

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

SHREDDED WHEAT



with Strawberries and Cream

TWO golden-crisp Shredded Wheat Biscuits, ready to eat, with luscious, red, ripe strawberries... and cream!



THE CANADIAN SHREDDED WHEAT CO. LTD., NIAGARA FALLS, CANADA

THE COOK'S CORNER

STRAWBERRY FLUFF

Crush enough hulled strawberries to make 1 cup and sweeten with 2 tablespoons fruit sugar. Whip 2 egg whites until stiff, add a pinch of salt, and fold in the strawberry pulp.

MACARONI MOUSSE

One cup macaroni (broken), 1 1/2 cups scalded milk, 1 cup soft bread crumbs, 1/4 cup melted butter, 1 pint of milk, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 tablespoon chopped onion, 1 1/2 cups grated cheese, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1/2 teaspoon pepper, dash of paprika, 3 eggs.

Dorothy Dix's Letter Box

There Must be a Reason Why Efficient Woman Isn't Disliked - Shall Wife Put up With Constitutionally Lazy Husband? - Formal vs Informal Education

Dear Miss Dix-What on earth is the matter with me that people seem to dislike me so much? I am a college graduate, married, I don't gossip, hard worker in church and fraternal circles.



At any rate, I cannot recall ever having known a bossy person who was really loved even by those who profited by his or her efficiency. How often you see a poor, blundering, incompetent woman who never learns how to cook; whose house always looks as if a whirlwind had passed through it; whose babies rear themselves at each other, but who is adored by her husband and children, while some managing woman who makes every dollar do the work of five; whose house is immaculate; whose children are always kept as neat as pins gets neither affection or thanks from her family, and her husband and children stay at home as little as possible.

Or perhaps the reason you are not popular is because you feel yourself superior to the women with whom you are thrown in your club work. Perhaps you feel that you are better educated or that you have had more social advantages and you high-hat them. Women won't stand for that. They won't put up with being condescended to and they have out their claws for the silly sister who attempts it.

Perhaps you are not popular because you talk too much. I know a woman who has every good quality, but whom people avoid as they would the plague just because she has too much tongue. She is never invited anywhere because wherever she goes she ruins the party by monopolizing the conversation. She seems to think that the whole world is dying to know every detail of her private affairs and she never lets anybody get in a word about them.

Perhaps the reason you are not popular is because you are not friendly yourself. You expect everybody else to make all the advances and to pull you out of your shell. Nobody is going to do it. You have got to meet people more than halfway and do a lot of liking yourself if you want to be liked.

Dear Dorothy Dix-My husband and I were married more than a year ago on a shoestring. As a matter of fact, he didn't even have a job and we have been living ever since with his family. His father and mother are in poor health and cannot afford to support us, but my husband makes no effort to get work. Seems to feel no responsibility toward me and our baby. Sits around the house reading and gets angry when I tell him that he should get out and hunt up a job. He is killing my love and respect and I don't want that to happen. Can you help me with some advice?

No. So far as I know, laziness is an incurable disease and if there is any way to inject pep into a flabby soul, I have never heard of it. You are quite right in saying that your husband is killing your love by his just settling down on his poor old father and mother and forcing them not only to support him, but his wife and child. For no self-respecting woman can long continue to have an affection for that most despicable of all human beings, a male parasite. Far more admirable in the Weary Willies. Better, so far as a woman is concerned, for a man to be an energetic porch climber than just to lounge on the porch and read about the adventures of other men.

Personally, I doubt if it is possible to galvanize a lazy man into action, but you might try it by giving him the shock of telling him that if you are not worth working for you are not worth being his wife, and that you are going to leave him until he finds a job and supports you and the baby. If he is just one of the irresponsible kind, that may bring him to his senses and make him get out and hustle, but if he is just one of the born-tired sort he will simply yawn and turn another page in his book and let mother and father do it.

However, if your husband won't work, you must. You can't be craven enough and heartless enough to sit idly by and let an old man and woman toil to provide you with food and clothes. You had no right to inflict yourself upon them in the first place, and now the only amends you can make is to relieve them of yourself and your child. So get yourself a job if your husband won't.

And take my advice about giving the air to an able-bodied husband who won't work. If he were sick, I should say work your fingers to the bone to take care of him, but as long as he is strong and well force him to provide for himself. No man ever loves the wife he sponges a living off. He hates her because she is a living reproach to him. He knows

back to her flat. She came to the his pockets. "Well," he said, at length, his voice coming to me through the shadows which were softening the outlines of the room, "It's just as we make it. Your sister wanted happiness and she knew how to find it. Your mother wants to be happy but she's blinded by an artificial glare-she doesn't know how."

I stared into the deepening shadows. It seemed no answer was needed. Jonathan had made a statement which summed up the whole situation. Finally he broke the silence again. "And that's the way with most of us." His voice was reminiscent. "We take the wrong method for finding happiness-apples of Sodom!"

The last came as if he was talking to himself, had forgotten me. I looked at him intently, his back was still toward me. I had the impression, somehow, that he was thinking about about his own life and I felt like an eavesdropper. When he turned and faced me he smiled slightly. "Shall I light it?" He nodded toward the music room in which the Christmas tree stood. "I nodded."

"The candles," I said, remembering them, that other Christmas when I had made that same request. Jonathan started to light them, stretching to the highest branches. Suddenly a strange expression settled over his face. It frightened me. I hoarse, throaty cry echoed an instant and then I rushed toward the tree in terror. (To Be Continued.)

Away with "COOK-STOVE BLUES"



COOKING hot, heavy foods for breakfast is wearing work. Why not give your family a treat, and save yourself time and toil? Serve Kellogg's Corn Flakes. Delicious, nourishing, and ready in a jiffy! Kellogg's are economical too. Many servings cost only a few pennies. Made by Kellogg in London, Ont.



that the man who is supported by his wife is a derision among other men and he takes out his chagrin on her. DOROTHY DIX.

Dear Miss Dix-I am a young man of 21, in love with a girl of 18. She is studying to become a teacher. I am going to night school, hoping eventually to become a chemist. Now my girl and I love each other very much, but I hesitate to ask her to marry me because if she becomes a teacher she will be much better educated than I am. She says that will not make any difference, but I fear she will not be satisfied with me. What do you think? JOSEPH.

I don't think there is any danger of the girl becoming so excessively far from being the case. Many of the most intelligent and best-informed people we meet have never been to college at all and have got their education from reading and studying and from contact with life.

You are making the mistake of thinking that all education comes put up in schoolbook packages and with a college brand upon it. That is far from being the case. Many of the most intelligent and best-informed people we meet have never been to college at all and have got their education from reading and studying and from contact with life.

FACINATING SUMMER STYLES

Illustrated Dressmaking Lessons Furnished With Each Pattern

A very clever and captivating model is this ensemble, and one which can serve two purposes. You've a cool sleeveless dress for casual daytime wear. Slip into your jacket, and you have a natteringly different looking outfit to wear to town or for spectator sports.

If made of white tub silk as sketched with the jacket and trim of the dress of white printed in yellow and brown, a stunning rig is the result.

All in the same color as in pastel blue or ice-cream pink tub silk or linen, it's adorable.

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

No. 390. Size Name Street Address City State

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES



FACE HAS PERSONALITY WHEN CLOTHES PLAY UP ITS SALIENT FEATURES

The HOUSEWIFE and HER ACTIVITIES

HOUSE OF DREAMS The house of dreams in which I live has beamed old ceilings high. It sits far back amidst the trees. And a brook runs laughing by. It has a quaint old-fashioned hall. Where soft light filters through. Red roses on the newel-post. And on the staircase, you. -Elizabeth Gordan.

ACCUSATION It is hardly possible to suspect another without having in one's self the seeds of baseness the party is accused of. -Stanislaus.

MEMORIES We must always have old memories and young hopes. -Arsene Houssaye.

STUDY OF GEOGRAPHY HAD BAD EFFECT ON "LOWER CLASSES" The new president of the London Teachers' Association, Miss A. E. Phillips, vice-president of Avery Hill Training College, is the fourth woman to fill that office since the formation of the association in 1872.

She was installed at the annual conference recently. "The quality of the students today for the teaching profession is very high," said Miss Phillips. "I conclude that young teachers nowadays are wonderful persons."

In her presidential address, Miss Phillips quoted evidence given before a Select Committee of the House of Commons in 1879. The inquiry concerned extravagant expenditure by the London School Board, and a witness said: "Geography, sir, is ruinous in its effects on the lower classes. Reading, writing and arithmetic are comparatively safe, but geography invariably leads to revolution."

She stated that more than ten out of every 1,000 schoolchildren in poorer districts were suffering from malnutrition, while in London alone, in the secondary schools, 75 per cent of the boys and 12.5 per cent of the girls were found below normal from the point of view of nutrition.

A resolution which was passed called on the Government to cancel forthwith the 10 per cent. cut in teachers' salaries. After keen opposition, a motion was carried deploring "the world-wide increase of expenditure in armaments and pledging opposition to any proposals to increase the fighting forces."

BUTTONS OF ALL SIZES AND SHAPES FASHIONABLE The word "button" has changed its meaning. It is today, even according to the dictionary, a "knob, disk, or the like, to be sown on an article of dress, usually as a catch... a small knob, piece of growth suggestive of a button."

Modern buttons are eyeless and range in size from a fly-speck to dinner plate. In fact, a Paris button being featured at the moment is the size of a silver dollar and grooved finely in exactly the same way as a flat record.

Schiaparelli, of course, is the button-maker of Paris. She has held up more ideas from this family and extorted from it the entire family resources. This season her black and white "hands" have created the sensation they deserve. She also has created a "shell" fastener, done in wood, crystal and ivory. These, it is suggested, will make excellent fall fastenings.

A Morning Smile

The parson was ill. He consulted his friend the doctor, who went over him thoroughly, and then spoke disrespectfully of his lungs. "You're not seriously ill," he said, "but you'll have to take care, or you will be. You must go to Switzerland for three months or so."

The patient protested that he had neither the time nor the money for the trip. "It's either Switzerland-or heaven," declared the medical man. The parson thought a while then groaned. "Oh, very well then. . . . Switzerland."

Sandy had attended a performance by a famous illusionist who, during one part of the show, had put a woman in a cabinet, closed the doors, locked them, then, after a few seconds' pause, opened them again. The woman had disappeared, and in her place was a parrot! Immediately after the performance Sandy asked the illusionist: "Mon, could you do that trick if I was a woman?" "The illusionist laughed. "So you want to get rid of your wife?"

"Well," said Sandy, "it's no so much that, ye ken, but I promised the bairn a parrot for his birthday."

BROTHERS LONG PARTED SIT TOGETHER FEW DAYS AS PERFECT STRANGERS CHICAGO, July 4.-Dr. Joseph W. Dale of Chesterton, Ind., enrolled for an alumni review and, at Loyola University. So did Dr. Earl E. Dale of Edgerton, Wyo. They sat next to each other for a few days; got to talking introduced themselves; discovered they were brothers. They hadn't seen each other for 18 years, in which time each had changed so much he was not recognized.

She put her problem to him. Mr. James chuckled as she talked. "Isn't it strange," he said at last, "I was just thinking about it this morning. I was looking at your fat boy. I look at him every day and he's always taking life easy."

"Well, that's the way I was until Grandma got hold of me. They shipped me out to her farm. The old lady took one look at me and said, 'Well my little pin-cushion, here's where you lose about fifty pounds. You work out there with the men. You do your share or you don't eat. Not a bite. Pa will take care of you.'"

"Nothing to do." "Well, Jimmy has. He always finds something. He's out there now tinkering with the lawn mower."

"What good does that do? He's just fussy. Always worrying people and getting others talked at when they don't fuss too. Anyway, I'm tired."

His mother began to think what Arthur said was true. Jimmy did too much. He was nothing but skin and bones. Yet he couldn't keep still. When there were no duties he went off on a goose chase of his own.

OPPOSITE CASES Fat lazy Arthur needed more exercise and Jimmy needed less. Arthur needed to eat less and Jimmy needed to eat more. Strange that nature who put high-strung nerves in some people couldn't give them bodies to back their energy. Arthur would always be happier because he was plaid. He never did anything for anybody, never worried and as long as he had food was content.

"I'll ask him what to do," she thought. So pretty soon she was down at his store and sitting in a big easy chair in his office.

"Fat children are not always lazy, but a bit of roughage won't hurt them as a rule. At any rate, 'Grandma' had a good idea."

Confessions Of A Debutante

By RUTH A. ABELING (Copyright)

RELATED KINDNESS Saturday, November 3. Jonathan and I have come to something as near harmony as can be hoped for when love is absent. He seems to believe that my docility, my willingness to be nothing more than a model for the display of his wealth is due to a change of heart and he had become kind.

With the passing of the days, the months the year, I find myself not change unless the crystal gazer which has always seemed to have encased her in becoming harder, more brilliant, more evident.

Sometimes, I visit, unknown to either of them, the little mound where the stalk of a once colorful geranium still stands bravely upright. Occasionally I meet there-Jimmie, her husband.

Sometimes, we ride to a little restaurant and I find myself drinking and talking with my Mr. Stranger! Eyes a little more serious, voice oddly subdued-but my Mr. Stranger!

Monday, December 24. Christmas Eve and the wrong kind of mad with giving and loving and being glad!

I and I look out of the windows of my tomb on a white world which has no thrill of Christmas joy. Mama is gone to the holiday with Jonathan and me.

This morning I slipped out to the cemetery. Someone had been there before me and the little mound lay under a tree covered with holly and vermillion berries.

At the gate I met him. In my motor we rode to West Fourth Street where he has remained. There was something "freak" about his back turned toward me, moving toward that bare room, alone on this, the eve of a holiday.

This evening at the conclusion of dinner Jonathan called Mama and me into the living room. He asked us to stand facing the door of the music room, which he had kept closed for several days. There was something childish in his happiness and I pitted him a little. Presently he opened the door and there, in the soft light, was a tree glistening with holly angels and colored balls!

"And now, I want to make it a sure enough Christmas party!" He cried while Mama and I admired his work. "We'll take the car and get back, and her husband too, and let by-gones be by-gones!"

I stared at him a moment. I felt my face draw into terrible lines. He and Mama stood there, looking at me, waiting for me to say something.

"It's no use." The words finally came in a cold, lifeless tone. "Else is dead."

"Dead?" Jonathan's expression was horrible to see. "Jonathan, that was terrible!" He shrieked and then started a frightful screaming. "My daughter-dead! Dead! And I didn't know it. Why didn't she send for me! Why should all of this trouble come to me?"

CANDLES AGAIN "Would it have done any good if she had sent for you?" I asked. My voice was hard and cold. "Would it have done any good?" I persisted, still staring at the woman who was whimpering weakly. "She came to you once. You knew-because I told you." Bitterly, she turned out of the room. When I returned I put into Jonathan's hand a clipping. "Read it," I said coldly. He read it and then turned to me with self-accusing eyes. He handed it to mother who read it and then burst into a fresh fit of artificial grief. Later in the evening Mama went

Robin Hood Flour makes better bread, better cakes, better pastry.