

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.



DOROTHY DIX

Which is right, the husband or the wife? Both are wrong, to this extent, that this question should have been definitely settled before they were married. No woman who bankers after a career should marry without a clear understanding of what her husband is going to demand of her in the way of domesticity, and certainly no man with grand Turk ideas has a right to marry a talented, energetic and ambitious woman, who is winning fame and fortune on her own behalf, without making her fully realize the sacrifice he is going to demand of her.

Furthermore, having determined on the safe side of the altar, whether the wife should come out of her office or studio and go into the kitchen or not, both sides should be good enough sports to abide by the decision and not wick on their bargains.

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 over 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 cake-maker 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 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 never-ending 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, not her career's 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 for a husband.

DOROTHY DIX.

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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 birthstone is the turquoise, which means prosperity. Your flower is holly. Your lucky color is pink.

authors stated that no copies would be sent to reviewers, which brought a storm of denunciatory criticism. It proved a tremendous popular success, however, and has been printed in virtually every language.

Family Menu

Breakfast.  
Grapefruit  
Creamed Eggs on Toast  
Crisp Bacon  
Dinner.  
Roast Loin of Pork  
Dressing  
Applesauce  
Candied Sweet Potatoes  
Mashed Turnips  
Date Pudding with Whipped Cream  
Tea.  
Supper.  
Apple, Raisin and Lettuce Salad  
Whole Wheat Bread  
Jelly Roll  
Cocoa.

TODAY'S RECIPES.  
Candied Sweet Potatoes—Cut cooked 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.

Jelly Roll—Six eggs, one and one-half cups sugar, one and one-half cups flour, one teaspoon baking powder. Put together quickly and bake in rather hot oven. Roll with jelly as soon as out of oven.

Chocolate Cake Without Eggs—Two cups brown sugar, one cup sour milk, one-half cup cocoa, one-half cup shortening. Mix well and add slowly two and one-half cups sifted flour, one-half cup hot water with one and one-half teaspoons soda dissolved in it.

Your Birthday

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

Harvard University plans to establish a graduate school of agriculture.

C. N. R. SHOPS.

MONCTON, Dec. 22—The C. N. R. shops here will close on Thursday evening at 5 o'clock and continue closed until Monday, next, continuing in operation until Thursday, 31st inst., when they will again close until the following Monday. This is in accordance with the usual custom at this time of the year.

Streets in London were not paved until 1853.

Italy had 700,000 visitors in 1923.

ADVENTURES of the TWINS

by OLIVE ROBERTS BARTON

SANTA CLAUS SENDS FOR THE TWINS.

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.  
"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 room, and as the moonbeams struck the floor at the exact spot where they landed, there was no mistaking what they were.  
They were two fat blue geese, and as they landed, they each held a small holly branch.  
He drove the geese with reins of bright tinzel, and for a whip he held a small holly branch.  
"Whoa, Gans! Behave yourself, Oie!" commanded the little man in red. "Stand still there and stop your hissing!" and then turning to the children as though he had known them for years, he remarked with a laugh, "I call them Gans and Oie, because they fight all the time. 'Gans' is German for goose and 'Oie' is French for goose, and there you are."  
So saying he threw down the tinzel 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—what?" began Nancy when suddenly the little elf began to laugh and shake and heave his shoulders as though he was mightily tickled about something.  
"You needn't be," he said merrily. "You needn't be at all. I'm not going to eat you."  
"Needn't be what?" Nick wanted to know. "Needn't be what?"  
"Afraid of me?" laughed the elf.  
"Afraid of you?" cried the Twins in astonishment. "Why we never were afraid of anything in our lives. Never! And we like you. Only we are surprised, that's all."

"That's not to be wondered at," said the elf. "Blue geese and red elves don't 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 Geese? It is right next door to the North Pole. Indeed, Mrs. Santa Claus keeps geese instead of chickens."  
"My name is Inch of Pis and I do errands for the Clauses. I can go anywhere like the wind on these two trained geese for they are fine fliers. 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 tonsillitis. He wants to know if you two children can come up to the North Pole right away. I stopped at the Fairy Queen's palace and got the magic shoes for you. Will you go?"  
For answer the Twins scrambled quickly out of bed.

To Be Continued.

POLAR PLANE DASH IN SPRING PLANNED

NEW YORK, Dec. 22—Vilhjalmur Stefansson, Arctic explorer, today confirmed reports that an airplane flight to the polar regions would be attempted from Point Barrow, Alaska, next spring.  
The flight will be in charge of George H. Wilkins, second in command in Stefansson's Arctic expedition in 1913 and 1918, together with Lieut. Carl Benjamin Adelson, of North Dakota. The expedition is the backing of the National Geographic Society and the Detroit Aviation Society, whose president is chief aviation engineer for Henry Ford, Detroit automobile manufacturer.

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