

POOR DOCUMENT

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INTERESTING

A Feature Page of Interest to Everyone

INSTRUCTIVE

Dorothy Dix

Every Man is Part Little Boy That Likes to Be Mothered
—So There is No Surer Way for a Wife to Hold Her Husband Than to Make More Fuss Over Her Big Baby Than Her Little One.



DOROTHY DIX

A WOMAN said to me the other day: "I have two babies, and which is the greater baby I don't know. One of them is 30 years old, the other one is 3 months old, and when they make conflicting demands on my time or attention I don't know to which to give the preference."

"Give it to the big one," I replied. "You can find plenty of women to whom you can trust your baby, but you can't find any women with whom it is safe to leave your husband. It is a lot more important to keep your big baby amused and pacified and eating out of your hand than it is your little baby, for an infant in the crib stays put, but a neglected husband is apt to roam."

"MANY women never perceive this. Their first baby looms so big on their horizon that they lose sight of their husbands, and never see them again except as the baby's father."

"And while motherhood can be a career that fills a woman's life, fatherhood is just an incident in a man's."

"HE may be ever so fond of his children, but he wants his wife, also. He can't enjoy a perfectly thrilling evening watching the baby breathe just as naturally as can be. He gets bored to tears with sterilized conversation. He wants his wife to droll up for him as she would do to a child. He wants her to be interested in him, and to jolly him, and make a fuss over him as she did before the advent of his deadly rival."

"And it is when a man finds out that his wife has no time for him, and that his nose has been put permanently out of joint by the little stranger who is absorbing her every thought, that he first begins straying away from his own hearthstone in search of diversion, which the earnest seeker generally finds. And while wife is sitting at home holding the baby's hand while it sleeps, some other lady is holding hubby's."

"YOU see, the thing that wives forget is the eternal small boy that lives down in the depths of every man's soul to the day of his death. We women haven't got that. The little girl in us dies by the same time we are 15, and when we are grown up we are so terribly grown up and sophisticated."

"But a man never really grows up. He always has the child in him, with childish impulses and childish desires, and the ability to be amused by childish things."

"SOMETIMES wives forget this. Sometimes they are too dull to understand it. So when they see that they are married to great, strong six-foot men, who have made for themselves big places in business or politics, or the arts, and who, perhaps, have hundreds of men under them that they control, they fail to remember that these same men have the little boy in them, who craves to be babied and petted and doted just as much as if he were 3 months old or 6 months old, instead of his 30 years old or 60 years old."

"A man may be as cold and hard as a sheet of armor plate to the outside world, but he wants his wife to go and gurgie to him, and chuck him under the chin and tell him that he is the most beautiful, darlingest, tummy-bitty wonder boy in the wide, wide world, and that his foolish old mother just loves him to death."

"Of course, when wife hands him out this line, he tells her to go along and not be silly, and he wouldn't have outsiders hear her for worlds, but privately he just eats it up and asks for more. 'Husbands of forty years' standing are just as amenable to baby talk as infants in arms, and if you don't believe it, try it and see for yourself."

"HUSBANDS like to be babied when things go wrong. They want a wife to whom arms they can flee, and on whose breasts they can weep out their sorrows and disappointments, and who can kiss a hurt and make it well, just as much as any little child does. No man wants a wife who sits in judgment on him, who points out his mistakes to him, and who blames him for his errors. When he is in trouble he wants to be babied. He wants to be treated as a mother treats her little tot who stumbles and falls and hurts itself."

"He wants her to blame the bad old floor that hurt his poor little head, or the cruel knife that cut him, or the horrid little boys who took his marbles from him. And he wants to be kissed and cooed over and patted and mothered and told that everything will be all right tomorrow."

"AND, curiously enough, a wife's kiss, like a mother's kiss, on a man's hurt does have magic and healing in it. It is the women who bind up men's wounds with the comfort of their love and sympathy, who send them back again and again to fight the battle of life until they win out."

"Husbands like their wives to show them off as they do their babies. Of course, every man jack will deny this, but it is true all the same."

"LOOK at the expression on your John's face when you make him tell that perfectly corking story of his, or you brag about how brave he was when he thought the bull was in the house, or you make him sing for the Joneses, or do that clever card trick of his."

"It is exactly the expression your little Johnny wears when you make him show how he can pull the cat's tail and make it howl. No man leaves his wife at home when he goes abroad if she knows how to exhibit him properly, nor does he silence her if she is a good press agent."

"And husbands like their wives to baby them about their faults. No man ever gets over wondering why his wife takes his little side-stepping so much more seriously than he intends it. He never understands why she can't understand that it isn't because he has ceased to love her, or means to be disloyal to her, but just because the boy in him has to play hooky now and then. And she binds him to her with hoops of steel if she has sense enough to act just as his mother did, and spank him and kiss him and forget all about it."

"SO my dear," I said, "if you want to be happy through married, make more fuss over your big baby than you do over your little one. Believe me, there is no better recipe for how to hold a husband than just to baby him."

DOROTHY DIX.

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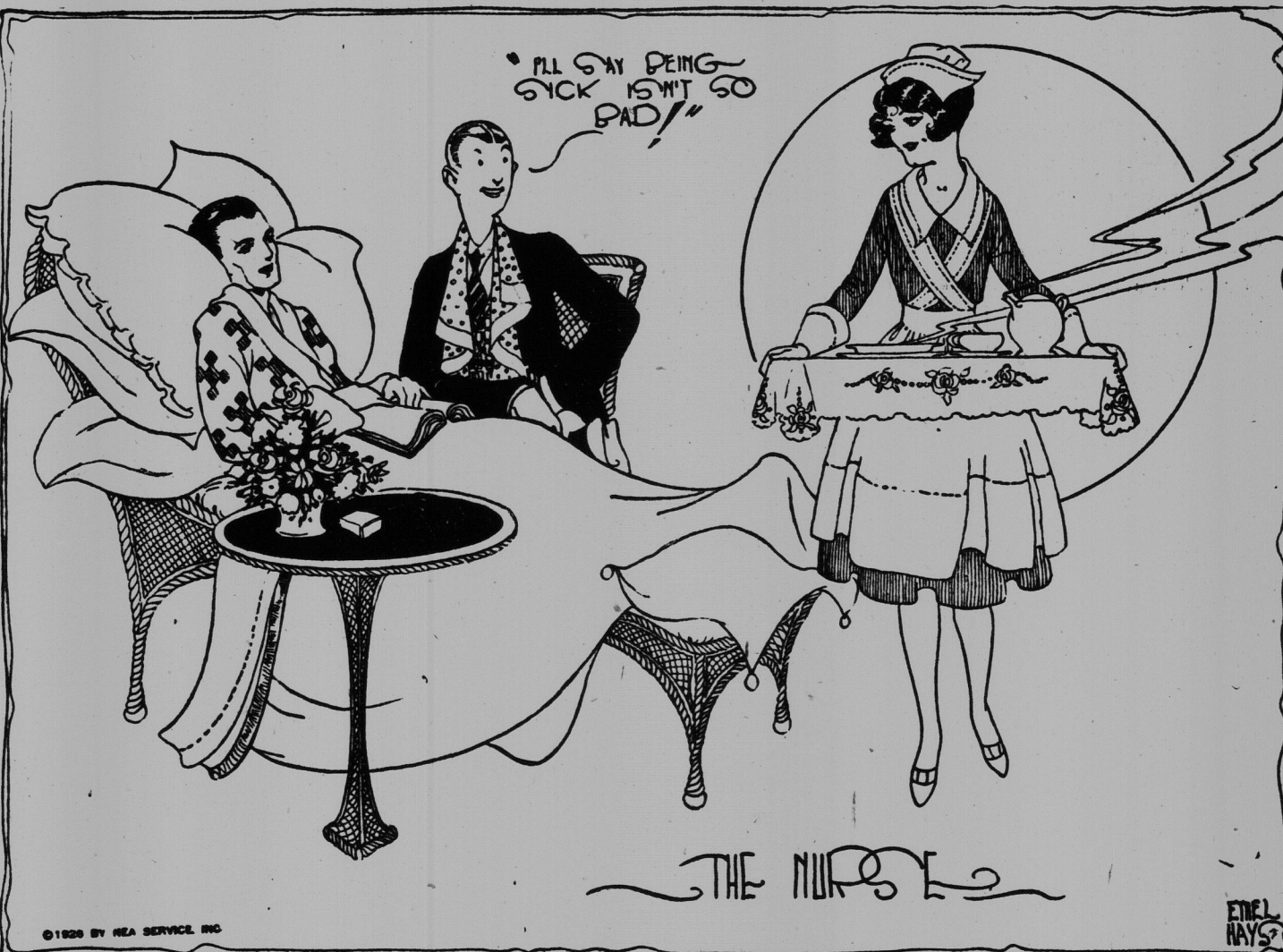
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Nurse's Smiles Make Men Well!



Fashion Fancies



By Marie Belmont

Red is smart as a spring and summer color this year, and the fact that it is worn by grown-ups means that it is good for the smaller ones as well.

The dress above is of crepe de chine, with the upper part white and the lower section bright red. Numbers of small red pearl buttons connect the two.

Yellow and white would also be smart, or soft blue and green with green buttons.

Menus for the Family

MENU HINT.

Breakfast.
Whole Grain Cereal with Milk or Cream and Sugar.
Poached Eggs.
Whole Wheat Toast and Butter.
Coffee.

Luncheon.
Oyster Stew with Crackers.
Cabbage and Pineapple Salad.
Whole Wheat Bread with Butter.
Milk.

Dinner.
Escalope Salad.
Stuffed, Braised Liver with Tomato Gravy.
Mashed Potatoes.
Creamed Spinach.
Whole Wheat Bread and Butter.
Dessert.

TODAY'S RECIPES.

Cabbage and Pineapple Salad—Mix two cups of finely shredded raw cabbage with one chopped pineapple, one-half cup of finely cut celery and one and one-half cups diced pineapple. Sprinkle with one teaspoon of salt and mix with one-half cup of mayonnaise. Serve on crisp lettuce leaves.

Escalope Salad—Wash the escalope, shake it dry and let it stand on ice in a bag to crisp. When ready to serve, break it in pieces. Push a dore of garlic into a cube of bread and lay in the bottom of a salad bowl. Arrange the escalope in the bowl and when ready to serve mix thoroughly with a French dressing, made as follows: Pour four tablespoons of olive oil over the salad. Mix one tablespoon of malt or tarragon vinegar with one-half teaspoon of salt and one-eighth teaspoon of white pepper. Pour this over the salad and mix all together with a fork, tossing the salad until thoroughly blended.

Stuffed Braised Liver—Make a deep cut the length of the liver, using calf, beef or lamb liver. Fill with stuffing and skewer or tie firmly. Spread liberally with bacon fat or drippings.

BEHIND THE SCREEN

FRIDAY—Behind the Screen
JEWEL CARMEN, soon to be seen in the screen version of the spine-chiller, "The Bat," has started a new bid for Movie Land, the bat headfash. Miss Carmen began her stage career when only 12 years old, on the old Triangle lot, in Portland, Ore. After years of minor roles she found herself one day cast opposite Douglas Fairbanks in "Manhattan Madness." She next appeared with him in "The Half Breed."

For a time Miss Carmen appeared on the speaking stage, under the name of Beatrice Hale. Passes were offered in Buffalo, N. Y., to all who guessed her real identity, but this was quickly withdrawn when the box office was swamped.

Is this your BIRTHDAY

APRIL 24—You read a great deal. You are not content with superficial study, and like to associate with intellectual and cultured people. You like personal attention, and should be happy in your married life. Cultivate contentment and curb a tendency to be selfish. You will travel far.

Your birth-stone is a diamond, which means innocence.

Your flower is a daisy.

Your lucky colors are red and yellow.

APRIL 25—You are a clever and skilful worker with your hands. You are frank and outspoken, but not in the least malicious. You love with an ardor that is irresistible. You are of a jealous nature and demand undivided affection and constant attention. Beware of listening to gossip about those you love. Cultivate hope.

Your birth-stone is a diamond, which means innocence.

Your flower is a daisy.

Your lucky colors are red and yellow.

"HERE I've been trying to get my violin out of the case for five minutes and still the fiddlesticks," lamented the musician.

Drudge with flour and sprinkle with salt and pepper. Place in a deep pan, surround with one-quarter cup each of diced carrot, onion and celery, one-quarter teaspoon of pepper-corn, a bit of bay leaf and two cups of brown stock or water. Cover closely and cook in a moderate oven for two hours, uncovering for the last twenty minutes. Remove from the pan and make a brown gravy from the liquid in the pan, adding to it one cupful of strained tomatoes.



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—GILBERT SWAN.

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ADVENTURES of the TWINS

by OLIVE ROBERTS BARTON

THE BOX OF SPRING CLOTHES
"Jumping Jimminy!" cried Mister Tinglewing waking up suddenly and looking at his watch. "It's 20 minutes after the day before yesterday! What's happened?"

Nancy stretched and yawned, and Nick yawned and stretched. Then they opened their eyes, too.

"Why—this—this—this!" cried Nick jumping up and looking around in a dazed way. "I think—oh, don't you remember? We're in Mister Ringtail Coon's sun-parlor listening to his radio."

"Listening to the Sand Man, you mean," said Mister Tinglewing. "We've all been sound asleep on this big soft davenport, so we have, and nary a cent of rent have we collected. Mister Coon, oh Mister Coon! Where's your rent, Mister Coon? We must be going. We liked your radio concert very much, but we must be going. Where's your rent?"

But all the answer he got was the wind going woo! woo! through the tree branches.

"Too very much afraid, children," said the little fairymen sady, "that we've been cheated. And my pocketbook is as flat as ever."

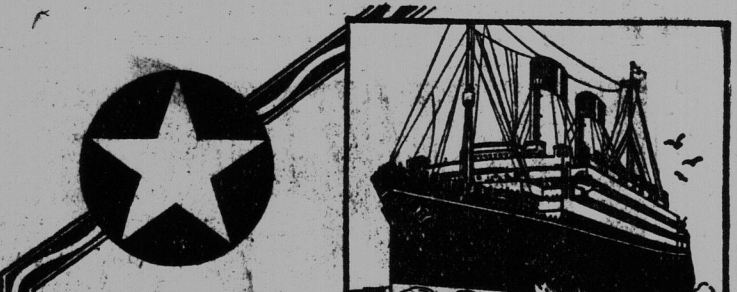
"Say," suddenly said a sneaky little voice, "What's all the trouble about?"

There stood Corry and Cobby Coon, Ringtail's nephews, who were always around when they were not wanted, but never around when they were.

"We missed your uncle some way," said Nick, "and now Mister Tinglewing can't collect his rent. He's the fairy landlord, you know."

"That's too bad," said Corry Coon. "I saw her at the Illustrators' ball. We have a great deal of trouble with our uncle, don't we, Cobby? He has the forgetfullest memory you ever saw. He's all—"

To Be Continued.



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