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THE TIMES-STAR FEATURE PAGE

Dorothy Dix

Instead of Gunning For a Faithless Husband, Try This Western Woman's Scheme of Hunting Up the Siren in the Case and Trading Him in for Cash—Whatever You Get for Him is More Than He is Worth.



DOROTHY DIX
with money instead of with her hands dripping with blood.

IN THESE DAYS, when you can hardly pick up a newspaper without reading an account of some wife who has murdered a faithless husband or some woman who has killed the lover who has betrayed her, it is a comfort to hear of one woman who has settled her heart troubles with good, hard horse sense instead of a pistol.

This admirable female—who is a shining example of her entire sex—lives out in the West, where women are women and have backbones like telephone poles and bushels of gumption and the courage of their convictions. All of which virtues, however, do not always save them from matrimonial shipwreck.

The heroine of our story, it seems, married a man who wearied of her and forsook her for another, after the prevailing fashion among wobbly husbands.

But instead of going gunning for the siren who had wrecked her home, this intelligent lady hunted the vamp up and effected a trade with her. She sold out her entire interest in her husband, lock, stock and barrel, and gave the other woman a quit-claim deed to him for \$300 spot cash and retired from the field with her pocket jangling with money instead of with her hands dripping with blood.

OF COURSE, this transaction may be objected to on the ethical grounds that the wife out-traded the other woman and got more for the man than he was worth. But we may well pass over this phase of the subject. Firstly, because every woman herself writes the price tag that she ties on a man, and he is worth to her just what she thinks he is worth; secondly, because the woman who robs another woman of her husband is a thief who deserves no consideration or pity from us. So our sympathy and congratulations can go freely to the lady who applied the commercial law instead of the unwritten law to the solution of her troubles.

The advantages of selling a faithless husband instead of killing him are too obvious to need pointing out. To begin with, a roaming husband is the most worthless of all created things. He merely upsets the routine of the house and aggravates a woman's temper by his comings and goings.

HE KEEPS his wife on the ragged edge of suspense. She wears herself to skin and bones trying to hold him, when he is as slippery as an eel, and she can get no more grasp on him than she can on a snake. Any woman possessing one of these domestic pests would be lucky if she could give him away or lose him, or get rid of him in any manner that wouldn't arouse the suspicions of the police.

To find that such an incumbrance has a cash value is like picking up money in the street or having some one pay you an outlawed debt. It is ascertaining that the wicked that you drew in the matrimonial lottery, and that you had thought for years was a blank, is an approximate prize, after all.

THIS SHOWS how foolish and shortsighted, nay, how absolutely wasteful, it is for a wife to assassinate her philandering husband until she has at least offered the other woman a bargain in him. Under the stimulus of rivalry women often pay fancy prices for poor stuff, and it is quite probable that, had not they their tempers get the better of their business sense, several of the ladies who have recently murdered their husbands and lovers because the men had deserted them for other women might now be reveling in the mid-winter marked-down bargain sales instead of languishing in dungeon cells.

Of the advantages of getting cash in hand instead of revenge for a husband you have to watch it is needless to speak. That sort of husband is practically of no value whatever to a woman, but money is always legal tender for most of the things she wants, and with the price of a no-account spouse many a woman could get more happiness than she has ever had out of her married life.

OF COURSE, there is no fixed price on husbands. They are like antiques. What you get for them depends altogether on how much they have taken the fancy of the party of the second part, and how eager she is for that particular piece of bric-a-brac. But even if the betrayed wife took the minimum rate of \$300 set by the Western lady upon her claim, she doesn't make such a bad bargain.

With \$300 she can go to the movies 600 times, whereas that sort of a husband never takes her to any place of amusement at all.



Good Health In Old Age!

AS WE grow older the body needs more and more help in warding off sickness. Sleeplessness, loss of appetite, impoverished blood, loss of vitality, all show that the body needs help in restoring the vital energy it is using up, and before health returns this vital energy must be restored.

Medical research has definitely proved that one of the causes of a run down condition of the body is a shortage of certain mineral elements, including iron, potassium, calcium, sodium and phosphorus, and until a sufficient supply of these minerals is restored to the body, good health is impossible. Wincarnis contains every one of these elements in addition to other health giving ingredients and in a form in which they are most rapidly absorbed into the blood and carried to every part of the body to be converted into vital force.

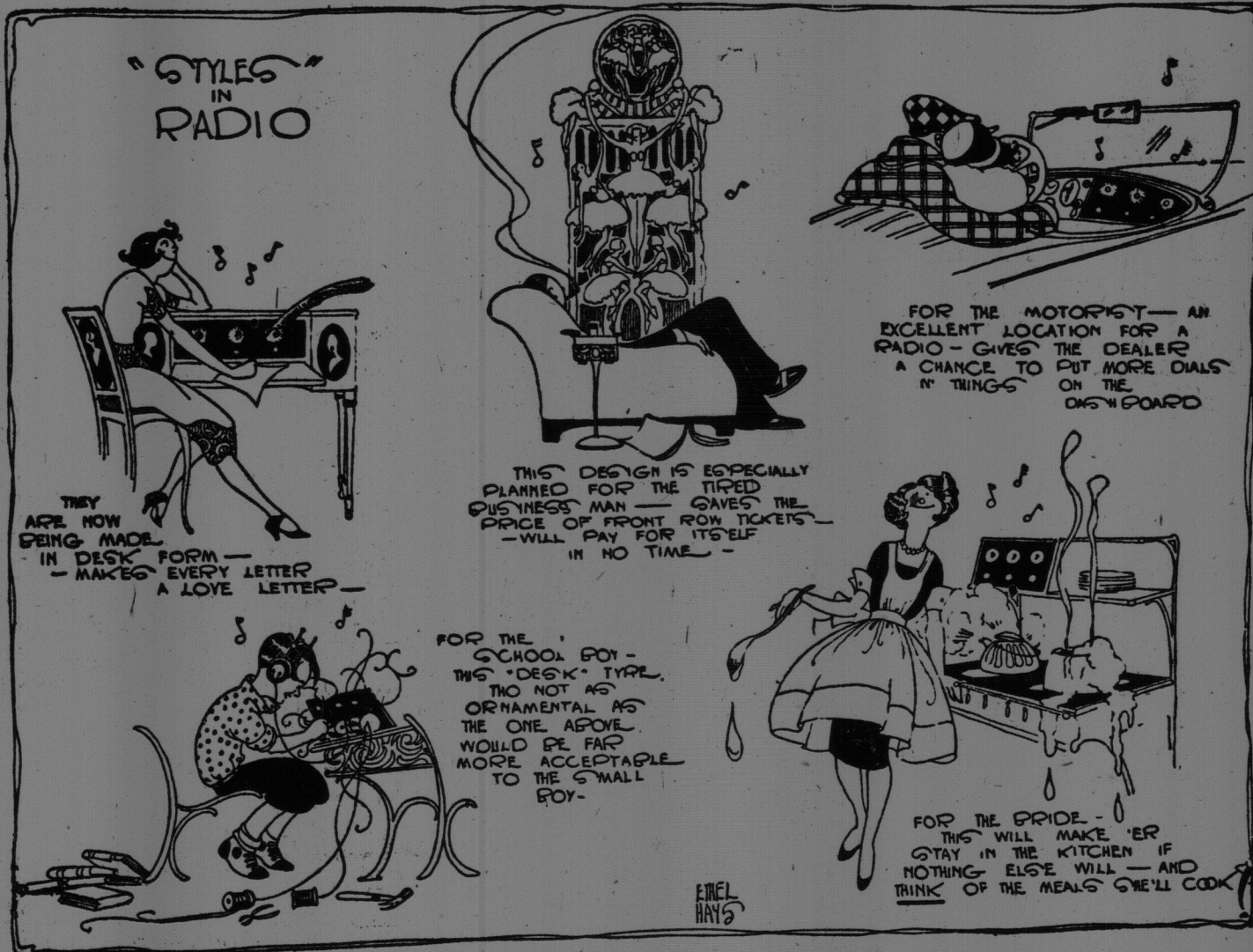
Wincarnis has been recommended by over ten thousand physicians in cases of nervousness, anemia, sleeplessness, and the general debility that accompanies a run down body. For fifty years this strength giver and nerve restorative has brought new life and happiness to weakened men and women.

Buy a bottle of Wincarnis today from your druggist—try it and see the difference just a few days will bring.

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Some Useful Hints From Ethel



Timely Views On World Topics

AN ENLIGHTENED public opinion will do much more toward furthering the cause of international peace than scores of official conferences, says Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia University.

In a recent address he said, "a basic fact with which the modern world has to reckon is that international peace cannot be secured by any statutes, declarations or agreements or by any form of political or judicial organization, but that if peace is to be permanent and unbroken it must find its basis and its guarantee in the heart of man. Governments, however popular or however powerful, are in these modern days only instruments of public opinion.

Peace Movement Progress Slow.

"Governments have it in their power by skillful use of the information and influence which are at their command to rouse public opinion in one direction or to calm it in another, but, after all, it is public opinion which must and will finally prevail. A chief business of the leaders in the movement to establish international peace must be to bring to public knowledge the real facts as to the origin, the conduct and the consequences of wars. Human nature, which has been struggling upward through the centuries, will not be made over in a day or even in a generation, but such an experience as that through which the whole world passed from 1914 to 1918 is the most powerful educational influence that could possibly be imagined. Hundreds of millions of human beings have themselves stood face to face with the holocaust of a world war. Today they are asking, not with excitement and fear, but with seriousness and high purpose, whether it is possible that all this is necessary concomitant of the march of what is satirically called civilization.

Old Novels Still Popular.

(Sunday Express, London.)

"She," "The Christian" and "Tess" are all being re-issued in serial form. It must make the younger novelists wonder. Rider Haggard is dead. Hall Caine is over seventy. Hardy is a very old man. Yet their work is reprinted, for the masses, even although it has been already read by millions, preferred to that of all the writers who seek that wide popularity which these three authors achieved many years ago. Is modern fiction losing its power to appeal? Do the great happenings that mark the life of today overwhelm the author who tries to imagine anything that will grip the world, and stimulate an imagination which reality, perhaps, already over-satisfies?

Want a Store? Use the want ad page.

With \$300 she can buy approximately a box of candy for every day in the year, whereas that kind of a husband has not brought her a nickel bag of gum drops in five years.

With \$300 she can buy her a love of a dress and a duck of a hat and a dream of a cloak, out of which she can get the peace that passes all understanding, whereas the likelihood is that she hasn't had a real good new frock for ages nor a minute's solid satisfaction for years.

PERHAPS the romantic and high-strung ladies, who are quick on the trigger, may seem a sordid view to take of the situation, but before they are done with it they find that murder is a messy thing to be mixed up in. One's jealousy has a chance to cool off in a stone cell, and one has time to reflect that it would be a good deal better to be out and free, with a neat little check in one's handbag, than to be facing the electric chair. To say nothing of haunting ghosts and accusing consciences, which are uncheerful company.

Therefore, it seems timely to call the attention of the women with wrongs who are contemplating a dark and bloody revenge to this Western woman's method of getting good and even with an unfaithful husband and the enchantress who lured him away, and at the same time reaping a neat financial profit by the transaction.

Sell him instead of killing him. Make the best bargain you can with the other woman, and remember that whatever you get for an unfaithful husband is more than he is worth.

DOROTHY DIX.
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The Peculiar Monte Blue Doesn't Want Stardom

By RUSSELL J. BIRDWELL

Monte Blue doesn't want to be a movie star. He has watched others struggle up the rough path, shine brilliantly for a night or two, and flicker out—forever. And Monte says he has worked too hard and too long to court any such fate.

So, though his name is the starring one wherever Warner Brothers' Limited "Mail" is shown, Monte doesn't take the new state of affairs with great seriousness. He insists that he is merely featured, nothing more, and he hopes nothing less.

His feeling that a real star cannot be made over night. There must be preparation and varied experience. And, following these qualifications, Monte Blue should be one of the most potent twinklers.

For Blue started years ago at the very bottom. He was working as a day laborer on the old Pine Arts studio lot. One day an argument arose among the workmen about something or other. Blue became leader of one of the fighting factions and jumping on top of a mortar box made a speech to the angry crowd about him.

D. W. Griffith saw him and called him into the office. Instead of being fired as he imagined was to be his lot, Blue was given a job of leading a mob in Griffith's next picture. And thus another wayfare, was started on the glory road.

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MONTÉ BLUE.

Family Menus

Breakfast.
Apples.
Wheat Cereal with Top Milk.
Bacon. Toast. Fried Potatoes.
Coffee.

Luncheon.
Sardine Salad. Hot Rolls.
Orange Froth. Tea.

Dinner.
Meat Substitute. Browned Potato.
Cabbage Salad. Spiced Cake.
Coffee or Substitute.

TODAY'S RECIPES.

Sardine Salad—Small sardines, one and one-half pounds of mashed potatoes, little tomato sauce, two hard-boiled eggs, some parsley. Make some mashed potatoes, season with salt, butter, pepper and milk. Have ready two sardines for every one to be served and make the mashed potatoes in little oblong cakes—one for each sardine. Place one prepared sardine on the top of each, cover with finely chopped egg and pour a little tomato sauce round them; garnish with parsley.

Orange Froth—Break the whites of two fresh eggs into a pint of heavy cream and whip it until it is stiff. Add gradually a cup of drained orange pulp, freed from skin, the pulp of two fresh lemons and three-quarters of a cup of sifted, powdered sugar. Heap this mixture on a glass dish, chill it, and garnish it with cubes of stiff red jelly and ladyfingers.

Good Meat Substitutes—To make a vegetable roast, mash a pound of cooked beans, or put them through the meat grinder, add half a pound of vinegar, salt, pepper and onion juice to flavor, and enough bread crumbs to make a stiff roll. Bake in a moderate oven, basting occasionally with water and butter, and serve with tomato sauce. Vary this recipe by the addition of other vegetables, chopped, hard-cooked eggs, dash of tabasco or Worcestershire. Lentil pudding makes another nourishing dish. Prepare one pint of lentils, then drain and press through a colander sufficiently fine to remove the hulls, season with salt and pepper; add two tablespoons of butter and sufficient milk to make the mass the consistency of mashed potatoes; put in a baking dish, cover and bake slowly for two hours. A welcome variety of this dish may be had by sometimes serving surqured with cooked prunes in the European fashion.

ADVENTURES of the TWINS

By OLIVE ROBERTS BARTON

THE END OF THE GUESSING GAME

"Who guessed the last question?" asked Mister Corn Dodger.

"I did," said Jack Horner. "It's my turn now to ask a question in the guessing game."

"So it is! So it is!" said Mister Dodger hastily. "Please go ahead, sir."

So Jack Horner said, "Who is it that becomes more important as he gets lower down in the world? He is an empty head but he is everybody's friend."

"My goodness, I don't know, do you?" said Little Tommy Green to Nancy.

"You should know," said Jack Horner. "Will you please tell some more about it?" said Mister Corn Dodger. "It is too hard by far, friend Jack."

"Well," went on Jack with a twinkle in his eye. "Well—I'll do the very best I can. Let's see! It stays out of doors and sometimes it has a spout and sometimes it has a handle. Sometimes there is only a bucket on a rope to dip down."

"Oh, I know," shouted Nick. "It's a well."

"Of course it is," said Jack Horner. "I told you two or three times."

"So he did," laughed Nancy. "But we were too stupid to understand."

"It's your turn again," said Nick. "Mister Dodger. 'Can you think of anything?'"

"Sure!" said Nick. "What has long ears and no tail?" asked Jack O'Lantern.

"That's all," said Nick. "Humph!" said the Scare Crow. "Anybody could guess that. It's a rabbit."

"No, sir!" said Nick. "It isn't." "A donkey?" the Clown guessed next.

"No, indeed," said Nick. "A donkey has a tail."

"Well, couldn't he have it cut off or something?" said the Clown.

"No, he might need his tail to switch flies off," laughed Nick. "This is no donkey, Mister Clown."

"Is it a guinea-pig?" asked Mrs. Gippy.

"No, ho!" cried Nick. "Who ever heard of a guinea pig with long ears. They have scarcely any ears at all."

"I was just asking," said Mrs. Gippy sharply. "You needn't be impolite."

Well—all the High Jinks Landers thought and thought, and finally Mister Corn Dodger said:

"I think I know what it is, because I am the fairy of the cornfield. It is corn, isn't it, Nick?"

"Yes, it is," declared Nick. "Corn has long ears and no tail. You all began to think of some animal as soon as I said 'ears' and 'tail' and you couldn't get it out of your heads."

"But I don't see why you had to say anything about its tail at all," said the Scare Crow peevishly. "When it hasn't got any."

"Just to fool you," said Nick. "Guessing games are no fun if you make them too easy."

"That's why I made mine hard, about the mouse," said Puss-in-Boots, stroking his whiskers.

"Why it wasn't hard at all. You just about told us what it was," said the Hiddle-Diddle-Dee.

"Sir!" exclaimed Puss-in-Boots. "Let's play something else," said Nancy to make peace.

A Thought

Be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee a crown of life.—Rev. 2:10.

IT DOES NOT matter whether you preach in Westminster Abbey or teach a ragged class, so you be faithful. The faithfulness is all.—George MacDonald.

Your Birthday

November 20—You have great ability, are a born leader, and very shrewd, but just a little inclined to be conceited. You are thoroughly trustworthy and reliable. You should marry early in life, but cherish love when it comes to you, and never give ways to fits of distrust and anger.

Your birth-stone is the topaz, which means fidelity.

Your flower is the chrysanthemum. Your lucky color is grey.

THE LAST FRONTIER

Matter Is Nothing But Eternal Movement

By DAVID DIETZ

MATTER, what you and I and everything else are made of, is nothing more than the tiniest movements of the tiniest particles known to mankind.

The movements scientists call waves. The particles they call electrons.

Sitting in convention at Madison, Wis., the greatest scientists of the United States heard one of their number tell them how he believed matter resulted from the formerly unknown movements of electrons—how, in effect, the world and those upon it might have been created.

The informer is Prof. Robert A. Millikan, world famed physicist, 1923 winner of the Nobel prize in physics for his achievements in isolating the electron and measuring it as the ultimate unit of matter, now director of the physical laboratory of the California Institute of Technology.

Millikan's explanation of the beginning of matter may be a reply to anti-evolutionists who contend scientists have no answer to the Biblical story of the creation. According to his theory, creation was a long drawn-out process, extending over millions, even billions of years, and consisted of the union of electrons as they darted through space in short, speedy wave movements, the shortest scientists ever conceived.

To understand this sort of union is to go back to an explanation of the structure of matter and the wave motions that are continually going on about us. Years ago, it was believed that the smallest particle into which any sort of matter could be divided was the atom.

Chemists were able to subdivide matter into about 90 elements, each of which constituted a definite atom. But later research uncovered the fact that even the atom consisted of smaller particles and that these particles were in constant motion among themselves and at times in connection with particles of other atoms.

These smaller particles they call electrons, and upon these scientists lay the basis of many electrical theories that have been broached in the past few years.

Electrons now are mostly contained in atoms, and are thus confined in definite matter. But there are billions and billions of free electrons around us, always searching for some sort of union with others.

These electrons travel in a wave-like motion, at the rate of 186,000 miles a second, the speed of light.

They can't be seen because they are too tiny, and even their motions can't be detected, except by extremely fine instruments, because these motions are too slight and speedy.

The smallest waves which mankind has been able to detect are known as gamma rays. These are one of the three forms of rays emitted by radium and other radio-active substances.

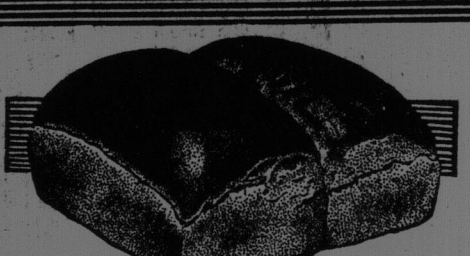
The most popular form of waves known to us is the light wave from the sun. But what we see consists of a fraction of the waves that are emitted from the sun and shot into space. There are much larger waves and much smaller waves, too large and too small for the human eye to detect. Going further down the scale of wavelengths we come to ultra-violet, then to X-rays, so tiny that about 100,000,000 of them can be measured within the length of one centimeter, or about a third of an inch.

Gamma rays are 1000 times tinier than these.

And now comes these tiniest of waves or movements that Millikan describes, 100 times shorter than the gamma rays. And the tinier they are the speedier they are, for they all are such as to be able to traverse space at the rate of 186,000 miles a second.

It is these remarkably tiny, speedy waves of electrons, the ultimate in nature, speeding here and there through space, therefore, that Millikan describes as being the forerunner of the world today. They have been moving about through space for eons and eons and they will continue doing so for eons longer.

Matter is continually forming and breaking up. That it is forming through the union of speedy electrons in space is the latest explanation science has to offer.



Opposites Baked Together

Put a bit of novelty on your bread plate. You don't have to lay in any more Bread to have two kinds. Two half size loaves come baked together in Robinson's Half-and-Half.

At one end—White Butter-Nut. The other part—Butter-Nut baked with Whole Wheat flour. You know what diet experts say about Whole Wheat flour. If some still want White, you can make everybody happy by ordering

Robinson's
½ and ½



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How you will enjoy the wonderful flavor of BENSON'S GOLDEN SYRUP on Waffles and Pancakes.

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