

INTERESTING

A Feature Page of Interest to Everyone

INSTRUCTIVE

Dorothy Dix

Why Do Men Expect the Girls They Marry to Become Totally Different After the Ceremony?—Why Do Young Men, Living With Widowed Mothers, Seldom Marry?—The Girl Whose Fiance Is Not Tall Enough.

DEAR MISS DIX—Before my marriage my husband was so kind and considerate of me and never criticized my little faults. You see, I am a real flapper. But now when I act kittenish and flapperish it makes him furious. What shall I do? Must I make myself over? Why does he want to change me?
A FLAPPER WIFE.



DOROTHY DIX

range and then he knocks her because the bread is heavy and the meat is burned.

You would think that a cultivated man, with literary tastes, would pick out a college graduate for a wife, and that they would have a grand time discussing high-brow stuff together of an evening. On the contrary, he marries one of the beautiful but dumb, and to his amazement he is bored to tears.

You would think that the man who wants a quiet, dignified wife, who will be a freestone companion to him, would select a girl who took a serious view of life and whose tastes were domestic. Instead, he falls for a gay little flapper such as you are, who likes to jazz and run around to cabarets, who paints her face and rolls her stockings, and then he expects her at once to settle down into being the sort of a woman his mother was.

Funny, isn't it? For not one of these men would buy a gas range and expect to find it converted into a radio when they got it home. Nor would they select a flapper and depend upon its being changed into a limousine as soon as they got it installed in their own garage. Yet they seem to think that there is some magic in the marriage ceremony that changes a woman from the kind of a creature she was before marriage into something diametrically different as soon as she is married.

That is why so many men are disappointed in their wives, for the poor creatures go on being after their marriage just what they were before, and, to their surprise, they find that their line of charms no longer lures.

The man who thought it so cute for his wife to ask him silly questions before marriage tells her not to be a fool when she asks these same questions after marriage. The man who raved over a girl's pretty clothes before marriage berates her for her extravagance after marriage. The man who bought drinks and smiles for a flapper and took her on wild parties wants her to be dignified and discreet when she is his wife.

And so it goes. Every man wants to cut his wife over according to his little pattern, but mighty few ever succeed in the attempt. Hence the rending of so many marital bonds.

DEAR MISS DIX—Why is it that young men living with widowed mothers very seldom marry?

It is because they feel the sense of duty toward a parent more strongly than the average young person; it is because the devoted mother molly-coddles them until they become too babyish to resume the responsibilities of a home and family; it is because the good Lord, feeling that a mother should have some one to care for her, makes the young man, contrary to all nature, perfectly satisfied to live his life alone; it is because the mother for selfish reasons makes married life an agony, much to be feared and certainly to be avoided.

ANSWER:
I had not observed that young men living with widowed mothers were less apt to marry than other men. If it is true, it may be for one of three reasons.

First, lack of money. In these days of the high cost of living very few young men can afford to support more than one woman, and in the case where the mother is dependent on the son it is very easy to see why he should feel that he cannot take upon himself the burden of a family.

Second, there is the mother-in-law bugaboo. Most young men have seen enough of life to know that it is a hazardous experiment to put any two young people living under the same roof. They have seen their friends torn to pieces in the lights of their wives and mothers over them, and they are too prudent to risk such an unpleasant fate for themselves.

Moreover, many young women flatly refuse to go to live with a mother-in-law.

Often it is a case of deciding between taking a wife or taking care of their mother, and from a sense of duty they steer clear of matrimony.

Thirdly, most mothers spoil their sons and surround them with so much physical comfort that the man who is battling around hotels and boarding houses.

Probably the great majority of men marry for a home. They want somebody who will cook them the things they like, who will darn their socks and sew on their buttons, and make a place for them in which they can take their ease. And when mother does this and supplies this need they are more apt to drift into bachelorhood than the man who has no woman to coddle him.

To these reasons one may add the fact that the average widow who lives with her son does try to quarantine him against matrimony and keep him for herself. She sends away all girls as well as she can.

Sometimes a mother makes her backdoor son too selfish to marry, and sometimes he does not marry because he sacrifices his life to his mother's selfishness.
DOROTHY DIX.

DEAR MISS DIX—Do you think it would be a mistake for a girl to marry a man who, unless she wears the flattest of heels, is an inch shorter than she is? Do you think it makes them look ridiculous and that strangers would comment on it? Do you think it puts a man in a humiliating position? This girl and the man are perfectly suited to each other except in the matter of height.
QWERTY.

ANSWER:
This is silly question No. 999. I never heard of anything so foolish as a girl seriously considering giving up the man she loves because he isn't quite as tall as she would like him to be.

If he was short on brains or morals or manners that would be another thing, but to be short physically is about the least disability he could possibly have.

Some of the littlest men in the world have been the biggest men, Qwerty; so if your sweetheart is all right in every other way take him and be happy, and pray God to give you a little more common sense.
DOROTHY DIX.
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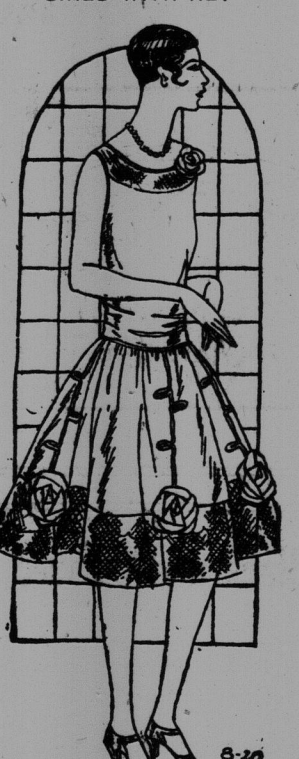
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"is good tea"
Next time try the finest grade
Red Rose Orange Pekoe Tea.

To The Front



Fashion Fancies.

THIS TAFETTA FROCK IS COMBINED WITH NET.



By MARIE DELMONT
Pictured above is a lovely, summery little dance frock of crisp taffeta.

The collar is of net, and the skirt is finished with transparent footings to match the collar. The flowers are placed at the junction of the taffeta and footings.
Any evening shades would be attractive for this model. An old blue with rose flowers, or a deep yellow with blue flowers are two suggestions.

Flapper Fanny Says



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When a girl's eyes get dreamy they need looking into.

A Thought

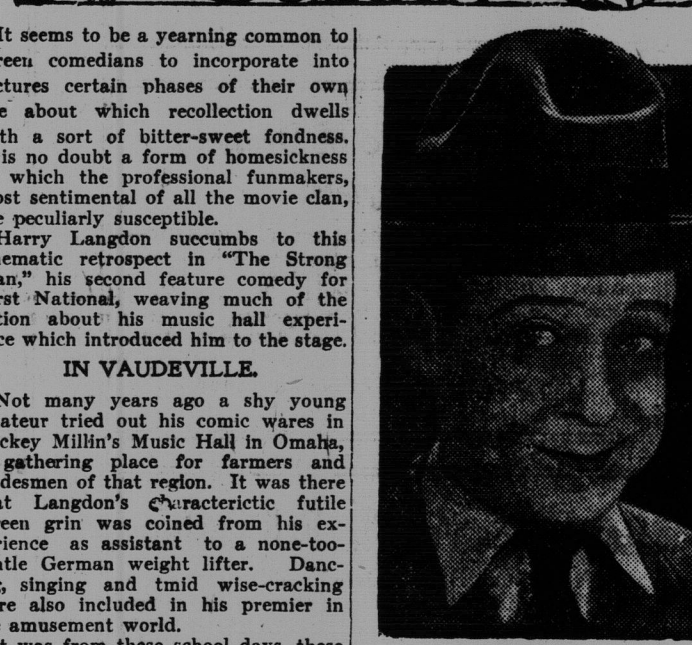
Even in laughter the heart is sorrowful; and the end of that mirth is heaviness.—Prov. 14:13.

MEN show their character in nothing more clearly than by what they think laughable.—Goethe.

Montreal Life

(Established 1908)
NORMAN L. MCGLOAN, Prov. Mgr.
Saint John, N. B.
Agents Wanted.

BEHIND THE SCREEN



HARRY LANGDON.

It seems to be a yearning common to screen comedians to incorporate into pictures certain phases of their own life about which recollection dwells with a sort of bitter-sweet fondness. It is no doubt a form of homesickness to which the professional funmakers, most sentimental of all the movie clan, are peculiarly susceptible.

Harry Langdon succumbs to this cinematic retrospect in "The Strong Man," his second feature comedy for First National, weaving much of the action about his music hall experience which introduced him to the stage.

IN VAUDEVILLE.
Not many years ago a shy young amateur tried out his comic wares in Mickey Millie's Music Hall in Omaha, a gathering place for farmers and tradesmen of that region. It was there that Langdon's clownish, funny grin was coined from his experience as assistant to a non-toe-togger German weight lifter. Dancing, singing and timid wise-cracking were also included in his premier in the amusement world.

It was from these school days, these honey-tonk rule days—which Langdon reproduces in "The Strong Man"—that he got the rudiments of that pantomime which has placed him among the best of film funsters.

Tough days, those, for Harry. Not much chance to develop an illusion of grandeur. And in this respect, too, he shares something common to the little group of our foremost screen comedians—the hard buffeting in youth which eventually molds its own drab lot by utilizing it for laughter.

SOMETHING NEW.
The essence of Langdon's effective pantomime is the illusion of childhood it manages to convey. Most comedians assume the child mind. But Langdon's characteristic gestures are based upon the grouping bewilderment, the

pathetic eagerness to please, the naive wonderment of a boy of four or five years of age. His screen self is the youngest of all the film playboys. This gives him that peculiar quality of pathos, the bid for quick sympathy, and appeal to the maternal in feminine audiences.

Evidence of this assumed baby mind, of childish helplessness, in the awkward antics of the grown man, was marked in Langdon's first comedy feature "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp." It also keynotes "The Strong Man," in which he gropes back toward that actual youth which he has learned to dramatize so whimsically and about which his recollection plays a bit sadly.

Add the well beaten pinks of the eggs and the sugar if it is necessary, depending on the sweetness of the chocolate and one's taste. Cook for a few moments in a double boiler. Remove from the fire, add the whites of the eggs well beaten and the vanilla. Line a mixing bowl or round deep baking dish with wax paper. Halve all of the ladyfingers and line the dish with these. Pour in half of the chocolate mixture and put the ladyfingers over it. Add the rest of the chocolate and one's taste. Cook for a few moments with a weight on top (a large size can of tomatoes makes an excellent weight for this). Leave in the refrigerator at least two hours or all night. Unmold at dinner time, remove the wax paper and cover with whipped cream.

Another way of molding this dessert is to put only a thick layer of chocolate over the ladyfingers, continuing to make several layers.

Little Joe
With a bucket of water is the best way to go to BLAZES.

Baked Fish—Wash and wipe the fish dry, place in dripping pan and fill the inside with a dressing of bread crumbs soaked in water and seasoned with onion juice, salt, pepper and a tablespoon of butter. Put a little water around the fish. Serve with drawn butter gravy with hard boiled eggs chopped up in it. Garnish fish with parsley and slices of lemon. Bake an hour.

Cucumber Relish for Fish—Chop a good sized cucumber and put in a strainer to drain, then set on the ice to cool. Just before using mix with mayonnaise dressing.

Ice Box Cake—One-half pound sweet chocolate, four eggs, two dozen ladyfingers, one-half teaspoon vanilla. (One-third cup of confectioner's sugar if necessary.) Melt the chocolate over hot water.

THE RHYMING OPTIMIST

By Aline Michaelis

By ALINE MICHAELIS
About me pressed the shapes of night, vague shapes that crawled and crept, gaunt hands upraised to mourn the light, and sombre eyes that wept. About me pressed a dismal train and Fear was at my side; I watched the pallid twilight wane long after day had died. I walked through meadows hushed and dim, through shadows the dusk unbars, and found upon the woodland's rim a pool brimful of stars! The little pool was girt about with shadows deepening, that shut the falling day-light out and like grim spectres passed. But bravely through the dimness gleaned the tender, starry light, until the shining water seemed a pool of promise bright. How good to make life gleam and glow, unheeding bonds and bars, though shadows ring it round, to show a pool brimful of stars.

A CURTAIN TRICK

Your voile curtains will be laundered more successfully and be less apt to sag if you fold the material with the salvage ends together, and iron double, on each side instead of trying to stretch the material out straight.

NO INDIAN MOTHER-IN-LAW JOKE

Among certain tribes of North American Indians it is considered a breach of etiquette for a man to speak to his mother-in-law under any consideration. He can raise the taboo if he does some especially worth-while feat or at the invitation of the mother-in-law who does so by presenting a valuable gift to the man. The Indians of these tribes may jokingly refer to almost any other relative by marriage or otherwise, but it is not done in the case of mother-in-law.

SEE-SAWING ON BROADWAY

THERE are as many "hang-outs" in Manhattan as there are people to "hang out." Which means thousands. The hours of "hanging out" vary with the groups, as does the neighborhood. Sometimes it is a cafe, sometimes a book shop, sometimes a park corner and sometimes a crowded thoroughfare. Some of them have constituted, and still do, many of New York's most colorful and romantic gathering places; others have been, and still are, drab, tawdry, sordid, placidly conservative, or dramatically radical.

NONE was more favored than Joel's before he gave up the ghost. Here gathered the writing army of the metropolis and the gay and witty Broadway folk; writers and wits and Bohemians. They furnished but a laugh ten-filled foreground, and a background seething with unwritten melodrama. Here came the fearless adventurers and plotters of South American revolutions; of naval soldiers of fortune; weavers of European intrigue, spies and romantic dare-devils. They would hatch their plots and their adventures over their wine.

When prohibition spelled the end, Joel hung up a sign announcing that it hadn't been a particularly profitable enterprise, but he had learned much. ON East Tenth Street is a little cafe, the "hang-out" of poets and artists "in revolt" against the old conventions. In Macdougall street is another little cove where one may find the "young radical writers and editors. The trail-blazers of the old "Masses," many of them now claimed by time and

changing tides, have followed Floyd Dell and the young stragglers of yesterday into the quiet peacefulness of Hudson river cottages. The book stores of Eighth street lure groups of "bookish" folk; literary followers of all levels. The Rand school is a "hang-out" for those who would talk the newer philosophies, economic or abstract. The more prosperous go to the Strand, an art colony; St. Bonavent, where they have a school of psycho-analysis in summer, the Maine coast, Woodstock and Mystic, Conn.

THE "arrivals" of the popular magazines and the stage "hang-out" in New Rochelle, Great Neck, Mamaroneck and way points. For years one could find a certain theatrical group at Dixie Moore's corner back of Carnegie Hall; jazz players and hand musicians clog the sidewalk at 4th Street and Broadway; ham and egg fighters have a doorway two blocks down; vaudeville and tent show folk congregate around the offices of Billboard and Variety.

STREET fakers have a club-room. Actors go to the Lamb Club, the Green Room or the Players. Press agents hang out at the "Cheese Club." Coffee houses draw the talkers and dream spinners of the foreign quarters. Manhattan is the most "groupy" city in the world.

Keeping Your Schoolgirl Complexion

By FRANCES Noted Beauty Adviser

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The Folly Of using just "any good soap" on your face

The kind beauty experts use themselves and how used

A SOAP may be good for any number of things, yet not be at all suited to the skin. The only kind of soap to use on your face is a soap made basically for that purpose. A good complexion is too precious for experiment.

Before Palmolive came, women were told, "use no soap on your face." All soaps then were judged too harsh.

Then came this famous beauty creation. A soap made by experts in beauty of rare cosmetic oils—and made solely for one purpose: to safeguard the complexion. A soap that changed the beauty methods of the world.

Leading skin authorities urge it. It is brought natural skin loveliness to more women than any other method known. In your own interest, use it according to the following rule for one week. Note the improvement your complexion shows:

Nature's rule to "Keep That Schoolgirl Complexion"

Wash your face gently with Palmolive Soap, massaging it softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly, first with warm water, then with

cold. If your skin is inclined to be dry, apply a touch of good cold cream—that is all.

Do this regularly, and particularly in the evening. Use powder and rouge, if you wish. But never leave your face on over night. They clog the pores, often enlarge them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. They must be washed away. Just do this and keep your skin soft and lovely—wrinkles will be less a problem as the years advance.

Get Real Palmolive
Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or represented as of palm and olive oils, is the same as Palmolive.

It costs but 10c the cake!—so little that millions let it do for their face what it does for their faces. Obtain Palmolive today. Then note what an amazing difference one week makes. The Palmolive Company of Canada, Limited, Toronto.

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