

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

A Fashion a Day

What Women Are Doing

Oranges and Lemons Form Background for Wedding Decorations

"I couldn't get orange blossoms, so I used oranges," said Solomon Levy, in Able's Irish Rose, thereby convulsing the audience.

But no less person than Lady Mary Scott, daughter of the Earl of Bute, who married Lord Burghley recently, used real oranges and lemons for decoration of choir stall and pews. The effect, when carried out with flowers, was striking and original, adding as it did a background of brilliant color for the cream gowns of the eight bridesmaids. Coral shoes and bouquets of coral tulips and mimosa repeated the color note.

The quaint old edifice of St. Clement Dane's in the heart of London, was chosen for the marriage, the Marquis of Exeter, the groom's father being patron of the church. The nursery rhyme, beloved of all children—

"Oranges and lemons, and the bells of St. Clements; I'll give you five farthings, said the bells of St. Martin's, When will you pay me, said the bells of Old Bailey, When I grow rich, said the bells of Shoreditch."

gave the bride the idea for her original decorations.

Just Another of Those Smart Lunch-ers!

Even blase Palm Beach was startled this week by the latest vagary of its society leaders. The business section, used as it is to dealing with moneyed meids and opulent matrons, blinked its eyes at the spectacle of a coterie of these women lunching in a restaurant in their pyjamas. To be sure, the second glance showed that they were beach pyjamas, donned after a morning dip in the surf, but the difference was almost negligible.

This is the first year that feminine beaches have been permitted on either beach or boardwalk sans long hose and apparently the infinitesimal inch has been stretched to the daring mile.

Outside of the civic authorities stepping in, the only thing that could curtail such procedure is social ostracism, and how can the fringe of society dare to question its bulwarks.

the rounds.

Mr. Coward's story was about an actor who had been staying for a few days at Stratford-on-Avon, and who one day said jokingly to his landlady:

"Who is this Shakespeare I hear so much about down here? Was he a very great man?"

"To which the landlady replied quite seriously:

"Lor, sir, 'e worn't thought nothing of when I was a gal. It's the Americans as 'as made 'im what 'e is." Philadelphia Bulletin.



DELIGHTFULLY SMART

A delightfully smart serviceable dress in lustrous satin crepe in cocoa shade with the deep shawl collar made of matching shade sheer velvet. Its lines are decidedly slender, with snug girde with large bow at left hip, with important flared fulness provided by a shirred flounce stitched across front, caught in with right seam, with left side hanging free to sway gracefully in motion. Style No. 396 is designed in sizes 16, 18, 20 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust. It will adapt itself lovely to the smart printed silk crepe, so much in demand for immediate wear, and can be worn later all Spring to vary ensemble. Plain silk crepe, georgette crepe and crepe de chine, also appropriate. Pattern price 15 cents additional for a copy of our Spring Fashion Magazine. It's just filled with delightful styles, including smart ensembles, and cute designs for the kiddies.

A Morning Smile

Made Shakespeare Famous

Noel Coward, English actor, contributed another to the Shakespeare stories that have recently been going

Finds Women Have Deeper Appreciation || Dorothy Dix || Are Men or Women Greater Beauty Lovers?

A Man's Esthetic Sense Rebels at a Homely Wife, but a Woman Looks at a Man's Character Instead of His Face When She Considers His Desirability as a Husband

In trying to solve the problem of why marriage is so often a failure a questionnaire was sent out not long ago to a thousand middle-aged married couples asking them, among other things, what qualities they found most distasteful in their husbands and wives, and, in particular, what one specific thing in the partners of their bosoms got most upon their nerves.



An amazingly large number of men replied that their chief objection to their wives was that they were no longer young and beautiful, whereas not a single woman mentioned her husband's lack of pulchritude among his shortcomings.

There is food for thought in this. Are men, in reality, so much greater beauty lovers than women? Or is this just an alibi for a wandering foot? Certainly the average man exhibits no superdeveloped esthetic sense except as it pertains to flappers. On the contrary, it is women who seem to yearn after abstract beauty more than men. In the art galleries you will see more women than men. Housewives organize clubs for the study of art so that they may better appreciate fine pictures and statuary and tapestries, but if there is any tired business men's art study club, I have never heard of it, and in most homes it is the wife and not the husband who is responsible for its adornment, if there is any.

The man is satisfied with solid comfort. Often he fights against curtains and draperies, and sneers at antiques, and howls over having to pay for Oriental rugs when you can get linoleum so much cheaper, and it is the wife who insists on furniture that is made on beautiful lines, and draperies and carpets of rich and lovely covering.

So far as personal beauty goes, the middle-aged wife has as much right to be critical of her middle-aged husband as he has of her. If she is no longer the Prettiness he married, neither is he the slim young sheik that she espoused. If she is no longer as alluring as a debutante, neither is there any call to romance in a bald-headed gentleman with a bay-windowed figure.

Looking over any assemblage of middle-aged people, the women are quite as easy on the eyes as the men. Perhaps so, for women have the advantage of the rouge pot and the powder puff, and of being able to deck themselves out in clothes that camouflage their defects and flatter their good points, whereas men are forced to remain as homely as God and time have made them.

Yet it is men who claim that they find the lack of beauty in their wives harder to live with than nagging, temper, nerves, extravagance, bad house-keeping, any of the sins which one might reasonably suppose would wreck matrimony. It is men who only too often offer as an excuse for their infidelity the fact that their wives have got old and worn in their service, and are no longer pleasing to gaze upon. They seem to think that they have the same right to trade in their old wives for new as they do their automobiles.

Undoubtedly just as many wives fall out of love with their husbands as men fall out of love with their wives. There are just as many disillusioned, disgruntled wives as there are husbands. Just as many women who find marriage a failure as men, but the thing that kills a woman's love for a man is not his taking on a few pounds of fat or losing a few hairs.

It is something bigger and more important than mere looks. It is coldness and neglect that has slayed her affection for him. Or it is grouchiness and surliness. Or it is stinginess and injustice. Or it is because she has found out that he is mean and little, without an ounce of generosity or loyalty in his soul.

It isn't because he has got stout and clumsy and grizzled and his cheeks sag, and his neck rolls over his collar, or because he has become gaunt and gray that she has ceased to love him. As long as he is tender and loving and good to her, she doesn't care a rap about how he looks.

You hear every day about some otherwise sane man divorcing his good old wife to marry a girl young enough to be his daughter, but you almost never hear of any woman being fool enough to divorce her husband to marry a pretty little cake-eater boy. As a matter of fact, the one place in which women show a superior intelligence to men is in putting a proper valuation on physical beauty. Men rate it at 90 per cent in judging women. The first question a man ever asks about a woman concerns her looks. He does not inquire if she is intelligent or broad-minded or entertaining or thrifty or domestic. He merely asks, "Is she pretty?"

Any beautiful moron has men fluttering around her like bees around a honey pot. Any girl with a peaches-and-cream complexion can marry early and often. Any girl with a natural wave in her hair and a boyish figure has dates to burn. But a homely girl may have brains, education, humor and every quality that fits her to be a good wife and never have a single beau to love herself with.

You can't imagine men cutting in on a dance with a girl who is stout and freckle-faced and red-haired and who has a snub nose and protuberant ears. They would pass her up as if she had the leprosy, but there are plenty of boys of that kind who are perfect riots with the girls because they are intelligent and amusing and delightful companions.

Women don't judge a man by his looks. They don't care about it. Some of the ugliest men in history have been the greatest heart-smashers.

Worse still, men often marry for beauty, and when that is gone they have nothing left. Perhaps that is why they consider that the chief defect in a wife is for her to lose her looks. But women look at a man's character instead of his face when they consider his desirability as a husband.

That is why I contend that when the time comes when women can openly choose their husbands we will have better and more lasting marriages. DOROTHY DIX.



The first wildcat seen in the Calder district of Scotland in 50 years was caught recently.

A Filipino was recently arrested in Manila for forging the name of the Chief of Police to checks.

A new and important highway has

just been built over the Andes mountains in Columbia.

Nearly 90,000,000 pounds of sugar were stored in Brazil at one time during the last season.

Russia sent more than 29,000,000 feet of lumber to North and South America last year.

Dame Nellie Melba, the famous singer, is aiding in raising funds for a permanent opera with orchestra in Britain.

Nine feet of water have so far been pumped from Lake Nemi, in Italy, in the attempt to recover two sunken Roman galleys.

Fatten Up Chorus Girls, London Manager's Idea

Plump Lines to be Developed, by London Producer—Skinny Type to "Get the Gate"—Rosetti's Figures Taken as Ideal

LONDON, Fe. 14.—C. B. Cochran, noted British theatrical producer, has inaugurated a plan for feeding chorus girls fattening meals during rehearsals for his revues, with a view toward bringing back the "billyow line" of some years ago and banishing the "boyish figure."

Within the ranks of chorus girls, at least, the new menu met with immediate approval. The members of Cochran's new revue were enthusiastic about the announcement that they would get cream soup and honey among other items of the menu.

The menu today included cream soup, omelette, cheese, milk, whole-wheat bread, butter, salad, fruit and honey.

"I have been torn between two schools of thought," said Cochran. "One wanted me to keep to the slim American figure when engaging chor-

Superstition

"I shall stay with my ace!" said the large lady with the determined profile and the hostile eyes, sitting on my right. I was to have the doubtful pleasure of being her partner, for which we had just cut for seats and deal.

"I am sure you are absolutely right," I said, with hasty propitiation, "but do tell me why you feel you must." I went on, my curiosity getting the better of apprehension.

"I never leave an ace, it is most unlucky," she said definitely.

"But," I blundered, with deplorable lack of tact, "we've played four rubbers, and you've lost them all, and each time cut an ace and stayed with your cut, surely!"

"Lead, please," said my partner, giving me a look which I felt instinctively was the one she employed habitually for the pulverization of the lesser microbes, and a few moments afterwards my thoughts straying happily down the path of superstitious speculation, I trumped her trick!

Clearly it was not my day.

The superstitious trait in character is a very curious thing—to begin with it is universal—not one of us but has some pet particular little fetish of his own. We may proclaim its infallibility from the housetop, or we may disavow its very existence to everyone save ourselves—but it is there, and liable to crop up at unexpected moments.

And in following the dictates of superstition one steps, so to speak, out of one's form and class.

Dining some years ago with a man, who had since become one of the makers of history, I was amazed to see him spill some salt upon the tablecloth, and automatically, and quite unconsciously, throw some of it over his left shoulder! Such a proceeding would have been quite in order in the nursery or the kitchen, but as practised by a man of his mental calibre, it was, to say the least of it, surprising.

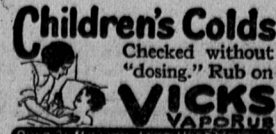
Again, I have a friend who is a model of decorum and correctitude. In the ordinary way there would need to be a cataclysm to force her to speak to anyone without having been previously introduced, and yet I have seen her standing in the middle of the road loudly demanding of a perfect stranger that he pick up her umbrella in order to save her from a problematical disappointment!

As for me, I like to pick up a pin!

"See a pin and pick it up All the day you'll have good luck."

Oh, no! It's not so easy as it sounds To begin with it must be a common-or-garden honest-to-goodness pin—hairpins are as extinct as the dodo, and the safety variety, in its character of a mother's most cherished labor-saving device, is in quite another category—so the field is narrowed. And the charm only works if you happen upon a pin accidentally. It would be quite useless, for instance, to drop one on purpose, and then to pick it up, saying artlessly: "Why here's a pin! Fancy!"

I announced recently at a bridge party that having picked up a pin I expected to be an easy winner! I lost. "Ah ha!" said my creditors, gleefully, "now what about your ole' pin, eh?"



Children's Colds Checked without "dosing." Rub on VICKS VAPORUB OVER 21 MILLION JARS USED YEARLY

"Ah ha! yourselves," I countered triumphantly, "if it hadn't been for that ole' pin, I might have lost twice as much!" Unanswerable. Absolutely. And therein lies the power of superstition.

You religiously perform some little rite or ceremony, usually at great inconvenience to yourself, because it may be lucky for you if you do, and will most certainly be more unlucky if you don't.

And having built up a quite workable theory of ifs and buts, memory comes to demolish it with one stroke. For I recall the sad sad story of the man, who, stepping into the road in order to avoid passing under a ladder, was run over and killed by the coaster-monger's little "one-hoss shay!" Death with ignominy. Disastrous!—Exchange.

Lessons in English

By W. L. GORDON

WORDS OFTEN MISUSED: "From this point of view" is preferable to "from this standpoint."

OFTEN MISPRONOUNCED: ratio. Pronounce ra-shi-o, or ra-sho, a as in "ray."

OFTEN MISPELLED: isthmus; note the th and us.

SYNONYMS: celebrated, illustrious, famed, famous, renowned, eminent, distinguished.

WORD STUDY: "Use a word three times and it is yours." Let us increase our vocabulary by mastering one word each day. Today's word: DISPARAGEMENT; detraction; depreciation. "What I say is no disparagement of his virtues."

Modern Etiquette

By ROBERTA LEE

Q. When the dinner is a small unceremonious gathering of friends, what does the invitation take the form of?

A. It takes the form of general correspondence.

Q. What colors intensify brown eyes?

A. Peach, coral and rose.

Q. How do most clubs take in new members?

A. By election.

For the Cook

Orange club sandwich. Twelve cake slices, tart jam or jelly, oranges, coconut, mock, strawberry sauce, nuts, marshmallows. Toast cake slices and spread with jam or jelly. Peel oranges, slice thin and sweeten if necessary. Add a little shredded coconut and place between cake slices. Serve with mock strawberry sauce and garnish with nuts and marshmallows. (Serves 6.)

Mock strawberry sauce. Six bananas, 2 cups orange juice, 4 tablespoons table cream. Peel bananas in china dish; mash to a pulp with silver fork. Add orange juice gradually. When all juice is in and mixture smooth, add cream and mix well. A little red coloring may be added, if desired. Chill and serve as sauce with desserts. (Serves 6.)

CARDIGAN. The January meeting was held at the home of Mrs. D. Scrimgeour, with eleven members and one visitor present. Current events were given by Emma McCormack, after which a contest was held. Some discussion took place with regard to a play, but no decision was reached. Mrs. D. C. Morrison will entertain the next meeting.

There are only 168 locomotives on all railway lines of the Philippines.

Milady Beautiful

BY LOIS LEEDS



CLAY PACK FOR SALLOW SKINS

The value of clay packs in individual cases depends on the type of skin. They make a very convenient vehicle for bleaching lotions, especially when the complexion is sallow and rather coarse.

Begin the treatment in the usual way by cleansing the skin with a cleansing cream. Wipe off the cream thoroughly. If there are ripe blackheads, gently press them out. Now sponge the skin with witch-hazel or the skin tonic of your choice.

A mild bleaching lotion should be selected. Buttermilk will do, or you may use a commercial preparation. Mix the bleach to a paste with about two tablespoonsful of fuller's earth. Spread cold cream thickly on your eyebrows to protect them from the bleach. Now spread on the clay pack, which should be left on until dry.

Removing a clay pack is usually a messy business. To make it easier, use two absorbent cotton pads dipped in warm water. Fold cotton three inches square and one inch thick in a large square of gauze or clean cheesecloth. Press the moistened pads all over the clay to soften it and then, using one pad on each side of your face, gently sponge off the bleaching pack. Remove every trace.

After the clay has been taken off, blot the skin dry and spread on some bleaching cream. A level tablespoonful is enough. Spread this gently all over your face and neck (but not on your eyebrows), making an even coating of cream on the skin. Leave this on for ten minutes and then massage for five or ten minutes more; wipe off the cream and sponge the skin with witch-hazel or skin tonic. Absorbent cotton is handy to use for this purpose. If you are going outdoors after the treatment, apply a powder base and face powder.

The bleaching pack just described may be used once or twice a week.

When there are freckles of the stubborn sort that last all year, more drastic bleaching treatments than the one just described are necessary to clear the skin. Some of the bleaching methods designed to remove freckles are risky or even dangerous for the amateur to use. They should not be employed except by a physician who specializes in beauty work, as the lower layers of the skin where the brown spots are found must be attacked. The only permanent relief from deep freckles lies in deep skin peeling, a severe remedy that is not advisable unless the blemishes are really disfiguring. Isolated freckles may, of course, be removed by electrolysis or the fulguration point with ultra-violet rays. Such treatments cannot be applied at home but should be entrusted to experts.

Tomorrow—Beauty Questions Answered.

Gasoline in the Netherlands is now selling at 18 cents a quart.

Men of Iraq are wearing American hosiery.



STANDARD OF QUALITY FOR OVER 50 YEARS MAKE BETTER HOME MADE BREAD

The Daily Argument

AUNT HET

By ROSER QUILLLEN



"Jane is foolish to take her yearly allowance all at once. A man likes to give a little at a time so's he can feel generous an' bountiful ever' day."

POOR PA

By Claude Callan



"I'm sorry Ma has to cook when our boys are away. Of course she can't take any interest in fixin' a meal just for me an' the girls."

Household Hints

By ROBERTA LEE

Lemon Juice A lemon will yield nearly double the quantity of juice otherwise obtainable if it is heated thoroughly before squeezing.

Sewing on Buttons Try using silkaten instead of ordinary thread when sewing on buttons. A few stitches holds the buttons securely.

Blackheads To remove blackheads, wash with warm water and soap every night at bedtime.



ASPIRIN

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