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

## The HOUSEWIFE and HER ACTIVITIES

**VIM, VIGOR AND VICTORY.**

Careers are hardest at the first,
Beginnings are by far the worst.
You'll never win while you debate
The cost of growing rich and great;
There isn't any inside rate.
An honest show is all that you
Or any man's entitled to.
Success will not reduce her price
But makes the haggler pay it twice.
This world is cruelest to those
Who whine and cringe and dodge from blows;
The coward's burden ever grows.
—Herbert Kaufman.

For convenience, do not keep bowls nested in the cupboard. Lay them out in a row, side by side. In this way any is easy to reach Pile one bowl into another only when the bowls are of the same shape and size.

It is a mistake to reheat sauces, as this makes them thick and pasty. A better plan ,when sauces have been prepared in advance of serving is to take them over hot water in a double boiler.

**TELLING AGES**

When you find that one of your friends is averse to telling how old he is, see if you cannot get him unknowingly to give you that information by following this mathematical process:

Request him to write down the number of the month in which he was born; January being 1, February 2, and so on. Next ask him to do this following:

Double the number of the month. Add 5. Multiply by 50. Add his age last birthday. Subtract 365. Add 115 and tell you the result.

The last figure, or two figures, indicate his age and the first is the number of the month in which he was born.

**No Grease**

Never fail to keep a piece of brown paper close to the stove when frying any article in deep fat. Then as soon as the food is the desired brown, lift it from the fat with a perforated spoon and place on the brown paper to drain. The paper will absorb every bit of the fat and the platter will go to the table greaseless and appetizing.

**ARRANGE MEATS BY COLORS**

Arrange your cold meat platter according to color and see what a difference it makes. Emphasizing the rosy-tan of cold sliced roast beef, the brighter pink of baked ham, the creamy roast pork, the pure white breast of chicken and speckled pink tongue. And then for real scenic effect garnish with pickle fans and pond lilies made of thin slices of cucumber and radishes with the skins left on and half a ripe olive for the centre. Stems and leaves are made of slivers and thin slices of dill pickle. Decorate the edge of the platter with half-moons of sliced beet and wedges of cucumber. A work of art yet made entirely of foods used every day.

An excellent salad to serve with cold cuts of meat is a mixed vegetable salad.

**SAVE THE OVEN.**

When baking fruit pies or meat or fish pies with an upper crust, slip a large baking sheet into the oven on the rack below the pie to prevent any liquids running over from burning on the oven.

**POOR TASTE**

There is nothing so cluttered in appearance as the room containing ten or twelve lamps and almost as many small. Oriental rugs. No matter how handsome they may be there is nothing homelike about it. Use taste and discretion when choosing lamps and rugs, but do not overdo it.

* * *

**PERCOLATOR STAINS**

Sometimes the percolator becomes stained inside, but one teaspoon borax, some soap and water put into the vessel and then boiled will soon remove the marks. Rinse thoroughly with boiling water and dry well.

**ELECTRIC SHOCK HAZARD**

In this age of electricity, the latest hazard added to life on the farm is electrical shock. The passage of electrical current of considerable voltage through a man causes paralysis of the higher nerve centres, entailing the stoppage of breathing. The failure of the normal tests for life should not be taken as evidence of death. Persons have been resuscitated after hours of effort although ordinary signs of life were absent. In cases where the contract was of short duration and where artificial respiration has been applied without delay there is a better chance of recovery. Although, in reality resuscitation from electrical shock is a case for the medical man, or at a pinch for those men of the power and telephone companies well-trained in the art of artificial respiration, there are certain things that everybody can do. In shock accidents the victim is usually thrown clear of the live wire or apparatus, but if such is not the case the obvious thing to do is to clear him at once from contact, the greatest care being taken that the helper himself is insulated from contact. Notwithstanding the fact that success in resuscitation decreases in hot summer months, warmth is of great assistance. The patient should be wrapped in warm blankets and hot water bottles applied. A person partially shocked should be made to lie down, and it is a point to be remembered that owing to the lack of tone of the blood vessels it may be fatal to allow a resuscitated patient to sit up or stand. Artificial respiration, of course, is of the greatest importance and should be taught in all districts. Efforts in artifical respiration should be kept up for at least four hours until the patient breathes or until the signs of the onrush or rigor mortis are definite.

**GLASSE SCENT-MAKERS NOW GROW TOMATOES**

Grasse, the world-famous hill-side city behind the Riviers, is severely hit by the French economic crisis.

This city for many years supplied the world with the finest scents and perfumes known to women. To all corners of the earth Grasse exported its products.

The late Tsarina of Russia used to have a very special attar of roses concocted for her; the secret of the scent was a closely guarded one.

The reigning beauties of Paris veid with one another for specially fabricated perfumes which only Grases could produce.

The romantic hill-side around this ancient city were covered with the finest blooms to be found anywhere in France. For miles and miles around the air was perfumed with the scent of roses and the rather more heady perfume of jasmine.

They still grow roses, and they still grow jasmine, but the heavy British duties have almost killed the French scent trade for Great Britain, so instead of growing jasmine and roses many of the scent factories are growing tomatoes.

Slowly the cult of drinking tomato juice has seeped into France from England and the United States.

Until recently France imported her tomato juice, but now the factories of Grasse are bottling and selling homegrown products, and not only are the scent factories making tomato juice, but they are also bottling the juice of the grape.

**LARGE WOMEN**

Naturally, a slender figure is what every woman wants to have. If for one reason or another this is impossible, however, to have a figure which, though overweight nevertheless looks well proportioned, is the goal toward which to strive.

If you weigh more than you think you should and can't or don't wish to lose the extra poundage, at least make sure that your posture is above reproach. The fact that you tip the scales at more than you like to admit gives you no excause for a protruding stomach or an exaggerated hollow in your back. Posture exercises more important to large women than to slim ones.

To get rid of a sway back and lumps where curves ought to be lie flat on the floor with arms outstretched and knee bent so that weight of the legs rests on the balls of the feet.

Now, taking a deep breath, pull in your stomach as far as possible and flatten all of your spinal column, except the last four vetebrae, against the floor. The last links in your backbone should be turned upward and forward.

If you do this correctly, there will be no space between the centre of your back and the floor. Hold the position a few seconds. Then relax, exhaling slowly. Repeat several times or until your spinal column feels natural and comfortable when held in a straight line.

When you get up, try to stand the same way, with chest elevated, stomach pulled in, backbone straight and hips carried forward in the position they were in when you were lying on the floor.

Remember, too, that a perfectly fitted foundation garment is essential. It should be one of the new two—way—stretch varieties that doesn't squeeze your body in any particular spot but which holds you firmly from top to bottom, giving a smooth, unbroken line. Always have your foundation garments fitted by an expert and be sure to have a careful fitting each time you buy a new one.

**QUEEN MARIE OF RUMANIA BECOMES SLIMING APOSTLE AND LEADS RIGOROUS LIFE**

Balchik, Rumania.—As a result of a carefully regulated "slimming" process Queen Marie of Rumania has reduced her weight by twenty pounds. Her friends recently made highly complimentry observations on the beautiful 60-year-old sovereign's youthful figure.

The Queen has found that her former growns and dresses are now considerably too large for her and so she has replaced them with a number of models suggested by American and Parisian fashion stylists. Among them is a geranium-colored evening gown which the Queen recently wore at a royal ball at Buchingham Palace in London.

In addition to the Queen's diet, which consits of orange juice, toast and tea for breakfast, a light salad or omelet for luncheon and a glass of buttermilk for supper, the Rumanian woman sovereign manages to keep her figure slender by intensive daily exercises and outdoor sports. These embrace setting-up exercises when she arises in the morning, followed later in the day by two hours' steady gallop on one of her favorite mounts, by a long walk through the country side or by a strenuous spin in her Aremican motorboat, which she drives herself at top seep.

"No woman whether she be English. Rumanian. American or other nationality, has a right to grow fat." says Queen Marie. "The trouble is we eat too much. Yes, and some woman drink too much too. Then they wonder why their figures become shapeless and why their husbands lose interest in them."

**NOVELTIES IN VOGUE**

Novelty fabrics used for costumes and also for trimming both millinery and dresses, are very much in evidence, this season.

Tiny forward-jutting hats, for instance, use coq feathers at the back or front, and the same trimming on the accompanying gloves. There are also black felts or velvets trimmed with gold cabochons or nailheads, and worn with gloves similarly decorated. Then there is the toque of Italian inspiration called Leonardo, which is trimmed with glass balls at the front in Italion colors. This trimming a'so appears in the accompanying gloves.

Smart toque and turbans for afternoon and evening wear are trimmed with ostrich plumes and accompanied by ostrich fans, which are hung around the neck by a cord. Ostrich trims usually are spotted.

Spiral-wound long canes, made of velvet or rich brocade, are being shown for autumn evenings.

**QUIVERING NERVES**

When you are just on edge . . . when you can't stand the children's noise . . . when everything you do is a burden . . . when you are irritable and blue . . . try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. 98 out of 100 women report benefit.

It will give you just the extra energy you need. Life will seem worth living again.

Don't endure another day without the help this medicine can give. Get a bottle from your druggist today.

Lydia E. Pinkham's VEGETABLE COMPOUND

## THE COOK'S CORNER

**Celery Relish**

One quart celery, chopped; 1 cup onion, chopped; 2 large green peppers, 2 large red peppers, 1 teaspoon salt, ¾-cup sugar, 1 teaspoon dry mustard, 1 cup pure cider vinegar, 1 cup water.

Method: The celery and onions should be chopped fairly fine. Cook them separately in water containing 2 teaspoons salt to each quart of water. When tender, drain and add the chopped red and green peppers. Be sure to carefully remove all seeds from these. Place vegetables in a preserving kettle and add half, sugar, mustard and vinegar and water. Cook slowly until mixture is tender. Pour into hot sterile jars and seal at once.

**Yellow Mustard Pickles**

Two medium sized heads cauliflower, 2 quarts green tomatoes, 1 quart small pickling onions, 1 quart wax beans, 2 dozen small cucumbers, 3½ quarts (diluted) vinegar, 1½ cups brown sugar, ¼-pound dry mustard, ½-ounce turmeric, ¾-cup flour.

Method: Break the cauliflower into pieces, chop the tomatoes, string the beans and break in halves add the onions whole and the cucumbers cut in ¼-inch slices. Cover with a strong, cold brine made of 1 cup salt to 1 quart water and let stand overnight. Next morning, drain thoroughly. Heat the vinegar and sugar. Add the mustard, turmeric and flour which have been blended to a smooth paste with a little cold vinegar. Add the prepared vegetables and cook for 20 minutes. Turn into hot, sterile jars and seal immediately.

**Cucumber Rings**

Select large, ripe cucumbers. Peel them thinly and cut into ½-inch slices. Soak overnight in a weak brine (¼-cup salt to 1 quart water.) Drain well and cover with fresh water and cook for 20 minutes. Drain again and cover with the following syrup: 3 cups white sugar, 3 cups brown sugar, 2 cups pure cider vinegar, 2 cups water, 1 teaspoon each cloves, allspice. 3 sticks cinnamon. Cook until cucumbers are clear and seal immediately in hot, sterile jars.

## A Morning Smile

"Just ma luck," muttered Sandy McHoots, gazing at a hoarding. "Medicine going at half-price and I'm in pairfect health!"

**TO THE RESCUE**

A New England spinster has a vivid memory of Texas courtesy.

She was struggling with a hot cup of coffee in a small town railroad station, trying to gulp it before the train pulled out. A cow-boy, seated a couple of stools away, noted her plight, and, seeing the conductor waving at the woman, came to the fore.

"Here, ma'am, you can take my cup o' coffee. It's already saucered and blowed."

The Good Old Times Were Just A Myth | **Dorothy Dix** | Says Life Always Has Been A Hard Battle

## Youth of Today Will Have to Realize That They Must Fight for Everything They Want if They Hope to go to the Top

Probably it will surprise the young people of today very much to be told that they are the only ones who take seriously the myth about the good old times. We oldsters know better.

When we reminisce about a golden age in which everything was "just jake," we are merely spoofing. We know that it didn't really exist. But the boys and girls of today actually believe that there was a halcyon era in which there was a bank president's job in every lad's pooket and a square-cut diamond engagement ring on every maiden's finger.

The world is all changed, they tell you. Life is different. A young man hasn't the chances he had in the good old days. Then employers were eager to hire boys just out of college and pay them big salaries, and it was no trick at all to make a fortune. Then all lovers had enough money to get married on, and engaged couples did not have to wait and wait until they could afford wedding rings, as they do now. Oh, life was easy when Father and Mother were young! Every door of opportunity was open and a chap was fairly thrust through it into prosperity.

And so thinking the young sit down and beat upon their breasts and scatter ashes on their heads and bewail the good old times while they weep tears of self-pity.

But what is the real lowdown on these good old times that seem so glamorous to our children? Was life softer padded than it is now? Was success easier to attain? Did fortunes drop into peoples' laps without their having to work and worry for them? I trow not. The ladder of success has always been steep and greased and hard to climb, and it took just the same sort of intestinal equipment to do it in the past as it does in the present.

Fate has always played favorites. There have always been lucky people who were born with a silver spoon in their mouths, or whose Fairy Godmother bestowed upon them some great talent, but for the common or garden variety of human beings life has always been just about the same. Hard sledding. And the youngsters of today have to travel no rockier a road than their parents did.

When Father started out, no Santa Claus employer offered him a light job with a heavy pay envelope. No boy expected to start at the top instead of the bottom. Anybody who had even talked about a thirty-hour week would have been considered crazy. Father took what he could get in the way of work, at whatever price anybody was willing to pay him, and started in to make whatever he could of his opportunities. The richest man in the United States started his career at $1.50 a week, slept under the counter, swept out the store and did every sort of menial chore. Nine-tenths of the other men who are running things today also started at scratch.

They were poor boys who began by doing humble manual labor. They wore patched clothes. They carried their lunches in tin buckets. They worked incredible hours. They had no amusement. No money to spend on indulgences. Few of them went to college. Most of them educated themselves by studying at night by a kerosene lamp. Nobody handed these men fortunes. Nobody lifted them to power and place. They did it all for themselves.

But the youth of today who thinks it was easy for a boy to take himself out from a furrow on a farm to the President's chair, or from a slag pile to the head of a great steel corporation in the good old days, has another guess coming. It was just as difficult then as it is now, and it took just the same qualities of grit and determination, ambition and industry, energy and brains to do it.

One of the most poignant wails of the young is over their blasted love lives,and the thing that they are most envious of the older generation is that they could marry while they were young. Ah, those were the good old days before the depression put a crimp in romance!

True. But think how Mother and Father married. On a shoe-string. Mother's whole trousseau didn't cost as much as daughter's silk stockings. Mother had a few substantial cotton undies and a couple of pair of shoes and a dress or two that were guaranteed to wear, and that was about all. She didn't have any swell wedding or a bridal trip.

She and Father went to housekeeping in a couple of rooms and Mother did the cooking and the washing and the housework and pinched the pennies. They didn't give cocktail parties, nor go to the movies every night, nor have a radio nor an automobile, nor any of the things that the young people of today consider essential, and without which they cannot possibly marry.

In reality, there never were any good old times. Life is always hard, and the sooner the boys and girls of today realize that they will only have to get what they want themselves, even as their parents did, the better for them.

DOROTHY DIX.

## The Murder at Hazelmoor

By AGATHA CHRISTIE

"Yes, that's what happened. I didn't believe in it—naturally, I didn't believe in it.' He looked ashamed. "Well—it was Friday, my usual day to visit him, and I thought after all I would make sure and go along and see if everything was all right."

The Inspector reflected on the difficulties of that six-mile walk, with the piled up snowdrifts and the prospect of a heavy snowfall, and he realized that deny it as he would Major Burnaby must have been deeply impressed by the spirit message. Narracott turned it over in his mind. A queer thing to happen—a very queer thing to happen. The sort of thing you couldn't explain satisfactorily. There might be something in this spirit business after all. It was the first well authenticated case he had come across.

A very queer business altogether but, as far as he could see, though it explained Major Burnaby's attitude, it had no practical bearing on the case so far as he himself was concerned. He had to deal with the physical world and not the psychic. It was his job to track down the murderer.

And to do that he required no guidance from the spirit world.

Glancing at his watch, the inspector realized he could just catch the train for Exeter if he hurried off. He was anxious to interview Mrs. Gardner, Captain Trevelyan's sister, as soon as possible and obtain from her the addresses of the other members of the family. So, with a hurried word of farewell to Major Burnaby, he raced off to the station. The major retraced his steps to the Three Crowns. He had hardly put a foot across the doorstep when he was accosted by a bright young man with a very shiny head and a round, boyish face.

"Major Burnaby?" said the young man.

"Yes."

"Of No. 1 Sittaford Cottages?"

"Yes," said Major Burnaby.

"I represent the Daily Wire," said the young man, "and I——"

He got no further. In true military fashion of the old school, the major exploded.

"Not another word," he roared. "'I know you and your kind. No decency. No reticence. Clustering round a murder like vultures' round a carcass, but I can tell you, young man, you will get no information from me. Not a word. No story for your confounded paper. If you want to know anything, go and ask the police, and have the decency to leave the friends of the dead man alone."

The young man seemed not a whit taken aback. He smiled more encouragingly than ever.

"I say, sir, you know you have got hold of the wrong end of the stick. I know nothing about this murder business."

This was not, strictly, speaking, the truth. No one in Exhampton could pretend ignorance of the event that had shaken the quiet moorland town to its core.

"I am empowered on behalf of the Daily Wire," went on the young man, "to hand you this check for £5,000 and congratulate you on sending in the only correct solution of our football competition."

Major Burnaby was completely taken aback.

"I have no doubt," continued the young man, "that you have already received our letter yesterday morning informing you of the good news."

"Letter?" said Major Burnaby. "Do you realize, young man, that Sittaford is about ten feet deep in snow?" What chance do you think we have had in the last few days of a regular delivery of letters?"

"But doubtless you saw your name announced as winner in the Daily Wire, this morning?"

"No," said Major Burnaby. "I haven't glanced at the paper this morning."

"Ah! of course not," said the young man. "This sad business. The murdered man was a friend of yours, I understand."

"My best friend, "said the major.

"Hard lines," said the young man tactfully averting his eyes. Then he drew from his pocket a small folded piece of mauve paper and handed it to Major Burnaby with a bow.

"Withthe compliments of the Daily Wire," he said.

Major Burnaby took it and said the only thing possible under the circumstances.

"Have a drink, Mr.——er——?"

"Enderby, Charles Enderby my name is. I got here last night," he explained. "Made inquiries about getting to Sittaford. We make it a point to hand checks to winners personally. Always publish a little interview. Interests our readers. Well, everyone told me it was out of the question—the snow was falling and it simply couldn't be done, and then with the greatest good luck I find you are actually here, staying at the Three Crowns." He smiled. "No difficulty about identification. Everybody seems to know everybody else in this part of the world."

"What will you have?" said the major.

"Beer for me," said Enderby.

The major ordered two beers.

"The whole place seems off its head with this murder," remarked Enderby, "Rather a mysterious business by all accounts."

The major grunted. He was in something of a quandry. His sentiments towards journalists remained unchanged, but a man who has just handed you a check for £5,000 is in a privileged position. You cannot very well tell him to go to the devil.

**CHAPTER 7**

Captain Trevelyan had no enemies, had he?" asked young Mr. Enderby.

"No," said the major.

"But I hear the police don't think it is robbery," went on Enderby.

"How do you know that?" asked the major.

Mr. Enderby, however, did not reveal the source of his information.

"I hear it was you who actually discovered the body, sir," said the young man.

"Yes."

"It must have been an awful shock."

The conversation proceeded, Major Burnaby was still determined to give no information, but he was no match for the adroitness of Mr. Enderby. The latter made statements with which the major was forced to agree or disagreee thereby providing the information the young man wanted. So pleasant was his manner, however, that the process was really not painful at all and the major found himself taking quite a liking to the ingenuous young man.

Presently, Mr. Enderby rose and observed that he must go along to the post office.

"If you will just give me a receipt for that check, sir."

The major went across to the writing table, wrote a receipt and handed it to him, saying "I suppose you are off back to London today?"

"Oh! no," said the young man. "I want to take a few photographs, you know, of your cottage at Sittaford, and of you feeding the pigs, or hoeing up dandelions, or doing anything characteristic that you fancy. You have no idea how our readers appreciate that sort of thing. Then I would like to have a few words from you on 'What I intend to do with the £5,000.' Something snappy. You have no idea how disappointed our readers would be if they didn't get that sort of thing."

"Yes, but look here—it's impossible to get to Sittaford in this weather. The fall of snow was exceptionally heavy. No vehicle has been able to take the road for three days anyway, and it may be another three before the thaw sets in properly."

"I know," said the young man, "it is awkward. Well, well, one will just have to resign oneself to kicking up one's heels in Exhampton. They do you pretty well at the Three Crowns. So long, sir, see you later."

He made his way to the post office and wired his paper that by the greatest of good luck he would be able to supply them with tasty and exclusive information on the Exhampton Murder Case.

He reflected on his next course of action and decided on interviewing Captain Trevelyan's servant, Evans, whose name Major Burnaby had incautiously let slip.

A few inquiries brought him to 85 Fore Street. The door was opened by a man so typically an exsailor that Enderby had no doubt of his identity.

"Evans, isn't it?" said Mr. Enderby cheerfully. "I have just come from Major Burnaby."

"Oh!—" Evans hesitated a moment. "Will you come in, sir."

Enderby accepted the invitation. A buxom young woman with dark hair and red cheeks hovered in the background. Enderby judged her as the newly-wed Mrs. Evans.

"Badthing this about your late master," said Enderby. "Who do you think did it?" he demanded with an ingenuous air of seeking information.

"One of these low down tramps, I suppose," said Evans.

"Oh! no, my dear man. That theory is quite exploded.

The police saw through that at once."

"Who told you that, sir?"

Enderby's real informant had been the housemaid at the Three Crowns whose sister was the legal spouse of Constable Graves, but he replied:

"Had a tip from headquarters. Yes, the burglary idea was all a put up job."

"Who do they think did it then?" demanded Mrs. Evans coming forward. Her eyes looked frightened and eager.

"Now, Rebecca, don't you take on so," said her husband.

"Cruel stupid the police are," said Mrs. Evans. "Don't mind who they take up as long as they get hold of someone." She cast a quick glance at Enderby.

"Are you with the police, sir?"

"Me? Oh! now. I am from a newspaper, the Daily Wire. I came down to see Major Burnaby. He has just won our Free Football Competition for £5,000."

"What?" cried Evans. "Then these things are square after all."

"Didn't you think they" ware? asked Enderby.

"Well, it's a wicked world, sir." "Evans was a litte confused, feeling that his exclamation had been wanting in tact. "I have heard there's a lot of trickery concerned. The late capting used to say that a prize never went to a good address. That's why he used mine time and again."

(To Be Continued.)

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**VETERAN PRINCIPAL RESIGNS**

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