WOMAN'S NEWS

WOMAN'S PAGE

WOMAN'S VIEWS

SOUND AUCTION BRIDGE

By WILBUR C. WHITEHEAD
The World's Greatest Authority

DETERMINING THE CHOICE OF OPENING BIDS

♠ Q J 3
♥ J 6 2
♦ K 8 2
♣ J 9 2

♠ 9 7 | ♠ A 5
♥ Q 10 7 5 | ♥ 9 8 4 3
♦ 4 3 | ♦ A Q J 10 7 6
♣ K 8 7 6 4 | ♣ 5

♠ K 10 8 6 4 2
♥ A K
♦ 9 5
♣ Q 10 3

Auction Bidding

	1st Rd.	2nd Rd.
S	4 ♠	5 ♠
W	Pass	Pass
N	Pass	Pass
E	2 ♦	Pass

Contract Bidding

	1st Rd.	2nd Rd.
S	2 ♠	4 ♠
W	Pass	Pass
N	Pass	Pass
E	3 ♦	Pass

Salient Points of Bidding

Auction: South, with high-card values distributed in three suits and a six-card secondary suit, has a choice between a No Trump and a suit bid. The fact that his six-card suit is a Major, together with the fact that the distribution favors a suit rather than a No Trump bid, dictates the choice made. South's rebid of Spades following East's Diamond bid was fully justified by the values held.

Contract: The salient points of difference between the Auction and Contract bidding are first, the fact that North, following West's pass, assists instead of passing his partner's Spade bid; and second, that South, while holding but one rebid if unassisted by partner, holds two rebids after such assist, and these he makes following East's three Diamond overcall.

The Play

The play of this hand is not difficult. West opens the 4 of Diamonds, East winning with the 10. East, knowing that West can hold but one more Diamond, if that, plays his Ace followed by a small Diamond to give West, if possible, a ruff in the suit. South must, of course, trump with the 10, as the only finesse by which he could be over-ruffed would be the Ace. The 10 holding the trick, South must now lead a trump. East, winning with the Ace, has no return except a Heart, which South wins. South then exhausts trump and successfully finesses Clubs, making four odd on the hand.

MR. WHITEHEAD WILL ANSWER QUESTIONS CONCERNING YOUR BRIDGE PROBLEMS. WRITE TO HIM CARE OF THIS PAPER, ENCLOSING SELF-ADDRESSED STAMPED ENVELOPE.

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The Household

By Lydia Lebaron Walker

HINTS ON THE CARE THAT SHOULD BE GIVEN THE NEW SPRING CLOTHES

The woman who has beautiful new Spring clothes "Easter Clothes" as they are called when they are bought before that time or close to it, hopes to keep them looking their best for a long while. In order to do this she must care for them as is their due.

The textile of a dress determines in large measure just how it should be treated. Silk should be pressed just as seldom as possible since extreme heat is injurious. It actually "takes the life" out of it. Just hanging some silks, taffetas, for instance, in a closet that is kept warm because it is next a chimney, will cause the textile to become tender. This is due to the sizing in the silk. It is impossible not to use the sizing in some types of silk that women find desirable for dresses. In other instances the sizing is used to give body to the goods.

Silk Dresses

Knowing that pressing is not good for silk, it is important to keep wrinkles from the textile. Therefore immediately a silk frock is taken off it should be hung carefully on a coat hanger. Never for a moment toss the frock on a chair or allow it to remain in a rumpled state. Parisians are punctilious about such treatment of their frocks.

Cotton and Linen

Cotton and linen frocks can be restored to their pristine beauty by laundering. If a high sheen is wanted use a hot iron and heavy pressure. If a raised weave or pattern should be brought out, iron on the wrong side and have a thick padding on the ironing board. Frocks of these materials should be pressed often to keep them free from wrinkles and new looking. The task can be reduced to a minimum, however, if the dresses are hung carefully on coat hangers just as soon as they are taken off.

Woolen Frocks

Woolen frocks and the soft light weight velvets should be hung occasionally where damp air can blow through them. This will smooth out many wrinkles. Woolen frocks should be ironed on the wrong side preferably, and with a slightly damp cloth under the iron. The cloth will prevent the undesirable glossy surface being given the goods, and it must be used when the frock is pressed on the right side. It also prevents the fibrils of wool from getting scorched as they are quick to do, otherwise, and so the use of the damp cloth is best whether the pressing is on the right or wrong side.

Fresh Air Process

Frocks should be hung out of doors occasionally, not necessarily in the sunlight, for this may fade the colors, but some place where the air can blow through them, and so keep them fresh. The materials that do not rumple such as soft weaves should be given this treatment. The frocks should be put away where there is no danger of the weave getting caught on hooks, nails, pins etc., that will pull strands and make unsightly places in the goods. If some come, pull the loop or ends through to the wrong side where they will not show.

Friday: Points to consider when wife is wage earner as well as home maker.

Caption for Illustration: The ironing board does not have to be used so often when frocks are carefully hung on coat hangers as described.

As a Woman Thinks

By ELISABETH CUSHMAN

I never saw a smoother feminine profile than one that drifted across my line of vision one evening this week in White Plains.

It has been much photographed, of course. Probably every woman in Westchester has, at one time or other during the past few years, given over a few minutes to its contemplation in the rotogravure or the news section of the local and the national press. But no printed picture which I had seen had captured to any extent the fascination and the allure created by the straight nose, the thin scarlet lips and the gracious curving line of neck and chin that belongs to Charlie Chaplin's former wife.

Over in White Plains, Lita Gray sat for a couple of hours at the head of a table a few feet from me and during the course—or the courses—of a long-enough banquet I had ample opportunity for gazing critically at this girl whom the whole world knows.

She happened to be in Westchester fulfilling a theatrical engagement. She had gone to the banquet given by the White Plains Chamber of Commerce at an inn out on the Bronx River Parkway. I sat at the table next to the one over which she presided and since she was directly in front of me I had to look at her most of the time.

It was not hard to do. Like all women, I am always fascinated by another who is beautiful—and always curious to see whether or not my own judgment can pick flaws in a reputation, at least to my own satisfaction.

And, at first, I thought Lita Gray was not beautiful. We had all wondered, at our table, who was the vivid girl in flaming red. She was so dark and slim and tall. Her dress, with its long tight sleeves, fitted close to a beautiful slender figure; her hair—one of the sort with the wing-effects low on each side of the head, like an aviator's helmet—was of the same startling hue. Around her white neck was a triple strand of pearls and on her left shoulder a cluster of pale blue ribbon emphasized the creamy whiteness of a bouquet of gardenias. On the index finger of her left hand she wore a large diamond, but that, excepting the pearls, was her only jewel.

Obviously theatrical, her eyebrows a delicately curved line over artificially darkened eyes, her powder-whitened skin flawlessly smooth, she caught the eye immediately. She was an actress, of course—we didn't know her. Then somebody said, "Mrs. Chaplin," and in response her very agreeable and sophisticated voice gave a pleasant rejoinder.

During the rest of the banquet, I spent most of the time looking at her and it was not very long before I was ready to reverse the first judgment and to say that Lita Gray is beautiful.

Her vivacious manner contributes much to that beauty. She uses her hands a great deal as she talks; she shrugs her slim shoulders; rolls her dark eyes; is immediately responsive to music and manages to convey an impression of foreign femininity that really is refreshing. If one has looked long at a nice wholesome group of nice wholesome housewives, club women and business girls, all gotten up on the nice wholesome American plan.

But you know the way a single detail can spoil a costume. I couldn't see Lita Gray's feet from where she sat. Everything else she wore was perfect—even to the scarlet coat tossed carelessly over the back of her chair and gaining added brilliancy from its black fur collar. When the banquet had ended and before the speeches started, Mrs. Chaplin had to go—she was due at the theatre. So she stood up. I hated to look at her feet. I felt sure she would have on light-colored stockings—but the shock, if there would the shoes be?

She stood up and walked across the floor, and I looked fearful of destroying the picture.

But it was perfect.

Lita Gray was shod in scarlet satin.

The actress went out, in her scarlet and pearls, with her flashing smile and her deep dark eyes, and another woman gained the attention of the audience.

This other was the guest of honor of the evening. Certainly she and the young woman in red afforded two distinct contrasts in the way of women.

The guest of honor, the titled Irish woman who has flown alone over more miles and more countries than any other woman living, was one of the speakers of the occasion. The woman who talked her stockings out of the cockpit and put hem on while she was flying alone above the Sahara Desert—in case she should have to land—told, in that charming, broad "a" brogue that is characteristic of the cultured Irish person, the story of how she took up flying, and touched on a few of the high spots in her various adventures. But that, of course, has been well rehearsed in the news columns. I don't know, however, that any of them have told the sort of a person Lady Mary strikes one as being.

She's plain, not flashing and flaming and brilliantly gay like Lita Chaplin. She had no make-up on her face, and the gold fillet that bound her long dull-colored hair didn't seem to be very bright. Her evening dress of dark-blue or black sequins was almost backless and a couple of slightly drooping flowers wilted across her thin shoulder—a red rose in front and a white one in back. She wore no wrist-watch on a black band and a heavy, gold seal ring of some kind on her wedding finger. She had no gems at all.

But she has poise, intelligence, a quick wit and a tongue grown glib with so much repeating of the same speech. Once a champion athlete on English fields, she still conveys the impression of nearly angular physical bleakness that, to my mind, usually marks the women athletes. Lady Mary, however, has a good story that she tells well; one enjoys listening to her, especially in view of the fact that she speaks so beautifully and—I suppose, sufficiently skilled, by reason of long practice by experience, to inspire and, to hold her listener's attention. She's shot lions and stalked big game through African jungles; she's flown alone over Saharaways where women never flew before—and she landed once, in a field in Poland, though she had no vise that entitled her to Polish entrance and she had to make her escape from irate farmers over whose crops she had ridden by simply flying away over their heads.

Lita Gray, being beautiful, is the sort of woman to whom things happen; Lady Heath, being energetic and intelligent is the sort of woman who makes things happen. Each makes history, the one indirectly, the other, directly.

Which would you rather be if you had your choice?

Virginia Vane Says

Gazing Into the Mirror Won't Help You This Life

"Oh Bill knows better than to try any monkey business with me." Polly gives her nose a final dust with the powder puff and gazes at her reflection admiringly. "He knows perfectly well that I wouldn't stand for any nonsense. I'd just like to see him getting gay with anybody else. I'd fix him all right."

She finishes her making up and surveys the result complacently. Polly is young. She is pretty. She hasn't been married very long. She's utterly confident of her powers, because Bill hasn't got used to her yet. She can still hurt him by bursting into tears, or pretending that she thinks he doesn't love her any more. She can still enchant him by wearing a ruffly little dress that makes her look sweet sixteen. She can still manage Bill by crooking her little finger and he'll come to heel. She can still hurt him by pouting. So she's quite satisfied with the universe.

Oh, the Pollies of this world who sit powdering their noses and telling themselves complacently that their husbands aren't going to get gay with the other girls! If only there could be some businesslike soul behind them to ask "at this juncture": "Well, what are you going to do about it, Polly, with her? Are you just going to go on relying on your youth and beauty—your curls and your winning ways? Or are you going to bind your man to you because of your sweetness and gentleness, your wisdom, your forbearance and sympathy?"

Polly, as a matter of fact, made this speech a long time ago. And a few years later, Polly came crying to be comforted, because Bill had actually dared to start philandering. Poor little Polly, with her face all wet with tears, her eyes red with weeping. Where were those fine schemes of hers which were to keep Bill from any monkey business? Where was that confidence that SHE would not be the kind of wife to be deceived and cheated.

Gone, absolutely gone, because Polly found herself face to face with reality—the reality that Bill, like most men, will look elsewhere for happiness if he doesn't find it at home.

Polly hadn't bothered much about holding Bill's affections. She'd been too sure of them. She'd known from the very start what a knock-out she was with men—and what a compliment it was that handed Bill to marrying him. Why should she exert herself to anything more than she was?

When the baby came along, Polly lost herself in an agony of self-pity. Poor little girl had to stay home with the baby. She had to give up things for the baby—had to wear herself to the bone looking after the youngster, etc., etc. She took it all out on Bill. She would heap it on him with her complaints and her naggings. She never let him forget that but for him she might have been enjoying life as a care-free school girl.

Even her good looks and her radiant youth couldn't keep Bill's mind off the fact that he wasn't having a very good time at home. Even the knowledge that other girls seemed to be very bright. Her evening dress of dark-blue or black sequins was almost backless and a couple of slightly drooping flowers wilted across her thin shoulder—a red rose in front and a white one in back. She wore no wrist-watch on a black band and a heavy, gold seal ring of some kind on her wedding finger. She had no gems at all.

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OUR CHILDREN

By ANGELO PATRI

WOMEN AND CHILDREN

Money gives children a bad hour or so from time to time. You see money is a purely adult matter. Children know nothing about it. They cannot know much about it and of course that experience is long in coming.

Most of the trouble children have with money is due to their elders. Some of us are very careless about it. We say grandly to the eager little boy, "Keep the change, keep out even glancing at it. We spend money with a blithe and careless air that says, "What is money to me? Not worth a moment's thought." That may be true—but it takes a lifetime of hard experience to prove it. The children do not understand that attitude at all. They can accept it, but if they do they will find themselves in difficulties with these very people.

Some of us are very close about money. The children are never allowed to know about the fatness of the purse, although there are those people who do not even know how much money is in their purse, so little do they care about it. And that means plenty of trouble.

We have to teach children about money as we would teach them about the use of any other power or they must meet. First set our attitude right. We are to be useful, respectful, about the money we have. It represents work, honest work's life. It is a symbol of service and to be used with care and discretion. There is no question about stinginess if we look at it as a matter of meaning and the use and the value of money the right way.

The family income is to be regarded. Mother spends the household budget. Father husbands resources—attends to the sum and the, investments. Both together in harmony. All the children come along they are given each, an allowance and taught to spend it.

Children begin their experiences with money by spending. They do not save money in the true sense of saving, until they are grown up.

Saving must have a purpose, a forward look, and children rarely have that.

Early—about the eighth year in their lives, we begin letting them buy little necessities out of the allowance. We begin teaching them to keep accounts. We extend the buying—we teach them to save a little each week, for a special treat. We indicate ways of earning money.

When the child reaches the age he should have a very good knowledge of the meaning, the use and the value of money. He should be able to buy his own necessities, take care of his own checking account.

If we educate children in the use of money in this way we will have less trouble with pilfering and allied interests.

How It Started

By Jean Newton

"WHO IS THAT GUY?"

Here is a common colloquial, almost slang interrogation in which the word "guy" is used synonymously with "fellow," "chap," "man," and so forth. How and from where do we get the word "guy" in this connection?

Curiously enough, the word "guy," so employed and the identical word "guy," meaning to tease, both have the same root source. And this is how it started.

Centuries ago, in ancient Scotland, the actors who played in the Christmas plays which took the form of pantomime were known as "guisers" or "guisards."

The acting of these "guisards was usually in the form of comedy and good-natured raillery of the villagers which made everyone laugh and which was called "guying."

Through the attrition of constant usage, this developed into "guise" and "disguise," to indicate that actors in their attempt to portray something that they were not, were in effect disguising themselves.

It is through this occasion that we really get the word "guy" in the sense in which we use it today and which changed meaning it has acquired through the process of corruption in the passage of the years.

Little Rambles With Serious Thinkers

Mohammed told his followers that when he rode to heaven on his white horse, he saw angels with eyes many miles apart. Each eye would be bigger than a big lake. That was exaggeration.

ARTHUR BRISBANE.

It is not easy to love or to like those who are not lovable or likable.

SHERWOOD ANDERSON.

There is a realm, we all believe, where the rainbow never fades, where the guiding stars spread out around us like the islands in the sea, and where the beautiful things that pass before us like shadows from the spheres will stay forever in our presence.

Senator Goff of West Virginia.

The woman who has mellowed and gained mature loveliness from life's sunshine and showers has a charm which the flapper cannot boast. To her and to the veteran toiler age is a bade of proficiency, not a flaw. There are the happiest thoughts for 1929.

Albert Payson Terhune.

Confucianism, the religion of China, is more detailed, more meticulous and more precise than any other code anywhere imagined by man.

FASHIONS

By FRANCES PAGET

The Blouse Is Accorded a Rousing Welcome by Femininity

New York, April 4—(UP)—It is welcome news to most women that blouses are again very much the vogue. They make for variety in costume at a relatively small cost and are particularly desirable at the spring season.

The tendency to individualize ensemble costumes through blouses is apparent in the variety of styles and fabrics employed for them shown in recent collections.

The tuck-in blouse still asserts itself as of importance in both tailored and softer feminine styles, while the sleeveless style is also to the fore. The endorsement of the tunic length blouse is interesting, especially as a contrast to the tuck-in theme, and the favor shown scarf and collar ends on soft blouses emphasizes the dress-maker feeling in the more formal blouse styles.

White is most frequently mentioned, particularly in satin with dark colored suits, and prints and bright silk crepes also register, while linens and cottons in prints and plain colors lend variety, printed lawn and handkerchief linen being examples.

One collection of ensembles shows blouses which are particularly adapted to formal types. With favor given to sleeveless blouses of important fabrics and a recurrent line of lingerie touches. For instance, one handkerchief linen blouse features drawnwork and insets of flat crepe in the color of the jacket and skirt. Each eye of the blouse is in printed handkerchief linen with lingerie touch introduced in its pale pink vestee.

What Today Means To You

By MARY BLAKE

APRIL 4TH

ARIES

If April 4th is your birthday, the best hours for you today are from 9:45 a. m. to 11:30 a. m. and from 4 p. m. to 6:30 p. m.; the only danger period is from 1:10 p. m. to 2 p. m.

Exploitation and development of new ideas and original systems will be favored by today's astrological influences. There will be sensed dissatisfaction with the "old-worn" and an urge to discover "fresh fields and pastures new."

Children born today will have wills of their own, and will allow nothing to interfere with their ambitions. They will be resentful of outside interference, very difficult to manage, selfish and self-centered. The signs, however, indicate that in a material way, they will be quite successful.

You are painstaking and industrious in all you undertake, yet, nevertheless, are destined to experience the extremes of good and bad luck. You possess a keen desire for speculation and are never happier than when taking a chance, although Mme. Fortune has demonstrated to you the difficulty of scoring along these lines. If you could overcome this tendency, and devote all your time and talents to legiti-

mate and straightforward your reward would be commensurate with the effort made.

You often, too, reach a certain point in some definite plan or deal and just when everyone thinks you are going over the top you precipitate retreat and lose the results that would easily have been yours with just a trifle more patience.

Your disposition is deeply passionate, yet your lack of calmness is so much in evidence that you are looked upon as cold and unemotional. You possess very vivid imagination, and can easily if you so desired, become settled position in the world of art.

Your memory is very retentive and you store up knowledge and descriptions in your mind—too, are very loyal—quixotic to a fault and kin, and you are disposed to regulate your life by rules and customs.

Successful People Born April 4

Cadwallader D. Colden, Lt.
Dorothea L. Dix, Philanthropist
Linup Hamilton Forgue has demonstrated to you the difficulty of scoring along these lines. If you could overcome this tendency, and devote
Thomas Kingsford, Manufacturer
Lawrence Barrett, Actor.
Gustav Kobbe, Author and Musicalist.

Daily Fashions

By MME. HAVET of MAISON AGNES.

COAT DRESS IS PRACTICAL FOR SPRING WEAR

The coat dress is a popular one for Spring wear, and I have it in a favored phase in the new collection. The wide flare embroidered in bright colors, belt in at the waist with a full and a narrow ripple, hidden on one side under the big gold which falls to the edge of the dress, the three buttons and the flower on the sleeve details that make this dress love.

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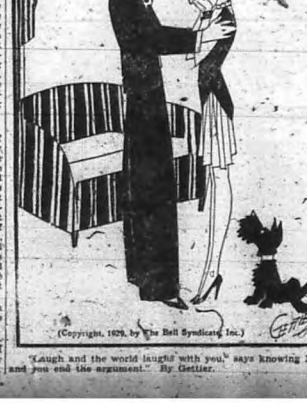
GIRLIGAGS



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"Laugh and the world laughs with you," says knowing Nora, "weep and you end the argument." By Gettler.

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WITTY KITTY

The girl-friend says don't give up your old husband until you know how much you can get on him! By Nina Wilcox Putnam.