

Features

Dorothy Dix

A Piteful Letter From the Child of Divorced Parents—Why Marriage Will Not Reform the Man Who Won't Work—The Spinster Who is Satisfied With Her Lot.

DEAR MISS DIX—I am one of those unfortunate—a child of divorced parents. I have a mother and a near-mother, a father and a near-father. I have two homes, between which I am thrown back and forth like a shuttlecock; and with all of this, I feel that I have no real home and no real parents.

I don't seem to belong anywhere or to have anybody who belongs to me. My mother and my near-mother don't ask to be brought into the world, and when we are born I think our parents owe it to us to stick together and make us a home until we are grown.

And I think they are darn poor sports when they don't do it, don't you? GLADYS.

ANSWER: I certainly do, Gladys. I think when men and women thrust life upon a poor, little, helpless baby that they are in honor bound to see it through and do the very best they can to give it the right start in the world.

I don't think that they have any right to consider their own happiness or their own pleasure or their own inclination. It is their duty to them, and because marriage isn't come up to all the woman's romantic dreams or the man gets tired of the woman doesn't give them any right to break up a home and half orphan poor, helpless, defenseless little kiddies.

Every child has an inalienable right to be brought up in a quiet, peaceful home. Every child has a right to a whole father and a whole mother, and to regular, genuine, known-to-the-bottle parents, instead of synthetic parents that it acquires by second marriages. And the men and women who deprive their children of real homes commit an unforgivable sin against them.

In every household where there are quarrelling parents, in every case of divorced parents, the children are the victims. Psychologists tell us now that the reason why many men and women fail in life and many more have nervous breakdowns around middle life can be traced back to the fact that they were brought up in homes of discord in which the parents were perpetually wrangling.

One of our leading neurologists has made the statement that he has never known a man or woman who was reared in a happy, cheerful home to have a nervous collapse. That fact should be enough to make high-tempered, selfish, irritable men and women control themselves just to keep their children from having to pay the price of their fighting.

And what happiness can children have in homes where there is a step-father or a step-mother, when they know that there is a real father and a real mother somewhere else? And what home influence can bind a child who spends part of the time with one set of parents and part with another set of parents? And how is a child to feel any reverence for a father or mother on whom it sits in perpetual judgment?

No wonder the children of the divorced cry out against the injustice that has been done them, as Gladys does, or that they become hard and cynical little worldlings, who believe in neither God nor man. DOROTHY DIX

DEAR MISS DIX—I am a woman 30 years old and for five years have been keeping company with a man who says he loves me very much. He is 40 years old. He has any money and only works part of the time, but he wants me to marry him. Would you do it? E. L.

ANSWER: I certainly wouldn't. Any able-bodied man who has reached the age of 40 without settling down to some good steady job isn't worth the powder and lead that it would take to kill him, and any woman is an idiot who marries him.

Such a man is a born loafer and idler. He is lazy to the bone and nothing in this world is ever going to make him work. His habits are formed and he is going to sit on the do-nothing stool the balance of his life.

And to a hustling, thrifty, up-and-coming woman, no other fault on earth is so hard for her to endure as just shiftlessness. Nothing else fills her with such a withering contempt for him. She could forgive him for being an energetic burglar or thief, but she can't for just slumping down and doing nothing.

Many women make the mistake of thinking that they can inspire a lazy man to work and that their sacred influence will put vim and energy into him. They believe that as soon as a man realizes that he has a wife and children to support he will get busy doing it. Fatal error.

Marriage works no miracle in a man, and when a lazy man gets married he just simply folds his hands and lets his wife do it. It may shame him for her sake in washing or boarding or supporting him, but he would rather be mortified than work.

Believe me, my friend, marriage with such a man will bring you nothing but misery. If a man of 40 isn't making a good living he never will. He has qualified as a charter member of the Sons of Rest, and no wife can galvanize him into action. DOROTHY DIX

DEAR MISS DIX—Isn't it strange why girls worry about not finding husbands? When I look around and see the husbands whose favorite indoor sport is arguing and the husbands who think that wives were made to work like slaves and the husbands who doll themselves up and go out shelling while the wives stay at home with the babies and the husbands who are gentlemen everywhere except in their own home, I am glad enough I haven't got one. SINGLE AND GLAD OF IT.

ANSWER: It is a good thing to know when you are well off, sister, and there is no denying that the lot of the spinster who has a good job and her own latchkey and her individual pocketbook and nobody with a legal right to boss her or remind her of her faults, is full of peace and happiness, if she only has sense enough to appreciate it.

There are, as you say, husbands who are slave drivers, husbands who are grouchies, husbands who are tightwads, husbands who marry in order to get somebody they can pick on, but, thank God, these are not the only brands of husbands.

There are also husbands who are good and kind and generous; husbands who are patient and long suffering and understanding and sympathetic; husbands on whose tenderness a woman can throw herself as she could upon the mercy of Christ. And it is because every girl hopes to get a good husband instead of a bad husband that keeps the marriage bells jangling on and the divorce courts busy.

For you never can tell until after you get him what sort of a husband a man will make. DOROTHY DIX

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CONFEDERATION LIFE ASSOCIATION

Variety Is Spice of Riding Habits Seen at Horse Show



By MME. LISBETH While there is a certain similarity of course, between the numerous cuts of riding habits, variety is the spice of the styles, as it is of life. The one habit that is distinctive is the skirted one that is worn by the women who prefer the side saddle. Above at the left is shown one such habit. The coat is cut with a flare and on strictly tailored lines much as the coats worn with the trousers are. The skirts are shorter than those of years ago, which trailed gracefully in unhygienically on the ground. Next to the skirted suit is a polo costume. Very trim and neat, with wide strapped belt and no coat to cumber the movements of the rider, you see.

Light suits and dark with trifling differences of cut in both trousers and coat styles are shown at the right of the picture. All were displayed at the National Horse Show recently in New York City. The soft, slouch hat it worn with all but the skirted suit, which is topped by a stiff, low crowned derby.

SPORTSWEAR frocks in both one and two piece styling are fashioned of jersey and crepe elaborated with contrasting fabric trims. The blending of two or three different tones of one color is also noted.

A dress with a somewhat racy name is called a "cocktail" dress. It has a detachable jacket, and when the jacket is removed it is an evening gown.

Visitors from all over the world are drawn by the Fostick reputation, but few crash the church doors at "le first attempt."

In the basement below a service is held for the overflow and here the Rev. Fostick appears for a few moments. The oil magnet being given by a substitute pastor.

Those who go through the ministrations of several overflow meetings become the best candidates for admission tickets. It is taken as an indication of their sincerity and interest.

Those who stand in line make at least the overflow, and if they are "patient," eventually get into the "lick-et" list and may pass in.

The "little church around the corner" seldom is missed by visitors, particularly those who are interested in its antique and its history. In the past few weeks there have been some 100,000 people in the church, and the church is now a veritable shrine.

One couple made it a practice to visit the church on each anniversary of their wedding. A year or so ago it was noted that they did not come. Inquiry showed that the wife had died. A few weeks later the bereaved husband appeared to find some solace within its walls.

Down the "avenue" just opposite from Wampanoag's is Grace Church, built in 1846, and the scene of more fashionable weddings, perhaps, than any church in the country.

Here have been performed most of the services by which American society girls acquired titled husbands. Its interior breathes antiquity and its centre atmosphere is quite of harmony with the modern flare luxury of its walls.

Prohibition may have prompted the latest Metropolitan offering in wine bottles. The stoppers are padlocked to the silver collars that top their cut crystal forms.

Oh, do not fear the way ahead, its steep ascent and length, for still, to meet the path you dread, each day will give you strength. And as you climb to rarer heights on your allotted way, your eyes will glow with new delights, new joys will grace each day. Oh, do not yield to any doubt that creeps like some dim wreath where you must pass; cast questions out, each day will bring you faith. And if, sometimes through drowsy night, with anxious steps you grope, recall how dawn makes all things bright; each day will grant you hope, so it has ever been, and so will be till worlds decay; whatever needs our heart may know will all be met, each day.

Hot Malted Milk — Three tablespoons malted milk, one-half cup water, one tablespoon sugar, one-quarter teaspoon salt. Boil one-quarter hour. Add two and a half cups milk. Let heat (do not boil). Add a quarter teaspoonful vanilla or dash of nutmeg. Serves three.

Escalloped Salsify or Vegetable Oyster—Clean and boil in salt water until tender enough salsify to make three cups. Butter a baking dish. Put in a layer of salsify, then a layer of cracker crumbs until all of salsify is used. Sprinkle with pepper and dot with butter. Add enough milk to almost cover. Bake in hot oven half an hour. Serves five or six persons.

Little Joe HAVING ONLY A LITTLE AT LEAST LEAVES YOU A LOT TO STRIVE FOR

A Thought The sleep of a laboring man is sweet—Ecc. 5:12. SLEEP is man's sweetest salt, and doth fulfill all offices of death, except to kill—Donne. GAYER FURNITURE Gayer furniture is being featured in the stately homes of Kensington, color has been introduced this fall in narrow or broad bands of rich marquetry. In some mosaic work more than a score of colored woods are used. A tallboy of figured walnut brightly enriched with marquetry of ebony, box, walnut, sycamore, stained wood, tulip, with jade-green louver handles is an instance of the artistic ingenuity that is being applied.

See-Sawing On Broadway

New York is not generally regarded as much of a church town. Yet, upon a Sunday morning, you can find scenes along Fifth Avenue or Madison or Park that would make Broadway envious.

Several there are where the standing-room only sign is out hours before the doors open and where lines gather in front, just as they gather before a popular movie theatre.

There may be another church that issues "seat tickets," but I am acquainted with only one—the Park Avenue Baptist church, where Rev. Henry Emerson Fostick preaches.

Not the least attraction of this church—for this is "his" church. I saw him come in out of a cold, snowy morning, looking for all the world like a venerable farmer.

His eyes were padded with warm ear-muffs; his thin, aged hands covered by heavy gloves; his spare, awkward figure muffled in a heavy coat. Beside him came his valet. The moment the oil magnet removed his hat the valet jumped to his task of fixing the very famous Rockefeller hair—rather lack of it.

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HEALTH SERVICE Store Worker Must Pay Attention To Diet

This is the second of a series of four articles on the health of the store worker. During the pre-Christmas buying rush the suggestions found here are invaluable both to clerks and customers. Tomorrow: Shoes and Clothing.

By DR. MORRIS FISHEIN Editor Journal of the American Medical Association and of Hygiene, the Health Magazine.

INVESTIGATIONS in the 25 stores which co-operated in the Harvard study of mercantile health revealed the fact that from 75 to 90 per cent. of workers do not practice intelligent personal hygiene.

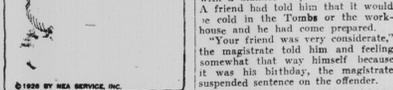
The guide as to diet is usually those foods that appeal to the appetite and a feeling of fullness or satisfaction after eating.

Almost everyone now knows that a satisfactory diet must include sufficient amounts of the basic food substances and of the vitamins necessary for proper nutrition and growth. It is also certain that fluids must be taken in adequate quantities and that the store must make them easily available.

POOR EATING HABITS In addition to the kinds of food eaten, poor habits of eating are concerned. The food is chewed hastily and insufficiently; it may be taken at irregular hours; candy is munched between meals, sometimes more to offset nervousness than for any food value, and the diet contains insufficient roughage, such as bran and green vegetables.

The results of the use of concentrated foods and the sedentary, inactive life cause many to resort to laxative or cathartic drugs. The constant use of the drugs creates a habit and makes the condition worse.

Flapper Fanny Says



Maybe it's the marriage rate that indicates this is the Land of the Brave.

BELIEVED IN PREPAREDNESS NEW YORK—Convinced that he would have to go to jail for making too much noise with his auto horn, Jonas Ramsey of Newark appeared in court here to plead guilty to driving with a blanket draped over his arm. A friend had told him that it would be cold in the Tunnel for the week-end and he had come prepared.

"Your friend was very considerate," the magistrate told him and feeling somewhat that way himself because it was his birthday, the magistrate suspended sentence on the offender.

The state flower of Arizona is the Saguaro, the bloom of the giant cactus, a large, waxen, white blossom.

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