

INTERESTING

A Feature Page of Interest to Everyone

INSTRUCTIVE

Dorothy Dix

Most Women Who Prefer to Combine Marriage and a Career Have a Special Talent—Others are Forced to Keep Their Jobs in Order to Keep Husbands—Where There are Children it is Tragic to Delegate Them to Hired Hands.

SHOULD a woman work outside of her home after she gets married? I get hundreds of letters from young business women who are thinking of getting married, asking this question, and hundreds of other letters from single women denouncing the girls who have grabbed a husband with one hand and held on to their jobs with the other; and also from women who have combined wifehood and a career. So far as I can see, following a gainful occupation and matrimony at one and the same time seems to be one of the things that you will regret if you do, and regret if you don't.

Obviously there is no blanket solution for this problem. Every case must be settled on its own merits and in accordance with the circumstances, temperament and talents of the two persons most concerned.

IT IS absurd to say that no woman should continue in business after marriage, because many married women have far more need to earn money than any unmarried woman has. Many a woman supports an invalid husband and a household of children, who but for her would become public charges.

So many women make the bread, as well as bake it, on which their families are fed that we should have to enlarge our orphans' asylums and build extensions to our Homes for the Incurable and Old People's Homes if we put a rigid taboo on married women working outside of their homes.

IT IS equally ridiculous to say that no woman who has a husband able to support her should keep on with her job after marriage. As a matter of fact, the women who do so are so few as to be negligible. A very small percentage of girls are so enamored of pounding a typewriter, of standing behind a counter that they are not willing to give it up for a life in which they will not have to punch the time clock of a morning or worry about their board bill.

When a woman is so enthralled by her work that she insists on continuing on with it after marriage, it is because she has some special gift for it. Her talents are commercial rather than domestic, and her husband is wise if he lets her follow her bent and hires somebody else to do his cooking.

And, anyway, why should a woman be forced to give up her occupation just because she is assured of enough to eat and clothes? Nobody would dream of even suggesting that it was a man's duty to quit business and give some other man a chance to work because he had made enough to insure him a modest income the remainder of his life.

THAT is one side of the question. Another side is that housekeeping is a profession in itself that requires all the strength and intelligence that any woman has, and the result is that the woman who tries to be both a housewife and a business woman generally falls between the stools and talls at both jobs.

No woman can make a comfortable home who is away from it all day, who rushes from her desk at night to the delicatessen store, where she assembles the materials for a scrappy dinner. No man's dream of married bliss consists in coming home at night to a wife whose nerves have been so frayed out by dealing with a crochety boss and unreasonable customers that she is as cross as two sticks and too tired to get anywhere or to be entertaining and amusing.

Nor does any woman get anywhere in business who is giving one side of her brain to her job and the remainder of it to wondering how the things are coming on in the fireless cooker at home and if the grocer will send the things she ordered at 5.30.

THE woman who works outside of her own home cannot possibly be as efficient a homemaker as the one who gives all her time and attention to it. In addition, she runs the risk of pauperizing her husband, so to speak. If Sallie can support herself, many a husband will only let her do it, but will grudge her own living off her also. If you will call to mind the married women you know who are in business you will realize that nearly every one of them is supporting a good-for-nothing, lazy loafer of a husband. Whether this is cause or effect we do not know, but undoubtedly many of these men would have worked if they had had to work to keep themselves and their families from starving. But, on the other hand, by continuing with her job many a woman helps a good husband get a start in life and a home.

Of course, when there are children it is a tragedy for a woman not to be able to be with them all the time, because it is in infancy and early childhood that characters are formed, and this should not be left to hired hands.

No one can do for little children what their mother can do for them. No one can give them the love and tenderness that she does not have the patience with them that she has. And for them to know only a mother who comes home at night, as father does, too tired and occupied with business to give them more than a perfunctory kiss and send them off to bed is for them to sustain an irreparable loss.

BUT there is still another phase of the subject, and that is the impossibility of many young persons getting married unless the wife continues on with her job.

Under present economic conditions, it is not possible for a poor man, alone and unaided, to make enough money to support a wife comfortably while he is young. He must wait to marry, and the girl he loves must wait for him until they have burned out the fires of their romance and have grown old and tired, or else she must help him earn their right to marry while they are still young and ardent.

ALSO, there are many men who are everything that is lovable and fine, but who have not the gift of money-making. They work, but they do not know how to turn it to profit, and the women who love them and who would be perfectly happy married to them must either forego marriage entirely or half starve, or else continue on in business.

Surely in these cases a half loaf is better than no bread. And a woman is happier working after marriage than she would be not to marry at all.

THERE are even instances in which a mother can do more for her children outside of her home than she can do in it, as when the money she earns can put them in a better environment, give them an education and opportunities that they could not otherwise have.

So the problem of whether a woman should work outside of her home after she is married is an individual one that each woman must settle for herself. DOROTHY DIX.
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If you are feeling tired
BOVRIL
Bucks you up
and
PUTS BEEF INTO YOU

More of The Goat-Getters



IN NEW YORK SEE-SAWING UP and DOWN BROADWAY

ALL America has been listening lately on the romance of Izzy Berlin—otherwise Irving Berlin—and the charming young society girl, Ellen MacKay.

Berlin, as the world knows, came out of New York's ghetto. He was one of the Grand Street Boys' Association, which has on its membership judges, mayors and magistrates.

THIS is but one of the organizations working for years to keep the youngsters of east side gangs from becoming gangsters.

NOW the Beavers, for instance, were as rough a little gang of baby crashers as anyone might find upon the sidewalks of New York.

One of the spectacles that never fails to get a gasp from the New York visitor is that of crowds of kids, short in pants and years as well, who handle their dice with the adeptness of a veteran. And they gamble right up to the limit of their pennies.

This sort of thing leads to all sorts of petty pilfering—shoplifting, worse from the pushcarts, stealing from the many little stores—and hence, by slow process of growth, into larger thefts and perhaps prison.

J. E. LAUGHLIN told me about them. He has charge of a Y. M. C. A. branch in the Bowery. He says the case is typical.

It was the accident of a street baseball game that introduced him. A wild pitch sent a baseball through his office window. He ran out to catch the culprit and came face to face with a hard-boiled and defiant lad of 12.

"The first thing I discovered was that the gang has to be accepted in toto, or not at all," he related. "In most work boys are listed in groups according to age. But you can't do that with gangs. The gang has to be accepted as a unit and there must be no classification. So I designed to accept the Beavers. That was six years ago."

"The first and hardest lesson to be taught a gang kid is that of hygiene. The kids already have a definite social sense and a pretty good religious basis for most of them come from families of devout parents."

"I say that six years has passed since I first met the Beavers I took them on a hike into the country. There were kids who had never seen a wild flower in the spring, and who did not know what a wooded hillside looked like. They were a tatterdemalion crew. Some wore their father's cast-off underwear and pants that had been lifted from ash cans. Those things are economic things and can't always be helped."

"Today there isn't a kid that hasn't expanded in muscle and mind and who wouldn't be ashamed to be seen unclean. They have taken on that invaluable asset—a sense of pride. They build radio sets and have athletic teams. They are still the 'gang,' but they will never be gangsters."

SOME day I may sit down and write the story of the romance of any of these Beaver kids to some brilliant young society maid—just as the story of Irvine Berlin is now being written. And that is one of the miracles of New York—the alchemy that changes waste into men of talent and ambition. GILBERT SWAN.

Is this your BIRTHDAY

MARCH 22—You are hearty and joyous, fond of pleasure, but an indelible worker when you turn your attention to the serious side of life. You have many friends who like to be in your company, and who show you many favors. You will have a very happy marriage. Your birth-stone is a bloodstone, which means presence of mind. Your flower is a violet. Your lucky color is white.

Fashion Fancies



By Marie Belmont
Even the underclothes and nightgown of the moment are reflecting the spring feeling in their color and design.

The nightgown sketched above is being shown in one of the smart shops. It is of flat crepe in the delicate, yellowish green known as champagne. Deep green crepe outlines the neck, armholes and the flared panels at either side. The same deep green reappears at the pocket and in the apron applique at the side.

The model could also be interpreted in pale blue with deeper blue, or in yellow with peach.

A Thought

I will not let thee go, except thou bless me.—Gen. 32:26.

HOSE glorious days when man said to man: Let us be brothers or I will knock you down.—Le Brun.

Devices that tend to create radio interference are unlawful in Sublette, Illinois, the village board has decided.



Extra From Poverty Row Wins Chance for Fame

GEORGIA HALE, the extra girl of Poverty Row, whose slight to fame is one of Hollywood's most glamorous chapters, has been placed under a long-term contract with Paramount that will put her name in electric lights the world over.

B. P. Schulberg and Hector Turnbull, associate producers of Paramount, announce the signing of this girl of "The Salvation Hunters" and "The Gold Rush."

A little over a year ago, Georgia Hale was an extra. She went unnoticed—Cinderella in the throng applying at the windows of the casting offices.

Then one day a young but ambitious director decided to make a picture. Scrambling together what money he had and borrowing what he could from his friends, he at last obtained a sum which was barely sufficient to meet his needs. The total was \$400—one of the smallest sums ever expended on a picture of feature length.

The director was Joseph Von Sternberg, and the picture was "Salvation Hunters." Von Sternberg, in a moment of inspiration, chose Georgia Hale, a mere extra, as leading woman.

The rest is history. "The Salvation Hunters" has been called the most "successful failure" of the industry. Critics raved over it, but the public turned "thumbs down."

However, Charles Chaplin had seen it. Seeking out the girl he signed her to a long-term contract, and made her his leading woman in "The Gold Rush."



GEORGIA HALE

FLAPPER FANNY



IF some people loved their neighbors as themselves the neighbors would be killed with affection.

Little Joe

YOU CAN TELL SOME MEN ARE MARRIED AND OTHERS KEEP THEMSELVES.



Professor William P. Alexander, of the Buffalo Society of Natural Science, has a fine live five-foot box centipede on display. It arrived from Guatemala in a bunch of bananas.

Menus for the Family

MENU HINT.
Breakfast: Fresh Fruit. Cereal With Top Milk. Poached Eggs. Toast. Butter. Coffee.
Dinner: Swiss Steak With Carrots. Gravy. Sliced Tomatoes. Mashed Potatoes. Whole Wheat Bread. Butter. Cocoa Pudding With Vanilla Sauce. Coffee.
Supper: Corn. Oysters. Celery. Baked Apples With Marshmallow Topping. Oatmeal Cookies.

TODAY'S RECIPES.

Swiss Steak—Take two pounds of beef cut from the round. Pound as much flour into the meat as it will take up by using the edge of an old saucer or plate, first on one side and then the other. Sear on both sides in hot grease and remove to small roaster. Add two cups of water, one teaspoon of salt, two slices of onion; surround with carrots and bake for two hours in very slow oven. When done make gravy in roaster.

Cocoa Pudding—One cup sugar, one tablespoon butter, one egg, one-half teaspoon salt, one-half tablespoon soda, one teaspoon cream of tartar, dissolved in one-half cup of sweet milk, one tablespoon cocoa, one cup flour. Steam for one hour.

Vanilla Sauce—Two tablespoons flour, one-half cup sugar, two tablespoons butter, pinch of salt, one-half teaspoon vanilla. Add boiling water to thicken.

ADVENTURES of the TWINS

GRUBBY GROUNDHOG FOLLOWS HIS NOSE a step, then he took another step and Grubby took another step, the March Hare always carefully holding the piece of apple just far enough from Grubby's nose for him to smell it.

They went along the crooked hall and out of the front door by the potato patch, the Twins quietly following, and then they came to the little secret bush that is the beginning of Scrub-Tip Land. That magic place, ruled by Mister Rubadub, where all the meadow folk have to get groomed up so they'll look decent for spring.

Before Grubby so much as opened his eyes they were right at Rubadub's house.

And the very first person Grubby saw was that fairyman with a towel over his arm and a big pair of scissors in his hand.

Grubby tried to bolt, but he was too slow.

They washed him up and trimmed his whiskers and slicked up his tail and combed him and brushed him and I think they put a few drops of brilliantine on him. But it was of no use. Grubby just wouldn't shine. But he looked better when last he waddled off to the Land-Where-Spring-Was-Coming. Oh yes! I forgot! He got the apple after all and so he wasn't mad a bit.

So it's no wonder Grubby's poor nose was wringing itself off nearly.

He was dreaming.

He was dreaming that it was summer and he was stuffing his sides out with sweet apples in a sweet apple orchard.

"There's a fine one," he would mutter in his sleep. "That big apple over there by the old grindstone. See! It just fell off the tree and never got bruised a bit and there aren't any ants on it. Not that I'd mind an ant or two. Some of them are mighty sweet."

Then Grubby snored twice and turned over.

"Say, where's that nice big sweet apple?" he muttered. "It's gone. It was over by this old grindstone and now I can't even so much as smell it!"

The March Hare took one of the big pieces of apple he had cut and held it under Grubby's nose. "Come along, old man," he said firmly. "Come along. We'll find it."

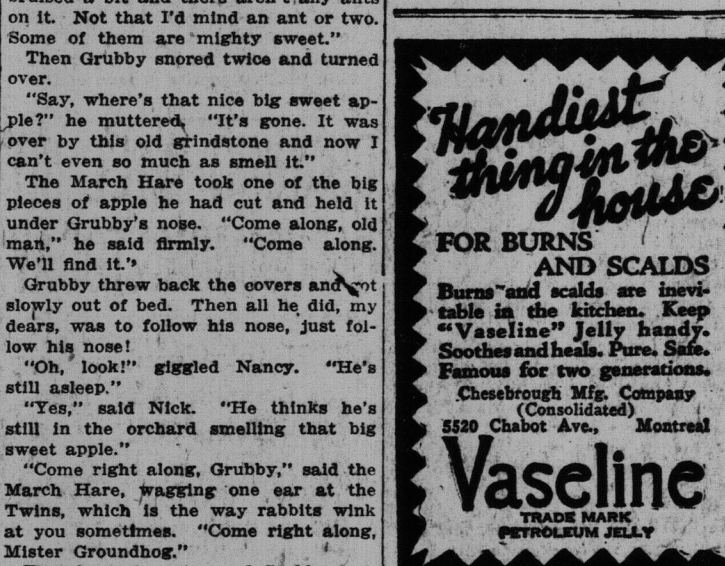
Grubby threw back the covers and got slowly out of bed. Then all he did, my dear, was to follow his nose, just follow his nose!

"Oh, look!" giggled Nancy. "He's still asleep."

"Yes," said Nick. "He thinks he's still in the orchard smelling that big sweet apple."

"Come right along, Grubby," said the March Hare, wagging one ear at the Twins, while the way rabbit wink at you sometimes. "Come right along, Mister Groundhog."

Then he took a step and Grubby took



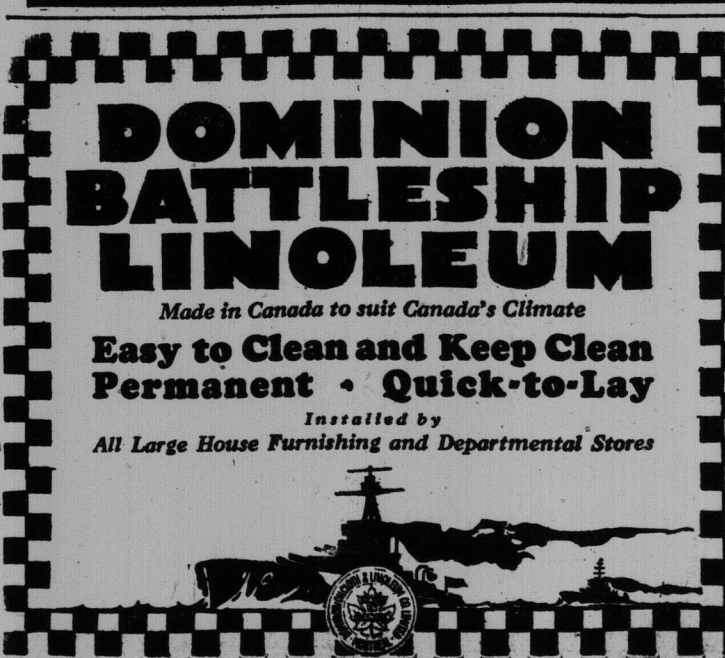
IN the handling of fine fabrics, particularly silks, satins and crepes, it is very easy to pull a thread and damage a dress in the making.

Dress-makers tell us the exclusive use of Lux as a household soap keeps the hands soft and white, the skin smooth, so that they can handle the most filmy and delicate of things, without danger to the fabric.

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