

The Bride, and Grooming

Devote a Day to Beauty Ritual

By ELEANOR NANGLE

THE ROMANTIC scent of orange blossoms is in the air these days; the traditional month of brides is just around the corner of the calendar.

Her wedding day is one day in her life in which every girl must present a flawless picture. No matter how weary from pre-nuptial festivities nor how jittery from the unaccustomed spotlight, it is the day on which she must look her most beautiful—poised, polished, and perfect in the rôle.

Our own idea of the best beauty investment any bride could make is that she spend the day before her wedding in the beauty salon. The whole day, too. She should begin, as so many beauty-wise brides do who patronize a Chicago salon, with a general relaxing treatment. A brief, easy, steadying session of exercises that unkink the nerves, followed by gentle body massage.

Then a face treatment. In this salon such a treatment will consist of cleansing, toning, and lubricating. It leaves her skin glowing, dewy, and satin smooth.



The best beauty preparation for the wedding is a day in the beauty salon. Here the bride-to-be has a soothing massage that unkinks nerves and erases fatigue.

She has her hair done, of course. The line the skilful hair stylist executes depends on her own contour and on the lines of the veil or hat she will wear as she approaches the altar. If she is wise she has her permanent at least a week before the wedding. Too tight waves would be dreadful. She has her "set" at least a day before for exactly the same reason.

...

She has a hand treatment, a manicure, and a pedicure. And if she is a patron of this salon, which has studied the beauty problems of the bride, she arranges to have an attendant come to her home the day of the wedding, to make her up, to make up her bridesmaids, and

to see that every member of the wedding party presents a beautiful picture—perfect down to the small detail of nail polish. She chooses a perfume—and uses it on the great day—that echoes the scent of her own bouquet. Her attendants walk in the same sweet fragrance.

Searching around for a gift to the bride you like best? You couldn't do better than to arrange that she spend a day in a beauty salon as your guest and there be beautified exquisitely in preparation for that most important day of her life!

A treatment the day before the wedding cleanses, tones, and beautifies the face that will be the focus of all eyes while the wedding march is being played.



The bride, serene, beautiful, exquisitely made up, and therefore daring enough to introduce color into her costume.

(Tribune Studio photos.)

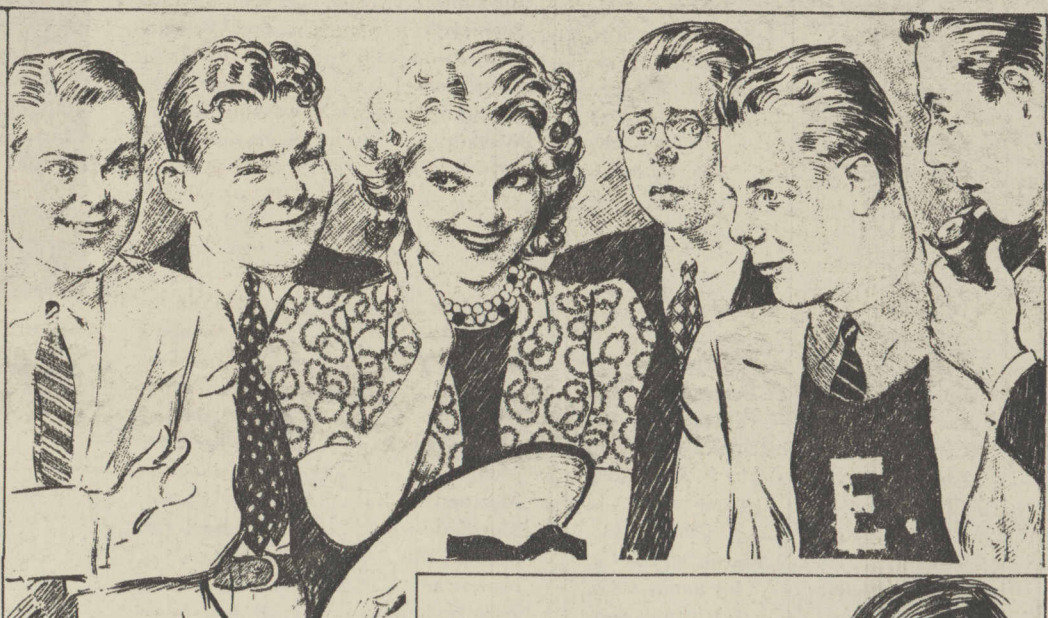
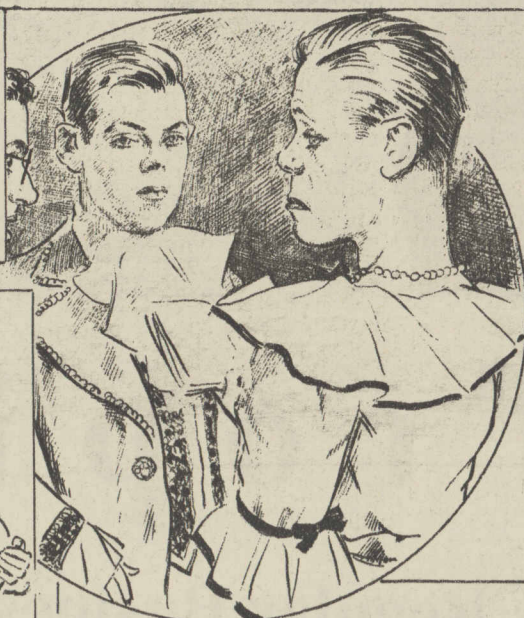
At right: A flawless hairdress is imperative for the bride. Here a skilful stylist designs a coiffure that dramatizes the veil arrangement.



PREP SCHOOL CLOSING

By W. E. Hill

Copyright, 1938, by Chicago Tribune-N. Y. News Syndicate, Inc.

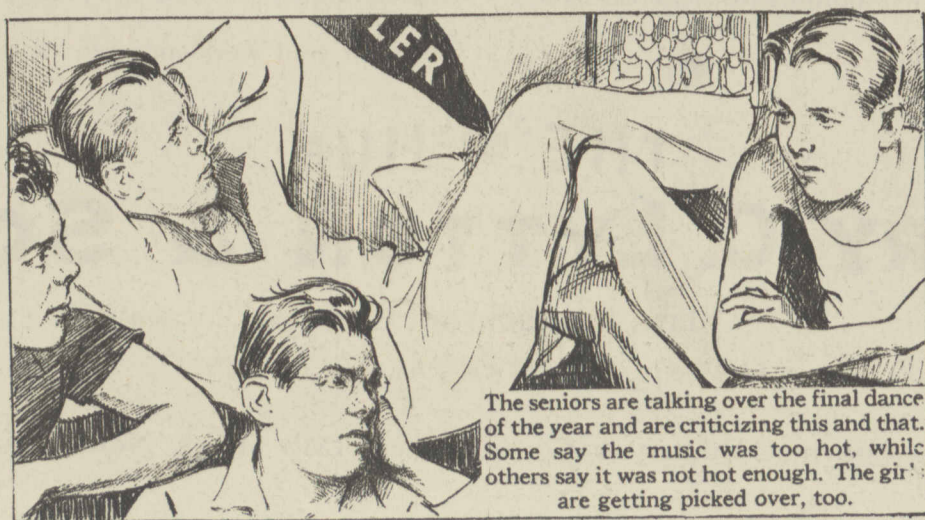


Backstage at the school play, where Mrs. Malaprop, minus her wig, is relaxing after forgetting her part and falling over her train on her exit. The boys are consoling her, saying, "Bob, you did swell! No one in the audience noticed it!" (The boys wanted to do "Tobacco Road," but the English instructor said no, there were too few classics being done.)

Buddy Magee is much taken with a friend's sister at the school dance. Tells her how starved they get during the term without any beautiful women around. Asks her to guess his age and she guesses 25, which delights him. Says he thinks maybe he seems older because he's had more experience with women than a lot of guys, etc., etc.

"Well, be good, Mr. Hall. Don't get mixed up with too many wild women this Summer."

Dr. Holby, the school head, is showing a next year's prospect and his parents over the school and is being very sweet about it, considering they could have chosen a more opportune day. An old boy has been drafted into the group to make the new boy feel at home and is telling the happy prospect about the cellar under the gym where new boys are initiated.



The seniors are talking over the final dance of the year and are criticizing this and that. Some say the music was too hot, while others say it was not hot enough. The girls are getting picked over, too.



Dad and Mumsie are on hand for the close of school, and Alvin parks them with Prof. Gedney, leaving Alvin free for the rest of the afternoon.



"Boy, do I hate to part from this racket!" Hotsie McKenzie, who leaves school for good this term, sells a few choice possessions to lower form boys at a fair profit.



This is Stickney's first dinner coat, and he hopes the girls will like him in it. The tie won't stay put.