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INTERESTING

A Feature Page of Interest to Everyone

INSTRUCTIVE

Dorothy Dix

Advice to Office Workers to Spend More on Steamship Tickets and Less on Doctors' Bills—The Folly of Writing Letters to an Unknown Man—Girl Who is So Beautiful She is Unpopular.

DEAR DOROTHY DIX—I am an unmarried woman of 35. I have been working and supporting myself and my parents since I was 16. Now they are dead, and after a long struggle I have reached about the top of my profession, which is bookkeeping, and can hardly expect any further advances.

Mentally and physically I am tired, and I am trying to take stock of myself and decide what is the best course to pursue. I wish your advice on the wisdom of resigning a good position and going away for a rest of three months or more, and when I return attempting a different field of work altogether.

ANSWER:

There is no discussing the wisdom of your giving up your work and going away for a three or four months' rest; or, better still, a six months' rest. Take it and go abroad or to some distant place in this country where the climate, the mode of life, the scenery, the food, the people, will all be different from what you are accustomed to.

There is no other such medicine for both body and mind as change. Somehow, getting a new viewpoint works a miracle in us. It rests our tired nerves, it gives a flip that perks up our drooping spirits. It puts new pep and zest in life.

If we could spend more money on railroad and steamship tickets we would have to spend less on doctors and hospitals, and we would do twice as good work and get twice as much pay and be so much more agreeable as companions.

Just now you are feeling so sick and tired of your job that you have to scourge yourself to it every morning. The mere sight of a ledger gives you an acute attack of nausea and you feel that you would rather lie down and die right now than to have to go on adding up figures the balance of your life.

But after you have been away from your work for a while you will begin to feel it beckon to you again. You will begin to think kindly of the office, which its pleasant routine and life six months have gone by will be as eager to get back at your books as an addict is to tackle a cross-word puzzle.

Doubtless your employer will hold your job open for you if he knows you have gone in search of health, for that will mean just that much more efficiency when you return. But whether he does or not, go. A good office woman can always find a place. So go, and go before you break down completely. A month's vacation in time saves nine months in a sanatorium many a time.

As for the wisdom of changing your occupation, that depends altogether on whether you have some special talent or some strong natural bent in another direction. If you like to sell things better than you do to eat chocolate creams, get a job as a saleswoman. If you feel a cosmic urge to make hats, by all means turn milliner.

But unless you are very sure that you are in the wrong row don't change. You spent many years acquiring skill in one profession. Don't throw that hard-earned knowledge away. Whatever you undertook you would have to begin at the bottom and work up, and every occupation has its drawbacks.

DOROTHY DIX.

DEAR MISS DIX—What do you think about young girls writing to young men that they have never met? I know of a club in which young people correspond with each other in the hope that some time they may become acquainted. These persons are generally very long and want some one as a friend and companion. Is it right to answer a letter from a man who is advertising for a correspondent?

ANSWER:

It is a very dangerous thing to do, I should say. The man whose letter you answer may be the most degraded creature imaginable. How would you like to have a dirty hobo or a drunken bootlegger or a jailbird showing about your letters in some filthy dive to his companions? Yet that is very likely to happen if you write to a man of whom you know nothing, because gentlemen do not get their correspondents by advertising for them.

You know very well, Jane, that when a girl sits down to pen and paper she nearly always does so over. Somehow she goes on an ink jag, and before she knows it she has written sentimental and romantic she never after to remember. Just because it sounds poetical and romantic she tells a man how she loves him and how she will die without him and how she yearns for his kisses when, likely as not, she really doesn't care for him at all.

So I think that a girl is very wise and saves herself from a lot of folly if she does even correspond with the men she knows. A great first once said, "No matter what I have said to men, I have never put it down on paper, and, thank God, there isn't a scrap of my handwriting in the length and breadth of England."

So take my advice, Jane, and don't join any correspondence club. Writing to any man is a dangerous business, writing to strange men is foolhardy.

DOROTHY DIX.

DEAR DOROTHY DIX—I am considered a great beauty, but I wish I was not. I know girls who are not pretty but popular, but I am very unpopular in spite of my beauty. I have met a young man that I have fallen in love with, but he prefers my chum to me, although she isn't even pretty. I don't see why he doesn't pay me attention when I am so much better looking than she is.

ANSWER:

Nothing makes a woman so arrogant as beauty.

She may have brains, talent, breeding, wealth, any or all of the other good things of life, and still be able to preserve a proper humility and not to feel that she has a divine right to the best of everything. But let a woman have a peaches-and-cream complexion, naturally wavy hair, a classic profile and a willowy figure, and she feels that the warmest place in the sun belongs to her by rights.

Evidently that is what is the matter with you, Nell. Because you are beautiful you feel that you can be selfish and inconsiderate of others, and that you do not have to make any effort to make having no good looks, has had it, cultivate charm.

It is a noted fact that great beauties seldom make fine marriages. Men admire them and flatter them and like to be seen out with them, but they do not marry them. They take the chronos rather than the living pictures to hang upon their walls. They marry women who are not so much obsessed admiring themselves that they cannot admire anybody else.

But beauty need not be a fatal gift if you will forget how pretty you are outside and try to make yourself beautiful within. Adorn your mind and your heart, as well as your body, and then your good looks will be a blessing to you instead of a curse.

DOROTHY DIX.

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WORLD'S LARGEST TUNNEL

LIVERPOOL, Jan. 13.—The Mersey tunnel, operations of which were commenced by the opening of the drilling machine by Princess Mary, will be, when completed, the largest tunnel in the world. It will be two miles long, connecting Liverpool with its sister city, Birkenhead. Of a diameter of 44 feet, it will resemble a modern city street and will have four lines of traffic.

The tunnel will not be completed until 1,000,000 tons of rock have been hewn from the Mersey bed.

TO BE M. P. NOT PROFITABLE

LONDON, Jan. 13.—While member of Parliament for Central Cardiff from 1918 to 1924, he lost \$10,000 a year. Childs Goulds, shipping magnate, when he appeared in the bankruptcy court.

RED ROSE
"is good COFFEE"

Life Drifts Like Song on Barges



Captain Benjamin Jordan, his wife, his dog, and his home.

NEW YORK, Jan. 14.—Drifting placidly, Captain Benjamin Jordan has spent his life on the blunt-nosed barge, and in the evening of his days he retains a contented mind and a comfortable cabin to rest in.

Tied up snugly for the winter at a Hudson River slip, the boatman's life offers philosophic contrast to the imposing business towers which shadow his water.

"We get just like grapes on the barge," muses the white-moustached captain, puffing a meditative cob pipe in the stern of the F. G. McKelvy, while his wife sits crocheting over in the corner.

NO WORRIES.

"We tie fast and let the tug do all the worrying. It is the free and easy life. In winter I put out a truckload of cement now and then. In summer life is just going up and down the river."

All around are similar barges, hundreds of them, drifting down the river, piling tide and bumping gently against one another. Children home from the city schools play on neighboring decks, dogs and chickens stir up a barnyard clatter and clean clothes flap on dozens of lines.

Boating has changed as Captain Jordan has drifted down the current. More than 55 years ago he began, a barefooted type of 8 prodding a mule along the Erie canal tow path.

Sometimes mule and rider would slide into the water with a frightful splash.

At night they would tie the tiny jockey into the saddle so he wouldn't fall off if he went to sleep.

One of the big commodities then was ice, and millions of tons, harvested in winter, were floated down to the city about the time the ice factory came in the towpath.

Captain Jordan went to work for a corporation. Now he is the skipper and engineer for the holding crane. Mrs. Jordan is cook, and Jack, the dog, is watch on deck.

ADVENTURE, TWO

Adventure comes to the quiet barges sometimes. Up the river at Cohoes one time a tug of a barge with a family aboard went plunging over a dam nearly 20 feet high. But no one was hurt.

And during the winter squall here a barge came untied and was swept out through Hell Gate and couldn't be found.

They Like Comedy-Folk In Earth's Far Corners

By JACK JUNGMEYER.

THE status, influence and problems of movies in remote corners of the earth are high-lighted by Joe Fisher, representative of the powerful I. V. T. A. picture syndicate of Africa and Asia, who is just in from Singapore.

Fragments, these, of his comment on the oriental picture situation: "The best movie comedies do indeed speak a universal language. I recently watched a band of barbarous Dyaks double themselves into knots of laughter over Chaplin's 'The Kid' projected for them on a government river boat in the wilderness. They fairly roared at the 'Heaven' sequence."

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backward. This class is the most exuberant, always keeping the shadow hovering advised of the schemes of the villain.

"Japan has found it necessary to enact a law preventing exhibitors from showing more than 14 reels at a performance. The patrons used to sit in the movie houses all day long for one admission price of their eyes."

"In the Dutch East Indies pictures designed for adults may not be shown to minors under sixteen. Censorship in the east is very rigid, especially as to elements which might incite the native population. No indignity upon a white woman may be shown, for example, and nothing which might provoke class hatred."

"Norma Talmadge is probably the most popular American star in the east. Douglas Fairbanks is also very well liked. Westerners and comedies are the most popular fare."

Fashion Fancies



By Marie Belmont.

Sophisticated smartness is the keynote of the very slender evening gown which is shown here developed in copper-colored velvet.

The model is made with a moulded bodice and a skirt which clings because it is cut on the bias of the material. The skirt also adds length in its irregular hemline, which dips at the sides.

Bronze metal cloth, very supple in texture and with a veined line through it suggesting the veins in Autumn leaves, makes the shaped girle of Egyptian inspiration.

Is this your BIRTHDAY

JANUARY 14—You have the brains to accomplish big things, and should never be satisfied with results that will barely fill the requirements. You are not easily discouraged. You have a large, sympathetic heart, and the ill of your fellow-creatures weigh heavily upon you. You will be a loving parent and will have an ideal home life.

Your birth-stone is a garnet, which means faithfulness. Your flower is a snowdrop. Your lucky colors are navy blue and black.

A Thought

Were there not ten cleansed? But where are the nine?—Luke 17:17.

DO YOU know what is more hard to bear than the reverses of fortune? It is the baseness, the hideous ingratitude of man.—Napoleon.

Little Joe

PEOPLE WON'T GET THE BEST OF YOU IF YOU MAKE THE BEST OF YOURSELF.



TIP TO MARINERS.

LONDON, Jan. 12.—Whenever I. Jacobs, a citizen of the West End, wants to know what tomorrow's weather is going to be he consults his goldfish bowl. Jacobs says the fish are frisky when a storm's coming.

Menus for the Family

MENU HINT.

Breakfast. Fruit. Oatmeal with Top Milk. Sausage. Hot Bran Rolls. Coffee. Luncheon. Cream of Tartar Soup, Crackers. Baked Potato. Butter. Raisin Roll. Milk. Dinner. Macaroni and Cheese. Spinach. Fruit Salad. Cream Cheese and Walnut Balls. Coffee or Tea.

TODAY'S RECIPES.

Raisin Roll—Three eggs, one cup fine granulated sugar, one cup flour. Beat the egg whites until stiff, then the yolks, add sugar to the yolks, then two tablespoons water, a pinch of salt. Sift one teaspoon baking powder with the flour, stir in one-half of the mixture, then the whites of the eggs and the rest of the flour. Bake in a well-greased, long, shallow tin. When done turn out on a damp towel on a bread board, cover top with the raisin mixture and roll while warm.

Raisin Filling—Make a filling by cooking until thick one cup of chopped raisins, three-quarter cup of sugar, two tablespoons flour, one cup of water, and a pinch of salt. Spread on the cake in place of jelly and roll as usual. Macaroni and Cheese—Have a large kettle of water boiling briskly, put in a teaspoon of salt and drop in the macaroni slowly so the boiling does not cease. Boil until the macaroni is tender, about 20 minutes. Blend one tablespoon of butter and two of flour, if you were born a Frenchman. Let it heat through, and then add one pound of finely shaved American cheese. Get a "tangy" variety. Flavor with a teaspoon of salt, pepper, and paprika to taste. Drain the macaroni, blend with the cheese mixture, put in a buttered baking pan and put into a hot oven for 15 minutes, or until the top is well browned. You can reduce the quantity of cheese if you do not like it quite so rich.

Fruit Salad—Use combination of pineapple, grapefruit, orange, winter pear, apple, banana and a cherry. Two slices of pineapple, one grapefruit, two oranges, one pear, two diced apples and one banana make a big bowl. It can be served with dressing, or with French dressing or mayonnaise, or a mixture of whipped cream and mayonnaise. Serve on lettuce leaves.

Cream Cheese and Walnut Balls—A half cup of coarsely broken walnut

ADVENTURES of the TWINS

by OLIVE ROBERTS BARTON

THE NIB NOB OF NOBODY'S LAND. When Tweekanoe had skipped out of the little house in the woods, Inch o' Pie and the Twins looked at each other in dismay.

All the time they had thought him a little old lady with queer ways. And weren't they fooled though. "We might have known," said Nancy finally with a grown-up air. "I'll say we might," said Inch o' Pie. "It's plumb disgusting how dumb we are."

Suddenly they heard voices and looking in surprise toward the place the voices were coming from, you'll never believe me when I tell you what they discovered. Ganz and Ole, the two blue geese, were talking to each other in goose language.

But to the Twins and Inch o' Pie it was quite as plain as American, for look at the magic they had alone! Ganz was saying to Ole through his nose "Such stupidity! Such stupid, stupendous, stupefying stupidity! Why don't they go to Ub Glub. Ub Glub knows everything and he hates gobins."

If they go to Ub Glub they will find out how to catch that long-nosed rascal. And then we would get a rest, perhaps, and be able to go back to our comfortable room in Blue Goose Land and sleep the winter out. "You are right, friend Ganz," said Ole sadly. "Even if your name is German, I'll admit that for once you are right."

"Thank you, friend Ole," said Ganz. "You have enough brains to perceive a good suggestion when you hear it, even if you were born a Frenchman. Let's him as hard as we can to show our contempt for everyone but ourselves." And they both fell to it like fury. "Well I declare!" said Inch o' Pie. "It took two sillas like those geese to put an idea into our heads. Of course we should have gone to Ub Glub. He'll have an idea to give us."

"Who is Ub Glub?" asked the Twins in one breath. "Ub Glub? Why, he's the magician who pretends to know nothing and knows everything. He's the Nib Nob of Nobody's Land. Come right along, my dears. The night is dark and the wind

meats worked into the cheese makes a change. Work the cheese in a bowl and add a little cream, salt and pepper to thin it a bit. Make into balls and either roll in the nut meats or mix them through it. One-half nut meat on top of a cheese ball makes it decorative, as well as adding to the nourishment of the dish.

FLAPPER FANNY



A fellow thinks the best place to hold the World's Fair is in his lap.

Why we say "BOVRIL puts beef into you"

No food ever had higher voluntary praise than Bovril. Doctors and dietitians recommend Bovril. Chefs, cooks and housewives use it constantly. Explorers, travellers—and sailors have taken Bovril to the ends of the earth and have been loud in their praise of its sustaining and nutritive value.

But perhaps the most important tribute to Bovril comes from Science, because Science deals only with facts. Unknown to the Bovril Company, an independent scientific authority investigated the body-building power of Bovril. Extensive experiments were carried on and precise records taken. It was found that the nourishing value of Bovril to the human body is vastly greater than the amount taken.

The reason is this: Bovril is a scientific concentration of the vital principles of Beef—the albumen and fibre with the extractives and flavours—which has remarkable powers of enabling the body to extract more nourishment from the other foods that are taken along with it. That is why Bovril sustains and builds, strengthens against sickness and disease and forms a perfect food for old and young, the strong and the delicate.

Because Bovril is not merely extract or essence of beef, but beef itself in concentrated and convenient form—we rightly say

"BOVRIL PUTS BEEF INTO YOU"



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