

IS FOR CONSERVATIVE WOMEN



This tailored suit with its long, becoming lines is of navy serge, and is one of the American fall fashions which should appeal to conservative women.

HOW MILADY ADJUSTS VEIL

Favorite Arrangement is to Place It Over Top of Hat; Little Over Brim.

For some reason American women have not been so eager to go back to the habit of wearing veils as have French women. You know during the war veils seemed to be one of the necessities that women seemed to think they could dispense with. It might have been predicted that the American woman who had always had the reputation of wearing her veil rather nicely would have gone back to the veil habit with more enthusiasm. In the meantime veils have been worn with much enthusiasm in France and there is good reason to believe that as autumn weather returns we will wear veils more generally.

There are always some women who do not feel that they have adjusted a veil right unless they have fastened it securely in place by means of invisible hairpins at the back of the hair. However, this is a bit old-fashioned, the present mode demanding a freer arrangement.

A favorite way of arranging the lace veil is to place it over the top of the hat with just a little of the edge appearing over the edge of the brim. The veil is draped on the top of the hat and then sometimes one end hangs down the back while the other is drawn around and draped across the neck in front. This, of course, needs a fairly large hat.

Sometimes on a small hat the veil is arranged loosely so that the edge does not come quite to the tip of the nose and the ends are brought around in front to veil the neck.

Again the large lace veil is sometimes placed simply across the hat, the ends hanging evenly down on either side, falling loosely over the shoulders and terminating about the elbows.

The keynote to the whole thing seems to be that the veil should be placed with seeming freedom, though of course it should be well enough secured to make sure that it does not become disarranged.

LIKE ORIGINAL APRON IDEAS

Patrons of Bazaar Booths Always Attracted by Simple Apparel Dear to the Heart.

As long as the apron is the feminine badge of housewifely virtues, Modern Priscilla believes that apron booths at bazaars will be forgone conclusions and profitable enterprises. But women with a little "business imagination" will succeed in instilling novelty into an old idea and make it pay larger dividends by real business methods. One committee invested a conservative amount from the club treasury, selected several practical, popular apron styles and bought materials to make up a number of each. This material, cut, stamped, ready for working, they gave out to their friends, who were much more ready to contribute their bit in this way than to "think up" an apron idea themselves.

To-Make a Strong Edge.

When crocheting an edge around the neck of a gown, or anything of this sort, take a piece of common white twine, double it, hold it on the underside of the garment; work over this into the edge of the goods. The goods will roll over the twine as you proceed and will prevent tearing down. If the twine is heavy, one thickness will be sufficient.

A BOUTONNIERE

By E. M. BANGS.

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Madeline threw down her pencil and pushed away her block of paper.

"Truly, girls," she exclaimed, "my brain is a complete fizzle. Seems to me I can't think of another rhyme to save my life!"

Frances and Margaret laughed. "I imagine ours are in about the same condition," said Frances. "We must have enough. Let's not write any more."

These three friends—who had been called the Blue Triangle, as all had noticeably blue eyes—were to have charge of the flower booth at a bazaar to take place the following week, for the benefit of a local charity. Somebody had conceived the pleasing idea of making a quantity of little boutonnieres, each one to contain a fortune-telling rhyme, either original or a quotation. So it was for the preparing of these that the three girls were racking their brains on this September evening.

Truth to tell, however, Madeline had not been thinking of rhymes for a good five minutes. Instead she had been asking herself over and over again, why it was that Donald Hunter had not called, or even telephoned, for three weeks, when up to that time few days had passed that she had neither seen nor heard from him. Whenever she had met him on the street either he or she had been with someone else, and he had passed on with a most formal lifting of his hat.

"Wait a moment," Margaret broke in on her thoughts a little later. "I've just evolved another rhyme, partly original. Listen:

"Happiness waits that you little expect, Gold from vessels you thought were wrecked."

"That's fine," Frances commented. "It might mean most anything."

"Oh, Madeline," Margaret began, after a pause, "what do you think I heard the other day?"

"Madeline shook her head. "No idea."

"Well, I heard that you and Leon Brown were engaged."

"How absurd!"

"Well, you know you have been seen with him rather often lately."

Had she? Yes, and usually when she had come across Donald she had been with Leon.

"Guess that's what makes Don Hunter look so sober of late," suggested Frances.

"Does he?" Madeline assumed an indifference she was far from feeling. "I haven't seen him lately."

"I like that last rhyme of yours, Margaret," Frances approved. "We can put it with some boutonnieres not as pretty as the others, if there is one, by the way of compensation."

On the evening of the opening of the bazaar Madeline put on a pale blue gown of which Donald has once expressed his unqualified approval. Her golden brown hair curled about her face, a faint color was in her cheeks and a sparkle in her eyes, and with Margaret's black hair and "eyes of Irish blue," and Frances' blond beauty, the Blue Triangle found a fitting background in the green of the flower booth. The boutonnieres with the fortune-telling rhymes were arranged in two lots, one for ladies and one for gentlemen.

Among the first to buy a boutonniere was Leon Brown. He stood a moment after making his purchase, and reading his fortune, then finding Madeline too busy to give him much attention, he sauntered away, only to return a little later and repeat the process, and when for the third time he was seen approaching their booth, Margaret said in an aside to Frances: "Mr. Brown seems to visit us early and often."

"If Madeline doesn't want him," was the laughing response, "she might hand him over to one of us. He's not half bad."

Meantime Madeline had seen Donald across the room, but it was toward the end of the evening when he passed by the flower booth.

"What is this I hear about some magic button hole bouquets?" he asked.

"They are wonderful," Madeline assured him. "You want one, of course?"

She turned the bouquets a little till a certain pansy was conspicuous.

"Won't you select it for me?" the young man asked.

Madeline seemed to hesitate, as she looked over the flowers.

"I'm afraid most of our prettiest ones have been sold," she said, regretfully. "You should have been here earlier in the evening."

"But as I understand it, it is not their beauty, but the fortune they tell that makes them attractive in this case," he returned.

"Well, pansies for thoughts, you remember." The girl handed him two purple pansies as she spoke.

The young man took them, and a moment later drew out a tiny roll of paper.

"Happiness waits that you little expect, Gold from vessels you thought were wrecked."

He read the lines and glanced quickly up at Madeline.

The tell-tale color flooded her face, and seeing it, Donald bent eagerly nearer, a new light in his eyes.

"Did you know?" he began. "Did you mean for me to get this?"

The girl's reply was scarcely audible above the hum of voices all about them, but it really didn't matter, for in her eyes he had read his answer.

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