

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

Dorothy Dix's Letter Box

Heart-Breaking Loneliness of Strange Girl in Big City—Can Older Man Fall in Love With Young Girl?—Spoiled Daughter Needs Firm Handling

Dear Miss Dix—I am a girl of refined tastes, caring for music art and literature. Too reserved to make friends easily. Too liberal to appeal to the conservatives, too conservative to attract the radical, too independent to attract the man who likes the clinging vine. So for the four years in which I have lived in this city I have not made a single man friend.

I have always heard of the loneliness of big cities, but now I know how crushing that loneliness can be. I am so tired from the strain of work and attempted study, from the lack of sunshine and gaiety and trying to make ends meet that I have been wondering what it would be like to slip over the side of a ferry or swallow a little of that powder whose fatal "poison" sign grins sardonically at me every time I open the medicine chest. There must be thousands of girls like me. What do they do?

Speaking personally, for I, too, have been through that inferno of loneliness in the same great city in which you summon all the courage and determination that is in your air and you dig in and carry on until by some miracle that you never understand you win through. Suddenly, it seems to you, the people about you change. Hard, cold eyes look at you with a kindly glance. Silent mouths give you a welcome. The people with whom you are associated, and who have been strangers to you, turn friendly. Doors open to you, and you find yourself one of a warm, affectionate, human group.

But while it lasts there is no experience more terrible than the loneliness that every one experiences who goes to a big city in which he or she has no friends or acquaintances. Among the memories upon which I shut the door is that of such an ordeal, when for weeks at a time I would hardly hear the sound of my own voice; when I starved for companionship as a beggar might starve for food; when I tramped the streets until my feet were blistered so that I might look upon my fellow creatures even if I could not speak to them, and when the hours at night in my lonely room seemed endless.

Solitary confinement is one of the severest penalties inflicted upon criminals, but it is scarcely worse than the torture endured by one who is alone in a great city. Many people have not the strength to stand this loneliness, and the chief of police of New York once told me that loneliness sent more young girls to the bad than any other cause.

He said that girls from the country and small towns and other cities would come to New York and get a job. At home they were used to family life. They had their parties, their dates and their chums. In the city they were alone, with no one to speak to after office hours, with no pleasures and no amusements, and so they fell easy victims to the men who picked them up off the streets and offered them a good time.

How to remedy this situation and provide some way in which the strangers of a great city can get in touch with congenial acquaintances, nobody seems to know. But no one will deny that some sort of social clearing house is a great and imperative need. There should be some sort of place where a young woman or a young man can go with letters of recommendation from their own home towns showing that they are decent and respectable, and where they can be introduced to other men and women who belong to their own class.

In your particular case, Lois, the problem of how you are to end your isolation is made more difficult by your personal idiosyncrasies. Especially by your reserve. You want friends, but you would have them make all the advances; you want them to cultivate you. Think how egotistic this is. What is there about you that would lead any one to think it worth the trouble to break down your barriers and get at what is fine within you?

You need others more than strangers need you, so my advice to you is to take the initiative. There is no truer saying than that if we wish friends we must show ourselves friendly. Perhaps the reason that you do not attract people is because you do not fit in. You are not adaptable. You bristle with opinions and get into arguments. That makes the average person very tired, so put the soft pedal on your personal views and see if it does not make you a more agreeable companion.

Dear Dorothy Dix—Do you think that a middle-aged man who has grown children and a good, faithful wife can really fall in love with a young girl? Isn't it softening of the brain rather than love? Did you ever know of a case where a young girl ever really fell in love with an old man where it wasn't just a pretense to get his money? If it wasn't for breaking the heart of a wife, I would say let every old fool who thinks he is in love with a flapper get a divorce and marry her, and get a good dose of the medicine he needs. What do you think?

I agree with you, H. A. R., that it would make a punishment that

BE NORMAL CHARM

Keep your weight normal—enjoy perfect health and its charm. Take NB YEAST FLAKES every day. Absolutely pure brewers' yeast, dried and flaked—nothing added, nothing taken away.

At Grocers' and Druggists'



NB YEAST FLAKES RICH BREWERS' YEAST

THE NATIONAL BREWERIES LIMITED, MONTREAL

Sales Agent: Harold F. Ritchie & Co. Ltd., 10-12 McCaul Street, Toronto 24

would fit the crime, as they sing in the "Mikado." For I have never known of a single case in which an old man has divorced a faithful wife in order to marry a young girl that has turned out happily, and in which the man did not bitterly repent the mistake he had made.

Many men around 50 go through a period of nervous mental irresponsibility. Up to that time they have been as domestic as the house cat, happy in their homes and satisfied with their wives, but suddenly all this is changed. They become bored with domesticity and long for freedom and adventure. They look at their wives and realize that they have lost their looks and grown old, but they delude themselves into thinking they themselves are still young.

They have a flare-up of youth and romance and they yield to its lure because they realize it is the last call. And if they have made any money there is always some nice little gold-digger hanging around to flatter them and cajole them and make them believe that they are still young bucks and the devils with women.

Many a man divorces his faithful old wife and marries a young girl while in this age of irresponsibility, but no sooner is the wedding ceremony safely over than he discovers that his illusion of youth was just a pipe dream, and that he is an old man after all. Also, he soon learns that the girl he married has nothing in common with him, that all she wants is his pocketbook and to run around and have a good time with boys of her own age.

There are no more forlorn creatures in the world than the old husbands of young wives that you see sitting on the sidelines at night clubs, cabarets and restaurants, waiting to pay the bill. And only good to pay the bill.

Dear Dorothy Dix—I do everything possible for my daughter and wait on her hand and foot, but she will not call me mother or even speak to me. She only says: "Did you darn those stockings?" "Did you wash my blouse?" with never even a "thank you" for doing it. Lately I was sick in bed for two days. She passed my door every day without ever coming in to ask how I was. What can I do?

Quit making a servant of yourself for her. Don't do another hand's turn of work for her until she treats you properly. But you brought this treatment on your own head by not teaching your daughter to consider you and be respectful to you when she was a baby. You have to begin training children in the way they should go in the cradle.

Dear Dorothy Dix—Do you think that a middle-aged man who has grown children and a good, faithful wife can really fall in love with a young girl? Isn't it softening of the brain rather than love? Did you ever know of a case where a young girl ever really fell in love with an old man where it wasn't just a pretense to get his money? If it wasn't for breaking the heart of a wife, I would say let every old fool who thinks he is in love with a flapper get a divorce and marry her, and get a good dose of the medicine he needs. What do you think?

THE COOK'S CORNER

LADY CAKE

4 tablespoons shortening 1 1/4 cups sugar 1/2 cup milk 1/2 teaspoon almond extract 2 1/2 cups flour 5 teaspoons baking powder Pinch of salt 2 egg whites Cream shortening and sugar thoroughly, add milk a little at a time alternately with the flour, which has been sifted several times, with baking powder and salt; add flavoring and fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Bake 40 minutes in a loaf pan in a moderate oven. Cover with a white icing.

A Morning Smile

Briggs nodded rather furtively across the room. "See that chap with the moustache? That's Robinson—he's the type of fellow who will promise anything," he said to his companion. "Really," she said, "but does he keep his promises?" "Briggs grimaced. "I think he must," he replied rather coldly: "nobody sees or hears anything of them afterwards!"

Two men who had attended the village church were discussing the service.

"The vicar certainly preached a wonderfully strong sermon on vanity and extravagance," said one.

"Yes; and his own wife sitting right in front of him wearing her new dress and new hat," put in the other.

"Oh," said the first, "that explains it! I wondered why he was so worked up."

GARDENING

There is still time to set out strawberry plants if this work was neglected in Spring. Potted plants can be purchased, and if set out carefully and given plenty of water will give a reasonably good crop next Spring. If an old bed is to be abandoned, the young plants, which have taken root during the summer, may be used for making a new bed. The runners should be carefully severed from the old plants and the young plants dug with as much earth as possible around the roots. It is advisable to give the bed a thorough soaking with water before this work is attempted so that the soil will cling to the roots.

The important point to remember when setting out strawberries is that the crowns should be just even with the surface of the ground. Trouble is likely to result if the plants go into the ground too deeply or are set too high.

Farmer: "Hi, there! What are you doing up in my pear-tree?" Boy: "There's a notice down there to keep off the grass."

BROWNIES

One third cup butter, 1-3 cup sugar, 1-3 cup molasses, 1 egg, 1 scant cup flour, 1 cup pecan or other nuts, 1-2 teaspoon baking powder. Cream the butter and sugar, add the molasses and egg, and lastly, the flour and baking powder sifted together. Stir in the nuts and bake the cakes in small fancy pans well greased.

Farmer: "Hi, there! What are you doing up in my pear-tree?" Boy: "There's a notice down there to keep off the grass."

What Difference does a tooth or two make?



Ask the man who has just lost a few

If you have ever lost a tooth in the front of your mouth, you know how precious all your natural teeth are. The days with the toothless gap... the silly, lisp-like sound of your own voice... the strange embarrassment that made you keep your hand over your mouth. You'll never want to go through it again.

Start now to protect your teeth. Protect them against pyorrhea—the thief of half the adult teeth which are lost. Pyorrhea starts at the gum line and works downward

towards the tooth sockets. It may be working in your mouth five or ten years before you know it, before it takes a single tooth. But sooner or later, beware... Give the dentist a chance to prevent. It's much better than repairing. Visit him twice a year and make a point of it. That is prevention—and sensible prevention too. Then there is the question of home treatment and care. There is no use in making believe that white, shining, "clean" teeth are either safe or sound. Nobody believes that any more. The gums must be considered as well. Forhan's Tooth-paste is the double-duty toothpaste that does both halves of the job. Originated by Dr. R. J. Forhan, for 26 years a pyorrhea specialist, save pain, expense and humiliation. Start the whole family today with the big brown tube of Forhan's. All druggists.

FOR THE WOMAN READER

MOUNT OF BLESSING

Lay thine uphill shoulder to the wheel, And climb the Mount of Blessing, whence, if thou A hundred ever-rising mountain lines, And pass the range of light and shadows seen The high-heaven dawn of more than mortal day, Strike on the Mount of Vision! So farewell. —Tennyson.

Boil sugar and water to make a syrup and add to chilled beverages for sweetening.

To remove grass stains from washable materials rub the stain with lard and let stand for several hours. This loosens the coloring matter so it will wash out.

To remove grass stains from unwashable materials, sponge the stain on the under side with ether applied on a soft cloth. Rub until stain disappears.

Always serve soups steaming hot. This is best accomplished by serving in a cup instead of a wide soup plate.

FIG SITS ON STOOL

Pork Chops, a spotless white pig, has become the mascot of a filling station in Breckenridge Texas, and attracts much attention by sitting on a stool to eat his morning cereal.

Michael and Patrick were walking through some marshland on a very dark night. "Where are ye, Michael?" called Patrick. "Here I am," responded Michael with a groan, "up to me ankles." "Up to ye ankles! Then what are ye groaning for?" "I'm in head first," came Michael's reply.

Daintiness With Chic Styles ILLUSTRATED DRESSMAKING LESSON FURNISHED WITH EVERY PATTERN BY ANNABELLE WORTHINGTON

Look trim and slender! A well fitting costume slip will do the trick for you. It is essential for the new slim-line frocks.

Note the interesting outline of the lace trim. However, if you prefer a tailored slip, omit the lace and finish the upper edge with self bias binds.

You could easily run it up in an hour. A few seams to join—presto! It's finished!

Style No. 352 is designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust.

Size 36 requires 2 1/4 yards 39-inch with 1 1/4 yards lace.

Price of PATTERN 15 cents in stamps or coin (coin is preferred.) Wrap plain carefully.

No. 352. Size

Name

Street Address

City

State

George went to a football match. On his return a friend asked: "A. did you have a big gate?" "Big gate, did ye say? It was the biggest gate I've ever climbed over."



HELLO JEAN HELP ME SELECT SOMETHING NICE FOR DINNER TONIGHT!

THAT'S EASY ALICE—TRY ONE OF THOSE MARVELLOUS NEW HEINZ SOUPS

They're Ready to Serve No need to add a thing to Heinz ready-to-serve Soups. Just heat the tin, open, and pour into the plates. Delicious flavour.

Heinz Cream Soups (made with real cream) Green Pea, Celery, Asparagus, Corn, Tomato. Other Varieties: Beef Broth, Vegetable, Mock Turtle, Chicken with Noodle, Mutton Broth. Some of the 37



Grease goes quick as a flash... even pots and pans soak spotless

DO DISHES the short-cut way! Dip them in creamy Rinso suds—and see the grease soak off! A hot rinse, and your dishes dry bright and clean without wiping. Wash silver, glassware, pots, pans in Rinso's creamy suds. See how easy it makes it! On washday alone, millions use Rinso for safely washing clothes white and brighter—without scrubbing. So economical, too. Cup for cup, Rinso gives twice as much suds as lightweight, puffed-up soaps. Lasting suds, even in hardest water. No grit. Recommended by the makers of 40 leading washing machines. Get the BIG thrifty package of Rinso today.

Millions use Rinso in tub, washer and dishpan

HEARTS AFIRE By MARY CHRISTIE

CHAPTER 31 Prudence's Rebellion

There are many types of women in the world. There are many shades and grades of character. But in matters of the heart two kinds stand out. The woman—hard and self-absorbed and greedy—who grabs everything she can, and gives nothing in return—or anyhow, the minimum. And her ardent, whole-hearted antithesis to whom love is everything, and who is generous to a degree.

One of the latter type was Prudence Page. A born lover. Contrary to her name, she loved, perhaps not wisely, but with a whole-hearted devotion that women of the stamp of Miss Virginia Dale could never hope to understand, nor would they want to, in their selfishness.

Even as a tiny tot, Prudence had loved devotedly. Her mother, her dolls, the tiny animals about the farm.

"That child's head will never govern her heart," an observing neighbour had remarked.

"I wouldn't have her different for the world," the fond mother had replied.

Now, however, she was afraid for the warm-hearted little daughter. With reason, too. Her own worldly experience might be small, but one really didn't need experience to sum

up Mr. Bertram Traymore! Never would he make her Prudence happy. Already there were shadows coming and going on the young girl's hitherto unclouded face. Already Prudence's rippling laugh—that always in her mother's ears had sounded like a freshest of delight—was silenced.

And she would spend hours alone in the solitude of her room, apparently doing nothing... sitting by the window that overlooked the winding ribbon of road that led from Winston Towers, like little Sister Anne, waiting and watching.

In the morning, too, at breakfast-time, there would be violent shadows underneath her eyes, and the lids swollen suspiciously. She had cried herself to sleep the night before, the mother guessed.

What could be done? What said? Each human soul has its isolation, its holy ground whereon others—not even a mother—may intrude. Each human soul has its secrets and its reticences.

"If it only had been Mr. Armstrong!" Mrs. Page said to her husband, wistfully.

"Tush!" He was impatient at the very idea of his little Prudence with a lover! "Leave the child be! If she has a fancy for the foppish chap you speak of, she'll outgrow it! Call love! It'll pass!"

"But he's the kind that will bring pain into her life."

Mr. Page had glared at that announcement. "Let me get my hands on him and I'll horsewhip him. Just let me talk to Prudence. What does a mere child like her want to imagine she's in love for, I'd like to know?"

His wife regretted unburdening herself to him. She had yielded to a foolish impulse in confiding the weight of her worries to someone who—being a mere man—didn't understand. "Don't say a word to Prudence." She laid a hand on her husband's arm. "Mind, the girl hasn't spoken to me on the subject. It's just what I noticed, what I guessed."

"Then a stop'll have to be put to it. I won't have you upset by any nonsense of the sort. Why, the child won't be marriageable for years!" He was indignant. "Promise not to speak to her," his wife implored. Prudence was high-spirited, and who knows that if she thought her own folk had turned against her, she might run away with Bertram Traymore.

Mr. Page had grunted and said nothing, but his manner towards his daughter was a queer mixture of thoughtfulness and watchful anxiety. He loved her very dearly, but he didn't in the least understand her. "Why must be she so restless? Why could she settle to nothing? If he himself had a worry on his mind, he'd work it off with hard manual labour of some sort and feel all the better afterwards. He'd send her on an errand. A brisk walk would do her good. There was rain-shine on the sunlit earth

(Continued on Page 6)

SHE OFTEN WISHED SHE COULD DIE

First Bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Helped Her Wonderfully



"My trouble is the Change. I was so weak I could hardly walk. I was a girl to my work. I would lie awake all night and I often wished I could die. I saw Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound advertised and tried that. The first bottle helped me. I am now on my fourth and I am gaining strength and energy all the time."

MRS. M. W. LOCKHART, R. R. #1, Plaister Rock, New Brunswick

Ayrshires Wanted

Farmers having high class Ayrshire Grade Cows from five to eight years of age due to freshen within next three months kindly communicate with undersigned. Cows must be large, in good condition and capable of producing 45 pounds of milk daily.

W. R. SHAW, Livestock Superintendent.