

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

Dorothy Dix Letter Box

Free Love has its Agonizing Price Which the Woman Pays and the Man Defaults, and is Never Worth it—Job-Changing Man Invariably a Matrimonial Short-Changer, Says Dorothy

Dear Miss Dix—Will you kindly inform us as to the correct definition of free love.



Answer: Free love is the euphonious term used to describe the relationship that exists between a man and woman who live together without marriage.

In a free-love union either the man or woman is at liberty to fade out of the picture whenever he or she tires, or loses his or her taste for the other one, or the thrills get a little shopworn and dull, or some more attractive vamp or sheik comes along and catches the eye of either of the parties.

A lot of alluring literature is sent out by the free-love propagandists, who assert that illegal love is much more romantic than lawful love, and that just the mere fact that a man and woman know they are not bound to each other and that they can pack up and leave at any minute makes them want to stay and their love more enduring.

But this is all hokum. There is no such thing on earth as free love, any more than there is anything else that is good that is free. Everything that is worth having we have to pay the price for, and this is as true of love as of everything else.

A poet has said that "love the gift is love the debt," and there is no getting away from that. Those we love are bound to with hoops of steel and we are slaves to those we love and who love us.

Between us and those with whom we establish intimate relationships there are a thousand associations and obligations and experiences and memories that we cannot sever without breaking our own heartstrings or that of others. When we love or are beloved we give hostages to fate that sooner or later we have to redeem.

The very idea that those who indulge in a free-love romance can sever the relationship as easily as they can break a pack thread is absurd. For that presupposes that both the man and the woman would cease to love at the same psychological moment that they would get mutually bored at the same time and each be glad to go his or her separate way.

In the nature of things this cannot happen unless some miracle should occur. For always one loves more than the other. One has a deeper fascination than the other. Always one clings to the home and is anguished when it is destroyed.

And nearly always this one is the woman who has given her all to some man who did not love her well enough to marry her, but whom she was egotistic enough to believe that she could hold in spite of himself. And so, when he wearies of her and the time comes to kiss and say good-bye and flit out of the love nest, she is just as desolate as any forsaken wife. More so, because she has not even the comfort of respectability, or the right to ask for sympathy in her misfortune.

Love is never free to a woman. Always she pays for it with body and soul, and when she has to add the price of her good name and her position in society she doesn't get much of a bargain when she takes it outside of the limits of the conventions.

So, my dear girls, when any man tries to sell you the idea of free love, develop a high line of sales resistance. He is serving notice on you that he knows himself that you are a passing fancy of which he will soon weary. If he even thought he cared enough for you to want to spend the remainder of his life with you, he would marry you openly and honorably so that you might have a settled place in society and he could introduce you to his family and friends.

It is because he knows that he hasn't any genuine lasting affection for you that makes him propose an arrangement that he can get out

For lunch



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of without the mess of a divorce, or having to pay alimony. And don't believe that free love lasts any longer than bound love. It doesn't, because it isn't marriage that kills love. It is close daily association, and there is bound to be disillusion in that, no matter whether it is under the rose or not.

DOROTHY DIX.

Dear Miss Dix—I am a young business woman with a good job, a lovely home and a delightful family life. I have been going with a young man for about sixteen months and am very much in love with him, but in the entire time that I have known him he has never worked. He isn't lazy, for he is always working at odd jobs. He is clever and can do anything, but he has just never settled at anything. He insists that if I marry him we can get along financially, for if he had my inspiration he could work wonders, but if we do marry at the present we would have to live with either his or my people, and I do not wish to impose upon either. It will hurt me terribly to have to give him up and yet that would be better than having an unsuccessful marriage. Frankly I am ON THE FENCE.

Answer: And if you will let me advise you will continue to sit there until the young man proves his ability to support a wife. Just tell him that you are willing to wait for him a reasonable length of time, but that if you are worth having you are worth working for, and that if he wants you he will have to get busy and win you.

From time immemorial women have been taken in by the campaign promises of men who told them what marvelous things they were going to do as soon as they were married. Probably a million girls have fallen for the line about how "I only need your sacred influence to keep me from ever taking another drink" or "If I only had you to work for, I'd make a million dollars" or "If I only had you to inspire me, I'd be President of the United States," and so on, and so on through all the

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By Annabelle Worthington



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glittering generalities that a man will promise a girl and that she will believe if she is in love with him.

And so they were married. And the drunkard went on drinking, and the shiftless neer-do-well continued to throw up his hands and quit whenever a job lost its novelty and began to be real work, and the loafer still hung around poolrooms and let his wife take over his mother's job of supporting him.

Don't be like these foolish virgins. Be a lady from Missouri and make a man show you that he is a real he-man who can roll up his sleeves and tackle a man's job and get away with it before you marry him.

And another thing. Just reflect a good long time on what a mean, contemptible, lowdown thing it is to lay the support of a husband, and probably of children on your poor old parents. If the man hasn't got enough independence of spirit not to revolt at doing that, have enough self-respect yourself to refuse to be a part to it.

DOROTHY DIX.

Dear Miss Dix—Don't you think that a law should be passed and enforced requiring men to be called "master" before marriage and "Mr." afterward so that married men could not pose as single as easily as they do now?

P. M. S.

Answer: I don't see how such a law could be effective or any protection to women. The only thing you could do would be to brand the married men on the forehead with "Taken" or "Sold" or some other kind of a caste mark that would designate their station.

But possibly such a law might induce men to marry to get rid of the opprobrious appellation of "master," as undoubtedly many women marry to keep from having "Miss" put on their tombstones.

DOROTHY DIX.

Devil's Food Layer Cake with Magic Baking Powder

Miss Gertrude Dutton tells why she makes her



"I know from experience," says the cookery expert of Western Home Monthly, "that Magic makes most baked dishes look and taste better. Its uniform leavening quality gives dependable baking results."

And Miss Dutton's praise of Magic is seconded by the majority of dietitians and cookery experts throughout the Dominion. They use Magic exclusively because they know it is pure, and always uniform.

Canadian housewives, too, prefer Magic. In fact, Magic outells all other baking powders combined. For luscious layer cakes, light tender biscuits, delicious pastry—follow Miss Dutton's advice. Use Magic Baking Powder.



"Contains no alum." This statement on every tin is your guarantee that Magic Baking Powder is free from alum or any harmful ingredients.



Devil's Food Layer Cake

3/4 cup butter 1/2 teaspoon salt 1 1/2 cups sugar 3 teaspoons Magic Baking Powder 3 eggs 1 cup milk 2 1/2 cups pastry flour (or 2 cups and 3 table-spoons of bread flour) 1 teaspoon vanilla extract 3 egg whites unswetened chocolate, melted

Cream butter thoroughly; add sugar slowly. Add beaten yolks; mix thoroughly. Add flour sifted with baking powder and salt, alternately with milk; add vanilla and melted chocolate. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Put into 3 greased layer cake tins and bake in moderate oven at 350° F. about 30 minutes. When cool, put together and cover thickly with Chocolate or White Icing (recipes are in the Magic Cook Book).

FREE COOK BOOK—When you bake at home, the new Magic Cook Book will give you dozens of recipes for delicious baked foods. Write to Standard Brands Ltd., Fraser Ave. and Liberty St., Toronto, Ontario.

For The Cook

CHOCOLATE CRUMB PUDDING

2 squares unsweetened chocolate. 1-1/3 cups (1 can) sweetened condensed milk. 1/2 cup water. 2-3 cup fine dry bread crumbs. Few grains salt.

Melt chocolate in double boiler. Add sweetened condensed milk and stir over boiling water for five minutes until it thickens. Remove from fire and add water, blending thoroughly. Add fine dry bread crumbs and few grains of salt. Serve plain or with meringue. Serves six.

A Morning Smile

The political spellbinder, warming up to the task of his oratory, took off his coat, an act which rather disconcerted one of the committee present, who feared that a reporter would make a sensation out of the incident.

Toward the close he said to the speaker: "I don't suppose you knew, when you removed your coat, that a newspaperman was present."

"Yes, I did," was the reply, "but I kept my eye on the coat all the time."

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THE HANDSOME MAN

by MARGARET TURNBULL

Illustrations by IRWIN MYERS

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"You're in no state—" Aggy began. "Aggy," Sir George said warningly, "one word more from you and I'll put my bad foot on the ground and stamp on it!"

"M'chty me! Behave yourself, lad," die, Roberta, my lamb, these men are just nothing to bother about. The poor lame crocks! I wonder we're so concerned with them. Leave them to their talk. Have you had anything to eat?"

George wouldn't eat, and oh, Aunt Aggy, he was so brave.

"I believe you, my lass. Come lamble, and tell me all about it while we gather together something to eat."

She put her arm about her niece and they went off together, without a backward look at the two men.

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Sir George faced MacBeth. MacBeth looked at him a moment and then pushed his chair nearer and held out his hand. "You look done," he said, "we'll hobble in together and you tell me about it."

"I'm the happiest man alive," declared Sir George, holding his father-in-law's shoulder and hobbling along, "but I certainly feel seedy or rocky, whichever they say over here. What put you on your feet, sir?"

"Your marriage," said MacBeth grimly. "Lie down and give me the whole tale. It looks to me like a good one."

"Well, you see," he sank down on the wide davenport, "it's a wild tale."

Roberta, sparkling-eyed and red cheeked, lovely despite her damaged dress and burnt fingers, came to the doorway.

"On the whole, sir, I think my wife could tell it better than I can. It's a quaint tale, isn't it, Bobbie?"

"It's the most thrilling thing you've ever heard," said Roberta, Lady Sandison, "but we'll have to wait for the Dowager Lady Sandison to come in. She made me promise not to tell it until she joined us."

The Dowager Lady Sandison came into the library with a large tray. She waved aside all assistance and put it on the table near Sir George, and began to arrange it for him.

"I had this ready against your coming," she said with a satisfied air. "You're a pair of poor looking lads," she added surveying the men, "for all that Roberta and I think so much of you." She began to pour out the coffee. "This'll put heart into you, my lad. Tell the tale, Lady Sandison."

Roberta, from the arm of her husband's chair, looked at them wide-eyed. "It's the most thrilling thing that ever happened."

"Heart! Heart!" said Sir George. "Romeo and Juliet's little story scarcely compares with it. Put some cream in my coffee like a dutiful wife and then talk while I eat, Roberta. After a little careful training you'll be fit for Sandisbrae and Bonnie Scotland."

"I doubt it," said the Dowager Lady Sandison, beaming at them. "She'll never be meek enough to suit. It's grand that she caught you this

side of the water. Glad as I am that it happened, I am fair astonished that it ever came off. As late as this afternoon I would have sworn that Sir George would as soon see you drowned as marry you."

"So would I," declared Robert MacBeth, "and what's more, I would have drowned you if you'd asked her."

"How perfectly absurd!" said Roberta.

"Absolutely!" agreed her husband.

Aggy looked at her brother, with a queer little smile and then turned to Sir George and his lady. "I suppose," she sighed, "there'll be no holding you on this island now."

"Oh, why not? Jolly interesting place, this island," said Sir George. "At least, it's just as Roberta says."

"Perfectly all right place for George to rest up in," Roberta agreed. "Don't see a thing wrong with it."

"I could stay here for ever—with you," he told her, between bites of the cake with which she was feeding him.

Robert MacBeth, though he found locomotion tiresome and painful, rose up heavily and muttering some excuse about fresh air, which was quite unnecessary as neither Roberta nor Sir George seemed to notice his withdrawal, went out on the terrace. Aggy followed him and gave him her arm to a chair.

"It's grand," she sighed. "I'm thinking that with the Sandison weediness toned down a bit by the MacBeth stockiness your grandchildren should be a fine looking lot."

Her brother gave a smothered roar. "You talk as though you'd planned it."

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"Well," began Aggy modestly, but Robert MacBeth refused to listen.

"As yet we're in the dark as to how it happened."

Aggy laughed. "And likely to be for a while," she said cheerfully. "It's my opinion they're no very clear about it themselves."

But Rob was not to be so easily soothed. "Did you hear what they said? What's the matter with them? Are they crazy?"

Lady Sandison laughed. "It's love," she said philosophically. "We'll just have to stand it for awhile. You can do nothing with them at this stage."

"They'll condescend to stay on my island now," Rob said it bitterly. "A while ago they were both sick of it."

"What can you expect?" asked his sister. She looked at him sympathetically. "Don't be a jealous fool, Rob. You're getting what you wanted, though not in just the way you wanted it, and so are they."

"I thought," MacBeth growled, a little ashamed of himself, though it's hard to see one's only daughter completely engrossed in another and younger man, "I thought they were after thrills?"

"Well, and have they not found them?"

"What, here on this island!" "No, stupid man, in each other." (THE END)

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IN MEMORIAM

MRS. LEO BROWN

There passed peacefully away at the Charlottetown Hospital on August 18th, Mrs. Leo Brown. The deceased was formerly Miss Sadie A. McDonald, daughter of the late Frank McDonald and Susie Sinnott of Bonshaw, and was a woman of a very exemplary character by which she endeared herself to all those who knew her. Of a very kind and lovable disposition, she was beloved of her family who are left to cherish the memory of one in whom were embodied all the qualities which constitute the devoted wife and mother.

The deceased was a very devout member of the Roman Catholic Church, and, in her exemplary life, were shown the true marks of the devout Christian woman. During her illness she was frequently visited by the clergy of the Holy Redeemer Parish and also those of Basilica Parish, and passed away fortified by the last Sacraments of Holy Mother Church.

The funeral was held from her late residence on August 18th to the Church of the Most Holy Redeemer where services were conducted by Rev. Father Enright. The officiating clergyman at the grave was Rev. Father Murphy. The pall bearers were Pius Clarkin, Vernon McEachern, J. B. Arsenault, Basil McQuaid, Leonard McDonald and Leo McQuiglan. There are left to cherish her memory a sorrowing husband and two sons, namely: Joseph, aged four and Eugene, aged three, and one sister, Sister Mary Austin of Roseland, B. C., and Dan-

iel of Bonshaw, P. E. I., to whom the sympathy of their many friends is extended.

"Bachelor" Fined As Bigamist

(Canadian Press)

JOHANNESBURG, S. A., Sept. 11.—A miner from a county district who had lived unhappily with his wife for three months in 1917, was

fined as a bigamist. His wife asked him for \$25 which he gave her in order to gain a divorce. He thought this was secured and in 1924 went through a form of marriage with another woman. He was asked in court why he described himself as a bachelor, and he replied: "I took it that when your wife dies you become a widower, but when she leaves you, you become a bachelor."

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