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

Dorothy Dix's Letter Box

WAYWARD HUSBAND'S FAULTS ARE VERY SELDOM CURABLE

A Wife Should Give Serious Consideration to the Idea of Returning to Him When He Makes Promises

Dear Miss Dix—About three months ago I got a divorce from my husband on the grounds of mental cruelty. I realize now that I did it while I was angry with him and I have done nothing since but regret my hasty action. I married when I was 17 and continued on with my work, even though it meant that I would not get home until about 10 o'clock on some evenings. I tried in every possible way to make a success of my marriage, but my husband drank; he played poker and he had an awful habit of borrowing money from his friends and not paying them back. I lived with him for about two years and tried to change him, especially about his borrowing money, but when I did he accused me of nagging. Finally I got disgusted and walked out and got the divorce, but I am perfectly miserable without him. Now he wants to come back to me and promises to quit drinking and poker playing. If he can prove to me that he has changed, would I be wrong to go back to him? Life is nothing to me without him, no matter what else I have. ANNIE.

Answer:

A man who doesn't support his wife, who drinks and gambles and who has so little sense of honesty that he grafts money off of his friends and acquaintances under the guise of "borrowing," well knowing he is never going to repay it, is a pretty poor bet as a husband. Any dispassionate adviser would be bound to tell you that if you go back to him that you are letting yourself in for a hard life.

You will always have to work to support him, for that sort of a shiftless, irresponsible man never feels that he owes any duty to his wife or that it is up to him to earn the living for the family. As soon as he sees that you can keep a roof over his head and provide him with three square meals a day he will sit down and let you do it.

That he will get money any way he can, even in a humiliating way, he shows by his borrowing. Nor can you put any faith in his promises of reformation. His love for gambling and drink are deep-rooted passions and stronger than his love for you.

There is every argument against your going back to your husband, but if you are one of those women who love without reason and who, once they have set their hearts upon a man, find life dust and ashes without him then I think you will be happier with him, no matter how he treats you, than you will be without him.

But one thing I beg of you—take time to consider what you are doing. You are very young. Not yet 20. Test out your love and see if it is strong enough to stand the strain of hard work and struggle, and the humiliation of listening for the drag of a drunken footstep at night, of knowing that your hard-earned money is lost over the gambling table and that your friends regard the petty borrower you are married to with contempt.

Perhaps you will find that what you thought was an undying love for him was only an immature girl's fancy and you may meet some worthy man who will love you and to whom you can give a mature love. Believe me, you can outgrow a young love as you can outgrow childish clothes.

Take time to consider well what you are contemplating doing.

Don't Marry Until You're Sure of Love

Dear Dorothy Dix—I am a girl of 16 and a boy of 23 has asked me to marry him. This is my problem: I have heard that girls in their teens have a grand time going to parties and dances and I am afraid that if I get married now I will think of the good times I could have had, and regret my marriage.

On the other hand, I might be very happy married and not give the good times I missed a thought. Sometimes I think I am not really in love because if I were I would want to be married and think that the greatest happiness of all. GERTRUDE.

Answer:

You seem to have diagnosed your symptoms correctly, Gertrude. As long as a girl has any doubt about whether she wants to be married or not, she isn't in love, and she is very wise to wait until some chap comes along who makes her think that just to be with him is all the bliss she could possibly ask.

But no matter how much a girl is in love with a boy, nor how anxious she is to marry him, she makes a great mistake when she does it at 16 and before she has had her playtime of life.

It is then, when she is just emerging from childhood to womanhood, that Nature intended her to laugh and dance and sing and have dates with the boys and flirt a bit and have fun, without any worries or responsibilities to mar her pleasure.

From 16 to 20 are the only carefree years of a woman's whole life. For no matter how good a man she marries or how kind he is to her, she is no longer a butterfly flitting from flower to flower. She has taken up the burden of wifehood with its duties to husband and children, its work of making a home and she can never again have the light-hearted joy that she had as a young girl.

I have never known a woman who married at 16 and missed this gay interlude in her life who didn't regret it. Many of the divorces of young people are caused by a wife, who is still a young girl in years and with a young girl's desire for admiration and romance, getting into sordid affairs with men who preyed upon her discontent at having to stay at home and cook her husband's meals and fix her baby's formulas when she wanted to be stepping out to places of amusement.

And plenty of middle-aged women get into scandals because they missed their girl time in early life, and when they try to take it in later life it ends in tragedy.

So I urge you to take your play time and enjoy it and get through with it and be ready to settle down when you marry.

DOROTHY DIX.

THE COOK'S CORNER

BANANA BREAD PUDDING

2 cups small bread cubes
3 cups milk, scalded
2 eggs, beaten
1-2 cup sugar
1-4 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon cinnamon
3-4 teaspoon vanilla
3 bananas

Method: Use bread that is fairly dry for this. Soak the bread cubes in the scalded milk. Beat the eggs and add the sugar, salt, cinnamon and vanilla. Stir this into the bread mixture along with the bananas that have been sliced.

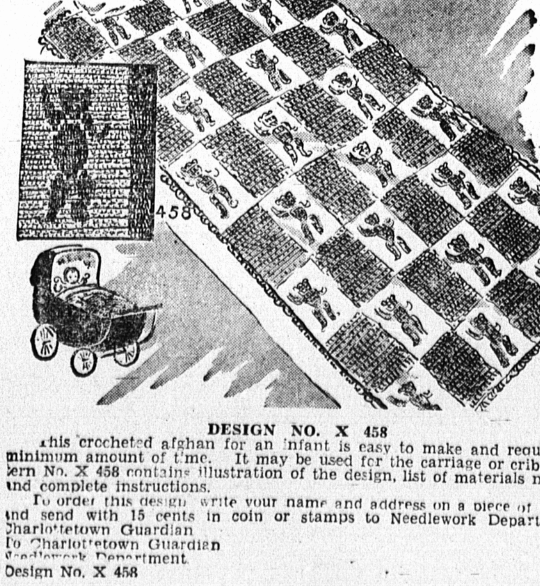
Pour the mixture into a greased baking dish and set this in a pan of hot water. Bake in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for about 50 minutes, or until a silver knife when inserted wil come out clean. Serve this pudding warm with a lemon-sauce. This hard sauce is excellent for this banana pudding.

LEMON HARD SAUCE

1-3 cup butter
1 1-4 cups icing sugar
1 egg
4 teaspoons boiling water
2 tablespoons lemon juice

Method: Cream the butter and gradually cream in the icing sugar. Add the unbeaten egg and beat the mixture hard. Add the boiling water, a teaspoon at a time, beating constantly. Stir in the lemon juice gradually.

TEDDY BEAR AFGHAN FOR BABY



DESIGN NO. X 458

This crocheted afghan for an infant is easy to make and requires a minimum amount of time. It may be used for the carriage or crib. Pattern No. X 458 contains illustration of the design, list of materials needed and complete instructions.

To order this design write your name and address on a piece of paper and send with 15 cents in coin or stamps to Needlework Department Charlottetown Guardian

To Charlottetown Guardian
Needlework Department
Design No. X 458

NAME — — — — — — — — — — — — — — —
STREET — — — — — — — — — — — — — — —
PROVINCE — — — — — — — — — — — — — —

BLACK HORIZON

By JOSEPH LEWIS CHADWICK

CHAPTER III

Maya Jack's words had been more of warning than a threat. Obviously, he did not want trouble with Rand Kirby.

For the space of perhaps a minute the two men faced each other. They were big men, strong men to whom force was of necessity the principal law. Maya Jack was perfectly cool. There was no anger in his manner. He stood, firmly planted on the deck, his rifle in his big hands and leveled at Rand's stomach.

Rand, however, was tense, his hands hard fists. His lean face was hard bronze, and out of it his large eyes were glaring cold and steely.

He forced calmness upon himself, and tried desperately to think rationally. He didn't want to quarrel with Maya Jack, friends though they had never been, over a woman. Never over such a woman as Sonya Duraud.

Rand shifted his glance to the girl's frightened face. She was lovely even in fear. Her dark eyes were wide, terrorized. Her rich full lips were trembling. Pudgy-faced, red-nosed Kelly Burk was still gripping one slim arm. Sonya was staring at Maya Jack Cannaghan.

No, he wouldn't risk a shot from Maya Jack's rifle for this woman. But Rand didn't want to be in the affair, desired no part of it. He knew Maya Jack wouldn't permit him to hedge out of the scheme. He needed the schooner, and if he permitted Rand to go ashore he would have one more man on his trail. No it wouldn't do not to string along with Maya Jack. The big blond man had said he'd feed Rand to the barracuda, and he meant it.

Rand knew what barracuda were. They sometimes came in close to shore, wolves of the sea, worse than sharks. His only out then was to pretend to string along with Maya Jack—and await his chance to get out of the mess.

Rand let the tenseness go out of his body. He shrugged broad shoulders and nodded his head affirmatively.

"All right, Maya," he said. "But I still think you are a fool."

"Fool or not, I'm going through with this. So are Kelly and Pete. We're going through with you or without you."

"I'll go along with you," Rand said, and he saw Sonya Duraud's body shudder. Perhaps she had held out a hope that he would champion her.

"Good," muttered Maya Jack. "You take the girl to a room. Kelly, you bring her bags aboard from the small boat. Pete, you get the crew at their places and start the engines."

Rand fought a desire to slug Maya Jack. He didn't like another man giving orders aboard his ship. He stifled the desire, however, and nodded to Sonya Duraud.

"Come with me," he said.

Sonya stood free now, for Kelly Burk had moved to the rail. She looked at Rand, pleadingly.

"You can't do this," she said, tragically. "I——"

"Go with Kirby," Maya Jack interrupted in the strangest tone Rand had ever heard him use. It drew Rand's gaze, but Maya Jack's stern face told him nothing.

It was evident that Sonya Duraud feared Maya Jack. It was in her eyes. She looked at the man as if her soul were frightened. Rand wondered at that. The girl couldn't have reason to fear. Maya Jack more than the others—or had she?

Sonya accompanied Rand willingly enough after Maya Jack had instructed her to in his straightforward fashion. Any other man perhaps, she would have defied. But not Maya Jack.

Rand took Sonya Duraud to the little cabin beside his own. It was a crudely furnished room, so small that it seemed all walls. There was but a bunk, a table and two chairs.

"Well, make yourself at home," Rand said bitterly. "And remember, I warned you."

The girl surprised him by walking quickly into the room. She stood in the center of the floor and critically surveyed the place.

"It isn't exactly ultra-modern, is it?" she said, almost lightly.

"It's the suite usually reserved for royalty," he told her.

He heard Kelly coming with the girl's bags, so he left the cabin and met the man. Kelly's blue eyes were glassy; he had been drinking already.

Rand took the bags, sent Kelly off. Sonya was still standing by the table when he re-entered the cabin.

"I suppose," Rand said, "you've noticed that the tropics aren't Park avenue."

"Kidnappings happen in the best places," she replied.

"Kidding yourself, arent' you?"

"Kidding myself?"

"That there is no danger, I mean."

She moved to the bunk and sank on to it. "No," she said, her eyes frightened again, "I'm not underestimating my danger. I—I'm in far worse danger than you can know."

Rand looked at her wonderingly. "What do you mean?"

She gave him a faint, tremulous smile. "You'll probably find that out soon enough," she said. "By the way, you wouldn't want to smuggle me in a gun?"

"Where is that toy you held on me back on the island,"

She shuddered. "Maya Jack took it."

"Maybe," Rand said, catching a glimmer of what she feared, "a knife would do."

"Yes, yes. Anything—please . . ."

He found Maya Jack in the chart room, at the radio. He looked up, grinning. He said, "Duraud is raising merry cain with Phil Burnell. He's threatening to break Burnell's neck for having run off with the woman."

"What does Burnell say to that?"

"He swears by all that the powers that be that he didn't see Sonya Duraud tonight. He says he's going to fly over to the island for a talk with Duraud. Duraud will probably meet him with a horsewhip or a gun."

"Maya," Rand said soberly, "it seems to me that you forgot Burnell's plane when you planned this."

"Why?"

"He can spot us from the air further than you think. I know; I've done a lot of flying myself."

"What of it? Burnell doesn't know we've got Sonya Duraud aboard. If he does sight us and hails us we'll disclaim seeing her. After all, we were ordered off Maglaya. We're off. We have no woman aboard."

Rand growned. "I still don't like it. After all, stealing a man's wife is a serious offense any time. Taking her by force is a thousand times as bad."

"Why worry about the—the husband?" he said. "After all, she was running off with Burnell. You saw her traveling bags. You don't think she had those packed waiting for us to come kidnap her?"

Rand took out his pipe and began to stuff tobacco into the bowl. He did it viciously. "I think," he said, glumly, "we've asked for a lot of grief."

The chart-room deck was vibrating underfoot in time to the throbbing of the engines. The schooner was heading out to sea. Rand glanced out through the porthole. Maglaya was a black patch in the moonlit sea, receding rapidly.

Rand's glance came back to the chart room, to the gun rack on the opposite wall. It was empty. Maya Jack saw his glance and chuckled.

"I removed all the guns and locked them up in the cabin I'm occupying. You understand—" Maya Jack laughed again. "I was afraid the girl might take a notion to be melodramatic."

(To be Continued)

A Morning Smile

WINNER

A farmer's very portly wife was about to leave for the weekly welfare meeting held in the Paris Hall when she discovered she had forgotten her committee badge. Turning to her very young domestic help, she said: "Please fetch my badge. You cannot mistake it; it's red with silver letters on it."

During the meeting she observed many broad smiles.

On her arrival home she discovered the reason. Removing the badge, she read to her horror: Featherweight Poultry Show—Second Prize Bantam.

A Scottish Highlander arrived in London rather late and was put up for the night by a friendly Englishman he met in the station bar.

Next morning after breakfast, the host asked: "I hope your bed was comfortable? Did you sleep well?"

"Aye," replied the Scot, "jist like a top!"

"Did you enjoy your supper last night?"

"Mon, it was gran'."

"And was your breakfast to your liking?"

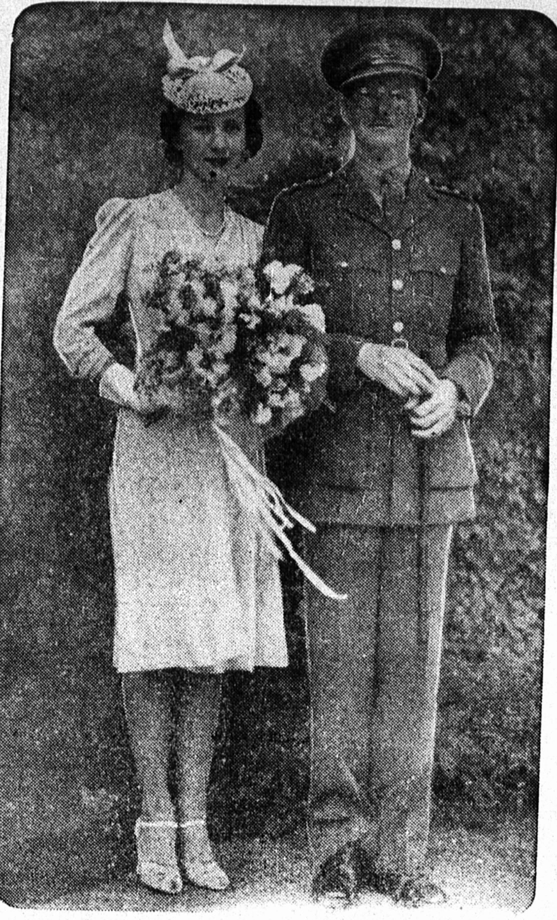
'Aye, it was a fine breakfast!"

"Well, how about 10 shillings?" tentatively suggested the host.

"Mon," beamed the delighted Scot, "it would be a god-send!"

Eight more beauties were picked in preliminaries to enter the finals of the Toronto police contest for the "Miss Toronto 1940" title. Blonde Olive Stoat (LEFT) won first place and the $25 prize money that goes with it. Lorraine Westlake (SECOND LEFT) was awarded second place. Lynne Cochrane and Betty Winkle (THIRD AND FOURTH LEFT) also won entry into the finals, while Lillian Whitney and Betty Shadwell (FIFTH, LEFT, AND EXTREME RIGHT) tied for third position.

JULY WEDDING



Lieutenant John D. Caron, Royal Canadian Artillery, C.A.S.F., and Mrs. Caron, whose wedding took place at Erskine and American Chrch on Saturday, July 6th. Mrs. Caron, formerly Miss Mary Gordon Hughes, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Hughes of Charlottetown, P. E. I., and Lieut. Caron is the son of Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Caron of Outremont.

YOUR INDIVIDUAL HOROSCOPE

(By FRANCES DRAKE)

Look in the section your birthday comes in, and find what your outlook is, according to the stars.

For Tuesday, July 16, 1940

MARCH 21 to APRIL 20 (Aries)—Generally, we suggest you gather all your resources and make a very special effort to prevent the errors, mistakes, foolish acts and misunderstandings that are likely on a day such as today. Where's your sense of humor?

APRIL 21 to MAY 20 (Taurus)—Born before May 6? You'll probably find personal and friendship interests require careful handling. You born after May 5: Be sure not to stretch the budget to the breaking point.

MAY 21 to JUNE 21 (Gemini)—Here's a chance for you to increase both your prestige and income. At least you can sow the seeds today that will bring about an increase in your income sooner than if you made no added effort now. Seek conferences with superiors.

JUNE 22 to JULY 23 (Cancer)—Watch both personal and business matters, but particularly watch your own attitude and inclinations. YOU are the one who can make or break this day for yourself. If things aren't exactly as you had hoped, this isn't a sign they won't improve.

JULY 24 to AUGUST 22 (Leo)—While you born after August 7 may feel more restrictions than you other Leoites, this day calls for an added amount of patience, dogged persistance and faith in success.

AUGUST 23 to SEPTEMBER 23 (Virgo) — If you don't improve your opportunities for gains financially and socially this good day, look into YOU for the answer! Are you in a rut? Are you lacking in consistent ambition? Think it over!

SEPTEMBER 24 to OCTOBER 23 (Libra) — Don't permit outsiders to cause differences in your family affairs. And beware of the person who is always talking about difficulties and hopeless situations. Be your cherry self.

OCTOBER 24 to NOVEMBER 22 (Scorpio) — There may be temptations to exaggerate and to pass on rumors, whether true or no, and these mischief-makers may be stronger tempters for you born after November 9. Exert your better self ALL day, not in spasmodic moods.

NOVEMBER 23 to DECEMBER 22 (Sagittarius) — Deal with bankers, lawyers, investigators, clergymen, teachers, instructors, sports enthusiasts, artists and anyone who is interested in healthy thought and action. Be careful in heart and general personal affairs.

DECEMBER 23 to JANUARY 21 (Capricorn) — Protect your private matters from intruders who offer suggestions and improvements that are unwarranted and useless. Don't let unimportant little things hinder your big jobs.

JANUARY 22 to FEBRUARY 20 (Aquarius) — Check everything carefully before you give final approval or engage upon an undertaking. Look well into the whys and wherefores of the matters, and let your good intuition help guide. Though you must hurry physically, remain calm.

FEBRUARY 21 to MARCH 20 (Pisces) — There are many things to be attended to so get a brisk, early start! More matters require your attention than you realize. Don't be baffled by obstacles. Think and act logically.

A CHILD BORN ON THIS DAY will be talented, personable and possessing an unique sense of humor, flavored with pathos and depth of feeling. Could achieve in any undertaking to which it gives its earnest effort and cleverness, but particularly is suited to work that appeals to its romantic, sensitive nature Busy years ahead. Should avoid marrying in haste.

Your Manners Can Be an Asset or Liability

Do Small Blunders Betray You?

Well-meaning Mrs. Smith! If only her knowledge of etiquette matched her good intentions.

As she joins the Jamesons for a lengthy chat, she refuses a chair, says to Mr. Jameson, "Please don't get up." But the well-bred Mr. Jameson of course will stand as long as she does. Correct to accept the chair — or pause only for a word or two.

Be sure of such fine points of etiquette. When introduced, do you say "Charmed!" or "This is a pleasure"? A simple "How do you do" is correct — and gracious to add if you can, "I've heard so much about you."

And what poise it gives to know you're dressed correctly for the occasion. Good form to wear your hat at formal teas, luncheon parties, in the dining-room when you stay at a city hotel.

Leaving a party? Say good-by to your hostess — nod smilingly to those who are near, but unnecessary to speak to everyone else.

Good manners bring delightful invitations, social standing. Check up on etiquette for you and your family. Our 32-page booklet tells correct form when entertaining and visiting, at dances, the theatre, on the street, at the country club.

Send 20c in coins for your copy of Etiquette: The Correct Thing To Do to The Guardian Home Service. Be sure to write plainly your Name, Address, and the Name of booklet.

Name

Street Address

City Province

Living & Leisure

—The Woman's Realm

TIME FOR LOVELINESS

Stand still to watch the flight of birds
Across the tender, evening sky;
Read once again the lovely words
Of singers from the years gone by.

Spare, from your life of busy days,
A little time to look for these—
The young moon's silver; golden rays
When sunset flames behind the trees.
Let not Life's exquisite, small things
Pass all unnoticed, for the mind
Fashions from Beauty shining wings,
With which to leave earth's cares behind!

—Claire Ritchie.

When polishing floors, instead of putting polish on with a cloth, use pieces of newspaper. They do not absorb polish like a cloth does and are far more economical; also they may be used as good fire-lighters afterwards.

RULES FOR PICTURE HANGING

Here are some pointers on picture hanging: Whether an etching, print, water-color or oil painting and regardless of size, try to hang without wires showing. If cord must be used, it should match the color of the walls. If a wall is covered with patterned paper in which several colors appear, the cord should match the least conspicuous of these colors, rather than carry out a note of accent. If pictures are hung with visible cords or wires, the hooks should be disguised in some way, behind a rosette, or behind some metal ornament designed especially for this purpose. Also, pictures should be hung low enough so that it is not a strain to look at them.

PROPORTION SECRET OF SMART ACCESSORIES

The smart woman uses make-up to dramatize the best features of her face and to conceal less attractive ones, of course. Her dresses, coats and suits do the same for her figure. And her accessories should.

Unfortunately, all too many very tall, quite large women carry diminuative handbags. Similarly, too many petite girls buy purses which could easily double for overnight cases. In the hands of the large woman the tiny purse, however pretty, looks just plain dinky, and the woman herself out of step with the rules for chic grooming. A tremendous handbag dwarfs the thin, short woman.

Hats, too, can make or break the general effect of a costume. High, towering bonnets are not for the extremely tall. Broad, squat berets and shallow-crowned sailors are not for the short and stocky.

Furthermore, tall peaked turbans make a long face and a long neck seem even longer. Brimmed hats—contrary to the oldest rules—are no more flattering to the be-spectacled face than off-the-face types. Girls who wear glasses no longer are encouraged to stick to brims only.

The hand which is small out of all proportion to the size of the body requires bulky gloves, preferably hand-sewn. While the very large hand may be made to appear smaller by machine-stitched, rather close-fitting gloves. A tight glove is a great mistake in any case, however.

Necklines deserve more consideration than they apparently get. A perfectly plain round, high neckline is for the beautiful, not-too-long throat. The deep V will do pretty nice things for the short rather thick neck. Round collars are youthful. Wide, square ones are kind to hollows along collar-bones.

Failles, bengalines and moires deserve a prominent spot for early fall. Faille and bengaline are considered smartest in fine wale weaves and are important fashion fabrics for coat dresses and jacket dresses. Moire is regarded as "high fashion" for formal afternoon suits such as are liked for fall weddings. An interesting contrast with all three fabrics is supplied by the use of black velvet trimming.

New jackets for evening are of longhaired light furs.

The new hats are worn well back on the head with your pompador showing.

EASY CASSEROLE DISH

Brown several chops in some fat. Put a cup of mxed vegetables, cut small, in a casserole. Lay the chops on these, add 1 cup stock or hot water, cover and cook in oven for about an hour; then season Cover the top with potatoes sliced very thin, cook till soft. Take off lid to brown before serving.

use Silverwood's Evaporated MILK
"Good Milk makes Good Meals"

Needlecraft—

—For The Home

Be young and gay in a ballerina playdress .... the sensation of the Summer season. Its snugly fitted waistband, well-cut top, and swirling skirt are flatteringly lovely. Wide straps stay on your shoulders and handy pockets take care of any gadgets you wish to carry with you. White or pastel sharkskin, pique or uncrushable linen are all appropriate fabrics for such a smart style, and candy striped cotton is a youthful consideration. Make the bolero, too, to slip on when you want to cover up. Such a grand dress for all sorts of activities and every occasion all Summer.

Style No. 3257 is designed for sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 16 requires 3 1-2 yards of 39-inch material for dress; 1 1-8 yards for bolero.

Send Twenty (20c) coin is preferred, for pattern. Write plainly your Name, Address and style number. Be sure to state the size you wish.

Style No. 3257 Size ....

Name

Street Address

City Province

VACUUM CLEANER CARE

It takes very little trouble to keep your vacuum cleaner working efficiently. Clean the dustbag inside and out, preferably after each sweeping; dust off the metal parts; keep the instructions for oiling that come with the sweeper and follow them. Keep the brushes free from threads and hairs; and don't try to pick up sharp objects that may pierce the dustbag.