

INTERESTING

A Feature Page of Interest to Everyone

INSTRUCTIVE

Dorothy Dix

"A Beefsteak is Just as Sincere a Token of Love as a Bunch of Violets," Says Dorothy Dix, Explaining Why Husbands Discontinue Courting Their Wives After Marriage.

WE HEAR a great deal about the disillusion of matrimony. Wives complain that their husbands no longer keep up after marriage the delicate attentions they showed them before marriage. Husbands complain that their wives lose their looks and get frumpy and fat and careless about their dress at home, and whereas before marriage butter would not have melted in their mouths, after marriage the things they say would blister a sheet of asbestos.

"Before we were married," sighs a disgruntled lady, "my husband never came to see me without bringing me flowers or a box of candy. If he should bring me home a single rose now or a nickel's worth of gum drops, I should fall dead with surprise."

"Before we were married," says an other pined wife, "if there had been earthquakes and cyclones and revolutions and scandals in high-life, with headlines a foot high in the newspapers telling about them, my husband would have glanced at them."

"Now he sits up with a paper glued in his hand every minute he is in the house, and when I try to talk to him he just grunts by way of reply."

"Before we were married," laments another wife, "my husband was always paying me compliments and telling me how beautiful I was, and how I looked like a living picture, and so on. Now if I want a compliment from him I have to extract it with a corkscrew, with more expenditure of time and labor than it is worth."

And these ladies, and others of the same ilk, demand to know why this is thus, and why a man is so changed by matrimony that his wife scarcely knows him, and feels as if a strange bridegroom had somehow been rung in on her at the altar. For assuredly she never picked out this unsentimental, unappreciative dumb creature with whom to spend the balance of her life.

The explanation is simple enough. Matrimony is not courtship. It is the plain bread and meat and mashed potatoes of life, not the flubdub whipped-cream dessert. When a man rolls up his sleeves and goes to work to support a woman he is metamorphosed from a hero of romance into the family provider, and his symbol is no longer a fairy prince, but a cash register.

THE woman who waits that her husband is not always bringing her flowers and showering theatre tickets on her and taking her to places didn't at that halcyon period have to stand for her board bill and shopping ticket.

In all good truth a beefsteak is just as sincere a token of affection as a bunch of violets. THE woman who knows that her husband is bringing home every dollar he earns and straining every nerve to keep his family comfortable is an ingrate to contrast the boiled turnips of matrimony with the chocolate cream of courtship or to complain that her husband no longer lays poetic offerings at her shrine as he used to do.

The wife who considers the daily paper a barometer of her husband's waning affection and who fancies herself neglected because her John reads equally unreasonably, she forgets that John has no other place in which to read his paper now except when he is with her.

When he saw her only two or three times a week, or perhaps for a little while every day, he had to secure elsewhere in which to read. He reads at home now because that is where he lives and where he has the right to expect to do so he pleases.

As for the woman who feels herself a poor, unappreciated creature because her husband no longer deluges her with flattery after marriage, let her console herself with the thought that her husband is not unmindful of her charms. He has only come to accept them as a matter of course, as we do any other blessing. We are not forever exclaiming over the sun rising every morning or our good health or our prosperity.

It is only when it rains or we are sick or we lose our money that we become vocal and rend the heavens with our complaints. The man who compares his wife with the thought that her husband has turned out her complexion standing over the cook stove for him; that walking the babies with the colic so that he might have unbroken sleep put wrinkles around her eyes; and that the reason why her hands are not soft and white and kissable is because she has made corns on them tolling for him.

AND the very man whose esthetic sense is shocked by his wife's appearing at breakfast in a soiled wrapper is the last man who would want to pay the price of pink silk and lace negligees. Before marriage, when a wife with nothing to do but to cultivate her looks and plenty of money with which to doll herself up, it is easy enough for her always to present a pleasing appearance to the man who is courting her. But it is a different story when she has to squeeze the pennies and nurse sick children and do a woman's housework.

Because husbands and wives are different before and after marriage is no sign that they are failures as husbands and wives. The really and truly mated couple can take a lot of things for granted and do without many outward observances. Such a man doesn't have to bring his wife home flowers to prove that he remembers him; nor does such a wife have to lose her husband's love by letting him see her when she hasn't on all of her warpaint.

HEAVEN help those husbands and wives who have to be always polite to each other and who cannot sink into a blessed restfulness in which neither has to take special account of the other because they are just one!

DOROTHY DIX.

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Use **Royal Yeast Cakes** for baking Home made Bread

The Standard of Quality For Over 50 Years



Simple Lines, Quiet Hues Make Distinctive Costumes



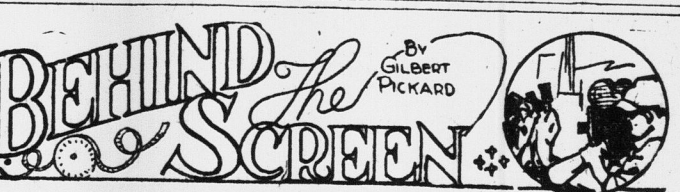
By MME. LISBETH

THE three costumes pictured here are all extremely simple and very quiet as to hue, but all are distinctive and would be noticed and admired beyond many more elaborate garments.

On the left is an evening gown of black material—crêpe, satin, velvet—what you will. The bodice is cut so as to fit rather snugly but the skirt has enough fullness to give it grace. A line of trimming is placed rather low on the bodice and follows the line of the decollete from the shoulders around the back. This, with a simple matching decoration on the hem of the skirt, is all the embellishment the dress has.

An afternoon frock all in shades of brown (center) follows the same idea of little trimming. This frock uses embroidery on the sleeves and collar only. The frock itself is a periwinkle brown, satin with the embroidery done in orange, brown and gold. Its snail is tied in front at a line higher than the general waistline.

Fawn colored neodepoint makes the smart dress costume on the right. The fitted coat is faultlessly tailored and has the popular close fitting sleeves. The skirt selection has a decided circular flare. The garment is trimmed with black caracul.



IT IS significant that in the list of qualifications for movie success named by executives in Hollywood, intelligence comes fourth, and education last?

The qualifications, ten in number, are supposed to apply particularly to actresses. But, of course, the same things are needed by men aspirants to stardom, too. The requisites given by the movie-makers are, in the order of listing:

1. Character.
2. Personality.
3. Beauty.
4. Intelligence.
5. Imagination.
6. Grace, poise and carriage.
7. Knowledge of the drama.
8. Environment.
9. Age.
10. Education.

But, dear young reader, having satisfied yourself that you are the possessor of all the requirements, don't forget the next California Limited for Hollywood. List to a little sermon Dimitri Buchowsky (he directs, you know) poured in my ear:

"My heart often aches when I see young women and young men passing into the studio door on the way to what they, poor things, believe to be the road to success. How easily they might avoid all these days of indecision and disappointment."

"The best way, next to an actual screen test to determine upon the most trusted suggestion of how a person will appear on the screen, is to look at the face through a simple little piece of dark blue glass. Blue glass eliminates all of the coloring and makes the face appear as it would on the screen. This is an easy test which any girl or boy expecting to make a journey to the studios may do before she or he draws out his or her savings for a railroad ticket."

After all, the biggest requisite of screen success is the ability to film well. But wait. You could not approach within two country miles of Mr. Buchowsky, or any other director, on your opinion of yourself. Having passed all the tests listed above, you've still less than one chance in a hundred thousand of achieving that ambition to make love to Norma Tal-madge or be loved by Ronald Colman on the screen.

Hal Roach is preparing to kid the Body of Woman Encased in Ice Cake Identified

PAULSBORO, N. J., Feb. 11.—The body of the young woman found encased in a cake of ice on the Delaware River shore, near Billings Port, N. J., was identified as that of Mrs. Mary Hu'ack of Pottstown, Penn. Identification was made by George Church and Andrew Gofus, cousins of the woman.

According to Gofus, Mrs. Hu'ack had threatened to commit suicide several times during the last three years, never having fully regained her health after an attack of typhoid fever. She disappeared from her home Nov. 15, leaving a trail of footprints that led into the Schuylkill River.

A COLLISION. Street car No. 132, driven by Harry Newton, collided with a milk sled owned by Sam Bersudsky, on Charlotte street yesterday morning at 11:40 o'clock. The horse drawn vehicle came out second best in the mixup as the two shafts were broken.

Menus for the Family

MENU HINT

Breakfast

Fruit

Cereal with Top Milk

Potato Cakes

Whole Wheat Toast

Marmalade

Coffee

Luncheon

Potato Soup

Baked Apples

Crackers

Whole Wheat Bread and Butter

Chocolate Pudding

Milk

Dinner

Roast Beef

Creamed Carrots and Parsnips

Fruit Salad

Wafers

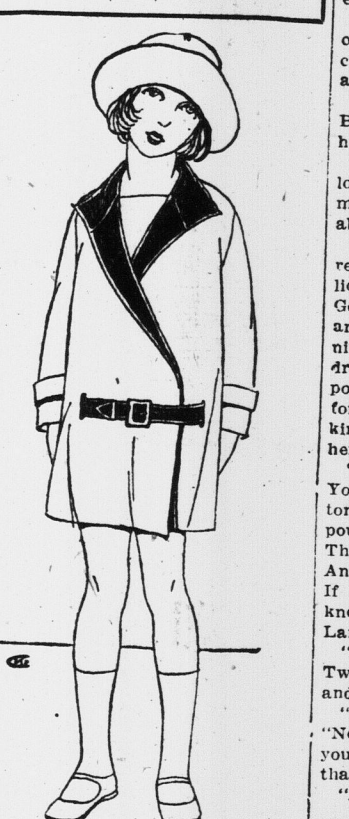
Coffee

TODAY'S RECIPES

Potato Soup—Cook three small potatoes, a good sized onion and a stalk or so of celery in a little water until tender. Through strainer. Melt two tablespoons butter in a saucepan, add one tablespoon flour, and then gradually one pint of milk. Boil up, add potato mixture, boil up again, season and serve.

Roast Beef—Take a piece of beef, heel of the round, English cut or rump or the best, and make enough of the following liquid to cover it: Two parts vinegar, one part water, three-quarter cups brown sugar, one teaspoon salt, one-half teaspoon pepper, one teaspoon whole mixed spices, two bay leaves, one-half lemon sliced. Boil fifteen minutes, then pour boiling hot over the beef, cover and let stand two or three days. Put in double roaster with one-half cup of this liquid, a little water and a few sliced onions, and roast until done. Thicken gravy with a little flour and water.

Fashion Fancies



By Marie Belmont

French children are noted for their smart frocks and coats. The model above is a copy of one made for a small French child, and also duplicated for her smaller sister, as the two always dress alike.

Beige tweed, which has a fairly rough surface, is the material used for this one. Soft brown suede faces the color and the front cover. The narrow belt, which disappears through slits at the sides, is also of brown suede.

With this little girl wears a soft beige felt hat with a rolling brim which turns up all the way around.

New York state grew nearly 47,000,000 bushels of potatoes in 1924.

A Thought

It pleased God by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe. I Cor. 1:21.

THE object of preaching is constantly to remind mankind what mankind are constantly forgetting; not to supply the defects of human intelligence, but to fortify the feebleness of human resolutions.—Sydney Smith.

Is this your BIRTHDAY?

FEBRUARY 12—Speculation is dangerous for you, for although a very good reasoner, you are at critical times too rash. You are fond of art and music, and prefer to be in the company of the opposite sex, with whom you are quite popular. Be careful in your choice of friends, and learn to be thankful for your blessings.

Your birthstone is an amethyst, which means sincerity.

Your lucky colors are light blue and yellow.

Fifty-four inch bordered prints which are sold by the yard at the stores are being fashioned by women of New York into jumper frocks. The border forms the bottom of the skirt with the remainder of the pattern forming the jumper. Long scarfs with ends of the border made with long shoulder. In certain dark colors entwined with floral print they are adaptable for the formal afternoon occasion.

The Cup O' Gladness!

SUNBEAM TEA

Orange Pekoe - Standard Sealed in Lead

Fragrant - Full Flavored.

Breakfasts that "stand by" you through the day . . . wholesome, hot

Quick Quaker

cooks in 3 to 5 minutes. Only quick-cooking oats with the delicious Quaker Oats flavour.

Sealed Cartons Only

ADVENTURES of the TWINS

OLIVE ROBERTS BARTON

THE TREASURE ROOM

"Well, well!" said Plucky Mister Havalook. "So everything is settled at last! There isn't going to be a revolution and nobody is to be arrested, either. My nerves are going to have a good rest."

"Then we may go home and tell the Fairy Queen that everything is settled, may we?" said Nancy.

"Yes, my dear, soon," said Mister Havalook. "But I am so happy today that I feel like doing something for somebody."

"Hurray!" cried all the dolls, and Tiddy and Skiff Whiskers, and even the Gingerbread Man, and "Hurray!" out of his one-sided mouth.

"I am going to let you all into a secret," said Mister Havalook, looking around mysteriously. "I'm going to show you into my treasure room."

"What! Your treasure room! Do you have a treasure room?" cried the dolls in such excitement that the ladies almost, but not quite, fainted again.

"Sh!" said Mister Havalook. "Sh! Not so loud! My enemy, Old Snoopy, Snoopy knows for anything that I even have a treasure, much less a treasure room. Follow me on your tip-toes and be as quiet as you can."

Mister Havalook put his spectacles into one pocket and took his ear-trumpet out of another, and beckoned to them to follow.

He went to the wall of the dining room, and pushed on a little button. And what should happen then, my dears, do you suppose? The whole wall folded up like a jack-knife, inside of itself, and behold, there was another room as dark as a cave.

Then Mister Havalook pressed another button, and behold, about a thousand electric lights appeared.

"Old light bulbs that people throw out," he explained proudly. "They all come to Hidy Go Land and repair them, and put them to use."

"Look at the barrels!" whispered Miss Bobb to the Tin Soldier. "They must have the treasure in them."

"Right you are," said Mister Havalook. "Follow me, ladies and gentlemen. Step within and I will tell you all about them."

He took the lid off the nearest barrel. "Pins," he said. "All pins. Millions and millions of pins come to Hidy Go Land every day. I gather them up, and now I have nine hundred and ninety pounds, ten ounces, and six hundredweight. All varieties—English hand-polished pins; American brass to be ten cents a paper; and the five-cent kind not so fine. Safest also, and right here are the brooches with sets.

"This next barrel is collar buttons. You've no idea how many collar buttons come to Hidy Go Land. Over 50 pounds of them came last month alone. This box is full of lost handkerchiefs. And that old chest is full of umbrellas. If you ever miss an umbrella, you'll know that it has slipped off to Hidy Go Land."

"Have you any jewelry?" asked the Twins curiously. "People lose rings and watches sometimes."

"Sh!" whispered Mister Havalook. "Not so loud. Old Snoopy may hear you. Yes, I have a cheerful. Over in that corner."

"Ah, ha!" said a voice which made

them all jump. "I heard you that time. I knew that I should find out about your treasure some time. Here I am, your old enemy, Mister Snoopy."

To Be Continued

IN NEW YORK SEE SAWING UP and DOWN BROADWAY

RANDOM notes from an afternoon's stroll:

Most costly apartment in America, rising on upper Fifth Avenue, Suites will be sold at \$250,000 to \$500,000. Rich folk will buy them and call them home. No rolling across. No clusters of trees. No rambling gardens. Just gorgeously furnished rooms. Skilful workmen who make this building possible make better than \$10 a day. Two of them told me they were buying homes on the installment plan in the country. They want little places with lawns, fruit trees and flowers. And they will earn them from \$500,000 suites. Take your choice.

More workers. They tear down the beautiful Vanderbilt mansion, perhaps the loveliest five million dollars' worth in the land. Daily it looks more and more like a movie set of a cyclone ruins.

A movie girl, wearing the new "slave skirt," which, they tell me, will be a faded this spring, replacing the slave bracelet.

Artists, actors, dancers, society folk at the housewarming of the Anderson-Milton school of artistic theatre and dance. Not so many years ago John Murray Anderson was a struggling young dancing teacher in a police hall. Now he turns out ballets by piece or at wholesale and is a recognized artist. So recognized, in fact, that I see among the guests the Princess Troubetskoy, the man and the mouse-trap.

Texas Guinans 300 Club in the Fifth. The "most sophisticated woman in America," they call this girl who came out of the west. When it comes to night clubs, here is the Midas touch. I understand the place did a \$30,000 business last month. Moral—bring your bank!

The night clubs already get the money at dinner and breakfast. Now they have a game for getting it at luncheon as well. They have "luncheon rehearsals." Dance and song numbers which are planned for future cabaret features have to rehearse anyway. So they rehearse during the lunch hour. And please pay for it.

A man on stilts advertising a pant pressing euphorium. His stilts stuck in a sidewalk. Try it on your own knowledge some time. He was sure and pick a soft one where there is plenty of traffic and see if it gets a laugh.

Speaking of pants, here's a new saw from the cloak-and-suit belt.

"Well, Able, I always got two pair of pants mid mine suits."

"Not so loud. Old Snoopy may hear you. Yes, I have a cheerful. Over in that corner."

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GILBERT SWAN.

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"Billy Boy—"

Run over to the corner store and get Mum a loaf of Bread

And be SURE to say

DWYERS

Bonny

BREAD

Then—to a neighbor who had just dropped in—"Mum remarked:—'Bonny Bread is simply delicious! Have you ever tasted it? No? Such a treat as you've been missing. Wait a moment and I'll spread you a slice or two when Billy comes back with it. The deliciously delicate taste of Bonny Bread and its very softness tell you at once that fresh, creamy cows' milk is used in the making. Why—we eat lots of Bonny Bread—and ONLY Bonny Bread."

And Mum told only part of it, for, in addition to fresh, creamy cows' milk, a specially selected flour, milled from the very choicest wheat grown in the famous Manitoba hard winter wheat belt, is used in the making of Bonny Bread—which makes folks strong and healthy and happy. Be sure to insist that your Grocer sells you

DWYER'S **Bonny BREAD**

Made with Fresh, Cream-Topped Cows' Milk.