

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

## The HOUSEWIFE and HER ACTIVITIES

**OTHERS**  
He only does not live in vain Who all the means within his reach  
Employs — his wealth, his thoughts, his speech—  
T'advance the weal of other men. —Subscript.

### AMBITIONS

Don't trust the man who says his one ambition is to get rich.

### THE PRESENT MOMENT

Try to be happy in this present moment, and put not off being so to a time to come. —T. Fuller.

### Afflictions

Sanctified afflictions are like so many artificers working on a pious man's crown to make it more bright and massive. —Cudworth.

### OBLIGATIONS

All moral obligation resolves itself into the obligations of conformity to the will of God. —Charles Hodge.

### SCARS

He jests at scars that never felt a wound. —Shakespeare.

### THE CHILD MIND

The theory that the child is persistent about a particular action

because he is trying to perfect that action, and that interruption by an adult kills that impulse for ever, is probably entirely true. Where it falls to be practicable is in its neglect to take account of real life. We all live at each other's expense, and any theory as regards child or adult has to take heed of this. The child learns by being with the adult, and the adult can bear so much of the child, but not more. Child theories too often take the side of the child as against the adult whereas they should surely be mutually complementary.

It is probably not too early for the child to learn at once the necessity for control of action as well as of action itself. He will certainly have to learn to control his time, and when exactly he should be in the way of giving the child full scope is by providing him with opportunity for the incessant repetition of noise or other action, where he will not drive the adult to distraction. But part of the delight in making a noise is to do it before an audience, and preferably one who will take notice, even if in an unfavourable sense. While the adult must obviously bear towards the child more than the child must bear towards the adult yet it is a little drastic to put it that the interruption of some action means the death of that action. Everybody great and small, is continually frustrated. And part of education, it would seem, is to deal with these frustrations, not necessarily by stopping them at the expense of one section but by accepting them not as tragedies but as part of human life.

### CORDED COTON

Flower printed wavy corded cotton in bathing suits is attractive.

### NEW VEILS

This season's veils are purely decorative. A pill-box hat trimmed with a bunch of blue and white violets has a veil of very fine mesh which descends midway between brow and chin—very becoming to those who can't wear a brimless style.

The crowns of many hats are composed entirely of flowers, and, if you want to be really up to the minute and add a further gala note, pin a large posy to match at the right spot on the lapel of your tailor-made.

Another pretty idea for flat-crowned models is to have a bandeau cut very low over the hair at the back, massed with tiny blossoms of rambler roses or Marguerite daisies.

Many veils are on elastic so that they can be transferred from one hat to another—useful on a morning when you can't look a brave new day fully in the face.

### TAFFETA HATS

Taffeta hats in crisp tailored or softer version, and those of tussled braids combined with touches of shirred taffeta are among the styles that are to be worn.

### PERMANENT WAVES

At one time coiffures consisted of so many curls and pads and fringes

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and rolls that the aid of artificial hair had to be called in. This was mostly obtained from the peasant women of Central Europe, whose hair, though thick and long, was generally straight. This is how it was curled to deck some beauty's head.

The strands of cut hair were rolled round little sticks, securely fastened, put into water and boiled for four hours.

The curl resulting lasted as long as the hair.

The first record of permanently waving a living head is about 1880, when a peasant woman succeeded in giving a client's hair a crimp which lasted three weeks.

She did not return, having discovered that the solution applied was the same as used by a further to smarten up obstinate furs. Early this century real permanent waving began to develop, and the safe, simple, comfortable and successful methods used today are the result.

There are two golden rules for those desiring a permanent wave:

1. Choose your hairdresser carefully and find out which method of permanent waving he uses.
2. Be honest with him. Tell him whether you have done any "tinting" or "color" rinsing. If you have, this does not prevent a satisfactory permanent wave, but some slight variation in solution or treatment may be necessary.

## THE COOK'S CORNER

### TEMPTING SALADS

Salads are to many people simply irresistible when the warmer days arrive. One of their main attractions lies in their appearance, for if a salad can be made to look tempting, then nothing can. Here are a few recipes you may find useful.

### Club Salad

Have one good head of celery. Use only the very white part. Cream cheese, an ounce finely chopped walnuts, mayonnaise.

Wash the celery very carefully, cut it into lengths of about three inches, fill up the cavity in each piece with cream cheese, coat this with mayonnaise very neatly, then sprinkle well with the chopped walnuts. Serve the celery cheese fingers on delicate lettuce leaves.

### Egg and Green Pea Salad

Have three or four hard-boiled eggs, one teaspoon of cooked green peas (these must be a good colour), some delicately green lettuce leaves (round), well-shaped radishes, seasonings, and salad dressing.

Arrange the lettuce leaves in a salad bowl. Place the hard-boiled eggs, cut into quarters, on these. Sprinkle the peas around, pour over a little mayonnaise dressing, then garnish with radish slices. Note: These are made by cutting the radishes into four with a sharp knife, but never going right through. Place the radishes in a bowl of cold water to soak for a time. When ready for use they will resemble tiny roses, and make a most attractive garnish.

### Salade Mexicaine

Take any left-over asparagus tips, some crisp round lettuce leaves, quarter pound of tomatoes cut into slices, some sliced new potatoes, some finely shredded spring onion, and some mayonnaise dressing.

Cut the asparagus into lengths of three inches. Dice the tomatoes and potatoes, and shred the onions. Mix all together with a wooden fork. Line the salad bowl with the lettuce leaves, fill up with the mixture, pour over the mayonnaise dressing, and serve.

## Marriage Once Tried and Broken by Divorce or Death Takes a Hold on Men and Women, Becoming a Habit That is Hard to Break

A bill has been introduced into one of the State Legislatures to make it illegal for any one to marry more than ten times. Outside of motion-picture actors, who seem to have a marriage complex or something that impels them to continuously leap in and out of the holy estate, the enactment of this law will be of small public interest since most people regard two or three marriages as the extreme limit of their quota. Some who have tried marriage are of the fixed belief that one marriage is one too many.

But that a statesman, seeking unselfishly to safeguard the happiness and promote the welfare of his constituents, should feel it necessary to legally curb their matrimonial activities and permit the wedding bells to ring out only ten times per each for them, calls attention to the fact that the men and women who have once been married and who have lost their mates, either through death or divorce, are almost sure to be matrimonial repeaters, and that widowers and widows are far more likely to marry than are bachelors and spinsters.

No phenomenon in nature or human nature is stranger than this. Considering that few marriages are the heaven on earth that the romanticists paint them to be, and that the percentage of dissatisfied and disappointed husbands and wives is so great that one marriage out of every six ends in divorce, one would think that having been singled in the domestic purgatory the burnt child would dread the fire and only an occasional individual, who was a glutton for punishment, could be cajoled, enticed, bribed or shanghaied into a second marriage. However, as we can testify from our own observation. Every day we see widows and widowers hastening to the altar, but apparently so strong is this mania for marrying, once it has been acquired, that people have to be forcibly restrained from indulging in it more than ten times, probably on the principle that enough of even a good thing is a plenty.

Of course, it is easy to understand why boys and girls, their eyes blinded by love dreams, their brains befuddled with illusions and sentiment, the hot blood of youth coursing through their veins should rush into marriage the first time. They, poor innocents, know nothing about the hardships of marriage—the inevitable sacrifices it requires, the clash of temperaments, the difficulties of adjustment, the giving and forgiving, the hard work that it takes to support a family and to make it comfortable.

They don't even know that they are marrying just plain men and women, with faults and weaknesses and irritating little ways and habits instead of angels and heroes.

No, it is no cause for surprise that people marry the first time, but the second time, that's different. They have paid the piper for their wedding dance and they know what it cost. They are bridal wise, and even those who are lucky enough to have got good husbands and wives know that it is not easy to live with any member of the opposite sex. They recall that many a time when Maria's nerves were more on edge than freedom and envied the single. For many of them marriage was just one long fight and yet they try it again. No wonder Dr. Johnson said that a second marriage was the final triumph of hope over experience.

Why they do it is one of the mysteries of the universe, but marriage, whether it is happy or unhappy, does something to people that unites them for living alone. Husbands and wives, even when they are uncompanionable, become a team and if it is broken they are restless and dissatisfied until they re-establish it.

A man may resent his wife's tyrannies, her nagging and fault-finding, her unreason, her extravagance, but let her die and he is as forlorn as a dog without a master. He has been so used to being bossed and told to put on his rubbers when it rains and watch out for automobiles and what to eat and how to have his hair cut that he has lost the ability to take care of himself and he will follow any woman who will put him on the head and give him food that he hasn't had to order himself.

And women are the same way. The woods are full of widows who have endured miserable marriages, but who are left sitting pretty when their husbands die and leaves them juicy wads of insurance. You would think wild horses couldn't drag them to the altar another time, but they are never happy until they marry again and get another husband to succeed to their place.

For the slogan of marriage seems to be: If at first you don't succeed, try, try again, even to the tenth time.

MONICA looked around the room. "Then you're quite all right. You have everything, haven't you?"

And Rosemary, whose heart had been calling out for all the love that a mother could have given her during her childhood was such that it did not permit of her being off duty like that of other children of her own age—Rosemary, who had little or nothing of all her rightful heritage, answered simply:

"Yes—everything Mother."

Monica began to wrap her fur coat around her; she let its collar caress her ears; and slowly she drew on one of her gloves.

"Then, you'll soon be fast asleep won't you, darling?" she said, trying again.

Rosemary nodded. But she said suddenly: "Will the phone ring, d'you think?" But even if it did, it wouldn't matter; and I'm sure you wouldn't hear it. You see, Mother won't be gone more than an hour or two. So you won't think any more about that, will you, darling?"

"No mother."

"There's a good girl! Now, shall I undo you—"

"Oh no, I can manage thank you, Mother," she said, backing away. "It—It might make you untidy if you did that." She looked at her searchingly again. But this time, Monica allowed herself to believe that she was admiring her.

"Do I look so nice, then?" she asked, pulling her coat around her again.

"Um!"

She always did when she went out with Mr. Blackmore. She always used beautiful scent, too. Rosemary liked that; she felt sure that her father would like it, too,

shamed her; shamed her so much that she said nervously: "Oh, Rosemary darling, Mother's come to say good-night." And because she did not answer all at once; because she could not bear her to go on looking at her in the way she did, she added: "You'll be quite all right, won't you?"

"Yes, Mother," she said. That was all.

Monica lingered; and in the silence she fingered and shivered. Val Blackmore was waiting for her in the lounge; and there was so much that she must say to Rosemary before she rejoined him. But she didn't know how she would say it; she knew only that she must play for time.

"Have you cleaned your teeth, Rosemary?"

"Of course, Mother; you know I always do."

That was the worst of it. Rosemary never forgot anything she should do. Never did anything she shouldn't do. Never disobeyed her. Never gave her one moment's trouble. If only she had; if only, during the last month that David had been away, she had been wilful and needed correcting; it might have detracted from the sense of guilt that sometimes stole over her, and of which, she felt, Rosemary had been aware. But Rosemary wasn't like that. And that was what hurt.

She tried again. "You've got your clean nightgown? Got your glass of milk—and your biscuits?"

"Yes, thank you, Mother."

"And you've got your book to read for a few minutes before you go to sleep. You like your new book, don't you, Rosemary?"

"Yes, thank you, Mother; I like it very much."

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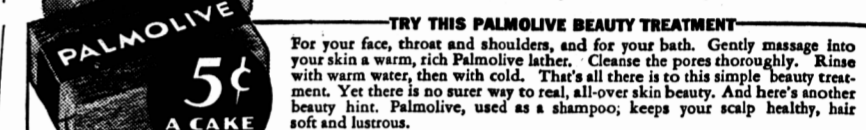
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For your face, throat and shoulders, and for your bath. Gently massage into your skin a warm, rich Palmolive lather. Cleanse the pores thoroughly. Rinse with warm water, then with cold. That's all there is to this simple beauty treatment. Yet there is no surer way to real, all-over skin beauty. And here's another beauty hint: Palmolive, used as a shampoo, keeps your scalp healthy, hair soft and lustrous.



5¢ A CAKE

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