

INTERESTING

A Feature Page of Interest to Everyone

INSTRUCTIVE

Dorothy Dix

What is the Secret of Success?—Shall the Woman of 50 Lose Her Husband for a Haircut?—How Can He Keep His Girl From Going on Petting Parties With Other Men.

DEAR MISS DIX—Much has been written about the boy or girl who started at the foot of the ladder and doggedly stuck to little tasks, doing them well, and in time realized success beyond imagination. That is the theory. But those of us who are built on those exacting lines and who plod on see so many who are just the opposite go ahead of us in leaps and bounds. I know so many faithful and conscientious workers who never get beyond being just that. What do we lack, we who are so necessary to success, yet who are only as a bit of grease used to keep the machine going smoothly? A PLODDER.



DOROTHY DIX

ANSWER:

Nobody knows the secret of success. Perhaps least of all can those who succeed tell you how they did it. Certainly success does not come as the inevitable result of ceaseless labor or tireless effort.

The writer cannot tell you from whence comes the scintillating wit, the clever plot, the brilliant idea, the happy turn of phrase that makes editors clamor for his output and offer him large sums for every word he puts on paper. I have known many writers who spent years in the study of literature preparing themselves to write and who put in months of exhausting labor over their articles who could never sell a word they wrote.

The man who makes his fortune cannot tell you by what mental process he knows when to buy and sell or by what intuition he sees opportunity when it is yet no more than a speck on the horizon. If he told the truth he would have to admit that he was guided often by hunches than by logic.

And so success, in its last analysis, is a gift of the gods that is bestowed apparently by capricious chance. One is lucky enough to get it, another misses it, and that's all that any of us knows. Perhaps there isn't much comfort in that to the plodder, but there is this to be said for plodding, that if you have even the faintest flare of success, if you have even the minutest particle of this gift for success, the plodding clinches it. Plodding enables a man with very little talent to make the most of whatever ability he has and to go farther than the man who has flashes of genius but no sticking ability.

For you have to build a foundation even under a vision to make it of any worth. You have to transmute dreams into concrete facts to make them of value to the world. In the end it is the hard workers, the detail men, who do things.

So it still remains true that the best advice that can be given young people is to be patient and do day by day the task to which they have set their hands. If nature ordained that they should be only hewers of wood and drawers of water they will at least make a living and be independent and self-supporting and have the satisfaction that they are doing their indispensable part of the world's work.

And if a kinder fate is theirs and if the gods lit the spark of genius in their souls, they have prepared themselves in the best possible way for doing the work they are destined to do.

For, after all, as has been said, genius is just a talent for taking pains, and certainly none succeed who are not willing to lay to the altar the sacrifice of the best labor of which they are capable. DOROTHY DIX

DEAR DOROTHY DIX—I am a woman over 50. Have a husband, a married son and a grown daughter. Now I want to bob my hair, but my husband says that he will not live with me if I do and that I will have to find a home elsewhere, and he will refuse to support me. My daughter says that no woman of intelligence of my age would bob her hair, that it is only old fools who are full of imagination that think it makes them look young to cut off their hair.

My son says there is one born every minute, and that he will not speak to me if I have it done; but my daughter-in-law says, "Mother, it is your own hair and your own problem. Do as you please." E. G. M.

ANSWER:

Well, if you take my advice, you will keep your hair on and remain on speaking terms with your family. It seems to me that to lose a husband, a meat-dick and the respect and affection of your children is entirely too high a price to pay for a haircut.

Of course, as your daughter-in-law remarked, your hair is your own, and, at first blush, it would seem that you had a right to wear it long or short, as you please. It might seem that your own taste was the taste to be gratified in the matter, but in reality this is not the case.

You do not have to look at yourself. An occasional brief glimpse in the mirror is all that any woman of 50, unless she is preternaturally vain, ever takes at herself. But her family has to look at her continually, and so it is a matter of grave concern to them whether she is easy on the eyes or offends their aesthetic sensibilities every time their gaze rests upon her.

So, all things considered, it seems to me that it is just for a woman to yield her own taste to those of her husband and children, who have to look at her every day and all day long, and if they think that she will look like a scarecrow with bobbed hair to cut out the cutting, so to speak, even if she is under the delusion that it will cause her to be mistaken for a slapper.

Personally I agree with the family. I have never seen a woman over 30 to whom a boyish bob did not add from ten to twenty years in looks, because for a middle-aged woman to cut off her hair puts her into direct competition with her daughter or her grand-daughter and institutes a comparison between them that is deadly. DOROTHY DIX

DEAR DOROTHY DIX—I am a young man much in love with a girl. We get a lot, and she tells me that I am the only one with whom she does this; but my friends tell me that she kisses and necks with every boy who goes out with her. I know she is guilty, but I do not know what to do. Your advice will be greatly appreciated. ANXIOUS.

ANSWER:

Why shouldn't she pet? She's found out that men exact petting parties as the price of their attentions, and so she pays for her rides and her movies and her good times with kisses that soil her lips and rub the bloom off her maidenhood. And because she has found that every man likes to believe that he is the only one for whom she would so degrade herself, she lies to you about it.

And what right have you men, who put a premium upon a girl being what we used to call "nice," to demand that she should have a monopoly of her carcase? What right have you to object to her having petting parties with every man who will take her out when that's the only way she can get a date?

And what can you do about it? Not a thing. The modern girl is what you make her and you have no right to object to your handiwork. DOROTHY DIX

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Cut out heavy foods—Eat SHREDDED WHEAT
with berries—So refreshing and satisfying

Gossamer Cloak Lends Formality to Summer Frock



Printed chiffon coat of "dreamy blues and yellows." Cape of cyclamen pink chiffon banded with Kasha cloth. Printed coat of wisteria for shadow lace frock.

By HENRI BENDEL

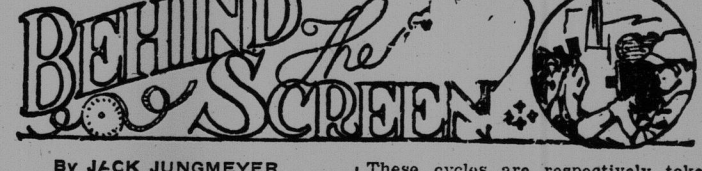
THE increasingly fastidious taste of women is being constantly reflected by the Paris couturiers and designers. It is no longer considered good taste to look uncomfortable, or inharmonious. The most carefully groomed women have always insisted upon a way of some sort when they appear on the street, and time was when they would make a point to wear a coat on the hottest day—as a gesture of their firm conviction.

Today a woman in a heavy wool coat, or laden with furs on an August day, does not commend the fastidious woman. However, it is possible to wear the most flimsy wrap or coat of coat, and make no compromise with one's conscience, and still present the picture of coolness and comfort which is an obligation in summer.

This season the gossamer wrap has achieved a great popularity in Paris, and practically every afternoon frock has its coat or cape that gives just the hint of formality, without sacrificing comfort in any degree. Three of the most attractive mid-summer wraps "would find in Paris are sketched today.

Most youthful, and girlish is the box pleated dress in white Crepe Roma with the sleeves embroidered in shades of red and pink, coupled with a cape of chiffon in the most exquisite shade of cyclamen pink banded with Kasha cloth of a deeper shade. This could be worn, of course, with any white frock and would add chic and dash. I cannot recommend this color scheme too highly. Another decidedly interesting color scheme is featured in the blue chiffon frock worn over a salmon pink slip, combined with a printed chiffon coat

Fashion Fancies.



BEHIND THE SCREEN

By JACK JUNGMEYER

ERNEST LUBITSCH, pioneer and master of debt and sophisticated humor on the American screen, is going to turn his directing genius to a cycle of broad comedy—"Mental Slapstick" as he calls it.

This he confided with that smiling and twinkling eye which he always displays on the eve of a new production. A little tired of subtle humor, for which he has received such richly deserved praise, is the inimitable Ernst. He makes no secret of this. Several years he's been at it. That's enough of one brand of entertainment for a season. Lubitsch, by his very nature, craves change.

STARTING NOW The transition from the type of creation best exemplified by his "Marriage Circle" to the forthcoming "Mental Slapstick" is "So This is Paris," his present picture. This is farce, farce sustained and not compromised with any sop of sentimentality. Lubitsch favors his own progress in certain cycles of pictures, corresponding to stages of his own mental life and the development of technical finesse.

Flapper Fanny Says



A goose never acts like an owl when he goes out for a lark.

GOING TO P. E. L.

Miss Isabelle Reed and Miss F. Traynor, of Saint John, leave today to attend the meeting of the Canadian Teachers' Association, to be held this week in Charlottetown, P. E. I., from August 8 to 16. The official delegates who will represent the New Brunswick teachers at the convention are Miss Helen Fifth, of Doaktown, and Dr. G. J. Oulton, of Moncton.

A Thought

He that giveth unto the poor shall not lack; but he that hideth his eyes shall have many a curse.—Prov. 28:27.

VISITING PRESS MEN.

Andrew Merkel, Atlantic superintendent of the Canadian Press, at Halifax, and formerly of Saint John, is in the city. Ernest—light, laughter, and stimulating thumps of your baton on the cerebrum!

For Picnics

—for Parties

—for all Outdoor and Indoor Meals

—try that "Delicious French Cooked Meat Paste"

Get a tin. Makes delicious sandwiches.

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Menus for the Family

MENU HINT

Breakfast
Rhubarb Sauce
Ready to Eat Cereal
Crisp Bacon and Eggs
Rolls
Milk

Dinner
Boiled Ham
Potatoes in Ham Broth
String Beans
Butter
Plum Jelly
Mustard Pickles
Cherry Tart Pie
Coffee
Cream

Supper
Spanish Omelet
Rolls
Graham Crackers
Coffee
Milk

TODAY'S RECIPES

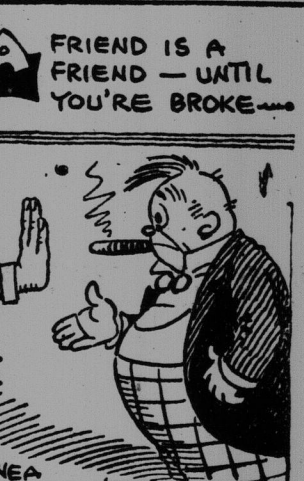
Potato Puffs—To one cup seasoned mashed potatoes, add one beaten egg, one teaspoon baking powder and enough flour to roll. Cut in strips four inches long and one inch wide. Fry in deep fat.

Spanish Omelet—Take three eggs, yolks and whites beaten separately, three tablespoons milk. Put one tablespoon butter in hot skillet, pour in egg mixture. When it begins to set, place in moderate oven. When done fold on platter and pour over sauce made of a half cup dried bacon, fried golden brown, one-fourth cup onion cut fine, one-fourth cup mango cut fine and browned with bacon. Add a half cup canned tomato, season with salt and pepper, let come to a boil, garnish omelet with parsley.

Cherry Tart Pie—Take one cup sour cherries, one-quarter cup water, one-half cup raisins, one-half cup sugar, and one-half cup flour. Put in pastry shell and cover with pastry strips one-half inch wide in criss cross fashion. Bake until crust is golden brown.

Little Joe

FRIEND IS A FRIEND—UNTIL YOU'RE BROKE



REV. DR. MORISON ENTERTAINS CLUBS

About 50 members of the Saint John Power Boat Club and the R. K. Y. C. met for Saturday afternoon and called on Dr. J. A. Morison. Supper was eaten at Dr. Morison's home and a concert and bonfire were enjoyed in the evening. Before the yachtmen left for home hearty thanks were extended Dr. and Mrs. Morison for their hospitality.

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SEE SAWING DOWN BROADWAY

THERE'S a little row of commonplace brick buildings in Manhattan where the lights burn brightly until dawn. Keen eyes peer from the windows most intently in the hours between midnight and 5 o'clock. The hanging of a police patrol going in the street outside is the signal for a general flurry. Figures scurry down the stairs; street level doors open and darting shapes zig-zag into the darkness.

THE patrol stops and police bring out a hysterical woman. Almost immediately the levy of midnight harpies are upon her, chattering like magpies, each trying to catch the ear of the unfortunate one.

"Want a lawyer to represent you?" "Need some bail money?"

Cards are thrust into the prisoner's hand. Harsh verbal deals are made as she stumbles up the prison stairs. These are the "runners" for the lawyers and bond agents whose places of business circle the Jefferson Square prison. Most of the practice is secured in the early hours of the morning. Fear-stricken women make easy prey. They clutch at the last straw.

BROADWAY supplies only a small fraction of this sordid early morning parade.

Unless actual murder is committed, Broadway seeks to put the silence on its disturbances. Arrests are not good for the reputation of a cafe, particularly in these days of easy padlocks. In one of the very popular night clubs, where the patronage ranges from highest to lowest in society, brawls among bibulous ones can be witnessed almost any night. Flats fly at the very edge of a table occupied by leading society folk and the scrapers mill their way about and all but overturn the table of a former diplomatic attaché and a celebrated explorer.

It is all settled very quickly. The brawlers disappear into the night. A

THE RHYMING OPTIMIST

By ALINE MICHAELIS

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