

INTERESTING

A Feature Page of Interest to Everyone

INSTRUCTIVE

Dorothy Dix

Thousands of Men Fail in Business Because Their Wives Don't Know How to Feed Them, or Because Their Minds are Clouded by Nagging and Quarrels at Home—Keep the Husband Who Works for You Contented and He'll Succeed.

WOMEN think about making a happy home as merely an ethical problem, but it isn't only that. It is a business proposition as well, and it is just as much money in their pockets as it is happiness in their hearts to keep their husbands in love with them and the domestic machinery running on oiled wheels.



DOROTHY DIX

The average wife does not realize that the successful marriage pays dividends in dollars and cents as well as in bliss, and that the way she treats her husband, determines his earning capacity to a large extent. And it would amaze to her beyond measure to learn that a contented husband can get more credit at the bank than a disgruntled one. Yet such is the actual fact.

THE other day the president of a large business concern said that he kept careful tabs on the domestic relations of his customers, and that he extended liberal credit to a man who had a happy home, who was fond of his wife and proud of his children, because he had found that such a man was willing to work his fingers to the bone for his family, and he nearly always prospered.

But on the other hand, he regarded as a risk a man whose home was a place of torment and who was always quarrelling and fighting with his wife. Experience showed that such a man nearly always failed in business as he had in marriage.

Observation bears out this theory about a man's prosperity and his domestic happiness going hand in hand. Run over in your mind the list of your divorced friends and acquaintances and you will be amazed to find how often financial bankruptcy has followed spiritual bankruptcy.

YOU will also find that the fortunes of nearly every man who has forsaken an old wife for a new one have somehow been mysteriously blighted, and you will find that the solid men of every community, the men who own the banks, the factories and fine shops, and who run the big enterprises are nearly all Darbys who think their mid-life gains the most beautiful women in the world, and who can't be pried away from their own firesides.

Now, inasmuch as a man's success depends largely upon what sort of a home he has, it is up to the wife to make him a happy home and to keep him in love with her, not only because it is the easiest way for her to gratify her ambition, for whatever of power and place and luxury comes to the average woman must come to her through her husband. She rises or falls with him.

TO BEGIN with, a woman can increase her husband's earning capacity by the sort of housekeeper she is. A lot of women think that it doesn't make any difference whether you feel a man out of the cans and paper bags or not, if he will stand for it, and they never realize that food supplies the fuel that makes the human engine go.

So they will send a man off to work in the morning with a skippy breakfast, or no breakfast at all, or some indigestible mess that he has scrambled together himself, and then they wonder that he doesn't get along in business or that he breaks down with some sort of stomach trouble by the time he is 45.

Why, thousands upon thousands of men fail in business because their wives don't know how to feed them! A mean cup of coffee and a soggy doughnut has made many a man so cross and irritable that he has sacked his boss and lost his job, or quarrelled with his partner, or morally offended his best customer. Or he has caused him to take such a dark green, bilious view of life that he believed the whole world going to the bowwows and turned down some proposition that would have made him a fortune.

MANY a wife sells out her husband's birthday for a mess of pottage by dragging him around at night to places of amusement. She keeps him up juggling until 3 and 4 o'clock in the morning, dancing too much paper and printed in the morning, and gets up with a furrowed brow and heavy head and in no condition to compete with the men who have had eight hours of good sleep.

Most wives consider a family spat a perfectly innocuous form of entertainment. They get a certain kick out of nagging and fretting. They see no good reason why they should deny themselves what they consider a cheap pleasure.

It never occurs to them that every breakfast-table quarrel, if assessed at its true value, would cost them more than grand opera seats.

FOR the man who leaves home of a morning with the memory of his wife's bitter speeches and reproaches echoing in his ears is mentally upset. His pulse is disturbed, his judgment clouded, his concentration shattered. He cannot give his mind fully to the matter in hand because he is subconsciously dwelling on his grievance. His mind is obsessed by what he considers his wrongs, and his powers of achievement are reduced at least 75 per cent.

Besides this, love is the strongest driving power in the world. It turns the coward into a hero. It gives strength to the weak. It lights a flame even in the soul of a dud. There is nothing a man cannot achieve for the woman he loves. There is no effort he will not make to safeguard the home that is his little bit of heaven on earth.

BUT what incentive is there for a man to work for a woman who nags and scolds, who shows him no appreciation, no affection, no tenderness? And why should he sacrifice himself to the home that is nothing but a place of strife and where he is only the unconsidered slave who pays the rent and the grocery bill?

The moral of all of this, ladies, that if you want your husband to succeed, and if you desire a fine home and limousine and pearls you must keep the man who works for you contented and feeling that his job is worth while.

DOROTHY DIX.

HELP! Look this over: As had as \$200; coats, \$350; shoes, \$125; wood, \$50 per cord. "WHAT makes that new baby at your house cry so much, Freddie (indignantly): "If all your teeth were out, and your hair off, and your legs so weak you couldn't even stand on them, I guess you'd feel like crying yourself."

THE fool and his joke are soon started.

Hallowe'en Fun May Be Riotous as Spirits Revel



Left, Hallowe'en Costume; Right, Table Decoration For Party

By MRS. MARY MORTON. WHEN all the tricksy spirits of the earth revel, it is no time for mere man to restrain his gaiety. And Hallowe'en is the one date in the whole year when "you with the dance, let joy be untrammelled" is the appropriate motto.

All sorts of weird costumes may be designed for the Hallowe'en party and the more wild and ghostly the stunts—all within reason, of course—the better. Brownies, ghosts, hobgoblins, witches of all kinds are welcome to the Hallowe'en jamboree—the more the merrier.

The decorations may be in keeping with the rest of the entertainment. Orange and black are the generally accepted colors for the trimmings but autumn leaves, cornucopias and pumpkins are welcome to the Hallowe'en decorations and are well adapted to add color and attractiveness to the house or hall where the festivities are to take place.

At the left of the picture above is a costume worn by Miss Dorothy Davies, moving picture actress, at a Hallowe'en party. The material is red and white check taffeta with a double collar and skirt band made of crepe paper and printed in the Hallowe'en designs or a whole dress might be made of paper.

The decorations of the table in this case are mostly of paper and wire. For the pumpkin head which is placed on a tripod above the table a large circle of wire was bent into pumpkin shape and covered with crepe paper.

The features are cut from different colored crepe paper and pasted into place. If desired two pumpkin faces can be made and put around the centre light in the dining room. Small ones can be made in the same manner and used for side lights for candles.

The tripod is made with three dowl or flag sticks covered with crepe paper. Fasten the sticks together at one end with spool wire. One wire about 18 inches long is covered with black crepe paper and hooked to top of tripod to hold the caldron. A round box can be used for the centerpiece or made of cardboard and cloth tape. In this the prizes are put for the guests. Pumpkin blossoms are used to decorate the tripod.

The doll favors are spoons on which faces have been drawn with India ink. Ruffles of crepe paper are gathered on the handle of spoon and decorated with gummed cat seals. These ruffles of crepe paper enable the doll to stand. Pointed caps or narrow ruffles pasted to back of spoon in fan shape form the caps. Horns can be decorated in the same way.

The nut cups are made by making a wire handle and fastening to side of cup with cloth tape. Ruffles or orange crepe paper are pasted around cup and a little brownie cut out is tied to handle.

Runners are strips of orange crepe paper laid across table with a plain band of black running down centre of each strip and decorated in each corner with a black cat cut out.

Vegetable salad, brown bread and cream cheese sandwiches, pumpkin pie, cheese, cider and coffee would make a good supper for the affair.

Here are two games which might be played when the company has tired of wilder stunts of the evening: Family Ghosts—in the invitation to the party, request each one to bring a "family ghost" (something that is a "dead one" as far as he is concerned). Some time during the evening all four in a circle with their packages in their hands. Some one plays a dirge on the piano, and slowly the packages are passed round and round from one to another. When the music stops the package held becomes a new possession. Then all open and exhibit their "ghosts."

"Shining the Web of Fate"—Draw a large spider web on a sheet of orange mat stock. Write fortunes in the different sections. Let each guest spin a top on the web. When it stops his fate stands revealed.

BRUTE HUSBAND "DARLING, today is our fifth anniversary, so I have baked another anniversary cake." "So thoughtful of you, dear, I look back upon the other cakes as million stones."—THE BITE, London.

Menus for the Family

MENU HINT
Breakfast
Cantaloupe
Boiled Rice with Figs.
Whole Wheat Toast.
Coffee.
Luncheon
Potato Soup.
Stewed Tomatoes.
Steamed or Fresh Fruit.
Whole Wheat Bread and Butter.
Oatmeal Cookies.
Milk.
Dinner
Lamb Chops.
Creamed Cauliflower.
Sliced Cucumber.
Sponge Cake.
Tea.
Browned Potatoes.
Browned Potatoes—Boil small potatoes until tender and brown in fat in pan in which the lamb chops were cooked.

TODAY'S RECIPES.
Potato Soup—Cook three small potatoes, one small onion and a stalk or two of celery in a little water until tender. Strain through a coarse sieve. Put a large tablespoon of butter in double boiler, melt, add a level tablespoon flour, mix smooth, add one pint of milk, let come to a boil, add potato mixture, let cook for a few minutes and serve.
Browned Potatoes—Boil small potatoes until tender and brown in fat in pan in which the lamb chops were cooked.

THOSE bizarre and gaudy electric signs that play siren to the front doors of night clubs have been dusted and repainted after their long summer's rest, and one by one begin to flash again.
This, I am told, is to be an unusually lavish night club winter—even if the club or its patrons go broke making it so.

FOR example, take the glittering enterprise of Roger Wolfe Kahn, the saxophone son of the millionaire banker, Otto Kahn. Having made more in one year from a dozen jazz bands than his daddy made in the first 10 or 15 years of his business life, Roger is going to step out and show them. His club, I am told, will have mirrored glass floor and mirrored sides—the kaleidoscopic and revealing nature of which I leave to your imagination.

Kahn percees his son's activities in the light of musical uplift. Roger, he explains, wants to present new musical compositions and discover new talent. The latter also is the ambition of most "butter and egg men" attending the resorts, I am told.

RECENTLY the mother of the "baby jazz king" decided he needed a rest from his winter's work and summer vaudeville engagements. She pleaded with him to take a leisurely trip across country. As he was about to depart, new contracts came rushing up. The lad persisted that he could not afford to go. What would become of his orchestra?

I am told Mrs. Kahn suggested he leave it all to her and that she paid the salaries—which came to something like \$10,000. It was what one might call an expensive vacation.

NOT the least of the expensive night club attractions will be Raquel Meller, whose return was arranged day incidents in their lives. And then to spoil the affair still further, publicity letters were passed out to all the guests.

GIRLS who wear bathing suits made for swimming—a champion of your cause has been found in June Mathis, Hollywood's highest paid woman scenario writer. "The bathing girl clad in a swimsuit, plain skirt, less swimming suit is infinitely more modest than her sister clad in a beaded and frilled creation suggesting nudity," says Miss Mathis.

CLARA BOW was boasting to Victor Fleming, now directing "The Rough Riders," how good Charles Farrell was going to be in her next picture, "Wings."
"Farrell isn't going to play in my picture," said Fleming.
"I'll bet you ten dollars you can't get him," returned Miss Bow.
Result: Fleming went to the front office, and Clara lost her leading man—and ten dollars.

RUMORS have reached me of strong protests being made on the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot against Marion Davies having a reproduction of the Virgin Mary done in colored stone on the outside of her studio bungalow.

THE story is told of a dinner party once given by Alexander Panatages, millionaire theatre owner, to a party of prominent persons as a part of his wife's social program. Panatages waved the menus and proceeded to give the water detailed instructions as to how everything should be prepared.

"You certainly know how to order a dinner, Mr. Panatages," remarked the waiter.
"Why shouldn't I, I used to be a waiter myself once," replied Panatages.

SPEAKING of dinner parties reminds me of Roger Hughes and his wife are noted in select film circles for their very formal dinner parties which are always followed by concerts or opera selections. Charlie Chaplin attended three of these dinners and remarked in the middle of her song, the comedian walked to the centre of the room, very solemnly uttered a Jewish prayer and then walked back to his seat, at the same time motioning the soprano to continue.

CINEMA producers out here spend much of their time trying to figure out new ways to bluff the public. But their last scheme carries things so far it is apt to be a boomerang. They are releasing all over again pictures that had their run six or eight years ago.

THIS yarn is written purposely for those who are loud in their denunciations of Hollywood because of its supposed hypocrisy. Captain Bob Roper, former heavyweight boxer, now turned movie actor, heard of some indiscretions on the part of his younger brother, Jack, also a fighter. Bob straightway betook himself to Jack's house, called him into the back yard and told him to take off his coat.
"This is going to hurt me more than it does your back, you must be taught to honor the name Roper," said the elder brother. Portwirth Mr. Bob Roper proceeded to knock his kid brother into Dream street.

MOTION picture editors of Los Angeles and Hollywood were recently entertained at a luncheon by the First National studio in honor of Robert Lieber, president of the company. After arriving at the studio the hungry typewriter hounds were taken on a tour of the studio—of which they knew every inch—and were forced to listen to the wonders of motion pictures—which are but every

THE RHYMING OPTIMIST

By Aline Michaels

Do not ask me, "Is it wise?" with that wonder in your eyes. Wisdom, doubtless, is to know much of Earth, its joy and woe. Wisdom is to dwell apart from the folly of the heart, from the sweet and simple things, which man's daily living brings. Wisdom is to go alone into realms that few have known, seeking on those lonely heights solemn joys and rare delights. Yet, I feel, scant gladness lies in such lofty destinies, and the wisdom I would choose is the lore the humble use; knowledge of the tender notes from the happy bluebirds' throats, and of games the children play at the tranquil close of day. Wisdom I most highly prize sets a-light within your eyes little candle-gleams of bliss; what have sages like to this?

A Thought

He that covereth a transgression seeketh love; but he that repeateth a matter separateth very friends.—Prov. 17:9.

EVERYBODY says it, and what everybody says must be true.—James Fenimore Cooper.

Fads of The Famous.

PAUL VON HINDENBURG.

President Paul von Hindenburg has a penchant for saving every relic connected with his military career. His office-desk is adorned with a helmet, pierced by a French bullet in 1789 while covering Hindenburg's head.

Military pictures and war memorabilia comprise the bulk of his library. He ardently dislikes music—unlike the people over whom he rules. There is only one exception—the drum and fife; he can listen to the tunes of these instruments ceaselessly. The frequent visits of German and foreign glee-clubs, which serenade him from the presidential lawn, afflict him with acute ennui, as he has privately confessed.

His war comrades relate that when they used to strike up a tune, Hindenburg could never sing a single note correctly.

SCIENCE tells us—A jellyfish cannot wear suspenders. Heyward's cannot be skinned by parcel post. A pin has a head on only one end. Never to eat canned corn without first removing the cob.

Indians did not invent the whooping cough. It is dangerous to wear a safe for a watch chain.

Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt says:



Ar Miss GLORIA MORGAN

Mrs. Vanderbilt "danced at court" in the great capitals of Europe where her father was prominent in diplomatic circles. Then came her brilliant marriage into one of America's most celebrated families. Entertaining and the manifold demands upon the mistress of great houses in New York and Newport—all these responsibilities have only increased Mrs. Vanderbilt's conviction that beauty, however youthful, must have wise care.

"Pond's Two Creams," she says, "cleanse the skin, keeping it fresh and firm. And protect it, giving it a velvety finish."

"... They constitute as simple, swift and effectual a method of caring for the skin as has yet been discovered."

THE lovely younger women of society have learned to keep the lamp of beauty filled and trimmed.

Listen, for instance, to Mrs. Vanderbilt:—

"Youthfulness is the real pot of gold at the end of every woman's rainbow. How to keep it, how to achieve it is her goal. Pond's Two Creams are a wonderful help to this coveted end. Together they constitute as simple, swift and effectual a method of caring for the skin as has yet been discovered."

Whenever your skin needs cleansing use Pond's Cold Cream. After an outing and before retiring, pat it over face, throat, hands. Let it stay on a few moments that its fine oils may sink into the skin's deep cells, forcing out dust, dirt, face powder. With a soft cloth remove cream and pore-deep dirt. Repeat. Finish with a dash of cold water or a rub with ice.

After every cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream except the bedtime one, apply Pond's Vanishing Cream thinly. It gives an exquisitely smooth surface and takes your face powder beautifully. And now neither sun nor wind can harm you—protected as you are by this delicate film of Pond's Vanishing Cream. The Pond's Extract Company, 146 Brock Avenue, Toronto, Ont.



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