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INTERESTING

A Feature Page of Interest to Everyone

INSTRUCTIVE

Dorothy Dix

We Can't Do Without Martha—Kind of Woman Who Keeps the World Fed, Mended, Clean—We Can't Do Without Mary—To Understand and Sympathize—Every Woman Should be Martha-Mary.

SHOULD a woman be a Martha or a Mary?

One of the Marys says: "I am one of the world's worst housekeepers. My house is disorderly. There is always dust on the ledges of the furniture. Always there are dishes in the sink. Toys all over the place. Books everywhere."



DOROTHY DIX

"But my children will leave the most entrancing game for my society. They have the quickest imagination and the largest vocabularies of any children of their age that I have ever known. They are fat and healthy and intelligent and obedient and well-mannered."

"Also my husband, who is the son of a famous housekeeper, tells me that he loves me more each day, although I was never pretty and am getting fat. I have no turn for housework. I hate it. And were I to put my whole attention on producing a message above reproach I would have no time to enjoy my babies or chum with my husband, and I would be tired and cross and irritable. So I prefer concord and untidiness."

"The argument between Martha, 'who was cumbered by many cares' and who worked herself to a frazzle, and Mary, who ducked all responsibility and left somebody else to hold down the job, is only to be answered by saying that every woman's name should be Martha-Mary and that she should be a happy combination of both ladies. For that is the trouble with being a woman. You can't be a specialist in any one line. You have to make good on half a dozen different counts and be a Jane of all trades and good at every blessed one of them."

CERTAINLY we cannot do without Martha. This world would be a messy, pigsty, out-at-the-elbows-and-down-at-the-heels sort of a place if all the women had gone up on the hills to see visions in the sunset instead of cooking dinner, and if there were no one to clean and scrub and darn and patch and mend.

What good is a spotless house if it is so orderly that we dare not take our ease in it? What pleasure in even a perfect dinner if Martha has so worn herself out cooking it that she is as irritable and cross as a bear? And, alas! how little do we remember Mary's exquisite sensibilities and fineness of soul when there is not a clean bath towel in the house nor a morsel of food on the table that wouldn't endanger the digestion of an ostrich! So there we are, and it is literally true that it is only after we have been fed and comforted by Martha that we are really in the mood properly to appreciate Mary.

OF COURSE, if a woman has not a dual personality, and if for temperamental or other reasons she cannot fill both roles, it is better for her to be Mary than Martha, because, after all, it is more important that the soul should be ministered to than the body, and it is better for a woman to be the guardian angel of her household than it is for her to be a vacuum cleaner and an electric dishwasher.

Cleanliness and order, and even good cooking, have their part in home making, but they are not the whole thing. Indeed, they just as often breed a home as make it, for there are plenty of men who become such victims of the scrubbing brush and develop such a place-for-everything-and-everything-in-its-place complex that they make their houses places of torment from which their husbands and children flee.

We all know model housekeepers whose families are not allowed to enter the front door for fear they will track the immaculate floor, where the print of a footstep is a crime, where nobody would have the hardihood to lie down on a couch or muss a soft pillow and where it would call for real proof if one smashed all of the Ten Commandments to smithereens than to smoke in the parlor.

And we all know women who wear themselves to skin and bones cleaning and sweeping and dusting, and whose families have to listen to their ceaseless complaints and whines over how hard they have to work doing the things that nobody wants them to do.

WE KNOW mothers who send their children to play on the streets to keep them from upsetting their houses. We know mothers who are too busy embroidering dollies and making potato roses and beef stars to garnish dishes to listen to a childish confidence or pet a baby. We know women who are too busy and too tired to dress up for their husbands or to go out with them on an evening or to read anything but the cookbook, and who degenerate into being nothing but a household convenience.

And we know other women whose houses always look as if a domestic cyclone had just passed over them, who are poor cooks and bad managers, yet where a happy-go-lucky woman chums with her children and pals with her husband, where the mental atmosphere is so invigorating, even if the coffee is weak, and where the soul is fed on angel's food, even if the bread is envy.

After all, however, there is a happier medium in housewifery as in everything else, and the wise woman permits herself to become neither a drudge nor an idler. She budgets her strength and her intelligence as she does her money. She does not work too hard at household tasks that she has nothing but frazzled nerves and temper to give her family. And she uses at least half of the brains God gave her when she makes her an intelligent human being in running her house efficiently.

REALLY, it takes Martha-Mary to turn out a good job as wife and mother.

DOROTHY DIX

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Lady Ross Fails In Suit For Divorce

EDINBURGH, Dec. 20.—Lord Morton in the Court of Session here dismissed the petition for divorce against Sir Charles Ross, on the ground that his domicile was proved to be in New York and the Court of Session had no jurisdiction to try it. The petition for divorce was brought by Lady Ross of Warwick.

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ADVENTURES of the TWINS

by OLIVE ROBERTS BARTON
THE LAST ADVENTURE IN PICTURE LAND.

No sooner had the young man told the Twins that he was a prince than a long line of servants appeared, each carrying a large silver dish.

As the line of servants was quite long, and each was dressed quite gorgeously in red velvet and gold, and the dishes they carried were imposing enough to hold a dozen blackbird pies, the Twins lost their breath completely.

"Why I—I—well, we were just coming for tea," said Nancy, finding her voice at last. "Will this tiny table hold all the things?" she asked anxiously.

"Oh, there are other tables around, if you notice," said the Prince. "Don't let that worry you. When I told Mister Blue Cap to bring you to tea, I went to the cook and told him to serve up everything he thought children might like."

"Well," said Nick, "I guess he thought we liked a lot."

But there was no more time for talking, as a gorgeous fellow, all nose and knee-buckles, brought a large dish of chocolate cake with icing an inch high.

Another one, all pie-tail and ears, brought two very large tall-boats sundae with sixteen things in the mixture.

Still another brought frozen ice-cream shaped like horns and dolls and engines.

One brought soda in tall rotary glasses, and I really can't tell you what the rest brought, but I know that candy and nuts and goodies of all sorts were not forgotten.

"I'm afraid maybe that I shall be sick, if I eat all this," said Nancy faintly, as her plate began to look like the tower of Babel.

"It won't hurt you," replied the Prince. "My cook knows how to prepare things without giving you the stomach ache."

Things went on for a while until the Prince said that he was sorry he had not had more time to admire the view.

"We really must be going!" said Nick finally. "We had a perfectly sumptuous time and I think I like men's tea-parties better than ladies'. Ladies only give you crackers and thin cakes and tea."

"I'm glad you came," said the Prince. "It has been more fun for me than it has for you."

As he hadn't eaten a bite, Nancy wondered what he meant.

Mister Blue Cap appeared then and took them away.

When he closed the glass door behind them, the Twins looked back. But the Prince and the servants and the silver dishes were gone. There was nothing but the balcony with places set for three, and the view of the city on the hill.

And strange as it all, Mister Blue Cap himself had disappeared. In his place stood the tall guard that had promised to take care of them during their mother's absence. And the green shoes had gone too.

And there was their mother hurrying to them through a door.

"Are you tired waiting for me, dears?" she called. "I'm sorry, but I met some friends. I hope you have been looking at the pictures to put in the time."

"Oh, yes, we saw quite a lot of them," said Nancy. "The picture people came to life."

"They had been asleep," thought Mrs. Walton as she helped them with their wraps.

To Be Continued.

Fashion Fancies



By Marie Bejmont

The straight two-piece suit is always youthful, and perhaps this accounts for the fact that we have such suits, at least a few of them, every season.

All white, of course, will be popular at Palm Beach and other southern resorts, hence the smart all white garments which we see in the advance showings.

The suit shown above is of white homespun, made with the smart yoke treatment and two inverted plaits at the back. It is worn with a white bangkok hat which has an applied motif of velvet at the front of the crown.

Timely Views On World Topics

BOTH the family and the church have abdicated as systematic and serious teachers of religion," Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia University recently declared.

"Unhappily that 'illiterate ministry' which it was the purpose of the founders of Harvard College to reform, is now, after 800 years, in ample evidence on every side."

Young men are deterred from becoming candidates for the ministry, according to Dr. Butler, by "the widespread intolerance which has replaced the theological disputes which receive so wide publicity."

"If the full truth were said," Dr. Butler continued, "it would probably be that the greatest obstacle to religious faith, religious conviction and religious worship is the attitude and influence of a very large proportion of the poorly endowed and poorly educated Protestant clergy."

Robinson's Cakes

Get after your grocer and see if he has saved you some of Robinson's Plum Pudding and Fruit Cake. It's a toss-up which is the better of the two. The Pudding comes in pound or two pound bowls at 50c. a pound. The Fruit Cake, iced or plain, 45c. a pound.

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News Notes From Movie Land

THIS leading role in "Blue Blood," a Chadwick production which had been assigned to Cecil Evans, called for a leading woman who could swim. The director knowing that Miss Evans was once a Mack Sennett bathing girl immediately concluded that she could not swim and engaged a double for the water scenes. When the versatile Cecil saw the double she protested vehemently and to prove that she could swim like a mermaid dove right off a nearby pier! And also laid claim to the title "only bathing girl in Hollywood who can swim."

Now there was also a young miss in the cast, Jean Meredith, by name, who was cast in a non-swimming part, Joan, who was a 1925 Wampas Baby star, rose to speak. Not that Joan was ever a bathing girl. My no! But she once wore a bathing suit in a picture and she insisted notwithstanding that she was an expert swimmer. And straightaway she did send a challenge to Cecil. All Hollywood is planning to reserve "tank-side" seats when the two girls meet in watery combat.

Ben Turpin has come back to Mack Sennett comedies again. After several years' retirement when he cared for his invalid wife only to lose her after months of care and patience Ben is again to return to the screen.

William Fox has secured the rights to another John Golden play, "The Holy Terror," to be presented as a movie next season.

Wedding bells will ring out on Christmas day for Clara Bow and Donald Keith. They have fallen in love so often on the screen that they just naturally fell in love in real life.

With The Women of Today

FOR nine years Miss Mildred Reeves, a native of Washington, D. C., has been the private secretary of Representative Nicholas Longworth, now



MISS MILDRED REEVES.

speaker of the House. She will continue to occupy this position, will at the same time occupy the position of office and those who pass within must first see her.

Miss Reeves knows the House members, knows what they stand for, knows their various relationships and what information should be placed before Mr. Longworth. It is probable she has a clearer conception of what is going on in the House than many of the members, but with it all, Miss Reeves is most discreet; no one has ever heard her utter a word that she should not have spoken, she betrays no state or party secrets. In her position she will handle much of the business of the Republican organization of the House of Representatives.

SEE SAWING UP BROADWAY

EXPERIMENTS in psycho-analysis which have been in vogue over a period of years, have led to some strange situations, but the other day I heard of the funniest yet.

A New York woman, possessed of a disposition that led to unpopularity and much unhappiness, consulted a psychoanalyst. She couldn't figure out what the matter was, and was quite certain it wasn't halitosis.

The psychoanalyst advised her to arrange a party and invite only her enemies. When all the people who disliked her had gathered, he was to sit on the sidelines and study his patient in relationship to her guests.

This weird party was actually held, but no report has yet come from the analyst.

It is my opinion that another way of achieving a similar and would be to invite only friends, hang dictaphones about the room and arrange to have the hos-

tes leave for a time, using the dictaphones to find out what her friends had said behind her back.

SOMEbody once told me of a man who attracted a crowd of several hundred people on a New York street by pretending to be hanging a thread on his wife's coat collar.

Just across the street from the office in which this is written a tired truck horse splitt his feed bag on the street. At least 200 people stopped to watch the poor animal trying to nibble his oats from the pavement. Beat that in Podunk Center, if you can, and win a keg of cider.

JAMES W. DEAN.

Among the smart women of Paris, it is becoming a fad to have the skin of a pet dog that dies made into boots for the disconsolate owner to wear.



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