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

Dorothy Dix's Letter Box

It is Better to Employ Some One to Take Care of a Failing Mother-in-Law Than to Move in With Her and do the Work Yourself

Dear Miss Dix—I am married to the best man in the world and we have been as happy together as two people could be. But now I am confronted with a problem that threatens to wreck all of our contentment. It is this: His people want us to break up our home and go and live with them because his mother is sick most of the time. My in-laws are fine. I love them very much and they are fond of me, but I have a hunch that if we went to live together we would fall out. Of course, I'll go if I have to, but I don't think it is the right thing to do. And what I suggest doing is for my husband and his sister to hire a woman to go and stay with the old people and do the work. Don't you think that fair enough? My husband doesn't make big money. MRS. C. E. D.

Answer:

Your plan is the sensible one, and it will save all of you a lot of misery if you put it through. It will save you so much grief that I urge you to deny yourself almost anything in order to hire a woman to stay with your mother-in-law rather than to go yourself.

It sounds cynical to say that in families distance makes the heart grow fonder and that generally we love our relatives, and especially our in-laws, in proportion to the amount of space there is between us. We enjoy and are fond of those whom we see only occasionally when we have our best company manners on and when our interests do not conflict. But those whom we live with, day in and day out, whose whims and peculiarities rub us raw, and whose little aggravating ways we have to stand are more than flesh and blood can bear. And the results are quarrels and bitterness and strife that wreck the happiness of so many people.

See if you can't make your husband grasp this one simple fact: That when he asks you to go into his mother's house and take charge of it and nurse her, he is asking two women to make supreme sacrifices. He is asking his mother to step down off of the throne she has occupied ever since her husband brought her home as a bride. He is asking her to give up all authority in matters over which she has ruled for thirty years; to keep her fingers out of the pies that she has always made according to her own little recipe, which is as inflexible as the law of the Medes and the Persians.

He is asking you to make yourself a slave in another woman's house; to do her bidding, be subject to her orders; to have no freedom to even change the arrangement of a room, and for all your toil and sacrifices to have no reward but criticism and complaints.

If your husband thinks that this adjustment of two women can be made happily and harmoniously, he knows mighty little of the feminine temperament. It simply can't be done. No daughter-in-law can come in and oust her mother-in-law out of her own house without friction, for no daughter-in-law is enough of a rubber stamp to be willing to meekly do her mother-in-law's bidding in a house in which she is doing all of the work. They are bound to differ on a thousand little points.

I know of one family quarrel whose rancor has survived for more than twenty years in which the mother-in-law and daughter-in-law fell out over the way to wash a pitcher.

So my earnest advice to you is to pay a servant to go and take care of your mother-in-law and stay in your own home. It will save the happiness of all concerned.

Dea Miss Dix—At the career conference for women recently held in Philadelphia, Miss Marie Doremus, the personal director of the Philadelphia Gas Works, gave the following advice to job-seeking girls. She said: "Don't wear fuzzy-wuzzy hair bobs, sleeveless dresses, lipstick, too much rouge or red-painted fingernails." I can add that in the large corporation with which I am associated no girl who had any of these habits would be considered as an applicant for a job, no matter what her qualifications or recommendations. Perhaps it will help some other girl to land a job to pass this tip along. SOCRATES.

Answer:

No doubt it will, for in trying to make themselves attractive many girls achieve the exactly opposite results and by their overuse of cosmetics and permanents give an impression of frivolity and flightiness that makes an employer turn them down.

For who would want to employ a girl who looked as if her whole mind was concentrated on her hair? Who would want to have to look at a stenographer taking notes whose fingernails looked like claws that had been dipped in blood? And who would feel that they could trust any important matter in business to a girl whose clothes showed that she did not have enough good sense and judgment to even buy a dress or a pair of shoes?

Many girls think they make themselves attractive by dressing up for business as if they were going to a party, but they make a sad mistake. The ideal business girl should look her part. She should be neatly, simply, quietly dressed; not all diked out in gewgaws as if she were a society girl on her way to a reception.

Dear Dorothy Dix—What should a girl do who needs the job she now has and who finds the men who come into the office, friends of her employer, make advances to her? What should she do when a man she has only met once or twice in a business way tries to kiss her? ESTELLE.

Answer:

If you have the come-hither look in your eye, cut it out and make your eyes behave. Keep them fixed on your work. Don't look like the kind of a girl that makes a man think that he might make a stab at dating her.

Dress plainly. A girl who is all dolled up like the Queen of Sheba always makes the beholder think that she might not be averse to stepping out, and had got herself ready to go places and have good times.

Don't get tragical or hysterical and burst into tears when strange men try you out to see how far you will go. Laugh it off, but make your "no" sound convincing. I have never known a man whom a girl couldn't freeze out if she was really bent on doing it. DOROTHY DIX.

That nice tea!
Old English Blend
King Cole

"Daughter Of Venus"

BY ROBERT T ERRY SHANNON

"I canvassed them all days ago," said the voice from New York. "They're not interested. No, it's a flop. It was a great idea but it didn't work. Will you call Mrs. Gottlieb, please, and tell her I'm starting home? Thank you. And if Madame Hubert takes steps to break the contract don't oppose her. I'll be glad to get out now. There's no point now in continuing on. See you when I get home. Goodby."

No, there was no point in Gottlieb staying on with the firm. He had gambled for large stakes. The few thousand dollars he had lost of the fifty thousand he had put up was a drop in the bucket. The bulk was still untouched. If he could withdraw and take his money with him, he would be a fool if he didn't No, there was nothing for Gottlieb to worry about. He was a very rich man and this deal was just one little incident in his busy life to be dismissed and forgotten.

"So it's a washout?" asked O'Hara.

Juliet's face told the story more clearly than her part of the telephone conversation. "My great scheme isn't worth two cents," she said in a muffled voice.

"That's fine!" returned O'Hara steadily. "I'm glad."

Her pencil rolled off the desk and neither of them made a move to pick it up.

"There was nothing the matter with the idea," Juliet said in bewilderment. "Nobody—I don't care who they are—ever had a sounder business idea. Gottlieb himself thought it was sensational. I'll never understand why it didn't go."

It looked as though tears were about to flood into her eyes.

Her high position, the security she had tried so sincerely to create had been wiped out by a commonplace telephone call from New York. Hundreds of such conversations went over the wire every day from coast to coast.

Any telephone operator listening in would have found it unutterably dry.

Her whole life had been like this—high hopes and then the inevitable sickening climax. O'Hara saw it all in her face, and, for once, gave more attention to her distress than to his own.

"Don't take it to heart," he said. "After all, it makes everything easier for us."

"Does it?"

"Of course—there's nothing left here to stick with. Be sensible, Juliet. You've had your day up at the top, and what did it amount to? Gottlieb couldn't put the deal over. Madame Hubert will soon be back in the saddle. Gottlieb couldn't hold her to the contract even if he still wants to. Seh can prove that she signed it while she was delirious at the point of death—in a hospital. And after what happened last night, she'll never forgive you in this world!"

It was all so ruthlessly clear that Juliet attempted no argument. She knew the truth as well as O'Hara. The pencil that rolled off the desk had been symbolic.

"There's nothing left but to listen to reason." O'Hara told her, coming closer. "What fools we'd be to eat our heart out over a business that means nothing to either of us."

"It wasn't just a business," said Juliet. Tears welled in her heart and presently they reached her eyes with an uncontrollable blur. "I thought it was my whole life . . ."

CHAPTER XXXV

After the first tears others came easily and she made no effort to stop them—light warm tears that carried in solution her dissolved hopes, her pride and her self-reliance. The brightness and vivacity that had been Juliet Rankin melted and escaped in little gulping sounds.

She hid her face in her arms on top of the desk and sobbed gently like a tired child.

O'Hara, standing over, like most men, simply could not stand to see a woman weep, and he would have done anything to stop her. The only thing he knew to do was to put his arms around her, an awkward proceeding, but he managed it, and bending over whispered those meaningless endearments that are always so inadequate until a woman has had her cry out.

Half lifting her he persuaded her to get up from the desk and go home. When she was on her feet she was still in his arms, her wet face pressed against the warm lapel of his coat.

The staunch solidity of his body was a blessed consolation to Juliet His arms around her were strong. There was no passion in his embrace, just a sweet enveloping tenderness that crept into her body and soothed every exhausted nerves. Thus she clung to him and in her tired helplessness O'Hara felt, oddly enough, an inexplicable tremor of melancholy, when the joy of victory should have been singing in his heart.

"I don't think," said Juliet mournfully, "I'll ever come back to my office again."

But O'Hara patted her on the back and produced one of his old grins.

"Certainly you'll come back and wind up your affairs in ship-shape style," he said encouragingly. "A defeat isn't a rout, and you haven't an ounce of panic in your whole system. As a matter of fact, your ideas are still worth big money. Gottlieb hopped—not you. When the tide turned against him, he quit cold You're quitting the Institute, but the reason's different."

How susceptible is the human heart to words of approval! Juliet before she knew it, was smiling again and her head was a little higher.

"You're quitting this joint," said O'Hara firmly, "because you've found something better to do with your life."

• • •

The manager of Juliet's apartment house, hovering in the tapestried and gilded lobby saw her come in through the revolving door in mid-afternoon, a marked departure from her established custom. Behind her come O'Hara, with the possessive look of a man in love on his serious face.

The manager, from long experience with tenants, was adept in reading expressions, and he knew that Juliet had not, as yet found happiness. After her storm of tears Juliet looked as though she had, indeed, been through a great deal.

He came across the lobby and joined them apologetically as they waited for the elevator.

"Oh, Miss Rankin—about the disturbance last night. I hope you won't think badly of us for investigating So sorry—"

(Continued on Page 6)

Today's Short Wave Radio Program

(All time is Eastern Standard)

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 10

Paris

2.45 p. m.—Concert with Miss Lily Laskine, harpist. TPA-3, 26.2 m., 11.88 meg.

London

6 p. m.—"Do you Remember?" (A Ballad Concert of the Nineties). GSP, 19.5 m., 15.31 meg.; GSD, 25.5 m., 11.75 meg.; GSC, 31.3 m., 9.58 meg.

Madrid

7 p. m.—Program for Children. EAQ, 30.5 m., 9.87 meg.

Caracas

8.30 p. m.—The Theatre of the air. YV2RC, 51.7 m., 5.8 meg.

Berlin

8.45 p. m.—Canadian Folk Songs. Emmy Seiberlich. DJD 2,.4 m., 11.77 meg.

London

10 p. m.—"The Spotted Lion," by K. C. Gandar Dower. GSF, 19.8 m., 15.14 meg.; GSC, 31.3 m., 9.58 meg.

Vancouver

11.30 p. m.—By the Sea. CJRO, Winnipeg, 48.7 m., 6.15 meg.; CJRX, Winnipeg, 25.6 m., 11.72 meg.

Tokyo

12 midnight—"Overseas Program." JVH Nazaki, 20.5 m., 14.6 meg.

BABIES DO WELL on IRRADIATED CARNATION MILK

IN Canada, many doctors are prescribing Irradiated Carnation Milk for bottle-fed babies. They have found that this good milk is so easily digested; they know it is uniform and sterile, and always safe. It also provides additional "Sunshine" vitamin D because it is *irradiated*. The famous Dionne Quintuplets are being raised on Irradiated Carnation Milk. They have had this milk since November, 1934. Ask your doctor about a Carnation Milk formula for your baby. Write for our booklet "Contented Babies". It is free.

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WORLD'S LARGEST-SELLING BRAND OF EVAPORATED MILK

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THE patented easy-open top is just one of the features that make Kellogg's Corn Flakes the world's favorite ready-to-eat cereal. A push of the thumb opens the sealed carton. And there are your crisp flakes—oven-fresh, flavor-perfect, ready to serve with milk or cream!

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A Morning Smile

A NOBLE DREAM

A farmer had a dream. He dreamed he had two thousand bushels of wheat. Then he dreamed he sold it for two dollars a busnel, and his happiness increased. But he dreamed again that he sold it to a thousand different people—and that nobody paid him, and was he sad? When he awoke he leaped out of bed, and said to his wife: "Mary, I had a solemn dream, and I know the meaning of it. I'm going to pay the editor what I owe him for the paper."—Port Elgin Ont. Times.

Little Betty, watching the farmhands spreading out a stack of hay to dry, could contain her curiosity no longer, so she politely asked: "Is it a needle you're looking for?"

Successful Atlantic Flight

..Mrs. Beryl Markham, 31-year-old mother and society woman of London, England, flew solo across the Atlantic to Cape Breton.

The HOUSEWIFE and HER ACTIVITIES

WALKING WITH THE TREES

Today I have grown taller from
walking with the trees,
The seven sister poplars who go
softly in a line;
But I think my heart is whiter for
its parley with a star
That trembled out at nightfall
and hung above the pine.
The call-note of a redbird from
the cedars in the dusk
Woke his happy mate within one
to answer free and fine;
But a sudden angel beckoned from
a column of blue smoke—
Lord, who am I that they should
stoop, these holy folk of
thine

—Selected.

TABLOID

When tussore has become a bad color through frequent washing, rinse it in water colored with a little clear, strained tea To revive an umbrella sponge it all over with cold tea, and hang it to dry. It will then look like a new one.

SMOOTH MOULDS

For jellied salads moulds should be coated with a thin film of cold water or salad oil before turning in the salad mixture; the oil is preferable, since it does not harden during chilling, but leaves a smooth surface which assures easy turning-out of the chilled mould.

ATTRACTIVE DESSERT.

There are few more attractive desserts than simply a mixture of sweetened fresh fruits, folded into whipped cream and piled into a hollowed-out sponge cake shell; a whole sponge cake or individuals may be used for this purpose — garnish either with sections or slices of fruit.

THIS JELLIED DISH CALLS FOR COOKED HAM

If you're puzzled about what you'll do with that leftover ham in the refrigerator, this recipe may be a help.

1-4 cup cold water, 1 tablespoon gelatine, 2 tablespoons brown sugar, 1 cup hot water or hot canned pineapple juice, 1-4 cup mild vinegar, 1-4 teaspoon paprika, 2 cups cooked ham chopped, 1-2 cup canned pineapple cut in small pieces, 6 slices canned pineapple.

Method:—Pour cold water in a bowl and sprinkle gelatine over it. Add sugar and hot water or pineapple juice and stir until sugar and gelatine are dissolved. Add vinegar and paprika. Cool and when beginning to thicken, add ham and pineapple pieces. Rinse small molds in cold water and fill with the mixture. Chill. When firm, unmold on slices of pineapple. Garnish with lettuce or parsley.

GENERAL BOOTH'S TOUR

General Evangeline Booth of the Salvation Army, will leave London in November for a tour of the Far East.

CASUAL COFFURE BEST FOR THE COLLEGE GIRL

Easy-to-make varieties of current hair models are best for the college girl. She will want her shining locks brushed upward at the back and backward from her brow, of course, but she will want to be perfectly sure that the arrangement from then on is casual and fresh-looking and simpe to whisk into place.

If you want to go to college with your hair brushed upward and fixed in a roll that extends, coronet fashion, all around your head (Parisiennes like this one), better have your hair cut quite short. Otherwise, you'll have too much trouble coaxing the long ends back into a roll. If you have had a fine permanent on the ends of your hair why not a gorified version of your old favorite, the windblown bob?

MARKED SHEETS SIMPLIFY BED-MAKING

Anyone who has made beds knows it is not always easy to place a sheet in exactly the right position for sleeping comfort without a great deal of pulling and adjusting and a number of trips around the head. A new idea that saves the housewife this bother is the sheet with a colored thread across the bottom marking the proper place to turn it under so that it is anchored securely to the bed and at the same time gives ample room for comfort.

THE COOK'S CORNER

KITCHEN MAGIC

Where is there a cook with soul so dead she hasn't sighed for new culinary worlds to conquer? We all do. And yet none of us begin to make the most of all the foods available. Which suggests that the thing to do is to combine the old, tried and true dishes into new concoctions.

Remember the family's surprise the first time your spirit of adventure prompted you to serve raw carrots cut in narrow strips. From there it was just a step to add lustre to a salad with grated raw beets.

Even such old food affinities as toast and egg become different when served as an egg nest, which is merely the stiffly beaten egg white poled on buttered toast with a bit of butter and the unbroken egg yolk dropped in the centre. Salt and pepper are sprinkled over the top and the combination is put in a moderately hot oven (375 degrees F.) until the egg is set. It will take about ten minutes. It's a splendid idea for breakfast.

"EGG NESTS"

Cold meat platters too, gain appeal if you are careful to arrange the pieces attractively. There will be the dull rosy-tan of cold sliced roast beef, the brighter pink of baked ham, the creamy tones of cold roast pork, the pure white of breast of chicken and the speckled pink of tongue. Garnish with pickle fans and pond lilies made of thin slices of cucumber and radishes with the skins left on, and a half ripe olive for the centre. Slivers and thin slices of dill pickle make stems and leaves if you want to trace a border around the edge of the platter. Half moons of sliced beet and wedges of cucumber are clever decorations, too. You see how really easy it is to make the foods always at hand glamorous.

SALAD FOR COLD CUTS

Vegetable salads are delightful with cold cuts of meat. Use finely shredded mixed greens and arrange them in a large salad bowl. There should be endive cut in matchlike strips, chopped chicory, lettuce, watercress and romaine. In the centre place a rosette of fingers of tomato garnished in the centre with a radish rose. Serve a dressing of cocktail sauce to which is added a spoonful or more of French dressing, a dash of red wine vinegar and freshly ground pepper.

The old family friend, rice pudding, wears an alluring disguise when it appears as cream rice meringue. The same sugar and eggs and milk all are there but they're in a different combination.

Autumn Fashions For Chic Dressers

Navy blue wool-finished cotton is well adapted to this cunning dress. Plaits at the front of the bodice, produce a smart fulness. A shaped front panel lends sophistication to the skirt. The tricky bow scarf and belt are of wool-finished cotton in pencil stripes in navy and white.

Then again a plaided wool-finished cotton or wool crepe is very attractive for this easy to make model.

Style No. 1835 is designed for sizes 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires 2¼ yards of 39-inch material with ¾ yard of 4-inch ribbon for loop trimming.

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

No. 1835. Size .....

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Street Address

City State

INFANTILE PARALYSIS CASES MOUNTING

(C.P. By Guardian's Special Wire)

WINNIPEG, Sept. 9—Infantile paralysis cases reported to the Manitoba Department of Health today reached eight for Great Winnipeg and 91 for the province.