

INTERESTING

A Feature Page of Interest to Everyone

INSTRUCTIVE

Dorothy Dix

Wise is the Mother Who Does Not Paralyze Her Children With Sympathy, Who Braces Them Instead of Melting Down Their Backbones in a Mush of Self-Pity—Too Much Mother-Sympathy Turns Sons Into Loafers and Daughters Into Marriage-Quitters.

WHEN we speak of the qualities of a good mother we always put sympathy at the head of the list, and, indeed, there's something divine in the tender pity of a mother who breaks her heart over every hurt her child gets in life and washes its wounds with her tears.

Perhaps the one thing that we remember most about our own mothers, when we have grown old and they have gone from us, is how they kissed the place to make it well when we stumbled and fell; the times we went out our sorrows on their breasts, and how we could always turn from a world that beat and bruised us to the one who poured over our scars the healing balm of her sympathy. "As a mother comforteth one who mourns." It is the symbol of all consolation.

Blessed are those who have had a tender, sympathetic mother. Unhappy those who have missed this priceless boon.

Yet sympathy is one of the virtues that lean vice's side, and probably there is no other one thing in all the world that has wrecked so many lives, that is responsible for so many weaknesses, and that has made so many quitters and shirkers as mothers' indiscriminate application of sympathy to their children.

For while pity is an excellent that soothes a sore place, and takes the sting out of it, it is also a dope that paralyzes effort. We can be pitied until we are absolutely too drugged to struggle against misfortune. We can be wept over until our backbones melt down into a mush of self-pity.

AND that is what only too many mothers do when their children are placed in an unfortunate environment, or come to grips with the real trials of life. Mother pours over them the inexhaustible floods of her sympathy until she makes them so sorry for themselves that their morale is completely broken down and there isn't a bit of fight left in them.

And when we come to the hard slodging it is not pity that we need. It is a brace. We need someone to give us a brace and tell us to go to it, and that they know we have the grit to carry on.

The mothers who do the most harm with their pity are the poor mothers, who, having little else to give their children, overwhelm them with the sympathy that is their undoing.

IT is a common thing that these mothers lament because they cannot give their children opportunities and fine clothes and telling them that a poor girl or boy has no chance in the world, with the inevitable result that unless their children are made of sterner stuff than most youngsters are, they become the embittered idlers and loafers who never try to do anything and who go through life bewailing their lack of luck.

Their mother's pity that made them soft was their ruin. She made them failures when she might just as easily have made them successes by filling them with ambition and courage, instead of self-sympathy. Nine-tenths of the men who are doing the big things in this country today, who are sitting in the seats of the mighty, making laws, writing books, running banks and railroads and building bridges and skyscrapers, were poor boys who had few advantages of education and no luxuries.

IT is a safe bet to say that not one of them had an overly sympathetic mother who pitied him because he had to get up in the morning and his chores before he went to work, and because he had to sweep out the store or work on the slag pile or carry a surveyor's chain, and didn't have fine clothes and couldn't go to an expensive college and joyride around in a sports model car.

On the contrary, they had mothers who told them how fortunate they were to have a job, and who saw that they got off to work in time of a morning, and who fired their imagination with tales of other poor boys who had made their way up to fame and fortune. And when little Andy or Charlie or Calvin came home tired and discouraged and envious of boys who could play instead of work, you may be sure their mothers didn't weaken them with pity and tell them how cruel and unjust their lots were. They said, "My son isn't a whiner. He isn't a quitter. He is a fighter." And sent him back to his job.

THERE isn't a day that some mother doesn't ask me what she shall do with a strong lanky son who refuses to work, who won't even get up to breakfast in the morning, and who forces her, or his sisters, to support him. The mother is worried to death over him, but when I point out to her the obvious solution of the problem, which is turning him out of the house and forcing him to earn his own living, she throws up her hands in horror.

"Oh, I couldn't do it," she cries, "I couldn't sleep in my bed, if I knew John had nowhere to lay his head. My food would choke me when I thought of his being hungry."

It is in vain that I point out to her that if the boy had to work or starve, he would work. So she goes on encouraging her son in being a parasite and a grafter, because she is so sorry for him.

IT is mother's sympathy that is first aid in divorce. It is because young women know that they can always run back home to mother and be wept over and pitied and poor Mary-ed and supported, that makes so many of them throw up their hands and quit as soon as they find out that matrimony is a life job at hard labor instead of a picnic.

Many a home could be saved from total wreckage, many a marriage could be salvaged, if, instead of deluging their disgruntled children with pity and taking their sides, mother would can their sympathy and send their sons and daughters back to do their duty and make the best of the bargains they had made.

MOTHERS' sympathy! It is that the prettiest and the precious thing on earth and the most dangerous. Wise is the woman who knows how to use it sparingly and judiciously.

DOROTHY DIX.

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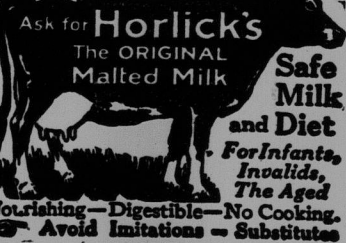
THIS WHITE FLANNEL GOLF SUIT IS PRACTICAL FOR WARM SUMMER DAYS



By MARIE BELMONT
Here is just the golf suit for a warm summer's day. It's cool and practical, comfortable and very smart.

The skirt and sleeveless jacket are of white flannel, and the neck, front and bottom of the jacket are banded with bright wool embroidery. The embroidery also edges the hemline of the skirt and there are two hands of it on the front of the skirt, and at the neck and sleeves of the white crepe blouse.

If desired, the suit could be made with sleeves, and of course it would look equally well in any color.



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BEHIND THE SCREEN

By GENE COHN
The film "little theater" long discussed but never achieved, will make its bow across the nation next fall.

Like that other "little theater" movement, which developed from the persevering efforts of a little group of artists and which now flowers in metropolitan and provincial alike, the "art film" theater has been modestly going its way here for some months.

From the regulars achieved in Manhattan, Symon Gould, its director and founder, is prepared to kick upstairs the popular notion that the public doesn't want tragic, artistic and intelligent pictures.

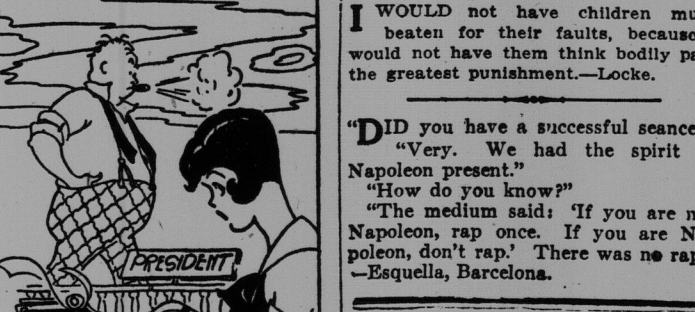
It may be, he admits, that the entire public isn't ready, but there is a sufficient percentage to make the effort more than worth while.

GOULD organized the Film Arts Guild, A Broadway movie house was secured. Here were presented the "foreign films" that the regular film dispensing concerns would have none of.

Here, also, were presented revivals of the screen classics of the past—diversified programs which included some of the funny old-timers and pictures of rare quality that have faded about Europe for years and never reached the eyes of American audiences.

First offerings were given at "subscription nights," as at the opera or concert. Later repertoire programs were tried on the general public.

At the production of "Backstairs," one of the most tragic of the German films—which contained exceptionally fine acting, by the way—standing room was in demand.



Flapper Fanny Says
A Thought

Without not correction from thy child; for if thou beatest him with the rod, he shall not die.—Prov. 23:13.
I WOULD not have children much beaten for their faults, because I would not have them think bodily pain the greatest punishment.—Locke.
"DID you have a successful season?"
"Very. We had the spirit of Napoleon present."
"How do you know?"
"The medium said: 'If you are not Napoleon, rap once. If you are Napoleon, don't rap.' There was no rap."
—Esquella, Barcelona.

Menus for the Family

MENU HINTS
Breakfast
Orange Juice (ice cold) Sugar
Cooked Cereal Cream
Raisin Bread, Toasted
Crisp Bacon Milk
Dinner
Southern Pot Roast Cold Slaw
Escalloped Potatoes Spinach, Buttered
Butter Cakes Orange Frosting
Iced Tea
Supper
Rich Waffles Maple Syrup
Peaches and Cream
Milk
TODAY'S RECIPES
Southern Pot Roast—One small pork shoulder (about two pounds), one onion, one green pepper, one small cauliflower, two tablespoons flour, salt and pepper. Try out trimmings of meat in pan suitable for roast. Remove crackling and all but one tablespoon of fat. Add onion, brown. Add flour and brown carefully. Add tomatoes and meat, letting sliced pepper on top, salt and pepper.

Butter Cake—Two-thirds cup butter or substitute, one cup sugar, two eggs, one teaspoon flavoring, one-half cup milk, one and one-third cups flour, two and two-thirds teaspoons baking powder, one-half teaspoon salt. Beat shortening and sugar until very light, add well beaten eggs, one at a time, then milk and flavoring, beating well after each addition. Lastly add the flour, baking powder and salt, sifting well before adding. Bake in two layers or one sheet, for about 30 minutes.

Orange Frosting—Mix powdered sugar with enough orange juice to spread smoothly, adding a small amount of grated rind.

Peaceful sleep

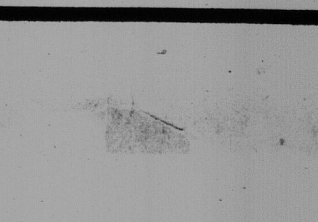
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SEE-SAWING ON BROADWAY

A PILGRIMAGE to the Theodore Roosevelt house is on the itinerary of most tourists.
And while taking this trip to a national shrine, a few minutes walk will take the visitor about the Gramercy Park section. Now Gramercy Park, which is one block square, is Manhattan's most exclusive park. It is fenced in and keys to the gate are held only by those who live around it. The number of keys is limited to 200.
Many years ago one Samuel Ruggles gave the park to the neighborhood under the strict provision that it may not be in any way disturbed.

TO BEGIN this essay little jaunt, take a Fifth Ave. bus at any part of the city. No. 28 East 20th street is the rebuilt Roosevelt house. It is kept up by a memorial association, and considerable reconstruction has been necessary. A fee of 25 cents is charged except on Saturdays and Sundays.

The interior is practically intact, and to the trophies and furnishings of the "mighty hunter" have been added some of the specimens brought back by his sons. It was an old place, occupied by several generations of Roosevelts. Kermit and Teddy, Jr., now live well up town, off the avenue.

JUST a couple of blocks in the direction of downtown and you are in the Gramercy Park belt. Originally the 20-acre farm of James Duane, one time mayor of New York. Later on of the most exclusive districts. Now occupied largely by artists of all sorts. From

THE "boon" of Gramercy Park is James J. Hannon, the gardener. For 25 years he has nursed the flowers, trees and shrubs. He knows all about everybody and everything and gives particular attention to the children who are frequently left in his care as he works about.

His rules for the youngsters are strict. If they misbehave they must sit on a bench for a stated period of time. Large boys who misbehave are sentenced to walk around the park a dozen times. The parents of the youngsters of today were among his charges of yesterday.

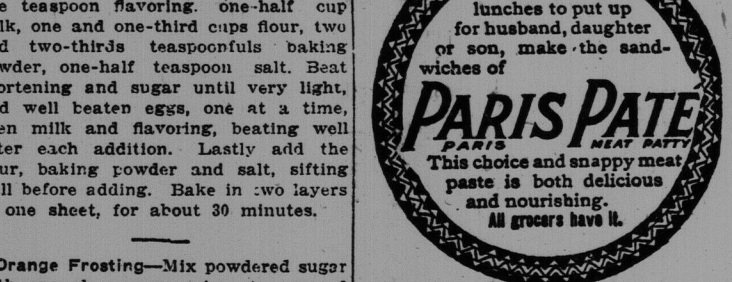
Irving Place parallels the park. So named for the Irving Place theater, once the German theater where the great Conrad played and on a corner of East 17th street the old home of Washington Irving. At 15th street, the home of Ida Tarbell, the writer. Just a nice little walk later lunch—full of color and interest.

GILBERT SWAN.

THE RHYMING OPTIMIST

By ALINE MICHAELS

Though they are burden bearers, they are the lords of earth, they are the joyous sharers ever in things of mirth. Leaving the quest of folly, theirs is the treasured way, nothing of melancholy coming to mar the day. Telling through dawn's pale hours, tolling through deeps of night, theirs are the splendid powers, theirs is the ceaseless fight. Tolling in ships storm-ridden, tolling through dust and rain, tolling in mine depths hidden, sweet is the tollers' gain. Lords of the land and ocean, masters of wind and tide, tasting life's best emotion, knowing life's truest pride; rulers of all creation, grimy and rent they go, drinking the pure elation only the tollers know. They are the burden bearers, they are earth's lords and kings, they are the joyous sharers ever of life's best things.



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