

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

The HOUSEWIFE and HER ACTIVITIES

THE STRIVERS
Oh, there be many souls that strive
Within a narrow scope
To wrest from out the bitter soil
The harvest of their hope!

MUSIC
One of the most pure and in
nocent pleasures which we can
enjoy we owe to music. It pos-
sesses the power of charming our

THE BEST CHOICE
Do thou therefore I say abso-
lutely and freely make choice of
that which is best, and stick unto it.

WHEN BUYING A RUG
When shopping for a new rug it
is well to keep these facts in mind:

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It is wise to choose rugs slightly
more intense than you really wish
for daily exposure to the light plus
ordinary soiling will soon turn them
darker.

A new broadloom can be expected
to "shed" for the first few
weeks. Do not attempt to run the
vacuum or carpet sweeper over it
too often during this time, as the
extra, short wool should be allowed
to mat and mingle with the nap.

A rug pad adds to the life of your
rug and the comfort of your feet as
well.

Scatter and small rugs should be
treated with a nonacid preparation
to avoid the danger of slipping.

GELATIN THICKENING
When making pie of home-canned
cherries which are often not
very bright red add two tablespoons
cherry or raspberry gelatin to the
juice. It is necessary to add flour
or cornstarch to thicken the juice,
but the gelatin gives a richer color
and a nice flavor, too.

REMOVES SCORCH
A mixture of salt and lemon will
remove scorch spots from a white
garment. Rub the mixture into the
material and hold over steam
while the mixture is still on. Wash
in clear water and repeat if neces-
sary.

USE FOR ORANGE RINDS
If you serve many oranges, save
the rinds and dry them in the
furnace room or near a stove. They
make splendid kindling—making a
quick flame.

FOR RAG BUGS
When cutting silk stockings in
strips, for rug-making, roll a large
magazine cornucopia shape (small
at one end). Slip the stocking over
this, and cut the strip around this.
Keep pulling the stocking up till
the foot is reached. You will find
this a simple way of cutting even
strips.

SCHOOL HANDKERCHIEFS
In these days of reduced in-
comes we have to make use of

Vaseline
For Cuts, Burns
Vaseline
WHI

Vaseline
WHI

every possible hint that will help
us to save. I keep my children
supplied with clean handkerchiefs
by making use of the unworn por-
tions of men's white shirts, of salt
bags, sugar bags, or any nice soft
white material from which I can cut
squares. These I hem neatly—and
so have a supply of serviceable
handkerchiefs at no cost.

INEXPENSIVE MENDING COT-
TON
If the tops of your old silk
stockings are unravelled and the
thread is wound on a card, you
will always have a supply of
splendid mending thread for your
stockings—and you can have
shades to match your stockings.

FURRED TEA KETTLES
In hard water districts, lime de-
posits in tea kettles are extremely
troublesome. Boil a strong solu-
tion of vinegar and water in the
kettle. Use half a cup of vinegar
to a pint of water. As the lime
softens pour off or scrape off as
much as you can, and then start
again. The same solution may be
used two or three times, and per-
sistence will bring good results.

TO MEND LINEN
Should tiny spots wear thin on a
linen dolly or cloth, brush a thin
layer of colorless nail polish on the
under side. This will strengthen
the spot and look much neater than
darning. Laundering will not
affect the polish.

HAIR SHOULD BALANCE
FEATURES
Following identical styles worn
thirty years ago, the coiffure this
springtime recalls the "gay nineties"
and that period of time which lay
between 1908 and 1910. The hair
must balance the rest of the woman's
features, contends Leon Cleman of
the Hygienic Hairdressing Salon;

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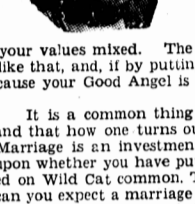
Vaseline
For Cuts, Burns
Vaseline
WHI

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Dorothy Dix's Letter Box

When a Boy Has to Choose Between a Wilful Girl or Common-Sense Marriage View, He Will do Well to Decide in Favor of the Latter

Dear Miss Dix—I am in a terrible dilemma. I am very much in love with a girl and should like to marry her some day, but not now. She says she is crazy about me, but that it is marry now or never. I am under 25, makes less than \$75 a month and have tried to explain to her that it is for her good that I want to postpone our marriage until I get out of debt and can make enough to give her all the bare necessities of life. But every time I say anything about this she goes into a tantrum and says that I don't love her. She is also very jealous and makes me miserable, and I have to be very particular not to compliment any other girl. What would you do? Marry her and, if we can't make a go of it, quit, or be continually harassed by her persistence? You see, I can't afford to lose her by putting her off.



WORRIED DAN.
Well, Dan, take it from me you've got your values mixed. The one thing you can afford to do is to lose a girl like that, and, if by putting her off you escape marrying her, it will be because your Good Angel is on his job looking after you.

It is a common thing to hear people say that marriage is a gamble and that how one turns out is just a matter of luck, but this is not true. Marriage is an investment. What percentage you get out of it depends upon whether you have put your all in gilt-edge domestic bonds, or plunged on Wild Cat common. Take your own case as an example of this. How can you expect a marriage to be a success that you are rushed into against your will, against your better judgment and that you lack the money to finance?

And how can you expect any happiness with a wife who goes into tantrums when she can't have her own way, and who is so jealous that you don't dare even to look at another girl? And what have you to look forward to but misery in entering into a marriage that you know is bound to end in divorce, with all the heartache and strife and anxieties and scandal that entails, and that will leave you saddled with a debt of all-mighty that you will spend the remainder of your life paying?

Believe me, son, getting out of a marriage isn't as easy and light-some a thing as getting into one. Especially for a man. As a friend says: "When a man marries, he ties a knot with his tongue he can't untie with his teeth, and by the time his lawyers have served his bonds for him he is bankrupt in purse and spirit."

Sometimes a man can offer as an excuse for making an idiotic marriage that the girl deceived him as to her real character. You have not that alibi because this young woman has shown you just exactly what she is, and it doesn't take any Sherlock Holmes to deduce what sort of a wife she would make. Consider her.

In the first place, she shows that she hasn't a single brain cell under her finger wave else she would not insist upon marrying you when you are not able to support her. If she had any sense at all, she would know that you are doing the only right and manly thing in wanting to put off the wedding until you are able to care for her. She should not want to make herself a burden upon you. The fact that she goes into tantrums whenever you try to reason with her about the matter shows how little intelligence she has. Of all women in the world the fool makes the worst wife.

You would never be able to explain to a wife such as this girl would make why you had to work overtime, or why you couldn't take her wherever she wanted to go, or why she couldn't have everything she wanted. And when you told her you couldn't give her a new fur coat she would blubber that you didn't love her any more and go back home to M-O-U-N-E-R.

This girl has shown you that she is green-eyed. Don't forget, son, that the man who marries a jealous woman is her slave. He has to walk on eggs to avoid scenes and cover up his tracks, no matter if they lead to his grandmother's door, with lies and deceit, and that is wearing on any husband's nerves.

So my advice to you is to call the bluff of this girl who is trying to shanghai you into marriage and when she says "NOW or NEVER," you say "NEVER and not MAYBE." DOROTHY DIX.

Dear Dorothy Dix—I have a friend who came from a very poor and humble family, but through sheer grit, courage and intelligence she put herself through college. While away at school she met and married a fine man who is now very successful in his profession. Now my friend's father has just died and her mother is coming to live a few months with her. She loves and respects her mother, yet dreads having her in her home because the mother is uneducated, unrefined and unfamiliar with the social conventions and will cause her embarrassment in the company of her friends. You may say that if a friend would let a woman down because her mother used bad grammar and didn't know her way among the silver that such a friend was not worth having, anyhow. But the fact remains that people will do such things. So what? A READER.

Answer:
So nothing, except that the woman has to decide which she values most, her mother's happiness, or the approbation of people who put conventions above character. The mother is as she is. She is too old to change the manner of her speech or the habits of a lifetime, but because she is no intellectual nor up in the best etiquette is no reason for her daughter being ashamed of her and unwilling to have her in her house.

It is far better for an old woman to murder the King's English and eat peas with her knife than it is for a daughter to hurt the feelings of her old mother who has worked for her and sacrificed for her, by correcting her pronunciation and badgering her about her old-fashioned ways and trying to keep her under cover when fine company is around.

The politic thing as well as the kind and human thing, for your friend to do, if she is so afraid of what her sophisticated friends will say of her mother is to forestall their criticism by making a parade of her mother instead of trying to keep her in the background. Let her make much of Mother. Give Mother a party. Present Mother as quaint, and that will turn Mother's best grammar into droll humor and make her country clothes and her country ways interesting.

And your friend may comfort herself with the knowledge that not all people are snobs. There are plenty of men and women with heart enough and brains enough to appreciate the native intelligence, the homely wit, the wisdom and the heroism of an old woman who has met life gallantly at every point, even if her grammar is rickety and she doesn't know what caviar is.

Everybody honors the daughter who has heart enough and courage enough to be proud of a poor old mother. Every one despises the daughter who is ashamed of the mother who bore her.

DOROTHY DIX.

"How about asking Peck to our poker party?"

"What's the wife he's got? Say! He has as much chance of getting out alone as one of the Siamese twins."

"SHOT ONE"

A small boy, leading a donkey, passed by an army camp. A couple of soldiers wanted to have some fun with the animal.

"What's the matter, George?" asked his friend. "You're looking worried."

"I am. It's nothing but work, work, work from morning till night," said the other.

"Oh, so you've got a job then?" "Yes, I start to-morrow."

MY LADY, MELODY

By ARTHUR HARDY
Author of "The Merry Masquerade," "Love Song," etc., etc.

"He has often done so. What about it, Mario?"

"He scolded his left hand."
She was conscious of a shock. She caught her breath as she recalled how Cezanne had removed his left arm from the supporting sling and gripped her forcibly with the fingers of that injured left hand. The scolding could not have prevented a man from playing the violin.

Lights pierced the edges of the window curtains at Pleasant Place. Mario asked the taxi driver to wait and Sheila's father was at the door almost as soon as the cab stopped. His anxiety was manifest as he came to meet them and took her in his arms.

"Sheila, my dear lass," he murmured as he helped her into the hall.
Mario followed them into the library, where a cosy fire gleamed.

Sheila saw her violin case resting on a side table. Her mother and father had taken it home. Her tears were running again.

"You have heard about poor Eddie," she gasped.

"Yes, Clayton told us. He rang us up. Mario would not tell us what the matter was when he telephoned. It is very sad."

"It would be useless—going to him, I suppose," said Sheila dully, dropping listlessly into a chair.

"You must not. It would do no good."
They sat talking for some time and then Sheila dragged her steps upstairs wearily to bed.

Mario had gone away in the taxi. The house was deadly quiet. Sheila undressed slowly. But she could not go to bed. Instead she sat in front of the gas fire thinking, thinking. It was strange, she thought, that Eddie's tragic death should move her so profoundly.

It seemed to matter to her a thousand times more than her triumph, on which she did not care to dwell. She recalled what Eddie had said about Paul Cezanne. Eddie had hated Paul, and Sheila wondered why. "Poison," Eddie had called him.

At last she turned out the gas fire and crept into bed and finally she slept.

An instant later, it seemed to her, Maria was in the room and drawing back the window curtains, lighting the gas fire to warm her while she dressed, and switching on the lights. She brought the morning cup of tea and a cablegram.

The message was from Howard, from Brussels.

"Have heard about poor Eddie," the message ran. "Greatly shocked. Deeply sorry. Love—Howard."

Howard had always disliked the little dance band conductor. So had Cezanne. Was there something

big about Howard. Sheila began to wonder, and something small about Paul Cezanne?

CLUB GOSSIP
The morning newspapers made Sheila shudder, they found the story of Eddie's tragic death splashed right across the principal news pages. She read through the eulogies of praise that were showered upon the little man, and did no more than just glance at the space which was given to criticism of her playing.

The press cutting agency would send her duplicates of every notice and she could read them later.

"The kindest things were said of her, she gathered from her cursory examination of a few of the criticisms.

Cezanne telephoned to her as soon as she had finished the lightest of breakfasts. He wanted to know how she had slept, how she felt this morning, and said he would be round later.

"Please, no, Paul," she pleaded. "Not this morning, I'll ring you up as soon as I feel better."

Sheila had stored her precious violin in her studio. She felt as if she never wanted to use it again. Something had happened to it. She was changing. She felt a thousand years old.

In her misery, for she was miserable, she longed for Howard's sympathy, who was always so strongly and silently understanding. She would have sent him a wire, had she known where he was staying.

She talked to Mario over the telephone. He was feeling better this morning; he had got over the shock, he said, and he apologised for being temperamental. Sheila thought tenderly of Mario Casini; he had a heart.

She rang up Garner Owen. She felt she would like to see him and to talk to him. He, too, had understood. Smales, the butler, answered the telephone.

"Mr. Owen is out, Miss Huntley," he said. "He did not say where he was going, which is unusual. I'll tell him you phoned when he comes in. I have read the criticisms of your concert. Please, may I congratulate you?"

"Thank you, Smales."
Sheila left the telephone and walked to the window, to stare into the mist that hung about the cul-de-sac. As she did so a big saloon car came gliding to the gate and Garner Owen leapt out of it as Jackson, the chauffeur, opened its door.

Sheila ran out to meet him. She led him into the front room and without a word laid her head upon his broad shoulder and wept. He said nothing, just held her and waited until the storm had passed.

"I understand," he said with a nod, presently. "Come to Wessex Gardens, Sheila. Different surroundings, you know. I'm damn dull here, but I'll try my best to cheer you up."

"Will you do me a favour?" she asked.
"Anything you please, my dear."

"Take me to the Great West Road. I want to see where Eddie died. He did not argue or reason with her, say yes or no, but waited until she had put on hat and coat, then he excused himself to Mrs. Huntley and they drove away together.

Eddie Hales had been carried to a garage behind a hotel near where the accident had happened. Garner Owen went in there after speaking to the policeman on duty. Sheila waited.

"You must not go in there, my dear," he told Sheila when he returned. "It would only shock you and do you no good."

A road to Jackson and the big car drove them back to Wessex Gardens.

Sheila spent the rest of the day there and it was close upon dinner time when Ronald Garner Owen drove her back home. By then the storm had passed away and Sheila was calm and normal once more.

The whole day long Garner Owen had scarcely spoken a word to her. He left her now with just a slight pressure of the hand. What a dear he was, she thought.

Garner Owen had seen more than enough of his home for one day. He drove to his club with the intention of dining there. Among its members were many scientists of note, eminent painters, celebrated musicians, popular composers and successful authors, a few politicians, some famous doctors and a great many successful business men.

The club was "exclusive" and entry to it a matter of difficulty.

Garner Owen was looked upon as a celebrity there, and many smiles greeted him as he entered the lounge. Men came flocking round him, congratulating him upon his latest find, the new star in the world of music.

Many of them had been present at the Albert Hall last night, and Sheila's fine playing had made a big impression.

"You're a wonder, Ronald," said a lifelong friend. "One imagines that you have come to the end of your discoveries and yet you keep on doing it. Sheila Huntley was magnificent. Where did you find her?"

"At Golders Green."
The remark was followed by a chorus of laughter.

"But the secret," he went on, "lies in the fact that Nicolo Piatini, whom I heard play when I was a boy, was a very splendid violinist, far superior to Cezanne, for instance, and Sheila is his granddaughter. It sounds simple when you hear the explanation, doesn't it?"

"We'll grant all that. But how

Silverwood EVAPORATED MILK
Adds nourishment to your cooking, which builds strength and gives vitality to growing children.
Sold by all grocers.
Good Milk Makes Good Meals.

THE COOK'S CORNER

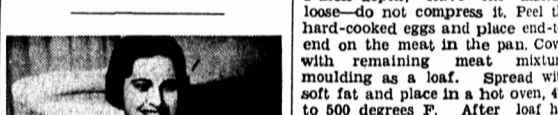
to make a poached omelet, make 1 white sauce of 2-3 cup milk, and mix with it 2-3 cup mashed potatoes and the yolks of 2 eggs. Poach into this the stiff-beaten whites of one two eggs, season and pour into a one-quart baking dish, bake in a moderate oven until firm, about forty minutes.
This omelet is ample for four people, and can always be depended upon to be delicious in taste. Moreover, it does not toughen, even if it is allowed to become cold. The recipe may be varied by the use of other vegetables than potatoes. Carrots make a particularly nice omelet, and one that is of a very rich color.
A little baking powder, added to an omelet, in about the proportion of 1/4 teaspoon to 3 eggs, will give a tenderness and lightness not easily achieved in any other way. Also, even a folded omelet made in this way will hold up in perfect form, and become neither heavy nor tough during the minutes which it may have to wait for the slow member of the family to reach the table.

SURPRISE MEAT LOAF

As you will notice, we subscribe to the loose-textured type of meat loaf, crusty allover and deliciously flavoured. If you prefer the more condensed type of loaf, you might add a little stock (or meat or vegetable extract dissolved in hot water) and bake the mixture in a loaf pan. Of course, the hard-cooked eggs are optional—but they do come as a rather interesting surprise, when the loaf is sliced.
2 pounds lean beef, inexpensive cut
3 cups soft breadcrumbs
1 medium onion, chopped
1 tablespoon salt
1-3 teaspoon pepper
1 teaspoon mixed poultry seasonings (optional)
1 egg (raw)
2 hard-cooked eggs
Side bacon slices
Put meat through food chopper, or buy chopped beef. Add the breadcrumbs, onion, salt and pepper and the poultry seasonings, if used. Three tablespoons chopped green pepper may also be added. Add the raw egg, slightly beaten, and combine thoroughly. Spread half the mixture on a greased pan, to about 1-inch depth; leave the mixture loose—do not compress it. Press the hard-cooked eggs and place end-to-end on the meat in the pan. Cover with remaining meat mixture, moulding as a loaf. Spread with soft fat and place in a hot oven, 475 to 500 degrees F. After loaf has seared, cover with the bacon slices, lower heat and continue roasting at moderate temperature (350 degrees F.), basting frequently with the fat in the pan. Allow about 1 hour's cooking after searing.

LONGEST IN MARITIMES

CHARLOTTETOWN — The new Borden-to-Charlottetown highway was the longest continuous stretch of paved road in the Maritime provinces, E. L. Miles, Charlottetown engineer, told a local service club. Prince Edward Island government was to be congratulated on laying the 82-mile highway, he said.



WHAT A JOY

To be freed from the headaches and discomforts which come at certain times, I don't have to worry about making engagements now and believe me, the pains go quickly when I use DR. CHASE'S PARADOL

DR. CHASE'S PARADOL

Spring Fashions For Home Dress-Making

Gay nineties and charming is this fairy-like princess dress with bouffant hemline for graduation.
It is so delightfully fresh, youthful and lovely in crisp plain or embroidered white organdy.
The sort of puff cut sleeves create a wide shoulder-line and a wasp waistline. You can wear it on varied occasions after graduation.
Taffeta or net both of which are much favored just now, could also be used.
It is very simple to sew and so moderate in cost.
Style No. 1750 is designed for sizes 12, 15, 17 and 19 years. Size 15 requires 5 1/2 yards of 35-inch material.
Price of PATTERN 15 cents in stamps or coin (coin is preferred.) Wrap coin carefully.

No. 1750. Size .....
Name .....
Street Address .....
City ..... State .....

ONTARIO SEEDING DELAYED

(C. F. by Guardian's Special Wire)
TORONTO, May 5.—Although seeding in most parts of Ontario has been delayed by the cold, wet spring, recent warmer weather had stimulated growth in many parts and prospects for a satisfactory agricultural season are excellent, as revealed in the latest report issued by the provincial department of agriculture.



Peeress in Frisco



LADY MOUNTBATTEN
Said to be one of the wealthiest women in England, and distant relation of King Edward, Lady Mountbatten (above) is shown as she arrived in San Francisco en route to London. She comes from a world less than has carried her deep into Siberia and other Oriental countries.

RASHES CUTICURA
Irritation quickly relieved! Soap 25c. Ointment 25c. FREE sample, write "Cuticura," Dept. 14, 286 St. Paul Street, W., Montreal.

Today's Short Wave Radio Program
(All time is Eastern Standard)

THURSDAY, May 7
Eindhoven, Netherlands
8:45 a. m. — "Criss-cross through the Netherlands." PHI, 25.5 m., 11.73 meg.
Washington
11:30 a. m. — U. S. Navy Band. W3KK, Pittsburg, 19.7 m., 15.21 meg. W3XAL, New York, 16.8 m., 17.78 meg.
Tokyo
4 p. m. — Current political history. JVM, Naxaki, 27.9 m., 10.74 meg.
London
6:20 p. m. — Bees of the Barn Band. GSD, 26.5 m., 11.75 meg. GSC, 31.3 m., 9.58 meg., or GSA, 49.5 m., 9.06 meg.
Madrid
8:30 p. m. — Government news in Spanish, English and French. BAQ, 30.5 m., 9.87 meg.
Berlin
7:30 p. m. — The Ristenpart Chamber orchestra plays works by Classical Masters. DJC, 49.9 m., 6.08 meg.
Paris
8:36 p. m. — Sports News—M. Maro-Denis. TPA-4 25.6 m., 11.72 meg.

A Morning Smile

"SHOT ONE"
A small boy, leading a donkey, passed by an army camp. A couple of soldiers wanted to have some fun with the animal.

REGAL FLOUR
BEST FOR ALL KINDS OF BREAD