

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

WHAT CRISP FRESH FLAVOR

Kellogg's CORN FLAKES

Mother Knows A Best!

DOROTHY DIX SAYS—

Doormat Wife

Woman Need But Resist Husband To Get Fair Treatment

DEAR DOROTHY DIX: What are the duties of a wife? I have been married for 20 years to a man who insists that it is the duty of a wife to be a slave to him; to prepare his food and serve it piping hot, no matter how late he comes home at night; to take care of his clothes and have them always freshly pressed; to wait on him hand and foot, even to taking the car to the garage and parking it, instead of his putting it up himself.



For all this service I get neither thanks nor pay, and I am tired of it and am going to stage a reform, but before I do I would like to know just what are the duties of a wife.

MRS. J. C.

ANSWER: The duties of a wife are too numerous to catalogue, but mainly they consist in a woman being a true and faithful wife and making her husband a happy home. But certainly they do not include letting her husband make a servant of her.

Marriage is a partnership, not a monopoly, and husbands and wives should share equally in its joys and sorrows, its work and pleasures. It is the husband's duty to bring home the bacon and the wife's to cook it.

PITIFUL FIGURE

The doormat wife is a pitiful figure, but when all is said she is to blame for her sad lot, for no husband can trample on his wife if she resists. Every wife who demands fair treatment from her husband gets it. Every wife writes her own price tag with her husband.

DEAR DOROTHY DIX: My daughter is date-crazy. She is married to a nice man. She has a good home and children. But she spends all of her time and money on baby-sitters and fine clothes and having affairs with strange men. What will cure her of this fault?

MRS. H.

ANSWER: Disgrace and ruin are the bitter medicine that it will take to cure your daughter of having affairs with strange men. She craves forbidden fruit instead of the bread and butter of domestic life. It flatters her vanity to be able to pick up men on the street, and she is silly enough and vain enough to think that she can dance without ever having to pay the piper.

Such a woman is never cured of her folly until her patient husband reverts and drags her into the divorce court, and her home is broken up and her children taken from her. Then it is too late.

DEAR MISS DIX: I am a girl of 17 who is having parent trouble. I have been going out with boys since I was 15 and now I have met one

(Continued on Page 9)

AYLMER TOMATO SOUP

IS **FIRST CHOICE** FOR **True Tomato Flavor**

AYLMER TOMATO SOUP

YOUR FAMILY DESERVES AYLMER QUALITY

Cook's Corner

COLD ROAST LAMB BAKED IN SAUCE

Roast lamb can reappear on the table in a new and appetizing form if the cold roast is cut in thin slices, placed in a baking-dish and covered with the following tangy sauce: Ingredients: Two tablespoons lamb dripping; one small onion (chopped); one and one-half tablespoons vinegar; and one and one-half tablespoons brown sugar; one cup water; one-half teaspoon paprika; one-half teaspoon Worcestershire sauce; one-half teaspoon dry mustard; dash of cayenne pepper; one-half cup of chili sauce or three-quarters cup of tomato ketchup. Salt and pepper to taste. Brown chopped onion in hot fat. Add other ingredients and combine thoroughly.

Household Scrapbook

By Roberta Lee

Scratchy Woolens
To prevent woolen garments from scratching when worn, add a few tablespoons of glycerine to the last rinse when washing them. Always be sure that each water is the same temperature when washing woolens, as it is the change from warm to cold water that shrinks them.

Washing Corduroys
Corduroys should be washed carefully, then rinsed until the water is clear. Do not squeeze out the water at the last rinsing, but throw the garment over the line in a shady place while dripping wet. This keeps the material soft and fluffy.

Less Flavor
The strong flavor of fowl may be modulated if celery is diced and put into the dressing.

Ellen's Diary

By an Island Farmer's Wife

There are already tidings of much seasonal activity among rural women in the way of sewing, quilting and hooking. Sisters, daughters, mothers, grandmothers, and great-grandmothers are especially taken up at the moment with the latter and are doubtless expressing themselves in many varied and beautiful designs. There is a queer bewitchment in a mat-hook, which seems to transcend even that of a needle. Recalling many past delightful occasions at this handicraft, one knew that those industrious women now "improving each shining" minute in the way of work, be almost unaware of yesterday's storm, unless it would be to complain to themselves about the fact that grey skies and snowy windows allowed them little light for their intricate work.

It is an ideal pastime when shafts of sunlight, such as only a March sun can afford, makes great pools of brightness about the kitchen or chosen room wherein the frames rest. What an absorbing pastime it is, from which one begrudges even the time taken up with the preparation and clearing away of meals! And looking back, bright in memory—a nice picture, except for complaints of the men of the house who "just can't understand the spell that's come over the women, now that they're into the hooking!" And yet obviously sharing in their pride, though as well much relieved when last loops have been drawn and with quickened heartbeats the finished creation has been snipped from the frames and spread for inspection on the floor, and the indoors concerns once more swing back to their former and more comfortable schedule. Many of the patterns would be added to, doubtless in the leisure of yesterday's storm.

Today brought the unpleasant aftermath of it to the farmers, the busy clearing away of drifted doors and paths, although they would have the same consolation as James expressed when he came in to dinner. "We really shouldn't complain, Ellen," he said, "we have had, you might say, none up to this month, and from this, why, the Winter is only the matter of a few weeks—and it's fine to have the snow for the hauling, not that there will be likely to be much last to it now." Granddaughter was about with others of the family, toiling up the sides of the yard drifts, leaving these to shovel snow to her sled, but only briefly, then coming to a verandah to press a face curiously against a pane with the interested query: "What are you just doing?" "We're getting the potatoes ready for granddaddy's dinner! Are you going to have carrots too?"

Then the mention of food suddenly making her aware of an emptiness. "I could eat a cookie right now!" Or a piece of bread, I suggested. "No," she laughed, "a cookie!" She smiled winsomely and pressed her face nearer mine at the glass, and the blue of her eyes was sunny this morning and a nice color had come to her cheeks, and a curl that is golden peeped out from beneath her bonnet. "A cookie," she repeated, "one of oatmeal!" She has already learned that during any debatable point over any unwarranted indulgence to a whim or fancy of the moment, it is in her favor to present as an example: "But Carol Ann's mother" or it may be some other small one in mind. "Always gives . . . or lets her do that!" "This," Jennie laughs, "will likely prove to be her most effectual plea for wanting this or that like the other girls' when she comes to her school-years."

It was busily our farmers cleared away some of the aftermath which had been left in the wake of yesterday's storm and came again to the breaking of trails on the roadway, which at morning lay so clean and unbroken, innocent of footprint or sleigh track. A grist taken to the mill was but the prelude to a trip to the corner store for needed supplies, of the importance of which the women-kind could conjecture, having seen James take up his pipe after breakfast, explore the depths with a finger, then sadly lay it aside, and proceed to his work at the barns. A depth of snow lies at the end of the highway, which Jock says "will take a spell of breaking" before the mail, we have been missing these days, reaches us again at Alderlea.

An amount of snow lies too in many a spot, but strangely enough not to any depth in the fields, or along the hilltops, already baring. And today—brilliant sunlight, light wandering winds, beautiful and most promising sunset and now a bit of a moon hung out, above the quiet, sleepy mill in the valley.

Until tomorrow . . . Diary . . . Good-night.

How Can I!!!

By Anne Ashley

Q. How can I sponge woolen materials?
A. It is wise to sponge material before it becomes spotted by rain. Lay the material first on a table and place over it a wet sheet, wrung out so it will not drip. Start at one end and roll material and sheet together and let stand for about twelve hours. Then press on the wrong side of the material with a fairly hot iron, but don't scorch.

Q. How can I clean zinc?
A. Clean zinc by rubbing carefully with baronite and polishing.

Legends

Of P. E. Island

(By Uncle Joe)

THE RECLUSE

When a person decides to give up the friendships found in human society and goes off by himself to lead the life of a hermit, there usually is a fascinating story behind the act.

In the following legend we learn that a Frenchman named Perry Gaudet left his home near the village of Souris to live out his life in a deserted shack that stood near the present site of Murray Harbor. Perry Gaudet was the only son of a well-to-do family. A bright youth, he was educated for the role of physician and ended his medical training by attending Edinburgh university. For a time Dr. Gaudet practiced his profession in Ontario and then returned to his home, a sullen, silent man who shunned the company of everyone. Not even his father and mother could account for their son's peculiar behavior; and try as they would, there was no drawing from Perry's lips the secret which they fancied lay buried in his heart. When neighbors fell sick, the services of young Dr. Gaudet were sought, but always in vain. He was an finished serving humanity and soon will retire to lead the sort of life I have chosen," were his only words. More he would not volunteer; and so, people came to pass him by and look to another doctor when they required medical attention.

About six months after his homecoming, Dr. Gaudet gathered up a few favorite books and other odds and ends, and moved into the desolate dwelling which has already been referred to. The years passed and the recluse almost became a legendary figure in that part of Prince Edward Island. During the daytime he stayed within the narrow shell that served him as a home, but on fine nights he could be seen strolling along the country roads or prowling like a wild animal among the woods.

If anybody spoke to him he passed without uttering a single word, and the few times that his parents went to visit him they found the only door to the dilapidated shack securely fastened from the inside. To their pleas to be admitted he turned a deaf ear.

By the end of two years he became known far and wide as the "recluse," the man who wanted to be left alone, the man who hated the sight of other human beings.

The death of his parents some years later failed to break down the barrier. He did not attend the funeral of either.

Reuben of the district, who had thought the doctor a bit unbalanced, now considered him in the light of a cold, hard-hearted wretch, a creature so depraved and inhuman that even the death of his parents failed to soften his heart of stone. Those who formerly entered a spark of kindness toward the hermit now put him out of their thoughts completely, and everybody shunned the doctor as though he were some kind of plague.

But one spring the neighbors were discussing which of them had seen the hermit last. Not for a long, long time they all agreed.

"The last time I saw him," piped one of the group, "was in December. I recall the time quite clearly, for later I remarked to my wife, 'Wonder what kind of a Christmas the hermit will be having this year!'"

"Reckon yer the last one who seen him," said another. "Well, fellows, that's a long time ago, and who knows what may have happened in between-time, ey?"

"Perhaps it might be a good idea to do a little investigating," chorused the others. "If the fellow is alive he'll likely see tracks about the place, or some signs of life; and on the other hand, if he be dead, we can bury his worthless carcass, and devil the tear will anybody shed over his passing."

"A man who wouldn't attend the funeral of his own parents," said the first speaker, "doesn't deserve to be buried at all. But let's take a look and see what's what."

As the shack showed no signs of life, the search party broke down the door and entered the building.

In a corner of the room, and resting on a crude bed made of straw, they discovered the body of the recluse. How long he had been dead none could say, but their guess was that death had caught up with him some months previous to their visit.

Among his meager belongings was found a picture of a strikingly beautiful girl, together with a brief note which read:

Dear Dr. Gaudet:

By the time this brief note gets into your hands, I shall be across the River of Eternity.

Please do not worry too much over my passing, as you are familiar with the circumstances leading up to this tragedy.

Some day when the shadows flee away and the mysteries of life and death are unveiled, we shall understand why this cruel thing came between us. Until then adieu, my fond lover.

Yours forever,
Pauline.

The next story: Strange Sea Adventure.

with newspapers. This combination of printers' ink and kerosene effectively removes all stains.

Q. How can I revive wilted vegetables?
A. By soaking them in cold water, containing a little salt for a short time before using.

The Stars Say--

By Genevieve Kemble

For Friday, March 11

THE auguries for the day may be read as quite unpredictable, since the complexion of events and conditions may come within the range of the unique, spectacular, sensational and dramatic. The energies, faculties and forces are attuned to the dynamic urge, in which novelty, experiment, inventive genius and creative ability, may be assured sensational returns. Public recognition and private appreciation combine to bring a crisis, curious and thrilling.

For the Birthday

Those whose birthday it is, may anticipate a period of the unusual, unprecedented and unpredictable, triply the advice is to "expect the unexpected." However, the talents, emotions and feelings may be disposed to be erratic, prone to manifestation of the eccentricities of genius, unless firmly diverted into constructive and practical channels. It is timely to cash in on some exceptional idea, plan or creative faculty, launched with precision. Proper and well-directed effort should meet distinguished success.

A child born on this day is brilliantly equipped for success along creative lines or in some exceptional field of a public nature. A romantic career as well as thrilling is forecast.

Morning Smile

A scotman had just won a new car in a raffle, but, far from being elated, he seemed decidedly glum.

"What's the matter, Jock?" asked a friend.

"Mon," he answered, "'tis this other ticket. Why I ever bought it, I canna imagine."

"Allow me to present my husband to you."

"No thanks, I have one of my own."

Better English

D. C. Williams

1. What is wrong with this sentence? "They blamed the defeat on James."

2. What is the correct pronunciation of "forehead"?

3. Which one of these words is misspelled? Denunciate, delineate, delegate.

4. What does the word "inadequate" mean?

5. What is a word beginning with der that means "ridicule; mockery"?

ANSWERS

1. Say, "They blamed James for the defeat." 2. Pronounce for-ed, o

SHIRRIFFS Seville Orange MARMALADE

We love it, don't we dad?

as in on (not as in fore); the h is silent. 3. Delegate. 4. Insufficient. "The money they received was inadequate for their daily needs." 5. Derision.

MARATHON PIANIST

LONDON — (CP) — Albert Edgar Kemp, 65, of North London (Islington), has issued an opening challenge to play the piano non-stop for 160 hours.

FORESIGHT THE REMEDY

MELBOURNE, Australia — (CP) — When the governor-general of New Zealand on a visit to Australia inspected a parade at the Duntroon Military College he found the summer flies particularly annoying. But he was the only one they worried. The cadets had sprayed themselves with DDT.

TODAY ALL EYES ARE ON THIS GREAT NEW SOAP VALUE

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