

HATS STRIKINGLY ORIGINAL; FROCKS OF NOVELTY WOOLEN

FROM color to contour this season's millinery, especially the new straw, are nothing less than stunning. At last the bondage of sameness has been broken. Not this summer will every hat look like every other hat. In fact, what with huge brims, medium brims, little brims and no brims at all, it becomes quite a bewildering yet most pleasing experience to choose one's headgear.

For every costume type the milliner creates a suitable hat. The trio of models pictured define three distinctly

of Twentieth century genius with the result that many of the modern weaves have been rendered as delightfully wearable in the summer months as during any other time of the year. So it is that a considerable part of fashion's program for the immediate months revolves about diaphanous wooleens such as are sure to prove a lure to every fashion-loving woman.

So far has progress been made in point of airiness and daintiness, some of the very newest wooleens are truly lacelike in their weave. Frocks of



Three of the New Hats

these wooleen laces are tremendously chic and as yet distinctly exclusive.

In matter of patterning there is a merry war going on in the realm of modern wooleens, as also among other fabrics, between stripes, plaids, checks and dots.

Sometimes the plaids win again the checks or dots while in the case of the swaggy daytime frock in the picture stripes come out victorious.

The stripes in this sheer material, which is part rayon and part wool, as so many of the choicest weaves are this season, exploit the very gentle color combination of black and gray.

A costume such as this will be found ideal for general wear.

Among the many delightful thin wooleens exploited this season one of the most indorsed is wool georgette.

Ensembles of this sheer wooleen are especially desirable, for, while they present a trim tailored effect, they are cool enough for summer wear.

These very attractive dainty wooleens come not only in smart solid colors but they are also obtainable in stripes, also small almost invisible check patterns.

A very new wooleen material—just the thing for the making of the blouse to

accompany the wool georgette ensemble—is so fine and thin it quite resembles slinting. It is especially smart in the new eggshell tint.

One kind of wooleen weave for the frock with a wooleen of entirely different character, yet related in color, adds zest to this season's fabric vogue, such as a gray tweed coat flecked with violet with a violet georgette frock.

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JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

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WEDDING BELLS, FIRE BELLS

(© by D. J. Walsh.)

WHEN Dave Harris pushed his way through the revolving door of the Dennis Jewelry company, he felt that all eyes were upon him. Not that this young man of twenty-eight had a conscious makeup or was particularly noticeable from any other handsome man of his age—but, nevertheless, when he stepped up to the counter and rather diffidently whispered he would like to see something in engagement rings he was absolutely convinced that a hundred eyes were peering at him.

Dave was a private in ladder company B, city fire department. He had entered the state agricultural college with the intention of taking charge of his father's farm, but cattle and corn and harness and hay had no appeal to him, and not being particularly fitted to sell bonds he joined the fire department.

And the first thing he did to distinguish himself was to become engaged to be married.

Dave's choice was Dolly Mason, pretty and sprightly and the belle of the neighborhood. Her wavy hair and sparkling blue eyes and cheerful disposition endeared her to all those with whom she came in contact. It was no wonder that company B considered Dave the luckiest fellow in the world.

Dolly had often told her sweetheart that while she was decidedly strong for wedding bells she was equally opposed to fire bells as far as Dave was concerned. She wanted him to go to business, some undertaking more substantial and less risky.

"How about my selling ice cream freezers at the North pole?" jokingly remarked Dave one afternoon. "Or selling foot-warmers to the Filipinos."

"Dave, do be serious," replied Dolly. "You know how downright in earnest I am about it."

"Of course you are, dear, but you must be practical. If there is one thing I am fitted for it is the fire department, and with the fire department I stick." His jaw became set, and whenever this happened Dolly knew there was no use arguing any further.

But Dave had persuaded Dolly to marry him notwithstanding his chosen work, and as he departed from the jewelry store with the diamond solitaire safely in his pocket he whistled gayly and made a beeline to Dolly's boarding house. He found her at the piano lazily running her fingers over the keys.

She struck a final note on the piano and looked up smilingly. "Hello, Dave," she said. "Working hard today?"

"I should say so," he replied. "Been a terribly strenuous day."

"Many of those awful fires?" she inquired reproachfully.

"Not a one," the young man replied. "But I've been shopping. And not after collars and ties, either."

"Been buying some shoes or a hat?"

"Wrong again, honey, but look at this!" and excitedly he removed the top of a little box. The sparkle of the precious stone caught Dolly's eyes and she gasped in amazement. "And it's for you, darling—the future Mrs. David Harris."

Dolly glanced at the ring and then at Dave and then again at the ring. Tears came to her eyes. She arose from the piano and went to the window. Tears were now streaming down her face and she gazed at the little garden with its many-colored flowers, but everything was a blur. Dave, in his astonishment, lifted himself from the piano bench and went to Dolly's side and reached for her hand. She drew it away and burst out crying.

"I can't," she sobbed. "I can't. Oh, I do love you, Dave, but you won't listen to me. You know how I do want you to go into some business."

And then Dave realized fully for the first time the seriousness of the situation. Nothing in the world he'd rather do than be with the fire department, and yet he could not lose Dolly. Perhaps after all he had been unreasonable. Dolly's uncle would be only too glad to have him with him in the real estate business and at present business was booming. He would doubtless earn a considerable amount of money and it would result in a little bungalow and everything else that went with it. Why, the problem was very simple after all. He'd send in his resignation to the chief and things would be happily settled.

Dolly covered her face with her hands and cried convulsively. Dave stroked her head and wondered how he could do anything to hurt her.

"Honey," he said softly, and was about to continue when he abruptly paused. He drew himself up with a start, turned his head quickly and listened with tenseness. Off in the distance he heard the peal of fire bells.

And Dolly heard them also. She stood up and they stared at one another. And simultaneously through each their minds ran the same question: Would it be wedding bells or fire bells? There was intense quiet all about them. And Dave detected the 6-18-8 alarm.

"My God," he cried in a whisper. "It's in the tenement district."

Dolly's face was pale and the corners of her mouth quivered in her effort to speak. The handsome young man before her was for the first time in his life at a loss what to do. In his imagination he saw smoke-filled rooms filled with children with outstretched arms. He could see mothers frantic with fear and fathers helpless to save the ones they loved. At the same time

he could see his fond hopes shattered. Dolly would marry some one else and—

But something at that moment suddenly brought him to a decision. It was the sound of a second alarm. He tried to speak to Dolly, but words failed him. He saw grief in her eyes and yet he could see the love in them that tells more than mere spoken word. He paused a moment, turned hastily and darted from the room. But during that moment's pause he knew he had lost Dolly forever.

The next morning the headlines in the papers told the story—"Young Fireman a Hero" and "Dave Harris, Fireman, Saves Lives." But praise from all quarters of the city did not awaken him from the realization that he and Dolly had separated. It was paying dearly, he thought, to win glory only to lose happiness. His hand unconsciously touched the little box in his pocket and the thought of the future that might have been made this the saddest day in his whole life.

Perhaps if he could see her he might straighten things out. Yes, he would resign this very day and the unhappy yesterday would be entirely forgotten. He ran to the telephone and called up her office. While he waited for the connection it seemed that a weight had been suddenly lifted from his heart. He stood there nervously, longing to hear the sound of Dolly's voice. And then he was told that Dolly did not come to work that day. Poor child, he thought, no wonder she is feeling ill from the strain of yesterday. And then he called up her boarding house. And here he was told that Dolly had moved the night before—address unknown. Dave mechanically hung up the receiver. He unsteadily walked to a chair and sat down. Dolly gone! Dolly gone! The words ran through his brain and tortured him. And he sat there staring at the floor.

Weeks passed. Dave had pulled himself together, but the little box—a sacred reminder—remained in his pocket always. His promotion had been rapid and his savings had been well invested, and Dave not only had money in the bank, but an equity in a little house off in the country. He would have his mother come and live with him in his loneliness.

And then came an alarm—the third of the day. To Dave one alarm was the same as another. But to each fire he gave all that was in him.

"Where is it this time?" yelled a passerby as Dave swung onto the speeding ladder wagon.

"In the neighborhood of James and Pine," he called back as he adjusted his helmet. And the neighborhood came to his mind immediately—rows of old residences turned into rooming houses.

As usual, Dave's truck was the first to reach the scene of the fire. Dave's trained eyes told him at once that the house was doomed. Smoke and flames poured from the top windows and a reddish glow could be seen through the windows of the third floor. Dave's wagon pulled up directly in front of the burning house. The chief began to give orders.

"A ladder to the third floor, Harris," he called out. "Look out for the walls—they look bad."

The crowd gave out a roar as the ladder extended itself and was tilted over to the building. Dave was the first to mount the rungs. And he started upward. Small flames now were coming out of the third-story windows and the sound of cracking walls could be heard above the din of the puffing engines.

"Down from there," megaphoned the chief to Dave. "Walls coming down—down, Harris." But at one of the windows Dave saw a figure—arms outstretched, and he heard a smoke-muffled cry. And he continued up the ladder. The multitude below yelled to him in alarm. "The walls are falling," came to him from hundreds of mouths, but Dave still saw the figure in the window and continued upward unmindful of the warning.

Through the smoke he put his arms around the figure and pulled it through the window. The crowd below gave out a mighty yell. Dave steadied himself and carefully began to descend. Great hisses of flames now shot from the third-floor windows and bricks began to fall. Dave continued in his descent, his only thought being to protect the figure he firmly held in his arms. And he suddenly realized it was a woman he was holding. To protect her face he started to cover it, and then he stopped. And her eyes opened just a few inches from Dave's eyes. And then the din below seemed to cease suddenly and all was quiet except the sound of two beating hearts.

"Dolly," he said tenderly. "Dave," she murmured. "I want you always." And underneath his great helmet he kissed her.

Grecian Painted Walls

Instead of wallpaper, the ancient Greeks had painted walls. Instead of bare colors of bands and panels, such as are being used to some extent today, they were inclined to make their walls more the colored setting for their finer wall paintings, which were works of art. Instead of hanging paintings on the walls, they painted them there. Little attention was paid to furniture from an artistic standpoint. For the Greeks regarded furniture as something useful, not ornamental.—Detroit News.

Their Sense of Color Disturbed

Hobbs—The modern girl with her powdering and rouging makes me furious. Hobbs—Me, too. Every time I look at a flapper's daubed mouth I see red.



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Rubber Airplanes Now
The newest structural material for aviation construction is a novel "lumber" made by pressing together two sheets of hard rubber with an inner layer of sponge rubber between. Already the substance has been used to build motorboats, and now it has entered the airplane field as well.—Popular Science Monthly.

Doubting the Majority
"Do you believe in the rule of the majority?" "Sometimes," said Mr. Chuggins, "but not when my wife and two daughters combine to drive this old flivver from the back seat."

He who can take advice is sometimes superior to him who can give it.—Von Knebel.

Small "Republic" Bows to March of Progress

A little French district near the Swiss border calls itself the "Republic of Saugat," claiming that its freedom dates from feudal times.

There are only about 500 inhabitants of this "republic," but they have a language all their own—a language that is as foreign to their French neighbors as to Americans. The people of the three small villages forming the "republic" call the people around them "French" as if speaking of foreigners.

But a concession has at last been made to progress. Saugat, like her neighbor Switzerland, likes to have tourists. Heretofore the villagers have been accustomed to treat these visitors to the singing of the Saugat national air, but deciding that it would be more courteous to sing in an understandable language they have had the song translated into French. Of course all the Saugetians know French, for that is the only language taught in their schools.—Pathfinder Magazine.

Fight Flu With Fog
Flu sufferers may now walk into a Pinalco (London) clinic and for a pence leave the building, quite recovered.

A "sprinkler" is the latest remedial device. It generates a "fog," a pleasant, fragrant, smoke-cloud which is said to be anything but pleasant to influenza germs.

Twenty-five "sniffers" can be treated at one sitting in the "fog" chamber, but if you want to sniff in private you can have a cubicle all to yourself for two shillings or half-a-crown. Pine scents are sprayed into the room to make the "fog" extra pleasant.

Everybody on the staff of the clinic—doctors, nurses, and clerical assistants—sniff the "fog" two or three times a week to keep the enemy at bay.

Use Russ Ball Blue in your laundry. Tiny rust spots may come from inferior bluing. Ask Grocers.—Adv.

Adopts American Idea
The minister of health of Australia proposes to call a conference of life insurance companies and employers of labor to discuss a plan for the establishment of free dental clinics by employers along the lines of those of large companies in America.

Easy to Raise
One thing that is always easy to raise in a back yard garden is perspiration.—Louisville Times.

Not So Bad at That
"I've lost my spectacles. Shall I have to be examined all over again?" "Oh, no, dear. Only your eyes."

The time made by the losing horse isn't money to the owner.

WORKS HARD IN THE FIELD

Relies Upon Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Rankin, Illinois—"I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound as a tonic before and after my first child was born six years ago. Then when my second child came and I felt weak and run down, I took it again. I am still taking it and I am feeling better. My mother used it for herself when I was small and always got good results. She still takes it. I do all kinds of heavy work, including my housework and I also help in the field. I recommend the Vegetable Compound and will gladly do so at any time. I am willing to answer any letters asking about this Medicine."—Mrs. L. N. OBERLAND, Route 2, Rankin, Ill.

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W. N. U., PORTLAND, NO. 19-1929.

Foundation Stone Misaid
After a long search the foundation stone of the permanent parliament building of Australia at Canberra, which was "laid" by the prince of Wales in 1920, has just been found. It had been stacked away in the commission's storeroom "to insure its safety against blasting operations," says an official announcement, and its exact resting place forgotten.

Venomous Slander
Slander is a poison which extinguishes charity, both in the slanderer and in the persons who listen to it.—St. Bernard.

A good many of our narrow escapes, we never know about.

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it's the smartest car at the club"**

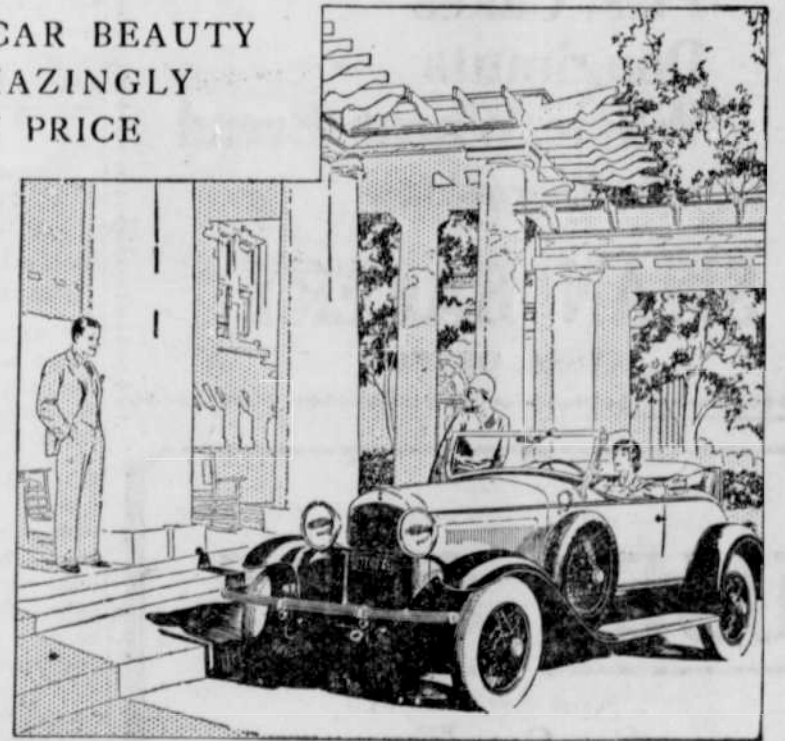
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An Attractive Woolen Costume

semi-sports effects. Likewise tailored models for smart town wear. To which add varied formal types of millinery which this season especially show an inclination to take on more trimming and display captivating feminine touches beyond those of recent years.

Ultrasmart are the new zephyr-weight wooleens. Everywhere in the realm of fashion style leaders are expressing enthusiasm for wooleens of the newer sort, many of which are that sheer and dainty no one would think of even remotely associating them with the woolen "has-beens" of the long ago.

In this day of miracles, wooleens have been touched by the magic wand

accompany the wool georgette ensemble—is so fine and thin it quite resembles slinting. It is especially smart in the new eggshell tint.

One kind of wooleen weave for the frock with a wooleen of entirely different character, yet related in color, adds zest to this season's fabric vogue, such as a gray tweed coat flecked with violet with a violet georgette frock.

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