

INTERESTING

A Feature Page of Interest to Everyone

INSTRUCTIVE

## Dorothy Dix

How a Wife Can Keep Step With an Up-and-Coming Husband—Shall She Marry Her Tightwad Fiance?—Advice to All Flappers Who May Have "Steadies."

DEAR MISS DIX—I am 23, married and have a 4-year-old son. My husband and I married when we should have been in school, but he has studied at home since we have been married and now holds a responsible position, while I have stayed right where I left off. We will soon be invited to meet the kind of people who will make him ashamed of me and that will hold him down. So I have thought of taking my boy with me and leaving, but will that be fair to my son? Please tell me what to do.

ANSWER: For Heaven's sake abandon the crazy idea of leaving your husband in order to help him. Do you think it would be any help to him to break up his home and part him from the wife and child he loves? Why, it would tear the heart out of his bosom and do more than any other thing to detract his thoughts from his work and cripple his efficiency.

Do you think it does a man any good in his business and increases the respect that his employers have for him for his wife to leave him? On the contrary, it hurts his reputation almost beyond repair. Many big business concerns lay great stress on the domestic relationship of the men they employ, for they have found out that a happily married man does better work, is more competent and more ambitious than is the man who gets along badly with his wife and whose mind is always upset by the quarrels he has at home.

You made a great mistake in not keeping up with your husband and in not studying with him. A woman who has an up-and-coming husband has to keep step with him or else lose him. But you are still so young that it is not yet too late to retrieve your error, and my earnest advice to you is to put your pride in your pocket and go back to school.

I don't mean that literally, unless it is possible for you to take some courses at college. But you can get a private teacher and have her come and give you lessons every day in literature and history and also teach you the social amenities that will make you feel at ease in the society whose doors are about to be opened to you by your husband's success.

And you can read, read, read, not foolish, silly books and magazines merely to pass the time, but things that are worth while and that will educate you.

You are right in thinking that your husband will be ashamed of you if you are frumpy in looks, if you are dull and ignorant and if you do not know which fork to use. The remedy for it is not to run away, but to have the grit and courage to overcome your handicaps.

If you do not know how to dress don't try to pick out your own clothes. Put yourself into the hands of a good dressmaker. If you had no social training in your youth get some society woman who needs the money to take you to rise up and sit down, what to say to people when you meet and how to eat. If you lack education get a good teacher to correct your grammar and your pronunciation and direct your studies.

You can make yourself over if you will. It is just a matter of courage and determination.

DEAR MISS DIX—I am engaged to be married to a young man who makes a good salary, but he always comes to see me empty-handed. Never a box of candy or flowers, a gift or any other little thing that women love. Occasionally he takes me to the movies or treats me to ice cream once in a great while. I don't think he is really stingy, I believe he just doesn't think of the nice things. Would you advise me to marry him?

ANSWER: I certainly would not, Pauline. If this chap isn't a tightwad, he certainly has got all the earmarks of one, and I wouldn't take a chance on being mistaken in the family resemblance. For of all the aggravating, hard-to-please husbands in the world, none is so trying as a wife's clever and temper and none so difficult to live with as a stingy one. By comparison with him, a boaster, a phillanderer, even a drunkard or a wife-beater is a household pet.

If you marry a miserly man he will begrudge you the very food you eat. He will never drive you a decent car or take you to any place of amusement, and he will make the first of the month, when the bills come in, a day of wrath for you that will make you wish you had never been born. There will be no pleasure or joy in life for you—nothing but penny-pinching and nickel-nursing. And no matter how thin you pare the potatoes, your husband will always be shopping in the garbage can and accuse you of being wasteful.

Don't marry a man with a Yale lock on his pocketbook if you know it beforehand. And don't delude yourself into thinking that the young man who never takes his sweetheart anywhere when he is courting her or never makes her a present is simply "careless" and doesn't think it is just that he is more careful of his money than he is of the girl's pleasure and is thinking about saving his cash instead of her feelings. Be warned in time.

DEAR MISS DIX—Can a fellow be sincere when he asks a girl whom he has just met for the first time to go steady with him? FLAPPER.

ANSWER: Certainly the man may be sincere, since it costs him nothing to be the girl's "steady" and a few invitations to places of amusement. It merely means that he found you attractive and if, on further acquaintance, you lose your charm for him, all he has to do is just fade away.

But whether the man is sincere or not, you will be a goose to let any chance acquaintance, who may or may not have serious intentions, monopolize your time and society. The "stepping stone" system is a grand ruse for men, but it's a losing game for girls, and the girls are very much lacking in good, hard, honest sense and to break it up.

It gives to the man all the privileges of an engagement. He keeps all other men away. He drives away suitors who might mean matrimony. The girl has to depend upon his pleasure for all of her good times, instead of having half a dozen other men ready to take her about.

He monopolizes her company and even arranges to himself the right to control her conduct and say what she shall do and what she shall not do, but he commits himself to nothing. He is not betrothed to the girl. He has never asked her to marry him. He may never do so. And if he gets weary of her he can go off and leave her for some newer fancy.

Copyright by Public Ledger.

## BEHIND THE SCREEN

ALTHOUGH only 18, Janet Gaynor, Fox Film player, has a long term movie contract tucked away in her treasure chest. She comes from Philadelphia and was graduated from school there. Putting her diploma in the family safe, Janet went to the studios and became an extra. She continued to be "one of the mob" until she was selected to play a comedy lead. A screen test got her the leading feminine role in "The Johnstown Flood," and a long term contract with Fox.

Satisfied with her characterization she has been given leads in "The Shamrock Handicap," "The Midnight Kiss," and "The Devil's Master."

At present she is playing the leading juvenile role in "The Rite of Peter Grimm," Richard Walling, with whom she co-starred in several pictures, plays opposite her.

NEXT COLLEEN PICTURE

The next Colleen Moore starring picture for First National to reach the

## More of The Goat-Getters



"A VANITY CASE"

## Fashion Fancies.



By Marie Belmont

This graceful little frock can be worn for almost any informal occasion that does not call for sportswear. The material is of flowered voile, and the hem and skirt collar is trimmed with soft satin ribbon. Worn with a large hat, it makes a fetching little costume. Almost any color combination can be used for this dress, but the pastel shades are always better for summer wear.

## THE RHYMING OPTIMIST

By Aline Michaelis

By ALINE MICHAELIS

Contentment rings me round about within my hillside home; I have no pang of cruel doubt, I feel no wish to roam. The happy days slip swiftly by, bright beads on time's dull string, and as joy freighted hours fly, my glad thoughts soar and sing. Yet, when I seek the harbor town on some small errand bent, the great ships' sails, all gray and brown, make mock of my content. The great ships ever lure and call as they go down to sea; how gladly would I say good-bye to meadow, field and hill, I call between blue sea and sky, further and further still! Now I have lived my whole life long ringed round by verdant hills, and yet, to ships and sea-winds' song my being strangely thrills!

## Little Joe

IT'S ALL RIGHT TO JUMP INTO ANYTHING IF THERE'S A SAFE WAY OUT



Russell S. Callow, Coach of University of Washington winning crew



"FOR THE PAST TWO YEARS members of the University of Washington crew squads have taken Fleischmann's Yeast during the training period. Throughout the time that Yeast has been used, we have not been troubled with constipation, which often is prevalent during training periods, nor skin disorders, with the exception of one boy which was shortly cleared up. I do not intend to go through any future season without Yeast."

Russell S. Callow, Coach, Seattle, Wash.

## HEALTH TRIUMPHANT

They conquered constipation, skin and stomach disorders—found fresh vitality, new joy in living—through one natural food

NOT a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense—Fleischmann's Yeast is simply a remarkable fresh food.

The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake invigorate the whole system. They aid digestion—clear the skin—banish the poisons of constipation. Where cathartics give only temporary relief, yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles and makes them healthy and active. And day by day it releases new stores of energy.



"WHEN I WAS TRAINING in the boxing game, my body broke out all over with boils. The doctor advised me to stop eating meat and to eat Fleischmann's Yeast three times a day. This I did and can honestly say in six weeks I was well and back in training. I can honestly recommend Fleischmann's Yeast for boils and as a wonderful tonic."

John Baby, Toronto, Ont.



"I AM A DANCER. Three years ago I had so much indigestion and constipation that I got terribly run down. I was too tired and nervous to take my lessons. A lady recommended yeast. The constipation was relieved and I had much less trouble with gas. Now I am strong in every way."

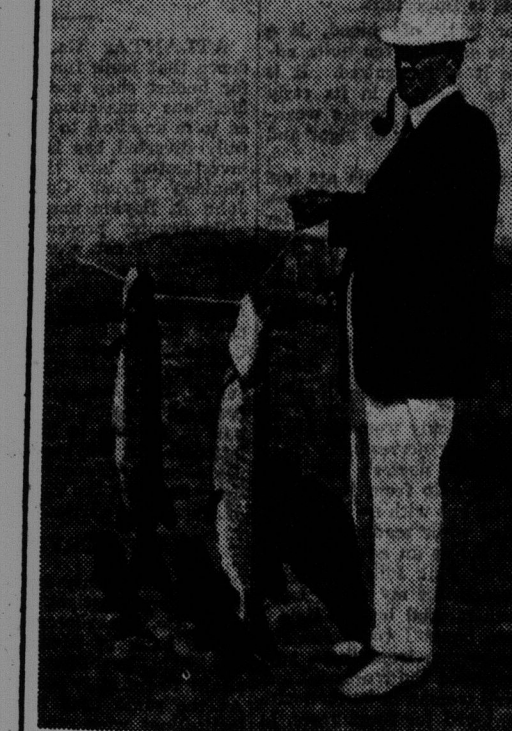
Isabelle Barlow, Port Lauderdale, Florida.



THIS FAMOUS FOOD tones up the entire system—aid digestion, clears the skin, banishes constipation.

Eat two or three cakes regularly every day before meals: on crackers—in fruit juices, water or milk—or just plain, nibbled from the cake. For constipation especially, dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before breakfast and at bedtime. Buy several cakes at a time—they will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days. All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Start eating it today!

And let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. L-734, The Fleischmann Company, 208 Simcoe St., Toronto, Ont., Canada.



"ABOUT A YEAR AGO I was run down. A friend suggested that I try Fleischmann's Yeast. I am convinced that it has been of much benefit to me. I know that my physical condition is improved and I expect to continue the use of the Yeast regularly for some time to come."

Chas. W. Holcomb, St. Louis, Mo.

## SEE SAWING ON BROADWAY

SCATTERED notes from an afternoon's ramble about Manhattan:

Old pretzel eaters seeking from their day's weary plodding. They gather in the shadows of late afternoon. About them grace dirty-faced children. Children with the faces of the world, smeared by the dirt of New York streets. The and little stacks of pretzels rest in rows along the bench. Bearded heads sag wearily against solid vests. A venerable son of Father time takes off his heavy shoes and rubs his feet across the matted grass. They sit grumbling over the day's trade. Times have changed. Every body handles pretzels now. Drugstores, soda fountains, corner stands. And yet someone must carry on the colorful trade of pretzel hawking. And only a few dimes to show at the end of the hot day's tramp.

THE Aquatics lying at pier. And all about are lighters and barges, like so many green and red and black water-wheels. Shaking in and out. Just alongside the ocean giant a barge of brightest green. Winches squeak, cranes snap a weird, strained chorus, giant chains rattle. All the notes of a great liner loading for sea.

The little green barge huddles close. A plump, ruddy-faced woman emerges from the tiny square room atop the barge. She has a mouthful of clothespins and, quite oblivious to the surroundings, begins to hang up the day's wash. Then she sits down, as unconcerned as any housewife on a farmyard porch and begins darning socks. A few moments later she reappears with a sprinkling can and begins to water a little box of bedraggled geraniums. All about is the bustle of getting to sea. One pier away the liner Columbus slips out. The green barge rocks clumsily, strains shriek and the deafening bass of a dozen whistles sounds. The mistress of the barge does not so much as look up. She is too busy snipping dead leaves from the flower box.

ALL is bustle along the pier. Tourist travel overseas is at its height. Taxicabs form an endless parade of yellow, red, gold, white. Crowds jam the docks waving and shouting at friends about ship. As usual there is the man who arrived too late and who stands self-consciously holding the great bouquet of flowers he intended for "the girl friend."

Frantic voiced hucksters are making last appeals. There's no chance of forgetting anything. The scores of pier tradesmen see to that. Flower vendors, book vendors, peddlers with trays of trinkets hung to their necks. And the little shops aboard the liners where one may get a last-minute farewell gift. And pay well for the last-minute service.

But the ruddy faced woman on the barge has seen all this so many times. She has her "home duties" to attend. And home is a little railed-off coop atop a barge, with a three-foot flower box and a crippled rocking chair on the deck.

Stitchfulness casteth into a deep sleep; and an idle soul shall suffer hunger.—Prov. 15:15.

PLENITUDE is the stupidity of the body, and stupidity the idleness of the mind.—Seneca.

DOG FINDS MASTER.

SIOUX FALLS, S. D., July 24.—Two years ago Frank Howard left Cherokee, Ia., to move to South Dakota. He left his collie dog behind. The other day a neighbor brought a stray collie. It proved to be the dog that Howard had left in Iowa, master and dog recognizing one another at once.

DOG FINDS MASTER.

SIOUX FALLS, S. D., July 24.—Two years ago Frank Howard left Cherokee, Ia., to move to South Dakota. He left his collie dog behind. The other day a neighbor brought a stray collie. It proved to be the dog that Howard had left in Iowa, master and dog recognizing one another at once.