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INTERESTING

A Feature Page of Interest to Everyone

INSTRUCTIVE

Dorothy Dix

Should She Wish for a Girl Baby if Life is Harder for Women Than Men?—Should She Marry the Practical Joker or the Serious-Minded Young Man?—Should He Drop School to Be His Own Boss?

DEAR DOROTHY DIX—My husband says that it is wicked to wish for a baby girl because the lot of the average woman is far harder than that of the average man. And he says that the majority of girls would prefer to be men if they had their choice. I do not agree with him. What do you think?
PROUD TO BE A WOMAN.



DOROTHY DIX

support themselves, but the daughters had to be supported. But modern conditions have wiped out even that objection to the girl baby.

Girls become wage-earners now just as boys do, and they bring home far more of their money than the boys do. A boy pays his board at home. The girl turns over her whole pay envelope to mother. It is the girls who furnish up the home, and buy new rugs and carpets and furniture. Not the boys.

Furthermore, it is the daughters that parents can depend upon taking care of them when they are old. It is to the daughter's home that father and mother go when age comes upon them. It is nearly always his wife's parents that some man is supporting, while his sister's husband supports his. So, just considering their own personal good, parents are justified in praying for daughters.

But when they consider the welfare of the child itself, it is another matter, and your husband is quite right in saying that life is far harder for the average woman than it is for the average man.

It begins with the initial fact that woman must go through the agony of bearing the race, while man goes scot-free, and it runs the gamut to the smallest task that a woman does, which is made the harder simply by being a woman.

The woman in business must work harder than a man and show more efficiency if she gets as much pay as a man, she has to. And she must work with one hand and protect her good name with the other.

The wife works as hard in the home as the husband does outside of the home. He draws a salary for his labor. She gets nothing but what he does out to her. We shut our doors in the face of the girl who goes wrong, but we invite her man partner in sin to dinner.

A man can pick out any woman he chooses and try to win her for a wife. No matter how much a woman loves a man, she has to keep silent. She has to marry what she can get, instead of what she wants.

A man can get up and go where he wants to go, live any way that suits him, and no questions are asked. A woman has to carry her credentials in her hand and do the conventional thing, or else Mrs. Grundy tears her hair out by the roots.

A man can have a few suits of clothes and be well dressed anywhere. A woman has to spend most of her time and energy on her wardrobe, or else look like a frump.

It is these and a thousand other things that makes this a man's world, and it is no wonder that most girls would choose to be boys if they had any say-so on the subject. And that is why so many of them try to make imitation men of themselves by wearing pants.

DEAR MISS DIX—There are two boys who want to marry me. No. 1 is a very nice fellow, but he is a practical joker, and he is always teasing me and making fun of me. He calls me all sorts of funny names and laughs at me about everything I do.

The other boy is very serious-minded, and he says he loves me because I do not use cosmetics and don't flirt and only go to nice parties. Which one should I take?

ANSWER: No. 2 is the preferred risk. By all means, pass up the practical joker, for if there is one husband more undesirable than another it is the man who makes his wife the butt of all of his funny stories.

Such a man is willing to crucify his wife for the sake of getting a guffaw or laughter from the crowd. He will drag any little weakness of hers into the light and hold it up to the ridicule of others. He will take any mistake that she has made and dress it up and embellish it until it makes her seem a perfect fool. And regardless of the hurt to her pride and her dignity, he will show her off in this light to get a good hand for himself.

I have sat at many a table where the host entertained the company by ridiculing his wife, and as I have watched the poor victim suffering as she tried to smile and be a sport, I have wished that somebody had the courage to take the carving knife to him, or that she was brave enough to throw a soup plate at his head.

Why has no place in the family circle, and no woman has enough sense of humor to enjoy being made the point of the joke. So whatever else you marry, beware of the village out-cup.

Besides, nobody else in the world is such a bore as the perpetual funny man. It is bad enough to have to meet him occasionally without being married to him.

DEAR MISS DIX—I'm thinking of quitting school and getting a job. I don't have to do it, as my father is willing to give me the opportunity of acquiring a thorough education. But the point is, if I go to school, it is so long to wait to have a good time and be my own boss. I don't like to be under parental rule. Tell me just what to do.

I treat you to keep on in school and get the best education that you are capable of taking. If you don't, you will spend the balance of your life regretting it.

Believe me, you are taking a very short-sighted view of the subject, my boy, and you will make a very bad bargain if you throw away a whole lifetime of good for a few parties and a little freedom now.

In the brief note that I have written me there are ten words that you have misinterpreted and that I have corrected. A boy who is as ignorant as that will have to take a menial job, where the pay will be very small. Worse still, he can never rise much higher. He can never earn much more money. And to have even what you call a good time—to have a car, to wear good clothes, to be able to take the girls out to places of amusement—costs a lot of money. More than you will ever be able to afford unless you fit yourself for a good paying job.

That is putting the matter on the very lowest plane, but it should make you realize how foolish you will be to blight all of your prospects for the future for the sake of a little fun now.

So take my advice. Go on to school. Study hard and get an education that will enable you to take a good place in the world, instead of a poor one. You won't find that time goes slowly if you keep busy and put your heart into your work.

DOROTHY DIX.

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Start the day Feeling Fit
SHEDDED WHEAT
The energy-building food

New Creations Have the Charm of the Unusual



By MME. LISBETH

UNUSUAL touches make these three costumes above distinctive. And besides the individuality of them they are wearable models without undue decoration.

The frock on the left is of French design. It is constructed of crepe throughout—navy blue Morocco crepe—with sleeves and most panel of white crepe de chine. Embroidery on the sleeves and panel and ribbon tying at neck and waist are the decorative features. It is a youthful appearing model.

An afternoon frock with wide elaborate sleeves and petal skirt (center) is also a little "different." A panel effect in the bodice section, rather high turned collar and long mesh effect at the side are noticeable, but the decorative flowing sleeves are the really noticeable feature of the dress. A large hat

seems most appropriate to wear with this frock.

An intriguing two-piece suit (right) is fashioned of the popular kasha in natural shade. It has a novel military cape in lieu of sleeves with smart roll collar and novel pockets trimmed in red. The jacket is hip length, fitting closely about the hips and is double breasted. The skirt has fullness posed at the front.

An interesting style note was the wearing of cotton frocks in formal manner in recent theatre performances. Or, a volute gown being a delicate shell pink on robe de style lines with orange flowers in rose, blue and yellow posed at irregular intervals on the skirt.

An organdie was white, the skirt having two tiers made by bands of rose velvet ribbon with added elaboration of groups of the tiniest tucks on skirt and hodie. Red polka dots on a white ground composed still another frock of cotton fabric, namely voile, worn formally. Organdie was used for trimming and over this frock was worn a white silk crepe coat.

A display of unusual Ascot and garden party frocks inspired by characters from the Greek classics were shown in London recently by a retail gown specialist who makes a special study of the requirements of American women.

Comptowers and poppies embroidered in silk formed the border of a simply made gown of pale yellow silk which had its inspiration from Ceres, goddess of the corn. Organdie was portrayed with a peacock blue jumper suit embroidered in mass designs down the front and around the hem of the jumper.

Fashion Fancies

PAINTED VERDURE ON SILK NEGLIGEE



By Marie Belmont

Milady not alone paints her lips and her cheeks in her boudoir. She adds more gay color to her personality by wearing one of the new painted negligees.

Pale yellow silk shows sprays of green, brown and orange verdure painted down the back and on the sleeves of one of the newest negligee models. Sprays of painted yellow geraniums fall from the sleeves and form a deep flounce which swings outward in a graceful line when one walks about. The ribbon is grass green.

Flapper Fanny Says



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In the annual race between weeds and vegetables the cabbage is trying to get a head.

BEHIND THE SCREEN

MOVIE players when interviewed always insist that love on the screen doesn't mean anything to them; they regard the person who is supposed to be the object of their affections as so much wood. Meaning they are only interested in getting their acting across and no personal feeling enters into the situation. One actress says: "When I am being kissed by the handsome hero I only wonder if my profile is showing to advantage and whether I am doing the scene to the director's satisfaction." This is undoubtedly true in nine cases out of ten, but there are exceptions.

To wit: One day Elinor Fair met William Boyd as production started on the "The Volga Boatman," on the Cecil DeMille lot. Love scenes in the picture took on a new meaning for them as they worked together daily, and a short time later the couple eloped to Santa Ana.

"This true, the hero and heroine almost always have no interest in each other as lovers" (tells me often told of stars who yet played in the clinches with convincing realism). Perhaps the Boyds are the exception that proves the rule.

STAR DUST

Gertrude Olmstead is honey-mooning with Robert W. Leonard, following their marriage at El Mirasol, Col. Lestrice Joy has obtained her final decree of divorce from John Gilbert. * * * Agnes Ayres calls her little girl Maria Eugenia Appollonia Reachi. Appollonia is for Pola Negri, who was the child's god-mother. Rudolph Valentino was the godfather.

* * * Blanche Sweet owns a mountain in the Sierra Nevada which she calls "Pappoose." * * * Dorothy Dalton (Mrs. Arthur Hammerstein) is devoting a lot of her time to raising flowers on her Long Island estate. * * * Wesley Barry, freckle-faced youngster of a few years ago, is now 18 and honeymooning with Julia Wood, a vaudeville girl.

UNIVERSAL NEWS

Gene Tunney, heavyweight contender is now in the midst of production in Hollywood on "The Fighting Marine," a Pathe serial that something parallels in story his experiences as a "devil dog" during and after the World War.

Is this your BIRTHDAY?

JUNE 21—Most June 21 people dearly like to extend their store of knowledge. You are probably clear-sighted, with excellent abilities, capable of being turned in almost any direction. You have unusual powers of concentration, and a strong will. Not likely to remain permanently crushed, even after a knockdown blow. Affectionate, and a good friend. Many June 21 people are considerably better off after middle age than before it. And many of them easily attain to very marked social success. Your birth-date is a ward, which means health and long life. Your flower is the honeysuckle. Your lucky colors are light blue and white.

Little JOE

WHOOPEE

BOB ARE JUST AS BORNED OUT A MOTHER IN IT

IN NEW YORK SEE SAWING UP and DOWN BROADWAY

ONE of the fascinations of Manhattan is its constant projection of the incongruous and contrasting.

In first street the fast growing skyline of the needle trades hides and all but seems to smother a little church. The other day an errand took me to the twelfth story of one of the buildings that house the clock and suit trade and its various spawn.

Looking down upon the street I saw the black dots moving back and forth—salesmen, models, advertising writers, artists, errand boys and all the rest. They moved to the feverish tempo of the city's symphony.

And upon a flat, square space on the roof of the church paced a Franciscan monk, his prayer book in his hand, apparently oblivious to all that went on around. A half hour later I looked out and he was still pacing back and forth, his head lowered, his black garments caught in the wind—a seemingly incredible figure for such a background.

IN THE barber shop upon the corner I have often watched the manœuvre of the stout "nick and suit" gent who are its chief patrons. Often I have overheard their invitations and watched their good-natured dismissal.

One would say, at a glance, that she is to be placed under the heading of "hard-boiled."

The other day few customers were in the place and she was sewing. The article upon which she was working was a tiny, silk baby's dress. And she seemed, to my unpracticed eye, to be expert with the needle.

ANYTHING that recalls the "days when" is certain to get a hearty welcome in New York.

Just around the corner from the heart of Eighth avenue, the old-fashioned opera-ates on a vacant lot. A merry-go-round, wheesies and catchpenny games form a circle, with hams and hams and other country-fair prizes as a lure.

Folk come down from Fifth avenue and from Broadway, just as they once rushed over to Main street. Fodder when the carnival came to town.

AND little one-thing circuses pitch their tents out on Jackson Heights, Astoria, or Great Neck and catch throngs of Broadwayites who motor out in their effort to recapture a moment from their youth.

GILBERT SWAN.

Use the Want Ad. way

ADVENTURES of the TWINS

OLIVE ROBERTS BARTON

QUEER HAPPENINGS ON THE MOON

It was all very queer about the Twins. They weren't Twins at all any more, but just great fat splashes on the ground like paint.

You could see their heads and faces and hands and feet and clothes, but they looked exactly like pictures someone had painted on the ground. It must have been because they fell such a distance from the giant boy's hand, that they smashed so flat.

But it hadn't hurt a bit! It felt just as though they had fallen on elderdown pillows.

"We're in a nice fix now!" said Nick, trying to look at Nancy.

"I should say so," said Nancy. "If someone could scrape us up, maybe we could roll down a hill and get all right again."

At that minute a man rushed out from a restaurant across the street where he had been baking wheat cakes in a window. His cake turner looked as big as a snow shovel.

"Don't move and I'll fix you," he shouted. "Just a minute."

With that he deftly slid his cake turner under Nancy and scraped her up. Then he slid the cake turner under Nick and scraped him up.

"Now if you'll just roll down this hill," he remarked, "I think you'll be as fit as fiddlers again. I'll turn you both up like hoops and give you a start."

Which he did.

Nancy rolled and Nick rolled, and the farther they rolled the more round they became. At last they reached the bottom of the hill and both of them hit a fire-plug or whatever it is they have on the moon in case of fire.

That sent them spinning around on their feet, and in three minutes the Twins were back to their own forms and their own size exactly as though nothing had happened.

Both of them began to laugh. "This is a queer place all right," said Nick. "The funny part of it is that no matter what happens to you, nothing hurts."

"Oh, look!" said Nancy suddenly, pointing to a woman across the street. "What?" said Nick.

But he could see for himself what Nancy meant. For while he looked, the woman changed into two women and then into three women and then into four, five, six, seven women all exactly like the first one. All with umbrellas in their right hands and baskets in their left hands.

"It must be the seven wives going to St. Ives," said Nancy. "Oh, look, look! Now there are only five—no three! Why, they've all gone but one!"

But in another minute there were seven again. And so it went—the woman turning into seven women and then back into one, like raindrops melting together.

"Everybody is doing the same thing," said Nick pointing down the street. "For goodness sake, just look, Nancy."

"Sure enough, men and women and boys and girls and cats and dogs were all turning into threes and fours and sevens and then back into ones again. "Maybe there is something wrong with our eyes, Nick," said Nancy. "Perhaps we are just seeing things!"

"No," said the pink ticket, jumping out of Nick's pocket. "It's all true! The city of 'Any Place At All' is the oddest city on the moon. Do you wish to go or stay. I can take you away if you wish."

"We'd better ask somebody here if Inco and Flops passed this way, first," said Nick.

"Very well," said the ticket. "Suit yourself."

To Be Continued

A Thought

The stranger did not lodge in the street, but I opened my door to the traveler.—Job. 31:32.

LET not the emphasis of hospitality lie in bed and board, but let truth and love and honor and courtesy show in all thy deeds.—Emerson.

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