

POOR DOCUMENT

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THE EVENING TIMES-STAR, SAINT JOHN, N.B., SATURDAY, APRIL 10, 1926

INTERESTING

A Feature Page of Interest to Everyone

INSTRUCTIVE

Dorothy Dix

'My Regular Girl,' Says Dorothy Dix, 'Dresses to Bring Out Her Best Points, Uses Cosmetics Discreetly, Knows How to Dance and Cook and Play Games—Especially Does She Know How to Pal With Men While Keeping Herself Fine and Clean.'

A CORRESPONDENT asks:

"What is your ideal of a regular girl?"

Well, to begin with, she is pretty. No cow-eyed beauty of the film, who could draw down a job at Hollywood at sight, but easy on the eyes, with the freshness and loveliness of youth.



DOROTHY DIX

HER nose might be a trifle out of drawing and her mouth a bit too big, but she would be clean-skinned and there would be humor in her smile, and her face would sparkle with intelligence.

I should not object to her using cosmetics discreetly, for there is no denying that nature needs a little helpful art now and then, but her mouth wouldn't look like a cut of bloody butcher's meat that made you sick to even think of kissing.

AND she would be slim and lithe, of course because fat in the young is the sign of sluggishness of mind and body, but her slenderness would not be the result of the anemia of semistarvation. It would be the hard, worked-down muscle and strength and health that comes from vigorous outdoor exercise.

My regular girl would know how to dress. She would know that it is just as much a woman's business to make the most of her looks as it is a man's business to make the most of his opportunities, and so she would have studied her style and her coloring, and know how to camouflage her bad points and emphasize her good ones.

SHE would make fashion her servant instead of being its slave. She wouldn't wear green hats because everybody else was wearing them, nor would she wear knee-length skirts if fate had afflicted her with bow legs or lower extremities that resembled those of a piano.

She would have enough sense of humor to perceive what a figure of fun a woman is in trousers, and she would never, never, never go swaggering around in breeches.

SHE would have the artistic perception to realize that skirts are her fairly gumshoe's best gift to women, and that almost any kind of a girl can look beautiful if she is disguised in pink and blue chiffons, but that a woman has to be Lillian Russell and Gloria Swanson rolled into one not to look hideous in khaki pants.

My regular girl would be intelligent. She would be no Dumb Dora, who never read a book or paper or magazine, and who didn't know whether Coolidge was a new ice cream or the latest dance step.

SHE would be wide awake and up to the minute. She would know what was going on in this interesting old world of ours, and when you talked to her you could do it in half words. You wouldn't have to go into a long and laborious explanation about a new book she had never read or an author she had never heard of, and she wouldn't yawn in your face when you tried to discuss great discoveries or inventions or foreign policies that were rocking society, but in which she took no interest because they happened outside of her day dream.

She would have good manners, would my regular girl. She would know what to say to people and how to say it, and she would never be guilty of the unforgivable sin of making faux pas. She wouldn't patronize old people and wouldn't plainly let a woman of 50 see that she regarded her as a fossil of the Victorian Age.

SHE would be punctilious in the matter of writing polite notes and answering invitations, and when older women spent their time and money in entertaining her, she would do her best to repay them by showing some enthusiasm, and at least pretending that she was having the time of her life.

My regular girl would know how to do things. She would know how to dance, how to play a good game of golf and tennis and bridge, so that she would fit in wherever she happened to be and be no spoil-sport.

MORE than that, my regular girl would know how to do practical things, and whether she was rich or poor, she would have been trained to some trade or profession whereby she could support herself, and for a year at least she would have earned her own living. In addition, she would be an expert in the things that every woman should know, and would be able to make her own frocks and trim her own hats and go out into the kitchen and get a meal that would incline any man's thoughts toward matrimony.

My regular girl would know how to handle men. She would like boys, but she wouldn't be boy crazy. She would show a boy that she was pleased with his attentions, but she wouldn't get out at brass band and beat on the cymbals every time one took her to the movies. She would make a boy feel welcome when he came to see her, but she wouldn't call him up on the telephone and hound him into making dates with her, for she would know that a woman who throws herself at a man's head he always dodges.

SHE would smile the smile that Mona Lisa wore when men made love to her and regard it as only so much pleasant conversation that passes the time of day until he mentioned marriage and set the day. She would never tell herself down to any man until he popped the question.

My regular girl would be a good sport. She would be no grafter. She would hint for no presents. She would run no poor boy into debt taking her to places of amusement that he could not afford. She would get as much fun out of a hike as out of a joy-ride in an imported car.

SHE would be willing to play the game, and not take her doll rags and go home every time she couldn't boss the whole show. And when misadventures happened she would laugh them off and turn what threatened to be a calamity into the hit of the occasion.

My regular girl wouldn't be a prude. She would know that many things that shocked her grandmother custom makes perfectly proper now.

SHE would know that we have swept lots of the hypocrites of the past into the dust bin, and that many of the subjects that used to be taboo are freely discussed now, with the world the better for it. She knows that the girl who earns her own living can't be governed by the rules that applied to the prunes and prisms uncles of other days.

But my regular girl knows where to draw the line between liberty and license. She knows how to be jolly and pal with men, yet hold them at arm's length, and deep down in her is something fine, the heritage of ages of virtuous women who have held their honor above their lives, that makes her shudder away from the kiss of every Tom, Dick and Harry and keeps her list original for the man she marries.

THAT is my ideal of the regular girl. And I know plenty of her. DOROTHY DIX. Copyright by Public Ledger.

Period Gown Is A Favorite of The Season

Nowhere in the mode is there found a type of costume which can hope to rival the period gown. The very bouffant frock, with its yards of exquisite lace, brocade and silk and beautifully blended tones, harks back to the eighteenth century for its general outline, but relies upon modern chic for its perfecting of detail.

The flapper of today wears with grace and distinction the costumes which were worn many years ago—but wears them with a difference. Today the hoop is unknown, but the lines of the bouffant frock are very wide and gaily decorated just the same.

The pictured frock which Miss Moore wears with so much charm is of pale green tulle. Its snug little bodice possesses a unique feature in its outline at the neck where pearls appear in out patterns of great charm.

The lines of the very full and ankle length skirt terminate in uneven points which also feature a pearl design. Gold ribbon with floral accompaniments in pastel tints form a delightful contrast at the waist, and fall with colorful appeal down one side of the skirt.

In another scene from "Trene" Miss Moore has chosen black relieved by pink roses and her favor towards the period costume. Here black lace—a popular fancy of the season, is used in her effort to establish a wide skirt of airy outlines. A snug waist and black velvet ribbons upon which cascading roses of a bluish pink appear in colorful appeal.

Laces and tulle are used lavishly in establishing the bouffant gown. The very youthful frocks are picturesque in tulle, bouffant with bow sashes, wide in layers of tulle, chiffon and frills with treatments of tulle, black lace frills, sheer crepes—glimmer with rhinestones and pearls, and last but by no means least are the robes de style which feature metallic materials of rare loveliness.

Miss Moore appears in several gowns which are of a distinct period type. There are gowns of gossamer which use tiers of lace in cascading movements and are used on a stiff foundation of tulle, or of contrasting shades of lace. Embroidery, ribbons and floral decorations all receive important treatment in the period frock. Shawls which are so much the vogue are used in harmony with the period costume which they represent.

Many of the period gowns do not follow in rigid detail the historic times which they represent, but show inclinations towards modern chic both in line and detail and yet manage to exude an air of old time charm.

Slippers are important in the correct feeling with the costume. Right now most of the slippers are made of the same material which forms the gown itself. This is a pretty fancy and is in keeping with the customs of days past.

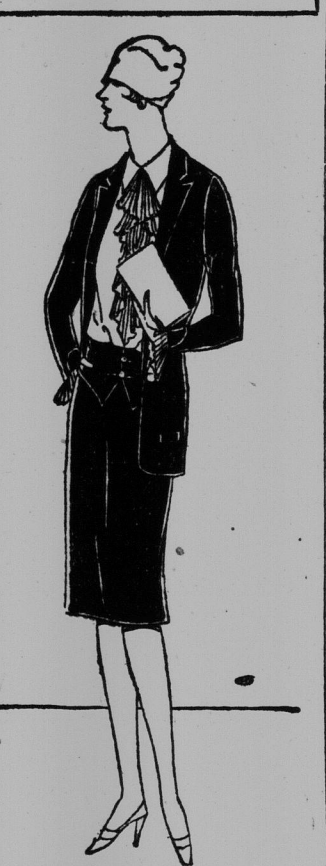


The costumes of a Pompadour are usually effective in billowing skirts and tight waists with garlands of flowers lending an appealing form of trimming. Colors in pastel tints are most happily used and are especially effective when contrasted with gold and silver in ribbons or for foundations.

The hairdress of olden days is used in modern manner to correctly interpret the feeling of the day. A demurely parted coiffure, or a softly curled and outlined head is very much in the

mode, while a gay little floral wreath at one side also serves a purpose decorative as well as becoming.

Fashion Fancies



By Marie Belmont

The new youth, two-piece suit is now in the first rank of fashion, and we see that new ideas can be introduced into so simple an affair as a tailored suit.

Navy blue serge makes the abbreviated affair above with its short skirt and short jacket.

The waistcoat is also serge, while the skirt is in white crepe de chine.

FLAPPER FANNY story



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A butcher's success is always at stake.

"LOOK-A-HERE, porter," said the brute man, sticking his head out of an upper berth on a Pullman, "you've brought me on tan shoes and one black one."

"Well, I've getting mighty callous all right," remarked the porter with a puzzled air. "What's the second time that's happened this mornin'?"

BEHIND THE SCREEN

PARAMOUNT announces the eleven-episode story of Florence Vidor and Esther Ralston to stardom. Consequently they are just about the happiest young women on Broadway.

Stardom is naturally the goal of every screen actress. Usually success doesn't come overnight, but for the two girls, it has come in a flash.

Esther Ralston was born in Houston, Tex., and received her education in a high school and convent there. Shortly after she left school, Florence Vidor, as she was called then, went to visit her friend, Corinne Griffith, at the Vitagraph studios.

The "Sporting Lover," with Coward Tarkenton, First National release was formerly called "Goodbye, My Darling." The "Trail of '88," a feature special of the M-G-M schedule. The Klondike story, "The Klondike Kid," is the gold rush. The book of Robert Service by that name will furnish the story. "Take It Easy, Me," with Tugboat Denny, Universal.

COMING PRODUCTIONS

Dorothy Mackall and Jack Mulhall in "The Charleston Kid," adapted from Gerald Beaumont's story, "Even Stephen." "The Sporting Lover," with Coward Tarkenton, First National release was formerly called "Goodbye, My Darling." The "Trail of '88," a feature special of the M-G-M schedule. The Klondike story, "The Klondike Kid," is the gold rush. The book of Robert Service by that name will furnish the story. "Take It Easy, Me," with Tugboat Denny, Universal.

FOR the first time in a couple of generations or more, a portly figure in top hat, morning coat, a gardenia in his buttonhole was missing from the Easter parade.

"Silk Hat Harry" he had been nicknamed—a member most familiar in that precious era of "gentlemen"—the days of Col. "Jim" Ricker, for whom was named the once most popular beverage, Col. Tom Ochiltree, bon vivant and champion of womanhood on two continents. "Cap" Wheeler, who had always there to "pay," and such gallants and men-about-town, who built an almost dead tradition.

FOR 25 years "Silk Hat Harry" was a landmark in the corridors of the Waldorf-Astoria. One by one this old and hearty company joined the parade of phantoms until "Harry" was the sole survivor. When prohibition came he, above all others in Manhattan, perhaps knew best where one might find the finest type of bourbon or champagne. He was so distinct a "type," and one not easily asked, that the movies grabbed him into the role of the "old-time gentleman." His visits to the hotel lobby became a thing of the past, and he was generally in the west end, where there are a greater assortment of chairs.

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Menus for the Family

MENU HINT

Bananas
Peaches with Top Milk
Puffed Eggs on Toast
Luncheon
Cream of Potato Soup
Waldorf Salad
Cup Cakes
Dinner
Veal Stew with Dumplings
Lettuce and Green Onion Salad
Orange Custard
Tea or Coffee

TODAY'S RECIPES
Potato Soup—Cook three small potatoes, a stalk or so of celery and a small onion in a small quantity of water until soft, then strain. Melt two tablespoons butter in a double boiler, add one tablespoon flour, mix smooth, add gradually a quart of sweet milk and bring to a boil, stirring to prevent lumping. Add strained vegetables to milk mixture, let boil for a short time and serve.

Orange Custard—Arrange alternate layers of sliced oranges and stale cake in cups and pour boiling custard over them. Or omit the cake and pour the custard over the oranges. To make the custard, take two cups scalded milk, yolks of three eggs, one-fourth cup sugar, a little salt, one-half teaspoon vanilla. Beat eggs slightly, add sugar and salt, and gradually add hot milk, stirring constantly. Cook in double boiler and continue stirring until mixture thickens and a coating is formed on the spoon. Strain immediately, cool and flavor.

Baked Omelet—A little different taste can be given to an omelet by baking it. Use four or six eggs beaten separately, one small teaspoonful of milk, one of four and a pinch of salt. Beat the yolks and add the butter. Stir the flour gradually into the milk, then add the egg whites beaten stiff, and bake it in a buttered dish.

Little Joe

THE GOLFERS WHO ADD UP HIS SCORE BEFORE EACH DRIVE IS A TEE TOTALER.



A Thought

Lord, dost thou not care that my sister left me to serve alone? Bid her therefore that she help me.—Luke 10:40.

WE ARE too prone to find fault; let us look for some of the perfection.—Schiller.

Phone your Want Ads. Main 2417.

ADVENTURES of the TWINS

by OLIVE ROBERTS BARTON

MARTY MINK AND CHARLEY OTTER

"Is everybody spring-cleaned?" asked Nick when the March Hare and the Twins returned to Scrub-Up Land after taking Tattlers to his new home.

"No, indeed," said Mister Rubadub, looking meaningfully at the March Hare. The March Hare looked very unhappy. "No, indeed," he repeated, turning the pages of his big book. "I only wish they were. But here's Mister Mink to be spring-cleaned. And as every one knows, it may be that he's hungry for a rabbit dinner."

"Now, see here, Mister Hare," said Rubadub, "don't be foolish and worry about nothing. I've been reading it all up in the 'Longhollow Gazette.' It says very plainly that a fairy rabbit, is different from any other kind of rabbit. And you're a fairy rabbit, aren't you? The same as the Easter Bunny. You can go anywhere you wish and nothing can hurt you."

"Is that so—is that really so?" bawled the March Hare. "And no matter how I get after the rest of those slappy rascals, they can't bite me—is that what you mean?"

"Certainly," said Mister Rubadub. "Now go and get that mink fellow. And while you're at it, look up Charley Otter as you pass by."

"Aye, aye, sir," said the March Hare. "Come on, children."

Nancy and Nick stepped right along in their magic shoes, following the March Hare down the path by the secret bush.

They turned off through the meadow toward Ripple Creek. Then they went along Ripple Creek past Billy Beaver's dam, and past Moses

Mud Turtle's log, where he usually sunned himself, on and on and on, until they came to a pretty wild place where the water ran between rocky banks. A lot of old trees lay across the water like so many bridges.

On one of these bridges sat Charley Otter, and on another sat Marty Mink. "Hi!" said the March Hare. "Let's watch them and see what they're doing."

"I bet you I catch the first fish," Marty Mink was saying.

"I bet you don't," said Charley Otter. With that there was a streak of brown and a splash, and Charley Otter bobbed to the top of the water with a fish in his mouth.

"I lost that time," said Marty, eyeing the fish hungry. "But I'll beat you yet. I can yell louder than you can."

Charley Otter opened his mouth to yell the fish fell out and Marty grabbed it. Like a flash he leaped behind a rock and was gone, knowing that he could move much faster than Charley, and that by the time Charley reached him the fish would be finished.

"That's the way with minks," whispered the March Hare to the Twins. "They let someone else do the work half the time."

"Look at Charley Otter," said Nancy. "He doesn't seem to care much."

And indeed it seemed so. For the little Otter boy was sliding down the mud slide into the water and having the time of his life!

But that's only half of the story. To Be Continued

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LIGHT WEIGHT Waterproof Coats for Ladies and Girls in delicate and pleasing shades of Red, Rust, Blue, Green and Yellow.

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Nougatines G.B.

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All Corset Departments in Canada which offer best values sell D & A Corsets and Brassieres.

DOMINION CORSET CO., QUEBEC, Montreal, Toronto. Makers of La Diva and Goddess Corsets, etc.

Is this your BIRTHDAY

APRIL 16—You are faithful to duty, adaptable to circumstances, loyal to friends, and enthusiastic in your work. You are strong, and surmount difficulties by sheer determination. Beware of listening to gossip, and hope always for the best.

Your birth-stone is a diamond, which means innocence. Your flower is a daisy. Your lucky colors are red and yellow.

APRIL 17—You possess a considerable amount of vanity, like to dress well, husband would act—Weekly Tide and are careful of appearances at all graph.

times. You are artistic, think quickly, act slowly, and love deeply. You are tender, kind, and thoughtful, and are easily loved by your kin and immediate household. Beware of a tendency to find fault, and appreciate your many blessings.

REVISED WIFE: Darling, I have been untrue to you. I love another. Husband: W-h-a-t!!!

WIFE: Calm yourself, dear, calm yourself. I'm writing a novel. That is what my heroine says to her husband, and I wanted to see how the puzzle fits. What's the second time that's happened this mornin'?