

THE EVENING TIMES-STAR, SATURDAY, MARCH 4, 1926

INTERESTING

# A Feature Page of Interest to Everyone

INSTRUCTIVE

## Dorothy Dix

**A Warning to Parents Whose Children Try to Take Their Money and Independence From Them— Shall He Give Up His Son to Please His Second Wife?— How to Get Rid of Interfering In-Laws.**

DEAR DOROTHY DIX—Just what does an old mother owe her married daughter who has married a ne'er-do-well and has a family of five little children? My daughter comes to me and says, "Mother, if you don't give me \$200 to pay my husband's fines in court, then you need never expect us to take care of you when you get helpless from age."

Should I give my daughter everything that I possess, and leave myself penniless, because she demands my money?

LONELY MOTHER.

ANSWER: No! No! No! A thousand times no!

Don't let your daughter rob you to pay a worthless man out of the scrapes he has got into. He deserves to suffer for his wrongdoing, and perhaps his punishment may teach him a much-needed lesson and make him behave himself.

Don't believe your daughter when she tells you that if you will give her all that you have now that she will take care of you in your old age. She will do no such thing. After she has wrung the last cent out of you, she will throw you aside with no more compunction than she would an empty purse.

Besides, if she is not able to support herself and her own family now, when she is young and strong, and if she is married to a man who not only won't work, but is "in trouble" out of which he has to be paid, what guarantee can she offer you that she will be able to take care of you in the future?

The most terrible form of graft in the world is that which selfish children practice upon their old parents. Compared to it, robbing a blind beggar, or taking candy from a baby, is almost a chivalrous proceeding, because the child trades upon the mother and father love which makes it almost impossible for parents to say "no" to a son or daughter in distress.

And it is so easy for the children to hoodwink their parents by representations of affection, by specious promises, by lovely pictures of how they are going to cherish dear mother and father in their declining days, and how the dear old people are always to have the warmest seat by the fire, the softest bed, the sunniest room! So, taken in by this glib line of talk, the credulous old mother or father deers over the house to Mary or John, or gives to Mary or John all the hard savings of a lifetime.

And then when Mary or John have got it all, and the poor old man or woman has become a penniless dependent, what a different story there is!

Many a poor old man and woman are kicked out of their own houses. Many a poor old father and mother are turned into servants in the homes of which they are rightfully master and mistress. Many a father and mother are abused and insulted, their opinions derided, made to feel themselves unwanted by the sons and daughters who, having got hold of their money, regard them as nothing but a burden.

So I urge all parents to hold on to their own pocketbooks. Help your children if reason, but keep enough for yourself to assure your independence, and to buy your welcome even in your own children's homes.

For there are always the in-laws, you know: Between mother-in-law and father-in-law with their own homes, and their own bank accounts, and between mother-in-law and father-in-law who have to be supported, there is a great gulf fixed.

In deciding the money question, parents may well bear this in mind—that if their children really love them, and mean to do their duty by them, they will not try to rob them. They will not sacrifice father and mother to themselves. They will want father and mother to keep their own money and be independent.

And against the children who are willing to take father's and mother's last cent, father and mother should protect themselves as they would against any other confidence people who are trying to do them out of their property.

DOROTHY DIX.

DEAR MISS DIX—I am a widower with a very bright and attractive little boy, 6 years old. Since his mother's death, I have been living with my sister, who has taken care of the child.

I am engaged to be married again, but my prospective wife dislikes my boy very much and wants me to let him continue to live with my sister. But sister is moving away soon to a distant State, and that would separate me from him entirely.

What would be best for me to do—marry this girl or not?

WIDOWER.

ANSWER: Either give up the girl or give your child to your sister, for if she is jealous of the little boy even before she marries you, she will make a cruel stepmother to him.

Nothing in the world is more pitiful than a poor little helpless child who is in the clutches of a hard and unloving woman who uses her position as his alleged mother to torture him. No imagination can picture the forlornness of a little creature who grows up in a house in which he knows he is not wanted; who never has any tenderness shown him; who never has any soft woman's breast on which to weep out his sorrows; who never has any cheering arms about him; who is always maligned, nagged, scolded, abused. Such children are almost bound to grow up warped and distorted in soul, and with their whole lives embittered by their hard childhood.

Sometimes a man unwittingly gives his children this kind of a stepmother. Then he is to be pitied, because he is the victim of a mistake made through ignorance. But when a man is warned before he makes the woman he is thinking of marrying will make this sort of a stepmother to his children, then he is worse than Herod, who slew the innocents, if he lets his infatuation for her induce him to go on and marry her. For the babies that Herod slew only suffered a minute, but a mean stepmother subjects her victims to years of torture.

You haven't a right to marry just to please yourself, as a bachelor has. You must think of the kind of a stepmother a woman would make before you think of the kind of a wife she would make. Nor have you a right to duck a father's responsibility and turn your child over to your sister to rear, to please the whim of a jealous woman.

And why do you want to marry a woman with that kind of a disposition and that sort of a mean, hard little soul, anyway?

DOROTHY DIX.

DEAR DOROTHY DIX—I am a young married man with one child. My wife and I are separated, because our families have made trouble between us. I love my wife and she loves me, and we are both crazy about the baby. But her folks and my folks are always interfering, and now her family are making her get a divorce from me. If they would only let us alone, we would be all right. What is your advice?

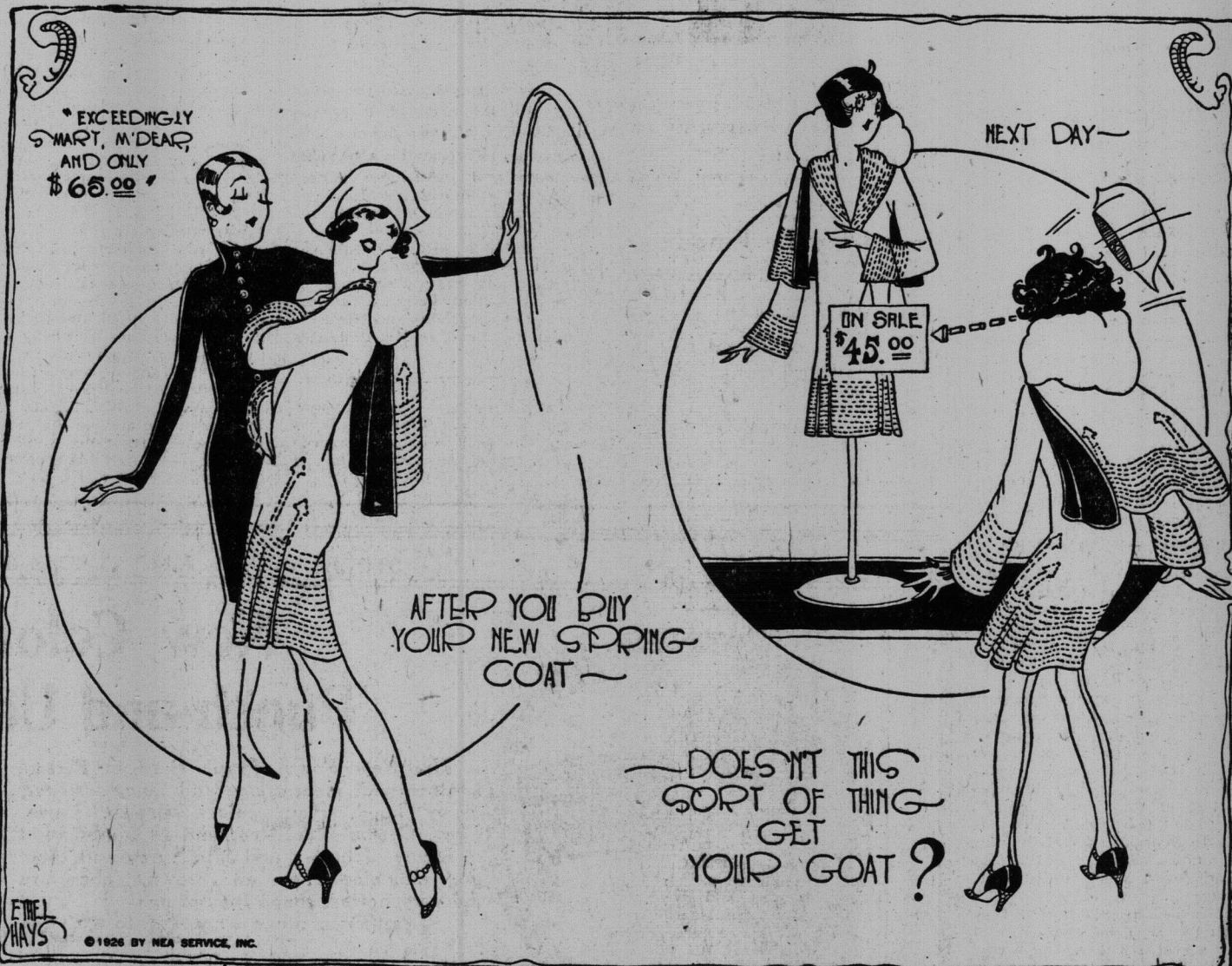
DAVID.

ANSWER: Go and kidnap your wife and baby, and move a thousand miles away from your respective families, and tell her that you don't want any visits from either side.

DOROTHY DIX.

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## Don't It Get Your Goat



## BEHIND THE SCREEN

CHARLES CHAPLIN has done it again! He's picked an unknown actress to play opposite him in his new comedy, "The Circus."

Her name is Merna Kennedy. She is of Irish descent, born in Chicago, has auburn hair, green eyes, is five feet two inches tall, and weighs one hundred pounds. "Vivacious and of tomboy type, but not a flapper," is the studio's description of her.

Merna Kennedy is a dancer, and has been tripping over the boards since she was a child. When she was featured in a dancing act which toured through vaudeville theatres throughout the country. When Chaplin discovered her she was playing a comedy part in "All For You," a musical comedy in Los Angeles.

Charles Ray and Eleanor Boardman are featured in "Baby Mine," an adaptation of the play in which Marguerite Clark and Ernest Glendinning starred a decade ago. It's an M-G-M picture. "The Life of Retribution," featuring Robert Fraser, Mildred Harris and Lillian Rich is an F. B. O. picture.

First National is planning to produce "Don Juan's Three Nights," with Lewis Stone and Shirley Mason among others. "Crashing Timber," Universal, has in its cast Henry B. Walthall, Viola Dana and Kenneth Harlan.

Both Norma and Constance Talmadge declare they are planning to retire from the screen. Norma would have no believe she may make her exit from the silent drama after the expiration of her present contract which requires her to make one more picture for First National and then several for United Artists. This, however, would postpone her farewell to the screen for at least three years. And a lot can happen in three years.

The contract which Constance has with First National will terminate this year. Both sisters have always said they'd quit while they are still favorites and moves them.



MERNA KENNEDY before her admirers have turned to new faces. Since both are wealthy they can afford to retire when the spirit moves them.

## Is this your BIRTHDAY

MARCH 4—Be bold, diligent, and faithful. You are a shrewd judge of people, and seldom make mistakes in your estimates. You have a winning personality, but are somewhat given to fault-finding. You will have a happy marriage if you learn to "give and take."

take" and make the best of what you have. Your birth-stone is a bloodstone, which means presence of mind.

## A Thought

The locusts have no king, yet go they forth all of them by bands.—Prov. 30:27.

SEARCH on the wisdom of nature, there is depth in all her doings; the seemest prodigal of power, yet her rules are the maxima of frugality.—Tupper.

## IN NEW YORK SEE-SAWING UP and DOWN BROADWAY

SCATTERED notes from an afternoon's ramble:

Two midwinters from a nearby museum carrying on a courtship at Forty-second street and Broadway. The traffic drowns their tiny, piping voices. A crowd begins to gather. "Ain't that too cute?" The crowd becomes a snail mob. The midwinters, now quite flustered, are buried among a mass of legs and finally emerge, hand in hand, bravely negotiating the perils of the street crossing.

Parades of girls wearing gaily colored gossamer that match their gaily colored raincoats, any spots of vivid red and green in the drab masses milling through the rain.

The Park Avenue Hotel, once the center of fashion, and now in the limelight because—so it is charged—someone staged a nude dance during a bachelor's smoker. Umm, is there anything new under the sun. This isn't the first one-time fashionable hotel to feel the stings of scandal. There was, for instance, the famous case of the Hotel Brunswick. In it's day, nothing was ruder than the Brunswick. But down the years the hotel was one Billy McGilroy, who had made a regular "butter and egg roll."

Billie didn't see why his money should not buy his way into any place his fancy dictated. They snubbed him at the Richmond. "Very well," said Billy and bided his time. A ballroom was retained through subterfuge and before anyone realized what was up the place was filled with painted women and a motley crew of men, who all but tore the place down. Within a few years the social glory of the place had fled.

And there was the famous Barnum Seely party at Sherry's. Seely had inherited quite a bit of P. T. Barnum fortune. He threw a big bachelor party at Sherry's. One of the attractions was a dance by "Little Egypt." Use your own imagination. It happened that a certain reporter tried to get in and found the doors barred. He managed to get a police captain excited and the scandal that followed is still laughed about over the highballs in bachelor gatherings. But at the time it all but ruined Sherry. He shut up his place for a time and re-opened in a new location.

Broadway Note: Large wads of money are now referred to as "big butter rolls" in honor of the butter and egg men who are presumed to have them.

GILBERT SWAN.

## Menus for the Family

MENU HINT

Breakfast  
Sliced Oranges  
Oatmeal with Bran  
Baked Eggs  
Toast  
Jelly  
Coffee  
Luncheon  
Sausage with Corn Pudding  
Sweet Potatoes  
Pickles  
Gingerbread  
Milk  
Dinner  
Pork Chops  
Baked Potatoes  
Creamed Onions  
Apple Sauce or Baked Apples  
Gingerbread reheated with Hard Sauce  
Coffee or Tea

## TODAY'S RECIPES

Gingerbread—Cream a half cup each of sugar and butter. Add a cup of molasses and then two level teaspoons of soda in a little hot water. Then the yolks of two eggs. Sift two and a half cups of flour and a teaspoon of cinnamon and one of ginger. Add this to the mixture, a little at a time, alternating with a little of a cup of boiling water. When all of the water and all of the flour are in and thoroughly mixed add the stiffly beaten whites of the two eggs and bake in a moderate oven.

Baked Eggs—Butter small muffin pans liberally and break one egg into each. Set in the oven until the whites of the egg is firm; then turn on to a warm plate. Sprinkle with salt and pepper and serve hot.

Sausage With Corn Pudding—Canned corn becomes a different food altogether when beaten up with a couple of eggs, seasoned with Worcestershire sauce, paprika and salt and then baked under a sausage covering in a moderate oven.

## Little Joe

SOME FOLKS SAVE FOR A RAINY DAY, AND BUY A CLOSED CAR.



## ADVENTURES of the TWINS

by OLIVE ROBERTS BARTON

## THE TRUFFLE HUNTER'S STORY

"So you are after the Blue Cherry Tree that grows on Cherry Bounce Hill?" said the Truffle Hunter when the visitors were seated and Waldo, his servant, had gone out to bring in some lemons. "I never knew there was a blue cherry tree there."

"There isn't exactly," said Jupe. "All the cherries are red except one. And that one is not only blue, but it had a blue gem in it instead of a stone. Beside all that, it is magic."

And he told all about poor Twinkle Pen drinking the ink and how the only way to cure him was to find the blue cherry as soon as possible. "I shall be delighted to help you," said the Truffle Hunter. "I often look for truffles under the trees on Cherry Bounce Hill. And with my long nose I may be able to smell the tree that has the blue cherry on it. Waldo, hurry with the lemons—we're all going out."

Waldo waddled in with some lemons in glasses and passed it around. Jupe took a glass and Nick took a glass and Nancy took a glass and Mister Truffle Hunter took a glass, and Waldo was just going to take the last glass for himself, when suddenly Paddyfoot, the mouse, popped his head up out of Jupe's pocket and squeaked, "Don't I get any?"

At this Waldo was so startled that he dropped his lemons and dived out of the window. But he came in almost as quickly as he went out, crying, "Master, master, the hill's gone again! There is nothing there but a meadow. There is no hill at all!"

"Dear me!" cried the Truffle Hunter. "That's because I ate eggs for breakfast!" "Eggs for breakfast?" cried Jupe and the Twins. "What has that to do with it?"

"That's what I should like to know!" said the Truffle Hunter. "But it seems that every single time I eat eggs for breakfast something happens that day."

"Would you like to hear the story of my life?"

"Yes," squeaked Paddyfoot impatiently. "If it doesn't take too long."

"It won't," answered the Truffle Hunter. "Besides, what if it does? The hill isn't there anyway. It has bounded away and probably won't be back until it hits the Rocky Mountains and bounces back again. Cherry Bounce Hill is as houncy as if it grew rubber trees instead of cherry trees. They say that rubber trees used to grow on it and that the roots are still there. But to go on with my story:

"Once upon a time when I was a little boy I had a little hen called Ambrose. She was a nice little hen and used to crow to show how much she loved me."

"Hens don't crow," laughed Nick. "Besides Ambrose is a funny name for a hen. Don't you mean she was a rooster?"

"The ideal!" said the Truffle Hunter crossly. "There you go, too, just like everybody else! I named her when she was just out of the egg. She was sort of amber and sort of rose colored, so I called her Ambrose. And when she got older and learned how to crow, I couldn't help that either, could I?"

Here Waldo began to cry. "She was an awful cute chicken," he sniffled. "I never held it against her that she tried to swallow my tail one time, thinking it was a worm."

"But what has that got to do with your bad luck?" asked Jupe. "Why can't you eat eggs without something happening?"

"Why, don't you see—one day we had chicken pot-pie, and I never knew until I had had three helpings that it was Ambrose. Not Ambrose, but Ambrose," said the Truffle Hunter sadly. "I said then that I would never eat another bit of chicken or an egg as long as I lived. Sometimes I forget and eat an egg and when I do I always have bad luck."

"But it seems," said the Truffle Hunter, "Cherry Bounce Hill is back again. Let's go!"

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