

INTERESTING

A Feature Page of Interest to Everyone

INSTRUCTIVE

Dorothy Dix

The Wife Whose Only Rival is Her Husband's Business
—How to Treat the Child-Woman of 17—The Bachelor Who is Looking for a Beautiful, Intellectual, Peppy, Studious, Frivolous Girl.

DEAR MISS DIX—My husband is a very prosperous business man, makes much money and gives me all I want. But he seems to live only for his business. He is away from home more than half the time on business, and never seems to care for my pleasure. Even when he is at home, he is too busy or too tired to go out in the evenings, though I like to go. I do wish he would be different. He could if he only would. What shall I do? GRACE.

ANSWER: Well, if I had an ambitious and successful husband, Grace, I should be so proud of him, and so interested in his career, that it would fill every moment of my time, and I shouldn't worry over whether he took me to the movies, or the "Jones" card party or not. For everything you get in life you have to pay the price, my dear, and this is true in marriage as in everything else. The woman who is married to a man who does big things have to pay for their husbands' achievements with a lot of loneliness, and with doing without many of the little attentions that the wives of ordinary men get.

The man who works for a salary, and whose day's labor is over when the clock strikes 5; the man in a small business in a small town who looks up his store and goes home at night, can devote his evenings to entertaining and amusing his wife, and visiting around with her at the neighbors. Perhaps the woman who is married to this kind of a man really has the happiest lot in life. At any rate, she has his companionship and his interest in all her small affairs, but she pays for it with lack of money, and with always being in an obscure position in life.

The woman who is married to a big man, a man who is full of plans, a man whose brains and interests must be centered on the thing that he is doing, or else he cannot do it, cannot possibly monopolize him as a woman in an humble sphere of life monopolizes her husband.

The successful politicians, the famous actors or writers, the big financiers, belong more to the public than they do to their wives. They must necessarily be much away from home, and when they are at home they are too worn and weary to do anything but slump. And for the prestige that their wives have, for the jewels and limousines, for the money and luxuries they have, they must pay the price of their home lives.

Try to be big enough to do this. Don't balk your husband's ambitions by your selfish desire to be amused. Don't nag him about your foolish little parties, but interest yourself so much in his career that you will not regard it as a rival any longer.

As for myself, I always think that a woman goes a long way to hunt for trouble when she complains of her husband's interest in his business or profession. As long as the only rival you have is your husband's career, you have nothing to worry over.

DEAR DOROTHY DIX—I have the best husband in the world, and I am devoted to him and he to me. But we have a daughter of 17 whom we do not seem to be able to manage at all. Until a year ago she was as nice a girl as you could wish to see, but suddenly she has become unmanageable, impatient and unreasonable. It worries her father almost to death. What can we do with her? PERPLEXED MOTHER.

The trouble with her probably is only that she is 17, which, however, is about the most dangerous thing that can afflict a girl, for it is then that she oftenest does the things that prove fatal to her. At 17 a girl is in the transition stage in which she is neither child nor woman, but both, and where she is tortured by the impulses and desires of both.

She has the lack of reason, the lack of self-control, the greedy desire for pleasure of a child, and yet she wants to be thought a woman, and to have the freedom of a woman.

She wants—she doesn't know what, she is full of vague desires and silly imaginations, and she is furious with any one who stands in the way of her gratifying any of her impulses. She is selfish, irritable, utterly lacking in consideration for any one else, and she resents any interference from her parents whom she regards as tyrants and old fogies.

It is a trying time for the girl, and a season of martyrdom for those who have to live with her, and if it is possible, Miss Seventeen should always be sent away from home to a good strict school where she will be forced to control herself, and be decent and polite to those about her.

If she must stay at home, try to be patient with her, and realize that she will outgrow her faults in a couple of years, and begin to appreciate a good home. Don't scold her. Laugh at her. Kid her along, as the slang phrase goes, for if you attempt to be too strict with her, the chances are she will marry just to prove that she is grown up, and won't be bossed by her parents. And that will ruin her life and yours.

DEAR DOROTHY DIX—I am a man just past 30. Single. Possess the ability to get my share of the world's goods, financially and otherwise. However, I find it difficult to adapt myself to the feminine tribe, their ways, conduct, etc. Especially am I depressed with the line of chatter usually put out by the average girl. It seems that the more attractive they are physically, the less are they endowed intellectually. What I mean is that they seem to be only interested in commonplaces, such as movies, jazz bands, cheap vaudeville, and so forth, and care nothing for the worthwhile things of life.

I like to have a good time, but I think there is a time for everything, and the serious side of things is also a part of my life. Am I right or wrong? What's the answer?

The answer, Mr. Man, is that you are asking too much of mere women—or mere girlhood. You are seeking something that is almost as rare as a white blackbird, and that is the woman who is beautiful and brilliant, who is profound and frivolous, who can do the Charleston, and discuss philosophy with equal skill.

And "there ain't no such animal." Or, at any rate, she is just as uncommon as a sheik who is a go-getter business man, a student and a thoroughly domesticated husband.

You must realize, my friend, that Mother Nature is fairer than we give her credit for being, and that when she hands out to a girl an extra size portion of good looks, she generally skimps on her brains. In a word, the beautiful are generally dumb. Also, when a girl-child finds out that all she needs to get by is her face, she generally doesn't bother to improve whatever mind she has.

So she reads only the six best sellers, gets her education at the movies, spends more time developing her heels than she does her head and chatters to other intellectual lightweight about the only things of real importance in their little world.

She has nothing to say to a man such as you are. But there are thousands of women who have educated girls who read and think, and who are interested in the great problems of life. But generally these girls would take no prize in a beauty show. Their loveliness is of the soul. Their charms are of the mind.

So I am afraid you will have to take your choice between the two and decide between a peaches-and-cream complexion with the latest thing in bobbed hair, and a head that is upholstered better within than without.

DOROTHY DIX.
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But the Sun is Shining in Ceylon:
SUNBEAM TEA

Stone New Clue In "First Man" Hunt

Strange crude petroglyphs which may antedate other such rock drawings ever discovered on the North American continent have been found on a great rock, which was located in the Crowe Bar district of the north Fraser river and which has been brought to Vancouver.

Archaeologists are excited over the find but frankly puzzled at the age and meaning of the pictures.

Six months ago the boulder on which these petroglyphs were found was lying in an oozy mud bank on the upper reaches of the lazy Fraser river. Mud and sand then nearly obscured the strange drawings, but a farmer with more than a passing interest saw the chippings and realized their possible significance and the interest which they hold to archaeologists.

He communicated with the Vancouver parks board and the chairman, W. C. Shelley, had the rock brought to Vancouver. It was an expensive proposition but well worth it. The rock has been cleaned, the inscriptions chalked out and the boulder set up in the model Indian village at Stanley park.

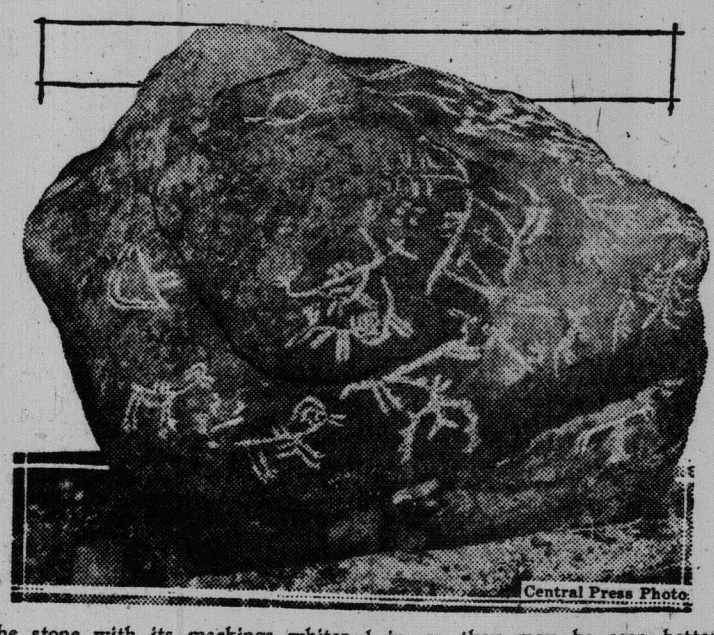
Apparently the markings would indicate a journey from the sea, for at the left of the rock is what might be intended for a canoe. The journey was through a strange land filled with weird animals. The trip at last appears to end at the abode of a people who dwell in wigwams and keek-willies.

Such would appear at first glance to be the story of the stone—an arduous of the pre-historic times. Or again it might be the serious warning or the imagining of an artist. But the answer to the riddle can only be determined after much study by scientists.

One point especially is causing serious discussion locally, and is expected to attract international attention, is that all the animals have great spikes growing from their backs. Some of these animals have startling similarity to great lizards. This, archaeologists say, may indicate that the Fraser river natives who carved this stone may have been familiar with dinosaurs, brontosaurus and other scientific-mythological animals.

If a conclusion should be reached that they did, it would upset the present theories of the age of man on the earth.

It is evident, however, that the person who carved the rock was no idle fellow, the indentations having been made by picking with a sharp-pointed instrument of harder stone or bone.



The stone with its markings whitened in, so they may be seen better.

Recently a Broadwayite took the trouble to check up the fate, within a year, of a number of chorines photographed at their last Central Park frolic. In one group of four, three had married. The fourth had been reported engaged to a person other than Prince Troubadour, though more recent information indicates that she will be a member of a very wealthy New York family ere long.

The second young lady in the photograph has become the daughter-in-law of the Chatham-Phoenix bank head. The third is wed to Sam Warner, of the Warner Brothers motion picture company; the fourth married into the "profession"—and so it goes.

CERTAIN it is that chorus girls come and go so fast that no recorder could hope to keep any reliable record of them. The cry of Broadway is for "fresh recruits." Youth, youth, youth—at \$15 a week, and with some little hope that some day they may get as much as \$75.

And there's scarce a one of them that could keep a husband any day she wished. If she chooses to use the slide to obscurity and downfall it's generally her own fault.

Too much flattery, too many men, too much drinking, too little use of the head, too much expending of energy in night life—all these factors sum up to kill of talent and opportunities.

Such girls "last quick," as they say on Broadway. A few will outbursts and doors of night clubs are closed to them, to say nothing of the doors of offices where engagements are sought.

But the majority can gather to themselves husbands whenever and wherever they choose—and they do.

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CAREFUL WHAT YOU DO AROUND YOUR RADIO. IT'S LIKELY TO "SQUEAL" ON YOU.

HEADACHES MAY BE CAUSED BY CONSTIPATION
Kellogg's ALL-BRAN brings quick relief

Constipation takes its toll in suffering and may lead in the end to more than forty diseases. Don't let this thing pile up poisons in your body—deadly poisons! Read Mrs. Hardin's message of cheer:

"I have taken medicine and taken it constantly for constipation, but nothing I ever took regulated my system except Kellogg's ALL-BRAN."

Mrs. Lou Hansen (Address on request)
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Made by Kellogg in London, Canada. Ready to eat. Delicious with milk, fruit or in cooking. Kellogg's ALL-BRAN is sold by all grocers, served at leading hotels and restaurants.

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN

Fashion Fancies



By Marie Belmont
Quilted silk coats were shown in the winter for Southern resort wear, and they were so popular at the resorts that we are sure to see some of them exploited for Spring.

This coat for the small girl is of navy blue quilted silk. The quilting done in bright colored silk floss to trace a flower design on the coat.

The collar is of soft red, to match one of the flowers. The red cuffs have heavy French knots in blue to resemble buttonholes.

Menus for the Family

MENU HINT:
Breakfast.
Oatmeal with Top Milk.
Broiled Ham. Coffee or Cocoa.
Toast. Luncheon.
Cream of Celery Soup. Crackers.
Baked Apple Pie. Milk.
Whole Wheat Bread and Butter.
Gingerbread. Dinner.
Steak and Onions. Baked Potatoes.
Endive Salad with Olives.
Fig Delights. Coffee or Tea.

TODAY'S RECIPES.
Baked Apple Pie—Butter a glass baking dish and slice apples as for pie, putting a layer of apples, sprinkled with sugar, in the bottom of the dish, then another layer of apples and sugar until the dish is filled. Dot the top with small pieces of butter and sprinkle with nutmeg or cinnamon. Bake in a moderate oven. A convalescent also may find this dish appetizing.

Steak and Onions—Purchase a full cut of round steak two inches thick. Put in roaster, dot over with chopped suet, and roast in very hot oven 30 minutes. Lower the heat, salt and pepper the meat, and cook slowly one and one-half to two hours longer. Prepare four or five large Spanish onions by slicing into cold water. One hour before the meat is to be served, drain onions and boil in salted water 10 minutes. Drain. Remove cover from roaster, spread onions over the meat and sprinkle with chopped suet which has been slightly browned in skillet. Cook one-half hour longer without cover, till suet is well browned and onions seasoned with the fat.

Fig Delight—One-half cup graham flour, two cups boiling water, one-half pound chopped figs, pinch of salt, one-half cup sugar, one-half cup chopped walnuts. Make smooth paste of graham flour and boiling water. Cook five minutes. Stir while cooking. Add sugar, salt and figs. Cook in top of double boiler one hour, when cold add nuts. Serve with plain or whipped cream. Garnish with one-half walnut and red or green cherry.

Rip-Snortin' Bill Duncan Is Quiet Papa Now

By RUSSELL J. BIRDWELL
BIG, two-foot William "Bill" Duncan, after 15 years of glory and stardom in motion pictures, is through with the movie life. He has quit the movie life and deserted the chase for cinema gold to thoroughly enjoy the rewards of fatherhood.

Bill left motion pictures a year and a half ago when his wife and co-starring partner, Edith Johnson, was forced to desert because of impending motherhood.

Once upon a time Bill got his thrills in the wild and woolly serials he made—diving from steep precipices into rushing mountain streams and hurling himself from moving trains—now the red-faced Scotchman finds life's greatest thrill in changing the baby's pants and mixing her feedings.

As a hobby, Bill invented a weight reducer for midgets out in his workshop. It brought her weight down from 175 to 130 in just a few weeks. It was so good Edith encouraged him to patent and market it.

"Well, I did," says Bill, "and, who knows, in a very short time I may be William Duncan, manufacturer of 'Midget's Miniature—the Reducer,' instead of Bill Duncan, movie star."

MAN OF EIGHTY DIES AT WEDDING HOUR

Was to Have Been Married Half an Hour Later to Woman, 71

LONDON, March 9.—Within half an hour of the time fixed for his wedding—11 o'clock—Frank Pelling, the 80-year-old inmate of the Shoreditch Union, died. He was to have married Mrs. Harriet Ellis, aged 71, who lives in a house close to the institution. All preparations had been made and the Mayor of Shoreditch had arranged to act as best man. There were to be celebrations before the couple settled down to live on their joint pensions.

Mrs. Ellis had waited 20 years for Mr. Pelling to propose. He was reluctant to do because of his scanty means, but her suggestion that he should share her room appeared to solve the difficulty.

Drake's Church Bells To Be Heard Again

LONDON, March 8.—The famous bells of St. Andrew's church, Plymouth, of which Sir Francis Drake was a churchwarden, and where his gallant company solemnly thanked God for their victory over the Armada, have been silent for some time owing to the unsafe condition of their mountings.

Sir Thomas Baker, a former worshipper, has now offered to defray the cost of rehanging and renovating the bells, and also installing in the tower a modern eight-day clock, with four dials.

FURNITURE JUMPS

Unusual Happenings Are Investigated By English Village Constable

LONDON, March 9.—Remarkable phenomena are reported to be taking place in the home of Frederick Goswell of Finchampstead, near Wokingham.

Chairs are declared to be jumping about the rooms, pictures falling from the walls and returning to their nicks, tables turning upside down, and boxes emptying themselves.

Goswell, a family called the village constable, Grigg, to investigate, and he firmly asserts that he saw the mysterious happenings. The villagers are assembled round the house, which they regard with alarm and awe.

In England 22,000 women are employed as electrical workers.

IN NEW YORK SEE SAWING UP and down BROADWAY

OVER a long period of time the myth has persisted that chorus girls are for "parties" and not for vedettes. They are gay girls "of the evening," but "not the sort of girls men marry," and all that sort of "hokey" interesting, if true!

But the fact is, it isn't true. Since the first day I pitched tent at 44th and Broadway I have gathered data on this subject. And I stand ready to wager my last year's world series pass that, girl for girl, chorines receive and reject more proposals of marriage than sub deba and co-eds combined.

True, some of these proposals are made after the eighteenth cocktail—but they are nonetheless binding. True, too, that many chorus girls have "parties" reputations. Even these marry eventually. What is more they don't marry rich men's sons! The majority marry into the "profession." Almost an equal number marry young bond salesmen, newspapermen, real estate men or business men.

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Kellogg's ALL-BRAN

ADVENTURES of the TWINS

by OLIVE ROBERTS BARTON

Nancy took one of the magic balls out of her pocket and threw it on the ground. Presto! Change! There stood a spanking new motorcycle—license and all.

Then Nick took another one out of his pocket and threw it on the ground. Presto! Change! There stood another spanking new motorcycle, inviting them for a ride.

"I'll run one," cried Juke, the kangaroo, settling himself in the front seat without losing any time. "Nancy you get on behind."

"And I'll run the other," said Hick-doo, the wooden man. In about two minutes all four were sailing down the road like two streaks of lightning.

I don't know what the speed limit was in the Land of the Blue Cherry. But only this time, the Twins noticed unasily, he had his nose tied up with a large handkerchief, and one eye was swollen shut.

And Juke, you may be sure, was not any too comfortable, either, when he thought of the trick he had played. The set, you know, was acting as toll-gate when the Twins met him the first time and refused to fold up his wings and let them pass by. When he demanded flies, and mosquitoes for toll, Juke had presented him with a wasp's nest.

Now, my dears, you may understand why the travelers looked so worried when they saw the same enormous fellow of General Li Ching Lin and re-captured Machang, a railroad point 20 miles south of here.

EVEN LIVERS GET LAZY!
You get lazy—everybody gets lazy—even your liver gets lazy now and then. When you get that tired, lay-me-down-and-dead feeling take 15 to 30 drops of Seigel's Syrup in a glass of water. Does the trick and safely. You'll feel like new!

MACHANG RECAPTURED.
TIENT SIN, China, March 8.—The Kuomintang army of Marshal Ling Yu-Hsiang, the Christian, has fought back against their invading rivals, the army of General Li Ching Lin and re-captured Machang, a railroad point 20 miles south of here.

FOR Acid Stomach PHILLIPS' Milk of Magnesia

Instead of soda hereafter take a little "Phillips' Milk of Magnesia" in water any time for indigestion or sour, acid, gassy stomach, and relief will come instantly.

BETTER THAN SODA
For fifty years genuine "Phillips' Milk of Magnesia" has been prescribed by physicians because it overcomes three times as much acid as any drug.

INSIST UPON "PHILLIPS"
Each bottle contains full directions—any drugstore.

Anywhere Where wear counts

OUTDOORS or indoors, anywhere where wear counts, that is what Sisman Shoes are made for. For sixty years Sisman has been designing and building shoes for farmers, factory and railroad workers, and workmen in the lumber camps. For this reason the Sisman Shoe enjoys an enviable reputation for service among those whose occupations demand good service in footwear. Yet Sisman Shoes cost no more than for ordinary shoes.

The Sisman Trade Mark—stamped on the sole and attached as a tag—is the Sisman pledge that no better working shoes are made anywhere. Always ask for Sisman Shoes and look for the tag and the trade mark.

If your dealer cannot supply you, ask him to communicate with his wholesaler or with us direct.

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