

INTERESTING

A Feature Page of Interest to Everyone

INSTRUCTIVE

Dorothy Dix

The Husband Who is Too Cowardly to Make a Will—Can There Ever Be a Second Love as Strong as the First?—The Wife Whose Cruel Husband Calls Her "Dear" Instead of "Mary."

DEAR DOROTHY DIX—Why is it that some of the most devoted husbands with the most deserving wives cannot be induced to make out an insurance policy or make a will? My husband and I are everything to each other, and during the dozen years that we have been married, we have worked shoulder to shoulder. I have sweated every penny, and as the result we have a nice home on which we are paying, and some good stocks, which are, of course, in his name. But I have never been able to induce him to make a will, and so if he died I would only have my widow's portion. I know my husband wants me to have what he has, and what I have helped to make just as much as he, but he just can't bring himself to make a will. What makes a man treat the woman he loves in this way?



DOROTHY DIX.

Many men have this same feeling, and it keeps them from making their wills and taking out any life insurance. They stultify themselves by pretending that they can evade the common fate of mankind by refusing to recognize that it can ever come to them, and so they die, leaving their affairs in disorder, and working a grievous wrong to their wives and children.

It is every man's bounden duty to protect his wife by taking out as much insurance as he can afford to carry, and by making a will that will take into consideration his wife's personality. In a case such as yours, where the wife is a good business woman and knows how to handle money, it is safe to give her the money outright, but where the wife is a woman who knows nothing of financial matters, and who is as likely as not to sign a check "Dorothy affectionately," the husband should leave her inheritance safely tied up in a good trust company.

Such women are the predestined victims of every sharper in their vicinity. All the grafting ne'er-do-wells in their family use their tie of blood and affection to borrow money from them. Flimsy gentlemen who come to pray with them in their affliction remain to prey on them. Glib-tongued salesmen induce them to sell gild-edge securities and invest in wildcat schemes that promise 50 per cent, and pay nothing.

And the black sheep children who are always in trouble, whom mother is always paying out of their scrapes, eat up the estate, and the good children not only get nothing, but have to take care of mother in the end. All of these things a man should take into consideration in making his will. And if he has money to leave to his daughters, he should tie it up so good and fast for them that they cannot give it to their husbands. Thereby will he save them not only their fortune, but their domestic peace as well. For no woman can refuse to give her husband her money and live in peace with him, but he can't argue with papa's will.

Certainly it is every man's bounden duty to make a will, and if he won't do it of his own accord, it is his wife's duty to make him do it. So my advice to you, Mrs. Thrifty, is to have your husband's lawyer come around to the house some evening in the immediate future, and draw up the instrument then and there. All your husband needs is just to have his courage jacked up a bit. And he will be as pleased as punch after the ordeal is over, and he finds he is still alive.

DEAR DOROTHY DIX—Do you think there is a second love? Can a man or woman who have loved a husband, and lost them by death, marry again and love the first one? INQUIRER.

ANSWER: Certainly the human heart is capable of loving more than once, and in many cases the second blooming of love is more beautiful, more fragrant and more soul-satisfying than the first.

This is particularly apt to be the case when men and women have married when they were very young. Their tastes then were unformed. They had not come to themselves, and did not know what they wanted in a wife or husband, and as they developed and their sense of values changed, they found that they had outgrown their early loves.

Appreciation of the other one's good points, tenderness, pity, the bond that binds together the man and woman who have hoped and struggled and planned together, who have gone through the agonies of birth and death together, the memory of their early love kept them still fond of each other, kept them from really analyzing their feelings toward each other, and made genuine the tears they shed over the coffin of the dead wife or husband.

But when they married again they were able to give to their second wife or husband the choice of their maturity, a depth of passion, a completeness of devotion, an utter oneness of soul, that the first love never called forth.

Then, too, we love people for different things, and it is quite possible for a man to have loved one wife because she was gay and beautiful and frivolous, and another wife because she was practical and sensible and domestic and made him comfortable, and for a woman to have been devoted to her John who was a money-maker and gave her limousines and pearls, and to Adolph, who is romantic and feeds her soul on poetry and sentiment.

Perhaps we grow in wisdom in love with experience as we do in other things. Certainly second marriages are much more apt to be happy than first marriages.

DEAR MISS DIX—What is your opinion of a husband who for thirteen years has neglected to call his wife by her Christian name, knowing all the while that it has hurt her deeply? During our engagement my husband formed the habit of calling me "Dear," and he never uses my name, although he knows this hurts me terribly. I have tried to tell him, but he says that he will change it, and my last resort is writing this letter to you. Perhaps when my husband sees it, and your reply, he will change.

ANSWER: I trust he will, Mary, and I think he will, because it will probably make him realize for the first time that a sane woman could make such a mountain out of a molehill.

But you certainly put it all over the pampered princess who had to search under her forty mattresses of ease to find a crumpled rose leaf. If you have nothing to object to in your husband except that he calls you "Dear" instead of "Mary"—and yet you let that make you miserable, you are certainly a trouble hunter from way back. Take the blue ribbon as the champion. Nobody will dispute it with you.

I haven't much sympathy for you, Mary. All the pity I have got goes out to your husband. And, listen, dear, if I were you, I would go and consult some real good alienist.

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SEE-SAWING UP AND DOWN BROADWAY
Joe I passed Klemperer, the giant orchestra leader who is known to Europe as "the volcano of Walsbaden." And full seven feet tall is he, if he is an inch, and he comes to America to conduct the New York Symphony after cutting a wide musical swath in Europe.

Saw Flo Ziegfeld flaunting his new \$3,000 beaver coat. Saw a cutter, sleigh bells and everything, go tingling down Broadway attracting far more attention than all the million-dollar jazz cars at the automobile show. The ticket takers at the Metropolitan Opera House are wearing high silk hats this season and most comical they look. Which reminds me, May 15 will be straw hat day.

Saw Joe Cook and Tom Howard, the first of them is one of my pettiest comedians, and they are two of the very

More of The Goat Getters



DOESN'T IT GET YOUR GOAT WHEN YOU HAVE TO INTRODUCE YOUR BEST BOY FRIEND TO A DAME LIKE THIS?

Menus for the Family

MENU HINT
Breakfast
Wheat Cereal with Dates
Toasted Sandwiches
Lunch
Toasted Sandwiches
Dinner
Spare Ribs
Lady Cabbage
Baked Potatoes
Fruit
Mixed Nuts
Coffee

hour, three-quarters would be better) remove the fat from the sauce, reheat and pour over the pork paupiettes.

Lady Cabbage—Wash the cabbage thoroughly and cut into pieces. Boil in water to cover about twenty minutes—drain and serve with a cupful of cream sauce.

Today's Recipes
Wheat Cereal with Dates—One cup of wheat, one cup dates, stoned and cut small, six cups boiling water, one teaspoon salt. Add wheat slowly to boiling water, stirring constantly. Add salt and allow to boil for five minutes. Cook in a double boiler 30 minutes. Add dates and cook for a few minutes longer. Serve with milk. Leftover wheat cereal with dates may be turned into small previously wet cups, and when cold unmolded and served as a dessert with cream, milk or soft custard.

Toasted Sandwiches—Take as many slices of white bread as needed, cutting them thicker than for sandwiches. Spread with butter and pimento cheese. Put a slice of bacon on each slice and put all under the broiler in gas oven until a light crisp brown. Serve.

"Different" Baked Apples—Eight apples, one tablespoon butter, one cup dates, chopped, one-half cup shredded coconut, juice of one orange. Mix the dates, coconut and butter together; core and peel half of each apple and fill cavities with the mixture. Place in a baking dish with the peeled surfaces upward and sprinkle the cavity and peeled part of each apple with orange juice. Add a little water to the dish and bake slowly until the apples are tender, basting occasionally with the syrup.

"Different" Ribs—This recipe is for four persons. One and one-quarter pounds pork tenderloin cut into four pieces three-quarter cup cream, four strips bacon, mustard, sifted crumbs, lemon juice, salt, pepper, paprika. Spreading mustard on both sides of the tenderloin. Do not spread it on too thick. Roll the pieces as one rolls a jelly roll. Dip in crumbs and tie with string so that the rolls will keep their shape. Let stand for 24 hours in a cool place. Then put in a baking dish and cook in a hot oven, basting with the cream mixed with the juice of one lemon and seasoned with salt, pepper and paprika to taste. When the little rods are cooked through (allow at least a half

him sufficiently, so he turned his swift line into a monologue number. His first broadening experience occurred at Minerville, Pa., where, after appearing for some nights, he learned to his dismay that the audiences had been attending on passes and there was no money in the cash register. He was doing "rough stuff" in an East Side burlesque house, when "discovered" for Broadway.

Sam Morris Gest in front of his Moscow Art Musical production and it does seem that his hat grows more shabby as years go by. His is, beyond doubt, the most disreputable crusher to be found anywhere in the Broadway belt.

GILBERT SWAN.

FATHER HAS HIS PUN
MOTHER: It seems to take Ethel's young man a long time to say goodnight.
FATHER: Yes, much adieu about nothing—Answers.

A Thought
Learn to do well; . . . relieve the oppressed, judge the fatherless, plead for the widow.—Isa. 1:17.

PITY and forbearance should characterize all acts of justice.—Franklin.

TEA at it's Best
CHASE & SANBORN'S
SEAL BRAND
TEA BLACK
ORANGE TEA PEKOE

Now Tom Howard was lured to tea by imposing placards of Sir Thomas Lipton. He found himself in a petty job in a Philadelphia tea store. Within two years he had progressed from errand boy to messenger. This didn't amuse

Peers Into Crystal For Gems of 1926

By RUSSELL J. BIRDWELL.
AS MY critical conferee, Jack Jungmeyer, has said and written, this is the time of the season when reviewing species both indie and indiet "The Ten Best Pictures of the Year." Fearing it may fall my lot at the close of this new year to decree the so-called "ten best," I will now hurl custom and tradition recklessly to the winds and predict same here and now to avoid that future task.

Some of the following listed pictures are now on the film shelves, awaiting release, others have not yet gone into production, while a few are in the making.

"Ben Hur"—by Fred Niblo.
"Old Ironsides"—by James Cruze.
"The Viennese Medley"—by Curt Refold, June Mathis.

"The Black Pirate"—by Douglas Fairbanks.
"The Unknown Soldier"—by Renaud Hoffman.

"The Circus"—by Charlie Chaplin.
"The Sorrows of Satan"—by D. W. Griffith.

"The Sea Beast"—by John Barrymore.
"The Wedding March"—by Eric von Stroheim.

"For Heaven's Sake"—by Harold Lloyd.
One or two of these pictures may reach the screen under other titles. It is almost certain that Lloyd, a wise showman, will not release his picture under its present working title, as it runs the risk of offending many fans.

"BEN HUR" GREATEST?
"Ben Hur," despite many wisecracks which have been hurled about its cost and time of production, from all indications has probably the best chance of being the greatest picture ever produced. "Old Ironsides" will be a historical pantomime slide from Civil War days. Cruze expects to surpass his "Covered Wagon" victory with this picture. "The Viennese Medley" is being directed by Curt Refold, who never before has directed. It is to be

First National's grandest gesture on the altar of the cinema gods. Renaud Hoffman was once famous as an artist. Now he bids to equal the by-gone glories with "The Unknown Soldier," his celluloid dedication to the man who died in "No Man's Land" and whom all the world reveres as the symbol of the heroism displayed by the boys who went "over there." Griffith, the master, hopes to regain his lost foothold in the film niches with "The Sorrows of Satan." It will be his sincerest effort since the old "Birth of a Nation" days.

Barrymore declares "The Sea Beast" is his best. He is willing to be remembered by it only. Stroheim wrote "The Wedding March," on which he will soon start directing. Its locale is Vienna—the Germanic individual's playground. Stroheim is always at his best when he romps in the bizarre palaces of the continental sheiks and cabaret athletes.

Is this your BIRTHDAY?
JANUARY 21—You are fond of pleasure, adaptable, but somewhat too "easy-going," and apt to take things for granted. You will travel a great deal. Unless you correct your general tendency toward selfishness your love will come in later life. Be sure to be straightforward and frank in everything, and be ever ready to forgive and forget.

Your birth-stone is a garnet, which means faithfulness.
Your lucky is a snowdrop.
Your flower colors are navy blue and black.

SOME OTHER TIME
MRS. McBLIMBO (in tearful tones): Henry, if I were to die tonight would you marry someone else?
HENRY McBLIMBO: Not tonight. —T.H.B.

Good old Aunt Jemima

What a gift she left us in her famous pancake recipe! It makes the most wonderful pancakes—with all that old-time plantation flavor.

"I'm in town, Honey!"

AUNT JEMIMA PANCAKE FLOUR

MACLAREN-WRIGHT LTD., TORONTO
Agents, Aunt Jemima Mills Company

ADVENTURES of the TWINS

by OLIVE ROBERTS BARTON

HIDY GO LAND
"Hello! Hello! The Fairy Queen speaking! Is that the house where the Twins live?"

"Yes, it is," said Nancy, who had answered the telephone. "How do you do, Mrs. Queen?"

"I'm very well, indeed, thank you," said the Fairy Queen sweetly. "And how are you, my dear? And Nick?"

"We're just fine," said Nancy. "We're playing sail-boat in the dining room now with two chairs and a jable cloth."

"Oh! My dear!" said the Fairy Queen in a shocked voice. "I hope it is an old table cloth."

"Yes, it is," said Nancy. "Mother was just going to tear it up into window cloths."

"Well, that's better," said the Fairy Queen. "You never can guess where I am."

"Out in the snowy woods with a lot of my fairies, scattering crumbs for the little winter birds," said the Fairy Queen. "The poor little mice can't get a bite to eat with the snow and ice over everything."

"Oh, may we come and help you?" cried Nancy.

"No need for that," said the Fairy Queen. "Just scatter some crumbs around your own house. And do it each morning, please. And tell all your friends to do it, too. The little chickadees will be so grateful, and the sparrows, and downy-woodpeckers and nut-hatches, and all the little winter birds who are brave enough to stay here with us. They are our guests and we always feed guests, you know. And set a bit of suet from cook (that's fat) and tie it to a tree or bush or porch rail or any place where they can get at it. They need it as well as bread."

"Oh, I'm so glad you told us," said kind little Nancy. "We always mean to feed the birds, but we forget."

"The most important thing of all," said the Fairy Queen, "is never to forget. If your mother should forget to feed you for a day, you could ask, but the birds can't. The first thing every

morning when you get up you must say to yourself: 'I can't have my own breakfast until the birds have had theirs.' And keep it up, dear, until the first warm days of spring."

"Yes we will," promised Nancy. "I'll tell Nick and we'll go right away. Good-bye."

"Oh, wait a minute! Wait a minute!" called the Fairy Queen. "Operator, give me Green Hill 1234 again! I wasn't through, Nancy! Indeed I hadn't begun. My little lecture on birds was just one thing I wanted to talk about. There's another very important thing. Will you and Nick help me out? There is something else very important to be attended to and I can't go myself."

"Certainly!" said Nancy, eagerly. "We should be delighted. Is it another adventure?"

"Yes," said her Royal Highness. "One of my Nine Hundred and Ninety-Nine Kingdoms is going to have a revolution if the king doesn't manage better. It may be that he just needs teaching, or it may be that he's no good. If he's no good I shall have to hunt for a new king. But I can't find out unless I send someone to sort of check him up, and perhaps to help him a little, if they can."

"Where is it?" asked Nancy.

"It's the Land of Hidy Go," answered the Fairy Queen. "The king's name is Havelock. It's a queer place with all sorts of people and things. Things that disappear and can't be accounted for. You can reach it by any crack in the walk or floor or pavement, or by the queer little holes you spy in the fields. You'll have no trouble. The magic shoes are on your doorstep. Good-bye. Before Nancy could answer, the Fairy Queen had rung up and was gone."

To Be Continued.

GET IT SECOND HAND
STRANGER (to native): Anything ever happen here?

Native: 'Tain't necessary. The post-master takes a city paper.—Life.

Pour hot milk over SHREDDED WHEAT

a warm, satisfying meal

Eat it!

That's the only test of ketchup

Does it smack of the garden? Do you get the flavor of fresh-picked, sun-ripened tomatoes—the tang of rare spices? Does it put an edge on your appetite—add zest to your food? Is it rich and thick instead of watery? Is there an appealing, satisfying taste you've never found before?

Then it must be Heinz—for that is the way Heinz Ketchup is made and the reason it is made that way, and tastes that way.

HEINZ TOMATO KETCHUP

the largest selling ketchup

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ALL HEINZ TOMATO PRODUCTS SOLD IN CANADA ARE PACKED IN CANADA