

INTERESTING

# A Feature Page of Interest to Everyone

INSTRUCTIVE

## Dorothy Dix

**You Husbands and Wives Who Make Your Homes a Battlefield, Did You Ever Stop to Think That the Children are the Real Victims of Your Quarrels?—Stop Fighting, for Their Sakes.**

NO DISINTERESTED outsider ever observes the spats in which so many husbands and wives continually engage without realizing that they quarrel because they enjoy doing so. It is an indoor sport out of which they get a morbid thrill.

Domestic life has become dull and monotonous to them. They have nothing new and interesting to say to each other, and so one or the other starts something by making a remark that he or she knows is the fighting word that will inevitably precipitate a scrimmage. And then they go to it, hammer and tongs.

It is their way of putting pep into a peppy day, for they know the danger they are running, and the very fact that they are risking their whole life's happiness craps their nerves, as going over the top did the soldiers in the war. Besides which they get a strange and savage joy out of stalling with cruel words and in wounding and being wounded by the ones they love and who love them.

It is because married couples love a fight for the fight's sake that so many homes are nothing but a battlefield on which a perpetual warfare goes on. Otherwise the dove of peace would roost on the roof of many a household to which the black flag is now nailed.

DOROTHY DIX

FOR it is folly to say that the average husband and wife who are forever engaged in an acrimonious debate over every trifling thing could not get along with each other if they desired to do so. They get along with other persons. They make allowance for the prejudices and the faults of others. They permit other persons to differ from them on matters of opinion and taste. They sidestep other person's peculiarities. They control their tempers and their tongues when they are dealing with others. They are tactful and diplomatic in handling other persons.

No doctor would ever have another patient, no merchant another customer, no man could hold his job if he was as irritable, as grouchy, as high tempered abroad as many a man is at home and if he said the insulting things to other persons that he says to his wife. No woman would ever be invited to another bridge party or elected president of the sewing society if she was as much of a spitfire in public as many a woman is in private and if she said the nasty things to others that she says to her husband.

Now, the rules for keeping the peace are the same everywhere and both men and women are familiar with them. Every man knows that there isn't a woman living that he can't make out of of his hand by showing her a few attentions, a little tenderness and consideration and paying her a few compliments. Every woman knows that there isn't a man that she can't jolly along the way who wants him to go and who does not respond to judiciously applied salve.

So when husbands and wives, who know perfectly well how to work each other without friction, deliberately and with malice, forethought rub each other the wrong way, it is obviously because they enjoy their daily doses of frictions and find fun in seeing the fur fly.

IF THAT were the end of it, we might well shrug our shoulders and, while wondering at their taste, leave them to take their pleasure as they saw fit in the cruel pastime of baiting each other. But, unfortunately, the family spat is not the innocent diversion that husbands and wives appear to think it is, nor does it end when the husband puts on his hat and bangs the door behind him and goes downtown, and the wife wipes away a tear and two and goes about her daily tasks.

The children are the real victims in these family fights. It is they who stumble from the domestic battlefield with shattered nerves, with torn and bleeding spirits and souls, with maimed and deformed characters.

ALL of us have known children who have taken to the streets almost as soon as they could walk to escape homes that were full of bickering and discord. We have seen how little control the fathers and mothers who could not control their own tempers had over their children, and we have not wondered when transient officers tell us that nine-tenths of the wayward girls and hoodlum boys are the children of divorced-parents or else of parents who did not get along together.

Now comes a great psychiatrist who asserts that he has never known an instance of nervous breakdown in the children of happily married parents who were brought up in a peaceful home.

READ that over again. Memorize it, you fathers and mothers who begin the day by having a row at the breakfast table because the coffee isn't just as you like it or the toast is burnt or you neglected to send up the coal yesterday and forgot to leave the money for the milkman. You think it is of no consequence because your wife knows you don't mean half of what you say and she is fighting back more from force of habit than anything else.

But neither one of you give a thought to the children who are listening to it all, to the children who are learning to regard you with contempt, who are having all of their illusions shattered, who are being taught to be bitter and misanthropic, with no faith in anything beautiful or fine. You do not realize that you may not only be giving them a wary in character that will bar them from success in life, but that you may be actually dooming them to a breakdown that will make them wrecks in body and mind.

ISN'T that a pretty high price to pay for the pleasure of quarrelling? And isn't it a cruelly unfair thing to force your children to settle your score? For the sake of the children you brought into the world and for whom you are responsible, isn't it worth while to deny yourself the pleasure of finding fault with your husband or wife and saying all the mean, acrimonious things you can think of?

No use in saying that you can't get along together. You can, if you want to. You get along with other persons.

DOROTHY DIX

TO GROW TREES. NEW WESTMINSTER, B. C., March 15.—British Columbia tree seeds are being prepared for shipment to many parts of the world for reforestation purposes by the Government Lands and Forestry Branch here.

OUTPUT VERY LARGE. EDMONTON, March 15.—A tentative statement on Alberta's production of petroleum for 1934 shows that the 1934 output in the province alone was greater than the production for all Canada in 1924.

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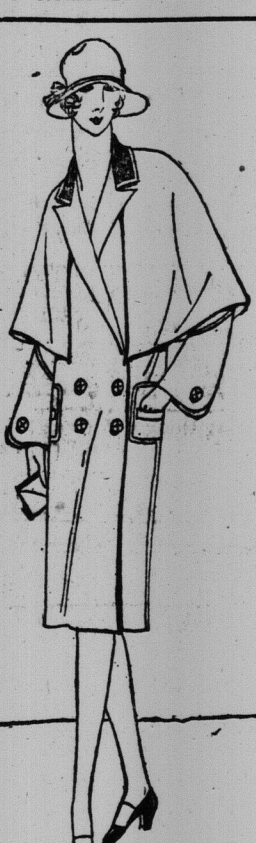
## Bouffant Frocks Popular With Bride's Attendants



By MME. LISBETH  
BOUFFANT frocks are often favored for bridesmaid's dresses, being especially picturesque and lending themselves to unusual decorative effects. Yellow is the color endorsed by English designers for early spring weddings, two of recent date, those of Lady Margaret Scott, at Cape Town, South Africa, said to be the largest and most elaborate affair South Africa has ever known, and Lady Elizabeth Harris, Lord Malmesbury's daughter, using this color. Yellow satin frocks with coats of yellow chiffon and bouquets of daffodils were Lady Elizabeth's choice.

Two particularly dainty, quaint frocks with very full skirts are pictured here. The first is a simple, form-fitting little frock that ended at a normal waistline. A ribbon sash tied with huge bows and ends is one of the quaint touches. The full skirt is finished at the bottom with loops or circles of the material and embroidery in floral design gives an added decorative touch. Feathers and flowers are used lavishly in the other frock (right). This bodice, too, ends at a normal line with a Quaker-like kerchief draped about the shoulders and fastened with a bunch of flowers in front. The skirt is almost covered with ostrich tips. The pretty picture hat is lavishly trimmed with flowers. Miss Colleen Moore, motion picture actress, posed for both gowns. Headgear for evening wear is always interesting. A very simple example of "what they are wearing" is worn by Miss Moore in the left-hand picture. A much more elaborate model appears up-centre. It is a queenly affair much like a crown, standing high on the head, and the tall woman must bear in mind that it will add considerably to her height, and act accordingly.

## Fashion Fancies



By Marie Belmont

With the cape coming into a place of great fashion importance, what could be more effective than a sporting coat modelled after the cadet's topcoat?

The one above is developed in dark blue tweed, with dark blue velvet facing the tailored collar. A coat of this type would be smart in a colored tweed of tan and brown.

Unbreakable clocks are being made by an inventor in England who has produced an elastic material resembling marble.



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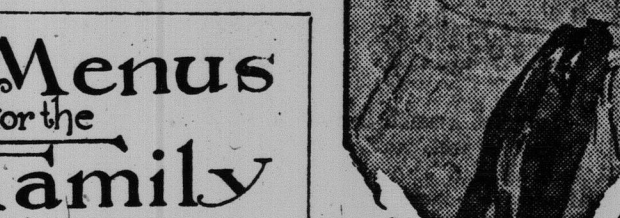
## Shirley One of the 200 Exploring Far Places

By RUSSELL J. BIRDWELL

DAUSING at the Paramount studio only momentarily between trips to lonely desert locations has earned for the troupe of 200 players engaged in filming Zane Grey's "Desert Gold" the title of "the explorers."

Shirley Mason, Neil Hamilton, Robert Fraser and William Powell scarcely had time to remove the travel stain from their clothes following their return from the southwestern border when they again set forth. To a lot of "em" it seems a "way out." Oh, this town's full of "em."

George B. Seitz, director, and Lucien Hubbard, editorial supervisor of Zane Grey productions for Paramount, who combined their efforts on "The Vanishing American," are making "Desert Gold."



Shirley Mason

## A Thought

If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning.—Ps. 137:3.

WHAT exile from his country is able to escape from himself?—Horne.

Candleilla wax, used in making candles and polishes, is obtained from a weed which grows abundantly in northern Mexico.

## TODAY'S RECIPES

Corn Fritters—Take two cups of canned corn, two well beaten eggs, half a teaspoonful of flour pressed down and heaped a little, and one cupful of cold milk. Have ready a hot frying pan with a little oil in it. Dip the batter by spoonfuls. There should be enough for a dozen fritters. Do not let them touch. Cook in relays, drying on one side four minutes, then turn. These are delicious served with chicken or as a breakfast dish.

Brown Bread—Two cups sour milk, two teaspoons soda, one teaspoon salt, one-half cup brown sugar, one-half cup molasses, two cups graham flour, one cup white or whole wheat flour, one cup seeded raisins (or nuts). Stir the soda into the milk and add to the remaining ingredients. Mix together well. Pour into greased pans. Allow to stand one hour. Bake one hour. This amount makes one large loaf or three loaves of baking powder can size.

Cole Slaw—Chop cabbage fine. A little onion and green pepper may be chopped with the cabbage. Pour over it the following dressing: One-half teaspoon salt, one egg, one-half cup milk, two teaspoons butter, one-fourth cup vinegar, one-half teaspoon mustard, one teaspoon sugar, one-fourth teaspoon pepper. Heat milk, add dry ingredients to egg. Then add milk to egg mixture. Cook to a custard. Add butter and vinegar and strain over cabbage. Set away to cool.

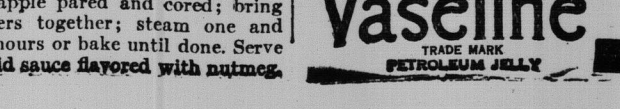
Apple Dumplings—One quart flour, one tablespoon lard, same of butter, three teaspoons baking powder, a little salt, enough milk to make the above into a soft dough; roll out the paste to less than one-half inch thickness; cut into squares; place in the centre of each an apple pared and cored; bring the corners together; steam one and one-half hours or bake until done. Serve with liquid sauce flavored with nutmeg.

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## IN NEW YORK SEE SAWING UP and down BROADWAY

SCATTERED notes from an afternoon's ramble about New York:

Past the Delmonico's "that was."

And what, I wonder, has become of John Kares, "the veteran of veterans" in cadetism? He must be 84 if he is a day, and it was said of him that there was no person worth knowing he didn't know. And there was Barney the Oysterman, whose clam chowder was to him an art. Not even the head chef was allowed to make the slightest suggestion. Have the days of "artistic eating" indeed gone forever?

Phrenen rushing to a bias on Fifth avenue. Two of them look most strange, as though they were false faces. People laugh! Their answer is simple. The alarm caught them in the act of shaving. They ran out, lather and all. The wintry winds froze the lather to their faces.

Albert Crockett, of the Waldorf-Astoria, tells me this one: A man, stepping up to the desk to register, was handed a pen. "Since when did you start handing out fountain pens?" he asked, playfully putting the pen in his vest pocket.

"Say, look out!" warned the clerk "Look at your pocket!"

A large black spot had appeared. It seems that the hotel has installed a trick, self-filling pen. It seems, also, that a large percentage of guests who dip deep pens in the ink wells leave a blot on the register. The new trick pen makes no blot. But unless encased in a special receptacle it leaks. Anyone who attempts to "lift" the pen finds his vest pocket badly soiled.

Recruiting sergeants pacing up and down before alluring signs carefully placed at strategic points—the Pennsylvania Station, Grand Central Station, Sixth avenue at 42nd street, where a dozen and one catchpenny street merchants hold forth. A active disposition, restless sometimes to "be on the move." Not attentive enough to details. Probably you have dramatic ability, latent or developed, and possibly skill at some sort of art-work. You will thoroughly enjoy spending money freely. Quit-vate contentment. Beware of listening to gossip.

Your birth-stone is a bloodstone, which means presence of mind. Your flower is a violet. Your lucky color is white.

"You see there's lots of kids have come to New York to knock the world over," he explained. "You know how it is. Lots of 'em come down to the depot' kinds wishing they could go home. Some of 'em are broke and just stand there watching the trains go out—you know, going out to the town they came from. An' some of 'em are ashamed to go home and have the people think they're strangers."

"And a helluva lot of 'em are sick of the city. Hate it. They don't want to be clerks and mess like that any more. They don't want to be shut up in offices and live from hand to mouth at odd jobs. There's something about a railroad station that draws the discontent of even the small towns. In the small towns they used to go down to the depot and watch the trains go out and wish they could escape."

Well, they come by and read the posters, and they aren't thinking of joining the army then. If I didn't start talking to 'em they probably wouldn't think of it seriously. To a lot of 'em it seems a way out. Oh, this town's full of 'em."

Don't I know it! GILBERT SWAN.

## Is this your BIRTHDAY

MARCH 15—By nature (if circumstances have not "damped you down") you are probably vivacious, full of fun and good spirits. An active disposition, restless sometimes to "be on the move." Not attentive enough to details. Probably you have dramatic ability, latent or developed, and possibly skill at some sort of art-work. You will thoroughly enjoy spending money freely. Quit-vate contentment. Beware of listening to gossip.

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## FLAPPER FANNY says

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## Little Joe

BLOOD RELATIONS ARE THE ONES WHO OFTEN BLEED TOO.



Little Joe

## ADVENTURES of the TWINS

by OLIVE ROBERTS BARTON

THE END OF BLUE WHISKERS.

At last the Twins and Jupe, the kangaroo, and Hickdoo, the wooden man, reached the turn of the road that led to the palace of Blue Whiskers.

"I think I'll leave you here," said Hickdoo, stiffly, getting off his motor-cycle. "I must get back to my garden and raise some more facts. If I don't keep up my diet, my index gets out of order, and then I can't help anybody out of his trouble."

"Oh, Hickdoo, we're ever and ever so much obliged for all you've done," said Nancy. "You've helped us such a lot! Won't you come and see us some time?"

"I can't," said Hickdoo sadly. "I'm a fairy even if I am wooden, and I can't leave Fairyland, or any of its nine hundred and ninety-nine kingdoms. But if you ever come back to this country please call me on the telephone and we'll have lunch together. Here's my number."

And Hickdoo reached in one of the drawers of his wooden waistcoat, which it had instead of pockets, and gave them a card with printing on it.

"I'll keep it," said Nick. "Good-bye, Hickdoo."

"Good-bye," said Hickdoo. And all at once he was gone. There was just a little puff of dust where he had stood.

"We'll leave the motorcycles here and you may ride the rest of the way on my tail," said Jupe to the Twins.

"Why can't we use our roller skates?" asked Nick.

"Because," said Jupe, "we must be as quiet as mice. No one must see us this time. We're going in the back way."

"That's right," squeaked Paddyfoot, the mouse, who was really a king. "Blue Whiskers is so fond of cherry jam that I'll bet you he has sent the Blue Cherry to the kitchen to be cooked by this time."

The Twins stood on Jupe's long tail and away he jumped. Pretty soon they came to the most of coddler oil that surrounds the palace.

But this time there was no need to

What's WANTED.

(Vancouver Sun.)

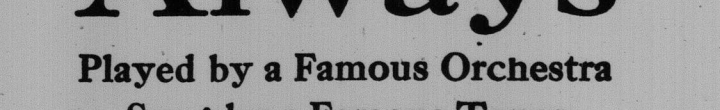
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