

The Imperfect Lover

By W. E. Hill

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Girls who like to have everything just so should never encourage a long waisted suitor—one of those boys whose waistcoat and trousers never quite meet—because there is nothing that can ever be done about it.



Passion and eyeglasses never go hand in hand, and many a love-sick maid has discarded an otherwise likely swain because in the very midst of a tender kiss he cried, "Look out! Look out! I'm losing my bifocals!" and then and there she had to help him hunt for them.



"I wish you wouldn't use that Hooley de Paris perfume, Babe. It's all out of date. And say, that dress isn't cut right!" A lover who knows too much about things he shouldn't know is not too popular. As a friend, maybe, but not for a husband.



A suitor makes a grave mistake by getting too chummy with the only girl's ma before the engagement, because, like as not, love will awake in her heart and she will set out to marry him herself. (Eddie is making believe drag Elsie's mother into the surf just as she is, with all her clothes on—the rascal!)



A widower, who is beginning to look around and take note of large blonds and such, would seem to be a perfect lover, but more often than not there will be fully grown children in the distance who are watching to see that pops doesn't do anything rash to endanger the inheritance. "Father, Dear Father, Come Home with Me Now; the Clock in the Belfry Strikes Four," will be written all over the anxious countenance of a widower's child till a girl could scream with annoyance!



"I'm not crying for myself. It's your happiness I'm thinking of, Marion; and, O, I can't help but think of Mickey Mouse every time I see him around!" This is what the finest lover in the world is handed when the girl chum speaks her mind.



A lover with a great sense of humor is all right in his way, but a girl should be warned in time if he starts bringing around something comical to read aloud. It will be a great trial to a young wife during the long winter evenings that are just made for bridge and the moving pictures.



Many girls get engaged to a young man who looks swell from the outside, but little do they realize that all is not gold and platinum that glitters. Because many of these boys have faulty digestions, and marriage with such as these means a perfect orgy till death do them part of pills, bicarbonate of soda, and harrowing recitals of gas on the stomach, heartburn, and giddy turns. No theater or dinner party will be free from these symptoms.