

INTERESTING

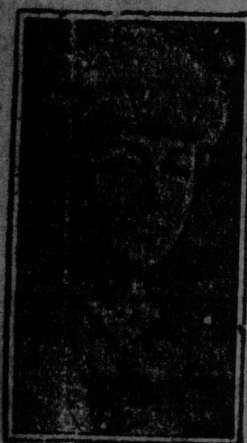
A Feature Page of Interest to Everyone

INSTRUCTIVE

Dorothy Dix

There is No Such Thing as a "Sure System" in Picking Out the Sort of Wife or Husband Any One Will Make, and Most of the Pre-Marital Tips Are Unreliable—With the Wisest It's Guesswork.

Is it possible to take marriage out of the list of extra-hazardous risks and put it in the sure-thing class?



DOROTHY DIX

Is it possible for a man to become really acquainted with the woman he marries before he marries her?

Can any woman ever really know the man who leads her to the altar until after she has taken that fatal journey with him?

There will be two answers to these questions. The experienced will give a thunderous "No" in reply, while those who have never tried it will say "Yes."

Every flapper believes that she understands man. Every youth is convinced that woman is an open book that he can read at pleasure, and so they can see no reason why any fairly intelligent man or woman cannot psychoanalyze the party of the other part and know them from the last hair of their heads to the last quirk in their characters.

But those who have been up against the matrimonial proposition and have had personal experience know better. They will tell you that only ignorance of what they were getting in marriage made them blunder into the mess they did, and even the happiest Mary Smith since grammar-school days, but the minute she becomes the wife of her bosom you have to deal with a bunch of peculiarities, nerves and ways that you never suspected her of having concealed about her person.

It is this impossibility of really getting acquainted with a person before you marry him or her that is at the base of the theory that marriage is a lottery, and that when you go into it you had as well be guided by a dream book or a hunch as anything else.

Of course this is madness, but it is sadly true that no matter how prudent and cautious a man may be, there is no way by which he can judge with any degree of certainty whether a woman will make him a good wife or not. Nor is there any way by which a girl can get an accurate line upon the sort of a husband a man will turn out to be. Both may dope out a system of picking the winners, at the race handicappers do, with about the same chances of success. It turns out all right if they are lucky. Otherwise they lose, but with the wisest it is a matter of guessing.

Now, roughly speaking, the virtues of a good husband are sympathy, consideration, tenderness and generosity, while the qualifications that make a woman a desirable wife are an amiable disposition, a soft tongue, a skilled hand and a loving heart. It looks as if it should be easy enough for every man in search of a wife and every woman desiring a husband to find out if their intended possess these qualities. Yet in reality it is practically impossible to do so.

How is a girl to judge if a man will make her a tender, considerate and loving husband, who will overlook her faults, pity her when she is sick and bear with her during all the times of mental and physical anguish that come to a woman, and that make her a torment to herself and to those about her?

She cannot tell by his conduct as a lover, for every lover tells his lady love that she is perfect and that he worships her.

Nor can she judge by what men say of him, for the "good-fellow" man is often the worst of husbands—"Joy of the street and sorrow of the home," as the old French proverb puts it.

Nor can she any way to tell whether he will be miserably or generous at money. She cannot argue that he will be a liberal husband from the gifts that he made her before marriage, for many a man who lavishes expensive presents upon his sweetheart stints his wife in street-car fare. Nor can she be guided by the name he has for generosity among men, for many a man who spends with both hands when he is downtown is as close fisted at home that his wife has to pry every nickel out of him with a crowbar.

The old axiom that a good son makes a good husband is also a fallacy, for chief among feminine martyrs are the women who have married devoted sons and who have not only had to take a second place in their husbands' affections, but have had their mothers-in-law's perfections and her ways and her pies thrown up to them as long as they live.

On the other hand, there is many a man who has been a careless and indifferent son, whose whole emotional nature is awakened by his wife and who shows her a tenderness and devotion that makes her blessed among her sex.

MEN are equally helpless when they seek for tips about how to choose a wife. When they are on the anxious seat all girls are so amiable and sweet and mild that it really seems a choice among angels. After marriage—but that is another story.

A man can't judge a girl's disposition by what her family says of her, for they are trying to "sell" her to him. He can't go by what her girl friends say, for no girl is boasting another girl's stock in a depressed matrimonial market. He can't even figure out from her cake whether she is domestic or not, for the cook may be responsible for the crime and things may not be as hopeless as they seem.

IT ISN'T safe for him to marry a poor girl on the theory that she will be thrifty because she has had to pinch pennies all her life. The chances are that, never having had any money to spend before, she will think his salary is unlimited wealth and rush into riotous extravagance. Nor can he be certain he is wise in passing up the flighty girl, for she is as likely as not to turn sensible as soon as she is married and make the most industrious and practical of wives.

So there we are, with no way of solving the conundrum of what we are getting when we put our hands into the matrimonial grab-bag. Yet if people could know each other before marriage as well as they do afterward, it would make for matrimonial happiness—if it did not break up matrimony altogether.

DOROTHY DIX

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A Thought

And the second is like, namely this. You shall love thy neighbor as thyself. There is none other commandment greater than these.—Mark 12:31.

LOVE and you shall be loved. All love is mathematically just, as much as the two sides of an algebraic equation.—Emerson.

WORE SCHOOLBOY "HOWLERS" LONDON, Jan. 4.—The Rev. Martin Thorpe, a schoolmaster, formerly chaplain of Willesden Education committee, published the following "howlers" in his school magazine:—

"Blatant was the sculptor who made the memorial in Hyde Park."

"The kidneys go round the waist like a belt"—an illustration showed 14 of them.

"Symphony orchestra consists of a piano, drum and other utensils."

"Dante was one of the leaders of the French Revolution. He was a big blood-thirsty brute, with hair which stood out like a bundle of straw about 3784."

A WOMAN always has a reason for everything, but usually it isn't the one she gives you.

FLAPPER FANNY



A man who can write poetry can rarely write checks.

SHB—Is that a popular song you are playing?

Ho—It was before I began playing it.

Backs Are Important in the Mode



Paris has given a backward glance to the mode and lends importance to the details which mark the chic of the gown.

Elaboration at the back is the keynote of feminine smartness. The cape back, popular seasons ago, has returned for its share of chic and frequently appears on the very newest and smartest of afternoon and evening gowns. The cape, which further calls attention to the back, is lined with rich metal fabrics in colors of no uncertain brilliance. The cape coat is also much worn in the smart manner along the avenue and is often effective in fur, which may also be seen bordering the coat.

The scarf of distinctive lines also is used to show importance behind the new mode. It is lined in rich tones and falls with graceful folds down the backs of the newest frocks.

The frock that ties behind is decidedly new and effective. The large bow, or small tie, is a mark of distinction on many of the newest models. In the evening gown of gold lame or metal lace, the lines at the back achieve smartness by distinctive draping which gives the broken line.

The decorated back is further noted to denote new treatments, but frequently one side will be used for decorative purposes. The gown of simple lines in front, with ample back, is apt to show an extreme fullness at one side caught with an ornament of beauty.

Materials play a leading role in deciding the manner in which a frock shall be draped. Velvets, which are so much seen this winter, lend themselves perfectly to all treatments. They fall with graceful appeal in a cape back, or are smartly draped into a back fullness at a low placed waistline.

Metal fabrics do not drape well and so rely upon distinctive cut for their chic. The two-piece frock, or bolero type, are found in metallic materials even in the most formal types of gown. Laces are particularly effective in the draped mode. They are also smartly used in flounces and panels and are very new in the tiered lines which the season advances.

Dorothy Mackall, whose blond loveliness is well adapted to the mode of flowing lines and smart back treatments, has selected a very new frock of more which boasts a decorated back. Miss Mackall is appearing in the new First National picture, "Joanna."

The centre of the back is not always

Timely Views on World Topics

WHAT the well-heeled young man will carry this winter? I saw it in the window of a Fifth Avenue haberdashery. To all intents and appearances it is a brief case. But that's where you're fooled, for it really contains three pockets. In one is a lady-like little silver flask, next is a hip-pocket size, and finally there is a place for the refill station.

"Just the thing for the week-end," reads the sign. And, of course, no one would ever suspect a brief case.

YOU'D never know our old friend Babe Ruth. The "king of swat" has set out apparently to become the winter Beau Brummel. Saw him at the Cotton Club the other night, dolled up in one of those trick opera capes, usually associated with melodrama villains, a high top-piece and immaculate evening dress. Mrs. Babe was along.

HARRY THAW continues to re-appear along night club row from time to time. And he always leaves something to talk about, whether it be the presentation of a diamond bracelet or an argument. This time, I am told, Thaw got quite excited about the "effeminate practice of wearing wrist watches." He made quite an oration on this "effeminate stuff," according to one of my spies and secret agents.

SPEAKING of night clubs, the padlock makers continue to work their plants overtime supplying locks for the New York places that turn night-time into day.

Just how rapid has been the growth of this industry can be gathered from the news item that 41 were padlocked in a single night recently, and, yet, not so much as a dint was made in the total.

Scarcely a night passes without a new night club. And they are operated by everybody from John Doe to an ex-member of European royalty.

Take, for instance, Andres De Segura, who takes over the once padlocked Lido-Venice. Segura was not so long ago the darling of Metropolitan Opera House audiences and is prominent in world music and social circles.

For some time he has directed the Plaza Hotel musicals attended by the Social Register's aristocracy.

GILBERT SWAN.

\$25 FOR A LETTER.

LONDON, Jan. 2.—An autograph letter of Thackeray to Charles Kingsley was sold recently at a famous London auction room for \$25.

The letter referred to a journalistic attack on Thackeray by Edmund Yates, and mentions that what pained Thackeray most was that Dickens should have been Yates' adviser.

"Scores of the penny-a-line fraternity have written on his side," adds Thackeray in the letter, "and a great number of them are agreed it is the description of my nose that makes me so famous."

Once of a young girl is. Nor is it humorous to involve, if even for a moment, a perfectly innocent man.

ADVENTURES of the TWINS

OLIVE ROBERTS BARTON

INCH 'O PIE RETURNS.

"St! St!" called someone softly through the window. And right after that something went. "Heest! Heest! Heest!"

The Twins, who were not yet asleep, sat up in their little beds and listened. "It's Inch 'O Pie and his geese!" cried Nick jumping out of bed and rushing to the window.

"Right you are!" said that bright little elf, sticking his head in and peering round the room.

"Is anything wrong?" asked Nancy. "Is there?" said Inch 'O Pie, shaking the snowflakes off his tiny cap and putting it on again.

"Just wait until you hear about it. It's those goblins again. They're after all the candy-canes on the Christmas trees. Their appetites are as long as their noses. They are not called goblins for nothing. They are everlastingly gobbling up something."

Nancy and Nick laughed and Inch 'O Pie looked completely astounded. "I suppose you think it's funny," he said sharply. "But it wouldn't be so funny, perhaps, if they ate your Christmas candy. And besides, it's high time they learned a lesson. Very high time they once I remember when they smelled a birthday cake that—"

Right here Nancy sneezed, and Inch 'O Pie said hurriedly. "There! There! I talk too much, and you are catching cold. I'll tell you why I am here again so soon. The Fairy Queen heard that the goblins had been stealing bites off the candy-canes, and snipping snips off all the Christmas goodies. The Sweep told her. So she asked me to bring you the magic shoes again, and see if you could help me to stop the mischief."

"Of course we will!" cried the Twins, hopping into their clothes in about two seconds, and then slipping on the magic shoes the little elf had brought.

"In a trice they were out of the window, riding through the air in search of the greedy goblins."

And pretty soon they saw a whole bunch of them behind the park fountain, that had been all boxed up for the winter.

And didn't the goblins have a big candy-cane they had stolen off some little boy's Christmas tree, the goblins had, and they were taking great big bites out of it like so many mice.

Inch 'O Pie drove his geese very quietly to the top of the fountain and the three of them watched.

"Here, you took a bigger bite than I did," said one goblin.

"Oh, go on, you eat faster than I do," said another goblin.

"They are quarrelling as most thieves do," whispered the little elf to the Twins. "Watch me now and see what I am going to do."

So saying he broke off an icicle and dropped it onto one goblin's head. "Quit that!" he shouted to his neighbor, punching him in the eye. Soon they were punning each other for dear life.

Then Inch 'O Pie dropped another icicle down on another greedy goblin. "You stop!" cried the goblin, giving his next neighbor a shove. And soon they, too, were fighting.

Inch 'O Pie soon had every one of the goblins quarrelling, and the candy-cane lay forgotten in the snow.

Inch 'O Pie scrambled down the fountain and grabbed the candy-cane before you could say "Jack Robinson."

To Be Continued.

Fashion Fancies

By Marie Belmont.

Heavy yellow crepe is the medium for the softly feminine negligee sketched above.

Delicate black lace makes a deep drape at the bottom of the garment and reappears at the ends of the wide scarf which is worn across the front of the negligee.

The use of scarfs lends grace to evening gowns and soft negligees. Numbers of the smart Southern wear scarfs, too, make effective use of scarfs of self material.

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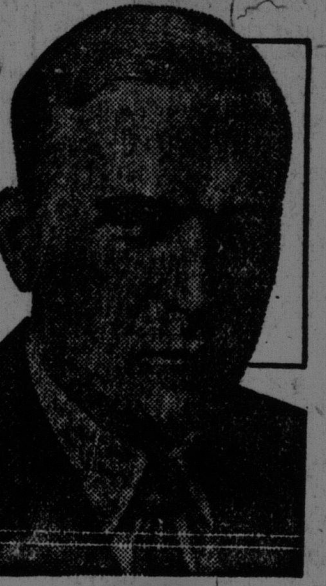
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DAILY MOVIE SERVICE

News Notes From Movieland



Henry King.

Your Birthday

JANUARY 4—You are always busy. Most people born on this date accumulate a reasonable degree of wealth. You are shrewd in your estimate of people, and your intuition will tell you whom you may trust. Anyone whom you love and those whom you think worthy of your confidence will prove faithful to you.

Your birth-stone is a garnet, which means faithfulness.

Your flower is a snowdrop.

Your lucky colors are navy blue and black.

LAND'S SAKE.

For land's sake if tempers at stake At one rent comfortable room.

It can be had By Classified Ad. Stay away from perpetually gloom.

The Critical Month of 1926

All kinds of stuffing over the holiday season leaves children as well as grown-ups open to January diseases. And January sickness is generally the most dangerous of the whole year.

Give digestions a chance, help overloaded blood to recover its resistance to germs. Feed simpler food. Outside of Milk, Butter-Nut Bread is the easiest food to digest—look, too, how much more heat and energy it holds. Get the Bread with the extra helping of Milk, Sugar and Shortening.

Butter-Nut Bread



"When the air is blue with smoke."

Where men smoke steadily

Take a peep into almost any business conference today. You'll find heated arguments. Much smoking. Tensed nerves.

But something else today—you'll find men eating Life Savers between smokes.

They take quickly to this wholesome habit. One man notices another and soon all have discovered this new way of getting more pleasure out of smoking.

More and more smokers are doing the same thing. We wondered if you knew this about Life Savers: those little candy mints with the hole; how they freshen your mouth between smokes, soothe your nerves and make the next smoke taste so much better.

It's a fact: Life Savers easily double your smoke enjoyment. Their wonderful aromatic flavors freshen your mouth like a good drink of water when you're really thirsty—and steady your nerves for work or play. Once you try them this way between smokes, you'll always have a package handy.

Six flavors are displayed at all good stores so you may help yourself: Pep-o-mint, Wint-o-green, Cinnamon, Lic-o-riec, Cl-o-ver and Vi-o-let. Five cents a package.—Life Savers, Limited, Prescott, Ont.

Take a few Life Savers

between smokes

