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THE EVENING TIMES-STAR, SAINT JOHN, N. B., TUESDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1925

INTERESTING

## A Feature Page of Interest to Everyone

INSTRUCTIVE

### Dorothy Dix

While We See Plenty of Awful Warnings in the Married Lives of Family and Friends, Every Really Happy Home Becomes a Matrimonial Agency for the Greatest Lottery on Earth.

A YOUNG GIRL said to me not long ago:

"I am in love with a fine young man who loves me and wants me to marry him, but I have refused him. I shall never marry because my own home life has given me a perfect horror of marriage."



DOROTHY DIX

"I COULDN'T bear that. My heart would bleed to death if it were daily and hourly wounded by the hand I loved. I can't endure the thought of spending my life in a house of strife, so I have resolved never to marry. I am never going to put myself in any man's power, where he can vent his brutality on me if he chooses, and I am not going to inflict my moods and nerves and tempers on any man."

"For it seems to me that there are no happy marriages, and that somehow matrimony brings out all the worst there is in human nature. Most husbands and wives are in their dealings with each other."

Of course, I told this disillusioned young woman that she had got morbid, that she was looking at matrimony through dark-blue spectacles, and that there were many peaceful and happy homes and many husbands and wives who blithely and coolly like love birds, instead of fighting like the Kilkenny cats.

Also I told her that each marriage was what the individual husband and wife made it, and that it was no more fair to indict matrimony, as a whole, as a failure than it was any other enterprise. Because some men and women fail as lawyers or doctors or writers, or artists, or musicians or in business does not prove that no one can succeed in those lines of endeavor. No, it merely shows that the individual did not put into his or her work enough heart and back and intelligence and enthusiasm and self-control and patience to win out.

And this goes double for matrimony. Every bride and groom can make their marriage a heaven on earth or an understudy of purgatory as they will, and what other people have done has nothing to do with their fate.

BUT when one considers the awful warnings against matrimony that most marriages present to the young, one does not wonder that thoughtful young people are scared off. Indeed, the amazing thing is that any one has enough foolhardy courage to take a risk which ends disastrously for so many and brings happiness to so few. For not only does one marriage in six end in divorce, but three out of the other five are just ghastly endurance tests in which the husband and wife set their teeth and carry on for the sake of the children.

She sees Sally, who used to be so gay and lively and the life of every party, a saddened woman, dejected and melancholy, her spirit broken by a tyrannical and passionate husband, whose bursts of wrath keep her terrorized.

She sees Susan, who had a flare for business and who earned a big salary and was noted for her handsome dressing, shabby and seamy-looking, wheedling nickels out of a tight-fisted man, who thinks that she should run her household on air and conjure food and clothes for a family out of nothingness, and who makes the first of the month, when the bills come in, a day of wrath before which she quails.

She sees loving, tender, little Mimi, who could have had her pick of a dozen men, neglected by the one she chose, her heart broken, her beauty faded, withering and dying for lack of the tenderness without which she cannot live.

SHE sees homes in which there is perpetual bickering over trifles; homes in which the daily spat is as much a part of the breakfast as the coffee; homes in which all that the woman gets out of matrimony is the privilege of being an unpaid domestic slave and being abused and spoken to as a man would speak to no other human being on earth. So it is no wonder that the girl with a good job is not it illing to swap it off for the mental position of a wife that she sees so many sister women occupying or that she asks herself why her marriage should be a success when so many others fail.

There is Tom, whose nose is kept to the grindstone and whose ambitions are blasted by an extravagant wife whose continual cry is "Simmer, simmer." There is Bob, whose wife is a x-ray before whose temper and tongue he trembles with fear. There is Sam married to a whiner and complainer, and John, who is exposed to a ray of heaven, whose house is like a pippen and who never sets down to a decent meal.

So Mr. Bachelor, after he makes his rounds among his friends' homes, returns to his quiet, peaceful apartment where he can do as he pleases, and thanks God that he is not tied down as other men are.

ON THE other hand, so alluring are the few examples of successful marriages we have among us that every really happy home becomes a matrimonial agency and inspires every man and woman who beholds it with a desire to take at least one shot at the greatest sporting proposition on earth.

DOROTHY DIX.  
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**Family Menu**  
Breakfast:  
Cracked Wheat Porridge  
Baked Apples  
Coffee Bread Butter Coffee  
Dinner:  
Meat Pie Baked Potatoes  
Escalloped Tomatoes  
Pineapple Salad  
Brown Bread Butter Dill Pickles  
Fruit Gelatine Cup Cakes  
Coffee Milk  
Supper:  
Spanish Onion Butter  
Brown and White Bread Butter  
Milk Cookies

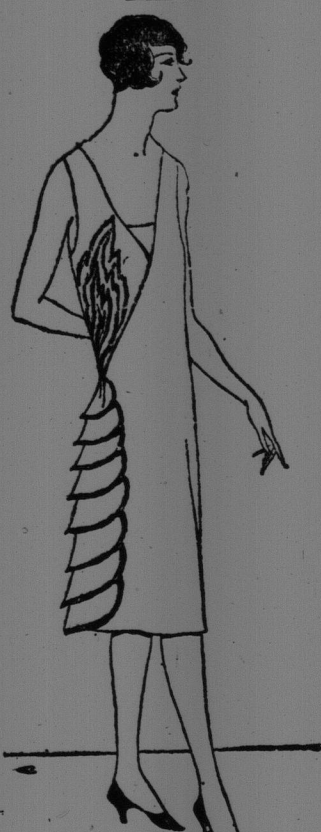
**TODAY'S RECIPES.**  
Coffee Bread—Before mixing bread dough stiffen take out a quart of sponge for each pan of coffee bread desired. Add one egg, three tablespoons sugar and the same amount of lard. Do not mix as soft as for bread, but mix as soft as can be handled. Let rise until light—possibly two hours, then put into a deep cake pan. Make a mixture of sugar, butter and cinnamon and spread over top. Let rise until very light and to about 40 minutes.

Escalloped Tomatoes—For these use canned tomatoes. Put in a baking dish a layer of tomatoes and then a layer of bread crumbs. Season with salt, pepper and dot with butter. Add another layer of tomatoes and crumbs and continue until your dish is as full as you desire. Bake about one-half hour.

Cabbage and Date Salad—Take one-half head cabbage, shredded fine, arrange on plates, then remove stones from dates, allowing 4 for each plate, laying them so that they point to the centre, add a spoon of salad dressing in centre of dates, put a dash of sweet

Essence in center.

### Fashion Fancies



By Marie Belmont

THE smart white satin evening gown sketched above is worn by a clever young actress in one of the comedies now playing.

It is like a number of the newest evening gowns, it uses the decorative neckline, which follows a simple line at the front.

But the smartest note is seen in the use of orange color in narrow trimming bands. These slender bands outline a design at the right side of the blouse, and are used to edge circular cut sections of the white satin which are applied flat down the side of the skirt.

### Timely Views on World Topics

"EVOLUTION in its real sense of ascent and progress in no way conflicts with conduct, morals or religion, and can be taught in such a way to exalt and beautify the entire conception of life," contends Professor Henry Fairfield Osborn, president of the American Museum of Natural History.

In a recent speech he said, "evolution should be taught in such a way as to satisfy instinctive curiosity about the workings of nature, to answer the simple and innocent inquiries that arise in the young mind, in brief, to inspire youth with the truth and beauty of nature, not to debase youth with the alloy of the mechanical, commercial or sensual side of life or to faintly evolution as a gospel of negation rather than as a gospel of inspiration."

Teach Simply at First.  
"For younger minds we should strip science of the elements of human error clothing it and present Nature face to face, in its simple forms and simple truthfulness. Thus, while avoiding it, need be, the use of the word 'evolution,' we may present to the most tender minds the real essentials of the evolution process, to be found in every plant and animal we study and which may be taught without involving even a shade of our scientific philosophy. Thus the real significance of the law of evolution is gradually made clear before the largely misunderstood word is used and long before the student approaches philosophy or metaphysics."

UNUSUAL CANDOR.  
(Baltimore Sun)  
Iowa makes a strong bid for the glory of devoting the most effective advertising of the current years. The movie-theatre owner in the little town of Shenandoah broke all records by telling his public that a film recently on show was as poor a picture as he had ever seen. The name of the town suggests that he may be trying to live up to the honorable standards of old Virginia, but, even so, his honesty will not hurt him. One wonders, indeed, whether it might not pay any theatre owner to get hold of a punk picture occasionally and then publicly denounce it, so as to insure that his clients will believe him when he praises the others.

SO IT IS.  
(Calgary Herald)  
An American paper, noting that they are selling garters in London at 87s a pair, observes that that is a regular holiday.

NOT ACTING.  
Mr. Turner—Do you think that I am acting the fool?  
Mrs. Turner—Now, John, you know you never could act.

### News Notes From Movie Land

FOR every bright light in Hollywood there is some obscure plot. Vilma Banky, now a Hungarian rhapsody, was but an insignificant comedy player in Budapest until Samuel R. Rogers, producer, staked his bank-roll on her chance. Corinne Griffith was just a "home girl" who came to Hollywood from New Orleans and plucked along until Charles R. Rogers, producer, staked his bank-roll on her chance. Corinne made good and, incidentally, so did Rogers. Hunt Stromberg, now one of the three beacon lights of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios, was a newspaper reporter and optimist. Rogers believed that the ambitious youth, though a dreamer, could make good. The two formed a partnership.

Charles R. Rogers is called Hollywood's financial wizard. His extracts from this air-rolls of yellow-backs like Houdini produce pigeons from pillows. But the quality which accounts mostly for his success is his "story mind." Though trained in "golden grooves" his brain is adept at situations. He is his own business manager, his own producer and his own scenarist.

LUCKY.  
Mrs. Lewis—My maid left me without any warning.  
Mrs. Smith—Some folks are lucky; mine left me without any jewelry.

WHICH NIGHT?  
Customer—When you sold me this medicine you said it would cure me in a night.  
Chemist—Yes, but I didn't say what night.

INCHE O' PIE was waiting at the foot of the front steps of Santa Claus' home when the Twins came rushing out. "Quick, Inche o' Pie!" cried Nick. "Cupid and Comet, two of the reindeer have gone!"

"For the lands sake!" exclaimed the little elf. "What got into them, do you suppose?"

"Santa Claus says the lemmings must have gotten into them," said Nancy. "Did you ever hear of lemmings, Inche o' Pie?"

"I should say I did!" remarked the elf. "Who hasn't, I should like to know? And if there are lemmings within five miles, the reindeer will smell them and go after them. There haven't been any lemmings around here for years and years though, and it seems funny that the little pests should come just at Christmas time. How does Santa Claus know that the lost reindeer have gone after lemmings?" he asked suddenly.

"He says he just has a hunch," said Nick.

Inche o' Pie nodded solemnly. "Then it's true," he said. "For whenever Santa Claus gets what he calls a hunch, it always comes true."

At that the little elf put his fingers to his moist and whitened.

Instantly the two big blue geese, Gant and Ole, came flying from Mrs. Claus barnyard.

They were all bridled as before, ready for a journey.

"Hop on," said Inche o' Pie, taking up the reins and putting one foot on the neck of each goose, just like a circus rider riding two horses.

Nancy sat down on Gant and Nick sat down on Ole, and Inche o' Pie cracked his holly whip.

With a loud whirr and a hissing noise, the blue geese flew up into the air, going up so high that it looked as though they were likely to touch the North Star, which glittered directly over their heads.

It was very cold, and neither the Twins nor the little elf had any coats on, but magic keeps one warm, and they never so much as shivered.

Suddenly Inche o' Pie pointed to two dark figures below them. "I do believe those are the runaways," he said. "Whoo, Gant! Whoo, Ole! Yes, sir! There they are, just standing still and not doing a thing."

The blue geese glided down to the earth and the Twins jumped off, followed by the little elf, who scrambled over the snow as fast as his crooked little legs would carry him.

"Hello there, Comet! Hi there, Cupid!" he called. "What's the matter with you two dummies? What did you run away for? Don't you know that Christmas is only a day or two away? Dancer and Dancer and Dancer and Blitzen and Prancer and Vixen are all ready—with their new shoes and everything. And here you two are standing out here in the dark like park statues. What's the matter? Why don't you move?"

"We—can't," said Cupid with difficulty.

"Why?" asked Inche o' Pie sharply. "Why can't you move?"

"We're too full. We ate too much," answered Comet dimly.

And then for the first time the Twins and Inche o' Pie noticed that both of the

### ADVENTURES of the TWINS

COMET AND CUPID ARE FOUND.

reindeer were as wide as feather beds. Stuffed with lemmings—that's what they were. Santa Claus was right. They had eaten every lemming in sight.

It ended up by Inche o' Pie driving home the blue geese, and the Twins riding the reindeer very, very slowly back to Santa Claus' stable.

And Mrs. Claus dosed them up with whatever kind of medicine it is they give for too much lemming.

To Be Continued.

CONFIDENCE cannot be won in a day—German Proverb.

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### Your Birthday

DECEMBER 29—You are very bold, and determined to succeed. You are very competent, and make a good manager. You love reading, and are fond of society and theatres. Your home life will be pleasant, and your love will be strong and constant.

Your birthstone is the turquoise, which means prosperity. Your flower is holly. Your lucky color is pink.

PHANTOM GOLFER.  
Golfers (to new member)—They say this club is haunted; a phantom golfer goes around the course every night. New member—in how many?

The greatest height so far reached by sounding balloons is about 22 miles.

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### A Thought

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