

INTERESTING

A Feature Page of Interest to Everyone

INSTRUCTIVE

Dorothy Dix

The Misguided Parents Who Wrongly Opened Their Son's Mail—What Can a Married Woman Do Whose Husband Simply Announces He Has Tired of Her?—At What Age Should a Man Marry?

DEAR MISS DIX—I have a son of 17 who went away from home to pay a visit. After he returned he received a letter in a girl's handwriting, and I steamed it open and read it. It began, "My darling baby angel boy," and was full of such mushy sentiment that I showed it to my husband, and we decided not to give it to our son. So when he inquired if there was any mail for him we said "No," and he seemed terribly disappointed. Don't you think we did right in keeping this sort of letter from a boy of his age?



DOROTHY DIX

ANSWER:

No, indeed. I think you did a wrong thing and a most terribly unwise thing, for sooner or later your son will find out that you opened his letter and read it and lied to him, and in his heart of hearts he will never forgive you for it. With your own hands you have toppled over the altar on which he has enshrined you in his soul, and it can never be built up again. Nevermore will he see you again as godlings to be looked up to and revered and worshipped. Instead, he will secretly despise you as two persons who will stoop to doing underhand things and then lie about them.

And it is a sad day for a boy and a sadder one for his parents when that happens, and his ideal of them is smashed into smithereens. Most fathers and mothers consider that they have a right to open their children's letters before the children read them. They contend that they have a right to know what sort of letters their children are receiving, but those who hold to this opinion should at least be honest and warn their children that their letters will be scanned by their parents.

Personally, I am strongly opposed to parents opening and reading their children's letters. I think that whatever little good mother and father may do as censors is as nothing to the harm they do in putting their children's sense of individual liberty and privacy.

Somehow, a letter is one of the most sacred of all things. It is a message straight from one individual to another, from one heart to another. It is not intended for the general public, nor to be read by alien eyes, and there is no one who does not feel a sense of resentment at having some one else tamper with his or her mail. And young people feel this even more than grown-ups.

Dealing with half-grown boys and girls is a series of compromises. You cannot use strong-arm methods with them. You must handle them with velvet gloves. And it is far better to let them do many things of which you do not entirely approve than to let it be felt that their confidence by putting the taboo on too many things. For parents may be very sure of this: that if they are too strict with their children and keep too close a watch upon them their children will deceive them and do on the sly the things they are not permitted to do openly.

And parents do well to regard humorously instead of tragically the slushy sentimental twaddle that boys and girls write to each other. It literally means nothing. It belongs to that time of life when we all try to write poetry and when we put down on good, white paper passionate vows and desperate yearnings just because they sound grand and high-faluting.

Let us not judge the boys and girls who write this stuff too severely, because we have all done it when we were in our teens. And we got over it and made respectable, commonplace men and women.

DEAR MISS DIX—I am a woman of 30 with a child of 4. My husband tells me that he has no fault to find with me, but I have been a good wife and easy to get along with, but that he finds he is tired of me and wants to be free, and he begs me to divorce him. He is willing to divide what he has with me and the child, but it isn't much. What shall I do? I have thought of taking a commercial course and fitting myself to be self-sustaining. Don't you think that is the best thing for me to do, as I can see no good in hanging on to a man who doesn't want me?

ANSWER:—It seems to me that the wisest thing you can do is simply to recognize that the game is played out and go to work and build your life along new lines. The first thing to do is to fit yourself to make a good living for yourself and your child. The type of man to whom you are married is a man who has no sense of moral obligations, and he will soon find that he needs all of the money he can make for his own pleasure.

It is a cruel deal that a man gives a woman when he marries her when she is young and gay and free and pretty, amuses himself with her until he is tired of her and then chucks her away as he would a toy of which he had tired. He has taken the ten crucial years of her life, the years in which she would either have married some other man who would have given her a good home and a settled life or else in which she would have established herself in some gainful occupation.

He has blocked her opportunity in life, and he should, in honor, feel bound to make good to her what she has given up for him, for it is hard for a woman of 30 to reverse all her habits of life and thought and to start in and learn a new trade and compete with girls who are ten and twelve years younger than she is. That is why the deserted wife is entitled to alimony and she is strictly within her rights if she drives the hardest bargain with her faithless husband that she can and makes him pay through the nose for his liberty.

But when a man is tired of his wife and wants to be rid of her she gains nothing by hanging on to him with a death grip. He will hate her more and more, and she will only fill her life with anxiety and jealousies and bitter quarrels.

There is a great peace in finality, and she will only find happiness when she puts him out of her life and occupies herself with other interests. And the time will come when she will realize that in losing that kind of man she has lost little.

DEAR MISS DIX—At what age should a man marry? ARTHUR.

ANSWER:—Not before 24 or 25. A young man married is a young man married, and a boy married is a life ruined. No man should marry until he is old enough to have his taste settled and to know what he wants in a wife and who has not had his fling and got ready to settle down. And no man should marry until he is established in business and has some good way of supporting a family.

DOROTHY DIX.

FOR Sore Stomach PHILLIPS' Milk of Magnesia

Hereafter instead of soda take a little "Phillips' Milk of Magnesia" in water any time for indigestion or sour, gassy stomach, and relief will come instantly.

BETTER THAN SODA

Installing Christ In A City's Heart

By ROY J. GIBBONS

GARY, Ind.—That Christ may dwell a living presence at the city's heart, a new kind of church, different in purpose, has reared its imposing Gothic head above the very centre of this steel town.

It proposes to do the Master's bidding on a basis of full twentieth-century efficiency.

The City Church, for that is its name, will be an oasis for the troubled, a gathering place for the young, a spiritual temple, and a modern house of the Lord from which seven days of the week instead of one will come ministrations to Gary's religious and creative-comfort needs.

The church is built in three separate units. The worship unit is a great vaulted room 80 feet high.

NO DAYS OF IDLENESS

"Christ worked every day," says Rev. William Grant Seaman, pastor of the church, and inspiration of the dream which brought about its construction after 11 years of work and planning. "Our doors will remain open every day of the seven."

Seven distinct ministries to coordinate its work will be put into operation.

There will be a ministry of music, one of social service, education, fellowship, recreation, missionary work and pastoral duties.

The church is built in three separate units. The worship unit is a great vaulted room 80 feet high.

SOCIAL AND EDUCATIONAL

The second unit is the social-educational wing, containing a gymnasium, co-educational rooms with fireplaces, the pastor's study, and special rooms for young people, men, women, and mothers. The latter may take their children to service with them and be assured that the little ones will be properly cared for in play rooms.

The third unit is commercial, with five stores on the ground floor and two floors of offices. Rent from these will be applied to maintenance of the church and help defray its activities.

1,000 SEATS IN COMMUNITY HALL

In a community hall 1,000 people may listen to weekly musicals, watch motion pictures, or attend amateur theatricals.

The roof of the church has been made to yield a fine open-air tennis court, which can be converted at will into an open-air theatre or covered play yard for children.

The entire cost of the various units to date has been \$794,223.

Eventually the church hopes to extend its social help into the city's courts and jails.

WHERE LIFE STREAMS CONVERGE

"From the heart of a city radiates life," says Dr. Seaman. "That is why our church was put where it is."

"Then came the plan of service, a plan for a church open seven days a week, a church presenting the beautiful in music and architecture, a church providing Christian educational features, healthful recreation, appealing and clean entertainment for youth and age, and, above all, a church spreading by deed and word the spirit of Christian friendliness."

FASHION FANCIES

NAVY WOOL CREPE IS ENLIVENED WITH CERISE RIBBON



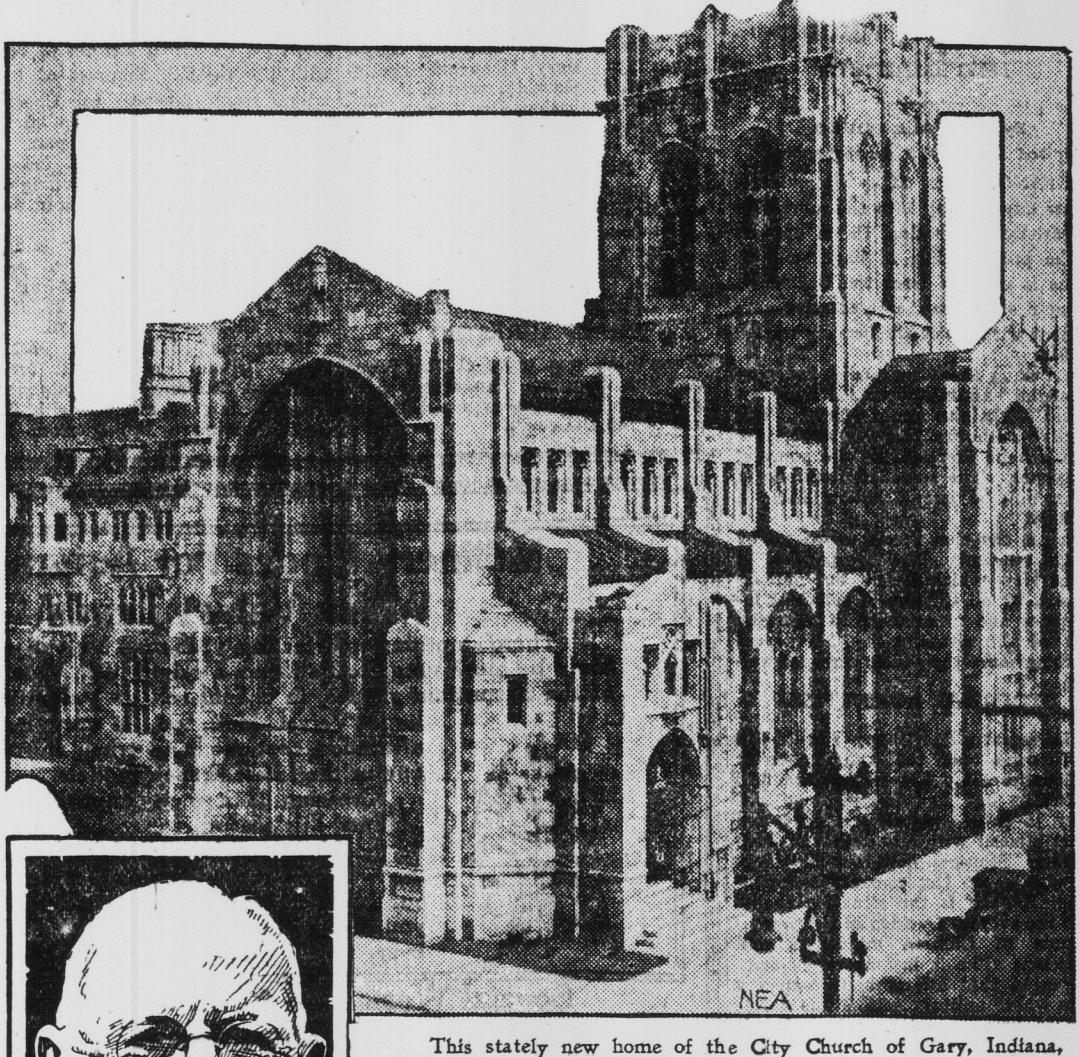
By Marie Belmont.

All the new two-piece frocks have overblouses that are very long, and very tight. They are made to mould the figure, and one whose figure cannot stand this rather severe test had better wear a frock of some other type.

Above is shown a youthful little two-piece frock that is quite French in inspiration. The material is French wool crepe, the color navy, and the grosgrain ribbon which trims it a bright cerise.

With this dress is worn a navy felt hat with cerise grosgrain ribbon band.

TO OUR way of thinking there is nothing more terrorizing than a decorator with a calamine brush unless it be a woman with a pike pole.



This stately new home of the City Church of Gary, Indiana, costing more than \$700,000, was built that Christ might "dwell a living presence at the city's heart." At the left is Rev. William Grant Seaman, pastor.



DURING a single hour, dedicated by most folk to the eating of lunch, the curbs of Dutch street become a Babel of foreign tongues as the "diamond curb market" swings into action.

This amazing marketplace, which knows no parallel beneath the sun, once had a sidewalk headquarters just under the elevated tracks. But so great became the din and confusion of bidders and haggards that it was invited to move.

In the old days the dealing hours were varied. But since the change of address all transactions are made between the hours of 12 and 1. Buying and selling is confined to diamonds alone. From 50 to 200 lapidaries, jewelry jobbers, gem setters and such are always to be found in the bidding ring. If the dealing is particularly active they go without lunch; otherwise they arrive with hot dog sandwiches, dill pickles, smoked herring and other delicatessen dishes and stout, bargain and rattle between mouthfuls.

MOST of the races may be found here. . . Italians, Russians, Poles, Germans, Hungarians, Rumanians.

Frequently not one can speak the language of the other, and but one or two can make themselves understood in English. Yet they are all skilled linguists in the language of the dollar and need little education in barter.

A large part of the business is transacted in sign language. In the old days, "under the el" trading was done through a man who mounted a soapbox, took out his order book and called for bidding to begin on gems.

Since few could speak a common tongue, a unique system had been worked out by old-timers. Each had a certain signal, understood by the man on the box. With some it was a pinch of the leg, a jerk of the coat or a yank at a trouser leg.

When the session was well under way it resembled a burlesque show rather than a business mart.

THE new meeting place, while quite noisy, is better organized. Each nationality forms a little ring. If it becomes evident that no profit is to be gained in a particular group, it breaks up and wanders to others.

There are certain cash-on-hand members of the "diamond curb" who need not utter a word but merely flash their money.

The dealers "on paper" start arguments that last long after the clock strikes one.

These dealings are marked by incredibly amusing shoutings, persuasions and obstacles.

To a stranger the scene might engender a potential riot. Traders, their voices pitched in highest key, belabor one another in foreign tongues. They call each other robber, thief and bandit. But, once the transaction is made, they walk away arm in arm, rather regretful at having sacrificed lunch for a gainless hour of shouting.

While the actual dealing is under way, however, no quarter is given. It's every man for himself—except one. And even in this babel there is one gesture toward sentiment. One of the regulars, for years a diamond setter, was gassed in the war and his lungs still are affected. He must stay indoors and his income is largely derived from speculation in the diamond curb. To him are granted certain concessions now and then—but only now.

GILBERT SWAN.

A Thought

Did I not weep for him who was in trouble? Was not my soul grieved for the poor?—Job 30:25.

SYMPATHY is the golden key that unlocks the hearts of others.—Samuel Smiles.

BEHIND THE SCREEN

By DAN THOMAS

IF THERE is a woman of Hollywood who needs sympathy it is Estelle Taylor—or perhaps I should say Mrs. Jack Dempsey.

In a few weeks two really great tragedies draped themselves upon Estelle. First it was the death of Rudolph Valentino, whom she was to play opposite in "Cellini." And then came the still greater catastrophe—Jack Dempsey's drubbing in the semi-centennial stadium at Philadelphia.

One might rise to remark that placing the loss of a mere championship as a greater misfortune than death is overdoing things a bit. But I believe Estelle prized that heavyweight title as much as Jack himself did—which is slightly more than both arms with a rebuilt nose thrown in for good measure.

But despite these two unfortunate and unhappy incidents, Estelle Taylor's cinema activities will go forward with scarcely a change in plans. She is now in the east nursing and comforting Dempsey. But it is only a matter of days until she will return here to start her first picture under her new United Artists contract.

"Cellini" is the chosen story for Estelle's premier co-starring production, despite the death of the man for whom it was written. As yet no definite selection of a man to enact the role originally intended for Valentino has been made. But there is much talk that the part may go to John Barrymore.

"I am very anxious to do 'Cellini,'" Estelle told me before embarking for Philadelphia to meet Jack. "It is one of the most beautiful love stories I have ever read. The story deals largely with a prince and his wife, the princess. The prince is in love with a young girl, the princess is in love with a young man and the two young people are in love with each other."

"Will Hays has banned the story, but we are going to film it in such a manner that he won't have any possible reason to prohibit it being shown when it is completed."



Estelle Taylor Dempsey

Mrs. Taylor's role will be very similar to the one she played in "Don Juan," which also starred Barrymore. While there is still plenty of opportunity for improvement, she has proved her ability to get some humanness in royal characterizations.

"I hope John Barrymore is selected for this picture," the film star said. "I have never enjoyed playing with anyone quite as much as I did with him. He is such a marvelous actor that he senses how each person should execute almost every movement. And he is very kind about helping others."

THE RHYMING OPTIMIST

By ALINE MICHAELS

By ALINE MICHAELS

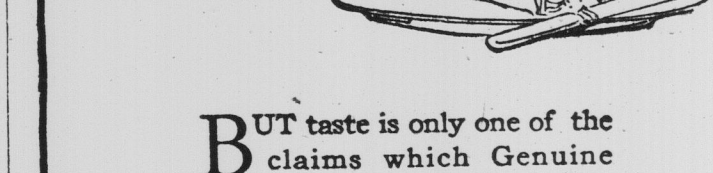
Though the room where I dwell may be shabby and poor, lacking comforts that wealth can supply, with no touches of art that could charm and allure, with no splendor to dazzle the eye, I shall be well-content though its walls may be bare of all beauty.

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