

INTERESTING

A Feature Page of Interest to Everyone

INSTRUCTIVE

Dorothy Dix

A Cure For the Husband Who is Fed Up on Domestic Life—Burnt Once, Shall She Try the Matrimonial Fire Again?—Will the Lonesome Widower of 60 Be Happily Wedded to Miss 23?

DEAR MISS DIX—When my husband and I were 16 we eloped and got married. For fourteen years we have been happy, and by very hard work have saved a pretty good sum of money.

But now my husband says that he must have a change; that he is tired of domesticity, and he asks me to give him a year of freedom to come and go as he pleases. He says that he will be ready at the end of the year to resume the responsibilities of a husband. Do you think if I allow him to go to another State for a year that he will return to me? When I refused to accede to this plan, he became stubborn and almost brutal.

He is very young looking and handsome, while sickness and caring for our two children have aged me terribly.

WORRIED WIFE.

ANSWER:

Your plight is indeed a desperate one, poor Worried Wife, but it seems to me that you will run less risk of losing your husband if you let him go than you do if you keep him with you against his will.

Of course, he may not come back to you after his year of freedom is over. You must take that danger into consideration, but, on the other hand, there is the certainty that you will lose him forever if you force him to become the slave of duty, and stay chained to his own fireside, when every fiber in his being cries out for change and for personal liberty.

Try to consider the situation from his standpoint. Yours was the tragedy of the too-early marriage, which fell even harder on the man than it does on the woman. Your husband married when he was a child. He never had any carefree joyous boyhood. He never had his fling. He has been burdened down with wife and children, and the anxiety of supporting them.

And now at 30 he is bored to death with domesticity. He feels his family a burden upon him, and he is crazy for all the young things that he missed. You can't argue with that frame of mind. It becomes an obsession. The more it is suppressed, the stronger it grows, and the only cure for it is to go and have a bite of the forbidden fruit, and find out by experience that it is flat and flavorless.

While your husband has this urge for pleasure, this call of youth hammering in his veins, you cannot hold him. You may possibly keep him near you, but you cannot keep him away from other women, or from the bright lights, and in your jealousy you will nag him and quarrel with him until you will be, in reality, separated from him farther than if thousands of miles parted you bodily. And from these spiritual wanderings a man seldom comes back to his wife.

But if your husband goes away from you for a year's absence, there is every chance that he will return completely cured of his wanderlust. Absence will give him a chance to get a perspective on your virtues, and to realize that his old love for you is only sleeping, not dead.

He will soon get tired of hotels and boarding houses, and the thoughts of his children will pull at his heartstrings. He will soon have enough of jangling, of mercenary kisses, of the companionship that has been bought, and his heart will turn with longing to the love he knows so faithful and true.

Many men think that they are tired of their wives, and have ceased to love them merely because they are too much of a domesticity. All they need is a little separation, and a little freedom to kick up their heels, to make them glad enough to come back into the matrimonial fold, and put their heads in the halter again and eat out of their wives' hands.

DOROTHY DIX.

DEAR DOROTHY DIX—I am a divorced woman, 34 years old, but my husband has been dead four years. I have two children to support, and have taken good care of them, and am still making a good living. I have a bachelor friend who is a fine man but lazy. He is the only man I have ever met that I can depend on, so far as honesty is concerned, but he criticizes my children, and is not thrifty. He is always trying to outdo me how much temper I have, and he would exhaust the patience of Job. Just what would you do with him? Marry him or not? WORRIED.

ANSWER:

Evidently you don't believe in the old saying about burnt children dreading the fire. You have had one experience with a bad husband that you had to divorce, and that should have taught you to be wary of tying yourself up with another man who is difficult to get along with.

From your description I see none of the earmarks of an agreeable life companion in your bachelor. Even his honesty, if by that you mean candor of speech, does not commend him, for the chief virtue in a husband is to be a jolly, and not a frank critic.

If this man thinks your children bad before marriage, when he is their stepfather and attempts to discipline them, you will have reactions that will make your fights with your first husband seem like echoes from a peace conference.

Nor can I think of any other one quality that gets on an energetic, competent business woman's nerves as much as laziness in a man does. It fills her with contempt to see a man too inert to make a move, too slothful to have any ambition. She could easily forgive an energetic porch-climber.

It seems to me that you will do well to think long and carefully before you give up a good job to marry a lazy man who tries your patience even as a lover. There are not many lady jobs.

DOROTHY DIX.

DEAR MISS DIX—I am a widower 60 years old, in love with a girl of 23. Am in good health, have a good name and prosperous business, and wish to marry her. She loves me apparently as much as I do her, and is willing to have the knot tied when I say so. Am I doing the wrong thing in marrying her with this difference in our ages? LONESOME WIDOWER.

ANSWER:

I think that you will make a very great mistake in marrying a girl who is young enough to be your granddaughter, and that you will bitterly regret it if you do so.

You are attracted by her youth and beauty, and she gives you the illusion of having renewed your own boyhood, but, believe me, this charm will soon pass, and then you will realize that you have nothing in common, and that you have different thoughts and tastes and ideals on every subject under the sun.

At your age what you need is a fireside companion. But you will be bored to death by the chatter of a girl of 23 to whom jazz and cabarets and the gossip of the other girls and boys of her age are the chief topics of interest in the world. Of the experiences that have made your life rich and full, of the great events that have taken place in your three score years, she will know nothing, and care less. You will have no memories in common, and at your age our memories are one's most priceless possessions.

And a girl of 23 would naturally want to be continually running around amusing herself, while you just as naturally will want to stay at home and rest. You cannot be her partner in any of the amusements that will appeal to her, and if there is any more forlorn creature, than the old husband who sits on the sidelines and watches his young wife playing about with boys of her own age I have yet to see it.

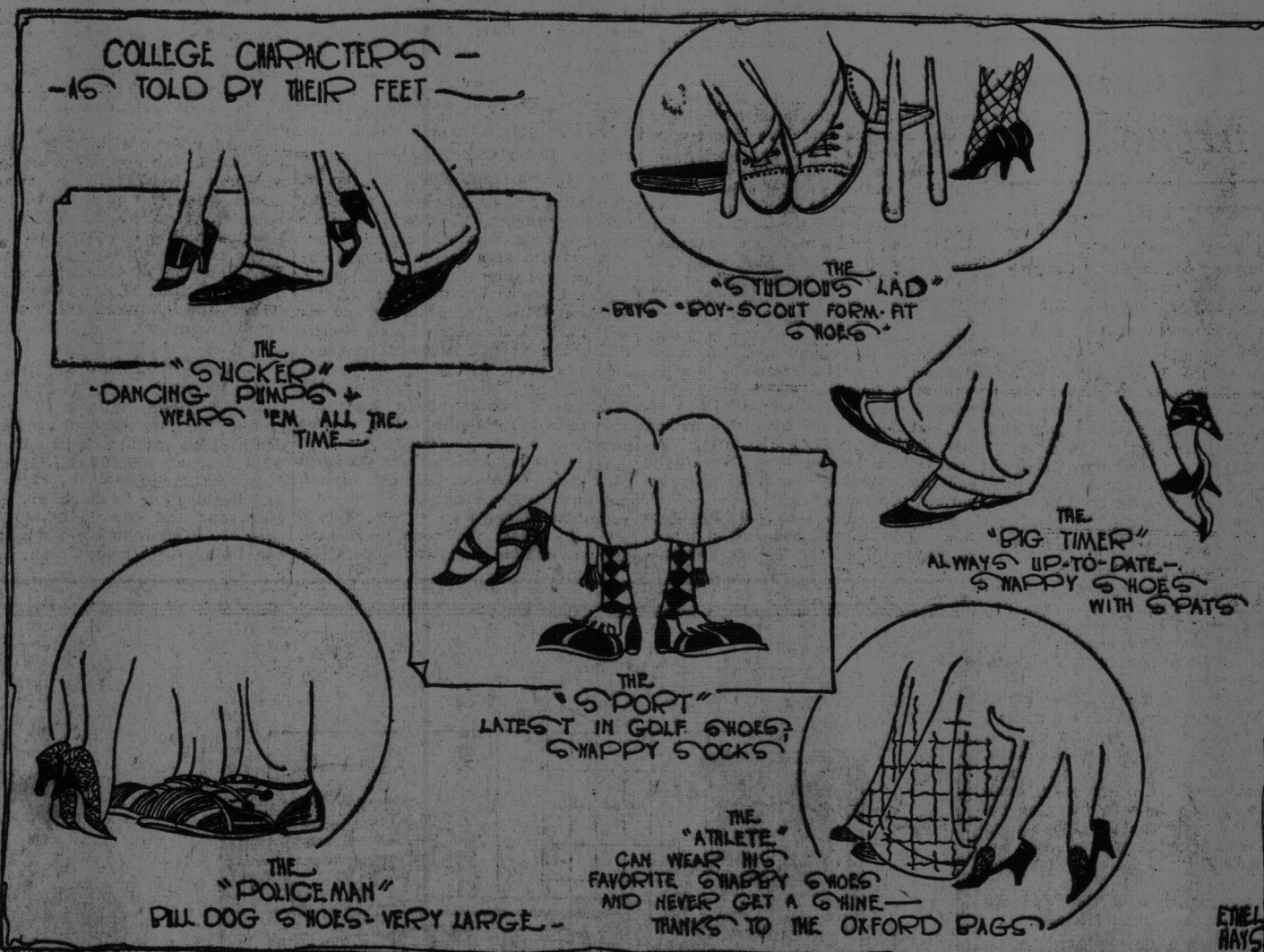
Marry by all means, Lonesome Widower, but pick out a woman in your own age class—somewhere between 40 and 45.

DOROTHY DIX.

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RED ROSE
"is good COFFEE"

Latest In Feet



Fashion Fancies



By Marie Belmont

The frock above makes effective use of pinstripes, to give the slim, straight line through the hips. Soft green crepe makes the dress, while dark green velvet is inset through the waistline, and applied in bands at the hem and cuffs. Silver braid outlines the neck and falls in a soft swirl the while the same silver braid is used above the hem band of green velvet, above the cuffs, and to outline the green velvet insets about the waist.

FLAPPER FANNY says



Your Birthday

JANUARY 9—The person born on this day possesses a frank, energetic, kind nature. He or she achieves their highest success in life by keeping their thoughts fixed steadily on that sterling maxim, "Be the master of your own success." January 9 folks are home-lovers, and will be happy in their marriage.

Your birth-stone is a garnet, which means faithfulness.

Your flower is a snowdrop.

Your lucky colors are navy blue and black.

SULLIVAN VS. JAZZ

LONDON, Jan. 9.—A school has just been started in London for the training of students in the opera of Gilbert and Sullivan. The aim of the sponsors is to defeat jazz saxophone wailing.

SEE-SAVING BROADWAY

IN THREE sentences "Melle" Dunham, fiddler extraordinary to Henry Ford, gave the best summing up of New York I have heard in a day's travel.

Upon his arrival, the American edition of Ole Bull was asked why he had come to New York and answered with a surprising honesty: "Ma and Mary came to make some money."

Soon a great crowd had gathered to peep at him and he made the deduction: "Folks here is sure darn curious."

And after they had heaped upon him the usual honors, had stepped around to night clubs and theatres the snow-shoemaker of Maine commented: "This is all a lot of damn foolishness."

"THERE you have, with one broad sweeping gesture, the essence of New York."

"I came to make money" would be the opening sentence in 80 per cent. of the stories. The butcher boy from the small Massachusetts town becomes the giant figure in Wall Street and thus lures 10,000 others. The girl from Sauk Center conquers Broadway and 10,000 more try to do the same thing.

In Austria, Poland, Germany, Italy the peasants hear of the land of gold and become Ponce de Leon searching for the magic fountain.

In the salons, art centers, literary circles and music centers of the world they talk of fabulous sums to be made, and New York awakens to an influx of lecturers, writers, painters, musicians.

If they become "lions" they find two classes of people about them; one is the "damn curious" group that wants to stare at a celebrity; the other is the group that already has made its fortune and wants to "feed the lions," as they put it.

The musician or artist or actress finds himself or herself trotted about to this function or that, and if he has any sense of humor or bump of honesty, the time must come when he says either to himself or his most intimate friend: "This is a lot of damn foolishness." And, of course it is!

THE end point is that, sooner or later, most of these millions lose their sense of values. In the "foolishness" that is all about, artificial values are

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There are 7 faces to be found above watching the deer. One you find them! To mark each one with an X, cut out the picture, and write on a separate piece of paper these words: "I have found all the faces and marked them" and mail same to us with your name and address. In case of the last writing and names will be considered correct. We will send you a prize without spending one cent of your money. Send your reply direct to:

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A Thought

Salt is good; but if the salt have lost his saltiness, wherewith will ye season it? Have salt in yourselves, and have peace one with another.—Mark 9:50.

ALL things that speak of heaven speak of peace.—Babbey.

ant things seem to become relatively unimportant.

The wise old Maine fiddler will take his quick earnings and go back to his hills, there to lean back in luxurious quietude and contentment. Most of the wise do that. The rest become New Yorkers.

GILBERT SWAN.

ADVENTURES of the TWINS

by OLIVE ROBERTS BARTON

THE LITTLE BOY AND THE CANDY STORE.

Tweekanose's sweet tooth almost gave him away, for he certainly did love candy.

Inch o' Pie said to the Twins, "If we were to catch that goblin, my dears, I think we shall have to watch the candy store. He is sure to go there sooner or later."

So the three of them flew away on Inch o' Pie's goose to the roof of the candy store, where the little fairy said he would wait while the Twins climbed down to the street.

They stood outside the candy store watching the people go in and out, but no sign of the goblin could they see. One little boy began to be sorry for—he stood so long with his face pressed against the window-pane and looking in at the goodies, that Nancy said he must be waiting for someone, too.

He had on a big cap and ear-muffs, and a muffler that covered his chin and nose, and goshes and an overcoat with big pockets that looked as though it belonged to his grandfather.

By and by a lady stopped and said, "Did you have a nice Christmas, little boy?"

"No, ma'am," said the little boy quickly.

"That's too bad," said the lady kindly. "Come into the store with me and I'll buy you some chocolate drops."

So the little boy went in with the lady and in a few minutes they came out again.

"Good-bye, little boy," said the lady. "I hope you will like your candy."

"Thank you," said the little boy.

The lady went away, but the little boy stayed and kept on looking in at the goodies in the window, the bag of candy stuffed deep in his overcoat pocket.

Pretty soon a man came along and stopped.

"Why, hello here, little man," he exclaimed. "Looking in at the candy, eh? Didn't Santa Claus bring you any for Christmas?"

"No, sir," said the little boy.

"Well, well, well! I declare, that's too bad!" said the man. "Come right inside with me and I'll buy you some gum drops."

So in went the little boy again and when the man had gone he stuffed the bag of gum drops down deep into the other overcoat pocket.

And what did he do but begin to look in the window again as though he had never tasted a goodie in his life.

"Oh, do look at that poor little boy!" said another lady to her husband as they passed. "Say, little fellow, do you want some candy?" she asked.

"Yes, ma'am, please," said the queer little chap as meek as Moses.

"He's greedy, I think," said Nancy to Nick. "What is he going to do with it all, do you suppose?"

The lady was saying, "Come on into this nice store, little boy, and I'll buy you some fudge and some caramels."

And the little boy marched right in again and came out with two more bags which he stuffed down into his big overcoat pockets along with the others.

"Nobody ever wants to buy me any peppermints," Nick heard him say to himself. "And I wish they would. They taste so much like candy-canes."

Suddenly the Twins looked at each other. And at that minute Inch o' Pie looked down over the edge of the roof where he had been sitting. He had heard it, too.

But the little boy, who, of course you now know, was Tweekanose, the goblin himself, saw them and took to his heels. Before they could catch him he was out of sight. He had slid down one of the street holes into Goblin Land to divide the candy with his cronies.

To Be Continued

Minard's Lintinet for Grippe.

ZOO CENTURY OLD.

LONDON, Jan. 9.—The Zoological Society is making arrangements for the celebration of the 100th year of its existence early this year.



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