INTERESTING

## A Feature Page of Interest to Everyone

INSTRUCTIVE

## Dorothy Dix

"I Never Married," Says One Bachelor, Typical of Many, "Because I Am a Coward. I've Seen Too Many Marriages Go On the Rocks and I'm Afraid to Take the 100-to-1 Shot That Brings Happiness in a Winner."

THE other day I asked a bachelor of 40 why he had never married, to which he replied:



which he replied:

"Because I am a coward. Because I have been afraid to try it.

Because I didn't have enough sporting blood in me to take a chance on the greatest gamble on earth. Because I have been best man at too many weddings and called on for advice in too many divorces.

"Because I have seen so many men and women who thought that they couldn't live with each othef. Because I have seen the silken retters of love turn so often into the ball and chain of matrimony that clinked at every step as a husband and wife dragged it along. Because I have seen too many homes that were hells of discord, instead of heavens of peace.

GF COURSE, I have met a let of beautiful and attractive women, and more than one has sent my heart pit-a-patting and me to dreaming about love in a kitchenette apartment just

DOROTHY DIX

"But before I could pop the question my Guardian Angel—or my tamiliar demon—whichever it was, always grabbed me by the soulf of my neck and yanked me back to safety.

as a bull and brave as a lion and he won all sorts of medals for valor in the war. But he is married to a little two-by-four woman who has him so cowed that he says 'Please, ma'am when he speaks to her. Why, when I ask him to stay downtown and have dinner with me he actually trembles as he takes down the telephone to sask her permission, and if she says 'No,' as she generally does, he never dreams of disobeying her and playing hookey.

when I look at John I say: Not for you, old son. You

THEN there is the case of Bob. Bob is cultured and artistic. Used to collect prints and old furniture. You should see the kind of a home his wife makes him. Like a pig pen. Everything at sixes and sevens. Floors unswept. Beds unmade. Never a meal that wouldn't kill an ostrich, and in the midst of it poor, gentle Bob trying helplessly to deal with a sloven and a fool.

"Ha,' I say to myself, as I take a pepsin tablet after having been there to dine, better is peace and order and a properly served meal in your club than the stringy chops and spotted tablecloths of matrimony."

regular go-getter and the one of all our crowd we had picked out to achieve big things. He was on his way and going strong when he married. But he got for a wife a woman who could spend money faster than any two men could make it. Her idea of a wife's duty was to be the latest hit from Paris. Her conception of home was a place you went to when the jazz bands ceased bellowing and the night clubs closed and where a woman could sleep until noon, while her husband got up softly in the morning so as not to awaken her and went off breakfastless to work.

"Well, being dragged around every night to places of amusement has ruined Charlie's health and debts have broken his nerves. All the fire and pep have gone out of him. His ambition is dead. He has become morose and downhearted and pessimistic, and every year he sinks deeper and deeper into the pit of failure.

"Not for me,' I say as I look at Charlie. I am no tightwad, but I don't propose to spend my whole life toiling for the benefit of milliners and dressmakers and finery-makers generally. I am not going to have my door of opportunity so blocked up with any pretty lady's unpaid bills that I can't get it open when good luck knocks on it.'

kind, easy-going—the sort of a man who would never lift his hand against a woman no matter how much she deserved it. He won a nagger and a whiner in the matrimonial lottery, and in all the twenty years they have been married he has never drawn a peaceful breath in his own home or been permitted to do a single thing he wanted to do. He has never lit a cigar without having to listen to a lecture on the vice of smoking. He has never made a mistake that he has ever heard the last of. He has never done a single thing apparently of which his wife approved.

"And every night as soon as he comes home he has to listen to a monologue about how hard she has had to work and how bad the children have been and how her head aches, or her back aches, or her toe aches and how awful it is that she can't have a new car as Mrs. Bullion has or a real pearl necklace like Mrs. Croesus.

"Bachelorhood may be Ionesome,' say I to myself after I meet Mrs. Phil, 'but, thank heaven, there isn't any one who has a legal right to tell me of my shortcomings, and when a woman starts to recount her troubles to me I can get up and leave.'

"A ND there is the case of Sam. Sam has spent his life slaving for his wife and children. He has given them his very heart's blood and they have never so much as said 'thank you.' He is nothing but an automaton that signs checks for them. They don't even know he is alive except when they

signs checks for them. They don't even know he is alive except when they want more money.

"Nobody bothers about his happiness or comfort. Nobody tries to interest or amuse him, or to be companionable with him. Mother and the children go off for months at a time and leave him alone to work through summer heats and winter colds. He is nothing but a slave, and they are the slave drivers.

"'Humph,' I say to myself when I look at Sam, 'if I've got to be robbed I don't want it to be done by the hand I love and trust. When it comes to being cherished you have got nothing on the old bachelor, and he, at least, has his money left him.'"

BUT," I said, "not all marriages are unhappy marriages. There is also the case of David, whose wife is tender and loving; whose children are appreciative and grateful; whose home is a safe haven where he can drop anchor when the storms of life sweep over him."

"True," replied the bachelor. "But there are so few Davids and so many Johns and Chaftles and Phils and Sams, and, as I told you, I am a coward and lack sporting blood, and I get cold feet when I think of playing a hundred-to-one shot. And so do many other men."

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Sartorially Speaking, Milady Shines Only at Night



MILADY inclines to dark colors for daytime wear this season although she often adds a touch of color claborate pearl trimmings which stripe rials. Some were sequin trimmed and the frock from decolletage to scalloped there were many headed dresses. just for luck. Her evening gowns are all aglitter, however, with spangles, sequins, metal cloths and other brilliants.

Above are two of the new evening frocks which sparkle and scintillate and scintillate and are contrasted with a quiet walking frock in demure black and white. The costume at the left is fashioned of apricot satin and silver metal cloth with tiny coral beads outling the deep vest effect.

A slender train finishes the skirt worn with the frock.

The frocks that attracted the most attention by their chic, however, were fashioned in some shade of red. One was a combination of scarlet chiffon uses the very well liked black satin and cuts it in simple lines. White tons for emphasis. A large capeline hat also in black with a touch of white with gold bullion embroidery.

By MME. LISBETH. carried by the model is unique and is Evening frocks seen recently at the MILADY inclines to dark colors for made of stiffened chiffon petals.





By DAN THOMAS ONLY 30 years old—and already a my front teeth.

haps all the world—can boast of this singular distinction. He is Jack Duffy. Of course there's a catch in it. Duffy is a grandpop only on the silvery tinted a creens of motion picture theaters.

At that, it seems odd that a young man should be one of the best known grandfathers of the cellulcid universe. For more than three years Duffy has never played the role of anyone under sixty. And the chances are he never will—at least rot for some time, as he recently signed a ling-term contract to play "father, time" characters in

Little Joe

grandra for three years.

Just one man in all Hollywood—permaps all the world—can boast of this

recently signed a leng-term contract to play "father time" characters in Christie Comedies.

KICKED TO FAME

"When just a boy I was a jockey on eastern race tracks," Jack says. In several years of riding I saved enough to buy my own string of horses. It was while I had my stables at Tia Juena that I lost my teeth. I was expended to be, he would be laid out in about two scenes."

Among other accomplishments, Duffy is a quick change artist. He can walk into his dressing room in his natural state—a young man—and emergo one minute and 50 seconds later a sprightly old man of 70.

He has just completed "Uppercuts," a picture in which he undertakes to back a prize fighter and gets most of the walleps himself.

By Marie Belmont

Here is a stunning golf suit for a cool day. Sweater suits are so smart and, combined with the silk skirt, as in the picture, and fiannel jacket, a new note is touched.

The turtle-necked sweater worn under the pale blue fiannel jacket is of pale blue, white and pink stripes. The skirt is white crepe with interesting side-pleats.

Any number of skirts might be worn with this suit; of blue or pink or contrasting shades. A pretty little white silk or crepe blouse might also be substituted for the sweater on warmer days.



air's, Europe. Fifth Avenue, aristocrat of highways, suddenly belongs to the walk of a dark street on the edge of the In the early evening, groups strange

it, is close to midnight. From the side walk of a dark street on the edge of the East, Side comes a trying to find its way along the curb. The light comes from a ring of candles on the sidewalk. It reveals the silhoutes with his pipe. A haif doben the sidewalk. It reveals the silhoutes with his pipe. A haif doben the sidewalk. It reveals the silhoutes with his pipe. A haif doben the sidewalk. It reveals the silhoutes with his pipe. A haif doben the brownstone steps. A man in chirt sidewalk. It reveals the silhoutes with his pipe. A haif doben thing on the brownstone steps. A man in chirt sidewalk. It reveals the silhoutes with his pipe. A haif doben thing of the brownstone steps. A man in chirt sidewalk. It reveals the sidewalk. It reveals the silhoutes of two old men. They have a checkspoard and side and the sidewalk. It reveals the sidewalk in the sidewalk. It reveals the sidewalk. It reveals the sidewalk. It reveals the sidewalk in the sidewalk in the sidewalk. It reveals the sidewalk in the sidewalk in the sidewalk in the sidewalk. It reveals the sidewalk in the sidewal

A Thought

PLAN A GOOD HOLIDAY

The New Outlook.

Money cannot buy a good holiday any more than money can buy many other of the very best things. And given the right mood and attitude the want of money cannot spoil a good holiday very successfully, any more than the want of money can rob a man of some of the other good things of life. A holiday is such a good thing, and may do so much for men and women whose lives are filled with hard work and monotony and care, that it seem too bad to spoil or rob it of its best and truest worth. A few days or a few weeks away from one's regular work, rightly and wisely used, may mean recreation for the body, mind and soul; may mean a broadening sympathy, a lightening of the heart, a stimulating of all good purposes and ideals, and may mean better and richer and happier living for days and weeks and months to come. Truly a boliday is a boon not to be lightly esteemed. We ought to plan to have a good one.

A WOMAN'S AGE PLAN A GOOD HOLIDAY

A WOMAN'S AGE (London Daily Express.)

When should a woman cease to hide her age? Never. From the moment of her blossoming into womanhood until the hour of her death she should be a woman—ageless, mysterious, elusive. To strip off the trappings of glamor and peer beneath the veil of mystery is the mark of the cynic. Cynicism is the blight on the rose tree. Menus lamily

MENU HINT.

of romance. "If she be but fair to thee, never mind how old she be."
The adaptation is as true as the original.

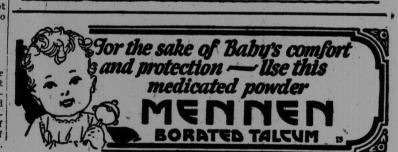
SHEEP have to have a shepherd but a goat is strong enough to take care of himself.

God

Ham and Scalloped Potatoes—Slice raw potatoes and arrange in layers in baking dish, alternating with small pieces of uncooked ham. Heat milk enough to come up even with the ham and potatoes in the baking dish, add a piece of butter and pour into baking dish over potatoes and ham. Season, cover with bread crumbs or crumbled corn flakes and bake one hour.

## Ready for the hot days?

Refreshing for breakfast or lunch Ready-cooked and ready-to-eat



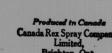
## Flies Cause 40,000 deaths

THE fly is the filthiest insect known. It transmits thirty different diseases. Medical authorities state that each year in Canada flies are the cause of thousands of deaths.

Kill the flies. Protect yourself and your family. Use Fly-Tox. Fly-Tox kills flies. It works like magic. Fly-Tox is stainless, safe, dependable, sure. For sale at most retailers. Eight oz. 50c, sixteen oz. 75c.









and mignonette, or from old joys, long spent. In Mother's house a quiet reigns always, as though its portals know that men have need to turn from tumuit's ways, sometimes, and find peace so. In Mother's house the world seems far away and for all seems far away and far all worldly things but ever, through its signs of

Flapper Fanny Says