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

Today's Short Wave Radio Program

(All time is Eastern Standard)

FRIDAY, JULY 3

Huizen, Netherlands

[illegible] a. m.— Netherlands composers. Piet Ketting. PHI, 16.8 m., [illegible]7 meg.

Moscow

[illegible] p. m.—An English and a Soviet student talk; music and news. RNE, 25 m., 12 meg.

Rio de Janeiro

[illegible].45 p. m. —Brazilian Hour, PRF5 [illegible].6 m., 9.50 meg.

Schenectady

5:35 p. m. —Spanish Home Program. W2XAF, 31.4 m., 9:53 meg.

London

7:05 p. m. —A Folk-Song Recital by Eve Maxwell-Lyte (soprano) and Basil Parsons (baritone) GSP, 19.6 m., 15.31 meg., GSF, 19.8 m., 15.14 meg., GSC, 31.3 m., 9.58 meg.

Madrid

7:16 p. m. —Spanish lesson. EAQ, 30.5 m., 9.87 meg.

Paris

9:45 p. m. —The French Epics. TJA4, 25.6 m., 11.72 meg.

London

10:02 p. m. —"Empire Mail Bay," No. 5. GSD, 25.5 m., 11.75 meg GSC, 31.3 m., 9.56 meg.

Pittsburgh

11 p. m.—DX Club. W8XK, 48.8 m., 6.14 meg.

Regina

12.45 a. m.—Old time orchestra. CJRO, Winnipeg. 48.7 m., 6.15 meg.; CJRX, Winnipeg. 25.6 m., 11.72 meg.

A Morning Smile

The farmer had watched the motorist working on his second-hand car for about an hour.

"What are you looking at?" asked the motorist. "Is this the first motor-car you ever saw?"

"No," was the dry reply, "but it's very much like it."

In the elevator of a big store she noticed a very attractive poster advertising beauty treatment. Out of curiosity she asked the elevator attendant (a funny little Cockney) where the beauty parlor was.

He turned and gave her a good look, noticed presumably that she did not use make-up at all, and then said, "You don't want ter go there mucking your face about. Why not stay as y'are—plain but 'olesome?"

The Girl (as they dance)—Isn't it a topping floor and a topping band?

Algie Pinehead—I was just going to say that. You really must leave me something to talk about.

Dorothy Dix

Unhappy Marriage Can Be Salvaged

Says There Is Little Need for Divorce

There is Nearly Always a Cure for Unhappy Marriage, But Most People Involved in Such Are too Lazy and Dull to Search for and Use it

When people are unhappily married, why don't they do something about it? Why do they endure the greatest martyrdom that can be inflicted on a human being? Nobody knows. The great unanswered conundrum of life is why so many husbands and wives go along year after year quarreling, arguing, scrapping, fighting, getting on each other's nerves, waiting for each other to die for their release, going through a hell on earth without making the slightest effort to improve their miserable condition.

They don't permit themselves to be even made uncomfortable in any other situation without, at least, trying to better it. If their roof leaks, they patch it. If their automobile squeaks, they oil it. If some particular article of food gives them acute indigestion, they refrain from eating it. But if their marriages go blooey, they throw up their hands and quit. They don't even attempt to find out what's wrong with them and remedy it.

So far the only solution that has been offered for the unhappy marriage has been divorce and that is not the right answer. It only substitutes one trouble for another and the last is often worse than the first. Any way you take it, divorce is a messy and unsavory business, full of broken dreams and blasted illusions and wounds in the heart that never heal, and cynical little children who have been hopelessly maimed and bruised in their souls by the wrecks of the homes that their parents have pulled down over their heads.

Indeed, the price of divorce comes so high that many men and women, even when they are unhappily mated, are not willing to pay it, especially when they realize that they have to sacrifice the well-being of their children to bind the bargain. Hence they just accept defeat and bow their necks to the yoke of a marriage that galls them at every step of the way without ever trying to find out what makes it press so heavily, or doing anything to ease the burden. Most people are dumb as driven cattle about marriage.

Of course, there are marriages that nothing but a miracle from God could keep from going on the rocks. When a man marries a selfish, spoiled, overindulged girl, or a woman marries a drunkard, or a philanderer, or a ne'er-do-well, they are as sure to come to grief as the sparks are to fly upward. There is no salvaging marriages like these, and they should be entered into only by those who are gamblers by nature, or who are gluttons for punishment.

But the great majority of unhappy marriages are not the result of great tragedies, nor have either the husband or wife wrecked the marriage with criminal intent. They are just the outcome of the stupidity and folly of a man who, after finding to their surprise that marriage wasn't the Elysium they had supposed it to be, cried out that marriage was a failure and make no effort to save it and get it out of bankruptcy.

The dullest man and woman alive know that the most important thing in the world to them is marital happiness, yet they give less thought and energy to preserving this than they do to running a green grocery or making a cake. If a man's business slumps, he begins an intensive study and calls in the efficiency experts to find out what's wrong with his methods, but he never even asks himself why his wife has ceased dressing up for him or taking any trouble with the dinner. If a woman is not invited to join a club or is left out of a bridge party, she redoubles her efforts to make herself agreeable to other women, but it doesn't occur to her that the reason her husband has taken to stepping out at night is because he is tired of hearing her complain.

Every husband and wife know just exactly what faults they have that they get on their mates' nerves. Heaven knows they are told about them often enough. So, having a working diagram of just what to do and what not to do to keep husband or wife eating out of his or her hand, how passing strange that they do not take the trouble to do it when the rewards are so great.

The remedy for an unhappy marriage is very simple. It is giving the party of the other part what he or she wants, and refraining from trying to ram abnoxious doses down his or her throat. If a woman knows that her husband loves good food, it is giving him dinners that bring him home. If she knows that he has the head-of-the-house complex, it is burning incense before him. If he is of a gay and pleasure-loving nature, it is stepping out with him. If a man knows that his wife craves perpetual love-making, it is handing her soft talk. If he knows that she is bound to have everything she does noticed, it is telling her how wonderful she is. If he knows that she likes to go about, it is taking her out at least once a week.

Oh, there is a cure for an unhappy marriage if we weren't too lazy and dull to use it.

DOROTHY DIX.

The HOUSEWIFE and HER ACTIVITIES

SUMMER GRASS

With gentle dignity they bend before the wind,
The summer grasses,
Rhythmically, quietly,
As the wind passes.

The golden light of evening baths in color
Their bending heads,
Where the wind treads.

Endlessly they bend, and rise and bend again.
And when Day fades,
And night's blue supplants
Its golden shades,

Still quietly they bend their tufted heads—
Though no one sees—
In silver ripples
Under the breeze.

—Phyllis M. Scott, in the Nation and Athenaeum.

PLAYHOUSE FOR CHILDREN

A week-end playhouse for London boys and girls has been opened. It is the gift of a mother in memory of her child.

CLASSIC SUIT

The classic tailored suit with a fitted, hip-length jacket remains popular.

OIL PAINTINGS

Oil paintings can be washed with warm milk and water, rubbing very gently, then drying without rinsing.

CHECK AND DOUBLE CHECK FOR FASHION

A good criterion of the styles which have been accepted by the smart set of Paris can be found in the Crillon bar when society notables meet for the cocktail hour.

Particularly to be noted are the masses of checks—blue and dark red, green and brown as well as black and white. The checked materials are seen made up into short coat tailored suits as well as the three-quarter length coats worn over plain dresses.

On warm days, printed linen suits with short sleeved jackets are worn. The prints are particularly amusing this year in animal designs, colorful umbrellas on a black background, a white background printed with a balloon man carrying dozens of different colored balloons and groups of peasants in bright costumes dancing over a sand colored background. The new materials attract so much attention that the lines of these summer suits are kept quite simple.

Noted at the Crillon one day was Suzy's famous water lily hat. Suzy, who is the Paris milliner for the Duchess of Kent, has created a medium-brimmed hat with the crown left open at the top to display the hair. The lower part of the crown is made up of water lilies.

An American resident of the Grillon, who dresses at Schiaparelli, wears a black crepe dress which fastens down the back with a zipper. With that she wears a newspaper scarf, printed in yellow and in black on a white background, and a black straw hat trimmed with a single yellow and white long-stemmed tulip.

HIGHER PAY FOR WOMEN

Higher wages for women operatives and shorter working hours for all boot and shoe workers were recently introduced in Leicester, Eng.

SWAT THEM

Potato bugs and cabbage worms are now on the job. Swat them before they get too far ahead of you.

HAY FEVER ...o weeping, sore, inflamed, itchy eyes this summer! No struggling for breath! No running nose! No misery!—if you start taking Templeton's RAZ-MAH Capsules now. Quick, safe, sure. No harmful drugs or bad re-actions. No snuffs, sprays or smokes. Relief guaranteed from one $1 box or your money back. Ask your druggist now for a 50c or $1 box of Templeton's RAZ-MAH Capsules

PAN DURO

By GUILLAN HOPPER

Rio was a fine town in the boom years. A town full of hardboiled adventurers and beautiful women—a man's town!

Yankee railroad engineers, English financiers, sea-captains from the four corners of the earth and pretty French revue artists. Oh!—and the beggars—a sure sign of prosperity in a South American city.

"Alms, for the love of God!"

Young beggars, old beggars, men and women—even children—all begging and every passer-by giving — not much but always something.

The money made by the beggars of Rio in the boom years! They crowded the steps of the fashionable churches—the Candelaria, the Sao Bento and the Gloria.

"Alms, for the love of God!"

All the beggars were getting rich, but one wretched old man—a Spaniard known as "Stale Bread"—became far richer than any Rio beggar ever dreamt of being.

"Pan Duro" as they called him, was a thin weedy, old devil of about sixty years of age. He had come to Brazil some forty odd years previously, a husky willing worker from Spain.

Then "Pan Duro" saw the beggars on the church steps and the never-ending stream of farthings that fell into their outstretched scabby, palms.

It was not because he was lazy that "Pan Duro" became a beggar. For some hours he stood by the door of the Candelaria church and counted the farthings received by one moaning wretch and then figured out the amount he might receive in a month, a year, ten years—twenty years!

Nuestra Senora! In less than twenty years he would be able to return to Spain as a rich man!

The following day saw "Pan Duro" limp painfully towards the steps of the Candelaria and add his voice to the melancholy chorus:

"Alms, for the love of God!"

That night as he crept away from the stone steps, that still exuded the heat they had absorbed during the day, "Pan Duro" counted his earnings.

He had done well. "Poor fellow!" the good ladies of Rio exclaimed when they noticed him, "so young and so good-looking—how terrible to be crippled!" And the farthing would often be slipped back into a little purse to be substituted by a milreis—a whole sixpence!

Seven sixpences, twenty-two threepenny-bits, one hundred and forty-three pennies, one hundred and seventy-eight halfpennies, and nearly four hundred farthings!

More than seventy milreis for merely rolling one's eyes and stretching out a dirty palm!

In a day he had gained as much as he would have received after a month of hard work in the coffee plantations.

But, as he turned into the dark alley known as the Becco das Cancellas, "Pan Duro's fellow mendicants fell upon him and beat him until he droppel unconscious on the worn cobble-stones.

When he regained his senses, "Pan Duro" found himself in the cadeia—a prisoner—charged with being drunk and incapable.

The cynical commissario smiled ironically at the blank expression that passed gradually across the Spaniard's face as a rain-cloud's shadow moves slowly over a corn field.

"Pan Duro" was penniless — the beggars had taken his last tostao.

Unable to pay the fine he had to remain in prison for a week.

On his release, "Pan Duro" took up his stance at the door of the Candelaria once more and again the stream of coins trickled musically into his hand.

That night he was cautious but no attempt was made to molest him. He had paid his entrance fee and was admitted to the tattered brotherhood.

"Pan Duro" became one of the eiro.

TAKE ALONG A TIN OF MECCA ON HOLIDAYS

Don't let Sunburn, Windburn, Poison Ivy, Mosquito and Insect Bites spoil your holiday. Mecca Ointment is almost magical in soothing and healing skin irritations. No summer camp or cottage should be without Mecca—especially where there are children.

Mecca Ointment is sold by all Druggists—25c, 35c (tube), 50c and $1.00. 44

MECCA OINTMENT

recognised beggars of Rio de Janeiro.

As the years rolled onwards "Pan Duro" became wealthy and the wealthier he became the more he grew avaricious.

His little attic was too dear at a milreis a night. He persuaded a restaurant-keeper to allow him to sleep in an outhouse for nothing.

Food too, seemed to grow more expensive than ever in the miser's eyes so that, after begging for money all day, he began to spend half the night begging at the kitchens of the fashionable hotels, living on the scraps of food thrown him by charitably minded chefs.

"Give me a piece of pan duro," he would groan, "just a little piece of stale bread."

So it was that Rio came to know him as "Pan Duro,"—Prince of Beggars.

Late one afternoon in the summer of 1926, "Pan Duro" shuffled into the impressive entrance of the Spanish Bank of Rio de Janeiro. The burly commissionaire on duty took one glance at the ragged scare-crow that stood blinking in the sunlight and then placed his gloved hand on "Pan Duro's" shoulder.

"Get out of here, man!" said the uniformed giant savagely, "do you want to lose me my job?"

"Pan Duro," aged and withered, snarled:

"Who are you talking to? Hold your tongue! Look!

The commissionaire's jaw dropped and his eyes goggled as he beheld the contents of the old leather bag, which the beggar thrust openly beneath his nose.

Gold! English sovereigns; American twenty dollar pieces; Napoleons!

"I want to see the manager—privately," demanded the beggar, speaking from the corner of his twisted mouth and showing as he did so his long yellow incisor-teeth, for all the world like an old grey wolf.

The commissionaire hesitated as once more he surveyed "Pan Duro's" wretched figure, but then the magic contained in the old leather bag cast him under its spell.

The bank manager, too, caught his breath and stared wildly at the grotesque being that stood trembling before his desk. Just as he was about to recall the commissionaire, "Pan Duro" poured out the golden contents of his bag upon the glass-topped desk.

The manager nearly choked.

"I want to put this in your bank—at interest."

Then the banker's training asserted itself.

"Certainly Senor—er— "

"Fernandez — Juan Fernandez," snarled "Pan Duro."

That was the first of many visits that the old mendicant paid to the Spanish Bank. Gradually the commissionaire outgrew his initial astonishment, and when the old man passed in through the bronze gates the guardian would curse him softly under his breath:

"Viejo maldito! Old skin-flint! What the deuce is the good of money to him?"

All Rio, that is, those who knew of the beggar's fortune, echoed the commissionaire's sentiments.

Happily for "Pan Duro," the good ladies who each day paused to give him a piece of money before they passed in to pay their respects to the Virgin of the Candelaria were ignorant of his wealth.

Poor old man! They remembered him years ago, when they were mere children, visiting the church with their mothers. How could poor old "Pan Duro" be rich if they only gave him a mere farthing each day. Besides, if he were rich he would not be sitting on the church steps imploring alms and exposing his aged body to the scorching sun, surely?

The poor of Rio knew "Pan Duro" for what he really was—a wealthy miser.

"Pan Duro! Skin-flint!" the urchins would call out after him, as he shuffled along the gutters alternately sniffing and cursing.

Then again, "Pan Duro" would sometimes lend money—but at what terrific rates of interest!

"How much will you charge me?" asked poor old Widow Lopez, whose husband had been a vendor of lottery tickets.

"I know nothing about rates of interest," snarled "Pan Duro."

"I will lend you one thousand milreis—one conto—you will pay back fifty milreis each month for five years."

The wretched widow protested weakly against such an extortionate arrangement, but "Pan Duro" merely shrugged his bony shoulders: "What security can you offer? Only your wretched hovel, which is not worth five hundred! If you don't like the arrangement, go to the Monte de Soccorro and see what they will give you."

The miser made as if to move off, chuckling throatily.

"But wait a minute." The widow took him by the sleeve. "It is good security— my little house—it is all I have—am I likely to risk losing it? I must have this money—my little Pepa is dangerously ill, and she must go to Petropolis—the doctor says so."

(To Be Continued.

THE COOK'S CORNER

SCOTCH BROTH

Four pounds beef, 6 quarts water, 1 small cabbage, 4 carrots, 3 potatoes, 3 onions, 3 turnips, 1 cup dried peas, 1 cup large barley, salt, pepper, parsley.

Soak the peas overnight in cold water. Place the beef or bones in a large pot. Add the water and boil. Before the water boils, wash and cut up the vegetables and add to the boiling water. Add the barley and peas, salt and pepper to taste. Allow the broth to simmer for at least four hours.

GOOSEBERRY TRIFLE

1 quart gooseberries.
1 tablespoon butter.
2 cups icing sugar.
1-2 cup water.
3 egg yolks.
1 cup whipped cream.

Method: Wash the berries and remove stems and tails. Add the water and cook gently until tender. Press them through a coarse sieve and while warm, add the butter and the well beten egg yolks and cook for about 3 minutes. Add 1 cup of sugar and chill. Beat the egg whites until stiff, fold in the whipped cream and the remaining sugar and fold this into the gooseberries. Heap into sherbet glasses and serve.

If the berries are very green, they are apt to be rather sour and you may need a little moe sugar.

Or you may prefer to sweeten the berries with granulated sugar and use icing sugar in the egg white and cream mixture.

And here is the last one: a fresh pineapple frozen dessert. Be sure you select a really ripe pineapple for this or you will bite into pieces that taste too tart.

Pineapple and Rice

This is a delicious pudding. One and a quarter pints milk, 1-2 cup rice, sugar, 1-4 cup thick cream, grated orange rind. Wash the rice and simmer in the milk with the rind till the milk has all been absorbed. There should be a lid on pan and the rice should not be stirred. Add sufficient sugar to sweeten and the cream, cool, pile on dish and smooth into a pyramid. Have ready the pineapple cut in slices and the slices halved; these should be cooked for a few minutes in a syrup as given for croutes and allowed to cool in the syrup. Arrange the pieces of pineapple round and against the mound, pour the syrup over the whole, dust with chopped pistachios, and serve cold.

Pineapple Solo

Prepare the fruit by cutting off the tops and outer skin, then shred finely.

To each pound of fruit allow one pound of sugar, the rind and juice of a lemon.

Bring fruit, grated rind and juice gently to the boil, add the warmed sugar, then boil rapidly, stirring all the time, until a little will set when tested on a cold plate.

Add 1-4 cup blanched almonds, pour into pots and seal immediately.

With Rhubarb

Combined with rhubarb, pineapple makes an excellent family jam.

Ingredients: 3 lbs. rhubarb, 1 lb. fresh shredded pineapple, 3 lemons, 1-2 pint water, 3 lbs. sugar.

Wash and cut up the rhubarb, add the water, grated lemon rind and juice and cook until tender, then simmer gently until thick.

Add the shredded pineapple, bring to the boil, then add the sugar. Boil and stir for fifteen minutes, or until a little will set when tested.

Spring Fashions For Home Dress-Making

Every mother likes to see her children smartly and appropriately dressed.

The sailor costume is one type that will always be popular for children.

Both small girls and boys look delightful in sailor togs. There is something so neat and trim about them.

Today's models are particularly likable. Brother's blouse has a yoke to match sister's dress. The sailor collar is small and comfortable.

They are so easy to make. No sleeves to set in!

Schemes in white cotton as broadcloth, pique, linen-like weaves, etc., with navy blue or in navy with white are most favored. Printed cottons are also suitable.

Style No. 1716 is designed for sizes 2, 4 and 6 years. Size 4 requires 1⅝ yards of 35-inch material with 2 yards of binding for dress. Boy's suit requires 1⅜ yards of 35-inch material with 2 yards of binding. Pattern includes both models in same size. If different sizes are wanted two patterns will have to be ordered and will cost 15c each.

Price of PATTERN 15 cents in stamps or coin (coin is preferred.) Wrap coin carefully.

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