

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

Why Do Widows Exceed Widowers?

Dorothy Dix

Men Refuse to Stay Single

Men Who Lose Their Wives Can Start Courting Again, and do so, While the Bereaved Wife Must Sit on the Sidelines

A woman asks why there are more widows than widowers. "Everywhere I go," she says, "the landscape is cluttered up with widows. They bound in flocks and appear to be our most abundant fauna, but widowers are almost as rare as white blackbirds.



"At every hen-party three-fourths of the guests are widows, but I have never been at any function where there were even enough widowers to go around. The resort hotels everywhere are jammed to the roof with more or less bereaved ladies who have lost their mates by death or otherwise, but widowers are so scarce that when one of them casually puts in an appearance it almost causes a riot. And, as everybody knows, it is the perigrinating widows who are the prop and stay of the tourist bureaus. They would have to shut up shop if they depended on the widower trade.

"I confess that this state of affairs puzzles me, and I wonder why there are, to all outward appearances, at least a hundred widows to one widower. What becomes of a man when his wife dies or establishes a residence in Reno? How does he get out of circulation? Does he retire to a monastery or what? Or is it that women are most faithful to the memories of their late lamented than men are?"

The reason why there are more widows than widowers is so obvious that it requires little explanation. In the first place, it is an act of God, as a statistician would say, that after a married couple have passed middle age the husband dies far oftener than the wife. Thus it is an actual fact that widows do far outnumber widowers.

Then the visible supply of widowers is still further decreased by the speed with which they re-enter matrimony. Widowers don't stay widowers long enough to be counted. Almost before you have finished paying for the flowers you sent to their wives' funerals you are buying them wedding presents.

This is no reflection on their dear, dead Marias, nor any indication that they did not truly love them and mourn their deaths. It is just because a man who has been housebroken is as helpless to fend for himself when he loses his wife as a caged bird is when it is set free. He has lost his taste for the wild. He has outgrown the habit of masculine society and prefers the companionship of women.

Hence when his home is broken up and when he has to go and live in a club or else come back to a dark and cheerless house; when he has to order his own meals instead of having a wife who prepares for him just the dishes he likes, cooked the way he likes them; when he has to look after his own clothes and send out his own laundry; when he has no woman to fuss over him when he is sick and do the thousand little things that only a wife is willing to take the trouble to do to please him, and when he has to turn to for love and sympathy and comfort, to no one to whom he can boast of his triumphs and on whose breast he can weep out his disappointments, why, then he takes the only road he can see out of his loneliness and discomfort. He hoots it to the altar.

And if the sad widowers are scarce, grass widowers are rather still, for that very good reason that a man almost never gets a divorce until he wants to marry the "Other woman." Women frequently divorce their husbands just on general grounds, because they are bored with domesticity, or the way their husbands eat their eggs gets on their nerves, or they drop cigarette ashes on the floor, or because they befooled themselves into thinking that if they were free they would be young and beautiful and live a glamorous life. There is no "Other Man" in the case, and they often find that in getting a divorce they have wished a perpetual widowhood on themselves.

But men seldom find out that they can't stand the wives they have until they get their eyes on a flapper or a vamp who has made them believe that she alone understands them and appreciates how big and strong and wonderful they are.

Of course, widows are lonely and desolate over the breaking up of their homes when their husbands die, and most of them would like to remarry, but they cannot go out and seek new mates as the widower can, and so many of them remain unappropriately blessed. That is why there are more widows than widowers. DOROTHY DIX.

Today's Short Wave Radio Program

(All Time to Eastern Standard)

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 26

Paris

9:30 a. m. —The Veil of Happiness. TPA2, 19.6 m., 18.24 meg.

Johannesburg

11:00 a. m. —A Musical Sunday. ZTU, 49.2 m., 6.00 meg.

Tokyo

5:45 p. m. —Orchestral Selections. JZK, 19.7 m., 15.16 meg.; JZJ, 25.4 m., 11.80 meg.

Rome

6:00 p. m. —Rome's Midnight Voice; Concert of Request Numbers. 2RO, 31.1 m., 9.83 meg.

Berlin

6:15 p. m. —The Permanent Way Dispute, a radio play about Friedrich List. DJD, 25.4 m., 11.77 meg.

London

7:00 p. m. —Scenes from The Merchant of Venice, by William Shakespeare. GSB, 19.6 m., 15.31 meg.; GSD, 25.5 m., 11.75 meg.; GSE, 31.5 m., 9.51 meg.

Berlin

8:45 p. m. —News of the Stage and Film. DJD, 25.4 m., 11.77 meg.

London

9:00 p. m. —A Visit to Daventry the new equipment and buildings described by Sir Noel Ashbridge, Chief Engineer BBC. GSD, 25.5 m., 11.75 meg.; GSC, 31.3 m., 9.58 meg.; GSE, 31.5 m., 9.51 meg.

Boston

9:00 p. m. —Inter-American Cultural Program. WIXAL, 19.6 m., 15.25 meg.

Caracas

9:15 p. m. —Educational Talks. YVSR, 51.7 m., 5.8 meg.

London

9:40 p. m. —Famous London Buildings, the Story of Southwark Cathedral. GSD, 25.5 m., 11.75 meg.; GSC, 31.2 m., 9.58 meg.; GSE, 31.5 m., 9.51 meg.

Pittsburgh

11:30 p. m. —DX Club. WXXK, 48.8 m., 6.14 meg.

Tokyo

12:45 a. m. —Orchestral Selections. JZK, 19.7 m., 15.16 meg.

Sydney, Australia

1:15 a. m. —Talk on Australia. VK2ME, 31.28 b., 9.59 meg.

TRUE BY THE SUN

By LIDA LARRIMORE

Why hadn't he thought of it before, he asked himself, lying wide awake on his bed, lighting one cigarette after another in sheer nervous excitement as the fragments of the story fitted neatly together and suspicion became certainty. Jeremy was angry, but not because he had not been included in the festivities which had been arranged for the wedding party. He had taken Cecily's car from the garage, had picked Dolly up somewhere and persuaded her to ride with him. He might have been drinking. That wasn't important. Cecily had spoken of Jerry's unusual driving. Or Dolly, herself, alarmed at the speed at which the car had torn along the winding road, might have grabbed the wheel.

When the car crashed, Jeremy had not been hurt. He had merely tried, unsuccessfully, to rouse Dolly, and discovering that they were near the riding academy, had gone there for help. Was it Jeremy who had knocked at the door? Jim made a concentrated effort to remember precisely what had happened at the moment. He'd been aroused. The voice which had called had not sounded familiar. But then he'd been only half awake. It might have been Clyde. What would Clyde have done if he, Jim, had been awake and had recognized him?

Since Jim hadn't seen him, Jeremy had taken advantage of the unexpected opportunity to keep himself out of the mess. Jim, saw in imagination, Jeremy hiding somewhere near the office watching him as he opened the door, as he located the car on the side road from the fence at the rear of the grounds and set off across the fields. Knowing that Jim would find Dolly, hoping perhaps, that Jim would be held responsible for the accident, Jeremy had walked back to Meadowbrook and gone to bed.

It all fitted together. Why hadn't he thought of it before? Because his certainty that Tommy had taken the car had precluded any other theory; because, even now that he was sure Jeremy had done it, he couldn't make it seem possible. How did he think he could get away with a thing like that? Even if no one had seen him take the car, if no one had seen him at evening, didn't he know that when Dolly regained consciousness the truth would be revealed? Or was he hoping that Dolly would not regain consciousness?

That was the truth of the matter, of course. Jeremy was counting on the possibility of Dolly dying without regaining consciousness, in which case, he would be secure. But it wasn't possible, Jim thought. No, one he knew would do a thing like that.

Jeremy was terrified. His entire future had been at stake. He had seen himself in certain, danger of losing Cecily, her father's support, his professional advancement. It was possible. People were constantly taking chances equally dishonorable.

Yes, Clyde had taken Cecily's car.

Ivory Soap advertisement featuring a large image of the soap box and the text 'Only 1¢ IVORY SOAP Procter & Gamble MADE IN CANADA'.

Ivory Soap advertisement with two images of hands, one rough and one smooth, and the text 'IVORY NOW AT LOWEST PRICE EVER... Don't miss this chance to try NEW WAY TO HAND BEAUTY that's thrilling thousands!'.

Chinese Vase Embroidered Panel by Mayfair



Mayfair No. 376. Bright, bright flowers in all the lovely colors of a rainbow, gathered in a handsome Chinese vase of blue, make this gorgeous panel or picture to decorate your walls. Silk threads are used for the embroidery which may be done on heavy linen, silk or felt. The embroidered border shown in the picture may finish the edge or you can put the panel in a frame. GRAND IDEA FOR A CHRISTMAS GIFT FOR THAT SPECIAL FRIEND. The pattern includes a transfer for the design 15 by 20 inches instructions for mounting the panel, complete stitch and color charts and keys and illustrations of stitches. Transfer can be used on dark or light material. For complete pattern and instructions for all of these designs, send 20 cents in stamps or coin (coin preferred) to The Charlottetown Guardian Needlework Department. Use this coupon. Print your name and address plainly. To The Charlottetown Guardian Needlework Dept. DESIGN NO. 376 Name Street Address City Province

THE COOK'S CORNER. RICE MUFFINS WITH BACON. Line muffin tins with strips of breakfast bacon. Make Rice Muffins by mixing 1 cup cooked rice with 1 cup milk, 2 beaten eggs, 4 tablespoons melted butter, and beat this well. Sift together 1-2 teaspoon salt, 3 teaspoons sugar, 3 teaspoons baking powder, and 1-1/2 cups flour, and sift these into the batter, pour into the bacon lined gem pans and bake at 400 deg. Fahr 25 minutes. Serve with red or black currant jelly. BISCUITS FOR TEA. One often needs little cakes and biscuits for tea and sometimes there is not time to make them. Here are some recipes that can be mixed which one has time and kept.

CHAPTER XIII. Mrs. MacPherson came into the living-room from the kitchen and MacPherson left the door-yard where he was unpacking a box of bulbs as Jim walked down stairs. Are you feeling better? Mrs. MacPherson asked, directing an anxious glance at Jim. Much better, Jim said cheerfully. He glanced at the clock. Ten o'clock! Good heavens! Have I slept since yesterday afternoon? You needed sleep, MacPherson said, I drove over to the riding place about half past eight. Everything seems to be going well. Thank you, Jim said. I'll get you some breakfast. Mrs. MacPherson bustled off toward the kitchen. It won't take a minute. Jim turned to MacPherson. He'd heard from the hospital? I called half an hour ago, MacPherson replied. The girl's condition is more hopeful. She was conscious for a short time this morning. Did she talk? Jim asked eagerly. Did she speak of the accident? To Be Continued.

FASHION GUIDES FOR THE HOME DRESSMAKER. So utterly wearable and as simple as a shirtwaist dress, is this simple rayon and wool model. It's the sort of dress discriminating women fairly live in for town chic or for business. A step-by-step sewing instruction chart included in this easy to follow pattern. Style No. 3130 is designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20 years, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40-inches bust. Size 16 requires 3 1-2 yards of 39-inch material. Send fifteen cents (15c) in stamps or coin (coin preferred) wrap coin carefully, address to Charlottetown Guardian giving— Style No. 3130 Size Name Street Address City Province

Advertisement for Borden's ST. CHARLES MILK featuring a baby and the text 'Just look at him now!' and 'Borden's ST. CHARLES MILK The Better Irradiated Evaporated Milk'.

THE QUEEN'S COOKERY HINT. The Queen recently paid a visit to Williams Barracks at Aldershot. Taking a handful of dried peas from a sack in the larder, she asked Cook-Sergeant Reeves how he cooked them. He said he soaked the peas 24 hours before boiling. The Queen told him, "Put a little milk in the water when you are cooking them."