

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



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"Hasn't Scratched Yet"

Sad Fate Of Talented Women **Dorothy Dix** Finds No Place For Gifts In Marriage

Pity the Woman Who Tries to Turn Her Talents Into Cash, for the Moment She Marries She is Forced to Choose Between Her Home and Her Career and One or the Other is Invariably Wrecked

Page Solomon. For it would take Old Man Wisdom himself to be able to settle all of the intricate problems that a woman encounters when she undertakes to earn a little money by the use of such talents as God has given her. Here is a case in point: A pretty, intelligent young girl, who is everything that is fine and sweet, has an unusually good voice, a lot of personality and a knack of singing folk songs in a way that puts them over with a bang and makes her much sought after as an entertainer at private parties and club affairs. She also has a job as a stenographer in a business office, but the money she gets from singing her little ditties in the evenings substantially increases her income. And she needs it because she is the sole support of her family.



Now this girl is engaged to a young man with whom she is desperately in love, and he strenuously objects to her singing in public, even when it is done at church affairs and in the homes of people she knows and where all of the surroundings are as proper as it is possible to make them. After every performance he sulks for a week and frankly tells the girl that after they are married there will be no more of this "foolishness."

So what is the poor girl to do? Let her father and mother and little sisters and brothers starve because a vain and egotistic man does not want her to outshine him and do something he cannot do? Deny herself the pleasure of exercising the gift that nature has bestowed upon her and listening to the applause that is as sweet to feminine ears as it is to masculine? Or kiss love good-bye and perhaps live to be a lonely old maid, her parents dead, her brothers and sisters gone their way, ungrateful for the sacrifice that she has made for them, her penny's worth of genius worn out and gone?

We can say, and with truth, that the man is brutally selfish and self-centered, and that if he really loved the girl he would appreciate her obligations to her family that made it imperative for her to earn every dollar that she could, and that he would see in her performing this extra labor for their sakes an exquisite nobility and devotion. Also, we would think that if he loved the girl as he should love her, he would glory in her success and be proud of her achievements.

But, alas and alack, very few men, if any, ever love a woman that much, or in that way, and this possessive youth, who is determined to monopolize his sweetheart and make her play second fiddle to him, simply exemplifies a masculine peculiarity of character with which all talented women have to contend, and which is their undoing in one way or the other, because in the end it either wrecks their homes or their careers.

When a woman loves a man she sinks herself in his ambition and is often willing to sacrifice more to it than he is. She glories over his achievements. She revels in his success. She is content to live in the reflected glow that radiates from his place in the sun. She treasures up even the echoes of the applause he gets.

But a man's love is seldom strong enough to survive his wife being more prominent than he is. He doesn't rejoice in her success, he resents it. The husbands of famous women are almost invariably bitter and cynical, given to gibing at their wives' success, and the most deadly insult you could possibly offer one is to introduce him as the husband of his wife, or to call him Judge Mary Smith, or Dr. Sally Jones.

Of course, a man wants to be proud of his wife, but he wants her achievements to be along strictly feminine lines. He likes to boast of his wife's beauty and to have it generally recognized. He is proud of her being the best-dressed woman in town, or of her reputation as a model mother. He likes to hear her complimented for her embroidery or her contract bridge. But congratulate a husband upon his wife being a marvelous business woman, or her ability as a public speaker, or her shrewdness as a politician and see how sour he turns.

A woman, who was a surgeon with genius in her fingerprints, once told me that her husband passed over her brilliant operations with complete silence, but that he just couldn't pay her enough compliments and beamed and gurgled with delight when she turned out a chocolate cake that was edible.

Why a man shouldn't be as proud of his wife's gifts as she is of his and as anxious to help her develop them, goodness only knows. But the fact remains that he isn't. He may enjoy the money she makes and the position she gives him, but it is gall and wormwood in his mouth that she is the one who does it. He wants to be the one who is in the limelight and who is getting the glad hand, and he generally goes from her to some woman who will burn incense before him, instead of joining the public that burns incense before his wife.

Perhaps after a time men will get over this feeling that a Gall-Curci should only sing lullabies after she gets married, and a Rosa Bonheur should confine herself to drawing pictures of horses for amusing the baby, and that a Hetti Green should concern herself only with adding up the butcher bill. But that glad day hasn't arrived yet, and so when the gray mare is the better it doesn't make for a harmoniously pulling domestic team.

DOROTHY DIX.

THE COOK'S CORNER

ORANGE CUP PUDDING


Four 1 cup hot milk over 2 cups dry whole wheat bread crumbs. When cold add the beaten yolks of 2 eggs, ¼ teaspoon salt and the juice and grated rind of 1 orange. Mix thoroughly and fold in the stiffly beaten whites. Butter baking cups, and place a tablespoon of orange marmalade in each; fill 2-3 full with the pudding mixture and steam one-half hour. Turn from the cups and serve with hard sauce.

ORANGE EGG NOG

1 egg
¼ cup orange juice
2 tablespoons sugar
Milk (fresh or evaporated)
Grated orange rind
Beat egg yolk with orange juice and 1 tablespoon sugar. Pour into a tall glass. Beat egg white very stiff with 1 tablespoon sugar. Fold three-fourths of egg white into egg yolk mixture. Add milk to almost fill glass. Stir well with a spoon. Top drink with remainder of beaten egg white. Grate a bit of orange rind on to this. Serve at once.

ORANGE FOAM

6 tablespoons orange juice
6 tablespoons milk, or
4 tablespoons evaporated milk
6 tablespoons cold water
1 teaspoon sugar
Grated rind of 1 orange
Beat, or shake well in a glass jar. Serve at once in a large glass. Variation—Omit 3 tablespoons of water and add 1 scoop of ice cream.



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"MY baby daughter did not progress on the food we were giving her," writes Mrs. George R. Morrill, Asbestos, Que. "My mother recommended Eagle Brand and from the first we noticed an improvement. She would sleep between feedings, which she could not do before. Now she is fourteen and a half months old, walks and talks, and weighs twenty-four pounds—all due to Eagle Brand Condensed Milk."

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"People who have everything, but lack health, are poor. Guard your health and build it. For what you eat determines largely how you feel and what you accomplish."

H.K. Kellogg

HEARTS AFIRE

By MARY CHRISTIE

CHAPTER 34

MYSTERY A-FOOT

Prudence walked away from Pear-Tree Cottage with a lighter heart that she had entered it. That seemed odd and quite inexplicable.

Virginia Dale—to whom Bert had written that ardent letter which had so caused Prudence's heart to ache—had marched in on Prudence unexpectedly, but the pain of coming face to face with the rival in Bert's affections hadn't been such a distressing experience after all.

Was it because of Peter Armstrong's words?

What had he said?

"If you only knew the freshness, the inspiration that a girl like you can bring into a man's life, you would never dare to call yourself names again."

Ah! that had been balm on wounds. Prudence had thrilled to the sincerely spoken phrases.

Not even Virginia's advent—white-clad, beautiful Virginia, intent on fascinating Peter, as she tried to weave her spell on every man she came across—not even she could take away the queer, heady feeling of elation that the interview had brought about.

Was it because young Armstrong's opinion—her himself being classified even by Virginia as 'worth-while'—was it because his opinion carried weight?

Was it because a little of her own self-confidence had been restored to her again?

Following that train of thought, was it because Virginia, whom Bert admired and even had written love-letters to, was it because she, despite her lovely clothes and beauty, had had so poor a figure at the recent interview?

Prudence flushed with shame at the very human feeling of satisfaction over her rival's discomfiture. She was a 'cat,' she told herself. But at the recollection of Virginia's mud-bespattered costume and streaky countenance, all due to her own officious folly in going too near Peter and his experiments, Prudence giggled, just as she had giggled at the moment of the 'contretemps.'

"She looked too utterly ridiculous. It was rude of me to laugh, but I simply couldn't help it. Mr. Armstrong could hardly keep from laughing, too," reflected she, tramping along the country roads towards the library where the books on flowers were to be found.

She didn't realize how much Virginia hated her, over the incident. Jinny had no sense of humor, where her own personal appearance was concerned.

She had never liked Prudence. No; she detested her, and had sworn a private oath of vengeance.

But how to wreak harm on this pretty creature whom the men all seemed to like so much?

A Morning Smile

PROMOTED

Squire's Wife—And where's your daughter, Mrs. Hodges?

Mrs. Hodges—Well, to tell you the truth, mum, her was that useless in the 'ouse, I sent her out to domestic service.

The touring cyclist pulled-up his machine in the centre of the lonely crossroads. Dismounting, he looked round for a signpost, but there was nothing to guide him on his way. Just as he was beginning to despair, he saw a countryman approaching the road across a field.

"Good morning," said the cyclist when the man came near. "Can you tell me where these roads lead to?"

The countryman scratched his head thoughtfully. "That I can't say," he said. "These 'ere roads leads to my cottage, the one on the right leads past Farmer Gaff's place, the one on the left is a private road to the squire's house, and 't'other just keeps going straight on."

GARDENING

DAHLIA CULTURE

Autumn is the time for an efficient trick in growing dahlias. Apply manure on the surface and turn it under. This method is better than working the fertilizer in with a hoe when the plants come up in the spring.

Dahlias will need fertilizer again when they are beginning to bud. Give them a concentrated preparation containing phosphoric acid and potash, but avoid rich nitrogenous content, because it makes over rich foliage at the expense of the flowers. It may also cause the roots and tubers to shrivel and become soft. Bone meal should be worked in between the rows when the flowers are beginning to bloom.

Dahlias require so much fresh air and sunshine that they should not be planted near a wall or solid fence or within any shade. The tubers must have good drainage and it can be accomplished by placing sand beneath the tuber at the time of planting.

If you plan a new dahlia bed, select the ground this fall and spade decomposed manure into it. In the spring, do not allow the weeds to grow, and keep the soil well cultivated until planting time.

COOKING CABBAGE

Cabbage is most delicious when cooked in a covered pan with very little water. Cover the bottom of a kettle with about half an inch of water, add a good-sized piece of butter or bacon fat, and then put in the shredded cabbage. Cover the kettle and cook until tender.

"More and more world government is being influenced by public opinion."—Newton D. Baker.

LARGE WATER SYSTEM FOR ROBINSON CRUSOE LAND

MONTREAL, Que., Sept. 6.—The island of Trinidad, in the British West Indies, the largest in the eastern group and economically the most important unit of that territory, has underway a central water scheme which when completed will deliver 5,000,000 gallons of pure water a day states the Canadian National Steamships. The whole undertaking with dam, reservoirs, roads and chlorination and distribution system will cost approximately \$5,000,000, the necessary funds having been obtained by a bond issue floated in part locally and in London, England. The island of Trinidad is a producer of sugar, cocoa, coconuts, etc., like all primary producers, has shown the effects of the economic depression but, possibly, less than others, since, in addition to products above enumerated, the island is an important producer of crude oil and an attractive tourist resort during the winter months as well as during the summer season. The island of Tobago, close to and forming part of the colony of Trinidad, is the terrain of Defoe's "Robinson Crusoe."

SOURD ON THE WORLD?—THAT'S LIVER

Wake up your Liver Bile

—No Calomel necessary

Many people who feel sour, sluggish and generally wretched make the mistake of taking salts, oil, mineral water, laxative candy or chewing gum, or anything else that only moves the bowels and ignores the liver.

What you need is to wake up your liver bile. Start your liver pouring the daily two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels. Get your stomach and intestines working as they should, once more.

Carter's Little Liver Pills will soon fix you up. Fully restorable. Safe. Sure. Quick. Ask for them by name. Refuse substitutes. See at all druggists.

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Give your teeth and gums the all-round care of a pleasant, refreshing toothpaste which protects and protects oral health in these 5 effective ways.

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You can trust Squibb Dental Cream. Like all Squibb products it is pure, effective and safe. For scientific tooth protection at home, always use Squibb's.

At all good druggists in 25c and 40c tubes.

TENDERS

Written Tenders will be received up to Saturday, September 9th for Hauling and Trimming four car loads of coal from Mt. Herbert Station to the Protestant Orphanage. Lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

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445

hat . . . she couldn't see him properly . . . who was he? what was he doing?

He had some sort of implement that he was working with. Oh yes, a trowel. Digging a hole, wasn't he? And why?

She sat quite still, watching from her hiding-place. Some mystery was a-foot. She was all interest. From the motion of his right arm, she guessed that he had stopped digging. Later, she saw that he was to her, and there was something patting the earth into position. familiar in the set of the light grey coat, in the tilt of the grey felt turned around, and . . . good heavens! the man was none other than her quondam sweetheart, Bertram Traymore!

(To be Continued)