

New Millinery Goes Medieval

Latest Whimsy of the Hat World is the Wimple, a Scarf that Folds Under the Neck.

Fashionable ladies will give the medieval touch to traffic-filled city streets this spring as they don their latest trickery, the wimple.

Latest whimsy of the millinery world is the cloth which folds under the neck, close under the chin and over the head, a straight steal from the costume of Maid Marian and Queen Guinevere.

Like Queen Guinevere Removable wimples made of rayon silk jersey come in every color, royal blue, gold, peacock blue, and consist of two scarves shirred together at the back and the shirring has a little zigzag on it so it may fasten to any hat.

Style experts at a recent show here said wimples look very nifty with a jaunty little bumper brim in black felt, but they could be worn with almost any kind of hat, turbans, pill boxes, brotons.

Canadian Is Modern Venus



Nina MacDougald, native of Ontario and now a resident of Freeport, L.I., was chosen from among 25 contestants as the Modern Venus by the New York Society of Illustrators. Her award is a trip to Florida.

Canadian Girl Is Adventurous

Plans To Penetrate Tribal Village Of Gra Rang Aborigines in China.

A tall, strikingly beautiful Canadian girl, Miss Isabel Brown, will trudge away from the outer fringes of civilization, not far from the western provincial capital of Chengtu. She will make the first part of the trip by bus, and the remainder of the journey by foot. It will take approximately three to five days for her and her carriers to reach the village where she will live for the next six months.

Will Live with Natives

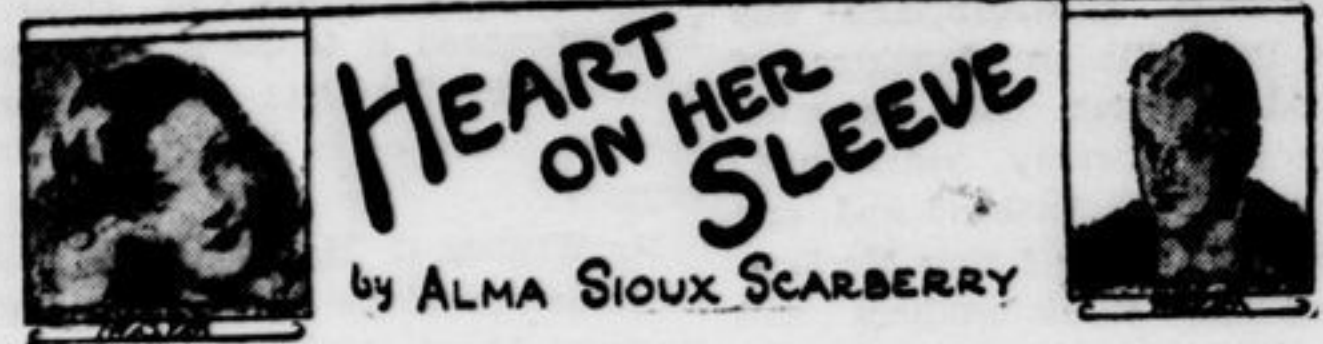
Miss Brown's trip is neither entirely scientific nor entirely adventurous. She first became interested in early-time civilization while she was studying at the University of Toronto, where she majored in psychology. When she returned to her home in Chengtu last summer, she explored the area, became acquainted with some of the tribal members and then determined to make a thorough study of that type of life. "I'm not interested in any archeological study at all," she told the United Press. "I want to live among them for six months to just study their living habits, religion and social life, also their customs and taboos."

"I don't like that 'gimme something' business. Handouts are demoralizing, and right now we need the highest morale."—Mrs. Chiang Kai-shek.

"The German people themselves fear war as much as the English and French people do."—Thomas Mann.

Quality Is Superb

"SALADA" TEA



HEART ON HER SLEEVE

by ALMA SIOUX SCARBERRY

SYNOPSIS

Moleen O'Dare tired out from job-hunting, her last dime gone for coffee and rolls that morning, seeks shelter in a sudden June storm in a Broadway doorway in the upper Forties. Lightning and thunder make the bedraggled girl thrice and Jed Patrick speaks reassuringly in his southern drawl. When she lies, saying she lives with an uncle in Brooklyn, he suggests she get her clothes dry in his room a block or so away. She feels she can trust this tall lean brown young man. He makes coffee on a hot plate, serving it with doughnuts, and, wrapped in a blanket, she learns that he came from a Kentucky farm determined to make Broadway like his singing and banjo playing. His luck has been poor. She says her parents are dead and she is alone except for her young brother: Pat who is out of the city. Weary, she falls asleep and he sings and plays and he nods off waiting for her restful nap to end; it is morning when they awake. Jed's landlady orders him to move, leaving his belongings until he pays her three weeks' room rent. As they part, neither knowing where he or she is going, he makes a dinner date for the Fourth of July as an afternoon engagement with a band at Coney Island will pay him \$25. As Moleen stumbles from a path into a Central Park roadway Mignon Laine's car knocks her down. The wealthy district attorney's daughter takes her home. Moleen is not badly hurt but Dr. Meade says she has not eaten for several days.

CHAPTER IV

Wholesome food and a comfortable bed. Warm baths and alcohol rubs administered by kind nurses. Medicine to soothe her jagged nerves.

It was all such a heavenly re-

lief after all she had been through that Moleen lay in a tired stupor for two days and nights before her weary brain began to function along usual lines.

She had scarcely wondered what was happening, and had asked almost no questions of the nurses or Mignon. But as new life began to stir in her, she opened her eyes and looked around the room.

The nurse was taking a short walk, and Mignon sat beside her the afternoon of the third day when she raised on an elbow and studied her surroundings.

"It's lovely—the room," Moleen said weakly. "Where are we?"

A Penthouse "You're in a penthouse overlooking Central Park," Mignon put her magazine down and took Moleen's white little hand. "And when you're a little stronger you can sit by the window and admire our view."

Moleen sank back on her pillows with a faint sigh. "It's—so nice being here. I'm so tired. I—I'll hate to leave."

"Oh," Moleen said quickly, "you are not going to go. I'm going to keep you here. Please, please, my dear, don't worry."

Moleen opened her eyes and studied the face of the girl bent over her. Tears of sympathy stood in the large brown eyes. All Mignon's deeply maternal instinct was registered in her plain face, giving it a lovely glow. Mignon felt the girl's thin hand tighten in hers.

"You're awfully good," Moleen blinked back tears. "I'm so glad you picked me up. What happened to me?"

Mignon hesitated. "I struck you with my car," she admitted then. "You stumbled out of the path and it happened before I could stop. So you

see I really owe you a great debt. I might have killed you."

"Oh, no," Moleen denied quickly. "It wasn't your fault. You mustn't blame yourself."

"It's sweet of you to take it this way. But I am going to make it up to you," Mignon straightened the pillows under Moleen's head. "You must tell me what I can do. What you want most."

Moleen sighed.

Hired "Only a job! That's all. I've looked all over New York since I finished business school last year, and I haven't found a day's work. It's been—dreadful."

"If that's all," Mignon smiled, "forget about it. I can certainly give you a job."

Moleen's eyes lit up. "Really? Oh, that would be so kind of you. I've had stenography. I can take dictation very well."

"Then you're hired. I need a new social secretary. You'll live here and be my companion."

Moleen studied the older girl's face, but there was no sign of levity. She said unbelievably: "Live here—with you? How do

WE JUST LOVE THESE



ter's room down the hall. He was greatly relieved when, rushing after the white-clad figure, he saw Mignon standing before her dressing table.

"What's going on?" He kissed his only child affectionately. "Who is sick?"

"Sit down," Mignon held him

the penthouse. There were fourteen rooms, and to Moleen, who had been brought up in a Broadway tenement, it seemed impossible that any one could be surrounded by such luxury.

In two more days, Moleen had improved to such an extent that Dr. Meade discharged the nurses and pronounced her practically well.

Then came an amazing week. The cook tried to think of every dish that Moleen might enjoy. Most of the dishes she had never heard of, much less eaten. Almost overnight she gained five pounds and color began to show in her cheeks.

Entrancing New Clothes But the most exciting experience of all was trying on all the lovely clothes in Mignon's wardrobe and admiring herself. It was unbelievable the things; Mignon had discarded. She showered Moleen with gowns and hats, making her believe beyond a doubt that she was through with them. They were exactly the same size, even to shoes. It would have been impossible to say who had the most fun—the girl who had never worn lovely things before, or the giver.

Any resentment the servants might have had toward a strange little nobody taken into the district attorney's house disappeared like magic. They had never heard Miss Mignon laugh so much, and they all loved their lonely mistress.

Very often that exciting week, Moleen thought of Jed and wondered where he might be. The day before the Fourth she told Mignon of their meeting, and of the night she went to sleep and stayed all night in his apartment.

Mignon could see nothing at all shocking in the story. She thought it was very romantic, and had a wild curiosity to meet Sir Galahad. That is what gave her the idea of making it a foursome. They could join Sunny Tucker at the Wayside Inn on Long Island, where his band was playing. If Moleen's date would go.

The two girls spent almost the entire next afternoon trying to pick out the most becoming costume in Moleen's new wardrobe. They finally selected a deep rose informal dinner gown with a stunning little rose lace jacket and hat.

Moleen was smitten with the terrible fear, after she was all dressed, that Jed might not be able to meet her in their doorway. Perhaps he'd had no good luck after all, or might have forgotten all about their date.

A little pale, Moleen rode down Broadway in the Laine limousine, with Ming, the Chinese chauffeur, in impeccable livery in front. It all seemed like a fantastic dream

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you know you'd want me? Why, you know nothing at all about me."

Mignon laughed lightly. "I'm a fatalist. At the time the accident happened in the park I was feeling very sorry for myself. But after hearing something about your troubles mine seem very silly. I think you'll be a very good influence on me."

Gradually, piece by piece, Mignon put together a part of the pattern of Moleen's life as she grew stronger and felt like talking. It seemed incredible to her that the other half of the world could live in such abject poverty and misery.

The fifth day, Dr. Meade, leaving the patient, went into the library where Mignon stood looking out the window. The radiant face she turned to him was a surprise. The doctor, who had known her ever since she was born, smiled. "I've never seen you looking lovelier, my little lady. Nor quite so gay."

"I am happy. For the first time in my life I feel I'm doing something really helpful for somebody. Isn't Moleen a pathetic little thing, doctor?"

"She'd stir the maternal instinct of a mummy," Dr. Meade agreed. "But you must go easy. You know nothing about the girl, really. I'm told you're making plans to keep her here and make a companion of her. I'm not so sure your father will like it."

"He must," Mignon's chin took on a stubborn look. "Father may be district attorney of New York, but he can't forbid me to keep Moleen."

Dr. Meade laughed. "You're all set for him, I see. Well, he'll be home this evening, won't he? We'll soon see what he thinks of your taking in a waif and making a cinderella out of her."

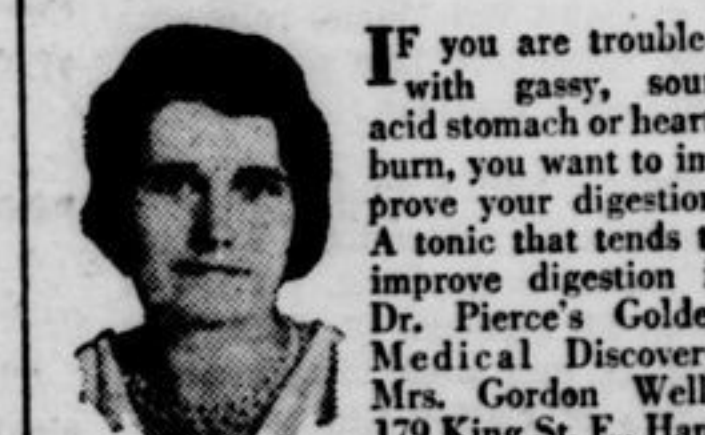
Tom Laine opened the door of his penthouse and saw a trained nurse disappear into his draugh-

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that she was riding in such grandeur to keep her date with Jed.

(To be Continued)

Paris Favors Knitted Wear

Suits, Coats, Dresses, Are Appearing in New Season Showings

PARIS. — Knitted suits, frocks, coats, and evening gowns have leaped into favor during the cold wave. Time was when a knitted garment was definitely for country wear only and not a very practical even for this. Skirts bagged, shoulders stretched, sleeves become elongated, and there was nothing to be done about it, but knitting has made great strides in the last two or three years and knitted garments, for both town and country, have a definite place in the wardrobe of the fashionable woman.

Wool is not the only material used for these knitted garments; linen, cotton, rayon, cellophane, and chenille are almost as general. These knitted garments are not easily recognized as such. There are tailored coats and suits which only an expert can distinguish from a tweed, evening gown in the woolen yarn with a rayon or cellophane thread interwoven which gives the appearance of silk crepe.

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