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INTERESTING

A Feature Page of Interest to Everyone

INSTRUCTIVE

Dorothy Dix

Modern Wives are Discontented Because They are Lonesome and Unappreciated by Their Husbands—A Few Compliments, Theatre Tickets and Real Kisses Would Solve Feminine Cross-Word Puzzle.

A MAN asks me: "What's the matter with wives?" He says that wives used to be meek and mild and humble and satisfied and subservient to their husbands, and that now they are restless and discontented and peevish and not willing to stay put in their homes, and that they flout their husbands' authority. And he wants to know why this is thus, and what's the matter with wives, anyway.



DOROTHY DIX

Well, I think that the chief thing that is the matter with wives is husbands.

THE average man seems to think that just being married to him is picnic enough for any woman, and that every time she looks at her wedding ring she should pass into a state of ecstatic bliss. He feels that he bestowed such a favor upon her in saving her from being an old maid that she hasn't a right to expect anything more from him.

His whole conception of the duty of a husband consists of paying the rent and the grocery bill and giving his wife a few clothes. It never enters his head that he is under any moral obligation to make happy and pleasant the life of the woman he has taken into his hands.

POSSIBLY men have always felt that way about their wives. Probably wives have always resented this attitude of their husbands, but in the past there was nothing for the woman to do but to put up with it as best she could with such luck as fate sent her in a husband.

But nowadays, when any able-bodied, intelligent woman can support herself, and three-fourths of the girls who get married give up good-paying jobs to do so, wives are demanding more of husbands than their grandmothers did, and they are not pulling any suffer-in-silence-and-be-strong stuff when they don't get it.

They have made a big sacrifice on the altar of matrimony. They have given up their freedom, their good pay envelopes, their pretty clothes, their good times and the thrill and excitement of work that brought them in continual contact with the outside world, so that they are not saying any particularly fervent "Thank you" to any man for the privilege of slaving in his kitchen and doing his cleaning and his scrubbing and baby-tending and working twice as hard as they ever did before and without wages.

THEY look upon matrimony as a fifty-fifty proposition, in which a man is just as great as his duty is to him, and they feel that it is just as much up to the husband to do his part in making a home as it is to the wife. Men may take the modern woman or leave her, as they please, but they may be sure of this one fact: that the patient Griselda wife is as extinct as the dodo.

Never again are women going to keep the home fires burning for husbands who come home only to change their clothes and eat, then fasten to amuse themselves. Never again are women going to endure the abuse of high-tempered husbands, the grouching of surly ones, the tight-lippedness of miserly ones. Never again are women going to sit up and twiddle their thumbs waiting for the wrecks of unfaithful husbands to come back to them to be nursed and cared for when they are too old and broken to philander any more.

The passing of this generation will see the end of the financially dependent woman. The woman who can get out and earn her own living and who has children to go to school and to college, and who has a husband who doesn't give satisfaction, just as she would break up any other partnership with a man who didn't carry out his part of the obligations.

GOODNESS knows, when you see the kind of husbands that a lot of women have got, you can't blame them for being disappointed. When a girl gets married she thinks that she is securing to herself a perfect lover, a man who will always be tender and affectionate to her, who will always admire her and never weary of telling her how beautiful and wonderful she is, and how lucky he feels himself to have got her for a wife. But, alas! the great majority of men stop their loving at the altar. They never show to their wives by word or deed thereafter that they have the slightest affection or interest in them.

There are thousands upon thousands of wives whose husbands never speak to them except to knock them. There are thousands upon thousands of husbands who never give their wives a kiss that isn't an insult, it is so cold and flabby. There are thousands upon thousands of wives who would drop dead of surprise if their husbands should pay them a compliment.

IS IT any wonder that the women who have this brand of clam-on-ice husbands are discontented and peevish? Do you wonder that the wives of such husbands never break their necks to please them? What incentive has a woman to fry herself to a cinder over the kitchen stove cooking good dinners for a man who gobbles them down without a word of praise? Why should she sweat every nickel for a husband who will grovel over the bills, anyway, without even a recognition of her thrift? Why should she try to make herself attractive to a man who never notices her any more than he does the carpet sweeper?

Another thing that is the matter with wives is that they are bored and lonesome. A woman marries for companionship. Every girl's dream is to get a husband with whom she can pal around. What most of them get is a walking delegate or a store dummy.

NINE-TENTHS of the husbands either put on their hats as soon as they have eaten their dinners and bang the front door behind them as they make their exits, or else they sit up as silent as mummies, with the evening papers in their hands, and only grunt when they are spoken to. Or else they tune in on the radio and expect wife to spend an exciting evening watching them get Honolulu and Birds Center and Squeedunk.

They never think that after a dull day spent in monotonous household duties a woman would like a little cheerful conversation or to be taken out to some place of amusement, where she could get something new to think about next day while she washed the dishes and minded the baby and patched Johnny's trousers. And that is what makes wife cross and fretful and whining and complaining. She gets morbid and self-pitying, because she hasn't enough new interests in her life to keep her from dwelling on her troubles until she magnifies all of the molehills into mountains.

THERE are not many men who are intentionally bad husbands, but there are lots of husbands who are careless husbands and indifferent husbands and neglectful husbands, and it is these who make disgruntled wives.

When you find a husband who is tender and kind and loving to his wife and who makes her feel that in every way he is seeking her happiness, you will never have to ask what's the matter with wife. She's all right. DOROTHY DIX.

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whole grains of wheat—  
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cheese or marmalades

How To Keep A Husband



IN NEW YORK  
SEE-SAWING UP  
AND DOWN  
BROADWAY

SEE-SAWING up and down Broadway I heard this latest bit of slang, which I advise you to jot down and spring on the old folks at home. . . . "Papa-shoppers" . . . It has reference to the flappers who "ankle" up and down Main street looking the boys over. . . . "Ankling" by the way, is the gentle art of strolling about with that particular type of dress that challenges the male eye. If you see a young lady with one of the six-foot-two college football type you are expected to ask her: "Who's the big parade?" And a middle-aged lady trying to look young is a "face-lifter." The grim maid who spins cigarettes is "smokeless powder" and a heart-breaker is a "subdebacle."

SAW James Cobb, who holds the world's record as a stagehand, marching with the G. A. B. boys in the Memorial Day parade. Cobb has been active "back stage" for 50 years and his age is somewhere in the eighties. He still is at it and says the midnight life has kept him young. The "spumoni man" is once more in our midst. "Spumoni" is an Italian ice cream very popular in Manhattan. But the "spumoni man" has changed. No longer is he a picturesque peddler going about with his wares. Now he goes about on a three-wheeled motorcycle with a little attachment for his goodies. Truly I expect any day to see an organ grinder going about in a flivver. And then, my friends, there will be nothing left to live for.

NOTE that the large pictures of un-clothed ladies are starting out from many Broadway lobbies and look for a heat wave. Amusing though it may seem the burlesque houses, which were quite the naughtiest thing possible in father's day, headed the march for "cleanse" shows. For the entire winter season no suggestive pictures appeared in burlesque show lobbies. But competition from the "better" shows became so heated that they have had to go back to naughty photographs. Fifth Avenue exclusive shops showing next fall's furs. Jazz bands a dozen deep lining up at Pennsylvania Station for departure to summer resorts. Most of the players appear to be young Jewish boys from the East Side. A single tenement supplies all the players of one band. The boys grew up together and learned "team work." The parents run pushcarts. Thus operates the melting pot. Russian cossacks, in picturesque attire, walking Broadway arm in arm with former members of the royalty who now operate cafes or act as doorknobs. The other day I met a pianist in a royal orchestra playing "on location" at one of the film studios.

GILBERT SWAN.

Is this your BIRTHDAY

JUNE 17—You have a blithe, happy, hopeful disposition. You are artistic, but sometimes impractical. You are sympathetic, and loving, fond of your home life, but also very fond of outside amusements. You like to travel, and you are eager to learn and improve your mind. Be careful not to allow pleasure to interfere with business.

Your birth-stone is a pearl, which means health and long life. Your flower is the honeysuckle. Your lucky colors are light blue and white.

A Thought

If thou faint in the day of adversity, thy strength is small.—Prov. 24:10.

ADVERSITY has the effect of eliciting talents, which, in prosperous circumstances, would have lain dormant.—Horace.

Fashion Fancies

TOP COATS CUT ABOVE SKIRT LENGTH NOW

Swagger is the only word suggested for the tailored top coat of natural color kasha which is worn over a sports frock of green silk. There is a mannish line to the coat, emphasized by the tailored buttonholes set directly opposite the round flat buttons and intended not to close over them. Pocket tops are strictly tailored with bands of self-material.

Flapper Fanny Says

LITTLE JOE

YOUR HEREFTER MAY DEPEND ON HOW YOU GET WHAT YOU'RE AFTER

Menus for the Family

MENU HINT

Waffles—Separate two eggs and beat the yolks with one and one-quarter cups milk. Sift together two cups pastry flour, four teaspoons baking powder and one-quarter to one-half teaspoon salt. The amount of salt depends on whether the fat used in the waffles is salted or unsalted. Mix thoroughly and add six tablespoons melted shortening. Last fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour milk may be substituted for sweet milk, using five-eighths teaspoon baking soda and one and one-half teaspoons baking powder.

Nut Bread—Three cups flour, three teaspoons baking powder, one cup sugar, one teaspoon cinnamon, one teaspoon salt, one egg, one and one-half cups milk, one cup nuts, cut in pieces, one cup raisins, two tablespoons melted shortening. Mix and sift flour, baking powder, sugar, cinnamon and salt. Beat eggs and add milk. Stir liquid into flour mixture and mix well. Add nuts, raisins and shortening. Pour into greased pan, let stand one-half hour and bake in moderate oven (325 degrees F.) 50 to 60 minutes.

Beef—This is a good way to use cheaper cuts of beef and a great favorite. Two pounds beef, one can tomatoes, three onions, one half dozen whole cloves, one stick cinnamon, three slices salt pork, one-half cup vinegar. Chop tomatoes and onions, make slash in beef, fill with salt pork, add cloves and cinnamon to tomatoes and onions. Salt, put over meat with vinegar and enough water to cover. Bake three hours or until meat is tender.

Strawberry Snowdrifts—Sponge cake, whipped cream, sugared strawberries. Bake any good sponge cake mixture in thin sheets. When cold cut with a sharp knife in narrow strips about four inches long. Fill these log-cabin fashion and about four inches high on as many serving dishes as there are guests. Heap the centers with whipped cream slightly flavored and sweetened, and dispose sugared strawberries about the base. This recipe may also be used with peaches.

BRIDE (at butcher shop)—I want half a pound of mince-meat, and cut it from a nice, tender young mince, please.

COFFEE really keeps you awake, some people ought to try coffee.

LET YOUR BOY CYCLE ON A JOYCYCLE

CLARK'S BOILED DINNER

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ADVENTURES of the TWINS

WHAT THE TWINS SAW IN SHUT-EYE TOWN

The Twins looked at all the queer people in Shut-Eye Town, going up and down and in and out, and here and yonder, willy, nilly, the queerest way ever. They whisked by under their very noses or walked between them, or darted out unexpectedly from nowhere, disappearing just as suddenly into nothing. The most amazing part of it all, however, was that nobody made a sound. With so much hustle and bustle and hurrying and pushing, you'd have expected it to sound like circus-day. The Twins must have showed how very odd they thought it was, for all at once a tall thin person with long arms like toll-gates, suddenly stretched out one of his arms in front of them and they had to stop. "My name is Geewhilkens," said he in a solemn voice. "Why are you so surprised?" "It's so very quiet," said Nick. "Nobody seems to make a sound. Do they all wear overcoats?" "No," said Geewhilkens. "But our streets are made of rubber. Grade A Number One rubber that never wears out."

"Can't you ever stamp or make a noise?" asked Nancy. "What do you do when you're cross?" "Cross?" exclaimed Geewhilkens. "Cross! What does that mean? Is it anything like whooping cough? As for whooping cough, we have a wonderful invention. Silencers! You can't hear a thing."

"Say, Mister," said Nick suddenly. "We came to this place to look for a couple of friends, so we must be going. I guess. Thank you for telling us so much about everything."

But strange to say, Mister Geewhilkens turned slowly into a great green lobster with enormous whiskers and great green claws like nut-crackers. One of these nut-crackers he snapped rudely before Nick's nose, looking as though he should like to say something rude also. But he lacked hurriedly away without any further remark, and Nancy said indignantly: "I know why he did that. He didn't think his thumb would make enough noise if he snapped it, so he turned into a lobster just so he could have those horrible claws to snap."

"I shouldn't wonder," said Nick. "But, oh, Nancy, look at all those queer people!" The Twins stood and watched the people of Shut-Eye Town go sliding by in their queer noiseless way. First a lady as wide as a mattress and no higher than a shoe-scraper passed, leading a dog as long as a clothes-line and as thin as a clothes-pole. Next came a man as high as a church steeple and so narrow he could have walked through a door crack. Without a word the man jumped on a six-legged horse which promptly leaped up on a house and went down the chimney. The third person was no other than an enormous egg, who seemed to be able to bend quite easily in the middle, for he bowed this way and that to all his friends as he passed, constantly taking pinches of snuff and sneezing without any noise.

The fourth person stopped in front of the Twins and introduced himself. "I'm Updaisy," said he. "I'm first cousin to the Lowly Daisy, but I refused to be so humble and changed my name. Now you know why I wear a high silk hat, a pair of glasses on a string, and a cane. Good-bye!" And away he went, leaving the Twins staring after him. "Say, Nick," whispered Nancy. "I feel as though I was asleep."

"So do I," nodded Nick. "But I'm sure we're not."

To Be Continued

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