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

Daughters Are Assets Instead of Liabilities | **Dorothy Dix** | Says That Girls Do Most for Parents

The Advent of a Boy Baby is Usually Cause for Great Rejoicing, But Records Show That Girls Are Best Providers for Their Aging Parents

Recently I have been called upon to mingle my tears with those of a father and a mother to whom the stork brought a daughter instead of the son they had ordered.

Now, if the girl baby had asked for my sympathy, the floodgates of my compassion would have been opened, for it is tough luck for a human being to be born of the female persuasion in this man's world. But looking at the matter strictly from the parents' point of view, I do not see that they have any cause for grief.

Of course, from time immemorial the birth of a man child has been cause for feasting and rejoicing and for congratulations to its happy father and mother, but no acclaim and whoopee has greeted the advent of the woman child. The best she has ever got is to be received in a spirit of Christian resignation, with apologies from the mother and forgiveness from the father and tactful condolences from friends and acquaintances.

Various explanations are offered for this attitude toward daughters. It is pointed out that those of high degree, who have titles and riches and estates to leave behind them when they die, desire a son to carry on the family dynasty; that daughters are more of a burden on their parents than sons are because they have to be supported, while a boy can hustle out and take care of himself; that the poor look upon a son as a sort of old-age insurance policy, some one to provide for them when they are no longer able to earn their own bread and butter.

If these reasons were ever valid for preferring sons to daughters, they are no longer so, except in the case of a few hereditary titles. The great majority of parents have nothing to leave their children but their blessings, and this can go equally well to either sex. Nor is there any insuperable bar to a girl inheriting money with which she can even purchase a titled husband, if there is any money left after she has paid Papa's death dues.

As for the rest, in these days of economic freedom for women, daughters are assets instead of liabilities to their families because they get to work just as early as boys do and generally earn just as big salaries, and they are a far more dependable prop for their parents' latter days than their sons are.

There are exceptions to all rules and there are many devoted sons who offer themselves as a sacrifice on the family altar, but for the most part it is the girls who are the nanny goats. When a boy goes to work he feels that what he earns is his own, and if he pays a little board at home Mother boasts of his generosity and what a help he is. But when the girls go to work Mother takes their pay envelopes from them and doles them out a little carfare and lunch money and complains about how selfish they are because they won't help her with the housework after a hard day at the office.

It is the daughters of a family who support the house, buy the furniture and fix things up, and who give Mother and Father better clothes and little comforts. Not the sons. And this alone makes a girl a better investment for her parents than a boy.

Then, when age comes, it is the daughters who take the helpless old people into their homes and cherish and care for them. Ninety-nine men are supporting their wives' parents where one is supporting his own. When the old people's home is broken up there is never any question where Mother and Father are to go to live. It is with Sally or Janey. Not with Bill or Tom.

It is frequently said that one of the reasons that parents desire sons instead of daughters is that they expect to gratify their ambitions in their sons' achievements. They expect their sons to make fortunes, to fill high offices, to write best sellers, to be famous actors and what not. But even here a daughter is a better bet than a son. For every girl has twice the chance to be rich and famous that a boy has.

If she is gifted, she can achieve success herself. There are plenty of women who have made fortunes, who are powerful politicians, who are famous authoresses and painters and cinema stars. If, on the other hand, she has no ability to win out herself, she always has the chance of marrying some one who does.

So, taking all of these facts into consideration, the parents of girl babies should cheer up. They really have the pick of the lot. Perhaps the wise ones know this and that is why we have the inexplicable fact to mull over that while people almost invariably desire boy babies of their own, when they come to adopt a child and have their choice in sexes they generally pick out a girl baby.

DOROTHY DIX.

Does Your Stomach Rebel After Every Meal You Eat?

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

The bloated, heavy feeling after meals; the empty, sinking, gnawing before meals; the belching and flatulency between meals; the rising and souring of food, all these and more fall to the lot of those suffering from stomach trouble.

Burdock Blood Bitters tones up the membrane lining of the stomach, and restores the natural process of digestion.

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It is so easy to make and will cost next to nothing.

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MY LADY MELODY

By ARTHUR HARDY

Author of "The Merry Masquerade", "Love Song", etc., etc.

The doctor had been to see him when Sheila first heard the news from Jenks, the valet. She took a taxi and drove to the flat immediately.

Cezanne was lying on a divan, fully dressed, but the poor hand was wrapped in lint and swathed inches deep in bandages. His face looked drawn and pale.

"Paul," she said, kneeling beside him. "How terrible. Is the hand badly hurt?"

"It will be all right in a week or two," he assured her. "The doctor says that I shall be able to resume my playing within a month or so."

Sheila was horrified.

"But your concert?" she gasped.

"I have already got in touch and suggested that you should take my place. I have told them I will answer for you. So has Garner Owen. Casini is now at the Albert Hall. After all, you should make a splendid substitute, and it is poetic justice, for you would have been playing on that date if I had not stolen it."

"GREAT NEWS, SHEILA!"

That afternoon Sheila went to see the organisers of the concert. She had Garner Owen and Mario Casini to back her up, and within an hour it was arranged that she should take Cezanne's place. The rest of the concert was to stand in accordance with the programme.

Sheila was asked to submit her choice of items.

Leaning across the table, she laid her hand upon the programme that rested there.

"I will adhere to the list that Cezanne selected," she answered. "I know nearly every piece by heart and have played them all. I think Cezanne would like it."

She was not asked to play, for some of the men who were present had attended her recital. She carried her new violin home to Pleasant Place without having opened its case.

Sheila had chosen a formidable programme, which, however, did not disturb her, for with every piece excepting the "Romance," composed by Cezanne himself, she was familiar. She had secured from Cezanne a copy of "Romance." It was a delightful study for the violin, elegant and easy to render. She played it perfectly at her first essay in her studio.

That night large strips bearing her name in great capital letters were pasted over the name of Paul Cezanne on the big hoardings outside the Albert Hall.

"Sheila Huntley" — the name caught the eye of every passing motorist, of every pedestrian and of most 'bus users.

The newspapers were full of the mishap to Cezanne and of this last hour substitution. Hot upon the story of the gift violin, Sheila's name was once more thust under the limelight of publicity.

It was a matter of some moment to the energetic and greedy music agent Jack Clayton.

He rang up the Albert Hall.

"It's Clayton speakin'," he said. "I suppose that concert's provin' a flop now that Cezanne is out of it. Money back, and all that sort of thing. Are you selling anything?"

"We are nearly booked out. All the better seats are gone. If you have any friends who would like to hear Miss Huntley on Wednesday night you had better send them along quick."

"Is that so?" Clayton blinked with surprise when he put the receiver back on its rest.

The public were curious, at any rate, and that meant something. Where was Sheila Huntley moving to? The girl always had it in her, but Clayton had known scores of accomplished artists who had faltered and foundered on the way. An artist wanted two things, luck and personality. It began to look as if Sheila had both. Clayton had fixed another engagement for Wednesday night, but in the circumstances he cancelled it, for he did not want to miss Sheila's debut as a star at the Albert Hall.

On the morning of the great day, with Mario as listener, Sheila played over some difficult passages she would have to render at night, using the new Guarnerius. Mario leant forward in his chair, his hands clasped, following Sheila's every movement. He could find no fault and made no criticism. He was satisfied.

All Sheila's friends had bought tickets for the concert. She had herself telephoned to Eddie Hales.

"It's great news, Sheila," he said excitedly, his voice making the diaphragm of the receiver shake. "You'll knock 'em cold. I've got my seat."

"You are going to be there? Eddie! What about your band?"

"Frankeiss is taking over tonight. I've seen the management and arranged it. Oh, I'm reforming Sheila. You watch it, and before you know where you are, I'll be on the water wagon. I'm nearly through with hard drinking—straight."

"Well, it will be nice to see you, Eddie," Sheila answered.

Eddie did not answer immediately. Then—"I say, you watch that bird Cezanne," he said. "Give you that great violin, eh? Well, I know him. He never gave anybody a thing yet without wanting twice as much back."

"Eddie!" The venom in Hale's voice startled the girl.

"Oh, I mean it. Paul Cezanne? — he's—he's—well, he's poison."

There was a click and Sheila knew that Eddie had hung up on her. She frowned angrily, but the next moment she was herself again. Eddie talking in that unreasonable jealous way about Paul; but, of course, the explanation was a simple one; he had not, as he inferred, given up the drink.

Sheila betrayed no trace of nervousness that day. She ate normally and rested. Gorner Owen was calling for her in his big car with Jackson as driver, and they were to pick up Mario Casini.

Sheila had a sneak to eat and donned her wrap. Her mother could not keep still, she was so excited. Her father lost his gloves, mislaid his hat, didn't know what he had done with his latchkey. Maria, the maid, hovered between smiles and tears.

At length Garner Owen's car was at the gate and he had brought Mario Casini with him. Mario had dined with the amateur, it seemed.

Mario was pale and looked shrunken, but his eyes were bright and his smile was infinitely tender.

They all climbed into the car and Garner Owen adjusted the rugs about them. Then at a word Jackson drove the car away.

The crush near the Albert Hall reminded Garner Owen of old times. Three lines of vehicles moved slowly to the entrances and discharged their passengers at the doors. The car lamps made a brilliant show. There were almost as many policemen on duty as if it were a prize-fight.

The crush inside the hall took time to sort itself out.

Garner Owen stared about him with a Mephistophelian grin, playing with a monocle, an affectation, and acknowledging greetings on every side. His height enabled him to look down upon flashing diamonds and gorgeously attired women. It was a great night; almost everybody in the musical world was here.

Suddenly, Sheila saw Cezanne.

He was standing at the head of the steps leading down to the aisle along which the Huntleys must pass to gain their seats, as if he knew. Garner Owen had lent his box to some friends and was going to sit with the Huntleys and Mario Casini.

Cezanne's face was unnaturally white, but showed no lines of pain. He carried his left arm in a silken sling and when questioned made light of his hurt.

"It was just sheer stupidity, Owen," he explained. "Had I used the hot water in the bathroom or left the shaving water to my man, it would never have happened. But —well, there you are. Most of us do silly things."

He drew Sheila aside with his sound hand.

"You must not fail to-night," he whispered. "Remember, your whole future may depend upon it. But you can be trusted. Good luck."

She flashed a grateful smile at him.

"How good of you to come, Paul. I have brought your violin. I shall not fail."

She watched her father and her mother gain their seats, she saw Cezanne turn aside to join some friends in a box to which he had been invited, and then she hurried to her dressing room.

(To Be Continued.)

WOMAN'S TROUBLE

WOMEN who suffer from pain in side or back, catarrhal drains, and women of middle age who suffer from heat flashes, should take that reliable vegetable tonic known for 70 years as Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. This is what Mrs. Wm. Roy of 18 Pelham St., St. Catharines, Ont., said: "In my opinion there is nothing better for weak, run-down women than Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. I suffered from headache and was dreadfully weak and rundown, all caused, I believe, by feminine weakness. I would become irritated and easily upset. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription gave me splendid relief from my weakness and I felt much better in every way." Buy now! Now size, tabs. 85c. Liquid $1.00 and $1.35.

Today's Short Wave Radio Program

(All time is Eastern Standard)

MONDAY, MAY 4

Washington

10 a .m .—U. S. Navy Band. W8XK, Pittsburgh, 19.7 m., 15.21 meg., Also W3XAL, New York, 16.8 m., 17.78 meg.

Moscow

4 p. m. —Ukranian Folk Songs. Talk: "Some New Soviet Films." RNE, 50 m., 6 meg.

Tokyo

4 p. m. —Modern Japanese Music. JVM, Nazaki, 27.9 m., 10.74 meg.

Rome

6 p. m. —News bulletins in English. The opera "Don Pasquale" by Gaetano Donizetti. Talk by Tullio Cianetti, president of the Fascist Confederation of Industrial workers, on "Insurance Against Tuberculosis." Violin concert. 2RO, 31.1 m., 9.63 meg.

Washington

5:15 p. m. —U. S. Army Band. W8XK, Pittsburgh 19.7 m., 15.21 meg.

London

6 p. m. —"Grab Them by the Ears." A radio play by Dulcima Glasby, adapted from the short story in The Saturday Evening Post by Dwight Mitchell Wiley. GSD, 25.5 m., 11.75 meg., GSC, 31.3 m., 9.58 meg., or GSA, 49.5 m., 6.06 meg.

London

6:30 p. m. —Early English Music. The BBC Empire Orchestra. GSD, 25.5 m., 11.75 meg., GSC, 31.3 m., 9.58 meg., or GSA, 49.5 m., 6.06 meg.

Berlin

7:30 p. m. —"The Minstrel Shall go With the King." A program of ballads. DJC, 49.8 m., 6.02 meg.

King Cole TEA

You'll Like the flavor!

The HOUSEWIFE and HER ACTIVITIES

CHARITY

There is so much that is bad in the best of us;
And so much that is good in the worst of us.
That it doesn't behoove any of us
To talk about the rest of us.
—Annaymous.

HAPPINESS

Man courts happiness in a thousand shapes, and the faster he follows it the swifter it flies from him. Almost everything promises happiness to us at a distance; such a step of honor—such a fortune—such a match for our child; but when we come nearer to it, either we fall short of it, or it falls short of our expectation; and it is hard to say which is the greatest disappointment. Our hopes are usually bigger than enjoyment can satisfy.—Tillotson.

MISERY

It has been well observed that the misery of man proceeds not from any single crush of overwhelming evil, but from vexations continually repeated.—Johnson.

PREJUDICE

Prejudice may be considered as a continual false medium of viewing things, for prejudiced persons not only never speak well, but also never think well of those whom they dislike, and the whole character and conduct is considered with an eye to that particular thing which offends them.—Butler.

FLOWERS

Flowers never emit so sweet, and strong a fragrance as before a storm. When a storm approaches, thee, be as fragrant as a sweet-smelling flower.—Richter.

THE PAST.

The memory of past favors, is like a rainbow, bright, vivid, and beautiful, but it soon fades away. The memory of injuries is engraved on the heart, and remains forever.—Haliburton.

THE MOVING CHAIR

Make a few secret preparations before showing this trick. You will require a light chair, a little powdered chalk, and a length of fine, strong black silk. Take the black silk, and tie one end to your right shoe and the other end to your left. In a dim light the black silk will be invisible at a short distance. Place the chair facing you, but with one of its legs inside the loop formed by the silk. Tell your friends that this particular chair is very obedient. Then make several magic passes over the chair. After a minute or two you may say, "Yes, it is under my influence. Now, chair, move towards me." Make a beckoning movement with your hands, and at the same time move backward very slowly. The chair will move forward. Rub a little powdered chalk on the end of each chair leg and it will slide quite easily over a polished floor.

TABLOID

When slicing potatoes, hold the paring knife over a gas flame or in boiling water and the potatoes will slice easily.

—Ultramarine.

PROFUSION OF COLOR

Much color is introducted into the Lanvin mid-season collection. Sports clothes are in soft spring shades while crimson and black are good for more formal wear.

ONE QUESTION.

A young woman, while not conspicuous for beauty, is by no means so homely as she pretends to be. A young man had been devoting much of his time to her, and the other evening he said.

"Do you believe you could learn to care for anybody well enough to marry him?"

She caught her breath and answered in a low tone: "Yes, I'm sure I could."

"Have you—have you anybody in your mind for whom you could care in this way?"

"Tell me; am I not that person?" She looked at him narrowly for a moment, and then said: "First answer me one question. Are you doing this for a bet?"

A Morning Smile

RHEUMATOID VARIATION

The new member of the Council felt very proud of himself, and nodded amicably at any passer-by whom he thought he had seen before.

"Excuse me, sir," responded one man to whom he had given a particularly affable bow," but I think I saw your likeness in the papers recently."

"Er—yes, my photograph has been rather prominent lately," gushed the new member.

"I thought I could tell your face again," continued the other. "And do you know I've tried that very same medicine for my rheumatism and it hasn't cured me."

CONVERSION

"Gerald," said the heiress, "I have been thinking."

"Thinking of me, precious?" asked Gerald.

"Indirectly, yes. I have been thinking that if you married me everybody would say you only did so to get my money."

"What care I for the unthinking world?"

"But, Gerald, I will marry you."

"My own dar——"

"And I will not have people say unkind things about you, so I have arranged to give my fortune to the missionaries. Why, Gerald, where are you going?"

Gerald paused long enough on his way to the door to look back and mutter, "I'm going to be a missionary."

WHEN EYES BURN Get Quick, Safe Relief with MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

THE COOK'S CORNER

FISH WITH HAZELNUTS

2 lbs. fresh fish. (A boned salmon trout is grand)
Juice of 1 lemon
Salt and pepper
6 tablespoons butter
½ cup milk
4 cups hazelnuts
1 cup grated cheese
4 tablespoons sherry
¼ cup fine bread crumbs
Grated nutmeg

Mix the lemon juice with salt and pepper and rub the fish well with it inside and out, then let it stand so for an hour or so. Butter a casserole, wipe the fish well with a cloth and put it in. Put the nuts through the nut mill or rotary grater, add enough milk to make a thick paste, then add the cheese and wine. Cover the fish with this sauce, putting a little of it inside the creature as well. Add salt and pepper and a little ground nutmeg, cover it all with the bread crumbs dotted closely with bits of butter, pour the remainder of the milk over it and set in a moderate oven to remain there until the inside is well cooked and the top is browned.

FLAXSEED JELLY (For Coughs)

Have 1 lb. of linseed, 1 large lemon, ¾ lb. of raisins, ½ lb. of sugar.

Boil the linseed in two quarts of water, allow to simmer for three hours, then strain and return to the pan with raisins and the pulp of the lemon. Now simmer for one hour (do not boil). Strain again, then add the sugar. Take teaspoonful two or three times a day.

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The records abound with grateful letters of praise like the following. Name and full address are printed to show that Cuticura letters are genuine beyond question.

"Eczema in little water blisters started on my daughter's hands and later developed into sore eruptions causing much itching and burning. Her skin was red and tender, and she couldn't sleep. "I sent for a free sample of Cuticura Soap and Ointment—then I purchased some. After using 3 cakes of Cuticura Soap and 2 tins of the Ointment, she was fully relieved." (Signed) Mrs. Moses Cottreau, Wedgeport, N. S.

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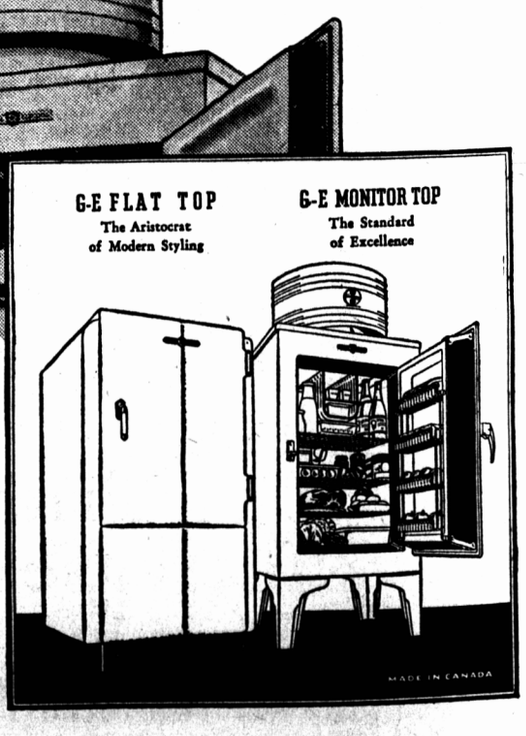

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