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INTERESTING

A Feature Page of Interest to Everyone

INSTRUCTIVE

Dorothy Dix

Young Wife Whose Only Rival is a Radio—Advice to Young Man in Love With Married Woman—The Cruel Mother Who Whips Her Six-Months-Old Baby.

DEAR DOROTHY DIX—I am a young wife and mother. As we are just starting out in life, we cannot afford a nurse girl, so I have to spend most of our evenings at home. My husband is kind, considerate and generous, and does not go out and leave me at home alone. But he does spend all the evening, after reading the paper, at his radio. As I have to be in with our baby daughter most of the day, I crave his companionship in the evening. Won't you please tell us what you think about this?

A RADIO WIDOW.

ANSWER: Why, I think that any woman who hasn't anything to complain of in her husband except that he has the radio habit is so lucky that she should be down on her knees thanking God for his blessings, instead of weeping tears of self-pity over his not being a chatterbox.

I can understand a woman getting peevish with a husband who puts on his hat after dinner and fares forth to his club or to see some play or picture, leaving her to spend a dull evening alone watching a baby sleep. I can understand a woman getting green-eyed over her husband's doling himself up and chasing around after other ladies, while the only thrill she has consists in fixing little Mary's 9 o'clock bottle.

But I don't understand the grievance of the wife whose husband puts in his evenings sitting three feet from her, harmlessly tuning in on Pittsburgh or ecstatically exclaiming from time to time, "I have got Honolulu or Squeamish!" It seems to me that it is about as domesticated as any man can be.

Believe me, my dear, being a radio widow isn't as bad as being a grass widow. It isn't even as bad as being a golf widow, for the golf husband is usually absent, and just to have something alive that looks like a husband sitting around the house is sort of sociable and companionable, even if you have to punch it to make it speak.

At I understand your complaint, you yearn for conversation. Well, most husbands, from President Coolidge down, are shy on that. I don't think I have ever known more than two or three real gossip husbands in all my life. Most men shut up like clams as soon as they cross their own thresholds, and any information their wives extract from them is done by means of a jimmy and a corkscrew.

Perhaps men talk themselves out during the day and want to rest their vocal organs when they get home. Perhaps they are too tired to have any energy to try to sparkle in the home circle. Perhaps the thing that they love most about home is its just being a place where they can relax and do as they please, where they don't have to make any effort to be entertaining or witty or even agreeable. I don't know.

But I do know that the man who is the life of the party at every gathering and who can set a dinner table in a room very seldom considers his sparkling repartee and humorous cracks suitable for home consumption.

In your particular case, I should suggest that you and your husband arrive at a compromise. Let him devote an hour every evening to a joint debate with you, and after that let him enjoy his radio in peace. It would help a lot if you would interest yourself in the radio. Then you would not be so bored by it as you are now.

But remember this, dear lady, that if you nag your husband too much about the radio you will drive him away from home to some place in which he can enjoy it without being distracted by the complaining of a fretting woman.

DEAR MISS DIX—I am a young man 24 years old and have been in love with a married woman for the last three years. I know I am doing wrong, as she has a very good home and a kind husband, who provides well for her and her two children. She says that she loves me, but I often wonder if I am not being fooled, because she gets jealous if she thinks her husband notices any other woman. What do you think?

ONE WHO DESIRES PEACE OF MIND.

ANSWER: Well, if you desire peace of mind, son, the only way to obtain it is to break off your love affair with this married woman and have nothing more to do with her. You will never find serenity of soul as long as you are doing a thing that you know is wrong. If the woman is jealous of her husband she still cares for him, and she is only amusing herself with you. It ministers to her vanity to have a man younger than herself in love with her. It gives her a romantic thrill to have a clandestine affair. So she strings you along and makes you think that she loves you, and she eats your dinners and wears your flowers and accepts your presents, but she doesn't really care a rap for you. And she hasn't the faintest idea in the world of giving up her good home and her prosperous husband for a mere boy whose salary wouldn't keep her in silk stockings.

Many married women play this game, and it is a contemptible and dastardly one, because it is experience pitting itself against inexperience. It is a sophisticated woman who knows every lure of the flesh that can tempt an unsophisticated boy and who uses it mercilessly for the gratification of her own egotism, careless of the fact that she is robbing him of his faith in women, that she is taking his belief in goodness and purity, and that she is selling his first love and making it a degrading thing.

Have nothing to do with a flirtatious married woman. It can do you no good. Even if this woman loved you, what happiness could it bring you? You would not want to break up another man's home even if you could. You would not want to take little children from a father who can provide for them far better than you can. You would not want to marry a woman older than yourself nor burden yourself with a ready-made family.

And believe me, the reputation for being a home wrecker or a seducer of a married woman's tame cat will do you no good in business. Decent firms don't want to employ that kind of a young chap. So I advise you to drop your married friend before she has the chance to drop you.

DEAR MISS DIX—I live in a flat with a young mother who has a 6-months-old baby. It is her first child, and she whips it if it puts its fingers in its mouth or it doesn't take its bottle the way she wants it to. I can hear her say to it, "Don't act so dumb! I'll teach you to know something." And then I will hear her beating it. She slaps it in the face and the little thing is so frightened that it is afraid to cry aloud. What do you think of this?

ELIZABETH.

ANSWER: Why, I think the mother is a brute, and that you should call the case to the attention of the Society for Protecting Children From Cruelty. Something with boiling oil in it should be done to any woman who is cruel and cowardly enough to strike a baby. A woman who can beat a 6-months-old child is not a mother. She is a fiend, and the helpless little creature should be taken away from her. It would be better off in an orphan asylum than with such a hard-hearted, unfeeling mother.

DOROTHY DIX.

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FLOWERS THAT BLOOM IN THE SPRING, TRA-LA



Fashion Fancies



By Marie Belmont.

For the woman who would be smartly tailored, this suit assures her of distinction and chic. The coat is made of soft white woolen, cut double-breasted and bound with black silk braid, which also traces the pockets and binds the cuffs. A smart touch is given by the four black satin buttons on each sleeve, matching the buttons on the front of the coat. The skirt, very smart in its simplicity, is fashioned of black satin.

Soft white felt makes the stunning little hat with its fashionable high back.

At a Methodist church at Redlands, Cal., during an 11-hour service, all the hymns in a standard hymn book were read, recited and sung.

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IN NEW YORK SEE SAWING UP and DOWN BROADWAY

I HAVE read much about "listening to the great city go by." Some talk of standing with closed eyes catching the roar on the rebound of the horns the terrible roar of the surging sounds; still others of wave-like sounds that crash upon the ears. Somebody—a specialist with some trick machine—set out to locate the noisiest places in New York and found that it was nowhere near the much-touted middle Forties, at Broadway. On the contrary it was at Sixth Avenue and 44th Street, where elevated, Hudson Tubes, subways, three-way trolley traffic and three-way street traffic meet in one gorgeous crescendo.

CREDIT it to fever, if you will, but a soft, smothered sigh, that seems to come at the end of a wakeful, restless night. For the city does not sleep. There are moments when it seems that the giant has tossed himself into a sort of rest. It does not last long. From somewhere down his long body there comes a rumble, and then he rolls and tosses fitfully.

Sometimes—perhaps a half hour before the dawn—comes the sigh; the one note of peace I have ever caught. It seems to surge along the street and float in the windows.

It is a sigh of resignation—the sigh of one who knows he must be up and about, although he would far rather lie in bed. Perhaps you've sighed such a sigh yourself and recognized it. I knew it the moment I heard it. It was my own morning sigh magnified ten thousand million times, or thereabouts.

Once the sigh is breathed and—swish-hh-hh—the city is out of bed and away. It begins to whistle. First in piping little notes, then harsher and harsher, until the whistle pipes from every nook and corner.

FEET! I used to think that car wheels and elevated roarings were the most irritating of New York noises. But I had never had to listen, hour upon hour.

No, it's the feet—the swish, slap, swish of feet! The parade is going by some place below, and it never ends. A parade as long as the day and filled with as many paraders as flow by a given point. Where are they all going? What are they all doing? Oh, yes, to them, what they do and where they go are terribly important. Propped up in bed one can laugh.

Tomorrow—I say to myself—my feet will swish along in the parade and it will seem important. And this is "tomorrow" and it does seem important.

BUT try it yourself, the next time you come to New York. I don't recommend getting giddy. But if you can arrange to lie in bed when all others are up and away, listen to it—the cities feet—sounds funny, doesn't it? But you'll be amazed that they will swish in your ears for days afterward.

Menus for the Family

MENU HINT
Breakfast
Oatmeal
Poached Eggs on Toast
Marmalade
Luncheon
Baked Potatoes with Shells
Stewed Rhubarb
Cookies
Milk
Dinner
Scalloped Ham and Potatoes
Beef Salad
Hot Biscuits
Maple Syrup
Tea or Coffee

TODAY'S RECIPES

Baked Potatoes—Six large baked potatoes, one-half cup hot milk, salt to taste, one-fourth pound cheddar cheese, paprika. After the potatoes are baked out in halves lengthwise and scoop out the centres. Mash thoroughly. Add the cheese (cut in small pieces) to the milk. Beat until smooth and creamy. Mix with the potatoes, add seasoning and whip until light and creamy. Refill the potato shells and bake in a hot oven for 10 minutes.

Scalloped Ham and Potatoes—One slice ham, two inches thick, two cups potatoes, pared and thinly sliced, two cups milk. Remove outside edge of fat from ham. Cut fat in small pieces and put in the bottom of a casserole. Lay ham on bottom, then pile potatoes on top. Pour enough milk over to be seen through the potatoes. Cover and bake slowly about one and one-half hours in a 300 degree F. oven.

Is this your BIRTHDAY?

APRIL 1—Your reasoning powers are good, and you are a fairly good planner, but you are not a good manager. You can get other people to do things for you better than you can do them yourself. Your aims are high, and you are capable of much self-sacrifice to attain your goal. Your love will be the most important and helpful influence in your life. Avoid a tendency to gossip and fault-finding.

Your birth-stone is a diamond, which means Innocence.

Your flower is a daisy.

Your lucky colors are red and yellow.

APRIL 2—You are kind, loving, sweet-tempered, and patient, but often to be imposed upon. Your home and your immediate family fill your heart, although you will have hosts of friends. You like to be out of doors, and are passionately fond of flowers. You will travel a great deal. Be careful in your diet, and never give way to jealousy.

Your birth-stone is a diamond, which means Innocence.

Your flower is a daisy.

Your lucky colors are red and yellow.

ADVENTURES of the TWINS

MARKY MUSKRAT GETS TIRED OF HIMSELF

Marky Muskrat went off to Scrub-Up Land with the March Hare and the Twins like the good little fellow he was. But he didn't want to be spring-cleaned any more than you like to have a bath when you're all ready to go out to play.

"I'll just look the same," he said. "I'll just be an ugly old brown—no matter how clean I am. I know, because I can see myself in the water as plainly as if I had a looking glass."

"Don't you wish you looked like me?" mocked a voice just then.

And there sat Bobby Bluejay in a tree. He was as blue as a corn flower, with bits of white on him—a dudu if ever there was one.

"Yes, I do!" said Marky honestly, as he trudged along.

"Or like me," called another voice shrilly. And there sat Redwing Blackbird. He had just arrived from the south.

"Yes, I do!" said Marky. "I always liked red."

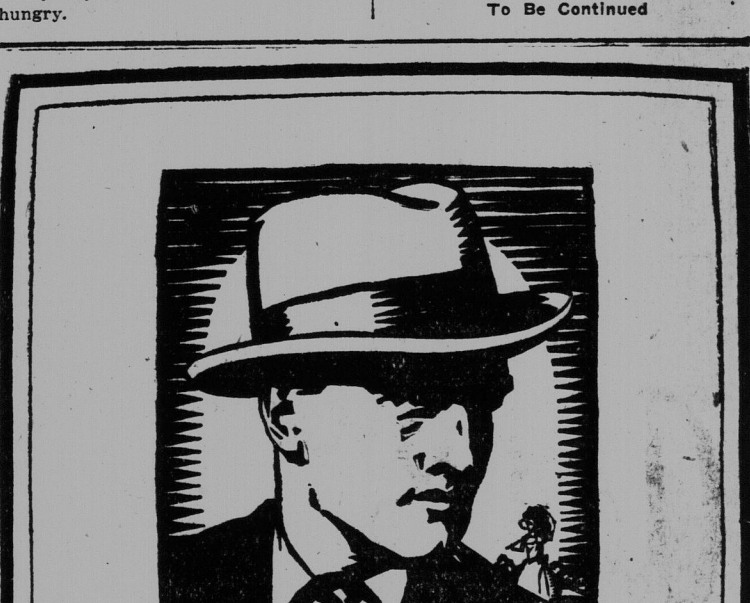
"Then you'd like to look like me!" called Robin Redbreast's voice proudly.

"Yes, I should!" agreed poor Marky. "I'd like to be just anything rather than plain ugly old brown that looks like mud. Why, I'm almost exactly the color of the mud bank I live in! Sometimes Mamma Muskrat used to say that unless she looked two or three times as blue as I was, she couldn't see me at all."

By this time they had reached the little bush where the path turned off to the corner of Fairland where Mister Rubadub lived.

"You'll feel much better when you get the burrs and tangles brushed out of you, Marky," said Nick kindly. "Rubadub won't hurt you. Then you can go and get a good square meal in the Land-Where-Spring-Is-Coming. Everybody feels sort of blue when he's hungry."

To Be Continued



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