

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

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By Annabelle Worthington



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### Dorothy Dix Letter Box

#### What Makes a Boy Fall for a Girl—Selfish Wife Begrudges Attentive Husband Night Out—Girl Who Goes on Week-End With Man Leaves Reputation Behind

Dear Miss Dix—Please print a list of qualities that boys desire in girls. I am not so popular. JANEY.



Answer: There are no standardized thirty-seven varieties of charms that appeal to the taste of all boys, so nobody can give you any hard and fast rule for achieving popularity with the choosing and hard-to-please sex.

The very quality for which one boy falls leaves another boy cold. Some boys like 'em tall and others like 'em short. Some like 'em athletic and others Alice-sit-by-the-fires. Some are all for the vivacious girl, while others are swept off their feet by prim little maidens who have never a word to say for themselves.

Of course, we think of beauty as the most potent attraction that a girl can have for a man. Probably it is, but beauty lies in the eye of the beholder and men can't even agree on that point, for many a man sees a swan in what others consider an ugly duckling.

At any rate, however, good looks are a bet that no girl can afford to overlook, and she should do the best she can to improve her personal appearance if she wants to make a hit with men. Fortunately for her, men never differentiate between a girl and her clothes, and good grooming and a pretty frock will make any girl at least passably attractive, even if she wouldn't take a prize in a beauty show.

Next among the qualities that boys like in girls is the gift of gab. Without a girl who has a line of conversation and who will chatter along without their having to make any effort to entertain her. The Dumb Dora who has nothing to say for herself generally sits at home and reads an improving book.

But even above the good talker boys like a girl who is a good listener and who has the knack of drawing them out and getting them to talk about themselves and what a row they are with the flappers and what a wild party they went on and what they said to their employers and their employers said to them. Unfortunately, however, the ability to draw people out and get them to talking about themselves is a subtle art that few young girls possess. It is something that older women acquire through experience and suffering.

Then boys like a girl to know how to do things. Any girl to be popular in these days must be a good dancer. She must know how to swim and play tennis and golf and play a good game of bridge. Otherwise she will be out of the picture. No boy is going to take a girl to a dance if she steps on every one's toes and is so awkward and gawky that no other boy will cut in on her. Nor will she be invited to places if she does none of the things that other young people do and somebody will have to be tolled off to entertain her.

Boys like girls who are intelligent, but they prefer plain common sense to brilliancy. They like a girl who reads enough to talk about subjects of current interest, but they steer clear of a highbrow who wants to discuss the Einstein theory. And they dread and fear the girl who is a wisecracker and the one who makes sarcastic remarks about people, for they fear they may be next and they have a holy horror of being held up for derision.

Boys like girls who are good-natured and jolly and kind-hearted. The yare not catty themselves, and it repels them when the little sweeties scratch each other's eyes out.

Boys like girls who are appreciative and who repay them for the



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money they spend when they take them out by showing that they have a good time. And especially do they like girls who go easy on their pocketbooks and who do not order everything expensive on the menu when they go to a restaurant or insist on high-priced night club when they step out of an evening. They like the girls who like them, but they resent being pursued and hunted down over the telephone.

And they like girls for a thousand other reasons just because they are girls. DOROTHY DIX.

Dear Miss Dix—I am a young married man with two children. I don't smoke, drink or gamble. I never go to a show or a banquet alone. Always take my wife with me and I take my family out to some place of amusement at least once a week. My wife keeps the house and is a good mother. I think she is a worthy wife and that I am a worthy husband, but, somehow, we don't agree. There is too much wrangling and pouting and the reason of it is because occasionally I want to attend ball game alone or to play cards with men alone. My wife pouts for a week when I do it and complains that I don't want to take her anywhere. While I am at work she sees her friends and goes to shows and belongs to card clubs, etc., which is all right with me, but why should I not now and then have the privilege of seeing my friends? M. I. W.

Of course, you should have the privilege of going out alone sometimes, and your wife is silly and selfish to try to deny it to you. If she had any knowledge of life or any breadth of vision she would know that a man has need of some relaxation just as much as a woman has and that a man craves masculine companionship just as much as a woman does feminine.

Every woman knows that no matter how much she loves her husband and her children, she wants to get away from them sometimes and off by herself, and it isn't much of a party if she has to drag them along with her wherever she goes. And heaven alone knows why she can't understand that her husband has just exactly the same reaction toward his family and that it is no proof of disloyalty on his part for him to want to stag it now and then.

Any woman would think herself very badly used if her husband objected to her hen parties or if he insisted on going with her shopping or if he didn't want her to go to a bridge game where he couldn't go. She doesn't think for a minute that her husband should monopolize all of her leisure time, but she thinks that every minute of his spare time should be given to her and she raises ructions if he wants to go to a ball game without her or to play poker of an evening.

Funny how wives think they have so much more right to boss their husbands than their husbands have to boss them. I wonder how they get that way?

And I also wonder how any woman expects her husband to keep loving her if she pouts, which is a childish and lowdown method of trying to get your own way. DOROTHY DIX.

Dear Miss Dix—A friend of mine is going away to spend a week-end with a man who is in love with her. She claims that everything will be quite proper and tells me that I am prissy and old-fashioned to object to it and that every one is doing it. What do you think? VIRGINIA.

Answer: Undoubtedly, many young women do go away with men for week-ends, but when they do they leave their reputations behind them. Possibly their conduct is proper and platonic, but a hard-bolled world looks on it with a cynical eye and believes the worst.

Week-ending with strange gentlemen is one of the things that simply is not done by young women who have any regard for their good names. DOROTHY DIX.

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### THE HANDSOME MAN

by MARGARET TURNBULL  
Illustrations by IRWIN MYERS

"Brains!" She looked at her brother with a withering scorn. "Brains enough to cope with your young Americans? Havers, Rob MacBeth did ye not bring your own brains from across the water?"

"Calm yourself, Aggy, and go and look after the guests. It must be time to start them in to supper now. I fear for your senses when it's a question of that lad. After all, you are nothing but his stepmother."

Aggy's eyes blazed. "I'm far more than that. I'm the only friend he's got, and him the salt of the earth! Rob MacBeth, have ye any idea how lonely that laddie's been? Scarce seventeen when he was thrown into the war with all his class—just schoolboys. And him the only one of them to come out! Think of that! All of your young men over here have the friends that they made at the school or college, but my poor lad has none. Many a one's ready enough to make friends with him, but it's not the same thing, and there are few left on the other side

"She's too young to judge for herself," began her father.

"My certles! Rob, try no to make a complete fool of yourself. Be sure she knows what she's after. Every lassie does, though she may not give it a name even to herself. But some are lucky enough to take it when they see it. I'm feared that Roberta's not that sort. She's full of the kind of youthful pride that will let a d'ish go by, though her mouth's watering for it, jist to prove to herself and others that she's no caring—that she can take it or leave it, it's all one."

It was a long speech for Aggy.

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to push him along. But he'll go back with his head high, without their help—or yours."

"Well," Robert MacBeth admitted, "you make a pathetic case out of your young rascal, but as far as I can see from here, he's nothing on his mind but having a royal time, learning a new dance."

"Aye, that's all you see or any other outsider. It takes a woman to know the worth of a man."

"Then maybe you'd better find a woman and sing his praises to her." With a quick look at his sister, and the spirit of mischief gleaming in his eyes—"Why not pick out Roberta?"

"I still have my senses," his sister told him indignantly. "I don't want my nose snapped off. And you may as well know, Rob, that I don't think Roberta's any thought of the young men hereabouts. The lads here are as fine as any she'll see in a month of Sundays, but they're an old story to your lady daughter. I can see her taking far inferior goods—jist because they're new."

"She's too young to judge for herself," began her father.

"My certles! Rob, try no to make a complete fool of yourself. Be sure she knows what she's after. Every lassie does, though she may not give it a name even to herself. But some are lucky enough to take it when they see it. I'm feared that Roberta's not that sort. She's full of the kind of youthful pride that will let a d'ish go by, though her mouth's watering for it, jist to prove to herself and others that she's no caring—that she can take it or leave it, it's all one."

It was a long speech for Aggy.

She drew breath and waited for her brother to show his understanding. Robert spoke a little impatiently. "I'm obliged to you, Aggy, for your care of my girl, but Roberta has always found her own way out of any tangle and I think we're safe to trust her now. If I find she's really unhappy here I'll take her away but—well, she doesn't look unhappy to-night."

"No," admitted his sister with a little jerk of her firm chin—for what was the use of trying to show a man who could not see? "She does not, but looks are not everything."

As she walked away from him, Rob had to admit to himself that Aggy had brains as well as a presence and was a fine woman for her age.

Roberta saw her aunt bearing down upon her now, and for one moment she thought she was coming to protest about the dance.

But Lady Sandison had no such idea. "Roberta," she said, and for all her presence she was a little nervous—one never knew just how Roberta would receive a suggestion—"do you think you could start them toward the supper room after the next dance?"

"Easiest thing you know, Aunt Aggy," Roberta told her gaily. She turned to Roger, who had been pursuing her. "Roger, tell the leader that the intermission for supper comes after the next dance."

"Then don't let anybody cut in on us until we get there," said Roger. "I refuse to carry the message myself."

"Oh, I can't promise anything," Roberta told him. "I tell you one thing—the man who takes me over to the musicians and delivers the message has the rest of the dance."

"Done," Sir George's voice said, and towering over Roger, he gently replaced him as her partner.

Utterly ignoring another youth who tried to cut in, he had Roberta swiftly over by the musicians and gave her message to the leader.

Then Roberta suddenly found herself lifted over the sill of the long open window behind the musicians and out on the terrace.

"What on earth did you do that for?" she asked indignantly. "You don't want to dance with me?"

"Not just now," he frankly admitted, "though later on I'll enjoy it very much, thank you." Then as they went toward the edge of the terrace, he said softly. "I thought you might want to go with me down to the little landing place."

"I think you'll see why if you go down there. I don't know whether you want your father to see, too."

"I don't know what you mean."

"I believe you," Sir George said simply and heartily. "Through most people wouldn't. I can make myself a little plainer, perhaps, by directing your attention to the canoes as we come toward them. You will notice that one of the canoes is occupied, and that the occupant is smoking a cigarette and waiting rather impatiently. I may be wrong, but I think he's waiting for you."

Roberta shrugged her shoulders. "How can I help it? In as large a party as this there's always likely to be at least one moon calf."

"This isn't one of the guests," he told her dryly. "Or, if it is it's one who hasn't been at the house yet."

Roberta's face stiffened in the moonlight as she stifled an exclamation and took a hurried step toward the little dock.

He followed her down. As they neared the dock, however, Roberta stopped and hesitated. "I—You must go back now. I'd rather meet him alone."

"Sorry, but I can't do that. Oh, absolutely not!"

Roberta faced him angrily. "I don't have to explain everything I do to you. You've absolutely nothing to do with me or any of my affairs."

"Absolutely right! But since you

are afraid of your father's eye, or you would bring this fellow into your father's house, you will pardon me if I remain on guard. At a sufficient distance of course."

"You will do nothing of the kind. You will go to the house and join the others. I will come back at the end of this dance."

He shook his head. He was not, if his suspicions were correct, calmly going to look on at an attempt to kidnap MacBeth's daughter.

The girl turned on him about to say something drastic, when he moved so that the lantern light illumined his face. "I say," he called toward the still figure in the canoe, "are you waiting to see me or Miss MacBeth?"

The cigarette was thrown hastily into the water. There was a faint sound of a paddle, and the canoe began to move.

(To Be Continued)

### Lobsters For Boston Market

SHEDIAC, N. B., Aug. 22.—Lobsters have commenced to move from this section of Northumberland Strait to the Boston market. According to the Natural Resources Department of the Canadian National Railways from present indications it would appear that the Boston and other markets will absorb a greater quantity of lobsters this season than for several years past.

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are some of the names: Dublin Djerna, Strybursic, Djalap Stryl, Djalama, Diakrya, Stry Cottaryl, Ondak, Nervella, Vibrah Parklex, Burgora and Cottan.

Our old friend the bunny rabbit—or his fur—gets yet another name, for Djalap is rabbit fur interwoven with wool thread. It is likely to be popular for afternoon and street wear.

Djalama is closely woven wool with diagonal ridges and with finish resembling silk.

Silk and wool make up Diakrya the warp being wool and the weft silk. Strya is a striped fabric, the stripes being alternately woven loosely and tightly, giving a corded roe effect.

The Djubil Djerna is a tightly woven fabric which has a finish like silk braid. Stryl is a diagonally ribbed material. Vibrah is wool with a chenille finish. Cottaryl is silk and wool. Parklex is a sport fabric. Nervella is a heavy winter fabric. Ondak is a fancy wool material. Strybursic is heavily ribbed, and Burgora has shadow stripes running diagonally.

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### ROSE VALLEY INSTITUTE

The regular monthly meeting of the Rose Valley Women's Institute was held at the home of Mrs. Wm. Cousins on Wednesday evening, Aug. 10th with twelve members and four visitors present. Roll Call was answered by "A book I have recently read and enjoyed," and two papers were read "The importance of literature on our lives" by Margaret Mathieson. The delegates to the convention at Charlottetown gave a splendid report and the president reported the district convention which was held at Fredericton. Sick committee reported four people visited. The stork had also called at two of the homes, leaving at one a bouncing baby boy, at the other a bonnie wee girl. Fruit was ordered to be sent to all the sick folk. The financial report of the ice cream social was given. A snug sum was realized which goes towards school needs. A reading "How Mrs. Candid entertains the W. L." was given by the secretary. Next meeting to be held at the home of Mrs. James Todd on Wednesday evening Sept. 14th. Roll Call to be answered by "My favorite flower." Meeting adjourned and lunch was served by the hostess.

NEW FASHION FABRICS HAVE QUEER NAMES

PARIS, Aug. 22.—Women are set a problem in pronouncing the names of the new fashion fabrics which Paris is now offering. Here

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