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INTERESTING

A Feature Page of Interest to Everyone

INSTRUCTIVE

Dorothy Dix

Can You Judge How a Man Will Treat His Second Wife by the Way He Treated His First?— Shall He Disillusion His Fiancee About His "Wealth" Before Marriage?— Early Morning-Singing Husband.

DEAR MISS DIX—I am about to be married to a widower who is all that is good and kind to me. But several days ago I met and talked with a woman who knew him and his first wife intimately. She said, "You certainly have John under your thumb, the way you get him to spend money on you, taking you to places and buying you presents. Why, Mary, his first wife, couldn't get a new dress once a year and he never took her anywhere."

Now, while I love my John, I don't want him to turn into Mary's John after the wedding. Can you predict how a man will treat his second wife by the way he treated his first?

WORRIED.

ANSWER:— You can never judge the way a man will treat his second wife by the way he treated his first wife, because in thousands upon thousands of cases the widower is a new man, reborn in an agony of remorse at his wife's grave.

Many a man who has thought of himself as a good husband, as husbands go, has the scales smitten from his eyes as he goes down upon his wife's dead face, and he sees for the first time just how cruel and hard he has been to her and realizes that he has made life bitter for her when he could have so easily made it sweet.

His little tyrannies, the pleasures he denied her, the tenderness he failed to show her, the temper and nerves he vented upon her, all rise up to reproach him, and he makes a vow that if any other woman ever intrusts her happiness to his hands that he will guard it more carefully. It is notorious that second wives are almost invariably pampered and spoiled and indulged more than first wives are, and nobody but the widower himself knows that he is trying to make up to the second wife for his meanness to his first wife.

There is also this to be said; that whether a man is a good husband or not depends, to a large extent, on the woman to whom he is married. There are wives who know how to handle their husbands so as to bring out all the best that is in them; who know how to sidestep their rough edges and jolly them along the way they should go, and there are other women who bring out all the cantankerousness in their husbands as a hot poultice brings out the measles. They can't do or say a thing without rubbing their husband's fur the wrong way and making them get their backs up, and take a death stand against everything they want done.

Not every good woman is a good wife, nor is every good wife capable of being a good wife to every man. Very often people are just mismatched. Men and women who are constitutionally antagonistic to each other get married and fight like the Kilkenny cats, but if either death or divorce breaks up their union, and they marry women and men of congenial tastes and habits, they make amiable and peaceful spouses.

Still there is always the chance that the widower hasn't changed his spots, nor altered his views in regard to the way a wife should be treated, so it is the part of wisdom for the lady who is thinking of becoming Wife No. 2 to find out what sort of a life the woman led into whose shoes she is about to step.

However, I personally know one man who bullied and bullied two sweet, gentle wives into untimely graves, who is so henpecked by Wife No. 3 that he is afraid to call his soul his own or to speak above a whisper in his own house. So you never can tell.

DEAR MISS DIX—I am in love with a girl who is accustomed to every luxury that money can buy. She thinks that I am wealthy, but I am not. We are engaged. Do you think I should tell her before marriage that I am a poor man?

ANSWER:— I certainly do. Robert, you are not only doing the girl a grievous wrong by inducing her to marry you under false pretenses, but you are devastatingly wrecking your own happiness. Because when she finds out your real circumstances, she will get not only the shock of discovering herself poor, when she expected to be rich, but of realizing that the man she trusted is a liar and a four-flusher.

If she is a worthwhile girl and really loves you, she won't mind doing without many of the frills and furbelows she is used to having. But the finer woman she is, the more contempt she will have for you for deceiving her and posing around as a bogus millionaire. After all, it isn't her pocket-book that a woman marries—it is the man himself, and if he starts out by giving her a crooked deal it kills her faith in him, and the very beginning of their life together.

Marriage is one game that you should play with all the cards on the table. It is enough risk in it to even then to make woman's hair stand on end when she sits in on it and thinks how many chances there are for her to lose. Of course, this is one of the things that isn't done. Courtships are almost universally run on lines of chicanery and deceit that would land the perpetrators in jail if applied to a business transaction.

Girls sheath their claws and put bridles on their tongues, and are so soft and amiable that they don't meet in their mouths. Men are paltry and chivalry itself; they spend their time trying to please their lady loves; they throw money away as if it grew on trees. All of this leads the man to suppose that he is marrying a mild little dove that will eat out of his hand, and whose hardest note will be a coo of love, and from the man's actions before marriage the woman prognosticates that she is getting a rich and generous husband who will devote himself to amusing and flattering her.

And when they get married, and find that they are two con artists who have flim-fammed each other, ructions follow, and the end thereof is only too often divorce.

I believe that much domestic unhappiness could be avoided if in popping the question a man would say: "Mary, I am a poor devil of a fellow who only makes a small salary and probably will always be in the 'also-ran' financial class, and if you marry me you will have to work and economize and wear dowdy clothes, and put up with a husband with a mean and cantankerous disposition, and goodness knows you will be a fool if you take me."

And if the girl would say: "Well, goodness knows, I'm no angel myself; John, I am high-tempered and have been pampered and spoiled at home, and I don't know a blessed thing about housekeeping, and I've a jazz complex and a mania for fifteen-dollar shoes, and the man I marry will need the patience of Job before he breaks me into being a good wife."

Then John and Mary could take it or leave it as they liked, but at least they would know what they were getting.

DEAR MISS DIX—My husband is one of the best of men, but he has one habit that drives me to distraction. He is a very early riser and when he gets up he breaks into song while he is dressing and wakes up the entire household. I have tried in vain to put the soft pedal on this early-morning concert. Can you suggest any way to stop him?

ANSWER:— No. Such cases are hopeless. Your husband evidently belongs to that class of people who on entering a sleeping car at 3 a.m. call merrily back and forth to their friends, and engage in loud conversations with the porter, oblivious to the fact that they rouse up all the other passengers from their hardly won first sleep. Nobody can account for people who are otherwise kind and considerate and respectful of other people's rights doing such things, but it seems to be a queer twist in the psychology of many people to think that when they are awake everybody else should be awake, too.

However, a woman who is blessed with a husband who wakes up with a song on his lips, instead of a groan in his throat, probably should be willing to listen to him sing at 6 a.m.

Spring Bonnets That Are Due To Go "Over The Top"



BEHIND THE SCREEN



CHARLIE CHAPLIN fans will have the joy of seeing him in evening clothes in one sequence of "The Circus," the production which he is completing between visits to the bedside of Mrs. Chaplin and the new Chaplin heir. But such evening clothes!

Chaplin calls "The Circus" a "low brow comedy for high-brows." He seems well pleased with the acting of the feminine lead, Merna Kennedy, an actress with no screen experience, whom he discovered playing in a musical comedy in Los Angeles.

Here's an interesting little yarn that is being told around Hollywood. Seems when Barbara Bedford, Bill Hart's leading lady in "Rumbleweeds," was a school girl Bill was her hero. She went the rounds of the studios and by some strange quirk of fate was able to obtain work at other studios, but not at Hart's.

One day she climbed the fence and got into the lot where Bill was making a picture. Searching for someone to play a "bit," he spied Barbara in a corner and gave her the job. Thrills, Barbara nearly fainted when she learned that the script called for Bill to fall into her arms.

Since Barbara is now happily married and the mother of two children, she tells this tale of youthful hero worship.

It is rumored that Universal's contract with House Peters, which ends when he completes the picture on which he is now working, will not be renewed.

Dorothy Hughes has been signed by D. W. Griffith to play the role of a flapper in "The Sorrows of Satin." This is her first screen work. She was "Miss New York" in the last two Atlantic City beauty pageants.

Flapper Fanny says: "I'm a flapper, and I don't know a blessed thing about housekeeping, and I've a jazz complex and a mania for fifteen-dollar shoes, and the man I marry will need the patience of Job before he breaks me into being a good wife."

Tempers are never sweet-dispositions are. Dress sleeves as wide as the hem of a frock requiring as much material as a skirt have appeared in England.

IN NEW YORK SEE SAWING UP and DOWN BROADWAY

LIKE calls to like. Newspaper men congregate at the Press Club; actors meet actors at the Lambs and the Players; business men go to the Rotary Club, and from the Pole, the Amazon and the Corso explorers come to the Explorers' Club.

WANDERING about with Seumas, chief of Clan Fearghus, I stroll into this quiet, brownstone building, just off of Central Park.

The chief is a soldier of fortune, an adventurer, explorer and discoverer. His kilt, his sporran and his uncult hair mark him, wherever he goes, as a Highlander. He wears no other garb, for he is by birth and right, chief of the clan. Few wars in the world have missed seeing him in the ranks somewhere. Few corners of the earth that he cannot discuss.

AND there was Francis Gow-Smith, of the jungle near the headwaters of the Amazon, playing a daily game with death. Indian tribes are his specialty. He studies their customs and habits, learns their ways and their languages. In a month more, he will go to the valley of the Xingu River in Brazil. Here are reputed to be more than 100 tribes of Indians, none of whom has been seen by white men.

IN ANOTHER corner sat Captain Johann Alexander, Arctic explorer. The captain has spent 20 of his 48 years in sailing the seven seas, to see what was "beyond the horizon." Now there are no horizons for him. He has seen them all. He lectures a little, writes a little, and finds a warm place by the radiator when the wind comes off the Hudson.

AND there were Harold Noyce, of Wrangell Island fame, and "Sandy" Smith, with nearly 50 years spent in the Arctic, hurrying away to truck oil for a Polar light crew.

"SANDY," in his youth loved the bagpipes. He played them in front of the church in his little town in Scotland, and was ousted for a freer place, and went to Canada and on into the Arctic.

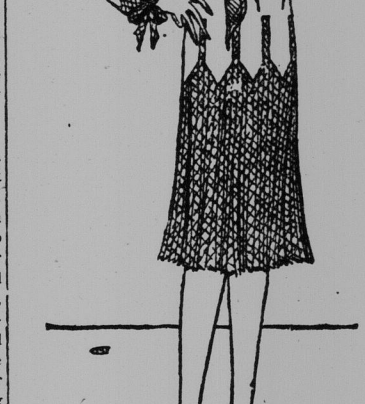
As he and a partner were crossing a frozen plain, Sandy felt himself sinking. His partner pulled him out. His clothing was covered with seal oil, which had not frozen. A new United States oil reserve came from that accident.

FOUR HUNDRED men, all recognized by their fellow men as the best of their kind, were gathered in the hall of the club.

Peary, MacMillan, Nansen, Roosevelt, Hudson, a hundred others are pictured on the walls. And here, before a fireplace, sit the sons of hardy swapping yarns of strange lands and people while just outside the front of the club the song of a band of skippers and struggling humans.

GILBERT SWAN.

Fashion Fancies



Anything in silk or light weight woolen that shows a small check pattern is considered very good for spring wear.

The youthful frock above is a typical example of the smart Spring model. Crepe, in navy blue, is used for the upper part, while the finely pleated skirt is navy crepe, on which fine crossing lines of white simulate a checked design.

For this frock to be worn later in the season, one might combine white crepe with crepe in red and white check pattern.

Little Joe

ONE PEOPLE LIVE HAPPILY EVER AFTER BEING DIVORCED.

Your birthstone is a diamond, which means immortality. Your flower is a daisy. Your lucky colors are red and yellow.

Saltillo, Mexico, has a new electrically operated mill for the spinning of cotton yarn and the weaving of blue denim.

ADVENTURES A of the TWINS

OLIVE ROBERTS BARTON

TATTERS WANDERS INTO FAIRYLAND

"Bow, wow, wow! Woof! Woof! Bow, wow, wow!" went Tatters as he poked his nose around the little secret bush that hid the path to Scrub-Up Land.

The March Hare began to tremble and shiver so hard that he almost dropped his big book with the names in it. "Dear! Dear! There's a dog. I'll have to hide," he cried breathlessly. "I'd like to know what he's doing here."

"Bow, wow, wow! Woof! Woof!" went Tatters again. This time a little nearer.

"Quick, Mister Rubadub, can you hide me?" said the poor March Hare. "Jump into that soap box there," said the fairman. "Until we see what he wants. Now, children, go and open the gate and let him in."

"He sounds like a nice kind dog," said Nick. "I don't believe he'd hurt anyone."

"I should say not," said a tiny voice just then, and there sitting on a flower was Nimble Toes, the Fairy Queen's messenger. "I know this dog and he's a fine fellow, but he has no home. All he wants is to be allowed in to say 'How-do-you-do,'" said Nimble Toes.

The March Hare jumped out of the soap box as quick as a wink at these words, looking a bit ashamed of himself. "I'm glad to hear it," he exclaimed. "We rabbits must be careful of strange dogs, however, if we do lose our dignity. Open the gate, children."

So Nancy and Nick ran and opened the gate and in walked Tatters. "Bow, wow! How-do-you-do, folks," he said, smiling so he showed all his white teeth. "What place is this? Are there any bones buried hereabouts?"

"I'm afraid not, sir," said Mister Rubadub.

But suddenly to the amazement of everybody, there stood a large albatross pan right in front of Tatters' nose. And on the pan was a large helping of juicy roast beef, cut up into nice sliced pieces for eating. Besides that there was a large marrow bone and some mashed potatoes and gravy. Beside the pan sat a large blue bowl of milk.

A little tinkling laugh came from the place Nimble Toes had been a moment before. But the tiny fairy had disappeared, wand, wings and all!

But now it was no longer a mystery where the delicious dinner had come from. "Help yourself! Help yourself!" said Mister Rubadub, waving his hand. "Pitch right in, sir!"

Tatters did not need to be coaxed, you may be sure.

Nancy and Nick and the March Hare and Mister Rubadub said afterwards that that that it was better than eating a meal themselves, to see the poor hungry fellow licking up the gravy and potatoes, and swallowing the pieces of meat whole.

"I think I'll save my bone," he said presently. "I know a lovely place to hide it. Um, yum! That was good."

"Would you like a nice bath?" asked Mister Rubadub.

"Oh, shouldn't I, though?" cried Tatters. "I'd love it. I won't have to scratch so much then."

Well, my dear, under all his dirt, Tatters was really a beautiful dog. A good lathering of "Fairyland Special" soap made his coat look like silk.

"I heard Mrs. Greenway say she would like another dog," said Nick. "Don't get it, old, and you look so nice and kind, I think she would take you."

And Mrs. Greenway did take him the minute she saw him and Tatters is there yet. He is very happy. You see, the fairies are great friends of the dogs, too.

To Be Continued

WHY WOMEN AGE SO FAST

One often sees tell-tale signs of approaching age in women earlier than their years warrant them. Lines appear, the complexion is sallow, the hair is prematurely grey, the seat of life is dragging down, these are women who are subject to headaches, backache, dragging-down pains, irregularities, displacements, nervousness and despondency. A woman's health controls her looks, and if suffering from any of these ailments, why not restore health and apparent youth by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Worm Eats Covering Of Submarine Cables

LONDON, April 9.—A marine worm that eats the lead covering of submarine cable was recently discovered in Japan owing to trouble arising after a new telephone cable had been laid between Amoy and Hakodate.

The cable would not function, and investigation showed that a worm had bored a hole in the lead covering an eighth of an inch thick, and had severed a wire seven-tenths of an inch thick.

An electric refrigerator, which uses chloromethane, is being made in Switzerland.

Men Know

THAT strength is powerless against infection if the smallest cut or scratch is neglected! THAT blood-poison means pain—disability—loss of work. THAT Zam-Buk kills and excludes poisonous disease germs. THAT, besides being highly antiseptic, Zam-Buk can always be depended upon to soothe pain and grow new skin. THAT no fatty or mineral ointment can ever equal Zam-Buk for skin troubles.

Zam-Buk

"A Surgeon in a Two-Inch Box"

Mrs. Experience says—

Here's a blessing in disguise

THERE is nothing unusual in the appearance of Sunlight Soap—but what a wealth of goodness it contains. On washday it wades into the work with vigour, turns the clothes out gloriously clean and sweet-smelling—and—best of all, its purity is backed by a \$5,000 guarantee.

This means protection to fabrics. Your household linen deserves Sunlight.

Sunlight Soap

The largest selling Laundry Soap in the World

MADE BY LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED TORONTO

Sold Everywhere

Full of Quality King Cole Tea You'll like the flavor