

Beatrice Fairfax Writes of Problems in Life and Love

Readers of this column are invited to seek the advice and counsel of Beatrice Fairfax in matters affecting their relations with other people. Names of writers are never published without permission of the writer.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: I come to you in my great trouble, begging for advice and help. My twin sister and I are both in love with the same man. We look so much alike that he cannot tell us apart. I met him a month ago at a summer resort where we immediately fell in love and were engaged in two weeks. I then saw him again when she was wearing my clothes and calling herself by my name so as to be with him.

He declares he still loves me and says if he is with my sister long enough he can tell he seems by the difference in our dispositions. My sister says she says the same thing to her and I do not believe her. However, she sometimes makes me very unhappy by making for her instead of my mother and father want me to marry a rich man for whom I do not care. Therefore do all they can to help my sister win my fiance's love. I would have accepted but my mother would kill herself if I do.

You picture a quite impossible situation which it would take a Philadelphia lawyer to solve. From the way the young man is acting, I don't think he is much worth fighting over and he seems to be causing serious disruption between you and your sister, and you and your mother. It is up to you to make him indicate which side he wants, and then let the other alone. I'm sure even though you saw him first you do not want to hold him unless he is certain of his love for you. Don't you think that he and your whole family have "gotten your goat" just a little bit?

Go off by yourself for a few hours and think the whole thing out, but by no means even consider the older man you do not love. Young in Years But Old in Trouble. I am a young woman of 19 years, mother of twins (girls) and will soon be married. My mother and I were married when fourteen. Two weeks ago my husband and I had a very foolish quarrel and he left home. I have not seen him since. This is the third time he has left. The first time I was compelled to have him in court to support the babies and myself. When we live together, he makes a good deal of me, yet he is always frowning. During our separation he went with a girl and when he first came back, but whether he goes with her now, I don't know. She gave him a pair of cuff buttons for his birthday and a watch for Christmas. He has asked her to return them but he refused. Would you advise me to try to get him back or stay away from him, as my father is willing to look after me and take care of the children? My father makes good money. My mother is dead. I still think a lot of my husband and I am broken-hearted. Do you think it proper for him to keep the buttons and the watch? By all means stay with your father and make a home for him and your little ones. Otherwise, my dear, I'm afraid that each few years will only find you with additional children and only with weeping eyes.

Turn right about face and try to forget this husband who has treated you so shamefully. It was neither right for him to accept the girls or to keep them. But don't worry your head over his or his jewelry. Your father seems to be your best friend just at present. Fiance Husband a Turk At Heart. DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: I am sixteen—my husband is twenty-seven. I love him dearly, but we

don't live as happily as we should. He is very jealous—so jealous that he has made me feel as if I were a prisoner. I have tried to stop this but without avail so am writing to you mainly to know if I am wrong or right. My husband works day and night. Sometimes in two or three weeks he gets a night off and then we go to a movie. Now he thinks that because he works and cannot take me around that I should stay at home and be satisfied to wait for him until he gets at 12 o'clock, but I go to movies with two girl friends, one married and the other single. Whenever I go out I leave a note for my father and am never in the company of men. These girls keep me from being lonely and I use sometimes I feel rather old. I worry so much. DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: Any man who marries a child, should see to it that that child has some fun and amusement. Moreover, no husband should work night and day and only have one night off in two or three weeks. The time has gone by when a man could marry a woman and then shut her up in a home as in a prison and proceed to neglect her. I should have a frank talk with him, tell him you would be ill and nervous and unhappy if you spent all the long hours with your husband at home, and if he can't take you out often you must go with your friends. In an effort at compromise, couldn't you have these girl friends come to visit you instead of going out every night? Handsome Is An Handsome Deed. DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: I am a girl seventeen, and for the past three months have earned my own expenses. A short time ago I became acquainted with a very handsome married man of thirty-three. His wife and he does not care for him and is only living with him to get what she can out of him. She is a cigarette smoker and entertains soldiers when he is away. Now, Miss Fairfax, I know it is not right for a single girl to go with a married man, but he is so handsome for him and he is such a fine fellow and does not deserve such treatment. I am sure if he had the right woman to stick to him he would amount to something. I have been with him several times and he has called to see me quite often. He has never said the point where I really care for him. He has always treated me with kindness and respect. A fortune teller told me she could make him love me. What would be your plan in this case? My plan would be to let you see what an impractical mess you are getting yourself into. Misunderstood married men should always be taken with a grain of salt. The trouble usually is not that their wives do not understand them, but that they understand them altogether too well. Therefore these men prefer to pass their time with younger girls who are more easily made to believe the moon is made of green cheese. Who leaves his wife, as he probably won't, will be time enough for you and the fortune teller to worry about making him love you. Dear little girl, can't you see that girls out of conventional ways than any other thing? Let him prove his kindness and respectfulness to you with his mortgage attentions. Don't you think thirty-three is pretty old for seventeen?

Why Did I Kill Judge Kingstone? FAIRLY got down on my knees to the scoundrel, I offered everything I had in the world, even my body and soul. God, I'll never forget that night. He sat there, fat and oily, two big rings on his stubby fingers—a monstrous toad in human form—and he chuckled and laughed at me in his joy. Then his son came in. In darkness we fought. I did not feel that I was fighting men. They were monsters and gave me the horrible sensation of being in darkness with crawling serpents. But why tell more of this thrilling story—this story of another man's disgrace? Of a man who was hunted yet innocent. A story through which sweep the winds of terrible passions "where men bulk big"—a place of sinning and great deeds—of iron souls and iron fists. Get out in the open, get out in the clear, big spaces. Get your copy to day wherever books are sold. Price \$1.50 The River's End by James Oliver Curwood

LOVE'S OLD, SWEET SONG DRAWN BY C. D. BATCHELOR



member her duty to him. She would show by her manner that she loved him and did not harbor any ungracious sentiment toward him. This hour of communion resulted in a pleasant and affectionate interchange of greetings at the breakfast table the following morning. After which Leighton expressed regret that he had not yet engaged a new chauffeur so that his daughter might use the car today. "I stopped at the garage to see if they know of a good man there," he went on. "But the only chap who had applied was one that Smith mentioned to me yesterday. He handed me the fellow's name and address." Desree's heart gave a quick bound. This man knew Smith—was, perhaps, in touch with him and might possibly talk of him and his present whereabouts! She tried to speak calmly. "Why not engage him?" "Because I do not care to take a man recommended by Smith," was the blunt answer. Desree was silent, but a shade of disappointment crossed her face. Her father saw it. "You want me to engage him?" he demanded. Her voice was indifferent. "I might like to use the car today if we had a chauffeur—but never mind."

THE TOONERVILLE TROLLEY THAT MEETS ALL THE TRAINS By FONTAINE FOX.



Little Tricks For Women in Household Economics

Readers of The Times are urged to exchange news and views of household economy in this column. If you have a good recipe, an original method of saving money, or a short cut in housework, send it to the writer of this column, in care of The Times.

ONE of the biggest packers in the country advertised recently that the firm makes next to nothing on the actual sale of meat. Instead, all their profits come from the utilization and sale of by-products from all the animals killed—that is, hides, glue, gelatins—the hundred and one things a steer can become after its demise. Of course, we take everything the packers say with a grain of salt, but what the packers claim to do shows every housewife the way to economy and household savings. If, in every kitchen, every by-product were used and made to help her, a long step toward beating the high cost of living would have been taken.

Take a roast chicken, for instance. The bones that are left, without a scrap of meat, will make a most delicious soup when a little celery seed and rice have been added. A little bit of celery, too little perhaps to serve as a relish, will go a long way toward making a delicious salad, and even a piece of celery so dry and withered as to be of no use even in a salad, will make a perfectly good cream of celery soup. Even a small amount of leftover roast beef put through the meat chopper with some left-over vegetables can be transformed into a baked hash which, crisp and brown, will be a change and a temptation to any appetite. ANY kind of meat can be made into a pie. For instance, a few left-overs make good meat pies, with a top either of pastry or golden-brown mashed potatoes. Lamb, with the addition of carrots, makes a good, nourishing stew.

I can already hear the objection made that the family appetite disposed of the matter of left-overs. That, unfortunately, is not so. If you would make up your mind to carefully one buys or counts noses, and I for one believe that buying should be done so carefully as to attempt to eliminate left-overs. Left-overs, like poor relations, we will always have with us. And few of us can, or would want to, be like the boarding-house keeper of story fame who boasted that he could always gauge her boarders' appetites down to one potato—the secret being that no one would take the last one.

The real secret is, of course, to have as few left-overs as possible, but each and every one that does "happen" be made to do its bit. If you would make an apple pie or apple sauce—don't throw away the peelings. They will make just as good a jelly as whole apples. You may have only enough for one or two glasses, but if you do this every time you have apple peelings, you'll find you'll have a liberal supply of jelly before you know it. Teach peelings the same way—with the addition of a little apple, they become a jelly with a real peach flavor. One cook I know takes the pulp left over from her grape jelly and makes grape wine—but, of course that's only a suggestion in these strenuous prohibition days.

Sometimes perhaps you have some odds and ends of fruit—a few grapes, a banana, an orange, a half grape fruit. Combined they

Right Off the Press

THE RIVER'S END, By James Oliver Curwood, illustrated by Dean Cornwell. New York: Cosmopolitan Book Corporation. Derwent Coniston, of the Canadian Northwest mounted police, stands before the door to the office of Inspector McDowell, and a tide of conflicting emotions surges through him. Shall he enter, and play out the game, or wait there is yet time, take to the wilderness and abandon the whole affair? Yet he has had to go into the room, make his report, and receive the hard-earned commendation of his chief. All of which sounds simple and commonplace, but when James Oliver Curwood makes it known that the real Coniston lies buried under the floor of a lonely shack 800 miles away in the Great Barren, and the man bearing his name, and wearing his uniform, and about to enter that room is Jack Keith, outlaw, the man Coniston was sent to bring in dead or alive, it is not so simple, after all. Then, too, there are the dying words of Coniston to Keith: "You win or lose the moment McDowell first sets his eyes on you!" And it then occurs to Keith in that moment of hesitation, not only that the keen McDowell must recognize him as Keith—he must also accept him as Coniston. Jack Keith is wanted on a charge of murder. Coniston is told to go out and get him, and for eighteen months the chase has led through the vast open spaces of the Northwest, an epic drama of hunter and hunted. Through long reaches of unpeopled prairie, across wide rolling rivers, in solitary camps, with the open stars overhead, the chase goes on, until, helpless because of the theft of his outfit by roving Eskimos, Keith is run down and captured.

On the trip back to the settlements Coniston has his lungs frosted by the bitter cold, and Keith, instead of abandoning him and making his escape, takes charge of his captor and retires to shelter in a deserted shack. Here Coniston, who by this time has come to believe Keith innocent, is struck by the resemblance between them, and realizing he has but a short time to live, suggests the idea of Keith impersonating him and returning to the settlements with the story that Keith is dead. Coniston dies, and is buried beneath the cabin floor, where the foxes cannot get at the body, and two months later Keith is standing before the inspector reporting the result of the chase. At first things go well for Keith, as McDowell does not recognize him, and accepts him as Coniston. Back in the cabin, Keith had care-

A New Heaven A few months ago Basil King did not believe in messages from the dead. He knew there was a life everlasting. But to him have come startling, strange experiences, so that now it seems as simple as talk with the other world as it was before to talk to the man in the next room. He has found a new Heaven. You may not accept all this as evidence. Sometimes Basil King, himself, is not sure. But you must read this book and find out. It is more fascinating than any novel and more important than any scientific work. Find the new Heaven and the new earth for yourself. You can get this book wherever books are sold. The Abolishing of Death By Basil King