

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

Shall We Dower Our Daughters? Dorothy Dix

Applauds Aid to Happiness in Marriage

Revival of the Dowry System to Encourage Marriage Would Also Promote Happiness, Says Dorothy Dix. For the Wife Who Has Her Own Income, However Small, is Accorded Greater Respect by Her Husband

One of our great financial minds—and he knows all there is to be learned about organizing trusts and promoting combinations—proposes a revival of the dowry system to encourage marriage.



Personally I can think of nothing that would speed up the matrimonial market so much as giving girls dowries, because the reason that young people do not marry is not because they do not want to, but because they have not the price of a wedding ring.

20s, which is the age in which they are most inclined toward marriage, who make enough money alone and unaided to afford the luxury of a wife. Hence they have to put off marrying until they are well in their 30s and by that time they have more or less outgrown the romantic urge and marriage doesn't look so good to them as does bachelorhood and freedom.

But if a girl had a dowry it would be far otherwise. If the bride brought along her own bread and butter, so to speak, and was able to while they were still young and ardent. A wife then would be an asset to a man instead of a liability, and marriage would be a grand sweet-suckle instead of a perpetual fight over bills, as it generally is when people the consequences. For, alas and alack, love's young dream has to be financed or else it turns into a nightmare.

As a matter of fact, Americans are the only civilized people who send their daughters empty-handed to their husbands, yet of all people in the world we are the ones who in all fairness should provide our girls with dowries. For no other girls are so spoiled, so indulged, so pampered as ours, and it is certainly playing it low down on a poor, guileless, unsuspecting youth to palm off on him one of these expensive pets and expect him to provide for her in the way to which she has been accustomed.

Fathers who bring their daughters up with pink crepe-de-chine habits and tastes should in common honesty and justice continue to supply the silk lingerie. Otherwise you work a great hardship on both the girl and her husband and jeopardize their marriage, for many and supply the finery to which the girl has been accustomed, and she cannot adjust herself to a lower standard of living.

For a girl to be given a dowry when she marries would do much to promote her happiness. It would give her the self-respect that even the poorest man would not deny it in chorus, but it is true, nevertheless, that few men ever treat a wife who has her own pocketbook in a rich man once said to me: "I have settled enough money on my daughters in a trust fund to insure their husbands' always treating them with politeness and consideration."

Even when husbands are generous it is wormwood and gall in a woman's mouth for her to have to go to her lord and master and ask him for every cent. Every time she has to do it she is humiliated and she feels that she would almost sell her soul for even the smallest income of being doled out to her by her husband.

It is because this financial independence is so craved by women that business girls are so loath to give up their jobs after marriage. Of course, parents will say that they cannot afford to give their daughters doilies and that after you have dressed a girl and sent her off to college and given her a trip to Europe and a sports car, there is nothing left to bestow upon her when she marries. True enough, but I believe that if fathers and mothers spent less on their daughters' backs than they were growing up and put more in their hope chests it would be a far better investment in the long run and bring in a higher percentage in happiness and well-being to the girls.

In other countries when a girl baby is born her parents begin laying out her dowry so that she may not only be able to marry when she is grown up, but have her safety assured after marriage.

In this country parents spend all they can rake and scrape together in doling up a girl, on the gamble that she will be good enough looking to make a great mistake and that it would be far better for them to buy a few baby bonnets for Mamie and Sadie than it is for them to provide them with a perambulator fit for a prince.

Of course, fathers and mothers say that they do not have to throw in any chrome with their daughters when it comes to marriage, but even the most beautiful living picture is the more cherished if it has a nice gold frame.

DOROTHY DIX.

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For The Cook

LEMON RICE PUDDING 1/2 cup rice. Cold water. 2 cups evaporated milk or 4 cups fresh milk. Grated rind of 1 lemon. 1/2 teaspoon salt. 2 eggs, slightly beaten. 1/2 cup sugar. 1 tablespoon lemon juice. 1 tablespoon butter. 1/2 teaspoon vanilla.

Wash the rice thoroughly, cover with cold water, soak one hour and drain. Dilute the evaporated milk with 2 cups water, or if using fresh milk put the 4 cups into the top of a double boiler, with the rice, lemon rind and salt. Cook until the rice is tender. Blend together the eggs, sugar and lemon juice. Add with butter to the hot rice and cook until the eggs set (about five minutes). Remove from the fire and add the vanilla. Pour into a buttered pudding dish, set into a pan of hot water and bake in a moderate oven about 20 minutes.

One-half cup seeded raisins may be added.

What the Fashionables are Wearing

Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished With Every Pattern

By Annabelle Worthington

The interesting scalloped detail provides chic in this attractive model. It's slenderizing too for the scalloped edge takes a diagonal course across the bodice to correspond with the skirt treatment that accents the hips slender. The shoulder caplet gives a cap sleeve effect.

It's a crepe silk in blue and white so smart for all season wear. Style No. 219 is designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20 years, 36 and 38 inches bust. Size 16 requires 3 1/2 yards of 35-inch material with 1/4 yard of 39-inch contrasting and 4 1/4 yards of binding.

Plain flat crepe silk, crinkle crepe, linen and many rayons are also suitable. Be sure to fill in the size of the pattern.

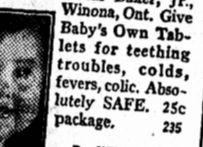
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BABY'S OWN TABLETS

A Morning Smile

The vicar was inquiring of one of his flock why he had not been to church for several Sundays. "Well, you see, I said the man unctuously, "I've been troubled with a bunion on my foot."

"Strange," commented the pastor, "that a bunion should impede the pilgrim's progress."

The House of Dreams-Come-True

By Margaret Fedler

(Continued) CHAPTER XXIX THE GOLDEN HOUR

Orion had fully justified Blaise's opinion of his capabilities. As though the great horse had gathered that there was trouble ahead to which he must not add, he had needed neither whip nor spur as he carried his master with long, sweeping strides over the miles that lay between Staple and the moor. He was fresh as paint, and the rush through the cool night, under a rider with hands as light as a woman's and who sat him with a flexible ease, akin to that of a Cossack, had not distressed him in the very least.

Now they were climbing the last long slope of the white road that approached the bungalow, the reins lying loosely on Orion's neck.

The mist had lifted a little in places, and a watery-looking moon peered through the clouds now and again, throwing a vague, uncertain light over the blurred and sombre moorland.

Tormarin had no very definite plan of campaign in his mind. He felt convinced that he should find Jean at the bungalow. If, contrary to his expectation, she were not there, nor anyone else to whom he could apply for information as to her whereabouts, he would have to consider what his next move would be.

Meanwhile, his thoughts were preoccupied with the main fact that she had failed to return home. If she had accepted Burke's invitation to the bungalow, believing that Judith and the Holders would be of the party, how was it that she had not at once returned when she discovered that for some reason they were not there?

Some weeks ago—during the period when she was defiantly investigating the possibilities of an "unexploded bomb"—it was quite possible that the queer quietness which sometimes tempts a woman to experiment in order to see just how far she may go—the mysterious delight that the feminine temperament appears to derive from dancing on the edge of a precipice—might have induced her to remain and have tea with Burke,

chaperon or no chaperon. And then it was quite on the cards that Burke's lawless disregard of anything in the world except the fulfillment of his own desires might have engineered the rest, and he might have detained her at the bungalow against her will.

But Blaise could not believe that a tete-a-tete tea with Burke would hold any attraction for Jean now—not since that day, just before she had been discussing the affairs of the Nick and Claire and had found, quite suddenly, that their own hearts were open to each other and that with the spoken word, "Beloved," the misunderstandings of the past had faded away, to be replaced by a wordless trust and belief.

But if it had attracted her, if—knowing precisely how much the man she loved would condemn—she had deliberately chosen to spend an afternoon with Burke, why, then, Blaise realized with a swift pang that she was no longer Jean at all but some other, lesser woman. Never again the "little comrade" whose crystalline honesty of soul and sensitive response to all that was sweet and wholesome and true had come into his scarred life to jewel its arid places with a new blossoming of the rose of love.

He tried to thrust the thought away from him. It was just the kind of thing that Nesta would have done, playing off one man against the other with the innate instinct of the born coquette. But not Jean—not Jean of the candid eyes.

Presently, through the thinning mist, Tormarin discerned the sharp turn of the track which branched off from the road towards the bungalow, and quickening Orion's pace, he was soon riding up the steep ascent, the moonlight throwing strange, confusing lights and shadows on the mist-wet surface of the ground.

Suddenly, without the slightest warning, the roan snorted and wheeled around, rearing violently away from the off-side bank. A good horseman might have been unseated, but as the big horse swerved Tormarin's knees gripped against the saddle like a vice, and with a steady word he faced him up the track again, then glanced keenly at the overhanging side of the roadway to discover what had frightened him.

A moment later he had jerked Orion to a sudden standstill, leapt to the ground and, with the reins over his arm, crossed the road swiftly to where, clad in some light stuff that glistened strangely in the moonlight, lay a slender figure, propped against the bank.

"Blaise!" Jean's voice came weakly to his ears, but with a glad note in it of immense relief that bore witness to some previous strain. In an instant Tormarin was kneeling beside her, one arm behind her shoulders. He helped her to her feet and she leaned against him, shivering. Feeling in his pockets, he produced a brandy flask and held it to her lips.

"Drink some of that!" he said. "Don't try to tell me anything yet." The raw spirit sent the chilled blood racing through her veins, putting new life into her. A faint tinge of colour crept into her face.

"Oh, Blaise! I'm so glad you've come—so glad!" she said shakily. "So am I," he returned grimly. "See, drink a little more brandy. Then you shall tell me all about it."

(To Be Continued)

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FRIDAY, MAY 13th—Oyster Bed Bridge, Cymbric, Wheatley River. Hauler, B. C. Woolner. FRIDAY, MAY 13th—Cops Road, North Rustico, Rusticville. Hauler, B. C. Woolner.

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