

FELT HATS WITH "PINKED" EDGES; NEW SILHOUETTE IN PRINT SILK

NOW comes the midseason time of the year when most women feel the urge for a new hat just to "bridge over" until the arrival of the first robin of spring. What's new? A question to which the group of perforated and eyelet-embroidered felts in the picture should prove a most convincing answer.

In some instances the cutout design is that elaborate, Paris designers refer

It is really not to be thought of wearing a last season's dress and expecting to "get by with it." Not but what it has been possible in preceding years, for there were seasons and seasons when the silhouette varied but slightly. But this season! Well, there is no doubt about it we are due for a decided change. The new silhouette seems to have won the battle that has been raging ever since "lines" which



New Hats From Paris.

to the decorative openwork bands and insets as "felt lace." The model photographed in the oval is one of the simpler types. This petite cloche has been slashed across the crown in a fern-leaf design, the openings revealing a lining of fall silk in a contrasting color.

Sometimes the fanciful cutouts are worked directly in the hat itself as shown in the pen-and-ink sketch at the top to the right in this group. Then again motifs of the openwork felt are inset as shown in the hat sketched next below.

While the simple cutout work which perforates the felt desirably is more generally adopted, in some instances

are different were thrust upon us by the regime which controls the destinies of fashion.

So here we are contemplating, for one thing, print silk frocks like the one pictured below which is new, decidedly new, in the patterning of the silk of which it is made, in the length of the hemline, and in its silhouette in general. It carries out effectively the idea of combining silk which prints dark on a light background with silk in twin patterning which prints light on dark. Its princess cut and the draped neckline are two outstanding style features.

Ever so many of the new silks have dark backgrounds, black, navy, brown,



Print Silk Frock.

eyelet embroidery takes its place. The embroidery is done exactly as one works on linen or any other material, with a view to achieving a lacey openwork appearance. The third sketch below to the right is eyelet embroidered.

In the lower left corner is a sketch of a very interesting hat, in that the brim is "pinked" around the edge—regular old-fashioned pinking, such as flourished in our ancestors' day. The "pinking" makes a charming finish in connection with the new cutout work.

It adds greatly to these openwork designs when they are lined with a contrasting color. A black "felt lace" lined with white is effective. Sometimes the satin or fallie lining, in fact very often, is the exact shade of the felt. The contrast occurs in the dull surface of the felt versus the luster of the silk.

For immediate wear, felts in a wide range of pastel colorings, are the new note. This play on color satisfies the desire for a touch of spring, yet being felt and conservative types these simple little hats are timely and in excellent taste.

prints is that of flat flowers, that is the little blossoms are not sharply defined with an outline, color making the distinction.

As to printed chiffons, some of them accent an intensified coloring, achieving a vivid beauty. Some of the print chiffons adopt a technique which simulates handpainting. Large tulips on a light background carried out with brush-and-paint effect, achieve brilliant splashes of color most effectively. Huge floral designs are a characteristic trend of many of the imported chiffons.

Fashions at the winter resorts all ways foretell coming summer modes. Already southern palms are making a fitting setting for picturesque chiffon frocks gaily flowered. Naturally these gowns call for hats with large brims—all of which is the story in advance for summer.

The cunningest silk prints ever, have been devised for children, certain types of which show quaint little figures frolicking in flower gardens or other scenes equally as typical of childhood.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.
(© 1930, Western Newspaper Union.)

A LOCK OF HAIR FOR REMEMBRANCE

(© by D. J. Walsh.)

THE first time Mary ever saw Brant Millington lingered in her mind with a strangely maternal desire to laugh at him; it had been such a little-boy sort of thing he had said.

Mary had rushed into Joe's barber shop at 11:40 and Joe's chair was empty, while Brant occupied the one next to it. And Joe went swiftly about the business of clipping Mary's sleek, straight locks in the very brief style she affected for comfort's sake. And as Joe's shears sang through her thick shining hair, Mary's alert ears overheard the conversation going on in the next chair to hers:

"Cut the pesky stuff off short, Ben; the gang all think I curl it and I'd cheerfully rather be bald than have anyone think that of me!" And, of course, Mary, having struggled with sleek, straight hair all her life and simply yearned for even the minutest curl imaginable, turned swiftly around and inspected the young man guilty of delivering such an alien thought, looked and almost wept to see the slaughter of the thick, curling bronze hair that was being quickly demolished under the onslaught of Ben's skilled shears. "Going to let it grow this winter, Miss Mary?" asked Joe with all the interest of your family barber.

"Oh, no; I would if only I could manage the ghost of a wave to it, but it's too beastly unmanageably straight," and Mary blushed slightly as she became conscious of the interested inspection of the occupant of the other chair.

"You could use pomade, Mr. Millington," advised the hopeful Benjamin. "Nope; leaves the hair too messy," objected Mr. Millington firmly, and Mary smiled a warm, friendly smile; it was such a relief to know a truly fastidious man existed in these days of makeup and what not.

"Ever think of trying a permanent, Mary?" offered the solicitous Joseph. "Loads of times, but common sense always rescued me at the eleventh hour," confessed Mary, aware that Mr. Millington was now frankly listening to her, and not only listening but casting frequent interested glances her way.

"First man I ever heard kick about his hair curling," offered Ben. "Steam," advised Joe, thoughtfully. "Will curl most hair. After your shampoo you just lift your hair by strands and hold it over a boiling teakettle . . ."

But Mary and Brant were no longer interested in the barbers' conversation, and as they emerged into the street shoulder to shoulder Mary flushed ever so lightly and cast a shy, friendly glance at Brant, who looked very boyish and embarrassed as he tipped his hat and hurried ahead of Mary into an office building.

"Why," gasped Mary a few moments later as she alighted from the elevator in front of her office door, "he works here, too! Fancy that! And we to meet in a barber shop!" And Brant, looking up as he deposited hat and coat on a rack, knew a definite thrill of gladness to discover that that wonderful girl named Mary worked in his own office, too!

And, of course, they might have met and passed each other day in and day out without ever becoming any nearer the goal of their separate, secretly hoped-for goal of friendship had not fate intervened in their behalf with a few well-aimed happenings that were destined to bring them nearer together.

The janitor of the office building was suddenly called to the death-bed of a near and dear relative and in his haste to arrive lest he be too late he locked the cellar, forgetting to adjust the furnace properly, and consequently at about 5:10, when most of the other occupants of the vast offices had already departed homeward, a faulty radiator in Mary's room gave way under the added pressure of the over-hot furnace, and although the safety-valve on the furnace was blowing a shrill siren of warning there was none to heed it, and consequently the weakest link in the chain broke, and in a few brief moments the big room was so filled with steam that even the windows were dimmed from view and Mary fled in fright to the outer desk telephone and was frantically trying to ring the janitor when Brant came in. The door to the steam-filled office was closed, but the glass window was so thickly misted with steam that Brant stood for a brief moment rooted to the spot, watching Mary's frantic efforts toward telephoning, thinking that it was smoke he saw in the glass window of the door.

"We'll have to put in an alarm, Mary," he said after an instant, and Mary stopped her frantic efforts with the telephone, and, facing him, said simply, "The fire department wouldn't care to fix a leaky radiator!" And the tense lines of his face relaxed and he advanced toward the closed office door, but Mary was ahead of him, and in an instant both were making desperate efforts to get up to the whistling, pounding radiator.

"It's no use; we simply can't do anything but get burned. We'll have to let it go and get some one to fix it," wailed Mary, her face dripping with moisture and even her eyelashes bending with the steam.

"I'll spill everything in this room in the meantime. Let's try," answered Brant, and he made a futile effort to turn the radiator off, but to

no avail, for the handle spun around either way, telling its own story of broken thread or whatever it is that makes a radiator backfire.

Fifteen minutes in a supercondensed Turkish bath, however, is likely to dampen the ardor of even the original trouble shooter of this world, and Brant finally agreed with the anxious Mary that they were wasting their time and could much better dispose of it in locating a janitor or somebody who understood the steam-radiator better than they.

Coming from the steam-clouded room, Brant wiped his face and turned to look at Mary, and then started in utter, unbelieving amazement. Mary's hair hung to her head in a mass of tightly curling ringlets! And Mary, staring fixedly at Brant, discovered that the steam had removed whatever trace of curl there was to his hair, and it hung in limp strands about his face as though he had been swimming!

"Mary!" gasped Brant. "Your hair is all curly!"

"And yours is all straight, Brant!" stammered Mary as she drew forth a minute mirror to gaze upon the miracle.

"Mary," began Brant shyly as Mary prepared to don hat and coat, "would you let me cut just one of those adorable curls for remembrance?" and, startled, Mary paused an instant and then said, slowly, "Yes, Brant, if you'll return the favor!"

So they very solemnly clipped a lock of each other's hair and then strolled out into the star-studded dusk of a gorgeous spring evening conscious that in exchanging a lock of hair they had gained something infinitely more precious! And Brant, not knowing Mary's last name even, knew—even as she did—that ere fall came Mary would be sharing his name gladly!

Jurist Had Odd Reason for Apparent Slumber

The late Chief Justice White was perhaps the most thorough interrogator of counsel among his generation of Supreme court justices, and in that connection a somewhat amusing circumstance might be cited.

It was the fixed habit of the chief justice to sit during the course of an argument with his eyes closed and with his head thrown back on his chair. To the casual observer he seemed sound asleep. This often proved exceedingly embarrassing and disturbing to lawyers, who felt that they were addressing a man whom they not only failed to impress, but whom they could not even keep awake.

However, the venerable jurist never failed at some stage of the argument to open his eyes, lean forward, and propound a question summing up practically everything the speaker had said from first to last. That was intended to show the pleader that, after all, his argument had not fallen upon deaf ears.

A judge of a lower court once asked the late chief justice why the latter appeared to sleep upon the bench, when as a matter of fact he was wide awake all the time. The answer was that by a curious freak of mind the chief justice had formed the habit of watching the mouths of lawyers in action while they were making their arguments.

He unconsciously became so absorbed, he said, in the facial expressions of the men before him that he lost the thread of the argument. In order, therefore, to do full justice to every cause pleaded before him, the chief justice found it necessary to close his eyes and shut from his mind the grotesque picture of the human mouth before him.—J. Frederick Esary in Scribner's Magazine.

Measuring Human Skin

There are from 14 to 18 square feet of skin on the average adult human body, says an article in Pathfinder Magazine. Of course, the surface area of the body, which is practically equivalent to the number of square feet of skin, varies with the sex, age, height and weight of the individual. Obviously the body of a tall, thin person might have a much greater surface area than the body of a short, fat person who weighs the same. The method of obtaining the surface area of the body is complicated and involves many factors, but charts have been devised whereby it can be estimated with a high degree of accuracy if the sex, age, height and weight of the individual are known.

Singing for Exercise

Besides being a pleasure to the singer and sometimes to those around, the act of singing is a better exercise than most persons have any thought of. It is good exercise for the throat, lungs and chest and now it is recommended for the ears. A western physician who is called upon to do a great deal of driving over the country says that after a particularly hard experience of this kind, his ears always seem to be affected, probably by the noise of the car and vibration of the engine. In this event he raises up his voice and sings to the best of his ability and this treatment soon relieves the ears.

Immense Swamp

The Great Dismal swamp is a morass in southeastern Virginia and northeastern North Carolina. It extends from near Norfolk 30 to 40 miles southward. It contains Lake Drummond and is traversed by the Dismal Swamp canal, which connects Chesapeake bay and Albemarle Sound. Part of the swamp has been reclaimed. The biological survey says that the following animals are found in the Dismal swamp of Virginia: Bears, wildcats, rabbits, deer, opossums, squirrels and raccoons.

Daddy's Evening Fairy Tale

BY MARY GRAHAM BONNER

MUSICAL HUMMING

David had gone to visit London, and London was talking to him.

She was telling him about her music.

"You know how people have orchestras and bands for parties and parades—we city ladies have ours, too, only all the time."

"They're made up of such an assortment of players who play all sorts of tunes, and the music sounds so lovely to those who love cities."

"Oh, the tunes they play are so many, and the players are so many! All the hopes and ambitions and dreams and struggles and victories and defeats and chattering and games and work and hurry and scramble and the wishes of every one make up the great music of a city."

"Sometimes you will hear harsh notes—that's when the angry wrong notes get out of tune and when the miseries wall, but somehow the music of the city draws them in and with the great beauty of the rest of the music they become quieter and all blends into this beautiful humming sound that you hear."

London stopped speaking and David listened. From the great city came the city hum—the city which took all the voices and all the sounds to herself and then made them into a beautiful humming song, all, all her very own.

He had heard it, too, in New York. It was true, cities had their own music.

After they had listened to the music for awhile London told David more about the Thames, of how it was so small at first, and then wider so people could ride along it on boats and how it went along until it reached the



It Was So Thick, So Very Thick.

east side of England, and the sea. David asked London if she were fond of trading, too. New York had told him that cities were good at business.

London said the same thing, too, and they talked a little about her trading.

"But years ago," London went on, "this little island of England was very young and years ago London was very young, but I've been growing up a long time now and with me has grown up so much history."

"I'm not going to talk history to you, nor am I going to talk about my traditions. I'm taking a little rest. Only, I do love my old customs, David."

London paused. David looked at her again. Her dress was of gray, a beautiful shade of gray, and the sun was shining down upon her and she looked so peaceful as she sat beside the smooth, silvery gray waters of her beloved river companion.

He took a walk through her streets and after awhile came back again to talk to her.

"London," he said, "I've heard of your fogs. I wish I could see one."

London laughed.

"It's not quite time for one," she said, "but maybe Thames and I could oblige you. Wait, wait, just for a moment or so."

David waited and as he did so London seemed to be putting a yellow veil over her face, and suddenly there was the thickest fog he had ever seen.

"Here's a lantern, David, you'd better not be without it."

Never had David seen such a fog. He held the lantern London had given to him and he almost wished he had not asked for a fog. It was so thick, so terribly thick. He remembered how Gulf Stream had told him she became all of a fog when she, with her warmth struck the cold air of Labrador, and London had told him of all the factories which sent their smoke into the air and which mingled with the mist from the Thames.

The voice of London was speaking to him. "It's so dark, David, that I think I'll let Thames take you along a little way. I've always said to myself that if I intended to have fogs I'd have real ones. A little later in the season I'll have plenty of them though there are months and months when the sun shines here as much as anywhere and when people are disappointed because they visit me and never have a fog."

"But I must attend to a good deal when there is a fog like this, so you'll pardon me if I leave you."

Thickness, thickness, thickness. What thickness there could be to a fog!

In Firm

First Office Boy—Can't you say your grandmother died?
Second Lad—No, she works here too.



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Nowadays, people take Bayer Aspirin for many little aches and pains, and as often as they encounter any pain.

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There's a Reason
Kind Old Lady—My goodness, but you must love that baby to death. I see you forming in line to kiss it.
First Uchlin—Sure, why wouldn't we? The baby has just got through eating an all-day sucker.—Detroit News.

Home Has More Danger Than Savages of Brazil

JOHN J. WHITEHEAD, explorer and lecturer, has just returned from eight months in the jungles of South America, where he was searching for traces of the lost Colonel Fawcett and his son.

Dangerous as he found the jungle, he encountered a worse danger at home. But let him tell it.

"One of the great problems of a trip of this kind is keeping in healthy condition. When we started, some of the members of the party had laxatives with them, but made wise by experience I carried Nujol. All too quickly my stock ran out. Soon I was in bad shape—what with a diet of rice and beans, lacking vitamins and green vegetables.

"When we finally got back to civilization, entertained first in Brazil and later in the United States, I became positively ill. Severe stomach pains and poor elimination made me realize that Nujol would again prove the reliable, trustworthy keeper of health. Sure enough, with the first bottle the trouble disappeared.

Don't think Nujol is a medicine. It is as tasteless and colorless as clear water. It brings you, however, what your body needs like any other machine—lubrication. Just as a good bath washes our bodies clean, Nujol

sweeps away, easily and normally, those internal bodily poisons (we all have them) that make us feel dull and headachy and sick. Nujol cannot hurt even a little baby; it forms no habit; it contains not one single drug. Doctors and nurses use it themselves and tell you to use it, if you want to be well.

Take Nujol every night for two weeks and prove to yourself how happy and bright and full of pep you can be, if your body is internally clean. Get a bottle today at any drug store. It costs but a few cents, and makes you feel like a million dollars. Start traveling the health-road to success and happiness—this very day!

Needs't Worry
"If Jack were to propose to me I wouldn't know whether to say 'yes' or 'no.'"

Everything Was Rocky
Finnigan—Was it rocky at all up where you spent your vacation?
Hooligan—Oh, yes; the board and everything, you know.—New Bedford Standard.

"Well, don't worry, dear, I accepted him last night."—Stray Stories.

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that COLD
... before it stops you!

COMMON head colds often "settle" in throat and chest where they may become dangerous—rub Musterole on these parts at the first sniffle—it will relieve congestion by stimulating blood circulation.

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Working like the trained hands of a masseur, this famous



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blend of oil of mustard, camphor, menthol and other helpful ingredients brings relief naturally. It penetrates and stimulates blood circulation and helps to draw out infection and pain. Used by millions for 20 years. Recommended by many doctors and nurses.

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