

THE TIMES-STAR FEATURE PAGE

Dorothy Dix

How to Make the Long-Silent Sweetheart Speak — The Wise Business Girl Who Hesitates to Marry Her Jealous and Tyrannical Fiance — How Can "Her" Children, "My" Children and "Our" Children Agree?

DEAR MISS DIX—I am a woman 38 years of age, interested in a man of 40. We have lived in the same town all our lives and have been silent sweethearts, for, although he gives me to understand that I am the only one, he has never mentioned marriage. He has taken me to places of entertainment since we were young, but we were always accompanied by his mother or sisters. Now, there is a man in my office who likes me and wants to call on me. Would you let him come and leave the other man to his mother and sisters? DUMB-BELL.



DOROTHY DIX

ANSWER: By all means accept the attentions of the other man. If that doesn't ring your dumb-bell lover and make your silent sweetheart speak nothing will, and it will give you at least the advantage of knowing where you stand and what you can depend upon.

To a woman there is nothing more aggravating than the peevish romance that begins in her high school days and runs endlessly on through the years without leading to the altar. Some boy who used to carry her books for her and bring her red apples attaches himself to her in their teens. When they are older they still continue to go together. Gossip links their names. Their friends speculate for a while about when they will get married, but they drift along without doing it. They are never actually engaged. The woman has no real hold upon the man, nothing definite to look forward to, yet he has absorbed her youth and kept other men away from her and narrow her matrimonial chances down to him or nothing.

The man doesn't intend to do the girl an injustice. He doesn't realize he is being selfish. In the back of his head is the vague idea that some time he will marry her, but he feels that there is no hurry about it. It is something he can do when he gets good and ready, and in the meantime the situation is most satisfactory to him.

He can go to see Sally whenever he feels like it, secure of a warm welcome and her sympathy and interest in all his plans. She is always ready to pat around with him when he wants a companion, and he isn't afflicted with any of the drawbacks of matrimony, such as having to support a wife and put up with her whims and peculiarities.

His reason for not marrying is, in effect, that of the Frenchman who said that the reason he didn't marry was because he would have no pleasant place in which to spend his evenings.

And it doesn't even occur to the man that Sally is wasting her youth and the freshness thereof, and eating out her heart longing for the home and the husband and the children that belong to her.

There is only one thing to do in such a case, and that is to jolt the selfish lover awake. The woman has become a habit with the man of which he cannot break himself, and she must break it either by going away and letting him realize how much he misses her and how necessary she is to his happiness, or else by setting up a rival and scaring him to death about losing her.

DEAR MISS DIX—I have been engaged for almost three years to a man who has splendid principles but a disagreeable disposition, and I live in constant dread of doing something that he can find fault with or be suspicious of. Sometimes I think he is wonderful and at other times I almost hate him, but I can't seem to break with him. My father died recently, leaving my mother and little sister dependent on me. I have a splendid position; in fact, make more than my fiancé on me. I have a good, substantial income. As things stand I will have to keep my position for the next ten years if I want to be independent of outside help. Of course, no man worth anything would want to marry me. I urge me to marry him, saying that he can support all three of us, but I know better. What do you think would be the best thing for me to do, considering that the young man's disposition has already made me doubtful of the wisdom of marrying him? DOROTHY DIX.

ANSWER: The man who is tyrannical before marriage will make a Simon Legree of a husband.

The man whose mind is filled with petty jealousies and suspicious, who is so evil-minded himself that he attributes his own unworthy motives to every one, will be doubly and trebly suspicious of his wife and make her life a burden to her with his spying upon her.

The girl who has to be continually placating her sweetheart to keep him from taking offense at something will have to spend her days soft-soaping him. And believe me, in time that gets on any woman's nerves.

I can see no happiness in marriage with a selfish, jealous, grouchy man, and if anything comes up to keep you from marrying such a one, regard it as the work of your guardian angel and return thanks accordingly.

It is highly desirable, of course, that a man should have good principles and be a go-getter, but the thing that makes or mars his wife's happiness is his disposition. That is what she has to live with, and whether a woman is happy or miserable depends upon her husband's attitude about the little common, everyday affairs; whether he tells her how pretty she looks in her new hat or knocks her for paying \$25 for it; whether he is reasonable and human when she tells him about meeting Tom Smith or raises ructions over it.

As for your not being willing to dump your mother and sister down to your husband to support, that shows the right spirit; and while your fiancé may say now that he would be willing to take care of them, the chances are that he would regard them as a burden and make you very unhappy over the situation. DOROTHY DIX.

DEAR MISS DIX—I am a widow with children, married a widow with children and there are children of this last union. Life has become unbearable in our home by the continual fighting between her children and my children and our children. Is there anything we can do out it? JOB.

ANSWER: Well, Job, you certainly must be the world's greatest optimist, if you expected anything else than a three-cornered fight between three different sets of children.

Birds in their little nests may agree, but not children. Own brothers and sisters nearly always fight, and when you add the step complication to have the ingredients for perpetual civil warfare.

The easiest way to settle your problem is to send the children off to different schools if you can afford it.

If you have not money enough to do this, just accept the situation philosophically. They will outgrow their pugnacity in a few years, and in the meantime just let them fight it out without taking any sides.

I should set apart a place in the cellar or an outbuilding, rope it in like a prize ring, get them some boxing gloves and tell them that they would have to stage all their fights there, out of earshot, and that I would not referee any contest nor listen to any wails from the vanquished. Force them to make it a sporting event.

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RIDE MUST BE VEILED. NDON, Nov. 20.—Rushy slip parish h now owns a veil, and the prospective bride who appears without one must wear the parish apparel. The vicar announced that the rules of the church require a bride to be "decently apparelled," which means that she must wear a veil.

RED ROSE COFFEE is good coffee

Ambition and Toil Win For 'Smock,' Now He's Regular Cooper



AMBITION and hard work have resulted in fulfillment of puppyhood ambition for "Smock."

From the time he was mongrel puppy on wobbly legs "Smock" has wanted to be a "police dog," with a badge and a night-stick. Now Jersey City has put him on the force.

His favorite hangout was the police station, and when the wagon went out "Smock" was following. Sometimes it was too fast for him, but he always was there at the finish.

Patrolman Jack Brennan noticed the proclivities of the pup and offered to teach him the game. For months "Smock" has been an unofficial member of the force and has patrolled with his big friend.

Their beat ran along the wholesale poultry yards. Bands of young desperadoes had been raiding the yards and looting the freight cars. "Smock" cleared them all out by direct action, then returned to his beat.

He still was an apprentice, however.

Residents of the district discovered that "Smock" and Jack Brennan were doing an unusually good job.

So they got busy and asked the chief to give "Smock" a regular place on the force, so he could enforce his commands by the majesty of the law.

It was something new, and the chief demurred at first. "Smock" had not taken the civil service examination, and he was under the prescribed height and weight limit for Jersey City policemen.

When he finally tackled a gang of car thieves alone, however, and scattered them before his big friend could come up, the pressure became too strong and "Smock" was duly commissioned as a patrolman. His cap, badge and night-stick were conferred on him with due ceremony and the examinations were waived in view of his meritorious service.

"Smock" took it all quietly, posed for his picture with a bored air, then tugged at Patrolman Jack Brennan's trousers.

"Come on, let's get on the beat. This fuss is all right, but we policemen have to keep our beats 'clean.'"



Timely Views On World Topics

WAR results from a state of mind; and in these modern times that has to be the state of mind of a people. Contending Elinor Root, ex-secretary of state, recently. "Governments may ally such a state of mind, but we have reached a point where war cannot be successfully carried on unless it gratifies the feelings of the great body of the people of the country."

"Controversies and quarrels between nations are certain to come. There will be conflicting interests, disputes, differing understanding of facts, differing opinion of what is right and just, irritation and resentment over what the people of each country deem to be the refusal of justice by the people of the other. There will be by each country suspicion and apprehension as to the purposes of the other. Mere agreements to not have these things happen are futile. They result from the nature of man and they cannot be controlled at will."

"The time for the useful application of whatever force, moral or physical, we rely upon to prevent war is when that state of mind has arisen. No previous agreements or declarations against war, made at a time when there was nothing to fight about, have any substantial effect when the quarrel comes. Practically all modern wars have been made in the face of solemn agreements for perpetual peace."

Previous Agreements Not Effective. "Previous agreements by other nations to exercise compulsion to prevent war are not much better. If carried out, they would themselves be war and the only effect would be upon the alignment of nations engaged in the war. But the world has learned that in modern war the victors suffer almost as much as the vanquished, and few nations can be depended upon to subject themselves voluntarily to the disaster of going to war because of a previous general agreement for the purpose of preventing some other country from going to war with somebody else. No country can carry on a war unless its people at that very time want war. No government can constrain its own people to go to war in the future when they do not wish to go, and no generation can effectively bind a future generation from doing what it desires to do."

Your Birthday

November 21—You are a thoroughly capable person, fond of reading, and popular in society. You love your home, and strive to make it bright and cheerful, and a haven of rest. You are fond of children, but are rather inclined to look on the dark side of things. Go out as much as you can.

Your birth-stone is the topaz, which means fidelity.

Your flower is the chrysanthemum. Your lucky color is grey.

November 22—You are a good, true friend, an ardent lover, and most trustworthy. Just a wee bit jealous, and rather inclined to distrust folks. Cultivate cheerfulness, and live out of doors all you can.

Your birth-stone is the topaz, which means fidelity.

Your flower is the chrysanthemum. Your lucky color is grey.

A Thought

Take my yoke upon you and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart; and ye shall find rest unto your souls.—Matt. 11:29.

IT IS not in understanding a set of doctrines; not in outward comprehension of the "scheme of salvation," that rest and peace are to be found, but in taking up, in all lowliness and meekness, the yoke of the Lord Jesus Christ.—E. W. Robertson.

PRACTICAL.

A professor was deep in his work when his wife called. "Harry, baby has swallowed the ink. What shall I do?" "Write with a pencil," was the dreamy reply.—Leicester Chronicle.

SECRET.

"What did your husband give you for your birthday?" "A sweet frock. But don't mention it, as he doesn't know it yet."—London Mail.

Old lawyer (to new one)—Well, my boy, how's your practice? New one—In the mornings practically no one comes, and in the afternoon the rush falls off a bit.—Buffalo Bison.

Glady's Brockwell Proved Wise In Quitting Job

By RUSSELL J. BIRDWELL.

When Gladys Brockwell was a full-fledged star some years ago, her name was emblazoned in electric lights over theatres throughout the land. Then she decided to quit stardom and become a free-lance player. For a while this meant passing into oblivion.

But out of this obscurity has risen a greater actress than if she had been content to continue in the ramshackle footpath of stardom.

In accordance with the terms of the contract which she forfeited, Gladys was restricted to play vamp roles. She had won her gold and laurels on such parts and producers did not see why they should jeopardize their "commercial artistry" by casting her for other parts.

And now having gracefully passed through the hardest of stages—that of fighting producers and directors for a chance—Gladys has proved to "her friends" who might have said, "I told you so," that she could play a role other than those of a vamping nature. Probably you remember her in the dual role in "The Sins of Her Parents," one, the role of a mother who had degenerated through drink; the other, this woman's daughter. Then in "The Whirl" she was cast as a convent-bred girl. Through a chain of plotting circumstances she appeared in the last few scenes of the picture as a girl of the Montmartre.

Sometimes it pays to throw stardom into the discard and become the master of one's own casting.

FLAPPER FANNY says



TOO MANY of us pick our friends—to pieces.

BIRD MISER.

A certain sparrow that has a nest near Yorkshire, Eng., has turned miser. In its nest the following things were found stored away: A pewit, a piece of boric lint, a finger of an old kid glove, a safety pin, six pieces of string, two strips of cloth, a piece of blotting paper, a bone button and a 15-inch length of bandage.

Women—Politics—and Soap

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THE REASON.

"I made a bit with June this evening. She laughed at all my jokes." "Forget it. Didn't you ever notice her pretty teeth?"

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MADE IN CANADA

ADVENTURES of the TWINS by OLIVE ROBERTS BARTON

LONDON BRIDGE IS FALLING DOWN. "Let's play 'London Bridge,'" said Nancy, when the guessing game was over. "Certainly," said Mister Dodger. "That's a very good idea, indeed. Is there anyone in High Jinks Land who does not wish to play 'London Bridge'?" "I'm perfectly willing," said the Cat-Who-Had-Been-to-London-to-See-the-Queen. "But London Bridge isn't a thing to be trifled with, I tell you. It's as good and solid as ever, and it isn't falling down any more than that hill over there."

"Very well! Very well!" said Mister Dodger. "But it's all right to pretend in a game."

"I'll play," said the London Cat. "But we'll have to choose leaders."

The Twins were chosen and Nancy and Nick went off by themselves to decide on names.

"I'll be a Green Dragon," said Nick. "I'll be an Enchanted Princess," said Nancy.

So then they went back and said they were ready.

"Very good," said Mister Dodger. "Then make a bridge for the people to pass under."

So the Twins took each other's hands and held them up high—and the rest formed a ring and passed under the bridge, all the while singing:

"London Bridge is falling down, London Bridge is falling down; London Bridge is falling down, All so mer-rily!"

When they said the last word, the Twins dropped their hands and lo and behold, there was the Chimney Sweep, a prisoner!

Then they finished the song: "Here's a prisoner we have caught, We have caught, we have caught; Here's a prisoner we have caught, All so mer-rily!"

Everybody stopped marching and singing until the prisoner was disposed of.

"Whom will you serve—a Green Dragon or an Enchanted Princess?" asked Nick in a low tone so the others couldn't hear.

"An Enchanted Princess," grinned the Chimney Sweep.

"Then get behind me," said Nick. "After that the game started over again. This time it was the Clown who was caught."

"Whom will you serve—a Green Dragon or an Enchanted Princess?" asked Nick.

"A Green Dragon," said the Clown.

"Then get behind me," said Nick. "One by one the High Jinks people were caught. All but the elephant. He wasn't allowed to play. For if he had, the bridge would surely have tumbled before it was time."

After a while Nancy and Nick had about the same number of prisoners. And then there was a tug of war to see who could pull the hardest.

Nancy's side pulled and Nick's side pulled, as though their lives depended on it.

And Nick's side won. The "bridge" broke and Nancy's prisoners went tumbling helter-skelter into the river, I suppose. At least they all fell down in a heap with much laughing and shouting.

"Hurra!" shouted the High Jinks Landers. "That was a lot of fun."

To Be Continued.

IF ignorance is bliss, what a lot of happy people there are in this world.

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