Woman's Realm — Social and Personal — Fashions — Literature

Teach Children About Marriage | **Dorothy Dix** | Too Few Properly Trained At Home

Every Mother and Father Should see to it That Johnny and Mary are Brought up to be a Good Husband and Wife When They Marry

Man's inhumanity to man, and especially woman's inhumanity to woman, that makes countless thousands mourn, as the poet says, is never so vividly illustrated as it is in the fact that mothers make no specific effort to teach their children how to be good husbands and wives.

The happiness of the world is virtually in the hands of mothers, since the misery occasioned by discordant marriages far outweighs all other human griefs, and it would be easy for women to dam this source of sorrow at its foundation were they so minded. Mothers could abolish unhappy marriages, stop divorce and assure every boy that he would get a good wife and every girl that she would secure the husband of her dreams.

And, considering that every mother desires above everything else the welfare of her children, it is strange that there is not some sort of concerted effort among them to improve the quality of husbands and wives so that when their own boys and girls choose their mates they will not be so likely to get curses instead of blessings. Apparently, however, there is no reciprocity among mothers so far as their children go, and so we have the spectacle of women rearing the kind of husbands and wives for some other woman's children that they pray God on their knees that their own children will escape.

This attitude of mothers is more inexplicable because they all expect and desire their children to marry. They want these marriages to turn out successfully. No mother wants to see her children go through the agony and bitterness and scandal of divorce, yet in their whole teachings of their children they ignore the subject of marriage as completely as if they were no more likely to go to the altar than they were to go to the North Pole.

Every married woman knows the secret of what makes a happy marriage, and she knows that it is just as much a matter of manners as of morals; that it is the little things—the little politenesses, the little courtesies, the little justices, the little fineaities, the words of thanks and appreciation—that keep a marriage a going concern that pays dividends on all it costs. She also knows that the little amenities of matrimony do not come by nature, as Dogberry thought a knowledge of how to read and write did. They have to be taught or else learned in the hard school of experience.

Now, every woman knows exactly the kind of a husband she hopes her daughter will be lucky enough to get. She wants him to be kind, tender, affectionate, generous and domestic. But does she impress it upon her own son that he must treat his wife the way she wants Mary's husband to treat her? Not at all.

She doesn't tell him that he must not marry until he is ready to settle down and be a fireside companion; that he hasn't any right to marry a girl and dump her in a house to spend her evenings alone. She doesn't tell him that a man is a contemptible chiseler who doesn't give his wife an allowance and who holds out on her the money she earns a dozen times over. She doesn't tell him that it is just as much a husband's duty to feed his wife's soul as it is her body, and that he must never stop making love to her and telling her how wonderful she is. She doesn't tell him that it is just as much a husband's place to help make a happy home as it is the wife's; that he must not dump all of his grouchiness on the family hearthstone and say things to ihs wife that he wouldn't dare say to the stenographer or the cook.

No, Mother does all she can to unfit her son for being a good husband by spoiling him to death waiting on him hand and foot and catering to all of his little whims. Then she hands him over to some poor unfortunate girl who has to spend the remainder of her life putting up with his faults.

Nor does Mother take any more trouble to provide the neighbor's son with a good wife than her neighbor did to rear a good husband for her daughter. She knows to the last hair on her head the kind of a girl she wants John to marry—a sweet, unselfish young woman who is thrifty, a good manager and who will know how to make her husband comfortable and take care of his health and be a real helpmeet to him.

But does she try to fit Mary to be that sort of a wife? No indeed Why, she doesn't even teach Mary how to cook, nor how to sew, nor how to market, and the first thing Mary does is to ruin her husband's stomach by setting him down to meals that would kill an ostrich and to throw half of his salary into the garbage can because she does not know how to buy food.

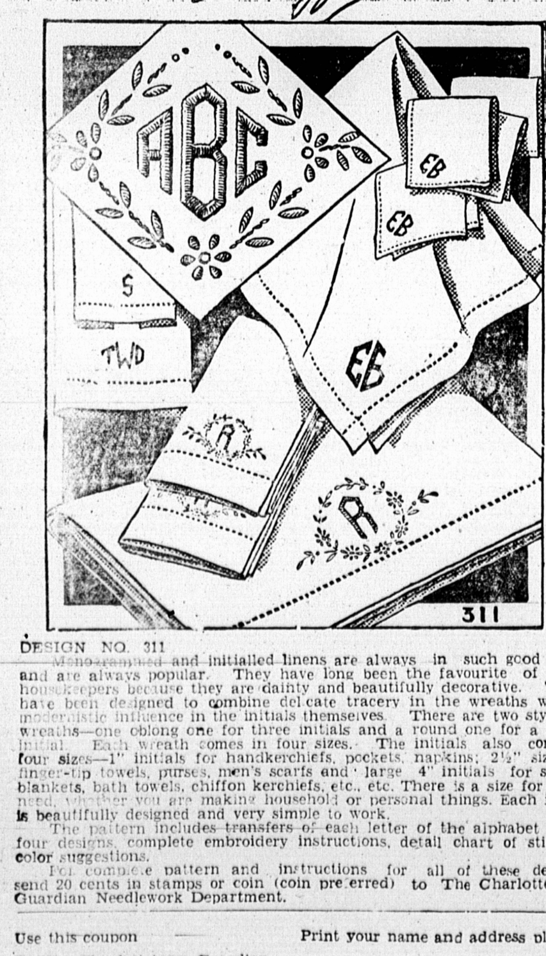
Ever since Mary was born Mother has spoiled her, sacrificed for her and made her feel that no one else had any rights where she was concerned. Then she wraps this little bundle of egotism and self-centeredness and ignorance of everything practical up in white satin and dumps it on to some unfortunate man for a wife.

That is why there is so much marital unhappiness and so many divorces. Mothers don't fit their children for marriage. They don't try to make them the kind of husbands and wives they want their own daughters and sons to marry.

DOROTHY DIX.

Embroidered Monograms for Linens

by Mayfair



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3 STRANGE MEN

By C. T. PODMORE

CHAPTER XVI

CUL-DE-SAC

Darkness.

Geroge Parmitter lay on a boarded floor, in a corner of a room which his groping fingers told him was walled with white-washed brick. High up was a single small window, for ventilation rather than light, and too small for a man of any size to think for as a means of escape. It was closed, and it had a curiously blurred appearance against the dull, dense sky. A pattering murmur beat on his hearing. Rain.

By degrees he became aware that his limbs were free and he got to his feet. He then discovered a strong batten door, which was so firmly secured that he could not even shake it. Then he made out the outline of a narrow, closed casement, which was boarded over from the outside. There was a faint musty smell, which he remembered long afterward as if it were contained in some damaged compartment of his head. He had not the least idea where he was, or how long his head had lain stupidly to the floor. They had taken his revolver too.

His eyes gradually perceived the size and the emptiness of the place he was in. He was going to beat a summons on the door, when a light shewed underneath and someone knocked.

"Hi—you, there!" a man's voice called roughly.

"I'm here," answered George, immediately behind the door, which he struck with the flat of his hand. "Open—I want to come out."

"Ah, the gen'l'man wants to come out. Going to be rough, now he's back to himself," commented the voice to someone; who replied, "Sling the bar up, and let him see how he's fixed."

A bar was lifted, and the door opened inward to the extent of six or seven inches, revealing —behind a taut chain which has been run through the handle and secured to the opposite wa'l of a passage — the two riverside men of the motor car. One of them he'd George's revolver somewhat negligently toward the floor. "Better be perlite," he said, "when you're spoke to. D'ver want some brub, or a shot in your leg?"

"I want to know what you mean by fastening me up in here?" George retored angrily.

"'Ere!" said the fellow, with an abrupt gesture to another person out of sight. "You better come and talk to him."

And in a moment three stood Arthur Boxwith, clerk, of Manchester.

"You rat!" he exclaimed.

"Wait a minute —wait a minute," replied Boxwith calmly, even with a hint of injury in his tone. "All you know is, you don't stand in my shoes. Are you going to be quiet, Mr. Parmitter? Come, now —as one gentleman to another."

"Quiet!"

"Quite and reasonable. I'm not going to talk to you about this, that and the other you may be worrying over. I tell you you ain't in my shoes, that's all. There's food for you, and none o' the clink business neither. This ain't the jug. Good food —I'm going to see to that —and any drink you like to call for short of champagne and similar; and no need whatever to tip the waiter. The question is, are you going to be what our parson calls resigned, for a day or two? That's all."

"No!"

"Well, you're pretty sure to get hurt again, and a bit worse too. It's not intended, b'lieve me; and it seems a pity to carry on like mad, when after a day or two you might walk out like a gentleman passing through his own estate. You see—"

"Well?"

"That bit o' paper you had off me was faked just to get you here, out o' the way; you couldn't go any further with it—you'd be lost. See? The job's over. That is, as good as over. Why not be resigned? There's a ship's cook with us that could shame any chef in London; and if you want medical attention, you can have a bang-up hand-picked physician from Harley-street. Can't say fairer than that."

"That's all you have got to say to me is it?"

"Practically," agreed Boxwith mildly. "I b'lieve there's a line or two of poetry that hits off the present situation, but I just forget how it goes. Now say if you want anything to pull you round a bit and keep up your strength. We ain't got no French menu, but the stuff's good. We're just having a hand at cards, and personally I wouldn't mind if you came into the kitchen, and had a bite and a sup while you watch us play. But my friends here, their language ain't fit for human ears —I can hardly bear it myself —and I daresay you'd embarrass them, too, for they'd think you were up to something. Same as they think even about me."

"I shou'dn't wonder!" retorted George.

"Low class, that's what they are."

"Let me have food and drink, anyhow," said George, out of patience. "And I'd like to know which one of these struck me on the head."

"I did," said the man with the revolver.

"Thanks. You shall have your reward."

"Anything else?" said Boxwith.

"I should like to know where you've brought me."

"Ah— of course. This is the Isle o' Wight."

"I see. And how long is it since we arrived?"

"Came here on my yacht a couple o' weeks ago."

"Thank you," responded George; "that's about what I thought."

"Now step back, will you?" The command come in a tone quite devoid of badinage; and in another moment the bar was up, and George Parmitter in darkness again.

Boxwith was as good as his word. Inside half an hour a big portion of a chicken, with a chunk of bread and a jug containing at least a pint of good ale, was passed in to him. With it was a bit of lighted candle, estimated to burn itself out in "next to no time." And that would at eight sharp in the morning. do far to-night. Coffee and bacon Parmitter had no intention of remaining inactive till morning.

The ceiling of this place was a blank grey area at least twelve feet up. Everything was ingrained with a lightish-coloured dust. Even a rat shut in here would have to gnaw its way out.

Carefully George trod all over the place pausing here and there to scrape with his boot a little mass of scaly witewash from the walls, and crushing it to powder. The greyness of the floor was due to sweepings of flour into the crevices of the wood. The musty odour persisted.

Then he did a singular thing. He took the fork from his empty supper plate, carried it like a deadly weapon to a corner where lay some of the loosened whitewash, and stuck it into the floor. He glanced reflectively at the knife also, but put aside whatever may have been his thought about it. "What a fool I was," he muttered, "not to ask Boxwell for a feather bed."

The ale had done his head no good. He got down to the floor, blew out the scrap of candle, and lay pulsing the beat of the rain outside. That pulsing lasted through many weary hours.

A grey-eyed morning look in from the window high up in the wall, and found him contemplatively awake. The rain had ceased. It was too early for his captors to be about. He rose quietly, and stepped over to the invitation of the morning.

With an agile leap he caught the narrow ledge with his fingers, drew himself up, and peered through. He saw a shabby green enclosure with a broken gateway; the remains of a hay cart on a single rotting wheel; part of a narrow, rutted road that wound between low hedgerows and occasional trees; a glimpse of flat, misty fields, with the ghost of a church tower far beyond; and everywhere suggestive of loneliness, neglect and silence. One or two birds flew past, but no twittering could be hear.

He was in an old farmhouse, and this had been one of its storerooms. The place was no longer in the world.

From this he turned to the casement which had been boarded up on the outside. He could not break through this without rousnig his captors; the timbers ben glass were held in place by bolts driven through the frame from within.

He went to the spot below the little window where he had stuck his fork into the flooring, and sat down there and began to scrape patiently at the edge of one of the boards. The wood came up in soft strips. At last he squeezed his fingers through, and the timber pulped and crumbled in his grip. A foul, clammy mess clung underneath. This was the cause of the odour —dry rot.

Cautiously he pulled up a piece of board, which broke at a short length. He looked at the sickly unwholesome fungus on the under side. He could make an aperture big enough to pass through. The depth below was less than two feet, but he could crawl, damp and noisome as it was.

A glance showed him little peering spots of light where the vents were almost choked up; and by degrees he crawled far enough to surmise that certain loose gaps in the parti-walls would admit him under the flooring of adjacent rooms in the house. Also, he found a small rusty axe-head, with a decayed shaft that fell out when he touched it; and this he put into his pocket. He could get away —he had no doubt of it now. One of these vents should be grouted out. All he had to do was to bide his time.

Sorely was his patience to be tried.

Had it been otherwise, it might have caused him more suffering of mind than anything else he had ever known.

To Be Continued

A Morning Smile

UNDAUNTED

"I was rather surprised to hear that you were thinking of marriage again, Mrs. Jones," said the vicar. "Let me see, this is the fifth time, isn't it?"

"Yes," replied Mrs. Jones, defiantly, "and as often as Heaven takes 'em, so will I."

The Housewife And Her Activities

LAUGH

Build for yourself a strong-box,
Fashion each part with care.
When it's strong as your hand can make it
Put all your troubles there:
Hide there all thoughts of your failures,
And each bitter cup that you quaff;
Lock all your heartaches within it,
Then sit on the lid and laugh.

The straight silhouette with soft top for both coats and dresses is the accepted Fall silhouette, say stylists.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

Clothes pegs will last twice as long if they are thrown into a pan of water and boiled for ten minutes, when new.

And did you know that if you heat lemons and oranges before the fire, they will produce much more juice when squeezed?

That a lamp wick soaked in vinegar before use will never smoke?

Scrub the enamel shelf from your gas stove and lay it on the table. On it you can chop vegetables and fruits, or use it as a pastry board, and the whole thing takes a minute only to wipe clean. And if you've got to stand for a long time in the same spot, do stand on an old cushion—it makes you far less tired about the feet.

* * *

Always warm your floor polish before using. It will give a much brighter shine.

When ironing circular skirts it is so difficult to prevent them from sagging. Here's a tip — fold the skirt in four lengthways and then iron it roughly from waist to hem. Open and iron in the ordinary way and the skrit will be perfectly even all round with no dips.

HOW LONG'S A MILE

All our measurements are governed by the most accurate standards imaginable, but, because this is so, it must not be thought that a great many people do not measure and weigh and reckon time in a most haphazard manner.

Our mile is 1,760 yards, but the Burmese reckons his mile as equal to the distance he can walk in the middle of the day, when it is hottest, without stopping for a rest.

In Egypt the Great Pyramid throws a shadow at sundown which is said to recah for miles, and this used to be a sign for the rice workers to knock off.

Some people in the Rhineland do not boil eggs by means of automatic timers; they prefer the old way of repeating the Lord's Prayer slowly, when they know the eggs are done.

Even the canal men in Holland do not always look at maps to see the number of miles they have covered. They know by the number of pipes they have smoked on the journey!

When Adam designed a house for a client, he also made drawings for the interior decoration, furniture, carpets, curtains, bed hangings, silver and plated articles and every other conceivable item of demestic decorative equipment. He was the fashion from 1760 until his death in 1792.

ARTISTS' MODELS ASK FOR MINIMUM WAGE

Professional artists' models of Australia are demanding a minimum wage of eighty-five cents an hour for posing before art classes and sketch clubs and sixty cents an hour if engaged privately by an artist. They have placed their claims before Justice Webb, of the Industrial Commission, in Sydney. The working life of a model is short, because artists want new faces and figures.

FLOWERING INITIALS.

Initials in a flowering design, done in white on a dark blue sweater, featured a Bruyere embroidered costume —one of the smartest worn to the Longchamp races on "Elegance Day."

Modern Etiquette

(By ROBERTA LEE)

Q. When a girl is preceding her escort and comes to a closed door, what should she do?

A. She should allow her escort to open the door. He should then stand aside and let the girl pass through first.

Q. What is the proper height of a tea table?

A. It should be five or six inches above the knees of the hostess.

Q. When should the attendants on shipboard be tipped?

A. Just before the steamer docks.

Household Scrapbook

(By ROBERTA LEE)

DAMP GLOVES

If your hands are damp, due to perspiration, pull the kid gloves off over your hands, and not by tugging at the finger tips. You are liable to break the stitches and get the gloves out of shape if you use the latter method when the gloves are damp.

THOROUGH RINSING

One of the biggest factors in the whiteness of white clothes and the clearness of colored clothes is thorough rinsing. Rinse until the water is clear and absolutely free of any suds.

THE BEAN POT

The easiest way to wash the bean pot, or badly stained casserole, is to put a handful of borax into it, fill it with hot water and stand in the oven for awhile. After this soaking the browned parts will wash out without difficulty.

How Can I ? ?

(By ANNE ASHLEY)

Q.. How can I make a dry mop?

A. Tie pieces of cloth firmly to the end of a discarded broom handle. Slit the pieces of cloth into strips about one inch wide, dip into kerosene, and then let it drip several hours, or overnight, before using.

Q. How can I remove dark brown stains from aluminum pots and pans?

A. Wet a cloth in warm water and dip it in salt. Then rub on the stains and they will come off readily.

Q. How can I drive away ants?

A. Smear the cracks and corners of their haunts with balsam or peru. Sulphur will also drive away ants.

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No wonder her summer wash-dresses always look so smart. From a fast-colored cotton or linen, she removes old fruit stains—except peach—by spreading the garment over a pan and pouring boiling water through from a height. To a stubborn stain on uncolored cotton or linen, she sometimes applies a little Javelle water with a medicine dropper.

Peach stains she dampens with glycerin, then washes in clear lukewarm water. She avoids soap, which sets fruit stains.

The chewing gum on Junior's shirt, she softens with egg white before washing. She covers chocolate stains thickly with borax and washes in cold water.

Our 32-page booklet is fairly bursting with valuable tips on clothing care, kitchen and housecleaning short cuts, efficient ways of getting rid of ants, flies, moths and other household pests.

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UNCLE JOHN NOTICES A CHANGE

• Uncle John visits us regularly. He likes the children immensely—despite the fact that they used to fuss so much about eating. It made every one irritable—but Uncle John used to say, "Well, I used to fret, too, about eating when I was a youngster. They'll get over it."

• Uncle John visited us again last week. And the first day with us, he said, "I've never seen a family so *cheerful* at breakfast!" I said, "Neither had we—until we began serving Kellogg's Rice Krispies! That 'Snap, Crackle, Pop' sound would make any one cheerful—the children love it. And they eat Rice Krispies without coaxing or fussing—and come back every time for second helpings!"

★

All children love Kellogg's Rice Krispies. First they listen to that cheerful, chuckling "Snap, Crackle, Pop!"—then they eat up every one of those tasty, toasted rice bubbles. Rice Krispies are really delicious—and the only cereal so crisp it crackles in milk or cream!

Rice Krispies are wholesome and easy to digest. Sold by all grocers—made by Kellogg in London, Ontario.

The only cereal SO CRISP it crackles in milk or cream

THE COOK'S CORNER

PINAPPLE MARMALADE

Mix together 6 cups chopped fresh pineapple and juice, 1 1-2 cups orange juice, 2 cups brown sugar. Cook these together slowly until pineapple is clear and a thick syrup forms. Pour into sterile jelly or jam glasses while boiling hot and cover with paraffin.

RHUBARB CONSERVE

Three cups chopped rhubarb, 1 orange, 1-4 lb. blanched almonds, 1 large pineapple, 1 lemon, 5 cups sugar. To the chopped rhubarb add the pineapple also chopped, the juice and rind of the lemon and orange, the sugar and the almonds. Place in kettle and simmer gently 1 hour, then pour into clean, hot sterilized, glasses and seal. The almonds may be omitted if desired

GRAPE AND CREAM CHEESE SALAD

Skin and stone 1-2 lb. white grapes. If dipped in boiling, then in cold, water, the skins come off quite easily. Chop 2 oz. walnuts and mix into cream cheese; then roll the cheese into balls with butter fats. Arrange the grapes on crisp lettuce leaves, pile three or four balls of cream cheese in the middle, and mask with mayonnaise.

FASHION GUIDES FOR THE HOME DRESSMAKER

A contrasting white surplice collar and ruffling, makes a very effective trim for this cool vee neck cotton print frock or "coverall" apron. It's ideal to breakfast in or to slip on over your dress when preparing dinner or when you're putting the children to bed. It wraps the figure in youthful slimness and is quick to get in and out of. The brief sleeves are very free and easy to go about your household chores. Even a beginner will find it a joy to sew. The one-piece fronts and one-piece back are joined to a shoulder yoke. No sleeve problems! See diagram how utterly simple it is to sew. It opens out almost flat for ironing.

Style No. 2714 is designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20 years, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, and 48-inches bust. Size 36 requires 4 1-2 yards of 39-inch material with 1 yard of 35-inch contrasting.

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EMPHATIC

Two Negros in New York were quarrelling. "Yo' see dat buildin.." said one; "dere am one thousan' rooms in it; An' I wish you wuz laid out dead in every room!"

It may be that beaver will succeed Persian lamb as the favorite fur trimming for autumn and winter.