

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:

"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 hurt too many times by marriages called on for advice in too many divorces. Because I have seen too many men and women who thought that they couldn't live with each other. Because I have seen the silken ties of love turn so often into the ball and chain of matrimony that I don't want to take a chance that I might be one of the husbands who are divorced. Because I have seen too many homes that were hells of discord, instead of heavens of peace."

"OF COURSE, I have met a lot of beautiful and attractive women, and more than one has sent my heart pit-patting and me to dreaming about love in a kitchentable apartment just built for two."

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

"ONE time it was John's case. John is a great big, husky fellow, strong 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 ask her permission, and if she says 'No,' as she generally does, he never dreams of disobeying her and playing hooky."

"So when I look at John I say: 'Not for you, old son. You are free and you are going to stay that way. A wife may be mighty nice, but personal liberty is better, and I don't see you letting any woman tell you just when and where you get off.'"

"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 unwiped. 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."

"Till, I say to myself, as I take a poppin' 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.'"

"AND there's the case of Charlie. Charlie was so clever and ambitious, a 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 to place you want to turn the last bands ceased bellowing and the night club closed and where a woman could sleep until noon, while her husband got up softly in the morning as not to awaken her and went off for breakfast 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 an uptight, but I don't propose to spend my whole life toiling for the benefit of milliners and dressmakers and linen-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."

"AND there's the case of Phil. Phil is the best old scout that ever lived—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 naggar and a whinner 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 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. Cross."

"Bachelorhood may be lonesome," 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."

"AND 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 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 cheated 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 Charlies 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 no more of me."

Copyright by Public Ledger.

at the dance to-night
Refresh Yourself
Drink Coca-Cola
Delicious and Refreshing

Sartorially Speaking, Milady Shines Only at Night



By MARY LISBETH
MILADY inclines to dark colors for daytime wear this season although she often adds a touch of color just for luck. Her evening gowns are all aglitter, however, with sequins, sequins, metal cloths and other brilliant. Above are two of the new evening frocks which sparkle 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 outlining the deep vee effect.

A slender train finishes the skirt which has a tiered effect. The fan carried by the model is unique and is made of stiffened chiffon, petals.

A softly sinuous gown (right) uses elaborate pearl trimmings which stripe the frock from décolletage to scalloped hem. As the frock is Saxe blue the effect is very charming. A long scarf wound about milady's throat is also scalloped at the end and trimmed with the pearls.

A new fall walking frock (center) uses the very well liked black satin and cuts it in simple lines. White silk-wool forms the effectively butters for emphasis. A large capeline hat also in black with a touch of white is worn with the frock.

Evening frocks seen recently at the smartest of resort hotels were fashioned of chiffon or other sheer materials. Some were sequin trimmed and there were many beaded dresses. White was popular as was flesh, pale pink and other pastel shades.

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 and tulle, and gold brocade tissue. Another was chiffon shaded from pale pink to deep rose. The third was navy velvet, the skirt dipping at the back and richly embroidered near the bodice with gold bullion embroidery.

Fashion Fancies.
A PRACTICAL THREE-PIECE GOLF SUIT.



By DAN THOMAS
ONLY 30 years old and already a grandpa for three years.

Just one man in all Hollywood—perhaps all the world—has a house of this singular distinction. He is Jack Duffy. Of course there's a catch in it. Duffy is a grandpa only on the silver tinted screens of motion picture theaters.

At that, it seems odd that a young man should be one of the best known grandfathers of the celluloid 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 not for some time, as he recently signed a long-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 Jena that I lost my teeth. I was examining the injured foot of a colt when he suddenly cut loose and kicked me square in the mouth, knocking out all my front teeth.

"I was in a serious plight for a while but as things have turned out, Fate treated me pretty well after all. I have a perfectly good set of store teeth now. By taking them out, putting on some false whiskers, a pair of eye glasses and a little makeup I can advance my age about 40 years."

HARD LIFE
"There is a certain advantage in a young man playing grandpa parts, too. Films haven't yet reached the stage where the old man doesn't have to take plenty of wallops, especially in comedies. If a man were really as old as he is supposed 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 emerge one minute and 50 seconds later a sprightly old man of 70.

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

By ALINE MICHAELS
In Mother's house the rooms are cool and sweet on sultry summer days. When all along the dusty village street the heat makes golden haze. In Mother's house a perfume lingers yet; it may be from the scent of many blossoms, pink and mignonette, or from old joys, long spent. In Mother's house a quiet reigns always, as though its portals knew that men have need to turn from tumult's ways, sometimes, and find peace so. In Mother's house the world seems far away and far all worldly things but ever, through its signs of faint decay there sounds a stir of wings. In Mother's house, with scent of rose and pink, and peace, and sunlight clear, there comes a stir of wings sometimes. I think, the angels are so near.

Little Joe
THE FARMER GETS A TRIMMING IF HIS FIELD DOESN'T.



THE RHYMING OPTIMIST
By ALINE MICHAELS

Use the Want Ad. Way

SEE-SAWING ON BROADWAY

SNAP-SHOTS of Manhattan "one of those hot nights!" It is close to midnight. From the side walk of a dark street on the edge of the East Side comes a tiny circle of light, as though a lost hair were trying to find its way along the curb. The light comes from a ring of candles on the sidewalk. It reveals the silhouettes of two old men. They have a checkerboard and sit there playing, hour on hour. Without passing so much as a word. They have found a way to cheat the restless night.

From fire-escapes all about come the cries of feverish children. There is no tree-top for rock-a-bye baby. Only the iron grill work along the steps and statistics of which slump half-clothed bodies, like limp heaps of washing on Monday. Soft-voiced lullabies in a dozen dialects, varied by harsh-commands to silence. Threats cannot silence the discomforts of tender flesh. The crying grows on, choked and spasmodic. Turn into a more congenial street and it swells, like the wailing chant of sycophants before a pagan idol. And dozens are doing it. In the afternoon this little square is a parking place for babies of the neighborhood. In all New York

LOWER Fifth Avenue. Scene of an old aristocracy. And the comfortable lawn of the old Presbyterian church. Few churches in Manhattan boast lawns. A semi-circle of chairs has been left from an outdoor service. Draw two of them together and you have a bed. And dozens are doing it. In the afternoon this little square is a parking place for babies of the neighborhood. In all New York

On Fifth Avenue the buses lumber tirelessly. How cool the brownstones look to the searchers for air. Their windows and doors are barred with wooden covers. The rich folk have gone to the country, the seashore, the mount air, Europe. Fifth Avenue, aristocrat of highways, suddenly belongs to the poor.

In the early evening, groups strange to the avenue, may be seen sitting on the brownstone steps. A man in shirt-sleeves with his pipe. A half dozen children clustered about. A woman in an apron. The caretaker of the mansion and his family. The "lady of the house" wouldn't be caught dead upon the aristocratic steps. But this is mid-summer. Even the mansions surrender to the average toiler. This is no time for social classification. How ephemeral become distinctions and castes and social vanities. Men and women are seeking air. A bum may sleep this night on the step of a millionaire.

And the comfortable lawn of the old Presbyterian church. Few churches in Manhattan boast lawns. A semi-circle of chairs has been left from an outdoor service. Draw two of them together and you have a bed. And dozens are doing it. In the afternoon this little square is a parking place for babies of the neighborhood. In all New York

Humans on doorsteps, in parks and on the street. And millions who sleep restlessly. Manhattan is a chaos of discomfort on "one of those hot nights."

GILBERT SWAN.

A Thought
Owe no man anything, but to love one another: for he that loveth another hath fulfilled the law.—Rom. 13:8.

I owe Smith ten dollars, and God forgives me, that doesn't pay Smith.—R. G. Ingersoll.

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 seems 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 holiday is a boon not to be lightly esteemed. We ought to plan to have a good one.

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, alive. 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.

Flapper Fanny Says

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

The turtle-necked sweater worn under the pale blue flannel 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.

By Marie Belmont

By Marie Belmont

By Marie Belmont

By Marie Belmont

By Marie Belmont

By Marie Belmont

By Marie Belmont

By Marie Belmont

By Marie Belmont

By Marie Belmont

By Marie Belmont

By Marie Belmont

By Marie Belmont

By Marie Belmont

By Marie Belmont

Menus for the Family

MENU HINT.
Breakfast.
Ice Cold Orange Juice.
Eggs Poached in Milk.
Whole Wheat Toast.
Luncheon.
Rice with Cheese.
Lettuce with Dressing.
Sliced Peaches.
Milk.
Dinner.
Ham and Potatoes Scalloped.
Perfect Salad.
Currant and Raspberry Pie.
Iced Tea or Coffee.

TODAY'S RECIPES.

Dressing for Lettuce—One-half cup of cream, two tablespoons of vinegar, four tablespoons of sugar, one-half teaspoon of salt. Slice into three small onions. Let stand on the ice for 10 minutes and serve over fresh lettuce. Garnish with two hard boiled eggs.

Rice with Cheese—Boil a scant cup of rice with one quart of water until the water is all absorbed. Melt one large tablespoon butter in saucepan, mix with it one tablespoon flour, gradually add one pint of milk, season, and cook until smooth. Add from one-half to one cup of York State cheese cut fine or grated and cook gently until the cheese is melted. Put all into a greased baking dish with the rice, mix well and covered with buttered bread crumbs and brown in oven.

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?

SHREDDED WHEAT

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

For the sake of Baby's comfort and protection—Use this medicated powder
MENNEN
BORATED TALCUM

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.

FLY-TOX
Kills FLIES, MOSQUITOES
MOTHS, ROACHES, ANTS, FLEAS

Produced in Canada
Canada Rex Spray Company
Limited
Brimley, Ont.