

THE TIMES-STAR FEATURE PAGE

Dorothy Dix

What Can Be Done With a Gossipy Neighbor?—How to Treat a Friend Who Flirts With Your Husband—Shall She Take Her Third Husband at 65?

DEAR DOROTHY DIX—Is there any way to stop an otherwise fine woman from gossiping? I have such a neighbor, who keeps tab on me, and I cannot even go downtown to do some shopping but what she greets me with "You've been downtown all day, haven't you?"

I am a good housekeeper, my children are properly taken care of, my husband is a happy and contented man, and if I attend to my own business and please my own family, I do not see that my coming and going out is any affair of hers.

But her constant surveillance annoys me very much.

MRS. A. B. C.

ANSWER: I have heard that, in certain cases, where the tongue of the woman who gossips is the only way you can ever stop a meddling lady's tongue, and, unfortunately, that is a remedy that is a little too strenuous for our effete civilization.

Everywhere you will find small-minded women who, having no resources within themselves, have to find their amusement in poking into the affairs of their neighbors. Their vulgar curiosity knows no bounds and they cannot be happy unless they know what the Smiths are having for dinner, and how many towels the Browns have on their line, and where Mrs. Thompson has gone, and why Mr. Jones didn't come home until 12 o'clock.

These noisy women are a public pest, and it is a pity that we can't sweep them as we do flies, or poison them as we do other household vermin. But while they are intensely annoying, they really do not do very much harm, because every one knows them for what they are and discounts what they say.

The only way to deal with them is just to adopt the motto of the old Dutch shipowner who suddenly became very rich and built him a fine house, over whose doorway he carved this legend:

"They say. They will say. Let them be saying."

And that was all the information that his curious neighbors got about how he acquired his fortune.

So "they say, they will say, they will be saying" about us all, no matter what we do, and the only thing to do is just to disregard it and to go on doing our own way so long as it is the right way.

As you have a clear conscience about doing your duty to your family, what does it matter what your neighbor thinks about whether you go downtown too often or not? It is foolish to let a silly, gossiping woman dictate to you about what you do or don't do, or make you uncomfortable.

The only person's approval that you are absolutely bound to have is your own.

DOROTHY DIX.

DEAR DOROTHY DIX—My best friend takes pleasure in flirting with my husband, and when I ask her to quit and tell her how disgusting it is to both my husband and myself she tells me she does it for fun and means no harm. My husband tells me to break off our friendship, but she is such a good friend and so kind, and we like her husband so much, and we have such good times together, that it is hard for me to give her up. What should I do?

PEGGY.

ANSWER: I advise you to get out your Aesop and read the old fable about what happened to the man who warmed a serpent in his bosom. If you don't want to get bitten, drive that female snake out of your house forthwith, before she gets in her claws and tries to win his admiration and show her preference for him. He is bound to feel sorry for the poor, dear little thing who prefers him to her own husband, and it may end up in his responding to her advances.

There is no such thing as an innocent married flirt. The married woman who makes eyes at other men is tired of her husband. She is bored with him. His kisses and caresses no longer thrill her and she is out hunting for other game. She is trying to get her husband on other men, and to seduce them away from their wives and make them fall in love with her. The more she can do this under the cover of friendship, the greater latitude it gives her and the farther she can go.

And remember that "safety-first" is a good motto for the home as well as the boulevard. Your husband may be disgusted, to begin with, at your friend's overtures, but it is bound to flatter any man's vanity for a woman to single him out for her favors and try to win his admiration and show her preference for him. He is bound to feel sorry for the poor, dear little thing who prefers him to her own husband, and it may end up in his responding to her advances.

It may be fun for your friend to flirt with your husband, but it is not very amusing for you.

DOROTHY DIX.

DEAR DOROTHY DIX—Is a woman of 65 too old to catch a third husband? If she gets the chance of marrying a good man with money, would it be wrong for her to marry him without love if she likes and respects him? I shall go no further until I hear from you.

PERPLEXED.

ANSWER: My goodness, but you must be a reincarnation of Ninon de L'Enclos if you can still charm the men at 65 and get a third husband when girls of 16 can hardly get one!

But I like your pep, and if you have any such eligible suitor as you describe, I see no reason why you should not again become a blushing bride, provided, of course, the man is older than you are, for at your age I should not advise taking a boy to rear.

And don't worry about not being romantically in love. At 65 we are done with thrills and tremors, but we are still capable of a beautiful friendship, and there is no reason why you should not feel that for some man and have the last lap of the journey made delightful by his companionship. Heaven bless you, my children!

DOROTHY DIX.

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A Thought

Houses and riches are the inheritance of fathers; and a prudent wife is from the Lord.—Prov. 19:34.

OF ALL the plagues the greatest in untold, the book-learned wife in Greek and Latin bold.—Shakespeare.



Old Dutch brings **Healthful Cleanliness** to Woodwork and Painted Walls

Acts like magic. The soft, fine particles erase the dirt with little labor, leaving the surface fresh, super-clean and hygienic. Goes further—and lasts longer.

What Ethel Thinks Our Grandchildren Will Say About Us



Many Novelties In New Comedy

By JACK JUNGMEYER

Raymond Griffith commits jovial lese majesty in his "Regular Fellow," a travesty on the strenuous life of a mythical crown prince—demonstrating that even a royal puppet, like the proverbial worm, may turn upon his tormentors.

Here is a choice, swanky piece of foolery which, with its bland satirical undertone, its cheeky gesture at the politics of the purple, would doubtless have mildly shocked even a republican audience a decade ago.

New Type of Comedy.

This film production twists swiftly and brightly into new paths of comedy and has that manner of sprightly inventiveness and spontaneity which has given Griffith a high vogue.

In the name of duty, the prince is rushed hither and thither to preside at various folk fests.

He lays a corner stone, christens a ship, baptizes a fire engine, and is generally a streak of lightning, changing to a dozen different costumes in almost as many minutes in his auto dressing room.

Little Joe's Cross Word Puzzle

By LITTLE JOE.

This puzzle contains 21 three-letter words. Every one should be part of the vocabulary of every little puzzle fan.

ACROSS.

1—Almost a doney.
4—Era.
7—Small golf mound.
8—By.
9—Farthest or last.
11—To let go.
17—To be in debt.
18—To hasten.
19—Cot.
20—To scatter hay.

DOWN.

1—Devoured.
2—Gender.
3—Matching dishes.
4—To mimic.
5—Jewels.

6—Before.
10—Eggs of fishes.
11—To steal.
12—Female sheep.
13—Guided.
14—Skill.
15—To woo.
16—Finish.

1	2	3	4	5	6
9			10		
11	12	13	14	15	16
17			18		
19			20		

Your Birthday

October 17—Your friends and all around you respect and admire you, and you are generally well satisfied with yourself. You are apt to be extreme in your likes and dislikes. You are bright and witty, good-natured, and always make the best of things. You should marry early in life, but beware of trying to have the "last word."

Your birth-stone is the opal, which means hope.

Your flower is the hop.

Your lucky colors are yellow and white.

October 18—You are rather inclined to want your own way, and are sometimes obstinate. You are capable and energetic, and like to lead. You are demonstrative and very affectionate, and must have love from those in your home. Beware of jealousy, and try to consider the feelings of others.

Your birth-stone is the opal, which means hope.

Your flower is the hop.

Your lucky colors are yellow and white.

By Way of Warning

Bridge—"It says here that a New York man has had his daughter arrested because she has a mania for contracting debts."

Griggs—"Let me have that article; I'll put it where my wife can see it."

FLAPPER FANNY says



SOME GIRLS are very poor in algebra, but very good on figures.

Minard's Liniment for Sprains and Bruises.

No wonder labor is high with so many good farm-hands writing bad poetry.

SAYS EVERY MAN IS BOTH IDIOT AND GENIUS

By DAVID DIETZ

EVERY man is a genius at something and an idiot at something. This is the opinion expressed by Dr. Charles E. Spearman of the University of London, president of the psychology section of the British Association for the Advancement of Science.

"It remains to discover at what," says Dr. Spearman. "Or at least," he adds with a touch of humor, "in respect to the genius part."

Dr. Spearman bases his opinion upon the result of a great many so-called "ability tests," which psychologists have been giving in England. He finds that there is a great variability in responses, not only between different persons, but as regards the same person's responses to different parts of the test.

These differences, he says, are great enough to incline him toward his opinion that there is genius and its opposite in every person.

As a result, Dr. Spearman says that he regards the habitually unemployed and the misfits in industry merely as the victims of ignorance.

"I am quite confident that every one of them could do something that would make him a treasure in some great industrial concern," he says.

"The tragedy lies in the fact that we are ignorant of what it is," says Dr. Spearman.

SIZE isn't always an advantage. Sometimes, it pays to be little.

Adventures of the Twins

By OLIVE ROBERTS BARTON

There was going to be a race. The sign was tacked up on a post outside of the "Twin Garage," and everybody who came along for gasoline read it. It said:

BIG RACE
Open to All Corners.
Six Laps Around the Pond.
First Prize.....Gold Medal
Second Prize.....Silver Medal
Third Prize.....Bronze Medal

It wasn't half an hour until the news had spread to every corner of the Woods and Meadow and Old Orchard and up and down the Creek.

"Ho, ho, ho!" laughed Mister Bunny. "It's as good as over, Blossom, the race is! I don't think there is a car in the country that can beat mine."

"Well, I declare!" exclaimed Daddy Cracknuts stroking his whiskers with a satisfied air. "I'm completely surprised! To think that there is another car on earth with a car that could go as fast as mine when I want to!"

"Nothing to it," grinned Wally Woodchuck, winking at Nick. "That's the easiest thing I do—is to win automobile races."

And Prickles Porcupine just took a look and snorted. "Who thinks he can beat me? I'd like to know!" he snapped. "I've got a car with a name to it, and anybody who can beat a 'Thunder-Six' will have to get up early in the morning."

I don't know just what he meant by getting up early, or why it should have anything to do with racing. Unless he meant that they would have to get an early start. But racers have to start even, so I really think he was only talking.

Even Mr. Ringtail Coon looked thoughtful when he saw the sign.

"I've a good notion to have my yellow racer repaired," he said to himself. "It certainly is a great temptation. I'm the only person of my entire acquaintance who has a real racing car—even if I did smash it the first time I had it out." For, if you remember, Mister Coon had had an accident caused by fast driving.

Away he went to the repair shop to see if they could get his yellow racer fixed up in time for the race. He was enjoying it and that was his goal.

And that wasn't all. From north, south, east and west people came when they heard about the race. They all wanted to know more about it. And by nightfall there were twenty names on Nick's list.

Colonel Possum said he would borrow one from his brother-in-law, and Shaggy Skunk said he had a friend who had a friend who knew where he could get one.

But beyond that I don't know a thing. But this story is about Markie Muskrat, the poor little fellow who lived in a hut on the mud-bank of the pond and didn't have many friends.

His clothes were often muddy and he never looked like much, and as for a car, people would have been as much surprised to see him driving the moon as an automobile.

"I wish I could be in the race," he kept saying over and over to himself as he watched all the people putting their names down. "I wish I could be!"

Suddenly he had an idea. He almost fell over, it surprised him so—the idea did.

And with thought much as blinking an eyelash, he picked up the pencil and wrote down his name.

Then he scampered off to the automobile repair shop where a dozen old wrecks of cars lay rusting out in the yard.

To Be Continued.

PAIN

Minard's penetrates, soothes, and stops the pain. Always keep a bottle handy.

MINARD'S

"KING OF PAIN"

LINIMENT

"Last summer I had a white silk dress—"

writes an enthusiastic Sunset user in Toronto.

"and after several washings it lost its freshness. So I dyed it a nice blue."

"In the fall I dyed it a soft, dull green by mixing a little gray with the light green dye. I wore it all winter with new tan collar and a ribbon tie. It was a very pretty, useful dress."

"Sunset certainly gives me a lot of wear from my clothes. I am dyeing things all the time and they always turn out well."

SUNSET

Soap DYES

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CHILDREN CRY FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

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