

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

The HOUSEWIFE and HER ACTIVITIES

URGENT! A certain store had advertised buckets at 25 cents each. The door opened. There was a rush. An old lady faints. A policeman shouted "Stand back Give the lady air!"

A day of sunshine is worth a pound of pills. Those who go to college and never get out are called professors.

The best thing about woman's part in public affairs are kept public. Human creatures are very plentiful, but real men are very scarce.

The man who has no friends may be envied by the man who has too many. Women demand equality with men—but they don't want to grow whiskers.

EXERCISE FOR A QUARTER OF AN HOUR EACH DAY

Every woman who is not playing golf or tennis or some other game regularly requires a quarter of an hour's daily exercise. There are innumerable exercises, some for specific slimming, others for general fitness, but all aim at keeping the muscles firm and the body toned up.

DOES MODERN CO-ED EAT LESS THAN DID HER PREDECESSORS?

Whether the modern college girl eats more or less than her predecessor of the last 45 years will be answered when the school of home economics of Ohio State University, Columbus, completes a six-year study of food habits of representative university women.

Starting last year under direction of Prof. Hughina McKay, co-eds have been testing the food they eat to determine how many calories and proteins they consume each day.

When the study is completed about 1941, according to Prof. McKay, the results will be compared with those obtained in previous tests.

In 1894, co-eds ate twice as much as they did 30 years later, studies at the University of Chicago showed. Classes girls in 1917 and Iowa State co-eds in 1928 also were comparatively well fed.

Studies at Oklahoma A. & M. and at Oklahoma University in 1930 indicated, however, that the girls of this period ate much less than those of the generation earlier.

REMOVING FRECKLES

A good lotion for clearing the skin of freckles may be made as follows: Sulpho-carbide of zinc, 1/2 dram; glycerine, 1-2 ounces; rosewater, 4 ounces; Cologne water, 3 drams. Shake the ingredients well together in a bottle and apply with cotton wool.

Here are also two mild bleaches for freckles: (1) One ounce glycerine, 2 ounces rosewater, 1-2 ounce lemon juice, 1-2 pint distilled water or rosewater. (2) One ounce glycerine, 1 ounce rosewater, 2 drops tincture benzoin.

COPPER AND RUST FEATURED FALL SHADES

Copper, and all the more copper in tone when used in glossy fabrics that make the metallic resemblance more pronounced, is the novelty color in evening frocks. There is a rust, a pure bright rust, that also goes along with the copper shade. In both cases, the launching of the shades for fall is interesting for contemplation on its being a follow-up of the copper accented in summer cosmetics, as well as reiteration, with variation, of the London tan gamut of the spring. The fact that they are also included in the golden brown gamut along with taffy is also significant. Copper with both green, in sportswear, is another slant on this.

ELIZABETH RATHBONE FLAYS TYRANNICAL HUSBANDS

Husbands who throughout married life, keep a "rod in pickle" their wives were condemned by Miss Elizabeth Rathbone, M. P., at a meeting of the Union of Townswomen's Guilds, London. "The rod is pickle," said Miss Rathbone, "is the threat of discipline. Some tyrannical, petty-minded men allow their wives no say in the education of their children, no money or not enough money for clothes or even for housekeeping."

"If the wife insists on her rights the husband says: 'Very well, give it your own way, but I'll cut you out of my will.'" "England," said Miss Rathbone, "is the only civilized country which allows the tector absolute freedom to leave, if he so wishes, his dependents unprovided for. As our laws now stand, a man with money can leave his wife or children to be maintained out of Poor Law funds. Most husbands and fathers are mindful of their obligations, but if only one in 1,000 out of the country, of 5,000 cases of it is not that makes a total, through-hardship."

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LIFE WITHOUT PURPOSE VOID

It must be what we are trying to do that counts most of all. Life is so hampering. First we are so limited in our own gifts and abilities. The things that we would do we are not able to do in any way very ideal way. And then, our opportunities for doing the things that we could do not come to us very generously sometimes, or do not come to us at the time when we could best use them. What one of us is here who has not felt the frustrations of life and sat down before the things that he has not been able to do with a subdued and chastened spirit?

But, after all, we should not let that spirit carry us too far. There is a great deal of satisfaction and comfort to be got out of thinking of the things we have tried to do, even if we haven't accomplished them in a fully satisfactory way. And there is a great deal of inspiration and encouragement to be got out of thinking still of the things we are going to do, even if we haven't been just first-class achievers in the past. There is nothing that will keep life fresh and stimulated like keeping ahead of us in our thoughts a goodly number of worth-while things that we are going to do. The psychologists tell us that is the way to keep young and we believe they are right.

In his farewell sermon to his people the Rev. Dr. Trevor Davies, as reported in the press, said that one of the most tragic things in any life was to have plenty to live with and nothing to live for. That word expresses a great truth in a striking and easily-remembered way. The empty life, that lacks any great ambitions, that never attains any real achievements, that in a world where so many things are to be done never gets uneasy and restless and determines to try to help in some way, is the tragic and the disappointing and the altogether unsatisfying life. No life is ever a failure that keeps on trying but the sure way to real failure is to quit trying too soon.—The New Outlook.

THE QUEEN'S NEW HOME

Every morning at 10.30 a large green limousine drives through the gates of Marlborough House in Pall Mall, says the London Sunday Press.

Police men salute, and passers-by who catch a glimpse of the grey-haired, erect woman sitting inside, doff their hats. It is Queen Mary, going to inspect the preparation of her new home.

She is taking the closest personal interest in every detail of the work of getting the two hundred rooms of the great red brick mansion ready for occupation in middle of September.

Every day at Buckingham Palace, Queen Mary interviews designers and experts, and officials from the Office of Works who have charge of alterations. As Marlborough House is property of the Crown, she has made a score of visits to West-End stores to select new curtains and carpets, hangings and decorations, and has made innumerable telephone calls herself to tradesmen, because she believes in choosing everything herself, and not leaving it to others.

A few days ago, for instance, she rang up a famous flooring company, and said that some of the parquet floors at Marlborough House wanted renewing, while three other rooms wanted only scraping and polishing.

A day or two later, she rang up another firm, remarking that certain hangings were not of the exact shade she required, and asking that they should be changed. Certain parts of Marlborough House are being furnished in the modern manner.

DECORATIVE

Other parts are being left almost exactly as they were when the first Duchess of Marlborough moved into her new house in 1708. In the state rooms, the Queen has had the scarlet and green damask wall coverings renewed, and for her own private sitting room on the first floor she has decided on walls hung in silk of an exquisite pale green.

Four magnificent chandeliers of pure crystal in the green entrance saloon—and three more in the Red Drawing Room—the principal state room—have been taken down, and every piece of crystal separately cleaned.

One of the most modern notes introduced by Queen Mary is the provision of telephones in every room in the house. The Queen is retaining one of

Dorothy Dix's Letter Box

Don't Make Yourself a Human Sponge; Wait Until You Are Invited Before You Impose Yourself and a Bevy of Company Upon Some Long-Suffering Friend

Dear Miss Dix—Is there any way out when a car full of friends and strangers drives up to your door and you know everybody expects to be fed? I live alone and do my own work. After the stores close up and on Sunday I cannot buy for five unexpected guests. My pleasant home in a delightful mountain town is the result of lifelong saving. I am glad to have a friend share it for a short visit, but if she is a friend should she not have mercy on a 75-year-old woman and wait until she is invited?



UNWILLING HOSTESS. I have written on this subject many times before, but I am glad to keep up the good work of trying to squeeze a little sense of decency and compassion into the human sponges that make a practice of lapping up other people's provender. However, nothing that any one will say will do any good. Nothing short of a good dose of roach poison will rid the house of these pests.

The self-invited guest is an affliction that has always been with us. In spite of the fact that the United States mail and the telegraph companies and the telephones are still functioning and that if any of us desires the society of any of our friends, acquaintances and relatives there is no difficulty in imparting the glad news to him or her, there are still those who ignore the obvious hint that we have not asked them and who descend upon us unannounced and unexpected, bag and baggage.

That we did not want them, they know. That it may be terribly inconvenient to us to have them, they do not care. That they may have arrived in a moment of domestic stress, when the cook had left and the baby was sick and the carpenter was in the house making repairs, is nothing to them. All they want is to beat a hotel bill and I, for one, think that if we were not white-livered, pusillanimous cowards we would shunt them out of the front door instead of smiling a sickly smile of hypocritical near-welcome.

The self-invited guest was bad enough. Heaven knows, when he was a lone wolf but now the automobile has enabled him to gather unto himself seven other devils bent on enjoying themselves at others' expense. They range the country seeking whom they may devour and none is safe from them. And no man may tell when his hour has come.

In the midst of a hot Summer afternoon you are sitting under your spreading tree or on your quiet gallery. The servants have departed. The fire is out in the stove. You have provided only sufficient food for your own family. The cigarettes are low and the m-kings in the ice box lower. Suddenly there is a great blowing of horns and John Jones or Mary Smith, whom you scarcely know, arrive with a big party of their friends whom you never saw before and hope to never see again. They loudly demand drinks and food and complain that they are starving. They mope up your bathroom. They drink up your liquor. They smoke your cigarettes. They force you to go out and prepare sandwiches for them. When they depart you are worn to a frazzle, the larder is empty and you have turned over about \$10 to the hold-up gang.

Nowadays, when there are roadside eating places every mile or two along every road, there is no excuse except just plain stinginess for anybody to arrive hungry at a stranger's house or a friend's. The only way to deal with the dead-beat guest is to use his own tactics and show just as much nerve in turning him out as he shows in coming in unasked.

Dear Miss Dix—My mother makes us so unhappy because she will take no part in the life about us, yet she expects us to stay with her all the time. Nothing is wrong with her. Nothing is wrong with the house or the family, yet all she does is to worry about her domestic problems. There are many women who would gladly be her friends, but she will have nothing to do with them; says she is too busy with her housework. My father tries so hard to get her at least interested in the moving pictures, but she won't do it, so now he goes alone. I am a young girl and have to stay at home all the time because she has her feelings hurt if she is left alone. Isn't there anything we can do about it? R. E.

Answer: Not unless you can make her see what an injustice she is doing to both you and your father. She has let herself get into a rut and she finds it easier to stay in it than to make the exertion of climbing out and mixing with other people. It is a form of laziness and selfishness that many women have and they excuse it by claiming that their housework takes all of their time and attention which, of course, is nonsense in these days of household conveniences and labor-saving devices.

To go out and mingle with other people does take time and thought and work. One must have suitable clothes; one must make the effort of adjusting oneself to others; one must make the effort of being interesting to talk to. Just because a woman can slump and leave off her corsets and her complexion, and just maunder along about the children and the price of butchers' meat, a lot of women take refuge in domesticity, which they use as an alibi. But you will notice they are never as good housekeepers as the woman who belong to clubs, go about, are wide awake and on their tiptoes.

We must all lie on our beds as we make them, so if your mother won't go out anywhere, that's her business, but don't let her sacrifice you to her whim. Go and leave her and have a good time. Perhaps when she finds out that she is left by herself she will brace up and step out some.

Dear Miss Dix—I was adopted when I was a baby by a man and woman who have been real parents to me and whom I love with all my heart. I am engaged to a boy. Do you think I should tell him? Will it make any difference to him? He is devoted to my parents. L. W. K. A.

Answer: Certainly you should tell him. Not that it will make any difference to him, but that he will feel it is a confidence he deserves. DOROTHY DIX.

HEAVY HAILSTORM OVER WEEK-END

AMHERST, N.S. Aug. 5.—(C.P.)—Visitors from Malagaah today reported that hailstones weighing from three to four ounces battered their homes during a week-end storm and injured several persons. Kenneth McKenzie suffered a deep scalp wound and several bathers who failed to reach cover in time were bruised. Windows were broken and crops and gardens were badly damaged.

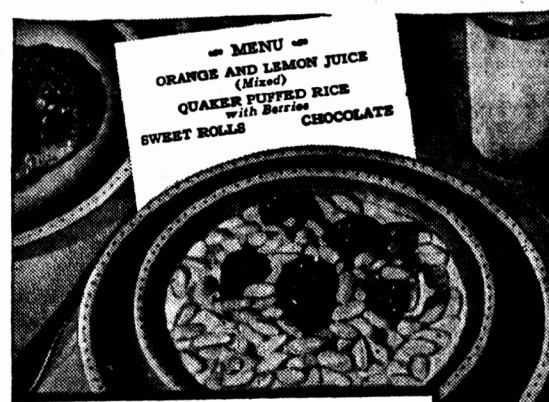
Lightning struck the Malagaah Salt Mine property, causing damage estimated at nearly \$1,000.

her greatest treasures, a miniature of her eldest son, King Edward, done when he was six. Queen Mary has always taken the little painting with her wherever she has gone.

JUST KIDS

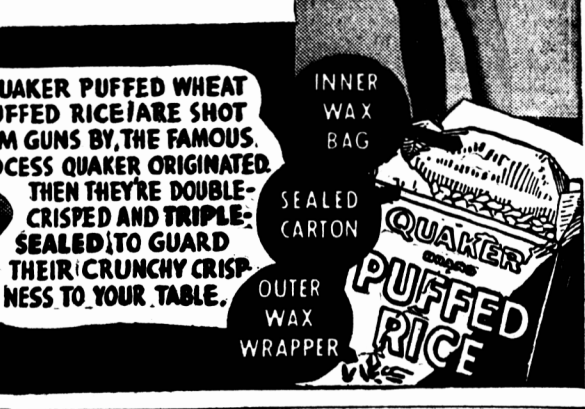


"Give me this breakfast any morning." SAYS ROCHELLE HUDSON



HERE'S my recipe for perking up an appetite on warm summer mornings," says this lovely screen star. "First, a glass of orange and lemon juice, chilled real cold. Then a bowl of crisp Quaker Puffed Rice with berries. Next comes a sweet roll, heated in the oven, and a cup of well-made hot chocolate." Serve this tempting breakfast to your family tomorrow morning. Your grocer has all the ingredients you need.

DIGESTS FASTER! QUAKER PUFFED RICE HAS THE SPEEDY DIGESTIBILITY SO IMPORTANT TO BUSY PEOPLE IN THESE HIGH-TENSION TIMES. COMPARE THESE TWO FINE BREAKFASTS: THIS QUAKER PUFFED RICE BREAKFAST WAS DIGESTED IN THE STOMACH 45 MINUTES FASTER THAN BREAKFAST NO. 2, ACCORDING TO TESTS MADE BY DR. PAUL G. DICKE, CHICAGO.



Today's Short Wave Radio Program

THURSDAY, AUGUST 6. Rome. 6 p. m.—News in English. 2R0, 31.1 m., 9.63 meg. London. 9:50 p. m.—"Empire Magazine." GSP, 19.6 m., 15.31 meg.; GSF, 19.8 m., 15.14 meg.; GSC, 31.3 m., 9.58 meg. Berlin. 7 p. m.—Reports from the Olympic Games. DJD, 25.4 m., 11.77 meg. Madrid. 7 p. m.—Music and variety for the children. EAQ, 30.5 m., 9.87 meg. London. 7:30 p. m.—A commentary on the Olympic Games, from the Olympic Stadium, Berlin. GSP, 19.6 m., 15.31 meg.; GSF, 19.8 m., 15.14 meg.; GSC, 31.3 m., 9.58 meg. Caracas. 8 p. m.—Popular Orchestra. YV2RC, 51.7 m., 5.8 meg. Berlin. 8:45 p. m.—Concert of Light Music. DJD, 25.4 m., 11.77 meg. London. 10 p. m.—"Night Shift." From Beachy Head Lighthouse. GSF, 19.8 m., 15.14 meg.; GSC, 31.3 m., 9.58 meg. Paris. 10:30 p. m.—Theatrical Broadcast. TPA4, 25.6 m., 11.72 meg.

THE COOK'S CORNER

RASPBERRY TARTS WITH RICH CREAM. There are a number of ways in which raspberries can be used as tart filling, during that pleasant time when they are in season. We have just one of those fillings to suggest here this morning—a most delicious jelly mixture containing the fruit and whipped cream. Of course, the tart shells have to be baked first and they must be allowed to become entirely cold before being filled by any sort of jelly mixture. 1 quart fresh raspberries, 1 cup sugar, 1 package raspberry flavored prepared jelly powder, 1 cup boiling water, 1 cup cream, whipped, 9 3/4-inch tart shells, baked. Combine the cleaned and slightly crushed berries with the sugar and allow to stand 1 hour. Dissolve jelly powder in boiling water and pour over berries. Chill until like honey, stirring often, then fold 4 tablespoons partially thickened jelly mixture into the whipped cream. Chill until starting to thicken. Place a layer of whipped cream mixture in the bottom of each tart shell and chill about 10 minutes. Cover with a layer of berries in jelly which has been kept from complete jelling by letting stand in a warm place; add enough of the jelled mixture to fill tart. Chill before serving.

Spring Fashions For Home Dress-Making

Here's a darling frock to add to your vacation joy. Can't you imagine how cool it would be in sheer voile print or in tub silk? It has a jacket too. You know how useful a jacket is in summer time, especially in town. In some materials as printed cotton or linen, you'll like the jacket in plain white pique, linen or sharkskin. Besides being fashionable, it is practical. You can wear the jacket with other frocks. Style No. 541 is designed for sizes 14, 16, 18 years, 36, 38 and 40-inches bust. Size 16 requires 3 1/2 yards of 36-inch material with 3/4 yard of 30-inch contrasting and 2 yards of 30-inch material for jacket. Price of PATTERN 15 cents in stamps or coin (coin is preferred). Wrap coin carefully. No. 541. Size Name Street Address City State



beaten egg (use 2 tablespoons water for each egg), then again coat completely with sifted seasoned crumbs. Lower into deep hot fat at 390 degrees (hot enough to brown a bread cube in 40 seconds). Lift from fat and drain on crumpled absorbent paper. Serve very hot.

DEEP-FRIED CUCUMBER. Since cucumber is a very watery vegetable, letting it stand for a while, sprinkled with salt, is a wise precaution, before dipping for deep frying. You will notice that we give the drained cucumber exactly the same treatment as the usual croquette mixture before lowering it into deep fat for browning; you will notice also that we give the high temperature which is more usually applied to foods which are already cooked, rather than to those which depend upon the deep frying for their entire cooking. The short cooking at high temperature is due to the fact that the cucumber should not be cooked for a long period. Firm, ripe cucumbers. Salt. Seasoned sifted fine dry crumbs. Slightly diluted beaten egg. Deep hot fat. Pare cucumbers and cut in fingers, discarding seeds. Sprinkle lightly with salt, let stand for 10 minutes, then drain very thoroughly. Dip in seasoned sifted crumbs, then in the slightly diluted

COCONUT SALAD. One half cup shredded coconut, 2 tart apples, 1 cup diced celery, 2 sweet green peppers, 4 tablespoons French dressing, 4 tablespoons mayonnaise, 2 tablespoons whipped cream, shredded leaf lettuce. Pare and dice apples, dropping at once in French dressing. Remove seeds and white pith from peppers and shred flesh. Add pepper, celery and coconut to apples in French dressing and let stand covered on ice for one hour. When ready to serve, drain and arrange on a bed of lettuce. Mix whipped cream and mayonnaise and pile lightly over salad before serving.

MONEY IN OXEN. ORPINGTON, Kent, Eng. (C.P.)—A \$5 note was found in a three-year-old bullock slaughtered by an Orpington butcher the other day.

SKIN BLEMISHES. Famous Treatment Relieves. You don't wait long for relief when you use mildly medicated Outlours Soap and Ointment. Stubborn itching and irritation of pimples, eczema, and rashes respond to its soothing, yet highly effective action. Just bathe affected parts with the Soap, dry gently, and anoint with the Ointment. Over half-century of success. Ointment 25c, Soap 25c, all druggists. Sample FREE by writing "Outlours," Dept. B4, 286 St. Paul Street, W. Montreal.

—By Ad Carter

A Morning Smile

Mrs. Harris: "I'm sorry for yer, 'avin' a 'usband that's aviaristin' singin'." My old man sings about once a year. Her Neighbor: "In 'is Bath, I suppose?" Riley met with an accident, but the next day managed to crawl to work. "Why didn't ye stay at home for a week or two?" asked Finnigan. "Worn't ye carryin' an accident policy?" "I wor not—bad cess to me carelessness!" said Riley. "I had left it home in my bureau drawer."

URGES SYDNEY AS AIR BASE LANDING

SYDNEY, N.S. Aug. 5.—(C.P.)—Hon. C. D. Howe, Minister of Transportation, was urged to have Sydney considered in the selection of a Canadian base for the proposed transatlantic air service between Canada and the United Kingdom in a telegram sent today by Mayor S. E. Muggah. The Mayor referred to geographical advantages of Sydney as a Canadian base and its freedom from fog.

MR. BLTINS HAS RETIRED FROM BUSINESS AND TURNED THE PLANT OVER TO HIS DAUGHTER, WHO IN TURN GAVE IT TO HER HUSBAND, J. ADDISON SMYTHE, AND YOU REMEMBER THE TROUBLE HE AND I HAD BEFORE!

