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

Dorothy Dix's Letter Box

Philanderers Are to be Pitied More Than Condemned, for in the End They Return to Broken Homes, Unloved, Unwanted, and Find Only Loneliness

We were discussing the unfaithful husband, which is a topic that is as old as the first marriage and as new as the last wedding. A woman who had a calm and philosophic face and weary eyes said:

"Every one sympathizes with the wife who has a philandering husband, but I think he is the one to be pitied. Take my case, for instance. As you all know, I am married to a woman-chaser, who is always in the midst of some messy love affair out of which he frequently extricates himself with difficulty and danger. He has lost my love, although I once adored him. His children are ashamed of him because they think he makes himself ridiculous by acting like a lovesick boy. Every one who knows him looks upon him with contempt, for fat, middleaged Romeos are figures of fun instead of heroes of romance.

"When he grows old he will come crawling back to me, but he will be an outsider in his own home, and there will be between us none of the love and faith and nearness that a husband and wife should have. So I say that I have the best of the bargain, because I have the devotion of my children, the respect of our friends and acquaintances and the solace of a clear conscience. Believe me, the philandering husband is more to be pitied than the forsaken wife. He throws away so much for so little."

True, of all the losing trades that a man ever makes with the devil, the one in which he gets the worst end of the bargain is when he exchanges loyalty to his wife for extramarital love adventures.

Aside from all question of morality and honor and honesty and the sufferings that are inflicted upon an innocent victim, the man himself is sure to have to pay so high a price for his folly and is so certain to lose out in the end that it is a marvel that any one is stupid enough to make such an unequal trade.

For every one of us knows that the finest, cleanest happiness that ever comes to us lies in our domestic relationships. The poorest man who goes home at night, after his hard day's work, to a happy, cheerful, peaceful home has the thing that counts most in life. The millionaire whose home is a place of strife and bickering has nothing.

The man who has th e devotion of a wife whose whole heart is bound up in him and who would stand by him though all the world turned away from him has the best gift that God can bestow. The man whose wife has ceased to love him has not even a broken reed upon which to lean in time of trouble. The man whose children are proud of him and look up to him and boast of him drinks the headiest brew of fame. The man whose children despise him and are ashamed of him sips gall and wormwood.

Every man knows these things. He knows the price he has to pay for philandering. He knows how men scoff at the amorous weaklings who fall for every petticoat that crosses their pathway, and how they ridicule the Sugar Daddies who still think they are romantic Romeos after they have only become meal tickets to gold diggers.

He knows that the philanderer lives in constant anxiety lest his hole-in-the-wall love affairs be discovered and he figure in a messy scandal and divorce suit, lose his home, his children and his prestige in his business or profession.

He knows that the philanderer breaks his wife's heart by his infidelities. That he tortures her with jealousy. That he kills her love for him and her faith in him. That he makes his home a place of tears and recriminations and reproaches and robs it of all happiness. That he slays his children's respect for him and makes them ashamed of the name they bear.

The philanderer knows that at last the time comes when every philander tires of the love chase, when he is too old and stiff to dance and boughten kisses have lost their flavor. He would like to return to the bosom of his family and be loved and cherished through his old age. But he finds a cold welcome. He has put out the fire on the hearth-stone with his own hands and he cannot blow the dead ashes into flame again. His wife has grown indifferent to him. He has no part in his children's lives.

And he is left a lonely old man who is merely tolerated by the family he has neglected. So you are right in saying that the philanderer is to be pitied. For his follies he has to pay and pay and pay.

Dear Miss Dix—When I was 15 years of age I was influenced by some girl friends to run off with a man I absolutely knew nothing about and marry him. My parents had the marriage annulled and I finished school and business college and got a good job. Seven months ago I married a man with whom I am desperately in love. I still hold my job, do all my housework, pay my share of the bills and take care of him as if he were an infant. We would get along all right together except that he continues to nag me about my being divorced which he knew all about before we were married, until I am a nervous wreck. Please advise me what to do. I would like so much for my second marriage to hold.

DISCOURAGED.

Answer:

All you need is to spunk up and have enough backbone to read the riot act to your husband. Tell him that you are not going to be nagged to death for your childish escapade, and that the very next time he mentions divorce to you you are going to put on your hat and leave. Just call his bluff. He doesn't want you to leave because you are too useful to him and make him too comfortable. A working wife who not only babies her husband, but does the cooking, the washing and scrubbing and pays most of the living expenses is a treasure that any man would stick to. Besides which, you furnish him with a target on which he can vent his spleen when he feels ill-tempered or lacks diversion. Then he can stir up the animals by reproaching you with your divorce.

Don't stand for it. If you submit to it now it will get worse and worse as time goes on. If you don't stop it now you will have to endure it the balance of your life, and there is no sense or profit in being a martyr.

Dear Dorothy Dix—My wife and I are happily married and have a small child, 1½ years old. We have no one to leave the baby with so we can never go out together. I have been trying to get my wife to take turn about on our going to the movies, but she won't go because she doesn't like to go alone and she doesn't want me to go because that would leave her at home alone. What do you think?

DISGRUNTLED.

Answer:

Your wife is unreasonable. If she won't go alone, that is her affair, but she is selfish not to be willing for you to have an evening out now and then. Some amusement is just as much a necessity as food, and you should both have some diversion. Why don't you get a woman or a schoolgirl to stay with the child once or twice a week? There are plenty of them who will be glad to do it for a few cents.

DOROTHY DIX.

TIMELY TIPS
— FOR THE —
HOME SEWER

SEW AND SAVE

A suit to be proud of for town or country. Style No. 2821 is for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20 years, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40-inches bust. Size 16 takes 3 3-4 yards of 39-inch material for skirt and cardigan.

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

Style No. 2821 Size ... ...

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Children's Coughs Quickly Relieved

It is hard to keep the children from taking cold; they will run out of doors not properly clad; have on too much clothing and get overheated and cool off too suddenly; they get their feet wet; kick off the bed clothes at night. The mother cannot watch them all the time, so what is she going to do?

Mothers should never neglect the child's cough or cold, but on its inception should procure a bottle of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. It is so pleasant to the taste the youngsters take it without any fuss.

The T. Milburn Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

Enjoy Famous Poems of Love and Lovers

Love poetry that stirs you with its fervent passion—the deathless "Bedouin Love Song" by Bayard Taylor!

Or if a gentle tender love means more to you, here it is—embodied for all time in these lines from "Serenade," by Longfellow:

"Stars of the summer night!
Far in yon azure deeps,
Hide, hide your golden light!
She sleeps!
My lady sleeps!
Sleeps!"

And how gaily in "Jenny Kissed Me" Leigh Hunt writes of love:

"Jenny kissed me when we met,
Jumping from the chair she sat in;
Time, you thief, who love to get
Sweets into your list, put that in!"

For sincere, vital affection—"All Paths Lead to You" by Blanche Shoemaker Wagstaff. It ends—

"All paths lead to you
Where e'er I roam,
You are the lark-song
Calling me home!"

Romantic poems the world has loved—warm your heart at their fire! Many favorites are given complete in our new 32-page booklet. By Shakespeare, Shelley, Byron, Burns, such beloved modern poets as Sara Teasdale.

Send 20c in coins for your copy of Immortal Love Poems to the Guardian Home Service. Be sure to write plainly your Name, Address, and the Name of booklet.

Name

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WHO . . . ME?

Yes, *you* — or brother, sister or chum may be the next to catch cold. MOTHERS—guessing is dangerous. Give them Father John's Medicine. It is rich in Vitamin A, which builds resistance against disease germs and Vitamin D, which helps to build strong bones and sound teeth. Only the purest ingredients of recognized body-building and tonic value are used in Father John's Medicine — now in use for 84 years.

Father John's Medicine

CHRISTABEL

By PEARL BELLAIRS

"LET US GO TO MY FLAT"

She turned from putting on the kettle to face him. She looked tired and pale, and her smile was more like her old smile. The line of hair framing her forehead was very dark below the edge of her nurse's veil, and her eyes were darker. . . .

"Hello!" she said, faintly.

The shock of delight he felt at the sight of her found expression in an irrepressible desire to bully her.

"What the deuce are you doing here?"

"I came up from the country because I was tired of being idle," said Christabel.

Though he smiled, his tone sharpened both her will and her wits.

"I thought I told you to stay there until I said you could come up?"

"Well," said Christabel, "What if you did? You said something about my being lazy—or something.

"Something about something or something! You women never can express yourselves!" he jeered.

"We're usually blamed for expressing ourselves too well," returned Christabel.

It was impossible to mistake the jubiliant glow in his eyes as he gazed at her; and Christabel realized that he probably thought that she had come up because she wanted to see him, as she did, but not in the way that he imagined. . . .

Her colour rose; there was a tremor in her fingers as she put the cups out on their saucers. A strong emotion like anger, began to shake her.

"Well, now you're here, how are you?" he asked.

"Very well."

"You shouldn't have come—really Christabel! I shall have to send you back."

"I don't think you'll send me back."

"No, not before—" He broke off, evaded her inquiring look; smiled and said: "Well, what shall we do?"

"Do?" Christabel parried with this unexpectedly direct approach with a look of cool surprise.

He put her little effort at dignity aside for what it was worth.

"Yes," he said. "Do!"

He didn't attempt to explain himself, but to be thinking something over. Christabel, watching him, realized that the magnetic, attractive quality about him was his energetic reaction to things; every word that one said, everything that happened produced a response in him, one could see him examine it, extract its gist from it, put it aside. He was always active.

The tense little silence was interrupted by the sound of the front door opening and the shuffling step of Mrs. Cobb, the woman who came to clean the clinic at half past four.

Hewitson glanced round and suggested:

"Let's go somewhere where we can talk! Put that kettle out, and come into town!"

Christabel hesitated, then silently turned off the gas.

"Let's go to my flat," he said. "My man will make us tea there. You've never seen it have you? Or do you think you ought not to come to a bachelor apartment?"

"Oh," said Christabel, with a little smile, "I think I can take care of myself."

"I think so somehow, too," he said; and added with a note of laughter in his voice, but with a look of sincerity which softened the muscular lines of his face. "I'd like you to come there. Then when I'm working in the evenings all alone, I'll be able to look round the room and think, 'Well, she was here, not long ago!'"

Christabel caught her breath, in a little laugh. But it was strange, looking into his eyes, to see their keenness gone, to feel that he allowed one to see into his usually so well-defended heart. . . .

She moved away to get her hat and coat, because she was afraid that Mrs. Cobb or no Mrs. Cobb, in another moment he would be wanting to make other active demonstrations of his feelings. . . .

Hewitson turned away too, plunged into the consulting room, and hastily put things straight there.

In another five minutes they were both in his car, on their way through the crowded traffic to Cavendish-square.

CHAPTER XXI
HEWITSON'S "HARD"

Christabel moved with her inimitably poised step to the window, and looked down on the rain-wet trees in the square.

"It's charming," she said. "The whole outlook! And the room, for a man's room, is extremely pleasant!"

"'For a man's room'! Men as a rule have a better taste than women, when they bother to exercise it!"

He stood smiling at her, studying the delicately pencilled black and white of her beauty, and appreciating it in every nerve.

He had given his hat to his man and asked for afternoon tea as they came in.

"Sensible fellow!" he said. "The fire is laid!"

He stooped to light it.

"Oh, don't light the fire," said Christabel. "It isn't as cold as that."

But he had already done so, and the flames were licking upwards.

Christabel moved about the room, looking at the prints on the walls; her movements were restless and her manner constrained.

He was a little constrained, too, but when she came to his writing table he found something to talk about.

He showed her a large pile of odd-sized papers, roughly bound, and a smaller, neater stack of manuscript.

"Here is the work of years," he said, pointing to the larger pile. "Notes—all the data I have collected since I first took a practical interest in psychology. And here—also the work of years, three years, to be precise—is the theory I've based on the practical investigation."

He laid his hand on the smaller stack of manuscript.

Christabel came nearer to look. He went on explaining, with a smile which attempted to hide the importance, to him, of what he was telling her:

"This is my own contribution to the fund of knowledge of criminal psychology! Put together with three years unremitting labour. Ready for the typist in another few months now, and after that for publication; and after that it will be famous among psychologists throughout the world. Which means, of course, Christabel, that very few people will ever hear of it—!" He ended, with a laugh.

"Three years!" said Christabel, and glanced at him with a faint smile, and such an extraordinary look that he was puzzled.

"Why?"

(Continued on page 5)

How Can I ??
(By ANNE ASHLEY)

Q. How can I renovate a fur coat?

A. When the fur coat begins to look unusually worn, hang it over the bathtub, close all windows and door, turn on the hot water to produce steam, and let it remain for about twenty minutes. Then shake the coat thoroughly and hang on the line to dry.

Q. How can I hasten the baking of sweet potatoes?

A. If there is not much time to bake sweet potatoes, put them in boiling water for fifteen minutes before placing them in the oven. They will not take so long to bake.

Q. How can I clean tortoise shell?

A. Use alcohol for this task. Then polish with a chamois dipped in dry borax.

Modern Etiquette
(By ROBERTA LEE)

Q. When a bridegroom's relatives live in a distant city, should the bride's family send them wedding invitations?

A. Certainly, and also invitations to the bride's home.

Q. Should four persons walk abreast along the sidewalk?

A. No; nor should three persons do so. Not more than two should walk abreast.

Q. Is thirty minutes a long enough period for a guest to remain at a reception?

A. Yes.

THE COOK'S CORNER

PEACH PUFFS

6 slices sponge cake
1-2 cup loganberry juice
6 large peach halves
1-2 cup loganberries
6 tablespoons sugar
1-8 teaspoon salt
2 egg whites
1-4 teaspoon almond flavoring

Method: Raspberries or blackberries could be used here instead of the loganberries and since it doesn't take many, you may have enough left from the jar you opened for the tarts.

Cut the slices of sponge cake about 2 1-2 or 3 inches square and about 1-2 inch thick. Dip one side in the loganberry juice and then set the dry side down on a well buttered baking sheet. Place a canned peach half on each slice, cut side up and fill the cavity with the berries which have been sweetened with 2 tablespoons of the sugar.

Add the salt and almond flavoring to the egg whites and beat until they stand in soft peaks, then add the sugar gradually and continue to beat until this forms a stiff meringue. Spread this over the peaches and the cake, bringing it up to a point on the top. Bake in a moderate, 350 deg. F. oven for about 20 to 25 minutes, until the meringue is firm and nicely browned.

A Morning Smile

WRONG ANSWER

Young Harold was late arriving at Sunday school, and the teacher inquired the cause. "I was going fishing, but father wouldn't let me," announced the lad.

"That's the right kind of father to have," replied the teacher. "Did he explain the reason why he would not let you go?"

"Yes, sir. He said there wasn't enough bait for two," was the reply.

MISSED

A torrential shower came on suddenly, so the woman in the sable coat boarded a tram car.

"I don't think I've ridden on a tram for nearly two years," she said to the conductor as she tendered her fare, "I ride in my own car, you know."

He punched the ticket, gave it to her and said: "You don't know how we've missed you!"

Caught a Cold?
Help end it quicker—rub throat, chest *and back* with
VICKS VAPORUB
PROVED BY 2 GENERATIONS

Household Scrapbook
(By ROBERTA LEE)

Keeping Fruit

Never allow fruit to touch if you expect it to keep well. If you are short of space and the fruit must be kept close together, keep tissue wrappers on the oranges, apples, etc., so the skins do not touch and cause decay.

Waterbugs

If troubled by waterbugs around the sink, make a habit of pouring a cup of kerosene once a week down the drain. Do not run the water for about a half hour after this. The bugs will disappear very soon.

To Brighten Rubbers

Wash dull looking rubbers with water containing a few drops of ammonia. Then give them a thin coat of liquid shoe dressing.

The Housewife And Her Activities

MARCH

March is a shepherd in charge of the sky;
He herds the white clouds together,
And sends them scurrying fast and high
In his windy, blowy weather.
March is a gardener, wise and old,
Waking the grass and flowers.
Breaking the ice on the sleeping brook,
Melting the front with flowers.

—Eleanor Alletta Chaffee in the Christian Science Monitor.

WHEN YOUNGSTERS GO VISITING

Children as a rule are not good visitors. Not if they feel at home in a neighbor's house. Mothers do not like to offend the child of a friend, and consequently permit conduct they deny their own offspring. Thus encouraged, the little folk think they do not care.

Throwing off the inhibitions of home rule, they go to it. They say to themselves, "I wish my mama were as kind as Mrs. Smith. She doesn't mind what I do and it's a lot more fun here than being told every minute to be careful."

And Mrs. Smith is saying, "That boy. How does his mother ever stand it? He is one of the most destructive children I ever saw. I have to put away all Sammy's best toys or there wouldn't be a thing left."

HANDSOME SPRING HANDBAGS

Distinctive spring handbags shown a similarity of treatment in pouch and frame — smocking, shirring and pleating in the pouches handsomely duplicate the carving on the frame. Generous pouches of softest doeskin, beautifully detailed, dyed in the season's high colors, topped with frames of carved plastic in harmonizing jewelstones are an excellent choice to wear with rather dressy afternoon ensembles.

NEW WEAVES MAKE INTERESTING SHEERS

New sheer silks appear in a wide variety of weaves — many so disguised that they appear to be any material but silk —yet retain silk's soft, luxurious texture against the skin. Woven checks, stripes both wide and narrow, some even having a narrow-pleated appearance, and tucked and shirred effects, add interest to plain-colored sheers. Crepe and mossy finishes are seen again in spring fabrics. There are weights for every possible taste and occasion, and a new extra wide width for easier cutting the new circular skirts.

WATER PLANTS SPARINGLY

You can kill a house plant with kindness — by giving it more water than it can absorb. Never allow surplus water to stand in the flower pot or drainage saucer; it will cause the roots to rot. Add water to the soil, not over the leaves or blossoms; the leaves of juicy plants are harmed by contact with water. Rubber plants, ferns and palms, however, enjoy a good spraying about twice a week.

It is often difficult to get the odor from a fish pan. Try this way. Cut a lemon in half, squeeze the juice into the pan and smear all round it with the half of lemon. The smell will disappear.

The flavor of prunes will be greatly improved if, in place of sugar, golden or corn syrup is used and a slice of lemon added. The syrup may be used with very good results with all stewing fruits.

Nothing looks worse than a grubby neckline on a frock or inside a coat. Should you discover any stains of an unknown nature on a dress of georgette, crepe de Chine or any other delicate fabric they can—if they are not too old—be removed by placing a piece of blotting paper underneath, and dabbing the stains with eucalyptus oil until they disappear.

CROCHET YOUR WAY TO ATTRACTIVENESS

X33

Design No. X 33

The current millinery trend toward doll sized hats has brought out all types of artificial flowers and nosegays to be worn with these pert little headpieces. A fine wire makes the flowers independent of any particular type of yarn.

Angora is an ideal choice for Fall and Winter hats, and the brighter the color the more fashionable the result. The size of the flower is determined by the thread and the crochet hook used.

Send 20 cents, coin preferred.

PATTERN ORDER FORM—to be used when ordering pattern.

To Charlottetown Guardian

Design No. X 33

Name

Address

PARKING ERROR

CHISWICK, England—(CP)—A few minutes after children had left a park here, a private airplane landed, mistaking the field for the park ... in the failing light.

YOUR CHILDREN WILL LIKE
FEEN-A-MINT
...THE DELICIOUS CHEWING GUM LAXATIVE
.06

TIPPIE and "CAP" STUBS

By Edwina

TILLIE THE TOILER — A DISPENSER OF CHEER!

By Westover