

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

French-woman Indicts American Wife

Dorothy Dix

Attribute Criticism to Difference in Psychology

American Wife a Cheater of the Worst Kind, Says French Actress—Takes All and Gives Nothing. But Dorothy Dix Finds Higher Percentage of Happy Marriages in America Than Elsewhere

And now a French actress has been telling the world what she thinks about the American woman, and what she thinks is a plenty. She says that the American woman is a cheater of the worst kind because she makes her husband pay with his last drop of blood...



She says that American women are slave-drivers. That they are gold-diggers. That they are icebergs. That all they want from their husbands is money, money, money. That they know nothing of the art of love and that is why they have no mystery, no allure, no fire, no charm, no spirit of adventure...

"American women," says this discerning writer, "drive their men to work for them to get the things they want. If the woman next door has a new fur coat, a man doesn't get a minute's peace until his own wife has one, too. The American husband wears himself out body and soul struggling to get together the dollars that his wife throws away on trifles..."

But no. The female Simon Legree he is married to cracks the whip and flogs him on, and again I quote from this inspired writer, "the fire of love strikes stone and that stone is the woman."

My, my, my! Had you any idea that the American woman was so cold and heartless and sexless and greedy as all that? Or that the American man was such a poor, downtrodden sap that he permitted himself to be worked to death by one of the Gimme Sisters? Or that American men were so discontented with their wives? Or that they were the world's greatest philanderers? From our reading of French novels—let that pass.

All we can say is, lady, you've got us wrong. Faults we have to spare, and we are open to criticism on a thousand points, but the love life of Americans is the tenderest, warmest, most enduring that is found among any people, and in no other country in the world are there happier homes or more devoted husbands and wives.

And the fact that divorce is so common does not disprove this. It only confirms it. It is because our ideal of domestic life is so high that we are always seeking it, and if one husband or wife fails us we break the matrimonial bond and pursue our quest instead of putting up with a lukewarm affection or indifference and making an establishment or social position or a good provider or a good cook take the place of romance, as is so often done in other countries.

Certainly it will surprise the millions of wives whose suns rise and set in their husbands to be told that they do not love them. They haven't a thought that doesn't center around their Johns. John's pleasure, John's comfort, John's happiness and wellbeing motivate the world for

AS HE SAID "GOOD-NIGHT"



How you thrilled... knowing how alluring you were! The smooth beauty of your skin enhanced by the clinging, velvet texture of Pompeian Beauty Powder... your natural colour heightened by a touch of Pompeian Rouge... how could he help loving you?

Today, as always, you may pay more for beauty preparations, but you cannot buy better than the NEW

POMPEIAN BEAUTY PRODUCTS

LONDON-PARIS NEW YORK-TORONTO

them. There isn't a service so menial they wouldn't glory in performing it for their husbands. There isn't a sacrifice that they haven't made a thousand times for their husbands so gladly that they didn't even know it was a sacrifice. And if this isn't love, it is a mighty good synthetic imitation of the real article.

As for the American man working himself to death to pay for his wife's finery, that is utter nonsense. There may be a few daughters of the Horse Leech crying more, more, more scattered around here and there, but the great majority of women are the family savings bank and penny-pinchers and are bending all of their energies toward helping their husbands succeed and get a start in the world.

And, nine times out of ten, when you see a middle-aged woman dolled up in Paris clothes and riding in a limousine it isn't blood money she has wrung out of her husband that she is spending. It is the money she helped earn with her own labor.

Of course, the American man is the world's prize husband. No other man is so generous, so broadminded and liberal in dealing with his womankind as he is, but for all of that no other man expects so much of his wife as he does.

In other countries men seem to be satisfied with their wives if they are fairly intelligent and not too hard on the eyes, and if they are domestic and good housekeepers and good mothers, but the American man expects his wife to be all of these things and a vamp and a spellbinder besides.

He expects her to keep young and slim and goodlooking, no matter how many babies she has or how much housework she has to do. He expects her to keep him entertained and amused. He expects her to make and maintain the family place in society without his having to put on his evening clothes and go out and do the agreeable to people who bore him. And so if the American man gives a lot to his wife there is no denying he gets his money's worth.

Furthermore, that the American woman suits the American man as a wife is amply proved by the fact that American men seldom marry outside of their own country. Many American girls marry foreigners. But the American man knows what he wants in a wife and he sticks to the domestic brand that is made in the U. S. A.

And, lastly, the reason the American man works so hard is not because he is goaded to his office by his wife, but because business is our great national pastime. It is the big game where the stakes are millions and the sky is the limit that a man plays. It is the thing he gets the biggest kick out of, and he does it for fun more than for profit.

And that is something no foreigner understands. DOROTHY DIX.

Try Lydia E. Finkham's Vegetable Compound



Had Melancholy Blues

Feel draggy... blue? Lydia E. Finkham's Vegetable Compound will help you. Its tonic action builds you up and relieves Monthly Pains. Ask for the new tablets.

A Morning Smile

NO BRIBERY

Judge (during inquiry into a case of alleged bribery in an election)—You say you received twenty-five pounds to vote Conservative, and also received twenty-five pounds to vote Liberal?

Witness—Yes, my Lord. Judge—And for whom did you vote at the finish?

Witness (indignantly)—I voted, my Lord, according to my conscience!

For The Cook

CINNAMON NUT TOAST

Three tablespoons butter, 2 tablespoons brown sugar, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 3 slices bread, 2 tablespoons walnut meats. Cream butter and add sugar and cinnamon. Cut stale bread in one-fourth-inch slices, remove crusts, and cut in three pieces, crosswise. Toast on one side, spread untoasted side with cinnamon mixture and sprinkle with fairly chopped nut meats. Put in oven until sugar melts, and serve at once on hot plate.

MARMALADE FRENCH TOAST

Two eggs, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 cup milk, 6 slices bread, 1-3 inch thick, orange marmalade. Beat the eggs, add salt, sugar and milk. Spread bread with orange marmalade. Put slices together in pairs. Soak in egg and milk mixture until softened, and cook on a hot, buttered griddle until delicately browned. Turn and brown on the other side. Serve at once while very hot.

Club Member (annoyed)—Who is it persists in cutting articles out of the Transcript? Second Ditto—One of those clip-maniacs, evidently.

What the Fashionables are Wearing

Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished With Every Pattern

By Annabelle Worthington



477

Don't you think it is lovely to have a dress with a certain amount of swishiness about its hem for more formal occasions?

A delicious print in chiffon made today's model in white with splashy red flowers. The soft crepe silk grille toned with the print.

It's a dress that would grace any summer afternoon or do delightful duty for informal evening wear.

It's just the dress you need for week-end vacations.

Sheer chiffon voiles are also charming and satisfactory. They tub beautifully.

Crepe silk and triple sheers can also be used for this sleeky slender model.

Style No. 447 is designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20 years, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust. Size 16 requires 4 yards of 39-inch material with 1 1/4 yards of 35-inch contrasting.

Be sure to fill in the size of the pattern.

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

Form for ordering pattern with fields for Name, Street Address, City, State.



You love to watch him

EAT!

It gives you a real thrill, to see your youngster dip lustily into the cereal bowl. You know he's doing his part toward building growth and health.

So give him a bowl of Kellogg's Rice Krispies and milk. Breakfast, lunch or supper—watch him eat! Rice Krispies fascinate children. Delicious, toasted rice bubbles that actually crackle in milk or cream.

Nourishing Rice Krispies are so easy to digest, they don't overtax. So much better than many heavy dishes—particularly at supper. Always even-fresh. Made by Kellogg in London, Ontario. Quality guaranteed.



MANICURIST: Yes, it's hard to do housework and keep your hands nice. But there's one way—



CUSTOMER: Don't give me expensive advice

MANICURIST: This costs less than 1¢ a day... just use Lux for dishes! It gives the hands actual beauty care right in the dishpan!

LUX for dishes

Lever Brothers Limited, Toronto. Soapmakers by appointment to their Royal Highnesses the Governor-General and Countess of Esborough.

On the notice board of a way-side chapel it was announced: "On Saturday at 8 p. m. the annual mince-pie supper will be held. The subject of the sermon on Sunday morning will be 'A Night of Horror.'"

EYES TESTED AND GLASSES FITTED. E. W. TAYLOR, J. S. TAYLOR, 142 Richmond Street, Optometrists

WARNING. Parties who have been breaking into and entering the grounds of the Charlottetown Driving Park of the Provincial Exhibition Association at night are hereby warned that any future damage to property of the Association will be fully investigated and the party or parties prosecuted to the full extent of the law. Signed by ORDER OF DIRECTORS, 4368-7-13-17.

Professional Cards. Stewart & Lowther, J. D. STEWART, K. C., N. W. LOWTHER, BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, ETC., 84 Great George Street, MONEY TO LOAN

McLEOD & BENTLEY, J. A. BENTLEY, W. E. BENTLEY, K. C., Barristers and Attorney-at-Law, MONEY TO LOAN, Office: 186 Richmond Street

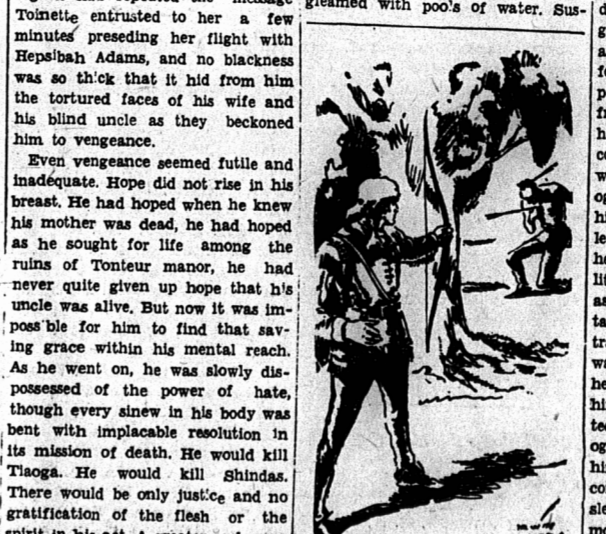
Prohibition Commission. Chas. H. Black, Chairman, Charlottetown. Vas. B. McDonald, West St. Peter, John Simpson, Hamilton. Send all information regarding infractions of PROHIBITION ACT to the above or to Inspector J. Fripps, R. C. M. P., Charlottetown.

The Plains Of Abraham

By James Oliver Curwood. Illustrations by Erwin Meyer. Copyright by Doubleday, DePage and Co., Inc.

Chenufso, a figure which sped until it was winded, and then continued at a slower pace with a persistence no heat of rain or blast or wind could halt. The traveler was Jeems. Wood Pigeon had repeated the message Toinette entrusted to her a few minutes preceding her flight with Hepesbah Adams, and no blackness was so thick that it hid from him the tortured faces of his wife and his blind uncle as they beckoned him to vengeance. Even vengeance seemed futile and inadequate. Hope did not rise in his breast. He had hoped when he knew his mother was dead, he had hoped as he sought for life among the ruins of Tonteur manor, he had never quite given up hope that his uncle was alive. But now it was impossible for him to find that saving grace within his mental reach. As he went on, he was slowly dispossessed of the power of hate, though every sinew in his body was bent with implacable resolution in its mission of death. He would kill Tiaoga. He would kill Shindas. There would be only justice and no gratification of the flesh or the spirit in his act. A greater and more encompassing thing than the impulse which had sent him from Matozee's village began to choke him with a force that was sickening. It was his aloneness. The vastness of the world. The sudden going of the one who had remained to make it habitable for him. Without Toinette there was no reason for its existence, no reason why it should continue to give him the warmth of life. Toinette was dead. It was a fate predestined from the beginning something he had always feared vaguely. Nothing counted now; to kill Tiaoga and Shindas would not cause a rift in the hopelessness which lay ahead of him. He advanced with a speed which would have exhausted him at any other time. As the hours passed, an explanation for his haste gathered in his consciousness. He was going home. That in all of its significance was the cabin in which Toinette and he had lived. Their home. A thing

that had not gone with her body and yet it was a part of her which he would find as he had left it when he came to the end of the trail, unless Tiaoga had destroyed that, too. He reached Chenufso. The place gleamed with pools of water. Sus-



HE HEARD THE ARROW STRIKE

picious dogs appeared to identify him, but the people were asleep. He found his cabin with the door closed as it would have been if Toinette were asleep inside. He could feel her presence when he entered. But she was not there. He made a light cautiously and screened it so that eyes outside could not see. The floor, the walls, the room were illumined faintly. He began to put his hands on things, to gather them here and there, making a bundle of his treasures on the table—her things. When he had prepared the bundle he armed himself with a knife and a hatchet and his bow, then extinguished the light and went out, closing the door behind him. He sought Shindas, for his plan was to kill him first. Then he would kill Tiaoga. Shindas was not in his tepee. The place

was empty and his weapons were gone, evidence that he was away on a journey. For a few moments after this discovery, Jeems stood in the shadow of an oak looking at Tiaoga's dwelling place. The urge to destroy was not strong in him. The gentle whispering among the trees and the drip of water from their foliage combined in a melody of peace which struggled to turn him from the thought of death. It might have won if a tall figure had not come out of the tepee he was watching. Jeems knew it was Tiaoga. The chieftain advanced toward him as if an invisible force were leading him to his execution. Then he paused. The moon was bright. It lit up his features thirty yards away as he gazed into a mystery of distance which his eyes could not penetrate. What had brought him, what was he thinking, what the night held for him. Jeems did not ask himself. He struck his bow and fired an arrow. Then he called Tiaoga's name in a low voice to let him know that retribution had come. The bow twanged and a slender shaft sped through the moonlight with the winged sound of a hummingbird. He heard the arrow strike. Tiaoga did not cry out. His hands clutched at his breast as he sank to the earth and lay there a motionless blot.

Jeems went down the river. For many days he hid along its shores seeking Toinette's body. He saw Senecas pass and re-pass, but as he traveled almost entirely in the water he was successful in evading them. (To Be Continued)

CAVENDISH SCHOOL CLOSING

On Thursday, June 30th, the examination of Cavendish School was held. The interest which the rate-payers took was manifested by the large attendance, practically every home in the district being represented. The classes were examined in the several subjects by their teacher, Miss Ackland, assisted by Mrs. A. Tomlinson, Miss Milnes, Miss Green, and Miss Marjorie Clark. The pupils revealed by their accurate answers answers how thoroughly they had been taught and how diligently they had studied. Previous to the program Public School Certificates were presented to the following pupils: Pauline Webb, Jean Clark, Herbert Wyand, Isabel Dolron. The program which was chiefly of Junior Red Cross nature was appreciated by all after the program ice-cream and cake were served to and heartily enjoyed by all present. The voice of the people was then heard in congratulatory remarks delivered by numerous rate-payers and re-echoed by the pupils in an address which was read by Mabel Simpson, and little Helen Green presented Miss Ackland with a gift symbolic of the pupils regard for their teacher. It was characteristic of Miss Ackland that her reply was brief, yet it conveyed sincere words of thanks. In closing "God Save the King" was sung. The address: Dear Teacher,— Having finished one school term under your careful guidance, we feel that we cannot let this opportunity pass without expressing in some way our appreciation. During the past year you have

taken a great deal of interest in our work, helping us in every way to strive to meet the words of that old quotation now so often brought before our attention: "Knowledge is power."

We are pleased to hear you are planning on staying with us another year, and hope that during that time, we will have many happy times together. We ask you to accept this token in remembrance of your first year in Cavendish. (Sgd.) Pupils of Cavendish School.

Suspects Sought For Fire

SPRINGHILL, N. S., July 15 — (By The Canadian Press)—Police today sought two men suspected of having set fire to four large piles of lumber destroyed at Salt Springs last night. Fire Chief A. M. Potter said two men had been seen running away from the weed just before the blaze was discovered. First arrivals had found oil on the wood. Two piles were owned by J. A. Reid of Amherst, who carried insurance. George Strong of Salt Springs owned the other two, which were not insured.

Department of Public Works and Highways

Province of Prince Edward Island Tenders for Clearing Ruins at Falconwood Hospital

SEALED TENDERS will be received at this office until noon on Monday, July 25th, from any person or persons willing to contract for the clearing of the ruins at Falconwood Hospital. Specifications may be seen at the office of the Department of Public Works. The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted. L. B. MacMILLAN, Deputy Minister of Public Works and Highways, Charlottetown, P. E. Island, July 8, 1932.