

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

Dorothy Dix Letter Box

Has the Woman Who Married too Young Still a Right to Her Own Life?—Sage Advice to Girl Who Tried to Advance in Business by Toadying to the Boss

Dear Miss Dix—Why, oh, why, is there no law which would prevent girls from marrying before they were 25? If there was, half of the unhappy marriages would be averted. When I was 17 I thought I was in love and married a man who has proved to be good and kind and who is devoted to me, but he is not the man that I would choose now that I am 29, and my love for him has died down into a placid friendship. Worse, I have met the man who is my mate and with whom I am madly in love as he is with me, but I have sent him away because I have three fine children and I will not make them and my good husband pay for the mistake of my youth. I will not buy my happiness at the price of a heartbroken husband and a wrecked home. Do you think I am doing the wise thing, or have I a right to my own life, as they say now? TROUBLED TWENTY-ONE.

Answer: I think you are not only doing the right thing and the sporting thing, but the only thing that can bring peace and happiness to a woman with a conscience and a sense of honor.

For, after all, the mistake you made in marrying too young was your own. You did it of your own free will, and it is no more than fair that you should pay the price of your mistake. It would be cruelly unjust to visit it on your husband, who has been so kind and generous to you, and on your innocent little children.

Those who say we have a right to live our own lives talk foolishness. It is not possible in a world in which, as Kipling says, "we are all tied on the same heel rope," and in which we are bound together by a thousand ties of blood and affection and obligations.

Why, the simplest act of our lives affects all about us! Even so simple a thing as our getting up early or late in the morning makes the word harder or easier for those who cook our breakfast and make our beds. In our business we are just a cog in a wheel and we can speed up or slow down the machine by the way we do our work. Whether we are good-natured or ill-tempered reacts on every human being with whom we come in contact.

How, then, can a woman who has taken upon herself the great responsibility of wifehood and motherhood and the making of a home feel that she has a right to forsake her husband and children and slam the door on her home, because she has got tired of her husband and found some other man that she prefers to him?

A woman like you could not do such a thing, nor would such a course of action bring you any happiness, for the cry of your children for their mother would drown out the voice of your lover and every moment of rapture would be poisoned by your remorse for having taken your happiness at the expense of others.

I agree with you that too-early marriages are responsible for most of the matrimonial misery in the world. Statistics show that boy-and-girl marriages keep the divorce courts busy and beyond these obvious failures of marriage are the thousands upon thousands of cases where husbands and wives who married in their early youth will stick together for the sake of the children, or pride's sake, but who live in sodden wretchedness, with nothing in common, not even a vestige of affection.

Worse still are the men and women like you, who married when they were mere children, too young to know what real love is, and who found, when they were mature men and women and capable of a deep passion, those whom Nature predestined for their mates. They know how full and rich and beautiful life could be with these, but they are bound to good men and women who love them and whose happiness is in their hands, and the children they have brought into the world, and so they have to shut the gate on happiness and pay the price of their youthful folly.

Of course, some of these boy-and-girl marriages turn out happily, but when they do it is mere luck. It is the wildest chance when a man and

woman of 30 have the same tastes that they had at 20, and it is a miracle when a boy and girl who marry develop alike. Nearly always one goes on and the other stays put, and when this happens they drag between them nothing but the corpse of a dead love.

Certainly it would save a lot of misery if there was a law that kept girls from marrying until they were 25 and had had time to find out what they wanted in a husband and to look them over and pick out one to suit them, but you could never enforce it, or convince any young couple suffering from a sporadic case of calf love that it wasn't a fatal attack and not the kind of affection that lasts. DOROTHY DIX.

Dear Dorothy Dix—When I started to work five years ago I thought that if I had a hand-in with the boss everything would come my way. I did succeed in gaining his good graces, but in doing so lost the respect and confidence of every worthwhile person in the office. If I had it to do over again I would not toady and bear tales, for I would know that the boss who would encourage me in doing this would just as readily listen to some one else. I wouldn't think the other girls were jealous of me and lacking in sex appeal, for I would know that it takes very little to flatter most married men on the shady side of 40, and that instead of being jealous the girls despised me for my cheap maneuvering and grandstanding. How can I gain in confidence of my coworkers? DISILLUSIONED STENO.

Answer: An honest confession is good for the soul, and if you will have a heart-to-heart talk with the other girls and tell them that you realize how wrong and foolish you have been, they will probably forgive you and take you back again into the lodge. If they can't forgive your high-hatting them and the way you tried to undermine them, the best thing to do is to try to get another situation and make a fresh start.

And let your experience teach you two lessons. First, that the girl who relies on vanquishing her boss instead of doing good work plays a dangerous game and one in which she is bound to lose out in the end. For if the man is a decent sort, she makes no hit with him. He is disgusted with her playing up of sex, with her making eyes at him and languishing against his shoulder when she comes in for dictation, disgusted with all of her little arts and wiles to try to attract him. The thing is too obvious.

Nor does a girl get anywhere by being a tale bearer, because a man naturally suspects one who is always trying to stab her fellow workers in the back for some selfish motive. Loyalty is one of the cardinal virtues in business and no man is so stupid as not to know that the girl who blabs on the other girls will blab the secrets of the office if it is to her interest to tell them. Besides, men like sweetness and amiability in women and the cat woman who is always clawing at her sex never makes a hit with them.

And if the boss is not an upright and honorable man, if he is the sort of a man who has his love affairs among his employees and who lets a girl's kisses atone for her lack of ability and industry and promptness, it is all the worse for her, because he makes of her merely a plaything, he smirches her good name, and when he gets tired of her or she feels a little secure and takes too many privileges on account of being the boss' girl, he fires her and gets somebody younger and blonder to take her place.

And the second lesson to learn from your experience is that a woman's best friend is always a woman. It is always some woman to whom a woman has to turn in times of trouble and sorrow, some woman who lets her weep on her breast and helps her to get a start in the world.

Men are fair-weather friends who like you when you are pretty and gay and dancing in the sunshine, but it is women who will go down with you into the valleys of trials and tribulations.

A woman may be popular with men just because she is good-looking and a good dresser, but when a woman is popular with other women it is because she is all-wool and a yard wide and has a character that wouldn't shrink in the wash. DOROTHY DIX.

Dear Miss Dix—I am an amiable woman and easy to get along with, as you may know from my having brought up a houseful of step-children who adore me. I think my husband really loves me, but when he gets angry he always orders me out of the house. Tells me to take my things and go. What would you do? WORRIED WIFE.

Answer: Call his bluff. Just walk out of the house, leaving everything at sixes and sevens, the next time he tells you to go. He will send for you to come back quick enough after he has wrestled with the pots and pans and made himself sick eating his own cooking. A wife is not only a Lady Love, she is a household convenience and that is where she has the edge on her friend husband. DOROTHY DIX.

What the Fashionable are Wearing

Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished With Every Pattern

By Annabelle Worthington



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A patterned wool and silk crepe mixture that is decidedly up-to-the-minute with its scarf neckline and sleeves that suggest leg-o-mutton shaping.

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For The Cook

STEAMED FRUIT CAKE

Cream until very light 1/2 lb. of butter, gradually adding 1/2 lb. of sugar and beat till creamy. It is best to beat with the hand. Separate the yolks and whites of 6 eggs, beat the yolks till thick and lemon-colored; whip the whites of eggs to a stiff froth. Now add the well-beaten yolks of eggs to the creamed butter and sugar, then add the whipped whites of eggs. Add 1/2 lb. of flour, saving out 1-3 of a cup to dredge the fruit. Now put in teaspoon cinnamon, 1/2 teaspoon each of nutmeg and allspice, 1-3 teaspoon of cloves and 1 teaspoon of mace, the grated rind of 1 lemon, 1/2 cup of brandy, 1 1/2 lbs. of seeded raisins cut in halves, 1/4 lb. of almonds, blanched and cut in halves, 1/2 lb. currants, 1/2 lb. of citron cut very fine, 1/2 lb. of finely-cut

Etiquette By Roberta Lee

What are the proper arrangements for a shower held in the afternoon?

A. Sardwiches, tea, and cake are very appropriate.

Q. When are vouchers, or tickets of admission, sent to prospective guests at a masquerade ball?

A. They should be enclosed with the invitation.

Q. What are the two forms of social letters?

A. Formal and informal.

Igs. Dredge the raisins, chopped figs and currants with some of the 1-3 cup of flour and add them to the cake mixture. Butter and flour a round milk pan. Put in a layer of the mixture; dredge the citron with some flour and lay carefully over the mixture. Pour the remainder of the citron on top. Cover the pan with waxed paper and tie it down about the rim of the pan. Steam for three hours, then bake one and one-half hours in a slow oven. Keep tightly covered in a tin box until ready to ice.

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The Old Order Changes By DAVID LYALL

(Continued)

"Gone to Granny's, has she? It's a combine, I tell you, but their little plan will be nipped in the bud. I'm glad of that for Deborah hasn't played fair, nobody has excepting myself. I'm the only one that has never considered myself all through. I've toiled and slaved day in and day out for you all and this is my reward. Let it be a warning to you. You can go down both of you! I've a lot of things to think about. Bee, you and I will have our work cut out tomorrow cancelling orders. My brain reels at the thought of it."

She fell back in apparent exhaustion on her pillow, and refused to speak any more. Both girls slipped downstairs, and Bee following her sister into the kitchen put an anxious question. "Say, Moll, what do you think has really happened? Has father lost money?"

"No, dear, every word of his explanation was genuine. He thinks this is the wrong time to acquire property and that soon nobody will know whether they possess anything or not."

"Crikey, what a prospect! We've been born at the wrong time, Moll."

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"Crikey, what a prospect! We've been born at the wrong time, Moll."

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don't you think so?" "Oh, I don't know, it's interesting anyway. Something new turns up every day. I'd rather a short life full of a number of things, wouldn't you?"

"I'd rather a long one full of good things, but we don't get any choice. It will be rather fun though if father comes out of his shell. We can do ourselves proud in Basingfold if only he'll hand out the needful. Surely he'll do that now."

The problem did not interest Mary so very much. She walked to the store-room to find the ingredients for her mother's slender supper and afterwards took it up to her to find her in a resigned mood, punctuated by frequent sighs.

Mary had a curious feeling of her own age and maturity beside her mother that night. She could not imagine herself behaving so childishly no matter what happened. She looked her up, bade her good night and begged her not to worry and went downstairs again. The evening wore on. Mr. Freeland came in from his late inspection of the mill which never failed. He was not talkative, however, and after they had set about half an hour, the girls said good night and went upstairs. As they were leaving the room he said: "I'll sit up for Tom, the rascal, and find out what takes him on these everlasting bike rides. Is he courting, do you know?"

He put the question without a smile and waited for a serious answer. "Not that we know of, but he's been very close about his private affairs ever since he came home."

Bee answered. "And when we tease him he gets his wool off. Oh, we're a nice amiable family, an example to the community! Where do we go from here?"

She trilled this out at the top of her voice as she mounted the stairs but resentful tears were in her eyes by the time she reached the top. Looking into her mother's room she

was surprised to find her asleep and came out again very quickly with her finger on her lips, indicating to Mary half-way up the dimly lighted stair that she need not disturb her.

Freeland, glad to be left alone, sat a few minutes staring idly in front of him, then hearing a noise of wood-chopping in the distance remembered Deborah and decided to go and speak to her.

Deborah had a respect bordering on slavish worship for her master, whom she believed to be the best man in the whole world, and one incapable of doing wrong.

When this is the testimony of the servant in the house after eight and twenty years there is not much wrong with the master. She looked surprised to see him standing in her kitchen when she came in from the woodshed with her little bundle ready to be laid in the oven for the morning kindling.

"What is it, sir? Anything I can get you?" "No, Deborah, thank you. I've come in to tell you that we're not going to the big house."

"No, sir, so the old missus told me. I bin there tonite."

"Oh, you have. You'll stop on here, I hope, for a time at least, until my wife gets some one else."

"Yessir, for six months or so, but I want an easier place. I can't keep it up, not to the missus' mark now."

"I doubt that very much; you've been a good friend to me and mine anyway, Deborah, and whatever happens you won't lose by it. We'll get help for you."

Deborah hesitated a moment with her hands on her hips. "Beg pardon, sir, but you ain't had no setback I 'ope, not as regards money. Wages don't mean nothing to me, not comparin' them with other things. I can do wiv less."

than he dared to express. He held out his hand to the faithful soul, and gripped hers in a grip of iron.

"You're the right sort, they haven't died out yet, Deborah. No I've had no setback. I almost wish I had. There's something wrong with the world just now and the money problem wants handling, but there don't seem to be the right sort to handle it. I dare say things will shape themselves by and by, and settle down, meanwhile all we can do is to live from day to day."

"Yessir. We can't lock up yet, cos of Master Tom," answered Deborah, then hesitated a moment. "There's something not right there, sir. I wish you'd say something to him. I ain't bin easy in my mind about that boy not since 'e come 'ome. Ah, there 'e is, thank God."

The hoot and belching of the motor bicycle broke on the stillness of the outside air. "I'll let him in, Deborah; good night," said Freeland, stepping towards the front hall once more.

The old legend that the family genius and the family excellences are often concentrated in the third child was not proven in the case of Tom Freeland. The eldest son, George, had gone early to join that priceless and immortal host given for the cause of righteousness. He had been born in the first year of the Freeland's married life, before the chattering of their early dream.

He had been beautiful without and within, and the very soul of his father had cleaved to him. He had had no thought, nor yet any desire to keep him back from his duty, but the day he came to say good-bye before he was drafted for overseas service, the sun turned westwards for his father.

(To be Continued)

There's poetry in everything, in face. He was far more deeply moved cludge the waste basket.

JAMES PUNCHER

The death occurred in this city Thursday of James A. Puncher, after a short illness, being confined to his bed only two weeks.

The deceased, who was born in England, was a son of the late Mr. and Mrs. James Puncher and came to this city with his parents when two years of age.

After receiving his education at Prince of Wales College he took up the trade of mason, which his father followed in England for thirty years.

Mr. Puncher was a gentleman of pleasant and kindly disposition, readily making friends and retaining them.

He was a prominent member of the Sons of England, holding at times various offices in the Society.

Besides a sorrowing widow he leaves the following family; George of the C. N. R. Shops; Frank, C. N. R. Trainman, Misses Elsie of the Telephone Co., Mary and Winnifred, all at home; Mrs. J. K. Sutherland, Borden and Mrs. E. L. Weeks of Maine, who arrived home for the funeral. All members of the family excepting the latter were at his bedside when he passed away.

To the bereaved family the Guardian extends sincere sympathy.

PRINCE STREET SCHOOL

Honour Roll for December. Grade X—1, Florence Simmons; 2, Doris Ferguson; 3, Edith Shaw. Grade IX—1, Annie Gill; 2, Gladys Lafferty; 3, Irene Macdonald. Grade VIII—1, Muriel Bourke; 2, Mary O'Neil; 3, Frances Auld. Grade VII—1, Doris Simmons; 2, Bernice Oudmore; 3, Olive MacLean; Marjaret MacQuarrie. Grade VI—1, Katherine Bagnall; 2, Nora Woxne; 3, Constance Colwill. Grade V—1, Esther Compton; 2, Mary Dowling; 3, Margaret James.

A Morning Smile

HOW WARS START

"Yes, sir, I believe that big wars are often caused by the smallest matters," ruminated old man Jones. "Things that a fellow thinks don't amount to a darn will often pile up a mountain of trouble for him. Why, just the other night, my wife was working over a cross-word puzzle, and she looked up and asked, 'What is a female sheep?'"

"And I replied 'ewe', and there was another big war on."

Grade IV.—1, Constance McLure; 2, Billie Rogers; 3, Joyce Ritchie. Grade IV.—1, Dorothy Day and Grace Diamond; 2, Earl Wonnacott; 3, Jean Hamm. Grade III.—1, Claire Farquharson; 2, Elinor Larter; 3, Grace Smith. Grade II.—1, Eleanor Mary Duffy; 2, Verna Hooper and Jack Stevenson; 3, Donald McLure. Grade II.—1, Mary MacEachern; 2, Earl Smith and Percy Wood; 3, Bella MacEachern.

Girl: "Do you know where a man lives, with one leg named Saunders?" Drug Clerk: "What was the name of his other leg?"

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Auction Sale of Horses

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