

# Woman's Realm / Social and Personal / Fashions / Literature

## Living & Leisure —THE WOMAN'S REALM—

**ALACKADAY!**

She bought a lovely dress for a very special night. Then she found she had to have a hat to make the dress look right.

But, trying on these garments, she knew them incomplete until she purchased modish shoes to complement her feet.

Arrayed in her new finery she couldn't help but note that to attain real elegance demanded a new coat.

The coat cried out for gloves. The gloves a pocketbook. To give the whole ensemble that really perfect look.

But still she lacks perfection. A lack that's growing worse. For now she has no money to complement her purse.

By Helen Howard Prommel in New York Times.

### ROOMY SHOES HELP GRACEFUL WALK

Almost any woman who halfway tries can walk sure-footedly and gracefully in flat-heeled shoes. But a spirited and graceful walk in high heels takes a bit of doing and enough room in shoes for toes to spread.

The more room for feet to expand themselves and give feet better grip, the better balance you get. Imprisoned in tight shoes, toes are powerless to support you. You can give the impression that you're skimming smoothly in high heels, if you'll also make sure that shoes are properly fitted to your arches. Arches must be helped and not hindered in their function if you want to walk well.

### How Can I!!

By Anne Ashley

**Q.** How can I keep the skin of the face clean?

**A.** Instead of using soap and water, a good way to cleanse the skin is to wet a piece of cotton in cold water, squeeze it dry, moisten it with a tonic made of witch hazel diluted with a little toilet water, dip in cold cream and apply, rubbing upwards. Use a fresh piece of cotton when the used piece becomes soiled.

**Q.** How can I bleach white woods?

**A.** By washing in the usual way and then soaking overnight in one-half gallon of clear water, to which is added two teaspoons of cream of tartar.

**Q.** How can I prevent the tarnishing of flat silver?

**A.** By keeping a piece of gum camphor in the drawer.

of shoe that grips your foot at the instep—an oxford or shoe with in-step straps. For instance—you'll find walking easier because of better arch support. Pumps are usually the best choice of shoes for flattery but the poorest for gripping the foot and supporting the arch for prolonged walking.

### OYSTERS POPULAR

The time has come to speak of oysters as this one of the "R" months. They're popular stewed, fried, or even raw. The household budget may decree oysters are a luxury item. However, make a point of having them at least once while they're in season.

There's a secret to opening an oyster-shell—no, no, put down that chisel and hammer, and just place a thin knife under the back end of the right valve, or shell (the shallower shell is the right). Push forward until the muscle, which holds the shells together, is cut. The right valve can then be raised from the left.

Oysters should not be placed in water before opening. When serving on the half shell, clean the shells by sprinkling them with water and brushing. In this way the oyster does not open to absorb any water. Lemon juice, with salt and pepper, is the sauce needed on a raw oyster.

When frying oysters first put them for a few minutes in cold salted milk, then roll in fine bread-crumbs. Fry in butter or olive oil. The liquid can be used as a base for the accompanying white sauce.

### PALATABLE DISH

Clever You can make a meal of left-overs taste just as agreeable as something you've freshly prepared. Use that dish of cooked fish from yesterday's dinner for a casserole of creamed fish and potato chips. Combine one cup of medium thick white sauce with two cups of cooked fish. Place alternately layers of the creamed fish and potato chips in a greased dish. Season. Top with buttered fine bread crumbs and heat well in a moderate oven until the top is brown.


### BIRD'S NEST YOU CAN EAT

You've got to hand it to the salangane. This bird doesn't make just a house to live in. He builds one which can be eaten, too.

No doubt you have often heard of birds' nest soup—and conjured up a vision of twig-and-hair-nests floating in kettles of hot water. The salangane does not make this kind of a dwelling, and that is why the Orientals have found his home good to eat. The Salangane's nest is made of seaweed.

It takes about ninety days for the completion of an edible nest. When this one is stolen the bird patiently starts on another, completing the second, odder enough.

**KEEP REGULAR NATURALLY**



**Kellogg's ALL-BRAN**

FOR CONSTITUTION

In only thirty days. This nest is stolen too. Still not discouraged the bird builds again, and this time is left in peace.

The salangane is an East Indian swift, found in Malaya and Australia.

—Ida M. Pardue

If your hat veiling has gotten wet from a shower, dip it into a solution of gum arabic which you can buy at your drug store. Dissolve one tablespoon of gum arabic in one cup of hot water. It may take an hour or two to completely dissolve. Dip the veiling in the solution and spread it flat on a towel to dry, keeping the edges straight. When dry, press it carefully with a warm iron. If the veiling is very fine, lay tissue paper over it before pressing.

### Cook's Corner

#### LEMON CREAM PIE

1/2 cup sugar  
2 1/2 tablespoons cornstarch  
Or 1 tablespoons all-purpose flour  
1/4 teaspoon salt  
1 1/2 cups milk  
2 egg yolks, well beaten  
1/4 cup lemon juice  
1/4 teaspoon grated lemon rind  
1 baked 9 inch pie shell  
2 egg whites  
2 tablespoons sugar

Combine sugar, cornstarch, or flour, salt, milk and beaten egg yolks and cook in top of double boiler until thick, stirring frequently. Add lemon juice and rind. Cool custard slightly. Fill baked pie shell top with a meringue made from the 2 egg whites and 2 tablespoons sugar and brown in a moderate oven 325 degrees F. Yield: one 9-inch pie.

### Morning Smile

"Is your husband a bookworm?"  
"No, just an ordinary one."

A junior reporter in England frequently reprimanded for relating too many details and warned to be brief turned in the following:  
"A shooting affair occurred last night. Sir Dwight Hopeless, a guest at Lady Pammore's ball, complained of feeling ill, took a drink, his hat, his coat, his departure, no notice of his friends, a taxi, a pistol from his pocket, and finally, his life. Nice chap. Regrets and all that."

## DOROTHY DIX SAYS—

### Faithless Wife

#### Woman's Attempt to Wreck Own Home And Brother-in-Law's Unwise

**DEAR DOROTHY DIX:** Can you explain to me why a woman, who is crazily in love with her own husband and perfectly happy with him, should still want another man to fall in love with her when under no circumstances would she consider having an affair with him? That's my case. I am racking my brains trying to trap another man into falling in love with me. What makes it worse is that he is my husband's brother, that he is married to a fine woman, and is a few years younger than I am.



He is infatuated with me but avoids me because he doesn't trust himself, and he would like to do anything that would make him look like a heel to his brother, or break his wife's heart.

What do you make of all this, DOROTHY?

**ANSWER:** It doesn't take any learned psychologist to read your character and see why you are acting the way you are doing. It is because you are a poor, miserable compound of sex and selfishness and vanity, without a single honest bone in your body, and for the sake of a little excitement and to prove that you have the power to arouse the passions of men, you are willing to break up two homes and bring a lot of shame and sorrow on your husband and his family.

**COLD BLOODED VIXEN**

You haven't even the excuse of not being in love with your husband, or having fallen madly in love with your brother-in-law, or of intending to become your brother-in-law's mistress after you have made him betray his wife for you. You are just cold bloodedly amusing yourself by seducing a boy who is younger than you are, and less experienced in amorous affairs. And no pity for the wife whose heart you are breaking and whose home you are wrecking, and no compunction for the treachery you are showing to your own husband makes you stay our hand.

You delude yourself when you think you can do all of this evil without having to pay for it, but let me warn you it will end in your being the victim of our own wickedness.

**DEAR MISS DIX:** If this is life, what is death? I was born. I lived a very unhappy childhood. My parents separated. I was inducted into the Army. I was discharged. I loved a girl, very much. We again engaged. Then she broke it off after a long period.

**JACK:** We again engaged. If this is life, what is death? Could it be any worse?

**ANSWER:** Life is made up of many things, of tears and laughter, of work and play, of striving and success and failure, of companionship and loneliness. What death is made of we shall never know until we pass through the grim portals.

You have made a mistake in permitting yourself to grow so morose about life, because while life is not always skittles and beer, neither is it always bitter tea. The courageous thing is to meet it with your chin up and a determination to make the best of it and do your part without whining and complaining. You have been a brave soldier in the war. Be one in peace.

Don't kid yourself in thinking that you are the only one who has ever had disappointments and sorrows. It is the common lot of many men besides yourself have loved and lost, and shut the door, and lived to be thankful that they didn't marry the girl they wanted in their youth.

The best proof that life is worth living is that none of us want to die.

**DEAR DOROTHY DIX:** I am a girl of 16 very much in love with a boy of 14. When I was away on my vacation I wrote him a letter, but he did not answer it, and when I came back he was going with another girl. That broke my heart very much. What shall I do?

**SAD MARY:** **ANSWER:** A boy of 14 is nothing but a child. Don't worry about kindergarten trash. And don't take your broken heart seriously. Bobby-cold hearts heal overnight.

## Ellen's Diary

By an Island Farmer's Wife

Yesterday's hours were long to James and me. We found it a lonely day notwithstanding much that was interesting about it; church, and folks who came to Sunday visit with us, and company to the house across the lane. But yesterday, Jamie was swa'. He and his mother had remained in town Saturday evening to spend the Sabbath with his other grandparents. Rob and I returned without them. "And so Jamie stayed?" James repeated, when I told him, and his tones were wistful. It is disappointing, to say the least, if James can not "kayley" with Jamie, some time or other during his day of rest. And sometimes it is Jamie, who—with his parents—comes to Alderlea and more often it is James, dressed "for Sunday" who wanders away over the fields happily in the direction of Rob's. So yesterday was a lonely day at Alderlea. I myself, could sense it in James' restlessness. I found it too in our surroundings, the way one will when loved ones are absent; in the very quiet of the place; in the sunlight shimmering on the mill pond. Even the sparrows that convened on the rose bushes seemed to be less noisy than if Jamie were here to see them. The old grey-gabled mill itself had a forlorn appearance, as it dined in its surroundings, and Paed that white dog of ours appeared to have caught the same spirit as he kept idle watch after watch at the gateway. Yes, it was no trouble at all for me to know yesterday that Jamie, grandson to us, was swa'. And it was a pleased James who contacted him by phone in the evening not so long after his return. "And so you're home!" I heard him say, and the words spoke volumes to me and then James smiling caught up his cap, and was away along the fields, in the darkness, to Rob's.

"Would you give a look, Ellen?" James asked this morning "and see if the grounds had frozen?" The light of day was scattering the grey twilight of morning, then and the old birch beyond the window was using a delicate pattern against the faintly coral brightness of the sky down the river. On an elbow then, I found for him the pleasing signs that guaranteed another day at the plowing, before Winter should come to put an end to all field work. On our strange and often-read barometer I saw the signs—on the surface of the mill pond below the front meadow. "No ice!" I volunteered and then after due consideration "A West wind." Then James said with enthusiasm, and it is a matter about which he is usually quite jovial in fact, he makes something of a game of it. "Who's out first? I'll bet you to it, Ellen!" We went more thoroughly into that question this evening when a farmer and his wife, neighbors to us, came visiting.

Both have had the privilege of a wider environment than either James or myself, and I welcomed the opportunity afforded by their presence to get their respective and unbiased points of view. The issue was still warm in my memory since morning. The findings at first were not unanimous, favoring now the head of the house and again his more fragile mate. Finally if the bed be in the middle of the room, and nothing to interfere with a clear passage to the floor" the visiting lady spoke up with the air of one who knew her topic. "I would say it was clearly a case of equal rights or obligations." Her opinion, I felt was inclined to be partial. She is a lady, and an extremely remarkable woman, who has always sort of pampered her husband. She is also an ideal mother of a large family, but she has been one of those rare women, who never allowed her motherhood to stand in the way of being interested companion and good comrade to her husband, a veteran of World War I. "And who let her husband asked" would be so mean as to give a woman the job of getting up first on a cold morning along with a wedding ring?" I glanced toward James. He favored me with a negative shake of the head, slight but meaningful. It was quite time to leave our intriguing question unsettled then and so on to talk of less personal affairs.

"Ellen" James interrupts my work a moment to ask now that we are alone again and he is in the old armchair "which one of us did get up first this morning?" "I'm not certain" I answer absently. "Then" he tells me significantly at the same time rising to make his way to the stairway door "I know who'll be second to the floor tomorrow!"

Until tomorrow. Diary  
Good-night.



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## THE STARS SAY—

By GENEVIEVE KEMBLE

For Tuesday, November 26

THE indications are for a day of little progress with a recommendation that a course of least resistance be adopted in order to sidestep explosive, indiscreet or erratic situations. The energies and faculties are under high tension and the emotions ready to fly into tantrums, and into avenues of mistake and blunder. Resist all forms of pressure or coercion and keep alert to snares and intrigues. Postpone important change and alliances until more favorable conditions. Conserve resources and assets. Care for the health.

### For the Birthday

Those whose birthday it is may experience a year of difficulties and dangers unless particular effort be made to act with sound reason and not any form of emotional outburst or pressure from others, either peculiar persons or strange situations. Keep to the side or safety and security in all transactions, safeguarding the health, resources, property and family obligations. Postpone major moves or change.

A child born on this day may be erratic, emotional and inclined to a sense of repressional physical limitation or depletion.

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**Patent Leather**

Vaseline petroleum jelly will prevent patent leather from cracking. Rub some of your shoes before putting them on. Then polish well.

**Colds**

A stubborn cold can often be broken by dissolving a teaspoonful of baking soda in a half-glass of water, and taken every three hours.

**Modern Etiquette**

By Roberta Lee

**Q.** In what color and where should monograms be engraved on letter paper?

**A.** They may be engraved in gold, silver, plain white or in colors at the top of the paper, the size and shape of the paper determining the correct position.

**Q.** Is it considered proper to wave a handkerchief as a means of greeting an acquaintance or attracting attention?

**A.** No. This is not only a breach of etiquette, but it should be forbidden by health authorities as a germ spreader.

**Q.** In what should ice cream be served at dinner?

**A.** In sherbet glasses.

Draped capelet sleeves rounding broader shoulders, are two highlights of designs for next spring and summer collections.

When shaking rag rugs, hold them by the sides. If they are held by the ends the weight of the rug pulls the threads apart.

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—FOR THE HOME—

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