

ROMANCE FREQUENTLY HAS A ROCKY ROAD; WHY BACHELOR GIRLS PREFER TO STAY SINGLE

(New York Sun.)

Romance is still the chief ingredient in any book, magazine story, movie or play, but while in towns and suburbs it has the accepted background of flowers, trees, the moon, etc., those who are forced to live in a city the size of New York encounter obstacles that truly do not make the course of love run smooth.

The growth of civilization is making it harder than ever for Dan Cupid to get in his deadly work. Proximity is the quickest road to "falling in love," and the maidens who live in a smaller community are thrown into contact with the young men of the place and invariably marry those whom they meet regularly.

In the big city, however, it is a difficult problem for the young girl without a home and a circle of friends to encounter the youth to whom she would like to say "Yes." She lives in a boarding house or has a small room somewhere, and unless one of the males in her place of business takes an interest in her she had mighty few chances to meet eligible youths. If she belongs to a church or social organization the opportunities are great.

er, but all in all she may never get a proposal. The odds are against her.

However, there is a silver lining to this cloud, for no longer is an old maid looked upon with contempt. Many girls do not marry for the reason that they want to live their own lives, without having the cares and work of a household, and these bachelor girls have gained the admiration and respect of the world. So, if a girl does not find a husband, that is no reason for bitter despair.

Often these bachelor girls, having put all thoughts of romance and a home out of their minds, devote themselves to their work with such zest and ardor that they make good in a big way and become executives of a high order. Their conquest of the business world has inspired many an argument, pro and con, but they have made a place for themselves and they will never be dislodged.

Such women are not content with a hotel room. They maintain apartments. Only a few years ago it would have been food for gossip if an unmarried girl maintained an apartment and entertained men friends there. Today it is the accepted order.

Times change and that is one manifestation of the new order.

But when they reach this stage romance is likely to make a sudden appearance. A New York advertising woman had such an experience recently. She had spent much time in the company of a young man, who, while he showed considerable promise, had but a minor position at the time.

One day he proposed to her. He told her that his object was to take her away from work, to establish a small home and make her happy in a domestic heaven. The girl could hardly suppress a laugh, but she refused him gently. That type of life did not appeal to her, she explained, for now she was a part of the great machinery that made the world go round, and she did not relish the thought of doing housework. Even though she could have servants she still would have to say no. She loved her work and independence, and while she would cherish his friendship she did not choose to be tied "until death do us part" to any man, no matter how good he might be.

And then, to still the insistence of the youth, she told him how much her income was. He did not earn one-fourth that amount.

Moralists may rant about the dangers confronting the country when the women turn from wifehood and motherhood to a business career, but those who have found independence in this manner can afford to laugh. Romance to them is something to

AN AMERICAN WRITER GIVES HIS IMPRESSIONS OF NEW ZEALAND AND AUSTRALIA

(Arthur D. Wylie in The Detroit News)

Sydney, N. S. W.—Though fewer than 1,500 miles of sea separate Australia and New Zealand, each has, even at this comparatively early stage of development, evolved a distinct racial type.

Australia, which embraces so many varieties of climate and so many different sort of country might have been expected to produce many types, but it has not. As the dough-boys will tell you, an Australian is indefinable whether he comes from Darwin in the North, Hobart in the South, Sydney in the East, or Perth in the West, or from any of the country in between. The New Zealander, equally distinct in type, may be, and often is, mistaken for an Englishman, but he's a different sort of a bird.

The typical Australian, is easy-going, taking as a rule little thought

read about in a story or see on the stage. Thus it retains the illusions of the imagination and doesn't turn sour with incompatible natures and end up in the divorce court.

for the morrow; an engaging combination for recklessness and langour staunch in his friendships; filled with a passion for all sorts of sport and gambling.

A Fine Soldier

He makes a fine soldier if officered by men of his own breed, but chafes under discipline of any kind. He is broad-minded and tolerant in religious, political and ethical matters, and is clever both with his head and his hands.

Give him a skilled job that interests him and he will give splendid service so long as the hours don't exceed about 44 per week. On drudgery jobs, he is frankly a clock-watcher. It is the temperament of the Southerner in the days when the cotton-fields of America were tilled by slaves. There is a reason for that. The Australian worker enjoys high wages and a high standard of living, maintained in defiance of economic facts by a governmental policy of extensive foreign borrowing. In effect, he is being maintained on the produce of cheaper labor in older lands, just as the Southern States of the fifties based their prosperity on the sweat of Sambo and Dinah.

The New Zealander belongs to a colder, sterner clime, ribbed with snow-capped alpine ranges to remind him that Nature is a harsh mother. He prides himself on the fact that comes of good stock. The first settlers of Australia were convicts and soldiers—a fact which it isn't healthy to mention there in public, as Earl Beauchamp discovered when he quoted Kipling's piece about the "birthstain"—while the first New Zealand settlers were hand-picked by religious organizations in England—regular Pilgrim Fathers.

The typical New Zealander of today is a serious-minded, business-like sort of person. He isn't very brilliant, but he fears God, honors the King and pays his debt. Unlike the Australian, who has adopted the flora and fauna of his country as symbols of patriotism, the New Zealander has assiduously acclimatized the birds, beasts, fishes, trees and flowers of the land he still calls Home, so that his islands, particularly the South Island, resemble a transplanted England.

Type Of Yankee

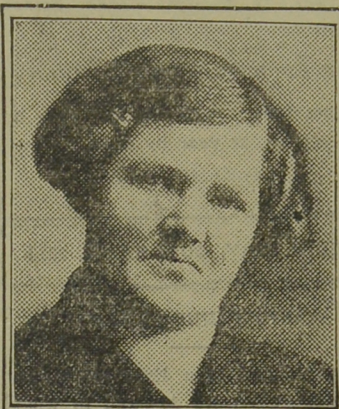
But his temperament is not English. It is more that of the type of Yankee the Southerners so greatly detested in years gone by. They are not hated by the Australians as the Yankees were hated—there hasn't been much cause or opportunity to quarrel—but the New Zealanders, in their prim way, rather disapprove of Australians. They consider their continental neighbors fighty and unstable and demonstrably careless in matters of national and private finance.

The New Zealander speaks rapidly and tersely, walks quickly, works hard. The Australian speech is in comparison a drawl and his pedestrian pace is leisurely. One of the funniest sights in Australia is to see a New Zealander trying to hustle along an Australian city street, perpetually felled by the slow-moving stream of acclimatized citizens.

Will Drive Fast

But put an Australian in a motor car and he'll drive like Jehu, shaving corners by an inch or two wheels, dodging collisions by a whisker and causing pedestrians to emulate the antelope. A New Zealander at the steering wheel remembers that after death there's judgment and exercises it before-hand.

A cause of antagonism between the two races, very real but never referred to, has its comic side. Australian girls ripen much younger than their New Zealand sisters and are famous for their good looks. The Australian flapper of from 15 to 20 outshines the New Zealand species as the sun a rushlight, and a New Zealander visiting the continent has to admit it. But it gives him a grudge. He's a Puritan at heart, and he sets the fact down as yet another evidence of Australian frivolity and general worthlessness. But the same Puritan strain compels him also to



From Mother of Six

"I think Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is wonderful! I have had six children of which four are living and my youngest is a bonnie baby boy now eight months old who weighs 23 pounds. I have taken your medicine before each of them was born and have certainly received great benefit from it. I urge my friends to take it as I am sure they will receive the same help I did."

—Mrs. Milton McMullen, Vanessa, Ontario.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound
Lydia E. Pinkham, Med. Soc. Lynn, Mass. U. S. A. and Grosse Pointe, Ontario, Canada

MAN

Teach me that sixty minutes make one hour, sixteen ounces one pound and one hundred cents one dollar.

Help me so to live that I can lie down at night with a clear conscience without a gun under my pillow and unharmed by the fangs of those to whom I have brought pain.

Grant that I may earn my meal ticket on square and that in earning it I may do unto others as I would have them do unto me.

Deafen me to the jingle of tainted money. Blind me to the faults of the other fellow, but reveal to me my own.

Guide me so that each night when I look across the table at my wife I have nothing to conceal.

Keep me young enough to laugh with little children and sympathetic enough to be considerate of old age, and when the day comes of darkened shades and the perfume of flowers the tread of soft footsteps and the crunching of wheels make the ceremony short and the epitaph simple—"Here lies a man."

admit that the Australian is a first-class fighting man—they met and fraternized considerably in the late war—and a clever workman, and there's always a funny little tinge of wistful admiration mixed up with his disapproval.

Hollywood Humor

WILL EES FUNNY

By
FIFI DORSAY
(Fox Movietone Artist)

I have never seen an actor, or any man for that matter, like this Will Rogers. When we rehearsed scenes "They Had To See Paris," he would always make me forget we were on the Fox lot. I imagined I was in a cafe in my real Paris, actually singing my song, "I Could Do It For You," to this American and hearing him answer me in his screamingly funny American way.

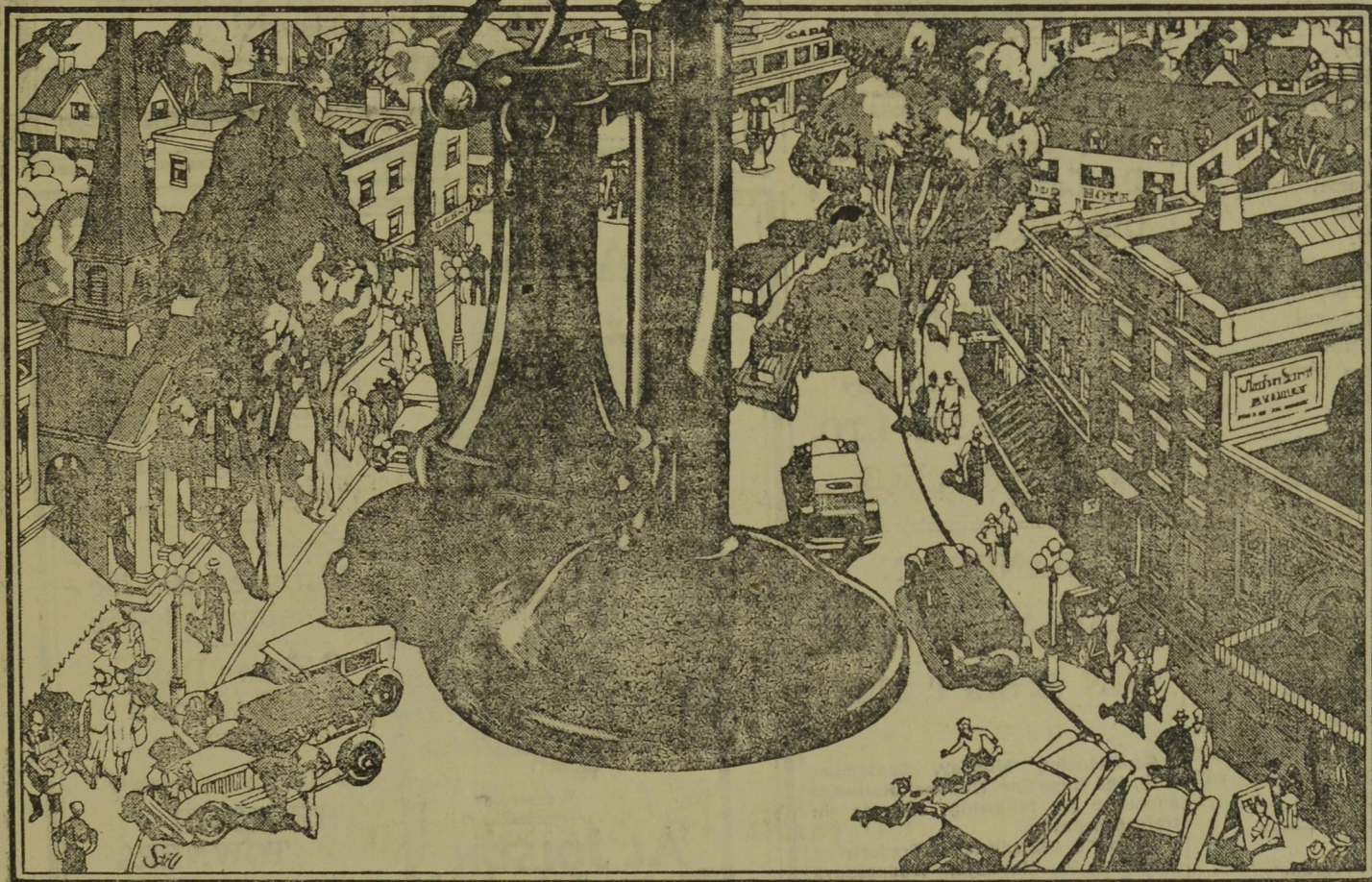
One day I was rehearsing the song and Frank Borzage, the director, asked Will Rogers to put his arms around me. He came towards me and started to speak. Did he say some silly romantic words as most others would have done? He did not. He spoke in good Parisian fashion.

"Let's get this straight, sister. Don't stand there wide open, because if you do, it will be every man for himself and I won't be responsible for what happens."

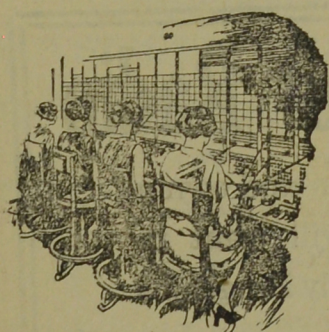
Then he started to sing the song himself and when everybody looked surprised to find he had a good voice, he went back to the American manner again and said:

"There's no reason to be surprised. For years I was the best Ford dealer tenor in Rogers County."

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nationalization of thought as the ability to communicate—a man with his neighbour—one nearby community with another, or even with distant parts of the world. The Northern Electric Company has been privileged to supply equipment for most of these companies.

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