

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

## Milady Beautiful

By Lois Leach



### RUBBING EXERCISES

The recent growth in popularity of the electric reducing machine with vibrating strap attachment emphasizes the value and convenience of rubbing exercises, during which the skin is stimulated by friction. A set of such exercises done with a Turkish towel folded lengthwise may be taken after the morning cold bath, or, in cases where cold bathing is too great a shock to the system, they may take the place of the morning plunge or shower. Below are a few rubbing exercises. Variations will suggest themselves when practice begins.

**Exercise One** is a stimulating treatment for toning the flabby muscles on the sides of the trunk at the waist and hips. Pass the folded towel behind your waist and grasp the ends firmly, one in each hand. By pulling on the ends of the towel alternately, you give the body a brisk massage when the center of the towel rubs against the skin. At the same time you are exercising the muscles of the arms and chest. Continue the rubbing for five minutes, letting the center of the towel slide from the hips well under the arms to massage the pad of fat that begins a few inches below the armpit.

**Exercise Two** is designed to reduce the fat at the nape of the neck and on the shoulders. The head is thrown back during the exercise and the center of the towel passed behind the neck. The ends of the towel are brought forward over the shoulders and pulled alternately, giving the back of the neck a hard rubbing massage.

**Exercise Three** is good for straightening the back and stimulating the skin, so that it will become smooth and fine in texture. This exercise is especially recommended for those who have "goose pimples" on their backs. Let the folded towel pass diagonally across the back with the right end held up and the left end held down at about hip-level. Now rub vigorously, pulling forward on the towel. Pull obliquely upward with the right hand, then reverse the movement, pulling obliquely downward with the left. Lower the right arm and massage the waistline and lower back with a horizontal movement of the towel.

**Exercise Four** is for reducing flabby thighs. Bend one leg upward so that the thigh is horizontal and the toes point downward. Pass the towel under the thigh and rub vigorously by pulling first the right, then the left end of the towel upward. Repeat with other leg.

Tomorrow - Beauty Questions Answered

## For The Cook

### CLAM TOAST

Two dozen small clams, 2 egg yolks, 3/4 cup scalded milk, 8 slices buttered toast, 1/4 teaspoon salt. Clean clams and cut into small pieces. Simmer for 3 minutes. Beat egg yolks and add slowly to scalded milk. Combine with clams. Season and pour over buttered toast. A nice luncheon dish.



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Write The Borden Co., Limited, Dept. B-43, 140 St. Paul Street W., Montreal for two Baby Welfare Books.

## Household Hints

By Roberta Lee

### Cream Shade

If a garment is soaked in cold tea and ironed before it is dry, it will give a pretty cream shade and will not streak the goods if properly done.

### The Gravy Boat

Using the gravy boat for filling jars with preserves or jellies will prevent the spilling, and also the stickiness usually experienced in such work.

### The Refrigerator

To keep the refrigerator pure wash out thoroughly once a week with soda and cold water.

## Etiquette

By Roberta Lee

Q. How soon must an acknowledgement of an invitation be made?

A. Within a week at the most, but within a day or two is better.

Q. Should the debutante or the mother be the first to greet the guests at a "coming-out" party?

A. The mother.

Q. Is the hostess' monogram or crest permissible for decoration on place cards?

A. Yes.

## Motoring With Mary

By MARY JANE MOORE

Every revolution of the engine grinds out wisdom for the woman who drives a car, one of them has discovered.

### ACCESSORY ACTION

What I don't know about the combustion of an automobile engine would fill quite a large sized volume, no doubt, but not such a large one as would have been the case a few days ago. Just around to an accessory store and making a trip to the service station, the sum total of my ignorance has been reduced. Further than that the car is running better—even Bob agrees.

When I went into the accessory store, I had no idea in mind save getting a new can of polish which I intended to urge Bob to use on the car. If I had not been curious, that is all I would have bought, too.

But I was curious. "What's that?" I asked the salesman, pointing to a can of the most luscious looking oil I ever had seen. "That's a special kind of oil for the combustion chamber," he replied.

"How do you apply it without taking the head off the engine?" I asked further.

"It applies itself, through a special device," said the salesman.

"What's the idea of it?" I went on now determined to know the whole story.

The salesman told me it was for the purpose of providing a lubricant for the valves and upper cylinder walls which, in high compression engines, run very hot and are otherwise well lubricated in many cars. It helped cool the engine, eliminated carbon, improved gasoline mileage, and did several other things, according to my informant.

I did not buy one then but made up my mind that if it did all those things, there was no way out of it. But, that it would do them had to be determined first. So, I hastened over to the service station to quiz the foreman. As well and as quickly as I could do so, I recounted to him the story the accessory salesman had told me.

"We approve of them," he said when I had finished.

"Why don't they put them on cars at the factory, then?" I asked.

"They may some day. You see, the device is based on the old principle of putting oil in the gasoline tank of a new car. That still is done in many cases, but it has the effect of calling upon the carburetor to do something for which it was not designed—mixing three ingredients instead of but two. A carburetor is supposed to mix gasoline and air in the proper proportion. But oil in the gas tank and it will have further job of mixing lubricant in with the fuel charge.

"In these new devices, a number of which are on the market, the carburetor is spared this job. Instead of the lubricant going into the gas tank, it is kept in a special reservoir, located under the hood. This reservoir is connected to the intake manifold, the suction of which draws the oil in above the carburetor, rather than through it. The oil goes into the combustion chamber where it provides a protective film for the valves which are pounding, pounding, pounding all the time upon their seats and for the cylinder wall which is called upon to stand and tremendous temperature. It helps to cool as well as to lubricate moving parts."

The upshot of it all was that I simply had to buy one and have it installed.

## Says He Restored Our Lost Ideal of Youth

# Dorothy Dix

## Lindy's Real Significance

### We Owe Lindbergh Still Another Debt of Gratitude for Setting the Youth of the Country a Needed Example of Thoughtfulness and Dignity by the Simplicity of His Wedding.

The real service of Lindbergh to his day and generation is not as an aviator but as an example. The attitudes he has achieved are of small moment compared to the way he has lifted up the morale of the youth of the country.

To me there has always been something infinitely pathetic and touching in the almost frenzied acclaim we have given Lindbergh, for it is not for his achievements, great as they are, for which we worship him, but because he has given us back our lost ideal of youth. A youth that was clean and clear-eyed, that dreamed great dreams, that had set itself a high goal that it risked its life to reach. Not a gin-soaked, precociously sophisticated sex-mad youth, mouthing vague notions about freedom and finding itself, while poor parents worked to support it and pay for its wild parties.



To us older ones Lindbergh came like an answer to a prayer. To the boys of his own age he came as a revelation. Here was a youth whose courage and daring had set the world aflame, yet he made no whoopee. He had no bootlegger. His fingers were not yellow with nicotine. He was no pester. He was actually old-fashioned in his virtues, yet he was a hero whose praise was on every tongue. It made many a boy think that perhaps there might be something in the doctrine of decent living and sobriety after all and it made thousands upon thousands of young boys take him as their model instead of some gangster and raised their eyes from the gutter to the stars.

Not all the preachers and the moralists have done so much to steady the youth of today and set it on the right road as has Lindbergh's example.

And now Lindbergh has set another example to the youth of the country in the way he has been married. He might have had a wedding as gorgeous as any prince of the blood royal. He might have worn a brilliant uniform and his bride, whose father is wealthy, might have been gowned in priceless lace. They might have been wedded amidst every display of pomp, with a fortune spent in decorations and on a splendid banquet and in the presence of the most distinguished and powerful persons in the land.

Instead they were married as simply as any poor girl and boy could have been. The bride wore a cheap white dress made by the village dressmaker and her bouquet was some flowers that the bridegroom himself had picked in the garden. There was no wedding breakfast, no guests, except just the members of the family, no bridesmaids, no ring-bearers, none of the expensive hullabaloo with which most young couples seem to think it necessary to announce that they have taken each other for better or worse. And it is generally worse if they have to go in debt for the wedding.

Let us hope that his good example will be followed in this, as it has in other things and that just as we have had Lindy hats and Lindy scarfs and Lindy sport coats and whatnot, we shall now have Lindy weddings in which a young couple will just step around to the parson and be married with the least possible expense and annoyance to others, and without driving everybody concerned into nervous prostration and bankruptcy.

Too long have we been the victims of the show wedding of girls who insisted upon being married like Miss Croesus, no matter how poor their fathers were, nor how small was the salary of the men they were marrying. There have been too many tragedies of the hope chest that a girl filled at the expense of her stomach and her nerves. Too many families have starved, too many fathers have worked themselves to death for Jane's splurge wedding. Too many young men have had to go into debt to pay for bridesmaids' presents and wedding bouquets and taxis and heaven knows what other bridal expenses when they hadn't even a dollar upon which to set up housekeeping.

There is no justification for the splurge wedding. Why should a man, who finds it hard even to buy cabbages for his family to eat, have to pay hundreds of dollars for the decoration of the church at his daughter's wedding? Why should a poor girl put her money in white satin and tulle which she will never be able to wear again, when what she needs is good, substantial clothes that have plenty of service in them? Why, just because she is marrying, should a girl buy a lot of foolish, flimsy, perishable lingerie for which she will be paying long after it is worn out? Why should she overload herself, anyway, with clothes that will go out of fashion, as if it was her last chance to buy, when she well knows that the shops will still be doing business and that she will be just as keen about having the latest thing after marriage as before?

Nobody knows why girls want show weddings. It works their mothers to death. It runs their fathers in debt and adds to their burdens. It makes the bride haggard with anxiety, so that she invariably looks homelier than she ever does at any other time. It peeves the bridegroom, who knows that he always looks like a lamb being led to the slaughter and who begrudges the waste of good money that could be better spent on something sensible.

And it calls forth the unstinted criticism of all of our dear 500 friends who gossip behind their hands while the soulful tenor is singing "The Voice That Breathed O'er Eden" and wonder what the bride ever saw in the bridegroom to make her want him and how she ever managed to catch him and how on earth poor Mr. X. is ever going to pay for it all.

The great moment of every man's and woman's life is that in which they are married. It is the crisis of their fate. Their happiness, their welfare is at stake and why anybody should choose to make this solemn event a public spectacle with a curious, gaping crowd looking on passes comprehension. In reality it would be no more incongruous to invite people in to see us die than it is to see us married. So let us hope that the show wedding will soon be one of the follies of the past.

And if Lindbergh's example of the simple wedding helps on to this, we shall owe him still another debt of gratitude.

Will Open on September 3. REGINA, Sask., July 4—Premier James G. Gardiner announced today that the special session of the Saskatchewan legislature would open on September 3.

"It was decided at a special meeting of the council this morning," said the premier. Beyond the official announcement Premier Gardiner had no statement to make.

As I said before, even Bob is satisfied.



(1) This jacket ensemble illustrates the vogue for checks and the scarf-line tied at one side, declares it to be one of the newest models: The pleated skirt of the one-piece sleeveless frock and the jacket which is worn with it, are of navy blue flat usual white, yellow being new in the tri-color combinations of the moment. (2) A modish little hat of pink hankow straw with inset of pink and crepe. The bodice and scarf are red and blue and yellow instead of the black felt, caught at the side with a galahite buckle, from the house of Blanche (3) This new "picture silhouette" borrowed from famous beauties of other days, has no respect for fabric of narrow width. Yards and yards of warp print taffeta are used in this flattering frock done in the Lanvin manner. A rich blending of nasturtium tones on a grey background is the color combination of the gown, but the bow of grosgrain, posed at the centre of the big petals of taffeta, is dark blue.—Photograph of (2) by Henri Manuel of Paris.

## What the Fashionable Are Wearing

### Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished With Every Pattern

By Annabelle Worthington



affairs. Chartreuse gren silk cepe, yellow handkerchief linen, printed lawn, georgette crepe in sun-tan beige, and peach shantung attractive combinations.

It is designed in sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. You'll find the making a simple matter with the aid of the illustrated Dressmaking Chart included. This chart shows entire construction of dress from beginning to finished garment, all in Picture Lessons.

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## J.D. O'Connell To Build Orphanage Every Year

ORPHAN'S FRIEND HAS BEEN VISITING NATIVE PLACE NEAR HAVELOCK—TO ENLARGE INSTITUTE FOUNDED AT EDMONTON LAST YEAR

MONCTON, July 5—Mr. J. D. O'Connell, of Camaguey, Cuba, better known throughout the American Continent as "The Orphan's Friend," arrived yesterday from Havelock, Kings County, where he had been spending a holiday at his birthplace. Mr. O'Connell is on his way to Halifax where next week he will give his annual picnic to the Orphans of that city.

For many years this native of Kings County has been bringing sunshine in the lives of orphans and under privileged kiddies and in a great many cities throughout the United States, Central America, and Canada he has perpetuated picnics and Christmas treats which will be held annually under the direction of civic officials. In Canada such picnics have been established in perpetuity at Sussex, Halifax, Charlottetown, Toronto, Winnipeg, Edmonton, Vancouver and other points.

On his tour north from Cuba this year he has given the orphans such treats at all the cities from the Cuban boundary to the Canadian U. S. border, the last picnic he gave being at Bangor, Maine, on June 8th. After his picnic in Halifax, Mr. O'Connell said he may also attend the one in Charlottetown, thence proceeding west to Edmonton, Alberta, where in the fall of last year he purchased a huge residence and estate known as Primrose Place, and turned it in-

to an orphanage for children, it now being known as the O'Connell institute. Here 128 orphans are cared for by the Sisters of Charity at the philanthropist's expense and he states that he is going to erect another unit to the building this year to provide accommodation for 50 or 60 more orphans.

Besides the Edmonton orphanage, Mr. O'Connell also maintains a similar institution in Cuba. He announced that from this year on to the end of his life he is going to build one orphanage every year.

The reason which impelled Mr. O'Connell to found the O'Connell institute in Edmonton is a story in itself. He was on a journey across the Continent and when around Edmonton he learned of seven Polish orphans near that city, whose father was unable to keep them and who were about to be deported by the government. He immediately got in touch with government officials and assured them that he would be responsible for their maintenance and education until they reached an age when they could support themselves, and his offer was accepted.

Upon looking around for a suitable place to house them he found that the institutions in Edmonton were crowded. So he had to take the children to St. Albert, some distance from Edmonton, where he has boarded them for more than a year. With the assistance of Archbishop

O'Leary he selected as the site of his proposed institute one of the show places of Edmonton. It has been variously known as the Dawson Place and Primrose Place. The grounds are ample and beautiful and the building large and commodious. During last winter they were converted to suit the needs of such an institution.

Large numbers attended the opening, including Mayor Bury, Lady Rodney, and nearly a thousand children. In the chapel of the institute Archbishop O'Leary dedicated the building and afterward spoke to the throng assembled in front of one of the verandahs.

## A Morning Smile

For three solid hours the hoarse-voiced sergeant had been lecturing his men on the duties of a soldier, and he thought it was time to see how much they had understood of his discourse.

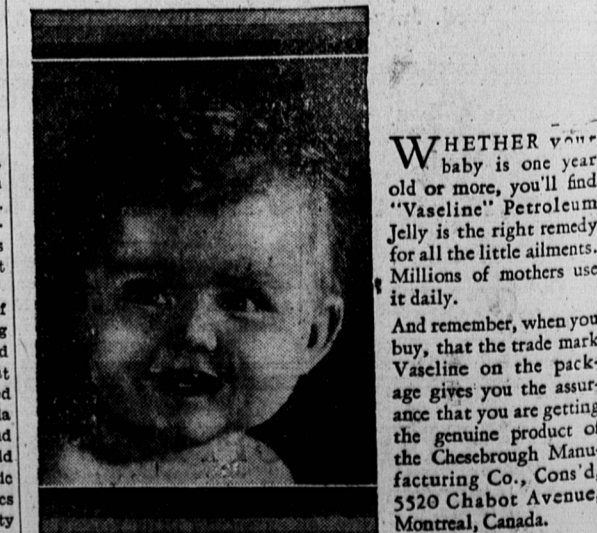
Casting a glance over the men, he fixed on Private Green.

"Why should a soldier be ready to die for his country?" he asked.

The man scratched his head for a moment and then a smile of enlightenment crossed his face.

"Yes, sir," he said, "you're quite right. Why should he?"

## "Where there's a baby - how handy it is"



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For tickling cough give the child a spoonful of "Vaseline" Jelly now and then. Relieves irritation.

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Editorial Statement for Chapped Hands