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 50, and it is appalling to me the DEAR MISS DIX—I am a bachelor of 50, 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, disillusion their children and disgust the public for what they get out of it.

One of my friends has recently cut loose, as I have described, and after his divorce married the woman with whom



DOROTHY DIX.

divorce married the woman with whom he thought he was in love. Most of his ne 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 everything 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 commonplace and untidy; his wife a woman of narrow interests and no cultivation.

She is much younger than he and

She is much younger than he and they have nothing in common. Having to support two families has cut his income 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.

I have other friends who have had

similar experiences. In not one case that I can himself by swapping wives. Does it ever work out? CONSTA! ar experiences. In not one case that I can recall has the man bettered CONSTANT BACHELOR.

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 sinner 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.

Somehow it breaks a man's own morale, and nine times out of ten his divorce from his good old wife marks the beginning of his decline in presperity.

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 she has faults 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 would be glad enough to swap back if he could.

DEAR DOROTHY DIX—A few years are I married a young man many

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 was only a maternal affection, and I cannot help but show it. My husband resents 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:

WORRIED.

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-

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.

DOROTHY DIX.

DEAR MISS DIX—I am a young married man. Have a pretty wife and love her dearly. Nice baby, comfortable home, everything all right, except that I also have a mother-in-law who persists in living with us, although 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?

DISAPPOINTED NED.

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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Her famous pancake recipe is used by more women than any other in the world. It comes ready-mixed. Makes cakes with that old-time plantation flavor, just like

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Gentle Florence Fails To Humiliate Adolphe



By JACK JUNGMEYER. NEW YORK, Feb. 8 - The usual restrained, shrugging gayety of Adolphe Menjou has been broadened to the verge of farce, and the gentle loveliness of Florence Vidor given more physical allure and crisp playful-Paramount's translation of ness in Paramount's translation of "The Grand Duchess and the Waiter." Directed by Malcolm St. Clair, the screen version of Alfred Savior's play misses by a shade being deft satire, but romps entertainingly about the comic situation of an exiled Russian

comic situation of an exiled Russian grand duchess being courted by a pre-Actually the menial (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 time upon the risque in situation, results in her highness' reluctant but thorough infatuation with the man whose masquerade she finally

enus

MENU HINT. Breakfast. Sausage with Apples. Coffee.

Club Sandwiches. Creamed Potatoes. Wafers Tea. Dinner. Chop Suey.

Rice. Sliced Pudding. Tea or Coffee.

Salmon Club Sandwich—Toast two slices of bread for each sandwich.

Salmon Club Sandwich—Toast two they did over the famous "Mona Lisa." slices of bread for each sandwich.

Spread one slice with mayonnaise, on this lay a crisp lettuce leaf and a layer of flaked fish seasoned with salt, pepper and lemon juice. Add a second lettuce leaf, more mayonnaise and a slice of crisp bacon. Cover with the second slice of toast and serve at once.

Lisa."

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

* * *

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

Chop Suey—One pound of pork loin chops, two cups celery, two cups dry onions, one pound green string beans, one teaspoonful sugar, three tablespoonfuls of Soy sauce. Cook string beans until tender. Cook celery and onlons, chopped in medium sized pieces in one and one-half cups water until partly done. Cut meat in small pieces and fry until done, and then add other ingredients, salt to suit taste, and cook together for twenty minutes.

American screen for a European trip Reed dining in one of the many Italian cafes in the Forties, and it does spaghetti with grace is, indeed, an artist. Saw Molla Mallory watching like me she would far rather watch him on courts for which he is best fitted.

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and fry until done, and then add other ingredients, salt to suit taste, and cook together for twenty minutes.

Spiced Pudding—One cup browned bread crusts, two cups scalded milk, one-half cup molasses, one-half cup raisins, one-half teaspoon salt, one-quarter teaspoonful cinnamon, one-quarter teaspoon cloves. Soak browned bread crust in milk until soft, and add other ingredients and bake in moderate oven, stirring occasionally at first. Serve with cream. Time for cooking, forty-five minutes. Serves four people.

BRIGGS—It says here that a New York man has had his daughter.

BRIGGS—It says here that a New York man has had his daughter arrested because she has "a mania for contracting debts."

Griggs—Let me have that article; Till put it where my wife can see it.

Ultra of New York society—the society that doesn't get into the society columns often, because of its exclusiveness.

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

But if you look in the Social Regis-er 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 GILBERT SWAN. THE trouble with the lipstick is too

many girls think its slapstick. LOST THAT "UP-AND-AT-EM" FEELING?

charoal burners, landless men, gyp-Is this your

FEBRUARY 11-The faults of lazines and indifference you should fight with all your might. You are very positive and possess considerable brains, which should be developed. You can be passionate 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 sincerity.

Your lucky colors are light blue ar

Calamity Jane's birthday party was a small blessings, I suppose, and she She never guessed a word of what

So Calamity smiled sweetly and allowwas going on until the Twins escorted ed Nancy to tie the bean necklace in a her to the dining room of Mister Hava-look's house where all the guests were "Here is something toward your trous-

had made, with its one pink candle ing. burning brightly in the middle. Miss Calamity, for all of her battered Calamity, who was genuinely pleased condition, was only one year old.

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

"In sure it will be becoming." I used to have two when I was new—ahem—born, I should say, but

"I made it myself," said Miss Raggedy proudly. "It's flavored with vanilla. Mister Havalook gave me a few
drops out of his bottle,"

"Yaryllo is my favorite and miss Ragtinkering 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 "Vanilla is my favorite perfume," said her a bit of paint which had chipped Calamity sweetly. "I'm sorry that I off his red boots. Miss Tootsie Mobb have no dress to pin it to, but it will and Miss Crinoline didn't give her any look elegant behind my ear."

Mrs. Jiggs, producing a bean neacklace from her pocket. "It is made from the very best navy beans, ten cents a ... To Be Continued pound, three for a quarter. Bean necklaces 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

waiting.

There stood the birthday cake in the to wish Calamity many happy returns. middle of the table, that black Dinah And she held out a pink cotton stock-

"Dear me! How kind of you!" said dolls heartily as she entered.

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

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."

eyes didn't match.

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

"This is with my love," said Miss Since."

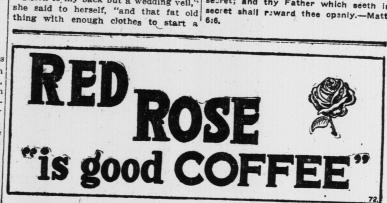
Nobody reminded the poor thing that she had also lost both of her legs as well as her stockings, and that the legs "It smells delicious," said Calamity.
"I'm ever and ever so much obliged, I'm sure."

well as her stockings, and that the legs she now owned were not mates, having been donated by Mister Havalook, who had hunted up odds and ends in his

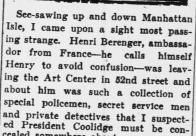
thing, which was mean, but Calamity Then it was time for Mrs. Jiggs to pretended to be glad they didn't. "Oh, oh! So you are having a party "Here, my dear, put these on," said without me," said a new voice. "I have

A Thought

When thou prayest, enter into thy her one of her three closet, and when thou hast shut the Iresses instead. "Here I am without door, pray to thy Father which is in a stitch to my back but a wedding veil," secret; and thy Father which seeth in



IN NEW YORK



special policemen, secret service men and private detectives that I suspected President Coolidge must be concealed somewhere about.

But; no! 'Twas merely that the ambassador was taking from that gallery a copy of Sauret's great painting, "The Circus," and such is its value that no chances of theft were being

Sausage with Apples—Make the sausage into round, flat cakes, fry brown and keep hot in the oven. Remove the cores from tart apples, and cut crosswise in half-inch slices, without paring. Fry in the sausage fat, then arrange on a platter as sandwiches, a sausage between two rounds of apples.

The painting was purchased in Paris by an Irish lawyer from Ohio who, upon his death, decided that its proper place in the motherland of its creator and, so, willed it back to 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

Why we say



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