

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

Dorothy Dix' Letter Box

Sense of Humor Best Protection Against Tearful Mother-in-Law — Lonely Plight Of Single Girl in Strange City

Dear Miss Dix—I am a young married woman with a good husband, two healthy, bright children, and that should constitute a happy family, but I have a mother-in-law who is about to wash our home away with her tears. She is "so sensitive" that she is always feeling that she is being neglected or her feelings are being hurt, even when nothing has been done or said at which it would seem possible for anybody to take offense. And then she starts to cry. My husband has been a good son to her and always catered to her, and when she turns on the waterworks he reprimands me for not being more considerate of such a defenseless creature who is so mild that she simply dissolves in tears when she is wounded. Do you think she will ever run dry? What reason do women have for going into a flood of tears if some one displeases them, or even if they are not displeased? In what way can I handle this matter, as it is driving me mad? MRS. C. W. D.

Answer: I am sorry to have to tell you that you are doomed to live in a flooded area as long as your mother-in-law lives. For the fountain of her tears is one that will never run dry. Like the brook, it will flow on and on forever.

For you see, long ago your mother-in-law discovered that tears are a woman's most effective weapon and the one sure-fire way by which she can get whatever she wants and impose her will on others. That they are a coward's weapon that enables her to strike at the hearts of those who love her, and against which they are powerless to defend themselves, makes no difference to her, because she is selfish and self-centered and the only thing that counts with her is achieving her purpose.

There are thousands of women like your mother-in-law who make a graft out of the cry-baby act. They begin as babies howling for what they want and they go through life howling for what they want, and they invariably get it because hydraulic pressure is an irresistible force that flattens us out when applied to us and makes us nothing but doormats for the howlers to walk over.

I have seen cry-baby women weep their husbands into bankruptcy time and time again by demanding luxuries the poor man could not afford, but that in the end they went in debt for to dry their wives' tears. I have seen mothers keep their daughters from making advantageous marriages and prevent their sons from accepting business opportunities that would have led them to fortune by weeping over them and telling them how they were not going to live long and how they couldn't bear to be parted from them. And I have known any number of families that have been kept in abject slavery to a woman's tears.

Husband didn't even dare to go downtown of an evening because if he did it precipitated a deluge. Even after the children were grown, they had to punch the time clock at the appointed hour, or else mother met them sodden with tears. Nobody could express an opinion without mother trotting out the tear jar. She had to have the best of everything, or else she considered herself neglected, and it took apologies and groveling to stanch the flow. She kept her feelings scattered all over the place so it was impossible to move without stepping on them, and then there was more woe and grief.

Somehow before tears we seem peculiarly helpless. They melt down our backbones and we lack the strength and force to deal with them as we should because, of course, what we should do is to tell these lacrimose grablers that we are on their game, and that it doesn't get anything out of us.

Lacking the nerve to do that, the only thing we can do is to ignore them, pretend that we don't see them and that would do more than anything else to dry up the source of supply because there is no profit in weeping unless you have a sympathetic audience. But once a good free-hand weeper, always one.

As for you, Mrs. C. W. D., you will have to charge your mother-in-law's tears up to the profit and loss of matrimony, and even with that you are well to the good on your investment. We have to strike a general average in a lot of things in life, and it is only when we get the philosophy that enables us to do that, that we have the game beaten.

The Double Act

A Romance of the Theatre BY MARION TOMLINSON

"Yes, I was in yer room, sweeping up," returned Mrs. Hicks, beligerently. "And don't let me 'ear nuffin' more out of yer, neither. I fink there's something wrong somewhere in this anyway. The less I see of yer the better."

"I'll tell me mudder!" defied Rosemary. "Yes, tell yer mudder, and I'll tell the police." Rosemary knew the woman had won. Mrs. Hicks knew it too, and with Rosemary's money in the pocket of her apron she managed to get a self-righteous line into her back as she went down the stairs. Rosemary shook her fist at her retreating back impatiently. She thrust her hand under the carpet, however, as a matter of form. "That's done it!" she thought whimsically, in spite of her concern. She tried the drawer in which she had locked her discarded clothing and shorn hair. It was still locked, luckily. Evidently the woman had not had a pass key for it. Rosemary unlocked the drawer and looked at what it contained thoughtfully.

"I could get something for those clothes," she considered. "But it's safer to have them in case I wanted to go up West."

She looked the drawer again and went downstairs. Not far up the road a hot coffee and frankfurter stand sent pleasant odours floating towards her. She wandered towards it, took out the key which was all her pockets contained, and looked at it whimsically.

A boy who had been eyeing her approached at the gesture. "Got money?" he asked. Rosemary shook her head. "Stoney."

The boy pulled his belt in another inch. "Hungry?" asked Rosemary. "The boy glanced at her in surprise. "Oh no," he jeered, "I've just 'ad roast beef and dumplings." Then he added seriously, "If I 'ad money I'd buy pypers ter sell. I wouldn't buy no coffee, not yet anyways."

Rosemary considered, smelling the tantalizing odours of the coffee stall. Then the coloured poster above where she stood entered her consciousness again and she chuckled. An idea had come to her. "Wait here for me," she said to the youngster, then turned back. "If I get some money will you buy some papers and go shares selling them with me?" she asked.

"Not 'arf," responded the other. "Where you goin' ter get it?" "Just wait," said Rosemary, with a final whimsical glance at the golden haired vision above her.

It took but a moment to fly up the stairs of her lodging house and unlock the drawer, take out the mass of hair and wrap it in a bit of paper. But it took longer, in that neighbourhood, to find a wig shop. She came to one eventually, however, and approached the man in charge.

"Will yer buy this from me, miss?" she asked, proffering her parcel. The man adjusted his spectacles and looked in astonishment at the golden treasure she spread before him. "Where'd ye get it?" he asked suspiciously. "It belonged ter me sister, mister. She had 'er hair bobbed. She give it ter me, sure she did." This glibly from Rosemary, who felt she had grown insured to deceit in the past few hours.

"Oh, I see," said the man, peering at her over his spectacles. "Bondes in yer family, eh?" "Well, if yer doesn't want it, I'll tyke it some 'eres else." The man drew it away from Rosemary's hand. "I'll give ye five shillings for it." "Ten," said Rosemary. "Eight," said the man. "Seven and done." The man counted out two half crowns, a shilling and two six pences and the deal was closed.

Rosemary sped back to the coffee stall where her friend still loitered, not because he thought she would come back, but because the odour was free and too delightful to leave. "You be my pal and show me how to sell papers and I'll set us up in business," Rosemary offered breathlessly, showing her money. "But first we eat. What do you say?"

LOWER PRICE

The price of MORSE'S STANDARD TEA, the good old family tea of the Maritimes, is now

40 CENTS PER POUND PACKAGE



Your grocer will sell it to you at this price—or 20 cents per half pound package.

DELICIOUS—THICK LIQUORING—SATISFYING REMARKABLE VALUE

Just offset this moist, unpleasant old lady you have to live with with your good husband, your home and your fine children, and you will find her easier to bear. You can even find something humorous in watching the way she turns on the faucet, if you will look at the funny side of it. DOROTHY DIX.

Dear Dorothy Dix—Not long ago somebody said over the radio: "When a single man starts a new job in a strange city he casually suggests to his male co-workers that they trot around some young ladies, and he immediately has the opportunity of meeting and selecting one or several. But when a single girl is set down in a strange place, should she make such a suggestion to her female co-workers she would get the cold shoulder, hence she has no way of becoming acquainted with the type of men she desires to meet."

This is my case. I have recently moved to a strange city and I would like to meet the kind of men I knew at home. What chance has a girl of average appearance, not a flapper nor an irksome intellectual type, but one with plenty of common sense, business experience, modern ideas, and a sense of humor to meet nice, intelligent, modern business men? Object not matrimony necessarily, but just companionship. DOT.

Answer: The business girl has an opportunity of meeting this type of man in business and in that way she is better off than the society girl or home girl who moves to a strange city. But the trouble with men and women who work together is that they generally get enough of each other's society in the day's association and prefer some one with whom they are less well acquainted as companions for their idle hours.

But this problem of how men and women, who come as strangers to a city can meet other young people of their own social status and background is one that nobody has yet had the wit to work out satisfactorily. So many nice well-bred youngsters leave their happy homes every year and come to the cold, inhospitable city, seeking their fortunes and they are so homesick for the boys and girls they have left behind them; so lonely for companionship, so hungry for the good times they have been used to all of their lives! And they have nowhere to go where they can get clean, decent fun, no way to meet other nice girls and boys, so it is no wonder they often pick up cheap acquaintances on the street that bode them no good, as the old melodramas used to say, and drift into places whose thresholds they should never cross.

Of course, in a way the churches and social settlements try to solve this problem, but there are many youngsters to whom these do not appeal, and so the problem of how young people are to meet the people they want to meet remains unsolved. DOROTHY DIX.

Dear Miss Dix—When I was in college last year I started going with a girl of whom I came to think a great deal. We had much in common and I would have asked her to marry me had it not been for the fact that I discovered that she was unconventional in her relationships, not only with me, but with others. I was sadly disappointed by the discovery. Is my attitude a hangover from the Puritan age, or should I have tried to adjust myself to her standards? ROBERT.

I think it will be a sad day for the world when men do not demand virtue in their wives. DOROTHY DIX.

A Morning Smile

Sour Cream Fudge 3 cups granulated sugar 2 1/2 squares bitter chocolate 1 cup sour cream 1 teaspoon vanilla 1/4 teaspoon salt Nutmegs

Melt chocolate in saucepan over hot water, add sugar and sour cream; continue stirring over low flame until every grain of sugar is dissolved, then increase heat. Wash down any grains from side of pan or spoon and stir until boiling point is reached. Boil without stirring to 238 degrees F. or until a very soft ball forms when dropped in cold water. Spread on a slightly oiled platter or porcelain-topped table and allow to cool to 110 degrees—not much warmer than the fingers. Work with a spatula until creamy. Add vanilla and salt; knead with the hands until candy is smooth. Roll into balls of about one-inch in diameter and then roll in chopped nutmeats.

Sour Cream Icing Mix together 2 cups light brown sugar, 1 cup sour cream, a few grains of salt and one teaspoon vanilla. Cook to the soft-ball stage, a little softer than you would cook it for fudge: 232 degrees F. If you have a thermometer. Cool until just lukewarm, and then beat until thick, smooth and creamy. If you beat a little too much, you can set your dish over hot water for a moment to soften the icing enough so it will spread. After covering the cake with the frosting, chopped nutmeats of any kind may be added, if desired.

For The Cook

The Same House

The young man of the house had returned home late the previous night. At breakfast his father demanded an explanation. "What do you mean by coming in so late?" asked the angry parent. A sudden idea came to the boy. "Oh, dad," he said, "I forgot to tell you—I knew you wouldn't mind! I was sitting up with the sick son of the sick man you are always telling mother you sit up with."

The Dog's Mistake

A very thin goalkeeper in a village football match was being greatly annoyed by a small terrier that had escaped from among the spectators and run on to the field. When he could stand it no longer he turned and shouted to the spectators:—"Hi!" he called. "Whoever owns this rotten little mongrel might have the decency to call him off the field." A voice came out of the crowd:—"Come here, Fido! Them ain't bones—them's legs."

CORNWALL

The many friends of Mrs. Hugh Walker will be sorry to know of her illness and hope for her speedy recovery.

Miss Helen Crosby, nurse in training in Prince Edward Island Hospital, was a week end visitor to her home in Meadowbank.

Hugh Scott, student of Mt. Allison, Sackville, was a visitor to his home in York Point for a few days this week.

Miss Kathryn McKenzie and her friend, Miss Reid, are the welcome guests of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Shaw, Cornwall.

The Cornwall Women's Christian Temperance Union, met at the home of Mrs. Frank Howard on Wednesday evening of last week. The president, Mrs. Hazen Howard was in the chair. The meeting opened with singing and prayer by Mrs. J. P. Crosby. Plans were made for the staging of the play "The Wet Parade" and it was also decided to buy equipment necessary for temperance lessons for the four schools represented. It was suggested that all the members be supplied with the W. C. T. U. pins. Miss Laura Crosby and Mrs. L. H. Drake read papers on the Life of Frances Willard and the meeting was brought to a close by the benediction, after which Mrs. Howard served delicious refreshments and a social hour was enjoyed.

Thursday evening a very large number of hockey fans from Cornwall, Clyde River, West River and North River, journeyed to Highfield rink to see the last league

Great Relief From Pinkham Medicines

Three Times This Ontario Woman Has Been Benefited by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound



"I was always tired and I had severe pain at my periods. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound helped me. I took it before my two children were born and I am taking it now at the Change. I have also used Lydia E. Pinkham's Sanative Wash and found it a great relief for inflammation and for a discharge which bothered me." MRS. CAROLINE DOREY 196 Head St., Simcoe, Ontario

BOOKS

MONTREAL, Feb. 27.—(C. P.)—Iron clad rules in the Dominion Customs service can produce peculiar situations as evidenced in a letter to the French language newspaper Le Devoir. A University of Montreal professor, says the letter signed "University Man," was forced to pay duty on books he had written himself.

The professor delivered a series of lectures at the Sorbonne in Paris on Canadian history. At the instance of the French government, the lectures were printed in general volumes. The Quebec Government donated a substantial sum. The books bore the name of a French editor in Paris who had prepared them for publication.

Hon. Phillip Roy, Canadian minister to Paris, sent several of the volumes to the University of Montreal professor. Despite the fact that he bore a letter from Hon. Mr. Roy advising him that he was sending the books to him as a gift the professor was told, he would have to pay the usual duty on imported books as they had been printed in France.

A retired business man, when asked the secret of his success in life, replied as follows:

"I attribute my ability to retire with a \$10,000 bank balance, after 30 years in business to hard work, honesty, economy and to the recent death of my uncle who left me \$15,000."

Chest Colds Rub well over throat and chest VICKS VAPORUB OVER 21 MILLION JARS USED YEARLY

What the Fashionables are Wearing

By Annabelle Worthington

Here's a pattern that includes panties to match your slip. Think of the time you have so often wasted trying to buy a slip and panties that match. You can make this darling set in a single morning. It's simplicity itself. It's surprising how little it will cost you. The slip, cut on princess lines—a few seams to be joined—finish the neck and hem with lace. The panties have a fitted yoke and circular legs, not too full. The edges are trimmed with narrow lace to match the lace on the slip. It's very effective in pale pink crepe silk with ecru lace. Style No. 846 is designed in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20 years, 36 and 38 inches bust. Size 16 requires 3 1/2 yards of 2-inch lace and 2 yards of 5-inch lace.



Price of Pattern 15 cents in stamps or coin (coin is preferred.) Wrap coin carefully. No. 846. Size Name Street Address City State

DISTRESS SALE

In pursuance of a Warrant of distress, dated the 18th day of February A. D. 1933, signed by Joseph K. Stanley, Delbert R. H. Shaw and William Peardon, and authorizing me to distrain the goods and chattels in and upon the lands and premises of the Venetian Gardens Limited for the sum of \$3485.00 real, I have distrained on the lands and premises of the said Venetian Gardens Limited the following goods and chattels, namely:— Two wall sections in dining-room. The counter in dining-room. Two fern stands. A play golf cabinet. Two flower stands. Two tapestries. Three hat racks. Fourteen chairs. Quantity of can goods. One Dayton confectionary scale. One brass curtain rod with two plush curtains. One restaurant table. Seventeen wall sections in dining-room with mirrors. Eleven settee units with dining tables. One Deforest Crosley radio. One Jardiner. Three pots, artificial plants. Four ceiling lights, ornamental. Eleven electric wall brackets; two ornamental pedestal lights.

ICE CREAM PARLOR

Five Tapestry's. One National cash register, No. 317344, No. 2842. One cashier booth. Seven refriger units, standing with dining tables. Six panel wall units, fixed to wall. Seven wall panels, separate from wall with mirrors. Ten electric wall brackets attached to panels. One carbonic (blacked) sixteen foot complete refrigerator with Venetian life counter, soda water pumps and appliances. Two swimming doors. Three electric fans. Six sets of tables. Quantity of tray and bottled candy, and nuts. One dozen assorted boxes of chocolates. Quantity of syrup. One coner dip tray. Cabinet of dishes, glassware and associated fittings. Quantity of hot/cups. 20" of Junket in 1" tins. Quantity of Ice cream. One set with artificial flowers.

KITCHEN

One kitchen range. One electric ice box. One kitchen table. Quantity of knives, forks and spoons, dishes and glassware and kitchen utensils. One meat grinder.

IN BASEMENT

One baking oven. Two candy tables, marble. One food stand. One liquid superior carbonator. One refrigerator machine, electric. One switch board. Quantity of paper bags, and groceries. Ten soda fountain. Two long mirrors.

Also all other goods, chattels and other personal property not above mentioned and situated upon and above said premises as VENETIAN GARDENS.

And I hereby give notice that I will on Tuesday the twenty eighth day of February A. D. 1933 at the hour of three o'clock in the afternoon sell on the premises of said Venetian Gardens Limited on Great George Street in Charlottetown the said goods and chattels or so much thereof as will satisfy the said debt together with the costs of distraining for the same. Dated this 23rd day of February A. D. 1933.

KENNETH B. WEBSTER, Bailiff to Joseph K. Stanley, Delbert R. H. Shaw and William Peardon.

8119-2-24-41

DOMINION OF CANADA PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

In the Surrogate Court, 28th George Street, Charlottetown, P. E. I.

In re estate of Jessie K. McDonald late of Lorne Valley in Kings County in the said Province of Prince Edward Island, the Honorable Harold Leonard Palmer, Surrogate Judge of Probate etc. etc.

To the Sheriff of the County of Kings County or any Constable or literate person within said County. Greeting:

Whereas upon reading the petition on file of Alexander H. McNeil of Lorne Valley aforesaid, farmer, the administrator of the estate of the above named deceased praying that account of the said estate should be taken and the same should be set forth; You are therefore notified to file all persons interested in the said Estate to be and appear before me at a Surrogate Court to be held in the Court House in Charlottetown, in Queen's County, in the said Province, on Wednesday the twenty-ninth day of March next, coming at the hour of eleven o'clock forenoon on the same day to show cause if any they can why the account of the said Estate should not be passed and the Estate closed as prayed for in said petition and on the account of the said Estate to be taken and the same should be set forth; And I do hereby order that a true copy hereof be forthwith published in Charlottetown for at least four consecutive weeks from the date hereof and that a true copy be forthwith posted in the following public places respectively, namely, in the hall of the Court House in Charlottetown, in Kings County aforesaid, in the Post Office in Cardigan in said County of Kings and at the store of Daniel J. McArthur in Lorne Valley aforesaid. And I do hereby further order that a true copy hereof be forthwith served on the Attorney General of this Province, so that all persons interested in the said Estate as aforesaid may have due notice thereof. (Sgd.) H. L. PALMER, Surrogate.

8119-2-24-Fri-41

FARM FOR SALE

AT A BARGAIN

Farm property at Fairview, within 2 1/2 miles of Charlottetown, contains 56 acres of land in good state of cultivation. Medium size house and good outbuildings. Reason for selling; present owner has another larger farm several miles distant and finds it inconvenient to operate both farms to advantage, for this reason property is offered at an exceptionally low price. For further particulars apply

THE EASTERN TRUST COMPANY

154 Richmond Street, Charlottetown

7136-2-25-41

NOTICE

We the undersigned hereby notify Merchants and others that we will not be responsible for any goods charged to account of Chas. Graham & Co., or Graham Lewellyn & Co., unless signed order is given by Chas. Graham & Co., for same.

CHARLES GRAHAM, WM. GRAHAM. Dated at Gasperus, P. E. I. February 4, 1933. 8115-2-14-tue-sat-61

CHAPTER XXII

A MEETING WITH NELL

One thing the keeper of the newspaper and magazine stand on the corner near Rosemary's lodging-house noticed about the newsboy who sold papers in parlia-competition with him was that every week the youngster brought a quota of pennies to him and exchanged them for a copy of a dramatic paper read almost exclusively by the

profession.

"Got a relative on the stage?" he inquired one day.

"Not 'arf," answered the newsboy impudently, "me mudder, and me grandmudder, and all me seven sisters. Who'd yer fink?"

"I thought mebbe you was thinkin' of starring yerself," parried the man politely.

"When I do, I'll send yer a stygo box fer yerself, and yer wife and the kids," flashed Rosemary over her shoulder as, having hurriedly glanced through the paper and seen that it did not yet contain what she thought, she dashed off to rejoin her friend, Joe Harkins.

She found Joe in difficulties. From the first day on which the two friends had started selling papers they had found that certain unwritten laws governed the territory in which the old hands sold their wares. They had been driven from beat to beat by irate monopolists. One of the worst of them was the bully who now had Joe caught in the corner of an alley.

"I never sold nothin' anywhere near you," Joe was gasping, as the big man, who made up for the fact that he had only one leg by the possession of very powerful arms, twisted at the youngster's wrists.

Rosemary dropping her papers and took a flying leap. She landed in the middle of the bully's back, driving him against the wall of the alley with a force that made him lose his hold. Joe scrambled out from under, and Rosemary caught at the big man's hair and—slapped his face.

"Lumme!" said Joe, as he prepared to re-enter the scuffle, "you fight like a girl, Les!" Rosemary had returned to her old stage name of Leslie Gail, a name of approved as girlish, but had shortened to what he considered the more masculine "Les."

(To be Continued.)