

THE TIMES-STAR FEATURE PAGE

Dorothy Dix

The Woman of Tact Veers Away From the Family Skeleton Closet, She Admires Our Things That She Likes and Keeps Silent About the Rest, But Above All She Manages to Bring Out Our Own Best Qualities.

THE British Ministry of Health has advertised for "fifty women of tact" to act as assistant inspectors in one of their branches of work. What is a woman of tact?



A very famous man once told me that his idea of a woman of tact was one to whom a man could be married for five years without ever finding out whether her hair was her own or not.

My idea of a woman of tact is one who never steps on our toes, and who skirts skilfully around our prejudices instead of running roughshod over them; one who has some sort of a sixth sense that enables her to perceive our "Keep-Off-the-Grass" signs even when we do not flaunt them in her face. One who can say "No" without giving offense or making enemies, and who can even tell us of our faults in a way that flatters our vanity instead of wounding our self-love.

THE woman of tact has intelligence enough to recognize that it saves time and energy, and painful bruises to walk around a stonewall instead of trying to butt it down with your head. Therefore, when she has to deal with people who are, as the homely old phrase goes, "set" in their opinions, she does not argue with them about them. She lets them hold in peace to their own beliefs, as she does to her own. And just because she does not keep them perpetually on the defensive championing their own point of view, they instantly modify it, and often come to her way of thinking.

Nor does the woman of tact ever drag forth into the family circle those topics that are like a red rag to a mad bull, and that inevitably precipitate a free-for-all fight. On the contrary, she keeps the forbidden subject locked up tight and fast in the skeleton closet, and when she perceives any member of the household about to approach the door, she steers the conversation skilfully away to a discussion of Shakespeare and the musical glasses about which we all agree.

The tactful wife does not rawly henpeck her husband, and make him an object of derision for the neighborhood. She does not make him a person of small importance in his own home, and blatantly assert her own authority. Far from it. She exalts him so continuously as the head of the house that he never perceives that she really runs it.

WHEN she wants a thing, she doesn't go after it hammer and tongs, and irritate a tired and busy man so that he refuses her what she asks just because he is weary and cross, and feels like hitting something. She waits for the psychological moment when, fed and rested after a good dinner, he is at peace with all the world, and in a benevolent mood. Then she prefers her request and gets it.

If she is married to a self-opinionated man, she first suggests casually to him the thing she wants done, and after having done the mustard seed, she comes back in a few days and camps in its shade, and says, "I have been thinking about what you said about sending John off to college, or 'getting a new car,' or 'having the drawing-room done over, and I think you are right. Your judgment is always so sound.'"

IF SHE is married to a stingy man, she doesn't try to wheedle pennies out of him. She goes and gets a new dress, and tells him that, of course, she has to dress well because she has to live up to having such a handsome husband, and that everybody expects it of the wife of such a prominent man.

The tactful woman never corrects her children in public because that humiliates them and makes them surly, nor does she continually nag them about their defects, because that breaks down their morale and kills their faith in themselves. She encourages them to make the most of themselves by praising their good qualities.

SHE tells Mary how pretty she is when her face wears that lovely sweet expression, and Mary conquers her high temper for fear of breaking up that angel look. She tells Sally how graceful she is when she holds herself straight, and Sally throws back her shoulders and straightens her spine and quits slouching.

In the presence of strangers she asks John when some historical event occurred and casually remarks that John is a perfect shark about dates, and that starts John on a career as a student. She nails flighty Arthur to his tasks by praising him for his grit in carrying on when he once starts a thing. She teaches extravagant Tom to save by calling him the family savings bank and borrowing a little money from him occasionally. She makes her children feel that they have a reputation to sustain along certain lines, and consequently they live up to it.

The tactful woman has no servant problem. She incites an ordinary cook to make more effort by praising her good dishes and telling her that she has it in her to become a chef if she will only develop her talents. She never lets a good dish pass without a word of praise or fails to notice any little special efforts the servants make to please her.

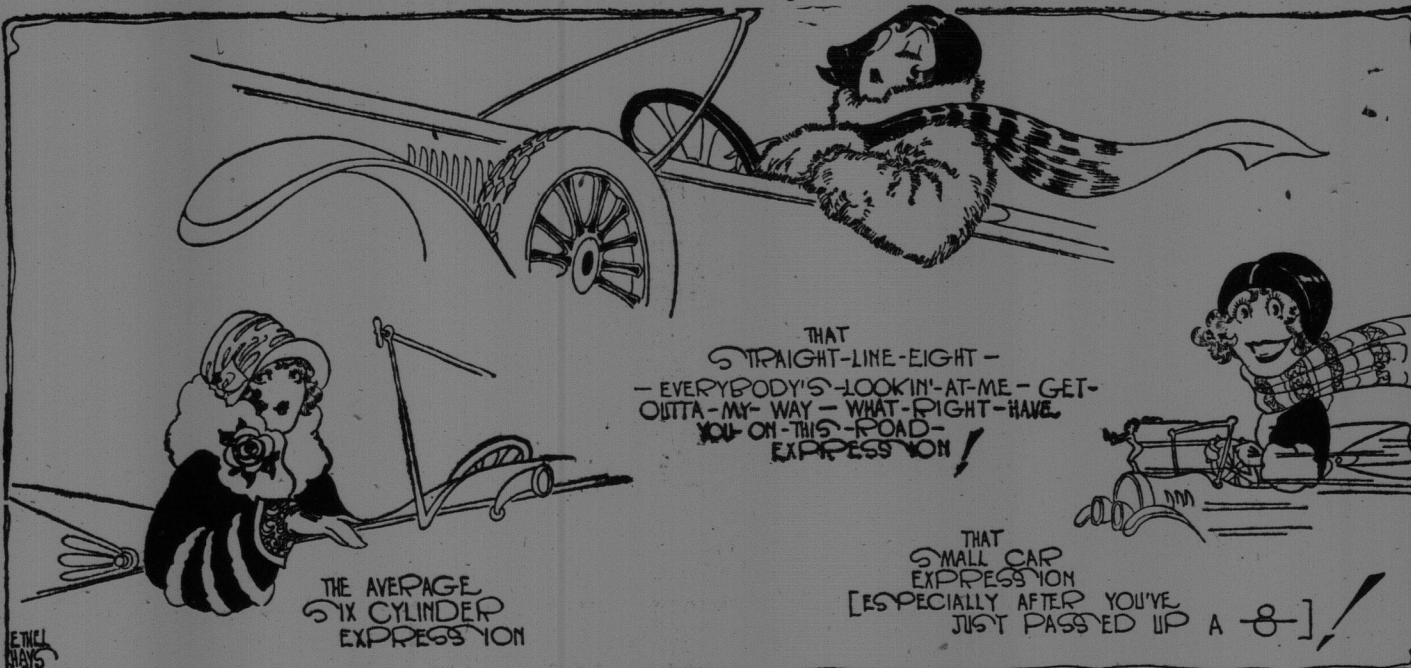
She turns a sloppy maid into a spick-and-span one by a few judicious compliments on how nice she looks when she is dressed up, and she even speeds up a slow one by telling her that she ought to hurry and get through with her work so that she will have time to go to the movies.

THE tactful woman never loses a friend because she always does and says the right thing. She gives us enough and not too much of her society. She keeps her fingers out of our family pies. She doesn't attempt to force her religion, her friends, her doctor, nor her dentist upon us.

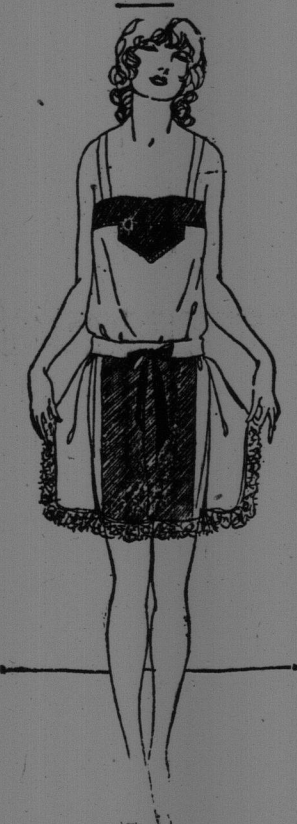
She admires our things that she likes and keeps silent about those that she doesn't like. She tells us a lovely story that we have, without remarking that it is ten years too young for us, and she never, never asks us if we don't think we are putting on weight.

IN A WORD, the tactful woman is the living exponent of the golden rule. DOROTHY DIX. Copyright by Public Ledger Company.

Expressions Along The Way As Ethel Sees Them



Fashion Fancies



By Marie Belmont

IT would seem that pink and blue is an old color combination, but this is not the case when the shades are varied a bit. In the model above pale pink crepe is combined with blue of a deeper tint, but very soft, so as not to detract from the value of the pink. The lace is fine fillet. The model might be made up in any two good colors, such as orange and yellow, or blue and green.

Family Menus

Breakfast.
Boiled Rice with Top Milk.
Fried Eggs on Toast.
Jellied Prunes. Coffee.
Dinner.
Liver and Bacon. Mashed Potatoes.
Creamed Cabbage.
Fruit Gelatine with Cream.
Tea or Coffee.
Milk for Children.
Supper.
Cream of Celery Soup.
Crackers or Toast Strips.
Whole Wheat Pancakes.
Syrup. Tea. Milk.

TODAY'S RECIPES.

Boiled Rice—Allow two-thirds of a cup of rice to one quart of water. Add one teaspoon salt to water and bring to a brisk boil. Wash and drain the rice and add to the rapidly boiling water. Keep uncovered and boil briskly for 12 or 15 minutes, then shake up and set on the back of the stove or over a low flame to dry out. This should take about 20 minutes.

Fried Eggs on Toast—Four eggs, four tablespoons of butter or bacon fat, toasted bread. Heat the butter in a frying pan. Break the eggs into cups, slip them gently in the hot butter or fat and fry until the whites are set. Then baste them well with the fat. Take the eggs up, drain well from fat and serve on slices of buttered toast.

Jellied Prunes—Cook one-third pound of prunes until soft; remove stones, and cut meat in pieces. Soak one-half box of gelatine in one-half cupful of cold water and add one pint of the syrup in which prunes were cooked. Add one cupful of sugar, one-quarter cupful of lemon juice, and the prunes. Mold and chill. Serve with or without cream.

Carrots a la Duchesse—Cut the carrots into slices and boil them in one pint of stock, also put in some peppercorns and a bouquet of mixed herbs. When the carrots are quite tender take them out and keep hot in a deep dish, while you strain the gravy and reheat; make a smooth paste with a dessert-spoonful of flour and a little melted fresh butter; stir it into the saucepan and continue stirring until it boils up, then pour over the carrots and serve.

Lemon Snow—Two ounces gelatine, one quart water, the whites of three eggs, the juice of three lemons and the grated rind of one, sugar to taste. Soak the gelatine in the water for one hour, then boil it up with the grated rind of the lemon, and sugar according to taste. Take the pan off the fire, strain the lemon juice and add to it. Beat up the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth. Let the pan stand for 10 minutes, so that the contents may cool a little; then stir in the whites of the eggs very gently. Put it away in a cool place until the following day.

Mae Allison Happy In Her New Picture

DAISY DEAN.

MAE ALLISON is happy these days for she is filling an intensely dramatic role in "Men of Steel," Milton Sills' new picture. Mae first gained fame in comedy roles with Harold Lockwood. When he died she continued to do comedy parts. Then one day she retired from the screen.

"I realized that I was getting into a rut so I quit for a time and then came back in parts which I had always wanted to play, serious roles," is Mae's explanation of her retirement.

"Men of Steel" has as back ground steel mills in Birmingham, Alabama, where Mae Allison spent most of her early years. When she grew up she took part in amateur dramatics in Birmingham, worked as a reporter on the Birmingham News. Then she left to go on the stage and later entered the movies. Now she's home and the home folks gather around the mills to watch the little girl at work whom they knew when she wore pinafores.

Among other members of the cast are Doris Kenyon and Victor McLaglen. The picture is being made from a story written by Milton Sills.



MAE ALLISON.

SEE-SAWING ON BROADWAY

I saw the winsome little Helen Chandler who will play the napper in the modern version of Hamlet.

.....Saw Konrad Bercovici, who quit writing music in Europe to come to America to write stories, and now that he is prosperous he is planning to return to Europe and write music.

Saw Richard Curie, who hath come to these shores to trail tales of Joseph Conrad, about whose rich life he intends to reminisce at great length in a book.

.....Saw Achmed Abdullah, the novelist, and he wears a monocle more gracefully than any gentleman in town, albeit it seems a cumbersome thing even with him.

.....Saw Billie Burke and Flo leaving Flo's theatre in a sporty blue-green car.

.....Saw Helen Menken, and the one play that lifted her to stardom, "Seventh Heaven," comes back to town. After that ends she will go with David Belasco and be featured with new honors.

.....Saw Chrystal Hone, whom I believe to be the most talented of all American actresses, albeit she has not yet had the part which will give her recognition as such.

.....Saw June Walker, radiantly happy, and well she should be, for the red fire of Broadway and all the shouting from the houseboats during the past week has been too loose in her honor for her performance in Molnar's "The Glass Slipper."

IF PEOPLE were not anxious to be humbugged, it seems to me, they would suffer much less from humbuggery.

For instance, I rode the other day from the docks of the United States Lines in Hoboken to the ferry boat for New York. Here was a line of cars bearing people whose minds were filled with thoughts of their recent inspection by the customs officials. As the cars crept along they were halted from the roadside by a roughneck longshoreman who reached into the capacious bootlegger pockets of his vest and stealthily hauled out strings of amber beads and other knickknacks. These he offered to sell.

His price, he said, was "Twenty bucks! Cost you twice that over in the city." All his appearance in manner and tone was studiously suspicious. He was the beau ideal of a smuggler.

The taxicab driver told me his daily receipts frequently go to \$200 or \$300. The beads he sells for \$20 can be bought for \$2.50 at almost any cheap store which handles imitation jewelry. His imported pearls are made in Newark. He isn't breaking any tariff law. He simply is profiting from respectable travelers who are eager to profit from lawbreaking.

JAMES W. DEAN.

Timely Views On World Topics

THE work of Locarno is one of the most important steps toward the creation of a United States of Europe. Thus stated Jan Oudegeest, one of the three secretaries of the International Federation of Trade Unions, in a recent speech.

"If mutual guarantee pacts containing clauses providing for arbitration similar to those now concluded for western Europe are inaugurated also for the other nations of Europe and thus a bridge is built to the Little Entente, which has done such splendid work in maintaining peace in eastern Europe, J. Oudegeest then indeed no European war will be possible for many years to come, especially if Germany joins the League of Nations and thus strengthens its power in the world. The next battle cry that we must raise is 'Free Trade! Free Transport and Communications! Down with Customs Frontiers!'"

Predicts Disarmament Spirit.

"The decisions of Locarno, which guarantee the frontiers of Germany, France and Belgium, will exert a powerful influence on the financial and economic situation of the whole of Europe. By accepting the resolutions concerning the treaties of guarantee the Socialist and Labor International at its congress in Marseilles, smoothed the way for Vandervelde's work at Locarno. There is now a possibility of the growth in France and Belgium of a spirit favorable to disarmament, for disarmament would in all probability tend to raise the value of the franc and thereby improve the situation of the workers."

THE pedestrian who sticks up a thumb for a ride sometimes sticks up the motorist when he gets it.

ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS

by OLIVE ROBERTS BARTON

THE DONKEY PARTY.

There were certainly some high jinks cut up in High Jinks Land. When they had finished playing London Bridge, the merry-makers had a still race.

A still race is a race where everybody walks on stilts. The Clown won that.

Then they had a bean hunt. Mister Dodger hid beans everywhere, and then the others hunted for them.

Old King Cole found the most beans and so he won. But Mister Dodger said there was no prize for that, but the kid could keep the beans if he wanted to and make soup for his bowl.

Then they had a taffy-pull, but Mrs. Spratt, who did the pulling, put in too much taffy, and it stuck to everything it touched. Everybody got stuck up and the Little-Dog-That-Laughed, laughed so hard when the Hi-Diddle-Diddee-Cat got taffy all over its paws and whiskers, that he sat down in a pan of taffy himself—a pan that was set to cool, and indeed I think they had to soak him over-night to get it all off.

"Let's have a donkey-party," said Nancy. "That's a lot of fun. But we'll have to have a donkey."

"What'll be the donkey?" called out Mister Corn Dodger. "We are going to have a donkey-party, so we shall have to have a donkey."

"Oh, no, no, no!" laughed Nancy. "Not a real donkey, or even a pony. Mister Dodger. We just have to have a big picture of a donkey."

But there wasn't such a thing in High Jinks Land, of course, so the Ten-O'Clock-Scholar said he would draw one, as he had had drawing lessons in school.

So the Muffin Man lent him a big piece of wrapping paper, and the Sweep got him some soot, and the Ten-O'Clock-Scholar managed to draw a right decent looking donkey. It was a bit crooked and it might have passed as well for a cat or a cow as a donkey, but then it did well enough and everybody thought it very good, indeed.

"Now what?" said Mister Corn Dodger.

"Cut its tail off," said Nancy. "And pin the rest of him on the wall."

"But what for?" they all asked.

"Why, that's the game," said Nancy. "Everyone takes his turn, blind-folded, to pin the tail on Mister Donkey. The one who pins it nearest to the right place, wins the game and gets the prize."

"Me first," said the Duncie who, hadn't been doing much and who decided to get into things.

So they tied a handkerchief over the Duncie's eyes, then turned him around six times, and then gave him the donkey's tail, and a pin to pin it on by.

The Duncie went creeping along and creeping along, and finally he reached the place where the donkey's picture was hanging. Then he pinned the tail quite carefully. "No fair feeling around," said Nick. "You have to pin it the first place you touch."

And oh! how all the High Jinks people laughed. "Take off your handkerchief, Mister Duncie," said Nancy, "and see what you have done."

And what do you suppose, the poor Duncie had pinned the donkey's tail right onto the end of his nose.

Such a merry time as they had. To Be Continued.

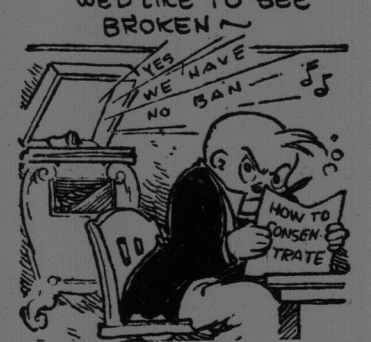
A Thought

Rejoice, oh, young man, in thy youth; and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes; but know thou, that for all these things God will bring thee unto judgment.—Eccl. 11:9.

THE greatest part of mankind employ their first years to make their last miserable.—Bryere.

LITTLE JOE

ALL OF US HAVE HEARD A LOT OF RECORDS WE'D LIKE TO SEE BROKEN.



Camels Are Replaced By Modern Railway

LONDON, Nov. 23.—Sir Charles Innes, railway member of the Governor-General's Council, acting on behalf of the Viceroy, recently opened the Khyber Railway. A representative gathering was present from all parts of India. Sir Charles Innes, in a speech, congratulated the railwaymen on their achievement, remarking:

"Rarely, I suppose, has railway engineering found a more striking setting for its triumphs. Page after page of the history of India has been written in the Khyber Pass. It is the great northern gate of India and is one of the famous highways of the world."

Your Birthday

November 23—You are too impetuous, but your brain power is excellent. Don't be stubborn; listen to both sides of a question. When love comes, check it, and never give way to distrust and anger.

Your birth-stone is the topaz, which means fidelity.

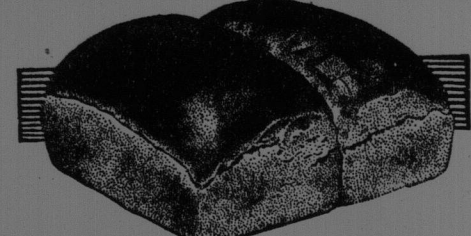
Your flower is the chrysanthemum. Your lucky color is grey.

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When some want tea and others coffee, it isn't always convenient to have both.

But when some prefer White Bread and the rest like Brown, it's always handy to serve when you keep Robinson's Half-and-Half.

Actually you serve from the one cutting more than mere White Bread. It's Butter-Nut. And more than mere Brown Bread. It's Whole Wheat Butter-Nut. Two half size loaves united in one baking. Ask for

Robinson's 1/2 and 1/2

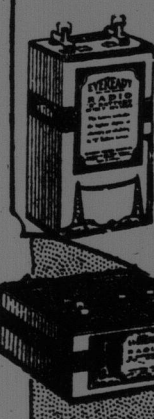
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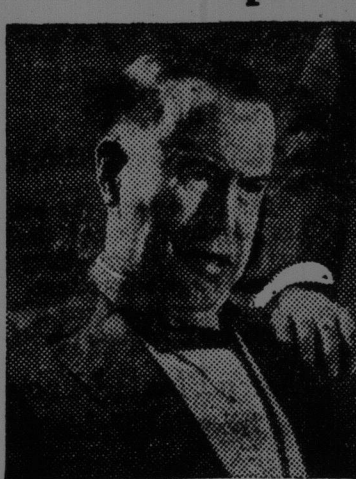
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