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

Why Men Resent Marriage | **Dorothy Dix** | Don't Want to Go Into Bondage

More and More Men Are Dodging Matrimony Now Because They Fear Loss of Freedom, Dont Want to Share Their Incomes and Refuse to be Nagged

What do most men resent about matrimony? Well, there are plenty of places where the domestic yoke galls a man and gives him a pain in the neck, but I think the thing he dislikes most about marriage is the sense it gives him of being bound.

Somehow the knowledge that he is no longer free to roam awakens the wanderlust in the bosom of the most plodding, unadventurous, sit-by-the-fire man. It is the call of the wild that is all the more alluring because he knows that he has locked himself up in his doghouse, tight and fast, and cannot break out and run with the pack again.

No matter how happy a marriage is, it is still bondage. No matter how beautiful a home is, it is still a cage. No matter how good a wife is, or how much her husband loves her, she is still his keeper. The married man has forfeited his personal liberty. He can no longer come and go as he pleases. He cannot choose his friends. He cannot dress as he pleases. He cannot even eat what he likes.

He has to punch the home time clock on the dot or else the little woman wants to know what about it. And if he stays downtown to play poker with the boys, or takes an old girl friend out to lunch he has to perjure his soul inventing a lie that will get by with his wife. It isn't that the average man wants to do anything wild and outbreaking. It is just the feeling that he is bound hand and foot, and can't do as he likes that gets upon his nerves.

The next thing that men resent about matrimony is having to support their families instead of spending their money upon themselves and their own pleasures. Of course, men will rise and with one voice deny this, but it is true, nevertheless, as is amply proved by the fact that the great majority of husbands row over the household bills and make the first of the month an ordeal almost as much to be dreaded as the Judgment Day by their wives.

This is but nature, for few of us are so altruistic that we really enjoy sacrificing ourselves for others, and so it is no wonder that it irks a man to have to buy his wife a new evening dress when he needs an overcoat, or that he turns sour when he has to give up a fishing trip to have little Johnny's adenoids out. If only wives and children could grow feathers and live on air there wouldn't be so many grumpy married men making wisecracks about marriage.

It may be said that whether men are married or single they spend most of the money they make on women anyway, so what difference does it make to them whether they spend it on paying for permed hair for the baby, or opening champagne for a chorus girl? But it does make a difference. Lots of it. Because in one case a man feels that he is getting a run for his money and in the other case it just goes for a plain duty and there is no kick in that. That is why many a man who was a generous loves makes a tightwad husband.

The next thing that men resent in marriage is the nagging of their wives. A grown-up man who has sufficient intelligence to make a living and win a respectable place in the world, simply loathes having his wife treat him as if he were an imbecile child who had not sense enough to know how to cross a street without being told to watch out for the automobles, or judgment enough to be able to pick out his own food. Also, it makes every man fighting mad to have his wife harp forever on the same old theme and never to be able to say a thing once and let it rest at that.

It is the never-ending fault-finding, the ceaseless interference with personal habits and tastes, the eternal "why didn't you do this?" "why did you do that?" that turns marriage into purgatory for innumerable men. A man is more afraid of his wife's tongue than he is of anything else on earth and if only she won't nag he will forgive every other sin in the category.

And still another thing that men resent in marriage is its dullness. Its monotony. Its lack of pep. That wasn't what they had bargained for when they took their wives on as life partners. They thought that the pretty little fishers of men who had hooked them would at least continue to cut bait after they were married, and they get the shock of their lives when they find out that their wives seem to think that a woman's duty to make herself pleasant and entertaining to her husband ends at the altar. It is being bored at home and resentful over little baby-faced girls having hooked them in the confidence game of marriage that starts most men on the road that leads to divorce.

DOROTHY DIX.

A Morning Smile

DOESN'T KNOW MUCH

"What kind of people are those who have just moved in next door to you?" asked Mrs. Gadder.

"Oh, I never talk about my neighbours," replied Mrs. Knowalot. "All I know about them is their stuff came in one van, that only one of their bedsteads has any brass on it, most of the furniture look old, there's six in the family, the children are all boys, they have two dogs, the man is about 20 years older than the woman, they had a squabble with the driver of the van when they settled with him, and their name is Smith."

BABY ECZEMA

How you hate to see baby suffering from chafed, itching skin and Eczema. Applied after the bath Dr. Chase's Ointment prevents and relieves these distressing ailments. It is a proven medicinal treatment which keeps the skin healthy. In tube or box.

Dr. Chase's OINTMENT

PURE TEA *Is good for you!*

Remember **King Cole**

BECAUSE—Headaches frequently disappear after a bright fresh cup of tea.

The Housewife And Her Activities

MARCHING FORWARD

The time is short enough at best,
I push right onward while I may;
I open to the winds my breast,
And walk the way.
—J. V. Cheney.

CHIP POTATOES

Chip potatoes can be cooked in a saucepan with a lid easily and quickly, the result being crisp, golden chips, perfectly cooked.

Bring to boiling point enough fat in the pan to cover the potatoes, put in the chips and covere with the lid, keeping the fat well bubbling.

In 10 to 15 minutes, when the desired color is obtained, strain in the same way as boiled potatoes and serve immediately.

FOR YOUR NOTEBOOK

In foggy weather eyes are apt to become sore and tired bathe them with a solution of boracic powder. Witch-hazel diluted with warm water is another splendid eye lotion.

Ink Stains —Vinegar and water will remove ink stains from polished furniture. A teaspoonful of vinegar to a pint of warm water. Wash the furniture and dry carefully, then polish with furniture cream.

When you wash curtains or loose covers of cretonne, put a large cupful of vinegar into the rinsing water. It brightens the colours.

Towels intended for polishing glassware often shed tiny particles of fluff. To avoid this, they should be washed in the ordinary way and then rinsed in a very thin solution of starch.

Stockings —Add a teaspoonful of malt vinegar to the rinsing water when washing black woollen or silk stockings or socks. This will prevent the stockings from turning a rusty color.

To remove whitewash or distemper from the windows of a re-decorated room, rub with a cloth dipped in vinegar.

TURNED ONCE A WEEK

There is a certain comfort to a bed when the mattress is turned each time clean sheets are put on it. It gives an airiness to the mattress that makes for sound sleep.

AN EVEN BLAZE

When burning an oil lamp or oil stove, see that it is firmly placed on an even surface. Only when they are perfectly level will they give an even flame. It is not always the fault of the wick.

NEGLECTED THINGS

Having company certainly does get the little odd jobs done that otherwise are frequently neglected such as silver cleaning, window washing, mirror polishing, furniture polishing —and yet it is so much easier to keep ahead of these things if some part of each one is done each week. Try it and see.

THE LARGE FAMILY

Where the large family is compelled to share one bath room, it is sometimes advisable for the older members to keep their towels and face cloths in their own rooms. It will make the bathroom seem more tidy without so many towel racks and it is almost the only possible way to insure your towels against being used at some time by the smaller members.

HOW TO BE A GOOD EVERYDAY COOK

If you want to please your family with your cooking, you must resolve:

1. To be punctual with all cooking, especially dishes like crispy fried fish and omelettes.

2. To taste early and often of every concoction. When the French connoisseur saw his English guest pile his salmi with pepper he said, "I fear I must dismiss my chef."

3. To make real friends with the trade men, especially the butcher. Haggling may sometimes save odd pence, but friendly and expert advice saves dollars in the long run, both in weight and cash.

4. To be generous with eggs, butter, vegetables, milk and cheese. Richly used they go twice as far and do more good than a larger quantity of cheaper food.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

Isn't it annoying when your iron sticks to the starched clothes? It needn't! Add a teaspoon salt to your diluted starch and you will find ironing the smoothest pleasure imaginable.

* * *

Here's a simple way of cleaning upholstery: Dissolve a tablespoon borax in a bowl of warm water. Rub the furniture with a sponge in the direction of the weave with firm strokes. Rinse the sponge in clean water frequently. Your upholstery will keep clean much longer and the colors will be brighter.

* * *

A grease spot on the page of a valued book can be removed by placing several sheets of white paper under the offending spot and sprinkling burnt magnesia on top.

A few hours later, wipe the spot gently with a cloth moistened with benzine and your page will be spotlessly clean.

Idea also useful for magazines which you may want bound.

Home Service

Adjust Your "Nerves" to Modern Living

Turn Jitters Into Charm

What a beautiful victory Connie has won over her "nerves"!

Now that she's learned that hard work and exciting play are two of the best outlets for nervous energy, she's plunged headlong into interesting new activities and friendships.

But she's careful to guard against the real causes of nervous tension—worry and repression.

Quick as she finds herself fretting, "Why hasn't Ken called?" or "Do you suppose I've hurt Joan's feelings?" she asks herself. "Is there anything I can do about it?"

If not, she deliberately crowds anxiety out of her mind—goes to a movie or stirs up a batch of candy to surprise the family.

And she's learned how to let off steam. If she's displeased, she says so. She doesn't let a lot of petty irritations pile up into hysterics or a quarrel.

You, too, can banish the bugbear of "nerves." Our 32-page booklet explains nervous troubles, tells how to overcome them, live radiantly and joyously.

Send 20c in coins for your copy of Overcoming "Nerves" And Every-Day Health Problems to the Guardian Home Service. Address. Be sure to write plainly your Name Address, and the Name of booklet.

Name

Street Address

City Province

SOUR STOMACH, GAS?

IF you're troubled with stomach upsets, acid indigestion, gas, or have no appetite, there's nothing better than Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It stimulates the appetite and aids digestion. Mrs. H. Jones, 134 Glen Ave., Western Hill, St. Catharines, Ont., said: "A few years ago I was so weak and suffered from acid indigestion and sour stomach. I was almost always belching gas. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has helped me more than anything else I have used. It helped to relieve me of the stomach upsets and I felt 100% in every way after using it." Sold by druggists. New size, tabs. 50c. Liquid $1.00 and $1.35.

THE COOK'S CORNER

SEVEN-MINUTE ICING

Two egg-whites, unbeaten; 2 cups granulated sugar, ⅓ cup cold water, ½ teaspoon cream of tartar, ¼ teaspoon salt. Put all in double boiler, place over rapidly boiling water and beat constanly for seven minutes. Remove from fire, add vanilla and heat until stiff enough to spread on cake.

TASTY NUT CAKE:

One pound dates, finely cut; 1 teaspoon soda, 1 cup hot water poured over the above mixture and added to 1 cup white sugar, ½ cup shortening or butter, 2 beaten eggs, 1½ sups flour. 1 teaspoon baking powder, ½ cup walnuts.

BREAD ROLLS:

2½ cups lukewarm water, 7 cups bread flour, 1 egg (well beaten), 2 tablespoons white sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, 4 tablespoons shortening, 1 yeast cake dissolved in a little warm water (not hot). Mix stiff; let rise in a warm place; when light, punch down; let rise again; form in rolls. I use a rolling-pin. Cut out like biscuits. Put in muffin tins; let rise till light. Make 3 Dozen lovely buns, like puff balls.

CINNAMON BUNS:

With this recipe, instead of making all buns, I make cinnamon rolls. Roll out a piece of the dough spread with butter, brown sugar, cinnamon. Rolls as a jelly roll. Slice about an inch thick; let rise, then bake. These are favorites in the house. I make coffee cakes or a current loaf with this recipe.—Exchange.

VAN WYCK MASON'S *The* CASTLE ISLAND CASE *With* CANDID CAMERA CLUES *by* HENRY CLAY GIPSON

(Continued)

Displaying every manifestation of affection, Barnard Grafton stooped and kissed his wife who, by moving away her head a little, conveyed her disapproval of demonstrations in public.

Allenby, left alone with Patricia and his hostess, manufactured polite conversation until the telephone rang and Barbara Grafton disappeared in answere to the butler's summons. Immediately Patrica came over to sit beside him, on her face a curious mixture of doubt, uneasiness and curiosity.

You are the famous Major Allenby of the Inter-Ocean, aren't you?

Yes, said he in a low voice, but please —there are very important reasons why I don't want anybody else to know it.

It—it's to do with Judy? How big and frightened Patricia's eyes seemed in the new risen moon's pallid light.

Yes. We weren't satisfied.

Nor am I, Patricia announced breathlessly. I don't know what it is, but I feel something's queer about her —her death. Even since I got here I've been trying to locate the suicide note without asking for it. I thought it might be better if I got hold of it without arousing curiosity. You see, she learned so close a faint perfume in her hair reached his nostrils, there was a deck of cards in Judy's room.

Cards?

Yes. When we were kids we used to—

A second floor window opened and Grafton's powerful head and shoulders became silhouetted. Come on up, Major. We're all set.

All right, be right up. He turned to the girl for amplification, but was further hampered because Barbara Grafton' shadow was preceding her across the veranda's polished tiles. He started upstairs.

So. Patricia hadn't yet seen the suicide note? How stupid of her not to ask for it point-b'ank. In all probability Grafton would have given it to her without further preamble. All at once he stiffened for, faint and far away sounded a throbbing drum beat. He listened intently, interest sharpening hanged if the distinct drums weren't sounding the familiar, one —two, two —one beat he had always associated with Haiti and West Africa. What could be going on over there?

Resuming his climb, he strode by the door of Patricia's room and entered his own. He was unstrapping a briefcase full of convincing and very carefully selected material concening the Ecuadorian Province of Loja and its gold field when Grafton came in, arms full of maps and blueprints.

It's cooler on this side of the house, he explained with an apologetic glance. You don't mind our talking in here?

It required all of Allenby's self-control to give to his assent a whole-hearted ring.

Well, Major. I see you're up on the subject. Glad of it. Grafton nodded at his guest's bulging briefcase.

Hey, Barney, where are you? Ward's voice hailed from down the corridor.

Here, in Allenby's room—

A moment later Towney Ward minus coat and necktie, came in all prepared for a serious business session.

For over an hour Barnard Grafton spoke, with Ward only briefly interrupting now and then. In order Grafton offered and explained a sheaf of easily understandable graphs of blueprints, etc.

Clip the Camera Clues

As the evening progressed Allenby's respect for these men grew.

Now, here, Grafton said, and his mouth tightened, are the terms of the Concession granted us by Colonel Rodrigo Ulloa, Minister of the Interior. Better read them —Grafton laughed a little stridently. They're the best any foreign concern has ever been granted. Took me six weeks to talk Ulloa into signing.

Only once did Allenby's attention wander. Just outside the French door opening onto the porch, he thought he heard the stealthy scrape of someone's shoe, but when he hurriedly opened the window on pretence of admitting more fresh air, he saw not even a shadow, but he did note that all lights downstairs had been extinguished. From the direction of the garden, Cora Sue's eager brooky voice was bidding a lingering good night to Terry James.

CHAPTER VIII

It was a quarter to twelve when for the first time the conference recessed. Ward raised a quizzical eyebrow at his host. "Where are those pressure estimates for the impounding dam at Milagrosa Creek?"

Grafton replied that they were in his office and hurried off to fetch them.

Ward snapped his fingers and smiled. "What we need is a drink." He arose. "Got some fine old Bourbon in my bag—if you'll corral some glasses, we can wet our whistles."

Drawing after him a swirl of cigar smoke, Ward disappeared, leaving Allenby a bit gasping and for the first time understanding the unique exhilaration which "big business" affords some men. No doubt now that these men were in this affair, heart and soul. He was wondering whether Sir George Pakenham would be cast in a similar mould when a faint rap sounded on his door giving onto the veranda.

Allenby was up in a flash, closed the hall door and sped to his room's tall French door. There, to his surprise, he discovered Patricia, clad only in a bathrobe and nightgown, anxiously awaiting him.

"Thought they'd never go." she whispered, and the lace on the front of her night dress stirred with some decp agitation. "I've got the—"

She broke off for, clearly audible, a man's footsteps were returning down the hall.

"You'll have to get out," Allenby warned in a hurried undertone. "See you soon as I can."

"All right," she said, and smiled in a strangely pleased sort of way. "I'll leave my light on, but try not to make it later than you can help."

As she went out, Patricia turned, treated him to an enigmatic smile, then returned to her room, leaving behind a whiff of jasmine perfume.

Almost at once the door opened and to Allenby's surprise young James appeared with Ward and his brother-in-law.

The former sniffed once, levelled a searching glance at Allenby and drawled, "Sweet-scented bower you have here, Major."

—"You smell the flowers a lot on a night like this," Grafton explained dropping heavily into an armchair.

"Yes, but you've no jamine on this side of the house." Terry persisted and Grafton looked surprised.

"Why, that's so! Well, no matter—"

James, it turned out, was to be entrusted with some of the surveys and the discussion shifted to that subject. Grafton, however, seemed less able to concentrate than before and kept mopping his forehead. The strain, too, seemed to be telling on Ward and, after another hour's convirsation, he suggested that the meeting adjourn pro tem.

It was almost half-past two when Allenby felt it safe to wander out onto the long, second-story veranda

Camera construction of what may have happened when PATRICIA FORTIER returned to her room.....

PATRICIA FORTIER'S faint rap aroused Allenby.....

Why wouldn't Terry James go to bed?....In the morning he'd have to take a look at Treasure Head.. In the morning...In the.....

Major Roger Allenby awoke with a guilty start. It was still dark but a single glance at the sky told him dawn could not be far off. Smothering an irritated curse, he sprang up from that comfortable chair which had been his undoing. Terry James was no longer out on the long veranda, so shivering a little, Allenby hurried outside, picked up two or three cigarette butts lying about Terry's chair and felt them. Um. He'd been gone a long time. All the butts were cold and sodden with dew.

At this hour the moon had swung over the house, leaving the veranda in deep velvety shadow. He quickly tried Patrica's door and found that it was merely stuck, not locked. By applying an upward pressure on its damp and chilly knob he was able soundlessly to open it.

"Don't be alarmed, Miss Fortier," he called in a soft undertone. "It's I—Allenby."

On receiving no response he paused just inside the French window of her room, accustoming his eyes to the gloom. Soon he saw it really was not so dark in here, that he could even distinguish his own shadow through indistinctly across the floor. Increasingly conscious of the girl's jasmine perfume, he advanced cautiously toward the bed and with a little pank of alarm saw that it was empty, although it had undoubtedly been slept in.

Soundless on his crepe rubber soles, Roger Allenby probed a coat closet, thrust his head into a bathroom, then fighting down a rising uneasiness, opened the hall door. It had not been locked, either. Where the devil could Patricia Fortier have betaken herself at such an ungodly hour? Following long experience, he attempted to put himself in her place. The night had been hot, and she worried and restless. Air, that was what she would crave. The upper veranda, however, had been occupied. Wither then?

He crept downstairs and thought himself unobserved until a low growling reached his ear and someone, a woman, called in a sleepy voice, "Quiet, Trumps—be quiet!" Immediately the growling stopped, and giving a sigh of relief, Allenby traversed the spacious living room of Freebooter's Hall. Because a glass door giving onto the garden was slightly ajar, he decided he was on the right track.

At the foot of some dew-drenched steps, a toad as big as a small cat viewed him dispassionately from eyes strangely luminous in the moonlight, then hopped away. At this hour many toads were about and, with faint amusement, he recalled Patricia's almost convulsive abomination of them. Allenby, refreshed and awakened by a cool breeze off the ocean, circled past a pool in the estate's formal garden with eyes probing every patch of shadow. Presently his search carried him through an arch, radiant with night-blooming cereus, towards the old slave quarters back of Freebooter's Hall. He searched everywhere, even softly calling her name, but had no luck and so returned to resume his roving about the spacious garden where the perfume of many sleeping roses became mingled with the sweet scent of oleanders. Ahead loomed a ridge crowned with stately cedare which had begun to stir under the influence of a dawn breeze.

"Miss Fortier," he called softly. "Are you out here? Miss Fortier!"

But his only answer was the shrill piping of those little frogs which are one of Bermuda's most distinctive creatures. Presently he found his feet on steps leading down into a charming affair known as a "quarry garden." Thanks to the native custom of constructing a house of coral-and-shell rock quarried on the property itself, practically every large estate could

(Continued on page 3, Col 1)

Old-fashioned Filet Chair Set

by Mayfair

MAYFAIR DESIGN NO. 327

A dainty little lady helps a gallant cavalier to hold a shield on which you place your own initials. This is indeed an unusual and interesting design for a chair set, one that is formal enough for any living room and practical enough to meet all requirements. Another consideration is the simplicity of the filet design. It is easy to follow, goes amazingly fast and is beautifully lacy and artistic when finished. The pattern includes a complete alphabet so that you can reproduce your own initials easily. The pattern also includes easy-to-follow crochet instructions without abbreviations, detail chart of designs and stitches.

For complete pattern and instructions for all of these designs, send 20 cents in stamps or coin (coin preferred) to The Charlottetown Guardian Needlework Department.

Use this coupon **Print your name and address plainly.**

To The Charlottetown Guardian Needlework Dept.

DESIGN NO. 327

Name

Street Address

City Province

FASHION GUIDES FOR THE HOME DRESSMAKER

Something new and most attractive for home wear. Leads a double life! Wear it as a dress for breakfast or for home tasks..... and also as a complete cover-all over even your "best" dress. Easy to slip in and out of.....and attach adjustable tie belt of the slim waistline with new corselet effect at the front. The brief kimono type sleeves are comfortable to work in and make the model easy to sew. Another nice feature .....two useful pockets for odds and ends one picks up about the house. Simple decorative embroidery stitchery adorns the neck and the pockets.....easily accomplished.....adds pretty feminine touch. It makes an attractive summer dress in print cotton in the square neck version, pockets omitted. Cost so little you'll make half dozen of them in different colorings.

Style No. 2061 is designed for sizes 36, 39, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48 and 50-inches bust. Size 36 requires 3 1-8 yards of 35-inch material with 3-8 yard of 35-inch contrasting and 2 1-4 yards of binding.

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

Style No. 2061 Size.....

Name

Street Address

City Province

2061

SPECIALLY FOR BABY CUTICURA SOAP and OINTMENT

Hospitals rely on Cuticura. Baby's touchy skin deserves this *special* care.