

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

The HOUSEWIFE and HER ACTIVITIES

TRUE GREATNESS
What is true greatness? Is't to climb Above the rocks and shoals of time To sculpture on some height sublime...

CHOW MEEN NOT CHINESE; IRISH COOK CLAIMS IT

All your life you doubtless have thought of chow mein as a Chinese dish. Well, according to Tong Y. Chin of Cleveland, president of a company manufacturing chow mein, it's an Irish dish.

YOUR FURNITURE
Your furniture with find wood finishes should be dusted daily with a soft, dry dust cloth. A good furniture polish should be applied at least once a month.

HOLES IN LACE
A novel method of mending a hole in lace and one that proves very successful is to put a piece of paper under the hole and stitch on the machine until the hole is filled.

SCRATCHES ON SILVER
If your table silver is scratched buy a small amount of putty powder at a chemist's and put it into a saucer with enough olive oil to make a paste.

EMERGENCY CLEANING
Make a soft bag of several thicknesses of cloth and fill with pulverized pumice stone. Stitch across the upper edges to keep the powder from spilling.

AT HOME
Well has it been said that when we are alone we should watch our thoughts; when in company, our tongue. But that when we are at home we should watch our temper.

abroad among strangers. Unfortunately many of us only too easily presume upon the strong bond of kindred, and permit ourselves to cast aside the ordinary rules of courtesy and politeness in our intercourse with those of our own household.

CHOOSING A PROPER LIPSTICK IS IMPORTANT

In a faraway country there are women of an ancient tribe still living whose lips bear the tattoo marks once considered a requisite to beauty. Green, blue and many other colors were used to beautify them. But though we in this part of the world stick to healthy reds in adding glamor to our lips, we may neglect them in ways that are quite as reckless as it would be to tattoo them with grotesque and indelible pigments.

If your mouth has acquired a tell-tale droop at the corners, you will have to go to work on it as systematically as you would to correct a posture defect. Defects in expression may not be as uncomfortable, but they may be more harmful because of the impression you make on others.

A Morning Smile

LOCATE YOURSELF
Joan—Which would you rather be in—a collision or an explosion?
Darby—I would rather be in a collision.

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES
KEEPS EYES CLEAR AND ALIVE
This is a nice thing to keep on hand in case of emergency.

Dorothy Dix's Letter Box

There is no Remedy for a Worthless Husband. All a Wife can do When Fettered by a Shiftless Mate is to go out Herself and Find a Job

Dear Miss Dix—What should a woman do who is married to a man who is kindly and moral, but a man who just can't make a living and support her or can't even support himself? He isn't especially lazy, just support her or can't even support himself?



Answer: There isn't any hope for her in her husband and the sooner she recognizes the fact and adjusts her life to it, the better for her. It is the man to whom she is married is a weakling who cannot do a man's part in the world and provide for his family.

Whether a wife should divorce a husband merely because he can't make a living is a problem beyond my ability to solve because there are so many angles to the situation. Certainly no one could contend that she is under any obligation to starve with him.

Men, somehow, seem to be better sports about the no-account mate than women are. There are thousands upon thousands of men who are married to trifling women who make husbands get up and get their own breakfasts while they lie abed and snooze of mornings.

Dear Miss Dix—To what extent should a mother expect or demand financial aid from her children? My mother is in splendid health and when my father died he left her a large house a new car and \$15,000 in cash.

I think you are foolish to let yourself be impoverished by a spendthrift mother. If you don't stop her demands upon you, you will ruin your entire life by getting into a habit of supplying the insatiable demands of a wasteful woman.

Dear Miss Dix—I am a girl engaged to be married to a very fine young man who loves me dearly. I believe myself to be in love with him. The man who loves me dearly. I believe myself to be in love with him.

You are certainly not in love with the young man to whom you are engaged if you cannot be true to him even before marriage. My diagnosis of your symptoms is that you are a born philanderer and that no one man will ever satisfy you.

Spring Fashions For Home Dress-Making



What an urge for cool frocks seems to course through us when the mercury rises. And how we are attracted to the cool low neckline and brief sleeves as today's model. It has a graceful slim skirt with an action pleat at the front.

A gay and attractive scheme is pictured in yellow shirting against striped in green with plain green contrast.

Tab pastels, hennas, pique, shantung, etc., are also good. Size No. 1784 is designed for sizes 14, 16, 18 years, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust. Size 16 requires 3 1/2 yards of 35-inch material with 1/2 yard of 36-inch contrasting.

RAY TRAFFIC CONTROL
LIVERPOOL, England—(G.P.)—An invisible photo-electric ray, which gives the necessary signals when the ray is broken by passing vehicles or pedestrians, has been perfected by an automotive company here.

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.

Just Kids
DOROTHY: DON'T KNOW HOW TO THANK YOU—MAYOR TRELAWNEY!
NEVER MIND—IT WAS JUST A PLEASURE!



Try them together.. NATURE'S MOST PERFECT Cereal AND CANADA'S CHOICEST Fruit
ENJOY crisp, golden-brown Shredded Wheat tomorrow morning—with sun-ripened, luscious peaches—swimming in rich, wholesome milk or cream. Shredded Wheat is 100% whole wheat—nothing added—nothing taken away. It helps give you energy and vitality... keeps you on your toes. Because it supplies Nature's vital food essentials. Order Shredded Wheat and peaches for breakfast.

SHREDDED WHEAT MADE IN CANADA - OF CANADIAN WHEAT

THE BIG STORY

By STUART JACKSON

Old "Bits" was alone in the news-room of the "Evening Echo" when he heard that queer noise in the corridor. Just outside the wire-room, now still and silent, it seemed to be, like someone sniffing about in a hesitant sort of way, as though waiting for him to come out.

He opened the door of the news-room and looked down the corridor. But, of course, there was nobody there. There never was anybody in the building except himself—and a night watchman he rarely saw—at this time of night.

He was there "just in case anything happened"—but, of course, nothing ever happened after midnight in Midchester that couldn't be "picked up" by the bright young men of the reporting staff when they came on duty in the morning.

The usual breaking up and drifting away. Ratterway, the editor, had hitched his horns on his nose for the final time that day as he peered blandly at Pendle, the news-editor, and, like a general tom cat playing with a harassed mouse, quizzically inquired why the "Echo" had missed the blaring car tragedy story that was "broken" that day.

Yes, they, and all the others who made up the effervescent staff of a newspaper, had gone leaving Old "Bits" in charge until the city awoke in the morning.

He had no illusions about himself. The called him Old "Bits" because it was to him they came when there was occasion to print obituary of some prominent personality of the city. They knew that he knew Midchester inside out. He had served the paper for nearly half-a-century—but he was getting a bit shaky these days. His hearing was playing him tricks, too. No one would have merely imagined that noise in the corridor.

Old "Bits" knew that the "Echo" would never dismiss him. He had plodded along in a painstaking way too well for that. He knew that he should really retire—when the entire staff would have made him a handsome presentation. But Old "Bits" could not bring himself to retire. Work was life to him.

This newspaper life got into one's blood somehow. There was music in the thunder of the giant rotary presses which rumbled in the bowels of the building. There was excitement in the air when the clicking Greed machines tapped out distant news in the wire-room—and when a jangle of telephone bells in the news-room intimated embryo news waiting to be "covered."

Only he, Old "Bits," could write that astonishing story ("amazing disclosure," they'd call it) of Frank Freeman. Only he knew the link

that existed between the story and the marriage that was taking place to-morrow. Only he knew the facts. Ratterway, Pendle, Pimm and the rest of them wouldn't know just how big a story had "broken" until they clapped their eyes on Old "Bits'" copy.

His heart thumped with elation at the thought. To tell the truth, it thumped with something else, too—but he was too much the journalist to trouble about that now. His hand shook a little as he gathered up some folios of paper and went into the library. He would write his story there—among the old volumes of "dead" news set in series rows on the shelves, past "Echoes" that he knew so well.

Old "Bits" sharpened a pencil—there was always something more intimate about handwriting than the impartial imprint of the typewriter—and took a sheet of virgin paper. "I am able to reveal..." he wrote (just like the bright young men began)—and then he paused; his mind flickering back as his vision strayed to the bound volumes that were like a cavalcade of the years.

He knew just where to put his hand on any volume he might want. Here was the volume for June, 1900. He opened its fallow pages, and there, for June 20th, those years ago, was the paragraph, written in the cart-before-the-horse journalist of the time.

At Mayne Street Registry Office, Midchester, the wedding took place today of Mr. Frank Freeman and Miss Cynthia Dale, both of this city. The bride wore a gown of blue tulle (Messrs. Perkins and Coy) set off by an ostrich plume hat (John Jenks and Son). The reception was held at the home of the bride's father, Mr. Duncan Dale.

Just that; Cynthia's father hadn't been "Judge Dale," well-known in Midchester and environs, in those days. Nobody had known Frank Freeman, either. Maybe that was why he had imagined he could get away with it. Yet why should anybody have passed judgement on Frank Freeman for wanting happiness? Mavis had made his life, a hell before she had disappeared and before her death had been presumed.

The facts had never been kept from Cynthia Dale for one moment. She had linked her life with his with open eyes. She was prepared to flout all the conventions of her time, because she was certain of her love. "They say marriage is made in Heaven, Frank," she had said, "and somehow I think, our will be blessed."

And blessed, up to a point, it had been. They had been happy but each other—and glad of the four children born to them. Yes, those two had been very happy until catastrophe and the shadow of scandal had fallen on him.

Twelve years had passed before Mavis came back from the dead; reappearing in Midchester, like a malignant wrath springing suddenly out of nowhere. And Mavis had gone straight to Cynthia's father—now a diva, a classic example of justice and integrity to all the city—to tell him that his alleged son-in-law had married her fourteen years before, and what was he going to do about it?

The \$1,000 she demanded to keep her mouth shut had been paid, and Mavis had gone her way again. But the inflexible codes of Duncan Dale would not permit him to allow his

THE COOK'S CORNER

STUFFED BEET SALAD
Four good sized cooked beets, 11 pimento stuffed olives, 1 package cream cheese, 2 cups shredded cabbage, 1/2 teaspoon celery seed, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 4 tablespoons oil, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1/2 teaspoon salt, few grains paprika, 1/2 teaspoon onion inside of beets to form cups. Let stand in French dressing for an hour or longer. Chop olives and combine with cream cheese. Fill beets with mixture. Season cabbage with sugar, salt, celery seed and paprika. Toss lightly with a fork and add lemon juice. Mix well and beat in oil. Serve stuffed beets on bed of cabbage and pass extra French dressing.

daughter to remain with a man who was not her husband. His outlook had been rigid, and he was prepared to pillory himself and prosecute his masquerading son-in-law rather than be a party to anything he considered ambiguous.

Cynthia and the children must make their home with him, and Freeman must leave them alone; that was his edict and no kind of entreaty had been able to deviate him in the slightest from what he had conceived to be his duty.

And so, for the sake of eleven-year-old Peter, Patricia, who was eight, Paul, an adventurous six, and Pamela, the baby, Cynthia and the father of her children had parted; Duncan Dale sending his daughter on a trip to America, with little Patricia for company, and little Patricia, so excited about the floating palace that, it was said, nothing could sink.

Yes, there were the facts for the start of Old "Bits'" story, and in his careful hand wrote for a while, pausing now and again to listen for that queer noise that seemed to persist in the corridor and was now associated, for some reason or other, with the thumping in his heart.

Old "Bits" rose, a trifle unsteadily, to take another volume from the shelf—a volume marked April, 1912. He opened it at a place he had thumbed so often, and again the aching headlines, as vivid as ever to him, flared out of the printed page:

TITANIC STRIKES ICEBERG MIDCHESTER VICTIMS. Cynthia Dale and little Patricia had never survived the fatal voyage of the floating palace that nothing could sink. Frank Freeman, concealing his grief as best he might, had sought to lull his sorrow in his work, denying himself access to his children for their own sake.

Old "Bits" turned to his story, writing carefully on through sleep. Two more years had passed—and then, the date that shook the world. Across the front page of the "Evening Echo" for August 4, 1914, WAR DECLARED ON GERMANY.

War! It had gone on and on—no "glorious adventure" that would be over in a few weeks, but a maelstrom of mud and blood and horror and frightfulness that had vomited fresh atrocities over the paper's pages daily, a paper that had now become as obituary from beginning to end, carrying columns of casualties.

Old "Bits"—not so old then—had had the grim task of recording the universal murder. He had tried to do his bit as a fighting man, presenting himself early at a local recruiting station, but heads had been shaken when his heart had been sounded. He had returned to the "Echo" offices to go on recording that long trail of death.

Old "Bits" opened the volume for July, 1918, and in the list for the fourth day of that month he read the name of Peter, Cynthia, Dale's boy who had assumed premature manhood and gone off to die when he ought to have still been playing football at school.

Yes, tragedy had seemed to stalk Frank Freeman through the cavalcade of years—the story that Old

CORNS RELIEVED instantly! PUTNAM'S Corn Extractor
—By Ad Carter