

THE EVENING TIMES-STAR, SAINT JOHN, N.B., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 24, 1926

INTERESTING

## A Feature Page of Interest to Everyone

INSTRUCTIVE

### Dorothy Dix

Your Entire Success or Failure in Life May Be Seen in Your Nightly Meeting—Are You a Surly Husband or a Nagg—Wife?—Or Do You Reflect the Beauty of a Peaceful Home by Your Loving Greeting Each Night?

DID you ever consider how you meet your wife or your husband at an evening? Never struck you as a matter of the slightest importance, did it? Yet the whole success or failure of your life may depend upon it.

So important is the etiquette of home-coming that at a "Better Home Week" in the West they are going to stage an exhibition in which demonstrations will be given, showing the proper way to do it.

There will be a model room in which there will be a wife awaiting her husband's return, and a man will show how other men should act as they return to their own abodes, while a woman will give an exhibition of the manner in which a wife should receive her husband when he comes home of an evening.

This exhibition of home manners should do good, even if it doesn't. It is a pity that a lot of husbands and wives can't get a living picture of the sort of welcome that they hand out to their unfortunate spouses. If they did, they wouldn't wonder that divorce is so common. They would be amazed that another husband or wife wasn't on the way to Reno.

Perhaps not one woman in a million ever really takes any thought about how she shall meet her husband, yet upon this apparently trivial matter hangs the question of whether marriage is a success or a failure to him.

PICTURE it to yourself. Think of a man coming home, tired and worn with the day's work. Suppose he comes home to a house that is dark. There is no one to welcome him because his wife is away gadding the streets, or she hasn't gotten back from her bridge game. Perhaps the house is untidy, and there is no prospect of dinner save some messy stuff from the delicatessen store that friend Wife will bring in when she comes home.

Suppose, on the other hand, when a man comes home there are lithe faces against the window pane watching for him, and as he puts his key into the door there is the scurry of little feet to meet him, and smothering arms about his neck. Suppose his first glance at home is of a cheery, bright, orderly room, and of a woman with eyes glorified by love welcoming him. Suppose the savory odors of a good dinner steamed from the kitchen, and are a sweet odor in his nostrils.

Don't you think it makes a difference which way a man is met when he comes home of an evening? Don't you think that one man feels that no matter how hard he works for his family, nor how much he sacrifices for them, it is worth while, and that he gets value returned for his service, while the other man asks himself—nobody can blame him—"Oh, what's the use?"

SUPPOSE a man comes home nerve-worn of an evening. All day long he has been on the rack of terrible anxiety. All day he has had to fight for his very existence, and all day he has had to hold himself with an iron hand to keep from offending those whom it would be suicide in his business or profession to offend. He is at the place where he feels that the weight of another feather would break his back.

Yet the minute he opens the door of his home his wife de-lugues him with every petty vexation that has happened to her during the day. Before he can catch his breath she has begun on how bad the children have been, how the maid broke his pet-pipe, how the cook is going to leave, how big the butcher bill is, how strange it is that he can't make money to buy an automobile, as Tom Jones has done.

SUPPOSE an exhausted man comes home of an evening to a wife whose eyes take in just how weary he is, and who draws him across the threshold into an atmosphere of perfect peace and calm, of soothing love and flattery, and who tells him only bright and joyous things that will divert his weary mind and make him forget the cares of the day.

It doesn't take any Sherlock Holmes to tell which one of these men is going over the precipice of nervous prostration, does it? The way his wife meets him settles the question of many a man's ability to fight the battle of life.

AND suppose a woman has worked and toiled all day in the home. Suppose she has wrestled with teething babies and refractory sewing machines and has burned herself to a cinder cooking some favorite dish for her husband. Suppose when he comes in he bangs the door and kicks the cat and slaps the baby and sits down and gobbles his dinner, and merely grunts when she asks him a question. Suppose he never notices anything that she has done except to knock it.

Suppose a woman has spent her day in a dull round of domestic duties, doing them as earnestly and conscientiously as she can, and when night comes she is worn in body and soul. Suppose when her husband comes he meets her with a glad, sweet smile, and a kiss, and tells her how she grows more beautiful every day, and that she is the most wonderful housekeeper in the world, and that he thinks his guardian angel must have been working overtime when he got her. Suppose the husband brings with him light and cheer and brightness, all the little gossip of the outer world that he has picked up, with which to amuse her.

Any difference in life for those two women? Any likelihood of one of those two women finding an affinity, and the other one not? One may be the wife of a millionaire and the other the wife of a poor clerk, but one is miserable and the other happy, for the way her husband meets her when he comes home of an evening makes a woman content or envious.

BELIEVE me, the art of meeting your husband or your wife is worth studying.  
Copyright by Public Ledger.  
DOROTHY DIX.

## You don't have to cook SHREDDED WHEAT

Saves coal, saves time, saves health

## High-strung nervous women

need Virol—because of its marvellous qualities of correcting errors of the nervous and digestive systems. Virol works wonders. Try it! See how it will renew your energy and vitality, build up your body and bring back normal health and stamina.

## VIROL

For a household where the kitchen has to be kept on the back porch, some steps from the kitchen work-table, much time and effort may be saved by the use of a tray. When beginning to prepare a meal the articles such as eggs, milk, salad ingredients, etc., are put on the tray and brought to the kitchen. Or just before a meal is to be served the butter, cream, salad, etc., are put on the tray. When the meal is finished the tray is again used to return the leftovers to the kitchen. It is then wiped off, and left near the kitchen ready for the next meal.

WHAT'S become of the old fashioned child who asked for "pump'n' test" every time he went with his mother to visit a neighbor? Donald.

### Dots and Discs Popular in New Printed Fabrics



By MME. LISBETH  
THE dot design for printed fabrics will be just as good this spring as it was last. Already the shops are featuring materials of this pattern. Whole dresses of polka dots combined with plain fabrics are equally in vogue.

A dress of semi formal character (left) is made in jumper style with a skirt of dark colored satin and blouse of printed satin with a graduated dot design. Below the dots is a row of large flowers. The cape effect sleeve and skirt length slash or streamer are

distinctive ideas embodied in this frock. Another dot or disc design frock (right) is also made of satin. It is extremely simple in design with the long waist which Paris declares will soon be passe. Wide smoking dose duty for a girl at the low waistline.

The shawl wrap is illustrated most attractively in the evening wrap (center). The centre of the wrap is a rich batik and the long fringe which finishes the bottom of the skirt and sleeves is wool. Mary Astor, screen player, posed for the illustration.

Several afternoon frocks in various collections emphasized a slightly bloused effect. Printed materials, such as Georgette and crepe de chine, were used extensively. Georgette showing large plaid designs was featured in one or two models, while small conventional floral designs were expressed on several crepe de chine frocks. Spotted crepe de chine of various colors also was used, and was another indication of this type of fabric. Sleeves were invariably long and were often elaborated from the elbow to the wrist.

### Fashion Fancies



BEHIND THE SCREEN  
By GILBERT SWAN  
NORMA TALMADGE tells me that she really is in earnest when she talks of leaving the stage at the expiration of her present contract, which still has three years to run. Both Norma and Constance have no desire to continue to play after they have lost their hold upon the public. They want to retire gracefully while fans still desire to see them, not when folks have begun to say, "they should have quit years ago."

Norma is financially independent and she feels she wants to take one more picture to make for First National with Thomas Meighan, then she goes to United Artists to star in six productions. These will include "The Garden of Allah" and most likely one based on the life of Gaby Desree.

Least you have forgotten: Norma Talmadge was born in Niagara Falls, New York, 23 years ago. At the age of 14, without previous experience, she got a job at the Vitaphone studios. Her first starring part was in "The Crown Prince's Daughter" for Vitaphone.

She is the oldest of the Talmadge sisters, and is the wife of Joseph M. Schenck, the producer.

When our parents were younger Blanche Ring was a stage favorite with touring songs, "Tip-To-Ades" and "Rings on My Fingers." Now she is playing the part of a gushing splinter in "The Old Army Gentleman" in which W. C. Fields is being starred by Paramount.

This is her second screen venture. In 1915 she made a film version of her stage role in "The Yankee Girl."

STAR DUST.  
Lya de Putti, Paramount's Hungarian discovery, is recovering from an appendicitis operation in New York. Mary Pickford has been ill. Roscoe "Fatty" Arbuckle, the comedian whom scandal removed from the screen when going to direct Marion Davies in "The Red Mill," will use the name Willam Goodrich. Rin-Tin-Tin, the dog star, has 228 employees of Warner Bros. dependent upon him for their livelihood.

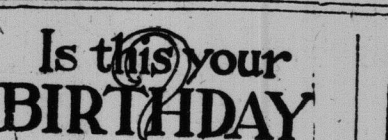
When Barbara Bedford, Bill Hart's leading lady, was four she "stopped the show." As the prima donna began to warble and scintillate, Barbara slipped out into the aisle and began to imitate her. Fond parents escorted by an attendant.

manager led the walling Barbara from the theatre.

Max Murray, armed with a new M-G-M contract, is in Hollywood ready to begin work on the same lot where Robert Z. Leonard, her former spouse, is directing "Puppets."

Central Press Photo  
Norma Talmadge as she appears in "Kiddie."

Little Joe  
THE ONLY TIME SOME KIDS AGREE IS WHEN THEY BOTH WANT THE LARGEST APPLE.



For a household where the kitchen has to be kept on the back porch, some steps from the kitchen work-table, much time and effort may be saved by the use of a tray. When beginning to prepare a meal the articles such as eggs, milk, salad ingredients, etc., are put on the tray and brought to the kitchen. Or just before a meal is to be served the butter, cream, salad, etc., are put on the tray. When the meal is finished the tray is again used to return the leftovers to the kitchen. It is then wiped off, and left near the kitchen ready for the next meal.

WHAT'S become of the old fashioned child who asked for "pump'n' test" every time he went with his mother to visit a neighbor? Donald.

A Thought  
Now faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.—Heb. 11:1.

A PERFECT faith would lift us absolutely above fear.—George Macdonald.

Too many sweet words make sour looks.

### IN NEW YORK SEE-SAWING UP and DOWN BROADWAY

ROBINS may be the recognized harbinger of spring in many places, but in New York spring comes dancing up the street in the wake of the first hardy-guy.

When the climatic strains of "O Sole Mio" come from the curbstone it's pretty good sign that the first warm rain is waiting just around the corner somewhere.

They come long before the first buds or the first green blades of grass. And this ragged, disheveled, mendicant army comes gradually to hold a place dwellers that is difficult to describe to one who has not lived in New York.

There is an impersonal affection for these wandering music makers. Doubtless it is the suggestion of carnival, gaiety and song. The city has crushed in upon lives throughout the rushing day. Only the rattle and banging of traffic has come through open windows. Cries only rush and worry and turmoil. Not one thing from the outside to relax or bring the imagination and message of escape.

And then—there it comes! Way down the street some place! Tinpanny and rattle-de-bang! But it's a tune—a gay tune or sad tune! What matters it? A tear is as good as a smile for trapped soul.

It's the same old tune. You can almost see the weaned face, bent old man who trudges his dilapidated, pathetic music maker. You can even see the smirking sort of smile that he gives as he waves his hat around and looks expectantly up at your window.

It's a forced gesture. No on knows it better than he. He is quite as impersonal about it as you are. Perhaps you will remark something about "the poor old thing." But you won't really mean it. In the high of his collection he will begin to figure up his mind your reckonings will tell you that if he picks up 50 cents in your block in the course of 10 minutes, it is reasonable to believe that he will do the same in the next 10 minutes. "His" probably got 10 cents every 10 minutes—40 an hour. In he does that any percentage of the day he has a nice fat income.

The next time he comes past you were having the best kind of a time over the whole affair. Yes, he's as ragged and unfat looking as before. Yet, before your very eyes you see him get 60 cents this time. "His" probably got 10 times as much money in the bank as I have," you tell yourself. Yet you give him a dime. The point is that the organ grinder has become a symbol of poverty to you and you have become a symbol of prosperity to him. It's an even shake.

The point is, also, that you want him to keep coming back. There comes a nightfall when you don't hear the music down the street and you miss it. What is more each district has a "hurdy-gurdy man" of its own. Each hurdy-gurdy man has a program of music rolls and a peculiarly tuned organ. Blindfold a New Yorker of many years standing and shoot him around the city in a taxicab and, if he has been a good listener, he can tell you where he is by the sound of the hand organ and the time it is playing.

Anyways, the hurdy-gurdy man on our block appeared a couple of mornings ago. So, hurra—can spring be far behind?

GILBERT SWAN.

Menu for the Family  
MENU HINT  
Breakfast  
Grapefruit in Sherbert Glasses  
Cereal  
Bacon and Cheese Omelet  
Buttered Toast  
Coffee  
Dinner  
Breaded Frit Tenderloins  
Escalloped Potatoes  
Canned Green Beans  
Beet Salad  
Coffee  
Supper  
Macaroni and Cheese  
Lettuce Salad  
Fruit Gelatin  
Sponge Cake  
Tea  
Milk

TODAY'S RECIPES  
Cheese Omelet—Four eggs, four tablespoons boiling water, one tablespoon salt, pepper, four tablespoons grated cheese, bacon fat. Fry the bacon very slowly and pour off the fat as it collects. With the remaining in the skillet after the bacon has been removed, pour in the mixture of slightly beaten eggs, water, salt and pepper. Cover the skillet and cook slowly for two or three minutes, add grated cheese and as the omelet has puffed up by this time, turn one-half over with pancake turner. Brown on both sides and send to table surrounded by bacon.

Breaded Frenched Tenderloins—The smaller the tenderloins are the better buy. When Frenched this makes six or eight rounds of pork-lobes. Take pork tenderloins, stale bread crumbs, flour, mixed with salt and pepper, and one egg. Dip tenderloins first in flour, then in egg, and lastly, in bread crumbs. This makes the crumb dressing "stay put" during the frying. Have two tablespoons of hot fat in skillet and brown tenderloins on both sides, and brown tenderloins on both sides, then pour over one-quarter cup of water and covering the skillet, allow to simmer over low fire an hour, taking care to add a little more water if necessary.

Crystallized Apples—Six apples, one-half lemon, two cups sugar, and one-half cup water, whipped cream. Make a syrup of sugar and water, add thin slices of lemon. Cook 15 minutes. Pare and core apples of good quality and even size. Cook in syrup, being careful not to allow them to get too soft. Arrange in warm glass dish. Pour over them remaining syrup. Garnish with whipped cream and nuts.

HAVING looked carefully around we conclude that soap is the last thing used in the acquirement of that schoolgirl complexion.

### ADVENTURES of the TWINS

by OLIVE ROBERTS BARTON

CORNY COON WAKENS HIS UNCLE.  
Ringtail Coon was quietly and peacefully sleeping. His nice white tail with big black rings around it, had slipped from under the bed clothes and trailed on the floor.

The Twins and the March Hare and Ringtail's two nephews, Corny and Cobby, from the other side of the woods, stood looking at him, but he was dreaming dreams of moonlight nights and fields of sweet young corn as big as oysters. At that minute he was deciding whether to try an ear of tender, lovely, yellow bantam corn, or an ear of juicy, sweet, pearly Country Gentlemen corn.

He kept licking his lips and sniffing in his sleep, until the Twins laughed out loud.

But it didn't wake him up! No sir! He was sleeping too soundly for that. "Ringtail!" said the March Hare sharply, looking at his watch. "Wake up, Ringtail! It's half past a quarter to the year after next, and here you are dreaming the whole place. Don't you know that spring is coming and that you can't be seen until you have a fair-cut and a shave and a good wash?"

"I just can't tell which I like the best," said Ringtail, whacking his tail on the floor. "Yellow bantam is certainly fine, and the grains are so nice and big they don't get in your teeth, and tender and sweet, it's like eating sugar."

"I just can't decide," said Ringtail, whacking his tail on the floor. "Whatever shall I do? Rubadub! I'm waiting for you, you yonder in scrub-up Land-right now."

"Thank you, I'll go at once," said Ringtail obediently hopping out of bed. "I'm much obliged, I'm sure," he said naively.

"Say, Mister Coon," said the March Hare, "we've had a time of it trying to get you awake. Do you know that spring is here, nearly, and you have to get all habbered up? Rubadub, the fairman is waiting for you yonder in scrub-up Land-right now."

"Thank you, I'll go at once," said Ringtail obediently hopping out of bed. "I'm much obliged, I'm sure," he said naively.

DO YOU GET HOT FLASHES?  
Is that old liver of yours kicking up? Get hot flashes—spots in front of your eyes, or dizzy spells? Best thing in the world for a lazy liver is 3 to 5 drops of Sels's Syrup in a glass of water. Try it and see for yourself.

Make Your Set Better With RVC Radiotrons

UX-199 \$3.00  
Canadian MARCONI Co.  
Canadian General Electric Co.

Radiotron

For Sale By  
NASE RADIO SERVICE  
77 Princess Street

Distributed by  
ENERGY SUPPLY CO., LIMITED  
44-46 Dock Street

Anyday-anytime-anywhere

The woman who values her complexion uses PEARS. Her skin demands it. Pears—a soap of clear transparency that claims its purity. Generations have proved Pears to be matchless for the complexion.

Pears' Transparent Soap, in large tablets that last. Unscented.

At all Druggists and Departmental Stores.

PEAR'S