

CORRESPONDENCE PAGE OF FASHIONS & BEAUTY

New Fashions for Young Folks

WASH materials distinguish the prettiest of the new things for children, whether they are boys or girls. White, too, is still immensely popular. There are young persons, indeed, who will dress their young children in nothing else, but it is evident from the vast number of other materials shown that fashion is to give color and figures the newest place.

Never was such variety seen in tub textures, the list including every wash material used before and a round dozen with entirely new names. With close examination these last generally prove to be old acquaintances, improved in some way, and called by new titles for novelty's sake. But then old favorites have proven their usefulness in a soap-and-water way, so it is always good to give them the preference where garments are to be much laundered.

As to this it is absurd to fancy that any tinted linen, cotton or muslin texture can be treated like the face and hands. Some concession to delicate coloring must be made, and the first step toward this is never to let the little colored garment get too soiled before washing. A thick suds of some good white soap is also better for colored things than any other. The strong soap is rubbed directly upon the garment, you may expect to see the wild rose pink or baby blue fly out of the window. All things being equal, the colors bearing the fastest dye should be tried in the shade.

Linen, pique, crash, drilling, pongee, cotton suiting and denim are among the standard textures for young boys. Sensible dresses for girls, those of useful brooding, weathers, etc., are also seen in these materials, some simple and embroidery or braid taking the place of the handsome stitching or contrast of color on the masculine garments.

But the smarter of the little girl toilettes are very dainty in texture and with mullin, dimity and Swiss very appropriate laces give a quite elegant effect. The more elaborate of such small gowns must, of course, be cleaned instead of washed when soiled, but since smart frocks get little hard wear, and dry cleaning is much cheaper than formerly, the extra expense need not be feared. At all times a wash frock is preferable to a more pretentious material for girls up to six, and the same thing may be said for boys' suits for this age and those up to it.

The week's patterns give excellent suggestions for little lads and lassies. But though presented for wash materials, they may also be realized in the smartest fabrics, such as white or scarlet cloth or serge for the boys, and silk, challis or Swiss for the girls.

Fig. A presents a boy's suit of belted coat and knicker trousers for trousseau ages up to 5. This is a very manly little model, one calculated to make a young stir in all the knicker sets of the big. It likewise gives the ease needed for forming bones and muscles, and let me say right here that this requirement is absolutely necessary for all juvenile garments of any worth. Good style is never sacrificed through looseness for no correct fashions for the young prescribe what is called a loose fit. With boys and girls ease prevails from neck to knees.

White with pale blue could be used for this suit if all-white or color is preferred, the color to be employed in the collar, belt and the other trimmings shown by the dark pieces of the drawing. A soft silk tie in the same shade of blue ties with a sailor knot under the turn-over collar. Linen, duck, pique and Russian crapes are materials much employed by the juvenile shops for suits of this sort. An all-white one, with a blue or scarlet or white tie, the smart and the good cotton stockings, provide raiment for the smartest Summer occasion.

A little tan, blue or gray topcoat would be worn over the suit in the chill days of Spring.

A sailor suit for a boy from 6 to 12 years of age is deemed a fashion. Since such suits are much in demand for practical wear, they are still made in the dark blue and red serges long in vogue, with the inevitable sailor collar with its attendant trimming and the nautical sleeve decoration. A boy looks for this decoration on his suit, as well as for the anchors which delight his heart on the usual collar. So when contemplating such a garment, try, if possible, to respect Dickie's neck. The triple "V" with crossed anchors in the corners of the wide collar, are in his eyes the badge of a dandy. A deep-sea fishes, white boats and trees are islands are with him when he puts on the new sailor suit for the first time. A compliment is paid to his heart when he tries to behave "big." All-white serge, crash linen or pique provide smarter possibilities than any for this suit, even if it is a shade less manly in the boy's eyes.

Figs. C and D display charming frocks for maids of various ages. The dainty dress in Fig. C is a simple style, much desired for girls from 8 to 10. It is one of the phases of the popular Princess style, which, for the

younger girls, requires almost always a separate gumpie. Such a gown can be made from any delicate cotton, silk or wool material; with such elaboration or simplification of the bertha as the stiff used calls for. In this case pale blue

but slightly gored skirt, which finishes with tucks and a six-inch flounce. A pretty Summer wool or youthful silk would make this smart toilette suitable for many Spring and Summer occasions. But realized in airier materials,



A PLEASING MODEL FOR GIRLS FROM 8 TO 14 YEARS.

cashmere composes the smart toilette, with hand embroideries in the same color on the scalloped bertha. Take lawn gumpie is plainly tucked. A delicately figured silk, such as tiny rosebuds on a white background, would make a very fetching Summer dress for any little gala occasion. And here the new shades of blue or Swiss or mull, lace-trimmed, and in the tint of the background.

With the last design, Fig. D, I should like to linger did space permit, for it suggests a use of the sweetest materials of the season. The thin, airy textures are these, the pure white lawns as fine as fairy webbing, the united muslin and figured organdies, the dainty and are always so child-like. The model shows a long, short-sleeved blouse bodice fastened to a gathered

with the high, long-sleeved gumpie left off, it is ideal for party purposes. Take, say, a pure white, pale blue, pink or corn-colored organdy, and buy a net lace or plain footie for trimming. This last, which is a bordering of plain or dotted net, is a most beautiful garment, giving a doll-like and yet sweetly simple look. Coming in various widths, the footie is used to edge collars, for quiltings and insertions. Quite often little ruchings of narrow ribbon may be used with it, in which event the footie is generally a wide ribbon sashed in a big bow at the back.

However, though I have a preference for dainty finery, where small girls are concerned, with the bertha left off and plain elbow sleeves this model may do for the simplest country gingham. The ages given for it are from 8 to 14, but 6 or 16 could wear it equally well.

MARY DEAN.

bred department of children is concerned, the usual mother-tantrum brings dire suits—fear, bashfulness, deceit. A look is enough to restrain any child in the home which pays strict attention to adult behavior as well. Still, try soon how to find the notes in our own eyes.

To conclude, if a child is taught the little amenities of social intercourse—taught at home, not how to sit down, how to stand up, how to sit down, how to do a gracious act and receive one—their which is paved toward his worldly life, if not business success. But as to that, the greatest man in after times may be put to shame for the want of it.

Merely to drink one's soup from the side of the spoon, instead of from the point; to "eat" soup instead of "drinking" soup; to know that the napkin of the host's table must be folded instead of flung down any way as in restaurants, are in themselves a preparation for meeting the great world on its own ground.

All things said and done, we live in a polite age. PRUDENCE STANDISH.

OUR QUEEN OF FLOWERS

Rose Is a Message of Love From the Cradle to the Grave.

No flower that blooms takes so important a place in the passing events of most of our lives as the rose. When a little stranger makes its advent in the home of another, what is more appropriate than a bunch of roses to accompany the note of congratulation? Our first thought upon receiving cards for the wedding exercises of our young friends is where our roses are to get the most beautiful roses to send to them upon the day of the wedding. Again, the rose is used with telling effect by the young lover who has spoken a few hasty words to his fiancée. He is sure his abject apology will be accepted if he sends her home the following evening and gets a choice American Beauty or a cluster of La France roses to help heal the breach. And then the young bride, when her happy wedding day, when she goes to meet the proud groom at the altar, clings lovingly to the bouquet of bride roses he has so generously supplied her with on the occasion. Later on when the usually uncomplaining husband frankly tells his wife at the breakfast table that the coffee is muddy and the chops burned, thereby causing a coolness for the day at least, he is wise if at night when he goes home the inevitable box of chocolates are accompanied by a few choice roses, at the sight of which he sees forgiveness in the face of his bride, even before they "make up" with a conjugal kiss. And she, when the cares and burdens of life are over and we start on our long journey to our final resting place, loving friends or grieving relatives will place a few of our favorite variety of roses in our lifeless hands. And so it is from the cradle to the grave, the rose has been with us during the gayest and saddest events of our lives.

At a largely attended meeting, last week, of the "Giant's Pass" most enthusiastic and energetic women, it was a pleasure to listen to them discussing roses, their culture, and their already well-matured plans for rose and tree-planting day. With the annual Rose Festival in Portland an assured success, the first town in the state should be represented next June by a choice selection of roses.

If the women in the towns enter into the spirit of rose culture with the proper amount of determination, the women of the farms will soon "fall in line," and in a very short time Oregon will rival her sister state on the south, not only in quality, as she already does, but in the quantity of roses, although the season is so much longer in California than in Oregon.

Just a word of advice about planting roses. Do not make the mistake of selecting many varieties of roses for your grounds are spacious. Remember that the rose bush is heir to nearly all insects and pests known. Therefore, "eternal vigilance" is the price of choice roses, and unless one is willing to do considerable work and spend some money for spraying, fertilizing, etc., do not plant roses to jeopardize his well-cared-for rose bushes. The rose, but as the trend of progress has already done so, we are left no choice in the matter; so if rose culture is to be a remunerative return for labor and money expended on their roses, they have only to arrange with the factories located at Spokane, Wash., and North Chicago, and they will receive



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Wiles and Wonders of Shampoo

YOUNG children often object strenuously to having their heads washed. They may go with shouts of joy into a huge tub whose water comes up to their very chests—no higher, for that

is a maiden aunt who is dubbed by the family The Shampoo Story Teller. Let me describe her methods.

First, the mother gets the bathroom ready; the big bowl is placed upon a

loosens dust upon the scalp and makes the shampoo generally easier. The masculine owner of the head won't object to the oil if told solemnly, with some little illustration, that it will make him grow strong and big.

"Jack-the-Beanstalk's head," says the Maiden Aunt, "was rubbed every night with oil. If it hadn't been for that he would never have been able to kill the bad giant."

The moves toward the actual shampoo are full of story telling, and Jack-the-Beanstalk gets many a new chapter.

"So when Jack got up that morning, as he had gone to bed without his supper, his head felt very badly. You know, it is quite dreadful not to have your supper at night. First suspicions alyed with this side issue. He washed his face, but that did no good. Then he washed his hands, but that did no good. And then just for fun he rubbed more soap on his head, and he picked up the soap and ceremony begins here, for he knew that made a beautiful suds with it—it was the fairy kind, though he did not know it. And then he covered his head with it, and, laughing, went and looked at himself in the glass, and what do you think he saw?"

Nobody knows, so Maiden Aunt proposes to Bobby or Dick to go with her into the bathroom to see the shampooing, and "see what they see."

"First the thing is done, though Maiden Aunt has the good sense not to depart entirely from the truth."

"He saw a boy with soap on his head," she says calmly, "and he knew very well that he must wash it off. He did (the ceremony begins here), for he knew that if he didn't he could not possibly go out in the yard and climb the beanstalk. When his head was beautifully clean of soap he put the spout of the pump—let's play the spray is the pump—and then he wiped it very dry."

With every one of these operations enjoyed by the story here, more work came, and by the time Bobby had reached the comb and brush stage—the end of the glorious romance—there he was a child with a washed head, and not knowing it. "He was completely hypnotized," said Maiden Aunt when she told the story.

"And when I was putting on the tonic—I always use one after the hair washings—there he sat with eyes as big as saucers looking over the towel out of the window. You know our bathroom overlooks the church, and there is an ivy vine running up that side of it."

"Look!" said Bobby, pointing to a wisp of this, climbing up in full sight. "There's his beauty now, and if I wait long nuff he'll go straight up to the clouds."

Possibly story-telling won't do for all objectors of head-washing, and the story would certainly have to be changed every time. But it is a good thing to give a trial, and if it falls there are "ribbles" to be offered. Have the moment after the shampoo one for jollification. The two or three bonbons may be given them, another story told to wipe away the last notion of trick. Almost any little device, some about in an artistic way, may accomplish the desired end. What Bobby and Dick and Kitty need especially is to feel that the head-washer is their friend and that head-washing does not kill.

For highly nervous and imaginative children the little stories are splendid.

KATHERINE MOULTON.



A FINE MODEL FOR DRESS-UP OCCASIONS.

sometimes brings terrors—but the moment the cleaning soap starts for their little pate, what shrieks, what wails, what bitter indignation!

There is a reason for this. As the child's head is washed as frequently as its face and hands, and she first shampooed performance, perhaps, left a poignant sting of soap in the eyes, the shampoo takes the form of an unjust, some terrible punishment that must be expiated. It is one of the things inexplicable—the bugaboo that must be fought. Yet, notwithstanding the piteous protest, the shampoo is used. When the sledge is over there are two exhausted people—mother and child.

But there are ways of washing even the unriest little head in peace, and a good one is through story telling both before and during the awful ceremony. In one household of my acquaintance there

table low enough for little legs, and all about it, ready to be seized at a moment's notice, are all the implements of war and strategy. There is a head brush, two soft towels, a big soft bath towel which will be deliciously warm when wanted, and the carefully made soap suds. This may be any soap liked, but I prefer to give the maiden aunt's receipts. It consists of nothing more than a stiff suds of water and castile soap, the sort sold at good places and warranted to be full of olive oil.

The night before all this preparation there has been a preliminary move. Into Bobby's four-year-old brush or Dick's three-year-old crop quite a teaspoonful of olive oil has been rubbed, through applying it with the fingers upon the scalp. The hair, when washed, will be clean, and this and are protected against the harsh tendencies of the soap. The oil also



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A Hair Invigorator—Just what its name implies, supplies movement, the elements of growth, which when absorbed by the hair, it weakens and beautifies it in the same way that sap where the foliage of a tree, given if the scalp is massaged daily with Mme. Yale's Hair Tonic, a vigorous growth will be produced. It has honestly earned its name as a hair beautifier, and it stimulates the most stunted growth and makes the hair magnificent in health and beauty. By its use women can provide themselves with a trailing mantle of hair, the woman's natural ornament, her birthright.

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Mme. Yale's Hair Tonic is a colorless, fragrant, delightful hair dressing, neither sticky, gritty, nor greasy. Contains no artificial coloring; would not stain the whitest hair; restores original color by its use. It restores the normal circulation and re-establishes the life coloring matter. Beautiful hair, redness, proper diet, countenance, and a young can secure it. Beautiful Hair Tonic is sold in three sizes. Our special price

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Rules From the Primer of Politeness

"O H, DEAR," cried a distracted mother to one who, as the saying is, seemed as cool as a cucumber, "how do you manage to have your children so well-behaved? Mine are simply savages! They shame me at every turn."

"Perhaps you are savage with them," replied the visitor, with a smile that barely escaped sarcasm. "I treat my children as persons who own their own souls. I know that to receive courtesy I must give it, and by daily attention to the little break, I keep them well drilled in the greater decencies."

"Ah, me, if all mothers were as wise as this, what good manners the world would see! There would be no such thing as a 'savage' child, no such thing as a mother 'shaming' her children. Instruction in the polite forms of behavior bear little weight if the instructor is rude and violent. It is no use to say, 'Jack, do so and so today.' If your heart to child's gentle when the same thing is done tomorrow. Dirty manners, like dirty faces, must have regular attention, but it must all be done solemnly. As this astute mother says, 'Jack must first be allowed to feel that his soul is his own,' that all the reward the world has to give depends upon his conduct. Drill the child at the root of all gracious behavior, fine manners are a piteous frosting of the child's character is neglected. So let the worst manners begin by succumbing the homely precept of the Golden Rule. To do unto others as you would have them do unto you, is to be kind, merciful, considerate. Drill this into the child's heart with little tender stories of rewards that came to the kind-hearted, and punishments that came to the harsh and coarse."

ual of breeding. Therefore, exact from the child a gentle deference for their feelings. He must be told to say "Please" when asking for a thing at table, told to say "Thank you" when it is given to him. The dainty and women of the South are noted especially for marks of politeness, and I am glad to be able to tell you that a deal of the training comes through the need of being polite to one's black nurse. The defection is not treated with spankings, for the black nurse has no right to spank. She only says, perhaps with the sorrowful dignity that is more biting than a dozen stickles. "It seems terrible Ah got to be 'shamed of de child. Ah done bring up!"

It was the old black nurse of the South who taught imperative obedience to the father and the mother's will, who inculcated love for them, who insisted upon every little shade of the ordinary behavior which stands for breeding. A good deal depends upon the character and bringing up of the nursemaid into whose hands a young child has been entrusted.

The primer for the general behavior of children contains rules so obvious that the average mother can only resent their repetition. Nevertheless, for the few who might care to freshen up their book let us touch upon them.

Do not talk in a child's presence of its gifts and looks in a way that is vain and arrogant. The slightest impertinence to superiors should be promptly and firmly checked. Never allow a child to be disrespectful to his elders, sisters and schoolmates who are older and wiser than himself. He must take off his hat to his grandparents, his uncles and aunts, his teachers, all brothers and sisters, schoolmates who are older and wiser than himself. He must take off his hat to his elders, be they men or women, or girls four years older than himself. He

must never remain seated when an old person is standing, or be other than helpful, willing and gracious with age.

It is no longer the fashion to say, "Yes, Ma'am," when a mother or grandmother speaks, but the reply must still be as deferential. "Yes, mother," "yes, grand-mother," is the way the reply should be put; and when a lady is introduced her name should be respectfully repeated as the child gives his hand. Thus, "Mrs. Brown," this single utterance delivered with a mark of pleasure at making the lady's acquaintance.

No forward child should be allowed to claim the attention of visitors. After being introduced he should remain standing until asked to seat himself. If he enters the room without invitation, for some reason which seems imperative, let him say at the door, "May I come in, mother?" and then stand quietly at her elbow until given permission to state his requirements.

At all times with a teasing and persistent child the "No" once given should be irrevocable. Unless self-government is taught the book of etiquette has really nothing to say, character and manners go hand in hand.

Treat any confession of wrong-doing with kind argument, but never stormed over.

Never pass over the correction of a lie, as it is the worst form of bad behavior. Look at the treatment a chronic liar gets when he goes from his blind home to a boys' school. Being a dangerous person, he is thought generally unfit for the society of his fellow pupils. In the end he gets the worst of things every time.

It is all easy enough when you get into the regular routine of discipline, and have the lamp of patience forever filled and burning. Where the easy, well-



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ceive a liberal price for really choice hats, which are used to make the popular hat pins and other pieces of jewelry now on the market.

JOSIE V. MEIKLE.

Cracker-and-Pickle Lunch. Acheson Globe.

When a woman coaxes her husband to carry his picnic basket instead of going to the restaurant at noon she gives him an elegant spread the first day, but it gradually dwindles down until he gets nothing but a cracker and a pickle. She thinks he ought to understand that she was so busy with her household duties that she couldn't get anything better. A man always thinks that her husband ought to apologize for her failures by thinking of her household duties.