

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

Fragrance Sealed In Metal

"SALADA" TEA

"Fresh from the Gardens"

Canadian Cookery For Canadian Women

By Mari Moore. Specially contributed to the Guardian for Guardian Readers.

Venturesome Cookery New Delights For The Family Whose Mother Dares To Be Different

Let me tell my inevitable story first—then I shall follow it up with concrete suggestions that will help you to carry out its point.

This summer I was the guest of a family who are dear friends of ours, on a motor trip—Mother, Dad, Daughter of twenty would-be sophisticated years and myself.

Did you ever notice what tremendous importance food assumes when you have little else but it and scenery to think of? Every item of food we ate, and every mattress we slept on were the chief topics of banter. (I would have preferred the soft side of a plank to one mattress I squirmed the night away on.)

On entering hotel dining rooms "Midge" and I would scan the menus for something sensational and she would demurely implore me to select something for her I was sure would satisfy the yawning cavity within her, but that she had never had before. I would suggest such aristocratic sounding dishes as Lobster Thermidor of pate de foies gras and she would make up her mind to have that, but at the last moment when the waiter wanted the final decision she would become panic-stricken for fear he would bring some microscopic serving of esthetic food like humming birds' wings, that she would meekly say "Fillet Mignon." It was a perfect joke—fillet mignon five evenings in succession. To see her sink back in her chair with an air of the spirit-willing-but-the-flesh-was-weak kept us all silently chuckling, on and off, during the whole dinner every time it happened.

When her hunger was satisfied with first and second courses she would become less timid—one dinner she even had a frozen cream flavoured with violet essence and garnished with candied violets, and has been boasting of her courage ever since.

However, her indecision made me more daring and at one sitting I ordered all the "specials" one dining room emphasized; baked onion soup,

Galatine of Capon, and Crepes Suzette with real cordials in the syrup. Now maybe you know just what part of the country we were touring.

With that little human interest story as the thin end of the wedge do you suppose I could pry you loose, just in a small way at first, from your food selection habits, housewives?

Never mind how I know, but I do know one family that has had a fillet of veal for eight Sunday dinners in succession and on the ninth a brave mother ordered a loin of pork, and the family almost threatened to leave home.

Now that is a true story, but an exceptional one, and very few readers of this department would know a parallel to it—but let us all be venturesome in our selection of foods—especially in these harvest days and try to discover new flavors and new food pleasures.

How many of you are sporting enough to pick up the telephone right now and order the necessary requirements for

Lobster Mexicana This would be served with boiled brown rice, fresh pear and cheese salad and coffee. A simple but delicious meal.

Cut the lobster meat in pieces about as big as walnuts. For four people you will need two baby lobsters or two cans of this sea food. (My favorite fish dealer tells me all deep sea foods will be especially cheap and abundant this Fall. I will have to write something about that in a later article.) Then put a large can of tomatoes on the heat to simmer down for about fifteen minutes. Season tomatoes with 3-4 teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1-4 teaspoon powdered cloves, and one bay leaf. Meanwhile, saute one large peeled and sliced onion and seeded and chopped green pepper in three tablespoons of butter. Cook them until tender but not brown. Add to tomatoes. Then if you want it to be especially delicious add one cup cooked mushrooms which have been previously sliced and sauted until tender in two tablespoons butter. Put these in with your tomatoes the

very last thing. Follow with three tablespoons butter. Put these in with your tomatoes the very last thing. Follow with three tablespoons butter.

Peel six bananas and cut in halves crosswise or leave whole. Sprinkle each banana lightly with salt, pepper and paprika and dip in lemon juice and sprinkle lightly with flour. Cook gently until tender and golden brown in frying pan containing melted butter or neutral cooking oil. These may be chilled to serve.

Sauteed Bananas

British And U. S. Imports

There was a slight increase in August in the imports from both Great Britain and the United States as compared with July. From Great Britain the imports were valued at \$7,461,000 as against \$7,406,000 in July and from the United States \$21,005,000 as against \$20,291,000.

Dear Dorothy Dix—I am in love with a man of 37, but I am only 17. He is a widower with two children. Do you think I should marry him?

Answer: Then twenty years is too much difference in age between a husband and wife unless they are both past middle age. Do a little figuring. The difference between 17 and 37 may not seem so much now, but it will mean a lot when you are 40 and still feeling like a debutante and he is 60, and it will be worse still when you are 50 and he is 70.

Besides, a man of 37 has had his fling. He has seen the world and he is tired of it and wants to settle down, but at 17 you are just entering the door for a look-see at life and the whole show is still before you. You want to go out and dance and make whoopee, which is perfectly right and natural at your time of life, but you won't be able to do it if you marry a man twenty years older than yourself.

Then there are the two little children to consider. Being a step-mother is one of the most difficult and arduous jobs on earth and the one that requires the most test and patience and self-control, and no girl of 17 is fitted to undertake it. You are nothing but a child yourself and you wouldn't even know how to go about rearing youngsters nearly as old as yourself. So for pity's sake and your own sake and for the sake of the children, don't undertake a ready-made family.

Dear Miss Dix—I am a young man in my early 20s making an ordinary salary, and I earnestly wish to know whether it is better for me to continue my education by going away to college or to marry a girl whom I love very much. If I go to the technical school as I have planned, there will be ninety-nine chances out of a hundred that I will never see the girl again.

Answer: It depends on how much you love the girl and how much she cares for you. If she loves you she will be willing to wait for you. Also, I think your decisions should depend upon how much you need the technical training in your business. A college degree doesn't necessarily spell success in any line of effort. Very often actual experience is more important than any theory taught in school.

A Morning Smile

THEN HOW ABOUT IT?

"Hurry up, mum!" implored the English train guard of the very stout lady struggling to enter a narrow carriage door. "Train's late now. Get in edgeways, mussus—get in edgeways!"

Perspiring, flurried and worried, she of the large bulk paused in her endeavors and glared backward with indignation.

"Wot if I ain't got no edge?" she snapped.—Santa Fe Magazine.

STAIRS MADE HER GASP FOR BREATH

Penalty of Excess Fat

Although she has lost but 7 lbs. of her overweight, this woman finds that 7 lbs. has made a remarkable difference to her. There can certainly be nothing wrong with a reducing treatment that brings such increased energy and vigor.

Her letter reads:—"I am 53 years old and my height is 5 ft. Last year I weighed 154 lbs. For six months I have been taking a half-teaspoonful of Kruschen Salts, making no change in my diet. Now I am less round the hips, and only weigh 147 lbs. dressed. But I feel lighter and can now run upstairs, which before used to make me gasp for breath. Everyone says how well and fit I look, as I am in a store and get no walking exercise at all. The results may not be startling, but the fact remains that I feel much better than of late years—not so heavy—and I now enjoy dancing."—(Miss) J. H.

Kruschen is based on scientific principle—it's an ideal blend of 6 separate minerals which help glands, nerves, blood and body organs to function properly and maintain a splendid degree of health—it builds up energy and strength all the while you're training yourself down to a point of normal weight.

And this is why, when the children differ with their father and mother on any subject or venture any criticism of anything they do, father and mother consider them impertinent and punish them because they have committed the crime of lese majesty. They have questioned the infallible, and the poor parents who see their godhead slipping away from them are hurt and offended.

Personally, I think it is a great mistake for parents to put themselves upon a pedestal and hand out to their children this press-agent story of their youthful perfections because it creates a barrier between them that the youngsters have not the courage even to try to surmount. It makes the parents so good that they cease to be human, and the children feel that they have nothing in common with these superior beings.

According to father's own account of his impeccable youth, he was always a model boy who was a gallant knight to his mother and kind and attentive to his little sisters, no matter what pests they were. At school he was a diligent student who took all the prizes and caused the teachers no annoyance. When he went to work he was never late, never idled, but was always the industrious apprentice.

He never even did anything foolish. He never got into debt or went on a wild party or drove old Dobbin out of a walk or sky-larked around with the girls or got into a scrape of any kind whatever.

And mother was equally beyond reproach in her youth. She also was a wonderful scholar and mother's little helper, and she always just wanted to do what mother wanted her to do and wear the clothes mother bought for her, and she never went anywhere without a chaperon, and when boys came to see her they sat on one side of the room and she sat on the other and they discussed what Mr. Browning thought he meant in certain of his poems.

Now, I ask you, how is poor John, who is always tumbling from one difficulty into another, going to tell father, who never made a mistake in his own youth, about how he has overdrawn his allowance and has got into trouble over his pranks at college or has got balled up in an engagement with a girl who took his near-lovemaking seriously? And how is Sadie going to confide in mamma, whose own youth was so austere and prim, that she thinks she is falling in love with some boy and was just thrilled when he kissed her? The answer is they can't. And so both John and Sadie miss the helping guidance they would have had if they had had parents who didn't pretend to be plaster saints, but admitted to having been regular human beings and having done all the foolish things that all girls and boys do.

So perhaps, Bertie, if your mother will just come down off her high horse and confess that she used to be "sassy" to her mother and that her mother disapproved of the way she did her hair and the boys who came to see her, just as your mother does about your affairs, why you might get along on a pleasant, confidential basis that would make both of you happier.

DOROTHY DIX.

Dorothy Dix Letter Box

When Mother Was a Child, Did She Really "Always Do As She Was Told"? — Seventeen Risks Whole Future Happiness in Marrying Man With Two Children

Dear Miss Dix—I am a young girl in my teens and very unhappy at home. My mother and I don't get along together at all and she disapproves of everything I do, although I do nothing wrong. One of the things that gets my goat is that she is always setting herself up as an example, and that makes me mad through and through. She says that when she was a girl she never did anything of which her parents disapproved nor ever "sassed" them. Do you think that in the twenty-one years she lived at home she never said an unthoughtful or unkind word or disobeyed her father's and mother's wishes? I don't. Anyway, not for me. BERTIE.

Well, Bertie, I am inclined to agree with you and surmise that perhaps your mother wasn't quite the pin-feathered angel when she was a girl that she represents herself to be. But when she describes herself as a paragon she really doesn't mean it to be taken literally. She is merely holding an ideal up to you of what she would like you to be and also she is trying to fix a picture of mother perfection in your mind. Something for you to revere and kow-tow before.

One of the most pathetic things in the world is the passionate desire that parents have for their children's admiration. Above everything else they long for their children to look up to them and think them little tin gods, the wisest, strongest, the most wonderful people on earth. That is why father swells up and becomes oracular and dictatorial in the home circle, and the phrase "mother knows best" is always on mother's lips.

And this is why, when the children differ with their father and mother on any subject or venture any criticism of anything they do, father and mother consider them impertinent and punish them because they have committed the crime of lese majesty. They have questioned the infallible, and the poor parents who see their godhead slipping away from them are hurt and offended.

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DOROTHY DIX.

MOTHER, GIVE ME A DISH AS BIG AS DADDY'S! A NEW BREAKFAST DISH THAT LOOKS HANDSOME and tastes even handsomer

HERE'S a wonderful new breakfast food that you're going to like a lot—and often! It's called "Grape-Nuts" Flakes, and if you haven't tried it you've missed a very, very pleasant experience! "Grape-Nuts" Flakes is a cereal nobody has to learn to like. You'll take to these big, crinkly, sunshiny flakes with the very first spoonful. They're crisp and golden and dimpled—a tempting, delicate form for the grandest of breakfast flavors—the glorious flavor of "Grape-Nuts" Cereal! And thanks to healthful grains and a special baking process, "Grape-Nuts"

"GRAPE-NUTS" FLAKES

For The Cook

PEACH BROWN BETTY (Scalloped Peaches) 2 cups bread crumbs. 2 cups sliced peaches. 1/4 cup butter, melted. 1/4 cup sugar, brown or white. 1/2 cup hot water. Mix crumbs and butter lightly with fork. Cover bottom of buttered pudding dish with crumbs and spread over half the peaches, sprinkle with half the sugar. Repeat, cover with remaining crumbs and water. Bake for 40 minutes in moderate oven. Cover at first to prevent crumbs from browning too rapidly. Serve with cream and sugar. If canned peaches are used, the sirup can replace the water and most of the sugar.

PEACH TAPIOCA 2 cups canned peaches. 1/4 cup powdered sugar. 1/2 cup sugar. 1 cup pearl tapioca or 1/2 cup qujck-cooking tapioca. 1/2 teaspoon salt. Boiling water. Drain peaches, sprinkle with the powdered sugar, and let stand one hour. Soak pearl tapioca one hour in cold water to cover and drain. To peach sirup add enough boiling water to make 3 cups, heat to

Christie's PREMIUM SODA CRACKERS

What the Fashionables are Wearing

By Annabelle Worthington Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished with Every Pattern



This little rig is stunning in almost any of the new woolen materials for early fall wear. Wine-red wool crepe would be an extremely nice medium. It slips so easily under a coat too. And as for the making you run it up on the sewing machine in a single day. The time will be well worth spent for the enormous saving in cost. Lightweight tweeds, rough crepe silk and plain crepe silks are also suitable. Style No. 756 is designed in sizes 14, 16, 18, 20 years, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust. Size 16 requires 4 1/2 yards of 39-inch material. Price of Pattern 15 cents in stamps or coin (coin preferred.) Wrap coin carefully.

No. 756. Size

Name

Street Address

City State

A deodorizing powder contained in a can with a perforated top has been invented to be placed in refrigerators to neutralize the odors of foods that might contaminate others.

Lydia E. Pinkham's VEGETABLE COMPOUND

IN DEPTHS OF DESPAIR



MRS. MARY JONES lives in New England. Every month was a nightmare to her. Her letter says, "I suffered periodical pains through my head, backache and female weakness." She tried everything. Visited clinics. Nothing helped her. Finally she gave Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial... scarcely hoping it would succeed where more expensive things had failed. But she was surprised. Through its tonic action, it built up her health... lessened her pain. She says, "My backache is completely relieved."

Lydia E. Pinkham's VEGETABLE COMPOUND