

INTERESTING

A Feature Page of Interest to Everyone

INSTRUCTIVE

Dorothy Dix

How to be Happy Though Living at Home: Introduce Good Manners and Personal Freedom, Cut Out All Arguments and Advice, Then You'll Have the Home, Sweet Home of Which We All Dream.

THE next reformation I would make in the home would be to try to convert it from a jail into a pleasure resort. That would take a bit of doing, as our English friends say, for the generally accepted idea of a home is a place where one is constantly under surveillance, and where no one has any personal liberty whatever.



DOROTHY DIX

Indeed, in the great majority of homes the inhabitants thereof have even less privacy than do the inmates of a penal institution, for they have not even a cell for their very own. They have no place in which they can be alone and do just exactly as they please, and in which they can indulge their own particular taste and notions of comfort. Nor have they any property rights. The wasters and spenders prey on the thrifty and prudent. The messy and sloshy use and ruin the belongings of the careful and orderly.

MARY never has a pair of silk stockings because Susie has always sneaked them out of her drawer and danced holes in them. Tom never has any neckties because Bob has appropriated them before he had time to wear them. Hold-ups and grafts are considered legitimate if done in the family circle, no matter how exasperating they may be to the victims.

As for anyone having the liberty to come and go as they like at home, without question or comment, and on the supposition that, being respectable, adult human beings they are engaged in laudible purposes, and have a right to so much liberty, perish the thought! It simply isn't done.

NO HUSBAND has the temerity to telephone his wife that he is staying downtown to dinner and is spending the evening with some men friends. He lies to her, and tells her that a customer from Oshkosh has come in, or that he has to balance the books. No wife would dare to clap on her hat of an evening and leave hubby to mind the babies without presenting him with an alibi a yard long to account for his absence. And then he would be grouchy and suspicious. And even after children are grown they nearly always have to make a sneak of it or have a fight before they leave the house.

Worse still, in the home one is deprived of all personal freedom. You cannot even eat what you like to eat, or wear what you want to wear, or go to bed when you want to go to bed.

IF MOTHER doesn't like sugar in her coffee she will reproach you for sweetening yours every morning of your life. If certain dishes don't agree with Aunt Jane she will spoil your meals for you by telling you that you are digging your grave with your food. If sister Sally is under the weather she will nag you to the verge of distraction about not wearing red flannel underwear, and if father goes to bed at 9 o'clock he thinks that all lights should be put out at that hour and never fails to deliver a bedtime oration to that effect.

Now, why should we make prisoners of each other because we belong to the same family group, and live under the same roof? Why shouldn't we concede to the members of our household the right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness in their own way? Why shouldn't we respect the individual rights of our husbands and wives, our parents and children, as we do those of strangers?

WE HAVE found out that a certain amount of formality is necessary to safeguard our social contacts with the world. We have found out that backdoor neighbors soon quarrel, and that too intimate friendships are sure to end in enmity. Why have we not intelligence enough to realize that the same principle holds true in our family relations, and that nothing makes for peace and harmony in a household so much as respecting the individuality and the personal rights and privileges of the various members thereof?

The next reformation I would make in the home would be to clamp the lid down good and hard on all argument. It is, of course, impossible for any two human beings to think exactly alike on any subject. A man and a woman, a young person and an old person, see things from different angles and get a different result from every situation in life. Very well, each is entitled to his or her own point of view. Also to set it forth. But there I would let the matter rest; there should be no debate on the matter.

IF A believes that the moon is made of green cheese let him cherish that belief. That doesn't affect your knowledge of astronomy. If B runs off after every new freak religion that comes along let her chase after her false gods until she finds out better. It doesn't keep you from being orthodox. If C is a parlor Bolshevik, let him rave. It doesn't shake your faith in law and order. There are people in households in which one hardly dares to speak for fear of starting something, for the simplest and mildest statement may be the lightning word that will precipitate an uproar. They have the arguing habit, and are in a perpetual fight over nothing at all. Now, the only effect of an argument is to stir up ill-feeling, and cause people to say bitter and acrimonious things in the heat of debate that they don't mean, but which makes enemies and engenders strife.

Nobody is ever convinced by an argument, or turned from the error of his ways, and, anyway, why should we wish to make other people think our way? What conceit to believe our opinions infallible! Our way of looking at things is the only right way!

THEN I would improve home conditions by throttling the suggester who always says: "Why don't you do this? Why don't you do that? Why don't you be a lawyer instead of a doctor? Why don't you eat mint sauce instead of caper sauce with your mutton? Why don't you give your baby Smith's food instead of Brown's food?"

And I would do something awful to the human wet blanket who always drips cold water over all your plans and projects, and takes the starch out of them.

AND I would asphyxiate all the whiners and complainers and everybody who believed that a home was just a wailing place, where it was their sacred duty to tell their tale of woe until they filled the atmosphere with groans of gloom. Of course, when all is said, with all its faults thick upon it, home is still the best domestic institution we have yet been able to invent.

But if we would make a few improvements—if we would introduce good manners and politeness and consideration and personal freedom into it, and cut out the arguments and the advising—we could make home the ideal of which we all dream, instead of the place we go to when every other place shuts up.

DOROTHY DIX
Copyright by Public Ledger Company.

FOR Sour Stomach PHILLIPS' Milk of Magnesia

Hereafter instead of soda take a the stomach as a saturated solution little "Phillips' Milk of Magnesia" in of bicarbonate of soda, leaving the water any time for indigestion or stomach sweet and free from all 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 all stomach troubles as much as any drugstore.

INSIST UPON "PHILLIPS" Each bottle contains full directions.

THE ghosts of Mahone Bay—bay of doubt, it might be called—are prowling every night now with a frightful rattling of cutlasses.

Their phantom guests—so say the folk roundabout—circle Oak Island, where the piggled crew swear gruesome oaths and mutter old tales of rapine and bloodshed.

For the gold hunters have come once more to Oak Island. The second treasure, four miles off the Nova Scotia coast of Chester and only 40 miles from Halifax, it is to be the scene of mighty engineering operations. The reason is buried treasure, apparently of surpassing richness.

\$200,000 ALREADY SPENT The mysterious cache of what Ralph D. Paine called "the true treasure story," of the whole Atlantic coast "is to be uncovered. At least the attempt is to be renewed this summer. But so many attempts have been made for the last 121 years! More than \$200,000 has been spent already, and the only result is tantalizing clues—and bafflement.

The present venture is under the discovered in 1795. Three young men retired capitalists, whose business acumen is colored by a taste for adventure, Captain Kidd, of course, is credited with hiding it. Yet if that maligned pirate ever had look enough to justify such a strong box, it is certain that he never had the men nor the time to construct it.

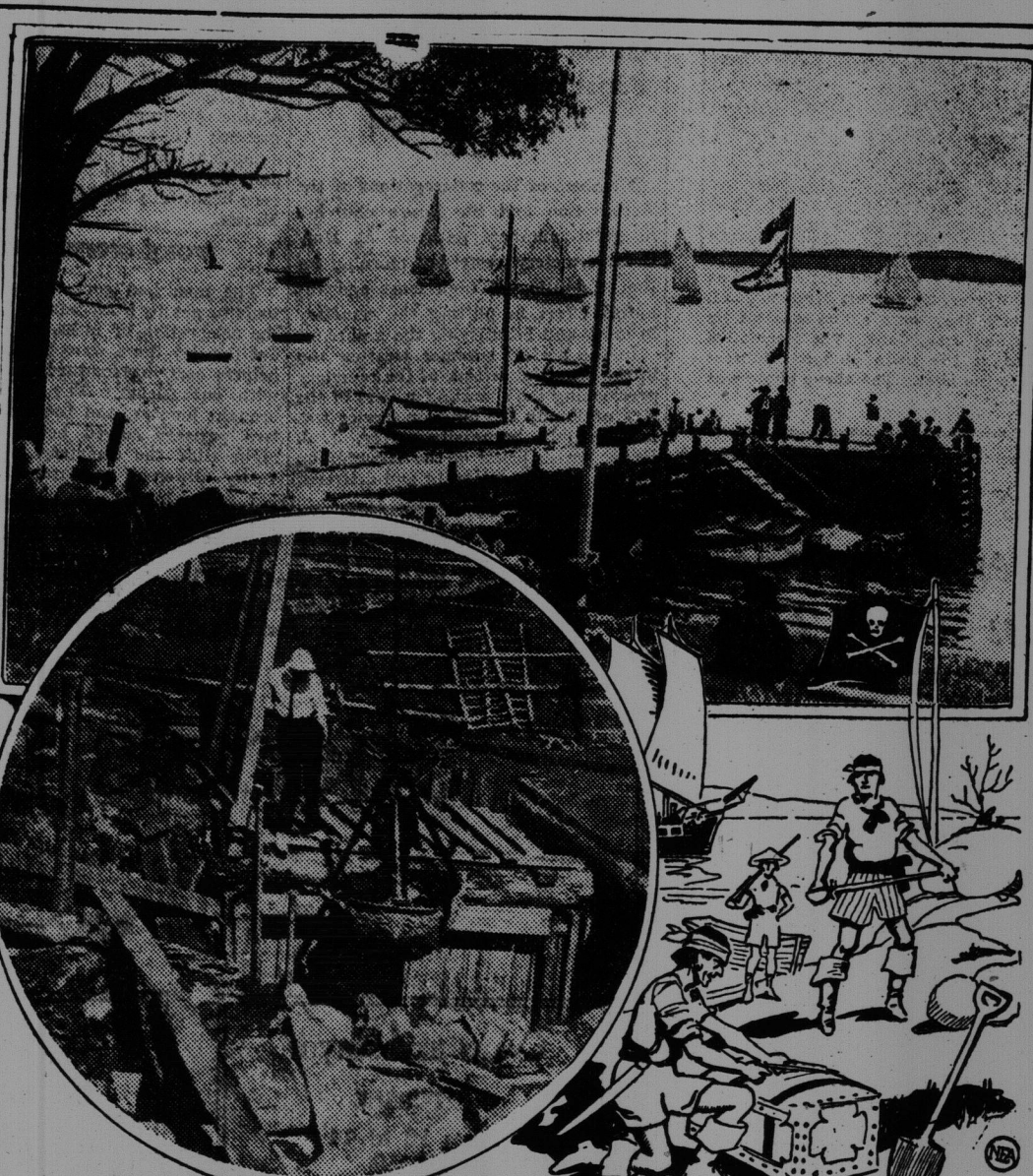
The presence of the treasure was first discovered in 1795. Three young men retired capitalists, whose business acumen is colored by a taste for adventure, Captain Kidd, of course, is credited with hiding it. Yet if that maligned pirate ever had look enough to justify such a strong box, it is certain that he never had the men nor the time to construct it.

FOUND OAKEN LIDS

They began to dig, and at 10 feet below the surface came to a heavy oak platform. They tried it up and went down another 10 feet when they came to another layer of oak. They reached still a third platform when they were 30 feet down. Then they found the labor too much for them and looked about for help.

Several persons were then living in the neighborhood and these "few could" be paid even to approach the spot. It had been "haunted," they said, "within the memory of man. Belief in the spectral ship and robbery around ghostly camp fires at night protected the gold with terrible efficiency. The three lads had finally to give it up.

Some years later the physician from Truro heard the story, raised capital



Above, Mahone Bay as seen from Chester, N. S., and in this distance Oak Island where treasure hunters are seeking chests of gold. Below, the mouth of the money pit on Oak Island, scene of countless attempts to uncover the pirate loot.

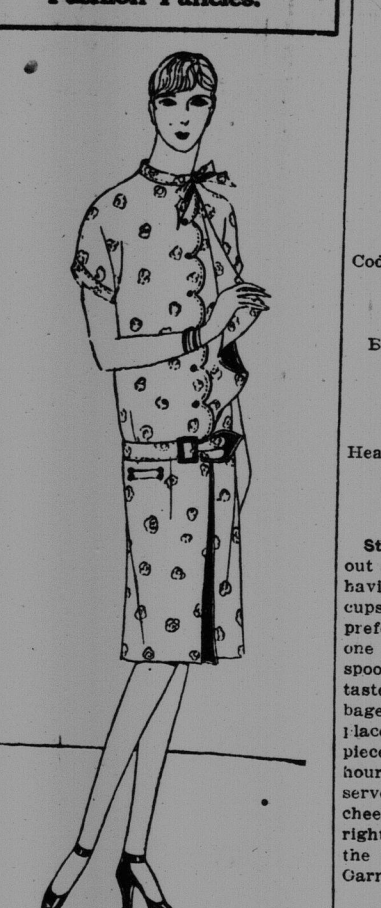
and set a body of workmen to digging. They went down to 35 feet. A layer of oak plank was encountered every 10 feet.

At 50 feet a long flat stone was unearthed bearing an inscription which was deciphered to read "ten feet below two million pounds lie buried." Digging was suspended over Sunday and on Monday morning the crew returned to find the pit filled with water nearly to the top.

The builders of the hiding place, it was discovered too late, had led in an elaborate system of drain pipes from the high tide level of the bay. It was an ingenious scheme which worked perfectly—blocking the treasure seekers five feet short of the promised goal. It was then that drilling was resorted to. A hundred feet below the surface, the sugar chewed through layers of oak which were assumed to be chests. Then regularly the point would drop

"through 22 inches of metal in places" then more oak, then more "metal in pieces" as before. The supposed chests were found to be piled six feet deep and over a circular area a dozen feet across. Since those explorations other costly failures have been made. It has been proposed even to dam off the bay and so defeat the drain pipes. But the pirate secret remains safe in the guardianship of the tides and the tenacious earth.

Fashion Fancies.



By Marie Belmont

Reaching back a generation or so, chaffs is recalled to the modern mode. Chaffs is a right worsted fabric ideal for sports wear, and it is for this purpose the quaint old-time fabric its popularity. Little pink flowers are printed on a delicate cream color background and green green silk serves as piping. There is a scalloped opening from the neck-line to the belt, piped with the green color. One tiny green button is placed between each scallop and a strip of the green silk forms a little panel at the front of the skirt.

SOCIETY WEDDING IS HELD AT BANGOR

BANGOR, Me., July 1.—Miss Dorothy M. Hallett, daughter of General Manager William K. Hallett, of the Bangor & Aroostook Railroad, and Robert C. McLeod, of East Millinocket, were married last night in the First Baptist church by Rev. Ashley A. Smith, D. D., with a large party of guests. Leonora E. Hall, of Bangor, was maid of honor.

The bridesmaids were classmates of the bride at Abbot Academy. The bridesmaids were Louise Clavering, of Brookline; Louise Douglass and Charlotte Hudson, of Guilford; and Edith O'Connor, of Bangor, were bridesmaids. Robert Hutchings, of Bangor, was best man.

Mrs. W. A. Steel and two children, of Toronto, arrived in the city on Tuesday and are the guests of Mrs. Steel's parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Scott, 28 Retzer street.

Menus for the Family

MENU HINT
Breakfast: Prunes with Lemon
Cereal with Bran. Top Milk
Coddled Eggs Toast
Luncheon: Beef Broth with Rice
Croustons
Baked Apple, Brown Sugar Sauce
Dinner: Stuffed Cabbage with Meat
White or Cheese Sauce
Head Lettuce Mayonnaise
Fruit Gelatine Cake

TODAY'S RECIPES

Stuffed Cabbage with Meat—Scoop out a rather large head of cabbage after having sliced a piece from top. Mix two cups cold leftover meat, chopped (pork preferred), two cups cooked macaroni, one tablespoon pimento, four tablespoons green chopped pepper; salt to taste, enough corn to moisten. Fill cabbage with the well blended mixture, place top back on cabbage, tie with piece of cheese cloth and steam for one hour and fifteen minutes. This can be served with either plain white or cheese sauce. The latter adds just the right flavor. Slice crosswise so that the white cabbage is around the edge. Garnish with parsley.

Coddled Eggs—Have water boiling, put in eggs, cover and turn out gas. Let stand for five minutes. Eggs prepared this way have the consistency of jelly and are more easily digested.

Baked Apples—Select firm cooking apples, peel and core. Into a baking dish put two cups of cold water, two tablespoons butter, one-half cup brown sugar, and generous sprinkling of four-

Flapper Fanny Says



© 1926 BY NEA SERVICE, INC.

The easier a girl is to look upon the harder a man looks.

A Thought

Owe no man anything, but to love one another; for he that loveth another hath fulfilled the law.—Rom. 13:8.

IF I OWE Smith ten dollars, and God forgive me, that doesn't pay Smith.—R. G. Ingersoll.

stir until well mixed; fill apples with brown sugar and few nuts or raisins if desired. Sprinkle with cinnamon and place in baking dish. Cook in hot oven 15 minutes. Reduce the heat and bake every five minutes until tender. When done you have a sauce already thickened to put over apples.

Your birthstone is the ruby, which means contentment.
Your flower is the waterlily.
Your lucky color is green.

Victor Records

Talkin' to the Moon
Fox Trot Waring's Pennsylvanians 20063

Lonesome and Sorry
Fox Trot Jean Goldkette and His Orchestra 20061

Valencia

(The new fox trot with the snappy Spanish rhythm)
Fox Trot Paul Whiteman and His Orchestra 20007
Organ Solo Jesse Crawford 20075

Horses

Novelty Fox Trot George Olsen and His Music 19977

Just a Cottage Small

20018 Fox Trot—Waring's Pennsylvanians 19772 Instrumental—Victor Sales Orch. 1153 Vocal—John McCormack (Tenor)

For best results use only Victor Needles

At "His Master's Voice" Dealers



Victor Talking Machine Co. of Canada, Limited

ADVENTURES of the TWINS

by OLIVE ROBERTS BARTON

THE PINK TICKETS GO HOME

"So you want me to help to find your china elephant and toy doves?" said the Dream-Maker Man to the Twins. "Are you sure they came to the moon?"
"Yes, sir," said Nancy. "They came on a moonbeam. The Fairy Queen saw them and told us."
"How did you find my house on Misty Hill?" asked the Dream-Maker Man thoughtfully.
"Someone in Shut-Eye Town gave us two pink tickets," said Nick. "And they have been awfully nice about talking us places."
"How?" asked the Dream-Maker Man curiously.
"They made themselves into tracks," answered Nick. "Then we rode along in a cute little car."
At this the two pink tickets stretched themselves out of the Twins' pockets and looked around with their pink eyes.
"It says on us that we have to return," said the tickets. "If you don't need us any more we'll be going now. The date stamped on us says we are no good after tomorrow."
"You may go then," said the Dream-Maker Man. "I'll look after these two young people now."
"Good-bye," said the tickets. And jumping out of their pockets the pink tickets rolled themselves into hoops and started down the hill. That was the last the Twins saw of them.
Now, then," said the Dream-Maker Man, "tell me what your china elephant was like. Did he come from China or was he made of china, or what?"
"He was made of china," said Nancy quickly. "He was a door-stop in our room and he had pink roses painted all over him. The other toys all made fun of him, all except the clown, and when he ran off the clown went with him. I guess he was lonesome. That's why he ran off."
"An elephant with pink roses all over him!" exclaimed the Dream-Maker Man. "That certainly is odd! I have sent many kinds of dreams to people on the earth about fishes that walked and cows that flew and monkeys on wheels, and butterflies that could sing, but never, never, never did I hear of elephants with roses on them. Poor things! No wonder he ran away!"
At this the Dream-Maker Man clapped his hands three times and a very queer servant appeared.
This person had a bill like a bird, ears like a rabbit, a buttoned shoe on one foot, a leech shoe on the other foot, and he kept his hands in a muff.
"Ab wist grouch a tor check," said the queer servant, making a bow and disappearing.
"That's moon language," explained the Dream-Maker Man. "And that's Nick, one of the moon people. He's a very good cook and makes fudge to suit the queen's taste. He keeps his hands in a muff so they will stay clean. He's gone now to bring us something to eat. You must be hungry after so long a journey; and as we have another long journey ahead, I thought it would be better to have some sandwiches, cakes and lemonade."
"I'm hungry, thank you," said Nick.
"So am I," said Nancy.
At that the door opened and in came Blizz with the lunch.
To Be Continued

Little Joe

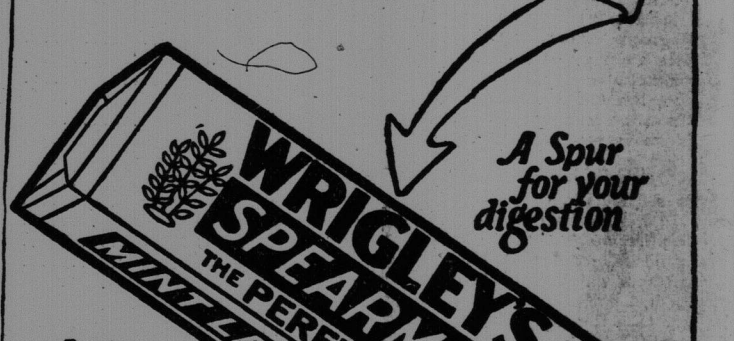
KEEPING IN TOUCH WITH EACH OTHER IS THE PRIZE FIGHTERS BUSINESS



Use the Want Ad. Way

AFTER EVERY MEAL

A Spur for your digestion



And fine after Smoking!

The Flavor Lasts

The flavor of fresh mint. Everytime you bite it you get that delicious taste!

Other flavors too: WRIGLEY'S Juicy Fruit Doublemint and NIPS.

Sold Everywhere

CC11

Prepared at home in a minute by briskly stirring the powder in hot or cold water. No cooking.

ASK for Horlick's The ORIGINAL Malted Milk

Safe Milk and Diet For Infants, Invalids, the Aged, Nursing Mothers, Children, etc.

A Light Lunch at Any Time

For all members of the family, ailing or well. Serve at me between meals, or upon retiring. A nourishing, easily assimilated Food-Drink, quickly relieves faintness or hunger day or night