

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

The HOUSEWIFE and HER ACTIVITIES

FORGET IT

If you see a tall fellow ahead of the crowd, a fearless and proud, and your know of a tale whose mere telling aloud, would cause his proud head in anguish to bow— It's pretty good plan to forget it.

The Fireplace

Always clean and brush the hearth of the fireplace before cleaning the room, and never get into that very bad habit of sweeping dust into the fireplace. You only have it back in the room again within an hour.

Stay on Longer

When sewing pockets on children's suits or rompers, set them low enough that the little fingers cannot reach to the bottom of the pocket. Then the hands cannot be pushed so far into them to tear them off.

A Helpful Notation

On the bottom of the card containing the recipe for the cake, write the temperature you found best for baking and the length of time it took to bake the cake. It will insure even baking as different recipes require entirely different sorts of baking to obtain the best results.

Broken Bottles

Clean up the glass from the broken bottle outside your house, regardless of whether you had anything to do with it or not. It is apt to prove a very expensive oversight on your part if neglected.

Dusting Powder

The popular dusting powder if used in the bedroom certainly does play havoc with the rug or carpet in front of the dressing table. One of the pretty, hooked rugs, rather light in color, may be placed over this spot. Then it can be shaken every day, whereas a powdered carpet means the sweeper or cleaner each time.

GENERAL BOOTH EXPERT SWIMMER AND HORSEWOMAN

General Evangeline Booth, commander-in-chief of the Salvation Army, who is expected in Canada in October, will be 70 years old next Christmas. Miss Booth, a daughter of the founder of the Army, has just completed a world tour during which she travelled 35,000 miles and addressed 185,000 people. Once during her journey, there were 1,000 letters awaiting her reply and it was her custom to sign documents by the hundred before breakfast in the course of her exacting campaign.

SMART CLOTHES FOR THE HOME DRESSMAKER

Here's a dress, so smartly youthful, it will be your favourite all summer long. The buttoned blouse with shoulder yoke and softly gathered lower part, is very flattering and becoming to slim and not-so-slim figures. Silk shantung that reflects the oriental influence, made the original model pictured. In other fabrics as chiffon checked seersucker, silk plaided gingham, dotted batiste, tub pastel silks, pique novelties, etc., it's also smart. Style No. 333 is designed for sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 16 requires 3 1/2 yards of 39-inch material. Price of PATTERN 15 cents in stamps or coin (coin is preferred). Wrap coin carefully.

Form for ordering pattern No. 333, including fields for Name, Street Address, City, and State.

Young Girl Sets Spelling Record

(Canadian Press) ATWOOD, Ont., Aug. 7.—There is considerable interest these days in spelling records and the rural schools can set up some standards as well as the larger schools. Marjorie Hyman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Hyman of Donagall S. S. No. 6, is a member of the senior third class there, and from September of last year until June of this year, her spelling was absolutely correct. She also has an average of 99 per cent in several other subjects.

are this remarkable woman's favorite recreations. When she is at home she enjoys a morning gallop. She is an expert swimmer and indulges in high diving. In the summer of 1933 she almost lost her life in diving. Some coils of fence wire had been borne by currents to where she was swimming, and in taking a dive she became entangled in the wire. Her secretary rescued her, bearing her unconscious to the shore.

Yousouppoff Pearls

The famous Yousouppoff black pearl necklace, valued at \$100,000, is among the Czarist Russian jewelry being shown at a Russian art exhibition in London. Jewellers are anticipating a Russian trend in next season's jewel designs as a result.

Real flower earrings—fastened to the lobes of the ears with jeweled clips—are being seen at lunch-hour engagements.

TEAPOTS MUGS OR OLD URNS SERVE AS FLOWER HOLDER

Vases, bowls and other containers made especially for flowers, need not limit the housewife's list of things in which flowers may be appropriately placed. Pitchers of all shapes, sizes and materials, are fitting backgrounds for the hardier blooms. And, if woman is the possessor of a lovely old teapot and fills it with flowers, she'll be amazed at the delightful centerpiece it makes for the tea table. Old pewter and copper utensils of every kind make quaint and informal flower containers. In fact, hidden away in almost every house are old mugs, tankards or urns, which if given the opportunity, would prove interesting and artistic containers.

VANCOUVER WOMEN TO VISIT ORIENT

Three Vancouver women have sailed away on a real voyage of adventure and romance. They are Mrs. Edith M. Clark, Mrs. R. T. Osborne and Miss Evelyn B. McGill. They plan to travel through four countries, studying the civilization and culture at first hand. They will walk on the Great Wall, "man's most stupendous work" which stretches 2,000 miles across China's northern border and more than 2,000 years back into the hoary history. They will picnic in one of the Empress Dowager's old pleasure boats on the Imperial Palace Lake.

They will visit Korea and Manchoukuo. They plan to spend 10 days in Peking. Mrs. Clark the leader of the little party who knows the Orient well, will introduce the others to the mysteries of the East.

POTTERY RUST AND PURPLE FOR CHILDREN'S WEAR

Pottery rust in children's wear for fall, is a reflection in the aspect toward red. Velvetene, corduroy as well as woollens for coating used in girl's coats, and cottons in the prints that are used for their dresses, all favor the rose and rusty aspects of red. Purple, and in the rich but vibrant tones of ecclesiastical purple is the newest on the books for children's fine woollen coats.

Use Minard's for Pimples



Dorothy Dix's Letter Box

Every Wife is Entitled to Have Some of the Money She Earns, But Not to Present An Itemized Bill! Is it "Two-Faced" and Giving a Boy "Encouragement" to Make a Casual Date With Him?

Dear Miss Dix—You say that wives should be paid for their work, that is, that they should be given a certain part of their husbands' earnings for their very own. Some of the women of this community took this seriously and outlined a schedule of prices that ought to be paid wives for the various duties they perform and in most cases the total reached a figure far above the average man's entire income. It seems strange to me that you do not advocate teamwork between husbands and wives instead of the principle of division. The great majority of families have a limited income, which must be apportioned out to meet their needs. These matters must be freely discussed between husband and wife and it makes little difference as to which one passes out the money.

I agree with you that money is the cause of the domestic strife we see all about us and that seems to be the case whether the man or the woman has it. I have never known a poor man who married a rich woman who didn't pay for it through his nose. Warn the boys that when they see a girl with money approaching to flee for their lives. But, if you would be of service to your generation, preach teamwork and co-operation instead of division to the domestic life of the Nation.

Answer: So I do, and I was trying in my feeble way to suggest a little co-operation in the purse-losing in the family when I said that every wife was entitled to a little of the money she earned for her own behoof and benefit, and to be given to her as her just due and not as a gratuity.

I never even entertained the wild suggestion that wives should present an itemized bill to their husbands for the services they rendered in the home. For, as you say, if they were paid for at the current rate for such services when rendered by outsiders, they would bankrupt any but the rich. Good cooks, for instance, in most places get from \$10 to \$15 a week; laundresses \$3 or \$4 a day. Scrub women as much. Baby nurses and nursery governesses come high. Trained nurses are \$6 or \$7 a day. Purchasing agents have their 10 per cent commission, and so on and so on, to say nothing of social secretaries, who make and keep hubby's place in society, entertain his friends, write his letters and lie for him over the telephone. Figure it out for yourself.

No woman who is a real woman and a real wife wants to be paid for any of these things. They are all part of her business of being a wife, of trying to help the man she loves and to make life comfortable and happy for him and for their children. She doesn't put a price tag on her services. She doesn't think of her sacrifices in terms of money. She gives and gives and gives because it is a joy to her to give all that she has to these she loves.

But no matter how much a wife loves her husband she is still a human being, with natural human instincts, and the chief of these is a desire for a little financial independence. It humiliates her to have to ask her husband for even a cent she needs, and she writes at the injustice of working like a slave for a husband who never gives her one cent of the money she has earned a hundred times over.

And this is what I am trying with all my might to make husbands understand. I want to make them realize that the woman's point of view about money is no different from the man's. Every woman wants her individual pocketbook just as much as a man wants his, and her happiness and self-respect depend upon her having it, just as a man's self-respect and happiness depend upon his having his.

Of course the ideal relationship between husband and wife is for them to be real partners financially as well as domestically, but very few men ever rise to this height of justice and generosity. They take their wives' labor and then talk about "supporting" them, which would be a laugh if it weren't such a headache, if you get what I mean.

DOROTHY DIX.

Dear Miss Dix—Some of us girls got into an argument about going with boys. Should we accept invitations from boys whom we care nothing about just for the sake of having lots of dates and going places? One girl considered it two-faced and hypocritical to give a boy encouragement by going out with him and then encourage a hopeless passion if she doesn't believe a girl is satisfied with a boy she can have, or should she sit at home and wait until one she likes happens along?

M. C. M.

Answer: It is perfectly ridiculous to think that a girl has to be in love with a boy before she can step out to the movies or around the corner to a drugstore for an ice cream soda with him. Social life isn't run on a heart-throb basis. It is a matter of convenience and congeniality and give-and-take—a little pleasure.

Any girl certainly must be besotted with vanity who thinks that every boy who speaks to her or shows her any attention is madly in love with her and wants to marry her and that she will be doing him a deadly wrong to go out with him and thus encourage a hopeless passion if she doesn't entertain the same sentiments toward him.

Unless a youth has specifically declared his feelings a girl may take it for granted that he is no more in love with her than she is with him. He just likes her and finds her a jolly companion with whom to spend an evening. He likes to dance with her and she helps him have a good time when they step out together. And that's all there is to it.

I am a great believer in both girls' and boys' going around with as many other girls and boys as possible because this gives them a chance to look 'em over, to get acquainted with different types and find out how they react to them, and to test out their own feelings. Thus they will be able to make a much better choice of husband and wife than they would if they had only gone with some one particular girl or boy.

As to your second question: A wise girl takes what she can get in the way of attentions from boys while she is looking for what she wants because that keeps her in circulation, so to speak. In these days you have to go out and look for the Fairy Prince. He will never know you are even alive if you sit at home.

Men are like sheep. They follow their leader so far as girls are concerned. They flock around the one that other boys admire and leave alone the one that other boys pass up. Every girl has to pay for being popular by being bored by a lot of nitwits, and for having cut-ins on her dances by having her feet trampled and her slippers ruined by boys who dance like trucks.

DOROTHY DIX.

HYBRID FABRICS MARK PARIS MODE

PARIS, Aug. 7.—(A.P.)—Hybrid fabrics, as carried as Burbank's plant mixtures, were evident today in the clothes shown at winter style shows.

Uneven surfaces, such as quilted and ribbed faconne effects, harked

many of the garments which often combined two materials. There were black wools, studded with sequins and tufted with tassels and fringes and ribbed faconne coats of wools and multi-colored two toned tweeds.

Evening gowns were fashioned of crinkled crepes and quilted silks, shot or dotted with lame threads.

There was also hangable silks and velvets. Afternoon, clothes featured plain and crinkled crepes, satins and velvets, sometimes flecked with shimmering lame.

Is British Again After Long Flight

LONDON, Aug. 7.—After an eight-years flight to regain her British nationality, a woman has been granted a naturalization certificate. She is Mrs. Winifred Lewellin de Jan—Miss Winifred James, the author.

This does not mean a glow in the heart," said Mrs. de Jan, "because I have always been British, however much they tried to make me be a traitress to my country." Mrs. de Jan married an American citizen in 1913, but the marriage was dissolved in Panama.



Mr. T. Pott Says:

"It's cheaper in the long run to buy better quality tea."

That's where MORSE'S SELECTED ORANGE PEKOE shines. To exquisite flavour it adds lasting power. A little goes a long way.

35 cents the half pound package.

ONE WAY STREET

By JOSEPH McCORD

"Will you come in?" Jean asked when they reached the house and Mark assisted her from the car. "I believe I'd better not..." He said it reluctantly, but he had to push good fortune too far. "But I have your promise for another time you know."

"Good night, Mr. Sturges. And thank you very much."

"Good night." Jean stood on the step, watching until the red lights on the rear of the car disappeared around the corner. She opened the door with a sigh. That strange little feeling of fear welled up in her heart again. She had been so happy. Forgotten everything... Almost. At the same moment, Sturges, driving through the darkened streets, was speaking his thoughts aloud.

"Better watch your step, Marcus Aurelius. You came very near slipping."

To Jean's delighted surprise, she was favored with an opportunity to attend Gorham's outstanding musical treat of the year, a symphony concert by one of the country's great orchestras.

Most amazing of all, the invitation came from Don Browne.

Jean laughed to herself each time she recalled the elaborate carelessness with which he introduced the subject, as if it were of no consequence whatever.

"I suppose you're going to hear the big band at the Empire," he remarked casually.

"I'm afraid not," Jean admitted with a sigh. "I did think I might treat myself to a way-up seat. But the prices are too much like that."

"Yeah? How'd you like to string along with me? I'm dropping in there for a little while."

"Don't! Don't tell me you've turned music critic!"

"Me? Fat chance. No, just attending in my executive capacity. If you care to accompany, Miss Sawyer, I'll be charmed."

"Are you serious?"

"Sure I am. I wangled us a couple of passes."

"However did you do it? It's marvelous!"

"Merely mortgaged my soul to the city desk. That's all I started working on Parker as soon as I got wind of this show."

"But you don't care for concerts," Jean was suddenly conscience-stricken. "Do you?"

"How should I know? I thought you'd like it... That was the big idea."

"More than anything I can think of! I don't know how to thank you."

"I'll think up some way. Don't worry about that."

Jean scarcely heard. Her feminine mind had passed to the next important question. "Should I dress?" she asked anxiously. "I believe I'd wear something."

"You know what I mean, silly! Where are the seats?"

"Trust me. When I go out with a beautiful lady I want to get credit. Don't worry... I'll take the boys for us both."

"You look very elegant yourself, Don. I forgot to tell you."

"Thanks. I'll tell Jack Edwards you admired his shirt. Maybe he'll let me have it again."

"They are marvelous seats. And such a crowd!"

"I'll say. Hello... look who's here. First box on the right."

Jean already had seen. For an instant she was unable to avert her gaze.

Edythe Cannon, posing gracefully close by the plush-covered rail, directly behind her was Mr. Sturges. The small man with the shining bald head was Mayor Jennings. Looming in the shadows, Spencer Cannon's bulky figure.

CHAPTER 21 Edythe, in a shimmering gown of white, paused while Sturges lifted the crimson wrap from her bare shoulders and arms. In that brief instant, her gray eyes encountered Jean, passed to Don. He was rewarded by a faint nod of recognition.

"Get that!" whispered Browne with a chuckle. "My disguise didn't fool her for a minute. She knows the old tax and Jack Edwards shirt. Took a story from her in the office one day not long ago. Some charity racket. Did I tell you?"

Jean shook her head. The printed page before her had blurred suddenly. Why did it hurt? There was no reason... But it did. It did.

"Pretty soft pickings for the boy friend," Don went on relentlessly. "Looks like the old Iron Block was falling into his lap. Some guys sure are lucky..."

Jean nodded.

To her relief, the lights were dimmed at that moment. The curtains rose slowly, revealing the orchestra in its seats on the stage. A wave of

THE COOK'S CORNER

Cherry Jelly Simple

Just our ordinary Montmorency cherries will make this delicious jam—the kind that holds the cherries suspended in a clear and brilliant jelly.

Turn juice into a large saucepan and add sugar. Stir over strong, direct heat until mixture reaches the boil, then slowly stir in fruit pectin. Bring to a full rolling boil and boil hard for 1/2 minute. Remove from heat, skim and pour quickly into sterilized jars. Seal with smoking hot paraffin.

Blueberry Roll

One cup blueberries, 1/2 cup powdered sugar, 2 teaspoons gelatine, 2 tablespoons cold water, 4 eggs, 1 cup cake flour, 1 1/2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 cup granulated sugar, pinch salt, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 cup whipping cream.

Wash blueberries and drain thoroughly. Add 2 tablespoons of the powdered sugar, and crush together. Sprinkle gelatin on cold water and allow to stand until softened. Heat berries and sugar together, then add gelatine, stirring until dissolved. Remove from heat and cool. Beat 2 egg whites until stiff, but not dry, then fold into berry mixture.

Sift together flour, baking powder, granulated sugar and salt. Beat remaining eggs and yolks together thoroughly and combine with dry ingredients. Flavor with vanilla. Line a long, narrow pan with wax paper. Pour in batter about 1/4 inch deep. Bake in a slow oven (325 degrees F.) about thirty minutes.

When done, turn out on a cloth well dusted with remaining powdered sugar. Remove hard edges, spread with filling and roll carefully. This must be done as soon as the roll is removed from the oven for best results. Serve in slices with whipped cream. This recipe makes eight portions.

applause swept throughout the house. Then the air was filled with the tuning of the many instruments.

In spite of her efforts to give attention to the music, Jean's eyes would stray stealthily to that box on the right. Edythe's figure was plainly visible in the soft glow from the stage. Sturges' face and dress shirt made an indistinct white blur back of her chair. Jean schemed wildly how she might avoid his eyes during the intermission. He would be sure to see her.

"Foolish. She must pull herself together."

Continued on Page 6

98 OUT OF 100 WOMEN REPORT BENEFIT



No More Backaches

"I used to have backache most all the time and other troubles. No pep. I was telling a friend how I felt and she told me about your Vegetable Compound. I have taken it for four months and feel much better."—Mrs. P. L. McIsaac, 1011 Harrington St., Halifax, N. S.

If your back aches periodically as Mrs. McIsaac's did, give this medicine a good trial. Take it regularly and you will be pleased with the results.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

Used by women for over 60 years

A Morning Smile

Changed His Mind

The customer gave the impression of one bowed down with care as he sorrowfully watched the butcher cut off a pound of steak.

"Are you sure it's tender?" he asked at length.

"Tender?" was the reply. "I should just think so. Why, it's as tender as a woman's heart."

"In that case," said the sad one, hurriedly, "I'll take a pound of sausages instead."

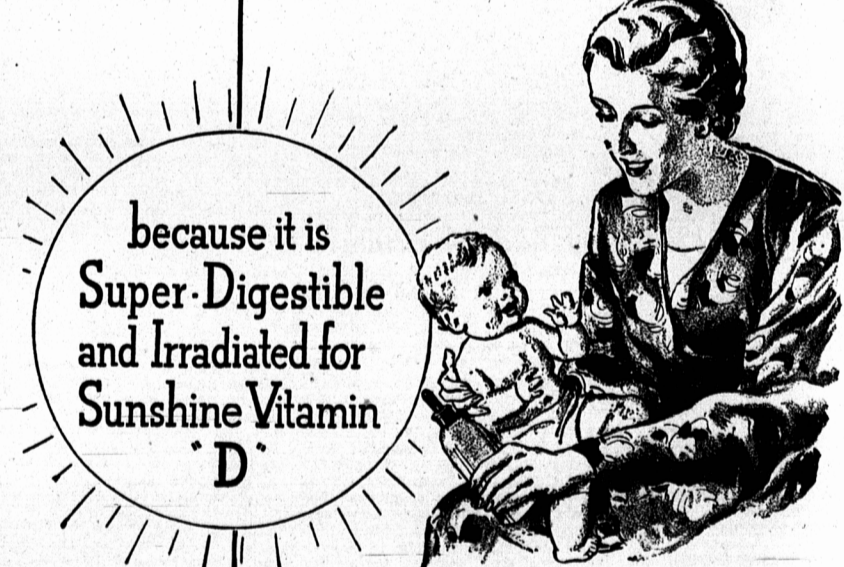
Not Permanent Cure

The teacher was so anxious to cure Sam of his lip that he promised to give him sixpence if he would learn to say: "Saucy sister Susie still stitches sugar sacks so slowly."

In two days Sam had mastered the sentence, and the delighted teacher at once handed him the promised coin.

"Now I think your lip is quite cured, Sam, don't you?" he asked. "Yeth thir," Sam answered.

DOCTOR'S ORDERS



WONDERFUL news for mothers with bottle-fed babies! A wonderful new quality has been given to nourishing, super-digestible Carnation Milk. The Improved Carnation Milk is irradiated—enriched with "sunshine" vitamin D—the vitamin that helps to build strong bones and sound teeth. For baby's sake—for the family's sake—insist on the Improved Carnation Milk. Look for the word "Irradiated" on the label.



The famous Dionne quintuplets are being raised on Irradiated Carnation Milk. They have been fed Carnation Milk since November, 1934. Ask your doctor for a Carnation infant feeding formula. Write for two valuable free booklets—"100 Glorified Recipes" and "Contented Babies". Address Carnation Company Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

THE WORLD'S LARGEST-SELLING BRAND OF EVAPORATED MILK