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

DOROTHY DIX SAYS—

Meddling Mothers

Divorce Culminates Parent's Jealousy Of Daughter's Husband

Most women are glad to have their daughters married and settled in homes of their own, but there is an occasional mother who deliberately separates her daughter from her husband because she cannot bear to be parted from her darling and not to be the controlling influence in her life.

Chief of the home-wrecking crew, however—and statistics show that mothers-in-law cause more divorces than any other one thing—is not the crafty, villain mother who breaks up her daughter's marriage with malice aforethought. It is the stupid mother who has not enough vision to see what a crime she is committing. It is not the mothers who throw bombs into the homes of the newlyweds who blow them to Kingdom Come. It is the mothers who undermine their children's houses of happiness with their pick and shovel work.

RESENTS HUBBY IDEALIZING

The one passion that seems to be stronger than mother love is mother jealousy and, although every woman knows from her own experience that the success of every marriage depends upon the wife idealizing her husband and believing that he is a world wonder who is God's especial gift to her, only too many mothers cannot leave their daughters to cherish this blissful illusion in peace. It burns them up to see their Mary Janes and Sally Anns worshipping before any shrine but theirs and beginning every sentence with "John says" instead of "Mother says."

So Mother begins picking flaws in John and turning the spotlight on all of his little faults and peculiarities, and it isn't long before she has made daughter see that he not only has feet of clay, but that he is mostly mud.

Of course, when Mother is getting in her work of making Sally Ann dissatisfied with her husband, she doesn't intend it to go any farther than bolstering up her own ego and gratifying her jealousy. She doesn't even realize that she is destroying Sally Ann's marriage when she "poor childs" her and weeps over her because she has thrown herself away on a man who can't give her mink coats, and because she has to wrestle with babies and diapers.

But she is, for our first natural impulse when we become discontented with our lot is to change it, and this goes for marriage just as much as it does for making us take back the hat or gown that Mother keeps telling us is so unbecoming to us.

So Mother becomes accessory to the wrecking of many a home that never would have occurred if she had built up her son-in-law to her daughter instead of pulling him down, and if she had bucked up her daughter to do her duty instead of turning quitter when the matrimonial sledding got hard.

If, instead of saying "come home to Mother" every time Sally Ann and her husband had a spat, Mother would say "go back to your husband and make the best of the bargain. When you married you enlisted for the war. Fight it out. I am not going to back any daughter of mine in being a deserter," it would put a crimp in the divorce statistics.

How Can I!!!

By Anne Ashley

Q. How can I stiffen the brushes of the sweeper?

A. Take the brushes out of the sweeper, put a little common baking soda in some hot water and dip them in several times. Let them dry in the sun.

Q. How can I remove stains from white enamel furniture?

A. By adding a small piece of potash to a kettle of clear water, letting it stand for a few minutes, and then washing the furniture with this solution and soap.

Q. How can I remove mortar from window glass?

A. Try rubbing with hot, strong vinegar.

Cook's Corner

CRUMBED ASPARAGUS

Cooked asparagus
¾ cup dry crumbs
1 egg
¼ teaspoon salt
Dash of pepper
Butter or drippings

METHOD: Drain hot cooked asparagus and arrange stalks in bundles of four. Roll each bundle in crumbs, then dip into the egg which has been slightly beaten and to which the salt and pepper have been added. Roll in crumbs again. Now fry the coated asparagus in melted butter or drippings until the crumbs are nicely browned.

Cooked asparagus may be added to mashed potatoes to make flavorsome cases for creamed dishes. This makes a saving in bread and flour mixtures which are ordinarily used for this purpose.

Modern Etiquette

By Roberta Lee

Q. When a man and a woman enter a restaurant and no waiter is near the door to show them to a table, what should they do?

A. Merely stand near the door for a few minutes until the headwaitress approaches.

Q. When a hostess is giving a card party, should she set her card tables in advance of her guests' arrival?

A. Yes, providing each table with cards, score pads, and all necessary equipment, usually including a small dish of candies.

Q. How much should a bellboy be tipped for bringing a telegram to your room?

A. A dime.

Morning Smile

VERY UNFORTUNATE

The prisoner was on trial for stealing ducks. His counsel addressed the jury at great length, pointing out, firstly, that it had not been proved conclusively that the prosecutor had lost any ducks; secondly, that the ducks found in the prisoner's cottage were not those of the prosecutor; thirdly, that the prisoner had established an absolute alibi.

Just as the judge began to sum up, the prisoner interposed and asked if he might say something.

As an indulgence, this was permitted.

"All I wanted to say," remarked the prisoner, "is that I wish I'd never seen the darned ducks."

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Always fresh at your grocer's

Ellen's Diary

By an Island Farmer's Wife

Bill, one of our helpers at the planting rode to Alderlea early this morning, mounted comfortably on a spirited steed. That was after this world of ours in the valley had come to life. It is a pleasant thing to experience—this waking following a night of rest. To rise from ones bed and come to the outdoors and there to find that every last animal and fowl had been awaiting your coming. As if the surroundings were a set stage that only needed the cue as announced by ones footsteps, to start the play unfolding. For suitable atmosphere, there were the exquisite notes from meadow and woodland; for background that could never be rivalled though it later faded, was the sunrise above the trees on a distant hill and the green of the fields on the slopes. The players come one by one. James opened a gate to admit the cows to the milking—Pard lingering near to urge one that might be inclined to loiter; Jock carried pails to the piggery and Tabby never out of the picture strolled leisurely and with intent well concealed to the stable; the men from at the house on the hill were at their choring and a car climbed the incline with a noisy clatter. Our small world, quiet and peaceful and bounded by the encircling hills was once more astir

• • •

By breakfast time the clouds had veiled the sun and my men studied wind and sky. James reckoned then "it might be showery" and Jock guessed— doubtless influenced in his forecast by some wishful thing—"it may blow over" That was when Bill came riding into the yard on his faithful charger, known by a number of titles, and came to an abrupt halt at the stable door. His mount was a handsome brown horse whose dam was once the pride of a country Minister. He owned her in an era when cars were rare vehicles and regarded as more or less of a nuisance in rural traffic. She carried the Pawson on his long and I would suspect sometimes tedious rounds. The three services of a Sunday, the prayer meetings perhaps, in the limits of his congregation; sick calls; errands of mercy, christenings and weddings in farm-house parlours and funerals as well. The suspense that awaited the good man's arrival and the furtive glances to catch a sight of "the Minister's rig" approaching and the relief it brought!

• • •

When the clergyman finally disposed of his mare and she came, in the changes that time brings, to the stables of the house on the hill, I often wished she could speak and relate her many interesting tales. She would doubtless have heard a bit of "an hymn" on a leafy lonely Summer road or perhaps—I have sometimes wondered—a "thirdly" of a sermon. She could tell how when His Riv'rince neared his appointment and a spire was pretty against the sky—on a hill or maybe nestled cosily down in a valley—a watch would be consulted and then a patient voice would say: "Come on now, Nelly—hurry yourself a little" and she would have him there on time. Indeed I never met this gentleman but I am made aware of the quick running sands of time. "Yes-er-ah" he will reply to a query of mine at the same time reaching for his time-piece, a far away look in his eyes that takes him at once out of reach of earthy mortals like me. I remember him this very morning, devout man that he is when Bill our helper, blessed with a homely philosophy that to my mind is well worthy of contemplation, rode the colt "outen" the pastor's mare into the yard at Alderlea and dismounted at the stable door.

• • •

Bill joined in the weather-forecasting in the kitchen. He regarded a cloud of dust above the hill on the roadway. "There's no rain in it" he said. But dark clouds were fast hiding the blue of the morning sky and I recalled yesterday's had been mixed blue and silvery grey, patterned after a mackerel's sides. "We may as well go and bag the sets" Bill volunteered "and if she's any notion of it, "that'll fetch her". It did. When James had barely resumed his marking and the rest of the procession was ready to leave the yard. "It'll do more good than we can" James remarked as later we repaired in a foursome to the house across the lane to complete the set-cutting. Jock kindled a fire for our comfort and to dry any dampness that might have gathered during Jeanie's absence. I cut in congenial company and as knives divided the potatoes into suitable seed there was interesting conversation, as we made progress which ended the work by noon. The afternoon was equally delightful from four points of view. For as at night Alderlea slept. When a man has tucked away what James terms "a fair-good" dinner and follows it with a comforting smoke and the rain beats out a drowsy tune on the roof in the prevailing greyness, it is all conducive to sleep. Or so we found it males and female, each in his own small corner the breathing in varied keys.

• • •

Not snoring! Oh, No! but in that state of sleep where listeners are able to time the respirations for a time until presently one becomes a cross between a light snore and a dying gurgle which then affords those awake, a brief respite from counting before the sleeper begins to repeat the performance. Any mention of which is later resented because "I know I don't snore!" I may have joined James in a nasal duet. At any rate, I enjoyed a dreamless sleep until he started up "Ellen" he said fairly leaping to the floor "is that blue sky I see—and that planting to be done?"

• • •

This evening, when the countryside had been rain washed and the sunset was beautiful in the west, brought us a number of things. Another acre had been planted; a visiting farmer lunched with us and Jock went to fetch Jeanie's mother to Alderlea. For an important home-coming is slated for tomorrow. And now the visiting car goes down the driveway and when good-nights had been exchanged so that they reached me clearly at my desk a rider—not at all mysterious—lopes away into the cool, fresh star-lit night.

Until tomorrow . . . Diary. Good-night.

Alley-Poole Nuptials

Christ Church, Edmonton, Alberta, was the scene of a wedding of interest on June 1st when Inez Jean Poole, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Poole of Edmonton, was united in marriage with Lieutenant Brenton Glanville Alley, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. B. P. Alley of Victoria, formerly of Toronto.

The bride's only attendant was her sister, Mrs. Austin Duncan of Vancouver. The groomsman was Mr. Jack Alley of Vancouver, brother of the groom. Both the Pooles and the Alleys are former P. E. Island families.

HEADACHES EVERY DAY? YOU NEED MORE LIVER BILE

Science says two pints daily, yet many only get one.

Liver bile helps digest your food and provides your body's natural laxative. Lack of bile causes headaches, constipation, indigestion, loss of energy. For glowing health tone up your liver and get needed bile with proven Fruit-a-tives. Canada's largest selling liver tablets. Made from fruits and herbs.

FRUIT-A-TIVES LIVER TABLETS

Better English

D. C. Williams

1. What is wrong with this sentence? "I was kind of tired when I arrived home."
2. What is the correct pronunciation of 'roseate'"?
3. Which one of these words is misspelled? Proof, proove, propaganda.
4. What does the word "contemptuous" mean?
5. What is a word beginning with inv that means "not having legal force"?

ANSWERS

1. Say, "I was somewhat tired." 2. Pronounce ro-ze-at, o as in no, e as in me, a as in ate, accent first syllable. 3. Prove. 4. Expressing scorn or disdain. "He replied with contemptuous brevity.." 5. Invalid.

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Household Scrapbook

By Roberta Lee

Sticky Leather Seats

Sometimes it is almost impossible to remove entirely the stickiness from leather seats that have been improperly varnished. They should be carefully cleaned with benzine or gasoline and when they are absolutely dry, revarnished or finished with a better grade of varnish.

New Shoes

If the insides of new shoes are sprinkled with talcum powder they will prove to be much more comfortable while they are being broken in.

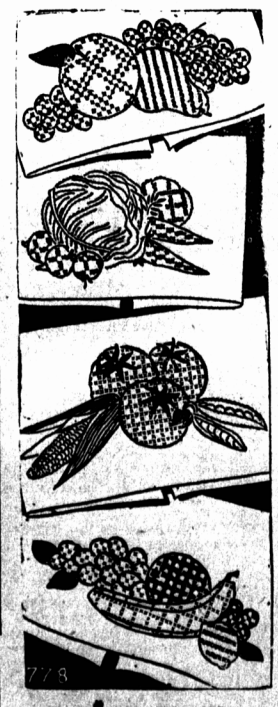
Corn

Do not add salt to the water in which green corn is cooked, because it toughens the kernels.

Freshen rolls, muffins and tea biscuits by heating in top of double boiler with lid on, or in a moistened paper bag in oven.

Be sparing with flour used on the baking board, save any surplus for thickening gravy or sauce.

ATTRACTIVE KITCHEN TOWELS



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RACING DRIVER

By Alexander Campbell

RUPERT BECOMES HUMAN

"A shipboard record—or is it? Two rejected suitors in one voyage."

"The other being——?"

"Me, Dorothy. You did the rejecting."

"Please, Frank." There was such real entreaty in her tones that he lifted his head sharply.

"We've been over all that," she said in slightly muffled voice. "I—told you what I felt, and you—did the best thing. Let's not reopen it."

"No," said Frank. "Let's not." In spite of himself, his voice was harsh. He spoke briskly. "Look here We seem to be about the only two people left on this deserted ship. Let's go up into the town and have a walk around."

Dorothy bit her lip. Rejected by her, he had swiftly found consolation elsewhere—and he could dismiss it as briefly as that.

He was probably already ashamed of his declaration to her that night under the stars, in the shadow of the life-boat. Hence his present embarrassment.

Oh well. She had had her chance—and thrown it away. He was scarcely to blame. She would not weaken now and make a fool of herself. She had made her choice and she would stick by it.. Regret was foolish. Any sign that she cared, now that he had fallen in love with Florence, could only embarrass him further.

She nodded. "Very well."

A taxi drove them into town. It was too late to ascend the mountain. The "table cloth" had unrolled itself, and the summit was draped in its billowy white folds.. Visibility would be nil. They explored the town instead—the old castle, with its vast echoing courtyard, the snake park, the Houses of Parliament and the celebrated gardens, and the famous statue of Jan van Riebeeck, gazing with hand on sword over the city of his dreams.

In the flower market Frank secured for her a bunch of delicate blue Cape flowers.

In spite of herself, Dorothy forgot her worries. She was enthralled by the beauties of the famous old city. Everything was a novelty. Before very long she and Frank had forgotten to be self-conscious, and chatted together as they had at the beginning of the voyage. Time seemed to pass in a flash. Before they realized it night had fallen with semi-tropical swiftness. Frank glanced at his watch.

"I suggest the Del Monico," he said. "It's one of the sights of Capetown."

They passed into the famous restaurant, and Frank secured a table.

"But how marvellous!"

Dorothy gazed in awe round the quaint moorish architecture, and up at the lofty ceiling cunningly fashioned so that they seemed to be sitting in the open under a blue sky filled with stars.

The place was fairly full. An orchestra played soft, seductive music. Round the walls were ranged imperturbable, efficient waiters, tall dignified looking men in white with red sashes.

Dorothy continued to look round—and suddenly she went rigid.

"Oh!"

"What is it?" he asked. His gaze followed hers.

"Oh!" he said, in subdued tones.

At a nearby table sat Rupert Featherstone with Florence Shaw.

Florence was laughing and talking vivaciously. Rupert was leaning forward, drinking in her words. There was a look on his face which had not been there that morning. Groping for words, Frank decided that he looked a great deal more human. Some inner fire had been kindled in what had been an empty hearth..

Dorothy felt sorry for Frank. He had turned from her to Florence, when she had rejected him: and now it looked as though Florence were merely a gay flirt. On board the ship, she had merely been seeking a gay time.

BAD NEWS FOR FLORENCE

Frank felt sorry for Dorothy. This was the man upon whom she had faithfully modelled herself. She had made herself cold, because Rupert pretended to regard coldness as a virtue. She had cultivated lack of emotion. She had laughed at romantic "rubbish".

And now she was seeing the fellow in his true colours. He was apparently ready to flirt with the first pretty girl that came his way. Rupert was a fraud.. A great indignation rose within him. He half rose from his seat.

Dorothy misinterpreted his motives. She laid a hand on his sleeve. Don't make a scene!" She implored.

Frank relaxed. "Sorry!" he said. "But—oh, let's get out of here!"

He looked suddenly miserable. She did not know that he was looking miserable on her behalf. She thought he was sorry for himself.

"Very well," she agreed.

They slipped out unobserved.

(Continued on Page 3)

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Living & Leisure

—THE WOMAN'S REALM—

EVENING ERRAND

When she meets you at the door
With a: "Darling, do you mind
Running over to the store
For some tea—our special kind—
Sugar, butter, loaf of bread?"
Let no bitted word be said.

Though you've had a busy day
And had hoped to settle down,
Rest a bit, and get away
From the noises of the town,
Turn yourself about once more
And go, gladly, to the store,

Oh, 'twas not so long ago—
When I thought my labors o'er
I was often greeted so:
"Darling, hurry to the store!
Do this favor small for me.
I forgot to order tea."

I was cross about it then,
But I'd give my soul once more
Just to hear her say again:
"Darling, hurry to the store.
Get a loaf of bread for me!"
Oh, how light of heart I'd be!
—Edgar Guest.

Viscose rayon fibres become warmer and more wear-resistant when fish protein is added to the cellulose compound, German scientists claim.

CUT REFRESHMENTS

DRYBROOK, Gloucestershire, England—(CP)— Because of the general food shortage, church workers have been told by their vicar to "cut summer fete refreshments to tea and a bun."

Diamonds may be colorless, blue white, blue pink, red, yellow, green brown, or black.

Further evidence of the lengths to which British publishers went to keep faith with the reading public is illustrated by one daily newspaper that had to transport their paper 60 miles before delivering a single copy, but despite this handicap, was never more than a few minutes later reaching the streets than in peacetime.

An Englishman named Walton is credited with having invented linoleum in 1860.

FASHION FACTS

Dresses have smaller waistlines this season and fuller skirts. The lines are rounder shoulders, sleeves and hips.

Fashion in raincoats is not what it used to be. Coats of today are of many attractive materials and made in a variety of styles.

A very smart coat made of yellow and black check and has a hood to match. This is more expensive than the celanese numbers although the latter come in lovely colors.

Jersey blouses do double duty with full daytime skirts or long evening skirts.

A good leather belt can be worn with a number of different costumes.

Hair stylists continue to insist that the hair must be short but numbers of women continue to wear it long. The truth of the matter is that some women look better with short hair and others find the long locks more becoming. Consequently, there will always be advocates for both styles. Short hair means more business for the beauty shops.

Open-toes sling pumps in dark colored suede make suitable reappearance with spring print and plain fabric dresses. The bows are often decorated with tiny petal appliques.

If those who are the enemies of innocent amusements had the direction of the world, they would take away the spring, and youth the former from the year, the latter from human life.—Balzac.

Don't part with your illusions. When they have gone you may still exist, but you have ceased to live.—

Do not grieve over your own troubles; you would not have them if you did not need them. Do not grieve over the troubles of "others"; there are no others.—Mark Twain.

Needlecraft

—FOR THE HOME—

TWO-IN-ONE OUTFIT

A little girl combination that is perfect for vacation or holiday trips: a dress that can be easily slipped on over a matching playsuit, thus doing away with the need of an extra undergarment.

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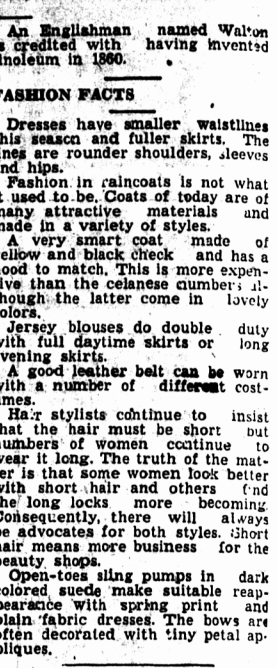

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A parishioner, asked by the parson after the health of her husband who was suffering from rheumatism, replied: "Mighty bad, sir; I've been rubbing him down all night with imprecations."

Fashion Horoscope

by Colette

If face is broad and short—

Don't wear bushy bob or bangs.

Do wear longish bob, or high on top your head

The swing is away from the long-hair updos to shorter hairstyles. However, the latest style is not always becoming to the vast majority of women. Your broad, short face better not submit to a semi-scalping and then wait for months and months for your hair to grow long again.

The longish bob curled loosely at the ends for those in their teens not far out of them if broad, short face, and definitely flattering for evening, the sophisticated updo. Both are right for the broad, short face.