



Mr. and Mrs. Frank McHugh. Frank loves to have his friends come in and form a quartet, or something.

an old theatre wrapper, smeared with grease paint, over a pair of cotton pyjamas!"

"Isn't it maddening," Joby Arlen sighed. "Did you make him change it?"

"No," Ouida said, thoughtfully. "I didn't. Maybe I'm wrong—but I don't believe in making husbands change. That goes for everything—not just dressing-gowns.

"When you fall in love with a man, you fall in love with all his habits and traits of character and idiosyncrasies, too. They are the man.

"So why try to change him into someone else? Someone you probably wouldn't like, after you went to all that trouble!"

"Hoorah!" cheered Joby. "You've no idea how that encourages me. You know, all these years I've been secretly kind of mawtified with myself for not doing more home-work on Ahlen. Thought maybe it was just my natchel Southern indol-

just seems so incongruous to have those classic features of his get together with a *cigar*. But he would certainly feel deprived if he didn't have one after dinner—and if I were silly enough to fuss about it, he would merely retaliate by smoking them all day, instead of cigarettes.

"Basil loves his fireside, and I love to go places. He never wants to go out during the week, or to have anyone in except perhaps a close friend. So all our gaiety goes on over week-ends, and that is why I give great big parties at intervals—to pay off all our social obligations in one fell swoop. He won't step out of the house to go dancing any more—I love to dance. So I always have an orchestra at our parties; he has to dance, then, and really enjoys it. And both of us are satisfied.

"There is no reason to be a martyr about things—men hate that, too. I think they hate it even more than nagging, if possible. But it isn't fair to try to change anything fundamental about them, simply to suit your own convenience and plans! Women should learn more about the art of compromise."

# WHY CHANGE YOUR MAN?

By  
Ruth Rankin

## Some Hollywood Wives Tell The Aggravating Habits Of Their Star Husbands—But What To Do About It?

A BUNCH of the girls were whooping it up at Ouida Rathbone's tea-party.

"The girls," in this case, were a group of Hollywood wives. And what do Hollywood wives discuss over a fragrant dish of tea?

Naturally, their husbands.

"Basil," said Ouida, nimbly juggling teapot, lemon-or-cream, and conversation, "is an ungrateful wretch. Every time there is the slightest excuse for it—birthdays, Christmas, travelling—I buy him a handsome dressing-gown. Really, he is magnificent in a good dressing-gown.

"But do you know what he does with them? Leaves them hanging, still in the original tissue wrapping, in his wardrobe! Last night he came from the studio, tired, and found we had a friend in for dinner. He didn't want to dress.

"So did he come downstairs regal in the magenta poplin, from Sulka? He did not. The creature burst upon my vision in

ence—that let-well-enough-alone attitude us Southern belles are famous for. But I don't know—maybe after all," Joby smiled modestly, "I'm just smart!"

"Maybe, my eye!" Ouida laughed. "You've resisted the strongest temptation in woman. It's so easy to give in to it, once you have them in your power. Because men will agree to almost anything to keep the peace.

"We can find so many excuses for our little reforms: 'it's for his own good;' 'because we are so proud of him and want other people to see him to the *best* advantage;' (sometimes they fall hard for that;) 'because he must live up to his position.' But no matter how adroit we are, they always see through us. And resent it, ultimately.

"For instance: it always gives me a jolt when Basil lights a cigar. It



"Come on, Eloise," someone said to Pat O'Brien's wife. "Your turn. Do you make subtle changes in Pat—or take him as he is?" "Change that stubborn Irishman?" laughed Eloise. "I should say not. He's okay the way he is. But, there is one thing . . . Well, I'll tell you. It's something he used to do when we were engaged, and I thought it was cute, *then*. So when he does it now, I just hold hard to the thought that what was cute then, *must* be cute now.

"Pat, you see, is a point killer. He simply can't let me tell a funny story without finishing it for me. I like to build up the suspense and have them holding



**Ouida Rathbone and her famous husband, Ouida says "Women should learn more about the art of compromise." (Left) Pat O'Brien has two traits that drive his loving spouse mad. (Center) Joby and Richard Arlen. Dick likes to rummage through desk drawers creating havoc as he goes.**

start their quartet—Frank McHugh, Allen Jenkins, and Jimmy Gleason—Pat tries to sing tenor. And can't. They *all* try to sing tenor—and can't. You could call it a quartet of disappointed tenors, only not to their faces. I suppose," Eloise laughed, "the other wives just have to be brave, too."

"Lady," piped up Joby—if you can pipe in a drawl—"you ain't heard nothin'. That Ahlen is nothing more nor less than a busted-down barber-shop baritone—and what he likes best is to give imitations of Bing Crosby. "I will say this much for his voice

—it keeps the jay-birds and woodpeckers away. We used to have an awful lot of them in our trees and they would wake me up, tapping away, early in the morning. Anyone you know who is troubled with wood-peckers—just tell 'em to send for Ahlen and turn him loose on 'Love In Bloom.'

"He's a desk-drawer excavator, too. Nothing on this earth excites him so much as the sight of a nice neat desk-drawer, with the cancelled checks rubber-banded in sequence, the current and receipted bills separated, and the personal correspondence all bunched together. He goes mad. Like a bolt from the blue, inspiration comes to him. What was the name, he demands, of that fellow who makes golf-clubs? The one who made him the marvellous putter, about three months ago. He wants to order a mashie from him. Right away . . .

"No one can recall his name? Well, that's easy, says Ahlen. The name is on a cancelled check, *some* place in that drawer. Instantly, the checks begin to fly like an unbleached snow-storm. Ahlen, he uses the terrier-technique to find things.

"As for putting them back the way he found them—it is to laugh. It is to snicker with glee unholy. . . . He just is *that* way, the same as I am *this* way—and he doesn't try to change me. *Noblesse oblige* is what I always say. What do you always say?"

"Well, I always say," Eloise summed up, "that the more you try to change your man, the quicker you get the chance to change him for another one. Of course, the system has its advantages if you happen to *want* to change. I don't. Pat will do for me."

onto their chairs—but Pat, he thinks brevity is the soul of wit. At that, he may be right. Nobody ever gave me any medals for the way I tell a story—or a picture contract, either! And anyway, I wouldn't change it for any one of the faults a lot of my friends' husbands have!" Eloise exclaimed, loyally.

"The two little traits that used to get me almost wild," she continued, "but I managed to keep quiet about them, thank goodness, until now I hardly even notice them—were his string-saver and putter-away instincts. He keeps everything, that man. Every corner and cupboard in our house is packed full of Pat's junk, stowed away lovingly. But neatly. On his days off, he adores to haul it all out—and put it all away again. He fusses even with the kitchen cupboards until the cook can't find anything. We have a very philosophical cook, fortunately. She takes it all in stride, the way I do.

"Another thing that could probably get me down, if I let it, is this; every time the boys come over and

