POOR DOCUMENT

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INTERESTING — *A Feature Page of Interest to Everyone* — INSTRUCTIVE

Dorothy Dix

Why Teaching is a Real Man's Job—Why Men are Justly Afraid of Telephones — The Young Lawyer Who is Being Not Only Chased After, But Run Down by Girls —Shall She Marry Her Mail-Order Husband?

DEAR MISS DIX—Do you think it unmanly to teach, and that instructing others is primarily a woman's job? I don't. I think that a man can be as successful in this line of work as any one else, but many throw up their hands in horror at the thought. Do you think that as great a success could be made in teaching as in any other profession? JIM.

DOROTHY DIX

ANSWER:
If you rate success in terms of money, many other professions hold out greater inducements than teaching does, although fortunes have been made in private schools.

But if you count success in the opportunity it gives you for self-development along the highest lines, for leading an intellectual life and for doing good to your day and generation, then no profession offers higher rewards than teaching.

So far from teaching being unmanly, it is, on the contrary, the greatest and most responsible work that any man can take upon himself, for the material he works with is not wood, nor iron, nor gold, nor silver, but immortal souls. He doesn't build houses. He builds character. He doesn't plant potatoes. He implants ideas that will influence unborn generations for good or evil. He does not fashion metal into curious shapes. He molds the thoughts of children. He does not sell dry goods or groceries. He "sells" ambition and high ideas and righteousness.

Compared to the teacher's job, most other jobs are unimportant, for no other human being on earth does any work so vital as that of training the minds of little children. They come to the teacher plastic and are as clay in his hands. Listen in on any group of children and you can hear: "Teacher says this; teacher says that; teacher does this; teacher does that." Teacher is their guide, their oracle, their model.

And especially is the job of the teacher important in this country, where in our melting pot are assembled a thousand incongruous ingredients that all have to be blended together into a homegeneous whole of Americanism.

Many of the children come to school from homes of filth and squalor, from homes of ignorance and vice, from homes of unpatriotic nationalities, and it takes a man who is every inch a man to undo the work of their parents, to combat the influences of their homes, and to turn them into law-abiding citizens.

This is no work for a dainty, young girl to perform in the interim between the time she graduates and the time she gets married. It is the life-work for a strong man who has consecrated himself to a cause.

And so I think that the young man who takes up the profession of teaching is the greatest and most potent of all missionaries, and that he renders a service to his country that should entitle him to be decorated with the Congressional Medal.

DOROTHY DIX

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DEAR MISS DIX—Are there men who are afraid of telephones? MISS EIGHTEEN.

ANSWER:
There are thousands of men who live in terror of the telephone, and who never hear the tinkle, tiknle, tinkle of the telephone bell without turning pale and having that sinking sensation and a gnawing feeling at the pit of their stomachs.

For a girl at the end of the telephone wire can do frightful and deadly things to a man. She can lsoe him his job, for employers very soon find out that they can dispense with the services of sheiks who are always being called up over the phone by girls. So if you want to wreak a fatal revenge on some youth, just make a practice of giving him a ring in the midst of his morning's work.

Another reason why men are afraid of telephones is because women can hold them up so effectually over the telephone. They can ask them why they haven't called, and where they were last night, and when they are going to come, and don't they want to go to such and such a party, and they can keep on doing it until they badger a man into making a date with them.

In the old days when a man had to show up bodily at a girl's house, or else communicate with her through the mails, there was some chance for him to escape from ladies of whom he had grown tired, but not so now. He can be pursued from place to place by the telephone, for the little wires go where a woman could not go herself.

Also, they can be held up over the wire just as effectually as they can with a gun, so it is no wonder that men are afraid of the telephone.

So, Miss Eighteen, let me give you a tip: if you want to be popular with men don't acquire the telephone habit, and never, never never telephone a man in business hours unless you are trying to make him hate you. DOROTHY DIX.

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DEAR DOROTHY DIX—I am in great trouble. Here is my situation. I am an ambitious young lawyer, but I fear that the girls are going to ruin my life. I am too popular without trying to be so. Girls of all ages seem to be attracted to me until they have become a nuisance. They call me at my office at all hours of the day, so that I can hardly transact any business. They stop me on the street corners and want to take me for a ride. They are ruining my life by worrying me to death so that I cannot work. What must I do? RUN-AFTER.

ANSWER:
I can only offer you my profound sympathy in your affliction. It must be terrible to possess such a fatal fascination for the fair sex. What a pity it is that you are not a doctor or a preacher, so that you could cash in on your charms, for, the physician and clergyman who are run after by women have their fortunes made.

If it is your beauty that lures women, you might, of course, wear a mask, or cultivate a crop of whiskers that you could landscape in a way to mar your good looks; but if it is your wit and charm of conversation that enthralls them, I see no hope for you except to charge them regular consultation fees for taking up your time.

When Gabby Deslys first came to America in the height of the scandal about her affair with the King of Portugal, I interviewed her for the newspaper with which I was then connected, and she told me that she derived a pretty penny from being seen out in public with different men who desired to pose as rounders.

She had a regular tariff: so many dollars for walking down the street with a man. So many for going to tea with a man. So much for going out to dinner, and a quite exorbitant sum for going out to supper. You might adopt this plan. It would either be money in your purse or else rid you of your feminine admirers.

But you are right about one thing. Girls can fritter away so much of a man's time and attention that they leave him none in which to attend to his business. They can queer him with his employer and with the general public by always hanging around him, for, somehow, we all have a genial contempt for the man who is a ladies' pet.

So I think you will be quite justified in using drastic means to rid yourself of your admirers. DOROTHY DIX.

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For a Fine Summer Lunch
SHREDDED WHEAT
With Fruits in Season

Changes Time Brings

Fashion Fancies.

TWO-PIECE COSTUME ACCENTS POLKA DOT STYLE

By Marie Belmont

A plaited skirt of white crepe de chine is patterned with scarlet polka dots. This is topped by a white jumper of wool and rayon jersey trimmed with dotted silk.

Emphasizing the carefree attitude of summer days, the neck-line is left with no pretence of closing. There are no buttons, no snap hooks, no lacings; one merely gets into the jumper and lets it go at that.

Tucks draw the ends of the sleeves into snug cuffs. The hat is of white felt with a band of scarlet ribbon.

Is this your BIRTHDAY

JUNE 30—You are remarkably fond of travel. You are self-reliant and absolutely indifferent to the opinions of others, and at times display an independence that is trying to your friends. You have great capability for acquiring knowledge, and possess the rare ability of imparting it to others. You are of a loving nature. Strive to keep clear of jealousy and spite, and value your friends and the affection they give you.

Your birth-stone is a pearl, which means health and long life.

Your lucky colors are light blue and white.

JULY 1—You are ambitious to be a leader, and your will is strong enough to bring you success. You are artistic, and fond of music and travel. You are cereful of appearances, very adaptable, popular in your own circle, and loved dearly by your family. Be careful not to grow too fond of money-making. Let love and unselfishness guide you through life.

Your birth-stone is the ruby, which means contentment.

Your flower is the waterlily.

Your lucky color is green.

"COME now," said the teacher, "Tommy, will you point out Australia to the class?" Tommy did so.

"Who discovered Australia, Georgie?" asked the teacher.

"Tommy did," was the reply.

IN NEW YORK — SEE-SAWING UP AND DOWN BROADWAY

I NOTICED it in a glass case at the Metropolitan Museum, where one may expect to run across almost anything from a dinosaur to an ancient ceramic.

It was a rather small musical instrument which, in its day, probably worked as much hardship as the ukulele or the mouth organ. It carried the label "armonica or glassy chord," a name reminiscent of harmonica.

The inventor was none other than that hitherto reputable and eminent gentleman, Dr. Benjamin Franklin.

DOWN in "Tin Pan Alley," where the popular songs came from, they tell me that had Dr. Franklin appeared 150 years later he might have proved a "darn good popular song writer."

The Music Industries Chamber of Commerce at a recent assembly in New York, announced the recent discovery of the missing words of three songs that Franklin turned out in his spare moments.

One was titled "My Plain Country Joan," which was an eight-verse love song and, written for the audiences of today, might have appeared under the title of, "Plain Country Jane" or "That Country Jane of Mine." Yes—and at the risk of shocking you—this great disciple of thrift and sobriety turned out a drinking, "Fair Venus Calls."

AND, if you have never heard that Franklin threatened to be the Irving Berlin of his time—which was something new for us—read his own words after his appearance as a "song hit writer:"

"My occasional ballads were wretched stuff, in the Grub Street ballad style. They were printed and my brother sent me about town to sell them. They first sold wonderfully, the event being recent and having made a great noise."

WHEREUPON, it would seem, the sober and profound Mr. Franklin went out and invented his instrument of ear torture. I shall always wonder what the neighbors said.

BEHIND the SCREEN

THE latest foreign star to succeed in U. S. films is Einar Hansen, of Swedish birth, who has been signed to a long term contract by First National. He has been in films here for less than a year and has shown considerable aptitude for dramatic characterizations. The role that got him the contract was his most recent opposite Corinne Griffith in "Into Her Kingdom."

Before going to Hollywood he was well known in his native country. He appeared in stage and screen productions there, until learning of the success of his countrymen on this side of the water, he set out for Hollywood.

Hansen is the second artist of Swedish birth on the First National roster, the first being Anna Q. Nilsson.

THEY ALL CUT SOONER OR LATER

No, we're not speaking of cards but hair. Lois Wilson is the latest long-haired sister from the movie ranks to part with her long locks. Lois has been dreading the terrible moment for years, but up to now she has succeeded in playing in parts where a woman's crowning glory has not been an anachronism. But as Daisy Buchanan, in "The Great Gatsby," Lois must appear with hair bobbed and shingled in the latest fashion.

Percy Marmont will be seen for the first time in a role which calls for comedy throughout the picture, when "Mantrap" is released. It is a Paramount production from Sinclair Lewis's latest novel.

Lois Moran has signed a long-term contract with Paramount and her first picture will be "God Gave Me 20 Cents," from the magazine story by Dixie Wilson.

Kathryn Perry, who plays "Helen" in Fox Films "The Married Life of Helen and Warren" series, has been cinematically divorced from "Warren" heretofore played by Tallam Cooley. Allan Forrest, stage and movie actor is her new "husband."

Cowboys who chase golf balls instead of cattle will portray a new type of westerner in Priscilla DeDan's next Metropolitan feature, "West of Broadway."

THROUGH SLEEPER SERVICE TO BOSTON SATURDAYS.

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Flapper Fanny Says

Many a rich man is a poor golfer.

A Thought

Let love be without dissimulation Abhor that which is evil; cleave to that which is good.—Rom. 12:9.

HEARTS may be attracted by assumed qualities, but the affections are not to be fixed but by those that are real.—De Moy.

Use the Want Ad. Way

ADVENTURES of the TWINS

by OLIVE ROBERTS BARTON

THE DREAM-MAKER-MAN'S SHOP

"If you will please come into my work-shop," said the Dream-Maker Man to the Twins, "I shall finish a dream I am making. Then I can help you to look for your lost china elephant and tcy clown."

So the Twins followed the Dream-Maker Man to his work-shop, while Snoozle and Snuggle and Snore, his three sons, went out in their airplanes to do some errands on the moon.

Snoozle was to buy a pound of star dust to make babies' eyes sparkle.

Snuggle was to buy the tails of a dozen comets to make smiles for them.

And Snore was to search all over the moon for a dimple-tree.

All these things the Dream-Maker Man used in his dreams and they were pretty hard to find.

Well, the Twins followed the Dream-Maker Man into his workshop, as I said before, and he set chairs for them while he finished making a dream.

"Who is the dream for?" asked Nick, as the Dream-Maker Man tied on a big apron and rolled up his sleeves.

"It's for a little boy down on the earth called Johnny Conway," said the Dream-Maker Man, as he began to stir up some things in a kettle, with a big spoon.

"What is it to be about?" asked Nancy.

"Oh, I forgot!" said the Dream-Maker Man. "It's a good thing you asked me that, my dear, because I am not quite sure myself yet. I have to call up his mother on the telephone and ask her what Johnny has had to eat today. It all depends, you see—it all depends! If he has had plenty of milk and fresh vegetables and eaten all his bread crusts, he is to have a dream about becoming a general and leading an army of a thousand men. I'm sure he would like to dream about being carried around on the shoulders of the people and have everybody shout, "Hurrah! Long live the king!—I mean the general."

"But generals ride horses, don't they?" said Nick. "The people don't carry them around on their shoulders. That's just in football."

"Don't forget," said the Dream-Maker Man, "that in a dream everything goes, and generals may do anything at all. It just happens that Johnny thinks it would be fine to be carried around on people's shoulders and have them shout 'hurrah.' He'd like to dream that."

"What kind of a dream will you give him if he doesn't eat his crusts and everything?" asked Nancy.

"Oh, I'll have to send him a dream that isn't so pleasant, I'm afraid." said the Dream-Maker Man, shaking his head. "Particularly if he has had ice cream sundaes and three bananas and four sour pickles like he had yesterday. I think a dream about being kept in after school for two hours and being made to write 500 words would be about right. But there! I'll call up his mother right away on the telephone."

So the old man went to the telephone and called up 5505. That was Johnny's house on the earth.

"It's all right," he said when he came back. "He's been a good boy today. He gets the dream about the general and the army.

The Twins watched him as he went to the big kettle and boiled some brass buttons and a pair of boots and a sword. Then he caught the steam in a bag and tied it up.

"There you are! All ready for to-right," he declared. "And now, my dears, I am ready to help you."

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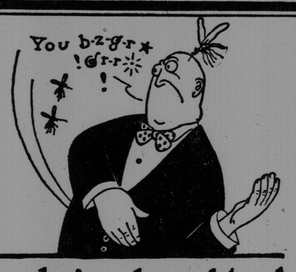

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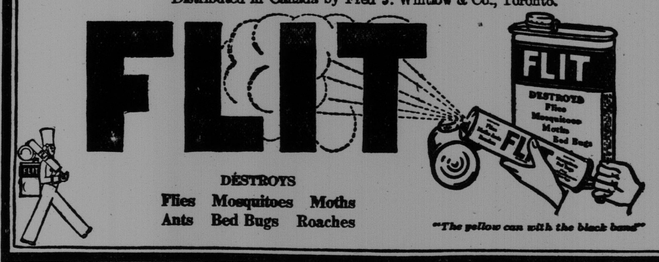
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