

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

Dorothy Dix' Letter Box

Irritable Husbands Who Vent Spleen on Their Wives—19-Year-Old Boy Who Supports Family and Stepfather—Must Modern Girl be Home at 12?

Dear Miss Dix—I am married to a successful business man who exercises plenty of patience with his customers, but doesn't have a bit of patience with me or his children. I try in every way to please him and other people praise my cooking, but he finds fault with everything I do. He does not hesitate to tell me before people to mind my own business and shut my mouth, and he tells the children I don't know anything. He will take us on an automobile trip and then spoil the trip by being disagreeable. He is generous in money matters, but he doesn't consider our feelings. He has a naturally irritable disposition and I don't hope to change that, but I would be glad for your advice as to how to act myself so as to save the situation.

PERPLEXED WIFE.

Answer: The leopard can change its spots more easily than a scolded grouch can turn into a beaming optimist, so don't waste your time and effort in trying to work a miracle that you can never accomplish.

The only thing that you can do is just to accept the situation and adjust yourself to it. Grow a skin like a rhinoceros so that his little barbed criticisms cannot pierce you to the quick. Learn how to shut your ears when he starts on one of his tirades and think of something else. Bow your head to the storm and it will soon pass over. And realize that all of his fault-finding means nothing. He probably thinks you the smartest woman in the world and the greatest cook, and when he knocks everything you do he is just blowing off the irritability with which he is surcharged.

If it is true that misery loves company, you have the consolation of knowing that thousands upon thousands of other unfortunate women are cursed with husbands like yours. These men are technically good husbands and think they do their full duty by their families when they feed and clothe them and give them a decent house to live in. But they think that this gives them the right to insult their wives and revile them and say to them things that they would never dare to say to any female employe, or to any woman who had an able-bodied brother. I have heard men swear at their wives and call them such vile names that I wondered that they dared sit down to the next meal these poor, abused, domestic slaves cooked for them.

There is something essentially mean and cruel in the man who gets a sadistic pleasure out of torturing his wife and holding her up to ridicule before other people, and especially before her children. Furthermore, such a man is a yellow coward, otherwise he would not choose as his victim a woman who was in his power and whom he knew to be helpless because she could not abandon her children to his untender mercy, and had no way of earning support for them herself.

Many men make of their families the escape valve for all the temper and nerves that they dare not visit upon their employes or their customers.

The bawling out that many a wife gets over her inefficiency as a housekeeper because she has boiled mutton instead of roast beef for dinner, is merely the cursing out that a man would have liked to give his boss, but didn't dare to. When a man calls his wife a fool and tells her to shut up and that she doesn't know what she is talking about, he is often saying to her just what he would have liked to say to some rich old woman whom he had to smile upon and palaver to keep her from going somewhere else to shop, or to some other doctor, or lawyer.

I'm not denying that this is hard on the wives, but it may make their husbands' strictures a little easier to bear if they can realize that they are really not meant for them.

But one could weep over the stupidity of a man who has in his hands the happiness of his family and ruthlessly flings it away. Here is your little group, with everything to make your home a little Paradise on earth—money and ease and comfort and luxury and health, a successful man at the head of it, a woman who is a tender and devoted mother, a good housekeeper.

And everything ruined by a man's bad temper! A cowed wife who is afraid to speak lest she bring upon herself a retort that is worse than a blow. Children whose prattle is hushed at the sound of their father's key in the lock. A house whose atmosphere is of gloom when he is in it. Good meals turned into dust and ashes by the fault-finding that goes on over them.

All happiness ruined through a man's bad temper! What a waste! What a pity!

Dear Dorothy Dix—I am a boy 19 years old and have been working since I was 15 and earn about \$40 a week. My mother was a widow, but about a year ago she married a man who was unemployed at the time and who had lost his job through drinking. I have been turning over all of my money to my mother which means that I am supporting my family and my stepfather, and out of my salary I only get an allowance of \$5 a week. Should I keep on this way, or ask for a larger allowance, or should I pay board?

The NEW JELL-O : A Modern Thriller

SALADS... LAST MINUTE BOTHER?... NOT ANY MORE! NOT WITH NEW JELL-O!



IT'S BETTER THAN EVER... DIRECTIONS SAY: MAKE WITH HOT, NOT BOILING WATER... NO FLAVOUR CAN STEAM AWAY.



AND LOOK... NO MORE WAITING... NEW JELL-O DOPS INTO THE REFRIGERATOR OR A COOL PLACE AS SOON AS MADE.



MY, THAT LOOKS GRAND... AND YOU'VE MADE IT IN ALMOST HALF THE USUAL TIME!



What an Advance! 5 minutes after making old-fashioned jelly powder even old JELL-O, good as it was!

Still steaming! Flavour escaping! Setting delayed!

5 seconds after making NEW JELL-O

Into the refrigerator! Flavour saved! Setting begun!

Answer: You should pay board. Agree with your mother upon a fair price, what she would charge any other boarder, and if you want to help her more than this give her what you can afford. But handle your money yourself and let her realize that what you give her is of your generosity and not money that she has a right to because you are her slave.

I see no reason why you should toil to support your stepfather. He is probably far more able to work than you are, but as long as you provide him with free lodging and food you may depend upon it that he will not hustle out and hunt for a job.

When a boy and girl get old enough to go to work and their families are in straitened circumstances, they should certainly pay their board, but I do not think it is a good plan for them to turn over their pay envelopes to their mother and let her give them back what she sees fit out of their earnings.

For one thing, the laborer is worthy of his hire, and it takes the heart and ambition out of a girl or boy never to see the money they have worked for so hard. For another thing, it teaches a boy and girl responsibility to have the handling of their own money. And for another thing, mother very often plays favorites and will take the money that a good hard-working girl or boy has earned and give it to a lazy, loafing son or daughter who will not work, but who is mother's fair-haired child.

Sometimes mother even sets up her husband, as in your case, on the money that her children earn.

Dear Miss Dix—We are two girls who do not drink or smoke, but who go out with some nice girls and boys, always to respectable places. Sometimes to the theatre, sometimes to a dance at the church hall. But our problem is how late should we stay out. As I work I cannot leave before 9 o'clock and as Dad insists on us being home at 12 o'clock it breaks up the evening's fun. Dad asked us to write to you to settle the time definitely and what you say goes. Do you think 1 or 2 o'clock is too late for Saturday night?

Answer: Certainly not for Saturday night because you can sleep late the next day but too late for a week night if you have to get down to work early in the morning. Tell your father that parties begin at later hours than they did when he and I were young. Then it was all right for us to be Cinderellas who lost our glass slippers if we stayed up late than 12. But nowadays the fun doesn't get going much before that time and if a girl is to find her Fair Prince she has to stay up until at least 1 or 2. It is a pity, because both boys and girls need their sleep and would be the better for being in bed by midnight, but we can't change customs. We have to accept them.

What the Fashionables are Wearing

By Annabelle Worthington

A conservatively smart dress is this black rough crepe silk.

It will carry you through an entire day. You can wear it for shopping in the morning and then for luncheon or bridge.

Note the smart white accents in rough crepe in crossover vest and in the front-facing that forms a rever. The small view shows how smart it is with the rever buttoned up to the shoulder.

Style No. 875 is designed in sizes 16, 18, 20 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust. Size 36 requires 4 yards of 39-inch material with 3/4 yard of 39-inch contrasting.

It's very simple to make it.

Other equally smart suitable fabrics are crinkled crepe satin, wool crepe and novelty wool and silk crepe mixture.

Price of Pattern 15 cents in stamps or coin (coin is preferred.) Wrap coin carefully.

No. 875. Size
Name
Street Address
City State



For The Cook

Dried Fruit Pudding

1 cup each stoned cooked prunes, dried apricots and peaches.
1/2 cup sugar
2 eggs
Raisins, nutmeg
2 cups milk

Cut thin bread slices into two-inch strips, butter them and line sides and bottom of a buttered baking dish. Cover with cooked prunes and two tablespoons of sugar. Add another layer of bread strips, then apricots, two more tablespoons sugar, a layer of bread, then peaches and sugar. Top with a last layer of bread strips, sprinkle the top with the remaining sugar, nutmeg and raisins. Pour eggs beaten with the milk over all and bake in a fairly slow oven (325 degrees F.) until the custard is set, 30-45 minutes. Serve this with a lemon sauce. This will serve eight.

A luncheon of flavors well combined may be planned with liver-

What an Advance!

wurst soup, Swiss cheese brown bread sandwiches with dill pickles, and the following pear and meringue dessert.

Meringued Ginger Pears

4 large pears
4 tablespoons sugar
1 teaspoon chopped candied ginger
2 egg whites
3 tablespoons powdered sugar

Pare and core the pears, place them in a baking dish and fill each centre with a tablespoon of sugar and a little of the candied ginger. Pour half a cup of water into the dish and bake until tender in a moderate oven (350 degrees F.) Remove from the oven and spread each with a meringue made of the stiffly beaten egg whites and the powdered sugar. Return the casserole to a very slow oven (300 degrees F.) and continue baking. Serves four.

A third luncheon menu opens with cream of peanut butter soup served with oblong salt wafers, watermelon pickle, and a cooked vegetable salad, and ends with the following cake

OXO

SAVES YOU FROM MANY BILLS

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN—We are repeating, for a limited time only, the offer of a British-made, 13" aluminum cooking spoon for the return of only 30 Oxo Cube Red Wrappers. OXO Limited, St. Peter Street, Montreal

A Woman's Trouble

ALL women at some period of their lives need a strengthening tonic. Read what Mrs. Elizabeth Sellers of 41 Bishop St., Toronto, says: "I suffered from woman's trouble following childbirth and my nerves were very bad. I had an awful pain on the top of my head and a dragging pain in my back. There were days that I just had to drag myself around. I did not rest well at night, could hardly eat a thing, and my complexion became very sallow. I used four bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and it put me right back on my feet. I felt better in every way, and my appetite improved, the pain in my head and that heavy ache in my back disappeared."



A Morning Smile

COULD YOU WEAR AN ANEMIA? Mike Murphy, who lived in a farm, sent his friend, Jimmy O'Brien, who lived in town, a crate of chickens. "Did you get the chickens?" asked Mike the next time he saw Jimmy. "Some of 'em," answered Jimmy. "After I got 'em from the station they got out of the crate, and I was two hours scouring the neighborhood, and then only got ten." "Sh—sh—sh, Jimmy! Not so loud! I only sent ye six."

Serve COCONUT PIE tomorrow

USE BAKER'S Coconut, of course — three kinds, all deliciously fresh — in tins, cartons and bags. It is made in Canada.

BAKER'S COCONUT

SHE OFTEN WISHED SHE COULD DIE

First Bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Helped Her Wonderfully



"My trouble is the Change. I was so weak I could hardly walk. I kept a girl to do my work. I would lie awake all night and I often wished I could die. I saw Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound advertised and tried that. The first bottle helped me. I am now on my fourth and I am gaining strength and energy all the time."

MRS. M. W. LOCKHART, R. R. #1, Plaster Rock, New Brunswick

The Double Act

A Romance of the Theatre BY MARION TOMLINSON

CHAPTER XII. A MEETING

Rosemary, as unaware that the thought of her had been relinquished, as she had been unaware of the trouble she had caused in a young playwright's mind, sank deeper and deeper into the luxury that Grenoble provided for her. In time she came to believe that she had everything she wanted. She obeyed Grenoble's demand that she should have no personal friends except Nell, and felt no lack because she had never had any.

Occasionally a few selected admirers were allowed to visit her in her dressing room at the theatre, but that was like a continuation of her acting on the stage. When she was told that a group of people were outside waiting to pay their respects—perhaps a cabinet minister, a distinguished author, a great musician among them—Nell would put the finishing touches to Rosemary's hair, and help her into a tea gown of gold tissue lined with flowing chiffon, and "Marigold" would hold court. Grenoble was usually in the background, beaming satisfaction as his pupil went through the carefully rehearsed scene. At the right moment Nell would say respectfully that Madame was fatigued

and wished them good night, and the dresser would hold the door open for the favoured few to retire. These audiences, after the first novelty had worn off, bored Rosemary dreadfully.

"It's like the kind of thing I do on the stage with none of the excitement of footlights and action," she complained privately to Nell. "I don't suppose I could ever be bored, whatever my role, on the stage. It's my life. The very smell of canvas excites me. But these people, all the bowing and scraping and saying the same things night after night! If I could only be natural and talk to them about the things they are doing! They are all interesting people, in politics, in art. But they never say a word to me about anything interesting. Only the same compliments, night after night. I feel like something painted on a screen.

But there was one part of her new life in which Rosemary took undiminished delight. This was the short walk each evening from the stage door across the pavement to her waiting motor. Every night masses of eager heroine worshippers crowded there to watch her come out. It was only with difficulty that a narrow lane could be kept clear for Rosemary to pass.

Testimonies from all parts of the world prove the beneficial results obtained from the use of

Cuticura Preparations

Pimples, rashes, eczema and all forms of itching, burning skin troubles are quickly healed by regular use of Cuticura Soap and Ointment.

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restrain her too far, and besides, it was good publicity from his point of view, though he was careful not to say as much to Rosemary.

"It's worth everything, just this little time outside the stage door every night," said Rosemary wistfully to Nell, as the last of those who ran beside her car had been outdistanced, and she settled back on her cushions with a sigh. "I do wish I could take some of them home with me. Do you think we could smuggle in one or two some evening, Nell? We'd give them such a party!"

Nell looked alarmed. "Don't even consider such a thing," she implored. "Grenoble would be furious. Promise me you won't get us into such trouble."

Rosemary sighed again, and promised. But for a long while before going to sleep that night, she dreamed of the party she would like to give to all the sweet people who waited so long and eagerly for a glimpse of her.

Anthony had cast the thought of Marigold forever from his mind. At least he thought he had done so, but a conspiracy without, as well as within his own mind, seemed determined to keep the thought of her before him.

As he walked gloomily through the streets wondering if the agent was doing anything with his play, and when, if ever, he would get an inspiration for another, he would find himself staring fascinated into a shop window. As the mists cleared from his eyes he would realize

that he was staring at a pair of iridescent slippers on a stand, labelled "Marigold, Latest Fashion." From every hoarding Marigold's golden beauty looked down at him. He went to his club, and the waiter brought him a "Marigold cocktail." He sent it back savagely, and ordered a dry Martini instead.

The scene in Grenoble's office kept returning to his mind. He told himself he had no right to condemn her simply on the strength of her producer's words.

"Yet my opinion of her can do her neither harm nor good," he told himself, "she has never heard of me nor ever will. No, it makes no difference to Marigold, but it makes a tremendous difference to me. I must know the truth."

Anthony, who was revolving matters in his mind while sitting in a deep chair at his club, sprang up suddenly, glared at two men who had just come into the room, and went out.

The two men stared after him in astonishment.

"Fellow's in a smoking rage about something," remarked one. "There's no 'Silence' nonsense in this room, is there? Have a cigarette. As I was saying, my dear fellow, she's an absolute raving beauty. Fairly knocked out."

"Can you think of anything more utterly useless than silk stockings?" he said. "Not unless it's the things that stand at the street corners watching them," retorted his wife.

ANNUAL MEETING

The Annual Meeting of Wheatley River Egg Circle will be held on February 9th, 8 P. M. Members present will receive bonus.

CLIFFORD CAREW, Secretary.

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