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INTERESTING

A Feature Page of Interest to Everyone

INSTRUCTIVE

Dorothy Dix

There's No Magic in the Marriage Ceremony Which Will Change Drunkards, or Loafers, or Jazz Babies. From What They Are Into What They Should Be—Better Pick the Wife or Husband You Want "As Is."

THERE is no question that I am asked oftener than whether a man or woman will change after marriage. A girl will write me that she is in love with a drunkard, and she wants to know if he will continue to drink after marriage. Or she will say that she is thinking of marrying a young man who has no trade or profession, and who has never had any regular employment, and she asks if he will go to work and become an industrious man and a good provider for his family as soon as he is married. A young man will write me that he is in love with a foolish, frivolous, flighty girl, who is crazy about going to wild parties, and jazzing and smoking and drinking, and he wants to know if she will change when she is married, and make a settled, domestic wife. Or he will say that he is engaged to an extravagant girl who spends on clothes everything she can lay her hands on, and he asks if I think she will make a thrifty and economical wife for a poor man.



DOROTHY DIX

Both men and women, engaged to be married, will write me that they can never agree about anything, or on any subject, and that they argue and quarrel continually before marriage, yet they want to know if after marriage they will live together in peace and harmony.

These questions are so foolish that they would be amusing if they were not so tragic, for they show how many people still cling to the superstitious belief that there is some magic in the marriage ceremony that has power to alter the entire natures of men and women, and make them over into different beings.

THESE deluded ones see clearly enough the faults and weaknesses of those whom they are tentatively thinking of taking as husbands and wives, and they would not consider marrying them as they are. No woman wants a drunkard or a loafer for a husband. No man wants a pleasure-mad woman or a spender for a wife. No man or woman looks forward to passing the remainder of life in a perpetual fight.

If they knew that the man and woman of whose habits and characters they disapprove would continue to be, after marriage, what they are before marriage, they would not consider entering into a life contract with them. But they put their faith in the idiotic belief that there is some sort of conjure in the words muttered over them at the altar that changes the bride and bridegroom from what they are into what they should be.

And on this fallacious belief they risk their whole life's happiness. Generally with disastrous results.

For matrimony works no miracles. What a man and woman were before marriage, they are after marriage. Only more so. For the great majority of people marriage means a letting down of the bars, and a throwing off of restraint and the privilege of being themselves without having to camouflage graces and virtues that are foreign to them.

THE drunkard finds that matrimony has not quenched his thirst, but augmented it, because he has more care to drown in drink. The lazy good-for-nothing is just as disinclined to work after marriage as before, and has as little shame in letting his wife support him as he had in letting his mother support him.

The girl who lived on thrills and excitement before marriage is bored to death with her husband and children. She whose god was fashion continues to worship at the same shrine as long as she lives.

And the couple who could not get along before marriage discover about a million additional things after marriage over which they can spat, because they are brought into daily and hourly conflict over every detail of the life they share together.

OCCASIONALLY—once in a blue moon—there is an exception to the rule. There has been a drunkard, now and then, who reformed after he got married. There has been a female Simon Legree who has made a loving husband go to work. There has been a wild woman who has had enough of night clubs, and became domestic and stayed contented at her own fireside. There have been extravagant girls who became tight-fisted when it was their own money they were spending instead of papa's, and a peace pact when they got married, and thereafter respected each other's taboos.

But these exceptions are so few and far apart that they are not worth taking into consideration in figuring on the advisability of marrying a man or woman who does not come up to your ideal, or on the off chance that marriage will change him or her from what he or she is into the kind of a husband or wife you want. We may be the darling of the gods and have that sort of a miracle worked in our behalf. The chances are that we are not, and no supernatural intervention will save a fool from the results of his folly.

And, after all, what right have we to marry, expecting our husbands and wives to change their characters to please us. It is up to us in the first place to take them or leave them as they are.

IF A WOMAN doesn't want a rounder for a husband, why doesn't she marry a sober, settled man to begin with? If she craves the things that money buys, why doesn't she pick out a go-getter for a husband instead of a dreamy poet or a fascinating ne'er-do-well?

And if a man wants a domestic, thrifty wife, who will stay at home and watch the soup pot and count the pennies, why doesn't he choose a domestic girl instead of one who is a fashion plate and the joy of the cabarets?

The truth of the matter is that when you go shopping for husbands or wives you have to know what you want and pick it out in the first place. You can't change it after you get it home. That's certain.

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By Marie Belmont

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Flapper Fanny Says



All the slickers aren't seen on rainy days.

A Thought

This poor widow hath cast more than all they which have cast into the treasury. For they did cast in of their abundance; but she of her want did cast in all that she had, even all her living.—Mark 12: 43, 44.

THE gift derives its value from the rank of the giver.—Ovid.

BEHIND THE SCREEN

MOVIE producers continue to raid the "follies" for new film faces. Louise Brooks, one of the most recent deserters from the Ziegfeld ranks, is under contract to Paramount.

Now Peggy Fears, of those glorified yearly for Los Angeles to accept a Warner Brothers contract.

Warner seem to be constantly on the alert for new faces to replace favorites who are beginning to lose their hold on the public.

When Miss Fears is a New Orleans society girl and closely related to Edgar Allan Poe. Being a southern belle didn't appeal to her, so she went to New York and within two months was playing with the "follies."

"Minnie" has again made her appearance at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios—and is now receiving a fresh coat of paint preparatory to her next screen vehicle.

"Minnie" is a paper-mache effigy of a woman, mounted on a pedestal, which always is used in a Max Murray picture.

The figure is the exact height and build of the famous star, and is used to stand before the camera for focusing and lighting in order that she may not be placed under the lights any more than is necessary.

When Miss Murray went to Europe "Minnie" was tossed in the property room, and was unattended again when Christy Cabanne started preparations for filming "Altars of Desire."

Miss Murray's new starring vehicle, which Cabanne will direct shortly.

With "Vet Paint" released, Raymond Griffith has begun work on his next Paramount comedy, "Get Off the Earth." This will be a fantastic production in which Griffith takes an imaginary flight to Mars. Trick photography is employed in many sequences and the effects obtained in the early scenes are called startling by those who have had the privilege to preview them.

sweet cream it is not necessary to use whipping cream or a larger quantity of marshmallows.

A LITTLE fellow who had been seriously lectured by his mother was finally sent into the garden to find a switch with which he was to be punished.

He returned soon and said: "I couldn't find a switch, mamma, but here's a stone you can throw at me."

IN NEW YORK SEE-SAWING and DOWN BROADWAY

JUST before dawn comes creeping warily from behind the skyscrapers a certain breakfast resort in the early fifties is jammed with the survivors of the rough night club voyage.

The cry of "bacon and—" comes echoing from the swinging kitchen doors. But for the fogged eyes and the weary slouchings it might be any busy restaurant in mid-day.

Perhaps the widest awake are the professional performers. This is their breakfast. They will not again see the light of day until late in the next afternoon.

And then there are the herds of hangers-on, a strange mixture of would-be "sports," rounders, spenders, gamblers, stragglers, youths in search of a thrill, other youths with their wild oats in their pockets, still other youths smitten by a pretty face and all that glibble army that considers this a gesture of importance. You know the sort.

A corps of officers mingle with the crowds. There is a quick patting of hip pockets. The morning "frisk" is on.

A NEW game for Broadway—this periodic search for crooks and armed suspects in the breakfasting places of the night world's people.

No one knows when the police will arrive or where they will turn out. A tip may go out that a certain bandit has had a good "night's work" and there is a prospect that he will appear to flash his bills in the "joy belt."

For the present day crook may be the best dressed man in the crowd and the most modestly groomed. There will be no roughness either in his manner or talk, as was shown when an entire bandit gang was rounded up in a night club with a reputation for quiet and exclusiveness.

Now and then there is a scuffle in one corner, the flash of a gun and the quick exit of two police with a man between them.

The bored people of the night life come to welcome these moments as a pleasant break in the usual round of things. It has become sort of a game to try figuring out just what stranger might be a crook.

A sort of unreal game it seems, played in the half-light, when all the rest of the city turns in its bed and smoke blues the restaurant, and the call of sleep blinds the eyes.

—GILBERT SWAN.

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ADVENTURES of the TWINS

THE CHIMNEY SWEEP AND THE RAG MAN
The Twins and the little Rag-bag Whiffet, who had lost his shadow, left the fairy second-hand store behind the barn, and went on their travels.

Suddenly they all stopped and stared very hard at something or someone who was coming down the road.

"Can this be my shadow?" said the Whiffet anxiously. "It's certainly black enough!"

But just then the black creature laughed and showed a row of white teeth. So they knew he was no shadow. It was the Chimney Sweep. "No, I'm not your shadow," he exclaimed. "I like meat and potatoes and pie, and when I'm washed I'm white. But say, haven't I seen you some place before?"

"I don't know. I'm one of the Whiffets that lives in the rag-bag in the attic. My parents gave me my fortune in buttons and started me out in the world to improve my education. I lost my shadow first thing when I was crossing the stile," said the Whiffet.

"Oh, ho! You should go to the Rag Man then," said the Chimney Sweep. "He knows all about rag-bag people and attic folk."

"Why of course!" declared Nancy. "Come right along, Whiffet. We know where the Rag Man lives. Thank you, Chimney Sweep. I think you should have a button for being so kind."

"Certainly," said the Whiffet, reaching into his pocket and giving the Sweep a shot button.

"Thank you," said the Chimney Sweep. "Now my shoe will stay on. I lost the last button the day before yesterday down a chimney I was cleaning. It fell through the stove pipe and into the soup, and I heard Mister Smith say he'd found a black bean in his soup at lunch time. I wonder what he'd have said if he'd found my shoe instead of a button."

"I suppose he'd have said that he'd found a black marrow-bone!" said Nick. They all laughed at this—all except the Whiffet, who was still too much worried about his shadow to smile.

Then the Sweep trudged along his way, dragging his broom behind him, and the Twins and the poor little Whiffet went on their way to the Rag Man's house.

"Come in," said the Rag Man's pool parrot, when the door-bell rang. "The water's fine, ha, ha, ha!" he added when they had stepped inside.

"Why, hello, here!" cried the Rag Man in a jolly voice. "I was just going to take my horse and wagon and go out. What can I do for you, my friends?"

"Did you see my shadow?" said the Whiffet. "I lost it crossing the stile."

"Why, hello, here!" cried the Rag Man. "As you are wearing the purple bombazine suit made out of the very same old purple bombazine skirt that came in the Smith's rag-bag, I suppose that is where you came from. Your shadow may have scampered back home to the Smith's house."

"The Smith's?" shrieked the Whiffet. "Did you empty the Smith's rag-bag, up in their attic? That rag-bag was where my father and mother kept house."

"Oh, they're all right," said the Rag Man. "They moved into an old hat-box. They are very comfortable. That's all the news I have. I'm sorry but I didn't see your shadow anywhere, young fellow."

So the Whiffet and the Twins had to keep on searching.

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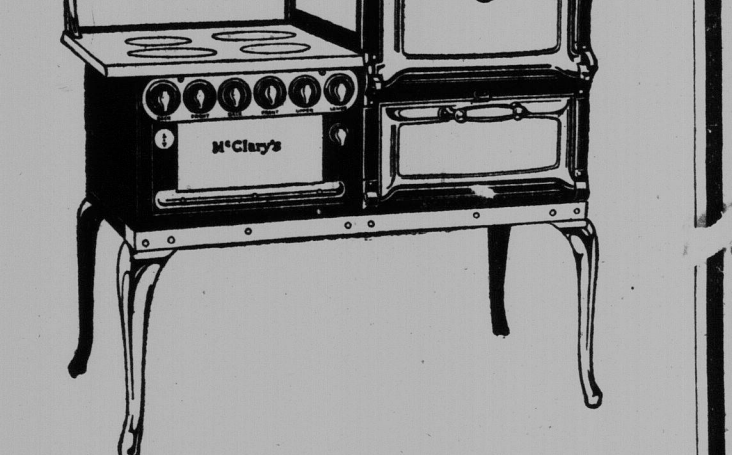
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