

Woman's Realm Social and Personal Fashions Literature

Dorothy Dix Says—

YOUNG WIFE NO CURE FOR BORED MIDDLE-AGED HUSBAND

Swapping Old Wives For New Not A Prescription For Happiness

Was old Ben Johnson once said that a second marriage is the final triumph of hope over experience. When a middle-aged man discards a faithful and devoted wife with whom he has lived for twenty-five or thirty years in order to marry a girl young enough to be his daughter, it is all that Johnson said it was, and then some. It is an optimism so great that it borders on insanity.

Yet every day we see men who are sufficiently in possession of their faculties to be permitted to go about without a keeper, who are the victims of the delusion that they will attain perfect happiness by taking brides half their age, and by automatically erasing their rheumatism and hardening of the arteries. They have seen dozens of their friends try this remedy for that tired feeling that so often comes on men around their fifties and who were worse after taking it than before. But the experience of others does not keep them from kidding themselves into the belief that the cure will work with them, and that marriage with a younger wife will be a hymn of bliss, with not a discordant note in it.

One of these victims of his own wishful thinking is convinced that all he needs to secure his perfect happiness is to swap off his old wife, who has grown somewhat battered and work-scarred by the years, for a new wife who is stream-lined and as fresh and pretty as paint can make her. He says he and his wife have five children, five youngsters of whom any one of them has been married for twenty years and that his father might be proud. He hasn't a word to say against his wife. She has been as good a helpmate as any husband could ask.

LIFE GROWS MONOTONOUS
They married on a shooting and she has worked and poked and pinched pennies to help him pile up a nice fortune. She has been a good housekeeper and made him a comfortable home. He is really quite fond of her, but somehow life with her has grown drab and dull. No thrill. No pep. Monotonous. Just coming home, day after day, to a good dinner and a placid evening with a woman whose main theme of conversation is the children and what they are doing.

And she doesn't understand him as his pretty secretary does who sees that he is still a boy at heart, even if his is getting bald. He has fallen in love with her and feels she is his real soul mate, and he wants to divorce his old wife and marry her. And don't I think that her man has worked hard for twenty years, to support his wife and children, that he is entitled to some life of his own and to marry the woman with whom he KNOWS he will be PERFECTLY HAPPY?

Well, if there were some sort of sentimental insurance company that would guarantee that these second marriages would transport the men who entered into them, to the regions of the bliss, you couldn't wonder at their selling their old wives down the river to get the price of their glory tickets, human nature being what it is and as prone to selfishness as the sparks are to fly upward.

Unfortunately, however, there are certain fundamental facts in life that militate against the success of trading off old wives for new and that make it one of the most hazardous deals in which a man can engage. One is that middle-age rejuvenation doesn't last. It is just a shot in the arm, and when it wears off a man doesn't want to jump around and spend his evenings dancing with a girl. He wants to stay at home and rest his feet. Another is that at middle-age a man's middle name is not Romeo. It is Doby. And he can get far more tired of a young wife than he can of an old one.

CANT DOWN MEMORIES
And another fact is that we cannot build our houses of happiness on broken hearts and find any joy in it. In every room we will be haunted by the drip of the tears that we have caused to be shed. Nor can we wipe out the memory of a past marriage on a brand new marriage certificate. Particularly is this impossible when there are children. The man who thinks that the love of his pretty young wife is going to compensate him for the love of his children betrays himself. They are bone of his bone, flesh of his flesh, heart of his heart, deeper than any infatuation for a woman. And when he realizes that he has forfeited all part in their lives, that he can never boast of a brilliant son or a beautiful daughter,



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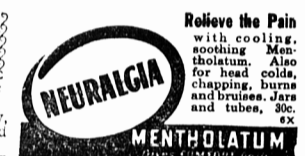


And finally, there is the cold, hard fact that between the two relations there is a rap that neither can bridge. It is not the pretty young wife who understands her husband. It is the wife who belongs to his own generation, who has the same background and traditions, who has been young together and are growing old together, who have worked side by side, who have thrived over newshaws and wept over little coffins and worried over sick children together are the ones who have everything in common.

A Morning Smile

"My friend," said the missionary, "are you a Christian?"
"No," said the man handed over his card. "Signor Ballancio, Tightrope Walker."

WHAT AN INTERPRETATION!
A woman and a doctor were standing at the bedside of the woman's unconscious, delirious husband. Suddenly the patient began to shout deliriously: "Go away, go away, you cruel enemies, you cruel enemies, you buffers, go away!"



"I think he is coming to," said the doctor consolingly. "He is beginning to recognize us."

Stranger In Shady Gulch

By Denver Bardwell

CHAPTER IX
They were coming up on the bench of land where the Hill ranch houses and corrals were placed, among cedars and pines, under the lee of the mesa. The corrals lay west of the main house and backed down across the creek cut just below where the latter divided the massive faces of rock with a five-hundred-foot width of canyon.

Radkin's eyes looked up the wooded canyon, which made a gradual climb, reaching the mesa level perhaps half a mile away in the north. An open herd trail scarred the east side of the canyon floor.

He turned again to the Meehan brothers. "You fellows sure are friendly to want to see me. Maybe, after knowing me better, you'd want to back off."

"You see my tangle with Duke Hasser yesterday," Shorty replied. "And we seen just now how you made him nearly break two legs runnin' your rifle fire. That's worth a whole year's knowin' you, Radkin!"

"Call me Bill, fellers." "That's all right, but a long saddle ride near the barn." "Put up my bronc, boys." Thule told his men, "I'll go on in and tell the missus to add another plate for dinner."

When Thule was out of earshot, Shorty said to Radkin, "Poor ole Jess! He's got shot and ready to give up. He's got down to where his wife has to be cooking for the crew." "How big a crew you got?" "You see 'em all, right here. When Striny and me first come here, there was fifteen, eighteen men at times, and a cook and a dog but about five hundred cows left. We used to run to six thousand head over the mesa. Cows, horses and rustlers cleaned them out."

"Two-legged Half Diamond coyotes, Striny put in contemptuously. "Tom Lally wants them, he wants 'em to sell out for a song. The devil of it is, he's just about to take in the chips!"

"Scooter Hopkins over at the MW told me a lot," Radkin said. "Where's that coal seam?" He looked at the high face of the mesa. "Let me take a shot with my high-powered rifle you got," Shorty said, "I'll show you where the seam is."

Radkin took the rifle from its scabbard and handed it to the little man to look at the east half Diamond range which his hosts had described. Their talk confirmed his guess that the mesa came from an artesian source.

"I want a look at the slant of the rocks over there," he explained. "Let me see the afternoon, Radkin said to Shorty. Against the rocks of Shorty and Striny, he was going to look at the big springs, source of the mesa creek, on the east half Diamond range which his hosts had described. Their talk confirmed his guess that the mesa came from an artesian source.

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Living & Leisure The Woman's Realm

How to Make a Splendid Cough Syrup at Home

There is many an eye grows brighter—going home; There is many an eye grows bright—going home; You can see the kind smiles beaming. Oh, the tender eyes gleaming, Oh, the longing and the dreaming, going home.

Give the bride-to-be a shower of canned goods and preserves to stock up her new pantry. Cans and jars of fruits, vegetables, preserves, jams and relishes, as well as other canned goods, will make a welcome gift.

Do not throw away bones from a roast of shoulder. Put them into cold water and cook for several hours and you will have a good soup stock.

THE COOK'S CORNER

CHRISTMAS CAKE FOR SERVICE MEN CAN BE BAKED AND SENT OVERSEAS

Here's a Christmas Tree cake long specially designed for you to send softened margarine to the egg yolks, wrapped in a honey glaze which adds remaining flour mixture to the hardened to seal its flavor, and is topped with a Christmas tree made by snipping long green gumpdrops slightly. Add the floured fruit and fanwise for leaves, cinnamon sticks fold in the egg whites. Mix until even throughout.

YOU GIRLS WHO SUFFER Distress From PERIODIC FEMALE WEAKNESS

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The Charlotte-Town Guardian, Needlecraft Department, Style No. 2649. Name, Street Address, City, Province. REFRESHING DRINK Experts say that if we've been throwing away the contents of the jelly bag after we've strained off the juice for grape jelly, we've been pretty wasteful. Here's how to make grape juice from jelly leaving: Pour water to cover over the pulp in a large kettle and simmer for about 20 minutes. Strain through cloth. Then add sugar—a quarter cup for each pint of liquid—heat to boiling, stir to dissolve sugar and pour into hot sterilized jars. Seal. Use Minard's for sprains. 2649

