

# THE GENERAL'S WIFE



*Mrs. Freyberg is not English but Scottish, which, the Major-General is careful to remind us, "is not the same." She is, of course, a gardener, and the very generous patch of Surrey that is the Freyberg country home blooms under her direction. When war broke out this lovely house was offered to the Lady Cynthia Moseley Home for the permanent evacuation of its 40 East End children*

*Mrs. Freyberg herself is at present in London running a St. John's Women's Corps. She is practical to a degree, and highly trained in all housewifely matters. Her other interest is music.*

## WHILE THE KETTLE BOILS

Dear Friends,

I have just received a big bundle of English papers, containing all the fashion news of the moment, so let's gather round for a gossip.

In London the war shadow has strongly influenced the trend of fashion, and a more sober note is the prevailing mood of the moment. Slacks are being worn by increasing numbers of women and are even seen in the more well-known restaurants. The Women's Service uniforms are a familiar part of London life, and it looks as though the feminine world has decided to put aside its conceits and its fancies to follow the masculine trend. But not quite—there will always be a section of women to whom Fashion is of paramount importance—and it is these devotees who give the celebrated English designing houses their continued affluence even in times of war.

Amidst the sombre note of war-time fashions, the description of a recent London wedding comes like an old-time romance. We may scoff a little at the regulation orange blossom and veil, but a bride, moving amidst a drift of snowy tulle, with flowers in her arms and in her hair, still seems more romantic to most of us than her more casual sister who is content with an every-day frock for this most important day in her life.

This particular English girl, golden-haired, and with the traditional peaches and cream complexion, chose a beautiful model frock of ice-blue wool lace. Its wide full skirt was stiffened over whalebone, and the bodice fashioned in a heart shape. Over the gown fell the bridal veil of misty blue tulle. A sheaf of pink shaded roses was carried, and a tight cluster of pink baby roses held the veil in place at the back of her head. The bridesmaids wore matching frocks of ice-blue tulle with shorter veils of the same shade. They carried Victorian posies of pink roses with long streamers of blue, silver-lined ribbon.

The recent visit of the Queen to Canada has given a tremendous lift to English fashions, and American women are omitting their annual Paris call and making direct for the London Houses.

Empire gowns are a feature of this season's evening mode—though the style, alas, is created only for the slender. The picture is completed with old-time stoles of ermine, chiffon, or lace; long graceful affairs that slip over the shoulders and flutter to the ground.

The bustle is still making a valiant fight, and all kinds of substitutes such as panniers, peplums, and large bows at the back of the corsage are utilised to create the desired effect.

In grandma's day the bustle was an institution. An interesting story is told of its extinction in America. It happened during the office of President Cleveland. A group of young newspaper men attending the tail-end of the Congress session found themselves at a loss for any startling news for their papers. A round table conference was held, and someone suggested that a snappy society item might serve the purpose in the way of copy. "Why not say that Mrs. Cleveland has decided to discard the bustle?"

Now the President's lady was young and beautiful and the acknowledged leader of fashion. When she read this printed statement about herself she was merely amused, and decided that the most convenient way out was not to contradict it. So she startled the fashion world by appearing without a bustle. After their first stunned surprise, American society women followed Mrs. Cleveland's example, and the bustle has remained extinct in America till this day, though fashion designers are now attempting to revive it.

Yours cordially,

*Cynthia*

## THE STORK HAS BEEN BUSY

This Christmas has, apparently, been a rare one for babies.

I chanced upon an old friend somewhere in the Christmas week who seemed to be, among other things, more than usually light-headed. Her hat was at a rakish angle. She carried what I mistook—rather badly—for a fishing bag. Her stockings were wrinkled and distinctly twisted. Her gaze was both vague and wild.

"Where're you going?" I asked, gripping her arm.

"I don't know," she replied, and I was alarmed that her tone sounded really convincing.

"I want to go to sleep," she added.

"No can do!" I ejaculated, jerking her up sharply. "Not here. Too much traffic. Better get home."

"Can't go home," she replied dreamily. "Another baby to-night. What's the time?"

And then the light dawned. Since I'd seen her three years ago, she'd added a maternity course to her nursing training.

"Look here," I said roughly, in the hope of a rational reply. "How long have you been in this stupor?"

"Haverft slept for thirty-six hours," she said. "Three babies. Two on Christmas Day. Fourth one to-night. Got to hurry."

"Good heavens—are the doctors as busy as you?" I asked.

"Busy? They're busy. But they put on their hats and go home. I gotta stay and clear up . . . There's my car."

She tore herself out of my grasp and went reeling in the wake of a jangling tram.

"Merry Christmas" I called after her.

She steadied herself on the back platform and stared stupidly down at me.

"What? O yes. Yes, of course." And a sudden jolt shot her inside.

*Ann Slade*

### Would You be Right? . . .

If you asserted that rainbows may be seen at night? It is true, The lunar rainbow was observed as far back as Aristotle. Generally speaking, rainbows are formed by the passage of light rays through water-drops. Moonlight, though it is, of course, only reflected sunlight, will produce this same effect.