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

The HOUSEWIFE and HER ACTIVITIES

UP-HILL.

Does the road wind up-hill all the way?
Yes, to the very end.
Will the day's journey take the whole long day?
From morn to night, my friend.

But is there for the night a resting-place?
A roof for when the slow dark hours begin.
May not the darkness hide it from my face?
You cannot miss that inn.

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night?
Those who have gone before.
Then must I knock, or call when just in sight?
They will not keep you standing at the door.

Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak?
Of labor you shall find the sum.
Will there be beds for me and all who seek?
Yea, beds for alll who come.
—Christina Georginia Rossetti

THE ECONOMICAL NECKLACE

A certain young lady was seen one day wearing a beautiful blue crystal necklace, with her turquoise blue dress. The next day she wore a gleaming red crystal one on a wine velvet dinner gown. Questioned as to her extravagance, she explained that they were the one and the same necklace.

The necklace was composed of clear rock crystal balls, and very marvellously took on the gift of colour of any dress worn with it. It was mounted in chased silver, and the balls were not pierced but kept whole and perfect.

WOMEN DISLIKE MATHEMATICS

Even in these days the modern girl, it is said, takes no more kindly to mathmatics than she did in the past. It seems quite apparent that it is the exception for the feminine brain to function on mathematical lines.

This as proved recently in an open competition for Civil Service posts. Though women captured 10 out of the 80 vacancies offered not one of those successful took mathematics, which is among the optional subjects.

EATABLE BUTTONS

Don't be surprised, if you are watching a fashionable Rugger match, to see your companion start eating her coat buttons. They are probably the new variety made of real Brazil nuts.

These buttons are but one of the surprises of the English autumn dress collections. They are used in their shells for topcoats, and the kernal alone, cut in half and pierced for sewing, on frocks.

PARTY ON THE BORDERS

House parties flocked to the fete, for which Lord and Lady Minto, who entertained a large party for the occasion, threw open the grounds of Minto House, (says the London Evening Standard.)

Sports, sheepdog trials, and a display of riding were among the afternoon's amusements. In the evening guests danced on the lawn by moonlight.

Among Lady Minto's house party were Lord and Lady Dalkeith, Lord and Lady Haddington, Lord and Lady Ellsmere, and Lord Mary Egerton.

Picturesque, legend-haunted, turreted Minto House is built of grey stone, and stands on the banks of the Teviot.

Inside there are large collections of souvenirs brought from India, where the first Lord Minto was Governor-General of Bengal early in the Nineteenth century, and from Canada, here Lord Minto's father was Governor-General.

Other interesting features are the wood panelling from the old Law Courts at Westminister, some very fine white Chippendals, portraits by Rommey and Reynolds, and a portrait miniature of Marie Antoinette, given to an ancestor of the family by Mirabeau.

PLANT TULIPS IN SUN OR SHADE

Tulips are most accomodating, as they do equally well planted in sun or shade. There is some advantage to planting the late varieties in the shade as the color is better and does not fade as it often does in the full sun. The bloom will be a little later than in full sun but it will last several days longer. An ideal situation is one where the bulbs have morning sun for a little while and are in the shade for the rest of the day.

The delicate pinks and lavender shades are best in shady situations where the mull beauty and delicacy of their coloring is best displayed. It bleaches to considerable extent in full exposure to thes un all day. There are many beautiful tulips in the delicate color tones. One of the finest of these is John Ruskin in rose and cream. In pale lilac and yllow is Fatrie Queen and in fawn pink is the Fawn. The three planted together make a beautiful group in pastel shades.

The lighter-hued tulips make the best display in the garden as the color carries farther than the rich, dark shades which are finer for close inspection. There is a variation of a week in the season of bloom betwen the early and late varieties in full sun and more than than in the shade where they develop more slowly.

Tulip bulbs may be planted as long as the ground can be worked, even as late as Thanksgiving excellent results. Sometimes it is necessary to break the frozen crust of the soil with a pickax to put in the bulbs in an unseasonable fall, but the bulbs don't seem to mind in the least and give their full quota of bloom the following spring.

The one cultural requisite is drainage. Tulips stand almost anything but soggy ground and if water stands on the bed during the heavy winter thaws there is likely to be a loss of bulbs from rotting. The best cultural methods call for a raised bed to be certain of drainage but in ordinarily well-drained soil it is not necessary.

Prune-brown, wine, purple, dark green, and violet-these are the grandmotherly colours to be worn this season, and the silks and satins are so thick that they can stand alone. Complexion colors follow the prune and wine colour catergory—mauvish powder and purplish rouge. Hats have been compared to candle-snuffers, and suggest very trying creations, except when the wearers are very young. Pointed cone-shaped models there are, too, with flexible brims ruffled underneath like the brown part of a mushroom. Velvet is used a great deal in the creation of these hats.

LAVENDER WATER

Have half a pint of spirits of wine, 1-4 of an ounce of oil of lavender, one drachm and a half of essence of bergamot, one drachm of essence of ambergis. Mix all well together.

BARLEY WATER FOR INVALIDS

Wash two ounces of pearl barley well. Place in a clean pan on a low gas with two quarts of cold water, and boil it until it is reduced to a quart. Strain it, and leave to cool. Add a little sugar. Add a little stained lemon juice. If liked, the barley can be added to soups or a pudding.

Clear Barley Water for Drinking: Have two ounces of barley, one ounce sugar, strained lemon juice. Place the barley in a jug. Pour on to it one pint of boiling water. Cover the jug with a clean muslin and leave till barley is cold.

Note.—Barley water has very valuable properties, and is particularly useful where there is any hint of kidney trouble, as it helps to keep the system thouroughly flushed. During recent years barley water, with either lemon or orange juice, has become a very popular drink in many clubs. Barley water and milk also make a pleasant drink.

Real violet and dyed-in-the-wool purple are Paris autumn shades Cedar browns, and cedar reds, and cedar greens are stunning new shades. Brightest fuchsia and carmine reds are plentiful and there are heaps of a new-lighter-than-navy, beautiful, slaty blue. Bottle and kindred greens are all over the place and rich, dark, fruity red, and grape, and amethyst loom large on the style color chart.

A CHILD'S INDIGESTION Relieved!

"When my eldest baby was four months old he was very ill with indigestion and constipation. My physician advised me to try Baby's Own Tablets . . . Now he is a fine sturdy boy." Many an ailing child has been made well and happy with Baby's Own Tablets. Easy to take . . . the children think they are candies and always *safe* even for the tiniest babe. 25c package at your druggist's.

Dr. Williams' BABY'S OWN TABLETS

ENO'S "FRUIT SALT"

CORRECTS ACID STOMACH . . . PLEASANTLY

Are Happy Marriages Accidents? Dorothy Dix Finds Them Result of Hard Work

Don't Expect Your Marriage to Become a Success All by Itself — It Takes Work and Plenty of it to Make Two Persons With Different Backgrounds and Interests Think and Act as One

A young girl said rather wistfully to an elderly woman:

"Oh, Mrs. X., your marriage is such an ideal one. You and your husband are so perfectly congenial and you get along together so beautifully. I hope that my marriage will be as happy as yours."

"Well, my dear," responded the older woman, "it took me forty years of hard work to make a success of marriage. A happy marriage isn't the result of chance, nor is it a gift of the gods. It is the reward of patience and labor and struggle and striving and self-sacrifice. For every good thing we get we must pay the price. God doesn't put anything worth while having on the bargain table.

"Now, when I got married I thought, as all other silly brides do, that marriage was going to be a sort of perpetual petting party in which my husband would spend his time telling me how beautiful and wonderful I was, how he adored me, and that his chief occupation would be burning incense at my feet.

"And I never doubted that I would go on seeing my husband as a young godling and the answer to a maiden's prayer, and that our marriage would be a grand sweet song, unmarred by a single discordant note. Our wedding bells wouldn't get jangled and out of tune as soon as the honeymoon was over, as so many other people's do.

"Well, it wasn't long before our marriage also drifted into the I-wonder-what-made-me-do-it stage, and John and I began to look at each other slantwise and speculate on whether we wouldn't have been happier with some other girl or man, or none at all. John criticized me and I other. Arguing and quarreling got to be our favorite indoor sport and Reno began to loom up on the horizen.

"Now I am a domestic woman by nature, one of the kind who can't be happy unless they have a husband and children and home. I knew I would just exchange one set of faults for another. Besides, I loved John. He might not be all that my girlish fancy pictured him, but he was mine.

"Then I had sense enough to perceive that marriage is what you make it and that its success depends not so much on luck as pluck. Whereupon I deliberately set to work to make of it a profession instead of an odd job.

"Go to it, old girl," I said to myself. "You had brains enough to make a crackerjack secretary of yourself, see if you can't get a few medals pinned on your breast as an A-1 wife. You had tact enough to handle grumpy and unreasonable bosses. Why not use the same brand of diplomacy in managing a husband? You had self-control enough not to talk back when fault was found with your work. Why not give the soft answer that turns away wrath when your husband wants to know at breakfast if the hot cakes are supposed to be food or a design for rubber mats?

"No reason at all. Men are just the same men whether in the home or the office and respond to the same techinque. They all want to be yes-yesed. They all want to be regarded as oracles. They resent being reminded of a mistake. They all want to be made comfortable and relieved of all the little worries, and they want a woman to act as a buffer between them and the complications and unpleasantnesses of life.

"Very few women are willing to take as much trouble to please a husband as they are to please their employers. That is why there are so many wives who have lost their jobs. I didn't want to join the ranks of the unemployed married women, so I began trying to make good on mine.

"I commenced by making my home the most pleasant place my husband could go to. There was always a light in the window for him and a good dinner waiting for him of the things he liked, cooked the way he liked them. 'Feed the brute' is the best advice that has ever yet been given for domesticating a man. It is the half-starved husbands with no comfortable chair in which to spend the evening who are the roamers.

"Then I babied my husband. I made him as helpless and dependent on me as if he was 3 years old instead of 30. Every successful wife is nine parts mother, and the bigger and the stronger and the more intellectual men are, the more they long to be coddled and chucked under the chin. I have known stony-eyed bankers and stern Justices of the Supreme Court who fell for baby talk and ate it up. So I told my husband he was the boofulest itty-bitty fing in the world and brewed him a brand of home flattery that made other women's flat and tasteless.

"And I waited on him hand and foot. People marvel that he neves goes anywhere without me. One reason is that I have made myself good company to him, but another is that he couldn't find a handkerchief or a clean collar if I was not along to hand it out.

"And, if we are so congenial that it is a matter of public comment, it is because I have adapted myself to him and cultivated a taste for the things he likes. The two souls with but a single thought, in which all lovers believe, is a myth. Congeniality between men and women is only a surface affair. It doesn't go under the skin, because masculine and feminine nature are essentially differnt. I wanted to step out with my husband instead of being left at home. I wanted to be a pal instead of a ball and chain. And so I have learned to play golf and eat corned beef and cabbage and go to muscila comedies and keep up yith the stock market, and like it.

"Oh, it takes a lot of work and sacrifice to make marriage a success, but it is worth it. As I said before, God puts no good things on the bargain table."

DOROTHY DIX.

I READ ALL THE TOILET SOAP ADS

And only Palmolive gives me these important facts

There must be something better about a soap, when 20,000 beauty experts recommend it. I expect a beauty expert to know about *skin*, the way a doctor knows about health! And I tried Palmolive first, just for that reason alone!

OLIVE OIL *Soothes and Beautifies*

I'm the kind of woman who likes to know why *anything* is better than something else . . . and I'm perfectly satisfied that Palmolive is better, because I've learned it's made from a scientific blend of olive and palm oils.

I took the advice of those beauty experts, as to *method* of using Palmolive, too. I massage its velvety lather well into my pores, rinse with warm water, then cold. You can't imagine how that penetrating lather will help your skin!

That Royle Girl

By Edwin Balmer

CHAPTER 23
JOAN IS FREED

"I want," said Hober, weakening, "to see the law obeyed in his case. If you have evidence against him, hold him, prosecute him, and put him in jail. I want her out, now."

"What do you know of her innocence or guilt?"

"I'll find out what you know or don't know," Hoberg threatened, offensively, "by exactly ten o'clock tomorrow morning. I'd smoke you out now, if there was a judge sitting—if it wasn't Sunday. As it is, at ten o'clock tomorrow morning my lawyer will be in court with a habeas corpus writ for Miss Royle, and you will hand her over to me, I think!" Hoberg ended, very hotly.

Outwardly, Calvin remained cool until Hoberg was gone; but the heat of his antagonism to the man amazed him, and especially its persistence when he was alone again.

He could not explain it away as simple dislike of two men for each other; or as due to their dispute over law. It was something too personal. It was contest, not over Ketlar or law or right and wrong, but over a girl, whom one held and whom the other meant to have from him.

Calls for Calvin persisted. A girl somehow eluded the doorman and when Calvin's man-servant opened his door at her knock, she pushed past him and furnished Calvin one of his most amazing experiences of the day.

She was a blonde, childish-faced girl of not more than eighteen, with her natural pink color covered with orange, her plucked eyebrows blackened, her eyelashes mascara-ed together in points to feign an effect of jet irradiance from her large, pale blue eyes. Her pouting lips were painted into extreme, crimson bows and her blouse was cut so as to display, under the opened coat, the full rounding of her bosom.

She gave her name as "Miss Nesson," and she might have been—Calvin thought—a younger sister of a cousin of the woman whose body he had seen in the flat by the lake. But she was not, as it proved. She had no concern for Adele Ketlar at all. If he had studied the gallery of signed Pictures, Calvin might have remembered that here's was the photograph labeled "Lola", which held one of the most conspicuous positions on Ketlar's wall.

It appeared to Calivn, when she started to talk, that she had come in defense of Joan Royle.

"She's nothing in Fred's life," Miss Nesson asserted loftily. "You come on him with her because she lives in his building—she moved in after him, the damn little broad.

Thus was Calvin warned that he must look for another interpretation of Miss Nesson's purpose, but he was slow to discern it.

"She certainly kids herself," Miss Nesson charged, with disgust. "So you're boarding her as his big friend! That's what she told you!"

"Who is his big friend?" Calvin asked.

"She sure kids herself that Fred went to that trouble for her."

"What trouble?" asked Calvin, unable to comprehend that this child-faced girl thus referred to the killing of Ketlar's wife.

"My Gawd!" exclaimed Miss Nesson. "Ain't you heard about it?"

Still it did not occur to Calvin that this girl had intruded to assert her claim to Joan Royle's peculiar distinction. Imagining that she possessed some useful evidence, he questioned her with no result but to penetrate, at last, her point of view.

To this pouting young person, it appeared that Joan Royle had pushed herself into an enviable position by having herself arrested as the one for whom Ketlar had shot his wife; and the only discoverable object of Miss Nesson's call was to seek for herself a share of notoriety. She would like to be known as the woman for who a man had killed; she would like, actually, the thrill of arrest in such a role. Very plainly, she entertained no idea of danger to herself from it.

Calvin dismissed her, and, evading the newspaper men who sentineled the building, he made his way to the hotel, as yet undiscovered by the reporters, where Ketlar and the Royale girl were held. Ketlar, he knew, he could continue to hold; tomorrow morning, in court, he could make and sustain an accusation of murder against the man.

But Calvin recognized that he had obtained no competent evidence against the girl which he could use in court as cause to deny Hoberg's grand demand that she be freed; so, if she were held until morning, the State wolud be obliged to bow to Hoberg.

Evidently no more was to be learned from her by questioning in confinement; and there was no risk to the State's case, if she were released; she could not run away. The State could keep her under surveillance and, from observation of her, perhaps develop new evidence against Ketlar and her. So Calvin decided to free her and see what she would do.

She was sitting at her window watching the lights of the city and now and then replying to Mrs. Hoswick's cheerful efforts at conversation, when the policewoman was called into the hall.

"You can go home now," Mrs. Hoswick announced, when she returned.

"Home?" cried Joan Daisy, jumping up. "Why?"

"Why," repeated Mrs. Hoswick. "They're through with you."

"Through!" cried Joan Daisy. "Oh, where's Ket?"

"Downstairs, I suppose. But they're not through with him."

"No! Why not??"

"They're not, dearie. It's just you that's going home."

"Oh!" breathed Joan Daisy, dropping to her chair and clinging to it. "Then I'll stay here, thanks."

"You can't" denied Mrs. Hoswick firmly but kindly. "You're released. You're sent home."

"I don't want to go home: I don't want to leave Ket."

"You'd not see him again anyhow, dearie."

"Why, what are they doing with him?"

"They're taking him to a station, dearie."

"Oh-"

"And this room's given up. You got to go."

"Oh!"

CHAPTER 24
THE JOURNEY HOME

"I have her started now," Mrs. Hoswick made report a few minutes later to the men below who were to keep Joan Daisy under surveillance.

Calvin was in the lobby and he delayed near the door of the hotel and saw her step from the elevator.

She saw him, nodded and approached him, carrying her little handbag which she had taken from the bell-boy who had accompanied her from the elevator.

"Where's Mr. Ketlar, Mr. Clarke?" she asked.

"At central station. You can't see him, if you go there. He's locked up," said Calvin decisively. "You're to go home."

"Yes," said Joan Daisy. "Mrs. Hoswick told me. My bill here is paid?"

"Yes. How are you going home?" Calvin suddenly inquired.

"Elevated."

"You can take a cab," he told her and he struck spirit in her.

"Of course I can; but I don't care to."

"I mean," said Calvin, "I'll send you home."

"You?" she challenged him, gazing evenly into his eyes in her disconcerting way. "You mean, you you, or you the State—the People of Illinois?"

"Take a cab," Calvin answered, evading, and he signaled one, but was left at the curb, holding the door open, when Joan Daisy walked away.

Watching her, he saw her give herself a shake which was slight yet so expressive that it put him in mind of a thrush which he had captured when he was a boy and kept for a day in a box and then released. He always remembered the quiver of the bird, when it had hopped a few feet from the box and suddenly felt it was free.

Joan Daisy was hungry. She had not expected to be, and she had not planned to stop down town, for supper had ben served to her in the hotel room, and she had not wanted it, only a couple of hours ago; but as she passed the gleaming windows of a cafeteria and gazed in upon the racks of bread and rolls, the plates of salads and the covered pots wherein steamed broths and soups, she felt weak for food and she stepped into the lunch-room, greeted by the warm, familiar odors of baked meats and hot puddings, and spicy, simmering stews.

(To Be Continued.)

NERVOUS, SLEEPLESS

Miss Juanita Boudreau of 110 Westmorland St., Moncton, N. B., said: "I became so nervous I couldn't stand the least noise or excitement, rested poorly at night, my appetite was poor, and I lost weight. I took Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and my nerves improved almost from the start and soon I was enjoying the best of health." New size, tablets 50 cts., liquid $1.00. Large size, tabs. or liquid, $1.35. All druggists.

SMART FROCKS FOR FASHIONABLE PEOPLE

Illustrated Dressmaking Lessons Furnished With Each Pattern

Very graceful and slenderizing is this slenderizing model and a dress that suits all day needs most admirably.

It is bottle green canton crepe. The cascading jabot frill that is part of the collar adds an exceedingly attractive touch. The stitching on the sleeves is smart. The pattern provides perforations for same. It can be omitted, however, if you please.

Another fascinating scheme is black crepe with white crepe collar and jabot.

Metal threaded woolen, velveteen, wool crepe, rayon novelties, etc., would also be charming for this easily made dress.

Style No. 630 is designed for sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards of 39-inch material.

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

No. 630. Size .....

Name .....

Street Address .....

City State .....

A Morning Smile

Three In One

The hotel billiards table looked the worse for wear after a game more strenuous than brilliant.

"Sandy," said the English player, "those three holes in the cloth will cost us thirty bob at the rate of 10s. a hole."

The Scot volunteered to interview the manager and collected 15s. from his friend. Then, producing a knife, he rapidly transformed the three holes into one large one.

"Mon," he said, slipping five of the 15s, in his pocket, "it's verra fortunate they charge for quantity and not size.

"Where's Mr. Ketlar, Mr. Clarke?" she asked.

"At central station. You can't see him, if you go there. He's locked up," said Calvin decisively. "You're to go home."

"Yes," said Joan Daisy. "Mrs. Hoswick told me. My bill here is paid?"

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(To Be Continued.)

THE COOK'S CORNER

CREAM CARAMEL CAKE

Place in mixing bowl 2 unbeaten eggs, ½ cup brown sugar, and ¾ cup heavy cream. Beat with egg beater until mixture is somewhat thickened. Add 1 2-3 cups flour, 2½ teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon cocoa, ½ teaspon salt, which have been sifted together. Pour into a square cake pan, oiled and lined with oiled paper and bake in a moderate oven.

Frost when cool with the following:

Orange Icing: To the grated rind of one orange, add 1 tablespoon orange juice and ½ teaspoon lemon juice, let stand fifteen minutes. Strain and add slowly to 1 egg, well beaten. Stir in confectioner's sugar until of the consistency to spread.

KIDNEY AND LIVER PUDDING

Have equal amounts of ox kidney and liver. About half of three-quarters of a pound of each is about the right amount.

Cut them into slices and season well with salt and cayenne. Now fry them lightly with two ounces of bacon cut small, and two ounces of dripping. When slightly browned, gradually pour over three-quarters of a pint of stock, or water, added to which should be a tablespoonful of flour.

Line a basin with some good crust, put in the meat and gravy when nearly boiling, place the lid on it. Pinch the pastry edges firmly together, then put on the floured cloth, plunge the pudding into boiling water, and boil rapidly until done—about two and a half hours.

LIVER AND PARSLEY SAUCE

Have the liver of either a fowl or rabbit. Be sure to see that it is quite fresh, wash and then boil it for five minutes in a quarter of a pint of water. Now mince very finely, pound in a mortar, and mix well with a tablespoon of scalded and chopped parsley.

Stir the mixture into a quarter of a pint of good melted butter. Let this sauce remain over a low gas until quite hot, but do not let it boil.

"PANCAKES— I'm Comin' Mom!"

"T'se in town, honey."

No need to call the children twice to the table when you're serving Aunt Jemima's. These delicious, flavourful pancakes are first favorite with youngsters. And they're *good* for the children, too!

Wholesome, energy producing, fortifying — Aunt Jemima's are a perfect breakfast, lunch or supper for cool fall and winter days. Yet Aunt Jemima's are really economical. By actual test a serving costs about a cent. Serve them to your family today. If you prefer Buckwheat cakes—try making them with Aunt Jemima prepared Buckwheat Flour *they're delicious.*

AUNT JEMIMA PANCAKE FLOUR

Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour in the red package — Aunt Jemima Prepared Buckwheat Flour in the yellow.