

Date Dresses Go Smoothly Elegant, Festive for a Change

BY BETTY KING.

This is a year of smooth elegance in date dresses. After several years of severity, women's clothes have again become festive. Simplicity of line remains the keynote of the new designs. The chief difference between this year's designs and last year's is in the use of fabric. Elegant moire is used for whole dresses or for shirred peplums on rayon crepe. Rayon faille and rayon bengaline are other favorites. Black satin is the glamor fabric. It is used for formals, afternoon or date dresses, and for trimming on less glamorous fabrics.

Stress Elegance.

Designers have not only used fabric to stress elegance, but they have gone back to the 1800's for the inspiration for their designs. Many dresses feature small, flared peplums or three-quarter length tunics. The high neckline and abbreviated sleeve is another

fashion from a bygone era to find favor. Inconsistently, necklines are either extremely high or extremely low. One of the many accessories to come out of the 1800 era is the velvet cropearl choker to be worn with this year's low necklines.

Even hats echo the feeling of elegance expressed in dresses. Hats are mere froufrous of velvet and ostrich feathers, or velvet ribbons and roses. Hats covered with sequins and tiny fur hats are still in favor also.

American designers have created these designs especially for American women. They have not been influenced by the French designers. The American silhouette retains the slim, narrow skirt in contrast to the full dirndl skirt favored by the French designers. Inspiration for American dresses came this year from a period in American history proving that there is ample material for ideas here in our own country.

If She Frowns At You, Fella, Beware of Obsolete Material

BY DARREL BROWN.

Most men, if they have a good head on their shoulders, can understand the gal's way of looking at him. If she smiles and has that proud air about her, chances are he knows how to dress. If not, best he beware and adapt the latest styles set by men who know the "hows" and "where."

You can't go wrong with a newly-perfected raglan type sleeve in your topcoat of herringbone tweed. It gives you a perfect fit over the shoulders of a suit coat or jacket. Worn with a grey flannel suit (the one button long rolled lapel type) and a red printed tie on a white oxford shirt you can't miss. Incidentally, the long rolled lapel lends height to the unfortunate males of shorter stature.

Royal Overcoats.

While speaking of the royal member of the clothes family—

the overcoat—here are a few suggestions. A loose camel's hair coat on a well-knit male frame looks mighty solid. For example, the type of coat that looks as if it is the gridiron's best friend. Of course the fleece o'coat with the foreign correspondent look, cut along the trench coat lines, is a must for the man who has the shoulders and the flash for one.

A few fashion forecasts reveal that new and revolutionary ideas are developing along the sportswear line.

At present, the hottest article in threads is the new rayon pajamas. The pants are pleated and cut similar to slacks. The tops are styled after the most popular sport shirts. They are designed for lounging around the house,

studying and, incidentally, for sleeping.

Check in Wool Shirts.

Checked heavy woolen shirts for winter wear, in the popular hound's tooth, make a swell combo paired with cords or slax. The patterns and fabric are similar to those used in sports coats. The collars and cuffs as well as the neck yoke are lined with rayon for the wearers comfort.

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Task of Buying Bottle of Perfume Involves Hours of Waiting, Hoping

We have just emerged from purchasing a bottle of perfume for our girl friend. It took us 34 minutes to explain to the salesgirl what kind of perfume we wanted and it took her one-half hour to hunt thru her stock to find it.

Not so long ago you asked for gardenia perfume when you wanted gardenia or for extract of rose when you wanted extract of rose. But all that is changed now. Walking into a downtown department store, we asked the clerk, an intelligent young Miss, for a bottle of gardenia for our girl friend.

"I could let you have Evening in Paris, Parfum Bordeaux, Scent St. Cecilia, Beatrix Bohemia, Ruse Russe, Incense of India, Shanghai or Internationale; they're all among the young world set," she suggested hopefully.

The names appealed to us perhaps because we have always felt a fascination for the foreign. "Better show us the Incense of India first," we said. Then we realized that the girl was staring at us. Evidently she had taken UN courses in Freudian theory and knew our interest in Incense of India came from a suppressed desire for travel which we could not do because of lack of funds.

Hunt for 'Incense.'

After walking down two counters and opening three drawers our clerk found the Incense of India. She had removed the stopper and was just beginning to raise the bottle to within our olfactory range when her hand slipped and three drams of the precious fluid spilled odoriferously onto the counter. As she mopped it up she remarked brightly. "It does smell like India, doesn't it?"

But we were disappointed in the odor. To us it smelled plain yankee. "Perhaps Ruse Russe might be better," we said, remembering the notorious ballet of the same name.

The salesgirl dived under the counter. "I've opened a new bottle for you," the girl cried triumphantly. "This is quite chic."

We inhaled and shook our head sadly. If it were a trifle less heady we might have got it for our girl. It was really quite overpowering.

"Well," said the girl, "I'll show you Anticipation, Intrigue, Suspicion, Daring, Tabu, Shocking, or My Sin."

Just Plain Gardenia.

Intrigue we would have no part of; Daring was abhorrent to our nature. We had to remember that ours is an ordered society. "What we really want is gardenia, plain gardenia," we sighed. We had been selecting perfume for twenty minutes.

Just then the floor walker

sauntered over. "This boy says he wants gardenia perfume," the girl perplexedly announced. The floor walker looked at me thoughtfully. "Show him crushed grape," he said.

"Gardenia!" we shouted. "We want to smell gardenia, not crushed grape."

Certainly you would not approve of aborigine; it would be a little too much on the outdoor side. But I think crushed grape," he motioned to the girl who was rummaging in a low drawer.

We grew tired of waiting and decided to look around the store ourselves. A group of women were standing in front of a counter on which were displayed perfumes of every conceivable type. Adventure-fired, we excitedly edged our way into the group.

Newest Concoctions.

"If a customer should come in and ask what are the newest concoctions of the perfumers, what would you tell them?" asked a stout, matronly woman.

"Caramel, connamon, cocoa, clover, hay stack, mashed blueberry, femme fatale, pearl, opium dream, rain scent, Rajah royale, summer dusk . . ."

"Continue," ordered the stout, matronly woman.

"Aerial aura, fiesta, bazarre, mardi gras, gala gale, pineapple, banana, faux pas, froth, fever flower, emerald, azure, swoon river, khaki dream, hibiscus breath, caprice, captivation, starry skies, quirk . . ."

As we were walking away we could hear the voice rising and falling melodiously. The floor walker stopped us at the door. "Gardenia you wanted? Right?" he smiled. We did not answer.

"I'm sure we have the exact perfume you want. If you go three counters to the right and then second from the left on the south side, the young lady will fix you." He was so positive we made another attempt.

"We want one bottle of gardenia perfume," we told the salesgirl.

"Certainly, sir!" and she took out a bottle of gardenia perfume.

We watched carefully as she wrapped it. We were afraid to lose sight of the perfume for fear that someone might substitute one of the other odors we had surveyed. Just as the girl was about to give us our package the floor walker strolled up with a pleased expression on his face. "You got what you wanted?"

We nodded. "Real gardenia perfume. You had it all the time." He held out his hand for the bottle. "Oh," he cried, "why didn't you say you wanted 'Fleur blanche!'" We gasped and left him.

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