

# STYLE

By Margaret E. Trump ♦



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## *Just too, too Divine . . .*

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“OH, THESE are not all the dresses you have? Why, dearie, I see a great many I tried on last fall. This rust wool, for instance. I remember how much I liked it; it just seemed to bring out the glow in me! But of course it was too small. All the pretty dresses are too small—one just can’t seem to get into them.

“What size was that? A sixteen! Well, dear me, *I should* have been able to wear it. Maybe it’s not the same one. Yes, I’m sure it is—I remember that little rip in the seam. It’s a scandal the way dresses are made these days. They have to be fixed over the minute one gets home.

“Oh, this sweet little thing! That bow on the shoulder is so—coquettish, isn’t it? I’ll try it on. Oh, it’s a fourteen, isn’t it? Well, keep it out anyway; one can never tell about sizes—it may be marked wrong.

“I’ve been reducing too—a banana-milk diet. I detest milk, but it would be much easier to dress oneself if one could wear a fourteen.

“Oh, my! I must try on this sweet little thing; isn’t that shade of blue simply ravishing? I don’t believe it’s my type. No, it just doesn’t look like me; I could never wear anything like that.

"OH, DON'T put it back! I'll try it on—one can never tell.

It might bring out that little bit of something in my personality that I haven't discovered yet.

"Here! I must try these two. Not that they suit my type, but with a slight bit of altering they might set me off very nicely. This collar could be changed. Yes, that would be better! Hold these while I look through some more—they aren't heavy, are they, dear?

"Oh, how sweet! I simply adore blue. Somehow it just looks like me. Oh, good gracious, why did they put this scarf on it? A scarf isn't my type at all.

"BUT I'll try it on. Bring the green one too—green is adorable. Oh, what a sweet dressing room! Now, dear, if you'll just help me—these tight-neck dresses are so bad for one's wave. I haven't combed it out yet because I look so—so chic and—well, I look so chic with it—

"Oh, my dear, how perfectly horrible this looks on me! Take it off! Take it off! I can't look at it!

"Now this little green thing should be better. Oh, now this is really quite sweet. It just expresses me. When I hold my head like this, I look just like—who is it?—

"No, I'm afraid I don't like it. It doesn't suit my personality. You know, there are certain lines for everyone, and this one just isn't mine. Dear me—I can't understand. I haven't found a one that does that little something—that little—you know what I mean."

## The Snow

By Helen M. Belken

SNOW sparkling in the sunlight  
 Makes one visualize  
 The birth of a new living;  
 Makes one visualize  
 The art in each creation.