

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

Dorothy Dix's Letter Box

When Should a Man Help With Household Duties? When His Wife Has a Job Outside the Home and is Helping Defray the Living Expenses

Dear Dorothy Dix—Should a man do part of the housework when his wife works, too? I have a beauty shop and stand on my feet working all day long, for I have a good trade. My husband works six hours in a shop five days a week. He is perfectly willing to help me about the house and take the heavy tasks off my shoulders as I am not strong. It is all right with us, but we have a friend who criticizes me very severely for letting my husband help me. He says that it isn't a man's place to cook and scrub and he shouldn't help with the housework. Is he right, or am I right in expecting my husband to help me when I work for our living too? Especially as he is big and strong and I am frail and delicate? A WORKING WIFE.



Answer:
The business wife and the domestic wife have an entirely different status in the home. If a husband entirely supports the home and the wife has nothing to do except to keep the house, and if she is well and strong, her husband has a right to expect her to do all of the housework, and not to demand that he shall bring home the bacon and fry it, too.

But when a wife works outside of the home and helps to support it, the situation is entirely changed. She has a right to expect her husband to share in the housework inasmuch as she shares in the home upkeep. When the wife toils all day at counter or desk, it is certainly unfair of her husband to lay upon her shoulders all the burden of the housework while he sits around in idleness.

No man who has any affection for his wife, or even any sense of justice, would do such a thing. Yet I am sorry to say that it is a very common thing for the husbands of business women to do. During the depression we have all had many occasions to witness the spectacle of big, strong, husky men loafing around pool rooms and standing for hours listening to the radio report of games, while their poor, tired wives hurried home from their work to add another day's toil to the labor they had already performed by cooking dinner, and after dinner doing the cleaning and scrubbing and washing that they had not had time to do before they left for work in the morning, and which their lordly husbands had left for them to do.

Doubtless it was not these men's fault that they lost their jobs. Probably they would have been glad to have gone back to their old positions if they could. But as this was impossible, and the burden of supporting the family was thrown on the wife's shoulders, one would have thought that the least they could do would have been to lighten her load by doing the housework. But no, they scorned that. That was woman's work. Though why it is any more shameful for a man to do a woman's work than it is for a woman to do a man's work, nobody knows.

Fair play is fair play, and if the wife helps earn the living the husband should help do the housework. He honors himself in doing so. It is only the unsophisticated who think that there is anything demeaning to a man's dignity in doing so-called woman's work.

Many of the most famous men in the world are prouder of their cooking than they are of any other achievements. If you have ever been on any man's boat you know that the way he can polish brass and scrub and clean is nobody's business.

Anyway, what a husband and wife do to help each other is their own affair strictly between them and any one is strangely lacking in good taste who interferes in the matter. And you might so tell your nosy neighbor this the next time he tries to stop a good husband from helping out a poor delicate little wife who is working herself to death to try to help her husband get a start in the world.

Dear Dorothy Dix—I am a plain, quiet, single woman 70 years old. In my youth I had quite a number of proposals of marriage, but none of them appealed to me and I had settled down contentedly to single blessedness. But about 40 years ago I got acquainted with an exceptionally handsome man of 40 who wants me to marry him. Am I wicked to think of such a thing at my age? Will he discard me later for being too old. I have a fear of the future, although we both love. But what to do is my problem. DISTRACTED.

Answer:
Don't. Such a marriage would be the quintessence of folly. There is not one chance in a million that it would not end in heartbreak and disaster for you.

I do not know your circumstances, but it does not need a prophetess to tell that you must be comfortably situated, probably rich, and that this man is seeking to marry you for what you have. For men of 40 never marry women of 70 except for money. That is a hard thing to say and harder to listen to, but it is the truth that you must face. And, anyway, when a woman is your age she is too old to marry any one. She has lost the adaptability of youth, and she cannot adjust herself to the moods and habits of a husband. She is set in her own ways and they mean more to her than anything else in life. If she has lived alone, as you have done, she doesn't want a man around cluttering up things. He is a nuisance in the house.

You are flattered, as any woman might be, at feeling that you still have the power to attract men and that a man of 40 has passed over all the pretty girls for you. Enjoy your little flirtation, but don't make a tragedy of it by marrying him. DOROTHY DIX.

Spring Fashions For Home Dress-Making

Here's the new pencil-slim costume slip accompanied by brief French panties. It moulds the figure beautifully through the bodice and the hips. Its unbroken line makes it perfect health sheer frocks. This charming little undie ensemble is so simple to sew, you'll want to make several sets, in street length, besides the formal set for your organdie or net summer dance frock. Satin or silk crepe is the most practical choice for the ensemble. For the slip, however, you may indulge in some of the gay new taffeta prints. Style No. 1749 includes slip and panties and designed for sizes 11, 13, 15, 17 and 19 years. Size 15 requires 2 1/2 yards of 35-inch material for slip with 1 1/4 yards of 35-inch material for panties. Price of PATTERN 15 cents in stamps or coin (coin is preferred.) Wrap coin carefully.



No. 1749. Size
Name
Street Address
City State

GERANIUMS
Do not use a commercial fertilizer for geraniums. It is harmful to leaves, but not good for the development of flowers. Use specially prepared fertilizer for geraniums.

MY LADY, MELODY

By ARTHUR HARDY
Author of "The Merry Masquerade", "Love Song", etc., etc.

THE MAGIC OF A VIOLIN

Had Sheila been asked what she needed to give her supreme confidence that night she would probably have answered—"Let Forsetti play the piano accompaniment for me." But there was no need for Forsetti to have been chosen by Cezanne. He came bustling into her dressing room before she left it for the platform. His forehead was moist and his eyes were unnaturally bright; he had a stack of music tucked under his arm and was blowing out his cheeks nervously. "I am like a young racehorse that is unused to the starting gate," he said, as he wished her luck. "I want to be off."

Sheila laughed. "You, nervous, Forsetti?" she mocked. "Well, not for myself," he said, digging a thumb at his chest. "But for you. Ah! It is a great night." When Sheila made her bow and looked around the vast amphitheatre with its thousands of lights and its great sweeping circles she felt somehow detached and strangely composed. Just a little difficulty in breathing, that was all. She could not see an empty seat. She was received with generous applause, which was not prolonged. The critical audience was curious and perhaps a little anxious. Could this beautiful and graceful girl play as brilliantly as the critics said? Was such magic as had been stated stored in the famous gift violin?

Forsetti arranged his music on the piano rest and poised his hands above the keys. "Sh—there was a hush broken by the rustling of programmes. "Sheila, good luck, old girl." The voice came to her clearly, low and intense, and she recognized it instantly. She looked round for him and saw Eddie Hales waving to her from a seat near by, into which he had dropped and instantly sprawled, his hat sunk on his chest. Even at that distance she could see that his face was like chalk. Programmes ceased to rustle, whistlers died—silence. Forsetti struck the notes of the piano with his customary precision and a moment later the exquisite tones of a perfect violin echoed to every corner of the vast house. Nothing could be heard but the sound of the beautiful instrument and wondering eyes followed every movement of fingers and bow as Sheila played Beethoven's Gavotte, which Cezanne had arranged for the violin.

She ended to a storm of applause, loud and instant. She was unusual, a revelation, and that magical violin! She deepened the impression she had made with her playing of the Serenade and of Cezanne's Romance. Her technique was flawless, the intonation perfect, the quality superior. Her mastery over bow and violin moved the base critics to praise her enthusiastically. During the interval Garner Owen sought out Deconnet, the music critic, who had gone out to smoke a cigarette. "Well, what do you think of the new discovery?" Garner Owen asked, with a happy laugh. "She is superb. Why, Cezanne is not even missed. She is quite as good as he and even better, and she has not the useless flourishes. I congratulate you, my dear sir." The interval vanished as if it were no time and Sheila played again. This time she added a simple, tuneful, little piece as an encore and bought down the house with it. When she returned to her dressing room she saw Eddie Hales hurrying to meet her. His hair was dishevelled and he looked ill. She did not like the putty hue of the skin and his eyes were dull. "You were grand, Sheila," he said, "I came round now because they mob you afterwards and I can't be able to get near you then." "But you will wait until the end?" she said, pressing his hand. "I wouldn't miss a note of it for the world," he answered. Within a few minutes, it seemed, she was on again.

The worst was over. She had impressed, she had emphasized her success and now there only remained to triumph. As she went on to the platform she noticed for the first time the microphone which had been set up in order to broadcast the concert. She was unaware until then that her playing was being put upon the air. A thought flashed across her mind. Would Howard hear her, she wondered? It pleased her to think that he might be listening to her although he was so far away. In her concluding items Sheila made no mistake. She swayed the huge audience with the power and mastery of a veteran, and in the end, after two encores, the platform was stormed.

The audience came crowding round her, the cheers were deafening. Garner Owen joined her and pressed her arm gently. "The journey is over," he whispered. "You have arrived." In the dressing room she found Cezanne waiting. "Sheila," he whispered, drawing her apart from the others who came crowding into the room, "you owe me something. I put you here tonight. Come back with me, if it is only for a little while. Make some excuse to your people. You need not stop more than half-an-hour, for I know you are anxious to get home. I have a little supper waiting and my man to attend to our needs. Just that and a glass of wine to drink to your triumph."

She felt nothing but melting tenderness towards him. He had given her the lovely violin, his injury had paved the way to her triumph and he swayed her as no other man had. "Very well," she said, and making her excuse to her mother and father, she joined Cezanne, passing out of the hall by a back way to the waiting car and within a few minutes they were admitted to his flat. She did not see Mario Casini watching them jealously as they went out.

THE SHADOW

It was very quiet in the dining room at Portland Place, for the double windows and the drawn curtains shut out every sound. The air seemed scented and warm. Because of his injured hand, Cezanne was obliged to eat with a spoon, his food being cut up for him. He toasted Sheila in champagne with charming grace and his man cleared the supper table and retired. Sheila had been there forty minutes, and they were waiting for her at home. "Thank you for a delightful little supper, Paul," she said, "but forgive me, I must be going."

He held her with his fascinating glance and his broad smile. "Not yet," he begged. "Stay with me just a little while longer, my dear. Why?" she asked. "It will soon be tomorrow—it is now as regards the hour."

"Sheila, I want you to give me my answer to-night. I want you to promise to marry me before you leave this room." With his sound hand he moved his chair close to hers and bent towards her. Her fingers played nervously with his tie. "We have already discussed this so often," she said. "I do not want to decide just yet. We have our lives before us. We must both be quite sure."

"Oh, but I am sure," he insisted. "I knew the moment I saw you, Sheila. No other woman has ever appealed to me in the way you do. I want my answer, because soon I must go abroad. I have important engagements on the Continent to fulfil. After I have finished there I shall have to go to New York. Thence, I go down to Buenos Aires." A queer gleam crept into Sheila's eyes. Buenos Aires. That was where her grandfather, the great Piatti, had died. Cezanne noticed the odd gleam. "What are you thinking?" he asked. "My grandfather was shot there. That is where the great Nicolo Piatti died."

His face broadened in a smile. "It was a long time ago. He is forgotten. But Sheila, you must say yes and marry me. Think of the great triumphs we shall be able to achieve together." "Both of us rowing the same boat," she objected. "We should clash. The public would never want



Keep it handy for BURNS
Vaseline WHITE
The two of us." "But I want you," he said. "Sheila, you are adorable. So young, so unspoiled, so clever." She frowned thoughtfully. "It was never difficult for me; just a gift. Is that being really clever, Paul?" "You were wonderful to-night. I sat listening to you entranced. The magic of your violin and the glorious music you produced from it! Sheila, I have never played so well as that. And you have only just begun." He took her hand and pressed it, his face was very close to hers, and the light in his eyes hypnotised her, as usual. "I gave you your chance to-night. Now you are made, Sheila, we will tour the world together, conquering as we go. You shall star at one concert and I at another. Before you have time to realise it we shall be rich, rich—for have you tried to understand what you would be worth on the films with your youth, your beauty and your talent?" "I should hate to play for the screen," she told him, shaking her head. "Well, you shall not, if you don't want to. But I want you to tour the world with me, Sheila. If not I shall have to wonder on by myself, a very lonely man."

Suddenly he released his left arm from the sling that supported it, and with both hands caught hold of her. His eyes burned into hers. "Say yes, Sheila. Give me your promise. Then I will send for the car and drive you home."

A look of dismay drove the smile from Sheila's lips. "Paul! Your bad hand," she cried. He only held her the tighter, the fingers of the scalded left hand gripping her firmly, despite the lint, the wadding and the bandages. (To Be Continued.)

THE CARE OF CUT FLOWERS

The life of cut flowers, particularly of roses, may be greatly increased if a damp oiled paper is put over them at night. Cover the flowers with the oil paper, trying the sides of the paper to the top of the vase.

Today's Short Wave Radio Program

(All time in Eastern Standard)
TUESDAY, May 5
Washington
10 a. m. —Shut-in Hour; U. S. Marine Band, Capt. Taylor Branson, leader. W3XK Pittsburgh, 19.7 m., 15.21 meg. Also W3XAL, New York, 16.8 m., 17.78 meg.
London
6 p. m. —England v. U. S. A. A running commentary on the "Golden Glove." GSD, 25.5 m., 11.75 meg., GSC, 31.3 m., 9.58 meg., or GSA, 49.5 m., 6.05 meg.
Berlin
6 p. m. —"Celeste." An opera by Erich Mirsch Riccius. DJC, 49.8 m., 6.02 meg.
London
7 p. m. —"Wind in the Riggings." A selection of poetry and music in praise of the sea. GSD, 25.5 m., 11.75 meg., GSC, 31.3 m., 9.58 meg., or GSA, 49.5 m., 6.05 meg.
Madrid
8:15 p. m. —Guitar recital. EAQ, 30.5 m., 9.87 meg.
Berlin
8:30 p. m. —Erdmann plays piano compositions by Schubert. DJC, 49.8 m., 6.02 meg.
London
9:30 p. m. —"The story of Big Ben." A miniature feature telling the life story of this famous clock. GSD, 25.5 m., 11.75 meg., or GSC, 31.3 m., 9.58 meg.
Caracas
9:30 p. m. —The Continentals. YVZRC, 51.7 m., 5.8 meg.

A Morning Smile

One day two Negroes bought a watch between them. It went wrong, however, and one of them took it to pieces and found a dead fly inside. "No wonder de watch wouldn't go," he said. "De engine-driber am dead."

QUICK SALE

A rather seedy-looking man was resting, chin in hand, on the running board of an old car parked in front of the village shop. A stranger approached him and asked, "Will you sell your car?" "The man on the running board nodded affirmatively. "I'll pay you a fair price?" offered the buyer. The seedy-looking one said he would take £20. The buyer said that £10 would be about right. So the other reduced his price to £18. The buyer then advanced his figure to £12. Finally a compromise was reached, and £15 was agreed upon. The buyer then apologized and said, "Sorry, old man, but I really wasn't serious about buying your car; I just wanted to see if I could persuade you to reduce your price." "Oh that's all right," answered the other. "This isn't my car; but I was only too glad to do a little arguing while waiting here for my wife."

NO HOT WATER IS NEEDED When Mixing

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Have beautifully-tinted walls with just one coat! Goes on easily, quickly, smoothly—no brush marks. Many shades. Beautiful color effects and stencil designs. Gypsum, Lime and Alabastine. Canada, Limited. PARIS, ONTARIO, CANADA

The HOUSEWIFE and HER ACTIVITIES

GOD'S PROMISE

God hath not promised skies always blue, Flower-strewn pathways all our lives through; God hath not promised sun without rain, Joy without sorrow, peace without pain, But God hath promised strength for the day, Rest for the labor, light for the way; Grace for the trial, help from above, Unfailing sympathy, undying love.

EARTHWORMS

When there are earthworms in the soil of a potted plant, put one teaspoonful of camphor in a quart of water and sprinkle the soil with this while it is dry.

BLACK SHIRTS

One sees many smart women wearing black blouses with their gray suits. These are always in tailored shirt style.

GIVE YOUR EYES AN OCCASIONAL BATH

Get two bowls, one of hot water and the other of cold with two pads of cotton wool, one in each bowl. Bathe the eyes alternatively first hot then cold, six times each eye. Dry the eyes gently with soft tissue, then pat in some muscle oil, patting from the outside to the thin part of the nose. Cover the eye again with two cotton wool pads soaked in which hazel or salt water, and relax for 15 minutes.

VEAL BIRDS

1 1/2 lbs. veal steak, cut thin
2 cups bread crumbs
1 onion, chopped fine
2 tablespoons butter
1 teaspoon sage
Salt, pepper
4 tablespoons shortening
Method: Cut the meat into squares about three by five inches. Pound thin with a cleaver or wooden potato masher. Make a stuffing of the bread crumbs, onion and melted butter. Season with sage, salt and pepper and sprinkle with water. Divide this evenly onto the meat squares. Roll up and fasten securely with toothpicks. Dredge with flour, season with salt and pepper and brown in hot, melted shortening in a heavy skillet or Dutch oven. Add one cup of hot water, cover and cook slowly for about one hour. The water should almost cook away and the meat be moist and juicy. Lift carefully into a hot platter and serve.

TABLOID

To cure children of finger sucking wrap the offending finger or fingers to the next one with quite a long strip of overlapping sticky tape. Before the child has it unrolled he is asleep. The thumb would have to be strapped to the hand. Enlist the co-operation of the child by showing it what it would look like with "buck teeth" and sitting with it for a short while holding the offending hand. It worked for me after all else failed.

Bath towels that are worn may be put into squares and made into wash cloths by crocheting a shell stitches around the edges with pink or blue silk finished cotton.

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