

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, disfigure 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 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 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 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 recall has the man bettered himself by swapping wives. Does it ever work out?

DOROTHY DIX.

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 sin 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 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.

Someday 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 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 he 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 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 be made happy? 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 clean break?

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 themselves.

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 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.

DOROTHY DIX.

Copyright by Public Ledger.

Just leave it to  
AUNT JEMIMA

"T'se in town, Honey!"



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 her own.

MACLAREN-WRIGHT LTD., TORONTO  
Agents, Aunt Jemima Mills Company

## More of The Goat-Getters



JUST WHEN YOU THINK YOU'RE PUTTING IT ACROSS  
THAT YOU CAN SMOKE A CIGARETTE AS NONCHALANTLY AS  
THE REIGN 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, shuffling gait of Adolphe Menjou has been broadened to the verge of farce, and the gentleness 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 Savoir'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 presumptuous waiter.

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

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

## Menus for the Family

MENU HINT.

Breakfast.  
Grapefruit. Sausage with Apples.  
Toast. Coffee.  
Luncheon.  
Club Sandwiches.  
Creamed Potatoes.  
Jellied Fruit Salad. Wafers.  
Tea.  
Dinner.  
Chop Suey. Sliced Rice.  
Cold Slaw. Tea or Coffee.

TODAY'S RECIPES.

Sausage with Apples—Make the sausage into round, flat cakes, fry brown and keep hot in the oven. Remove the cores from tart apples, lay 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.

Salmon Club Sandwiches—Toast two 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 slice of crisp bacon. Cover with the second slice of toast and serve at once.

Chop Suey—One pound of pork loin chops, two cups celery, two cups dry onions, one pound green string beans, one teaspoonful sugar, three table-spoonfuls of Soy sauce. Cook string beans until tender. Cook celery and onions, 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. Thicken with one tablespoon of flour.

Spiced Pudding—One cup browned bread crumbs, two cups scalded milk, raisins, one-half teaspoon salt, one-quarter teaspoon 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 arrested because she has "a mania for contracting debts."

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

charcoal burners, landless men, gypsies, 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.

LOST THAT "UP-AND-AT-EM" FEELING?

Do you think it's too much work—or too much play? What's the reason? Maybe it's just a slug-dish liver—try 15 to 30 drops of Serravallo's Tonic 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 laziness 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 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 Havalok'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 wedding 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 rose she had made.

"It smells delicious," said Calamity. "I'm ever and ever so much obliged, I'm sure."

"I made it myself," said Miss Raggedy proudly. "It's flavored with vanilla. Mister Havalok 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 necklaces are positively ultra just now. You lace are in the height of fashion."

"I'm sure 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 to a wedding, and she said to herself, '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 allowed Nancy to tie the bean necklace in a neat bow behind.

"Here is something toward your trousseau," said Helma, who was the next to wish Calamity many happy returns. And she held out a pink cotton stocking.

"Dear me! How kind of you!" said Calamity, who was genuinely pleased this time. "I'm sure it will be becoming. I used to have two when I was new-alien-born. I should say, but my mistress took them off one day to ding veil. She had it draped jauntily over one eye to hide the fact that her eyes didn't match."

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 mates, having been donated by Mister Havalok, 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 Mobbs and Miss Chynoline didn't give her anything, 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 Snit 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"



BOVRIL

Sold only in Bottles. Made in Canada.

Sole Representatives for Canada:  
HAROLD F. RITCHIE & CO. LIMITED  
10-18 McCaul Street, Toronto