

INTERESTING

A Feature Page of Interest to Everyone

INSTRUCTIVE

Dorothy Dix

"Because She Contradicts Herself at Every Turn," Says Dorothy Dix, in a Futile Effort to Explain Her Sex, "Woman is the Cross-Word Puzzle That Man is Never Weary of Trying to Solve."

WHO shall understand woman, for her ways are strange and past finding out? She is the one thing in nature that never changes, yet is always changing. Even as our Mother Eve was, so are all her daughters to this day.

Yet the woman who was short and fat, and had black hair last year, this year may be a willowy living skeleton with lissened locks.

Woman has little physical strength. She cannot emulate the prowess of man in lifting weights or making long marches, yet her constitution withstands daily a strain that would send a prize-fighter to his coffin.

Small little creatures dine upon lobster Newburg, pickles, ice cream and cake, and go about snowy streets in knee-length skirts, chiffon stockings and satin sandals. And not only do they live to tell the tale, but to repeat the performance ad libitum.

WOMAN is afraid of a mouse, but not of a lion. She will faint at a pin prick, but lie calmly down on a surgeon's table and let herself be cut to pieces.

She will sit down and cry her eyes out if her new skirt does not hang right when it is sent home from the dressmaker, but when her fortune is swept away she'll get up and go cheerfully to work to earn her bread and butter.

She heads all of the great humanitarian movements, and is the mainstay of the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and a charter member of the Audubon Society. Yet she wears a baby lamb coat and a hat covered with feathers.

WHEN she goes shopping she will economize by lunching on a chocolate éclair and a glass of ice water and then pay 50 cents for a headache powder, and go home with a complacent feeling that she has saved money.

She takes thirty-dollar courses of physical culture and spends an hour every morning practicing with dumbbells and weights to keep her figure slim and supple, then hires a woman to make her beds and sweep her floors because she hasn't the strength to do her housework.

SHE breaks her back and puts out her eyes cutting out little holes in cloth and filling them in with fine embroidery stitches, and is always on a still hunt for some one to do her sewing for her.

She is agast at the idea of giving five dollars outright to a charity, but she will contribute ten dollars' worth of cakes or fancy work to a bazaar or church fair and give herself nervous prostration running it.

SHE weeps for joy, and her text of a good play is the number of handkerchiefs that she calls for. She also mistakes melancholy for morals and is suspicious of every woman who laughs much.

She will break her neck to catch a man, and the minute she has him she throws away the bait by which she lured him to the hook.

SHE may love a man well enough to be willing to die for him, but she will not take the trouble to make him comfortable or give him a good dinner.

When she sees that she is losing her husband's affection she undergoes the tortures of the damned, but she cannot stop nagging him and doing the thing that she knows is driving him from her.

WHEN duty calls, she will send the man she loves to the uttermost end of the earth, cheered by her brave smile and wave of the hand, but when he's at home she will walk the floor in agony when he is five minutes late, fearing that he has gotten lost between his office and the house. She thinks her husband the wisest man in the world and perfectly capable of running the universe, but she deprecates his judgment when he goes to pick out his neckties and is certain that he hasn't enough sense to change his shoes when he gets his feet wet.

Her ideal of a husband is a man who is a relentless tyrant, yet lets her have her own way in every particular; who is an oracle, but consults her for advice; and who is an iceberg to everyone else, but a seething volcano to her.

SHE believes her children to be perfectly beautiful, though they may have curly hair, no eyebrows, white eyelashes and faces as expressionless as a cream cheese. She also is sure they are geniuses, no matter how dull they may be.

She may have the most delicate perception of right and wrong, but where her children are concerned she is without morals or principle.

She would not for the world destroy your property, but if it amuses little Jane to scratch pictures with a pin on your mahogany table she thinks you are a selfish brute to object to it.

SHE cannot abide noise or dirt—unless it is her own children who are the offenders, and then she becomes as deaf and blind as the adder of the Scriptures.

In ethics she hates the sin and coddles the sinner. She cries out for justice against the criminal, and the minute there is a chance of his being punished she goes around with a petition for his pardon, begging people to sign it.

She is an idealist, with the most human and faulty practices. It is because she contradicts herself at every turn that no man can ever guess what she is going to do next, and that makes her a crossword puzzle that he is never weary of trying to solve.

DOROTHY DIX
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Keep your blood cool!
SHREDDED WHEAT

is cooling and nourishing.
Fine for breakfast or lunch

RED ROSE
"is good tea" TEA

Order your grocer's best and he'll usually send Red Rose.

Look At A Lady And You Behold An Animal



Women are like animals, and upon that principle June Mathis, highest paid scenario writer in the world, casts them in her productions. Above, in the center is shown Miss Mathis. The types shown are dog, cat, chimpanzee and lioness. Look them over and see for yourself.

SEE SAWING ON BROADWAY

NEW YORK, Sept. 7.—And it came to pass that upon a certain day in August in the year of our Lord, 1926, a wagon loaded with hay did cross Fifth Avenue, in the vicinity of 42nd street.

And though the gazing crowds awaited fearfully, the heavens did not fall.

SUCH is the devotion to fashion of some Manhattanites that, not infrequently, martyrs appear.

Thus there is a certain gentleman of fashion who would as soon be caught at a public place with no clothes at all as without his dinner jacket. It so happens that this young man is a saxophone artist of no small calibre.

During a recent week not evening, the leader of the orchestra decided that custom could best be laid aside and told the players they could take off their coats.

Almost with horror the disciple of fashion saw the coats disappearing and the shirt sleeves being revealed. Then he rose, gave a brief lecture on "good taste" and quit. Not for a moment would he countenance such a social break. He stalked from the roof garden.

WHEN Rudolph Valentino arrived in New York from Chicago some weeks before his critical illness, the newspapers were carrying lengthy stories of the challenge to duel the film star has issued to a Chicago writer.

A gift reporter, who writes a movie column for one of the tabloids, dropped in and interviewed Rudy. When she handed it in at her office that evening, the city editor growled his protest.

"Say, this bird Valentino is getting too much space. I'm sick and tired of seeing his name in the paper. We've just been carrying his duel stuff all over the paper. I don't want any more copy on him for a long time. The only thing he can do to get his blanket-blank name in the paper is to up and die."

In the course of days the reporter again encountered Valentino and his managerial forces. She was asked what happened to the interview and frankly related her editor's commentaries, ending with the admonition that the "only way Valentino could get his blanket-blank name in that paper was to up and die."

On the day that the sheik's fever hit 101 and the doctors were announcing that Rudy's life hung by a thread, the movie star's manager penned the following message to the paper:

"Trying out a—est to accommodate you."

AMONG the unpublished telegrams that came to Rudy during his illness was the following typical message from Texas Guinan, "queen of Broadway."

"Hey, there! What'dy mean letting them take your appendix that way. Didn't you know sense enough to put it in your mother's name?"

GILBERT SWAN.

THE RHYMING OPTIMIST
By Aline Michaelis

FILL each day with gladness as the first years fly, stoop not to complaining, scorn the foolish sigh; go your way with singing, mirth and laughter flinging to the echoes ringing, bid old Care good-bye. Give your joy and labor to each dawning day, lend to it your spirit, sweet and proud and gay; brave and happy ever, make your high endeavor all sad ties to sever; work drives griefs away. But in all your toiling do not dare forget there is one thing better, one thing dearer yet; leave a time for dreaming, dreams are golden-gleaming, dreams are sunny seeming, dreams can all regret. Work makes no life joyous save for dreaming, too; work brings no life blessings after dreams are through. Cling then to your dreaming, dreams like moonrays streaming brighten life's dull hur.

Little Joe
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By DAN THOMAS
HOLLYWOOD, Sept. 7.—Women are cats.

Women are dogs. Women are lionesses. Women are barnyard fowl. There you are, girls! But wait! Put down those bricks! It's all a compliment!

We have it on the highest authority that women are animals, the word of none other than June Mathis, screen-dom's highest paid scenario writer. And here is her statement, unadulterated: "All women remind me of certain animals; I always use this method of casting them according to type in my productions."

"Take the cat. Note her queenly, independent manner. Ponder upon the sweetness of that sassy disposition. Look, too, for the sharp claws buried in those velvety paws."

HERE'S THE DOPE ON THEM
Go on to the other animals. Here are the characterizations Miss Mathis gives. Do any of them apply to you?

Monkey—light, frivolous and agile, whose primitive moving force is an ability to mimic those more capable than herself.

Cat—queenly, sleepy-eyed, but wide awake and capable. Under her gentle exterior is the quality that is self-protective.

Parrot—talkative, vain and unemotional.

Duck—aloof, proud and fussy about appearances and the friends she makes. Chanticleer—vain little creature who must crow about her accomplishments.

Mouse—sly, sensitive, peeping out at the world almost apologetically.

Pig—good natured and inclined to plumpness.

Donkey—stubborn, but capable of doing what she makes up her mind to do. Bulldog—puppy-snippy, perky little thing with slightly upturned nose and a consciousness of her importance.

Lioness—bold, heroic and primitive with jungle-like attitude that speaks of a readiness to spring upon those who cross her.

YOUNG HUSBAND—Last night when I got home my wife had my chair drawn up before the fire, my slippers ready for me to put on, my pipe all filled and—

Old Friend—How did you like her new hat?

BEHIND THE SCREEN

GWEN LEE hasn't had much opportunity to do any "picture stealing" in her short career as a screen actress, but she came pretty close to it in "His Secretary," in which Norma Shearer starred. "Picture stealers," you know, are those players, who although they have minor roles make their parts stand out so prominently that they come pretty close to borrowing some of the star's thunder. Gwen had a very small part in "His Secretary," as the snappily dressed, impudent stenographer. In the few scenes in which Gwen appeared she walked off with honors. She's a tall, languid person who wears clothes with an "air."

As a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer contract player some of her more recent pictures have been "The Auction Block" and "Sally, Irene and Mary."

STAR DUST
Here's how some of the Paramount players spend their leisure hours: Raymond Griffith cruises about in a yacht.

Wallace Berry can be found wherever trout abound. While his brother, Noah, seeks game both large and small, Betty Bronson is happy in a motor car dashing about the countryside.

James Cagney delights in a swim in the Pacific. Ricardo Cortez puts on the gloves and indulges in the manly art.

Richard Dix counts the day lost that he doesn't get in a round of golf. Florence Vidor exercises on the tennis courts.

Babe Daniels divides her time between golf and handball.

William Collier, Jr., likes to kick the plectrum around when the weather isn't too warm.

OUT IN THE OPEN AGAIN
George Bancroft, Paramount featured player, who made a name for himself as the villainous Jack Slade in "The Pony Express," has just had his first hair-cut since Oct. 10, 1925. He wore both long hair and a beard for his role of master gunner in "Old Ironsides," which has just been finished after many months of production.

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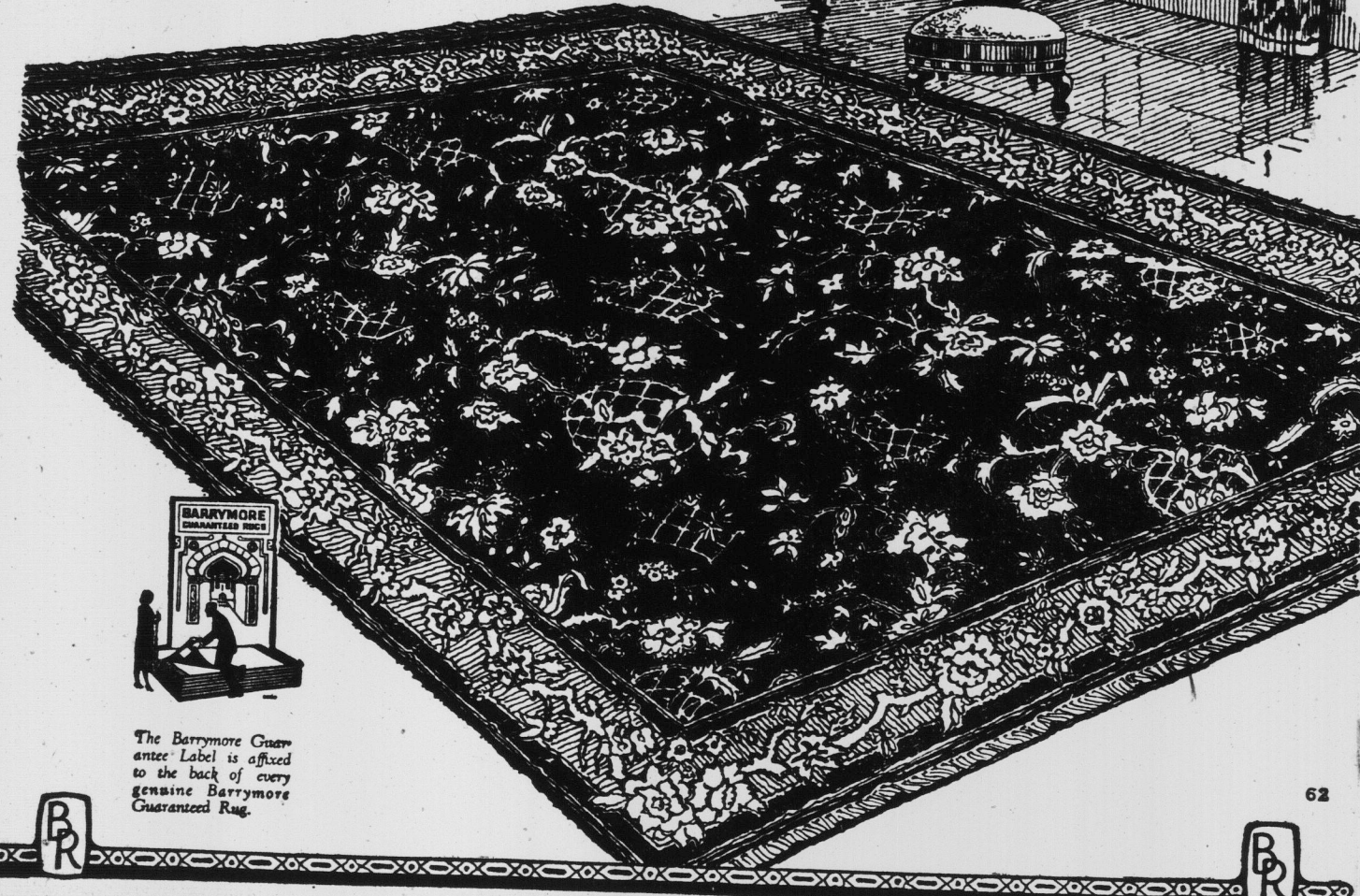
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