

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

The HOUSEWIFE and HER ACTIVITIES

TRUTH LEADS ON
Who that once has seen
How truth leads on to truth,
shall ever dare to truth,

BELIEF
Believe nothing against another
but on good authority; and never
repeat what may hurt another, un-
less it be a greater hurt to some
other to conceal it.—Penn.

TOIL
You and I toiling for earth, may
at the same time be toiling for
heaven, and every day's work may
be a Jacob's ladder reaching up
nearer to God.—Theodore Parker.

SORROW
On can never be the judge of
another's grief. That which is a
sorrow to one, to another is joy.
Let us not dispute with any one
concerning the reality of his suf-
fering: it is with sorrows as with
countries each man has his own
—Shateaubriand.

FACTS AND FINDINGS
Oxalic acid is the acid used to
remove the bad stain from floors
which ordinary washing will not
affect.
The paint you use for painting
over old awnings to make them look
like new is made by mixing twenty-
five pounds of pure white lead with
two quarts of boiled oil and a
quart and a half of turpentine;
you can get tubes of oil colors and
make any desired tint.

A Morning Smile

A VIRTUOSO
From Lancashire comes a story
illustrating the sturdy independence
of the Northern character.
The town band was parading
through the principal streets; the
band drummer, being a small man,
has his view of the proceedings ob-
scured by his huge drum. So he
went on pounding away, oblivious
of the fact that his fellow-musicians
had turned up a side street.
"Hey, mister, what's to do?" called
out some boys. "Band's gone up
Green Street."
"Confound band," replied the
drummer. "I know the town
without band."

SKIN RED AND TENDER WITH ECZEMA
Complete Relief With Cuticura Soap and Ointment

The records abound with grateful
letters of praise like the following.
Name and full address are printed
to show that Cuticura letters are
genuine beyond question.
"Eczeema in little water blisters
started on my daughter's hands
and later developed into sore eruptions
causing much itching and
burning. Her skin was red and
tender, and she couldn't sleep.
I sent for a free sample of Cuti-
cure Soap and Ointment—then I

Spring Fashions For Home Dress-Making



Delightfully cool and smart is
this light blue cotton pique dress
with navy trims.
It is such a fascinating affair to
make. The dress cuts in one piece
from neck to hem with inverted
pin tucks at the waistline. An
action pleat at the center-front and
at the center-back, provides ample
freedom. The pretty shoulder cape
that follows the neckline of the
dress at the front, also cuts en-
tirely in one piece.
You'll finish it so quickly you'll
want to make another in tub pastel
silk or linen.
Style No. 1821 is designed for
sizes 12, 14, 16, 18 years, 20, 22 and
40-inches bust. Size 16 requires
3/4 yard of 39-inch contrasting for
dress and cape.
Price of PATTERN 15 cents in
stamps or coin (coin is preferred).
Wrap coin carefully.

Form for ordering pattern: No. 1821, Size, Name, Street Address, City, State.

Lotofcash was selecting a motor
car. Several expensive models were
shown to him, but none of these
took his fancy.
"Now, take this car," said the
salesman. "The engine will develop
sixty horsepower without a vibra-
tion."
The rich man's eyes opened in-
quiringly. "Is that so?" he said.
"How much does it develop with
one?" I want the best that money
can buy."

NOT JUST A COLD DRINK
TEA KEEPS YOU COOL
... Drink more TEA for Vitality!

"Daughter Of Venus"

BY ROBERT TERRY SHANNON

CHAPTER V
Gottlieb gave his face a circular
mopping. The smell of perfume
from his handkerchief reached Jul-
iet and, at the same moment, he
became aware of it himself. With
a look of mingled surprise and dis-
gust, he dropped the scented things
into the moderne wastebasket.
"Where," he asked, with a grotesque
little touch of dignity, "is my
wife? Please take me to her at
once."
Juliet went down the corridor
with Gottlieb trotting at her heels.
At the proper door she stood aside
and let him enter. The nurse, who
was reading a book, jumped up.
"He can't come in here!"
But Gottlieb was ready with the
room—more, he was on the side of
the bed and his short arms were
trying to embrace the girl form
under the white covers.
"Liebchen... Liebchen... Lieb-
chen..."
It was not, strictly speaking, a
miracle but undeniably Mrs. Gott-
lieb—at the sound of that loved
voice—opened her eyes. Juliet and
the nurse, both watching, saw a
faint tide of color creep back to
the ashen face. The lips moved
stiffly, but only Mr. Gottlieb was
near enough to hear what they ut-
tered.
"Is it her husband I suppose he
has got the right," said the nurse
guardedly to Juliet; "not that it
matters now."

THE next day, and for many
thereafter, the Institute was a
world of fascination for Juliet.
In the first place Madame Hubert
had established her in a main-
tened office on the top floor. Not a
skimp business cubicle but a spa-
cious room with all curtains pat-
tering in the breeze, a velvet carpet,
a small feminine desk and a set-
tee with graceful chairs to match,
all done in expensive and subdued
fabrics and lacquered designs. In
the ordinary world of business no
such offices exist; they are to be
found only in motion picture sets
and the fertile dreams of interior
decorators.
But this intense flare of mode
modern applied not only to Juliet's
office but to the whole Institute.
Even the noisiest elevators con-
tributed to resemble the interior of
jewel boxes.
Wherever possible, daylight had
been rigidly excluded and substituted
by a softened glow of amber
and gold lights—a vague and flat-
tering light, which, coupled with
the subtle perfume in the air and
the soft carpets and the deference
of all attendants, contrived to blend
into a dreamy atmosphere.
Madame Hubert's patrons with a
sense of importance and the illu-
sion that human beauty was indeed
attainable within these magic walls.
Madame Hubert, discussing Jul-
iet's employment, had fairly
beamed with good will. In the mat-
ter of salary her generosity was
surprising.
"Let me pay the best wages in the
profession and I charge the highest
prices," she explained. "My people
are all the best, clients and em-
ployees both. O'Hara told you I was
a miser, but that was only his ir-
ritation speaking. He gets a thump-
ing good income and so will you if
you prove worthy. It is inevitable I
find out what it is all about."

So Juliet's trim figure slipped in
and out of divers suites and de-
partments, upstairs and down and
around strange corners into a be-
wondering existence of facial creams
and ointments, reducing cellulite,
masses, hair-cutters, manicur-
ists, wavers, cosmeticians, and an
army of uniformed hostesses mov-
ing about with a procession of
silver tea-trays, magazines and ex-
pensive cigarettes.
Juliet was, of course, familiar
with beauty parlors but nothing so
enormous and impressive as Ma-
dame Hubert's.
By noon more than a hundred
women were being creamed, steam-
ed and polished; women who could
afford it and women who couldn't;
young, middle-aged, and old wo-
men; debutantes, brides, widows,
and sweethearts.
And, strangely of all, hordes of
young and lovely women who had
emerged from their morning baths
triumphant with all of Nature's
unimprovable beauty, flocked here

JUST KIDS
WHILE MUM
IS VERY
PROUD OF
HIS LITTLE
TWIN
BROTHERS,
TRELAWNEY
AND
BRANNER,
HE'S GLAD
THEY'RE
NOT
QUIN-
TUPLTS!

GOOD
EVENING,
SARAN.
HELLO, JOHN DEAR,
IS ANYTHING
WRONG? YOU
LOOK
WORRIED!

YOU'D BETTER GO UP TO YOUR ROOM—
YOUR FATHER IS WORRIED ABOUT
SOMETHING—SO DON'T
DISTURB HIM!

SO POP THINKS
HE'S GOT
WORRIES!

Women Want Romance—Or Do They? Dorothy Dix Little Things Count In Love

The American Husband is the Best Husband in the World and the Worst Lover. That is Why They Lose Their Wives

The newspapers have been telling the story of a handsome and be-
spelling sheik, with a way with him, who is said to have married forty rich
women whom he mulcted of their fortunes. But when arraigned in court,
charged with having defrauded his numerous
wives, the man bitterly resented it.
"I am no thief," he said, "I am not dis-
honest. I gave these women their money
worth. I gave them something worth all
the dollars they had or ever will have. I
gave them romance. Take any woman,
rich or poor, and give her the choice between
a life of wealthy loneliness and of romance—
a swift, overwhelming, glorious romance of
the kind most American women never know,
and she will choose romance. Women want
romance. They must have it. They want
money, but they can get along without that.
But they perish without romance.

"American men don't know the mean-
ing of romance. Most of them go on brief honeymoons and then drop
their wives and marry their stock-tickers. They are too busy making
money to have time to make a woman happy. I typify Romance. I
dress carefully and a little ahead of the fashion. I have manner. I
kiss the hands of an unfashionably polite and always anticipate a woman's
wish. American husbands don't do these things. They grow fat and
talk business. I am different.

And so the women listened to the man who told them the things
they had been hungering to hear all their lives and handed over their
pocketbooks to him. It was as easy as all that. No more money under
at it. When you are starving you grab at the first morsel of food that is
offered you. You do not stop to investigate if it is wholesome, whole-
wheat bread, or to see if it has the pure-food label on it.

This is not the first time, nor will it be the last, that women have
fallen and will fall for the glib-tongued lovermaker who woos them in
lovely, soulful, old-fashioned novel language and who offers them a slice
of the angel's food of romance for which every mother's daughter of us
pines and which very few of us ever taste. For even the women who get
married seldom get more than a scant nibble at it, and this is the un-
confessed grievance that even the wives of good men have against their
husbands.

They know that their husbands love them. Good heavens! Doesn't
John work himself to death to prove it, and doesn't he say it with his
checkbook? Every day he gives a proof of devotion strong enough to
borrow money on the bank. But no matter how long he is on affec-
tion, he is short on romance. There is no glamour, no thrills, just plain
roast beef medium and mashed potatoes. Even his courtship was a mere
honorable statement of his intentions, and when he popped the question
it was in as businesslike a way as if he were asking for an option on her
hand for thirty years. F. O. B. at the altar.

Most women burst into tears when men propose to them, and the
men think that it is because they are overcome with joy at getting such
good things as they are, but in reality the women are crying out loud with
chagrin and disappointment at the prosaic, commonplace way in which
they have done it. The big moment of their lives, to which they had been
looking forward ever since they were little girls in pigtail, has been ruined.
Their last chance at romance is gone. They are never going to
hear the impassioned speech that they pine and long to hear and which
they have dreamed of treasuring in their memories and repeating to their
grandchildren when they are withered old women.

The American husband is the best husband in the world and the worst
lover. He gives his wife everything in the world she wants except the
thing she wants most, and that is sentiment. And if before marriage he
is a dumb Romeo who finds courtship arduous and embarrassing and
bore some, after marriage he is both dumb and blind, and he cuts out the
soft talk entirely.

There are thousands upon thousands of women whose husbands stopped
all love-making on their honeymoon with a suddenness that jarred
the bride's back teeth loose. Plenty of women are thereafter bound to
take it for granted that their husbands still feel an affection for them,
since they have not divorced them. But their husbands never show
them any tenderness, they never pay them a compliment, they never
what they have on, or whether they are sick or well, or happy or miser-
able. And, so far as the wives can see, they are regarded with no more
personal feeling than their husbands have for the kitchen range, or the
electric light, or any other household convenience.

And the tragedy of all this is that the women cannot satisfy them-
selves with the knowledge that their husbands probably still care for them,
it is not enough for them that their husbands provide them with food and
clothes and cars and trips to Europe. They want love. They want
sentiment. They want romance. They want to be flattered. They
want something to put pep into their days.

It is this that makes women the easy prey of any adventurer who
comes along who makes burning, passionate love to them and who makes
them feel—even for an hour—that they are heroines in the great adven-
ture of which they have dreamed so long. It is this soul-hunger which
makes otherwise sensible women run off after long-haired prophets of
strange cults. It is because women cannot get at home the food for
which they starve that makes respectable wives and mothers get into
compromising affairs with lounge lizards and dancing partners in tea-
rooms and write for match notes to movie sheiks.

Half of the unhappiness from which they suffer is the lack
of romance in their lives. And this being so, it is a pitiful thing to think
that husbands will not take the trouble to show their wives the few little
attentions and say the few kind words by which they set such undue store
and which would make them happy and contented. DOROTHY DIX.

Today's Short Wave Radio Program
(LAN MAR is Eastern Standard)
MONDAY, AUGUST 3
Moscow
4 p. m.—Travel Broadcast;
Music and news. RNE, 25 m., 12
meg.
Berlin
5:30 p. m.—Famous Musicians:
In the firm faith that some myster-
ious art would improve upon per-
fection.
There were places, too, where
the clientele never penetrated—
book-keeping rooms, bottling and
packing rooms, employees' rest
rooms, laboratories and a whole
floor of clerks and stenographers
handling the mail-order business.
In all of these departments word
had spread, as it always does, that
a new important executive had
joined the firm. Juliet was wel-
comed every where with reverence
because she was from that kingdom
of heaven called the Front Office.
(To Be Continued)

Fruits are Delicious Now!
luscious jams and jellies
call for CERTO
easy - sure - economical

THE CERTO WAY IS SO EASY—SO SURE THAT I FOUND IT DOESN'T PAY TO MAKE JAMS OR JELLIES WITHOUT CERTO.
THIS WONDERFUL SHORT BOIL PREVENTS THE JUICE FROM BOILING AWAY IN STEAM—FLAVOUR STAYS IN THE FRUIT... JELLIES ARE FIRM, JAMS ARE JUST RIGHT.

1. Scores of jelly and jam exhibition champions and millions of other jelly makers use the Certo short-boil way. They save time and money by following exactly the Certo recipes.
2. No wonder... with Certo you boil such a short time... only 3 1/2 minutes for jellies; a little longer for jams! The short boil does it. All the flavour stays right in the fruit instead of boiling away in steam.

WITH THE OLD, LONG-BOIL WAY I AVERAGED 6 GLASSES. NOW I GET 10 GLASSES AND MY BATCH IS FINISHED IN LESS THAN 15 MINUTES AFTER MY FRUIT WAS PREPARED! I'VE SAVED TIME—WORK—MONEY!

FREE RECIPE BOOK
77 tested recipes come with every bottle of Certo—a separate recipe for each fruit. Remember, Certo recipes simply won't work with anything but Certo.
Certo is pure pectin—nothing is added—is the natural jelling substance extracted from fruit. Makes jams and jellies with any fruit or fruit juice. So play safe—insist on Certo.

3. No juice is lost by wasteful long boiling. And your jams and jellies have all the lusciousness of the fresh, ripe fruit. Always remember—Certo is certain! At all grocers. Made in Canada.

SPECIAL OFFER
60 Assorted labels for Jelly Glasses
Wouldn't you like the attractive book of jelly glass labels shown at the left? Just mail this coupon, along with the label from one bottle of Certo and a 3c stamp to Consumer Service Department, General Foods, Limited, Cobourg, Ontario.

THE COOK'S CORNER
MARSHMALLOW DATE ROLL
For a dessert, which can be made in such very short time, you will be amazed at the deliciousness of this mixture. No cooking is required for the pudding itself, and a very few minutes will bring it to the point of chilling. Moreover, it is a dessert which might be kept for 24 hours or even for 3 days before serving, without destroying its flavor or texture. We give you a Lemon Sauce for serving hot on the cold pudding—if you prefer, you might serve it with cream, plain or whipped.

—By Ad Carter