

INTERESTING

A Feature Page of Interest to Everyone

INSTRUCTIVE

Dorothy Dix

Shall She Marry the Man Who Believes She Should Have No Modern Household Conveniences?— If Romance Fades So Soon, Isn't It Better to Marry for Money?— The Sixty-Year-Old Flapper Aunt.

DEAR MISS DIX—I am a young girl engaged to be married. The other night, in talking over the cost of furnishing a home with my fiancé, I suggested that I would want to be furnished with modern conveniences, an electric stove, a kitchen cabinet, washing machine, etc., as these are wonderful savers of energy and time. My intended did not agree, and said that his mother cooked on an old cook stove when she was married and that what was good enough for her was good enough for me, and that he did not think that I was any better than she was, if I was as good.



DOROTHY DIX

You are a modern, up-to-date, intelligent, independent woman, who naturally expects her husband to treat her as an equal and go fifty-fifty with her on the pleasures and perquisites, as well as the burdens, of matrimony. Your sweetheart belongs to the old school of thought about women, which regards a wife as a mere household convenience—a slave to do her husband's bidding and put up with any conditions of life that he imposes upon her. It has not even entered his mind that it is any part of his duty to do anything actively to make you happy and to try to lighten your labor.

And you do not have to be a female Sherlock Holmes to be able to deduce from these premises that when the modern young woman and the prehistoric man come in conflict there will be trouble a-plenty. When your fiancé tells you that what was good enough for his mother is good enough for you, he shows his utter selfishness, for I will wager that he doesn't think that what was good enough for his grandfather is good enough for him.

He doesn't want to work with the sort of tools that grandfather worked with. He doesn't want to put on his hat and trudge across the town when he has something to say to a man, as grandfather did, instead of using the telephone. He doesn't want to write his letters out painfully in long-hand, as grandfather did, instead of picking them out on a typewriter or dictating them to a stenographer. He doesn't want to do away with tractors and steam shovels and electric welders and all of the millions of mechanical conveniences for lightening labor and speeding up work just because grandpa didn't have them.

How outrageous, then, that he should be willing to deprive you of your vacuum cleaner and percolator and toaster and all the other household conveniences that take the curse off housework. For too many years women submitted to this and let their husbands have all the domestic aids, while they drudged along without any mechanical help, but that time has gone by. Women have come into their own, and they are never again going to break their backs and frazzle their nerves doing the drudgery that an electric current will do for them.

You are a sensible girl to settle this question of fair play before you get married, and you are quite right to present your ultimatum of a modernly equipped kitchen or not kitchen at all.

DEAR MISS DIX—A friend of mine says that after you have been married five years all husbands look alike, whether you married a man you were in love with at the time or one you just liked and respected.

This being the case, isn't it wise for a girl to take the man with the most money? Then when romance goes she at least has the consolation of an establishment.

ANSWER: If marriage were merely a business proposition, a woman would be justified in selling herself to the highest bidder; but marriage isn't a commercial deal, and no woman make such a sorry bargain as those who marry for money. Because money is not legal tender for happiness. It will not buy the things that a woman really wants, and it has such an uncanny way of slipping out of the grasp of those who desire it most.

Somehow there seems to be a peculiar curse on women marrying for money, as you will realize if you think over the number of girls you have known who have bartered their youth and beauty and their hearts for a bank account and then had the money for which they had paid so dearly snatched away from them.

Your friend's assertion that all husbands look alike after five years is not true. We hear of the unhappy marriages, but little is said of the happy ones.

There are thousands upon thousands of husbands and wives who not only after five years but after thirty-five and forty-five and fifty-five years of matrimony still are figures of romance to each other, still are lovers and still live in a little heaven of their own making.

And suppose love did only last five years. Suppose it only lasted one year. Even that is better than no love at all. Those who have known even for a day the ecstasy of loving and being loved, who have even glimpsed the glory and the circling wings, have had something that the sordid soul who marries for money never has.

DEAR MISS DIX—What can I do to keep my aunt off the ballroom floor? She is 60 and fat, and has wattles which move up and down. She wears young girl dresses, and no one has the heart to tell her that her silver stockings are slipping down and forming wrinkles around her ankles when she is dancing.

Now, I want her to have a good time and dance all she likes at home, but not at our junior parties. And when she has been to a party, aunt is as cross as two sticks for a week after. What can I do about it?

ANSWER: I am afraid that there isn't anything that you can do about it, Pauline, because when an old woman gets the illusion that she is 16 nobody on earth could convince her to the contrary. She is deaf, dumb and blind to all reason.

I don't blame you, my dear, for being mortified at the spectacle your aunt cuts when she arranges herself in elaborate clothes and cavorts around like a dancing elephant among you slim and nimble youngsters. She is a figure of fun, and it is a pity that she hasn't enough sense or humor to realize that every one is laughing at her.

In all the world, there is nothing so ridiculous and so pitiful as the women who won't accept their age, but who affect a synthetic youth in young clothes and deportment.

They make the ribald jest and the discerning weep with their flapper frocks and their kittenish ways and their babble of the flirtations with boys who might be their grandsons.

And yet they might be so attractive if they would only be as old as they are, for there is nothing sweeter or lovelier than a dignified, intelligent, broad-minded, jolly old lady. But her place is on the sidelines, not with the cake eaters on the floor.

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ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS

by OLIVE ROBERTS BARTON SANTA CLAUS IN THE STORE

"And what would you like to have for Christmas, little girl?" asked Santa Claus in the toy department of the big store, as Nancy and Nick came along. Now Nancy wasn't a forward little girl, but she knew what she wanted, and she said quite politely, "Please, Mister Santa Claus, I should like a doll buggy and a new set of tin for my kitchen, and a new wig for Edna May Ruby Joan, and a pair of skates and an Indian coat."

"And what would you like, young man?" he said to Nick, who came next in line. Nick was ready, too, and he said, "I should like a fine sled, and a stick for ice hockey and some books and a knife and a tree and about ten pounds of candy."

"What?" cried Santa Claus. "Ten pounds of candy? Then I'd better slip a large bottle of castor oil into your stocking. Wouldn't five pounds do, or maybe two?"

Nick laughed merrily. "I feel as though I could eat about a hundred pounds," he said.

"Well, we shall see about it," said Santa Claus. "Just be a good boy."

Now it happened that all the other children had gone on, and Nancy and Nick were the last ones to talk to Santa Claus. And for a moment or two there wasn't a soul near to hear the rest of the conversation.

Suddenly Santa Claus put his finger beside his nose and closed one eye meaningly.

Then looking around to make doubly sure no one could hear, he said in a whisper: "Everybody here thinks that I am just a man dressed up. But I'm not. I'm Santa Claus himself. I came down from the North Pole before daylight this morning. I do this every year, but nobody knows about it. I always choose a different store and this year I came here."

The Twins were too much surprised to answer and Santa went on hurriedly: "Yes, sir! You never know whether you are talking to a make-believe Santa Claus, or me, as I'm usually around somewhere. It's the only way I can keep up to date and find out what the children really want."

Here Santa Claus was interrupted by a spell of coughing and Nick found voice enough to say: "I hope you don't think we are too

A Thought

Thou shalt not glean thy vineyard by vineyard; thou shalt leave them for the poor and stranger.—Lev. 19:10.

NO man ever sowed the grain of generosity who gathered not up the harvest of the desire of his heart.—Saad.

News Notes From Movie Land

By RUSSELL J. BIRDWELL.

ABOVE everything else the motion picture industry is in need of two things—directors and stories. Present needs are somewhat taken care of, with the stories already bought and many directors under contract, but the future is a sad lot to contemplate, declares John E. McCormick, general production manager of First National's West Coast studios.

"A successful novel does not necessarily make a successful photoplay," declares this producer, whose latest picture was "We Moderns." "A novel, most times, does not embody the required concomitants for a perfect picture."

"The worth while pictures of tomorrow are going to be mostly written expressly for the screen. Some day someone in this business will be the pioneer of a new idea by training the screen writers of tomorrow. He is going to get this talent principally from newspaper offices, universities and colleges of life. Right now, we are all too busy to stop and perform this mission which we know is a valuable one."

There are too many directors today guiding the destiny of stars and shaping the downfall of many an author's masterpiece, declares McCormick. "This condition is now being gradually remedied," McCormick continues. "We are beginning to draw on new talent for our directorial ranks. Youth-with-vision. Most of them have a newspaper reporter's background. They know life and the emotions and reactions of people."

Your Birthday

December 22.—You are generous, kind-hearted, and affectionate, and would never intentionally hurt another's feelings. You like society, and have a strong strain of real humor. You are a good talker, energetic, independent and masterful. You will be very happy in your home life.

Your birth-stone is the turquoise, which means prosperity. Your flower is holly. Your lucky color is pink.

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New York consumes 1,800,000,000 eggs a year. Five schoolhouses burn daily in the United States.

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DAY OBSERVED AT QUEEN SQ. CHURCH

White Gift Sunday was prettily observed in the Queen Square United Sunday school. After devotional exercises led by the pastor, Rev. H. C. Rice, assisted by Miss Doris Sargeant, of the C. G. I. T. group, the various classes filed up to the platform and deposited their gifts on a white draped table. Miss Jean Evans gave a recitation song: "A way in a Manger."

At the morning and evening services special music was given by the choir under the direction of Mrs. Blair McLean. The soloists were Miss Frances Murdoch, Mrs. L. V. Lingley, Clyde Parsons and Reginald March. The church was beautifully decorated

LOST THAT "UP-AND-AT-EM" FEELING?

Do you think it's too much work—or too much play? What's the reason? Maybe it's just a slight malady—try it to 20 drops of Seigel's Syrup in a glass of water. Safely and quickly brings you back. At any drugstore—try it tonight!

Solo dances by professional dancers in cabarets and night clubs are now forbidden in Vienna by a police regulation. The pigment carmine was discovered accidentally.

Mr. Husband You're O. K. You've made a mass attack on Your Own Hydro in overwhelming numbers, capturing the prize Gift of the year for the little woman who works so hard. A MOFFAT ELECTRIC RANGE! Now that you've arranged for the free installation, you possess a satisfaction additional to the many benefits of Electric Cooking. Before the small tenth monthly payment is due you'll find the Moffat has practically paid for itself. A last minute shipment is here for late comers. Open evenings. Your Own Hydro Canterbury Street Open Evenings

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