Dorothy Dix's Letter Box

The Widower Who Finds All Old Maids Selfish—Capable Miss Nineteen Who Belie ves She Can Rescue a Piece of Damaged Goods by Ma rrying Him — The Use of Cosmetics, Pro and Con

DEAR MISS DIX—Whl you be kind enough to inform me why nearly all old maids are selfish? I am a widower and I thought I would marry an old maid, but I find they are so selfish they don't want to get married. You say a man ought to divide his income fifty-fifty with his wife. Don't you know there are a lot of women that would spend their half for powder and puffs? Besides, nine-tenths of the women are selfish when it comes to their own children.

J. B. J.

Answer:

All of us are selfish, Mr. J. B. J., and if old maids are more selfish than married women it is for the same reason that old bachelors are more selfish than married men.

Matrimony doesn't always bring happiness to a man and woman, but it is the greatest disciplinarian and developer of character that human ingenuity has ever invented. Nobody ever goes through the mill of wedlock and comes out the same. It chastens the proudest spirit. It bends the most stubborn back. It puts a few crimps in the most cast-iron will.

Why even the married look so married you can spot them at sight. Something is gone out of their jaunty appearance that they once had, something is lacking of the cocksureness of the unmarried, for no man can listen to his wife's criticism without having his head permanently deflated, and no woman can hear what her husband really thinks of her without feeling that she is a poor worm of the dust that hasn't any real reason for existing.

Above all, married people find out that no two people can live together without a mutual give and take, and so they learn how to consider others instead of themselves. Also, they find out that whatever else it may be marriage is sacrificial altar, and because they have to give up their own wills, their own desires, their own pleasures for their husbands and wives and children, they learn to be unselfish.

It is the old bachelors and the old maids who have "ways," who get faddy about their food and who are upset if anything interferes with their personal comfort. Husbands and wives who have brought up a house full of children have never had time to coddle themselves and develop temperamental peculiarities.

But I cannot agree with you that old maids, as a class, are selfish. On the contrary, my experience of them has been that they are most unselfish. Before you condemn them think of the married women you know who have given their whole lives to taking care of querulous old parents. Isn't it the old-maid daughter who slaves away and supports mother and father and bears with their whims and crochets, while the married children have gone off to homes of their own?

And think of the old maids you know who spend all of their earnings on their families, who work beyond their strength to put nephews through college and give pretty nieces clothes and pay sister's doctor's bills and help brother when he gets out of work.

I know plenty of these self- abnegating angels who go shabby themselves and do without all the things they would like to have in order to give to their families. I know plenty of old maids earning fine salaries who are dooming themselves to the poor house or to a dependent old age because they have not enough intelligent selfishness to save up the money to live on when they will be too old to work.

I stand by my guns in saying that a man should go fifty-fifty with his wife on the money proposition. If the woman has been a good wife, she has earned it and it belongs to her by rights, and her husband needn't be afraid that she will spend it foolishly. If she was that sort, there wouldn't be any money to divide because a husband's prosperity depends upon his wife's thrift as much as upon his earning capacity. Besides, any woman can get more out of a dollar than a man can.

Of course, mothers are selfish about their children. That is why they want to save money so as to give their girls and boys advantages.

DOROTHY DIX.

DEAR MISS DIX—We are a group of young married folks who would like your opinion of this situation:

We know a girl who is pretty, popular, with a spotless reputation and who holds a responsible business position. She is in love with a man who drinks to excess, gambles recklessly, is immoral and has been divorced from one wife. This girl of 19 maintains that she will wait for this man to have his fling and is sure he will settle down after they are married. She insists there is good in him if it can be brought to the surface, but we are of the opinion that it is too deeply buried ever to be dug out by mortal woman. What do you think?

OBSERVERS.

Answer:

Doubtless there is some good in everybody, but why any girl wants to make herself an excavating committee to try to exhume the one grain of gold in the ton of mud and slime in such a man must forever remain one of the conundrums that nobody can guess.

It has always seemed to me that nothing but colossal vanity ever prompts a woman to marry a man to reform him. It is her egotism that makes her think she is a miracle-worker who can transform a weak character into a strong one, who can quench a drunkard's thirst and turn a philanderer into a stay-at-home husband.

Of course, lots of girls have this inflated estimate of their own hypnotic powers, and every day we see them marrying drunkards and roues, and lazy, shiftless ne-er-do-wells in the fond belief that all these men need is their sacred influence to make them sober, moral, industrious husbands. And later on we see them rising up in the night to let in drunkards, or hurrying off to divorce courts, or taking in boarders to support men who are still too tired to work. For the unalterable fact remains that if a man will not go straight for the sake of his own manhood he will never do it for any woman.

I should say that if this particular girl marries this particular man she will not have one chance in a thousand of happiness. And why, when there are so many worthwhile men in the world, does she pick out this particular piece of damaged goods?

DOROTHY DIX.

DEAR MISS DIX—Will you tell me what you think about the use of cosmetics?

A SOUTH CAROLINA READER.

Answer:

I approve of the use of cosmetics when they are used artistically and so as to enhance the good looks of a woman. I disapprove when they are used inartistically and disfigure a woman. I hold it is every woman's bounden duty to be balm to the eyes of the beholder if she possibly can, and there is no question but that a little judiciously applied rouge and lipstick and powder are a godsend to the sallow and the middle-aged.

But, on the other hand, a woman who is painted up like a house afire, whose nose resembles a marshmallow and whose mouth looks like a raw cut of butcher's meat, commitits the unpardonable sin against art and all good taste.

So, to my mind, whether the use of cosmetics is right or wrong depends on how you use them.

DOROTHY DIX.

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THE CHANNEL RETALIATES

Mercedes Gleitz, London stenographer, who swam the English channel a month ago, fails on her second attempt and is hauled from the water into an accompanying dory. Her second crossing was undertaken to vindicate her first, upon which she considered Dr. Dorothy Logan's "hoax swim" a reflection.

BREAKING OUT OF PIMPLES

On Body and Thighs. Lost Sleep. Cuticura Healed.

"I had a breaking out of pimples on my body and thighs. They itched and burned so badly that I could not help scratching them, and then they would form sore eruptions. I could hardly stand to have my clothes touch them, and could not sleep at night nor rest at all.

"I began using Cuticura Soap and Ointment and in a week the itching and burning stopped and I could sleep better. I continued the treatment, and after using three cakes of Cuticura Soap and four boxes of Cuticura Ointment I was healed." (Signed) Cone Waters, R. F. D. 2, Metter, Ga., Jan. 31, 1927.

Rely on Cuticura Soap and Ointment to keep your skin clear.

Soap 25c. Ointment 25 and 50c. Talcum 25c. Sold everywhere. Sample each free. Address: "Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. H, Malden, Mass." Cuticura Shaving Stick 25c.

CARS WASHED
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Greene Street Auto Laundry
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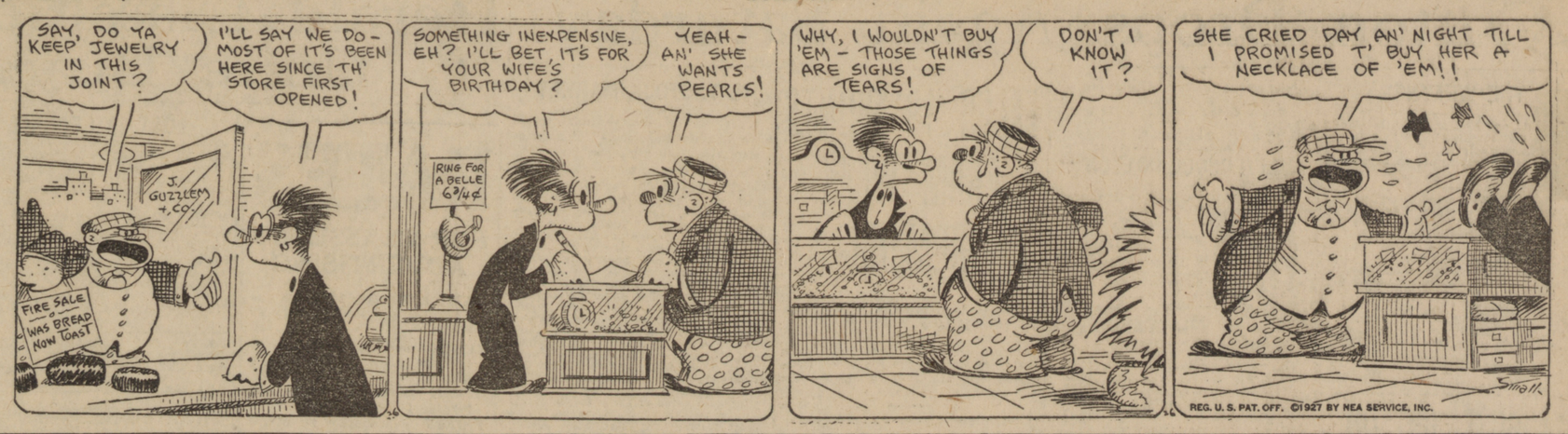

The Blazing Horizon

AIFA FICTION NEA

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THE STORY THUS FAR

The story begins in 1880, in the wicked little cow town of CALDWELL, Kas., close to the Indian territory border.

TONY HARRISON, 13-year-old son of JEFF HARRISON, a handsome gambler, is orphaned when TOM BENTON, a cattle thief, shoots his father in a poker game.

The boy is befriended by GORDON W. LILLIE, then a restaurant waiter and later to be known as PAWNEE BILL; by JOE CRAIG, foreman of the Bar K ranch, who takes Tony to the Bar K to live, and by COLONEL TITUS MOORE, owner of the ranch.

Lillie thinks somewhat of joining DAVID PAYNE, who is agitating for the opening of the Indian territory lands, but he gets an offer of a school teaching post in Pawnee and accepts it.

CHAPTER VI

Joe Craig rode up the gentle rise and when he reached the top he reined in his horse. "Just pull up a minute, Tony," he called to his companion. "Ain't that a pretty sight?"

From their little eminence they could see the rough ranch house of the Bar K. South of them flowed the Salt Fork of the Arkansas, several miles away; and in between was a vast herd, munching peacefully at the succulent grass.

The sky was flawless, and the earth a carpet of green. They had just returned from Colonel Chivington's ranch near Turkey Creek with a small herd of yearlings. Other matters had intervened to delay their trip several days, but the job was done and the yearlings turned out to graze on some choice bottom land of Joe Craig's selection.

Craig sighed. "You know, Tony, I sometimes think I should of been born a poet."

Tony Harrison smiled.

"Yes," Craig continued, "I should of been. You know, it ain't right to look on a landscape like this without being able to express your feelings in the proper kind of words. I guess I would of been a poet, too, only I just couldn't seem to make the words rhyme. I can rope a steer with the next man and tame the meanest cayuse that ever reared back on two legs and pawed at the sun. But it just ain't in me to assemble words together so's they sound pleasing to the ear.

"Take the Salt Fork, for instance; the only words I could ever rhyme with them two was salt pork—and this is beef country, Tony."

Tony threw back his head and laughed—and the lauhgter fell like music on Joe Craig's ears. The shadow of tragedy that had fallen on Tony Harrison had not yet gone, but it was lifting, and under the magic of Joe Craig's warm companionship the blow had softened and the boy's moroseness was disappearing.

His appearance, too, had undergone a change. Already he was healthily tanned, and a week of ranch life, with man-sized meals for a razor-keen appetite, had been like a tonic.

Joe Craig regarded his young friend in a pleased silence. He turned his head and was about to speak when something in the direction of the ranch house caught his eye. It was moving toward them like a comet, only it was on a horse.

"WHY DON'T YOU COME FOR A RIDE WITH ME?"

Tony saw it, too. "Who's that, Joe?"

Joe smiled. "That? Oh, that's a cyclone, I reckon."

He spat carefully at a dandelion. "It's got red hair, ain't it? Your eyes are younger'n mine."

Tony squinted. "Yes, it has. It looks like a little girl. She rides like a Comanche."

"Son, you're all wrong. She rides like all hell turned loose. She's 12 years old and she's been in the saddle pretty near ten. That's Colonel Moore's daughter, Marguerita, and she's the boss of the outfit."

He urged his horse forward. "Come on, Tony. We'll go and meet her before she breaks her neck."

But Tony stayed irresolutely. He frowned. "You go ahead. I'll ride over by myself."

"Why, Tony, that'd be downright impolite. You can't treat the ladies like that come on, son.

He rode forward, waving his hat, and getting an answering wave from the little demon that was galloping toward them. Tony reluctantly followed.

Twenty yards away, the girl brought her horse to a sudden stop. The animal reared back on his hind legs and its rider rose in her stirrups. "Hi, Joe," she called.

"Howdy, Miss Rita. How've you been? I declare to goodness your hair's redder than ever."

"Behave yourself, Joe Craig. I'll tell my daddy to fire you if you don't stop teasing me."

"Well, I can't help telling the truth. Miss Rita, this is my friend, Tony Harrison. He's staying at the Bar K."

"Daddy was telling me about him." She studied Tony coolly, much to the boy's embarrassment. "I'm glad to know you," she said, "and we're very glad to have you with us. Joe, I'll race you back to the house." She wheeled her horse quickly and was gone, and Craig laughingly raced after her.

Rita Moore had inherited her red hair from her father. From him also she had inherited a masterful disposition. She was the only person that Titus Moore did not rule with an iron hand. She was fiery, imperious; even the colonel himself was like so much putty in her hands.

She and her mother spent most of the year in Kansas City, where Rita attended a boarding school. Katherine Moore had readily persuaded her husband that rough ranch life, while it was desirable from many points of view, held forth very little in the way of educational opportunities for young girls. As for Kansas City, that was a compromise. Katherine Moore had wanted her dauhgter educated in the east; the colonel thought Wichita was far enough removed from the base of operations, so Kansas City had been agreed on, with the colonel assenting to an eastern school when the time should come.

The colonel's wife was a slender, gentle creature with considerable pride in her blood. She was a Virginian and, what was more, a Pridmore. Above everything else, she wanted her daughter to be reared as a lady and eventually to make the right kind of marriage. She disapproved of Rita's tomboyishness, although the colonel laughed at her and seemed to be quite satisfied, and she was forever fretting about the girl's recklessness.

"I'm afraid she'll break her neck, Titus, the way she rides that horse of hers."

And Titus Moore chuckled. "Let the girl alone, Katherine. She can take care of herself. You can't raise Rita like a hothouse plant. She's too much like her daddy." This latter with quite evident pride.

Mrs. Moore sighed. "Marguerita" (she was the only one who called her Marguerita) "will do something foolish some day when she's a little older, and you'll see that I was right." Men, she added, didn't understand about such things.

"No?" Well, I wouldn't bother about it if I were you."

That was the way such discussions always ended.

As for Rita herself, the coming of Tony Harrison meant but one thing to her: that one more person was around to do her bidding. All of the cow hands, from Joe Craig down, had been her slaves, and there was no reason for her treating Tony any differently.

The day after they had first seen each other she came upon him while he was helping in the building of some fence. She jumped down from her small horse and looked on curiously.

Finally she spoke. "Why don't you come for a ride with me?"

Tony appeared to notice her for the first time. "I'm working," he announced briefly.

"But I want you to come with me."

"Can't." He turned his back and resumed his task.

She appealed to a higher court. "Joe," she addressed Craig, "make him quit and come with me."

Craig scratched his head and looked undecided. "Well, now," he began, but a stamp of her little foot, and a frown, stampeded him.

"Tony," he said weakly, "you'd better go for a while. This fence can get along without you for a bit. Besides, it's 'bout 2 o'clock now, and I figure that's knocking off time for a youngster like you."

When they had departed he gazed after them and shook his head hopelessly. "Heck," he said to the remaining hand, "you just can't argue with her."

Heck agreed. "She's just bound to have her own way, Joe."

That evening Gordon Lillie rode up to the ranch, on his way to Pawnee. He had been to Wellington, he said, to bid his family goodby. On his return to Caldwell he had bought a horse. He told Joe Craig about his new job. "And I just had to ride a little out of my way to see how the Harrison boy was getting along."

Craig did not agree with Lillie on the wisdom of his decision. "You're going to keep one of them Pawnee bucks in after school some day to discipline him and the next day your scalp will be dangling from his belt. Heard anything more of Tom Benton?"

Lillie shook his head. "I learned there was a train holdup near Wichita a few days before we last saw him. The description of one of the men sort of fitted Benton, if that means anything. You remember he had a lot of money on him—that little sack of gold coins."

Craig nodded. "I wouldn't put it past him." He caught that curious look on Tony's face that he had seen before at mention of Benton's name, and changed the subject.

Lillie told him of his encounter with Dave Payne, and Craig swore, "That man's just a plain fool. When you meet the colonel I wouldn't mention that you had any sympathy for Payne. That's one subject the old man can't stand."

Lillie smiled. "Don't know as I blame him. Payne's trying to take his bread and butter away from him."

He rode away the next morning, leaving a present of a book with Tony.

That afternoon the imperious little Rita Moore again got her clutches on the unwilling Tony and was the cause of his nearly being killed.

(To Be Continued Monday.)

Tony rides Outlaw in the next chapter and comes to grief.

Babson Says This Is a Good Time to Pay One's Debts

BABSON PARK, Mass. — Roger W. Babson today, in his weekly interview discusses the general business situation, with special reference to collections. His official statement is as follows:

GENERAL BUSINESS STILL NORMAL

"Although there has been a decline in the volume of steel orders, car loadings and certain other lines—yet business, as a whole, continues normal. Declines which have taken place in certain sections of the East, have been compensated for by business increases in the South and especially the Northwest Canada is also showing up well. The same thing applies to different lines of industry. Although the steel business has fallen off, the copper industry is more prosperous. Therefore, there seems to be a general balancing up of conditions, although the tendency seems to be downward. Hence, the volume of business remains normal. There is a general complaint judging from my correspondence, regarding profits. The big people seem to be making most of the money, while the small manufacturer and merchant is doing all he can to pay his bills. However, there is little complaint and all are looking forward to a good Christmas.

"From reports coming in to me, I am troubled about the collection situation. Although the older concerns doing instalment business are making more stringent regulations, yet the instalment business, as a whole, is continually growing. It is now possible to buy anything on the instalment plan, from cradles to coffins. Moreover one is no longer criticized for buying things on the instalment plan and it almost is becoming a general style if not good form. Hence, we are closing the year with the general public very much in debt and more people are owing money today than ever before. In previous periods of prosperity, the outstanding indebtedness of the country was almost wholly due to the over extension of banks, manufacturers and merchants. This situation, however, has now entirely changed and it is the average man on the street who owes money and would be hurt most by a business depression and a period of unemployment.

COLLECTIONS ONLY FAIR

"From reports on the collection situation, which I have received from the chambers of commerce in ninety-seven different cities, representing all sections of the country, I find that conditions therein could be greatly improved upon if the people would pay up their bills and be careful about over-buying on instalments. It is true that almost a third of these cities show collections as being good; slightly less than half of them register as fair, and about a fifth of the reports show the collection situation to be poor. However, although the above figures would give the country, as a whole, a rating of fair, yet the great increases in the instalment business make it an entirely different story. Perhaps most people have been able to keep up payments thus far, but sooner or later will come a period of depression when money will come hard. Then the instalment buyer will be obliged to seek funds to keep up these payments. With so many people in debt it will be impossible to borrow money and thus the working man will lose out.

"My study shows me that the collection situation is about the same in all sections of the country at the present time. That is, although some cities report collections as coming in slow, usually there are other cities in that section which are holding up well. I firmly believe, however, that collections should be showing a higher average now than they are. Surely, if collections come in slowly when there is a reasonable amount of easy money, it must mean that very poor conditions would prevail should there be a slackening in general business. Let us all pay our bills now and thus make the struggle which may be ahead of us, less strenuous.

INSTALMENT BUYING ON INCREASE

"It is really surprising to note that instalment buying is still increasing to a great extent. By far the great majority of cities report an increase in instalment buying. Out of eighty-nine of the above mentioned cities, which sent me reports on business conditions, sixty-four indicate the instalment business as increasing; nineteen cities are now at normal and only six indicate instalment buying as decreasing. Certainly this is not a situation to encourage one. That is, not if he is willing to look into the future. Of course, it is all very nice to be able to enjoy the many luxuries which we can get through instalment buying; but is it not much better to first save your money on the instalment plan and then buy that which you desire? At any rate, you are then able to call your purchases your own.

"The collection and instalment situation is very good in some cities at the present time. By very good I refer to cities in which collections are coming in well and where instalment buying is decreasing. Certainly this is an encouraging situation. Flint (Mich.) and Topeka (Kas.) are among the cities which are building for the future a business condition which will be envied by the less fortunate cities which are now showing increasing instalment sales and slow collections. My study also shows that instalment sales are decreasing in Utica (N. Y.), Grand Rapids (Mich.), and St. Petersburg (Fla), although so far as collections in these cities are concerned, there is still much room for improvement.

BANK DEPOSITS HOLDING STRONG

"Notwithstanding the above reports on collections, bank deposits are still climbing upward. I refer not simply to National Banks, but also to trust companies, savings banks and building and loan associations. People seem to be saving on the instalment plan, as well as spending on the instalment plan. Life insurance companies are especially prosperous and life insurance represents a very important form of saving. This is the silver lining to the cloud and these savings would be very helpful in an emergency. In the meantime, those interested in the instalment business are becoming more careful and are gradually securing data and statistics upon which to base future plans. Ultimately, of course, these instalment companies will be subjected to government inspection as are National Banks, trust companies, and savings banks. In the meantime, they can do much to help the situation by operating very conservatively.

"At the present time the Babson-chart stands at 1 per cent above normal and should show an upward tendency during the next month. On the other hand, it should be remembered that when business is good, as at present, is the time to liquidate and pay up one's indebtedness. I, therefore, trust that all my good friends will make a strenuous effort to pay their debts before December 31 and enter the New Year 1928 in a good strong financial condition, free from worry and ready for real service. Those who adopt this principle will not only live longer, and happier, but will make much more money in the end."

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Bicycle Repair Shop Grows Into World's Greatest Aviation Plant

DAYTON, O. — A quarter of a century ago Dayton saw the beginning of a new engineering industry, when the Wright brothers, Wilbur and Orville, took up aviation as a sideline to their bicycle repair business.

On October 12, the largest aviation field in the world, the outgrowth of the Wright brothers' ideas was dedicated.

Government officials will participate in the dedication of the 5,000-acre field, which is near Dayton. The site was given to the United States War Department for aeronautical purposes by Dayton citizens, \$500,000 being raised to purchase the land by a committee led by Frederick B. Patterson, president of the National Cash Register Company.

Secretary of War Dwight F. Davis and Assistant Secretary F. Trubee Davidson will speak at the dedication. The Mitchell trophy race for pursuit planes, postponed at Spokane, will be run off in connection with the celebration.

RESERVOIR OF AIR FACTS

Wright field has become a great reservior of scientific aviation data, according to Brig.-Gen. William E. Gillmore, chief of the material division of the U. S. air service.

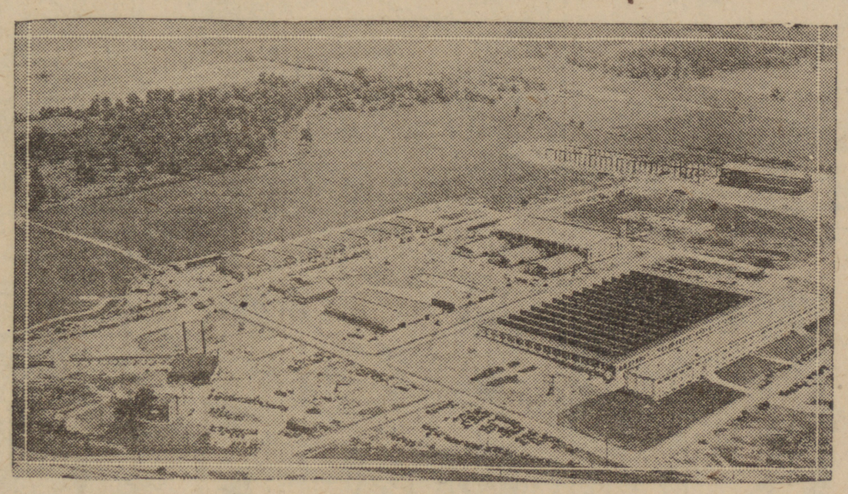
"At Wright Field for the last nine years a tremendous volume of testing has been accomplished," says General Gillmore. "There has been static and dynamic testing of airplane structures, dynamometer testing of engines, whirl testing of propellers, precision testing of instruments, strength testing of every raw material used in connection with flight, and flight testing of every airplane brought to the hangars.

Results of these tests have ever been, with the exception of a few military secrets, open to the aviation public and have been freely drawn upon by the industry in every step of its forward progress.

HELPING BUILDING METHODS

"Because of this vast experience with and complete facilities for testing, Wright Field has been able to discover the fundamentally sound and fundamentally unsound in new building methods and materials and has freely disseminated this knowledge, both for the purpose of obtaining as satisfactory products as possible for air corps use and also for simplifying the problems of design for the commercial builder.

"Because of the great amount of all types of flying done by air corps pilots and because of the facilities for development at Wright Field, new problems of flight, as well as things needed for pilot and plane have been brought early to the notice of technicians and engineers, in charge of such work at Wright Field, for solving. It was in answer to such problems that the idea of the earth induction compass, the radio beacon, night flying equipment, the modern air-cooled aviation engines today, the airplane parachute, and other items too numerous to mention had their inception in the organization now at Wright Field."



This remarkable airplane view shows Wright Field, Dayton, O., the largest flying field in the world.

ENGLISH HARVEST

Declared to Be Poorest in 25 Years

ABINGDON, England. —(AP)— England is reaping one of the worst harvests since the beginning of the present century, it is shown by reports of farmers' associations in this agricultural center.

The yield per acre of wheat in England and Wales is forecast at nearly 17 hundredweight per acre, or one-quarter hundredweight below the last ten years' average. Barley and oats are slightly above the average yield, but the condition of the grain, farmers say, leaves much to be desired, and much of it will have to remain in the stack a considerable time before it is marketable.

Root foods such as turnips and carrots made good top growth during September, but the roots themselves are inclined to be rather small owing to the lack of sunshine.

The harvest this year has been considerably delayed, as is shown by the alterations in the words of harvest hymns at some churches, "Some is safely gathered in" being substituted for "All is safely gathered in."

MAIL UNCALLED FOR

Unclaimed parcels and printed matter at the Augusta postoffice week ending November 25, 1927:

Alfred Beaupre, Herman R. Cohen, J. A. Scott, Womans Work Exchange, Mrs. A. L. Wilkinson, refused, Federal Clothing Stores (IP 284).

JUST A "CAN-OPENER."

CHICAGO.—"I lived with her for six months, and that was plenty," said Earl Cornell in applying for a divorce. Edna Cornell, it seemed, couldn't, or didn't cook. "She wasn't a wife," Earl said, "she was a can-opener. She'd get home ten minutes before I did and start opening cans."