

Wife and Mother Whose Husband Philanders Asks Counsel on What to Do

If Other Women Can Charm Him She Can, Too, Jane Tells 'Lonesome and Blue,' but if She Doesn't Feel Like Kowtowing She'd Better Leave.

Jane Jordan will help you with your problems by her answers to your letters each day in this column.

DEAR JANE JORDAN—I am a mother of two girls. About three years ago I found my husband was meeting another woman and taking her out for the night. He told me about it and said that she is a perfect lady and wants to bring her to our home so I can meet her. When I object, he tells me to get out and slaps me. Then when he thought he was going to lose me he began to crawl and promised to do better, forgetting all others.

I tried it again. Now I find he spent \$15 on Christmas presents for her kind of woman, when the money could be used at home. The children need clothes; so does he; so do I. He makes good money but he says it is his own and he can do as he pleases. Do you think he will ever do any better, or should I take the little girls and sue for their support? I am afraid when they get a few years older and see that he does those things, they, too, will try it. God forbid!

LONESOME AND BLUE.

ANSWER—Your situation is not hopeless. Your husband would not be hard to handle if you knew how to go about it. Even the stupidest women know how to charm him, how to get gifts from him, how to make him rally to their defense when others call them bad. How do you suppose they do it? By making him feel desirable and attractive, and by responding when he makes love. Do you?

Of course, after a woman has lived with a man for some time she is acquainted with his faults and sees through his infantilisms. He isn't much of a hero to her any more and she lets him know it. But he still wants to be a hero to someone, even if it is only an inferior.

When he suggests that you meet his inamorata, his revenge on you is complete. What he really means to do is to tell you that he is still attractive to someone, if not to you. When you are hurt, he is glad, for in no other way can he convince himself that he is important to you.

It is natural for you to object to his other women. I don't blame you for it. But you can't defeat them by making him feel more insignificant than ever. Now you brand him bad and want to leave. He isn't bad. He is only a romantic idiot who has lost faith in his own manhood. You may think he has chosen a poor way to prove his virility to himself, but it is a way that many men choose when their self-esteem is low and marriage is no longer warm and inviting.

I know you don't feel like flattering him or kowtowing to him again. If you don't, I suppose you may as well give up, for he won't change without again feeling satisfaction in his marriage. Naturally the whole success of your marriage doesn't rest with him. He should co-operate with you, trying to please you as well as seeking pleasure for himself.

Children do not always copy their parents. Often they choose an opposite course. It would be wrong for you to let your girls know of their father's behavior at any time. Who would tell them if you did not?

To Mr. and Mrs. E. B. P.: Your letter cannot be published, but I see nothing to object to in your advice to Mary.

JANE JORDAN.

3 Hours Among Wild Elephants Recalled by Woman Explorer

BY LAURA LOU BROOKMAN

NEW YORK, Jan. 2—(NEA)—Looking for a place to spend a truly exciting winter vacation? Then a trip to Kruger National Park in South Africa is what Mary L. Jobe Akeley, back from nine months in the Transvaal, Swaziland, Zululand and Portuguese East Africa, prescribes. Mrs. Akeley, explorer, scientist and writer, went there to make a survey of wild life, and recollections of a host of thrilling adventures besides.

For instance, there were the times when she—

Spent three hours in the midst of a herd of 150 elephants. Was held up by lions in the forest at night, waited two hours for them to leave.

Visited the Queen of the Swazik, black "first lady" of South Africa.

Continues Husband's Work

It was Mrs. Akeley's second trip to Africa—the first she has made since the death of her husband, Carl Akeley, famous explorer for whom Akeley African Hall in the American Museum of Natural History was named.

Sitting at her desk at the Museum, Mrs. Akeley speaks of faraway places, of perilous adventures in the jungles as casually as others would mention a street car trip. Tall, bright-eyed, smiling and matter-of-fact, there is nothing at all in her appearance to suggest the woman explorer of stage or screen.

It was in the Belgian Congo that Carl Akeley suddenly became ill and died. Mrs. Akeley—although it was her first trip to Africa—took charge of the expedition, continued the work of collecting specimens, plant accessories and background material for the Museum's African exhibit.

She has been continuing the pioneer work of her husband ever since—as an advisor in the completion of African Hall and now in this latest trip.

Surrounded by Elephants

Her "good fortune" (that is what she calls it) in encountering the herd of elephants took place in Portuguese East Africa.

"I just walked in among them," she says, smiling. "Animals as a rule are not aggressive unless they are attacked, or have young that are threatened."

There were about 150 elephants in the herd and they were feeding in a swamp when she sighted them. Luckily, the wind was in our favor. That is an essential. I was able to get into their midst without attracting attention. There were 30 little ones—some newly born. It was interesting to see how the mother elephants helped their babies through the swamp, using their trunks, sometimes to lift and sometimes to push, the youngsters. Some of the stronger ones held to the mothers' tails. A bull elephant stood guard at either end of the herd."

The encounter with the lions took place one night when Mrs. Akeley was photographing from her motor in the low veld. Suddenly, in the opening of the bush ahead, two lions appeared. There was no way to get around, nothing to do but wait until the lions moved on. This she did—for two hours.

Mrs. Akeley made motion pictures of many of the animals she saw, and is particularly pleased over securing action films of the greater

LOCAL FASHIONS



—Times Photo by Cotterman.

By MARJORIE BINFORD WOODS

RIGHT in the midst of Tom and Jerry parties, last month's bills and flopping galoshes, comes much excitement about Southern flights! "But," says Miss Rosalyn Reed (above), "It's a lot more fun in the midst of winter to speed off to summer, with an assortment of play clothes . . . to lounge, swim, cycle, and sightsee under tropical sunlight, or dance in whirling chiffons under southern stars."

Not all of us are as lucky as this young lady who left today for a three-months stay in Florida. But even we stay-at-homes love seeing the new cruise and southern fashions, and already some people have been so tempted by them that they've had things laid aside for next summer.

CRUISE shops have blossomed forth in local stores and the cargo is so complete that you can pick up a dramatic wardrobe for yourself or an unusual gift for a migrating friend with minimum effort.

Clothes for this purpose should be a nice combination of "stuff and nonsense." For proper "stuff" be sure to have an alpaca linen stand-by like the frock above. This beige-colored two-piece costume is bound to divert attention from the horses at Haleakala with its happy-go-lucky smartness. The buttons are brown with grass green raffia centers as vibrant as nature in the south. Likewise, include these resort shoes or shiny white patent with their built-up sole straps. The newest things under the sun!

Then for the amusing holiday "nonsense," take along a coolie hat of preposterous brim, extremities and an infinitesimal crown, and, by all means, a fish-net scarf to loop about your throat with all your sports duds from slacks to demi-dress numbers.

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Honor Miss Plummer

Mrs. Homer Shields, 1024 N. LaSalle St., is to entertain members of Theta Nu Chi Sorority with a party Monday night in honor of Miss Charlene Plummer.

LOSING TRICK IS RUFFED

Today's Contract Problem

South is playing the contract at three no trump. West's opening lead is won by declarer's king. South then leads the queen of diamonds, and another diamond, and West must make four discards. South has bid no suit. What cards should West give away?

Books. "I never buy books because we have no place to put them," says Mary Smith. This, to me, is almost no excuse at all. Why, even a cracker box makes a good bookcase. All the little unused corners of the house are potential storage places for the what-nots of living. If people only knew how to put them to work in the name of peace and order, there would be less confusion, less work and a better looking house.

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Solution to Previous Problem

BY WM. E. MCKENNEY

American Bridge League Secretary

It is always annoying to have a defending player ruff one of the cards upon which you have counted to take a trick. Sometimes it can not be helped, but at other times, if declarer will just use a little foresight, he will put that opponent in a position where the only thing he can do is to ruff a lesser, or let declarer win the trick.

It was an appreciation of the advantage of position, by which he could thus in part control the defense play, that permitted F. E. Hildebrand of Washington, D. C., to make his game contract on today's hand, while Mr. Hildebrand was taking a holiday on the Queen of Bermuda to Bermuda and Nassau.

When the opening lead of the queen of clubs was made, Hildebrand, who sat South, could count three certain losers—a trick in clubs, one in hearts and the ace of trump. His partner was present East from among the ranks of his club hand, as West no doubt held a card—out to overcall, vulnerable, with only one card higher than a queen. If West held seven clubs originally, then nothing could be done.

Declarer won the first trick with the king in dummy, breathing a sigh of relief when East followed suit. Next a trump was led, West won and returned another club, and while East ruffed, his little trump went on a trick that had to

Tidy House Makes Day's Work Easier

Cupboards and Shelves May Be Used for Many Articles.

By OLIVE ROBERTS BARTON

Few women work happily in a cluttered house. Perhaps there are some who develop a certain lethargy toward order after a while, and go about their duties automatically with curtains awry and rugs kicked up.

The mother of tiny children gets accustomed to toys all over the place, and sleeps just as well knowing that the hall is a shambles of muddy galoshes, sleds and other paraphernalia of the older children. This is to be expected with a growing family, more or less. Nevertheless, most women do get less tired and nervous when their work shows for something.

But, perhaps, there is not room. Shelves and apartments are not the easy things to keep groomed that the average man thinks. He is likely to say, "When I get into a smaller place, Mary, it will be so much easier for you." And Mary probably thinks so, too, because there are fewer windows to wash and smaller rooms to clean.

With Nails and Boards

I do not mean that everyone should have a big house. This is impossible; but I believe that both men and women should give more thought to arrangement, so that there will be places to put things away.

Mrs. Smith says that there is no place for her to chuck the toys but in the hall closet. This means that no one can get into it after 6 p. m. Yet, if John Smith would take the trouble to hunt up a big box, put hinges on the lid, and paint it, there is probably room for it, either in the hall or beside the buffet in the dining room. A few cubic feet that no one will miss.

In the kitchen, Mary Smith has

to leave some of her bigger kettles out on the table because "the landlord won't put it in another cupboard." No, the house won't be changed to suit each tenant. But if John would take the cat down to the mill, and have them cut him a few pine boards a yard long—four would do—he could nail them together in the form of shelves in half an hour. I have done it myself, so surely John can handle a hammer. If he is unable to drive a nail straight, a carpenter will put this homely "mother's helper" together in a jiffy.

Makeshift Linen Closet

Up in Mabel's room there is, let us guess, a space between door and table that is not working. It happens that there is no linen closet in the house, and the sheets have to be stored in any place each week that will have them. Either shelf or box, or of the home variety, will fill the bill if the worse won't permit another chest of drawers. Or another way is to scout about for "used" furniture. A few strokes of paint, and there you are.

Books. "I never buy books because we have no place to put them," says Mary Smith. This, to me, is almost no excuse at all. Why, even a cracker box makes a good bookcase. All the little unused corners of the house are potential storage places for the what-nots of living. If people only knew how to put them to work in the name of peace and order, there would be less confusion, less work and a better looking house.

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Singer Models Sable Cape



Evie Symington, popular society, "blues" singer, models a lovely sable cape with a shining ex-

ample of the new elegance in fur fashions.

Calendar of Club Events

MONDAY

Sesame Club hostess, Mrs. Westover reviews "The Fighting Angel," by Pearl Buck.

Literary Club, D. A. use, "Ladies' night," Evans Woollen Jr., "Mount Everest."

New Era Club, Mrs. Martin, Mrs. S. Martin, Mrs. May Bro-

oks Miller, "Exploring Our Times."

Monday Club, Lucy Mayo, "Oriental Por-

celain."

Gen. Arthur

A. R. Mrs. Clae-

rence, "What Is Doing Today?"

Irvington Wom-

en Club, Mrs. Emmett

Study Club, Mrs. Emmett

Frank F. Logsdon, hostess, Mrs. A. L. Kessler, "Biography of George Moor."

New Century Club, Mrs. S. C. Bitter, Mrs. P. J. L. Martin, hostesses, Mrs. Curtis Hodges, "Ezekiel Began History of the Exile."

Woman's Advance Club, Mrs. Frank F. Logsdon, hostess, Mrs. A. L. Kessler, "Biography of George Moor."

Fortnightly Literary Club, Mrs. Albert Se-

scapes," by Stokely

Ralph Roderic

John A. White

Knapp, "C. L. T. o-

Today and To-

Irs. Roy Bain, host-

ess, "Stars and Tele-

Mrs. Ralph Vong-