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W.K. Rogers Agencies Limited

Dorothy Dix Says—

Continued from page 2

comprehend how a man can still love his wife, still think her the finest woman in the world and the one he admires above all others, and yet be attracted by another woman. We can't understand why he is not satisfied with the one he likes best, why he wants to roam away from the fireside that we work so hard to keep the most comfortable spot on earth for him.

I am not justifying the philandering husband. Far from it. I think just the mere fact that he knows that his flirtations torture his wife should make a husband refrain from them, no matter how really innocent they are. But I do think, also, that the woman is wise who tries to see this matter from her husband's standpoint as nearly as she can, and who does not rush to the divorce court because he has a passing infatuation for some other woman.

Let them alone, so far as any interference is concerned, and the chances are that the girl will realize there is no percentage in having an affair with a married man, and he will get satiated with his ice cream soda and come back home for a good square meal.

But you are making a mistake in treating your husband coolly and letting him see that you disapprove of him and think he is making a fool of himself. Just remember the girl is flattering him to death and telling him how handsome he is, and what an oracle he is. Outsmart her. Go off on a trip somewhere and stay until he misses you and begs you to come home. The wife who makes home disagreeable just plays into the other woman's hands.

DEAR MISS DIX: On my 16th birthday I was given a car, for which I had been crazy for two or three years. I have not been getting good marks in school, because of my slowness in catching on to things, and my father told me that if I failed in one subject he would take the car away from me. This semester I have worked as I never have before so as to be able to keep what I so yearn for. Nevertheless, I have failed in one of my five subjects. Therefore, the car has been taken away from me. I do not think it possible to convert myself into a human dynamo. I know that it is not asking much for my father to expect me to pass in all my subjects, but I think I should be given a little time. I would appreciate it if you would give me your views on the subject.

HENRY

ANSWER: Well, Henry, you must look at your father's side of the subject as well as your own. He gave you the car on certain conditions that you have not fulfilled. You have not done your part in making good.

But I think that he is, perhaps, not quite so understanding as he should be, nor so patient, and that he may be expecting a little too much of you. If you really have studied hard, he might give you credit for your good intentions and not judge you so much by what you have done as by what you have honestly tried to do.

Not all youngsters have the same ability to learn easily, but the slow plodders very often are the ones who retain what they have learned and who make the most successful men. So my suggestion is that you and your father effect a compromise. Convince him that you are doing your level best to get good marks at school and let him take the will for the deed and let you have your car now and then.

DEAR MISS DIX: I am a perfect brunette, and am engaged to a young man who is a brunette, too. People have told us that two brunettes should never marry. What is wrong about it? PAT

PAT

ANSWER: Nothing. Whole nations of brunette people marry each other with the happiest results. The color of people's eyes and hair and skin has nothing whatever to do with whether they will be congenial life mates or not. It is the temper and the disposition and the character of the man or woman you marry that makes marriage a success or a failure, not whether he or she is blond or brunette.

DOROTHY DIX cannot reply personally to readers, but will answer problems of general interest through her column.

Murder Could Not Kill

By Gregory Baxter

"I'm hanged if I like figuring in criminal records. But—oh, well—no, I have no objection. "Thank you. There may be fingerprints on the pistol which will help us."

"Well, they won't be mine," Robert said sharply.

"May I say a word or two, Inspector?" Mr. Lessing broke in. "I am sure we are all anxious to render assistance, and I think I may be able to tell you something that should, perhaps, prove of value."

"Glad to hear it, sir!"

"I have reason to believe that poor Sherwood Dexter's murder was premeditated, said Peter Lessing in incisive tones. "I do not think its purpose was mere robbery."

Every pair of eyes in the room was now on Lessing.

"It is decidedly a strange story. Before dinner this evening when we were alone in this very room—I was chairman of the meeting at which he was speaking to-night—quite suddenly he seemed to lose control of himself. He confessed no less than that he feared for his personal safety—indeed, for his very life. I had noticed he was not his usual self at all. I had asked him what was wrong, and he confided in me almost with a sense of relief. He seemed terribly worried, at the same time furiously angry, and admitted as much. Told me that he had heard that an old enemy of his had turned up here in London. He was afraid—I might say he was certain, that this person had followed him from the other side and he definitely meant him serious harm. Not that Sherwood Dexter lacked courage—far from it—but he dreaded the other would give him no chance. That the blow would fall unexpectedly."

"Did he tell you who this old enemy was?"

"Of course. A man named Rufus Brett. It seems that in the old days they were partners in the enterprises that ultimately brought Dexter his colossal fortune. Oil, I think. They had both been among the early settlers in the old Indian Territory—what I believe were called the Oklahoma Boomers. Brett sold out just too soon, and ever after alleged he had been tricked by Dexter into doing so. That of course, was false. I am sure of that. Mr. Dexter was a man of the utmost probity. Brett, from what I could gather, is a thoroughgoing waster—a disreputable drunkard, and something of the old-time gambler desperado with that."

"Were you in any way surprised that Mr. Dexter chose you as his confidant?"

"Not at all. It was very natural in the circumstances. I am engaged to his daughter."

"I see. It was very natural, then, as you say, Mr. Lessing."

Robin glanced across at Laurette, whose eyes were fixed on Lessing. So she was engaged? For the first time he noticed the diamond ring she wore. Vaguely he felt disappointed, and as he realized the fact was inwardly amused. He was not usually so susceptible.

The inspector resumed: "Did you happen to gather from Mr. Dexter if Brett had ever been in this country before?"

"Curiously, Mr. Dexter did say that he had not—that was one additional reason for his worry regarding the fellow's sinister intentions."

"Brett certainly seems to fill the bill, the inspector agreed almost reluctantly. "Although the circumstances hardly suggest the way that type of man would go to work in a strange town. Of course, he might have friends. That sort of fellow has still. . . . Yet he must not be precipitate in accepting what seemed obvious."

He turned to Laurette, who had listened to Lessing's statement with obvious astonishment, in which, however, there was mingled more than a hint of what might have been understanding. She was staring at him as though he had disclosed a secret she had thought was hers alone.

"Miss Dexter, I hardly like troubling you now, but—"

"That's quite all right, Inspector," she interrupted quietly. "As a matter of fact, I can corroborate what Mr. Lessing has said, although I did not know dad had spoken to anyone but me."

"So Mr. Dexter told you also he was afraid of this man Brett?"

"No; he never spoke of him just that way. He told me he was dead scared, though—he wouldn't say of whom. He used to say he knew he had enemies. But it was only in the last day or two, as Mr. Lessing has suggested, that he seemed to go right to pieces."

"I see. In what way, exactly, Miss Dexter? What were his symptoms?"

"Well, he was queer in his manner. It scared me, too; and I began to get really worried about him. Actually I didn't like to let him out of my sight. I knew he was badly rattled about something. That was why I came along here in the car to-night to take him home—I persuaded him I wanted the outing, although he jokingly said it was because I wanted to see my—Mr. Lessing."

"I still don't quite understand, Miss Dexter. What do you mean—'queer in his manner'?"

She hesitated.

"He talked about the latest Will he had made—positively crazy, it seemed to me. I got scared; he was so serious."

"His latest Will? You mean the Will was crazy?"

"Why, yes. Preposterous. All his money and holdings he said, were left to me, but in the event of his being murdered I was to inherit only if his murder was brought to justice within a year. Oh, I just hate talking about it! It seems so callous!"

The amazement of her listeners was expressed in the silence that ensued. A full minute elapsed before Inspector West again resumed his cross-examination.

"Pardon me for persisting, Mrs. Dexter. I understand how significant in the extreme. Do you mean to say your father seriously told you he had disinherited you except under that—that unusual condition?"

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Ellen's Diary

Continued from page 2

and the regular rhythm of the breathing that denotes a restful sleep, and small soft hands that we touched tenderly, at rest on the pillows.

Jeanie has a rug in the frames. an endeavor that James considers superfluous in the light of her already busy days. Without design it is at the moment, but to be hooked in "that diamond pattern that gives you squares as well."

We resisted a temptation to sit down at it to feel again the touch of the hook in the canvas. What a fascinating handicraft it is, this one now seasonal, that holds so much charm in the loops! Jeanie described a phenomenon she had seen in this afternoon's sky. "It must have been a flying saucer?" one of the family suggested. But "not as I would imagine those to be," Jeanie replied. "They appeared to be streaks of light-like lighting, and yet unlike it. Moving towards the

horizon but not very fast, or at least the sky was so clear, they seemed to be travelling rather slowly. It was a long time — I don't know whether this would be measured in seconds or minutes before the two objects disappeared from sight. It was nothing supernatural," she smiled. "but some kind of a machine because they left trails of vapour behind."

We might have seen the like, but at me, so busy we became at this house "in the road" with duties suddenly thrust upon us that there was scant time today to enjoy "the uplook." Helpers appeared unexpectedly, close to midday to assist in getting away loads of seed potatoes and in the interval to finish the grading, completing the shipping and writing a pleasant end to the story of last year's culture. A heap reserved indicates that "in due season" the cycle will be continued. Dinner meant a scurrying about and rueful glances towards the clock as it drew near the fateful hour. It

caused an appraising of the meal already in preparation, and hasty additions at "the eleventh hour," in deference to the extended circle headed by James, that presently gathered around our board. . . . However it is an All's Well that can be recorded of the day's operations at this house and Alderlea tonight.

Until tomorrow — Diary—Good-night . . .

BEDEQUE W.L.

The March meeting of the Bedeque Women's Institute was held at the home of Mrs. Walter Bowness on Tuesday evening, March 14. The president, Mrs. Gordon Woodside was in the chair. The meeting opened by repeating the Creed in unison. Ten members answered roll call, and one visitor was welcomed. Minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved. Reports were given by the Sick and School committees. Correspondence was read and discussed. On motion bills were voted to be paid. It was agreed to donate

\$2.00 to the National Council for United Nations Appeal for Children. Proceeds from recent panty sale were \$18.42. The program consisted of an Irish contest. A meeting will be held at the home of Mrs. Sinclair Affleck. Luncheon Committee.—Miss Helen Brogan and Miss Aletha Noonan. Program Committee — Miss Winnie Smith and Mrs. Wilfred Connolly. Collection \$2.84. At the close of the meeting lunch was served by the hostess assisted by the committee. Social hour followed.

BIG COUNTING JOB

NEW DELHI — (OP) — Plans for India's first census in 1951 are being discussed here. The India census will involve visits by more than 1,000,000 enumerators to 64,000,000 homes inhabited by about 350,000,000 citizens.

COMMONS RULE

At least 40 members must be present for any debate in Britain's House of Commons.

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