

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

The HOUSEWIFE and HER ACTIVITIES

SANTA'S PREDICAMENT

Eve heard it's very cold up north all the things I've had; Santa does depend on wheat, in spite of all the cold, and I must not expect too much, for Santa Claus is old.

I learned all this the other day when I wrote down the things I wanted Santa Claus to bring: A neck-ace and some rings, a talking doll, some roller skates, a car that's just my size, A lot of games, a Teddy bear, an aeroplane that flies, When Daddy saw the list I'd made he said, "Good Gracious, Honey! How can old Santa buy all that, with two-bit whate, for money!"

By Leta R. Porter

To reap money, one must sow money.

We may all have our troubles—and so do others.

The girl who speaks volumes usually ends her days on the shelf.

Most women wear too many clothes, but not enough at one time.

A pessimist is a man who hates food because it spoils his appetite.

No man is ever quite so concerned after he has attended his own wedding.

Many a man looks down at the heel because there is a pretty spike just above it.

Love and marriage are two things in which few people ever seem to profit by experience.

Noiseless nights seem aimless in the big cities where no one ever goes to bed until morning.

Most of us hate our neighbors because we have to love them because they know so much about us that we can't afford to hate them.

"DEAD AS"

The Dodo, a huge ground pigeon, inhabited Mauritius until the end of the seventeenth century. It was exterminated—to live for ever in our memories—by Portuguese and Dutch settlers, who found its flesh excellent for eating purposes.

TEACH CHILDREN UNSELFISHNESS WITH RESTRAINT

Mothers tend to think of unselfishness as a virtue to be planted and tended in their children until it is strong enough to survive and flourish. They forget that selfishness has a value in the survival of the individual and the race. We have to get what is coming to us out of the common hoard of money or companionship or recreation. To stand back unselfishly and let others jeopardize our chance to survive.

BRIDES IN BLACK SURPRISES LONDON

A bride dressed completely in black was married recently at St. James church Piccadilly, London, Eng., famous for society weddings. Her dress was black tulle satin; her three-quarter length coat was black velvet and her halo-hat was also black velvet.

the praise of older persons, and praise is sweet to him. He may find that his own generous giving inspires generous giving in others and inevitably he gains more by his unselfish gestures than he ever gained by stubbornly clinging to what he wanted.

LONG VEILS

Nearly all the new afternoon hats are veiled, the veils often covering the back hair, especially when worn with small dipped toques. Many Spanish effects in chenille are being shown for evening.

YOUR TEETH

Sparkling white teeth that gladden when you smile are necessary to true beauty. If they are covered with film and show obvious signs of neglect, even the glamor of shining eyes, smooth skin and healthy hair is lessened somewhat.

Brushing at least twice a day helps to keep your teeth pretty, of course, but, in spite of this, film will collect and your dentist alone can remove it thoroughly. You ought to see him twice a year and each time have teeth cleaned as well as filled and otherwise treated.

Don't forget to keep dental floss on your bathroom shelf. Use it daily to remove particles of food which the toothbrush cannot reach. If your favorite toothpaste or powder seems to have no effect on some of the stains, try using plain table salt or baking soda now and then.

If your child's second teeth grow in crooked, take him to your family dentist and have a conference about braces to straighten them. Braces aren't especially comfortable, but it's better to suffer a little now than to have crooked teeth the rest of his life.

Remember that your teeth aren't supposed to take the place of nut crackers. Don't use them to break hard pieces of candy or to bite pieces of ice. Even if they are fine, hard ones, you can't expect them to thrive under this kind of strain. If they are unusually soft, perhaps adding plenty of orange juice and fresh milk to your diet will help.

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Her one bridesmaid wore a love-in-the-mist blue silk dress. No reason for the all-black bridal ensemble was given.

BRIDES' SCHOOL

Society's dancing daughters are flocking to the Brides' School in New York, to learn the intricacies of housekeeping—in case they marry.

The school, sponsored by society women, charges tuition fees. Its five stories, corner rooms designed to be typical of those in which the modern young miss will live as bride and matron. Its purpose is to instruct prospective brides to run their households efficiently and economically.

The direction of servants is an important part of the curriculum. Meals formal and informal, are traced from their source—at the grocer's—to the kitchen, thence through the mysteries of cookery to the table. Real silver is used. The rugs are genuine.

Cocktails—as a word, that is—are out. "Please don't say 'cocktails,'" said Mrs. Richard Boardman, president of Select Housekeeping, Inc., of which the Brides' School is an offshoot. It gives a wrong impression.

Scientific Housekeeping, in existence 10 years, was launched by a group of society women for the purpose of training servants. After 10 years, Mrs. Boardman said, it was found that the servant level had been raised, but that the inexperienced housekeeper was still a barrier to an efficiently run home. The Brides' School was the result.

The school eschews words like "domestic" substituting "worker" A chambermaid is now a "worker on daily care."

A Morning Smile

Mr. Sinclair Lewis paid a visit to York Minister with his wife. She had been told that an ancestor of hers had been associated with the Minister, so she mentioned his name with some pride to the conductor, verger, without disclosing the connection. He said, heatedly: "Yes, the wretch tried to burn the Minister, but fortunately he only wrecked the choir-stalls."

GOOD NIGHT

She was entertaining a bridge party. Presently the paper of tiny feet could be heard on the upstairs landings. She raised her hand for silence.

"Shh" she whispered. "The children are about to deliver their good-night message. It always gives me such a feeling of reverence to hear them." "Listen!" "That was a moment of tense silence, then shrilly came a little girl's voice: 'Mummy Johnny's found a flea.'"

How to Keep Colds UNDER better CONTROL



Catching Cold?.. Vicks Vapo-nol helps Prevent many Colds

At the first warning nasal irritation, sniffle or sneeze, use Vicks Vapo-nol—just a few drops up each nostril. Vapo-nol is especially designed for the nose and upper throat—where most colds start. It stimulates Nature's own functions—in the nose—to help prevent colds, and to throw off head colds in their early stages. Used in time, Vapo-nol helps avoid many colds.

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If a cold has developed, rub Vicks VapoRub on throat and chest at bedtime. VapoRub acts direct—two ways at once: (1) By stimulation through the skin like a poultice or plaster; (2) By inhalation of its medicated vapors direct to inflamed air-passages. Through the night, this combined vapor-poultice action loosens phlegm, soothes irritation, helps break congestion.

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VICKS PLAN FOR BETTER CONTROL OF COLDS

Advertisement for Dorothy Dix. Love in Old Age Can Be Wonderful. Says Old Comrades Have Much in Common.

Greater Number of Divorces and Matricides Takes Place Among the Younger Married Couples

Speaking of the prevalent mania that married people seem to have for murdering each other just now and that is literally drenching the country in blood, a famous psychologist declares that it is just nature taking its course, and that virtually all husbands and wives would like to kill each other after 50.



His contention is that a middle-aged couple have no longer any sex attraction for each other; that romance has long been worn to tatters, so that they are joined with each other and have got on each other's nerves, and that nothing but the fear of the law, or perhaps a kind heart, or an ingrowing conscience, prevents them from following their impulse and doing something lethal to each other.

Indubitably in many cases this is true. There are innumerable marriages that are nothing but endurance tests in which one or the other of the high contracting parties waits patiently for the other's death. Many a woman pulls her widow's veil over her face to hide the joy and relief in her eyes, and many a widower comes back from his wife's funeral looking ten years younger and 100 per cent more cheerful. The greatest justification there is for divorce is that it is a life insurance policy for husbands and wives, and saves many a one from an untimely end.

Nor can we wonder that husbands and wives kill each other so often. The strange thing is that they show so much restraint in the matter. When I have seen a gentle patient man, get out of his life by a fault-finding wife or bulldozed by a shrewish one, I have been amazed that he didn't get up in the night and silence her pestiferous tongue with his razor. And when I have seen a bullying brute of a husband work a poor little wife harder than he would any slave, and when I have heard him curse and abuse her, I have marvelled that he would dare drink the cooee and eat the food she set before him when he must have known how hanky the rat poison was on the kitchen shelf.

But while it is true that if wishes were fatal many husbands' and wives would not survive the hour, it is also true that by far the greater majority of middle-aged couples not only do not wish to slay their mates, but do everything in their power to keep them, and are broken-hearted and bereft when they lose them. For the love that outlives all the storms and stress of twenty or thirty or forty years of marriage is as much stronger than the attraction that brought a boy and girl together on a wedding day as a hoary oak is stronger than a pretty fragile flower.

Novels mostly deal with the pink and sugary love affairs of boys and girls, but the real romances are the love stories of the husbands and wives whose affection has stood the test of time, who have struggled and fought and suffered and rejoiced together, who have bent together over crutches and wept over little graves and lived so completely for each other that they have no life apart. The bald-headed, hay-windowed, middle-aged man who calls his wife "mother," and the stout, grizzled-haired woman who speaks of her husband as "dad" may not be as picturesque and alluring heroes and heroines for fiction as the slim, young, beauteous youth and maiden, but they know things about the grand passion that the chits have never dreamed of.

Of course, in every community there is some men who as the phrase goes, has risen from rags to riches and who, in his prosperity, casts aside, like a worn-out old work horse, the wife who helped him get his start by toiling over the washbasin and kitchen stove and pinching nickels and denying herself every comfort. But where there is one such man as this, there are a hundred who adore their wives for every sacrifice they have made for them and who feel that a lifetime is not long enough in which to pay back their debts of gratitude to them.

I have heard people laugh at the incongruous spectacle of an old woman loaded down with jewels, with ropes of pearls around her scrawny neck and her work-knotted hands blazoned with diamonds, but to me it was the touching sight of a husband giving the woman he loved the things he wanted to give her and couldn't give her when she was young. Only I knew she was still young to him and always would be.

No, it is not the middle-aged husbands and wives who want to get rid of each other. It is the young, as witness the way they rush into the divorce court. It is the older husbands and wives who grow together, who have all interests and thoughts and memories in common, and who are so lonesome, so bereft when they lose their mates that in desperation they rush into marriage again.

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Too Many Beaus By ALMA SIOUX SCARBERRY

Jim Carter's face turned the color of a beet. "Who ordered her brought in here," he demanded hoarsely. McKinley was afraid not to tell the truth.

"Your sister-in-law, I guess. Anyway she was here and right after that Flint left and brought the girl in."

Cart looked as though he were about to have apoplexy. "Take me to her." He took a step toward the officer, savagely. "If you don't I'll break your neck! I don't care what your orders are."

McKinley hesitated only for a second. Sugar was lying face down on the cot in her cell when the door opened. When she raised her head Jim Carter winced at the misery in her eyes. He dismissed Mike curtly.

"Get gone," When I want you I'll let you know." He crossed the cell and knelt beside the cot. In a second Sugar was quivering in his arms. He let her cry for a little while, then gently released her.

"Listen," he raised her head and framed the round little tearstained face in his hands, "you must stop crying, dear. Please stop me."

His answer was a dry sob. "They're not going to hurt you," he said soothingly. "I won't let them."

She reached up her arms and put them around his neck to cling to him desperately. But she could not speak. He held her sweetheart, her cheeks. Gradually her sobs subsided.

"It was Jane Lee," he told her bitterly. "But she won't get away with it. I knew she was hard; but I didn't know she would go this far. A colored man said he saw a red-headed girl leaving the theater, and she had her chance to get you in trouble. You weren't there, were you?"

Sugar was getting her bearings. She shook her head negatively, dabbing at her eyes. Cart smiled with relief. "I knew you weren't sweetheart. That's all I wanted to know."

He had called her sweetheart. Sugar's smile trembled through her tears. "I'm—so glad you came."

"Cart buried his lips in her wild, red curls. "I'm glad too," he held her to his hammering heart. "And I'm glad Jane Lee did this to you."

Sugar pulled away, and her eyes were made with questioning. Suddenly Cart laughed, and stood up to hold her in his arms, like a child.

"It—it's wonderful!" he exclaimed. "Something marvelous, unbelievable has happened to me."

He kissed her and smiled into her puzzled eyes. "I'm in love. Do you understand, darling? I'm in love!"

Sugar closed her eyes before the light shining in the blue ones that looked as though they were seeing her for the first time.

And suddenly the old jail was paradise, and there was nothing but sunshine and happiness in the world.

After a long time Mike McKinley was astonished to see his favorite football captain standing in the door again. Mike's mouth opened with astonishment.

For the cadet's face was wreathed in a beatific smile and he blew the astonished deputy an airy kiss.

"I'll be seen!" he grinned. CHAPTER 24 Carter knew there was little use in trying to effect Sugar's release until morning.

Even the thought of sleeping under the same roof with his sister-in-law was repulsive to him. So he took a room at the hotel to spend the rest of the night. But there was no sleep for him. His emotions were an incoherent mixture of joy at the discovery that he was in love with Sugar, and sadness and fury at the predicament she was in.

It was best, she decided, that love hadn't struck her like a blinding light that night down in the ratty old cellar. Because it would have seemed hopelessly impossible then that the wonderful Jim Carter could love her. And she probably would have run far away from it all to die a lonely old maid!

Scoop was so busy picking up threads and sniffing out the truth about the Le Masters Theater robbery that it was almost midnight before he learned of Sugar's incarceration in the old jail. When he did, he grew purple with rage.

But there wasn't much he could do after twelve, in a town as small as Lorient. Everything was closed up like a tomb. For hours he walked the streets like a caged lion, fuming at the slow passing of time. Finally, too weary to walk any further, he went back to his room to throw himself on the bed, fully clothed, and wait for the breaking of day.

News of Sugar's engagement to Johnny had dazed him at first. But as he thought it over calmly he didn't see how it could possibly materialize. Johnny was only a seventeen-year-old penniless boy. And she was a thief. There was no doubt in Scoop's mind that he had taken the money. His disappearance clinched that. He was deeply sorry Sugar had cared for him. But they had been thrown together since they were babies, and it was no doubt a small case of puppy love—two lone- some children alighting to each other for love and companionship.

Sugar would get over it; then he would have a chance to tell her of his own love. It was clear to Scoop, then, why she had suddenly cooled toward going out with him; Johnny had left the orphanage and she had felt that she had to be with him on her nights off.

Then Scoop fell to musing on the red-headed mystery girl angle. Suddenly he sat up in bed and crunched out his cigarette. There was only one other girl he had seen in Lorient who might have been mistaken for Sugar by some one who didn't know her very well, Zanie Lou.

She had red hair. She was about the same height. And she wore green often than any other color. The green dress Sugar wore had been given to her by Zanie Lou. Did she know Johnny? Could it be possible that it was she who left the theater about the time of the robbery?

Scoop fumed impatiently until seven o'clock. Then he felt he couldn't restrain himself from calling the Le Masters house any longer. They would no doubt be up early account of the robbery. It was Eurasia who answered the phone.

"Is Miss Zanie Lou at home this morning?" Scoop asked in his slikest tenor, and held his breath.

"No, suh, she ain't." Eurasia wondered who could be asking for Zanie so early in the morning. "Who dis callin' please?"

"This is Bill Darwin, an old friend of hers from New York." Scoop fibbed lightly. "I'm motoring through, and stopped at the hotel last night. I'd hoped to say hello. Can you tell me where I can reach her please, madam?"

The darky was taken up with the respect voice, friendliness of the stranger. She tried to be equally polite.

"Yas, suh," she replied cheerfully. "I'm sho Miz Zanie Lou would be right pleased to have yo' all pa' yo' respect." She done done down to Room 20 to the P. G. Slocums to "pick up" the phone.

"Indeed I am!" Scoop exclaimed. "And I'll certainly look her up. When did she leave?"

"She done driv down yest'day evenin'."

Scoop hung up and put in a long distance call for the Slocum residence. A sleepy, drowsy answer the phone. But he was informed in no uncertain terms that Miss Zanie Lou Langworthy was most certainly not at the Slocums. That she hadn't been there in over six months.

If Scoop had waited he might have been informed that Mrs. Slocum had no intention of letting Miss Langworthy visit her daughter. Because the last time she was there she had invited every eligible young male in the city to look her up. And their house had been a nightmare of cigarette smoking, flask-toting youth.

Scoop dashed out of the hotel, not quite knowing what to do next. Then he thought of Mother Friddle. She was due to call him up any day, and by this time she might be ready to divulge what she knew of the identity of Sugar Friddle.

No matter what she knew, or what Mother Friddle had ever told, Sugar needed her old friend worse than she had ever needed her in her life. And the old lady would no doubt have more influence over Mrs. Le Masters and the authorities than anyone else.

He grabbed the town's one taxi and sped to Orphanage Hill. Mother Friddle was having breakfast, but she sent word for him to be sent into her dining room. She half rose from the table; she smiled down on her lips when she saw the concern in Scoop's face.

"What's wrong, Mr. O'Reilly? Tell me," she begged with a sinking feeling of foreboding. "Don't be alarmed." Scoop threw himself into a chair opposite the old maid. "But I have some very distressing news. I believe you can help."

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THE COOK'S CORNER

Old Standby Christmas Cake 1 cup butter, 2 cups sugar, 5 whole eggs, 1 cup milk, 1-3 cup molasses, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 2 1/2 cups flour, 1/2 lb. citron peel, 1 1/2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, A little nutmeg, 1 lb. raisins, 1 lb. dates, 1/4 lb. glace cherries, 1 lb. shelled almonds.

Cut up citron and dates in chopper, using coarsest knife. Cut cherries in half and use blanched almonds whole. Mix cake in order given. Flour the fruit and nuts in a paper bag and add last. Bake carefully in a slow oven (250 deg.) for 4 hours, in well-greased tube pan lined with buttered brown paper.

This is a good-sized cake which is rich without being heavy or expensive. A novel idea is to bake fruit cake in a Pyrex glass casserole or small square covered Pyrex baking pan with red ribbon and give both as a gift. If cover is sealed with paraffin, cake will keep for years.

Light Christmas Pudding One-third cup butter; 1/2 cup sugar; 2 eggs; 1/2 cup currants; 1/2 cup sultanas; 1/2 cup dried cherries; 1/4 cup sliced crystallized ginger; 1/4 cup blanched, chopped almonds; 1/4 cup citron peel cut small; 1/4 cup mixed orange and lemon peel cut small; a few strips angelica cut small; 1 1/2 cups flour; 2 teaspoons baking powder; milk to make fairly thick batter. Place in greased mould and steam 4 hours.

Still another variety includes grated carrot which enriches both appearance and flavor.

SMART CLOTHES FOR THE HOME DRESSMAKER

Here is a home frock that is styled as smart as a sports frock. It is easy to make and delightful to wear. And into the bargain a slimming model!

The neck is especially becoming feature of this navy and white checked cotton broadcloth frock with white pique trim. The novel pockets combine both fabrics. The buttons are red.

Chintz collars are another young and smart idea for its development. Necktie cotton prints are being used extensively, too, for home frocks.

Style No. 1624 is designed for sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46-inches bust. Size 36 requires 3 1/2 yards of 36-inch material with 1/2 yard of 38-inch contrasting.

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

No. 1624. Size \_\_\_\_\_ Name \_\_\_\_\_ Street Address \_\_\_\_\_ City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ COMPOSER PASSES

(C. F. By Guardian's Special Wire) LONDON, Dec. 11. (C. F. Havas) —Wilfred Ernest Sanderson, composer of many popular songs, died of typhoid fever today at his home, Lone Oak, Nutfield, Surrey, in his 57th year. He was a Fellow of the College of Organists, a member of the Royal Academy of Music, and an examiner at Trinity College of Music, London. He also composed many piano and organ solo.



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