

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

Dorothy Dix' Letter Box

"Other Woman" Runs a Poor Chance in Competition With Wife—How Can Silent Man Develop Conversational Self- Starter?

Dear Miss Dix—In the Eternal Triangle the sympathy always goes out of the poor wronged wife, but there's never anything but contempt for the Other Woman. But it isn't the wife who suffers the most and who goes through the tortures of hell. It is the Other Woman. I knew from experience. And the more you love the man, the more you suffer. He will promise no matter what happens to always love and protect you, but when the time comes when he is tired of you or he wants to save himself from divorce he will betray you and the things that have been sacred to you. He will take everything you have to give, your love, your honor, your self-respect and happiness, and leave you with a broken home and a broken heart. Oh, if there was only some way to reach the hundreds of women and girls and save them in some day from becoming entangled with married men. But there isn't. For your own case is always "different," and the married man you are in love with is always "going to be true to you."

Dorothy Dix isn't there some word you can send out that will save some girl from the wreck I have made of my life? THE OTHER WOMAN. Answer: None are so deaf as those who will not hear. None are so blind as those who will not see. Why, it seems to me that I spend half my time in broadcasting warnings through this column to girls about the danger they run in having affairs with married men and the disaster that is certain to come to them if they do.

But my voice is that of one crying in the wilderness and I fear that few heed it. For, as you say, each girl believes her case to be different from all others, and that for once a liason is going to last and be enduring, and that the man she loves is not only different from all other men but is going to be different from what he himself has been in the past.

One can understand how the simple village maiden or the unsophisticated country lassie of the past could have befooled herself with this optimistic belief, but it is incredible that the worldly wise, hard-boiled girl of today, and especially the business girl who has seen how a dozen such office intrigues worked themselves out, should be able to delude herself with even the hope that an affair with a married man can bring her any good.

But they do, which proves anew that we can believe anything that we want to believe. They still fall for the old line about the wife who does not understand, about the unhappy home, about the heart starving for affection, about how they could not live except for the sympathy and tenderness some pretty young woman gives them.

And the very girl who knows that a man lies and cheats his wife and is disloyal to her; the girl who has telephoned dozens of times to his wife that he is engaged in conference and wouldn't be able to come home to dinner when he was taking her out to dinner and a night club, still believes that he will be faithful to her. Incredible. But true.

Of course, it is easy enough for girls to fall in love with married men. They are often far more fascinating than any of the young men they know. They are older, more intelligent, have seen more of the world and have a technique in dealing with women that is highly developed through much practice. But every girl's guardian angel gives her a warning before she finally and irrevocably falls hopelessly in love with a married man, and then when she feels herself slipping and her emotions beginning to get beyond her control she does well to sit down and try to figure out what she will get out of giving her heart and her life to him.

Is she willing to take another woman's husband from her? Has she no compunctions of conscience about breaking up a home and half-orphaning little children? Does she believe that she can build her house of happiness out of the wreck of another woman's happiness? If not, what then?

Does she want to spend her life on the outskirts of the life of the man she loves? Does she want always to have to keep secret rendezvous with him, or else openly join the ranks of those women who are declassé? Does she think that she can find any happiness in knowing that another woman bears the name of the man she loves, that she occupies the place in society his position gives her, that the wife spends the money that she helps the husband earn?

Can any vanity or any sophistry blind her to the fact that the man who has not been faithful to one woman is not likely to be faithful to another, and that he who breaks his marriage vows when he wears of his wife will not hesitate to rend asunder the flimsy ties that bind him to his mistress when he grows tired of her?

A man may not love his wife. He may not be happy with her. But that does not mean he is going to get a divorce. Often a phillanderer clings to his wife because she is a protection against the Other Woman. Often a man does not want to give up his children. Often a wife has money or powerful family connections that are useful to the man. And it never does a man's business standing any good to get a divorce.

So the girl who is in love with a married man is up against all of these obstacles and she generally finds that when it comes to a showdown between her and the wife, she loses out. And these are things that every girl does well to bear in mind when she embarks on a love affair with a married Romeo. DOROTHY DIX.

Dear Dorothy Dix—I am a middle-aged, successful business man, wisely traveled, well read, fond of sports, the theatre and everything interesting and educational, yet so poor a conversationalist that I am at a loss for anything to say when I should be able to talk and to entertain any one in whose company I chance to be thrown. I am in the habit of meeting people and am not bashful. I have just got nothing to say. Probably many others suffer from the same embarrassment. Can you suggest ways and means to make dumb people self-starters? JOHN THE SILENT.

(Continued on Page 8)

\$1,000 FOR NAMES . . . another MYSTERY CAKE

First Prize \$250, Second Prize \$100, Third Prize \$50, 60 Prizes of \$10 each . . .

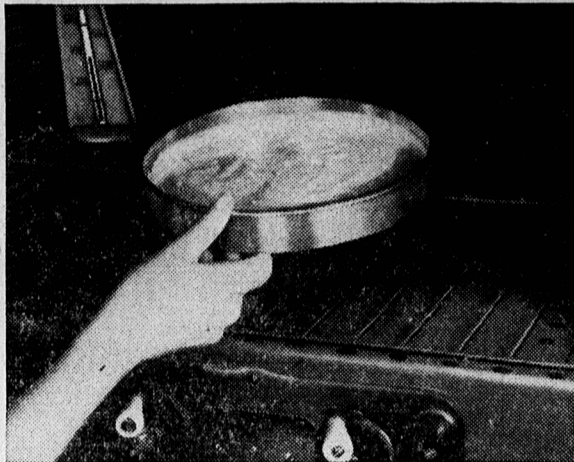
Miss M. McFarlane Created the Recipe for this

MAGIC MYSTERY CAKE

Contest Rules Read Carefully

- 1 Contest is for residents of Canada and Newfoundland only. 2 All you do is name the mystery cake. Only one name from each person. 3 PRINT at the top of your paper in ink (or typewrite) "Miss McFarlane's Mystery Cake." Under this, print your suggestion for a name. Then, in the lower right-hand corner, print your own name and address, clearly and neatly. Do not use pencil. 4 Do not send the cake itself—just the name and your own name and address. It is not essential to bake the cake to enter the contest. 5 Members of our own organization or their relatives are not eligible to take part in this contest. 6 Contest closes APRIL 30, 1933. No entries considered if postmarked later than April 30 midnight. No entries considered if forwarded with insufficient postage. 7 Judges: Winning names will be selected by a committee of three impartial judges. The decision of these judges will be final. 8 Prize winners will be announced to all entrants within one month after contest closes. 9 In case of a tie, the full amount of the prize money will be paid to each tying contestant. 10 Where to send entries: Address your entries to Contest Editor, Gillett Products, Fraser Avenue, Toronto 2.

NOTE: Other Magic Mystery Cakes coming! Watch for them in later issues of this newspaper.



Get busy . . . Join the thousands of Canadian women taking part in these fascinating contests

HOW about putting an extra \$250 in your pocketbook? Name this Magic Mystery Cake. Perhaps you'll win that first prize!

Miss M. McFarlane worked out the recipe for this month's mystery cake. It's simple and economical. You'll like its delicious flavor, too! Read the recipe through. Then try to think of the very best name you can to describe it.

Better still—make the cake yourself, if you like. And be sure to do as Miss McFar-

lane advises—use Magic Baking Powder.

Other well-known Canadian food experts share Miss McFarlane's high opinion of Magic. In fact, the majority of them use and recommend Magic exclusively because it gives consistently better results.

Make up your mind to enter this Magic Mystery Cake contest right now. Try to win one of the 63 cash prizes.

When you bake at home the new, FREE Magic Cook Book contains tested recipes for dozens of tempting dishes. Send for it. Address Gillett Products, Fraser Avenue, Toronto 2.



Tested and Approved by the Canadian Institute of Professional Bakers

Made in Canada

CONTAINS NO ALUM. This statement on every tin is your guarantee that Magic Baking Powder is free from alum or any harmful ingredient.

For The Cook

CAESAR PEAR SALAD Lettuce. 4 oranges 2 grapefruit 4 pears Arrange beds of shredded lettuce on individual salad plates. Peel and slice oranges. Cut each slice in half. Peel and segment grapefruit free from membrane. Peel and slice cal-

Amazed At Results From First Bottle

Nervous Wreck Until She Began Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound



"I was a complete wreck. Nervous, no appetite and could not do half my work. My mother suggested Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I was amazed at the results from the first bottle. I took eight bottles in all. I am well now and fit to do all my work and look after five children, which keeps me quite busy." MRS. AVILA DUPAS Box 213, Pilot Mound, Manitoba

avo across narrow way of fruit. Cut slices in halves. Arrange alternate slices of orange, grapefruit segments and pear slices. Serve with French Dressing De Luxe Makes 1/2 Pint 1 cup salad oil 1/2 cup lemon juice 1/4 cup orange juice 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce 1 teaspoon dry mustard 1/2 teaspoon salt 6 tablespoons powdered sugar 1/2 small clove garlic (or 1/2 teaspoon chopped sweet onion) 1/2 teaspoon paprika. Put all into a bottle and shake well before using.

A Morning Smile

Mother was trying to arrange a marriage between her daughter and the wealthy young bachelor. "Helen," she said to the daughter, "if Harold asks you tonight to be his wife, tell him to speak to me." Helen nodded and then asked: "And if he doesn't ask me?" "In that case," said the mother, "I shall speak to him."

Teacher: "Who can tell me what the former ruler of Russia was called?" Class (in unison): "Tsar." Teacher: "Correct; and what was his wife called?" Class: "Tsaritsa." Teacher: "What were the Tsar's children called?" There was a pause, and then a timid voice in the rear piped up: "Tsardines!"

LIFE

To the preacher life's sermon, To the joker life's a jest; To the miser life is money, To the loafer life is rest. To the lawyer life is trial, To the poet life's a song; To the doctor life's a patient Who needs treatment right along. To the soldier life's a battle, To the teacher life's a school; Life's a great thing to the thinker But a failure to the fool. Life is just a long vacation

To the man who loves his work, But it's a constant dodging duty To the fellow who's a shirk, To the faithful, earnest worker Life's a story, ever new. Life is what we try to make it, Brother, what is life to you? —Selected.

There are 213 legal holidays, anniversaries, religious holidays and special "weeks" and "days" scheduled for 1933 in the United States.

Class I railroads of the United States installed fewer freight cars in 1932 than in any year since 1933, the first year for which records are kept.

What the Fashionables are Wearing

By Annabelle Worthington

If budding daughter is aching to try her skill as dressmaker, let her launch into sewing this jaunty jumper dress.

It is such a simple little affair to tackle and just as smart and fresh as paint when finished.

The jumper skirt is straight with an inverted pleat at the center-front to give it ample fullness. It is attached to the simple bodice with its darling suspender straps. As for the gumples, it is the popular tailored type.

Being smart, no doubt, she'll make the jumper of grey woolen mixture or a dñe gumples of plain crepe silk in yellow.

Style No. 974 is designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20 years, 36 and 38 inches bust. Size 16 requires 2 1/2 yards of 35-inch material for jumper with 2 yards of 35-inch material for blouse. Price of Pattern 15 cents in stamps or coin (coin is preferred.) Wrap coin carefully.

Form with fields for Name, Street Address, City, State, and Size.



NOTICE OF SALE

Boat, engine, lobster traps and anchors. By order of the Judge of the County Court I will at one p. m. on Thursday, April 6th next, at W. A. McQueen's store in Wood Islands, sell at public auction one fishing boat and engine, about 200 lobster traps and three anchors, all attached in suit of Isaac Martin against William Smith, absent debtor. Charlottetown, March 31, 1933. JOHN F. BRADLEY, Sheriff of Queens County. 6679-4-1-21.

FARM FOR SALE

The undersigned offers for sale his farm of 105 acres with house and barn, 50 acres now ploughed and in good state of cultivation, balance lumber and hard wood. Near school and churches and railway station. Apply to W. F. JARDINE, Head Hillsboro, R. R. No. 1, P. E. Island. 6617-3-29-61.

SWEET VANITY

By RICHARD GOYNE

CHAPTER VII

Cynthia Marland was not the sort of girl to take advantage of any offer such as the letter contained. It aroused only scorn in her heart but, reading it again, she found it had a certain significance. It suggested that somebody knew something about Peter that was not pleasant, and her first emotion—which she crushed at once—was one of indignation that the suggestion had been made to her. And an urge

FARM FOR SALE

I offer for sale my farm of 100 acres only six miles from Charlottetown. With good barns and turntable heated dwelling house. Near Churches, School, Railway Station and Creamery. Apply to ALEX. STEWART, Marshfield. 6636-3-30-1st-31.

to meet this individual, who had not the courage to give a name, in defence of Peter Cavendish. But she laughed, bitterly, as she ripped the letter into shreds and flung it into the empty grate of her room.

"Defending Peter is the last thing I should do. I wouldn't even warn him about a thing like this, but if this person thinks I'm going to keep any such appointment..." Nevertheless, the latter began a train of thought in her mind that she could not cut off. It had placed a haze of mystery about this strong-purposed man who loved her and revealed that love in such strange, and revealing ways. And mystery was perhaps the one thing that could soften Cynthia's heart, could melt her bitterness at the unnumbered ways in which, by his very kindness, Peter so humiliated her.

It was not pleasant to feel that any man whom you did not want

had such an influence over you. That was Cynthia's chief cause of annoyance when she reviewed the matter next day.

But other disturbing things were to happen. Mr. Marland was away on business and had not, therefore, heard of the scandal. When Cynthia went into the town shopping, and for lunch, people she met and who knew her cut her dead.

That rather amused her, but the incident in the town's exclusive cafe, Durrantley's, did not. She was seated at a little table behind some palms. Three influential women in Midley came to an adjoining one without seeing her and, of course, had one topic of conversation over their coffee.

"Whether Peter Cavendish had any part in that awful affair or not," one wealthy woman said, heatedly, "he is to be held responsible for the behaviour of his fiancée."

"Of course he had a part in it. He must have known." Despite her pride, Cynthia was desperately ashamed. She was penitent, over and above her bitterness toward Peter. Should she, could she go to him and apologise?

She shook her head as she climbed into her two-seater and drove back to her home. She could never

do that, but if there was one way in which she could absolve him she must take it.

The remainder of that day failed to find a solution. Nine o'clock that night brought the return of her father and the reminder that this was the hour when her mysterious correspondent would be waiting at the Millington Bend. The choice of that rendezvous suggested that one of the Black Band had been the writer: It was Dicky Smythe's favourite haunt; but she laughed away the possibility that he could have written such a letter.

It was ten o'clock when Dicky put in an appearance. She was strolling the grounds, finding the silent house impossible, when he came up the drive, and she started him by confronting him at a bend in the drive.

"Dicky! What on earth are you doing at this hour? What a ridiculous time for a call!" He looked worried and angry. He wore flannels, as if he had been playing tennis or had spent the evening on the river. The sight of her seemed to embarrass him, and then he smiled, awkwardly.

"I—er—yes, it is a bit late, what? But you'll forgive me, Cynthia, I've two rather important things to see

you about, and talking here—" She accepted the hint, and led the way into the house. The open French windows let them into the drawing room, where she switched on the light and noted how embarrassed he seemed.

"Well, Dicky?" She stifled a yawn. "It's late, and I'm about to retire. I'm tired after last night."

He pulled himself together and made the surprising announcement. "I had to come, about last night's affair and Peter Cavendish. You know what's happened?" He saw her cheeks colour. "Midley is shunning him, and for the sake of your father, as well, we mustn't let the business suffer through our—er—bohemianism, what?"

He smiled and, surprised that Dicky should have come such a distance in the consideration of others, she feigned a lack of interest she did not feel.

"You mean—accepting the blame?" He nodded, pulling a folded paper from his pocket. He extracted two, in fact, but cleverly hid one in the palm of his hand. It was a trick he had learned at college. In his way, Smythe was something of a conjurer.

(To be Continued.)

Baby's Colds Best treated without dosing—Just rub on VICK'S VapoRub FOR COLDS OF ALL THE FAMILY

Two rows of perfect teeth

AT TWENTY? ORDINARY AT THIRTY? PROBABLE OVER FORTY ? ? ? ? ?

Start protection against pyorrhea RIGHT NOW

There is no "telling" about teeth. A perfect set today! And tomorrow? Perhaps a space that held two—or three or six—for the dentist's skill to bridge. That is the way pyorrhea works. It may start when you are twenty or thirty and it may be ten years or longer before it begins to take your teeth. But in the end, pyorrhea takes actually half the adult teeth which are lost! The trouble with pyorrhea is that it seems a distant danger. It may happen to somebody else—but you never think it will happen to you. The fact remains that four out of five people past the age of forty have pyorrhea—and they probably had it for several years before they knew. It's up to you to take two steps to prevent "lost teeth." First, be sure not to forget the address of your dentist. Visit him twice a year, anyway. He is a real friend in need. Second, pick out a toothpaste that does more than polish your teeth. Forhan's Toothpaste is a thoroughly good cleanser—none better. But it takes care of the gums too, and that is mighty important, because you cannot have healthy teeth in unhealthy gums. Dr. R. J. Forhan worked 26 years as a pyorrhea specialist, and his exclusive formula cannot be obtained by the public except in Forhan's Toothpaste. Get ahead of pyorrhea. Prevention is the only way. Take it seriously and you will not be sorry. Start today with Forhan's. All druggists.