

THE EVENING TIMES-STAR, SAINT JOHN, N. B., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1925

THE TIMES-STAR FEATURE PAGE

Dorothy Dix

Will a Super-Jealous Fiance Change After Marriage?—
How to Treat a Husband Who Has Been Having a
Summer Flirtation—In Love With Two Men; How
Can She Marry Both?

DEAR MISS DIX—I am engaged to be married to a man whom I love very much. He is a fine fellow, but he is terribly jealous, though I give him no cause for it. But if I stop on the street to talk to a boy, he asks for a full explanation of it and wants me to go into detail about everything that is said. If I go into a store where he doesn't like the clerks, he raises a row and quarrels about it and broods over it for several days. Do you think he will change after we are married and allow me more privileges? For I find this surveillance almost unbearable.

GRACE.

ANSWER:

No, my dear Grace, the young man will not change after marriage. His tyranny will be doubled, and tripled and quadrupled, and if he hampers your liberty now in the days of courtship, he will enslave you once you are married to him and in his power.

DOROTHY DIX. If you have any regard in the world for your happiness and well-being you will refuse to marry this man. It doesn't make any difference what good qualities he has. Jealousy neutralizes them all. Your life will be one of perfect wretchedness if you have to spend it in offering alibis for your most innocent acts, and if you go about in shuddering fear of doing or saying something that will rouse the devil within your husband's breast.

A man must have a soul that is unutterably vile and filthy if it is filled with deep, dark, degrading suspicions of the woman he professes to love and if he puts only the lowest interpretation on everything she does. Only a man who is a degenerate would see a rendezvous in a girl and boy's chance meeting on the street, or a liaison in her friendship for another man, or put the worst construction on her even going into a store to buy something.

Jealousy is always an insult because it is the proof of lack of faith. The jealous husband or wife or lover has no trust in your honor or integrity. He or she believes that you are liable to turn traitor and betray him or her at any minute.

There can be no happiness in any marriage in which there is not faith. Husbands and wives are bound to trust each other because neither one can stand perpetual watch over the other. Every man sees dozens of men every day of her life. Both husbands and wives have innumerable opportunities to indulge in flirtations, and it is up to each one of them whether they go straight or crooked. And in the end, they have to be trusted to do right.

Believe me, my dear, if you marry this man, who has shown already that he is worse than any jealous Turk, you will repent it in bitterness and tears. You will be nothing but a prisoner, with no personal liberty whatever. You will be insulted by unfounded suspicions and accusations. You will be afraid to be decently polite to your own brother, and you will hate your husband because no love can survive in such an atmosphere.

The devil himself has warned you of the sort of life you will have with him. Head the danger signal he has hung out.

DOROTHY DIX.

DEAR MISS DIX—What is your opinion of a man who has a good wife and three lovely children who will step out with one of his wife's friends while she has her children away on a summer vacation? What do you think a wife should do in this case?

UNHAPPY.

ANSWER:

I think the husband is a pretty poor, weak, philandering sort of a creature, but I also think he probably doesn't mean any harm. His offense isn't half as serious as his wife thinks it is, and after she has given him a good verbal spanking she should kiss him and forgive him, and never mention the episode again.

Every wife likes to think that she is the ONLY woman in the world to her husband, and that when she goes off on a vacation he keeps religiously to the same schedule that he follows when she is at home; that she spends his days at the office and comes straight home and passes his evenings alone reading. Which is where wives befool themselves. It is pretty dull coming home to a dark, shut-up house and such food as an unsupervised servant has prepared, and with nobody to talk to. And there is just about one man in a thousand who has enough moral stamina or is sufficiently the victim of habit to do it.

The balance have their own little fling, and they justify it on the grounds that the wife is away enjoying herself also. And really, the more fond a man is of his wife the more he misses her when she is gone. Also the more likely he is to hunt up agreeable feminine companionship and the more sure he is to fall a victim to one of wife's friends, because she is the woman he knows the best.

I am not justifying the husband. His name ought to be Joseph, but more likely it is Bill or Alphonse, and when Mrs. Potiphar or Mrs. Jones comes along he doesn't give her the cold turndown that he should. He plays around with her a bit. But in his heart he is still true to his Poll. He is just playing hooky like a bad little boy, and he means to go back to home and mother. But sometimes, especially if mother stays away over-time and the house is shut too long, he gets into a lot of trouble that he never expected to.

Don't break your heart over this episode, Unhappy, it has happened to practically every woman you know, but don't let it occur again. Stay at home and mind your fences. Part-time wives are responsible for a lot of husbands' side-steppings.

DOROTHY DIX.

DEAR MISS DIX—Some time ago a young man and I who were in love with each other, ran away to get married. But every time we started to get a license something happened so we couldn't do it, and we never got married at all. I was away with him two weeks. Now that we are back, still unmarried, my parents forbid me to go with him, but I see him every day, or every evening, and he says he will commit suicide if I give him up. Now there is another man who loves me, and I love him, and who wants to marry me. I love both men and want both, and I don't know which one to take. Which one do you say?

BABE.

ANSWER:

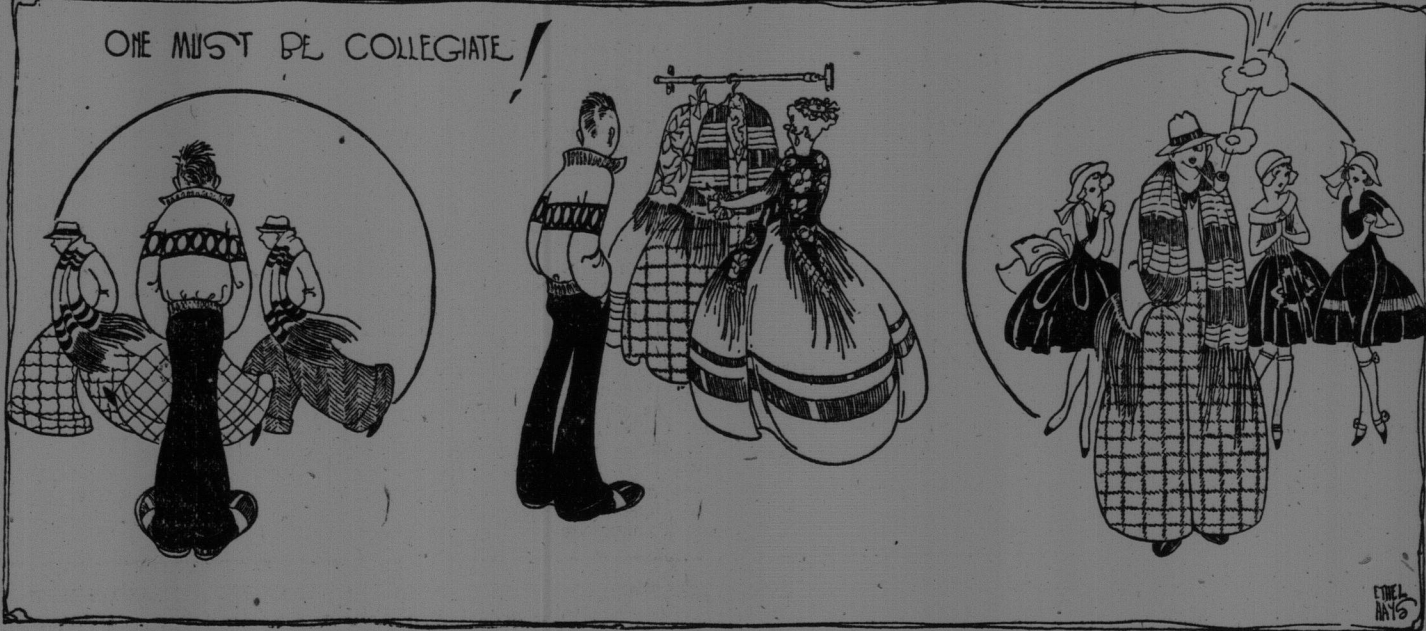
Marry the first man, with whom you have already hopelessly compromised yourself. Probably if the second man knew about your premature honeymoon trip, he wouldn't care to marry you at all. At any rate, your partner in guilt will be less liable to hold you wrongdoer over your head than the other man. But any girl who has little idea as you seem to have of the seriousness and sanctity of marriage is not likely to stay married to any man very long, so perhaps you will be able, as you suggest, to marry them both.

DOROTHY DIX.

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BIRTHDAY PRESENTATION About 15 friends of Mr. and Mrs. George Burgess, 239 Ludlow street, West Saint John, gathered at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas French, 141-2 Prince William street, on Saturday evening to celebrate Mrs. Burgess' birthday. On behalf of those present Mr. French made the presentation of a 97-piece china dinner set to Mrs. Burgess who responded in a brief speech. Music and games were enjoyed and dainty refreshments were served.

What The Men Are Coming To, Ethel Says



ADVENTURES of the TWINS

by OLIVE ROBERTS BARTON

THE PEANUT RACE.

"What do you do in a peanut race?" asked the Big Fat Elephant in an inquiring voice.

"I know," said Nick. "I was in one once. You just race with peanuts."

"Who ever heard of peanuts racing? I never saw one that could move even."

"That's the idea," said the elephant. "They must be peculiar peanuts."

"Oh, I don't mean that," laughed Nick. "I mean that you pick up the peanuts and then race."

"It certainly sounds stupid," said the Big Fat Elephant, wagging first his trunk and then his tail to show how very silly he thought it was. "Why not just pick up the peanuts and eat them? I am a fine peanut picker. I'll bet I could win that sort of a race every time."

"Now see here," said the Clown. "There is entirely too much talking. Let me tell you all about this peanut race. First, the Peanut Man will put a pile of peanuts on a table. Second, every person gets a fork. Third, you all get in a row. Fourth, someone says 'Go.' Fifth, you all run to the table and pick up a peanut on your fork. Sixth, you turn around and go back to the place you started from, balancing the peanut on the tip of the fork. But you are not allowed to touch it with your hands. The first person back wins the race and gets all the peanuts for a prize."

"Dear me! It sounds silly yet sensible," giggled the Big Fat Elephant. "Get over there!" he said to the Tall Thin Giraffe, giving him a push. "Can't you give a fellow any room. You don't like peanuts anyway."

"Stop quarreling," said the Clown. "A time to commence."

"I'll pass the forks," said Nancy. "I'll draw the chalk-line," said Nick. "Everyone must have his toes right on the mark."

"Everything's ready now," said the Clown. "Let me see, is everybody here? I'll have to count noses. Who is hiding in that barrel over there?"

"Nobody!" came the answer. "Very well," said the Clown. "I certainly thought there was. Now then. One, two, three, ready, go!"

Away went all the High Jinks Landers as hard as they could go. But coming back wasn't such a quick affair. For carrying a fork without a peanut, and carrying a fork with a peanut, are two entirely different affairs. If you don't believe me, will you please just go and try it. All I have to say is that I hope, if you are ever in a hurry to catch a train, you won't have to be balancing a peanut on a fork while you are doing it.

But what do you think happened? The elephant wasn't nearly back to the line, when suddenly he stretched out his trunk and dropped his peanut neatly right on the chalk-mark.

"I've won! I've won by a nose," he called in a loud voice.

"That's not fair," said the giraffe. "They always say it in races, so it must be," said the Clown. "The elephant wins."

"Nobody wanted the peanuts anyway," said the voice from the barrel.

"Let him have all he wants."

The Twins ran and peeped in. There sat Humpty Dumpty as nice as you please.

Navarro Doesn't Like Latin Lover Roles

By RUSSELL J. BIRDWELL

Ramon Navarro emphatically refuses to be forever consigned to the limbo of Latin lovers. Despite his engaging visage and amorous proclivities, young Navarro bravely takes the stand for "wholesome" films.

Following this policy, he recently appeared in his first American role, which was also his initial excursion into the sea of comedy, "The Midshipman," showed the young Latin as a talented laugh producer.

"I want to make the kind of picture which sends you home from the theatre with a good feeling," declared Navarro.

"No, I do not care for the sophisticated sort of thing. For you see, I cannot do that type of work."

Tentatively, after the eternal "Ben Hur" is finally and safely stored away, Navarro is to do "Tongo," a story of the South Seas, in which he is to play the role of a white boy, orphan of missionary parents, who is adopted by an island chief, only to be sent back, after reaching manhood, to learn the way of civilization.

And Navarro also plans to play that wistful and charming love tale, "Old Heidelberg," which gained such fame in the New York production as "The Student Prince."

The aims of this serious boy are, strangely, in perfect keeping with his personal life. He is never seen at the highly festive Hollywood affairs, though he was a conspicuous figure during the recent opera season. In fact, he is writing a book on that subject.

So perhaps the producers will take heed of his wishes and save him from the fate of a sleek-haired Romeo. Prayerfully suggests Navarro, "I hope they won't change the title of 'Tongo' to 'The Price of a Good Time!'"

With The Women Of Today

VERY "well lettered" is Dr. Winifred Cullis, one of the leading



DR. WINIFRED CULLIS

women members of the English medical profession. She has been made a member of the Order of the British Empire, and now is entitled to write these letters after her name: M. D., M. B., B. S., D. Sc., and O. B. E. Dr. Cullis is professor of physiology in the University of London, also head of the department of physiology in the London Royal Hospital, and examiner in physiology in London. She is a native of Gloucester, and was educated at King Edward VI. High School for Girls, Birmingham, and Newham College, Cambridge. Dr. Cullis has written and has published a number of books for the Journal of Physiology. She lives in London and admits that fencing and golf are her favorite recreations.

Your Birthday

November 12—You have a capital memory, most methodical, and a good manager. You are amiable, and a general favorite with your friends. You are fond of society and travel. Your home life will be happy if you do not allow the green-eyed monster within your doors.

Your birth-stone is the topaz, which means fidelity. Your flower is the chrysanthemum. Your lucky color is grey.

Baby Eczema

Soon Disappears with the use of Dr. Chase's Ointment.

Only mothers who have witnessed the suffering of their babies when tormented by eczema fully appreciate the remarkable soothing, healing effects of Dr. Chase's Ointment.

Most babies at one time or another fall victims to skin irritations, chafing of the skin or eczema. For this reason it is a fine habit to always have at hand when bathing baby a box of Dr. Chase's Ointment. You never know when roughness and redness of the skin is going to develop into something more serious. A touch of Dr. Chase's Ointment keeps the skin smooth and velvet, and prevents serious skin affections.

There are scores of uses for Dr. Chase's Ointment. Once it finds its way into the home it is soon considered indispensable.

BLACKHEADS

Blackheads simply dissolve and disappear by this one simple, safe and sure method. Get two ounces of peroxide powder from any drug store—sprinkle it on a hot, wet cloth, rub the face briskly—every blackhead will be gone.

See McArthur's advertisement on page 3.

way," said the voice from the barrel. "Let him have all he wants."

The Twins ran and peeped in. There sat Humpty Dumpty as nice as you please.

To Be Continued.



"T'se in town, Honey!"

Millions of families enjoy the old-time plantation flavor of Aunt Jemima Pancakes. Made with her own famous recipe (ready-mixed) they have the same wonderful taste as those she made herself in the old South, long ago. Just try them!

AUNT JEMIMA PANCAKE FLOUR

MACLAREN-WRIGHT LTD., TORONTO
Agents, Aunt Jemima Mills Company

And So The Steam Engines Have Slain The Dragons

By DAVID DIETZ.

DRAGONS and sea-serpents have passed out of existence because of the development of high-powered rifles and steamships. This is the opinion of Dr. Austin H. Clark of the Smithsonian Institution at Washington.

These creatures were born out of fear, he says. Men imagined they existed because of their own weak powers. But as men conquered the forest and the ocean, their fears decreased and so they no longer worked their imaginations overtime. Then, with their imaginations working calmly, they saw things in their true proportion.

In southern Europe and northern Africa, huge snakes were mistaken for dragons, Dr. Clark thinks. The eastern Chinese dragon, he thinks, was the result of an over-worked imagination playing on the Chinese alligator.

In the East Indies there is a huge lizard called the monitor. The monitor was responsible for the growth of the dragon idea there, according to Dr. Clark.

In every case, he maintains, the legends of fire-eating and smoke exhaling dragons can be traced to the fear inspired by large snakes, alligators and lizards.

SEA-SERPENT legends are dying out because man's view of the ocean is changing, thinks Dr. Clark. Formerly man sailed on small sailing vessels. The decks were close to the water. From such a viewpoint creatures in the ocean looked large.

Now men cross the ocean on huge steamships. The decks are high above the water. Things in the water assume their true proportions, therefore, and sailors no longer imagine that they see sea-serpents.

Large sharks, swimming one behind the other, their fins extending above the water, have sometimes given rise to the belief that a sea serpent had been sighted, says Dr. Clark.

GIANT squid and cuttlefish, troops of dolphins, porpoises and whales, have all contributed their share to sea-serpent stories, Dr. Clark continues. But the sailor now stands in safety upon the high deck of a steel steamer. As a result, he views the ocean calmly and passively. So he sees things with his eyes only and not with an imagination highly colored with fear as well.

A Thought

God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.—Psalm 46:1.

A MIGHTY fortress is our God.—Martin Luther.

She Could Never Do The Things Other Girls Did

Miss I. J. Ross, Scollard, Alta., writes:—"I am only twenty years old, but have suffered from heart palpitation and nerve trouble for several years. I could never do the things other girls did, that is, in the line of sports, skating, etc., and could never depend on myself at work. About six months ago I began taking



and am just twice the girl I was, and can enjoy everything in general life so much more. I am very grateful for what your Pills have done for me."

Put up only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

GETS AWAY ON FLIGHT.

BARCELONA, Spain, Nov. 11.—Count Casagrande, delayed in the continuance of his South American flight yesterday by further damage to his machine, got away at 9.15 o'clock this morning, heading for Gibraltar.

So easy to get breakfast with

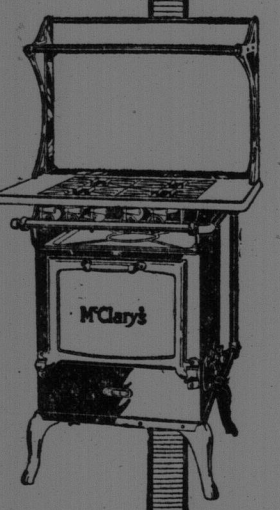
SHREDDED WHEAT

It is ready-cooked—ready-to-eat

Science and experience produced this gas range

EXPERIENCE taught McClary's the needs of gas users. Science showed how to meet these needs. The result is McClary's Gas Range—a range in which all the requirements of gas cooking are met—a range which incorporates every quality that makes for fast, efficient, satisfactory cooking.

If you cook with gas, cook with McClary's Gas Range. Its beauty of design lends enchantment to the kitchen. It gives a lifetime of service, makes cooking a pleasure and insures results that repay your investment a hundredfold.



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Sold everywhere

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Always a second cup when it's
Chase & Sanborn's SEAL BRAND Coffee