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

The HOUSEWIFE and HER ACTIVITIES

". . SO FEW SAY 'THANK YOU' . . ."

How very true!. . These hectic days
Need much of kindliness—
Come! Speak, and let the living hear
A grateful soul express
Its gratitude; left gracious words
Bring cheer to patient hearts—
A simple phrase can soothe a soul
That silence often smarts;
Then add the magic of a smile. . .
Just watch it winging through
The depths of dark despair, to light
Another kind " Thank You!"

—E. J. J.B.

AS THEY WHITEWASH IN THE OLD COUNTRY

Fifty pounds of hydrate of lime lasts me four years, and my celler is a large one. The lime can be procured at any builder's supply company, and, if it is possible to call for it, the cost is exactly one-third of the price delivered by the company. Take the amount thought to be required and cover or slake with hot water, using a galvanized pail for the purpose. When the lime is cool, thin with cold water to the consistency of cream, then add washing blue as required. I cannot give the exact amount of blue to use, but sufficient to ensure the whitewash being white, just as blueing is used in starch for washing. Use a proper whitewash brush for applyng, cover the walls well and work the whitewash well into the surface. Don't be afraid to apply generously, as a well covered surface gives the required whiteness.

BABY'S DAILY DOZEN

Your baby, like all young creatures, will begin to test the powers of his limbs at an early age. In a very young child his "daily dozen" will consist of a series of leg and arm movements which give him obvious delight.

These first exercises are best taken on the mother's or nurse's lap in front of the fire after the morning bath, and just before going to bed in the evening. Regularity is thus established both for mother and baby.

Later, as baby grows older, they can be carried out on a rug, or better still, on table covered with a folded blanket.

Here he will be free from the danger of floor draughts and his spine will benefit from the firm resistance afforded by the table.

Some babies are very decided as to their lying position and will sleep only on one side, but the other side should be attempted, and part of the "daily dozen" should consist of head raising to develop the neck muscles.

To achieve this lay the baby on his stomach and attract his attention. Up will go his little head and the good work will be unconsciously done.

At six months jumping exercises can be added to the kicking and massage. Hold baby under the arms, so that only a little of his weight resets on his feet, and let him jump up and down. This will strengthen his ankles. When he feels capable and confident enough he will pull himself up and take his stand in the world.

All these exercises will help baby considerably when he arrives at the crawling stage. If he goes on "all fours" all will be well. He will be exercising his four limbs equally.

But babies are not all alike and have their little idiosyncracies with regard to this form of locomotion, and all movement may be achieved on one leg.

This results in the other leg not getting the necessary amount of exercise and the one in use becoming over-developed. Matters may right themselves when he begins to walk, but weakness of the leg and ankle not used should be guarded against and helped by morning and evening massage. With some babies, the crawling period is quickly passed.

They are anxious to be up yet they need some support for their uncertain steps. Here a large toy, such as a horse on wheels or a large wooden engine, both old-fashioned, but still loved, nursery toys, will give support and only move according to the strength your baby has to expend on them.

When he is old enough to understand directions, tip-toe exercises, which will prevent flat feet, can be introduced, if they can be done to music, so much the better.

Then their is the other side to exercise. The infant who has just learned to walk is generally overjoyed with his new achievement, and is apt to go on and on until he becomes irritated from over-tiredness.

And, however active the child under three years may be, running here and there, stopping to pick up a toy or stopping to examine something which has taken his interest—he is not capable of sustained walking.

HOW TO TREAT YOUR HAIR AFTER YOU HAVE HAD A PERMANENT

How to care for a new permanent is a problem that seems to bother most beauty-minded women these days. Though modern permanent waves are a vast improvement on the old types, every girl who gets one realizes that her hair needs special care afterward.

In the first place, a permanent tends to dry out the hair. This is very well if you happen to have a surplus of oil. If your shinning locks come under the headings of normal or dry, however, you simply have to do something to counteract the drying effects of the wave.

Hot oil shampoos are the answer. As a matter of fact, they're the answer to the majority of scalp and hair troubles. If you wash your own hair, simply massage warm olive oil into the scalp the night before you plan to shampoo. Put some on the dry ends, too. Wrap a clean towel around your head, leave the oil on all night and shampoo the next morning.

USE LIQUID SHAMPOO.

Use a liquid shampoo. If you want to make your own, save small pieces of bland (preferably castile) soap from the bathroom, put them in a jar with a little warm water and leave until the soap is dissolved.

If you have trouble combing your hair after a shampoo, try a vinegar rinse. It will take out the tangles and leave the hair soft and shiny. Put one cup vinegar in a quart lukewarm water and, after you've washed and then rinsed at least twice, pour the vinegar and water over your head. Then rinse again, making sure to remove every trace of the vinegar.

BRUSH ONLY WHEN DRY.

Don't brush a permanently waved head while the hair is still wet. Use a fairly coarse toothed comb to strengthen, part and get the hair ready for the setting. You can set a wave yourself, you know, but it takes time and practice. You'll find a setting wave lotion infinitely helpful. Decide where the first wave should go and then, when you have it in place pin it securely before you move the comb downward to fashion the next wave. Continue until the entire head is waved.

You probably won't want to brush your hair until your weekly finger wave is at least two days old. That leaves five nights a week for brushing. Get a good brush with flexble bristles of uneven length and learn to use it correctly. It should be placed flat against the scalp with each stroke and the pulled unward to the very ends of the hair.

SHORT CUTS

Before serving celery, place it in a pan of water with half a lemon for an hour or two, to assure crispness.

Bananas may be baked in their skins. Loosen one section of skin and then replace. Place the bananas in a shallow pan, cover and bake until skin is dark. By then the banana should be soft. Remove from skin. To serve as dessert, cover with a lemon sauce.

Bathroom towels are taking on a new smartness this season. You can carry out your bathroom decorations with towels. The patterns include stripes, curves and geometric designs. The colors—geranium, black and white, pink, blue, orchid. Incidentally, a matched set in assorted sizes, including one 26x46 towel, another 16x28, face cloth and a bath mat, makes a useful Christmas gift.

A bread box, roll door style, with one large compartment for bread or cake, comes in green, ivory or red with chrome-plated trimming.

To simplify the preparation of string-beans, try using a pair of scissors for cutting. Also, did you know that string-beans do not take as long to cook it cut diagonally?

When left-over meats are combined with other foods, trim off all the non-edible parts first and then chop or cut the meat into fine pieces of uniform size. Do not mash the meat or put it through a meat grinder.

"I'se in town, honey."

PERFECT PANCAKES in a Jiffy . . . for only 1c. a serving

Mothers! Here's one of the most economical—yet most delicious, satisfying and healthful—dishes you can give your family! The cost is only *a cent a serving!* And what's more, you can prepare this treat in 2 minutes.

Aunt Jemima's—they just melt in your mouth! Serve them with syrup, preserves, or brown sugar and butter. All grocers have Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour and Aunt Jemima Prepared Buckwheat Flour made according to a famous old Southern recipe. For variety get a package of *both!*

AUNT JEMIMA PANCAKE FLOUR
and Prepared Buckwheat Flour
Made in Canada by The Quaker Oats Company

EVERY SPECK OF THE ROAST MAY BE USED

The last of a roast always seems to taste better than the first slice. Perhaps it's because those tasty bits of brown outside slices that fall off in slicing, and those juicy bites that one has to dig out from around the bones, are actually the choicest part of the meat. It seems unkind to slight these juicy bits by treating them as scraps. In reality these so-called "left-overs" make the foundation for many a delicious dish.

Cut all the meat from the bones just as soon as the roast is taken from the dinner table. Don't let the meat dry out. Place the cut meat in a bowl and cover it closely with a lid or waxed paper. The bones go into the soup kettle. Cover them with cold water, add salt and simmer them gently for an hour or more. This delicious broth or meat stock may be used as the basis for soups, gravies or sauces. Place it in a glass jar in the refrigerator, for tomorrow's use.

A CHILD'S INDIGESTION Relieved!

A mother of five children says, "When my eldest baby was four months old he was very ill with indigestion and constipation. My physician advised me to try Baby's Own Tablets . . . Now he is a fine sturdy boy." Many an ailing child has been made well and happy with Baby's Own Tablets. Easy to take . . . the children think they are candies and always *safe* even for the tiniest babe. 25c package at your druggist's.

Dr. Williams' BABY'S OWN TABLETS 196

Dorothy Dix

Does Divorce Rate Increase With Incomes?

Probes Reason for Phenomenon

Is Divorce an Inevitable Part of Prosperity? Sad, But True, for Having the Price Attracts Gold-Diggers to Husbands, and Having Leisure Gives Wives Time to Brood Over Imaginary Wrongs

Is divorce an evidence of prosperity? When people get money do they buy a divorce as they do a string of pearls or a sixteen-cylinder car or a yacht? Does divorce belong in the luxury class?

Apparently it is so regarded. During the darkest days of the depression divorce fell off almost to the vanishing point. Now that times are better the number of husbands and wives who have discovered that they are incompatible and simply can't stand each other any longer has increased by such leaps and bounds that more than twice as many divorces have been issued this year as were last, and this boom in the divorce business is generally attributed to the rise in prosperity.

One would have thought that exactly the opposite would have happened and that at a time when people's nerves were shot to pieces by having their livelihood suddenly taken away from them and the savings of a lifetime lost and when they were called upon to endure unaccustomed privations husbands and wives would have found more than the usual amount of things to quarrel over and that frazzled matrimonial bonds would have snapped like pack threads.

But quite the reverse happened. In the face of a great calamity little disappointments, little irritations, little differences were obliterated. Husbands and wives clung together like frightened children in the dork, finding comfort in each other's nearness and in having some one who belonged to them, so that they were not alone in an alien world.

Trouble brought out the real manhood and womanhood in many a husband and wife as plenty had not. Many a couple that had been on the verge of divorce found in each other in those dark days such courage, such sportsmanship, such loyalty that they fell in love with each other all over again and wiped Reno forever off their maps.

Another reason, of course, why there were fewer separations, is that divorce is expensive and that those who had no money to pay the grocery bill had still less money to invest in decrees absolute. Also, undoubtedly, the lack of the price is the beginning of virtue, and it cramped the style of the philanderer to have a flat pocketbook. Gold-diggers do not waste their time on panning anything that isn't pay dirt, and so poverty removed temptation from the pathway of many a man and woman.

That prosperity does increase divorce is amply proved by the fact that a happy marriage among the wealthy is a rare phenomenon and most millionaires swap their old husbands and wives almost as often as they do their cars. Not only this, but when a poor man makes money it is mighty apt to be like a dynamite bomb under his doorstep that blows his home to Kingdom Come. The first thing many a man does when he gets rich is to divorce the faithful old wife who has toiled at his side for thirty years helping him to make his fortune.

Human nature is the same in all of us. There are just as many poor men with wandering feet as there are rich men. There are just as many washwomen hungry for love and adventure as there are millionairesses. But the one is the victim of prosperity and the other is saved by the lack of it.

A rich man has to be a very Joseph if he remains faithful to his wife and escapes the sirens who try to lure him away from his allegiance with all the seductions of youth and beauty and sex, but these waste none of their arts and wiles on the poor young married man with a meager salary. No platinum blonde tells a poor, shabby paunchy, bald-headed old man that he is too young for his wife and that she loves him for himself alone.

Prosperity is also first aid to divorce for women, not only because it makes them a target for the gigolos and the male parasites who earn their board and keep by flattering rich old women and making near-love to them, but because it gives women too much time in which to vivisect their emotions.

The moment a woman has nothing else to do she begins to count her heartbeats and take the temperature of her affections, and it isn't long before she discovers that she is subnormal or running a temperature and that nothing will cure her but divorce. Did you ever notice what women get divorces for? Because they are misunderstood. Because they and their husbands are not soulmates. Because they are no longer interested in the same things or don't want to live in the same place.

But no poor woman who has to wash and scrub and cook to make a comfortable home for her husband and children and walk six blocks to a cut-rate grocery to save a few pennies is bothering about the state of her affections, or whether she and her husband live on the same mental place or not. They have a topic of conversation and a bond of interest that never fails, and that is, how to make a living. It is the sacrifices that a husband and wife make for each other and the fight they put up that welds them into one.

Prosepraty is a sign of divorce, and it makes you wonder if it is worth what it costs.

DOROTHY DIX.

THE COOK'S CORNER

MOLASSES COOKIES

These cookies are made without eggs, and are deliciously old-fashioned, sure to please the men of the family. The cookies are soft and puffy.

One-half cup butter, ½ cup lard or other shortening, 1 cup granulated sugar, 1 cup baking molasses, ½ cup sour milk, 1 tablespoon ginger, 2 teaspoons soda, 4½ cups flour, ½ teaspoon salt.

An extra amount of soda is used in this rule because of the molasses.

Cream shortening and slowly beat in sugar. Mix and sift flour, salt and ginger. Dissolve 1 teaspoon soda in molasses and add to first mixture. Add half the flour mixture and mix thoroughly. Dissolve remaining teaspoon soda in sour milk and stir into mixture. Mix thoroughly and add remaining flour. Roll on a floured board into a sheet about ⅜ inch thick and cut with a floured cookie cutter. Bake twelve minutes in a moderate oven.

BEEF LOAF

Two lbs. ground lean beef, ¾ cup suet, 1 medium sized onion, minced, 2 cups fresh bread crumbs, 3 teaspoons salt, 2 eggs, 4 tablespoons fresh horseradish, 1 teaspoon dry mustard, ¼ cup fresh sweet pepper minced, ½ cup tomato catsup, ¼ cup Worcestershire Sauce. Mix well all ingredients except catsup. Pack in buttered bread pan. Cover top of loaf with tomato catsup and bake in oven of 375 deg. Fahr. for 1 hour. This loaf may be made of leftover cold meat and is good either hot or cold.

MIC-MAC TEA & COFFEE

Canada's Standard of Freshness & Quality

BROWN LABEL TEA 50c LB | RED LABEL TEA 60c LB | ORANGE PEKOE TEA 75c LB | VACUUM PACKED COFFEE 50c LB

WHISPERING ROCK by JOHN LEBAR

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CHAPTER 3

Neither the girl nor her husband seemed anxious to start up the road. It was when this fact became plain to them both that Ruth cried, "It'll be sundown before long—we simply can't stay here."

Warren nodded. "We'd better start, I guess."

Ruth looked back toward the gate. Beyond, her eyes sought the occasional stretches of dusty highway as it wound up the valley . . . eighty-five miles to the first thing which could be called civilization, eighty-five miles to a policeman. She shivered; but turned to her husband with a smile which was meant to be brave. "All right, dear; let's go. If we get shot we'll get shot—we can't stay here and we certainly can't go back."

* * *

For two long, hot, dusty hours they walked on with never a sign of human things. The awesome silence enveloped them, penetrated them, until their thoughts seemed like small independent voices. They felt watched by a grim, thousand-eyed spirit. The occasional rabbit or coyote which ran before them looked back furtively, then went on to give news of their coming. When rarely they spoke, the words passed between them in a low frightened voice, as though speech were forbidden.

They came among the lower footings of the mountains. No longer could their eyes follow the two parallel paths through the dead grass for any distance. Constantly, the road dipped into ravines, skirted low hills, crossed gulches and arroyos covered with coarse gray sand. The man's lips were bluish-white, his breathing rasped, short and quick. The girl plodded doggedly in the dust, red of face, sweat-grimed.

The sun winked from behind a jagged peak and was gone. The man and woman stared at the mountains —dun-colored, utterly desolate. David clutched his mother tightly at the sound of her voice. "Where are we—" she moaned. "Oh, Kenneth where are we?"

He shook his head, but could not afford breath for speech.

The girl picked up her son and started forward desperately.

At the bottom of the next arroyo—well filled with live oak trees—the wheel marks of the Indian's wagon turned to the right and disappeared up the river of sand. It was strange how they missed those fresh wheel tracks.

Beyond this arroyo the road rose to descend presently into a deep gulch. The banks on either side fell sheer to the bottom of coarse, bare sand — a great channel played by cloud-bursts in the mountains. A distance ahead a large brown bowlder thrust its bulk through the sand. The young man and the girl kept their eyes upon this rock—an oasis, a place to sit for a moment, a place to empty their shoes. The road, too, bent slightly to pass the rock.

They rested a moment until the deepening dusk, the awful silence forced them to their feet. They took but one step then froze to statues, terror leaped into their faces: a voice, low, intimate, whispered into their ears. "Go—back. Go—back."

"Ken—!" Ruth screamed the word. The man and woman clutched each other, staring wildly. The gulch was still barren, nothing moved, not a rabbit could have been hidden. Yet the hollow whisper came again, at their very ears. "Go—back. You—must—go—back! Go—"

Like wild things, the man and woman ran blindly forward. Immediately the whisper was lost, dying away on a single word. The two stopped again and clung together trembling. The darkness was coming quickly—already the banded walls of the gulch had taken on weird mystery from the light. With terror-widened eys the man and girl looked from one bank of the gulch to the other, conscious of no thought or plan.

Then Ruth caught her breath in an hysterical sob, another followed. Warren gripped her shoulder with the agony of the sudden cough which presently was flecking his white lips with red. . . .

A dog barked friendlily. Some distance ahead the gulch turned to the right and the road rose out of it by another incline. At the bottom of this cut in the bank sat a small black dog.

"Dog!" announced David, squirming about in his mother's arms. As far as he was concerned, all was again well with the world. Something of this feeling came to the parents. With a backward glance, which now held wonder instead of blind fear, they went forward with quickened step. When they were quite near, the dog—one of whose remote ancestors had undoubtedly been part Spaniel—moved out of sight at the side of the incline. A few more strides again brought the man and girl to a rigid halt. In the shadow of the bank stood the most gigantic woman they had ever seen. Nearly six and a half feet in height, her huge arms folded across her breast, she stood as straight as the sheer bank behind her. Her face,

In the shadow of the rock stood the most gigantic woman they had ever seen.

hawk-nosed, had the dignity of an Indian chief's and the color of a southern negro. "Where you-all think you're goin'?" she demanded, her voice a deep ominous rumble.

It was a moment before the girl could make a sound; then the words poured themselves out shrilly. "I'm Mrs. Warren, the sister of Harry Grey—I own three-quarters of this ranch—take us to Jep Snavely at once—at once—at once!"

The giantess bent her head slightly, unfolded her arms, and turning, started up the incline, the little dog frisking before her.

Warren took an uncertain step forward, tottered, and fell in a heap.

"Help us!" cried the girl, dropping beside her husband.

The huge woman came slowly down to them. She stooped and lifted Warren in her arms. "Come," she rumbled, and strode out of the gulch, carrying the man more easily than the girl carried the child.

At the top of the gulch the girl saw the ranch house and buildings. She also saw a man leave the barn and walk swiftly toward them. He had a bucket in his hand—a bucket of milk.

"Who are you?" The man stopped close to the girl. His tall, wiry body was tense, sinuously alert. His pale blue eyes, almost white against the dark tan of his clean-shaven face, shifted constantly with small quick movements as though focused in turn upon every point of her face. "Answer me!" His voice was imperious, high-pitched—"What are you doin' here?"

The girl caught her breath sharply. "I am Ruth Warren and this is my husband—" She indicated Warren who was now standing, supported by the giant woman. "My husband must have rest at once—a bed."

"That don't mean nothin' to me—what're you doin' here?"

"We—I am the sister of Harry Grey."

"What!" he thrust his face within a hand's breadth of the girl's. "You lie! Grey tol' me his own se'f he didn't have no folks!"

Ruth took a step backward. "But I am Harry Grey's sister. He willed me his interest in this ranch. My husband and I have come here to see about it."

"You—come here—to take this ranch—" His words faltered. At length, with an effort, he spoke, his voice in a softer key. "You—got—your documents?"

"Yes, Mr. Warren has the will in his pocket. Please—can't we go up to the house? My husband and little boy must rest. We walked all the way from the mail box."

"Let's see—the will."

Warren was able to step forward and give Snavely the paper. The man read it slowly and completely. At last he lifted his eyes to the girl. "Why didn't your brother tell me about this?"

"I'm sure I don't know."

"He tol' me he didn't have no folks."

Snavely's face returned in a little jump to the girl. "Just what are you aiming to do here?"

The girl hesitated. "His real mother is dead and Harry and I—Harry became estranged from his father before he came West. Perhaps that was what he meant."

"Huh. Maybe. You see a lawyer about this, I reckon?"

There was a perceptible pause before Ruth replied. "Yes," she said firmly, "and my lawyer has the other copy. Now please, take us to the house—can't you understand? My husband is not well."

For a long moment Snavely looked at the girl. At last his eyes shifted to the giantess and he nodded slightly toward the house. Without a word the woman picked Warren from his feet and strode on.

Ruth held out her hand, and Snavely, with a sharp glance into her eyes, slowly gave her back the will. He walked beside her during the time it took to cover the distance to the house—nearly two hundred yards—in complete silence. Nothing he could have done would have served better to put the girl in a more frantic state of mind. She felt that he was thinking, planning, feverishly and craftily.

(Continued on Page 6)

A Morning Smile

AS IT IS IN THE EAST

Here is a sample of the instructions posted up for information of motorists on the streets of the Japanese capital. Who can say that they are not couched in the most courteous language?

"At the rise of the hand of the policeman, stop rapidly. Do not pass him by or otherwise disrespect him.

"When a passenger of the foot hoves in sight, tootle the horn. Trumpet to him melodiously at first. If he still obstacles your passage, tootle him with vigor and express by word of mouth the warning, 'Hi-hi!'

"Beware of the wandering horse, that he shall not take fright as you pass him. Do not explode the exhaust box at him; go soothingly by.

"Give big space to the festive dog that shares sport in the roadway. Avoid entanglement of dogs in your wheel spokes.

"Go soothingly on the grease mud as there lurks the speed demon.

"Press the brake of the foot as you roll around the corners, to save the callapsed tie-up."

PRESUMING TOO MUCH

Counsel (cross-examining prejudiced witness)—I suggest that Mrs. Giggins is anathema to you.

Witness—Then you suggest wrong. It's only my friends I calls by their Christian names.

An apple placed in a cake box will keep a large fruit cake moist and in good condition.

TABLOID

Rub a little vinegar on the skin if your hands get very cold while you are hanging clothes out to dry. This keeps the hands much warmer.

LIKE MAGIC FOR CHEST COLDS, COUGHS

—Says Toronto Mother of "Mecca" and Mustard

Mrs. Golding writes: "Nothing equals Mecca, in poultice form. For coughs and bronchitis, mixed with a little mustard, it works like magic when applied to the chest and back."

If your family is suffering from Colds on Chest, Bronchial Troubles, 'Flu, Grippe, Lumbago, Chills and Aches, use Mecca, with Mustard.

Sold by all druggists—25c, 35c (tube), 50c and $1.00

MECCA OINTMENT

SMART FROCKS FOR FASHIONABLE PEOPLE

The dress actually pictured was carried out in deep purple pebbly crepe silk. Beetroot red velveteen was used for the little collar and bow. The buttons and belt buckle were also covered with the beetroot velveteen. Have them done professionally. These two shades combined are really stunning and so new looking.

Of course black wool crepe would be lovely too with self collar, black bone buttons and emerald green velveteen bow trim.

It's easy to imagine how equally charming it would be carried out in woolen mixtures.

Style No. 741 is designed for sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards of 54-inch material with ⅜ yard of 39-inch contrasting and 1¼ yards of 35-inch lining.

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

No. 741. Size ....

....
Name

....
Street Address

....
City State

741

Chest Colds — Rub well over throat and chest — VICKS VAPORUB — OVER 17 MILLION JARS USED YEARLY

For a Bad Cough, Mix This Better Remedy at Home

Quicker, Lasting Relief.

Big Saving! No Cooking!

Here's an old home remedy your mother knew, but, for real results, it is still the best thing ever known for severe coughs. Try it once, and you'll swear by it.

It's no trouble at all. Make a syrup by stirring 2 cups of granulated sugar and one cup of water a few moments, until dissolved. No cooking is needed—a child could do it.

Now put 2½ ounces of Pinex into a 16 oz. bottle, and add your syrup. This gives you 16 ounces of actually better cough remedy than you could buy ready-made for four times the money. It keeps perfectly, tastes fine, and lasts a family a long time.

And there is positively nothing like it for quick action. You can feel it take hold instantly. It loosens the germ-laden phlegm, soothes and heals the inflamed membranes, and clears the air passages. No cough remedy, at any price, could be more effective.

Pinex is a compound of Norway Pine, in concentrated form, famous as a healing agent for throat and bronchial membranes. It is guaranteed to please you, or money refunded.