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INTERESTING

A Feature Page of Interest to Everyone

INSTRUCTIVE

Dorothy Dix

Wise is the Man Who Lets His Wife Take an Interest in His Business Affairs—He Not Only Stands to Profit by Her Ideas, but Gains by Their Common Interest in Sharing and Planning Together.

A WISE business man recently said: "I truly believe that if wives were to take more interest in their husband's affairs we would have a happier world."



DOROTHY DIX

No better recipe for promoting domestic felicity was ever given than this, for the reason that marriage is so often a failure is because husbands and wives are not really united in a community of interests that takes in every detail of their lives.

As a matter of fact, in this country after most couples have been married for ten or fifteen years they have almost no interest in common except their children. The husband has gone his way and absorbed himself in his business, of which his wife knows nothing. The wife has gone her way and absorbed herself in her housekeeping, or her clubs or society, of which her husband knows nothing. They have literally nothing even to talk about, and they take to quarreling to keep themselves from being bored to death.

The most pathetic contrast on earth is that of an engaged couple who chatter incessantly to each other without ever being able to get half said that they have to say, and the same couple a few years later, yawning in each other's faces and as silent as two mummies.

THE reason for this pitiful case is self-evident. The engaged couple had every thought, plan, hope, interest in common and hence endless topics of thrilling discussion. The married couple have separate interests, aims and ambitions, and it is only when they meet on the mutual ground of their children's welfare, or the housekeeping expenses, that they have anything to say to each other, and approaching this subject from different points of view, the meeting is more apt to end in a scrimmage than a love feast.

The business man was right in saying that the world would be a happier place if women took more interest in their husband's business, but he might better have said that the world would be a happier place if men would let their wives take more interest in their business.

The fault in this respect lies more with men than with women, for the average man seldom honors his wife with his business confidences.

THERE are very few husbands who ever talk over their financial affairs with their wives, and at least half, perhaps more, of the married women of your acquaintance have no definite idea of what their husbands are making, or what enterprise, other than their ostensible business, their husbands are interested in. The women are given an allowance, or else they are permitted to make bills which are paid with more or less grumbling, but whether the husband is over-generous, or too parsimonious, the wife has no means of knowing.

This is not because the women are either so dull that they cannot understand a business proposition, or so indifferent that they refuse to take interest in it.

On the contrary, women have a wonderful intuition about business affairs, and are so flattered when the moves he makes in the most fascinating and exciting of all sports, the money game, is in no danger of not having an absorbingly interesting listener, and a side partner who will back him up to the last dollar in the family bank.

A great deal of the discontent and unhappiness which women show their husbands comes from the fact that their husbands do not take them into their business confidence and let them know why certain sacrifices are asked of the women.

It is, for instance, one thing for a man curtly and gruffly to tell his wife that she can't have the new suit that she has set her heart upon, and quite another for him to explain to her why she cannot, and show her that the money saved by close economies just now will enable him to enlarge his business in a way that will provide her with scalisks and velvet a few years hence.

THERE are might few women who wouldn't be amenable to that kind of an argument, and also exceedingly few who wouldn't resent being deprived arbitrarily of a thing that it seemed to them they might as well have as not.

Women's extravagance may also be traced to the same cause—lack of knowledge of their husband's business. As a general thing, women are afraid of debt as they are of death, and when one goes along recklessly, spending more than she can afford, it is because she has never been told what she can afford.

Men could save themselves a lot of money by making their wives partners in reality, as well as in theory, in their business. But the chief gain would be in the community of interest that a man and wife would have who were struggling and scheming, and planning together to build up the grocery trade, or the real estate business, or a practice in law or medicine, and who could talk shop together when the inevitable time came when they had exhausted the question of "Are you really, utterly sure that you never loved before, and that you can never love again?"

IN PROOF whereof observe the French bourgeoisie (who are—if divorce statistics prove anything—the most happily married of all people), where madame and monsieur invariably work side by side in store or cafe, or little manufactory.

The man who does not permit his wife to take an interest in his business makes two big mistakes—he misses some mighty good, shrewd suggestions in the first place, and in the second place he deprives himself of an audience that will listen with unlagging interest while he tells over and over again every detail of how he sold Smith that big bill of goods, or of the nefarious way in which he was treated by that rascally Perkins.

AND no other human being will stand for it but a wife. DOROTHY DIX. Copyright by Public Ledger.

Nougatines

Only the tongue can tell the charm of its taste. And it's a chewy centre, too, without cloying stickiness, and just the right size. No wonder it's a Ganong's "best seller."

Ask for GANONG'S Nougatines by name.

Ganong's CHOCOLATES



Spring Time Has Arrived



Fashion Fancies



As long as the two-piece frock remains where it is, at the height of fashion, the designers will be forced to find new and distinctive touches to make the two-piece mode retain its interest.

They handle this problem with great success. The unusual model sketched above furnishes an example of the individuality of the new two-piece garments.

The material is crepe, and the color is a lovely deep plum shade which is modish for spring. The skirt has a flat-stitched yoke at the top, and fastens with buttons at the right side. The overblouse ties at one side only and this bow is balanced by that of the separate neck scarf, which matches the dress.

FLAPPER FANNY says



The fellow who tells you he is sitting on top of the world is generally about to take a tumble to himself.

Is this your BIRTHDAY

APRIL 15—Your perception is keen, your heart courageous. You are firm of society, enjoy traveling, court popularity, and let your ambition lead you. You seldom allow unpleasant surroundings to disturb the tranquillity of your mind. You are a strong lover. Curb the desire to be always idle, and live within your means. You should marry happily. Your flower is a daisy. Your birthstone is a diamond, which means innocence. Your lucky colors are red and yellow.

Menus for the Family

MENU HINT
Breakfast: Oranges, Cookies, Fried Mush, Syrup, Coffee.
Luncheon: Vegetable Soup, Crackers, Spiced Prune Salad, Milk, Ham and Pineapple, Sweet Potatoes.
Dinner: Pickles, Mince Pie, Creamed Peas, Coffee.

TODAY'S RECIPES
Spiced Prune Salad—Eighteen large prunes, three whole cloves, one and one-half sticks cinnamon, one teaspoon grated orange rind, one-quarter cup finely chopped nuts, French fruit salad dressing, two-thirds cup cream cheese, lettuce, one tablespoonful preserved ginger (optional). Wash prunes and soak overnight in cold water. The slices in square of cheesecloth and simmer with prunes until tender. Remove stones, splitting prunes lengthwise. Fill with cream cheese, mixed orange rind, nuts, and arrange on lettuce, allowing three prunes to each serving. Serve with French fruit salad dressing.

Ham and Pineapple—Select any favorite ham for baking. For a four-pound ham, parboil about 40 minutes. Then drain until ham seems dry. Mix the liquid from a large can of sliced pineapple with enough brown sugar to make a paste. Plaster the ham with this and bake in a moderate oven for 40 to 60 minutes, depending on how well done you like it. About 10 minutes before ham is done, put the pineapple (cut in one-half inch pieces) over the ham and continue cooking. Use an open roaster, roast through process, and baste and turn ham occasionally on a hot serving platter and arrange pineapple attractively around it. Boil ham in morning if you wish, or even the day before. You can also slow it up in the oven without harmful effect, if anything happens to delay dinner.

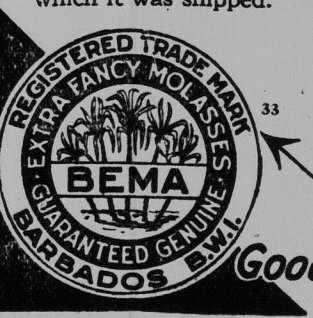


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Good Grocers Sell it

A Thought

He that loveth pureness of heart, for the grace of his lips the king shall be his friend.—Prov. 22:11.

Little Joe
LOOKS LIKE HE INVENTED SO MEN WOULD HAVE SOME REASON TO FORGET TO HANG UP THEIR CLOTHING.



IN NEW YORK SEE-SAWING UP and down BROADWAY

TABLECLOTH Millionaires they are called.

You see them almost any noon at lunch in the Astor, totaling up dream fortunes on the tablecloth.

Each day a new fortune is waiting to be made, if you believed them. Such and such a play would "clean up millions." If only this-and-that amount could be raised, the profits would be thus-and-so. And there are the figures to prove it. They argue and orate on the merits of this theatrical enterprise and that. Millions seem to rise with the coffee vapors.

And when they leave the tablecloth resembles a couple of invoice books at the end of the month.

IN AMUSING contrast are the tables of the really successful Broadway figures but a few feet away. Here all producers of money-making productions, swapping jokes and talking shop with successful playwrights and successful actors. No jottings of figures on this tablecloth. The figures are being carefully tabulated by a corps of book-keepers.

AN EXPERT, I believe, could practically give the location of an eating place through an examination of its discarded tablecloths.

Thus, there are certain little places

ADVENTURES of the TWINS

by OLIVE ROBERTS BARTON

THE FAIRY RENT COLLECTOR

Nobody was working the radio. Nobody was even thinking of it. The Twins were looking for their kites to fly.

But suddenly the radio went: "Who! Wheel! Wheel! Wee-see!" "The idea!" said Nick. "What in the world's wrong with the crazy thing?" "I wonder!" said Nancy staring at it.

But they were soon to know, for in a minute they heard a voice say faintly: "It's me! Mister Tingsaling! Look for the magic shoes. They're right beside you. Look and see! I'm Mister Tingsaling, the fairy landlord. And I have to collect rents. And I want you to go along. Put on the magic shoes and meet me between the lilac bush and the snowball bush at half past one."

The radio went: "Who! Wheel!" again and that was all. "Yes, sir! Here are the shoes," cried Nick excitedly. "It's another adventure, sure as anything! Hurry up, Nan, the clock says half past one now and those two bushes are away down by the gate."

Of came their everyday shoes and on went the fairy shoes! And instantly the Twins were being carried along without the trouble of even taking a step, right through the house and down the steps and down the path to the gate where the two tall bushes stood.

Underneath the bushes it was quiet and dark and green—a sort of hazy, you know. Exactly the place you would expect to find a fairy! And pushing the leaves aside and stepping into the mysterious dark space, that's exactly what the Twins did find.

Not a beautiful gauzy fairy, like Silver Wings, but a fat jolly little fellow, as round as a barrel and with a face like the moon. He wore an ice cream saucer hat with a feather in it, and he carried a very large pocketbook and a very large pencil and book.

"Howdy, folks," said he amiably. "Tingsaling, Mister Tingsaling. I got that name from ringing doorbells. But you remember me, don't you?" he asked anxiously.

"Sure we do," said the Twins together. Who, indeed, could forget the dear fat jolly little fellow if they had once seen him! "We helped you once time before. It was loads of fun," they added.

"Fun! Is that what you call it?" "Trying to get the meadow people and wood people and all the other people of Out-of-Door Land to pay me money when they don't want to."

But all the time one could see that he was secretly delighted at being remembered. That is one thing about fairies, children. They do hate to be forgotten, even fat fairies.

Another thing that pleased him was to know that the Twins had had a good time.

"We had a perfectly splendid time," said Nancy. "And I don't think people dislike paying their rents. It's just that the Out-of-Door people, the squirrels and rabbits and woodchucks and all the others like to think that they are smarter than fairies, that's all."

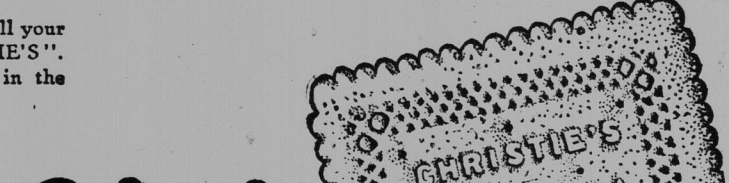
"Oh, do you really think so?" beamed Mister Tingsaling. "I certainly hope that's it, for I dislike being disliked. I always collect my rents on the thirty-second day of the month and this is the thirty-second day of the month in Fairyland."

"Fairyland!" cried Nick. "Are we going to Fairyland?" "Yash!" said Mister Tingsaling. "Of course we are. Isn't the meadow, and the garden and the whole world Fairyland in the spring?"

To Be Continued

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