

# QUESTIONS TO A WIFE

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"Who was that man that stuck to your mother like a burr to-night, Dick?" I said, as I drove him home after the party.

"What man?" asked Dick, who had been morosely silent ever since we got in the machine.

"Why, the white-haired gentleman with the smiling, ruddy countenance who took your mother out to supper and sat beside her most of the evening."

"I did not see anyone," remarked Dick, "but you have described old Morton Trent. He lives at the same hotel as mother, and now that you speak of it, I have seen him talking to her often, when I have gone up there to see her."

"Well, some women were gossiping about it tonight. They say that it looks as though we were going to have another wedding in the family."

"What?"

"That is what they said."

"Can you beat it," was Dick's comment. "To tell the truth, Margie, I must be rather stupid tonight, but it's beyond me. I simply can't think of any man, young or old, who would want to marry mother."

I could not help laughing, but all at once it came to me that Mother Waverly had been very much nicer lately, more contented, more human. Like a flash the whole plan spread out in front of me.

"It is not good for man to be alone," and this means both man and woman. At any time, at any age, the rule holds good. One is lost without the other.

Poor Jim Edie and Pat Sullivan are quite unhappy because they are not interested in a woman. Nature has made them interested in women but she leaves it to the individual to make the matter concrete, and when a man thinks he can fight nature with success, his egotism overshadows his good sense. These two men are just finding this out and I think either one of them would be much happier married.

I presume Mother Waverly was very lonely and consequently very unhappy. Dad Waverly had been hers. (You can think what you like, little book, a husband, even one that does not measure up, always, to one's ideals, is at times a very comforting thing to have around.) She knew that even if in Dad's heart he disapproved of some of her ways, yet he would always be found by her side against the world—that is the most beautiful thing about marriage.

I have often wondered, little book, just how a woman who was in love with a married man would feel about all this.

If Eleanor Fairlow is in love with Dick, it must be hell, for her, because she must know there is nothing in it all but concealment and unhappiness. If what those women said were true, I am sorry for her, little book, sorer even than for myself.

Love with marriage has not been so blissful for me that I cannot conceive how horrible it must be to love a man that is married to another woman. I am getting to the point where my side of it must be settled soon. I was thinking so intently about this that I ran the car right past our apartment. Dick, too, must have been absorbed in his thoughts, for he did not notice it until we had gone a number of blocks beyond.

"Say, Margie! Is it your intention to go joy riding, if so, I can name a number of streets I'd rather travel than this," he exclaimed.

I pulled up quickly. "Dick," I said, without any preliminaries, "I thought Eleanor Fairlow had lost all her money. How can she give up her training at the hospital and live at the hotel?"

"How should I know," snapped Dick. "She probably has some rich relatives that are helping her."

"But I thought she was all alone in the world?"

Dick grunted, but did not say anything.

Oh, little book, if I could only make you understand how I wanted to ask him that question—near that question, that answered was breaking my heart.

Tonight I have found out that when we think we are concealing everything from the eyes of the world, the world is seeing probably more than we do.

All my world is gossiping about Dick, Eleanor and me—probably my friends are pitying me. I made up my mind that very soon I would ask Dick. Anything was better than this suspense.

**RIOT AT JUAREZ; AMERICANS LEAVE**

EL PASO, Tex., Dec. 24.—All Americans were ordered out of Juarez last night and all Americans on the American side were refused permission to cross the river. Telephonic messages said the trouble existing in Juarez was over the failure of the troops to receive their pay. Rioting was reported.

**EPIDEMIC CLOSES SCHOOLS CASHMERE, Dec. 24.**—The schools closed Tuesday afternoon on account of so many pupils being absent with the grippe. Nearly all the teachers made immediate preparations to go to their homes to spend the holidays.

**"INSPIRATION" Comes Sunday. SOME SHOW**

## Every Boy and Girl in U.S. Tonight Will Thank, By Proxy, Father of Santa Claus



Honoring the "Father of Santa Claus!" New York school children holding annual Christmas eve celebration around the grave of Dr. Clement Moore, the man who wrote famous poem, "Twas the Night Before Christmas."

NEW YORK, Dec. 24.—To the grave of the "Father of Santa Claus," 100 little kiddies are going to march in torchlight procession tonight.

And when they lay bright holly wreaths on the modest mound amid the singing of Christmas hymns, they will be conveying by proxy the thanks of every boy and girl in America to the kindly old gentleman who alone made our Christmas what it is for children today.

The man who created the American Santa Claus, who revolutionized our observance of the great December holiday, and who penned the lines: "Twas the Night Before Christmas," sleeps beneath that mound.

At his head stands a simple granite stone with the name "Clement C. Moore" engraved upon it.

Dr. Moore was a learned professor of Oriental languages in

a New York theological seminary. He had three little children, and for their amusement in the Christmas season of 1822 he wrote a poem which he called "A Visit From St. Nick."

Dr. Moore lived in a beautiful big country house on a hill where two of New York's busiest streets now cross.

Among his neighbors was a fat, jolly, rubicund Dutchman, and this cheerful old soul was Dr. Moore's model for the Santa Claus immortalized in his poem.

The Christmas jingle itself was picked up by the newspapers, and year after year it was copied all over the country, until after the Civil War days, and after the death of Dr. Moore, the Santa Claus he had described became a national institution.

Of course St. Nick himself is far older than the professor's poem. He was supposedly the bishop of the early church, and according to a Dutch legend, he was the patron of the children.

Youngsters in the lowlands used to put out their stockings and wooden shoes for the gifts. San Nicolaas he was called—hence the corruption, Santa Claus.

It was the year 1844 before Dr. Moore, the serious student, acknowledged the authorship of the childhood verse, "Twas the Night Before Christmas." And it is only in recent years that his grave has been recognized with a regular ceremony.

Since 1912 a group of New York children annually has made a Christmas eve pilgrimage to his tomb.

Tonight, their ceremony over the grave of the "Father of Santa Claus" will be more elaborate than before, and the thanks of every child in America will be offered up there in memory of the man who gave us the kind of Christmas we will enjoy tomorrow, the Santa Claus we love, and the most famous Christmas poem in the world.

## QUESTIONS THEY WRITE TO CYNTHIA GREY--HER ANSWERS

Her Mail Runs the Gamut of Human Emotions; Love, Pathos, Happiness, Tragedy and Tears.

Dear Miss Grey: I read the letter written by Bessie Bobbet and I wish to say that she doesn't know very much of the subject upon which she writes. She calls them poor unfortunate in one breath and defective beasts in the next. She is almost as broad in her views as a hair; she thinks that sterilizing these feeble-minded people will solve the problem when as a matter of fact if every defective man in the country were not sterilized but killed, the same rotten system that caused these people (not beasts) to become as they are would soon produce more defectives just as it has produced those we have with us today.

Miss Bessie puts me in mind of a certain prosecuting attorney who is going to stop prostitution by having hotel keepers refuse to rent rooms for that purpose, when the fact remains that all these things are a part as well as a result of worry, starvation, exposure, ignorance and environment, which is caused by a few greedy capitalists owning the earth, and making it impossible for the rest of the people to live like human beings.

Miss Bessie also slings some figures, maybe she could produce some data on these hundreds of girls being attacked every year by these so-called mentally defective degenerates. I have read two papers every day for the past eight years and must say I haven't noticed "hundreds of such cases." She would also like to see this thing come faster and be more far-reaching. Look out, Miss Bessie, it might get you before you die, as I dare say some of these defectives at one time had more brains in five minutes than you seem to have collected in all your life. I wonder how you feel towards the defective, feeble-minded women. I hope you are not so hard on them as the men.

TOM SMITH.

Dear Miss Grey: Being a working man, I am naturally interested in what concerns the working class.

As to the girl who is trying to live on six dollars per week, and all that silly twaddle to keep married women from working for a living, I would say to F. E. F., Mrs. M. B., et al, who want laws passed prohibiting married women from working out of the home, and in the same breath tell you of the freedom of our country that: Married women of the working class marry for "love," more so than those of the upper classes, and plan on a little home for themselves and family, but are proud to take

work outside when they see the little home going to pieces from enforced idleness of the husband, such as has prevailed the last two years especially.

The big per cent of common labor in this state receive as wages from \$1.75 to \$2 per day. It is difficult for two, almost impossible for more to live at all on this pittance. A week's unemployment for the husband means starvation, so the wife goes out to work, if she can get it.

Mrs. M. B. is right when she said "we must begin at the source of the stream," but the married woman who must work to make both ends meet is not the source; she is but one of the effects. The source is society itself, which allows such conditions to exist. A society which has millions of men and women unemployed, who are willing to work and be self-supporting, sadly needs remodeling. Respectfully, A. M. C.

Q.—I am about to ask you for your opinion on something that troubles me greatly. My sister, who is five years older than I live on the same lot, but in a separate house. Our mother died not three months ago. Yet, my sister attends dances and shows and wears any color she pleases, while I wear all black and a mourning veil. I traveled 1,000 miles to see our mother before she died, but got there too late. I feel the loss greatly, which my sister seems to think nothing of. I have said nothing to her of her actions, thinking she was the oldest and that it was not my place to interfere.

MRS. M. M.

A.—The longer I live the more I come to the conclusion that grief is purely selfishness, especially when it flaunts itself before a busy public and demands recognition. We believe, or the most of us do, that the soul is immortal and that when Death robs us of those who are dear to us, they wing their way to everlasting, ethereal happiness. Then, why should we grieve for them? It is but natural that we should miss them, but even so, is it necessary that we advertise it by donning gloomy robes and wearing a doleful countenance? The wearing of mourning and the abstention from all pleasures or social activities for a certain period after the death of the deceased is nothing more than a custom which many modern thinkers are casting aside. If your sister is of this modern school why should she play the hypocrite simply to appease a custom which is rapidly becoming threadbare?

## MOVIE GOSSIP

BY FREDDIE FILM.

M. J.—Thanks for your wishes for a Merry Christmas. I wish one also to every movie fan who reads this column—and to everyone else, too.

Bertha—An actor who habitually plays the leading role is called the star. Plays in which the leading role is strongly marked are called star plays, and important roles are called star roles.

G. J.—So far as I know there are no accurate figures available, but it has been said that over \$500,000,000 is invested in the motion picture industry in America, and that it gives employment to 100,000 persons.

J. E. P.—Frank McQuarrie was Craig in "The Black Box." The Cunard girls really are sisters.



MARY MILES MINTER, the youthful Metropolitan star, is no longer playing child parts. She has been given characters that permit her to play both a child and a young lady in the same picture. Miss Minter is one of the most promising actresses in the movie world. Besides being an ideal screen type, the little blond beauty possesses a naturalness in her work that is distinctive.

Mae Marsh and Robert Barron are scheduled to appear together in another Triangle drama after they complete their present Arts play, "Hoodoo Ann," by Granville Warwick.

De Wolf Hopper's bouncing baby's son, who through his father has become known in all civilized sections of the world, has been converted into a film actor and will make his initial appearance in the support of his male parent in the latest Triangle-Hopper production, "Sunshine Dad."

H. C. B.—G. M. Anderson is in Niles, Cal.; Charles Chaplin is in Los Angeles, and Beverly Bayne is in New York.

Bernice—There is no reason why an actress should not marry, except that when traveling with stage companies they become separated from their homes and families. It is not so in the motion picture business, however. These actresses remain in one place, and are able to maintain homes. Alice Nielsen recently said: "I haven't found that motherhood interferes with my career."

## Personal and Social

Trinity Sunday school will give its annual Christmas party Tuesday night in the Trinity parish house. The pageant, which was produced a while back by the Collegiate Alumnae, will be repeated under the direction of Miss Farnsworth.

Dr. and Mrs. Charles Taylor will entertain several friends Saturday at dinner at their home at Stellacoom.

Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Danaher will entertain at a large family dinner Saturday.

Tacomaans who are friendly to the interests of Theo. Karl Johnston, the Seattle boy tenor, who is making his eastern debut, will be interested to learn he is a decided success. Critics say he has the best youthful tenor voice they have ever heard.

Miss Virginia Caesar has gone to Spokane to visit the family of her fiancé, Frederick Insinger, where she will remain until New Year's.

The annual election of Ivy chapter 1463, R. N. A., took place last Friday, with the following women elected to office: Elizabeth Wallace, oracle; Maggie Conrad, vice-oracle; Ella Braga, chancellor; Alpha Campbell, recorder; Hannah Baker, receiver; Louis Carey, marshal; Jennie Neitzel, inner sentinel; Ada Comstock, outer sentinel; Lucilla Dummermuth, manager; Jessie Atchison, musician.

Miss Laura Taylor, dean of women at the state normal school at Monmouth, Ore., is at home in Tacoma for the Christmas holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Wilson will entertain 22 guests at Christmas dinner Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Brokaw will entertain at a family dinner tomorrow.

Mr. and Mrs. John C. Henry of South Warner st., are receiving congratulations on the birth of a son on the 22nd. Mr. Henry is assistant superintendent of the Griffin Wheel Co.

## BEAUTIFUL MAE MURRAY DESERTS STAGE FOR SCREEN



MAE MURRAY, THE "NELL BRINKLEY GIRL" Who is to be Seen in Lasky-Paramount Pictures.

Mae Murray has gone away from New York to be absent for a long, long time. The famous beauty, and until recently star of "Ziegfeld's Follies of 1915," has been engaged to appear exclusively for a term of three years in productions of the Jesse L. Lasky Feature Play company on the Paramount program. Her contract release from Mr. Ziegfeld was purchased for a large sum this week by Samuel Goldfish, executive head of the Lasky Company, and Miss Murray already is on her way to Hollywood, Cal., to report to Cecil B. DeMille, director general of the Lasky studios.

## "CHIMMIE FADDEN" DOES MANY STUNTS IN HIS NEW PICTURE



Victor Moore and part of the Lasky company that appears with him in "Chimmie Fadden Out West," at the Colonial.

How "Chimmie Fadden" made the president of a railroad and his scheming advertising agent return nearly a million dollars to the people whom they had swindled is one of the interesting climaxes of "Chimmie Fadden Out West," showing at the Colonial theater for the remainder of this week. How he lost one gold mine and won another in the shape of the girl he loved is the other interesting climax.

This is the first of a series of Chimmie Fadden pictures that are going to be produced by the Jesse L. Lasky company.

## BIG SUIT AGAINST FILM TRUST BEGUN

NEW YORK, Dec. 24.—Declaring that ten leading film manufacturers have formed a combination in restraint of competition, and has practically forced the Imperial Film exchange out of business, that concern filed suit yesterday afternoon under the Sherman anti-trust law for \$750,000 damages.

The defendants are General Film company, Vitagraph, Pathé Freres, Kalem, Edison, Essanay, Lubin, Selig, Klein, and Motion Picture Patents company.

The complaint alleges that nine companies combined as the General Film company in 1910, and that suit for involuntary bankruptcy against the Imperial exchange was begun. The Imperial proved itself solvent, but as a result of the proceedings, its revenues dwindled from \$50,000 per year to \$250 a week.

## NEW CHAPLIN COMEDY FILM

**TODAY'S BILLS AT THE MOVIES**

COLONIAL  
"Chimmie Fadden Out West" with Victor Moore.

LIBERTY  
"Matrimony," with Julia Dean, and "Stolen Magic" with Raymond Hitchcock and Mabel Normand.

MELBOURNE  
"The Women," with Charles Chaplin.

"The Women," said by many to be the greatest Chaplin comedy, opened a two-day engagement at the Melbourne this morning. Produced by Essanay in two parts with an all star comedy cast it is one continuous scream from beginning to end.

The dramatic feature of the bill is "The Tides of Retribution," a three-act Biograph that tells one of the strangest stories ever filmed.

## A HAPPY CHRISTMAS

'Tis time to send you greeting,  
The year is near its goal;  
So we wish you "Happy Christmas"  
With all our heart and soul.

## Colonial Theatre

## ROUND THE WORLD WITH SANTA CLAUS.

RUSSIA. CHAPTER III.

Now the reindeer gallop faster and faster and Santa Claus swoops down into his great red coat. It is growing colder than ever, for now the rosy-cheeked old gentleman is traveling over the frozen plains toward Russia.

But despite the cold he smiles gaily, for well he knows the happy welcome that awaits him. Perhaps you would like to know, too, that Christmas eve is called Brylants or Holy Evening in Russia.

As Santa's sleigh glides down to earth again he finds great bonfires lighted in the streets and boys and girls, and older folk, too, dancing happily around the leaping flames.

They shout a joyful welcome to Saint Nicholas, for that is what the Russians call Santa, appears in the twilight.

As Santa Claus, or now we should say Saint Nicholas, gives them a cheery reply, the merry throngs begin singing hymns. While the singing is going on in the streets Santa hurriedly visits all the homes, prizes and presents alike, and in each one leaves toys for the little ones and other gifts for older folk.

Once more now he climbs into his sleigh, shakes the reins, and away the reindeer speed. This time, however, Santa looks over the sides out of cheerful life, for soon he'll be flying over mountains, and even Santa Claus had had a little sleep.

