

INTERESTING

A Feature Page of Interest to Everyone

INSTRUCTIVE

Dorothy Dix

The One Sure Cure for the Woman Who Pines for the Sweetheart She Didn't Marry is to See Him as He is Today—For the Man of Her Dreams Doesn't Exist—He's Only Part of the "Good-Old-Days" Fiction.

I GET a great many letters from women who write me that in their girlhood they had love affairs that came to nothing. Sometimes it was a case of bread and butter, school boy and girl sweethearts. Sometimes it was a romance that ended in a quarrel and a broken engagement. Sometimes the men were drunkards, immoral, good-for-nothing, and the girls had sense enough not to wreck their own lives by marrying them. Sometimes circumstances drifted a couple apart.

However, it was love's young dream just petered out, as love's young dream has a way of doing, and after a while other men came along with whom these women fell in love and whom they married. Now they think they have discovered that they are not in love with their husbands but with these ex-lovers. They say that they can do nothing but think of these soulmates that they missed and that they are, of all women, most miserable.

Shoo, sisters, dry your weeping eyes and be comforted by the knowledge that your grief is a purely imaginary one. It is not a broken heart but inflammation of the imagination that afflicts you. You are shedding tears over the dream that every woman dreams and from which every woman wakes up with a shock of surprise.

FOR every woman believes that she is getting a husband who will be a perpetual sweetie, a financial wizard and who will be as devoted to her as she is to him. Then when she finds out that instead of having got a man who is an aggregation of all masculine charms and virtues she appears to have drawn a husband who seems to her to be nothing more than a money-grubber, who is as irritable as the fretful porcupine and as stubborn as his sex, a man who is dumb at love-making and not much of a money-getter, why then she begins to think tenderly of the man she didn't marry and she is very apt to crown the head of her former sweetheart with a halo.

So she goes on an orgy of self-pity, and spends hours of morbid pleasure in digging up her dead love out of its grave and holding an autopsy over it, and thinking how happy she would have been if she had married the man she didn't marry and whom she pictures as a perfect being with none of the faults that afflict the man she did marry.

SHE lets her mind dwell on this picture of her former sweetheart until she persuades herself that she has a deathless passion for him and that by failing to marry him she has wrecked her life.

It would save these ladies, who are pining away with a green and yellow melancholy, barrels of tears if they could only realize that their secret grief is a purely imaginary one and that it is rooted in the curious impulse we all have to extol the past at the expense of the present. It is what makes us glorify the Good Old Times and sentimentalize over childhood's happy days, and idealize our youthful chums, and pine to go back and live in the old home. All of which is rank nonsense.

MOST of us are better off now than we ever were before. Childhood isn't the happiest time of life, because then we haven't learned philosophy enough not to let things hurt us. When we go back to the old home we find it a tumble-down cottage instead of the palace of our memories, and that the boys and girls whom we remembered as so beautiful and so brilliant are plain, homely, dull, commonplace men and women.

No cure could be so effectual for these women who are breaking their hearts in vain yearning for their lost loves as just to see their former sweethearts again. Ten to one they wouldn't have them on a bet, for there is no more disillusioning experience than to find the man who you have remembered as slim and young, with ambrosial curls and bubbling over with romance, changed into a fat, heavy, bald-headed gentleman whose only topics of conversation are his business and his golf and who is lousy about his food and sitting in drafts.

THE woman who thinks that she would have been perfectly happy if she had married her old sweetheart is also simply voicing the common human discontent with our lot and the belief we all entertain that everybody's job is easier than our own.

The professional man envies the business man. The business man regrets that he did not take up a profession. The laborer thinks that his employer has a soft snap. The employer wishes he didn't have anything on his mind after his day's work is over. The single woman thinks it must be wonderful to have a husband to support you. The married woman yearns after freedom and her own pocketbook. And so it goes.

A woman knows the shortcomings of the man she married, but she doesn't know those of the man she didn't marry, so she imagines that life with him would have been a journey over a rose-strewn pathway, with no thorns in it. But if she should ask his wife she would tell her a different tale.

For there is no such person as the man she didn't marry. There is no man without nerves and temper and irritating little ways. No man who is always thoughtful and unselfish and considerate. No man who doesn't sometimes fuss about the cooking and the bills. No man who spends his evenings holding his wife's hand and making her pretty speeches.

And if there were such a man he would bore his wife to death, and she couldn't stand him at any price.

IT is a foolish and pitiful thing for women to waste their hearts in futile regrets for the man they didn't marry and who, after all, is only a lay figure that they dress up in the chiffons of their fancies.

Far better for them if they made the best of the man they did marry.

DOROTHY DIX.
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GOES 14,000 MILES TO WATCH SUNRISE
Who Journey to Ben Nevis' Top

LONDON, Aug. 7.—Five hundred people have just seen the sun rise from the summit of Ben Nevis—Scotland's highest mountain. They started the great climb at midnight, and reached the top just before dawn broke. Motor-coaches and private motor-cars took the party of mountaineers to the foot of the peak, and then local guides piloted the climbers up the zig-zag paths. There were as many women as men in the party, and they thoroughly enjoyed the experience.

Many nations were represented in the crowd of mountaineers. There were American men and women, a Japanese student, a South African merchant, a small party of Frenchmen, a couple of Swiss tourists, a Dutchman and his family, and holiday-makers from various parts of England, Ireland, and Wales.

One man in the party had come from Western Australia. He left Scotland when a boy, and now owns an extensive cattle station in the Commonwealth. This was his first visit to Scotland since he left his native land 30 years ago. He made a vow many years ago to return to Scotland and welcome the dawn from the top of Scotland's noblest peak. He had come nearly 14,000 miles to see the sun rise.

Helped Some (Pennsylvania Keystone)
"Did you ever keep a saloon?"
"Not alone, but I did my share."

Sheer Negligees, Frocks Interest In Mid-Season



THE hot weather of midsummer calls very loudly for sheer, comfortable clothing both for boulevard and street wear. Modern couturiers expell in both. Nothing is more refreshing than to return home on a hot day, bathed, and find a thin and most becoming negligee and be at ease to read, write or converse.

At the center above is pictured a cool and attractive dress that was noticed at the recent season. It would be suitable, at almost any daytime function. The material is tulle in a dainty design with bands of the same material in solid color set on in unique fashion for trimming. A vestee of the solid color is finished by collar and revers in the banding which is swayed in scalloped effect.

The skirt of the bouffant type with a border of this scalloped trimming at the point in front where the vestee and revers end and the skirt is attached is a velvet bow and long ends hang to the skirt hem. An unusual hat which flatteringly suggests a streamer's helmet by its shape and is of white felt is worn with it.

At the left a lovely sheer negligee is worn by Anna O. Nilsson. It is made of crepe de chine and trimmed with a banding of pearl ribbon with natural looking flowers at the shoulder and on the sleeves. A train completes the slender effect and also boasts a bunch of the flowers.

A charmingly unique and cool looking negligee of the pajama type is seen at the right. The pajamas are constructed of black crepe with blue. An alluring lace creature is painted on a square of blue applied on the front.

of the pajama. The long loose coat is pale blue and these same monsters of the deep are depicted as disporting themselves over its surface. The material effect adds, of course, to the garment's coolness to any imaginative woman.

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SEE-SAWING ON BROADWAY

ONE of the favorite sights of Manhattan and you'll read within a day or two that "he was present last night at Gullman's."

Let a celebrated lawyer win his case, a millionaire's son come into his heritage, a big gambler from the west hit Broadway, a society girl come out.

Let the Prince of Wales come to town, Harry Shaw return to the bright lights, Wilda Bennett stage a matrimonial flare-up, Helen Mackay find romance with a jazz singer, Rudolph Valentino appear with a new girl.

All at Gullman's! The gossip travels fast and far and reporters are planted at tables from night to night, for everything is in open view and this is a market place for tips and rumors and gossip.

Tomorrow, like Rector's, it may pass. And there will be those who sigh for "the days when."

But as long as Manhattan is Manhattan there will be some such place somewhere within walking distance of Broadway.

Little Joe

THE STRAIGHTER YOUR COURSE, THE EASIER IT IS TO SAIL THROUGH LIFE.

ONLY the times and manners have changed. Let folk of the theater waver on the brink of divorce or marriage and you'll hear all about it at Gullman's.

Let Lieutenant-Commander Byrd cross the pole in an aircraft and return

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THE RHYMING OPTIMIST

By Aline Michaelis

Whatever road you pass along, be it of victory or loss, be it the way of high or song whatever path you have to cross, remember, others traveled, too, along the way where you must go; remember, not alone for you are peals of joy or pangs of woe. And by all brave men who have passed unawed, undaunted down this way, to hope and courage still hold fast upon the road ahead, which man passes on from hand to hand and those who, long before you came, have left their glory on the land. Yours now to hold the torch on high, to bear a little while the light; be yours the way of song or sigh, remember, guard this trust aright.

Why Breakers Roar (Montreal Gazette)

Why do breakers roar? The breaking of the wave produces no sound, but the hurrying of the air bubbles roar, says Dr. Clark, of the National Museum, being wireless through the water, warm fumes to turn tall and speed for the open sea. A fish and a human are alike in one respect, when the wave strikes the shores causes the rhythmic roar. And the both run from roars.

Minard's Lintment for Corns and Warts.

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The Danger of Common Ills

Constipation and its attendant evils conquered—
Skin and stomach disorders corrected—
Glorious vitality regained—
through One Simple Food

NOT a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense—Fleischmann's Yeast is simply a remarkable fresh food.

The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake invigorate the whole system. They aid digestion—clear the skin—banish the poisons of constipation. Where cathartics give only temporary relief, yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles and makes them healthy and active. And day by day it releases new stores of energy.

Eat two or three cakes regularly every day before meals: on crackers—in fruit juices, water or milk—or just plain, nibbled from the cake. For constipation especially, dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before breakfast and at bedtime. Buy several cakes at a time—they will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days. All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Start eating it today!

And let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. L-735, The Fleischmann Company, 208 Simcoe St., Toronto, Ont., Canada.

Menus for the Family

MENU HINTS

Breakfast
Orange Juice
Rolls or Oat Flakes
Buttered Toast
Apricot Marmalade
Coffee
Milk for children

Lunches

Vegetable Soup
Apples and Quinces
Molasses Drop Cookies
Milk

Dinner
Baked Ham and Parsnips
Stuffed Baked Potatoes
Jellied Spinach Salad
Pie
Coffee

TODAY'S RECIPES

Apricot Marmalade—One pound dried apricots, two cups sliced pineapple, juice of one-half lemon, sugar. Wash apricots, cover with water and let soak over night. Cook slowly in water in which they soaked. When nearly done add pineapple. Cook tender and add an equal amount of sugar. Add lemon juice just before removing from fire. If the pineapple is canned in a heavy syrup use less sugar.

Molasses Drop Cookies—One cup brown sugar, one egg, one cup molasses, one teaspoon soda, one teaspoon ginger, one teaspoon nutmeg, one cup shortening, one-half cup raisins, one cup milk, pinch salt, flour enough to drop from spoon.

Baked Ham and Parsnips—One slice of smoked ham, three medium sized parsnips, flour, milk. Pars and quarter parsnips and place in buttered baking dish. Sprinkle with flour. Cover with milk and place slice of ham on top. Bake 20 minutes in medium oven.

Jellied Spinach Salad—One pint of cooked spinach and juice, one-half teaspoon salt, one-eighth teaspoon pepper, one and one-half tablespoon gelatin, one-half cup diced celery, one-quarter teaspoon celery salt, one tablespoon grated onion, one-quarter cup cold water. Mix spinach with seasonings and simmer 10 minutes and add hot spinach. Cool until beginning to thicken then fold in the celery and pour into a cold wet mold. When firm cut into cubes and pile on lettuce leaves. Garnish with celery tips and hard cooked eggs quartered lengthwise. Serve with boiled salad dressing.



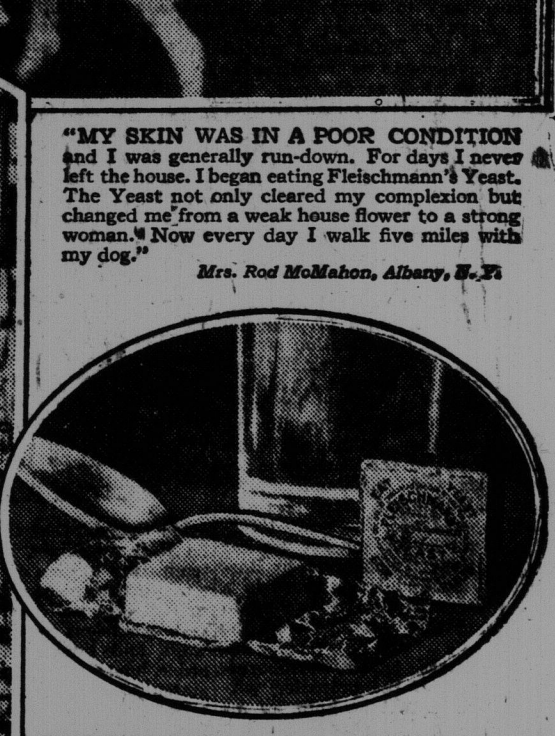
"I HAD DIZZY SPELLS and a disagreeable rash on my skin. I had chronic constipation but did not know it until my physician told me. He directed that I eat Fleischmann's Yeast. In four months I was a new man. For ten months I have taken Fleischmann's Yeast daily. I don't get dizzy any more. My complexion is now clear. In a word, I feel in perfect health."

Leonard H. Dithrich, Pittsburgh, Pa.



"I DID COMPETITIVE SWIMMING and diving. I met with an accident which confined me in a hospital for a month. Afterwards I was very weak and tired easily. I decided I would make yeast a daily habit. After six months of yeast I was back in the swimming game."

Mrs. Betty Kurewally, Chicago, Ill.



"MY SKIN WAS IN A POOR CONDITION and I was generally run-down. For days I never left the house. I began eating Fleischmann's Yeast. The Yeast not only cleared my complexion but changed me from a weak house flower to a strong woman. Now every day I walk five miles with my dog."

Mrs. Rod McMahon, Albany, N. Y.

"ALL MY LIFE I have been bothered with stomach trouble. While home on leave, I got in the habit of eating Fleischmann's Yeast. Now I feel like a new man. I eat much more and perform my duties with much more pep."

Stanley H. Strain, U. S. N., Hampton Roads, Va.