

THE TIMES-STAR FEATURE PAGE

Dorothy Dix

Why Shouldn't More Middle-aged Couples Marry?—How Can Miss 35 Win Young Mr. 23?—Can a Puritanical Man be Happily Married to Modern Flapper?



DOROTHY DIX

DEAR MISS DIX—There are no more pitiful people in the world than the middle-aged widows and widowers whose homes have been broken up by death, whose children are married and gone and who are forced to live about in dreary lodging and boarding houses. Many of these men, probably most of them, would like to marry again, but they feel that they cannot afford to support a wife. All that they have made has gone to rearing their children, and now they feel that they must save up something for their own old age. Doubtless there are thousands of women in the same position, and I often wonder why these lone old people can't get together and pool their earnings, and be company for each other.

In this because women are still bound by the tradition that the wife must not work outside of the home, no matter what the necessity? Are customs stronger than conditions? Are women really standing where they stood thirty years ago? A READER.

ANSWER: I think your suggestion is an admirable one, Mr. Reader, and that thousands of lonely old men and women might act upon it with advantage.

For there is this curious thing about matrimony, that it unites people for the single life. Even those who have been unhappily married and who have longed most for freedom find that when their bonds are broken that their liberty does not bring them the happiness that they expected. They cannot go back to their unwed days. They have established the habit of domesticity.

THE man who has been used to home cooking finds that restaurant meals have no flavor. To the man who is accustomed to coming home after his day's work to the eager welcome of a wife, it is desolation to come home to a dark and lonely room. He misses even being fussed over, and nagged about putting on dry shoes after he has been out in the wet, and being told not to sit in a draft or eat the things that are bad for his digestion.

The woman who has been accustomed to her own home can never be happy in any one else's home or with no home to run. And even when she establishes a home of her own, it lacks all savor to her if there is no man in it. She hasn't interest or ambition to get up a good dinner just for herself.

We always think of romance as belonging to youth, but in reality it is the elderly who need the companionship of husbands and wives far more than youth does. There may be no thrills to a fat, gray-haired couple's second wedding, but you might seldom hear of it ending in the divorce courts.

IT IS, of course, a pity that the woman should have to continue to work after marriage. It is unfortunate that every man cannot make enough money to enable his wife to devote her sole attention to her home, but that is one of the conditions of the present economic situation, and many a woman, young and old, has to keep on with her job or else stay single.

And inasmuch as the woman would have to work anyway, it seems to me that she is better off with a husband and a home, and the love and cheer they bring her, than she would be living alone, with no companionship of an evening save her own dreary thoughts.

DOROTHY DIX

DEAR MISS DIX—I am a woman of 35, wildly in love for the first time, and with a young man of 23. This young fellow takes me out quite a lot and tells me I remind him of his mother. Do you think he loves me? What should I do? AN UNCLAIMED TREASURE.

ANSWER: The thing to do is to wake up out of the love dream into which you have doped yourself and face the situation with a little common sense.

Cease to delude yourself with the thought that the boy is in love with you. When a youth of 23 tells a woman older than himself that she makes him think about his mother, he is simply megaphoning the fact to her that he regards her as an elderly person entirely out of the range of any sentimental consideration. He is putting her in the old-age class. You can bet your bottom dollar that he isn't telling any little flapper that she makes him think of his mother.

THIS boy doubtless admires you, and reveres you, and enjoys your society, but that isn't love, and he would probably be horrified and shocked if he even suspected you of having matrimonial designs upon him. And, believe me, no matches between 35-year-old women and 23-year-old boys are made in heaven.

There is never anything in such an unequal marriage except misery for the woman, because the man almost invariably gets tired of her and deserts her for some girl who is of suitable age.

AND whether he does or not, the old wife with the young husband is always torn with jealousy every time she sees him speak to a girl, and she wears herself to skin and bones attempting the impossible task of keeping young with him.

Set your affections on some man who is twelve years older than you are rather than twelve years younger if you want your marriage to be happy. Cradle snatching is an unprofitable occupation for a woman to follow. DOROTHY DIX

DEAR MISS DIX—I am a young man of puritanical tendencies, engaged to a young girl whom I worship, in spite of the fact that she is a modern girl who smokes continually, stays out until all hours of the night and indulges in cocktails. Do you think that we will be happy with such a difference in our viewpoints? P. R.

ANSWER: I do not. I think that a marriage between a puritanical man and a wild woman is very sure to go on the rocks.

THE romder husband is bad enough, heaven knows, but generations of good, pure women have had centuries of experience in forgiving men for wandering off of the straight and narrow path and in waiting up at night for husbands who rolled in with the milkman. But who can picture a good, pure husband enjoying sitting up waiting for a wife who is out joy-riding until 8 G. M. and who comes home all lit up with boot-legger booze?

Deep down in every man's soul is the need to reverence the woman he loves, to believe in her goodness as he does in the goodness of God. That is why men find it so hard to forgive the woman with a past, and why no man is really happy with a wife who shocks his ideals and whom he is constantly trying to reform. The most important thing in matrimony is congeniality.

FOR a husband and wife to be really one, they must see things from the same angle; they must have the same tastes and habits; they must enjoy the same things. Therefore, you will be wise to marry a girl who has the same strict puritanical ideas that you have and let your flapper marry a cake-eater who smokes the same brand of cigarettes that she does and who also thinks that the chief end of life is to jazz, and who carries a flask on his hip.

It is true that the attraction of opposites draws men and women before marriage, but after marriage it drives them far apart as the poles. DOROTHY DIX

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Fashion Fancies



By Marie Belmont
AN unusual finish is imparted to the coat above by the use of an extra wide armhole, joined to the body of the coat by a zig-zag seam.

Otherwise the model is perfectly plain, being straight of line. The pointed shawl collar is of brown dyed ermine.

Another smart model of this type, with the lining of plaid silk which extends past the edges of the coat, exploits the same armhole. The lining is of the detachable type, so the coat may be worn with or without it.

FLAPPER FANNY SAYS



HE'S a very thin husband who can hide behind his wife's skirts these days.

DAILY MENU

MENU HINT.
Breakfast.
Ready to Eat Cereal
Soft Boiled Eggs
Toasted or Salted. Wafers
Coffee Cake
Stewed Plums
Luncheon.
Vegetable Soup
Deviled Eggs
Creamed Potatoes
Whole Wheat Bread and Butter
Peach Whip
Lemon Cookies.
Iced Tea
Dinner.
Breaded Veal Steak
Mashed Potatoes
Buttered Corn
Cucumber and Parsley Salad
Bread and Butter
Cherry Preserves
Amber Pudding
Coffee.

A Wetted Bargain.

An old Scottish farmer wondered why his neighbor always got a better price for his stock than he did, and determined to make inquiries.

"There's no muckle in it," explained the latter. "Tak' yer buyin' intae a guid cozy public hoose, an' when you say '230 for the cow,' and he says, 'Na, na, 215,' say ye, 'Weel, a pound here an' there's naething; hae a drink! And see that he has two-three mair drinks, an' oo ye come wi' his check for 225, an' a's satisfied."

Some weeks later the friends foregathered again.

"I tried yer plan," said the first, "and it dinna succeed."

"Hoo was that?"

"I canna verra weel say, but I ken we had half a dozen glasses o' whiskey each, an' I sell'd my man the cow right enough, an' then we had anither yin, an' when I cam' tae mase! I fund he'd sell't me the beast back again for 216 mair than he gied me for!"

The paraffin paper wrappers that come around loaves of bread have been found invaluable as a household help. These lend themselves to many kitchen services, and one of the best uses to make of them is for the cleaning and polishing of the stove. When the steel is moderately warm the paraffin melts just enough to polish it.

Film Comedy Artist To Try Heavy Drama

By RUSSELL J. BIRDWELL.

Jack White, the comedy youngster, is soon to branch out into the realm of heavy drama. Though in his early twenties, Jack White is one of the most successful producers of consistent good comedy.

He is the fellow who makes the Educational comedies . . . slapstick and custard pie artists cavort on his film sets and stages.

"Comedy and drama go hand in hand," says White in discussing his plans to begin producing dramatic features. Where there is comedy there is also bound to be sorrow.

"Because in the unearthing of fun situations we have come upon scores of ideas for dramatic stories I believe it is time to begin making both types of pictures."

White will not discontinue his comedy-making when he goes in for the heavier type of production.

"I have to have two branches—a comedy studio and also a drama department."

As a matter of cold fact I truly believe that a man who understands comedy has better vision for making pictures with touches of drama than the person who is void of a comedy mind."

Adventures of the Twins

By OLIVE ROBERTS BARTON

THE BACK SEAT DRIVERS.

It was a very fine evening and Daddy Cracknuts asked Ma Cracknuts and old Mrs. Gray Tail if they would like to take a spin in his red car.

"I should say I would," said Mrs. Cracknuts, quick as a wink. "It's been so hot all day and I've been making nut preserves for our winter spread. I'm as tired as I can be and a ride always rests me."

"I'd like to go, too!" said Mrs. Gray Tail gratefully. "I love to see the sunset these lovely fall evenings. I'll put on my warm wrap so I won't catch cold."

So they all hurried up with the dishes and in about five minutes they were ready to start for their ride. Daddy Cracknuts in the front seat and Ma Cracknuts and old Mrs. Gray Tail in the back seat.

The boys, Scamper and Scramble, were doing their lessons with the Conon boys, as they all had to go to bed early in time to get up for school.

"I'll have to get some gasoline," said the squirrel gentleman, stopping his car at the "Twin Garage." "Hey, Nick, a little attention here, please. Here's a customer."

"Hello, Daddy!" cried Nick, running out. "Good evening, ladies! It's a nice pleasant evening for a ride, isn't it?" And then he asked Daddy what kind of gasoline he wanted.

"I'll take the kind in the blue pump," said Daddy.

"Why don't you get the kind in the red pump?" said Mrs. Cracknuts. "It matches the car better and the Bunnies and the Woodchucks and the Porcupines and everybody uses it."

"Oh, I like the other," said Daddy, stopping the car in front of the blue pump so Nick could fill up his tank.

"That's right," pouted Mrs. Cracknuts. "I suppose if I had said the blue pump, you would have taken the red. It just seems that I can't say a word any more. Don't you think so, mother?" asked Mrs. Gray Tail.

"I quite agree," said Mrs. Gray Tail. "Well, in a couple of minutes they were ready to start again. Daddy climbed in and paid for the gasoline and started the engine and away they went."

"That's too fast," said Mrs. Cracknuts presently. "It blows my hair."

"Mine, too," said Mrs. Gray Tail. "All right," said Daddy, and he slowed down.

"Oh, what did you come this way for?" asked Mrs. Cracknuts by and by. "We can't see a thing and the road is all bumpy."

"I thought you liked this road," said Daddy.

"We don't," said Mrs. Gray Tail. "We told you so the other day."

"Men haven't any memories, Mother," said Mrs. Cracknuts.

"Where's that squeak coming from?" said Mrs. Cracknuts. "We sound like a pig under a gate. I don't believe this car has been oiled for a week."

"I do," said Mrs. Gray Tail. "I don't hear anything," said Daddy. "Both a squeak and a rattle. Mister Bunny seems to keep his car in such good condition. It never squeaks."

"You're going too fast again, Daddy," said Mrs. Cracknuts. "If you're going like that we may as well turn back home. There! That's better! Oh, goodness! You nearly hit that car. Another half inch and we would have been wrecked."

"Watch that muddy place," she said in a few minutes. "It gets the car so dirty. Besides I'm afraid of skidding. There! That's over. Did you see that? Trying to pass us on a curve! My fault! Well, I like that. Daddy Cracknuts, you can take us right home."

As Ma Cracknuts hung up her hat she sighed: "It always rests me so to go out in the evening," she said.

"And what a lovely sunset!" said Mrs. Gray Tail.

Daddy Cracknuts smiled as he lighted his pipe.

A Thought

I will put my laws into their hearts and in their minds will I write them.—Ezek. 10:16.

ARMS and laws do not flourish together.—Caesar.

NO CONTROVERSY THERE

Bix—"Do you believe we come from monkeys?"

Dix—"No, but some of us go to the dogs."

With The Women Of Today

WITH her husband, Frederick William Pethick-Lawrence, M. P., Mrs. Emmeline Pethick-Lawrence, well known British feminist, attended the sessions of the Inter-Parliamentary Union at Washington. With other



MRS. EMMELINE PETHICK-LAWRENCE.

feminist leaders Mrs. Pethick-Lawrence introduced a resolution into the Union demanding that the law makers guarantee equal rights for men and women over the entire world, and that every parliamentary body take steps to bring the laws of its country into harmony with this principle.

Little Editorials

JUSTICE

MAN'S justice is more merciful than nature's.

A California bus driver with a load of school children beat a train to the crossing, and was fined \$80 for his recklessness.

Nature's penalty, if he had been a second slower, would have been death, for him and many of his innocent charges. Nature takes no excuses and has no tolerance of "honest error." Most disasters are nobody's fault. In nature's court, the penalty of honest error is death.

ECONOMICS

THE World War gave economic experts a chance to jockey with the law of supply and demand.

Price fixing, price stabilization, government hoarding of supplies and many other methods were used to upset this historic principle.

And in many parts of the world today, it seems impossible for statesmen to forget this war habit.

The states of Minas Geraes and Sao Paulo in Brazil are raising a big fund to keep up the price of coffee—all because supplies are exceeding the demand.

The world will be much better off when it quits trying to prevent the operation of this law.

THE HARE AND THE TORTOISE.—NEW VERSION.

(Christian Herald.)

"If yer want to get ter somewhere, Walk ahead!"

Don't yer loiter by the roadside, Playin' dead.

Walk, an' whistle when yer walkin'; Smile, an' do some friendly talkin'; An' yer'll get there without balkin'!

That a tortoise fat an' funny, Beat a real swift-movin' bunny, When they raced ter win some money.

An' I read That he did it 'cause he follared, While the bunny slep' an' wollored In the roadside. Fer the tortoise Walked ahead!"

THE LAST FRONTIER

Russia To Have Biggest Refracting Telescope

By DAVID DIETZ.

RUSSIA is to have the largest refracting telescope in the world. This news will come as a surprise to many people, especially to members of the scientific world who are familiar with the exodus of scientific workers which took place from Russia to France, England and America shortly after the Bolshevik revolution.

The new Russian telescope is being built in England. The lens is to be 41 inches in diameter. At the present time the largest refracting telescope is at the Yerkes Observatory in this country. Its lens is 40 inches in diameter.

The refracting telescope is the type which most people are familiar with. It has a small eye-piece at the end near the observer and a large lens at the far end.

Larger telescopes of a different sort are already in existence.

The largest telescope of this type is the 100-inch telescope at the Mount Wilson Observatory. By 100-inch, it is meant that the telescope has a mirror 100 inches in diameter. Mount Wilson also has a 60-inch reflector. The Dominion Astrophysical Observatory of Canada has a 72-inch reflector.

Periodically announcement comes from France that plans are being made there to build a reflector with a mirror 108 inches in diameter. But this report has been heard so many times with so little action following it, that American astronomers have become frankly suspicious of it.

BIG telescopes are so important today because astronomy has reached a point where future discoveries can be made only with the aid of giant telescopes and expensive supplementary apparatus. Astronomers feel that the day is past when the amateur using a little telescope can hope to make a discovery of major importance.

The group of American astronomers in California at the Mount Wilson and Mount Hamilton observatories have come to be almost a supreme court in astronomy. This is because they have the finest apparatus in the world and can therefore subject new theories and discoveries to tests which cannot be duplicated elsewhere in the world.

LITTLE JOE

THE SAFEST GAMBLE IN THE WORLD IS TO TAKE A CHANCE ON YOURSELF.



Your Birthday

October 22—You have good brain-power, and are keen and quick. You are strong, and capable of working under difficulties. You are bright, witty, and entertaining, and a general favorite. You will be very fortunate in your love affairs, and will lead a very happy, useful life.

Your birth-stone is the opal, which means hope. Your flower is the hop. Your lucky colors are yellow and white.

CHORES.

One chore treads on another's heels; The summer job is lifted Of emptying ice-box pans, but now There's ashes to be sifted.



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