

INTERESTING

A Feature Page of Interest to Everyone

INSTRUCTIVE

## Dorothy Dix

How to be Happy Though Married Includes Not Nagging or Tagging Your Husband, Cultivating Outside Interests and a Sense of Humor, Learning to be a Chum, and, Above All, Babying Your Little-Boy-Husband, Who Never Grows Up.

HERE are a few tips for brides:

Don't live in your emotions. Get down to earth as a daily abiding place. You won't get so many bumps if you do.



DON'T sit with your finger on your pulse, counting your heart throbs. Don't narrow your interests down to one person, even if he is your husband, so that if he fails you your world will be left empty and desolate.

Don't think that because you would die for your husband it gives you a right to nag and deprive him of his personal liberty.

DON'T tag your husband and insist on going out with him every time he leaves home. A man has just as much need of masculine society as a woman has of feminine.

Don't believe that any woman is as necessary to a man's happiness as he is to hers. Men aren't built with that kind of nature.

DON'T expect your husband to keep up the high-pressure love-making of his courtship days through forty years of dead-level matrimony. Never worry about your husband's affection as long as he tells like a gray horse to make you comfortable. A breakfast is just as much a token of undying devotion as a bunch of American Beauties.

Don't try to cut a man over after you marry him by your own paper pattern. His mother attended to that long before you ever saw him, and what he is, he is. You married him on that basis. Accept it with a good grace.

DON'T put your reform theories to work on your husband. Try them out on the Zulus or the Hottentots.

Give your husband an evening out, and no questions asked, every week. The poor, hard-worked domestic drudge deserves it.

AND take one yourself. There are no two persons such dull company as those who know exactly the same things, who have seen the same things and haven't even a new story to tell each other.

Don't argue. Argument never yet produced any results in the family circle, except rasper tempers.

DON'T burden your husband with all of your little worries. He has troubles enough of his own. Play fair with your husband. Be as nice to his family and friends as you expect him to be to yours.

Don't tell your husband everything you think you think, for sometimes you don't think it.

DON'T set up your own standard of taste and morals and expect your husband to accept them. He has just as much right to his opinion as you have to yours.

Don't be Madame Oracle. There is nothing else on earth so afflictive as to have to live with a perfect woman who knows it all.

DON'T be one of the I-told-you-so women. When your husband makes a mistake, let him down easy and forget the incident. He will remember it with tears of gratitude.

Learn how to yield gracefully. It's a great art, and great is its reward.

DON'T throw up to your husband what richer women have. If you are crazy to ride in automobiles you should have picked out a millionaire to begin with.

Never correct your husband before company, no matter how big an error he makes. It's bad form and will inevitably make him hate you. Cultivate a sense of humor. There are many things in married life at which we must laugh or weep, and the ability to see the funny side of domestic life will keep you out of the divorce court.

DON'T be a spoil-sport and raise a million objections to every plan your husband suggests for a little pleasure. The reason that most neglected wives are neglected is because they have first proved themselves wet blankets on every festive occasion.

Try to learn to be chummy with your husband, so that when the flare of the fires of passion dies out you will have the steady glow and warmth of friendship and comradeship to fall back upon and you will not be left, as so many couples are, with nothing in common.

LEARN how to be a good cook and an economical and thrifty household manager. That's just as much your obligation in matrimony as it is a man's to make the money to run the house on.

Don't forget that your husband is your biggest baby and the only one that will never grow up.

Never forget that a man is as much bound to have flattery as a child is to have candy. Deny him sweets at home and he is mighty apt to go to the shop down the street.

DON'T bewail the fact that your husband is not all your girlish fancy painted him. What would a perfect man want with you?

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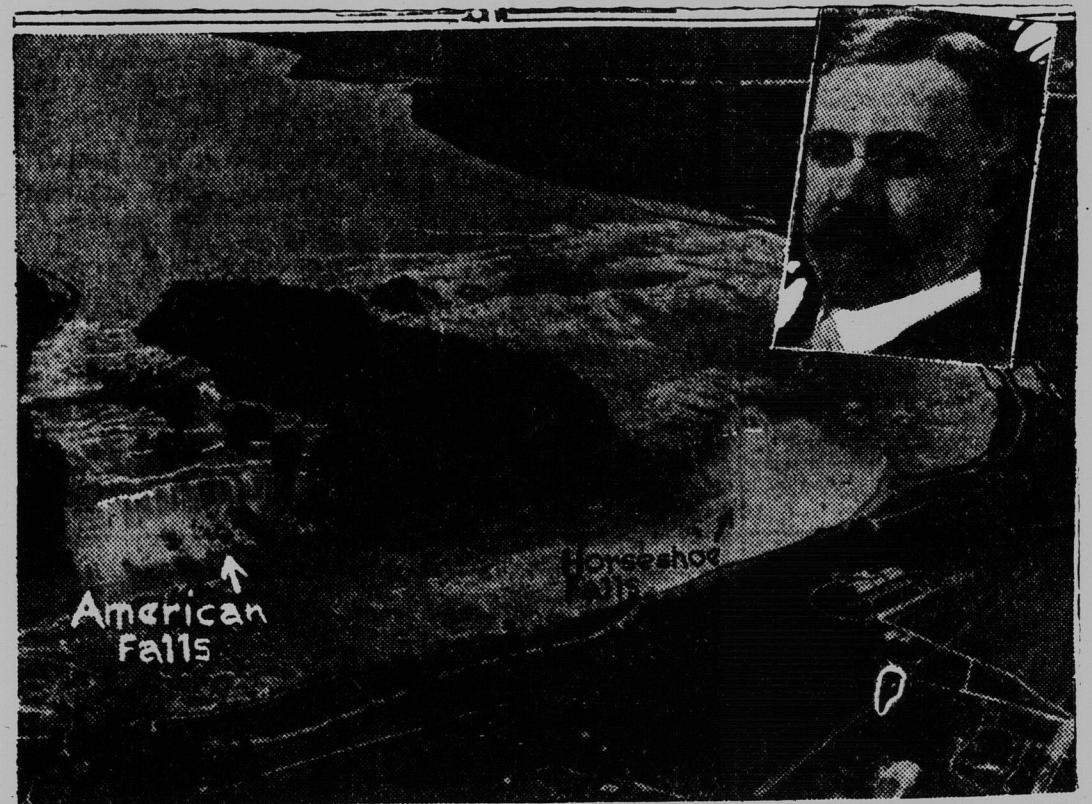
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## Would Divert Waters of Niagara



AN AIRPLANE VIEW OF NIAGARA FALLS AND INSET OF HENRY L. DOHERTY.

By W. Y. FERROL. Geologists say when the glacier receded and uncovered Niagara Falls the cataract was at Lewiston, seven miles distant from its present location. Through the ages they have slowly eaten their way backward.

In an outline of the plan of the Super-Power Corporation it is stated that the project at Niagara depends upon the success of negotiations for an amendment of the boundary waters treaty between the United States and Great Britain.

The plan suggested for the reduction of the flow over Horseshoe Falls is the creation of many small islands in the rapids just ahead of the crest of the falls. It is said this could be accomplished at small expense by throwing cables across the building rock barriers back of the cables until surface is made. On top of the rocks a dirt surface would be formed and trees and shrubs formed.

The Super-Power Corporation states that, in anticipation of treaty changes

**Fashion Fancies**

By Marie Belmont

The vogue for polka dots is quite marked in frocks for the spring and summer seasons. The former are usually of light dots on a dark ground, while for the summer we see such light effects as the one above.

Flat crepe is used for the entire costume. The white skirt exploits smart sloping seams to hold its neat pleats in place. The white blouse has large polka dots in navy blue, while a blue tie and belt carry out the color contrast.

**Menus for the Family**

MENU MINT

Breakfast: Baked Eggs, Coffee, Toast

Luncheon: Vegetable Oyster Soup, Spinach Molds on Lettuce, Nuts Raisins Dates, Dinner

Baked Potatoes, Broiled Steak or Hamburg Patties, Onions Au Gratin, Assorted Pickles, Graham Bread, Orange Salad, Crackers, Cream Cheese

**TODAY'S RECIPES**

Baked Eggs—Break eggs on shallow, buttered platter, sprinkle with salt and paprika and pour over them a little cream. Bake slowly until eggs are firm.

Spinach Molds—Pack left-over spinach into custard cups while still warm. Turn out onto lettuce bed, garnish with hard-boiled eggs and serve with French dressing or mayonnaise.

Onions au Gratin—Slice Spanish onions, cook in salted water, press into colander to drain thoroughly, put in baking dish, cover with white sauce and buttered crumbs and bake until crumbs are brown.

**A Thought**

If ye love me, keep my commandments.—John 14:15.

HIE WHO cannot command himself, is folly to think to command others.—Liberius.

AFTER a man accumulates more wealth than any other man has in his community all he wants is more.

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**Ganong's CHOCOLATES**

**IN NEW YORK SEE-SAWING up and down BROADWAY**

SEE-SAWING up and down Broadway I passed the Henry Miller Theatre, its doors closed. Its lobby bare and empty of people. A lone and laconic doorman kept vigil. "Yes," he said, "Mr. Miller kept coming down, and he was a mighty sick man. Pluck—you said it, and then some." Pluck, indeed, and the fine old stage tradition that the play must go on, come what may. His fever mounted and the ravages of pneumonia clutched at his lungs. Then he fell in a swoon in his dressing room as he sat over his make-up box. There arose a low wailing cry.

One night that Miller's new play was to open the first night critics arrived, read the notice that an opening would be impossible and fled in taxis to the next most important production. "But what did the rest of the cast do?" we asked the doorman. "Oh, most of em ran right out to take in a show."

Broadway is interested in life and not in death. Feverish life calls. The lights must burn until morning. It will not be long before they blaze out again before Miller's theatre, the doors will be open and the crowds will rush in. They will already have forgotten that a man risked his life for their entertainment—and lost it.

THERE is a vast amount of curiosity among actors to see what happens to their fellow actors in new productions. And because most of the better actors are employed in other productions, some amusing sights may be seen at many an opening night performance. Thus it is quite common to see an actor come rushing into a theatre, still in make-up and costume, stay for 15 minutes and then rush back to his own theatre to take up his part. Toward the end of a performance half a dozen mimics whose particular roles are finished in other shows will come dashing up to "catch" what they can of a rival play.

The other night I saw Marc Connelly leave and enter a theatre no less than six times, each time with grease paint and costume untouched. I was told he had a special car outside that got him back to his own show just in time to go on the stage.

SAW Louis Catton, "the steel mill" tenor," escorted by a small crowd of proud Pennsylvanians" headed for Town Hall for his New York debut. There's another Horatio Alger story for you. Catton comes from Bradock, Pa., a mill town, where he had been a steel worker.

His foreman, George MacEwan, heard him singing at work and encouraged him. I am told that his grandfather, not long out of Ireland, was the first to "blow" Bessemer steel at Carnegie's famous Edgar Thomas works. Twelve members of his mother's family still work in the mills. Now he is heralded by Manhattan and may be headed for the grand opera stage.

—GILBERT SWAN.

**SO VERY FLATTERING**

The Pierrot collar is returning, usually in organdie or chiffon, though it has actually been seen in starched linen.

**FOR SUMMER WEAR**

Costs of pastel colored kasha, particularly in the bois de rose shades and the new yellows are delightful with white crepe de chine sport dresses.

**ADVENTURES of the TWINS**  
by OLIVE ROBERTS BARTON

QUICK AND QUIET, SAYS SCOOTER LIZARD

"We shall go to Scooter Lizard's house next," said Mister Tingaling, the fairy landlord, to the Twins. "Put it in here and I'll give you a receipt for it."

"Don't you know?" said Mister Tingaling in surprise. "He lives over in the meadow under a big gray stone."

"Then he won't have to pay you any rent, will he?" said Nancy. "If he just lives under a stone."

"Why, of course he will," said Mister Tingaling. "The stone is just his roof. When it's cold he wiggles down into the ground ever so far to keep warm. Besides it's a nice stone, I guess, so it is someone else would. Besides I—Oh, but here we are now, children. Right at Scooter's front door."

"His front door?" cried Nick. "Why, it isn't big enough for a fly to crawl into. The big stone is lying flat on the ground."

Mister Tingaling scratched his head. "That's so!" he nodded. "It does look pretty flat! And as I'm pretty round for a fairy, I don't believe I could get in. I'll just rap and have Scooter come out here."

So he went tap, tap, tap with his knuckles on the big stone and before a frog could catch a fly, there was Scooter Lizard looking at them with his tiny black beady eyes.

"Hello, here, old fellow!" said Mister Tingaling in surprise. "You don't make any more noise when you walk than a bunny that comes out of a silk hat in a trick show. You must wear rubber shoes!"

Scooter smiled and blinked his black beady eyes. "I guess I'm getting pretty good," he said. "That's what Ma always tried to teach me. She said to be quick and quiet. All lizards learn that lesson first. But what can I do for you, Mister Fairymen?"

"Why, you see," said Mister Tingaling, looking at Nick and Nancy, "it's the thirty-second day of the month, and it's rent day."

Nancy opened the big pocketbook she held it out. "Here we came for your rent," she said. "Put it in here and I'll give you a receipt for it."

But suddenly Nick cried out. "Why he's gone! You're just talking to the air, Nancy."

"So he has. Where do you suppose he went to?" said Mister Tingaling in a worried voice.

But they did not have to guess very long, for they heard Scooter say: "And I'm getting pretty good, I think! How was that for 'quick and quiet'? You never saw me go even."

"Where are you?" said Mister Tingaling sharply. "Come here this minute, Mister Lizard, and pay me your rent. It is ten cents in fairy money."

"Catch me if you can," called Scooter. "I'll bet you, you don't even know which stone I am under now."

Mister Tingaling and the Twins looked hard. There were five stones at all. "We'll find you!" shouted the fairymen. "We'll turn every stone over until we find you."

But they didn't go back. What was the use?

No! I don't know where he was either. He's too quick for me, too.

To Be Continued.

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