

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

DOROTHY DIX SAYS—

Suicide Via Boredom

Domesticity Insufficient Horizon For Intellectual Compatibility

DEAR MISS DIX: I have become attached to a certain young lady, who has good looks, wonderful disposition, charm and fine sincerity of character. She is frugal, interested in housekeeping, loves children and would no doubt make a good wife and mother. But I am a college man, a professional man, interested in and fond of discussing intellectual subjects. This girl has little education, makes many mistakes in writing and is not the least interested in anything intellectual. I have subscribed to magazines for her and she claims to read them, but she hasn't the faculty of understanding things intelligently and is deficient in original ideas. Would I make a mistake to marry a girl of her type? Should I say: "Well, she has 85 per cent of all the qualifications for making a good wife. Better take 85 per cent than to look unsuccessfully for a 95 per cent type." ROBERT.



ANSWER: You have your ratio wrong, Robert. A dumb woman has only 10 per cent of the qualities that go to make a good wife for an intellectual man and she lacks the 90 per cent essential ones.

It is suicide for an intellectual man to marry a dull and stupid woman. Just as soon as her physical attraction for him has dulled, she bores him to death. They have no real interests in common and they never achieve any companionship because she does not know what he is talking about half the time. There is no loneliness greater than that of two people who spend their lives close together in body, but miles apart spiritually. Don't bring that desolate fate upon yourself, as you surely will if you marry a woman who is not in your mental class.

The thing that makes marriage a success is congeniality. No fire-side is ever dull if the husband and wife think the same thoughts, read the same books, are interested in the same things. No man ever wearies of the wife who is his best and most intelligent listener, and who always hands him an entertaining and interesting line of conversation.

But thousands of men roam away from home because they are bored to tears in it and because they crave the society of women who can talk with them about something else besides the baby's milk and the price of butters' meat.

If I were a man thinking about getting married, the main thing I would consider was whether the woman was my intellectual equal or not. For beauty fades. Dull women with few interests get peevish. But brains improve as they grow older.

DOROTHY DIX

DEAR DOROTHY DIX: We read every day about the poor woman whose husband is being lured from the straight and narrow path by his stenographer. What about the poor stenographer? We have worked for a number of men and have found them to be egotistical, selfish slave-drivers, critical of our appearance in the office, the expression on our faces and numerous other trifles that we are too busy to pay attention to. If their wives had to work as hard as we are expected to, take all the bawlings out and give no answer but a sweet smile, they would all be in Reno. What the wives should do is to flatter their husbands more at home and give the poor working girl a chance to get her many tasks completed and not to have to spend her time telling the boss that he is so handsome that he soon will be in Washington as the head of the Nation's affairs.

THREE DISGUSTED STENOGRAPHS

ANSWER: Right you are, girls. It is when the lawfully wedded wife lets up on her job that the office wife gets in her innings. If she is a gold-digger or has the odious job of consoler added to her other duties.

The theory of so many wives that their husbands' secretaries are all love pirates bent on breaking up their happy homes and taking their husbands from them is so much hooey. Most of the girls have boy friends of their own from ten to twenty years younger than their employers and about fifty pounds slimmer. They are looking forward to dates with them, not to having supper with the boss.

They generally consider their employers fat, fussy old men who don't know how to dance and whose conversational line is a flop. Instead of envying their wives, they pity them. Thank goodness, they don't have to stand for those concelled tiresome old dodos after working hours.

You are right in saying that the remedy for the wife-stenographer problem is for the stenographer to do her job. The stenographer knows well enough that she will be fired if she does not keep herself neat and tidy and if she does not do her work efficiently; if she does not accept rebuke and criticism with humility and without argument, and if she does not yes-yes her employer and laugh at the right place when he tells stories and feed him on the flattery for which he is so hungry and for which he begs.

Any stenographer who came to work looking slovenly and unkempt, whose work was sloppy and who "zoned" and told him what she thought of him would lose her job before the week was over.

Any wife could keep her husband if she would work as hard at the job of being a wife as the stenographer does at her task. When a woman stuffs her husband on angel food at home he doesn't go around nibbling on sweets in his office.

DOROTHY DIX

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

FABULOUS FAB

RESCUES BURDENED MOTHER

EVERY TIME I SEE YOU DIRT DIRTY AGAIN! YOUR SOAP! TRY ME I'M FABULOUS FAB. I WASH CLEANER THAN ANY SOAP ON EARTH!

WHEN FABULOUS FAB APPEARS—WASHING TROUBLES DISAPPEAR!

PRESTO! FABULOUS SUDS EVEN IN HARDEST WATER! I'M FAB AND I BEAT ANY SOAP AT MAKING DIRT-BUSTIN' SUDS.

ALL YOUR TOWELS WHITER THAN NEW. ALL YOUR WASH WHITER AND BRIGHTER THAN ANY SOAP CAN GET IT! THAT'S FAB'S GIFT TO YOU, LADY!

GOSH, MOM! WASHDAY AND YOU'RE NOT CRANKY!

NO MORE CRABBING FOR ME I'M FABING FROM NOW ON!

FAB WASHES EVERYTHING CLEANER, WHITER, FASTER

ELLEN'S DIARY

By An Island Farmer's Wife

Goldenrod, early symbol of Autumn, now flaunts August's colors from fence-corner and roadside, and with Jamie we recently came upon blue asters at pond-side. Stopping above the water, to catch graceful reflections there, company with the rushes with brown velvety heads and the other water plants which grow in a varied and interesting profusion about it. That was the afternoon we had gone prowling, our excuse being to come presently to an old haunt of ours to gather the makings of a raspberry pie, or as Jamie said "perhaps enough for supper, just as they are. What scenes from the past, a spell berrying now returns to us, though peopled too often with the faces and forms of those who have moved from beyond our ken, or indeed gone altogether from 'time and place.'" How long and lovely were those days, we are sure not nearly so fleeting as those at hand.

We loitered along the milldam, a place rather fearful to Jamie with its deep and awesome waste-gates, and came to the spot in the lee of the mill, where the raspberries came wander in a riot over a small area to the edge of the stream. But finding few to take, we presently put down our jug "with the wreath of marigolds round the brim" and followed Jamie to wade the shallow water there.

Shallow only when mill-wheels are idle, the water runs deep, noon, because Mr. C. from the house on the hill, the owner, and his helpers were engaged then in clearing the timber, such as firewood, with a noisy circular saw on the slope above us. To emerge from the area below, to the light of day, was to come suddenly upon another world. It is sheltered and secluded, shaded from the glare of the afternoon sun and silent.

Only muted echoes of the outside activity enter there, and the gentle croon of the stream as between steep and mostly wooded banks it hastens away to join the river below. Singing a Summer tune, it rippled over the smooth stones and pebbles. Discarding shoes in this green cathedral-like spot we always much enjoyed the mire, we waded a length of the stream. Idly with Jamie, finding new plants and intriguing seeds, we listened to the voices, gathering odd raspberries from overhanging canes, that had chanced to be lit by filtering shafts of sunlight, and to come through never actually coming them, a faithful to leave the delightful surrounding when duties called us home.

This afternoon we had an outing of another sort, when suspended the haying in an unexpected and almost unprecedented move which surprised us and made Karolyne remark with chuckle, "Now, I hope this doesn't indicate that any one of you farmers is going to be taken down with an illness!" Jamie's family and grand-parents enjoyed an excursion with others of the community which took them to a southern shore. No famous dunes it here, heaped with sand, sand and of ages, but there are nice beaches, which green fields and some now turning golden run down to the water's edge. These shores on the South give to us of Summer tides washing gently, of gulls on silver wings, of rippling red sand-bars, of blue water rivaling the azure of the sky, and today over its wide bosom, the shores of the mainland could be seen—we remember now, as children, we used to say this indicated showers or a storm in the offing. A motor boat, in the distance split the waves cleanly and left a wake of foam in its path.

We wished for the sake of Jamie and other youngsters who had never seen the like, that an old-time schooner, which the sun spread and billowing might make her way as once into the picture, or a fetching steam ship, with dark smoke and white funnels, such as in bygone days, made weekly voyages beyond this shore. But even without these former delights, which always provided much speculation for children, today's outing was a pleasurable one to young and old. We think now that not the least item of interest was the delectable supper spread in the shade and shelter of a grove, one to please and appease every appetite. Sandwiches and home-baked rolls, salads and meats, relatives and shot-ten'n' bread, cakes of mysterious concoction and pies with gossamer-like meringue, and all "no trouble at all" to the cooks, since their bakings were but labors of love. The shadows closing in from Strait and headland, slipped away to rest, brought the homing—and chores.

"What now?" we inquired of James, who rushed in a few minutes ago to pick up a jacket—chores ended and a load of hay which all afternoon had awaited the farmers' return, hoisted to its place on a tack. "Now, Ellen," Jamie repeated, "out, words, we have to go to the other farm now, to help Rob round up a heifer to deliver to the butcher." "The moon's rising," we commented, following to a verandah, "isn't it lovely tonight?" "The moon!" James snorted, "who's got time to look at the moon round here!"

But, this has been an enjoyable day for James and the rest of the family.

Until tomorrow... Diary... Good-night...



TWINS—AT FIFTEEN—Mrs. Patricia Baker, age 15, snuggles her twin daughters born prematurely in a Cleveland, O., hospital. The young mother and her husband, Archie Baker, 19, named one of the girls Linda, but were temporarily at a loss for another name. The babies weighed 5 pounds, 14 ounces and 4 pounds, 14 ounces respectively and everyone is doing well.

Modern Etiquette

By Roberta Lee

Q. Who terminates the call in business telephoning, the person who calls or the person who is called?

A. The person who puts in the call. However, if the call is of social matters, and the business of the person called is interfered with, that person may with perfect right terminate the call.

Q. If a guest is late in arriving, how long should a hostess make her other guests wait before serving dinner?

A. No longer than twenty minutes, unless the guest is a special one, when actually coming them, a faithful to leave the delightful surrounding when duties called us home.

Household Scrapbook

By Roberta Lee

Perishing Feet
If the feet perspire a great deal bathe them every night in warm water and epsom salts. Dry thoroughly and massage with a well-shaken mixture of half alcohol and half mineral oil. In the morning sprinkle between the toes a powder made of boric acid powder and talcum powder. Dust the inside of the shoes with this powder.

Sour Milk
Biscuits, griddle cakes, and chocolate or spice cake are better if sour milk is used instead of sweet. Add soda in proportion of one-half level teaspoon to one cup of sour milk.

Dust Mop
One easy and clean method of ridding the dust mop of louse dirt is to run the vacuum cleaner over it.

The Stars Say—

By Genevieve Kemble

For Friday, August 19

A RATHER adverse state of affairs may be presaged, judging by lunar transits. An unbroken miscellany of plans and objectives is probable, bringing abrupt crash to cherished hopes and wishes, especially in constructive work already well established. A false move, wrong judgment, misplaced confidence, impulsive, erratic or annoying conduct might precipitate disruption, even in personal relations or ties.

For the Birthday

Those whose birthday it is, may come up against adverse or suddenly disruptive conditions, with a miscarriage of plans or ideas, largely through queer or precipitate conduct of affairs well grounded. This is largely due to erratic, abrupt or unorthodox moves, in which pleasant relations, family or romantic ties, may be rent asunder. Only guarded and well-regulated plans, conservation and consideration can avert disaster and regret. Shun all extremes.

A child born on this day may be disposed to be erratic, restless and changeable although talented, and of magnetic personality.

"I Wanna' Lick"



Sharing her popsicle with the pup was Ann Smurthwaite's idea, but the little six-week-old golden cocker spaniel has his own ideas about what a fair share amounts to. At La Grande, Ore., the four-year-old girl seems dissatisfied with the whole arrangement.

That Body Of Yours

By James W. Barton, M. D.

INFECTED TEETH MAY CAUSE HEART DISEASE

Some years ago an old boyhood friend called me up and asked me if there was anything that could be done for his 12 year old boy who had heart disease. He told me that his family doctor had called in a heart specialist who said nothing could be done. However, since I was an old friend he thought I might know of something. I had to admit that in this type of heart disease, inflammation of the lining of the heart, endocarditis, once the inflammation was under way, rest was the only known treatment. The boy died a few days later.

Today physicians are not helpless in the treatment of endocarditis. Now that we have penicillin and streptomycin which render these dangerous organisms harmless. These organisms, as do many other acute proper dosage of penicillin can start in infected teeth and tonsils. Thus instead of all these cases of endocarditis dying the majority of them are saved. Unless they allow infected teeth, tonsils or other parts to remain in the body they will live many years.

Endocarditis may attack the heart so quietly that the patient cannot understand why he is so tired, loses his appetite and has shortness of breath.

Because an inflammation in the lining of the heart can do a lot of damage to the valves of the heart in a short time, heart specialists advise proper dosage of penicillin into a vein at once. While streptomycin is also effective, reactions to streptomycin occur in some patients so penicillin is the treatment of choice.

In "Modern Medicine of Canada," Dr. Leo Loewe, Assistant Professor of Clinical Medicine, Long Island College of Medicine, warns patients and families of the danger of further attacks of endocarditis despite the fact that an eight weeks' course of penicillin cures the great majority of cases. He reports a series of 33 dangerous cases in which 81 per cent were cured by penicillin.

To prevent further attacks, Dr. Loewe and his associates state that they early recognized the danger of infection as a cause of new attacks and following attacks. Dental infections are particularly notorious as planting the seed of infection in the blood stream. It is dangerous to try to continue to keep infected teeth; heart disease and rheumatic fever may result.

CHRONIC RHEUMATISM AND ARTHRITIS

Sufferers with chronic rheumatism and arthritis will find many helpful suggestions in diet, massage and other aids in Dr. Bartor's booklet entitled "Chronic Rheumatism and Arthritis." To obtain just send 10 cents and a 3-cent stamp, to cover cost of handling and mailing, to The Bell Syndicate, in care of this newspaper, Post Office Box 99, Station G, New York 19, N. Y., and ask for your copy.

Better English

By B. C. Williams

1. What is wrong with this sentence? "The clouds look as if it was going to rain."

2. What is the correct pronoun.

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Living & Leisure

THE WOMAN'S REALM

FRIENDSHIP

Oh, the comfort—the inexpressible comfort of feeling safe with a person. Having neither to weigh thoughts, nor measure words—but pouring them out.

All right out—just as they are—chaff and grain together—

Certain that a faithful hand will take and sift them—

Keep what is worth keeping—

And with the breath of kindness blow the rest away.

—Dinah Maria Mulock Craik

Red paint on the handles of small garden tools will help prevent losing or mislaying them in tall grass. The red shows up clearly against ground, grass or foliage.

PASTEL PINK HAS YOUTHFUL LOOK

The prevalence of pretty pink clothes this season will be welcomed by the silver-haired woman for the brightening, youthful effect a rosy shade can have on skin and hair.

But she should exercise discretion in her selection of pink tones.

1. Use where after as if. 2. Pronoun re-keep, e as in me, oo as in coop, accent last syllable. 3. Monotony. 4. Act of coming between by way of hindrance; interference. "It was an instance of divine intervention." 5. Lucid.

Cook's Corner

CHEESE TOAST WITH BACON

1/2 lb. bacon
4 tablespoons bacon drippings
4 tablespoons flour
2 cups milk
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/2 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
2/3 cup grated cheese

Fry the breakfast bacon until delicately browned. Make a sauce with the bacon drippings, flour and milk. Season with salt, paprika and Worcestershire sauce. Add the cheese.

Cook until cheese is melted, pour over six slices of toast and place two or three slices of bacon on top of each slice of toast.

Morning Smile

He was a seedy-looking tramp, and he was working the "pity the old sailor" dodge.

He called at a likely house along the road.

"Could you do something for a poor old sailor, mum?" he asked, as a sour-faced woman opened the door.

"The woman eyed him suspiciously. "Poor old sailor?" she echoed.

"Yes, mum," replied the tramp, "Nigh on forty years I followed the water."

"Well," replied the sour-faced female, as she slammed the door in his face, "it's a pity you didn't overtake it!"

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FOR THE HOME

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