

Woman's Realm Social and Personal Fashions Literature

Dorothy Dix Says—

WHY DO MOTHERS BELIEVE SINGLE GIRLS ARE HELPLESS? Unwed And Efficient Woman Worker Complains Of Parent's Attitude

A young woman says: "I am 24 years old. I graduated at the head of my class in college. I have a fine position in a big business firm and am trusted with making important decisions.

"I mean to say that I am an intelligent adult, yet my mother treats me as if I were a feeble-minded child. She doesn't pretend to have the slightest respect for my opinion or knowledge. She tells me when to go to bed and not to sit up reading, as she did when I was 5 years old, and supervises my diet just as carefully and still thinks that I should live on spinach and milk.

"I am a good cook, but I never start toward the kitchen that she doesn't stop me and tell me thousands of things. She still feels it is her duty to read my letters and listen in on my telephone conversations and pick my friends; and every time I go and come I am put through a questionnaire about where I have been, whom I have seen and what they said, and why didn't I come home earlier.

"For, you see, I am still unmarried and, in my mother's eyes and in the eyes of all the other mothers I know, an unmarried daughter is a poor, feeble, helpless creature, incapable of taking care of herself, although she may be 20 years old and, like Lady Kew's daughter in Thackeray's story, have heard all there is to tell. I bet Miss Susan B. Anthony never went out of the house as long as her mother lived without being told to put on her rubbers, and that Florence Nightingale's mother never ceased to warn her to beware of strange men.

TREATS MARRIED SISTER AS EQUAL

"Now I have a sister 5 years younger than I am who is a darling but no intellectual prodigy. She married right out of high school, so she has not had the education, nor the training, nor the experience that I have had, yet Mother treats Sally as her equal and me as her inferior.

"I know a thousand things about life and the world in general that Sally, snub in her nursery and the four walls of her home, hasn't had a chance to learn, but Mother poo-poo's my views on every subject and quotes Sally as an expert. She would never dream of regulating Sally's goings and comings as she does mine, or of picking out Sally's acquaintances for her.

"All of which causes me to wonder why married daughters and unmarried daughters have such a different status with their mothers. Do mothers think that a girl can't be right bright who doesn't catch a husband? Or is it that getting married somehow automatically makes girls members of the Amalgamated Order of Wives with all its pass words and secrets, and so makes a mother feel closer to her married daughter than to her old maid daughter?

SACRIFICES ARE IGNORED

Anyway, you will notice that mothers always brag about their daughters who can write Mrs. before their names, no matter what sort of sticks they are married to, and that they are always apologetic over the ones who are still Misses, even when it is the spinsters who are supporting them. Why, many a time I have seen a mother proudly displaying some cheap gift that she boasted that her daughter, Mrs. So-and-So, had sent her, while she never said a word about the single daughter who was working her fingers to the bone to keep her soft and comfortable in her old age.

"But all of this is beside the point. What I started to say, before I got lost in the intricacies of mother psychology, is that even more than the lack of any personal freedom, which I shall never have as long as I live with my mother, what I regret is our inability to be friends as well as mother and daughter. I know my mother is a very fine and intelligent woman and I would dearly like to have a real companionship with her in which we would meet on a common platform of mutual interests and be able to talk as woman to woman.

"I'd like to be able to discuss with her my problems, especially as regards men and marriage, and ask her why it was that some men attracted me, others repulsed me, and others kept me guessing; and if she thought, deep down in her heart, that marriage was worthwhile. But I can't do it. Mother still thinks I am 5 years old and too young to be told the facts of life and when I try to talk seriously with her she waves me off with a platitude that says, in effect, run along, little girl, and play with your dolls. Funny, isn't it?"

"No, tragic," I responded.



Grubbiness shows where the sleeper's head has rested! It's where the sheet has been turned down.

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Sunlight and you leave a film of soap right on the dirt. And because it is Sunlight Soap you're using, this thin, soapy film is enough to loosen the last speck of stubborn grime, and the rich Sunlight lather carries it away. That is the Sunlight method of washing—an amazingly effective and safe way of getting clothes spotlessly clean.

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Living & Leisure The Woman's Realm

PLEASURES

Pleasures are like poppies spread; You seize the flower, its bloom is shed; Or like the snow-flake in the river, A moment white, then melts for ever.

It is asking a lot to expect two women to share one small kitchen and cooking utensils? Official of Wilshire village, who has taken evacuee families from blitzed areas thinks so; suggests more communal feeding as best solution.

PAINTING IS SUGGESTED FOR CONCRETE TERRACE

Concrete terraces can often be made attractive by coloring them with stains manufactured especially for the purpose. For best results the concrete should first be washed thoroughly with washing soda or trisodium phosphate in order to remove any grease. This solution is made by dissolving a pound or a pound and a half of the chemical in a gallon of water. After cleaning the surface, it should be carefully rinsed with water and given two days in which to dry before applying the concrete stain.

CINNAMON TOAST

When making cinnamon toast, now that sugar is short, you might use honey instead. Heat the honey (strained) and pour over hot buttered toast and sprinkle with cinnamon.

ROBINS ARE CHUMMY BUT THEY DON'T LIKE INTRUDERS

Robins like people; they also like domestic animals. They don't mind feeding with the chickens in the barnyard. You need not worry about the robins getting their share either. Robins become very angry if their nests or little ones are disturbed. One boy climbed a tree to look at some robin's egg and received a sound scolding from the female robin. After that whenever the boy left the house and came near the tree where the nest was the mother bird would fly straight at his head, only swerving aside when some six feet away. Robins do not forgive or forget the intruder who has once disturbed their nest. The other would entail a very difficult

Tea-Leaf Fortunes Help Clever Girls Entertain

Men Like You in a Gipsy Mood Sure to put your beau in a confidential mood, a cosy tearoom and you reading fortunes in the tea-leaves. Soon you're talking intimately of life... luck... love! And it's easy. In your hand (or your purse) is a list of tea-leaf symbols with meanings. You look mysteriously into his cup, decide what symbols the groups of leaves resemble most. Tea-leaves grouped in the shape of a cross? Your beau has arrived at a crossroads in life! But what momentous choice must he make? Let's look for a clue. That sceptre? And that crescent moon? Hmm, a VERY momentous choice—for the sceptre is fame, the crescent true love. He'll need your guidance, gypsy. Better look into the cup again. Isn't that a rake (a sign of grief) near the sceptre, and a star (riches and honor) near the crescent? "Yes! Fame for its own sake will lead you to grief," you can say wisely, "but true love will lead to good fortune."

For more gipsy lore see our 32-page booklet. Has 85 tea-leaf symbols, also tells exciting ways to read cards, the "crystal ball," dominoes, the Mystic Circle. Has a horoscope for each month. Send 20c in coins for your copy of "Fun With Fortune-Telling" to The Guardian Home Service. Be sure to write plainly your Name, Address and the Name of your Booklet.

Name Street Address City Province

House of Hate

By ISABEL GARLAND

CHAPTER XXIII

Dr. Harry got up from the hearth. "I'll take my oath that Matee's life was in no danger through the stuff that was in that green bottle. The fact that she thought it was an omelette maker, Paul, did she tell you she was making another will last night?"

"I hadn't the slightest idea of it." "Have you any idea why she would have changed her mind in such a drastic manner?"

Paul shrugged. "Possibly because she has come to the conclusion that I would administer her estate more satisfactorily than any of the others."

Holding the will, Dr. Harry turned suddenly to Advent. "I see your name here as a witness. When did you sign?"

"I don't know what time it was, except that it was late. She came down to the kitchen and said she had something she wanted me to sign as witness. I didn't have no notion of what it was and I just signed where she said to."

"Was that before or after you were in Estelle's room?" Serena asked on an impulsive note.

"There was a quick exchange of glances. 'Before, I guess,' Advent said guiltily.

"What was Advent doing in your room, Estelle?" asked Paul.

"None of your business, bozo."

"Listen—"

"Just a minute, young people," Dr. Harry put in. "Don't lose your tempers. I want to impress upon you the fact that, if we can work this thing out by ourselves, it's going to be a lot easier for all of us later on."

Now, Estelle, the chances are there wasn't anything strange in Advent's being in your room last night, but Paul seems to think there was. If he kept on thinking so, and made a point of it when Sheriff Stephens gets here, there might be a lot of questions and nit-picking over nothing. In other words, if we can satisfy each other about things now, everything will be much simpler. Do you see what I mean?"

Estelle nodded, but she glowered at Paul. "Okay, bozo, you win, but I'm sorry to have to disappoint you, Advent and I weren't concocting a plot against Mother. As a matter of fact, we were cross-making."

"Dressing?"

"Yes, Advent was fitting me for a costume she's clever as the dickens about sewing."

"What did you want a costume for?" Paul asked. "Planning a stage career, or something?"

"You know what I wanted a costume for."

"Ah, yes—the dance team and the partner called Carlos or Pedro."

"Ramon."

"Ramon—that's right. But as I remember, there was another requirement for your nappy reunion with Ramon, five hundred dollars, wasn't it?"

"When Estelle made no answer, Paul leaned forward, saying softly, 'You don't by any chance acquire that live hundred last night, did you, Estelle?'"

"If you mean was it I who broke into Mother's desk and stole her two hundred—no."

"Of course she didn't," said Serena indignantly. "Why, only this afternoon, Estelle asked me to see if I could persuade you to give her some money."

"Then why the hurry about making costumes if she didn't have the money?" asked Paul.

"Well—while there's life there's hope, isn't there?" Estelle retorted.

"Leona," said Dr. Harry. "I see you're a witness to this will, too."

"Yes, Alec, I'd just gone to bed when I heard rapping on my door and told me to come into her room. When I got there, she snatched me by the wrist, signed and stamped, and told me what she had done. I was so upset I didn't as well admit it. I had just got up to see if I could do anything for my old age."

"Did you try to persuade her to change her mind?"

"No, Matee was a very positive person and once she had decided upon a course, it was difficult to argue her out of it. I just signed the will and went back to my room."

"About what time was that?"

"I don't remember, Alec. Quite late, I think. I'd just got back into bed when I heard Serena and Paul talking in the next room. Serena seemed to be crying and I thought perhaps she was ill or something. I went out into the hall and knocked on her door and asked if she was all right. Paul said she'd had a little fall or something, but that she was all right and so I went back into my room."

"And you go right to sleep?"

"No, I tried, but I couldn't. The heat was simply dreadful—so I sat up."

"Yes, Leona?"

"Well, I remembered that Matee kept some bromides on the top shelf of the bathroom. I never take them but last night I was so nervous and upset that I finally got up and went to get the medicine."

"Did you go into any other room except the bathroom?"

"Any other room?" the old lady repeated. "Why, no, Alec—why would I? I just went down the hall and right back."

"Aunt Leona," said Paul harshly, "you're lying!"

She drew back. "Paul! That is

A Morning Smile

TOO HASTY

"Conductor," said the grim-faced woman as she forced her way on to the platform of the crowded bus, "didn't I tell you I wanted to get off at Rajput avenue?"

"Yes, but—" began the conductor.

"Don't make excuses!" snapped the lady. "I know all about your bus being crowded and that you can't be expected to remember where each single person wants to get off."

"Don't argue! You may be sure that I shall report you for your impudence."

With much dignity, she alighted. Then, as the bus started again, the conductor touched his cap and called to her:

"Excuse me, madam, but Rajput avenue is half a mile farther on."

MISSED MEANING

"And is the price inconspicuous?" asked the reporter, referring to a titled guest.

"Well, no, sir," replied the hotel porter. "I don't know as I'd say that. But it's certainly 'ad a few

no way to speak to—"

"You went down the hall all right, Aunt Leona, but you didn't come back! I know, because I was watching you."

"I don't think I understand—"

"You will when I explain that I was on the divan in downstairs hall last night and I saw you go down the hall and into Mother's room!"

Miss Feasley's face worked piteously. "You saw me? You know that?"

"Oh, don't look at me that way! I don't look at me that way!"

She covered her face with her hands and burst into tears.

(To be Continued)

THE COOK'S CORNER

BEEF STEAK PIES

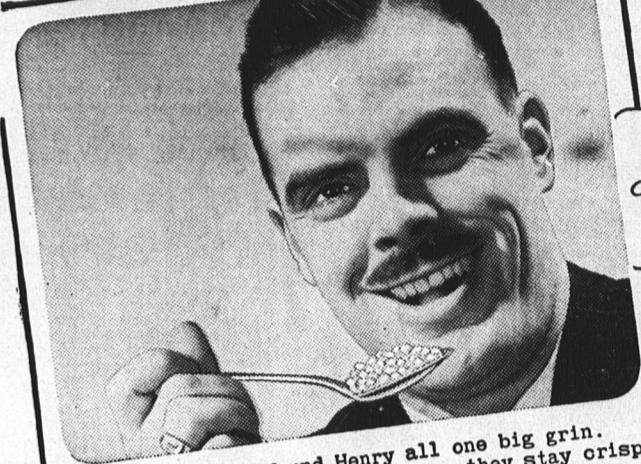
These are excellent, hot or cold. Tender steak should be used, otherwise the meat will not cook quickly enough. Sift two and one-half cups flour into a bowl with a quarter teaspoon salt. Rub in one-third each of lard and dripping, and make into a paste just stiff enough to roll out easily, with cold water. Roll out about a quarter of an inch thick and cut into rounds to fit deep party tins leaving some paste for the lids. Roll out these also. The meat should be cut into very small dice or chopped roughly with a chopper; roll it in flour and season well with pepper and salt. Fill the tins with it, and moisten with water, rolling not to wet the crust. Fasten on the lid, make a hole in the centre, brush with egg or milk, and bake for an hour. The oven should be hot for the first ten minutes and then the heat con-

FROM OUR C.I.D. FILES...



SNAP'S STAR CASE

* CRISPNESS INVESTIGATION DEPARTMENT



8:10 a.m. found Henry all one big grin. Asked why. "They're crisp," he practically sang. "They're still crisp," he was well into his second bowl of Kellogg's Rice Krispies. What else tastes so good, crackles so invitingly, crisp to the end? NOTE: Mrs. H. laps 'em up, too! "Every morning," says she.

Ok. for file Snap

BAH! I'VE HAD DOZENS OF CASES THAT GOOD, ALL ACROSS CANADA!



JOIN the swing to crispness!... Make breakfast fun for the whole family, EVERY morning!... Say "Rice Krispies, please" to the grocer, tomorrow! Breakfasting out? Ask for Kellogg's Rice Krispies in the individual package with the inner, WAXTITE, sealed bag.

"Rice Krispies" is a registered trade mark of Kellogg Company of Canada Limited for its brand of oven-popped rice.

SO CRISP THEY C-R-A-C-K-L-E IN CREAM!

siderably reduced so as not to brown the pastry too much.

CHICKEN POT PIE

Four pounds fowl two teaspoons salt, pepper, one small onion, four butter, biscuit dough. Wash the fowl thoroughly and disjoint. Cover with boiling water add the seasonings and the whole onion. Cover and simmer until the meat is very tender. This will take from 3 to 4 hours, depending on the size and age of the fowl. Lift out the meat, removing some of the larger bones and arrange in a baking dish. Thicken the broth with butter and flour mixed together, unless the broth is very rich in that case, omit the butter and moisten the flour with cold water. Pour over the chicken and arrange small baking powder biscuits closely together over the top. Bake in a hot oven until the biscuits are well browned and the pie very hot.

A cup of sliced carrots, small potato balls or a cup of peas, any or all may be added to the pie. If you are using the carrots and potatoes, add them to the stew in time for them to cook till tender and they will be better flavored.

NO VACATIONS

ST. LOUIS, June 5 —(AP)— In an article, "v for victory, no vacations," the weekly newspaper of Curtiss-Wright Corporation's St. Louis airplane division notified the plant's employees today they would have to forego vacations this year. It said the workers would receive double pay during the two days to two weeks they normally would have been on vacation.

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Women who suffer pain of irregular periods with crampy nervousness—due to monthly functional disturbances—should find Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Tablets (with added iron) very effective to relieve such distress. Pinkham's Tablets made especially for women help build up their strength against such symptoms. They help build up red blood! Made in Canada.

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