

INTERESTING

A Feature Page of Interest to Everyone

INSTRUCTIVE

Dorothy Dix

We Can Never Marry Our Ideal Man or Woman, Because No Such Person Exists—How Much Wiser to Make the Best of Our Human Partners Instead of Being Unhappy Because Dreams Don't Come True.

A WOMAN writes me that she is married to a man who is tender, kind, and considerate to her, and who gives her every comfort and luxury, but that she is thinking of leaving him because he doesn't come up to her ideal.

If this lady's grievance is admitted as a just cause for breaking her marriage vows, divorce will become universal, for no man comes up to his wife's ideal of what a perfect husband should be. Neither does any woman approach within a million miles of a man's ideal of a perfect wife.

BEFORE marriage, both men and women indulge in those dreams of matrimony, in which they exist in an earthly paradise that has none of the difficulties of the real world, and through which they wander hand-in-hand with the godlike creatures who possess none of the nerves and tempers and cussedness that afflict ordinary human beings.

How people of ordinary intelligence can so belie themselves into believing that the marriage ceremony is going to wait them into Elysium and give them these godlike creatures for wives and husbands is beyond explaining, but we all do it.

And we get the shock of our lives when we find out that no miracle has been wrought in our behalf, that matrimony is strewn with tasks for us just as it is for every one else, and that it does not take long for the halo with which we have crowned our brides and bridegrooms to dim, and let us see them as mere ordinary men and women with their faults and defects thick upon them.

SOMEbody has said that every wife holds her husband responsible for the wreckage of the dreams of her girlhood. This is true. Many a bewildered man, doing his honest best to be a good and indulgent husband, wonders why his wife is disgruntled and discontented and utterly indifferent to him.

He would find the answer in the fact that she is taking out on him her disappointment in not realizing her impossible ideal. It is not what he does, or is, that she objects to. It is what he is not that she can't forgive. He feels herself cheated because her visions have not materialized.

SHE is not fair enough, nor just enough, to realize that no such human being as her ideal man ever existed, for she had welded together in her imagination every virtue and every charm that the whole conglomeration of mankind possesses, and left out all of the faults and blemishes. It sounds like a joke, but in other truth every young girl dreams of marrying a man who will be as handsome as a movie actor; who will dance like Maurice, who will have the money-making talent of Mr. Rockefeller, who will be as soulful as a poet, as humble and patient as Job; who will be a perpetual lover, and who will never weary of petting parties and telling her how wonderful and beautiful she is, and that the first time he ever saw her he knew she was his predestined mate.

Of course, she doesn't get this wonder being, for the very sufficient reason that no such paragon has yet been born of woman. She finds when she is married that if her husband is a go-getter in the money line, he is apt to be very slow on sentiment and has little time for spooning. Or the discoverer that her dreamer who walks with his head among the stars is mighty apt to be a poor provider. Or that her gay and handsome and good-natured and who is as easy on the eyes of other women as he is on hers, and that he isn't satisfied to two-step with his wife. Or that the husband who is an adept at love-making is generally a philanderer.

SO SHE walls and beats upon her breast and cries out that she is miserable, that her husband doesn't come up to her ideal, because he isn't every good thing instead of just one good thing. And she blames him, whereas the fault is really her own, in expecting and demanding more than any human being had to give.

Men are just as unreasonable about women as women are about men. A man's ideal wife is a woman who stops the clock at 25 and never gets a day older; who never loses her hair, or her teeth, or her complexion, or her girlish figure; who is always beautifully dressed in dainty chiffons, that she conjures out of the air, and who without looking sorrowful and weary-eyed the next morning who is always sweet and amiable and jolly and good-natured and in it he wants to sit by the fire, or to go with him if he wishes to step out; who never desires any amusement herself, but realizes the necessity of his diverting himself; yet who can set a good table and run a house without running up any bills.

NEEDLESS to say, no such female marvel exists, and when the man finds that his domestic wife smells of bread and butter and babies, instead of black orchids, or that a fashion-plate wife costs money, and that his wife no more has the secret of perpetual youth than he has, why, then, he also in his secret soul feels marriage a failure, because he has failed to get his ideal woman.

Sometimes he starts out to hunt her up among the flappers, and sometimes he revenges himself for his disappointment in being mean and grouchy to the poor soul he is married to, and who is breaking her neck trying to please him.

So when we talk about marrying our ideals we talk foolishness. There are no ideal men and women, and the part of wisdom is to make the best of the imperfect wives and husbands we have, instead of being disgruntled with them because they are not the embodiment of our own romantic dreams.

DOROTHY DIX.

A Thought

We beseech you, brethren, that ye increase more and more; and that ye study to be quiet, and to do your own business, and to work with your own hands, as we commanded you.—1 Thes. 4:10, 11.

THE old proverb about having too many irons in the fire is an admirable old one. Have all iron, tongs and poker.—Adam Clarke.

Fads of The Famous.

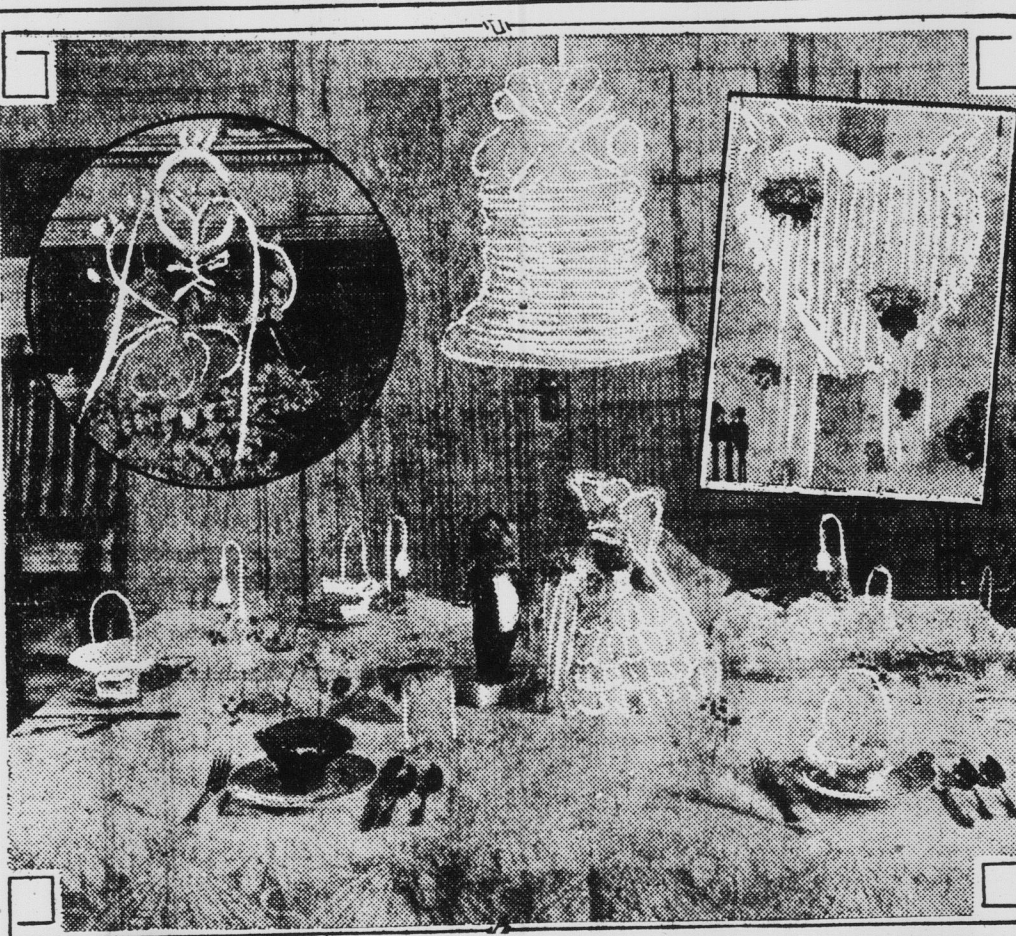
FRANK B. KELLOGG
Diplomats are expected to play golf—but not very well.
Frank B. Kellogg is the exception. It is whispered that this was partly responsible indirectly for his promotion from American ambassador at London to Secretary of State.
As the story goes, he gained such prestige on the diplomatic golf links in London that he was better able to "put over" the United States program at the famous London Conference, which was followed by his promotion to the State Department.
This may not be altogether accurate, but there is no doubt that Kellogg takes his golf with awful seriousness and regularity. And thereby hangs another tale.
Washington discovered the other day that the Secretary of State was the only cabinet officer not planning a summer vacation away from the hot and humid capital. Press and public jumped to the conclusion that crucial events in the nation's foreign relations were impending.
Investigation revealed no "diplomatic incidents" on the horizon. It also revealed that Kellogg preferred the old

home course to the more famous but strange links of the summer resorts.
Persons desiring to find the Secretary during the afternoon will save time if they begin by meeting him—well, not at the State Department.

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A Few Suggestions Are Offered to The Fall Bride



Above is shown a table decorated for the bridal breakfast with (left) heart-shaped drop decorated with autumn leaves which may be used in place of bell over table. Right, another center piece consisting of autumn leaves.

BY MRS. MARY MORTON
BE IT ever so elaborate or just as simple as it possibly can be, the wedding should be the happiest event possible for the young couple concerned. Where there is not a surplus of money the whole affair may be managed inexpensively and still be delightful. Don't you remember Meg's wedding in "Little Women," where the richest guest said to her husband afterwards that it was the prettiest wedding she had ever attended, but she didn't see why, as it couldn't have cost much.
The table set here might be used for a pre-wedding shower for the bride, an announcement dinner or for the bridal table at the wedding table. As crepe paper is extensively used in the decorations you can see that the cost would be slight, but the effect is pretty and may be elaborated as much as one cares to.
The bride and groom stand in the middle of the table under a large wedding bell made of cardboard and tied with a white ribbon. Both are dressed in crepe paper, the bride's dress being composed of so many stiff paper ruffles that she stands alone. The groom's feet are thoughtfully glued to a small box so that he may be properly upright beside the bride. If the groom's clothes seem too difficult to fashion of the paper, black paint is a good substitute marking the dinner coat and trousers. Artificial flowers are used for the bride's bouquet and her veil is the bride's ribbon.
At each place is a "lamp post" of wire with white paper twisted around it and a small bell for the lantern. Flowers and vines may be used profusely to elaborate these simple decorations, and nothing is lovelier than the fall flowers and autumn leaves.
To the left above the table is suggested a pendant over the bride couple. This is a large heart made of cardboard covered with a ruffle of the same. Streamers of ribbon and autumn leaves are used to trim the heart. Flowers may be substituted for the leaves.
If for any reason you do not care to use the dolls for a center-piece, the illustration at the upper right of the picture may give you a suggestion. Two hearts are formed of pieces of heavy weight wire wrapped several times with strips of crepe paper, fasten them together at the points with another piece of wire, leaving ends to fasten to the center of the heart. A small piece of cardboard, reinforced with pieces of medium weight wire and wrapped with strips of silver paper.
A large white bow and flowers grouped about the base of this center-piece are very effective.

BEHIND THE SCREEN

SHE'S just like 10,000 other girls in this country—and Colleen Moore gets paid something like \$7,500 every week for being that way.
Colleen's success is ample proof that doll-like beauty and high-hat airs are not necessary to stardom. Her triumphs are a result of "being herself." Miss Moore is pretty to be sure—but her beauty is such as might be found in thousands of other girls.
"I always try to portray characters that are within the scope of every girl," declares Colleen. "Also I insist that my stories tell a tale of every-day life. They must be full of reality—not absurd, improbable yarns."
In that paragraph Miss Moore sums up the "why" of her popularity. It is a simple matter for her followers to vision themselves in her shoes. And they flock to see her pictures that they may enjoy an hour and 15 minutes of this blissful imagination.
"I always get the tough breaks," complained the "queen" of the First National lot. "Every time my friends sign for a new picture they spend from 10 days to two weeks getting new clothes made. But for my last three pictures all I have done is visit the wardrobe room and say 'let me look over your old clothes.' And my costumes were picked from those garments."
"Just this morning I received a note from the front office telling me not to eat so much because I am getting fat. I've gained three pounds." She was interrupted by the waiter for her dessert. "I'll have some apple pie a la mode," said Colleen.



COLLEEN MOORE

That floor us for a count of seven. Apple pie a la mode on top of chicken a la king—and she was told to stop eating. When we came up for air Colleen was talking again.
"I'm getting a chance to show off some new dresses in 'Orchids and Emeralds,' the picture we are filming now."

THE RHYMING OPTIMIST

By Aline Michaels

So many plans as we go along, little of sorrow and much of song; joy in a task well done; laughter of children and lit of birds, kindly handshakes and loving words, thus does the Journey run, Olympics of gardens where poppies bloom, breezes that bring us a faint perfume, lengthening shadows that creep, bearing the twilight sense of peace, bringing their promise that even will cease, soothing the soul for sleep; all of these borne on the day's swift wings, longing and laughter and sacred things, memories sweet as music; song of the lark with the dawn's bright wings, tender hands that make burdens light; kisses at star-strewn dusk. Something of sorrow and much of song, dreaming and love to the years below, shadows sometimes and strife, yet in the picture such beauty lies, ever men watch it with eager eyes, only a glimpse of life.

WORK AND DOLES.

John Bull makes the pointed statement that, while grown men are kept idle on the dole, girls from 14 to 16 years make most of the uniforms for the army, navy and police. Of the 50,000 persons engaged in the clothing industry in Britain, the majority are girls of about 15 years.

I wear three new dresses and all of them are very pretty.
"I know I'll like it much better than 'Twinkles,' in which I was a street urchin. That was too rough. I had to wear a blond wig, too. And I don't like being a blond—I don't seem to be me."

SEE-SAWING ON BROADWAY

contrast with the crowds of street gamblers. What becomes of the rest?

RANDOM notes from a Manhattan ramble.
The old fellow who dances in the subway trains. They call him "Light-foot." They say the name was given him back in 1880, or thereabouts. How close it sounds now. A gaunt figure in clothes that fit with suspicious looseness. Hair a mixture of grey and white. But his mustache trimmed with inconspicuous immaculateness. His age is easily 70. Perhaps even more.
He appears almost every night out of the crowds that show their way along Broadway. At Times Square he clatters his dog shoes down the stairs. He waits for a train that has no conductor. There are strict rules covering passengers on the train stairs. But they are constantly broken by the wise ones.
A few moments after the train starts he is slipping into the steps of an Irish reel or an old time clog. His wooden soled shoes tap in rhythmic contrast the rattle and bang of the train. The passengers crowd about in a circle and watch, more out of curiosity than interest.
He rides to two stations, quickly passes a hat and amid a burst of applause, slips out. Then he rides back. So it goes through the evening. Back and forth. Over and over again his little program of dog steps.
Once he danced to crowded theaters on the great white way from which he darts into the half-lit subway station. Once the houses rocked with applause and he took his bows gracefully.
"That's how we won the title of 'Light-foot,'" faded badges beneath the fitting coat tell the story of conquests in the days when the dog was a favorite dance.
There's something about the old-fashioned steps that stir the sentiments of the watchers. A white-haired old man who all but sneers at the antics of the Charlestoners from a dollar bill in the quickly passed hat.
An old "hooper." Once a hooper always a hooper, says Broadway. Even those who grow prosperous like to step upon the slick floor of night club dance halls and show their skill. The rhythm of the dance gets into their blood.
And sometimes it is well that this is so. For old "Light-foot"—ironic sobriquet—finds it his livelihood.

AND the street gamblers who sneak subway rides as urchins elsewhere jump on the back of autos or sleighs. They creep under the turnstiles when no one is looking, hop about a subway car and ride back and forth. It's a great game when there's none other to play. Watching them I wonder what is written for the future of these urchins of the New York streets. Certainly their wits must be sharper than those of the wisest of others twice their age in the small towns. Literally they live by their wits from the first day they toddle forth into congested streets.
A newspaper survey says that the daring young bandits are, after all, so few in

YOU think you have a lot of troubles, don't you?
Maybe they are marital troubles. Perhaps they are business troubles. Perchance they are health troubles. That's too bad, but let me tell you one thing. The only way to escape trouble is not to be born!



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HELP YOURSELF TO HEALTH



Lagging feet and longing hearts

THE third dance . . . and tired, utterly tired . . . sinking into the first chair—there perhaps to spend the rest of the evening. This was not the vivacious girl she had been a few years ago. Then thirty dances would have been her portion. What tragedy was this, that she, so young, should seem so old.
What tragedy indeed is constipation—one of the worst diseases to afflict the human race. It saps strength. It thieves beauty. It poisons. It ages its victims long before their time. But the hopeful part of it is—constipation can be safely and permanently relieved without the use of habit-forming pills and drugs. Kellogg's ALL-BRAN is the answer.
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Products which are only part bran are doubtful. They bring only partial results—often none at all. Don't take unnecessary chances. Kellogg's ALL-BRAN is ALL-BRAN—100% bran. That's why doctors recommend it. Sold by all grocers and served in leading hotels and restaurants.
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