

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

Why Is Husband Goat of Wife's Family?

Dorothy Dix

Quotes Long-Suffering Daughter

Why is it That Mothers Think They Have a Perfect Right to Impose on Their Married Daughters, When They Well Know That it is Really Their Sons-in-Law Whom They Are Exploiting?

A young woman said to me the other day: "I am in a quandary and don't know what to do. I have just got a letter from my mother, who calmly writes me that she is going to send my brother, a boy of 15, down to stay with me and go to school, as she thinks city schools are better than those in the small town in which she lives. Also she thinks that Bobby needs a change and that it will do him good to be away from home for a while.



"Now, my husband and I are a poor young couple just trying to get a start in the world. He gets a very moderate salary and in order to save a little nest egg we count every penny. We live in a small apartment and I do my own housework and just the adding of another mouth to feed—and that one a hungry, growing boy—is going to almost double our expenses and my work.

"Moreover, shutting up a healthy, husky young lad, used to a big house and wide spaces, in our little two-by-four flat is going to be like penning up a wild beast in a cage. He will smash everything in it to smithereens, to say nothing of destroying all of our peace and quiet, for he will be whooping in and out all the time with a string of boys at his heels and keeping the radio full tilt with the loud-speaker on, and trying experiments with the electric lights and the plumbing, and everything will be confusion worse confounded.

"For that is what happened when Bobby paid us a week's visit once before. During it he managed to contrive an explosion with the gas stove, set the wastebasket on fire, get the bathroom pipes clogged up, smash our automobile and help himself to all of John's best neckties.

"Now, I am fond of Bobby and if I were the only one to have to suffer because of him, I'd meekly offer myself up as the sacrificial goat on the family altar, but there is my husband and I don't see why he should be robbed of all of the comfort and happiness of his home in order to give my relatives free board and lodging. It seems to me a pretty rotten deal to hand him and yet that is exactly what has happened to him.

"We have been married nearly three years now and in all of that time we have not had a week in which we have not had some of my family staying with us. Mother wants to see about getting some new glasses or having her teeth fixed, or she decides that she needs a little change and she writes that she will be down Wednesday on the 4.15 train and to be sure and meet her. Or the girls arrive bag and baggage to stay for months seeing the town. Or mother gives Tommy and Bobby a trip to visit me as a reward for getting good marks at school.

"And so John and I have to give up our bed when mother comes and make cot beds all over the place when my sisters and brothers arrive and we live in a big-de-piggiedy mess, with toilet articles mixed up with the silver on the sideboard and shoes under the dining table and clothes spread all over the place.

"And my poor husband goes around like a martyr, unable to find a single garment that belongs to him in the confusion, with no spot where he can sit down and rest when he comes home at night, and seeing the money we had planned to save go for theatre tickets and restaurants, and so on, for our out-of-town visitors always expect to be shown the city and given a good time. And I shouldn't blame him if he turned wife-deserter any day and failed to come back to a home from which he had been crowded out by his wife's family."

"It is queer how ruthless families are about exploiting the men who

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Etiquette

By Roberta Lee

Q. What is the meaning of the term "resident chaperon?"

A. "Resident chaperon" means an elderly woman employed by a single girl to live in her house and to act as her social protector.

Q. When entering the dining room, with whom does the hostess enter?

A. With the principal male guest of the evening. The host enters with the wife of this guest.

Q. When should a tuxedo be worn?

A. For informal dances, dinner wear, and the theatre.

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For The Cook

BAKED CHOCOLATE PUDDING

- 1/2 cupful corn syrup (dark)
1/2 cupful honey.
2 squares chocolate.
4 table-spoonfuls fat.
1 egg.
1/2 teaspoonful salt.
1 cupful wheat flour.
2-3 cupful barley flour.
1/2 teaspoonful soda.
1 teaspoonful baking powder.
1/2 cupful milk.
1/2 teaspoonful cinnamon.

Heat the syrup, honey and chocolate until the chocolate is melted. Add the fat and stir until blended. Sift the dry ingredients. Beat the egg, add to the milk, and add the dry and moist ingredients to the first mixture alternately. Bake in a square pan in a moderate oven. Cut in squares and serve with whipped cream.

A Morning Smile

Oshkosh: "Why don't you like girls?"

Kennebunk: "They're too biased."

Oshkosh: "Biased?"

Kennebunk: "Yes—bias this, and bias that, until I'm broke."

SAYS NEW BUILDINGS UNGODLY

"There is a saying that God made the country and the devil made the towns," said Sir Thomas Comyn-Platt in an address before the council for the Preservation of Rural England, in London recently. "When I walk in London and see the buildings they are erecting I can quite believe they are not the work of the Almighty. England owes everything to the country."

marry into them. They seem to think that when a girl gets married her husband belongs to them and they have a right to get out of him everything they possibly can and that he should be willing to work for them the balance of his days.

"Most fathers and mothers demand a lot more of their sons-in-law than they ever do of their sons, and touch sons-in-laws' pockets more heavily than they ever do their own boys. It is to their daughters' houses not their sons', that they go to for interminable uninvited visits. It is their daughters, and not their sons, who are expected to take in the younger members of the family and send them to school, or launch them in society. When money is needed at home to pay the taxes or the rent, or for an operation, it is to daughter and not to son that they go with their tale of woe. And it is daughter who is expected to take care of mother or father or an afflicted brother or sister when the old home is broken up.

"Yet mother and father well know that daughter hasn't a cent of her own and that it is her husband who has to dig down and get the money that they take without thanks or appreciation because they somehow feel that it belongs to them. "All of this makes a pretty muddle in which there are thousands of us wives who find ourselves involved and unable to see a way out. We like our families and like to help them and to have them visit us and we love our husbands and hate to impose upon them and we do wish that our families would try to realize that when a man marries a girl he does not espouse her whole family, and that he would like his house sometimes to himself, without any of wife's relatives camped in the best bedroom.

"But they won't do it. Mother will always go along thinking that whatever belongs to her daughters belongs to her and that she has a perfect right to it."

DOROTHY DIX.



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Chicken with Rice Mutton Tomato-Okra
Clam Chowder Ox Tail Vegetable-Beef
Purloo Parsnips Vermicelli-Tomato

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John Gresham's Girl

By Concordia Merrel

(Continued)

"I suppose he is," said Lucy. "Oliver takes his responsibilities so tremendously seriously doesn't he?" Sir John agreed with a nod, and they continued to talk the matter over for the remainder of Lucy's visit.

At dinner that evening, a good deal to her surprise, Lee asked her where she had been during the afternoon. He did not usually ask questions as to her movements. She told him that she had been with her father, and noticed that he gave her a quick little look, but he didn't say anything further. But later, when she was in her room, preparing to go to bed, she was startled to hear him knock on the door that divided her room from his. She was sitting beside the mirror brushing her long gold hair, and sprang up, her heart beating fast, as she said: "Come in."

He opened the door, slowly, and, slowly, came a pace or two into the room. Then he stopped and stood looking at her. Her face showed then, and she flushed between long swaths of gold. "What's the matter? D'you think I'm going to eat you up?" he asked abruptly. She drew a breath and laughed it out again, shakily. "Don't be ridiculous . . ." she said, with an attempt at lightness. "Don't look afraid of me then," he countered. "I'm not afraid. Only you start-

led me. What do you want, Jim. He was silent a moment; then: "How was your father when you saw him to-day?" he asked. "He was very well," she answered. "But a lot worried." He glanced at her quickly. "Oh! What about?" he wanted to know.

"Business," she let it go at that, for a moment, then added, "Linn-forths have beaten us over a big deal." She looked at him to see how he'd take it, but his face was expressionless. "It gives you pleasure to hear that, I suppose?" she added sharply. But he didn't answer. Instead, he came slowly nearer to her, running a hand along the polished wooden rail of her bed as he passed. It closed before her he stopped, but he didn't look at her; he looked round the room, as if he were noting everything in it. "Your room," he said, only half aloud. "And I've scarcely seen it . . . since it has been yours." His eyes came round to her face. "But how were lowered. She didn't know how to meet this mood in him; didn't know what he meant. His manner was so changed. His suggest on that she was frightened by him, was absurd. But her heart was beating hotly all the same. "I've never seen you with your hair down before," he said in an odd voice. She flashed a quick look up at him, and saw that his hand was half outstretched towards the long

ripple of gold that lay over her shoulder. She was amazed. And, quite suddenly, angry, all on edge, she stepped back, shrinking away from the big, shapely hand.

"Don't touch me, Jim!" she cried sharply, in a low voice, just as she had cried the same words the morning after her wedding day. His hand closed to a fist upon which his knuckles stood out white. She saw his eyes go sullen and his lips shut to a line. Then he drew a breath; dropped his hand to his side, turned and strode away back to the door of his room. He went into his room without a further word and shut the door sharply behind him. Lucy sank down rather shakily into her chair. If only his nearness didn't stir her so! If he knew how much more afraid she was sometimes of herself, than ever of him.

Things went quickly after this, for the very next morning, as she was crossing the hall, she heard voices from the study; St. Abb's and Jim's mingled for a moment, then St. Abb's alone.

"After this, you can hardly expect me to stay . . . I'm going sir, going at once . . ." A pause, then her husband's deep voice. "That's exactly as you like, of course . . . Go when you will, Perry."

Aware suddenly, that she was eavesdropping, Lucy went quickly to her sitting room. St. Abb was going. Leaving Jim. Why? Because he had just discovered that awful on business of three years ago. From what she had heard that seemed likely . . . In the middle of these thoughts she heard a step across the hall, and a moment later saw usually debaric eyes as he looked

at her. She let another little moment of silence pass before she asked: "Will you tell me why you are going?" There was a touch of abruptness in that. His answer was more abrupt still.

"No." But after a second he added, "I beg your pardon, Lucy, I'm . . . just a bit . . ." He stopped, looked away, and fidgeted with his tie. "I can see you are," she said gently. "You have thought a great deal of Jim, haven't you?" He faced her again quickly. "There was no one I thought more of," he said boyishly impulsive.

"Then what has happened to make you change?" "I have changed, anyway. . . . And I'm going, in consequence," he equivocated. "That doesn't answer me," she insisted. "I can't answer you any more clearly. Please don't ask me to." He turned back towards the door, as if he were going to leave her. But she stopped him. "Don't go. This is . . . most tremendously important to me . . ."

"You told him you were going to leave him," she said. "Yes." The short word, so shortly said, sounded odd from Perry St. Abb.

"You really meant it, I suppose?" "Absolutely." "When are you going?" she went on. "Now. I was on my way to my room to pack when you called me," he answered.

There was no movement in his usually debaric eyes as he looked

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.. Perhaps you scarcely guess just how tremendously important it is." The little tremble in her voice brought him round again. "You can't know anything of this," he said. "It isn't possible. . . ."

"Why should you think that?" "Because. . . . Oh, well, because it wouldn't be possible that you . . ."

"Because if I did know, I would do as you are doing—and go?" she asked, interpreting him. He didn't answer that; just stood looking at her wretchedly, and after a moment said: "If you want to know, please, Lucy, ask him; not me."

"It's something you have discovered about him isn't it?" she said, the words coming more as an assertion than a question. He nodded. "Something that seems utterly . . . discreditable," she went on. He nodded again. "Well, perhaps you'll be surprised to hear that not only do I know about it, but that very probably I know more than you do . . ." she said slowly.

He looked at her incredulously.

.. And yet I haven't . . . gone," she added. "You . . . you really know and can take it so quietly!" he half stammered. "It isn't always safe to judge man by what you hear he . . . has been . . . or has done . . . she answered slowly. (To Be Continued)

IN THE MATTER of the Voluntary Winding-up Act, being Chapter 9 of the Acts of Prince Edward Island, 1925, —and— IN THE MATTER of Montague Electric Company, Limited. TAKE NOTICE that at a Special General Meeting of Montague Electric Company Limited called for Monday the 10th day of August, A. D., 1931, at the hour of 2.00 o'clock in the forenoon at Ives Hall, Montague, Prince Edward Island and then adjourned to 2.00 o'clock in the afternoon on the 19th day of October, A. D., 1931 at the Canadian National Hotel, Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island and then adjourned to 2.00 o'clock in the afternoon on December 15th, A. D., 1931, a Resolution was unanimously passed voluntarily winding up the said Montague Electric Company Limited under the provisions of Chapter Nine of the Acts of Prince Edward Island for the year 1925 and appointing the undersigned Liquidator of the said Montague Electric Company Limited. DATED at Charlottetown, P. E. ISLAND this 15th day of December, A. D., 1931. J. T. McKEE, Charlottetown, P. E. I., Liquidator of Montague Electric Co., Ltd.

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