

Woman's Realm - Social and Personal - Fashions - Literature

Are Late Marriages Happier?

Dorothy Dix

Considers Too - Early Marriages Tragical

The Later Marriage Usually Proves More Successful Than the Early Marriage, Because the More Mature a Man and Woman Are, the More Experience and Judgment They Are Apt to Have

The Rockefeller Institute has been having the Holy Estate scientifically investigated and it finds out that marriages made late in life prove much sapper than early marriages.



to not possess, and that will change those whom they are espousing from what they are into what they should be.

It has always seemed to me the most tragic and bitterly ironic thing in the world that we not only permit, we actually encourage boys and girls to wreck their lives by making early marriages, just because the poets and the novelists have sold us the idea that there is something particularly romantic and beautiful in love's young dream.

At an age when a lad is so immature of judgment that we would not trust him to pick out an automobile by himself, we permit him to select a wife. At a time of life when a girl changes her mind as often as she does her frock, and when she is crazy about a thing one day and loathes it the next, we let her make a life contract.

And we justify ourselves in this by taking a lot of drivel about the adaptability of youth and boy husbands and girl wives growing up together and developing along the same lines and being drawn closer together by their early struggles, and so on.

That is why young husbands and wives fight like cats and dogs, and why older married people, who have acquired tact and discretion and self-control, live peaceably together.

As for youthful husbands and wives growing up together and developing along the same lines, that is sheer luck when it happens, and it doesn't happen once in a blue moon.

The other broadens, grows, learns, becomes as different from the boy or girl he or she was at marriage as a babe is from a mature man or woman.

Furthermore, early marriages go on the rocks because the boy husbands and the girl wives have not had their playtime. They are not ready to settle down. In the phrase of the day they "want to go places and see things and do things".

Under the influence of a temporary romantic spell they think that they are willing to give all this up for the sake of being married, but once the fact is accomplished and life settles down to the jog trot of domesticity and their wedding finery wears out and they get shabby and it is walking babies with the colic instead of going to a night club, then they call marriage a failure and only too often throw up their hands and quit.

As a matter of fact, marriage is like every other venture in life. The more intelligent you are, the more experience you have, the sounder judgment you bring to bear upon it, the more likely you are to make a success of it.

TOBACCO FOR THE SHEEP forms a cake which the sheep will lick when placed before them in the field or pen. This recommendation is made by Dr. Lionel Stevenson, author of the federal bulletin "Common Animal Parasites Injurious to Sheep in Eastern Canada," in which he states that for a flock unused to the tobacco a slightly less proportion of tobacco should be used for a week or two at the beginning.

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Now light on feet as 40 years ago. Almost immediate relief. Thanks to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills (Tonic). "Some years ago, when residing in Birmingham, England," writes Arthur B. Fenn, "I was suffering from a severe attack of sciatica; could only walk by the aid of a cane and every movement caused agonizing pain. A friend asked me 'Why not try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills?' I purchased a box and, strictly adhering to the printed instruction, I was greatly benefited. Before long I was able to discard my stick. I became entirely well. Every symptom of sciatica disappeared—and today I am as light on my feet as 40 years ago."

A Personal Interview With DOROTHY DIX



Dorothy Dix was standing on the upper gallery of her lovely stone house that faces Audubon Park in New Orleans greeting an utter stranger who had sought the interview.

"Isn't life that matters! The courage you bring to it." This opening line of Walpole's Fortitude might have been creid aloud it sounded so clearly in the stranger's ear. For the flame of courage flashed from the eyes of this grey-haired woman, small of stature, gentle of face and soft of voice.

Five or six years later William Randolph Hearst came to know of the work of Dorothy Dix on The Picayune and sent for her to come to New York and work on The Journal, which she did for twenty years. There she continued her daily Dorothy Dix Talks. In addition she did all sorts of human interest stories, covered all the important murder trials from 1901 to 1920 or thereabouts, and would literally "drip out" her sob stories to the world.

"The problems of the working women of New York fascinated me. I rode miles each day in trolley car, elevated and subway, side by side with them," says Mrs. Gilmer. "They would bury their head in the latest newspaper and snatch eagerly the only moment out of their hectic day to read. And they were young—pitifully young. And what they read was all important for they looked to the written word for guidance."

There is no secret to the answer to any of those questions. Dorothy Dix has never evaded the public eye, but she has developed no startling eccentricities, enlisted no fanfare of triumphs. She has lived most of her life in New Orleans where she started on her great adventure as emissary plenipotentiary to the troubled heart, and in New York where she wrote her lachrymose news stories as the original "Bob Sister."

Yes, this Dorothy Dix might well be called the universal philanthropic psychiatrist as she stands alone as one to whom the world may appeal to analyze its mental pain—nor race, nor creed, nor color, nor fee, need bar one from her diagnosis. Small wonder then that she is of interest to this news reading world no matter what angle her story is presented.

Born Elizabeth Meriwether in Woodstock, Tennessee, as she would tell you, she "learned to read, graduated from the academy in a love of an organdie dress, tucked up my hair and got married" all in less than twenty years. They came responsibility. As Mrs. Gilmer, and barely out of her teens, she faced the necessity of making her own living and caring for others.

Fate, with the usual twist brought her an illness that took her to the Gulf Coast to recuperate and landed her in the news room of the New Orleans Times Picayune on the princely salary of \$5.00 a week. From then on the smudge of the printer's ink was on her hands. Body and soul she went at her job to which she carried a keen mind, an interest in people, an inquisitiveness of life in general and courage.

She had faced responsibility and disillusionment at less than twenty-five. The same indomitable spirit carried her into this untried newspapering and kept her at the daily round of city street and court room. Then she was told to write a daily column for women readers. Courageously she decided to tell women what, in that day and time, few of them had ever heard, the truth about themselves. She did it and headed her column DOROTHY DIX TALKS.

The newspapers clamored for her articles and the mailbox bulged until she had to give up her other work and set herself down to the business of answering these letters. A great syndicate took over the task of sending out her articles for they go to hundreds of papers in America and to every land and country where an English-printed paper is published. Saskatchewan and Africa not only read what she has to say but pour a goodly proportion of letters into her mailbox asking her advice and receiving a bit of her flame to carry on.

Adulation, honors and great sums of money which she has the satisfaction of having earned herself have not changed the simple charm of this woman. Her greeting is sincere, the clasp of her little soft hand is firm, the modulation of her voice is unaffected. Her interest in your problem is genuine. It does not matter if she has heard the same story in a thousand variations. She must help you. Like a surgeon she probes your wounds with skill and understanding so the throbs will cease and healing will come with proper treatment.

Mrs. Elizabeth Meriwether Gilmer is a woman of rare charm of manner and culture. She has chosen the language of the masses not from any lack of knowledge or conversance with the highest culture of the past and present. Her vocabulary and style were made to fit her need. That long line of working girls, those busy fathers and mothers and their problems stand clearly in her mind. She must write so they will read.

So Dorothy Dix talked to them with her printers ink. She reasoned with them on the fundamentals of life and loving and in their own up-to-the-minute slang. She foresaw their needs and desires and with her calm but spicy wisdom she gave them sound advice they would never have heeded had it been garbed in other words. Then letters began to pour into her mail box. Men and women, boys and girls brought their problems to her. Sometimes it was a domineering parent, a wayward girl, a philandering husband or a nagging wife who caused the trouble. Dorothy Dix pondered over their case and gave sincere and practical advice.

Nor is this prophet without honor in her own country and among her own kind for New Orleans knows, loves and delights to honor Dorothy Dix. Tulane University of the Louisiana conferred on her degree of Doctors of Letters "in recognition of her exalted character, her eminent attainment in Arts and Letters, her constant devotion to truth and welfare of society." Oglethorpe University of Atlanta conferred an honorary degree on her this May. The city of New Orleans designated a "Dorothy Dix Day" in June of 1928, and the city turned out to do her honor. A silver service, flowers from 500 factory girls, roses named for her were among her gifts but the greatest was this: Dr. Dixon, president of Newcomb College said, "One reason for the phenomenal popularity of Dorothy Dix is that in her solution of problems she always appeals to the self-respect of her questioners, reminding them that within themselves are the only judges from whose decisions there can be no appeal."

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Six days a week she works for eight or nine months a year. The week-ends she spends at her beautiful country home at Pass Christian, Mississippi, where the front verandah looks intently over the blue waters of the Gulf of Mexico. There she plays with two little grand nieces and her dog, a companion of years, under the live oaks. There she trains her rose vines and in the wood lot she plants her wild flowers and finds the restfulness she needs after "those bits of bleeding flesh." "Three or four months of every year Dorothy Dix spends in the far corners of the globe. Last year she went deep into the Persian desert and this June she sets sail for the South Sea Islands, Australia and Hong Kong.

Is it only working girls who read Dorothy Dix? One glance at the signatures in her mail bag would tell a remarkable story, but a story that is not told. She never betrays a confidence. A physiologist of note wrote to her some years ago to ask her judgment. He was trying to work out his difficulties with his wife without resorting to divorce and felt she could give dispassionate and clear sighted advice. She wrote him what she thought would be his best course.

He answered that his personal closeness to his problem had made him overlook the very means she suggested. Much later he wrote that all well another unbroken home lay to her credit.

In a little South Carolina town a negro cook suddenly brightened and sang again at her work after a period of depression. Her mistress knew she had had trouble with her husband more intent on circulating among the ladies of his color than in tending to the fires of his hearth and so she asked if Gordon was doing better. "He sho' is Mrs. Mary. I done learnt how to make him. I jest sit down every night and reads what Miss Dorothy Dix says to do to husbands and then I tries it out on Gordon. I 'bout got that man where he belongs. Miss Dorothy knows how to handle'em."

It is surprising that a woman should keep a balanced perspective of old human nature after such close ups of perversities and warps and twists. But Dorothy Dix sees straight. She will tell you that customs and clothes, differences in transportation and speed of communications have not changed husbands and wives and lovers since the Garden of Eden. She herself will tell you she has known poverty and sorrow and breaking toll. That has not clouded her vision. The simple expedient she preaches lies within the power of all who cry to her for help—to set your feet in the right road and get up and try again no matter how many times life flattens you out.

Dorothy Dix is about sixty. Her hair is white and wavy and her skin is as fine of texture and delicate of coloring as a woman of twenty-five could wish. Her eyes are brown. Her eyes. Well it is the eyes that give the clearest index to the woman. There is an inquisitive tilt to her finely shaped head that tells part of the story. But the eyes look out on life with a clearness, a kindness, an eagerness to know—and with the flame of high courage.

For The Cook

ASPARAGUS ROLLS

Medium-sized canned asparagus is best for the rolls, which are a variation of the old-time favorite, the dainty little roll of bread and butter with a spring of cream at its end. But the flavor of the asparagus with the bread and butter or toast is exceedingly delicious and has made these little rolls a great favorite for afternoon tea and supper service; they are served either toasted or untoasted—or may be done in quantities in the baking oven.

The bread must be very fresh, it is to roll successfully and every vestige of crust must be trimmed away so that there is nothing to encourage "breaking." Spread with soft butter, lay a stalk of asparagus on the slice, season with salt and pepper or paprika and roll it up like a miniature jelly roll. Secure the rolls with toothpicks. Put on a rack or pan in the oven and bake them—or if you prefer, toast the rolls.

Advertisement for Ben's Beans featuring a woman and the slogan "He'll never know the Difference". Includes text: "Home Sweet Home Style! It took a whole night's soaking and a whole day's attention to make the old fashioned baked beans. And it was worth it. But now it isn't necessary. Just heat a can of Ben's neither in looks or taste can you tell them from the best old home make. Now you can have Saturday eve. Now you can save fuel and labor. Keep some spare cans in the pantry and you can always have a meal in a minute. Ben's Beans".



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