

POOR DOCUMENT M C 2 0 3 5

THE EVENING TIMES-STAR, SAINT JOHN, N. B., MONDAY, JUNE 7, 1926

INTERESTING

A Feature Page of Interest to Everyone

INSTRUCTIVE

Dorothy Dix

Why is it a Good Thing for Boys and Girls to Leave Home for a Time—How a Tongue-Tied Youth Can Make Himself Interesting to Girls—Why Hard Work Alone Isn't Enough for Success.

DEAR DOROTHY DIX—Why do boys and girls, blessed with kind parents who provide well for them, leave home? I know a girl whose father and mother lavished every luxury upon her, but who left them heartbroken to go out into the world, where she met with grievous disappointments, but was finally prevailed upon to return home. Is this sorry state of affairs caused by our career, Jass-mad, modern age? R. E. S.



ANSWER:

Boys and girls leave home for the same reason that young birds leave the nest. They have an instinctive desire to try their wings. Probably no more boys leave home now than have always left. Boys have always left home to seek their fortunes or in pursuit of adventure, and if more girls leave home than used to, it is merely because the outside world holds opportunities for them now that it did not have in their grandmother's day.

In olden times a girl had to stay at home because there was nowhere else for her to go. Home may have been as dull as ditch water. In it she may have been doomed to a life of domestic slavery, without even a chance of transferring her serfdom from her parents to her husband. But she had to stay put, for the very good reason that she would starve if she got away from the paternal table.

But now, when a girl with a good trade can make her living anywhere in the world, fortune beckons and adventure lures the girl away from home, just as it does the boy. And so Peggy grabs her suitcase, jams on her sport hat, cuts mother's apron string, bangs the door behind her and is off on her own.

Of course, these young birds who hop so lightly out of the home nest and who are so confident of their ability to fly find that they don't know so much about aerodynamics as they thought they did, and that it isn't as easy as they expected it to be to make tall dives and loop the loops. They all get some nasty falls. A few break their necks and many of them smash their wings and come limping back home sadder and wiser birds.

But they had to try out their own wings. It was a cosmic urge that they could not resist.

And, generally speaking, it is a good thing for them. If they succeed and develop the strength to stand on their own feet, well and good. They make better men and women for it. If they fail, they learn much and that makes them appreciate home more.

There is no other care so efficacious for the temperamental, discontented boys and girls who think they are heaven-ordained writers and actors and movie stars as letting them go and try it out. Most of them are glad enough to have a return ticket but home and them and to connect again with a steady job and three square meals a day.

Another reason that boys and girls leave home is because so many parents never realize that their children grow up and never accord them any liberty. Father and mother think that Mamie at 19 should go to bed at the same hour she did when she was 9. And if John works for father, father feels that he should not expect the wages he would pay another young chap, but that he should be content with a dollar or two of spending money.

And to save her life, mother cannot keep from nagging her children about putting on their rubbers and wrapping up warm, and putting them through a questionnaire about every single blessed thing they do and think, until she drives them away from home in order to get a little freedom.

On the whole, this going away from home is a good thing, for there is no truer saying than the old proverb, "Home-keeping youths have ever homely wits." There is no education equal to travel and seeing the world at first hand. DOROTHY DIX.

DEAR MISS DIX—I am a boy and have come to the age when I want to take girls out, as all boys do. I go to dances and stag them simply because I don't know what to say, and that is embarrassing. Please advise me how to talk to girls in a sensible manner. TOM N.

ANSWER:

A very long time ago, Tom, a wise man said, "Reading makes a full man." I don't think that anybody can give you a better tip on how to acquire a good line than that.

The reason that you find it difficult to talk to girls is because your mind is empty. Fill it up with good books, with magazines and the daily papers, and you will have an inexhaustible supply to draw upon. You will have plenty to talk about, because your memory will just be running over with romantic stories, with amusing anecdotes, with good jokes, with all the wonderful things that are happening every day.

You won't be tongue-tied in any company if you are up on politics and know what stocks are doing and can discuss European affairs and the latest scandal and the latest murder.

And if a girl is such a dumb Dora that she isn't interested in any of these things you will find that they are unbecomingly acquired, while learning other things, a lot of small talk which you can feed human canary birds.

Not long ago a middle-aged woman, who is so fascinating that she always has a gallery following her wherever she goes, told me that when she was a young girl she was not pretty, and therefore she determined to make herself so interesting that nobody would notice her looks. So she made it a practice to read four hours every day, picking out as widely diversified subjects as she could, so that, no matter whom she was thrown with, she could talk entertainingly on his own particular interest or topic.

I recommend that plan to you, Tom. If you will put in four hours a day on reading for even a single year you won't have to brag it because you can't talk. You will have girls running after you because you are so interesting. Try it. DOROTHY DIX.

DEAR MISS DIX—Do you believe that if a person has always led a good, clean, straight life that she will prosper in time? I have tried very hard to make a success of life, have worked very hard and made every effort, but to no avail. Must I keep on trying and believe that success will come in time, or give up entirely? It seems foolish for a person to waste her life trying when it isn't her fault that she does not succeed. MARY.

ANSWER:

But perhaps it is her fault, Mary. Perhaps she is trying to do the thing she can never do, and so all of her striving is simply lost motion.

I have known women who wasted their entire lives trying to write, when they had not the faintest talent for writing. I have known other women who wasted their lives trying to sing when God had not given them a voice.

Work, of itself, is not enough. You must work intelligently, and if you do work intelligently you will always succeed in the end. So my advice to you is to sit down and wrestle yourself. Be honest with yourself, no matter how much it hurts, and find out what it is in you that has made you fail.

Perhaps you are trying to do something for which you are not adapted. Perhaps you are foolishly sacrificing yourself for others. Perhaps you are a bungling amateur who has never really learned to do any one thing well. Perhaps you lack the courage to leave home and go where fortune calls you or to strike out in a new direction. Think it over.

But it is always worthwhile to struggle, even if we do fail, because if we have done our best, we at least have our self-respect. DOROTHY DIX.

Copyright by Public Ledger Company.

Goat-Getters



Fashion Fancies

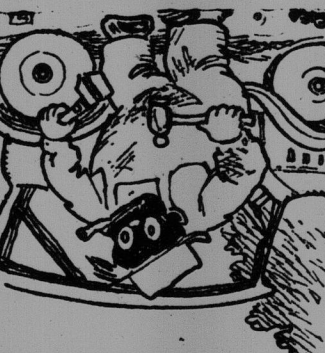
SMART TOUCHES OF RED MARK THIS NAVY KASHA COSTUME



By Marie Belmont

Navv blue kasha is the material chosen for the smartly simple cape costume shown above. The seamed cape carries out the feeling of the skirt, which is marked by pleats instead of seams. There is a cherry red suede belt, and the linings of the skirt repeat the red note, in crepe de chine. A small belt hat banded in red suede carries out the ensemble idea.

LITTLE JOE



REPAIRING AN AUTO

ON A JOB, EXCEPT

IT'S EASY TO COME CLEAN

PRINCE PRESIDES

AT RIFLE DINNER

Canadian Press.

LONDON, June 6.—The Prince of Wales, as honorary colonel of the Queen's Westminsters presided at the dinner given last night by the regiment in honor of the 10th United States Infantry Regiment.

The Westminsters and the civil service rifles, were defeated recently at Bisley by the United States riflemen for the Vincent Shield.

The Prince presented the shield to the winning team, and gold commemorative badges to its members and silver badges to reserve members and executive officers. He shook hands with each

IN NEW YORK SEE SAWING UP and DOWN BROADWAY

JUST outside my window, and for many blocks along the street, clumsy, crawling things with slim steel necks and great iron mouths are digging new catacombs in which men will one day travel with the speed of the winds.

There is something of nightmare in these preliminary gestures toward a subway.

A "caterpillar hoist" stretches its dozen iron legs down a block, like the skeleton of some prehistoric monster caught in primordial ooze and held there for centuries.

BUT these bridge-like monsters, in spite of their weight of many dozen tons, can skip lightly from one side of the street to the other on greased rails. Find me a more fantastic sight!

And the crawling cranes with fat, red bodies, like some gigantic bug, puffing their unwieldy way through traffic, crowding out man and the beast and machine alike, creeping along on tractor belts, over the sidewalks and up and down the sandhills. Lines of drillmen stand, like figures in a ballet, driving the steel noses of their hammers into the rubbery asphalt. Gradually the great rocks which support this huge metropolis give way to sand as golden as lies on any seashore.

Slowly the street turns to gasping holes, with almost indecent nudity, the ugly foundations and criss-crossings of pipes are revealed. Beneath the rough boards that take the place of sidewalks great cavities appear, as if some gargantuan dentist had been pulling out teeth. The buildings seem to rest on black space. And one by one the men disappear below the street.

Great things are about and yet not a man seems at work. Only the curious crowds gathered at the guard-fences! The ants have gone deeper into their holes.

ABOUT it all is a terrible casualness! Here is the work of Hercules being accomplished with such deftness that not even the many agencies of traffic are particularly disturbed. No one stops in amazement! I hear no cries of wonder! Just curiosity.

I am coming firmly to believe that a man could jump suddenly from the earth and start skyward on wings while his Manhattan fellows stood calmly on the sidewalk and remarked, "It's about time they were doing something like that!"

Soon the mastodontic skeletons will move further down the street. Soon the gaping holes outside will be covered over again. And you will come to New York, and I will start for my work, and we will flash like startled birds through a great black tunnel—and none of us will wonder!

—GILBERT SWAN.

VANDALS OF SHOE BOX

(Vancouver Sun)

Nature is beautiful. It is admirable for the family to take a day out under the trees and admire her beauty. But leaving shoe boxes, tin cans, banana peels and other trash doesn't help the fair face of Mother Earth one bit. It is a curious thing how inconsistent some "lovers of the great outdoors" are. They rave of the beauties of nature, then go away leaving a litter of papers or other refuse that spoils an ideal spot for any others who might choose to have an outing there.

of the marksmen and then proposed a toast to the 10th Infantry.

Flapper Fanny Says



© 1926 BY NEA SERVICE, INC.

Some men go crazy naturally and others wait while girls get ready to go to the theatre.

Is this your BIRTHDAY?

JUNE 7.—Good judgment and strong convictions. A taste for music. Fond of reading and of picking up information from people. Sympathetic, philosophical, an entertaining talker when the spirit moves you, with a sense of humor. You probably dress well, and are a good manager. Treasure love when it comes knocking at your door. Your birthstone is a pearl, which means health and long life. Your flower is the honeysuckle. Your lucky colors are light blue and white.

Detectives Recover \$50,000 Tapestries

NEW YORK, June 6.—In a visit to a warehouse at Broadway and 130th street Detectives Joseph A. Daly, Frank Walsh and John Cordes, of Inspector John D. Coughlin's office, working on an anonymous tip, found a trunk which contained twelve tapestries valued at \$50,000, which they said had been stolen in New York recently.

Mechanical Plant Setter Saves Time

NEW YORK, June 5.—As many as eight acres of plants can be set in one day with a horse-drawn apparatus with seats in front for two men, says Popular Mechanics. The apparatus insures parallel rows and even spacing and plants can be imbedded at various depths by regulating a lever at the driver's right hand.

The growths are said to be given a good start after transplanting, so that they come into bearing 10 to 15 days earlier, permitting advantageous marketing.

Nor Will They

(Toronto Mail and Empire.) "Don't talk so much about disarmament," said Senator de Broqueville, a Belgian representative at Geneva, "just go ahead and do it." That may be taken as an answer to the complaint: "Everybody is talking disarmament but nobody does it."

A Thought

He that keepeth his mouth keepeth his life; but he that openeth wide his lips shall have destruction.—Prov. 13:3.

THERE is no diplomacy like silence.—Reacond.

Menus for the Family

MENU HINT

Breakfast. Oranges. Muffins. Luncheon. Marmalade. Coffee. Dinner. Lamb Stew. Rhubarb Pie. Coffee.

TODAY'S RECIPES

Browned Hominy—Allow cooked hominy to get cold, when it will turn out of the dish and you can cut in strips. Dip the strips in beaten egg and then try in hot lard or grease. Cook to a golden brown. To make the hominy use one cup to four cups water; one teaspoon salt; cook two to four hours.

Lamb or Mutton Stew—Four pounds of the forequarter or shoulder of lamb, or mutton, two onions, one cup diced carrot, one cup chopped celery, eight or ten potatoes, one teaspoonful salt, half a teaspoonful pepper, two quarts of stock or water.

Cut the meat into two inch cubes. Remove the tenderest pieces, and the rest of it and the bones should be put into the stock or cold water, brought to a boil slowly and allowed to simmer for about two hours. At the same time you should boil the balance of the meat and the vegetables, but before they are added to the stock they should be prepared in the following manner: The meat should be dredged in flour first. Then sauté in marrow drippings or hot fat. In the same frying pan brown the sliced onions, the chopped celery and the diced carrots. When the meat and the vegetables in the stew are done, the bones should be removed and the grease skimmed off and the potatoes, which have been parboiled ten minutes, should be added to stew. If the water has boiled down too much add some of the water in which the potatoes have been parboiled. Now season with salt and pepper and drop in your dumplings, but be sure there is plenty of liquid that the dumplings do not boil dry.

Omelet—Four eggs, one tablespoon cornstarch, one-half teaspoon of butter, one-half cup milk, salt and pepper to taste (will make four large helpings). Beat egg whites until stiff. Warm milk, add butter, egg yolks and cornstarch, beat well and add salt and pepper. One tablespoon butter in hot omelet pan or heavy frying pan. Put in egg whites, then pour other mixture over whites. Cover and turn gas low. As the custard forms, place in oven to finish. This will rise and never fail.

Strawberry Roly Poly—One quart strawberries, one-half cup water, one and one-half cups sugar, three cups sifted flour, milk or water as needed, six teaspoons baking powder, one-half cup shortening, beaten yolk of one egg, beaten white of one egg, one-half teaspoon salt. Cook berries with the water, then press through sieve. To the pulp add sugar, egg yolks and cornstarch, reduce, keep a part hot for sauce and cool the rest. Sift together flour, baking powder and salt, work in the shortening, then mix to a dough with milk or water added to the beaten egg yolk. knead slightly and roll into a sheet one-quarter inch thick. Cut in pieces longer than wide, spread with the cold strawberry mixture and roll. Brush the top of each with egg white and dredge thickly with sugar. Bake about half an hour. Serve hot with strawberry sauce.

BE GOOD-NATURED until about 10 in the morning and the rest of the day will take care of itself.

ADVENTURES of the TWINS

by OLIVE ROBERTS BARTON

THE BARREL FAIRY

"I do wonder if Mister Snoopy stole my shadow," said the little Rag-bag Whiffet, as he and the Twins continued on their journey.

"I shouldn't wonder," said a voice. And without any warning at all, a barrel started to roll along beside them.

"Who are you?" cried the Twins, who remembered the story about the little pig crawled into a churn and rolled the whole way to Franklin Fair.

"I'm just a barrel fairy," said the voice. "I have no home and I live in a barrel. As I have rheumatism in one of my wings and can't fly, I just roll my barrel around. Do you mind if I go a little way with you? I get very lonesome."

"Certainly not," said Nick. "We'd like to have you."

So they all walked along and along and along, and the barrel-fairy rolled himself along and along and along, and pretty soon they came to a steep hill.

"Dear me!" cried the barrel fairy. "I can't get up this steep hill! And I do want to go with you. I'm so lonesome and everything."

"Oh, that's all right," said Nick. "Don't you worry! You must be pretty light if you're a fairy, and Nancy and I can carry you up. Nancy, you lift one end of the barrel and I'll lift the other, and the little Whiffet can push up from underneath."

"Well, then, I'll be ever and ever so much obliged," said the barrel fairy, giving the barrel a little wiggle to show how happy he was. Both ends of the barrel were shut up tight so the Twins couldn't see inside. But when they started to lift the barrel, Nick said, "Say, fairy, you must be pretty fat."

"Oh, I'm not really," said the barrel fairy. "I'm so thin I have to stand up twice to make a shadow."

This made the little Whiffet feel pretty bad, talking about shadows in a place where there were no shadows. "There!" said Nick as he and Nancy

sat down on a bank to rest. "I guess you can go the rest of the way yourself all right. There aren't any more hills to climb."

"Oooh! But I can see out of a crack," said the barrel fairy, "and there's a steep hill to go down right in front of us."

"Can't you roll down?" asked Nancy. "Oooh! I couldn't! My barrel would smash if it hit anything, and as long as I have such bad rheumatism in my wings, I must have my barrel," said the fairy.

"Well, then, we'll have to carry you down," said Nick. So the Twins picked up the barrel and struggled and struggled until at last they reached the foot of the hill.

"There!" said Nick. "I guess you're all right now."

"Just for a little while," said the barrel-fairy. "There's a deep creek ahead and I can't roll over that."

"For goodness sake!" said Nancy. "How far are you going?"

"I'm going to see my grandma," said the barrel fairy. "She lives just past the woods."

"Well, sir! The poor Twins carried that barrel about two miles. There was always some new reason why the barrel fairy had to be carried."

"This is the place," said the voice in the barrel at last. "Much obliged!" At that the lid flew off and out bounced the three bad Gargoukumies. "Much obliged!" they shouted again as they ran off into the woods. "We had a very nice ride indeed. We'll be going home about half past two if you pass this way."

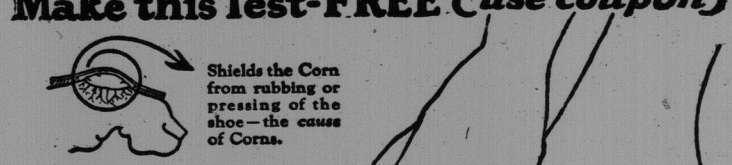
The Twins were too mad to answer.

CLOGGED PORES

prevented if skin is well cleansed with non-irritant soap. Thousands use only

Resinol

Make this Test-FREE (use coupon)



Instant relief from Corns

CORNS are caused only one way—by the pressing or rubbing of the shoe. Therefore, only by removing the cause can you hope to keep your feet free from corns.

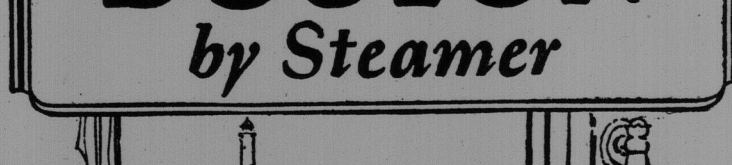
That is why the crude, risky practice of using "drops" (corrosive acid), is at best only a temporary relief—it doesn't stop the cause. Millions of sensible people have dropped this antiquated makeshift for the only correct, scientific, practical method ever devised for permanently ridding the foot of corns—Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. (See illustration above.)

Made in three sizes for Corns, Calluses and Bunions. Get a package of Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads for Corns, and Dr. Wm. M. Scholl's Book, "The Feet and Their Care" to

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads Put one on—the pain is gone

BOSTON by Steamer



Whether you go to Boston for business or pleasure, step aboard a fast steamer and enjoy every mile of the trip. Comfort and ease indoors. Bracing air out on deck. A fine chance to relax in the midst of luxury.

Arrange your trip to make one of the regular sailings. Large, modern ships offering every convenience. Wide decks, dining salons, social halls, comfortable staterooms.

Reduced Rates on Automobiles Accompanied by Passengers.

INTERNATIONAL LINE

Atlantic Time
Fare From Saint John \$10.
From Eastport or Lunenburg, \$9.

Every Wednesday steamer leaves Saint John, 9 a.m.; Eastport, 2:30 p.m.; Lunenburg, 3:30 p.m., arriving Boston Thursday, 9 a.m.

Every Saturday steamer sails direct from Saint John to Boston leaving Saint John 7 p.m., due Boston Sunday, 2 p.m.

Daily Sailings from Boston to NEW YORK all the way by water via CAPE COD CANAL

EASTERN STEAMSHIP LINES, INC.

Full of Quality King Cole Tea You'll like the flavor