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THE TIMES-STAR FEATURE PAGE

Dorothy Dix

The Only Reward a Father Receives for His Years of Labor is the Love and Gratitude of His Family, So Repay Him by Making Him a Hero in the Eyes of His Children.

ARE you teaching your children to love and admire their father? Do you ceaselessly point out to your children the good qualities of their father?

Do you hold their father up as a hero before your children's eyes? Do you teach your children to appreciate their father?

If you do not you are not giving your husband a fair deal nor a run for his money. Fatherhood calls for just as many sacrifices as motherhood does. The only coin in which these can be repaid is affection and gratitude, and if he is defrauded of these he is poor indeed.

From the time the first baby is born the average man becomes literally the slave of his family. He sells himself into bondage so that his children may live soft that they may have advantages that he never had in his youth; that they may enjoy luxuries he never knew. He works overtime and grows prematurely old and bent, that his boys may go to college and belong to smart clubs and have automobiles, and that his daughters may attend fashionable schools, and dress like fashion plates, and go in the right circles.

It is father who stays at home and works through hot summers and cold winters, when the family goes to Europe or Palm Beach. It is father who wears the shabbiest clothes. It is father who has the worst room and the smallest closet space in the home. The percentage of money that father spends on himself and in gratifying his own personal tastes and desires is negligible. Virtually all the money he has earned by a lifetime of toil has been lavished on his family.

Whether this pays or not, whether all of this labor and anxiety and self-denial have been worthless or not, depends altogether on his children's attitude toward him. If they love him they are grateful to him; if they appreciate what he has done for them, it is the best investment that a man ever made, and it makes him richer than any millionaire. But if his children are indifferent and cynical; if they take all that he has done for them as no more than their due, and without even a "thank you"; if they see in him nothing but a shabby little man who hasn't been particularly successful as a money-maker, then all his life work goes for nothing. His sacrifices are without reward. He is bankrupt in heart.

NOW, the attitude of children toward their father is almost entirely determined by their mother, and whether they look upon him as a superior being to be adored and worshipped, or merely as a cash register that they can pinch whenever they want any money, depends altogether upon what she has taught them.

There are women who teach their children to hate and fear their father by making him an ogre to them. When the children are bad the little culprits are always threatened with what their father will do to them. The mother thus makes the father the hanging judge who inflicts punishment on the small sinners.

IN this way the mother fills the child's imagination with a picture of its father as of some dread creature who is always lying in wait to chastise him, and could never have any sympathy or understanding with him, and with whom he could never have any possible companionship. "I'll tell your father on you when he comes home," is the curse that millions of women lay between their children and their fathers, and seals the children's hearts forever against the fathers who have given them their very life blood.

There are other women who teach their children to regard their fathers simply as money-making machines that exist solely for their own use and benefit. What the children want they must have at any cost to father, and mother undertakes to nag it out of him. The children see that mother has no consideration for father and they grow up to hate him.

SHE never tells them that they must not even ask for something they desire because business is bad and their father is harassed and worried about money. She never tells them that they must stay at home and let father have a little trip, because he is sick and nervous. She lets them wring the last penny out of him with no more feeling for him than if he were a sort of automatic device worked by her for supplying their desires and needs.

Other women teach their children to despise their fathers by always criticizing them and calling attention to their faults. THEY are forever telling the children that their fathers are lacking in enterprise, that they are poor business men, that they are too easy and let people take advantage of them, that they are sweet-tempered and hard to get along with, that they have this and that weakness, until the child's mind is thoroughly poisoned with the idea that his father amounts to nothing and his opinions are not to be respected.

Very few women ever deliberately set themselves to teach their children to love and appreciate their fathers. Very few women ever try to make their children see their fathers as heroes who, for their sakes, are fighting the battle of life as bravely and gallantly as any knight of old. Very few women teach their children to show any gratitude to the fathers who have sacrificed so much for them.

WHY so many women fall in this important duty is partly through carelessness and a lack of thought, but mostly because of an unconscious mother jealousy. They want to be first with their children and monopolize their love.

But it is a cruel thing to the child, and to the father. It robs them both of so much joy in each other that they miss. DOROTHY DIX.

Fashion Fancies

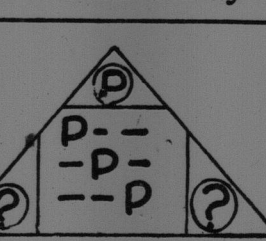


By Marie Belmont

JERSEY is one of the most effective materials possible for the young girl's early fall frock. The model shown above is typical of the simple two-piece frock that is so much in vogue at the present. The color is navy, blue, and a decided note of gaiety is imparted by the bright red leather collar and cuffs, and the wide red leather belt.

The same model would be effective in dark green, with softer green leather for trimming.

A Puzzle a Day



The state of Indiana has 33 villages and towns with names containing only three letters. That length for a word is so popular in the English language that in some cases the same three letters make three different words. Here is an example of this sort, but only the letter "p" is given. This is the first letter in one word, the second in another and third in another.

Can you discover the other two letters? Last puzzle answers: The ticket broker lost two world series tickets and \$30 on the transaction. You will recall that he charged \$20 for his tickets and now he also has a counterfeit fifty-dollar bill.

Cross-Word Puzzle For the Wee Folk

By LITTLE JOE.

In warm, dry climates grapes are dried in the sun. They shrivel up and turn a very dark purple. When in this condition they are called by another name. That name is number one across.

- ACROSS.
- 1—Dried grapes.
 - 2—Place where things are sold.
 - 3—To imitate.
 - 4—To be in debt.
 - 5—Grown-up boys.
 - 6—Italian River.
 - 7—Father.
 - 8—Paints.
 - 9—Fishing bag.
 - 10—Strong bleaching powder.

DOWN.

- 1—Poisonous snake.
- 2—Paragraph.
- 3—Therefore.
- 4—To press.

A Thought

Pleasant words are as a honey-comb, sweet to the soul and health to the bones.—Prov. 16:24.

HE THAT would please all and himself too undertakes what he cannot do.—Dutch proverb.

FLAPPER FANNY says



PETTY means small, but a lot of big girls are petty.

HEALTH NOTE.

"Gargling with antiseptics," says a medical expert, "will kill the influenza bacillus." Perhaps, but how do you make one of those bacilli stand still while you make it gargle?

Women Folk Rule and Run Business of Pretty Little English Village of Lawford, Essex

By MILTON BRONNER.

LAWFORD, Essex, Oct. 10.—The petticoat flying in the breeze alongside the British Union Jack!

It hasn't happened yet in this pretty little Essex hamlet, but there would be a poetic fitness if the inhabitants took their courage in their hands and brought this about.

For Lawford is a unique place in Great Britain. In the United Kingdom there are 2,000,000 more women than men, but men still rule the roost, carry on the government, hold down most of the jobs and carry on the public business—except in Lawford. Here the men let the women do the work.

Every day from eight in the morning until six in the evening it's a woman's town. The men are gone all day, most of them working in big factories in towns near by. So they have neither time nor inclination to hold down the jobs that are left in Lawford. Fact is, about the only men left in the place on week days are three:

The parson. The coffin-maker. The grave digger. If you've got any business in the way of placing some poor person in the almshouse or paying your taxes or talking about hamlet improvements, the person you have to deal with is Miss Emily Spooner, overseer, tax collector and clerk to the parish council. She has been holding the jobs since 1905, succeeding her father and grandfather. She was raised on the job. She can calculate taxes lightning fast.

If you've got a child who is of school age, then the person you have to see is Miss Kate Rowell, who is the school mistress and who in turn was preceded by a woman.

Outside of the school and the parish offices and the rectory there is only one other important place in Lawford. That's the postoffice. And here you find Miss Martha Payne. She has been on the job for ten years and was preceded by three post-mistresses.

And when Post-mistress Payne calls in her staff of letter-carriers, does a trousered brigade answer the summons. It does not! Petitionals to the force once more! For the post-women are Mrs. Mary Reason, who has served for 16 years and Miss Scott who has served for 23.

Your Birthday

October 11—You are methodical, painstaking and cautious, and seldom make a mistake. You are too fond of having your own way. You make your home very attractive, and gather around you a great number of true friends. Beware of the green-eyed monster in your love affairs.

Your birth-stone is the opal, which means hope. Your flower is the hop. Your lucky colors are yellow and white.



Mrs. Mary Reason (left) and Miss Jane Scott (right), Lawford's letter carriers. Insert, Miss Emily Spooner, parish clerk and tax collector.

Adventures of the Twins

By OLIVE ROBERTS BARTON

UNCLE RINGTAIL'S CAR.

After lunch Mister Coon took his two little nephews, Cornie and Cobble, out for a ride in his new car.

He had bought a new racing car as yellow as a pumpkin and built in such a shape that it looked more like a boat than an automobile.

But Mister Coon never intended to race and what was more, he didn't intend to have those youngsters racing either, he said. "The thing is—just drive slowly and enjoy the country and watch all the signs. If everybody would only watch the road signs there wouldn't be any trouble and there would be no more wrecks."

"Now watch me, boys," said the Uncle Ringtail as they all got into the car. "First of all I put my foot on this little knob on the floor and fix this jiggamamam on the wheel—so. Then I press the knob with my foot and that starts the engine. Then I fix the thingamam on the floor and the jiggamam back to where it was. Then I'm all ready to start."

"Yes, Uncle," said Cornie and Cobble, watching with all their might.

"The next thing to do is to start the car. See this handle—how it wiggles? Well, I'm going to do something with it, but I can't move it where I want to until I press this big pedal in the floor down with my foot. Now I can put the handle where I want it. And Uncle Ringtail pushed it gently toward him.

"Yes, Uncle," said Cornie and Cobble together.

"Now, when I take my foot off the pedal the car will move," said the coon gentleman. "As I don't want it to move too suddenly and jerk our heads off, I shall take my foot off slowly, like this."

"Yes, Uncle," the little coons started to say. But they were so surprised when the long yellow car started to move, they grabbed each other and held on tight. "Hoo-ee!" they moved.

"I have to move this handle three times," said Mister Ringtail. "And each time I have to push the pedal down first. Watch me!"

So the little fellows watched, and by and by the car made no more noise, but rolled along as smoothly as a salmon pie out for an airing.

"Isn't it fine?" grinned Cornie. "Just whopping!" agreed Cobble. "Please go a little faster, Uncle."

"What does the little speedometer say?" asked Mister Coon.

"It says 15 miles," said Cobble. "Well, I might go a little bit faster," said Mister Coon cautiously. "But very

SCIENCE SEEKS TO CUT TOLL OF DUST EXPLOSIONS

By DAVID DIETZ.

A dust explosion laboratory is one of the newest ventures of the U. S. bureau of chemistry.

The importance of investigation in this field is pointed out by Dr. Hylton R. Brown of the bureau, who calls attention to the fact that 45 lives were lost, 28 people injured and \$3,000,000 worth of property destroyed in the United States, he says.

These are plants manufacturing dusty products, such as starch, sugar, spices, cocoa and plants where dust is produced during the manufacture of wooden ware, aluminum ware, corks and other products.

This hazard is also high in grain elevators. Dr. Brown says that investigations of the bureau show that all combustible dusts and some not generally regarded as combustible will explode, when mixed with the proper amount of air, as the result of a spark.

Such sparks may be caused in plants by the breaking of an electric light bulb or by an over-heated machine bearing.

Sparks of static electricity, such as sometimes take place in moving machinery or belts, may also cause such an explosion.

The dust explosion laboratory will work to provide practical means to prevent both the formation of dust clouds of an explosive nature and the occurrence of sparks which might set off such clouds in an explosion.

Harvard University may establish a graduate school of agriculture for special research in agricultural problems if the trustees act upon the report made by a special committee.

This committee recommends such a school with an endowment of \$12,000,000. This endowment would provide \$150,000 yearly for the maintenance of 15 professors. It would provide another \$150,000 for the upkeep of laboratories and \$24,000 a year for providing fellowships.

The committee estimates that such a school would have an enrollment of about 400 graduate students.

Gambling Nets Parisian 12,000,000 Francs Each Year

THE most written up military discipline in the barracks and valor force in the whole world is the famous Foreign Legion which France uses in all desperate campaigns and particularly in Africa.

Romances have been woven about it, lies have been told about it, figures have been distorted.

It is popularly supposed to contain only foreigners, desperate fellows all, and many of them having dark chapters in their lives which they wish to hide.

And, singularly enough, the bulk of the troops are supposed to be Germans, who for various reasons hate their own country and seek service under the flag of her bitterest foe.

As a matter of cold fact, the Foreign Legion is made up as follows: 50 per cent. Frenchmen, 14 per cent. Germans and 30 per cent. other nationalities.

In the main most of these men have had troubles of some kind or other. Some have been distinguished men in their day. Hence the French officers in charge of the legion never ask questions.

Nor does one legendary question another. A veil is drawn over their past.

All that is required of them is iron discipline.

ANDRE CITROEN, famous French auto king, used to be known as the plunger for excellence at fashionable Deauville in France.

But this year he has been eclipsed by another Parisian, M. Kahn. They say he never loses, never has lost.

Deauville with bated breath tell you he goes to the Casino to play as calmly as a business man goes to his office to conduct the day's work.

In fact, it is his work. And they whisper that the income from his business of bucking the Casino is 12,000,000 francs per annum.

A PARTY of newspaper men were gathered together in the Press Club of London. The American was telling the Britons what was news.

"If you tell Americans that a princess is lovely, that is only passably interesting. If you say she has very big feet and prove it by a picture—that's news."

"Oh, but we would never print that!" said one of the Fleet Street men.

"We would," said the American drily.

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