

Just WHY



You Can
ALWAYS
Have a

Clean
Sink

If You
Use

Old
Dutch
Cleanser

Because no dirt, grease or grime can withstand its wonderful action. The thick scum which often gathers on the sides and bottom of the sink and defies soap-cleaning, disappears like magic when Old Dutch Cleanser is used.

Sprinkle Cleanser into sink; rub briskly with scouring brush around sides and bottom. Then wash off with clean water. No hard scrubbing or scraping required.

Many Other Uses and
Full Directions on
Large Sifter-Can, 1 Oc

ALL ABOUT BETTY'S WEDDING

By HELEN BALL

BETTY was going to be married.

It was all very wonderful. She felt as a being apart from ordinary mortals. She was going to be married. The sunshine laughed it to her in the morning as she jumped out of bed, and dewy-eyed poked her head between the frilly muslin curtains for a deep breath of the fresh morning air. If it was raining, then each raindrop chattered of the thrilling news to all the other drops as they pelted the window pane. And as for the birds, you never heard such a chattering. The whole world must surely know, and was standing on tiptoes of excitement, impatiently waiting for the great day of the wedding itself.

And yet it wasn't after all, so much the fact that she was going to be married, but that she was going to marry Tom. Dear, big, plain, everyday Tom, whom she had known since her pinafore days, and who had always been her hero.

It seemed almost sacrilegious that she must come down out of her clouds, and give serious thought to mundane matters. For when in fancy one is walking hand in hand with their dearest and best, through an endless garden of roses, through a world all sunshine, it is cruelly prosaic to have to descend to matters of dollars and cents. But bless you, there was the trousseau to be thought about, and pretty as it may sound, rose petals never make up satisfactorily into wedding gowns, and pretty frocks and lingerie, however filmy, need more than happy thought and sunshine to get them put together.

However, though Tom is quite sure that she is an angel, Betty is really a girl after all, and so, of course, she became vastly interested in her trousseau. There were no hundreds of thousands of dollars floating airily about waiting to be spent with a lavish hand. The trousseau must come out of little over a hundred dollars, and come it did. But I must tell you all about it.

As I say, Betty came down to the earth, earthy, with a wholesome determination to make the most of her dollars. This, of course, was a good many weeks before the day set for the great event. By dint of doing a little each day, the house linen had been completed weeks before, and Betty, a very sensible young person, firmly resolved that while her trousseau was to be such as to make the heart of other maidens yearn to go and do likewise, yet she was not going to let it monopolize her last few precious weeks of girlhood days.

And so began the business.

In the first place she bought none but good materials, and not many. A satin wedding gown, a pretty summer silk, a tailored suit, a delaine (one of those pretty bordered materials), a chiffon veiled blouse to wear with the suit, a soft grey marquisette with smart touches of royal blue, three tub dresses, a cotton voile, a fine white lingerie frock, several blouses, and there you have the list of her dresses. Most of these she made herself with the assistance of mother and sister, for kimona styles are the simplest things in the world, and are so very much the vogue, while skirts take next to no material, and as little time.

She didn't rush in headlong. She invested in a pattern for each style, and followed the directions, with the result that her dresses fitted perfectly. Her lingerie was—no, not hand-embroidered, for eyes and nerves being of more vital importance, she wisely decided on pretty little lace and embroidery edges, except for a couple of sets which she had accomplished by easy stages through the winter.

Of course there were all kinds of little extra things, some of which came as gifts from girl friends, as, for instance, a dainty pair of ribbon bedroom slippers in pale pink satin. Don't you know the kind? You get ribbon about three inches wide, sew it around the sole, gather in about the ankle with an elastic, and finish with a tiny rosette, and they are the daintiest things possible. A frivolous little rose-sprigged muslin negligee was another gift, representing perhaps seventy-five cents, but a dream with Valenciennes lace and pink ribbons. To match this was one of the new fascinating boudoir caps.

Another friend had embroidered a set of eyelet collar and cuffs which were wonderfully acceptable, and yet

another had embroidered two linen belts. Then there was a crepe kimona edged with satin ribbon, a white linen parasol which was embroidered with Copenhagen blue polka dots of graduated sizes, and dozens of other little things, such as Dutch collars, jabots, and so on, too numerous to mention.

And, by the way, this maiden had tabooed showers. She had vivid recollections of her own experiences in this direction, when as one of the invited guests, she was gaily asked to come and bring a pair of silk stockings, or maybe a Coalport cup and saucer for the bride elect (luxuries which Betty had never been able to indulge in for herself). So, as I say, she had made her friends promise not to give any of these extravagances for her. Well, yes, there were two exceptions, but they were such original and inexpensive showers that she could not possibly object, and in fact, was delighted with them. One was a recipe shower. For this each guest was asked to bring her very choicest recipe. A little leather-covered book was provided by the hostess, and in this, with due ceremony and solemnity, each girl in turn transcribed her particular recipe, ending with her signature. On the first page of the book was written the following verse:

"Whatever you happen to think of our looks,
We're sure you'll acknowledge we're very good cooks."

In several instances the maidens had cleverly written their recipes in verse. You can guess how Betty values the book, and what a treasure such a book would be to any young housekeeper.

The other shower was a sachet shower. The girls had been warned to bring odd scraps of silk or pretty muslin with them, as well as their needles and thimbles, and on their arrival they were provided with wadding and sachet powder, and a dozen dainty little sachets were the outcome of a jolly afternoon. Of course, the hostess on this occasion had made very sure beforehand of Betty's preference in sachet powder.

Then early one sunny afternoon, when Betty was contentedly stitching on the machine and humming happily to herself, twelve maidens suddenly appeared on the scene, and with great chattering, announced that they had come in the capacity of sewing girls, the price for their work to be a cup of tea and some bread and butter, no more, no less. And regardless of chatter, you would be amazed at the work which they accomplished. Two working together, made a shirt waist. Another two made a white linen skirt. Two more were generally useful taking out tacking cotton, while the remaining six hemmed a dozen serviettes which had arrived from an aunt in Ireland.

And such plans as were made that afternoon for the wedding itself. It was to take place at Betty's home, the rambling old house where the high-ceilinged rooms had echoed to Betty's footsteps from the time when with uncertain little soft-slipped feet she had first learned to toddle across the floor. Here she had lived in her little girl days, and here in this home so dear to her, she was to be married.

"What flowers shall we use, Betty?" asked one maiden.

"I don't quite know," said Betty, hesitating. "Daisies would be pretty."

"Daisies are sweet," announced a second girl, "but do let us think of something more original."

"Lilac is pretty," volunteered another.

"Oh girls, I know," exclaimed a prospective bridesmaid. "Wouldn't apple blossoms be lovely?" At which Betty and eleven other maidens gave little squeals of delight.

And so it was decided that this was to be an apple-blossom wedding.

Immediately they fell to planning the bridesmaids' frocks, for though but two of the number were to claim that honor, all were deeply interested and bubbling over with suggestions.

The wedding was to be very simple, and the girls' dresses were planned accordingly, and here is the result of the cudgeling of thirteen active brains. The frocks should be of the finest and sheerest of white lawn, almost as sheer as ninon, only not so expensive, made up with fine lace over the palest pink soft silk. They would be slightly low-neck, a dainty fichu of the lace-trimmed lawn (quite the latest decree of Dame

Fashion, by the way), leaving a small V in front. The sleeves would finish just above the elbow, and the fashionable high-waisted effect would be in evidence, while one of the new girdles or sashes of the palest pink satin ribbon would complete the dress. On their heads they would wear those coquettish little lingerie caps of the lawn, finished with pleated lace frills and a tiny wreath of apple blossoms, and they would carry baskets of real apple blossoms, the handles tied with saucy up-standing pink satin bows.

Betty, of course, was to don her white satin gown and long flowing veil, while her flowers must be lily-of-the-valley.

And then such plans as ensued for the decorations. Apple blossoms must be everywhere, apple blossoms and ferns which the girls agreed to gather in from highways and byways. The bay window would be a mass of ferns, while a trellis work of the apple blossoms would reach to the ceiling, forming an arch under which Betty and Tom with throbbing hearts would stand. The mantelpiece would be hidden with the flowers. Then an aisle would be formed, by attaching white satin ribbon to either side of the trellis, and continuing it to the door through which Betty would enter. Here the ribbon would be fastened to wands topped with huge bows, and held by two little girls in frocks similar to the bridesmaids'.

The piano would be completely screened by branches of the apple blossoms, so that one would scarcely guess where the music came from.

As for Betty's other arrangements, perhaps you would like to hear of them. The dining-room where the dejeuner was to be served was to be lovely with white lilac. It was decided to have the one centre table for the bridal party, with small tables surrounding, since it was so much more restful to sit down. Some of these tables were to be arranged on a veranda opening from the dining-room. Nothing grand or worrying was planned for the dejeuner itself, for that would keep the busy mother in a ferment of anxiety, since it was impossible to have a real caterer for the occasion. There would be chicken salad, dainty cress sandwiches, stuffed olives, salted almonds, coffee, lemonade, macaroons, the wedding cake, ice cream, candy, and glace fruits (which can be prepared by dipping strawberries, little cubes of pineapple, and pieces of orange, in boiled sugar and water).

Then the maid of honor and the best man must needs be instructed in their duties; the wedding invitations must be issued, and as Betty was a particular little lady about details, these must be of the best.

Further, she insisted that the night before the wedding there must be a rehearsal, and though it aroused a gay rebellion amongst the ushers, who suddenly felt all awkward hands and feet, the autocrat prevailed, for, as she said with a laugh, "That is exactly why I want to have the rehearsal, for of all the hopelessly trying things, a wedding where no one knows what they should do, is the worst."

And so the great morning arrived with a burst of sunshine which lasted throughout the day. I must tell you how pretty it all was. The drawing-room was a mass of blossoms, the little girls in their pretty frocks were standing guard at the door; two white satin cushions were arranged for Betty and Tom to kneel on, and the guests were all expectancy. The dear old white-haired clergyman with Tom and his boon companion and best man, came down the aisle formed by the ribbons, and a few moments later in came the two ushers, then the two bridesmaids, dainty visions in pink and white, and lastly, with her father, came Betty, a dream of loveliness in her white satin gown, her sweet face misty beneath the veil.

When the ceremony was over, after all had heard Tom's proud "I will" and Betty's soft voice making her responses, after the ring had been placed on her finger, and they were really and actually married, then the bridal party, this time headed by Tom and Betty, came down the aisle again, and as the older guests saw the look of great happiness on the two young faces, there was a sudden mist in their eyes, while in their hearts they silently invoked blessings on the two youthful heads.