

Dorothy Dix Says

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every one. No matter how educated a man may be and no matter how much he may admire the college woman at a distance, the woman who is to be his wife must have sympathetic understanding.

ANSWER: In former days, when college educations for girls were as rare as twenty carat diamonds, the college woman may have flaunted her degree in people's faces and felt herself superior.

I know scores of women who have had a college education and have forgotten it, so to speak, and who are competent business women and splendid wives and mothers and whose conversation is just ordinary stuff—their work, the new styles, the price of groceries, the baby's diet, etc.

And as for an education making a woman unsympathetic and lacking in understanding that's all piffle. The more a woman knows, the more she understands. The broader her vision, the greater her toler-

ance. In educating a woman's head you also educate her heart and make finer and keener her sensibilities.

DEAR DOROTHY DIX: Is it true that only the illiterate are jealous? Can it be overcome? And if so, how?

ANSWER: Jealousy has nothing to do with literacy. Many very highly educated and intelligent people are victims of the green-eyed monster, but it always seems to me that they are lacking in common sense and the ability to see things in the right proportion.

DOROTHY DIX cannot reply personally to readers, but will answer problems of general interest through her column.

CLAMP ON CONTROLS

FRANKFURT, Germany, Sept. 1 (AP)—The Americans clamped down harder today on the shipping of strategic supplies to iron curtain countries by stopping 356 former U. S. army trucks headed for Hungary. Several carloads of

R. C. M. F. COUNTERPARTS

Police in Australia's Northern Territory have beats as large as 168,000 square miles. unidentified materials also were held up at West Germany's eastern border, the American high commission announced.

Marrying Mark

By VIOLETTE KIMBALL DUNN

Continued

"Yes, it was rather terrible. We all did what we could for Ellen but there was never much you could do for Ellen. She had something more than a mind of her own. I never knew anybody like her, and I've known a few strange women. To look at her you'd think she had walked out of a fairy tale—face and body and voice. With a will like a stone wall or any other piece of inflexibility.

"She'd had a pretty thorough grounding in the matter of duty, and her duty to Valerie became a sort of obsession. The fact that she had what amounted to a horror of the child made her all the more determined about it. The poor baby was nervous and shy—the sort of creature who should have been swamped in love and understanding. But Ellen called it weakness and sent her off to school before she could speak plainly, to stiffen her backbone and give her strength, her mother said."

Shirley stopped and looked at Lucy. But Lucy was staring out the tree beyond the windows. Presently she said, "And how did she—I mean, you know—"

"How did she meet Mark? In a box at the opera, I believe. When they were both bored almost to the point of insensibility. She sat next him afterward at supper, and he told me the next day he was perfectly sure he had made her up, although he was quite sober at the time. Six months I saw them married."

"Did she love him?" asked Lucy Boldly. Shirley clasped her slim hands under her chin. "I never knew. Of course Mark was a terrific catch, and by that time the architect was married. If she did marry Mark without loving him—well, he isn't the sort of person to treat that way, that's all."

"And what was Valerie doing all this time?" "She was at school, or the very best camps, or spending a scant two weeks at Wide Acres, terrified of her mother and trying to keep out of sight. From the minute Ellen married Mark she made pleasure her business. How she worked at it! Almost as if she were afraid to stop. And she grew more beautiful all the time. Somehow, it gave me the creeps."

"If I'd only know before, I might have made a better job—I mean of Valerie, said Lucy. "Oh, my dear, don't feel like that about it," said Shirley. Suddenly she laid a hand on Lucy's. "Maybe I shouldn't have told you. I thought it might help. But you seem to have sensed Valerie's need so completely, perhaps I was wrong."

"It's going to help a lot," said Valerie. She managed a small smile. "Valerie's coming along to where she'll need even better understanding. She's so young and so gay, and yet she's always sort of poised for flight, if you know what I mean. As if she were still a little afraid perhaps that someone would be unkind, or that something would hurt her."

"She'll outgrow it. I used to think she never would, but since I've seen what you've done with her I know better."

"You're awfully kind," Lucy said. "I don't know why you are, but I do appreciate it."

Shirley looked at her a long minute. "Because I like you," she said. "I don't know the first thing about you except that you're frightfully clever. But somehow I get the impression that you haven't had too good a time yourself."

"Oh, I have—really! Of course I don't remember my mother, but my father was very kind to me, when he thought of me at all. He sent me to college and all that. It's only since he went that things became a bit trying. And just look at the break I've had since then. I'm still expecting to wake up and find I've dreamed you all."

"Well, you haven't. I like you a lot, and I adore Valerie. Just money doesn't pay for what you've done for her. And then of course there's Mark—always."

Lucy looked at her quickly. She spoke quite calmly, but there was the sudden sense of a curtain lifted. It embarrassed Lucy terribly, although she had guessed long ago how matters stood with Shirley.

"Don't bother about me," Shirley said, watching her. "It's rather nice to tell someone. I suppose I've told the world long ago that I love Mark. I know people pretty well. It's my business. And secrets are safe with you. You'd never tell your own either, would you?"

Lucy tried to think of something to say. Loving Mark was locked up deep inside her. She could no more imagine telling it than doing any other fantastic thing. "But you're so lovely, and clever—how do you know that, well, that everything won't come right?" "Men don't want you to be clever. Not if they love you. Emotion and brains don't mix. Oh, I know all about the modern spirit! But rub the nice fresh surface off the vertebrae and you'll find the old bromide underneath, doing business as usual. Women almost like me. But men are all the same. The vision of your name on a book jacket, and they're off. I mean when it comes to emotion. That is, of course, the men who interest you. I met Mark a year before Ellen did, but she was the one he married."

Halifax Marine Engineer

Forman David Knox Dies in Windsor, N.S.

WINDSOR, Sept. 5—A Halifax resident, Forman David Knox, died at Eastern Kings Memorial Hospital Sunday following a short illness. He was 68 years old.

Mr. Knox was visiting his daughter, Mrs. Lee Johnston in Hantsport when he took sick, and was removed to hospital Friday. He was a marine engineer and lived at 68 Shirley Street, Halifax. Besides his widow, he is survived by two daughters, Helen (Mrs. Lee Johnston, Hantsport, and Grace (Mrs. W. E. MacKay) Charlottetown; two sisters, Miss Bessie Knox, Kentville, and Mrs. Morris Ritey, Somerville, Mass.; two brothers, William and Captain Carmel, Lower Rose Bay, Lunenburg County; and one foster-brother, Harvey Massey, also of Lower Rose Bay; and three grandsons.

The remains were forwarded from Lindsays Funeral Parlor to Cruickshanks Funeral Home in

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Halifax. Funeral services were held Tuesday with interment in the family lot, Fairview Cemetery.

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