

Buttons Give Dramatic Accent To Dresses, Bags, Belts, Gloves

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



BUTTON drama takes the spotlight in the summer showings of America's leading designers. Buttons of every size and description are giving dramatic accent to the smartest hats, bags, belts and gloves in addition to providing glamour trimmings for every type of dress from sports to formal evening gowns. More highly important news about buttons is that they have become the latest inspiration to costume jewelry designers.

This vogue for button decor on simple wartime fashions offers a particularly happy inspiration to home dressmakers with a thrifty eye on makeovers. With a wonderful array of plastic buttons in jeweled, floral and lace effects available at the notion counters of local sewing centers, along with a variety of decorative ceramic-button styles and lovely simulated metal buttons with jeweled centers, it's easy for any amateur to glamorize simple clothes and accessories with button magic.

You can get buttons from thumb to oversized and bulky types and you can get expert advice at sewing centers as to size, style and color of buttons with relation to the garment they will adorn, or the accessory they are to dramatize. For instance, a simple black bareback dress with a modish white cape as shown in the illustration (right) can be given unusual distinction by adding a scalloped border of black fabric to the cape fronts accenting each scallop with a huge flower-shaped aqua plastic button. The costume touch is achieved by using buckles for the dress belt that match the cape buttons.

The two-piece suit-dress of violet featherweight flannel to the left shows what an amateur teen-ager

can do in glamorizing her simple clothes with button decor by taking her cue from high-fashion. For instance, new chic is given to her classic felt beanie cap by scalloping the edges and sewing plastic buttons on in pleasing array. The accessorizing trick is repeated in her matching drum-shaped handbag with buttons ranged around the top and bottom cuffs. Billiard green braid trimming outlines the collarless bellhop jacket with weskit-like fronts. The heart-shaped pocket with button-made ornament perched high on either side of the front opening and the bracelet length sleeves are chic details.

Possibilities for giving button flipp to accessories are endless. Note centered above in the group illustrated above how easily the popular wide headband can be glorified with diagonal rows of white buttons, widely spaced across the surface of the band.

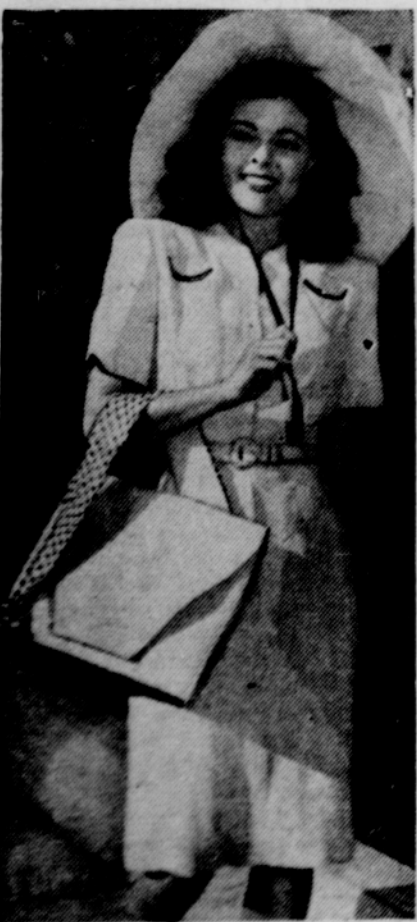
If you want to dress up a pair of plain gloves, look for those irresistible ceramic buttons that are perfect reproductions of fresh flowers. They can be anchored on the top of the glove as shown at upper right corner, in a twinkling with just a few stitches. For a charming ensemble repeat the buttons on a velvet band worn about the throat.

One of the really smart ideas for your velvet-banded snood is to stud the mesh (shown circled below) with tiny pink lace buttons. You'll find this idea plenty glamorous for daytime or evening wear.

Buttons used in a jewelry way present a most fascinating new theme. They are fashioned into hatpins, earrings, cuff links, fobs, brooches, hair ornaments, necklaces and bracelets. Tiny flower buttons can easily be transformed into earrings by pasting the fastener gadget from an old pair to the backs of the buttons.

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Styled for Summer



Meet one of fashion's prettiest pin-up summer girls. Here she is perfectly styled in a summery all-white ensemble save for a dash of color in the contrast piping that finishes off the short sleeves and breast pockets. The idea of color accent on white is one designer's interpreting in many ways. Contrast piping is one way of doing it as here shown; also colorful embroidery on white is very much in evidence. The wide-brim hat and the modish fishnet-trimmed bag also make all-white their theme.

Lovely White Frocks Of Organdy, Pique

Those pretty-pretty black sheers and those gay and lovely print frocks that every woman loves have a rival this summer. It's the simple white frock made of dainty sheers, pique or eyeleted sheers. These "simple whites" bring with them all the romance and feminine charm of the yester years. There's nothing prettier for a young girl than a youthfully styled white-upon-white shadow print organdy with a subtle touch of exquisite lace here and there. This is exactly what they are showing this year for summer dress-up wear. This seasons eyeleted white fabrics are too lovely for words and they are made up in most intriguing ways, minus fuss or furbelows, for the beautiful material speaks for itself. Eyeleted pique vies with the eyeleted sheers. Handpainting on white organdy or crepe is a feature being much exploited.

Flower Wreaths and Jabots

The many new ways of wearing flowers introduced this season bespeak infinite glamour for the forthcoming "summer girl." This year it is the flower wreath she will wear on her pretty head, matched with flowers at her throat arranged in the new jabot silhouette which is perfectly charming.

Pan-American Colors

Vivid Pan-American colors enliven smart sportswear fashions. A midriff play dress of black window pane checks on blue cotton is trimmed with a magenta cord at neckline and sleeves. The magenta is repeated on an embroidered hemline about the skirt.

A Bell for Adano

By John Hersey

W. N. U. FEATURES

THE STORY THUS FAR: The American troops arrived at Adano, with Major Joppolo, the Amgot officer in charge. Sergeant Borth was in charge of security. The Major was determined to replace the town bell stolen by the Nazis, and in other ways to build confidence among the people. He wanted to start the fishermen out again and arranged with Lieut. Livingston, senior naval officer, to open the waters to their boats. He allowed the carts to enter the city with food and water, despite orders from General Marvin that the carts be kept out of the city. Capt. Purvis reported to headquarters the cart orders given by the Major, by sending off the delayed letter to headquarters.

CHAPTER X

At each meal there were also some idlers in the place, but they just came in to listen to the noon and six-thirty broadcasts from Rome.

On the day that Mayor Nasta came down from the hills, Major Joppolo and Captain Purvis had just finished their pasta and were talking about the stuffy Navy fellow, Livingston, when they heard an unusual noise out in the street. There were shouts of anger, and whistles.

But the noise outside grew, and seemed to be coming up the street. And soon several of the idlers who had been listening to the radio in the restaurant ran out. As the noise grew still louder the two women picked up handfuls of fruit and ran out, pursued by their guests. Then the owner of the place and his wife and son ran out with their mouths full of pasta and eggplant.

Finally Major Joppolo said: "Let's go see what it is." So he and Captain Purvis ran out too, with their napkins in their hands.

This is what they saw: Up the center of the street a forlorn looking man walked. He was very short, and rather heavy-set. His clothes were dirty and torn. His shoes were covered with dust. His face was very sad, and he walked slowly, hanging his head. There was only one proud touch to his whole figure, and that was a pair of pince-nez spectacles balanced on his big nose.

Behind the man, keeping a safe distance as if there still might be some dynamite in him, a large crowd walked, shouting and whistling its derision. The derision was ten times louder than it would otherwise have been because this was the first time the people of Adano had ever been able to express their feelings toward this man. Even behind their own closed doors they had held their tongues about Mayor Nasta in the past, because he seemed to have ears in every house, and his eyes peered in every window, and his punishments were sadistic.

But now they shouted what they thought. "Fascist Pig," they shouted. This was what they shouted most.

But they also shouted: "The murderer always goes back to the scene of his crime!"

They also shouted: "Where is Mayor Nasta's whip now?"

Curiously the two women shouted, and there was a kind of pride in the way they shouted.

There was a priest in the crowd, and he shouted: "Blasphemer!"

There were some children in the crowd, and they ran along shouting: "Pig! Pig! Pig!"

The anger of the mob bordered on violence. When the unhappy Mayor got opposite the Albergo dei Pescatori one of the women raised her arm and threw a plum at him. It missed him and splashed in the street.

A boy of twelve threw a stone. Then several bricks flew, and the shouts of long repressed hatred became shrieks of revenge.

Captain Purvis looked at Major Joppolo and Major Joppolo said: "We've got to put a stop to this."

Captain Purvis was not a subtle American, but he was a brave one. He ran out in the street between Mayor Nasta and the crowd. He held up his hand and shouted: "Stop! Stop, you ignorant fools." The crowd kept coming. A stone flew past Captain Purvis toward Mayor Nasta.

Captain Purvis pulled his pistol out of his pocket. That was enough. The ones in front held back the others, and the mob halted in the street. Captain Purvis went back to the sidewalk.

Mayor Nasta, seeing that he was saved, ran over to his deliverers, and he stood in the gutter blubbering his thanks. "Americans! Oh, my friends. Thank you for saving me from these ungrateful people. I have served them for years and see how they behave. I am all alone, Americans. I have been in the hills all alone for days. No one would stay with me. All the others gave themselves up. I have thought everything over. I wish to help you if I can. . . . And he rattled on, his voice going higher and higher. Someone in the mob shouted: "Mister Major, if you help that man you are not our friend."

Major Joppolo acted quickly to save the situation. He walked into the street and held up his hand for silence; he was careful to make it his left hand, so that it would not be mistaken for a Fascist salute. "Go home, people. I will take care of this man as he deserves. He is under arrest."

And the Major said quickly to Captain Purvis in English. "Arrest him, Purvis, show this gang that you're arresting him."

This was the kind of thing Captain Purvis enjoyed, and as he clapped his hand heavily on Mayor Nasta's shoulder he shouted: "I wish I understood Eytalian. This is wonderful."

The crowd broke up slowly, mumbling its protests at being deprived of revenge.

Purvis said: "Who is this little squirt, anyway? They sure hate him, don't they?"

Major Joppolo said: "He's the one who used to be Mayor."

"Oh, he is, is he? Well, according to what Borth says, they've got plenty of reason to hate him." And the Captain kicked Mayor Nasta in the seat of the pants simply because he didn't know the Italian for: "You're a little squirt."

Mayor Nasta whimpered in Italian: "What are you going to do with me? If you are going to kill me, please tell me first. Don't shoot me from behind."

What Major Joppolo did with Mayor Nasta was to take him up to his office. Everyone, even little Zito who had once worked for Mayor Nasta, even D'Arpa, the weasel-like vice mayor who had once worked with him, everyone made faces of disgust when they saw Mayor Nasta, and some made obscene remarks within his hearing.

When word passed around the Palazzo that Mayor Nasta was back,



Captain Purvis pulled his pistol out of his pocket.

many people stuck their heads in the door at the end of the Major's office, which had once been the Mayor's office, to have a look at him in his disheveled condition, and to laugh at him to his face.

Major Joppolo said to Zito and Giuseppe: "I want to have a talk with Mayor Nasta alone. Go and tell the people in the other offices that I do not want to be disturbed, not even by a cracking open of that door. I do not even want to be disturbed by the brushing of ears on the keyhole."

"Yes, Mister Major," Zito said. "No, Mister Major," Giuseppe said.

Major Joppolo sat at the desk and said brusquely: "Sit down."

Mayor Nasta sat in one of the chairs in front of the desk.

"Well, what is it that you wish?" Major Joppolo said.

Mayor Nasta brushed his hand along the wood of the desk pathetically, and he said: "It seems strange to be sitting on the wrong side of this desk."

Major Joppolo said: "It may seem stranger to sit on the wrong side of the bars of your municipal jail. What do you want?"

Mayor Nasta rearranged the pince-nez on his nose, but he did not look Major Joppolo in the eye as he said: "I just want a chance, Mister Major."

"You want a chance!" Major Joppolo spoke angrily. "To whom did you ever give a chance?"

"I have thought it over," Mayor Nasta said. "I have been all alone for days. It was awful at night. I have thought it over, Mister Major. I want to help if I can."

"How many years were you in office?"

"Nine, Mister Major."

"After nine years in office, you have thought it all over, have you? After nine years of graft and stealing and keeping these people down, you've thought it over, you want to help, do you?"

"You have other Fascists in office here. I saw the face of D'Arpa a minute ago. I saw Tagliavia who was my Maresciallo of Finance. I saw Gargano of the Carabinieri. If you could use these, why not Nasta, the Mayor?"

"I have a new Mayor, and a better one."

This hurt. "Who is this Mayor?" "Bellanca the Notario, an honest man, much more honest than the former Mayor."

And the former Mayor said: "Yes, Bellanca is honest. But surely you have something for Nasta to do? I would accept something less than Mayor." Nasta rubbed the wood of the desk wistfully. "There is not much left of the old Nasta," he said. "I would accept something less than Mayor."

Major Joppolo's eyes grew angry. He stood up abruptly. "Oh, you would, would you? Yes, I have something for you to do. You are to report every morning to Sergeant Borth of the American Army. You will find him in the Fascio. That is all you have to do each day. But see that you do it, Nasta, or you will be put in jail."

"You mean that Nasta has become a common probationer?"

"Oh, so Nasta is familiar with the practice of putting people on probation? That is very genteel of you, Nasta. I thought all your punishments were more ingenious than that."

"Please be generous with me," Nasta said. "Please give me some work to do."

"Generous? Nasta, what do you expect? For the crimes you have committed against the people of Adano, you deserve to be shot outright, without a trial. You certainly never would give a fair trial, unless it brought you some kind of profit. I am being more than generous. I am putting you on probation. See that you behave, you Fascist."

Mayor Nasta was obsequious now. "Yes, Mister Major," he said. "What did you say was the name of the American officer to whom I must report?"

"His name is Borth, and he is not an officer. He is a sergeant. You are not worth an officer, Nasta."

"Yes, Mister Major." This is how it happened that Mayor Nasta reported once every morning to Sergeant Borth at the Fascio. Because four or five people followed the Mayor everywhere he went out of curiosity and hatred, there was a small audience on hand the next morning when he reported to Sergeant Borth for the first time. The audience enjoyed what it saw and heard, for this kind of situation was meat for Sergeant Borth, who thought the whole war was a joke.

The tattered Nasta stepped into one of the M.P. offices, rearranged his pince-nez, and said: "Where will I find the Sergeant Borth?"

"I am Borth."

"I am Nasta." "Oho," roared Sergeant Borth. He stood up, rubbing his hands. "So you are the Mayor. I understand that you have come to Adano to repent your sins. Is that right, noble Mayor?"

"I was told that I was to report here each morning. I was to report, not be humiliated, Sergeant." "You will call me Mister Sergeant."

Mayor Nasta snorted, from his long habit of snorting.

Borth said sharply: "Listen, Nasta, I know more about you than you know about yourself. You be careful how you behave here. Now, answer my questions civilly. Is it correct that you came to Adano to repent your sins?"

Mayor Nasta was white with anger, but he said: "I suppose you might say so."

"Thank you," Borth said with exaggerated politeness. "In that case you will repent one sin each morning when you report to Sergeant Borth. Would you like to choose your own sins, or would you like Sergeant Borth to choose them for you?"

Mayor Nasta couldn't keep himself from snorting.

"I see," said Borth, with his over-politeness, "you would like Borth to choose. Very well, let's see. This morning we will discuss the sin of your disgraceful running away from your post in the face of the American invasion. What is this sin called, Mayor Nasta?"

"What do you mean, what is it called?" "You are at a loss for words? Very well, Borth will answer his own question. It is called the sin of cowardice."

Mayor Nasta snorted.

"No matter what side you were on, no matter if you were on the side of the crooks, it was a sin to run away, was it not, Mayor?"

Mayor Nasta rearranged his pince-nez with a trembling hand.

"Answer my question: did you or did you not give rifles to the Carabinieri and grenades to the Finance Guards, make them a beautiful speech about fighting to the last man, and then run to the hills?"

Mayor Nasta said with a trembling voice: "You tell me, clever Sergeant."

Sergeant Borth shouted: "Answer me, probationer."

Mayor Nasta said quietly: "I did, Sergeant."

"Mister Sergeant!"

"I did, Mister Sergeant."

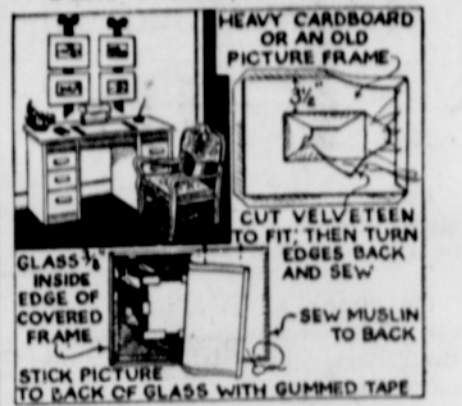
"Are you sorry for this disgraceful sin, Nasta?"

Mayor Nasta could hear the people snickering behind him.

He said meekly: "I am, Mister Sergeant."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Photo Frames That Are Fabric Covered



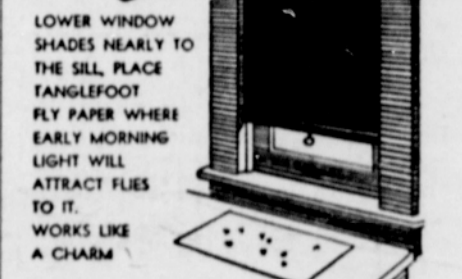
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