POOR DOCUMENT

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THE TIMES-STAR FEATURE PAGE =

Dorothy Dix

Shall She Marry the Young Man Who Hastn't a Steady Job? - Slacker Wives Should be Divorced as Readily as Lazy Husbands - Should a Girl Accept Favors From Suitors Who Don't Suit?

DEAR MISS DIX—I have been engaged to a young man for eighteen months whom I love and who loves me dearly. We are very anxious to marry and would do so, except that he has no steady job. He works off and on two or three days a week, but I have a steady job as a stenographer.

Now, Miss Dix, my mother is a widow who has her own home and we could go to live with her. That would be just the same as having our own home, wouldn't it? Shall we marry and go to live with my mother? We are going to do just as you say.

M. E.-T. W.

ANSWER:

If you take my advice you will on no account get married until the young man has regular work every day in the week, which will enable him to support a family.

It isn't necessary for a young couple to have riches before they marry, but it is absolutely necessary for them to have a decent assured living. It is eternally true that love flies out of the window when poverty comes in at the door, if the poverty is of that grinding kind that means hunger and cold and shabbiness and torturing fear of the future.

You can't think about the state of your heart when your stomach is crying out for food. You can't be tender and loving when you are worried to death to know where the next meal is coming from and where you are to find a roof to cover your head.

And no man who is worthy of a woman's love can be happy if he is dependent and grafting his living and that of his faimly off his wife's people. He will know that he is cutting a despicable figure in the eyes of every one who knows him, and his shame and his anger at himself will turn upon those who help him and make him hate them and revile them.

I have seen this happen a thousand times, my dear. Never yet have I seen a dependent son-in-law who treated his mother-in-law with even common politeness. Invariably he was like a snarling dog who bit the hand that fed it.

You say that your mother's home would be the same as your home if you married. That is not trúe. Your mother's home is her own home, and when you marry you forfeit your right to it. Your mother worked hard to make her own home. It represents years of labor and self-sacrifice, and in her old age she should have the privilege of living in it in peace and quiet and comfort. She should not be forced to share it with the stranger you propose to saddle on her and who may treat her badly. Nor should she be forced to support your children. Whatever income she possesses should go to buy her comforts and luxuries.

ANSWER:

I have long said, Robert, that what was sauce for the gander is sauce for the goose, and that inasmuch as the law compels a man to support his wife, it should compel the wife to make a clean and comfortable home for her husband. If nonsupport is a cause for divorce, as it is in many States, bad housekeeping should be also recognized as a cause for divorce.

It is just as much a woman's duty to make a comfortable home for her family as it is a man's duty to provide the raw materials out of which the home is made. The woman who fails to sweep her floors and make her beds and cook nourishing and palatable foods is just as criminal as the man who is too lazy to work or who drinks or gambles away the family

I think that every man who has a lazy or slovenly wife is absolutely justified in leaving her and that he should do so before there are any children born to be poisoned by her bad cooking or to be brought up on the street because it is more comfortable than their pigsty of a home.

If every young man would find out before he got married whether the girl to whom he was about to entrust his stomach and his future comfort and happiness was a good free-hand cook and expert with the broom about half of the domestic misery in the world would be saved and many a home kept intact that is now broken up, for the grounds in the coffee pot are the grounds of many a divorce.

DEAR MISS DIX—What shall be done with persistent suitors who do not suit? Some are too old and some too dull, but all are willing to entertain me. Is it the part of kindness to admit them to my society or should I accept no favors from them when I have nothing to return? I am not so sure I want to marry. I am trained to a profession and it seems that my useful work is there.

LADY OF THE SNOWS.

ANSWER:

The average man is quite capable of looking after his own interests, so you have no cause to worry about any danger of hurting his hard-boiled heart.

Of course, it is a dishonorable thing for a woman to make a man believe that she intends to marry him when she has no idea whatever of doing so, and to let him spend his money upon her in the pursuit of a hopeless case.

Evidently you have not done that, so your conscience is clear.

I think that many women exaggerate men's sentimentality, anyway. There are many men who do not desire to marry. They do not want to burden themselves with a family, and yet they like feminine society and to take a pretty and attractive woman around. In such cases a woman makes ample return for any courtesles the man shows her by being pleasant and agreeable. Platonic friendship in the past has been a myth, but in these days of self-supporting women who do not themselves desire to marry it has become a pleasant reality.

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Family Menus

Breakfast. Stewed Prunes.
Wheat Cereal with Top Milk.
Rolls and Butter.
Scrambled Eggs.

Creamed Chipped Beef.
Baked Potatoes.
Cabbage and Apple Salad.
Cookies. Milk.

Dinner. Lamb Chops. Carrots and Peas.

Mashed Potatoes.

Whole Wheat Bread.

Cottage Pudding with Chocolate
Sauce.

TODAY'S RECIPES. Raised Whole Wheat Bread—Two cups milk, six tablespoons molasses, one and one-half teaspoons salt, one-half yeast cake, one-fourth cup lukewarm water, two and one-half cups whole wheat flour, white flour. Scald milk and add molasses and salt. When luke-warm add yeast cake dissolved in water, whole wheat flour and white flour to knead. Cover, let rise, shape into loaves, let rise again and bake in a hot over.

Cabbage and Apple Salad—Chop cabbage fine and to every two cups of cabbage add one cup tart apple cut in small pieces. A small amount of chopped onion, half a cup of celery and a little sweet green pepper may be added if liked. Mix with mayonnaise and serve on lettuce or plain.

TODAY'S RECIPES. Cream of Corn Soup—One can corn, one quart whole milk, one slice onion, two tablespoons butter, two table-

spoons butter, two tablespoons flour, salt, pepper. Scald milk with the onion. Remove onion and add corn which has been put through sieve. Bind with butter and flour cooked together. Season. Serve in bouillon cups with teaspoonful of whipped cream on







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DY OLIVE ROBERTS BARTON

"Oh, that's all right," said Miss Cran

don Town.

People got on and people got off, and it was all very merry.

Once an old lady got on, with a big white goose in a basket. But the lid came off and the goose flew away, and Bill had to stop the coach and let the old lady out.

Nobody seemed to notice Mister Blue Cap. Being a fairy he managed to keep out of sight some way. But he was there just the same.

Nancy was quite warm and comfortable in one of Miss Cranford's shawls, and Bill, the coachman, said he was en-

tirely too warm in his muffler, and passed it back to Nick.

The coach rolled along through lovely country roads with hedges on each side. They passed through pretty villages, and busy towns, and at last they reached Mudport.

"I'm sorry," said Miss Crapford "but

it as well.

There was Mister Blokins, the big fat landlord, and Miss Cranford, the beautiful young lady about to step into the coach and start on a journey, and last, but not least, Bill, the coachman, who wore a top-heavy beaver hat and a huge muffler. The Twins wondered if it were not the heat from this wondered if it were not the coachman, who wore a top-heavy beaver hat and a huge muffler. The Twins wondered if it were not the heat from this wondered if it were not the heat from this wondered if it were not the heat from this wondered if it were not the heat from this wondered if it were not the heat from this wondered if it were not the heat from this wondered if it were not the heat from this wondered if it were not the least, Bill, the coachman, who work and last, but not least, Bill, the coachman, who will and last, but not least, Bill, the coachman, who will and last, but not least, Bill, the coachman, who will and last, but not least, Bill, the coachman, who will and last, but not least, Bill, the coachman, who was and last, but not least, Bill, the coachman who last, Bill

distinctive flavor. When the eggs are done and placed on toast, punc-ture the yolks and sea-son each one with two or three drops of the

News Notes From Movie Land

By JACK JUNGMEYER

Dorothy, inclined to be very soberly serious, has wanted to seem gay, blithe, roguish, impertinent. She proceeds

is ges, and busy towns, and at last they reached Mudport.

The TWINS HAVE A RIDE.

Where a minute or two before the big picture in the picture gallery was only a quiet dignified painting called "The Tipton Coach," now everything had changed.

Not only had the Twins and Mister Bluck care of you. Keep the Tipton Coach, in own everything had changed.

Not only had the Twins and Mister Bluck and Mister Bluck care of you. When the wind the glass, but they had become acquainted with all the people in it as well.

There was Mister Blokins, the big fat landlord, and Miss Cranford, the beautiful young lady about to step into the coach and start on a journey, and last, but not least, Bill, the coachman, who wore a top-heavy beaver hat and a luge muffler. The Twins wondered if the more possible to the coachman, who were a top-heavy beaver hat and a luge muffler. The Twins wondered if the more possible factors which shape movie the heat from this wondered if the more possible factors which shape movie acreers, and also by that strange human foundered more in approaching it.

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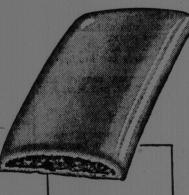


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figs. The cake is made of Canadian flour, butter and eggs.