

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

This is the reason why the silly little ingenue can marry six times to her strong-minded sister's once, and why we see women who are dull and stupid and unattractive still adored by their husbands. A man may love a woman in spite of her being witty and intelligent and able to take care of herself, but he never loves her because of these virtues.

WOMEN are never more largely and gorgeously mistaken than when they think to make a winning man by trying to make imitation men of themselves. The fallacy that men pine for women to be little brothers to them has gained ground of late and found many adherents among women who affect masculine sports, discuss risqué subjects and endeavor to wipe out the sex line. Never was greater folly. It is woman's unlikeness to man, the difference of her point of view, that makes all of her charms and lends to her society. If a man wanted the ideas of another man on a subject, he would seek one who had been born to the masculine estate, not one who had merely understood the role.

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 he 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 children. It is 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 loves 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 most of all, 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, softly comprehensive. It is on the bosom of the ocean that one dreams of resting, not on the babbling brook.

IT is the peace, the 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 succumb; 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 stringy spinster who lags baby talk; the big, strong, capable-looking woman who thinks it cute to shriek every time they see a mouse; and the vast sisterhood of near-intellectuals who go into hysterics of delight over Browning and 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 blasé 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 put on night 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 on the desert air and spending their money on a grafter who takes everything they can do for her as no more than her due.

THEY like a woman who brightens up at their coming and shows that she is glad to see them, who listens with an expression of absorbed attention on her face to their conversation, who laughs in the right place at their jokes and who, when they take her out, gives a lifelike representation of a young woman having a grand and glorious time.

Men like a woman who is a good sport, who plays the game squarely, who knows how to do things, and is always in the picture—who can play a good game of golf or bridge who can swim and hike, who is intelligent enough to be an interesting 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—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 house-holders, 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.

Samples of The Goat-Getter



Fashion Fancies



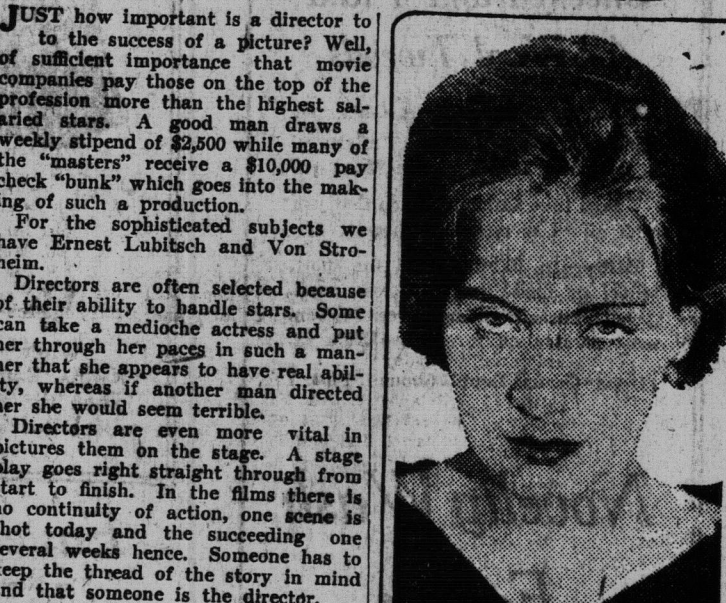
By Marie Belmont
Gray is shown a lot at present, whether it is used alone or in contrast with a bright color. Purple crepe lined with gray makes the graceful negligee above, which is draped in the back to give the lines of the hood. A slender tassel of purple beads swings from one of the lower folds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



By Marie Belmont
A simple little frock and a youthfully pleated jacket are combined in a most appropriate costume for early 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.

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.

BEHIND THE SCENES



ANNA Q. NILSSON

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

AMONG the talent contributed to the American screen by foreign

climes are not a few from Sweden. Anna Q. Nilsson is one of them. Greta Garbo who also hails from there, is securing recognition on this side of the Atlantic. Louis B. Mayer discovered Greta and signed her for M-G-M productions. Her initial picture was "The Horrent."

Her next vehicle will be "The Tempest" by Blasco Ibañez, which will be directed by Maurice Stiller, another clime are not a few from Sweden. Anna Q. Nilsson is one of them. Greta Garbo who also hails from there, is securing recognition on this side of the Atlantic. Louis B. Mayer discovered Greta and signed her for M-G-M productions. Her initial picture was "The Horrent."

A Thought

I said in my haste: All men are liars. —Pa. 116:15.

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

IN NEW YORK SEE SAWING UP and DOWN BROADWAY

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 man, 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 crime problem with skepticism that bordered on snippancy.

The "button" button, who's got the button? line aroused 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 prominent example of 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, its 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 downers 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 unleashed.

The downers, with a little moment to weigh on their minds, watch from their windows. The passing of an unleashed 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 downer that the law remains supreme. But never on any official duty bent does one of the "finest" 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

PANS TO FORGET TO QUOTE, WHEN IT'S A CHECK.

ADVENTURES of the TWINS

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, lighter underneath. His head looks like a small guinea pig's head with black beady eyes and no ears to speak of much. That's Marky! No beauty but pretty. He never did anybody any harm except—just like the pussy cat in Johnny Great's—but kill toads and salamanders 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 halfway 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. So off he started. 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.

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.

In muffins, bread, or cookies, Tillson's Natural Bran is delicious. The large package makes it economical.

Tillson's Natural Bran

Not cooked—Not treated

A product of The Quaker Mills, Peterborough and Saskatoon



Skin Health is largely a matter of Cleanliness plus Skin Protection

THE Lifebuoy skin is not accidental. Used for casual cleansing, shampoo or bath, Lifebuoy Soap releases in its lather a germ-combating, infection-preventing quality that keeps pores clean, open and breathing—Nature does the rest. A normal skin is a vigorous, healthy skin—Lifebuoy Soap keeps the skin normal.

LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP

Purifies and Protects

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It's a check.