

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

Dorothy Dix's Letter Box

Don't Neglect Business to Please Whining Wife, for She Will Never be Satisfied - Why Should Husband Respect Wife Who Accepts His Insults Meekly?

Dear Miss Dix—I am a young man of 26, married to the most wonderful girl in the world, and we have three small children. The depression dragged us into arrears financially, but with conditions picking up that is not my worry. Just now is the season in which my company does the most business, and my two brothers and myself are working almost day and night to make our business a success and bring it back to where it was before the depression. I am working nights as well as days at this time and this peevish wife very much. She feels neglected and accuses me of putting my business before her, while all that I am trying to do is to get out of debt and provide for her and the children. What would you advise me to do? UNDECIDED.

Answer: I advise you to pay no attention to your wife's complaints and not to let her keep you from pursuing what you see to be the wise and sensible course. Believe me, son, a man makes no greater mistake than when he lets a fool woman interfere in his career.

You have a chance now to rehabilitate your business and make good the lean years. You have an opportunity to get established on a sure foundation again and thus be able to provide for your family, and if you let your wife's whines keep you from doing so you will be as silly and weak as she is.

I have seen many women ruin their husbands by interfering in their business. I have seen wives nag their husbands until they made them give up a good trade in which they were making money because they did not consider it elegant. I have seen women block their husbands' advancement by refusing to go with them to some place where fortune called because they would not leave mother and the girls.

I know one doctor's wife who killed his practice by secretly muffling the telephone at night because she didn't like to be waked up. I have seen women ruin their husbands' business by dragging them away from it to dance attendance upon them at teas and parties. And I have seen plenty of women who killed all of their husbands' ambition by being jealous of their husbands' work.

But I have never seen one of these women who was willing to abide by the consequences of her act, and who was willing to do with less money in order to have more of her husband's society. On the contrary, they want to have their cake and eat it, too. They want their husbands to be at their beck and call and still be go-getters.

I would have more respect for these wives who are always complaining that their husbands neglect them for their business and that they can't get their husbands away from their "old offices," and that all their husbands think about is their work, if they would say occasionally, "I would rather have more of your time than a new car," or "I would be content to live in a poor house instead of a fine one if you wouldn't go off on so many business trips," or "I would rather have an evening with you than a new dress."

But I have never heard of one doing it yet. These women always assume the position of a victim, and they just go on and on, and that it is some curious and perverted taste that makes him prefer to labor in a hot office all summer instead of going off to a cool summer resort, when they must know, if they have any intelligence whatever, that it isn't super-human industry but a man's desire to make life soft and easy for his wife and children that drives him to his daily task.

In these times when a man needs a wife who backs him up to do the very best that is in him, and who makes him feel that she appreciates the sacrifices he is making for her. And I am sorry for any husband who is so unfortunate as to be married to a woman who holds him back by assuming the martyr attitude and accuses him of neglecting her for his business. DOROTHY DIX.

Dear Miss Dix—My husband tells me that he does not love me. He says that he would only marry me to help me, but he talks to me, and that he has more respect for the women of the streets than he has for me. He seems to blame me for this and think I should do something about it. I do not know what causes his disrespect, as I have been a good wife to him, I am honest, moral, and neither in my manner nor language am I common or vulgar. I offered him a divorce, we have no children and I would not expect alimony, as I am young and healthy and able to take care of myself, but it appears he is not willing to let me go. I am completely disgusted with marriage and yet I don't want to quit, and I love him in spite of everything. What shall I do? HILDA S.

Answer: Apparently marriage is one of the things that your husband can neither do with, nor without, while you seem to be a glutton for punishment. So one of your only conclusions in your case is to get out of the couples who get a taste of sadistic pleasure out of domestic fights. You are like those strange people who enjoy poor health and who are never really so happy as when they are miserable. Evidently your husband belongs to the torturer type of husband who delights in tormenting some one in his power who is too weak and cowardly to strike back, while you must be one of the doormat wives who enjoy having a man trample over them.

Otherwise you would jam on your hat and leave the next time your husband began reviling and insulting you. No woman needs to take that, especially one who is young and healthy and can make her own living. It is easy to see why your husband doesn't respect you. It is because you have no self-respect yourself. Every man treats his wife the way she demands to be treated, and if you had made your husband understand from the start that he had to treat you as a lady, even if you were his wife, you would never have had to put up with the degradation you have suffered. DOROTHY DIX.

Dear Dorothy Dix—I have a son who has been out of college a year. He is very anxious to get a job and has one offered him, but it will take him out of town. However, as I am not very well I have talked him out of taking it. I would turn my business over to him, but I don't want him to be in it, as it has very little money in it any more. I give him a good home, clothes and spending money, but he is very dissatisfied. Of course, I do not give him a salary. He attends meetings, does my banking, etc. He is very much in love with a fine girl and they have been engaged for a year, but I think they are young enough to wait, as he is only 24. I found him crying one night. He said he wanted to go away and get a job. What shall I do? He is an only child. WORRIED FATHER.

Answer: Either let him go and get a job with some one else, or else turn your business over to him. It may be that his young energy would put fresh vim into it and make it a success. Can't you see that you are ruining your boy and killing all the manhood in him by keeping him dependent on you? No young man of 24, if he has any spirit whatever in him, can endure the humiliation of being supported by his father and having money handed out to him as if he were a child. He wants to be on his own. To stand on his own feet.

You are being very selfish to your son in trying to keep him tied to you and refusing him his chance in the world. If your business isn't good enough for him to go into, don't keep him bound to it any longer. DOROTHY DIX.

ST. ANDREW'S SCHOOL The following is a record of St. Andrew's Intermediate Department, according to grades, for the month of April: Grade VI.—1, Annie Gauthier; 2, Clarence Doiron; 3, Margaret Gauthier. Grade V.—1, Beatrice Gauthier; 2, Elmer Buote; 3, Alphonse Gallant. Grade IV.—1, Mary M. Gallant; 2, Marjorie Gauthier; 3, Ronald Blaquiere, Alice Doucette, equal. Perfect attendance: Elmer Buote, Edward Blaquiere, Ronald Blaquiere.

GOOD BUSINESS Enteringly vendor—I say, mum, 'ave you got such a thing as a match you could give me? Kind Lady—I haven't one in the pile. Well, will you buy a few boxes? I sells 'em, mum!

MILBURN'S HEALTH AND NERVE PILLS. For relief from pains, undue weakness, nervousness, headaches, you will find nothing more effective than Milburn's Health and Nerve Pills. Highly endorsed for 40 years. The Old Reliable Remedy for WEAK and NERVOUS PEOPLE.

BOOKS, ART, MUSIC

(By F. R. H.) Prescriptions for Peace

Sir Norman Angell has received a knighthood and the Nobel Peace Prize, delayed from 1933, for his prescription for peace—his new "Prescriptions for Peace," a volume which is said to be worthily representative and uphold Sir Norman's reputation for cold, clear thinking. Professor J. F. Macdonald recommends it as the most important book that deals with the most pressing problem of the world as to solve. And the problem to be solved is not peace-keeping in a world unarmed. It is peacekeeping in a world armed to the teeth. "Peace With Honour" by A. A. Milne contains some very novel and perhaps fantastic prescriptions for peace, but the book is written with such evident sincerity, strong feeling and respected emphasis on the utter futility of war that one cannot help thinking that it might prove of considerable value if read aloud at the numerous peace conferences. One of Mr. Milne's assertions is the statement that if the leading statesmen of each realm were forced to commit suicide on the declaration of war, there would be no more war. Sir Philip Gibbs' "European Journey" is a splendid account of an automobile trip taken in 1934, through France, Italy, Austria, Hungary, Germany, Switzerland and the Saar. In each country visited the author obtains the opinions of the average man and woman and learns of political and social conditions directly from them.

Some Sequels For Spring

"Young Renny" by Max de la Roche precedes the other "Jaina" books. "The God" by Robert Graves continues the brilliant, "I Claudius" but may be enjoyed for itself alone. It is the Book-of-the-Month Club selection for April. "Love in Winter" is the second of Miss Storm Jameson's trilogy, "Young Joseph" by Thomas Mann is the second part of the trilogy "Joseph and His Brethren". "Soul and Body" is volume four of "Men of Goodwill" by Jules Romains, one of the most popular authors in France. Arthur Bryant, who has already published the first volume of his biography of Samuel Pepys—"Samuel Pepys the Man in the Making" is now working on the second and concluding volume. He will make use of new material taken from the two newly discovered Pepys' Journals, which have been found at Magdalen College, Cambridge. Arthur Bryant was one of the discoverers.

A history of the Metropolitan Opera House by Irving Kolodin of the music staff of the New York Sun is to be published next fall. The book will tell the story of the Metropolitan from 1883 to 1934, and it will contain pictures of the personnel and settings, casts of memorable performances, records of the seasons, etc. Giulio Gatti-Casazza the general manager of the New York Metropolitan Opera for the past twenty-seven years has concluded his last season as director. He has been particularly noted for his encouragement of American singers. Among these native artists who have appeared under his directorship and who have presented him with a trophy as the best of the appreciators are: Helen Gleason, Lillian Clark, Mary Moore, Myrtle Leonard, Kathryn Meisle, Clara Jacobs, Quenna Mario, Rosa Ponselle, Gladys Swarthout, Helen Jepson, Rose Bampton, Lawrence Tibbett, Richard Crooks, Richard Bonfill, John Charles Thomas, Frederick Coyne, Edward Johnson. Helen Gleason presented the trophy which was given to Mr. Gatti-Casazza just before he sailed for Italy in April.

In the course of Mr. Gatti-Casazza's twenty-seven seasons at the Metropolitan he has provided a repertoire of one hundred and seventy-two operas of nearly every kind and hue. He neglected no school nor period. The principal glory of the 1934-35 season was the Wagner performances, and the new star Kirsten Flagstad of Oslo, Norway, whom Mr. Gatti-Casazza brought to the Opera, proved one of the finest Wagnerian sopranos heard in the Metropolitan for many years. "Tristan and Isolde" turned out to be the most popular opera of the season, and it was given an extra New York performance, the seventh in 1934-35.

An exhibition at the Museum of the City of New York held early this spring brought before the public the remembrance of many magnificent figures who have made musical history in the last century and a half. The exhibition consisted of pictures, programs, tickets and other mementos of notable artists and performances, and included programs of Caruso's first night at the Metropolitan, actual tickets, very ornate, to Jenny Lind's second concert at Castle Garden, a contemporary cartoon, and a set of pictures in colour of the Swedish Nightingale in several of her operatic roles. These pictures were presented by Miss Geraldine Farrar. There were also programs of some of the first performances of Maria Felicia Garcia who, later becoming the celebrated Madame Malbran, and also a water-colour—a bit of Thames river landscape—painted by her own hand. Costumes of popular idols, auto-

HATS OFF TO MOTHERS EVERY DAY



Famous paintings of mothers, left Raphael's 'Sistine Madonna', right Whistler's mother.

By VIRGINIA LEE "ALL THAT I AM I owe to my angel mother," wrote Abraham Lincoln; and many a man and woman echoes his statement. And yet not all mothers are blessings to their children, as I very well know from letters I get from young people. Some men and women sneer when Mother's Day is mentioned. For their mothers were not the type to help them to be better men and women, or as Tennyson put it:

"Happy be with such a mother, Faith in womankind beats in his blood, And trust in all things high Comes easy to him."

For, sad to say, there are mothers who make homes sordid and miserable places by constant bickering and scolding. There are neglectful mothers as well as self-sacrificing ones; interfering mothers, and wholly selfish mothers.

There are mothers who plainly show that certain of their children are favorites, and hurt the others cruelly, causing inferiority complexes and jealousies that last through life. And there are mothers who make no effort to understand their children and their needs, and so grow further and further away from them, finally losing them utterly.

Motherhood Helpful Being a mother does not necessarily make an angel, or even a near angel of a woman. But I do think it helps. To have a tiny helpless human being thrust into your care turning to you for life itself, is a very broadening experience. It breeds a kinship with the whole world of humans and animals, too. The Madonna with her child in

her arms is the embodiment of all young mothers, wide eyed and earnest. This picture of Raphael's, the "Sistine Madonna," is the gallery at Dresden Germany. And Whistler's mother, whose portrait hangs once more in the Louvre, Paris, after a tour of the United States during the Century of Progress exposition, is typical of the older mother, whose nest is empty because her nurslings have flown to homes of their own. It typifies the mother who may be partially forgotten by her children who are busy with the world's affairs. And it is this type of mother for whom Miss Anna Jarvis of Philadelphia inaugurated Mothers' Day.

So hats off to all mothers on this day—whether they be young or old, rich or poor, dead or living. God bless 'em every one!

The HOUSEWIFE and HER ACTIVITIES

MOTHER O' MINE If I were hanged on the highest hill, Mother o' mine, Mother o' mine! I know whose love would follow me still, Mother o' mine, Mother o' mine! If I were drowned in the deepest sea, Mother o' mine, Mother o' mine! I know whose tears would come down to me, Mother o' mine, Mother o' mine! If I were damned of body and soul, Mother o' mine, Mother o' mine! I know whose prayers would make me whole, Mother o' mine, Mother o' mine! —Rudyard Kipling.

STYLE WHIMSIES If you're carrying a pie for any distance which has no upper crust and is covered with meringue insert four toothpicks or more around the centre, then the oil paper with which it is covered won't come in contact with the meringue. It's smart to shelter your shoulders with a fur cape. One gorgeous model shown is done in narrow bands of pink gold buttons fastening the side. Gloves and hat of the same material are the best accessories to a smart costume this spring. They can be made of perky taffeta, giddy plaids or soft crepes. If you are in doubt about the color of a blouse to wear with your new navy blue suit, you will make no mistake by selecting white. Like no other color, white sets off a navy suit, although light blue, yellow or daffodil, dusty pink, in fact, all of the pastel shades, are going to be very popular. Aid War Thousands of women in Bolivia are wearing war uniforms, simple cotton dresses, in order to cut down expenses and aid the government in concentrating imports and industrial production on the Chaco war.

THE COOK'S CORNER

BLACK WALNUT CHOCOLATE CAKE Two cups sifted cake flour, 1 teaspoon soda, 1/2 cup butter or sugar shortening, 1 1/2 cups brown sugar, 4 eggs (unbeaten), 3 squares unweetened chocolate, 1/2 cup sweet milk, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1/2 cup chopped black walnuts. Sift flour once, measure, add soda and sift together 3 times. Cream butter thoroughly, add sugar gradually and cream together until light and fluffy. Add eggs, one at a time, beating well after each addition. Add melted chocolate and beat well each addition at a time. Beat stiff vanilla and fold in black walnuts. Bake in two greased ten-inch layer pans or three greased nine-inch layer pans in slow oven (325 degrees F.) for 30 minutes. ECONOMY MEASURE And there was the Scotsman who bought only one spur. He figured that if one side of the horse went the other was sure to follow.

Money talks, but all some of us hear is the echo. When the "rooster" is away the "chickens" will play. All men are born equal, but there the comparison stops. One thorn of experience is worth a dozen roses of theory. The person who usually finds fault is the one who has the most. All men love to take chances; that's why they buy high-powered cars. Man can be beaten by the little things just as easily as by the big things. Ambition is the chronic insomnia that prevents a man from resting on his laurels. No woman should indulge in gossip while she is young enough to enjoy other things. This pleasure should be kept in reserve. HOOKED RUG FRAME It is quite the fashion these days to make hooked rugs at home. Here is an idea for a convenient rug frame which is most practical. If you have an old card table that has seen its best days, cut out the top, remove the brass directly under the table surface, and your frame is complete. Attach the burlap to the outer edges of the card table with thumb tacks. You can sit comfortably at this frame to work on your rug.

Little daughter will love it as originally planned in white trimmed with the blue plaid collar trimmed with red bias binds. The belt is red leather. The tailored sleeves with plaids are especially smart and cool. Similar plaids in the skirt allow plenty of freedom for action. Another nice idea is to carry it out in nautical blue, red and white plaided gingham with plain blue collar. Style No. 435 is designed for sizes 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires 2 1/2 yards of 39-inch material with 1 yard of 39-inch contrasting and 3/4 yards of braid. Price of PATTERN 15 cents in stamps or coin (coin is preferred). Wrap coin carefully. No. 435. Size ..... Name ..... City ..... State ..... Street Address ..... GIVE 'EM A CHANCE Mother: "Well, son, what have you been doing all afternoon?" Son: "Shooting craps, Mother." Mother: "That must stop. Those little things have just as much right to live as you have."

Happenings of the Week

What a time we had in the good old City of Charlottetown Monday, cheering until we were quite hoarse, in honour of our good King George Vth and finally ending the glorious day by tripping the light fantastic till the "Wee wee wee" the guests of His Majesty's worthy representative—Lieutenant Governor George D. DeBlois. Stately Government House, ideally situated on the edge of Victoria Park, and overlooking a beautiful harbour, was a blaze of coloured lights, with bonfires floating in the water just beneath, fireworks being set off in the Park to the right, God's own decoration, the moon, floating in the sky above—all forming a picture which will be hard to forget. Inside, the scene was equally as gorgeous—beautiful ladies with handsome evening gowns of many colors, officers in full uniform with decorations, statesmen and others wearing their new madras, danced merrily on to the strains of a highly efficient orchestra. The one thing lacking was the presence of Mrs. DeBlois—the gracious chateleine of Government House—she felt glad that she was enjoying herself even better, for had she not been one of the honoured guests at old St. Paul's in London that very morning, having gone over with a jolly party of friends to witness the magnificent Jubilee festivities. In the absence of Mrs. DeBlois, Mrs. Mathieson, wife of Chief Justice Mathieson, assisted Governor DeBlois in welcoming the hundreds of guests.

Crossbarred in blue over a broken black and white checked ground is the latest tweed still choice of the Duchess of Kent. Soft textures and very-checked patterns are British favorites for spring suits. Miss Lupa McLure of Charlottetown, who has been in Toronto for the past ten days, has left on a trip to the Pacific Coast.

Home friends will hear with pleasure that Mrs. A. Lord, Charlottetown's grand old lady, who is now living in Acadia with her daughter, Mrs. Wilfred Wright is able to be out on fine days for short walks. Mrs. Lord in writing to friends said that she listened to the radio Monday and distinctly heard with keenest delight, His Majesty the King speak and she heard the varied celebrations she heard the day which she greatly enjoyed and marvelled at.

Mrs. E. W. McKinnon is enjoying a short holiday visit to Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. L. B. McMillan have as their guests this week Miss Margaret Hobert and Miss Jeanne Herbert of Montserrat, Que., who are being pleasantly entertained.

Mr. John Buchan, M.P., Governor General designate of Canada, will be entertained by the Ontario Club of London, England, at dinner on May 27. The High Commissioner for Canada will preside.

It is interesting to know that Mrs. Donald Gass, Charlottetown, formerly Miss Mabel McCulloch, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. B. McCulloch, New Glasgow, N.S., who has been studying portrait painting in New York under famous painters for the past few winters is steadily gaining recognition. Through the month of March Mrs. Gass contributed paintings at an exhibition in the Horticultural Hall, Radio City, Commissioning her paintings the New York Press, April 6 issue, said "Mabel McCulloch contributes Cape Breton landscape rich in texture of juncos summer green and fluent in rhythms."

Miss Kathleen Logan, granddaughter of Mr. James Paton, whose wild playing is increasingly appreciated by local audiences, scored a distinct success in the concert given by the staff of the Conservatory of Music last week in Halifax.

Hon. A. E. McLean, M.P. of Summerside was the guest of honor at the congratulatory affair his friends Wednesday on the occasion of his 67th birthday.

An ocean of cheers, many of them feminine, engulfed St. Paul's Cathedral Monday as the royal carriage for the solemn phase of the monarch's silver jubilee, says Hilde Marchant, staff writer for the Associated Press.

Her diamonds ablaze against a silver gown, the Queen bowed tirelessly as the carriage rolled up. As the Queen and King vanished into the cathedral the crowds wilded. Inevitably women fainted. Many of them had "stuck it out" after being on their feet 14 hours and more. They were determined to be there for the big moment.

Five hours before I had been pushed and carried to my seat, my wild hair was just a faint memory. It had been crushed somewhere beneath the feet of the joyful, almost hysterical throng.

The dowager at my left had paid \$45 for her seat and she felt quite pleased about the bargain. A woman just ahead had paid \$0 guinea. Wide hats were the popular headgear for the women, and easily the widest was that worn by the Duchess of Kent, the former Princess Marina.

Floral chiffon predominated in the gay summer frocks, but many elderly dowagers seemed to prefer, for personal ideas about the proper thing to wear. They were formidably upholstered in velvet. Make-ups slipped badly.

Late-comers among the women dropped all dignity to get to their seats in the street stands before the royally arrived at the cathedral. Tripping over long skirts, they scrambled up the steps.

The most colorful attire was worn by Indian princes who arrived at the cathedral just before the King and Queen. Their turbans gleamed with diamonds and so did their rich silk robes.

The first big shout from the crowd came with the arrival of England's "model family"—the Duke and Duchess of York and their two children. A second cheer arose when the Duke and Duchess of Kent appeared. Then came the King and Queen and the loudest yell of the occasion followed, a swift crescendo which struck a sustained peak and slowly died away.



A Morning Smile

QUITE CLEAR "Are you a native of this place?" asked a traveller in Kentucky of a colored resident. "Am I what?" said the puzzled black. "I say, are you a native here?" While the man was still hesitating over his answer, his wife came to the door. "Ain't you got no sense, Sambo?" she exclaimed. "The gen'tleman means was you 'avin' health when you was born, or was you born before you began living here. Now answer the gen'tleman."