

THE REMARKABLE ROMANCE OF AN INDUSTRIAL DICTATOR

Velvet and Steel

By PEARL BELLAIRS

SYNOPSIS
Joan Denby of humble origin, is introduced as a social equal of Miss Georgina La Fontaine, rather than as her secretary. She meets Mrs. Hannen, millionaire, who forces his attentions on her. Lord Edwards proposes to Joan.

Joan leaves Miss La Fontaine to become a mannequin at the Salon Celeste.

"Eightpence, halfpenny, madam!" Joan gazed helplessly at the box and was just about to say that she required black pins with white ends, when Hannen reached out and took the pins from the girl. He threw them down on the counter.

"We'll have those," he said, and put down half-a-crown.

The girl wrapped them up, gave them to the helpless Joan, and the change to Hannen. Hurling Joan turned and walked out of the shop. She knew, as he followed her, that he was laughing. When they emerged on the pavement he regarded her gravely but a trifle breathlessly.

Joan did not reply. If only the pavement would open and swallow this man!

"Come along—tell me! How much have you been trying to do this precious shopping with?"

Running down the escalator at a pace which astonished the other people on it, she took a penny ticket and hastened on to the platform.

There was a train waiting and she got into it, and only when it was pulling out of the station did she have time to draw breath and consider the situation.

She had escaped. She had given him the slip, and she was not going in his car!

She had a season ticket from Charing Cross to West Ham station; but when she got to West Ham she had to walk from there, as she had no penny for the tram.

She arrived home in Hooley St. feeling very tired and rather worried for she still had the proposed cruise on the Corsair to consider. When she went into the house she was greeted by the full blare of Hannen's wireless set; for the family had it going all day.

"Have you heard?" cried Maude, rushing to meet her, red-faced with excitement from the kitchen. "Joany, have you heard? Mr. Hannen's going to take us all for a cruise in his boat!"

"So you want to go?" said Joan. "Want to go? Why, what's come over you, Joany? Why, I never heard the like! It'll be the finest thing in the world."

"I goin' in a ship," shouted Ben. He was playing that the chair was a ship and the floor was the sea. Getting off the chair, he came up to where Joan was standing in the middle of the kitchen passing her hand through her hair in a dazed fashion.

"I hain't ever seen the sea!" he said. Mrs. Denby thought rather flushed by the excitement that reigned in the house, spoke more quietly to Joan.

Cupid in Hollywood

Rise and Fall of Romance Thermometer Shown In Summary

Hollywood. — Movieland's romance thermometer: Jack Oakie and Vanita Vardon, up 10 degrees. He just gave the pretty brunet showgirl a beautiful cigarette case inscribed "To Vanita with love Jack Oakie."

Kay Francis and Delmar Daves steady. They're still seeing each other frequently.

Ginger Rogers and Lew Ayres dropping rapidly. A divorce is still dangerously near.

Jack Warner and Ann Alvarado (Don Alvarado's ex-wife), up five points. They'll probably be married in December.

Jackie Coogan and Betty Grable, up 15 degrees. This is getting hot and may reach the altar any minute.

Carole Lombard and Robert Riskin, down 10 points. Carole is getting restless, as she usually does after a certain time.

Jean Harlow and Bill Powell, almost zero. Both parties looking for new talent.

Luise Rainer and Jean Negulesco, climbing fast. He's now sending flowers to the studio as well as her home.

John Considine and Carmen Panfili, dropping steadily. When Carmen is seen around the night spots, it's usually with her brother.

Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg, steady. A bad quarrel was forgotten and the hatchet buried.

Constance Bennett and Gilbert Roland, up five degrees. She may divorce the Marquise de la Falaise and marry Gilbert almost any time.

Bob Crosby and Dixie Lee, dropping slowly. Everything is serene on the surface, but there are fireworks underneath. Don't be surprised at a divorce.

Robert Taylor and Irene Hervey, down 15 points. Bob's too anxious to take advantage of his sudden popularity with Hollywood beauties.

Ann Sothern and Roger Pryor, steady. He'll be free soon and then they'll be married.

Joan Bennett and Gene Markey, down 10 points. There's a lot of smoke, and fire is expected.

Wants To Fall In Love

Nino Martini, opera and moving picture singer, wants to fall in love, he says, but the right girl hasn't come along so far.

He admires American girls, he asserts. "They are wonderful. They are beautiful," he enthuses, in a national home magazine. "They have trim, charming figures, and they know how to dress. They show splendid qualities of character, too. I am most impressed, perhaps, by their great adaptability. Nothing seems to limit them."

But with all that this girl is an enigma, he declares. "Does she feel deeply? Are her emotions genuine and profound? Is she merely out for a good time? Does she like a man for himself or because of his position? I declare, I don't know."

She was beaten. There was no more to be said. They would go. And she even had to be grateful to him because of Jimmy!

CHAPTER XII The Luxury Yacht

Joan's principal anxiety was about her job. Her heart sank when she considered that she must lose it if she asked leave for a fortnight's holiday so soon; they would not let her go with any guarantee of taking her on again afterwards, she was sure.

Mr. Denby had been granted a fortnight off from the works by a special permit from Hannen. Maude had proposed an out-of-work girl friend as a substitute for herself in the confectioner's shop and her holiday was allowed her. But Joan was in deep depression.

"My job will be lost, of course," she said to Hannen one evening when he turned up at Hooley Street to make the final arrangements about transporting the family to Southampton.

(To be Continued)

EVERY DAY LIVING

A WEEKLY TONIC by Dr. M. M. Lappin

NAGGING MAKES FOR UNHAPPINESS

Nagging is a menace to the peace of the home. No two persons can live happily together when they are continually nagging at each other. The following extract, which I quote from a letter received from a young husband, shows quite clearly the danger to which nagging exposes the home.

"My wife and I began married life eight years ago very happily and deeply in love with each other, but now I think we are coming to the parting of the ways. She has developed the nagging habit, and although I try to restrain myself, the sharpness of her tongue is such that I can hardly forbear retort. It is a constant bickering morning and night. We have three lovely little children and for their sakes I would not like to break up the home. But this nagging is getting on my nerves."

Whatever you do, don't break up your home! If your wife and you were really "deeply in love with each other" when you started, then there is surely hope. Love, such as you claim existed between you, is not easily extinguished. It takes longer than eight years to kill such love as a rule and, in your case, it probably still exists. Assuming that to be so, if you break up your home you will be most unhappy. Besides, the presence of three young children might create serious complications.

But why let such a small thing as nagging break up your home? There must be some cause for your wife's irritability. I hardly think from your letter that it is anything more serious than irritability, although that is bad enough and, if continued, may have very serious consequences. Have you tried to find out the cause?

I know just how difficult the circumstances must be for you. How those sharp words spoken in an irritable moment, can sting and cut! But think how your retort must aggravate your already high strung and irritable wife. I believe it is still true that "A soft answer turneth away wrath". Human kindness and sympathy have a wonderfully soothing effect on irritable souls.

I would like you to try and see your wife's position as well as your own. Think! She is tied indoors all day with three little children. Supposing after a trying day and probably a restless night she is a bit irritable in the morning, and you leave her with a sharp retort ringing in her ears, what happens? Just this, she spends the day brooding over it and, by night time, it has become a mental festering sore. Even a pin prick, if dwelt upon for long enough, will become a big thing mentally.

On the other hand, you go out to business. You mingle with other people. You have variety, and you can forget what happened in the morning. It is not so easy as all that for your wife. She has the home and the children all day—quite a trying task.

There is probably nothing more wrong than that your wife's nerves are on edge. Try to be sympathetic. Treat her as kindly as you can. Overcome the temptation to retort sharply. Get her some help with her housework, or help her a little bit more yourself. Get someone to look after the children occasionally and take her out for an evening. Try to renew the palship of courting days. Give her a change now and again from the drudgery of nursing and housework, and I am sure the matter will right itself in a surprisingly short time.

NOTE: The writer of this column is a trained psychologist and an author of several works. He is willing to deal with your problems and give you the benefit of his wide experience. Questions regarding problems of EVERYDAY LIVING should be addressed to: Dr. M. M. Lappin, Room 421, 73 Adelaide Street, West, Toronto, Ontario. Enclose a 3c stamped, addressed envelope for reply.

Toast

Eleanor Graham in the New York Times.

Here's to October—that rollicking elf, Capering madly—in love with himself.

Shaking the bells on his harlequin suit, Gathering nuts for the squirrels to loot;

Veiling the hills with a violet haze, Stealing an hour from the glorious days;

Staring above till the crystalline sky Mirrors and catches the blue of his eye;

Touching the leaves with the gold and the red Left where the rainbow dissolved overhead.

Hey for October—the mischievous elf Who loves the bright world and his gay, laughing self!

A Pleasant-Tasting YEAST

Everybody nowadays knows that Yeast is good for them: that it aids digestion, makes a sluggish intestinal tract active and clears up the stagnating impurities that are apt to linger in the blood; clog the skin and cause pimples, boils, sallowness, poor colour and other complexion troubles. But not everybody can take Yeast. Here is a Yeast that is pleasant to taste. It has a flavour you'll enjoy. And it is actually richer in the vitamins that make for health—particularly the "B" Vitamins.

Phillips Pure Live Yeast is an English preparation. It is not only pleasant to take but it is more convenient, because it doesn't spoil, doesn't lose its power and efficiency. It keeps indefinitely. You can buy several weeks' supply at one time. And furthermore, it costs less. Twenty-five days' treatment may be purchased for \$1.00. You can take it before each meal. The large size bottle contains 150 tablets at \$1.00; the smaller size 50 tablets for 50 cents. Phillips Pure Live Yeast is obtained at drug stores. Try it—you'll like it.



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Salada Orange Pekoe Blend will prove a sheer delight to lovers of fine tea.

'SALADA' TEA

Good Standby for School Luncheons

Referring to Soup and Suggesting Varieties of Toast To Accompany it

Soup is a good standby for school luncheons. Make it sometimes with meat stock and sometimes with milk. Always put lots of vegetables in it. The accompaniment for the soup adds much to the interest of the meal. Croutons, chips and toast sticks are easy to make and use stale bread to splendid advantage.

To make bread chips, cut stale rolls in very thin slices, crosswise of the roll. The slices shouldn't be more than an eighth of an inch thick. Spread on a shallow pan and put in a slow oven until crisp and brown throughout.

FINE GRAINED BREAD
Cut bread as thin as a wafer and toast until crisp and brown in a slow oven. This kind of wafer—like dry toast—is exceptionally good with soup.

To make croutons some cooks dip the neat cubes of bread in melted butter and then brown them in a moderate oven. Others drop the cubes into deep hot fat and fry them a golden brown in sixty seconds.

A fine, close grained texture in bread is important for croutons and it must be stale but not too dry. Cut in slices about one-half inch thick, remove crusts and cut each slice into cubes with a very sharp knife. The sharp knife means much, too, because the cube must be smooth and clean cut. Dry them until they are crisp through. After this they may be toasted or fried in deep fat.

Croutons go right into the soup and form a part of it. Consequently they are eaten with soup from the soup plate and never with the fingers.

SERVING CROUTONS
There are two attractive ways to serve croutons. One way is to pass them to each person for him to help himself, or, if the soup is served by the man-of-the-house at the table he drops one or two teaspoons of croutons into each plate as he serves it.

Toast sticks are what their name implies, sticks of toast. The bread is cut in strips about 3/4 inch thick and 3/4 inch wide and 3 inches long. It is then toasted in a hot oven and served, unbuttered, like crackers. Each person helps himself and butters his stick or not as he prefers.

SETTLING QUARRELS WITH SALT

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Will Equip King's Yacht

Vancouver—Two masts and two booms—specimens of Vancouver Island's finest lumber, are being shipped to England to be set up in the King's new yacht which His Majesty will sail off Cowes next summer.

Cut at Grouse Mountain, the giant timbers will be used in the new racing yacht which will replace Britannia, to be sold after being commanded by the King during a quarter of a century at the famous summer racing resort.

A flagstaff cut from the forests of the island already graces Windsor Castle, and is pointed out to visitors as a fine example of B.C. timber.

NEW MOVIE TYPE

(Douglas Gilbert in the New York World-Telegram.)

Phyllis Loughton, plumpish, thirty-ish and a double-disk talker, is a talent scout for Paramount. She's here on a fortnight's holiday from Hollywood, and if what she says about new screen types is true dizzy debs with a studio yen had better beat it for the Middle West and get some accent, atmosphere and culcha.

Here's Phyllis' characterization of the new movie type: "She might be from Ohio. She might be an Oberlin coed. She can be either blond or brunette, about 5 feet 4 inches tall, and she can't be too thin. You can put it on, but you can't take it off. Plumpish girls just have no chance. They are a problem for camera angles, lights, costumes and makeup.

"The Harlow hey-hey girl is out. She must be the daughter of wholesome parents who are substantial citizens of the community in which they live. She must be, in short, an American norm, bridging the gap between the cocktail slicker kid and the Kansas corn-fed.

"She is about 19 or 20, and the old gag, 'You don't have to be dumb to be an actor, but it helps,' still applies. I mean that the girl who has had no experience is just as good a potential bet. Stage technique often has to be unlearned in the films.

"She must not be ambitious. I mean that if she has her heart set on a gold-mounted car with a chauffeur, a Beverly Hills bungalow and a Palm Springs hideaway, her name in lights and footprints in Grauman's cement, like as not she'll be a flop. She must have a soul-stirring desire to act."

No kidding, that's what she said. She also said that Hollywood was a moral community where everybody worked like the very devil. But she's only been at the Hotel New Weston twenty-four hours.

Get her off Paramount's lot and she stops talking like a double-truck Variety ad and stumbles out sensible ideas. About Hallie Flanagan's \$25,000,000 WPA drama project, for instance.

"It'll be a splendid thing if it's administered correctly," said Phyllis. "It will excite the younger generation to the theatre and go much deeper into social life than the little theatre group movement.

"Heretofore that's always been on the right side of the railroad tracks, arty kids taking up the drama. This WPA activity can get into the public schools and enlarge the horizons of the lads whose ambitions might only be to become engineers or girls whose desire runs only to the secretary-boss-marriage idea.

"It can do wonders in discovering new talent and ought to be a swell feeder for stage and screen. On the other hand, if it tends mostly to provide food and clothing for hams and has-beens, its cultural effect will be lessened."

Phyllis has had her job (officially she's a studio coach) two years, going West after an apprenticeship on Broadway. Some of the new kids whom she helped break in are Marsha Hunt, Ada Lupino, Gail Patrick, Randy Scott and Fred McMurray.

Brighter Colors "Don't Show Dirt"

Gold Draperies Keep Fresh Look Longer Than Ecru Ones

Light, bright colors used in decorating show the soil less than those chosen "because they do not show the dirt," observant folk are discovering.

Gold colored draperies keep their fresh look longer than do ecru ones, it was observed in a settlement house in a large city. The first soil made them look a little different in color, instead of making them look dingy.

A dirty stucco house near a railroad was made to look clean and bright by painting the trimming a bright green. It made the stucco merely look gray. The green was a bit overwhelming in its brightness, at first, but after a time the soot toned it down to a pleasing softness, while retaining an appearance of freshness.

In fact, the house kept that recently painted look long after the other houses in the vicinity looked as if they needed repainting.

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