



Elsa Gets Her Picture Hat

By WINIFRED DUNBAR.

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"I wish I had one of those new picture hats," sighed Elsa Dunbar and knew that she sighed in vain, but did not know that her fond wish had been overheard—and by a veritable little fairy.

The village picnic was due the next day and two girls had passed the humble home with the new feminine fad in Wharton—picture hats. Elsa saw and wished.

Elsa was a great favorite with the children of Wharton. Two had come to have her tell them stories—little Nettie Lane and her brother. They stood outside the fence where Elsa did not see them and they heard the wish uttered.

The wise little Nettie was impressed by the deep, earnest manner of the speaker. In fact, a slight shade of seriousness on the face of her great favorite caused Nettie to remain outside.

"Come, brother," she said to her companion. "Miss Dunbar is sad and worried and we won't bother her today. Did you hear what she said?"

"That she wanted a picture hat?"

"Yes. What's a picture hat, Nettie?"

"You know how girls wear pictures in lockets and in the backs of watches, and that?" replied Nettie. "Well, I'll bet a picture hat is where a girl gets the photograph of her beau and pins it in her hat—see?"

She went to the picnic the next day and so did all the town, Elsa included. The latter wore the hat she had worn all summer. She saw that her father and mother were comfortably bestowed in a shady spot. Then she placed her hat and light wrap alongside the lunch basket and wandered about the grounds.

The moment Elsa was out of sight Nettie stole up to the discarded hat. She proceeded to pin the photograph of a very handsome young man inside the hat. Father Dunbar was doing and his wife was reading.

Now by another strange freak of fate, a young man, a stranger in Wharton, strolled by that spot a few moments later. His name was Lisle Devon. He had come to the town on very important business the day previous. He had met with the loss of a wallet containing important papers—and could do no business until he had found them. He had sauntered down to the picnic grounds to put in the time.

"Impossible!" abruptly exclaimed this model young man, and he passed with a shock as his eye lit upon Elsa's hat with the photograph pinned upon it—for it was his own portrait.

The recognition of his property must have excited him greatly, for he unceremoniously picked up the hat and approached Mrs. Dunbar.

"Madam," he said in haste and eagerness, "can you tell me to whom this hat belongs?"

"Why, yes, to my daughter, Miss Elsa Dunbar," replied her mother wonderingly.

"Is she here? Can I find her? Excuse me, but an extraordinary thing has happened and—"

Still marveling, Mrs. Dunbar told him that her daughter was somewhere about the grounds.

Lisle Devon heard voices and through a leafy copse he made out the figure of a crafty-faced old man and a lovely young girl—Elsa herself.

"I've said my say," the old man was observing; "I buy what I want in this world and I offer to buy you. If you won't, I shall foreclose that five hundred dollar mortgage on your home."

Elsa shrank from the outstretched hands of the old man as if they were those of a vampire. "I would die before that—are you heartless?" she asked.

"Devide by tomorrow," said old Silas Bounderby, and he hobbled off chuckling.

The young man amazed Elsa by addressing her and explaining about his photograph. They returned to their present resting place.

"I cannot understand how your picture came there," she said, and just then a laugh of mischief from behind a near tree disclosed little Nettie.

Yes, she had placed the picture there, she confessed readily. Where did she get it? She had found a big wallet lying in the road. It was full of papers and the photograph. That was all she wanted to make dear Miss Dunbar a picture hat! And the wallet? Oh, she had tossed that in the old unused chicken house.

"There is one contract there the loss of which would mean the loss of \$20,000 for our city house," Lisle Devon explained to Elsa.

A week, naturally he saw Elsa again. He bought Nettie a great handsome doll as a reward. He told Elsa that only for her he might never have recovered the precious papers.

Secretly he paid off the mortgage to old Silas Bounderby, then one eventful evening he called on the Dunbar home with a question on his lips.

Would you allow him to buy all her hats, picture hats included, for the rest of her life?

And Elsa answered blushing: "Yes."

Purely Practical View.

"Do you believe our early ancestors were simians?"

"Why, no," said Lisle Devon. "Even if they were, they didn't leave any estates worth arguing about."

BAGS AND PURSES

Diminutive Proportions the Most Distinctive Note.

Despite Small Size They Contain Compartments Combining Usefulness With Ornamentation.

A handbag or purse is an important accessory of the modern woman's outfit. The French woman looks upon this article principally for its decorative value, while her American sister considers it more from the standpoint of utility.

The most distinctive note in the new purses lies in their diminutive proportions, but despite their small size they contain numerous necessary compartments, thus combining usefulness with ornamentation.

To achieve the compact effect mentioned above without sacrificing the various essential compartments, designers of bags have been forced to tax their ingenuity to the utmost. That they have succeeded in their task is evident from the lovely things now being offered.

There are bags in pouch shapes, considerably smaller than the purses of past seasons; bags with drawstrings, and last, but perhaps best liked, the envelope purse. The latter is being shown in numerous different shapes, the square and oblong effects being unusually prominent.

In bags evolved from dress materials, duvetyne and fallie silk as well as crepe and satin striped duvetyne are in the vanguard. Velvet and moire, although used to some extent, both seem to have been relegated to a less prominent place.

Fur, too, plays a large part in purses. Not only are entire bags made from it, but those of silk or duvetyne have fur applied as a trimming. This is especially true of the peit of the monkey, which has been used in every conceivable way on this season's clothes.

One model of tan duvetyne has the fur fringe projecting from folds, while on another it is seen beneath the frame and allowed to cover a considerable portion of the bag.

Broadtail and baby lamb are frequently used for the envelope shapes, while moleskin, which is more pliable, finds a place in the pouchy effects and drawstring bags.

NAVY AND GRAY COMBINATION



Navy and Gray Duvetyne Combined in an Original Manner Contribute to the Distinctive Smartness of this Winsome Coat.

GIRLISH DRESSES AND HATS

Tendency to Use Big Sashes on Afternoon and Evening Attire—Demand for Fur Turbans.

On the more girlish evening and afternoon dresses, note a Paris fashion writer, there is a tendency to use big sashes of tulle or of chiffon liberally furnished with bows and ends, regardless of any type of pattern. They suit the gown and the wearer—that is all. And that they succeed in doing admirably. Here again the sash and its ends are apt to supply the only sparkle of color on the whole, the rest of the gown being either of white or of black and serving merely as a background for the display.

The habit of placing one big flower at the side of the waistline is another one that has found great favor with designers. It is apt to be very much of a modern art flower with single huge petals made of velvet in startling colors. On an evening gown, the flower often repeats a suggestion of color in another part of the gown and by that process makes the color take a most effective position in the whole design.

Hats of the middle season are also things of compromise; many of the extraordinary shapes that threatened to have passed away. The compromise usually leaves us with the points that we liked most.

The little fur turbans, are so readily in demand, especially for wear with those suits and wraps that are trimmed with fur. A matching touch of fur helps to lighten the effect of the trimming and keep the whole costume in harmony. As a rule these little turban arrangements are not overly supplied with trimming. Indeed many of them have no decoration of any sort.

There are fur tams and fur turbans and fur rosetted hats that pull down over the hair. And there are fur Russian turbans which are very high and severe looking. These are best when they are made of krimmer or one of the lamb's wool furs which have become so popular.

UNUSUAL INTEREST IN SHOES

Strapped Slippers and Colonial Pump Are Prime Favorites; Winter Choices in Doubt.

Interest in shoes has been steadily increasing for several years. This season the climax appears to have been reached, writes a fashion correspondent. Indeed, it scarcely would be possible for this article of dress to become any more attention attracting or intricate than at present.

For day-time wear slippers of the strapped variety and colonial pumps are running an even race. It is too early to predict which type will find greater favor this winter. The strapped slippers have been with us for some time and, therefore, we might expect that they would have run their course by now; but not so. Every day sees more unusual effects produced.

Straps are made to run in every direction. Some are achieved by cutting out portions of the shoe. There are shoes so cut away that very little is left other than a sole, a heel and a few straps.

In opposition to these models are tongue effects, the tongues being very large and in many instances heavily trimmed with stitchings or applique strips of leather. Sometimes this trimming, in addition to being applied to the tongue, covers the top portion of the shoe. One model, made from black patent leather, has strips of gold kid used in this way.

Steels in Braces.

A good way to prevent the steel braces from breaking through is to stitch a piece of white binding on the wrong side of the braces.

Hats Draped With Laces.

Many hats show no other trimming but elaborate veils. Large shapes in black velvet or haters' plush are draped with black lace.

Georgette With Long Waisted Blouse Effect, Which Is Caught at Each Side and Tied in a Long Bow, Is Given a Gay Note of Cheerfulness by Its Color of Gold With Green and Red Hand-Embroidered Motifs.

FOR THE GROWING DAUGHTER

Skirts May Be Arranged to Be Laced; Finish Shoulders of Waist Without Sewing Up.

When little daughters outgrow their petticoats so rapidly that mother seems all the time making new ones, try finishing the shoulders of the waist without sewing them up; that is, make shoulder-straps, lapping them at the top and closing with buttons and buttonholes. It is then easy to let the skirts down by adjusting the straps.

Instead of buttoning, a small clasp pin may be used to fasten them. This is a far better plan than to turn down some of the material where the skirt is sewed to the waist. Another very good plan which may be used in conjunction with the open shoulders, is to make a wide hem and run a tuck on the wrong side of it, which will take up a part of the hem; then, when it is desired to lengthen the skirt you have only to pull out the tuck.

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THE SANDMAN STORY

OLD-FASHIONED DOLLS

OLD-FASHIONED LITTLE GIRL in the frame over the fireplace had played in the room a long, long time ago, but never until this night had she done more than look out from her frame.

But one night when the clock struck the last stroke of twelve, before any of the toys could move or speak out from her frame on the wall leaned the Old-Fashioned Little Girl.

On the edge of the frame she placed one little slippered foot, her little hands holding on to the sides of the frame. Then out came the other foot and this she placed on the shelf, and there she stood looking all around the playroom. "Where are all my old friends?" again she asked.

Beautiful French Doll, dressed in the latest style, replied: "I don't believe they are here, unless it is Teddy Bear. He has been here longer than any of us."

"Teddy Bear?" the Little Girl repeated. "I never heard of him. It was Nina, a big rag doll, and Lydia, a wax doll, who were my friends in the



She Placed One Little Slippered Foot on the Frame

old days, and, Oh, yes, there was a dear little china doll, with black hair and blue eyes, named Betty. Oh, I do wish I could find them."

Then all the toys held their breath, for right off of the big shelf jumped the Little Girl, landing on the floor on her feet, safe and sound.

"Oh-oo," gasped all the toys.

"Oh, that is nothing," laughed the

Little Girl, smoothing her flowered dress. "I have done that before. You can jump from high places and not be hurt a bit if you know how."

"Oh, what a funny dress you have on," said the Little Girl to Beautiful French Doll. "And don't you ever go to sleep? My wax doll used to shut her eyes. She was the latest thing in dolls when I lived here."

"I am the very latest style doll," explained French Doll, "and all the newest ones are like me."

"Well, I'd rather have my Lydia doll," replied the Little Girl. "Now, I wonder where she can be."

"If you cannot find Nina, and Lydia, and Betty, why don't you play with us?" asked Beautiful French Doll. "We never have anyone to sing to us, and rock us, and play house."

So all the littlest dolls climbed into her lap and the big ones sat on the floor and Teddy Bear and Ba-Ba Sheep and Woolly Dog and Calico Cat and everyone and everything got as close as it could to Old-Fashioned Little Girl and listened.

All at once a ray of daylight peeped under the curtain and everybody jumped. Little Girl ran to the closet and opened the door. "The step-ladder—where is it?" she cried in great distress, and then she ran to the fireplace and looked at the empty frame, but it was no use, she could not get up there, for more daylight came into the playroom and ended the magic power given to those who lived there.

When the little girl who lived in the house ran into the playroom that morning she stopped at the door and looked. Then she called to her mother, for there on the floor surrounded by all the toys was Old-Fashioned Little Girl flat on her face.

"Oh, Great Aunt Abbie fell out of her frame," exclaimed the mother, picking up the broken glass that covered the picture. "I must have a new glass fitted and the picture put back in the frame."

That night when the clock struck twelve all the toys looked at the empty place on the wall and they all said they hoped the man that fixed the frame would not fasten Old-Fashioned Little Girl in it so firmly that she could not get out at night when the magic hour struck.

"For," said French Doll, "I like the old-fashioned way of playing better than the new."

And all the toys said they did, too. (Copyright.)

SCHOOL DAYS



You understand the English language don't you? Did I say anything about six mice fits? What I said was, can you let me take a book and put it on his back as he can hit it as hard as he can hit it in front of it, without any hands. It's easy, or is it? Just simply say yes or no. Can he do it or can he not?

He could if he had a hand to put it on. What I said was, can you let me take a book and put it on his back as he can hit it as hard as he can hit it in front of it, without any hands. It's easy, or is it? Just simply say yes or no. Can he do it or can he not?

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