

Woman's Realm Social and Personal Fashions Literature

MISS NAPOLEON

By VIOLET METHLEY

(Continued) During the former days which followed, music became more and more her only comfort and means of expression. She sat for hours at the piano playing scraps of Mozart or Beethoven for herself, or trying to speak to Ranny, wherever he might be through Chopin or the "concertina" or the music she composed herself, again from her very heartstrings, as she felt sometimes.

And, slight and uncertain though the bond might be, Chrissie felt sometimes as though music still made a tie between herself and her husband. She dared not strain anything so frail a touch might break it, but now and then, it seemed there a gossamer thread floating in the air rather than joining them.

She would hear his step on the veranda when she was playing, feel that he listened—feel it through every nerve in her body, cease playing, most likely, for fear he might be waiting impatiently to say something.

And so, or twice, he actually sat down, seemed to be listening, and Chrissie played on for a while until self-consciousness made her pause and she looked up at him.

"I'm being your faithfully. I expect," she broke off, waiting for the answer. "No—don't mind me. I'm just so little unaccustomed." "Oh, please don't bother on my account," so that she sat for long minutes, silent, motionless, tears burning her eyes.

There came an evening, about a week after that adventure at the garden, when she tried, for Ranny's sake, to write out of memory, when Chrissie was absorbed in her latest composition, playing it over softly, singing under her breath.

The swift darkness fell: in her pale primrose dress she was a faintly luminous figure in the shadows. Through the open windows came the night scents of the garden.

Suddenly a step sounded on the veranda and Chrissie, recognizing it, paused in mid-chord. Ranny! Without turning her head, she was conscious of her husband standing just inside the nearest window, saw him sink down upon a low divan. He was hardly visible there, beside the dark colour of the window, through which black trees showed against the dim night sky.

She remained with hands just resting on the keys, head bent, pulses throbbing at the words which she had just been singing. Was it chance that he had come just then . . . or opportunity? With no time to plan, inspiration

struck her. She turned, and saw him standing in the doorway, looking at her with a smile that was almost a gasp.

"What a beautiful piece!" he said, and she felt that she had never before been so much admired. "It is very good," she said, and he looked at her with a smile that was almost a gasp.

"I love you," he said, and she felt that she had never before been so much loved. "I love you," she said, and he looked at her with a smile that was almost a gasp.

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A Morning Smile

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QUANDRY MacDougal (with six unmarried daughters on hand): "Tamma, did ye nae think o' getting married?"

Tamma: "Weel, the outlook is anomalous, y'ken. I'm nae precisely in a position to protect the wid' anes, nor to protect m'self frae the brow anes."

"GOD SAVE THE KING" Herbert had been taught to rise when his mother came into a room, and to remain thus until she was seated or had left.

One day he had a friend with him when his mother entered. He stood up, but his friend did not move, so Herbert asked him to do so.

A few minutes later, the same friend entered again, and the same procedure was gone through. When Herbert's mother entered for the third time, her son rose and the precocious friend on the sofa, "does your mother think she's the National Anthem?"

What you said? You meant it? "Yes, yes—oh, darling, darling, don't mistake me! It's only a joke. I could not have said anything so were I just given to me when I wrote them, by the woman who wrote them." Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

"I see," Struan stood up; he sat down beside Chrissie on the music-stool, drew her closely into his arms, kissed her hair, gently, lingeringly.

For some time they sat in silence, while the velvet darkness of night closed in on them from without, invading the shadowed room.

"My experience is not different from that of the great majority of fathers. If I say 'no' to anything the children want to do, their mother invariably vetoes my decision in the children's presence, and that's poor psychology even in training a dog."

"When I try to teach Bobby some habit of industry and reliability by giving him some small chore to do around the house she negates my efforts by doing it herself or letting him leave it undone, because he is about to play. When I attempt to teach one of the children to lie as he likes a tress and snatches the child to her bosom and 'poor things' it and 'Mamma darlings' it until it ends in my being the culprit instead of the child."

"I am not exaggerating when I say that I have not only drawn my own portrait, but that of a multitude of other fathers and our position in reference to our children. It isn't because we don't love our youngsters and by always taking responsibility for them we take no part in their rearing. It is because our wives won't let us. If we attempt to interfere in any way or assert any authority, it brings on a fight in which the child sees its mother and father reduced to the level of snarling animals, and saves them from having to do tasks, and that their respect for each other that is bound to destroy it for both of them."

"Nothing can be worse for children than to be brought up in a home that is a place of perpetual conflict between their parents, so rather than inflict that fate on my youngsters I bought peace for them by stepping out of the picture, except as bill-payor, and am letting their mother work her will with them. Perhaps my fathers who do this make a cowardly surrender, but what else can we do?"

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Fathers Should Have Some Say

By VIOLET METHLEY

"NO MAN" said a man to me recently, "ever faces a more heart-breaking and insoluble problem than does the one who sees his children who have the making of fine men and women in them, being ruined by their mother and realize that he is powerless to save them."

"Yet that is the situation in which millions of us fathers find ourselves. We know the world too well not to know that is bound to be the ultimate result of child obedience or disobedience and spoiled all of their lives and who have known no law except their own wills."

"We have seen too many boys and girls who are drunks because they have never been taught any self-control; too many young couples getting divorces because they have never been held in large obligations or duties to do anything they didn't want to do; too many weaklings who threw up their hands and quit whenever the selding got hard, not to know what happens to youngsters who have not been trained to fight the battle of life and win out."

"Knowing these things, as every man must know them, the question naturally arises: Why don't we try to prepare our children for life? Why do we apparently consider that we have done our full duty as fathers when we support our youngsters? Why do we wash our hands of all responsibility in their upbringing and turn them over to their mothers to rear when we know that their mothers are incompetent to do it?"

"The answer is that not once in a thousand times will a mother concede the children's father any authority over them or co-operate with him in rearing them. That, almost every mother is a monopolist so far as her children are concerned. She is deadly jealous of their affection for their father and determined that she shall love her best. To gain their favor she makes them feel that SHE is the one who indulges them and saves them from having to do tasks, and that their father is a grinding tyrant who metes out punishment and doesn't care whether they are happy or not."

"My experience is not different from that of the great majority of fathers. If I say 'no' to anything the children want to do, their mother invariably vetoes my decision in the children's presence, and that's poor psychology even in training a dog. If I correct a child, she accuses me of 'picking' on poor little Johnny, and wonders how I can be so hard on a helpless creature. That gives Johnny a grand case of self-pity and puts Father in the light of a brute."

"When I try to teach Bobby some habit of industry and reliability by giving him some small chore to do around the house she negates my efforts by doing it herself or letting him leave it undone, because he is about to play. When I attempt to teach one of the children to lie as he likes a tress and snatches the child to her bosom and 'poor things' it and 'Mamma darlings' it until it ends in my being the culprit instead of the child. She even balks my efforts to give the children an education by always taking the child's part in any difficulty it and its teacher and making the child believe that the reason he was kept in and got poor marks was because Teacher was an old manie who for some unknown reason was prejudiced against her little angel."

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THE COOK'S CORNER

By VIOLET METHLEY

TOMATO FIGS 3 quarts small green tomatoes 3 cups sugar 2 cups mild vinegar 2 sticks cinnamon

Whole cloves Method: Scald and peel the tomatoes and cook them in boiling salted water just until they are tender. Take care not to break them. Set them on a flat surface so they can drain and stick 2 or 3 whole cloves into each.

Boil the sugar, vinegar and cinnamon to a thin syrup. Place the tomatoes in a crock and pour the boiling syrup over them. Let stand overnight, then drain off the syrup re-heat and pour over them again. Do this twice, then on the third day, heat the tomatoes in the syrup to the boiling point. Pack into hot, sterile jars and seal.

Mixed Mustard Pickles 1 quart small white onions 1 quart sliced cucumbers 1 large clove of garlic 1 quart celery salt 1 quart yellow beans 1 quart green tomatoes

Method: Peel the onions and cut them into 1-inch lengths. Slice the cucumbers and break the cauliflower into small flowerettes. Cut the celery into 1-inch lengths and snip the ends from the beans, breaking them into 1-inch lengths. Slice the tomatoes.

Prepare all the vegetables and sprinkle thickly with salt. Cover with water and let stand overnight, then drain and rinse well. Cover with vinegar which has been diluted one half with water and simmer for 20 minutes. Prepare the dressing.

Dressing 3 cups brown sugar 1-2 cup flour 4 tablespoons mustard 2 tablespoons turmeric seed 1-2 quarts vinegar

Method: Mix the flour, mustard and turmeric with a little of the cold vinegar. Add to the remaining cold vinegar. Add to the remaining cold vinegar. Add to the remaining cold vinegar.

Q. What are the luck pieces, and the significance of each, that are baked in the wedding cake? A. A ring is for marriage, a thimble for housewifery, a button for bachelorhood, a wishbone for wealth, and a wishbone for luck.

Q. What would be the reaction on a hostess for a dinner guest to say after the meal, "I feel as though I would never want to eat again." A. Such a statement would indeed be humorous, with double-meaning. It would be preferable to say, "Your dinner was delicious. I enjoyed it very much."

Q. Is it proper to have one's telephone number engraved on personal stationery? A. No; the telephone number is never used on personal notepaper.

Q. How can I test the purity of butter? A. Place a small amount of butter in a teaspoon and hold it over a flame. If the butter is pure, it will foam quietly and boil. If impure, it will crackle and sputter as it becomes heated.

Q. How can I make an unsightly flower pot more attractive? A. Cover the flowerpot with about three thicknesses of newspaper, then a layer of colored crepe tissue paper. The paraffin paper prevents the moisture from coming through.

Q. How can I soften a used and hardened paint brush? A. Try boiling it in vinegar. If one treatment is not satisfactory, repeat the operation.

CHINGFORD, England—W. W. Latham, a former captain of the club, scored a hole of 232 yards, with a bogey of four, in one stroke at the Royal Epping Forest golf course.

THE HOUSEWIFE

By VIOLET METHLEY

—AND— HER ACTIVITIES

PEACE-TIME LEGIONS Once more each morn at half-past eight The army marches past my gate. Exactly on the stroke of nine, They take their places in the line, From whence they make a mass attack.

And citizens of knowledge sack. The teacher heading the brigade, Advances and retreats are made. But whatsoever plumper they Accumulate from day to day, Some spoils remain for next day when.

The battle must be staged again. And so, each morn at half-past eight, The army marches past my gate.

MINT SAUCE MAY BE KEPT ALL WINTER Mint sauce for storing purposes can be made by chopping the mint very finely allowing 2 heaped tablespoons chopped mint to 1 teacup vinegar and 1 tablespoon water. Chop the vinegar and water to the boil, add the mint and boil for 2 minutes; allow to cool, then bottle and seal. Don't add the sugar until needed for table then dissolve sufficient in hot water to give it the desired flavour. Be sure to recap the bottle tightly to keep it in good conditions for further use.

GINGER PEAR PRESERVES Wash, pare and core the fruit and cut into small uniform pieces. For each pound of fruit use 1-2 to 3-4 pound of sugar, 1 to 2 pieces gingerroot and 1-2 lemons thinly sliced. Combine the sliced pears and sugar in alternate layers and let them stand 8 to 10 hours or overnight before cooking. Boil the lemon for about 5 minutes in only enough water to cover. Add the lemon with what water remains with the gingerroot to the pear and sugar mixture. Boil rapidly and stir constantly until the fruit is clear and of a rich amber color. Pour at once into hot sterilized jars and seal.

VELVET BOWS A report from Paris makes interesting comment on a new "accessory" in the form of a coiffure ornament—velvet bows to be worn in the hair. Suzy is making this, it is said in velvet and in satin ribbons about an inch and a half to two inches wide.

The bows are tied in many loops two or three inches wide which the wearer tucks herself rapidly and thick curl right at the top of the head.

A clogged sink pipe can be cleared by soda and vinegar. Pour a little soda over the drain, follow it up with vinegar. This causes effervescence, which clears the pipe.

To clean a marble bust, scrub it with a solution of soap powder and hot water. Rinse. Make a paste with ordinary whiting and cold water. Work well all over the marble. When dry rinse off with warm water. If the marble is very badly stained several applications of whiting may be necessary.

For cleaning a rusty steel fire-place scrub with a solution of 1-2 gallon hot water, 1-2 packet soap powder and one large tablespoon washing soda. Rinse well and dry. Rub with fairly fine emery paper and finish off with a fine emery paper. The steel can be kept bright with metal polish. If patches of rust reappear use fine emery paper on them.

Carpets should not be spoiled by drastic cutting if too large for the rooms in which they are placed. Unwanted parts can always be tucked under. If they are shrunken, the slit edge being where necessary, the slit edge being prevent fraying, they can usually be rejoined without showing should the carpets ever be needed for larger rooms.

Varnished surfaces can be brightened by wiping over them with cheese cloth moistened with linseed oil, a liquid furniture polish or wrung out of a pint of hot water containing one dessertspoon each of turpentine and linseed oil. Afterwards rub with a heavy woolen cloth until the gloss is restored.

Embossed brass may be cleaned by rubbing with a cut lemon, then rinse and dry well before polishing. Lemon juice will also remove ink stains from furniture. While those who wish to prevent fraying, they can usually be rejoined without showing should the carpets ever be needed for larger rooms.

Your protective overall for house cleaning will be much more useful if a large flat pocket is stitched to the front of the skirt. Divided by two or three vertical lines of stitching, the various sections will hold dusters, small brushes, polishes and other gadgets, which are easily carried in this way, besides being always at hand when required.



Every Day Styles For The Home Sewer

A wonderfully flattering dress for women and so wearable for first fall days. Made of novelty rayon and cotton fabric, that washes beautifully, it plays double duty for home or lock shopping. Easy to slip into without mussing your hair. Percale prints, shantung weaves, challis prints, etc. are other fascinating cottons for its development. With the same pattern, you can make a sports dress of woolen or of wooly-wooly crepe silk.

See small view, its tailored long sleeves, shirt collar and buttoned bodice with front paneled skirt. It's a pattern you'll want to use again and again.

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EGGS FOR SHORT HAUL MELBOURNE—Apparently disappointed with their haul, thieves threw eggs about a house here. They got away with clothing and some butter.

Send fifteen cents (15c) in stamps or coin (coin preferred) wrap cut carefully, address to Charlotteville, N.C., printing.

Style No. 2124 Size Name Street Address City Prov

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HUSTLING HARRY Rings the Bell. TAKE THESE GRAPE-NUTS OVER TO THE CARNIVAL. THEY'RE GIVING GROCERIES AS PRIZES. HERE'S YOUR GRAPE-NUTS MISTER—THE PEOPLE WHO WIN THEM SURE WILL BE LUCKY! STEP RIGHT UP FOLKS ONLY NUTS AND YOUR CHOICE OF GROCERIES IF YOU RING THE BELL! I CAN TASTE NUTS NOW! ACH—IM RUINED!

YES SIR! THAT TEMPTING NUT-LIKE GRAPE-NUTS FLAVOUR SURE IS GRAND! AND JUST TWO TABLESPOONFULS OF GRAPE-NUTS WITH WHOLE MILK OR CREAM AND FRUIT PROVIDES MORE VARIED NOURISHMENT THAN MANY A HEAVY MEAL. BET GET SOME FOR TOMORROW! Grape-Nuts MADE IN CANADA IN THE BLUE AND YELLOW PACKAGE