

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 kitchen 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

ANSWER: My dear child, why men pick out a wife for one thing and after they are married want her to be the opposite thing is one of the mysteries of the masculine psychology that nobody can solve. It just is, that's all.

You think that an ordinarily sane man, with the common, or garden variety, of intelligence, would select a woman to marry who had the qualities that he most desired. You would think that a man who wanted a domestic wife would look about him until he found a girl who was a blue-ribbon cook, that he would pop the question to her and that they would live happily ever after, surrounded by the savory odors from things roasting and stewing. But he does no such thing. He marries a girl who hasn't even a speaking acquaintance with the kitchen 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 freddie companion to him, would select a girl who took a serious view of life and whose tastes were domestic. Instead, he falls for a 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? 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 women living under the same roof. They have seen their friends torn to pieces in the lights of their wives and mothers, 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 backbone so too soft to marry, and sometimes she does not marry because she sacrifices his life to his mother's selfishness. 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. Copyright by Public Ledger.

RED ROSE TEA "is good tea" TEA Next time try the finest grade ~ Red Rose Orange Pekoe Tea.

To The Front



"THE THREE PAGES"

Fashion Fancies. THIS TAFETTA FROCK IS COMBINED WITH NET.



By MARIE DELMONY

Pictured above is a lovely, summery little dance frock of crisp tafetta. The collar is of net, and the skirt is finished with transparent footing to match the collar. The flowers are placed at the junction of the tafetta and footing. Any evening shades would be attractive for this model. An old blue with rose flowers, or a deep blue with blue flowers are two suggestions.

Flapper Fanny Says



When a girl's eyes get dreamy they need locking 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

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 Miller's Music Hall in Omaha, a gathering place for farmers and tradesmen of that region. It was there that Langdon's comic future screen grin was coined from his experience as assistant to a non-toothsome German weight lifter. Dancing, singing and timid wise-cracking were also included in his premier in the amusement world.

Not many years ago, these honkey-tonk rule days—when 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 yolk of the egg 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 cover with ladyfingers. Cover the whole with a wax paper, and then a plate of the right diameter to use as a press 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

WASH WITH A BUCKET OF WATER IS THE BEST WAY TO GET RID OF BLAZES



THE RHYMING OPTIMIST

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 shades the dusk unbars, and found upon the woodland's rim a pool brimful of stars! The little pool was girt about with shadows deepening fast, that shut the falling daylight out and like grim spectres passed. But bravely through the dimness gleamed 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 JOKES

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 so in a specially 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 relatives by marriage or otherwise, but it is not done in the case of mothers-in-law.

Leading skin authorities urge it. It has 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's all. Do this regularly, and particularly in the evening. Use powder and rouge, if you wish. But never leave losem 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 bodies what it does for the face. Obtain Palmolive today. Then note what an amazing difference one week makes. The Palmolive Company of Canada, Limited, Toronto.

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FLIT DESTROYS Flies Mosquitoes Moths Ants Bed Bugs Roaches

SEE-SAWING DOWN 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.

The background seethed with unwritten melodrama. Here came the fearless adventurers and plotters of South American revolutions; of coar 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 cafe 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 firebrands of yesterday into the quiet seclusion of Hudson river cottages. The book stores of Eighth street lure groups of "bookish" folk; literary followers of all levels. The Band school is a "hang-out" for those who would talk the newer philosophies, economic or abstract. The more prosperous go to their "summer hang-outs" in Provincetown, an art colony; St. Sonest, 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 Dirty Moore's corner, but it was made in the early morning when theaters are closed. Radio fans gather in the maris near Cortland street; musicians of note gather 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.

Keeping Your Schoolgirl Complexion

By FRANCINE Nosed Beauty Adviser Copyrighted 1926 by P. O. Beauty Features

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 has 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:

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