

## INDIVIDUALITY IN HATS; LONG-LIMBED SILHOUETTE



Three Picturesque Types.

THE elegance and formality which is so generally characteristic of the new modes, is met with elegant response throughout millinery showings. Seeing that the ensemble idea lays particular stress upon matching headgear, women necessarily are buying not only a greater number of hats but they are of the type that calls into play millinery art in the true sense of the word.

Wherefore it follows that not this season will a simple little felt hat or two represent the sum total of millinery chic for the woman of fashion. Rather must the chapeau, whether it be of velvet, felt, satin, fur, chenille or of some one or other of the novelty woven weaves which lately have found favor with the milliner, be draped around the face to suit the individuality of the wearer.

Thus it is that not only are hats increasingly elegant and intriguingly designful, but best of all they are becoming—much of course makes the choosing of one's headgear a genuinely pleasurable experience rather than an irksome task.

The three models shown were selected for illustration, both because they exemplify the all-black and the black-and-white vogue and because they admirably show the manipulation which drapes the hat to type.

The dashing model to the left shows how deftly velvet is handled this season. Also it calls to mind how far fashion is departing from the stereotyped styles which for so many seasons women were reluctantly forced to accept.

Both the model just described and the hat at the top of the group illustrate the trend to intricately drape the brim about the face, so that it shall achieve an off-the-board effect, developing interesting "lines" at the side and back. Black felt with a

evening dress, but daytime styles confirm the fact of a drastic change in the entire program of dress.

It is woefully confusing, we will admit, this revolution in "lines." There seems only one conclusion to draw in regard to this complete reversal of the old order of things, which is that this demand of fashion for full skirted, long skirted, long limbed and short-waisted lines is going to make buying of new clothes imperative.

In the illustration a fine net in violet color lends itself gracefully to the quaint lines which according to latest style messages are very new-fashioned though old-fashioned. One can see from this model that it is going to require yards and yards of material for the newer dresses. The trailing fullness at the sides of this net gown is accomplished through masses of fine hand shirring. As to the quaint puff sleeves, although as yet they occur "few and far between" on the style program yet they may be regarded as signs of that which is liable to come along with all the other revolutionary ideas being introduced.

Seeing that the new modes require so much shirring, puffing, flouncing, draping and fitting it will not be at all surprising if the family dressmaker returns unto her own again. At any rate there is no doubt that fashion's



The New Long-Limbed Silhouette.

white felt brim sounds the chic black-and-white note for the chapeau to the right.

The last hat, which is also black felt, introduces a touch of white in the motif positioned on its upturned brim.

Long skirts, high waistlines, puff sleeves, like the ones in the picture, are we actually come to these? To which the powers that be in fashion's domain make answer, that we are not "coming" because we have already "arrived."

It is only too true, the new silhouettes about which there has been so much conjecture, so much doubt, so much hesitancy, have won out. Not only does this movement pertain to

followers are facing an entirely new order of things. Up to now only the evening gowns and wraps have completely adopted the style details launched by the Paris couture this fall. It is going to be a gradual process for American women to accept the radical changes which are planned for afternoon costumes.

Just a word about the new nets such as are used for the making of the dress pictured. Either in colors or black, net is a favorite medium for formal evening and dinner gowns. Not only are the pastel tints and white favored, but purples, greens and dark wines are popular.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY

(© 1923, Western Newspaper Union.)

## THE KITCHEN CABINET

(© 1923, Western Newspaper Union.)

Some find it "a man-killing job," but it seems to me to be the greatest work-a-day task that an ambitious person with ideals can find—helping a community and at the same time making a worldly success for one's self. It is a vocation for optimists.—Charles H. Grasty.

### DISHES A LA CREOLE

The creole style of cooking is fundamentally Franco-Spanish. Inter-marriage between the French and Spanish brought into prominence a style of cooking that partook of both nations.

The Creole of the old Franco-Spanish Louisiana is a lover of exquisite foods. The hot, moist climate of the South requires certain kinds of food combinations if one would keep well and enjoy his food.

The piquant, spicy, peppery flavored foods stimulate the lazy liver and give zest to the appetite. A true Creole sauce is a work of art.

**Creole Sauce.**—Place in a saucepan one cupful of stewed tomatoes, half a cupful of chopped onions, half a cupful of stock or water, one clove of garlic, a quarter teaspoonful of thyme and two chopped peppers. Cook until the onions and peppers are soft, then cool and rub through a sieve. Place three tablespoonfuls of butter or olive oil in a pan, add four tablespoonfuls of flour, brown, then add the puree. Cook until well blended, for three minutes. Now add two tablespoonfuls of tarragon vinegar, a quarter teaspoonful of chili (powdered saffron leaves), or chili powder may be substituted. Serve with meat, fish, boiled rice or eggs.

**Rice and Apple Creole.**—Boil a quarter of a cupful of rice until tender add one-half cupful of thick seasoned apple sauce, one egg yolk well beaten and a teaspoonful of lemon extract. Fold in the stiffly beaten egg white and mold in small cups. Serve very cold with a cream or custard sauce.

**Belle Cala.**—Place two cupfuls and a half of boiling water in a saucepan and add half a cupful of washed rice. Cook until the rice is soft and the water absorbed. Cool, turn into a sieve and mash in a mixing bowl. Place one-third of a yeast cake with three tablespoonfuls of sugar, and one teaspoonful of salt in three-fourths of a cupful of warm water. Stir to dissolve thoroughly and then add the rice in the bowl. Beat, stand over night and add two well beaten eggs, a quarter of a teaspoonful of nutmeg and a pinch of soda. In the morning, beat again and drop by spoonfuls into hot fat, sprinkle with powdered sugar and cinnamon and serve hot.

**Cold Puddings.**—Preparing a dessert, having something that the family likes, at the same time avoiding monotony, is a daily task for thousands of women. Any suggestions are usually gladly received. Here are a few:

**Apple Meringue.**—Peel after coring six good flavored apples. Put one cupful of water, one cupful of sugar and the juice of a lemon into a stewpan and cook to a sirup. Put the apples into a glass baking dish and pour over the sirup, then bake until tender. Chill and fill with whipped cream and dot each with a candied cherry. Nutmeg, cinnamon or orange rind may be used if preferred for flavoring. This is a dessert that the children may enjoy with a cookie or piece of plain cake.

**Fig Crumb Pudding.**—Mix one cupful of cake crumbs with four crushed macaroons, three tablespoonfuls of sugar, two eggs with the yolks of two more beaten together; add a cupful and a half of cream, one teaspoonful of vanilla, half a cupful of chopped figs and a tablespoonful of candied peel chopped. Beat well, pour into a buttered mold, cover, place in a pan of hot water and bake until firm. Turn out and decorate with figs filled with whipped cream.

**Mixed Fruit Jelly.**—Cook one cupful of tapioca in a quart of milk until clear; stir in a glass of apple jelly and pour into a deep round bowl. When cold turn out on a bed of chopped peach gelatin made from fruit sirup, garnished round with sliced peaches and cherries. Serve with a bowl of whipped cream.

**Rice Dumplings.**—Wash one cupful of rice and cook in a quart of water until soft and the water is absorbed. Cool, rub through a sieve and add one-half cupful of sugar, one-quarter teaspoonful of salt and one-half teaspoonful of nutmeg. Beat well, rinsing pudding cloths in cold water and dust lightly with flour. Spread the rice in half-inch layers on the cloth and place in the center of each a core of pared apple. Fill the cavity with brown sugar and raisins and tie the cloth closely around the apple. Plunge into a deep saucepan of boiling water and cook thirty-five minutes. Remove from the cloths, brush with beaten egg, sprinkle with brown sugar and cinnamon and bake a light brown in a hot oven. Serve with a hard or custard sauce.

**Neenie Maxwell**

## BEST PLACE FOR A HOPE CHEST

(© by D. J. Walsh.)

SUZANNE FAY, sitting on the floor before the quaintly banded cedar chest, one slender hand dipping into its depths and the other caressing the sheaf of embroidered towels in her lap, looked up at her friend with a grimace.

"I can't possibly get another thing into my hope chest," she remarked. "It's full to the brim. And everything of the best! A half dozen of everything, even dish cloths." She laughed. "I've even worked my initials on those, and F is such a clumsy letter to do. I wonder which initial I shall change that 'F' into."

"C," perhaps," suggested Helen Gardner. She sat in the wicker chair near Suzanne, who had been showing her the contents of the chest. She smiled into each other's eyes. Helen bravely, Suzanne triumphantly. "I think you're the queerest girl not to have a hope chest yourself," Suzanne said.

Helen drew a long breath. "Well, I've no skill with the embroidery needle, and then—and then it takes every cent to keep up the day's expenses. Mother, you know, is so poorly and we have four boarders now. I really am quite busy. To tell the truth, there isn't a lot of idle time to be had between six in the morning and ten at night. When I do get a minute I read."

"Novels are so stimulating," remarked Suzanne, casually looking into the hope chest with fond eyes. "I don't read novels. I read things that will stay by me. Just now I am deep in the 'Outline of History.'"

"That?" Suzanne interrupted. "Why is it dull as ditch water. I hate history. Why delve into the past? The present runs away fast enough. It's all I can do to keep up with the new steps and stitches. Going, Helen?"

"I must," Helen had arisen. "It is past four, and I have to make biscuits for dinner. I've had a pleasant hour, Suzanne. Thanks for letting me see your hope chest. And I hope that—that 'C' may be your future initial." Suzanne laughed gayly. "I'm sure it will be. He wouldn't be such a fool as not to take me, would he?"

Helen looked gravely at the brilliant, blonde little figure and shook her head. Then she ran away from the pretty gray house to the large full old rookery on the corner where she and her mother were making a passionate struggle for existence.

She found her mother lying down. "I'm afraid I'm a little late," Helen panted. "But Suzanne showed me her hope chest—and it's wonderful."

"Poor child!" Mrs. Gardner sighed as she looked tenderly upon her dark, grave young daughter. "I wish you had one, dear."

Helen shrugged. "But I should not need it. You see, mother, I am going to be a nice comfy old maid and stay home with you."

"I don't believe it," Kendric Curtis thinks too much of you."

Helen had turned her back upon her mother's questioning eyes. "He thinks a lot more of Suzanne. She is lovely. And so I think 'C' will be the initial she will have to live up to upon her silver."

"Well," Mrs. Gardner could say no more.

Helen, entering the kitchen, quickened on her apron and got out her rolling-pin and biscuit board. But she paused to stare unseeingly for a lone moment from the window over the sink. If Kendric Curtis married Suzanne life wasn't going to mean a lot to her, that was all. But no one must ever know, not even her mother, unless she guessed. So it was perhaps just as well that she shouldn't have the hope chest. It would be a dreadful thing years and years from now to look at the yellowed contents and think—

She began to sift flour rapidly. No matter how one's heart ached one must have dinner ready on time. For Mr. Griffin and Miss Gould and Mr. and Mrs. Ferris were always hungry.

She had knelt to pop the biscuits into the oven when she heard a sound outside the screen door and looking over her shoulder saw Kendric Curtis laughing in at her.

"Caught you at it!" he said. "I hope I'm going to get a chance at those extremely good looking biscuits. Helen. You see, mother is away and I'm wandering about like a hungry bear. Will you take me in and feed me out of pity, for a few days?"

Helen had sense enough to close the oven door before she arose to her feet.

"I'll ask mother, Kendric. But I'm afraid all our rooms are full," she said in her clear, practical way.

"Oh, I don't want a room—just meals," Kendric said earnestly. "I can sleep at home. It's the vitamins, Helen. You see, mother has spoiled me with her incomparable cooking. When the roast is underdone at the Elm Tree restaurant and the pie soggy at Central house and the coffee flat at the Brown Swan Inn I simply fade away from those spots forever. And I've no skill with a skillet even though I may pass as a lawyer."

"Well," Helen meditated. "It's going to be a frenzied chicken tonight with deep apple pie. Maybe I could man-

age one more, Kendric, although I'm busy as a bee now."

"You darling!" Kendric breathed. "I'll be here at six—sharp."

He was gone and Helen leaned against the cupboard, smiling, yet tearful.

"I couldn't turn him away," she thought. "But it is going to seem funny to cook for Kendric Curtis."

She was busier than ever with another mouth to feed. But she kept her head and the biscuits came out beautifully brown and the chicken gravy was golden and smooth. Kendric, with his beautiful manners and ready wit, livened the commonplace meal into a sparkling dinner party. Little Mrs. Gardner, in her faded gray gown, twice made over, grew animated. But Helen, in her dyed blue linen and apron was gravely intent upon the success of the food she served. She scarcely allowed herself to glance at the new guest, who watched her intently.

That evening, instead of joining the gay little party at Suzanne's house, he took Helen and her mother motoring in the moonlight. And during the five days he remained a guest of the house he didn't fail to give the two women a daily outing. Indeed, he went so far as to give Helen a lesson or two in driving, and professed amusements at the way she learned to manipulate the wheel.

"What a wonder you are, Helen," he said one evening. "I never before saw a girl so genuinely accomplished."

"Accomplished!" Helen gasped. "Why—I can't sing—or play—or dance."

"But you can cook and keep house and make a real home," Kendric said earnestly. "And those are things that appeal to me very strongly. My mother, Helen, must have been the kind of girl you are." Then he turned to Mrs. Gardner, who occupied the coupe with them. "Dear lady," he pleaded, "won't you help me to win Helen? You see, I want her very, very much."

"Helen must decide for herself," was all Mrs. Gardner could answer.

There was a silence while the car drifted through the moonlight.

"But I haven't any hope chest," Helen said at last, tremulously.

Kendric touched her hand.

"Dearest," he said, "your hope chest is in your head, and that's the best place for a girl's hope chest."

### Days of Youth by No Means Life's Happiest

No one should make a statement like, "Youth is the happiest time of life," without being prepared to accept its intellectual consequences. Now, if it were really true that youth is the happiest time of life nothing would be a more tragic spectacle than young men and maidens; for they would in their present state have attained the pinnacle, the climax of existence; before them would lie fifty years of diminishing, of decay, of accumulating loss, of descent into ever-darkening days.

The belief that youth is the happiest time of life is founded on a fallacy—on a false definition of happiness. Many people think that to be free from physical pain and mental worry is perfection; knowing that as we grow older our physical pains and mental worries are apt to increase. They assume that youth is the happiest time of life. We are, of course, all animals; but we ought not to be merely animals. I suppose that in the case of animals youth is the happiest time of life; a puppy is happier than an old rheumatic hound; a young jackass prancing in the pasture is presumably happier than an old donkey laboriously dragging a cart; but these are merely animals and lack man's greatest gift—the possibility of development.

Those who say that childhood is the happiest time are unconsciously postulating the animal definition: A child is happy because he is healthy and has no worries; when he is cold somebody covers him; when he is hungry somebody feeds him; when he is sleepy somebody puts him to bed. There is the shadow on the sunny years; there is the fly in the ointment. Personally I had rather have a few worries and aches and go to bed when I choose. A child is as dependent as a slave. If you would rather be a healthy, well-fed slave than an independent man, you will prefer childhood to maturity.—William Lyon Phelps in the Ladies' Home Journal.

### Asbestos

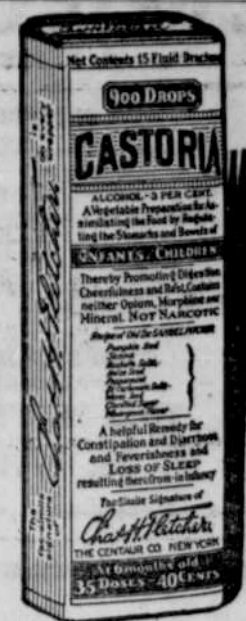
The name "asbestos" is derived from the Greek word for inextinguishable or indestructible, and the adjective "asbestiform" is applied to any mineral that is readily separable into more or less flexible fibers. Among the more important asbestiform minerals, from the standpoint of toughness, incombustibility, and low heat conductivity, the following are included under the general trade name of asbestos: Chrysotile (serpentine asbestos) amphibole asbestos (including fibrous varieties of tremolite, actinolite, etc.), anthophyllite asbestos, crocidolite (Cape blue asbestos), and amosite. Unless stated otherwise, however, the term "asbestos" usually means chrysotile.

### Persistence

The following is told of Winston Churchill when working at the admiralty: An American journalist was granted an interview. "I've turned down seven of your competitors this morning," exclaimed Winston, nodding toward a pile of visiting cards. "I know I'm them!" replied the American.

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