
Very near to me.  
Margaret E. Sangster in Cross Roads.

**QUEER 'PHONE NAMES**

Have you a queer surname? Many unusual names are listed in the London Telephone Directory. There are nine people named Low and eighteen called High. There is a Miss Two, a Mr. Six, and a Mr. Eighteen. There are eight Stouts, but only two Thins. Fifty-five Beers are listed against three Wines.

**FOUNDING OF A REGIMENT**

Mention of the Gordons in connection with Kenmore Castle recalls to mind the story of the founding of the noted regiment—the famous Dukes of Gordon and the bestowal of kisses. I came across another interesting item about this famous regiment while reading Lieut. Charles Lamb's little book, "A Pocket History of the Regiments," in which it is stated that the Gordons served with distinction during the Peninsula Campaign, and to commemorate the death of Sir John Moore at Corunna they wear black buttons on their gaiters.



**The Invisible Extra**  
Everybody Needs

**THE physician who watches over your baby has a new ally in the "Invisible Extra" that Carnation Milk now contains.**

This "Invisible Extra" is "sunshine" vitamin D—and babies must have it, or their bones cannot grow strong and straight, or their teeth develop properly. The Improved Carnation Milk is irradiated for extra vitamin D—yet there is no increase in price.

Carnation Milk is good for babies for other reasons. It is easier to digest, pure, uniform. Ask your doctor about this approved milk for babies. The famous Dionne quintuplets are being raised on Irradiated Carnation Milk. They have been fed Carnation Milk since November, 1934.

Use Improved Carnation Milk in your kitchen and on your table. Its extra supply of vitamin D will benefit all the family. You will get better cooking results. You will like it for creaming your coffee and cereals. You will find it very convenient and economical.



**Carnation Milk**  
Irradiated for Sunshine Vitamin D

**The Improved Carnation Milk**  
A CANADIAN PRODUCT from Contented Cows

Ask your grocer for the Improved Carnation Milk. Look for the word "Irradiated" on the label. Write for two valuable booklets—"100 Glorified Recipes" and "Contented Babies". Address Carnation Company, Limited, Toronto, Ontario.

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