

INTERESTING

A Feature Page of Interest to Everyone

INSTRUCTIVE

Dorothy Dix

Shall the Youthful Widower Who Cannot Love Again, Marry the Girl Who Loves Him?—What Can She Do With a Stingy Husband?—Will the Gift of a Fur Coat From Employer be Misconstrued?

DEAR MISS DIX—I am a young man of 24, a widower. I am very settled and detest the silly flapper with her lipsticks, giggles and petting parties. There is a girl who loves me very dearly, who is quiet, dignified, thrifty, a good housekeeper and can do all the things that flappers cannot do. She loves the home and the fireside, music, flowers and children, and those are the things that I most desire.



DOROTHY DIX

As for your feeling that you have buried your heart in the grave of your first wife and that you will never be able to care for any woman again, that is the pessimism of youth. The very young always take tragical views of everything and believe that every misfortune is fatal, and that no sun will ever rise on their night of sorrow.

But we who are old and have seen much of life, who have outlived sorrows and outgrown disappointments, who have said to often, "This is the end of all happiness," when it was only the beginning of better things, we know that the human heart is the most resilient of all created things.

If at 44 you had lost your wife, you might say that your heart was broken and that there would be no more love for you in the world, but at 24 a lost love is just a broken dream.

Your love for your wife, however beautiful and complete it was, was just a boy's love. It was nothing to the passion that you will be able to feel some day for a woman who meets all the needs of your mature manhood, and for this reason it is a dangerous thing for you to marry a girl who comes up to your ideal but does not fire your fancy.

Of course, marrying a girl who adores you has its advantages, because it enables you to assume the Grand Pasha attitude in your home, which is always gratifying to a man's vanity. The wife who loves her husband better than he loves her is always his slave. She is always breaking her neck trying to please him. His august word is her law, and she is as humbly grateful for a little kindness as a starving dog is for a bone.

But in love it is more blessed to give than to receive. There is nothing more nauseous than kisses from lips we do not care for and the affection we do not crave bores us to extinction. Especially is this true with men, and so I think it is a dangerous experiment for a youth of 24 to conclude that he has lost all power of loving and to marry a woman on the platonic basis. He will want something more of life than just a makeshift wife who is a good cook and saves his money.

DEAR MISS DIX—My problem is what to do with a stingy husband? I am married to a man who is rich for the community in which we live, but I do all of my own housework and sewing to save the price of a servant and pinch every penny. My husband refuses to make me an allowance and buys for me himself only the plainest necessities in the way of clothes. In all the years that I have been married I have never had a dollar that I could do with as I pleased. I have never had a pretty dress or hat or any of the little luxuries that women crave.

I do not try to have any women friends or to go anywhere, because I am so humiliated by not having the proper clothes and being able to pay my part of the expenses. What can you do with that kind of a man?

ANSWER: Not much, I am afraid, because a man who loves money better than he does his wife will always sacrifice her to his cupidity.

The only woman I ever knew who dealt successfully with a tight-wad husband was one who, after vainly trying to get an allowance from him, went out and got herself a job as a cloak model. Rather than have the general public know how mean and close-fisted he was, he gave her a few dollars to dress decently upon.

I often think that the best way for the average woman to deal with this question is to go on a strike.

Any woman who does the cooking and cleaning and baby tending and buying and sick nursing and the million other odd jobs that it requires to run a home comfortably earns the wages of at least three or four servants in addition to her board.

If her husband refuses to recognize the value of her services and to give her a penny of her own to do with as she pleases, she is foolish not to turn out the gas under her cook stove, throw down her broom and walk out, and refuse to do another lick of work until she can get a satisfactory adjustment of the money question. It wouldn't take long to bring a man to terms if he has to wrestle with the problem of cooking dinner for a lot of howling, hungry children when he got home from his work.

The only way to deal with the tight-fisted husband is to avoid getting him, and I urge every girl who is thinking about marriage to have a definite financial agreement before she marries as to what percentage of the family income is to be hers.

DOROTHY DIX

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ADVENTURES of the TWINS

MISS TOOTSIE BOBB AND THE SOLDIER

At last the Hidy Go Land Express got started. The Gingerbread Man opened the throttle and the engine went choo! choo! with two loud snorts and a lot of little snorts. The wheels gave a jerk that almost threw Mister Limber Legs out, and after that they went merrily on their way.

There was room in one car for the Tin Soldier and Miss Tootsie Bobb, the Jersey doll with the green hair.

From the very first they had had their eyes on each other (oh, yes, Nick had painted the soldier's eyes in again and they were all right now).

Miss Tootsie had been taken by the Tin Soldier's uniform, particularly his purple pin-point hat with the yellow cockade.

And the Tin Soldier had been quite affected by the green string hair of Miss Bobb cut in the latest fashion. Besides she had the brightest complexion, quite red just under the eyes, and a mouth that was a mere dot like a drop of red ink.

I shouldn't have known a word of what went on, if Nancy, riding in the next car, hadn't heard it all and told me later.

It went like this:

Miss Bobb: "I can't help feeling in my bones that this trip is all foolishness. I think we are supposed to be chasing the Big Doll who ran off with Miss Crinolene's clothes."

Tin Soldier: "Yes, and of all places to go! Tin Can Town is only another name for Dump Town, or rather, I should say, 'The Town Dump.' It's where people throw their old tin cans and rubbish."

Miss Bobb (with a shriek): "How terrible. Suppose we should be dumped out. Then we should only be rubbish and lie there for the rest of our lives."

Tin Soldier: "I should save you."

Miss Bobb: "Save me? Ugh! Ugh! Oh, no, you'd better save Belinda or Calamity Jane or fat Mrs. Jiggs or Black Dinah instead."

Tin Soldier: "No, sir! I shouldn't save anyone but you. I like you best. I'd take my gun and shoot anybody who tried to hurt you, so I would."

Here, as Nancy said, the soldier wildly waved his little tin gun, and in doing so, lost his balance. If Miss Tootsie Bobb had not grabbed him just in time, out he would have gone, plump on his head!

Tin Soldier: "Oh, dear! To think that it was you who had to do the saving after all! I know you would much rather have saved Limber Legs, or the Sailor or Teddy."

Miss Bobb: "No, sir! I shouldn't. I like you best. Your uniform just matches my hair and your gun just matches my complexion. I think we were made for each other."

The Tin Soldier was silent for a minute. He hardly knew what to say to this, I suppose. It sort of sounded as though Miss Bobb was proposing. He may have been thinking, "What if her green hair should fade, and what if she couldn't sew on buttons."

To Be Continued

"DIAMOND DYE" ANY GARMENT, DRAPERY

Just Dip to Tint or Boil to Dye

Each 15-cent package contains directions so simple any woman can tint soft, delicate shades or dye rich, permanent colors in lingerie, silks, ribbons, skirts, waists, dresses, coats, stockings, sweaters, draperies, coverings, hangings—everything!

Buy Diamond Dye—no other kind—and tell your druggist whether the material you wish to color is wool or silk, or whether it is linen, cotton or mixed goods.

Is this your BIRTHDAY?

JANUARY 30—You have the power to influence all with whom you come in contact, either for good or evil. Use this power wisely. You will never be demonstrative, but will, nevertheless, love with a true, strong passion. Be careful to abstain from jealousy.

Your birthstone is a garnet, which means faithfulness.

Your flower is a snowdrop.

Your lucky colors are navy blue and black.

FLAPPER FANNY says

The man who has been refused a kiss always figures that the girl is a peer judge of men.



A Thought

He is in the way of life that keepseth instruction; but he that refuseth reproof erreth.—Prov. 10:17.

IF YOU have a trust to make at your friend's expense, do it gracefully, it is all the more effective. Some one says the reproach that is delivered with hat in hand is the most telling.—Halliburton.

L'ALLIANCE MEETS.

The Saint John branch of L'Alliance Francaise met yesterday afternoon at the residence of Mrs. C. B. Allan, Sydney street, and the members were much interested in the program of the meeting, which dealt with current events. The members gave short talks in French on recent happenings. Among the subjects spoken of were the League of Nations, the Locarno pact, the floods in France, the death of Cardinal Merlier, the French exhibition of decorative arts and the exhibition of French pictures in Toronto.

Menus for the Family

MENU HINT

Breakfast Creamed Rice
Oranges Whole Wheat Bread Marmalade
Toast Coffee
Luncheon Cottage Cheese with Bar Le Duo
Whole Wheat Bread Butter Sandwiches
Peach Shortcake Milk Cocoa
Dinner Fricassee of Veal Boiled Potatoes Parsnips Pineapple Whip
Tea or Coffee

TODAY'S RECIPES

Creamed Rice—One cup rice, one cup dates, stoned and cut small; one quart boiling salted water, three tablespoons sugar, one pint milk. Cook rice in water ten minutes. Drain, place in upper vessel of double boiler, add sugar, milk, and simmer until pulp is absorbed. Stir in the dates and cook two minutes longer. Serve hot, with cold milk.

Peach Shortcake—Canned peaches are to be used for the shortcake. Drain them of juice. Make rich biscuit dough or simple cake recipe and serve with whipped cream. Sponge cake may be used in place of the biscuit dough or cake, but in this case lay a slice of the cake on the plate and put peaches on the cake and cream on all.

Fricassee of Veal—Take two pounds of sliced veal cut from loin and cover with boiling water. Add one small onion, two stalks celery and a sliced carrot. Cook slowly until meat is tender. Remove meat, sprinkle with salt and pepper, dredge with flour and fry until brown in hot fat. Strain liquor, melt four tablespoons butter, add four tablespoons flour and strained liquor. Bring to boiling point, season with salt and pepper and pour around meat.

Fashion Fancies



By Marie Belmont

Cream colored broadcloth makes a very striking coat material for a model that may be worn to afternoon occasions and for informal evening wear.

This model above finishes its length with a flared section, and edges the cuffs and the hemline with badger fur. The collar is of the same fur, ornamented at either end with fur tails.

The hat is a small affair of black velvet, faced with cream broadcloth. The crown is cut in sections.

Minard's Liniment for Grippe.

SEE SAWING BROADWAY

NEW YORK, Jan. 27—Let this be a gentle warning to all good folk who, in planning a visit to New York, have more than an idle curiosity regarding the night clubs.

Dropping into one of the little cabs near Carnegie Hall with a friend I ordered two cups of coffee.

The bill was \$1.50 per cup for the Java and \$2 per head for "cover." Coffee and table were \$7.

And that is really quite modest. Billy Rose's new Fifth Avenue Club, located in the brownstone belf, opened the other night at \$10 cover charge per each for the opening event. And they turned them away at that.

Moral: Bring your bank roll!

CHARLESTON endurance contests are all the rage in the night clubs now.

The record, thus far, belongs to Harriette, one of Gertrude Hoffman's products who danced for 53 consecutive minutes and broke the 45-minute record of a Boston girl. During these dances a "trainer" supplies them with water while they step and sometimes provides other nourishment.

And right here I will give two first editions of the Roberts Rules of Order to anyone who can remember the winner of the tango prize in 1914 or back.

MAXFIELD PARRISH, now enjoying a ripe old age, sent a few of his pictures to a New York gallery recently and a single painting sold for \$80,000—one of the highest prices to date for a contemporary artist. Some such light sum as half a million dollars worth of pictures were sold, I am informed.

Please, don't mention "starving artists" again.

And at the Quinn collection of "modernists" a Cezanne brought something like \$20,000 and a total of a million dollars worth have thus far been sold.

Speaking of art—whatever has become of "September Morn"?

GILBERT SWAN. (Copyright, 1912, NEA Service, Inc.)

IN HONOR OF GUEST.

Mrs. R. D. Irving entertained at an enjoyable dance at her residence, 68 Mecklenburg street, last night in honor of Miss Marion Irving of Roston, who is her guest. The decorations in the drawing room were in yellow, with daffodils, and a dainty supper was served.

RED ROSE "is good tea" TEA

Perhaps you use good tea. We think Red Rose extra good.

"WHEN MY LITTLE DAUGHTER WAS BORN I lived in a small isolated town where good medical attention was unavailable. My baby was undernourished. I knew that Fleischmann's Yeast had done wonders as a builder of tissues and I disguised it in the child's fruit and cereals. In one week she showed all improvement; in six months she was a perfect specimen of childhood. Her body was plump and a pleasure to see."

Mrs. A. H. Gifford, New York City



"I WAS CONTINUALLY DEPRESSED, morbid, lost weight, suffered from insomnia and loss of appetite—in fact was desperate. To augment my misery, my body became covered with eruptions. Medicines drained my system—but to no avail. A friend recommended Yeast. I was skeptical. But I persisted. Then, wonder of wonders, I became myself again. My appetite increased. I became myself again. Two cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast a day—dissolved in Malted Milk—had performed the miracle."

Alexander H. Schullman, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Millionaires in Health

Rich in vitality, energy—how they conquered their ills—found new joy in life—with one simple food



"AFTER MY RETURN FROM THE WORLD WAR, I suffered with stomach troubles after meals had severe pains in my stomach, later turning into periods of constipation. Finally I went to U. S. Veterans Hospital at Jefferson Barracks. A fellow patient suggested Fleischmann's Yeast dissolved in water after every meal. I started this treatment. Now I feel like a new man. No more stomach pains. My bowels are regular. I owe it all to Fleischmann's Yeast."

Thomas F. Scully, St. Louis, Mo.

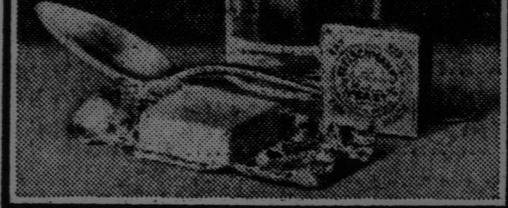
NOT a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense—Fleischmann's Yeast is simply a remarkable fresh food.

The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake invigorate the whole system. They aid digestion—clear the skin—banish the poisons of constipation. Where cathartics give only temporary relief, yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles and makes them healthy and active. And day by day it releases new stores of energy.

Eat two or three cakes regularly every day before meals: on crackers—in fruit juices, water or milk—or just plain, nibbled from the cake. For constipation especially, dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before breakfast and at bedtime. Buy several cakes at a time—they will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days. All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Start eating it today!

And let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. L722 The Fleischmann Co., 208 Simcoe St., Toronto, Ont., Canada.

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST IS MADE IN CANADA



THIS FAMOUS FOOD tones up the entire system—aid digestion—clears the skin—banishes constipation.



"THE SPRING OF 1924 is memorable to me for what I suffered through loss of sleep, nervousness—general run-down condition. I endured boils after boils on neck and back. Kind people recommended Yeast, but it took a well-known physician to convince me that there must be something to it. Before I had finished one week's treatment of two yeast cakes a day, I felt a change in my system. Every boil disappeared, my skin cleared, my strength increased. Life seems to hold more 'pep' now."

Roberta O'Brien, Montreal, Canada

A real whole wheat cracker
TRISCUIT
made the same as
Shredded Wheat Biscuit
Pressed into a wafer.
Crisp. Delicious

Westinghouse
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SETS TUBES
made in Canada
CANADIAN WESTINGHOUSE COMPANY Limited
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