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Features

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Features

Dorothy Dix

The Foolish Wife Whose Husband's Only Fault is Love of Reading—Could a Man Ever Fall in Love With a Lame Girl?—Miss Fifteen and Sixteen, Who Want to Get Married to Escape School.

DEAR DOROTHY DIX—I have been married for twenty-two years to a husband who is in most ways pleasant and obliging, but who has one fault that irritates me very much. He persists in sitting in the corner with either a book, or magazine, or a paper, and when he becomes absorbed in what he is reading it is impossible to move him to conversation, or even to get him to answer questions of the most commonplace sort. Please tell me what I shall do in order to cure him of this horrible habit.

MRS. J. A.



DOROTHY DIX

ANSWER:

Why, Mrs. J. A., if I had a husband whose only fault was the love of reading, I should be down on my knees thanking God for having given me such a treasure instead of complaining of my lot. Why, woman, you don't know when you are well off!

Suppose, instead of sitting in the corner at evening, that he was off running the streets? Suppose, instead of being absorbed in a book, that he had ears and eyes only for some happier about half your age, who had half your weight? Then you would have cause to worry.

Believe me, sister, as long as a man stays put by his own fire-side of an evening, and takes his romance vicariously in novels, his wife is a lucky woman.

If you are so keen on talking and can't get any other audience, and if there are any particular questions you wish to ask him, why don't you make a bargain with him?

Tell him that if he will give you a half hour's talk just after dinner every night you won't interrupt his reading. That will appeal to his sense of justice. Also he will see a means of buying peace, and I will bet you my new hat that he will agree to the arrangement.

But if he doesn't, why not find some one else to talk to? You have neighbors and friends, and there is always the ever-useful telephone over which you can converse.

Perhaps you will say that these do not take the place of a husband and you feel that it is his duty to entertain you. So it is to a certain extent, but you must consider his rights in the matter, too, and that he is as much entitled to spend his evening reading as you are to spend yours talking.

It always strikes me as curious that women never seem to think that a man has any rights and privileges in the home that he spends his life telling do support. It is only the exceptional man who ever has a room of his own that he can furnish as he likes, and in which he can do as he pleases. It is only the exceptional man who ever has a closet or chiffonier of his own. Generally speaking, anything is good enough for hubby and any old hook will hold his clothes.

Nor does the wife realize that the evenings are her husband's only time of relaxation, and that during the few hours when he is free of the grind of his daily labor he must get rest and refreshment of body and soul if he is to go on with his job.

If she did, she wouldn't save up all the odd jobs for him to do at night. She wouldn't begrudge him an evening off now and then, and she wouldn't take the book away from him when he is reading.

DOROTHY DIX

DEAR MISS DIX—I am a girl 21 years old. My mother died when I was 13 and I have not been happy since, because I am crippled. My sisters call me an old maid and say no man will marry me because I am lame, although I am prettier than they are. When any man tries to talk to me they say that he is just making a fool of me. Do you think a man could ever fall in love with a crippled girl?

L. S.

ANSWER:

Why not? If a man is big and fine and noble, he will be looking at your mind and heart, which are straight and beautiful, and not at your poor, deformed foot. As a matter of fact, I know two or three lame women who are married to splendid husbands.

I think your sisters must be as cruel as the wicked sisters in the fairy tale and that you are far luckier than they because they are lame in their souls, while you are only lame in body. But facts are facts, L. S., and it seems to me that the brave thing to do, and the wise thing to do, is to look them squarely in the face, instead of shutting our eyes to them.

It is foolish to deny that men require far more physical perfection from women than women do from men, and that they are far more repulsed by any bodily defect in a woman than a woman is in a man.

Because a man is bald-headed or fat does not keep a girl from liking his attentions or falling in love with him, but any girl who is fat and bald-headed would never get an invitation from a man to go anywhere. Still less would she ever get a proposal of marriage.

All of us know women who have married men who are hunchbacked or blind or deaf and dumb, or who have been terribly maimed, because the women could see the splendid heart and soul and brain that was housed in the poor, maimed body. But you seldom hear of a man marrying a woman who is greatly afflicted.

So, while you are not predestined to be an old maid because of your lameness, it is undoubtedly true that you will have fewer chances to marry than if you had two feet. Therefore, if you are, I would advise you to think as little as possible about love and matrimony, and to fit yourself to make a good, independent living for yourself. If you do that, you will have something to interest you, money to be comfortable and independent on, and you can live a happy life who marry or not.

Then, if Mr. Right comes along, well and good, and if he doesn't you will not have lost out.

DOROTHY DIX

DEAR MISS DIX—We are two very troubled school girls, aged 15 and 16. We are very much in love with each other, and we are thinking of getting married because we are all so tired of going to school. What do you advise us to do?

JESSIE AND MARGIE

ANSWER:

I advise you not to try the experiment of jumping out of the frying pan into the fire, because if you do, you will surely get badly burned. You are tired of going to school. Believe me, my children, you will get a lot more tired of matrimony if you undertake it at your tender age. School lasts only a few years, but marriage is for ever, unless you go through the horror of divorce. Your school hours are short hours, but marriage is a twenty-four hour job, with no holidays and off days for a wife and mother.

You think that marriage is a picnic. Look at your own mothers. Isn't another up before anybody else in the morning and isn't she the last to go to bed at night? Isn't she the one who does the hard chores? Isn't she the one who stays at home when everybody else goes on excursions? Isn't she the one who has the shabbiest clothes and bears the heaviest burdens?

Don't be in a hurry to undertake matrimony. Don't make the mistake of thinking that matrimony is a soft snap and don't be fool enough to ruin your life in its beginning by marrying another silly kid. The whole lot of you ought to be spanked and sent to bed without your suppers for even talking about getting married.

DOROTHY DIX

The Natural Way to Health

Modern life, with its rush and nervous strain, fast eating and soft foods, causes weakened digestive powers. Much illness and disease results.

The body needs "roughage" in its food. Tillson's Natural Bran supplies it. Eaten in the form of bran muffins, bread, or cookies, it supplies the bulk necessary for complete elimination and its vitamins assist in the digestion of other foods. Eat it regularly. It's the natural way to health.

(Simple recipes in each package.)

Tillson's Natural Bran

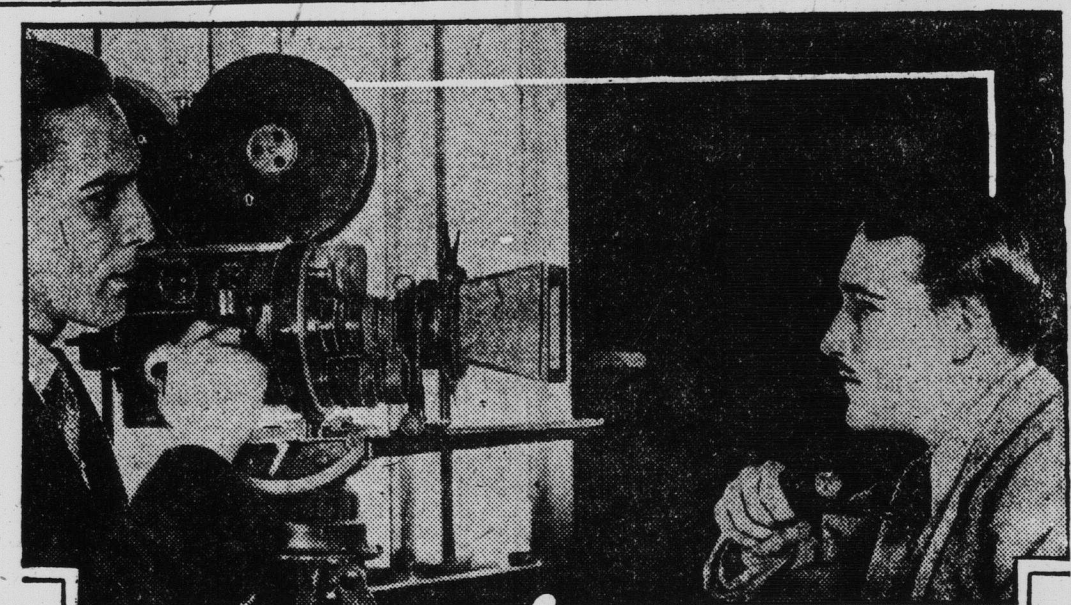
Not cooked. 1-2 treated

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Then and Now



Behind The Screen



Screen ambitions have infected Gloria Swanson's titled hubby now. Here he is taking his first camera test.

By GENE COHN.

HIS screen name probably will be either Henry Fall or Falaise. That is, of course, if he gets a job. I mean Count Hank, the debonair husband of Gloria Swanson. Doubtless you have heard of his surrender to the siren screen.

And he doesn't intend to lean on his wife's wide reputation to get over, either. Count Hank might or might not be willing to admit that a celebrated and heavily income wife is a handicap to a titled gentleman trying to stand on his own feet in America. Certainly he has made every effort toward an independent income. He has written a great deal, and the little French book store he started in Manhattan has been quite successful.

Almost from the day she married him Gloria has tried to convince the

count that he had a "screen face." He felt it would look too much as though he were using his wife's influence.

One thing he was definitely set on: he would not work for his wife, if he never got a job.

It was Albert Parker, Gloria's director, who finally convinced the count. Parker got Count Hank to agree to a series of screen tests. He was enthusiastic.

"I want to appear in comedies," the count explained. "I don't mean the custard pie variety, but polite comedies of the Lubitsch or Mal St. Clair variety."

Parker tells me that the count is actually funny. Even Gloria got a laugh out of his work. Parker thinks Count Hank can become a screen figure of considerable importance.

hill youth and its joys come back; just for an hour, while the pulses thrill, life shows no loss, no lack. All is again as it was of old back in the glowing dawn; only the beauties of life unfold naught of its gladness gone. Sweet are the ways where youth's steps are set, treasuring them once again, nothing is left of wild regret, nothing of grief or pain. Happy in the morning, though dreams are brief, and, in a springtime mood, gone are the days of the withered leaf, life surges back at the flood. Just for an hour while the linens sing wonderful dreams return; just for an hour at the crest of Spring, hearts with their old dreams burn.

FOR RICHER SAUCE

To make your white sauce richer, use part cream. Use one and one-half teaspoonfuls of flour to one cup of cream.

SCRUB WITH SODA

The only way to keep your garbage pail hygienic is to scrub it once a day with soda and boiling water, and if possible dry in the sunshine.

The Rhyming Optimist

Loose now the spirit, let it rise beyond the narrow bars into the realm of Paradise when night brings back the stars. Bright world on world, they glow and gleam against the dusk of space; those worlds a dream and this a dream in night winds' soft embrace. From heights afar their calm light falls across unmeasured deeps to silver fountain waterfalls and kiss the rose that sleeps. And something of their calmness creeps into the waiting heart that with the stars a vigil keeps, this sleeping world apart. So far, so passionately cold, so fraught with perfect peace, those other wheeling worlds of gold bring courage and release. The spirit lifts its loosened wing, it knows no loss, no scars when worlds like golden censors swing as night back back the stars. Just for an hour on wind-swept

BE prepared to act promptly when colds and chills threaten. Buy a package of THERMOGENE to-day—the dry, fleecy, medicated wool that helps to check winter ailments—that warms and comforts in sickness. Sold by Druggists Everywhere.

FOR

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|------------|-------------|
| Lumbago | Grippe |
| Rheumatism | Sore Throat |
| Neuralgia | Chest Colds |
| Neuritis | Bronchitis |

USE

THERMOGENE

MADE IN CANADA

Gray woolen material, slightly deeper in shade than the squirrel which trims it, makes this smart coat shown above.

The fur follows the rever line down the front, but instead of ending here, the cloth of the coat extends beyond the fur edging, so there is ample material to lap the cloth across at the front.

Black broadcloth with black fox trimming would be stunning made on similar lines.

See-Sawing On Broadway

RUMORS come of new enterprises for turning night time into day time in Manhattan.

One of the enterprising theatre managers, I am told, will spring the innovation this winter of opening his show on night club time—that is to say, the performance will begin at midnight. He figures that if there are enough people wandering about trying to keep awake dancing, there is an audience for a theatre. The novelty might be sufficient to keep it going for a time.

Midnight shows, in themselves, have been given often, but they are preceded by an earlier performance. The new idea is to have the only performance at the hour when good folk are supposed to be in bed.

IT is interesting to conjecture where all the people come from who, night upon night, are able to go without sleep. Obviously they are not enlisted from the working classes except, perhaps, on Saturday night. A considerable fraction of night club patronage is supplied by Broadway itself. People in various branches of the theatre profession, having nothing to do but go home, choose to be entertained, having spent the evening entertaining others. This includes actors, musicals, producers, managers, agents and the like.

Then there are the moneyed classes, whose men do not have to appear around Wall Street before 11 in the morning—but even these could not stand the night-after-night pace.

Gamblers of all sorts are "regulars" when the money is coming in. And there are many young men with more money and time than anything else. A city the size of New York also contains plenty of men of independent fortune.

THE floating population of visitors is a large item. These seldom care how late they stay up.

Women who have rich "sugar daddies" like to crawl out of Park Avenue apartments just before midnight and there is the inevitable man-about-town whose source of income is a perpetual mystery. He feels he just has to be on band where the lights burn long and late and if he fails to show up it's a cinch let that it is only because he couldn't borrow, beg or steal enough to keep up his round.

Just why these thousands should find the artificial play places of the night so constantly alluring is a mystery I cannot pretend to solve. There are scores of performers who would never see the daylight of Broadway but for matinee and rehearsal.

GILBERT SWAN.

Be Careful In Use of Laxative Gums

By DR. MORRIS FISHBAIN

IT is safe to say that more proprietary medicines of a laxative character are sold in this country than in any other.

The vogue of chewing gum is also an excellent reason why this drug should not be sold indiscriminately. Samples were distributed in the

streets of some cities, until boards of health prevented such distribution because the samples fell into the hands of children and there were serious results.

Besides, some persons are especially sensitive, and react with severe inflammation of the skin when they take even a small dose of this remedy.

The second use to which chewing gum has been put has been to incorporate drugs alleged to have special properties for reducing obesity.

CAUTION IN USAGE

While chewing gums thus medicated may be safe as laxatives, there are excellent reasons why this drug should not be sold indiscriminately.

THYROID EXTRACT

Artificial chewing gums contain thyroid extract, which is dangerous; drugs that irritate the stomach and disturb the appetite, which are also dangerous, and drugs which have no power whatever, which is foolish.

The United States government has recently issued fraud orders against several chewing gums of this character.

The person who uses the gum is told that in addition to taking the remedy she should walk five miles a day, go through certain exercises, and cut down the diet. These practices will bring about a reduction in weight just as well without the chewing gum.

A Thought

A sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.—I Corinthians 13:1.

SPEAKING much is a sign of vanity; for the that lavish in words is a niggard in deed.—Sir Walter Raleigh.

BRISTLES DOWN

After you have carefully washed out your scrubbing brushes, turn the bristles down and dry in the sunshine.

For cake mixing always use an earthen bowl and a wooden spoon because a tin dish and iron spoon are likely to discolor.

Flapper Fanny Says



There are many scraps around the table that are not wasted food.



Moonlight

The Only Girl—the Only Man—and Moirs. A trio in perfect harmony—for chocolates made in the Land of Romance have always been beloved of lovers.

Moirs—purest of chocolates—so varied as to give to each his particular delight—are the choice of those who appreciate real goodness and quality. Moirs find a welcome in the finest homes.

CHOCOLATES

by Moirs

From ACADIA—Land of ROMANCE