

Fashion Takes to Lavish Pleating

By **CHERIE NICHOLAS**



WHAT'S news? Pleating. If you please, just miles and miles of it clambering up and down and around fashionable dresses and blouses and wraps. Seems as if everything pleatable is being pleated. Why, even the newest straw hats have their brims pleated, while this season's smartest gloves take unto themselves wide pleated flare cuffs. And have you seen those cunning little shoulder capes which are simply a mass of tier-upon-tier of fine pleatings, either lace or ribbon, or whatnot?

As to pleated neckwear and accessories there's no end to the frothy, billowy, lively and pert little pleatings which are enmassing about throat and shoulders and arms and wrists, at the same time ranging themselves up and down blouse fronts under the guise of jabots.

However, these little pleatings are but a mere prologue to the deluge of more pretentious pleatings which is rapidly descending upon modern fashionland. The real drama of pleatings which are being worked skillfully into spreading trains and graceful panels and winged effects and such. In one or two instances of Paris evening modes the entire skirt has been pleated in soft Grecian sculptural lines.

In the lovely dinner gown created of a heavy sheer in a rich orange tone, as worn by the standing figure in the accompanying illustration, Patou achieves the sprightly back movement which is so featured this season, via pleated and stiffened winglike effects which develop into floor-length pleated panels at each side. A little matching pleated cape sums up the situation with infinite grace.

When Paris couturiers decide to make pleating their theme they pleat lavishly. Especially is this penchant

for pleating expressed in evening and party frocks which are fashioned of stiffened net or lace or sheer mouseline de soie. These dainty gowns which so eloquently bespeak the return of the truly feminine mode fairly bristle with tiers and tiers of sprightly frills and ruffles formed of pleatings.

Not that evening fashions have a monopoly on pleated fantasies, not at all. Just to demonstrate how cleverly pleating used in a trimming way is entering into the daytime mode, we present in the picture a very charming sports frock made of a lightweight woolen which might be in any of the delectable pastel shades which are on the new color card, dusty pink for instance or aqua blue or in one of the very recent yellowish hues. As a matter of fact the original of the model pictured is in an attractive gray. The self-fabric pleating describes the new shoulder and neckline silhouette.

Now that fashion is in such a decided mood for pleating there are rumors in the air that the all-around pleated skirt for daytime wear is due for a revival. The few models which have been shown are tactfully worked with the thought in mind to preserve slender figure-fitting lines to the knee where the pleats throw off all restraint and flare as much as they please. This is accomplished by flatly stitching the pleats down at the top. It is said that this type of skirt is destined to become very important in connection with the long tunic blouse which has "arrived" in smart circles.

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NEW SHOULDER LINE

By **CHERIE NICHOLAS**



The print frock topped with a full length coat in solid tone is a fashion favorite this season. The costume pictured is a Schiaparelli model. The color scheme is very choice and distinctive in that the print is developed in brown, gray and beige, the woolen coat being in the latter color. The rounded shoulder line here sponsored by Schiaparelli is achieved through skillfully maneuvered tucks. The one-button fastening at the waistline is in tune with the new movement. The rolled rather than flat revers also carry a style message. The knitted hat is called "Firt."

Pleats for Juniors

For junior wear, the English type of frock, plaited from the shoulder and belted at the normal waistline, is a current favorite.

OXFORD SHOE LEADS LIST OF FAVORITES

The oxford shoe is queen for spring, but such a modified oxford! The two-eyelet type gives the effect of a pump; when more eyelets are used there's often a strap feeling, but it's quite a new version of strapping. As formerly worn, the strap slipper seems to be out, though there are a few attractive models for women who hate to change their fashion habits too quickly.

Heels on daytime shoes are leather covered and have a dainty, airy quality, but they are firmly balanced for sane walking. On spectator sports footwear they're usually of built-up leather.

Pumps have been modified for style and comfort with a tiny gore, covered with delicate, often shaded decoration, that stretches a little over the instep.

New Coats Are Featured by Variety of Fabrics

Variety is the spice of the spring coat array.

The wraps in which smart women will step out on those first warm days show more difference in fabric and cut than they have displayed for many seasons. They may be long or three-quarter length, buttoned from chin to hem or flying loose in the breeze, minus a single touch of fur or swathed on regal foxes.

They have one point in common, however. They are all youthful. Except for the more elaborate afternoon models they are simple in effect—if not in cut—and they hang on jaunty lines which speak of movement.

Brown Popular

Brown is becoming increasingly prominent for both daytime and evening wear. It is being featured in chiffon, mouseline de soie, taffeta, crepes and triple sheers.

Goatskin Hats

Narrow brimmed hats with pinched crowns are made of goatskin which simulates pigskin. These match up with sports coats of the same fabrics.

The Mayor's Suitcase

By **B. C. CRAVEN**

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THE train pulled into the Craryville station and pulled out again. In the brief instant that it paused, two suitcases were tossed off and two passengers descended.

The bags were very similar—of brown leather with corners reinforced in brass—but their owners were as unlike as a rose and an elm tree. One was Miss Margaret Hawthorne, bound for a dance at the Craryville Country club; the other, young Simon Baldwin, mayor of Mansfield, guest of honor at the chamber of commerce banquet at the Hotel Mohawk.

At the baggage-room counter they nearly bumped elbows yet neither was actually aware of the other. Margaret was intent on her imminent meeting with a recently acquired fiancé, one Cyrus Underhill, while his honor was mulling over the climax of the speech he was scheduled to make.

Yet it was not very long afterward that each was reminded forcibly of the other.

Margaret, who had been asked to spend the week-end with Cyrus' Cousin Amelia, had gone up to her room and, kneeling on the floor, opened the suitcase and flung back the cover, only to utter a little shriek of consternation.

There lay within, carefully folded, a man's tuxedo; a pleated shirt; a collar; a black unmade bow tie; two spotted handkerchiefs.

Vaguely she recalled that there had been another passenger to alight from the train besides herself.

Well, there was a remote possibility that he might have discovered sooner than she the mistake and that, had he done so, he might have returned her bag at once to the station.

Margaret looked over the contents of the suitcase before her, but there was nothing to help her establish the identity of the man to whom they belonged.

Hastily, she put on her hat and coat again, went downstairs, and with a hurried word of explanation which Cousin Amelia only half understood fled out of the house and down the street to the corner where presently she caught a car.

Margaret had not yet seen Cyrus. But then she had not expected to. In the very letter which the postman had handed her that morning, as she was leaving the house, he had said that pressure of work at the office would probably detain him until seven or eight o'clock.

The baggage master proved a disappointment. No, no one had returned any suitcase. No, he could not possibly say who had hers. There had been several.

"Are you looking for somebody, miss?" the young bootblack who ran a stand on the platform had sauntered in and was trying to get the drift of the conversation.

"I am looking for the owner of this suitcase," said Margaret.

The youngster walked around the article in question, hands in his pockets. "I sure have seen that very grip before," he said earnestly. "It belongs to his honor, the mayor of Mansfield!"

"Mayor of Mansfield! But this is Craryville!"

"Well, he's a great traveler. Speeches and dinners all over the country. I used to be in the Mansfield station and every time he was going anywhere the mayor would get a shine from me."

"But how can I—why Cy!" If Margaret looked for Cyrus to take her in his arms, she was disappointed. Nor could her amazement at his unexpected appearance blind her to the fact that something was the matter.

"Why, Cy, wherever did you spring from?"

"I called the house, Margaret, to see if you had arrived safely," said Cyrus stiffly. "Cousin Amelia said you had gone back to the station and that right after you left a man had telephoned from the Hotel Mohawk and said he must talk with you at once!"

Margaret clutched her fiancé's arm. "Oh, he must be waiting there. Call a taxi, Cy. It's the mayor of Mansfield!"

But Cyrus did not budge. "Just why should the mayor of Mansfield, or, for that matter, the governor of the state, be waiting at the Hotel Mohawk for the girl I am supposed to be engaged to?"

"How masculinely stupid!" Margaret thought. But there was no time to waste. "Get a taxi at once, dear," she insisted. "And I'll explain all about it on the way."

Twenty minutes later Margaret was talking with the mayor himself. "I'm so sorry, Miss Hawthorne, that you should have gone to all this trouble. I wished to make sure you were really at that address before dispatching a boy with your suitcase."

"But how," inquired Margaret, "did you know about that address at all?"

"There was a letter on the very top," said his honor, with a smile. "from Cyrus. Believe me, however, I skipped everything but the address at the very end!"

"Wasn't he adorable!" sighed Margaret, some hours afterward, dancing dreamily in Cy's arms to the strains of a seductive waltz.

"Wasn't who—look here, Margaret, cut it out. I happen to know that fellow's married and got three kids!"

That he knew nothing of the kind, didn't, under the circumstances, worry Cyrus.

Leaders in Fruit Desserts

Combinations Fit for the Most Elaborate Dinner or a Simple Family Gathering; Two Especial Favorites With the Children.

Fruit desserts for spring tempt the palate more than the heavier puddings we have had during the winter.

A dessert that combines peaches and tapioca, and baked in the oven, is fit to serve on the most special occasions. The fruit blends well with the easily digested tapioca, and makes a particularly well-balanced dessert.

A favorite of the children is a jellied orange dessert, and cottage pudding is the perfect ending to one of those light spring meals with a salad as the main course.

Delicious Cottage Pudding.

2 cups sifted cake flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
¼ teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons butter or other shortening

1 cup sugar
1 cup milk
½ teaspoon vanilla

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift again. Cream butter, add sugar gradually, and cream together well. Add flour, alternately with milk, a small amount at a time, beating after each addition until smooth. Add vanilla. Bake in greased pan, 8 x 8 x 2 inches, in moderate oven (350° F.) 45 minutes. Serve hot with lemon or chocolate sauce.

Jellied Orange Dessert.

4 oranges, sections free from membrane and diced
1 cup sugar
1 package orange flavored gelatin
1½ cups warm water

Combine oranges and sugar and let stand 10 minutes. Dissolve flavored

gelatin in warm water. Pour over oranges. Chill, stirring occasionally. Serve in sherbet glasses. Serves 8.

Baked Peach Tapioca Pudding.

¾ cup quick-cooking tapioca
1 can (2 cups) sliced peaches, drained
2½ cups hot water and peach juice
½ teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon lemon juice
¼ teaspoon nutmeg
4 tablespoons sugar
2 tablespoons butter

Combine ingredients in greased baking dish. Mix thoroughly. Bake in moderate oven (375° F.) 40 minutes, stirring well after 10 minutes, and again after 20 minutes of baking. Serves 6.

Cattle Possibilities

A sturdy breed of cattle, able to exist without grass, may be necessary in the future when the growing population encroaches upon the present great cattle ranges. The inhabitants of South Africa have a breed which came through the recent two-year drought in fine shape by being able to live on leaves of such desert bushes as could be found. These Afrikanders, as they are called, have now been introduced to Texas and their adaptation to the climate of the Southwest is being watched with great interest. Perhaps, by interbreeding, a type of milk and beef cow can be produced which could thrive on twigs, sawdust, conestalks, leaves, or what-have-you.—Pathfinder Magazine.

Playtime Fashions for the Well-Dressed Tot

In the good old summertime, young fashion plates become sun-worshippers!

And for the fastidious two to eight-year-old, who wishes to devote all attention to boating, bathing, and basking, rather than to seams and buttons, here are the newest creations in playtime fashion.

Not following, but leading the vogue of the elders, the youngster these days who would be really in



the swim, must have a two-piece bathing suit in the newest all-wool knitted weave, gay in white, red, or navy. Felt tabs attaching top piece to shorts add the jauntiest of fashion touches.

And what more fitting fashion for the fastidious sun-worshiper than a seersucker sun-suit as gayly striped as a stick of candy. Red, green, or blue striped suits—with fitted waistline and a catch-all pocket which is perfectly indispensable for precious stones gathered along the beach, will be worn this year wherever two to eight-year-olds are gathered for a quiet game of leap frog.—Carolyn T. Radnor Lewis in Child Life Magazine.

"spring fever" time is here

...and what does it mean to you?

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