

Dorothy Dix

Mr. Husband, Who Blames Wives for the Wreckage of Modern Homes—The Tragic Blunder of a College Boy Who Married Too Early—Marrying a Tyrant.

DEAR MISS DIX—You seem to think that all women are angels. Well, let me tell you something. Seventy-five per cent of all married women are responsible for the unhappiness of married life and the wreckage of homes. They may be good housekeepers, but as homemakers they are utter failures. They try to make their husbands over by hammering at their faults, reminding them of their weaknesses, scolding and insulting them. You cannot sandpaper a husband without arousing a fatal protest. If wives would try to correct faults in their husbands by appealing to the best in them and make the home the dearest, sweetest place in the world, they would not need to write those sickly letters to you.

Nearly every man when he gets married has made up his mind to live happily and in peace, and it is the character of the woman and her ability as a homemaker which is mostly responsible for the happiness of the family or the wreckage of the home. A HUSBAND.

ANSWER: I agree with you, Mr. Husband, that it is wrong and foolish for a wife to be always finding fault with her husband and nagging him about his weaknesses, and that the wise way to handle a man is to cover his faults with a veil of sympathy. But why is it any more incumbent on a husband to use it in dealing with a wife? Why should a husband's faults any more than his wife's? Why should a husband make just as much effort to get along with his wife as she should to get along with him?

Women don't enjoy being "sandpapered" any more than men do. Nor have women a monopoly of the soft-soap barrel. It is as free to husbands as it is to wives, and it works just as efficaciously in smoothing out life and making things run on oiled wheels when applied by masculine as by feminine hands.

I grant you that every man when he marries looks forward to having a happy and peaceful home. So does every woman. And when the doesn't get it, her chagrin and disappointment are even greater than his, because her loss is more complete than his.

The man whose marriage is a failure and whose wife is quarrelsome and fault-finding has compensations. He can get away from his home as he wishes, and he has the absorbing interest of his business to take his mind off his troubles. His association during the day is with bright and cheerful people.

But the woman has nothing by way of a consolation prize. If her home is unhappy she is simply out of luck, for, pleasant or unpleasant, she has to stay in it. She cannot escape from a disagreeable husband as he can from her, and the very quality of her life is such that it gives her time to brood and grow morbid over every little unpleasantness of her lot.

Who is to blame for the wreckage of a home is always an individual matter. Sometimes it is a wife, sometimes the husband. Generally both of them are equally to blame. But I do not think that there are more bad wives than there are bad husbands.

On the contrary, I think that there are more unfaithful husbands than there are unfaithful wives; that there are more neglectful husbands than there are neglectful wives; that there are more surly and grouchy husbands than there are nagging wives, and that there are more stingy husbands than there are extravagant wives.

But there is no profit in the kettle accusing the pot of being black. The helpful thing would be for husbands and wives to try harder to get along with each other, for in matrimony we are very likely to get paid back in our own coin. A good wife will make a good husband, and a happy and contented husband will make a happy and contented wife.

DEAR DOROTHY DIX—About two years ago my brother married a girl who did office work, thinking that she would continue her job until she had finished his college course and then marry him. As soon as they were married, however, she refused to do any work, saying that it was the husband's business to support the wife. So he had to give up his business and go to work. He has become much discouraged at not being able to finish his education. My father could help my brother finish his college course, but refuses to do so because he does not want to do anything for his useless and selfish wife. What do you think of the situation? SISTER RUTH.

ANSWER: It seems to me that the whole situation is a tragedy of blunders. In the first place, your brother did a wrong and foolish thing in getting married too young. No boy who is still at college has any business with a wife. Any man who marries before he has established himself and has some definite and settled way of supporting a family is jeopardizing not only his own future but that of his wife and the children he may have.

Your brother's second mistake was in not knowing definitely the kind of woman he was marrying and what she was willing to do. Evidently she is utterly self-indulgent and selfish and has no intention whatever of being a helpmate to her husband.

The man who marries a girl without ascertaining what her ideals of wifehood are is too simple and credulous a creature for this hard-boiled age.

The woman herself is making a great mistake. For the sake of indulging herself in laziness and idleness she is throwing away her chances of much greater idleness in the future. By depriving her husband of the benefit of further education she is definitely curtailing his earning power.

If she would help him now, the chances are that he would be able to give her luxuries after the next ten years that he will never be able to give her if she is a drag upon him now.

Your father is making a great mistake in not helping his son because he cannot help him without helping the selfish wife. It is true that your brother has acted foolishly in getting married before he was ready for it and that he has picked out a quitter for a wife.

But it is the duty of parents to save their children from their folly and to keep them from ruining their whole lives by their mistakes.

So it seems to me that the best way to clean up the mess is for your father to give your brother enough money to finish his education and help him go in for the work for which he was fitting himself.

DEAR MISS DIX—For two years I have been going with a young man who says he will marry me if I will promise to mind him and not dispute him in any way. He is also very stingy; but I think he would make a good husband if I could yield to him and stop fighting with him. DISCOURAGED.

ANSWER: I think if you marry that kind of a man you had better get a marriage license with a divorce coupon attached to it. No modern woman would submit to that kind of tyranny. Don't consider marrying him.

Maid or Matron? Bow Tells Which



By MME. LISBETH. Is she maid or matron? In some countries you can tell by the dressing of the hair. In some by her dress, and in our own country and England by the ring worn on the third finger of the left hand.

The latest fad of the fair sex is the arrangement of her hair in the crown and adjusted perpendicularly in the middle (tied in knot with ends arranged horizontally) the ribbon shows she is married.

The arrangement on the right (small perky bows with ends) states the maiden is fancy free. How far the rignon will go is not known, but it gives the milliner a new reason for hat trimmings and the girls an excuse for a new chapeau.

STYLE WHIMSIES. Guimpe effects expressed in contrasting colors and fabrics are used in afternoon frocks for spring.

Leather buttonieres in high lustre are used to give chic to the new sports costumes or semi-tailored frocks.

HEALTH SERVICE X-Ray and Radium New Factors In Health

Editor's Note: This is the third of a series of articles by Dr. Fishbein on the latest medical achievements of the last 20 years.

By DR. MORRIS FISHBEIN. DURING the last quarter century advances in the treatment of diseases of the skin have been actually revolutionary.

The use of radiant energy, especially light of the X-rays and rays given off by radium is today perhaps the most significant of the newer methods of treatment.

Specialists in skin diseases are all-enthusiastic in declaring that the application of radium and X-rays has probably been more beneficial to dermatology than all the other discoveries of the last 100 years, excepting only bacteriology.

TREATMENT OF THE EYE. The World War developed seeming miracles of plastic surgery. Especially the treatment of the eye.

Keep Moving Please. BACK in the gardens of Babylon man raised his eyes to the stars and pondered on existence.

We vision that man in old Babylon we attempt to weigh his knowledge against our own and, forgetting time has unfurly tipped the scales, find his wanting.

Complacently we pity the poor heathen. A shame! A shame! though he is not the blame of course, that he was condemned to stumble blindly through the darkness with only the Starlight to brighten his path while our own way is so brightly illumined.

Ignorance, superstition, prejudice—these, thank fortune, are specters of a dim distant past. "Facts is facts" in this day and generation and we are not afraid to meet them face to face. Our civilization? Wonderfully superior to every other of any race or time. The man of Babylon appears as a faint shadow, a sad shadow by comparison.

This is true, of course, and yet—Should the winds bear our boasting to the God of Humor he must hold his sides with laughter.

For 'tis plain to him if not to us who are vaingloriously blind, that ignorance and superstition and prejudice still stalk their victims.

That thing which we call Life now no less than "once upon a time," sorely perplexes the wisest among us. To every man life lays down one rule. One law life inexorably enforces.

"Keep on moving!" Where? Which way? Ah, that's up to us! Little Life cares so long as we do not block traffic.

Straight ahead, on the dead level—and ease and comfort attend us to our material goal or we amble aimlessly, amiably, advancing slowly but quite content. Upward—and though worn and weary in due time we enter the land of visions and ideals.

Backward—the path is apt to lead downward into the valley of sick souls. But go one way, some way we must, whether we will it or not. There is no loitering allowed along Life's Highway.

A Thought. Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.—Ecc. 9:10. WITHOUT labor there were no east, no rest, so much as conceivable.—Carlyle. "ARE you through with the finger bowl, sir?" "Through? I haven't even started. I'm waiting for some soap."

BEHIND THE SCREEN

By DAN THOMAS. WHEN it comes to comedians, Charles "Chuck" Reisner is one of the best.

That's one of the reasons why he has made such a success at directing Syd Chaplin in the latter's four most recent comedies. Along with Chaplin, Reisner rose to the top of cinema's laugh-makers with the release of "The Better 'Ole." The picture is one of the comedy hits of the day. Syd deserves praise, and plenty of it. But don't forget Reisner. He was director of the picture—the brains, so to speak.

BOXER AND ACTOR. Reisner has run the "success derby" and successfully. Starting as a boxer, he has risen to fame as a director—via the vaudeville comedy route. Perhaps his psychological study of humanity has had considerable to do with his rapid rise in the film circles.

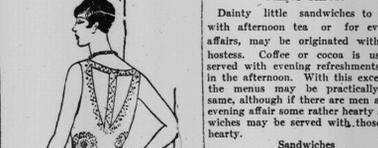
"Give them something they don't expect and they will laugh," he explains. "And yet never let an audience think they are inferior, because the minute they do they won't like you. I learned that when I was in vaudeville."

"My picture and name held no appeal for an audience. The patrons knew before I came on the stage that they weren't going to like me. As a result, after about five minutes they were beginning to applaud as an expression of their mistaken prejudice."

"My secret there was to let the audience think that was just a trifle dumb. That gave them a feeling of superiority and they liked my act. The same thing works out in pictures. The situations in a picture must be of such a nature that the fans can figure most of them out ahead."

DEMPSEY'S PARTNER. Reisner spent years on the vaudeville stage, topping his career by traveling nearly a year as Jack Dempsey's partner shortly after Dempsey won the world's heavyweight crown from Jess Willard. His ready wit often pulled

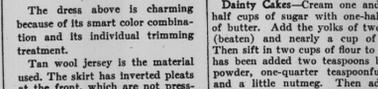
Fashion Fancies. GAY EMBROIDERY ENLIVENES THIS TAN JERSEY SPORTS FROCK



The dress above is charming because of its smart color combination and its individual trimming treatment. Tan wool jersey is the material used. The skirt has inverted pleats at the front, which are not pressed down. The back is perfectly plain.

For the overblouse, gay wool embroidery in shades of red, deep yellow and purple is applied to belt, pockets, cuffs and the ends. The is in one with the collar, which is simply a bias fold of the material.

Little Joe. THE JACK OF ALL TRADES IS WHAT PAYS THE GROCERY BILL



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The Rhyming Optimist

When the twilight shadows are creeping near, at the close of the fleet, sweet day, and over the tree-tops, faint and clear, comes the gleam of the first star's ray, then with joy resigning my wistful dreams of the springtime when buds conspire with the singing birds and the laughing streams, I turn to the flowers in the fire. For the fierce embrace of the leaping flames as they dance in the chimney-place leaves a rosy glory that mocks and shames the roses in their artless grace. There are flowers breathing and glowing there more vivid than poppy or rose, there are scarlet blossoms, more bright and fair than the garland of April snows. When the year grows old and the earth in white has forgotten the spring's desire, then I turn with joy at the fall of night to the wonderful flowers in the fire!

See-Sawing On Broadway. THIS Christmas season sees struck me as typical of Manhattan perhaps because of its subterranean setting.

For several days, as I plunged with the rest of the human ants through the clicking, whirling turmstiles of the subway, I had noticed a languished group of workmen fixing a Christmas tree in the waiting room of one of the railroad stations.

Now there is nothing quite so impersonally reaches a high peak personal as a railroad station. Perhaps the good folk of Hangtown Centres did find a certain social aspect in the depot, but even there the strange traveling men brushed by impersonally. And in a Manhattan station the throngs brush and shove and disappear through the clicking gates or down the gaping stairway—streams of humans being swallowed and vanishing.

Meanwhile in the great, warm vestibules men sit by the hour. Here is heat without cost. There is no mystery about these men. They are not waiting trains. They are hiding out from the cold. Fortunately they will grab a newspaper left behind by some scurrying commuter and will turn to the want-ads. They will scan these, but they will not move.

After a while a couple will go out and beg the price of coffee and come back. When night comes they will borrow the price of a bed, or seek public charities. Tomorrow they will be back again in the warmth.

It was such a tree as might have come from the Vermont hills. Or perhaps from Maine. Tall, slender, young, tapering to the finest needle-point as its shaven tip thrust into the ceiling above. The casual workers had hoisted step-ladders and taken out the silver and gold and red and green trimmings of a previous year.

The crowd kept up a continuous prattle on either side of the tree, giving it not the slightest attention. They were too busy catching trains. Perhaps it reminded some that a tree must be bought that night.

Negro redcaps swept its branches aside with outstretched hands here and there. It made me wonder why the tree was there at all, why it should ever have been taken from its Vermont hillside to end up, the week after Christmas, in a dump-heap behind the station.

THE old men were sitting about it, sunk comfortably into their benches. The tree drooped had brought a slight change of routine into their day. They sat, half asleep from the airless heat of the underground chamber.

Suddenly one of the men—'d guess his age around 35—left his bench and walked over. Slowly he took out a jackknife and was about to cut off a lower branch when stopped by a workman.

"What's the big idea?" I heard an officer ask him.

"Aw, just thought I'd have it for my room. . . . Stumpy? This is the first year of my life, I guess, that I haven't had a Christmas tree. Won't have any unless I swipe it. Used to have 'em at home. Just went out in the backyard and took it. Up in the Oregon spruce country. Lumbered 'em for years and then lumbered up in Maine. Never thoughta cutting one down. Right there. 'Starn funny a guy can't have one dam little branch. . . . Couldn't get a job lumberin' this year. Hurt my back. 'Starn funny."

His last words fell on dead ears. The workers had gone back and the officer turned away. He shuffled back to his seat muttering "Starn funny. . . . And so it is!"

HOBBLES: "My wife got me a box of cigars for a Christmas present. But I'll get even with her yet." Cobbles: "What will you do?" Hobbles: "I'm going to select her next, huh?"

REP in dark blue is the material chosen for this coat of simple line. A gorgeous red fox collar, with cuffs to match, forms the only trimming.

The smartest coats for Southern wear are designed on the simple straight lines exploited above. Many of them showing seamings in the fabric, or V-shaped yokes at the back.

A lovely one of the type just described is in white basket weave material, the front plain, and the back with a pointed yoke. The collar is a straight fold of white fur.

MERCER, Pa.—Farmers in the vicinity of Mercer had an idea that they were being attacked from the air by an unknown enemy the other night when a large flare, hurled from an airplane set fire to a barn on the Zait farm. It developed that the pilot of a Chicago-New York mail plane, in an effort to find a field for a forced landing had dropped the flare. He made the landing by the light of the burning barn and then, leaping from the plane, assisted the farmers in rescuing livestock from the structure.

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