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THE TIMES-STAR FEATURE PAGE

Dorothy Dix

Wives are Neither Toys Nor Unpaid Servants—They Want to Share in the Marriage Partnership and Be Treated as Pals—But Most of All They Want to Seem Always Sweethearts to Their Husbands.

IT is a curious thing that, although men have been marrying ever since the first of the Adamites discovered that it was not good for man to be alone and took unto himself a mate, few men know how to treat a wife.

This is not an indictment of men as husbands. Few men are deliberately cruel and unkind to their wives. There are just as many wife-spoilers as there are wife-beaters. When the average man marries he does so with the sincere and honest intention of making his wife happy, and when he fails to do so it is often through blundering ignorance than through malicious intention.

But the trouble seems to be that there are two schools of thought among husbands about the proper way to treat a wife. One is strong for the baby-doll theory, while the other regards a wife as a mere household drudge. And neither theory works, because no woman wants to be regarded as either a plaything or a domestic convenience.

There are thousands upon thousands of men who are martyrs to their belief that the way to treat a wife is to load her down with jewels and fine clothes and keep her wrapped in cotton wool. They literally work themselves to death to maintain their wives in idleness. They tell day in and day out in their offices, in winter cold and summer heat, so that their wives may fare forth to bland climates. They bear all of their burdens alone and ask no more help from them than they would from beribboned and bedizened toys.

There are other men who as soon as they have married a woman dump her down into a house and apparently thereafter regard her with as little sentiment as they do the gas range. She no longer exists for them as a woman, but is merely a useful contrivance for cooking food, darning socks, pressing clothes and as something they can knock when they are out of temper with the world.

NOW, no woman likes to think that her husband regards her as a brainless idiot, unable to enter into his hopes and plans, fit only to be dressed up like a French doll. Nor does any woman yearn to be merely her husband's unpaid servant. Hence the many pampered, snappy, pet wives whose husbands can't understand why they aren't satisfied when they have unlimited shopping tickets and the many sullen, neglected wives who spend their time wondering how much a divorce costs.

The difficulty is that the men treat their wives the way they think a wife should be treated, whereas this is not at all the way that the wife wants to be treated. A wife wants to be treated first as a human being.

SHE would like her husband to realize that belonging to the female sex doesn't make her feel differently about certain elemental things from the way a man does. It doesn't take away her sense of personal dignity. It doesn't make her enjoy financial dependence. It doesn't make her forgoing and all enduring and give her the spirit of a dog so that she is ready to kiss the hand that strikes her. So she would like her husband to treat her with justice, with consideration.

She would like him to remember how humiliated he would be if he had to go to even the kindest father and ask him for every penny he spent. She would like him to realize how he would resent it if he had gone in partnership with another man and into it had put the work of his hands, the thought of his brain, all his heart and soul and loyalty, and if out of the profits of it he got nothing at all, if he was not even told how the affairs stood in the business and had no voice in it.

SHE would like her husband to go fifty-fifty with her not only in money, but in life; for him to be as faithful to her as he expects her to be to him, and to do as much to make her happy and satisfied in marriage as he expects her to do to make him happy and contented.

Then a wife would like to be treated as a lady love. No woman ever gets so old that she loses her sweet tooth or comes to the place where she wants her husband to drink of her as just a good wife and mother. She wants him to think that, of course, but beyond that she wants him to see her always with a haze of romance about her and always sweet-and-twenty.

IT is the most pathetic thing on earth that woman stay brides at heart even after they are wrinkled old gossamers; that they want to make life a perpetual honeymoon and keep their husbands eternal lovers, and that they can never reconcile themselves to the fact that a man can say it with breakfasts just as well as he can with roses. And put a lot more punch into it.

They, poor souls, still hunger for honeyed words, for fulsome flattery about their eyes, for kisses that have the thrill of passion in them instead of the flabbiness of habit. If every woman expressed the greatest desire of her heart it would be for her husband to pay her a compliment every day and treat her as if she were still the girl he wooed.

WOMEN yearn for their husbands to treat them as pals. What women really want is companionship, and that is why they resent so much the husbands who have never a word to say at home and who are about as entertaining to spend an evening with as a store dummy would be.

Nothing flatters a wife so much as having her husband take her into his confidence and talk to her about his affairs as he would to a trusted man friend. And when a husband asks his wife's advice and tells her he relies on her judgment there is simply no labor she would not perform, no sacrifice she would not make to justify his good opinion.

WOMEN like their husbands to handle them with tact. They like their husbands to use diplomacy in dealing with them. They resent being ordered to do this and forbidden to do that, and usually looked for their faults when their husbands might just as well have wreathed their criticisms with flowers and innuendoes and suggested their desire.

Women do not object to being controlled by their husbands. What they hate is the raw way men do it.

IT is a pity men do not take the trouble to learn how to treat their wives. It would pay them to learn the trick. DOROTHY DIX. Copyright by Public Ledger Company.

Family Menus	
Breakfast	Prunes and Apples
	Cooked Cereal
	Top Milk and Sugar
	Buttered Toast and Jam
	Cocoa
	Coffee
Luncheon	Spinach with Eggs
	Sliced Tomatoes
	Whole Wheat and White Bread
	Jelly
	Cookies
	Milk and Tea
Dinner	Veal Birds
	Rice
	Lima Beans
	Lettuce Salad
	Thousand Island Dressing
	Maple Mousse
	Cookies
	Milk and Coffee

TODAY'S RECIPES
Vegetable Soup—One-half cup diced turnips, one-half cup diced carrots, one-half cup diced celery, one-half cup onion cut in bits, three teaspoons butter, one cup diced potatoes, one quart water, salt to taste. Into the pan in which the soup is to be made put the vegetables and butter. Stir and cook until the vegetables are browned. Now add the remaining ingredients. Cover and cook with rest of the meal in oven.

Veal Birds—One pound veal steak cut from shoulder (cut thin), two ounces

The Lady From Salem In 1925



ADVENTURES of the TWINS

by OLIVE ROBERTS RADFORD

ON THE WHALER.

The next picture in the picture gallery was called "The Whaler." Mister due Cap took Nancy and Nick to look at it.

It was the picture of a large sailing-ship, lying at anchor, with furled sails, near a small village. The sea was calm and the sky was blue, and altogether it was a very peaceful picture, indeed!

"Is that the kind of a boat they catch whales in?" asked Nick curiously.

"It's a boat they catch whales in," corrected Mister Blue Cap. "Or not even that exactly, for on that boat there is another smaller boat, that really does the whale catching. But come—let's go on the 'Whaler.' You'll be sure to learn a lot there."

The little guard, or rather fairyman, unlocked the glass in front of the picture, it swung out on hinges like a door, and in a trice the Twins had followed Mister Blue Cap up a pair of magic steps, and stepped right across the gold frame into the picture.

Instantly they forgot all about the picture gallery. It was exactly as though they had stepped off a train and found themselves in a strange country. A wind was blowing from the sea and the very air smelled of salt. Then waves were rolling quietly up on a sandy beach where some fishermen were mending nets.

Smoke was coming out of the chimneys of the little houses in the village and everything was very peaceful. The very sea-gulls flying low over the water near the great ship, seemed to be happy.

"We can't get out to the place the 'Whaler' is anchored unless we go in a row boat," said Mister Blue Cap. "I don't wish to be seen, Nick, so you go and ask that man who is watching the fishermen if he will row you and Nancy and I'll hide somewhere, but if you

What's Louise, Comedian Or Siren, or What?

By RUSSELL J. BIRDWELL.

LOUISE FAZENDA has one bitter and abiding aversion, and that is, for, since Hollywood has adopted the fashion of merely cataloguing its players, she has been cast as a comedian.

And Louise sincerely believes that an actress should be an actress. Which, to her, signifies a player of varied roles, not a mere type.

Of course when one starts one's career under Mack Sennett, dean of the curdled pie college, one is a comedian. However, Louise really is versatile. For instance, they let her play a boy in "Robbed Hairs." Louise thought it was fun. Her work showed it.

Then in "The Golden Journey," she was a siren. And soon she is to appear in really serious roles.

A long way, indeed, from the grotesque little creature of the Sennett era. So perhaps the card index some time will read, "Fazenda, Louise, Actress."

climbed until they stood on the deck of the ship.

"Where is everybody?" said Nancy, looking around.

"They all have shore-leave," said the sailor heartily when they asked him. "Why, shiver my timbers, you bet I will! I like kids, I do, and to think of our little rascals wanting to see the big whale-boat! Come on!"

And what did he do but pick up a Twin in each of his strong arms, and carry them over to the big ship and set them gently down in the stern.

Then he pushed the boat off the sand and jumped in himself. Picking up the oars he began to row toward the big ship.

Then when they arrived he lifted each of them up until they had a firm hold on the rope ladder, up which they

climbed until they stood on the deck of the ship.

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Timely Views On World Topics

"INTOLERANCE and prejudice in religious life are lessening and World Court sentiment is growing stronger," said Bishop William T. Manning, internationally known Episcopal prelate in a recent sermon.

"There are, as we all know," Bishop Manning said, "evil and immoral influences at work among us, but in spite of these our life on the whole is growing better."

"We should be glad that there is the growing desire among all our people that the spirit of justice and brotherhood shall rule in all the relationships of life."

Advocates World Court.

"We should also be glad that there is the strengthening desire among the nations of the earth for the prevention of war and for the establishment of world brotherhood and lasting peace, and especially for the growing realization here in our own land that if we wish to see the adoption of civilized methods of dealing with disputes between nations, the substitution of law for force, our own great country must take its full share with other nations in bringing this about."

"We have been growing in this matter. I believe that the sentiment of our people is now behind our wise and trusted president."

"Again we should be glad that there is a breaking down of the spirit of intolerance and narrow prejudice in our religious life and the growth among us of a true fellowship in the things of the spirit."

BANKER IS GUILTY IN \$21,000 FRAUD CASE

MONTREAL, Dec. 10.—J. E. Mile Paulin, manager of the Ste Agathe branch of the Banque Provinciale, appeared before Judge Monet in Chambers this afternoon, and pleaded guilty to the charge of converting \$21,000 of the bank's funds to his own use and falsifying books during the years 1923, 1924 and 1925. Paulin, who is married and the father of seven children, will be sentenced early in January.

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SEE SAWING ON BROADWAY

YOU never can tell exactly who's who in the great street of white lights. The old bird with the shiny-backed coat may be an eccentric millionaire or a playwright that hasn't connected with a success. The tattered looking young lady may be on her way to a costume ball and the most flabbily dressed woman you see may be only three feet ahead of a detective who is about to arrest her for passing worthless checks.

NOW the two young men I saw the other night at the Plantation with Louise Blackburne, one of the "Artist and Model" beauties, were neither cake-eaters, rounders nor millionaires' sons. They were two of the most famous football players in America. You'll recognize their names at once—Benny Friedman, all-American quarterback, and Benny Ostman, all-American tackle, both of the University of Michigan.

Like 75 per cent of the beauties who dance before the Broadway footlights, Louise Blackburne came from the middle west. She's a Cleveland girl, and Benny is a Cleveland boy. They were childhood playmates. When they last saw each other 10 years ago Louise was talking about how she would be an actress when she grew up, and Benny was assuring her that he'd be a great athlete. And there you are.

Their host by the way, was George La Moine, who now runs a night club, but who did his stuff on the Brown University grid not so many years ago.

THEY had six-day bike races, non-stop auto runs, round-the-world flights and every other sort of contest, and now, if you please, the national quartet championship of the world is going to be fought to the last discard.

The challenge, I understand, is issued by sending a sour note to a rival quartet, or something like that. Anyway it seems that pretty nearly every city hides a barber shop four somewhere within its limits.

If you doubt this, take a slant at the entrants to date: Pennsylvania male quartet, Brooklyn Adelpheans, Chiffoniers of Cleveland, Krickerbocker quartet of Boston, Genesee singers of Rochester, etc., etc.

Under the plans, I am told, the survivors of each night's minor engagement will meet another rival on the following night and thus through seven innings until someone strangles, or something. Those still alive at the end of two weeks get an engagement on the Keith Circuit or something. Anyway, the losers get their carfare paid home.

JAMES W. DEAN.

A Thought

Ye have sown much and bring in little; ye eat but ye have not enough; ye drink but ye are not filled with drink; ye clothe you but there is none warm; and he that earneth wages earneth to put it into a bag with holes.—Hag. 1:3.

There is none so lonely but loves a looking glass.—South.

Your Birthday

DECEMBER 11.—You are inclined to be hasty in speech, but you are always sorry at once if a quick speech of yours wounds anyone's feelings. You are a good talker and a great reader, bright and witty. You love dainty and luxury, and you are sensitive to unpleasant surroundings. You are affectionate, and very constant in your love.

Your birth-stone is the turquoise, which means prosperity. Your flower is holly. Your lucky color is pink.

LOST THAT "UP-AND-AT-EM" FEELING?

Do you think it's too much work—or too much play? What's the reason? Maybe it's just a slough-lapse—try 15 to 30 drops of Seigel's Syrup in a glass of water. Safely and quickly brings you back. At any drugstore—or by mail.

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