

INTERESTING

A Feature Page of Interest to Everyone

INSTRUCTIVE

Dorothy Dix

Men Like Best Women Who Know How to Listen, Who Are Natural and Cheerful and Appreciative—But Most to All a Man Admires a Woman for Her Old-Time Virtues and Her Femininity.

ANOTHER thing men like in women is femininity, and the woman who affects the mannish in dress or manners or conversation does it at her peril. Indeed, so great is man's admiration for womanliness that he will forgive her all other defects if she only possesses that one quality.



DOROTHY DIX

Men like what we call the old-fashioned virtues in women. It is the fashion now for women to be blasé and cynical, but there is no man so hardened himself that does not shudder away from a hard woman. He may never put his foot inside of a church, but he wants a woman to be pious. He may disbelieve in everything in heaven or earth, but he wants a woman to have religion in everything good and holy. And no matter how much he laughs at her for her credulity, he loves her the better for it. He may judge the world mercilessly, but he wants a woman to be full of tender and unreasoning pity and sympathy.

NO MAN ever loved a woman who did not cry, or who was not tender to little children, or who would not give to a beggar and investigate his needs afterward. The girl who thinks it smart to sneer at domesticity and who declares that she will never debase her talents by learning to cook or sew, who hates children and religion, no matter how brilliant or beautiful she is, does not attract men.

Men like cheerfulness in a woman, but they hate forced gaiety. Probably there is no other woman in the world that makes men so tired as the perpetual giggler and gusher—the woman whose conversation is a series of exclamations, who chatters like a magpie and who laughs at everything that is said, whether it is funny or not. These women labor under the hallucination that the way to be vivacious is never to be still.

NOW, in this country, where society is carried on after office hours, men seek the companionship of women for rest and relaxation. They want quiet. They want to be soothed and sympathized with and not to be irritated by the antics of a perpetual-motion machine combined with the noise of a phonograph that never runs down.

The woman who wants to attract men must know how to listen as well as talk. She must suggest an atmosphere of quiet peace, not a vaudeville show where there is something always doing. She must be deeply, actively, comprehensively. It is on the bosom of the ocean that one dreams of resting, not on the babbling brook.

IT IS the sense of restfulness, of quiet peace they give, that forms the attraction of the large, placid, bovine women who are often as stupid as they look but who are apt to get the pick of the matrimonial market.

Men like naturalness in women. Affectation and artificiality are the bete noir of the masculine sex.

IT IS undeniable that women roll their eyes at men, and men scum; that men are taken in by the simple little flapper who is younger and more innocent and ignorant in her ways than any girl-child ever was by nature; and that not every woman's hair and complexion are hers except by right of purchase. But these women who pretend to be what they are not, and get away with it, are artists.

Their imitations are so good that it is indistinguishable from the real thing.

What disgusts men is the elephantine lady who affects to be kittenish; the straggly spinster who lapses baby-talk; the big, strong, capable-looking woman who think it cute to sneer every time they see a mouse; and the vast sisterhood of near-intellectuals who go into hysterics of delight when they hear Wagner, when their real taste is Harold Bell Wright and jazz.

Men like honesty in women. They like the girl who frankly admits that she works because she needs the money and who is interested in her job.

They admire and respect the girl who makes her own clothes and trims her own hats, and they adore the girl who knows how to cook and helps her mother with the younger sisters and brothers.

CONVERSELY, they have no time for the girl who poses as a blase society girl who has wearied of the gay life and taken a job behind the counter just for amusement, don't you know. Many a poor girl has lost a good husband by pretending that the little frock that she set up nights making was a Paris importation, or by languidly remarking that the hat that she got in a bargain sale and furnished up a bit is a cheap little thing that cost only \$6, or by turning up her nose at the kitchen and saying that really she couldn't boil an egg to save her life.

Men like women who are appreciative. They don't want a woman to get out a brass band and beat on the cymbals every time they show her any little attention, but they do want to feel that they are not wasting their sweetness on an uninteresting companion, and who can take the sweet with the bitter, who can make a joke out of getting wet or missing a train or any other of the misadventures of daily life.

BUT when all is said, the qualities that men like best in women are tenderness, sympathy, affection, amiability and goodness, and a man never admires a woman so much as when she is just a woman.

DOROTHY DIX
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PEEPING TOMS ON TWO-DECK BUSESSES

Washington Householders Object to Opportunities Given Riders on Vehicles

WASHINGTON, March 31.—Double-deck buses, of which a good-sized fleet are operated in Washington, are now under attack here on the ground that they are infested with "peeping toms," who ride around on the upper deck after nightfall to peer into second-story windows of houses. It sounds absurd, but this suggestion was seriously advanced at a hearing before the Public Utilities Commission by the objectors to further franchises for the double-deckers. It was asserted that through the residential district traversed by the buses people frequently neglected to draw the curtains of their chamber windows and that riders on the upper decks of the buses, the seats on the outward, had an unobstructed view, much to the annoyance of the householders, who proposed to meet this situation by having buses of the two-deck type prohibited.

CHANGE OF TIMES
(Lincoln Journal.)
Senators Borah and Reed have selected Illinois and Wisconsin as the scene of their demonstrations against the world court. They assume that these states will be most easily aroused by virtue of their large German-American and Irish population. This would have been a good guess five years ago. It is still good, now that Ireland is in the League of Nations and Germany on the threshold.

DON'T STOP AT ONE
(Lethbridge Herald.)
The Ottawa authorities, now that they have set the example in the case of a Chicago weekly, are fully warned in keeping out of the country those magazines that devote themselves almost entirely to sex appeal.

Samples of The Goat-Getter

Illustrations with captions: 'EVEN THE COLLEGE MAN HAS 'EM', 'THE GIRL WHO LOVES TO TALK TO YOU ALL NIGHT OVER THE TELEPHONE—GAP-GAP', 'THE GIRL WHO CAN DANCE ALL NIGHT—EAT UNTIL DOWN—AND THEN IS ALL FOR GOING FOR A NICE CROSS-COUNTRY HIKE—', 'AND THE GIRL WHO DRAGS OUT A DATE BOOK EVERY TIME YOU ASK HER TO A MOVIE!'

Fashion Fancies



Gray is shown a lot at present, whether it is used alone or in contrast with a bright color. Purple crepe lined with gray makes the graceful negligee above, which is draped in the back to give the lines of a hood. A slender tassel of purple beads swings from one of the lower folds of the hood. The same model would be attractive in cherry red crepe, also lined with gray.



A simple little frock and a joyfully pleated jacket are combined in a most appropriate costume for every spring wear. The frock is straight, with pleated pockets and cuffs. The jacket flares from the shoulders, and has pleated sections at the front, while steel buttons adorn both frock and coat. The hat is a small, tight affair of blue velvet to match the costume, and the bag is also blue.

BEHIND THE SCENES

JUST how important is a director to the success of a picture? Well, of sufficient importance that movie companies pay those on the top of the profession more than the highest-salaried stars. A good man draws a weekly stipend of \$2,500 while many of the "masters" receive a \$10,000 pay check "bunk" which goes into the making of such a production. When the sophisticated subjects we have Ernest Lubitsch and Van Stroheim. Directors are often selected because of their ability to handle stars. Some can take a mediocre actress and put her through her paces in such a manner that she appears to have real ability, whereas if another man directed her she would seem terrible. Directors are even more vital in pictures than on the stage. A stage play goes right straight through from script to finish. In the films there is no continuing of action, one scene is shot today and the succeeding one several weeks hence. Someone has to keep the thread of the story in mind and that someone is the director.

Alas, who has seen Little Eva? Universal casting director, she is everywhere for her. More than 400 applicants with their dotting mothers have been interviewed for the "little Tom" without his golden haired angel. When Universal first made "Uncle Tom's Cabin in 1918 Gertrude Ederly was Eva, Robert Leonard the crucial Simon Legree and Harry Pollard donned the makeup of Uncle Tom. This time, if Eva is found (you see the show really can't go on without her), Pollard will direct.

AMONG the talent contributed to the American screen by foreign

Menus for the Family. MENU HINT: Breakfast: Oranges and Grapefruit Sections, Cereal with Top Milk, Hot Biscuits, Coffee, Marmalade, Luncheon: Fried Eggs Pyrenese, Corn Meal Gems, Marmalade, Tea. Dinner: Roast Leg of Lamb, Broiled Potatoes, Carrots and Peas in Butter, Celery or Radishes, Rhubarb Pie, Coffee.

FLAPPER FANNY says Ruby lips are often traded for pearl earrings. Let this stand from three hours to 24. It makes a good marmalade when soaked for only three hours if then brought slowly to a boil—this means exceedingly slowly—and cooked for one-half hour or until the skin parts are tender. The lid stand until the next day when add the juice of one lemon and as much sugar as the whole measure, and cook until it jellies. Orange with Cranberry—Instead of the lemon juice use one-half cup of cranberry juice, the cranberries having been cooked in one-fourth their measure of water. Flash as when the lemon juice is used. This novelty tastes a bit like quince and makes a most pleasant conserve. One Orange Bitter Marmalade—Cut up or shave an orange of the size that will yield a cup, and soak it in only one cup of water, or even less for 24 hours. Taste it then and note the bitter flavor. Chop the skin part fine, put back with the pulp and the water, and measure for measure of sugar and cook to marmalade stage.

A Thought

I said in my haste: All men are liars. Pa. 116-117.

IN ALL nations truth is the most sublime, the most simple, the most difficult, and yet the most natural thing. —Mme. de Sevigne.

IN NEW YORK SEE SAWING UP AND BROADWAY DOWN

THE idea of that Marshall Stillman movement that the wearing of a lapel button indicating a subscription to the maintenance of this philanthropy would safeguard the wearer from financial exactions by the hold-up gang, was referred to in this column a few weeks ago.

But the story as then told was incomplete, it now is revealed. Certain publicists greeted the button solution of New York's omnipresent "fix" problem with skepticism that bordered on siphonancy.

The "button, button, who's got the button" line struck a new popularity for the movement.

At a subsequent gathering of the Marshall Stillman Movement proponents, resentment at this disparaging found free expression.

Red Katz, the one-time bandit who is the movement's most famous exponent, restoration to upright citizenship, participated.

"The button," Red assured those foregathered with him, "is sacred. 'Never will I show it disrespect.'" And here Red turned to the district attorney who is related—

"Never will I show it disrespect should I ever have to return to stealing for the wife and the kid."

AND in the game of tag that is New York, I am told how the police, the dowagers who inhabit the expensive hotels fringing Central Park, and occasional itinerant fido take part.

It is contrary to the New York law as it is written for fido to wander on the sidewalks unleased.

The dowagers, with a little of moment to weigh on their minds, watch from their windows. The passing of an unleased dog sends them to the telephone.

The Arsenal police station, nearby, gets the news. Then an officer must be dispatched to corral the errant fido and demonstrate to the complaining dowager that the law remains supreme. But never on any official duty bent does one of the "fines" walk more slowly!

GILBERT SWAN.

Is this your BIRTHDAY

MARCH 31—You are particularly fond of music. You are intellectual, kind-hearted and loving, and will have a very happy home life. The women born upon this date are excellent mothers, and retain an unusual hold upon their children as they grow up. Beware of listening to gossip, and curb your tendency to jealousy. Your birth-stone is a bloodstone, which means presence of mind. Your flower is a violet. Your lucky color is white.

Little Joe

IT PAYS TO FORGET TO CORRECT WHEN IT'S A CHECK.



ADVENTURES of the TWINS by OLIVE ROBERTS BARTON

HARRY MUSKRAT WAKES UP Did you ever see Marky Muskrat? Not Well, you didn't miss much, for Marky would never take a prize at a beauty show. Marky's coat was made for good hard use in all sorts of weather, wind and rain, sun and dust, mud and slush—oh, just everything! His tail is long and bare and hasn't a hair on it. His body is short and thick and awkward. His coat is the color of yellow mud on top, light underneath. His head looks like a small guinea pig's head with black beady eyes and no ears to speak of much. He never did anybody any harm since. He was just like the pussy cat in Johnny Great's—but hill towns and salaried men and news and a few other things around Ripple Creek, and eat them. He had to eat something, didn't he, to keep alive? Well, one day Marky woke up in his house in the mud bank, after a long cold spell, and stretched himself. He hadn't been out for days. But something told him that if he crawled through the ground hallway to his front door and then went up through the water (Marky's door is under water, you know) he would find the sun out and the air nice and warm and a certain smell that told you that right over the hill was the Spring Fairy with a basket of blossoms on her arm. And every word of what he had been thinking came true. When he dived down, or I mean up, through the water and came bobbing up to the top, he could scarcely believe his eyes! It was so lovely and warm. "That is me." "What I'm glad I'm glad!" said a voice suddenly behind him. Marky gave a jump, for in his happiness he had forgotten all about the old owl, and the old owl, and the hungry old crow and the hawk. He was just going to dive back into the water, thinking it was one of them, when the voice said hastily: "Please don't go. We didn't mean to frighten you. We were just going to give you a little magic to try to get into your house to wake you up. You have saved us a lot of trouble. Thank you!" Marky turned slowly. He wasn't quite sure yet whether the voice really belonged to a friend—or an enemy. "But when he saw the March Hare and his old friends, Nancy and Nick, beside him, he gave a little shout of joy. "Oh, it's you, is it?" he cried, "you so relieved! I was just thinking how happy I was, and it did seem too bad to spoil it all at once. Now if I just had a good dinner, I'd be as fit as a fiddle." "You need something besides a good dinner, my young friend," said the March Hare. "You need a good scrubbing." "What?" cried Marky. "Why, I just had a bath. I'm still wet." "I know," said the March Hare. "But you need brushing and combing besides. Mister Rabbitab in Scrub-Up Land is waiting for you, so let's hurry. There's the path over there by that little bush."

Not Nerves

Just fatigue, because your digestive organs are not regular

The tired-out feeling you think is "nerves" may be caused by constipation. Poisons seep through the body and irritate the brain. Nature needs roughage in the intestine.

Satisfy Nature's craving and you will greatly relieve constipation. Tillson's Natural Bran gives natural stimulation as its unchanged fibre sweeps the intestine clean. Its vitamins help the stomach to digest other food.

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