Woman's Realm / Social and Personal / Fashions / Literature

DOROTHY DIX SAYS—

Keeping Hubby Pleased

Wives Too Often Forget Spouses Hanker Some Consideration

A woman asks: "What do you think is the greatest mistake that wives make in dealing with their husbands?" Oh, wives' colossal matrimonial blunder consists in throwing away the bait with which they caught their poor fish, and that error is the more inexplicable because every woman knows how she got her man, and why she hasn't gumption enough to realize that she will have to use the same tactics to hold him, passes comprehension.

Even the dullest girl knows that husbands don't drop like manna from Heaven, and that if she gets one she has to be up and doing and present a line of charms that will make him think that she will make a companion of whom he will never tire. So she puts her best foot foremost. He never sees her except when she is all dolled up. She yes-yesses everything he says. She laughs at his jokes and makes him think that in her eyes he is a world's wonder.

And so they are married. And as long as the wife continues giving her husband the glad hand, all is well. It is only after the wife decides that a mere husband isn't worth dressing up for and that marriage gives a woman a right to slack on her job and eat onions and tell her husband home tuths that Old Man Touble stalks in at the door.

TOO POSSESSIVE

The next mistake that wives make in marriage is in being too possessive. Every bride is sold to the belief that she owns her husband, body and soul, and that he hasn't a right to have an affection, or a thought, or an idea, or an interest of his own. She can be just as jealous of his mother or his business as she can be of a siren, and it is when her husband finds out that he has no more freedom than a mouse in a trap that he begins to gnaw his way out.

Another mistake—and a fatal one—that women make in marriage is in being ALL mother and NO wife. After the birth of the first baby the average woman never sees her husband as a man again. He is just a slave, provided by Providence, to supply the children with comforts and luxuries. She lavishes all of her affection and caresses on them, and she can't understand why, while she was talking baby-talk to Junior and telling him how "Booful" he was, that Papa had drifted off to some woman who was telling him how big and handsome and wonderful he was.

And back of nine-tenths of the domestic rows that finally end in the divorce court is women's lack of a sense of timing. They have never found out, as the Good Book says, that there is a time and a season for all things, and that a husband's mood determines how he meets any domestic situation. Yet there are wives who greet their tired, hungry, nerve-racked husbands at the door when they come home with all the bad news they can scrape up, and get things said to them that hurt their feelings when, if they had waited until after dinner, they could safely have presented the bills for their new hats and gowns.

These are some of the mistakes that wives make in dealing with their husbands, but it all sums up into saying that as long as a wife continues to cut bait she will always keep her husband on the line.

Modern Etiquette

By Roberta Lee

Q. Should the hostess answer a "bread and butter" letter?

A. Yes; if the hostess does not reply, the guest may think her visit was not a success.

Q. If one is unable to use the hotel rooms one has reserved, is it obligatory to cancel the reservation?

A. It is not obligatory, but it is customary. By doing this the hotel is free to assign the room to someone else.

Q. Is it correct for a woman to offer her hand when she is being introduced to a man?

A. It signifies friendliness when she does, but she may do as she wishes.

Household Scrapbook

By Roberta Lee

Broken Candle

If one of your tall candles has split through the center, light an old candle of the same shade and let the drippings of wax seal together the broken place in the new candle. Careful scraping with a knife will remove any surplus wax and the candle will be as good as new.

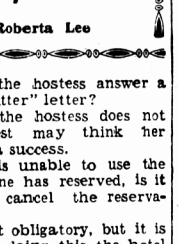
Ants

Ants will not climb the legs of tables if a piece of string, dipped in kerosene, is tied around each table leg. This method also applies to the refrigerator, beds, and other furniture.

The Rooms

Net curtains will make a small room appear larger, and if the room is dark, try using light, thin materials for the decorating.

"Young People Can't Compete With Me"



"Years of experience help me outsell younger clerks," this top saleswoman declares. "For ever since a friendly customer told me about Bile Beans—I no longer feel worn-out by the middle of the day, but keep selling right up to the closing bell."

Yes, many modern woman have found that taking Bile Beans at bedtime helps you keep fit—by ridding the system of toxic waste, stimulating the liver and generally toning you up. See for yourself what a difference Bile Beans can make in your "pep" the next day. Bile Beans are the largest-selling liver pills in Great Britain—your assurance of quality. Get BILE BEANS today. 74

BILE BEANS AT BEDTIME

Cook's Corner

JELLIED TOMATO CHEESE SALAD

Step up the interest of this salad by a good choice of greens and dressings, as already suggested.

1 tablespoon plain gelatine
¼ cup cold water
1½ cups tomato juice
¼ cup finely diced celery
1 tablespoon grated onion
¾ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
Few grains cayenne
½ bay leaf
6 pepper berries
1 tablespoon lemon juice
1 4-ounce package white cream cheese

Measure gelatine into a bowl and add the cold water.

Turn the tomato juice into a saucepan; mix in the celery, onion, salt, pepper, cayenne, bay leaf and pepper berries; simmer, closely covered, for 10 minutes. Strain.

Add softened gelatine and stir until gelatine is dissolved. Stir in the lemon juice. Chill, with occasional stirring, until just beginning to set.

Roll the cheese into small balls about the size of a large pea and carefully fold into jelly mixture.

Turn into individual moulds that have been rinsed with cold water or brushed lightly with salad oil. Chill until set.

The Stars Say -

By GENEVIEVE KEMBLE

For Wednesday, August 13

AN element of confusion, befilement, duplicity or treachery enters the already blocked situation, making confusion more confounded, and inciting to secret deals or possibly some sort of connivance, but adding to the danger and unsoundness of aggravating predicaments.

Undercurrents of expediency or the illicit are likely to reach disastrous involvements of a sinister and sordid climax. Sidestep pernicious lures and entanglements. Adhere to the "straight and narrow."

On the Birthday

Those whose birthday it is may encounter a year in which the element of the tricky, fraudulent and baffling may enter into the affairs, blocking the progress of ambitious plans and objectives or taking on a character of the sinister and sordid—having far-reaching and deep-seated consequence.

Only a rigid and high-principled course of conduct, in business as well as personal contacts, can assure an escape from perplexing and pernicious entanglements.

Keep alert to all manner of traps and snares, and dake no moves on expediency.

A child born on this day may possess some subtle undertones in its make-up, making it an easy victim to designing influences, subject to the snares and bewilderment of suspicious characters. Early vigilance may set it aright.

Ellen's Diary

By an Island Farmer's Wife

Alderlea is a quiet place these days, since the scene of the haying has removed to Rob's. The men go there after breakfast, with the team in the haywagon, and the Nell-mare for the raking, and it is dew-fall, when their day at the haying is brought to an end. Karolyn, whom James is certain "is a wonderful woman on a farm, considering that she was a city girl —and now with a baby to tend to, and chickens and cooking and all" takes her turn at driving the horse in the lift, while her younger son enjoys it from the safety of his carriage in the yard.

• • •

Jamie is at the haying too. He returned thither with the men this morning. But rising early, he had been present at the morning milking here. He, so he tells me is "learning to milk." As yet with his "strong right hand." He drew an amount of it to a pail from one of our two patient heifers, then portioned their share of it to the cats. The usual number of these was increased by the arrival of Mr. C.'s grey, white-vested, mother cat, from the house on the hill. With uncanny knowledge of our work, she came hastening up the short-cut along the dewy shorn hay lands, in time to get her "name in the pot" for the meal.

• • •

Pard too was fed, and the young but staid Muscovey drake, queer almost silent fellow that he is, was there also to dip his bill into the pan, with the cats. Swallows—and "did you ever see in your life, so many of them here?" Jamie wanted to know—were in gay flight at the time. The young and older of them, flying about in the vicinity of the nests beneath the barn eaves —nests now so soon to be left desolate, along with a corner of Jamie's and my heart. Bright wings dipped low in the sunlight or then rose quickly to soar to the heights —winging their courses joyously in respect to the lovely new day. "Going to be pretty hot again today" James remarked, watching the breeze from the cool hills having its way on the pond water, before going ahead with the separating "but these are great days for the haying."

• • •

Jamie must follow Jeanie to feed her Muscovey ducklings, so suddenly bereft of a grand-mother and then our small flock of chicks. The most bewitching of these are the off-spring of an industrious and trig White Leghorn hen, that stole her nest away to the heights and dimness of a hay loft. James himself had found her there at the beginning of our haying. He came in to announce in a despairing tone of voice reserved for just such omissions on the part of the women folk here: "There's another hen got her nest stowed away up loft! This is a white one. She'll have to be moved before we commence to put the hay up there." And then weaving a perfect pattern, that oftimes causes humans to stop and marvel over it, on the very day on which that place was to receive our last loads of hay, the chicks came to the world. James brought them in, in his old straw hat, the whole dozen of them, and the bright-eyed dainty mother under an arm. The six white ones are particularly intriguing to Jamie, more accustomed to the darker breeds of hens. These appear to conceal the fact, and leave it to the six dark ones to point their paternity to a handsome and beguiling, black sheik of a lad, who trys his best to hasten our risings, these exquisite Summer dawns. His crowing steals musically in the new window of our room above the kitchen, along with the gentle sound of the fall of water at the overflow on the mill-dam, to bring us back from wandering in dreamland.

• • •

Twilight is approaching now, though the richness of the afterlight lingers in the West. Very still the evening is, as Jeanie and I await the return of our workers. "I hope that Jamie will come with them" Jeanie says. We are anxious to have his opinion on a brand new piece of machinery that was added to our collection at Alderlea today. Ordered in time for our Spring gardening, but due to a scarcity of materials, not delivered until today, a fine new wheelbarrow came this afternoon. A neat, jaunty one, pretty in a coat of bright red paint to fill the place of a much respected predecessor that went "all at once and nothing first" out of our lives, some years ago and which through neglect was never replaced. "Now if we just had a wheelbarrow" I would say to Jeanie, when the men were too busy to heed our requests in the Spring-gardening season, and again at the woodpile "I'm not fond of carrying wood—if we just had a whee'-barrow!"

• • •

It came today, to clear away many of such difficulties of Jeanie's and mine. And so, quite taken with it ourselves, we await Jamie's and our husbands' opinion of it. "It's only a toy" James will say, but Jamie trying its weight will chuckle approvingly They are homing now, the sound of their approach preceding them in an echo that rings along the valley, and comes to our ears in the kitchen. And "Listen!" I say to Jeanie. Yes, Jamie is here.

That Body of Yours

By James W. Barton M. D.

CAUSES OF HEAD NOISES — TINNITUS

The first instrument or medical appliance I purchased as a medical student was a Politzer bag, or large air syringe. The patient put the stem in his mouth and the physician squeezed the bag, the patient meanwhile squeezing his nostrils together with thumb and finger.

As the air was blown into the mouth, it opened the inner end of the eustachian tube which carries air to inner side of ear drum. The opening of this tube or canal corrects many cases of temporary deafness and stops head noises or tinnitus, as it is called. Of course this blowing open of this air canal will not help cases where the auditory or hearing nerve is damaged.

In "Transactions of American Throat, Nose and Ear Society," Dr. Edmund Prince Fowler, New York City, states that measuring the degree of noise in the head enables the physician to detect if these noises are increasing or decreasing in amount. Thus the patient, especially the nervous patient who fears that head noises will gradually cause deafness, is relieved when he finds that these noises are only 5 to 10 decibels, a decibel being the lowest or least amount of noise the ear can detect.

When closure or partial closure of the air tube is the cause or partial cause of tinnitus, even three inflations or blowing open the air tube three times a week may not be enough, so that the patient should be instructed to use a rubber balloon inflator at home three or four times daily and after meals.

As many with head noises may fear deafness, Dr. Fowler states that while some deafness may be present with head noises their cause may have nothing to do with one another.

I have written several times of the great number of patients with head noises who obtain relief by avoiding or cutting down on table salt-sodium chloride—or foods rich in sodium. As sodium holds water in the tissues, the presence of this excess water in region of the ear upsets the balancing canals in the ear and causes dizziness and head noises. Some of these foods are: ordinary bread, salted butter, crackers, eggs, milk, spinach, all corned, pickled, smoked or salted foods.

However the closed eustachian tube and too much salt in the tissues are not the only causes of tinnitus. Other causes are impacted wax (cerumen), injury to the auditory nerve, inflammation of middle ear, disorders of the blood vessels, abnormal blood pressure, disorders of stomach and intestines, jaundice, emotional disturbances, certain drugs such as quinine, and quieting drugs.

MENIERE'S DISEASE—BUZZING EARS

Send today for Dr. Barton's helpful leaflet on Meniere's disease — ringing ears, head noises. Just send 6 cents, coin preferred, and a 3 cent stamp to cover cost of handling and mailing to The Bell Syndicate, Post Office Box 99, Station G, New York 19, N. Y. and ask for leaflet entitled "Meniere's Disease."

Morning Smile

MODERN GHOST

A man revisited his old home, which he had had to sell to a rich man because the expenses were too heavy

"And how is my ancester, the ghost, who used to walk up and down the stairs all night?" he asked.

"Oh, im," said the new owner, who had had the place modernized, "E don't give us a wink of sleep, ringing for the lift!"

CHANGED

"You're a failure!" nagged the wife. "When you courted me you said I should always be the flower of your life, and now—"

"You're still the flower," said the henpecked one, "but no rose—I should say 'snapdragon'."

Better English

D. C. Williams

1. What is wrong with this sentence? "He has very near completed his course in college."
2. What is the correct pronunciation of "bituminous"?
3. Which one of these words is misspelled? Indelible, impeccible, discernible.
4. What does the word "corporeal" mean?
5. What is a word beginning with ta that means "to tease"?

ANSWERS

1. Say, "He has nearly completed his course." 2. Pronounce bi-tumi-nus, first i as in it, unstressed, u as in up unstressed, accent second syllable. 3. Impeccable. 4. Having a body; physical. (Pronounce second o as in no, accent follows second o.) "Reason elevates our thoughts . . . yet comes far short of the real extent of our corporeal being." — Johnson. 5. Tantalize.

Until tomorrow — Diary — Good-night.

Creative Banking

GIVES HER BETTER THINGS TO BUY

THERE are new fabrics for hats and purses, new styles in shoes; variety in costume jewellery, modern gadgets for the kitchen, better foods, a range of new furniture . . . and behind all the goods in all the stores across the country are hundreds of businesses, large and small.

If there had been no money available, and no men of ability to turn it into factories and goods, there would be far fewer products on the shelves and counters, far less variety in price and style, far less *value* to be had for your purchasing dollar.

At The Bank of Nova Scotia we're proud of our share in the creation and expansion of business. Over $200,000,000 is invested in commercial loans, helping large companies and small bring you better and better things in Canada.

Let's do it together!

THE BANK OF NOVA SCOTIA

T. F. Mitchell, Manager, Charlottetown, P.E.I.

Deadline Lady

By Georgia Craig

"Lord, no!" he answered so explosively, so simply that she could not doubt him. "It's not like that at all. You see, darling Lissa and I worked together on a paper up north. She had a good job; a better job that mine. She's brilliant, but—well, let's say she's a trifle erratic. She gets bored when things go smoothly; and when she is bored, she walks off the job and finds another one. I was a cub reporter, she was a feature writer and a good one. We were friends—pals. There was no nonsense about our being in love; we had a lot of fun together; we batted around New York, poking our noses into all sorts of crazy places that we thought it might be amusing to know about. And then — I picked myself a typhoid germ, one that was really something! It was pretty bad, because I had no family, no relatives to rally round and offer a glass of cold water or a soothing hand on the fevered blow or anything like that that is supposed to make a critical illness more endurable."

He looked up at her after a moment, and lifted one shoulder in a little gesture that was almost but not quite a shrug.

"So, you see—?" he said quietly.

"Of course, I see! you owe her a great deal, but—Tracy , my dear, not your whole life! You've paid her back by now—" Ann protested sharply

"In money, yes of course," he answered, studying her almost strangely, "but there are some things money can never repay."

"But, darling —" she said sharply.

"There's one more thing you haven't heard," he cut in quickly. "She was engaged when I caught the typhoid bug. It seems that he objected strenuously—as who could blame him?—when she moved into my drab little room and took on the duties of nurse and 'good provider.' They quarrelled furiously, and he pointed out, with justification, that there were charity hospitals to take care of just such cases as mine, and that was the place for me. But Lissa wouldn't listen to him, and of course for several weeks I was much too ill to know anything that was going on and by the time I came back to knowing about things—it was too late. Lissa and her fiance had broken their engagement. he had joined the Marines—and was killed in a training camp accident six months later."

Ann made a little sound that was more like a scornful little bark than anything else.

"A gent, my eye!" she told him hotly. 'Now you're just being idiotic! You're—kind and—generous—and—and sweet—and—I guess I love you," she finished in a small almost frightened voice, her eyes wide before the impact of the realization.

He kissed her with his eyes, but his locked fingers on the table made no move to touch her, beyond the tiny involuntary jerk that he quickly controlled.

"You're — the sweetest, loveliest thing that ever walked and I adore you." he told her with a sort of forced quiet. "But—you couldn't love me if I were the kind to neglect the obligation I owe Lissa. She's—well, she's an odd sort of person, Ann, in some ways. She has to have someone to depend on. Somebody to — well, stand by and see she doesn't come a cropper And when that young Marine was killed, I was elected to the spot. Maybe I'm a fool, but — I couldn't live with myself if I let her down."

There was a tiny silence and then Ann said very low, "Well, that's that."

She got swiftly to her feet and went out of the place, stumbling a little, not looking back.

CHAPTER VIII

It was several days later that Julie Patton telephoned Ann.

"I would like to see you now—I'd like it a lot," said Julie "I was wondering if you wouldn't stop in this afternoon on your way home, for a cup of tea—or a cocktail, if you would rather."

Ann hesitated. She didn't want to see Julie. But even as she hesitated, searching for an excuse Julie's voice came again, all pretense of casualness gone now; a voice ragged with urgency, pleading that startled Ann, "Please Ann—please come! I've — I've got to see you! It's — it's — terribly important."

Julie greeted Ann with every evidence of warm affection and eagerness, ushering her into the long, low-ceiling living room that was all beige and sage green, with ivory-painted furniture, and odd splashes of a clear tangerine color in a lampshade, a pillow or a picture It was an effective room and patiently built around Julie, to give her fragile loveliness an attractive setting.

A crystal cocktail shaker and a couple of glasses were on a silver tray on the small glass-topped coffee table. As Julie waved Ann

(Continued on Page 10)

How Can I!!

By Anne Ashley

Q. How can I make gasoline soap?

A. Cut three bars of white laundry soap into a 10-pound bucket filled with cold water. Heat the water until the soap is dissolved. When cool, add one large cupful of gasoline and stir well.

Q. How can I clean a suede coat?

A. Wash in warm water with pure soap suds, in which one teaspoon of household ammonia is added to each gallon of water. Rinse lightly and stretch to the desired size to dry.

Q. How can I clean pans that are scorched by food adhering to them?

A. Sprinkle with dry baking soda and allow to stand for awhile. Then they can be readily and quickly cleaned.

Needlecrafts / FOR THE HOME

TO TOP EVERYTHING

Whether under your suit or above your dressy skirt, this beautiful blouse will pay you pretty compliments. Cap sleeved and with the new high neck styling that invites jewelry, it's lovely to make in a pretty new print — or as a white beauty. And it will be personally yours with a monogram!

No. 2264 is cut in sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 36, 38 and 40. Size 16 requires 1¾ yards 39-inch.

Send 20c for PATTERN, which includes complete sewing guide. Print your Name, Address and Style Number plainly. Be sure to state size you wish. Include postal unit or zone number in your address.

Address Pattern Department, The Charlottetown Guardian.

Pattern No. 2264

Name

Address

City Province