

INTERESTING

# A Feature Page of Interest to Everyone

INSTRUCTIVE

## Dorothy Dix

An SOS Call for a Modern Girl Who Isn't Afraid or Ashamed of Housework—Warning to a Working Girl Against Being the Family Goat—Are Chinese-American Marriages Ever Happy?

DEAR MISS DIX—Not long ago I had a very interesting talk with two attractive young ladies, both college graduates, who had been brought up in good but moderate circumstances. These young women were very much opposed to the idea of doing any housework when they married, which they frankly regarded as nothing short of slavery. As for the man who expected his wife to do any of it, well, in their opinion, she would be another girl gone wrong. Their idea of matrimony included an establishment with maids and chauffeurs, and dancing, and song.

Now I do not care to consider myself as the future oppressor of some luckless girl, but why shouldn't my wife-to-be go into matrimony as a career, just as I have gone in for bond selling, realising from the start that it may be a hard job, but also thoroughly sold on the idea that it would be the most satisfying work for her?

Aren't modern girls ready to take the bitter with the sweet? Have they not some of the sturdy pioneering spirit of their grandmothers left in them?

S. O. ESS.

ANSWER: I do not believe that these young women are fair representatives of the girls of today. I think that ninety-eight out of a hundred modern girls are good enough to start at the bottom with the man they love and try to make him the sort of a home that his mother made his father.

Probably these girls will, too, when Mr. Right comes along, for love works strange changes in a girl's ideals and causes her to reverse her opinions on many a subject.

We have all seen romantic maidens find their Fairy Prince in the most commonplace and practical of business men. We have seen once ardent feminists develop into meek wives who began every sentence with "John says." We have even seen undomestic girls become the champion blue-ribbon cooks of the neighborhood.

But I agree with you that it is highly discouraging to a young man to find intelligent young women who frankly admit that they look upon matrimony simply as a graft and not as a partnership, and that they expect to devour all of the cakes and ale and leave to their husbands all of the grubbing to provide them with the luxuries they crave.

There is certainly no reason why any able-bodied young woman should not do her own housework if she marries a poor man and they need to save the price of a servant. She is probably just as strong and healthy and able to work as her husband is, and it is just as much up to her to do her part as it is up to him to do his. And if she finds housework dull and monotonous and hard and tiresome, so does a man find his work. So is any work by which we make our daily bread, and that we do over and over again day after day, week after week, year after year.

Moreover, we get out of our daily task just what we put into it, and whether it is dull and monotonous or interesting and thrilling depends altogether on our mental attitude and the way we are trying to do our work better and better all the time; if we are putting brains and intelligence into it; if we have the pride of craftsmanship we can turn the lowliest labor into the most exciting game on earth. And this is true whether we are painting pictures or designing a battleship or making bread.

To me there is nothing more pathetic than the fact that so few women get any joy out of the work that they spend their lives doing, and that they never see anything in homemaking but drudgery.

They never realise that making a home is the finest work, the most important work, the work with the most far-reaching influence to which any woman can be called, and that the woman who turns out a good job who makes a peaceful, comfortable home for her husband and children, is the bulwark of the Nation and has performed a public service to her country.

For it is the synthetic home, made with a can-opener and a paper bag by a woman on her way from a bridge party to a jazz dance, that is largely responsible for the wandering husbands and hoodlum children, who do not stay at home because there is no real home in which to stay. You can't imagine any happy family gathered around a breakfast nook in a kitchenette.

But, anyway, Mr. S. O. Ess, take this tip from me. Don't take a chance on marrying any woman who speaks blasphemously of a gas range.

DOROTHY DIX.

DEAR MISS DIX—My father died several months ago, leaving my mother with an income of only \$6 a week, but this will continue as long as she lives. It was necessary for us to break up our home and for my mother to take a position that pays her \$10 a week and her board. I have taken my sister, aged 12, to live with me at a boarding house, where there are sixty-three girls of the highest type. It is very homelike and comfortable, but, of course, it is not possible for my sister to have her friends as she did in our own home.

The child is very unhappy and cries when she visits certain members of our family. My mother wants to give up her position and have the three of us take a three-room apartment so that my sister can be happier. I would have to support this, and I could barely do it on my salary. Do you feel that I should be forced to support the three of us just because my mother and sister are unable to adapt themselves to conditions? My mother is only 45, and her health is perfect.

ALICE R.

ANSWER: I should most earnestly advise you against this move, for if you once qualify for the family post you will be at it as long as you live. There is no reason in the world why poor mother should not support herself instead of being dependent upon you, and she will be a thousand times happier in being independent than she would be as a parasite upon you.

It is the duty of children to support their parents if they are sick and when they get too old to work, but it is no part of their obligation to do so as long as the parents are well and strong. Far too many parents give up work and settle down on their children to be taken care of because they find it easier to sponge a living than to earn one. So stiffen up your backbone and force your mother to keep on at her job. As soon as she gets used to making her own living she will like it, and, believe me, she would be fretful and peevish enough if she had to live on your small salary.

As for your little sister, it is silly to pay any attention to her. She will adjust herself to her new environment and come to like it in a little while. Don't ruin your whole life to gratify the selfishness of your mother and sister, who show how little they think of you by being willing to make you bear the burden of their whole support.

DOROTHY DIX.

DEAR MISS DIX—I am 30 years old and in love with a Chinese student with whom I go to school. He seems to love me, but he is not bold enough to propose. Will I become a social outcast by marrying him so that I will repeat it the balance of my life? Will my marriage to him be a success?

JENNIE.

ANSWER: East is East and West is West, and never the twin should meet matrimonially. Jennie, the Chinese are a very old, aristocratic and highly civilized people. They were wearing brocades while we were wearing skins in caves, and the reason why your Chinese friend does not propose is possibly because he does not consider you as belonging to his rank in life and knows that his family would refuse to receive you if he should take you back home with him. So whether you would lose caste or not would depend on who the Chinese is and whether you went to China or here.

But the marriage between a Chinese man and an American girl has not one chance in a million of bringing happiness to either one. Their whole point of view is too irreconcilable, so don't try it.

DOROTHY DIX.

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Lovers of TEA will find added pleasure in Chase & Sanborn's SEAL BRAND TEA

## Milady At Last Achieves Normal Waistline



By MME. LISBETH

IT IS now three or four years since our waistline took a slump and located midway between our hips and knees. Various dressmakers have attempted to raise it in the meantime with little success, but this spring it has really achieved an upward movement and in a number of new models appears triumphantly at what we still call "a normal waistline."

In two of the dresses illustrated here this normal waist is featured. The other frock (left) is the very popular jumper and boasts no waistline, normal or otherwise. It is a nude colored crepe with a narrow scarf or tie finishing the neck, sleeves that widen toward the wrist and have the only touch of trimming on the whole frock—bands of metal braid. The skirt fullness is posed directly in front and consists of inverted plaques. Florence Vidler, motion picture actress, posed for the picture.

Black for formal wear has been neglected lately, but is coming back into vogue. In the afternoon dress of black lace and georgette (centre) the normal waistline is emphasized by a very wide, close fitting sash with long ends. A high neck, long transparent sleeves and a silver flower pinned on the left hip are other features. Posed by Gwen Lee, motion picture player.

Again the high waist is sponsored, and very attractively—in the dance frock (right). This is a beaded model of green satin and crystal with a slightly bloused bodice and scalloped skirt. The beads are applied in an allover design. Katha Harrold, a cinema player, is the model.

The part lace plays in the new dresses is one of the most interesting stylistic notes. Cape backs of lace are frequently seen, and sometimes the lace is repeated for skirt flounce and for deep, flaring cuffs on the sleeves. A dress of blue georgette, however, restrained its use of lace to the sleeves; where it formed puffed sections which extended from the elbow to the narrow wristband. A number of models in every collection will be seen which use sleeve trimming as the only decoration.

## Fashion Fancies



By Marie Belmont

Kasha in the very smart frock above. The front is plain, except for seams, as shown at the back of the bodice. The skirt has box pleats at the back only, while the triangular appliques are of brown suede. Send rest, trimmed to match hat.



By Marie Belmont

There has been quite a flurry of interest lately in the smart evening gown which uses hand-painting for decoration. Gray satin is the material chosen for the model above. It has a fitted bodice, the three points at the back caught by a strand of pearls. The flared skirt carries a colorful painted design in red, plum and lavender, all most effective against the gray background.

## BEHIND THE SCREEN

HOW many of you, gentle readers, know how a motion picture is made?

Come with me on a tour.

The first requisite is a story, of course. After all, the story's the thing and no star, except Tom Mix, perhaps, can survive a string of punk stories. Every motion picture company has a reading department where staff devote all its time to reading every story, novel and play available, in addition to the thousands submitted by amateur and professional writers.

When the story is selected it must be made over into scenario form. Perhaps the whole thing will be changed. Often only one idea is taken from a book and an entirely new plot written around it.

Then the scenario writer sits down and writes what is called the script, a boiled down version which the director uses at the back only, while the triangular appliques are of brown suede. Send rest, trimmed to match hat.

Then the cast is selected by the director, producer and casting director. First the principals, then smaller parts, bits, finally extras.

Next the financial department steps in and decides how much money is to be spent. The art director, property man, director and cameraman turn in their estimates, which include salaries of electricians, hairdressers, make-up men, costumers and location hunters.

When the budget is decided upon, the production is begun. If all scenes are to be shot inside the rest is easy. If, however, a location two or three hundred miles away is required, a large force makes the trip. Ofttimes it is foggy or raining, sometimes a week or two passes before a camera crank can be turned. Meanwhile salaries are going on, hotel bills are mounting and production is stopped entirely.

When the film is completed it is turned over to the film editor and the cutting room force cuts it down to the required number of feet. Next time

Universal is preparing to make a film version of "Romeo and Juliet," with Mary Philbin (above) as Juliet. Theda Bara and Beverly Bayne have had the part in feature pictures, and Blanche Sweet played it once in a short sequence.

You laugh at an unusually clever subtitle, remember someone perhaps worked hours trying to make it funny. When this is done the negative is shipped away for printing and is turned over to the distributing end of the company.

And the work of the producer is finished until the next day, when he is scheduled to start work on another. There may be romance in the picture business, but there's also a lot of hard work.

## Is this your BIRTHDAY?

MARCH 25.—You are capable of planning your future and of carrying out your plans. You are warm-hearted, generous, careful and thrifty. You will be very fortunate in your love and choice of a mate, and will have many warm friends. You will travel far and do well in business.

Your birth-stone is a bloodstone, which means presence of mind. Your flower is a violet. Your lucky color is white.

BREVITY HATH CHARMS. The old-time chips had nothing on me. When to sweethearts they used to declare Their ardent affection, And fond predilection, For a maid's crowning glory—her hair.

But 'tis absence that makes the heart grow fond. Thus truly the poet hath said, No long tresses letter, And I love the better. Each hair of your curly bobbed head!

The trouble with talkative men is that they remember kisses they promised to forget.

'Phone your Want Ads. Main 2417.

## IN NEW YORK SEE SAWING UP and DOWN BROADWAY

IT TAKES but some trifling incident to prove how completely New York is dependent upon the outside world at which it sticks up its nose.

True it is that one may find almost anything one searches for in New York. New York is inclined to take all the glory for this and to forget that all these obtainable things came from elsewhere, and were that elsewhere to be cut off Manhattan could no longer make its proud boast.

Now, take the humble tamale! From time to time, an appetite created in my wanderings from Los Angeles to El Paso demands a tamale, an enchilada, a tortilla—or what have you.

I dropped into a Spanish kitchen in the Forties.

"Very sorry, sir," said the waiter. "But there is a shortage of corn husks and corn meal fillings—you know what I mean—the corn meal that a tamale is wrapped in."

"Of course I know. But great heavens, do you mean to tell me that the great city of New York is dependent upon the outside world for such trifles as corn meal wrappings?"

"Yes, sir, they all come from Texas. We import them and there hasn't been a shipment. Train delayed, or something. Yes, there's a tamale shortage."

I ask you to conjure up a greater example of indication of helplessness than it is as though a beautiful woman had told me she had no extra powder puff or lipstick and hence could not be beautiful that night.

But that's New York—strong in its bluster and posture, but really as helpless as a child in many things.

MANY tales have been told of wealth in the time garnered by taxicab starters at night clubs, aristocratic parties and exclusive clubs.

Barney, whose post is in front of one of the most widely patronized night life rendezvous, mumbled at the suggestion and says "banana oil."

It seems they get little or no salary. On slow nights the tips run as low as \$1.50 and on heavy nights they seldom run more than \$10.

"And what is worse," wailed a richly located starter, "most of the business is done in winter. And they come in so wrapped up that they can't get their hands in their pockets. A guy in a big fur coat on a cold night don't feel like getting into his vest pocket for change."

BUT the "little parties" who do get the easy change are the cigar girls. Some years ago a Greenwich Village cafe and dance emporium specialized in beautiful cigar girls. It was reported that a job as cigar salesman at this place was almost a guarantee of marriage to some rich and eligible man within the month.

A big clientelage man I encountered the other night went on my neck and confessed that he had spent \$300 on a certain cigar beauty and had not so much as received a good night kiss.

GILBERT SWAN.

## Menus for the Family

MENU HINT

Breakfast

Orange Juice

Oatmeal with Top Milk

Toast

Bread Crumb Panache

Luncheon

Scalloped Corn

Mustard Sardines

Cornmeal Muffins

Apple Sauce

Tea

Dinner

Cold Tongue

Marbled Potatoes

Creamed Brussels Sprouts and Celery

Apple and Cabbage Salad

Cranberry Pie

Coffee

TODAY'S RECIPES

Bread Crumb Panache—Two cups sweet milk, two eggs, two teaspoons baking powder, one tablespoon melted butter, one cup bread crumbs and four eggs. Beat eggs, add milk, mix butter and enough to make a batter. Soak the bread crumbs in some of the milk. Beat eggs, add remainder of milk and all the other ingredients, adding flour last.

Scalloped Corn—One-half cup butter, one-fourth cup flour, one-half teaspoon salt, one tablespoon sugar, one pint of drained canned corn, one cup bread crumbs, one and one-half cups hot milk. Heat milk in double boiler, mix butter and flour together and add hot milk, stirring meanwhile. Then add the corn, salt and sugar. Let come to boiling point and turn into a baking dish. Cover top with breadcrumbs and bake for 15 or 20 minutes.

Cornmeal Muffins—Two eggs, one-fourth cup butter and three-fourths cup sugar creamed together, one cup milk, one cup cornmeal, two cups flour, one-half teaspoon salt, four teaspoons baking powder.

## Little Joe



GOSSIP HAS TO HAVE A MESSENGER OF RUMOR

A Thought

Can two walk together, except they be agreed?—Amos. 3:3.

NATURE never says one thing, Wisdom another.—Juvenal.

## ADVENTURES of the TWINS

OLIVE ROBERTS BARTON

A CAN OF GREEN DYE

Old Granddaddy Frog had hopped into Scrub-Up Land, and now he was all finished and ready to hop out again. Not that he ever needed much barbering! For Granddaddy has neither hair, nor feathers to be trimmed, and he has no beard or mustache to be barbered, or a tail to be combed and clipped.

About the only thing that Granddaddy does need is a new coat. But when he's ready to go to the Land-Where-Spring-Is-Comeing, he does need that badly. I am sure if you had to hide deep down in the mud at the bottom of the pond and stay there all winter to keep from freezing, you'd need a new coat, too, by spring.

But Rubadub, the fairyman of Scrub-Up Land, doesn't even have to find a frog gentleman to get it himself! He doesn't buy it, or steal it, or find it, or borrow it, either. He grows it, right on his back!

He just peels his muddy old brown wrinkled coat right off his back and there's a new one underneath, as fresh and green as new grass—and a new white waistcoat also, right up to his chin.

But this year there had been a rusty spot on Granddaddy's new coat. He rubbed it and scraped it with his finger, and did everything he could, but it wouldn't budge.

So he had hopped into Scrub-Up Land to see if Mister Rubadub, the fairyman, could take it off with turpentine, or Fairyland Special Cleaner or something.

But still it wouldn't budge, so Mister Rubadub said, "I'll just put a drop or two of green dye on it, sir, and that will fix it all hunky-dory."

So he put the green dye on it and Granddaddy Frog's coat was fixed, and a green mischievous anywhere this spring or summer, you'll know just who it is and exactly how it happened.

To Be Continued

## An Exclusive Italian Recipe

Heinz Spaghetti is already cooked—ready for your table. Just heat and serve.

Not only cooked, but deliciously cooked, after the recipe by a famous Italian chef—originated exclusively for Heinz.

This recipe brings together Heinz-made dry spaghetti, Heinz tomato sauce, and a rare cheese, in a form most delicious and nourishing.

The work is all Heinz—the pleasure, all yours. Here is spaghetti at its best—ready to eat.

## HEINZ COOKED Spaghetti

with cheese and 57 tomato sauce

Other varieties—HEINZ TOMATO KETCHUP · HEINZ OVEN-BAKED BEANS · HEINZ CREAM SOUPS · HEINZ VINEGARS

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HEINZ COOKED SPAGHETTI SOLD IN CANADA IS MADE IN CANADA

MECCA

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