

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

Etiquette

By Roberta Lee

Q. Should the woman who has just moved in to a new neighborhood extend the first invitation to the established matron?

A. No; the established matron should always make the first move.

Q. How and when is the informal invitation to a luncheon mailed?

A. A personal note is written for an informal luncheon and mailed about one week in advance.

Q. With whom must a man dance first?

A. With the girl whom he has escorted, always.

Soup Supreme

Mushrooms are so good and so reasonably priced at the moment, that we are tempted to make bread-er use of them every week.

Mushroom soup is always delectable—a welcome change on the family table, a distinguished note when there are guests to be honored. This method of making it is one most people will like.

Peel and chop ½ pound of fresh mushrooms (caps and stems). Reserve ½ cupful of the chopped caps. Add 6 cupfuls of cold water, 2 table-spoonfuls of finely diced onion and 1½ table-spoonfuls of butter in a saucepan, add 6 remaining mushroom caps, and simmer for 5 minutes.

Add 5 table-spoonfuls of flour and still until mixed, then add 1½ cupfuls of rich milk, stirring until thick and smooth. Place this mixture in a double boiler and add the mushroom liquor and the mushrooms, rubbed through a sieve. Add ½ cupful of cream, and season with 1 table-spoonful of lemon juice, paprika, a few grains of cayenne, and additional salt if needed. Serve hot.

Garnish each serving with a sprinkling of chopped parsley.

For The Cook

APPLE BREAD

Put one-third cupful of sugar and one-third cupful of butter in a mixing bowl. Add a half-teaspoonful of salt and pour over the whole one cupful of scalded milk. When the mixture is lukewarm add a yeast cake dissolved in one-fourth cupful of warm water. Add two eggs, beaten slightly, and sufficient flour to make a stiff dough. Cover and stand in a warm place until the dough has doubled in quantity. Cut down and work with the hands. Shape and place in round cake pans. Shave apples into very thin slices and completely cover the top of the dough in even rows. Dot over with butter, sprinkle generously with cinnamon and spread with an egg beaten with a little sweet cream. Bake until the apples are tender and the bread done. Two yeast cakes may be added, if desired, in which case the bread will be ready to serve in three hours.

A Morning Smile

"Now, then, Tommy Brown," said the teacher, "I want to set you a little problem. Suppose there were five children and their mother had only four potatoes to share between them. She wants to give each child an equal share. How would she do it?"

"Mash the potatoes," said the boy.

for CHILBLAINS

Be generous with the Minard's after you've bathed the hot, itchy parts with warm water. Rub the Liniment in well—often.

What a relief!

MINARD'S

"KING OF PAIN"

LINIMENT

Dorothy Dix Letter Box

Shall the Gay Woman and the Stay-at-Home Man Marry?—What Can a Wife Do With a Love-Sick Husband?—Getting Rid of Yellow Streak

Dear Miss Dix—I am engaged to a young man who is a very good fellow, but there is one thing we quarrel over continually, and that is he will not take me out anywhere. I would be satisfied if he would take me once a week, but he won't do it and says I shouldn't ask him to go out to places of amusement when I know he doesn't want to go.



I feel that if he really loved me he would put himself out for my sake. And he thinks that if I really loved him I would be willing to stay at home for his. So there we are. What do you think?
PUZZLED.

Answer: I think that two people who have such diametrically opposite tastes are taking a great risk in getting married, and that if they do, the domestic weather prognostications will be for continuous stormy weather.

The thing that makes happiness in marriage and a peaceful home is congeniality. It is the husbands and wives who have the same tastes, who enjoy the same things, who grow into real comradeship who make marriage the most satisfying relationship on earth. But when the husband wants to do one thing and the wife wants to do another thing, when what one enjoys the other hates, when one or the other is a perpetual goat, it makes matrimony just one fight after another.

The husband who is a stick-to-the-fire, who will never go out in the evening or take his wife to any place of amusement and who seems to think that just being married to him is all the amusement that any woman could crave, is a very common figure, but he generally evolves after marriage.

Before marriage he has usually been willing enough to step out and show the girl he was courting a good time, but after marriage he develops the stay-at-home complex and is all ways too tired to take wife out.

You are at least fortunate in that your man has shown you what to expect before you are tied up with him for keeps. He has served notice on you that he is perfectly selfish and utterly inconsiderate of you and that he will sacrifice you to his pleasure and convenience. So you can take him or leave him—and the result is on your own head.

But one thing I warn you, and that is if you marry this man, knowing what to expect, to be a good enough sport to accept him as he is. Make up your mind that you will either stay at home with him without protest, or that you will take your pleasures on the side without trying to force him to go with you.

Don't try to make him over. Don't nag him. And don't make your house a perpetual battleground where you fight every night the question of whether to go to the movies or stay at home.

You don't have to marry this man, but you do have to abide by the results if you do marry him.
DOROTHY DIX.

Dear Dorothy Dix—I want to know what to do with a lovesick husband. He is so devoted to me that he hangs around me all the time; never wants me to read, sew or do anything but pet him when he is about. Doesn't even want me to make anything over our two darling little girls. Isn't willing for me to go away from home even to spend the day.

Now I love my husband and think a husband's true love is the greatest blessing a woman can have, but don't you think one can get sickened by overloving sometimes?
MRS. X.

Answer: Why, Mrs. X, the proper thing to do with a husband like that is to put him in a museum in a glass case. In these days of wandering, indigent husbands, he would be regarded as a rare specimen of an almost extinct species and multitudes of women would travel thousands of miles to gaze with awe and wonder on such a curiosity.

You must be a proud and happy woman to have in your possession what Mrs. Partington used to call "an object of virtue," but it is easy to understand why familiarity with it has robbed it of some of its charms.

Too much sweet cloys on the palate. So does too much love-making, and the affection that enslaves either a man or a woman soon comes to be a tyranny of which they tire. Sentiment should be used only to spice the cake of life. It gives us an awful nausea if we make it the basis of the cake itself.

Certainly no woman wants her husband under her foot all the time. Nor does she want him to hold one hand while she is trying to make the biscuit with the other. She has her affairs to see to, her work to do, her other interests and amusements. She wants to bid him an affectionate farewell in the morning and she is ready with an equally affectionate welcome in the evening, but she wants to be rid of him during the interval.

And she loves him all the better because of the little absence and because he comes back new and fresh and because she hasn't been bored all day listening to lovey-dovey talk and trying to live up to it.

Too much love is just as bad as too little. You can die of over-eating just as surely as you can of starvation. The value of a thing depends upon the rarity of it. A single kiss may thrill us to the depths of our being, but it merely sickens us to be slobbered over.

Many women kill their husbands' love by overloving and making their love a burden. One of the most promising marriages I ever knew was wrecked by a silly little bride who called her husband a dozen times a day over the telephone to tell him how she adored him.

Not many men weary their wives' ears by their protests of affection, but the husband who hangs on to his wife's apron-strings and never lets her out of his sight has taken the surest way in the world to make her yearn to cut them.

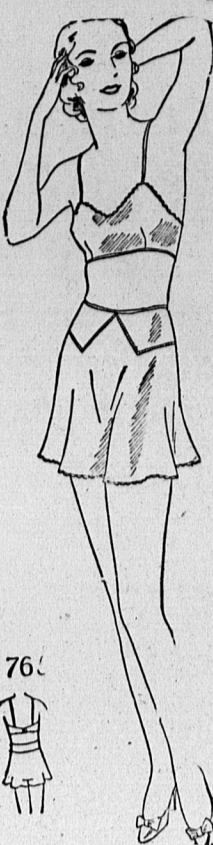
Dear Miss Dix—How can a young man take the yellow streak out of him? How can he change his backbone from narrow to broad?
SUNKLESS.

Answer: By forcing yourself to do the thing you are afraid to do. You can

What the Fashionables are Wearing

Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished With Every Pattern

By Annabelle Worthington



And it is as simple as falling off a log to make this darling set. Just about two hours of your time and a remnant of crepe de chine—you'll be thrilled with the result.

The fitted brassiere closes at the back and is shaped through darts at the front.

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Style No. 765 is designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20 years, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust.

They are exceedingly dainty fashioned of eggshell washable crepe satin with the upper edge of the brassiere and lower edge of the pantie trimmed with Alencon lace.

Size 16 requires 1½ yards 39-inch. Be sure to fill in the size of the pattern. Send stamps or coin (coin preferred).

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conquer fear if you are determined enough to do so. And you can develop a backbone by exercising it. The more you shrink from a disagreeable task, the more you must force yourself to carry on.

If you are tempted to loaf, work the harder. When everything in you urges you to give up a task, set your teeth and stick to it like grim death. When your own personal devil asks: "What's the use?" hiss back: "I'll show you."

And remember this for your comfort, that you can harden the muscles of your soul just as you can the muscles of your body and that every time you force yourself to do the thing that is hard to do it becomes easier for you.
DOROTHY DIX.

Horse works while

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Here's how to stop lameness and reduce bog spavin, wind puffs, bigknee, swollen tendons, strains, sprains, lacerations and similar troubles. Use good old Absorbine and work horse right through treatment. Does not blister or remove hair. Antiseptic; heals cuts, sores, bruises. At all drugists, or sent postpaid, \$2.50 bottle. Horse Booklet sent free. W. F. Young, Inc., Lyman Bldg., Montreal.

John Gresham's Girl

By Concordia Merrel

(Continued)

INSALTIMENT XI

He caught her wrists and pushed her suddenly from him. She fell back looking up, now, with startled eyes. Then at sight of his face, she caught a sharp breath of dismay, for it was a battle-field of raging emotions.

"Jim..." she said...

"What is it? What's happened..." Jim, what have I done..."

"You haven't done anything..."

"It's myself... myself..."

"Don't look at me like that, Lucy..." His voice was harsh and broken.

"Jim." The name came in a whisper. "Don't you... don't you love me any more..."

"There was a moment of deadly silence."

Then he said, the words coming as if his lips were not perfectly flexible:

"I never have loved you... I think I hate your whole breed..."

Even as he told her this he cursed himself for telling it. He hadn't meant to; he had meant to go slowly, working towards the completion of his revenge in his own way, until the moment was ripe for his triumph. His marriage with John Gresham's girl had been only the beginning of the vengeful schemes which seethed in his brain. He had laid his plans so carefully, had taken his first steps so successfully, yet here he was, jeopardizing them, perhaps even wrecking them, at the very start. And why? Why? All because he was fool enough to be oddly moved by her... because he was fool enough to be stirred by her youth and littleness; her pure sweetness; because the closing of a door behind her had made him feel like an ogre who has trapped a trusting little fairy...

That utterly unaccountable thing the personal equation, had suddenly entered into the scene and he had been reckoning without it...

All this and more went through and through his mind as he stood looking, sullen-eyed, down at Lucy, while she, horrified, incredulous, stared up at him...

Then:

"Jim," she said, in a low voice. "This isn't true, is it? You... you can't really hate me this? I mean... it's some sort of..."

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hasn't happened!... Say that you love me... that all your loveliness to me has been true... He stood rigid beneath her touch; there was another chance, but still he couldn't take it. He answered doggedly still:

"It has not been true."

"Jim, you don't know what you are saying! You can't know..." Jim, do you mean that when you have taken me in your arms it has been a lie? When you have kissed me... it has been a lie, too? Jim, you can't mean that..."

"And... that you never have?"

"And that I never have."

She looked up at him a moment longer then drew a shaking hand across her forehead.

"You are telling me this seriously? Seriously, Jim?" she said in a tremulous whisper.

Even now, he believed, it would not be too late to retract the terrible truth, to blot it from her mind with protestations of love, and win her back to faith in him. For she was still half-incredulous. Even now it would not be too late to save his plans from destruction. And everything in him that was set upon revenge cried out to him to do this; to take her into his arms, to tell her it had all been a stupid joke; a test; anything so that he could kiss away the horror that moment had been to her... But he didn't do it. Couldn't. Instead he answered:

"Seriously; you'd better believe it."

"If your love for me has all been a lie... how am I to believe anything you say to me?" she cried, and went to him quickly, catching his big shoulders with desperate little hands...

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MR. AND MRS.

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