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

Dorothy Dix's Letter Box

Marriage is a Gamble for Any Woman, for no Matter What She Expects, She Will Always Find Disappointments in the Man Who Led Her to the Altar

Dear Miss Dix—We were very much interested in your recent article telling the advantages and disadvantages of the different types of girls as wives. Now will you please tell us something concerning the different types of men as husbands?

A GROUP OF GIRLS.

Answer:

Well, of course there is no such thing as the perfect husband any more than there is any such animal as the perfect wife. So, whichever kind of man you marry, there will be times and seasons when you will wish you had picked out somebody else for a husband, with an entirely different set of characteristics. Each type of man has his faults and his virtues, his advantages and his drawbacks.

If, for example, you marry a homely man whose face is just an assortment of odds and ends of features, and whose Adam's apple sticks in his throat and chokes him when he tries to say "darling," you won't have anything to look at, or get a bite of romance, but you will never have to worry about keeping him from other women, and he will put you on a pedestal instead of expecting you to kowtow before him.

But if you marry a man who is as handsome as Robert Taylor and who makes love like Clark Gable on the screen, you will be puffed up with pride over having captured the prize of your circle and put something over on the other girls; but you will be filled with jealousy and spend the balance of your life protecting your treasure. And you will have to listen to people wonder why such a godling married a trump like you, and you will find out that great lovers are mighty likely to practice their talent on ladies other than their wives.

If you marry a poor boy you will have to work and scrimp, save and wear shabby clothes. But if you love him it is fun, and, if he has the right stuff in him, by the time you are middle-aged you will be living on Easy Street and riding around in a limousine.

If you marry a rich man just for his money you will have fine clothes and beautiful houses and you can travel and do all the things you long to do, but they will be dust and ashes because you will be bored to death. If you marry a rich playboy you will have a high old time for a few years, and then the money will be gone and at middle age you will be down and out, with champagne tastes and not even a beer income on which to slake it.

If you marry a go-getter you will have only the fraction of a husband. All the balance of him will belong to his career. He won't have much time for you or his home and you will never be the real heart interest to him that the stock market or his profession is; but you will have the pride and glory that a woman feels who is married to a successful man.

If you marry an easy-going, good-natured, ambitionless man, the chances are that you will always live from hand-to-mouth or you will have to go to work to support him, but you will have all of his society that you wish. And sometimes more.

If you marry a plain business man whose interest is in the grocery trade and who never reads anything but the comic strip and the political page and market news, and whose feet hurt him at night, you are pretty sure of three square meals a day and not having to keep an eye on his stenographer. But you may get awfully fed up with him and have to take your romance vicariously at the movies. But if you marry a dreamer and a poet or a perfectly divine dancer, you will find out that though he may feed your soul on white hyacinths he is short on beefsteaks, and that the night-liers don't make stable home companions.

If you marry a doctor or a lawyer you will die of curiosity about what ails Mrs. Smith and the particulars of the Jones' divorce. If you marry a preacher all the sisters in the church will criticize everything you do and wear. If you marry an actor you will get green-eyed over every scene in which he kisses the heroine. And so on and so forth. So when you marry you literally pay your money and take your choice.

Dear Miss Dix—I am a young man of 26. Last September I married a girl after a whirlwind courtship of one week. She is a very nice girl, but I have found out that I do not care for her. Am in love with a girl with whom I have had a friendship for a long time, and she returns my affection. My wife's father took her out of college when she married me and I am sending her to school now in order to fit her to support herself, but I have not yet told her that I do not care for her and that all is over between us. I want to marry the other girl. Please tell me what to do. The situation is becoming unbearable. J. H.

Answer:

The only fair and honorable thing to do is to tell your wife just how you feel and what your intentions toward her are. You haven't any right to leave her in the belief that you still love her and that you expect to support her and do a husband's duty by her. She should know just where she stands so that she can plan her life accordingly.

Perhaps she has found out that she cares as little for you as you do for her and regrets the folly of her precipitant marriage as much as you do.

Certainly no deep and lasting affection could be founded on an acquaintanceship that lasted only a week. Real love must go deeper than that. It must grow out of association, of habit, of congeniality, of knowledge of each other's characters, and not just be an impulse of the moment and a casual sex attraction.

But when you get out of this mess don't be in such a hurry to marry again. Give more than a week to picking out a life companion.

Dear Miss Dix—What is a Prince Charming? Are they born or made? Do they stay that way forever and ever? MERT.

Answer:

A Prince Charming is a mythical lover of whom every girl dreams and no girl finds, and he never survives the wedding day. DOROTHY DIX

The Castle Island Case

VAN WYCK MASON'S

With CANDID CAMERA CLUES by HENRY CLAY GIPSON

CHAPTER XXI

As breakfast drew to a close, Sir George Pakenham lit a cigarette and, rising before his chair said, "Ladies and gentlemen, by this evening a—er business matter important to several of us present will —er—in all probability have been satisfactorily completed. Since we will no doubt—er—feel like celebrating, I suggest you all join me for dinner at Tom Moore's Inn. I fancy we will have time for this before we attend the—er—Gombey dances which Mrs. Grafton has so kindly arranged for us to watch." He bowed a little in Barbara's direction. "Does the suggestion meet with your approval?"

Clip the Camera Clues

Barbara hesitated. "Why—why, this is very nice of you, but—"

"Oh, Barbie, don't be a stick-in-the-mud all your life!" Barney snapped, then covered up hastily. "After all it will be grand fun and the servants need a rest. A change of scene will do us all good."

Kathleen's smouldering look sought Gail ere she cried, "All those in favor raise a hand." And she set the example by raising both of hers.

"We'll make a real night of it," Sir George promised, "so I'll get on the 'phone pretty soon."

Just then the butler hurried in, eyes whiter than usual. "The police are here, Mr. Grafton."

"Why, what in the world can they want?" Barbara demanded tight lipped.

"Oh, it's probably only some technicality with regard to poor Miss Fortier's death," James supplied. "What say we go and throw out the welcome mat?"

"Not a bad idea," was Sir George's reaction.

"If you please, sir," the butler hesitated, "Inspector Boyd wishes to speak to Major Allenby. I showed him into the library, sir." He explained to Grafton. "I hope that was all right."

"All right? Of course, it's all right," Grafton boomed. "Go right ahead, Major."

Inspector Boyd was standing expectantly in the center of the library, with Constable Lunt, helmet under arm, a few paces to the rear.

Both of their expressions were grave in the extreme as Allenby closed the door behind him and said, "I'm sorry. Something has just turned up to change the whole aspect of the case."

Inspector Boyd looked his amazement. "What do you mean, sir?"

"Judy Forteir is not dead! I'll stake my reputation on it."

"Not dead?" Lunt gasped.

"No. Accordingly, there can be no arrest of Barnard Grafton —at least for the present."

"Why—why—what?"

From his pocket Allenby produced the package which had so recently come to upset all his carefully arrived at calculations. "This, unless I'm greatly mistaken, contains another deck of cards, a means by which the Fortier sisters communicated in their school days. I propose we open it."

"With any luck I should be able to tell soon whether we're going to be able to make this out —or not," Major Allenby predicted —as watched by Inspector Boyd and Lunt, the ever impassive constable, he proceeded to open the parcel.

As he fully expected it, contained a deck of cards, but to his chagrin, secured about them was a rubber band and caught beneath it was a greasy little scrap of brown paper such as might have been torn from a paper bag. On it was written in an unsteady hand, "Use our school arrangement."

A four letter curse escaped Allenby. "I'm afraid it's no use," he said, "but I'll try the system I used on the other deck."

"Other deck?"

"Yes." And forthwith Allenby seated himself at the desk, rapidly arranging the cards. At last he looked up from a meaningless checkering of nicks.

"Well," Boyd remarked, "that doesn't look like much. Any hope?"

"At the end of two or three days we might get it if we work steadily. Provided you can find where this package was mailed, I don't feel it's fatal that we can't read this message. Do you think you can trace the package?"

Inspector Boyd donned his official mask, was non-committal. "These islands aren't so big, sir. We'll have a serious go at it."

"All right. Incidentally, I suggest that you inquire for someone who has been seriously ill."

"Sick?" The constable looked his surprise. "How can you tell that?"

"The handwriting. Notice how unsteady it is? And since the wrapping is so coarse I wouldn't waste time looking around any fashionable district."

"Right-o—By the bye, here are your newspapers."

"Thanks. What about my photos?"

"Not yet, sir, but we'll get them later."

"Thanks," Allenby said and then, curiously enough, dropped the newspapers out of sight behind a row of books.

"By the way, there's something else, sir." Boyd held out an envelope. "Here's an enlargement of the photo made by our photographer of that little bunch of feathers found on Miss Fortier's dressing gown lapel. None of us could make anything of it until the Superintendent remembered a famous explorer who is living on the Island this Fall."

"Explorer?"

"Yes, Carveth Wells You've heard of him of course."

"Of course. That was a bit of luck. What did you do?"

"I took the feathers directly to Mr. Wells. Almost at once he said they were an imitation of a West African killing Wanga."

"Imitation, eh?"

Boyd's dark head inclined. "Yes, and a crude one, too. Mr. Wells went on to say that a Wanga is a voodoo symbol, known all along the Gulf of Guinea. He also pointed out that Wangas are in common use in Haiti and some of the other West Indies. It's a sort of an evil charm."

Although Allenby was tolerably familiar with the Legba, Dutch Guiana and several other voodoo rituals, he merely nodded. Nobody loves a wise guy.

"Good work," he said, "Wells' opinion casts a new complexion on Patrica's death."

Constable Lunt nodded quickly. "say, Inspector, I suppose you know several of the Gombeys are West Indian?"

CARVETH WELLS (right) telling INSPECTOR BOYD about the West African killing Wanga . . .

"Yes. I know. That's why I didn't like finding this." Inspector Boyd turned to Allenby. "Do you know, sir, whether there are any Gombeys in the employ of Mr. and Mrs. Grafton?"

"Yes. There's one called Creepy. He's their boatman."

"Oh! Creepy, eh?" The way Boyd spoke piqued Allenby's curiosity, and shortly he learned that, although Creepy had not been in trouble for many years, he had once served a term for inserting a knife between the ribs of a colored gentlemen who had displeased him.

"Yes, I know, but he seems to have a good reputation with the Graftons."

"They are fond of him. He worked for the first Mrs. Grafton's family Lord know how long. Nevertheless I think we will invite this Creepy chap over to St. George's for an interview with the Superintendent."

"I wish you wouldn't" Allenby urged. "The situation here is so extremely delicate I don't want certain people alarmed any more than they have to be."

In this instance, however, Inspector Boyd was polite but insistent. "Sorry, Major, but Creepy Smith will have to come along. His record isn't of the clearest, you know."

"Could I see that picture of the Wanga again?" Allenby asked. "Um. Notice the knot? It's significant I think."

"Why, Major?"

"Possibly it's an indication as to who might have tied it. And see the way those feathers are trimmed? Doesn't it strike you a little odd that they should be such stiff feathers and so carefuly trimmed?"

Constable Lunt shook his head and laughed a little. 'Oh, it's just some Nigger nonsense."

Boyd wasn't so sure. "I wonder. It might well mean something."

Since there was nothing else he could do, Allenby gave in with seeming good grace, saying, "I can't impress you too earnestly on the necessity of finding Judy Fortier's hideout as quickly as possible. Her story may explain everything with regard to her sister's death."

The constable scratched a frankly bewildered head. "I've been on the Force eight years," said he, "and I never seen anything to touch this. Well, Inspector, shall I go pick up Creepy?"

"Yes, and I'm going with you since that lad's so free with his cutlery."

Clip the Camera Clues

"Hey, what's going on in here?" Grafton demanded after rapping.

"Nothing. Inspector Boyd merely wished to make a few more inquires about my discovery of Miss Fortier's body."

"Eventhing's all right, isn't it?" Kathleen asked.

"Oh, quite, quite," replied the C. I. D. man in such convincing tones that Inspector Boyd rose several pegs higher in Roger Allenby's estimation. "Well, gentlemen, we're off—for the last time, let's hope." And he preceded Constable Lunt to the door.

Terry ran a nervous finger inside his collar, loosening it. "Funny their coming back like that," he sighed.

"Well, Barney, I suppose we'd all better settle down to our conference," Ward suggested once the police had departed.

"Right," Sir George agreed. "I'll get my notes."

"And I," Roger Allenby hurried off and thus was able to overhear Creepy Smith's furious, insistent denia's of any knowledge concerning a Wanga. Certainly the Pequots' descendant was in a white-hot temper, but Constable Lunt effectively persuaded him that it would be pleasanter to go to St. George's than to be taken.

"When I finds de man what put dis on me," the boatman raged, "he be sorry!"

"That sort of talk will ge you nothing but trouble, my lad," Inspector Boyd warned in an effective voice. "Provided you can establish an alibi, everything will be all right and there's no harm done. Now come along."

Heaving a small sigh, Allenby went to the library where the conference began. Sir George remained largely silent, Allenby non-committal as Ward made his points with Grafton adding information from time to time. All through the morning the discussion raged and the array of documents, blue prints, graphs and agreements covering the table grew to snowdrift dimensions. By eleven the wastebasket was overflowing with scribbled estimates and to Sir George's evidence distaste, lunch was sent in on a tray.

(To Be Continued)

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THE COOK'S CORNER

FRENCH GLACE DATES

One package pasteurized dates, one slice canned pineapple, one cup sugar, one cup white corn syrup, one-half cup water. Stuff the dates with a bit of pineapple, wrapping the date entirely around the filling. Cook the sugar, syrup and water until the syrup begins to discolor (310 degrees F.) Remove the pan from direct heat and place in a pan of hot water so that the syrup will not cool too rapidly. Place each date on a fork, dip into syrup; let drip a moment and then place on a greased pan or marble slab to harden. This amount makes about one and one-fourth pounds.

CHEESE FINGERS

One cup flour, 1-4 teaspoon salt, 1-4 teaspoon baking powder, 1-2 teaspoon paprika, 3-4 cup grated cheese, 6 tablespoons butter, 1 egg-yolk.

Sift the flour, salt, baking powder and paprika. Cut into this the butter and grated cheese, rubbing them in until the mixture is like fine meal. Add the egg-yolk, and if the mixture is too stiff, add a very little cold water.

Turn out onto a floured pastry cloth and roll out about 1-8 inch thick. Cut into strips about 1 inch wide and 4 inches long, and bake in a hot (400 degrees Fahrenheit) oven until the fingers are a pale straw color.

The Housewife And Her Activities

JOY THROUGH TEARS

The earth, but shines the brighter,
When the dreary rain is done.
And the clouds that veil the sunshine,
Cannot put out the sun;
We live through the frozen winter,
If we could see the Spring;
And the woods must be cold and silent,
Before the robins sing
So those who have no sorrow
Know not the perfect peace
That falls in the troubled spirit
When it sees at last release.
We learn as the years roll onward,
And we leave the past behind,
That much we had counted sorrow,
Only proves that God is Kind.
—Dorothy Sproule.

SAUCE FOR HOT DISHES

I wonder if any of you have tried warming the sauce to eat with your hot dishes? When I have bacon for breakfast I put the sauce bottle (without its lace.) in a kettle of water which is being boiled for making tea. Heated in this way it is much nicer.

REFINISHING FURNITURE

Work outdoors —if possible — when you're doing over old furniture. To remove old varnish or paint first apply a thick coat of turpentine. After half an hour wipe off this coat and cover the furniture with a coat of thick soap suds made in water and washing soda and applied with a brush—to save the hands. When this coat dries remove it with a stiff brush and scrape off any left-over varnish with a dull knife.

MODISH BRIDE CHOOSES PINK WEDDING GOWN

A fashionable bride recently chose a wedding dress of pink instead of white. It was of in a very pale blush pink with matching veil; satin ... on the skirt and piping ... youthful collar were in the color.

The bridesmaids wore hydra blue net with wide skirts, ... draped bodices and puffed ... the decollete was open and ... were narrow net bands on ... and sleeves.

MATCHED ACCESSORIES

Matching your kerchief your sorsage is one of the ... fashion ideas.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

To remove spots on clothes by sugar syrups or candy sponge with clear cool water, moving water spot by rubbing ... gether after dry or rubbing ... rough cloth before pressing.

Clear, warm water will often remove fresh ink stains. Hot alic water may be applied on ... tons or linens when color is ... to be considered. Always ... thoroughly.

Custards or puddings which ... a custard base, such as bread ... ding, should be set in a pan of ... water and baked in a moderate ... oven, never hot enough so that ... water boils in the pan. As soon as the pudding is firm and delicately brown on top, remove from the oven. Never allow it to set in the water after the mixture is firm.

Try heating milk you're using on cereal, or in coffee, to make it richer.

PROTECTING SHELVES

When cupboards are over a cooking range a sheet of ... material should be placed ... under side of the cupboard to prevent overheating of the wood.

How to Grow Head Lettuce

Growing head lettuce is not the baffling job it is so often thought to be, and anyone can be successful at it by following correct procedure. The usual cause of failure is a late start, and the remedy is sowing in a box indoors.

Seed boxes or flats need be only 5 inches high, with about 4 inches of soil. They may be 18X24 inches or larger, but the small size is more easily handled.

A light loam, sifted and containing a plenty of sand, should be used to fill the box. The bottom of the box must have holes bored in it for drainage, or be made of slats. Cover the holes with pieces of broken pottery or large pebbles. Put in 4 inches of soil and firm it with a brick. Make the top smooth and mark off straight drills or grooves in the soil about 3 inches apart. Sow the lettuce seed in the drills, not too thickly. Firm the soil over the seed, water the box by letting it down into a tub of water so that the water does not cover the top of the soil but soaks thoroughly into the entire body of soil. Let the surplus water drain away.

The box should be placed in a dark, fairly warm place and the soil kept moist by sprinkling with a fine spray until the seeds sprout. Then it should be given all the light possible. The seedling plants of lettuce should have a cool place (60 to 70 degrees) and plenty of light to prevent them growing too fast. The directions here given apply generally to starting seeds indoors, and most seedlings need a fairly cool place, with all the light possible. If light is remote, they will stretch out in search of it, and if the place is too warm, their growth will be forced and weak.

Head lettuce plants do not need transplanting indoors unless they come along so fast that they are crowding each other in the box before it is possible to set them in the garden. To transplant them indoors lift the tiny seedlings with the blade of a knife, taking soil with the roots, and set them in another flat, allowing each plant 2 inches in the row, with rows 3 inches apart.

The seedlings should be set in the garden as soon as the ... can be prepared. The soil must be the richest you have, and could have a liberal dose of plant ... at the rate of 4 to 8 pounds per ... square feet. Lettuce is a great ... er, and your task is to make it grow fast, so that it will come to a tight head before the hot weather arrives. The bed must be rich and there must be a way of watering it when the rains are slow in coming. Plant in the ground outside as soon as possible, and a reserve supply should be kept under protection, because the first lot often perishes in a late frost.

TYPES OF HEAD LETTUCE

Home Service

Plants Do Their Best in Gay Glass Gardens

What a Lovely North Window!

Build the best-natured of indoor gardens—a terrarium. It practically takes care of itself.

Begin by assembling slips from your favorite house plants in almost any glass container. The blue-purple African violet blooming so happily in this discarded fish bowl is a leaf cutting from the larger plant on the window sill. Its terrarium companions are green and crimson coleus and a lacy maiden-hair fern.

Line the lower part of your bowl with moss, green side out. Inside the moss, add coarse sand for drainage and soil—then the small plants. Once the lid is on, your garden remains warm, moist, sheltered from drafts. No wonder it develops into a miniature tropical paradise.

Brilliant orchids, snowy white gardenias, odd-shaped cacti, shy wild flowers, and seedling trees all flourish under glass. Our 32-page booklet tells how to plant and care for dozens of beautiful, inexpensive glass and dish gardens.

Send 20c in coins for your copy of Glass Gardens And Novelty Indoor Gardens to the Guardian Home Service, Address. Be sure to write plainly your Name, Address, and the Name of booklet.

Name

Street Address

City Province

A Morning Smile

INSPIRATION

The customer in the bookshop called up the assistant. "I want," he said, "Louisa M. Alcott's Jewish novel."

"I'm afraid I've never heard of it," said the assistant. "There is 'Little Women,' 'Little Men,' 'Under the Lilacs,' 'Rose in Bloom' —"

"That's it!" replied the customer. "I knew she'd written one. Give me a copy of 'Rosenbloom'."

At the first sniffle

...Quick! use this specialized aid for nose and upper throat...where most colds start. Helps prevent many colds.

VICKS VA-TRO-NOL

GRAFTON, Sir GEORGE, Major Allenby and WARD in midst of all-night conference . . .

JOYS AND GLOOMS

MANY PEOPLE can safely drink tea and coffee. Many others—and *all* children—should never drink them. If you are one of these, try Postum's 30-day test. Buy Postum and drink it instead of tea and coffee for one *month*. Then, *if you do not feel better*, return the Postum container top to General Foods, Limited, Cobourg, Ontario, and we'll refund full purchase price, plus postage. Postum is delicious, economical, easy to prepare, and contains no caffeine.

P178

Nerves Were So Bad Could Not Stand The Children Playing

The happiness of every home depends largely on the health of the wife and mother. If she is nervous, peevish and irritable, worried by the cares of the household, and tormented by the pains and irregularities that accompany a run down system, there can be no happiness in the home for the husband and children.

Women who are weak and run down, nervous and irritable should take a course of Milburn's Health and Nerve Pills to help restore them to the blessing of good health.

MRS. THOMAS KIRK, Neston, Alta., writes:—"I was in such a weak, run down condition before I started using Milburn's Health and Nerve Pills I could not do my housework and would be so nervous I could hardly stand the noise of the children at their play. Now, after taking three boxes of H. & N. Pills I feel like a different person.

I shall always tell anyone not feeling well to use your medicine."

Put up by The T. Milburn Co., Ltd.

FASHION GUIDES FOR THE HOME DRESSMAKER

You'll find this young-spirited shirt frock a joy to wear..... in or out of town.....for spring and summer. The design enables you to make two entirely different models. One with flared skirt and shirt collar; the other with simulated plaited skirt and vee collared neck. The flared-skirted dress of washable rayon print is particularly wearable. The slim vertical umbrella plaits of the figure. It's smart as can be in vee neck model flatter both the youthful and the more mature aqua blue wool hopsacking. You'll want to use the pattern again and again for gay summer cottons and linen. Simple as A, B, C, to sew.. for a very modest price.

Style No. 2546 is designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20 years, 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40-inches bust. Size 16 requires 3 1-6 yards of 39-inch material with 3-8 yard of 39-inch contrasting and 2 yards of ruffling.

Send fifteen cents (15c) in stamps or coin (coin preferred) wrap coin carefully, address to Charlottetown Guardian giving:-

Style No. 2546 Size.... ....

Name

Street Address

City Province

WHY IT BLUSHED.

Overcome with curiosity, a fellow passenger asked the victim: "I say, old man, what's wrong with your nose?"

"Nothing at all," replied the man. "It's simply blushing with pride because it doesn't stick itself