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INTERESTING

A Feature Page of Interest to Everyone

INSTRUCTIVE

Dorothy Dix

Although a Man May Demand All Your Time, Be Jealous When You Have Other Dates, and Say That He Loves You, He's Not Really Serious Unless He Urges You to Name the Day.

I GET hundreds and hundreds of letters from girls and women in which the writer says that she is sure that some man is in love with her despite the fact that he has never made a single sentimental speech to her or asked her to marry him or given any indication that he has any serious intentions toward her. She bases the faith that is in her on the expression of his eyes or on his having come to her for years or on his getting peevish every time she has a date even with a female friend and isn't at his beck and call. She explains his silence by his shyness or bashfulness or something, and then asks:

"How can a woman tell if a man really loves her?"

Only by what he says, and not always then. Not every man who swears by all his gods that he worships and adores a woman is telling her the truth and it is to be implicitly believed. But if he isn't forever protesting his undying affection for her she may be perfectly sure that he doesn't care enough for her even to carry on a flirtation with her.

THERE is no such thing as a dumb Romeo. When a man falls in love the gift of tongues descends upon him. He becomes poetical, lyrical, rhapsodical, and he can't help but tell her in fifty-seven different ways but he has the time of his life doing it. Nor was there ever any man too bashful and timid to ask for the thing he wanted.

Therefore, when a man does not come out flat-footed and not only ask a woman to marry him but urge her to name a speedy wedding day she may be perfectly certain that it is because he doesn't desire her for a wife and has no intention whatever of asking her to step to the altar. And she is kidding herself if she makes herself believe that he is in love with her. He isn't. Not for a minute.

AS FOR a woman thinking that she can tell whether a man is in love with her or not by the expression of his eyes, that's tommyrot. What she sees when she gazes into his eyes is her own reflection. It is her own heart and hope that are mirrored there. Not the man's.

Besides, no woman can really read the expression in a man's eyes. She always interprets it to mean the thing she wants it to mean, whereas in all probability it means something entirely different. A cynic once said: "The light that lies in women's eyes lies and lies and lies," and that goes double for men. The only eyes, male or female, that you can really bank on meaning what they say are a dog's.

NOT is the fact that a man camps permanently on a woman's parlor chairs any indication that he loves her and intends eventually to marry her. Likely as not, it is her mother's cooking instead of her personal allure that draws him. He likes to go where there is home food and he is surrounded by a home atmosphere without the expense of keeping one up, and he feels that he makes sufficient return for the hospitality he receives by taking the girl out occasionally to some place of amusement.

But his feelings toward her are as impersonal as those he entertains toward her gas range. He is mildly grateful to both for blessings received, but he has no intention of tying up with either for life.

EQUALLY fallacious is it for a woman to delude herself into believing that a man is in love with her and is going to ask her to marry him because he seeks her society continually and shows that he finds her a most congenial companion.

There is no more deadly foe to love than friendship. Once a woman becomes a man's pal she has as well abandoned hope of his ever bestowing a wedding ring on her and waiting for the time when he tells her about the darling little girl that he has fallen in love with and that he is going to marry as quickly as ever she can get her trousseau together.

THERE are plenty of men who like feminine society but who do not wish to burden themselves with wives. Such a man likes a good-looking, well-dressed woman to chum around with and to take out to theatres and dinners. He likes a sympathetic, intelligent woman to go to with the stories of his hopes and plans; to whom he can tell his hard-luck tale when things go wrong and be pitied and comforted; to whom he can boast of his triumphs as he would not to a man.

He may grow fond of such a woman; but if in the first six months of their acquaintance he hasn't fallen in love with her, he isn't going to ask her to marry him. He likes her, but he doesn't love her. He wants her as a friend but not for a wife. He will discuss every topic under the sun with her except matrimony, personally applied.

NEITHER is jealousy any indication of love. That is merely an outward manifestation of hurt vanity and egotism. The dog in the manger is a very common type among men. There are thousands of them who don't want to marry a woman themselves but who want to monopolize her and keep all other men away.

We talk a great deal about men deceiving women, but the truth is that the woman deceives herself. She believes what she wants to believe. She reads deep significance into a man's most casual attention and attributes to him sentiments that he never dreamed of having.

THIS ability of women to kid themselves into thinking that every man they meet falls in love with them is God's consolation prize to the homely and unattractive, for it enables them to go through life believing themselves sirens that none could resist.

But in reality no woman need deceive herself about a man's sentiments toward her. She has merely to reflect upon whether he has urged her to marry him or not.

DOROTHY DIX

Mlle. Suzanne Lenglen Shows Us Her Paris Wardrobe



By MME. LISBETH
WHILE Mlle. Suzanne Lenglen of France is known to the world primarily as a tennis star, it is no secret that she understands the art of dressing with the best of her countrywomen. Her tour of the United States to play the game was also her excuse for annexing a most elaborate and stunning wardrobe. And Mademoiselle is not a bit selfish about it; she is willing not only to let us see her dresses and wraps but to let us see how she looks in them. They are reputed to have cost \$25,000. At the upper left of the picture above, Mlle. Lenglen is seen with a whole rackful of frocks and wraps, evidently choosing the wrap to wear with the sports dress she has on. She claims that she never wears anything but sports and evening dresses, as so-called sports dresses are appropriate for almost any time of day that does not call for formal apparel. At the right she is still wearing the aforementioned sports dress, and we get a front view showing that the sweetlittle bodiced buttons down the front but is left open at the top to show a vest of plain material with round neck. She is wearing a sports coat of white material with collar and cuffs of rabbit fur. A wonderful evening coat is displayed at the lower left of the picture. The material is metal brocade of green, rose and gold and the enormous cuffs, collar and hem border are of rabbit. This is the wrappy type of cloak—the cloque-wrap. There is a circular fur to the skirt and the garment which folds about her figure. Mademoiselle wears a dress of silk muslin figured in blue and red at the lower centre. The figured silk is combined with a solid color, the latter forming the scarf collar which ties loosely on the left shoulder, the cuffs of the long sleeves, the ends of the sash and a wide border on the skirt. Mlle. Suzanne accompanies this frock with a very high crowned hat of black velvet.

Menus for the Family

MENU HINT.
Breakfast.
Fruit (fresh). Sausage.
Raised Buckwheat Cakes. Peach Syrup.
Coffee with Cream.
Children's Breakfast.
Orange Juice. Toast. Cocoa.
Poached Egg. Luncheon.
Hot Vegetable Soup. Wafers.
Pear Salad. Bread and Butter.
Steamed Graham Pudding Sauce. Milk.
Dinner.
Baked Heart and Bread Stuffing. Gravy.
Mashed Potatoes Surrounded with Buttered Lima Beans. Butter.
Cole Slaw. Baked Apple with Cream.
Sugar Cookies. Tea.
Dinner for Children.
Gravy on Toast.
Baked Apple with Cream. Cookies.

TODAY'S RECIPES.
Cocoa—One teaspoon sugar, one teaspoonful cocoa, one-half cup hot water. Blend carefully. Bring to boiling point. Add one-half cup milk. Pour into cup containing a marshmallow. Notice that the milk is not heated; boiled milk is constipating. The cocoa is of proper temperature for immediate drinking.
Pear Salad—One leaf lettuce, one tablespoon salad dressing, one-half large pear (cooked sweet). Place on salad plate in order named. Form soft ball of cottage cheese, cream, salt to taste, for hollow of pear. Sprinkle with crushed pecans.
White Bread—By serving potatoes mashed for dinner the evening before "bake day" you can simplify the preparations for baking. Pour water from potatoes slowly upon two rounded tablespoons flour, stirring constantly while pouring. Soak one cake yeast (broken) in one-quarter cup warm water. After dinner combine the lukewarm potato water, scalded flour preparation, soaked yeast, two tablespoons sugar, and enough warm water to make three pints with two tablespoons mashed potato. This must be kept warm over night. In the morning

THE RHYMING OPTIMIST
By Aline Michaeils
I love to know what men have done long centuries ago, how they have met the changing days, clasped joy and conquered woe. And so I seek the story here on history's vital page, which shows how kings and knaves have lived from chancelled ages to age. I find it all, the songs they sang, the mighty deeds they did, the thoughts they thought, the dreams they dreamed; no love, no hatred hid. The yellowed page of history lays all these secrets bare; shows ancient men were kin to us in rapture and despair. Those savage tribes who, across bays, by sailless oceans dwelt, they, too, knew hope's most fair mirage, fear's keenest arrows felt. So from all these who long ago went down the ways I tread, I learn to meet both joy and woe, to face both hope and dread.

BEHIND THE SCREEN

By GENE COHN
THE Atlantic is becoming a veritable commuting line to Hollywood. Europe's directors and actors now dart over for a single picture, or for a role that requires but a few weeks of work and depart homeward on the next steamer with enough American gold on the hip to live in ease for many months. Perhaps the most important screen arrival of the year—with the exception of the forthcoming visit of Emil Jennings—is that of Conrad Veidt, German character actor, who will be Louis XI in John Barrymore's first film for United Artists, "Francis Villon."
CHOSEN BY BARRYMORE
It is said that Veidt was Barrymore's own selection for the role of the cagey old monarch. If this be so, Barrymore is indeed a brave and worthy player. For it is no idle gossip of the film world that a performer of Veidt's talents might easily "steal" the picture.
I am told that such prospects are suggested to Barrymore and that he replied, "If I can't hold my own in the picture, then let him have it." Which somehow doesn't sound like an actor! Veidt's roles in German films are practically unknown to American cinema goers. A few have been seen in New York with critics fairly shrieking praise.
Those who remember "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" may recall him as the sleepwalker. In "Three Wax Works" an art production recently given a Broadway premier, he was the Caliph Haroun El Raschid. His Henry IV in "The Living Mask," based on the Pirandello play.
CANCELS CONTRACTS
"I cancelled those contracts in Europe just to see those American studios about the same time—Jannings, Werner Krauss and myself," Veidt admitted in very scrambled English. He is well over six feet tall, has sharply chiselled features, light blue eyes deeply set and shadowed by heavy brows. It is, I am told, one of the most adaptable faces for make-up upon the screen.
He will remain for only one picture. "It was funny how I came to the theatre," he relates. "As a boy I knew the doorman of the Deutsches Theater in Berlin. One day he gave me an introduction to an assistant of Max Reinhardt and thus I got a small part in a play. A critic gave me a good notice and soon I had a better role. We all went over to the pictures about the same time—Jannings, Werner Krauss and myself."

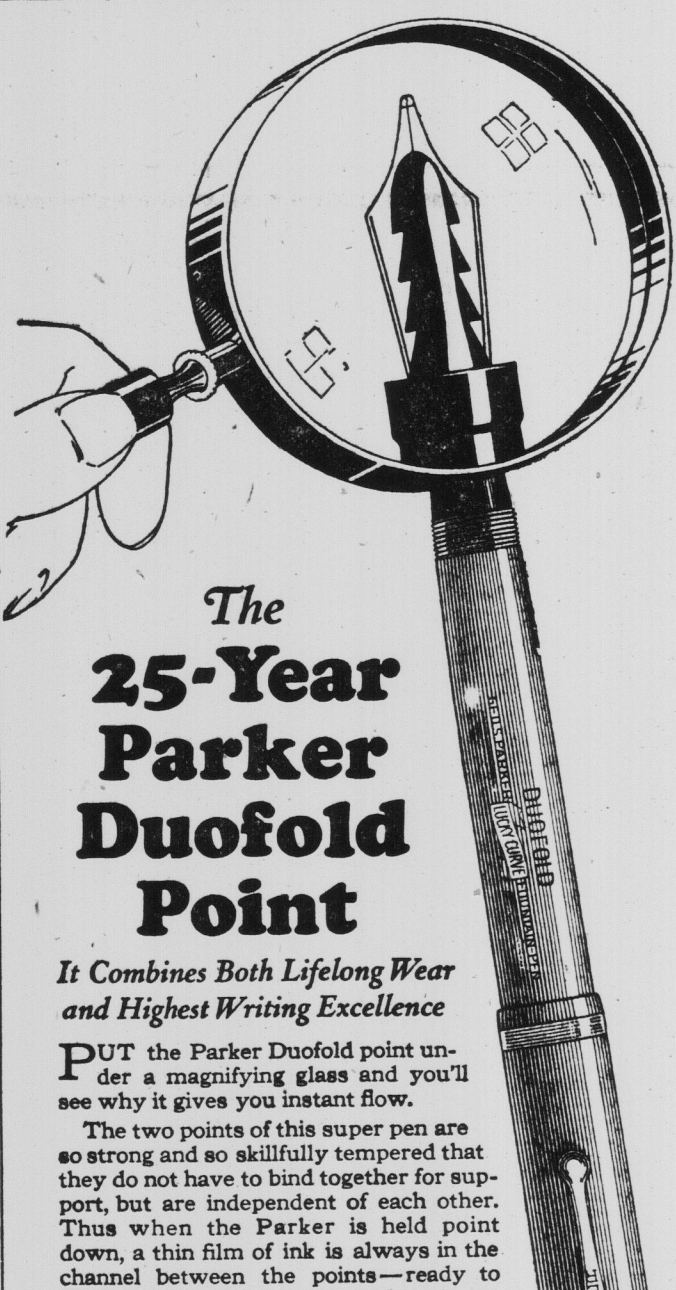
Fads of The Famous.
DR. ROMULUS S. NAON
When a man's hobby takes up a great deal of his time and most of the space in his home, it's time to give it up, is the opinion of Dr. Romulus S. Naon, former Argentine Ambassador to the United States, now practicing law in Buenos Aires.
Dr. Naon, on a trip to Europe shortly after the war, began a collection of war relics which proved an interesting hobby. He brought his relics to Buenos Aires and placed them aside, in a particular corner of his house. Then he made other trips and brought back other relics, until he accumulated what was considered the most complete collection of its kind in South America.
"But there was not room for my family and my hobby in the same house," Dr. Naon stated. "The collection became so large that it threatened to take up all the space in my home. Either the family or the hobby had to go."
The hobby went. Dr. Naon distributed the relics among his friends, or donated them to museums or other collections. He is still greatly interested in relics of the war, but will file court for a traffic violation.

A Thought
Deliver my soul, oh Lord, from lying lips and from a deceitful tongue.—Ps. 120:2.
THERE is nothing more contemptible than a bald man who pretends to have hair.—Martial.

IN NEW YORK SEE SAWING and DOWN BROADWAY

UNDERNEATH the appearance of such and scurry, the city has a heart. Sounds like a cheap song, all about the big, generous soul that the tinsel hides, but it took a visiting correspondent to dig down any lay it bare. Read what she says of it:
"A generous town. It gives more transportation for a nickel than is to be had anywhere else in the world, though there is said to be some question about who pays the losses incurred in the operation of the rapid transit system.
"Some harsh spoken persons say the taxpayers bear it in paying for political government that keeps in power by keeping fares down. I don't know. But it's generous government, costly, perhaps, but good."
"HEAR Charley on the subject. Charley chuckled as he guarded a gate at the Metropolitan museum. In the heavy rains last summer Charley's district had turned out a hundred men in hip boots, on 30 minutes' notice, to open a clogged sewer. The district leader had sent word he wanted a hundred men in hip boots, and they came a-running, that's all.
"Why not?" said Charley. "He does anything we want. Kiddy falls down on a bad sidewalk; old lady hollers; I call up Paddy. Sidewalk fixed next day. Benches in the park in our district disappeared. No place for the old lady to sit down while the kiddie played. Called up Paddy. 'No benches in the park?' Paddy says, 'The hell there ain't. They'll be here tomorrow,' he says, and they was. Came in by the next load.
"Some big books thought they could build a chemical works in our district. Our district ain't Park avenue, but it's where we live. We went and got Paddy and let him smell.
"How does it smell, Paddy?" "Smells like hell," says Paddy. "How about it?" we says. "Leave it to me," he says. Chemical works torn down and gone in five weeks."
GILBERT SWAN.

Frock coats and silk hats are reckoned among necessary habiliments for commercial travelers in South America.



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