

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

Dorothy Dix' Letter Box

Unlikes Attract — and Live to Regret it if They Marry, Says Dorothy Dix—Would-Be Suicide Needs to Look Facts in Face. What Girls Think of Married Flirts

Dear Miss Dix—In the world of physical nature unlikes attract and likes repel. Does this phenomenon of physical nature occur in human nature? Do people of like or unlike personality, temperament and character attract each other? Do people of like or unlike character, once they are attracted, hold together longest and best? What about people of different characters with similar tastes or avocations?



What about different nationalities?
W. A. W.

Answer:
Nature, which is concerned only with the good of the race and not with individual happiness, often ordains that the law of the attraction of opposites shall work in human nature as well as in physical nature. Thus we see big men marrying little half-portion women; blondes crazy about brunettes and vice versa; quiet, staid little maidens falling in love with dashing rouders; college professors choosing Dumb Doras for life companions, and close-fisted, penny-pinching men espousing wasteful spenders.

Otherwise we should develop a race of giants or pigmies, of morons or highbrows, of go-getters or loafers, but—and this is one of Mother Nature's cruel little jokes on humanity—the attractions of opposites that drew a couple together before marriage nearly always rends them asunder after marriage, and the men and women who picked out their mates because they were something different find when they get them home and look at them at close range, that they don't like them simply because they ARE different.

This is the basis of the complaint that you hear oftenest from married people, that their husbands and wives do not understand them, or sympathize with them, and that they have nothing in common. This is true, but it is not the fault of the party of the other part. It is simply the result of having married their opposites.

The tender, loving, warm-hearted girl starves for the demonstrations of affection that her cold, reserved husband cannot give her because he isn't built that way. He is frigidaire instead of a furnace. The intellectual man is bored to tears by the stupid little wife who never even reads a sixth-best best seller. The gay, pleasure-loving man soon wears of the lectures of his prim, puritanical wife and leaves her at home when he steps out of an evening.

And so it goes all down the line. Happiness in marriage depends more upon congeniality, than upon any other one thing, and congeniality is a matter of like to like. Every family quarrel is the expression of conflicting opinions. All domestic harmony is the result of two people thinking alike, looking at things from the same point of view, having the same tastes and habits.

Two people can have a beautiful time together staying at home or evenings or going to night clubs; playing golf or pushing a perambulator; going to symphony concerts or to hear a jazz band, if they both enjoy doing the same thing. It is when one wants to be a fireside fixture and the other wants to dance; when one longs to go places and see things and the other desires no livelier amusement than watching the baby sleep that trouble begins.

So if you want to be happy though married, pick out your double for a mate. It is the one best bet. And the same thing holds good of friends. We are often attracted to a brilliant and entertaining stranger whose whole range of experience is entirely different from ours and whose beliefs and theories and opinions are diametrically opposed to ours, but such friendships rarely last and have no peace in them while they do.

Argumentation is the death of friendship and we soon grow weary of the society of those to whom we cannot even say it is a pleasant day without starting something. Nor do we enjoy the company of those who never see eye to eye with us about politics or religion or books or plays. The friends we grapple to us with hoops of steel are those who laugh at the same jokes and like the same style of cooking and hold to the same theories that we do.

All national loyalties and prejudices are the result of like calling to like. We feel that our own people are always right because their way is our way, and we distrust foreigners because their ways are different. Few international marriages are happy because after the glamour of strangeness has worn off a man wants a wife who is a replica of the women of his own people, and the woman wants a husband who treats her according to the code for husbands to which she is accustomed.

DOROTHY DIX.

Dear Miss Dix—Would you consider suicide justifiable under the following circumstances? I am a highly trained man in every specialized field demanding college and graduate training, and I am successful in my profession. I am very happily married and have two fine children, both young. But I am utterly miserable because I simply can't continue in my present vocation. If I try to continue in it, it will mean a terrific nervous strain which will make our home life miserable, react unfavorably on the children and terminate in a complete collapse on my part. There are many factors that make it difficult for me to get in some different line of work, but the real complication is found in the fact that I know that my wife married me because of what I was doing. She loves me, but the one big element in that love is her devotion to the thing my work represents.

If I were removed from the scene, I am sure that my wife would ultimately remarry a man in such work as I have undertaken and which is getting me. My children would not have to undergo the nervous tension to vocational maladjustment on the part of their dad. So it seems best for everybody for me to fade out of the picture. What do you think?
X.

Answer:
I think that yours is about the craziest letter that has ever come to this department and my earnest advice to you is to consult some good alienist. Possibly there are conditions under which suicide may be justified, but certainly no man in your position has the faintest excuse for taking his own life. And you are a coward and a quitter even to think of such a thing.

As you put the case, you are contemplating killing yourself merely because you don't like the kind of work you are doing, and because you think it will upset the family for you to make a change to something that will pay less well. That is a fine and dandy alibi, isn't it, for a man to offer for committing self-murder?

Do you think that it will upset the family less to have a suicide in it than it will to have you give up your job? It is rather a shocking thing to have father blow out his brains in the library or turn on the gas in the kitchen. Nor does it add to the prestige of children to have a suicide father in the background. People always suspect insanity.

And as for thinking that your wife can marry into the profession you seem to think she has set her heart on, that's highly problematical unless you are carrying a good life insurance. Not many men are seeking widows with readymade families.

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J-1-33

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I'm betting dollars to doughnuts, Mr. X., that what's the matter with you is that you are afraid of your wife, and that is why you would rather kill yourself than tell her that you are going to leave a distasteful occupation and do the kind of work you like to do. Brace up and be a man. Give up the work that is driving you crazy and try something else, but don't make the change via the suicide route. If you do you may find you have jumped out of the frying pan into the fire.
DOROTHY DIX.

Dear Miss Dix—What do girls think of the married man who flirts with them? Would they marry such a man knowing what he is? Do they pity his wife?
DISILLUSIONED.

Answer:
Depends on the girl. Sometimes she thinks the married man who flirts with her is easy money and good for good times. Sometimes she thinks he is a contemptible beast, who makes her putting up with his love-making the price of holding her job.

Many a girl marries such a man because her vanity makes her believe that she can hold him even if his wife couldn't. Many other girls have seen so much of flirtatious husbands that they have lost all faith in men. Some girls pity the married flirts' wife and thank God that they don't have to live with them.
DOROTHY DIX.

before she went to him," cried Rosemary. "I think he is awfully generous, Nell. I was only getting ten a week with Layton, and Grenoble is giving me fifteen. And he's designing and paying for all my clothes, even the ones I wear off the stage, and a dream house with a staff of servants—why, Nell, it's too perfect!"

"Yes, and you've signed that the contract is automatically annulled if you do anything to 'destroy your mystery or your beauty.' That might mean anything—and at fifteen pounds a week, why, he's giving me the same amount for just being your companion!"

"And so he should, Nellie!" cried Rosemary, warmly. "After all, you're making a sacrifice to do it. You're giving up your own work."
"Oh, I'm glad enough to leave the stage. I'm getting old, and shops were harder and harder to find. I shall enjoy giving Layton notice tonight. And Rosie, darling, you must stop calling me Nell," she added. "I know what you mean—as Rosemary made a gesture, 'You'll think 'Nell,' but you must say Mrs. Forrest and I'll call you Madame, or Madame Marigold. Grenoble was very definite about that. We must keep up the illusion before the servants when we come back to the dream house in London. So we must begin now."

"All right," agreed Rosemary, "I suppose it doesn't matter. You know how grateful I am to you, and how much it will mean to me to have you there."
"It will be lonely, child," said Nell. "Always having to keep in character, even before the servants. Never allowing the veil of mystery to drop for one single moment. Oh, it will be lonely for you."
"But I don't mind a bit!" cried the girl. "I've never known anybody,

as for the costumes she was to wear in the theatre. The latter sometimes made the girl hesitate. There was nothing actually wrong with them, certainly they were lovely in colour and line, but she felt a bit uncomfortable in them, even before the admiring eyes of the dress-makers. She wondered what to do about it and felt that perhaps she was a bit prudish when the modiste laughed at her.

The garments she was to wear in her new home, however, were an unalloyed delight to her. There were evening gowns that sparkled like stars or in misty tones of mauves, blue or rose make her look like "Une Princesse lointaine," as the ecstatic modiste said. There were evening cloaks, too, in sable, ermine and velvet, with great upstanding collars of fox and mink.

For The Cook

Firm Chocolate Custards

2 eggs
2 tablespoons sugar
¼ teaspoon salt
1-3 cup cocoa
1-6 cup water
1 pint scalded milk
¼ teaspoon vanilla

Beat the eggs slightly and add the sugar and salt to them, mixing well. Blend the cocoa smoothly with the cold water, bring to the boil, and after one minute stir into first mixture. Slowly stir in the hot milk, add the flavoring (perhaps you will like a dash of almond with vanilla, and turn into buttered custard cups.

Place the cups (or any small ramekins) in a pan containing some hot water and cook the custards in a slow oven, 325 degrees F., about 40 minutes or until set. To test, do the same as for any custard—thrust the wet blade of a knife into the centre; if it comes out mistle the custard is not quite done; if the knife is clean and clear remove the custards from the heat immediately, because overcooking will ruin them.

Perhaps instead of using individual cups, you would like to make a single large custard. If so, use three eggs to the pint of milk or six eggs to the quart. Three or four custard cups—depending, of course, on the size—can be filled with the amount given in the recipe.

Cocoanut custards are a great favorite and the cocoanut goes well with the chocolate flavor given by the cocoa. Just sprinkle some cocoanut over the surface of each custard before baking.

Lemon Cake

Half cup shortening, one cup brown sugar, one egg, grated rind of one lemon one cup raisins, three-quarters cup sour milk, one teaspoon soda, one and three-quarters cups flour. Cream shortening and

A Morning Smile

TOOK HER AT HER WORD

"What was his present, dear?" asked a chorus of female voices on Boxing Day. "Was it a pearl brooch or a bracelet, or was it a diamond tiara?" The fair fiancée's eyes, which lately had glittered with glowing anticipations, grew moist. "It wasn't anything!" she replied. "Not anything?" cried her friends. "Oh, the brute! How did it happen?" "Well, you see," explained the bitterly disappointed one, the tears now bursting through their barriers, "he told me w-what I wanted, and I told him I'd love him just as much if he didn't get me anything—and s-so h-he i-didn't!"

"You go into a tobacconist's shop" bawled the anti-tobacco crank, "you place sixpence on the counter, you get a packet of cigarettes—and you get more. For in the wake of those cigarettes come beer, whisky, brandy, and—'Lummel!' interrupted one of his audience. 'Who's your tobacconist, gov'nor?'"

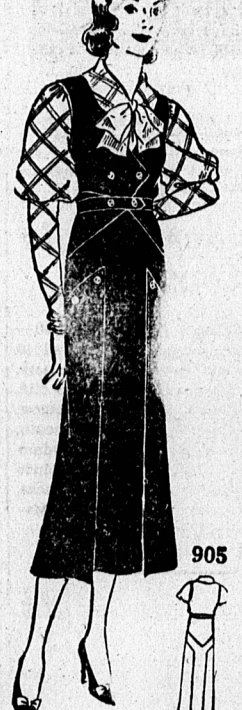
sugar well; add beaten egg; add lemon rind; the raisins coated lightly with some of the flour; and, lastly, add, alternately, the sour milk, with soda dissolved in it, and the flour. Bake in moderate oven three-quarters of an hour. When cooked, and while hot, cover the top with the lemon juice mixed with quarter cup of brown sugar (extra). This cake needs no further icing and will keep fresh for some time. Also nice made with an orange. Delicious.

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By modern vaporizing ointment—Just rub on VICKS VAPORUM ACTS 2 WAYS AT ONCE

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AS DIRECTED by Order of the Court of Chancery, in the matter of McLean vs. Forbes, No. D 154, I will set up and sell by Public Auction on the premises of the late George Forbes at Vernon Bridge in Queen's County, on Thursday the second day of February, A. D. 1933, beginning at one o'clock in the afternoon, all the household furniture, farm stock, farming implements and farm produce of or belonging to the estate of the said George Forbes, deceased.
Terms as to credit and conditions of sale will be announced at sale.
For further particulars apply to the undersigned.
Dat: 1 this 25th January, A. D. 1933.
D. EDGAR SHAW,
Master in Chancery.

The Double Act

A Romance of the Theatre BY MARION TOMLINSON

CHAPTER VIII.

MADAME MARIGOLD

Grenoble was a man of quick decisions, and once he had made up his mind he lost no time in putting his plans into operation. It was an hour later when Rosemary and Nell Forrest left his office, but during that time contracts had been drawn up and signed, and Rosemary had in her bag more money than she had ever in her life possessed before.

They went out through a now crowded waiting room, and when they had safely passed the offended Tonkins, Rosemary turned to her friend with the solemn eyes of a child.
"I don't believe it, Nell, I simply don't believe it! We're to go for a whole month to the Riviera, stopping only long enough in Paris to have our measurements taken. Then we stop in London on the way back to collect the clothes that will have been made to Grenoble's design in the meantime. When we get back to London, Rosemary Martin will have disappeared, and Marigold, Madame Marigold, will have arrived. It's a fairy tale come to life!"

Mrs. Forrest answered her more practically. "That contract worries me," she said. "You shouldn't have signed for that money. Imagine what happens Dolores Monclair. A hundred a week at least."
"Oh, but she was a great actress

TREAT COLDS IN THE FIRST STAGE!

—and You Nip Them in the Bud!

A cold ordinarily progresses through three stages: The Dry Stage, the first 24 hours; the Watery Secretion Stage; 1 to 3 days the Mucous Secretion Stage. Relief in the first stage is far easier than in the latter stages. In fact, it is taking chances to let a cold run beyond 24 hours.
For prompt relief of a cold take Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine. This famous tablet stops a cold quickly because it does the four things necessary. It opens the bowels. It kills the cold germs and fever in the system. It relieves the headache and grippy feeling. It tones the entire system and fortifies against further attack. That is the treatment a cold requires!
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NOTE: During Epidemics a tablet or two of Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine every morning and night will do much to keep your system immune.

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FEMALE COMPLAINT

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Write to Dr. Pierce's Clinic, Buffalo, N. Y., for free medical advice.

(To be Continued)