

INTERESTING

A Feature Page of Interest to Everyone

INSTRUCTIVE

Dorothy Dix

A Lesson for Disgruntled Wives in This Woman's Philosophy—Should the Old-Fashioned Girl Who Doesn't Attract Men Imitate the Flapper or Be Herself?—Should His Peculiar Name Prevent Marriage?

DEAR MISS DIX—I am a wife and the mother of four small children. We have almost nothing in the way of money, but we are rich in love and happiness. I know what it is to go for months without a single new garment, but I do not know what it is to go a single day without some expression of my husband's tenderness and consideration for me. I have lived upon the simplest food, but I have fasted on appreciation and understanding and good comradeship.

Love has made all of my hardships so bearable that sometimes I amuse myself by contrasting my lot with that of some of my friends and acquaintances. The other day the young wife of a prosperous business man, who gives her all the luxuries I cannot have, stopped by my baby's carriage, and looking up at me with tears in her eyes, said: "I want a baby more than anything else on earth." And as she moved away, I said to myself, "I wouldn't change places with you."

I have a friend, a fine and lovely woman, with a household of children. Each month her husband sends her a big check, and she has plenty of money to live on, but he sends it by mail, for he has deserted her for another woman. I wouldn't change places with her.

A middle-aged woman living very near me is well-to-do and has a fine home, but her husband is dead, and all of her children have married and gone to other States, and she rarely sees them. She lives alone in her empty house, with only the memory of little arms around her neck and the noise and bustle and confusion of a happy home. I wouldn't change places with her.

A couple near me live together, but they fight all the time, even when they go out together. The wife nags and scolds, the husband grouches and curses. There is no love or comradeship between them. Marriage to them is a martyrdom that they are not even trying to bear bravely. I wouldn't change places with that woman.

An extremely wealthy woman I know has everything. Fine house. Big machine. Servants. Trips to Europe. Beautiful clothes. Jewels. But her husband is never at home of an evening. The story of his infidelities is on every lip, and he insults her by flaunting his philandering in her very face. I wouldn't change places with her.

Perhaps if other women would follow my example, and contrast their burdens with those that other women have to bear, they would find that they were not so badly off after all. HAPPY WIFE.

ANSWER: I commend your philosophy to the consideration of all disgruntled and dissatisfied women everywhere. For we all make the mistake of looking up and not down, and of envying those who are more fortunate than we are, instead of congratulating ourselves that we are luckier than those who are worse off than we are.

We pity ourselves because we are not rich and healthy and beautiful and beloved, and we forget that no one is so supremely blessed as to have all the good things of life. Always there is something lacking. Always there is the pebble in the shoe, the secret sorrow, the bitter disappointment.

Each heart knoweth its own bitterness, and if there really were a Trade Exchange where we could go and swap off our personal grievances for another's, the chances are that we would not make the trade. We would keep our own crosses, which we have grown accustomed to bearing, and which we have somehow fitted to our own backs.

The overworked, nerve-frazzled mother of many children may envy the idleness and quiet of the childless woman, but when it came to the pinch, she would not exchange places with her. The poor, shabby woman who has a good husband who loves her, and who has the fine clothes of the rich woman whose husband neglects her, but she would not change places with her. And, perhaps, the woman who is accustomed to a quiet and orderly home would not have her peace disturbed by a lot of children, nor would the rich woman surrender her pearls even for a jewel of a husband.

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Most happiness is self-made, and there is no better recipe for concocting it than just to make the best of what we have, and to satisfy ourselves with our lot. DOROTHY DIX.

DEAR MISS DIX—I am a plain, simple, old-fashioned girl, interested in the worth-while things of life, but that kind of girl doesn't seem to appeal to men. I have a friend, a fine and lovely woman, with a household of children. Each month her husband sends her a big check, and she has plenty of money to live on, but he sends it by mail, for he has deserted her for another woman. I wouldn't change places with her.

ANSWER: To be a flapper you must be born a flapper. You can't make a successful imitation flapper of yourself by doling yourself up in flapper clothes and plastering your face with cosmetics.

For the very essence of flapperism is spiritual. It is lightness. It is something mercurial, intangible, and it is unattainable to a girl with real brains, with a real heart, with a real sense of life being something more than a jazz party.

So don't try it. You would always be trying to pull your skirts over your bare knees. You would always be conscious of your paint. You would never get the right wiggle into the Charleston, and you would never be able to throw enough abandon into your getting to make it interesting.

Many girls make the mistake of trying to do things that they cannot do, because they see some other girl who is popular pulling that line. They try to be vivacious when they are sober-sided, or to be cute when they are big and dignified by nature, with the result that they make themselves ridiculous. They giggle incessantly trying to be gay. They romp about like performing elephants, and lose all the dignity and charm they might have had if they kept to their own role.

So be yourself, and if no man admires you, as a sweet, modest, old-fashioned girl, it is his loss. DOROTHY DIX.

DEAR DOROTHY DIX—I am engaged to a very wonderful man, but my parents object to my marrying him because he has a very curious name, which they ridicule. His queer name doesn't bother me. Do you think it should keep me from marrying him? J. L.

ANSWER: Certainly not. A rose by any other name, you know, would smell as sweet. But if the name is really grotesque, why not get him to have it changed by the Legislature. I would hate to go on passing an ugly name to my children, and it must be a comfort to have a romantic memento to engrave on your cards. DOROTHY DIX

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Little Joe

OUTDOOR SPORTS ARE WHAT OUTDOOR SPORTS ARE STRONG FOR

RESERVED SEALS

GOOD COMBINATION

Use the Want Ad. Way

Use the Want Ad. way

Constant Inconstancy

Illustration of various fashion styles with text: 'STYLES MAY BE FLIGHTY BUT THEY ARE CONSISTENT', 'THE COPIED COLLARS, SWATHING SKIRTS, AND ARMORED ARMS OF YESTER-YEAR—AS COMPARED TO OUR NECKLESS, SLEEVELESS AND ALMOST SKIRTLESS FROCK OF TO-DAY', 'THE SAME OLD-FASHIONED TRIPLE OF THEIR TENTACLE NIGHTCLOTHES', 'JUST AS OUR NIGHTGOWNS ARE CONSISTENT WITH OUR DAY CLOTHES', '—AND LASTLY—EVEN IN OUR EACH COSTUMES—AS COMPARED TO THE COVERED WAGON ON THE LEFT—WE ARE COLLARLESS, SLEEVELESS AND SKIRTLESS!'

Flapper Fanny Says



By Marie Belmont

Since the vogue of tailored clothes for street wear, designers have been at a loss to know how to make the riding habit more tailored for charming contrast. Cross-barred tweed serves for the coat and its background is matched for the breeches which are done in a light sand color. The boots are brown patent leather, polished like big brother's hair. One of the smart features of this riding habit is the tailored silk blouse with its bright green necktie. The hat is light sand color like the breeches and the ribbon band is bright green like the necktie.

IN NEW YORK SEE-SAWING UP and DOWN BROADWAY

IT IS amusing that I should have to come to New York in order to be wakened in the morning by a "village blacksmith."

During a youth spent in small Michigan towns, I recall walking down many side streets in order to watch the "village smithy."

And now, just a few doors from my apartment in this garish metropolis the clanking anvil from one F. Redington's horse shoe emporium beats my alarm clock by several hours.

SUCH are the incongruities of Manhattan that blacksmith shops are thrust into the most unexpected neighborhoods, many of them having a history dating back to early New York when the horses were actually shod under a "spreading chestnut tree," or whatever tree was native to the neighborhood.

The small boys, and some not so small, wait about the shop to get cast away horse shoes for the good old game of horse shoe pitching, which is played in many a back yard.

AND to think that all my boyhood days in small towns I had to track down the pungent smell that follows the application of a hot iron to a horse's hoof. And now in the "greatest city" it wafts into my window of mornings. And I would just as soon it were a performer's shop instead.

BUT there are many who try to keep a touch of the country life they left behind them. In one apartment, the rent of which, I happen to know, is \$150 a month, a little wire cage is built and therein lives a rabbit, now quite tame. And each evening a young lady takes it out on leash and lets it nibble grass from a tiny plot along the sidewalk. And on Sundays she takes it to Central Park where the grass is a bit more plentiful. GILBERT SWAN.

FOR LUNCHEON Peanut butter sandwiches on brown bread are very nourishing for children, and highly satisfactory to their appetites.

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Manchester Robertson Allison (Limited) KING STREET - CORNHILL STREET - MARKET SQUARE Carry a Complete Range of Dominion Linoleum Floor Coverings.

All Sizes and Patterns at BRAGER BROS., LTD. We Prepay Freight Charges 51-55 King Square

Menus for the Family

AMERICANISM—"Aw, gee, Papa; a nickel ain't no good."

MENU HINT

Breakfast: Fresh Pineapple, Oatmeal with Top Milk, Milk Toast, Coffee. Dinner: Cold Roast of Veal, Creamed Potatoes, Molded Vegetable Salad, Buttered Beans, Lemon Sherbet, Coffee or Iced Tea. Supper: Macaroni and Cheese, Radishes, Green Onions, Whole Wheat Bread and Butter, Berries or Stewed Fruit, Cake, Tea.

TODAY'S RECIPES

Milk Toast—Toast one-half inch thick slices of bread a light brown. Have ready a white sauce made of a tablespoon flour, a little salt and paprika, two cups milk cooked until thick. Pour over the toast. Lemon Sherbet—One lemon, juice and grated rind, one cup sugar, two cups milk. Freeze. The whites of three eggs beaten stiff may be added to this sherbet before freezing if liked.

Fashion Fancies.

What you hear never seems so important as what you overhear.

ON THE MOON BOAT Nancy blinked and Nick blinked and the Dream-Maker Man blinked and everything. Because it was all dark and their airplane had smashed to pieces when they fell. But neither of the Twins felt hurt a bit. Nothing seemed to hurt on the moon.

"But there! They were not even hurt they had fallen on the moon, for the moon had disappeared mysteriously after they started up on their airplane ride, and it was still very dark.

"I wonder where we are," said the Dream-Maker Man. "It can't be the moon."

"And it can't be Mars, or Jupiter, or Venus, for they shine," said Snore. "And it can't be the Milky Way or the Dipper, or the North Star," said Nancy. "For they shine, too."

"You're a wise little boy," said Nick. "You're a wise little boy," said the Dream-Maker Man. "Yes, we must be somewhere."

Suddenly a small light appeared in the distance. It looked, at first, like a lightning bug, then it looked like a candle and then it looked like a lantern. And that's what it was. It kept getting nearer and nearer, and they could see that it was a lantern and that somebody was carrying it.

"Did I hear something?" asked the voice of the person who was carrying the lantern. "You certainly did," said Snore. "My airplane fell out of the sky. We were traveling from the east side of the moon to the west side of the moon to call on the Man-in-the-Moon, when suddenly the moon got lost. Then I ran out of gasoline and my airplane fell and here we are."

"Well, I declare!" said the person with the lantern again. "You could not have hit it better if you had tried." And with that he raised his lantern so they could see his face, and who should it be but the Man-in-the-Moon himself!

"I suppose you are wondering how it comes that the moon is so dark and everything. You are on the moon now, yes, sir! You're standing right on it. In fact you are standing right in my opinion patch, but that doesn't matter. I put the last of my onions in my cold pea porridge last night. But to go back to the moon, I'll tell you why it is dark. Just after you left, there was an eclipse."

"An eclipse!" cried the Dream-Maker Man and Snore and the Twins. "You don't say so?"

"Yes, I do say so," said the Man-in-the-Moon. "A total eclipse, and the moon got as dark as All Baba's cave. I forgot about it myself and I was sorry, when—poof! out she went like that. And me all lathered up!"

"Well, well, well!" laughed the Dream-Maker-Man. "I certainly forgot that time. I forgot all about eclipses."

"Say," said the Man-in-the-Moon, "if you wait a few minutes the moon will turn into a boat. We can all go for a ride in it, if you like."

To Be Continued

ADVENTURES of the TWINS by OLIVE ROBERTS BARTON

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To Be Continued

A Thought For no man ever yet hated his own flesh; but nourisheth and cherisheth it.—Eph. 5:29.

SELFISHNESS is that detestable vice which no one will forgive in others, and no one is without it himself.—Henry Ward Beecher.

REDUCE RICH PORTIONS. In summer menus require less actual cooking but more planning than in winter. Fresh fruits, vegetables, milk and cool drinks must be featured.

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CARNATION DOUGHNUTS—Two-thirds cup sugar, 1 1/2 tbsp. butter, 2 eggs, 3 tbsp. Carnation Milk diluted with 5 tbsp. water, 5 tsp. baking powder, 1/2 tsp. salt, 1/4 tsp. cinnamon, 1/4 tsp. nutmeg, 4 cups bread flour, lard or compound for frying. Cream the butter and sugar, then add the beaten eggs and cream until light and fluffy. Sift the baking powder, salt and spices with the measured flour and add them, with the diluted milk, to the creamed mixture. Combine quickly, stirring with a fork as one would stir biscuit. Toss one-third of the mixture on a slightly-floured board and knead just enough to obtain a smooth doughnut. Pat or roll out to one-third inch thickness. Cut with a doughnut cutter. Handle as little as possible to keep the dough soft. Fry in deep, hot fat having a temperature of 350° to 370° F., or hot enough to brown a one-inch cube of bread in six seconds. The time required for cooking is from one and one-half to two minutes, depending upon the size of the doughnut. Drain on soft paper and, if preferred, roll in confectioner's sugar.

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