

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

The HOUSEWIFE and HER ACTIVITIES

We love our God with all our strength and will; we covet nothing, we desire no ill against our neighbors; to procure or do nothing to others which we would not do to ourselves; these are his precepts, and alas, in these things we are so hard but faith can do with ease—Henry Vaughan.

MILK A FOOD

A good many people even today still cling to the old idea that milk being a fluid cannot be a food or a source of nourishment. A writer in New Health Magazine. They regard milk as only for infants. No doubt the old-fashioned term of reproach, "milkop," is based on this notion. But though natural enough, all this is bad physiology. For to begin with, the food, however solid, must be in the first instance broken down to the state of solution in order to be absorbed and unless until it is absorbed, it is not a food. Everything we eat, even the most solid—hard-boiled eggs, ham, biscuits, hard cheese—all are brought down to a state of more or less perfect fluidity before they are digested and then pass into the blood.

Take sugar for instance; unless it is dissolved in water or tea and so become perfectly invisible in the solution it cannot act as the energy-giving food for which we know it to be. But sugar dissolved in water is more of a fluid than is milk. Thus, with milk because some of its contents are in invisible solution, they are more the less energy-giving foods. For not the solid cheese derived from milk by clotting, but the cheese is no more nourishing than was its non-solid precursor. The fact that a nourishing substance is in solution does not render it any the less nourishing.

DARK AND UNUSUAL COLORS FOR SLEEPING GARMENTS The general fashion for colors which are unusual in extending even to lingerie—a field which has long been devoted to a limited list of colors, is now changing. But it is now recognized that dark and unusual colors may be employed for nightgowns and sleeping pajamas. One New York shop is introducing nightgowns and pajamas of shirtwaist style in dark and unusual colors in satin, navy, oxblood, marine blue, and light blue, and these colors comprise the list of featured colors.

For the Baby Is it in order to celebrate the birth of the little Prince that some of our Edinburgh shops are at present making great displays of baby clothing and accessories? One window has arranged itself in a scheme of pale yellow. Dainty little embroidered garments wear the spring-time colour, as do tiny mirrors and paper boxes and all the other requisites brightened with little sprays and posies of coloured flowers.

Tartan Teacups The fact that the Royal bride is Scottish is bringing Scotland to the front in more ways than one. Tartan check designs are to the fore—even in china!

Miss Clarice Cliff, a well-known pottery designer, in a new design

for dinner and tea table pottery has tartan borders in the various clean colourings. The black and green, blacks and reds, look striking on honey glass grounds. They will blend with the check fabrics and they are to be much used in furnishings this winter. The newest teapot in this ware is triangular with a special top that keeps the lid from falling off.

LONDON BRIDES PREFER NOON WEDDINGS

It is 18 months since the British authorities extended the limit of the legal hours of marriage from 3 a.m. to 6 p.m., yet the most popular wedding hour is still round about noon.

This is what I learned writes a woman correspondent of the London Daily Mail at register offices and fashionable wedding churches in London. Tradition, they say, "dies hard."

At Caxton hall, Westminster, where many famous people have been married, they remain open for marriages until 4 p.m., but the couples who want to be married at that hour are few and far between, an official told me.

"The majority of couples come to be married round about 11:30 and up to 2:30, then there is a gradual falling off up to 3:30," he added.

At Chesley Register Office, where the hours of marriage are from 8 a.m. to 6 p.m., they report that the morning is the most popular time for weddings.

"People like to get married early, to have a wedding lunch and go off early on their honeymoon trip, in the old-fashioned way," said a representative of the registrar.

The Rev. Henry Montgomery-Campbell, rector of St. George's, Hanover square, said that the "idea of the late wedding has not caught on at all at the moment—but it may do so later, of course. There are only one or two weddings occasionally which take place at a late hour. But on the whole the extension of hours has made no difference.

Tradition dies hard among brides. The wedding hour, where fashionable ceremonies are concerned, is usually between 2 and 2:30."

The Rev. W. Perryman, of St. Mark's, North Audley street, declared that his church seldom sees a wedding after 3 p.m.

Tiled Hearths Washing tiled hearths is apt to split the glaze, so try rubbing them instead with a cloth dipped in methylated spirits and polishing them with a soft cloth.

Iodine Stains on Linen Iodine stains can be removed from bed linen by saturating the stains in cold water and then covering them with bicarbonate of soda.

Contrasts There are many interesting things done in the way of color contrasts, also fabric contrasts—monotone coats with printed frocks, for example combinations of taffeta and crepe, also taffeta with woolen, the crisp medium introduced in yokes, plastrons, revers and the like. Gored Gloves with Corded Seams The gored silhouettes of dresses inspire the designs of gloves, which

It's Your Own Fault If You Lose Your Mate Dorothy Dix Urges You To Adopt Tactics of Mother Eve

If Your Husband is on the Verge of "Straying" Ascertain the Allure of the "Other Woman"

Women whose husbands forsake the home fold to run after strange goddesses always profess to believe that the "other woman" possess occult powers with which they cannot compete and which no man can resist.

They endow their rivals with mysterious and irresistible attractions that no mere wife and mother can either understand or emulate. Hence they take no shame to themselves for losing their husbands to women who are neither younger nor better-looking nor more intelligent than they are. For what woman can war with sirens and vampires.

This, of course, saves the deserted wife's face, but, in the slang of the day, it gets her nowhere. What the woman who has a husband with a wandering foot needs to do is to find out the secret of the "other woman's" allure, the way she makes her magic, how she throws her spell over men, and imitate her.

For, after all, the siren has no cryptic formula for putting the "come here" upon men. What she knows about pleasing men and making them eat out of her hand every other woman in the world really knows. It is the recipe for HOW TO GET YOUR MAN and HOW TO HOLD YOUR HUSBAND that Eve gave her oldest daughter and that has been handed down from mother to daughter ever since, and it is made up of equal parts of keeping your hair curled and your complexion on, and rubbing a man's fur the right way and making him feel that in your eyes that he is about seven feet high, better-looking than any cinema hero and an oracle who could settle every world problem in a minute, if he only gave his mind to it.

This, in a couple of nutshells, as Andy would say, is the whole secret of the vamp. Her technique is simplicity itself, and there is nothing in it that the Dumbest Dora of a married woman could not duplicate if she would take the trouble to do it.

The siren makes herself attractive to the man she wants by being easy on the eyes. She dolls herself up and puts her best foot foremost. Many a man has been caught by the fluttering ribbon, or a fresh wave, or a pretty frock, just as thousands upon thousands of husbands have been lost by sloppy kimonos and run-down-at-the-heel shoes and faces smeared with cold cream. The fatal attraction of the business girl against which wives rage in vain is her trimness and grigness and her being always well groomed.

Then the siren always shows an interest in a man whether she feels it or not, which his wife seldom bothers to do. She listens with an alert and absorbed expression when he talks to her, and begs him to repeat that perfectly fascinating story about the dog he had when he was a little boy. She laughs at his jokes, though she may have heard them a hundred times before. She is all sympathy over the way his boss treats him at the office, and she thinks it is perfectly marvellous how he pulled off that stock deal, or traded in his cold car for a new one, or was elected to the Joiners Club.

In a word, she makes him feel that he is a brilliant conversationalist and a wit and a spell-binder and that she admires and appreciates him, and he naturally seeks the society of a woman who gives him this pleasant reaction. Probably nine-tenths of the men who wander away from their own wives have gone in search of a listener.

Their wives derided their opinions, interrupted their best stories to say, "Just look at the cat," showed that they were bored when they tried to talk about their hopes and plans, said, "For heaven's sake, are you going to tell that old joke again?" when they tried to be funny. And so when they found a woman who would lend them her ears they fell for her without a struggle.

The siren gives a man a run for his money. When he takes her out she makes of it a festive occasion. She makes a man feel that she is having the time of her life and that she is grateful and appreciative of the pleasure he is giving her. She never wet-blankets a party by finding fault with everything that has been arranged for her entertainment. She doesn't spoil a good play, as so many wives do, by wondering every few minutes if the baby is uncovered or if the house has caught on fire, or take the flavor out of a good dinner by counting the cost of every item on the menu. She peeps up every little treat and adds to the joy of the occasion, and that is why men like to take her out.

Finally, the vamp yes-yeses men instead of arguing with them and contradicting them. She tells a man how handsome and clever he is and how much she admires him, and because none of us ever weary of the voice that sings out praises she lays upon him a spell which he does not even desire to break. It is only after the sweetheart who has told a man how marvellous he was, becomes a wife who tells her husband how dumb he is and what a poor makeshift of a creature, that the husband begins coking an ear again for the voice of a charmer.

Oh, the technique of the vamp is simple enough. It is the difficulty of following it at which wives balk.

show corded or tucked seams extending from the fingertips to the edge of the flaring cuff.

BACK FULLNESS Back fullness continues to be

manifested in formal fashions, in spite of all the talk about front fullness, with godets of pleats, shirred sections, gored and unpressed inverted pleats all contributing to the interest shown in movement at the back.

Feather in Her Hat

When they were riding back to Washington, Rita found herself seriously speculating on the possibility that Carl meant more to her than she had let herself believe, and in an unguarded moment—hardly aware of what she was doing—she dropped her head on Carl's shoulder and said, softly, "You're nice, Carl. You're the sort of man's man a girl would fight for."

It all happened so quickly that the first Rita knew the car was motionless at the side of the highway and she was being gently crushed in arms so powerful that resistance was useless. Startled and a little frightened by the unexpectedness and violence of his impetuous embrace, Rita strained against him. But when his lips were pressed to her own and his hot breath beat against her face, she felt as if all the strength of her body had gone out of her and she lay limp and unresisting in his arms.

"Rita. . . were closed, but her lips moved, soundlessly. "You do love me, don't you?" She opened her eyes then and because it seemed the right and natural thing to do, and the thing she wanted to do, she slid her hands along his arms and over his shoulders and slowly drew his face down to hers.

Both Mollie and Ann were in bed when Rita came in, but Ann was awake and asked, "Why don't you turn the light on, Rita? You can't see to undress in the dark."

But Rita was thankful for the darkness, thankful that Ann could not see the high flush of her cheeks. "I'm getting along splendidly, thanks," she said. "How did you and Mollie find everything at Rumbreaker's?"

"About as you'd expect, I imagine," Ann replied without intention-al malice. "The Senator's suffering from a bad conscience over Deane—and Selma's grieving her heart out about Carl." Rita said nothing to this and after a moment Ann asked, "Why don't you be a good egg and let her have him, Rita? If you loved him, it would be a different matter."

"You couldn't, I suppose, be wrong about that?" Ann's eyes strained through the darkness, seeing nothing. "Why, yes, I could be," she conceded. "Am I?"

Out of a new-born conviction Rita said quietly, "I'm afraid you are, darling." But she had no intention of amplifying this—it was all too new and thrilling to be subjected to prosaic discussion. "What's all this about Senator Rumbreaker's conscience? You don't think he killed both his secretary and his own son?"

"You're not serious, of course," Ann said after a moment's silence. "But if you want a plain answer I am not thinking."

Rita sat on the edge of the bed and kicked off her shoes. "Sometimes we think whether we want to or not. But still I don't know where the Senator comes in."

"Selma says he and Deane never got along as well as they might have," Ann told her. "And they had a hot battle the day before we went to Boston. Deane was pretty insolent, I gathered, and he finally had to leave the house when the Senator flew into a rage and practically threatened to take him

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THE COOK'S CORNER

SWISS STEAK (TO SERVE THREE) 1 lb. round steak cut 1-in. thick 5 tablespoons flour 1 bay leaf 1/2 teaspoon salt 1/4 teaspoon pepper 1/2 cup water 1 tablespoon chopped onion 2 cloves 1 tablespoon bacon fat Method: Wipe steak and pound in the flour, using the edge of a heavy plate. Heat the bacon fat in a heavy skillet and brown the meat. Lower the heat and add bay leaf, salt, pepper, water, onions and cloves. Cover closely and cook slowly for 1 1/2 hours. Add more water if necessary to keep from scorching.

ROLLED RIB ROAST To cook a rolled roast, rub well with salt and pepper, flour lightly, and place in an uncovered roaster. Roast in a slow (300 deg. F.) oven, allowing 20-25 minutes per pound for a medium-done roast. About 45 minutes before the meat is done, place the potatoes around it and allow to brown in the fat from the meat. When done, remove the meat to a hot platter, surround with the Franconia potatoes, and to the glaze left in the pan add flour. Estimate the amount of fat and allow 1 tablespoon of flour to each tablespoon of fat. Brown the flour well, scraping the glaze from the sides of the pan. Add salt and pepper, and slowly add hot water, one cupful to each tablespoon of flour used. Allow this gravy to cook until thick and strain into a gravy boat.

HAMBURG STEAK FOR TWO If a porterhouse or a sirloin steak seems to run too large for a family of two, try cooking a hamburger steak his way. You can scarcely tell the difference. One-half pound hamburger (use ground

shoulder for this), seasoned well with salt and pepper. Pat into a flat cake large enough for two servings. Place in a shallow pan, a skillet or frying pan will do, and place under the broiler of your range. Let cook about 15 minutes, taking care not to get it too near the flame. Remove to a hot platter, dot over with butter and pour a teaspoon of Worcestershire sauce over and save immediately. Do not mix egg with hamburger steak and you'll find that so cooked, it is much tender. This is nice served with fried onions.

"Ah!" was the instant reply. "I only found it in Exodus!"

Real Estate Agent—"Well, what do you think of our little city?" Prospect—"I'll tell you, brother. This is the first cemetery I ever saw with lights."

A bashful curate found the young ladies in the parish too helpful. At last it became so embarrassing that he left.

Not long afterwards he met the curate who had succeeded him. "Well," he asked, "how do you get on with the ladies?" "Oh, very well indeed," said the other. There is safety in numbers, you know."

"Mrs. Ambrose Harrison, wife of a Toronto street car motorman, proudly boasts of 14 living children. (Continued on page 14)

MATERNITY SWEEPSTAKES CONTEST ENTERS LAST LAP

Six Toronto Families In Race For \$500,000 From Estate Of Late Charles Miller —Ends Oct. 31, 1936

By HOWARD GERRING Central Press Canadian Staff Writer TORONTO, Oct. 26.—With half a million dollars at stake, the world's strangest maternity race is nearing an end. One year from today, there will be waiting for some

left to the most prolific Toronto mother during the ten years following his death.

On October 31 of this year the estate of Charles Miller will go on sale. The property and stock holdings are expected to realize a half a million dollars, but the exact amount will not be known for at least a year, according to the executors of the estate. The selling of all the property will occupy the better part of a year by which time the baby marathon will be officially over.

Mrs. Kenney Leads Leading the marathon so far as known, is little Mrs. Matthew Ken-

ny, French-Canadian mother, who has had 14 children (five of whom have died), and who is expecting another before Christmas. Of these, Mrs. Kenney claims 11 have been born since 1926. Mrs. Kenney, whose hobby in making miniature buildings of Toronto as they appeared 100 years ago, will buy Mary Pickford's birthplace to exhibit her new over-flowing collection. On relief for the last ten years, Mrs. Kenney is perhaps the luckiest of the Toronto mothers who are contenders for the money. Her chances, however, depend largely upon the registration of the births of three children whose births were not registered for some time after their death. Doctors it is expected will be called upon to substantiate Mrs. Kenney's claim. This doesn't bother Mrs. Kenney.

"It's been a great race, win or lose," she smiles.

With twelve children, nine born since October, 1926, Mrs. Stefano Darrigo, Italian-Canadian mother, is well up in the lead with Mrs. Kenney in this strange race. The depression caused the Darrigos to lose their three fruit stores, two automobiles, their insurance, and now bankrupt they have been forced to accept relief.

"I am going to win that Miller money," said Mrs. Darrigo to-day. "All my friends—they laugh at me when they read about Mrs. Kenney and the others. But I will show them yet."

Expecting Twins

When told that Mrs. Kenney was counting on twins to help her win, Mr. Darrigo demanded: "How about my wife? She has had two sets of twins already. Maybe she will have two more sets of twins. Then there will be no doubt of winning."

According to Mrs. Darrigo they would open up their fruit stores again so that their children would always be doctors of work.

A third contender, and one who is well up in the running is another Italian-Canadian mother,

baby girl was born to the Nagles, making nine children in the nine years since Charles Millar died. Mrs. Nagle was sick in bed for four months this year, the result of injuries when she fell from a step ladder as she was papering the walls of her home.

"This one makes five girls and five boys altogether," Papa Nagle said when informed that his wife had given birth to a girl. "Supposing I won the money? I don't know what I'd do with it. It's too soon to talk."

Mrs. Ambrose Harrison, wife of a Toronto street car motorman, proudly boasts of 14 living children. (Continued on page 14)



Mr. and Mrs. John Nagle and their 10 children



Mrs. Joseph Gagnato and nine eligible children.



Mrs. Ambrose Harrison and seven of her children