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

What the Fashionables are Wearing

Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished With Every Pattern

By Annabelle Worthington

The white satin collar creates interesting effect in this slim-line black rough crepe silk dress.

The collar is so young and smart the way it ties at the back.

The pointed fitted yoke gives flat slimness across the hips.

It's a dress you'll enjoy making because of its unusual simplicity.

Delightfully smart and new is mouse-gray tweed woolen with the collar of plain soft black woolen.

Two surfaces of crinkly crepe satin will make up admirably in this model. Black, rhum brown or wine-red is especially smart.

Style No. 930 is designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20 years, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust.

Size 16 requires 3¼ yards 39-inch with 1⅛ yards 39-inch contrasting.

Price of Pattern 15 cents in stamps or coin (coin is preferred). Wrap coin carefully.

No. 930. Size .....

.....

Name

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Street Address

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City State

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Why not give her three pairs or more? The more—the merrier her Christmas will be. Your Christmas will be merry, too, for Kayser's prices are in keeping with these Thrifty Thirties.

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Dorothy Dix Letter Box

How Can a Wealthy Young Man be Sure He Isn't Loved for His Money? — Self-Centered Daughter Objects to Father's Working While She Entertains

Dear Miss Dix—My case is thus: Poor girl from poor family. I have a wealthy father and she knows it. She says she loves me, but it is hard for me to believe. What are some of the tests a fellow can put to a girl to see if she really loves him?

PUZZLED YOUNG MAN.

Answer:

Why do you find it hard to believe the girl loves you? Are you hideously ugly? Are you dull and stupid? Are you selfish and overbearing in disposition. Are you quarrelsome and hard to get along with?

If you have any or all of these faults, you might think it impossible for a girl to fall in love with you, but if you are a fairly average human being, there is no reason why a girl shouldn't set her affections upon you. Look about you and you will see hundreds of women worshipping at the feet of idols who have not only feet of clay but are mostly mud. In fact, the one question that no one can ever answer is what some man or woman saw in some other woman or man to fall in love with.

It is a curious thing that the possession of money seems to produce an inferiority complex in rich people, at least so far as matters of the heart are concerned. Every rich girl looks upon every man who comes near her as a fortune hunter. Every wealthy man is afraid some girl is going to marry him for his money. Apparently the rich never think that they could possibly be loved for themselves alone, and that they have qualities of head and heart that would inspire any one with affection for them.

I think that the rich exaggerate very much the danger they have of being married for their money. Of course, it happens occasionally, but there are not many fortune hunters. Most young people are more romantic than avaricious, and when it comes to selling themselves to a rich husband or wife they simply balk at the bargain. It is giving too much for too little. They would rather work and make the money for what they want, and marry the women and men they love.

Of course, there is no absolutely sure test you can apply to a girl to tell whether she loves you or not. You have to take her word for that and back it up as well as you can by observing her reactions to just the little ordinary affairs of life.

An infallible test of a girl's love is her attitude toward a man and the amount of his society that she craves. If she never wearies of his companionship and wants to get him off by herself alone, and if she can listen by the hour to him while he tells all about his youth and his business and his golf score, then she is in love with him.

But if she always wants to go places and do things; if she comes down with her hat on ready to go out when he calls; if she yawns and looks bored when he begins to tell about things that happened when he was a little boy with pale-green warts on his hands, and what he said to the boss and the boss said to him, and if she always wants to be in a crowd, then she doesn't love the man. She only loves the good times he can give her.

It should be fairly easy to tell whether this girl is in love with you or your bank account by observing whether she is greedy or not. If she is always hinting for things and reminding you of her birthday and suggesting that a wrist watch would be an appropriate souvenir of the occasion, if she is always wanting to be taken to high-priced places of amusement, then she is a gold-digger and her fingers are fairly itching to get hold of your pocketbook.

When a girl is really in love with a man she doesn't hold him up for all she can get out of him. She doesn't want to run him in debt, or get all she can out of him. She is thinking of his prosperity as her own and wanting to help him get established in the world.

Besides these, there are a thousand other ways in which a girl shows whether she is in love or not. By her putting a man's pleasure before her own. By her willingness to sacrifice to him. By her funny little fussing over him and wanting to mother him. By her giving him just that sense of sincerity which, after all, makes us know whether people really love us or not.

DOROTHY DIX.

• • • • • •

Dorothy Dix—My father has an office at home as well as at his place of business. He works every night. I am a girl of 19 and desire to have my friends come to see me, but I hate to ask them on this account. I avoid boys, as I know they would not want to come to see me and sit in the living room and watch my father work in his office and hear the click of his typewriter. There is one boy that I like very much who wonders why I treat him so cold, but I feel I can't ask him to the house and I don't want to suggest going out to my date. Don't you think a father should consider his daughter a little bit, and when she has company stop working a while for her sake? ANXIOUS.

Answer:

What about the daughter considering her father a little bit and trying to realize that the reason he works nights at home is because he is trying to provide a home for her and keep her safe and snug?

Lots of young people look upon their fathers as nothing but money-making machines who are geared up to perpetual action and who keep on going through the motion of toiling because they are built that way and can't stop. I have heard them sneer at father because he had got to be almost an automaton that vibrated between the house and the office and because he never took a vacation or went to a bill game or did anything but work. I have seen them ashamed of father because he had got stoop-shouldered and went shabby and was out of the picture with the balance of the smartly dressed family.

And I have wondered at the lack of intelligence and the lack of heart and the lack of imagination that these young sons and daughters showed in never realizing that father was a hero and a martyr who offered himself up as a sacrifice on the altar of his home and for his unappreciative wife and children who never even knew how grand a figure he was.

For father is just as human as the balance of us. He doesn't slave like a dray horse because he has some peculiar complex that makes him prefer work to play and a stuffy office to being outdoors in the sunshine He would love to go off fishing in the spring. He would love to travel and see the world. He would love to loaf in the sunshine. But he sticks to his job winter and summer, day in and day out. Often he even works at night so that his wife and children may have the pleasures he denies himself.

Anyway, my poor little girl, you are very supersensitive to feel that your father's working at home is any disgrace and that your friends won't want to come there if he does. There isn't a one of them who would care a rap about that one way or the other. Probably they wouldn't notice it, and as far as your boy friend is concerned he would admire it rather than criticize it.

It would indicate to him that if he had that industrious a father-in-law he would probably never have to support his wife's family. So don't be silly and make a mountain out of a typewriter.

DOROTHY DIX.

• • • • • •

Dear Miss Dix—Will boys ever learn to like fat girls. Do you have to be thin to be popular? FATTIES.

Answer:

According to the fashion reports, curves are coming in and angles are going out, so there is hope for the plump girl. If it is true that bones are no longer the object of an almost idolatrous worship, then boys' taste will change and they will prefer the girl who is a good armful to one who is a living skeleton.

But there is no reason for a girl to be fat. Take plenty of exercise, count your calories and lay on sweets and starches and fats, and you can reduce to any state of slimness you desire. DOROTHY DIX.

Worth your preference!

Always Packed in Aluminum

For The Cook

Pie Crust

Pie crust is a bug-bear to many a bride, now we believe if Bride Marjorie who finds that when she rolls the crust "it breaks into a dozen pieces" would make her paste by sifting 1-3 teaspoon salt with 1½ cups flour (well sifted) then cut or chop in ½ cup shortening (butter and lard) or whatever commercial shortening she prefers) then add enough ice-cold water to make a paste that will roll out, she will find it all right. She should have the paste as cold as possible, a session in the refrigerator will help it. It is wise to roll it as little as possible—and on a floured board, of course. We hope Bride Marjorie will conquer the pie crust problem, and that she will find her electric range what others have—the acme of perfection. If we can help anytime, we are still at the same address.

Hermits

1 cup butter, 1½ cups brown sugar, 2 eggs, ½ cup of Sultana raisins, ½ cup seeded raisins or currants, 1 cup dates, 1-3 cup nuts, 2 tablespoons chopped preserved ginger, ½ teaspoon baking soda, 2 tablespoons boiling water, 2¼ to 2½ cups flour, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, ¼ teaspoon allspice. Cream butter well, work in the sugar gradually, add well-beaten eggs and the fruit and nuts; dissolve the baking soda in boiling water and add to the mixture; mix the flour and spices and sift them in. Beat well and drop from a teaspoon on buttered pans, spacing well apart. Bake 12 to 15 minutes in a moderate oven—350 degrees F.

A Morning Smile

A colored man got his nerve together and took a flight in an aeroplane. As he climbed out after the ride he turned to the pilot and said, "Suh, Ah has to thank you fo' both dem rides."

"What are you talking about," said the aviator. "You had only one ride."

"No, suh," returned the passenger. "Ah done had two—mah first and mah last."

GERMS ATTACK STONES

Stones, no less than men, animals and plants, are attacked by germs. And these bacterial ones can cause serious damage to building materials. So states Prof. G. Paine, of the Imperial College, London, says Popular Mechanics Magazine. Reviewing the work of other botanists as well as his own researches, Professor Paine pointed out ahat primarily this bacterial disintegration of stone is beneficial, for it is one of the things that breaks down solid rock into soil fit for farms and forests. But on the works of man the bacteria are some of them the identical ones that are helpful in the soil, often make havoc.

Thrilled! . .

How you thrilled in the certainty of your lasting loveliness—heightened by the clinging, velvet-texture of Pompeian Beauty Powder.

As his eyes caress you, how thrilling to know that a touch of Pompeian Rouge had kept for you the girlish flush he loved. Be sure always! Use Pompeian. You may pay more for beauty preparations but you cannot buy better than . . .

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REAL RELIEF FROM RHEUMATISM

Old Couple of 80 Find Effective Treatment at Last.

Are you one of those people who suffer from Rheumatism? Are you one of those who flit from so-called "cure" to "cure"—hoping vainly to find some real relief from the awful nagging pain? Then read what this lady writes in a letter quite unasked for by us. She tells how her father and mother found genuine relief from attacks. You may have cause to bless her information. "About ten or eleven years ago," she writes, "my father and mother were both very poorly with Rheumatism. I at once put 'Thermogene' where their pain was. The relief was such that they have never been without it again, and every winter they renew it as a preventive. They are both now well over 80, and should any one mention Rheumatism to them, their remedy is always 'Thermogene'."

Do you know why "Thermogene" Medicated Wadding has released these two old people from the toils of Rheumatism? Simply because, unlike drugs which only deaden the ache temporarily, it goes right to the root of the pain. It works by the oldest and surest method known to doctors—that of counter-irritation.

Place a layer of this scientifically prepared cotton wool just where the pain is—you'll feel the benefit of its pain-relieving essences almost at once. And how much simpler it is to treat yourself with this clean, soft, fleecy wadding than with messy poultices and sticky embrocations. You can wear it day and night. It will never show beneath your clothes—or stain them. If you once try "Thermogene" Medicated Wadding, you will always keep it in the house.

ASHES of ROSES

A Romance of Today

By Joanna Cannan

John Gilmour had taken some modest but highly respectable lodgings for his son, and when Geoffrey arrived there he proceeded straightaway to unpack. The one thing in this future of his to which he had looked forward with pleasure had been such independence, but he did not feel very pleased with his independence now. The rooms were small, airless, and furnished with a drab deliberate ugliness, indefinitely more depressing than the bareness of actual poverty. He was no aesthete. He did not know what depressed him nor realise that in a bare garret with nothing ugly to look at, he would have been absolutely content. He thought that his father might have found nicer rooms for him, and he felt ill-used. He had taken out his sponge and toothbrush, and his pyjamas and dressing gown, and a photograph of his mother, one of Tinker and one of Pat Lysarde, and now he gave up unpacking, walking to the window of his sitting room, parted the Nottingham lace curtains, and looked out. The street was deserted. There was nothing to look at except the perspective lines of the flat-fronted houses, but Geoffrey had nothing else to do, so he forced the window open as widely as possible and stood there, aimlessly looking out.

Miss Bligh, the landlady, had promised John Gilmour that she would wait on Geoffrey herself—she had had a good character with Alice, but one never knew with girls. She was an incompetent, elderly woman who cooked abominably and found herself her only pleasure n gloating over the sins and sorrows of other people as revealed to her by the daily press. She told Geoffrey that she had seen a great deal of trouble, while she set out a cold supper of salmon, stewed raspberries and dingy blanc-mange.

By a quarter to eight the supper was eaten and cleared away. The evening stretched before Geoffrey, silent, lonely dull. He had brought a book to read in the evenings. It was called Business Methods. But he did not feel in the mood to read it now, indeed he wondered how he could ever have expected to. So he set off to explore Bloomsburf, and trudged wearily round the squares and up and down the streets which are between Southampton Row and Tottenham Court Road, and saw the lace curtains and the areas and the private hotels and the hostels and the pigeons and the Indians and the arts and crafts shops and the schools of languages which give to Bloomsbury a character of its own. But he was not a Londoner, would never be one, and to him it all seemed shabby, dirty, inexpressibly drab. Only when he had turned home in the gathering twilight, and saw above the long, unlovely street the slender and silver moon sailing in a sky of palest green, he thought for a moment of the moon in the branches of Hemshott and then of what a marvellous thing it would be to be there, or here, or indeed anywhere, with Fay. It was one of those things, he thought, that were too marvellous ever to happen, too much to ask of Life, whose generosity he had begun to doubt for the first time that day.

CHAPTER III

"UNITED WE STAND"

"You two are great pals, aren't you?" said Geoffrey.

"Mr. Errans calls us the Inseparables," Connie Evers said complacently. "And Mr. Turner calls us—well, he's rather saucy and Miss Bennett's pinching my arm black and blue though she knows I'm going out in a sleeveless frock tonight, so I won't tell that. Anyhow 'United we stand.' That's our motto. Isn't it Fay?"

"Thats right."

"Do you live near each other."

"We do. And I live the farthest away, so I see Miss Bennett practically to her door." She looked at Geoffrey and her merry eyes twinkled. But he was not looking at her. He was looking at Fay.

He saw her daily in the office and on such days as this, when his luck was in, as he went out to lunch he might meet the two girls on the stairs. For a few days that had been enough. A whole morning had been lit by "the light that never was on sea or land" because she had come into the office later he and had passed his table and said, "Goodness, what an early bird!" A whole evening had been lifted out of the whole world and set in Paradise because she had stood for a moment in the street beside him, and made a delicious little grimace at the sky, and said that just because she hadn't brought her stumpy, it was going to rain. But now he wanted more. He wanted to talk to her, a long talk so that they would get to know each other, and he could never speak to her, even for a moment, alone. He had started for the office ridculously early one morning and had waited about the bus halt in the hope of walking the few yards to the door of the building beside her, but Connie Evers had been with her even then. At night as he turned over and over in his lumpy bed at the lodging, his mind revolved all sorts of plans, none of them feasible by the sober light of day. He tried to console himself with the thought that winter was approaching. Miss Evers looked as strong as they made them, but surely even she would not go all through the winter without a cold!

(To Be Continued)

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Sea Birds Are Blown Inland

NEW YORK, Dec. 6—(C. P.)—By some freak of nature, flocks of little auks were blown into the metropolitan area recently and fell exhausted in streets, unable to take off again for the sea which is their natural home.

Most of the birds which breed in northeast Greenland and Iceland, died from exhaustion. Dr. W. Reid Blair, director of the Bronx Zoo said the little auk is a sea bird which needs a high wave to give it momentum for flight.

"Birds more unsuited to survive inland would be hard to imagine," declared Dr. Blair. "The little auk cannot get into the air from land."

The zoo director stated that in the last 40 years only 20 cases are recorded when these birds have been found inland, and then only generally one at a time.

The little auk is a bird about the size of a dove and has a whitish breast and black back. Its three webbed toes give it means of propulsion in the water and its narrow but sturdy wings give it a powerful take-off from its natural element, the sea. In flight its wings vibrate like those of a humming bird, Dr. Blair said.

Says Girls Are Sloppy Dressers

PRYN MAWR, Pa., Dec.7—(C. P.)—Clothes do make the woman. So states the College News of Bryn Mawr College in a scathing attack on sloppily dressed women on the campus.

An editorial entitled "tsk! tsk! calling attention to "laziness and carelessness" the News assails the student body, and asks them to "remember that college is not a shambles, but a dignified institution." Said the editorial:

"Clothes might be sent to the cleaners, buttons might be sewn on and hair might be brushed without any serious reflection being cast on the Bryn Mawr intellect.

"Visitors to the campus are confronted on all sides by the intellectuals with fingernails suffering from intimate contact with the good earth and hair resembling that of an East Indian native after a hard day in the rice fields and clothes that would have brought shame down upon a Belgian refugee.

"The present Bryn Mawr attitude towards dress reveals only an appalling ignorance of the fitness of things and a mistaken conception concerning the qualities of genius. We can and must make an attempt to improve the general appearance of the student body."

A prompt reply from the faculty declared the women dressed as well as other college women, and said there was "no cause or desire for any faculty action in the matter."

A small gold quill slipped through a slot on the outside throat of a bronze pump is a new afternoon trimming chez Marouf. Different colored leathers match different costumes.

HER MOTHER TOLD HER

EVERY month it was the same story. Headaches and backaches. Jumpy nerves. Always tired out by mid-day.

She hated to talk about her trouble. She tried to hide it. But you can't hide things like that from a mother. So her mother told her—what *every* mother should tell her daughter.

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