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THE EVENING TIMES-STAR, SAINT JOHN, N. B. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1925

THE TIMES-STAR FEATURE PAGE

Dorothy Dix

Will She Be Happy Married to Her Jealous and High-Tempered Fiance?—Young Bride Whose Husband Treats Her as a Child, Not a Helpmeet—The Boy Who's at the "Puppy Age."

DEAR MISS DIX—I am engaged to a young man who is a fine fellow, steady, ambitious and with good prospects for the future, but he is very jealous and high tempered and flies into passions over every trifle. Also he expects me to give up all of my friends and have no entertainment except just being with him.



DOROTHY DIX

may never look at any other woman, yet keep such a jealous eye upon his wife that he makes her more miserable than she would be if he were a petticoat chaser.

A man can't always be drunk, nor running after other women, nor gambling, but his disposition he has always with him, and that is what his wife has to live with every day of every year of her married life. That is why the most important thing for a woman to consider in the man she is tying up with for life is his temper and his temperament.

And these don't improve after marriage. Sometimes a drunkard reforms, and a rounder settles down and becomes domestic, and a pet-dog well goes to work to support his family. But a jealous, high-tempered, dictatorial man never changes into a sane, sweet, considerate husband. On

the contrary, he considers that matrimony simply gives him a right to let go and be as disagreeable as he pleases.

The jealous husband becomes a jailer whose wife has to furnish an alibi for every hour she is out of her prison, and who goes in trembling for fear she may inadvertently do something that will arouse his suspicions. She can never have any pleasures nor any normal human contacts, and she will never know a day when she will not regret her folly in having given up her freedom for the slavery of her marriage.

Nor is a woman with a high-tempered husband in any better case. She also spends a life of terror, dreading the scenes that any chance word or act may precipitate. She must endure insults hurled at her in mad rages, and be stabbed to the soul by cruel speeches that she is expected to forgive or forget, because the blows were dealt in anger.

And any couple who quarrel before marriage will quarrel ten times more after marriage, because there will be ten times more friction when there are all of the daily affairs to adjust, and different personalities are brought into constant contact.

This young man has given you ample warning of what you are to face in marriage with him. Be warned in time, and save yourself certain misery by refusing to marry a high-tempered and jealous man.

DOROTHY DIX

DEAR MISS DIX—I am 20 years old, and my husband is 32. We have been married four months, and do you know, Miss Dix, I have not cooked one meal in my own kitchen? My husband treats me like a baby. He won't let me do a thing for myself, gives me lots of money and everything money will buy. Never tells me anything about his business because, he says, he doesn't want to worry me; doesn't want me to have any children because he wouldn't be willing for me to suffer; in fact, keeps me wrapped up in cotton wool.

Now, Miss Dix, I am not a baby. I have as much sense as anybody, and I want to manage my house and have children, and be treated as a wife and not a child. Don't you think I am right?

Mrs. J. C. S.

ANSWER: Certainly you are, my dear. And your husband is a very foolish man not to help you develop into the fine sensible woman God intended you to be, instead of trying to make a plaything of you.

Of course, your husband thinks that he is being kind to you in saving you from all responsibility and care, and no doubt he is patting himself on the back for being such a good husband, but in reality he is doing you a great unkindness. For women have brains and minds, as well as men, and they must have something to think about and something to do to make them happy and contented.

The most miserable women in the world are those who are babied and petted and kept from growing and developing until they get spiritually dwarfed. Their minds are not permitted to expand, and at last they grow atrophied, so that they can only think little thoughts and have little interests, and they become the spiteful, petty women who are jealous and nagging, and whose whole aim and object in existence is bounded by clothes and bridge and food.

If a man wants to be really good to his wife, he sets her to some useful constructive work. He makes her feel that she is a real partner and helpmeet to him, and in that way she grows with him, and they grow together, and he does not get tired of her, as he is sure to of the wife that he tries to keep a perpetual baby.

And every husband should surely have intelligence enough to know that motherhood sets a crown upon a woman's head, and that no woman is ever so happy, or so fulfills the mission for which she is created as when she holds her baby on her breast.

DOROTHY DIX

DEAR MISS DIX—I am a young man 20 years of age. I don't want to marry for at least five years, and yet I like company in the home. I would like to adopt a little boy and bring him up myself. Yet if I were to marry later I am afraid that the young lady might object to my ready-made family. Please tell me what I should do.

UNDECIDED.

ANSWER: Get a puppy, son, get a puppy. What a boy of your age needs is a dog—not a baby. A dog is all that he is fit to rear at that age, and makes a far better pet because he can chain it to a post when he goes abroad, which would not be feasible with a howling infant. And I certainly do think that when you get ready to get married you would find that an adopted child would be a very decided handicap. You have lots of time in which to raise a family, and five years from now will be quite soon enough to start one.

DOROTHY DIX

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ADVENTURES of the TWINS

by OLIVE ROBERTS RADFORD

TEA FOR THREE.

"Has Mother come back yet?" asked Nancy when the Twins and Mister Blue Cap reached the picture gallery again.

The little fairytale looked carefully in every direction. "No, sir! She's not here yet!" he exclaimed. "What do you know about that? I thought she would be here long ago—wondering where in the world you children had gone."

"I suppose she couldn't get the correct telephone number," said Nancy, and it's kept her waiting."

"Well," said Nick, "we have had a jolly time while she was gone, anyway, haven't we?"

"My, yes!" answered Nancy. "It is too bad that we can't—"

But Mister Blue Cap interrupted her suddenly. "Well, if I didn't go and forget I never thought of it until this minute, but it's not too late yet if we hurry. You have an invitation to tea."

"Good!" said Nick, who was always willing to eat. "Let's go."

"Now, Nick!" begged Nancy, "please behave your manners and don't set like a greedy pig. I thought you had all you could hold when we went to the fair."

"Oh, ho, ho! Indeed not!" said Nick. "Fair nothing! I'm as empty as a drum again. But I'll be good and not stuff down all the cakes and not break any dishes."

"Come along, then," said Mister Blue Cap, leading the way to a fine big picture painted in lovely colors, that looked almost good enough to eat.

It was called "The Balcony," the picture was. It was an old balcony overhanging a lovely garden. On it was a table set for three. From the balcony one could see a distant hill, on which there was a city.

No one was on the balcony—indeed no one was in the picture at all. And yet Mister Blue Cap went right up the magic steps that suddenly appeared before it, and unlocked the glass door.

As it swung out to allow the Twins to enter, a young man came around the corner of the balcony, where he had been hidden from view behind a curtain, and held out his hand.

"How do you do," he said pleasantly. "I was afraid you were not coming to see me. I told my friend, Mister Blue Cap, not to forget to bring you here, if you had time."

He shook hands graciously with them both, and pulled out one of the little chairs for Nancy to sit down. That young lady seemed to have lost her tongue all at once, for all she could do was to scramble up on her chair and answer nothing at all.

Nick was almost as bad, for he couldn't think of a thing. The young man had to do all the talking.

"He spoke of the weather, and other things, but all the Twins could do was to unfold their napkins and sit quite still."

Suddenly Nick remarked, "I thought we were to have tea today. I didn't know men ever gave tea-parties."

"So that is the trouble, is it?" asked the young man, laughing merrily. "Perhaps it seems strange to you in America, but we are not in America now. We are in one of my castles. I am a prince."

To Be Continued.

A Thought

As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord.—Josh. 24:15.

DEVOTION, like fire, goeth upward.—Zoroaster.

Your Birthday

DECEMBER 19—You are a good worker, and a capable manager, and will meet with success. You are thrifty, and economical and make the most of your possessions. You always appear to good advantage, and give a great deal of attention to making your home attractive. You are loving, kind-hearted and affectionate, and have hosts of friends. Don't listen to spiteful gossip.

Your birthstone is the turquoise, which means prosperity.

Your flower is holly.

Your lucky color is pink.

DECEMBER 20—You are self-confident, truthful, constant and patient. You are methodical in your work, usually punctual in keeping appointments, and careful in your dress. You are home-loving in your tastes, although you have many outside interests. You are very affectionate, but not demonstrative. Don't let ambition make you forget love.

Your birthstone is the turquoise, which means prosperity.

Your flower is holly.

Your lucky color is pink.

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News Notes From Movie Land

AS "DAVID COMINSKY," learned Russian Jew, who is afflicted with the complications of poverty and family dissension in New York's east side scene in Universal's "Proud Heart," Rudolph Schildkraut achieves one of the screen's finest characterizations. As a performance it is flawless.

And the marvel is the more impressive since this is the first film appearance of the stage veteran.

To the emotional vigor of the role, the actor contributes a finesse, a pantomimic grace and a fine shading of feeling and expression which will delight any beholder, no matter what the angle of his brow. The whole effect is one of simple, compelling integrity, with the player completely absorbed in his part, so that the illusion is perfect.

Schildkraut dominates the play in the role of the humorously pathetic, odorous old father whose every thought and energy is bent to see that his two sons shall honor and distinguish the family name. He pins his faith on the first-born (Arthur Lubin), who turns out to be a snobbish, selfish ingrate and parasite, and woefully misjudges the fine manliness of the second son (George Lewis) who eventually demonstrates his

mettle and elevates the family prestige via the prize-ring.

The father's vision is clarified after the elder son, for whom every sacrifice has been made, denies his paternity to his fiancée (Virginia Brown Fairlie).

The play itself is patterned closely after that formula which has proven so enormously popular in the stage place, "Able's Irish Rose." But "Proud Heart," directed by Edward Sloman, is more essentially Jewish, with Irish relief supplied by Kate Price and Blanche McHaffey, chiefly. It is superb and heart-rending.

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12-21

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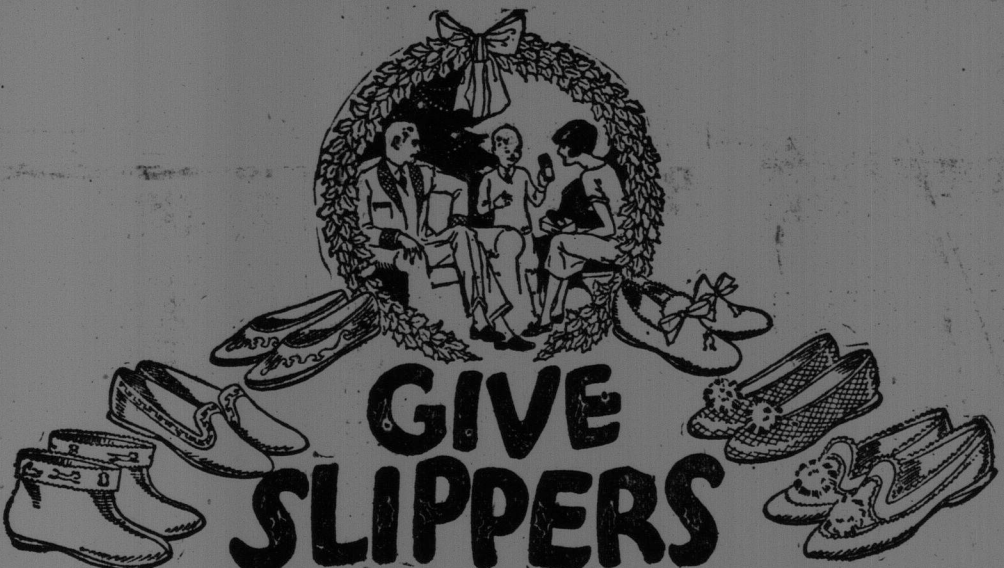
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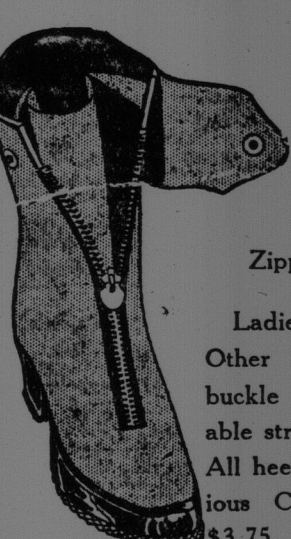


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The choice in Children's Slippers is full of Christmas. Barney Google's Spark Plug and Chanticleer appear as Slippers in high color. All sizes. In Zoo boxes. Plaid Woolies with leather soles—larger sizes \$1.15 and \$1.20. Medium sizes \$1.25 down to 85c. Infant's, 85c. Felt Cavaliers in colors, sizes 11 to 2, \$1.35. Sizes 8 to 10 1-2, \$1.25 and \$1.65. Felt Cosies, sizes 11 to 2, 90c. to \$1.15. Gray Alligator with pom-pom, sizes 11 to 2, \$1.25 up. Gray Kid Straps, sizes 8 to 10 1-2, \$1.

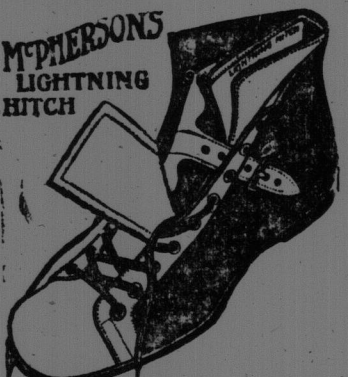
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