

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

Dorothy Dix Letter Box

What Makes a Girl Popular? — Tragedy of Wife Who Has Fallen in Love With Her Stepson. Sage Advice to Would-be Husband of 18

Dear Miss Dix—What is your definition of a popular girl? What makes a girl popular? Is it necessary for her to be beautiful? And what is beauty? My mother says that the young people now are terrible. Do you think the boys and girls are any worse now than they were when my mother was young?



Answer: A popular girl is one who is liked and admired by her own sex as well as the opposite one. She is the girl at whose coming every eye brightens and who makes every party complete. She is never left out of things. She is the first one thought of when any sort of pleasure is arranged and the boys flock around her like bees around a honey pot. She has always plenty of dates and lots of cut-ins at dances.

Of course, it helps a girl to be popular to be beautiful, because we all like to look at pretty and attractive things, and there is nothing lovelier in nature than a beautiful woman, but beauty is not essential to popularity. Indeed, in a way, it is a hindrance to a girl's popularity with her own sex, because it rouses envy in their bosoms, and so it has to be offset with a lot of sweetness and amiability. Nor does beauty make a girl popular with men if her good looks cause her to be arrogant and haughty. Many of the most popular girls are those who have not a single good feature to boast themselves with, but who are so kind and genial and pleasant to get along with that everybody loves them.

I should say the things that make a girl popular are for her to be amiable and good-natured, to have the kindness that comes from a tender heart, for her to be willing to take the trouble to make other people happy, for her to have the gracious tact that keeps her from saying or doing the things that hurt and mortify others, for her to be wide awake and intelligent and able to talk entertainingly and for her to be able to do the things that make her always welcome in society—for her to be able to play games and dance, to cook a little, play the piano a little and sing a little, to do the things that make her fit in any picture.

Nobody can tell you, my dear, just what beauty is because there are no fixed standards, and what one person thinks is beauty another doesn't. Some people admire only blondes. Others rave only over brunettes. In our own country the accepted type of feminine pulchritude is the living skeleton, while in Oriental countries the fatter a woman is the more of a living picture she is esteemed.

It has been said that beauty lies in the eye of the beholder, and that is true. We all see beauty in those we love, whether they are really beautiful or homely.

Also, beauty is largely a synthetic process nowadays and is mainly a matter of pretty and becoming clothes and make-up discreetly applied. The average of good looks among women is 90 per cent greater now than it was twenty years ago. In the old days a woman had to be even as God made her, but now she can make herself over according to her favorite cinema heroine.

Your mother is wrong about thinking young people are any more terrible now than they were in her day. Human nature doesn't change and the average of goodness and badness among youngsters and the amount of follies they commit does not alter.

Of course, the boys and girls of today do many things that they didn't do in your mother's day, and she thinks that they are going straight to perdition, but she did many things that her mother didn't do, and grandma made the same prophecy about her. Of course, girls and boys go skylarking now in high-powered automobiles, but they used to go riding in side-bar buggies in mother's time. There was a lot of one-handed driving then, as now, and I doubt if there is any more petting in parked automobiles now than there used to be on the horse-hair sofa in the back parlor when mother was a girl.

Every generation believes that virtue will perish with it and that the youngsters they are leaving the world to will smash it into smithereens, but the accident never happens. The whoopee boys and girls settle down into sedate, conservative men and women who are pillars of society and who wrong their hands over how wild and harum-scarum their

children are and wonder what the world is coming to. DOROTHY DIX. Dear Miss Dix—A most tragic thing has come into my life. I married a man twenty-four years my senior and after living with him for seventeen years I have fallen madly in love with his son by a former marriage, who is just my age. He returns my affection, and the course we have decided upon is to mark time, is possible, until my husband passes on. The son is devoted to his father and says he will gladly await the time when we can have each other without any regret or heartaches. My husband has been a wonderful husband and I love him devotedly. Can you imagine a worse situation than we are in? MARION.

Answer: You present an aspect of the human triangle that is as morbid and ghastly as any ever set forth in a Eugene O'Neill play.

Yet such grizzly tragedies do happen in real life, perhaps oftener than we know. One can even understand how they happen when a girl marries a man old enough to be her father and then is thrown in contact with his son of her own age. Youth calls to youth, and nobody is to blame unless it is cynical old Mother Nature, who made things that way and left us poor, weak mortals to take the consequences.

But it is a horrible and a gruesome thing to wait for dead men's shoes and it debases the character quicker than anything else. It atrophies everything that is fine and noble in a man and woman to sit and watch for some sign of disease in another, for them to coldly calculate the chances of some one being run over by an automobile or meeting with some other accident.

For hope to leap up in their breasts every time some one looks pale or complains of some ailment and then for hope to die down as the one recovers. Whether they admit it or not there is murder in the heart of every man and woman whose happiness and wellbeing depends upon the death of another.

So, if you want to save your love and save your respect for each other, break off this dreadful engagement to wait until your husband passes on to marry. The only decent thing is for you to part and forget each other as much as you can, substitute other interests and other thoughts and do your duty to the man who has been a good, kind father and husband.

And never let him find out about this unhappy love that has come into your lives. It would break his heart to know that both his son and his wife had been faithless to him, even if their sin against him was committed unintentionally. DOROTHY DIX.

Dear Miss Dix—I am 18 years old and I want to marry a girl who is six months younger than myself. My parents are very much opposed to it. They say I am too young. I think that age doesn't matter as long as we love each other. I am writing you in hopes that you can convince my parents that they are just being selfish in refusing to let me marry and making me very unhappy. A. H. S.

Answer: Age does matter in your case, son, because at 18 a boy is incapable of a lasting love. Nor is he ready to settle down. Any girl that you would marry now you would be sick and tired of you by the time you are grown up.

As for your parents being selfish in refusing to let you marry, you are the selfish one in wanting to force them to take on the support of your wife and the babies you would have, because at 18 you are certainly not earning enough money to provide for a family.

You may think you are unhappy now, but you are not so unhappy as you would be if you were tied down with a family and had to forego all the pleasures of youth. Listen to your parents and save yourself a lot of grief. DOROTHY DIX.

A Morning Smile

"Sandy has arranged his marriage for February 29th." "What's his idea of choosing that particular date?" "He has a thrifty eye on future anniversary expenses."

For The Cook

RED DEVIL CAKE 1/2 cupful shortening. 2 cupfuls sugar. 2 egg yolks. 2 egg whites. 2 1/2 cupfuls flour. 1/2 teaspoonful salt. 2 teaspoonfuls baking powder. 1 cupful boiling water. 1 1/2 teaspoonful soda. 1 cupful sour milk or buttermilk. 2 squares bitter chocolate. 1 teaspoonful vanilla. Cream the shortening and sugar until light, add well-beaten egg yolks, then sour milk or buttermilk alternately with flour, salt and bak-

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John Gresham's Girl

By Concordia Merrel

(Cont. nued)

"She's got some reason, beyond the mere desire to see justice done, for her anxiety over this Warrington business," he thought to himself, "and I'd very much like to know what the reason is."

Lucy was deep in those papers all the afternoon and evening. There were a lot of them; notes taken by Oliver himself during the preliminary examination of Warrington; depositions of the lawyers when the affair reached that serious stage, and a very full account of the whole trial.

At first, she was so feverishly anxious to find something to support her certainty of Jim's innocence, that she read quickly; eating up the lengthy wordage with her eyes, but scarcely grasping its sense with her brain. But, presently, she realized that she must read more slowly, more carefully, and so it was late that evening before she had really got the idea of the thing as it had happened. The evidence, as Oliver had said, seemed terribly strong against Jim. But her belief in him was stronger still, and it did not waver, even though she could see no clear support for it.

There was just one thing her mind worried over and couldn't leave, and that was the fact that Macklin's evidence against Jim

seemed to have had terrific effect. She could see now, just how Macklin came into the scheme of things, and his narrow face was often before her mind's eye.

She sat in a deep chair, the papers on a table beside her and went over the whole thing in her mind. But no matter what tracks she started and tried to follow, she always found herself saying, "Macklin. . . I don't like him. There's something shifty about him. Still, one must be fair unbiassed. All the same. . ."

It was nearly eleven o'clock before the thought came to her: "Supposing Macklin had supported Jim in his contention that he had lost his wallet before the robbery took place? Supposing that, when Macklin had been asked whether Jim had spoken of the loss of it, he had said yes instead of no?"

At that point, she found her heart drumming. . . Why, of course, it was that point that really had decided the whole case. That's one point. Really, that one word: that "no," of Macklin's. Then the thing resolved itself down to this: Which was telling the truth: Jim or Macklin? Although the circumstantial evidence, was so strong against him, the real crux of the whole case was just that simple little point about the losing of the wallet. Had Jim lost it, and Macklin lied; or had Jim lied and Macklin been telling the truth? She knew where her faith lay, and was instantly raging with indignation that anyone, given the opportunity for believing either in Jim or in Macklin, should deliberately have chosen the man who, it seemed to her, was obviously insincere in everything he said.

INSTALLMENT 29

"Oh, if only I'd been on that jury!" she cried to herself. And after a moment, "If only Macklin could be shaken into telling the truth! Something must be done. Jim's innocence must be established; beyond all doubt. . . And then. . . well, and then the question of Jocelyn. . ." But that was not an easy thought, and after a minute or two, she went back to the papers. There was one thing she found in them that started a new trail altogether; and that was the name of the cottage where Jim had lived. "Brady's Cottage," it was called, and it seemed to be situated somewhere between Newchester and Edgestone. As she read about it—it occupied an important position in the case, for it was near to it that the robbery had been committed—she felt that she wanted to see it turned the thought over in her mind for a while, and at last went to bed with her mind made up. She would go to Brady's Cottage to-morrow morning.

When the maid brought up her breakfast next morning, Lucy asked her whether she knew Brady's Cottage.

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"Oh, yes, madam. Quite a landmark the place is," the girl answered at once.

"How did it become that?" asked Lucy, trying to show only a casual interest. She sat up, slipped on a silk jacket, and began on her breakfast.

"It's supposed to bring bad luck to anyone who lives in it. Superstition, some people say, but I'm never so sure. Old Mrs. Brady—Mother Brady they used to call her, she lived there for years, and her husband died there, and one of her boys was killed in the war, and her girl ran away with a man who wasn't any good. . . Everyone wondered why she didn't leave the place, but she never did, till she was carried out feet foremost."

"She's dead, then?" "Yes, some two years ago, now. Her heart give out and down she fell, quite sudden and unexpected, one fine day. And then there's the tree, you know, a huge elm, and everyone said it 'ud fall and smash the cottage some time. And what with that and the things the poor old woman went through, and on top of all, the robbery, well it's enough to give a place a bad name, isn't it madam?"

"What robbery was that?" asked Lucy, spreading butter on a triangle of thin toast, with great attention. She knew so well what she would hear that she scarcely listened to the girl's version of the story. She emerged from her thoughts in time to hear the finish, "And it was under the elm that the poor clerk was found; all bleeding, they say he was, and unconscious. I never saw him, but I've been to the place often; it's empty now and no one won't have nothing to do with it. Can't blame anyone really, can you? I wouldn't, I know. . . But then I don't come from these parts. My home's in Manchester. I've only been here. . ." Having launched into her own life's history, the other

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ing powder which have been sifted together. Add boiling water to melted chocolate. Add soda and stir until thick. Let cool slightly and mix well with cake batter. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites and vanilla. Bake from 45 to 60 minutes in 350-degree oven in loaf cake pan. Ice with en-minute frosting.



Madame Lacroix's delicious CHOCOLATE LAYER CAKE

- 1/2 cup butter 1 cup sugar 2 eggs 1 teaspoon vanilla extract 1 cup milk 2 1/2 cups pastry flour (or 2 cups and 3 tablespoons of bread flour) 3 teaspoons Magic Baking Powder 1/4 teaspoon salt

Cream butter; add sugar, a little at a time, beating until light; add beaten yolks and flavoring; add flour, sifted with salt and baking powder, alternately with milk. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Bake in 5 greased layer cake pans in moderate oven at 375° F. about 20 minutes. Recipe for Chocolate Icing and Filling is in the Magic Cook Book.

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Public Notice is hereby given that arrangements will be made for a referendum to show the wishes of the voters on the question of Summer Daylight Saving Time in Charlottetown, by vote at all polling places on the day set for Civic Elections.

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