

**Bodice Is Plain, With Girdle Tying in Front**



This cool, soft dress of Britton green georgette should appeal to the young women. The bodice is plain with girdle tying in front. Tiny little flounces making a flare on the skirt and the sleeves are stitched in gold.

**Blouse Is Important**

**Feature of Ensemble**

Ensembles show a tendency to one tone, and accessories are chosen to give significance to the effect as a whole. The blouse, which appears in new and intriguing styles, is very important and the best houses are presenting many models of original design. Because of the attention given by the best artists to this single article in the costume, its importance and dignity have been greatly enhanced. An unfitted blouse of metal cloth, brocade or metal lace, worn with a plain skirt of the same kind of fabric, or with a finely plaited skirt of crepe, chiffon or taffeta, now constitutes a dress that is considered correct for tea dances and other elaborate occasions.

The fashionable blouse is one of costly simplicity in which many delightful models from the best designers are shown. The house of Martini at Amman is especially fond of working in white. Their latest blouses in white crepe and the soft silks are charming. Most of these are tailored in cut, with straight lines, in flat plaits; and usually embroidery is introduced in some manner. One especially chic model in white crepe has narrow plaits stitched flat from top to bottom of the front, with cross stitching and a delicate flower pattern embroidered in black and white. A point in these latest blouses is the collar, with revers turned back from the open front and worn without a tie of any sort.

**Straw, Straw and Felt Combined and Ribbon**

Straw, straw and felt combined and ribbon are answering the demands for early spring, and have become an established mode at the Southern resorts. Blanco presents a favorite model that is certain to please in any setting, and will carry far through the coming season. It is of black grosgrain ribbon sewn together to form a rather high, full crown with but a suggestion of drapery, caught at one side with a silver bar. The little brim, which forms a piquant frame for the face, is made of straw cloth, one of the new spring hat materials. It is also in black. Some particularly striking hats in this straw cloth are draped in soft turban style. In one rather extreme shape the brim is but a bandeau of silk, and the straw cloth is drawn to a high crown line, very low at one side. This is the type of hat that is described as half turban, half headdress. It is shown in a number of intriguing models from leading Paris houses bearing the names of Rebour, Martha Regnier, Agnes and Guy.

**Swagger Sports Scarf**

The most swagger of all sports scarfs look like the little French coffee cloths one sees on the other side. The design, which resembles a conventional old print, is worked out in bright, clear blue, with just the right shade of red. These scarfs come in a variety of sports materials, including crepps, shantungs, tussah weaves and gongees.

**New Scarfs Are Short**

The smartest scarfs are short and narrow and worn tied at one side of the neck, with the ends hanging down over the shoulder. Frequently they are in decided contrast to the frock with which they are worn.

**Jumpers Are Striped**

Jumpers of silk or knitted materials, with the stripes running crosswise, are extremely smart. They are worn with plaited silk skirts in a plain color which matches the most important stripe.

**Cloche Hat Will Hold Popularity**

**Headgear Is Designed With Precise Relation to Coiffure.**

Hats have never before been designed with such precise relation to the coiffure, observes a fashion authority in the New York Times. When great ladies of an earlier century wore still greater hair dressings the hat mattered little provided there was a wee spot on which it could perch. But now when the coiffure simply is not, the milliner has her opportunity. This season she is presenting some striking and refreshing things. For a year it has been prophesied that hats would be larger, but there was always the "bob" to be considered. Because of it the hat cannot be much larger, and so the cloche has been retained, with variants in the surface treatment. The crown of the new cloche, whether of fabric or straw, is draped. It is seldom seen in the severe form that is so trying to almost every face. The brim, remaining small, is treated to a number of clever ways, each definitely characteristic. It may be turned back from the face, a detail in line that is popular with those who like to show the brow with a strand of marceled or curled hair softening the face. Most women find the brim that rolls even slightly in the front or at one side more becoming than the tightly drawn straight line.

All the leading designers of millinery in Paris have revealed in the cloche hat of felt, cloth or other fabric, with soft crown and upturned brim. In some the crown has merely a wrinkle or single fold. In others it is a full-gathered puff forming the beret, ever considered by Parisiennes as the last word in chic.

The assurance of designers of authority that hats are to be larger has been received with varying response from women of fashion. Those who have made long and weary search for a covering for their braids and coils are joyful. The shingled and bobbed are dubious. The wide brim permits a becoming arrangement of hair that



No. 1—Leghorn. No. 2—Milan, Felt Head Snugly. No. 3—Turban in Tan Felt Silk.

cannot be accomplished with short locks. Besides, the question of fastening it on the head will concern those who go in for the extremely wide brim. The new straws are lovely, with many novelties in weave and texture. There are some open, coarse straws of high polish and entirely new styles in the mesh.

**Fullness Is Apparent in Fashionable Clothes**

Slowly fullness has been creeping into feminine clothes until now it is the rule rather than the exception. Particularly in the afternoon and evening frocks of the current mode is this fullness apparent. It sometimes is achieved by the use of plaits that are set in at intervals about the skirt and extend along to the waistline. Another interesting point about the new frocks is the irregular line that is a feature with so many of them. Sometimes the skirt is cut into shallow curves, and sometimes the waistline is raised in the front to achieve the irregular hem line.

Flounces have become an accepted trimming for skirts. They are sometimes shown in front and sometimes in the back. A charming model seen recently had four circular flounces upon the skirt. These flounces were raised slightly in the back and gathered so that a very decided back flare was produced.

**Night Into Day**

Society has turned night into day so far as pajamas are concerned. These night-time garments now are being worn in the afternoon as tea gowns. The jackets are slightly longer and more voluminous than the ordinary pajama jackets and the silks and satins of which they are made are heavily embroidered in gold and silver. The nether garments are close-fitting, do not come lower than midcalf and are devoid of ornament.

**White Taffeta Coats**

Coats of white taffeta stitched in intricate designs which reproduce the old-fashioned quilted patterns of our grandmothers' days are said to be the smartest models worn at the Southern resorts. A bit more formal are those of black or navy blue taffeta designed for street wear.

**The Girl Who Looked Back**

By CLARISSA MACKIE

(Continued.)

ROSE JOY reread the telegram that had just arrived. Her clear gray eyes were filled with dread as she put it away in her desk and leaned back in the chair.

So Billy Lansing was coming home at last—and he evidently expected to come straight to Avon and claim her as his betrothed. She opened a secret drawer in the desk and took out a little box which contained a splendid diamond solitaire ring. She had taken it from her engagement finger six months ago, when she first met Lawrence Batten, and now there was just one thing that stood between her engagement to Lawrence and the return of the ring to Billy.

That one thing was the absence of Billy himself in South America. She could not write the bitter truth to him—she had received the ring from Billy's hands, and she must have the courage to give him back the ring and face him, and give him back his great love. It was a hard duty to perform, but when Lawrence was near, with his persuasive voice, it seemed easy to enlighten Billy. But now, with Billy so near—just arrived in New York after two years' absence, and coming right down to Avon that very night!

"I must telephone Lawrence not to come tonight," she thought, and she crossed the room to the instrument. After that was done, she felt better. There was something magical in Lawrence's deep vibrant voice, but there was something lacking. She chided herself for missing the old tender confidence that Billy had inspired—of course, she had known Billy practically all her life, and their love had been the natural outcome of their mutual affection.

"It isn't real love," she told herself, impatiently, when she felt doubt confusing her judgment; "it is more like cousinly affection, nothing else."

She went to tell her mother that Billy Lansing would be there in time for dinner.

"I am glad, dear," said Mrs. Joy; Billy Lansing is a splendid boy, and he has made a great name for himself in the engineering world.

"So dad says," remarked Rose in a constrained tone. She noticed her mother's quick glance at her left hand, where Billy's diamond was no longer gleaming. Mrs. Joy had expressed herself emphatically when Lawrence Batten first became attentive. "That ring means something or nothing, my dear," she had told her daughter, and Rose had put it away. "She knew that her mother wondered."

Rose wondered a little herself. Had she the courage to strike the light from Billy's eyes the first night of his return?

That night when Rose went down to dinner she was wearing Billy's ring, and Billy himself, with the glad look in his eyes, first kissed Rose and then bent to kiss the symbol of their betrothal—as if to seal the pact.

"Seals are broken sometimes," thought Rose in a very strange mood, for although Billy's actual presence had not brought the wild thrill that she felt at every careless tone of Lawrence's voice, she felt a certain sense of contentment with Billy.

"You are lovelier than ever I have dreamed, my Rose," murmured Billy as they walked in the garden after dinner. "But I am not lovely in spirit, Billy dear," said the girl. "I—I am a traitor to you."

He flinched, and swung about to face her in the bright moonlight. He was leaning against the old fence that separated garden and orchard. "What do you mean, Rose?"

"I thought—I believed truly, that I would always care as much—" she faltered, and tears came into her eyes.

"Don't cry about me, dear. I don't want any woman to shed tears about me unless she belongs to me—and if I have lost your love—why, we don't belong," he said tensely.

"I know it—but I seem to care in just the same way as ever—but I am afraid that it is not the real way—"

"You have learned to love someone else, Rose?" he asked grimly.

She nodded speechlessly, and held out the gleaming ring.

He took it and dropped it into his pocket. "Who is it?" he asked curiously.

"His name is Batten—Lawrence Batten." She did not feel so joyfully free as she had anticipated. Billy had taken it quietly—perhaps he was glad—maybe there was another girl—

"Batten—Larry Batten? Never heard of him. Well, dear, don't shed tears over me," he managed to smile at her as he patted her shoulder. "I'll try to like this Batten man—after a while; be as happy as you can, Rose—I believe I'll go in and have a pipe with your father before bedtime. I must be up early and away—making another buying trip for supplies—going back—next boat."

**REAL ART IN MAKING GOOD STEW OF MEAT**

**Dish Has Been Lifted From Depths of Ill Repute.**

The old boarding-house wheeze about stew and its uncertain ingredients has gone by the boards. This lowly dish has been lifted from the depths of ill repute and is now rubbing elbows with the aristocratic steak and chop.

There really is art in stew making, according to Inez S. Willson, home economics director of the national live stock and meat board. Miss Willson is appearing before audiences of housewives in various cities, giving them first-hand information on how to master this art, together with information on meat selection, purchase, preparation, how to distinguish quality in meats, and other subjects.

The occasion for this is a series of "Housewives' Meat Schools" being conducted under the joint supervision of the national live stock and meat board, the United States Department of Agriculture, and Ohio State university.



Inez S. Willson, Director, Department of Home Economics, National Live Stock and Meat Board.

Appearing with Miss Willson as lecturers, are A. T. Edinger of the department, and Paul Gerlaugh of the university faculty.

Schools of one week each already have been held in Cleveland, Ohio, Columbus, Ohio, and Syracuse, N. Y. The itinerary for the future includes a number of other cities. A serious lack of meat knowledge on the part of the housewife is given as the chief incentive for this meat missionary work. A recent government survey revealed the startling fact that the average housewife is familiar with only two or three steaks, and can recognize less than two roasts.

A statement issued by the agencies sponsoring the program says that the splendid success attending it has been attained through co-operation with women's clubs, boards of education, chambers of commerce, parent-teachers' associations and other local educational and welfare organizations.

**Successful Floor Waxing**

Success in waxing floors lies in applying the wax in thin coats and rubbing a great deal. One pound will coat about 250 square feet of floor. After the preliminary coats of filler or varnish are thoroughly dry the wax should be rubbed on with a woolen cloth, a piece of old carpet or a brush, and allowed to harden overnight. The next morning the floor should be polished lengthwise of the grain with a weighted brush or a heavy cloth wrapped in woolen cloth, burlap or old carpet. Then one or perhaps two more coats of wax should be applied and rubbed down in the same way as the first.

**Suggestions of Lunches Suitable to All Needs**

While the carrying of lunches is still by far the most common practice, taking country and town together, there are a few cases in which it is thought desirable for the school to share with the home the responsibility for the noonday meal. In some places the task for the school may be hardly more than that of providing clean and safe places for lunch baskets, where the food will not be likely to become dirty or to spoil. In others it may be practicable to provide by one means or another a hot dish with which to supplement foods brought from home. In still others, particularly where large attendance and many teachers and other workers make subdivision of labor a comparatively easy matter, it may be possible for the school to establish and maintain lunch rooms. In Farmer, Bulletin 712, School Lunches, suggestions are made for types of lunches suitable to all these needs.

**BILLVILLE BRIEFS**

Joy was the burglar that broke in last night and stole all our troubles.

Thank the Lord, the long lane didn't turn sharp enough to tilt the wagon over and spill the goods.

Thanks to the friendly fields, that gave all in answer to the world's prayer for its daily bread.

We believe that Heaven would drop down to see us, but there's no parking for the angels.

**Needed a Man's Coat or Hat**

By JANE OSBORN

(Continued.)

WHEN it first happened Laura thought that they ought to call off the club meeting. With little sister Pansy and herself as hosts, they couldn't even cut the bread for the sandwiches straight, how were they going to be able to set as hosts for the "Book Club" that night? But after talking to the president of the club over the telephone Laura reluctantly changed her mind.

"Poor little Pansy" was a rather beautiful young woman of twenty-five, who lived alone with her maiden sister, some ten years her senior, who still watched over her as suspiciously as she did when Pansy was fifteen. "You'll just have to have the meeting," Kate Jones, the president of the club, insisted, "unless, of course, it is physically impossible. Every one is expecting to be there, and we couldn't reach every one now. We're going to have theatrical characters—going to act out the names of great actors or plays—and your house is so nice for characters."

Pansy appeared rather pale and listless that evening, while Laura, who was chiefly excited, showed cheeks that flamed with color.

The charades progressed smoothly enough, the members of the club dividing themselves into four groups, each one of which presented some distinguished actor, living or dead. The group of which Kate Jones was leader had chosen Richard Mansfield. "Rich" was easy enough, and "ard" would be rendered by a Cockney Irishman trying to say hard. For the last name, "field" was easy enough, and for the first syllable they would just need a man's hat or coat.

"No use searching here," said Kate. "There never was a man in the family, or at least not for ever so long. But I'll just run to one of the neighbors. I guess Professor Lane, next door, would be glad enough to let me have his hat."

So Kate hurried to the Laners. But the house was closed. So she went on to the next house. The first knock at the old-fashioned brass knocker brought a pipewalking man to the door.

"I have come on a strange errand," said the thoroughly substantial Kate. "We are having a club meeting and are doing charades. We need a man's hat or coat. Would you lend us one?"

"I'll lend you both," said the young man, somewhat amused, and reaching into the back of the wardrobe he picked off a hat and ulster and handed them to Kate.

The charade was entirely successful. True, Laura looked surprised when Kate appeared in a derby and ulster, smoking an imaginary cigarette made from a rolled piece of paper. "I wonder where she got the man's hat and coat?" she said, which gave her the clue she needed to guessing the charade, so she forgot to wonder where the properties had come from.

It was some minutes after the last guest had departed, and Laura and Pansy were straightening up before going to bed. Pansy had just come upon the derby and ulster when the telephone called Laura.

"I'm awfully sorry," came Kate's voice. "But I forgot to return the man's hat and coat I borrowed. I got them at the house just beyond Professor Lane's. Would you mind seeing that they get back?" And she hung up.

"The house beyond the Laners," Laura repeated, looking blankly into the receiver. "Why, Pansy—that hat and coat—they must belong to—"

"Not to—" and Pansy went even paler than she had been the rest of the evening.

After Laura had made Pansy take a cup of black coffee they talked the matter over. They would call Kate back and insist that she return the things, but she had phoned from a public booth, on her way back home—some forty miles in the country. There seemed only one way of returning the hat and ulster, and that was to take them back personally. It was the only honest thing to do, Laura insisted, with the look of a martyr. First Laura insisted that she would go alone, and then it was agreed that it would look better if they went together. There was hardly a chance that "he" would come to the door.

But "he" did come to the door—Philip Kummings Hunter himself.

"Your hat and ulster," Laura said. "Oh, I didn't think we'd see you," said Pansy, as the young man laid a gleaming large hand on her shoulder and another on Laura's.

Laura was protesting, but somehow Philip Hunter contrived to get his neighbors into the living room. And in a marvelously short time, considering he had persuaded Laura as well as Pansy that he hadn't really been to blame at all, Pansy and he had been engaged, four years ago, and then there was a misunderstanding. Then he went away and had not written because he thought Pansy loved some one else. He had come back that day for the first time in four years to try and win her back.

The terrible thing that had so shaken Laura's nerves was the event that morning of Laura and Pansy's seeing Philip return as they walked out to do the morning's ordering.

"And to think I borrowed a hat from Pansy's future husband," said Kate later, though she never did let out to her own satisfaction just what the excitement was all about.

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