



The Smartest Fashions of Well-Dressed Folk

A FAREWELL

ELEANOR MY DEAR:

The charming visitor who has been the innocent cause of the entertainment in this vicinity departed yesterday, and, as usual, was well dressed. Her suit was of coarse pongee in a deep ecru tone, ornamented with darker brown pointed plastrons on sleeve, tunic and skirt. The jacket was the bolero with rounded front edges, worn over a net blouse with full sleeves and, just for a change, a high lace collar. A soft leather belt gave neatness to the waist line. The tunic was cut so that a double skirt was suggested, for, my dear, the two and three sections are quite evident on some of the newest importations. I know, because I caught a glimpse of Margaret's trousseau. Well, that isn't mentioning the hat. It was of coarse natural-colored straw, with a band of straw woven with bright wooden beads—a valuable new suggestion for home milliners, by the way.

Speeding the departing one was a dignified hostess in a deep heliotrope afternoon gown, relieved at the throat by white lace. The sub-yoke was shirred over a cord, and there was a contrasting touch of black in the crossed scarf of black silk laced through eyelets on each side of the front. Embroidery on the cuffs of the half-length sleeves and edging the tunic was of long stitches of coarse silk. Pleats on the underskirt gave a well-planned relief from the plain tunic.

The daughter of the house was waiting to drive to the station. Her dress of one of the deep old-rose shades had a deep yoke of shirred mousseline, used again in the long sleeves. The main portion of the bodice was beautiful. The top line was pointed, while sectional sleeves broke the long kimono line, that is narrowing in effect, and embroidery in Egyptian form and colors was placed in large masses on the frock. There was a front panel effect on the skirt that is a hopeful message to the short woman. The fulness at each side was gathered under the pointed extension, giving ample lines, yet retaining the suggestion of slenderness that we simply will not relinquish. Worn with this was a leghorn hat, promising protection from the sun's rays in its drooping brim. It was bound with embroidered black velvet ribbon, and its crown was encircled with a wreath of silk hand-made roses that harmonized with the costume and in its quaint simplicity was reminiscent of grandmother's days.

And so they parted; but the trio furnished a few ideas that, you may be sure, will not be lost in my outfits for summer, for, as usual, I expect to make my frocks and glory in their effect and economy.

Your fond sister,

MADGE.

