

INTERESTING

A Feature Page of Interest to Everyone

INSTRUCTIVE

Dorothy Dix

Young Married Couples Can Retain Their Love Through the Years if Each Will Soft-Pedal the Other's Faults and Focus, Instead, on Virtues—True Romance Also Means Actively Doing Something for the Other Each Day.

A YOUNG man writes me: "I am about to be married. My fiancée and I are very much in love with each other, but as we look around among our married acquaintances we see that most husbands and wives have lost all of the romance and sentiment with which they also must have started out on the matrimonial voyage. They, too, must have once been ardently in love. Now they are indifferent to each other. Sometimes they are even hostile. Nearly always they bore each other."



DOROTHY DIX

"We do not want this calamity to befall us. What can we do to keep our love as fresh and beautiful when we are 20 as it is now when we are 25?"

WELL, son, virtually all of the advice about love that I have given to my husband's or a wife's affection passes the buck to the other party. It puts the job of keeping a man vamped up to his wife, and sentences a man to a lifetime of domestic philandering if he wishes to keep his wife from offering her lips instead of the back of her ear to his kisses.

Undoubtedly, these tips about how to keep the home fires burning are worth playing. If we wish to be loved we must make ourselves lovable. If we wish to be attractive we must keep ourselves looking good. There is nothing in a slovenly, untidy woman, in a soiled gown and run-down-at-the-heels slippers to raise a thrill in a man's breast. Nor does the man with a three-day stubble of beard on his face, a dirty shirt, and no collar, look like the hero of any woman's girlish dreams.

Neither do any of us, male or female, enjoy the society of one who knocks our faults and reminds us of our shortcomings, who doubts our every plan and enthusiasm with cold water, and who is fretful and complaining, or glum and grouchy.

So when a woman is told that if she wishes to keep her husband in love with her she must make herself easy on his eyes, and go dally fishing for him with the bait with which she originally hooked him, it is good advice. And when we tell a man that if he wishes to keep his wife in love with him, he must look the part of the lover instead of the married man, it is good advice. But the man who gets married did not pull his wife's sweet tooth, and that she craves love-making and compliments just as much as she did in their courtship days, it is sage counsel.

But you can't turn the entire business of keeping you in love over to the other party. You have to lend a hand at the task yourself.

A WOMAN should do all she possibly can to keep her husband fascinated. A man should make every effort to keep his wife thrilling at the sound of his footsteps, but when they have put forth their utmost endeavor to keep love alive on their heartstones, the individual must supplement it by making a few passes over himself.

For love is largely a matter of self-hypnosis. Even when we are in love, we know, in our lucid moments, that the man and woman we have set our hearts upon are not really more beautiful, more intelligent, more angelic than the remainder of humanity. But for the time being they seem that way to us because we have concentrated all of our thoughts upon their perfections and have declined even to consider their defects.

Nothing would do more to promote domestic felicity and to keep husbands and wives in love with each other than for them resolutely to carry this state of mind into their married life, and to refuse to wake up from the trance into which they have thrown themselves.

Therefore, son, I can give you no better advice about how to retain your affection for your wife than just to focus your eyes upon her shining virtues and willfully blind yourself to her faults.

If SHE is a highbrow and a poor housekeeper, eat at a restaurant, and bear in mind how lucky you are to have an intelligent and entertaining life companion. If, on the other hand, she is a lady who never reads anything but the cookbook, but who sits you down to feasts, meditate upon how fortunate a man is who has a thrifty domestic wife who does not throw half that he earns into the garbage can nor ruin his digestion with bad cooking.

It is literally true that we can think ourselves in love, or out of love. We can glorify the good qualities of our husbands and wives so that we see them as we want them to be, and not as they are, or we can turn a spotlight on their bad qualities and gaze upon them until they become unbearable afflictions.

It is when a man begins to let his thoughts dwell with how fat and frumpy and middle-aged his wife has become, instead of how faithful and devoted she is to him; it is when a woman begins turning over and over in her mind how seldom her husband takes her out to any place of amusement, and how long it has been since he paid her a compliment, instead of remembering how hard he works to make her comfortable, that love falls sick and pines away and dies in their household.

Another way to keep yourself in love with your wife is to follow the Boy Scouts' motto, and do some good deed for her every day. The more we do for people the more we care for them, and any man can keep himself a romantic lover just as long as he cultivates romance and treats his wife as if she were his sweetheart. The anniversaries a husband remembers, the candy and the flowers he takes his wife are double action. They not only retain the wife's affection but they keep the husband himself in love with her.

AND that's that. Whether you and your sweetheart are still in love at 20 or not is up to you. DOROTHY DIX.

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Things Quaint and Artistic Seen In Fall Showings



By MME. LISBETH

QUAINT frocks that remind us of bygone days, and lovely, artistic, unusual things alone may be seen among the fall showings in the shops. Ideas are borrowed from olden times, from the far east and the Spanish mainland and are adaptable to modern life. At the left above is a lovely painted rose-colored velvet shawl trimmed with chenille fringe. By tucking it lengthwise over the right shoulder and catching it under the left arm Miss Mary Astor, the model, shows the way the Spanish senorita wears her shawl. Not the least fascinating thing about these shawls is the many ways they may be worn. Draped about the shoulders but caught up at the sides in shawl effect with the wearer's hands on her hips, a butterfly kimono effect may be obtained. A most Oriental effect is obtained by the charming negligee of tea gown (center). Gold lame cloth is combined with rose-colored velvet and the trousers are unique in that they are bound tightly about the legs from just below the knee to the ankles.

At the neck of the tunic a bow and ribbon edging of green-shot gold lame hangs as a pendant with cascades of gold fringe. Natalie Kingston, the wearer, affects very Chinese looking green shoes with this costume.

A quaint dinner dress reminiscent of ye olden times, is pictured (right). It is a Lanvin model worn by Mrs. Frederick McLaughlin (Irma Castle). It is trimmed with rhinestones around the waist and edge of the sleeves. The net yoke adds to the dainty effect as well as the slightly hooded skirt which is very full and has a scalloped, uneven hem.

Sheer black silk stockings, the latest fashion note from Paris, are worn with this gown with black satin slippers with rhinestone buckles.

BEHIND THE SCREEN

"The movies'll get you if you don't watch out." Yes, sir, never can tell when some director or star will seek you out in a crowd and dangle a contract before you. True, little girls, those things don't happen very often, but nevertheless they do sometimes.

Take Sally O'Neill's case—Marshall Neilan saw her dancing at a restaurant.

William Haines, who scored a success in "Brown of Harvard," as a football hero, has been cast for the leading role in "Slide, Kelly, Slide," a tale of the baseball diamonds.

FUTURE PARAMOUNT RELEASES. Mai St. Clair's "The Popular Sin," Herbert Brenson's "God Gave Me Twenty Cents," Thomas Meighan's "The Canadian," Luther Reed's "New York" and Frank Tuttle's "Love 'Em and Leave 'Em."

"The Popular Sin" is a story by Monte Bell which has been adapted by John Russell. The featured players will be Jack Mulhall, Lya de Putti, William Collier, Jr. and Lois Moran.

"The Canadian" is an adaptation from Somerset Maugham's play "The Land of Promise." Thomas Meighan will make this at Calgary, Canada, and at Banff. Among the featured players will be Charles Winninger, Dale Fuller and Wyndham Standing. The leading woman has not been chosen yet.

"New York" is scheduled to get under way soon. The featured players are to be Ricardo Cortez, Lois Wilson, Mary Alden and Lya de Putti.

"God Gave Me Twenty Cents," a story by Dixie Russell, has been adapted by John Russell. The featured players will be Jack Mulhall, Lya de Putti, William Collier, Jr. and Lois Moran.

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Fashion Fancies

DULL BLUE AND SILVER MAKES A DELIGHTFUL EVENING COMBINATION FOR FALL.



By Marie Belmont

Many women go to the theatre as much because of their interest in the clothes worn as because of the play. Thus it is that stage fashions play an important part in setting the mode for the seasons.

An ideal fall-party frock, designed for a prominent actress, is shown above. Of filmy chiffon in a dull, dusty blue, the ideal accompaniment is seen in a broad silver band girdle that marks the natural waistline, with silver pinpoints repeated on the edge of the skirt and deep bertha.

This frock would also be effective in black net with silver.

Little Joe

SOME WOMEN ARE THE BETTER HALF—SOME THE BITTER.



To The Last Wiggle. (Vancouver Province)

Jack McLeod, who loved nothing better than to sit beside a quiet pool, rod in hand, and wait for fish to bite, had been absorbed in his favorite occupation from early in the morning until a neighboring farmer, observing that the fisherman was enjoying apparently no luck at all, undertook to remind him that it was past lunch hour.

Jack that it was past lunch hour. "I'll have missed your dinner completely, mon," he said, "and still ye have no fish. Why don't ye go home?" The fisherman spat solemnly at his line.

"I have three worms left," he replied, "that I wouldn't let go to waste."

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Menus for the Family

MENU HINT

Breakfast
Milk Toast
Crisp Bacon
Luncheon
Baked Halibut Steaks
Boiled and Buttered Potatoes
Tomatoes in Jelly
Raisin Cookies
Stewed Fruit
Lemonade
Whole Wheat Rolls

Supper
Breaded Pork Chops
Potatoes with Maitre d'Hotel Sauce
Lettuce Salad
Fresh Peaches
Ribbon Cake
Coffee or Tea
Brown and White Bread and Butter

TODAY'S RECIPES

Halibut Steaks with Parsley Sauce
Place steaks in baking pan, sprinkle with flour, add salt and enough water to prevent burning; dot with butter, basting frequently. Serve on platter decorated with parsley and sliced potatoes. Parsley sauce is finely chopped parsley added to rich cream sauce.

Jellied Tomatoes—Peel and slice four medium sized tomatoes and place in a bowl. Drainage one tablespoon gelatin in one-half cup cold water. Have ready one pint beef stock (clear) seasoned to taste. Have this boiling and stir in gelatin. When cool pour over tomatoes and set on ice till required. This is better made the previous day.

Potatoes with Maitre d'Hotel Sauce—These are the potatoes remaining from lunch. Cut potatoes into slices. Mix one ounce butter, one tablespoon flour, one-half pint milk, bring to a boil, add sliced potatoes, season and allow to heat thoroughly. Add one-half tablespoon finely chopped parsley, juice of one-half lemon and one well beaten egg. Stir over fire till the mixture thickens being careful not to break potatoes.

Ribbon Cake—This is any plain white cake, but when baking divide it into three portions, coloring one chocolate, one pink and leave one white. Put together with butter cream.

Fads of The Famous.

SECRETARY DAVIS
Dwight F. Davis is a tennis fan first, and secretary of war second—at least chronologically speaking.

For Davis is relatively new at the business of running the government's land defense department, but long before tennis hit the sport pages as a recognized national game he was fathoming the sport.

It is a case of a man being more widely known for his hobby than for his job despite his real success in the latter. Probably not a rare person in ten on the street in the average city could tell you the name of the secretary of war.

But most of them claim as "his new" the international tennis matches for the Davis cup, of which he is the donor.

Davis is more than a fan; he is a player. He tells the story of playing during the war. As he went to the net he was disappointed to find one of his opponents a girl, probably a novice at the game. With the return of the first ball, however, he decided she was better than he. As her second returned widened by him, Davis gasped to his partner:

"Who is she?"

"Susanne Lenglen," was the reply.

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SEE-SAWING ON BROADWAY

NEW YORK, Sept. 14.—Broadway reports a boom market in freaks. Agents handling everything from snake charmers to bearded ladies find their offices swamped with orders. Many of them go unfilled. There hasn't been an outstanding new freak in some years.

THE result, of course, is a demand for higher pay from "first class freaks." Midgits, I hear, are in particular demand. With the American market almost exhausted cables are going to Europe.

ONE agent tells me that the world's supply of tiny entertainers is growing small. There seems to be actual danger of the midgit race disappearing from the map.

Most of the midgits, it seems, came from certain small villages in Hungary. Midgits were literally bred for the show market. The birth rate has dwindled. For what reason, nobody seems to know. They merely state that Lilliputian demand is far greater than supply. And so the little people now in America are asking wage increases.

SINCE the time of Barnum, circus agents have canvassed the European Lilliputians. One town, it was said, had a population made up largely of midgits.

A great rush of these yardstick folk was started some years back when Lilliputians who had played in America returned to their native land with fat bank rolls.

A large number have "retired" and will not return to the show game for any sum.

ONCE before a midgit famine threatened, but the situation was saved by the discovery of another midgit colony on the Tisza River, in the lowlands of Hungary.

Trading in them was carried on largely by peasants who, say the Broadway agents, are now demanding exorbitant prices because of the midgit scarcity. Parents of midgits are said to be reticent on the price exacted for a single child. Recent figures were \$500 per "midgit," I am told.

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