

THE EVENING TIMES-STAR, SAINT JOHN, N. B., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 21, 1926

INTERESTING

A Feature Page of Interest to Everyone

INSTRUCTIVE

Dorothy Dix

Is a Parent Justified in Discharging His Son From His Business Because of the Youth's Foolish Marriage?—The Girl With the Unglamorous Beau—Shall She Bob Her Gray Hair?

DEAR MISS DIX—Will you please answer these questions?

What consideration does a child who has been well and comfortably educated and put in a lucrative position, owe to his parents in the selection of a wife? Should children heed parental advice regarding marriage? What would be your advice to a man in his early thirties, who on a very meager acquaintance with a woman several years his senior, and of a much inferior family, was contemplating marriage with her, especially when this woman's health is very poor and her physical condition is such that she is likely to become a chronic invalid? Do you think a father would be justified in discharging a son who has been a faithful employee for years because he is contemplating a marriage that is justifiably distasteful to the father? Such a dismissal would be the ruin of the son's prospects.

Why do children always feel that the advice their parents give upon marriage is inspired by selfish motives?

ANSWER:—Because parents have reared their children well and have given them good clothes, good food, a good education and a good start in life, does not give them any right to pick out their children's husbands and their wives for them. They have done nothing more than their duty to their children and they were under every obligation to do everything in their power to make that life worth having.

On the other hand, having had tender and loving and generous parents, it is a debt of honor on the children to repay the kindness they have received, and the sacrifices that have been made for them, by meeting their fathers' and mothers' wishes as far as they can, and by not blighting their hopes and wounding the hearts of those who have loved and cherished them all their lives if they can possibly avoid doing so.

A girl or a boy should consider long and carefully, and be very certain that his or her whole happiness is bound up in it before he or she makes a marriage to which his or her parents are violently opposed.

For in the end it is the parents who suffer most from the marriage in which a son or daughter is alienated from them, and who must pay the price when a foolish marriage ends in disaster, and the son or daughter comes back home with little children to be supported.

But, in the last analysis, marriage is the most personal thing on earth, and the one thing in which no human being can judge for another.

This makes it impossible for parents to pick out their children's husbands and wives for them, because tastes differ, and the very qualities that the father and mother find distasteful in a man or woman fire the fancies of Mary and John.

It is Mary and John who have to live with the ones they marry—not father and mother. Hence, it is more important that they should be pleased with their mates than that their mother and father should.

So much abstractly. Concretely, in this particular case, I should think that the son was contemplating a very foolish marriage.

It is almost invariably a mistake for a man to marry a woman older than himself, and when the older woman is afflicted by ill health he is headed straight for catastrophe. Women age earlier than men, anyway, and a sickly one soon comes to look like her husband's grandmother.

Add to this the nerves and peevishness of ill health, and the inability to do the young things that the young husband wants to do, and you have a situation that is almost always the forerunner of domestic disaster. Nor do many men willingly see most of the money they make go to paying doctors' bills and sanatorium bills, which is the fate of the man with an invalid wife.

But, however much the parents disapprove of their son's marriage, I do not think that the father is justified in depriving the son of his means of livelihood and blighting his future. That is too cruel a revenge to take for thwarted tyranny. The parents' obligation to the child they brought into the world never ceases, and instead of intensifying the hardships of a foolish marriage it is their duty to try to save it from becoming a tragedy.

DOROTHY DIX

DEAR MISS DIX—I have been going with the nicest young man I have ever known. He is industrious, truthful, honest and a good Christian, but he did not have the opportunity of going to school much when he was growing up, and he makes many mistakes in his grammar. He is willing for me to correct him. In fact, he has asked me to do so. Do you think that I should refuse to marry him when I love him just because he has not had the educational advantages that I have had?

SALLY.

ANSWER:—I certainly do not. It is a lot easier to reform a man's grammar and his pronunciation than it is his morals, and you will stand a better chance of happiness in marrying a man who is shy on book-learning than you would in marrying one who was short on kindness and tenderness and consideration of a woman.

All education doesn't come put up in schoolbook packages. Some of the most broadly intelligent men I have ever met were only graduates of the University of Hard Knocks. They had what Whittier describes as the "wide, free bookless lore that tolling men had brought them," and were wise and witty beyond any mere student.

So never make the mistake of gauging a man's brains by his grammar.

Of course, it is highly desirable that one's grammar should be above reproach, but if a man is anxious to correct his faults, he can easily do so. Many of our most prominent men have polished up their manners and their speech as they climbed the ladder of success.

DOROTHY DIX

DEAR MISS DIX—I am a woman with gray hair and am thinking of having it bobbed. Don't you think it will make me look younger? You said not long ago that there was no woman more attractive than an old woman if she kept her hair. What is your idea of an ideal old lady?

MRS. A. B. C.

ANSWER:—I think it is a mistake for an old woman to bob her gray hair, because bobbing belongs to the flappers, and the draws attention to how old she is by instituting comparison between her gray locks and their black or golden ones.

Also gray hair is dead and lifeless, and it clings to the skull, which is always unbecoming. Compare any bobbed gray-haired woman you know with the pictures of the fluffed and curled gray wigs that the French women wore in the time of the Empire and you will see what I mean.

My ideal old woman is a woman who dresses beautifully, whose gray tresses, whose eminent is as costly as her purse can buy and who keeps in telephonic distance of the fashions, but doesn't cut her skirts off to her knees, or expose her old bones or superabundant fat in a too decollete gown; who is witty and entertaining and bright and charming, but who doesn't talk about beaux or pretend to the arts and artifices of girlhood.

DOROTHY DIX

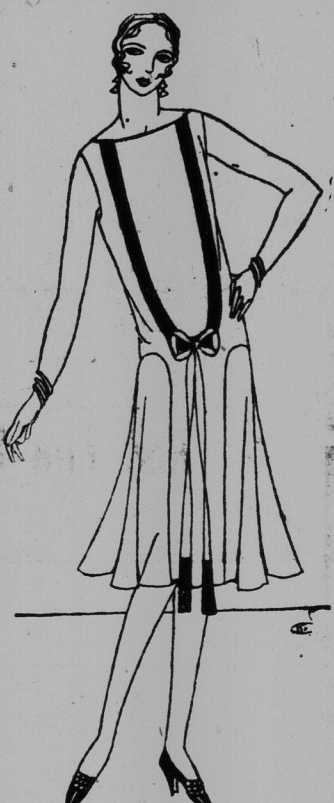
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You have to chew
SHREDED WHEAT
That means sound, healthy teeth

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Fashion Fancies



The soft georgette dinner gown above furnishes a striking contrast to many of the new dinner gowns which are usually of pastel tints. The color chosen for this is a deep, vivid purple. Brilliant Jade green georgette is applied that against the bodice in inverted U design. This finishes at the centre front with long ends which tie in a bow and drop to the hem of the frock. The tip-ends are of coral and yellow.

With this is worn slippers and stockings of the same bright jade color.



The fellow who believes in dreams would get along better if he would wake up.

Is this your BIRTHDAY
April 31—You care a great deal for culture and refinement and should succeed in any artistic profession. You are kind-hearted, generous and ambitious. Your inclination will be to marry your first love, but much care should be exercised that you do not select an uncongenial mate and cause unhappiness for both. Beware of jealousy, and don't try to have the last word. Your birth-stone is a diamond, which means innocence. Your flower is a daisy. Your lucky colors are red and yellow.

IN NEW YORK SEE-SAWING UP and DOWN BROADWAY

IF YOU would play prophet to the changing styles in dance fads, keep an eye on the gamins of the Times Square belt. Time was when certain ball-room dancers or recognized artists gave solemn and official notice that the lango had come or gone; that the maxie was in or out; that the fox trot had arrived. But so far as Manhattan was concerned, the ragged curbstone urchins had more to do with acquainting the crowds with the Charleston than all the professionals put together. In theatre lobbies during intermissions, on street corners and in office buildings appeared youngsters from seven to 15 ready to step "their stuff" and expecting neat handouts for their efforts.

THE immediate importance of the above lies in the fact that the urchins have forsaken Charlestoning. Let Charlestoners beware! The ragged street oracles of Broadway announce that the crowds no longer take interest. They say it's "old stuff."

"Anyone can do the Charleston," say the kids. "It takes a real hooper to buck and wing."

Who knows? Tomorrow may see the front parlor turned into a buck and wing factory.

BROADWAY's catch-penny peddlers tell me that any device that appeals to the "practical joker" is sure of quick sale.

Just now the rubber cigar is in vogue. I saw at least a dozen peddlers selling them like hot cakes. The "joke" cigars are made to appear as near like a regular smoke as possible. One passes them on to his friends and—"ha-ha—"

Yes, after all, it's the "small towns" curbstone joke that gets the greatest hand even in so-called "blase" Manhattan.

HE WAS known as "the perfect host."

The night clubs knew him well, and, then, intimately. Headline entertainers treated him, not as an outsider, but as a member of the profession.

There was much mystery about him. While he wore the title of "colonel" it was rumormongered that he had been a member of the Russian nobility in the czar's days.

He dressed immaculately and was handsome in appearance. He spent freely and was patron of an internationally known dance team.

The other day the police banged on his apartment door. They were ready to arrest him in connection with a \$40,000 bond fraud. He committed suicide rather than face the scandal.

Broadway shrugs its shoulders. So that's where the money came from.

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Wonder when the next mysterious speller will reach the end of his rope?—GILBERT SWAN.

A Thought

I will put laws into their hearts, and in their minds will I write them.—Hab. 2:14.

LET us consider the reason of the case. For nothing is law that is not reason.—Sir John Powell.

Menus for the Family

MENU HINT

Breakfast

Baked Ham and Sausage

Whole Wheat Toast

Apple Butter Coffee

Luncheon

Salmon and Corn Souffle

Baked Sweet Potato

Baked Apples Stuffed with Spiced Prunes

Whole Wheat Bread Milk Tea

Dinner

Lamb Chops Baked Potatoes

Creamed Peas

Grape Fruit Salad

Apple Pie Tea or Coffee

TODAY'S RECIPES

Salmon and Corn Souffle—Two cups flaked salmon, two cups bread crumbs, butter, salt, pepper, two cups thick white sauce, one tablespoon lemon juice, one teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, two egg whites, beaten very stiff, one cup canned corn, sautéed lightly in butter. Mix salmon and white sauce, add the seasoning. Fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites and pour half of the mixture into a buttered baking dish. Pour in the corn, then the rest of the fish mixture. Cover with buttered crumbs and season with salt and pepper. Bake in a hot oven for ten minutes. Serve with a pickle relish.

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ADVENTURES of the TWINS

by OLIVE ROBERTS BARTON

THE TWINS AT THE CORNSHOCK HOUSE

"Whose name comes next in the big book, Nick?" asked Mister Tinsling, the fat little fairy landlord of Out-of-Door Land.

He was still feeling a bit grumpy, poor fellow, about having to paper Mrs. Cracknutt's dining room, so he jerked out the words as though he were biting through ginger-snaps.

Nick opened the big rent book and looked up and down the page. "Bob White comes next," said he. "Mister Bob Q. White, 1st Cornshock, Cornfield, Out-of-Door Land! That's his address."

"All right. Come along," said Mister Tinsling grumpily. "But I just feel in my bones that something is going to happen. I think the thirty-second day of the month must be unlucky. If of the month I shall change my rent-collecting day to the thirty-third. Here, Nancy, you carry the pocketbook, will you? It's so empty it doesn't weigh more than a spool of thread anyway."

Of their want past the briar-patch and the potato-patch until they came to the old dead cornfield.

That is, the field that was full of old brown cornstalks, piled into shocks that looked like Indian tents.

At the first cornstalk they stopped, and Nick rapped on the tiny front door, almost hidden among the leaves.

Instantly the door opened and out walked Mister Bob Q. White, looking for all the world like a cuckoo coming out of a clock.

"How d' do," said he in a friendly voice. "What do you want, please?"

"Rent," spoke up Mister Tinsling briskly.

"Rent?" cried Bob White. "Why, I'm just about to move. I only live here in the winter. In the spring this field has to be plowed and planted again and all the cornshocks will be taken away."

"Winter rent, Bob," said the fairy man. "You lived here all winter, I haven't to know and I also know that every week or so the farmer came down and scattered food about for you."

"Very well," said Bob White finally. "I'll pay you, Mister Tinsling. How much is it?"

"Twenty-five cents in fairy money," said Mister Tinsling.

"Who's there, Bob?" asked a tiny voice just then from inside the cornshock.

"Who is that?" demanded the fairyman quickly.

"Oh, just one of my boarders, the harvest-mouse," said Bob White. "He was cold, poor little thing, so I took him in."

"You don't say," said Mister Tinsling. "Then I'll have to charge you thirty cents, Bob White. Thirty cents in fairy money."

"Don't forget me," said another voice from within.

"And who is that?" demanded the fairy.

"Just a little field-mouse. He was cold, too," said the quail, I mean Bob White. "So I took him in."

"Thirty-five cents, Bob. The more boarders, the more rent, you see."

"Don't forget me," called another voice.

"That's the mole. I let him live in the cellar," said Bob White.

Suddenly Mister Tinsling said: "Bob White, you don't owe me a cent! You've not only been sharing your home, but your meals also, with four friends. You have a kind heart, so you have. Good-day!"

And to the astonishment of everybody, away marched the fat little fairyman—his pockets as empty as ever.

To Be Continued

Stop cutting at that corn! Don't! It doesn't hurt one bit to remove risk lockjaw! Drop "Freezone" on any every hard corn, soft corn or corn corn or callus, then shortly lift that between the toes with "Freezone." sore, tough corn or callus right off. A few cents buys a bottle at any root and all, without pain or soreness drug store.

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