

Woman's Realm :- Social and Personal :- Fashions :- Lite rature

Dorothy Dix's Letter Box

Does it Indicate Great Character to Take Insults Meekly? — What a Selfish Woman, Who Begrudges Sweet Mother-in-Law Few Hours of Happiness!

Dear Miss Dix—In friendship or love between two people should one be influenced by what the other does or fails to do? Should one resent lack of consideration on the part of the other, or should one just grin and bear it as if nothing had happened? Is it our pride or our hearts that are hurt at the ill-treatment of one we love? I know a girl who stood for the greatest insult, humiliation, selfishness and infidelity for ten years from the man with whom she was in love, but she got him in the end. I know another girl who refused to put up with such conduct from her fiance and she is still wandering around unmarried. Which girl had the meek character? K. J. R.

Answer: I'd say the second girl did. She showed not only strength of character but self-respect and good, hard, horse sense while the first girl proved herself to be nothing but a human doormat.

True, she got her man, but it needs no prophet to foretell that he will trample over her and kick her around, as is the fate of every doormat, as long as she lives. How any woman can promise herself happiness in marrying a man who has shown her before marriage the contempt in which he regards her is past comprehension.

If she has a gleam of intelligence, she must know that a man puts his best foot foremost in his courting days and that if he then reviles her and insults her, after marriage there will be no abuse filthy enough for him to heap upon her, no degradation to which he will not subject her. Certainly any woman who would put up with that is even a lowlier creature than a worm of the dust.

The spineless and spiritless women who let their husbands tyrannize over them and say things to them that they would not dare to say to any woman who had an able-bodied brother make a great mistake if they think that prostrating themselves at their husbands' feet gets them anywhere. He will keep his foot on her neck until he gets tired of torturing her and watching her squirm, but eventually her meekness will pall upon him and he will go off after some other lady with more pep to her.

Every wife writes her own price-tag for her husband and he treats her exactly as she demands to be treated. If she demands to be treated with respect and courtesy and generosity, she gets it. But if she submits to being treated like a slave and ordered about like one, if she meekly bows her head before insults and abuse, that's the way she is treated.

A woman whose husband was noticeably gallant in his attitude toward her once told me that soon after she was married she was taking a ride with her husband and suddenly he took offense at some trivial matter and began cursing her. Very quietly she opened the carriage door and sprang out. "No man can talk to me like that," she said, "least of all my husband. If you want me to live with you, you have to treat me as if I were a lady, even if I am your wife." And that was that, and the end of her husband's taking out his ill-temper on her.

The wives who let their husbands swear at them; the wives who let their husbands dole out nickles to them instead of giving them an allowance; the wives who let their husbands enslave them have only themselves to blame. Their husbands wouldn't want them that way if they didn't stand for it. The women would not have to turn to make their husbands as polite and considerate to them as they are to other women.

In friendship as well as matrimony the same principle holds true and we get the treatment we demand. All of us know people who have certain friends with whom they are most punctilious and other friends whom they use as conveniences. They wouldn't dream of keeping an engagement with Mrs. X. They would never forget to send her flowers or write her notes upon the proper occasions. They always invite her to their best parties. But poor old Mary A. they put down and take up as she is useful. They break a date with her if something more entertaining comes along. They make her haul them around in her automobile and then forget she is alive until they need her again, because they know they will stick another pin in her.

A proper self-respect demands that our friends should treat us with respect, and they do not value us unless we make them do so.

Dear Miss Dix—Three years ago I left a good home and position to marry an only son. My husband's mother lives with us. She is 75 and crippled. She is sweet and easy to get along with, but she makes me very unhappy because she never lets us have a minute alone together. In the morning she comes down to breakfast just to be with him and then goes back to bed. When friends drop in in the evenings mother holds the floor for half an hour at a time, telling the same old stories over and over again. My friends have made remarks about this and when I told my husband about it he said: "Oh, let her stay up. She enjoys it and she only has a few more years to live." I am so unhappy that I think I will take my baby and leave. S.A.D. MOTHER AND WIFE.

Answer: Well, if that is all you have to be sad about, you should be down on your knees thanking God for your happiness instead of fluttering up this column with your wails.

If your mother-in-law was mean and bossy and hateful to get along with, and if she was trying to separate you from your husband, you would have just reason for complaint. But she is none of these things. She is a sweet, gentle, crippled old lady who wants a little of the society of the son she has a hard time getting. She is a little of the society of you and your friends.

Isn't you a big enough woman to look at the situation from her point of view and see how pitiful a thing it is for the old to have to warm themselves at another person's fire, and borrow their happiness from others? Just consider how poor the lady who is old and feeble, the sands in her glass running low, her hands empty and idle, nothing to do, nothing to look forward to, nothing more to hope or plan for, no interest except in her son.

And you are so rich. You have the son, whose love for you is so much greater than his affection for his mother. You have your child. You have your home and your heart and your hands busy, and a long and rosy future stretches before you. Can you not out of your wealth spare a little understanding, a little patience to this forlorn old creature?

What if she does bore your friends by being garrulous and telling the same old stories? Her happiness is far more to be considered than their being entertained. Besides, they need a lesson in human sympathy and tolerance just as much as you do. And they might all remember that some day they also will be old and tedious and need to call upon the patience of the young.

I cannot believe that you are a poor enough sport seriously to consider leaving a good husband, your home and orphaning your child for no better reason than that his old mother had got upon your nerves. If you do this, you are a quitter and a coward and your husband will have a right to be glad to be rid of a wife who was made of such poor material that she couldn't take it.

My advice to you is to brace up and snap out of the maudlin state of mind you have got into. Cut her out for yourself. Dry your eyes and smile and cherish your poor old mother-in-law as if she were your own mother. There is nothing that cheers us up like doing the right thing. DOROTHY DIX.

A Morning Smile

FREE ADVICE Two-penn'orth of bicarbonate of soda for indigestion at this time of night," cried the chemist, who had been roused at 2 a. m., "when a glass of hot water would have done just as well!"

How to Make Better Cough Remedy Than You Can Buy

A Big Saving, and It's So Easy! No Cooking! Cough medicines usually contain a large quantity of plain syrup—a good ingredient, but one which you can easily make at home. Take 2 cups of granulated sugar and 1 cup of water, and stir a few moments until dissolved. No cooking! No trouble at all! Then get from your drugist 2 1/2 ounces of Pinex, pour it into a 16 oz. bottle, and add your syrup. This gives you a healing agent for severe coughs. It is guaranteed to please you, or money refunded. It's better than anything you can buy.

Signs Declaration

MRS. ETHEL DUFF To benefit others Mrs. Duff, 135 Wellington Street E., Charlottetown, Ontario, avows to the facts before a notary of how Fruit-a-tives rid her of sick-headaches and stomach trouble in less than a month. Mrs. Duff generously made her statement in this fashion so everyone can be sure of its truth. She states,—"I was bothered with stomach troubles which brought on sick-headaches. Nothing I took did any good. Then I started taking Fruit-a-tives. In less than a month my stomach trouble had gone and I had no more headaches. Fruit-a-tives helped my husband who suffered from stomach trouble too."

Copy of Mrs. Duff's complete avows statement will be sent on request. Write Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa, Canada. FRUIT-A-TIVES—25c and 50c EVERYWHERE

THE COOK'S CORNER

CREAM FROSTING Two cups confectioner's sugar, 3 tablespoons or more cream, 1/2 teaspoon almond flavoring, 1/2 cup sliced Brazil nuts.

PRESSING SATIN A reader writes to ask how to iron black satin. On no account press over a damp cloth. Spread the satin very lightly on the wrong side with a muslin tightly wrung out of cold water. Then press the satin on the wrong side with a moderately hot iron.

Always "pat" your powder on and brush off any surplus with a complexion brush, or, failing that, with a soft silk handkerchief. This stops that "over-powdered" look, and gives the face a fashionable matt finish.

"WOOL QUEEN" A "wool queen" has recently been crowned. First prize of two guineas and second prize of one guinea were recently offered for not more than eight lines of verse suitable for delivery by or dedicated to any "industrial queen," real or imaginary.

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The HOUSEWIFE and HER ACTIVITIES

NO BILLS TO PAY. No taxes due. Nothing but play. A lifetime through. No doubt; no fears. All smiles; no tears. Would that be good?

NO TASKS TO DO. No goals to seek. No old, no new. No strong, no weak. No good, no ill. No pain to bear. No place to fill. No need to care.

NO CAUSE TO WEEP. No clouds above. No dear, no cheap. No hate, no love. No loss, no gain. No storm, no strife. No dreams in vain. That's death, not life!

OYSTERS REMICK Allow four or five oysters for each person to be served. Heat them in their own liquor until plump. Then drain and dip in mayonnaise highly seasoned with chili sauce, paprika, a little English mustard and a dash of tabasco sauce. Return oysters to their shells and on top each one place a square of thinly sliced bacon. Sprinkle over with buttered crumbs and slide under the broiling flame for two or three minutes to cook the bacon and lightly brown the crumbs. Serve on a large plate, and garnish with lemon slices and tartar sauce.

CREAM FROSTING Two cups confectioner's sugar, 3 tablespoons or more cream, 1/2 teaspoon almond flavoring, 1/2 cup sliced Brazil nuts.

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ACCEPTED By Science FAVORED BY CANADIANS Kellogg's ALL-BRAN is accepted by Canadian Physicians, has been Tested and approved by Canadian Dietitians. Hundreds of thousands of Canadians have discovered that this delicious cereal corrects constipation due to insufficient "bulk" in meals. Unless checked, this ailment may cause headaches, loss of appetite and energy. You feel below par—fail to get the best out of each day.



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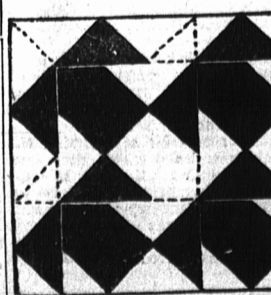
Kellogg's ALL-BRAN supplies a generous quantity of mild "bulk" to aid regular habits. ALL-BRAN also furnishes vitamin B and iron. Unlike cathartics, this tempting cereal continues to be effective when used for months.

Isn't it pleasanter to enjoy a gentle, natural food instead of weakening your system with patent medicines? Two table-spoonfuls daily are usually sufficient. Chronic cases, with each meal. Serve with milk or cream. If not relieved this way, see your doctor.

Serve as a cereal or use in cooking. Appetizing recipes on the red-and-green package. Remember, Kellogg's ALL-BRAN is much more effective than part-bran products. Sold by all grocers. Made by Kellogg in London, Canada.

Keep on the Sunny Side of Life

Grandmother's Quilt Patterns



MOSAIC NO. 7 Cut out all pieces and set together as indicated on small block. Either print or plain materials may be used. Set piece and plain blocks together as suggested in arrangement shown on quilt diagram. Allow for all seams when cutting patterns.

Block finishes 12 inches square. 22 plain blocks. 20 plain blocks. 8 inch border around quilt. Material required: 2 1/2 yards material for plain blocks. 1-6 yards gold material. 1 1/4 yards red material. 2 yards white material. 2-3 yard cream material. 9 1/4 yards 6 inch binding for border. When ordering give Number 41-1. Send 15c for a book of quilt patterns containing 7 beautiful Grandmother's quilt designs—every pattern different.

FIRST LOVES by FELIX RIESENBERG

Johnny slept on a cot in the corner. He drifted off into oblivion, exhausted by the events of the previous day and night.

Days of bewildering complexity followed on his establishment in the family of Channon Lipitch, as a young man from the farm, for so Elkan Nesser, a malmud, advised. Slowly the river dimmed. Johnny Breen learned of synagogues and rabbis.

He thought the whole world consisted of the street; on a manly force in the direction of his emotions. He burst out of his clothes, his strong body never tired. He could lift Becca high up so she might reach the ceiling of the shop; she was often needing things there, and then, suddenly, he refused to lift her, but climbed up himself and found nothing.

Becca supported him, carried him home, a bloody battered gladiator. Becca was his nurse, tended him, washed his cuts and bruises, and got raw beefsteak from Mrs. Yartin for his blackened eyes. She sat on his couch and cried over him, carressed him, her hero.

And so the months went by in a another of smells and chatter and continuous struggle. As the summer waxed to its fullest heat and high humidity thickened the air with oppressive damp, the Lipitch family moved out of their back room into the rear area of the tenement. Here, with their mattresses close together, they lay gazing through the nights. Johnny, prone on his back, gazed upward on dark nights at a slit of heaven. Frequent domestic arguments sounded back and forth down crowded light shafts and weird fancies filled Johnny's mind as he fretted through the long nights amid the close incense of the city stumps.

Fighting kept his mind alert and made him wary, while dim thoughts of things beyond the tenements, of wide avenues and great mansions, and confidence in dreams. John learned that millionaires were in the city, powerful, kindly, and immensely rich, looking about for worthy daughters of Israel. He suspected that miles and miles beyond the mazy vast territories unexplored.

A month in the Clothing Emporium—New and Second Hand—found John Breen part of a routine that included every phase of the business, that is, every phase of it but the receipt of wages. John lay awake at night reviewing the bitter

struggle and worked the harder by day. He arose at five-thirty, an hour before Lipitch, and in the dark, murky room he slipped on his trousers, and with shirt in hand, went to the littered tub.

In those mornings John worked hard and fast to get out on the street and then he killed about until the coming of Lipitch. The street was an endless show, a constantly changing tapestry with human figures hung on frames of brick.

Other and his fame expanded for ruffians trudging to and from the river. His stay at the Clothing Emporium became more and more perilous. The Grogan Gang was "laying" for him. He avoided the river front and kept away from the Bowery. Once, on a Saturday night, walking with Becca, arm in arm, and deep in the mysteries of river lore, for John told her everything he could remember, he was suddenly confronted by a crowd of toughs.

"That's 'im! That's the fightin' kyke!" Set on from front and back he was unmercifully beaten, kicked and mangled. Becca screaming, ran to the corner crying, "Molder, perlice!—molder—perlice!" Her frantic screams were heard for a block and a cop, providentially near, rushed to the scene in time to save John Breen from complete annihilation.

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"No Becca, it's too hot." "You're frad. That's what. You don't das't to go." "All right, come along," and John and Becca strolled casually from the front stoop of the tenement as if it meant nothing. "We're going for a walk," to Mrs. Lipitch who sat on the basement steps with the twins and Mrs. Yartin, while Mr. Lipitch argued with a customer within.

An hour later, in the dark of early evening, the girl and boy, arm in arm, stroled far from the crowds about the Clothing Empor-

SMART FROCKS FOR FASHIONABLE PEOPLE

"Have you got any money?" Becca asked this frankly. "Lipitch—your father," he corrected, "gave me a dollar today." His hand gripped it in the bottom of the large trouser pocket, the one without the hole. He showed the bright silver coin to Becca.

"Say—" Becca clasped his arm with an insinuating pressure, leaning toward and in front of John, she looked up into his face, for he was a head taller than the girl. "Say what?" he asked, shoving her back somewhat roughly in his embarrassment.

"You're green," she laughed nervously. "Say, you are green," she affirmed, as if a great truth had just then been disclosed. "You don't have to work for nothing," she added hastily. "Pa should pay you, she urged, again looking up into his face, still holding his arm, but refraining from closer contact. The boy walked straight ahead and failed to answer. "You should get a dollar a day," Becca continued, "and board too—he would have to give it—I will make him," she said positively.

Late that afternoon the dollar in his pocket had been given him grudgingly, guiltily, by Channon Lipitch. And this only after an argument with Becca.

"All right, don't give it him," she retorted to his repeated protest. When he finds out—you look out. You ain't so smart," she warned. "John can sue you for damages, for back wages, some day. Give him something now—five dollars," Becca had argued.

"No! No! Lipitch knew the danger, also the expense. "You got to. You got to pay him something today," Becca was insistent, and, as John entered the Emporium on his return from an errand a few doors away, Becca bent a parting glance of warning on her father, her eyes threatening exposure as she nodded meaningfully at John. Lipitch had his hand in his pocket. He fingered a coin, a half, then in a sudden flood of generosity he seized a silver dollar.

"Here, Chon," his throat was husky. "Here, Chon, I got some for you." He spoke rapidly. "A dollar—you earned it—vages. Chon—remember, vages," he repeated, handing the boy the large coin, thrusting it toward him impulsively, as if afraid John would not accept. "Ant remember, Chon, I don't charge you nothing, nodding a tall fee board. You get it all fer nodding."

For "a-partying," a darling dress such as this one will find much appreciation. It is so delightfully girlish and pretty to wear, besides being quite simple to make.

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