

THE TIMES-STAR FEATURE PAGE

Dorothy Dix

What Hope is There for a Slave-Wife With Five Children?—Are Big, Expensive Funerals "Bunk"?—How Can He Win the Woman Who Runs Away?

DEAR DOROTHY DIX—I am a married woman of 35 and have five children, the oldest 12 years old. My husband makes just barely enough salary to meet the bills for our absolute necessities of life. I do all the work in our five-room bungalow—washing, ironing and baking. I am dissatisfied and tired of trying to make both ends meet. I am an absolute slave and wish I could get a divorce. What do you think? MARRIED.



DOROTHY DIX.

ANSWER:

If you have to slave to make ends meet when your husband brings in the money that pays for your rent and food and clothes, would you have an easier time of it when you had to do the cooking, washing and ironing for your five children and also earn the money to buy the food you cook and pay the rent of the house you sweep?

I grant you that it is a hard lot for a woman to be married to a man who has not the gift of money-making; who has to stretch every penny to its utmost limit; who has to work beyond her strength, slaving for her children, and who lives always in the black shadow of unpaid bills.

But if such a woman's husband is good and kind to her, and if she knows that he is doing the very best he can, she has no just cause to divorce him, and she is a poor sport if she does not play up to him and do her part as cheerfully as she can. Life is no easier for him than it is for her, and the only way they can lighten the load is by mutual sympathy.

In your particular case, divorce would be no panacea for your troubles. You would still have your five children to be provided for, and all that you would gain would be the necessity of supporting them yourself instead of their father doing it.

What could you do by which you could earn even as much money as your husband does? And who would take care of the children while you were away from home at work? Do not delude yourself with the belief that some millionaire would come along and marry you and provide for your children with fine clothes and ponies. Such fairy tales only happen in the movies, never in real life.

Virtually the only thing that a woman with five children can do to make a little money on the side is to take boarders or have a rooming house. In that way she can feed and house her children and be with them, or if she is clever with her needle perhaps she can take in dress-making or do something of that kind.

But the real silver lining to your cloud is your children. It will not be many years now before they will be able to help you, and that will turn your liability into an asset. Nine-tenths of the big rich men of today are the sons of fathers who did not know their way to get along in the world. That threw the boys out on their own resources at an early age and made them hustlers and go-getters.

Don't despair. Cheer up and carry on with your job and you will yet ride in your limousine when your boys are grown. DOROTHY DIX.

DEAR MISS DIX—I work in an establishment in which several hundred persons are employed. Scarcely a month passes by that some one has a death in his family. As soon as it is known every one flocks to the home of the deceased, where a grand reception is held and where such comments are made as "What a fine fellow" or "Mary was a sweet comfitter" etc. All of which appears to me as pure bunk. What do you think? WILLIAM.

ANSWER:

It always seems to me, William, that what we call "a handsome funeral," with its enormous expense, its black-washed mourners, is a relic of barbarism that ought to be abolished by enlightened and civilized people.

Such a funeral bankrupts a poor family. Often it plunges them into debt for years. Little children are starved, old people denied comforts and boys and girls must forego their education in order to pay for the splurge made over the unconscious clay to which neither hardness nor luxury mean anything. It is sardonically humorous that sometimes almost the only ride in a motor that a poor, hard-worked old man or woman ever has is in an ornate hearse in which they are borne to their graves; the only silver cushion their heads ever lie upon is in their coffins and those to whom no one ever gave a penny in life have their biers heaped with expensive floral tributes.

But many foolish poor people feel that they have to go to this ruinous extravaganza because it is customary; because they think it is expected of them and because they are afraid their friends will think that they are showing some disrespect to the dead if they do not do so. That is one way of looking at the subject.

Another is that to many people all of this planning of a big funeral and the excitement is a real alleviation of their grief. Their pride solaces their sorrow and for years afterward they like to talk about what a great occasion it was and remember who was there. And undoubtedly the pleasure of getting their mourning and having new clothes carries many a bereaved widow through the first days of her loss.

So that's that, and whether it is hunk or not depends upon how you feel about it. Human nature is a queer thing. And perhaps none of us are so self-contained that we do not long for sympathy when we are in trouble and to feel that when we weep we do not weep alone. DOROTHY DIX.

DEAR MISS DIX—How can you win a woman? It is easy enough for a woman to win a man. She has only to flatter him a little and she has him going south, but you can't win a woman that way. At least I can't win the one I want that way.

She doesn't care for men and hardly notices them, except in a crowd. Then she will give one the sweetest kind of a smile, but before he can get to her she is about a block away.

ANSWER:

Well, you had better begin by limbering up your mouth, James. Girls like men who say a plenty. No dumb ones for them. And don't believe that any daughter of Eve doesn't like to be flattered. Every one of them just gobbles it up and eats out of the hand that feeds it to them.

There are serious ways of winning women. The strong-arm method is efficacious and I should recommend it in your case. When the lady runs away pursue her and overtake her. Don't ask her to marry you. Tell her that you are going to marry her. Don't listen to her objections. Use careman methods. Treat 'em rough.

Success also comes to the patient waiter, and if you camp on a girl's doorstep long enough you are pretty sure to get her. But my diagnosis of your case is for more active treatment. DOROTHY DIX.

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Fashion Fancies



THE flattering loveliness of a dainty wool bed jacket is something every woman appreciates. If the latest one, the corset it and cherishes the hope that someone will give her one some fine day. A pretty little knitted coat which belongs to the genre of bed and house jackets may be knitted in a garter stitch with long sleeves, trimmed above the wrist with a band of brushed wool with the same on the collar, two ties of ribbon make a pretty finish.

More elaborate bed jackets are crocheted in a pretty fancy stitch, say the star stitch, threaded with ribbon about the neck and sleeves and caught together over the breast with ribbon bows.

The star stitch is exceedingly pretty but very easily forgotten, so a description is therefore given below.

STAR STITCH

Draw a loop in each of four chains or stitches. Wool over hook, draw through all five loops on needle. Make one chain to bind stitch. Draw a loop through loop of chain, just made, a loop through back thread of stitch, a loop through same stitch as previous stitch or chain, a loop through each of next two stitches. Six loops in all on needle, wool over hook, draw through all stitches, make one chain to bind and repeat to end of row. Turn one chain. Two single crochets in every other stitch, all across the row and repeat star again. In starting row always chain three.

Willings.

Customer—"Do you mind if I steal a kiss?"

Waitress—"Not in the least, provided you don't steal it from me."

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They Aren't Doing Right By Poor Charles Ray

By JACK JUNGMEYER

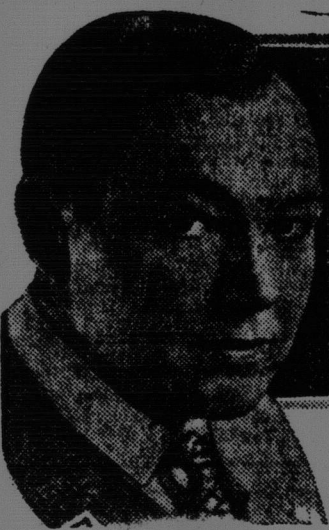
TO ME it seems a little pathetic that the superb dramatic talent of Charles Ray should be demeaned as it has been in "Bright Lights" as box-office bait. But the public, if such is its demand, gets what it deserves in this effort of Ray's producers to re-juvenate this fine sensitive, matured actor in a role that fits him ill.

"Bright Lights" is a picture in which Ray is presented as a preposterous yokel who clumsily essays the step from village to Broadway to win a cabaret dancer who has infatuated him during a country visit.

If there is anywhere within broad-casting distance of New York a "rube" so clumsily abashed and benighted as this one, any side-show would give a fortune to capture him. The character is manifestly stripped down to the antics of that mythical "hayseed" whose presumed existence seems essential to the city dweller's feeling of superiority. And Charlie does the role according to pattern.

The dancing girl, played by Pauline Starke, is taking a bath in a secluded countryside pool when our bashful hero discovers her. He releases her too from a snag and restores some undies she has forgotten. From that simple beginning love grows.

The flame is fed in an auto ride, and the girl who has always fended off freshies with a lighted cigar, casts aside this protection of an honest work-



CHARLES RAY.

ing "hooper" under the spell of the bucolic "Tom." The youth tries himself out in a costume he believes appropriate, and with the adopted manner of a certain type of Broadway beau, follows his flame to the city. Here he learns that clothes do not make the man, and also that the honest heart of the country pumpkin is more precious than any offerings of a city slicker.

Your Birthday

December 1—You have plenty of luck, and are determined, rather quiet and reserved, but full of fun. Your friends often follow your lead. You are kind and lovable, affectionate in your home, and always looking for an opportunity to add to the happiness of those you love. Beware of conceit and distrust those who love.

Your birth-stone is the turquoise, which means prosperity. Your flower is holly. Your lucky color is pink.

A Thought

The getting of treasures by a lying tongue is a vanity tossed to and fro of them that seek death.—Proverbs 21:6.

It is far more easy to acquire a fortune like a knave than to expend it like a gentleman.—Colton.

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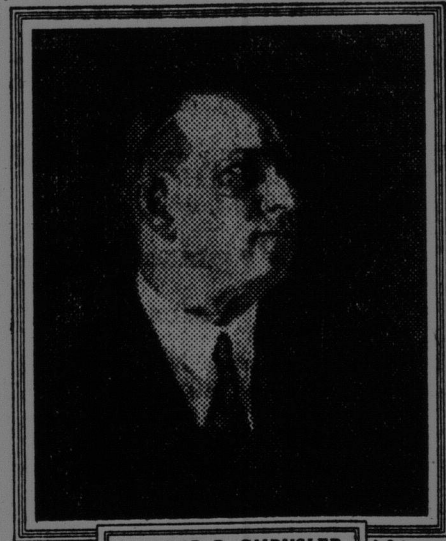
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—by WALTER P. CHRYSLER.

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ADVENTURES of the TWINS

by OLIVE ROBERTS BARTON

THE GIRL IN THE GARDEN.

The Twins followed Mister Blue Cap to the next picture in the picture gallery.

Like the one before, it, too, had steps leading up to it.

Behind the glass was a painting of a beautiful dark-eyed girl standing in a garden. All about were tall graceful ferns of a bluish color.

But as the Twins looked, the trees and flowers became real, moving their branches gently this way and that as though a breeze was blowing.

And the beautiful girl smiled at them sweetly and motioned for them to enter.

"Come along! Come along!" said Mister Blue Cap running up the magic steps that led up to the picture, and putting a tiny key into a small keyhole at the side of the frame.

Instantly the glass swung out like a door, and the Twins stepped into the garden, where the beautiful girl met them and took each one by the hand.

"I'll come for you later," said Mister Blue Cap. "This young lady will entertain you until I return."

"Certainly I shall," said the girl as she led the Twins to a low stone bench where all sat down. "Do you know where you are, children?"

"In a garden!" said Nancy. "Mister Blue Cap said that the name of this picture was 'A Girl in a Garden.' Is that right?"

The young lady laughed merrily. "Of course it is," she said. "But anybody with half an eye could see that without being told, couldn't they? But there is much more to it than people suppose. I'll tell you a secret. This is All Baba's garden, and these are the big jars the forty thieves hid in, and I am Margiana. You know the story of 'All Baba and the Forty Thieves,' don't you?"

"No, we don't," said Nick, "but we have heard of it. Would you mind telling us about it?"

"I thought all children, boys particularly, knew the story about All Baba and the Forty Thieves," said Margiana thoughtfully, "and how I, Margiana, saved All Baba's life three times. But since you do not know it, I shall tell you."

"There were two brothers," she began. "One was called Cassim and the other one was called All Baba. Cassim married a rich wife, but All Baba and his wife were poor. I was their slave—the only servant they had. I loved them both dearly."

"One day All Baba was out on his donkey when he got lost in the woods. He heard sounds of horses coming in great numbers, and being frightened, he hid in a tree."

"It turned out that he had reason to be frightened for forty horsemen rode up to the very tree he was hiding in, and dismounted."

"Their captain went up to a large rock nearby and said some magic words were 'Open Sesame.'"

"The rock opened, and the thieves took in all the gold they had with them and hid it inside."

"Then the captain said, 'Shut Sesame,' and the rock closed after them. After that they all rode away."

"What happened then?" asked Nick. "All Baba decided to get some gold for himself," said Margiana.

To Be Continued.

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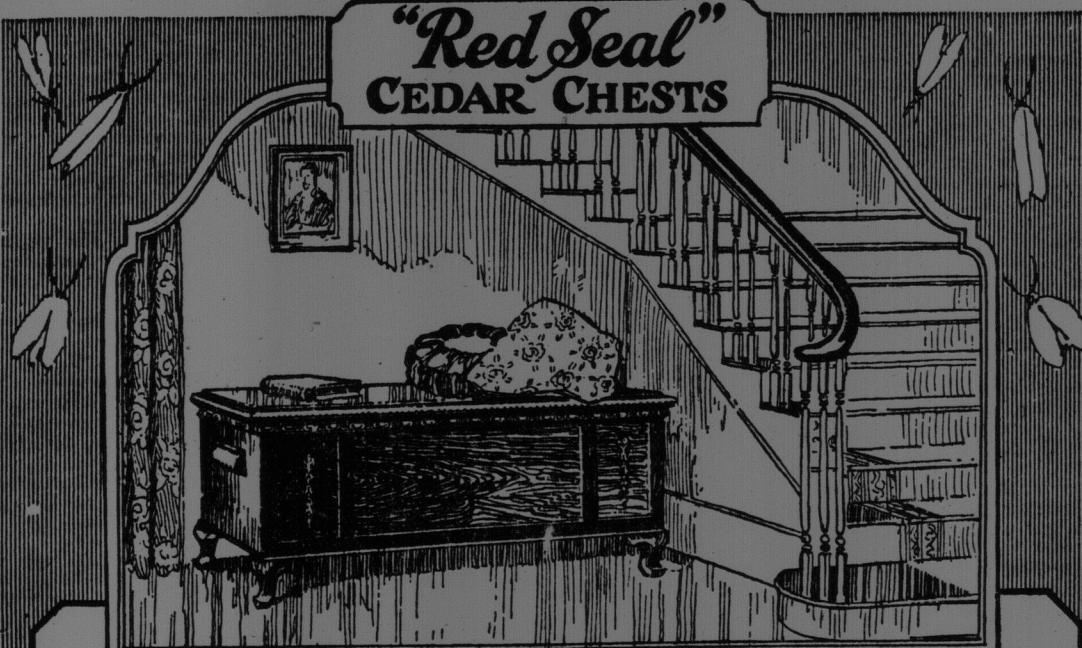
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