

POOR DOCUMENT M C 2 0 3 5

THE EVENING TIMES-STAR, SAINT JOHN, N. B., TUESDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1926

INTERESTING

A Feature Page of Interest to Everyone

INSTRUCTIVE

Dorothy Dix

The Miserable Wife Whose Kind, Generous Husband Won't Make Love to Her—The Love Starved Wife Who Steals Affection From Her Husband's Friend—Is the Girl Who Doesn't Thrill Really in Love?

DEAR MISS DIX—I am married to one of the best men in the world. He is kind and generous, and I am sure that he is devoted to me and appreciates all that I do for him, for I am a good wife and a good housekeeper. But, Miss Dix, my heart breaks because he never pets me or makes a fuss over me or calls me any baby names, yet before we were married nobody could have been more affectionate and demonstrative than he was to me. I spend days and nights on my knees praying God to bring about a change in him so that he will show me again that he loves me, but my prayers are never answered. He just goes along the same old way. Good to me, but never saying to me the things that I would give my life to hear. And I think I will kill me.



DOROTHY DIX

And I wonder why a man who will do everything else on earth to make a woman happy, who will toil for her and sacrifice for her and go hungry and cold for her, won't make love to her, although he is bound to know that the one thing on earth that would make her perfectly blissful is just to have him make a fuss over her and tell her that she is the most wonderful creature on earth and that she gets more beautiful every day and that he loves her better all the time.

I wonder that men don't realize that marriage doesn't cure a woman of her craving for admiration or for affection or for soft talk. Rather it intensifies it, and the husband who refuses to fill this need of his wife's soul starves her just as much as if he failed to provide her with food for her body.

And then I wonder about women. I marvel at their genius for making themselves miserable about nothing. I am filled with amazement at the trouble they take to find the crumpled rose leaf under their forty mattresses of ease.

Certainly the woman who has a husband who is good and kind and generous to her and whose affection for her is proved in a thousand different ways, has mighty little to complain of. She is going a long distance out of her way to hunt for trouble when she can make herself wretched over the fact that he isn't a glub lovermaker, and isn't always telling her that her eyes are like stars and her mouth a rose bud.

And I marvel at the lack of common sense that prevents a woman from ever understanding her husband and seeing the plain, practical business man no more considers it necessary to tell his wife every day how much he loves her than he does to go about announcing to all he meets that he is an honest man or that he always pays his debts.

He thinks that his devotion, his care, his work, speak for themselves and that words are superfluous beside them. He says it with his looks and his hands and his lips, and she goes around, poor foolish soul, beating on her breast and wailing out her misery to high Heaven because he has stopped quoting poetry to her.

So, two people who love each other make each other miserable over a few words one wants said and the other won't say. Can you beat it?

DEAR MISS DIX—I have been married for eleven and a half years, am 28 years old and have two little boys whom I love very dearly. My husband brings his pay envelope home to me and tells me that he loves me, but he never shows me any affection or takes me to any place of amusement. I am love-starved at home.

There is a man, a friend of my husband's, who has been in love with me for ten years and I with him. He is married, too, but he is as hungry for affection as I am. We meet occasionally and he kisses me and caresses me and says to me the tender things that every woman loves to hear, and we are passionately happy when we are together. Now, do you consider it wrong for us to love each other and is there any harm in our little stolen interviews, our little secret trips and dinners? Can we go on being just lovers? Please tell us what to do, as we have decided to go by your decision.

ANSWER: You know very well, Brown Eyes, that what you are doing is very wrong and that no good can possibly come of it. You are being disloyal to your husband and breaking your wedding vows in spirit, if not in fact. Even if your husband isn't affectionate and you are hungry for love, it doesn't give you the right to steal it.

And thing of your children. You want to train them up into being fine, honorable men who will go straight. How can you do that if you are crooked yourself? How can you teach them to keep their ideals unsmirched if you have lowered yours and trampled them in the dust?

Every boy has a right to think of his mother as the embodiment of all that is pure and exalted in womanhood, but he can't do that if his mother has been exalted into an intriguer with a married man and meeting him on the sly.

You don't want your boys to be ashamed of you, to have to blush when your name is mentioned, as they will if you continue on your present course, because no woman can escape being gossiped about who has a lover.

And what happiness do you expect to get out of this affair. Do you and this man think that any peace and happiness will come of a love that is built on treachery; that goes in trembling fear of being found out and that is bound to result in the end in the breaking up of two homes and the orphaning of two sets of children?

My advice to you both is to turn back while there is still time and put this guilty love out of your hearts.

DEAR MISS DIX—I am engaged to a young man who is a very fine chap. We get along well together, like the same things and are real pals. But the girls that I work with are always raving over their men pals, and as I have no inclination to grow hysterical over mine I wonder if I love him as much as I ought to to marry him. For I cannot gush over him nor get thrills every time he looks at me. I even see his faults. Do you think I am in love or not?

ANSWER: You must, of course, be the judge of the state of your affections. I cannot possibly diagnose your case from these few symptoms, but because you do not have hot and cold flashes and tremble at the sound of a footstep is no indication that you are not in love with the young man. It only shows that you are not overly emotional.

Don't be discouraged by your inability to thrill. The thrillers are the quickest to get over their love affairs. Nor is it any sign that you don't love the young man because you see his little weaknesses. The supreme test of love is when you can say, "With all thy faults, I love thee still."

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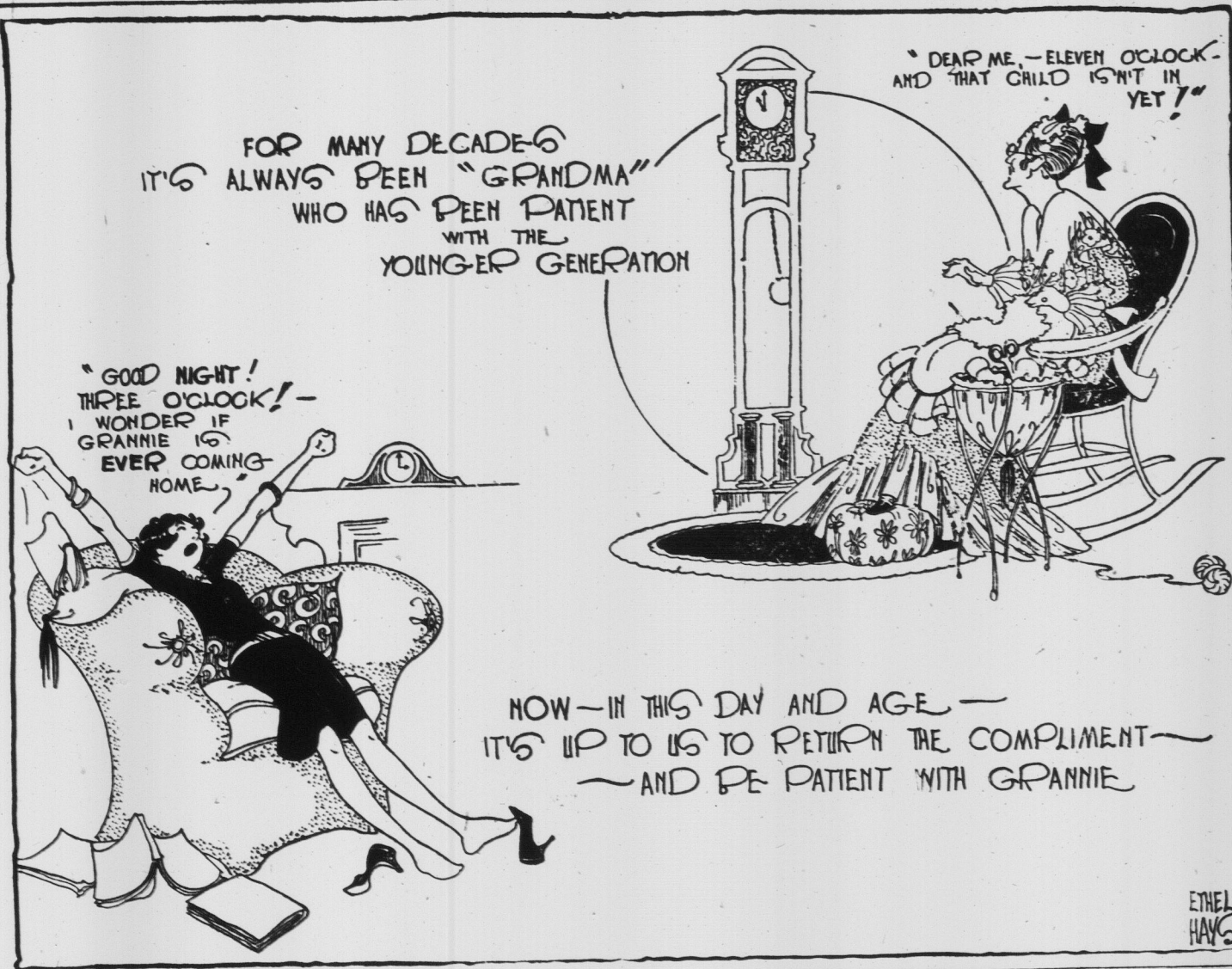
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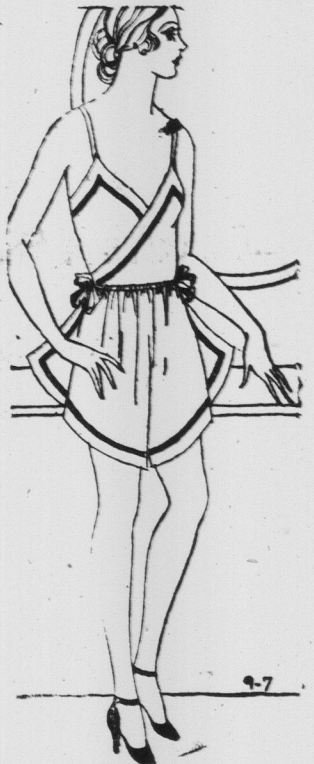
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Then and Now



Fashion Fancies.

THIS DAINTY COMBINATION OF ABBREVIATED LENGTH EX-PLAINS A POINTED BODICE



By Maria Belmont

Above is shown a gay little combination for fall, of short length and exploiting the fitted upper portion, which, in this case, extends up into points at the shoulders.

The material used here is cream crepe, while the colored bands are of bright orange crepe with bows of two-toned orange and cream ribbon.

Underthings are following the lead of skirts in abbreviated length, and among the most popular of the new Jersey silk bloomers are those which reach only half-way down to the knees.



Quickest way to make your old furniture look terrible is to buy a new chair.

JUST TO BE SURE

SHE: I wouldn't even consider marrying you. You are the most stupid, selfish, idiotic creature on earth. You are repulsive, abhorrent and miserable. I wouldn't marry you if you were the last man on earth. I hate you. You are despicable.

HE: Do I understand you are rejecting my proposal?—TIT-BITS, London.

SEE-SAWING ON BROADWAY

BROADWAY has innumerable tales of mishap and accidents that changed tense and tragic moments in the theater into high comedy for the audience.

There was the gentle snowfall that became an avalanche when the property men dropped huge scaffolds by mistake and buried the actors; there was the great tragedian whose false petticoat that fell to the stage in the days when women wore petticoats; the stage horse that became balky and refused to leave the footlights—and so on through a hundred volumes of anecdote.

THIS tale concerns Nick, a sleek, black cat, who made his opera debut the other night. And until this occasion I had never been eye-witness to any of the oft-described stage catastrophes.

Nick was named in honor of his finder, patron and owner, one Harry Nicola, property man with the San Carlo Grand Opera Company.

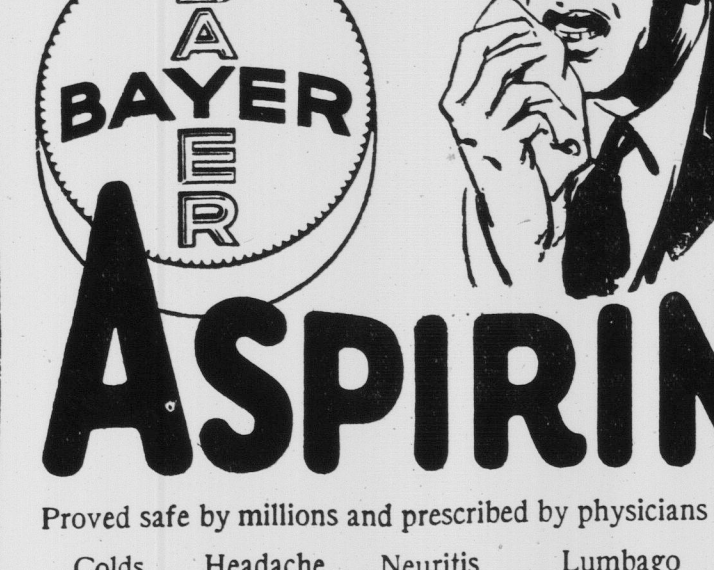
Several seasons ago Nick was found rathelically abandoned just outside the stage door, was nursed with an eye-dropper and lived to survive many tours across the nation. His reputation was spotless.

Perhaps mention he had received in certain newspaper stories went to his head. Perhaps he suppressed with great cunning a great ambition to become an actor. Perhaps he was seeking publicity. I can but guess at his motive.

I CAN only report that it was the death scene in "Traviata."

Tina Page, soprano, lay dying with that fervor in which only a coloratura and a tenor robusto can die. The stage was slightly darkened. The orchestra was somberly pitched.

When out from the wings, left stage, walked Nick—no apparent timidity, nor the slightest indication of uncertainty. He did not so much as glance at the motive.



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THE RHYMING OPTIMIST

By Aline Michaels

It may seem just like a ripple on the air, just a foolish, frothy matter, just a bit of idle chatter; yet... such things can spread their message, here and there. It may come from someone passing by your way, just a fancy, just a folly, yet it routes old melancholy and it helps to keep you happy all the day.

In your turn, in spreading joy, you, too, may share; it may seem not worth the trouble, still, there's beauty in a bubble; send your word of gladness speeding, here and there. You can help make someone cheery all day long; light as air, perhaps, your speech is, but who knows how far it reaches? Just such trifles make life's way as sweet as song.

"I SING a little—just to kill time." "You certainly have a good weapon."

THEY told me the sequel afterward. Carlo Perrotti, the conductor, and Mme. Page demanded the death penalty. A chow dog barked for the chance as executioner. Harry Nicola and the brave gentlemen of the property room grabbed up the property swift as lightning. He saved Nick's life, but decreed that, by way of punishment, he could not go on the road this season.

So Nick returns to the street and the consequent economic hazards. Mayhap as I wander along Broadway some night I will see him, and he will seem like any other black cat that dodges furtively beneath the millions of feet.

Well, Nick has had his moment. Who shed a tear?

GILBERT SWAN.

FATHER: Can you support my daughter as I have?

SUITOR: I could, but I am not that stingy!

BEHIND THE SCREEN

SERIAL thrillers and westerns have lost their attraction for Louise Lorraine, former queen of the 20 installment adventure tales and western "dramas." She now devotes her time to the "society" or less harrowing type of picture. Leaping from speeding airplanes and hanging over cliffs gradually falls on one so Miss Lorraine now spends her time at the M-G-M studios as a stock player. Her debut under their banner will be in the role of "Phyllis" in "Exit Smiling," which stars Beatrice Lile, the English comedian.

Some of Miss Lorraine's former pictures have been "Oregon Trail," "The American Gentleman," "Up in the Air," "Mary," "The Fire Eater," "Hiss King," and "Headin' West."

All films of historical value to posterity will be preserved by the U. S.



LOUISE LORRAINE

Government if a plan suggested by Will Hays is carried out. It calls for space in the new Archives Building to be erected in Washington, in which thousands of reels of important motion pictures made during the war, new events, beginning with the inauguration of President McKinley, and historical dramas may be saved. Vault space to hold 50,000 reels is to be saved.

Negatives of great value to posterity are now scattered in vaults throughout the country. If the plan is carried out films of such events as the epoch making air flights, great disasters, coronation ceremonies, international conferences and similar events will be available scores of years after they have taken place. The films would be priced less from an historical standpoint.

A Thought

For there shall be no reward to the evil man; the candle of the wicked shall be put out.—Prov. 24:20.

GREAT GOD, have pity on the wicked, for thou didst everything for the good when thou madest them good.—Saad.

LIMERICK FAME

TEACHER: Now, Johnny, what do you know about Crevel?

PUPIL: Please, sir, it's the place where there once was an old lady of.—Humorist, London.

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