

Dorothy Dix

Will a Girl Who Likes Amusement Be Happy Wedded to Mr. Stick-by-the-Fire?—The Wife Who Owns an Extinct Species—The Too-Loving Husband—How to Change a Yellow Streak to Backbone.

DEAR MISS DIX—I am engaged to a young man who is a very good fellow, but there is one thing we quarrel over continually, and that is that he will not take me out anywhere. I would be satisfied if he would take me once a week, but he won't do it and says I shouldn't ask him to go out to places of amusement when I know that he doesn't want to go.

I feel that if he really loved me that he would put himself out for my sake. And he thinks that if I really loved him I would be willing to stay at home for him. So there you are. What do you think? PUZZLED.

ANSWER: I think that two people who have such diametrically opposite tastes are taking a great risk in getting married, and that if they do the weather prognostications will be for continuous stormy weather.

The thing that makes happiness in marriage and for a peaceful home is congeniality. It is the husbands and wives who have the same tastes, who enjoy the same things, who grow into real comradeship that make marriage the most satisfying relationship on earth.

But when the husband wants to do one thing and the wife wants to do another thing, when what one enjoys the other hates, when one or the other is a perpetual quail, it makes matrimony just one fight after another.

The husband who is a stick-by-the-fire, who will never go out in the evening or take his wife to any place of amusement and who seems to think that just being married to him is all the amusement that any woman could crave, is a very common figure, but he generally evolves after marriage.

Before marriage he has usually been willing enough to step out and show the girl he was courting a good time, but after marriage he develops the stay-at-home complex and is always too tired to take wife out.

You are at least fortunate in that your man has shown you what to expect before you are tied up with him for keeps. He has served notice on you that he is perfectly selfish and utterly inconsiderate of you and that he will sacrifice you to his pleasure and convenience. So you can take him or leave him—and the result is on your own head.

But one thing I warn you, and that is if you marry this man, knowing what to expect, be a good enough sport to accept him as he is. Make up your mind that you will either stay at home with him without protest or that you will take your pleasures on the side without trying to force him to go with you.

Don't try to make him over. Don't nag him. And don't make your house a perpetual battleground where you fight every night the question of whether to go to the movies or stay at home. You don't have to marry this man, but you do have to abide by the results if you do marry him.

DEAR MISS DIX—I want to know what to do with a loveless husband. He is so devoted to me that he hangs around me all the time; never wants me to read, sew or do anything but just sit and be with him. Doesn't even want me to make anything over our two darling little girls. Isn't willing for me to go away from home even to spend the day.

Now I love my husband and think a husband's true love is the greatest blessing a woman can have, but don't you think one can get sickened by over-loving sometimes? MRS. X.

ANSWER: Why, Mrs. X., the proper thing to do with a husband like that is to put him in a museum in a glass case. In these days of wandering, indifferent husbands, he would be regarded as a rare specimen of an almost extinct species and multitudes of women would travel thousands of miles to gaze with awe and wonder on such a curiosity.

You must be a proud and happy woman to have in your possession what Mrs. Partington used to call "an object of virtue," but it is easy to understand why familiarity with it has dulled it of some of its charms. Too much sweet dyes on the palate. Too much sweet dyes on the palate. And the affection that enslaves either a man or a woman soon comes to be a tyranny of which they tire.

Sentiment should be used only to spice the cake of life. It gives us an awful nausea if we make it the basis of the cake itself.

Certainly no woman wants her husband under foot all the time. Nor does she want him to hold one hand while she is trying to make the biscuit with the other. She has her affairs to see to, her work to do, her other interests and amusements. She wants to bid him an affectionate farewell in the morning, and she is ready with an equally affectionate welcome in the evening; but she wants to be rid of him during the interval.

And she loves him all the more because of the little absence and because he comes back new and fresh and because she hasn't been bored all day listening to love-dovey talk and trying to live up to it.

Too much love is just as bad as too little. You can die of over-eating just as surely as you can of starvation. The value of a thing depends upon the rarity of it; a single kiss may thrill us to the depths of our being, but it merely sickens us to be slobbered over.

Many women kill their husbands' love by overloving and making their love a burden. One of the most promising marriages I ever knew was wrecked by a silly little bride who called her husband a dozen times a day over the telephone to tell him how she adored him.

Not many men weary their wives' ears by their protests of affection, but the husband who hangs on to his wife's apron strings and never lets her out of his sight has taken the surest way in the world to make her yearn to cut them.

DEAR MISS DIX—How can a young man take the yellow streak out of him? How can he change his backbone from narrow to broad? SPUNKLESS.

ANSWER: By forcing yourself to do the thing you are afraid to do. You can conquer fear if you are determined to do it. The more you shrink from a disagreeable task the more you want to force yourself to carry on.

If you are tempted to loaf, work the harder. When everything in you urges you to give up a task, set your teeth and stick to it like grim death. When your own personal devil asks: "What's the use?" his back: "I'll show you."

Remember this for your comfort, that you can harden the muscles of your soul just as you can the muscles of your body and that every time you force yourself to do the thing that is hard to do it becomes easier for you.

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THE EVENING TIMES-STAR, SAINT JOHN, N. B., MONDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1926

Milady Scents Romance In Folds of Silken Shawl



By MME. LISBETH
WHERE is the woman who can draw one of the lovely embroidered shawls about her and not feel a thrill of romance from the long silk fringe as she is shown to advantage. They are being worn as opera or party wraps.

These shawls seen in many a parade of fashionable folk make a color array rivaling the flower shops. There are not only those imported from Spain with their heavy embroidery, or other striking importations from China and Japan, but others from gorgeous weaves in metal cloths or woven with designs in brilliant. Some of these shawls dazzle the eye with the play of light on their encrustments of crystal or metal designs.

By GILBERT PACKARD
WHEN Mabel Normand left the screen some years ago she was at the peak of her career as a comedienne. She had just branched out into feature length productions but in bridging the gap from two-reelers to the leading lady she lost some of the spontaneity which characterized her work in the short subjects.

Now after a prolonged absence from the screen Mabel is endeavoring to regain her place in the sun as one of the leading laugh producers in the industry. Among the short features which she has made for Hal Roach under her present contract are "One Hour Marriage" and "Raggy Rose." At present she is at work on "Anything Once."

Keep up the work, Mabel. The good fan knows how scarce are the comedians that can honestly be called funny. Since the days when Mabel Normand, Marie Prevost, Phyllis and Bebe Daniels romped around the comedy lots there have been very few actresses who have achieved the standing recognition in this field. Nowadays after an actress plays in one or two pictures of this type the dramatic producers dangle a contract before her and she promptly accepts it.

Back in the Biograph days Mabel was a model until her friend Alice Joyce suggested that she ask D. W. Griffith for a job. She reached stardom when Mack Sennet made her a member of his Keystone Comedy unit.

Famous Players evidently still are considering making use of their \$80,000 screen rights to "An American Tragedy." Mal St. Clair, who has been assigned to direct it, announces he won't have a star play the role of Clyde Griffiths. He plans to test unknowns until he finds the right type.

Mabel Normand all dressed up for a film role.

By ALICE MICHAELS
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Investigation proved him correct and a gem robbery was revealed.

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See-Sawing On Broadway

SKY-WRITING no longer is confined solely to trick airplanes. New York skyscrapers are beginning to print messages close to the clouds through huge electric signs on the tops of their structures.

On Fifty-seventh street one of the 30-story "trust" companies keeps a crowd with necks strained to breaking point each evening while its electric sky-writer tells the story of its resources.

PERHAPS one of the saddest reflections on Manhattan's hypercity may be found by one who watches the crowds that flow in and out of the "Garden" upon such occasions as the Rodeo and the more recent horse show.

Here one beholds tens of thousands of folk "ah-ing" and "oh-ing" over beautiful specimens of horse flesh. But glance aside and only a vast line of motors greets the eye.

During the horse show an optimistic cab driver decided that this contact with horse flesh would bring about a sentimental desire to be conveyed by genuine horsepower. He parked his rig in a place convenient to the crowd. But every last one shouted for taxis or private cars. Sadly he drove back to Broadway, where cab horses and old-fashioned hacks are toys of the bibulous in the late hours.

I AM told that thousands of stunning victorias stand in cobwebbed speck rooms of barns about Manhattan, slowly rotting. Many of the generation that used them still live, but hesitate to go forth in them except, perhaps, on some occasion favorable to fashion's dictates.

A few—a very few—may be seen from time to time on the avenue. Heavens, even the old folk feel that it is best to appear in their new French model cars. Some day, perhaps, these will will rot, and one will refuse to be seen publicly unless riding in the latest model in Italian planes.

NEST SPING, a card informs me, the oldest jewelry store on Manhattan Island will disappear.

One Jacob Dreier was its founder and he started with pearls way back in the days when these gems were referred to as "tears."

He became known through the land as the shrewdest gem expert in these parts. It was said he could stand before any collection, cast his eye over it and pick out the best pieces.

But his romantic fame hinged upon a memory of gems. It was said he never forgot a single jewel upon which he had once gazed. And so, the story went, two fine pearls were once brought to him for sale. He took a glance at them and recognized them as romans' most prized treasure. He sold several years before to a rich society woman.

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HEALTH SERVICE Milk Valuable Item In Diet of Growing Boy

By DR. MAURICE FISHBEIN
THE addition of one pint of milk a day to a diet which satisfied the appetite of growing boys converted an average gain of weight of 3.85 pounds per boy into one of 6.98 pounds and produced an average annual increase in height from 1.48 inches to 2.63 inches.

This betterment in nutrition, by actual experiment was proved to be due, not to the relatively small increase in the fuel value of the diet, nor to the extra protein supplied in the milk, but to the specific qualities of milk as a food.

The experiments were undertaken under the auspices of the Medical Research Council of Great Britain as a part of an extensive series of studies of the child. The experiments were controlled, since they covered the observation of five or six hundred boys living in a colony near London.

An analysis was first made of the amount of food which these boys were receiving under the standard diet and the average rate of growth. The diets were then modified by the addition of milk and butter in specific amounts. Housing conditions were standard.

and did not vary. During four years records were made of the diet actually consumed at the table by weighing sample amounts of the food daily for each of the three meals, and deducting the waste.

It was found that these boys were taking from 1679 to 2164 calories per day, averaging 1916 calories, of which 13 per cent were protein, 18 per cent fat and 68 per cent carbohydrates.

The diets were modified for groups of boys varying from 20 to 60 in a group by the addition of milk to the basic diet, of castor sugar, of butter, of vegetable margarine, of casein, and of water.

It was found that almost invariably there was no growth during summer, and usually more gain in weight at that season.

The group to whom cow's milk was given as an addition to the diet gained far more in both weight and height than did any of the others.

This may be taken as another striking demonstration of the importance of milk as a complete food and of the necessity that it form the basic substance in the diet of all growing children.

fill space with sugar and chill. When ready to serve add two or three marshmallows and a tablespoon of the liquid.

Devil's Food Cake—Yolk of one egg, one-half cup milk, one-half cup corn, cook until thick, cool. Add to one and one-half cups sugar, one-half cup butter, two eggs, one-half cup milk, two cups of flour, one teaspoon baking powder, one teaspoon soda mixed in a little hot water. A boiled frosting with marshmallows, or a fudge frosting are to cover it and the candles in tiny holders of course. The boiled frosting calls for one cup granulated sugar, one-half cup water, cook until it spins a long, fine thread, then pour into the stiffly beaten whites of two eggs. Drop fresh marshmallows in as you beat it, if you have used a sugar. For the fudge frosting, take one-half cup unsweetened cocoa, one and one-fourth cups confectioners' sugar, one-third teaspoon salt, blend together. Heat to boiling point and gradually stir in cocoa and sugar. Cook until it forms a soft ball in cold water. It may be cooked in double boiler to prevent burning. Remove from fire, beat thoroughly, add one teaspoon vanilla and one-half cup chopped nut meats. Three eggs will do for the cake if you use the white of the one you used in the cocoa mixture and "steal" another from the cake recipe.

Ice Cream
Devil's Food Cake
Coffee
Grape Fruit—Prepare several hours before serving. Cut them in half, remove core and seeds, loosen sections.

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