

Woman's Realm :- Social and Personal :- Fashions :- Literature

What the Fashionables are Wearing

Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished With Every Pattern
By Annabelle Worthington

A delicious little model is this. It has the becoming capelet neckline, with a smart difference. And isn't the looped sash a youthful idea?

The skirt is exceedingly simple with extreme snugness over the hips extending into a length giving panels at the front and the back.

Crepe silk in black, Persian green, vivid red or sapphire blue is chic for afternoon bridge parties or tea. It echoes such a gay note 'neath the fur wrap.

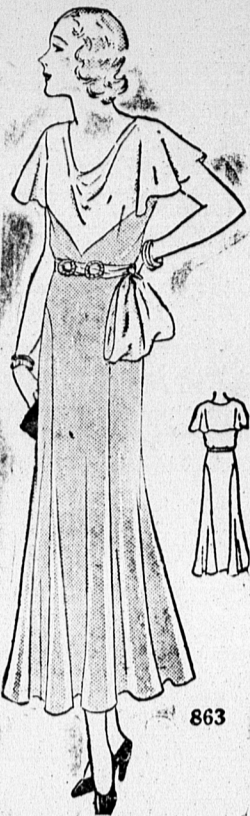
Sheer velvet is stunning too in black or wine-red.

It's a dress that will solve your holiday problem for informal evenings.

Style No. 863 is designed in sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inches bust.

Size 16 requires 3 1/2 yards 39-inch with 1 1/4 yards 39-inch contrasting. Be sure to fill in the size of the pattern. Send stamps or coin (coin preferred).

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No. 863. Size

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"Why, what has she got?"

"The car."

The diplomat's jawbone is mightier than his sword.

"John's working for a manufacturing concern."

"What's he doing?"

"Sprinkling dust on bottles of old wine."



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Dorothy Dix

Why Don't Women, Who Have Fought For and Won the Right to Vote, to be Educated, to Earn a Living, Fight for the Right to Pop the Question to the Man They Want for a Husband, Says Dorothy Dix

This is the year when tradition gives women the right to ask men to marry them. Of course, they don't take advantage of their privilege on leap year any more than they do on other years, and one wonders why, since most single women would like to be married, and all women know that in marriage as in everything else heaven helps those who help themselves.

In all the ramifications of the mysterious feminine psychology nothing is so strange and inexplicable as the attitude that women have taken on the matter of popping the question. About it they show a backwardness, a timidity, a willingness to be bound and hampered by an outmoded convention that they display about nothing else on earth.

They fought like wildcats until they got the ballot and a right to a say-so in government. They battered at the doors of opportunity until they broke them down and won a free entrance into every profession and occupation. But when it comes to demanding an equality with men in the most important thing in the world, the selection of their mates, they haven't the courage to make even a gesture in the direction of freedom.

Why women who have trodden under all the other old superstitions that have hampered them—the superstition that it would defeminize them and rob them of all their charm to be educated or to vote or to earn an honest living—and yet are still in bondage to the superstition that there is something immodest in a woman frankly telling a man that she would like to marry him, is one of the things that no one can fathom.

Of all the disadvantages under which woman labors none is such a heavy handicap to her as the foolish ban that custom puts upon her love activities and that makes her take a passive instead of an active part in courtship. Certainly nothing could be more idiotic than the old romantic theory that a woman never looks at a man until after he has seen her first and that her heart is so well disciplined that it never yearns after any man until he has signified his desire to marry her, whereupon she automatically discovers, to her amazement, that she is wildly in love with him.

Yet that is how courtship is practically conducted, and all that a woman can do is to sit around and look willing when men come about and pray that the Lord will send her a husband that she can put up with, and the result is that only too often a girl has to take the man she can get rather than the one who is her preference.

Of course, men contend that in reality women do pick out their husbands and that no man knows how he came to marry the woman he does marry, but even if this were true—and it seldom is—it certainly cramps a woman's style to have to do her wooing under cover and in-veiling a man by subtle and nefarious means to the altar instead of being able openly and aboveboard to sell him the idea that to marry her would insure his happiness and prosperity.

It is beyond doubt that if women were free, as men are, to select their mates and do the proposing that there would be a great matrimonial boom and an unprecedented era of domestic bliss. There would

be more marriages, because many men are kept from asking women to marry because they think they are physically unattractive or because they feel that they cannot support their wives in luxury.

Many a lonely old maid would like to tell some homely old bachelor that she loves his beautiful soul and fine mind and doesn't care a rap about his looks and that she would like to marry him and make him comfortable and give him the home and attention he craves. Many a middle-aged widow, with a starved maternal heart, would like to marry some widower with a houseful of children and mother them. Many a rich woman would like to say to a poor man: "Marry me and give me the companionship that my money won't buy and let me make life easier for you."

And there would be happier marriages, because women are better pickers than men are. They have more discernment in matters of the affections. It is men who pick out flappers young enough to be their granddaughters and expect to be happy with them. Mighty few women are silly enough to marry the gigolos.

And, anyway, women are ten times as much married as men, and it is therefore ten times as important that they should be suited in their mates. A man has a million interests to compensate him for getting the wrong wife. A woman has none. If she is dissatisfied and unhappy, she is not only miserable herself. She makes her husband miserable.

If we knew the truth, we would probably find out that most of the peevish, fretful, discontented wives, who make no effort to please their husbands or get along with them, are those who married men they didn't really love nor want, but who were all that they could get, and who are taking out their disappointment upon their poor, unfortunate yokemates.

Of course, in the past, when women were helpless creatures who had to be supported, it was perhaps manners for them to wait to be asked, but now, when most of them have as good jobs as men, there is no reason why they shouldn't pop the question to any man they fancy.

DOROTHY DIX.

For The Cook

PHILADELPHIA CINNAMON BUN

1 cup milk.
1/2 cup water.
1 cake yeast.
4 cups flour.
1 teaspoonful salt.
Bring milk to scalding point, add

boiling water, let cool to about 90 F., then mix yeast cake with 1/4 cup of the liquid, then add to rest and make a dough by adding about 4 cups of the flour and salt.

Knead until thoroughly mixed, cover and keep in a warm place until double in bulk. Now work into the dough 1/2 cup butter, 1/2 cup sugar and 2 eggs. Work in more flour, enough so that the dough can be handled.

Take the dough out to a well-floured molding surface, and roll into a sheet less than 1/4 inch thick, about 15 inches long by 18 wide; keep the edges as straight as possible.

Over the surface sprinkle evenly 1/2 cup sugar which has been sifted with 1 teaspoonful cinnamon. Cover thickly with 2 cups cleaned currants, and on top of these 1 cup raisins, cut in half.

Now flour both hands, and gently raise the edge of the wide side, and roll away from you, being careful not to disturb the fruit and sugar. When tightly rolled, press the edge down firmly. With a sharp knife cut the roll into 8 portions. Have ready greased and floured cake pan, round ten inches by 4 deep. Re-shape if they have become flattened in cutting, and place in pan, one in centre and the rest surrounding it. Cover and put to rise about 1 hour or until double in bulk.

Now slightly caramelize 2 cups sugar and 1/2 cup water. Have the bun ready so that you may pour the caramelized sugar over the top immediately, for it will harden if kept standing.

Place the bun in oven. Temp. 350 F., and bake for 1 hour. Allow to cool slightly before removing from pan.

When thoroughly cold, cut in wedge-shaped pieces.

Very good re-heated just before serving.

ROLLED OATS BREAD WITH NUTS AND PRUNES

After first rising, add 1 cup chopped nuts or prunes, cut in pieces. Or use 1/2 cup chopped nuts and 1 cup prunes.

John Gresham's Girl

(Continued)

"It doesn't matter to me if I am," he answered abruptly; and then, slowly and deliberately: "I've got Gresham's just where I want 'em. Anyone can know who is at the back of Linforth's for all I care."

She crossed quickly to the window, and stood looking out. But she looked with unseeing eyes. Suddenly she turned back.

"So even... loving me... would not make you give up your scheme for revenge?" she asked, eyes and voice challenging him. He returned her look steadily and answered without a falter:

"Even that would not."

The words scoured in her ears like a sudden knell. She felt, then, that she knew the neibermost depths of hopelessness. She believed that he was near enough to loving her, to be afraid of her. Last night, fear of her, of her power to make him love her, had seemed to possess him wholly. To-day that fear was gone and he was telling her that not even love could cast out the revengeful spirit that filled his heart. She had hoped everything of love; had believed in its power to vanquish all evils. But even that was powerless against him. What, then, was left to her?

What more could she do?

"Words, anyway," she thought to herself, "will achieve nothing..."

"Then shall we go?" she asked aloud, as steadily as she could. He agreed with a nod.

But first she rang up Oliver Ames to tell him of the change in her plans, as she had arranged to see him this morning.

"That you Oliver?" she said, as she got through to him. "Oh, I just rang up to tell you that I shall not be able to get along to the office this morning, after all. My husband arrived last night, and I'm spending the morning with him. I'm sorry, but it was wholly unexpected."

"That's all right, and I quite understand," he answered her, his voice a little forced in its casualness. "As a matter of fact, I shouldn't have had much time anyway, as Macklin asked for a couple of hours off, so I'm without my chief prop and stay at the moment. See you this afternoon, perhaps?"

"Well, I'll see," she said doubtfully. "I don't quite know what I'm will be doing."

"Perhaps he'd like to come along, too, and have a look at Gresham's?" suggested Ames, with all the cordiality he could muster. She

was silent a moment; then said: "I'm sure he'd love to, if he's still here. I'll ring up again and let you know definitely." She said good-by, rather quickly after that, put down the receiver and joined Lee.

"We won't take the car," he decided, and so they went on the tram as she had yesterday.

As soon as they turned into Brady's Lane they saw the riven and twisted shape of the stricken elm. It had been struck as it stood, and though some of its branches upon one side were bare and charred, on the other, half-burnt leaves and twigs still remained to cut a queer tracery against the blue of to-day's sky.

"We heard that happen," said Lucy as they stood looking at it. "Shall you ever forget the crash of it?"

"No," he said shortly, "I don't think I shall."

"But that nice little cottage hadn't anything to do with the bad luck of poor old Mother Brady," she went on. "She would have had the same luck anywhere."

"Would I, too?" he demanded.

"Jim, you don't think the cottage had anything to do with it, do you?"

"No, I don't. I think Macklin had a good deal to do with it, and Oliver Ames, and John Gresham," he answered through grim lips.

"I am quite willing to admit John Gresham's part in it," she said quietly. After a moment he asked her to show him where it was

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"We can find out," he answered, as he pushed open the gate and followed her into the weedy garden. The grass of what was once a little lawn was knee-high now and waving tasselled seed-heads. The ivy on the cottage walls had spread unchecked and was creeping over doors and windows.

"Evidently the place has a bad name now," he said, peering in through a dusty window pane. "No one has cared to take it, in spite of the housing shortage. There's no furniture left in it."

Lucy tried the door, but it was locked.

"Old Mother Brady used to hang the key up here," said Lee, groping among the ivy above the lintel. "And, by Jove," he exclaimed, "it's here, still!" He produced the key, fitted it into the lock, and rather to his surprise, found that it turned comparatively easily.

"I thought it would be rusted solid," he observed, as he pushed the door open and led the way into the main sitting-room. After the fashion of old cottages, there was no hall.

"Smells pretty musty," he added, and he crossed to a window and pushed it wide open.

"Where were your rooms?" asked Lucy, looking round her.

"Upstairs," he told her, and went first to show her the way. Two rooms had been his; bedroom and sitting room. Tiny, both of them, but with delightful dormer windows, looking over a lovely stretch of country. Lucy was full of interest. The rooms were empty now, but she made him tell her how the furniture had been placed, so that she could visualize it as it had been.

They were some time up here, for she was eager to be told all that there was to tell of the little rooms, and he, whether he admitted it or not, found her interest peculiarly soothing and sweet.

"Now," she said presently. "Let's go down and see the garden and all around."

He agreed and took her out of the cottage again. Standing in the weed-grown garden, she looked up at him and said:

"I want to know just where all that terrible business happened. Jim. Will you show me?"

(To Be Continued)



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