

# Beggars Can Choose

MARGARET WEYMOUTH JACKSON

Copyright by Bobba-Merrill Co.

WNU Service

## CHAPTER X

### Will Has a Vision

The firm of Poole and Todd found itself at the end of two years established beyond question. It owed its success to Will's terrific efforts. He had met and overcome one after another of their natural foes: Mr. Poole's idleness and intemperance. By a kind of fierce affection he had dominated and controlled the old man and kept him working. The profits were divided, after he had his fifty a week, and Poole his hundred. And out of his share of the profits, Will repaid his partner for the loan for Ernestine's hospital bill. He repaid him the exact half of the amount Poole had sunk into the business at the beginning.

And after two years he found himself face to face with the one enemy he could not conquer. Ernestine noticed that he grew thin and pale, that fall that the baby, Elaine, was two. "What is it, Will?" she asked him. "I thought everything was fine now."

"It's Poole," said Will. "He's not drawing—he's boozing, but, of course, that's not new. Only—he's lost interest."

"What do you mean, Will?" He seemed reluctant to put his thought into crude words.

"He's falling—his health. His eyes are bad."

"You mean—he's old?" "Yes," said Will. "That's what I mean. He can't help it—poor devil—he struggles against it—but it's showing on him."

"But, Will, what are you doing?" "Why, I'm managing—but that's all. When I can get him to help, we work together. We've got the strip all planned out for another year, the general sequence of things. But I don't feel that I can do Poole's stuff. My own ideas would be different. I can do the drawings well enough—nobody would notice, probably—but—"

"You don't want to go on—without him?" "The stuff is his, Ernestine. I don't want to—there's something fundamentally wrong—even when I'm his partner, and all. For a while, as a makeshift, I can go ahead, and take care of the mechanics of it, and do the conversation—but actually, we haven't any business at all. We only have him—and when he's gone—"

Will sighed, and then squared his shoulders.

"Well—here's hoping," he said, and grinned at her. "I guess the old boy will sail another season. You see—it's hard for me to crowd him, Ernestine. He is old, and his eyes are about gone, and he hangs on me—it's like making a sick old horse pull in the harness—for us. Of course, it's for him, too, but it is really for us. We are the ones that will enjoy the money—not him. I find myself soft with him."

"I know." She understood this exactly, and her young face was troubled.

She was blooming again with beauty and vitality. She had been a lovely bud but now she was in flower—in her middle twenties—young with beauty and grace, but with poise now, too, and a strong sense of accomplishment. She had background now of a new kind—not the background of parents and school and a fine home, but the background of effort and self-control.

"I'll take Peter," she said. "You can look after Elaine."

She was going to Lillian's, to see mamma who was home from New York for another visit.

Ernestine was dressing, and giving instructions to the neighbor girl who was to stay with the children.

"What do you think, Will? Shall I wear my red dress? I thought I would never go to Pastano's again. It's years, though, since we went, and I don't mind going a bit. Will, you aren't listening to me. I've been so vexed with Peter. He's had two whippings, and needed a third. He's getting too big for me to spank any more. I wish you'd take a little paddle to him."

Will stood in amazement in the middle of the bedroom, his tie in his hands, looking back at the bright reel of memory—himself and Ernestine walking on Clark street in a late snow

but Will could not get him to work, and found himself incapable of much arguing.

Early in February he said to Will one day, "This is my birthday."

"It is?" "Yes—I'm sixty-five—but I feel ninety-five. Will, I'm through."

"You're through?" "Yes; I'll never draw another line. I can't work any more."

There was no questioning the sincerity of his tone. Will found himself accepting this statement as true. Mr. Poole was through. It would be idle to argue or to cajole him.

"Well," he said after a little, "this is the end of Poole and Todd, then."

"Yes," answered his partner heavily, "it's the end."

After a few minutes of silence, Will got up and began to pack away the drawing boards, to sort out pencils, rack up the stiff cardboard sketches and set the office in order.

"I'd like to go to Florida—where it's warm," said Poole dreamily. "I've been cold for months."

Will looked at him queerly. He felt sad. The old man was, in his own eyes, a failure. He did not feel, nor was he warmed by, the praise or the recognition of others. Long afterward Will felt that in that moment he had known the cold and clammy breath of death. The death of activity, of hope; the yielding of some long-loved and never-forgotten dream.

"Let's have a party at Pastano's tonight. Mostano's in town—and McDermott would come. Do you think Ernestine would be my guest—at Pastano's?"

"I think so, John. She'd do most anything for you."

"Ernestine"—the old man seemed to wander—he paused a long time, and looked at Will with a faint shining of the old intelligence in his face. "Will, put those d-d pasteboards down and come here—I want to tell you something. It was Loring Hamilton that had you fired from the Sun. He had Wiston's affairs in his hands—they were thicker than anyone knew, and Wiston had reason to please Loring. Wiston got tight one night and told it. And lost his job for it. McDermott will be friendly to you, if you take any work to him."

"Don't worry about me, John."

"I'm not worrying, you young devil. I want to tell you, though, about Loring. Watch out for him. He's got power now, in a way. He's got to London next year for Pastano. He's the prince of the bootleggers now. Pastano is using him recklessly. He doesn't give a d—n for Loring—will probably ruin him in the end. But Pastano does care about you—and about Ernestine."

"What Loring does is nothing to me. Like most mean things, it worked out for the best. I mean—you can't do a dirty trick as easily as you think. I've come farther this way than if I had stayed on the Sun."

The old man left to go and make arrangements for his party, and Will, after a brief telephone conversation with Ernestine, pitched into the files. It was late afternoon when he went home and as he went he was turning over in his mind the possibilities for the future. His enthusiasm had gripped a new idea. Ernestine would not like this. But he could do well for himself. He could!

"After all," he said to himself, swinging along among the small tidy houses, "after all, I was in danger of becoming a copyist. I've learned all that Poole can teach me. It's time for me to work alone—to develop my own ideas."

Ernestine was dressing, and giving instructions to the neighbor girl who was to stay with the children.

"What do you think, Will? Shall I wear my red dress? I thought I would never go to Pastano's again. It's years, though, since we went, and I don't mind going a bit. Will, you aren't listening to me. I've been so vexed with Peter. He's had two whippings, and needed a third. He's getting too big for me to spank any more. I wish you'd take a little paddle to him."

Will stood in amazement in the middle of the bedroom, his tie in his hands, looking back at the bright reel of memory—himself and Ernestine walking on Clark street in a late snow

all papers. The daily grist was usually set up, corrected and in the forms by 10 o'clock, but the compositors were compelled to wait around at their own expense until the foreman announced that '30' was in. So '30' became a byword among printers, symbolizing the end.

Great East Indian Firm "Tata Sons, Ltd." is an Indian house, founded by the late Jamssetji N. Tata, a Parsi merchant and industrial pioneer. The headquarters are in Bombay, and the combined capital of their undertakings is estimated at \$250,000,000, providing employment for nearly 250,000 people.

Philippe et Gaston present this youthful red frock with long sleeves and quaintly white cape bordered with red crepe de chine to match.

White Much Favored for Milady's Summer Clothes Summer clothes are nothing short of thrilling. They are so young and gay and spontaneous by night that one is captivated by them, notes a fashion correspondent in the Kansas City Star.

The active sports woman swings her club or racket in workmanlike togs. The spectator cares not a rap for anything but effect and jolts in the chorus with tones at once harmonious and feminine.

The really elegant are sponsoring white, which is, of course, the most luxurious of all, but which makes amends by its good behavior in the sun. One is even agog over white bathing costumes, for it is not so long ago that they were taboo on many, and by no means the most conservative, beaches. One sees white swimming suits and white beach costumes aplenty these days, sometimes bright color serving as a foil. This is equally true for evening. It is important to remember that at one of the smartest Parisian openings white evening clothes scored, especially those accented by jade jewelry or by jade shoes or gloves.

Just as black has been introduced with color rather than in solo, white is offered as a companion to such shades as strike an effective contrast, turquoise and jade being outstanding.

Almost everything one wears seems preferred in two rather than one color—white shoes trimmed with tan being an excellent example of this trend. These are not only advocated for active sports, but for all occasions for which women might be expected to wear white shoes. The anticipated vogue for white stockings is slow in getting under way; women seemingly preferring to wear suntan and nude shades in mesh or in plain lusterless stockings.

Black linen shoes, white and colored linen sandals and blue kid shoes to complete blue costumes are important footnotes.

Gloves are in general usage, slip-on types making the smartest gesture. Although white claims and deserves position, one must not underrate the importance or effectiveness of the entire pastel range. Pastels are at home in harmonious groups and also with white.

An Easy Way to Clean Those White Kid Gloves Keeping white gloves clean amounts to quite a little sum of pin-money, if they are always immaculate, and the work is done by a cleansing establishment. It really can cost but a small fraction of the amount, if done at home in an expert way.

The necessary equipment, says a writer in the Kansas City Star, is a bottle of some preferred cleansing fluid, a large lambswool powder puff and some French chalk. If the gloves are marked with perspiration, a very little liquid-white shoe cleansing fluid may be used.

Put the gloves on, one at a time, so that one hand is free to work over the gloved hand. Pour a little of the cleansing fluid onto the large lambswool puff. Rub the glove with the dampened puff until the dirt is gone. The pressure of the puff on the glove surface brings the fluid to the surface and it does not evaporate as it would if it were not held by the wool.

Next dip the puff into a saucer of French chalk. The slight moisture of the puff will make the chalk adhere well. Rub the chalked puff over the glove, renewing the chalk on it whenever it brushes off while it cleanses the glove and gives it that fine finish gloves have when they come from an expert cleanser's.

## Dame Fashion Smiles

By Grace Jewett Austin

One of the greatest style-setters at the present moment is Old Mother

Hen! Her style-offering that is so widely acclaimed is the hue called "egg shell." Dame Fashion feels quite sure that entering any women's wear shop she could find within ten minutes practically every article that a girl or woman delights to put on—from jewelry to shoes,

from hats to lingerie, in the soft egg-shell shade. In less poetic days it was sometimes termed "oyster white." It is a shade that is almost white—and still with a difference.

Styles in clothes have an intimate cousin in styles in table manners, and sometimes Dame Fashion is about ready to believe that the latter in their way are as subject to change as dress fashions. For instance, Dame Fashion as a child was earnestly taught that it was highly improper to tip a soup plate, so to enjoy the last of its contents. And while she was being taught this, the same lesson went to a million, more or less, of American children.

But Dame Fashion is quite a soup addict. She comes to that course hungrier than to any other, and consequently it tastes the best. Soup portions are often rather small, and years ago Dame Fashion decided that common sense should rule, and she would have every last soup-drop if she wanted it. This very summer, with the stamp of the highest etiquette authority, has appeared in print the statement that it is entirely good manners to tip a soup plate, at the side away from the diner, so that the last of the portion can be eaten!

Dame Fashion has lately found pleasure in handling one of the season's novelties, in "tear-drop" jewelry. The strings of pearly drops, some of them in sun-tan or delicate pastel shades as well as the creamy ones, are especially effective with low neck summer gowns. It was an immediate thought, "By wearing all of these delicious tears, one would surely never shed any real ones." That was probably the principle used by the ancient Greeks and Romans, when they gave gifts of "tear-bottles"—spoken of, too, in the Bible; Psalms 50, 8.

Garden viewing is a delightful occupation when all of the conditions are right. If the paths are dry and the flowers happen to be on their best behavior, all is poetic. But to go hat-viewing is an occupation that never wearies.

Said Dame Fashion to a pretty milliner, "How about these big hats that we hear so much about?" "Yes; they are here," she said. But hats convenient for cars and not an anxiety in breezes are still the best beloved kinds. No roses could be prettier than the soft stitched hats of silk, in pastel shades. No feather could be lighter than some of the unlined straws, gauzy as a fairy's wing.

With summer temperature about, Dame Fashion almost gasped when a black velvet beret was brought out for her special admiration. "Velvet!" "Oh, yes; velvet is coming right in. But notice this specialty." And then Dame Fashion saw little folds of soft blue grosgrain ribbon. So far, so good. But in these days of matching ensembles, suppose your dress were not of soft blue? Then the special virtue of that beret was revealed. Like the agile chameleon, and unlike the leopard, it could change its spots. A parcel of little loops of ribbon—pink, white, gold or black—each with its patent fastening to adjust to the beret, made it a "matching accessory" for any sort of gown.

Long Sleeves and White Cape Features of Frock

Philippe et Gaston present this youthful red frock with long sleeves and quaintly white cape bordered with red crepe de chine to match.

One of the greatest style-setters at the present moment is Old Mother Hen! Her style-offering that is so widely acclaimed is the hue called "egg shell." Dame Fashion feels quite sure that entering any women's wear shop she could find within ten minutes practically every article that a girl or woman delights to put on—from jewelry to shoes,

from hats to lingerie, in the soft egg-shell shade. In less poetic days it was sometimes termed "oyster white." It is a shade that is almost white—and still with a difference.

Styles in clothes have an intimate cousin in styles in table manners, and sometimes Dame Fashion is about ready to believe that the latter in their way are as subject to change as dress fashions. For instance, Dame Fashion as a child was earnestly taught that it was highly improper to tip a soup plate, so to enjoy the last of its contents. And while she was being taught this, the same lesson went to a million, more or less, of American children.

But Dame Fashion is quite a soup addict. She comes to that course hungrier than to any other, and consequently it tastes the best. Soup portions are often rather small, and years ago Dame Fashion decided that common sense should rule, and she would have every last soup-drop if she wanted it. This very summer, with the stamp of the highest etiquette authority, has appeared in print the statement that it is entirely good manners to tip a soup plate, at the side away from the diner, so that the last of the portion can be eaten!

Dame Fashion has lately found pleasure in handling one of the season's novelties, in "tear-drop" jewelry. The strings of pearly drops, some of them in sun-tan or delicate pastel shades as well as the creamy ones, are especially effective with low neck summer gowns. It was an immediate thought, "By wearing all of these delicious tears, one would surely never shed any real ones." That was probably the principle used by the ancient Greeks and Romans, when they gave gifts of "tear-bottles"—spoken of, too, in the Bible; Psalms 50, 8.

Garden viewing is a delightful occupation when all of the conditions are right. If the paths are dry and the flowers happen to be on their best behavior, all is poetic. But to go hat-viewing is an occupation that never wearies.

Said Dame Fashion to a pretty milliner, "How about these big hats that we hear so much about?" "Yes; they are here," she said. But hats convenient for cars and not an anxiety in breezes are still the best beloved kinds. No roses could be prettier than the soft stitched hats of silk, in pastel shades. No feather could be lighter than some of the unlined straws, gauzy as a fairy's wing.

With summer temperature about, Dame Fashion almost gasped when a black velvet beret was brought out for her special admiration. "Velvet!" "Oh, yes; velvet is coming right in. But notice this specialty." And then Dame Fashion saw little folds of soft blue grosgrain ribbon. So far, so good. But in these days of matching ensembles, suppose your dress were not of soft blue? Then the special virtue of that beret was revealed. Like the agile chameleon, and unlike the leopard, it could change its spots. A parcel of little loops of ribbon—pink, white, gold or black—each with its patent fastening to adjust to the beret, made it a "matching accessory" for any sort of gown.

Long Sleeves and White Cape Features of Frock

Philippe et Gaston present this youthful red frock with long sleeves and quaintly white cape bordered with red crepe de chine to match.

One of the greatest style-setters at the present moment is Old Mother Hen! Her style-offering that is so widely acclaimed is the hue called "egg shell." Dame Fashion feels quite sure that entering any women's wear shop she could find within ten minutes practically every article that a girl or woman delights to put on—from jewelry to shoes,

from hats to lingerie, in the soft egg-shell shade. In less poetic days it was sometimes termed "oyster white." It is a shade that is almost white—and still with a difference.

Styles in clothes have an intimate cousin in styles in table manners, and sometimes Dame Fashion is about ready to believe that the latter in their way are as subject to change as dress fashions. For instance, Dame Fashion as a child was earnestly taught that it was highly improper to tip a soup plate, so to enjoy the last of its contents. And while she was being taught this, the same lesson went to a million, more or less, of American children.

But Dame Fashion is quite a soup addict. She comes to that course hungrier than to any other, and consequently it tastes the best. Soup portions are often rather small, and years ago Dame Fashion decided that common sense should rule, and she would have every last soup-drop if she wanted it. This very summer, with the stamp of the highest etiquette authority, has appeared in print the statement that it is entirely good manners to tip a soup plate, at the side away from the diner, so that the last of the portion can be eaten!

Dame Fashion has lately found pleasure in handling one of the season's novelties, in "tear-drop" jewelry. The strings of pearly drops, some of them in sun-tan or delicate pastel shades as well as the creamy ones, are especially effective with low neck summer gowns. It was an immediate thought, "By wearing all of these delicious tears, one would surely never shed any real ones." That was probably the principle used by the ancient Greeks and Romans, when they gave gifts of "tear-bottles"—spoken of, too, in the Bible; Psalms 50, 8.

Garden viewing is a delightful occupation when all of the conditions are right. If the paths are dry and the flowers happen to be on their best behavior, all is poetic. But to go hat-viewing is an occupation that never wearies.

Said Dame Fashion to a pretty milliner, "How about these big hats that we hear so much about?" "Yes; they are here," she said. But hats convenient for cars and not an anxiety in breezes are still the best beloved kinds. No roses could be prettier than the soft stitched hats of silk, in pastel shades. No feather could be lighter than some of the unlined straws, gauzy as a fairy's wing.

With summer temperature about, Dame Fashion almost gasped when a black velvet beret was brought out for her special admiration. "Velvet!" "Oh, yes; velvet is coming right in. But notice this specialty." And then Dame Fashion saw little folds of soft blue grosgrain ribbon. So far, so good. But in these days of matching ensembles, suppose your dress were not of soft blue? Then the special virtue of that beret was revealed. Like the agile chameleon, and unlike the leopard, it could change its spots. A parcel of little loops of ribbon—pink, white, gold or black—each with its patent fastening to adjust to the beret, made it a "matching accessory" for any sort of gown.

Long Sleeves and White Cape Features of Frock

Philippe et Gaston present this youthful red frock with long sleeves and quaintly white cape bordered with red crepe de chine to match.

One of the greatest style-setters at the present moment is Old Mother Hen! Her style-offering that is so widely acclaimed is the hue called "egg shell." Dame Fashion feels quite sure that entering any women's wear shop she could find within ten minutes practically every article that a girl or woman delights to put on—from jewelry to shoes,

from hats to lingerie, in the soft egg-shell shade. In less poetic days it was sometimes termed "oyster white." It is a shade that is almost white—and still with a difference.

## Morning Glory Frock Is Pleasing and Practical

By Grace Jewett Austin

One of the greatest style-setters at the present moment is Old Mother

Hen! Her style-offering that is so widely acclaimed is the hue called "egg shell." Dame Fashion feels quite sure that entering any women's wear shop she could find within ten minutes practically every article that a girl or woman delights to put on—from jewelry to shoes,

from hats to lingerie, in the soft egg-shell shade. In less poetic days it was sometimes termed "oyster white." It is a shade that is almost white—and still with a difference.

Styles in clothes have an intimate cousin in styles in table manners, and sometimes Dame Fashion is about ready to believe that the latter in their way are as subject to change as dress fashions. For instance, Dame Fashion as a child was earnestly taught that it was highly improper to tip a soup plate, so to enjoy the last of its contents. And while she was being taught this, the same lesson went to a million, more or less, of American children.

But Dame Fashion is quite a soup addict. She comes to that course hungrier than to any other, and consequently it tastes the best. Soup portions are often rather small, and years ago Dame Fashion decided that common sense should rule, and she would have every last soup-drop if she wanted it. This very summer, with the stamp of the highest etiquette authority, has appeared in print the statement that it is entirely good manners to tip a soup plate, at the side away from the diner, so that the last of the portion can be eaten!

Dame Fashion has lately found pleasure in handling one of the season's novelties, in "tear-drop" jewelry. The strings of pearly drops, some of them in sun-tan or delicate pastel shades as well as the creamy ones, are especially effective with low neck summer gowns. It was an immediate thought, "By wearing all of these delicious tears, one would surely never shed any real ones." That was probably the principle used by the ancient Greeks and Romans, when they gave gifts of "tear-bottles"—spoken of, too, in the Bible; Psalms 50, 8.

Garden viewing is a delightful occupation when all of the conditions are right. If the paths are dry and the flowers happen to be on their best behavior, all is poetic. But to go hat-viewing is an occupation that never wearies.

Said Dame Fashion to a pretty milliner, "How about these big hats that we hear so much about?" "Yes; they are here," she said. But hats convenient for cars and not an anxiety in breezes are still the best beloved kinds. No roses could be prettier than the soft stitched hats of silk, in pastel shades. No feather could be lighter than some of the unlined straws, gauzy as a fairy's wing.

With summer temperature about, Dame Fashion almost gasped when a black velvet beret was brought out for her special admiration. "Velvet!" "Oh, yes; velvet is coming right in. But notice this specialty." And then Dame Fashion saw little folds of soft blue grosgrain ribbon. So far, so good. But in these days of matching ensembles, suppose your dress were not of soft blue? Then the special virtue of that beret was revealed. Like the agile chameleon, and unlike the leopard, it could change its spots. A parcel of little loops of ribbon—pink, white, gold or black—each with its patent fastening to adjust to the beret, made it a "matching accessory" for any sort of gown.

Long Sleeves and White Cape Features of Frock

Philippe et Gaston present this youthful red frock with long sleeves and quaintly white cape bordered with red crepe de chine to match.

One of the greatest style-setters at the present moment is Old Mother Hen! Her style-offering that is so widely acclaimed is the hue called "egg shell." Dame Fashion feels quite sure that entering any women's wear shop she could find within ten minutes practically every article that a girl or woman delights to put on—from jewelry to shoes,

from hats to lingerie, in the soft egg-shell shade. In less poetic days it was sometimes termed "oyster white." It is a shade that is almost white—and still with a difference.

Styles in clothes have an intimate cousin in styles in table manners, and sometimes Dame Fashion is about ready to believe that the latter in their way are as subject to change as dress fashions. For instance, Dame Fashion as a child was earnestly taught that it was highly improper to tip a soup plate, so to enjoy the last of its contents. And while she was being taught this, the same lesson went to a million, more or less, of American children.

But Dame Fashion is quite a soup addict. She comes to that course hungrier than to any other, and consequently it tastes the best. Soup portions are often rather small, and years ago Dame Fashion decided that common sense should rule, and she would have every last soup-drop if she wanted it. This very summer, with the stamp of the highest etiquette authority, has appeared in print the statement that it is entirely good manners to tip a soup plate, at the side away from the diner, so that the last of the portion can be eaten!

Dame Fashion has lately found pleasure in handling one of the season's novelties, in "tear-drop" jewelry. The strings of pearly drops, some of them in sun-tan or delicate pastel shades as well as the creamy ones, are especially effective with low neck summer gowns. It was an immediate thought, "By wearing all of these delicious tears, one would surely never shed any real ones." That was probably the principle used by the ancient Greeks and Romans, when they gave gifts of "tear-bottles"—spoken of, too, in the Bible; Psalms 50, 8.

Garden viewing is a delightful occupation when all of the conditions are right. If the paths are dry and the flowers happen to be on their best behavior, all is poetic. But to go hat-viewing is an occupation that never wearies.

Said Dame Fashion to a pretty milliner, "How about these big hats that we hear so much about?" "Yes; they are here," she said. But hats convenient for cars and not an anxiety in breezes are still the best beloved kinds. No roses could be prettier than the soft stitched hats of silk, in pastel shades. No feather could be lighter than some of the unlined straws, gauzy as a fairy's wing.

With summer temperature about, Dame Fashion almost gasped when a black velvet beret was brought out for her special admiration. "Velvet!" "Oh, yes; velvet is coming right in. But notice this specialty." And then Dame Fashion saw little folds of soft blue grosgrain ribbon. So far, so good. But in these days of matching ensembles, suppose your dress were not of soft blue? Then the special virtue of that beret was revealed. Like the agile chameleon, and unlike the leopard, it could change its spots. A parcel of little loops of ribbon—pink, white, gold or black—each with its patent fastening to adjust to the beret, made it a "matching accessory" for any sort of gown.

Long Sleeves and White Cape Features of Frock

Philippe et Gaston present this youthful red frock with long sleeves and quaintly white cape bordered with red crepe de chine to match.

One of the greatest style-setters at the present moment is Old Mother Hen! Her style-offering that is so widely acclaimed is the hue called "egg shell." Dame Fashion feels quite sure that entering any women's wear shop she could find within ten minutes practically every article that a girl or woman delights to put on—from jewelry to shoes,

from hats to lingerie, in the soft egg-shell shade. In less poetic days it was sometimes termed "oyster white." It is a shade that is almost white—and still with a difference.

Styles in clothes have an intimate cousin in styles in table manners, and sometimes Dame Fashion is about ready to believe that the latter in their way are as subject to change as dress fashions. For instance, Dame Fashion as a child was earnestly taught that it was highly improper to tip a soup plate, so to enjoy the last of its contents. And while she was being taught this, the same lesson went to a million, more or less, of American children.

But Dame Fashion is quite a soup addict. She comes to that course hungrier than to any other, and consequently it tastes the best. Soup portions are often rather small, and years ago Dame Fashion decided that common sense should rule, and she would have every last soup-drop if she wanted it. This very summer, with the stamp of the highest etiquette authority, has appeared in print the statement that it is entirely good manners to tip a soup plate, at the side away from the diner, so that the last of the portion can be eaten!

Dame Fashion has lately found pleasure in handling one of the season's novelties, in "tear-drop" jewelry. The strings of pearly drops, some of them in sun-tan or delicate pastel shades as well as the creamy ones, are especially effective with low neck summer gowns. It was an immediate thought, "By wearing all of these delicious tears, one would surely never shed any real ones." That was probably the principle used by the ancient Greeks and Romans, when they gave gifts of "tear-bottles"—spoken of, too, in the Bible; Psalms 50, 8.

Garden viewing is a delightful occupation when all of the conditions are right. If the paths are dry and the flowers happen to be on their best behavior, all is poetic. But to go hat-viewing is an occupation that never wearies.

Said Dame Fashion to a pretty milliner, "How about these big hats that we hear so much about?" "Yes; they are here," she said. But hats convenient for cars and not an anxiety in breezes are still the best beloved kinds. No roses could be prettier than the soft stitched hats of silk, in pastel shades. No feather could be lighter than some of the unlined straws, gauzy as a fairy's wing.

With summer temperature about, Dame Fashion almost gasped when a black velvet beret was brought out for her special admiration. "Velvet!" "Oh, yes; velvet is coming right in. But notice this specialty." And then Dame Fashion saw little folds of soft blue grosgrain ribbon. So far, so good. But in these days of matching ensembles, suppose your dress were not of soft blue? Then the special virtue of that beret was revealed. Like the agile chameleon, and unlike the leopard, it could change its spots. A parcel of little loops of ribbon—pink, white, gold or black—each with its patent fastening to adjust to the beret, made it a "matching accessory" for any sort of gown.

Long Sleeves and White Cape Features of Frock

Philippe et Gaston present this youthful red frock with long sleeves and quaintly white cape bordered with red crepe de chine to match.

One of the greatest style-setters at the present moment is Old Mother Hen! Her style-offering that is so widely acclaimed is the hue called "egg shell." Dame Fashion feels quite sure that entering any women's wear shop she could find within ten minutes practically every article that a girl or woman delights to put on—from jewelry to shoes,

from hats to lingerie, in the soft egg-shell shade. In less poetic days it was sometimes termed "oyster white." It is a shade that is almost white—and still with a difference.

Styles in clothes have an intimate cousin in styles in table manners, and sometimes Dame Fashion is about ready to believe that the latter in their way are as subject to change as dress fashions. For instance, Dame Fashion as a child was earnestly taught that it was highly improper to tip a soup plate, so to enjoy the last of its contents. And while she was being taught this, the same lesson went to a million, more or less, of American children.