

INTERESTING

# A Feature Page of Interest to Everyone

INSTRUCTIVE

## Dorothy Dix

Advice to the Boy of 23 Who is a Business Failure—How to Acquire Tact—Do Women Ever Learn to Know Their Hearts?

DEAR DOROTHY DIX—I am a young man aged 23, single. I have never amounted to anything in life. Have tried business for myself. Also working for the other fellow. Both failures. I have no trade or profession, of any kind. Would like to do something worthwhile, but I haven't any patience unless everything comes my way.

I am in love with a sweet girl and would like very much to marry her. What would you do in my position? UNDECIDED.

ANSWER: Well, to begin with, I should have too much pride and manhood about me to ask any girl to marry me until I made something of myself that was worth her taking and until I could offer her a decent living.

If I loved a girl I would think too much of her to be willing for her to marry a shiftless ne'er-do-well who couldn't keep her in bread and butter and shoes.

So begin by putting the marriage proposition out of your head until you have earned the right to marry. Let this girl be your goal, and the way you hustle to get her will be the measure of your desire for her.

Then, if I were you, I would sit down and have a heart-to-heart session with myself, in which I would take stock of my abilities and try to decide on the thing that I had the most aptitude for doing. Next I would go to work and learn how to be an expert in that line. The day has gone by, if there ever was such a time, for the lack of all sense. In this day of fierce competition you must know how to do some one particular thing, and do it better than the other fellow, if you hope to succeed. Finally, having decided on my trade or profession, I would stick to it.

The men who are always changing about from one occupation to another accomplish nothing and get nowhere. There is more to learn about carpentering or the green-grocery trade or law or medicine than any one human being can ever master in a lifetime, even if he devotes his entire time to the study of that one subject. So if you perpetually shift from one job to another you never acquire the skill or knowledge in anything that is worth paying for.

Nor do the men succeed who are always moving from place to place and who think they have riches waiting for them in some distant place. Opportunity knocks on just as many doors at Squeak as it does in New York or London or Paris and just as many men make a fortune at home as do abroad.

I wouldn't waste five minutes looking for an easy job, because there are no easy jobs that have a blue ribbon tag on them. Every man who succeeds buys success with sweat and labor, with self-denial, with weariness, with the grim courage that made him hang on through anxiety and despair that ate out his very soul. Every dollar of every fortune is wet with the life blood of the man that earned it.

Nor should I throw up a job because I got tired of it and it ceased to interest me and I thought I would like something else better. There is no work in the world of which you will not weary at times. Anything by which you earn your living and which you do over and over again every day gets to be a deadly grind.

There isn't a worker who doesn't often have to force himself to his labor. But if he has the will power to do it the reaction comes and he recovers the joy of the craftsman and goes on to success, while the quitter tails and goes to the discard.

At 23, my boy, your fate is in your own hands. You can go to work and make of yourself what you will. Five years from now you can be happy, prosperous and self-respecting. Or you can go on as you are now and be nothing—a failure—a loser—drifting about from ill-paid job to ill-paid job. The decision is up to you. DOROTHY DIX.

DEAR DOROTHY DIX—I am writing for information regarding being diplomatic and tactful. Is it a gift or can it be cultivated? I am told that I lack tact and I would like to correct my fault. I can. SUSAN.

ANSWER: Tact is simply the golden rule put into execution. It is treating others as we would like to have them treat us.

Of course, in its highest expression, tact is a gift of the gods. Some persons are born with it. They have a sixth sense that makes them know intuitively how to keep off the grass of other people's feelings. They never bring up unpleasant subjects. They never offer gratuitous criticisms. They never utter intentional unkind things that cut you like a knife. They never get into arguments.

They are always welcomed everywhere, for their presence is as soothing as oil upon the troubled waters of daily life.

On the other hand, the tactless person is always like a bull in a china shop. He smashes things right and left. He offends without intending it. He hurts where he means to be kind. And he stirs up strife wherever he goes.

The tactless woman can never resist talking about dishonesty to a woman whose son has defaulted or telling stories of faithless men to a wife whose husband is a philanderer. She tells the mother of a delicate only child that it looks tubercular and jokes with the woman of 35 about becoming an old maid. She asks the fat woman if she hasn't put on ten pounds and tells the sallow woman how unbecoming her new green hat is to her. She can't even give you a present without making it an insult, and she asks her husband for money just before dinner.

She may be the best and kindest of women, but she is a human steamroller that flattens out everybody in her pathway and she is feared and avoided accordingly.

Of course, the very best brand of tact is that which comes by nature, but anybody can acquire it.

One has only to say to one's self, "Would I like some one to do or say that to me?" I like some one to tell me that my new frock is too young for me or that I am not rearing my children right or that they have heard the story I am telling before? And if the says have it, then suppress your candid opinion and keep silence.

And, on the other hand, if there are certain things that you would like to have said to you, then they are the things to say to other persons. DOROTHY DIX.

DEAR MISS DIX—I am a girl of 18 and I am going to be married. They tell me that I am too young to marry; that I don't know my own mind. I resent this, for in affairs of the heart there is no woman who knows her own mind, regardless of age. No woman knows but that tomorrow her heart may set her mind in an entirely different angle from what it is today. In fact, I think that the older a woman gets the more foolish she becomes. I would like to know what you have to say along these lines. ANNA T. M.

Perhaps there are girls of 18 who have reached their full maturity who know all that they are ever going to know and whose ideals and tastes will never change. I hope you are not one of them, Anna, because to have reached the limit of your development at 18 would put you in the class of high-grade morons.

I trust that you are going on growing mentally, changing your viewpoint, getting a broader outlook, so that in five or ten years from now you will look back on what you were at 18 with as much amusement as you do now at what you were at 8. And then you will wonder at the things that intrigue you so now, just as you wonder that you could have been so interested in playing dolls.

And you are mistaken, Anna, in thinking that the older a woman gets the more foolish she gets. Just living is an education in itself. DOROTHY DIX.

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## A Few Up To The Minute Pointers



## DAILY MOVIE SERVICE News Notes From Movieland

By Daisy Dean  
UNIVERSAL is elevating one of its actresses, Laura La Plante, to stardom. The blonde comedienne who first was seen on the screen in Charles Ray's "The Old Swimmin' Hole" and has since been lending body in a number of Universal pictures, will be starred in a new picture now that she has completed her work in "Poker Faces".

She was born in East St. Louis but soon moved to the west coast and was educated in Los Angeles. After being graduated from high school Laura went to the casting offices and got a part in Charles Ray's picture. She also appeared in the cast of "The Treasurer" and "Dangerous Innocence". "Skinner's Dress Suit" and others.

A chess expert was employed to superintend the game which Marion Davies plays in "Beverly of Graustark". The expert worked out each move for the players. If the actors had made a single false move no doubt scores of chess fans would have written in complaining of the inaccuracy when the film was shown.

All of the sailors used in "The Barren", adapted from the novel by Rex Beach, are able seamen. The boat had to be navigated in particular positions so that the sunlight might be had at just the right angle, so real sailors were essential. Fearing that a crowd of sailors and extras would result in confusion, the director went to a shipping office and hired a full sized crew who were willing to don grease paint, act and run the boat.

The bootlegging "industry" furnishes the plot for "Red Dice," Rod La Rocque's latest picture.

"The Nervous Wreck" will be produced in the spring by Christie. It was a recent stage success.

Is this your BIRTHDAY? MARCH 6—Good Judgment; a knack of seeing things as they really are. Many March 6 men take to army discipline particularly well. Self-reliance is generally one of their characteristics. If a man, you do not jump to conclusions, and very likely rather distrust people who do. You want reasons for things. If a woman, you may be, on the contrary, too ready to believe in people and things. You should have a happy marriage.

Your birth-stone is a bloodstone, which means presence of mind. Your flower is a violet. Your lucky color is white.

MARCH 7—You are a careful, methodical person, but plan things that you do not even attempt, because of your extreme caution. You are very tender-hearted, and will often allow others to impose upon you rather than hurt their feelings. Cultivate more courage, and take love when it comes to you. Never listen to gossip.

Your birth-stone is a bloodstone, which means presence of mind. Your flower is a violet. Your lucky color is white.

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## IN NEW YORK SEE SAWING UP and DOWN BROADWAY

THANKS to the wreckers and the padlockers, New York fast is being stripped of its most colorful and famed spots.

If you would see the Manhattan that was, make haste. Else you will be greeted by—"Oh yes, this is the place where..." And if you have wandered the New York byways, and in these wanderings have been intrigued by a certain spot—then make double haste! For even as your train rushes across the nation the hand of the wrecker may be upon it.

Already the finest of the mid-town Fifth Avenue mansions are making way for huge apartment buildings. The historic eating places boast a handful of survivors, thanks to prohibition and the fact that humans now seem to prefer diversion to good food.

AND now the Saracenic minarets of Temple Emanu El, which bring a breath of the Orient to the very heart of the Fifth Avenue shopping belt, are to disappear.

Here, above all other spots in New York, was a haunting echo from an older world founded in a rushing and bustling new world. Hemmed in by a rising skyline, by steel and stone monuments to modern architecture, this exotic thing of mosaic and flagstone has often seemed to me a symbol—yes, even a sort of warning to the speeding hordes that there are civilizations old as time itself, and these have risen and crumbled.

On warm, lazy afternoons I have closed my eyes and found it easy to imagine some colorful minaret of the desert crying out to the faithful.

And its voice, if it could speak, I am sure would say: "Why all this rush... stop... and seek the silence of the desert... you are so important... I am a symbol of civilization... I am a symbol of the old world... take my counsel..."

But, of course, they will not. The voice of modernity answers: "I am ruthless... what is tradition to me... I am youth that tires quickly of old toys... nothing is sacred to me... I would tear down the most beautiful... I would tear down that which can never be replaced... your old world reliques... not I... the castles of the rich and the temples of the ages, they are all one... I am a new day and it is only for this that I care... all else is sentimentalism... I have no patience with sentimentalism... landmarks, mansions... they are in my way... don't preach... I haven't time to listen... I must be on my way... tearing down and wrecking and building and tearing and wrecking and building..."

And even as I shed a tear for the passing of a fond spot, I am forced to admit that it is this very ruthlessness, this exquisite gesture of sacrifice and abandon that makes New York.

—GILBERT SWAN.

## A Thought

A little heaven leaveneth the whole lump.—I Cor. 5:8.

THE drying up of a single tear has more of glory than the shedding of seas of gore.—Byron.

## Florida

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## ADVENTURES of the TWINS

OLIVE ROBERTS BARTON

"I see it all now," squeaked the little mouse called Paddyfoot. "What?" cried the Twins.

"The bluejay that flew away with the Blue Cherry was Blue Whiskers himself. He knew who I was when he saw me climbing the tree. Who he? For it was he who changed me from a nice big bear into a miserable little mouse. Boo, hoo, hoo, hoo, hoo!" And Paddyfoot began to cry big round tears.

"It's too late to cry now," said Juke kindly. "It was stupid of us to let such a thing happen, but it did happen, so what are we to do?"

"Hunt truffles," suggested the Truffle Hunter quickly.

"Oh, you don't understand," said Nancy. "We have to get the Blue Cherry, because it is the only thing that will cure poor Twinkle Pen. The doctor prescribed it."

"I know!" cried Nick. "We'll hunt up Hickydoo again."

"That's a very good idea, indeed," agreed Juke, the kangaroo. "But I don't know where to find him now."

"I do," squeaked Paddyfoot quickly. "I haven't been prime minister and chief cook and bottle-washer of the Land of the Blue Cherry for a hundred years all for nothing. We'll hunt up Hickydoo again and ask him what to do. But first of all let's get off Cherry Bount Hill. I've shivered and shaken until I am getting seasick."

"So am I," said Nancy.

"So am I," said Nick.

"So am I," said Juke.

"Then get on my tail and I'll jump you down," said Juke.

"So they all got on the kangaroo's tail and he gave one big jump and landed safely on the Truffle Hunter's back porch where Waldo was waiting with a tea-towel over his arm.

"Do come in and have tea," begged the Truffle Hunter. "I know Waldo has it all ready. What have we, Waldo?"

"Truffles cooked with minced chicken," began the pig, when Nick said suddenly, "Why, Mister Truffles I thought you said you didn't like chicken, not since you—"

"Oh, dear!" wailed the Truffle Hunter. "Forget that. I don't like chicken when you can taste it, but when you can't taste it, it's delicious, and cooked with truffles it—"

But he never got a chance to finish, for Juke, the kangaroo, gave another jump, and as the Twins and Paddyfoot were standing on his long tail, they went too, although it nearly jerked their heads off.

"I can't stand all day listening to that old goose talking when we have work to do," said Juke. "Talking about his old chicken when all the time your poor fairy friend is suffering! Besides, we're just as far as ever from getting the blue cherry. Now that old Blue Whiskers has it, he has probably eaten it, and is having the court jeweler set the blue stone in the handle of his shaving brush this very minute."

All this time he kept bounding along in long jumps, and suddenly Paddyfoot said, "That's where Hickydoo lives, in that house right there."

So Juke stopped, and the others stepped off his tail, and they all went toward a large wooden house the little mouse had pointed out.

Hickydoo, the square wooden man who lived there, was working in his garden. "Hello, here!" he said in a wooden voice. "Go you're back. Didn't you get the cherry?"

"No," explained Juke. "A large blue-jay stole it!"

"Did somebody steal your automobile, too?" asked Hickydoo.

Juke and the Twins and Paddyfoot all looked at each other in disgust.

"Aren't we dumb?" said Nick. "It's sitting out in front of the Truffle Hunter's house."

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