

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.

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.

The man who works for a salary, and whose day's labor is over when the clock strikes six, the man in a small business in a small town who locks up his store and goes home at night, can devote his evenings to entertaining and amusing his wife, and visiting with her at the neighbors.

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.

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 thing, 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?

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 girls. 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.

DEAR DOROTHY DIX—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?

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

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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.



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

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 a oozy mud bank on the upper reaches of the lazy Fraser river.

Apparently the markings indicated a journey from the area, for at the left of the rock is what might be intended for a canoe. The journey was through a strange country, 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 argosy 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, archeologists 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.

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 than Prince Trobretsky, 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 concern; the fourth married into the "profession"—and so it goes.

It is that chorus girls come and go so fast that no record 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 can't keep a husband any day she wishes. If she chooses to use the slide to obscurity and downfall it's generally her own fault.

Too much matter, too many men, too many drinks, 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 wild outbreaks 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.

MAN OF EIGHTY DIES AT WEDDING HOUR

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.

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.

Little Joe

CAREFUL WHAT YOU DO AROUND YOUR RADIO. IT'S LIKELY TO "SCREAM" 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:

HEADACHES, sallow skin, blotchy complexion—these are but a few of the symptoms! Drive constipation from your body with Kellogg's ALL-BRAN—100% bran. Two tablespoonfuls eaten daily—with every meal, in chronic cases—are guaranteed to bring permanent relief, or your money is refunded.

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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 Finchamstead, near Wokingham.

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

Goswell's 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.

Fashion Fancies

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

This coat for the small girl is of navy blue quilted silk, with the quilting done in bright colored threads 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 coat buttons.

By Marie Belmont

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DAILY MOVIE SERVICE

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 make-believe world. He has quit the movie sets 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 hurrying 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."

FLAPPER FANNY SAYS

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ADVENTURES of the TWINS

THE TOLL-GATE BAT REAPPEARS

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.

"I don't know what the speed limit is in the Land of the Blue Cherry. But whatever it was, I am sure they were breaking it."

"We certainly should catch old Blue Whiskers at this rate," said Jupp. "Everyone knows that a motorcycle can go faster than an automobile. He can't be further than the cross-roads by this time."

On they sped like the wind. But they were counting their chickens before they were hatched, I'm afraid, for suddenly a big voice shouted "Halt!"

There, if you please, sat the same big blue bat that they had met on their way to the palace.

And Jupp, you may be sure, was not any too comfortable, either, when he thought of the trick he had played. The bat, 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.

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.

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But the Sun is Shining in Ceylon: SUNBEAM TEA

GILLETTE'S LYE EATS DIRT

SISMAN SHOES