

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

Milady Beautiful

By Lois Leeds

THE PEROXIDE BLONDE

The problems of the peroxide blonde recur regularly in my mail. One of them has asked me to "put a piece in the paper" about them, and I am glad to comply, even at the risk of repeating much that I have already said on the subject.

In the first place, let me remind you that one can become a blonde (as to hair tint) without becoming a typical peroxide blonde with dry, straw-colored hair. The so-called peroxide blonde is just an example of overbleaching, usually done at home. The girl who bleaches her own hair combs or pats the peroxide through it without making a distinction between the parts that are newly grown in and the parts that have been bleached before. Such treat-



ment results in the overbleaching of the latter. As the hair grows longer, the much-bleached ends become very light, the middle section is darker and the hair at the roots is the natural shade of ash blonde or light brown. There are also streaks through the hair showing how unevenly the peroxide was applied.

By the time a head of hair has reached the condition just described its owner usually decides that the natural color of her hair is much to be preferred to its present unsightly state. She feels ashamed to appear in public with a coiffure that advertises her lack of skill in bleaching, and she wants her hair immediately restored to its original color. If she is so ill-advised as to attempt to dye her hair back to its former color by use of a metallic dye she may find that, although she selected a light brown shade, it turns her hair black. This is due to the fact that the texture of overbleached hair is so spongy that it takes up too much of the dye.

When the hair has not been entirely ruined by too much bleaching it may be tinted to match the original color of the hair in order to give a uniform shade all over the head. This work requires considerable skill and artistry on the part of the operator, who must know just how much to dilute the dye over the streaky portions in order to bring them to the right shade. Henna compounds and other metallic dyes should not be used.

In cases where the hair will not take a dye satisfactorily or when the bleached blonde does not care to use

BYPATHS OF NEWS

Woman Doctor in Coal Mine

Descending far under the ground into Moore's coal mine, near Newton, Scotland, recently, a woman doctor groped half a mile through the workings, and for three hours tried to revive Duncan Connor, a miner. She as Dr. Anne Mitchell, and her efforts were in vain for Connor had been too severely shocked during an accident to the electrical equipment. Two other men were prostrated, but recovered. An Scotland is praising Dr. Mitchell's courage.

Horsewoman a Heroine

Pluck of a Mme. Leber, winner of last year's horse race from Paris to Deauville, has made her the heroine of this year's Paris-Cannes event. When the 11 horsewomen left Paris for the ride of 615 miles, they faced snowstorms and icy winds. Mme. Leber's thoroughbred slipped and fell on the icy road, and she sustained bruises and cuts on her head and face. After her injuries were dressed she fainted, but recovering, she mounted again, caught up with the others, and finished the first day's ride.

World Drivers To Race

Drivers from all parts of the world, including many from America, are expected to enter the first race of the newly organized British Drivers' Club, an association of fully qualified racing drivers, at Brookfield, England, October 12. The event will be for 500 miles, and it is expected that the winning car will have an average speed of about 115 miles per hour, while lap records of 130 miles per hour may be recorded. Malcolm Campbell, the famed racer, is active in the organization, and will race.

a dye, the alternative is to give the hair one or more hot oil treatments every week to help restore it to health. The egg shampoo should follow oil treatment. Gradually the hair will improve in appearance and the bleached ends may be cut off.

Another possibility is to bob the hair very short and wear a transformation until the hair has browned out its natural color.

Tomorrow—Beauty Questions Answered.

A beggar called at a policeman's door and asked for a copper. The policeman's wife answered the door. She said, "Do you know who I am?" "No," replied the tramp. "Well, I am a policeman's wife, and if he had been in he would have been you." The tramp: "I believe he wid, for after takin' you he would tak' anybody."

"It is a beautiful thing to see a husband and wife of one mind," remarked Mrs. Blogg. "Yes," replied Blogg; "but then it makes a good deal of difference who carries the mind."



A Morning Smile

Maid-Neighbor wants to borrow your set of Shakespeare, mum. Mistress—Can't she borrow a volume at a time? Maid—No, she wants four volumes to elevate a bridge table.

It is Give and Take in The Happy Family

"Oh, Bob," Dot cleared the front porch and steps with amazing agility. "I want you to do something for me." Bob stopped, turned back toward the house.

"Make it speedy, I'm late as it is." Dot proffered him a bit of dappled silk. "What in the world?" he demanded.

"A sample, honey, of my new blouse. I forgot to get thread. It won't be difficult for you to slip into a store. Remember, though, get silk thread and a hundred-yard spool."

Bob pocketed the sample and went on his way. As he went into the house again Dot wondered what she would do that morning. She had intended to see to that blouse but she couldn't until she had the thread. She might bask in leisure for once, dip into a book, perhaps. The idea was tempting. But she would put the breakfast dishes out of the way first. She made her way to the back of the house and paused on the threshold of the kitchen. There in the middle of the floor sat a familiar, an unwelcome and an exasperating sight—Bob's wet overshoes.

"It isn't the first time," gasped Dot, "it wouldn't be so bad, but it's become a daily habit. There's the familiar streak of mud from the back door to the middle of the linoleum, right where he stood to take them off. All right, Bob Perkins, it's time learned a lesson. There they are and there they'll stay until you move them, and maybe the next time you take out the ashes you'll remember the finishing touches to the job."

Clatter, clatter, went the dishes. Clatter, clatter, Dot's wrath. She tidied the kitchen with painstaking care until the rubbers and grimy tracks were like a mockery to the room's spotlessness. She could not, however, get her mind on a book because she kept thinking of the kitchen floor.

"Oh, good gracious," she said at last, giving up all thought of reading. "I'm going out there and clean that mess up and forget about it." But at the kitchen door she again paused, admitting to the unfairness of the situation. "I'll not do it," she blazed, and fled back to the living room.

She caught up the book again, but the kitchen haunted her. She turned toward a side window. A figure, moving in an adjoining yard, attracted her attention. There was her neighbor, Mrs. Manlove, stooping beneath the weight of two ash buckets.

"Well of all things," ejaculated Dot. "If I had a good-for-nothing husband like Ben Manlove—" She did not finish. Somebody was knocking at the kitchen door. It was Cora Findley, wanting to use the phone—Cora who saw everything and told everything. Cora made a grand semi-circle about the rubbers. Dot had a fleeting notion to sweep them out of sight while Cora was talking on the telephone, but decided that their sudden absence might arouse her neighbor's suspicions. Cora finished telephoning and came back into the kitchen, where she opened the conversation in her customary caustic manner.

"I've only to look about me," she announced, "to see the petty cruelties of men toward women. There's

The group above are of styles which came direct from Paris, so directly that the descriptions had to be translated from the French before they could be appended here. (1) This unique toque of black gros grain ribbon is chic even to the touches of red and blue braid which give it a military air. It is from the house of Blanche Regis. (2) The two afternoon frocks here are from Riva. The gown on the left is of blue georgette and lace on a yellow background. On the right is a printed frock the pattern

in beige and blue black background. (3) Here is an exceedingly smart and very new wedding dress from Rambourg. (4) A smart little black hat of Bezyale straw, the brim turned abruptly back from the face showing the under trimming of satin ribbon in two tones. It is from the house of Corinne. (5) A becoming type of white felt hat with inserts of rose, blue and green gros grain ribbon. The matching scarf is of crepe de chine. Both are from Martha Riviere.—Photographs are by Henri Manuel of Paris.

DISTANCE

To the distance! ah, the distance! Blue and broad and dim! Peace is not in burgh or meadow But beyond the rim.

Aye, beyond it, far beyond it; Fellow still my soul, Till this earth is lost in heaven, And thou feel'st the whole.—Archibald Lampman.

one misfortune. I've escaped so far in this life and that's a husband." "What do you mean by that?" flared Dot. Clara looked pointedly toward the shoes, replied in an abstract fashion that was positively maddening. "Oh, nothing in particular. Thanks for the use of the phone," and they departed.

Thoroughly indignant, Dot swept up the rubbers, without further parley put them into their accustomed place and proceeded to mop away the tracks. She was surprised at the soothing effect her action had on her. That night when Bob came home he pulled six spoons of thread from his pockets.

"Why such an assortment of colors?" exclaimed Dot.

"That sample," Bob retorted "had at least ten shades in it, and in every store I went they suggested a different color. I tell you, I wore out about ten pounds of shoe leather before finally saying to myself, 'Shucks, why not get 'em all?' So there they are. Theard looks like a little thing to buy, but I'll say this much. Twinkles. You're the only woman in the world I'd do such a little thing for." "You're a perfect darling," purred Dot. "I know exactly how you feel. You left your overshoes in the middle of the floor again, and it took me all morning to put them away. You're positively the only person in the world for whom I'd do such little things, too."

He Gave Them a Trial And Received Relief

Alberta Man Now Endorses Dodd's Kidney Pills

Mr. David Jack Effered With Kidney Trouble

Kitscoby, Alta., April 22.—(Special)—"A few years ago I was troubled greatly with my kidneys," writes Mr. D. Jack, a resident of this place. "I had read much about Dodd's Kidney Pills that I thought I would give them a trial. I used about six boxes and they did me heaps of good. We use them now whenever we think we require them. I always like to have a box handy for future use."

Dodd's Kidney Pills stimulate and strengthen weak kidneys. You will be surprised how soon they begin to cleanse and purify, to soothe and heal the kidneys, at the same time, Backache, Rheumatism, Headaches and ailments due to faulty kidneys disappear.

Dodd's Kidney Pills have become a family remedy all over the world because people have tried them and found them good.

Dodd's Kidney Pills are sold by all druggists, or The Dodds Medicine Co., Ltd., Toronto 2, Ont.

Etiquette

By Roberta Lee

Q. Should the hostess rise when greeting all newcomers? A. Yes. It is very inhospitable if she does not.

Q. What is a good rule to follow in regard to shaking hands? A. Probably the best rule would be, "Never shake hands when it is awkward to do so."

Q. When are service plates out of place? A. At breakfast or informal meals, or in homes where there is no maid.

It had been a thing case for everybody concerned. The plaintiff and the defendant were both slow-witted, and everything had had to be explained to them at least twice.

"Do I understand, my man," said the magistrate at one point, "that the defendant hurled investives at you?"

The plaintiff scratched his head wildly. Then a look of understanding dawned in his eyes as he replied: "No, sir, to tell the truth it was only bricks he threw at me; but what I complain about was the terrible way he swore at me when they missed!"

Looking over THE WORLD

The air service connecting the principal cities of the Netherlands East Indies, which was started recently, has had to abandon its regular schedule because of lack of landing fields.

F. J. Davar, the Paris cyclist of Bombay, India, who crossed the Sahara Desert on a bicycle, recently traveled 1,500 miles in altitudes varying from 12,000 to 16,000 feet in the Andes.

People of Budapest, Hungary, are saving more money than for years, in spite of bad conditions there, leading banks reporting a jump in savings deposits of \$5,000,000 in one month.

Rev. C. W. Davis, of Aspley Gustie, England, has just received a notice mailed in the town last November advising him that he was to referee a football game the next day, the post-card having gone to South Africa and back.

The smithy of Gretna Green, the historic Scottish resort of runaway couples, had a record year in 1928, the number of marriages contracted by joining hands across the blacksmith's anvil averaging four a week.

Miss Sterling Maxwell, twenty-two-year-old daughter of Sir John Maxwell, of near Glasgow, Scotland, has been invited to judge the West Highland ponies at the Highland Agricultural Show this year.

The picture "Woody Landscape," belonging to the Glasgow, Scotland, city art galleries, and which was rejected by the selection committee of the Exhibition of Dutch Art in London, on the ground that it was not a genuine Hobbema, was finally hung in the exhibition.

The dear old country lady was distressed to find that some of the younger maids neglected their church attendance, and consulted her housekeeper about it. "They ought to go," she said. "Yes, ma'am, that's what I tell them," replied the faithful retainer. "I say to 'em, 'I go to church,' I says, 'an' what harm has it done me?"

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A pure vegetable preparation to relieve common baby ailments, such as constipation, colic, gas, colds, etc. Genuine Castoria bears the Signature of Chat. H. Tilton.

Daily Arguments

AUNT HE BY ROBERT QULEN



"I like skirts long enough so I can set an' hdd my heds in peace without havin' to worry about my knees."

POOR PA BY CLAUDE CALLA



"It looked to me like Betty's beau enjoyed that pie I told him, but his maw's beloved at it just to be polite."

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Photo by E. A. Bachrach, Hollywood

THE next time you see tiny Olive Borden, notice how exquisitely smooth Lux Toilet Soap keeps her skin. "It's so important for my skin to have the special velvety smoothness we men by 'studio skin,' and Lux Toilet Soap is so splendid for it that I am delighted!"

Olive Borden

Smooth skin always wins... Hollywood directors find

9 out of 10 screen stars keep their skin lovely this way...

Mary Duncan, exotically lovely Fox star, says: "A screen star's skin simply must be as smooth as 'studio skin.' That's why I am so faithful to Lux Toilet Soap."



"BEAUTIFUL smooth skin is the great heart winner." George H. Melford, famous movie director, thus expresses the experience of 39 leading Hollywood directors.

"The public certainly takes to its heart the actress with a skin that shows flawless—faultlessly smooth—under the terrific test of the close-up lights," he continues. "Such a skin is a prime factor in making her a star."

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