

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

## Dorothy Dix' Letter Box

### Can a Girl Ever Compete With a Man in Business?—Wife Who Nearly Dies of Heartbreak When Her Husband Sulks—Infatuated Husband

Dear Miss Dix—Over a period of fifteen years I have had three positions and each was an advancement, as far as advancement in salary, but I am still not earning as much as some of the office boys with whom I started out. I am well educated. They are uneducated, yet they have gone ahead of me and are now clerks drawing more money than I. No matter how a woman strives in business she can never equal men. Maybe you can say something consoling regarding this.



Answer:

I am afraid the only consolation that I can offer you will leave a bitter taste in your mouth. For I can only remind you that a half loaf is better than no bread at all, and that we women should

be thankful that we have even a look-in at the great business game. It hasn't been so long, you know, since its doors were barred to us and no matter how much we needed money or how anxious we were to earn it there was nothing except the most menial and ill-paid occupations to which we could turn our hand.

Whether women will ever have an equal show in business with men and an equal chance at advancement I do not know. But I doubt it. Of course, there will always be women of genius in some particular line whose phenomenal ability will enable them to outdistance their male competitors of lesser talent. These few women will make fortunes. They will hold high-salaried positions. Become executives and heads of departments. Doubtless many of them in the future will be merchant princesses and railroad and bank presidents.

Hereditarily zigzags from mother to son and father to daughter and it is logical to believe that the great financiers bequeath their talents to their daughters. Probably they have already done so, but women have heretofore had no chance to use their gifts in this regard. Perhaps with the wider opportunities now given them they will develop their ability as money-makers and in the future we may have feminine Morgans and Rockefellers and Fords.

But it is not to be forgotten that in any career that a woman undertakes, outside of the strictly feminine sphere, she is handicapped by her sex. She lacks the physical strength and stamina of man. She is more the victim of her emotions than man. The circumstances of life are more against her than they are against man. Therefore, for a woman to succeed she has to have more native ability than a man has, more courage and more determination.

Most girls fail because they never lay any real foundation for success. They never bother to learn their trade thoroughly because they don't expect to follow it but a few years. Their work is just the bridge of sighs that spans the years from the schoolroom to the altar.

The boy, on the other hand, expects whatever line of endeavor he takes up to be his lifework. Instead of giving up work when he marries he will need to be more proficient in it. So if there is anything to him he fits himself for his job and the reason he gets better pay than the girl who works beside him is generally because he does better work.

Also employers take less interest in fitting their female employees for better jobs than they do their male, because they know that the chances are that just about the time they get a girl well drilled into her work she will get married and quit.

These are some of the drawbacks that the girl in business has. Un-

## The Big Value in Tea To-day is MORSE'S BLUE NOSE TEA

Sells at 35 cents per pound package, but has 40-cent value. A full-flavored, thick-liquoring tea that both satisfies and gratifies.



doubtedly they are discouraging, but it is not to be forgotten that in spite of them many women do succeed and by sheer ability arrive at the place where they are paid as well as men for their work.

DOROTHY DIX.

Dear Miss Dix—My husband is good and kind to me. He works steadily and we have a comfortable home, but every so often his disposition goes away and he goes into an icy silence that sends our domestic temperature down to zero. He refuses to speak. This impenetrable gloom continues for three or four days and then he is his old self again. My husband is my all. I have no relatives. No girl friends. I go out only with him and when it comes to these brooding days I just about die of heartbreak. What can I do?

M. A. L.

What's the matter with your husband is probably dyspepsia instead of a secret sorrow and what he really needs is a dose of liver medicine. Or else a good spanking. Certainly it is the height of childishness for a grown man to pout for three or four days just because he isn't up to the mark or because some little thing has gone wrong with him.

Any man in these days who has a good wife and a good job and a good home should be wearing the smile that won't come off instead of coddling a depression and going around looking like a sore-headed bear. As for you, what you need is to cultivate a sense of humor. Try to see what a figure of fun your husband is when he pulls that melancholy Dane stuff and laugh it off. If you can't do this, just ignore it. A grouch to be effective has to have an audience and if you apparently don't see that your husband has anything on his mind he will snap out of it.

One woman I knew broke her husband of the sulks by putting on her hat and going off to see her mother every time her husband passed into the silence. She would leave a note saying that she would be back when he felt that he could be good company again. And it showed him up in such a ridiculous light even to himself that he cheered up.

DOROTHY DIX.

Dear Miss Dix—I have been married for ten years and have two precious babies. Until recently my husband and I have been very happy together, but now he has fallen in love with another woman.

He has tried his best to suppress this love and to keep it from me but has failed to do either. I am sure it is only a temporary infatuation, but how can I best help him and preserve our home?

SALLY.

The chances are that you are right in thinking that this is just a temporary infatuation from which your husband will soon recover and so the wise thing to do is just to wait. Have patience with this sickness of mind as you would if it were a sickness in body. Don't nag him about it. Don't weep over him. And, above all, don't rush off to the divorce court.

A lot of women could save their homes if they had the nerve just to sit still and let Nature take its course, for thousands of married men have passing fancies for strange women that they mistake for love, but they wear themselves out in a few weeks or months if let alone. And thousands of men get fed up on domesticity and want a little fling, just as a boy is bound to play truant from school now and then, but if the wives will be patient they will come back home chastened and more devoted to them than ever.

DOROTHY DIX.

## For The Cook

### Fig Nut Cake

1/2 cup shortening.  
1 cup sugar.  
2 eggs.  
2 cups cake flour.  
1 teaspoon baking powder.  
1/2 teaspoon soda.  
1 teaspoon salt.  
1/2 teaspoon cinnamon.  
1/2 teaspoon cloves.  
1/2 cup sour milk.  
2 cups stewed or canned figs.  
1/2 cup fig juice.  
1 cup walnuts.  
1 teaspoon lemon extract.  
1 teaspoon vanilla.  
Cream the shortening and gradually work in the sugar; add the well-beaten eggs. Mix the other dry ingredients with the flour, that has been sifted once before measuring—and sift several times. Add alternately with the sour milk. Cut up figs in half-inch pieces and pack into cup to measure. Add figs and juice, nuts and flavoring last. Bake 50 minutes at 350 degrees—in pan 9 inches square.

### Fig Surprises

3 1/2 cups sifted pastry or cake flour.  
4 teaspoons baking-powder.  
1/2 teaspoon salt.  
1/2 cup butter or other shortening.  
1 cup brown sugar.  
1 egg, beaten light.  
1 teaspoon vanilla.  
1-3 cup milk.

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt and sift three times. Cream butter, add sugar gradually, and cream together until light and fluffy. Add egg, vanilla, then flour and milk alternately, a small amount at a time. Beat after each addition until smooth. Chill until firm enough to roll. Roll 1/4-inch thick, cut with 2 1/2-inch cutter. Put one teaspoon of filling on a ring, place another ring on top, pressing edges together. Bake in hot oven (425 degrees F.) 6 to 8 minutes. Makes 4 dozen cookies.  
Use-fig filling. Raisins or dates may be substituted for figs.

### Fig Filling

1 1/2 tablespoons taploca.  
1/2 teaspoon salt.  
1 cup hot water.  
3 tablespoons sugar.

## THE HAPPINESS OF MOTHERHOOD

### It Depends Upon Health—Take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound



"Before my first baby was born I was very ill and dizzy. My husband went to the drug store and bought a bottle of your Vegetable Compound and made me take it according to directions. It certainly built me up. The baby weighed eight pounds and we were both healthy. I have three children now and I am as young looking as the day I was married. It has helped my 17-year old sister, too."—Mrs. J. P. MEEHAN, 405 Eleanor St., Montreal, Quebec.

## A Morning Smile

The little city girl stood and watched the farmer milk the only cow he had. The next morning the farmer was much excited, as the cow had been stolen during the night.

Farmer—"Drat the thief that stole that cow. He's miles away from here by now."

Little Girl—"I wouldn't worry, 'bout it, mister, they can't get so far away with it, 'cause you drained her crank-case last night."

Landlady (discussing world's troubles)—"I suppose we must be prepared for anything these days." Boarder (eyeing his helping)—"Yes—or at any rate for hardly anything!"

Juice 1/2 lemon.  
1/2 teaspoon butter.  
1/2 cup figs, chopped.  
4 tablespoons walnut meats, chopped.

Add taploca and salt to water, and cook in double boiler till taploca is clear, stirring frequently. Add sugar, lemon juice, butter, and figs, and cook 10 minutes longer. Remove from heat and add nuts. Cool

## What the Fashionables are Wearing

By Annabelle Worthington

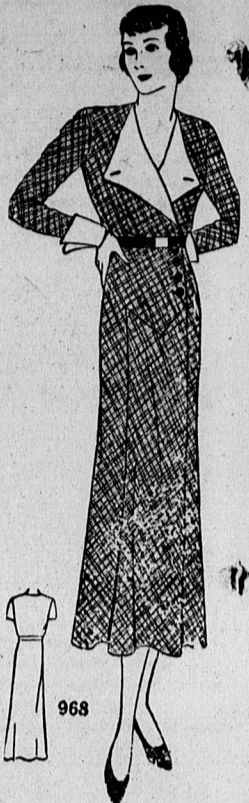
Don't you like this slim-line model with its chic tailoredness? And it's just as simple as falling off a log to make! It is such an uncomplicated affair.

Rust coloured woolen in self-plaid pattern made the original Self-toning woolen was used for the revers and the cuffs. It had black bone buttons and black leather belt. It's the sort of a dress that you can wear and wear and always appear smart.

Style No. 968 is designed for sizes 16, 18, 20 years, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust.

Black wool crepe silk with geranium-red or antique gold wool crepe with brown is distinctive.

Size 36 requires 2 3/4 yards 54-inch with 1/2 yard 39-inch contrasting. Price of Pattern—15 cents in stamps or coin (coin is preferred). P. MEEHAN, 405 Eleanor St., Montreal, Quebec.



No. 968. Size .....  
Name .....  
Street Address .....  
City ..... State .....

and spread between layers of cake. Makes enough filling for two 9-inch layers. May also be used as a spread or filling for cookies.

## Relieves fatigue OXO CORDIAL Sustains—Strengthens

## NOTICE

I am instructed by the Administrators of the estate of Eustace H. Haviland to sell by Public Auction on Friday the 13th day of January, 1933, at the hour of 2 o'clock at the office of the late Mr. Haviland, on Richmond Street, all the contents of the office consisting of Office Furniture, Law Library and Office Safes. Inspection of above articles may be made on application at the office of Palmer & Farmer.

J. A. McDONALD, Auctioneer.

1529-1-7-stt-31.

## Store For Rent On Queen Street

The store formerly Stewart's Restaurant, opposite Provo Bros., can be fitted for either store or office purposes.

Apply to T. B. & D. J. Riley, 49 Queen Street. 7496-1-6-fmt-31.

## Desirable Ranch Property For Sale

Sealed Tenders will be received up to January 25th, 1933, for the purchase of the ranch property of the Regal Black and Silver Fox Co., Ltd., near Summerside, consisting of six acres of land, Dwelling House, 92 large pens, 2 large pup sheds, feed house and equipment all in good repair.

Lowest or any Tender not necessarily accepted. Certified cheque for 10% of tender to accompany same.

For further particulars apply to the undersigned or at the office of W. E. Darby, Barrister, Summerside.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL, JOHN O. COBB, Liquidators, Summerside, P. E. I. 7312-12-24-Sat. 41.

## EYES TESTED AND GLASSES FITTED

J. S. TAYLOR, E. W. TAYLOR, Optometrists, 142 Richmond Street

## Children's Colds Checked without "dosing" Rub on VICK'S VAPORUB

DOMINION OF CANADA PROVINCE OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND IN THE PROBATE COURT 23rd GEORGE V. A. D. 1932

In Re Estate of Catherine MacDonnell late of St. George's in King's County in the said Province deceased Testatrix.

By the Honourable Harold Leonard Palmer, Surrogate Judge of Probate, etc., etc.

To the Sheriff of the County of King's County or any Constable or literate person within said County

GREETING

WHEREAS upon reading the Petition on file of Joseph Charles MacDonald of St. George's aforesaid, Clerk of the Court, and H. Francis MacPherson of Charlottetown in Queen's County aforesaid, Barrister, the Executors of the above named Estate praying that a citation may be issued for the purpose herein after set forth: You are therefore hereby required to cite all persons interested in the said Estate to be and appear before me at a Probate Court to be held in the Court House in Charlottetown, in Queen's County, in the said Province, on Monday the Twenty-third day of January next, coming, at the hour of eleven o'clock forenoon of the same day to show cause if any the can why the Accounts of the said Estate should not be passed and the Estate closed as prayed for in said petition and on motion of Norman W. Lewis, Esq., Proctor for said Petitioner.

And I do hereby order that a true copy hereof be forthwith published in some newspaper published in Charlottetown aforesaid, once each week for at least four consecutive weeks from the date hereof and that a true copy hereof be forthwith posted in the following public places, respectively, namely, in the hall of the Court House in Georgetown in King's County aforesaid, in front of the Hall in St. George's aforesaid and at the Post Office in Charlottetown in King's County aforesaid, AND I do hereby further order that a true copy hereof be forthwith served on the Attorney-General of this Province so that all persons interested in the said Estate as aforesaid may have due notice thereof.

GIVEN under my hand and Seal of the said Court this 15th day of December 1932.

A. D. 1932 and in the 23rd year of His Majesty's reign.

(Sgd.) H. PALMER, Judge of Probate.

7227 12 20 Tue 5.

## POULTRY

I require a large quantity of Milk Fed Chickens and Fowl. Prompt remittances.

J. D. JENKINS, Charlottetown.

7526-1-7-31

## ASHES of ROSES A Romance of Today

By Joanna Cannan

So the three of them went up to the moors together, and before long, Geoffrey acknowledged to himself that he did like Colonel Millar, and that this afternoon was going to be much more successful than the day before.

Essentially a man of the world, Cosmo Millar knew very well how to make himself agreeable to an attractive girl of nineteen: he thought Geoffrey an excellent type of lad; he believed in enjoying himself; and throughout the afternoon he did his accomplished best to make the picnic an enjoyable one. Geoffrey did not fail to grasp that the success of the day was owed entirely to this third person who in the normal course of events, should have been horribly de trop, and to realise that Colonel Millar was serving exactly the same purpose as the cheery crowds that Patricia planned to entertain. The fact was that though Geoffrey and Patricia were excellent friends, the effort to be more than friends was going to strain even their friendship; they would have to fill their lives with a great to-do of talk and laughter and general cheeriness to escape the deadly and dangerous silence of a tete-a-tete.

## CHAPTER XVI. A MEETING WITH FAY

This depressing thought accompanied Geoffrey back to Glasgow, whither he travelled that same evening in order to avoid arousing, by an early start on Monday, a household in which he was not yet perfectly at his ease. Temporarily, however, he was soaced by the fact that he had been able to refuse a cordial invitation to spend the following week-end at Castle Erle, on the grounds that he was due in London on the Saturday for the convention of the branch managers in the place of Mr. Anderson, who no longer felt equal to the long journey south.

Geoffrey's work in Glasgow interested him. It was not merely the clerical work which he had done in the London office, for Mr. Anderson's retirement in sight, gave him a much freer hand than he might otherwise have been allowed. Responsibility suited the Barchester

ex-captain of games, and he had worked out various points which he was anxious to raise at the convention. During the week, he gave the thoughts of all his leisure hours to these, and on Friday night, in a business-like mood, he travelled south.

The convention was timed for eleven o'clock on Saturday morning and John Gilmour had written to say that he would see Geoffrey in the office at any time after tea. At a few minutes to ten, therefore, Geoffrey pushed open the swing doors of the main office to be met by the familiar sight of the very small office boy addressing envelopes with his tongue out, while Mr. Errans and Mr. Turner sat side by side at the mahogany writing table, dealing with the post. All three broke into smiles. "Let Glasgow flourish," observed Mr. Turner, and Mr. Errans beamed through his spectacles and said, "It's good to see you again, Mr. Geoffrey. I only wish you were going to stay longer with us." Geoffrey said so did he. He stood by the post table and looked up the office; and memory stabbed him like a sword; and the pain of it was sweeter than all the pleasure left in the world.

Geoffrey asked after Mr. Errans' hollyhocks and his children, and after Mr. Turner's diving; and then he went on up the office with a queer sensation, half fear and half longing, tingling down his spine. Miss Carter blushed and murmured inaudibly, Pollard said that Geoffrey was quite a stranger, and a voice calling out, "Scotland for ever!" announced the presence of Miss Connolly Evers in the further bay. Geoffrey came round the corner of the filing cabinets. Fay was sitting at her typewriter, in an attitude that was deliciously familiar to him.

## Strength Failed

Hamilton, Ont.—"When one of my babies was four months old my strength failed. I was not able to eat anything, had dizzy sick-headaches, developed quinsy sore throat and felt miserably. I was confined to bed." said Mrs. J. Dunsmuir of 294 Beach Road. "I started using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and after a few doses there was a big improvement in my condition and when I had completed the third bottle I certainly felt fine and strong again." If you want free medical advice write to Dr. Pierce's Clinic in Buffalo, N. Y.

looking down at a paper on the table beside her, her exquisite little pointed chin copped in the palm of her hand, her lashes very dark on the warm, peach colouring of her cheeks. "The Return of The Macgregor," announced Connie Evers. Fay looked up.

"Wait here a minute, Mr. Geoffrey," said Connie Evers, that true friend. "I must go and see what Miss Harrison has got for me or she'll be ringing like the bells of St. Clement Dames. I shan't be two ticks. Do wait till I come back."

In a dream, Geoffrey told her that he would.

She went away. Geoffrey sat down on the table. "Are you having good weather in Scotland?" enquired Fay.

Geoffrey put his hands in his pockets, swung his legs and frowned at his shoes. Of course she was right. That was the way to treat the situation—to talk about the weather, to ask after her mother, and when he had said exactly the same thing to Miss Evers, to pass on to his father's room. It was the way in which he himself had most firmly planned to treat it, but his plans, so far from being firm, seemed

ed nebulous and inadequate now. Not only did he desire quite unbearably to take her in his arms, but now that he had come to it, he found the situation richly fraught with the romance for which his young normal senses had lately starved. Instead of keeping his eyes fixed on the file cabinets, and telling her that the weather had been good for Scotland, and asking what it had been like in England, he turned round and looked straight down into her eyes with the same sensation of losing himself in them as he had experienced at his first meeting with her. It was one of those moments in which everything in the world fades in what can only be the sudden, transitory, and incomprehensibly achieved assuagement of the loneliness of the human soul.

Miss Evers came back. As might have been expected, she brought nothing from Miss Harrison. She sat down at her typewriter. They had had a ripping summer, she told Geoffrey, but with Mr. Wilde back from Canada, they had had to mind their "p's" and "q's" in the office. It wasn't like the good old times with Uncle Errans. She thought she'd apply to be transferred to the

## THE ROAD TO POPULARITY. by ALBERT DORNE

LET'S GET OUT THE REST OF THE DANCE. I'M SO TIRED —  
LATER  
OH, GIRLS, WHY DID NOBODY WARN ME?  
HE'D BE SO ATTRACTIVE IF IT WEREN'T FOR THAT HORRID FAULT!  
BUT YOU SIMPLY CAN'T OVERLOOK "B.O."  
"B.O." ARE THEY TALKING ABOUT ME?  
HOW DID YOU LIKE DANCING WITH HIM, PEG?  
NOBODY ELSE HAS A CHANCE WHEN HE'S AROUND  
GIRLS CERTAINLY LIKE HIM ALL RIGHT

### THAT VERY NIGHT HE CHANGED TO LIFEBOUY

### NO "B.O." NOW TO SPOIL HIS GOOD TIMES

### Never gamble with "B.O."

YOU may think you're safe—but make sure! Remember even in cool weather pores give off a quart of odour-causing waste daily. A little extra exertion—a stuffy, overheated room—and this odour becomes noticeable to others. Play safe—always! Wash and bathe with Lifebuoy. Its creamy, searching, abundant lather purifies pores—gives bath-to-bath freshness and freedom from "B.O."

Cleans dull complexions  
Lifebuoy's penetrating lather washes away surface dirt and pore-embedded impurities, too. Dull skins quickly respond to its gentle, yet thorough cleansing—glow with new radiant health. Adopt Lifebuoy today.

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, TORONTO