

# WOMEN and THE HOME

## Dorothy Dix's Letter Box

**When Sweethearts of Eighteen Are Separated, Does Their Love Change?—When a Wife Discovers Her Husband Unfaithful, Should She Break Up Their Home? How to Treat Man Who Threatens Suicide.**

Dear Miss Dix—I am a girl of eighteen years old and am engaged to a boy who is the same age. I am about to start away from the place in which I live to train for a nurse. My sweetheart has promised that he will not go with any other girl while I am gone. Do you think our being separated will cause him to forget me more than if I were to stay near him? Does love wear off when a boy is so young? What age would you advise us to get married? If he stays true until I finish my nursing course, would it indicate that he would make a good, reliable husband, whom I could always depend on loving and caring for me?

IN DOUBT.

Answer:

My dear girl, if you are going away to take a course in nursing, why don't you wait until you get through before you decide the all-important question of a husband? Surely, at eighteen, there is no great hurry in making a final decision.

You are worrying whether this boy will be true to you, and whether he will want you when you come back. How about yourself? You are going away for several years to live in a city among strangers, to acquire city ways, and city points of view, and get city clothes. You will study and improve your mind. You will be thrown with many highly accomplished and educated men of the world. You will meet many fascinating doctors and internes.

By the time you have finished your training course you will be an entirely different girl from the one you are now, and there are a hundred chances to one that you will have outgrown your boy sweetheart and won't want him at any price. So why don't you be a sensible girl and act fairly toward him and yourself and call your engagement off? Then when you come back, if you still love each other, you can renew it.

As to your questions, I think you are asking a good deal of an eighteen-year-old boy to live the life of a hermit while you are gone, and he would be more than human if he did. He will want to go around and have a good time with other young people of his own age.

Certainly, absence is very apt to weaken love, especially in the young, and your sweetheart would be much more liable to be faithful if you were on the ground to look after your fences.

As to what age you should marry, that depends on many things besides the calendar. It largely depends on the young man making enough money to support a family in comfort. No man has a right to marry until he can do that, no matter what age he has attained. And it is always a mistake for very young people to marry because they almost always change and passionately regret marrying the one they did.

Certainly I think that if a boy of eighteen stayed faithful for three or four years while you are away he would almost surely make a devoted husband.

DOROTHY DIX.

Dear Miss Dix—I have been married nine years, and have two darling little children. My husband has always been good to me, but I have just found out that he has been leading the double life ever since we have been married. He confessed to me when one of his women friends was going to squeal on him. He had no cause to treat me, as I have done everything in the world to please him and he admits that I have been a model wife.

I guess I can go on living with him, but I can never love him as I did before. What shall I do?

A HEART-BROKEN WIFE.

Answer:

No one can decide such a vital question as that for you, poor, betrayed, heart-broken wife, but there are many sides to the situation that you should consider.

The first, of course, is your children. Have you an independent fortune of your own, enough money to support them and educate them as their father will do if you stay with him? Or have you some trade or profession by which you can earn a good livelihood for yourself and them?

If not, make the best of your bad bargain for your children's sake, and keep your home together.

Put no faith in trying to make your husband support you and the children if you are divorced from him. Alimony is virtually uncollectible unless a man has real estate. And, anyway, by hook or crook, a man gets out having to pay the alimony so much money on his vices that he has none left for his children.

Also, as long as you keep your home together you have a living, a settled place in society, and you are that much better off than you would be if you were thrown out on your own resources and had to earn your bread and butter in an office or behind a counter.

Of course, you can never love and trust your husband again as you have done. Possibly he is one of the men who do not have it in them to be faithful to one woman. But even so, can you not put love out of your life and be friends with him, and put matrimony on a business basis, and so find yourself better off than you would be if you were divorced?

I am strongly of the opinion that, as long as a man is kind to his wife and pleasant to live with, she is wise not to break up her home because he is unfaithful to her. It even seems to me that there are worse faults that a husband can have than philandering, which is, after all, a matter of the flesh. He can be spiritually untrue to her. He can be cruel and torment her very soul out of her, and these are the unforgivable sins.

DOROTHY DIX.

Dear Dorothy Dix—I am twenty-three years old and have been keeping steady company with a young man I love very much, but at the least disagreement we have he threatens to take his life if I don't give in. This worries me very much. What would you advise?

MABEL.

Answer:

He is a coward, Mabel. Call his bluff. I knew a woman who had that sort of a husband. For years he tyrannized over her by keeping her terrorized. Finally, when he threatened for the millionth time to commit suicide, she said to him: "Go to it. You will find your razor in the top bureau drawer. A loaded revolver is on the chiffonier, and the rough on rats is on the kitchen shelf. Help yourself!" And that was all of that.

DOROTHY DIX.

## Farmer Brown's Boy Takes Blame When Bobby Coon's Paw Is Caught

By THORNTON W. BURGESS.

As soon as Farmer Brown's boy saw the little tin can fast to one of Bobby Coon's forepaws he understood exactly what had happened. He knew all about Bobby Coon's fondness for bright, shiny things. He guessed right away that Bobby had found that little can and had thrust his paw into it to see if there was anything in there. Then somehow the paw had been caught in it, and Bobby had been unable to get rid of that can.

Farmer Brown's boy talked gently and soothingly to Bobby Coon. He told him how sorry he was. "It was all my fault," said Farmer Brown's boy. "I dropped that can in the Laughing Brook. I had it to carry worms in when I was fishing. When I was through fishing I dropped that can in the water. I didn't dream that it could possibly hurt anyone. So I am to blame, Bobby, for all the fright and pain you have suffered. And the least I can do is to get you out of this trouble I got you into. My, I certainly am glad Bowser and I came this way this morning."

As he talked in a low, soothing voice he kept slowly drawing nearer and nearer to Bobby Coon. He made no movements. Finally he knelt down and Bobby, and there he remained for a long time without trying to move. All the time he kept talking gently. He watched and saw the savage, frightened, and less. He knew that Bobby was beginning to understand that he had nothing to fear.



He slowly put out a hand toward Bobby Coon.

He didn't touch Bobby, but just talked to him. As he talked he was studying to find some way of setting Bobby free from that awful little can. "That leg is pretty badly swollen," said he. "I'm afraid it is useless to try to pull that can off. I guess we will have to cut it off. I mean the can, Bobby, not your leg. I haven't a thing here to do it with, so I guess I will have to take you up to the house. I wish I knew just what you are thinking. I don't want to feel those sharp teeth of yours. If I knew that you knew just what I want to do, I wouldn't hesi-

## THE SEA HAWK

By RAFAEL SABATINI.

CHAPTER XXIV. (continued)

Sakr-el-Bahr, standing on the poop-deck, shouted his orders to the steersmen in their niches on either side of the stern, and skillfully the vessel was steered through that narrow passage into the calm lagoon whose depths were crystal clear. Here before coming to rest, Sakr-el-Bahr followed the invariable corsair practice of going about, so as to be ready to leave his moorings and make for the open again at a moment's notice. She came at last alongside the rocky buttresses of a gentle slope that was utterly deserted by all save a few wild goats browsing near the summit. There were clumps of broom thick with golden flower about the base of the hill. Higher, a few gnarled and aged olive trees reared their gray heads, from which the rays of the western sun struck a glint as of silver. Larouque and a couple of sailors went over the bulwarks on the larboard quarter, dropped lightly to the horizontal shafts of the oars, which were rigidly poised, and walking out upon them gained the rocks and proceeded to make fast the vessel by ropes fore and aft.

Sakr-el-Bahr's next task was to set a watch, and he appointed Larouque, sending him to take his station on the summit of the head whence a wide range of view was to be commanded.

Pacing the poop with Marzak the Basha grew reminiscent of former days when roving the seas as a simple corsair he had used this cove both for purposes of ampler repose and of concealment. There were, he said, few harbors in all the Mediterranean so admirably suited to the corsairs' purpose as this; it was a haven of refuge in case of peril, and an unrivaled lurking-place in which to lie in wait for the prey. He remembered once having lain there with his formidable Dragut-Reis, a fleet of six galleys, their presence entirely unsuspected by the Genoese admirals. Doria had passed majestically along with three caravels and seven galleys.

Sakr, pacing beside his father, listened but half-heartedly to these reminiscences. His mind was all upon Sakr-el-Bahr, and his suspicions of that palmetto barked were quickened by the moan in which for the last two hours he had seen the corsair hovering thoughtfully in his neighborhood.

"Unlooked for," he said, "suddenly upon his father's memories with an expression of what was in his mind. 'The thanks to Allah,' he said, 'that thou who commands this expedition, else might this cove's advantages have been neglected.'"

"Not so," said Asad. "Sakr-el-Bahr knows them as well as I do. He has used this vantage-point before. Yet I blame not thee, but thy Sicilian mother, who has fostered this hostility in thee. Did she not hoodwink me into making this unnecessary voyage?"

"I see thou hast forgot last night and the Frankish slave-girl," said his son.

"Nay, then thou seest wrong. I have not forgot it. But neither have I forgot that since Allah hath exalted me to be Basha of Algiers, He looks to me to deal in justice. Come, Marzak, set an end to all this. Perhaps tomorrow thou shalt see him in battle, and make thy peace with him, and let me see better relations betwixt you hereafter."

And raising his voice he called Sakr-el-Bahr, who immediately turned and came up the gangway. Marzak stood by in a sulky mood, with no notion of doing his father's will by holding out an olive branch to the man who was like to cheat him of his blightright ere all was done. Yet it was he who greeted Sakr-el-Bahr when the corsair set foot upon the poop.

"Does the thought of the coming fight perturb thee, dog of war?" he asked. "Am I perturbed, pup of peace?" was the crisp answer.

"It seems so, Thine aloofness, thine abstractions. 'Are signs of perturbation, dost suppose?'"

"Of what else?"

Sakr-el-Bahr laughed. "Thou'lt tell me next that I am afraid. Yet I should counsel thee to wait until thou hast smelt blood and order, and learned precisely what fear is."

A slight altercation drew the attention to pick you up. But I am afraid you don't understand."

He slowly put out a hand toward Bobby Coon. Bobby growled and the look fear leaped up in his eyes again. Farmer Brown's boy shook his head sorrowfully. "I thought it would be this way," said he. "I don't blame you a bit. You can't understand what has happened to you, and of course you can't understand what I want to do for you. I guess there is nothing for it but for me to wrap you up in my coat so that you can't bite, and then take you up to the house."

So Farmer Brown's boy gently threw his coat over Bobby Coon's head and then wrapped him up in such a way that Bobby couldn't bite or struggle. All the time he did his best not to hurt that injured leg. Then he picked Bobby up, and with Bowser the Hound at his heels started for home. Peter Rabbit, watching wide-eyed from the end of a hollow log, saw the boy Peter's curiosity was satisfied. He knew now who it was who had growled at him under the pile of brush. He knew that Bobby Coon was in trouble, but what the trouble was Peter didn't know. And so Peter was glad as he saw Farmer Brown's boy taking Bobby Coon away, for Peter knew that Bobby was in the hands of a friend.

(Copyright, 1924, by T. W. Burgess.)

The next story: "Bobby Understands at Last."

tion of Asad's officers who were idling there. Biskaine and some three others lounged forward to stand behind the Basha, looking on in some amusement, which was shared by him. "Indeed, indeed," said Asad, laying a hand upon Marzak's shoulder, "his counsel is sound enough. Wait, boy, until thou hast gone aboard the infidel, ere thou judge him easily perturbed."

Petulant Marzak shook off that gnarled old hand. "Dost thou, O my father, join with him in taunting me upon my lack of knowledge. My youth is a sufficient answer. But at least," he added, prompted by a wicked notion suddenly conceived, "at least you can not taunt me with lack of address with weapons."

"Give him room," said Sakr-el-Bahr, with a cynical good-humor, "and he will show us prodigies." Marzak looked at him with narrowing, gleaming eyes. "Give me a crossbow," he roared, "and I'll show thee how to shoot," was his amazing boast. "Thou'lt show him!" roared Asad. "Thou'lt show him!" and his laugh rang loud and hearty.

"To smear the sun's face with clay, boy."

"Reserve thy judgment, O my father," begged Marzak, with frosty dignity. "Dost thou not see?"

"Dost thou not see?" Why, Sakr-el-Bahr's quarrel will check a swallow in its flight. "That is his boast, belike," replied Marzak, with a sneer.

"And what may thine be?" quoth Sakr-el-Bahr. "To hit the island of Formentor at this distance?"

"Dost dare to sneer at me?" cried Marzak, ruffling. "What darest thou that ask?" wondered Sakr-el-Bahr.

"By Allah! thou shalt learn."

"In all humility I await the lesson."

"And thou shalt have it," was the answer viciously delivered. Marzak strode to the rail. "Ho there! Vigileto! A cross bow for me, and another for Sakr-el-Bahr."

Vigileto sprang to obey him, whilst Asad shook his head and laughed again. "An I were not against the prophet's law, to make a wager—"

he was beginning when Marzak interrupted him. "Already should I have promised one."

"So that," said Sakr-el-Bahr, "thy purse would come to match thine head for emptiness." Marzak looked at him and sneered. Then he snatched from Vigileto's hands one of the cross-bows that he bore and set a shaft to it. And then at last Sakr-el-Bahr was to learn the malice that was at the root of all this odd pretense.

"Look now," said the youth, "there is on that palmetto bark a speck of pitch scarce larger than the pupil of my eye. Thou'lt need to strain thy sight to see it. Observe how my shaft will find it. Canst thou better such a shot?"

His eyes upon Sakr-el-Bahr's face, watching it closely, observed the pallor by which it was suddenly overspread. But the corsair's recovery was almost as swift. He laughed, seeming so entirely careless that Marzak began to doubt whether he had aimed indeed at whether his own imagination had led him to suppose it.

"Aye, thou'lt choose invisible marks, and wherever the arrow enters thou'lt say 'twas there! An old trick, O Marzak. Go cozen women with it."

"Then," said Marzak, "we will take instead the slender cord that binds the bale." And he levelled his bow.

But Sakr-el-Bahr's hand closed

**TIRED OUT ALL THE TIME Nerves Gave Little Rest**

Relieved by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Harrowsmith, Ont.—"I took your medicine before my baby was born and it was a great help to me as I was very poorly until I started to take it. I just felt as though I was tired out all the time and would take weak fainting spells. My nerves would bother me until I could get little rest, day or night. I was told by a friend to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I only took a few bottles and it helped me wonderfully. I would recommend it to any woman. I am doing what I can to publish this good medicine. I lend that little book you sent me to any one I can help. You can with the greatest of pleasure use my name in regard to the Vegetable Compound if it will serve to help others."—MRS. HARVEY MILLIGAN, R. R. No. 2, Harrowsmith, Ontario.

In a recent canvass of purchasers of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound over 100,000 replies were received and 98 out of every 100 said they had been helped by its use. This medicine is for sale by all druggists.

**Roses OUR SPECIALTY.**

249 Dundas St. — Phone 2187.

**THE WEST FLORAL CO.**

"Say It With Flowers"

## THEY'RE REAL VALUE, AREN'T THEY?

HERE'S THE REASON:

Owing to an exceptional opportunity our buyer was able to purchase a limited number of these coats at a very low price.

Therefore we are able to offer them to you at very little more.

The coats are the very best of duvetynes and cut velours, and, being all fully lined, make very attractive and comfortable coats for cold weather. Besides they are trimmed with fur, having fur collars, cuffs and fur bands around the bottom, indeed very much the same as illustration.

These are made up in all the popular shades of fawn, cocoa, gray and black, in the long, straight model with the new close-fitting sleeve.

We are positive that this is the best value in the city for.....

**\$28.50**



## HERE ARE THREE MORE GOOD VALUES THAT ARE TRYING HARD TO SURPASS THE FIRST.

**POIRET TWILL DRESSES**

An exceedingly well made black dress for afternoon wear.

They are panelled both front and back, and trimmed with silk braid.

This is a real opportunity to combine economy with attractiveness.....

**\$15.00**

**MISSSES' WINTER COATS**

For tomorrow we are offering you a very attractive model in misses' coats at a considerable saving. These are all exceptionally well made of cut polaire, with large cozy collars of self, all fully lined and in all the popular colors. Sizes 15 to 20.....

**\$15.00**

**CANTON CREPE DRESSES**

Here is certainly a wonderful collection of afternoon dresses that are to sell at a very low price.

These dresses are in all the prized shades, some with long sleeves, others elbow length; many are trimmed with braid. Tomorrow.....

**\$14.50**

## R. J. YOUNG & CO., Limited

THE BEST PLACE TO SHOP, AFTER ALL.

## WEDDINGS

UDY-LEITCH.

An interesting wedding took place at the Glenwood mission inn, Riverside, California, on Saturday, Oct. 18, when Helene Marion, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. Wilfred Leitch, became the bride of Gordon N. Udy of this city.

The bride wore a nuptial robe of white satin with conventional court train, and tulle veil caught to her hair in coronet fashion. She carried a shower bouquet of Bridal roses.

Following the ceremony the bride and groom left for the east, and the wedding reception will be held on Friday, Nov. 21, at 2639 West Grand boulevard, Detroit. Mr. and Mrs. Udy will reside in London.

**GATECLIFFE-CROOKS.**

The rectory, Delaware, was the scene of an interesting wedding recently when Mrs. Caroline Crooks of Mount Brydges, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Beachill, became the bride of Thomas Gatecliffe and afternoon costumes.

**LACE FOR DANCE FROCKS.** Paris, Oct. 27.—Lace bids fair to have a return of its extraordinary vogue of a little while ago. Lace of all sorts, from stiff metallic to the thinnest cobweb, is used now on the thinnest of frocks, lingerie, evening cloaks and costumes.

## Dominion Linoleum RUGS

Take Advantage of Reduced Prices Now!

Now is the time to make your floors snug, warm and cosy by covering them with Dominion Linoleum Rugs. Prices are greatly reduced. Never before have you had such an opportunity to enjoy fine floors at so low a cost. So make your selection now while these low prices prevail. Plan to make the indoor days of winter more comfortable and cheery by replacing worn out floor coverings with beautiful genuine Linoleum Rugs.

Dominion Linoleum Rugs are durable; will wear and cannot tear. They are firm, smooth and non-absorbent. They are cleaned in a twinkling by a few light mop strokes. Think of the hours of work this saves.

There are patterns and colorings for every room. Decide which ones you desire to cover; then do your shopping early while the selection is at its best. Dominion Linoleum Rugs lie flat without tacking and wear for years and years.

## Dominion Linoleum by the Yard

Where the whole floor is to be covered without crack or seam, Dominion Linoleum by the yard is ideal. It has all the beauty and durability of Dominion Linoleum Rugs. Reduced Prices now in effect.

For Sale at all House Furnishing, Departmental and General Stores

Do not delay—make your choice while the dealer's assortment is complete.

Always turn over the edge when buying and look for the hurlap back. All genuine Dominion Linoleum and Dominion Linoleum Rugs have it—your guarantee of long and satisfactory wear.



Made in Canada