

THE TIMES-STAR FEATURE PAGE

Dorothy Dix

If You're Unfortunate Enough to Have Married a Weary Willie Who Won't Work, Save Your Reproaches and Hustle Out for a Job Yourself—You Can't Reform Him, and Work is Your Only Salvation.



DOROTHY DIX

I GET a great many letters from women who write: "My husband will not work. He is healthy and strong and capable of earning plenty of money to support his family in comfort, but he will not stick to any job. Sometimes he will work for a few days. Then he quits. Often he loafs for months at a time, while we live by sponging on my family and friends. What can I do with a man who has no energy and ambition?"

Absolutely nothing, sister, absolutely nothing. Laziness goes to the bone, and there is no cure for it. Whether it is a physical or a mental disease, whether it is the hookworm or plain shiftlessness, I don't know, but I do know that when people are born with that tired feeling no earthly power can turn them into hustlers.

Nobody can put pep into the peepless, nor insert a backbone into the spineless, nor speed up those whose tires are all deflated. Especially can no wife work such a miracle on her husband. If his own sense of responsibility and his own pride do not overcome his inertia and cause him to go to work and do a man's part in the world, nothing that anybody else can say or do to him will spur him into action.

OF ALL the faults that a husband can have, none fills a wife with such disgust and contempt as laziness. The spectacle of a man who is so sluggish in mind and body that he is nothing more than an animal that eats and sleeps and lounges in the sun—a man so lost to every sense of shame that he will even buy the price of being supported by a woman or little children, simply sickens her. She would have more respect for him if he were an enterprising porch-climber or a go-getter gunman.

Unhappily, many women are unlucky enough to draw these Weary Willes in the matrimonial lottery, and their ever-present problem is what to do with the men who will not work.

Most wives meet the situation by nagging. They fret and fume and whine and complain, and every time husband shows his worthless head in the doorway, they hurl at it a burst of reproaches about the rent being overdue and the flour bin being empty and the children's shoes worn out. This does no good.

MUCH as a lady may fear his wife's tongue, he dreads the thought of work more. Uncongenial as he finds the atmosphere of a home in which he is continually reproached for his shortcomings, it is not so distasteful to him as the busy air of a factory or an office. So, he simply ducks the verbal missiles and eats and sleeps to some refuge where he can forget with others of the Amalgamated Sons of Rest.

So the net result of all the wife's nagging is just to worry herself into nervous prostration, without exploding a single bomb under her husband that moves him in the direction of a steady job.

In reality, the only thing that the woman with a lazy husband can do to improve her lot is just to accept his laziness as a fixed fact that she cannot alter, and stop wasting her own energy and ruining her disposition fretting about it. Let her admit to herself, once and for all that no tears or entreaties of hers are going to change him into a toiler, that no representation of his duty is going to speed him up, and that it is useless to pray and hope for the impossible to happen.

HE IS as he is, so she faces the fact that she must either turn bread-winner or else become the recipient of grudging charity. Thank God, no able-bodied woman need be dependent now. The whole world of effort is open to women. Their work is in as great demand as men's work, and there is no reason why the woman with a trifling hand should sit down and tangle submit to being always poor and in need.

If her husband won't work, she can. And of one thing she may be sure, and that is that no other job in the world is so nerve-racking, so hard and profitless, as that of trying to make a man who doesn't want to work. She will find it a thousand times easier and less exhausting to do the work herself.

OFTEN the woman who is thrown upon her own resources to make the living for the family develops unexpected talents and makes a great success. Often the boarding house that the lady man's wife starts to feed her children and pay the rent grows into a hotel; the small shop develops into a big one; the woman who started out baking cakes making pickles or preserves for her neighbors blossoms out into a fashionable caterer. The clerk becomes a buyer and the stenographer a highly paid private secretary.

It is often said that behind the door of every man's success is a woman. It may be said with equal truth that behind the door of most women's successes you will find some man's failure.

IT IS grim necessity that forces women out into the battlefield of life, and in her fight to give her children education and a position in the world a mother often achieves fame for herself.

Whether the wife of a lady man shall support him or not is her own individual affair. Personally, I hold to the good old biblical doctrine that "He that will not work, neither shall he eat." And I think that if all the slackers, male and female, had their home doors shut behind them, and were turned out into a world where they had to earn their own bread and butter or else starve, that it would do a lot to regenerate the world.

BUT few women have the courage to do this, and sometimes a lady husband earns his board and keep by being amiable and agreeable and taking the place of a pet Pekinese.

Perhaps what I have said about dealing with a lazy husband isn't very comforting, but, believe me, sister, it is the only way.

Don't waste any more time trying to reform him. Go to work yourself.

DOROTHY DIX

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Bake, Bake Bake

The weeks before Christmas just run Mother to death—she has no rest till after New Year's.

This is the very time of year she gets more time for other baking and other preparations—by calling upon Butter-Nut Bread.

Butter-Nut Bread

There Are Bows and Beaus



Fashion Fancies



By Marie Belmont

DARK BLUE, in sheer georgette and lace, never fails to make an attractive combination for afternoon.

The dress above is designed especially for the matron. The bodice and skirt treatment, with the graceful lace jabot, makes for slenderness of effect.

The lace flounce extends all around the lower part, and the back of the bodice is perfectly plain.

Family Menus

Breakfast. Oranges. Toast. Coffee. Dinner. Cream of Onion Soup. Crackers. Lamb Patties. Baked Potatoes. Stewed Tomatoes. Hot Gingerbread. Coffee. Supper. Raribit and Crackers or Toast. Baked Apples with Cream. Whole Wheat Bread and Butter. Gingerbread with Cream Sauce. Tea.

TODAY'S RECIPES.

Potato Omelet—Beat the yolks of three eggs light. Season one cupful of mashed potatoes with one tablespoonful of salt, one-half cupful of milk, two teaspoonfuls of sifted flour, a little chopped parsley, pepper to taste, and a little lemon juice. Beat the yolks of the eggs into this, then the well-beaten whites. Heat an omelet pan, butter, and when hot pour the omelet into it. Brown lightly, turn and serve very hot.

Cream of Onion Soup—Cook half a dozen medium sized onions and one potato in salted water (using as little as possible) until tender. Rub through a wire strainer. Melt one large tablespoonful of butter in saucepan, add one tablespoonful flour, mix smooth, gradually add a pint of milk and bring to boiling point. Add onion and potato, season, boil up and serve.

French Toast—Dip slices of stale bread in a well beaten egg and milk mixture and fry brown in butter.

Tuna Fish au Gratin—Take tuna fish from the can and flake it. Make a cream sauce of one tablespoon butter, one tablespoon flour, one cup milk; cook until thick, season with paprika and salt, add tuna fish, put all into buttered baking dish, sprinkle crumbs on top and bake in oven for 15 or 20 minutes.

Creamed Potatoes—The potatoes are either creamed or scalloped from the leftover baked potatoes cooked for luncheon.

ADVENTURES of the TWINS

by OLIVE ROBERTS BARTON

THE TWINS SAVE THE FOX.

Nancy and Nick stopped their black ponies and listened.

The sound of dogs barking and horses galloping came more and more clearly across the fields.

"The fox can't be far away," said Nick. "We must try to save him."

"Yes, we surely must," said Mister Blue Coat, jumping down from the place where he had been hiding under Nick's coat-tails. That is one reason I brought you to this place in Picture Land. I have always wondered what became of the poor fox in the fox-hunt. And now we are going to find out."

Suddenly there was a rush and a scurry among the dead leaves almost at the ponies' feet.

And there stood Mister Fox! He had stopped for a minute with ears up and one foot lifted as though he was listening. He had spied the Twins on their ponies, and putting his nose to the ground was off like a flash.

He knew he would have to save his strength and take as short a cut as possible.

Thoughts don't take as long as words and it all happened very quickly.

So quickly that it seemed as though the fox had scarcely stopped when he started again. He had spied the Twins on their ponies, and putting his nose to the ground was off like a flash.

But Mister Blue Coat was as quick as a wink. "Stop! Stop! Mister Fox!" he shouted. "Stop and we'll save you."

"How?" asked the Fox stopping again and looking back. I cannot tell you how it happened that the Twins understood every word. Oh, yes, of course I know why! I forgot! Their magic shoes under the hunting boots, gave them all sorts of magical powers—even to understand fox language.

"You'll have to be quick," panted the fox. "The dogs are already to the top of the hill."

"They only followed you by smelling you," said Mister Blue Coat. "If you could move without touching the ground they would lose track of you at once."

"Hump!" snapped the fox. "How can I? I'm not a crow—or a kite. I haven't got wings."

"I'll carry you," offered Nick. "I won't hurt you. Jump right up here and I'll ride you away to a safe place. The dogs can't follow you."

There was no time to answer, even without another word, the poor fox leaped up on Nick's pony, and away went the Twins over a ditch, a field, a fence and a creek, into a woods.

"Get down now—there's a grand place to hide among those rocks and trees," said Nick. "The dogs can't find you now."

"Oh thank you, thank you," cried the poor fox scampering off.

"Did you children have a good time?" asked the hunter later. "Too bad we didn't get a fox to show you. We had one but we lost him some way. The dogs lost the trail."

The Twins had no answer to this. To Be Continued.

Your Birthday

DECEMBER 7—You have shrewd, quick judgment, a keen mind, and boundless energy. You get great enjoyment out of your daily work, and make other people happy in your own happiness. You can be led, but not driven. You are demonstrative in your affection, and devoted to your family. Your birth-stone is the turquoise, which means prosperity. Your flower is holly. Your lucky color is pink.

FLAPPER FANNY SAYS



SOME women will believe anything—but a husband.

SEE-SAWING ON BROADWAY

TALE-TELLERS never tire of pointing out the incongruous and ironic sidelights of New York life.

The other night I was passing a Tiddish cafe just off Seventh avenue. It is frequented largely by young women and men from the cloak and suit belt, most of whom have never traveled more than 20 miles beyond the Hudson River.

As the door swung open I heard the strumming of a guitar and the air of a song familiar to my once western ears. I peered inside and saw a girl in the 10-gallon hat of the wide open spaces and she was singing such fine old cowboy ballads as "Don't Bury Me on the Lone Prairie," "Sixteen Gamblers" and "The Cowboy's Lament," while the children of the East Side cheered for more.

In one corner sat three cowboys from an up-town vaudeville act almost in tears.

P. S.—In the event this tale is doubted by some, the young lady was Margaret Larkin, late of Las Vegas, N. M., and once a newspaper woman in Albuquerque. Like all the rest of the entertainment world that comes to New York she has her eye on Broadway and is trying to strum her way there via the minor cafes.

STROLLING along 59th street after dinner I stopped to look in the window of a pawn shop.

Prominently displayed was a tray of Phil Beta Kappa keys, ranging in size from the large and impressive keys of a generation or so ago to the tiny, jewelled style of today. They could be

NOT so long ago the attire nation was being thrilled by cables out of Hawaii telling of the fears concerning the PN-3 and its gallant crew of Pacific divers, headed by the brave Commander Rogers.

Saw this name Commander Rogers. Now lost in a crowd of merry-makers at the Club Mirador.

And what a mean tango he was stepping!

THE numerology craze is getting worse and worse in New York. It got under way, thanks to Noyes McMen, the magazine cover artist, who announced that great things began to happen to her once she had changed her name to a certain number of letters. The idea of numerology is that certain sequences of vowels and consonants in a person's name have certain omens or influences and that the total number of letters also has bearing on one's fortune.

Well, I chanced to meet on Broadway two young actresses whom I had known as Marion Warring Manley and Millicent Gray but, without benefit of clergy, they have changed their names to Warring Manley and Millicent Grayson, because it works out better numerologically.

Worse still, the Actor's theatre has changed a play's name from "Morals" to "Mordals" for the same reason.

JAMES W. DEAN.

News Notes From Movieland

By DAISY DEAN.

A NEW star has been added to the First National roster. She is Dolores del Rio, the Mexican beauty whom Edwin Carewe, the director, met while on a visit to Mexico City. Her first part was in "Joanna," which was released recently. Now she has been signed as a star under the management of Carewe.

It's a far cry from society life in Mexico to Hollywood's hub-bub but Senora del Rio seems to like it. Her Spanish shawls are the envy of all the women on the "lot" and she recently received a whole box of the gorgeous things from Mexico. We'll probably see some of them in her next picture which as yet has not been announced.

Charles Ray has the male lead in "Paris," a story of life in the French capital.

Several of the scenes in "Too Much Money" were taken on board the ocean liner "Franconia." Although it was one of the earliest days of the season Robert

A Thought

They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever—Dan. 12:3.

TRUE wisdom is to know what is best worth knowing and to do what is best worth doing.—Humphreys

A Severe Illness Caused Constipation

Mrs. Wm. Hill, Wapella, Sask., writes:—"Three years ago I had a very severe illness, and ever since I have suffered with constipation. A few months ago a friend advised me to use

Milburn's LAXA-LIVER PILLS

which I did, although not expecting any results, but I am pleased to say that since using them I have had perfect use of my bowels without any trouble or pain, and have never had bloodier piles since. Now, I never fail to recommend 'Laxa-Liver Pills' to all my friends."

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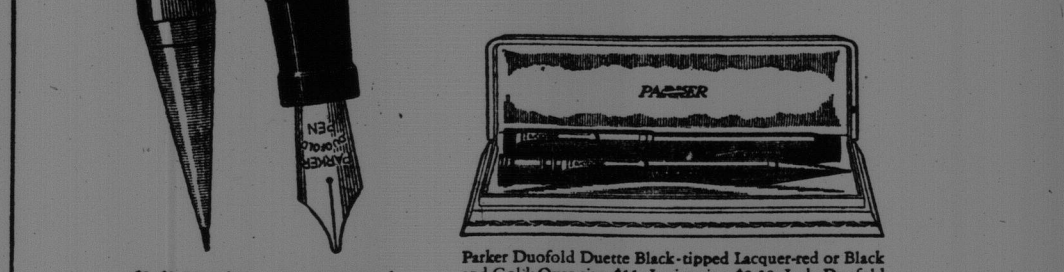
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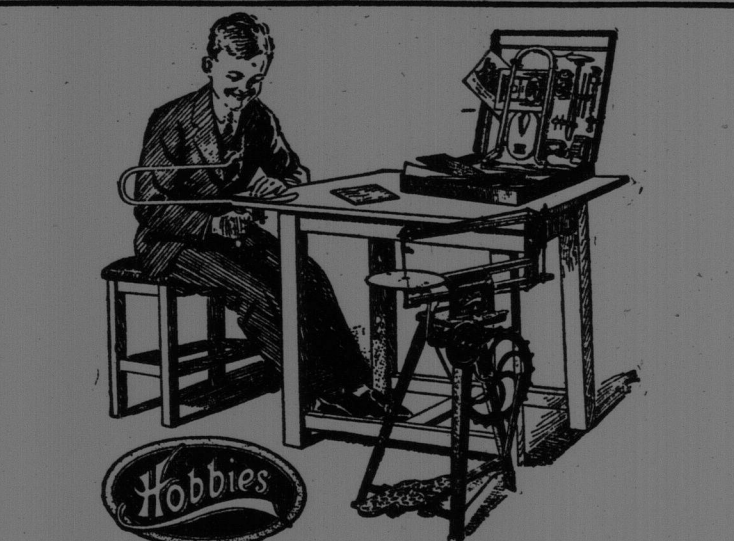
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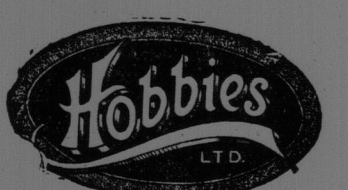
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