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

Dorothy Dix's Letter Box

A Wife Should do a Lot of Thinking Before Rushing Into a Divorce Court When She Learns That Her Husband Has Been Unfaithful; She May Not Better Herself or Her Family

Dear Miss Dix—I accidentally discovered that my husband, who is a traveling salesman, spent his vacation with a woman who works for the same firm as he does at a hotel registered as his wife. When I told him what I had found out he admitted it. Said she was that kind of a woman; that he cared nothing for her; that I was the only one he loved, etc., etc. I would get a great deal of satisfaction out of making this woman lose her job, but if I did it would cost my husband his and we would be left without any means of support and my children are still in high school. What do you think of a woman like that, having an affair with a man whom she knew to be married? What do you think of him? Can I ever trust him again? What should I do?

MRS. A. C. G.

Answer:

In a case like yours I think a woman is wise if, for the sake of her children, she summons up all the fortitude she has and swallows her bitter pill without making any more faces over it than she can help. And without calling in her friends and relatives to see her do it. It is a nauseous dose, I know. The taste will never be out of her mouth as long as she lives, but it is the better of two evils and will save her and her children, whose well being is more to her than her own happiness from a worse fate.

It is a terrible thing for a woman to find out that the husband she has loved and trusted has been unfaithful to her. It stabs her to the heart. It humiliates her pride. It desecrates her marriage in her eyes. It kills her faith. It pulls down her house of happiness about her ears. And it is no wonder that in her first hurt surprise and anger she feels that she wants to be done with him forever and rushes to the divorce court.

But before she does this, she is wise if she sits calmly down and studies the situation and tries to find out if divorce is going to be a panacea for her trouble. If she leaves her husband will her heart cease to ache for him? Where will she go? Has she enough money to live on and support and educate her children in the way in which their father is doing? Can she give them the place in society and the start in life that their father can give them?

It is hard to collect alimony from any man unless he is rich. Very few middle-aged women are capable of making enough money to support a family. And so only too often the woman who had divorced her husband because of his affair with another woman finds herself reduced to dire poverty.

Also, consider that there are degrees in infidelity. There is the infidelity of the flesh, which is the gratification of a merely animal appetite and is a thing of the moment only. And there is the infidelity of the mind and heart which involves a man's whole relationship to his wife and means that he has ceased to love her and does love some other woman.

Your husband's unfaithfulness belongs in the first category and is much less serious than it would be if it belonged in the second. Men are not monogamous by nature and it is quite possible for your husband still to love you and think you the finest woman in the world and yet to go off on an adventure with another woman. And if you can be generous enough to forgive him it is quite likely that you may yet have many happy years together. But if he prefers some other woman to you the case would be hopeless. It would be his heart and not his body that was faithless.

When I write that I think that women with children generally jump from the frying pan into the fire when they get divorces, I get loads of letters from divorcees saying that a wife owes it to her self-respect to leave a husband if he philanders, no matter how kind and generous and what a good provider he is, but I am very sure that the women who do this buy their self-respect at a ruinous price, and that they would be better off if they followed the biblical injunction to forgive the sinner seven times seven, and held their homes together.

Dear Miss Dix—We are two girls in a small town, with fairly good office positions. We have been going with the same boys, who come from nice families and make just enough money to support us. We have known virtually all of the boys in this town all of our lives and do not think we could love any of them. We would like to go out of town and get positions in a city where we can meet new and interesting men, but our parents will not permit us. How are we to find out whether or not we love the boys we know? Should we marry them and settle down in this town for the remainder of our lives.

M. AND L.

Answer:

All girls dream about a glamorous Fairy Prince riding down their street some day. They are always looking for him and that is why they fall so easily for any strange man who comes their way and who has a new line. Any strange traveling salesman, and flashily dressed actor, any long-haired poet can have the girls eating out of his hand and turning up their noses at the sensible, worth-while boys to whom they are accustomed and who don't seem romantic to them because they went to school with them.

Believe me, my dears, the men in cities and far places are just cut off of the same bolt of cloth as the ones you know and they are no more interesting after you have known them for a week than the home-town lads. They all want to talk about themselves, their occupations, their cars, what they have been listening to over the radio and what they read in the newspapers and they all get bored when you try to talk about yourself. All the difference even in their love-making is that they don't ask you where you have been all their lives that they never met you before, all the follow-up about your being different from all other women and your eyes being like stars, and that you are the only one they ever loved, etc., etc., is the same old pattern.

Believe me, marrying the man you have known all your life and settling down on Main Street is a mighty safe matrimonial bet. You know what you are getting, and you don't have to go through all the adjusting that you have to do when you marry some one with whom you have hardly a speaking acquaintance. The poet said a lot when he wrote: "Like a fire upon the heartstone is a neighbor's homely daughter, Like the starlight, like the moonlight is the handsomest of strangers." And that goes for sons as well.

DOROTHY DIX.

No Wonder You Are Constipated!

What do you eat for breakfast? Coffee, toast, maybe some eggs? What do you eat for lunch and dinner? Bread, meat, potatoes? *No wonder you're constipated; you probably don't get enough "bulk."* And "bulk" doesn't mean the *amount* you eat. It means the kind of food that forms a soft "bulky" *mass* in the bowels. It's this *mass* that helps a bowel movement.

The common sense thing to do about it is to eat a natural laxative food. Kellogg's All-Bran for breakfast will give you just the "bulk" you need. And it gives you, in addition, Nature's great intestinal-tonic, vitamin B_1. Eat this crunchy toasted cereal *every day*, drink plenty of water, and life will be brighter for you! All-Bran is made by Kellogg in London, Ontario. Sold by every grocer.

Modern Etiquette

(By ROBERTA LEE)

Q. When attending a dance, are there any certain dances that a man should always have with the girl he is escorting?

A. Yes;; he should have the first and the final dances, also the one preceding and the one following the intermission.

Q. Is a very ornate flower vase in good taste?

A. No. A flower vase that is simple in outline, and without any decorations, is much better.

Q. Please name a few of the more common foods that are eaten with the fingers?

A. Olives, celery, bonbons, salted nuts, cookies, crackers, bread.

Household Scrapbook

(By ROBERTA LEE)

Leather Polish

An excellent polish for leather upholstered furniture can be made by mixing beeswax and turpentine to the consistency of thin cream.

Homemade Fish Scaler

A splendid fish scaler may be made by nailing three or four bottle caps in a row on a sturdy stick of wood.

Linoleum

If linoleum cannot be placed on the floor at once, but must be rolled up for storing, keep it away from moisture and excessive heat and it will not crack.

IDLE RAINBOW

By Phoebe Sheldon

Julia leaned over and kissed Rufus' broad forehead. She rested her arms on his shoulders and enveloped him in a sweet warm fragrance. Then she got up and walked across the room.

"Of course I'll marry you, Rufus. I mean it when I say I love you. I think you are the only man I've ever cared about. But there is something naive and youthful and impractical about you, Rufe. You can't or won't look at the realities. There is your tumble-down farmhouse. You haven't even the money to pay the taxes, to say nothing of putting in steam heat and electricity. I admit candles and birch fires are romantic, but they will scarcely do in the cold spring and fall months. What about the apartment in town, and theaters and clothes? I don't suppose you have the least idea what this dress cost. And that tree business of yours, the nursery or whatever it is. Maybe it would bring in money eventually, but so far it has cost you time and cash and every time we go out there for a weekend you leave me in the house with a book and go wandering over the range by yourself or grubbing in the dirt. If you do that weekends, what if we were to spend our lives together? If you could find an answer to half of these questions I'd marry you tomorrow. If, for example, you could see your way clear to taking that job in Wayne and Hitchcock's office. It's a good firm and selling bonds isn't the kind of a job you imagine it. It is quite far from slavery, as a matter of fact."

"I wonder," said Rufus. "As I remember, your first husband sold bonds.

"I am sorry I mentioned it," said Julia with a little edge in her voice. "But they've offered you a good position and they aren't going to hold it open forever."

"I think I understand you," said Rufus taking a cigarette out of his case. "You have made yourself quite clear for once." And it occurred to Rufus, as Julia looked at him, to wonder exactly how old she was. A softness about her he hadn't noticed before. Not like the straight young body of Lindsay Abbott, for example.

"I'm afraid we're quarreling again." Julia pouted and sat down. Rufus went over to her and took her in his arms and told her he loved her; he had always loved her and always would. And he'd think again about taking that job in the office of Wayne and Hitchcock.

When Lindsay opened her eyes the next morning, she gasped. It was nine o'clock. There was a crack in the door and cold air blew through Lindsay's room. That meant that Poppy was still asleep. Lindsay closed her window, thrust her toes into slippers and put on a bathrobe.

Then she remembered. It was Sunday. Toby's breakfast party was at one. But didn't people in New York have anything to eat before then? She went to the window sill, took in a bottle of milk, poured herself a glass and began to peel an orange. The skin tore and sprayed out a pungent aroma. She would take a shower and then go for a walk.

When Lindsay went into the closet for her coat and hat she saw the huddle of bedclothes that was Poppy, gently heaving up and down. She tiptoed over and pulled the window almost shut. Then she went out closing the door softly. The hall was still lighted and there was no sound. In front of the closed doors were bottles of milk and folded newspapers. Thick with the comic section on the outside. Once outside the front door Lindsay stood still at the sight of the streets nearly deserted except for a few children coming out to play. Nearby sounded church bells. The air was crisp and fresh and the sun was warm. She walked rapidly to the corner of Eighth Avenue. A gust of wind whirled a few leaves from a row of newly set out trees, slender baby saplings carefully secured behind wire fence. The quietness and sunshine, the utter stillness of Sunday morning.

It was nearly noon when she arrived back at the apartment with a Sunday newspaper smelling of ink and print. Poppy was sitting in her bathrobe by the window doing her nails. She had washed her hair and in the middle of the floor on a newspaper, an electric percolator was shooting liquid up into the glass top with a gurgling sound, filling the room with the fragrance of coffee.

"Toby called a little while ago and wanted us to bring all our silverware and some cups and saucers. Then he called again to borrow a tablecloth. He sent his to the laundry and it was closed today. So I thought I might as well get up and get dressed. I asked him if he wanted us to bring the breakfast too, and he said, no, he had plenty of food. But he didn't know how many people were coming. He'd forgotten who was asked."

Toby's apartment was on the third floor of a red brick house on Bank Street. There was a delay after they had rung the bell. Then the clicker responded noisily.

Inside the hall Poppy sniffed. "Uhmmm . . . Toby's having pancakes. He's probably in difficulties already."

They opened the door to Toby's apartment. The room was full of smoke though the windows were wide open. Discernible in the frying smoke was the smell of ham and coffee. A miscellaneous assortment of plates stood on the table. On each plate was a half grapefruit notched around the edge and dotted with a maraschino cherry.

Toby appeared from the kitchen.

"Why, darling," said Poppy, "you forgot to comb your hair."

"Oh, did I?" Toby smoothed it down with one hand and wiped the other off on a butcher's apron while he leaned over to kiss Poppy and Lindsay. "Good morning, sweethearts. Put your coats and hats away. Poppy knows where. Papa's awful busy now."

"I smell something burning," said Poppy, cheerfully taking Lindsay's coat.

"It was the third Aunt Jemima pancake. I keep trying them out to see if the batter's right, but I don't seem to be making any progress."

Lindsay squinted at the griddle. "You need to grease it again. If you've got an old fork I'll wind a rag around it. Pancakes are my specialty, Toby, but you don't need to make them until the guests arrive. Leave it to me and put your mind on something else."

"I knew you were an angel the first time I set eyes on you."

"What'll I do? Toby Set the table? Is it to be a stand-up or a sit-down breakfast?" asked Pappy.

"It would be so much easier if I could remember how many people I inbited. Can you remember how many of the people I asked at the party last night? I probably asked Clayton and Madge, and did I or did I not ask Rufus Haydon? And I cant' remember about Julia. Well, we'll soon know."

"I think," said Poppy briskly shaking out the tablecloth, "we'll make it buffet. Only don't get it mixed up and put on pickles and olives. Remember this is breakfast."

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Clayton Hall and Madge Brown were the first to arrive. And then people came in groups, one after the other. Toby met them at the door with cups of coffee and Lindsay, a large checked apon over her crepe dress, fried pancakes. There was talk and smoke and laughter and the clatter of silverware as Rufus Haydon came up the stairs.

"I can't remember whether I asked Julia or not," said Toby.

(Continued on page 9)

How Can I ??

(By ANNE ASHLEY)

Q. How can I remove the odor of fish from the hands?

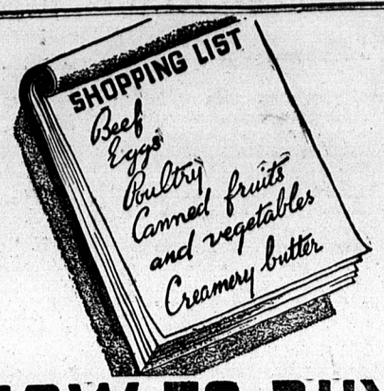
A The scent of fish can be removed from the hands very readily with dry mustard. The odor from the frying pan can be removed by boiling either some tea leaves or vinegar in the pan. The odor can also be removed with salt and hot water.

Q. How can I make a cleanser for varnished or stained woodwork?

A. Try usuing tea-water. This is prepared by pouring boiling water over spent tea leaves, then straining the liquid through a muslin cloth.

Q. How can I prevent a bruise from becoming discolored?

A. Moisten some dry starch with cold water and cover the bruised part with it.



HOW TO BUY BY GRADE

When ordering *your* beef, eggs, poultry, canned fruits and vegetables, and creamery butter, ask for the quality you want, *by grade*—then look for the grade mark on your purchase. *When you buy by grade you buy with confidence.*

BEEF

The Government grades of Beef are RED BRAND - BLUE BRAND

RED BRAND, "Choice" quality, is marked with a *red* ribbon-like stamp, so that part of this grade mark remains visible on every cut. BLUE BRAND, "Good" quality, is marked similarly, with a *blue* ribbon-like stamp.

EGGS

The Government grades of Eggs are (GRADE "A1") - GRADE "A" - GRADE "B" - GRADE "C"

GRADE A (three sizes: Large, Medium, Pullet), best quality, suitable for poaching, boiling, frying; GRADE B, good quality, slightly inferior to Grade A for poaching, boiling, frying, but entirely suitable for cooking purposes; GRADE C, lowest *graded* quality. (Grade A1, Large, Medium, Pullet, finest quality fresh eggs from Government inspected flocks, are available in limited quantities in certain localities.) *Grade names are marked clearly on egg containers.*

POULTRY

The Government grades of Poultry are GRADE "A" - GRADE "B" - GRADE "C"

GRADE A, superb birds, well-fleshed, especially fattened for tenderness and flavour; GRADE B, good birds but not as well-fleshed, fattened or flavoured as Grade A; GRADE C, lowest *graded* quality. *Graded poultry may be identified readily by a coloured tag on the wing or breast of the bird — Red for Grade A — Blue for B — Yellow for C.*

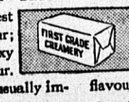
CANNED FRUITS AND VEGETABLES

The Government grades of Canned Fruits and Vegetables are FANCY QUALITY - CHOICE QUALITY - STANDARD QUALITY

FANCY QUALITY, packed from a selection of the best fruit and vegetables available; practically uniform in maturity and free from blemishes; uniform in size and colour, canned at the proper time, so that excellence of flavour and appearance may be preserved. CHOICE QUALITY, packed from fruit and vegetables selected for tenderness and flavour. Not as uniform as "Fancy Quality," allows slight variation in size, colour and maturity. STANDARD QUALITY, packed from fruit and vegetables of good quality but not necessarily meeting the higher grade requirements as to size, colour and maturity.

CREAMERY BUTTER

The Government grades of Creamery Butter are FIRST GRADE - SECOND GRADE - THIRD GRADE



FIRST GRADE—highest quality; excellent flavour; well made; smooth, waxy texture; uniform in colour. SECOND GRADE — usually imperfect in flavour; may be defective in texture or uneven in colour. THIRD GRADE — inferior to second grade in flavour, texture or colour.

Marketing Service

DOMINION DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE

Honourable James G. Gardiner, Minister.

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BUY BY GRADE...BUY WITH CONFIDENCE

Learn To Tell a Designer's Whimsy From a Real Paris Fashion Change

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BEST DAY CLOTHES ARE BASICALLY PRACTICAL AND SANE AS YOU WANT

BY ROSETTE HARGROVE
NEA Service Staff Correspondent

Paris.—While there are eccentricities to be picked out in each one of the Paris collections, these should not be accepted as style pointers—but merely as so many whimsies which the couturiers indulge in twice a year.

Take day clothes, for example. There are fudamentally as suitable, sensible and practical as they can be, or as far as you want them to be, and still look like something. It is really only from the time that the lights go on that mad clothes come into the picture.

The first change that one notes in the new coats and jackets is that something has happened from the waist upwards. There are the new tall collars, some as high as they were fifteen years ago, following the line set by the new high-swept coiffures. Shoulders are rounded and padded, or perhaps squared, and there is widish look about them.

Next comes the change in the waistline, more radical than it appears to be at first. There is a distinctly laced-in (very different from nipped-in) look about the new waist, and and the rounded hips which women have worked so hard to efface are once more in the limelight. Also the new line is set distinctly an inch or two lower than what we are now wearing, and combined with the jackets, the illusion is one of a difference of several inches, until the eye gets accustomed to it.

Wearer's Choice in Skirts

Skirts are absolutely a personal matter and there is no hard and fast rule regarding lengths. Some just barely cover the knee, others scarcely reach mid-calf. The former look disproportioned with, say, a wrist-length jacket, but youthful with a hip-length box jacket or a brief bolero. It is all a matter of using your head and eyes when choosing your fall suit.

Most of the skirts are straight, slim; sometimes they are bias-cut in front only, with a center seam which just hints at flare. Molyneux on the other hand, makes a circular skirt of a number of narrow gores, other houses continue to show kilted schoolgirl skirts, but the plain skirt, with perhaps a side kick pleat fore and aft, or an inverted pleat, is sure to be right.

Coats have either a great deal of swing to them or else they are fitted and flareless, while others are as straight as a flagpole.

Sport coats are warm and comfortable looking. Thanks to the recent visit of England's Scotch Queen, the Scots note intervenes here in the form of large tartans, and cheeks are very much in favor, on the outside or as a lining or facing. Capes have staged a comeback —usually as a third piece to a sports ensemble. They vary from the hip-length to the full-length type and are either fitted at the shoulders or else swing from a squared yoke.

Fur trims necklines, hemlines, pockets and sleeves —in bands, rolls, torsades; in the form of appliqued flowers (for the more dressy models); in panels front and back, leaving little of the coat itself to be seen, or else in narrow bands outlining the fronts or stressing a flared swinging hem.

Very new in line is this straight redingote by Jean Patou done in several shades of beige and brown check. Note the high pockets, the semi-tailored collar and the accompanying hat, which has a perforated brim, and is done in beige felt.

With lace taking a prominent part in the Paris showings of fall fashions this season, an all-lace fashion show of original French gowns, held in New York, included this exquisite dress from Vionnet's fall collection. Of sheer, pale orchid lace in scroll patterning, it is worn over a tea rose slip.

Every Day Styles For The Home Sewer

Look smart and young in a "cover-all" frock or apron. You'll hardly believe your eyes how really slimming it makes you look. You'll find the convertible neckline very accommodating. You'll like to wear it high neck to breakfast in. The two patch pockets are useful and sporty. The flared sleeves give you free arm swing. Only one belt fastening, gets you in and out of this wrap-around dress in a jiffy. A very attractive material is a challis type cotton in a "shadow-plaid." Finish the edges with colorful bias binds. Printed cotton percale with ric rac is another popular choice for this useful home frock. It serves more than one purpose. It's ideal to slip on over your dress, while preparing dinner or evening refreshments. The sleeves cut in one with the shoulders of this one-piece dress, make it very easy to sew.

Style No. 2754 is designed for sizes 16, 18, 20 years, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46-inches bust. Size 36 requires 4 1-8 yards of 39-inch material with 4 1-4 yards of binding.

Send fifteen cents (15c) in stamps or coin (coin preferred) wrap coin carefully, address to Charlottetown Guardian giving:—

Style No. 2754 Size ... ...

Name

Street Address

City Province

Use Minard's for bites.

Presentation

On Monday September 5th, over one hundred friends from Highfield and surrounding districts gathered at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Stewart MacKinnon to extend congratulations and good wishes to Mr. and Mrs. Fred C. Younker.

To the strains of the wedding march played by Miss Verna Rodd, the bride and groom were escorted to the living room by Miss Laura Stetson and Mr. Cedric Stetson. Mr. Raymond MacKinnon then read the address and two beautiful chairs and an end table were presented to Mr. and Mrs. Younker by Messrs. Athol Roberts, Harold Rodd and Cecil Stetson. Mr. Younker on behalf of himself and his bride thanked everyone for their kindness and invited all to come and visit them. The remainder of the evening was pleasantly spent in music and dancing, a dainty lunch was served by the ladies.

Following is the address:—

Dear Helen and Fred— Ever since you said "yes" to each other and came to live in our community we have wanted to welcome you and convey to you are good wishes.

To you Fred, congratulations are in order. We have always valued you as a good fellow among us, but now that you have taken the plunge from which you emerged with your better half, your value has increased greatly.

We welcome you heartily Helen, We hope that you will like our community and be very happy here.

Please accept this gift as a token of the esteem in which you are held. With it go our very best wishes for all that is best in life.

Signed on behalf of your friends and neighbors of Highfield.

September 5, 1938.

GALLEONS LOCATED

NEW YORK—(CP) —Two Spanish galleons, part of a fleet of treasure ships wrecked more than 300 years ago, have been located in a coral forest off the northern coast of the Dominican Republic by a scientific expedition sponsored by Beloit University.

"You bet she's a Good Cook!"

Happy is the new husband of this blushing bride. She makes bread just like his mother used to bake---Uses the same flour too..REGAL...It's a safe bet that their first grocery order will include a bag of REGAL.

REGAL FLOUR