POOR DOCUMENT

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INTERESTING

A Feature Page of Interest to Everyone

INSTRUCTIVE

Dorothy Dix

Professional Women of Today Who Marry Either Have to Scrap Their Careers or Scrap With Their Husbands -The Only Way is to Settle the Question on the Safe Side of the Altar.

A YOUNG COUPLE who are much in the public eye and who were the heroes of a very romantic love affair when they married a short time ago are getting a divorce because the wife insists on following her profession, while the husband insists upon her

giving it up.

Which is right, the husband or the wife?



THE PROBLEM of what shall become of a woman's profession when she gets married is one of the new difficulties that has been added to the already overly complicated matrimonial puzzle. Up to the present it has been taken for granted that when a girl entered the profession of wifehood she had undertaken a life job to which she would devote her exclusive attention and have her hands full at that.

Further, it was supposed that she would have no regrets about doing so, for the popular belief was that the marriage ceremony was a sort of magic incantation that killed all of her previous interests and aspirations and caused her henceforth to thrill only to the sight of pots and pans, and that made her dearest ambition consist of a yearning to be the prize cakemaker of the neighborhood.

But nowadays we have a vast number of young women who have gone into the professions because they had a vocation for them. They have spent into the professions because they had a vocation for them. They have spent into the professions because they had a vocation for them. They have spent into the professions because they had a vocation for them. They have spent into the professions because they had a vocation for them. They have spent into the professions because they had a vocation for them. They have spent into the professions because they had a vocation for them.

into the professions because they had a vocation for them. They have spent years of hard work and thousands of dollars fitting themselves to be lawyers, or doctors, or musicians, or teachers, or private secretaries, or buyers, or what not, and they are not only winning success and reputation in their chosen occupations, but they find that doing that particular work is the breath of their nostrils to them.

Then they fall in love and get married, and find that they either have to scrap their professions or scrap with their husbands.

This is one of the innumerable curses of being a woman. A man has no such difficulty and is called upon for no such sacrifice. When he gets married he adds the pleasures of domesticity to the joys of a career. He does not have to decide between the two. He has the comfort of his own home, the delights of the companionship of wife and children on the one side, and on the other the neverending interest and happiness that one finds in doing the special work to which God has called one, the thrill of achievement, the pride of victory.

Now, the woman who has a special talent has just the same pleasure in developing her power and exercising it as a man has. She has just the same urge of ambition and takes the same joy in success as he does, and it seems a hard thing to ask her to give it all up when she marries just because her husband wants somebody to darn his socks and keep his house. It is like making a plow horse out of Pegasus or a wash rag out of a rose-point handkerchief.

Why should the woman whose hands can carve an angel out of a block of marble only use them to make bread? Why should the voice that can charm multitudes be heard only by a sleepy baby in a nursery? Why should the woman with the executive power to run a big store waste it on a two-by-four flat? Why put a thousand horsepower engine to run a one-horsepower machine?

NO MATTER how much a woman loves her husband and her home, she is never quite satisfied nor happy if she has had to buy them at the price of her career. They never wholly compensate her for her old beloved work. She can never be all wife and housekeeper any more than a man can be all husband. And no woman who has known the joys of having her own pocketbook filled with the money she has earned with her own head and hands can ever submit gracefully to financial dependence.

The difficulty about settling this problem of whether a woman should keep on with her profession or not after marriage is that both sides are perfectly right from their own standpoints.

THE WOMAN is justified in claiming that she has a right to self-expansion, to do the work she loves, to exercise her talents, to gratify her ambitions, to make the money she needs.

And the man is right in saying that what he marries for is to get a wife and a home, a wife who will be a fire tender, not one who is off trying law cases or watching a desperately ill patient or winning plaudits on the stage a thousand miles away.

He wants his wife to stay put in her own home and to give her thoughts, her interests to him and centre her ambitions in him, not in her profession. He wants to be her career.

Nor will his vanity endure to be the insignificant husband of the successful wife. Wives are proud of their famous husbands, but there are very few husbands who are big enough and altruistic enough not to hate their famous wives.

PERHAPS future generations will be able to solve this problem, but at present a woman has to choose either her husband or her career, unless she is lucky enough to get a very exceptional and advanced man Copyright by Public Ledger Company.



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Robinson's Cake Shop

Some Of Our Goat Getters



A Thought

December 23—You have keen common-sense, and good ability, and your plans seldom go wrong. You are generous in your judgment, and always willing to lend a helping hand. You are quick, yet cautious. You have many friends, although none is accepted as a friend until you are sure of her. You do not fall in love at first sight, but your marriage should be most happy. Your birth-stone is the turquoise, which means prosperity.

Your flower is holly.

Your lucky color is pink.

News Notes From Movie Land

SCENES in England, tropical islands, icy seas and Virginia caves will be part of D. W. Griffith's new picture, "The Sorrows of Satan," based on the novel by Marie Corelli. Griffith says he expects to start filming the work in

months.

As tentatively worked out the film will be on a greater scale than even "The Birth of a Nation" or "Intolerance," 'regarded as Griffith's greatest picture, according to William LeBaron, associate Paramount producer in charge.

Paramount representatives are now in England seeking a magnificent country estate in the beautiful country around Stratford-on-Avon. One of the technical problems the engineers must solve is to let a yacht play with two cobergs and still come off best.

Forrest Halsey, who wrote the screen version of "Monsier Beaucaire," "Madam Sans-Gene" and "Dancing Mothers," is collaborating with Griffith on the script.

The book stirred the critical world the film will be on a greater scale than even is lowly in syrup made of a cup of brown sugar, two tablespoons butter and a half cup of water. Turn potatoes once or twice.

Jelly Roil—Six eggs, one and one-half cups sion as out of oven.

Chocolate Cake Without Eggs—Two cups brown sugar, one cup sour milk, one-half cup cocca, one-half cup softed flour, one-half cup sifted flour, one-half cup sifte

The book stirred the critical world cup hot water with one and one-half tasps when published in England. The

be sent to reviewers, which brought a storm of denunciatory criticism. It proved a tremendous popular success, however, and has been printed in virtu-

Family Menu Grapefruit Creamed Eggs on Toast Crisp Bacon

Roast Loin of Pork Dressing Gravy Applesauce Candied Sweet Potatoes Mashed Turnips Rolls
Date Pudding with Whipped Cream

Supper.

Apple, Raisin and Lettuce Salad

Whole Wheat Bread

itter Jelly Roll Cocoa TODAY'S RECIPES. sweet potatoes lengthwise and simmer slowly in syrup made of a cup of brown sugar, two tablespoons butter and a half cup of water. Turn potatoes once or twice.

Though I bestow all my goods to feed poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.—Cor. 13:3.

To PITY distress is but human; to relieve it is Godlike.—Horace Mann.

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At Clear

Healthy Skin Insured by Everyday

Insured by Everyday

Italy had 700,000 visitors in 1923.

That night when the Twins were snuggled up cozily in their little white beds, there was a flapping sound outside their window.

It was a bright moonlight night and some snow had fallen, so that everything outside showed as plain as day. When Nick heard the flapping, he sat up in bed and looked toward the open window, and to his amazement, he saw two great dark objects light upon the sill.

"That's not to be wondered at," said the elf. "Blue geese and red elves don's grow on banana trees, I'll admit. Well, now that the ice is broken, I'll tell you all about everything. Blue geese live further north than almost any other kind. Didn't you ever hear of the Land of the Blue Goose?" It is right next door to the North Pole. Indeed, Mrs. Santa Chaus keeps geese instead of chickens.

"My name is Inch o' Pie and I do er-

bright tinsel, and for a whip he held a small holly branch.

"Whoa, Ganz! Behave yourself, Oie!" commanded the cute little man in red. "Stand still there and stop your hissing," and then turning to the children as though he had knwn them for years 'n years, he remarked with a laugh, "I call them Ganz and Oie, because they fight all the time. 'Ganz' is German for goose and 'Oie' is French for goose, and there you are."

So saying he threw down the tinsel reins, stuck the holly switch into his belt and bounded up on to the foot of Nick's bed where he sat waiting with his knees crossed as much as to say, "It is time for you to say something now."

"Why—what—who?" began Nancy when suddenly the little elf began to look and shake and heave his should.

SANTA CLAUS SENDS FOR THE TWINS.

two great dark objects light upon the sill.

"Nancy! Nancy!" he called excitedly.

"Are you asleep? Wake up!"

"No," cried Nancy throwing off the covers. "What is it? What's wrong?"

But before Nick had time to answer, the two objects flew right down into the floor at the exact spot where they landed, there was no mistaking what they were.

They were two fat blue geese, and astride their backs, with a leg on each, was an elf dressed in a red suit.

He drove the geese with reins of bright tinsel, and for a whip he held a small holly branch.

Santa Ckaus keeps geese instead of chickens.

"My name is Inch o' Pie and I do erands for the Clauses. I can go anywhere like the wind on these two trained geese for they are fine filers. I'm on an errand now. I came to you from Santa Claus himself. The poor old fellow caught cold in that draughty store today and now he's laid up with children can come up to the North Pole right away. I stopped at the Fairy Queen's palace and got the magical shoes for you. Will you go?"

For answer the Twins scrambled quickly out of bed.

To Be Continued.

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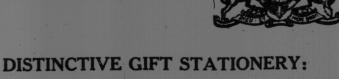
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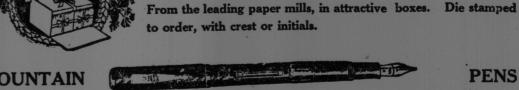
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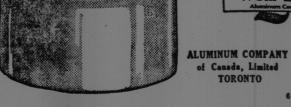
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