

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

The HOUSEWIFE and HER ACTIVITIES

MY WIFE

Trusty, dusky, vivid, true, With eyes of gold and bramble-dew, Steel-true and blade-straight, The great artificer Made my mate.

Honor, anger, valour, fire; A love that life could never tire, Death quench or evil stir The mighty master Gave to her.

Teacher, tender, comrade wife, A fellow-farer true through life, Heart-whole and soul-free The august father Gave to me.

Robert Louis Stevenson

HELPERS

However weak the hand I extend to help my needy brother, it becomes stronger when he grasps it. However meagre the love and concern which I bring to his need, when he receives it from me a warming ray of light is reflected upon myself. However uncertain my trust in God and things eternal, however imperfect my inward self-discipline, however burdened I may be in thought and feeling as I try to help others all will be purified, and my faith in God will grow—Adolf Harnack.

THE SILENT SWITCH

The wizard of the wall may soon be silent. An electric light switch has been invented which has no snap. More important still it cannot wear out. It consists of two shallow chrome steel cups about three-quarters of an inch in diameter sealed together with lead glass. A disc of ceramic material, in which there is a hole near the edge, separates the cups. In the centre of one of the cups is another smaller hole into which mercury is inserted. In the "off" position the hole in the insulating disc is above the line of the enclosed mercury. When



Spring Fashions For Home Dress-Making



rotated to "on" on the switch assumes a position whereby the mercury can flow through the hole and make contact with the other compartment. When rotated back again, the mercury flows back.

MEMORIES

A corner of the Marlborough House gardens, which by Queen Mary's special orders has been left entirely untouched, is the cemetery of the Royal pets (says the Daily Telegraph.) Here, in the shade of lofty trees, Caesar, King Edward VII's famous dog, Billy, Queen Alexandra's pet, and half a dozen other dogs who were the faithful companions of King Edward and his Queen lie buried. Over each little grave there is a headstone inscribed with the name of the pet.

COLOURED SHEETS

Most women prefer white sheets—probably more because of custom than for any other reason. They shrug their shoulders when one mentions coloured sheets as though to say, "Never!—as far as I am concerned!" Nevertheless, they may change their minds if they look at the display at present being shown in a FINE STREET widow, Edithburgh, The pink sheets, blue sheets, yellow sheets, look particularly attractive. We have already secured coloured blankets—how well they fit in with the colour scheme of the bedroom! Why not coloured sheets next!

NAMES FOR PARENTS

By what names shall we call our parents? The point is raised by Dr. R. W. Champman in his new "Tract." It has frequently exercised the mind of not a few people. "Father" and "mother" are Victorian and therefore considered as perhaps, too correct. "Papa" and "Mamma," so fashionable once, have long since departed; in any case they were too babyish. "Pater" and "mater," the designations of school-days are easily dismissed, for what foreign language, could ever give us the requisite degree of intimacy? "Daddy" and "Mummy," on the other hand, are perhaps too intimate and childish for general use. It is extremely difficult to find names that are at once not too effusive and not too formal. Some children get out of the difficulty by addressing their parents by their Christian names—a practice by no means approved by parents in general.

AGREED

"Do you know," said the young student at the agricultural college to an old farmer, "your methods of cultivation are a hundred years behind the times." Looking around he remarked: "Why, I'd be surprised if you made \$10 out of the oats in that field." "So would I," smiled the farmer, "it's barley."

The saddle shoulders and sleeves all in one make this shirt blouse easy to sew. The waistline is fitted by inverted pin tucks. It adds two breast pockets. The attached pantie will snug your hips in undreamed of slimness. It is quite brief with comfortable flared legs. Smart young things will call this a "find" for their summer suits. Slip into your skirt and you're dressed! It is just grand to wear with your culottes or slacks. Good in linen and linen weaves, tab silks, batiste, crinkled lawn, percale, voile, dimity, etc. Style No. 1804 is designed for sizes 14, 16, 18 years, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust. Size 16 requires 2 1/2 yards of 36-inch material. Price of PATTERN 15 cents in stamps or coin (coin is preferred.) Wrap coin carefully.

Form for Regal Flour pattern request with fields for Name, Street Address, City, State.

REGAL FLOUR BEST FOR ALL KINDS OF BREAD

NURSES CHURCH LONDON—Queen Mary visited the Church of St. Lawrence Jewry, Guildhall, recently, where a room has been reserved for London nurses.

Dorothy Dix's Letter Box

Marriage Always Takes a Slump After the Honeymoon Has Set, But Then Most Couples Find There is Something Deeper Than Billing and Coaling

Dear Miss Dix—I have been married a year. Sometimes I think I love him. Other times I regret that I married him and wish that I was single again. He has a queer disposition, becomes moody and pessimistic when things don't go exactly to suit him. It is almost unbelievable how upset he gets over a little incident that any one else would pass over without a thought. Somehow I can't make myself cater to his moods and try to make him snap out of them. I am too disgusted with his childishness. He is very intelligent and has a position with a promising future. I work in an office. We have a nicely furnished apartment. But there seems to be something lacking, compatibility and understanding. Or, perhaps, it is real love. What shall I do? Shall I bide my time and settle down to making my own way going? My husband says I am spoiled, so no doubt I am partly to blame for this. N. Q. H.



Answer: Your case is not unusual. Along toward the end of the first year of marriage many couples find that they make them regret their marriages and wish they were single again. The honeymoon has set. They are fed up on billing and coaling and surfeited with kisses. The novelty of being together and in their own home has worn off and they begin to figure on whether marriage is worth all it cost and to look at their lost freedom with longing and to wonder if they really do care enough about those they are tied to stand them and their faults and little ways for a lifetime. Divorces grew on trees and were to be had for the taking, there wouldn't be many second wedding anniversaries celebrated, but luckily they do not. Most divorcees are expensive and messy luxuries in which only the rich and the cinema stars can indulge freely. So, more or less, the married have to stick it. Also, pride comes to their aid and a sense of duty and obligation and good sportsmanship. So after a few quarrels over nothing and a few tears, most brides and grooms get their second winds and settle down to making their own way going. And their reward is generally in finding out that if their romantic love has flown out of the window, an affection far deeper and more satisfying has taken its place and they are not out of love after all, but really in love for the first time, and they are not sorry they married, they are glad of it.

So take up your comfort fact that you are just passing through the usual after marriage slump. You will recover from the depressing, but you can expedite the happy day by performing the act generally known as pulling yourself up by your bootstraps. Every wife has to do that. Every woman who makes a success of her marriage has to manufacture the sunshine of her home and she has to get along with her husband by dealing with his disposition "as is" and not as it should be. She has to cater to his moods, buck him up when he is down in the mood, smooth his fur the right way when it is winding up and end and humor his childishness, for no man ever quite grows out of being a little boy, no matter if he lives to be a hundred. And it is worse than folly for a woman to say she won't do these things. It is suicidal.

You and your husband have youth, love, intelligence, a good start in the world, all the raw materials for making a happy and prosperous marriage. Believe me, nothing pays such dividends in happiness as a successful marriage. Don't let your life go into bankruptcy before you have really honestly tried to make it go. DOROTHY DIX.

Dear Miss Dix—Should a girl give herself to a boy under any circumstances before marriage? If she does, would he misjudge her? When a boy and girl marry should they destroy all letters, pictures and souvenirs from former sweethearts? MARIE.

Answer: God thundered down His answer to this question on Mount Sinai. The law and society set their faces against it and tens of thousands of forsaken women, who have sinned through love and who are left with their hearts broken, their names disgraced, their families ashamed of them, teach the folly of it.

There are such things as self-respect and principle and honor, and when a girl throws these away she has not only robbed herself of her most precious and loyal friends, but she has also robbed every worthy while man wants his wife and the mother of his children to have. He wants her to have the strength of character to resist temptation and the courage, the stamina, the something within herself that will make her hold to the right.

I get many letters from men who have married their mistresses and they always say that even though their wives have been devoted to them and true and loyal, far as they know, they never get the very thing which is always suspicious of them because they believe that the woman who did not have the rock-ribbed virtue to stand by her colors one time would yield again under provocation. Certainly when people marry they should destroy all letters, pictures and souvenirs of former sweethearts, and they should quit talking about their former loves. DOROTHY DIX.

Dear Miss Dix—I am a widow in my seventies. A man in his thirties wants to marry me. Would it be wise for me to consider matrimony with a man so much younger than myself? I am financially independent and healthy enough to be able to go out when I please, but I am still lonely. PUZZLED WIDOW.

Answer: Don't be puzzled about that any longer. You know perfectly well that no man in his thirties wants to marry a woman in her seventies for anything else but her money. You are certainly going out of your way to hunt for trouble if you marry this lad. DOROTHY DIX.

A Morning Smile

YOU'RE WELCOME

Two girls were strolling round the shop. Presently they stopped beside a large tray filled with samples of a popular brand of tooth paste. "Tooth paste!" exclaimed one. "Just what I was looking for!" Holding up one of the samples, she exclaimed to the chemist's assistant: "How much are these, please?" The assistant smiled pleasantly. "They are gratis, madam," he replied. "Yes, I know that," the girl retorted, impatiently, "but how much are they?"

DURING BABY'S TEETHING TIME

The Bowels Become Loose

Diarrhea, dysentery, colic, cramps, manifest themselves; the gums become swollen, and cankers form in the mouth. This is the time when the mother should use



and perhaps save the baby's life. On the market for 88 years. Price, 50c. a bottle at all druggists or dealers.

"Daughter Of Venus"

BY ROBERT TERRY SHANNON

CHAPTER II Juliet realized that in a minute or two more she would see the last of the comradely middle-aged man who had drifted so informally into this her first evening out here. She had always heard the West was friendlier and franker than the East. It was true.

Denton Terhune—obviously a man of character—had revealed himself so naturally to her that he seemed like an old friend—less than an hour.

Yet Juliet herself had told him scarcely more than her name. He had taken her at face value as a worthwhile person and had done a little philosophical guessing about her future. No attempt to date her up. It wouldn't be difficult, Juliet decided, to get along in a town like this. But the local amiability that Juliet sensed certainly was not operating at Madame Hubert's table.

O'Hara had ceased growling and had barricaded himself behind a stony silence while the bent little woman kept up a low and mournful croaking.

"I'll absolutely not have Mrs. Gottlieb removed to the hospital," she was insisting for the hundredth time. Her voice was corded with the rust of a French accent, in relief of her legendary youth in Paris. If she dies on our hands—we must risk that. You're a fool, O'Hara. Suppose we go now to her husband with a confession—what then? We stir up alarm, excitement. He makes a damage suit. It's inviting calamity. Perhaps—immediately—we are arrested!"

O'Hara grunted. "Oh, Mrs. Gottlieb'll die, all right. Probably kicking off tonight while we sit here." Madame Hubert's brisk black eyes fixed themselves upon a short round man whose face consisted principally of a wide but wandering nose. His name was Herman Gottlieb and he was, at the moment, laboriously frothing his stenographer, a curving brunette with a painted rosebud mouth.

"Look at him!" rasped Madame Hubert. "Men! His poor wife trying to make herself beautiful to hold a husband like him! Her eyes snapped back to O'Hara as though she blamed him for the whole thing. "Why didn't someone find out her heart was weak before Von Guerdon gave her ether?" Madame Hubert consumed a spoonful of sherbet. "Oh well, maybe she'll recover after all."

"Don't kid yourself," sulked O'Hara. She's going to die and when she does it's goodbye to reputation and business. Customers will dodge the Institute like it was a pest house. Malpractice! Manslaughter! I can see the headlines. For the last time—I tell you I'm going to spring the bad news on Juliet and make him take his wife home before she dies. We can threaten to expose him as a philanthropist unless he gives us a break. But we've got to hurry."

There was a trace of bluster in O'Hara's words but Madame Hubert's pointed chin stubbornly closed above her over-hanging nose, giving her the expression of a determined witch.

"No, no, no!" It was as though a crow had cawed thrice. Before O'Hara could reply, which he had no intention of doing, they were aware of Denton Terhune accompanied by Juliet, standing over them.

Five minutes later Terhune had gone, but Juliet remained and was seated between Madame Hubert, who welcomed her presence, and the general manager, who distinctly did not.

The Madame, her eyes flashing, had discovered a professional joy in the face and perfect figure of Juliet. The withered creature was an artist, an appreciator of subtle and interesting beauty. Juliet, in an instant, fulfilled her exacting standards as did no other woman who ever had come before those hard and shrewd little eyes.

It would be honest to say were such a thing possible, that Madame Hubert's heart warmed and expanded at the sight of Juliet's harmonious symmetry.

One by her hands, brown as a claw, slipped across the table and rested lightly on the back of Juliet's wrist.

"My dear," said Madame Hubert, "I can find a use for you. How would you like to work with me?" Juliet smiled. "I never wanted particularly to be a manicurist."

"I don't mean anything like that," returned Madame Hubert seriously. "I can use you in lots of ways—important ways. Is it not so, O'Hara?"

A sudden glow burned in O'Hara's eyes. For no reason that Juliet could discern, the man seemed to dislike her instantly and intensely. This was queer, too, because Juliet

NURSES MADE IT FAMOUS!

—this Medicated Cream that is so wonderful for Red Chapped Hands, Large Pores, Blackheads, Pimples, etc.

TODAY over 12,000,000 jars of Noxzema are used yearly. Doctors first prescribed it—but nurses discovered how it soothed, quickly helped heal up Chapped Hands, Pimples and many other ugly skin irritations. If you want a softer, clearer, lovelier complexion, use Noxzema for 10 days and see what a big difference it makes. Apply Noxzema at night, and during the day as a powder base.



FREE SOAP OFFER! For a limited time, a cake of Noxzema Medicated Cream Soap FREE with a 54¢ jar of Noxzema Cream—perfect partners for a perfect complexion! Get both at the nearest drug or department store.

Today's Short Wave Radio Program

- THURSDAY, JULY 30 Paris 2:45 p. m.—Relay from Radio-Paris: Italian Concert, The National Orchestra. TP33, 26.2 m., 11.88 meg. Berlin 5:10 p. m.—"Don Juan," a Symphonic Poem by Richard Strauss. DJD, 26.4 m., 11.77 meg. Tokyo 6 p. m.—"Overseas Program." JYM, Naxaki, 20.5 m., 14.6 meg. London 6:00 p. m.—"Ladies Night," or "Here's to the Maiden." GSP, 19.6 m., 15.31 meg., GSF, 19.8 m., 15.14 meg., GSD, 25.5 m., 11.75 meg. London 6:45 p. m.—"The Castle of Dumbarton. A reminiscence of days long past. GSP, 19.6 m., 15.31 meg., GSF, 19.8 m., 15.14 meg., GSD, 25.5 m., 11.75 meg. Madrid 7:00 p. m.—Children's Program; music; time signal. EAQ, 30.5 m., 9.87 meg. Berlin 7:30 p. m.—The Radiating Race of Aeroplanes and Motor Cars to the City of the Olympic Games. DJD, 26.4 m., 11.77 meg. Caracas 8:30 p. m.—Popular Orchestra. YVRC, 51.7 m., 5.8 meg. London 9:50 p. m.—"Ancient Monuments," by Rt. Hon. W. G. A. Ormsby-Gore. GSD, 25.5 m., 11.75 meg., GSC, 31.3 m., 9.98 meg.

BOXER'S MINIMUM RATES

LONDON—National Union of Boxers has asked the Boxing Board of Control for minimum rates fixed by the board for preliminary contestants in various London halls.

harmlessly off Madame Hubert who lowered her voice and spoke confidentially to Juliet.

"Regard nothing he says as serious. For years he represented an American Company in China until the typhus got him. He cannot go back because a second attack is fatal. The fever—you know—" and she tapped her temple significantly with a skinny finger and rolled her eyes.

What, in heaven's name, Juliet wondered, kind of people were these? Everything about them was touched with a childish madness.

It was fantastic that between you and I have met here at this little table, my dear. You—the most beautiful woman in Los Angeles and I—the most ugly, fat, supercilious dramatic—the sheer collision! Think what Balzac would have made of it—yet this man here, this O'Hara with the soul of a tenth-rate pawnbroker, sits and screams about filthy dollars and dimes! He is revolting—faugh, faugh!"

O'Hara glared at his employer, but remotely some light was beginning to twinkle in his eye.

"Only a malicious and wicked woman would say 'faugh,' 'faugh' like you do!" he declared openly. "You know you're a sinful old miser and all this talk about drama and moments historic is the worst kind of bunk! If the headwater didn't watch you'd carry off spoons."

These startling insults rattled

(To Be Continued.)

THE COOK'S CORNER

SPICED CHERRIES 8 lbs. pitted red cherries 6 lbs. granulated sugar 1 pint vinegar 2 tablespoons ground cinnamon 1 tablespoon ground cloves 1 teaspoon mace. Method: Weigh the cherries after they have been pitted. Tie all the spice in a small cheesecloth bag to prevent their discoloring the mixture. Place all together in a preserving kettle and cook for 20 minutes. Remove the spice bag and drain out the fruit. Cook the syrup down until it is thick, add the fruit and reheat to the boiling point. Turn into hot, sterile jars and seal at once. There is a good deal of juice on the cherries and unless the syrup is cooked down, the mixture is pretty thin. But if you cook the fruit that long, it would be strong and dark. That is why I like to strain it out and cook the syrup alone.

DEVILED EGGS IN ASPICO

1 chicken bouillon cube 1 cup boiling water Pinch celery salt 6 hard cooked eggs Dash of cayenne pepper Pinch of salt 1 tablespoon softened butter 1 tablespoon gelatin 2 tablespoons cold water 1 tablespoon lemon juice 1 tablespoon onion juice 1/4 teaspoon dry mustard 3 tablespoons mayonnaise Dash of pepper 1 tablespoon softened butter pour boiling water over bouillon cube and seasonings and dissolve gelatin. Chill. Cut six hard cooked eggs in half, wash yolks and add mustard, cayenne, mayonnaise and butter. Pack yolk mixture into egg whites. Pour a little aspic in the bottom of ring mold then carefully place six halves of eggs in this, yolk side down. Add a little more aspic and chill again. When stiff add a layer of stuffed pimiento olives and a few whole small gherkin pickles. Add a little more aspic and chill. Then carefully lay in the halves of eggs and pour over the remaining aspic and chill thoroughly. When ready to serve remove from mold and fill centre with a crisp vegetable salad.

MONEY FOR ATHLETES

PARIS—The French Chamber of Deputies will allot \$65,000 for French athletes in the Berlin Olympics. Entrants in the Barcelona games have been given \$40,000 for expenses.

Burning & Itching ECZEMA

Thousands tortured by this distressing skin affliction rejoice today because of comfort-giving CUTICURA—The Soap that cleanses and the Ointment that soothes, relieves and helps heal agonizing irritations. Get CUTICURA today. Soap 25c. Ointment 50c. For FREE sample of each, write "Cuticura," Dept. 7, 238 St. Paul Street, N.Y., Montreal.

—By Ad Carter

