

POOR DOCUMENT M C 2 0 3 5

THE EVENING TIMES-STAR, SAINT JOHN, N. B., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 23, 1926

INTERESTING

A Feature Page of Interest to Everyone

INSTRUCTIVE

Dorothy Dix

Revolt of the Middle-Aged Wife Whose Husband Hasn't Taken Her Out in Ten Years—The Engaged Girl Who Repeats Her Fiance's Confidences to Her Mother—The Old-Fashioned Parent Whose "Consent" Must be Asked.

DEAR MISS DIX—I have been married twenty-eight years. Have four grown children. My wife has been a model wife and mother. Three years ago she seemed to lose all respect for me and my opinion, learned to swim and took to going to the movies, of both of which she knew I disapproved. Lately I have found out that she flirts with men and goes riding with them day or night. What shall I do? I have not taken her out in ten years. Never go myself. Am a firm believer that home is woman's place and man the head of the house.
DESPERATE HUSBAND.



DOROTHY DIX

ANSWER:

I should say that your wife's conduct is the direct result of the way you have treated her. She has revolted against the narrow, dull, drab life you have forced on her.

You have denied her all sorts of innocent little pleasures. You have never tried to bring joy into her life, and now when she is middle aged and her children are grown, she suddenly wakes up to the fact that if she doesn't have some pleasure now she will never have any at all.

Certainly you have no right to object to her swimming and going to the movies, both of which are perfectly harmless diversions. Swimming is good for her. There is no better exercise than that, and as for movies, they are a perfect godsend to woman and have done more than any one thing to take tired, harassed housewives' minds off their troubles and keep them out of insane asylums and from going into nervous prostration.

Every man who has any intelligence encourages his wife to go to the movies because it gives her something new and romantic and thrilling to think about while she does her housework, instead of her thoughts dwelling morbidly upon him and his imperfections.

Of course, if your wife does flirt and go riding with men she is doing wrong. She is going too far. But the fault is yours because you have held her down too tightly. If you had been reasonable and human with her you would not have to complain of her excesses now.

I don't blame a woman for almost anything she may do if she has a husband who hasn't taken her out anywhere for ten years. She has such areas of pleasure coming to her that she can never catch up with the happiness of you that you would have to complain of her excesses now.

Why, Mr. Man, didn't it ever occur to you that your wife wasn't just a piece of household machinery? Didn't you ever think that she was a woman, with a woman's desire for pleasure and tenderness and love and good times, and not just an automaton that mechanically did your sweeping and cooking and washing and mending and baby-tending?

Didn't you ever suspicion that if you made matrimony too hard and dull for her she might some time fly the coop? And didn't it ever dawn on you that you would kill her love if you tyrannized over her?

You have only yourself to blame for your troubles, and the only way you can win your wife back is by turning lover again and showing her a good time yourself.

It is all very well to say that the woman's place is in the home, but if you want to keep one there you have to make it attractive to her.
DOROTHY DIX

DEAR DOROTHY DIX—I am engaged to a splendid young man. He is a man of strong individuality and likes to keep his affairs to himself. We have frankly and thoroughly discussed our plans for the future, he believing that I will keep them secret and not divulge them to any one. Instead of this, I have talked them over freely with my mother. Lately I am beginning to believe that this young man suspicious this and that my mother stands between us, as he is not so free in talking to me as he used to be. Am I doing right in telling my mother about our private talks, thus letting her advice determine my viewpoint?
BAB.

ANSWER:

I think you are doing very wrong, because you are betraying the confidence of the man who trusts you and who would not tell you the things that he does if he knew you were going to blab them to your mother.

Of course, you feel that you can trust your mother and you are accustomed to relying upon her judgment. You also feel that she has a right to know all about your affairs, but you must remember that your fiance does not share this view of the subject. He does not know whether your mother is as leaky a vessel as you are or not, and, anyway, he doesn't want his private affairs thrust upon him in your family circle.

One of the great grievances of married women is that their husbands never repose any confidence in them and never talk over their business affairs with them. It is because so many women are like you—having to run to mother with everything—that makes men afraid to tell their wives anything they don't want broadcast to the world.

A lot of the jealousy that men show toward their mothers-in-law is likewise due to the fact that many wives are tactless enough always to throw mother's opinion up to their husband. It is always "Mother thinks we should do so and so." "Mother says this and that," "Mother objects to this plan." "Mother favors that plan" and so on.

This is more than masculine vanity can stand, for naturally a man likes to believe that he is an oracle to his wife and that she looks up to him and defers to his judgment.

A husband's confidence in his wife should be sacred, and she should put the soft pedal on mother. Take this tip if you want to be happy though married.
DOROTHY DIX

DEAR MISS DIX—Do you think any right-thinking girl could marry a man who has not had principle enough to seek out her parents and ask their consent before he proposed marriage to her? My daughter of 23 is contemplating marriage with a young man who has acted in this manner. He is a dear, likable fellow and I would have no objection, except that I think that he has treated me with great disrespect and that it will bring no happiness to wed him. Do you think that I am wrong in feeling injured?
HEART THROBS.

ANSWER:

Why, my dear lady, your grievance sounds like something out of a hair trunk in the attic. I don't suppose that in all America any young man has spoken to the parents first and requested permission to court their daughter and asked her hand in marriage in fifty years. Parents are lucky these days if they get invited to the wedding.

Of course, it is good manners for the young man to "ask" for the girl, but that is merely a matter of form. The young people have settled the question, and all that the parents are expected to do is to sign on the dotted line.

So don't harbor ill feelings against the young man because he is acting just as every other young man does in this day and generation.
DOROTHY DIX

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Pedestrian Traffic Rules

IF PEDESTRIANS WOULD USE TRAFFIC SIGNALS—IT WOULD SIMPLIFY SIDEWALK TRAFFIC—AND MAKE WALKING A PLEASURE!

FOR INSTANCE—RIGHT TURN (PROBABLY BETTER WAIT AND MAKE SURE)

LEFT TURN! (BUT IF ONE DOESN'T CHANGE HER MIND)

STOP! (WHO WOULD?)

AND EVERYBODY'D LOOK SO CUTE WITH STOP LIGHTS!

A PANDORA WOULD PROTECT YOU THE SAME AS IT DOES ANY TRICK

PECKING YOUR CIGARETTE INTO THE FELLOW PEDDIN' YOU—IT WORKS IN MOTOR TRAFFIC

ADVENTURES of the TWINS

OLIVE ROBERTS BARTON

The pink ticket in Nancy's pocket stuck up its head and looked at her with accusing eyes. "What did you do that for?" it said.

"Do what for?" said Nancy in a bewildered voice.

"Let that giant boy pick you up and throw you over the mountain," explained the ticket. "It's my job and the job of the other ticket in that boy's pocket, to take you places as long as you are in Drowsy Land. We got cheated, so we did. Another thing! We never intended to bring you here. You won't like it a bit! But I'll say this much and then I'll go back into your pocket again. If you get into a predicament, just say, 'A pink trip slip for a ten-cent fare.' That will fetch us both in a jiffy. We can take you out of trouble if you did bring yourself in. Don't forget the words."

"Yes, don't forget the words," said the other ticket, sticking its pink head out of Nick's pocket. "A pink trip slip—not a pink slip trip."

With that both tickets rolled themselves up again and disappeared and the Twins stood looking at each other wondering what it was all about.

"Well, what for this place is?" said Nick, looking around. "It cannot be any queerer than the one we just left. Drowsy Land has more queer places than any place we've ever been before. No wonder the Fairy Queen said that Inco and Pops had come here. An elephant with pink roses all over him isn't half as queer as—"

"Baa! Maa!" went something behind them. And the Twins turned just in time to see two big black goats.

But before they had time to wink, much less to run, the goats lowered

their heads and butted the Twins over a high stone wall. They did not feel it a bit however—it was just as though two large soft sofa pillows had struck them and lifted them off their feet.

"Over the fence is out, boys!" shouted a voice after them and the Twins supposed it was one of the goats.

They found themselves this time in another moon city, and, as the tickets had said, they began to feel right now that they might not like it. For most of the people were crocodiles who walked on their hind legs, wore large bright bows on their tails and carried parasols and canes.

"I think that over the fence is in, don't you, Nancy?" said Nick. "I don't like the looks of this place and I think we'd better ask the tickets to be showing us the way out."

"So do I," said Nancy. But do you know, they couldn't for the life of them remember whether they were to say "a pink trip slip" or "a pink slip trip."

At that minute a large portly alligator with a large white waistcoat on his large round stomach and gold goggles in his teeth, said politely, "Who on moon are you my dear? Come here, Lumpin, and look at these odd creatures. They must be out of the circus."

A large fat alligator with a tearful squire and a velvet basque, hurried to the spot as fast as her long tail would allow her. "How very queer! Did you ask them?" she said, giving Nancy a whirl with her jaw. The two alligators coast whirling the Twins around and calling to their friends to come and look.

But you might as well have tried to make out the pictures on two spinning tops.

To Be Continued

Fashion Fancies

CHIFFON ROSE PETALS FOR PARTY FROCKS



By Marie Belmont
Roses of rose petals, seipied from a length of pale pink chiffon, form the cunning little party frock adorned by any child of five.

In making this simple frock, various shades of rose color can be used, deeper tints graduating toward the bottom, or it can be kept pale pink. Nosegays of ribbon add a finishing touch at shoulder and on the small pocket near the bottom.

Flapper Fanny Says



Learning to write shorthand is very easy. The difficult part is in learning to read it afterward.

A Thought

It is not good that man should be alone; I will make him an helpmeet for him.—Gen. 2:18.

THE test of civilization is the estimate of woman.—George W. Curtis.

Menus for the Family

MENU HINT

- Breakfast
Orange Juice
Oatmeal with Top Milk
Soft Boiled Eggs
Coffee
Luncheon
Cream of Potato Soup
Crackers
Macaroni and Cheese
Salad (from left-over greens)
Rhubarb Sauce
Nut Cookies
Milk
Dinner
Veal Steak with Dumplings
Creamed Asparagus
Tomato Salad
Bainette
Banana Cream Pie
Coffee

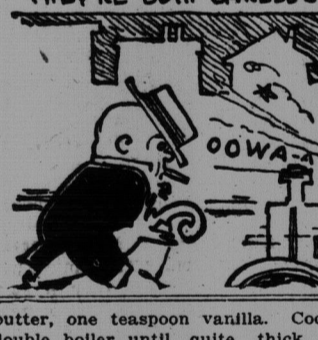
TODAY'S RECIPES

Cream of Potato Soup—Cook three potatoes, stalk celery and onion in a little water until tender, then mash. Melt two tablespoons butter, add two tablespoons flour and half a teaspoon salt, mix smooth and add gradually one pint milk. Let come to a boil and pour over the strained vegetables, mix smooth, boil up and serve.

Banana Cream Pie—Two cups milk, one tablespoon cornstarch, one-half cup sugar, three egg yolks, one tablespoon

Little Joe

THE PEDESTRIAN TRUSTS THE AUTOIST AND THE AUTOIST TRUSTS THE PEDESTRIAN. THAT'S WHY THEY'RE BOTH CARELESS.



butter, one teaspoon vanilla. Cook in double boiler until quite thick. Slice bananas in baked pie crust. Four custard over them. Cover with meringue made from whites and brown in oven.

Macaroni and Cheese—One and one-half cups macaroni broken in small pieces, one cup grated cheese, one cup bread crumbs, three tablespoons butter, three tablespoons flour, two cups milk, one teaspoon salt. Cook macaroni in boiling water until tender, drain and pour over it a dash of cold water. Melt a white sauce of butter, four, salt and milk and stir grated cheese into the mixture. When cheese is melted pour the cheese sauce over the cooked macaroni and mix well. Turn into baking dish, cover top with crumbs and bake until brown.

IN NEW YORK SEE-SAWING UP and DOWN BROADWAY

IT WILL be some time, apparently, before the word "bartender" is out of the dictionary.

Although the Bartender's Union is gone, Manhattan has in its place the Bartenders' Benevolent and Protective Association and each day you will find three little groups who refuse to desert the sinking ship.

"Soft drink" resorts that have sprung up in old-time bars offer a few jobs, but the dead-in-the-wool mixologist does not find this particularly exciting.

During the summer months any number of jobs are open. I am told. Country clubs and fashionable summer resorts want their "near drinks" mixed in old-fashioned style and there are innumerable opportunities to cater at picnics of various societies.

Some of the real old-timers still refuse to believe that the old order has changed. One old boy of seventy-odd comes up to headquarters insisting on a regular bar job.

"An old-time bartender would rather earn \$25 a week at his old job than \$50 a week as a waiter," says one official.

IN THE "left" belt around Sixth avenue, occupied largely by millinery, fur, button and embroidery concerns, may be found an army of repair artisans.

These are independent carpenters of

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Made in Canada

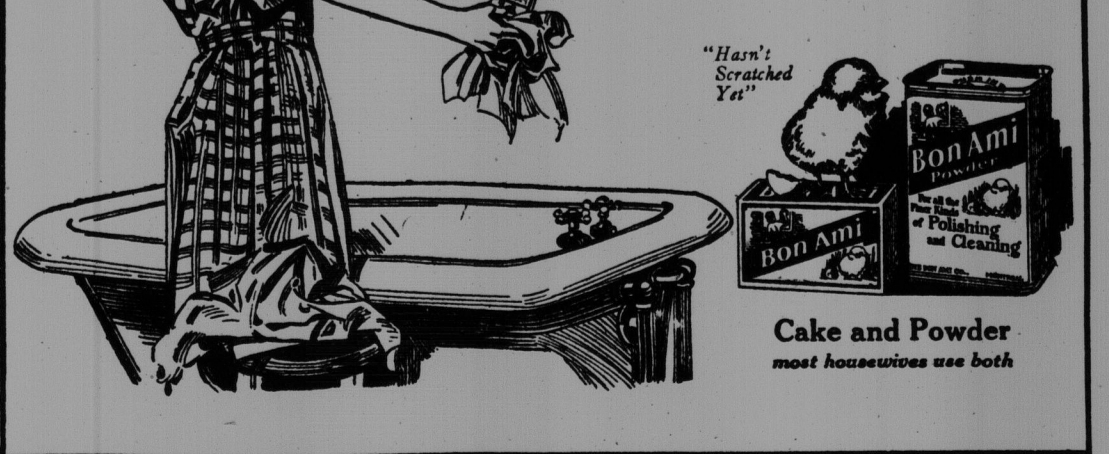
—makes the tub snow-white

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"Hasn't Scratched Yet!"

Cake and Powder most housewives use both

Is this your BIRTHDAY?

JUNE 23—You enter upon a new project with great determination, but tire of it quickly and want to change. You are excellent at planning, but poor at executing. You are domestic, loving, and kind, and will be very happy. Pay more attention to mass things, and learn the value of good work quickly done.

Your birth-stone is a pearl, which means health and long life. Your flower is the honeysuckle. Your lucky colors are light blue and white.

WASKA

SUMMER-DAY temperature in the Land of the Midnight Sun. Totems, basketry, furs, salmon, bear, caribou. Immeasurable forests, rich valleys. Glaciers sculpting in mirror seas, mountains melting under hydraulic power, mines driven into precipices above the white man's towns. Romance, glamor, gold—the treasure chest of a continent. Conquer this last frontier gives way to civilization. Canadian Pacific Princess Liners cruise four days north to Yukon. Railway trains cross thrilling White Pass steamboats circle Lake Atlin—others voyage the Skagway to Dawson City and on. You can do it all—see it all and—remember a lifetime.

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