

# POOR DOCUMENT M C 2 0 3 5

THE EVENING TIMES-STAR, SAINT JOHN, N. B., WEDNESDAY, MAY 19, 1926

INTERESTING

## A Feature Page of Interest to Everyone

INSTRUCTIVE

### Dorothy Dix

#### How Can a Father Make His Daughter Marry the Suitable Husband He Has Chosen?—Is the Bachelor Girl Missing Something From Life?—Is There a Recipe for Keeping a Wandering Husband Home?



DOROTHY DIX

DEAR MISS DIX—My complaint is this: I can't make my daughter marry the man I have picked out for her. I have a young girl who is inclined to run around and stay out late, and I think she would be better off married. Now, Miss Dix, I have picked out a suitable match for this wayward young daughter of mine. He is in the plumbing business, which is a legitimate and honest profession, and I can't see her objections to him, as he is old enough to be level-headed and keep her in line.

But she will not consent, and I want your advice on how to make her see that marrying this man is the best thing to do.

MR. S. W. McM.

ANSWER:

I am afraid that I cannot help you in this matter, Mr. McM., because I don't believe in parents as matchmakers.

If your daughter was thinking of marrying a man whom you knew to be immoral or drunken or lazy and good for nothing, you would be justified in moving heaven and earth to break it off and saving her from the wretchedness that would be sure to be her portion if she had for her husband a sot or a rouse or a man who wouldn't support her.

But making a match is an entirely different proposition, for, while you can tell with mathematical exactness the kind of a husband that will make a woman miserable, nobody knows the sort of a husband that will make her happy.

You see, Mr. McM., the fact that a man is moral and upright and sober and industrious and a good provider doesn't necessarily make him a desirable husband. It doesn't make him a man who will love her or enjoy being with her. It doesn't fill her days with contentment and make her feel that just being his wife is the finest thing in the world.

There has to be something in the man that appeals personally to a woman.

Perhaps she doesn't even know what it is herself, but it is there, and it is something that is stronger than life or death or poverty or riches, and that makes her willing to work for him and sacrifice for him and stick by him through thick and thin just because he is her man.

That is why no father, no matter how wise and clever he is or how good a judge of men he is, can pick out a husband for his daughter. It is purely a matter of individual taste, and the fathers and daughters' tastes seldom run along the same line. The very qualities that would choose a particular candidate are the ones that would have no weight with her.

You have practically on your side, she has romance on hers. You want her to marry a settled, sober man, who will boss her. She wants a playmate, somebody of her own age, who will jazz with her and run around with her and who will perhaps fight with her, but who will not dream of trying to control her. To ask her to change her demands in a man for yours is as unreasonable as to offer music and milk to one who craves caviar.

Undoubtedly, your man is the safer chance. But if the girl doesn't want him and doesn't like him, if he does not come up to her ideal nor fire her fancy, and if she has no taste for him, how could you expect her to be happy with him?

And, after all, isn't it better for the girl to marry the man she wants and the man who pleases her, than to live with a husband or a wife has the right to pick him or her.

DOROTHY DIX

DEAR DOROTHY DIX—I am past 30, considered good-looking, have never been in love and have never had a real proposal. I am in the business world, but lead the kind of life so many girls of my type do, so socially aimless. But dancing is the only thing we miss out on, as our salaries amply provide us with all other amusements. My life is full of interests and really quite satisfactory. But I sometimes wonder if I have become old and cynical, and if I am making my independence a fetish. Is there a danger of that?

BACHELOR GIRL.

ANSWER:

Yes, I think there is a very real danger of the woman who enjoys her independence making a woman who does not marry loses, and it is good to be from one woman who has intelligence enough and philosophy enough to realize that no lot is without its drawbacks.

The successful business woman has much to be thankful for and little to grouch over. She is one of the darlings of the gods and has drawn one of the prize packages in life.

DOROTHY DIX

DEAR MISS DIX—I have been married six years and have a daughter 2 years old. My husband is good to me and gives me plenty of money, but he stays out two or three nights each week all night. I feel that I cannot go on staying alone nights, as I am very nervous, and the doctor warns me that I am on the verge of a nervous breakdown.

My husband declares he loves me, and is always saying what a sweet disposition I have, and he does not want me to get a divorce, but he will not stay at home. Can you suggest something for me to do?

DESPERATE.

ANSWER:

I do not know of any other one thing in the world that would be such a benediction to my sex and turn so much sorrow into rejoicing as a good, reliable recipe for keeping wandering husbands at home. But so far no Solomon has yet arisen who has had wisdom enough to turn the trick.

The old wisecrack used to say: "Make everything pleasant for your husband at home. Give him the pleasures at home that he seeks abroad," but all such advice is just bunkum.

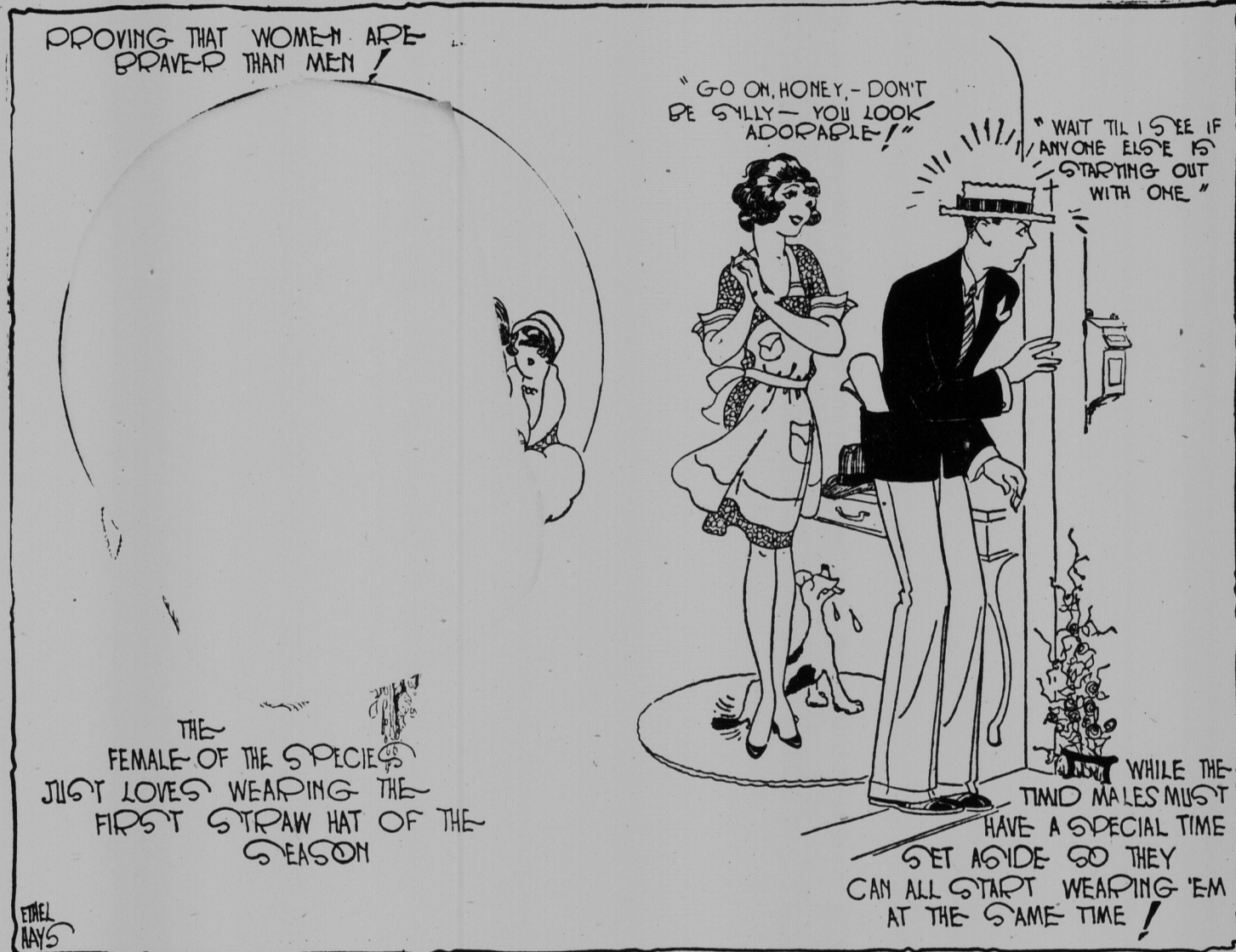
Undoubtedly a man who has a nice, pleasant, cheerful home, with a jolly little wife who sets a good table in it, is less apt to leave his own hearth than one who has a nagging wife. But the husband who has an itching foot will go, no matter what his home environment, and no wifely arts will stop him.

In your particular case I should say that the only thing to do would be to break up the home in which he will not stay and go to live in some pleasant boarding house or hotel, where you will at least have protection and good company, so that you will not have lonely evenings in which to brood over your wrongs.

DOROTHY DIX

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### Straw Hat Day Is Coming



PROVING THAT WOMEN ARE BRAVER THAN MEN!

GO ON, HONEY—DON'T BE SILLY—YOU LOOK ADORABLE!

WAIT 'TIL I SEE IF ANYONE ELSE IS STARTING OUT WITH ONE!

THE FEMALE OF THE SPECIES JUST LOVES WEARING THE FIRST STRAW HAT OF THE SEASON

WHILE THE TIMID MALES MUST HAVE A SPECIAL TIME GET AHEAD OF THEM CAN ALL START WEARING 'EM AT THE SAME TIME!

### Fashion Fancies

THIS GAY PRINTED CREPE IS TYPICAL OF THE YOUTHFUL MODE



By Marie Belmont

It is difficult to resist the gay printed crepes which we see on all sides in the department stores. The pattern of the material makes the simplest frock effective, so we find it no wonder that the home dress-maker chooses models like the one above.

The pattern is a bright combination of black and clear red on a white background. The frock uses comfortable short sleeves, devoid of cuffs, and the scallops which outline the V collar are of white crepe. For added color, they might be done in red.

The frock is cut with side seams which slope outward, to give a wider finish at the hemline.

Flapper Fanny Says

You don't have to be a policeman to arrest attention.

A Thought

Let us not therefore judge one another any more; but judge this rather, that no man put a stumbling block or an occasion to fall in his brother's way.—Rom. 14:13.

FORBEAR to judge for we are sinners all.—Shakespeare.

### BEHIND THE SCREEN

SEVERAL years ago Helene Chadwick achieved considerable popularity in comedy-drama roles in such productions as "Scratch My Back" and "Dangerous Curves Ahead." Shortly afterwards for no apparent reason she was cast in other roles with much less success.

Now Hal Roach has given her a starring part in a short reel comedy resembling those in which she first made a name for herself.

STAR DUST  
The latest movie actor to lease a home at Oceanfront, Santa Monica, is Richard Barthelmess. His small daughter, Mary Hay, lives with her daddy there.

HARRY LANGDON, First National comedian, used to tour the country with a stock company and sometimes played four parts on the same bill.

May McAvoy insists that she will not marry for some time, although folks say Bobby Agnew is very attentive.

Scott Sidney, now directing "The Nervous Wreck," claims to have been the manager of the first motion picture theatre in the United States.

This was at the Nashville Exposition in 1896, and while the "show" consisted of three pictures the total footage of the trio comprised only 300 feet.

Motion pictures were then so much of a novelty, according to the former showman, that patrons literally fell over themselves in their eagerness to pay their dime to see a "show" lasting less than ten minutes.

The first three pictures exhibited by Sidney consisted of a scene of a fire engine coming out of a fire house and being driven down a street and the third and the climax of the program a subject entitled "The Kiss," which was nothing more than the close-up of a couple kissing.

HELENE CHADWICK

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FOR PSORIASIS  
TAKE OUR HERBAL REMEDIES

Booklet on Skin Diseases. Treatise on the treatment of the 10 Commonest Diseases. Pamphlet on Diseases of Men not generally mentioned in medical works. Booklet on Female Ills and Advice Free by mail. 20 years' experience here and in Old Country. Without wishing to disparage your local medical men we suggest you write us before believing your case hopeless. Treatment by Mail our Specialty.

English Herbal Dispensary, Ltd. 1399 David, Vancouver, B. C. (B. C.'s Oldest Herbal Institution).

### IN NEW YORK SEE SAWING UP and DOWN BROADWAY

NEW YORK dwellers seek ever so wistfully to keep in their apartments some reminder of the growing things that are denied them.

In this window you may see a single ragged geranium in that window a struggling pot of ferns and here and there a window box struggles against the environment to which it finds itself.

But, riding along Sixth avenue on the Elevated the other day, I noticed a row of tin cans in a dismal window as one may find in all Manhattan, and from these were sprouting scraggly green things, looking for all the world like unkempt hair. There was something strangely familiar in its appearance.

I left the "E" at the next station and walked back a couple of blocks. Fortunately the window was just opposite an "L" platform and I could get a close view.

Yes—the green things were an old, old friend of rather, they had been an old, old enemy.

But how friendly the "wild grass" looked now. How many hours of patient weeding had they cost me when I had a lawn out in California. And here comes this stuff, pushing, pushing, gently tending the lawn maker's chief source of sorrow.

SPEAKING of plants and flowers—this is the season when cruising gardens go about the city, flaunting their crimson and yellow and lavender from the flower man's wagons. At any time of day and on any street you may see them tempting the eyes of the modern city dwellers.

Their street cries are as colorful as their wares. These are no post-souled folk taking brave into barren zones. They are completely commercial vendors who hawk their blooms in loudest possible tones.

Best sellers at this season, I am told, are pansies, although these are the most fragile of apartment plants. But the pansy, it seems, has a particular appeal to the flower-hungry city dwellers and its momentary spiritlessness more than compensates for its short life.

Tulips are second and, among those who are experienced in keeping plants under apartment conditions, the geranium ranks highest.

GILBERT SWAN.

### ADVENTURES of the TWINS

THE RAIN BARREL FAIRIES  
The Twins and the Whittef trudged along and along and, and pretty soon they came to the watering-trough under which the toad lived.

"Did you see a little lost shadow around any place?" asked Nancy. "This poor little Whittef lost his shadow when he was crossing the stile."

"No," said the toad. "That's a silly thing to do. But since it's done, there is only one thing left. That is for him to keep out of the sun for the rest of his days. Then he won't miss it."

"Well, I didn't come for advice," said the Whittef. "I came for my shadow, thank you. I for one don't care to sit under a watering trough and do nothing but get fat."

"Good-bye!" said the toad. "The life suits me. You might ask the rain-barrel fairies. Your suit's all shrunken up. Did you fall in?"

"Did," said the Whittef.

"In?" sang out the other tiny creatures.

"I asked you a civil question, not a question like a step-ladder," said the Whittef. "Yes, I fell into the drain and my suit

all shrank up. But that makes no difference. I would know my shadow anywhere even if I am different."

"Oh, look!" cried Nancy as a shadow fell over the rain-barrel and passed on swiftly. "Maybe that's your shadow, Whittef."

But when the Whittef turned to look, he lost his balance and fell splash! down, down and down, right to the bottom of the barrel where he settled and lay still.

The rain-barrel was deep, and fishing a Whittef out of the bottom of it was no easy task.

But Nick had a happy thought. "We'll pull out the bung and the water will run out," he said. "Hurry, Nancy, help me pull."

"How about us?" shrieked the first rain-barrel fairy.

"How?"

"About?"

"Us?" shrieked all of them.

"Yes, and how about us?" called out all the shippers. "We can't swim without water!"

"You'll all have to hunt another rain-barrel," said Nancy. And out came the bung. And out rushed the water.

The Whittef was saved, but his purple bombazine suit was shrunken more than ever.

"Your shadow will never know you now," said Nick. "You look more than ever like a fat little sausage. I think you'll have to get a new shadow."

"I can't," wailed the little fellow. "Don't you remember! The fairy told me that no person in the world could have two shadows."

"That's so," said Nick. "Let's follow the shadow that passed over the rain-barrel just now. It went that way over the top of the hill."

To Be Continued



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Pain Neuralgia Toothache Rheumatism

DOES NOT AFFECT THE HEART

Safe Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proven directions.

Have You entered the PROTECTO Contest

\$50 in cash prizes to be awarded users of this marvellously superior protective paint

Perhaps it's a shingle roof you've beautified with this new preservative paint, or a wooden siding, a garden fence or, maybe, the wall or roof of your garage or barn.

No shingle stain could ever give you such results. This color brightness, this lasting permanency, cannot be matched by the old-time staining process which, at its best, beautified but temporarily and protected the surface inadequately when it protected it at all. PROTECTO really protects because it is made from Crocoet and Pure Linseed Oil, nature's greatest preservatives.

Write and tell us of your experience with PROTECTO. We are giving a first prize of \$100 and 54 other cash prizes for the most interesting letters telling how and where PROTECTO has been used and the results secured from its use.

People who have not used PROTECTO and who desire to enter this interesting contest should secure a can at any Hardware store, use it on some unfinished exterior surface and then write us all about the job. Some one letter is going to win that \$100 and, remember, there are 54 additional money prizes besides.

Here are the Contest Regulations

Every resident of Canada and Newfoundland may compete—Canada Paint Company employees excepted.

The Canada Paint Company's reserves will be the judges. Their decision will be final.

Letters to be addressed to "Contest Department, Canada Paint Co., Limited, Montreal," and mailed on or before June 30th.

According as entry letters are received they will be acknowledged. Every contestant will be notified as to the result of the competition.



A CANADA PAINT PRODUCT

### BEECHAM'S PILLS

For Sick Headaches

THE NATION'S LAXATIVE

### FOR PSORIASIS

TAKE OUR HERBAL REMEDIES

### LITTLE JOE

SOME PEOPLE CHEAT PLAYING GOLF, AND OTHERS PLAY IN A FAIRWAY

### Dandruff Gone!

Beautiful Hair, Thick and Wavy

"Danderine" makes your hair fluffy, glossy and beautiful.

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