

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

The HOUSEWIFE and HER ACTIVITIES

A being breathing thoughtful breath. A traveller betwixt life and death; The reason firm, the temperate will, Endurance, foresight, strength and skill; A perfect woman, nobly planned, To win, to comfort, and to command.

A good neck bleach is made by adding the juice of half a lemon to half a cup of buttermilk. Bathe the skin surface, dry well, apply the lemonated buttermilk with a velvet sponge or a bit of cotton, let it dry on.

If colored candle wax has dropped on the tablecloth place a piece of white blotting paper on which is sprinkled pure white powder on either side of the stain. Then iron with a medium warm iron and, later, shake out the powder.

LARDING MEAT

"Larding" white meats with bacon or salt pork improves their flavor or immensity. Use a long larding needle, with a sort of pincher end which will grasp about a 1-4-inch strip of side bacon and draw it right through the meat like a heavy cord. Do this at intervals throughout the piece of meat (uncooked, of course), and find how the flavor penetrates and blends with the meat; veal, particularly, lends itself to this treatment.

If in your painting, housewife, you have slipped off the edge onto the mirror or window pane, don't be annoyed. After the paint has dried, with hubby's old safety razor blade remove all traces of the slips. It is much easier than trying to remove the wet paint at the time of the accident.

Keep the sharp carving knives separated from each other. Either have strips of leather in which to slip them or keep them in separate compartments of the dresser drawer. You will lose that sharp edge from contact with the other blades.

TAKES OUT SPOTS

Equal parts of ammonia and spirits of turpentine will take paint out of clothing. Saturate the spots three or four times, then wash in warm soap suds and rinse.

You can now buy very attractive wooden dishes for the summer cottage, or for your all-year-round home, if you wish. The plates in one set were oblong, very pretty, with some of the pieces of the set combined with spun aluminum.

VICIOUS MOSQUITOES

Although Belcher Islands, off the eastern shore of Hudson Bay, are covered with ice and snow for seven months in the year, millions of vicious mosquitoes breed in the tall, rank grass during the brief summer. They are so bad that many Eskimos on hunting trips for seals are driven into the icy sea to escape from the tormenting insects.

BERDS AND BUGS

If there is any doubt in your mind about the value of birds to man we recommend to your attention the following: "A birdman who ought to know says that the stomach of a single cedar-bird contained 100 caterpillar-worms; that one cuckoo had eaten 150 tent-caterpillars; that 451 plant-lice were found in the stomach of a chickadee; that a flicker had devoured 1,700 chinch-bugs; that a scarlet tanager was seen to eat 630 gipsy-moth caterpillars in 18 minutes, or at the rate of 2,100 an hour; and that a Maryland yellow-throat ate 3,500 plant-lice in forty minutes."

MAKING A PIN FLOAT

It may seem difficult to float a pin on water, but when you know how it is quite easy. Cut a piece of tissue paper two inches long and an inch wide. Now gently place the pin on the paper in a tumbler of water and see what happens. Soon the paper becomes so soaked with water that it will sink to the bottom, but it does not take the pin with it. This remains floating on its surface of the water in a most curious manner.

If you want to surprise your friend with the floating pin you can make the preparations in advance. Then gently remove the paper and carefully carry the tumbler into

WHEN USING WILSON'S FLY PADS READ DIRECTIONS CAREFULLY AND FOLLOW THEM EXACTLY. Each pad will kill flies all day and every day for three weeks. 10 CENTS PER PACKET at Drugists, Grocers, General Stores. WHY PAY MORE? THE WILSON FLY PAD CO., Montreal, Que.

ONE WAY STREET by JOSEPH McCORD

Fear found another fellow traveler that same day. It was Jean Sawyer, arrived at Cascoyne Junction and employing her quarter-hour wait with a restless promenade back and forth on the long platform. She walked with her head bent, hands thrust deep into the pockets of her light coat.

BOXING THE LEMON

Each pair of players in turn is provided with a walking stick and a lemon. Two goals, made by standing two empty cracker boxes on their sides, are placed at one end of the room. Players, holding the ends of the sticks, start together jogging his or her lemon along, trying to make it reach the goal first. No hitting is allowed, the lemon being pushed with the stick handle.

UGLY ELBOWS TOO OFTEN

MAR LOVELY ARMS

Soft, smooth elbows certainly can add beauty to the arm. Yet, today, unsightly elbows are the most prominent blemishes that are found on otherwise lovely arms. The elbows always are subjected to a great deal of wear and tear. Friction from clothes, pressure from leaning, and neglect, all tend to make the elbows rough, dry and discolored, and then they get into this condition, they feel greatly from the beauty of the arms.

It is not very difficult to keep the elbows soft, smooth and free from discolorations. Every girl should attempt to keep them in perfect condition, especially during this season of revealing summer frocks and bathing suits. She may not think that other folks notice her elbows, but you take it from me that they certainly do.

If your elbows have become rough, dark and discolored, scrub them well each night with a bland soap, using a small flesh brush, then dry them and make a paste of powdered pumice and rub it briskly over the skin, so that the pumice may remove any deadened cuticle. Permit the paste to remain on for a few minutes, so that the lemon juice may bleach any discolorations.

After about 15 minutes, remove the paste from your elbows with tepid water and a soft cloth. Then soak each elbow for about five or ten minutes in a bowl of warmed olive oil. After the soaking, massage a bit of the oil into each elbow. This should be permitted to remain on overnight. You may loosely wrap a bit of gauze around each elbow, if you wish, to keep your bed clothing clean. Such lubrication will restore the essential oils to your skin, and will make your elbows smooth and lovely.

An extension ladder mounted in a truck has been invented to enable workmen to service street lights or store signs over the tops of vehicles parked along curbs.

What is said to be the world's most thrilling sport has been developed by a Frenchman, who costs down precipitous hills on sleds that he has designed to which a parachute is attached.

MANY WAYS TO USE ADHESIVE TAPE There are various ways in which adhesive tape can be used to repair the household. Its position of honor in the first-aid kit. Adhesive will hold shoulder straps in place on an evening gown, as well as repairing a corset, especially when bones feel inclined to slip out. And it can be a real life saver when the tip comes off shoe laces. Just wind a little adhesive or the black color plaster around the frayed shoe lace and see how easily it slips into the eyelets.

If there are lots of bottles resting on a slippery glass shelf, it is a good notion to apply strips of adhesive to the bottom of the bottles, so that there will be no chance of them slipping and breaking. This goes for vases or any other objects that rest on highly polished surfaces. If you store clothes or household articles in ordinary cardboard boxes it is a good idea to harness the sides down with adhesive so that there be no danger of dust or moths getting in. Leave a piece of the tape beyond the edge of the box, so that you can get a grip on it when you want to open the box again.

Among Other Uses Adhesive tape should be wrapped around the handles on ash cans or pails or anything heavy which must be handled. It can be used to repair a mattress or a canvas sleeping cot and will keep a rope from unraveling. It will hold curtain drapes in place and will repair shades and window awnings. Adhesive will mend broken or cracked linoleum and can be used as a binding edge on a carpet.

EXPLODING STAR Baffles Science Nova Hercules, the famous exploding star which first flared up just before last Christmas, has science baffled in trying to explain its behavior. This lack of knowledge was the outstanding conclusion of the symposium by astronomers studying it, who held their meeting at Los Angeles in connection with the one of the Pacific division of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. But while now puzzled, the astronomers are going to do something about it. New instruments are being planned

"That's nice." This time, the reader did not take the trouble to look up. Jean held her breath as she watched the little drama. "What was going to happen next? Her father was speaking again, raising his voice above the noise of the train. It was so unlike the vibrant voice she remembered.

"The last time I saw Midge wasn't quite as big as your Jean. Peggy had her out in the go-cart and..."

"Where have you been?" The magazine was lowered. Two pale eyes stared up suspiciously. The words carried a shrill sharp edge.

"I thought so!" The magazine fell to the floor. Two plump indignation hands snatched at the baby. Young Jean was thrust ungentily into the small space between her mother and the window. After that, the magazine retrieved with a disdainful snort.

CHAPTER 10 A thread of smoke in the distance. Out where the rails met was a black dot, growing larger and larger. The blast of a fat-off whistle following a puff of vapor. Jean walked slowly to meet the coming train.

The big locomotive clanking and hissing past her, slowing to a grinding halt. "Daddy!" A sob welled up. "Daddy!" Here I am... "It's Bunkie!"

"Gorham next!" bawled a strident voice from the car door. "All change! Gorham!" Buildings in close-set patches. Factories and shops fringed with grimy houses. Lowered gates at street crossings. Trucks and trolley cars halted by striped barriers as the train rolled past.

"Daddy Jack!" Jean nestled closer to her father. The clasp of her hand on his tightened. "You know, I didn't go to the store this morning. I really should for a while."

"That's all right. I would just as soon go home alone, now that I've seen you... Bunkie." Faded gloom and the sounding echoes of a train shed. A jerking halt.

"Gorham! This way out!" Jean, still holding close to her father's arm, guided him hastily into the crowd about the gate.

"Hey! Just a minute. I mean you..." The girl felt her charge cringe close against her as she turned and glanced curiously at the speaker. A stranger. A stout man with an unlighted cigar thrust aggressively in one corner of his mouth. He was barring the way now.

"You know, I didn't go to the store this morning. I really should for a while." "Yes, sir." Sawyer mustered an anxious smile. "Heard they'd turned you out."

"Yes, sir." "Okay, I'll be seeing you." "Daddy, who was that?" Jean whispered it sharply as her father urged her forward.

"An officer." At Front Street Jean took reluctant leave of her father. Once she turned and waved her hand. He still was watching after her and returned the signal. Then he turned and went his way, to locate the home he had never forsworn.

It was a small girl sitting alone in the sunshine, playing jacks. Sawyer's heart gave an excited leap. Could it be Midge? Baby Midge? That sturdy youngster with tumbled curls, bare-legged. It couldn't be! "Hello, little one."

"Hello," came the ready response. One careful glance at the strange man. The rubber ball bounced sharply. Chubby fingers, grimy, scooped up the jacks. "What is your name?"

"Midge." The ball rolled away. The child was staring curiously at the paper parcel. "Sawyer?" It came out falteringly. "Ah-huh."

"You don't know me... do you?" An emphatic shake of the head was the answer to that. "You see... I'm your... daddy." "Did you bring me something?"

Midge jumped up from the step, the game wholly forgotten in her excitement. Sawyer stooped to gather her in his arms, then hesitated. For some reason, he was embarrassed.

"Of course I did!" he assured her hastily. His shaking fingers started working with the bundle. "This is for you." He paused and glanced at the nearest house front. "Perhaps we should go in first," he suggested. "Your mother is... she's at home, isn't she?"

Midge captured the ball, swept the jacks into the pocket of her dress. An impatient struggle with the door and she vanished, leaving her father to follow. Her shrill voice came floating back to him.

"Daddy's here! Daddy's here!" John Sawyer had made his way as far as the living room when there came a little ruck. A familiar form in a doorway. His wife, she "stood" there. White of face. Staring at him in a shocked fashion.

The husband stood motionless in his turn, clutching his cap tightly against his breast. After all, it had been four years. And in prison (To be continued)

Is Beauty Woman's Most Prized Possession? Dorothy Dix Says: No, But She Thinks So

"Beauty or Death!" is Cry of Homely Woman With Which Women Everywhere Have Sneaking Sympathy - Yet of all Attributes Beauty is Least Effective in Long Run, and Most Evanescent

A woman of 37 who doesn't like her looks cries: "Give me beauty or give me death," and offers herself as a subject for experimentation to any plastic surgeon who will undertake to make her face over nearer to her heart's desire because, she says, she would rather be dead than homely.



Men may sneer at this woman who is willing to risk her life if necessary in order to be transformed into the similitude of a movie heroine, but women will understand her and sympathize with her, because, in a way, she expresses the greatest aspiration of the feminine sex. For, no matter how much they may deny it, women DO put good looks above every other desirable quality that a woman can possess.

Certainly if the mythical Fairy Godmother should suddenly appear and offer to bestow upon women the thing they most longed for in the world, 99 per cent of them would ask for beauty. This would be true of all ages and classes; of grandmothers and flappers, of morons and highbrows.

For the one thing no woman is ever reconciled to losing is her good looks, and the possession of brains never makes up to a college graduate for the lack of peaches and cream complexion and naturally wavy hair.

To attain every synthetic prettiness women heroically go through tortures that entitle them to be venerated among the martyrs. In the midst of plenty they endure the pangs of semistarvation in order to keep their figures slim and willowy. They gladly go through the agony of being parboiled and scalded and skinned alive and pounded to a pulp in the optimistic belief that they will thereby attain pulchritude. They spend the greater part of their time, their money, their thoughts and their energies in trying to preserve their beauty if they have any, or in attempting to circumvent Nature and create an illusion of good looks if they have them not.

And to what end, one wonders? Why this blind and fanatical worship of beauty by women? Where, in the phrase of the day, does it get them? Is it so necessary to their success and happiness? Is beauty the Open Sesame that throws wide the doors of opportunity to a woman, or even assures her of love?

I think not. I think that there is nothing that women overvalue that they do beauty and that there are a thousand qualities a girl can have that are more valuable to her than a classial profile or violet eyes or golden locks. I even go so far as to think that great beauty is a handicap rather than an asset, and that the girl who is merely easy on the eyes has a better chance to get what she wants out of life than her pulchritudinous sister.

Of course, the main reason that women yearn for beauty is because they think it is the magnet that attracts men. So it does, but its power seems to have a way of giving out before it draws them to the altar. Men admire the beauty, they lavish attentions and flattery upon her, but they are not keen upon marrying her. Perhaps they feel that a living picture needs a finer frame than they can provide.

Perhaps they get tired of burning incense at beauties' feet and get more of a kick out of having a homely maiden light logs-sticks at their own. Perhaps the beauty spoiled and selfish, or perhaps there is more outside at her head than in it, but, anyway, it is a fact that in every circle the beauty is slower in catching a husband than her plain-faced sisters.

Men are professionally beauty worshippers, but if you will look over the married ladies of your acquaintance you will note that they were not picked out because they were Miss Americas.

Of course if a girl wants to be a mannikin or be in the chorus of a revue or be a show girl in the Follies, beauty is a requisite, but in ordinary business excessive good looks are more likely to lose her a job than to get her one.

Wives do not favor their husbands' having platinum blonde secretaries who present invidious comparisons to their own personal appearances. Nor does it enhance a man's standing among other business men to have a little queen in his office who looks like a million dollars and who causes the attention of the male employees and that is why the plain-faced girl is more apt to get a pay envelope than the glamorous one.

And finally beauty fades. The woman whose face is her fortune is bound to go into bankruptcy in the end, and no tragedy is more bitter than that of the woman who sees her good looks going day by day and is powerless to stop it. The consolation for never having been beautiful is that no one can ever tell you how you have faded.

But the girl who is not a mother's daughter of us who wouldn't give our immortal souls to be beautiful.

DOROTHY DIX.

THE COOK'S CORNER

Food Felicities It has become quite a habit with a great many people to capitalize the happy relationship which exists between ham and almost any kind of fruity accompaniment.

This morning, we suggest quite a novel accessory for this type of meal, the baked ham, pointing at the same time that this sauce goes quite as nicely with tongue as it does with ham.

Raisins give us the fruit base for it; we give it a gentle touch of spicing and add zest with vinegar, lemon juice and the horseradish that puts in such an unusual flavor.

Helping The Coroner Officer: "Just a moment, lady." Lady: "I shall certainly cross, officer. I've as much right on this street as that truck has."

Officer: "Sure you have, lady—but I leave your name and address before you start across."

1/2 teaspoon salt 2-3 cup butter or other shortening 2 cups sugar 1 cup milk 1 teaspoon vanilla 5 egg whites, stiffly beaten Measure sifted flour, add baking powder and salt and sift together three times. Cream fat thoroughly, add sugar gradually, and cream together until light and fluffy. Add flour mixture, alternately with milk, a small amount at a time. Combine after each addition until smooth. Add vanilla; fold in egg whites, beaten stiff but not dry. Bake in three greased and flour layer pans in rather slow oven, 325 degrees F., 15 minutes; then increase heat slightly to moderate, 350 degrees F., and bake about 15 minutes longer or until the cake just starts to draw from the sides of the pan. Spread Lemon Frosting between layers and on top and sides of cake, when cool.

Lemon Frosting Grated rind of 1 lemon 4 tablespoons lemon juice or lemon juice and water 2 egg yolks, unbeaten 4 1/2 cups sifted icing sugar (about) Few grains salt Add lemon rind and juice to egg yolks. Stir in sugar until of right consistency to spread. Beat fluffy. Add salt. Makes enough frosting to cover tops and sides of three layers.

MAKING A BARGAIN Mr. and Mrs. Blinks were discussing an arrangement which implied the exercise of the "give-and-take" theory.

"You know," declared Mr. Blinks, "it takes two to make a bargain." "Yes," said Mrs. Blinks, "but only one of them gets it."

White Feather Cake 3 cups sifted cake or pastry flour or 2 1/2 cups sifted hard-wheat flour 3/4 teaspoon baking powder



Cleans Quickly

DOESN'T SCRATCH because it's made with SEISMOTITE

Seismotite is a matchless, scratchless cleaning and polishing material of volcanic origin. Nature's own cleanser.

The reason Old Dutch cleans more things more thoroughly and more quickly is because the flaky, flat-shaped particles of Seismotite cover more surface and contact it completely. They remove all dirt and impurities, visible and invisible, with a smooth, scratchless, clean sweep.

By all means test Old Dutch in your home for any and every cleaning task you've tried with ordinary cleansers. Try it for cleaning and polishing enamel, tiles, porcelain. Its uses are so varied, you'll quickly agree that Old Dutch is the only cleanser you will ever need.



MADE IN CANADA

Old Dutch There's nothing else like it!

Dinner More Than 6,000 Years Old

Raising a cooking pot lid, archaeologists exploring the oldest city yet discovered in the world have found meat bones still in the pot, says a report received from Tepe Gawra, Mesopotamia, by the University Museum of Philadelphia.

This unquenched dinner, left in the oven for 6,000 years, reveals how sudden was the downfall of Tepe Gawra's 12th city. A heavy layer of ashes and charred refuse shows that the city was burned, probably by its enemies.

This 12th level is about three centuries older than the buried settlement previously found at Tepe Gawra, says the report from Charles Bache, field director of the expedition. These cities, including the one now being unearthed, were all built by the painted pottery peoples, as the archaeologists call them. Striking geometric designs painted on clay household wares are the conspicuous badge of their culture. These "painted pottery peoples" are known to have swept like a conquering horde from the east over Persia, India and Mesopotamia, some six thousand years before Christ.

One large building is so large that it may have been the palace of a nobleman, it is believed. The largest of its many rooms, measuring about 37 by 17 feet, has mud brick walls coated with fine white plaster. Says Mr. Bache: "This is the earliest use of wall plaster thus far and shows that the inhabitants

of this 6,000-year-old city already had mastered the secret of burning lime for mortar and stucco."

Knowledge of astronomy is shown by the fact that walls of the plastered rooms were carefully orientated to cardinal points of the compass.—Toronto Telegram.

GUIDED BY TOES WHEN SIGHTLESS HERTFORD, England, July 26—Blind girls use their toes instead of their eyes as was demonstrated to Viscountess Hatfield at the opening of the new swimming pool at Chorleywood college, where blind girls are being educated.

The pool has a raised pavement round the edge and the springboard is fitted with a double thickness of matting at its end. Using their toes as guides instead of their eyes, the girls plunge in with easy grace.

An official of the National Institute of the Blind says: "Swimming is one of the exercises that blind enjoy with the confidence of sighted people and the coolness with which some of the blind girls at Chorleywood leap off a six-foot diving board is amazing."

The college is for those who are totally blind or whose sight is so poor that they dare not read more than one or two books in a year.

MISUNDERSTOOD Two women had a heated argument at an "at home." Later one of them confided in a friend.

"You know, I don't like Pansy," she said. "She's not fair."

"No," said the other, "but she's diving to be."

SMART CLOTHES FOR THE HOME DRESSMAKER

Sporting days are about us once again, and with them the need for active sports costumes. And here's your number! It's just the thing for golf or hiking. It consists of a blouse, shorts and skirt. And note how easily the skirt is discarded for a game of tennis.

Paris is extremely fond of pique this year, that made the model picture. However, there are loads of other very attractive cottons suitable for its development as peasantry-crash, striped shirting, checked seersucker, plaided gingham, etc.

Style No. 820 is designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 16 requires 4 1/2 yards of 39-inch material. Price of PATTERN 15 cents in stamps or coin (coin is preferred.) Wrap coin carefully.



No. 820. Size Name Street Address City State