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INTERESTING

A Feature Page of Interest to Everyone

INSTRUCTIVE

Dorothy Dix

When Your Potential Husbands Pass in Review, Girls, Beware of the Patient Waiter Whom You Can Never Love, the Unappreciated Genius Always Jobless, and the Beau Who "Keeps Company," But Never Pops the Question.

NEXT in the list of dangerous men comes the patient waiter. The good, honest, faithful chap who camps on a girl's doorstep and who will get her in the end if she doesn't watch out.



DOROTHY DIX

Sometimes he is the lad who carried her books to school for her when they were kids. Sometimes he is the man who works in the same place that she does.

But always he is Johnny-on-the-spot, ready to fetch and carry for her, tickled to death to take her to the places for which no other boy dates her up, ready to stand at a kind word as a hungry dog at a bone, always standing with but in hand, eager to marry her whenever she says the word.

THE girl doesn't really care a rap for him. She likes him, respects him. His worship flatters her vanity, but she has not and will never have any warmer feeling for him than she has for a reliable taxi driver or a good dressmaker or anybody else who ministers to her personal comfort and convenience. He never raises a thrill in her breast, nor quickens her pulse by a single heartbeat, nor is it ever in her power to make her long for his presence.

Yet the chances are almost fifty-fifty that the girl will marry the patient waiter. Sometimes she does it because he overpersuades her. Sometimes she marries him to try to heal the hurt some other man has inflicted upon her. Oftenest she marries him just because all of her girl friends have got married and she is left feeling lonely, and that nobody wants her but poor, dear old Jim, at whose devotion she used to laugh and whom she would no more have thought of marrying five years ago than she would of marrying the parlor maid.

AND it is a disastrous fate for them both, because a one-love marriage is a top-sidled thing that creeps as it goes along and is in danger of breaking down. Hence if a girl doesn't want to marry the man who wants her, instead of the man she wants, she had better take out an accident policy against marrying the patient waiter.

The next most dangerous man is the unappreciated genius.

Nobody understands him—especially employers, who have a sordid way of expecting efficiency and who cannot comprehend that it revolts the soul of one born for finer things to have to punch the time clock at the same hour and do over and over again the same dull tasks every day.

Of course, the unappreciated genius is always out of a job, and he is living on his poor old parents or sponging on his brothers and sisters while he finds something to do that will not grate upon his sensibilities and in which he feels that his talents will have proper scope. Something with much pay and no work.

In the meantime he craves some one who will understand him and to whom he can pour forth his sorrows.

And, curiously enough, he nearly always finds his victim in the finest, noblest girl in the community. The flappers are safe from him because they are too hard-boiled to fall for any such stories. Besides they have neither time nor use for the might-have-beens or the going-to-bes. They want the man who has the coix to spend on them right now and here.

BUT the big-souled, sympathetic woman who too often lends a pitying ear to the unappreciated genius and loves him for the sorrows he affects to have known. She doesn't see that he is a quitter and a whiner, and she lets him persuade her that she is the only one who can understand him and that with her to inspire him he will achieve miracles.

So she marries him and takes over the job of supporting him. And after a while he gets tired of his wife as an audience and an inspiration and wanders away from his own fireside in search of fresh listeners and inspirers. But he always comes home to eat and get clean clothes and more pocket money.

WHEN a man begins telling a girl that he is unappreciated by a cold and callous world and that she is the only one who understands him, it is time for her to cross her fingers and beat it for the tall timber if she would save herself.

The next dangerous man is the temperamental man.

GOODNESS knows, a woman who bristles with feelings as a porcupine does with quills is hard enough to get along with, but she is as nothing compared to the man who has to be handled with gloves.

He keeps his precious feelings spread all over the place, and no matter how carefully you tread you are always stepping on them. A chance word may bring on a storm. A most casual remark precipitates a scene. An innocent joke may prove a boomerang. He may find cause for bitter jealousy in the greeting of an old friend or a polite salutation to a stranger.

PERHAPS it is because women are the adventurous sex, with a natural leaning toward taking foolhardy risks. Perhaps it is because the good moods of the temperamental man contrast so vividly with his black moods that makes him have a morbid fascination for women, for there are still ladies reckless enough to marry such men, even after they have been warned by the experiences they have been through with them during the days of courtship.

And the wife of such a man either winds up in the divorce court or spends the remainder of her apologizing for things she never did; thinking before she speaks and wondering if what she is going to say can start anything, trying to jolly along a grouchy and sullen, a big, sulky baby for whom she has a contempt.

AND, of course, there is the tightwad and the brute and the bully and the boss who are dangerous men, but any woman deserves all she gets who marries one of them, because they invariably show their hands on the near side of the altar in time for her to save herself if she will.

Last, but not least, among dangerous men are those whose attentions are without intention, who win a girl's heart and break it with weary waiting; who monopolize a time and keep all eligible suitors away, but who never pop the question themselves.

The sensible girl guards herself against these social dead beats. She listens to their love-making for a reasonable space of time, and then unless they discuss matrimony from a practical standpoint she waits them into the outer air.

THESE are the leading types of men, dangerous men. There are others. So watch your step, girls.

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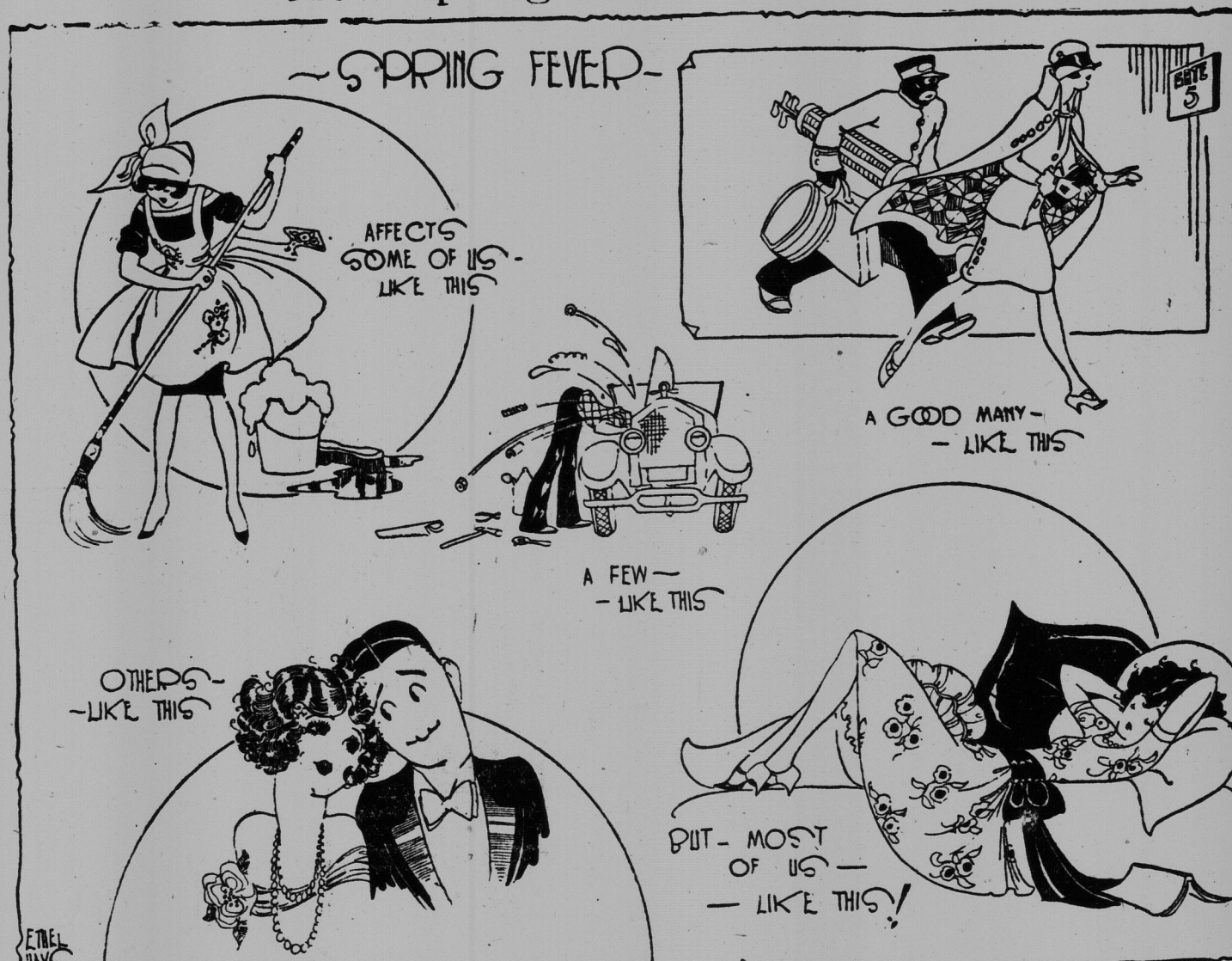
Children Cry for

Fletcher's CASTORIA

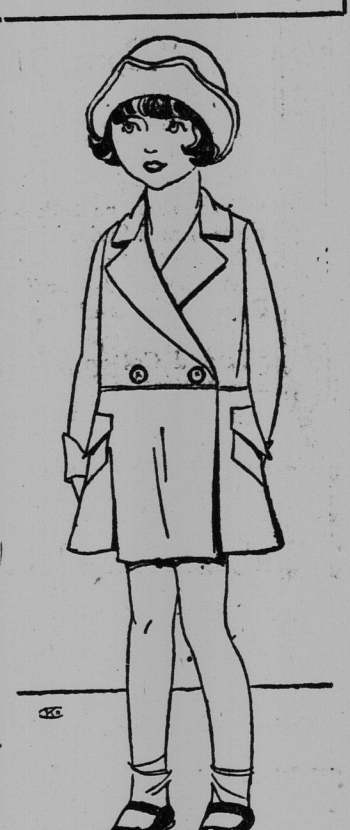
MOTHER: Fletcher's Castoria is especially prepared to relieve infants in arms and children all ages of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic and Diarrhea; allaying Feverishness arising therefrom, and, by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food; giving natural sleep.

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How Spring Fever Affects Us



Fashion Fancies

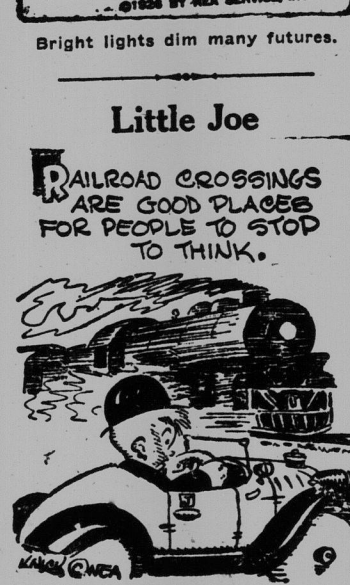
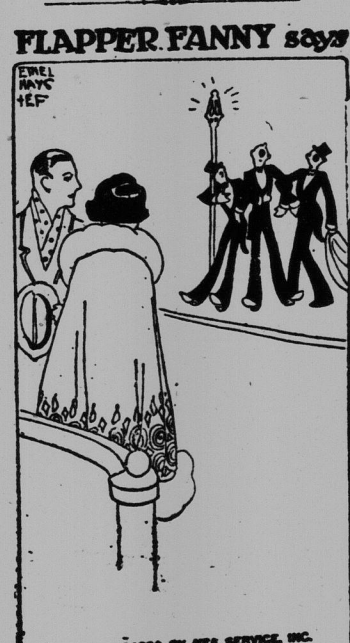


By Marie Belmont

The unusual little coat sketched above is copied from a model designed for a small Parisienne.

A coachman's topcoat was the original model, as one can see from the lapels and attached skirt section. Navy blue serge is the medium, and the coat is worn with a navy felt hat to match.

Camel's hair could also be used effectively, and the outfit completed with a little brown felt hat.



BEHIND THE SCREEN

THE recent promotion of Esther Ralston to stardom by Paramount lends weight to the frequently made assertion that success in the films means hard work and lots of it. Very few players become sensations overnight. It is the experience that counts, a little bit here and a little bit there, a diversity of parts that require real acting. These are the things which make an actor.

Miss Ralston has been a member of the Paramount stock company for some time. Her first real success came in "Peter Pan." Until the production of "The Blind Goddess" she had been cast in ingenue roles. On the strength of her work in her first dramatic part, Famous Players cast her in "Old Ironsides," a story of the old frigate "Constitution."

She hails from Bar Harbor, Me., and was educated in New York and Washington. Before entering pictures she was on the stage with other members of her family.

For a time Alec B. Francis thought he would never be cast in anything but a priest's role. He has played seven clerical parts in succession. Now in "Pals First," a First National picture, he is a suave crook.

At last work has begun on "What Price Glory?" Fox has given Edmund Lowe the role of Sergeant Quirt. Victor McLaglen will play Captain Flagg as previously announced and Dolores del Rio will be Charmaine.

"The General" will be Buster Keaton's next comedy. It will have a historical background in the Civil War period.

John Barrymore has selected the lovely Dolores Costello to play opposite him in his next production for Warner Brothers. Evidently John



ESTHER RALSTON

agrees with the rest of us that Dolores has made good. The title of the picture is as yet unannounced.

Costuming a thousands men in the clothes of 50 years ago, plus hats, congress gaiters and ruffled shirts was one of the problems in "In Fiance of James Carabine." An M-G-M picture.

The men were the audience who watched James Carabine (played by Ralph Graves) an Irishman, win the American prize ring title.

A Thought

Keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips from speaking guile.—Ps. 34:13.

THERE would not be so many open mouths if there were not so many open ears.—Bishop Hall.

IN NEW YORK SEE-SAWING UP and down BROADWAY

UNION Square, locale of so many colorful O. Henry tales, is this spring the scene of daily tag games between sidewalk catch-penny salesmen and the police.

Warm weather, attracting the jobless, the weary and the loafers to the benches, also calls out this vastly amusing army of vendors whose wares are carried in a little satchel and who, within a few seconds, can gather a small-sized mob around them.

Their bags contain cheap wrist watches, trick fountain pens, memorandum books and trinkets.

Their methods of crowd catching are as varied and obviously bunk as the things they sell. A favorite and sure-fire stunt is to tie several tin bills on a string and, placing them at various distances on the sidewalk, let them flap up and down in the wind—while making sure, of course, that they can't escape. The sight of loose money is too much for the average bench warmer or passer-by.

Half a dozen operate in various parts of the square and a "copper" keeps an eye out for approaching policemen. A signal sends the salesman around the corner with his bag, there to start up trade again.

LOUD speakers which carry radio programs to the bench loungers might have intrigued O. Henry's imaginative mind given for a missing youth.

The other day, while listening to the clashing of sound, I heard a radio appeal given for a missing youth. As the description was being given and the tale of a heart-broken mother recited by the announcer, I glanced around at the group of assorted delinquents.

Anyone of them might have been the missing youth. I wonder.

SPEAKING of radio broadcasting this latest form of entertainment is bringing fat returns to artists who otherwise take to the road for concert tours at this season of the year.

The money offered is considerably better than that which might be earned from a tour and is more easily made.

One station recently paid a famous tenor \$500 a night and a popular band, which receives \$1,000 a week in vaudeville, was able to pick up \$800 for a single performance in a radio studio.

—GILBERT SWAN.

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Acid Stomach

PHILLIPS' Milk

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Instead of soda hereafter take a little "Phillips' Milk of Magnesia" to water any time for indigestion or sour, acid, gassy stomach, and relief will come instantly.

BETTER THAN SODA

For fifty years genuine "Phillips' Milk of Magnesia" has been prescribed by physicians because it overcomes three times as much acid in the stomach as a saturated solution of bicarbonate of soda, leaving the stomach sweet and free from all gases. Besides, it neutralizes acid fermentations in the bowels and gently urges this souring waste from the system without purging. It is far more pleasant to take than soda.

INSIST UPON "PHILLIPS"

At that very minute Mrs. Cracknuts was laughing to herself as she carefully put away a bottle of glue.

"What Daddy doesn't know, won't hurt him," she chuckled. "But there are more ways than one of setting what you want in the world."

To Be Continued

Someone has pasted my dollar bill right

onto the wall paper and I can't get it off."

What she said was true. There on the wall, right where it showed the most, a dollar bill in fairy money was pasted on the wall paper.

Mister Tinsling looked as though he'd hit his crazy bone or lost a diamond ring, or was going to have a tooth pulled or something. How was he ever to get his rent money now?

But Nick had an idea. "I'll take my knife and get it off," he said. "I can scrape it off."

"But you'll ruin the wall," cried Mrs. Cracknuts. "You'll have to cut a great big piece right out of the wall paper! And that would look horrible. I never could live in a house that had a big piece cut out of the wall paper!"

Mister Tinsling looked at his rent money, then he said, "Go ahead Nick. Scrape off the bill, and I'll see that Mrs. Cracknuts gets new paper put on her dining room this spring."

Nick got the money off and Mister Tinsling put it into his big pocket-book, and Nancy wrote out a receipt for the money and handed it to Mrs. Cracknuts, who was fairly dancing with joy over the good news.

Everybody said good-bye and then Mister Tinsling and the Twins went down in the elevator.

It must have been the bad little goblin or the Gasokum who played that trick," said the fairman thoughtfully.

"Yes, it must be," said Nancy and Nick.

At that very minute Mrs. Cracknuts was laughing to herself as she carefully put away a bottle of glue.

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