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THE EVENING TIMES-STAR, SAINT JOHN, N. B. WEDNESDAY, JUNE 2, 1926

INTERESTING

A Feature Page of Interest to Everyone

INSTRUCTIVE

## Dorothy Dix

We Want So Much to Remain the Ideal Man or Woman in the Eyes of Our Matrimonial Partners That We Can't Bear Criticism From Them, For It Destroys the Illusion of Perfection on Which We Married.

A MAN has just been granted a divorce because his wife corrected his manners and his grammar.

Who can blame him? Many and great and varied are the trials and tribulations of matrimony, but none are more grievous to be borne than being exposed to an oracle who is always calling attention to your little faults and follies and setting you right about them.

Surely nothing would do more to discourage love-making than to have its impassioned vows strictly edited by one who is a stickler for correct expression. Nor would any home long be a happy one that had a critic always chattering on the hearth.



HEAVEN knows it is hard enough to endure the casual acquaintance who interrupts you in the midst of your pet story to say, "I think you pronounced that word incorrectly." Weister gives it the long o. Or who, when you say a thing happened at 4 o'clock, always interjects, "Pardon me, but you are mistaken. It occurred at 3.55."

Our sufferings from these self-appointed mentors, who always leave us feeling like a punctured balloon, are bearable because they are intermittent. Exceedingly intermittent. For the censor never sees us the second time if we behold him first.

But those who have unfortunately had the ill luck to marry a perennial schoolmaster, or schoolmarm have no such blessed relief. They cannot escape. They are elected to a perpetual martyrdom of sitting on the dunce stool and being told just exactly the proper thing to say and do.

AND flesh and blood won't stand it. Especially married flesh and blood won't stand it, because the vanity of the husband and wife cannot endure the shock of finding out that the partners of their bosoms do not regard them as objects of admiration, but as subjects for reform.

Flattery is the lure which induces every man at the last to put his neck under the matrimonial yoke. Some girl either by art or artifice or by direct open singing of his praises has made him believe that she admired him more than any other man in the world. She has sold him on the proposition that she regarded him as a fountain of wisdom, as a spellbinder of whose conversation she could never tire and a glass of fashion and a mold of form.

YOU can bet your bottom dollar that in the days of courtship she didn't call him down every time he was short on his grammar and shy in his pronunciation. Neither did she correct his table manners. Nor did she criticize his taste in recitations.

If she had, there would have been no wedding bells.

No man on earth is humble enough to marry a woman who considers herself his superior. Nor is any man fool enough to marry a woman if he knows beforehand that her favorite indoor sport is going to be "picking on" his little faults and weaknesses.

HE MAY be so infatuated that he is deaf to the voice of reason, but the voice of criticism he always hears, and it is invariably a douche of cold water that wakes him up from his love dream.

And precisely the same thing happens with the woman. The man who can spread the saltiest thickets gets the girl.

The girl falls for the man who makes her believe that he considers her a little less than an angel, who is blind to all of her faults, who thinks her little ways cute and cunning, who adores her just as she is and would not have her changed in any way.

NEVER in the world would she say "yes" to the lover who told her that he considered that she had the intellect of a hen; who laughed at her opinions and decided her judgment; who told her that she made herself a figure of fun by the way she dressed and that she should get some woman who knew how to show her how to put on her make-up.

Good gracious, no! The hammer went out of fashion as an effective means of courting with the other cave-man stuff, and any youth who would begin knocking a girl's faults before marriage would find himself hunting up another sweetheart, pronto. No maiden with a fair average amount of feminine complacency would stand for it for a minute.

SO THE thing that really brings a man and woman together in the holy bonds of matrimony is the belief that each cherishes the fond idea that, no matter how little a cold and cruel world may rate him or her, each has found the one human being who really appreciates him or her.

The man says to himself: "This woman does not see me as just an ordinary chap who hasn't had many advantages of education or association and who hasn't done one single darn thing worth mentioning. To her I am a demigod."

The woman says to herself: "This man doesn't see me as a flighty, frivolous creature, full of nerves and temper. He beholds me glorified. I am his ideal of feminine charm."

And so they get married on this basis of mutual admiration. But the charm is broken the minute either one begins to criticize and find fault with the other. They position their knowledge that they have been befuddled and that each sees the other not as an ideal, but as a poor, weak, blundering man and woman.

Therefore husbands and wives criticize each other at their peril, and the wise ones let some one else, who hasn't so much at stake, correct their faults and call their attentions to their lapses in grammar and table manners.

IN A way, it is a pity that husbands and wives are so sensitive to criticism from one another, for it keeps them from giving each other the help they might give. Often a wife has had for better educational advantages than her husband and she could do much to polish up her rough diamond of a man. Often a man comes of better family than his wife and is better versed in social etiquette than she, and he could teach her many of the conventions of which she is ignorant.

But neither one will stand for a word of suggestion from the partners of their bosoms, and the minute wife begins criticizing husband's grammar and husband remarks on the way wife eats her soup, they start on the road that ends in the divorce court.

Which is, perhaps, natural and human, for what we marry for is not to get a critic, but to acquire a clique.

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**LITTLE JOE**

HADN'T ALWAYS THE ONLY POP DOWN IN THE BELLAR

**Is this your BIRTHDAY?**

JUNE 2—You are too impulsive. You care a great deal for your home, and would make great personal sacrifices to further the happiness of your loved ones. Be more attentive to business, and never let pride rule you.

Your birthstone is a pearl, which means health and long life. Your flower is the honeysuckle. Your lucky colors are light blue and white.

**SO DIFFERENT**

Striped and checked taffetas were never so lovely as this season, and they have a picturesque quality no other material approximates.

## Then and Now

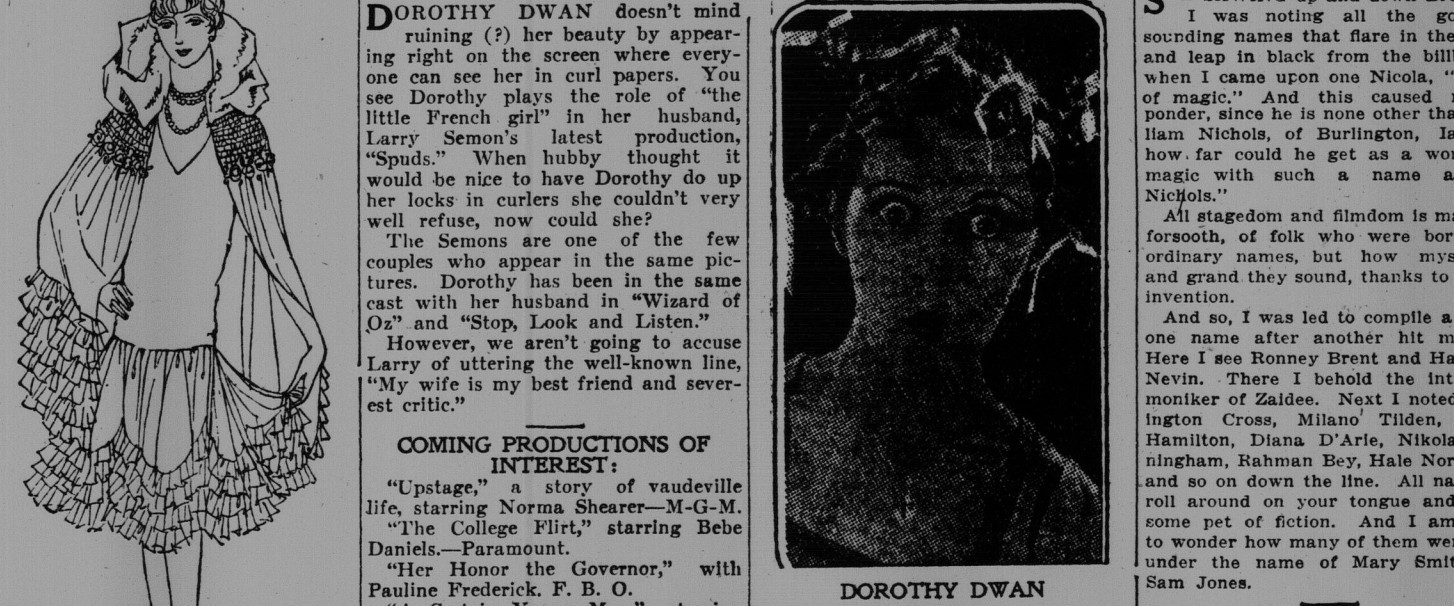


WHEN YOU DIDN'T WANT TO TAKE IT YOU HAD TO — NOW YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WHEN YOU WANT TO

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**Fashion Fancies**

YOUTHFUL EVENING ENSEMBLE COMBINES TAFFETA AND GEORGETTE



By Marie Belmont

The youthful evening frock, which is accompanied by a cape to match, makes a lovely ensemble for the young girl in her teens, or just out of them.

Above is shown such a costume, which strikes a distinctive note in its choice of deep wine red for the color, and soft georgette and crisp taffeta for the materials.

The frock has a simple rounded neckline, finished by the cording of the taffeta, while the full skirt has tiers of taffeta ruffles arranged in scalloped formation. The yoke is shirred, and a puff of taffeta makes the collar.

Screen rights to "The Miracle" have been secured for Marian Davies. She will play the role of the nun.

A flight over Hawaii's most active volcano is to be taken by Maurice Tourneur and cameraman for scenes in "The Mysterious Island."

When Lois Moran, who achieved

immediate success in "Stella Dallas," finishes her work in "Glorifying the American Girl," she will be a free lance. It was previously thought that Lois was tied up with a contract and her announcement comes as a surprise.

"Red," Grange, erstwhile University of Illinois athlete, now a professional pigskin chaser, is planning to begin work on a film story of college life under the direction of Sam Wood, the man who coached the Paramount Junior Stars. Red'll probably tear off a couple of end runs that will put efforts of stars in similar pictures to shame.

Hopie Hampton has gone to Europe to make a color picture in France, "A Marriage Under Louis the Fifteenth."

parts of stalks of celery—that are left after best stalks have been used—until tender, press through colander, and add one heaping tablespoon of rice—previously boiled. You will find it a great help to keep a quantity of rice cooked ready for soups, etc. Return rice and celery to fire which it was in which the celery was cooked or at least one pint of it with one pint of milk and a small piece of butter, season with salt and serve.

**Apple Pudding**—Use one apple to each person and stew in water as for sauce. When apples are almost done, drop in spoons of batter made as follows: Five tablespoons flour, one teaspoon baking powder, pinch of salt, one-half cup of water. Beat well and cook with apples. Serve with sugar and milk of cream. Cherries or peaches can also be used this way for a quick dessert.

**A Thought**

The way of a fool is right in his own eyes, but he that hearkeneth to counsel is wise.—Prov. 12:15.

**COLONEL LYNCH'S MISSION**

(Glasgow Herald.)

Colonel Arthur Lynch, soldier, doctor of medicine, master of arts, litterateur, politician, and something of a poet, has this week left for Greece on an unusual mission—namely, to introduce to wealthy Greek citizens a scheme for the erection of a memorial to the poet Byron in the churchyard of Huknall, Torkard, where lay his remains. Byron is one of the few English poets to whom there is no memorial in Westminster Abbey. At the time of his death, the abbey authorities would not sanction his burial there, nor would they permit the erection of a memorial. A hundred years later, their successors refused to reverse that decision, and so the Huknall-Torkard scheme came into being. It is fitting that Colonel Lynch should be the emissary to go to Byron's second homeland. The author of Don Juan would have hated the thought of any ordinary memorial promoter undertaking the work.

**SLEEVESLESS COATS**

Many of the new summer coats are sleeveless and hang from the shoulders in a very straight, swagger line.

OUR idea of an optimist is a man who imagines that by getting married he can make his running expenses slow down to a walk.

**TODAY'S RECIPES**

Orange and Rhubarb Marmalade—Cook one large orange in boiling water one-half hour. Put through grater, being careful to conserve all juice. Cook two large cups of rhubarb with just enough water to keep from scorching, until tender, combine the orange and rhubarb with an equal amount of sugar and cook until thick. Makes four to five glasses of delicious marmalade.

Celery Soup—Cook hearts and upper

## ADVENTURES of the TWINS

by OLIVE ROBERTS BARTON

ON THE WAY TO MISTER SNOOP'S

"Now my fortune is all gone!" said the little Whiffet. "I gave it all to that queer Dingbat in the side-show."

"Well, what's the difference?" said Nick. "He told you where to find your shadow, didn't he? You won't need money any more."

"I hope not," said the little Rag-bag fellow. "If I don't find it soon, my beautiful bombazine suit will be worn out and now that Mom and Pop have had to move out of the rag-bag into the hat-box, I shall never get another."

"Oh, bombazine never wears out!" cried Nancy. "It says so on the back of Mrs. Darlington Willowby James."

"Mrs. Who?" almost shrieked the little Whiffet.

"Mrs. Darlington Willowby James, the one with the green tea-gown and her hands under her chin," said Nancy. "She's my best."

The Whiffet looked so queer that Nick laughed. "That's one of her paper-dolls," he said. "She's got words on her back."

"Yes, but it's all right," nodded Nancy. "Black and white are quite good for underthings now, and Mother says—"

"Dear me," said the poor little Whiffet. "I'm getting kind of dizzy. I'd certainly like to find my shadow."

"I know," said Nancy, patting him. "But you mentioned bombazine and I thought I'd tell you. Now then, where did that queer person in the show tell us to go?"

"He said to hunt up Mister Snoopy," said Nick. "He's a pirate who lives in a cave between Hidy Go Land and the sea."

"It sounds terrible," said the Whiffet. "Well, it isn't," said someone. "Not terrible at all! Both Towser and I work."

"I should say so," said the Rag Doll. "He steals them and makes them do his work."

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