

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

The HOUSEWIFE and HER ACTIVITIES

A laugh is just like sunshine, it freshens all the day...

RENEWS SLIPPERS

Black satin slippers are very apt to become rusty looking if not given a little care now and then...

BRIGHT NAILS

Women who use very bright nail polish should now paint the nail not only to the tip, but also entirely cover the "moon"...

HOME REPAIRS

If you should accidentally chip a piece out of the top of a valued vase, mold a piece of putty into the cavity and paint it the same shade as the rest of the vase...

DON'T SPOIL THE SPIRIT

Don't say you "haven't time to bother" when the youngster asks if he or she can help you with your work...

TOO MUCH JUICE

When making relish or conserve and you have a great deal of juice, drain off some of it and rapidly boil down in another pot...

HOW TO CLEAN SILVER

There are two general methods of cleaning silver, polishing it with a fine metal polish, and the electrolytic method...

What a Man!



W. H. LOVE AND JERRY Meet the champion male diaper changer of Seattle, Wash. He is W. H. Love, shown with his son, Jerry, who co-operated by not squirming...

Let's Consider Unsung Heroine

Dorothy Dix

Suggests Recognition Of Home Woman

The Forgotten Man Has Had Nation's Attention Focused on Him, But How About the Forgotten Woman? Let's Applaud the Domestic Woman Whose Whole Life is One Long Sacrifice, But Whose Achievement is so Unspectacular That We Take it for Granted

We hear a lot these days about the Forgotten Man, but nobody says a word about the Forgotten Woman. No tears are shed over her...



She is just the everyday, commonplace wife and mother who goes along making a home and rearing a family together...

And nobody ever dreams of its being a conspicuous exhibition of bravery for a woman to nurse her child through an attack of a malignant disease so contagious that the house is quarantined...

We celebrate the women scientists, authors, educators, and inscribe their names in letters of gold on the feminine roll of fame...

Mother knows well enough, when she educates her children above herself, that she is losing them, that she is pushing them into a world where she cannot follow them...

We make a great ado over the successful modern business woman, but nobody gets out a brass band to celebrate the achievements in finance of the poor woman who makes every dollar do the work of five and who, somehow, manages to keep a family fed and clothed and comfortable on a shoe-string income...

We don't think of a woman as making any sacrifice when she spends her whole life toiling for her family, cooking and cleaning and washing and scrubbing and baby-tending, spending sleepless nights watching by their bedside when they are sick; doing without the things she craves so that Mary may have a party frock and Bill the bicycle his heart is set on...

We don't think of a woman as an inspiration, who braces her husband up when he loses courage and spurs him on to making the most of his opportunities. Nor do we realize that nine times out of ten it is the mother who lights the fires of ambition in her children's souls and makes them aspire to things they would never have dreamed of doing but for her.

We do not even notice the women who do these things because so many women do them. They are the Forgotten Women. The domestic women whose achievements nobody notes or remembers but GOD.

DOROTHY DIX.

SMART CLOTHES FOR THE HOME DRESSMAKER

For the beach or country, here are two darling brother and sister outfits.

Easy to wash and iron, because of their simple styling makes them practical, besides being so smart. The plaits are used with delightful effect in sister's dress to afford the necessary fullness to the model. Brother's shorts are cut with ample fullness and button securely to the blouse.

These little models can be all in one material or with a contrast for the collar. They are pictured in white cotton broadcloth with nautical blue binds and buttons.

Another nice suggestion is dark blue cotton broadcloth or linen with white collar and red binds and buttons.

Style No. 300 is designed for sizes 2, 4 and 6 years and includes patterns for dress and suit, in the same size. If different sizes are wanted, two patterns will have to be ordered and it will cost 15 cents extra. Size 4 requires 1 1/2 yards of 36-inch material with 4 yards of binding for dress; and 2 yards of 39-inch material with 3 1/2 yards of binding for suit.

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

Form for ordering pattern No. 300, including fields for Name, Street Address, and City.



Skin Beauty doesn't end at the shoulders

Today's beauty rule is—have a "schoolgirl complexion" all over!

FASHIONS force you into it! Dresses, hosiery, bathing suits are so revealing—it's important to keep your whole body smooth and lovely just as you do your face, neck and shoulders. Use the Palmolive method! Let the rich, velvety lather of Palmolive keep your skin soft and beautiful from head to toe.

Try this Beauty Bath Massage your whole body with a wash-cloth filled with soothing, gentle Palmolive lather. Cleanse the pores thoroughly, and in shortening. Beat eggs well, ingredients, using more milk if necessary and combine with milk. Add to dry egg-sauce to make a fairly moist dough. Drop into boiling blueberry sauce by spoonfuls, cover tightly and allow to cook about 10 to 15 minutes, long until dumplings are cooked through. Serve dumplings with the sauce in which they are cooked. This recipe makes 8 portions.

CHOCOLATE TAPIOCA One cup water, 2 tablespoons quick-cooking tapioca, 1 tablespoon cocoa, 1/4 cup sugar, salt. Combine and cook until thick. Add white of egg and vanilla.

Punch For A Crowd Enough for fifty! Enough for one hundred! Did you ever have sudden orders to prepare punch for a crowd? Ability to prepare refreshments for a large number quickly and coolly marks the capable homemaker. Quantities of dainty sandwiches can be made up easily by number. This recipe makes a delicious punch for 60 persons.

Fruit Punch 1 quart grape pineapple 1 quart lemon juice 1 quart orange juice

And of course, you'll keep on giving your face, throat and shoulders their daily Palmolive beauty treatment.

Palmolive lathers perfectly in hard or soft water.



THE COOK'S CORNER

A Morning Smile

BLUEBERRY DUMPLINGS Four cups blueberries, 1 cup water, juice of 1/2 lemon, grated rind of 1/2 lemon, 1/2 cup sugar, 2 cups flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon shortening, 2 eggs, 1/4 cup milk. Combine blueberries with water, lemon juice and rind and sugar. Cook until soft, about 20 minutes. To prepare dumplings, sift together flour, baking powder and salt. Rub in shortening. Beat eggs well, ingredients, using more milk if necessary and combine with milk. Add to dry egg-sauce to make a fairly moist dough. Drop into boiling blueberry sauce by spoonfuls, cover tightly and allow to cook about 10 to 15 minutes, long until dumplings are cooked through. Serve dumplings with the sauce in which they are cooked. This recipe makes 8 portions.

Well-informed A young man walked pensively into the village postoffice. "Any letters for me today?" he asked the postmistress. "No, Henry," she replied sharply. "That's strange," he murmured, half to himself. "Nothing strange about that, young man," replied the postmistress. "You haven't answered her last letter yet!"

Not As Bad As That The Alabama gentleman who makes regular trips to New York to buy liquid produce for his discriminating customers was expansive on his last trip. The neighboring State of Georgia had voted dry by 249 votes—or something—since his previous trip, and he felt rather good over that, since he enjoys a considerable patronage in the Georgia borderland. He relates that a negro elevator boy in Columbus, Ga., asked a lawyer on the morning after the referendum how the election had come out. "We are going to stay just as we are, Jimmy," the lawyer reported. "For Gawd!" the elevator boy exclaimed. "I sho is grateful, I thought they was gwine to take our lickin' away from us."

2 quarts tea infusion 2 quarts water 2 quarts sugar 1/2 cup mint leaves Make a syrup of the sugar and 1 quart of water. While the syrup is cooking, add the mint leaves. Mix the syrup with the fruit juices and strain. Place punch in Kelvinator to chill. Serve with decorated ice cubes. Serves 60.

Golden Hind Sails Again

In celebration of navy week in England, an exact sailing model of Sir Francis Drake's famous Golden Hind was constructed and in the ABOVE picture Sir Francis and his wife are shown going aboard with Queen Elizabeth, at Portsmouth, to set sail for Devon.

"Well," she questioned, with an amused smile. "What are you so serious about?" "I was just thinking," he answered slowly, "that you seem to get about everything you want."

"I told you that," was the calm retort. "I'm glad you're finding it out." It saved a great deal of trouble. "I suppose it must," Mark agreed vaguely. "Speaking about the store..." Edythe extinguished her cigarette deliberately against the ash tray. "How is your little friend, Miss Sawyer, getting along?" "Very well, as far as I know."

"Edythe expected him to pursue the topic, she was disappointed. "We give ourselves a good many city airs here," she remarked, "but Gorham is a very small place. Mark, you'd never suspect how small. I hope you don't mind my telling you that."

"Meaning," he countered coolly, "that I met Miss Sawyer and a friend in a restaurant the other evening and drove them to their homes. I fancy that calls for no particular explanation."

"Of course not," Edythe agreed quickly. "But some people are so quick to comment that Gable woman is a character, isn't she? The best beautician in town, but..." "Queer. Didn't you think so?" "I'm afraid I didn't form much of an impression."

"No?" Edythe felt sorry for that. Sawyer girl," Edythe explained generally. "I knew her slightly in school, years ago. Quiet little mouse. I suppose one can't blame her because her father turned out badly. I understand he's out of prison again."

"So I hear."

"Well, I hope he doesn't murder anybody or do anything more to get his family in trouble."

"We'll hope he has reformed," Sturges returned drily as he rose to his feet. "And I really must be going."

"Must you?" Edythe stood at his side for a moment before she said impulsively. "It's been ever so good to have a little visit with you again. And please, Mark... I'm not quite so much of a cat as you think." Her hand came out and rested on his arm. There was a sudden appeal in her voice and dark eyes. "It's just because you are different, somehow..."

"I don't believe I've accused you, have I?" he smiled. "No. But I want you to like me. And you will go with me Saturday, won't you?" "Yes," he promised readily. "I will." Mark found it strangely easy to accede.

He drove homeward through the dark streets in a restless state of mind. He had gone to Arden Terrace very sure of himself, of his future engagements. Now he was more deeply enmeshed than before. Still couldn't figure that queer mixture of coolness and warmth? That didn't express it either. Assinine to imagine that she had developed an affection for him. And yet, some of the things she said... If she wasn't so darned beautiful, appealing...

The cutting blast of a whistle smote his ears. Lord! Went through a red light. Here was a cop striding up from the curb. "Hey, Bুদ্ধိ...!" "I'm sorry, officer. And please don't ask me if I'm color blind. I don't feel up to it somehow. Anything else you like?" "Go ahead, Mr. Sturges. Better watch the signals."

"Thanks. It's a small place, all right." He made the last remark to himself as he shifted gears. "Hello, Daddy Jack." "Hello, Bুদ্ধိ. I thought you'd be coming along soon. Have you had a good day?" "Oh, yes. Good and busy."

"Sit down on the step and rest a minute. It's very pleasant out this evening." Jean glanced around irresolutely. "Wouldn't you rather go in where it's more comfortable? I mean..." She hesitated under her father's questioning glance. "We'll sit out here," she decided. "It is too nice to go in."

"I'm growing accustomed to it," Sawyer remarked, picking up her thoughts. "There was a ghost of his old twinkle and smile. You know, Bুদ্ধိ, these neighbors of ours are rather nice... now that they've finished looking at me. Some of them are really friendly." There was an unconscious pithos in the last words.

"Of course they are!" Jean reached out impulsively and caught his nearest hand. "Why shouldn't they be?" she chided gently. "Any luck today, Daddy Jack?" "Not exactly. Positions of any sort are scarce. I imagine. Besides, every one here knows me. Some of them go through the formula of asking me where I was employed last. References, and that sort of thing. Of course I have to tell them. One can't blame them for not wishing to take a risk..."

"Never mind, dear. You'll find something soon. I know it." "I must. It makes me feel badly that all of us must depend on you to such an extent. It's terribly unfair."

"Oh, it isn't!" "The whole thing has been quite a revelation to me," her father continued, musingly. "I have discussed my situation very frankly with some people... You know, those who are supposed to be interested in cases like mine. Not only social workers... church workers and all that. I've felt a little better. But I have the feeling that these uplifters are the most intolerant of all. I hope I'm wrong."

"Never mind," Jean urged. "You mustn't be discouraged. You're home again. Nothing else matters really."

"That is what I keep telling myself," Sawyer said slowly. "And I want to stay. But it would be so much easier if I were busy... this walking the streets. I suppose they can't help them. But I have the feeling that these uplifters are the most intolerant of all. I hope I'm wrong."

"Daddy! You mustn't... they can't do anything to you!" "I know. And there is something else that worries me. It's Junior. He doesn't like to talk with me and I do with his time. I've seen... so much. Yet I can't say anything to him. No one can blame the boy for feeling ashamed..."

"But he isn't! Johnnie's only a kid. You mustn't mind him. Daddy..." "Yes, dear."

"I was talking with Mr. Sturges again today... I mean, he stopped in to see my little workroom. He asked about you."

"That was very kind."

"You know I told you before that he said he would be glad to help you in any way he could. I was wondering... in case you couldn't find a place..."

"I think not, Bুদ্ধိ. I appreciate it, but... after all, you know, he is your employer. And he's wanted for Mr. Cannon. I haven't wanted to mention it, but I was rather uneasy when I heard you had gone to the Iron Block to work. You see, I was afraid Mr. Cannon might be prejudiced... on account of me. I haven't made it difficult for you, have I?"

"Of course not."

Jean was thankful he had worded the question as he had. It seemed less of a lie. "I'm so glad. Your friend Mr. Sturges must be a pleasant sort of chap, from what you have told me."

"He is very nice."

"I wish I might meet him some time. Have you ever asked him to call?"

"No." Jean looked at her father bravely. "I couldn't... very well." A slight flush showed in John Sawyer's pale cheeks. "Of course, Bুদ্ধိ. I forgot that things are not as easy as they once were. I'm sorry."

"I'd better run in now and see if I can help Mummy. Are you coming?" (To be continued)

ONE WAY STREET

By JOSEPH McCORD

CHAPTER 14

"It has been such a pleasure to meet you, Mr. Sturges. Mrs. Ridgeway assured him, holding his hand in hers while her husband urged their departure. "Don't forget you are coming to see me very soon. We'll make it dinner. You will hear from me shortly."

"Thank you, Mark replied gallantly. "I haven't had a chance to talk with you all evening. Come out to the library."

"I must be running along shortly," he suggested as he followed her. "What do you think of Suzanne?" Edythe queried abruptly. As on the occasion of his last visit, she curled up in a corner of the big couch and motioned Mark to a place at her side.

"I think she's charming." Edythe reached for a cigarette and inclined her dark head towards the lighter that Mark extended. "Suzanne's a sweet girl," she observed. "But she is inclined to be a bit careless where other women's husbands are concerned."

"Which would seem to make me immune," was Edythe's rejoinder. "Perhaps," Edythe returned enigmatically.

"Then I may hope my efforts at contract did not prove embarrassing?" Mark decided a change of topic was in order.

"I should rather think not! I'm inclined to think you were not exactly truthful when you said you never had played."

"My word of honor."

"Then it's merely another tribute to your ability. Are you a judge of horseflesh as well?"

"Not in the least. I thought their exertion..."

Amazing how diverse conversation could become in this girl's hands. Rather difficult to keep one's self from floundering.

"You'll have a chance to see some live specimens Saturday afternoon. We're having a very decent spring exhibition out at Silver Farms."

"We?" Mark questioned curiously. For the moment he wondered if one of The Iron Block's activities had been kept from him.

"It's the Breeders' Association. But Silver Farms belongs to us and Daddy has a very good eye."

"Are you showing any horses of your own?"

"Not this year. Daddy's stuffy about my appearing in the ring. I'd grown a bit tired of talking ribbons, anyway. But we'll be obliged to go out and look on for a time. We'll have a rich show and I, Henri drive us. The parking's always a nuisance."

"I fear you'll have to excuse me. You see I'm very much interested in a survey of our Saturday trade... plotting a set of comparative cards to see what the regular customers have the regular carts, but I'm supplementing them with first-hand observations."

"That's really too bad. You'll have to go. If Dad hasn't spoken about it to you, he will. He expects you to represent him. It's rather weird the way he's depending on you these days. Suppose I pick you up for lunch about one-thirty. That will give us all the time we need."

Mark sat looking at her in silence.

"Well," she questioned, with an amused smile. "What are you so serious about?"

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