

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

Second Marriages Usually Happy Dorothy Dix Says There is Less Chance for Bickering

When Men and Women Marry a Second Time They Usually Take Each Other "As Is"—They Know Life, Hence Are Not Upset by Disillusionments

A correspondent asks: "Are second marriages as a rule happier than first?" It is impossible to answer that question definitely because there is no way to tell which marriages are happy and which are mere endurance tests.

Of course, according to all sentimental tradition, a first marriage should be the closest approach to heaven that any one ever makes on earth. It is wreathed in all the glamour of romance and stary-eyed with all the dreams and hopes and illusions of youth and lit by the fire of passion when the blood runs hot, and it would seem that such a marriage must have a thousandfold more chances of happiness than that of the couple who come to the altar as repeaters and can bring nothing to the wedding feast but warmed-over romance and rehearsed affection.

But, in reality, the very things that seem the disabilities of the second marriage are its chief assets. For they are experience and knowledge and they count for as much in marriage as they do elsewhere in life, and many a man and woman make a success of their second marriage just because they made such a mess of their first ones.

Those who have been married before have the inestimable advantage of entering marriage a second time as professionals instead of amateurs and hence they have a double chance of getting it right. The man knows from previous experience that no woman has the ability to conjure groceries, rent, coal, gas and clothes out of the air, so he is not shocked and horrified, as the inexperienced bridegroom is, over the household bills.

And on the woman's part she knows, also from experience, that a wife's most potent spell is woven in the kitchen with the pots and pans. Furthermore, she has learned how to cook and run a budget on her first husband's stomach and pocketbook.

Then the man and woman who marry for the second time are bound to have acquired some inkling of the fine art of how to adjust themselves to each other. Marriage is a great enlightener and each can say with Mr. Kipling's hero "and I learned about women from her"—or men from him—thinking of their previous spouses. No second husband tries to drive his wife into doing his way. He follows her lead, and he doesn't criticize her new dress because he knows from experience that she will go down and buy a new one if he does.

No second wife is as monopolistic as a first wife. She knows that the way to keep her husband at home is to leave the door open to his friends. Nor does she understate to reform her husband and make him over. She laughs off faults in No. 2 that she raised ructions over in No. 1, and all is peace and harmony between them.

And last but not least, second marriages are generally happier than first because both husband and wife try to make them so. In their first marriages they looked for a miracle to be wrought in their behalf, but in their second marriages they realize that if a marriage is to succeed, the husband and wife must make it so.

Today's Short Wave Radio Program

- FRIDAY, JULY 24 Moscow 4 p. m.—The First Half of the Stakhanov Year in the USSR. RNE, 23 m., 12 meg. Paris 5:45 p. m.—Concert relayed from Radio-Paris. TPA4, 26.6 m., 11.72 meg. Rome 6 p. m.—News bulletins in English. Selections of the Opera "L'Uomo Che Ride" (The laughing man) by Pedrollo. ZRO, 31.1 m., 9.63 meg. Madrid 7 p. m.—Music; time signal; Spanish Lesson. EAQ, 30.5 m., 9.87 meg. London 7:25 p. m.—Ten Hot Minutes by Harry Leader's Swing Quartet. GSP, 19.9 m., 15.31 meg., GSF, 19.8 m., 15.14 meg., GSD, 26.5 m., 11.75 meg. Berlin 7:30 p. m.—"Helena's Husband." An English Comedy. DJV, 28.4 m., 11.77 meg. Berlin 8:30 p. m.—Military Concert. DJV, 28.4 m., 11.77 meg. London 9 p. m.—A Studio Concert by Empire Artists. GSD, 25.5 m., 11.75 meg., GSC, 31.3 m., 9.58 meg. Regina 12:45 a. m.—On the Range—old time orchestra. CJRO, Winnipeg, 48.7 m., 6.15 meg., CJRX, Winnipeg, 26.6 m., 11.72 meg.

WHISTLE FOR DANGER

By MABOTH MOSLEY (Continued)

As the train stopped I sprang out, watched Hilary give up her ticket and pass through the barrier. She was surrounded by a little knot of people but neither of the gunmen was amongst them. Nevertheless, as I walked towards the exit I had an unpleasant sensation of being followed.

In the tree-lined carriage drive three cars were drawn up, including the hired one for Hilary. I had a sigh of relief as she got in and drove off. As I turned back for my bicycle, which was kept at the station for convenience's sake, I brushed past me. I darted into the booking office.

It was obvious that the two skilled in the art of shadowing, had seen us at Paddington. Their difficulty had lain in not knowing our destination, hence their ignorance of the fact that Claverling possessed neither a taxi rank or a regular bus service to outlying villages. Here they were, stranded three miles from the cottage, with Hilary speeding away under their very noses.

I got the bicycle, mounted it and rode off. Stars shone in a clear sky, a faint wind murmured in the poplars and a cold nip in the air sharpened one's senses.

I had gone half a mile when an oncoming car enveloped me in a flood of light, and as it passed something embedded itself in my arm. The pain was so intense and acute that I lost control of the cycle. I swerved madly across the road, tried to right myself, failed hopelessly, and shot into the ditch.

As from a distance I heard the voice of Carlotti. "You gotta tell us where she's gone quick!" By a supreme effort of will I retained consciousness and with it enough sense to play the mumble-bank, although by this time I could feel a stream of warm, sticky liquid oozing out of my sleeve and dripping on to the back of my hand. In spite of a violent buzzing in my head I hit on a risky plan.

"Miss Dering," I gasped, has gone to my cottage at Leatham. My name is Merriman. You take the second turning on the left, then keep straight on until you come to the cross-roads. Then anyone will direct you." My head sagged but was promptly jolted upright.

Carlotti's bloodshot eyes were glaring into my face. "If this is a frame up . . ." he began menacingly. "Come on," the other interrupted, giving me a parting kick. With this he turned and picked up a couple of bicycles from the ditch. It did not take a Holmes to deduce that the machines were stolen property and had been used for the purpose of following me.

The two crooks mounted gingerly, and the red tail light had vanished round a bend in the road. I struggled to my feet and staggered back to the station. By the time I got there I had managed to stop the flow of blood. I had no desire to explain the reason why a bullet was embedded in the fleshy part of my forearm. News travels fast in the country, and village gossip might have jeopardized Hilary's chances of obtaining her "story."

I told the porter, who allowed me to use the telephone in the booking office, that I had skidded and left the bicycle in the ditch. I managed to conceal the bullet hole and he seemed to swallow the explanation. Pulling myself together, I drove the telephone towards me. In order to cut myself off completely from the world I had refused to have the instrument installed in the cottage. The only thing to do was to ring up the police station, which stood next door and ask them to fetch Hilary.

It was the close proximity of the police station, which had suggested the idea of sending the crooks direct to the cottage. After a few seconds' delay I got through. The sergeant, a good friend of mine, replied. "Hullo," I said "will you take a message to Miss Dering, who's just arrived at the cottage? Tell her I must speak to her at once. And afterwards you might phone the garage people and ask them to send a car to the station. I've had an accident. Taken a toss off the old push bike."

He gave a faint guffaw, then, after promising to deliver the message, murmured, "Hope you're not badly hurt." It was in a state of unbearable suspense that I awaited Hilary's arrival at the telephone. And when at length I heard her voice across the wire I remembered the porter's presence not a couple of yards away. I said simply: "Hullo, Hilary, here's a tune for you," and whistled the opening bars of "On the Second Floor."

The porter gave me a very suspicious look, but kept his own counsel. I have no doubt that he still considers me a lunatic of the more harmless variety. Replacing the receiver, I strolled carefully on to the platform, where I collapsed on to a seat, thankful for the fresh night air. It revived me somewhat, but twenty minutes later, when the hired car arrived, my knees displayed a sudden tendency to wobble. With the help of the disapproving porter I was able to reach the car, and with a sudden sigh of relief, surrendered to oblivion.

I regained consciousness to find myself on a settee in the cottage. The police sergeant was sitting my coat sleeve, and beside him, an expression of acute concern in her eyes, stood Hilary. "Carlotti—where is he?" I muttered thickly. "Behind the bars—don't you worry," returned the sergeant. "Whereupon I gathered that when Hilary heard me whistling down the telephone she was somewhat, to use her own expression, rattled. "I told the sergeant," she said, "what was happening. I knew instantly that we'd been followed and I knew Carlotti wouldn't be shy of breaking in. The cops were great. Oh, Roger . . ." she broke off, smiling, "why didn't you tell me there were a dozen down here for a rest cure after arduous special duties in London?"

"There is something to be said for rest cures," the sergeant murmured dryly. "A mischievous gleam lurked in her eyes as she went on: "Well, those men hid in here. When Carlotti and the boy tried to arrive I opened the door and admitted them. I guess I was really rattled then. Anyway, I tricked them into following me across the room, so their backs were towards the cops. As soon as they started to threaten me the sergeant was on them. Oh, boy, it was a great fight! Carlotti hadn't time to use his gun and without his gun he's as useless as a cat without its claws. They got the bracelets on them and Carlotti lost his head. He confessed everything, so the sergeant rang up Scotland Yard and I guess they've got Van Tu by now."

AN EXTRA TREAT - when berries are in season

RIPPE, red raspberries make Shredded Wheat a bigger treat than ever! Heap them over crisp, golden-brown biscuits, pour on rich, wholesome milk, and add a sprinkling of sugar if you wish. It's a nourishing meal, too, because Shredded Wheat is 100% whole wheat—packed with vital food essentials. Try Shredded Wheat and berries tomorrow morning.



SHREDDED WHEAT MADE IN CANADA - OF CANADIAN WHEAT

The HOUSEWIFE and HER ACTIVITIES

Take heart of hope. A friend is near To help, uplift and cheer. Sweet gifts of love someone may send— There's eye a faithful friend.

Take heart of hope. The clouds will break, At early dawn the birds will wake; The note of peace someone may send— There's eye a faithful friend.

Take heart of hope. Still see the light; The golden morn succeeds the night; True love will last until the end— There's eye a faithful friend.

PAINTING PROTECTION When painting about the house give a paper plate to the bottom of the paint can. It will protect the floor by catching drips.

OLD WAR HORSES. At a recent ceremony in Vienna, medals, plaques, reading "War Commendation," and generous portions of the best oats were given to seventeen horses which served with the Austrian Army in the World War. One of the horses was 28 years old.

Fortunate is he who has a fat purse to lean on. The right guess is never as good as the correct answer. Women with the most cheek don't always do the most blushing. Man wants but little here below, and most of them get just that.

The dumb have one great advantage. They can't realize how dumb they are. The man looking for trouble doesn't have to be armed with a search warrant. High heels were invented by an old maid who had once been kissed on the forehead.

Usually yawning is the act of opening your mouth because somebody else won't close his. It doesn't necessarily prove that a man is stingy just because he keeps his faults to himself. An important person is one who can't see if you when he's busy and gets mad if you can't see him when you're busy.

Autumn fabrics feebly weaves, sherry surfaces Trends for autumn fabrics, as summarized by fashion experts point to heavily patterned crepes as favorites for the new season. Heavy sheers, both in all-silk of rayon are also listed, always worn in fancy small patterns, which make them look more wool-like.

In the more exclusive showings pure eye silks in heavy sheer construction are sometimes developed in honeycomb patterns with small relief surfaces that are very attractive. At present it looks as if fabrics with sheen will be predominant next fall, as lustrous materials are seen in greater quantity than the dull surfaced ones. These shiny materials, however, it is pointed out, are usually chosen for formal after noon and evening clothes, while daytime costumes more often are made of the dull surfaced fabrics.

—BUT NOT A DROP TO DRINK The village of Watten, Cullinnes, Scotland, is suffering from an acute water shortage, following a long, dry spell. There are millions of tons of water in Watten Loch close by, but it is unfit for domestic purposes.



12 big biscuits in every box

SHREDDED WHEAT

variety of interests in life. "Materially it provides for traveling guides. No guide need be a stranger anywhere. If she goes to a strange place she has only to write to the guide headquarters there and she will find companionship and help, whatever her age may be.

Lady Baden-Fowell's personal interest in all the people she met delighted everybody during her tour of the Union. After our meeting with guide officials completely strange to her she could name them all with unhesitating accuracy.

One of her daughters accompanies her to every rally and jots down with pen and pencil every person of authority introduced to Lady Baden-Fowell. When she returns to her hotel after a rally, Lady Baden-Fowell is drilled by her daughter until she is name-perfect.

Names learned in this way are not retained by the ordinary memory for more than a few days, but that is sufficient for Lady Baden-Fowell's purpose on her tours round the world. It is a social trick practised by royalty, naval officers and reporters.

WHEN USING WILSON'S FLY PADS READ DIRECTIONS CAREFULLY AND FOLLOW THEM EXACTLY. Each pad will kill flies all day and every day for three weeks. 10 CENTS PER PACKET.

Spring Fashions For Home Dress-Making

You can't have too many shirt type frocks for summer. This one will be your favourite with smartly buttoned yoke, broad shoulders, cool loose sleeves and front kick plait for easy walking & for sports freedom.

You'll like it especially in white tub silk with Kelly green contrast as pictured. Of course, it is easy to imagine equally lovely schemes in other colorings and materials as silk linen in a coppery brown shade, powder blue swiss with navy dots, cotton shantung in maize or coral, etc.

You can make it in a Hify, too. The sleeves cut in one with the yoke. The rest is easy enough. See small diagram! Style No 1789 is designed for sizes 14, 16, 18 years, 38, 38 and 40-inches bust. Size 16 requires 2 1/2 yards of 39-inch material with 1 yard of 39-inch contrasting.

Price of PATTERN 15 cents in stamps or coin (coin is preferred.) Wrap coin carefully. No. 1789. Size Name City Street Address State

Assistant—"No, madam, we haven't had any for a long time. Manager (overhearing): "Oh, yes, we have it, madam; I will just send to the warehouse and have some brought in for you." (aside to assistant): "Never refuse anything; send out for it." As the lady went out laughing the manager demanded: "What did she say?" Assistant—"She said we haven't had any rain lately!" — American



MOTHERS FEEL SAFER

One Mother writes: "With a family of children constantly getting scratches, cuts, or bruises I have been using the most invaluable healer. I cannot praise it too highly. I keep a tin of Mecca ointment and another downstairs."

MECCA OINTMENT

THE COOK'S CORNER

Cherry Pineapple Preserves 5 quarts sliced cherries 2 cans shredded pineapple 2 cans shredded pineapple Sugar Method: If you are using the fresh pineapple, shred or grind it and cook in a small amount of water until tender. Drain and add the seeded cherries and 1 cup sugar to each cup of the combined fruits. Cook until the mixture is thick and clear. Pour into hot, sterile jars and seal at once.

Cherry Raspberry Conserves 2 cups seeded sour cherries 2 cups crushed raspberries 4 cups sugar Method: Cook the cherries in a small amount of water until the skins are tender. Add the crushed raspberries and sugar and cook until the mixture is thick and clear. Just before removing from the fire, add the shredded, blanched almonds. Pour into hot sterile glasses and cover with paraffin.

Glaze Cherries Seed the sour, red cherries and cook in a small amount of water until they are nearly tender. Drain them and measure. For 3 cups cherries, measure 2 cups sugar and 1/2 cup cherry juice. Cook the sugar and the juice until it forms a soft ball when dropped in cold water. Reheat the cherries in this and allow to stand over night. Repeat this for three mornings until the cherries are crystallized. Separate them, dry thoroughly and pack into sterilized jars and seal.

The secret is to cook the syrup just to the right stage. It should be thick, but not so thick that the fruit hardens in it, and they must be reheated and allowed to cool in the syrup until they have absorbed all the sugar possible and have become crystallized. If necessary repeat more than three times.

A Morning Smile

Mandy: "Doctor, Ah's skinned Ah's got er infernal injury from what fell when Ah slipped on dat banana peelin'." Doctor: "You mean 'infernal' injury, Mandy. 'Infernal' means 'infernal'."

Flapper (looking nervously at small boy with dog): "Er, don't let him bite me, he's showing his teeth." Small Boy: "Oh, you can't go by that, miss; you're showing your legs, but I don't show my teeth."

Purity Flour means real economy. It goes farther. Rich in nourishing gluten, it makes bread that rises right up out of the pans—and the most delicious biscuits, cakes, pie and flaky pastry ever baked!

PURITY FLOUR Best for all your Baking

OLD DUTCH OFFERS YOU Wm. A. Rogers A-1 Plus Quality Silverware in the attractive "Croydon" Pattern made by Onaida, Ltd. HOW TO OBTAIN THIS SILVERWARE—Send 50c and the windmill panels from 3 Old Dutch labels for any one of the units mentioned in this advertisement. You may order one, or as many as you like. You can obtain a complete set at an amazingly low cost.