POOR DOCUMENT
MC2035

INTERESTING — **A Feature Page of Interest to Everyone** — INSTRUCTIVE

Dorothy Dix

Why a Man With a Dependent Mother Shouldn't Marry Until He Can Support Her Outside the Home—Old Problem of the Employer and Stenographer—Advice to Miss 18 About Marriage.

DEAR MISS DIX—I am a widow with two sons. One is married to a lovely woman. The other is about to marry a girl who flatly refuses to have me in the house with her, not because she objects to me personally, but because she wants to live alone with no mother-in-law around.

DOROTHY DIX

My husband died when my boys were small children. I supported them and educated them by keeping boarders and roomers. I did everything for them when they were little and helpless, and now that I am old and helpless it seems hard that I cannot have a place in their homes.

I don't want to live with this girl who doesn't want me any more than she wants to live with me, but what is to be done? I don't want my son to sacrifice his happiness for me, and yet will he be happy with a woman who takes this attitude toward his mother, for he loves me very dearly?

A TROUBLED MOTHER.

ANSWERS:

The human triangle never offers such an unsolvable problem as it does when the three sides of it are composed of a man, his mother and his wife. No other situation in life ever engenders such bitterness, such strife, such heartaches and jealousy as is brought about by the fight of the wife and mother over the man they both love, nor is any man ever put in so cruel a predicament as the one who must choose between wife and mother.

For the trouble is that each side is perfectly right from its own viewpoint. Only the woman whose angels' feathers are already sprouting can ever see another woman's side of the question. And angels on earth are few and far between.

Take your own particular case, dear lady. Of course, you are perfectly right in feeling that your son owes you a debt of gratitude that he can never repay. You think of the weary years you toiled to support him. You think of the hard and sordid labor you did in that boarding house to keep him fed and clothed and warmed, and to give him the advantages of education. You think of the hours that you have prodded yourself on to your task when you were sick and weary unto death; of the nights you have gone to bed too tired to sleep.

Never once did you fail your boy. No sacrifice was too great for you to make for him, and it seems to you that in all fairness and justice, as well as in love and appreciation, you should have the warmest place at his fireside, the seat of honor in his house, and that you should be welcomed and cherished by his wife.

You are perfectly right. That is your due. That is your side of the proposition.

The girl's side is this: She is marrying a man she loves, and she wants him for herself alone. Any third party breaks up the intimacy between husband and wife. They can have no close heart-to-heart communion with another person sitting around listening in. Endearments freeze on the lips. The moment for confidences passes with a stranger present. It takes the edge off every pleasure if an old woman has to be dragged along.

The more a woman loves her husband, the more she yearns to be alone with him, and she doesn't want her mother to live with them any more than she wants his mother to live with them.

Then the young wife wants to run her home in her own way. From the time a girl baby has her first set of doll furniture and doll dishes, she begins to plan how she is going to have things when she gets married and has a house of her own. It is the one fixed idea of her life, and becomes an obsession with her, but she cannot do this if her mother-in-law lives with her.

There is no use in the mother-in-law saying that she will not interfere, or that she will never offer advice or suggestions and never criticize. She will. She can't help it. For running a house is also her passion and she feels that she has a right to boss her son's house and say how her son's money shall be spent.

So the girl who knows how statistics show that the in-law trouble is the cause of more divorces than everything else combined, and who has listened to the tales of woe of innumerable of her friends who have tried living with their mothers-in-law, is perfectly right in saying that she will not risk her happiness by having her mother-in-law in the house.

And there you are.

It seems to me that the only way that the question can be solved is for a man who has a dependent mother to put off marrying until he is able to support her outside of his own house.

Certainly a son's first duty is to take care of his mother and see that she wants for nothing, and it is a mother's duty to be willing to sacrifice herself to her son's happiness by not insisting on living with him when he marries. For out of that comes only trouble and unhappiness for all concerned.

But the most piteous figure of them all is the poor man over whom the two women he loves best in the world are snapping and snarling at each other like dogs over a bone.

DOROTHY DIX

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DEAR MISS DIX—I come to you with the old problem of the employer and his stenographer. Won't you help me to solve it, please? I am 18 and am just as eager for a good time as the rest of my young sisters. My employer is successful, handsome, young, a Prince Charming, but he has found his fairy Princess and has two darling children. I am falling in love with him, and he assures me of his affection for me.

What am I to do?

DORIS.

ANSWER:

The remedy is plainly indicated, Doris. Pack up your little kitbag and leave forthwith, if you want to save yourself. Go while the going is good, and before you have jeopardized your happiness.

Evidently you have not fully succumbed as yet to the charms of your Prince Charming, who looks more like a yellow cur to me, than he does a figure of romance, for what any girl can see to admire in a man who has so little sense of honor or common decency passes my comprehension. Try, just for a change, to look at him squarely, Doris.

Tell me what is admirable in a man who is faithless to his wife who trusts him, who breaks the vows he has sworn to keep before God and man at the altar? Who is just a common, sensual petticoat chaser?

And what is admirable, Doris, in a man who stoops to so low a trick as winning the love of a little 18-year-old girl, knowing that he cannot marry her, and that she will waste the years of her youth on him in vain; that he will keep her from making some good match with an honest man; that he will smirch her good name; that she will have to pay all the price of their little fling at romance?

Think of these things the next time your employer makes love to you, and you will find that you will despise him for the vain, deceitful hypocrite that he is.

But, at any rate, leave. Absence of body is better than presence of mind in the face of temptation.

DOROTHY DIX.

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DEAR MISS DIX—I am a girl of 18. I have two beaux. One I love, but he will not be able to marry me for a year or two. The other one I do not care for, but my mother wants me to marry him because he is ready to marry now. What shall I do?

LACKAWANNA.

ANSWER:

Don't marry any man you do not love, just to be marrying. Don't let your mother urge you into marriage, because she wants to get rid of your support. Go to work and make your own living, and then you can wait until Mr. Right comes along.

DOROTHY DIX

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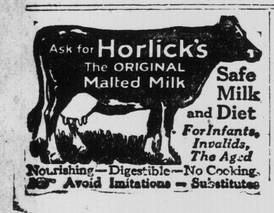

Night.

(Marion L. Jackson.)

Day dies in crimson glory, like the hero
Of some embattled field,
Who struggles on till conquering foes surround him:
He dies, but will not yield;
And like the pall that generous foes accord him
(His duty nobly done!)
Night drops her cloak, and lights the stars of Heaven
Like tapers, one by one!

Death Has Thinned Ranks of Handsome Film Stars

HOLLYWOOD, Sept. 2—Who will be the next actor to answer the final summons of the Great Director? Hollywood wonders, as the shock of Rudolph Valentino's death is still fresh. Death has exacted a heavy toll from filmdom within recent years, striking down players apparently at the peak of their careers.

Olive Thomas, Jack Pickford's beautiful wife, died in 1922 after a night spent in sightseeing in Paris. An overdose of a drug taken to induce sleep killed her at the age of 22, just when she had achieved considerable screen popularity.

Wallace Reid is another former idol whose memory has not been forgotten. Thousands of his followers were saddened to learn the circumstances of his death. In a moment of desperation he had yielded to the soothing influence of narcotics. He made a courageous fight to overcome their hold on him but finally his weakened constitution gave up the battle and he died holding the hand of the wife who had stood by him during the dark days.

Pneumonia claimed Marguerite Marsh in 1924. Martha Mansfield died a horrible death a few years ago when she was fatally burned during an accident while on location.

Lucille Ricksen was only 17 when he passed away, at a time when she was destined to stardom. The exacting work had proved too much for her youthful strength.

More recently Barbara LeMarr, the woman "who was too beautiful" succumbed after an illness of many months. She died broken in spirit as well as health after a life that had been lived to the full. She had been married five times.

A few weeks ago Willard Louis, genial portly soul, joined the film dead.

What studio will death visit next? Life in the movies is hard. When actual production is under way players are called upon frequently to stay on the set all night. It makes large demands upon them physically and if they are not ever watchful, their health has a tendency to burn out while they are still young. Who will the Great Director summon next? Hollywood wonders.

Fashion Fancies.

By Marie Belmont

This is an attractive suit that is a little different from the ordinary.

The jacket is of brown woolen material and has a collar of beaver. The dress is of tan silk with brown stripes.

A perky little red felt hat completes this unusual costume.

GIRL (slipping on new engagement ring)—You've hit on my favorite stone, old thing, which is more than the others did.

Man—It's the same kind I usually buy.

IN NEW YORK: SEE-SAWING UP AND DOWN BROADWAY

NEW YORK, Sept. 2—Cafe men, hotel attendants and even housewives tell me that women are the greatest offenders in the matter of carelessly flicking cigaret ashes about and leaving lighted cigarets lying around.

Women who have earned reputations as meticulous housewives seem to have no conscience when it comes to leaving ashes sprinkled over the floors, couches and chairs of places they visit. Flappers are the most heedless.

Perhaps it is longer experience in the amenities of smoking that makes men neater; and then, again, it is not unlikely that neatness in depositing ashes has been habitized by nagging wives—the very ones who offend the most.

ONE of the saddest stories I have heard recently grows out of this outbreak of feminine carelessness.

In one of the smartest coffee rooms of the "frantic forties" there has been for years a huge goldfish bowl. Back in the days when this place was a bar and only the "boys" could gather there, the goldfish flourished—even as the rose—and many of the Broadway rounders prided themselves that they had tamed certain of the fish to come up for crumbs taken from the free lunch counter.

The other day I happened into the place, for the first time in many a month. The goldfish bowl was there. But it was empty.

Why, I demanded of Garcon, had this grand old institution been allowed to pass.

"Alas," wept Garcon, "it is the ladies. They come here now and drink coffee and smoke cigarets. But, ah, they have not the thoughtfulness of the men. They would put their cigaret ashes here and there. Yes, as they passed the goldfish bowl they would flick them in there. They would even throw their cigarets in the bowl. Alas, the fish could not live. We replaced them many times. But what was the use? We would have to be broke trying to keep the bowl full of fish. Each time it would be the same. We give it up. The goldfish—he is no more."

THE proprietor of a Fifth Avenue pet store tells me that, next to dogs and canaries, marmosets are now in greatest demand. These puny, human-faced little simians have a particular appeal to women, he says. They need a great deal of care and attention and hence, no doubt, help the tens of thousands of childless New York women to work out their "mother instinct."

Styles in pets change rapidly. Last year, when Florida was all a-boom alligators had a large run. Scores of New York bathrooms were turned over to baby alligators. The problem, of course, was what to do with them when they grew up. Few, however, were able to survive in the new environment.

Faddists will be interested to learn that it is now fashionable to have birds to match one's household decorations. Thus a parrot should adorn your green curtained room—or, perhaps, parakeets; a cardinal would fit well into your red-room and, where kaleidescopic effect is desired, mayhap a peacock could strut.

GILBERT SWAN.

Use the Want Ad. Way

THE RHYMING OPTIMIST

By Aline Michaelis

There is glamor and good in just living that a king might be glad to feel, life brims over with cause for thanksgiving when I get out my rod and my reel. When I answer the river's calling where the shadows lie thick and cool, and the water goes tumbling, falling to the depths of a crystal pool; when the low of the distant cattle drifts over the high hills' crest, and a wary old trout gives battle, then life fills with its old-time zest. Then I know I have ended my questing for the best that old Earth can give and, fishing or drowsing and resting, I find it is bliss just to live. Oh, such gladness waits, never-ending, as a king would give realms to feel in the song of the stream descending, in the magic of rod and reel.

A Thought

Cast out the scorner, and contention shall go out, strife and reproach shall cease.—Prov. 22:10.

A SNEER is the weapon of the weak. —Lowell.

Flapper Fanny Says

All men are born helpless, but some help less than others.

Little Joe

EPITAPH.

Beneath this cold marble there oozes
And snoozes a maker of boozes;
To drink his own make,
He found a mistake,
So now it's a bier that he chooses.

BEHIND THE SCREEN

LILLIAN GISH

NO, SIR, things in the movies aren't what they seem. There's Lillian Gish, for instance. Frail, delicate, appears as if a strong gust of wind would just pick her off her tiny feet. Yet Lillian is the happy possessor of a robust constitution. She is rarely ill and far from being the clinging vine type is strong willed and the executive type.

Lillian has weathered her way through some of the most terrific storms in fildom. Remember her struggle through the snow in "Way Down East?" Exhausted, she plodded through the drifts and before Dick Barthelmess rescued her half the audience was shivering and turning up its coat collars so realistfcally did she put the scene across.

After she finishes "Annie Laurie," work will begin on "The Wind," a story by Dorothy Scarborough, professor of short story writing at Columbia University. And what's more there is going to be a storm in it which will surpass the aforementioned blizzard. This one will be of the Texas wind variety. She will play the part of a delicate Virginia girl, carefully shielded from the world who is suddenly thrown against the fury of the elements in the wind country of Texas, where day after day winds swirl over the torrid wastes.

It concerns a primitive love romance set in the anger of the elements and the villain of the play is—the weather.

COMING RELEASES

"The Lady in Ermine," with Corinne Griffith, First National.

"Nobody's Widow," with William Boyd and Elinor Fair, De Mille.

"The Eagle of the Sea," with Ricardo Cortez and Florence Vidor.

"Carmen," with Dolores del Rio, Fox.

"Alias the Deacon," with Jean Hersholt, Universal.

When Laura LaPlante plays the leading role in "Brides Will Be Brides," her future husband, William Seiter, will wield the megaphone. Perhaps he thinks he will get some interesting sidelights on his fiance.

Vladimir Dantchenko, founder and director of the Moscow Art Theater Musical Studio, has been signed to make films to be distributed by United Artists Corporation. His contract, arranged by Morris Gest, is for one year.

Patsy Ruth Miller has been chosen to play opposite Richard Barthelmess in "The White Black Sheep," which Sidney Olcott is directing for Inspiration Pictures.

The picture is now well under way and a corner of the great Arabian desert in Asia Minor has been transplanted to the Tec-Art Studios in Hollywood where the picture is now being filmed.

Doris Lloyd, former London music hall comedienne and vaudeville star, will be very much at home in her next role on the screen. For she will play with Beatrice Lille, also a noted English comedienne and late star og "Charlot's Revue."

FIRST HOUSES IN EUROPE UNEARTHED

Excavations on Zurich Area Reveal Dwellings 7,000 Years Old

GENEVA, Sept. 2 — Workmen excavating near Lake Zurich have unearthed the remains of lake dwellings which date back to the Stone Age, more than 7,000 years ago. Stone axes, spears and domestic utensils are among the objects found which will join the large collection of prehistoric finds in the museum at Berne.

The Swiss lake dwellings were revealed to the work in 1853 by a great drought, when the waters in the lakes and rivers of the country fell many feet below normal level, and so far as is known they are unique of their kind in Europe. The structures which supported the wooden platforms on which the dwellings were built are made of strong piles of tree trunks driven into the bottom of the lake.

The combination of clay and wood was used in the construction of these lake huts, and the floors of the huts which were above the water line were made of large slabs of stone bearing inscriptions of the Stone Age in hieroglyphs.

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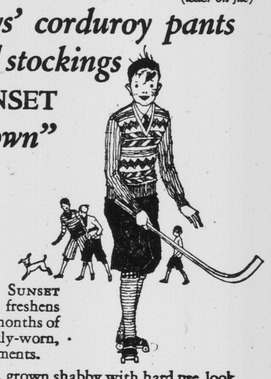
(letter on file)
"I dye boys' corduroy pants and faded stockings with SUNSET Dark Brown"



HEAVY materials in boys' suits and coats dye wonderfully well with SUNSET's darker colors,—Navy Blue, Dark Brown or Black. SUNSET cleans as it dyes, freshens texture too. Adds months of extra wear to partly-worn, soiled or faded garments.

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Only by dyeing with SUNSET yourself can you realize how clean and easy it is to use, how quickly, without muss or fuss, very fine results are obtained. But be sure you get SUNSET. Substitutes are likely to disappoint.

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Send for Free Folders: "How to Tie-Dye" (illustrated); "Season's Colors" (how to get the new shades).

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