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INTERESTING

A Feature Page of Interest to Everyone

INSTRUCTIVE

Dorothy Dix

So Many Divorces and Unhappy Marriages Could Be Prevented if Fathers Would Investigate and Discuss Their Daughters' Beau Before Marriage.

PERHAPS one of the reasons why America leads the world in the number of its divorces is because in this country alone, of all civilized lands, young persons are permitted to marry without any guidance from their elders.

We let a boy, who couldn't make a horse trade that would be binding on him, enter into a contract of marriage that involves his whole life. We permit a girl who isn't considered to have enough judgment to pick out a silk dress, alone and unaided, choose a husband with whom she may have to live for fifty years. No wonder so many American marriages turn out disastrously! The marvel is that they result as well as they do.

Although we are great marriers in this country, and all fathers and mothers may reasonably expect that their sons and daughters will commit matrimony in due time, there seems to be a false sense of shame that keeps parents from ever discussing the subject with their children or taking any precautions regarding it.

This is particularly true of the American father, who appears to feel that he has no responsibility whatever about his daughter's husband and who acts as if a girl's getting married was as much in the nature of an accident as her being struck by lightning—something that is in the hands of Providence and that he can neither promote nor avert.

It is literally true that the average father does not know, by name or sight, the young man who visits his daughter and who takes her out to places of amusement. Still less does he know anything about the ability, the character and the habits of these youths. About the first time that he wakes up and begins to take notice is when Mamie and a sheepish-looking young man walk into the library some night, hand in hand, and Mamie says: "Papa, this is Mr. Periwinkle, and Percy and I are going to be married."

That rouses papa up, as a general thing, and he begins to make a hurried investigation into the present and past of Mr. Percy Periwinkle. But it is everlastingly too late then, for if Mamie has set her heart on marrying Percy, no matter what papa finds out, she will go along and marry him just the same. And the divorce will follow in due season if Percy happens to be a blackguard instead of a gentleman. But it's no thanks to papa whichever way the match turns out.

Sometimes papa is so inert, so careless of his daughter's happiness, that he doesn't even take the trouble to investigate at all into what kind of a son-in-law he is getting.

I know of one case in which a man let his daughter marry a bigamist, and yet if he had written a single letter to the town from which the man came or if he had gone to it—and it wasn't a hundred miles away—to investigate the bridegroom's record—he could have saved the girl from a heart-breaking fate.

The time, however, to break up an undesirable match is before it happens, and for that reason any father who does his duty by his daughter keeps a line on every man who comes into his house. If he observes that young Tomkins has taken to camping on his parlor chairs, he institutes a few casual inquiries as to that gentleman's moral habits.

It happens, and for that reason any father who does his duty by his daughter keeps a line on every man who comes into his house. If he observes that young Tomkins has taken to camping on his parlor chairs, he institutes a few casual inquiries as to that gentleman's moral habits.

And his criticism goes with Mamie. There is one thing that every woman is sensitive to, and that is a man's opinion of another man. It cuts her to the quick to know that other men have a contempt for the man she loves or that they despise him as a weakling. Therefore, while a father is always out of work because the world is handed against him appeal to papa. "Too no-account to hold down a job. The woman who marries him will have to take in boarders to support him." is the way papa sizes up that gentleman.

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IN THESE days no man can hide his faults under a bushel. We all live too much under the electric light for that. It is perfectly easy for any father to find out whether the fellow whose daughter's hand is being a family or whether he is idle, trifling and dissipated. Nor is that all. He can find out whether the youth is tyrannical, overbearing and mean, or whether he is generous, kindly and manly.

And having found out, it is up to him to pass on the information to Mamie in such a way that she will choose the right man instead of the wrong man and thereafter be a happy woman instead of a wretched one.

Papa should, in reality, be the best man at the wedding, the Guardian Angel, instead of the figurehead who is standing behind the bride and groom, the expenses and wondering what sort of a son-in-law he is getting.

WHEN the good God gives a man a girl baby He lays on him a responsibility for providing her with something more than food and clothes, though the majority of fathers do not seem to think so.

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SEE-SAWING UP AND DOWN MANHATTAN I wandered into the little world of art exhibits that centres at 87th street. And at the Art Centre I came upon as fine a memorial to a remarkable personality as modern day America has produced.

That personality was John Quinn, Irishman. He was born in Tiffin, O. But he had been born and reared on Erin's soil—and he often regretted that he had not—his doubts would have been one of the great rebels.

But his fighting spirit and rebel instinct found outlet in due time. Quinn studied law and in the course of years appeared on Wall Street, where he became an eminently successful and wealthy legal light. There was too much of the Irish dreamer and poet in him to keep him satisfied with mere business success.

He became the associate of writers and artists and soon he was gathering to himself a great art collection. It was not to the conventional "old masters" that he turned. No, Quinn was an artistic rebel. He defended the ultra-modern as fast as they turned up. He bought the greatest of Van Gogh, Cezanne, Picasso, Seurat and the rest. His apartment in West End Avenue became cluttered with anything and everything of the great masters. Paintings piled a dozen deep in closets and under beds.

GILBERT SWAN.

Picture Bouffant Frock More Popular Than Ever



By MME. LISBETH.

The hat worn with this dance frock is as picturesque as the dress. It has a cloth of silver crown with a small brim of silver horsehair. Flowers of green and silver sequins to match those on the dress are used for trimming.

At the upper left is a new bandeau with a pair of black satin pumps with rhinestone buckles that so effectively finish the formal dress. Many of the new full-skirted gowns are draped at the back. One dress of pink tulle used this lowered hemline, while blue velvet ribbon decorated the waist of the gown. A pink rose was pinned on one shoulder and a blue ribbon worn in the hair completed the youthful effect.

A more elaborate interpretation of this gown affected a very décolleté light orange bodice with long, fingertip black lace sleeves and a tiered skirt—a mass of ruffles—in ombre shades of orange.

The tightly molded bodices of these gowns usually show little decoration beyond possibly a flower pinned to the shoulder, but one of shot pink tulle ribbon, banded with gold which was wrapped around the bodice and waistline and tied in a huge bow on the side.

ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS

A QUEER TOLL GATE

"Where does Blue Whiskers live?" Nancy went to ask, but all her poor twisted tongue could say was, "Emmy, Emmy, Emmy, my my, my!"

Jupe, however, did not laugh. "I understand you," said the kangaroo kid. "You wish to ask about Blue Whiskers' castle. It's too bad you children cannot talk, but if you go about it right, your troubles will soon be over. Blue Whiskers himself is a wizard who can do anything. If you had only come in by the wicket gate, everything would have been different."

Nick tried to say, "But we didn't know anything about the wicket gate. Our magic green shoes just brought us here—pop!"

But he could say was, "All around the market place the money chased the wicket—that's the way the money goes—pop!" goes the wicket gate.

But again Jupe understood. However, this time he didn't reply, but led the way through a woods toward a high hill, the Twins following on their skates.

"The next place we have to pass on the way to Blue Whiskers' castle," said he, "is the toll-gate. It's a very large gate, but not to be astonished. Nothing will hurt you."

Suddenly the Twins saw a large blue bat sitting on a stone in the middle of the road. It was quite a large bat, about the size of a chum, and his ears looked like the ears of a very large and curious rabbit. His wings were folded and he sat very still, not moving a muscle except that his eyes blinked like Fourth-of-July sparklers. By that you know that he was not only awake, but thinking rapidly.

"Toll, please!" he said with two snaps of his jaws.

"How much is it today?" asked Jupe. "As no travelers have passed since two days before yesterday, I am very hungry," said the bat. "The toll today is one pint of five, one pint of lady-bugs and six ounces of buzzers!"

The Twins wondered what buzzers were, but they were soon to know. "Dear, dear!" muttered the kangaroo. "Things are getting more expensive every day. Even toll-gates. Couldn't you reduce it a little? I've got the most quilts all right, and the flies, but lady-bugs are scarce this year."

"I've taken quite a liking to lady-bugs," said the long-eared bat, "and if I can have them, you can't pass."

So saying he spread out his large wings on either side of him until the road was completely covered.

"I know of a new kind of bug," he said. "I know where there's a whole bag full. It's hanging on a tree and I can lift it down with my tail!"

Away he bounded and came back soon with a round thing that looked like a gray paper bag turned upside down.

"Here you are," said he, laying the bag down in front of the bat's nose. "Curious Curious!" said the bat. "I never had bugs served up to me in a bag before."

At that a big wasp crawled slowly out of the hole in the gray paper bag. "Where does Blue Whiskers live?" asked the wasp. "Emmy, Emmy, Emmy, my my, my!"

"Come along," said Jupe. "The toll-gate is gone. That's what happens to people who get too greedy."

To Be Continued

SH-H! Ya gotta be quiet an' walk on your toes; the baby's asleepin' jes' now. We've worried a heap 'bout the toll, goodness knows. There's fever in the room kinda way. She's bundled up tight in a warm sleepin' gown, but she breathes the fresh air as a rule. If ya like, ya peek in the room, you'll see. But be a bit careful; don't wake the wee tike. She's sleepin' as sleepin' kin be.

The doctor jes' called and he ceered a lot. "There's no need to worry," he said. "It's only a fever that's all the tot. Jes' keep her real quiet in bed."

Of course we've been tendin' the best we know how, and we'll jes' keep her tendin', and then, she'll lose all the fever that's burnin' her brow—and soon be out playin' again.

My compliments to the good housewife who bewled the maid out for letting the milkman kiss her—and decided to take the milk in, herself, in the future.

It's no wonder a man thinks he leads a dog's life, when he comes in with muddy feet, gets comfortable by the fire, and waits to be fed.

"I never will play poker with a dentist," shouted Bill.

"I would be a very simple thing for him to draw and fill."

NOW, HONESTLY—

Maybe there's someone you don't especially care for. And maybe you take a rap at him or her in conversation whenever you get a chance.

What good does it do you? Knocking only boosts you out of other people's estimation.

We all get a little bit of hearing someone praised. But we never like anyone who kicks at someone else.

BEHIND THE SCREEN

WHAT do movie stars do with their money?

After they've bought clothes for new productions and written out checks for living expenses what becomes of the bulk of the large salaries many of them draw?

Do they spend it all on luxuries or are they thrifty just like ordinary folks?

Interviews with Hollywood celebrities reveal that these actors and actresses who draw from \$500 to \$10,000 a week are also shrewd in the ways of the business world.

Theodore Kosloff owns a building in Los Angeles which bears his name. Mary and Douglas Fairbanks are both owners of a Hollywood bank. Renee Adore is part owner in a barber shop and beauty parlor. Lew Cody, Jackie Coogan and George K. Arthur are associated with her in the venture.

Norma Shearer, paying for her own home, keeps only one servant and one car.

Cecil B. DeMille is president of a bank and has money in scores of enterprises.

Eleanor Boardman has a substantial bank balance of several millions.

Thomas Meighan owns almost the whole town of Ocala, Florida.

In addition to putting his brothers and sisters through school, Ramon Navarro is buying a home for his father and mother.

Fola Negri turns her dollars into emeralds and pearls.

Norma Talmadge is partial to apartment houses, owning several. Before Ruth Roland's popularity as a serial star waned, she "salted away" her money to be Los Angeles' richest woman real estate operator.

Harold Lloyd is building a million dollar home in Beverly Hills near the equally valuable manse being put up by Allen Moore.

Although they can afford most of the luxuries of life, a goodly number of the stars of the silver sheet know the value of a dollar and they invest a large portion of their earnings. The above are only instances.

Queen Marie of Roumania has entered into an agreement with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer to write a screen story for them. She's the author of several novels.

We'll have another chance to see Vilma Dickey, the Hungarian actress who scored such a hit with Ronald Colman in "The Dark Angel" and in "The Sign of the Cross."

Valentino's "Black Eagle," in "Beauty and the Beast," a novel by Kathleen Norris which Samuel Goldwyn has purchased. Some screens will be taken in Italy.

And still another beauty contest winner has been given a movie contract. Universal announces the signing of Adrienne Dore, "Miss Los Angeles" and second place winner in the "Miss America" contest at Atlantic City. Her first role is in Herbert Blanche's picture, "The Mystery Club."

Recovered from a severe illness, Richard Barthelmess has decided that he will make neither "The Kid from Montana" nor "The Amateur Gentleman" at present, but will start work on "Ransom's Folly" from the story and play by Richard Harding Davis.

Is this your BIRTHDAY?

FEBRUARY 22—Do not look upon the dark side of life, and cease to worry about what may happen. You need to bring into your life more sunshine and cheerfulness, and hold yourself in higher esteem of you are capable of greater deeds than you realize if you should but be sure of yourself. You will marry very happily if you will bear and forbear.

Your birthstone is an amethyst, which means sincerity.

Your lucky colors are light blue and yellow.

Your flower is a primrose.

Wasting Time.

Steepjack was working industriously on repairs to a church spire a good distance above the street. A small boy was the first to see him, and stood gazing sideways with rapt expression. Soon an elderly man stopped to watch the feat. Another passer-by joined the two, and another and another came along until a small-sized crowd was blocking the pavement, while the steepjack continued his work in ignorance of the interest he was creating. The small boy began to get restless. Finally he turned to the crowd, and in a disgusted tone said: "It ain't no use waitin'. He ain't goin' to fall."

Does That Cough Stick On Your Lungs?

Mr. Ilaly MacNab, Bognor, Ont., writes:—"I was troubled with a terrible cough that I could not get rid of, and my doctor told me that I had a slight touch of bronchitis. Nothing I took seemed to give me any relief until I got a bottle of

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup

I got such relief by using it that I would advise all those who are subject to bad colds or coughs to keep a bottle of this remedy in their homes all the time.

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FOOL and his money are soon parted and some sort of similar arrangement should be made to allocate him from his automobile.

Menus for the Family

MENU HINT.

Breakfast.

Orange Juice.

Oatmeal with Chopped Dates.

Toast. Coffee. Milk.

Luncheon.

Vegetable Soup. Crackers.

Apple Sauce. Drop Fruit Cookies.

Milk.

Dinner.

Stuffed Breast of Veal. Milk Gravy.

Baked Sweet Potatoes.

Cauliflower.

Bermuda Salad. Russian Dressing.

Rhubarb Pie. Coffee.

TODAY'S RECIPES.

Vegetables Soup—Wipe one pound shoulder beef and one of cracked beef knuckle with damp cloth. Put in soup kettle and cover with cold water. Salt liberally, add one sliced onion, bay leaf and dash of pepper. Simmer three or four hours, then let cool in the kettle and strain. One hour before meal time put the strained stock over fire again and add vegetables in order named: Two tablespoons chopped parsley, two carrots sliced, two potatoes sliced, one onion sliced, chopped celery or celery salt, dash of paprika, two tablespoons oatmeal and one-half cup tomatoes. Prepare the vegetables as you go along so that the tomatoes are added about one-half hour before serving. A little macaroni or noodles may be added after the tomatoes are put in.

Rhubarb Pie—Sift one tablespoon flour with one cup sugar, add to a beaten egg. Wash and cut one pound rhubarb in inch length pieces, then add egg, flour and sugar mixture. Bake in rich pie crust about half an hour or until tender.

Bermuda Salad—Arrange several thin slices of Bermuda onion on crisp lettuce, and pour over this dressing: Four tablespoons vinegar, two tablespoons olive oil, one-half teaspoon salt, one-quarter teaspoon paprika. Mix and pour over just before serving.

Little Joe

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