



Women's Chatter....

By Mary M. Brown

August Shopping

Window shopping is the favorite past-time of Toronto fems these hot, hot days. Yes, even though the temperature is around 90 degrees our interest is flagging in summer outfits and the fascinating berets of velvet and smoothly fitting knitted suits of this 1934 Fall are proving a big lure.

This morning a hat, reminiscent of a Chinese coolie's head gear (only this chapeau was made of black velvet) made its debut atop the smartly coiffured head of a stunning brunette. Immaculate white ruffles set off a severely tailored black costume. I and all the other feminine trolley riders gashed our teeth in respectful envy.

Be careful, though, if these new berets are not your style—don't wear 'em. Otherwise, you will allow your men friends the chance of a good hearty guffaw.

Have You a Little Bride In Your Home?

If you have give her these ten commandments—they may help—and then again—they may not:

1. Trust your happiness and remember that love grows with each year of married life.
2. Keep up in appearance and intellectuality.
3. Cultivate interests in common with one another.
4. Hold to faith and to courage.
5. Don't be selfish and egotistical as to believe that you and you alone can make him happy.
6. Live within your income.
7. Find what your husband likes and do it. And always be polite to him.
8. Don't be possessive.
9. Don't discuss your troubles with outsiders.
10. Be patient, be game and have pluck to fit it out.

No comment necessary here, except this—if you are of jealous disposition—fight it. I see more homes disrupted through jealousy and unwarranted at that, than through any other course.

B-O-O-K-S

Here are a couple of hot mystery tales. Sandbar Sinister by Phoebe Atwood Taylor offers you two murders in the first three chapters and in chapter IV, the police get their man and secure a confession, but it happens that the man who has confessed was so drunk on the night of the murder that he does not really know what happened. From there on it's up to you to take it or leave it.

Shadows by Florence Ryerson and Colin Clements is one of the fifteen volumes in "The Tired Business Man's Library of Adventure, Detective and Mystery Novels" brought together with the laudable purpose of providing escape literature for those who are weighed down by too many cares. Shadows is a story of Hollywood and of motion picture actors, executors, scenario writers and lesser light of the screen. What with political enemies, love tangles and professional rivalries, there are enough motives for murder to furnish forth a five-foot shelf of detective stories.

Autumn Ensemble

Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished With Every Pattern



3052

A great deal of interest is centered in black and white woolen for early fall wear as shown in today's model. The bodice of the dress and flattering bow is black satin crepe. And the wee jacket doesn't hide it either, for it is the collarless youthful boxy type.

This little costume is also stunning carried out in black satin with the dress bodice and bow of tucked net.

Angora plaids in bright colors or crepe marocain would be lovely, too. There is a lovely bit of technique in lining the bow at the neck to get the little tricks of turning it back to the right side and keeping it smooth. Style No. 3052 is designed for sizes 14, 16, 18 years, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust. Size 16 requires 4 1/2 yards of 39-inch material and 1 1/2 yards of 39-inch contrasting.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Enclose 15c in stamps or coin (coin preferred; wrap it carefully) for each number, and address your order to Wilson Pattern Service, 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto.

"No More Prints," Says Jean Charles Worth

Just the other day we burst forth into song saying that Paris was pretty definitely "in print" for the summer and now along comes Jean Charles Worth to nip us in the bud by denying it.

"No more prints," he declares, "we have had so much of them that the prettiest designs have ceased to please us and one longs for the harmonious combination of plain, beautiful fabrics on which to rest one's eyes."

We stick by our guns, however, because it will be a fairly long and hot spell before the prints already out can be withdrawn from circulation. Of course, Worth, as do all the future tense about practically all his fashions because he has to think so far ahead. By the time just ordinary folks half way catch up to him and can afford to buy what he advocated two or three months ago, he's full of new ideas and your fine "present" wardrobe is a "dead past" to him. Life is grim.

Even Worth couldn't very well deny that prints are all over the place at this actual moment so you can take his denial of our fine truth to mean there won't be any prints in his winter collection which you'll know about early in August. Until then, go ahead with your prints and be as happy as a girl, knowing you have more company than you could count!

"She is severely beautiful."
"I don't think I'd marry one of these severe beauties."
"Why not?"
"They are apt to remain severe long after they cease to be beautiful."

DREAMS OF A LADY-IN-WAITING

Hollywood House Is Of All The Royal Residences The One Most Brightly Burnished With Romance

Of all the royal residences, Scotland's Hollywood-house is surely the most sentient, the brightest burnished with romance, writes Ann Adair in the Glasgow Herald. Sponsored by a mystical legend—the legend of a king miraculously saved from death by finding in his hand, at a moment when danger threatened, a sacred cross—the Palace has sheltered fugitives, housed garrisons, given royal hospitality to kings and queens. The very air filtering through its dim old rooms, its twisting corridors, carries with it the authentic aroma of romance.

The ladies in attendance upon the wife of the Lord High Commissioner, intent as they are upon charitable missions, upon entertaining guests, and living the ordered normal life of maids-in-waiting, can have little leisure to weave into the tapestry of their days thoughts of other times. But at night, when the Palace is still, save for the screeching of the wind blowing up from the Forth, when the reception guests have gone home and the house is stripped of its gaiety, its chatter, something stark which lies at the core of it must stand revealed. Something stark and tragic, like the refrain of an old Highland air heard afar off in the hills.

REVELRY IN GREAT HALL. Ladies-in-waiting, do you hear it? Far off down the centuries. No, it isn't the ticking of the old clock in the corridor. It is the fanfare of trumpets, of bells rung out in honor of the nuptials celebrated here of James IV, and Princess Margaret of England. The sound is altering. It is coming a trifle nearer. You can hear quite plainly now the welcoming cries of the crowd conveying Mary Stuart to her Scottish home. As the shouts die down the tinkle of dance music arises, the pretty sound of women's laughter.

Hollywood is bright with candles to-night. Her Majesty is in a merry mood. She has shed the depression wrought in her earlier by the grey hair hanging, wreath-like over the palace, and sweeping through the ante-chambers into her boudoir where the lute of Rizzio lies. She is showing Lord Darnley how they footed it at Versailles—her lovely head tilted at Versailles—her lovely head tilted to a side, her laughing eyes inviting him to more than the dance. How short the singing time, how short! It is ended already, the gaiety, the bright glances, the provocative smiles and there are only the louring looks, the tumult, of armed men. The Queen is a prisoner in her own palace. No, it is not the ticking of the clock you are harkening to now. It is the beating of a tortured heart.

LAD BORN TO BE KING. Other sounds echo like ghostly footfalls down the ages; the hymn-singing of Cromwell's Roundheads giving thanks to the Almighty after their victory at Dunbar. The suppliant gait of Prince Charles Edward's Court. Great ladies wearing the white cockade, bending the knee to the "lad who was born to be king," but who never attained his kingdom.

Such as cockle-shell, that Jacobite Court, a cockle-shell tossed hither and thither by the winds of fortune. A strangely appropriate setting for it, this gaunt building whose very walls shriek of treachery, of gallant unswerving loyalty, of love, and intrigue. And then rising above the ballad-singing, the brave vows, of the great Chiefs, and their ladies, the voices of a harsher breed—of Cumberland and his soldiers resounding through ante-chambers wherein there lingers a strange sweet scent, a scent elusive as the fragrance of a dead white rose.

DREAMS THAT COLOR REALITY. Oh, ladies-in-waiting, when you lie awake o' nights, upon whom do your thoughts oftentimes dwell? Upon the fair Margaret of England, shivering in the draughts of a strange country, and heartening fearfully to the gale blowing up from the Forth, or upon the four Marys bending over their embroidery the while Rizzio makes in their ears sweet music.

Is it the Queen in the pride of her youth, her beauty, you see gliding along the twisting corridors, or is it the woman whom love betrayed that you see stealing fearfully down the palace steps, and looking for her last upon the old grey walls. Or is it, perchance, some unknown heroine whose face rises before you—some loyal Jacobite lady strong in the resolve to follow her lord wheresoever duty call, some gentle dame fated to brave the rigors of the march?

But perhaps the ladies-in-waiting upon the wife of the Lord High Commissioner do not lie awake o' nights. Perhaps they sleep soundly within the old historic walls, only at times strange dreams must visit them, dreams they can no more recall at wakening than one can recall the refrain of a forgotten song. But part of the sheen of these dreams remains to haunt them, a sheen composed of scarlet and purple, of love and the flash of a broadsword.

Smallest Book

The smallest book in the world has been presented to the Bodleian Library of Oxford by an American poet, Henry H. Chamberlain. It is an English translation of the chief parts of

the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam, privately printed by the Commonwealth Press at Worcester, Mass., two years ago. The book is bound in plain red morocco covers, and is only a quarter of an inch high, and three-sixteenths of an inch wide. It weighs a grain and a half, and contains 34 Indian-paper pages. The type area on each page is just over one-sixty-eighth of a square inch. The British Museum, which possesses a collection of these "freak" midget volumes, has nothing approaching this curiosity of minuteness.

Parents who Deceive Forfeits Child's Faith and Trust

This Story is About a Father Who Had a Streak of Cruelty in Him

"Daddy, can I have a pony?"
"Yes."
"Honest, Daddy?"
"Didn't I say 'yes'?"
"You're just joking."
"No, I'm not. Am I, Mother?"
"Yes, you are, Tom. I think it's a shame to tease the boy the way you do."

"Well, he knows I haven't enough money to buy a new pair of shoes. Where would I get money for a pony. Anyway, children don't have ponies nowadays."

"They do, too," insisted Jack. "I know two boys with ponies. I had a ride on one yesterday. And we saw lots of ponies in the country last Sunday."

A PUZZLED SON
"All right. They're for rich children."

"Did you ever have a pony, Dad?"
"Well, he wasn't mine but I rode him. He belonged on my granddad's farm."

"I wish I had a grandpa on a farm."
"I'll get you one."

Jack looked puzzled. He thought his father had gone crazy.
"Tom, why can't you talk sense? Jack can't open his mouth without you saying something silly. You seem to think he has no brains, but it's you."

After a while Jack said, "It must be fun to ride in an airplane. I wish I could go in one. Some time can we go, Dada?"

"Sure. Get your hat."
Jack looked at him quizzically and didn't move.

"I said, 'Get your hat.'"
Mother and son started. This was going just a bit too far. Then Jack turned and went out.

His father gazed after him with narrowed eyes. Then he got up and put on his own hat and left the house.

At dusk he came in.
"Where were you, Tom? I've been waiting supper for an hour."
"I went for an airplane ride with Kroger. He's been promising me a run for a long time. Any Sunday after four o'clock."

"You don't mean that you went and left Jack at home?"
"Sure. I told him to come and he didn't believe me."

Jack looked as though the world had come to an end.
"I'm just as glad," sighed his mother. "Only Kroger is a good pilot and I think it's perfectly safe. But, Tom, the boy doesn't know when to believe you and when not to. You treat him as though he hadn't any mind, or any right to decent answers."

"I knew you'd put the blame on me," said Thomas, the bully. "Well, it's no wonder Jack has no use for me when you're always taking his part."

Saying which, he virtuously attacked his cold cuts. But Jack couldn't eat a bite.

This story is not exaggerated, but based on truth. There is just such a father here and there with a streak of cruelty in him. He gets a kick in putting the children on the defensive and in disappointing them. Fortunately his number is limited.

Tidiness Encouraged In Tots by Mother

One mother inspired her two little daughters to hang up their garments properly by providing attractive hangers in the decoration of which the children had an interesting part. She bought blue painted hangers for one little girl and pink ones for the other. Then the children hunted for appropriate pictures with which to decorate their hangers. They found what they needed in old magazines. On the hangers for coats and sweaters they pasted winter scenes; on the hangers for raincoats they pasted rainy pictures; on the ones for play dresses they pasted pictures of little girls romping about; on the hangers for party dresses there were butterflies and fairies. A coat of clear shellac was applied and the hangers were ready for use.

Pioneer Women of Australia to be Honored in October

Various Celebrations Will Take Place—Permanent Memorial To Be Erected

Dear to the hearts of the people of Australia, the pioneer women of the country are to be honored by special prominence in the Victoria Centenary celebrations next October and by a permanent memorial to which the women's organizations of the Commonwealth are already bending their best efforts.

Everywhere there is evidence of a desire to recognize the country's great obligation to the "first women" of the land. "What the new countries of white civilization owe to the settler's wife has been widely recognized," says The Argus. "In Canada, in the United States, in New Zealand, in South Africa there is a growing eagerness to acknowledge the debt of the nation to its women. To the primitive conditions of life on the frontier of civilization they brought whatever of refinement and spiritual force pioneer settlements knew."

The movement to honor the women pioneers of Australia was given impetus by a graceful tribute of Miss Jean Batten, in acknowledging the plaudits of the country for her recent record-breaking flight from England to Australia. The Argus says:

"The modesty which moved her to deprecate her own great feat of courage, endurance and skill, and impelled her to rank it so slightly compared with the constant struggle of the 'women of the never-never' against the persistent elemental forces of drought, distance and loneliness, will compel admiration. It was born of an intuition and of a feminine sense of values that strike right through to the essentials of national life, and lift women of all ranks into a spiritual communion in which men cannot share."

The newspaper suggests that the trials of a few days in the air, severe as they were, were rightly seen by Miss Batten as of smaller significance than the long years of physical effort and mental strain, the alternations of hope and despair, and the triumph of women's love in the pioneering episodes of history. "For most men the need of praise and acclaim is for Miss Batten's achievement is for Miss Batten to extol the part symbolic of the wish to extol the part of women of Australia and New Zealand have played in the drama of building a new Britain in the South Seas," the newspaper adds.

The Argus has a word of praise for the women pioneers of the present in all parts of the British Dominions. "Today it is, perhaps, even a greater wrench to leave the commonplace comforts of town life to engage in a doubtful struggle for independence on the land. Only women can appreciate the risks that women undertake in such isolation. The lack of home comforts, the effort of daily duties, the primitive housing, and the monotonous diet are for them the least of their distresses."

"The lack of medical attention for herself and her family, the poverty of educational facilities for her children, the fear of being without the

company of her sex at critical times—these are the real deterrents for women. It requires much more than the advantages of an outdoor life and independence to compensate women for disabilities such as these."

North Carolina Seeks Better Library Service

Raleigh, N. C.—A definite movement to obtain improved library facilities for North Carolina took shape when more than 100 representatives from all sections of the State met at Chapel Hill recently and determined to wage an intensive campaign. It was found that much had been accomplished through the efforts of the Citizens' Movement, organized in 1923. In 1925, it was pointed out only 21 per cent of the people had public library service, while today there are 41 per cent in this class. The State ratio of eleven people per library book in circulation has been reduced to five.

The delegates unanimously endorsed the work of the State library commission at Raleigh, of which Miss Marjorie Beale is the director, and passed a resolution, to be presented to the next Legislature, demanding increased funds for this important work. Through this state agency thousands of rural school children, teachers, clubwomen and others interested in intellectual advancement are reached. Mr. William T. Polk of Warrenton was elected chairman of the Citizens' Movement.

Wild Flowers

Norway's Plant Life Proves Big Lure To Tourists

London.—Walkers, mountaineers, photographers, swimmers and botanists might at first seem indifferent holiday companions, but the Green Cross Society here is planning one common vacation to attract them all—and the joining link will be the vagrant beauty of wild flowers in Norway.

The vacation is to take the travelers into the Norwegian flower sanctuaries, where the Government preserves and guards the myriad lovely plants which have grown up uncultivated over the countryside. There, amid profusion of natural beauty and among plants, some of which are relics of the ice age, the vacationists can climb mountains, or walk along fertile slopes.

It is the hope of the organizers that when the travelers return they will join more wholeheartedly in the society's movement for bringing British wild flowers, at present at the mercy of the hiker's boot, under Government protection.

Battle With Humming Bird

Humming birds are pugnacious little creatures and a Toronto man says that he had quite a time with one the other evening. He pointed his stick at the bird and the bird darted toward the end of it. As he kept moving the stick, the bird also kept moving, in little darts, toward what it seemed to consider an enemy, but always retreated before it reached its apparent objective. This citizen says that the same thing happened with a bat, but the bat did not keep up the game so long.—Toronto Star.

Our Sketch Club

LESSON NO. 21.

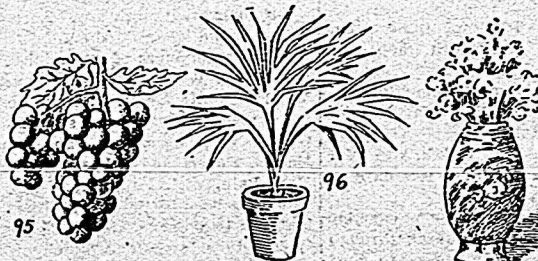
More reproductions from our sketch book. Last week we reproduced a sprig of an acorn tree. Compare the leaves of that sprig with Fig. 95, a cluster of grapes. Grapes, too, are used for decoration purposes in advertising. Note the strong light effect on the grapes and also how dense are the shadows, all of which tend to give that roundness of form.

Fig. 96 represents a house-palm rendered almost entirely in outline. Note very carefully the exact form of the branches and leaves, and their

these small nick-nacks are to the illustrator.

No doubt you have access to many magazines and can obtain permission to clip out some of the pictures which you believe will be useful to you for future reference, then make sure to file them away immediately before you obtain too many and then give up your filing in disgust, as many have done before you. File sketches and other copy each day as you obtain it.

EX. NO. 23. When the weather does not permit going out of doors for



direction of growth. The palm is of special value to the illustrator as it is so frequently used in the drawings of interiors and reception halls. You cannot afford to search half a day for copy you wish to draw; therefore it is necessary to have a collection of studies filed away as one cannot be expected to remember exactly accurately everything one sees during a course of study. Frequently in interior representation, drawing-rooms and parlors, a bouquet of flowers is introduced. Fig. 97 shows a suggestion of flowers in a vase handled in such a way that it is not sufficiently definite to distinguish the kind of flowers or the decoration of the vase, but how useful

sketching, make sketches of still life objects which will be suitable to insert in illustrations later on. The special illustrations in this lesson will give you a lead.

Owing to the illness of the Editor of the Sketch Club, the announcement of the Contest Winners' names have had to be postponed for one week.

Questions will be answered in this department. Anyone wishing to receive a personal reply, may have same if a 3c stamped addressed envelope is enclosed with the request. The Art Director, Our Sketch Club, Room 425, 73 Adelaide Street West, Toronto.