

Woman's Realm :- Social and Personal :- Fashions :- Literature

The Fatal Age of Forty **Dorothy Dix** **Finds Man Most Attractive at Middle Age**

Man Reaches the Peak of His Fascination for Women in His Early Forties, for by Then He Understands Women as no Boy Possibly Can, and has Developed a Technique in Lovemaking

Wrights, critics, actors and actresses have just sat in solemn conclave debating this important subject, and their unanimous decision was that it is the man of 40 who is most attractive to women. Women will generally agree with this verdict. Of course, flappers may dissent from it and continue to fall for schoolboy sheiks and regard the man of 40 as interesting only as an antique, but this is because they have a naive taste in men as they have in food, and anything that is soft and gooey and treacly appeals to them.



But that even young girls are not insensible to the superior charms of the middle-aged man is abundantly proved by the fatal fascination that married men have for them and explains why so

many of them fall in love with their employers. They know when they do this that, at the best, they are wasting their sweetness on desert air and, at the worst, they are risking a scandal and that it would be far better for them in every way to center their affection on youths of their own age, but the boys they know seem so callous and flavorless in comparison with their bosses that they simply have no taste for them.

And certainly for the sophisticated woman it is undoubtedly true that a man reaches the peak of his fascination somewhere in the early 40s. Possibly he may not be as handsome as he was a few years earlier. He may have lost something of the boyish figure he had as a stripling. His fibrous locks may have retreated a bit higher on his forehead, but that does not matter. Women do not set the inordinate value on personal beauty that men do. There are a hundred qualities that they rank in a man above mere pulchritude, and these are something that they take time to get and that the middle-aged man has acquired, while a boy never possesses them.

And very often a man at 40 is even better-looking than he was at 30 because he has "jellied," so to speak. He has shaped down physically and mentally. He has acquired poise and distinction and looks like somebody instead of just a pretty lad. Not without reason is the villain in melodramas, who piles his devilish arts upon a simple young wife or innocent maiden and whom no woman can resist, always depicted with a little dust of gray in his hair or a single white lock.

There are many reasons why the middle-aged man is more attractive to women than boys are. The first is, of course, that he is more interesting. He has seen more, done more, read and thought more and, consequently, has more to talk about, and only a woman can know how grateful women are to men who carry a really interesting conversational life. They have had to suffer so many boring, poor things, in order to avoid a reputation of being hard to please.

Then the man of 40 talks to a woman about herself, whereas the boy always wants to talk about himself, and no woman, unless she has a strong maternal complex, longs to hear all the details of college pranks or can laugh at college humor or can get wildly excited over how many miles any other automobile makes on a gallon of gas except her own.

Then the man of 40 has taken a post-graduate course in women and understands them, which the younger man never does. A boy believes that all women are alike and he has one formula for the entire sex. He thinks that the way to make a hit with every daughter of Eve is to send her candy and flowers and tell her how beautiful and wonderful she is and how unlike other women and ask her where she has been all of these weary years.

But by the time a man is 40 he has found out that women are individualistic and that no woman wants mass production attention and flattery any more than she wants the kind of gown that is manufactured by the thousands. She wants something that touches the sensitive spot in her own vanity and that is handmade for her. So he never praises the beauty for her beauty, but for her intelligence and, conversely, he never exploits a highbrow's college degrees, he signs poems of praise to her eyes. He never sends a woman a bushel of violets or six dozen roses from the florist. It is a single bloom in memory of some moonlight night or some little trifle that shows that he remembered her taste or the color of her dress. That is the kind of jollying to conjure with, but it takes a man half a life time to find it out.

Then the middle-aged man has developed a technique in lovemaking, and women go through life from the cradle to the grave hungering and thirsting for romance that is romance. It is to see love properly made that sends them by the millions to the cinema and the theatres, but they never get it in real life unless a man of 40 falls in love with them.

Perhaps experience has made him perfect in the art of wooing a woman, but at all events he knows enough not to mess up a situation that is the sweet morsel that a woman is going to roll under her tongue the balance of her life. He shows her with all the little delicate attentions that women adore, and when he finally pops the question he doesn't do it, as the youthful lover is apt to, while dodging automobiles on the street

The NEW JELL-O : A Modern Thriller

YOUR JELLIED SALADS ARE PERFECTLY DELICIOUS

WELL, V-I-H-E-R-E'S MY SECRET—I USE THE NEW JELL-O

WHY DOES THAT MAKE A DIFFERENCE?

YES, YOU MAKE IT WITH HOT, NOT BOILING WATER. THE FLAVOUR DOESN'T STEAM AWAY.

I MADE THIS NEW JELL-O IN A LITTLE MORE THAN HALF THE USUAL TIME, AND IT CAN GO IN THE REFRIGERATOR... OR A COOL PLACE, THE MINUTE IT'S MADE

ATTRACTIVE, ISN'T IT?

I SEE IT IS IN A NEW PACKAGE

Here's the SECRET!
5 minutes after making old-fashioned jelly powder even old JELL-O, good as it was!

Still steaming! Flavour, escaping! Setting delayed!

5 seconds after making NEW JELL-O

Into the refrigerator! Flavour saved! Setting begun!

Canadian Cookery For Canadian Women

By Mari Moore. Specially contributed to The Guardian for Guardian Readers.

The Common Cold Should Be Fought, Not Endured
Liquid Diet Advisable

(NOTE: You may find some of these facts on treating the common cold of value to you; if so, clip this article before the paper is discarded.)

A mother is called upon to have expert knowledge of more professions, trades and arts than any other human, unless you consider a lone shipwrecked soul on a desert island who has to hunt for his food and build his own shelter.

Mother has to know how to mend toys; she has to be capable of being an impartial judge in neighbourhood childish arguments; she has to be companion-extraordinary to dad; charming hostess to her friends; cook, seamstress and dietitian when young children's diets have to be prepared; and last and of utmost importance, nurse, when they fall sick.

It is this nursing angle that we hope to help, when the sickness is the common cold.

Colds are taken entirely too much for granted. They are allowed to drag on for too many days—often weeks—which exposes the victim too readily to other infections since his resistance is lowered.

We have outlined some do's and don'ts that will meet with the approval of your doctor, and that can be used when your child (or husband or sister or mother or brother) catches cold, and if strictly adhered to will greatly reduce the length of the sickness.

We have stressed the value of diet—liquid diet—since food is primarily our business.

or across beefsteak and onions at a restaurant table. He chooses his time and place and gives the woman her great moment with its proper background of beauty and sentiment.

It is because the man of 40 knows women and can play upon them as upon a harp of a thousand strings that makes him more dangerous to women at that age than any other.

tilated room.

- 2—Pitcher of water beside bed, to be emptied as often as possible by patient.
- 3—Orange or lemon or tomato juice every hour or two. These are valuable for their vitamin content and the fruit sugar, which produces energy.
- 4—As much sleep as possible.
- 5—An enema is almost always of value.
- 6—Hot bath—after which wrap patient in heavy blanket to induce perspiration.
- 7—No chemical substance or drug unless after direct order of doctor.
- 8—Call doctor. Certainly call the doctor if the patient's temperature is over 100. Consider that your child is your most precious possession, and if one visit from the doctor can save him from more serious illness or from prolonged illness, he should be called in without fail.

Let me stress again the value of a liquid diet, plenty of water, sleep, and a clean digestive tract.

After all these precautions I sincerely hope there are no colds in your family this winter and that you have to use none of them.

A Timely Kitchen Hint

The company that manufactures one of our most widely advertised cleaning powders is offering a useful cleaning sponge to those who will send in the coupon found in the advertisement.

It is seldom that a utility item is really new and unique, but the little cleaning sponge offered by the sponsors of the cleaning powder is filling a long felt need as it is efficient, attractive and, above all is always at hand, taking the place of the unsightly cleaning cloth we formerly used.

Housewives, I advise you right now to hunt up this advertisement and clip the coupon and send for the sponge. You'll like it.

Economical Supper Menu

By Mary Moore

Cream of onion soup; casserole of vegetables au Gratin, banana muffins.

Cream of Onion Soup

2 large onions, sliced thinly, cooked for 10 minutes in one quart cup butter, while stirring constantly. Add 4 cups water or light stock

A Morning Smile

John—"Yes, I had a little balance in the bank, but I got engaged two months ago, and now—"

Joan—"Ah, love makes the world go round."

John—"Yes, but I didn't think it would go round so fast as to make me lose my balance."

A blithe young lady walked into a bank and addressed the paying teller: "I want to have this check cashed."

"Yes, madam," replied the teller. "Please endorse it."

"Why, my husband just sent it to me!" protested the young woman.

"Yes, madam, but just endorse it. Sign it on the back, please so that your husband will know that we paid the money to you."

She went to the desk and in a few minutes returned to the window with the check indorsed: "Your loving wife, Edith."

and cook at simmering point for 30 minutes. Strain. Mix 3 tablespoons flour with 1-4 cup cold water, add to soup and bring to boiling point. Add one cup rich milk or cream, and 1-4 cup grated cheese. Season and serve very hot.

Casserole of Vegetables Au Gratin

Three medium-sized potatoes, thinly sliced, 1 cup cubed turnip, 3-4 cup green peas (canned or fresh), 1 cup tomatoes, 1 sliced onion, 1 medium sized carrot chopped finely, 1-4 cup rice, 1 teaspoon salt, 1-8 teaspoon pepper, few grains allspice. Put ingredients in layers in a casserole, pour over 4 cups water or meat stock, cover and cook in a slow oven for 3 hours. Serve hot, sprinkled with grated cheese.

Banana Muffins

Two cups flour, 4 teaspoons baking powder, 3 tablespoons sugar, 1 teaspoon salt. Mix together. Beat one egg until light, add 1 cup milk and 3 tablespoons melted butter. Combine the two mixtures folding lightly until they are just blended. Cut two bananas in small pieces, dust with flour and add to the muffin batter. Bake in a hot oven about 20 minutes.

What the Fashionables are Wearing

By Annabelle Worthington

It is as interesting at the back as it is at the front.

And equally smart made with long or with short sleeves as in the miniature view.

For every day occasions, you'll probably choose the long sleeves and carry it out as the original. It is a soft novelty woolen mixture in flattering hyacinth-blue tone. For the round shoulder yoke and puffs of the sleeves, plain toning blue crepe was used.

Carried out in cherry-red crinkly crepe silk, it's stunning with short sleeves.

Style No. 382 is designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20 years, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust.

Size 16 requires 3 1/4 yards 39-inch striped material, with 1/4 yard 39-inch contrasting.

The two surfaces of crinkly crepe satin can be worked out beautifully in this model.

Price of Pattern 15 cents in stamps or coin (coin is preferred). Wrap coin carefully.

No. 382. Size

Name

Street Address

City

State

For The Cook

CHEESE FONDUE

1 cup scalded milk.
1 cup stale bread crumbs.
1/4 pound cheese, cut in small pieces.
1 tablespoon butter.
1/2 teaspoon salt.
Yolks 3 eggs.
Whites 3 eggs.

Mix scalded milk, bread crumbs, cheese, butter and salt. Add yolks of eggs beaten until thick and lemon colored. Cut and fold in the whites of eggs beaten until stiff. Pour into a buttered baking dish and bake in a moderate oven (350



382

deg. F.) for twenty minutes. Serve at once.

Save lemon hulls after the juice has been squeezed out and use them as a quick polisher for the kitchen faucets. Rub thoroughly with the lemon, wash and polish with a dry cloth. The nickel will sparkle like new.

Baby's Colds

Best treated without dosing—Just rub on VICKS VAPORUB FOR COLDS OF ALL THE FAMILY

He hoped so. Anyhow, she would get over it, in time.

He went back to the telephone and said briskly, "Thanks very much, Wheatley. I am quite free on Tuesday and I should love to come Eight o'clock at the Diplomat's? That'll be marvellous. Cheerio!"

And so, on the evening that followed, Geoffrey dined at the Diplomat's and after his second Sidelcar he quite forgot an odd, unreasonable weight on his mind which he had been impatiently aware of while he dressed.

Meanwhile, in a back bedroom of the tall house at Denmark Hill, Fay Bennett, sitting on the edge of her bed, wrapped in a mauve cotton kimono, cried softly and monotonously into a small and very damp pink handkerchief. Beneath her kimono she was wearing her prettiest underclothes and over a chaise lay a frock of pink taffeta which she had put out ready to slip on to the door bell rang. But it was nearly nine o'clock now and there had been no ring, and she knew quite well that it was all over and that, however long her life lasted, she would not wear a pink taffeta frock for Geoffrey Gilmour again.

Presently she stopped crying, dabbed her eyes and spread out her pink handkerchief on the bar at the foot of the bed to dry. Then she went over to her dressing-table, took an orange stick and a pot of cold cream and a polisher from the drawer, and began, very carefully, to manœuvre her nails.

THE END.

ASHES of ROSES A Romance of Today By Joanna Cannan

It was on a Monday morning that he went back to the office, and Geoffrey travelled up from Hemshott with him. During the holiday a new idea had been mooted, and John Gilmour had taken a small service flat near Victoria. He intended to live there in the winter, spending only his week-ends at Hemshott, while it would provide a home for Geoffrey and the year round. John Gilmour was to sign the lease this morning, and in a week's time he expected to move in. Geoffrey was to keep short hours at the office and sleep at Hemshott all then.

"You will find a few changes in the office," he said to Geoffrey, quite suddenly as they walked together along Eastcheap. "One or two of the typists have left for better posts. Of course in a firm like ours where there's a tradition of long service, promotion among the juniors is almost impossible." His voice had the casual tone which betrays nervousness. Geoffrey said to himself; this means that Fay has gone. He had not expected anything else. He knew that his father would not have brought him back to the London office with Fay there.

He said, "I suppose so. It must be very difficult for them to get on."

"Very difficult indeed," said John Gilmour, as they entered the building and made their way upstairs. "Do you see that the staircase has been redecorated, Geoffrey? Not bad, is it, that buff and green...?"

Geoffrey had not been mistaken. Early in the afternoon his work took him into the main office. A red-haired girl with horn-rimmed spectacles was typing in Fay's place, and beside Miss Carter, instead of Connie Evers, a sharp-faced young woman was checking figures in a quick precise voice. Geoffrey's business was with the sales manager. He smiled at Miss Carter and Turner and Mr. Errans, but he was too busy to stop and talk to them. Next time he was in the office he would get into conversation with Turner and find out about Fay.

week, so Geoffrey settled on Friday night for the dinner party; and on Monday, when he was tired of unpacking, he sat down on one of the armchairs in the sitting room and the telephone directory on his knees and began to ring up his prospective guests.

A bachelors' party it was to be. There was Lesley's cousin, Keith Lesley, and two brothers called Wheatley whom Geoffrey had met in Normandy, and a Barchester friend who was up at Oxford but would very likely be in London until the end of the Long Vacation, and a young Scot, a chance golf acquaintance, who was in ship building and had recently been transferred to the London office of his firm.

All five gentlemen happened to be in that night and they all accepted Geoffrey's invitation. He was exchanging a final "Cheerio" with the Barchester friend when he heard the click of the letter box. He hung up the receiver and went out to collect his letters thinking what a rag it was going to be on Friday and wondering whether he should offer port or brown sherry after the champagne.

His letters were four. The first one he opened was from his aunt saying that she had forgotten all about the soft cushions and that they would be coming up in the car on Tuesday along with a parcel containing a clock for the sitting-room mantelpiece and an eiderdown for his father's bed which somebody must air.

The second contained particulars of a night club, which he had written for.

The third was a bill from a hosiery for six pounds ten.

The fourth had been forwarded from Hemshott. It was written on mauve notepaper in a neat, legible hand. It was from Fay!

Denmark Hill, Sunday. When I first saw in the papers that you were engaged to Miss Lyarde and they told us in the office that you were coming back to London, I gave in my notice because I thought, and so did Connie, that it would be best. I got a job with Critchett and Ready in Aldwych. Connie wouldn't stay on without me but she is not far away, so it is not so bad. No one knows why but me and Connie. I didn't tell mother till it was all fixed up, they do fuss so. Now we see in the papers that your engagement is washed out so I thought I'd better drop you a line to explain. I'm going out on Wednesday and mother wants me Thursday, but I shall be at home Tuesday evening at 7 if you'd care to call in. Don't bother to let me know but come or not as you like. Fay.

Something was wrong with him, or something had happened to him, he didn't know which. It had begun when he was out in France, at least he had first been conscious of it there, but perhaps it had begun earlier, in those weeks before his wedding, when he had found himself resigned to that loveless union, aware that suns would rise, clouds sail, and waters cool, that there would be jokes to laugh at, cars to drive and balls to hit, despite his surrender of his love. And from resignation had come... well, you might call it forgetfulness, that comfortable loss in which he had noticed in France.

Something was gone. On the warm nights of summer, he could sit out on the verandah under the stars, thinking over his golf strokes; and the slow splash of the sea sang him nothing and the rustle of the tall lime trees never whispered "Fay." He had not faced this, then, had not given it a name, because it had seemed so incredible and beastly that he could forget Fay, that he could do the young would do—get over it.

But he saw now that he had got over it, out there in France where he had had such marvellous golf and tennis and the sea had not sung to him and the lime trees had never whispered, "Fay." And now that the need for resigning himself past, could he go back to the love of days before he had learned these new lessons about how much remained when you had given up, what you had thought, meant every-

thing, before he had learned to sit out on a verandah and think about his golf strokes on summer nights under the twinkling stars.

Could you ever go back in life? Wasn't it made up of changes, from one thing came another, and the past thing dead, and there was no going back, you couldn't go back and make anything from the ashes of something dead, however sweet it had been?

If you had loved someone very dearly, and had had to give her up, and your own sufferings over that had altered you and—he saw this now—had made you grow up, so that the world all seemed different and the rustle of leaves was only the wind in them and the spinnings of the sea an indication of the incoming tide, then you could no more go back to the old love than you could go back to being the boy that you had been. When you were a baby, you liked woolly toys and rattles, when you were a kid at a prep school, you liked bits of string and knives, when you were at a public school, you liked silk socks and motor bicycles, and when you were nineteen, you liked Fay. And when she was taken away from you, you cried and screamed and thought you were heartbroken just as you had done when you were a baby over the rattle, only there was this difference, that when you had stopped crying you knew that you would never cry over anything again, having found out that hearts don't break, because time and change are stronger than human loving and, before you have ceased your lamen-