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

The HOUSEWIFE and HER ACTIVITIES

PATIENCE

I saw how the patient sun
Hasted untiringly
The self-same old race to run;
Never aspiringly
Seeking some other road
Through the blue heaven
Than the one path which God
Long since had given;—
And I said, "Patient Sun,
Teach me my race to run,
Even as thine is done,
Steadfastly ever;
Weakly, impatiently
Wandering never!"
—Pamela S. Vining-Yule.

TOUCHES TO WELCOME GUEST

Before the guest arrives add a few little touches to the room to show you have thought of the tastes of the individual. Place the books you think your guest will like on a bedside table, together with a good reading light. Be sure there are enough hangers, and if you cannot spare a whole bureau, clear out at least one drawer and leave space on the top of the bureau for the guest's own little odds and ends. Have a pincushion there with several sizes of safety pins, and also a needle and enough thread so that the guest can take a necessary stitch or so.

PAD PLAY PEN

"Our baby's play pen has seen several Summer's wear by other babies, so the bare boards are too splintery for bare knees. I folded an old quilt to fit, sewed it a little, then hemmed a piece of canvas and put ties on the corners. The pad makes the pen comfortable. The canvas, being separate, is easily laundered."

This suggestion may be of help to another mother who has an old play pen.

PURSE PERFUME VIALS

A tiny perfume vial which fits into a corner of your purse is worth consideration. Fill the little bottle with the scent you ordinarily use at home. Then, during the day, you can aply a bit of perfume without mixing a new odor with the old.

WASHING RAG RUGS

Rag rugs can be washed much more easily and thoroughly in the electric washing machine, if you have one. Put the rugs in one at a time. The washer should be filled with lukewarm water to which has been added two tablespoons ammonia and about a cup of good washing powder or soap flakes.

The length of time to wash them depends, of course, upon the condition of the rugs as well as on their size ond weight. After they are clean they should be rinsed twice, once in lukewarm water and then in cold.

Do not pin them on the line by the edges to dry. Double them over the line or spread out flat on the ground.

SAVORY STEW IS ALWAYS PALATABLE

Cut up two or three onions and fry in dripping until they begin to brown. Slice half a pound of kidney and roll in seasoned flour. Arrange the meat on the onions and add a cupfull or more of slightly thickened, seasoned stock. Cover and simmer gently for an hour and a quarter. Then add half a pound of sliced, skinned tomatoes or a cup of canned tomatoes and a little more stock if necessary. Cover and simmer for a further 20 minutes. This can either be served on buttered toast for supper or with new or mashed potatoes for lunch.

VIOLET GOWNS

Violet in the clear tone of the flower itself is used by Paray in heavy sheer for a lovely evening gown, the girdle and corsage trimming are in a slightly deeper shade.

CRACKED HANDS

Quite a lot of people ask what they can do to prevent the skin of their hands from getting rough and cracked; or, alternatively, to remedy roaughness and cracking that have already manifested themselves. A jelly or paste in use at my old hospital is thus composed:—One drop of oil of geranium; two grains of benzoic acid; 80 drops of glycerine; twice that amount of rectified spirit (if economy must be considered, methylated spirit may be substituted); and 80 grains of powdered Tragacanth; the whole mixed with four ounces of water—that is four-fifths of a quarter of a pint. It will be best to leave the actual mixing of these ingredients to the chemist. A ittle of the paste may be rubbed into the skin after each washing of the hands.—Exchange.

GROWING A HEDGE

One must look ahead a good many years in trimming hedges. If too much growth is left on each year, the hedge will take up far too much space. If, for instance, one inch of growth is left all over the hedge each year, that means an increase of two inches in width each year, and in 25 years the hedge would be over four feet wide at the base. With two inches a year left of growth, the base of the hedge would be over eight feet in width in 25 years.

Spring Fashions For Home Dress-Making

The French get all kinds of chic into the very simplest of thing when it comes to clothes for tiny girls.

And mummy is one of the "pleasedest" as one little girl put it. When she tackles such a frock as this she has no sleeves to set in. They are cut in with the shoulders. They join the cunning band at the neck that provides touch of pretty contrast.

The dress opens down the front, so daughter can dress herself unaided. And opening out fat, makes it easy to press after it is tubbed.

Sturdy or sheer cottons, linen, besides crepe de chine for parties, are adorable materials for this cute style.

Style No. 1688 is designend for sizes 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. Size 8 requires 2 1-8 yards of 35-inch material with 3-8 yard of 35-inch contrasting.

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

No. 1688. Size - - - - - - - - - -

Name

Street Address

City State

LONDON—Since the Middlesex County Rugby Football Union annual seven-a-side tournament was started 11 years ago the competition has netted more than $70,000 for hospital charities.

Does Your Stomach Rebel After Every Meal You Eat?

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

The bloated, heavy feeling after meals; the empty, sinking, gnawing before meals; the belching and flatulency between meals; the rising and souring of food, all these add more fall to the lot of those suffering from stomach trouble.

Burdock Blood Bitters tones up the membrane lining of the stomach, and restores the natural process of digestion.

Take B.B.B. and get rid of your stomach trouble.

OVEN-FRESHNESS

You don't know how deliciously crisp and fresh corn flakes can be until you've tried Kellogg's. A patented *heat-sealed* WAXTITE inner wrapper brings them to your table oven-fresh! Give your family the best. Insist on Kellogg's—the world's most popular Corn Flakes.

Nothing takes the place of Kellogg's CORN FLAKES

FAITHFUL

By Margaret Gorman Nichols

(Continued)

Joel was suddenly, shamefully conscious of the difference between the two women looking at him—Iris with disbelieving eyes, Sally with hardness gleaming through the mock amusement of hers. Iris was real and honest. Sally was only a tempting shell.

"I told you to get out!" he said to Sally.

"There's a good reason for my staying now," she said. Coldly, disdainfully she looked at Iris. "You may as well get the low-down now that you're here."

Joel said, "Don't believe anything she tells you, Iris. She's lying."

"This," said Sally, holding up the fur cape, "doesn't lie. He bought me this. He bought me other things." She turned to Joel. "You can't play the game at both ends and get away with it, you know." She turned to Iris again. "I guess we understand each other, sister. You probably heard the same line he gave me. But you believed it! Imagine the nerve of him! He wants me to give back all the stuff he gave me!"

Iris winced at the bare, ugly truth.

"Don't believe her," Joel said. He touched Iris but she drew away as if his touch had defiled her.

'When did you meet Joel? How long has this been going on?"

"Some time in the spring at a night club where I work. The nights you didn't see him I saw him." She laughed derisively at Joel again. "I was the sucker. I thought he had money. He spent enough on me. And today he calls up and asks will I give the stuff back . . . " There was a hard kind of understanding and wisdom in her face and voice. "You and I are both suckers, sister. Don't think I want him! I wouldn't have him! You're welcome to him. But you're crazy if you believe everything he tells you. He told me the same things." She got down from the chair and touched Iris' sleeve gently. "Sorry I got to spoil everything like this for you."

Joel shouted, "Get out!"

"Don't worry. I'm going!" To Iris she said, "To bad a nice kid like you has to get mixed up with this kind. So long."

The door closed behind her.

Joel waited as a man awaiting a sentence in court. Opening her purse, Iris took out the check and put it on the table. She though, "Why don't I cry? Why don't I get hysterical? Why . . . I'm not even angry. I'm calm, deathly calm."

"Here is your freedom, Joel, on a little slip of yellow paper."

"You didn't believe all that . . ."

She looked up. "I believed every word of it. It was true. You know it is true. It was not for me you stole that money. It was for her. But don't put the blame on her. Put it on yourself. Don't shift it to anyone else. All your life you've been putting blame and responsibility on other people's shoulders."

"All right. What if I did slip once? What if I did?"

"You'll do it again. Yesterday," she said, "I saw you as you really are, but I saw you in pity. Today, even that is gone. I feel nothing for you except loathing. Here is the price of your freedom. Take it. Your freedom—all of it. And here is your ring, a small gift in comparison to the things you gave her. I never want to see you again, Joel. You are my great mistake, the great wrong I've done myself and my friends."

"You mean . . ."

"I mean good-bye as finally as it was ever said."

"You're going to let this separate us?"

"This! No, not merely this. Worlds separate us, my ideals, my principles of honesty and decency that you know nothing about. How well you fooled me and deceived me! People have called me a fool. I am a fool and I'm going to tell them I've been one."

"Don't you care what happens to me?"

"You've had your lesson, a grim frightening one. You've seen yourself in prison. You won't steal again. The other part of your life—no, I care nothing about that. All I regret is the girl who gave two years of her life and her faith to you—to have it come to a sordid ending like this. This is good-bye."

[illegible] heard him shout after her, "Go to Mark Christian! See if he wants you."

When she reached the street, she felt shaken but happy. How could she feel happy in disillusionment and broken faith? "Because I'm free! Because I'll never have to hear his complains again, soothe his jealousy, be insulted and humiliated by him again. Because I'm free from shackles that have had me fast tied for two miserable years. I don't want to cry. I want to laugh at that fool Iris Wade."

CHAPTER 30

Beside the fireplace at home Selina was placidly knitting. She looked up over her glasses at Iris. "How was Joel?" she asked.

Standing in the hall, Iris took a deep relieved breath. "I've just broken my engagement, Mother. I'm not going to marry Joel."

"You—you're not . . ."

She shrugged, taking off her coat. "No. It's the end of that.'

"What did he say to you?" Selina asked indignantly.

Iris stood still. Selina saw a radiance and warmth come to her face. Then she began to laugh, an excited breathless laugh.

"He asked me why I didn't go to Mark? Well, why don't I? What's keeping me? Mother, I love Mark! What time is it? Oh, I love Mark! I'm going to him and tell him what a blind fool I've been—if I have time . . . if I have time before the boat sails . . ."

Selina dropped her knitting. "It's eleven o'clock," she said.

Iris put her coat back on again. She was laughing in short excited littl egasps. There were tears in here eyes. Selina heard the door open hurriedly, then close.

Iris gave Mark's address to the cab driver. "Hurry!" she said.

If only time could pause a moment. Mark, wait, wait for me to tell you what is in my heart—what has waited so long! I couldn't keep it inside of me until you get back! There is so little time and my whole life hinges upon minutes . .

Mark's apartment house at last! She said to the driver, "Wait. I may need you."

"Wait. I may need you again," and went in the enclosure, frightened. There were not many people sailing. Iris hurried through the groups of people, looking at every tall man she saw.

Finally she was on the boat. "I've got to find Mr. Christian! I've got to see him! He must be aboard!" she had said and then had dashed forward like a bold runaway. But at Mark's apartment she rang several times and then just kept her finger on the button. Presently she heard the clip-clop of bedroom slippers and the wet expressionless face of Mark's English servant peered through the partly opened door.

"Is Mr. Christian . . ."

"Mr. Christian sailed for Europe," said Jeffers.

"What boat . . ."

"He's sailing at midnight," said Jeffers and after telling her what pier and what boat went uncomfortably back to finish his bath.

Melancholy mingled with high excitement as Iris's cab made its way slowly through downtown traffic and a succession of red lights. Fear overrode hilarity when she remembered Mark's firm coldness of yesterday. Suddenly Iris was terrified. Had she learned too late about Joel?

At the pier she said to the driver, she was bewildered and too excited to know the proper thing to do in such a crisis.

Finally, at the end of a deserted corridor, she came to a sudden halt, a most abrupt halt as she collided with a tall substantial figure in a heavy coat. Iris murmured, "I'm sorry. Pardon me." Then the figure in the tweed coat took her arm severely, marched her to a stateroom, opened the door, and ushered her in with a strong right arm.. He did not even bother to turn on a light.

Tossing his hat aside, Mark said, "Were you, by any chance, looking for me?"

And Iris looked at him and felt safe and knew he loved her and knew that his hardness yesterday was only a strong man's defense against the hurt she was inflicting on him.

He came closer and took the hat from her hair.

"I was looking for you," she said and her heart gave a queer jerk at his nearness. "I have come to you, Mark, but very differently this time not to ask for anything. I've been so wrong and hopelessly blind. My faith in Joel was torn to pieces tonight. It was for another girl he took the money—not for me. I just had to find you and tell you you've been right . . . and tell you I'm sorry . . . and tell you again . . . I love you" I have come to you . ."

And Mark was smiling a charming, happy smile.

"Oh, my dear, why do you have to explain anything now?"

"Yesterday I thought I'd killed everything you felt for me. That's what I was afraid of. Oh, I was so panicky. I rushed so. I'm out of breath. There was so little time. I felt such a mixture of happiness and hope and fear . . . "

Drawn in his arms she felt panic and tremor leave her. For a long time he just held her against him until her face was calm, her breathing was steady, and until she was no longer trembling.

"We have so much time now," he said finally, "all our lives together, Iris,"

She reached for him when she felt the boat moving.

"We're . . . "

"We're sailing," he said. "You're going with me." And he pushed back her ruffled hair and kissed her. There was no fierceness in his kiss now. "We'll let your mother know. Iris, close your mind to all thing. Whatever your mother wants she shall have. Eve, your brother Tommy, too. I'm very fond of Tommy. All your life you've given yourself to them. From now on your life is going to belong to you and to me. I can see Louis chuckling over the news."

"I came to you only because I loved you. There was no other reason, Mark."

He laughed at her. "How dare you mention money to me? Iris, where shall we go? Do you care whether it's St. Moritz for winter sports or a warm climate where we can get a yacht and live in the sun? Do you care? Then we'll come back and build a house in the country, a big house for us and a house for Major. Have you forgotten my dog pal, the foundling I adopted at Eaton Forest? The Henshaws are keeping him for me until I get back." He kissed her again. "I'm going out for a moment and tell the captain he has a stowaway."

"What do they do with stowaways, Mark?"

"I'm going to marry this one," and he smiled at the radiance of her face and her ruffled hair. "Iris, it's going to be perfect. I'm never going to let you be sorry." He was serious for a moment. He took her hand and kissed it.

"Mark, some one reminded me once that I wasn't your kind, that your friends and relatives . . ."

(Continued on Page 10)

Had Backache For 5 Years

Got Quick Relief By Taking Dodd's

"I was a sufferer for 5 years with backache," writes Mrs. George A. Carrier, of Cherry Valley, P.E.I. "A friend advised me to give Dodd's Kidney Pills a trial. I did so and after using 4 boxes I am now thankful to say I am completely relieved of my kidney trouble. I have recommended them to three others of my neighbors, who were afflicted as I was—and they, too, are relieved." D-49

Dodd's Kidney Pills

Boys Must Take More Interest in Marriage | Dorothy Dix | Study of Matrimony in Schools is Lauded

College Girls Have Taken a Step Forward by Learning How to Balance the Family Budget as Well as Square a Circle

At last the long-awaited marriage course, which is designed to teach boys and girls how to pick out their mates scientifically and the art of getting along with them after they get them, has been established in one of our leading universities, and, so the report says, the first class was attended by 100 women and forty-four men.

There is food for thought in this disparity in the number of youngsters of the different sexes who are interested in taking marriage out of the guessing game class and making it one of the learned professions. It makes one wonder whether there are more women who want to be good wives than there are men who want to be good husbands. Or whether women feel that they have more need to improve their technique in marriage than men have.

Or whether men consider that a knowledge of how to deal with all the intricate details of matrimony and the feminine temperament comes to them by nature, as Dogberry thought a knowledge of reading and writing did, so that they have no need to study it. Or whether they propose to wish off on their wives the whole job of making their marriages successes. Or whether they think that anything in the shape of a husband is such a gift of God to a woman that to attempt to improve the species is as much a work of supererogation as gilding the lily or painting the rose.

Of course, any of these suppositions, or all of them, may be correct and explain why more than twice as many girls as boys enrolled in the class for the study of marriage. Little as we women like to admit it, marriage is far more important to us than it is to men and it is much more necessary for wives to be matrimonial experts than it is for husbands to be. It is, of course, highly desirable and makes marriage a grand sweet song for a woman, if her husband is tender and kind and diplomatic and understanding and keeps her eating out of his hand, but it is vital to a wife to know how to concoct angels' food that will make him prefer home fare to any refreshment that is offered to him abroad.

For marriage is not only a woman's avocation, it is her vocation, and not only her happiness, but her physical and financial wellbeing depend upon her success in it. As a general thing she gives to the job of being a wife the best of her youth and energy and enthusiasm, the time and the qualities that she might have employed in acquiring skill in some money-producing occupation. Hence if she is not happy in her marriage, or if at middle age her husband is so weary of her that he forsakes her, she has lost out on every count.

Wives bitterly resent being told of the efforts they should make to retain their husbands' love. They want to know why they should jolly their husbands along instead of bawling them out, and why they should keep themselves looking young and pretty and attractive and be interesting and entertaining and wear themselves out keeping their husbands perpetually vamped.

And the answer is that as long as a wife can keep her husband in love with her and thinking her the only woman in the world she not only makes him happy, but is happier herself, and she is safe from the jealousies and fears that tear so many women's hearts to tatters. And husband spends his money on her and the children instead of other ladies.

Anyhow, it is heartening to learn that college girls are taking up the study of marriage in a serious way and realizing that it is more profitable to them to learn how to run a budget than it is to square the circle, and that it is better for a wife to be able to speak honeyed words to her husband than for her to be able to converse in foreign languages. The trouble has been heretofore that girls had to learn all of the things that they needed to know about managing a husband after marriage, which made the information come too late to do them any good, and so there is no doubt that they will be saved much grief by being taught these things in their school days.

And let us hope that an increasing number of boys will join the matrimonial course. For if they will take to heart its lessons it will save them much misery and alimony. Concerning even such elementary matters as picking out a wife and how to treat her, most men are abysmally ignorant, and it takes the average man about two funerals or three divorces to learn how to be a good husband. Anyway, here's wishing the school good luck.

DOROTHY DIX.

IRON HELPFUL IN GAINING WEIGHT

Improves Health too!

Underweight and rundown health are often found together and the most common cause is insufficient mineral nourishment. The blood needs iron. When Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are taken by underweight persons, a gain of some pounds of solid flesh is usually experienced. The use of this fine old family remedy builds up the iron content of the blood, and thereby enables the blood stream to carry more vitality and nourishment to nerves, glands and tissues. To enjoy an uplift in health and energy and to get nearer your normal weight, take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Price 50c.

DR WILLIAMS PINK PILLS

THE COOK'S CORNER

GINGERBREAD STICKS

One-third cup butter, 1-3 cup molasses and graulated sugar, 1 beaten egg, few grains salt, 1 saltspoon baking powder, 2 teaspoons ginger, 1 1-2 cups flour. Cream shortening, and sugar, molasses and egg and beat well. Add the flour sifted with the salt, baking powder and ginger. Spread 1-2 inch thick on a well-greased pan and bake in moderate oven about 25 minutes. Sprinkle with powdered sugar and mark off into sticks. Cut through when cold.

When We Go Out
CAMPING or FISHING
We Always Take Along
A TIN OF "MECCA"

"It is so good for insect bites"—so writes Mrs. G—O—, of Haliburton, Ontario. A quick application of Mecca not only relieves the pain and sting, but checks the poison and the swelling. A smearing of "Mecca" over hands and face will also keep the Black Flies and "Skeeters" away. Don't forget "Mecca" ointment on your next trip.

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

A Morning Smile

Auto Tourist: "I clearly had the right of way when this man ran into me, and yet you say I'll have to be fined."

Local Cop: "You certainly will."

Tourist: "How do you make that out?"

Cop: "Because his father is the mayor, his brother is chief of police, and I go with his sister. How could you hope to get off."

A stranger was dining in Aberdeen. When the meal was over he handed the waiter a penny tip.

The waiter looked at the coin in his hand. "Do ye ken, mister," he said, "that the champion miser in Abereden gies me tuppence?"

The stranger held out his hand smilingly. "Here," he said, "shake hands with the new champion."

Today's Short Wave Radio Program

(All time is Eastern Standard)

MONDAY, JUNE 15

Tokyo
4 p. m.—Oriental fantasy, JVM, Nazaki, 27.9 m., 10.74 meg.

Moscow
4 p. m.—Talk: "Soviet Agriculture": The difference between collective and State Farms: Music and news. RNE, 25 m., 12 meg.

Paris
5.15 p. m.—Concert from Radio-Paris. TPA, 25.6 m., 11.72 meg.

London
6 p. m.—"Alabamy Bound"—No. 2 A Southern Journey. GSC, 31.3 m., 9.58 meg.

Rome
6 p. m.—News bulletins in English; Selections of the opera "I Pescatori Di Perle" by G. Bizet. Talk by Prof. Biagetti, director of the repairing works of the Sistine Chapel on "In close contact with Michelangelo;" 2RO's "Mail Bag." 2RO, 31.1 m., 9.63 meg.

Berlin
8.45 p. m.—"Nein, ich singe nicht, mein Herr." Agnes Schulz-Lichterfeld in a program of Humorous Songs. DJD, 25.4 m., 11.77 meg.

London
9 p. m.—"Empire Magazine," No. 2. Consisting of surprises, a sketch, stunts, a serial, visitors and types. GSD, 25.5 m., 11.75 meg., GSC, 31.3 m., 9.58 meg.

Caracas
0.45 p. m.—Amateur's Hour. YV2RC, 51.7 m., 5.80 meg.

Paris says: "COLOR! COLOR!"

Summer costumes are featuring the color harmony of gloves, weskits, belts, bags and 'kerchiefs. So easy—so inexpensive—if you use Tintex. And use Tintex for everything faded in your wardrob — and home decorations, too. Simplest to use—always perfect results. A marvelous range of colors to choose from.

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