

INTERESTING.

A Feature Page of Interest to Everyone

INSTRUCTIVE

Dorothy Dix

The Successful Business Girl Who Married and Can't Adjust Herself to Domesticity—Why College Girls Do Not Marry as Soon as Others—What's in Future for a Small-Town Woman of 30?

DEAR MISS DIX—I am married, but very unhappy. Before my marriage I was a business girl, earning a good salary and enjoying beaux and a carefree time. Also I had to take care of my parents, who are growing old. But people were always preaching marriage to me and it seemed romantic and so I got married. But everything looks different now, without my knowing exactly why. I feel tired and restless. Don't know whether I love my husband or not. Don't know whether I want to be married or not, and my conscience pricks me for not being home with my parents while they are old. My attitude makes my husband unhappy, but he still says that he loves me, and has been kind and patient with me, so I have not had the courage to leave him with a broken life. But I am wondering if I am injuring him more by causing him continual unhappiness. What is wrong and what shall I do? I have felt this way for more than a year, ever since I married. BEWILDERED.

ANSWER: Your trouble is that nature made you a business woman instead of a domestic woman, and your restlessness and unhappiness are the result of your not being able to adjust yourself to your new conditions of life. Nor is this state of mind peculiar to you. Most girls who give up good jobs to marry go through more or less the same experience. They find out that romance isn't what it has been touted to be; that housework is harder than any office work, and that husbands are just as difficult to get along with as bosses. They miss the interest and excitement of going down to business every day and working with other people, and, most of all, they miss their good pay envelope with the financial independence it brought to them.

There are some women who get out of business the training and discipline that makes them model wives. There are other women who are misfits in offices and so unhappy in them that they never cease to be grateful to the men who marry them and put them in the homes where they belong. And there are other women whom business life totally unfits for domestic life. They get a taste for money-making, for handling big affairs, for the thrill and excitement of selling or planning big deals that makes it impossible for them to settle down to the dull monotony of domestic life.

One of these women expressed her point of view to me by saying that when she applied the executive head of a big retail store to running her own little two-by-four flat that she felt as if she were putting in a hundred horsepower engine to drive a filver.

And the head of a big department store said not long ago that out of every five women employed by his who got married one came back and asked for her old job within two years. He added that the better the job and the more successful the woman had been, the more sure she was to come back.

However, in your case, it is a condition and not a theory that confounds you. You married a man who is good and kind and patient and you should not make him pay for your mistake. As I see it, the sporting thing for you to do is to make yourself satisfied by the sphere of life you choose. You can interest yourself in it if you will. You can make yourself contented if you will. So quit your pinning quilt, get busy, learning to be a model housekeeper and trying to make your husband happy, and you will be happy yourself.

And a small baby would help a lot. DOROTHY DIX. DEAR MISS DIX—Why do college women do not marry as easily and as quickly as girls who do not go to college? Is it because men are afraid that their wives will be more intelligent than they are, or is it that college women are not willing to compromise on men that are not their equals mentally? HIGHBROW.

I am afraid that men generally prefer feminine brains scrambled, and that it does not boom a girl's matrimonial stock for her to be known as a highbrow.

Most men want their wives to look up to them as oracles. Therefore, the idea of being wed to one of the intelligentsia who knows more than they do does not appeal to them. The blue stockings has ever frightened men off from their wavers. But college women are getting so plentiful in these days, and are proving so harmless, that the prejudice against them is dying out.

Possibly it is no longer true that college women are regarded as less eligible than the beautiful but dumb. But if they are doubtless the reason why they do not marry so easily as other women is because they spend the most sentimental years in school, and by the time they have acquired their degrees they are old enough to be choosy about men.

Also most college women fit themselves for some gainful occupation and the woman who has a good job can afford to take her time and wait for Mr. Right to come along. DOROTHY DIX.

DEAR DOROTHY DIX—What has the future in store for a small-town woman of 30, a high school graduate, good-looking, who lives with her parents in great comfort in a small village, has a tiny bank account, a fairly feminine though rather tiresome office position which she has held for years, many friends, no sweetheart, social activities mostly connected with her church, clever with her fingers, a lover of books, and so forth? Should she continue this humdrum existence, waiting for something to break the monotony, or should she branch out, leaving home and parents for a large city? WONDERING.

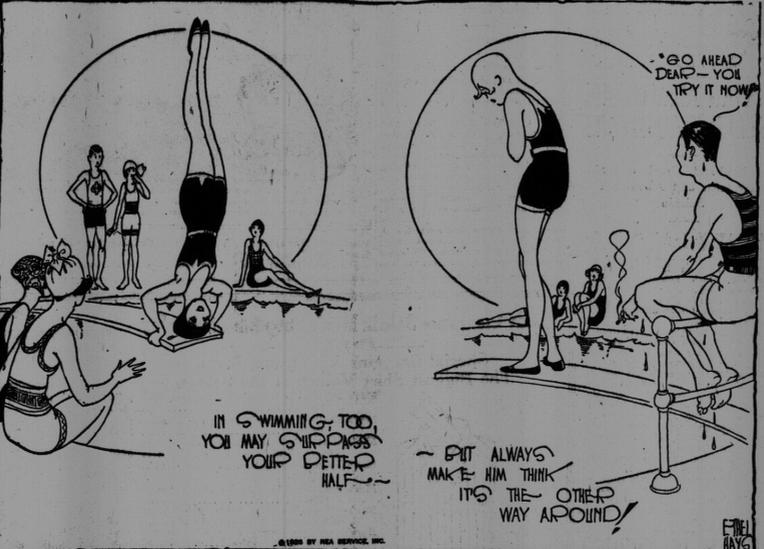
ANSWER: A girl in your position is in a blind alley, but whether she should stay safely in it or make an effort to get out, with the chances of being run over she does, depends entirely upon her personality. In order to decide the question sit down and, take an honest inventory of your qualities. Put vanity aside, and try to deal candidly with yourself. Ask yourself whether you are fitted to succeed in some particular thing. Are you fitted to be an expert, so that you can demand better pay than you are getting for your services? Have you the strength to endure loneliness, the grit to make the light in a strange place? Believe me, it takes courage to go to a big city and force it to accept you. Don't believe any of the stories that you read of quick successes. The best talent in every line goes to the city and you would have to win your way inch by inch through discouragements such as you have never dreamed of.

In the city you would have wide opportunities. You would have adventures. You will meet that which will call forth every power you have. But not all who go succeed. The great majority fail and break their hearts in loneliness and despair and poverty and hunger. DOROTHY DIX. Copyright by Public Ledger.

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A Thought Judge not that ye be not judged, for with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged; and with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again.—Matt. 7:1, 2. FORBEAR to judge, for we are sinners all.—Shakespeare. Use the Want Ad. way

How To Keep A Husband



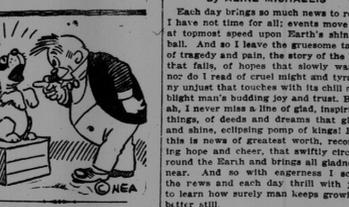
BEHIND THE SCREEN

MUCH has been said and written concerning the merits of foreign and native film directors. Here is the opinion of Robert Kane, producer: "American photoplay producers are importing foreign directors. There is no 'foreign invasion' of the industry in the case of being supplied from this side of the Atlantic. The American dollar is luring a kind of talent which, quite evidently, American photoplay producers regard as superior for certain types of production at least. With Ernst Lubitsch already well established, Lothar Mendes just beginning work for the Robert Kane Productions, and Leni, Curtis and others in the immediate offing.



From the "Follies" came Dorothy Sebastian to conquer the flickering film. She scored her first hit in "Backstage and Scarlet," then returned to the stage until recently placed under contract by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. In just how the American producers have arrived at their conclusions of superiority and what their chances of improving the quality of their productions are, provides interesting food for thought.

Little Joe IT'S NO TRICK TO TEACH A YOUNG DOG NEW ONES



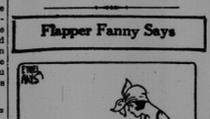
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Fashion Fancies. THIS DURABLE YELLOW CREPE DRESS IS TRIMMED WITH WHITE BRAID



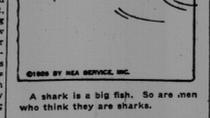
By MARIE BELMONT Here is just the dress for tennis or golf. Its short sleeves and little kick pleats make it practical for almost any athletic diversion. It is of heavy yellow crepe, and the sleeves, collar, odd little pockets and hem are banded with white silk braids. Of course this frock would look well in almost any color, but the brighter summer shades are most effective.

Flapper Fanny Says



THE RHYMING OPTIMIST By Aline Michaelis By ALINE MICHAELIS Each day brings so much news to read I have not time for all; events move on at topmost speed upon Earth's shining ball. And so I leave the gruesome tales of tragedy and pain, the story of the life that falls, of hopes that slowly wane; nor do I read of cruel might and tyranny unjust that touches with its chill and blight man's budding joy and trust. But ah, I never miss a line of glad, inspiring things, of deeds and dreams that glow and shine, eclipsing pomp of kings! For this is news of greatest worth, recording hope and cheer, that swiftly circles round the Earth and brings all gladness near. And so with eagerness I scan the news and every day thrill with joy to learn how surely man keeps growing better still.

CANOE ARE BARRED BY BOY SCOUT BODY TORONTO, July 28.—As a result of the Balsam Lake war canoe tragedy in which eleven young men lost their lives a week ago, the use of canoes of any sort—war canoes or single canoes—is banned at the summer camp of the Boy Scout Association by a headquarters bulletin sent out over the signature of E. O. Callaghan, provincial secretary of the Boy Scouts today.



A shark is a big fish. So are men who think they are sharks.

Horlick's THE ORIGINAL Malted Milk Safe Milk and Diet For Infants, Invalids, The Aged, Nourishing—Digestible—No Cooking. Avoid Imitations—Substitutes

Menus for the Family

MENU MINT Breakfast Cantaloupe Fresh Milk Fresh Jelly or Jam Muffins Luncheon Creole Eggs Lettuce with Thousand Island Dressing Spaghetti Lemonade Dinner Macaroni and Cheese Buttered Peas Radishes and Young Onions Berries Iced Tea or Coffee

TODAY'S RECIPES Creole Eggs—One small onion, one green pepper, four tablespoons butter, two tablespoons flour, one and one-half cups cooked tomato, three hard cooked eggs, one teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, celery salt, salt, pepper, one teaspoon sugar. Chop the onion and green pepper and saute in the melted butter. Add the flour and cook to a roux or until the mixture is bubbling. Add the cooked tomato. Cook for five minutes. Add the sliced hard cooked eggs and the seasonings. Serve on rounds of bread which have been crisped in a frying pan in melted butter or oil heated in a frying pan. If you want to omit the bread serve this with nicely browned cakes of mashed potatoes. Lemon Sponge Cake—Separate the whites from the yolks of four eggs, beat whites stiff, then beat the yolks creamy, add one level cup sugar and beat. Add one tablespoon lemon juice and the grated rind of one lemon. Sift one level cup flour with one level teaspoon baking powder and a little salt. Put one-third of flour in egg mixture and mix lightly. Do not beat. Cut in one-third of the beaten egg whites, then another third of flour and so on until all are lightly cut in. Bake in ungreased pan in medium hot oven.

A Husky Throat may be relieved with these little antiseptic pellets. MELOIDS Clear the throat. Make the voice clear and resonant. Product of BOOTS Cash Chemists. Sold only at Retail Drug Stores.



Rich and fragrant Chase & Sanborn's Coffee

SEE-SAWING ON BROADWAY

AT 11.35 each evening a local train for Albany pulls out of Manhattan. Interesting, if true, you remark? But there are two cars that distinguish this train from all others and make it the scene of drama tense and tragic. This is the "Sing Sing Special." THEY are led into the first sections of the smoking car, manacled together in twos, threes and fours. They have been whipped briskly through the crowds waiting outside the train gate. It is a gay, sunny crowd, going to Albany and then on up into the Adirondacks. Red caps carry golf sticks, trout rods, camping outfits. Vacationists crowd about in gay sweaters, knickerbocker plaid stockings; girls in sport clothes, silken and colorful and fresh looking despite the heat. They laugh and banter and talk excitedly. Then, if your ears are tuned, comes that faint "clink clink" of handcuffs rattling on chains. Most folks don't hear it. They merely see a line of countless men, most of them young, brush past. They catch the glint of the "bracelets" and there is a sudden rush to catch a glimpse of the lady going up "on a long vacation." The prisoners look steadily at the floor. A few, with a gesture of bravado, "stare it out." A pretty girl, whose eyes were merry a moment ago, finds herself strangely fronted with the very depths of despair. Merry eyes and bitter eyes meet! What passes from one to the other in that casual and seemingly impersonal exchange? IT IS the last picture that young man will carry to his cell. It is the last picture the girl will carry on her vacation. Doubtless she will have forgotten it tomorrow; at most she will find it a topic for idle conversation when cavorting along a tree-nestled stream. "Do you know... we saw a whole bunch of young fellows, in chains and everything, just before we got in the train." But the young man? How often will pretty faces haunt the darkness of his cage? THAT is but the beginning of the tragic picture. The red caps are running up with black bags. Hattinny following is a little group of women. They are sisters in sorrow, yet unknown to each other. They do not speak. Most of them are in deep black of widowhood. There are old women and young women, wives and mothers. Perhaps some of them have caught a glimpse of the chained men as they slump past. This is not the place of farewell. Sing Sing lies up the river. And there is a coach on the rear of the train. The coach of the "black baggers" they call it. All the red caps know the "blackbaggers"—sweatshirts, middie, wives, sisters; the silent, stumped little group of twenty or more that each night sets out on the last coach for a pilgrimage which ends at grim prison gates.

FINANCIAL BILL O.K. Canadian Press Despatch. PARIS, July 28.—The Finance Committee of the Chamber of Deputies today adopted in principle, Premier Poincare's financial bill and passed on to the discussion of each article separately. The vote was 20 to 12, with six absentions. INDIAN, 104, DIES IN B. C. VICTORIA, B. C., July 28.—Dick Quillimston, reputed to be 104 years of age, and the oldest Indian in British Columbia, died suddenly Monday night at his home on the Esquamit Reserve.

FOR Sour Stomach PHILLIPS' Milk of Magnesia of Magnesia Hereafter instead of soda take a little "Phillips' Milk of Magnesia" in water any time for indigestion or sour, 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 in the stomach as a saturated solution of bicarbonate of soda, leaving the stomach sweet and free from all gas. Besides, it neutralizes acid fermentations in the bowels and gently urges this souring waste from the system without purging. It is far more pleasant to take than soda. Each bottle contains full directions—no druggist.

What is Real Vinegar

Yes—what does real vinegar taste like? If Heinz makes it, then it tastes like real vinegar—because it is real vinegar—it has the true vinegar flavor—something more than mere sourness. Long aging in the wood brings out the ripe mellowness of this true vinegar flavor which enlivens other flavors and adds a zest of its own. Good vinegar cannot be hurried. It helps a lot in making good salad dressing to use good vinegar—Heinz Vinegar.

HEINZ PURE Vinegars In Bottles 57 Four Kinds: PURE MALT VINEGAR PURE CIDER VINEGAR TARRAGON VINEGAR DISTILLED WHITE VINEGAR, BEST FOR PICKLING Ask your grocer for new prices