

THE TIMES-STAR FEATURE PAGE

Dorothy Dix

Weighing a Boy Friend in the Balance for Possible Husband Material—The Young Husband Whose Wife Has Settled Into a Bore—Should a Girl Expect Her Fiance to Give Her the Luxuries Her Dad Provides?

DEAR MISS DIX—A young man who wants to marry me has the following qualities: Bad—Never saved much money. Smokes and eats excessively. Drinks moderately. Swears rather fluently. Too blunt in telling the truth.



DOROTHY DIX

Good—Very pleasant and lovable. Even tempered. Helpful, charitable and faithful. Well educated. Hard worker.

What do you make of such a man? Would he be desirable as a husband? HOPE.

ANSWER: Sounds to me as if he were a perfect man, that you had better grab quickly before some other woman who is looking for a good thing gets him. Certainly his qualities far outweigh his faults.

Of course, there is no such thing as a perfect man; and if there were, no woman would ever fall in love with him or marry him. Imagine being married to a man who never made a mistake, who never blundered, but who was always and invariably right!

What a poor, miserable worm of the dust he would make you seem! What a reproach he would be to you! What a contrast! And how superior he would always feel to you! How horrible it would be to always be trying to live up to him, and how bitter it would be to have to endure his criticisms on your shortcomings!

No, my dear, if you want to be happy though married, pick out a man who, while he has the standardized sterling virtues, has also plenty of lovable weaknesses that will keep him human and in a proper state of humility. The happiest wives are those who can mother their husbands and smile indulgently on their faults and humor their weaknesses as if they were little boys.

Your friend's virtues speak for themselves, and even his faults lean to virtue's side. The man who has never saved much money is evidently not tightwad and that scores one for the wife, as she will not have to corkcreek every penny out of him. And after she has got what she needs she can help sew up the holes in his pockets.

Being fond of good eating I rank also as meat in a husband, since it puts some pep into housekeeping and makes it worth while to prepare a good dinner for a man who appreciates it. Also it gives a wife an invaluable weapon with which to work him when the necessity arises.

Likewise, the man who smokes is more apt to settle down into a placid fireside companion of an evening than the one who, having nothing to occupy or soothe him, goes forth to hunt up amusement. Even the sweeter is handy to have around the house at times to say the things that you would like to say and that no perfect lady can say.

Of course, the blunt man will hurt your feelings when he tells you the home truths that none of us like to hear, but at any rate you will have the comfort of knowing that he means what he says when he pays you a compliment.

DOROTHY DIX DEAR MISS DIX—I have a wife who no doubt loves me. She gets my breakfast at 8 in the morning and I am at work until 5 in the evening. We have only a four-room house and she only gets two meals a day, yet she complains of being bored to death. All the conversation I get in the evening is the across-the-fence gossip of the neighborhood and she goes to bed by 7 o'clock. I like to read and would like to discuss things with my wife, but she isn't interested in anything I am interested in. Will I ever be happy with her?

ANSWER: I fear that you are doomed to a life of loneliness unless you can give your wife some sort of a job that will wake her up and make her realize that she is enjoying both of your lives, and that she is inevitably bound to lose your love if she goes on in the way in which she has started.

Evidently she is lazy and slothful in both mind and body and is not willing to exert herself to make the necessary effort to keep a nice house or to make herself attractive. It is ridiculous for any able-bodied woman to complain about having to do the work of a four-room house or to want to go to sleep with the chickens.

A woman once told me that after she married she began to slump and take things easy. She said she didn't bother to doll herself up for her husband and she quit reading; that it was too much trouble to dress to go out of an evening, and she got in the way of snoring on the couch and not trying to entertain her husband. Finally, he read the riot act to her and said:

"Now, listen, I am warning you. I am on my way up in the world. I am studying and working and improving myself all the time, and you are going down hill. Unless you get busy and keep up with me I am going to leave you in the lurch. And I will fall out of love with you, for I am not one of those faithful-dog kind of men that can stay in love with a dull, stupid, frowsy woman. Do you get me?"

And the woman says she "got" him and she got busy, and they have been a happy and successful couple ever since.

When we hear about a man who forsakes his wife or sympathizes all ways goes to the woman, but I often think that the man is probably just as often the victim as the wife. There must be many lonely men, such as you are, longing for the companionship that their wives refuse to give them, bored to death by women who are too lazy to try to improve themselves or to study and keep up with the men to whom they are married.

But why, oh, why don't men take the trouble to find out before they marry what sort of brains girls have under their bobs? DOROTHY DIX.

DEAR MISS DIX—I am engaged to a very fine young man, but my parents don't want me to marry him because he cannot give me all the luxuries I have been accustomed to at home. This young man has a very nice position and is industrious and sober, and he will get on in time. We love each other very much. Don't you think that is all that we will need to make us happy? WORRIED SALLY.

ANSWER: I certainly do, my dear. Bread and cheese and kisses, as long as you are sure of the bread and cheese, is a good enough menu for any young couple to start out on, if they are both willing to work.

It is foolish for parents to expect that a young man should give their daughter all that they are able to give her, because it is demanding that she start off at the place at which they have only arrived at middle age, and no youth can do that unless he has inherited money. He hasn't had time to accumulate a fortune or to rise to the place where he can command a big salary.

And the very man who expects a young fellow to give his daughter a fine house and a car and Paris finery very likely couldn't give his wife anything but a two-room cottage and care-free when he got married.

The happiest marriages in the world are those in which a poor young man and a poor girl get married and work up together. Don't be afraid to try.

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It's Better To Be Heard Than Seen



WELL, ANYWAY, WE'RE NOT CONSPICUOUS ANY MORE!

ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS

By OLIVE ROBERTS BARTON

THE PAGE AND THE FLOWER GIRL

The Twins followed Mister Blue Cap down the steps that led from the picture of the garden, to the floor of the picture gallery.

The little fairy then closed the glass and locked it with a small key which he put into a lock in the gold frame.

Morgiana waved good-bye to the Twins for All Baba said his wife had gone back into the house.

When the children looked again, it was just as the catalogue said: "The picture of a Girl in a Garden."

Morgiana was sitting on the stone bench gazing silently at the flowers. Behind her were the tall blue bars where the forty thieves had hidden.

"There is much more in pictures than people know about," said Nancy.

"That's right," nodded Mister Blue Cap. "What you don't see counts more than what you do see. But my, oh my! Look at that wedding picture! They all seem to be waiting for us. Those two children haven't arrived yet, as sure as you're here. I believe that you Twins will have to be page and flower girl after all."

So saying the little fairyman ran up the steps of the wedding picture and unlocked the glass—or I should say—the glass door.

It swung outward and the Twins found themselves inside a beautiful church. The organ was playing softly and everywhere there were flowers that smelled quite as delightful as the flowers in Morgiana's garden.

The church was filled with people who seemed to be patiently waiting. Suddenly a lady came out of a little side door that you couldn't see in the picture at all. Indeed, you had to get right inside the picture before you could notice the door.

"Oh, my dears, what would we have done if you hadn't come!" she whispered in an excited voice. "The other children must have missed their train or something, for they are not here. But fortunately their clothes are here, and I am sure they will fit you exactly. Will you do it?"

"What, please?" asked Nick.

"Be the page and the flower-girl at the wedding!" said the lady.

"Sure," said Nick obligingly. Soon Nick was arrayed like a prince in a white satin suit. He carried a pillow on which lay a wedding ring.

Nancy was dressed like a pink rose and carried a little basket of rose petals which she scattered as she walked down the aisle before the bride.

It was a grand wedding and the bride and groom seemed very happy.

"Can't you stay and go to the reception and have some wedding cake?" said the bride before she drove away.

"I'm afraid not," said Mister Blue Cap. "We must all be going. We have some journey to take and it is getting late."

"Journeys!" laughed the bride. "I am going on one journey. How can you go on more than one at a time?"

It was hard for the fairyman to explain. To Be Continued.

She Talks Back to Griffith And Gets Away With It

By JACK JUNGMEYER

CAROL DEMPSTER is probably the most positive and self-assertive of all the talented girls D. W. Griffith has placed or guided on the road to film celebrity. And for that reason he is said to have higher hopes for her, and to have more satisfaction in her development, than in the case of any of his other proteges—although D. W. himself might not wish to make any comparisons.

Miss Dempster is tractable without being too pliant. Having great admiration for her distinguished sponsor, she is yet not entirely subservient to him when it comes to difference of opinion on some production problem. There are times when it seems that the mettlesome Carol actually bosses Griffith.

Carol Dempster from the beginning of her career to the present time has appeared in Griffith pictures exclusively. Her introduction to the screen came about when Griffith "discovered" her in a dance parlour in Los Angeles. She agreed to forego her contemplated career as a dancer for an opportunity to work under D. W.'s direction, her first part being in "The Girl Who Stayed at Home."

Since then she has enacted principal roles in "Scarlet Days," "The Love Flower," "Dream Street," "One Exciting Night," "The White Rose," "America," "Her Life Wonderful," "Rally of the Sawdust," and Paramount's forthcoming "That Royle Girl."



CAROL DEMPSTER.

A Thought

Wisdom is the principal thing; therefore get wisdom; and with all thy getting get understanding.—Proverbs 4:7.

GREAT is wisdom; infinite is the value of wisdom. It cannot be exaggerated; it is the highest achievement of man.—Carlyle.

"HERE'S where I brush up on my stuff," sighed the hero as he reached for the shaving cream.

PRESENTS FRUIT

The annual presentation of fruit to the Lord Mayor took place this fall at the Mansion House, London. The custom started at the time the Lord Mayor claimed the right to receive a portion of every load of fruit which entered the city, and the annual presentation is an acknowledgement of this ancient claim.

MANY a talkative barber has been shamed into silence since the woman took to frequenting the barber shops.

Your Birthday

December 3—You are impatient and too hasty in your judgment, and plan many things which you tire of before they are completed. You have a strong will, a bright mind, and hold your friends in a strong grasp. Beware of jealousy and spiteful gossip. Your birth-stone is the turquoise, which means prosperity. Your flower is holly. Your lucky color is pink.

"STEAK" FROM COTTON Beefsteaks made from cottonseed are forecast by Dr. Davis Nesson, of London. "It is only a question of time," says Dr. Nesson, "before chemists discover how to produce a meat substitute from the seed."

Family Menus

Breakfast: Tangerines, Oatmeal with Top Milk, Sausage Cakes, Warm-up Potatoes, Coffee.

Lunch: Scalloped Potatoes, Gran Biscuits with Raisins, Apple and Nut Delight, Milk.

Dinner: Tomato Soup, Cold Sliced Meat, Warm-up Potatoes, Beet Salad, Cheese.

Tea: Buckwheat.

Buckwheat does not agree with everyone, but unless there is some individual reason against it, it is a valuable addition to the winter menu. Buckwheat flour contains 8.7 per cent, body-building material, 1.9 per cent of fat, 70.2 per cent of starch and one per cent of mineral substances.

SEE-SAWING ON BROADWAY

WHILE the "melting pot" boils away many of the European customs of immigrants, there are some, beloved of the children, that no more can be removed from the calendar of childhood than can Santa Claus.

One such is the "ragamuffin parade," to be seen only in New York. The "ragamuffin" game is an importation from Southern Italy and the Balkan countries, but in New York it has spread among the children of all nations.

The youngsters ransack the cellars and garrets for the discarded clothes of their elders and appear in the streets in tens of thousands, some with faces chalked like clowns, some in their mother's petticoats, some in dad's old overalls, some in derbies and some in silk hats.

In Europe it was the fashion to let the children take on the complete role of beggar and seek alms in the street and at the doors as well.

When the amusing pageant was introduced to America the begging idea came right along and, quite naturally, found popularity among American youngsters who saw in it a means of getting extra dimes for the movies and ice cream sodas.

This year the "melting pot" took steps to boll out this mendicant habit. As usual the ragamuffins thronged the streets in their comical clothes, but everywhere they were greeted by signs turned out by boys' organizations reading: "American boys do not beg."

"ONCE a showman, always an actor," goes a Broadway axiom. Actors may leave the stage and enter other professions, but the old hankering to "do a number" is never lost. Take Harry Cooper, for instance.

Some years ago Cooper left the foot-lights to become a successful insurance agent. Yet on Thanksgiving or Christmas he gets back into the game for a brief hour, appearing at charitable theatrical performances.

For 29 years Cooper has appeared on Thanksgiving day before the prisoners on Welfare Island, New York's work-shop.

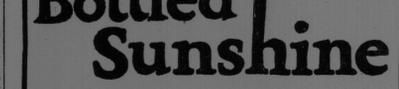
THE office of one of the hundreds of New York bookmakers who handle the fortunes in racing bets which each day change hands, happens to be located in a suite formerly occupied by a business college.

Just over the door where the "suckers" wait for returns I noticed this appropriate sign: "Students' room."

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