

Woman's Interests

Household Children Cooking Fashion

French Consul Visits National Fashion Revue and Acclaims Chicago "Paris of Western World"

\$600,000 Worth of Frocks are Waistless, Hipless, Sleeveless and Shorter Than Ever



Another fur coat season with the garments unsurpassed in luxury and beauty

The new one-piece "tailored" dresses are elaborately embroidered

BY EDWARD M. THIERRY
N. E. A. Staff Correspondent
CHICAGO—M. Antonin Barthelémy, French consul, went out to Marigold Gardens—and dreamed he was back in the Rue de la Paix.
"Anybody would. An eyelid of the Fashion Revue, just starting a three weeks' run, is calculated to make Chicago the "Paris of the Western World."
Unchaperoned husbands are not being allowed in. The sights hurt their eyes.
\$600,000 Worth of Clothes
Seventy mannequins—girls chosen for their pretty faces, slim ankles, rounded cheeks, dimpled chins and perfect shoulders—are displaying these charms plus \$600,000 worth of clothes.
Three times nightly they parade among the tables at Marigold. It's a blur of suits, cloaks, negligees, hats, nightgowns and "combinations"—if you know what that means.
Each dress—or undress—seeks to capture and captivate the eye. It's a contest, sometimes between a \$19,000 evening gown and a \$1.10 unmentionable. Betting odds are on the latter.

The style committee of the Association of Commerce is putting on the style show in collaboration with the Chicago Garment Makers' Association, the Milliners' Association and the Wholesale Furriers' Association.
Chicago the Western Paris
The French consul gave the show his official blessing. Said he wasn't a bit jealous. That Paris couldn't begin to dress the feminine world alone.
Welcomed Chicago as the western Paris.
Armed watchmen are on guard at Marigold day and night to guard the costly garments.
The mannequins, after knocking 'em dead at Marigold, are going to take daily strolls up and down Michigan boulevard, wearing some of the eye-shockers. They will also appear on the beaches, at golf courses and other public events.
"This is the biggest style show on record in America," said M. E. Bergensfield, director of the display. "We combed the country for beautiful mannequins. There's a famine in them. So many musical shows are rehearsing or touring that beautiful young women are in demand."

Forecast of Styles
Generally speaking the gowns for the coming winter are to be waistless, hipless, sleeveless, straight-lined, and shorter than ever. All sorts of fabrics, richer and more gorgeous as to coloring and design even, than formerly, will be used. The dresses shown are more elaborately trimmed than those of last season, and much handwork in the way of embroidery is in evidence. Conventional designs, picked out in braids, beads, wool or silk floss give the models an elaborate appearance without destroying the straight-line effect that is to be the keynote of smartness.
Save in dancing frocks there is very little added in the way of adjustable trimming. These latter are flounced, ruffled, be-flowered and be-ashed until they are more bouffant than ever. Also they are very, very short. Tulle and lace still hold their own, in fact, are advanced in popularity over this summer, which, they tell me, has been a "lace season." But dinner and formal opera or ball gowns are of unrivaled richness, built of velvets, brocades, and gold and silver cloths.
To Be a Fur Season
The furs shown at Marigold Gardens

are luxurious beyond anything dreamed by the ordinary mortal. Sleeveless wraps 48 inches long, augmented by cape collars 23 and 30 inches deep, are the last word in beauty. Dark Russian squirrel and perfectly matched mink were the skins chosen for two of the handsomest creations.
Street furs are long this year instead of short as they were last, and

most of the more tailored coats with sleeves are as long as the dressier capes. The Dolman style is much in evidence, one especially attractive garment being of Hudson seal trimmed in skunk.
Many cloth wraps, also, are being shown and are finding much favor among women visitors at the fashion show who anticipate needing an all-round utility garment. They are all elaborately trimmed in fur, however, and in many cases are even more graceful in line than the more expensive all-fur coats.
Semi-Tailored Dresses
The one-piece serge or tricot dress which for so long has been the faithful friend of every smart woman's winter wardrobe, has taken a new lease on life. Perhaps the most generally interesting exhibit of the whole show are these semi-tailored dresses, which

are far less severe this season than formerly. The long, waistless, straight lines remain, but that is about all the kinship existing between them and last year's dress. The necks are cut lower, and no sleeves are longer than the elbow—most of them are shorter. All these frocks are heavily embroidered, some of them in an almost barbaric brilliance of color. Fullness, straight-lined, but fullness nevertheless, has been introduced in the skirts and there is more than one suggestion of a sash.
The model that won the most applause from the visitors was a blue French serge heavily embroidered in black with clever inserts of black satin in bodice front, and at each side of the paneled skirt. The dress was abruptly cut off over the hips to accommodate an inlet of accordion plaiting. Other features of the frock

were a sash of the satin tied in a big, soft bow on the left side, the ends finished with gold tassels, and the short felt sleeves, faced in the satin and caught back to form quaint cuffs.
Children's Clothes
The little people have not been forgotten by American designers this season if the fashion show exhibit of children's clothes is any indication. Mothers viewing the models raved over several which they called "adorably sensible."
One that stood out as particularly original was a wee affair of practical dark blue taffeta, very crisp and smart, made in typical romper style. It was trimmed in tan bands, cross-stitched in scarlet, and the charming baby who played mannequin in it was the one beauty present whom every body—even the chaperoned husbands wives—wanted to kiss.

Confessions of a Bride

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THE BOOK OF ANN
Bob Must Share My Mourning For My Cut Tresses

Bob and I swung out of the gate to the swell of triumph applause from the members of the ballet of the ballets, after which we proceeded downtown in dead silence. I could feel, without being told, that my husband was impatient with me for my part in the girl's foolery. I knew very well that Bob and I were in for another quarrel. I asked myself why he admired cropped hair for other girls and refused to admire it for his wife?
And why would he yield to a crowd of pretty girls the very point he had refused me?
Where were my husband's principles?
Or didn't he have any when pretty women asked him to surrender them?
Or didn't he really love my hair, and

ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS

by Olive Roberts Barton
WIGGLY WORM'S TRICK

"No," said Wiggly Worm to Mr. Tingaling, the fairymen landlord, "I don't expect you to rent me a brand-new apple-house in May, but I don't think you ought to expect much rent for an old, last year's apple like the one I am living in now. Mr. Ant, what do you think about it?"
"Mr. Ant, who had stopped in for a mug of cider and a nibble of apple-seed cake, looked very wise. "Well," said he gazing around the walls and ceiling which had turned quite brown, "I always believe in a compromise."
"A compromise what?" cried everybody, including Nancy and Nick who were listening to every word.
"A compromise," repeated Mr. Ant. "That means that everybody agrees to something."
"What would you suggest?" asked Tingaling.
"Mr. Ant blinked his eyes. "How would this do? Let my friend, Mr. Worm here, pay half his rent to you, and you pay half to him."
Tingaling scratched his head in a puzzled way. "It's a bit queer," he said, "but it sounds fair enough. Here you are, Wiggly. Here's my half. Now give me yours."

Every Flower Has a Story of Its Own

THE ROSEMARY

"There's rosemary for you, that's for remembrance. Pray you, love, remember," sings Ophelia. That is the meaning, the rosemary has in the flower language.
An old superstition that was current during the Middle Ages was that three girls should gather on the eve of St. Agathe. A liquid should be prepared from the rosemary of which each drinks. Without a word, they must then go to sleep. If the charm was not broken the dream of each girl would reveal her future.
Called Mary's Rose
The name is derived from the Latin, *rosmarinus*, meaning dew of the sea, because it grows near the seashore and the leaves look silvery as if they were covered with dew. It was dedicated to the Virgin Mary and called Mary's rose.
A Spanish fairy tale deals with the flower. The king of Spain had a rosemary bush of which he was very proud. One day he was playing his flute. Suddenly a beautiful girl stepped forth from the bush. Startled, the king dropped the instrument and the maiden disappeared. The king immediately fell in love with the beautiful girl and when it was necessary for him to leave he gave the precious plant into the care of the head gardener.
Spell is Broken
One day his two sisters happened to play a flute near the bush when the girl appeared again. Jealous of her beauty they struck the girl from that time on the bush withered. The head gardener in distress, overheard two dragons in a nearby forest saying that dragon's blood would revive the rosemary bush. So he attacked and killed the dragons and poured the blood on the roots of the bush thereby breaking the spell and the released princess Rosa Maria married the king of Spain.

MODERN ILLS

An old-fashioned philosopher, after meditating earnestly on what ails the world today, recently gave vent to the following list of ills:
Too many silk shirts and not enough blue flannel ones.
Too many serge suits and not enough overalls.
Too much décolleté and not enough aprons.
Too many satin upholstered limousines and not enough cows.
Too much envy of the results of hard work and too little desire to emulate it.
Too many desiring short cuts to wealth and too few willing to pay the price.—Edinburgh Scotsman.

CANADIAN INDIANS IN SOCIAL WHIRL
VANCOUVER, B. C.—The Indians of Northern and Central British Columbia are now in the throes of the height of the social season. One potlatch scarcely ends before another starts. The Indians gathered at Morricetown a short time ago in large numbers and gave away to each other all their personal belongings. No one suffered as each had a suit of clothes to give and take. Now the potlatch at Hagwilget,

In the Hazelton district is on. The Indians have foregathered again. Another gathering will be held later in the north. Considerable business is done at these functions by the white traders. They meet the trader Indians and buy the spring fur catches.

PRACTICALLY SPEAKING
"It was a brave act, young man," said the grateful father, with deep feeling. "At the peril of your life you rushed into the burning building and saved my daughter. How can I ever repay you?"
"Would five bob be too much?" suggested the brave rescuer.—Edinburgh Scotsman.

NO RELIEF FROM PRESENT TROUBLES
Palms!—In the configuration of your palm, madam, I can trace your future husband.
Client—Dear me! Perhaps you can also trace my present one, for I can't—Edinburgh Scotsman.

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I considered a deadly calm tone. "Half of it is on the floor!" which was an exaggeration, for of course the barber hadn't let my cut tresses tangle up carelessly. "And you ought to see me," I continued, changing to a voice of hysterical glee. "I look so—so perfectly smart, Bob."
"You look just like a movie cutie, I bet!" snapped my husband as he banged up the receiver.
I did, I admitted, as I faced myself in the hand-glass when the barber's worst was done. I smiled valiantly, to impress him, however, but I couldn't touch the package of hair he offered me.
"Please send it," I ordered. I knew I'd weep all the way home if I had that braid on the seat beside me instead of on the silly pate where it belonged.
The girls flew to meet me with the exuberance of young and pretty fe-

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