

POOR DOCUMENT M C 2 0 3 5

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INTERESTING

A Feature Page of Interest to Everyone

INSTRUCTIVE

Dorothy Dix

"Don't Ape the Others, Girls; You'll Lose Out if You Do—Stress Your Own Type of Charms and Learn to be Yourself," Says Dorothy Dix

THE newspapers are telling the sad, sad story of a motion-picture actress who "retired." It appears that the lady in question had a feather-bed figure and a jolly round face like a full moon and that which ever way you looked at her she was billows and billows of fat.

Came a day, as they say on the screen, when she cast a dispiriting eye on her own curves and determined to be no longer a stylish stout, but a lean and slinky vamp. So she starved and ran and walked and rolled and tumbled and was massaged and steamed and beat to a pulp until through much suffering she became a mere living skeleton.

Proudly she presented herself before her director, feeling that she could demand a million a week as a salary; but to her surprise and consternation she found that nobody wanted her at any price. As a fat woman she had filled a big place, literally and figuratively, in her little world. She had been unique, individual, interesting, a distinct type. But just as a lanky woman with lines in her face was merely one in the crowd, with nothing about her to distinguish her from the femininity that comes by the bolt. There is a lesson in this story for all women, and it is this:

DOROTHY DIX

Don't be copy-cat. Don't wear something that doesn't suit your style just because it happens to be fashionable. Don't imitate some other woman's little airs and graces and mannerisms. Be yourself. Find out what you look best in and wear it. Study yourself and ascertain what your strong point is and emphasize that. In a word, strut your own stuff.

Very few women have intelligence enough to do this. Most of them try to standardize themselves and to be as much like other women as peas in a pod, with the result that they throw away the most alluring charm that any human being can possibly have, and that is what we call "personality."

Take, as a flagrant example of this, the mania that women of every age and class, nobody will deny the charm of the little, thin, bobbed-haired, apple-pated girl of 18, who jumps around from one thing to another and is always on the go, who habitually of her crushes and her dates, and who hasn't two real thoughts to rub together in her head.

She is amusing and entertaining, just as a playful kitten is. Nobody wants a girl of that age to be settled or wise. But the woman of 30 who craves the flapper's act, as vaudevillians say, merely makes herself ridiculous. She doesn't make herself look younger. She exaggerates her age when she wears clothes that belong to her daughter or her granddaughter.

THE fool questions that 18 asks are deliciously naive, but they are ignorant stupidity on the lips of 35. We smile when the schoolgirl chatters to us about her sweeties, but we turn away in disgust when the elderly woman belies and simper and talks about what her best young man said about her eyes.

Yet 50 is not a more unattractive age than 20, and many a woman at middle-age is better-looking and more fascinating than she ever was before. Many a woman who was a hard, tight, insignificant little bud blossoms out into a gorgeous rose.

SOMETIMES a meager body, dull, nondescript hair, turns to a silver crown. Reading, traveling, experience, culture, a woman's mind and makes her interesting. Rubbing up against the world wears off her shyness and gives her tact and understanding and sympathy, so that in her maturity she is a million times more charming than she was in her calico girlhood, but she throws all this into discard when she tries to understand the flapper.

Her cue is to strut her own stuff, to be the beautiful, graceful, poised, middle-aged woman; the woman who has lived and thought and learned; the woman who knows the human heart and who can play upon it as upon a harp with a thousand strings. After all, not many people really like green peaches. Most of us prefer them ripe and mellow.

MANY girls fail to get married because they have not sense enough to strut their stuff. There is the domestic girl who is always complaining that the men pass her over for the jazz girls who go on wild parties with them. The poor little domestic girl limps along a bad tenth, eleventh or twelfth in this mad race and walls that she cannot keep up with her sisters of the flying feet. Of course she can't, and she is silly to try.

Her play is to slug the first eligible man that comes her way with one of her own inimitable cakes or pies that is far better than mother ever made. Let her put the loud pedal on what a home body she is. Let her darn her silk stockings when she has company. Let her feed every man at whom she gets a chance and it won't be long until she will be ringing her wedding bell.

For no matter what kind of girl a man plays around with he wants a home-maker for his wife, and any girl can capture him who can sell him the idea that she is domestic.

POOR girls who are ashamed of their poverty make the mistake of pretending that they are better off than they are. They remark casually when a man admires their frocks that it is a cheap little import that they got for \$50 from a little French man who knows when in reality they have made their things with their own clever fingers and they cost almost nothing.

What they should do is to strut their stuff and boast about how little their things cost and how skillful they are with their needles and what sleuths they are at finding bargains, for the world is full of young men who would like to marry but who are kept from doing it by the prices they see marked on feminine finery in department-store windows.

I PASS this idea on to you, girls. Amplify it. Apply it. Make the most of yourself. Strut your own stuff.

DOROTHY DIX.

For the cool days

SHREDDED

WHEAT

With hot milk and a little cream

Strengthening and satisfying

LIFE SAVERS

Nothing more refreshing

after meals.

They sweeten the breath

and aid digestion.

Rah-Rah Matrimony



BEHIND THE SCREEN

By DAN THOMAS

Back in Red Oak, Ia., many years ago a young man kicked off his overalls and decided to quit being a farmer boy.

A few hours after this momentous decision, the curtain descended in Red Oak on one of the best home talent plays the town had enjoyed in years, and Raymond Hatton was "middle."

Call it made if you want to. Hatton was then 18 years old. And his parents were "sold on" him staying in Des Moines. They sent him to school in Des Moines, but the purpose born the night of the home talent show stuck, and when vacation came, the folks received word from Raymond that he had joined a stock company.

All over the middle west with stock companies. Then he heard of the moving pictures, and came west with them in the early days of the film industry.

For several years Hatton played heroes and villains. Then, one day some director discovered a smile in him. Only recently has he been for comedy portrayal won recognition.

Hatton, with Wallace Beery in "Behind the Front," was one of the screaming successes of post-war comedies. Now he's making a new one with Beery, glorifying the American navy, if you will, "We're in the Navy Now."

The folks back in Red Oak can hardly wait for it.

Fashion Fancies.

THIS WOOLEN ENSEMBLE IS THE COLOR OF PARMA VIOLETS

By Marie Belmont

This smart little costume is among the newest showings of a French house famed for the youthfulness and chic of its creations.

The material is a very light-weight woolen fabric, with a slight nap to its surface, and the color is the lovely purple of Parma Violets. The separate skirt is attached to a thin silk bodice to insure its hanging perfectly.

With the skirt is worn a light wool sweater, with horizontal stripes of purple and a harmonizing dink pink. These striped sweaters are popular at the smartest European resorts.

PUT money in the bank now and it will put independence into your old

SEE-SAVING ON BROADWAY

ALL that portion of this nation's population that keeps its eye on the hectic adventures of the "almighty dollar" has heard by this time the tale of the newspaper reporter and the recent Wall Street gusher.

A great run had started, sending General Motors vaulting to fabulous figures. Then a reporter got a "tip." He happened to interview a member of the house of Morgan just as the worthy was sailing for Europe. The magnate commented in the course of his talk that the stock should go much higher.

With this extraordinary information in his possession the reporter "beat out" his colleagues on his week-end holiday. He didn't so much as buy a dime's worth on margin or otherwise.

And in the course of a day or so he mentioned his interview to his office. The paper pounced upon it. Its publication all but knocked the roof from the Stock Exchange. If a member of the Morgan firm had so much faith in it—well—! There was a panic to purchase. General Motors' rise ranks among the historic stock booms.

THINGS happen that way occasionally on Wall Street. Some little hint is given; some little "tip" goes out and—bloie!—sensational ups or downs follow.

Knowing this, wise manipulators of the street use every rumor and disturbing factor in the world's news to bring pressure on stocks.

THERE was another historic "interview" that Wall Street will not soon forget. One of the big bankers of the money belt called about him, on a certain day in 1916, the reporters of the market in the historic stock booms.

THE "street" is full of such tales. E. H. Gary said "so-and-so" and Morgan said "such-and-such." The word of an individual throws

Menus for the Family

A can of mushrooms may be cooked in the gravy.

MENU HINT

Breakfast.
Orange Juice.
Oatmeal with Top Milk.
Toasted Bran Rolls.
Grape Jelly.
Bacon.
Coffee or Cocoa.

Luncheon.
Cheese Souffle.
Sliced Tomatoes.
Nut Bread.
Grapes.

Dinner.
Hot Salmon Loaf.
Creamed Potatoes.
Jellied Vegetable Salad.
Caramel Cup Custard.
Tea.

TODAY'S RECIPES

Cheese Souffle—Two tablespoons butter, one heaping tablespoon of flour, three eggs, one-half cup of milk, one cup grated cheese, one teaspoon salt, speck cayenne. Put butter in saucepan. When hot, but not brown, add flour and stir until smooth. Add milk and seasoning, cook two minutes, add well beaten yolks and cheese. Cool. When cold, add well beaten whites. Turn into buttered pudding dish and bake about twenty minutes in a rather quick oven. Serve immediately.

Nut Bread—Mix one cup of graham flour, one-half cup of white flour, two teaspoons of sugar, three teaspoons of baking powder, one-fourth teaspoon of salt, and one-fourth teaspoon of soda. Then add two tablespoons of molasses, one cup sweet milk, one-fourth cup of English walnuts. Beat well and bake in moderate oven.

Salmon Loaf—One can salmon, one-half cup rolled crackers, one tablespoon butter, three well beaten eggs, salt and pepper. Steam one hour, cover with a rich drawn butter gravy.

Wall Street one way or another—depending, of course, on who the individual may be.

And therein lies one of the treacherous tides of this financial sea. All about are "wise guys" who like to sit at the race tracks, go about pretending to be on "the inside." They have the "low down" on what the great financial figures are going to do or say—if you believe them. And there are always new suckers to believe them and be fleeced.

GILBERT SWAN.

THE POOR PEDESTRIAN

(Montreal Star)

It is a big step in advance to take thought for the "poor pedestrian." He should not be compelled to cross the street at the peril of his life. Any plan that attracts the eye of the traffic cop to him and compels the motorist to wait until he can get across, must be a vast improvement.

It is more important that you lubricate your chassis bearings in winter than in summer—every 500 miles with!

Genuine ALEMITE Lubricant

IT DOES NOT FREEZE—ALL OIL—NO FILLER.

The First Mother to Swim the English Channel

Read What Mrs. Corson Says:

18, Liverpool Street, Dover,
31st August, 1926.

Dear Sirs,

I have much pleasure in stating that during my training work on this side I relied to a very large extent upon Bovril Preparations. To the regular use of these foods I attribute the excellent condition which enabled me to swim the English Channel, which, as you are aware, was successfully accomplished during the 27th and 28th instant.

I have no hesitation in recommending the above preparations for the use of athletes requiring sustaining and strengthening foods.

Yours faithfully,
(signed) MILLE GADE-CORSON.

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