

INTERESTING

A Feature Page of Interest to Everyone

INSTRUCTIVE

## Dorothy Dix

If You're in Love With a Business Girl, Pop the Question On a Lonely Rainy Evening—If She's a Flapper, Spend Everything You've Got—If She's a Childhood Sweetheart, Make Yourself a Habit—But If She Doesn't Know, Use Caveman Methods.

"YOU are always telling girls how to catch husbands," says a young man, "why don't you give us a few tips about how to get wives?"

Well, son, perhaps I unconsciously favor women because I belong to their lodge. Also, it is more difficult for a woman to catch a husband than it is for a man to get a wife, not only because women are more inclined to matrimony than men are, but because a woman's pursuit of a man has to be stealthy and secret and under cover, with all of her tracks carefully hidden and her purposes veiled, whereas a man can go after a woman openly and aboveboard with everybody looking on and applauding the chase.

Therefore, the woman is more in need of any stray hints that may improve her technique than the man is.

Still, far be it from me to withhold from my brothers any information I may have about the short cuts to the feminine heart. So to the really earnest seeker after knowledge on this subject I would say:

First, study your girl. Catalogue her. Find out to what type she belongs, and adopt your tactics to the situation, for all women no more resemble each other than all fish bite at the same bait. There are some feminine hearts that can only be taken by assault and battery. Others who surrender to patient siege. There are women whose love is for sale, and the highest bidder, and others who bestow it in pity. There are women who like a business proposition, and women who fall only for the romantic wooing.

SO THERE you are, and your success will depend upon your ability to psychoanalyze the particular women, and with the skill with which you suggest to her that you are the great unsatisfied need of her soul.

If the girl is of the clear-eyed, upstanding, competent business type, your best method of winning her is by the good, old, well-tried Platonic friendship method.

SHE isn't anxious to exchange a mahogany desk for a kitchen range, nor to give up a good pay envelope and an easy job to toil for some man for nothing.

Likewise, she has worked with men too long for her to see any rosy halo around the masculine brow, so she is pretty apt to shy off at any suggestion of marriage and balk at the thought of the altar.

But life lacks savor to every woman without masculine society, and so this particular type of woman is especially allured by the idea of a beautiful and satisfying friendship with some man. And when a chap has gotten his toe that far into the door to a woman's heart it is his own fault if he does not open it all the way.

Only there is this word of warning: Never pop the question to the business girl in the morning of a sunny day when she has on a new frock and a good hat and everything is going swimmingly at the office, and she feels fit and fine and ready to buck the world. Instead, choose a rainy evening when she is sitting alone at home, dejected and forlorn, when she is tired, and the boss has been grumpy. Then the thing she wants most on earth is just a nice strong masculine shoulder to cry on.

IF THE GIRL you want is a flapper, your best ally is your bankbook. All you need to look good to her is to be a good spender and a fast worker. Hold out your hand and count out the cost of jewelry and trinkets and candy and flowers and cabarets and cats and joyrides, and remember that the man with the longest purse wins.

Some day she will jazz with you to the preacher, and you will live scrappily every afterward.

IF THE GIRL upon whom your affections are set is a demure little Puritan, make her your Mother Confessor. Confide to her all your sins, real and imaginary. Invent a dark past for her benefit. Make her believe that but for her Sacred Influence you would become an abandoned character, and that she alone can lead you up to the higher life.

All women have the reformation complex, and the better they are and the less they know of the world, the harder they fall for the belief that a grown man's character is like a piece of dough that they can mold into any shape they please. Once let a girl get the idea into her head that she is responsible for your soul, and she is yours for the taking. Best to keep her interested you will have to persevere in your role of a brand that she is perpetually saving from the burning.

IF THE GIRL you want is one that you made mud pies with in childhood, and went to school with, and who refuses to see you in a sentimental light, don't be discouraged by her telling you that she is a sister to you. Just keep right on strutting your Rachel-and-Jacob stuff. Mighty few women can resist that. Furthermore, the man who camps on a woman's doorstep drives all other suitors away, and in the end gets her.

Make yourself a habit with the girl. Make yourself necessary to her happiness and comfort by always paying her the little attentions that women like. Fetch and carry for her. Be the one person in the world she can always depend upon to make life pleasant and agreeable for her.

Then suddenly drop her cold. Begin paying furious attentions to some woman she always accuses of being made up and older than she looks, and an artful hussy, and it is a hundred-to-one bet that she will call you back and let you see that her feelings toward you were not at all what she had supposed they were. For when she thinks you are about to marry another woman, she will wake up to the fact that life will be cinders, ashes and dust without you.

IF THE GIRL you desire is one of the morbid sort who hangs between "I will" and "I won't," who is always vivisectioning her heart and taking her emotional temperature, what you need to use is cave-man methods. She is just dying to have you drag her to the altar by the hair of her head, and if you are half a man you will do it.

Don't ever ask that kind of a woman to marry you. Tell her you are going to marry her, and that you have the license and the ring in your pocket and are on the way to the chapel with her, and you will give her a thrill that will last a lifetime.

THESE are only a few of the many ways to win a wife. It is dead easy, and any man can do it who has gumption enough to work out a cross-word puzzle.

DOROTHY DIX.

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Contains no Lye or Acid Won't scratch

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## They Called 'Em Good Old Days



## ADVENTURES of the TWINS

by OLIVE ROBERTS BAZZIN

SANTA CLAUS TELLS HIS TROUBLES.

The two blue geese, on which the Twins were riding, flew down when they reached Santa Claus' house at the North Pole.

"Here we are!" cried Inch o' Pie, the little elf driver, jumping off the hissing steeds, and throwing the reins over their heads. "Welcome to the North Pole, children!" Then turning to the geese, he said, "You two go back to Mrs. Claus' barnyard and wait there until you're sent for. And mind you, no fighting!"

Gans and Ole, the two blue geese, waddled off around a corner, and just then a door opened showing the figure of a stout little lady with snowy white hair under a snowy white cap. She also had on a snowy white apron and a snowy white kerchief crossed her breast. She was a white little lady indeed!

"There is Mrs. Claus now," said the elf. "I suppose she heard the geese hissing and knew you had arrived. She has been expecting you."

When the Twins ran up the steps, Mrs. Claus kissed them both. "I'm so thankful you have come, my dears," she said in a soft kindly voice that the children liked at once. "I'm so worried! I don't know how to get all going to come out. Christmas almost here, you might say, and poor dear Mister Claus laid up in bed with chills and fever. I know he'd catch cold in that store, but go he would, willy nilly. I'm just taking his medicine up to him now." And she held up a large bottle and spoon.

"It's just too bad!" said kind Nancy. "We're awfully sorry. Won't he be able to drive his big sleigh around the world now?"

"It's to be hoped he will," said Mrs. Claus fervently. "But it isn't that that worries me. It's the fact that things are not ready for Christmas. And how we are going to get ready, I don't know. But come on upstairs and see Mister Claus himself. I think he wants to talk to you."

Mrs. Claus led the way up a wide staircase and turned into a room where a cheerful fire was burning. There in a big bed with about six comforts and blankets piled on top of him, lay poor Santa Claus.

"Here's company, Santa," said Mrs. Claus gently. "They came to see if they could help you. Inch o' Pie just brought them on the blue geese."

"Have they had their supper?" asked Santa Claus hoarsely, closing one eye and looking out over the top of the covers.

"Why, I never thought of it," exclaimed Mrs. Claus. "Of course they must be hungry after such a long cold ride."

"We had our tea, thank you, before we went to bed," began Nancy, and then she stopped, for fear she had said the wrong thing.

And it seemed that she had, for Santa Claus sat right up in his bed as though he had been shot, his right cap flying out on the floor.

"There! I knew it!" he cried. "I told that lazy elf to get to your house before bed time."

"He couldn't find the geese," explained Mrs. Claus quickly. "He was late starting."

"It's quite all right," said Nick quickly. "We didn't mind getting up and dressing again. We were delighted to come, really."

Santa Claus sank back with another groan. "Give me my medicine now, Mrs. Claus," he said, "and then I'll tell these obliging children what I want them to do to help me to get ready for Christmas."

Mrs. Claus gave him an enormous spoonful, and when Santa Claus had swallowed it, he said, "Now, children, I'll tell you my troubles. To begin with, two of my reindeer are lost."

To Be Continued.

A COUNTRY farmer had was writing a letter to a city friend. Having no other envelope than a very dirty one that he had carried in his pocket for quite a while, he used it, but at the end of his letter, "P.S.—Please excuse the envelope. It was clean when it left my hands!"



## Santa Claus Returns

He Brings an Offer to Dry Clean All School Children's Garments Next Week at Half-Price--And Absolutely FREE to Those Who are Financially Underprivileged.

Santa Claus has come back. He finds he needs to. He wants to guard the health of every little Boy and Girl exposed to disease at school. He knows on the authority of the best doctors that Diphtheria lurks in the clothing of many children—and that Dry Cleaning purifies it perfectly.

So he aims to have every student's clothes as fresh and safe when school next opens as they were last September. So great a specialist as Dr. William Halland Park, of University and Bellevue College, has proven that the risk of one school child catching a disease from another is seen in this one way:

"Diphtheria will live in dried membrane (dead skin flakes) for 20 weeks; on a Silk thread for 172 days; and on a child's playthings for FIVE MONTHS."

## A Boon to Mothers

The only way to remove the danger, so Santa figured, was to have the clothing of EVERY school child completely refreshed just like new. So he whispered a word to a convention of Dry Cleaners from all over America, of which the New System Laundry is the local member. And they all decided that next week they would Dry Clean Children's outer garments for half price—and, better still, to do those of children financially underprivileged for nothing.

The teachers are co-operating and giving the New System Laundry lists of homes for their driver to visit with this free offer. Any teachers who have been missed will do a kind and useful act by telephoning in other addresses.

We want to make our schools safer for our kiddies. We want our kiddies to have clothes as clean outside as inside. Nothing purifies and refreshes woolen garments like Dry Cleaning. Judge by what Good Housekeeping Magazine says on that. So join in on the good work by asking the New System team to call next week for the garments of your little boys or girls. This special one week offer includes Overcoats as well as the Suits and Dresses.

## New System Laundry

89 Charlotte Street and Lansdowne Ave.