

GAY BLOUSE WITH CLOTH SUIT; THE SUBJECT OF NIGHTGOWNS



This Elegant Ensemble Sports the New Blouse.

JUST to be ultra-modish why not choose a blouse of gay print to wear with the new spring suit? In observing advance ensemble and suit types one realizes that very interesting and very unusual materials enter into the making of the blouse.

Latest vogue calls for colorful prints for the blouse, perhaps foulard silk, or dainty challis, or a silk and wool mixture, or printed shantung or gaily colorful silk pique. The latest jersey ensembles distinguish themselves by adopting blouses of embroidered jersey done in tiny colorful repeat patterns. Cravat silks, too, find favor as a medium for the blouse.

In the picture, this elegant ensemble of bright navy wool velveteen, sports one of the new blouse types made of bright flowered challis. The intricately draped neckline calls to mind that the tendency is to concentrate trimming effects at the top about the neck and shoulders, leaving the neckline very plain and molded to the figure so that the blouse may be worn at will either as a tuck-in or over the skirt.

Monotone fabrics with a soft suede-like nap like the woolen weave used for the making of the suit illustrated register for a widespread vogue this season in such intriguing colors as hunters' green, bottle green and certain alluring light greens, also rust red, deep wine, scarlet, violet and a range of blues. There is quite a little conjecture in regard to gray, some

three important style messages, namely, the high waistline defined by narrow ribbon, an elaborate lace treatment, and that which is most beautiful, its color which is hyacinth blue—the last word in tones and tints for midday's lingerie.

That same rivalry which exists in evening frocks between those cut in a princess and those which favor the short waist empire effects, pertains also to the styling of new-type nightgowns. This question of silhouette is of paramount interest in connection with lingerie fashions. In fact, the character of all undergarments has changed entirely, because of the necessity of conforming to the new lines adopted by dresses and outer garments in general.

This changing silhouette is especially stressed in costume slips, which frequently trend to princess types. Then, too, the 1930 slips are more generously trimmed than heretofore, especially with lace. It has been a long time since the vogue for fanciful slips held sway. However, the pendulum of fashion has without a doubt swung back to ornate styles in chemise, costume slips, likewise nightgowns.

While crepe de chine continues to



A Beguiling Nightgown Model.

fashionists predicting its vogue although now it appears only in exclusive models.

These velvety woollens are made up both in cape and in jacket models. The cape costumes, are stunning, especially when intricately tailored skirts are topped with picturesque lengths. Capes reaching to the waistline also are in fashion, their shapeliness often achieved by goilets inserted so as to gracefully flare.

Taking Up Nightgowns.

As to dainty lingerie, the new "nighties" are so lovely, they defy description. Exquisitely lace-laden are they, delicately colorful and reflecting entirely new styling trends.

Such beguiling models as the one pictured are numbered among types sponsored for the coming spring and summer months. This gown conveys

favor for fine lingerie, its supremacy is contested by washable crepe satin. Gowns of the latter, generously embellished with lace and subtly indicating princess lines, are highlighted by the mode.

Having discovered that the darker-toned laces are exceedingly effective with pastel-tinted fabrics, designers are making a special point of emphasizing this fact. Alencon lace is perhaps employed more than any other type and it ranges from deep coffee color to creamy tones, with rose-tinted and outlandish favorite. Hand-embroidered dory is also featured. Not only do the laced types show a touch of medieval dory, but many silk-and-lace lingerie fantasies are handsomely elaborated with hand stitching of varied character.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY
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HE LOOKED WORTHY OF HIS TWIN

(© by D. J. Walsh.)

"SAY, Joe, what's wrong with your twin? He looks pretty seedy."

Joe squinted thoughtfully at a passing car. "He had typhoid and it seems to have left him without any pep or ambition."

"Too bad. I've seen fellows go like that and, Joe, once a man loses his grip it's hard for him to get back. Is he—ah—well, I might as well be frank. Does he need money? I'm not asking from curiosity, you know that. If he's in debt I'll be glad to stake him."

Joe flushed and hesitated, then spoke frankly: "Yes, he is in debt. His hospital bills set him back and he's paying on his doctor bills now. I've offered to settle them, but he was stubborn about it. Then the doctor told him that ten a month would be satisfactory as payment, but John is sending him fifty each month. Guess he's too proud to let a bill run on."

"He should have more pride in his appearance, though, Joe. I wouldn't speak of it now, but there's a whisper going around that he's going to be let out in the spring. An insurance solicitor has to look right and have an air of self-confidence. Otherwise he's not going to sell the large policies. Gotta look like money these days, and John doesn't even get the haircuts he needs. He trails around with his head down."

"I know it. The illness took his pep and I really believe that his shabby clothes are keeping him back. But, I've almost quarreled with him without any result."

"I wonder if we couldn't put something over on him. Let him overhear me commenting upon his unpollished shoes and ragged necktie. Golly, boy, he could afford a neck-shave. You could give him that."

Joe sighed. "That's another thing. His illness left him a trifle deaf. It's wearing off but it's given him the habit of inattention. He wouldn't hear if you spoke about it loudly."

His friend shrugged and went his way.

Joe, well-groomed and smartly-clothed, went on to his boarding-house where he shared a room with his twin, John. Joe didn't earn a fabulous salary but he was doing well and was being promoted more rapidly than his youth warranted. Snappy, confident and eager to grasp every chance, he was popular. He would go to almost any length to aid a friend and it cut him to the heart that he could do nothing for his brother.

John was sitting by the window, his head bent. A pencil had dropped from his listless fingers and Joe saw that he'd been figuring up on the card lying on the arm of his chair.

"Come on, John, spruce up and we'll do a talkie."

John's head had begun its usual negative shake before the sentence was finished. "If I keep up paying \$50 a month it will take—" John permitted a sigh to interrupt. "and Joe, I'm afraid I'm going to be let out after the first of the month."

"Yeah. I heard that just now. If I were you I'd sure get myself a decent outfit to look up another job before that ax falls on your queer collar."

John stirred, amazed at the new and absolutely callous note in his twin's voice. "Queer collar?"

"Yeah. Queer is too mild a word. Well, so long. Just looked in to collect you for the show."

Not a word of sympathy. John looked after the natty figure with more interest than he'd felt in any problem since his illness. He had once been much plumper than Joe, but now he was as slight as his brother.

John moped in the room all evening and went to bed early.

Joe had gone when John awoke. The young man wearily arose and reached for the suit he had not put on a hanger. Then he aroused himself after a few moments of bewildered search. Their mutual closet held nothing but a smart outfit of Joe's. A tweed of warm gray, an overcoat of a deeper shade, blue silk socks and a scarf of a lustrous silk that was shot with gold flecks for brightness, were there, also a pair of really good shoes polished to a satisfying brilliance.

John shook his head. He jerked open the drawers of the bureau. Nothing but a set of Joe's underclothes, a clean shirt and collar and handkerchief. Not a trace of any of his own linens.

He went to the head of the stairs, holding his bathrobe around him and called down to Mrs. Harris.

"Your clothes gone?" she cried, amazed. "I don't know where they've gone. Didn't you wear them when you came in?" she queried, her voice rising with an angry suspicion as to his possible condition.

Because John really listened he caught not only her words but their inference and his answer was to slam his door quickly lest the pretty girl in the room next his should hear the unseemly conversation. He liked Beatrice and hoped to rush her a bit when he felt peppier.

There was nothing to do but borrow Joe's outfit and, because Joe never missed his cold shower, John took one, a habit he had dropped lately.

Swinging briskly down the snowy street John was surprised at his sensation of well-being. Not for a year had he felt like this. Joe's hat fitted him well and was of the latest shape. Joe's shoes were good to look upon as the sun rested upon the polished tips. He had eaten a good breakfast, amused at the maid's intent scrutiny. He knew she recognized Joe's suit, but he had lost his scruples, against borrowing since he'd viewed himself in the mirror.

"Hello, Joe. Have you come to take John's place?"

John started. His boss had not used such a genial tone for some time. "I'm John," he murmured, feeling something like Alice in Wonderland.

The boss started in his turn. "Golly, so you are. Well, John, I'm glad to see you looking like this. You've got fire in your eyes and your head is up. You look worthy of your twin—at last," he finished.

Back in the boarding house a very pretty young woman was returning a suitcase that Joe had left in her care, and when Joe faced his twin that evening, he saw that his joke had proved a practical one.

Adventurer Gave Name to Lovely Poinsettia

If there were such a thing as an official Christmas flower the poinsettia would be it. Its clusters of flaming crimson have become associated with the yuletide season as definitely as the chrysanthemum is with Thanksgiving and the lily with Easter.

The poinsettia was introduced into the United States from Mexico by way of South Carolina, where it is now cultivated not as a greenhouse plant but out of doors. It is all that is left to keep alive the name of a man who came very near leaving behind a record as colorful as the flower to which his name has been given.

Joel R. Poinsett had been educated to be a doctor, then a soldier, finally a lawyer, and his mature talents were mostly turned to politics. After a career in his state legislature and congress he served in missions to South America, became minister to Mexico and later secretary of war in Van Buren's cabinet. In Chile he borrowed an army with which he forced a Spanish naval force to release several American ships they had seized on a false report that Spain had declared war against the United States. During the nullification crisis he was one of President Jackson's right-hand men as an observer on the ground, although he had previously been a stout federalist and a Jackson opponent. He died in 1851 at the age of seventy-two.

While enjoying our potted poinsettias at Christmas time it is well to give a thought to the versatile and busy man who gave them to us.—Omaha World-Herald.

Luxury, It Would Seem, Depends on Viewpoint

Recently the woman passed through one of the poor sections of New York at 3 o'clock, just when hundreds of school children were being released. Directly ahead of her three little girls strolled. One of them, a pale child who looked as if sunlight and vegetables were not part of her daily regime, was conducting a monologue. In a high pitched, excited voice she was describing a bedspread which had been sent as a gift to the child's mother.

"It's so beautiful, like sunshine. All smooth and golden. It's like that. Look here!"

The children with the woman—just a step away—stopped before a dingy store. Its window displayed a bedspread, cheap, coarse, glaring yellow.

"Isn't it lovely?" the little girl asked. The woman had visions of a poor back apartment into which the sun never peeped. To its occupants that golden bedspread stood for every luxury of life. The woman looked from the happy face of the child to the spread. Perhaps it was not so glaring if you saw it from the right angle.—New York Sun.

All Wrong

Treasurer Thomas S. McLane of the New York Blind association, said in a recent address:

"This year's prize contest for the best short story by a blind child proves once again that the blind are literary and write mighty well."

"I often wonder why blindness is to so many minds synonymous with stupidity. Such an idea is as wrong as the colored man's idea of an alibi."

"Know what an alibi is, do you, Julius?" the judge said.

"Yes, suh," said Julius. "It's provin' dat you was at a prair' meetin' wher you wasn't in order fo' to show dat you wasn't at de crap and gin banquet wher you was."

Pheasants Save the Crops

Nebraska farmers contended that the pheasants were destroying the crops, particularly the corn, which, it is claimed, they tore up as fast as it was planted. To determine the matter a game warden shot a number of the birds and examined the contents of the stomachs. Corn was found only in one instance and in all the other bird crops were found a great assortment of bug pests, showing that the presence of the pheasants was helpful to the farmer rather than otherwise.—Washington Star.

That's Parking Space

Parking space consists of a spot about 12 feet long that was occupied by the other fellow just a moment before you got there.—Los Angeles Times.

What is a Husband?

A husband is a man who comes home two hours late and wonders why in thunder his wife hasn't got back.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Domestic Tolerance

Housekeeping isn't such a bad job after you learn that nothing happens if the dusting waits another day.—Nashville Tennessean.

An outright knocker is seldom a reformer; he doesn't go that far.

Spain Becoming Alive to Value of Schools

No less than 6,800 new schools have been created by the Spanish dictatorship since 1924. Gen. Primo de Rivera proposed to create 1,000 schools every year. At first the villages and towns most in need of schools showed little enthusiasm and municipalities were remiss in sending in petitions to meet their requirements. Persistent governmental propaganda, however, has had its effects, and for the last two years demands for schools have exceeded the quota provided for in the budget. Thus it would appear that an appetite for education is being roused—one of the healthiest signs the Spanish nation has shown in years. Also girls are waking up to the possibilities of self-earned independence. Prior to 1916 there were no female students at Madrid university, but in that year 60 girls took examinations in philosophy, sciences and pharmacy. Six years later the number was 363. Today more than 25,000 women students are matriculated in Spanish universities. The first woman doctor appeared in Madrid in 1917. There are 92 today.

Triflers

"The gentleman who just interrupted me," said Senator Capper in a political address in Topeka, "is a trifler. I am afraid. He reminds me of the high school student."

"This student was one of a group which took delight in discomfiting a nervous young professor. One day the professor's subject was archaeological discoveries and he asked his class:

"Can anybody give me an example of a commercial appliance that we know to have been used in ancient times?"

"Yes, sir; the loose-leaf system used in the Garden of Eden," the student replied."

Wood Highly Absorbent

Balsa wood is very absorbent, and when placed under water light pieces may absorb as high as 500 to 600 per cent moisture. Its life is said to be very short under ordinary conditions unless treated with a preservative.

Uncle Eben

"The man dat only knows one joke," said Uncle Eben, "is better dan de one dat keeps comin' around wif a bunch o' new hard luck stories."—Washington Star.

Leather Sets

Before starting to polish the leather-seated chairs, wipe off the seats with a cloth dipped in sweet milk. You will be surprised at the dirt that will come off. Then polish as usual.

Fortune for Man Who

Can Eliminate Static

American inventors turn out inventions at the rate of about 120 a day, according to Dr. W. A. Kinnan, acting commissioner of patents. "Americans," he says, "are more inventive than any other race. They have been granted 1,750,000 patents since 1791, while only 3,000,000 patents have been granted by all the other nations of the world."

Notwithstanding this great number

Unchanging Britons

At the town of Lyme Regis, in England, the town crier still daily reads the proclamation beginning: "Whereas Charles Stuart, son of the late tyrant, with divers of the English and Scotch nation, have been defeated . . . and goes on to warn the populace against harboring this Charles, who died in 1689. This bulldog tenacity of the British is what always enables them to win out in the end.—Detroit News.

Uses for Licorice

Licorice has not become a successful commercial crop in America. It grows wild over large areas in Spain, Italy, southern Russia, Asia Minor and southern Asia. This country, however, uses quantities of licorice. Ninety per cent of it finds its way into the tobacco industry, about 5 per cent into confectionery and about 5 per cent into medicine. Its principal medicinal use is to disguise the taste of acid drugs.

Nation's Butter Consumption

The Department of Agriculture says that approximately 99½ per cent of the butter consumed in this country is produced in this country. The butter that is imported comes mostly from Denmark and New Zealand.

Terrible Interpretation

What is more annoying than to become engrossed in a first-rate detective story and be disturbed by a woman somewhere in the house shoveling coal?—Kansas City Times.

Look Within

No man is better than his thoughts and a bad egg is as good as any other until it is broken; it is the inside of both that defines their worth.—Exchange.

Where Tortoise Gained Time

Of course, the old stage coach was slow but then the driver didn't have to bother with inner tubes, blowout patches, and red traffic lights.—Newcastle Courier.

Building Progress

Glass and aluminum skyscrapers are predicted for the near future. In other words, going after both light and lightness.—Pittsburgh Post-Gazette.

Odd Chinese "Prescriptions"

"Quick" Chinese doctors have been known to prescribe leaves of certain trees, ground claws of a lion, dried toads, beetles, snakes, and tiger hair.

Modern Ancients

Historians say ancient women used cosmetics 3,000 years ago—and many ancient women still use them.—Wall Street Journal.

of new patents, there are plenty of fortunes still waiting the inventors of the right devices. For instance, adds Kinnan, an invention to eliminate static in radio is very much needed and a fortune awaits the man who is lucky enough to be the first to solve the problem.—Pathfinder Magazine.

Thought Is Supreme

Mind, said Daniel Webster, is the great leveler of all things; human thought is the process by which human ends are alternately answered.

Locusts Herded by Plane

When locusts, which recently have been taking heavy toll of crops in the Philippines, defied the planes sent to rout them, aviators had to herd the insects. Army planes were used to spray poisonous dust on the crop destroyers, and, at first, left them dead in windrows on the plantations. Then the locusts changed front, and when an airplane motor was heard they vacated areas in vast swarms, often flying into the paths of the planes and menacing the pilots. Aviators then changed their methods, and herded the swarms of insects, much as cowboys herd cattle, slowly driving them out of the crop districts. Pilots declare locusts punching requires skill in avoiding the insect columns while keeping them moving.

An Awful Accent

Mrs. Sinclair Lewis paused in a discussion of Theodore Prieser's alleged plagiarism of her work to discuss the American accent.

"Well, anyhow," she said, "the American accent doesn't draw a hard and fast line between the sheep and the goats, the way the English accent does. In England, if your accent isn't the Oxford kind, you're a goat forever."

"The goat accent is awful, certainly. In the east end school one day the teacher was telling the little cockney children about fairies. To see if they had profited by his words he said:

"Now, children, what's a gnome?" The children answered in prompt chorus: "An 'ouse."

Envy Is Ignorance

There is a time in every man's education when he arrives at the conviction that envy is ignorance; that imitation is suicide; that he must take himself for better, for worse, as his portion; that though the wide universe is full of good, no kernel of nourishing corn can come to him but through his toil bestowed on that plot of ground which is given him to till.—Emerson.

Correct Wording

A fish expert says that it is correct to speak of "fishes" or "trouts" when several live specimens are meant, but anglers, shopkeepers and cooks should refer to "fish" or "trout," regardless of number.

Lie's Spreading Power

A lie has no legs, and cannot stand; but it has wings, and can fly far and wide.—Warburton.

No Figure of Speech

When Mexican politicians talk about burying the opposition they mean it.—Dallas News.

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