

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

Dorothy Dix Letter Box

Bossy Mother Makes Life Wretched for Married Daughter - Shall 17 Elope With Caddish Brother-in-Law? - Shall Bride Put Herself First or Last?

Dear Miss Dix—The "other woman" in the eternal triangle with us is my mother. She is a splendid woman and has sacrificed to send me through college and I am grateful to her, but she ruins everything by trying to manage me, my husband, my home and my baby. She tells us how to keep house, what we should pay the servant, how we should rear the baby, how to do everything and anything. Then there is a family quarrel, and she accuses me of not appreciating her because I am not as docile as I was when I was a child. She doesn't live with us, has plenty of friends, social contacts, engagements, etc. Is there anything we can do about it? PEACE-LOVING.



Answer: It seems to me that a person as intelligent as your mother must be open to argument, and that if you would tell her plainly just how unhappy she is making you with her interference in your affairs, and especially if you would point out to her that your husband resents it, she would see the error of her ways and refrain from giving any more unsolicited advice.

My suggestion would be that you write this to her in a letter because in that way you can put the matter calmly and dispassionately before her without having the issue sidetracked. It is very hard to thrust out any subject in a family debate because before the question has been fairly stated one or the other begins fetching in other ancient grievances, or bursts into tears, and that ends it, and you are no nearer a solution than you were before.

Probably no other one thing in the world causes more discord and breaks up more homes than the mania women have for bossing other people. It takes a woman of almost superhuman self-control and broad-mindedness and far-sightedness to see anybody doing anything without wanting to tell them just how to do it.

And when it comes to a mother refraining from putting her finger in her children's pies it takes more than a super-woman. It takes a woman who is an angel and a martyr to keep her hands off. For occasionally a woman has some glimmering doubt in her mind that perhaps, maybe, possibly some other woman may know best about her own affairs; but she never has a suspicion that her children are fit to manage their own lives.

She is perfectly sure that "mother knows best," and that mother's ways are the right ways, and that mother understands daughter's husband better than she does and is more capable of managing him, and that mother knows more about how to feed and take care of a boy than all the baby specialists combined.

Still another reason is that mother can't bear to admit even to herself that her children are grown up and have a right to live their own lives. She wants to keep them perpetual babies that she holds by the hand and never permits to take a step by themselves. Her vanity and her love of domination demand that they shall always look up to her and ask her opinion and advice on every subject.

Mother's don't realize what a strain they put upon their children's affection by not freeing them from their petty tyrannies, for none of us enjoys being bossed and we all desire above everything else in the world liberty of thought and action. Mothers are always bewailing the fact that their children are so eager to leave them. The reason is that mother

Low in Price Dependable in Quality Good to the Taste THE Tea for these times



has made home a prison to them and constituted herself their jailer. The wisest thing a mother ever does is to cut her apron string and let her children go free. When she no longer tries to force them to do her way they come to their own accord seeking her wisdom. DOROTHY DIX.

Dear Miss Dix—I am 17 and I think I am in love with my brother-in-law, who is 35. How can I be sure? When I am with him I can only see his good points, but when I am away from him I see his faults. He wants me to go away with him, but I know my sister would be heart-broken. There is no use to tell me to go out with young boys, because I think they are silly. If we went away, he could support both us and his wife in comfort, so I won't be depriving her of anything. Should I take my chance at happiness? WORRIED GIRL.

Answer: Certainly you should take your chance at happiness, but it doesn't consist in eloping with your cad of a brother-in-law. You will never find anything but misery there. Your chance of happiness depends upon your doing the decent thing and getting as far as possible from this man who is willing to take advantage of the unsophistication of a little 17-year-old girl to gratify his passing fancy.

When you are with him he has a physical attraction for you. That would soon be gone. It is merely a sort of infatuation that doesn't last. It isn't the love that endures and that makes you willing to overlook a man's shortcomings.

When you are away from him you say you see his faults. So go far enough to get out of the radius of his kissing and his petting and good looks, and try to get a true perspective on him.

Try to see how little and mean he is in taking advantage of your relationship to make love to you. See how dastardly he is in betraying your own sister and making you a party to it. Think how little he is to be trusted, and that he would throw you over as easily when he tired of you as he is throwing over his wife.

And think how little honor a man has who will urge a girl half his age to elope with him when he cannot even offer her marriage.

A woman who steals another woman's husband is the most despicable of all thieves, but when a girl steals her sister's husband she adds to the blackness of her crime and if you do this you will never know another minute's peace and conscience. Don't do this terrible thing, my child. You are too young to wreck your life for such a boondoggle. DOROTHY DIX.

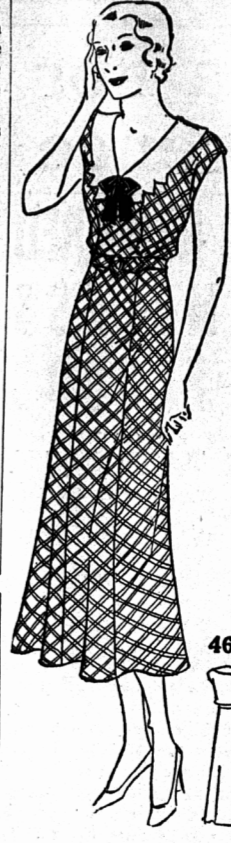
Dear Miss Dix—I am a bride of 23 and I want to be the right kind of a wife. I want to be unselfish and big and kind in dealing with my husband, but I do not want to make the mistake of overdoing unselfishness. Do you not think that if a woman always puts her husband and children before herself that they will consider her last, also? My husband is big and he admires bigness and fineness in other people, but if I put myself last, will he after a while stop considering me, or will he think more of me, SEEKING.

Of course, any virtue can be overdone until it becomes a vice. Nothing

What the Fashionables are Wearing Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished With Every Pattern

By Annabelle Worthington

Checks prove a favourite for resort. Today's model is a yellow linen printed in brown. The attractive collar is plain yellow linen. The bow tie tones with the brown of the print, and is crepe silk. You can make it at an enormous saving. It is as easy as falling off a log. The panel front is decidedly length giving. It makes this youthful model suited for miss or matron.



Style No. 462 is designed for sizes 16, 18, 20 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust. Size 36 requires 3 1/2 yards of 39-inch material with 3/4 yard of 35-inch contrasting.

Another smart scheme is pale blue pique printed in white spots. Make the collar of plain white pique. The belt can be of self-fabric or with a blue leather belt. Cotton mesh and tub silks are most attractive for this sports type. Be sure to fill in the size of the pattern.

Price of Pattern 15 cents in stamps or coin (coin is preferred.) Wrap coin carefully.

Form for ordering pattern: No. 462. Size, Name, Street Address, City, State.

During Vacation



REMEMBER Kellogg's Corn Flakes during your holiday. Rich in energy. And so easy to digest, they leave you feeling cool and fine. Kellogg's are sold by grocers and served by hotels and restaurants wherever you travel. Delicious for any meal. Quality guaranteed.

Enjoy a bowl of Kellogg's

For The Cook

Baked Apple Slices: Sift into bowl, 2 cups flour, 4 teaspoons baking powder, 1/2 teaspoon salt, add 1/4 cup shortening; rub in lightly. Then add enough milk to make a smooth dough, roll out in oblong sheet 1/4 inch thick, brush with 2 tablespoons melted butter and cover with 1 quart chopped cooking apples, 1/2 cup raisins chopped; sprinkle with 1 cup brown sugar and dust with 1 teaspoon cinnamon. Rub edges with cold water and roll the same as for jelly roll. Cut into 1 1/2 inch slices. Brush a bake dish with butter and cover bottom with 1/4 cup brown sugar. Serve hot, with the lemon sauce that gives a pleasantly sharp contrast in flavor to the apples.

Lemon Sauce: For the sauce, mix well 1/2 cup sugar and 1 tablespoon cornstarch. Add 1 cup boiling water and stir constantly until the sauce cooks clear and is smoothly and delicately thickened. Before serving, add 1 teaspoon lemon juice and 2 teaspoons grated rind; also 1 tablespoon butter.

Try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

She's all worn out again

FIRE SALE The Plains of Abraham

Big fire sale of slightly damaged goods. The chance of a life time. Make my store your headquarters while the going is good. Highest price paid for eggs. HAROLD TOOMBS, Mayfield, 4323-7-12-31.

NOTICE!

The Annual Convention of the Prince Edward Island Women's Institute will be held in Rochford Square School Hall on July 14th and 15th. 4217-7-6-8-12.

AUCTION SALE

I will sell by Public Auction on the premises in Summerfield on Wednesday, July 20th at 2 o'clock P. M., 100 acres of land with growing crop. This farm is equipped with good dwelling house and woodshed attached. Large barns, granary, poultry house, implement house and garage, wagon-shed and workshop combined.

It is in a high state of cultivation being well watered and fenced with water on tap in dwelling and stables supplied by Tank Arterian System. Conveniently located to churches, school and railway. On the North Side of Main Highway No. 1. About 3 miles from Emerald and 5 miles from Kensington. JOHN E. SINCLAIR, Emerald R. R. No. 1, 4214-7-6-7-9-12-14-16-19-71.

MAIL CONTRACT

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa, until noon, on Friday, the 5th August, 1932, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for a period not exceeding four years since per week on the route Charlottetown to Murray Harbour, from Charlottetown to Murray Harbour, from Murray Harbour to Charlottetown, Vernon River, Vernon River, Murray Harbour and Murray River, and at the office of the Post Office Inspector.

JOHN F. WHEAR, Post Office Inspector, Charlottetown, P. E. I., July 8, 1932. 1932-7-12-Tues-31.

(Continued)

Like a flood burst loose from a dam, the night of feasting and rejoicing began. It was preceded by a combat among the dogs in which Odd established his right to a place among the four-footed citizens of Chenusio. After a time he found a scent on the beaten ground that led him to the tepee which had been prepared for Toimette. Here he found Toimette and the Thrush, whose name—a long time ago—had been Mary Daghen.

It seemed to Jeems that from the beginning his freedom among the Senecas was as great as if he had been born of their blood. Gray Fox took him to the tepee of his father which was to be his home, and food and drink were brought to him. Then he was left alone, for even the delighted old man whom Taoga had honored by the gift of a son could not be kept away from the celebration which was in progress. The thought came to Jeems that no impediment had been placed in his way if he chose to steal off into the night and disappear. The ease with which he might have set out on this adventure was proof of his helplessness. Like the others, he was a captive forever. There was no escape from Chenusio unless one accepted death as the route. He did not think of escape because its desire possessed him. He

NOTICE!

Persons wishing inspection of Brown Top this season, please make application to the undersigned previous to July 18th. G. MacMILLAN, Box 313, Charlottetown, P. E. I., 4297-7-9-61.

AUCTION SALE

Auction sale of 30 acres standing hay at the farm of the late J. W. MacDonald, Grand Tracadie, Saturday, July 16, at 4:30 p.m. If weather unfavorable, sale on first fine day following. Terms made known at sale. F. J. MacDonald, 4312-7-11-31.

was measuring his world and adjusting himself to its limitations with emotions which were far from unhappy. With Toimette, he could find here all that he wanted in life. Taoga and Shindas knew that she belonged to him, and the people of Chenusio were now aware of it. His heart exulted and his spirit rose with the chanting of the savages. What difference did it make that they were buried in the heart of the forests for all time? He had Toimette. She loved him. Chenusio would not be a sepulchre. Their love would transform it into a paradise.

He was eager to see Toimette again, and began to seek for a place where he could clean himself of the coloured clay plastered on his face and body. With his clothes, he went to the river and after a thorough scrubbing returned fully dressed with the eagle's feather still in his hair. His weapons had been given to him, and these he carried boldly when he joined the Indians. The triumphal fire was blazing, and as soon as the hungry town had fed itself, the scalp dances would begin. The scalp were already suspended on the victory pole in its light. Children were playing about them. The fine dark hair of one was so long that they could reach the tresses with their fingers, and when they did this they shrieked with ecstasy. Among them was a white-skinned boy of seven or eight who laughed and shouted with the others.

Jeems found an opportunity to have a word with Shindas and learned that Toimette and Opitchi were together. Shindas could not tear himself from the martial dignity which was expected of him until the warriors had told of their exploits in the scalp dance, so Jeems went alone and found Taoga's tepee and the smaller one near it in which were Toimette and the Thrush. It was lighted by a torch, and he drew back among the dark boles of the trees and waited. At the end of half an hour, Toimette and Opitchi came out into the illumined forest. For a little while they stood under the gnarled limbs of the trees which cast shadows from over their heads. He did not reveal himself until Opitchi's form disappeared among the pools of light and darkness as she went toward the fires. Then he advanced, calling Toimette's name softly. Her appearance surprised him. She was not the ragged and disheveled

young woman who had arrived with Taoga's men. Mary, the Thrush, had dressed her in the prettiest raiment left by Silver Heels. There was something about the long yellow feather, the fillet of scarlet cloth, and the boyish closeness of her dress which made Jeems give a wondering cry. It was as if they had come to her from an obscure and distant past and had always belonged to her. He had dreamed of this lovely wilderness princess through years of boyhood hope and yearnings he had built up worlds about her, and in those worlds he had fought for her and had adventured with her where he alone was her champion and her hero. He had carried gifts of feathers to her—feathers and fawnskin and a piece wore in a crimson band about her forehead! To him it was the precious red velvet, there in the glow of the moon. He opened his arms, and Toimette came into them. (To Be Continued)

A Morning Smile

Judge—"And what did you do when you heard the accused using such awful language?" Policeman—"Told him he wasn't fit to be among decent people and brought him here."

for DANDRUFF and Falling Hair, use MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT

GOODBYE BLUE MONDAY by C.A. Voight

Comic strip panels about Rinsolene soap. Panels include: 'CAN A SISTER OFFER A LITTLE FRIENDLY ADVICE?', 'STOP SCRUBBING! ANN, IT'S REALLY FOOLISH WHEN...', 'I KNOW! YOU'RE GOING TO TELL ME ALL ABOUT YOUR PET SOAP AGAIN, ALL I WANT IS TO TRY IT', 'SOME RINSO, PLEASE! I HEAR IT WASHES CLOTHES WHITER WITHOUT SCRUBBING', 'YOU'LL LIKE RINSO - FOR ALL HOUSEHOLD CLEANING, TOO. BETTER TAKE A BIG PACKAGE', 'NEXT MONDAY: WHAT SUDDEN THIS NEED WATER, TOO, MY WASH IS AS WHITE AS SNOW AND I DIDN'T SCRUB A BIT!', 'YES! AND RINSO IS JUST AS WONDERFUL FOR DISHES', 'SEE HOW WHITE RINSO WASHED YOUR SHIRTS, DON'T THEY LAST LONGER, TOO BECAUSE THEY WEREN'T SCRUBBED OR BOILED', 'GREAT! AND YOU DON'T LOOK A BIT TIRED, NO WONDER WOMEN LIKE RINSO', 'Millions wash clothes this safe, modern way. MILLIONS of women all over the country get whiter, brighter clothes—just by soaking them in Rinsolene. Thick, creamy, active soda—even in hardest water. Twice as much soap in cup for cup, as light-weight, puffed-up soap gives. Rinsolene is safe for your finest cottons and linens—white or colored. Recommended by the makers of 40 famous washing machines. Get the BIG package today. The hard-water soap for tub, washer and dishpan.'

A BUDDING ROMANCE ALMOST SHATTERED

Comic strip panels about a budding romance. Panels include: 'HER FIRST DANCE WITH JIM. HOW THRILLED SHE WAS!', 'BUT AFTER ONE DANCE JIM LEFT HER - DIDN'T COME NEAR HER AGAIN', 'WHY DON'T MEN LIKE ME? I'M SOBBING THAT NIGHT', 'FINALLY ANY TOLD HER HOW SHE HAD UNKNOWINGLY OFFENDED', 'TODAY SHE IS ENGAGED TO JIM. SHE BEGAN USING LIFEBOUY - ENDED "B.O." FOREVER', 'Why take chances with B.O.? PORES are constantly giving off odor-causing waste—a quart daily. We don't notice the odor in ourselves, but others do. Play safe. Always wash and bathe with Lifebouy. Its creamy, abundant, searching lather purifies and deodorizes pores—ends all "B.O." danger. Its pleasant, extra-clean scent that vanishes as you rinse, tells you you're safe. Completion Secret: Lifebouy's gentle lather frees pores of clogged impurities—makes dull skins glow with new radiant health. Adopt Lifebouy today.'