A Shopping We Will Go...

Margetta Jebson
Iowa State College

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A Shopping We Will Go . . .
By Margetta Jebson

I LOOKED at my slim purse and once again explored its depths hopefully. A nickel, two pennies, a dime and a fifty-cent piece rewarded my search. With bargain all over town it was really deploring to be in such a situation. Ah, happy thought! I’d go window shopping. That would be more fun anyway, because I could choose whatever I liked regardless of price tags.

I set forth with my purse tucked under my arm. This was going to be fun.

Already I caught a glimpse of a window full of hats. Adorable! A placard informed me they were Empress Eugenie hats. So quaint they are with their derby-like brims and crowns. One fits the right eye. They sweep back over the left ear, reaving much hair. Often a trailing ostrich plume or a cocky curled feather makes them even more piquant. Black and brown are the popular shades.

The August fur sales are in full swing. Here’s a window full of gorgeous coats. Just a glance reveals there is a decided change in line this year. The coats are long, of course, and the normal waist line is in evidence. Emphasis is placed on the cut of the garment above the waist, in the line of the shoulder and sleeves, with special treatment near the elbow. There are lots of black furs shown, especially Hudson and Alaskan seal, Russian earacal, Pérson lamb and Russian pony. This is the time to buy a fur coat. If prices get much lower the trappers will have to give up their occupation for something else.

“Oh, good-looking! good-looking!” I exclaimed aloud, and then looked around quickly to see if anyone was near.

A breakfast group was set up on a make-believe terrace. Ivy was planted in stucco-covered boxes placed along a stucco-colored wall. Into the wall was sunk a small fountain in creamy yellow, tawny gold, terra cotta and black tile. Green metal furniture was selected, and canopied gliders covered in cream, gold, terra cotta and black-striped duck. The chairs were these new springy, slatted ones.

A fringed baluc cloth covered the table. These cloths are of cotton one way and linen the other, and are extremely gay in color.

Creamy earthenware, striped in blue, orange and green with green handles went well with the gay cloth. A simple green bowl was filled with fruit, and dark green, rather heavy pressed glass tumblers were used to complete the color scheme.

All together it was delightful. Imagine anyone being grouchily at such a breakfast table.

All sorts of nice things are found in this next window. What a perfectly fascinating necklace! ‘‘Slave’’ jewelry, it’s called. Its basic idea is the slave ring, the solid band of metal worn around the slave’s neck. One necklace with matching bracelet has the back part made of a solid ring of onyx. The hinged portions at the front are made of carved pieces of turquoise.

Over in the corner a saucy little bronze terrier stands guard over a very lovely ash tray. The tray is removable.

In the next window is some lovely china and glassware. One cover is set up.

The china used is one of those new patterns in silver on white. The interesting part about it is that the decoration of the china exactly matches the engraving on the silver. Square occasional plates for salad or sandwiches are decorated with a breezy design of sailboats on a rolling sea. Those striking black and white striped goblets would be perfect with the plates.

That lovely lavender glass is fragile and colorful as a soap bubble. It would be enchanting to use it on faintly tinted orchid damask, accented, perhaps, with a low black glass bowl filled with lavender and coral-pink sweet peas for a center piece.

I walk slowly past windows filled with summer clothes—windows packed with shantung ensembles and white Panama hats. ‘‘Only for those who go to Palm Beach,’’ I thought. Perhaps not even for them. Fashions change so quickly.

Hold a minute—there is a good-looking pair of lounging pajamas. A lovely red and black print on a white ground fashions the suit, with trousers like a skirt. A bright red waist band with large black buttons and cunning red bows on the tucked-in blouses, are high spots of its trim.

Empress Eugenie seems to rule the fashion world now just as she did in

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What Shall I Wear . . .
By Margaret McDonough

HOW many times have you heard a girl say, despondingly, ‘‘What shall I wear? I haven’t a thing!’’

What she really means is that she has a miscellany of mismatched things—a brown hat, a blue coat, black shoes and gray gloves—a truly impossible outfit.

Boys, brothers particularly, laugh and tease the girl, but it really is a sad situation.

There’s an old rhyme which goes like this:

‘‘If there’s a remedy
Try and find it.
If there is none
Never mind it.’’

But in this case there is a remedy and it lies in a little judicious planning and selection of clothes. Decide upon the number of costumes needed and how much may be allowed for each one. Then adhere to this plan, and the money will be spent wisely and well. Plan accessories in matching or harmonizing colors. A little economy may be exercised here, too, for the accessories which match one dress may be used with another costume if the colors harmonize.

Perhaps you can remember your mother saying, ‘‘A place for everything and everything in its place.’’ The same axiom holds good for clothes. Different occasions demand different costumes. Long brilliant earrings were not meant to be worn on the street, nor are rubber-sole oxfords quite the thing for a tea or reception. High heels and dance frocks on the street look silly. Out of place, they appear incongruous and make their wearer look ridiculous. And none of us, even those who like the spotlight, care to appear funny in a crowd.

Informality and comfort are the keynotes for daytime wear on the campus. Sports clothes of jersey or other knit fabrics and oxfords, simple street dresses and walking shoes are the thing. These things may be as becoming and certain more suitable than elaborate, fussy dresses. Berets in matching or contrasting colors are worn a lot. With books to lug around, few girls care to be bothered with a purse, so a small, flat compact which can be slipped into the pocket or notebook or dress is very handy.

Street or afternoon dresses find their places at teas or afternoon parties. Accessories—hat, gloves, purse, shoes and hose—may match or contrast, but they should blend to form a harmonious whole, perhaps.

Ruffles, frills and ankle-length skirts are at their best on the dance floor so they should be saved for those occasions.

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We Extend a Hearty WELCOME TO ALL...

BATES BAKING COMPANY
BUTTER-NUT BREAD
Established 1890

President of Iowa and cordially invites students to

TO WELCOME Campus Drug Co.
Lincoln Way and Welch

THE BEAUTY SHOP has served the discriminating women of Iowa State in the care of their Hands, Face and Hair

Since the day MEMORIAL UNION opened its doors

NEW COSTUME JEWELRY
Everything in Fraternity and Sorority

DUDGEON’S
Lincoln Way and Welch

Every Student Is a Member of Memorial Union

A Shopping We Will Go

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France during the Second Empire. The influence of the picturesque fashions of this period can be noticed in the sloping shoulder lines, wide sleeves and flaring skirts. The new dresses are higher-to-the-throat neck lines of the new dresses.

Here’s a tip. Have at least one or more lightweight wool dresses in your fall wardrobe. Simple tailored wools hold the center of the stage for early fall. One black crepe-looking wool has its only trimming a collar of large black and white beads.

Such a sweet little dress! The window is filled with children’s things. One diminutive frock for the tiny miss is of white voile embroidered with berries done in navy blue and red cross stitch. Tucked shoulder frills simulate brief sleeves. This little dress hangs straight from the shoulder.

What little boy or girl would dislike to take a bath when there are pink rubber elephants and red dogs and green frogs that float on the water? These animals are filled with air to make them soft and keep them floating.

Children love to have their stories go about with them, not only in their minds but in their accouterments as well. Some-one very bright has thought of the idea of providing children’s handkerchiefs with pictured stories printed on them. There is Krazy-Kat—a whole series of his wiles and vagaries. There is Alice in Wonderland and there is a clown going through his funny pranks.

I wandered on and found myself stopping to glance in a window at a tempting array of sweets. I did feel hungry, and I’d had enough of window shopping for one day. I still had my nickle and two pennies and a dime. I’ll have a lemon ice— that’s cooling. Now, let’s see, how can I fix my dresses to fit the Empress Eugenie mode? There’s that black wool ensemble . . . .

Lemon or Cream?

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monize with your color scheme. This sugar would be more attractive if put in an open silver, pewter or glass dish, instead of the usual sugar bowl. Lemon or orange slices, or both, arranged attractively on little crystal or silver plates, should be served for all tea except Russian, which has the lemon already incorporated. Cream is not usually served at an afternoon tea. A tea service placed at each end of the dining table placed over by a deputy hostess makes a very attractive service.

The flowers are placed in the center with the camellias arranged to best advan-