

INTERESTING

A Feature Page of Interest to Everyone

INSTRUCTIVE

Dorothy Dix

"No Woman Has Yet Arrived or Shows Any Sign of Arriving at the Point of Grace Where She Can Behold Another Person Making a Pie Without Putting Her Finger in It," Observes Dorothy Dix of Her Sex.

EVERY now and then I am forcibly reminded of the fact that the millennium will have arrived when we learn to mind our own business.



DOROTHY DIX

But it will be an Evesless Eden without a single woman in it.

For no woman has yet arrived or shows any signs of arriving at the point of grace where she can behold another person making a pie without putting her finger in it.

This has always been her bone. She has broken her heart over other people's sorrows. She has lost sleep over other people's worries. She has brought on more nervous prostration trying to run other people's affairs, and thereby stirred up more heartburnings and bitterness and strife, than all other causes combined.

NOT being able to mind one's own business is a distinctly feminine mania. The average man feels that he has about all he can do to run his own affairs and trouble enough of his own without borrowing his neighbor's. The average woman attends to her business in the intervals when she isn't trying to manage other people's.

And the queer part of it is that by some quirk of feminine logic this unwarranted meddling in other people's affairs is accounted a virtue.

A woman's definition of another woman who is a selfish creature is one who attends strictly to her own business and doesn't bother in with some remedy of her own when the children next door have the croup.

THIS inability to tend to her own business and leave other people to run theirs is at the root of the servant problem. We are always wondering why men can keep their employees when housewives can't keep theirs. It is because when a man hires a clerk he gives him freedom to do his work pretty much as he pleases so long as he gets satisfactory results, but a woman can't do that. She stands over her servants while they are at work with a continual "do this" and "do that" until she drives them crazy.

It is because there are too many cooks that so much good broth is spoiled, and if the mistress would attend to her affairs a little more in the house, and let her maids run theirs in the kitchen, she wouldn't have to get up so many mornings and get the breakfast because the servant-lady had taken herself and her exasperated feelings to some other meddling housekeeper.

ONE of the saddest effects of our not attending to our own business is the perennial family row. We speak of it as lack of sympathy, of unkind conduct. We give this and that high-down reason.

But the plain truth of the matter is that at the bottom of nearly every one of the family quarrels that are so pathetic and so cruel in their estrangements is some woman who wouldn't mind her own business.

MAN marries, and the woman he brings into his family has been reared differently and has different ideas about cooking or politics or religion from the women of his own family. It might be thought that the world was big enough and wide enough for them all to find occupation and amusement without attempting to interfere with each other. But not so.

First thing anybody knows, his mother or sisters begin to try to regulate his wife's table or wardrobe, or manage her children for her. Or perhaps she starts out on a missionary campaign to try to educate her husband's people up to her blue-china standard. Anyway, trouble begins right there, and peace packs its grip and departs on the lightning express for parts unknown. Every living woman has seen this thing happen over and over again, but no woman has learned anything from it.

Just think of giving up a brother's love, or being separated from him by a barrier more cruel than death, or having a son's door opened to you only on sufferance, and to know that you are the most unwelcome guest that ever crosses the threshold! Isn't it a pretty high price to pay for the doubtful privilege of trying to run another woman's business? And isn't it strange that women won't be warned and remember that "hands off" is the motto on every woman's door, and that one delves it at her peril?

OF COURSE, we shall have no more gossip when we learn to attend to our own business. We shall be occupied in paying our own bills, instead of wondering how other people can pay theirs. If Mr. Clubman is out of nights, we shan't spend the time in pitying his poor wife and out of his cooking or temper drive him to drink. We shall merely presume the clubman knew his own business, and, at any rate, it isn't any of our affair.

We shall be able to come and go as we please, without taking the neighborhood into our confidence, or offering explanation or apology, for so long as we interfere on nobody else's rights no one will trouble themselves about our movements. And what a peaceful, easy, restful time we shall have, if only we can learn to mind our own business and let other people's alone!

DOROTHY DIX

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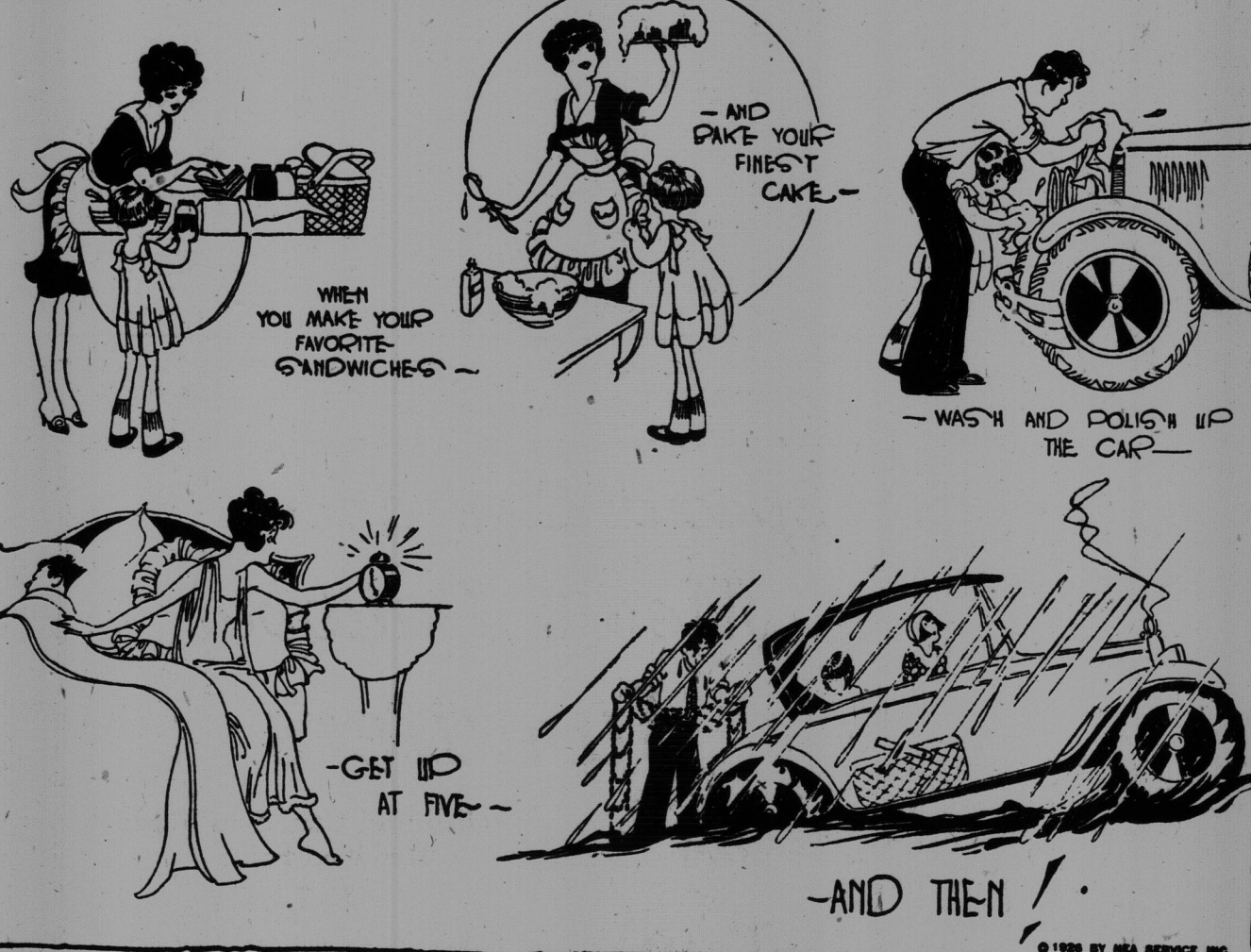
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Fashion Fancies.

THIS UNUSUAL COAT IS OF TAFFETA LINED WITH KASHA



By MARIE BELMONT

Here is a very striking and unusual coat for dress wear. It is of black taffeta, and is lined with tan kasha.

The kasha forms collar and cuffs and revers, and a touch of gold edges the kasha. The large pockets are interestingly stitched, as is the collar and hem. A large bow edged with deep fringe completes the coat. Of course this is a strictly dress garment and cannot be worn for sport or ordinary street wear. If worn with the proper accessories, a most charming effect will be achieved.

Flapper Fanny Says



Cheap matches are all right if you happen to strike a good one.

A Thought

If he provides not for his own, and specially for those of his own house, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel.—1 Tim. 5:8.

HOMES in one form or another, is the great object in life.—J. G. Holland.

Menus for the Family

MENU MINT

Breakfast
Green Apple Sauce
Whole Wheat Toast
Coffee
Dinner
Halved Cantaloupe
Southern Baked Ham
New Lima Beans in Butter
South American Tea Biscuits
Lemon Sponge Pie
Supper
Omelet with Ground Ham
Bread and Butter
Berries or Sliced Peaches
Cookies
Tea

TODAY'S RECIPES

Southern Baked Ham—Ten or 12 pounds of ham of "the variety" that doesn't need soaking; brown sugar; four.
Wash and wipe the ham and put a coat of sugar on it. Make a paste of four and water stiff enough to roll out. Wrap the ham in it, then place it in a pan in an oven registering 400 degrees F. After half an hour reduce the heat to 350 degrees F., and bake 2 1/2 minutes to each pound. Take off the paste, pat with brown sugar on fat side and stick in whole cloves. Set in an oven registering 350 degrees F. to glaze. It takes 6 cups of flour for a 12-lb. ham.

New Lima Beans in Butter—For each pint of shelled beans add 2 tablespoons of butter, one-half teaspoon of salt and enough water barely to cover. Cook over medium heat until most of the water has evaporated. (It usually takes 20 minutes over medium heat.)

South American Tea Biscuits—One cake of yeast; one-half cupful of lukewarm water; one tablespoonful of sugar; three and one-half cupfuls sifted bread flour; one scant teaspoonful of salt; two tablespoons of melted shortening. Dissolve yeast and sugar in lukewarm liquid, add shortening and one-half the flour. Beat well, then add salt and remaining flour or enough to make a firm dough. Knead thoroughly, roll and cut with biscuit cutter. Place in oiled pans a little distance apart; cover and let rise about two hours or double in bulk. When light bake in quick oven (450 degrees F.) 10 minutes. (Two hours are required to make these.)

Lemon Sponge Pie—Two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice, one half teaspoonful of grated rind of lemon, four teaspoonfuls of flour, one tablespoonful of margarine, one cupful of sugar, two eggs, one cupful milk, pastry. Cream the margarine and sugar, add flour. Separate white and yolks and mix yolks with sugar and the margarine. Add the lemon juice and rind, then the milk. Fold in the whites of the eggs and bake in crust. Start in an oven 450 degrees F., bake 10 minutes. Reduce heat to 325 degrees F. and bake until set, 30 minutes more.

Little Joe

IF YOU'RE NOT WILLING TO TAKE A CHANCE ON YOURSELF, NOBODY ELSE WILL.



BEHIND THE SCREEN



By DAN THOMAS

HE USED to be an office boy at the back and call of everyone in the office of the Douglas Fairbanks studio. Now when the business manager tells him to do something Tommy Clark says, "Aw go chase yourself. I'm playin' with Doug this afternoon." And the business manager says nothing.

Tommy is unknown to the world at large. Yet he is one of the very important reasons that Douglas Fairbanks is able to perform so many "stunts" before the movie camera.

FASTER THAN TENNIS

The favorite game on the Fairbanks lot is "doug," named after the famous actor. The game is similar to tennis but is about four times as fast. Fairbanks puts in two hours of strenuous play on the "doug" courts every day to keep in condition for his picture work.

Tommy Clark is one of the few men of the lot who can even begin to give or the "doug" any competition. Chuck Lewis and Charlie Warrington are the only others. Lewis carries the title of Doug's official trainer. These three, coupled with the actor himself, make up the "doug" team of the Fairbanks studio. They claim the championship of won in a recent "doug" tournament.

Hollywood and so far have been able to defend their title against teams from practically all other studios.

TOMMY IS WISE

Getting back to our principal, Tommy already has carved a niche for himself in motion picture circles, although he is still young—being only 20 years of age. He is known in Hollywood as one of the few who can score an occasional victory over Fairbanks. Tommy is too wise to extend himself to such an extent in many games, however.

In a recent "doug" tournament, for which three silver cups were offered as awards, Tommy won two of them. That's how good he is.

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SEE SAWING BROADWAY

IN THE "snappy Sixties," around which neighborhood now rises Manhattan's new apartment skyline, there stands a little church whose history is uniquely romantic.

And just outside the church door there is a Rose of Sharon tree, transplanted from its exotic home soil to this shrubbery earth that grows only stalks of steel. Sort of monument to a divine poem, the tree seems, of a time too far away for thought.

As might be expected in a ruthless metropolis, both tree and what it symbolizes go unnoticed by the millions. Only a few have clustered its aromatic bow with the fruits of their imagination and romance.

So slight was the consideration for it that neighborhood kids backed it with a hatchet and all but killed it. The church at the time, was too poor to spend in hiring a tree doctor, so they filled the hacked gap with tar and traced a torn limb. It grew together and flourished.

THE Church of Corpus Christi is the place and, if you come to New York, you'll find it on W. 69th street. Father Rich will welcome you. For the church is his life work. It began in a dance hall, many years ago and moved from there to an old house. When a sewer garden threatened to move into the neighborhood—this was all before prohibition—a number of residents su-

perbed a sum sufficient to start a little building on part of the site the beer resort might have occupied.

The church was built largely of timber from houses, torn down to make room for it. There wasn't quite enough for a whole church, and so it was little more than a basement with an altar rising above the parishioners.

THE pews, or ornamental screen, was made feasible when an American tourist, confronted with a stiff duty when he tried to bring it in from Italy, decided to give it up.

The ordinary casement windows have been turned into imitations of stained glass through the efforts of a young artist, eager to help the church.

Instead of pews are ordinary straight backed chairs. Concrete was mixed by neighbors after working hours, with Father Rich assisting. Nowhere in this great city will be found a place of worship built so casually, or with such affection. A bit crude and rough, to be sure, but with sentiment in its every corner.

AND just outside is the Rose of Sharon tree, as incongruous in this city of commercial writers as the Egyptian monument that tells its story of another romantic civilization from its point of vantage at the side of the Metropolitan Museum.

GILBERT SWAN.

THE RHYMING OPTIMIST

By Aline Michaels

Somebody sent me a note today, only a word of cheer; somebody's body was far away, somebody's thoughts were here! Strange, how it brightened the whole day long; sweet, how that cheery word written by somebody out in the throng, came like a homing bird! Only a line from a distant land, bridging the gap between; dear as the clasp of a friendly hand, keeping fond memories sweet. Bringing me joy from the far away, glimpse of a friend most dear, touching to beauty the dull drab day, somebody's love came here! Life had seemed but a sombre thing, loveliness only a dream; somebody's message made

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