

## JUST A VILLAGE WOMAN

(By D. J. Walsh.)

NELLY WARD planned on her simple black hat that Kate Collins, her longtime milliner, had fashioned for her and peeped into the glass with a critical frown upon her gentle brow. Did she look nice enough? She patted down her coat collar, brushed a bit of lint from her skirt and took up the small bag purchased a few days previous at Johnson's store. From top to toe she looked neat, quiet, ladylike. She loved that word—ladylike. All her life she had tried to conform to its suggestion as her mother and grandmother had done before her. In that way, as in many others, she was as old-fashioned as they.

Her husband was waiting for her in the newest car—a black, long-nosed brute built for climbing the mountain between their village and the large adjoining town where his business interests were located. He was a stout, elderly man with a square chin, quick gray eyes, the most forceful type of the successful go-getter. As she climbed in beside him Nelly looked back at her home with its look of plain, practical comfort. Against the spring green of grass and foliage it looked as white as snow. She admired any white house; she loved her own, and she sighed at leaving it because she might be about to leave it forever.

From windows and doorways her neighbors waved her farewell. Mrs. Eckert flapped her check apron, Mrs. Cowan flitted a dust-rag. Letty Dimmick signaled with a handkerchief crisp and scented, as Nelly Ward knew, with rose leaves. A little child shouted to her and old Tim Green, limping toward the grocery for news, swung his battered hat at her. She responded cheerfully, but her lips trembled.

The great car ate up the road. Hosea did not talk much; he was reviewing the speech he was to make at the big dinner that was to follow; Nelly sat holding the bag, thinking deep, grave thoughts.

Over the mountain they went and down the other side into the sparkling town where Hosea's big factory belched black smoke. Yet, in spite of the smoke, Weston was a beautiful place with its fine residences, smooth streets and glittering business section.

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There was a flock of cars before the Weston house, and Hosea maneuvered the black brute into its place among them. His manager was there and his directors, the president of the bank, prominent club men and women, representatives of all the big firms in town, all gathered to do Hosea honor—an honor in which his wife was to share.

Nelly knew only two persons besides her husband, and during the splendid banquet that followed she felt lonely and a little shy. The food, too, puzzled her. She liked simple home cooking, and these extravagances of food aroused in her a faint distrust. Although she was essentially healthy, she wondered if such a mixture as lobster, alligator pears and strawberry ice could possibly set well.

The banquet lasted for hours, and Nelly was heartily glad when it was over. Hosea's speech had made her more nervous than it had him. A good man, Hosea, her husband for thirty-five years and the father of six children, who were all either married or away from home with affairs of their own.

"Well, Nelly," Hosea said as he helped her into the black car. "That's that. Now I'm going to show you the house I've picked out for you."

It was a splendid house, vast, towering, set in the midst of beautiful grounds. A millionaire had built it and only a millionaire could live in it. It had garage room for Hosea's four cars, a rose pergola, a fountain and a drawing room that could hold seventy people.

"If you want this house it's yours, Nelly," Hosea said proudly. "And you can go the limit in buying stuff for it."

"It's grand, dear," Nelly said. "But—what's that building on the right?"

"That's the Weston Memorial library. A beauty, eh?"

"And this place on the left—what owns it?"

"Summer people. It's opened for only two or three months during the year."

She got into the black car and they returned homeward, Hosea talking gaily all the way of his vast new plans, Nelly silent and self-abnegative.

A smell of food greeted them as they entered the house. Sarah, middle-aged and beaming, for many years more of a housemaid than a servant to Nelly Ward, stuck her head in at the door.

"Supper's ready when you are," she said.

In the pretty dining room, lighted with sunset gold, they sat down to homemade bread, green onions, thin slices of corned beef, sponge cake and tart plum preserves in a stemmed glass dish. Tulips filled an old-fashioned blue bowl that had belonged to Nelly's mother.

"I didn't think I could eat anything," Hosea remarked as they left the table. "I will say for Sarah that she knows how to assemble food."

Nelly cleared her throat.

"If we move to Weston Sarah won't go with us," she said.

"Why not?" Hosea struck a match on the heel of his shoe and lit his after-supper cigar.

"She won't leave her daughter and grandchildren. I don't blame her. But—I wouldn't know how to keep house without Sarah."

They sat down on the porch, Hosea smoked and Nelly crocheted. A catbird poured out his native lullabies from a nearby syringe.

"Say, you'll miss all this when we get to Weston," Hosea said. He turned and looked at his wife. Her face was averted, but she put up her hand to her cheek.

"Nelly! If you don't want to go tell me so," he said tenderly.

"It isn't a question of what I want, dear, it's a question of how I can help you most," she replied.

They sat in long silence. Suddenly Hosea slapped the arms of his chair with his palms.

"I see how it is. You've lived here all your life," he said.

Her hands trembled as she attempted to take a stitch with her crochet-needle. He did understand more than she had ever dreamed he could—that it would be tearing her heart out to leave her home, her old neighbors.

Mrs. Eckert came running across the lawn with an offering of flowers.

"I want you to have some of my black tulips, Nelly," she said. Then anxiously stating the real errand: "Did you decide today about going to Weston to live?"

Nelly didn't answer, but Hosea did. "She's going to stay here," he said. "I'm going to stay here, too, all the time I don't have to be attending to business in Weston."

"I'm so glad!" Mrs. Eckert replied. "I've been just about sick all day for fear Nelly would go."

"Hosea is giving in to me," Nelly said, shakily. "I hate to say it, Helen, but even if I am Hosea Ward's wife I'm just a village woman who loves her neighbors—" she could get no farther.

For Hosea had quietly risen, gone to her and kissed her.

Decorative note is a scarf tied. There are indications that faille is to be an important material for spring coats. Patou employs it for several midseason coats with printed crepe de chine linings to match crepe de chine dresses.

Phillippe et Gaston uses faille for some of the formal afternoon dresses.

## Bows to Enhance Milady's Costume

Decoration Is One Detail Taken From Fashions of Years Ago.

At the well-dressed woman twirls before the mirror another detail must be checked by her discriminating eye—the adjustment of the bow. For bows large and bows small, bows that tie under the chin and bows that pose on top of the shoulder like a bird with wings full-spread, are earmarks of the smart costume, says a fashion writer in the Kansas City Star.

This is one of the details taken from the 1880 mode, the period influence of today's silhouette; but with a difference. The bows of today may be a crisp four or six-inch sash of moire or taffeta ribbon, tied in a butterfly bow and posed at the waistline of an evening gown which has a fitted bodice and a natural waistline. These bows sometimes simulate the bustle of 1880, a suggestion only of that fashion, for the silhouette has still the goddess of slenderness for its guide.

A bow of velvet ribbon may catch a group of flounces at the side front. Any number of interesting arrangements mark its use. On the afternoon dress it is a decorative note in chiffon and velvet. And in the tweed short coat costume the bow of crepe, fully six to ten inches wide, is tied at the

## Two-in-One Dress—From One Style to Another



Have you a frock from which you can evolve two different styles? It can be done, for the Woman's Home Companion fashion expert has designed a clever costume that can be conveniently transposed from one style to another just as your fancy directs and without any of the usual bother of pins or last-minute sewing. On a dress with a straight blouse and gently flaring skirt there is a rippling detachable tunic tying apron-wise in the back and forming one of those very modish two-tiered skirts. There is also another detachable piece similar to the tunic which when placed over the right shoulder makes a long scarf-like jabot with its diagonal line suggesting a surplice closing. However, you would still have a smart costume if you decided to wear it without jabot or tunic.



Skirt Ties at Left Side With Two-Tone Bowknot.

top of the V neckline of the blouse or a narrower the frankly fashioned in a bow with Peter Pan collar. In many instances it is a scarf tied.

The little Chanel bows, so perky and decorative, started the vogue of the bow as a simulated fastener. It has only come into its own, in the rise of the frilly and fluffy mode.

Another decorative note is the return of cavalier cuffs. These are now a style note in the dresses for the South, the cuffs so designed that they do not interfere with the carrying of a muff. After all has been said against the return of the muff with no less authority than Madame Charlotte of the house of Premet saying it cannot stage a comeback, the muff does return in the smartest circles.

Not a melon muff, but very often a flat fold of broadtail lined with gay crepe and adorned with a bow of fur right in the middle, applied very flat. The muff matches the close-fitting fur hat. Perhaps the rise of the suit has given a boon to the vogue for the muff.

## Vogue of Taffeta Is Threatened by Faille

Taffeta's popularity was short-lived, to judge from the small number of important French dress houses that include it in their midwinter styles.

Faille, a soft-corded silk, has replaced it entirely at some houses.

Madame Louiseboulanger is an exponent of faille in the place of taffeta. She shows several new dresses in the material, some plain and some brocaded weaves. One pattern is an undulating horizontal stripe of satin weave on a faille surface.

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## Bright-Colored Tweeds Suit Many Complexions

Tints of bright colors—red, blue, green and purple—in the newer tweed weaves make them decidedly more wearable for the majority of complexions. Despite their fashion importance and amazing prominence in the mode, the brownish and grayish tweeds have not been entirely becoming. They have been worn—yes, but we have noted that sometimes the tweed has had a way of draining the face of the wearer of its fresh bloom.

The adoption of color in the tweed weaves does not add vividness to any great extent. They remain somewhat subdued and black or brown threads frequently tone down the bright shade.

## Bow Necklines Feature Most Popular Blouses

Draped necklines and swathed hips with a bow at one place or both in general describe the popular blouse whether in crepe, satin or velvet. The surplice closing finds many admirers. An excellent blouse of heavy satin is featured in one shop at an extremely moderate price and is presented in the season's colors—wine, blue, maroon, glaze, tan, white and black.

## Stylish Moire

Moire is correct for afternoon things now. A geranium moire frock has its skirt's fullness massed at the back in flat finished with real lace ruffles. A touch of the lace is at the throat.

## Matching Shoes

Last season matched the costume in color. This year they match in fabric. The latest style is to have shoes made of the same material as your coat, frock, evening gown or ensemble.

## Almond Green

An ensemble of brown tweed, with a dash of almond green in it, has its soft blouse of almond green satin crepe and its coat lined with the green, satin side out.

## Stockings for Brown Shoes

Brown suede or leather shoes are much in evidence and with them are worn brown stockings, extremely sheer or else those of honey beige.

## Immense Variety of Colors in the Stars

Poets write of the silver moon, but as a rule the moon's light is as nearly white as it can be.

There was a scare at Bombay when the moon appeared a Cambridge blue color, and later turned vivid green. This freakish color was not due to anything in the moon itself, but to moisture in the atmosphere previous to the breaking of the monsoon or rainy season.

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## Saws Without Teeth

Many persons unfamiliar with industrial advance will be unable to understand that there is such a thing as a toothless saw, but nevertheless smooth-edged metal disks are used extensively for cutting materials which could not be severed by the usual toothed saw. These saws are coming into greater use every day, being made possible by the high speeds which are attained by the use of electricity. One of these saws, revolving at a low rate of speed, would be shattered instantly when applied to a piece of hard metal, but revolving at a very high speed it cuts through steel like a kitchen knife going through a piece of cheese.

## Herbal Remedies

Some people still use old herbal remedies. I was talking to a field worker whom I knew very well, writes "Looker-On" in the London Daily Chronicle. He said his liver was inclined to be sluggish. "I know what to do," he said. "I shall dig up a root of burdock, scrape it, add a leaf or two of coltsfoot, and put the lot into a cup of tea. That's never failed me yet." "Burdock is often called 'dock.' It grows everywhere. Coltsfoot, too. As my friend says, 'It's cheaper than doctor's stuff.'"

## Renovating.

His Wife—We ought to have a new car. This one looks disreputable.

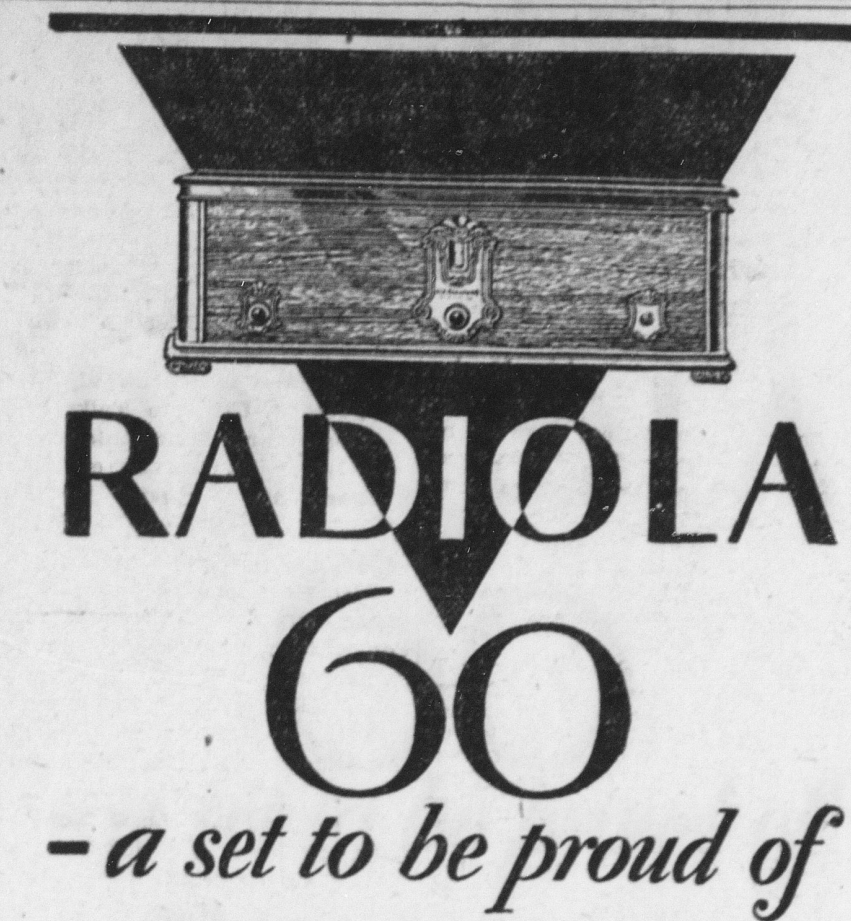
Hardy Upton—Can't afford it. But I'll fix up this old bus—wash it up and put a fresh mortgage on it.

## Bed or Lounging Jacket

Taking a hint from both the cocktail jacket of the hour and the general popularity of knitted things, the bed or lounging jacket arrives, beautifully knit in a lacy pattern in the Shetland manner. This is so fine as to seem fragile and anything but warm, but it is lined with a sheer silk. A jacket of this fine yarn perhaps is more practical than one of quilted silk, however frivolous and gossamer it appears, for it may be easily and quickly cleaned.

## Zig-Zag Model

A tight cloche hat, with wider right brim than left, has one side terra cotta, the other brown. The colors join in a zig-zag line from back to front.



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