

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

THE HOUSEWIFE AND HER ACTIVITIES

Sow a thought, and you reap an Act; Sow an act, and you reap a Habit; Sow a habit, and you reap a Character; Sow a character, and you reap a Destiny.

SHORTER SKIRTS FASHION THIS FALL

Skirts, to be fashioned, will be shorter this Fall. Fourteen inches from the floor will be the approved length.

HOMEMADE IRON HOLDERS

When making iron holders at home, put in one layer of leather from an old glove. It is a non-conductor of heat and will make the holder far more durable and burn-proof.

THE BREAD KNIFE

Dip the bread knife in boiling water, dry and then try cutting the very fresh bread. You will find it will cut much better.

STALE BREAD

Dry out the stale bread in the oven until very hard. In the house where there is a dog it may be used with the dog's food in place of dog biscuit.

NON-UPSETTING

One housewife transferred her flavoring extracts from the slim uncertain bottles which came in to source bottles which once contained perfume.

NATURALNESS SECRET OF TRULY ARTISTIC BEAUTY

"Nothing annoys me so much as the girl who tries to look like somebody else," an artist complained recently. "Why can't she be herself instead of making up her mouth like Joan Crawford's, wearing her hair a la Marlene Dietrich, or trying to speak with a Ruth Chatterton accent?"

COMMONPLACE THINGS INSPIRE NECKWEAR DESIGNS

A famous French maker of men's neckwear, whose original ideas influence designers all over the world, has found among commonplace objects inspirations for some of his most unusual ideas.



Did I hear something about another HELPING?

"BET your life, here's my plate, and how's chances of some more of that good bread? It's the best in the county. I'll be bound. No mam, I don't tell that to all the girls. It's because you use REGAL Flour, you say? Well, you still deserve credit—for knowing enough to stick to a flour like that."



Dorothy Dix's Letter Box

The Married Woman Who Plays With Fire Burns Her Own Home, so if You Have Any Spare Time on Your Hands Find Something Useful to Occupy it



Dear Miss Dix—My husband and I have both worked ever since we were married. We now have a comfortable home and a nice car all paid for. Recently the company I worked for so long went out of business.

Not unless you are as lacking in all principle and sense of honor as your friends seem to be. And, take it from your husband and he finds it out—as he surely will—and turns you out of house and home.

It is true that the devil finds work for idle hands to do, particularly if they are feminine ones, so get busy about something, but don't let it be home down. Then as she sits in the ashes she realizes not only how wicked in life worth having for the thrill of having an illicit love affair with a contemptible cad whose attentions she had to buy.

Dear Dorothy Dix—My husband and I have been married nine years and have two children. We were very happy until five years ago, when a girl fell in love with him and began pursuing him and doing everything in her power to break up our home.

Dear Miss Dix—I am 17 years old and will go to college next year. I am determined to go to a coed school and my parents are determined to send me to women's college. What shall I do? PUZZLED PATSY.

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Inasmuch as your parents pay the bill, they have the right to select the school. If you are going to college to get an education, it does not matter to whom you go. Evidently you want to go to the coed because you think you will have a better time. But you might be like another girl who, when asked why she came to a famous coed college, replied: "I came to be taken but I ain't."

THE COOK'S CORNER

ORANGE MALLOW One pound marshmallows, quartered; 3 cups orange juice. Heat marshmallows with orange juice in double boiler until melted. Pour into serving dish and set in a cool place to stiffen. Serve with whipped cream.

ONE-EGG CAKE Two cups cake flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1-4 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 4 tablespoons butter or other shortening, 1 cup sugar, 1 egg unbeaten, 3-4 cup milk. Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift together three times. Cream butter thoroughly, add sugar gradually, and beat very thoroughly. Add egg and beat very thoroughly. Add flour, alternately with milk, a small amount at a time, beating

and carefully remove wax paper. Cut in squares. Serve with whipped cream garnish with maraschino cherries, if desired. Serves eight.

BRINGING UP FATHER



Satisfying King Cole TEA

Old English Blend

THE GREEN HUSSAR

By HENRY VON RHAN

The Count's face clouded. Very good, your Majesty, he murmured. I shall regretfully respect your wishes, tomorrow. But might I remind your Majesty that tonight—

Tonight, interrupted the King, smiling. I am still your guest. CHAPTER XXVII The American Embassy was ablaze with light. A thick, deep red carpet covered the pavement and the wide stone steps leading to the great doorway, through which only the privileged few might pass.

A heavy awning over the carpeted walk shut out the crisp cold and rain. It was too late and wet for the gathering of a crowd. Only an occasional passer-by idled a moment and went on his way with a murmured comment, perhaps of envy. The British Ambassador's chauffeur and Tim had parked their cars round the corner, and stood at points of vantage, commenting in whispers upon the arriving guests.

A dark green car glided to the curb. A tiny fat dowager waddled out. I protest, your Majesty, cried the Count. The Count, until you are purple in the face, Joachim, continued the King calmly. It cannot alter the fact that if I lived on your bounty it would be very expensive for you and bad for me.

I have not yet decided exactly what I shall do. Unfortunately I have no commercial abilities of which I am aware and fear that I am woefully lacking in a merchant's guile. However, I am encouraged by the thought that people who acquire wealth quickly are usually ignorant, coarse, and unscrupulous.

Your Majesty, begged the Count, eagerly, should not deny me the privilege of making advances to the Crown of Zagau. A crown, mused the King, which has been put away upon a dusty shelf, a crown which the greedy Count will try to snatch to sell for guns and ammunition. That is what enrages me so. If they succeed, Joachim, beauty will be old; in the end a Red dawn will sweep across the sky. The people of Zagau will be forced to the Kremlin to beg.

The King paused a moment. You know, he said, I feel as if my fight with the Communists, if only a personal one, is going on for the rest of my life. I shall assure Baron Von Um tonight that he may count on what personal influence I may have on their joining the alliance against Soviet Russia. However, I shall attend to that when the time comes. Meanwhile, Joachim, he continued, you understand that it will be impossible for me to go on living like this after tomorrow?

after each addition until smooth. Add vanilla. Bake in two oiled 8-inch layer pans in moderate oven (375 degrees Fahrenheit) 25 minutes. Spread Chocolate Orange Frosting between layers and on top and sides of cake.

Chocolate Orange Frosting: Two teaspoons grated orange rind, 2 cups sifted confectioners' sugar, dash of salt, 3 tablespoons orange juice (about), 4 tablespoons butter, 1 1-2 squares unsweetened chocolate, melted. Combine orange rind and butter; cream well. Add part of sugar gradually, blending after each addition. Add chocolate and salt, and mix well. Add remaining sugar, alternately with orange juice, until of right consistency to spread. Beat thoroughly after each addition.

A Morning Smile

The two tourists had climbed the hill and gazed down at the beautiful panorama of scenery which stretched for miles. "Ah," one of them sighed soulfully, "what a view! So magnificent—so grand! Really, to stand here before a scene like this makes a man feel like a little grub."

THE USUAL THREAT Judge: "The constable, I suppose gave you the usual warning?" Prisoner: "Yes, sir—said he'd wring me neck if I didn't come quiet!"

"Looks a well stuffed old duck," muttered Tim out of the side of his mouth. Behind her with long, determined strides walked a glittering, scrawny, rangy dowager with a face like that of a hungry horse.

Now you see, whispered the other chauffeur to his companion, what that eighteen day diet will do. A beautiful maroon car glided up with the grace of a swan. Some very pretty girls jumped out, followed by some officers of the Black Dragons.

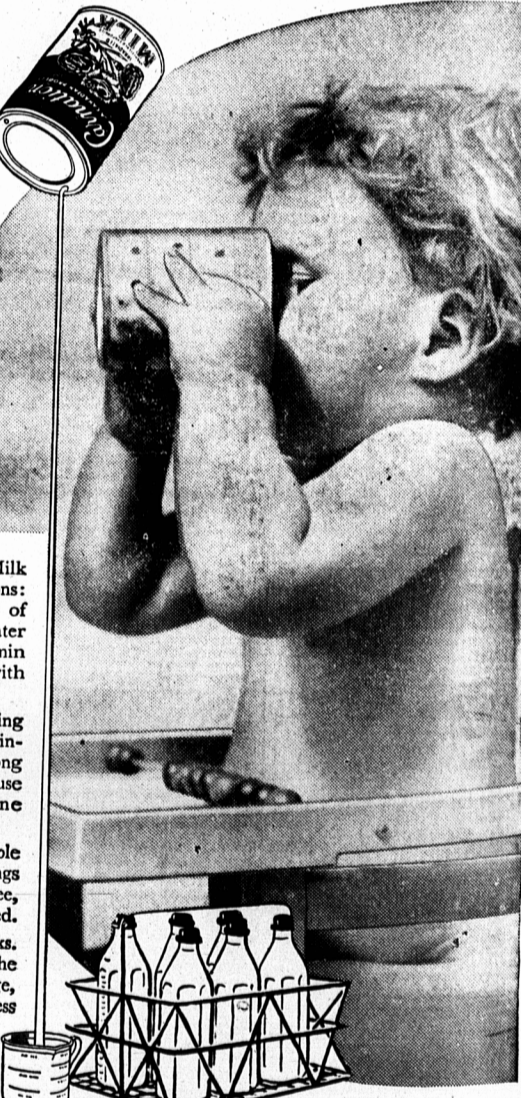
Music from within floating out, drifted off, and the ensuing silence was broken by the horn of an approaching car. There's—there's the Baron Raventlau, cried Tim eagerly. I say, grumbled his companion, you seem to know it all! I do, said Tim firmly, and what's more I ain't talking about it.

The door of the limousine was open. A tall, grim looking man stepped out, wearing his top hat like a Hussar's helmet. He was followed by a handsome Beau Brummel with very blue eyes, who stood aside as the King sprang out lightly. Automatically the two seemed to fall in behind the King, take their step from his, and follow him a pace distant.

General and Mr. Whitridge were standing at the entrance of the ballroom. A butler bowed behind Mrs. Whitridge. Baron Raventlau and his party have arrived, madam, he whispered deferentially. Mrs. Whitridge looked at the vacant place on her husband's right with the suggestion of a frown.

Fine, said George Whitridge hastily draining his glass and putting it down. Andrews, he continued, indicating the punch bowl, see that his Majesty—I mean Baron Raventlau—gets enough.

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--By George McManus

