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

## Dorothy Dix's Letter Box

### Success or Failure in Marriage is Determined on Far Side of Altar, so Look Before You Leap—Does Bold Girl or Modest Girl Please Men's Fancy More?

Dear Miss Dix—I am a man of 36 and my friends tell me that I have reached the marriageable age. I wish to be married, but I don't intend to do it just to be marrying. I am working on a salary of $100 a month in a small town, but I do not intend to stay there always. I intend to save my money and go into business for myself. I realize that marriage to a man is the one thing that determines his success or failure in business, and I have known too many men whose ambitions have been ruined because they married girls who were not willing to do without a few things in the early years of their married life in order to help their husbands get a start in business, and I do not want to make this mistake. I must have a wife who is intelligent, ambitious, economical, industrious and who knows the value of money and the necessity for saving it. Am I too cold-blooded in my attitude toward marriage?

JACK.

Answer:

I do not think that a man is cold-blodeod when he uses his head as well as his heart in choosing a wife. If more people were guided by their common sense instead of their emotions in marriage, we should have fewer divorces.

It is a curious thing that a man so often throws all reason to the winds when he marries. He knows himself and his circumstances in life. He has a definite idea of the kind of wife he needs and with whom he will be happy. If he is a student, he plans to marry a bookish girl. If he is poor and ambitious, he wants a wife who will work shoulder to shoulder with him and help him rise. If he is home-loving and domestic, he wants an Alice-sit-by-the-fire. If he is poor, he wants a wife who will know how to work and economize.

Then, knowing all this, he will meet some little fluffy ruffles who hasn't got a single quality that he desires and who cannot possibly fit into his pattern of life, and he will marry her because she has a pretty face, or a cute way, or blonde hair.

Every day we see intellectual men bored to death by nitwit wives. Embittered men whose wives have been millstones around their necks that have dragged them down from the pinnacles of success they meant to reach. Poor men whose noses are kept to the grindstone by extravagant wives. And we wonder why they did not use as much intelligence in picking out a wife as they would have in picking out a suit of clothes.

For not one of these men would have bought a linen suit to wear in the Winter, or expected a dress suit to turn into a business suit or overalls after he got it home.

We are forever talking about making a success of marriage, but the success or failure of a marriage is determined on the far side of the altar. It does not depend so much upon what either the husband or wife does as upon the mate they picked out. If they selected one they needed and that suited them, all will be well, but if they married some one who happened to hit their fancy for the moment and who had none of the qualifications they required in a wife or husband, then they are just out of luck. For by the time people are old enough to marry their characters are settled and there is little changing them.

Do not listen to your friends who urge you to marry because you have reached a certain age. Ther is no age that is a suitable age to marry unless the other conditions are propitious. With you this is not the case. If you marry on your small salary, you can kiss all of your ambitions and hopes of getting along in the world good-bye. With a family to support, you will be hopelessly sunk, without a chance of ever saving even a cent toward realizing your dream of going into business for yourself. The door of opportunity has a slot lock into which you must drop money to make it open.

"He travels the fastest who travels alone," said Kipling. Wife and children are a luxury, but they are also a handicap and for the poor man a fatal one.

To marry just to be amarrying is the most foolhardy thing that any human being ever does. Nothing can justify marriage but love. Nothing can make it worth while but love. And if you are not in love and not in a financial condition to marry, why run all the risks of matrimony just because your friends think it is time for you to marry?

DOROTHY DIX.

* * * * * * *

Dear Miss Dix—Which do men prefer—the modest, reticent country girl, or a bold woman who will go places, drink and raise cain generally?

A COUNTRY EDITOR.

Answer:

Depends upon the man. Ther is no general type of woman who is universally admired by all men. Not even physically. Anita Loos says men prefer blondes, but in reality just as many men fall for the brunette.

Look about you and you will see that some men like 'em tall and some like 'em short. Some men adore Amazons and others are crazy about pocket Venuses. Some men like the clinging vine and others like the self-sufficient young woman who can stand on her own feet and fight her own battles.

And men have this same diversity of opinion about women's manners and morals. There are men to whom the shrinking violet appeals. A bold woman is anathema to them. They are attracted by the modest, reticent, country girl. But another type of man prefers the showy, brazen woman who dresses in loud clothes, who will drink him under the table and whose style is cramped by no moral inhibitions.

My observation has been that men, curiously enough, are attracted by women who are their opposites and that the more a man has been a rounder, the more outbreaking his own life has been, the more likely is he to prefer the modest, reticent, dignified girl of high ideals. At least, when he comes to marrying. While the quiet, unworldly man is the more likely to be dazzled by the brazen woman.

But, taking men by and large, I should say that their ideal woman is neither the unsophisticated country girl nor the woman who has seen too much of life. It is the in-between woman who knows her way about, who is mistress of any situation, who has seen much of life and yet who has kept her sweetness, her dignity and her standards. Some wit said not long ago, in speaking of a middle-aged woman, that she was one who had never had her face lifted nor lowerd her ideals, and that about expresses what I think most men prefer in women.

As for young girls, only unspeakable young boys and villains want them to be anything but pure and sweet. A drunken young girl or one who frequents dives is something that makes every decent man want to weep.

DOROTHY DIX.

Dear Dorothy Dix—We find life almost too monotonous to bear. Young men are boring. Movies all alike, with no thrill to them. Club dances nothing but necking parties. Bridge games stupid. We feel that nothing is left for us to do but read books and ruin our eyes. Can you give us some advice on what to do? FOUR BORED GIRLS.

Answer:

We get out of life nothing but what we put into it, and if you do not put any interest, any enthusiasm, any sportsmanship into anything you do, you are bound to get boredom out of it.

If you find trying to amuse yourself so wearisome and dull, why don't you try work for a change. You can get a terrific thrill out of earning your own living, to say nothing of the kick you could get in helping your mothers with the housework. Even reading has its points, as can be testified to by millions of people who have found in it a never-failing diversion and one that has never palled upon them. Why don't you try it? Once, anyhow.

DOROTHY DIX.

## SMART FROCKS FOR FASHIONABLE PEOPLE

Plaits are used with delightful effect down the front of this schoolgirl's dress. Not only do they trim, but also afford the necessary fulness to this model.

A plaided woolen in Copenhagen blue and navy with plain Copenhagen blue woolen trim made this cunning dress. The bone buttons repeated the lighter blue shade.

Scotch plaided gingham, cotton or wool challis prints, wool crepe in plain or patern, linen, percale prints, wool jersey are all excellent fabrics for this easy to make dress.

Style No. 690 is designed for sizes 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 8 requires 2 yards of 39-inch material with ⅛ yard of 39-inch contrasting.

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

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Name .....

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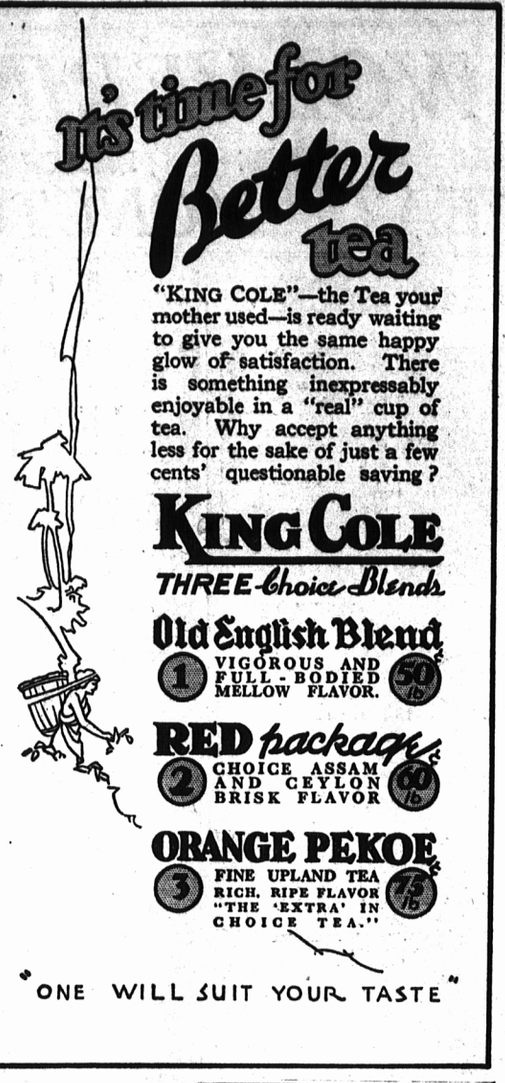
City ..... State .....

Back fulness is an important feature of evening gowns, especially those developed in a crisp medium, such as taffeta, slipper satin or moire, the fulness sometimes in the form of a large bow that suggests a bustle theme, and again, in softer fabrics, introduced in soft pleats and shirrings.



## That Royle Girl

By Edwin Balmer

### "WHERE'S MY GUN"

They had agreed, Neski and Calvin, to keep to the road as long as they were ahead; but before the car was overtaken Neski would turn into the fields.

Calvin had given the signal for this, and he braced himself for the jolt, or perhaps the overturn, when the little car left the road; and with one hand he held firmly to Joan Daisy. He expected firing at any moment, with bullets ripping through the flimsy canvas of the rear. He carried no pistol, so he had taken Neski's, only to find himself helpless to use it until the pursuers declared themselves beyond doubt. They would do this with a volley, if they were Baretta's gunmen, Calvin knew; yet he must wait.

He was flung with the leap of the little car as Neski swerved it from the road and upon the bumps of the frozen field; he heard shots, heard the windshield crack and wood splinter, and he thrust Neski's pistol between the curtains and fired.

It was almost at random, he realized, with no chance of hitting while the car jounced in the frozen furrows, so he withdrew his hand; the other car, too, ceased to fire. It had run on the road past the point where Neski had taken to the fields; it was, Calvin saw, a much larger and heavier car and it carried, to judge from the volley of pistol shots, three or four gunmen.

With his left hand, Calvin clung to the arm of Joan Daisy. "You hurt?" he asked her.

"No, are you?"

"All right?" he asked of Neski.

"Yes. What they doing?" Neski could not take his eyes from the obstacles of the ground.

"Coming after us." Calvin reported, for the big car followed into the field; and he released Joan Daisy to have both hands for reloading the pistol.

"Keep down," he begged her.

"What's the use?"

No use, he realized, when he saw, as had she, that the frozen ground supported Baretta's car which was cutting across ahead of them. "Go left," said Calvin to Neski.

"Fence there."

"Go ahead."

"Sure," said Neski. "Sure . . . Give me my gun, when we stop."

Calvin held it, reloaded, and he counted, as he used to in imaginary battles when he was a little boy, how each cartridge could finish one man; but he knew that each would not.

"Get down," he begged Joan Royle, though knowing it was no use in the end; but he had to do something to protect her, so he seized her and again pressed her to the floor as he heard crackling under the wheel and the car lurched deep, flinging sidewise, and did not right itself but went over.

Wood and glass and ice—though he did not recognize this until later—shattered about him; his head was struck, but his shoulders took the heaviest blow. He and the car and the glass came to rest; he was under the car, pinned down upon hard, sharp ground, not flat but steeply sloped, unless he was very dizzy. Edges of glass touched him everywhere, altogether too much glass for the windshield; so he came to realize—not connectedly, but now a little and next a little more amid other discoveries—that he was lying on the side of a deep ditch which must have frozen over when full, and later had emptied, leaving a thin surface of ice through which the car had broken.

He spoke to the Royle girl and heard her voice; she claimed that she was all right; and he felt her hands at his shoulder. Neski, beside him, fared like himself, and lay at the bottom of the ditch under the steering wheel.

"Where's the gun?" Neski groaned, swearing. "Where's the gun?"

Calvin felt for it, remembering that he had clutched it when the car went over; it must be at hand, he thought, and he must find it to fight the savages who, in cold blood and without a moment's mercy, would kill them all. Their engine had stopped, and in the silence Calvin heard the crunch of wheels slowly approaching on the icy ground; it came very cautiously, that motor car of gunmen, and as it drew alongside, some one began shooting.

His first bullet tore through the bottom of the dash-board; the second splintered the bottom of the front seat; the third struck almost in the same place and the next came a little rearward as the gunmen deliberately and accurately raked the wreck from end to end.

Another pistol took up the task, perhaps in the same hand; perhaps another gunman fired in his turn.

Calvin struggled and stifled himself, gasping in helplessness under the horror of these methodical shots.

"Down," he whispered to Joan Daisy. "Down as low as you can," For the bullets all struck above them. The metal of the car in part protected them, but their chief shield was that which had overturned the car—the depth of the ditch. The gunmen underestimated it or else could not fire lower without shooting into the ground, for neither Calvin nor Joan Daisy nor Neski was hit.

"Where's my gun?" Neski demanded; and Calvin's fingers fumbled for it amid the ice.

The pistol shots ceased. Calvin heard the gunmen's car maneuvering. Likely they had come to the edge of the ditch and were backing before making a turn. The shots came again, and the car was nearer; bullets struck into the ditch, but they were strays deflected from the frame of the car. Still nobody was hit, though more than two automatics must have been emptied.

The gunmen's car again drew alongside; maybe twenty feet away. Calvin thought; and somebody put shots into the wreck, methodically once more, at spaces of about a foot from end to end. Throughout all this, the ditch had given no signs of life at all; so the gunmen's motor car halted; the shooting stopped; a door opened and somebody stepped down, his feet crunching the crusted snow. A gunman was coming, Calvin knew, revolver in hand to explore the ditch and make sure of his work.

"My gun," Neski demanded, "my gun."

(To Be Continued)

## The HOUSEWIFE and HER ACTIVITIES

### LIFE

A crust of bread and a corner to sleep in,
A minute to smile and an hour to weep in,
A pint of joy to a peck of trouble,
And never a laugh but the moans come double;
And that is life!

A crust and a corner that love makes precious,
With a smile to warm and the tears to refresh us;
And the joys seen sweeter when care comes after,
And the moan is the finest of foils for laughter!
And that is life!

—Paul Lawrence Dunbar

### DON'TS FOR THE HOUSEWIFE

Don't buy anything because it is cheap, if you don't need it.

Don't be afraid to buy keepable things in large quantities.

Don't forget that the cheaper cuts of meats afford much nourishment, if they are properly cooked.

Don't buy fruits and vegetables out of season.

Don't go on a long shopping trip without first making out a list of things to be purchased, if you would conserve your mental energy.

Don't shop after you have acquired an aching head and jumpy nerves. These are not capable of good results at anything.

Don't attempt to do your housework with inadequate or worn-out tools.

Don't overcrowd your house with too much—too much furniture, useless bric-a-brac, and cheap pictures.

Don't wear a kimona to do your morning's work in.

Don't can everything. Eat what you can while it is fresh.

### LIME FRENCH DRESSING.

Rub a mixing bowl or salad bowl with cut clove or garlic held on tines of a fork. Pour in measured amount of salad oil. And 1-3 as much vinegar or lemon juice as oil. Add salt and pepper to tast and enough paprika to make the dressing pink. Add dash of dry mustard. Add bottled lime juice and powdered sugar to taste. Beat with egg beaten until oil and acid form a smooth mixture. Re-beat at serving time.

## A Morning Smile

The porter found a couple of seats facing the engine, put two suitcases, some golf clubs and a hat-box on the rack, and then ushered a thin, elderly man and a large, fierce-looking woman into the car.

He informed them that their portmanteau was on board, that there was a luncheon-car on the train, that they would have to change at Truro . . . The reward for these efficient services was—twopence!

The porter looked at the coins in disgust, and then, glancing up at the man who had bestowed them, said: "Excuse me, sir, but did the young lady you saw off the other evening find 'er 'and-bag all right?"

As the man began to splutter indignant denials the porter gave a knowing wink and departed.

Try as that man would, and did, he could not make his wife believe that he had never in his life seen the porter before, that he had not been to Paddington for months, and that he certainly had seen no young woman off the train.

She was still caustically catechising him at Plymouth!


**Help Kidneys**

If Kidney Trouble or Bladder Weakness makes you suffer from Getting Up Nights, Nervousness, Dizziness, Rheumatism, Stiffness, Burning, Smarting, Itching or Acidity try the Doctor's prescription Cystex (Sistex). Must end your troubles in 8 days or money back. Only 75c at druggists.



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*All Wool Lingerie*

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## THE COOK'S CORNER

### CHRISTMAS CAKE

One pound butter, 1 pound caster sugar, 1 pound mixed peel, 1½ pounds flour, 1 pound dried cherries, 8 ounces almonds, 10 eggs, 1 teaspoon salt and 1 pound sultanas.

Cream the buter add the sugar and salt, then the eggs, one at a time, beating well for five minutes with the hand after adding each egg. Mix in the chopped cherries, almonds, picked sultanas, and lastly stir in the flour. Put mixture in a cake tin lined with three folds of buttered paper, and bake from three to four hours in a moderate oven.


**"My Home-Made Candy is Perfect"**

IF you hear an amateur candy maker say that, you can be almost sure she uses Carnation Milk. Candy makers use Carnation because it is so rich and creamy—evaporated to double the richness of bottle milk. And Carnation makes specially delicious candy because it is homogenized. In this process the butter-fat particles are finely divided and evenly distributed. Carnation blends thoroughly with other ingredients and makes unusually smooth and creamy candy—just as it makes such smooth, delicious cream sauces, cream soups, puddings and ice cream. And the same qualities make Carnation ideal for creaming coffee, cereals and fruit, even though it is so inexpensive at to-day's prices. Write for two free booklets — "100 Glorified Recipes" and "Contented Babies." Address Carnation Co., Limited, Toronto, Ontario.

**Carnation Milk**

**Carnation Fudge**

*2 tbsp. butter, 2 sq. chocolate, 3 cups sugar, 2 tbsp. light corn syrup, ½ cup Carnation Milk, ½ cup water, 1 tsp. vanilla, ¼ tsp. salt.*

Melt butter and shaved chocolate in sauce pan; add sugar, salt, corn syrup, Carnation and water. Cook until mixture forms a soft ball in cold water or reaches a temperature of 235°F., stirring occasionally to prevent sticking. Remove from fire and let stand until cool. When cool, add vanilla and beat until creamy. Mold on a buttered plate.

"From Contented Cows"

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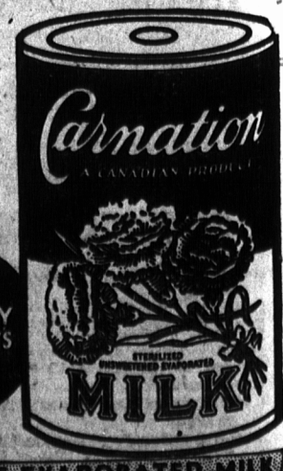


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