

Deal Hubby or Wife Dream, Says Miss Dix

BY DOROTHY DIX.
The World's Highest Paid Woman Writer.

"What constitutes an ideal husband or wife?" asks an artless young thing.

Dear child, the ideal husband or wife is a dope dream. As the old farmer said when viewing a hippopotamus for the first time, "There ain't no such animal."

A man's ideal wife is a creature such as never was on land nor sea. She is a woman who never gets beyond 30, no matter how many years she may live. She is always young and beautiful, and never loses her youthfulness. She has a complexion never plough wrinkles in her face. Age never frosts her hair, nor wrinkles her forehead. She is always beautifully dressed in something elegant and fluffy and pink that never gets ruffled nor mussed, no matter how much work she has to do, and that has the faint odor of violets clinging to it even if she has just come out of the kitchen and has been cooking corned-beef and cabbage, and her hair is beautifully curled at the nape of her neck and on her forehead, notwithstanding the fact that she has just washed and prepared breakfast for the family.

She is always in a sweet, lovely and amiable mood, and she never makes a jumping toothache, and a pain in the back, and has been up half of the night waiting for the doctor, and she has nerves, or gets cranky, or is contrary, or afflicted with the other shortcomings of her kind.

She is a reasonable woman who doesn't stay awake at night to see how the husband spends his money, and she never complains that it is lonesome to be left alone. Neither does she begrudge her husband his golf or think that it is better to spend the money that golf balls and caddies and club bills cost, on buying shoes for her.

On the contrary, she realizes that a man needs diversion, and that it is a relief to him to spend his money on golf and his family cares, so she urges him to amuse himself and not to think that he is being extravagant. She never becomes grumpy at home, and the excitement of nursing the children taking the baby out in his perambulator.

She is a domestic and housekeeping woman, but she shares in society when she chooses to take her forth. She's a wonderful cook, but she never smelted in the kitchen. She never gets tired out of an evening except when she prepares it. She has the most excellent judgment, but she always defers to him in every matter.

Above all, the ideal wife, is a miracle worker who never spends anything on her asking him for money. She keeps a splendid table on next to nothing. She is always beautifully dressed, but she never makes the neighbors ruder, but she never spends anything on her. She never makes the neighbors ruder, but she never spends anything on her. She never makes the neighbors ruder, but she never spends anything on her.

The woman's ideal husband is equally unattainable. He is a man who is as handsome as a picture, and who is as rich as a king, and who is as kind as a lamb, and who is as strong as a horse, and who is as brave as a lion, and who is as wise as an owl, and who is as good as a saint, and who is as perfect as a peach.

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As a Woman Thinks

BY EDITH E. MORIARTY.

Where are those people who say that the good old-fashioned young folks are extinct, the kind who called Wednesday and Sunday "special nights," the kind who entertained themselves at home and did it with little or no expense. If those people could go some Wednesday or Sunday night to a big roomy old house near the downtown section of a certain city they would see for themselves that every young need not spend money riotously to taxi a frivolous, extravagant, worldly wise young maid to an expensive theater or cabaret.

The house is a large, impressive, rather gloomy looking place on the outside. It is a former residence of "one of the wealthiest" it saw many a formal dinner and brilliant reception of that kind. It is doubtful, however, if it ever saw such happy people as those who are now to be seen here nightly. The costly hangings and sumptuous furnishings are no longer in evidence, but bare floors, rough, cheerless curtains and uncomfortable chairs seem to be all that is needed to serve the purpose.

Hanging on the porch a neat little black dog, the dog of the "Women's Industrial Center," but that does not tell the story of the house. If you really want to find out what means you must walk right up to the front door and walk in. If you chance in on an ordinary evening you will find a number of young women, sewing, dancing, reading or otherwise having a good time. They will never let you know that you are in the fun or tell you anything but the plainest facts about the "center." She is the hostess.

If you should happen in on a Wednesday or a Sunday night, however, you will have a real treat. That is the night when the girls may invite their men friends to the center or when any number of them might you will find them do all the things that used to be popular in all circles many years ago. They are playing games, playing the piano and sing, make fudge, or lemonade, have candy pulls and have the best kind of a time in the most proper manner. This center has proved that a good time can still be had for little money and in a proper fashion.

The girls who attend this clubhouse for that is what it really is, are factory workers and other girls who live in rooming houses or crowded districts where they have no place to receive callers. They may use the center just for a game, or to play the piano, or to make fudge, or to have a good time. They may use the center just for a game, or to play the piano, or to make fudge, or to have a good time.

"I'll get you along to see that they don't get into mischief, or burn themselves, or anything of that kind," quacked Uncle Wiggily, who was sitting on the bench. "I'll be back in a minute." "I'll be back in a minute," quacked Uncle Wiggily, who was sitting on the bench. "I'll be back in a minute."

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UNCLE WIGGILY AND JIMMIE'S CAKES.

BY HOWARD R. GARIS.

"Are you coming to the hollow stump school today?" asked Jimmie Wiggily. "No, I'm not," answered Jimmie. "Why not?" "I'm going to school," said Jimmie. "What school?" "The school for the blind," said Jimmie. "Why are you going to school?" "I'm going to school," said Jimmie. "What school?" "The school for the blind," said Jimmie.

"What are you and Sammie going to do?" asked Mr. Longears. "We're going camping over in the woods after school," said Jimmie. "I'm going to get out early, 'cause I've been a good duck all week," said Sammie. "What are you going to take?" "I'm going to take a little camp for my rheumatism," objected Uncle Wiggily. "I'll get you some of that," said Jimmie. "I'll get you some of that," said Jimmie.

"But they are!" cried the Skuddle chap. "And what is it I smell?" "I smell these cakes I am cooking," answered Jimmie, even more solemnly. "Have one," he invited, and he held the hot skillet from the fire over the boy's head. "I'll take a cake, and then I'll take all of Uncle Wiggily's sausage," said Sammie. "I'll take a cake, and then I'll take all of Uncle Wiggily's sausage," said Sammie.

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Reflections of a Bachelor Girl

BY HELEN ROWLAND.

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The honeymoon is not actually over until that dizzying moment when a bride decides to exchange her chiffon negligee and pink satin mull for half a dozen bungalow slippers and a pair of flat-heeled house slippers.

A man may look upon the marriage certificate as just a "scrap of paper," but a decree of divorce is an expensive luxury, which he keeps locked away in the safety vault with his Liberty bonds.

You can't make a man believe it, but the most tragic moment of marriage is that in which his wife asks him how she looks in her new spring hat—and he stops to consider.

A husband is what's left of a bachelor after the nerve has been extracted and all the things that were left of a husband after the truth has been extracted.

Nothing makes a woman so independent as to have your nerve with her when she tearfully confides to you her real opinion of her husband.

This is the magic time of year when a young man's soul sings the "Spring Song," his heart throbs to "Loving, and his pulse beats a jazz tune.

"Dude," according to a woman, are spring clothes that fail to create a sensation, engagements that flake and weddings that fall to pieces, and marriages that end in Reno.

The gods must love those little spring romances which blossom in a man's heart. They die so young!

Form the meat into a flat oval cake in the center of the hot, buttered pan. Chop the meat fine with a small piece of suet, add two tablespoons of chopped green pepper, one-half cup of tomato puree or catsup if preferred, about one tablespoon salt, one tablespoon Worcestershire sauce, and one-half teaspoon of dry mustard.

Form the meat into a flat oval cake in the center of the hot, buttered pan. Chop the meat fine with a small piece of suet, add two tablespoons of chopped green pepper, one-half cup of tomato puree or catsup if preferred, about one tablespoon salt, one tablespoon Worcestershire sauce, and one-half teaspoon of dry mustard.

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Divorced Girl Wants To Enjoy Life Again

BY MRS. ELIZABETH THOMPSON.

Dear Mrs. Thompson—I am a young divorced woman. How can I enjoy life as I once did? I was so badly deceived when I married, my husband leaving me without cause. Would it be wrong for me to remarry as I was not to blame? I have been free more than a year. Should I receive company?

DECEIVED.

While I have always advised against divorces and do not believe in them, since you are divorced and your conscience tells you that you were not the one to blame, I can see little harm in receiving company or perhaps some day remarrying. I think matters of this sort are for the individual conscience to decide. Best try and forget about the mistakes of the past. If you have company this will help. But be careful before consenting to live with another man's wife, and be very sure that the man loves you and that you love him.

Dear Mrs. Thompson—Please give me a list of French names for girls. I can not give a full list as space forbids. Here are some: Marie, Babette, Celeste, Aida, Louise, Antoinette, Mignon, Rene, Alaine, Zaire, Heloise, Manon, Jean, Ninon, Theres, Marie, Odette.

Dear Mrs. Thompson—I am a girl of 15, and have been mother's housekeeper for six years, as she is bad health. I have never had a boy, and I do not know how to get one. I have been doing the work, and they have nothing to do but have a nice time, although I do not mix with them. I was going to get a nice young man, but recently thought perhaps I was too young and had better wait a few years, and stopped him coming to see me. I have a nice young man, but recently thought perhaps I was too young and had better wait a few years, and stopped him coming to see me.

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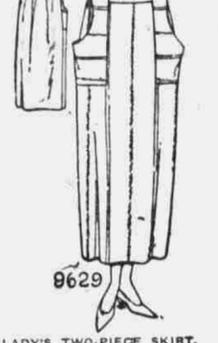
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Fashion's Forecast

By Annabel Worthington.



LADY'S TWO-PIECE SKIRT.

Pockets serve a double purpose in No. 8629, for they are not only an attractive trimming feature, but they also form the belt which extends across the back.

The lady's two-piece skirt No. 8629 is cut in sizes 26 to 32 inches waist measure. Size 26 requires two and three-eighths yards 44-inch material.

Limited space prevents showing all the styles here. We will send you our 32-page fashion magazine containing all the good, new styles, hints on dress-making, etc., for 5c, or 3c, if ordered with a pattern. Send 15 cents for magazine and pattern.

Our fashions and patterns are furnished by the leading fashion artists of New York city. Send orders for patterns to Fashion Department, The News-Scimitar, 22 East Eighteenth Street, New York city.

THREE DAYS TO EUROPE.

We will soon see a great new trade route between America and Europe crowded with freight and passenger traffic. The nearest port in all Europe to New York is Vigo, Spain. America is building a great modern harbor at this point to cost \$20,000,000 and the work is being directed by a great American engineering firm. The largest and fastest steamers may soon be crossing this shortened route and we will have three-day boats to Europe. From Vigo fast trains will carry passengers and the mails to Paris, saving a day or more in time in travel between the two continents—April Boys' Life.

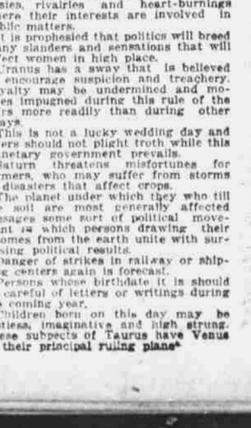
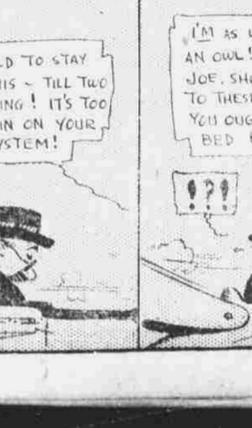
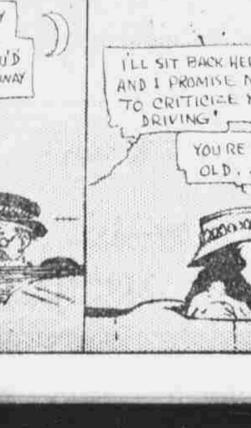
LET WEDDING BELLS RING.

Betty Bouton, who has played leading roles in some of the best known screen favorites, announced her marriage last week. Betty married Arthur Jantzen, who has been a leading man in many of her pictures. The wedding was held in New York and his wife plans on going to Manhattan about May.

TSURI AOKI SAILS.

Tsuri Aoki is in the high seas of the Pacific bound for her native home—Japan. She will be gone probably three or four months.

BRINGING UP FATHER—By George McManus



Women of Today

BY EDITH MORIARTY.

The distinction of being the first woman to head a state delegation to the National Women's Conference at Minneapolis, Minn., Mrs. F. J. P. Foster, of the Minnesota Republican convention recently held in St. Paul.

Mrs. Foster is a very motherly and charming woman, the kind one never expects to see in politics. She has always been active in suffrage work and is president of the Minnesota League of Women Voters. Her husband is a prominent attorney of Minneapolis and was a former member of the Minnesota state senate.

Policewomen for Japan. The police headquarters of Shinjuku, Japan, according to word received in New York, has a plan for employing female constables, and the scheme has been laid before the home office authorities. If the desired permission is given a few policewomen will be employed by way of experiment. Their chief work would be in the carrying of stray children and the taking of the census. The authorities seem to give preference to the female members of the police force in the choice of the new constables.

SOME TAIL.

Tenderfoot—Gee, that dog has a long tail. It must be about three feet. First-Class Scout—Yes, that's his back yard.—Boys' Life for April.

HOROSCOPE

SATURDAY, MAY 1, 1920.

This is a most unfortunate day, according to astrology. Mercury, Venus, Saturn and Uranus are in unfavorable aspect.

All the signs seem to indicate forebodings and general depression as characteristic of the world mind at this time.

Labor comes under a sway that is held to threaten serious troubles, especially for large corporations, including the municipalities, manufacturing concerns and mining companies.

When the armistice was signed Mars was in sinister place and the seeds then sown are now beginning to bear fruit. The forecast for the coming year gives little hope of a return of serenity to the earth, or a settlement of the menacing problems of international scope.

Women are warned that Venus is read as heralding large corporations, including the municipalities, manufacturing concerns and mining companies. Uranus has a way that is believed to encourage suspicion and treachery. Love affairs are not to be undertaken more readily than during other years.