

# Woman's Realm / Social and Personal / Fashions / Literature

## Dorothy Dix Says—

### PREPARATION FOR MARRIAGE IMPORTANT TO EVERY GIRL

Knowledge Of Cooking And Household Budgeting Are Essential Fundamentals For Further Success

Dear Dorothy Dix—I am 20 years old and expect to marry a doctor within the next few years. I would like to know how I can best fit myself to be a good doctor's wife. Should I take any special training or what?



**ANSWER**—I think that the best way a girl can fit herself to be a good wife to any man is to learn how to keep a budget and cook before she takes his pocketbook and stomach into her keeping instead of waiting to learn how to run a house and manage a husband by trial and error after she marries. Statistics show that by far the largest number of divorces are granted to young people whose marriages have gone bloezy within the first four or five years of matrimony, and this without doubt is due to a great extent to the brides falling down on their jobs. They don't know the first thing about how to cook, or to spend money, or to make a man comfortable, and by the time the young husband had seen most of his salary go into the garbage can and had acquired chronic dyspepsia from being fed on bad food he was ready to throw up his hands and quit. So if you have never had any special experience in running a house fit yourself for the career you are about to undertake before you are called upon to practice it. If you do it will save you a lot of scraps with your husband.

An inexperienced young house-keeper weeping over an inedible meal is funny in the pictures, but it isn't funny to the hungry man who craves a good dinner. He may kiss little sweet-tum's tears away, but he thinks her an awful fool.

Next to making your husband comfortable, you should fit yourself to be a doctor's wife by cultivating the largest possible amount of common sense and by acquiring a philosophy that will enable you to laugh off little trials and tribulations which would send the wife of the ordinary man to bed in hysterics.

You must accept the fact that a doctor belongs more to his patients than he does to his wife, and that he is ethically financially bound to put their needs and even their whims above her pleasure, if he is ever to acquire a practice and be successful.

You must harden yourself to disappointments, for nine times out of 10, when you have doted yourself up in your prettiest dress and are starting out to a swanky party, or to see a play, the telephone will ring, and you will have to give it all up, because the Jones' boy had stubbed his toe, or Grandma Smith has had one of her spells.

And for the first few years, while your doctor is going his start, you will be a slave on the telephone, tracking him from place to place for some emergency call.

And, above all, you must purge your system of every particle of jealousy and have intelligence enough to look upon the neurotic

ladies in pink negligees as the benefactors who supply you with good clothes and cars and trips, and realize that the more of them the better. A green-eyed wife who is always hanging around her husband's office and keeping tabs on his movements will blight any doctor's career.

Your fiancé is the only one who can give you any advice about whether you should take any special training in nursing or office work, but that is material. What you need to be a good doctor's wife is just to be a good sport.

### MEN HIDE BEHIND SKIRTS

Dear Dorothy Dix—Can you please tell me what to do about a husband who always hides behind his wife's skirts. That is the way mine does. He tells the dentist he won't have all of his bridge work done now because his wife has had an operation. He tells his boss he needs a raise in salary because his wife has to go to the mountains for her health. He tells his own friends he can't go fishing with them without taking his wife along, because she likes to fish more than he does. He tells his landlord he is moving because his wife doesn't like the new place. He tells his mother that we won't be able to come to see her this summer because his wife says we just can't make it at this time, what can you do with a man like that? What ails him?

**DOROTHY.**

**ANSWER**—It is just atavistic. It is a characteristic he inherited from his greatest grandpa. When the first man got into trouble he hid his alibi all ready. The woman then saved me, she did it, and every one of his descendants has worked it overtime ever since. So don't blame your husband. Blame Adam.

And don't take it too hard. What men really marry for is to get someone who will be a standing excuse for everything they do and don't do. Maybe it is part of the little boy complex that no man ever outgrows that makes him lay things on his wife, just as little Tommy lays breaking the window on to Sammy. Otherwise you can't explain why a big, strong, brave man will hold his wife responsible for his having lost too much money at poker, or not writing to his mother.

But there it is, men have always hidden behind their wives' skirts, and the only thing the sensible wife can do is just to see the humor of it and give him a good handhold.

**KEEP SECRETS TO YOURSELF**

Dear Dorothy Dix—I am a girl of 20 and I have a sister who is a year older. She is devoted to me and

Test its ECONOMY! SEE IF YOU DON'T GET MORE RICH FLAVOUR MORE SATISFYING GOODNESS FROM EVERY POUND



### Mustard Plaster of Great Value

The application of mustard plasters to the baby's chest are of value when he has a cold. It helps him to breathe more easily and often relieves the severity of his cough. The physician will advise you as to the quantities of mustard and flour to use. The strength which is most commonly used consists of one part of mustard and five of flour.

To prepare the plaster mix the quantities of flour and mustard in a bowl with sufficient lukewarm water to form a paste and spread on soft cotton, muslin or brown paper. Turn the edges neatly back on the plaster, cover with a second piece of muslin or cotton, and fold over on all sides.

If you use brown paper on which to spread the mustard mixture, you must cover it with the muslin and in applying the plaster put the muslin side to the chest. The plaster made on paper is firm and is readily kept in place.

If your physician orders a plaster to cover the front and back of the chest you should make a little jacket of the muslin or cotton by cutting out around the arm holes and fastening on the shoulders.

Put vaseline on the baby's chest and apply the plaster holding it in place with a towel fastened with safety pins. Leave the plaster on until the skin is slightly reddened which is usually about 15 minutes.

believes that I am everything that is good and fine. She is that way herself. What would she think of me if she knew that I had had a disgraceful love affair with a boy who has moved away to a distant State and is now out of my life? Every time I am with my sister I get all fidgety and suddenly feel that I must tell her about my wrongdoing, though I know what she will think of me then. But it makes me feel like a hypocrite to be admired by someone like my sister when I know I am not worthy of her good opinion. Should I tell my sister my secret, or should I keep my sins to myself?

**ANSWER**—By all means keep your secret to yourself. What is done, and cannot be changed, is the talking about it. No good could be accomplished by destroying your sister's faith in you. It would only grieve and shame her and make her feel that she could not trust you. Confession is only justifiable when it will right a wrong. At other times it is weakness and selfishness, because it is forcing innocent people to share with us our burdens of remorse. Keep your secret. Quit brooding over it yourself. Only remember when you are tempted to do wrong again.

During this time you must frequently raise the plaster sufficiently to observe its effect upon the baby's skin. After removing the plaster wipe the skin gently with olive oil and cover with soft cotton or vaselin. Do not repeat more often than every four hours.

### CLEANSING CREAM

Cleansing cream will go a good deal further if applied with cotton wool previously wrung out in cold water.

Less than 80 years ago, tomatoes were called "love apples," and were cultivated for show, not for food.

World consumption of nickel in 1939 amounted to approximately 256,000,000 pounds.

An especially nice little girl's dress has a flared skirt of white pique with a band of red and white stripes above the hem, and a striped bodice with a white collar.



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## WHAT HAPPENED AT MONTALBAN

By PETER BENEDETTO CHAPTER IV THAT'S CHARLES

Molly Balcon had been at Montalban nearly a month when Charles came home. The time had passed tranquilly enough, yet there had been always at the back of her mind, the thought of the plain-clothes man from Scotland Yard still walking leisurely through the beech-woods.

She had never been so near to an investigation into murder before, and the sensation was not restful. There were times when she hoped never to see the man again, but the unfruitful quest. But there were other times when she found herself wishing that they would find a lead and end the business over. Here were innocent people wondering constantly about their own safety, and there was no security for any of them but in Scotland Yard still walking leisurely through the beech-woods.

Her work was easy. The baby grew steadily, and was little trouble, and though Barbara's progress was not so marked, it became increasingly obvious that she was sufficiently recovered to enjoy her illness. Molly said to Dr. Leonard, one day as he was leaving the house: "You'll not want me here very much longer."

"I think so. The mother's very unstable, you know. And don't place too much reliance on the present calm. I'm afraid the troubles of the family are by no means over. The police are still at work. Murder cases aren't dropped like that. And one hint of more trouble for her, and back Mrs. Ralph would go to the bed."

"But there can't be more trouble for her," said Molly. "If a man's once been tried and acquitted, he can't be tried again." "That's true, but her husband isn't the only possibility, you know," Molly laughed. "You don't seriously suppose she'd care if the rest were hanged, do you?"

The doctor laughed, too, rather wryly.

"Still, I'd like you to be here. There's a certain amount of morbid excitement in the air here which needs your presence to counteract it. The less mention she hears of the trial, the better, and the less has to do with her amiable in-laws the better, too."

It was early afternoon as they talked and Molly was wheeling the baby's pram before her down the drive towards the gates. There they parted, he to the remainder of a scattered road, she to sunny stone beach. Robert turned to the left side of the lake.

Her first sensation as she sounded Dr. Leonard and found him determined to keep her there had been one of pleasure. She had no desire to escape from Montalban. This vista, for instance, she would never remember without a fondness of the large, the smiling lake, and the white expanse of the terrace beyond, and the soaring beauty of the house. And the belleverie, where the old man and the young man and his attendant often on fine mornings, she met them there still. Sir John had conveniently taken a liking to her.

beside the pram, and watched the light of the sun caressing the face of the old house. And she beheld approaching her from the side, the Lawrence Severn and Robert Montalban the younger, the cripple, very friendly and very leisurely together.

Robert never, she thought, had been so tall as his brother, or so complete a copy of his father. He was below medium height now, the head, as in his spine had been terribly injured somewhere in the centre of the column. He went haltingly, but he did not use a stick or a crutch, and disdained to be helped except on his worst days, even then preferring to stay in his own rooms, out of sight. There was little of him, perhaps between eight and nine stone, though she thought that in his more fortunate days he had been a strong, an athletic man. As for his face, it was the family countenance, but with a distinct difference. The eyes had a twinkle; the mouth smiled more frequently and more generously than the mouths of the rest. Probably, she reflected, it was because he had encountered some real physical suffering, whereas the rest had only spent their energies in tormenting one another.

"Well, how's your patient?" asked Severn, threading a rosebud into his buttonhole.

"Asleep, I trust. She was when I left her ten minutes ago." "What have you done with yours?" "Sir John is in his huskiest mood, and has told me quite frankly that he's seen enough of my face for one day. No doubt he'll shout when he wants me."

"He'll be shouting by dinner-time," said Robert with a smile. "Wait until he wants a party at chess, and the hue and cry will go out for Severn. He beats everyone else too easily."

"How can people say he's failing?" wondered Molly.

"Oh, that's home manufactured. He finds it very useful. It makes all the people he detests avoid him when the pleasure. It's the universal alibi—not responsible for my actions, you know." His deep eyes dwelt thoughtfully upon her face. "Extraordinary, isn't it? Robert's counsel wanted to know if he would consider using it—if things looked difficult. Ralph! I shall never forget that row. Poor old Charles was there," he added softly. "He all but burst into flames."

So there was a certain amount of clan feeling in the house. With his sweetest heart and his brother accused, Charles had flared in defence of his brother. That was a queer thought. Did it mean that he refused utterly to believe in the death as murder? Or did he think someone else had committed the murder?

As if he could read her thoughts, Robert said in his easy way: "Don't mind my meddling about you, Nurse. We do it ourselves. Everyone who comes here does it. Severn here gave up trying to disguise it long ago. He doesn't even keep it silent now. If he wants to know anything he simply asks."

"I'm not Severn," said Molly drily. "No, but there aren't any boundaries to speculation." He sat down beside her, his misshapen shoulders heavy against the clear sunlight. "You haven't met Charles, of course. He's coming home to-day."

"Today?" she said in surprise. "I didn't know he was expected. Won't

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### PHONE to-day

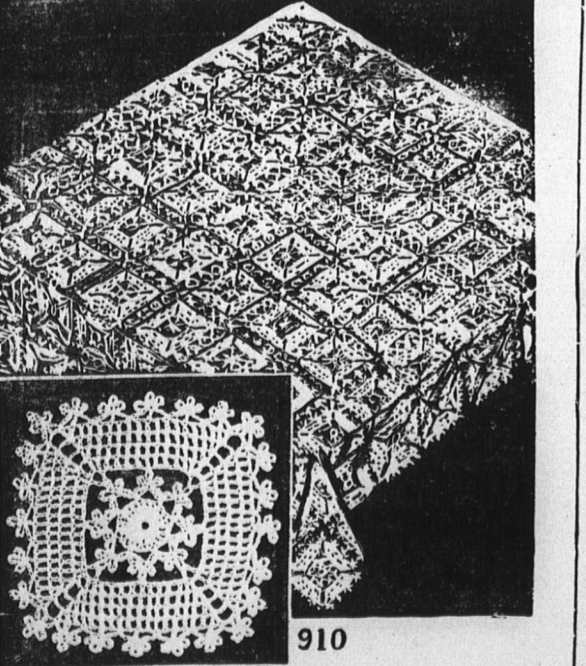
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## PERFECT SALAD FOR THE FAMILY DINNER!



### GARDEN SALAD

Cut head lettuce into five or six sections, arranging star-fashion in bowl lined with curly endive. Between sections arrange tomato wedges, green pepper rings, and radish roses, as illustrated. Serve with Piquante French Dressing made by combining ½ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon sugar, ¼ teaspoon paprika, ½ teaspoon Heinz Prepared Brown Mustard, ½ teaspoon Heinz Worcestershire Sauce, ½ teaspoon onion juice, ¼ cup Heinz Distilled White Vinegar, ½ cup salad oil.

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