

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

FOR THE WOMAN READER

YOUR WHISPERED SECRET
You told it to your friend; his mouth was deep; Well, here's a question for your wisdom shelf: Why do you hope some other one will keep The secret that you cannot keep yourself? —Edwin Markham.

NEW COLOUR LIGHTING
Alternative colour lights have now been introduced, blue, red and yellow bulbs providing the basis of this new treatment. These, combined with the usual white bulb, produce soft and silken effects. Fascinating results are said to be obtained with the addition of a "dimmer", to reduce the power of each lamp. By using the "dimmer" the room may be flooded with a "deep sunset" glow, a cool grass green, or the pink of sunny dawn. The blue alone will lead a mauve or rich purple blue to red carpets and curtains according to their depth of shade. All the colours turned on at once set up most delightful rainbow lights.

SQUARE COFFEE CUPS
Of course, they had to come. Square plates and square saucers have prepared the way for them. Now we actually have square coffee cups. A Princess Street shop window in London shows a fascinating little set of them in green, with square coffee-pot, cream jug, and sugar basin in silver. It is a very alluring little tray that contains all this "squareness."

NOVEL DINNER SERVICES
Dinner services, as well as coffee cups, are breaking away from convention. Plates are now provided that are square and oblong with a centre circle. The square plates lend themselves well to decoration with garden and woodland scenes. Square napkin rings and condiment sets are provided to match them.

KEEP YOUR NECK MATCHING YOUR FACE
Your neck should match your face. There is simply no use in taking excellent care of the skin on your face, keeping it soft and youthful, if you are going to allow your neck to get old and dry. In the first place, cream it as often as you cream your face. When using cleansing cream, apply it from the base of your throat right on up over your forehead. Do likewise with skin tonics. Even if you don't use an astringent on your face, it's a good idea to pat some into the skin on your neck particularly under your chin. Necks have a tendency to become sallow. Use a bleaching cream to correct that condition. Bleaches which are a little too strong for your cheeks, lips and nose are about right for your neck, chin and forehead. Always use a muscle oil and a thick skin food to remove the bleaching cream. Put your powder foundation on your neck as well as your face. And powder it with the same shade of powder.

Young People have no monopoly on brilliant sound teeth

Say many who started to protect their teeth properly years and years ago
Men and women, happy in the possession of sound teeth, will freely admit as a rule that they started to safeguard them years before. It is known that half the adult teeth lost are due to pyorrhea. It is also known that four people out of five past the age of forty are likely to have this fearful trouble with their gums. Still more important is the fact that pyorrhea may be working five years, ten years, even longer, before it is ever seen or felt. The moral of this is: don't wait for danger signals. Remember: you can't "fool around" with pyorrhea. You simply must have professional dental advice about twice a year and when you take up seriously the

Remember that a nightly massage with tissue cream will go far toward preventing dryness in the skin on your neck. Always pat and lift the skin upward when you are massaging.

MUSCULAR WEAKNESS
Although the abdominal organs are mainly kept in place by other structures, a strong muscular abdominal wall plays a great part in supporting them. When these muscles lose tone and become lax, the abdominal organs begin to slip downwards. This condition frequently gives rise to symptoms of indigestion and constipation, and to vague pains in the back and abdomen. Muscular weakness of this kind is often met with in women, especially those who have had many children. Medical treatment may have no effect on the stomach symptoms at all, and this is not surprising when you know what is the cause. The best remedy is an abdominal belt, which gives support to the lower part of the abdominal walls.

YOUNG WOMAN'S JOB IS FOLDING PARACHUTES
To the sensitive fingers of a young and pretty woman working in a London factory many of Britain's most famous fliers trust their lives. For it is the job of Mrs. Isobel Watling to fold the parachutes made by one of the leading parachute companies in Britain. There are 60 to 70 yards of the finest silk in a parachute, and if the slightest wrinkle was permitted during the packing the parachute might become "fouled" in opening. And disaster would follow. The reporter watched Mrs. Watling fold the 24 silken panels of a parachute and meticulously stow the shrouds in the webbing case. Then she fixed the rip-wire, and the job was done—in twelve minutes. "Would you like to see it operate?" she asked. The reporter nodded, and an assistant tugged at the handle attached to the rip-wire. Out tumbled the silken cascade, undoing the packer's work in one and two fifths seconds. Mrs. Watling has packed the chutes worn by Mrs. Amy Millson, John Tranum, Frank Hawkes (the "Human Bullet"), and Will Hay, the comedian astronomer airman.

IMPORTANCE OF MIRRORS
Mirrors play an important part in the interior decoration of your home. Many an ugly room has been transformed into a thing of beauty by the simple addition of one or two well-placed mirrors. If your furniture is of one particular period, see that the mirrors are of the same period. Avoid incongruities like hanging a modernistic mirror in a room furnished with colonial pieces. A mirror should be hung to reflect the light. In other words, hang it if you can, on the opposite wall from a window. If that isn't possible, hang it to reflect some artistic furniture group. As is true of pictures, mirrors should be hung at eye level.

In Praise Of Pumpkin Pie

(K.M.H. in the Winnie Free Press)
At its best there is nothing quite equal to it. There it sits in opulence, a touch of gold showing where the silver knife has cleft the soft resistance of the piled up cream, ready to melt, to linger, to slip down, the flaky crust but carressing the rich content. It is sweet but not too sweet; it is custardy, but of a pliancy that takes away the curse of the nursery: it is of a common humanity without being vulgar; it is the ambrosia of the autumn. Anyone could tell to glance at it that the pumpkin as it glows at ease in the garden is a vegetable of destiny. It grows bigger and bigger. It grows more and more golden. It is the high light at the harvest home. The horticulturalists (they would say that it is a cucurbitaceous plant. As a matter of fact, as all the children know, it is well known of the fairies, ever ready to lend a hand when the Little Men give call. How did Peter Peter solve his housing problems when the high cost of maintaining a wife pressed in upon him. He put her in a pumpkin shell and there he kept her very well. It's all written right down in the book and even the tiny ones can read it—when they see the picture. And there is the pumpkin out among the potatoes. The same one very likely. But it is when the moon shines down that the pumpkin rouses itself. A coach must be found for Cinderella. "Telling tales of a fairy who travelled like steam, in a pumpkin shell coach with two rats for a team." Let the proud dahlia high-tail all and sundry about the front lawn and let the rose drift her petals on the enchanted air. Among the vegetables in the rear lords the pumpkin secure in his kingship. Gorgeous as his god, the sun, he rolls, a yellow replica. The fields may brown around him and the green fade from the hedges. The river may run dully now. But the pumpkin glows in concentrated color, a high light, an artist's delight, a round fat song. This today, and tomorrow a pie—and such a pie. No undignified ending this, but a consummation of pumpkinhood.

What moistens the lips, what brightens the eye, What calls back the past like The rich pumpkin pie? apostrophizes John Greenleaf Whittier. The great moment of the cook; the crown of the feast. There are some confections which pass for pumpkin pie which are but a travesty of the term. "A man all virtue, like a pie all spice, will not please," observed a wiseman of old. These are the pies whose gold is tarnished to thick brown in the making. Then there are the pies that are too thin. The pumpkin is born to opulence. He expands effortlessly to the embrace of the sun and the rain. Bigger and bigger he grows. The attenuated bit of filling is not a pumpkin pie. It is a deformity. And the pumpkin pie should have the whipped cream topping. He deserves it. It is his ermine of office. Now the right way to make pumpkin pie—the ingredients make two, for one is never enough, or if it is then the diners are not of the great pumpkin pie tribe and should refer to the lean fields of the water lilies as follows— Three eggs, a teaspoonful of ginger, half a teaspoonful of cinnamon, half a teaspoonful of cloves, half a teaspoonful of salt, one cup of brown sugar, two cups of milk and two cups of hulled pumpkin. Massillon's Human Being knew he was not mortal but did not believe it. Certainly not. Who would with pumpkin pie cooling in the pantry?

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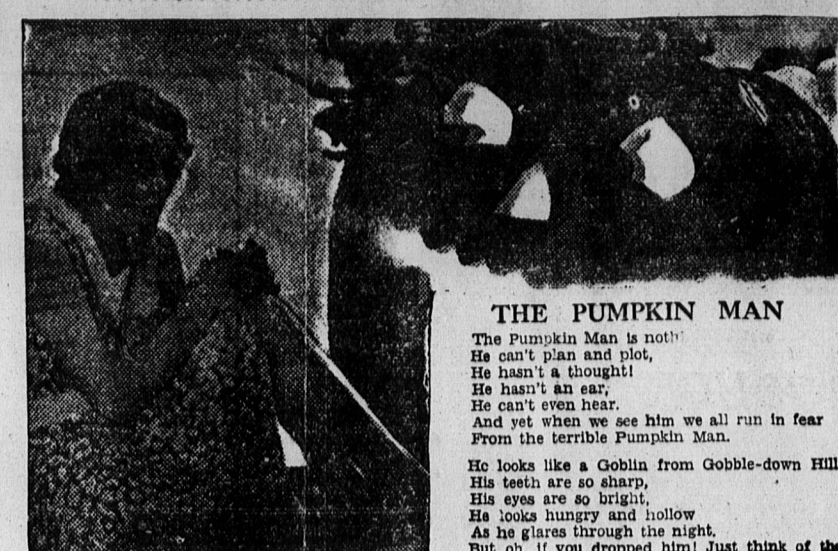
Children's Cold's Checked with out "dosing." Rub on VICKS VAPORUB OVER 21 MILLION CARS USED YEARLY

Daintiness With Chic Styles

As everyone knows Dame Fashion has taken much interest in fabrics this season. Today's model expresses elegant simplicity in rich looking black sheer woolen. The becoming collar with cascading frill is white satin satin crepe. The decorative buttons are rhinestone. If a silk frock is desired, you'll like it tremendously well in fall's crepe, rough canton crepe or the dull surface of crepe satin with shiny surface used for trim. It's a model that is very easily fashioned and think of the saving in cost. Style No. 563 is designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inches bust. Size 16 requires 3 1/2 yards 35-inch material with 1/2 yard 35-inch contrasting. Price of PATTERN 15 cents in stamps or coin (coin is preferred). Wrap coin carefully.

English Social Leader Passes (Canadian Press) LONDON, Oct. 30.—(C. P. Cable)—Lady Marion Weller, for three generations one of the most remarkable figures of English social life, died today at the age of 87. Daughter of the third Marquess of Ely, Marion was a member of a family on intimate terms of friendship with Queen Victoria. Her mother, in fact, was a lady of the bed-chamber to the Queen seventy years ago. Marion was one of the most beautiful English girls of the period, and the special affection with which Queen Victoria regarded her was demonstrated in later years when she broke the previously inviolable law of the Royal Court prohibiting divorces.

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THE PUMPKIN MAN

The Pumpkin Man is not! He can't plan and plot, He hasn't a thought! He hasn't an ear, He can't even hear. And yet when we see him we all run in fear From the terrible Pumpkin Man. He looks like a Goblin from Gobble-down Hill, His teeth are so sharp, His eyes are so bright, He looks hungry and hollow As he glares through the night. But oh, if you dropped him! Just think of the plight Of the squashable Pumpkin Man.

A Morning Smile

Girl (to tiresome suitor at 1 a.m.): "I think I'll name my car after you." Suitor: "Thanks for the compliment; it's a swell-looking car." Girl: "Yes, but it's so difficult to get going in the morning."

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Hallow'e'en

Among all the Hallow'e'en games the following will afford much merriment: Fortune Telling by Saucers.—seven small saucers are placed in a row, their contents respectively a bit of scarlet cloth, a handful of moss, a scrap of blue cloth, a branch of thorn, a cord tied in a double knot, some clean water and a twig with forked ends. The person whose fortune is to be told is blindfolded and touches a saucer with the left hand. If he pulls out a handful of moss, a life of luxury! Thorn, unhappy life; red cloth, the army for a man, military husband for a girl; blue cloth, the navy, a naval husband; forked stick, marry a widow or widower; clean water, single blessedness; double knot, marriage near. Another game not so time honored as many others, is played with a tin dipper and a washbasin filled with water. The hostess sprinkles a handful of soap paste letters on the surface of the water. The player closes his eyes and scoops up some water. If he or she gathers in any letters they are the initials of the future life mate.

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THE COOK'S CORNER

Potato Puffs
2 tablespoons shortening
1/4 cup bread flour
1 egg
1 cup rice potato
1/2 teaspoon salt
Few grains pepper
Deep hot fat
Put boiling water
Put shortening in saucepan, add boiling water and when boiling point is reached, remove from the fire and add flour all at once. Stir until mixture forms a smooth firm ball. Add unbeaten egg and beat until thoroughly mixed. Add rice potato and seasonings. Shape into cylinders 2 1/2 inches long, and roll in flour. Fry in deep hot fat, 390 degrees F., and drain on soft, crumpled paper.

Spanish Cream
1 tablespoon granulated gelatine
3 cups milk
1/2 cup sugar
3 egg yolks
3 egg whites
1/4 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon vanilla
Scald milk with gelatine in the top of a double boiler. When gelatin is dissolved, add sugar; pour slowly over beaten egg yolks, and stir constantly. Return to double boiler. Cook until slightly thickened, and stir constantly. Remove from heat, add salt and vanilla, and fold in stiffly-beaten egg whites. Pour into cold, wet moulds and chill. Serve with custard sauce or fruitings.

Custard
1 cup milk
1 egg yolk
1 egg
2 tablespoons
1/4 teaspoon salt
Scald milk in double boiler. Pour over beaten egg and yolk, mixed with sugar and salt. Return to double boiler and cook, stirring constantly, until mixture coats spoon. Remove at once. Avoid boiling of water in bottom of double boiler.

"The house shook," said the earthquake victim. "Cups and saucers flew all over the place, and—" "Great Scott!" exclaimed a little man in the corner. "That reminds me, I quite forgot to put my wife's letter."

Small Brother—"Ha, ha! I saw you kiss sis." Suitor—"Here. Keep quiet about it. Put this shilling in your pocket!" Small Brother—"Here's sixpence change. One price to all—that's the way I do business."

GOOD HEALTH MEANS CHARM AND HAPPINESS

Sparkling eyes and smiling lips tell their own story of health and vitality. Clear skin attracts. The healthy active girl is usually both happy and popular. Perhaps you are not really ill and yet when the day's work is done you are too tired to enter into the good times that other women enjoy. For that extra energy you lack, try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It tones up your general health. Gives you more pep—more charm. By actual record, 98 out of 100 women say, "It helps me." Let it help you too. Get a bottle today.

Dorothy Dix's Letter Box

Pestiferous Neighbor Requires Heroic Treatment. Man of 67 Who Fancies Himself Young is in Second Childhood—Modern Girl's Language

Dear Miss Dix—What can I do with a neighbor who is a pest? She says she hates to stay at home and so she spends her time in mine in and out of the house a dozen times a day, mealtime, resttime, it makes



no difference. Interfering with my work, using up my time. My husband and I enjoy above everything our quiet evenings together, but we never have them now because our pestiferous neighbor is always with us. And she adds to her sins by her radio, which she turns on full blast in the morning and never turns off until its blaring has got on our nerves so we are as jumpy as cats. How can we rid ourselves of this woman who has become a nuisance? A. A.

There should be some sort of unwritten law that would make it permissible to administer some sort of painless vermin exterminator to the ubiquitous neighbor, but as there isn't, there seems to be no way of ridding the house of her.

For nothing but drastic treatment will remove her. She is impervious to hints. In vain do you turn the cold shoulder on her. Nor does it do any good to show her that you are busy and that her presence interferes with your work and your own plans.

All she considers is her own pleasure and convenience and so she sits and sits and gabbles and nothing short of a ton of dynamite would blow her out of the door. The only way to deal with that type of woman is to be just as brutal as she is and to tell her frankly that she must not come so often. Tell her that you and your husband like to be alone in the evenings and that you cannot spend your days entertaining her. You have more important work to do. Of course, it will take a lot of moral courage to do this, but it is the only way to save yourself from being bored to death.

These idle, purposeless, amiable, good-for-nothing people, who have no resources in themselves and no object in life, and who must get whatever interest and entertainment they have out of others, offer a social problem with which few of us have enough backbone to deal adequately. Yet practically every one of us suffers from them. Women who drop in on us in the morning before we have had time to catch our breath after getting the breakfast and feeding the baby and getting the husband off to work and the children off to school and before we have washed the dishes or planned the lunch or cleaned up the house and who camp in our most comfortable chairs and watch us work under the handicap of their presence until we are almost crazy.

Men who drift in in the evening just as we have settled ourselves with a new magazine or a late book or when we were looking forward to a heart-to-heart talk with our husbands and who just mander on hour after hour until the very clock yawns in their faces. And how to get rid of them, nobody knows. You are too polite to insult them in your own house. You can't call the police, though Heaven knows if there was ever a trespasser they are IT. All you can do is to suffer in silence and wonder why you are silly enough to endure it.

Because, after all, it is weak and idiotic to have your home spoiled, your work interfered with and a pleasant evening ruined by a selfish egotist with a mania for visiting.

There is no convention that we should observe more religiously than that which bids us wait for an invitation before we enter a neighbor's or friend's house. For one thing is sure, when they desire our society, they will ask for it.

But I still think that there should be no closed season in shooting back-door neighbors and that something awful with burning oil in it should be done to those who leave the radio going all day with the loud-speaker on. DOROTHY DIX.

Dear Miss Dix—I am a professional man of 67. And if I do say it myself I neither look nor act my years. The older I get, the more I enjoy young women's company. To be interesting to them they must not be more than 30. I sometimes wonder if they are kidding me along because I can show them a good time. Is it because the younger men haven't the money to spend that young women seem to prefer old men? When I see other men of my age falling for the things I do I call them old fools, but when the young ones accept my attentions I wonder if I am still attractive or are they just having their fun with me as I am amusing myself with them. I would appreciate your opinion on this as I would like to see myself as others see me. AN OLD MAN WITH YOUNG IDEAS.

Answer: When an old man spends his money on young women, doubtless they break even. He gets the pleasure of their society and they get the pretty clothes and jewels and good times he gives them.

But any man who is nearly 70 who thinks that a young girl loves him for himself alone and that she prefers his company to that of young men is simply befooling himself. Youth calls to youth. No girl wants to dance with an old man with stiff joints instead of a lithe young fellow. No girl thrives on the kiss of flabby old lips and false teeth as she does the hot young lips of youth. No young girl is interested in the society of a man whose thoughts and ideas belong to her father or her grandfather's generation. When a girl endures a Sugar Papa it is because of the sugar.

"Every man believes every man mortal but himself," says the old proverb. And every man believes that he is the only man who escapes the ravages of age and who neither looks nor feels as old as he is. Thus do we delude ourselves. But it is no more true of us than it is of others. We grow old. We lose the charms and elasticity of youth and what attentions and protestations of affection we get from youth we must buy.

For a man of your age to be crazy about young girls and prefer them to women of approximately your own age is an evidence of second childhood—if that is what you call being young. DOROTHY DIX.

Dear Dorothy Dix—Recently I witnessed a scene that I thought amusing, but the point of it turned on the use of a filthy and obscene word that was used. I related this incident, using the obscene expression, and a man reproved me. He said that such language was not fit for a woman to use and that I showed myself lacking in modesty in telling the tale. I told him he was a back number and that a girl doesn't lose others' respect for her, even though she uses the most vile words in our language in telling a story. Who is right? Am I or he? A STUBBORN FIGHTER.

Answer: I think he is, and nothing is more shocking than to hear a woman tell a coarse and vulgar story. Of course, I know that it is a commonplace for girls to use language that would make their grandmothers turn over in their graves, but somehow filthy words on a woman's lips always seem to turn into serpents, as happened to the wicked sister in the fairy tale who said cruel things. "Out of the heart the mouth speaketh" and we like to think that a young girl's heart is filled with pure and beautiful thoughts, not obscenities. DOROTHY DIX.

MAGIC BAKING POWDER advertisement featuring a woman's portrait and text: 'IT'S POOR ECONOMY TO RISK FAILURES WITH INFERIOR BAKING POWDER. MAGIC NEVER VARIES. THAT'S WHY I RECOMMEND IT FOR ALL RECIPES CALLING FOR BAKING POWDER. SAYS MISS LILLIAN LOUGHTON, Dietitian and Cookery Expert of the Canadian Magazine. MAGIC BAKING POWDER costs not quite 1/4 of a cent more per baking than the cheapest inferior baking powders. Why not use this fine-quality baking powder and be sure of satisfactory results? 'CONTAINS NO ALUM.' This statement on every tin is your guarantee that Magic Baking Powder is free from alum or any harmful ingredient. Made in Canada.

Lydia E. Pinkham's VEGETABLE COMPOUND advertisement featuring a woman's portrait and text: 'Sparkling eyes and smiling lips tell their own story of health and vitality. Clear skin attracts. The healthy active girl is usually both happy and popular. Perhaps you are not really ill and yet when the day's work is done you are too tired to enter into the good times that other women enjoy. For that extra energy you lack, try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It tones up your general health. Gives you more pep—more charm. By actual record, 98 out of 100 women say, "It helps me." Let it help you too. Get a bottle today.'