

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

Dorothy Dix's Letter Box

The "Other Woman" Gives Her Viewpoint, Declaring That the Only Reason for Her Existence is That Most Wives Are Fools in Dealing With Their Husbands

Dear Miss Dix—I am the "Other Woman" of whom we hear so much and who causes wives so many hysterics, and I want to explain something about this triangle business, and why we are.



It is because the wife, through selfishness or ignorance, ceases to make her husband happy and contented, and because this "Other Woman" does. That's the whole thing in a nutshell.

What wives are too dumb to recognize is that whether the "Other Woman" is tall or short, fat or thin, dark or light, her art in charming is nothing but making a man comfortable, whether that means entertaining him when she is tired, or listening to him when she is bored.

Most wives are fools in dealing with their husbands. They are always afraid of some woman taking their husbands away from them, but, in reality, a wife has every advantage in the world over the "Other Woman."

Second, she has public opinion to back her. It is only when a man is desperate that he will flout convention. Third, she has the home. Every man loves his home if it is made a home for him and not a house for him and a home for his wife, children and his wife's relatives and friends.

Fifth, she has his love of peace. Men are pacifists, at least, at home. They abhor fights and scenes, especially with women, and more especially with women for whom they have cared.

Incidentally, appearance, not beauty, but cleanliness and smartness keeps the "Other Woman" away. The "Other Woman" knows that if she is unclean or untidy that the man will leave, whereas the wife is so sure that because he is married to her that she can be as sloppy and lazy as she pleases about herself and he will have to stand it.

Or the wife may keep such a darned immaculate home and be so touch-me-not herself that she drives her husband to some place where he can smoke sitting in an easy chair, and vent his desire to run his hands through some woman's hair who is willing to comb it again if it gets mussed.

Most of the women who boast of being such GOOD wives are only good to themselves. They cook what THEY like to eat. They furnish the house the way THEY like it. They go to the clubs THEY like. They have in the people THEY like. They do the things THEY like.

Wives make me sick. Either they should care enough for a man to make him happy or they shouldn't marry him and make him unhappy and then raise Cain because some other woman is making life worse while for him.

If wives would fight as intelligently after marriage to keep their husbands as they do before marriage to get them, they would virtually never lose their husbands. I am the "Other Woman." I know many "Other Women" and I have never known one of them who wasn't in deadly fear of losing the man she loved because his wife COULD win him back if she tried hard enough.

Here speaks the voice of authority. I commend this woman's letter to the careful perusal of every wife. Cut it out and keep it in the back of your bag where you can read it over every day. It will save you a lot of grief and maybe a trip to Reno.

Dear Dorothy Dix—I am up against it. I am 35 years old, keeping company with a young lady who is 30. I have been going with her five years. She wants to get married and is willing to support me as I am an invalid who will never be able to work again.

You alone can decide this question because the success of such a marriage would depend entirely upon your disposition and that of the girl. If you are of an independent nature you would find it very galling to be dependent upon your wife and if she is of the thrifty, ambitious type she might get very tired of supporting a husband.

Nature, of course, intended for man to bring home the bacon and the woman to fry it, and when these roles are reversed and the wife has to support the family it seldom brings happiness to either party. The man is humiliated by his failure to be the provider. He is jealous of his wife being a better man than he is, and he takes it out in surliness and grouching in the home.

So, taking it all in all, it seems to me that your parents are a better bet as a meal ticket than a wife.

Dear Miss Dix—I am a girl of 18, very much in love with a man of 52. My grandfather says that the man is too old for me, but my younger ones don't seem to understand me as well. Do you think that age can be an insurmountable obstacle to our happiness?

It certainly is when 18 married 52. You think you are in love with this man because he treats you as your father would, spoils and pets you and doesn't criticize you as a boy of your own age would.

NOW IT'S STARCH SERVED IN CUBES

BOSTON, April 27 (CP)—Three women who have greeted their husbands with the classic words: "I've been ironing," as well as those who have kept this weary bit of information to themselves, are welcoming with glad hands a new starch which has recently appeared on the shelves of the stores.

hand cubes, packed 80 cubes to the pound. The cubes are about the size of ordinary sugar cubes and, besides being tremendously convenient, also give a better finish and save ironing time.

The HOUSEWIFE and HER ACTIVITIES

FORBEARANCE

Hast thou named all the birds without a gun? Loved the wood-rose, and left it on its stalk? At rich men's tables eaten bread and pulse? Unarmed, faced danger with a heart of trust? And loved so well a high behavior, In man or maid that thou from speech refrained, Nobility more nobly to repay? O, be my friend and teach me to be thine!

—EMERSON.

NAMING THE BABY

The one thing to which parents are mostly indifferent when naming the child is the essential beauty of the name. It is, no doubt, for aesthetic reasons that a number of girls are named Gladys or Gwendolen, but it is difficult to believe that it was love of beauty that ever led a father to call his son James or George, Thomas or Robert.

FOR AFFECTION

For afternoon a street length beige lace with flared hemline is outstanding. Chocolate brown hat, shoes and accessories match the belt of the dress.

EVEN THE RUSSIANS ARE DOING IT NOW

Today, "Yes Sir, That's My Baby," "St. Louis Blues," "Stormy Weather" and various adaptations of tunes from ten years to six months old blare forth throughout the Soviet Union.

LONDON'S NEW LANDMARK

London's new landmark is rapidly nearing completion. The two three-hundred feet chimneys of the Fulham Power Station are being stripped of their scaffolding and, by the autumn of this year, the first section of this great building, which will cost nearly three million pounds, will be opened to supply the country's winter demands.

All told the station will cover ten acres of ground and consume two thousand tons of coal a day. The construction of the first section has created a record in the matter of building. In thirty-three weeks nineteen thousand tons of steel were erected and the crans used were those which helped to construct the Sydney Harbour Bridge.

OLD LAVENDER

There was a time when Lavender Toilet Water was the only true scent for a gentleman, and although today it has been joined by many mixture perfumes and every flower under the sun it still retains its charm and popularity. To-day it is not merely a toilet water but a definite lavender perfume, and the best choice of all for young girl, and for all sports occasions.

Incidentally a few drops of lavender in a bowl of water near the fire will impart a delicious freshness to the whole room.

ALPACA FOR DAYTIME

Alpaca is a popular fabric in the daytime frocks, appearing frequently in jacket dresses in combination with white or pink.

A TOY BOX

In the cupboarded room of modern houses and flats the storage of a child's toy is sometimes a difficult matter. A mother has solved this problem in an economical and ingenious way. An out-of-work carpenter made her a substantial deal box measuring 2 ft. long by 1 ft. 3 in. wide and 1 ft. 3 in. deep, with a neatly hinged lid. This was enamelled the color of her children's nursery and upholstered in a washable fabric to match the curtains.

LINING THE DRESSER DRAWERS WITH PAPER

When clean paper is laid in drawers after they have been spring-cleaned, it is advisable to fold the paper to a size slightly larger than the space it has to cover, so that a small margin is turned up against the back and sides of the drawer.

HOME-MADE BROWN

Home-made brown makes a cheap and appetizing supper dish. The pig's head may be pickled at

A Morning Smile

OR SOMETHING

The midday whistle had blown when Murphy shouted, "Has anyone seen me yet?" "Sure, Murphy," said Pat, and he've got it on.

He had saved the Admiral from drowning. The great man was full of praise for his action.

"And tomorrow," said the Admiral, "I shall thank you before the eyes of all the men."

The sailor began to quake. "Oh, gov'nor, don't do that!" he pleaded. "They'll kill me!"

breakfast. Ralph crossed because bath-water cold. Gave Mary notice. Wish could give Ralph notice, too.

"After man departs," looking superior, decide to ring up servants' registry. "Phone dead as mutton.

Rush to call-office to recall superior young man. On return, Mary reports telephone all right, and gentleman to see me. Said gentleman, complete stranger, wrings my hand warmly, proceeds to unpack new type of carpet-cleaner, and to sprinkle newly cleaned carpet with suspicious-looking powder.

"There!" he exclaims triumphantly as he applies machine to hitherto pristine surface, and goes off on long dissertation in the middle of which Mary ushers in Mrs. Bore.

"Problem: Should one introduce unknown gent? Mrs. Bore gushes, over noisy machine. Unknown gent greatly intrigued until she admits she bought one six months ago.

Get rid at last of U. G., not of Mrs. B Ralph returns, glowers at her. Unmistakable odours of dinner arise from below stairs. What to do? Ralph does it. "Rain's coming on, Mrs. Bore. I'll run you home in the car if you like."

"Clever Ralph. Decide not to give Ralph notice. Nice dinner. Decide to keep Mary on. Wireless afterwards. Decide after listening till midnight, programmes aren't what they were. Telephone bell rings. "Bell all right? There was some complaint earlier?" "Gosh," says Ralph, "We'll be cut off if I keep on forgetting to square the bill."

Now no woman in her senses thinks that sort of thing worth committing to paper. And the big thrill in life only occur once in a while. When they do, something keeps us from recording them, some inner reluctance forbids us writing them down. Nothing would induce us to record that we fell in love, or out of it, on this day or that in a little gilt-edged book which anyone might pick open and read. Nothing would induce us to expatiate upon the anxiety we endured when our loved ones were ill, or in danger, for the simple reason that at the time we weren't acknowledging even to ourselves the extent of our anxiety.

For my own part, I cannot conceive any woman sitting down at the end of the day, pen in hand, and writing the truth, the whole truth, about its happenings. We are so much creatures of the moment that the result would be an unfair showing. Our anger, our affections, we so short-lived, that it were better to leave them unrecorded. We should only reveal ourselves as vacillating creatures groping in a mass of fear and doubt. In fiction there is invariably an ending to every story. In real life, conversely, so much is unexplainable, so much is never satisfactorily straightened out, that a truthful diary would only be a mass of tangled threads that never achieved a satisfactory pattern.

I have one friend who keeps a diary, and who lives in constant dread of losing it, although her entries are cryptic enough. "Had the aunts to dinner. Help Black lace. Ducklings. Strawberry flan." Confusing this, a trifle, until you realize black lace is what the aunts wore, ducklings what she gave her guests to eat. The reason for those mundane details is because if she wears the same frock soon again her relatives are apt to say—"Dear me, have you not another dress in the world?" and to think her lacking in housewifely instincts if she inadvertently provides the same things over again to eat.

More of a give-away is another entry in the diary—"Went to the Smiths' party. Never again." Only two lines, but enough to give its owner a sleepless night when she mislays the book containing them.

Here, in a nutshell, is the reason why diary-keeping is rarely a

WHAT A GRAND CUP OF COFFEE...YOU MUST HAVE MADE IT SOME DIFFERENT WAY.



JUST WHAT I'VE SAID ALL ALONG. MAXWELL HOUSE IS A PERFECT BLEND - ALWAYS GOOD NO MATTER HOW MADE. SUPERB BLEND - ROASTER FRESHNESS - PERFECT GRIND - ENJOY MAXWELL HOUSE AT A PRICE LESS THAN THAT CHARGED FOR MANY ORDINARY COFFEES.

Maxwell House Coffee

ROASTED AND PACKED IN CANADA

pleasure of a profit to its author. Because of fear of other eyes, of possible mis-construction, the diarist dare not be wholly and unrestrainedly honest. And truth is the only spice to make palatable an otherwise dull dish.

Advertisement for Cuticura skin medicine, including text: 'Soothes and Relieves SKIN IRRITATIONS' and 'Try Cuticura—for all skin blemishes of external origin.'

Advertisement for 'THE COOK'S CORNER' by ELEANOR BARKER, listing recipes for baked beans, fruited cereal, and cheese and spinach molds.

Advertisement for fruited cereal, listing ingredients and preparation instructions.

Advertisement for cheese and spinach molds, listing ingredients and preparation instructions.

Advertisement for cheese shortbread, listing ingredients and preparation instructions.

Shirley Plays With Children

HOLLYWOOD, April 27. (O. P.)—The world's best-known seven-year-old has spent almost half of her life in the movies.

To all appearances, Shirley Temple is yet unspooled by the extraordinary attention she receives as a motion picture star. She celebrates her seventh birthday April 23, but mentally she is years older due to her association with adults.

The demands on young Miss Temple's time increases daily. Her mother, Mrs. George Temple, tries to make life for Shirley as normal as possible, but there are obligations that go with stardom that no star, however young, can escape.

Photographs, for instance, require at least an hour daily. Shirley's poses average 20 a day, two or three times as many as grown-up stars are obliged to take.

Requests for pictures of Shirley are so numerous that an unusual number must be taken. Some of the stills are for advertising tie-ups, which are incidentally said to bring the Temple family almost as much in royalties as Shirley's salary. Her name helps to sell clothes, shoes, books and dolls.

Underwent a secret readjustment. Until the first of this year, her pay was \$1250 a week. It has been increased several times. Shirley must have at least two hours of schooling daily. She has two private tutors, one for general subjects and one for French. She takes dancing lessons daily, too, and just before the start of a picture she will devote four or five hours daily to learning new routines.

Spring Fashions For Home Dress-Making

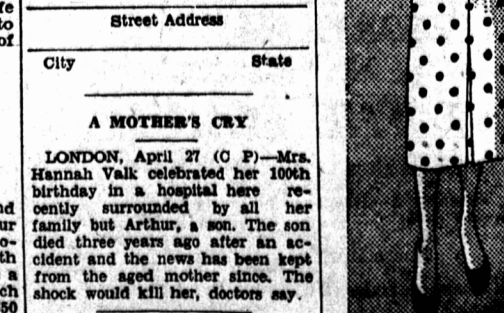
A gaily dotted cotton print in navy and white gives dash and novelty to this smart shirt dress. A single breast pocket matches the skirt pockets.

It is so easily made and so inexpensive, you'll want to make several. Style No. 590 is designed for sizes 14, 16, 18 years, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust. Size 18 required 3 1/2 yards of 38-inch material with 1/2 yard of 2-inch ribbon for bow.

Price of PATTERN 15 cents in stamps or coin (coin is preferred.) Wrap coin carefully.

No. 590. Size Name Street Address City State

A MOTHER'S CRY LONDON, April 27 (O. P.)—Mrs. Hannah Valk celebrated her 100th birthday in a hospital here recently surrounded by all her family but Arthur, a son. The son died three years ago after an accident and the news has been kept from the aged mother since. The shock would kill her, doctors say.



Advertisement for ENO'S Fruit Salt, including text: 'ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" corrects constipation - tones up the whole system' and an illustration of the product box.