

THE TIMES-STAR FEATURE PAGE

Dorothy Dix

Don't Marry Until You Have Had Your Playtime and Know What Sort of a Husband You Want for Keeps—And When You Do Marry Be a Good Enough Sport to Do Your Part Without Whining.

THE other day a girl of 18, tired of being what she called "a married slave," committed suicide. Investigation showed that her husband was a kindly, worthy young man, as far removed as possible from being a domestic tyrant, and that the wife's slavery consisted merely in her having to take care of her home and her baby.

But she rebelled against doing this. She didn't want to be tied down with a child. She loathed cooking and sewing and mending and dusting and all household duties. She longed to be free to gad the streets and go jolly with other youngsters. She wanted to spend her evenings going to movies and jazzing in cabarets, instead of being a fireside companion to her husband, and walking the colic. And because she couldn't devote all of her time to amusing herself, life was worthless to her and she threw it away.

The tragedy of this poor, little silly girl has two lessons in it which I commend to the consideration of all other flappers. The first lesson is a warning against the folly of early marriage.

The girl who carries too soon almost invariably wrecks her life. Not once in a hundred times does the early marriage turn out successfully.

TO BEGIN with, the girl of 16, 17 or 18 has the unformed tastes of a child. She has no more idea of what sort of a man she is going to want and admire when she is 23 than she has of what kind of a hat she is going to want. The boy who fires her fancy when she is a schoolgirl turns her to tears when she is a mature woman.

Practically no woman who failed to marry her first sweetheart ever meets him again without feeling like falling on her knees and thanking God for her miraculous escape.

THERE is no use in saying that the girl who marries in her teens will be developed by her husband and grow into being just part of him. That isn't true. A girl develops into what nature made her. Hereditary and early environment have settled that point, and it is sheer luck if she and her husband are congenial after she has grown up. Generally they are not.

Then the tragedy comes in, when the young wife has grown sick and tired of the man who was once her girlish fancy finds the man who is her real mate, and with whom she falls in love with all the passion of her mature woman's heart.

THE girl who marries too young is miserable and dissatisfied because she has not had her playtime. She is not ready to settle down. She wants to dance and frolic and have a good time. She wants the admiration of men, and it is her reaching out after the pleasures of girlhood that she has no right to, as a married woman, that fills the world with quarrelling young couples, and clogs up the dockets of the divorce courts.

They are more to be pitied than blamed, these poor young creatures who have taken burdens upon themselves that their weak young shoulders are not strong enough to bear; who are not old enough to have acquired a philosophy to meet their daily needs, and who are crushed by duties and responsibilities they are too immature to have assumed.

To the girl mother a baby is an unwelcome brat that interferes with her going to dances. Her home is a prison, her housework slavery. To the mature woman who has had her fill of playing a baby is God's benediction on her womanhood, her home a palace of dreams come true and her housework a labor of love.

"There is a time for everything," says the Good Book. Especially there is a time for marriage, and if girls would only wait to marry until they are ready for it, it would do away with half of the domestic discord of the world.

THE first lesson, then, in the story of the girl who killed herself because she could not endure the slavery of having to take care of her home and her baby is not to marry until you have had your playtime and are ready to settle down.

The second lesson is to realize that marriage is a working partnership, in which the wife must do her part just as much as the husband must do his.

A LOT of girls don't think of this. They think of marriage as being all beer and skittles for them. They think that it emancipates them from mama's control or frees them from having to punch the time clock in a store or office, and that it gives them a free meal check and shopping ticket for life.

They never think of the obligations it lays up them or of any return that they must make to their husbands for all that their husbands do for them. Nothing is more common than to hear women complaining about having to do their housework and of how troublesome their children are. They pose as martyrs to their families.

It does not seem to occur to them that they are merely doing their part in life, that they are only performing the duties they undertook when they got married. They work no harder than their husbands do, yet they rarely hear a man asking for the sympathy of the public because he has to toil to support his wife and children. Still less does he consider himself a slave.

So the moral of this story is—don't marry until you are ready to go about the real business of life, and when you do marry be a good enough sport to do your part without whining.

DOROTHY DIX.
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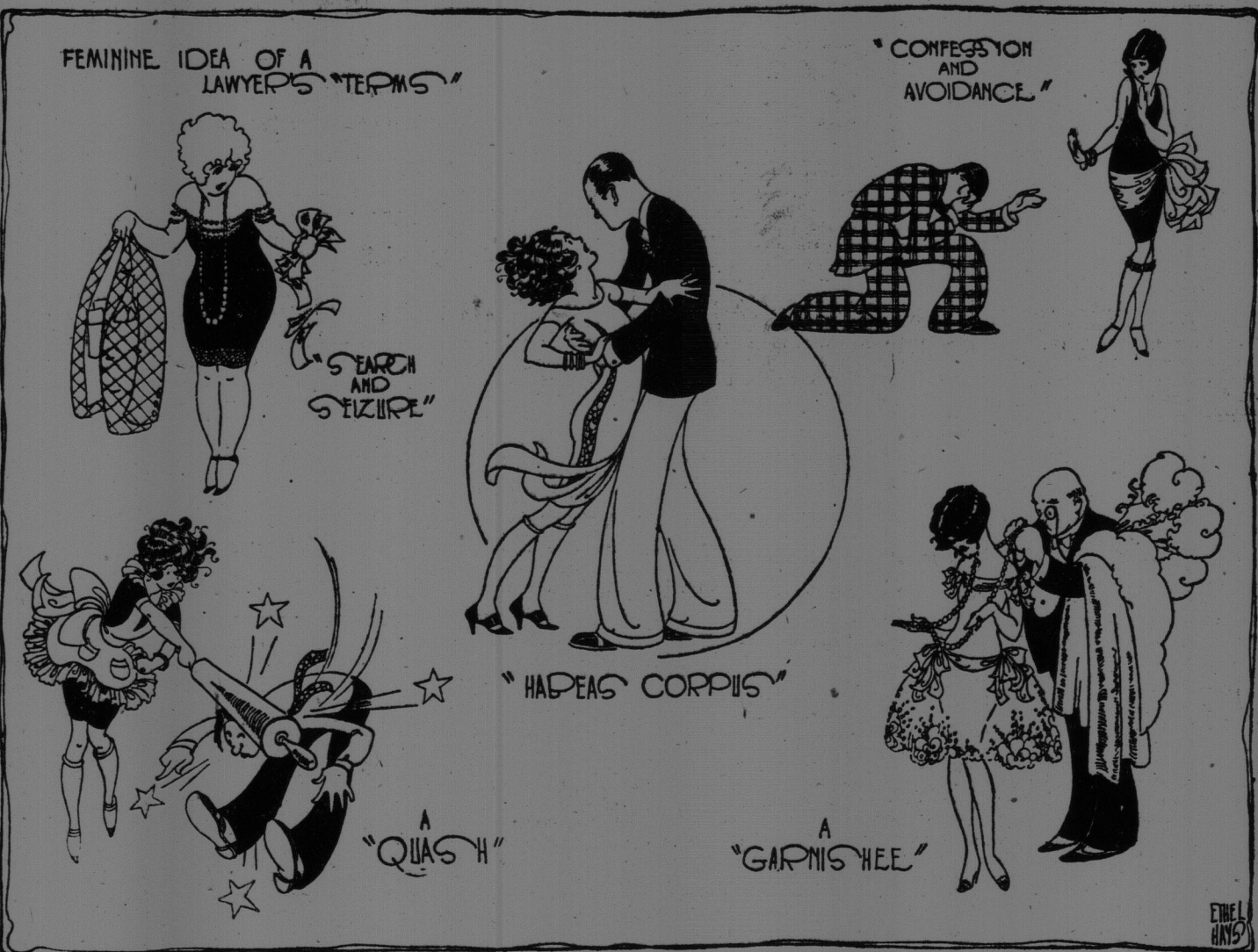
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Feminine Idea of a Lawyer's "Terms"



FASHION FANCIES



By Mme. Lisbeth.

WHILE dress coats are very handsome and many of them fashioned on new and interesting lines, the sports coats are equally attractive. Soft, heavy materials, vivid colors and often fur trimmings make them most practical and appropriate for all but the most formal wear.

The coat pictured is a fair sample of today's sport coat. It is an imported tweed striped in diagonal lines of orange and blue. The fur collar extends to the hem of the coat and cuffs are also of fur.

It is built on the straight-line model but has ample fullness in the skirt. Tweeds, by the way, have the approval of couturiers and many fashionable women.

Your Birthday

November 5—You have a keen, shrewd brain, and will rise to a good position. You want people to like you, and are fond of society. Your love is demonstrative, and your nature kind, sympathetic, and generous. You love reading and good music. You should marry early in life. Live out of doors a lot.

Your birth-stone is the topaz, which means fidelity. Your flower is the chrysanthemum. Your lucky color is grey.

Lovers' form: Glorious!

Order from your grocer his best tea and he'll usually send "Red Rose."

RED ROSE TEA "is good tea"

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ADVENTURES of the TWINS

by OLIVE ROBERTS BARTON

THE MOON MAN'S FORTUNE.

Nancy and Nick were having a fine time in High Jinks Land. Everyone was so jolly and light-hearted.

"How do you like it?" asked Mister Corn Dodger, shaking the ashes out of his corn-cob pipe and filling it up again with dried corn-silk.

"It's ever so jolly," said Nick. "Isn't it, Nancy?"

"Yes, it is," said Nancy, shaking her little Dutch cap until the wide wings on it flapped. "I wish we could have our fortunes told like the Scare Crow and Jack O' Lantern."

"Well, you may," said Mister Corn Dodger kindly. "I'll ask Mrs. Gipsy if she—There!" he said all at once.

"The Man-in-the-Moon is having his fortune told now. He's staying a good while, I think. He said he was just on his way to Norwich, but stopped in at High Jinks Land to say how-do-you-do to his friends."

"Let's hear what Mrs. Gipsy is telling him," said Nick.

So the Twins and Mister Corn Dodger crowded up close.

"Well," said Mrs. Gipsy, looking at the Man-in-the-Moon's hand, "I see many interesting things. Stars and clouds and the moon. Are you an astronomer?"

"No ma'am, I am not," said the Man-in-the-Moon, "but you might say that I am a star-gazer."

"I also see that you like high living," said Mrs. Gipsy.

"That's right," said the Man-in-the-Moon. "I like to live high."

"It is strange then," said Mrs. Gipsy, "that sometimes you get very thin. Isn't that so?"

"It certainly is," said the Man-in-the-Moon. "Sometimes I am not even a quarter full. Indeed, I am only full once a month."

"You sleep all day and stay up all night," said Mrs. Gipsy. "You must be a very gay person."

"Not exactly," said the Man-in-the-Moon, winking one eye at the Hi Diddle Diddle Cat, and the other eye at the Little Dog-That-Laughed. "I'm not so very gay, although I do go around a good bit."

"Let me see! You have some more fortune," said Mrs. Gipsy. "I see by your hand that you are a great traveler and that you have as many friends in China as anywhere. Also, you have thirteen birthdays a year, you live near the Milky Way, keep the Dog Star in your back yard, and use the Great Dipper when you want to dip a drink out of the sea."

"Yes'm," said the Man-in-the-Moon. "But can you tell me the way to Norwich? I have been hunting it since last Friday a week. I've been to the South and it isn't there. I should like very much to know how to find it."

"I'll tell you," said Mrs. Gipsy. "Just follow your nose."

"Why, certainly," said the Apollon of the Three Fiddlers. "Why didn't he think of that before. He must follow his nose, of course."

"All he has to do is to follow his nose," said everyone to his neighbor. "If I follow it, I shall go all wrong."

"His poor nose is crooked!" said all the High Jinks Landers to each other. "He can't follow it, so he'll never find his way to Norwich."

"Very well, then," said the Man-in-the-Moon. "I'll have to go back to where I came from. But it was a fine fortune you told me, Mrs. Gipsy. Thank you. Good-bye, everybody."

"Good-bye!" they called. And that was the last of him! To be continued.

LIQUID VENEER

FLAPPER FANNY says



WHEN motorists are told to consider pedestrians, they just consider them a nuisance.

A Thought

Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his—Num. 23:10.

DEATH is a commingling of eternity with time; in the death of a good man, eternity is seen looking through time—Goethe.

Little Editorials

THE OLD DAYS.

SAILORS have changed. The day of "wooden ships and men of iron" is gone. In place of the famous old clippers, with their hard drinking, blasphemous, fearless seamen, we have the palatial steel steamers with crews made softer and less brutal by culture.

Is it an improvement? Did you read recently of the fire on a ship off the Florida coast, where passengers declared several of the crew fought in a frenzy for the lifeboats, threw women and children back and scrambled in a mad fear to save themselves?

Sailors were rough customers in the days of the California and China clippers. But at least they were two-faced, courageous seamen—not men who forgot every tradition of the sea when danger comes.

BLACKHEADS

Get two ounces of peroxide powder from your druggist. Sprinkle on a hot, wet cloth and rub the face briskly. Every black-head will be dissolved. The one safe, sure and simple way to remove black-heads.

PEACE RIVER RETURNS.

EDMONTON, Alta., Nov. 4—Peace River (50 polls to come)—Collins, Conservative, 3,905; Kennedy, Progressive, 3,701; Rae, Liberal, 3,696.

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Scientific Students To Get Training As They Work

By DAVID DIETZ

AN ATTEMPT to provide closer contact and co-operation between the college world and the world of industry has resulted in the adoption of a new plan by the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, one of the world's leading scientific schools.

A selected group of students who have finished two years of the regular course in electrical engineering will be transferred to New York city, where they will be placed on the payroll of the American Telephone and Telegraph Co.

Instructors from Cambridge will conduct classes for them in the evenings. But during the daytime, they will be under the direction of the telephone company's executives and expected to earn their day's pay by doing a day's work. As soon as a student learns one job thoroughly, he will be shifted to another. Thus the students will be continuously learning something new as well as doing useful work.

The students will spend half of the eight months of the school year in New York and the other half in Cambridge.

The following year they will do special research in the Bell Telephone laboratories.

Because of the advanced nature of the work and the heavy demands which it will make, these students upon graduation will be awarded the degree of master of science as well as the degree of bachelor of science.

SHORTLY after the first of the coming year, the new Hall of Reptile and Amphibian Life will be opened in the American Museum of Natural History in New York.

This exhibit, which was started under the direction of the late Mary C. Dickerson, is said to be the finest of its kind in the world.

It will contain artistic and strikingly life-like groups of various reptiles posed among duplications of their natural living places.

A display of the great reptilian monsters, the iguanas, discovered by William Beebe on the island of Galapagos, will be included. Other groups include a Gila monster group from the Arizona desert and a group from the Florida cypress swamps.

DAILY MOVIE SERVICE

Hergesheimer Writes Play For Negri; It Disappoints

By JACK JUNGMEYER.

The announcement that a famous author has written an original story to fit the charms and gifts of a famous actor has been considerably modified before reaching the screen. If not, it must be said of the author that he is trite in theme and treatment.

"Flower of Night" suggests little of the Hergesheimer style. It is not unlike a score of other American-Mexican movie melodramas in its main elements and details. It falls primarily to achieve that sumptuous, voluptuous atmosphere which one expects in the combined play of Negri's and Hergesheimer's talents.

Nor does it well suggest the rich romanticism of the period in which it is laid, the California scene at the end of the old Spanish regime.

Pola plays the spirited daughter of a don who chafes at her restraints, falls in love with an American, evades the designs of an evil aristocrat upon herself and her mine and finds her romance dangerously entangled with the activities of the California vigilantes.

Miss Negri is as expressive as the most perfect. Warner Oland makes a capital villain. But Youcca Toubetkoy, a bland youth of European manner, is not well cast as the American hero.

It is an entertaining picture, but in no sense extraordinary. Without knowing any of the facts, it would seem to me that Hergesheimer's story must

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