

INTERESTING

# A Feature Page of Interest to Everyone

INSTRUCTIVE

## Dorothy Dix

Isn't It Strange? Most of Us Will Do Anything for Our Families and Friends Except Write to Them—Yet All of Us Delight to Receive Letters We Never Answer.

CONCERNING letter-writing, our sins are those both of omission and commission. Perhaps the greater of these is the sin of omission. At any rate, it is the more frequent. It is strange how most of us hate to put pen to paper and what an ordeal we consider writing a letter to be. Rather than do it we will be guilty of the grossest rudeness and unkindness. We will risk losing friends and alienating the affections of those who love us.



DOROTHY DIX

As long as our friends are within speaking distance of us we are quick to express our sympathy with their misfortunes and our happiness in their good luck. But if we have to write a letter of condolence it is another pair of sleeves. We are as silent as the grave, and they might have as many troubles as Job or break the bank at Monte Carlo without getting a line out of us.

Indeed, it may be said of most of us that we will do anything for our friends and families except write to them.

WE WILL help nurse them when they are sick. We will take care of their children when they go off on a trip. We will go miles out of our way to haul them around in our cars. We take a success. We will show our interest and love for them in any manner except by corresponding with them. If they move away where we have to communicate with them by mail that ends it all.

In the first spasm of being parted we may nerve ourselves up to the heroic effort of writing a letter or two, but our morale soon breaks down, and we cravenly succumb to our old dread of the ink pot, in which is drowned so many a friendship.

WE SALVE our conscience by thinking that we will write to Mary or John or the Smiths or the Browns tomorrow, but we never do. Not because we are not just as fond of Mary and John and the Smiths and the Browns as ever, and as eager for news of them, but because we can't get our courage up to writing to them.

If, as the proverb says, "Hell is paved with good intentions," then the land of lost friendships is covered over with the letters that were never written.

IT IS pitiful to think how much love is lost for the sake of a two-cent postage stamp. It is humorous to think that we will gladly spend hours in serving our friends when they are present, but we will not devote ten minutes to writing to them when they are absent. And it is strange to think that we hate to write letters and are so dilatory about writing them when we adore getting letters ourselves and are so appreciative of even a line that is sent us on some anniversary or a note of condolence or congratulation, while a long newsy letter when we are away from home makes us feel as if we had been presented with a diamond tiara and fills us with commensurate gratitude.

The real criminal sinners among the nonletter writers, however, are the men who never write to their mothers. There are men not otherwise cruel or hard or callous who do not write to their mothers once a year. Some who never write. And strangely enough they are not so keen to realize how heartless they are.

THEY are busy, absorbed in their own affairs, and somehow they do not remember that there are lonely old women in dull little villages or on isolated farms, whose chief interest in life are the boys they have sent out into the great world, and that these gray-haired old mothers watch day by day, week by week, with a hopefulness that never dies, for the letters that never come.

They would be satisfied with just a line to say that their Tom or Bob was well. They would cherish even a brief dictated note that showed that Tom or Bob still remembered them. But a real letter written by their Tom or Bob telling what he was doing, full of love, warm with memories of his boyhood, would make them feel like queens. They would read such a letter over and over again. They would brag of it to their neighbors and they would keep it between the pages of their worn old Bibles until the next one came.

Chief among the unforgivable sins that many a man will have to answer for at the judgment bar is the fact that he made his wife write all of his letters to his mother.

SOMETIME, letter-writing seems to be one of the things in which it is difficult to strike a happy medium. You seem apt to take it too much or leave it entirely alone, and you are either afflicted with pen paralysis or else you are cursed with a flowing fountain pen that never knows when to stop.

The sin of commission in letter-writing is perpetrated far oftener by women than by men, and especially are women prone to the vice of writing love letters, than which there is no greater folly on earth.

Let a woman sit down with a fair sheet of paper under her hand, a good pen and unlimited quantities of ink, and the things she will write to a man for whom she has no real affection, to whom she is not engaged and of whom she knows virtually nothing, make her guardian angel turn away his face and throw up his job.

THE hankering for high faluting writing, the desire to be sentimental and romantic, is too much for her, and so she pens burning billet doux which a man shows to his fellows to prove what a sheik he is, which chambermaids read with scoffing and which often the girl's father buys back at a high price.

There are two letters which should be kept on ice for twenty-four hours after they are written. One is the love letter and the other the letter that you write in wrath. Then neither would be mailed and much repentance saved.

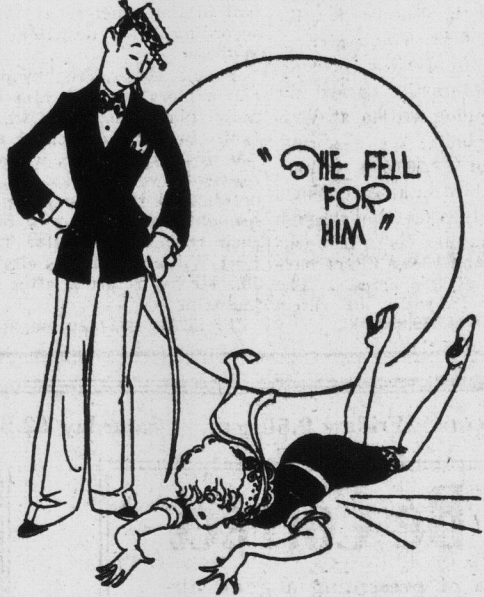
ANOTHER sin of commission is to write doleful letters, letters telling your troubles. They are killoids that bring unnecessary gloom to those who receive them. Yet there are those whose idea of an interesting letter is to recount every death, sickness, failure or scandal in their community. Don't write while you are in a black mood, for your correspondent cannot possibly know that by the time your letter has reached its destination you have cleared up and are as jolly as a sand boy.

THEY say that the art of letter-writing is becoming a lost art. It is a pity, for next to the voice of those who love is the letter that comes straight from their heart.

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## Words and Meanings

IF WE MEANT WHAT WE SAID



A DATE WITH A PEACH



PASSING THE PUCK



## Fashion Fancies.

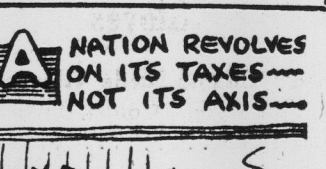
BLACK SATIN AND BEADED FLESH CHIFFON ARE SMARTLY COMBINED



By Marie Belmont

The dashing dinner frock shown above was designed for a smart young actress to wear in her newest play. Flesh chiffon beaded horizontally in long crystal beads is used for the blouse portion, and reappears to good effect in the skirt of black satin, which carries inset bands and a bow-knot to match the blouse.

Little Joe



NATION REVOLVES ON ITS TAXES, NOT ITS AXIS



THE RHYMING OPTIMIST

By Aline Michaels

Be sorry for the other chap when troubles come his way, be sorry when he meets mishap and cares that vex his day. Be sorry when he fails to gain the prize that was his goal, be sorry if his forces wane, his nerves lose sure control. Your kindly word may lend him aid, may lift him up again when he has faltered, sore, dismayed, girl round with touch he needs, the bit of tenderness to heal the open wound that bleeds, to lessen living's stress. Be sorry when he meets a mishap or lacks for friends or self, be sorry for the other chap, but never for yourself! Deny it not to friend or foe, grant it to Satan's self, give pity as through life you go, but never to yourself!

## BEHIND THE SCREEN

BY DAN THOMAS

DOROTHY Phillips is returning to her first love—the stage—via 5,000 feet of celluloid film. She is playing the role of a vaudeville knife thrower's wife and stage partner in "Upstage." Upon this story of life behind the footlights hinges Miss Phillips' future. Its success means here—its failure, also here. That Dorothy senses this crucial moment is evidenced by the manner in which her publicity campaign is being conducted. Until a few weeks ago Dorothy never had posed in a bathing costume. This sort of art didn't appeal to her and she declined to use it as a means to advance her position in screenland.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

But recently photos of Miss Phillips in a tight fitting bathing suit were given me by her press agent. One feels an air of desperation. The publicity is so essential. It must be obtained—even in a bathing suit.

The name Dorothy Phillips was heard by the public for the first time in 1904 when she made her debut on the stage as "Modest" in "Everywoman." She spent three years behind the glare of the footlights and then moved to Hollywood and the still brighter glare of Kiegl.

Personality is Dorothy's strongest asset. Her cheerful smile and frank eyes are captivating. It is this quality upon which she must depend to a large extent, although her beauty is not to be spurned—not by any means.

SCREEN BEATS STAGE

They were working on the set as we talked. Little Lorraine Rivero, age three, her daughter in the picture, was

executing a fell from a balcony. She was caught in a blanket in mid-air but yet was timid about taking the tumble—and what three-year-old wouldn't be?

But Lorraine has a true movie streak in her—she loves applause. It was because of the acclamation given her by all on the set that she gathered courage for the fall.

Contrary to most persons who have played on the stage and in pictures, Miss Phillips prefers pictures. "I like pictures because they permit more home life," she says. "Except in rare cases I have my evenings free. There is none of that on the stage. Of course there is a certain glamour and excitement about stage life that I like here. But the additional home life is worth it."

The parts are accurate to the 1/25,000th part of an inch—the Buren completely revolutionizes all conceptions of what a popular priced watch can offer in accuracy and durability. In cases of exquisite beauty. See the Buren and be amazed.

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## A Thought

Whose boasteth himself of a false gift is like clouds and wind without rain.—Prov. 25:14.

COMMONLY they use their feet for defense whose tongue is their strongest weapon.—Sir F. Sidney.

Personality is her greatest asset

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## SEE SAWING ON BROADWAY

NEW YORK, Sept. 3.—An obscure Italian woman died in Manhattan's crowded East Side the other day. Outside a tenement encompassed area of a few blocks her name was unknown. And yet the funeral cortege was one of the most elaborate this great city has witnessed. It required 100 men to carry the floral tributes and if stalwart youths to bear a single huge decoration for the grave. What then had this unknown done to receive from a humble, squalid neighborhood such tributes as adorn the casket of a Valentino?

Just this—Marie Longabardi, "angel" of Sullivan street, owned 15 East Side tenements and had never once raised her rents.

Several times organized campaigns have been undertaken to rid the business of this class of harp, whose Shylockian methods are incomprehensible to one who has not been a victim. GILBERT SWAN.

## Menus for the Family

By SISTER MARY

THIS may seem anti-climax to one who sits reading in his comfortable library or living room. But the milling millions of the New York tenement belt come to view some landlords as giants and dragons were viewed by the folk of legend and fairy tale.

Here the bare problem of living presses hard. An entire family, with its offspring of cousins and aunts cluster together in a couple of rooms. Every able-bodied member of this group must work and bring in his and her portion. In late years rents have been boosted along the tenement lanes and highways. The little savings set away for this item dwindle and leave nothing for the rainy day.

What then when there is someone who seeks only a minimum rental; who does not press for collection upon the first of the month; who helps the needy ones within her dwellings, who becomes known for charity, rather than greed? Rarely, indeed, does it happen, but when it does all the East Side, with its babel of tongues, hears of "an angel" and "a fairy princess."

And such was the obscure Italian woman who died on Sullivan street.

THE East Side, as a matter of fact, is always lavish with funerals and weddings. The family may plunge itself into debt for years to come but a mother, wife or child is buried with due elaborateness.

The living may not eat well for many a month, but the dead are certain of pomp and dignity, well beyond the means of all concerned. Many are the "shysters" funeral practitioners who have taken advantage of the East Side's poor, literally binding

them for life through contracts entered into when a death in the family occurs.

Breakfast—Orange juice, cereal cooked with dates, crisp rye toast, peanut butter, milk, coffee. LUNCHEON—Stuffed eggplant, Boston brown bread, cucumber sticks, chili sauce, ginger cookies, milk, tea. DINNER—Porked hamburger steak, mashed potatoes, stuffed tomatoes, new cabbage salad, chilled stuffed cantaloupe, graham rolls, milk, coffee.

Cucumbers are pared, cut in eighths, chilled in ice water for half an hour. The sticks are then drained and served on a bed of crushed ice, like celery, and with salt.

STUFFED EGGPLANT One large eggplant or two small ones, one teaspoon salt, quarter teaspoon pepper, one tablespoon vinegar, one onion, three tablespoons minced parsley, two medium sized tomatoes, one cup coarse stale bread crumbs, half teaspoon salt, one-eighth teaspoon pepper, two tablespoons butter.

Cut eggplants in halves and remove pulp without breaking the skin. Put pulp in a bowl with salt, pepper and vinegar and let stand one hour. Then drain. Melt butter in frying pan and add onion peeled and chopped, parsley, tomatoes pared and coarsely chopped. Fry until a golden brown. Add drained eggplant, bread crumbs soaked in milk and salt and pepper. Fry until mixture is tender. Fill eggplant shells with stuffing, dot with bits of butter and bake in a moderate oven until the top is brown and the shells are tender.

WILLIE—Paw, what is the difference between the Wedding Day and the Wooden Wedding anniversary? Maw—The difference between being toasted and being roasted, my son. Paw—Go to bed, young man!

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