

WANNISH FASHIONS RELEGATED TO LIMBO OF PAST

Femininity More Marked Than Ever in Beautiful New Gowns Displayed by New York Style Authority



It takes a lot of adjectives to describe these distinctively feminine frocks for spring and summer, designed by Patricia Collinge, actress, by Henri Bendel. Note the complete absence of boyish lines, as popular last year. At the left is an emerald green taffeta frock, the skirt having ties of embroidered chiffon ruffles. The other dress shows the bouffant style. It is made of white satin.

For centuries women have snared men's hearts with just such a dress. Though the lines change the formula is always the same simple white with flowers.

"An actress knows the value of dressing for her parts. She isn't definitely the old woman or the vamp or the ingenue until she is in costume.

"This is a valuable lesson for all women to learn. It is much easier to be charming in decorative gowns than in a tailleur.

"Take the bouffant gown Miss Collinge selected, of white taffeta with the border of silver lace at the hem and the quaint flowers appliqued at the side with silver ribbons falling below.

"Here is such absolute femininity that no woman could wear it without unconsciously assuming the wiles of the Victorian age. Geometry, too, is written all over the green taffeta frock with the straight waistline and the ruffles of chiffon embroidered in silver.

"It has become the mode recently to despise obvious attempts to be picturesque and pretty. Yet women make their battle with life much harder when they refuse the co-operation of the very feminine frock. It has its time and place in our lives."

The day of severe effects is passing, Bendel says.

"The more feminine type of woman is replacing the flapper, and, naturally, she must dress for the new role," he says. "Women should never cease to be decorative, no matter how efficient they become.

"There is no time when delicate tints, soft materials and flower effects are more appropriate than in the early spring, when they fit naturally into nature's pageant. They are as potent as April herself in turning the young man's fancy to one really lovely, though possibly impractical, frock.

"For its psychological value," he concluded, "life can never become entirely dull to the woman who owns a picture frock and wears it at the right time. It's a form of preparedness that should not be overlooked."

wards are dressed . . . so as to hit the eye . . . and meanders forth to a day of shopping or matinee. She seldom soils her hands with any kind of work.

This type of woman is new in America. She is a product of this age of ours. She lives for pleasure and leisure. She has them.

And I know of no good reason why she should be paid for having a good time.

On the other hand, I think she ought to be charged the price of admission to the Coney Island of amusement and fun that she lives in.

This "flapper wife" belongs to all classes. She is the wife of the Wall Street millionaire, and the mate of the wall paper hanger as well. She lives across the street or next door to all of us. We all know her.

She has no children. She has no time for children.

"She worketh willingly with her hands," said King Solomon, many thousand years ago, "and her price is above rubies."

He was talking of a good wife—not a "flapper wife." Not the drone in the human hive.

The price of a good woman truly is above rubies. No salary could be paid to pay her for the labor of love that is her life.

And the flapper wife doesn't reserve a salary. What she needs first is a job.

DAILY MENU

Breakfast—Stewed rhubarb, scrambled eggs with rice, crisp whole wheat toast, milk, coffee.

Luncheon—Cream of mushroom soup, toasted crackers, spring salad, brown bread and butter sandwiches, Spanish cream, walnut crackers, milk, tea.

Dinner—Cream of tomato soup, broiled fish, lemon butter, scalloped potatoes, buttered string beans, French endive, rhubarb frappe, sponge cake, milk, coffee.

NO CEREAL is planned for breakfast with the scrambled eggs with rice combined with the whole wheat toast furnish the nutrients found in a cereal as well as a necessary protein.

While a child less than four years of age should be served cereal for his breakfast rather than the scrambled egg concoction a child of four years may eat the breakfast suggested without a cereal being specially prepared for him.

Cream of Mushroom Soup

One-half pound mushrooms, 4 tablespoons butter, 1 cup minced onion, 4 cups white stock or water, 1 cup cream, 2 tablespoons flour, salt and pepper, 2 eggs (yolks).

Chop mushrooms. Melt three tablespoons of the butter and cook mushrooms and onion over a low fire for five minutes. A few mushrooms should be saved after sauteing to garnish the soup. Add stock or water to mushrooms and simmer until soft. Rub through a sieve. Blend remaining butter and flour and stir into soup. Reheat to the boiling point and add cream and yolks of eggs slightly beaten. The eggs may be omitted. Add salt and pepper to taste and reserved mushrooms. Serve at once. Do not let the soup boil after adding the cream and yolks of eggs.

Spanish Cream

One and one-half tablespoons granulated gelatin, 2 cups milk, 2 eggs, 1/2 cup sugar, 1/4 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Let gelatin stand in four tablespoons cold water for 10 minutes. Scald milk and slowly add yolks of eggs beaten with salt and sugar. Cook over hot water until very hot. The sugar and yolks of eggs will cool the milk, stir in gelatin. Cook, stirring constantly, until gelatin is dissolved and mixture thickens. Heat to boiling. Remove from heat and let cool. Add vanilla and the whites of eggs beaten stiff and dry. Turn into a mold and chill. Serve with whipped cream.

Walnut Crackers

One-half cup butter, 2-3 cup sugar, 1 egg, 1/4 teaspoon salt, 1/2 teaspoon vanilla, 1 cup chopped English walnuts, flour.

Cream butter and slowly beat in sugar. Beat in one-half cup flour. Add egg well beaten and beat mixture until smooth. Add enough more flour to make a very stiff dough. Add vanilla and salt and knead in the finely chopped nut meats. Roll very thin on a slightly floured molding board and cut two-inch squares. Bake on an oiled and floured cookie sheet in a moderately slow oven for half an hour.

These little affairs are delicious to serve with afternoon tea or lemonade.

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NEW PARIS DECOLLETES HELD SOMEWHAT STARTLING

Visit to Fashionable Capes Reveals Gorgeous Gowns With Backs That Are Cut Low Indeed



Some Sample New Decolletes

By THERESA BONNEY (NEA Service Writer)

PARIS, March 25.—Startling new decolletes have been decreed by the fashion dictators of Paris.

A visit to the fashionable cafes any evening now reveals some gorgeous examples of gowns with the low cut back. The idea, of course, is to display as much of the back as possible.

The low cut gowns have brought back jewels and the season is to be one of the beautiful, soft-tinted pearls. Specially designed strings to be worn down the back are new and chic.

Jean Patou designed the gown shown above at the left. After cutting away the back, he draped a slip of gold over a gown of the beautiful new rosewood shade. The slip is starred with tiny gold beads.

In the center is shown a charming V-shaped decollete of Molyneux. The back is covered with this black lace creation.

The decollete at the right is called the "Bolero," a creation by Sandra, the Russian designer.

Girl Should Marry at 25, Says Cynthia

Husband Should be Three Years Older, Not More or Less

By CYNTHIA GREY

The ideal age for a girl to marry is 25.

Her husband ought to be three years older—no more and no less.

A great many people think that the husband ought to be 10 years older than the woman he marries.

"A woman ages more quickly than a man," they say in explanation.

This is not true.

Take a look at a man of 40 and his wife of the same age. Nine times out of ten the man will have just as many wrinkles as his wife. His hair will be just as gray . . . and he may have a bald spot, besides!

Most women of 40 know that they are 40. Like Marian, the heroine of Frank Swinnerton's "September," they know that they are "not quite young enough to be married hoydens."

But the average man of 40 thinks he is still a young dog. He firmly believes that the young women of 20 or there are, perhaps. But not romantically.

They may enjoy going out to lunch and dance with him.

They may be thrilled by his attentions. But depend upon it, the normal flapper wants to marry a man who is not much older than she is.

Marriage has been called "a voyage into the unknown with the unknown."

That is the best description of it that I know.

Two people think that they are going to live happily together . . . because each happens to like the other makes love.

Hardly ever do they stop to consider whether they have the same tastes, the same outlook on life.

Eibert Hubbard once said that the safest reason in the world for marrying is this, "I love you because you love the things that I love."

And that is the reason why a woman will be much happier with a

Cynthia Grey Says:

By CYNTHIA GREY

"KEEP as young as you can as long as you can. That is the only beauty secret worth knowing."

"This pearl of wisdom is a French proverb.

And it is the secret of the charm for which the French women are justly famous.

The women of France are not beautiful women, as a whole. Their fa-

ture are too big, for one thing, and their complexions are too sallow.

But their "pep" . . . the vitality that lends a sparkle to their eyes and a springiness to their walk—gives them an attraction beyond mere beauty.

I sat in the lounge of a liner in mid-ocean one Sunday afternoon recently watching the women around me. Some of them were Americans, some were English and a few were French. The English women were very staid and dignified, the Americans talked in a lazy sort of way. But the French women were alive!

They chattered and laughed. They were enormously interested in everything around them. They talked not only with their tongues, but with their sparkling eyes and their expressive hands and shoulders.

Sarah Bernhardt was like that. For years and years we people of America went to the theatre to see her act. Most of us didn't understand a few words that she said. It was her vitality . . . her "pep" that drew us!

That same thing is true of some of the movie actresses today.

Gloria Swanson is not good looking. But she's filled with a liveliness that comes, tingling, to her audiences from the black and white screen.

Then there is the case of Constance Talmadge.

They say that Constance is the most popular girl in all America. They say she has more beauty than any other six girls from Harlem to Hollywood!

"But don't blame it on my looks," Constance said the other day. "No body ever tells me my hair is like spun gold, or my eyes like stars. Everybody I know, though, has come to me privately and asked, 'Constance, where did you get all your pep?'"

And where do you suppose she gets all her pep?

From using it up, she says!

For pep is like the battery of a car. It generates itself. And the more you use up, the more you have.

"Everything I do, I do with all my might and main," Constance goes on to say. "I keep on the go every minute."

And she does. When she's not acting in the movies, she's dancing or dancing, or fencing, or swimming or going to parties.

"The ravishing beauty hasn't a chance with the peppy girl," says Constance. "A man likes to go around with a girl who's a good time every minute she's with him . . . a girl who knows how to talk and how to laugh! A girl who's alive to the ends of her fingertips!"

And she is right!

Women who tell themselves that they're too tired to do this or do that, soon lose all their popularity. For they're not interesting.

The most beautiful women of the eighteenth century was Madame Recamier. The cleverest women of that time was Madame de Stael.

"I always have Recamier sit near me in a room," Madame de Stael once told Napoleon "for she soon as I begin to talk, nobody looks at her again during the evening. She has beauty . . . but I have vitality!"

And vitality . . . that gift of the gods . . . is nothing but pep! Cultivate it!

MOTHER WRITES BOOK BUT DOES NOT STOP ROCKING HER BABY

Dorothy Walworth Carman, Successful Novelist, Tells About Her Dual Activity and Methods



Dorothy Walworth Carman and her young daughter

By HORTENSE SAUNDERS (NEA Service Writer)

MAPLEWOOD, N. J., April 25.—Some people can tell you exactly how to write a book, and others can tell you how to take care of a baby in the critical second summer, but Dorothy Walworth Carman is the one who can do both simultaneously.

While writing her novel, "Faith of Our Fathers," which is now causing a sensation, she devised a system of combining these two jobs which she related most delightfully and illustrated herself with the accompanying sketches.

Painfully Conscious

"I was never able," she began, "to do as some mothers do, that we never knew we had a baby in the house. We were always painfully conscious of our baby from six a. m. to eight p. m., and often during the night hours.

"I never know what prompted me to write a book at this time except that I had to get rid of it. My well-developed housekeeper's conscience would not let me write in the morning until my house was neat. But

the wind was chilly and the derby convenient to snatch. When I tip-



I tucked all the books under the chair.

toed into the house my head was so full of my book I sat down to write without realizing the derby.

"The postman arrived and I took his letters solemnly, for my hero was in desperate straits. I turned down brushes from a brush agent. I consoled with the iceman over the death of a near relative. And then, passing a mirror, I saw my ridiculous, high-haired self.

"And so, toiling, rejoicing and sorrowing, the summer passed. I finished the last chapter on a very hot day, stopping often to rub baby's gums or bounce a red ball."

"Thus you are doubtless convinced that it isn't the easiest and most one-free sort of an existence to combine two such exacting professions, but the result was decidedly worth the effort, and a brilliant future is predicted for the mother and author.

Average Wife Doesn't Want Salary

And Flapper Wife Doesn't Deserve It, Says Cynthia Grey

By CYNTHIA GREY

WE hear a great deal today about wives having a salary. Every now and then some actress or feminist who never did a day's housework in her life, rises to remark that any wife who doesn't demand wages, is nothing more nor less than a high-class moron.

And no doubt that is the way they feel about it.

But what about us other women . . . the plain garden variety of wife who enjoys getting up a meal and keeping the moths out of the clothes closets?

Do we really want a salary?

I believe that not one woman in a hundred would take one from her husband if he offered it to her.

For one thing, the average wife has her husband's salary to handle. She pays the bills, and takes what she can afford for her luncheons downtown or her matinees. Sometime she has an allowance.

And then, there's another side to the question. How many women really earn a salary?

For instance there is the "flapper wife" . . . the woman who won't do housework, doesn't know how to do it, and intends never to do it, so long as there is a delicatessen or a Martha-by-the-day in this broad land.

Why should she have a salary? Her days are vacations of idleness. She wakes up in the morning, and says to the world in general, and to her husband in particular, "Well, here I am! Support me!"

She lies in bed until she "is good and ready" to get up.

Then she dresses herself as all the flapper wives who stroll the boule-

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