

INTERESTING

# A Feature Page of Interest to Everyone

INSTRUCTIVE

## Dorothy Dix

Advice to Two Boys of 20 Who Don't Want to Work—  
The Jealous Wife, Whose Only Rival is Her Husband's  
Dog—The Stenographer-Wife Whose Husband Takes  
All Her Earnings.

DEAR MISS DOROTHY DIX—We are two young boys 20 years of age. We have good homes, and are always having a good time, but we don't want to work. What shall we do?  
W. H. G. AND H. L.



DOROTHY DIX.

ANSWER: Well, boys, the world is full of youth such as you are. It has always been full of them, and the best way to answer your question is to ask you to take a look at these men who are 40 and 50 and 60 years old now, and who took the same view of life at 20 that you do.

They were not willing to work, either. They had good homes just as you have, and for a while they got along well enough by sponging on their parents. But after a time their poor old fathers and mothers got too old to work and support them, or they died, and these Wasties were thrown out upon the hard and callous world that has little place in it for loafers. They were past 20 then. Perhaps they were 30 or even older. They had no trade, no habits of industry; no way of making a living, and no body wanted to give them even a chance to work because the man who is nearing middle life and who has no settled occupation bears on himself the stigma of failure. He shows that he is no account, or else he would have settled to something long before.

Look at these men, shabby, homeless, drifting from place to place, looked upon with contempt, without even money to provide themselves with the good times you crave, and tell me if you think that laziness pays? You say that you don't want to work. Why, boys, there is nothing else in the world that is such fun as work! There is nothing else so interesting as work. Nothing that has such thrills in it. Nothing that is such a great adventure.

You never will know what a good time really is until you get to doing some work in which you put your heart and soul, in which you are so absorbed that the day goes by in a flash and is over before you thought it had really begun. You never will know what happiness is until you are doing some work that fills all of your thoughts and your dreams, and that brings out in you powers that you did not know you possessed. You never even know what love is until you fall so much in love with your job that you have for it a passion that passes a man's love for any woman.

And think of the rewards of work! Happiness, contentment, an interest that will never fail you. The respect of all who know you. The sense of doing a man's part in the world. The gratification of knowing that you can hold your own with other men. And, not least of all, the possession of money that will buy you the comforts and luxuries you crave, and independence when you are old.

Of course, you can refuse to work, boys. You can dead-beat your way through the world, and be despised and poor, and end your days in the almshouse.

But do you think it will pay? DOROTHY DIX.  
DEAR DOROTHY DIX—My husband is kind to me. He never finds fault with me for anything I do or don't do, and he never refuses me anything I want. But there is one thing that I cannot stand any longer. He has a little old rat dog that he will let sleep in the house at night in the wintertime in spite of the fact that I insist on having it put out. He just worships that dog, and I have given him notice that I am going to leave him if he doesn't put it out. We would have a nice agreeable time together, if it were not for this pesky old dog. What am I to do?  
MRS. SPARKS.

ANSWER: Mr. Sparks, aren't you ashamed of being jealous of a poor little dog? If your husband were petting some flapper about half your age, and who weighed about half what you do, you would have some cause to be green-eyed and tell your husband that he would have to choose between you and your deadly rival. But how silly of you to wreck your home over a dog!

I am sorry for any human being who doesn't love dogs. He or she misses one of the purest pleasures on earth, for there is no other love that is so faithful, so unselfish, that asks so little and gives so much as a dog's. Any one who has not had a dog who called him Master and who looked up to him as we look up to God, any one who has not had a dog nuzzle its head into his shoulder or lay its head upon his knees, and look up into his face with eyes of deathless devotion; any one who has not heard a dog's yelp of joy at his return of an evening, is poor indeed. He or she has missed something fine and beautiful and wonderful out of life.

Next to a baby's caressing arms about your neck is a dog's tongue licking your hand. So, Mrs. Sparks, I pity you from the bottom of my heart, because you don't love your husband's dog.

But even if you are a dog-hater, try to get his point of view on the subject and realize that to many men a dog is an absolute requisite of happiness. They simply can't exist without one. Home is no home without the pattering of little paws running to meet them and the wriggling of a little body that leaps all over them the minute they open the door. They are like the Scotchman who said that he felt as if he were undressed when he took a walk if he didn't have his dog at his heels.

After all, your husband has as much right in the home as you have. He pays the freight. He earns the money that keeps it going and if all that he asks is the privilege of having his little dog sleep in the house on a winter's night, don't you think that you are pretty mean and stingy to begrudge it to him? DOROTHY DIX.

DEAR MISS DIX—I am a young married woman, a stenographer working every day and three nights a week for two different concerns. My husband is a salesman in a real estate office, but not entirely depending on that source for a living. He requires me to pay all of our living expenses, such as rent, food, laundry, etc., while he puts all he earns in the bank. He even makes me give him spending money, although he has more than I have. Do you think this is fair?  
WORRIED WIFE.

ANSWER: Certainly not. If you pay half of the living expenses, it is all and more than he should expect of you, and you should have the balance of your money to do with as you please.

As matters stand, if your husband should tire of you and decide to leave you, he would have all the money and leave you destitute. A good husband who means fairly by his wife does not try to take all of her money away from her; therefore, a wife does well to be suspicious of her husband when he tries to rob her of her pocketbook.  
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Instead of soda hereafter take a little "Phillips' Milk of Magnesia" in water any time for indigestion or sour, acid, gassy stomach, and relief will come instantly.  
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INSIST UPON "PHILLIPS"  
Each bottle contains full directions. Any drugstore.

## THE FAVORITE OF THE COURT



Princess Marie, youngest daughter of the King and Queen of Italy, is only 12, and is a prime favorite at the Italian court. She has been brought up very simply under an English nurse, and speaks English as fluently as a Londoner.

## ADVENTURES of the TWINS

by OLIVE ROBERTS BARTON

"Where is the Land of the Blue Cherry?" asked the Fairy Queen. The Fairy Queen went to a map that hung on her wall. "I have so many kingdoms," she said, "that I have had to have a map made of them, so I shall know exactly how to reach each one." She ran her finger up and down and finally she exclaimed, "Here it is! About six fairy miles from Yum Yum Land, seven fairy miles from Nobody's Land, eight miles from Hazy Go Land and nine miles from the Land of Dear Knows Where. Now you should know exactly how to reach it. At any rate your magic shoes will know the way."

Suddenly poor Twinkle Pen who had turned blue all over from drinking up his ink, began to sing, "Forty-nine blue-bottles hanging on the wall! Forty-nine blue-bottles hanging on the wall! Where can I find something to write on? I must put that down a thousand times so I won't forget it."

"Quick, children, go at once!" cried the Fairy Queen. Poor Twinkle Pen! He can't be cured until he eats a blue cherry. Find it as soon as you can and bring it back!" So Nancy said:

"Magic shoes, please be good little fairies. And help Nick and Nancy to find the blue cherries."

"Cherry!" corrected the Fairy Queen. "There is only one. It is called the Land of the Blue Cherry. No one knows exactly where it is. If he did know, I suppose the cherry would no longer be there. It is supposed to cure all ills."

"Like the Apple of Life that saved the beautiful princess in the fairy tale," said Nick. "Exactly," said the Fairy Queen. "Forty-nine blue-bottles!" began poor Twinkle Pen again.

"Oh, do hurry!" begged the Fairy Queen. "Do hurry!"

Suddenly the Fairy Queen and Twinkle Pen and the palace and everything faded away. And the Twins found themselves in a strange land.

A large kangaroo was leaping toward them on its tail.

As it approached the Twins saw that it was quite blue, and that it wore a blue coat and hat.

"Name, please!" said the Kangaroo, stopping suddenly and taking a book out of his coat pocket. "And why didn't you come in by the wicket?"

"The wicket?" said Nancy in surprise. "Is there a wicket? And what is a wicket and if so, how many, and that being the case—how?"

Nick didn't look any more surprised than Nancy herself. She hadn't intended to make any such speech at all! The words just came without thinking. But the thing was, that when they came, they came. She couldn't have held the words back any more than you could hold back a snowstorm.

"That's what you get," said the Blue Kangaroo sharply. "The old wizard has already cast his spell over you, I see. He's the only one in the whole country who knows the secret of the blue-cherry. And he's so afraid that strangers will ask about it that he mixes them all up. If you had come in the front way by the wicket gate, all would have been easier. Now you'll both have to try and have the spell removed. I'll tell you just one more thing. The wizard's name is Blue Whiskers."

The Twins had nothing to say to this, so the Kangaroo went on: "What are your names and ages. The laws in this land which are called Blue Laws, because they are written on blue paper, require it."

"Nick and Nancy—I mean—Nicky and Ninny," began Nick. "Never mind!" said the Kangaroo. "It's the charm. I happen to know your names."

So he wrote down, "Nancy and Nick—the Twins."

To Be Continued

It is said that radio-telephonic communication across the Atlantic, with the same privacy as present long distance telephone communication, will be developed.

## Menus for the Family

MENU HINT

Breakfast  
Fruit—Cooked or Fresh  
Marmalade  
Coffee

Luncheon  
Spinach au Gratin  
Stewed Fruit  
Toasted Rolls  
Spice Cake

Dinner  
Meat Balls  
Buttered Beans  
Lemon Pie  
Mashed Potatoes  
Cabbage Salad  
Tea or Coffee

TODAY'S RECIPES

Marmalade—Eight oranges, two grapefruit, four lemons, two cups water, eight pounds sugar. Peel fruit in paper-like slices and grind peel. Throw away the tough white part of the peeling. Then grind seeds. Add to the ground peeling and water and boil one and one-half hours. Let stand for 24 hours, then add sugar and stand 24 more hours, then boil one and one-half hours.

Spinach au Gratin—Cook one-half peck of good fresh spinach. Line a baking dish with the spinach, then add a layer of grated cheese, then a layer of the spinach, and so on up, with cheese on top. Pour over this a good cream sauce, then add a sprinkling of paprika and bake about 30 minutes.

Spice Cake—One cup sugar, one-half cup butter, two eggs, two cups flour, one cup sour milk, one cup raisins, one-half cup nut meats, one-half teaspoon cinnamon, one-half teaspoon cloves, one round teaspoon soda, one tablespoon molasses, pinch of salt.

Meat Balls—One cup tomatoes, one green pepper, one onion, cook. Mix balls of ground round steak, seasoned with onion, salt and pepper and mixed with an egg and bread crumbs. Cook for one-half hour in first mixture.

A New Lemon Pie—Yolks of three eggs, three-quarter cup of sugar, three tablespoons water, grated rind and juice of one lemon. Bring to a boil in double boiler and cook until thick. Beat the whites of three eggs until stiff and add one-quarter cup sugar. Then add mixture to this by folding it in. Bake in a pan with a good rich pie crust. Add mixture and bake very slowly until done.

vocal duet was very pleasantly given by Mrs. Leslie Waters and Mrs. H. Usher Miller.

## BOVRIL puts BEEF INTO YOU

SOLD IN BOTTLES ONLY

## What Real Over-baking means

Only when beans are really oven-baked can the label say "baked." So, look for "oven-baked" on the label.

Heinz beans are oven-baked. That's what develops the taste in them—the taste that brings the plates back for more.

They're oven-baked—that's what keeps the nutrition in and makes them so easy to digest.

They're oven-baked—that's why the words "oven-baked" appear on the label.

## HEINZ OVEN-BAKED BEANS with tomato sauce

Other varieties—HEINZ TOMATO KETCHUP, HEINZ COOKED SPAGHETTI, HEINZ CREAM SOUPS, HEINZ VINEGARS

The taste is the test  
HEINZ OVEN-BAKED BEANS SOLD IN CANADA ARE BAKED IN CANADA

## DAILY MOVIE SERVICE News Notes From Movieland

THE two important screen roles that have fallen to the lot of Elsie Lawson in the course of her cinema career, found her playing opposite Adolphe Menjou, the star of Paragon.



Elsie Lawson, mounte "A Social Celebrity," now in the course of production with Mal St. Clair as director.

Miss Lawson made her screen debut in 1917, appearing in extra and bit roles in a series of pictures under the direction of Christie Cabanne. She was given her first opportunity in pictures as one of the sisters of Marguerite Clark in "The Amazons," an early Famous Players success. Opposite her, in the role of a French beau, appeared Adolphe Menjou, who made frequent but unimportant appearances in a miscellany of photoplays.

Following her performance in "The Amazons," Miss Lawson left the screen and devoted herself to the stage, singing and dancing in several popular musical comedies.

But while Miss Lawson pursued foot-light fame, Menjou gradually forged the front as a screen star. In "A Social Celebrity," which stars Menjou, she has been assigned a prominent part in his support, which features also Chester Conklin and Louise Brooks.

The two players found each other well advanced on the road to success upon which they had earlier met as less fortunate newcomers.

A Thought  
Then the eyes of the blind shall be opened, and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped.—Isa. 35:5.

THE blindness of men is the most dangerous effect of their pride; it seems to nourish and augment it; it deprives them of knowledge of remedies which can relieve their miseries and can cure their faults.—L. A. Rochefoucauld.

## Is this your BIRTHDAY

FEBRUARY 18—Determination is one of your best gifts, and through your methodical, painstaking methods you can surmount great difficulties. You are careful and thrifty, a good planner, and have excellent governing ability. You are a general favorite among your friends and acquaintances, and should have a very happy marriage.

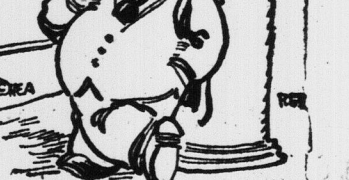
Your birth-stone is an amethyst, which means sincerity.

Your flower is a primrose.

Your lucky colors are light blue and yellow.

Little Joe

WOULD YOU THINK SUCCESS WOULD GET TIRED OF WAITING FOR SOME PEOPLE



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