

Women's Corner

HELEN C. ANNEX MEET IS POSTPONED.

The regular meeting of the Helen C. Annex, a social auxiliary to the Helen Chapter, Order of the Eastern Star, has been postponed to Dec. 11.

GIFTS FOR CHILDREN ARE PLENTIFUL

The shopper who has children on his Christmas list will undoubtedly consider the youngsters first when making holiday purchases. It is a way we have—remembering the kiddies before we do their grown-up relatives. But really, selecting something to please the heart of a child is the easiest thing in the world for there is nothing the mind can conceive that would be nice for little brother or sister or the child of a friend that can not be found in the toy departments of the stores about the city.

Consider dolls for a moment. Dolls, of course, are old—as old as time, maybe—but they are forever new, and never in the history of dolls and their little play mothers has there been a wider variety of dolls or more charming and durable ones than those displayed at the toy shops and departments this holiday season.

In one shop a group of the daintiest in silk and lace finery reign alone on the end of one counter to tempt the prospective purchaser as he enters the department. Further on their plainer sisters hold forth and suggest that the happy recipient of one of these might find endless enjoyment in the making of tiny garments.

MY HEART AND MY HUSBAND

Adele Garrison's New Phase of Revelations of a Wife

The Sound That Broke and Scattered Madge's Fancy.

Mrs. Durke must have reported to Maj. Grantland that the roses he had sent me were fading, for in the afternoon following her comment upon my neglect of them a box of fresh blossoms arrived.

I glanced nervously at Lillian when they came in, but her face was non-committal, and she opened the box, handed me the card it contained, and put the roses in vases and bowls with but a single comment:

"Roses, nothing but roses," she said. "They must be the man's favorite flower."

I wondered if it were only my fancy or if there were a suspicion of a sneer in her voice. I began hurriedly to scrutinize the card which had accompanied the flowers.

"I am anxiously awaiting the day when I can express to you in person the sorrow I feel at having caused you such suffering. In the interim please let the roses convey that message to you."

"H. G."

I laid the card down upon the coverlet of my bed with a queer fancy taking possession of me, the conviction that the roses were not only delivering the message he mentioned, but another.

"Lillian," I said a bit sharply, "do you notice a fragrance like wild roses in here?"

"She looked at me shrewdly, then sniffed the air critically. "Your imagination is certainly working overtime," she smiled. "There is no such scent here. I wish there were. The fragrance of wild roses is stimulating, while these things are almost like tuberoses, their odor is so overpowering."

I closed my eyes in unreasoning protest. For the fragrance of wild roses was so real a thing to me that it brought before me a memory I thought I had buried deep, a memory which brought the hot blood to my cheeks as it swept over me.

Again I was walking with Maj. Grantland at midnight along the pipe line connecting Marvin with the next village, compelling to the bizarre expedition and his escort by the danger with which



"Say It With Flowers"

There is nothing more acceptable as a gift than flowers. If you wish to make a dainty little remembrance which will be appreciated, let us make you up a bouquet, corsage or a box of the most beautiful Cut Flowers, fresh every day from our own greenhouse.

Fancy baskets and corsages our specialty. Largest assortment of flowers in city.

- Choice Carnations, \$1.00
Roses, per dozen \$2.00 to \$5.00
Chrysanthemums, per dozen \$2.00 to \$6.00
Chrysanthemum Pom Poms, per bunch \$1.25
Violets, per bunch, 35¢
Lillies, Calla, \$3.50 to \$5.00



Hipless Mode Now Makes Its Exit and the Backless Bodice Enters



The straightline hipless mode is no more, at least it is not included in the frocks designed for formal wear. With the exit of the hipless skirt there comes from Paris three of the newest models imported from a well known Paris house. The one on the left shows the season's new favorite for evening wear, a dark brown satin and lace combined. It features the hips by means of loops and the distended hip line is emphasized still more by old gold metal roses. Long loose sleeves and a basque-like bodice are the other notable features.

The terrible emotional strain which had followed my discovery of Dicky's flying commission at the very moment he came crashing to earth in his machine, had caused almost a revision of feeling against Maj. Grantland in me, a feeling unjust and unreasoning. His reappearance, blind and hopeless had changed that feeling to a deep compassion in which there was no tinge of the scholastic romance with which I had endowed him. But now he had come back into my life, strong, fully restored to sight, the same mysterious, romantic personality which had first intrigued my imagination. And—would you believe it—lacking in the most common feminine trait if I had not contrasted the constant remorseful attention with which he was surrounding me to Dicky's apparent carelessness.

"Time to wash your face, Madge." The careless, matter-of-fact words brought me back to reality with a most unromantic jerk. I opened my eyes to see Lillian smiling down at me, not quizzically, for so shrewd a reader of brain processes must have seen that I was in no mood for comment, earnest or jocular.

"The coat closes on the left side, Mrs. Marsten, and the end of the fur is loose and folds around the neck like a scarf, and fastens beneath the piece that continues down the front to meet the border," Madame explained.

I did not take off the coat immediately to show this fastening because I

wanted her to get a decided impression of the line of the coat before showing the dress.

"The pockets are an attractive feature, and I love the coat as it swings outward at the side. That deep border of fur is lovely at the back. There is just a suggestion of a ripple, isn't there?"

"Yes, it ripples a trifle," Madame said. "Is there an entire fur skirt beneath the coat?" Mrs. Marsten inquired.

"Oh, dear, no," Madame said. "Fur would be too clumsy and heavy around the hips."

I unfastened the collar and removed the coat, which is lined with self-toned satin.

"Oh, what a charming dress!" Mrs. Marsten said. "I see now there is a deep tunic affair which reaches to the long waistline that is like a straight middie model with the line of fur set on around the hips."

"That explains it exactly," said Madame.

"That deep 'V' cut out to show the seat of cream lines is lovely. I always like those deep veils that reach to the waistline."

"Yes, they are very becoming," agreed Madame. "The belt of duvetyne holds the fulness at the waist and gives an ideal moulding of the figure, don't you think?" Madame asked.

"Yes, there couldn't be a more flattering line to the figure," Mrs. Marsten agreed. "In fact, I never saw a more beautiful costume; I'd love to try it on with the hat."

Mrs. Marsten is almost my build, and this suit fitted her as though made to her measurements. Madame was enraptured over it, and when Mrs. Marsten finally adjusted the turban on her head she was so pleased that she laughingly said she would mortgage her farm to buy it if need be.

"Exactly what color do you call this gown, Madame?" Mrs. Marsten inquired. "It is a difficult color to describe in one word," said Madame, "because it is really the natural color of the caracul. If I had to describe it in one word, I think it is nearer tobacco than any other shade I can think of."

"Please show St. Moritz," Madame said to me.

This model is really a three-piece suit of brown caracul and duvetyne the exact shade of the fur. When I appeared in the costume with its matching turban of caracul Mrs. Marsten was delighted with it. She is the French blonde type—brown eyes and fair hair—and I knew

Diary of a Fashion Model by Grace Thorncliffe

She Describes a Most Unusual Costume for the Street

Fur trimmed, yes, indeed, I have some stunning suits beautifully trimmed with fur. My most stunning model is called "St. Moritz." It suggests crisp air and snowflakes, and all the beautiful things of winter, because it looks so snug and comfy.

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