

# A PAGE PARTICULARLY FOR WOMEN READERS

## SPRING SUITS DEMAND THE SEPARATE BLOUSE



THAT "one thing calls for another" is demonstrated in the stunning new skirts which herald a vociferous for the shirtwaist. They are entirely out of the ordinary referring to those adorable new fringed tweeds, home-spun and basket weaves, which to see is to covet. Some clever mind discovered that these coarse woven woolen fabrics could be effectively frayed, or fringed by hand, and the process is universal in style. So skirts fringed around the bottom and up one side of the front, greet one in every display, and they are the most alluring shades of heather tones of violet, blue, old rose and soft shades as well. There are creases to match, and in such a combination style supreme is attained.

The above is by way of saying that shirt waists and separate over-blouse effects are of pronounced importance, and all on account of these adorable skirts with creases as announced.

This separate skirt yogue establishes the supremacy of the shirt-

waist. The favor of the one depends upon the favor of the other.

So it is, that the simple, unaffected fingered waist, which launders crisp and fresh, has come into fashion again. New models are brought out, especially in organdy, handkerchief linen and batiste, emphasizing especially English eyelet coral batiste.

Very elaborate hand-drawn hem-stitching is noted in sheer linen waists, and this sort of needlework is being featured in the better wash blouses.

Laundry white silk and satin tail-tails are also in excellent standing. The shirt waists in our illustration is of a new Jersey silk weave, which does not turn yellow when tubbed. Tailored trunks with a flash of fine val edging form the dainty trifling.

*Julia Bonnelly*  
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stand. Ten minutes later, Oliver abjured woman forever and dedicated his life to science. He had definitely decided to make plain to a frankly puzzled world, just how it was possible for a red bird with a black throat to come out of a yellow yolk no bigger than the end of his little finger. Fortune, his black and white dog with no tail to wag, whined in sympathy as his master lay in the cool grass and swore upon his encyclopaedia to keep alive the new trust. He had but two friends left, he thought,—Fortune and the edge-worn vault of sleepy knowledge from which he extracted a ponderous thought each day.

The rain fell in torrents that night. Morning broke with bleak, cheerless gray streaks in the east, and Oliver was glad. He worked in the laundry on Monday morning and he hated to wash stockings on cheerful days. By noon a beam of sunlight sifted through the window. An hour later, Fortune and his master climbed the barn fence and struck out across the dripping fields. Half a mile away the dark green of a pine forest rose above the light, glistening green of the fragrant fields. There would be nothing in that dreamy wood to bring woman and her amazing ways to his tortured mind. The thought was a cheerful one and he broke into an eager trot.

Once in the shadows of the pines his lips burst into song. Here was peace and graceful solitude. Suddenly a Scarlet Tanager dropped like a glowing patch of fire to a limb above him. Of all of his feathered friends this exquisite creature was the most beautiful. Every color in the forest or field paled before his matchless robe of royal carmine. Oliver thought he was a sermon in color and harmony. When the sun spattered through the vivid green leaves the little body seemed to glow almost luminous, and the jet black eyes and wings to grow darker under the golden light. A moment later, Mrs. Tanager winged gracefully to his side in her gorgeous gown of faint green and yellow. And straightway the two began a love scene that made Oliver forget he was a naturalist. He turned and ran deeper into the woods.

Everywhere he went, bird songs in the tenderest notes came to his ear, and if he watched he found unmistakable evidence of a late mating season. He would never forget Bee-Bee if he stayed there, he thought, and he turned to the open fields. A chipmunk went chattering by, and a Bunny cotton-tail led Fortune a merry chase across a field of red-top clover. The thought of the bounding rabbit brought visions of hare traps to his mind and he started for a hedge more than a mile away. Clouds formed belligerently overhead and floated down on the sun with ominous mutterings. Scattered drops fell so softly to earth that Oliver wondered if Old Sol were weeping over the unequal struggle. Fortune came puff-

ing back, his long red tongue flapping over his white teeth.

Presently they came to the honeysuckle hedge. It was here that Fortune came to a sudden halt, gave four or five wags of his tail that was, and bounced headlong into the hedge. Ten yards down the verdure covered ditch Oliver had a hare trap, left over from the winter before. As he neared the trap the barking of Fortune increased, and suddenly stopped. Fearing that a hare had become entangled in the old trap Oliver rushed forward, only to hang his great toe on a bramble briar and pitch head first into the hedge.

"Oh! Goodness!" screamed a terrified voice. "Are you hurt much, sir?"

Oliver rolled over and gazed at the trap in amazement. Fortune sat by his side, his round eyes full of fear for his master, but when Oliver looked at him and grinned his tongue jumped out in red relief.

"Fortune," Oliver said gravely, as he pulled a thorn from the seat of his trousers. "I hit the ground so hard I swear I heard a voice say something. It must have been a fairy. Did you happen to hear it, partner?"

Whereat Fortune lifted his muzzle to the honeysuckles and barked joyfully. Oliver looked up and his eyes grew large with amazement. From the forks of a gnarled member of the hedge, wedged in between an ocean of snow white blossoms, the big brown eyes of Bee-Bee looked wildly down on dog and master. Her eyes were dancing, her hair hung in riot, and her lips were as crimson as the cardinal's wing. Her arms, what he could see of them, were bare!

"Bee-Bee!" he whispered. "Is—it really you?"

Bee-Bee lifted her eyes to the heavens and said nothing. She had promised never to speak to him again and she intended to keep her word. Then it occurred to Oliver that he had abjured woman forever. He turned his back to her and the rain began to fall gently.

"O—oo!" she shivered. "Gee whizz, but that's cold, Fortune!"

"It sounds like Bee, Fortune," Oliver opined gravely.

The rain spattered on the leaves and Bee-Bee shivered in the cold.

"Ask her what she's doing here, Fortune."

"Don't you know, Fortune, I've been here all of three hours," Bee told their mutual friend.

"Then you were here in all the rain?" Oliver asked hurriedly, forgetting that this was not Judgment Day—and that he had abjured woman. "Come on and let's go home. You'll catch malaria and die with pneumonia. Come on!" His voice rose rapidly to a pitch Fortune had never heard before.

"No—o; I—I—can't!" she stammered. "I've—well, I got to stay here until dark?"

"Dark?" He scratched his head.

"My goodness, you're not going to

run away over—over this childish affair, Bee-Bee?"

"Hardly, sir."

The cutting "sir" dampened his ardor.

"Were—were you waiting for some one to come?" he ventured timidly.

"Maybe so."

"Who?" His voice climbed to a belligerent key. "Who?"

"Anybody who would do me a favor."

"Can—can I help you, Bee-Bee?"

His voice was full of wistful hope and his heart full of the fear that she would refuse him. He looked so serious that Bee-Bee, angry as she was with him, had to smile radiantly—like she did before the card from Zippie-Zip came.

"Well, go home and tell Bunny Baylor to send me a dress, a petticoat and some shoes and stockings."

"A dress?" he repeated. "Petticoat and shoes and stockings! Bee-Bee, what in the world did you do with the things you had? Have you been walking in your sleep?"

Once more Bee-Bee hesitated. She had no idea of telling him why. She was still angry with him and was going to be an old maid and go to a convent to forget men. Her eyes drooped to his and the genuine concern she saw sent great resolves flying from her heart, and she was talking before she knew it.

"Before the rain," she began, "I went over to Old Scott's to take some apples. And there on the step sat poor little Frances Mildred Scott crying like her heart would break all to pieces and be washed away in the tears. She had a chance to get adopted by a swell rich nigger in Richmond and she didn't have a single thing to wear when she went to see him. Oh, I felt so sorry for her, and their one roomed house is so small—and there are so many of the little chocolate black Scotts to live in it." Oliver's mouth had opened as he sat oblivious to the rain. "I thought how much room would be left for them if she went away. One whole human being takes up a lot of room in bed if she hurls all up in a knot like Frances Mildred does. So I brought her over here and gave her my second best dress, my beautiful petticoat that my sister got married in, and my shoes and stockings. And, Oliver, they fit so nice and she was so happy and dressed up. I thought I would simply die for joy until the rain had to come and spoil it all!"

She paused and Oliver gulped hard. The witchery of the girl sealed his lips. Bee-Bee giving all her clothes to a poor little nigger so she could be adopted, and waiting in the hedge for night to come, getting wet and almost freezing! And he had sent her such a message once!

The rain that had fallen in a spray like drizzle now began to pour. Bee-Bee crawled into the thickest branches she could find, but drop after drop fell upon her bare white shoulders

and went trickling down her back.

"O—oo!" her teeth chattered. "O—oo! My goodness!"

"Here, Bee," Oliver yelled, "put these on quick."

Before she could shiver again, she picked up Oliver's trousers that suddenly swung to a broken twig at her side.

"And here," he gurgled in a breathless call, "put this coat on and beat it for home—quick!"

Bee-Bee crept from her hiding place, in Oliver's big and famous trousers, to look sheepishly at his freckled face in its frame of honeysuckles. He had to smile. She was so timid, and women walk so funny when they put trousers on—just like they were afraid they were going to fall off. She moistened her lips and came a step closer to him.

"Oh," she whispered shyly, "I—I—think you're simply wonderful to lend me your—your pants!"

She blushed, and red mounted to his oval cheeks.

"Aw!" he grunted for want of better speech.

(Continued on page six.)

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## UP BOBS ZIPPY-ZIP

By GEORGE ROEBUCK

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IV

In Which Poss Eggs Delivers the Message As Though It Were a Pound of Sausage; of How This Tacitless Blunder Drove Oliver to Abjure Woman and Dedicate His Life to Science; Concluding with How He Loaned Her His Breeches Just Before the Miracle Happened that Day

In the hedges, in the soft mystic fields on moonlit nights, in the fragrant, drowsy winds of late June—in every blessed thing he saw her face, her bewildering smile. For Oliver there was no joy in the great rolling fields so rich with color, so treasuring with Summer secrets dear to his heart. For three long weeks Bee-Bee of the rose-bud smile had passed him with her eyes to the heavens just as if she expected to find an angel sitting on the edge of a snow white cloud. And because of this the whole glorious season seemed to crawl right under a big blanket and cry itself to sleep in the unsuspected darkness.

Bee-Bee was smiling on Harry Morse as though she thought he was the only man in the world, and she was pressing his dress trousers, and wearing his pink rose-buds in her dark hair. Harry was picking dandelion greens to buy the engagement ring with. It would only take about fifty bushels, Oliver figured, and the thought drove him to deeper despair. When Harry and Bee-Bee passed him in dreamy silence or in light-hearted laughter he thought of the Jack Ass, Poss Eggs, who had delivered a sacred message like it might have been a pound of sausage. He solemnly pulled weeds and marveled over the stupidity of Poss Eggs. The mail-boy had walked into the sewing-room where Bee-Bee sat darning Oliver's Sunday stockings. She was doing her best to make a neat job of it, for her tip of her tongue wiggled between her lips and the white skin of her forehead was all wrinkled up with interest. Then the blow fell.

"Letter for you, Bee," Poss Eggs had grunted as he threw the letter at her. "Dock Smith told me to tell

you to tell Harry Morse 'yep' as he couldn't be bothered."

And Bee-Bee went red and then deathly white before her eyes seemed to catch on fire and blaze in anger. Later the flood of tears left them blood-shot and swollen. At the hour when Oliver was to receive his answer from the girl she was coldly writing:

"Mister Doctor Smith, I'll tell Harry Morse yes if I please, and I reckon I'll please. I never expect to speak to you again until Judgment Day. I'll have to do it then or I won't go to Heaven.

Beatrice Woodswarth. P. S. Don't think I'm mad. I'm tickled to death. Did you ever get left? Ha! Ha!"

As the boy read the last line he shivered. His eyes closed and he heard Bee-Bee laughing like he had heard Mrs. Osborne laugh when they told her that her husband had been killed. He saw Bee-Bee wringing her hands and pulling her hair and wishing she were dead. In desperation he wrote to Zippie-Zip:

"Dear Zippie-Zip, Your card to hand. Thanks. Since I left Ordinary I have grown older and I don't like the same things I did. Miss Mattie says we outgrow things. I reckon so. Anyway you can go ahead and marry some one else, as I release you from our promises. Hoping you'll find some boy like you like, I'm,

Yours, O. U. R. S."

The next day was Sunday, the magic third Sunday when ice cream took the place of prune pudding for dessert. Oliver sent his over to Bee-Bee, and she promptly sent it back. Harry took a pink rose bud from the lapel of his coat, placed it daintily on the saucer of chocolate cream and sent it over to Bee-Bee. It stayed and Oliver asked permission to leave the dining room, which the matron refused.

"Tell her I—I—got to," he whispered to the waiter. "Tell her I swallowed a fly in my black-strap molasses."

He deliberately lied, but Harry's grinning face was more than he could

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