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

"Daughter Of Venus"

BY ROBERT TERRY SHANNON

CHAPTER XXX

"I didn't hear you come in last night," Juliet said at breakfast.

Neither did Juliet know that Katie had worn her evening wrap and the peach-colored gown. Also she was equally unaware that Katie had slipped in shortly before dawn and had not yet been asleep.

"I was careful not to wake you," yawned Katie. "I spent the evening out with a friend."

The inadequate explanation was sufficient because Juliet's mind teemed with affairs that did not concern Katie Schmidt and her evening out.

"Keep the house running as smooth as you can," Juliet told her. "I'm too busy to stay home much these days."

"Yes, Miss Juliet," said Katie meekly.

Gottlieb had amazed Juliet by the thoroughness with which he had gone into the manufacturing proposition with McSpadden. His mind had proved to be a suction pump extracting facts and figures and theories out of the little chemist until poor McSpadden was emptied.

The peculiar thing about Gottlieb was that he never tired.

His plump little body did not exist. He was merely an insatiable maw stuffing himself with information.

This went on for a week before he thought of departing for New York. One evening had sufficed to consume McSpadden's stock of information.

Gottlieb visited other chemists, manufacturing plants, importers, soap factories, bottle and package makers, warehouses. He flew to San Francisco and back in a day to talk to an authority on lanolin, the bland oil extracted from sheep's wool. He drew up a tentative contract with the head of the Avocado Growers' Association.

Avocados, recently, had become popular in the West as a base for face creams. By now he was estimating everything by the ton. Juliet gave up trying to keep pace with him.

"Don't you worry," he assured her. "Just leave everything to me."

Juliet's mind kept stretching and stretching but could not equal his enormous capacity for storing facts and figures. When he had crammed himself full, he spent eighteen hours with a statistician reducing his information to charts and tables. Then he took off in an airplane for New York with brief cases bulging.

"This thing is so big we may establish branches all over Europe," he told her at the airport.

Sitting in command of the Beauty Institute taxed Juliet's energies almost to exhaustion.

The job was bigger than she imagined. Every difficulty in every department eventually reached her like an angry hornet that had to be dealt with.

It was incredible that so many manicurists could catch influenza, so many customers swear they had paid when they hadn't, so many elevator operators and electricians and plumbers and window washers and janitors do the wrong thing when they were paid to do the right thing.

Meanwhile Juliet's row of little dancing slippers gathered dust and tarnish in their neat rack.

The third assistant bookkeeper absconded with two hundred and forty-five dollars; the fatty calf of a haughty matron was bitten by a Pekinese in the steam room; a bleached head being died auburn emerged a vivid orange. O'Hara went on a bat for three days and couldn't be found. The money poured in and the money poured out.

McSpadden's wife created a scene with her spouse in the basement, and Von Guerdon began sending Juliet orchids daily.

On the strength of the brilliant prospect Juliet bought a tan-colored coupe for herself and began planning to build a house with a patio.

O'Hara came into her office shame-faced.

"I'm sorry as can be," he said.

"What was the matter?" she asked him, noticing the shadows under his eyes. "Sick again?"

"No. Just worthless, I guess. Seems to be in the blood. Sorry, I let you down."

"Don't worry yourself about me," said Juliet. "You let yourself down."

It was embarrassing to see a grown man gulping like a boy.

"I'm a dog, Juliet," he said lamely.

Had he been a stronger character Juliet might have blamed him more. Standing there with that miserable look on his face he did something to her heart. She could have kissed him, caressed him, and thought nothing of it. This kind of detached tenderness was not at all upsetting.

"You'll be all right, Pal," she said brightly. "Everybody's foot slips sometimes. I'd go on a binge myself if I dared."

"But you don't understand—"

"If you start confessing—I'll scream," she said cheerfully. "Take that hairshirt off and go back to your own office."

"I thought I'd be washed up when I got back. Seve me right if you had fired me."

"Forget it. I'm worried about Gottlieb, not you. He has been deadlocked with those New Yorkers for two weeks. His last letters weren't too optimistic. You don't think the deal could possibly fall through, do you?"

O'Hara got his mind off himself.

"Not a chance, Juliet. Those birds are tough, but Gottlieb will come away with their tail feathers."

Juliet was getting so she could not think about the deal without shivering. One hundred thousand dollars, her share, almost made her dizzy.

"It's not the money I worry about," she told O'Hara. "It's the idea that we may bungle it after all. I'm afraid of losing something I haven't got. Does it ever seem to you that this whole thing is just a dream?"

Her eyes widened and there was a little aching sensation in her temples, for Juliet was continuously restless and short on sleep these days. Under pressure, she noticed she ate less than usual.

"This whole place has always been like a nightmare to me," O'Hara said morosely. "I'd like to be married to you and live on an Iowa farm. Or doing hula dances in the South Seas. But don't worry —I'm not proposing. I'm going down to my office and plunge up to my neck in work."

Such was his sincere intention, but an apparition prevented him. An eerie and unearthly Madame Hubert opened the door and walked into Juliet's office.

But it was not the Madame Hubert they knew. It was someone else, a parody, a stranger, an optical illusion . . .

An actual ghost could have been no more startling to Juliet and O'Hara.

"Good Lord!" he gasped. "What have you done to yourself, Madame?"

Juliet got up from her desk but did not approach the bewildering spectacle.

"Why, Madame, you look — you look—"

Something miraculous had happened to Madame Hubert's face. It was no longer brown and withered, but had a smooth and waxy texture like painted artificial fruit. The folds and hollows and creases and wrinkles had disappeared.

Around the eyes the skin had a tight, drawn-back look; a small and perfect nose stood where the hawk's beak had been.

The scrawny throat was now a slender column of alabaster arising from a youthful dress of startling magenta. An absurd hat perched rakishly upon hair as waved and platinumed as Katie Schmidt's.

Juliet's eyes flew to the hands. They were still like claws, but smooth and white and glazed, terminating in ruby-lacquered nails.

Very slowly Madame Hubert revolved before their eyes like a mannequin exhibiting a gown, and they saw her back was military straight as though she were held taut by invisible steel wires.

"Now you witness me as I really am, my dears," she said in a voice that plastic surgery had not been able to improve. "The butterfly is out of the chrysalis."

Juliet struggled to find something to say.

"It's—it's like being born anew, isn't it?"

The Madame's cruelly rouged lips grimaced.

"It's better than that," she croaked. "It's like rising from the tomb."

"Good Lord," blurted O'Hara, "it's ghastly!"

She pivoted swiftly towards him on her high jeweled heels.

"Pardon!"

"I mean it's uncanny," muttered O'Hara. "I've never seen anything like it in my life."

It was impossible to tell whether Madame Hubert flushed under the enamel of her face, but her eyes blazed and the marcelled head flew erect.

"Must you say such horrible things! I've the right to make the most of myself. Beauty is woman's birthright and I decided to claim it. Am I to be met with sneers?"

"The change is so sensational!" cried Juliet. "You're perfectly marvelous."

"But of course I am!" shot back the Madame. "I was always marvelous, but I neglected myself for the business. It made other women feel beautiful just to look at me. That was my success secret. But such days have passed."

"Of course they have," said Juliet, moved by the strangest pity that ever disturbed her heart.

"How old would you say I appear?"

Juliet considered her thoughtfully.

"A very young thirty—at the outside."

Madame Hubert turned to O'Hara. "And you?"

A trace of his old grin came back to O'Hara's lips.

"You've got me so groggy, Madame, I could hardly say. About thirty I guess. But you can't expect to dawn on people like this all of a sudden and not bowl them over. You're certainly gorgeous all right —a regular knock-out."

His words, carelessly spoken, fell like gentle rain on her thirsty soul. She went to him and grasped the lapel of his coat.

"Maybe a heart-breaker, eh?" she asked, the creaking caricature of an ingenue.

"Oh, absolutely," he assured her generously. "My heart is smashed to swithereens already and heaven knows what you will do to Von Guerdon."

The antiquated shoulders shrugged gaily.

"Von Guerdon knows all about my rejuvenation. I am his greatest triumph. The man is a great artist. Is your heart really in smithereens, O'Hara?"

O'Hara, over Madame Hubert's head, grimaced helplessly at Juliet. More than anything else he wanted to escape out of this office.

"Sure, I'm in a state of total collapse," he said ge... wonderful to see you rejuvenated like this. But I suppose you want Juliet to tell you how the business is going."

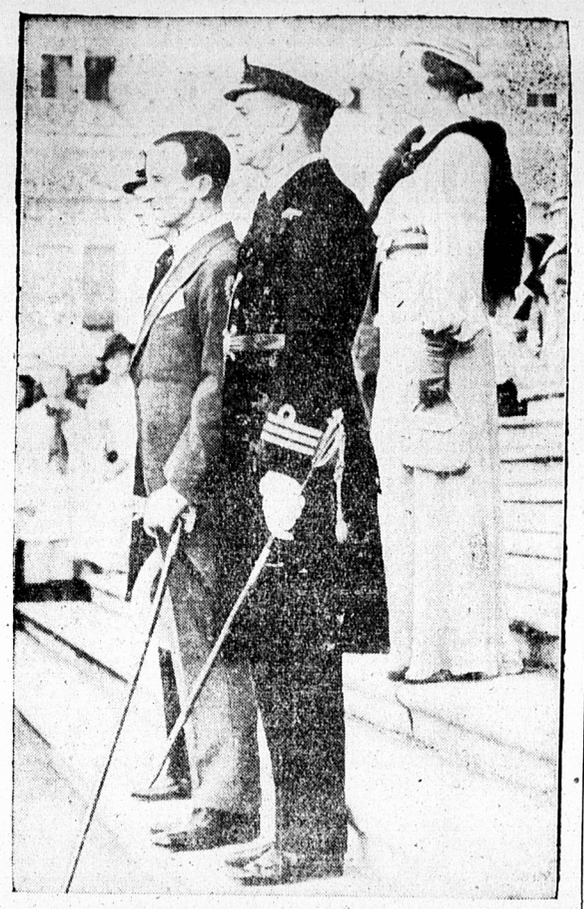
"Business, pouf! I have decided to forget business for the present. Build it up sky-high, my children, and pile money for the firm in the bank. But, by the way, Juliet darling—business is good, is it not?"

(To Be Continued.)

Off King's List

Betrothal of Princess Alexandrine Louise of Denmark (above) to Count Luitpold zu Castell-Castell of Bavaria, has further narrowed the field of eligibles in the search for a bride for King Edward VIII.

As Tweedsmuir Received at Victoria



His Excellency, Lord Tweedsmuir, governor-general of Canada, is shown on the steps of the parliament buildings at Victoria, B.C., as he took the general salute on his first visit to the capital city. On the governor-general's left is Commander C. T. Beard, R.C.N., senior naval officer at Esquimalt naval barracks. Lieut. S. G. Rivers-Smith, aide-de-camp, stands on the right. Lady Tweedsmuir is behind His Excellency.

Today's Short Wave Radio Program

(All time is Eastern Standard)

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 1

Paris

2:30 p. m.—Federal Broadcast Concert. TPA-3, 25.2 m., 11.88 meg.

Schenectady

5:35 p. m.—Short Wave Mail Bag. W2XAF, 31.4 m., 9.53 meg.

Madrid

7 p. m.—Light Music; Spanish Lesson. EAQ., 30.5 m., 9.87 meg.

London

7:25 p. m.—"World Affairs." H. V. Hodson. GSP, 19.6 m., 15.31 meg.; GSD, 25.4 m., 11.75 meg.; GSC, 31.3 m., 9.58 meg.

Berlin

7:45 p. m.—"Spanish Music in the time of Charles V." DJD, 25.4 m., 11.77 meg.

Berlin

8:30 p. m.—"A generation changes Germany—the new face of German cities—Nurnberg." DJD, 25.4 m., 11.77 meg.

London

9 p. m.—"Stepping it Out." A novelty program of dance music, 15.14 meg., GSC, 31.3 m., 9.58 meg.

Montreal

10:30 p. m.—Lullaby Lagoon. CJRO Winnipeg, 48.7 m., 6.15 meg., CJRX, Winnipeg, 25.6 m., 11.72 meg.

Tokyo

12 midnight—"Overseas Program." JVH, Nazaki, 20.5 m., 14.6 m.

Dorothy Dix's Letter Box

The Girl Who Can Add to a Man's Self-Entertainment is the Girl Who Will be Most Popular — And Here is Some Advice on How to do the Trick

Dear Miss Dix—What must a girl have to attract the right sort of men? Does she have to smoke and drink and be a wild woman? I am almost 23 and have never had a real boy friend. I am inclined to be moody and have an inferiority complex at times. Most of the boys I meet bore me to tears, yet my girl friends think these same boys wonderful. Somehow, I can't make myself gush over a boy who doesn't interest me in the least just so he will take me out somewhere. There is nothing in the world that I desire more than a home and a nice husband, but I realize I may never have one unless my attitude toward the stronger sex changes. LONELY GIRL.

Answer:

There is no specific line of feminine qualities or attractions that are a sure-fire hit with men because men differ in their tastes in girls just as they do in their taste in food and clothes. There are men who prefer the domestic girl just as there are men who always order roast beef and mashed potatoes for dinner, and there are other men who prefer more sophisticated girls and whose fancy runs to caviar.

Generally speaking, of course, the charms that a girl needs to conjure with are a pretty face, smart clothes, a laugh that is hung on a hair-trigger, dancing feet and the ability and willingness to toil like a coal-heaver to keep a man entertained and amused. Few men are altruistic enough to take a girl out for the sake of giving her a good time. It is their own good times they are thinking of and unless she can add to the pleasure of the occasion by her looks and her society she gets left at home.

As I have said, there are many men of many minds and each has a different mind about women. But one taste all men have in common and that is, they do not like morbid, self-centered, lacrimose women. Men want women to be gay and light-hearted. They want them to wear the smile that won't come off. They like to tell their troubles to women and have women sympathize with them. But woe betide the women who tries to tell her troubles to a man. She has seen the last of him. And as for the weeper, men avoid her as they would the plague. So, if you are Gloomy Gussie, you need seek no further in your inquiry as to why you are unpopular with the boys. Your morbidness is the reason.

Another reason why you are not popular with the boys is because you are not working hard enough at your job of trying to please them. You are not really putting your heart into it. The main attraction for men that any woman has is her will to attract, and you haven't that. You don't suffer fools gladly. You don't wear a thrilled expression when listening to bores as if an oracle were speaking. You don't make every little pipsqueak feel that you regard him as a Fairy Prince and the answer to a maiden's prayer.

And that is fatal. Men are like sheep in so far as women are concerned. They follow the leader. The more other men run after a girl, the more they chase her. That is why one girl has dates to burn and another equally attractive and good-looking, sits at home reading an improving book.

A man may pick and choose among girls and cut out those who are dull and tiresome and who dance on his feet, but a girl has no such privilege. She has to pet, cajole and feed the whole herd sugar in the hope that somewhere in it she will find the little lamb she wants. Otherwise she will get the reputation of being snooty or choosy or dumb and not a single mutton ,young or old, will wander into her fold.

And there you are, my dear. There is nothing for nothing in this world. It takes a lot of work and worry and self-sacrifice to be popular with boys. Maybe it is worth the price. Maybe it isn't. But whether she takes it or leaves it, every girl has to decide the question for herself.

Dear Miss Dix—What should a man do when he falls in love with his best friend's wife? The husband thinks the sun rises and sets in his wife, and, of course, knows nothing of this affair. The wife appears to be happy with her husband and does not show her feelings to the other man, but any one can see that they are eating their hearts out for each other. The only reason they are hiding their love is because they don't want to hurt the husband. What do yo uadvise? E. S.

Answer:

That they should go on hiding their love and acting like the honorable people they seem to be. I have never been able to see why the rules of common honesty do not apply just as much to matters of sentiment as they do to material things.

We all want things that other people have. A woman wants another woman's jewels. A man wants another man's fine automobile. But neither the man nor the woman think that gives them the right to steal them. They suppress their desire for the diamond pendant and the imported car and do without rather than be degraded in their own eyes and be branded as thieves. The same inhibition should apply to stealing your neighbor's wife or husband who are perhaps their owner's one priceless possession. Those who cannot have love honestly should not take it by theft.

It is an axim in police circles that thieves seldom profit much from their loot. The same holds good of stolen love. You can't build a house of happiness that will last on the home you have wrecked.

Dear Miss Dix—My husband is always telling me that I am not worth killing, that he is going to trade me off for a dog and then kill the dog. He also tells me he would be glad if I would leave him so he can marry a rich woman because he is tired of working. Do you think he is tired of me and wants me to go? E. P. F.

Answer:

I should gather as much from his remarks. He certainly gives no earmarks of being a kind and loving husband, and it seems to me that the best thing you can do is to walk out on him. No employer would work you so hard or speak to you as insultingly as he does and you would get a pay envelope for your labor. You have nothing to lose by going.

DOROTHY DIX.

THE COOK'S CORNER

GRIDDLE CAKES

Perfect griddle cakes should be tender, light, and a tempting golden-brown. Butter lavishly, add syrup to float and eat rapturously.

Numerous preparations, all ready for baking except for the addition of liquid are on the market. One needs only to follow the directions on the package and griddle cakes are made like magic. However, if you prefer to stir up your own, the following recipe is excellent.

PINEAPPLE GRIDDLE CAKES

Two-thirds cup pineapple juice, 1 1-3 cups sour milk, 1 cup crushed pineapple, 2½ cups flour, 1¼ teaspoons soda, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 eggs, 3 tablespoons granulated sugar, 2 tablespoons melted butter.

Beat yolks of eggs until light and add to milk, pineapple juice and pineapple. Add with melted butter to dry ingredients which have been mixed and sifted several times. Mix lightly. Fold in whites of eggs beaten until stiff. Bake on a hot griddle and serve with maple syrup or pineapple sauce.

BAD RASH WAS HER TROUBLE

Mrs. B. of Swift Current, Sask., writes *"Rash broke out on my chest, neck and arms. I sent for free sample of Cuticura —then bought some. After using a cake of Cuticura Soap and a tin of the Ointment I was relieved."*

This is typical of the wonderful relief Cuticura gives from itching and irritation of pimples, rashes, eczema and other skin troubles due to external causes. Try this famous treatment today. All druggists—25c. For FREE sample, write Cuticura, Dept. B3, 286 St. Paul Street, W., Montreal.

The HOUSEWIFE and HER ACTIVITIES

GOOD DEEDS

But the good deed through the ages
Living in historic pages,
Brighter grows and gleams immortal,
Unconsumed by moth or rust.
—Longfellow.

AFFLICTION

Affliction is the wholesome soil of virtues, where patients honor, sweet humanity, calm fortitude, take root and strongly flourish.
—Mallet.

THE COUNTENANCE

The countenance is the portrait of the mind, the eyes are its informers.—Cicero.

THOUGHT

Thought means life, since those who do not think do not live in any high or real sense. Thinking makes the man.A. B. Alcott.

EXCELLENCE

One that desires to excel should endeavor it in those things that are in themselves most excellent.
—Epictetus.

FELLOWSHIP

The secret of power lies in fellowship with Him who is all-powerful.

GOODNESS

There is a greatness of real goodness and a goodness of real greatness.

Should gelatin mixture become too stiff too early in the game place the dish in hot water and let the mixture melt.

• • •

Always place the loaf or cake near the centre of the oven. If placed too near firebox ,one side may burn.

• • •

To remove stains from pewter, use strong hot soapsuds.

• • •

If the cookie dough becomes too dry to handle, add an extra egg instead of milk or water.

• • •

Adhesive tape may be quickly and painlessly removed from the skin if a sponge is saturated with benzine and applied to the tape until it is wet.

• • •

Did you ever try adding half a cup of cream to the soup just before serving. It will make it creamy and delicious.

• • •

Mayonnaise that has separated may be again emulsified by adding it slowly to a whole egg, beating lightly as at first.

A Morning Smile

SILENT DREAD

"Every time my wife hears a noise at night she thinks there's a burglar in the house and wakes me."

"But burglars don't make a noise."

"So I told her. And now she wakes me up when she doesn't hear anything."

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE

Counsel, to the police witness: "But if a man is on his hands and knees in the middle of the road, that does not prove he was drunk?"

Policeman: "No sir, it does not. But this one was trying to roll up the white line.' '

The cut surface of a lemon will remove marks made by matches on a painted wall.

• • •

A ball of twine on the sink shelf and a pair of scissors hanging on a nail beside it! is a great convenience.

VITAMIN D MAKES CHILDREN GROW QUICKLY

Children of today grow up faster but not larger.

This is revealed by Dr E W Koch, an eminent Leipzig (Germany), physician, writing in the "Reichsgesundheitsblatt." He says that girls now reach full growth at 17 and boys at 20, compared with the 23 and 25 of pre-war days. He attributes this to the increase of Vitamin D. in modern diet.

But says Dr. Koch life insurance statistics show that people are not growing any larger these days despite the faster rate of maturity.

THE SUCCESSFUL WHITES IN SUMMER SPORTSWEAR

White fabrics, which have a novelty aspect, have been outstandingly successful in the movement of summer sportswear, including more than the usual number of rayons and silks. The importance of rayon fabrics in the merchandising of dead white sportswear continues to grow every year; these fabrics are now competing actively with linens and cottons. Individual white style fabrics which have stood out in popularity thus far are:

White sharkskin in two weights —very heavy for suits, coats and jackets, lighter-weight for dresses, culottes, slacks, millinery, play suits.

White jersey in plain weave for all kinds of spectator sports clothes, shirtwaist frocks tennis dresses, smart this year is white jersey printed with multicolored floral designs, used for bathing suits and sports dresses.

White rayon pique in both plain and fancy versions.

White shantungs —this family of fabrics includes many linen-like weaves as well, developed in silk, in silk and rayon mixtures, in spun rayon, and in cotton mixed with rayon.

Spring Fashions For Home Dress-Making

An interesting feature of this roomy sports coat is the flared hem.

You can run it up on the sewing machine and finish it the same day. Only three major parts to the pattern! After you've joined the side and shoulder seams the coat is ready to set the sleeves into the armholes. The front edges of the coat are underfaced and rolled with the notched collar.

You'll pat yourself on the back many times for the smart result gained and for the enormous saving in cost.

A soft monotone woolen is an excellent choice. It answers your needs for town ,country or travel.

College girls will especially like this model in the shorter swagger length in a soft plaided woolen.

Style No. 1754 is designed for sizes 14, 16 ,18 years, 36, 38 and 40-inches bust. Size 16 requires 3¼ yards of 54-inch material with 3⅛ yards of 39-inch lining.

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

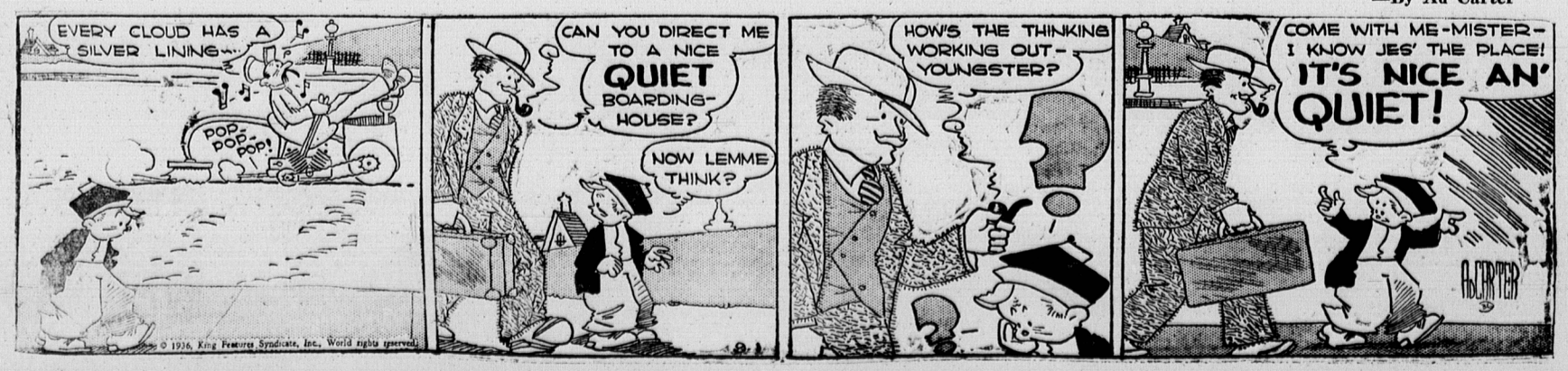
No. 1754. Size .....

Name

Street Address

City State

KEEP GLOVES' SHAPE

After washing gloves(, clip them to the line to dry by the tip of third finger. They will keep a good shape and no nasty marks are made on the wrists.

JUST KIDS —By Ad Carter