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

DUETS by JoFISCHER

Dorothy Dix Says—

Husband's Love Dims

Wife Should Give Up Man Who Doesn't Love Her

DEAR MISS DIX: My brother has been married for three years and is bored to death with domestic life and wants his freedom. He says that he has no fault to find with his wife and that she is everything that a wife should be, but he craves his freedom above everything else.

His wife loves him and is heartbroken. There must be some justice for the woman. Have you any suggestions?

A SISTER

ANSWER: There is no justice in affairs of the heart. There can be none in the very nature of things because we cannot control our emotions. We cannot revive love when it is dead. We cannot infuse a thrill into a situation out of which it has evaporated. We cannot of our will create an appetite for that for which we have lost our taste.

Always the innocent must suffer, and the tragedy of it is that there is nothing that can be done about it. Nobody can help it. And so often nobody is really to blame. It just happens.

ARDOR VANISHES

Such seems to be the case of your brother. No doubt when he married his wife he thought he was very much in love with her. Then, presto, his infatuation vanishes into thin air. The fetters of matrimony chafe him at every move. Home is a jail and his every longing is for freedom.

If he is of the butterfly type, he simply flies the coop. But if he is of the stuff of which martyrs are made, he braces himself up and pays the penalty of his mistake by doing his duty as a husband and father. If he is a modern he demands a divorce, or if he is of the old school he becomes a philanderer who is never true to his wife.

In any case what can the poor wife do? How can there be any justice for her? She can't make him love her or want her. She can chain his body to her but not his spirit. Nothing she can do will turn him into a devoted husband.

I think that the wisest thing that a woman can do who has a husband who wants to be free of her is just to be a good sport and let him go.

DEAR MISS DIX: I am a pleasure-seeking girl and love to go out and have fun, but my mother won't let me go unless she knows the life history of the boys I go with. The result of this is that I have very few dates. I will go crazy if something doesn't happen. Please tell me what to do.

MISERABLE.

ANSWER: My advice to you is to listen to your mother and obey her. She is trying to protect you from your own folly. No mother should let her daughter go out with boys unless she knows all about them. And certainly she should know where her daughter goes.

Of course, you want to have a good time and you are entitled to just as much innocent pleasure as you can get, but let it be the right sort of fun and the kind that won't leave you sick and sorry with shame for having done things that you will spend your life regretting.

DEAR MISS DIX: I am a girl of 14. Have been in love with a boy for a long time, but lately he seems to shun me. I guess you think I am young to think of such things, but I am sort of old for my age. My fire of hope is almost extinguished. Please tell me what is best to do.

TINY

Well, Tiny, my advice to you is to study and read and improve your mind. Learn to play all sorts of games and to sew. Decide on what career you mean to follow and begin fitting yourself for that. Join the Girl Scouts. The world is so full of a number of things besides boys that no girl of 14 need worry about what a 16-year-old boy thinks of her.

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Dorothy Gray

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Ellen's Diary

By an Island Farmer's Wife

It was this morning, that the crows chanted the first Spring song for us—for James and Jamie and me, very soon after peep o' day. Their theme was one of prophesy, of lovely happenings that might presently come to pass: of sleek silvery Pussy Willows a-noddin' greetings from the roadside; of shy Mayflowers coaxing their pinkish buds to blossom above their shiny foliage and of the lonely call of the Wild Geese returning to the Northland, on a day to come. Perhaps it was their jubilant aria that had awakened Jamie, though at that time he lay very still. And then "There Gran'daddy" he said, rising on a dimpled elbow, a note of discovery in his tones "the tree is on the sky now and it's time to get up." Sure enough the branches of the old silver birch, were etched prettily on the morning sky, now aglow with the rich colorful promise of a day in Spring. The night-rain, which had pattered on the roof last night, with a desolate sound, had ceased and from the new window, I could see that the fields and meadows were almost shorn of their Winter glory and like some far-away figure out of a fairy tale, a mill-hand was on his knees, drawing boards from the nearer waste-gate on the dam, to allow the pent-up and increased water from the melting snows to tumble in a lacey foam, to race madly away to be lost in the river below.

• • •

By certain signs, I have come to know, I believe that James in his heart of hearts, would have been quite as well pleased if the rain had continued today. Or if it had ceased to thereby favor the doing of the morning chores, it could then have resumed its pitter-pattering in the afternoon, with complete satisfaction to him. There is nothing in the way of weather, that can more quickly dissuade one from making an excursion any distance than a steady down-pour of it. There is then but one course open, much as one might regret it. For this was the day. I had planned to journey a distance from Alderlea. But balmy Summer-like zephyrs, caressed the day and the brilliance and warmth, of it, caused the workers to shed their jackets and remark in wonder: "Why it seems as if Spring has arrived!" Jamie, prowled about the yards in the morning sunshine, watching the streamlets run and taking time out to make Mattie, the Muscovey duck, repeat her finest performance of a flight for his pleasure. Along a fence and then high above the barnyard in a flash of black and white feathers, a hearty laugh for applause. Jamie guessed at that time he would stay with us for still another day.

• • •

My trip today was to take me a distance to attend a Service in a Church there, this being the occasion of The World Day of Prayer. James regarding the sky, perhaps in the hope of discovering a dark cloud, did not "see one bit of need of women traipesing all over the country to attend such affairs. Most farmers' wives," he was certain "if they had their husband's and family's welfare at heart would feel well content to have been there yesterday—let alone going again today. And besides, the travelling was aw-ful." To prove it and in a tone to discourage the most hopeful, "There, Ellen, the mailman has had to take a wagon today—the roads are bare of snow." However, when he and Jock talked matters over and he found that certain business in connection with the farm, needed transacting in that neighborhood, he became more reconciled to my planning, and the mare and sleigh was brought to the door in the early afternoon. I distinctly saw Jeanie, who had come to take our young guest to the house across the lane, wink a blue eye, when we were at last in the conveyance and James clicking up the reins remarked: "We might as well be taking a sleigh ride in July. But so long as Ellen, doesn't have to get out and walk, she will think there's the grandest roads —never having the least consideration for the poor mare."

• • •

As it happened, never have we had a more pleasant sleigh ride. The route we followed, held little hardship for our steed and indeed for considerable distances, she rode briskly along. So lovely it was, this day, which held many promises of an early Spring. The Service was inspiring, and as at the meeting yesterday, these country women had assembled—but from even greater distances—to meditate together on "The things that make for our Peace." I recall now, the quietness of that hour, the brightness of the shining Church, the nice music, and the spirit of Christian fellowship that prevailed, to make it an occasion to remember, when we again go about our home duties. James and I returned, under sparkling star-lit skies, a clear young moon lighting the road ahead. Traffic was only light at the time, and we enjoyed our solitude, as the brown mare drew us steadi-

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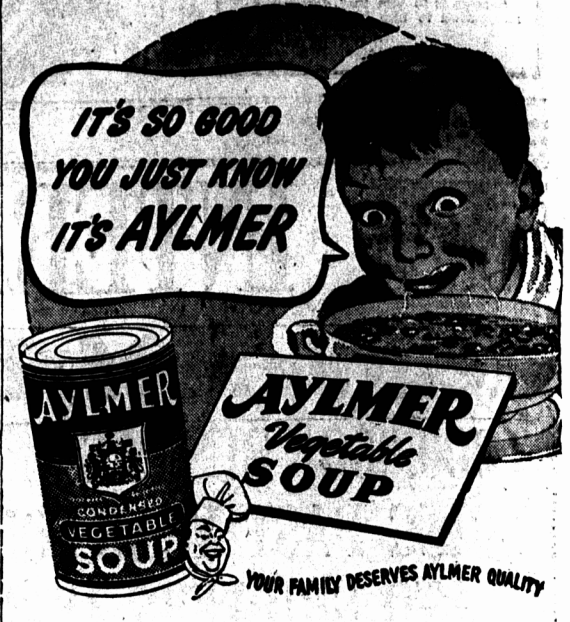


Living & Leisure

THE WOMAN'S REALM

MARCH

March is a hound-dog,
A wild devil-bound dog,
Who's racing and chasing
From sun-up to set,
Whose ear-piering howlings
And night-blooming growlings
Make men meditate on
His birth with regret.

But he learns, and sadly,
That living so madly
Will age the most lively,
Most vigorous one,
And, suddenly static
And staid and rheumatic,
He settles down gladly
To sleep in the sun.

—By Ethel Barnett De Vito in New York Times.

HINTS ON ETIQUETTE

Train your small son to treat his sister with courtesy and you will never have to worry about his manners when he is out in public.

If you try to remove the darkening that appears with age on tin baking pans—you're just robbing Peter to pay Paul. Because it actually helps cakes, cookies or pies brown—and you know how much more attractive they look well colored.

VITAMINS FOR HEALTH

On vitamins, say diet authorities, may depend our national well-being.

Eggs and green leafy vegetables such as spinach are high in Vitamin A. Their role is to keep the linings of digestive system and lungs healthy and incidentally to build up resistance to colds. Vitamin B1 in foods such as milk and peanut butter puts an edge on appetite and keeps nerves and energy in tip-top form.

Vitamin C in oranges and strawberries, when in season, makes for supple young bodies. D is the sunshine vitamin you find in fatty fish and codliver oil. And the G in kidney and steak helps to give that rosy outlook. An analysis proved lack of Vitamin A in their diet to be one of the main causes of substandard health in the troops.

A delicious cake icing is easily made by melting a plain chocolate candy bar on cake while it is still hot.

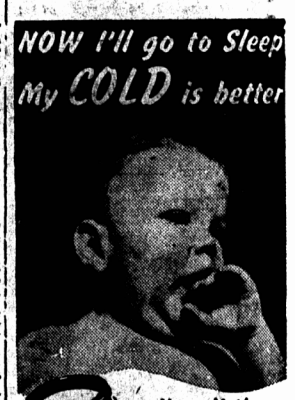
Double the number of helpings you get from a package of gelatin by serving this family favourite whipped. Just dissolve the gelatin according to the directions on the package and then let it chill until it's syrupy. Next, set the bowl containing the chilled gelatin in a pan of ice water and beat it with a rotary beater until it is light and fluffy.

Cook 2 cups cranberries in ½ cup water until skins break; press through sieve. Add 1 cup sugar; dissolve. Add few grains cinnamon, nutmeg; chill. Whip 1 cup heavy cream; fold in. Pour into freezing tray of automatic refrigerator with control set at point recommended for freezing ice cream, freeze firm. Serve in tart shells. Serves 4—6.

FAT CONSERVATION

Collect every bit of fat and render it down for cooking purposes. Cut away the excess fat from roasts, steaks or chops. Take home the meat trimmings and suet you pay for at your butcher's; they can all be put to good use.

Save all meat drippings. In roasting meats and poultry pour off excess fat during cooking, leaving only sufficient fat in pan for basting and later for making gravy. In this way the fat is not darkened to the same extent it would be if left in the pan for the full roasting time.



Yes—Mothers BUCKLEY'S STAINLESS WHITE RUB Does Give Faster Relief

This faster penetrating Rub really does bring quick relief to either kiddies or grown-ups. Rubbed briskly over chest, throat and shoulder blades, it helps create a glowing warmth, breaks up congestion, eases breathing—BUCKLEY'S WHITE RUB must give relief in less time or money back. Price 30c and 50c. Sold everywhere.

BUCKLEY'S STAINLESS WHITE RUB

Cook's Corner

LEMON SNOW

Two teaspoons gelatin, ¼ cup cold water, 1 cup boiling water, 2/3 cup sugar, pinch salt, 1 tablespoon grated lmeon rind, ¼ cup lemon juice, 2 egg whites. Soak gelatin in cold water 5 minutes; add boiling water, and stir until the gelatin is dissolved. Add ½ cup sugar, the salt, lemon rind and juice. Cool until slightly thickened. Beat the whites until stiff,then add remaining sugar while beating. Beat into slightly thickened pudding with an egg beater, then turn into moistened mould and chill. Serve with Custard Sauce 1 cup milk, 2 yolks, 2 tablespoons sugar, ¼ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon vanilla Scald the milk: stir the sugar and salt into the beaten yolks. Add the hot milk to the eggs, stirring. Return to double boiler. Cook over hot, not boiling water, stirring until mixture just coats spoon. Immediately remove from heat. Cool before serving.

FAITHFULNESS REWARDED

It had been a dull year in the little country church. The deacons finally said to the pastor: "We love you, pastor, but don't you think you had better resign. There hasn't been a convert this year."

"Yes," the minister replied, "it has been a dull year. Yet I mind me that one did come — wee Bobby Moffatt. But he is so wee a bairn that I suppose it is not right to count him."

Years later, when Robert Moffatt came back from his years of missionary work in Africa, the king of England rose and uncovered in his presence.

The humble old preacher, who had but one convert, and who was so discouraged, is dead and forgotten, and yet that was the greatest year's work he ever did.

Morning Smile

A REMINDER

"And brothers," said the Negro minister, "don't run around with other men's wives."

At this point a man in the congregation jumped up and snapped his fingers.

After the service the man went round to apologize to the preacher.

"Preacher, Ah'm sorry I made dat commotion in church, but dat sentence just reminded me where I left my umbrella last night."

HIS HANDS SHOULD BE FULL

Inviting a friend to his wedding anniversary, an Irishman explained: "We're on the seventh floor, Apartment D. Just touch the button with your elbow."

"And why should I use my elbow?"

"Well, for heaven's sake! You're not coming empty-handed, are you?"

Household Scrapbook

Furniture Polish

An excellent furniture polish can be made of equal parts of lemon oil and turpentine. After saturating a soft cloth with this mixture, go over the entire surface of the furniture to be polished. Then, with another cloth, dampened and wrung almost dry, wipe off the surface to remove the excess oil. Finally, use a woolen polishing cloth and rub until the surface is gleaming.

Ferns

The ferns will have a nice green color if a teaspoonful of ammonia to one quart of water is poured over them about every two weeks.

Ecru Linen

Ecru linen should always be ironed on the wrong side. If ironed on the right side, it will have a faded appearance.

Modern Etiquette

By Roberta Lee

Q. Isn't it discourteous at the theater to begin putting on one's wraps before the last curtain falls?

A. Yes; it is very discourteous and ill-bred to do so. When absolutely necessary to leave before the curtain falls, do so as quietly as possible, then put on the wraps in the foyer.

Q. Who should announce a wedding engagement?

A. The parents of the bride-to-be, or her nearest relative, and never the parents of the man.

Q. When one has recently been introduced to a person, and is leaving, is it proper to say, "I am pleased to have met you"?

A. No; this phrase is obsolete. "Good-by" is really all necessary.

How Can I !!

By Anne Ashley

Q. Should a hostess keep some reading matter in the guest room?

A. Yes. It is a good idea to keep the daily paper, some current magazines, and a few good books in the guest room. Some people enjoy a little reading late at night before retiring, or early in the morning.

Q. How can I treat the table on which alcohol has been spilled?

A. Immediately rub the stains with the finger and wipe with oil as soon as possible.

Q. How can I make new shoes more comfortable when wearing them for the first time?

A. Sprinkle talcum powder into the new shoes and they will be much more comfortable.

The Second Mrs. Draper

By Noel Pierce

XXIX

Coming in the wake of Draper guests into his drawing room Jim paused arrested, and surveyed the scene. It was as if he saw it through the long end of a telescope. Three figures came into instant and beloved focus, the large fine head of a man bent over a stirrup cup surrounded at the season's closing by his friends; here and there like liquid fire the shimmering tall woman with honey-colored hair toward whom his loyalty went out; and lastly the dark sweet head of his love. About these three the party flowed and spilled itself in the brilliant unconscious poses of a crowd dressed to the nines, out to play the bagpipes to summer's ending, and make the welkin ring. Through the thronged bright drawing room they surged with flashes of light, discord, color and shrill laughter, intent upon merry-making, and upon nothing else. He himself was intent upon something else. What clashed about him was riotous. Under this his senses were deep as a fathomless pool in which the image of Dorian lay concealed. His thoughts moved steadily forward like a processional, closing in upon her side. Presently, when the hour struck and the puppets had finished their dance, he could claim his own. Tonight he would face Kitty. Tonight the "guard" would go down for good. Truth would stand out before him like a sword upon whose hilt both their hands would come together. Pain and the point of its sharpness buried in Draper earth forever. When that was done he would speak to

(Continued on Page 3)

BABY'S CRY IS NOT ALWAYS TEMPER

DISTINGUISH between your baby's cry of pain and cry of temper. The "pain cry" should have instant attention. For the feverish distress due to gas on stomach or bowels or those common digestive upsets, give Baby's Own Tablets at once. Mrs. May Mundy, of Toronto, finds they work every time.

"I am the mother of nine children, three of them prize babies, and Baby's Own Tablets have been my only medicine in raising them to the healthy children they now are. As soon as my children became a little feverish I at once gave them Baby's Own Tablets and in a very short time the fever disappeared and the children were normal again."

Equally effective for constipation, upset stomach, teething troubles and other minor ailments of babies.

Quickly effective. Sweet-tasting — easily crushed to a powder, if desired. No "sleepy" stuff — no dulling effect. Get a package today. Sickness often strikes in the night. 25 cents. Money back if you are not satisfied.

Better English

D. C. Williams

1. What is wrong with this sentence? "He neither gave me paper nor pencil."

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

3. Which one of these words is misspelled? Eighth, heighth, hundredth.

4. What does the word "nondescript" mean?

5. What is a word beginning with irr that means "to throw rays of light upon"?

ANSWERS

1. Say, "He gave me neither paper nor pencil." 2. Pronounce the ue as in fuel, not do. 3. Height. 4. Of no particular class or kind. "The book contained nondescript photographs." 5. Irradiate.

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