

# In the Realm of Women--Some Interesting Features

## LOVE and MARRIED LIFE by the noted author Idah McGione Gibson

**Dreams That Never Last.**  
"Why didn't you tell me that you played golf well?" said John, irritably, as he came up from the shower, an hour later.  
"Why, John, you know we never once thought of golf in that blessed three weeks I knew you before we were married! And today I thought I would give you a little surprise."  
"I don't like surprises."  
"Forgive me, John, I will never do it again. And for fear that I may be asked to play tennis or enter a solo match or swim, hadn't I better tell you now, lover, that I do all those things rather well. I was active in all sports at Coronado, last year."  
"Well, if you do all these things as well as you play golf, you are all right," said John, in a rather mollified tone.

He left me to order something cool to drink, and five minutes later I heard him saying boastfully to a group of men friends: "Yes, my wife is an all-round amateur sportswoman. She was a member of the women's polo team at Coronado last year."  
"She should be a champion," said Karl. "If she does all of them as well as she plays golf. Do you realize that she made the course this morning in 58, and even Bessie has never done it in less than 90?"  
I could see John straighten up and in a few moments he came over with a very handsome boy in his wake.

"Kate," he said, "Eddie Milton wants to know if you will enter the tennis match next week which is going to be given for the benefit of the Red Cross?"  
"Of course I'd like to," I said, "but isn't Mr. Milton rather rash to ask me to play unsight and unseen, as it were?"  
"Not unseen, Mrs. Gordon. You never could be that," he said, with admiration in his eyes, and then he blushed boyishly at his own boldness.

"Say, Bess," said a woman's voice, "even you can't blame Jock Gordon for what he's done this time. Isn't she a stunner?"  
The sound of Elizabeth Moreland's voice came drawingly.  
"Yes, she's like all those athletic, masculine girls. Looks well on the golf course. But you should have seen her last night! She was a perfect frump," my dear, a perfect frump! She came to our table in a very wrinkled blue tulle, when she must have known that we would all be dressed properly."

The other woman answered: "Bess you are a jealous cat. Give her a chance. Perhaps her clothes hadn't arrived."  
"I don't understand what you mean, Bessie," answered Bessie frostily. "But you can make up your

mind to one thing: Had I been foolish enough to become John Gordon's wife I certainly would not have allowed him to put me in the position she was in last night."  
They went out the door and left me wondering a little as to just what position John had occupied in Bessie Moreland's life.

I didn't really think they had been engaged, because whatever John's faults, he has an uncompromising loyalty to his own code and I have heard him say a number of times that he would never wrong a woman in any way.  
"But still there was that ring!" I wondered if he really gave it to her? I asked myself idly, dabbing powder on my nose. Not that I cared one way or the other—I was too happy today to care.

Today marriage was meaning to me just what I had expected of it. John has spent almost the entire time with me. I had impressed his friends favorably; he had given me an unexpected and most splendid gift, and I had heard pride in his voice when he spoke of me.  
I have sometimes wondered since why a woman cannot make these happy times offset some of the other times. I am almost sure that John Gordon is just an average man and I think I, perhaps, am an average woman, but certainly something is wrong with our marriage.

Yet, during the first three months of my married life, in spite of John's little idiosyncrasies, which I found hard to understand, I was supremely happy. Even Madame Gordon had the power to hurt me only for the moment. I love to think about those times, and yet it seems like a dream from which, God pity me, I have awakened!

(Continued Tomorrow)  
It's what you convince people that you know that counts in the long run.  
Good health is better than money, but they work, mighty well together.

## SASH KEEPS ITS POPULARITY

Far From Passing, It Holds Fair to Become Even More Important Article of Dress.

We keep hearing the rumor that the vest is passing—certainly it is passing, if we judge by the signs of the times, and unless it has a revival will not be here at all by fall. The sash, however, has taken on a new lease of life and is to play an even more important part in our costume than ever before. As to fringe, it is to be more extensively used than ever—in every depth and wherever possible. The fringe banding is often seen trimming satin capes, coats of camels' hair and dresses of taffetas and satin. This banding is made by stitching the fringe on a strip of satin at top and bottom, so that it has the appearance of insertion when used as trimming. Now and then one finds a color different from the dress or cloak showing through the threads, but this is not nearly so often used as the plainer colored banding in blue or black.

## Children's Fall Styles.

Mothers are glad to see gimples coming into fashion again for the little folks. They give a dark dress a "dressed-up" appearance, and are a great saving in the laundry. They are decidedly fashionable this summer and autumn, being made simply and trimly with either a bit of Val lace or a full of plaiting of the sheer white material from which they are made. One mother has made a half dozen of these useful gimples for her small "tummy" daughter, who is in the second grade at school, deciding that it is easier to wash several gimples than several whole dresses, since it is the sleeves and collar that are soiled first.

## Smock and Hatband to Match.

If you wish to make an otherwise miscellaneous costume harmonious trim your smock in blanket stitch in lavender and use the same decoration for your hat, adding to both an appliqued design of leaves made of lavender or several smaller motifs suit this scheme.

## DRESS BY ANNE RITTENHOUSE

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Kid and Leather Have Risen to a High Place in Fashions for the Winter. When One Needs Top Coats or Short Jackets, New York. The scarcity of leather during the war made the fabric fashionable. The moment an embargo was laid upon it by the Government the dressmakers conceived the idea of using it for ornamentation.

The world was this way. Whatever is forbidden becomes desirable. Theory is as old as Eve, and therefore not worth the telling.  
It is said that if the odds and ends of leather used on women's apparel were computed into a final result, it would be found that more leather had been used in this way than the Government prohibited for the making of shoes.

France did not hesitate to adopt fabric shoes and trim her clothes with leather, and the women did not object to going about in sandals if they could wear turbans of kid.

The Situation Here.  
In America there were a few extremists who took up leather coats last year, but they were looked upon as askance. Clothes were not trimmed with leather, and the milliners had not thought of bringing out hats of hide. Suddenly the fashion got a boom. Those of us who were in Paris during the autumn exhibitions saw that leather was rampant in women's apparel. It was the ornamentation of the hour next to ostrich feathers and painted paillettes.

The fashion then crept into America in a small degree and its first recognition was in coats of kid or colored leather. At first the women refused to buy these, thinking they were only for rainy weather, but they soon found that they were substitutes for cloth coats. Short jackets of leather were advised by the best houses as a substitute for tailored suits, and separate skirts with pepum blouses of wool or silk jersey were worn beneath.

The initial expense of such a costume was about the same as that of a good tailored suit, but one could get variety and reduce the expense by buying or making odds and ends of skirts.

The leather coat wears forever and a day. It does not confine itself to yellow and tan; it comes in other colors, especially in a deep tete de negre that has several pockets, is widely belted, flares at the knees and carries with it a folded turban of tete de negre velvet with a leather ornament.

Top Coats of Suede.  
There are softer coats for the street than those of the new leathers, although the latter have a maximum of pliability. These coats are suede. They are either colored or left in their natural shade of beige. They give the effect of an Indian costume. They are exceedingly good looking.  
One of the best sport houses in New York introduced coats and skirts of natural colored suede last winter for those who lived in the open in California and the Southern States, but no tailor has introduced them as top coats until this season.  
The sketch shows one made in the English fashion, with the top capexpanse of uncovered arm in between.

that reaches to the hips. It is trimmed with a fringe of itself and fastened with large-leather buttons down the front.  
The cap is made of the same material and is untrimmed.

## THE HOUSEHOLD

Edited by Anne Rittenhouse.

### TO COVER YOUR HANDS.

Did you ever see in the Musee de Louvre in Paris, or the National Gallery in London, or the Metropolitan Museum in New York, carefully protected under a glass case a woman's glove? It had been worn, maybe, by Queen Marie Antoinette or Empress Marie Louise, by Queen Anne of Queen Carolina or perhaps by Martha Washington or Dolly Madison. We used to look in amazement that a glove could possess so much value, that it was worth keeping under glass that it was worth wearing.

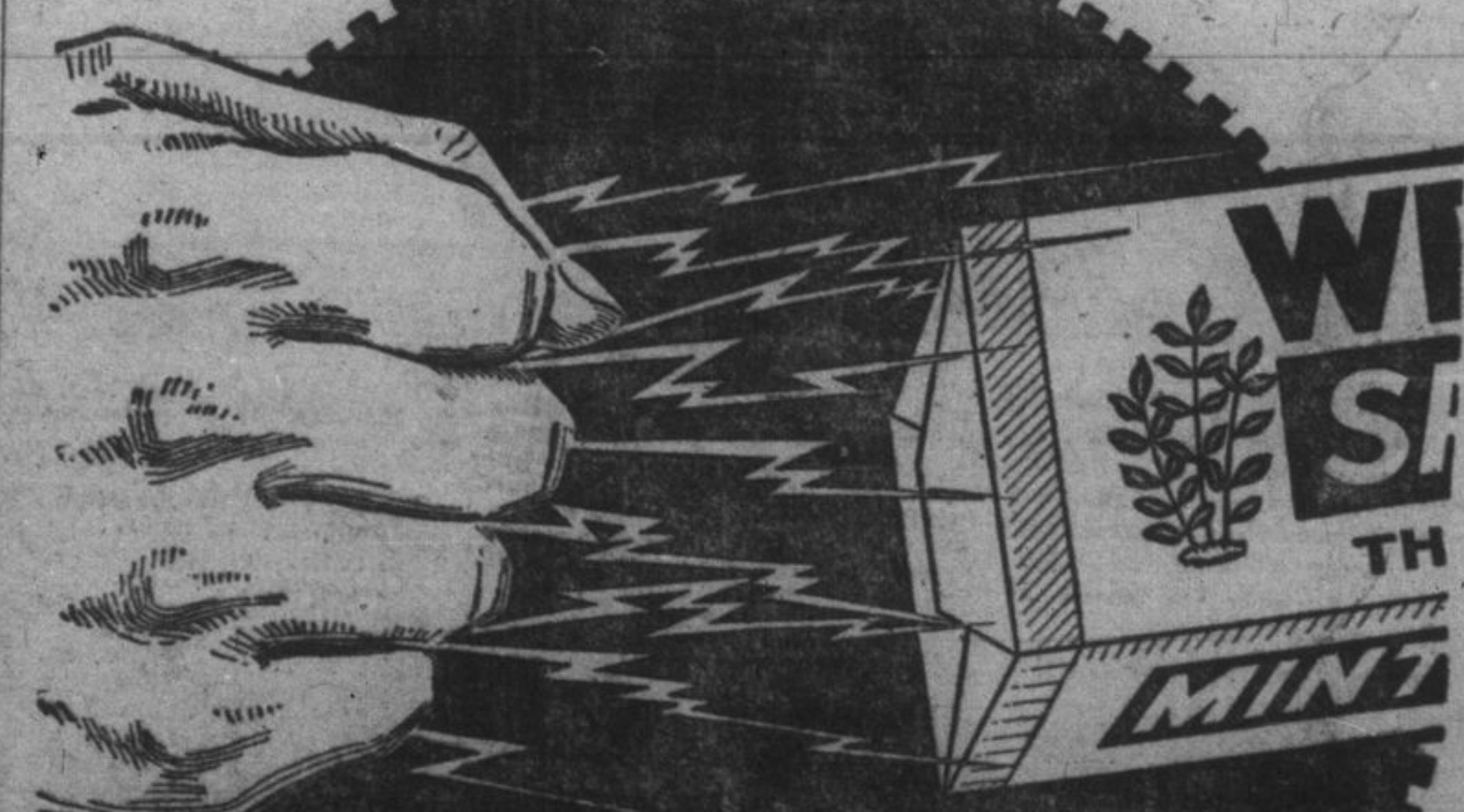
But we no longer marvel. For the way we look at that glove in the museum is much the way we look at our own gloves. They are treasures. We count them over and know exactly how many we own, where we bought them. They are pedigreed, like old faces. And the time may come when we like our colonial ancestors, will then go on to our descendants when we grow old. "To my son John's wife, my pair of dogskin gloves with the mended thumb; to my daughter Nellie, my long white gloves for use during her life, afterwards to be given to her eldest daughter, or in case she have no daughter, to the wife of her son, William." For there is no doubt about gloves are veritable treasures.

And as they increase in price, so increases our desire to have them ornate. We want each pair of gloves we own to be different from the other. We would like to feel that they were different from the gloves of the other women we know. When we pay so large a price we like to feel that we have acquired distinction.

Gloves really are getting to be quite ornate. They are stitched and often they show open work over a silk lining or over kid of contrasting color. Gauntlet gloves are in high favor. So are mousquetaire gloves.

Either of these two sorts of gloves are worn over the cuff of the frock or suit, not tucked under, as was the style some years ago. With the very short sleeves that have made a rather belated entrance into American favor after their popularity in Paris last summer we, of course, wear long gloves, but they are not very long. They do not usually reach the elbow. When we wear a wrap we may wear short gloves and very short sleeves. That is the way the French women do, usually having a top or cape or the wrap. But when we are going to wear the short sleeves and the gloves without a wrap, as we might for a reception or something of that sort, then we wear gloves that only approach the end of the sleeve. There is quite an

expansion of uncovered arm in between.



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It's a gross error to believe that every Bostonian is saturated with culture.  
All men are born free and equal, but most of them spoil it by getting married.