

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

Dorothy Dix's Letter Box

Why Must Life be Over for Woman of 50, Cries One Who Resents Being Forced on Shelf—Is Wife Right to Divorce Undemonstrative Husband in Order to Marry Man Who Shows Affection?

Dear Miss Dix—What does life hold for women between 50 and 60? Why do our children think that at that age we should be willing to fold our hands and sit in the chimney corner and wait for death, with no interests except in their interests? Why do they think that it would be terrible for mother to go out and get a job and earn her own living, or even to marry again? Why can't they realize that we find it hard to live in even our children's home and want our own, and our own independence and may be somebody to love us. I am in my early fifties strong and healthy, and I am tired of being ON THE SHELF.

Answer: Good for you, sister! Up and at 'em. Now that you have got to the rebellion point, get out and do something about it. Head a revolt of middle-aged women against their dutiful, loving children who are enslaving them in the name of kindness.

If you do that, you will achieve a double-barreled reform that will add more to the sum of human happiness than any one thing in the world. And you will solve one of the greatest of all domestic problems, but will not only eliminate the great source of conflict in countless homes, but by so doing you will provide for the well-being of the serenity of a home to every woman who is left behind.

Every one knows that it seldom adds to the serenity of a home to have a mother-in-law in it. Most in-laws resent her presence. It brings about jealousies, interferences, daily conflicts of will, a thousand unpleasantnesses, and no matter how much her children love mother they would be happier without her.

And another who is happier away from them. She knows herself unwelcome. She feels herself in the way. All of her life she has been busy. Now she has nothing to do. She has had her place in the sun. Now she is only John's or Mary's mother. And years of running her own house have totally unfitted her to live in another woman's house and take orders instead of giving them.

But when mother has no money the situation seemed unavoidable. She had to go to live with her children and be supported by them. No matter how able-bodied she was, nor how she was suffered by thousands of dependence. And all of this misery has been suffered by thousands of women just because they didn't realize that they were still young enough women to make their own livings, and didn't have enough grit and independence to roll up their sleeves and go to work and support themselves.

Praise be that they are seeing the light at last, and instead of mother festooning herself like the old woman of the sea, around her children's neck when father dies and spending the remainder of her days preparing for her latter end, she hustles out and gets a job and often has a more interesting life than she ever had before. Sometimes a woman even makes a fortune and provides a better money-maker than her husband was.

At any rate, such women have the sacred joy of independence and the interest that work brings to fill their days, and they have the respect of all who know them. Especially of their children, who can better appreciate mother's virtues when they are not daily rubbed raw by her peculiarities and who do not constantly have to take their thumbs out for her burden of her support. For, after all, a dollar will only go so far, and if you have to add another out to it, it spreads the butter just that much thinner.

Furthermore, in the great majority of cases, mother has to work no harder for a pay envelope than she has to work in her children's home for none. Many and many a woman who is of necessity an unpaid nurse, maid or cook in her children's houses would be far better off and happier, and so would her children, if she were in some other woman's kitchen or nursery.

A dozen times I have said in this column that women quit work too soon. Life may not begin for them at 50, but a new career may if they have the courage to attempt it, and they are wrong and popping out for down and be dependent on their children. They should strike out for themselves. Make their own livings and be happy and independent. DOROTHY DIX.

Dear Dorothy Dix—My husband and I have got along very well. He has treated me with the utmost kindness and courtesy, but he shows me no love in any manner, shape or form. Never gives me a kiss or a caress. I am of a very affectionate nature and this has hurt me terribly. About a year ago I met a man with whom I have fallen in love and he with me. He is also married and that complicates things much more. Please tell us what in the world to do. UNHAPPY MRS. N.

Answer: If there are children, you have no right to break up your home for merely sentimental reasons. I grant you that it is hard to endure heart-stirring with one man when you crave the angel's food that another man might supply you, but you haven't the right to take your happiness at the expense of two families of children and perhaps that of a sister woman.

Divorce always works an irreparable injury to the children. It breaks up their pattern of life and distorts it. It bitterly disillusioned them and unakes their faith in everything that is good and fine in the world. They are literally torn to pieces between their contending parents. No orphan in an asylum is more to be pitied than the poor little youngster who is dragged from mother to father at the behest of a court, who has two homes and no home, an orphan with four parents with all of whom he is strange and ill at ease and for none of whom he has any respect.

Don't inflict that fate on your children. It is too high a price to pay for your own middle-aged romance. And the same thing holds good for the man. Let that be stated, with the understanding that you and he wet with the tears of a deserted wife and little children will bring neither of you any happiness. DOROTHY DIX.

But how strange, that men do not realize that love dies of neglect, that it perishes for lack of food just as the body does, and that when they cease kissing their wives they make way for the man who does. DOROTHY DIX.

Dear Miss Dix—I have a daughter who is my own flesh and blood and whom I nearly died bringing into the world, who persists in believing and asserting that she is an adopted child in spite of the evidence of her baptismal certificate and the testimony of people who have known her since she was a child. She treats me as if I were a stranger and is always snapping at me and makes me so unhappy that I share my life with her house again. Why is this? SORE-HEADED MOTHER.

Answer: It is a common thing for children to imagine that they have been adopted, or that they were stolen, and to play a game with themselves in which they fancy themselves far superior to the other members of the family, and that they are the long-lost child of some person of high degree and great wealth who will some day come by in a chariot and four horses and bear them off to a wondrous palace. Your daughter must have a child's mind to be deluding herself with such absurd fancies. I should say she is goofy. DOROTHY DIX.

Advertisement for Vaseline, featuring a jar of Vaseline and the text 'Don't trust to LUCK' and 'A Morning Smile'.

When the pipe-band of a certain regiment of Scots played for the first time on Church Square, Pretoria, a Kaffir listening to the band was asked what he thought of it. After a few seconds' consideration he replied: "Plenty no good, boss. No beginning, no middle, no finish, all one like."

WINNERS . . .

The Schooner "Bluenose," undisputed champion in international schooner racing, "Queen of the North Atlantic Fishing Fleet," leads all others in her class of sailing craft. MORSE'S BLUENOSE TEA is also a winner—a winner of public favor. At 23 cents per half pound package it has outstanding value. It is the great economy tea.

ONE WAY STREET

By JOSEPH McCORD

CHAPTER 15 There had been something very near damn in Jean's crown eyes when she raised her head from her drawing-board to discover Sturges smiling at her from the doorway.

"You said 'Come in, didn't you?'" he challenged. "Won't you sit down, Mr. Sturges? Just a minute . . . I'll take those drawings out of your way."

"Don't bother," he told her. "I'm not staying. This is one place I had overlooked on my rounds. Merely a tour of inspection." He remained where he was, glancing about the small studio. "It looks very professional. So do you."

His eyes rested on the slim figure in its yellow smock. Jean was standing with her back close to the big north window, a position that prevented the caller from observing her face clearly.

"It's a pleasant workroom," she offered. "Do they give you everything you need?"

"Oh, yes." Sturges ventured a few perfunctory questions about her tasks, then inquired casually for Mr. Sawyer. When Jean admitted that her father had not found a position, so far as she knew, Mark did not repeat his former suggestion.

"She's very fond of you," Mark suggested. "I hope she is. I think more of that kid than anybody I know."

"I suppose you see her frequently." He hazarded the observation so carelessly that Nan looked up with a sharp glance.

"Would it bother you if I smoke?" "Help yourself." Little more passed between them until he had finished his task. "There."

"Did you think I wasn't going to take you up on that invitation?" Mark smiled.

"Never can tell these days. But you picked a good time, if you care to look around. There are a few holy of holies I can't let you peek into. But you can get an idea of the layout."

"I'd like it very much, if you're not too busy." For the next quarter of an hour, Miss Gamble's attitude was entirely that of a business woman. Sturges' count of trade methods and an exhibit of appliances whose existence was both unsuspected and bewildering.

"I never imagined that beauty was so complicated as all this," he admitted admiringly. "It's too much for me. Our shop will have to toddle along as best it can, as far as I'm concerned. All I ask is that you leave us a little trade."

"Sure," Nan agreed. "How about sampling our service?" she suggested with a twinkle in her eye. "If you

DURING BABY'S TEETHING TIME The Bowels Become Loose Diarrhoea, dysentery, colic, cramps, manifest themselves in the gums, swollen, and cankers form in the mouth. This is the time when the mother should use

Advertisement for Dr. Fowler's Wild Strawberry, featuring a strawberry illustration and text describing its use for teething babies.

and perhaps save the baby's life. On the market for 88 years. Price, 50c. a bottle at all druggists or dealers.

Comic strip titled 'WELL, THANK GOODNESS, I'VE GOT OUT OF GOIN' TO THAT MUSICAL WITH MAGGIE TONIGHT—THEY ARE SOLD OUT—BESIDES, I'LL TELL HER WE CAN'T AFFORD IT—' and 'AND OF COURSE IF THEY ARE SOLD OUT IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO GO, BUT I DID SO WANT TO HEAR IT—'.

The HOUSEWIFE and HER ACTIVITIES

SERVANT OF PROVIDENCE Prompt to move, but firm to wait, Servant of Providence, not slave of Fate. —Wordsworth.

Best statesman he, whose mind's unselfish will Leaves him at ease among grand thoughts; whose eye Sees that, apart from magnanimity Wisdom exists not, nor the humbler skill of Prudence, disentangling good and ill.

"Thank you. That would be very nice, but I'm on duty at home tonight. One of Mother's old neighbors is ill and she is staying with her this afternoon and evening . . ."

"That sounds very interesting. In that case," he grunted, "we will have to deliver you promptly. The disappointment in his voice was evident. 'I'll submit on one condition. That you'll tell me when I may have the pleasure. Perhaps you know of some pleasant place out in the country . . .'"

"Thank you, Mr. Sturges, but I don't think it would . . . be best." Mark gave her a quick glance, only to discover that she was looking directly ahead through the windshield. He gave his attention to his driving at once.

"I'm sorry," he said simply. "Would it be presuming if I asked you why? I'd like to know." "I think you can guess," was the low answer.

"The iron block. Is that what you mean?" "Yes." "No other reason?" "Of course not."

Advertisement for 'NOW I FEEL FULL OF PEP!' featuring a woman's portrait and text describing the benefits of the medicine.

Advertisement for 'THE COOK'S CORNER' featuring a list of recipes for Easy Chocolate Cake, Mocha Icing, and Angel Food.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS Buttons are fashionable again. You may have some pearl ones which have gone dull with keeping on washing. To make these like new—paint the entire surface with colorless nail varnish or natural if you wish to give them a pinky cast. Let them dry and they will have a lustre as when bought.

Rub a little of any furniture or floor polish into the wrong side of your duster, then fold it in the ordinary way and dust. You will have a perfect polish and not a smear, and your dusting will look twice as well done.

Before vacuum cleaning a carpet rub it well with a large lump of salt. Then pass the cleaner over it, and you will be surprised to see how many tones lighter the carpet looks—clean and with its colors wonderfully revived.

To clean a "bunny wool" article, sprinkle with powdered starch, then place in a paper bag with more starch. Shake the bag well; then take out the garment and shake in the open air. This is done in a few minutes and saves time washing the article.

If wicker furniture is scrubbed well with salt and water, without the aid of soap, it will look like new as the salt cleans and stiffens the cane in a wonderful way.

GLASS SCARVES The latest scarves are made of glass—but they neither break nor crease. The smartest ones in the silver, striped with pastel colours and intended for town wear.

COLOURS TO MATCH YOUR MIND Did you ever think that in donning a particular colour you were investing yourself with certain characteristics? So it is, at least according to a woman-writer in one of the leading newspapers.

ASK FOR Kellogg's THE WORLD'S MOST POPULAR BREAKFAST

Advertisement for Kellogg's Corn Flakes, featuring a box of Kellogg's Corn Flakes and text describing its popularity.

Advertisement for Mazola Triple Value Salad & Cooking Oil, featuring a large illustration of the Mazola logo and text describing its benefits.

Advertisement for Smart Clothes for the Home Dressmaker, featuring a fashion illustration of a woman in a dress and text describing the patterns and instructions.

Advertisement for Kellogg's Corn Flakes, featuring a box of Kellogg's Corn Flakes and text describing its popularity and nutritional benefits.

—BY GEORGE MCMANUS