

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

No wonder Purity Flour is a favorite for bread. Its richness in nourishing gluten is supplied by Western Canada hard Spring wheat. A strong flour that goes farther—economical.

PURITY FLOUR

Best for all your Baking

The HOUSEWIFE and HER ACTIVITIES

There isn't time to fret about each petty ill and wrong. There isn't time to moop about the rain. You'll miss the golden sun that comes so soon to kiss the world again. There isn't time for anger and for strife. Your bitter word a deadly thing may prove. There isn't time in life for anything. Save courage, hope and love.

ENGLAND, 1066 to 1901

At this time of year when you are reviewing British History and are drilling on the English Kings—because it is only thus that your pupils can place events with any certainty, since they cannot possibly remember the exact date of every event—give them this jingle.

Willie, Willie, Henry Ste,
Harry, Dick, John, Henry III,
One Two, three, Ned, Richard II,
Henry IV, V, VI. Then who?
Edward IV, V, Dick the Bad,
Henry's twin, and Ned the lad,
Mary, Bessie, James the Vain,
Charlie, Charlie, James again,
William, Mary, Anna Gloria,
Four Georges, William, and Victoria.

TABLOID

A tiny pinch of bicarbonate of soda added to the water will greatly help to prolong the life of cut flowers.

CARE OF FEET

Watch your step—on anyway, your feet—is the slogan of the day. At this time of year, with the new styles in toeless dress sandals for our most formal moments and the vogue for barefoot bathing for our informal ones, the pedal extremities must be as well-groomed as the face.

Even if you keep your feet under cover in this busy era the active woman whether housewife or business girl or both, knows the importance of proper foot care. Efficiency, personal comfort, even our facial expression, we are told, depend in large measure on our feet.

STOP RUST WITH OIL

To prevent rust, use stove-oil on the unenameled parts of the gas range, after these parts have been thoroughly washed and dried. Polish dry.

Rhubarb juice, squeezed from the ends of the fresh stalks, will remove rust from clothing more quickly than the well-known method of lemon and salt.

INDIGESTION, GAS?

WHEN you feel drowsy, or your stomach gives trouble with gas or "sour risings," try that well-known tonic, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Read what Mrs. Marjorie Beatty of 463 E. Main St., Welland, Ont., said: "I suffered considerably from indigestion and gas and my food lay so heavy in my stomach. I would become bloated too and felt very uncomfortable after eating. I used only one bottle of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and it gave me fine relief from the stomach distress. I felt ever so much better after its use."

Buy now of your neighborhood druggist. New size, tabs. 50c. Liquid \$1.00 and \$1.35.

French "Double" For Shirley is a Little Aloo



Mrs. Shirley Maclean, a woman star. As a result, she won a trip to Hollywood to meet Shirley. According to reports from the movie stars—meaning through the lens eyes of Mrs. Yvonne Leroux—she was not greatly impressed and remarked that she wanted to see the "big stars" meaning through the lens eyes of Mrs. Yvonne Leroux.

Today's Short Wave Radio Program

(All time in Eastern Standard)

FRIDAY, May 22
Paris
3:30 p. m.—Theatre National de l'Opera. TPA3, 25.2 m., 11.88 meg.
Moscow
4 p. m.—A Broadcast for Youth; How Soviet workers spend their free time in the summer. RNE, 25 m., 12 meg.
Rome
6 p. m.—News bulletins in English. Opera. "Rome's Midnight Voice," by Miss Amy Bernardy. Duets—in dialect. 2RO, 31.1 m., 9.63 meg.
London
6:30 p. m.—"Under the Ben." A talk by Howard Marshall. GSD, 25.5 m., 11.75 meg., GSC, 31.3 m., 9.58 meg., GSA, 49.5 m., 6.05 meg.
Berlin
7:30 p. m.—Scandinavian Evening. DJD, 25.4 m., 11.77 meg.
Halifax
8 p. m.—Acadian Serenade—soloists with orchestra. CJRO, Winnipeg, 48.7 m., 6.15 meg., CJRX, Winnipeg, 25.6 m., 11.72 meg.
Caracas
10:15 p. m.—National Orchestra. YV2RC, 37.7 m., 5.8 meg.
London
10:25 p. m.—"Foreign Affairs," by Sir Frederick Whyte, K. C. S. I., L.L.D. GSD, 25.5 m., 11.75 meg., GSC, 31.3 m., 9.58 meg.
Pittsburgh
11 p. m.—DX Club. W8XK, 48.8 m., 6.14 meg.

THE COOK'S CORNER

MARMALADE (For Greenhorn)
Five large oranges, 3 lemons, 6 pints water.
Cut up and soak for 36 hours. Boil 1 hour, add 6 pounds sugar and boil briskly for ½ hour. This recipe always proves satisfactory. If grapefruit is used add 1 cup sugar for each cup of fruit juice.

WASHINGTON PIE
Two cups sifted cake flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, ¼ teaspoon salt, 4 tablespoons butter or other shortening, 1 cup sugar, 1 egg unbeaten, ¾ cup milk, 1 teaspoon vanilla.
Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift together three times. Cream butter thoroughly, add sugar gradually, and cream together well. Add egg and beat very thoroughly. Add flour alternately with milk, a small amount at a time, beating after each addition. Bake in two greased eight-inch layer pans in a moderate oven (375 degrees) 25 minutes. Spread chocolate cream filling between layers and on top of cake. Or this cake may be baked in a greased pan 8 by 8 by 2 inches at 350 degrees for 50 minutes.

RELATIVITY
The sad-looking man leaned over the banisters and caught the visitor just in time to prevent her falling down a hole in the staircase. "I wonder," said the visitor, indignantly, "the landlord doesn't do something to repair this building!"
"Well," said the tenant, "he was going to do something about it until he went on a tour to Naples and saw the ruins of Pompeii. Now he thinks this isn't too bad."

LADY OF LEISURE
The school teacher, anxious to give her pupils a lesson in general knowledge, remembered that she had just received her pay envelope. After extracting the contents she held up the envelope to the class and asked what it was.
"A pay envelope, miss," replied the class.
"And what did it contain?" she went on.
"Your salary, miss," said a boy.
"Quite right," said the teacher. "Now, has anyone any questions to ask?"
"Please teacher," said a boy at the back, "where do you work?"

A Morning Smile

And what's nagging except the result of a woman having so little outside interests that she has nothing to think about but managing her family and seeing that it does exactly as she wants it to do? She has nothing to divert her mind from some mistake her husband made twenty years ago, or from Johnny's diet, and Mary's dates, so she hounds them about them until they flee from home to get away from the sound of her voice.
One of the tragic figures in life is the middle-aged woman whose children have grown up, got married and gone about the business of life for themselves. Generally she has been so absorbed in her children that she has lost all touch with her husband and there is no companionship between them. She has no interests of her own. No friends. No occupation when her job of raising a family is over. And she is the loneliest and most forlorn of all creatures.
Often such women, who have lived their children's lives so completely that they have no lives of their own, break up their homes and go to live with their children, where they invariably make trouble. The moral of all of which is that every woman should cultivate as many outside interests as possible. It is good for her own soul and for her husband's and children's.
DOROTHY DIX.

King Cole TEA

Old-English Blend

Women Should Have Outside Interests

Dorothy Dix

Says Don't Draw Into Shell After Marriage

When a Wife Excludes Everything But the Thoughts of Her House and Children From Her Life, Then Trouble Comes Marching Through the Front Door

The ideal wife of tradition has always been the woman who, like the small, carries her house on her back. Even today the most opprobrious epithet you can apply to a married woman is to call her a gadabout.



Somehow the belief has always persisted that there is some peculiar virtue in a wife and mother being to altogether wife and mother. She acquires further merit by having no interests outside of the four walls of her home. Nothing is more common than to hear people speak approvingly of Mrs. So and So being such a hombody that she never goes anywhere or does anything except look after her family. And for women to long to that they have dropped out of their old social set and never go to parties; that they never read anything any more except the baby book and the cooking recipes in the newspapers.

Of course, inasmuch as keeping the home fires burning and making her family comfortable is the woman's part in the domestic partnership, it is obvious that she must necessarily give most of her time and attention to her job. But the theory that she must have no interest outside of exclusion of everything else, that she must live in her husband's and her home, no individual life of her own outside of her husband's and children's, is false and misleading propaganda that is responsible for half of women's faults and has wrecked innumerable women's lives.

The chief trouble with women is that they have not enough interests in life, and that is what makes them wear the few that they have threadbare. They haven't enough things to think about and that keeps their minds in a rut. They haven't enough things to amuse and divert them and that makes them melancholy and listless. Their passion for making mountains out of molehills. Their thrashing over of old straw.

Consider how many of the weaknesses of the feminine character are attributable solely to women's lack of outside interests. Their lack of philosophy. Their inability to take it. Their passion for making mountains out of molehills. Their thrashing over of old straw.

You see the effect of this narrow range of interests in women's lives illustrated in a thousand ways. In their inability to get over a sorrow, for instance. When by death a man loses some one he loves, his heart is just as much torn with anguish as a woman's, but he has his work that he is bound to concentrate upon; strangers to whom he has to turn a smiling face; a thousand things that take his mind off of his sorrow, and he adjusts himself to what must be borne. But the woman, as she goes about the round of domestic duties, which she does automatically, has nothing to keep her from dwelling upon her loss and so her thoughts go the way of the wind and round until her grief becomes an obsession.

It is because women make their homes the center of the universe that they take marriage so badly. If a wife doesn't come up to all her husband's fondest fancy painted, he generally shrugs his shoulders and makes the best of Mary being a good cook, or a thrifty manager, or what not, and he takes up golf in a serious way, or gets so absorbed in making money that nothing else counts much. But when a husband proves not to be a Prince Charming, wife just sits down and bemoans her fate, and the only consolation she gets is in appealing for pity as a misunderstood woman who is all soul while her husband is all city.

And what's nagging except the result of a woman having so little outside interests that she has nothing to think about but managing her family and seeing that it does exactly as she wants it to do? She has nothing to divert her mind from some mistake her husband made twenty years ago, or from Johnny's diet, and Mary's dates, so she hounds them about them until they flee from home to get away from the sound of her voice.

Spring Fashions For Home Dress-Making

Since the culotte and blouse is so popular with grown-ups sophisticated girls are making it their choice for summer vacation. In nautical theme as sketched with navy blouse with the culotte in white it is especially smart. It is a linen-line cotton that wears and tube perfectly. The brief sleeves of the blouse, cut in one with the shoulders. This makes it very simple to sew. You'll note, the culotte buttons on the blouse.



Other schemes, as yellow and brown and white checked gingham with plain brown, multi-colored striped percale (for blouse and culotte) etc., are attractive and cost so little to make.

Style No. 1734 is designed for sizes 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 8 requires 1 yard of 38-inch material for shorts and 1 yard of 35-inch material for blouse.

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

No. 1734. Size

Name

Street Address

City

State

FAITHFUL

By MARGARET GORMAN NICHOLS

CHAPTER 10
Sunlight streamed through a spacious drawing-room where at least fifty women dressed smartly in afternoon clothes played bridge—some with boredom, others with high intensity. At the same table were Annette Tracy and Camilla Winters, partners in a slam bid and smiling smugly at each other that the bid was as good as made.

They were quite different—Annette and Camilla. Annette with her too pale hair on a sharp-featured face, Annette married to one man and in love with another. And Camilla, the elegant aristocrat, who had come back from Paris because not even the ocean she had put between Mark and herself had dimmed his tall figure and lean face and dark eyes from her memory.

Had Iris known that Annette and Camilla were sitting opposite each other she would probably have said in her young wisdom that it was not bridge they were playing but a game of destiny, her destiny, being shaped by two spoiled mercenary women.

"Well done," said Annette when the hand had been successfully played. "I can't stay for refreshments," said Camilla, wearing a severe black Parisian frock edged with white. "My car is being repaired and I borrowed Mark's. I told him I'd pick him up at his office."

"His office?" Annette asked. "I thought perhaps you meant Louis' office since he spends so much of his time there." Camilla's smile was puzzled. When the two other women at the table went for cocktails, she leaned forward and said, "I don't think I understand."

"Louis has a beautiful secretary, Iris Wade. And beautiful secretaries are just seem to be a part of every bachelor's life." Camilla lit a cigarette before she spoke. "Oh, I see. Then that must have been Iris Wade I saw at the Gregorian bar the other night."

They looked at each other with perfect understanding. When men are concerned women can have few secrets from each other. Annette thought, "She loves Mark. That's why she came back. And she's his kind." Camilla smoked thoughtfully, thinking, "Annette is jealous of Iris Wade. That's why she's telling me this."

"Iris," Annette went on, "is the sister of the girl who won the voice contest the papers made so much of. Do you remember? From what I can learn it is quite an ambitious family. The mother wants to capitalize on Iris's good looks and Iris herself will stop at nothing." She paused a moment, "Even to breaking up another woman's home."

"You don't mean—your home?" "I mean precisely that," Annette continued with obvious pleasure. "Cruel, isn't it, when two people have worked together as Louis and I have worked to see an uncultured nobody tearing our security to pieces."

Camilla said, "Wait. Let me understand this clearly. Iris is the sister of the girl who won ten thousand dollars. Yes, I read it in the papers. It didn't sound legitimate to me then." A satisfied smile parted her lips. "How stupid I've been! How stupid everybody's been! It wasn't legitimate." She met Annette's eyes. "Mark paid that money. I know him well enough to know the way he does things." She laughed dryly. "Every one was talking about it and I heard a reporter say that there was something to it that would shock people if it ever came out."

"But why did he do it? Why should he?" With a crimson tipped finger Camilla crushed the life from her cigarette. "For sweet charity, for one thing, and probably to clear the way for himself with Iris. Don't misunderstand. I know Mark's generosity and modesty. Iris Wade and her family don't know that he's the benefactor. It's perfectly simple when you put the puzzle together. "It's a nice story for the newspapers."

"Newspapers?" Camilla laughed huskily. "No, you're wrong. I wouldn't humiliate him by telling the world about his fling with a girl so inferior to him." She picked up her small velvet purse from the bridge table. "You see, Iris Wade won't understand his good motive when she knows."

"You're going to tell her?" Annette's sense of the dramatic was aroused. "Not yet." "They smiled at each other. Camilla said, "I'm very grateful to you for telling me this. I've known Mark a long time and . . . and loved him a long time. I couldn't bear to see him make such a dreadful mistake." Annette folded her hands. "But Iris is a fascinating girl. She isn't humble. She's very courageous and proud. One can't ignore those things about her."

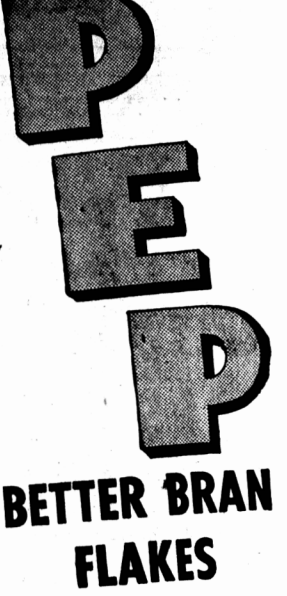
"Their hostess came up to the table. "Camilla, must you go? Can't you play another hand?" And Camilla answered wisely. "I think I've played my hand, my dear."

Iris could scarcely work for thinking of her mother in New York with Eve. Tommy's weather-beaten boyish face was grave when he came to his meals. Two days had passed and Selma had neither word nor written.

Iris—met Mary North in a tea shop one day for lunch and over their salads Iris told her of the woman who had been with Mark. "That," said Mary, dimly and beautifully dressed, "could be no one but Camilla Winters."

"She made me feel dull and shabby," said Iris who looked anything but dull and shabby. "She looked wise and beautiful as if she's been everywhere and can talk about anything—as if she's never done an ungracious thing in her life." Mary laughed her childish little girl laugh. "Appearances are deceiving, darling. Camilla does look like a goddess who suddenly descended in our midst but she's cold and calculating to women and irresistible to men. Her odd spectacular clothes are just a part of the woman's game."

Keep GOING with



Kellogg's PEP Bran Flakes have crispness and flavor that are popular with active appetites. Plus the nourishment of grain. Plus extra bran to be mildly laxative. Enjoy these better bran flakes often. Delicious with milk or cream. Buy PEP Bran Flakes from your grocer—always over-fresh. Made by Kellogg in London, Ontario.



to be you—with all your difficulties.

"But why?" Iris laughed. "Because, dear infant, Mark is in love with you. He may even be in love with your difficult family because obviously to love you one must love your family."

"All this talk about Mark while I . . ."

"And all your thoughts of him. Don't deny it, Iris. Don't turn away from it. You see, dear, I know I've never forgiven myself for refusing to marry Julian the first day he asked me. We lost time we could never make up. I could have been married to him eight years instead of five. But we didn't know we had so little time to be together."

"And won't there ever be anyone else, Mary?" "When I'm old and lonely, and parties bore me, I may marry a nice man. Julian taught me how perfect marriage can be. He told me that—that day one could not live with a memory. I can't talk any more about it, dear. But don't throw away the greatest experience of your life."

"Do you think Mark and I . . ."

"It was inevitable, Iris. I believe in things like that, crazy as they sound." She looked down at the diamond studded little watch. "We had a delightful talk and lunch. Now I've got to go for a fitting."

"More elegant gowns," said Iris, smiling. "I need elegant gowns, child. You don't. With your hair and eyes and figure you could wear sackcloth and get more attention than I'll ever get. Iris, look! Camilla is coming in now."

(To Be Continued.)

Yvonne Looking Forward to Birthday Celebrations

1936 MAY 1936						
SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THUR	FRI	SAT
						12
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30

It will soon be the quints' second birthday and the famous little sisters are getting ready for a big party with all the trimmings. In this picture Nurse Yvonne Leroux stands by as Yvonne picks out the date of the celebration—May 22.