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

The HOUSEWIFE and HER ACTIVITIES

DOORS

Some doors have hearts, it seems
to me,
They open so invitingly;
You feel they are quite kind—akin
To all the warmth you find with-
in.
Some doors, so weatherbeaten,
grey,
Swing open in a listless way,
As if they wish you had not come.
Their stony silence leaves you
dumb,
Oh, may mine be a friendly door;
May all who cross the threshold
o'er
Within, find sweet content and
rest,
And know each was a welcome
guest.
—Lona Pearson Macdorman.

POWDER PUFFS

When powder-puffs have been well washed and are wearing out use them as needle-holders. They will be very useful in the family work-box.

A man was arrested and fined recently in Saltcoats, Scotland, for "deliberately walking into the sea."

Unused canals in England may be converted into heavy-traffic roads.

Many London firms already are busy with preparations for Christmas.

An abandoned submarine was washed ashore recently near Cardiff, Wales.

Today's Short Wave Radio Program

(All time is Eastern Standard)

TUESDAY, JULY 21

Paris

2:30 p. m. —Federal Broadcast: "Popular Feeling in Music." The National Orchestra. TPA3, 25.2 m., 11.88 meg.

London

6 p. m.—The Davis Cup Inter-Zone Finals. GSP, 19.6 m., 15.31 meg., GSF, 19.8 m., 15.14 meg., GSD, 25.5 m., 11.75 meg.

Tokyo

6 p. m. —"Overseas Program." JVH, Nazaki, 20.5 m., 15.6 meg.

Moscow

7 p. m.—News and seviews from Soviet Capitol. RNE, 31.5 m. 9.4 mek.

Madrid

7 p. m.—Music; time signal; Spanish lesson. EAQ, 30.5 m., 9.87 meg.

London

7:10 p. m. —A Recital by Zara Nelson (Canadian Violoncellist). CSP, 19.6 m., 15.31 meg., GSF, 19.8 m., 15.14 meg., GSD, 25.5 m. 11.75 meg.

Berlin

8:30 p. m. —Music from the talkies. DJD, 25.4 m., 11.77 meg.

Caracas

9:15 p. m.—Dance Music. YV2RC, 51.7 m., 5.8 meg.

London

10:25 p. m. —"Imperial Affairs," by H. V. Hodson. GSD, 25.5 m., 11.75 meg., GSC, 31.3 m., 9.58 meg.

A TUMBLER TRICK

The amateur magican places a tumbler upside down on the table. Holding one hand, palms downards, over it he makes a few magic passes. Suddenly he brings his hand down on the glass. Then he raises his hand and the tumbler is seen sticking to the conjurer's palm.

The trick is performed with a tumbler having a raised bottom. The magician moistens his palm slightly and gives it a twist as he places it against the glass. The resulting suction causes the tumbler to stick to his palm.

STONE FOR SHEPHERDESS

A tombtone, provided by public subscription, was unveiled in Cranshaws churchyard, in the valley of the Lammermuir hills, Berwickshire, England, to Mrs. Jean Punton. For over a quarter of a century she was a shepherdess of the sheep farm of Priestlaw. Mrs. Punton had charge of 500 sheep, trained her own dogs, and won numerous prizes at shows, both for sheep and sheepdogs.

INVISIBLE LIGHT PREDICTED

In the near future lamps will give "invisible" light. This forecast has been made by J. N. Waite, general manager of the Hull (England) corporation electrical department. "Lamps will be able to give out not only visible, but what we call "invisible" light," he said. Scientists are still striving for increased beauty as well as increased efficiency."

EYES DOWN!

With the shortening of skirt lengths attention is focused once more on stockings. Beige in a hundred and one different shades takes the centre of the picture. The duller tones have a most slimmaking effect.

British aircraft manufacturers are selling their products in 25 countries.

THE COOK'S CORNER

COCOANUT SAUCE

One ounce of butter. One ounce of flour. One teaspoon desiccated cocoanut. Half a pint of milk. Half-pint of cold water. Two tablespoons of suar. Melt the butter in a pan. Stir in the flour and beat till smooth. Add the water and milk, mixed, but adding only half at a time. Now stir in the cocoanut and sugar, then bring to the boil.

ALMOND SAUCE FOR PUDDINGS

Boil a quarter of a pint of water with half the amount of milk. Pour this slowly while boiling, stirring all the time, on a dessertspoon of arrowroot, blended with a little water. Add sugar to taste, th ebeaten wolk of an egg, and a little almond essence. It is often better to serve sauces separately rather than pour over the pudding, as tastes differ. If preferred, a teaspon of brandy or sherry can be added to this sauce.

Spring Fashions For Home Dress-Making

Experience has proved time and time again that few things are more attractive for youngsters than simple sailor costumes.

Today's little double-breasted styles are too fascinating for words. They have cool square necklines. Mother won't be afraid to tackle these cute costumes. No sleeves to set in. The yoke that simulates a sailor collar, does all the work. It covers the upper arm so cunningly and smartly.

Navy and white linen-like cotton combined to make these practical costumes. There are lots of other schemes that you will like equally well.

Style No. 1725 is designed for sizes 2, 4 and 6 years. Size 4 requires 1¼ yards of 35-inch material with ¼ yard of 35-inch contrasting and 3½ yards of braid for dress. Boy's suit requires 1 yard of 35-inch material for trousers and yokes with ¾ yard of 35-inch material for waist with 3½ yards of braid. 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.

No. 1725. Size ....

Name

Street Address

City Etate

1725

NOW CAT RACING

PORTSHAM, Dorset, Eng.—(C.P.) — England's first cat racing track will be built in this village. The sport will be run along the same lines as greyhound racing.

An Indian Ghost Story

By C. LESTOCK REID

There were, as far as I remember, eight of us in the moonlight picnic, got up by young Arkell of the 30th: that is to say, he had arranged for food and drinks, and the motor-car which transported the servants. But the horses fo rthe party, save those ridden by Arkell himself and another subaltern in the same regiment, had been provided by Major Hyder Ali Khan Bahadur of the State Cavalry of His Highness the Nawab of Imandarpore.

A good fellow, Hyder Ali Khan, educated in England and speaking English with the best of us, a fine horseman and polo player and a first-rate shot; and very popular and deservedly so with the English residents in that semi-independent native state; for of all Indians I have ever met his outlook on life generally was the most English: certainly the last man to invent a story that he told as true, even if he had the imagination to do so—which I doubt.

We had ridden out some six miles from the State Cavalry barracks on the outskirts of the city to the old tomb of some forgotten saint; which, standing as it did near the edge of the river, now sinking rapidly to its hot weather level, made a favourite place for picnics. The night was perfect, as only a South Indian night in April can be perfect, not yet hot with the blazing heat of a month later and yet without the bite in the air that marks the cold weather. An enormous full moon flooded the whole countryside with that curiously deceptive light which seems to make everything stand out so clearly until you try to pick out some particular object at a distance, only to find its outlines misty and tenuous. Away in the distance the lights of the largest native city in India sparkled like a diamond necklace on a dark throat. All around us stretched the great plain of Imandarpore, arid and unfertile, its monotony broken only by scattered groups of rocks whose fantastic shapes conveyed in the moonlight an impression almost of the macabre.

It was this, perhaps, that first turned the conversation towards ghosts, with a remark of Mrs. Arkell's, a pretty little bride of about six months.

"How eerie it all looks! Can't you just imagine ghosts flitting about among those rocks."

Miss Wilson, a thoroughly practical Nursing Sister from the Military Hospital, opined that ghosts were found, if at all, "in houses and things," but the third woman, Mrs. Jacobs, did not agree. She was a highly strung, imaginative creature; in astonishing contrast to her stolid police husband, and, drawing, I am inclined to think, rather heavily on that imagination of hers, maintained, with instances, that the worst kind of ghosts were those that haunted the open country. A general argument, indoor vs. outdoor ghosts, ensued, serious enough on the part of the two married women, but rather flippantly treated by the rest of us. Only Hyder Ali Khan took no part in the discussion, but sat smoking on a rock, his fine aquiline profile picked out against the silvery sky, until Arkell dragged him into the conversation.

"What d'you think about it all, Major Sahib? Do Indian ghosts like houses or the wide open spaces? You ought to know better than any of us."

His wife followed this up immediately. "Oh yes, Major Ali Khan, I'm sure you know some lovely ghost stories. Do tell us some, Indian ones."

Mrs. Jacobs muttered, "I'd much rather you didn't," but so low that, besides myself, I think only the Sister heard her, in the general chorus of invitation that followed.

"Yes, go on Major. Tell us a ghost story." "I have heard of some wonderful Indian ghosts, but never met anyone who's seen one." "Don't listen to all their rubbish."

This last from Jacobs, who wanted to be discussing polo ponies, a subject on which he thought, with some justification, that the London officer was more likely to be an authority. But his objections were over-ridden, and when Mrs. Arkell summarised the whole discussion in a direct question, "Have you ever seen a ghost?" Hyder Ali Khan was forced to answer.

"It all depends," he said after some hesitation, "on what you mean by ghosts. If you mean the spirit of someone or something that has been dead for a long time, no, I haven't seen one, but if you mean—" He broke off suddenly, lit a cigarette with tantalising slowness.

Mrs. Arkell became impatient. "I know you've got something in your mind. Never mind these silly old definitions, just tell us the story."

Hyder Ali Khan shrugged his shoulders. "As you please, Mrs. Arkell. It isn't a very pleasant story, but then I don't suppose I shall tell it very well, so it doesn't matter."

I stole a look at Mrs. Jacob's face, began to wish that that fool Arkell had kept off the subject: a full-mooned midnight by an old tomb is not the best place for telling ghost stories to nervous women. But it was too late to intervene now. Major Ali Khan had already begun, and in spite of his modest preface I am bound to say that he told his story well, perhaps too well. It ran something as follows:

He and his brother, Amir Ali Khan, now away on a kind of glorified volunteer staff job, but well remembered by those of us who had been some years in the station, had apparently been out snipe shooting on the marshy flats on the river where it widens out beyond Tranagar village, and having had a good day's sport were riding home after dank, leaving the servants and shikaris to follow the next day.

At this point, Mrs. Arkell interrupted with a little shriek. "Then you must have been coming back this way."

He smiled reassuringly. "We might have been," he admitted, "but as a matter of fact we came another way round. It's just as short you know ,at any rate if you want to go, as we did, to my brother's house.

He went on with his story.

In spote of the goodness of the day's sport, (he continued) his brother was in a very bad temper, because one of the servants had dropped and smashed the syphon, thus depriving him of the whisky soda, of which both, like so many of the Mohammedan nobility of Imandarpore, partook regularly—more, it must be admitted, in consonance with their pro-English sentiments than with their religious tenets. Hyder Ali, himself, who had had his drink before the disaster, bore his brother's grumblings and sufferings with considerable fortitude, pointing out the obvious that at least until they reached the other branch of the river, there was no prospect of any water whatever and even then he could not recommend it as a drink. His brother retorted with the equally obvious argument that that was alright for him who had had his drink, but that he, the brother, had a throat like a lime-kin, and would not answer for the consequences if he did not get something down it before long. Hyder Ali, in the queer English fashion these two brothers had of ragging each other, retorted that his throat would be considerably less parched if he did not talk so much, and his brother's complaints died away into inaudible mutterings.

All this time Hyder Ali had been talking to us in the light, rather flippant tone of a man inventing some trivial tale to amuse the ladies, but from now onwards his voice grew more serious, more impressive, so that I can complete the story very nearly in his exact words.

"After the argument," he said, "we rode on for a bit in silence. There was a half-moon, enough for us to distinguish the white road, but very little else. Nothing like so bright as it is to-night, for instance. It didn't matter much as, in any case, the horses knew the way well enough. My brother was riding an old polo pony, beginning to get a bit stiff but still useful in slow chukkers. I, myself, was riding Donovan, which you all know."

(Indeed, we all did; several of us had own quite a lot of money on that animal at the Imandarpore races.)

"We were taking them along quietly enough, as they had been hours out of the stable and it was a long hack home. Besides, the uncertain light did not make for fast riding and Donovan in particular was constantly swerving from shadows, imaginary or otherwise. My brother's pony was quieter, which made it all the more surprising when it, suddenly and for no apparent reason, shied right across the road as we passed a native hut standing among a little clump of trees by the side of the road.

"'Come up, darn you,' he said. 'What's the matter with you, you old fool?' then turned to see what was frightening him. 'By jove,' he went on. 'here's a light in that hut. I ought to be able to get a drink there.'

"I was a bit uncertain about this myself," continued Hyder Ali, "as it was the poorest and meanest sort of hovel and the only drink likely to be procurable there was not over-clean water. But my brother was already off his horse, handing the reins up to me. 'Hang on to it for a moment like a good chap,' he said. 'I simply must have a drink,' and pushing open the crazy door, which was, of course, not properly fastened, if indeed it was capable of being fastened at all, thrust his way into the hut.

'He came out again considerably faster than he went in.

"'Hyder!' he cried. 'There's a dead man in there,' and something of the frightened surprise in his voice seemed to communicate itself to the animals. Donovan in particular began to play up so much that for the next moment or two I was fully occupied quietening him down and at the same time holding on to the polo pony, which was trying to sidle away. When I had settled them down I said to Amir, 'But how do you know he is dead? He's probably only ill.'

"'Don't be a fool,' my brother aswered. 'D'you think I don't know a dead man when I see one. Besides, he's all wrapped up in the Lifafa, bound about the head and feet and laid out for burial.'

"'In that case,' I said, a little flippantly I admit, but I was younger then, 'He won't object to your having a drink of water. There must be someone else about who'll give you some.'

"Amir nodded, but he seemed anything but willing to go back, and as some of you know—you, Jacobs, for instance—he was anything but a coward. You remember the story of how he went into thick bush after a wounded tiger and finished it off with his revolver,"

(I did; and I knew the story to be perfectly true.)

"I ragged him a bit," Hyder Ali continued, "about changing his mind, being so thirsty a moment ago and now refusing the chance of a drink merely because there was a newly-dead man in the hut—we had both of us seen too much of dead men in the war to worry much about that. Well, at last, shamefacedly and reluctantly, my brother went in again.

"Once more the horses began to play up, so much that in order to quiet them down I walked them a little way up the road away from the hut. I was perhaps fifty yards away, certainly not more, and was just turning to walk them back again when I heard a piercing yell and saw my brother shoot out like a stone from a catapault, shouting at the top of his voice, 'Hyder, where are you? Bring the horses quick. He's moving.' Catching sight of me he came running down the road as hard as his heavy shooting boots would let him.

"As you all know, to come running up to a nervous horse full tilt and shouting, is a fool's trick and I swore at him for his pains. But he only came on the faster, yelling: 'It's moving, I tell you. It's moving.'

"'What's moving, you idiot?' I asked.

"He snatched the reins of the pony out of my hands and hurled himself into the saddle. 'It,' he gasped. 'Dead man . . . body . . . whatever it is . . . coming out . . . And without another word he dug his heels and was off full gallop down the road.

"Donovan naturally wanted to follow suit, but I checked him. I thought my brother had temporarily gone mad, but in any case there appeared to be something very funny about the whole business. As you know, we Mohammedans don't leave dead bodies unattended like that. There are always relations and the Washers of the Dead. I thought it would be worth investigating. Donovan apparently did not, and jibbed badly. I was just legging him up when, quite suddenly, the door was flung open and a figure appeared in the dark entrance. Almost instinctively I pulled up and looked at it. And looked again more closely. The night, as I told you, was none too bright, but all the same the details of the figure seemed to stand out quite clearly. And I freely admit that it gave me a nasty shock when I realised that the white robes were in point of fact the Lifafa with the Lungi and Qamis underneath, grave clothes, you know, bound round with wide strips of cloth at head and chest and feet in the way we Mohammedans do. Even then it didn't strike me as curious that in that uncertain light I could pick out all these details, even to the sealed eyes, so easily in a figure standing in the low dark doorway of the hut. And perhaps because of that I shouted to it angerily, "What are you doing? What is all this foolery?'

"Almost as I said the words, Donovan, who had been fidgetting more and more, swung round so suddenly that he almost unseated me. I wrenched him back again more roughly than I should have, as he was a young horse and could be excused for never having seen anything like that; I admit I never had, myself. But the figure neither moved nor spoke: just stood at the door, gazing at me as though it could see through those closed lids.

"Suddenly it was borne in on me that there was something, many things, very wrong indeed. The night was extraordinarily silent, the only sound being the hoof beats of my brother's retreating pony; and it seemed. somehow, a sinister silence. I felt bound to say something more, more to break that eerie silence than because I had anything important to say. You may notice that I still shouted instead of doing the obvious thing and riding up close to the figure to investigate. And this was not only Donovan's jibbing; I felt that even if I could have forced him forward, nothing would induce me to do so.

"'What are you doing dressed up like that? Who are you?' I shouted, trying to disguise the tremor in my voice with a note of anger.

"Again the figure made no reply at least not in words. But with ghastly unexpectedness the sealed eye flicked open, fixing me with a sort of baleful stare. Then, all bound up as it was, feet tied together and hands clasped to the side of the body, the figure suddenly and most shatteringly made an enormous hop towards me. You have all seen people at gymkhanas taking part in a sack-race. The movement was just like that, but infinitely more horrible and infinitely greater in extent. The first hop covered quite half the distance between me and the hut door and I must have been quite forty yards away.

"That was quite enough for Donovan. He swung round and went down the road as if the devil himself were at his heels—as indeed, perhaps, he was—and I admit that I made no attempt to stop him. On the contrary, glancing over my shoulder, I saw that horrible hopping figure was coming down the road after me, and I rode as perhaps I have never ridden in my life before.

"Some of you saw Donovan win the Nawab's Cup and, as you know, he very nearly created a record. Well, if he had gone the pace that he went down that road it would not have been 'very nearly,' but 'quite;' and yet he was not going fast enough. As I looked back in the shadowy moonlight I could see that the Thing was gaining on me just as I was gaining on my brother with his slower pony. I caught him up about a mile further on, leaning forward in the saddle, the sweat pouring from his face and belabouring his unfortunate animal so that it must have been galloping faster than it had ever galloped before.

"'What is it?' I shouted to him. 'What in the name of Allah is it?'

"'I don't know,' he shouted back in a hoarse, strained voice. 'But . . . if it catches . . .'"

* * *

Hyder Ali stopped talking, annoyingly enough, and there was quite an appreciable pause. Then Mr. Arkell broke the silence, "And did it catch you?"

"Don't be a fool, Joyce," said her husband roughly, with the irritability of a man who is frightened but won't admit it. "Of course it didn't or—or, I suppose they wouldn't be here now."

"You don't believe that stuff, do you?" said Jacobs scornfully. "He is just making it up."

But I saw Miss Wilson looking significantly at Mrs. Jacobs and I knew that there was one person at least who did believe it; perhaps two. I've seen some queer things in India myself.

* * *

Hyder Ali poured himself out a drink and lit a cigarette. "No, it didn't catch us," he said quietly. "When I thought that the very next bound would bring it on to the ponies' tails we got into the first streets of the city and among the lights and people it seemed to vanish. We never set eyes on it again."

Again there was a little pause and then Arkell asked, "But how do you explain it?"

"I don't," said the Indian with a shrug of his shoulders. "Can you?"

(THE END)

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Harmful poisons go into the body, and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

A mere bowel movement doesn't always get at the cause. You need something that works on the liver as well. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up". Harmless and gentle, they make the bile flow freely. They do the work of calomel but have no calomel or mercury in them. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name! Stubbornly refuse anything else. 25c.

A Morning Smile

A colonel was transferred to a new command. On reaching his depot he found sacks of useless documents accumulated in the archives of his predecessors, so, being a tidy man, he wired to headquarters for permission to burn them.

The answer came back: "Yes, but make copies first."

An elderly woman was taken to see a football match in which her son was playing. After watching for a few minutes she inquired:

"What is the object of the game?"

"Why," said her guide, "the object is to put the ball in that net."

"It would be much simpler if they didn't get in one another's way," replied the woman.

Dorothy Dix's Letter Box

There is Nothing More Damning to Children's Happiness Than the Tyranny of a Mother Love That Keeps Them from Marrying or Associating With Their Own Friends

Dear Miss Dix—I am a boy of 25, not wild, don't smoke or drink, don't go out with a fast crowd. I have a mother whom I love, but she is destroying all of my happiness in life and my chance of ever getting married by denying me all privacy and freedom of action. When I get a letter she insists upon reading it. When any one phones me she listens in. After I go out with girls she puts me through a catechism about where we went, whom we saw, what we did, how much money I spent, and why I don't save my money instead of spending it on girls. Every girl I go with my mother slanders, accusing her of every crime under the sun. When I go out with a girl I have to go out of town so I won't be seen. Honestly, I don't do a thing I would object to my mother knowing, only it gets on my nerves to have her always spying on me. Every time I dress up to go out she begins to cry because I am going out with some girl. I am beginning to see why boys do anything just to get away from their mothers. What should I do? ARTHUR.

Answer:

Well, the first thing to do is to get over that little-boy complex. Quit thinking of yourself as a boy who is tied to Mama's apron strings. At 25 you are a man if you are ever going to be one. You have come now to the crossroads of life and you've got to make your own decision of whether you will go on and be a perpetual child, letting Mama hold you by the hand and leading you along and telling you every step you must take, or whether you will break away from her, assert your independence and your right to lead your own life.

There is no other misfortune than can happen to children greater than having a possessive mother, because there is no other selfishness equal to hers, no other tyranny so great as that she exercises over her helpless victims. Because she wants them with her, she ruthlessly sacrifices their every chance in life. She will doom them to ignorance because she will not send them off to school when there are no educational advantages where she lives. She will shut the door of oportunity in their faces rather than have them leave home. She will keep them from marrying even though it breaks their hearts to give up some man or woman they are in love with, and leave them to become lonely old bachelors and old maids.

The possessive mother is the old woman of the sea whose strangling arms are wound around the necks of tens of thousands of young people, and how to break their fatal clutch is a hard matter to determine. For mother's hold is based upon her children's affection for her, and the fact that she has deprived them of any freedom and killed all of their initiative ever since they were babes and turned them into weaklings who have not the strength to fight her. And her justification of her cruelty is that it is done through love. Nevertheless, when children are grown they must make a fight for their own independence if they are to live any sort of happy or successful lives, and the easiest and the best way to do this is just to leave home and go to some distant place to live, too far for Mother to meddle in their affairs.

Dear Miss Dix—I had been secretly married to a very likable young man for about six months when a married man in the same office where I work started making love to me. He poured into my ears all of the burning love he said he had had for me ever since he first saw me, and this swept me off my feet so much that I divorced my husband. Now I am thrown over by the married man and learn that he has an affair such as mine every two months. I have repented my folly plenty and would give anything to have my husband back. Although he is heartbroken and would take me back I don't think it would be the right thing to do because if he knew what a cheat I have been he wouldn't want me. At the present time I have no men friends and I feel that I have to make some new ones or I will go crazy remembering what a fool I have been. I am only 19 and I would like to shoot every married man who flirts with a girl. DISILLUSIONED.

Answer:

He deserves it, but what about doing something lethal to a girl who has an affair with a married man, knowing that if she succeeds in getting her man she is destroying the happiness of a sister woman, orphaning little children and wrecking a home?

I hold no brief for the married man who is a philanderer. He is a thoroughbred skunk any way you look at it, becuse he is cheater and a crook. He is disolyal to his wife. He welches on his obligations to the children he has brought into the world and, nine times out of ten, he is merely amusing himself with the girl he is flirting with, unmindful of the fact that he may be filling her heart so full of love for him that there will never be room in it for love for another man, and indifference to the fact that his attentions compromise her so much that no other man may ever want to marry her.

That at 19 you should have been secretly married, divorced and had an affair with a married man proves my contention that girls in their teens don't know their own minds about men, and have no more business to be playing with love than a child has to be playing with fire. My suggestion to you is to eat humble pie and ask your husband to give you another trial, but to wait another year until you are sure of yourself before you venture into marriage again. And then do it openly and honestly, not secretly. DOROTHY DIX.

* * * * * *

Dear Dorothy Dix—Will you please tell us how old a girl must be before she is called an old maid? A GROUP OF GIRLS.

Answer:

Oh, I'd say a woman must be at least 50 in these days before people would begin considering her an old maid. Up to 35 she is a girl. After that she is a girl bachelor. After that she is a spinster.

The term "old maid" was once applied to girls in their early twenties because in those days girl had no way to support themselves and no independence unless they were married, and so girls started husband-hunting early. Also, as under such circumstances it was obvious that every girl would marry who could, for one to be an old maid was an indication that she was lacking in charm and attraction for men.

But now with every job open to women they don't have to marry for a meal ticket. So whether they marry or not is a matter of taste and the term of "old maid' has fallen into disuse. DOROTHY DIX.

Corns Quick Relief! PUTNAM'S Corn Extractor

for CORNS & WARTS
Remove dry skin. Dab on Minard's 3 times daily. Let it dry on. After a while Corns and Warts lift right off
MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT

JUST KIDS —By Ad Carter