

INTERESTING

A Feature Page of Interest to Everyone

INSTRUCTIVE

Dorothy Dix

When a Man Marries It is Not So Important for Him to Pick the Best Match as It is That He be Deeply in Love—If He Thinks of Her Happiness First, if He Loves Her Mind as Much as Her Looks, if He Yearns to Work for Her, He's Truly in Love.

A YOUNG man wants to know by what infallible signs he can tell when he is really genuinely in love—when he has a case of incurable heart complaint and when he is merely afflicted with a passing fancy from which he will be completely recovered within a week.



DOROTHY DIX

Alas, son, you have asked the riddle of the ages that nobody has been able to answer. For the symptoms in the fatal attack and the sporadic case are precisely the same.

IN BOTH you have the same gone feeling, the same hectic fever, the same thrills and palpitations, the same delusions that make you see an ordinary commonplace girl as a pin-fathered angel; and in both you have the same delicious desire to babble irrational nonsense to her. When you are first smitten down by this malady there is no earthly way to tell whether it is love or lovelets. Yet on a man's ability to diagnose his own case correctly depends much more than life or death. His happiness and that of the woman are at stake.

In matrimony, son, it is not so important for you to pick out the ideal girl or even the girl who is most suited to you as it is for you to be head over heels in love with her.

IN THE days of courtship we are always asking the party of the other part: "Do you love me?" If we were wiser we would not waste our breath on that query. Instead we should spend our time with our fingers on our own pulses and our thermometers on our own hearts, asking ourselves: "Do I really love this man, or this woman?"

For if we love enough it does not matter much who or what the beloved one is. If we love enough we never see the other's faults. If we love enough we never grow weary of the other one. If we love enough we never cease to thrill at the touch of the adored hand or the glance of beloved eyes. But when our own love fails, not all the charms, not all the fascinations, not all the virtues or all the beauty in the world can make one single thread in our breast. When we ourselves cease to love the game is played out, the romance over, the curtain is down and all the remainder is cinders, ash and dust.

THEREFORE, don't worry so much over whether the girl loves you as whether you love the girl, for a man starts out in matrimony with virtually all of the available supply of domestic affection that he is ever going to have, and he needs a pretty big drawing account of it to stand the drafts that matrimony makes upon it.

So, study your own heart well, son, and begin by testing your love and finding out whether it is of the senses or of the soul.

For if it be of the senses it will be a quick, fierce fire of tinder that will burn itself out swiftly and leave your heartstone cold and dead. But if it be of the soul it will be a sacred flame, miraculously fed from on high, that will burn as long as you live.

THE reason why there are so many ungenial marriages is because so many people mistake physical attraction for deathless affection, and when passion is dead all is dead between them.

Another test of love is congeniality. A poet has said: "Unless you can make in a crowd all day on an absent face that has fixed you, then never say you love."

Nonetheless the acid test of love is not absence but presence. It is easy enough to be romantic and weave halos around a girl who is far away; but the question is how does she affect you when she is at your side? Have you the same interests and tastes? Do you enjoy the same things? Are you two souls with but a single thought, or do you find yourself fighting over all sorts of trivial things?

IF you are always arguing and quarrelling, even though you always kiss and make up you have only the surface attraction of opposites that is as brittle as glass and that will not last longer than the honeymoon. But if you have a deep and abiding peace and joy in each other's society, if you think alike and see eye to eye, then you may be very sure that your feeling is the genuine blown-in-the-bottle love and not a substitute.

Another test of love is to find out how you react to the girl's conversation. More love is killed by boredom than anything else, and you may be very sure that your affection for any woman will perish of starvation if she has not something to feed it upon except sugary love-making.

BEFORE marriage you may be enthralled by having a girl tell you over a million times how wonderful and strong and brave she thinks you are. But that line of conversation stops at the altar, and she will lose you surely.

Unless you find that you love a girl's mind and soul, and admire them just as much as you do her physical attractions, distrust your affection for her. It won't stand the strain of everyday living. You will get over it as soon as she loses her complexion and her figure and you have to summon all your courage to endure her twaddle.

AS THE final test of your love is your attitude toward the woman herself. How about your desire to stand before her and shield her from every hardship, if you are not willing to sacrifice yourself for her, if you do not think of her happiness and well-being before your own, you do not love her.

But if the very thought of her makes you feel like getting down on your knees and thanking God for having given you a clear brain and a big strong body so that you can take care of her; if it makes you roll up your sleeves and set your jaws and go at your life work with every bit of brain and brawn that is in you, because every lick brings her closer to you and makes the little home of your dreams more of a reality, then, son, you may safely conclude that your affection is of the all-wool-and-a-yard-wide variety that will stand the wear and tear of matrimonial life.

IN LOVE, take Davey Crockett's advice: "Be sure you are right, then go ahead."

DOROTHY DIX.

Fifty More Enroll At Vocational School

Nearly 50 additional pupils enrolled at the Saint John Vocational School on Saturday and the register of enrollment had 298 names last night, it was said by Fletcher Peacock, director of the school. The enrollment is only officially opened today and classes in the school are to commence next week. As there is only accommodation for 400

of the day school pupils this season the probability of all accommodation being taken was considered a certainty last night.

This afternoon and evening those who graduated from the city schools this year or last year have been invited to inspect the Vocational School and learn of its classes. They are the last special group for whom a visiting day was arranged.

The first staff meeting will take place in the Vocational School on Tuesday evening.

The evening gown above has a long slender bodice of amber chiffon. The skirt is made in petal-like flounces of chiffon in amber colorings. The rosette is of taffeta. With this frock is worn a long string of amber beads.

By MARIE BELMONT

Amber is a delightful shade for evening, especially when it is exploited in velvet. This particular fabric seems to bring out all the beauty of the amber lights.

The evening gown above has a long slender bodice of amber chiffon. The skirt is made in petal-like flounces of chiffon in amber colorings. The rosette is of taffeta. With this frock is worn a long string of amber beads.

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Then and Now

COOLING THOUGHTS FOR HOT DAYS

THE VERY THOUGHT OF THOSE PUFFS AND VELVET BANDS

THINK OF WHAT OUR FOREFATHERS USED TO WEAR

—AND BE THANKFUL!

—MAKES OUR POP SEEM EVEN COOLER!

—AND THEN YOU'LL REALIZE, NOW LICKY, —AND COOL WE ARE, TO-DAY!

—NO COMPARED TO OUR GANDAL-LIKE SLIPPERS —AND NO SKIRTS AT ALL!

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Menus for the Family

MENU HINT

Breakfast

Cereal with Bran

Top Milk

Muffins

Coffee

Lunches

Ham and Potato Salad

Apple and Celery Salad

Brown Bread

Milk

Dinner

Beauregard Eggs

Sliced Tomatoes

Baked Potatoes

Apple Pie

Tea

TODAY'S RECIPES

Muffins—Sift together two cups of

flour, two teaspoons baking powder, one

teaspoon salt, one or two tablespoons

sugar (as liked). Make indentations in

centre of sifted ingredients. Into it put

one cup milk, one egg, one tablespoon

melted shortening. Beat thoroughly and

bake in gem pans.

Spice Cake—One cup sugar, one-half

cup molasses, one-half cup lard, one

scant cup hot water, two eggs, one tea-

spoon cinnamon, one teaspoon cloves,

two teaspoons soda, two and one-half

cups flour, some salt. Stir well. This

batter may seem a little thin, but do

not add more flour.

Spice Cake—One cup sugar, one-half

cup molasses, one-half cup lard, one

scant cup hot water, two eggs, one tea-

spoon cinnamon, one teaspoon cloves,

two teaspoons soda, two and one-half

SEE-SAWING ON BROADWAY

NEW YORK, Aug. 30.—The "charac-

ter" of Wall street are quite as well known to those who pass their days in the financial center as are the world-famed magnates.

Thus there is Mary, "the apple woman," who has peddled her fruit in and around the Exchange for years. There is John D. Rockefeller's building.

There's an old shoe-shine man and a newspaper vendor at a subway entrance, an old woman who sells gum on the steps of one of the elevators, a barber who had the custom of many notables, a waiter or two who have served half the millionaires in America.

And there's Ted, the bootblack. Or Theodore, as he prefers it. His real name is Tony Something-or-other, stand decorator of the building at No. 1 Wall street.

Theodore arrived on these shores way back in the early seventies and for more than 50 years he has "shined-up" for the financial aristocracy.

His greeting to office boy and magazine sales was—"Shine 'em up!" Perhaps his manner did change a bit when some particularly important notable took the seat. But for everybody Theodore had a "line." He had never learned to read and he could not write his name, but he certainly had learned the "American lingo." His chatter for years has proved entertaining.

He boasted of having Ulysses Grant as a customer when the former president was

and Civil War hero was in the banking business. He has a boot-shining acquaintance with Charles Evans Hughes and George F. Baker, the financial king, an old customer.

Yet it is not recorded that all the magnates of Wall street were more liberal than the transient figures of Broadway, or elsewhere.

Certainly none of the street's "characters" seem to have made enough to retire. Nor is it recorded that many of them made fortunes from "tips" on the market.

Yet, for years, Theodore has hoped to get enough money together to see Italy once more. Whether or not he might have succeeded is conjectural.

The other day one of the wealthiest corporation lawyers decided that Theodore would be good company on a trans-Atlantic trip.

Theodore thought it a joke. But the lawyer was serious.

The bootblack of Wall street will travel in state soon, guest of one of the nation's biggest legal figures.

Not long ago a certain barber went as guest of a wealthy broker.

Wall street, apparently, has some few minutes for values other than financial.

GILBERT SWAN.

"MY DEAR, the doctor says a brisk walk before going to bed will cure my insomnia."

"Well," returned his wife, "I'll clear the room so that you can walk! And you may as well take the baby with you."

TOBACCONIST (to new boy): "I'm starting you in on five dollars a week, but you'll get more as soon as you know the ropes."

SUSSEX FIRM GETS Furniture Order

SUSSEX, Aug. 29.—The Wallace Mfg. Co. are rapidly increasing their output of high class school furniture.

Not long ago they were the successful tenderers for new desks and chairs for the Marks street school at St. Stephen.

They have now received an order from the Campbell school for furniture to equip both the domestic science and manual training departments.

THE RHYMING OPTIMIST

By Aline Michaelis

There's always lots of sunshine, though sometimes, for a day, its gleams of gold may not unfold on your appointed way. There's always joy in plenty, and love and trust abound; some tears must fall, but back of all waits happiness profound. Oh, folly lies in grieving, the wise forget their pain; let bright visions waft, it's largely what you're seeking that you will ever find of joy or woe; though all winds blow, the most are not unkind. Two ways are always offered; shall yours be surety the trend of all your years. There's nothing new about it, no starting theme is here, yet these are ways to happy days of sweet content and cheer.

A Thought

If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us.—1 John 1:8.

THERE is the seed of all sins—the vilest and worst of sins—in the best of men.—Thomas Brooks.

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