

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

Mothers Should Be Given Vacations Dorothy Dix Says She Needs to Get Away From Home

The Best Way to Make a Home Happier is to Send Mother Away for Two Weeks All by Herself so That She Can do Just as She Pleases

There used to be a popular ditty whose refrain was: "Everybody Works But Father." The summer theme song should be: "Everybody Gets a Vacation But Mother."

We realize that the tired business man needs rest and recreation and a change after his year's hard work, and that every pretty girl is entitled to her summer vacation and flirtations, and that it is just the making of adolescent girls and boys to be sent off to camps. But we assume that Mother has had such a luxurious time loafing around home with nothing on earth to do except to cook and clean and mend and baby-tend and find fault with the family dispositions and peculiarities, that she doesn't need any relaxation or diversion or a different atmosphere.

Or, if we are broad-minded enough to concede that possibly Mother might be a trifle weary of preparing 1005 meals a year, not counting the extras, and that she might be finding lost caps and schoolbooks, locating husband's clean shirt and the tie that goes with it might get monotonous in the course of time if it had to be done every day, we are still convinced that Mother is so peculiarly constituted that she would be perfectly miserable if her routine was broken.

So when we plan Mother's vacation we send her off to the country somewhere with all the children, where she will still have to do all the family chores in addition to running a free hotel for visitors, and where she will have to work ten times as hard as she did at home, because she will lack her kitchen conveniences and there will be no market around the corner and no delicatessen store to run to when unexpected company arrives.

Or, perhaps, if we are particularly generous and solicitous about Mother's happiness, we send her off on a nice trip with all the younger children along with her, and when she returns a perfect wreck from having to wrestle with getting the baby's formula prepared in strange hotels and keeping Bobby from falling out of car windows and making Mary eat her spinach in restaurants instead of four different kinds of dessert, we shake our heads and say that, after all, change doesn't seem to agree with Mother and she is better off at home.

No matter how much we love Mother, nor how anxious we are to cherish her, we never give her a real vacation. We never plan anything for her that any real human woman would enjoy. We never think of such a thing as taking Mother completely out of her environment for two whole weeks and setting her down in a strange place where she would have nothing to do but to lie in bed in the mornings and have her breakfast brought to her and spend the remainder of the day in amusing herself as she liked. We never think of giving her even fourteen days of blessed release from quarreling children and babies' wails and the never-ending cry for M-o-t-h-e-r.

In other words, Mother never gets a real vacation at all, yet she is the one person in the world who most needs it. She has no thirty-hour week, no holidays and Sundays off, no "conferences," none of the coming and going and contact with strangers that gives variety and pep to work done in the business world.

It is because domestic labor is so monotonous that so many housewives get the blues of irritable nerves, and are nagging and peevish and hard to live with. And the one and only remedy for this is a vacation. And these women, complaining women away from her home, away from her children, and give her a two weeks' rest or a two weeks' whirl, according to her taste, and she would come back thinking her husband, whom she was about to divorce, a prince; her children angels instead of brats, and the house she was continually finding fault with a palace. And she would come back full of new recipes and feel that making a home was the grandest job on earth.

Of course, when the novel idea of having a vacation is broached to Mother she will say she just simply can't leave the house and the children, and what would become of everything if she went away for a couple of weeks? But she can go. There is always some old aunt or cousin or friend who would pinch-hit for her, or a trained nurse who would take more scientific care of the children than she does, and when she comes back rested and refreshed she will be so much more agreeable as a companion and so much more efficient as a housekeeper that her own family positively will not know her.

Give Mother a vacation. It is an investment that will pay 100 per cent on the dollar. DOROTHY DIX.

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The HOUSEWIFE and HER ACTIVITIES

From compromise and things half done Keep me with strong and stubborn And when, at last, the fight seems won, God, keep me still unsatisfied.

Use all the greens you can get. You can usually buy dandelion greens on the market or, if you live in the country, pluck them, fresh and young, from the fields. Spinach and best greens are usually available for the city folk.

Set a barrel open at both ends over a root of rhubarb to force a growth. Cook the rhubarb simply with sugar, at first; late on in the month, add it to cooked raisins or prunes with sugar and let cook until tender, but not broken.

Use less meat and more fish. You will find the fish much more popular with your family if it comes to the table freed of all undesirable portions. Left-over fish may be served as creamed fish cakes (combined with potatoes), timbales, souffles, croquettes and salads.

Vary the bread. Butter milk is cheaper than sweet milk, and makes excellent Boston brown bread. There are also good and varied breads to be had from our bakeries for those who get tired of always using the same kind - Roman meal bread, soy bean bread, Horvitz bread, rye bread, and many others.

CONCERNING LEMONS. A lemon contains from 5 to 6 tablespoons of juice.

If you wish to use only a little juice don't cut the lemon in halves, make a small incision and squeeze out the amount you need. The rest of the lemon will then keep better and will not dry up.

When grating lemon rind, why use the whole surface of the grater? One tiny corner will grate the lemon just as fast, and you don't have so much to wash. Then, if a brush is used in washing that corner, you can have it clean again in a few seconds.

Lemon juice boiled in water a few minutes gives a very pleasant flavor. This water is especially good added to those eggless, milkless, buttered cakes, some of the ingredients of which are boiled together before adding the flour and baking powder.

CARPET SWEEPER The carpet sweeper is usually neglected until it begins to give poor service. On examination it may be found there is nothing wrong but that it needs emptying and the brush is full of lint and hair.

Ham luncheon ring is a delicious buffet supper or luncheon dish made in a new manner. Here is the recipe: Dissolve one package of gelatin (lemon flavor) in one cup of boiling water. Add cold water and two tablespoons lemon juice, making three-quarters of a cup in all, res in icebox until it begins to thicken. Take out and beat in three-quarters cup of mayonnaise. Then stir in one and one-half cups of cold, diced ham, two tablespoons of minced green pepper and two tablespoons of minced cold pickles. Chill until firm and serve on a bed of crisp lettuce or other salad greens.

A Morning Smile THE LAST STRAW A certain popular footballer had as all players have an off day, when he could do nothing right. The crowd demonstrated its displeasure, and his fellow-players looked at him askance, but he bore it all stoically.

The final blow fell, however, when he left the ground at the end of the game. A grubby urchin who had been hanging round the players' entrance, sidled up to him and thrust a piece of paper into his hand. "Here, mister," he said sadly, "there's yore bloomin' autograph book."

THE STRIBBINS TWINS, "TRELAWNEY" AND "BRANNER" STILL CREATE A CONTROVERSY BETWEEN THE FRIENDLY SERGEANT OF THE POLICE FORCE AND THE MAYOR OF THE TOWN

IMPROVES BAMBOO. Bamboo furniture often is improved by washing with cold water and soap. The wicker furniture of the unstained variety should be scrubbed regularly with the brush.

SMALL BLOOD STAINS If you should pick your finger when doing fine needlework and stain the article with blood, a little ammonia or peroxide will remove the mark readily.

FINER WORK One housewife keeps a small toy washboard in her bathroom closet. When she has a few stockings, gloves or underwear to wash out the board comes in handy to get any obstinate stains out. Some of milady's dainty garments just seem to launder better when done in her nice white bathroom basin.

NEW SHIRTS If the sleeves of hubby's new shirts are too long you will find it easier to shorten them from the shoulder than where the cuffs are attached. If shortened at the cuff it will entail new plackets. In any case, baste a pleat in them halfway up the sleeve for the first washing. They might shrink in laundering enough to save you all the bother of shortening.

THE COOK'S CORNER

BEAT MAYONNAISE INTO JELLIED SALAD Beating mayonnaise into half-cooled gelatin, before adding the other ingredients, is the modern method of making main-course, jellied salads. When homemakers first began to use gelatin for salads, they served the dressing separately but, thanks to famous dietitians, they've learned that the flavor of salad is improved if the combination takes place before the mixture sets.

Jellied salads are easy to prepare and, since left-overs may be used in them, are economical, too. For instance, when you have a dish of peas, a few green beans, several olives and a bit of cold salmon or tuna fish in the icebox, combine them in a lemon flavored gelatine to make a luncheon or Sunday night supper dish. Add a few fresh fruits to canned left-overs, chill the mixture in a fruit-flavored gelatin and you have party refreshments.

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WAR-HELL! gulped Tinley. "I don't want no more o' that. So that was their dirty lay, was it?"

"You mean—you know some foreigners who might have rifled that drawer and taken the treaty?" Har-nac asked.

"Aye, that's it. I'm seeing the hang of it now," Tinley said excitedly.

"Look, guv'nor, as I was coming 'ere—just as I turned the corner o' your road, two foreigners ran slap into me. One had the fair jump—why, he was all for laying me out. But the other jerked him off and shub 'im up in some outlandish lingo, apologise to me in a regular olive oilish way. Then both went off in a hurry. It was what rattled me. A chap on a job is nerry, see, an' butting into them so close 'andy made me clumsy breaking in. But form the way they behaved—why, they must ha' just come from doing that."

He nodded at the broken drawer and Major Harnac, catching at a straw, cried: "Did you see them well? Could you describe them?"

"Not the little excited one. He was all muffled up, but the other called him Zandt from the sound of it."

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IN A WAY OF BUSINESS

Abruptly the lights flicked on and a grim voice said from the study door: "Pue 'em up!" Tinley spun round from the safe and saw a tall, pyjama-clad man. It was Major Harnac himself, the Secret Service chap whose safe full of small notes for the payment of agents had been Tinley's temptation. The Major held a pistol in his hand, and knowing that "funny stuff" would be dangerous, Tinley's hand shot aloft promptly.

Major Harnac came forward studying the safe. "Haven't got it open yet, eh, after all this time," he said. "Poor workman aren't you?"

"I only just started on it," Tinley said indignantly. "Don't lie. I'm certain I heard you half an hour ago," began the Major, then, having reached the level of his desk, he swore fiercely: "You rat—so that's what took all this time."

He was staring at one of the drawers in the desk. It was pulled out and its steel false bottom had been ripped open. The Major was so thoroughly taken aback by the sight that he was off his guard for a minute.

Tinley did not miss his chance. In a cat-like jump he was across the room, had snatched the pistol and flung the Major down.

Yet even from the floor the Major continued to be odd. "A dirty little Judas as well as a thief," he spat. "And you seem an Englishman."

"I am an Englishman," said Tinley, who had his pride. "English enough to ha' done my bit in the war, same as you, an' proud o' it."

"You sell your country for a few filthy pounds," the Major said in disgust. "A dirty little traitor."

"Here," snapped Tinley. "You get up an' I'll bash your face for that. I may be what I am—a man's trade is his own concern, but anyone who see I ain't good English is going to answer for it."

"Then why did you steal that treaty?" the Major demanded. "Steal what?" blinked Tinley. "Don't try that bluff on me. You know—the Asiatic Coalition Pact . . . or did your paymasters fool you about it?"

"A treaty—in that drawer?" Tinley mumbled, at last concentrating his mind on the broken drawer. "You know it was. In the secret compartment."

"I didn't, guv'nor," Tinley said. "I didn't bust that drawer . . ."

"Don't lie," cried the Major. "Look at it—who else could have done it?"

"It's gospel, guv'nor," Tinley frowned. "I got in by that window over there and come straight across to the desk," he said. "I didn't even look towards the desk. I didn't see the drawer was bust . . ."

"Then how—" began the Major. "Half a mo'—" Tinley was thinking hard. "You see you heard me 'arf an' hour ago?"

"I heard a slight sound," the Major was becoming interested, "but paid no attention until I heard you again just now."

"Heard me twice," Tinley scoffed in pride. "Why wouldn't he 'eard me once only I was rattled." His mouth fell open. "Lummy—them foreign fellers . . . Guv'nor, it'd be foreigners who want that treaty?"

"Naturally," Harnac answered. Tinley was puzzling him. "An' it means a job to such foreigners?"

"And us—war or peace," said the Major. "War—hell!" gulped Tinley. "I don't want no more o' that. So that was their dirty lay, was it?"

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area. Dawn had come by then and he had to get right across town again with only an hour and a half before the mail train left. He could have rung up Harnac to tell him to get the police to grab Gemreil, who was, of course, Zandt, on the Continental mail train. But that did not seem to him ethical, since it might mean the arrest of a fellow craftsman, Sholsky. He took a taxi to Victoria instead.

He got to the mean little hotel with under an hour to spare—He had been afraid that his men had already left for the train. A listless night porter told him that a Mr. Kemreil was staying there—room 18, third floor, only he was out at the moment. Yes, the porter was certain of that. Mr. Gemreil had gone out with a friend who had stayed the night with him, probably for an early breakfast. He'd be back soon, so he was leaving for the mail train. Tinley could wait if he liked.

Tinley was undecided what he ought to do, when the telephone rang and the porter vanished wearily into his box. Tinley did not bungle his opportunity. He was up the stairs in a flash, found room 18 and was inside in ten seconds. It was a big, grubby old-fashioned room, not only full of heavy furniture, but with his windows hung with thick, dusty curtains. Another set of these curtains draped each side of the alcove in which the bed stood.

In the ordinary way Tinley, as a skilled worker, could have reckoned this an easy job. Zandt had hidden the treaty in his luggage, of course, and Tinley had expected it only to be a suitcase, or two. But it wasn't. Zandt had had the idea of disguising himself as an old traveller and disarming suspicion by carrying stacks of luggage. There were trunks and bags and rugs and what-not else everywhere; in any one of which the treaty might be hidden. Tinley's despair grew as he looked at them. He had only minutes to work in—which one of the multitude ought he to start on!

He was in an even worse case than he thought. He was still making up his mind when he heard foreign voices stop outside the door, heard the rattle of keys . . . Zandt and Sholsky had come back. In a flash Tinley had dived across the room into the bed alcove. It was the only cover in the place. He had no sooner crouched behind the heavy curtains than the men came in.

They were too occupied in conversation to pay any attention to the alcove. On the other hand they were so certain that the treaty was hidden safely that they did not take a final look at it, as Tinley hoped they would. Zandt, in fact, began to gather up coats and wraps, and apparently suggested that they should ring for the porter, for Tinley caught that word and saw Sholsky walk towards the bell.

Tinley rather desperately realised he must do something before the luggage was got out of the place, or it would have to be a matter for the police. Also he had a sudden idea . . . he pushed the ash tray off the table beside the bed.

As the thing crashed on to the floor both men jumped towards the alcove, both drawing pistols. Sholsky dragged Tinley out and, seeing he was English, told him to put up his hands. Sholsky, it seemed, did not recognise Tinley, but Zandt did; he said in broken English:

"It is the man we had run into as we left Harnac . . . one of his spies. Meint Gott, he 'ad taken the treaty . . ." (Continued on page 10)

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THE STRIBBINS TWINS, "TRELAWNEY" AND "BRANNER" STILL CREATE A CONTROVERSY BETWEEN THE FRIENDLY SERGEANT OF THE POLICE FORCE AND THE MAYOR OF THE TOWN. ROCK-A-BYE, BABY—ON THE TREE—TOP. I STILL CAN'T TELL THE TWINS APART—WHICH IS BRANNER AND WHICH IS TRELAWNEY? THE ONLY WAY I CAN TELL 'EM APART IS THAT ONE OF 'EM BITES! OUCH! WHICH ONE IS THAT—BRANNER OR TRELAWNEY? COME TO THINK OF IT—I CAN'T REMEMBER WHICH ONE IT IS THAT BITES!