

Woman's World
By MAIR M. MORGAN
"A Woman's Place is in the Home."



JUNE BRIDES

During this month brides are busily planning the arrangements for their weddings and to wonder what is the "correct" thing to do. It is a trying time and the following suggestions may iron out a few wrinkles.

Invitations

The invitations should be issued three weeks to a month in advance for a formal wedding. The fashionable invitation or announcement is on heavy, suede-finished white paper, oblong in shape and the lettering is shaded Roman, or in classic script.

One invitation is never made to include a whole family. Instead, an invitation is sent to Mr. and Mrs. John Brown Smith and one to each adult son and daughter, though it is permissible to send one to the Misses Smith and one to the Messrs. Smith. The inner envelope would then be addressed Miss Smith, Miss Mary Smith; Mr. Smith, Mr. Arthur Smith.

Unless a distinction like this is to be made between members of the same family, the inner envelope bears just the name of the recipient without address or first name. A wedding invitation to a man is always sent to his home, not to his business address. On the outer envelope, he would be addressed as "Mr. James Smith," with name of street, city and province spelled in full. The inner envelope would be addressed simply "Mr. Smith."

A prompt reply is expected to a wedding invitation, whether an acceptance or regrets, and it must be written in the same formal style as that of the invitation.

The correct form for an invitation: Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Edward Blank request the honor of your presence at the marriage of their daughter Dorothy to Mr. John Harold Clifford, on Wednesday, the twenty-third of June, at four o'clock, at St. Andrew's Church, Toronto.

The arrangement of the wedding may safely be left to the stationer. The reply should read: "Miss Jane March accepts with pleasure the kind invitation of Mr. and Mrs. Blank to be present at the marriage of their daughter on June the twenty-third."

An announcement does not call for an answer or for a gift, but if you are a friend, it is quite correct to send a friendly little note of congratulation, and if you are in the same city, you should call on the bride's first day at home.

A wedding invitation or announcement is issued in the names of the bride's parents or in the name of one parent, if the other is not living. If the bride is an orphan the invitations or announcements are sent out in the name of an aunt or older sister.

Widow's Marriage

If the bride is a widow, and there is no near relative to announce the marriage, the correct form is: Mr. James Brown Smith and Mrs. Edward Lane Robinson have the honor to announce their marriage on Wednesday, June the twenty-third, one thousand nine hundred and thirty-two, in St. Andrew's Church, Toronto.

A widow, of course, never wears the conventional white satin, nor does she wear a wedding veil. Her attire may correctly be an afternoon frock, white hat to match, white gloves and a corsage bouquet, or she may wear a tailored costume with hat to match.

Duties of Bridesmaids

The maid or matron of honor is usually a near relative of the bride or groom or a very close friend. She relieves the bride as much as possible from every care, not only on the wedding day, but by helping in any of the preparations. The bridesmaids have merely to carry out the wishes of the

bride in the matter of dress for the wedding, and to make themselves agreeable at the wedding reception.

The Best Man

The groom chooses the best man and ushers, consulting his fiancée and gives them some souvenir of the occasion. The best man acts as the groom's right hand, sees that the reservations for the trip are correct, that the bouquets for the bride and her attendants and the button-hole bouquets for the men are ordered. He also is entrusted with fee for clergyman and with wedding-ring and he sees that the carriage is ordered for the groom to go to the church and to take bride and groom to station.

Who Pays?

The best man has no financial responsibilities other than his own gift to the bridal pair. The bridegroom pays for bouquets, gifts and wedding-fee. The bride's father pays for church decorations, music, carriage to church for bride and her attendants, and, of course, for the wedding breakfast.

What Men Wear

For a daylight wedding the men in the wedding party wear black morning coat, grey striped trousers, white linen shirt with wing collar, pearl grey tie, plain black silk socks, patent leather shoes, grey suede gloves and silk hat, if the bride wears the conventional white satin and orange blossoms. If the bride is wearing her "going away" outfit or a plain, tailored costume the groom may wear a dark business suit. For evening weddings full dress is correct—that is a "tail" coat, white tie and vest, white gloves, patent leather shoes, black silk socks. Nowadays, many of the younger crowd wear dinner jackets in evening, but it is really not correct for a formal wedding.

Order of Procession

When the bride arrives, the groom and the best man are waiting for her at the church, with the clergyman, the best man standing at the groom's left, a little behind him.

In the bridal procession, the ushers walk first, two by two, then the bridesmaids in pairs, then the maid or matron of honor. The flower-girl immediately precedes the bride, who walks with her father (or whoever is giving her away) on his right arm.

As they arrive at the church, the couples divide, the ushers on one side and the bridesmaids on the other, to form a half-circle, while the bride takes her place at the left of her future husband. Her father falls a pace to the rear and the maid of honor stands at the bride's left, ready to take the bouquet and remove the glove for the ceremony.

The bride and groom head the return procession, and the maid of honor walks with the best man, the bridesmaids with the ushers.

The Breakfast

No matter at what hour a wedding takes place, the refreshments are usually termed the "wedding-breakfast," and nowadays they almost invariably consist of chicken or lobster salad, and rolls, coffee, fruit punch, ices and cake. This may be added to if desired, but jellied consommé, cold chicken and salad or things of that sort, but the first menu is considered sufficient. If, however, you are having an informal wedding, to which you have issued only verbal or written (not engraved) invitations, you may have your refreshments served just as at an afternoon tea, with sandwiches, cakes, tea and coffee, bon bons and salted nuts.

Above all, don't have to elaborate a wedding, involving much expenditure of money and time so that you are too tired to enjoy your own wedding.

SILK STOCKINGS

Even ten years of the silk-socking habit have not taught the average woman how to take care of her own stockings.

The thriftiest way to buy may be the most expensive of the moment, but it is the least costly in the long run. Never buy one pair of silk stockings if you expect them to give you fair wear have at least three pairs of the same shade, six if you have the money to spare, or even a dozen if your income will stand it.

Women who are clever with their clothes and their dress allowances buy stockings that are the same shade for day and evening wear. Their two favorite shades are "Muddy Water" and "Pine Cone."

Wash Before Wearing

And here is a tip from an expert—always wash silk stockings before wearing them. Washing improves the appearance and the durability of the mesh. The majority of silk stockings are finished with a dressing to give an attractive full gloss. Washing increases the elasticity of the fabric, but leaves a dull sheen.

Washing is a process for light fingers. Use warm soapy water, not hot; squeeze the stockings, do not wring or rub them, and rinse in clear water of the same temperature. The most successful finish results from drying in the open and on a stocking frame. In any case omit ironing, or you will make front and back creases that only another wash will erase.

Wife Is Star Pupil



Luke Mims, Californian air instructor uses this unusual method on his wife. She is training for stunt flying and can keep her present position for over an hour at a time.

Pithy Anecdotes

Can you see a joke when it is on you? If you can it speaks well for your mental stability—and your sense of humor. If you can only laugh when the joke is on the other fellow, it means that you take yourself too seriously and the other fellow too lightly. That is the true measure of your humor—declare John J. B. Morgan and Ewing T. Webb (in "Making the Most of Your Life"), discussing the value and the use of humor in helping you over the "tough spots" of life.

Any one can develop a sense of humor, but you must do one basic thing in order to do so: Stop taking yourself so seriously that you cannot see the humor in any situation.

Which seems pretty good advice. Also: When things become too serious look for the funny side.

Be as willing to see a joke on yourself as on the other fellow.

Joseph H. Choate was an adept at getting laughs at his own expense. One of the best stories was of the time a London "bobby" found him asleep, one cold, wintry night, on a bench on the Thames Embankment—that haven of rest for human derelicts. Waking him, the policeman asked gruffly: "Ain't yer got no 'ome?"

"No, sir," replied Choate, "you see, I'm the American Ambassador."

That was before the American Government furnished an official residence for its representative in London.

On one occasion Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia university, gave Mr. Choate a flowery introduction at a public meeting, referring to him as "our first citizen." See how he turned the joke on himself:

"Your President," Choate began, "accidentally, I think, dropped two words that I didn't at first understand. He said something about a 'first citizen.' He must have spoken in a Shakespearean sense. President Butler is a wonderful Shakespearean scholar, and he was thinking of Shakespeare at that moment."

"You remember that in many of the plays of Shakespeare, citizens are introduced as a decoration, or fringe, to embellish the stage, and they are numbered First Citizen, Second Citizen, Third Citizen, and in every case, no one of them has much to say, and doesn't say that very well, but they are all equally good, one is as good as another, and they might just as well have exchanged numbers and nobody would have known the difference."

Which won the hearty good-will of the audience.

When Calvin Coolidge was President of the Massachusetts Senate an angry senator complained to him at one session that another senator had told him to go to a very hot place.

"Did you hear what So-and-so said to me a moment ago?" demanded the offended one.

"Yes," replied Coolidge without the semblance of a smile; "but I've locked up the law, and you Jon't have to go."

The senator's anger turned to laughter, and Coolidge kept himself from being drawn into a silly wrangle—all because he was able to see the humor of the situation.

Out walking with little son Oliver (now grown up) on one occasion, Israel Zangwill, seeing a snail in the middle of a country road, removed it humanely to the hedge.

"What's that for?" asked Oliver. His father explained that if the foolish snail continued to wander about in the middle of the road it would certainly be run over.

"Then, why doesn't he get a wife to look after him?" asked the little fellow.

Zangwill "swelled" wisely with pride—as Sam Weller would say—whenever he told that story.

"What makes you laugh at your own joke?" inquired a friend of Israel Zangwill one day when, in convivial company, that witty writer had just perpetrated a bon mot at which all had laughed, and he the loudest.

"Well," replied Zangwill, "I shouldn't I laugh? That joke was as new to me as to you."

It was Maurice Barrymore—father of Ethel, John and Lionel of that ilk—who complained that upon his returning to London after a prolonged stay over here, he found that he could not get an engagement because of having acquired an American accent, and that he had forsaken New York owing to a difficulty in getting engagements because of his English accent.

"There is nothing left for me to do," he wailed, "but to spend the rest of my life giving recitations in Mid-Atlantic."

Harry Preston, in his sporting reminiscences, "Memories," credits the Rev. R. J. Campbell, famous preacher, with this one:

When King Edward was Prince of Wales he met an American in Paris who asked him to have a drink. The prince politely refused.

The American said: "Sir, I came from a country where every man is his own king. You are only a prince. In the name of 80,000,000 kings I command you to drink with me."

This tickled Edward that he at once sat down and had a drink with one of the 80,000,000 kings.

From the Scrapbook

Add a large apple, peeled and chopped, to sage and onion stuffing. It will be greatly improved.

When stewing apples, add a teaspoonful of golden syrup instead of sugar. This makes the juice thick and sweet.

Grease spots on georgette, crepe de chine, chiffon, or other delicate materials can be removed by covering them with talcum powder. Leave on overnight and shake out in the morning.

A New House For Old Furniture

Billie looked in at a crack of the barn door and whispered, "Old furniture—lots of it;" I peeped behind the barn. Not far away, almost hidden by the trees, a house was being built, and coming toward us was a tall, thin man, past middle life, with the gentlest face I have ever seen.

"We're interested in old houses, and they tell us you are an authority," I began, walking toward him.

His face flushed. Anything that interested him flushed his face—it was a thermometer, tabulating emotions.

"I'm too interested, I'm afraid," he responded apologetically. "My business and my hobby is the same—old furniture and old houses. I love 'em both. I live not so long ago in an old house back over in the country. It had a beautiful old doorway and a long sloping roof and fine proportions. I had tried to buy it for a long, long time, but they asked me twice what it was worth. . . . So now, you see, as I couldn't get what I wanted, I'm building a new house for my old furniture. Every space in it has been planned to fit each piece. Come over and I'll show it to you—My wife, ladies."

His wife had been sitting on an empty barrel watching him plaster, and his gentleness was matched by her sprightliness. With the unconscious gaiety of a child she escorted us down to the cellar where a colonial kitchen had been built and furnished, almost before any of the rest had been planned.

"I wanted to be near him when he worked so I had him finish this part first," she explained. "We have lunch here. . . . And don't you like it? And see, there is a bedroom down here, too—and—don't you like it? All this was my idea—don't you like it?" breathlessly she talked.

Yes, we liked it all, and loved them both. No house that I had ever known had been built solely for the furniture. Every piece, from the old clock to the Hepplewhite sideboard, from the four-poster bed to the Chippendale tables and chairs, had been carefully measured, and they both were living for the day when each treasured piece could be moved into its last new home.—From "Touring New England," by Clara Walker Whiteside.

Morning

There is a youthfulness about this place and hour.

The sun, halfway fulfilled, suggests the radiant flower

Of noon, and yet the coolness of the morning promises

It will not come too soon.

The level, driving light carves out the visual world

With fresh, archaic roughness, lovelier Than all the tense, climatic glory of midday,

Whose very triumph prophesies that strange decay

That all the svelte seduction of the afternoon

Cannot delay.

—Harmon Hendricks Goldstone.

Trees Adorn Welland Canal

Montreal. — Ninety thousand trees will be planted along the banks of the Welland Canal, between the power house at Queenston and the intake of Niagara River, to beautify the waterway. Planting of the trees, shipped from the provincial government station at Fort William, Ontario, has started.

That Dreaded Time of Life

Mrs. Brockhank Tells Why She Recommends Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to Women of 40 to 50

"My age was 43 —which every woman knows is a critical time of life —when I derived such benefits from Dr. Williams' Pink Pills," writes Mrs. Brockhank, Hamilton, Ont. "I felt so tired and depressed; could not sleep; my appetite was impaired; my skin and lips were pallid. I could not make any headway with my housework. I got discouraged, as tonic after tonic did not better my condition. My sister, a graduate nurse, advised Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. After taking a few boxes my condition greatly improved. My sleep was restful and my natural color and appetite returned."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills rebuild health by creating new blood and increasing the red blood cells, which restore the wasted tissues and revitalize the exhausted system. They remove the cause of run-down or nervous conditions. Try them. At your druggist's in the new protective glass containers. 50c a package.

Color Appetite Returned