

For Every Woman According to Her Needs

The Coiffure Demanded by the New Hats



The hair is combed up to a little knot

EVERY article of hat faith that woman has diligently studied for the last five years is ruthlessly shattered. She must learn a new creed. And the sooner she does it the stronger will be her claim to cleverness. Come to Paris for a day (an hour's enough) and see the tilt of the hats which those new brims, so short in front, permit and their length in back positively demands.

Imagine last year's big "brim," or full circular puff, which fell in so perfectly with the artistic drooping lines and bows of the moment. Imagine this style of coiffure: Brim, a flat space and above that a long brim standing off in the air! Yet this very combination has been seen on more than one apparently sane woman.

The main idea is, since brims stand upward, to make your hair take the same line. Waving—the kind they call undulating—is necessary to make the right shape of coiffure. Aim at fullness, a sloping line that curves gradually from the ears and the nape of the neck to the crown of the head, where the puff is its biggest.

USE OF THE COMB

Twist the end of hair into a little puffed knot, which pushes the front pompadour forward. It is impossible for some women to arrange a front pompadour without "rattling" a foundation for it. In this case make a part from ear to crown and only rat above the forehead, and don't have a puff over your ears, or it will kill the neat effect which is most sought after.

Your back hair has been done first, so deftly twist around the base of the knot, and tuck it into your front pompadour.

Don't kill it all by putting a comb or barrette across the middle of your back puff. A comb stays it, but tuck it away up on the crown of your head, just behind the knot. This, of course, doesn't refer to long-shaped combs, which are put in up and down or even diagonally. Side combs are short and are also put in close to the "top knot."

A hair net is wonderful for keeping the puff in shape. Pin it in place away down near the neck with a tiny barrette. Tuck its ends in under the knot above, and don't stick in visible hair pins all about the edge; they'll look foolish at first, and fall out in no time; besides, they aren't necessary if you

take trouble to stretch your net properly. Vellies, by the way, are very hard to arrange on most perky nets; so you'll find your net doubly useful.

And then perch your hat just on top of the puff knot—barely touching your head at the back. Fortunately, materials and straws are so light it will



Neatness of effect is most sought after



Last year's hair dressing and this year's hat

stay there—perhaps to your surprise. If your hair is not heavy enough to support it, get your bandeau raised, or else match your hat with tissue paper and keep a little wad in the crown. But, whatever the means, keep the tilt!

The unbroken line of the puff

AT THIS time of the year lawn fairs are being held by almost every church. The church members usually respond loyally, the greater number of them coming out to help things along. But it has to be an unusual sort of fair that will attract outsiders, and everybody is bid "extra" added on to what they may reasonably expect to report at the general summing up.

A circle of girls who were given the planning of the sort of fair for one church decided upon having a gypsy

camp, and having all their aides "dress up" as gypsies.

Of course, the costuming lent a great zest to the preparations, and when the day came around the lawn of the house, which had been loaned for the occasion, was transformed. Tents were dotted all over it, with the sides and front and back left open, so that everybody could see the wares temptingly displayed inside. In consequence, too, none of the tents was stuffy and hot.

Booths were even more plentiful than tents, and at several were served good things, varying at each place.

These refreshments had been most carefully planned—tea, was served at one, with the thickest of lettuce, sandwiches, less at another, with crisp little cakes; at still another, food coffee and the delicious layer cakes, which had made certain of the members famous in a local way; while at one end or the other a gypsy pot, full of iced lemonade, hung over fagots apparently laid ready for lighting.

Each booth had its attendant gypsy (some of them—where the fancy work

Making Plans for Lawn Fetes

was displayed—having several, the gay colors in which they were dressed and their constant moving about making an effect that was kaleidoscopic.

Right by the gypsy pot, where the lemonade was served to a thirsty crowd, crouched a couple of gypsies, who read hands, putting up much nonsense and fun into the fortunes as possible. Every girl was promised a husband, young, rich and handsome, and everything else that her heart could wish, while every man was told how great a fortune and success he would make. Yet the fortunes were varied, the palmists racking their brains to conjure up descriptions of the heroes and heroines from all sorts of novels.

Another gypsy fortune-teller wandered through the grounds to gather up the people who hadn't discovered the picturesque stationary group.

And still another swung a flat basket of flowers on her arm, realizing a nice little sum because of the charm of her appearance, for flowers would have been a little hard to sell at so flowery a season.

Persons who were passing stopped, attracted by the gay coloring and the evident fun and amusement the fortune-tellers created. They came in, adding very materially to the receipts.

The costumes were easy to make. Cheesecloth, of bright colors, made the skirts, and velveteen the tiny jackets, which were decorated with gay silk rings, sequins or tassels of bright silks—whichever were most easily got. Simple white blouses and sashes of cheesecloth of a contrasting color, in every instance—and all the jewelry, imitation as well as real, that each girl could borrow, completed the whole costume, which cost each girl less than a dollar and less than a day's work.

COATS AND JACKETS OF LINEN AND LACE

SO MANY wonderful clothes are being concocted of linen and lace this year that it's hard to tell where the linen craze will end. The linen coats—half lace, half linen, or of the English eyelet embroidery

ery that nine women out of ten are making one thing or another of—are among the prettiest results of this craze. Some of them are most complicated as to construction and trimming, and others—some that look the most elaborate among them—are easily made.

The coat pictured is one of the most effective that the season has produced. The jacket part is lace, of a pattern easy to follow, with a crocheted neck and heavy cotton crocheted a long chain, long enough to go around the open edges of the lace. The skirt—cut walking length—is trimmed with more of these medallions.

Cut and fit, from your shirt-waist pattern.

tern, the upper part of the jacket, making it out of lining or muslin, and cutting it off at the waist line. Make an elbow sleeve (one that just makes the turn of the elbow) the same way.

Then you're ready to begin. Rip up the side seams of the jacket and the seam of your sleeve. Use them as models, cutting them off again in stiff paper, if the muslin pulls easily. Then, with a crocheted neck and heavy cotton crocheted a long chain, long enough to go around the open edges of the lace, the pattern you've made, pinning it down every couple of inches so that you're sure to have the right amount,

LITTLE CHANGES IN NEW BAGS AND PURSES



The new blue leather bag

you open it. A mirror is conveniently tucked into one corner—a tiny mirror, but one so arranged that you can see your whole face and the tilt of your hat in it.

An unsuspicious flap pulls up and betrays a tiny powder-puff and a wee bit of powder.

On the other side is a full pocket, gathered onto an elastic—it's big enough to hold handkerchief or a small bundle of those important little papers most women titter their pocketbooks with.

Perhaps, besides, a small silver tube, with a top that slides down close over it, is tucked in somewhere—for your pet lip salve, or, perhaps, a stiff cold-cream.

The newest things of all are a cross between pocketbooks and wrist-bags. They're a little smaller than the smallest of last year's bags, but instead of swinging from a handle, have a strap on the back, something like the soft pocketbooks which everybody used a couple of years ago. Instead of carrying it on your wrist, you carry it on your hand. They're mighty attractive, too.

Self-pocketbooks, by the way, have come back, but with changes. They're no longer crude, yellowish things, with an engraved monogram, but are quiet little semi-circles, made of those rich new leathers.

But the new kinds are innumerable. A frogskin purse is the daintiest thing—of all soft mottled gray and white, and shimmer, something like the coloring of lizard-skin, but new and a little richer because of its satiny surface. Changeable effects are more marked than ever, with a depth and richness and an intangible little air of "good family."

Patent leather is new, moreover (and a long-faded memory, too, which is very different), marbled calf, and polka-dot, there's no end to the kinds of leather used, which are treated and polished and forced into dozens of interesting variations.

Some of the bags slope out toward the base, until your bag is a couple of inches wider than at the top, and these bags are always flat. Even the tiny furnishings have undergone changes—new powder puffs are nothing but a flat bit of stuff, with a loop of ribbon instead of the stiff little handles they used to have.

And some of the mirrors are miniatures of the kind you have on your bureau—handle, air of "good family," instead of the square pieces set in leather like a traveling mirror. They look like doll's mirrors, but have the concave glasses which make them satisfactory as mirrors.

A Substitute for White Blouses

WHITE blouses have been having things pretty much their own way for the past three summers. This year they're trying to force their waists into the background and take their places as well as the place they held by virtue of their own good qualities.

There's an occasional woman, though, who can't wear white all the time, either because it makes too much laundry work for the servants (or for her purse), or because, on shopping tours, or for business, she finds it impossible to keep neat to the end of the day. And anything's better than white that isn't at its whitest.

Another reason that this occasional woman advances is that she very much dislikes the "cut-in-half" look a light waist and a dark skirt give.

The result of all her objections is that she settles for the blouse question. Dark blouses and skirt waists were tabooed—that is, nobody wore them, yet there must be some way around the question.

She sat and studied over it, and then got out the suit she expected to wear most. The sight of it acted as inspiration.

It was blue, so she got blue-dotted Swiss—exactly the same shade, but brightened up a little by tiny embroidered white dots—and made a couple of blouses, one for the suit and one for tucks, over which she wore the prettiest turn-over collars and the leg-of-mutton sleeves were plain, except for the turn-back cuffs.

The result was just what she had hoped—she could go to town for a day and come out looking neat; and the blouse could be pressed out in a few minutes ready for its next wearing.

With suits of other colors (although, of course, the blouse should be the same color as the suit and in other materials, except with brown, which is too hot a color, anyway, for summer. Exquisite gray swiss comes just right for those stunning gray linen suits; and for tan, a host of sheer "natural-color" stuffs, and even for the people who are in mourning, there are materials as lightweight and delicate and more daintily stylish than you perhaps thought any black stuff could be.

But electricity solves the problem, and not only in one way.

AGE OF ELECTRICITY AND COMFORT

ONE of the advantages of modern civilization—great as it seems in a way—is the comfort of electric lights for dark corners.

Take deep closets, for instance. There never was any contrivance that so simply and so effectively lit the house on fire, with a bulb at the end, ready to flash on at a moment's notice. And there never was anything more agree-

ating than the old-time (and, alas! for some of us it still exists) closets—deep and roomy, ideal from that standpoint, but as dark as Erebus. Candles were an impossibility, unless you wanted to take chances of setting the house on fire. Lamps were even worse, and gas was about as impracticable.

But electricity solves the problem, and not only in one way.



Of crocheted lace, and then



How the jacket is shaped



The medallions are easily made

and join the ends. Then inside the chain make a chain of twelve, and a double crocheted stitch into the sixth stitch of the original chain; repeat a chain of six, and a double crocheted stitch, until you've been all the way around. Then start a row inside that, making your stitches "sketchy"—they're only for foundations—and so on until the whole jacket is covered. Then comes the actual work, crocheting with soft fine cotton over the network of lines you've made, and taking a tiny chain of three stitches in the middle of each division.

But that's all there is to the work—lots of time, but no particular skill or patience. The under-arm and sleeve seams are crocheted together.

The little rosettes are made like old-time "shells"—three rows, growing deeper, made and the three tucked together, then the rosette looked in its place.

The medallions are made the same way, but are a great deal larger, as there's no shaping to them. They're eight inches in the longest, and three wide, while each of the three measures about three inch square.