

# THE TIMES-STAR FEATURE PAGE

## Dorothy Dix

Men are Disgusted With Lack of Personal Daintiness; They Shun Temper, Tears and Arguments; They Dislike Pose, Vanity and Gold-Digging—But Most of All They Flee a Woman Who Openly Pursues Them.

A YOUNG WOMAN asks: "What are some of the things a girl should avoid doing if she wants to make a hit with men?" Well, daughter, that depends upon the individual man. Every mother's son of them has his own little private list of "don'ts" for women, but, generally speaking, I should say that chief among the feminine foibles that get on men's nerves are: Slovenliness. Men put cleanliness next to goldiness in women, and nothing disgusts them more than a girl with unkempt hands and frowzy hair, who looks as if her clothes had been thrown at her with a pitchfork. It is only artists who like women in flowing robes with loose ribbons.



DOROTHY DIX

The ordinary man likes a girl who is neat and tidy and trim and taut, whose heels are straight, and who never wears soiled finery. No maiden ever snared a man's fancy in a negligee, and no wife holds her husband's love who wears kimonoes to breakfast.

MEN don't like women who argue. Whatever the balance of an unappreciative world may think of his opinions, every man looks forward to being Sir Oracle to his wife.

He wants the woman he marries to gasp with awe and wonder at his wisdom as he lays down the law, and so he passes up the girl who challenges his every statement, and is loaded up with facts and statistics to prove him wrong.

High temper in a woman disgusts a man. A woman with her face distorted with fury, and her tongue saying venomous words, is as repulsive to him as a drunken woman. Also he is afraid of her. He may be brave enough to face a machine gun, but when it comes to facing a virago, his bones turn to water and his soul quails within him. He doesn't want for a wife a woman who will keep him terrorized, and walking gingerly and speaking softly for fear of rousing the devil within her.

Men don't like morbid women, who are always vivisectioning their emotions, and they flee from a teary woman who is forever telling her grievances as they would from the plague.

Men want women to listen sympathetically to their hard-luck stories, but they don't want to lend an ear to a woman's tale of woe.

They are willing to help a woman friend in trouble by lending her money, or sending her flowers, but they are not going to spend any evenings mingling their weeps with hers, and the boy who lets a lachrymose lady get past their office door loses his job.

MEN don't like vain women who expect to be perpetually flattered.

When it comes to incense burning they had rather be the burner than the burner. They don't mind offering up a few well-deserved tributes to a girl's hair and eyes and boyish figure, but they also have hair and eyes and boyish figures that are deserving of mention.

And so the girl who is so stuck on herself, as the phrase goes, that she never notices any one else, makes no killing with men.

MEN don't like girls who pose, who pretend, who put on airs. They loathe the girl who is always telling about what an aristocratic family she came from, and who acts as if she were a queen, condescending to a humble subject every time she goes out with a man.

They admire and respect the poor girl who dresses according to her means, and who makes no bones of telling that she works because she needs the money, and that she makes her own frocks and hats, and helps mother with the cooking.

BUT they have a contempt for the working girl who pretends to be a blase society bud, who has gone into an office for the thrill of the thing, and who lies about her home-made gown being a cheap little import that she picked up for \$175, and who says that the kitchen disgusts her, and that she can't boil water without blurring it.

Men don't like dumb doras that they have to work like coal heavers to entertain, and who have never a word to say for themselves. Neither do they like women who monologue by the hour about themselves, and who never give a man a chance to put in a word edgewise.

And they abominate parasitic women who are always making witty and cynical cracks.

MEN don't like the gold diggers who are out for all they can get, who are always hinting for presents, who invariably order the highest priced dishes on the menu, and who insist on being taken to the most expensive places to dance.

Nor do they like a cheap woman who is always counting the pennies, and who affects their vanity by intimating that they can't afford the things they are doing. They like a woman who takes what they give without question and enjoys it, and who, whether they offer her a champagne supper or sandwiches and coffee, or whether they take her to ride in a flyer or a Rolls Royce, makes them feel that she is having the time of her life.

MEN don't like women who brag about their conquests and who make out that there are dozens of millionaires just dying to marry them. They know that they will be Exhibit X in her collection of scalps, and that she will tell the next man all about them.

Men like a woman to be appreciative, but not overpleased. Just because they take her out is no reason why she should go around looking like the cat that has eaten the canary.

Few men like to have a woman run after them so openly that everybody perceives it and speculates about whether she will be able to catch them or whether they will be foxy enough to outwit her, and the average man feels murderous toward the woman who is always calling him on the telephone.

DOROTHY DIX.

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## Your Birthday

November 16—You are intellectual and capable, fond of reading, and a pleasant talker. Your love is strong and true, and you will receive strong love in return. Don't let ambition come before love, and never give way to depression. Your birthstone is the topaz, which means fidelity. Your flower is the chrysanthemum. Your lucky color is grey.

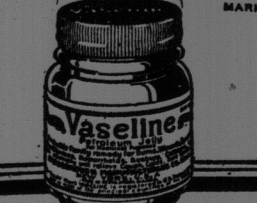
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As a safe, soothing and healing dressing for cuts, scalds, burns, roughened, dry and chapped skin and for all common skin troubles, Vaseline Petroleum Jelly has been indispensable to mothers and mothers for over half a century. Keep a jar of it in your household.

Look for the trade-mark "Vaseline". It is your protection.

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## THE CARTHUSIAN MONKS HAVE NO 'FLU, PNEUMONIA OR TUBERCULOSIS.

The above fact shows what a vital thing is proper food. These monks living their simple life within monastery walls, in Surrey, England, have been practically disease free for many years, save such diseases as are incident to old age.

Not many months ago 'flu prostrated the entire district in which the monastery is situated, yet not a single case developed among these monks. The national health authorities investigated and attributed their immunity from disease to their simple diet of whole grains, milk, vegetables and fruits.

Dr. Robt. G. Jackson, of Toronto, Editor of the Dietetic Age of New York City, has long claimed that most of our diseases are due to the refinement or denaturing of our chief food-stuffs, the grains, aided by white sugar. He has invented Dr. Jackson's Roman Meal, a natural grain food made from whole wheat, whole rye, flax and bran, to compensate the deficiencies of white flour and refined "ghost cereals." Plenty of Roman Meal, milk, vegetables and fruits will work wonders in the health of the Canadian people. Dr. Jackson was himself a wreck at 55, when he invented Roman Meal, but at the age of 65 his physique is better than that of 9 out of every 10 men regardless of age, thanks to the wonderful body-building properties of Roman Meal. Used persistently, it will do as much for anyone. At grocers.

PRINCE RUPERT, B. C., Nov. 15.—In the most spectacular blaze in the city's history nine million feet of lumber and part of the plant of the Prince Rupert Spruce Mills, Ltd., were destroyed last night with a loss unofficially estimated at \$750,000.

## The Joke's Always On The Other Fellow



## Fashion Fancies



By Mme. Lisbeth

A GOOD fur coat is indeed a luxury, but is the surest protection against the blasts of King Winter. Even if the pelts of which the coat is made were not impervious to the wind the knowledge of the beauty of the wrap she is wearing and its becomingness would keep milady warm.

One of the most luxurious of the fur wraps is a Paris-designed coat of this lovely pelt collared, cuffed and bordered with fox. Caracul coats with contrasted fur trimmings are very well liked this season. And the fur is often given an original and interesting placing. A fox border posed at the back of a tan caracul coat was put on in circular fashion, and the circular motif was used on the front of another new coat, the fur tapering up to meet the shawl collar. The cuffs of this coat were also of fox. Another novel treatment was used on a seal coat which also featured fox fur. A square section of the fur inset at the hem in front distinguished it, while it too, had a long fur collar and cuffs.

## ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS

by OLIVE ROBERTS BARTON

SOME POEMS WITHOUT NAMES.

"Let's make up some poetry," said the Clown. "It's a lot of fun if you take turns adding a line. I'll say one line and the person beside me adds a line and the person next to him adds a third line and so on. Five lines to one poem."

So the Clown began:

"I climbed to the top of a tree,"

"And the Sweep, who sat next, said:

"That grew down below the blue sea,"

And the Old Shoe Woman said:

"There is no use in talking."

And Diddle Diddle John said:

"I have quite lost my stocking."

And the Little Dog said:

"And barked a big piece off my knee."

"Hurrah!" shouted Nick. "That's a lot of fun. Let's have some more."

So they went on right around the circle, but as you don't care and I really don't care about who said all the lines, I shall only put down what the verses sounded like. They don't make much sense, but I think the High Jinks people did pretty well to make them even sound right.

These are the verses they made up:

"A mouse caught his tail in a trap,

While his mother was having a nap,

## By Day He's a Movie Actor; At Night He's In "Legit"

By RUSSELL J. BIRDWELL.

Of the pantomime artists who cavort on the stage and silver-screens in these parts, Edward Everett Horton, imitable comedian of a hundred planks operas, stands out as one of the most entertaining of all. Eddie's services are so in demand in Hollywood by the picture companies and in Los Angeles by the stage managers that to appease their wants he is forced to perform double-duty.

In the evening-time Eddie holds forth on the boards at the local stock company house the Majestic, and in the earlier parts of the day he stands in front of the cameras while they grind out their celluloid destiny upon his mime countenance.

"There's one great thing about the

movies that I particularly like," says Eddie. "It appeals to my vanity. I look on the screen just as I would want others in real life to think I look, but the make-up and everything sorta doctors one up until they'll look pretty good on the screen."

"As a matter of fact I like to see myself on the screen whether any one else does or not. I always seem to look my best up there. Playing on the stage one never can get a reaction from one's self but on the screen one can see all the cute little things that one does."

Horton has played many star roles on the screen, most important among them being in James Cruze's "Beggars on Horseback" and the part he is now playing in support of Lillian Gish in "La Boheme" at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio.

"Blue's my color," said she, "Can you count up to three? I will say he is having a snap."

This was the next verse:

"The wind blew the wig off a pig, Donkeys much prefer dates to fig. Did you darn up the hose? You've a very red nose, I always wear skates when I dig."

And this was the next:

"The Man-in-the-Moon stubbed his toe, And all he could say was 'O! O!'"

The potato's poor eyes Get all red when he cries, And the light cakes are made out of dough."

This verse was simply awful, I think:

"The elephant said to the ant, 'I am longing to sneeze, but I can't.' Then along came a goose, Drinking coconut juice, That the humming bird stole from his aunt."

By this time everybody was laughing too hard to make up any more poetry. It was great fun, though.

"What a merry place High Jinks Land is!" said Nancy.

"I should say so," said Nick. "Just one lark after another ever since we came."

"Don't you know why?" remarked

"Retain the Charm Of Glibbed A Clear Sweet Skin Cuticura Will Help You Use Cuticura Soap Every Day"

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## THE LAST FRONTIER

## Ocean Fish Are Warned By Nature's Own "Radio"

By DAVID DIETZ.

MAN is constantly making new inventions. But frequently it turns out that his inventions are only means of doing for himself what nature has done always by other means for others of her creatures.

Radio is now being used to send out warning signals to keep ships away from dangerous coasts. Nature, according to Dr. Austin H. Clark of the Smithsonian Institution, has always used a means of warning many fish to stay away from coast lines and to stay far below the surface in rough weather.

A high-pitched hissing sound is given by waves breaking on the shore and by whitecaps on the waves at sea. This noise, says Dr. Clark, results from the continuous breaking of little bubbles. Each bubble makes a slight noise which is united with the noise from other bubbles into a continuous hissing sound.

Any continuous sound becomes monotonous and in times distressing, as everyone knows. Therefore, says Dr. Clark, this hissing noise has the same effect upon the fish, causing them to stay out of danger.

Dr. Clark is the chairman of the U. S. navy committee on oceanography. He is one of the chief authorities on ocean

life, having spent many years of his life as a member of scientific expeditions out on the ocean.

AMERICANS may have to change their tastes in sea food one of these days. Lewis Radcliffe, deputy commissioner of fisheries for the U. S. Department of Commerce, points out that we are slowly depleting the supplies of shad, sturgeon, salmon, lobsters and other popular sea foods.

At the same time, he says, we are neglecting to make use of many sea foods which are highly prized by European peoples.

Radcliffe made a summary of the fish landed by British vessels in 1924. This showed catches of 65,000 tons of kinds of fish which are hardly eaten at all in this country. It included cockles, shrimps, skates, rays, monk fish, periwinkles, whelks and mussels.

THE discovery of a high-grade uranium ore on the western coast of the White Sea is expected to increase the world's supply of radium and give Russia its first domestic supply of radium. Heretofore Russia had to depend upon other nations for its radium.

Discovery of the ore deposits is announced in a recent bulletin issued by the Russian Academy of Science.

## Little Editorials

### FITTING.

A FAMOUS old Chicago saloon, padlocked at last after 40 years of existence, is to be reopened—but as a gospel mission.

Really, no more fitting thing could happen to it. Despite all talk of the cheer and good fellowship and companionship that the saloon furnished it is a fact that every good old-time saloon needed some sort of gospel mission to come along and clean up after it.

### LOST ROMANCE.

CAPTAIN WARRINGTON PRITCHARD, one of the oldest vessels on the Great Lakes, is dead

at Fort William, Ont., at the age of 100 years.

What a pity that this man's wealth of reminiscence could not have been put down in print for us before he died. It would have made absorbing reading—volumes of it.

Our inland seas have their own romance, though we often fail to realize it. There is material for endless thrillers in their lost history. Some day, let us hope, some one will arise able to write them.

### STEPHEN B. HEWARD DEAD.

MONTREAL, Nov. 15.—Stephen B. Heward, prominent local importer and Fenian Raid veteran, who for 43 years was consul for the Netherlands, died this morning in his eighty-third year, at his residence on Dorchester street.

## Eat it with hot milk

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A person cannot go far astray, cooking on Moffats Electric, because the range takes so much of the burden on itself. It gives the exact heat required. And there are three degrees of heat available—low, medium and high.

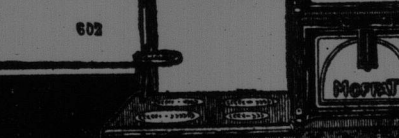
## The Speediest Heating Electric Range

The range top elements heat up very fast and attain perfect heat for all styles of cooking. They will bring food to the boil faster than any other type of element, and will last for a considerable period under average circumstances.

See your nearest Electrical Dealer. Ask him for a demonstration of Moffats Electric Range superior cooking abilities. Moffats Limited, Weston, Ontario.

The Moffat oven roasts fowl and meat to utter perfection, causing very little shrinkage or drying of the meat.

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