

THE TIMES-STAR FEATURE PAGE

Dorothy Dix

Shall the Girl With Incurable Heart Trouble Tell Her Fiance Before Marriage?—Is It a Friend's Duty to Prevent a Triangle Catastrophe?—Can Two Brunettes be Happily Married?

DEAR MISS DIX—I am engaged, and expected to be married in the spring, but recently I was taken ill and the doctors tell me that I have heart trouble. Although my case is not a serious one, the condition is incurable. I have not told my fiance about this because I am afraid that I do he will not want to marry me. What do you say? What shall I do?

BROKEN-HEARTED.

ANSWER: There is no question about what you should do. The only straight and honorable thing is to tell the young man frankly about your condition, and offer to release him from the engagement if he does not want to marry you under the circumstances.

DOROTHY DIX

And you have everything to lose by concealing your real condition from him, for he will despise you in his heart as a cheat if you marry him on false pretenses, and the knowledge that you have betrayed him will dry up whatever springs of pity that might have been in his nature.

Furthermore, you must look at the matter from the man's standpoint as well as your own, and be honest enough to face the fact that a wife who is a semi-invalid is a great handicap to her husband. She cannot stand the strain of motherhood. Nearly always she is a constant source of expense for doctors and nurses and sanatoriums. A sick, nervous woman cannot make a happy and a cheerful home and the more her husband loves her, the more is he tortured with fears and anxieties about her.

Of all of these things a man must think long and seriously before he marries a woman who is afflicted with an incurable disease, and he should thoroughly realize what he is letting himself in for before he makes his final decision. If he refuses to marry the sick woman, it is the final drop of gall in the bitter cup that has been pressed to her lips, but she will at least have a clear conscience in the matter, and she will be better off single than she would be married to a man who regarded her as an affliction and a burden.

DOROTHY DIX.

DEAR MISS DIX—I have a friend, a man around 50, who is married and has nearly grown children, but who has fallen in love lately with a woman whom he met by chance somewhere. This woman wants my friend to help her divorce her husband, and for him to get a divorce from his wife, and marry her. Do you think my friend has any chance of happiness with a woman who, first, while married accepted his attentions, knowing that he had a family; second, poured out her grievances against her husband to him, saying he was jealous, suspicious, and didn't provide for her, etc.; third, accepted money and clothing from him, even going with him to buy undergarments; fourth, carrying on a secret correspondence with him, and meeting him clandestinely?

Is that the type of woman to pin your faith to? My friend thinks a lot of my opinion, and I will risk butting in and giving him a good talking to if you so advise.

OLD BACHELOR.

ANSWER: I certainly do advise you to try to save your friend from this predatory lady if you can. I think that we are altogether too much-mouthing about such matters, and that when we see our friends about to make fools of themselves and wreck their lives, it is just as much our duty to head a rescue party and try to save them as it would be to save them from some physical danger.

The woman you describe has neither courage, nor honor, nor heart, nor delicacy of feeling. No married woman who has a love affair with a married man has any real principle. No woman who would break up a home, who would take a husband away from his wife and half-orphan children, has any heart. Such a woman is a curse to the man who marries her, and if your friend is foolish enough to marry her, he will bring down the punishment he deserves on himself for having proved a traitor to his wife and children.

I have small pity for any man who is weak enough to let a woman cajole and flatter him into forgetting his duty to his family, and his honor as a man. He really isn't worth anybody taking the trouble to save from his folly, except for his children's sake, for it is they who have to pay the final price of his wrong-doing.

There is only this to be said in such a man's excuse: That when many men are around 50 they go through a silly age in which, for a time, they seem to take leave of their senses, and in which the open season in which any vamp can get them who wants them. Its most pronounced symptoms are a sudden boredom with domesticity; a yearning for red ties, and Kievy Kint Klutzes; a craving for cabarets and jazz; an illusion that they are much younger than their years, and a delusion that their wives don't understand them.

In this dazed condition they wander away from home, and the first fapper who will dance with them, and who needs a sugar papa; or the first married woman craving pink crepe de chine lingerie, who rolls her eyes at them, and tells them a piteous story about a cruel husband, can get them. And by the time they are jolted awake by a divorce they have wrecked their lives, and are a laughing stock for the community.

Try and see if you cannot make your friend realize what an idiot he as well as wicked thing he is doing before it is too late.

DOROTHY DIX.

DEAR MISS DIX—I am a perfect brunette, and am engaged to a young man who is a brunette, too. People have told us that two brunettes should never marry. What is wrong about it?

PAT.

ANSWER: Nothing. Whole nations of brunettes marry each other with the happiest results. The color of people's eyes and hair and skin has nothing whatever to do with whether they will be congenial life mates or not. It is the temper and the disposition and the character of the man and woman you marry that makes marriage a success or a failure, not whether he or she is blond or brunette.

DOROTHY DIX.

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ADVENTURES of the TWINS

by CLIVE ROBERTS BARTON

NIBBS AND SCOOT START OFF

The Twins were very much excited when Dubbins, the groom, went away, and came back shortly leading two of the smartest black ponies they had ever seen.

Their bridles and saddles were made of bright shining leather which gleamed like gold against their satiny black coats.

"And see here, Dubbins," said the kind hunter who had ordered the ponies for them. "Take these children into the lodge there and give them some hunting clothes. There is a girl's riding habit and some for the boy, too—a red coat and stiff derby hat, and boots for both."

Dubbins went away followed by the Twins, while the hunter held the ponies' reins.

Soon they all came back and Dubbins helped the children to mount. Nancy on Nibbs and Nick on Scoot, and a finer pair you never saw. Even Nancy had a little hard hat, like the ladies wore, and a black riding habit with a skirt, mind you, and instead of riding cross-saddle like boys do—and a lot of ladies, too, nowadays—she rode sitting sideways with her knees braced against a funny stick-up place on the saddle.

Nick looked grand in his scarlet coat, tight trousers and shiny boots.

Suddenly a horn sounded somewhere. The dogs barked more loudly than ever and everybody began to ride toward the gate where the fox-hunt was to start.

"Where shall we go?" Nancy asked the man who had attended to everything.

"Just follow the crowd," said the man. "You need not ride fast if you don't wish to. Your ponies are very gentle—they will take you safely across fences and ditches and streams of water without jolting you in the least. Don't be afraid."

The gate was opened and away went the dogs with a bound.

And the horses seemed fairly to leap through the air after them, so anxious were they to be gone.

Nibbs and Scoot went after them like the wind, but so easily did the ponies move, that it was no trick at all for the Twins to stay on. Never had they dreamed there could be such ponies! It was like riding the rocking-horses on a merry-go-round.

But, of course, horses can go faster than ponies, and after a bit the Twins were far behind. They could still hear the baying of the dogs and the shout of the hunters, but they seemed to be alone.

"Say, Nancy," said Nick suddenly. "Do you know what all this is about? It's after one poor little fox! If I could see him first, I'd hide him so the dogs couldn't get him."

That gave Nancy an idea. "Let's try," she said. "Look there! They're all coming back. The fox must be coming this way."

And then, what do you think? Master Blue cap spoke up. "He's about hiding under Nick's long coat tails all the time."

"I heartily agree with you, children," said he. "We must save the poor fox if we can."

To Be Continued.

No Need to Run.

For years he had been terribly henpecked. One morning at breakfast he said to his wife, "My dear, I had a queer dream last night. I thought I saw another man running off with you."

"Indeed," said his wife. "And what did you say to him?" "Oh," he answered, "I asked him why he was running."

Minard's Liniment for Bruises.

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News Notes From Movieland

By DAISY DEAN.

THE cute little French girl Renee Adoree whom we first admitted in Tom Moore's "Made in Heaven," is being kept busy these days. Renee, when a youngster, used to belong to a circus troupe in France. Later she gained recognition as a dancer and came to the United States to seek fame. After achieving popularity on the New York stage she applied for a job at the William Fox studios and was given a part in "The Strongest." A few months ago she played the part of a young French girl as Jack Gilbert's sweetheart in "The Big Parade." Then she joined the cast of "La Boheme," Lillian Gish's new picture, to play the part of "Musetta." As soon as the last scenes had been shot she hurried over to where Lon Chaney was making "The Mocking Bird" and began work on that production.



RENEE ADOREE.

In addition to Betty Hlythe, four American movie actresses are appearing in London theatres. They are Edith Day, Dorothy Dickson, Lucille La Verne and Tallulah Bankhead.

Harry M. Warner didn't cause any considerable excitement in movie circles when he recently announced that the trouble with the movie is that too many stars think they are gods. Old stuff!

Owen Moore plays the part of "The Mocking Bird" in "The Mocking Bird," Lon Chaney's starring vehicle. In this picture Chaney fills the dual role of a Lighthouse missionary and master crook.

Your Birthday

DECEMBER 5—You are sincere, scrupulously honest, and have a quiet, happy disposition that wins you many friends, and makes you a general favorite. You love out-of-door country life. You are proud and careful of appearances, and like to dress well. You should marry young, but not take the step blindly. Never give way to jealousy. Your birth-stone is the turquoise, which means prosperity. Your flower is holly. Your lucky color is pink.

DECEMBER 6—You are original, careful, cautious, and very faithful to your friends. You have immense will-power, and it is very difficult to move you when once your mind is made up. You are a loyal friend, and will sacrifice much in friendship's name. You love travel. You like to be obeyed, but you get your way through love rather than by force. Your birth-stone is the turquoise, which means prosperity. Your flower is holly. Your lucky color is pink.

A Thought

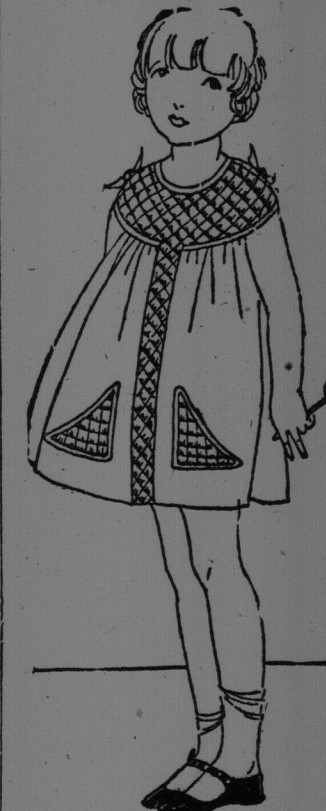
Pleasant words are as an honeycomb, sweet to the soul and health to the bones.—Provs. 16:2.

COMPLIMENTS or congratulation are always kindly taken, and cost nothing but pen, ink and paper. I consider them as draughts upon good breeding, where the exchange is always greatly in favor of the drawer.—Chest-erfield.

An Epitaph

Border Cities Star.) Here lie the bones of Oscar McNutt, Who called himself a bon vivant; He thought he'd eaten mushrooms, but His judgment was the rottenest.

Fashion Fancies



By Marie Belmont

AN unusual frock for the very small miss is shown here. It gains distinction through its simplicity, and its use of an unusual trimming.

The tan cloth matches the trimming exactly, which is quilted silk, applied in a yoke and band in front, and in diminutive pockets. A coat of the same quilted silk, interlined for warmth, would complete an effective ensemble.

well. Put in casserole and pour over three tablespoons maple syrup. Top with whole marshmallows and put in oven to brown.

DELICIOUS HARD SAUCE.

This is a delicious hard sauce and will make the plainest bread pudding a thing to dream of:

1-8 teaspoon salt,  
1 cup powdered sugar,  
White of one egg,  
1/2 teaspoon salt,  
1/2 teaspoon vanilla.  
Cream the butter until soft, add sugar, salt and vanilla, and cream some more until the mixture is smooth and soft. Then add the unbeaten egg white and beat with an egg beater until fluffy and light.

Make it your "bread"

TRISCUIT

If you like Shredded Wheat Biscuit, you will like Triscuit, the Shredded Wheat Cracker. It is real whole wheat, not made of flour, but made of perfect whole grains of wheat. Toast it in the oven and serve it hot with butter or soft cheese.

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SEE-SAWING ON BROADWAY

THE romantics of the "wild west" love to recall the days when gentlemen gamblers, "what were gentlemen gamblers" staked great fortunes on the turn of a wheel.

Drama and fiction of the California gold days and the Arizona silver days run riot with tales of steel nerved men who made great stakes, came into camp and lost every dime at faro, cards, dice or roulette. All this was done with the grand gesture. The romantic figure went back to his mine, made another stake and perhaps lived to break the bank.

"Then days are gone forever," wistfully sigh the romantics.

Don't you believe it! Broadway has the fastest dice games in the world and fortunes equal to any ever lost and won in the bonanza days change hands today in certain resorts along the street of bright lights.

Furthermore, Broadway produces just as picturesque gambling characters as ever stopped out of the western movie sets. The types have changed, of course. No six shooters hang from the hips, the modern product is debonaire and generally well groomed.

Perhaps the best example of this type is one "Nick the Greek." This is the only name one ever hears him called. He is tall, quite handsome, immaculately dressed, well-mannered, the complete "gentleman gambler." So many are the tales concerning him that he might be considered mythical, but for the fact

that every now and then he is "cleaned" of a vast fortune and all Broadway hears about it. Now and then he is mentioned in the New York papers.

A couple of years ago his luck was running strong. The sums he played and won were guessed far and wide. Rich cloak and suit men, visitors with "folks" theatre men and professional gamblers met him across the dice tables. He lost and won with equal elegance.

Then, came the news "they cleaned him."

"Nick" borrowed some \$25,000 from gallant winners and went into the mid-west—Cincinnati it was said. He came back with about \$400,000 and Broadway almost shouted the gossip. Recently he lost \$10,000 in a short evening's session. It is reported and is just about flat once more. He will be back with more one of these days—never fear!

Meanwhile, if any touters of much-vaunted western "gentleman gamblers" wish to go to bat for their heroes, I'll match them any night with the friends of "Nick the Greek," catch-a-catch-can and let the best yarn win.

JAMES W. DEAN.

Where and What Ottawa Is.

Ottawa, formerly Bytown, is a town on a river off the same name, named famous chiefly for its possession of the champion rugby team for 1925. It is also the capital of Canada.

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