

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

Why Women Lose Their Husbands

Dorothy Dix

Finds Men Resent Jallars

Wives Make a Fatal Mistake When They Make Home a Prison; the Man Who Knows That He is Free to go is the One Who Stays and Eats Out of His Wife's Hand

Circumstances, custom and convention have made the wife the family jaller. This is a position that a woman acquires on her wedding day that she holds ever after by the grace of God and her good tongue. It delivers her husband and her children into her hands and gives her the right to exercise over them such tyranny as she sees fit.



And perhaps that is the chief thing that is the matter with matrimony, and why there are so many empty homes and unloved wives, because nobody wants to be locked in at nights and nobody is crazy about their jaller.

Why a woman should think that being married to a man gives her the right to boss him and regulate every detail of his personal life, goodness only knows, but she does. And the more she loves a man, the more insistent she is on dominating him, and the more she dominates him, the more she feels that she is being a model wife.

Apparently women consider that there is some magic in the marriage ceremony that endows them with supernatural wisdom and foresight and judgment, and takes away from a man whatever brains and knowledge and experience he may have formerly possessed as a bachelor. At any rate they proceed to act upon that theory and treat their husbands as if they were moronic babes who did not have enough intelligence to keep from being run over by automobiles when crossing the street or sense enough to come in out of the rain.

There are plenty of men who, after they are married, are never permitted to indulge a single individual taste or habit again. They are never even allowed to eat the kind of food they crave or to wear the kind of clothes they like or have their hair cut the way they prefer.

Wives pick out their suits for them, buy their neckties, tell them how much sugar to put in their coffee, tell them how bad the food they have eaten all their lives is for their stomachs, drag them out to parties if they like to step out, nail them to their fireside if they like to stay put. And that's all there is to it.

Many a fisherman never wets another line after he is married. Many an enthusiastic golfer gives up his game after he takes him a wife. Most husbands find that they are not permitted to keep up their old friendships or to have the slightest say-so around their own homes. They are merely bill-payers.

Not long ago a man said to me: "I'd give a month's salary just to dress up some night in my lux and bum around all by my lonesome, bumping into old acquaintances and saying 'Hello, Bill,' and 'How are you, Mike?'" But I'll never be allowed to do it without a row and it isn't worth it. Besides, I am too tired after fighting downtown all day to take on another scrap. But 97 per cent of my life's fizzle can be charged to run-down batteries that get that way from living in a groove and being oppressed and suppressed. For how can you have any initiative when you haven't any liberty?"

It is easy to pity the poor husbands whose wives will not grant them any more liberty than a dog has on a leash, but the wives who make this fatal mistake are even more to be pitied because they defeat their own ends. In trying to hold their husbands they drive them from them. By locking the door on them they force them to sneak out of the window. By making their homes a prison they make the outside world irresistibly alluring.

For the one great eternal passion of the human heart is for liberty. For that men have fought and bled and died. Without that nothing else is worth having, and women can't understand this and that it applies just as much to domestic life as it does to political life.

It is this craving for liberty, which his wife denies, him, that sets so many men roaming. He wants to be free to put on his hat and go down-town any evening now and then without having a scene with tears and reproaches. He doesn't want to do a thing that is wrong, but he wants to be by himself without having to drag wife along with him, and he wants to be free to do instead of what he wants to do himself. He wants to be free to bring an old friend home to dinner or to go off for a week-end with a bunch of men. He wants to be free to move without hearing the shackles rattle.

But he can't do it. Wife has taken his freedom from him. He can't go out of the house without telling where he is going and what he is going to do and how long he is going to be gone. He can't go off with the men and because wife is afraid he might take cold or get hurt or something. And she is perfectly confident that she knows what is best for him and that he would be far happier tied to her apron string than he would be answering the call of the wild and husband gives in and lets her lock him in his little cell and hates her for it.

Nine women out of ten who lose their husbands lose them through their bossiness and petty tyranny. And the tragedy of the thing is that it is only the sense of liberty that the man wants. If he knew he was free to go, he would stay of his own accord and eat out of her hand. If she flung the door wide open, he would be content to sit by his own hearthstone.

TENDERS

In the matter of The Voluntary Winding up Act and The R. J. McNeill Black and Silver Fox Company, Limited.

Sealed Tenders will be received by the undersigned up to noon of the Thirtieth day of June A. D. 1933 for all or any of the following parcels which comprise the assets of the R. J. McNeill Black and Silver Fox Company Limited.

- Parcel 1. One truck wagon, one wood sleigh, one set collar and harness.
 - Parcel two. One mower (McCormick), one set spring tooth harrows.
 - Parcel three. One gasoline stationary engine 1 1/2 H. P. International, one grinder, one farmers boiler.
 - Parcel four. Farm consisting of two hundred and eleven acres of land thirty acres cleared and the balance covered with good growth of wood and lumber. There is good farm house, barn and outbuildings situate on the property.
 - Parcel five. Forty six fox pens of large size in good condition together with a first class pup house 150 feet long capable of housing 60 pups. These pens are situated on the two hundred and eleven acres above mentioned.
- Tenders may be made for the whole or any number of the parcels. The highest or any tenders not necessarily accepted. Particulars of all

ROPE

Orders taken for all kinds of rope; hay rope a specialty. Will be on Market Square every market day.

H. L. McFADYEN, ST. Catharines, Clyde River, R. R. June 1-thur-Mon-21.

the parcels may be had from any of the undermentioned Liquidators and Inspection of property and goods can be made by calling on any of the undermentioned Liquidators who will accompany prospective tenders to the Ranch and farm property. Dated this 1st day of June A. D. 1933.

DAN MacLEAN, Tyne Valley. L. A. BURLEIGH, Ellerslie. THOMAS GRIGG, McNeills Mills, Liquidators. 99056-5-10-17-31.

Dr. W. R. Carson

CHIROPRACTOR Three Year Palmer Graduate 124 Prince St. Phone 1012 Home Calls Made.

FOR THE WOMAN READER

"Life is too short to waste in critic peep or cynic bark, Quarrel or reprimand 'Twill soon be dark; Up, mind thine own aim, and God speed the mark."

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

Milk will not burn if the saucepan is rinsed in cold water before boiling.

A small piece of butter added to the water in which vegetables are to be cooked will prevent them from boiling over.

A hot cloth wrapped around a jelly mould will enable the contents to be turned out whole.

Glass will have a brighter appearance if it is washed in cold water in preference to hot.

Corks may be rendered water-tight and air-tight if they are soaked in oil for a few minutes before using.

The inside of a vacuum flask should be washed out with a solution of salt and vinegar.

Discolored bone knife handles will quickly regain their natural whiteness if rubbed with a cloth dipped in a solution of peroxide.

Bath waterlines may be cleaned away by rubbing with a cloth soaked in paraffin and then dipped into a tin containing salt. Rinse the bath well with cold (not hot) water afterwards until no trace of oil remains.

A Morning Smile

Two men with the same name were members of a club. One day a letter addressed to one of them was left at the club. The wrong man opened it first. It was a threatening letter from a tailor.

He knew the missive did not belong to him, so he put it back in the letter-rack.

The next night both men happened to arrive at the club at the same time. Both went to the letter-rack, the man for whom the letter was intended reaching it first.

He read the epistle carefully. Then he tore it into bits, which he tossed carelessly into a waste-paper basket.

"Dear little girl!" he said. "How she loves me!"

"What happened to that nice lodger you had, Mrs. Murphy?" asked one landlady of another.

"Oh," was the reply, "I had to get rid of him. Do you know he told me he was a Bachelor of Arts from Chicago, and a week or so later I found out by chance he had a wife and family in New York."

DIFFICULTIES

The hardest difficulties may be overcome by labor, and our fortunes restored after the severest afflictions.

"Rastus, I see your mule has 'U. S.' branded on his hindquarters. Was he in the army?"

"No, boss, dat 'U. S.' don't stand for Uncle Sam, it means Unsafe."

Woolens will not shrink if two teaspoonfuls of glycerine are added to the washing water—provided, of course, that the ordinary rules for washing woolies are not flagrantly disregarded.

Kitchen windows will not become steamed if rubbed over inside with a cloth sprinkled with glycerine.

An excellent brightener for pewter—for those who prefer a sparkling effect—is made by dissolving a little potash in hot water. Soak the pewter in this and then rub it with a soft cloth slightly moistened with olive oil. Now rub lightly with a leather and watch the "shine" appear!

THE VERSATILE SASH

Sashes no longer merely encircle the waist, little girl fashion, but are now a smart structural part of the dress itself. They may outline the back decolletage, terminating in shoulder epaulets of looped ribbon. Or they may be encrusted onto the bodice of the dress and twisted or tied in a great many ways.

One of the newest effects, an idea of both Mainbocher and Schiaparelli, is to fasten a sash in the back with loops hanging down in a bustle effect.

TO BE INTERESTED IN LIFE YOU MUST WORK

The evening sun shone through his cedars and made patterns on his smooth lawns, while I talked tonight to the Grand Old Man of Epsom, Mr. E. W. Martin, J.P. who has just celebrated his ninety-seventh birthday, writes a London Evening Post Correspondent.

He came to Epsom when he was six months old, and he has lived there ever since. He became a farmer and a soldier, and few have ever made such a success of both careers and lived so long afterwards.

"I was one of the country's first volunteers," he said. "I joined up in 1859, when Europe was uneasy and the Napoleonic Eagle was fluttering its wings. In 1860 I stood in Hyde Park with 25,000 fellow volunteers, while Queen Victoria walked past and scrutinised almost every button."

But Mr. Martin was very keen on farming. His farm at East Ewell was a model to his neighbors, and he was one of the last Surrey farmers to grow and distil mint for the London confectioners. His influence in the village of Ewell is very strong, and he has helped innumerable unfortunates to find their feet.

He has a recipe for those who would like to make their century. "You've got to be interested to live, and if you want to be interested in life, you've got to work. And you must not drink too much beer after you're 70. Good-night," he said.

"Rastus, I see your mule has 'U. S.' branded on his hindquarters. Was he in the army?" "No, boss, dat 'U. S.' don't stand for Uncle Sam, it means Unsafe."

TIMELY ADVICE FROM MARGE - by C.A. Wright



THE COOK'S CORNER

RHUBARB SOUP

6 stalks rhubarb
1 quart veal stock
1 small onion
Salt, pepper
2 thin slices bread
Cut rhubarb in small pieces. Put into veal stock, add onion, salt and pepper and cook. Let liquor boil, remove scum as it rises, and simmer soup gently until rhubarb is tender. Strain and serve with toasted bread. Serving, 6.

A RICH CHEESE BISCUIT

One pound grated cheese; one half cup shortening; one cup flour three tablespoons cream; one teaspoon baking powder; one-fourth teaspoon salt; one-fourth teaspoon cayenne. Blend shortening and flour mixed with baking powder, salt and cayenne. Mix with the cheese and add the cream. This makes a thick dough, work with a heavy spoon until smooth and cheese is evenly distributed. Roll about one-fourth inch; cut with small cutter and bake in a moderate oven on a lightly rubbed (with shortening) baking tin.

ORANGE BISCUITS

To the ingredients for your best biscuit recipe, add enough good orange marmalade to spread each biscuit. When the biscuits are mixed, roll on a floured board to one-half inch thickness and cut with biscuit cutter. Spread one half the rounds with the marmalade and place the remaining rounds on top of the marmalade. Rub tops with melted shortening. Bake in a hot oven ten to fifteen minutes. When baked, split, dip in melted butter and put together again, and serve at once.

Judge—What weapon did you use to inflict these injuries?
Patrick (proudly)—None, your honor. It was all hand work.

GARDENING

EQUIPMENT FOR GARDENING

Gardening is very inexpensive in the way of necessary equipment. With a rake, a small hoe and a spade one can accomplish wonders, though if the place is a large one, it is advisable to have a few more tools. At this time of year, a string and a few stakes for making straight rows will come in handy. One of the small garden tractors which cultivates, seeds, and even plows will take the place of a horse. Later on when it is necessary to cultivate once a week, first to conserve the moisture and secondly to destroy weeds, a five-toothed, hand cultivator costing less than two dollars will save hours of time with the hoe. Of the latter implement there are several sizes available. Some are pushed ahead and being very sharp they shave off weeds beneath trees and close to rows which are usually hard places to reach with the ordinary hoe. A digging fork in ordinary garden soil is to be preferred to a spade. For the flower garden, a trowel and hand digging fork about ten inches long will be found useful.

AN OLD FAVORITE COMES BACK

With the developing interest in the arrangement of flowers in the house, an old garden favorite has regained its former prestige because of its color as well as its ease of growth and this is the nasturtium. It is an ideal flower for bowls, the flame colored types in black or green bowls being favorite exhibits at flower shows. No more brilliant color can be furnished than by this most easily grown of annuals or is there any annual that gives a greater supply of bloom over a longer period. The new fragrant double yellow nasturtium, Golden Gleam, has rapidly become one of the most popular of bedding plants.

Clothes almost wash themselves

YES—all you need to do is soak clothes in Rinso suds and rinse—to get the brightest, snowiest wash ever. Try it—and see! Cup for cup, Rinso gives twice as much suds as lightweight puffed-up soaps, even in hardest water. The makers of 40 famous washers recommend Rinso. Great for dishes and all cleaning. Rinso. LEVES BROTHERS LIMITED. The hard-water soap for tub, washer and dishpan.

The colorings are the same in both the tall and dwarf sorts and include velvety, almost black, crimson through shades of scarlet and orange to brilliant yellows with some handsome rose shades and brilliant series of blotched and flaked sorts. There are golden leaved, purple leaved and variegated leaves sort to add to the attractions of the plant, all with beautiful bloom. The Lobb type is a favorite among the climbers because of the brilliancy and intensity of its coloring. Empress of India, a fiery crimson with dark foliage, is much used as a bedding plant. See should be sown in the open after danger of frost is over.

A CLINICAL TEST

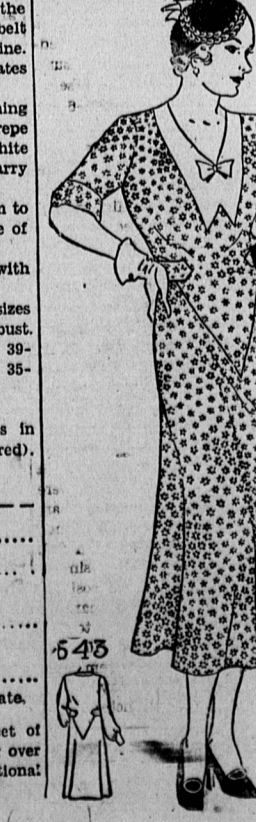
Proves That Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Quickly End Chronic Fatigue

A girl student, pale and rundown in health, was given a blood test on November 15, 1932. The haemoglobin content of her blood was only 75 per cent, her red corpuscle count was but 4,096,000. She was anaemic. The physician who examined her, who knew the formula of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and their usefulness in such cases, told her to take two of the pills after each meal. This she did and one month later had increased her haemoglobin to 88 per cent, and her blood count to 4,288,000. She said she had more strength and felt better. Two months later both haemoglobin and corpuscle count were normal and she was well. When the haemoglobin content of your blood goes down your energy vigor and strength go down. To restore them you must build up your blood. That Dr. Williams' Pink Pills do this has been proved by many clinical tests like the one above. Get a box at your druggist's today and start on the road to health. The price is 50 cents and each box contains full directions for the treatment.

Daintiness With Chic Styles

ILLUSTRATED DRESSMAKING LESSON FURNISHED WITH EVERY PATTERN BY ANNABELLE WORTHINGTON

Here's a charming model for the heavier figure. The partial belt treatment creates a lengthened line. The skirt white slender, indicates an easy flare at the hemline. It is simple, smart and becoming in brown and white crinkly crepe silk against a bib-like yoke of white crepe. It's a dress that will carry you through an entire day. It will cost you but a small sum to make it, and will take very little of your time. Plain grey, beige or black with white is delightfully lovely. Style No. 643 is designed in sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust. Size 36 requires 3 1/4 yards of 39-inch material with 1/2 yard of 35-inch contrasting.



Price of PATTERN 15 cents in stamps or coin (coin is preferred). Wrap coin carefully. No. 643. Size Name Street Address City State If you wish a beautiful sheet of transfer embroidery containing over 60 designs, send 15 cents additional for pattern No. 2350.

Holstein Friesian Meeting

The Annual Meeting of the Holstein Friesian Association of Prince Edward Island will be held in the Agricultural Hall, Charlottetown at 1:30 o'clock, Friday, June 9th. Full attendance is requested. W. R. SHAW, Secretary. 9878-6-2-21.

My Best Girl

"Here!" Where are the launches, boy? — Mayne's launches — they're somewhere around here! This girl and boy aren't going to be any use apart, Lillian, he said to his wife, smiling, yet blinking tears from his eyes. "Let 'em both go off to Japan and console each other!" He was hurrying them along the dock, and Maggie found her hands filled with big green bills from Joe's father, and found herself kissing him, and liking the firm, fatherly embrace, and—much more amazing!—received a perturbed, powdery, half-crying kiss from Joe's magnificent mother, too. She was helped into a dancing little launch, the dirty surface of the water was bubbling close beside her. They were cleaving a straight track toward the big liner, and Maggie, leaning over the bow of the launch, was straining toward it, was clapping her two hands over her head to attract its attentions, to hold it one minute—one half-minute more!

ladder dangled from the high steerage deck of the one, to curl loosely among the hatches and marlinspikes of the other. And everyone who could find a place at the long rails, first cabin, tourist cabin, steerage alike, saw a launch racing out from the city, and a small girl standing bare-headed—in the launch, an aureole of gold blowing about her head, and her hands clasped high above it, like the hands of a small martyr at the stake. And suddenly, in their own ranks, on the steamer's decks, there was a corresponding commotion, and a tall, lean boy, with a desperate and anxious look upon his face, broke through them, ran down a companionway, and another companionway, to the break in the railing where the pilot's ladder hung, and shouted: "Wait a minute, down there! I've got to go back! Don't take that ladder down—wait a minute." Then—so quickly that, even during the whole long voyage, with the blissful young bride and groom affording a reminder before their very

eyes, some of the passengers couldn't remember in exactly what order it all occurred—then the flying launch had reached the pilot's tug, and the boy had descended the rope ladder, and the girl had sprung from the launch to the tug, and there was a double scream of "Maggie!" and "Joe!" and the two young things were in each other's arms, and crying—not but what everyone else was crying, too. They stood there on the rocking tug for whole minutes—minutes—minutes, and the world looked on, and laughed, and wiped its eyes, and they neither knew nor cared. And it was only when the great Allegria actually blew her whistle and the little tug blew hers that Joe put his arm about Mary Margaret Johnson and said, dazedly and happily, without moving his hungry eyes from her exquisite and radiant face: "Come on, darling, we've got a lot to do—we've got to start to Japan, and get married, and have lunch, and talk, and everything!" And then they negotiated the rope-and-plank ladder, and the passengers made an aisle across the deck for them. "We're going to have a wedding, some time this afternoon," Joe said excitedly, and proudly and youthfully to the lingering groups that simply couldn't disperse in the face of this fascinating drama and comedy in one. "And you're all invited!" Oh, thank you—thank you—thank you! Maggie whispered. And Joe showed her boats and