

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

Hardest Job in Life Dorothy Dix Says, Is Being a Woman

'Being a Woman is the Most Arduous Career That Can Possibly be Wished on a Human Being,' Says Dorothy Dix—'and in Comparison With it Being a Man is Simply a Graft'

A correspondent asks: "Which job is the hardest in life, that of being a man or that of being a woman?"



Women strive for him as a husband and hostesses run after him as a dinner guest.

But we expect a woman to have beauty and charm and wit and amiability and all the standard virtues and to be a jack of all trades and professions, and even then it is nobody's business to shout in the market places about what a wonder she is.

Consider some of the hardships of the woman job: To begin with, Nature makes a woman of frailer physique than man and lays upon her heavier burdens to bear.

Then there is the matter of beauty. A man's looks are his own private affair and cut no ice in his failure or success in the world.

But far otherwise is it with women. They are under the awful necessity of adding beauty, whether they have it or not, to all their other accomplishments.

Then there is work. Of course, there are a few millionaires' wives, who have nothing to do but to throw money at the birds and divert themselves.

There are no union hours for the wife and mother. She is up long before the rest of the family, getting the breakfast for them, and she is still at work long after they have gone to bed cleaning and washing and patching and mending so that husband and children may be decently clad when they go forth the next day.

Not only does the poor woman work harder than the man, but her work is more monotonous and less interesting than the man's because it brings her no contact with the outside world, none of the diversion that a man gets in seeing and meeting and talking with different people.

If a woman works outside of the home, she has to do twice as good work as a man does and twice as much of it to get even approximately the same pay.

Moreover, when a man makes good in one calling it is all that is expected of him. Nobody expects a lawyer to be also a doctor or a banker to be an expert plumber, but every wife and mother is expected to be a chef, a trained nurse, a baby expert, a dietitian, a commissary department, a purchasing agent, a seamstress, a lawyer, a doctor, a priest, a hostess, a press agent, a diplomat, a savings bank and a vamp to boot.

And there is the matter of morality. The world judges men and women by different standards, and when a couple stray off the straight and narrow path it sends the woman to Coventry and asks the man to dinner.

These that I have enumerated are only a few of the many reasons why the job of being a woman is harder than the job of being a man.

KEEP YOUR WHITE ACCESSORIES SPOTLESS

It's the little things which are so often neglected. And they really count more than the big ones when it comes to beauty! If you go in for white accessories and white or pastel lingerie touches on your summer clothes, always be sure that they are immaculately clean.

HEARTS AFIRE

By MARY CHRISTIE

CHAPTER VII. The 'Real Gentleman'

To the surface of the pool rose Traymore, a ridiculous, bedraggled figure, panting and blowing. His blond locks—normally so smooth and shining, giving to the head, a boot-button appearance that was very smart—now hung like a shaggy dog's down over his eyes. He spluttered forth:—

"You'll pay for this, you swine!" and scrambled, soaking up the bank, an absurd apparition, rent with fury.

"I shouldn't annoy me any further, were I you," said the muscular young poacher, with a grin. "Next time it won't be just a ducking. It'll be the sort of damn good licking you ought to have had as a kid, and never got. I'm ready if you are—"

"I beg your pardon, I didn't notice that this—this fellow—had a lady with him. I'm sorry if I startled you."

"You had no business to behave in such a brutal way!" breathed Prudence, darting to the side of the bedraggled Traymore, and putting a championing hand upon his soaking arm.

"I mean that the only interesting people, to my mind, are those who do some honest work in the world," quoth he. "The idlers I despise. Display of fine cars, and jewels, and clothes don't go to prove that the owners have anything in their brain-cells, or are equipped to give one a new viewpoint on life."

"That's right," the stranger grinned approval. "He isn't worth ruining a gown for." Then sharply to the other:—"You can cut through the woods back to the house without anyone seeing you, so I'd advise you to run while the going's good, in case I change my mind, and give you the hammering you need. I'll take the young lady back to the Towers."

"Indeed you won't!" Miss Prudence flung at him, turning to Traymore, only to find that gentleman already on the move. As he retreated, the latter muttered a volley of threats as to what he'd do when he was changed, and clad in his normal state.

"Wait for me, I'm coming too," she called. But the poacher put a determined hand upon her arm.

"He doesn't want you. Best leave him alone. A fellow doesn't like a girl to see him in that condition. Hurts his vanity, you know."

"She wheeled around, eyes flashing. How dare a common tramp address her so? (And how maddening that Traymore had shown the white feather! Of course this perfect brute was at the bottom of the whole episode! He had caught the other at an unguarded moment, and now was glorying in his achievement! Well, she'd show the cad just what she thought of him!)

"Will you kindly remove your hand from my arm? Unless of course your brutality goes so far as to want to hurt me, too?"

An icy scorn was in her voice, although no fear. Old that she wasn't in the least afraid, for tramps were dangerous fellows. But this man was no common tramp. He had quite a well-bred accent, and looked, one directly in the eyes. They were handsome eyes, dark gray, and curiously vivid in his sunburnt face.

"She was annoyed with herself for observing all these things. . . His face, of course, with that terribly square line of jaw and chin, was ugly. Strong, perhaps, some folks might call it. But brute force—particularly after the recent unwarranted exhibition of it—didn't in the least appeal to her! Oh no! He lacked the slim grace, the debonaire charm, the breeding of young Traymore. (Stay! Was it breeding to have sneaked off like a whipped cur, and left her to the tender mercies of this man? a small inward voice inquired.)

"I beg your pardon," said the tramp again. "I'm not used to

quently and keeping your digestive tract in good working order are the most important steps toward a sweet breath.

Taking a bath every day is a health and a beauty rule that you can't afford to pass up. It is the basic factor toward true charm and beauty

ladies' company." He withdrew his hand. "I'm quite a boor." "You are, indeed!" She was annoyed at the effect of the dark grey eyes upon her, and therefore doubly sharp with the owner. "Before I go, I'd like to say how much I despise your behavior—and—and you! And I hope we may never meet again!" "Your wish is likely to be granted," replied the tramp, unruffled. "I'm not a squire of pretty dames, as I've already said."

"This was too much! Prudence stamped her foot.

"You forget your place," she cried. "You had no right to offer to escort me up to the Towers. The servants would turn you out at once. You—you're dreadful!—impossible. Don't you understand?"

He bowed ironically, and smiled—a smile that lit his whole face up, as though he really were amused by her. His teeth, so white and even, would certainly have defied a dentist's art. Suddenly she saw that he was quite good-looking, almost handsome!

"I bow to your verdict. If they've no use for me up at the big house, then I've certainly no use for them. It's fifty-fifty, and everyone delighted."

"What do you mean?" she stammered, astounded at this speech.

He smiled again, as though she were an ignorant child, and it amused him to enlighten her.

"I mean that the only interesting people, to my mind, are those who do some honest work in the world," quoth he. "The idlers I despise. Display of fine cars, and jewels, and clothes don't go to prove that the owners have anything in their brain-cells, or are equipped to give one a new viewpoint on life. It's usually the other way around. But there—I can hardly expect you to understand me, can I?"

"And why not pray?" Prudence stood erect before him, cheeks ablaze.

"Because you judged me by externals—by the shabby clothes I'm wearing," he smiled cheerfully. "Because you haven't quite grown up. If you ever do—(ah! that was insult heaped on insult!)—you'll learn that, though the world seems full of people of unlimited means whose money can buy them the entry in most places, the worth-while folks are the thinking ones, who hold a definite place among the workers, and whom growing people—like myself—can take a real interest in meeting. See?"

She was so startled at the 'tramp's' fluency of speech that a reply failed her. And just at that psychological moment, from behind the pair, there came a light, high laugh, the whiff of a delightful perfume, and then a woman's voice, gay and challenging:—

"Hi there, you renegade! Why wouldn't you come to the party when I specially invited you, I've been hunting for you all the afternoon?"

Prudence and the man wheeled round to confront the beautiful Virginia Dale whose eyes—oddy provocative—were all for the 'tramp' Prudence had scorned.

"It was really rather beastly of you, Peter," she was putting, "I waited and waited for you, and then you go and forget all about me, and put on your old fishing togs, and—"

A great flash of light dawned on Prudence. Peter? The tramp? Why, he was no tramp. . . how could she have blundered so? . . . he must be—yes—he must be Peter Armstrong the inventor . . . brilliantly clever . . . lover of children . . . the 'real gentleman' Janet had so raved about!

And she—ignorant, had snubbed him so!

(To be Continued.)

A Morning Smile

An English clergyman owned a good farm and ran it on very economical lines; sometimes, however, he carried his economy a little too far. As he was taking a stroll over his broad acres one hot, oppressive morning he saw a ploughman sitting on the handle of his plough, while the horses rested. It occurred to the clergyman that he paid this man fivepence an hour, which at the present moment he was not earning, and he stopped and said gently but reproachfully: "James, wouldn't it be a good plan for you to have a pair of pruning shears here and be cutting the hedge whilst the horses are taking their rest?" "Sartinly," James replied, "and might I suggest to you, sir, that you should take a dish of taters into

FOR THE WOMAN READER

HALTING THE ANT INVASION

In the summertime you should take steps to prevent ants and other small vermin from invading your home. Kerosene oil or strong household ammonia used on the baseboards of the kitchen and on the woodwork around the cupboards will tend to keep ants and roaches away. Red pepper is another thing which bugs hate. Sprinkle a little in the bottom of your refrigerator and on the shelves of all your cupboards. Disinfect the sink daily. A weak solution of any good household disinfectant will do the trick.

CONSPICUOUS EARS

Prominent ears are often ugly and they usually develop at an early age. One of the causes is sleeping with them folded forward between the head and the pillow. And they can usually be prevented from developing—if they have a tendency that way—by making the child wear some form of net over the ears at night to hold them back.

EAT RAW VEGETABLES FOR HEALTH'S SAKE

Summer offers the best occasion for partaking of vegetables, particularly the raw salad variety. A really well prepared salad with egg followed by raw fruit constitutes an excellent meal for a hot day. Unfortunately there are many people who experience difficulty in digesting raw salad vegetables. Attempts to eat such a salad produce flatulence and gastric discomfort, yet this handicap may be overcome if the salad is prepared in a proper way. Too little attention is devoted to the art of salad making. Generally, it is thought sufficient to wash and clean the cabbage, lettuce, radish, etc., and leave it to individual discretion to add vinegar and oil. No doubt many people can eat such crudely prepared salads, but in others the tough fibrous tissues offers great resistance to their digestive juices and may lead to indigestion.

Now, it is the hydrochloric acid of the gastric juice which disintegrates the fibrous framework of raw vegetables, and we can aid this process by partially predigesting the vegetables by means of such weak acids as vinegar or lemon juice. Naturally, it is necessary to expose the vegetables for a sufficiently long time to the action of these acids, in fact, several hours before their intended use at the table. The olive oil should only be applied prior to eating, and in the case of vegetables such as carrots, cabbage, turnips and onions, it is advisable to grate them finely. Also, those people who have difficulty in eating raw vegetables will often find that their digestion is quite easy if they are taken at the commencement of the meal. The reason for this is that vinegar or lemon juice greatly stimulates the flow of gastric juice and, as this juice is frequently diminished, especially in elderly people, the salad will act as an appetizer and enhance digestion. By virtue of their roughage, mineral salt and vitamin content, raw vegetables are excellent correctives against constipation, and as they are plentiful in the summer months, we should take full advantage of their health-giving qualities." — From New Health Magazine.

Rhubarb Jam

Wipe and cut into 2 in. lengths 6 lb. of rhubarb, put into a bowl, cover with 5 lb. of sugar, and leave until the next day. Add 2 oz. of whole ginger and a small piece of cinnamon tied in a muslin bag, the strained juice and the grated rind of one lemon. Boil until the jam sets when tested in a little cold water, then remove the scum and spices, pour into warm jars, tie down, and store in the usual way.

Rhubarb Marmalade

Squeeze the juice from five lemons, cut the peel into thin slices, add half pint of water and 6 lb. sugar, boil for half hour, then add lemon juice and 7 lb. rhubarb cut up, boil up again, cut 6 oz. blanched almonds into slices and add to the mixture. Boil well for 1 1/2 hours, then pot and seal.

ly get him quite fit again in a day or so. But I mention this because from now on till the end of September all mothers should be on the lookout for this disorder in their infants, and be ready directly the first signs appear to take him to a doctor. For a day or so of this disease produces tremendous wasting of a child, so that what is at first but a slight illness becomes in a few days one of the most dangerous of all.

CROCHETED FLOWERS

The newest thing in boutonnières and hat trimmings are bunches and wreaths of cotton flowers in Irish crochet, stiffly starched. At a distance they look like the very old-fashioned lace valentines! But they are charming and absolutely in this summer's mood.

WARMING OVER MEAT

In warming over game of any kind of meat in gravy, don't let it boil! Boiling toughens it. Get the gravy to the boiling point, then turn off your burner and put the meat in just long enough to get it steaming hot from the gravy.

THE COOK'S CORNER

Rhubarb Chutney And Other Recipes

Cut 2 lb. of rhubarb into inch lengths, put into a pan with one pint of vinegar and 1/2 lb. onions, cut small, 1/2 lb. brown sugar, 1/2 lb. raisins (stoned), some cayenne pepper, 2 tablespoons salt, 1/4 teaspoon white pepper, 1 oz. curry powder. Cook until it is a pulp, and when cold put into jars and tie down. This recipe makes a delicious chutney.

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Demands Apology

LONDON, Aug. 5.—(C.P.)—Demanding an apology from a woman member of the Hutton-with-Roby Urban District Council, James Strathdene complained at a meeting of the Council and read a letter containing what he called "unseemly and uncalled remarks" made by Mrs. McGoldrick, Chairman of the Housing and Health Committee of the Council. Mrs. McGoldrick said she would spank him. When the letter was read, Mrs. McGoldrick said that as far as she was concerned the matter was ended. She was, however, sorry to think that Mr. Strathdene could not take a blow as well as give one.

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And with cottons enjoying such popularity this season, you'll be just thrilled with today's model. It is carried out in one of those cool white batiste prints with black zig-zag diagonal stripe. It's so exceedingly modish. And incidentally the stripes help marginally to slenderize the figure. The trims are plain white. The buttoned inset vest breaks the bodice breadth. The skirt is given a slimming panel effect at the front through the clever arrangement of the stitched pleats.



You'll love this tailored sports model. And it's so inexpensive and so easily made. Checked or dotted voile, tissue gingham checks, pique, linen, tie silks and white and pastel crepes may also be used. Style No. 818 is designed for sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust. Size 36 requires 4 yards 35-inch with 1/2 yard 35-inch contrasting. Price of PATTERN 15 cents in stamps or coin (coin is preferred). Wrap coin carefully.

Form for ordering a pattern, including fields for Name, Street Address, City, and State.

Convicts Have Little Chance Of Escape

DEVIL'S ISLAND, French Guiana, Aug. 5.—(C.P.)—According to a Salvation Army official who has spent many years in this penal colony, about 800 try to escape each year, and 550 of the attempts are unsuccessful. Altogether there are about 5,000 prisoners. Of the other 250 attempts many of the convicts die at sea or in the forest, where they fall victims to wild beasts. Escape by way of the forest is less sure of success owing to the bonus of 25 francs a head given to natives who denounce escaped convicts to the authorities. Most of the runaways either steal, buy, or make a canoe and sail down the Maroni to the ocean. There the currents take them towards the north. Their chances of reaching Venezuela are one in 100; the other 99 percent of the successful reach Trinidad. The other means of escape consists of crossing the Maroni by canoe or swimming to Dutch Guiana. From here the convicts attempt to reach Paramaribo by travelling through the virgin forest, hiding by day and keeping away from villages. Convicts at Cayenne have only one means of escape, and that is by way of the sea towards Brazil.

DON'T TRIFLE WITH COMMON CONSTIPATION

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN Brings Relief. Constipation gets its grip on a person almost unawares. It often starts with such little things. Headaches. Listlessness. Bad complexion. Unpleasant breath. If unchecked, it may seriously impair your health. Fortunately, you can avoid this danger by eating a delicious cereal. Laboratory tests show that Kellogg's ALL-BRAN provides two things needed to overcome common constipation: "bulk" and vitamin B. ALL-BRAN is also a rich source of iron for the blood. Biological tests demonstrate that the "bulk" in bran is similar to that in leafy vegetables. Inside the body, it forms a soft mass, which gently clears out the intestinal wastes. How much better than taking unpleasant patent medicines. Two tablespoonfuls of ALL-BRAN daily are usually sufficient. Serious cases, with every meal. If not relieved this way, see your doctor. Get the red-and-green package at your grocer's. Made by Kellogg in London, Ontario.