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

Dorothy Dix Says—

HUSBANDS SHOULD STAY HOME

Duty To Be Companion To Wife With Child, Not Leave Her Alone Evenings

DEAR MISS DIX—I am a young woman with a 15-month-old baby. Every night as soon as my husband has had his dinner he dresses up and steps out, leaving me to spend the long evening, after the long day, with the baby. As he goes out he says: "I'll be seeing you," and that is the last glimpse I have of him for the evening. I have told him several times that I am tired of staying at home by myself and his answer is: "Well, you can go, too," but how can I go anywhere when I have no one with whom to leave the baby?

Also, I am jealous of the girl who works with him and who pursues him all the time. When I speak to my husband about this he gets angry because he says I do not trust him. We are so young. I am only 22 and he is 26. And I love him very much. What can I do? HOPELESS.

YOUTH'S DESIRE FOR FUN WRECKS HOMES

ANSWER—When I get letters like this — and I get so many of them—I think that maybe people shouldn't marry until they get too old and decrepit to want to run around. For there is nothing the matter with this couple except youth. They are both at the playtime of life. They want change, excitement, fun, to dance and make merry, and they can't do it without wrecking their marriage and bringing tragedy down upon not only their own heads, but upon the little helpless child they brought into the world.

Doubtless it is a waste of breath to tell the pleasure-loving young husband how unjust and cruel he is being to his girl wife to leave her alone of evenings while he goes forth to amuse himself. In his selfishness he does not consider her, or have pity on her for the long, dreary evenings she spends alone, with no company except her bitter imaginings that picture him having good times with other women.

Probably her suspicions are unfounded. He may still love her, but his leaving her alone is a concrete fact. He can't get around that, or evade the knowledge that it is his duty to stay with her and be a companion to her and to try to make her happy. And I hope he will realize his responsibility before he has killed her love for him by his neglect.

What a pity young people don't wait to fall in love until they are ready to settle down!

DEAR MISS DIX—I would like to know if my husband and I will make good on our chicken ranch. Of late it seems that everything we do turns out badly. Will I ever be really happy? MRS. C. E. H.

EXPERT KNOWLEDGE NECESSARY TO HANDLE CHICKENS

ANSWER—Well, I'd hate to trust my chances of happiness to a hen, for my observation is that hens are the most temperamental unreliable, hysterical creatures that the Lord ever made. Of course, there are people who make fortunes out of raising chickens, and when you think of what we have to pay for eggs and poultry it looks as if every pullet was an Aladdin's Lamp and that you had only to shake her to get a government bond out of her. But in real life everybody that I have ever personally known who tried raising chickens for profit went bankrupt. If you are going to try it, let me beseech you to go to an agricultural college and take a course in medicine and baby chick culture and philosophy and patience.

DEAR MISS DIX—I am a woman of 28 with two children. My husband is overseas. I have been going with a married man for almost two years now. He has a sweet wife who is in poor health. They have five children under 7. He loves his wife and I love my husband, but she can't be the wife to him that I can.

Will I be wrong if I go and tell her to leave and to go and live with her people? I could be just as good a mother to her children as she is. He makes over $100 a week. M. R.

ANSWER—As an exhibition of modern morality this letter hits the high. Most women who have an eye on another woman's husband at least wait until she dies or gets a divorce, but here is a frank love thief who proposes to ask a sick woman to move out and go live with her people and leave the coast clear for her. Can you beat it for sheer heartlessness?

Ellen's Diary

By An Island Farmer's Wife

If James suffered any startling dreams from lunching on clam-chowder, he neglected telling me at breakfast this morning. And immediately after, he was off with Mr. Brown, the new settler, away to the latter's former home in another county. I would like so much to have gone with them, for their ride was to take them past a much-loved "door", where I might have visited till their return. But there were too many duties claiming my attention this morning and besides there was this evenings party at the Browns to make ready for. I put my desires resolutely out of my mind and went at once about my work. It was showery this morning and I searched the sky for a bit of blue "to make a sailor's pants", in vain. They remained dull and sullen. I was undecided to prepare or not to prepare. I recalled: "When in doubt, don't!" but then as things have a way of going contrariwise, I decided on the former.

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As Jeanie had just informed me, she had mixed a cake for the event, I went to the work of making the filling for some of James' favorite sandwiches so that I could make them quickly if it should happen that the skies would clear. There was a bottle to be prepared for the cream, but Mr. Brown told me "never mind bringing tea—we have plenty for this evening."

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Toward noon, by phone some one said sweetly: "Ellen, we're depending on you for the address." I boldly—and gratefully!—passed the request to Jeanie and I considered this evening as I heard it nicely read, I had given it to good hands. Indeed it contained many of my sentiments as regards this pleasant couple, who, I may say although new comers to our neighborhood, have been known and esteemed by those at Alderlea down through the years.

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James returned at noon through the rain that continued without letup until early evening. He enjoyed the trip and informed me that he had seen the best and largest field of clover he had ever viewed and also of course "a promising colt." When I look for Narcissi James will want colts- We were about to go a little early to the evening chores when a now-familiar car from another Province came up to Alderlea. Then from my vantage point at the window, I saw horses led from the stables for inspection and one by one they were paraded before the much-practised eye of a buyer from down the straits. Then I noted a tenseness about James for I can read him like a south wind. There were consultations and more parading and then following the visitor's departure James came slowly to the kitchen. "We sold him" he said and sat dowwn quietly in his old arm-chair. This is no time for regrets; it never is after a bargain is sealed but the Jack-horse is ours no more. He is to be delivered at our nearest station on Friday morning to ride away to begin life in a new home on the mainland.

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I demanded too much from James this evening when I expected him to stake the netting for the sweet-peas. I know if I postpone it much longer it will not be there to stake. Already there have been many enquiries as to its use. A lady in the City said seriously: "Are you going to fence? Another from a far-away community said: "I saw Ellen with some wire." Jock said: "Sell it to me I need it for the chicken-house." Rob being funny said: "You're going into the chicken-business extensively, I see." And a welcome weekly caller said: "How much you give for that?" and went on to tell me all about his flock and the troubles that are bound to come with the present cold and damp weather. James will help me place it presently and it will help make a lattice of ivy green interwoven with the loveliest colorful blossoms to nod gay greetings to all and sundry who go up and down the lane at Alderlea.

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We went to the house-warming at dark this evening and followed—not too closely—Rob's car uncertainly up the lane, slippery from the recent rain. A good crowd had assembled and soon young and older were off in the maze of an old-time set. Among others were two interested spectators, Jamie until his eyelids became too heavy to raise and Donnie the four-year-old member of the Brown family, who at the breaking up was more wide-awake than many others in the assembly. By way of explanation, I heard him say: "I had a great big sleep after dinner." I also heard him ask someone to move aside so that he might better see the dancing and as he said: "hear the good moo-sic." There were kindly words of welcome from the neighbors and an accompanying substantial token of good-will both of which go to help folks on their way. There was a lunch, a cup of tea and a pleasant chat. It is good to see a light in a window, that has been darkened of late years and while we open-heartedly welcomed the new-comers, those of us who are older, recalled many pleasant visits we had enjoyed in this same house with the former kindly residents, two of whose respected members, father and son, sleep in the cemetery adjoining one of Braeside's churches. We speak of them and miss the old friends but even on this Alderlea road of ours, life must and will go on. There will be a going out and a coming in.

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It was quite late, or rather it was early, when we returned, remaining in the car for a while to talk things over with the younger folk. I should really be turning this page for already there's been "a new day born" James says: "Come Ellen, this won't be the tune in the morning." It's morning now!

Until to-night — Diary — Good-morning.

The Queen Visits Wounded Canadians

Her Majesty the Queen tours Canadian hospitals in England with Major-General R. M. Luton, Director of Canadian Medical Services, and chats with Canadians wounded in France and Italy. — (Canadian Army Overseas Photo).

A Morning Smile

The circus and fun fair was visiting a small American town, and one old Negro had taken a fancy to the roundabouts.

Round and round he went,, never seeming to tire, until all his money was gone. Then only did he dismount to rejoin his wife, who had been watching him with impatient eyes.

"Well, Ebenezer," she said, "you sure have spent your money and had a good ride. But where you been, Ebenezer, where you been?"

The teacher had asked the class to name all the States. One small urchin responded so quickly and accurately that she commended him for it.

"You did very well, she said, much better than I could have done at your age."

"Yes, and there were only 13 States then, too."

Needlecraft For The Home

BALLERINA PLAYSUIT

Toast your back and midriff to a luscious golden brown in this charming playsuit that takes to tennis or beach ball with grace and charm.

No. 3784 in size 16 requires 2 yards 35-inch fabric, 1½ yards ruffling (playsuit); 1 yard 35-inch fabric (shorts.)

Send 20 cents for PATTERN. Print your Name, Address and Style Number plainly. Be sure to state size you wish.

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Living & Leisure
The Woman's Realm

O lyric Love, half angel and half bird
And all a wonder and a wild desire—
Boldest of hearts that ever braved the sun,
Took sanctuary within the holier blue,
And sang a kindred soul out to his face—
Yet human at the ripe red of the heart.

—Robert Browning.

TRIM AND "TIDDLY"

Looking trim and "tiddly" is the sign of a good Wren, and girls in the Navy are expected to remain feminine and attractive, even though in uniform for the duration. Hair is short cut softly coiffed; nail polish neutral but manicures important; make-up is used in moderation.

ANCHORS AWEIGH

When the sailor on the bow of a navy ship shouts "Anchors Aweigh," he doesn't mean what he actually says. The term is used as soon as the anchor is out of the water and clear. Another nautical term "up and down" indicates when a cable is straight up and down, previous to the anchor breaking on the ground.

BLACK RIBBON FIRST USED BY GUNNERS

The black ribbon ties worn by a sailor are not mourning for Lord Nelson, as some versions have it, but a modern form of the black scarf sailors used to tie around their foreheads to prevent sweat from running into their eyes when they were manning the guns.

MEDICAL SUPPLIES REQUIRE WASTE PAPER

Salvaged waste paper is helping to save the lives of Canadian soldiers, airmen and sailors on the battlefronts of the world, according to National Salvage Division, National War Services Department, Ottawa.

"Medical supplies require many new and advanced packaging methods in which reprocessed paper of all types plays a vital role," one salvage official stated. "Until and unless delivered to the combat zone in prime condition, supplies for the forces may as well have never been manufactured. That's what medical authorities say.

Life giving blood plasma journeys to the fronts in fibre shipping containers made from waste paper. Paper goes into the waterproof linings of crates for sterilizers, X-ray transformers, operating tables and litters.

"Waterproof bag-liners for all types of drugs, chemicals, pharmaceuticals and surgical instruments are produced from waste paper. Bandages, too, and surgical sponges gauzes, cottons, and first aid dressings arrive at the battlefronts in packages from old newspapers, magazines, bags and corrugated cardboard," the official added.

A Job Only You Can Do

Price Control Questions And Answers

Questions and Answers on Price Control will appear in The Guardian as a regular feature each day. The questions are those which have reached the Wartime Prices and Trade Board from housewives in this region. The answers are provided by the Board Readers. Persons who have intelligent questions to ask on price control are invited to send them in writing to the Women's Regional Advisory Committee of the War Time Prices and Trade Board.

Q. We have one cow and as we do not sell any milk I would like to make a small quantity of butter for myself and my neighbour. Would I have to collect coupons from my neighbour What would I do with my coupons?

A. Yes, you must collect coupons for the butter you make . . . you should register as a producer of butter at your Local Ration Board . . . report the amount of butter made and surrender coupons for the amount you wish to keep for yourself . . . if you sell to your neighbour you must collect the coupons from her and turn them in to your Local Office.

Q. We live on a farm and employ hired help during the summer months. These men either forget their ration books or bring them with all the valid coupons removed and we still have to feed them. How can I obtain sufficient supplies?

A. If you are going to employ a man for more than 14 consecutive days, he should bring his ration book along . . . you should settle this matter with him when you employ him. If he doesn't bring his book containing the proper coupons the farmer is under no obligation to serve rationed commodities at mealtime . . . where men are employed for less than 14 days, an application may be made to your local ration board for transient labour coupons . . . when this application is approved, coupons will be issued to cover the number of meals served.

Q. I want to use my D coupons for sugar. Must I exchange them for F coupons?

A. No, certainly not. The D coupons are worth one-half lb. of sugar. If, however, you wish to purchase preserves with your F coupons these must be exchanged for D coupons at the rate of one D coupon per F coupon.

The Cook's Corner

PERFECTION SHORTCAKE

3 cups once-sifted cake flour
6 teaspoons baking powder
¾ teaspoon salt
1-3 teaspoon grated nutmeg
1-3 cup granulated sugar
1-3 cup chilled shortening
2 eggs, well beaten
¾ cup milk

Measure and sift together the flour, baking powder, salt and nutmeg; add the sugar.

Cut in shortening finely.

Combine the well-beaten eggs and milk.

Form a well in the dry ingredients, add liquids, all at one time, and mix thoroughly.

Turn into two buttered and lightly floured 8-inch round layer-cake pans; spread to even the surface.

Bake in a hot oven, 400 degrees, about 20 minutes.

THREE DAINTY FASCINATORS AR EINEXPENSIVELY MADE

DESIGN NO. 1067

These three fascinators are easy to crochet in the popular shell and knot stitch. Pattern No. 1067 contains complete instructions.

To order pattern: Write or send above picture with your name and address with 15 cents in coin or stamps to Needlework Bureau Charlottetown Guardian. Design No. 1067

Name

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City Province

Nervous, Restless

On "CERTAIN DAYS" Of The Month?

If functional periodic disturbances make you feel nervous, cranky, highstrung, tired, weak and "dragged out" —at such times—start *at once*, try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to relieve such symptoms. Here's a product that HELPS NATURE. Follow label directions. Pinkham's Compound is *worth trying!* Made in Canada.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

NO BUTTER NEEDED INSIDE OR OUTSIDE

MAGIC CHEESE BISCUITS

1½ cups flour
¾ cup milk
¼ tspn. salt
1 tbspn. shortening
6 tbspns. grated cheese
2 tspns. Magic Baking Powder

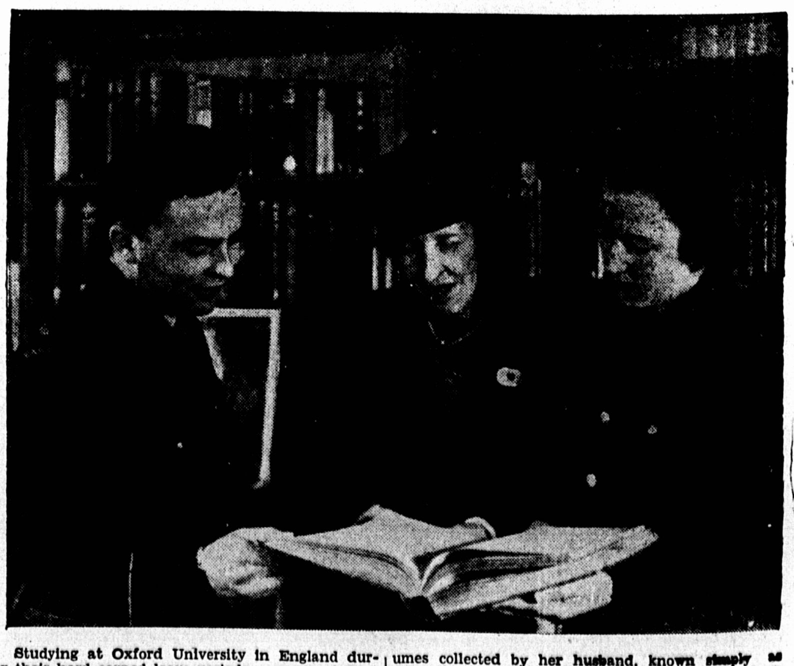
(When half-baked, place square of cheese on top of biscuits for extra flavor)

Sift dry ingredients together; cut in shortening. Mix in cheese lightly; add milk slowly. Roll out on floured board to ½-inch thick; cut with small biscuit cutter. Bake in hot oven (475°F.) 12 to 15 minutes. Makes 12.

MAGIC INSURES BAKING SUCCESS

MADE IN CANADA

LADY TWEEDSMUIR ENTERTAINS R.C.A.F.



Studying at Oxford University in England during their hard-earned leave periods, a group of Canadian service-people recently were guests of Lady Tweedsmuir, widow of the former governor general of Canada. In the library of her charming home, Lady Tweedsmuir discussed many of the rare volumes collected by her husband, known simply as John Buchan to thousands of Canadians who have read his books. In the above picture, Lady Tweedsmuir is shown with, left, Flying Officer Harold R. Turvey, Brantford, Ont., and LAW. Kay Lewis, [illegible], Ont., right.—(R.C.A.F. Photo).

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