

## COTTON IN FAVOR

Dress Fabrics for Summer Are to Be Attractive.

Weaves Fine and Beautiful; Rich Shades Are Taken From the Silk Color Card.

The cotton dress fabrics for the summer of 1921 represent one of the most remarkable achievements in the history of the manufacturing of materials. While the weaves are fine and beautiful it is not there that the real achievement lies. It is in the dyeing. The shades are taken from the silk color card and the same shades are faithfully reproduced in cottons as they appear in the most beautiful of silks—and the silks have been marvelous during the past few years.

It is difficult to give you an idea of the hundreds of delicate hues. One organdie alone comes in 83 shades, ranging from the palest tints to deep colors. All the new red, brown and orange tones, so much favored in the smartest of winter garments, are seen in the cotton materials.

Next to the color comes the weave. There are sheer organdies entirely new in pattern and weave. Some come in fancy checks, the checks being in different degrees of thickness, but the whole very sheer. Brocaded organdies are in the patterns of the handsomest silks of the present day and old-fashioned damasks.

Dropstitch volles in myriads of beautiful shades are being effectively worked out in copies of French lingerie frocks that carry a great deal of hand-drawn work, thus making a simple yet distinguished dress without the expense of the handwork.

Among the family of English prints is a new arrival known as Tropical English print. The cloth itself is soft, much like a fine batiste, but beautifully printed, as its name indicates, in all the colors seen in a tropical landscape or sunset. Some of the patterns and colorings are a bit weird, it is true, but these are overbalanced by the many that are unusual without being bizarre. Some are in old-fashioned challis patterns that are certain of success through the quaint old-time appeal that they make.

Dotted swiss is always a favorite with the American woman, although little used by the French, so being one of the most popular cotton fabrics used in this country, great attention has been paid to it in regard to color. There are wonderful henna shades, sapphire blue, various shades of maize, brown and most remarkable reds.

## THE "VAMP" HAT FOR SPRING



"The Vampire" is aptly applied to this spring hat, a creation of enameled straw, with chantilly lace and tassels of silk thread and jet beads draped over the ear.

## FASHION HINTS FROM PARIS

The new French hats worn at winter resorts are shown in exquisite shades. A lovely one of navy blue taffeta is covered with henna uncurled ostrich feathers.

Bright and deep red, warm coral, henna are used to trim white dresses or other gowns in soft colors.

Jeweled straps serve to secure at the shoulders the tight bodices of the new evening gowns.

Capes continue to be in favor. More than ever furs will be extensively used in the trimming of spring wraps. Capes made entirely of laces are among the charming novelties offered to the elegant "going south."

Organdie will again be all the rage. Organdie embroidered with little flowers will be used a great deal as it is both charming and quaint.

And now the Parisiennes are wearing duvety gloves.

Very chic the velvet dinner gown made with high neck, long, tight fitting sleeves and a double train; the skirt is rather short and its edge uneven.

## Gum Arabic With Starch.

To give a beautiful gloss to collars, procure two ounces of fine white gum arabic and pound it to powder, put it into a pitcher and pour on to it a pint or more of boiling water, according to the strength you desire. Cover and let stand overnight. In the morning, pour it carefully from the pitcher into a clean bottle, cork and keep for future use. A teaspoonful of gum water stirred into a pint of starch made in the usual way will give a beautiful gloss to collars, and to lawns a look of newness. It is also good for dresses and all kinds of lace.

## THE POET

By JACK LAWTON.

(© 1921, Western Newspaper Union.)

"It seems to me," Bob Chalmers said, "that you are looking thin, Don, and worried."

The young men sat before the fireplace in Bob's bachelor apartment. It was sometime since the two had met, and after the usual recollections of college days spent together, Bob, saying his friend over the bowl of his pipe, made the concerned remark.

"I am worried," Don burst out impulsively, "terribly worried over Helen, which is the new name my fiancée has given herself, and it's part of the new foolishness that possesses her. Where she got it I don't know, unless the poet fellow who gave readings before her aunt's culture glass put the nonsense into her head. However that may be, an ordinary man is mere common clay, in Helen's opinion, since the poet made his entrance and exit. I, it appears, am the commonest of all because of my devotion to business. And she has not spared my feelings in hinting that a matter of fact business man is no fitting mate for her. She must soar, she says, whatever that may be, to a more elevating sphere, and all that rot.

"We quarrel every time we meet. She wants a poet for a lover. So I'm out."

Donald leaned forward abruptly. "And it hurts to lose her," he said, "that's the strange part of it. With all her unreasonable whims, little Helen is the only one girl for me."

Bob Chalmers studied the fire with an amused smile.

"Couldn't you turn poet," he asked, "until her fancy passes?"

Donald Bruce arose and reached for his coat.

"No, I can't," he answered shortly, "and the thing is not a fancy with Helen, but a conviction. My middle name is Gloom, these days. Can I drop in and unload my troubles when I pass your city next month? It's mighty nice to have a friend on my route."

"Always welcome," Bob Chalmers answered. "Where did you say that your little girl lives?"

"In Elsmere," Donald replied, "a small town in easy commuting distance."

Bob Chalmers whistled meditatively as he removed his necktie and continued to whistle rumpling his wavy locks before the mirror.

At the end of a month Donald came again. Bob Chalmers greeted him cordially, then as his friend was comfortably seated in the big chair, Bob frowned.

"Thinner and more worn looking than ever!" he exclaimed.

Don also frowned.

"Well, don't rub it in," he said. "I'm one is fool enough to fall in love with a girl, one has to keep on loving her, it seems. At least that's my case. And now—" he laughed shortly, "there is no hope for me at all. Helen has met her poet."

Bob stared.

"Oh! Well, poets these days are much like their brothers," he comforted. "Have to be up to date and busy. The idle dreamer was a product of the past."

"Not this poet," Don contradicted. "He is all that the heart of a romantic maiden could wish. My own sister is touched with Helen's enthusiasm—describes this stranger's charms by the hour, then sits looking pensively into space. It was almost," added Bruce, "make you sick. His name's enough to make a man sick, too—Leslie Laverne."

"Sounds made up," said Bob. "Probably is," Donald agreed. "The evening was not a success. Don took his departure early."

"I'm not good company," he sadly told his friend. In understanding sympathy Bob wrung his hand.

"Cheer up," he said, "and do not fall to stop over on your next trip."

Donald's next coming was after more than a month's absence. Bob, leaning back under the lamp, and smiling at nothing in particular, heard his friend's voice at the door.

"Come right in, Don," he called, and Don came in. His face was beaming. He fell promptly into the proffered chair and as promptly began his story.

"You see," he explained "I can't stay long, for Helen is just around the corner at her aunt's, waiting for me to take her to the theater. We are engaged again, and I guess the poet did the job for me. Anyway, Helen never wants to see a poet again. 'Fed up,' as I understand it. Read lyrics to her morning, noon and evening, and incidentally took his meals at her house, later, to the disgust of the family. They rather liked the fellow at first, it appears, but when he monopolized the house and continued to overlook such worldly matters as taxi fares or the price of opera tickets, when he and Helen went out together, why, it was not only her faith in him which was shaken, but the whole structure of her fanciful theory. Beauty is all right in its place, you know, but present needs recognized. Anyway, little Helen sent for me, and I went like a dog. And now you should hear her prate of the nobleness of true manhood, meaning—myself."

"Don," his friend remarked quietly, "all has worked out as I expected. And now, the least you can do is to put me straight with your sister. I have been Leslie Laverne."

"Don't you turn poet," he asked, "until her fancy passes?"

Donald Bruce arose and reached for his coat.

"No, I can't," he answered shortly, "and the thing is not a fancy with Helen, but a conviction. My middle name is Gloom, these days. Can I drop in and unload my troubles when I pass your city next month? It's mighty nice to have a friend on my route."

## COSTUME OF BLACK VELVET



Passed as correct by the board of national fashion centers, this charming restaurant costume of black velvet and mole, from the shoes to the becoming black hat, has been given the final stamp of approval.

## FOR NEXT SEASON'S DRESSES

Gorgeous Materials for Spring and Summer Wear Are Arriving From Europe.

From Europe there come samples of gorgeous materials destined for the spring and summer dresses. They have embroidered fabrics that quite take one's breath away because of the intricacy of the work they display. The eyelet work is very popular with the French, and they have produced more than one material which shows this sort of embroidery used in an all-over pattern of borders that are designed to be used as trimming for the prospective gown. They embroider on silk, on chiffon, on taffeta and on a variety of other allied fabrics.

They have a voile that has an all-over pattern done in thread work running over its entire surface. This allows so great a variety of color combinations that it cannot help but meet with favor. There is another imported voile in white with a pattern in black made up of squares and dots embroidered on its surface.

The French are also showing materials with embroidered designs. They have what they call a sponge cloth which is embroidered in this manner and which is used both for skirts and for the trimming of bodices that go with them.

## SOFT SILK GOWNS ARE WORN

Heavy Clinging Fabric That Falls Into Long, Graceful Lines, Much in Evidence.

Gowns made of soft, heavy clinging silks that fall into long, graceful lines are much in evidence. These gowns are embroidered with jet, chameleon beads or trimmed with lace, but the appeal of the gown lies in the drapery and the fabric.

Satin, too, is high in favor with the designers, because it combines so beautifully with serge, tricotes and the other woolsens and the sheer stuffs so well. Satin is equally at its best in evening gowns and wraps, though when the lights are brightest the same materials will prove a serious rival. This season it is the glitter of gold rather than silver we prefer.

Broadcloth is considered en mode. It is not out of place upon the ballroom floor and occasionally it develops madam's evening gown, although as the usual thing it is requisitioned for the afternoon frock.

Good Ironing Surface. To make an ironing board on which it is a joy to iron, take one roll of cotton batting such as is used for comforts and puffs. Spread the cotton batting evenly over the board and fasten over this a cover made from unbleached muslin, tacking it down around the sides of the board. An extra length of muslin or unbleached cotton which can easily be washed should be used as an outer cover.

A Dye. To dye a bit of ribbon, rafia or thread quickly, mix some oil paint with enough gasoline to wet the article. When the desired shade is acquired, dip the goods and it will have a "never fade" oil color.

## THE PROPOSAL

By LYDIA S. MOWER.

(© 1921, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

"Beth, dear," in a very dreamy voice, "what do they do in this town when it rains?"

I looked up. Whenever Jane has any news to break she begins by saying absolutely senseless things. Now what had she done? Jane is always doing something. I resumed my sewing.

"I wish I had a million dollars—er an angora kitten, or something."

Silence.

"Beth, do you suppose that man out there knows that his neck has lost its collar?"

I gave up. She couldn't say anything much sillier and I might as well listen then as any time. I put away Charles' sock that I was darning, folded my hands in resignation, and waited. I did not have to wait long.

"Bill Wentworth's crazy over me, isn't he? Funny how all the men fall for me. . . . Jane is irresistible," and she gurgles. "I'm like your bull, homely, but interesting. Oh, don't bother to assure me that I'm not really bad-looking—rather chic, you know. What were we talking about? Oh, I remember, 'Little Bill.'"

"Little Bill! He'd make three of her."

"Jane," I broke in, "why do you always laugh at Bill? He's marvelous, and every other girl in town is fishing for him but you."

"We—all—he does send me wonderful chocolate almonds and fresh violets."

I was about to sigh again, but the telephone's ringing interrupted me. My guest ran off to answer.

Bill Wentworth! Yes, sir, he would make an ideal husband for Jane. When Jane danced into the room a minute later I asked who called up.

"Oh—er—nobody—just Bill."

"What did he want?"

"Oh, nothing. I thought I might see him over to the clubhouse tonight, that's all."

Jane tripped off to the club before my husband and I were ready, but it wasn't long before we followed her. All the younger set was there ahead of us, and I saw Dorothy Walker and Bill away off in a corner of the piazza. Oh, dear!—Dorothy, the vamp.

I worried through two horribly long dances before I saw Jane. I pulled her by force away from young Henderson, and whispered that Bill was looking for her down by the piazza. She didn't give me much encouragement, but I hunted up Bill and told him that Jane had been asking for him and had started for the piazza. Bill gave me a queer stare and his heart sank. Perhaps I was only making a bad matter worse. I didn't tell Charles—my husband, you know—because he wouldn't understand. He'd laugh and call me a little silly. I was a few minutes I suggested a walk over the links. Almost instantly we saw a figure stride toward us. It was Bill! I stiffened. Would he see us? O-o-h! He missed us, thank goodness, and hurried on to the next seat.

I listened with all my ears. Not a sound. Hadn't Jane . . . a shriek! Next a gasp and a deep masculine rumble.

"No—yes—oh—no, oh dear, oh dear," feminine words.

"Don't!—again the feeble little feminine voice.

Bill's voice interrupted; it was very earnest, and low—so low that we couldn't distinguish a word.

"Oh Bill, please—you're hurting me!"

"No—no—Bill—I can't."

"Jane—dear!"

"No—I can't—I can't."

She was refusing! The little feet! Just wait until—

"Go away—please, Bill."

And he did.

I woke up the next morning scowling. Oh, yes—Jane, the little wretch! He was the catch of the season, at least every one said so. I slipped into my kimono and tip-toed into Jane's room. But there was no need to tip-toe. Jane was up, and dressed—and as early as nine o'clock on a Saturday morning. I stared. She beamed.

"Good morning, you sweet bride. Aren't you up yet?"

I frowned. Was she glorying in the fact that she had broken a heart?

"Beth, what's the matter with you?"

"Why did you send him away? It was cruel, Jane."

To my horror the child threw back her head and laughed and laughed.

"My dear, I had to take my whole skirt off. Bill couldn't lift me down I was in such a position."

My eyes opened wider and wider.

"I don't quite—"

Jane gurgled and explained what I mistook for a passionate proposal. The little idiot had climbed into a tree (goodness knows why) and on seeing Bill had, in her excitement, slipped, caught her skirt in an old stump of a branch and hung dangling. What I had heard was poor Bill trying to rescue his "lady fayre." I must have shown my disappointment.

"Don't be shocked, Beth. When I'm a young matron"—(she gurgled again, but I am a matron now)—"I won't climb any more trees. Er—Beth—er—what have we for breakfast? Wait, listen, Beth—I had something to tell you yesterday, but Bill and I—er—last Thursday—that is—oh, Beth—I want a platinum ring, don't I, just like yours?"

## HELEN LYNCH



Popular Helen Lynch, who has been seen in some of the excellent pictures, and who is a prima "movie" star, was born in Montana eighteen years ago. She is blonde and blue eyed, and professes to like "thrilly" stories. Her ambition is to do dramatic parts, but her appearance is that of a delightful ingenue.



WELL, I been deess place, capital Washington, fva, seexa day now and I dunno somating yet. Every day I go geeva look at da senate and da congress and every time cos juss same—too moocha talk and no de somating.

You know, weeth talk deess bunch getta more speed as da locomote on da railroad. But weeth wert eej da same shift as Halley's comet.

Other day my frien wet go cen dat place weeth me say one man was gonna introduce da Bill. I aska "Bill who?" and he tella me I dunno somating.

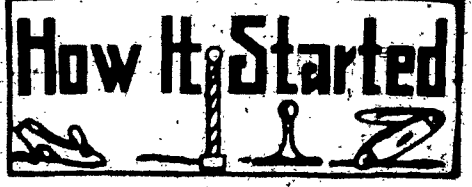
Now I dunno wet for my frien talka da way weeth me. I feegure eet dat man cen da congress was gonna introduce somebody he tella hees lasse name anyway. Eef Bill was no stranger cen dat place wetell's da use introduce. You know, I am smarta guy, too.

I aska my frien one more time wet was Bill's lasta name and he say I am craze cen da head. "Jusa wait and geeva look," he say.

So I waita tree, four hour cen dat place for see wet Bill looka like. But he no show up. Dat guy wet introduce heem starta maka da speech. He talka too long and I getta deessgnat.

I am pretty mad so I leava dat place and go home. And I tink Bill feels same way and go home, too. Dat guy talka so long Bill gotta time for getta acquaint heemself wetout introduce.

Wot you tink?



## THE MILE.

THE Roman unit of long measure was 1,000 paces, called a "milli," Latin for 1,000. The distance was, of course, only approximate, but the word, shortened to "mile," persisted and all the modern units are derived from it. One minute of Earth's equator was chosen as the geographical mile. There are 10 recognized standard miles, varying from 1 to 6.84 times our statute mile of 5,280 feet, which was defined in Queen Elizabeth's time.

(Copyright.)

## A LINE O' CHEER

By John Kendrick Bangs.

## AS TO THE GALLERY.

I care not if they say of me I play unto the gallery. For in those places up on high Where wealth and fashion seldom fly,

I find that many a fellow sits With solid mind and simple wit, Who hath a soul as full of glow As any sitting down below.

While 'mongst the more exclusive oft I've found a head that's mighty soft.

Wh'ought for its location is— Except the cash to pay for it— (Copyright.)

## ADVERTISING IN OLDEN

Collection in Pennsylvania Shows It Was a Fine Art in Generation Ago.

Advertising was a fine art in Philadelphia when Dock street was the business men of those days.

The proof that the business men of those days was a large collection of billboards, newspapers and other things.

These things that have just been passed by the Pennsylvania museum play in Memorial hall.

In those days every newspaper of note used the columns of the paper. The front pages of the of the time were devoted to advertising matter.

Virtually all of the business also used elaborately decorated heads, generally copper plates.

The customs were from England, although the printers often struck an original—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

READY FOR THAT PROPOSAL

Mrs. — Who is your husband? Hurry to see husband's good his proposal.

Now, Mr. — I am a Democrat, and Mrs. — I am a Democrat. Before the election I tried to influence the voters.

Mrs. — of Democratic persuasion. My husband, you know, watched the election papers one after the other.

Mrs. — was visibly shocked. She said nothing, and went to bed.

The next morning she was cheerful, smiling and dancing Sunday best. Mr. — was surprised. "Why, mother, you are up," he exclaimed. "What do you mean?"

"Oh, nothing," was her reply. "except that I'm getting ready to get my husband's property."

An Advantage for the Schoolhouse. This notice was given in a schoolhouse door when the school was closed.

"This school will be closed today, election day, so the citizens will have a chance to vote."

"New citizens? What's that?" "I don't get that."

"Why the women in the schoolhouse are all getting ready to vote."

"They get to vote this year?" "Oh, the little fellows come into his eyes."

every election day, but then his voice goes in a rath for woman suffrage. Hurrah!"

A National Fiasco. "Extravaganza," said the mine at a dinner. "In which most of our ill-fated and the most extravagant people of Senator Chamberlain's."

"How many of us?" "Like the young woman."

"Young Mr. —" "He is a dreadful professional at a club."

"Yes? How?" "I don't know."

"Why, you know, for their going away, you can't go away."

How to Build a Building. The building will be built by John Jacob Astor.

The property will be sold by John Jacob Astor.

A Man's Honor. A man's honor is a beautiful thing. It is a thing that is not to be sold.

A Man's Honor. A man's honor is a beautiful thing. It is a thing that is not to be sold.