

Dorothy Dix

The Puzzled Bachelor to Whom Girls Grow Less Attractive on Longer Acquaintance—Earnest Advice to Girl Who Doesn't Attract Men—Can an Ungrateful Daughter Be Forced to Support Mother?

DEAR MISS DIX—Is there such a thing as lasting love? The older I get the more I doubt it. Just at first a girl is very attractive, but after a while when you become better acquainted, you lose interest in her. This has been my experience and that of my friends. I am able to marry, and would like to marry, but I don't want to tie myself up with a woman of whom I would weary within two weeks and make me want a new wife.



DOROTHY DIX

PUZZLED BACHELOR.

ANSWER: Of course, there is such a thing as real, lasting love. It is true that we are seldom given to behold it, just as we seldom see a flawless jewel, or a perfect rose, or any other thing that has no blemish upon it in this old muddling world of ours.

But now and then we see an old couple who are as much in love with each other after forty or fifty years of wedlock as they were when they stood before the altar.

We all know men still in love with wives who are querulous and nagging and complaining and selfish; men who nurse sickly wives through long stretches of invalidism; men who uncomplainingly spend their lives slaving to support extravagant wives, who never give them so much as a "thank you."

And we all know wives who still love the men who beat and mistreat them; whose love endures even unfaithfulness; wives who go down into the depths of poverty and shame for love of their husbands; wives who can still love the drunken beasts they open the door for at night; wives who are waiting without the gates of prisons to take back into the shelter of their arms the men who have shamed them.

You cannot see such examples of love as these without knowing that there is such a thing as a love that passes all comprehension, and that is strong enough to endure every vicissitude of fate. But it is not given to many of us either to arouse this feeling in others or to experience it ourselves.

Most of us are just as incapable of the grand passion as we are of singing in grand opera. We are too little, too narrow, too selfish, too stingy. The only person we ever really love with a whole-hearted devotion is ourselves.

We think we love because some man or woman has a physical attraction for us, or we find him or her an agreeable and amusing companion, or because he or she can make life more comfortable for us.

This feeling lasts only as long as the party of the other part ministers to our pleasure, and when that ceases our fickle fancy turns to some one else.

This sort of love is only self-love. Real love seeks not its own but the happiness and well-being of its object. It never changes because it never tires of sacrificing to its beloved.

Whether the women of this day seldom have the qualities that inspire a deathless devotion in men, or whether men have become so self-centered that they no longer are capable of a great love, no one knows.

But one thing is sure, you will be wise not to marry until you find a girl who grows more and more fascinating to you every time you see her, and whom you love better than you do yourself.

DOROTHY DIX

DEAR MISS DIX—I am a girl of 22 and good-looking, but I do not attract men and can't hold them. They seem to fall for me easily enough at first, but they never come back. I don't care enough about "seeing to learn how to. Is that a handicap? Do not tell me to wait and the right man will come along some time. Now is the time to live, and want to live. Prescribe something for my trouble. **MAMIE.**

ANSWER: There is no Old Doctor Know It All who has any remedy for a case such as yours is. In olden times, women sought love philters or sorceries, which they surreptitiously administered to the men they wished to attract, but it is not recorded that they ever worked.

Why certain girls attract men while other girls, just as good-looking and intelligent, never have a beau to bless themselves with; why some women can marry seven times, and other women who are far better fitted to make good wives than they are, have Spenser engraved upon their tombstones, is a mystery just as solving. It just happens that way.

And nobody can prescribe for the girl's trouble, because nobody knows what ails her. Sometimes it is because she is too anxious to please men, but just as often it is because she is too anxious to please them. Sometimes it is because she is a dumbbell. Sometimes it is because she is a human phonograph. Sometimes it is because she doesn't dress well enough, but it is just as likely to be because she dresses too much. And there you are.

My earnest advice to the girl who doesn't attract men is to try to forget it. Quit worrying over it. Interest yourself in other things. Go to work and make your own money, and the you need not be cut out of all the good times. Perhaps that doesn't sound very cheerful to the girl who wants the admiration of men, but when you accept the fact that a thing is beyond your reach, and you can't have it, anyway, you can make yourself very cheerful with the things you can have. A consolation prize is better than no prize at all.

But I certainly think that if you want to be popular nowadays you will have to learn to dance. The modern youth appears to put far more stress upon a girl's heels than he does upon her head or her heart.

DOROTHY DIX

DEAR MISS DIX—I am a mother of a large family, most of whom are dead. I am a widow, and for the last eighteen years I have been supported by one daughter who works hard, and who has sacrificed her life to me.

I have another daughter who is married, and who has grown sons at work. She is well off financially, but she has never given me a penny. She doesn't even come to see me, although she is one of the pillars of the church in the little town to which I can make this my useful daughter contribute in my support and lift some of the burden from my single daughter's shoulders.

ANXIOUS MOTHER.

ANSWER: The law would compel your tight-fisted daughter to contribute to your support. The best way to get her to do so is to have a lawyer bring suit to compel her to contribute to your maintenance, unless she voluntarily makes you a monthly allowance.

She evidently values her position in the community, and would not want to be disgraced by having it known that she refused to take care of the mother who bore her.

Every day we read in the papers about the courts compelling ungrateful children to support their parents, and it always seems to me that it is the ultimate limit of human tragedy.

I can think of nothing so pitiful as the desolation that must flood an old woman's heart as she sees the child she bore in agony, and for whom she has sacrificed and toiled, beguiled her even a crust of bread or a bed. Nor can I think of any human meaner than equal to that of the man or woman who turns an old parent out to starve as they would a worn out old horse.

DOROTHY DIX

SHORTENED RAYS

It's not mere coincidence that science continues to advise the use of cod-liver oil as a substitute for sunlight, or that coughs, colds or other respiratory ills are more troublesome in winter.

For more than fifty years Scott's Emulsion has been like rays of sunlight in thousands of homes. It helps keep people strong during the sun-short days of winter.

Scott's Emulsion is the pleasant way to obtain the benefits of cod-liver oil vitamins. Before winter's ills overtake you, build up your resistance with Scott's Emulsion!

Scott & Borne, Toronto, Ont.

Now's The Time To Plan Wardrobe

By HENRI BENDEL

WHILE budgeting the resolutions for the New Year, why not include one or two regarding clothes? Better, why not plan your wardrobe for the year in January and then keep to your schedule and see how much better you fare than when you buy from season to season.

The modern rule in clothes is fewer and better models. Just as the smart woman has eliminated unnecessary details and meaningless decoration from her gowns, so has she banished the superfluous frock.

Clothes have become much more adaptable. Each gown can play more than one role if called upon to do so. The same dress that may be worn with propriety in the morning need not be inappropriate for the theatre or tea.

Many women have simplified their clothes problems by wearing the modern sport type for practically every day occasion. Then with smart evening attire they can take care of any social demands.

ONE COLOR SCHEME

As you budget for the year, select your main color scheme, and buy within your color harmony, so that you have no frock that cannot be matched with one or more of your stock of hats and coats.

I believe that beige and brown or beige and black or navy blue and gray makes the most practical color structure. By keeping your hats, wraps and shoes within a two-color limit, you introduce no jarring note in the essentials.

While your main and your most important day clothes can come within these color limits, you can vary as much as you like in your occasional and incidental frocks.

I have had photographed for today three frocks that make charming additions to any well-planned wardrobe. While they were specially designed for Florida or the Riviera, they are not limited in their appeal. They are easy to wear, and becoming to almost any type of woman.

Practical indeed is the Chanel creation which combines a brown crepe de chine blouse with a printed, fold skirt. The blouse is trimmed with self-covered buttons, the skirt pleated on the side and bound with the brown



A white crepe de chine frock from Lanvin. The pockets and cuffs are of gold cloth.

crepe, and the foulard. Here is a typical all-day frock which has achieved both smartness and distinction.

SILVER, GREEN AND BLACK

Right in line with the general modification of the sport frock so that it is appropriate for more formal wear is the two-piece model consisting of a jumper of silver metal cloth with



This frock from Chanel has a brown crepe de chine blouse and printed skirt.

horizontal stripes of black and green and a skirt of black satin, very finely pleated. The collar and cuffs are of the black satin, and the narrow belt is a mere string of silver cloth. This type of frock has made it quite difficult for more elaborate day clothes to have any representation at all in smart gatherings.

The third model is one of Lanvin's creations—a hand-made frock of white



Appropriate for more formal day wear is this jumper of silver cloth with stripes of black and green.

crepe de chine, with pockets and cuffs of gold cloth, and shirings of the material. That shoulder bow and pocket, both quite unexpected, are typical of the femininity of the latest in ports.

While nothing could be more charming than the white and gold combination, this same model could be effectively copied in endless combinations of light and dark shades.

BEHIND THE SCREEN



Above (top to bottom) are Ramon Novarro, Lon Chaney and Norman Kerry, and (right) Antonio Moreno.

By DAN THOMAS.

THERE are accidents and accidents—disasters and luck.

This story deals with the accidents which have made movie stars. Many of celluloid's celebrities are occupying their present positions because of what happened to them on the stage, or to be anything from an engineer to a minister.

Antonio Moreno started life in Spain with but one object—to become a priest.

"It was while I was in school studying for priesthood that I first felt a desire to act," says Tony. "I took part in a religious play and liked it so well that I decided to give up preaching and become an actor. I came to America, and after a few months on the stage, was given a part in a picture. And I have been before the camera ever since."

Lon Chaney, king of character actors, wanted to become a great stage star. That was the original goal of many movie folk. As a boy, Chaney staged many little shows in his home town with the aid of his brother. He had many illusions concerning life on the stage. But later he learned that acting was just hard work.

Norman Kerry attended an engineering school. His ambition was to be a great builder. He got into pictures when he was asked to play an extra for one day while visiting a Hollywood studio with a friend.

Ramon Novarro studied for many years to become a singer. It was his voice that attracted a motion picture producer. Then came a screen test and a contract.

"I am still studying voice under Louis Gravier," he says. "And I am still vain enough to think I have a good voice. Once in a while I wonder if I could have attained my original goal had I not been sidetracked."

Mac Murray wanted to become a dancer. And she attained great success in this field on Broadway before being gobbled up by the film industry. Carmel Myers started out to be a newspaper woman. But the camera found her the "most perfect photographic woman in filmdom."

John Gilbert had great ambitions in a business line, so he started out as a traveling salesman. Then he died he would become a motion picture director. One day he got in front of the camera instead of behind it, and now his career is all mapped out for him.

See-Sawing On Broadway

FROM a story in a Manhattan theatrical newspaper devoted to Broadway gossip I have clipped this paragraph:

"Vivian Minor was known intimately enough in the theatrical and night world to be hailed by nicknames. But she died a pauper in the Hotel last week with an empty box of sleeping pills near her bed."

THERE are two things which, in the lingo of Broadway, you should "tab." 1.—Broadway hailed her with nicknames: 2.—The day had come when she needed bromides in order to sleep.

If you happen to live in a town where the postmaster calls everyone "Bill" and "Joe" and you fall into a snug sleep after a hard day's work, you may find it hard to read between the lines. Broadway understands! Oh, very well.

BUT, wait a minute, until I tell you a couple of stories! They are typical Manhattan tales.

About the time of the war Vivian Minor came into New York and swung off the train in a huge, crowded railroad station. Don't forget that railroad station—it figures in the story!

She was as unimportant as any other person in the great depot. Through her husband was a captain in the army, or something, and divorced her in France. Or perhaps she divorced him. That's unimportant. A couple of years later Vivian's mother died and the attractive girl came into \$50,000.

That's important.

For soon Vivian was on the street of easy spending and sappi zippi the money went free and loose. Oh, they got to know generous Vivian, all right. She paid the bill for many of them.

A "good kid" was Vivian. That's how Broadway came to call her nicknames. Just come and spend enough and you'll have nicknames, too.

NOW there was a young man. His father was a millionaire. His father had designed and built the great railroad station into which Vivian walked when she first came to Manhattan.

There was the sensitivity and feeling of the poet in this young man. He wanted to write. His father frowned. The father wanted the son to be a commercial giant; to work his way up. He sent the young man

to work in a mine to "get his bearings."

But the youth wrote verses in odd moments and finally revolted. He started a literary magazine in New York and the father cut him off without a shilling.

The young man, as a writer, became acquainted in the theatre belt. He met Vivian. He fell in love with her. His name? Well, after all, he's still alive.

NOW we come back to the tragic ending of the tale. Vivian was dead, a pauper. Her money was long since spent. And the young man, his magazine a commercial failure, was without funds. His sweetheart's corpse faced Potter's Field.

The day after Vivian died a young man appeared in the pawn shops. A millionaire's son, to be sure. His arms were loaded with books, heirlooms. But there were not enough to buy a funeral.

For once the youth turned business man. He went to the cafes frequented by Vivian's fairweather friends and when the dawn saw the last taxicab leave he had \$300.

And so Vivian was buried by the Broadway that aspired her. And a millionaire's son went back to his emptied room.

And yet Broadway is the street that demands happy endings.

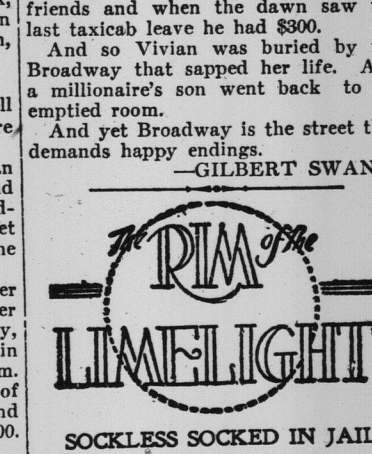
GILBERT SWAN.

FLAPPER FANNY SAYS

ENEL SAYS

It takes more than a needle and thread to mend your ways.

Fashion Fancies.



Here is a modish new street frock, recommended because of its trim appearance and its slenderizing lines.

The material is wool crepe in black. Added smartness is given by the use of a line of tiny covered buttons down the side, with narrow bands of braid in gold, red and blue.

NAUGHTY, NAUGHTY!

CHICAGO—Police are on the look-out for a woman armed with a squirt gun and a bottle of ink. The woman, answered, William Higgs, who had no socks on his feet, was sent to prison for stealing four pairs from a local store.

DIGS GRAVE FOR SELF

DARLINGTON, Eng.—It is not known that Edward Nicholson, 86, has a middle name. But if he has, it

probably is "Preparedness." At least one would think so from his actions. He already has had his grave dug and a tombstone erected and he is now calmly waiting for death to overtake him.

REASSURANCE.

PATIENT: But isn't it a dangerous operation?

Surgeon: Well, out of five such operations generally only one succeeds. But don't worry, madam, I have been unsuccessful with four in succession.—Passing Show, London.

HEALTH SERVICE

Medicine and Surgery Make Amazing Gains

EDITOR'S NOTE: This is the first of a series of articles by Dr. Fishbein, reviewing the progress of medicine and surgery during the last 25 years.

By DR. MORRIS FISHBEIN

MEDICINE has progressed amazingly during the last 25 years. The benefits of organization that is characteristically American have reached every American community.

Medical science has increased so greatly that specialization now is necessary in many fields. Few men are capable of comprehending or applying all the intricacies and refinements of diagnosis and treatment as it is today.

FIND CAUSES AND REMEDIES

This century has seen the discovery of the causes of whooping cough, infectious jaundice, African sleeping sickness, syphilis and possibly measles. The discovery of the cause, in most instances, has resulted in a method of control.

The modern hospital is built around a pathologic laboratory. The constituents of the human body have been

analyzed down to their fundamental substances.

Surgery has taken marvelous strides and has become extraordinarily conservative. Operations are seldom done by competent surgeons without the most exacting diagnosis.

X-RAY'S WONDERFUL AID

The X-ray has helped wonderfully toward accurate diagnosis. Fifteen years ago an operation on the chest was a hazardous undertaking. Today surgical leaders do not hesitate to operate on the lungs, the lining of the chest wall, various parts of the gastrointestinal tract and even the heart and the great blood vessels.

In 1827 a man's expectancy of life was 35 years. In the century that has elapsed the life expectancy has been increased by 25 years. A child born today may reasonably be expected to live to be 55. Through periodic physical examination the span can be lengthened.

(The next article will be: Medicine and Pharmacology.)

MENUS For the Family

The English custom of serving afternoon tea is gaining adherents all the time. Dainty sandwiches, or hot breads may be served at this time when a few invited friends are asked in for a social chat and a refreshing cup of tea. At such time an appropriate tea would be:

Sandwiches or Hot Bread with Butter. Olives. Marmalade or Jam. Salted Nuts. Tea.

TODAY'S RECIPES.

Sandwiches—They should be very small and dainty with the crust cut off. Finely chopped meat mixed with salad dressing or otherwise highly seasoned, nut and raisin mixture or other dried fruit chopped and mixed with salad dressing. Caviare sandwiches, cheese, etc., any tasty and too heavy sandwich may be served with afternoon tea, and plain bread and butter sandwiches or possibly with the addition of lettuce or watercress, are equally appropriate. If you want a hearty sandwich use the chicken ones following: Three-fourths cup chopped cold boiled chicken, one-fourth cup of chopped celery, one onion, one cup milk, three tablespoons flour, two tablespoons butter, white of two eggs, one-half teaspoon salt, pepper to season, lemon juice, and onion should be cooked and forced through a strainer. Mix chicken, celery and onion, flour, milk, butter together, bring to the boiling point, let simmer three minutes, then add whites of eggs beaten stiff, and seasonings. Turn into a mold and let stand in a cold place 12 hours. Remove from mold, cut in slices and put between slices of buttered bread. Remove crusts and cut in any desired shape.

Mosaic Sandwiches—These are very simple sandwiches, but they look pretty and taste delicious. Cut three slices of white and graham bread one-half inch in thickness. Spread a slice of white bread with creamed butter and put a slice of graham bread on it. Spread this with butter and place on a light weight. When butter has become firm trim each pile evenly and cut in three one-half inch slices. Spread these with butter and put together in such a way that a white block will alternate with a graham one. Place again in a cool place under a weight and when butter has become perfectly hard cut in thin slices for serving.

A Thought

Watch and pray that ye enter not into temptation; the spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak.—Matt. 26:41.

.....

I KNOW and love the good, yet, ah! the wrong pursuit.—Petrarch.

To Banish COUGHS, COLDS and BRONCHIAL TROUBLES Take Peps

PEPS tablets give off agreeable and highly germicidal fumes that bathe the throat and breathing passages and allay soreness and inflammation and ward off dangerous colds and chills.

By treating the throat and bronchial direct, Peps are ahead of druggery mixtures. Their pleasant balsamic nature and freedom from opiates make Peps safe and ideal even for children and weak-chested old folk.

When shopping a Peps in the mouth soothes the throat and relieves that annoying and persistent cough.

THE BREATHE-ABLE THROAT & CHEST MEDICINE

80c. box (containing 35 silver-jacketed PEPs tablets). Of all druggists & stores.

QUICKLY BANISHED

"I suffered years of agony through blind itching piles," says Mrs. W. Hughes, of Hochelaga St., Montreal.

"Pain, loss of strength, complete misery, was my daily lot until I came across Zam-Buk. I know now that there is nothing on earth to equal this grand herbal healer. Since it lifted me from misery my earnest wish is to make Zam-Buk known to all sufferers."

Moves Pain Like Magic!

Zam-Buk

NATURE'S HERBAL BALM

COULD I see General Blank?

"No, General Blank is sick."

"What made him sick?"

"Oh, things in general!"

Little Joe

WHEN A GIRL KEEPS A FELLOW GUESSING, SHE KEEPS HIM.

ROSES FOR THE GIRL

FLOWER