

THE EVENING TIMES-STAR, SAINT JOHN, N. B., FRIDAY, APRIL 23, 1926

INTERESTING

A Feature Page of Interest to Everyone

INSTRUCTIVE

Dorothy Dix

Shall the College Man Marry the Uneducated Girl Who Fascinates Him?—Seven Love Questions Answered for Six 18-Year-Old Girls—Advice to a Widower on Selecting Wife No. 2.

DEAR MISS DIX—I am a college undergraduate having my first love affair. My sweetheart is crazy about fine clothes and her desire in life is to have an uproarious good time. She has very little education and a dislike for book-learning and any form of intellectual pursuit.

On the other hand, I am keen on education and intend to devote my life to a profession that will require continuous study. This girl attracts me because of her lack of formal education. I am afraid that a college girl might turn out a femme savante, more interested in things of the mind than in domestic life. What do you think?

FRED J.

ANSWER: I think, my dear Fred, that a college undergraduate having his initial love affair need not lie awake at night wondering what sort of a wife any girl will make. There will be so many others before he is ready to marry that he will have forgotten the very name of his first flame, and he won't be able to tell for the life of him whether it was Mary or Rose or Sally. Or perhaps it was Jane.

These cat-love romances are a part of the college course that every boy goes through, and they are highly educational if you merely skim the surface of them as you do certain studies. For from every girl you can learn certain things about women that will be useful information for you to have the balance of your life.

But, on the other hand, remember the warning of the poet who said, "My only books were women's looks, and folly is all they have taught me."

In answering your question, however, I can but warn you against the danger in marrying a woman whose taste and ideals and aspirations are so totally different from your own. The most important thing in marriage is congeniality. The only husbands important thing in marriage is congeniality. The only husbands important thing in marriage is congeniality.

Try to realize how tired you will get of a wife who knows none of the things that you know, to whom you cannot even talk, except as you would to a child, because she cannot understand anything that is outside of her range of limited experience. Think how weary you will get of having to listen to her eternal babble about household matters and the back-door gossip of the neighborhood.

Think how lonely you will be with a wife who cannot enter into any of your plans and aspirations. Think how ashamed you will be of a wife who is ignorant, who makes mistakes in grammar, who asks fool questions that show her lack of education, and who is a laughing-stock among your friends.

There is a very general idea among men that every unintelligent woman is domestic, and because a girl doesn't know anything else she must know how to cook and manage a house. Never was there a greater mistake.

The girl who is too inert and lazy, who is too pleasure loving and self-indulgent to go to school and acquire an education, is a lazier by nature, and the girl who is too busy and slovenly house-keeper, who spends her time gadding the street instead of working in her home. It is the intelligent, educated woman who brings all of her mentality to bear on the problem that makes the sort of a wife who is a real helpmate to a man.

DEAR MISS DIX—We six young girls nearly 18 years old and we beg you to answer these questions for us:

First. Are we old enough to know what real love is?

Second. Will a boy kiss a girl who loves her or not?

Third. Does a boy respect the girl who lets him kiss her?

Fourth. If you love a boy, should you let him know it?

Fifth. How can a girl win the affection of the boy she loves?

Sixth. Do you think petting parties harmful?

Seventh. If boys do not respect girls who indulge in petting parties, why do they go with them?

S-A-L-M-O-H.

ANSWER: What a lot of questions! They comprise the whole of the Law and the Prophets of a girl's sentimental life and it would take a Solomon to answer them. But here go my guesses at your riddles, girls.

First. No girl of 17 or 18 knows what real love is. She is too immature, her tastes are too unformed. She doesn't know what she wants in a man.

Second. Of course, a boy will kiss a girl if she will let him. Kissing is no indication whatever of affection on a man's part. It's a pastime.

Third. No boy respects a girl who lets him kiss her, unless he is engaged to her. He thinks she is an easy mark.

Fourth. Never let a boy know that you love him until he asks you to marry him. Keep him guessing. That way you pique his interest, and save your own heart if he never comes across with a marriage proposition.

Fifth. There is no known recipe for winning the affection of a man. It is a matter of luck, of propinquity, of congeniality.

Sometimes a man can be chased down and caught. Sometimes he can be lured into the matrimonial fold by good food. Sometimes he can be floated into marriage on terra. Sometimes he falls for being flattered, and sometimes for being flattered and cajoled, but there is no guaranteed method that always works for winning a man.

Sixth. Petting parties are playing with dynamite. Don't do it.

Seventh. There are two kinds of women in the world for men—the ones they go on wild parties with, and the ones they marry.

DOROTHY DIX.

DEAR MISS DIX—I am a widower of 43, with a little girl of 12. I am in love with a girl of 18, and the only reason I have not proposed to her is because of my little daughter, who opposes my marrying. Have I not a right to some happiness? Would I be happy with this girl?

Forty-three.

ANSWER: Marry by all means, Mr. Forty-three, but don't marry the girl of 18. She is too young for you, and after your first infatuation for her was over you would find that you had nothing in common.

She is still a child and would bore you with her childish chatter, and wear you out wanting to do all the young things that belonged to her time of life. Also, she would tire of you and look upon you as a fossil.

A widower must consider his children when he marries, and no girl of 18 has the wisdom and the patience to deal wisely with a step-child almost as old as she is.

By all means marry, but pick a woman around 30 for a wife if you want to be happy.

DOROTHY DIX.

Copyright by Public Ledger Company.

For "Eczema" Take Our Herbal Remedies

Book on Eczema Diseases. Treatise on treatment of 30 Commonest Diseases. Pamphlets on diseases not mentioned in medical works and advice free by mail. 30 years' experience here and in Old Country.

English Herbal Dispensary, Ltd., 1890 Dorset St., Vancouver, B.C. (B.C.'s Oldest Retail Institution) Treatment by Mail Our Specialty

LOST THAT "UP-AND-A-EM" FEELING?

Do you think it's too much work or too much pay? What's the reason? Maybe it's just a slip of the liver—try 15 to 30 drops of Serravallo's Syrup in a glass of water. Safe and quick! Bring you back. At any drugstore—try it tonight!

THE PILGRIM MOTHER

A statue to the Pilgrim Mother was recently unveiled at Plymouth Rock, Mass. Through her we honor every pioneer woman who endured privation and hardships that a nation might live.

Shoulder to shoulder with her husband she built a home in the wilderness and reared her sturdy sons and daughters.

She cooked and sewed. She spun and wove for her growing family and when they were ill, she brewed potent remedies from simple roots and herbs.

Such roots and herbs are now used in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound—that reliable remedy for woman's ills.

'Phone your Want Ads. Main 2417.

Use the Want Ad. way

"Make The Parks Safe For Lovers"

By GEORGE BRITT. "MAKE the parks safe for our lovers!" "More petting and fewer policemen in the parks!" These springtime slogans get the endorsement of a snow-haired but sunny-hearted sage, Ethelbert Stewart, commissioner of the United States bureau of labor statistics. One of the commissioner's pet hobbies is to humiliate the public parks of American cities.

"In the springtime particularly," says Stewart, "it is instinctive with young people to want to walk together in the moonlight and hold hands and kiss. There is no thought of evil in 999 out of 1,000 of their hearts."

"But more than half of our population lives in cities. The parks are practically the only refuge for such young couples. Now let a policeman come along and tell the young fellow to take his arm from around that girl's waist. By thinking evil himself, the policeman is spreading evil where none was before."

CITES DR. JOHNSON. "It is an exact parallel of the case where Boswell pointed out to Dr. Samuel Johnson a painting of a nude figure in an art gallery. 'Sir, isn't that picture indecent?' asked Boswell. And the doctor replied, 'No, but your question is!'"

Stewart holds no sympathy nor affiliation with his contemporaries who utter disapproving croaks about the younger generation.

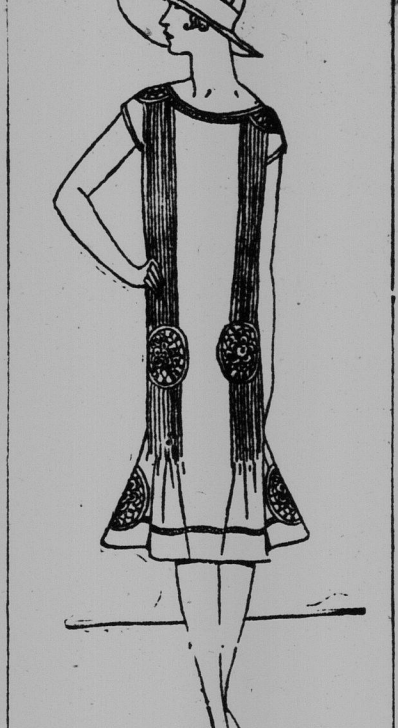
"They are like a lot of dried up, decayed, worm-eaten apples in the cellar growing at the blossoms and green apples on the tree," he says. "It is not to be wondered that the green apples show no ambition to mature into the same sort of fruit."

THEY KNEW THE RULES. "I can say with David," he told them, "that once I was young and now I am old, but never in my life have I put my arm around a woman, never have I tried to put my arm around a woman, who did not know all of the rules and regulations and exactly how to enforce them."

"When I was a boy, there was no public park problem," says Stewart. "We had bobbed rides in winter and hay rides in summer, and the young folks sat close and came home in innocence. And I have heard sermons by the dozen, denouncing the parties as inventions of Satan."

There were more proprieties and taboos in social relations then. But they were no more effective than now in suppressing the natural longing of youth for affectionate demonstration. With all their don'ts, they did not produce as clean a generation of young people as those today.

Fashion Fancies



By Marie Belmont

The woman who chooses simple little hand-made frocks, such as the one above, for her summer wardrobe, can make no mistake.

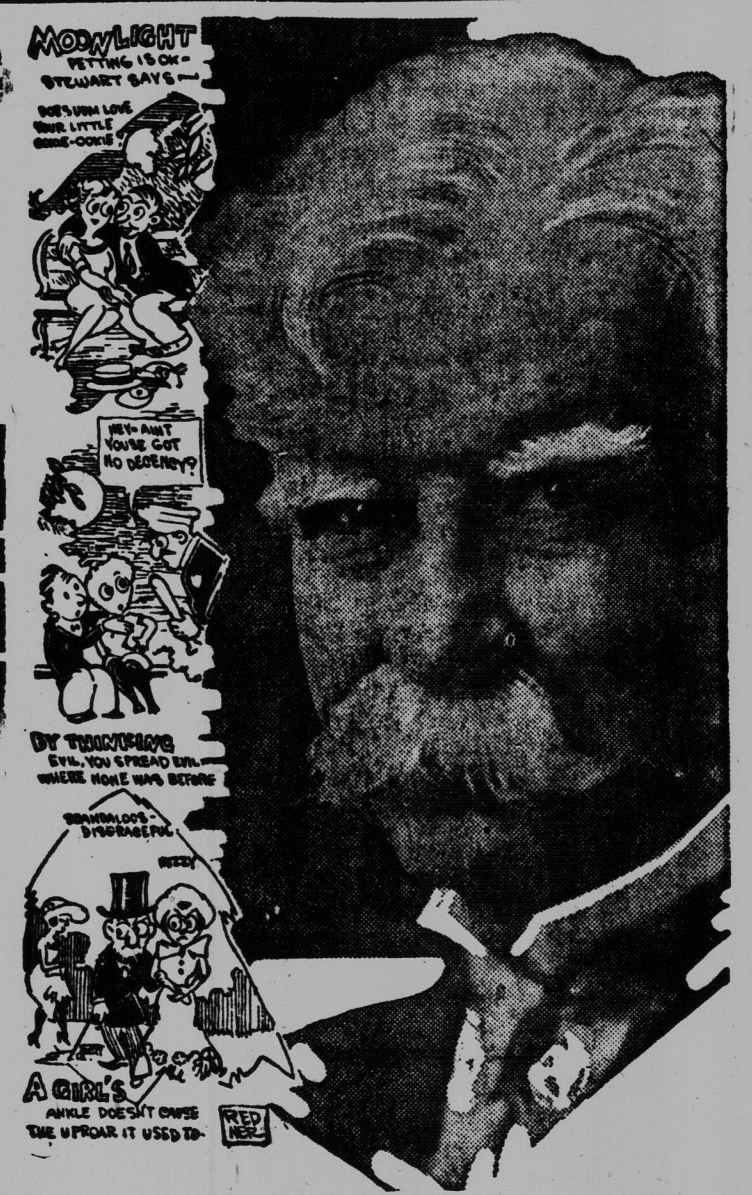
The material is of the finest of crepe de chine in a light gray, and the dress is marked by long lines of hand done tucks. The trimming consists of ovals of openwork, done in grey thread with a touch of cherry embroidery.

With the frock is worn a large hair hat in gray, which repeats the cherry color in a flat applique at the side of its crown.



There is plenty of hot air in the social register.

Use the Want Ad. way



Ethelbert Stewart. Note his striking resemblance to Samuel Clemens.

BEHIND THE SCREEN

LYA DE PUTTI, the famous Hungarian screen actress who arrived in New York a short time ago, has been selected by D. W. Griffith for the role of Lady Sybil in his coming production for Paramount, "The Sorrows of Satan."

She will begin work immediately at the Long Island studio, where Adolphe Menjou, Ricardo Cortez, Carol Dempster and others of the cast are at work.

The character of Lady Sybil symbolizes feminine evil, and Mr. Griffith has devoted much time and thought recently to the selection of an actress suitable to the role. He has interviewed and tested scores, but without finding one who, he believed, was the type necessary. When he first saw Miss de Putti, three days after she landed here, he recognized at once that she was exactly what he had visualized for the character.

That was all right for the mere physical appearance. The question then arose as to whether or not she was capable of playing the extremely difficult role. Mr. Griffith had "Variety," one of Miss de Putti's recent pictures screened for him, and, after seeing her work, said that she was a marvelous actress.

Is this your BIRTHDAY

APRIL 23—You have a keen sense of humor and a never-ending interest in life. Fond of the good things of life, but not perhaps able to afford them. Often money comes to April 23 people after middle age. Tact sometimes needs to be cultivated, and you mustn't think too much of a setback now and then. It will probably be your lot to see a good deal of life in many varied forms. Shakespeare was born on this day.

Your birth-stone is a diamond, which means innocence. Your flower is a daisy. Your lucky colors are red and yellow.

Cuticura Soap

Pure and Wholesome Keeps The Skin Clear



Re-Opening After Fire!

SPECIAL Photos Half Price

For 10 Days, Starting MONDAY, APRIL 19

Sittings at Night by appointment Phone M. 4437

THE CONLON STUDIO 101 KING STREET 4-26

IN NEW YORK SEE SAWING UP and DOWN BROADWAY

See-sawing up and down the Easter parade on Fifth Avenue I beheld a most flashy pair of striped pants approaching . . . To say nothing of spotless white spats . . . And who should it be but Al Jolson, who seemed the very symbol of Broadway on parade.

And not far behind on representing Broadway was Marie Dressler, smiling infectiously upon one and all . . . And Texas Guinan, "America's most sophisticated woman," to whom it must have been great effort to early since her night club closes with the dawn, and my feminine aid informed me she was clad in a rose beige ensemble with a bluish hat, whatever that may be.

And there was the exotic and gorgeous Lya de Putti, imported from Europe to be another of those "wicked women" of the films . . . Yet there she was, most solemn of mien, going up the steps of St. Patrick's cathedral. They tell me this terribly "wicked gal" of the screen attends church most regularly.

Four midgets from the circus side show, dressed absolutely "to kill," and being all but stepped on by the crowd that gathered to see them . . . And Chauncey Depew, who never seems to grow old, particularly when he wears his silk topper and swallow-tails . . . The circus giant, wearing yellow spats, and formal morning clothes towering above the parade like one of the avenue's traffic signal stations.

And Mrs. Claire, pet actress of more critics than perhaps any other in all Manhattan.

Onlookers lining the streets representing the entire collection of states. Scores of "ahs" and countless "chis."

It's a great show.

WANDERED in on the annual revel of the Green Room Club, started some 25 years ago by Edward Forrest Lodge and of its charter members but two remain on this earth—William Brady and Charles Dixon.

Which reminds me the newest theaters to be built are without the good old green rooms of old, and the very newest have no boxes.

MOTORING over to that section of Long Island which is the Hollywood of the East Coast, I beheld this wistful drama in the Paramount lunch room.

An extra girl wandered in and walked up to the counter. She looked at the billboards where murals were advertised at 65 cents and thereabouts, sighed and ordered a sandwich which cost 15 cents.

"No, just a cup and saucer."

Whereupon she drew forth from under her coat a thermos bottle and poured out her own, thus saving a dime.

All is not glitter in this movie life, I fear.

—GILBERT SWAN.

A Thought

Grudge not one against another, brethren, lest ye be condemned; behold, the Judge standeth before the door.—Jas. 5:9.

TO HARBOR hatred and animosity in the soul makes one irritable, gloomy and prematurely old.—Auerbach.

Spring Eruptions

and all irritated blemished skin is quickly soothed and healed by ZAM-BUK

MR. BAX. All Drugists.

Little Joe

MANY A MAN HAS SLIPPED UP ON A LITTLE JOE.

His Master's Voice

Victor Talking Machine Co.

of Canada, Limited

ADVENTURES of the TWINS

THE SOFT DAVEN PORT AND THE RADIO

Mister Tinsling and the Twins walked into Ringtail Coon's apartment in the hickory tree, as Ringtail held the door open.

When Ringtail gently closed the door behind them, he had a look in his eye that the spider must have had when he invited the fly into his parlor.

It was a very funny look indeed, and I do wish that smart little Nancy or wise little Nick had noticed it. For if they had, they might have saved the little fairy lander about three bushels and a half of trouble.

But although magic shoes will make you little and take you places, they can't do everything in the world.

So nobody noticed the sly look in Ringtail Coon's eye as he closed the door and led them into his sun-parlor where the radio was.

There sat the radio-set, on a little brown table, but before Ringtail turned it on, he deviated them to sit down on his willow davenport all covered with cushions.

That willow davenport with its soft cushions! Really, I wish you could have seen it! It was as comfortable as a big feather bed and a Cadillac automobile and a hammock and a swing all rolled into one.

The windows were all open and the breeze blew in and smelled as delicious as a bottle of broken perfume, I mean a broken bottle of perfume, and besides it was as cool as though it had been kept on ice for hours.

The poor little fairy lander was so hot and tired, and the Twins were so tired and hot, that when they sat down on that lovely davenport with the breeze blowing over them, all three of them felt that they never wanted to move again—rent day or not.

Ringtail Coon sat down on the little stool in front of his radio and turned some knobs.

"Who! Wheel! Squeeee!" it went at first.

Then he turned some more things and suddenly somebody began to sing. "Thanks for the Buggy Ride."

It sounded simply fine and the visitors listened to the very end.

"That was beautiful," said Mister Tinsling. "But really we must get the rent and be going now, Mister Coon."

"Just one more tune!" insisted Ringtail. So he turned some more knobs and all at once someone began to sing "Bunny."

"We really must go now," yawned the fairyman when it was finished. "It's getting late and—"

"Listen," said Ringtail Coon. "Don't miss this."

"They were singing 'Who' now. Then they sang 'Always.' Then they sang 'Remember.'"

Each time the tired little fairyman said they simply had to go, but before he could move Ringtail would put on another tune.

At last there was a more, and turning quickly, Ringtail beheld all three of his visitors with their eyes closed, sound asleep.

Mister Coon turned off his radio and went downstairs. Then he took a long walk up along the creek.

"My goodness! I never gave them my rent!" he cried suddenly. "I must go back." But he never moved a step toward home.

And I'm sorry to say he still had that

after eating Too Much take some Pep-O-mint

LIFE SAVERS

THE CANDY MINT WITH THE HOLE they help digestion

"always good taste"

Victor Records

Always

1926 Waltz—Geo. Olsen and His Music 1927 Fox Trot—International Novelty Orch.

1928 Vocal—Henry Burr (Tenor) 1929 Instrumental—Victor Salon Orchestra

Prisoner's Song

1928 Organ Solo Jesse Crawford 1929 Waltz—International Novelty Orchestras

After I Say I'm Sorry

Fox Trot Jean Goldkette and His Orchestra 1924

Thanks for the Buggy Ride

Fox Trot Waring's Pennsylvanians 1921

I Love My Baby

Fox Trot Waring's Pennsylvanians 1920

I Never Knew How Wonderful You Were

Fox Trot Paul Whiteman and His Orchestra 1924

Let's Talk About My Sweetie

Fox Trot Russo and Fiorito's Orleole Orchestra 1925

Victor records play on any type of Victrola

At "His Master's Voice" Dealers

Victor Talking Machine Co.

of Canada, Limited

His Master's Voice