

DRESS WITH CONTRASTING TOP FAVORED IN ADVANCE STYLES



Featuring the Idea of Contrast.

HERE it is, madam and mademoiselle, the very type of dress you have been looking for—the sort which flatters and flatters. We are speaking of the frock with the light top. To be more explicit, it is the dress which is styled with a contrasting yoke and sleeves or a bodice top which may be either of the same material in a different color or it may differ entirely both as to color and texture.

Truth is this styling treatment was given a tryout on the winter program and the very fact that fashion's clientele is calling for more has encouraged designers to elaborate on the theme with renewed enthusiasm for spring and the summer months.

Any number of the southern resort dresses feature this idea of contrast.

Note how winsomely the frock in the picture carries out the idea. Flat crepe in the new stargold yellow is used for this dress, the double pointed yoke and sleeves being of the same material but in white.

Please to observe particularly that the kid shoes worn with this costume are also white, which is a very significant point from the standpoint of correct attire for spring. All through the new style program whenever touches of white appear on the dress or ensemble as the case may be, the shoes and the hat are also apt to be white. Just at the moment white footwear is associated more appropriately with the sunny South, but when the balmy days of spring gladden the North, white shoes, white millinery and white gloves will add a refreshing and ultra-chic note to a fancy costume.

Returning to the discussion of the frock which makes contrast an outstanding feature, this fashion should prove a timely suggestion to the woman who delights in making up several simple frocks during the tedious winter hours in readiness for spring. A

midwinter coat is the latest message from headquarters. However, its colorful appearance in midseason is but a prologue to the spectacular career which is assured for it, seeing that the suit is being made a theme of tremendous importance for spring—and where there is a suit there is a blouse.

For the new blouse to wear with the new suit choose plaid, stripes or lace (wool or fine alienen) and your reward in terms of chic will be great. Not only are plaids and stripes creating a furore in the realm of the blouse but everywhere in the spring style pageant these gay patternings hold the center of the stage.

Plaid taffeta, plaid crepe, plaid linen or chiffon, they are one as important as the other for the making of the blouse, and the same may be said in regard to weaves that are striped. The models in the picture are typical of the new trends. Note in the blouse to the right at the top how the designer plays up verticals, horizontal and "on the bias" in manipulating the striped crepe. The little godets inserted about the neckline achieve the now-so-modish pepitum silhouette.

The plaid taffeta blouse below features the surprise fastening which is



Plaids, Stripes and Lace.

plaid or stripe crepe, for instance, with yoke and sleeves in a monotone crepe offers an intriguing thought.

Study the new patterns and you will find types which carry the idea to the point of contrasting the entire bodice top to the lower portion.

The Popular Blouse.

It's to be a "blouse season." There's no doubt of it. Wherefore in planning the wardrobe for spring, fashion bids you to consider the blouse in its every phase, for its program promises to be fascinating.

Even at this very moment the vogue is under way, for a bright blouse with a smart waist or cloth skirt under the

now so popular. It also adopts a pepitum about the hips but of rather conservative lines.

As to the handsome lace blouse in this group, this particular model happens to be made of a cream-white wool mesh, although every type of lace is favored from "sports" wool lace to lace of the finest sort, the latter of course for more formal wear with the dressy afternoon ensemble. Glittering buttons add charm to the lace blouse in most every instance.

Favor for sheer eyelid embroidered materials is expressed in the blouse realm.

CHERIE NICHOLAS.

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The Handsome Man

by MARGARET TURNBULL

Illustrations by IRWIN MYERS

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CHAPTER XI

The week-end party was in full swing. Roberta moved among a group of men, some of them new, some of them old acquaintances, but all likable. Her father, for the first time since his illness—indeed for the first time since Roberta had flouted his island—was really enjoying himself. Sir George, Roberta told herself jealously, was treated like a favored son. He was gay and charming, and as her Aunt Aggy took care to let her know "looked like one of those old gods."

"My dear aunt," Roberta protested, "you talk of nothing else but Sir George from morning until night."

"It can't be as bad as all that!" her aunt exclaimed, evidently alarmed.

"This is the first time I have spoken about Sir George this day. There's something about the way you listen."

"There must be!" declared the mad-dened Roberta. "I'll take care to change that something, for you may as well know, now as later, that I'm sick of the sound of Sir George's name on your lips."

"Dear, dear! Have I done that for the lad? I'm terrible sorry, Roberta. I wouldn't have had that happen for a great deal. You see, it's only the last few days that I've known how he feels about you, and maybe that's why I have, without meaning to, you might say, been having him on my mind when I look at you."

"How he feels about me? Why, he hates me!" The amazed girl almost shouted it.

"Shish! He says so with his lips maybe. There's an old Gaelic saying that the lips must defend the heart though it is breaking."

"I will say, Aunt Aggy, that a man who can defend his heart as well as Sir George does his will never be in danger of losing or breaking it."

"So you say," returned her aunt shrewdly. "Hearts aren't made of glass, it's true, my lass, but they do break. Not right away, maybe, not dropping down dead as they do in the stories, but nevertheless, they do go off, and for nothing but dead love."

Roberta, who seemed exasperated beyond all need at this conversation, surveyed her aunt with unblinking eyes. "Well, next time you see one dying that way, call me, so that I can come and watch his death struggle."

"I have," said her aunt, "and you'll no believe me."

She left before Roberta could reply. What could you do with a woman like Aunt Aggy? The idea of trying to make her pity Sir George! Or was it a scheme of Sir George's very own, to keep her from telling her father what she knew? Did he suspect Jack of giving her his true history?

What was she to do? What could she do? She had promised Jack to meet him, and yet as the hour drew near when she must fulfill that promise she grew more and more reluctant. It must be this afternoon or never. That was her feeling as she crossed the terrace to where her father, with Ray Browne, Sir George and the rest of the young men, watched with interest a motor driven by Roger Dunham, filled with girls, coming over the bridge.

Roberta gave Sir George a quick, keen look that might mean almost anything. Involuntarily he followed her down the steps. Since he had read that marriage license announcement he had followed her like a hound on the trail. He could not bring himself to tell Macbeth and expose the girl to anger and ridicule. He meant to make her lead him to Jack Navarro and then he would take matters in his own hand and spare both the girl and her father. They were not married yet, and that announcement might be only one of Jack's tricks to catch the girl. Sir George meant to see that the marriage did not take place. It would be a difficult job, but he would do more than that for good old Robert Macbeth.

Roberta went down the steps slowly, in an agony of indecision, quite unaware that she was being followed. Jack had told her to say nothing to her father about his secretary's past record as he had given it to her, yet curiously enough, she doubted Jack sometimes and was not sure that she doubted her father's secretary.

Ray Browne looked after the girl and Sir George. "I wish he wasn't so good looking," he declared earnestly. "Even Roberta—" and then his jaw dropped, and he stared speechless, as did her father. Sir George, having approached Roberta, had laid his hand lightly on her arm to detain her and she had jerked away from him.

"The lad shows very little tact," said Robert's father. "It seems to me that Sir George has lost his sense of humor."

He had, for he had had a flash of something, which he always alluded to as "that d-d queer inheritance from my mother's side of the family."

It made him sure that Roberta must

not be allowed to leave her father's home today, alone. Then he had seen the blue car and known that it was Jack. He knew he must follow if he could not stop her now, and very evidently she would not listen. A cold sweat broke out on his forehead as he followed the girl down the path. He dared not leave her, but he cursed the pride and caution that had kept him from taking her father into his confidence.

The moment he had read the printed name, he had known that Jack Navarro was determined to get the girl and her money, but her attitude toward Sir George was so antagonistic that he had not quite known how to proceed. He knew he should force Roberta either to bring Jack to her father's attention or to listen while he told her what he knew of Jack Navarro. But how?

"Is your friend coming to join the party?" he asked.

"No," Roberta said defiantly. "I'm going to join him."

Sir George frowned. "I wouldn't do that. Your father will miss you—and—and it will look rather odd, don't you think, for a girl to be constantly in the company of a man who never comes to the house?"

Roberta swung around on him. She was furious, and she did not hesitate to show it. "So," she began in a low, deadly sweet voice, "after all, my father's secretary is his spy."

"Don't! It has an ugly sound and it isn't true. Your father's laid up and I'm trying to keep him from being worried. I'm—I'm trying to look after you—for him."

"How nice of you," Roberta mocked softly. "But you are in my way, Sir George Sandison, and I am waiting for you to move."

He paid no attention. How lovely the little devil was, and what a voice! A man might listen to its music indefinitely. "If you would only listen I think you would see what I am driving at. My dear girl, I would do a lot to save Robert Macbeth a single anxiety."

"And you think?"

"And I think you are causing him some," he said slowly. "In fact, I'm sure."

Roberta stopped and stood still for a moment. Her impulse was to cry out: "Oh, you don't really mean that father is worrying about me now?"

But her pride would not allow her to do it. She would go on with what she had started out to do. She knew now that she was wrong to go. Indeed, she had all along been forcing herself to believe that it meant little to her father, in order to keep her uneasy conscience from troubling her.

Almost she was on the point of turning back. She would tell Jack he

wasn't his gambling trips on the high seas. He's very young, but he's had a lot of experience. He slipped up badly on the last trip and was caught with the goods."

The girl still stared at him, her face white. "I don't know what you are talking about. I know no one called Nicaragua Jack."

"Oh, undoubtedly he wouldn't tell you about that name. But you do know some one called Jack, don't you?"

"Oh yes—several."

"Several Jacks. But only one who dances and is from Nicaragua. It was a rotten bad case that he was involved in, and there was a girl in it."

"He told me you would do that—"

"What?"

"Tell your story as his."

"What do you mean?"

Roberta drew back slowly away from him. "You understand me perfectly. You know what I'm talking about and I don't care to hear any more from you." In that moment she had slipped around Sir George and as he came after her she turned, thrust out her slender walking shoe and deliberately tripped him up.

He went sprawling on his face on the grass under the trees.

When he was up on his feet again, he heard a light laugh and he saw that already Roberta had gained the road above him and was waving to the blue car which was coming rapidly down the road.

It was useless to go after her, and he might be mistaken in thinking this meeting between the girl and Jack of so much significance, but even as he thought this he caught sight of a bag set down in the shade of the yuccamore. Why a bag, unless it meant she was going to leave the island and her father once and for all?

With a quick exclamation, Sir George picked up the bag and went hurriedly back over the bridge. He meant to get a car and go after her. He could not let the girl go, now. This was probably her last chance—and his. He must overtake her, and he hoped devoutly that the thought of her father might still make her willing to return.

He went into the garage and, surprised at his own haste, took the first car that stood ready. Only when he had gone out on the road did he realize that it was Ray Browne's car that he had commandeered. Well, Ray would probably forgive him. It was now or never, if he was to stop Jack and the girl.

He had seen from the garage that the girl had come back to look for her bag. He had even laughed at the thought of how she would scowl when she found it gone. Well, he would go after her and bring her back by hook or crook to Robert Macbeth. Nicaragua Jack wasn't the son-in-law for that stout fellow.

As he clattered over the bridge the first drop of rain fell.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Why, He Hates Me! The Amazed Girl Almost Shouted It.

must come in and face father, even if it meant a quarrel.

Even as she hesitated, Sir George unwittingly spoke the word too much. "Your father may not know the man you are motoring with, but I do, and what little I know is not to his credit."

It was too much, and he looked too handsome and too confident. Roberta swung back to her former state of indignation with this man.

"I think you're mistaken."

"I'm not," he said composedly. "You can see he isn't particularly anxious to be recognized, but I know him."

Again every spark of consideration for her father or anyone else was swallowed up in Roberta's desire to crash down upon this arrogant Scot.

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"Nicaragua Jack! You are crazy! Who is he?"

"A handsome young man who calls himself a Spaniard, but it merely a hybrid South American. He makes his living by tangoing with elderly ladies who can pay well for the privilege, be-

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SWEETEN ACID STOMACH THIS PLEASANT WAY

When there's distress two hours after eating—heartburn, indigestion, gas—suspect excess acid.

The best way to correct this is with an alkali. Physicians prescribe Phillips' Milk of Magnesia.

A spoonful of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia in a glass of water neutralizes many times its volume in excess acid; and does it at once. To try it is to be through with crude methods forever.

Be sure to get genuine Phillips' Milk of Magnesia. All drugstores have the generous 25¢ and 50¢ bottles. Full directions in package.

Stuck

The teacher had been giving a lesson on the use of the word immature, and to discover what the children had learned asked them to bring some article to school demonstrating the word.

Next day she said to one bright youth, "Now, Johnny, show me what you have brought."

"Well," said Johnny staking, "will you please hold this stick tightly at both ends?"

Having done this, the teacher inquired what was to be done next.

"Let go one end of the stick," commanded the pupil.

"Which end?" asked the teacher.

"Oh, it's immaterial," replied Johnny, "there's glue on both ends."

Egg Romance

"Why doesn't your friend like eggs?"

"He got acquainted with his wife in that way."

"Hey?"

"She wrote her name on an egg."

HEALTHY COMPLEXIONS



Healthy complexions come from healthy systems. Free the body of poisons with Feen-a-mint. Effective in smaller doses. All druggists sell this safe, scientific laxative.

Feen-a-mint FOR CONSTIPATION

How It Began

George—A month ago Edith and I agreed that we would point out each other's faults without reserve.

Bob—And what did you tell each other?

George—Oh! We only got as far as one remark each!—Stray Stories.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription makes weak women strong. No alcohol. Sold by druggists in tablets or liquid—Adv.

Correct

"Do you know how the rats got in here?"

"Naw."

"I suppose that's right."



Sore THROAT

The daily press tells of increasing numbers of cases of sore throat. A sore throat is a menace to the person who has it, and to those around him. Don't neglect the condition. Check the soreness and the infection with Bayer Aspirin! Crush three tablets in $\frac{1}{3}$ tumblerful of water and gargle well. You can feel the immediate relief. The soreness will be relieved at once. The infection will be reduced. Take Bayer tablets for your cold; and for relieving the aches and pains common to colds. Bayer Aspirin brings quick comfort in neuralgia, neuritis, rheumatism, etc. Get the genuine, with the Bayer cross on each tablet:

BAYER ASPIRIN

