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INTERESTING

A Feature Page of Interest to Everyone

INSTRUCTIVE

Dorothy Dix

Unselfish Love, the Home We Have Worked For, True Friends, the Devotion of Children, These We Can All Enjoy—But Freedom From Family Questions and Naggings is Luxury Almost Beyond Reach.

WHAT are luxuries?

When we speak of people enjoying the luxuries of life, we mean that they have fine homes, gorgeous clothes, strings of pearls, high-powered automobiles and that they fare sumptuously every day.

We always think of luxuries in terms of money and feel that it is something that only the rich can possess, yet in reality the greatest luxuries in the world have no price tag on them and are equally within reach of the poor and the wealthy.

There is love, for example, and all the tender human relationships, which are luxuries far oftener enjoyed by the poor than the rich. Money seems, somehow, to clutter up the heart action, and there are very few millionaires who ever know the bliss of either loving or being loved.

MR. CROSBY is filled with suspicions of the motives of the man who comes near him. The poor little rich girl regards every man who comes near her as a fortune-hunter, and so neither she nor he can ever know the bliss of either loving or being loved.

The real luxury of parenthood belongs also to the poor. Big men of affairs, whose every hour has a thousand important calls upon it, whose every thought is absorbed in working out the plans for great enterprises; women who are leaders in society never even get acquainted with their children.

AS SOON as they are born they are turned over to trained nurses and to governesses and tutors, and then sent off to school. And between the youngsters and their fathers and mothers there is only a traditional bond of sentiment. There is no real feeling, none of the deathless devotion that springs from personal service and sacrifice on the one side and dependence on the other; from the memory of clinging little arms about one's neck and the softness of a mother's breast and a mother's kiss that could heal a hurt and make it well, and a father to whom one turned as instinctively for help and guidance as one did to God.

It is only the poor that know the luxury of having a real home. Those who have a dozen places, built by famous architects and furnished by artistic decorators, in which they spend a few weeks during the year, are as homeless as any nomad who wanders over the desert. Nobody else can make a home for you. You have to put yourself in it. You have to make it with your own hands, with your own work. You have to mix your own sweat with its brick and mortar. You must have sacrificed yourself on its altar before it becomes a real home.

AND so the man and woman who have bought their house and are paying for it by the month, who have planted the vine about the door and gone without a new coat to buy a chair, the man who cuts the grass instead of paying a gardener, and the woman who sweeps the floor and cooks the dinner—these get more thrill out of putting the key in the door of that little bungalow than any billionaire does out of having the portals of his mansion thrown open to him by a flunkey in plush britches and silk stockings and brass buttons.

Friendship is another luxury on which the poor have a practical monopoly. The rich soon grow cynical and hard because their trust is betrayed so often. So many of the hands that are held out to them in the guise of friendship have itching palms; so much professed love is only greed; so much affection has to be paid for in hearts to any one. It is only the poor, from whom one has anything to gain except the real joy of companionship, who can know the luxury—and it is the greatest and most satisfying one on earth—of having a real friend and real comradery.

LOVE, children, home, friends, these are all luxuries equally within the reach of the poor man and the rich man. And there are certain other luxuries which most of us would enjoy more than we would matched pearls or villas in Newport or imitation Spanish houses in Palm Beach, or private cars or yachts. And these we might just as well live in as not, if we could induce our families to look upon them as luxuries in which they should indulge us.

For example, just think what a luxury it would be to be able to get up and do the thing you want to do when you want to do it, without having to answer endless questions about it and having to combat a thousand objections.

SO GREATLY do we all esteem this liberty that it reconciles husbands and wives to the loss of their spouses and sons and daughters to the death of their parents. It is curious and pathetic to see how widows and widowers, no matter how they have loved their departed mates, manifest the spirit of children let out of school when their fathers pass on. They suddenly become young again and run hither and thither reeling in the artless joy of having personal liberty for the first time in years.

And it is this desire to have the luxury of a little personal liberty that makes children leave home as soon as they possibly can and go to live among strangers, who will not interfere with them at every turn and nag them about everything they do.

What a luxury it would be to be able to eat what one liked without being told how bad it was for one's stomach or how many calories it contained! To be able to sit up half the night and read an absorbing novel without some one knocking at one's door and warning one how bad it was for one's eyes to read in bed! To have one's hair bobbed or not, as one chose, and to buy the clothes that fire one's fancy without having one's taste criticized or being asked the price! To get one's letters without having them Sherlock Holmesed by the family! To be able to take a walk at night because one happened to feel like doing so without being put through the inquisition as to one's motives!

IN SHORT, what a luxury it would be to have one's family grant one a little independence. But these are among the unattainable luxuries that most of us will never enjoy.

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Is this your BIRTHDAY

APRIL 3—You will secure the greatest degree of happiness if you marry young, and preferably a person born in December. You will early in life form regular habits. Your perseverance and steadiness will bring you success where impulsive action would bring failure. You should have a great number of good friends. Beware of jealousy. Your birthstone is a diamond, which means innocence. Your flower is a daisy. Your lucky colors are red and yellow.

APRIL 4—Do not brood over misfortune, for you are resourceful and capable of successful accomplishment of your desire. You will be fortunate in love, and will travel far. Cultivate hope. Your birthstone is a diamond, which means innocence. Your flower is a daisy. Your lucky colors are red and yellow.



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By HORTENSE SAUNDERS.

FROM Burke's pageant and the New York social register are being recruited the clientele who will welcome to the western world J. Krishnamurti, known in the east as the second Messiah.

He is a young Hindu of highest Brahmin caste who since his twelfth year has been in training for spiritual leadership. He will go to England in June and come to America in August. Numbered in his English followers are Muriel, Countess De La Warr, and her son, Sir Edwin Lynn Lutens and Lady Emil Lutens, granddaughter of Bulwer Lytton, and George Lansbury, an eminent M. P.

His American friends are among the socially elite and include Mrs. J. Thelus Munds, one of the most prominent hostesses of New York and Newport; Mrs. Edgar Saltus, Mrs. Flory Flisk, Claude Bragdon, James Montgomery Flagg and Craig Biddle, Jr.

"When the world needs a new teacher to reawaken faith and restore spirituality and tolerance, this leader must come to the world and work through the body of a human being," explains Mrs. Flisk.

"Thus when we call Krishnamurti a second Christ we mean he is such a highly sensitive spiritual type who is worthy of being used as the medium, as Christ was, for God's teachings."

"The bodies of Sri Krishna, Zoroaster, Buddha and Jesus Christ have all been mediums for spiritual interpretation to human beings."

Mrs. Flisk, who met Krishnamurti in London some years ago, describes him as a decidedly spiritual young man of about 30, known for his good looks and the purity of his life, gentle and super-intellectual who makes no boasts of any supernatural power.

His disciples, she says, are the scientists and thinkers of the country. He is on very friendly terms with George Bernard Shaw.

For generations his family has eaten no meat and tasted no alcoholic beverages.

"He has," Mrs. Flisk went on, "in every way preserved the purity of his body for his master's use."

"At the age of 12, it became apparent to the society of India that he had a precocious mind and exceptional insight," when he wrote 'At the Feet of the Master' and they segregated him from the world and have trained and groomed him for spiritual leadership."

Two centuries ago the Lorraines started the first snuff factory in America in what is now the Bronx—the ancient factory still stands a landmark. New times, new fads. Snuff went out of vogue and the Lorraines went into business as a snuff factory.

They became famous, too, for two reasons. Many years ago a wine-loving Lorraine built up the famous Rancocas stable. They now belong to Harry Sinclair, the oil magnate.

FROM night-clubdom comes word that a song now being widely sung in the belt where the lights have long and bright is entitled: "When a Kid Who Came From the East Side Found a Sweet Society Rose." Which seems to indicate that a couple of clever youngsters have "scooped" Irving Berlin on his own romance.

All that remains now is for someone to name a clear after the Mackey-Berlin romance and the cycle will have been completely run.

SPEAKING of night clubs, a young man of my acquaintance was trying to fabricate a percentage of his costs.

"Now take this overcoat I am wearing," he commented. "It cost me \$60, or something like that. The cost of checking it in the cafes and night clubs is, up to date, about \$75. Which means that I could have bought a better coat for what it cost me to hang this one up."

I dried my tears and walked away.

THE night club bonanza days are over, I am told. The day is getting scarce. For many months the prospectors of the gold-light fields—the there one might call them, with reference to the location—have been tapping a rich vein in visiting purses. The general impression is that they overworked their claims. "Hold-up" prices have been asked, and "foreclosure" and New Yorkers alike are patronizing only a few of the more "motable" cabarets and dance resorts. Money is tighter, says Broadway.

The westerners seem to be most prominent in this gold business. Sophie Tucker, who launched her career in the "coon shout" days of San Francisco, is the latest to invade night-clubdom and Texas Guiton has found it necessary to open a second club.

GILBERT SWAN.

Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.

New "Messiah" Coming To United States



Above, left, Mrs. Flory Flisk. Right, Krishnamurti. Below is the Star amphitheatre built in Sydney, Australia, in preparation for the coming of the new messiah to that country.

"One has only to consider the late war, understand the industrial and social machinery of the age, and look at the harassed, worn faces of our people to realize we are in danger of losing our souls," Mrs. Flisk says. Krishnamurti will come to this country with Dr. Annie Besant, internationally known as a leader in theosophy. He professes no creeds nor cults. He intends merely to reinterpret the teachings of Christ and bring religion back as a factor in our lives.

As he outlined his campaign last year in Adyar, India, he said: "I come for those who want sympathy, who want happiness, who are longing to be released, who are longing to find happiness in all things. I come to reform and not to tear down. I do not want to destroy, but to build."

Fashion Fancies



By Marie Belmont

The spirit of Spring is embodied in this smart three-quarter length coat, with its modish ankle shoulters.

The material selected is beige velvet with a floral design in black, rust and orange. It is worn over a dress of beige crepe, very slim in cut, featuring the side pleats for fullness. The smart touch of the ascot tie is an additional feature. The hat is a beige felt with roll brim, the sole trimming being a buckle fashioned of silk to match the colors of the coat.

Little Joe



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IN NEW YORK SEE SAWING UP and DOWN BROADWAY

HAPPENED to notice an old large watchman at one of the East River piers taking a pinch of snuff.

How many fans of the grand old custom remain, I wonder?

An incident I recalled when I noticed that the society column of the New York press announcement of the coming marriage of Mary Lorraine.

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BEHIND THE SCREEN

SATURDAY—Behind the Screen. WITH the purchase of the screen rights to Theodore Dreiser's masterful novel, "An American Tragedy," Paramount is preparing to make a great experiment. It is going to gamble on the taste of the American public for tragedy to the extent of spending a lot of money to film the story of a young man who murdered a girl he seduced.

I understand that D. W. Griffith is to be the director, with Carol Dempster playing Alberta, Glenn Hunter has been suggested for the role of Clyde both on the stage and screen, but he has not been chosen for it by Paramount. My own choice is Charles Emery Mack, whom you may remember as the star of that neglected masterpiece of several years ago, "Driven," and from Mr. Griffith's "America."

In disposing of the screen rights to his new book, which took him 10 years to write, Mr. Dreiser, called the greatest American realist, stipulated that no changes were to be made in the story without his permission. Since Mr. Dreiser is not likely to allow Paramount to materially change the plot, no orthodox handling of the story is possible. Jailing by the past records of the Pennsylvania and Ohio boards of censors, the residents of those states probably never will see the story of the

screen, even though the book is available in all the bookshops.

It is understood that Paramount will make the picture with the idea of showing it exclusively in legitimate theatres inasmuch as it is a film tradition that the "unhappy ending story" ever makes money as a program release.

The "Tragedy" gives Griffith the opportunity to realize his reputation as the greatest director of the screen, and is compromised by much trash as "Sally of the Sawdust" and "The Road to Glory." With "Broken Blossoms" and "Ten Little Indians" to his credit, no one likes and set in an even until they are lost.

At last Fox has found an actor to portray the film role of Capt. Flegg in the war play, "What Price Glory?" Victor McLaglen, novelist and short story writer, to write a series of screen stories.

Warner Bros. have engaged Arthur Somers Roche, novelist and short story writer, to write a series of screen stories.

Peggy Hopkins Joyce, much married actress, is going to Paris to play the lead in a film version of the life of Caly Deslys. When asked if she was to be married soon, Peggy murmured, "I'm not fortunate enough for that yet."

Maple Pudding—Two cups hot milk, one-third cup granulated tapioca, one cup maple syrup, one-half teaspoon salt, one egg, two-thirds cup English walnut meats. Cook the milk, tapioca, maple syrup and salt in upper part of double boiler. After it has cooked for 15 minutes add the beaten egg yolk. Cook for three minutes, then remove from the fire, add the flaxseed and the stiffly beaten egg white and the chopped nut meats. Serve cold with or without cream. Nut meats may be used to garnish the pudding after it is served.

Maple Nut Brittle—One cup maple sugar, one cup light corn syrup, one-half cup water, one cup nut meats, two tablespoons butter, speck salt. Crack the nuts, break the nut meats into small pieces and set in an even until they are crisp and slightly brown. Put the sugar, syrup, water over a fire and cook until the sugar is dissolved. When the temperature of 275 degrees is reached add the butter and nut meats and continue cooking until the temperature reaches 290 degrees. Pour thin sheets into a greased baking dish and in a half minute, take candy in the hands, and blot it from the slab pull until it is in thin sheets. Break off pieces of the candy if it is impossible to stretch the centre.

Baked Apple With Sausage—Core russet apples and place a sausage in each cavity. Bake until apple is tender.

A Thought

Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.—Ps. 30:5.

THE mind profits by the wreck of every passion, and we may measure our road to wisdom by the screws we have undergone.—Bulwer-Lytton.

ADVENTURES of the TWINS

by OLIVE ROBERTS BARTON

MARKY MURKAT, or I should say Murky Mursk, since he had changed his name, went down the path that led from Scrub-Up Land to the Land-Where-Spring-Was-Coming.

No one would have known him—not even his own mother—with his blue body, pink tail, yellow head, red legs and green and black feet.

Yes, that's what had happened to him in Scrub-Up Land. Poor Rubabub was not to blame. It was entirely Marky's. I mean Murky's, own idea.

At last he reached the little secret bush that marked the place where Scrub-Up Land ended and the Spring Country began.

It looked a lot like the same old meadow, and the same old woods and the same old hollow and the same old pond. But now it was getting so green that it really couldn't be quite just the same place.

No, Marky, I mean Murky, was sure it wasn't. Much had happened in the short time he had been in Scrub-Up Land, not only to him but to the country itself.

The pussy willows were out, and the grass was green. Clover was out in thick patches and all sorts of early plants were growing near the pond. There was a lot of skunk cabbage with its pretty swirly of green.

"It'll bet you that old crow is around somewhere," thought Murky uneasily. "He always flies over the seashore about this time of year. I'll have to look out. And that greedy owl, no doubt, thinks he belongs here, too. To say nothing of that old chicken hawk, who likes murkat quite as well as I do. I don't need to be afraid now. Besides, they'll not know who I am!"

Suddenly he heard a sound that made him shiver. It was a faint flapping of wings that came nearer and nearer.

At last it was quite close. And Mister Hawk's half-whispered voice called down from a tall beech tree, "Hello there! Who are you? I saw you a whole mile away."

"A whole mile!" gasped Murky. "You really?"

"I should say so," said the hawk. "You're as bright as a circus poster. What's your name?"

"Oh-Murky Mursk," said the little murkat snaking away into some tall dead grass. Then as soon as he was out of sight, he ran for all he was worth.

"Hi, there! Stop and say a civil word, can't you?" said another voice suddenly, close to his ear. "I've been chasing you for half a mile. I thought I'd never catch up."

It was Reddy Fox this time. The little murkat shivered harder than ever.

"Could you see me that far?" he gasped.

"See you?" laughed Reddy. "You may as well ask me if I could see the sky. Of course anyone can see you with all those colors. Didn't you know it? What's your name?"

"Oh-Murky Mursk," said Murky faintly. Reddy looked puzzled and not quite so greedy. Murky hoped he had fooled him.

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