

INTERESTING

A Feature Page of Interest to Everyone

INSTRUCTIVE

Dorothy Dix

Is the Middle-Aged Man Who Swaps His Old Wife for a Flapper Ever Happy?—The Plight of the Older Woman Married to a Boy—Getting Rid of an Objectionable Mother-in-Law.

DEAR MISS DIX—I am a bachelor of 30, and it is appalling to me the number of married men of my age and older who are falling in love with young women and divorcing their wives to marry them. I can't for the life of me see how they can be so stupid—to say nothing of being so dishonorable—as to wreck their homes, break their wives' hearts, disillu- sion their children and disgust the public for what they get out of it.

DOROTHY DIX

One of my friends has recently cut loose, as I have described, and after his divorce married the woman with whom he thought he was in love. Most of his old friends dropped him, but I go to see him occasionally, and it doesn't take a Sherlock Holmes to see that every- thing is not a bed of roses even now, after six months. His first wife had good taste and kept a most attractive home. His present home is common- place and untidy; his wife a woman of narrow interests and no cultivation.

She is much younger than he and they have nothing in common. Having to support two families has cut his in- come in half, and it is not hard to see that the wife is disappointed because she cannot have even the car they drove around in before his divorce.

Have other friends who have had similar experiences. In not one case that I can recall has the man bettered himself by swapping wives. Does it ever work out?

ANSWER: "Well, hardly ever," as they used to say in "Pinafore." There may be men so callous and so dead of soul that they can sacrifice their faithful old wives and their children to their passion without feeling a pang of remorse, but such men are exceedingly rare.

The average married man who is a philanderer is not a bad man at heart. He is not cold and hard and cruel. He is only weak and vain and sensual, and no other sinners in the world ever gets more bitterly punished for his wrong-doing than he does.

When a middle-aged man falls in love with a flapper young enough to be his daughter and forces his wife to divorce him so that he can marry her, the sympathy of the public goes to the poor, forsaken wife, but in reality it is the man we should pity. The wife has the ineffable consolation of a clear conscience. She has the respect of all who know her and she has her children.

The man knows that he has forfeited the regard of his little world; that everybody looks upon him with contempt as a silly old fool who has been taken in by a scheming woman. And nine times out of ten his divorce from his good old wife marks the beginning of his decline in prosperity.

And the second marriage that he expected to renew his youth and bring him some miraculous romance brings him only misery. He finds that he is old, after all; that he has nothing in common with the young wife, and that she has married him only for what she can get out of him.

Also he finds that the last family that are even worse than the first wife's, and that she has not the offsetting virtue of a deep and abiding love for him. He misses his children and the old home, and the old ways and the old friends, and he won't be glad enough to swap back if he could.

DEAR DOROTHY DIX—A few years ago I married a young man many years my junior. At the time I thought I was deeply in love with him, but I have awakened to the fact that what I thought was love with only a maternal affection, and I cannot help but show it. My husband re- sents this, as his love has grown deeper. The difference in our ages has constantly caused criticism, which makes me very unhappy.

Can a condition like this end happily? Would it be better to set my husband free so that he might marry a younger woman? What shall I do; go on trying to do my best, or make a clear break?

ANSWER: I should think that it was your manifest duty to carry on as long as your young husband loves you and do your best to make him happy. After all, your case isn't so desperate, because every good wife comes to look upon her husband as upon a little boy who never grows up, and a large part of her love is maternal. That is why wives can forgive faults in their husbands that husbands never can forgive in their wives.

But when I see women marrying men ten, fifteen, twenty years younger than themselves, I often think what a terrible task they are setting them- selves.

For the society of the young is just as boring to the old as the society of the old is to the young.

No middle-aged woman wants to jump around and do what a boy wants to do, and you can't send your young husband out to play with young girls of his own age as you can your son. And this says nothing of the terrible necessity of having perpetual youth forced on you by being married to a man much younger than yourself.

DEAR MISS DIX—I am a young married man. Have a pretty wife and love her dearly. Nice, comfortable home, everything all right, except that I also have a mother-in-law who persists in living with us al- though she has a living husband and four sons, all married. She spends her time finding fault with me and pointing out my weaknesses to my wife. She ruins my home and makes life miserable. What shall I do?

ASK HER TO LEAVE. It is no part of your obligation as a husband to live with your mother-in-law and you are foolish to do so.

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More of The Goat-Getters



JUST WHEN YOU THINK YOU'RE PUTTING IT ACROSS THAT YOU CAN SMOKE A CIGARETTE AS NONCHALANTLY AS THE REST OF 'EM—DOESN'T IT GET YOUR GOAT?—WHEN YOU DON'T?

Gentle Florence Fails To Humiliate Adolphe



Florence Vidoe.

By JACK JUNGMEYER. NEW YORK, Feb. 8.—The usual restrained, shrugging gaiety of Adolphe Menjou has been broadened to the verge of farce, and the gentle loveliness of Florence Vidoe given more physical allure and crisp playfulness in Paramount's translation of "The Grand Duchess and the Waiter."

Directed by Malcolm St. Clair, the screen version of Alfred Savater's play misses by a shade being deft satire, but romps entertainingly about the comic situation of an exiled Russian grand duchess being courted by a pre- sumptuous waiter.

Actually the mental (Menjou) is a jaded millionaire who for the first time has fallen head-over-heels in love with any woman.

The fantastic experiment, humorously violating the plausibilities and verging at times upon the risque in situation, results in her highness re- luctant but thorough infatuation with the man whose masquerade she finally penetrates.

The painting was purchased in Paris by an Irish lawyer, who, upon his death, decided that its proper place in the motherland of its crea- tor should be in the gallery of the Louvre. It will be well guarded upon its passage back to France, for this is one of those rare works over which international art thieves watch—as they did over the famous "Mona Lisa."

And yet they say that the art gal- lery section is the last place in which to find adventure.

Saw Alla Nazimova come out of her Connecticut hiding place, to greet Sessue Hayakawa, who left the American screen for a European trip two years ago.

Saw Florence Reed dining in one of the many Ital- ian cafes in the Forties, and it does seem to me that one who can down spaghetti with grace is, indeed, an artist.

Saw Mollie Malloy watch- ing William H. Cagney, Jr., doing his love act as an actor in "Don Q. Jr." and if she be anything like me she would far rather watch him on courts for which he is best fitted.

Saw Harvey Tiers playing for and so, willed it back to gal- lery section is the last place in which to find adventure.

one of the mob," or something like that, in "The Great Song." And it is mind-boggling to think of this great world and all its amazing things for here is a young man who could buy the theatre and the production, struck that "nothing matters" but himself the star, or whatever he pleased. But such is the way of the drama artist that "nothing matters" but the great struggle for achievement," as they say.

Tiers was left a fortune of any number millions by his father. His mother belongs to the ne plus ultra of New York society—the so- ciety that doesn't get into the society columns often, because of its ex- clusiveness.

And yet, there was the grand name of Tiers down toward the end of the program listed under "smugglers,

charcoal burners, landless men, spy- sias, etc."

But if you look in the Social Register you'll find it well toward the top; Alexander Harvey Thiers.

It's the old, old story: What we haven't got is what we seek. Actors try to make their way to riches and the rich try to make their way to art.

GILBERT SWAN.

THE trouble with the lipstick is too many girls think its slapstick.

LOST THAT "UP-AND-AT-TEM" FEELING? Do you think it's too much wet—or too much dry? What's the reason? Maybe it's just a slight liver—try 15 to 30 drops of Seton's Syrup in a glass of water. Safely and quickly brings you back. At any drugstore—try it tonight.

Is this your BIRTHDAY? FEBRUARY 11—The faults of business and indifference you should fight with all your might. You are very positive, and possess considerable brains, which should be developed. You can be pas- sionate and excitable, but are generally cool and composed. Love will be yours. You are inclined to be jealous, but are not spiteful. Fight against this if you want to lead a happy life.

Your birth-stone is an amethyst, which means sternerly. Your lucky colors are light blue and yellow.

ADVENTURES of the TWINS by OLIVE ROBERTS BARTON

THE PARTY Calamity Jane's birthday party was a jolly affair. She never guessed a word of what was going on until the Twins escorted her to the dining room of Mister Hava- look's house where all the guests were waiting.

There stood the birthday cake in the middle of the table, that black Dinah had made, with its one pink candle burning brightly in the middle.

"Many happy returns!" cried all the dolls heartily as she entered.

"Oh, thank you all so much," said Calamity, proudly smoothing her wed- ding veil. She had it draped jauntily over one eye to hide the fact that her eyes didn't match.

"This is with my love," said Miss Raggedy, presenting Calamity with the newspaper now she had made.

"I'm ever and ever so much obliged, I'm sure," said Miss Raggedy proudly. "It's flavored with van- illa. Mister Havalook gave me a few drops out of his bottle."

"Vanilla is my favorite perfume," said Calamity sweetly. "I'm sorry that I have no dress to pin it to, but it will look elegant behind my ear."

Then it was time for Mrs. Jiggs to present her gift.

"Here, my dear, put these on," said Mrs. Jiggs, producing a bean necklace from her pocket. "It is made from the very best navy beans, ten cents a pound, three for a quarter. Bean neck- laces are positively ultra just now. You will be in the height of fashion."

"I'm sure of that, thank you, Mrs. Jiggs," said Calamity politely, but secretly wishing that Mrs. Jiggs had thought of giving her one of her three dresses instead. "Here I am without a stitch to wear, and that fat old thing with enough clothes to start a

store! But I should be grateful for small blessings, I suppose, and she means well."

So Calamity smiled sweetly and allow- ed Nancy to tie the bean necklace in a neat bow behind.

"Here is something toward your trou- sers," said Helma, who was the next to wish Calamity many happy returns. And she held out a pink cotton stock- ing.

"Dear me! How kind of you!" said Calamity, who was genuinely pleas- ed. "I'm sure it will be becom- ing. I used to have two when I was new-ahem-born. I should say, but my mistress took them off one day to see how they would look on the kitten. He flew out of the playroom and down the stairs and I have never seen them since."

Nobody reminded the poor thing that she had also lost both of her legs as well as her stockings, and that the legs she now owned were not mites, having been donated by Mister Havalook, who had hunted up odds and ends in his tinkering room to make her over.

Teddy gave her a brass curtain ring for a bracelet, which he had found in Hidy Go Land, and the Tin Soldier gave her a bit of paint which had clipped off his red boots. Miss Tootsie Mobb and Miss Chrimoine didn't give her any- thing, which was mean, but Calamity pretended to be glad they didn't.

"Oh, oh! So you are having a party without me," said a new voice. "I have a warrant for your arrest."

It was Sniff Whiskers, the rat.

To Be Continued

A Thought

When thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut the door, pray to thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly.—Matt. 6:6.

RED ROSE "is good COFFEE"

Why we say "BOVRIL puts beef into you" NO food ever had higher voluntary praise than Bovril. Doctors and dietitians recommend Bovril. Chefs, cooks and housewives use it constantly. Explorers, travellers—and sailors have taken Bovril to the ends of the earth and have been loud in their praise of its sustaining and nutritive value. But perhaps the most important tribute to Bovril comes from Science, because Science deals only with facts. Unknown to the Bovril Company, an independent scientific authority investigated the body-building power of Bovril. Extensive experiments were carried on and precise records taken. It was found that the nourishing value of Bovril to the human body is vastly greater than the amount taken. The reason is this: Bovril is a scientific concentration of the vital principles of Beef—the albumen and fibre with the extractives and flavours—which has remarkable powers of enabling the body to extract more nourishment from the other foods that are taken along with it. That is why Bovril sustains and builds, strengthens against sickness and disease and forms a perfect food for old and young, the strong and the delicate. Because Bovril is not merely extract or essence of beef, but beef itself in concentrated and convenient form—we rightly say "BOVRIL PUTS BEEF INTO YOU" Sold only in Bottles. Made in Canada. Sales Representatives for Canada: HAROLD F. RITCHIE & CO. LIMITED 10-18 McCaul Street, Toronto

Menus for the Family

IN NEW YORK SEE-SAWING UP and DOWN BROADWAY

See-sawing up and down Manhattan Isle, I came upon a slight most pass- ing strange. Henri Berger, ambas- sador from France—he calls himself Henry to avoid confusion—was leav- ing the Art Center in 62nd street and about him was such a collection of special policemen, secret service men and private detectives that I suspect- ed President Coolidge must be con- cealed somewhere about.

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