

THE EVENING TIMES-STAR, SAINT JOHN, N. B., MONDAY, JUNE 28, 1926

INTERESTING

## A Feature Page of Interest to Everyone

INSTRUCTIVE

### Dorothy Dix

The Spoiled Child of a Wealthy Family, Who Ran Home When Her Marriage Ceased to be a Romance—Six Questions About Boys Answered for High School Girls—How a Girl Should Deal With Mashers.

DEAR MISS DIX—I am from a wealthy family and am the baby. Am 20 years, college educated and have been greatly indulged. Several months ago I married a man of wonderful character. He was very good to me, but he lacked many qualities I longed for, and somehow something was lacking in our married life. He could not give me what I was used to at home, but he did all in his power to make me happy. However, I left him and am getting a divorce from him, but he begs me to come back to him, withdraw the divorce and start over again. I seem to love him, although I am greatly afraid I am more sympathetic than love. My people would be disappointed and disgusted if I went back to him.

Do you think we are intended for each other?  
WORRIED

ANSWER: Possibly there are some marriages made in heaven between men and women who are predestined mates and intended for each other, but most of us make our own matches, and a poor, bungling job we turn out in the great majority of cases. Evidently your marriage was one of these home-bred ones and it has gone flat on you, and whether you can make it over with any better results another time no one can tell.

You see, the trouble with you is that you are a poor, weak, spoiled child and you hadn't the grit to stand the gaff when you found out that matrimony wasn't all roses and posies, and that husbands were just ordinary human beings instead of sighing poets and lovers. So when you came up against marriage as a fact instead of as a romance you didn't even try to make a go of it. You just threw up your hands and quit cold.

You didn't even attempt to adapt yourself to your new life or to fulfill any of the duties of a wife. You did the cry-baby act and ran back to mother. Pretty cowardly of you, wasn't it?

You say that your husband is a good man and that he did all he could to make you happy, but that he lacks many of the qualities you long for. So would any other man in the world, because every girl dreams of an impossible husband who is composed of all the virtues and charms and fascinations of all the heroes of all the novels she has ever read and of all the sheiks she has ever seen on the stage or in the movies.

A composite portrait of the average girl's ideal of a husband would be a blending of Valentino, Otis Skinner, John D. Rockefeller and Job—a man who was a living picture, a romantic teller and a money-maker and who would put up with all of her vagaries without a word of protest. Needless to say, no such creature ever lived.

You also say that there was something lacking in your married life. That also is inevitable. It always happens. There is no marriage that it is not full of disillusion, disappointments, of trials and tribulations. It is only in fairy stories that they are married and live happily ever afterward.

But right-thinking men and women put their dreams behind them, screw up their courage to the sticking point and make the best of the bargain they have made. They are too honorable to default on the contract they have entered into. They are too just to expect the impossible from the men and women they have married, and so with philosophy and humor they carry on and build up the homes that are the bulwarks of the Nation.

I think the real reason that you left your husband was because he could not give you the luxury to which you were accustomed, and as long as you feel that pretty clothes and soft living are more necessary to you than a good man's love I think, for his sake, you had better go on with your divorce.

Evidently you haven't the stuff in you that would make you a desirable wife for a poor man.  
DOROTHY DIX

DEAR MISS DIX—Will you answer these six questions for a group of girls:

First: Can a person really love more than once?  
Second: Is a homely girl justified in going with and writing to a boy who goes with girls of bad reputation?  
Third: Can a person love whomsoever she wishes?  
Fourth: If a boy asks a girl to come to see him should she do it, if it is not convenient for him to come to see her?  
Fifth: Does a boy admire a refined, home-loving girl more than he does an all-around sport?  
Sixth: If a boy says that he will quit going with a girl if she does not kiss him, what should she do?

O. G. S. SENIORS

ANSWER: There are hearts that are capable of only one love, but there are rare. Most of our hearts are built on the skyscraper-plan and can house a constant procession of guests. We cannot love many times, but we can love individuals who are entirely different.

Second: There is no more reason why a nice, homely girl should go with an undesirable boy than there is why a pretty girl should go with a man who tries to force her attentions on us in picture shows and by following us on the street. What shall we do?  
A GIRL OF SIXTEEN

Third: We cannot make ourselves love to order. We cannot coerce our affections. Our heart is a law unto itself. We do not know why we love nor why we cease to love.

This would be a happier world if we could make ourselves fall madly in love with the nice, practical, sensible, suitable man or woman we should love, instead of having our ardent fancies wander off after those whom it is our undoing to love.

Fourth: It is the height of impropriety for a boy to ask a girl to come to see him or for her to go. If he wants to see her, he will find some way to do so.

Fifth: There is no standardized type of girl that boys admire. Some prefer the home-loving wife, others the sport. It is entirely a matter of taste.

Sixth: If a boy tells a girl that the price of his attentions must be said in kisses, it shows that he is a cad and a cheap skate, and she should tell him that she doesn't buy her dates that way. They come too high.

DOROTHY DIX

DEAR DOROTHY DIX—My sister and I are continually annoyed by men who try to force their attentions on us in picture shows and by following us on the street. What shall we do?  
A GIRL OF SIXTEEN

ANSWER: Call the police on the street and usher in the theatre. They will deal with these mashers as they deserve.  
DOROTHY DIX

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### CENTENARIAN AT NEWTON IS DEAD

NEWTON, Mass., June 27.—Mrs. Ellen Manny, Newton's oldest resident is dead at her home here at the age of 100 years and six months. She was the widow of John T. Manny, for many years treasurer of the Winchester Savings Bank, Winchester, Mass. He died 25 years ago.

Mrs. Manny spent most of her life

here and in Winchester. A daughter Mary survives.

N. S. BOY DROWNED.

LIVERPOOL, N. S., June 26.—Warren Adams, 13, was drowned in the harbor here yesterday. He went swimming alone and when he did not return his mother went to the beach, where she found his body, which had been cast up by the surf.

### Romance In Rise of Bus Boy To Big Figure In Movies

By LEON M. SILER

There's only about five feet five inches of Marcus Loew, measuring from North to South. Nor does his tailor have to pin two tape lines together to calculate his proportions intoluitively.

Whimsically inverse is the ratio between Loew's physical bulk and the extent to which he stacks up in the theatrical and financial worlds.

For further contrast, compare Loew's humble birthplace down in the lower East Side of Manhattan with the splendor of his present five million dollar country estate out on Long Island Sound.

Loew is the head of some 100 corporations now centering in the movie and vaudeville industries. But once in earlier life he was a bankrupt, and several times he saw ill winds blow his bank balance down to nickels and dimes.

SOLD PAPERS

Most of his time between the ages of 10 and 20 he spent hot-footing it up and down the New York sidewalks selling papers and ear muffs and such. Now he travels in a palatial private yacht or aboard the finest steamships.

Fortune played hide and seek with him for a while, but he won the game at last.

There's joy for Mrs. Loew in the freedom with which her husband goes on vacations now. The way he used to work, she observes, even after millions came his way, one would think he still was facing the direct poverty.

Back in those penny arcade days, Mrs. Loew didn't mind. Marcus had his name and livelihood to make, and with his ambitions she was in sympathy. She knew hard work couldn't be avoided.

But after prosperity came, and Marcus still refused to let go of toil and responsibility, it worried her. Now that he consents to spend his winters in Florida and his springs in Europe, she's satisfied.

WANTED TO BE HEADWAITER

It was funny about Loew's back yard when he gave up school at nine years of age. He wanted most of all to be a head waiter.

He went so far as to get a job as bus boy in a restaurant, but when he spilled a big tray of dishes his hopes were blasted as if by dynamite.

A multitude of experiences began for Loew thereupon. He worked in a print shop. He and a youthful friend published a weekly paper, the "East Side Advertiser." He worked at \$4 a week in a dry goods store.



Marcus Loew and his wife are shown in the center. At the left is Loew as he looked at 16—at the right, 20 years later. Below is a view of a small section of his home.

At 12 he was employed by a fur concern. Here promotion came. At 15 he went into the fur business for himself. A year later he was bankrupt.

At 21 he married Carrie Rosenheim and re-entered the fur trade. Disaster paid him a return visit, but after paying all his debts he still had \$7.

ROSE ON CAPES

Capee b-came popular among women

about that time. Loew went into the cape business and made a small fortune. In 1904, a penny arcade was built on New York's famous Union Square. Loew had invested \$40,000 in it. Friends subscribed \$55,000 more. The arcade was profitable, and Loew decided to start others. He invested \$150,000, and again the loss of all his worldly goods threatened.

But he attended his arcade operations to Cincinnati, and soon profits once more were pouring in.

The movies came next. Then vaudeville. Loew cashed in on them to the tune of millions.

ADMITS LUCK

Luck is due its share of the credit for his graduation from newspaper and arduous selling into the magnate class, Loew concedes. It was pure chance, for instance, that robbed him of his job as a bus boy.

There are twin sons, Arthur and David, in the Loew family. They help manage their dad's theatrical affairs. Both are married. All the Loews live together at "Rinkbroke," a Long Island fairland of flowers, orchards, gardens, walks and drives centering about a great mansion.

Entertaining his old friends is one of Loew's chief pleasures in life. He likes to recall with them the days when contributions from their purses went to help him out of the penny arcade, business down on Union Square.

FLIT DESTROYS Flies, Mosquitoes, Roaches, Bedbugs

STANDARD OIL CO. (NEW JERSEY)

By Marie Belmont

White is a favorite at the seashore. It blends so beautifully with the pastel sky, the blue water and the blond beaches.

Today there is sketched a sleeveless cape coat of white French flannel. The cape is piped with black satin. The narrow tie strings are drawn backward at the collar and tied into two long streamers with silk tassels to weight them slightly.

White kid gloves with black kid piping and a white felt hat with black ribbon band complete this fetching costume.

Little Joe

When a bit nervous you should use Cl-O-ve

LIFE SAVERS THE CANDY MINT WITH THE MOLE

nerve soothing

always good taste

Wherefore by their fruits ye shall know them.—Matt. 7:20.

GIVE me the ready hand rather than the ready tongue.—Garibaldi.

A Thought

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### ADVENTURES of the TWINS

OLIVE ROBERTS BARTON

THE TWINS START

This was the letter that the mailbox handed to the Twins in Nip-and-Tuck Town. It said:

"Dear Twins, I am sorry that you are having such a hard time finding Inco and Flops on the moon. But I am sure they are in Drowey Land somewhere. If you do not find them in Nip-and-Tuck Town, just ask your pink tickets to take you to Dream-Maker Man. He lives in a castle with seven pointed arrows on Misty Hill.

Lovingly yours,

"The Fairy Queen."

"We never thought of him, did we, Nancy?" It's a good one to go to. Come on—let's start."

"Where to? Where to?" asked the two pink tickets when they heard this. "Where are you starting for? We have to know if we are to turn ourselves into tracks again so we shall be sure to go in the right direction."

"To Misty Hill," said Nancy. "To the Dream-Maker's house."

The pink tickets were trying to decide which one of them should be the track this time, when along came a sandwich plate, and a large pink coffee pot.

"May I pour you a cup of coffee?" said the coffee pot, hospitably. "You have 10 minutes stop-over for lunch."

"Thank you," said Nick, "but we aren't allowed to have coffee."

"Well—I like that," said the coffee pot in an offended voice. "I suppose you'll be saying that you don't eat sandwiches either."

"Do they have mustard on?" asked Nancy timidly.

"Of course," said the sandwich plate. "Mustard and horse-radish and Worcester's Sauce."

"I guess we won't have any, thank you," said Nancy.

"Tipity! That's what they are! Tipity!" snorted the sandwich plate. "And me priding myself on my seasoning."

The coffee pot and the sandwich plate looked hands and walked away.

"Now we'd better be going," said Nick. "Come on, tickets, we're ready."

"Won't you take something to read with you?" said a new voice. And there stood two magazines, a red one and a blue one with pictures on the back.

"We'd like to, thank you," said Nancy. "Do you have nice easy words that we can understand?"

"Nothing shorter than 'conglomerate' and words like that," said the magazines. "That's the kind of reading that puts you to sleep when you travel."

"I guess maybe we don't want to read, thank you," said Nancy. "But perhaps you could tell us if you have seen a china elephant and a clown anywhere. We are looking for them."

But the magazines had walked off in a huff. They hadn't heard the last part of Nancy's speech.

"We certainly had better be starting," said Nick. "This place is well named Nip to get in and tuck to get out. Every

time we start someone comes along and stops us. Quick, here comes somebody else."

The pink ticket in Nick's pocket jumped out and instantly became a track again. And there was the little car, too.

The Twins got in and started for Misty Hill.

To Be Continued

Flapper Fanny Says

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