

# Dorothy Dix Talks

OUR FRIENDS' ENEMIES

By DOROTHY DIX, the World's Highest Paid Woman Writer

"Why do women who are otherwise well bred and observant, but whose amenities of life, carry their private feuds into general society?" asked a woman the other day.

"They do you know," she went on. "And it's one of the afflictions of existence against which I always rebel because it is so unnecessary, and so brutally selfish on the part of those who are not willing to deny themselves the pleasure of indulging their petty spite, no matter how much annoyance it causes."

Personally, I have gotten so tired of acting as a buffer between ladies who are out for each other's false hair every time they meet that I feel like retreating to some desert solitude, and doing the hermit act for the balance of my days. While, as for giving a luncheon, as an affliction, it is a burden I am worn to such a frazzle trying to arrange my guests so that they will not commit murder upon the persons of their friends. I am sure I will never submit my nervous system to such a strain again. As a matter of fact, the difficulty of reconciling the irreconcilable does keep me from doing a lot of entertaining that I would do if I didn't have to worry over who could be asked to meet without fighting.

There are about a dozen women with whom I am on terms of more or less intimacy, and all of whom I like, for one reason or another, but they seem to have a great effect on each other that a red flag has on a mad bull. The minute they meet they go for each other, hood and horn, and they set up in a frozen silence that sends the convivial atmosphere down to zero, and nips my poor little party in the bud.

Of course I knew well enough the reason for all of these vendettas. Mrs. A. dislikes Mrs. B. because Mrs. B. doesn't pay her daughter any attention. Mrs. C. hates Mrs. D. because Mrs. D. didn't invite her to a big reception. Mrs. E. can't abide Mrs. F. because one of them is a Christian Scientist and the other a Presbyterian, and the wife of a doctor. Mrs. G. and Mrs. H. fell out over the Red Cross work, and Mrs. I. and Mrs. J. are at dagger's drawn since the time they ran for President of the Browning club.

And so it goes, and I'll say that setting the comity of nations is no more delicate or diplomatic a job than placing these women so they will not rub elbows with their dearest enemies. Now I have no objection to my friends disliking each other if they want to, and get any pleasure out of it. I believe that the psychologists have discovered that hate is a stimulating emotion that is almost as enjoyable as love is a sensation, and does us good to feel. So my women pals are welcome to go to it, for all of

me, but I insist that I shouldn't be the victim of it and have my parties ruined by it, and that when they indulge in their feud orgies they should do so in private.

It seems to me that no matter how much a woman dislikes another woman she should be enough a lady to bury the hatchet when she meets her in another woman's house, and that the most elemental good breeding should make her camouflage her feelings and act as if she found her fellow guest congenial. Certainly she owes that to her hostess. Even savages respect the bread and salt that much, but I often have my women friends say to me when I ask them to lunch, "Oh, don't put me next to Mrs. So and So, I can't bear her."

Nor is this all. The favorite in-door sport of most of my women friends is abusing the other half, which puts me in a painful and embarrassing position. I don't want to be in an eternal argument with the traducers, yet if I sit silent and hear a friend accused of faults she does not possess, or decided for little peculiarities she may have but which are no more than surface blemishes on a fine character, makes you feel that you are a yellow cow, yet you do not wish to quarrel with your friend who is venting his spleen for some grievance against the other woman, and who is, in spite of it, a good woman herself.

Generally speaking, my women friends undertake to pick out our other friends for us and edit our invitation lists are guilty of a great impertinence, and they commit an unpardonable offense in good manners when they criticize to us those women we have selected as our intimates, for in doing so they impinge our taste, our judgment and our sense of propriety.

Yet, who escapes the candid friend who says, "I don't see how you can stand that Mrs. X. She comes of such ordinary people," or "Dear me, what can you see in Mary Jones. She gets on my nerves," and you have to bite your tongue to keep from saying that the reason YOU don't like Mrs. Y. or Mrs. Z. is because you haven't enough heart or brain to understand them. For we pick out friends as we do our clothes—for many reasons and we say their praise in private to most of our friends don't understand, and never can understand.

But all the same, our friends' enemies are a great and ever present source of trouble in society, finished the woman, "and I wish somebody would impress on women that they should sing their hymn of hate as they sing their psalm in private to their closets instead of robbing them on the innocent bystanders."

Dorothy Dix's articles appear regularly in this paper every Monday, Wednesday and Friday.

# FROCKS ARE WAISTLESS, HIPPLESS, SLEEVELESS



Another fur coat season with the garments unsurpassed in luxury and beauty

By EDWARD M. THIERRY, N. E. A. Staff Correspondent.

CHICAGO, Aug. 6.—M. Antorian Parthelemy, French consul, went out to Marigold Gardens and treated his wife back in the Rue de la Paix.

Anybody would. An eye-full of the Fashion Review, just starting a three weeks' run, is calculated to make Chicago the "Paris of the western world."

Unhappy husbands are not being allowed in. The sights hurt their eyes.

\$300,000 WORTH OF CLOTHES. Seventy mannequins—girls chosen for their pretty faces, slim ankles, rounded cheeks, dimpled chins and perfect shoulders—are displaying these charms plus \$300,000 worth of clothes.

Three times nightly they parade among the tables at Marigold. It's a blur of suits, cloaks, negligees, hats, nightgowns and combinations—if you know what that meant.

Each dress—or undress—seeks to capture and captivate the eye. It's a contest, sometimes between a \$10,000 evening gown and a \$200 unmentionable. Betting odds are on the latter.

The style committee of the Association of Commerce is putting on the show in collaboration with the Chicago Garment Makers' association, the Milliners' association and the Wholesale Furriers' association.

"CHICAGO THE WESTERN PARIS." The French consul said he wasn't a bit jealous. That Paris couldn't begin to dress the feminine world alone.

It's a good thing for John that you found out the idol's feet were made of clay," continued Elizabeth.

"Perhaps," John said enigmatically, and let it go at that.

Tomorrow—John is Angry.

requires. There's a famine in them. So many musical shoes are rebeked or touring that beautiful young women are in demand."

FORECAST OF STYLES. Generally speaking, the gowns for the coming winter are to be waistless, hipless, sleeveless, straight-lined, and shorter than ever.

richer and more gorgeous as to coloring and design even, than formerly will be used. The dresses shown are more elaborately trimmed than those of last season, and much hand-picked in the way of embroidery is in evidence.

Conventional designs, picked out in beads, beads, wool or silk floss give the models an elaborate appearance without destroying the straight-line effect that is to be the keynote of smartness.

Save in dancing frocks there is very little added in the way of adjustable trimming. These latter are flounced, ruffled, be-floored and be-shaded until they are more bouffant than ever.

Also they are very, very short. Tulle and lace still hold their own, in fact, are advanced in popularity over this summer, which, they tell me, has been a "lace season."

TO BE A FUR SEASON. The furs shown at Marigold Gardens are luxurious beyond anything dreamed by the ordinary mortal.

Sleeveless wraps 48 inches long, augmented by cape collar 28 and 30 inches deep, are the last word in beauty.

Dark Russian squirrel and perfectly matched mink were the skins chosen for two of the handsomest creations.

Street furs are long this year instead of short as they were last, and most of the more tailored coats with sleeves are as long as the dressier ones.

The Dolman style is much in evidence, one specially attractive garment being of Hudson seal trimmed in skin.

Many cloth wraps, also, are being shown and are finding much favor among women visitors at the fashion show who anticipate needing an all-round utility garment. They are all

elaborately trimmed in fur, however, and in many cases are even more graceful in line than the more expensive all-fur coats.

SEMI-TAILORED DRESSES. The one-piece serge crocheting dress which for so long has been the faithful friend of every smart woman's winter wardrobe, has taken a new lease on life.

Perhaps the most generally interesting exhibit of the whole show are these semi-tailored dresses, which are far less severe this season than formerly.

The long, waistless, straight line dress, which is about all the kinship existing between them and last year's dress. The necks are cut lower, and no sleeves are longer than the elbow—most of them are shorter.

All these frocks are heavily embroidered, some of them in an almost barbaric brilliance of colors. Fullness, straight-lined, but fullness nevertheless, has been introduced in the skirts and there is more than one suggestion of a sash.

The model that won the most applause from the visitors was a blue French serge heavily embroidered in black with clever inserts of black satin in bodice front, and at each side of the paneled skirt.

The dress was abruptly cut off over the hips to accommodate an inset of accordion plating. Other features of the frock were a sash of the satin tied in a big, soft bow on the left side, the ends finished with gold tassels, and the short skirt sleeves, faced in the satin and caught back to form quaint cuffs.

CHILDREN'S CLOTHES. The little people have not been forgotten by American designers this season, and if the fashion show exhibit of children's clothes is any indication, mothers viewing the models raved over several which they called "adorably sensible."

One that stood out as a particularly original was a wee affair of practical dark blue taffeta, very crisp and smart made in typical romper style. It was trimmed with a band of cross-stitched scarlet, and the charming baby who played mannequin in it was the one beauty present whom everybody—even the chaperoned-husbands' wives—wanted to kiss.

# BEDTIME STORIES

BY HOWARD R. GARIS

UNCLE WIGGILY AND THE BOX Copyright, 1920, by McClure News-Paper Syndicate.

(By HOWARD R. GARIS) "Dear me!" exclaimed Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy, the muskrat lady house-keeper of the hollow stump bungalow, one morning. "I never saw such a place."

"What's the matter with the place?" asked Uncle Wiggily, as he came out of the lichen where Nurse Jane was fussing away.

"Oh, I didn't exactly mean the bungalow," went on Miss Fuzzy Wuzzy, "but I need a box in which to keep clothespins, and I haven't any. I've been using a basket, but Sammie Little-tail, the rabbit boy, came to borrow it the other day, to go fishing, and I haven't seen it since."

"So you need a box, do you?" asked Uncle Wiggily slow and thoughtfully.

"A box for my clothespins went on Nurse Jane. 'If you're down at the six and seven cent store you might buy me one.'"

"I'll do better than that," exclaimed the bunny. "I'll make you one."

"Can you make a box?" asked Nurse Jane.

"Well, I guess if I can help hatch baby rabbits, I can make a box. I did last week. I can easily make a box for clothespins," said Mr. Longears, not at all proud or boastful like, as might naturally be supposed.

"I'll get some pieces of wood my hammer and some long sharp thorns for nails, and I'll make you such a box for your clothespins as never was Nurse Jane," said the rabbit gentleman.

"Thank you very much," responded Miss Fuzzy Wuzzy.

Uncle Wiggily was always glad to have something to do when he wasn't looking for adventures. So he put on an old paper cap, such as carpenters wear, and he put on his old clothes and then, borrowing an extra saw from Mr. Sawfish, the carpenter, and getting some boards and thorn nails, Uncle Wiggily started to work.

"Is it hard to make a box, Uncle Wiggily?" asked Floppy Tawltitall, the piggie boy, as he came grunting along with Jackie Bow Wow, the puppy dog, and, as Uncle Wiggily was hammering away.

"Oh, no, it is very easy," answered the bunny. "All I have to do is to take four pieces of wood for the sides and fasten them together with thorn nails. Then I fasten a piece on for the bottom and another piece for the top. I'm putting on the bottom now," and as Uncle Wiggily said this, he winked and hammered the boards until he had

nearly finished the box for Nurse Jane's clothespins, while Floppy and Jackie looked on.

"The piggie boy and doggie boy were just thinking how wonderful Uncle Wiggily was to be able to hatch robin eggs and make things for Nurse Jane when, all of a sudden, there was a rustling in the bushes and out stepped the bad old Skeezicks.

"Ah, you are busy, I see," said the Skeezicks, sort of sarcastic like and hungry.

"Yes—yes, I am rather busy," said Uncle Wiggily, as he got ready to nail the cover on the box.

"And I am going to be busy also," snickered the Skeez. "I am going to be busy, in just a moment taking soups of your ears, ha, ha, ha."

"Oh, please don't begged the bunny gentleman.

"Ha! Ha! Yes, I shall!" went on the Skeez. "I haven't had a bit of rabbit ear soup today and I am—oh! so hungry."

Jackie Bow Wow suddenly leaped over a wall and whispered to Uncle Wiggily. "The bunny gentleman dropped the hammer and put his paws up to his ears and then he thrust his paws down into the box he was making."

"Here! Hold on! I see what you are trying to do!" shouted the Skeezicks. "You are trying to hide the soups from your ears in that box but you can't do it! I'll get out!"

With that the Skeez stuck his two front skinny paws down inside the box and began feeling around on the bottom for Uncle Wiggily's soups, which he thought was there.

"Now, nail him fast! Nail his paws inside the box Uncle Wiggily!" suddenly barked Jackie.

The rabbit gentleman took up the hammer and the thorn nails and while the Skeez's paws were still in the box, Mr. Longears fastened on the cover, letting the Skeez's legs stick out, of course, but his paws were held fast.

"Now let's see you get my soups!" cried the bunny, as he and the piggie boy and doggie chap got ready to run away.

"What! Isn't your soups in this box?" howled the Skeez.

"No, I only told him to make believe I put it there, to fool you, so he could nail your paws fast, and he did it!" barked Jackie. Then the bunny and the animal boys ran safely away, and the Skeez had to wait for the Pipsisseek to come to get his paws out of the box.

But Mr. Longears made another box for Nurse Jane. And if the foot of the stairs don't go to sleep and make a funny face at the looking glass when it wakes up, I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily and the cream puffs.

# ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS

BY OLIVE ROBERTS BARTON

TINGALING'S RESCUE. "You'll never find Tingaling in my house," smiled Oscar Owl as the twins stepped in his front door in search of their fairy friend. But Nancy and Nick were not so sure of that.

Because something was sticking out of the corner of Mr Owl's mouth which they had recognized as the tassel on Tingaling's night-cap.

Nick had thought of a plan at once and the first chance he got he whispered it to Nancy.

Green Shoes which the twins are wearing. I'd wish myself out of here in a jiffy."

It was just then that he heard talking. The Oscar Owl and the twins, as you and I know—and he listened to every word, dancing a little jig of joy which he heard Nancy and Nick's voices.

"This gave Mr Owl such a pain in his tummy he doubled right up."

"My goodness!" he exclaimed. "I've got dreadful indigestion. Or, perhaps I'm hungry again. Never mind what



"Green!" exclaimed the owl. The color is right anyway, it reminds me of frogs."

"What's that, what's that?" asked Mr. Owl sharply when he heard them talking, because like most people who don't see well, his ears were the best.

"Oh," said Nick, quite truthfully, "we were just wondering if you should like something to eat."

"Something to eat!" exclaimed Mr Owl suspiciously. "What is it?"

Now Tingaling, down in Mr Owl's stomach, was getting hotter and hotter, and squizzer and squizzer. "My," he gasped. "I do wish I had the Magical

it is you have, give it to me right away, children.

The twins pulled off a shoe apiece and held them up.

"Green!" exclaimed the owl. "The color is right, anyway, it reminds me of frogs. Whatever they are, I'll eat them." And the shoes disappeared in two gobbles.

Quick as a wink Tingaling grabbed them and slipped them on, and in another wink he was down on the ground with Nancy and Nick beside him.

leged to be the meanest man in Summit county. He is in jail charged with having passed a piece of ordinary paper on Ed Jenkins blind corner, for a \$1 bill. He received ninety cents in change besides a small purchase, which if anything, adds to the meanness of the crime.

Coroner Jenkins conducts a small store in Leslie, near here, and the paper alleged to have been passed upon him for money had evidently been wet and dried by some process which gave it the feeling of the muchly desiccated. Otis deems he is guilty, but Deputy Sheriff S. L. Cox, who arrested him, says he has ample evidence of the negro's guilt.

There are more than 300 species of ant-ions, or ant-eaters.

—By ALLMAN

# LOVE and MARRIED LIFE

by the noted author

Idah McGlone Gibson

"ALICE SPRINGS A SURPRISE. "Why of course I have," said Elizabeth, when Helen asked her pertinently whether she had not changed in ways of my cleverness. "But I still think she has changed," she continued and then she bit her lip hastily as she realized from the tone of her voice that she had made a mistake.

"Oh, you just think I've changed, Elizabeth," I said, simply because I made the remark that I never intended to be the doorman kind of a wife. That kind of a woman always realizes and idolizes her husband and invariably she marries the kind of a man who does not appreciate her. She finds the clay feet of idols and clay feet," said Alice, who had come in with Tom and joined our party, "has any of you seen the latest magazine? There is a poem in it which illustrates a man who was so pleased with it that I cut it out to read to Tom. I think I have it in my pocket."

"No, it's in the pocket of my wrap," I said.

"Who wrote it?" asked someone, eagerly.

"I'll tell you," answered Alice quietly, after I have read it to you."

"DID NOT SEEM POSSIBLE. A horrible presentation stole over me and I thought that anyone could have printed a poem that might be the kind I had written some months ago. But at Alice's first words, my horror grew because I recognized the very own words. "How could the magazine have gotten hold of it?" I asked myself and then a look at Alice's quizzical face, assured me that she in some way had found the manuscript and sent it to the magazine. I was thinking this while Tom was rummaging in his pockets, and while Alice was reading the first line, and she cried him with a laurel wreath. And gazed into his eyes beneath.

To see his soul arise. She laid her head upon his heart and hoped that it might heal the smart.

Of Girls in Joy disguised. She held to him her suppliant hands and said, "He always understands. That good thing me lies."

Eloquently she worshiped and adored. And brought to him her whole great heart.

Of love that never dies. She never new his feet were clay. Lives she saw the breaking day. She dropped her eyes, and just for an instant found a laughing little maid. Who, all unconscious, there had strayed.

Making mud pies. "Who wrote it? Who wrote it?" asked everyone as they smiled at the idea of the idol's clay feet being made into mud pies. "Well, it's signed 'Katherine Gordon,'" said Elizabeth.

ALL EYES ON HER. Everyone turned to me inquiring eyes, but only Elizabeth said, "You did not write it, did you, Kathie?"

Her assurance by my pet name made me furious, and I answered quietly, "Well, like Silas Wegg of Dicksonian fame I have been known to drop into the mud pie line."

# TODAY IN HISTORY

SLIGHTLY JAZZED

Seventy-two years ago today, Aug. 7, 1848, Captain McQuhee of the British warship Daedalus rubbed his eyes and looked angry. He called to his navigating officer: "Look, Cecil, do you see it, too?" "Yes," said Cecil, and the captain breathed a relieved sigh.

"That's good; I thought I had 'em again. He had spotted a sea serpent," at least he reported it to the admiralty. This happened near St. Helena and it was in the same waters that another British captain said he saw



it again, nine years later. All hands agreed that the serpent was either 200 or 500 feet long.

In 1844 another attack of seeing sea serpents came upon sailors, the coasts of the United States, Canada and Norway being afflicted chiefly. A generation later, as we remember, there was another epidemic and no summer resort was up to date without its monster of the deep. Today, however, all of the sea serpents have moved to the Cuban coast.

The Klamath Indians of southern Oregon have, since prehistoric times, gathered for food the certain species of waterlilies, regarding them as a delicacy.

# Sister Mary's Kitchen

Hot August nights that the farmer welcomes to make his corn grow cause the housekeeper some anxiety about her clothes "sprinkled down" for the next day's ironing.

Heat and dampness cause mildew. Don't let an ironing stand more than 24 hours after dampening. It will surely make trouble. It's a lot easier to shake things out and respinkle than it is to get out mildew stains.

If your plans so "agley" for ironing day unfold the clothes so plenty of air will reach them and save yourself worry and perhaps mildewed clothes.

MENU FOR TOMORROW. Breakfast—Stewed prunes, soft boiled eggs, toast, coffee. Luncheon—Green peppers with sauce, brown bread, fresh fruit, tea. Dinner—Jellied bouillon, cheese fondue, fresh peas, stuffed tomato salad, apple meringue pudding, coffee.

MY OWN RECIPES. No matter how hot the weather, nourishing food is required to keep our bodies "fit." Food may give just as much bodily energy and not be heating. Meat, for instance, is heating. A meat substitute contains all the elements of meat except that element which produces heat. But the proper proportions of protein and fat must be maintained.

The provident housewife trusts not entirely to providence.

# LITTLE BENNY'S Note Book

By LEE PAPE

A waggin all full of oranges came down the street yesterday afternoon and me and Pud Simkins and Sid Hunt was standing there looking at them when the man who was driving the street selling some to Mrs. Wernick and suddenly all of a sudden the horse tale came around as hard as it could and hit me rite in the face, being more of a surprise than a ax-hill and I quick jumped back saying, Hay, wa the dickens, hay.

I bet you could sue that man for that, his horse ain't got any rite to go around hitting people in the face with its tale, sed Pud, and Sid Hunt sed G. Benny, you dont you pretend your going to sue him anyway? Me and Pud will be sour witness and maybe he will give us each about a oranges apiece to settle the case out of court.

Sure, G. thats a grate idee, Benny even if he ony gives us each 4 oranges apiece it won't be so bad, sed Sid Hunt.

Sounding like a pretty good one of idee, and pritty soon the man came back being a tuff looking man with a long mouth properly being stretched on account of him yelling Orindges so awfren, and I sed, Hay, mister, your horse hit me rite in the face with its tale.

Well you dont you keep away from horses tales? and the man, being a kind of unexpectid anner, and I sed, Well I got 2 witnesses and I could sue

# DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—Tom Was Too Hopeful

HELLO THERE, MR. DUFF! I UNDERSTAND YOU ARE CONTEMPLATING A LITTLE VACATION TRIP! WHEN ARE YOU GOING?

OH, HELLO THERE! COME SIT DOWN! OH, I GUESS I'LL GET AWAY FOR A COUPLE WEEKS ANNYWAY.

I WAS THINKING, MR. DUFF THAT BEFORE YOU GO AWAY ON THIS VACATION TRIP YOU OUGHT TO TAKE OUT ONE OF MY POLICIES—I HANDLE BOTH LIFE AND ACCIDENT INSURANCE—AND—

DON'T GO ANY FURTHER, MR. LANE. INSURANCE IS OUT OF THE QUESTION WITH ME TODAY—COME IN SOME TIME WHEN I GET BACK—SO GOOD DAY!

WELL, I HOPE YOU HAVE A NICE TIME ON YOUR TRIP AND THAT NOTHING HAPPENS TO YOU! SO LONG!

THANKS, OLD MAN—GOOD BYE!

