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INTERESTING

A Feature Page of Interest to Everyone

INSTRUCTIVE

Dorothy Dix

The Desperate Wife, Whose Tyrant Husband Rules Her Life—Why Can't the Middle-Aged Man, Young in Spirit, be Happily Married to a Young Girl?—Shall She Wait or Marry Her Doctor Fiance Now?

DEAR MISS DIX—My husband and I are always quarrelling, and his contention is that he is always right because he is a man. Now I shall let you decide whether he is right or not.



DOROTHY DIX

ANSWER:

Well, I should think you would feel that you could live mightily comfortably without that kind of a husband.

THE code of conduct that he has drawn up for you, and to which he expects you to subscribe, belongs to the Dark Ages, when wives were slaves, and under no more obligation to obey their husbands than you are.

I should say that your husband was wrong in every single solitary particular. In the first place, the mere fact of his having been born a man didn't endow him with supernatural wisdom. Some of the biggest fools alive are strutting around in pants, and, generally speaking, women have just as much sense as men, and are quite as apt to be correct in their conclusions.

NO WOMAN is under any obligation to obey her husband. Even the Church has recognized that and has taken the "obey" out of the marriage ceremony. Husbands and wives should talk things over, and agree together on what is the best thing to do.

A woman who loves her husband will naturally want to do the thing he wants her to do whenever he is reasonable, but a wife is under no more obligation to obey her husband arbitrarily than he is to obey her.

PROBABLY every wife does make more sacrifices of her tastes and inclinations, and gives to her husband more personal service than he does to her. She takes more trouble to amuse him, and go with him to the places he wants to go to, and she nurses him with her own hands when he is sick, while he sends a nurse in to take care of her.

But this is a matter of convenience, because a man's business occupies his time, and because women like to pet and cuddle their husbands. However, wives do it of their grace, not because of his being their duty.

As for your husband not wanting you to read or have any friends, that shows how unintelligent he is.

HE SHOULD know that the woman who never reads grows dull and stupid and narrow and prejudiced and nagging, and that the woman who has no human contacts, but who lives shut up within the walls of her own house, becomes morbid and fault-finding and an impossible person to live with. It is the reading women, and the women who go about and have a good time, who bring back freshness and good cheer to their own families.

As for your husband demanding that you turn over all of your money to him, that is a sure sign that you need to hang on to it with a death grip, for a good husband wants his wife to have the sense of freedom that the possession of her own little bank account gives her.

DEAR MISS DIX—Do you think that a man who is only old in calendar years should be relegated to the fireside class and not permitted to marry a young girl? Don't you think that differences in calendar years is a bygone issue in these times of ours? Which makes the better husband, the older of the younger man, with everything else equal except age? H. H. W.

ANSWER: In a way it is foolish to measure age by the number of birthdays one has celebrated. Age is largely a matter of temperament, and there are men and women who are born old, and others whose birthright is personal youth. We all know boys and girls who are absolutely senile, and yet are men and women who are still rollicking lads and lassies.

But speaking by and large, the passing of the years brings certain changes to most of us; changes of the spirit as well as of the body. We may not be aware of these changes. We may delude ourselves into thinking that we have not altered, that we are just as strong as we were at 20, that we see things in the same light, that our appetites are as keen and our enjoyment of everything brings us the same thrills, but this is not true. Something intangible has happened to us. Somehow, somewhere, "our feet of the dances are weary, and the music has dropped from the song." The years have taken their toll of us.

THIS is why it is a dangerous thing for the middle-aged man to marry a very young girl. And the danger is one that increases with every year. For the man who is in his prime at 45 or 50 may not be such an unsuitable mate for the girl of 20, but what sort of husband will he be for her when she is in her prime and he has reached a state of doddering senility?

We cannot stop the relentless march of the black oxen who trample out the years, and they go with such terrible swiftness after one has passed the half-century mark.

If we could eliminate these awful calendar years, the older man would make a far better husband than the young man, because the man of 45 or 50 has acquired tact and wisdom and patience. He has learned about women from many women, and would know far better how to manage a wife and get along with her in peace and comfort than a boy could.

DEAR MISS DIX—I am a girl of 20, engaged to a young doctor who is in his first year as a practicing physician, and is working hard to make good. He wants to wait until he has established himself before we marry, but my opinion is that now is the time when he needs me most. Please advise me. BROWN EYES.

ANSWER: I think that you can help your sweetheart far more by waiting than you can by rushing him into matrimony before he can afford it. A young doctor starting out to build up a practice needs to be free of all entanglements, and to have nothing on his mind but his patients. And if you really love him, and want to be of assistance to him, leave him free. Don't burden him down with a family and debts.

And if you think you have it in you to inspire him, just remember that your ability to do that is not lessened by your not being married to him. On the contrary, it is strengthened, for marrying you will be the shining goal to which he will work forward.

DOROTHY DIX
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CONSTIPATION WRECKS HEALTH

Get sure, permanent relief with Kellogg's ALL-BRAN

Don't let this hideous disease wreck your health. Constipation may be the father of more than forty ills and ailments. Yet there is an easy way to relief and health—read Mr. Herman's letter:

"For three years I have been suffering from constipation. I had been suffering from constipation for three years and was all bottled up. I was unable to work. I have been using your ALL-BRAN for six weeks and I am a well man, feel fine, and as healthy as a deer. I don't know how I could live without my bran."

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN is guaranteed to permanently relieve constipation. It is 100% bran. Eat two tablespoons a day—in chronic cases, with every meal. Kellogg's ALL-BRAN is a delicious ready-to-eat cereal. Serve with milk or fruit. Use in cooking. Delicious recipes on the package. Made by Kellogg in London, Canada. Sold by all grocers. Served everywhere.

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN

The Doll Lady and Her Dolls From Abroad

ALL over America little girls are singing doll-babies to sleep with the old songs. But in the Far East and many parts of Europe, there are no doll-babies to sing to.

For the people of these countries are poor, and it is hard enough to get bread and butter—even without jam—to say nothing of dolls and toys for the children.

The children of the poorer classes are to work when they are five or six years old, so that there would be no time for dolls, even if they had them. This is what Mrs. W. Kendall Evans of Pleasantville, N. Y., discovered when she set out on a four-months doll search that took her clear around the world.

She has just returned on the S. S. Empress of Scotland, with a collection of the dolls of many lands.

Sometimes it took many days searching to find a native doll, and in Java, Panama and Hawaii there were none at all. In nearly every Asiatic and European town, however, there are American dolls, made for the tourists and for the lucky little girls of richer native families.

One of Mrs. Evans' dolls is a Ceylonese bride, which she bought in Colombo. The native children, though not understanding how to play with dolls themselves, have learned that American tourists will buy them, and so, from rags and scraps of tin and ribbon, they make these queer little dolls and stand along the roadways offering them for sale at about 35 cents.

The Ceylonese doll has a body of wire, and is too limp to sit or stand. Its funny black face is embroidered and its ears are two tiny loops of crocheted silk.

In Java there were no dolls at all. But there were puppet shows, like our Punch and Judy plays, and one of the queer wooden puppets is in Mrs. Evans' collection. Its pointed nose and bulging eyes would look very strange beside the smiling pink and white dolls of America.

In China and Japan, one sees little native children carrying dolls on the streets, just as in America. The Japanese doll from Tokyo and the Chinese babies, the fat one from Hongkong, and the independent little miss with arms and legs, from Shanghai, are more familiar to American children, for they have been sold in America ever since the first World's Fair was held.

NO NATIVE DOLLS In Bombay, where the Parsi women are very beautiful and wear lovely bright silks and beads, Mrs. Evans especially wanted to find a native doll to represent them. But there were no native dolls, although little bread-butter Parsi mannikins could be had at any shop.

Finally, she bought an English doll and had it dressed in Parsi costume, and of lace and soft green veiling, with a skirt drapery bordered in tinsel, which also forms a shawl for the head. The result is the prettiest in the collection.

In Cairo, Mrs. Evans had to hunt long and tirelessly to find any doll at all. At last an evil-looking Arabian guide took her down a narrow dark street to a tiny harem where there was a little black head, and her brass ornaments hanging from the forehead to hold the white veil up to the eyes.

As Mrs. Evans went on to Italy and France, she found dolls easy to get. Her little Italian in bright skirt and bodice with huge gold hoops in her ears, first saw the light of day in Naples.

YVETTE OF PARIS And Yvette of France is a typical little Parisienne, although she was found in Nice. Her magenta sports costume is the very latest word in doll fashions. Its pleated skirt and gold cuffs, and its black head veil, and her brass ornaments hanging from the forehead to hold the white veil up to the eyes.

Mrs. W. Kendall Evans, who went all the way around the world to collect dolls, and some of her collection. Top, left to right, a lady of Hongkong, a maid of Bombay, a belle of Naples, and a beauty of Rome; bottom, a puppet of Java, a bride of Ceylon, a miss of Japan and a matron of Shanghai.

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ADVENTURES of the TWINS

by OLIVE ROBERTS BARTON

THE TWINS IN THE BUTCHER SHOP Nancy and Nick were so busy getting their dinner that they didn't notice the three Gazooskummes jumping out of the window that they never noticed the things the little rascals had left behind.

It was Mister Tinkling who saw them first. "The minute they lifted the little fairy-man out of the sausage machine and stood him on his feet, he saw them. 'Oh look!' he cried, his eyes as round as his hat. 'Look there! Whoopi—ee! Hurrah!'"

There on the floor lay the big pocket-book, the rent-book and the lead pencil as nice as you please.

Nancy was the first to run and open the pocket-book. "It's empty!" she cried. "The Gazooskummes stole the money."

"Where's the butcher?" asked Nick looking around. "Here," said a straining voice up near the ceiling.

And as sure as I am writing on paper, there hung the real butcher on a hook like a piece of beef or pork.

"Oh, you poor thing!" cried Nancy. "Get the ladder, Nick."

Nick went to the cellar and got the ladder, and Nancy got a big sharp knife, and they got the butcher down.

But there wasn't enough left of his coat to make a patch-work quilt or a hooded rug.

"Won't you tell us your story?" asked Nick. "Story!" shouted Mister Tinkling. "What is this anyway, a tea-party or rent-day, I'd like to know."

"Well, it's no tea-party, so it must be rent-day," said the poor butcher. "Is this your money? I took it from those three Gazooskummes who jumped out of the window that they never noticed the things the little rascals had left behind."

"That's what I said—Gazooskummes," corrected Nick. "That's what I said—Gazooskummes," said the butcher. "Didn't I say so? Sazooskummes," declared the butcher.

"No, that's not right either," said Nick. "It's Gazooskummes. That's what I said all along," said the butcher. "Gazooskummes, what do you say their name was? Eh?"

"Oh, the idea!" said Nancy. "Let's be going."

"Yes, indeed, I should say so," remarked Mister Tinkling. "All this Gazooskumming when there's so much to be done. I want to thank you, my dear fellow, for your kindness in getting my money for me."

"There you go!" said the butcher, "calling me a dear fellow. Everybody thinks I am dear and I'm not. Beef is six shillings tuppence, and pork is two bits a pound. That's not dear."

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Appetite!

When you see an elderly man eating his dinner with the relish and enjoyment of a school boy, watch him help himself to Mustard. If it is not on the table, he will very quickly ask for it.

Those who acquire the habit of eating Mustard—of keeping their digestion keen and their appetites young—show a decided preference for freshly mixed Mustard.

Colman-Kern (Canada) Limited
1000 Amburst Street
MONTREAL

Colman's Mustard

aids digestion

What do you want in a soap?

Do you like a soap that smells good?... Clean, delicately perfumed. Do you like a soap that looks good?... With that soft green tint of Eastern Jack. Do you like a soap that feels good?... With a rich creamy lather that streams off into the warm water in a string of suds and bubbles.

Far more—do you like a soap that cleanses but doesn't irritate—that leaves your face cool and white and faintly tingling—that reduces the size of your pores as you use it day by day—that freshens and clears your complexion?—A soap that is the basis of the world's most famous beauty treatment?

Then you'll like Plantol—made of plant, fruit and flower oils, without a bit of animal fat...and you'll marvel at Plantol's price—ten cents.

A skin kept clean is always clear

Plantol

Sealed Cartons Only

Energy and good health in every dish... the only quick-cooking oats with the rare Quaker Oats flavour.

Delicious oats which cook while coffee boils.

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