

# POOR DOCUMENT M C 2 0 3 5

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INTERESTING

A Feature Page of Interest to Everyone

INSTRUCTIVE

## Dorothy Dix

Old Age Comes to Us All—Don't Let It Find You Empty-Handed—Start Now to Save Money, to Cultivate Affection, to Lay in a Supply of Friendship and to Store Up Mental Riches for Future Happiness.



DOROTHY DIX

WHAT are you storing up for your old age? Are you laying up any money against the time when you will be old and feeble and no longer able to work? The hour will strike for you, as it does for others, when your earning powers will be gone. Your hands will be too stiff and clumsy to keep on with their accustomed task. Your mind will be too slow to go the pace in the fierce competition in the commercial world.

If you are an employee, you will lose your job. If you are a business man, you will find that your trade has somehow drifted away from you. If you are a professional man, you will be superseded by the new men whose stars are just rising on the horizon.

Nothing that you can do will alter these conditions. No miracle will save you from the common fate of all who grow old. But if you have saved up enough money to make you independent, it will be merely a matter of mild regret to you. If, however, you have laid up nothing for the rainy day that is bound to come to you, it will be a tragedy that you will pray death to end.

For in all the world there are no people so pitiable and forlorn as those who are forced to eat the bitter bread of dependence in their old age, and find how steep are the stairs of another man's house. Wherever they go, they know themselves unwelcome. Wherever they are, they feel themselves a burden. There is no humiliation of the spirit they are not forced to endure. Their hearts are scared all over with the stabs from cruel and callous speeches.

In youth, money is a convenience, an aid to pleasure. In age, it is an absolute necessity, for when we are old we have to buy even consideration and politeness from those about us. This is true even in the households of our own children, for between the father and mother who are able to pay their own way, and are the source of a never-ending flow of gifts and treats, and the father and mother who must be supported, is a great gulf fixed.

It is the difference between having the place of honor or the back seat; between being listened to with respect, and having one's opinions derided; between having one's little peculiarities catered to as interesting characteristics, and being snubbed for one's old-fashioned ways.

For in this unfeeling and hard-boiled age it seems. The average young couple have all they can do, in these times of the high cost of living, to provide for their own wives and children, and it makes their burden crushing to have to add to it the extra weight of the support of the old people of their families.

The fate of the dependent old is so terrible that it is a marvel that it does not frighten every one into trying to provide against it, yet it was recently stated in a journal of statistics that 80 per cent. of the men and women more than 60 years of age were dependent either upon their children or upon public charity.

DON'T let this misfortune befall you. Guard against it. Begin systematic saving while you are young, so that when you are old you will at least have the comfort of being independent.

Are you laying up affection for your old age? Most of us have a curious and naive belief in what we call "natural affection." We befool ourselves into thinking that people must love us because they stand in a certain relationship to us, and because there are blood ties between us. Never was there a more fallacious theory.

THERE is, to be sure, the mother passion for the child she has borne, and the instinctive clinging of the child to its mother while it is young and helpless, but that is all. It doesn't follow as a matter of course that grown-up men and women love their parents just because they are their parents.

As a matter of fact, they don't, unless the father and mother have won their love by years of tenderness and understanding and sympathy. You can't be hard and tyrannical and selfish and stingy with your children, and expect them to love you because it is their duty to do so.

If YOU want your children to love you when you are old, you have to begin winning their hearts when they are in the cradle.

Have you laid up a good supply of friendship for your old age? NO COMPLAINT is heard more often from the old than that they are lonely. Few come to see them. They are seldom asked out. No one sends them flowers when they are sick. They are neglected, and they crave the little attentions that we all like, and yearn for the society of their fellow creatures.

Now, when old people are lonely, it is always their own fault. It is because they have neglected to lay up any friendships for the sore and yellow days when they have no longer the power to attract people to them.

THEY have gone their selfish way through life, sufficient unto themselves in their youth. They have never held out a helping hand to those in need. They have never wept with those who wept, and rejoiced with those who rejoiced. They have not bothered to write notes of condolence or congratulation. They have never visited the sick and afflicted. They have never spent an hour listening to an old person's garrulous talk, and so, when they get old, they are repaid in the same coin.

Are you laying up any mental riches for your old age? I KNOW an old lady so feeble that she cannot stir from her chair, and whose eyes have dimmed that she can only see the light of day, and who is so deaf that she cannot be read to, but who passes her days delightfully reciting to herself whole cantos of Scott and Byron, and recalling word for word chapters of Dickens and Thackeray and Miss Austen. Her mind to her is a kingdom, in which she finds entertainment and amusement.

Will you be amused or bored when you are in your nineties, and have nothing but your own society? I know another woman, middle-aged, who is deliberately laying up a treasure of memories of travel to solace her in her old age. She will never know a dull moment, for she will have something to think about besides her rheumatism and her diet when she sits alone in the twilight of life.

OLD age comes to us all. Don't let it find you empty-handed or empty-minded. Thus shall you make it a time of happiness instead of torment.

DOROTHY DIX  
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## Such Is Life



DID YOU EVER KNOW IT TO FAIL?

## Fashion Fancies

MODISH CHECKS APPEAR IN JERSEY, WITH A PLAIN OVERBLOUSE



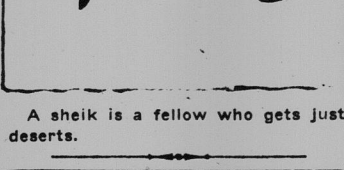
By Marie Belmont

The rage for checks is expressed in various stunning ways. We see modish tailored suits of shepherd's plaid, and we see equally smart garments which combine plain material with checks.

The sports frock above furnishes a lovely example of the latter. The upper part of the costume is of gray jersey, while the skirt is of gray jersey striped in black to form a checked design.

Notice the unusual collar and cuffs. The blouse is sloped in a bit at the side seams to give a semi-fitted appearance. The buttons are covered with gray jersey.

Flapper Fanny Says



A sheik is a fellow who gets just deserts.

A Thought

The poor shall never cease out of the land; therefore I command thee, saying, Thou shalt open thine hand wide to thy brother, to thy poor, to thy needy, in thy land.—Deut. 15:11.

## BEHIND THE SCREEN

WHILE their former classmates of the Paramount picture school are touring the country in "Alice in Wonderland" in connection with the movie, "Flaming Youth," Iris Gray and Mona Palma are remaining in New York to play roles in "The Show Off."

"Flaming Youth" is the one and only production made by the Junior stars, as they called themselves. Countless shots were made "in school" but not until the close of the term did they make a picture for release.

Some of the former members of the school who have not demonstrated outstanding ability will return to their former professions, however, several of the girls and also some of the boys are looked upon as "comers" by Sam Wood, director of the first film school.

Iris Gray, who comes from Wichita, Kansas, where she was a dancer, has the second feminine lead in "The Show Off" and Mona Palma, a former artist's model, has a minor role.

Others in the cast are Ford Sterling, Lois Wilson, Gregory Kelly (legitimate star) and Claire McDowell.

Allen Joyce is to play the role of the Princess in W. C. Field's second starring picture for Paramount, "So's Your Old Man."

Buster Keaton is shopping for locomotives. He wants to build them into the type that smother over the rails during the sixties for use in "The General," his forthcoming Civil War comedy.

The only movie actor who does not have to sign contracts is John Barrymore. He has made three pictures for Warner's without signing an agreement and he proposes to make two more for United Artists in like manner.

Ray Harryman, who worked for Arthur Hopkins for 15 years by way of mouth agreement, "why isn't that good enough for the movies?"

Shades of Tom Mix! Eugene O'Brien, one of the screen's prominent lovers, has confessed his yearning to play a cowboy role. He says as a youngster he was a "hard rider" and he never been on a horse in the movies. Also he's sick of playing unwholesome tea.

Perfect Salad—Add one package lemon flavored gelatin to one and three-quarters cups hot water and one tablespoon vinegar. When cool add one cup diced apples, one-half cup chopped nuts, one cup dried celery and one tablespoon minced green pepper, one-quarter teaspoon salt.

Mock Spongy Cake—Two eggs, one,

## IN NEW YORK SEE-SAWING UP AND DOWN BROADWAY

TWO dramas of Broadway! Each a chapter in human weakness. Each a preachment of vanity and restraint. Each type of the ironic undercurrent to the outward gaiety of the bright light belt.

No. 1—Two sisters. Both beautiful. Daughters of moderately well-off parents in an up-state town. Both with stage ambitions. One several years older and much wiser than the other. "Look after Babe," the parents admonished the elder sister.

After a few preliminary skirmishes with Broadway the older sister begins to win success in the films. It's not so easy for the younger one. She gets a few old jobs in choruses and such. She drifts into fast company. She starts coming into the apartment in the early morning. Frequently she is drunk. She is repudiated by the other. Love, respectability—all such things are themes for jokes.

One morning the younger sister is in particularly bad shape. "What would mother say?" implores the elder sister.

The other leaves the room. Ten minutes later she is writing on the floor. She has drunk a fatal dose of poison.

No. 2—He is a "clown" in one of the very "kittie" shows. His brand of humor is known to be particularly "road." He is presumed to represent the sick, wisecracking type. Love, respectability—all such things are themes for jokes.

Constancy of man and woman? Just "gravy" for his brand of ridicule.

He becomes enamored of a famous beauty. Her figure has won her many a prize and no little fame in the show world.

All Broadway knew they were "thick as mush." She was accepted as "his girl." Their torments were always told; they were always together at the night clubs and public affairs.

One night she appeared in a place frequented by theatrical folk—with another man. It was a sort of tip to the world that the affair was off. In the early hours of the morning in came the "super-stick" young man—the apothecary of the table and began to "start something" in loud and angry tones. Could this be the "funny guy" who always walked the table and began to "start something" in loud and angry tones. The girl picked up a bottle and hit him over the head. They carried him out, for all the world like the ludicrous figures in the film comedies.

GILBERT SWAN.

Is this your BIRTHDAY?

MAY 28—You are self-satisfied, determined, capable of stubbornness, undemonstrative, and ambitious. You like social life if you can move in a circle above your station, and have sufficient adaptability to acquit yourself well. You love your family, and will spare no pains or expense for their betterment. Be careful never to run into debt, and remember that love is better than gold. Your birth-stone is an emerald, which means success in love. Your flower is a lily. Your luck: colors are red and yellow.

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## ADVENTURES of the TWINS

by OLIVE ROBERTS BARTON

THE SWORD-FISH AND THE BALLOON-FISH

At last the Whiffet and the Twins reached the corner of Sand avenue and Shell boulevard on their sea-horses. And there stood Cap'n Pennywinkle at the corner with a Stop-and-Go signal beside him.

They rode right up to him and the little policeman started to shout: "Hey, there! Don't you see the sign? It says 'stop' and when it says 'stop' you're supposed to—Why, hello here! It isn't my friends Nancy and Nick, what can I do for you?"

The Twins introduced the Whiffet and told all about his losing his shadow. The stork said he saw a shadow run into the sea," said Nancy, "so we decided to follow it. Did you a strange shadow about?"

Before Cap'n Pennywinkle had time to answer, there was a loud bang and everybody jumped. "Oh, dear! There's been a collision!" cried the fairy policeman. "I forgot to watch my signs."

The sword-fish had run into the balloon fish and punctured him. "I'll have to take your number," said Cap'n Pennywinkle to the sword-fish, writing in a little book. "You must appear at court in the morning and pay the costs."

"It was his fault as well as mine," said the sword-fish. "We both started across the corner at the same time."

"Anything you say will be used against you," said Cap'n Pennywinkle. "And if you keep on talking, I shall have to put you in jail."

The sword-fish swam away and Cap'n Pennywinkle went to the corner telephone. "Give me shadow 9874," he said. "Hello! Is that the repair shop? Send someone over at once to help me a wreck. It's causing a traffic jam. Tell them to bring a tire-pump along."

"What's all this got to do with shadow?" said the Whiffet. "I'm getting pretty wet, too. I tell you. Not that my beautiful purple bombazine suit can shrink any more, but the salt may fade it. And then what'll I do. My shadow gone, my suit spoiled, and half my buttons spent!"

"Well," said Nick, "we're doing the best we can, Whiffet. And it's all our fault the wreck happened. Here comes the repair truck now."

The repair truck stopped and a fairy merman got out and swam over to the punctured balloon fish with his tire pump. Then he pumped the balloon fish full of air and put a patch over the hole. "There you are! Good as new," he said. "Ten shella, please."

"Send my bill to the sword fish," said the balloon fish, swimming away.

"Come along here, everybody," said Cap'n Pennywinkle, turning his "Stop and Go" sign again.

A big whale who was the bus and carried 40 passengers on top, went whizzing by. Then a shark and a black fish and a porpoise swam past. The porpoise had to turn a somersault every now and then, which held things up a bit, but what could you do?

Really there were so many fish passing that corner that the sunlight was shut from the white sandy bottom of the sea entirely. It was as bad as a rainy day when clouds cover the sky.

"There are no shadows here," said the Whiffet with a pout. "I mean it's all a shadow. I'll never be able to find mine."

To Be Continued

WOMEN AWAKE TO THIS FACT

All over the country women are awakening to the fact that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the one dependable remedy for their ailments. Thousands of grateful letters are received annually from women in all walks of life attesting to the good this old-fashioned root and herb medicine has done them. For over fifty years it has been restoring women to health and strength. If you are suffering from any female trouble, why don't you try it?

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