

Latest Fashions By Lillian Young



Showing the new high-standing bow.

By Lillian E. Young. ONE-SIDED effects are the greatest innovation in "hatdom." The season has been marked by the very noticeable trend. We have had the brims narrow at one side and spreading to greater width on

the other. The outstanding feature, broad and flowing, the brim turned sharply up on one side and down on the other, and the one-sided transparent trim of lace.

But the latest thing is the huge perky satin, chiffon, or velvet bow. It is placed on the top of the hat, with full loops and ends, curving into smart diagonal lines. The greater portion of the bow towers over the left side, and if there are other ends, they are either draped in with the close-fitting crown or arranged to describe a downward sloping line at the opposite side. The model sketched is an excellent example.

Here there is a snug "cap" crown of tulle velvet, drawn into a headband of

ling body. This may result in bow-legs, knock-knees, flat feet, pigeon-toed, all sorts of defects in gait that are sad crosses to bear in later years.

Encourage, but do not urge your baby to activity during these months of rapid development. Let nature direct his progress. She knows the condition of his bones and muscles better than you do. When he discovers that his feet were made to walk on, he will drag himself to an upright position by a chair or stool. If he is walking at 12 months, he is developing rapidly enough and taking sufficient exercise. If he is heavy, and he does not walk until 14 months, do not worry. Nature is watching and guarding him. But if he is not walking at 18 months, his condition should be examined by a physician. He may find backward mental symptoms.

One thing which often retards a baby's walking is heavy, bunglesome dresses. At one year, a baby's habits should be such that diapers can be laid aside for drawers and rompers which facilitate walking.

Another factor of daily life which interferes with baby's development is the pressure of duties on the average mother. She has no time to devote to the child she cannot supervise her baby's exercise. So long as he is safe from danger and amused and quiet, she does not realize that he is suffering from lack of exercise. I have seen babies strapped in carriages and high chairs for long stretches of time, without any change of position, without any opportunity to use their muscles, simply because they were amused and quiet, not disturbing "mother." An occasional change of toys, a cracker, or a sweet, even a "pacifier" are offered in lieu of what the child needs, exercise of his cramped muscles. This sort of child does not learn to crawl or walk as it should because it is given no opportunity.

Many women ask me whether their babies should be "exercised." If this means a system of rubbing, working of muscles, artificial exercise and stimulation for the normal baby I should say most emphatically "No." Callisthenics of any sort should not be forced on a young child, and many a well-meaning mother, with the best of intentions, has developed a normal, healthy child into a nervous, pallid baby by attempting to give it exercises designed for sluggish adult systems. Even a good thing like physical culture can be applied.

If a baby is listless, puny and backward, consult a physician, do not apply your own particular methods of stimulation. What your child may need is better nourishment, not exercises that will weaken it further.

The next talk will answer this question: "What should you know about your baby?"

Whoever possible the baby should be tucked warmly into a carriage and allowed to sleep outdoors in the daytime, only extreme cold and inclement weather should prevent this sensible plan. Nor should the baby's face be covered while sleeping outdoors. A sunny corner of the porch is an ideal day sleeping room, with the carriage screened from the sun. In summer a mosquito net should protect the baby from flies, gnats, etc.

Never should a child be allowed to sleep in a room with gas or lamp burning. The fumes from such illumination are extremely bad for the lungs. They deprive the oxygen which the baby needs so sorely.

The busy farm mother who cannot take her baby for a daily airing has no excuse for not letting it sleep outdoors. If she has no carriage, she can have casters put on the crib and roll it out on the porch, or even a deep box can be padded and baby can be made safe and comfortable by adding a firm mattress and warm blankets. When the baby begins to sit up and play, a similar padded box or small fenced enclosure should be built on the porch for a nursery. It is a positive injustice, nothing but a cruel and inhuman, to keep a delicate baby in the kitchen.

THE WIDOW AND THE BOY

By Edna K. Woolley.



Copyright 1913, by E. K. Woolley. "That red-haired fellow has a fearful crush on the fair widow," remarked the caller, as she and her hostess sat in the side by side window and watched what could be seen of the neighbors.

"Do you call her pretty?" asked the other. "I think she's too fat." "Oh, I wouldn't call her fat exactly, and she's fairly good looking for her age." "Yes, she must be ten years older than that boy. Why, he's still studying."

"What she wants with a kid I can't see," agreed the visitor. "But I suppose that's all she can get." "Of course, he's an awful fool to pick up with a woman old enough to be his mother," asserted the hostess. "Sometimes I feel sorry for him."

"Well, I don't know. He's really lucky to have anybody notice him—even a widow. He's about the homeliest creature I've ever seen. His ears stick out like the handle to a pitcher."

"Both women craned their necks as the red-headed one emerged from the widow's kitchen door and emptied the dinner scraps into the garbage can. A large kitchen apron dangled in front of him, and he dumped the scraps into the receptacle with a swiftness and precision that spoke of practice. The widow, in a pink house dress, stood in the doorway and smiled upon him.

"Did you ever?" exclaimed the visitor. "Oh, he's over there all the time," declared the hostess. "He does all the chores for her. This morning he was splitting wood and he worked like a Trojan."

"Well, when a man is willing to empty the garbage for his lady love, he's pretty far gone," opined the visitor. "Yes—if he doesn't get too much of it," remarked the other. "Lately I've thought he wasn't so anxious. But if he doesn't come over of his own accord, she's right after him. My, you ought to see how sweet she is! But she's a regular tyrant and he'll get on to it—you just make up your mind to that. I never saw a man yet that could put over on the last."

"Unless he's married," remarked the visitor. "Oh, yes, of course—if he's married he can't very well help himself," agreed the hostess. "Say, look—I can see them through the kitchen window. She's untying his apron."

"The necks of the watchers stretched again, to get a good view. The widow, still smiling sweetly, had put her arms around the red-headed one's waist to unbutton the apron strings behind, while she looked lovingly into her adored one's eyes."

LITTLE TALKS ON BABYLOGY

By Anna Steese Richardson

Director of the Better Babies Bureau of the Woman's Home Companion.

THE very best tonic for a baby is pure air. It should be supplied twenty-four hours in each day. Fresh air, properly inhaled, is the preventive of catarrh and tuberculosis. Pure air is the baby's just due. No mother has the right to deprive her child of this precious, health-giving boon.

In the darker ages of motherhood, babies were literally deprived of air. To this fact may be traced part of the White Plague course of babyhood. I can recall seeing babies wrapped up, head and all in dusty little swaddles, so that not a breath of fresh air could penetrate the supposedly delicate lungs. I have seen babies thus wrapped up, tucked into a cradle or huge armchair behind a kitchen stove, where the cooking odors of cooking and coal gas were added to the generally impure air of the room. The average mother in fact was convinced that any breath of what was called "cold air" must reach her baby's lungs.

Is it not wonderful that so many of us have lived to raise babies more sane? This is a fresh air age. But this does not mean that a mother should go to extremes in supplying the air her baby needs nor in "hardening" its body as some faddists maintain. The baby should not be chilled nor exposed to a draught, but the air in the room should be cool and pure, not hot and fetid. In this one respect, strange enough, the city baby has the best of the country baby. The average city house is uniformly heated by steam or furnace, and easily ventilated. The country or farm house is still heated largely by stoves. One room is very hot, others very cold. The warm rooms are places of refuge for the entire family and they are kept too hot, often every window is closed tightly and the air is sadly vitiated.

It is a significant fact that at all the Better Babies Contests this year where the Better Babies Bureau offered two championship prizes, one for city babies and one for country babies, the city babies scored higher than the country babies and showed a better chest development. The country baby should have the best of air to breathe, but it does not, because its home is seldom well ventilated, and because its busy farm mother has so little time to take it out in the fresh air. The city mother is always being reminded of dangers from impure air, by newspaper writers, by talks at clubs and social centers and at clinics. Even her other children come home from school, breathing the gasp of fresh air for the family baby. She is shamed into ventilating her house properly and taking her baby out for a daily airing.

The country mother keeps her house closed in winter to shut out cold and in summer to ward off heat, dust and flies. Her baby has small chance to breathe fresh air.

From the beginning, the baby, city or country, should sleep in a ventilated room, window open top and bottom, at a temperature of from 65 to 70 degrees.

A FEW SMILES

The boy had just handed his father a sizable husband's bill with the request that he pay it.

"You are an extravagant idiot!" roared the irate parent. "Does it ever occur to you to provide for a rainy day?" "Why, yes, dad," said the youngster. "If you'll read over the bill you'll find that one of the items is for a \$25 raincoat, and \$15 of it is for umbrellas."—Life.

"Is it true that both your husband and the man who lives next door to you have fallen in business?" "Yes, but Ned's failure isn't nearly so bad as Mr. Naylor's. He failed for 50 cents on the dollar, while my husband failed for only 10 cents on the dollar."

The conversation turned to Pat in a Washington club, and a congressman from Wisconsin was reminded of an esteemed citizen of that state got tangled up in a recent railroad wreck.

When the smoke had cleared away and the wreck, which wasn't a serious affair, was pulled apart, Pat's friends found him sitting beside the track holding his head in one hand and his leg in the other, said members, of course, not being detached.

"How are you feeling, Pat?" asked one of the party, stooping to assist the wounded man. "Are you badly hurt?" "Shure, an' that Ol' am," answered Pat, whose injury was a bunch of bumps. "Ol' fate as if a road roller an' a bloomin' mule had stepped on me durin' a fight."

"Never mind, old fellow," sympathetically returned the other. "It's not so bad as it might have been, and you will get damages."

Little Stories for Bedtime

Sammy Jay and Farmer Brown's Boy.

By Thornton W. Burgess. (Copyright, 1913, by J. G. Lloyd.) Ever since he had found the strange pond, and the dam which had made it, deep in the Green Forest, Farmer Brown's boy studied and studied, and thought and thought about it and who could have made it. It puzzled him. It seemed as if some other boy or man must have done it. It certainly did seem so. He didn't know of any little forest or meadow people who could have done it, and yet—well, the stumps of those trees which had been cut looked as if teeth, very big and wonderful teeth, but teeth and not tools, had done the work. Farmer Brown's boy didn't say a word to any one about what he had found. It was his very own secret—his and Bowser the Hound's. So he waited and watched for a chance to get up there again, but he couldn't get away until the very day that Paddy the Beaver finished harvesting his meadow.

Now Farmer Brown's boy had learned a great deal about the little people of the Green Forest and the Green Meadows. He had learned how very sharp their eyes are and how very keen their noses are, and how very wide open their ears are. He knew that if he wanted to see what was going on about that new pond he would have to be very, very still and careful in getting to it, and when he got there he would have to keep well hidden. So he left Bowser the Hound at home, and Bowser actually cried when he was left behind. Yes, Mr. Bowser actually cried. Then Farmer Brown's boy stole up through the Green Forest until he was near the pond of Paddy the Beaver. The truth is he had begun to suspect who had built that dam and made that pond. He had never seen a Beaver, but he had read about them, and he just couldn't think of any one else who could have done such a big and wonderful piece of work.

He was very much excited, was Farmer Brown's boy. He wanted to see for himself just what was going on. And so when he drew near to the new pond he got down on his hands and knees and crawled slowly, oh, so slowly, taking the greatest care not to rustle a leaf or snap a twig or make the least little sound. Now it is quite likely that Farmer Brown's boy would have succeeded in surprising Paddy the Beaver at work had it not been for Sammy Jay. You know Sammy was in the top of a tall pine tree, keeping watch, and Sammy's eyes are so sharp that they little escapes them. He saw something creeping through the Green Forest, and without waiting to see what it was he gave the alarm and Paddy dove into his pond. At first Sammy had thought it was Old Man Coyote creeping up, but as who it was, and my, my, my, how he did scream and scold!

Farmer Brown's boy looked up and scowled angrily. Then he shook his fist at Sammy Jay. "You mischief maker!" he growled, "I'll bring my gun and shoot you one of these days! Yes, sir, that's just what I'll do!"

But Sammy didn't mind this at all. He knew that Farmer Brown's boy had no gun with him this time, and so he flew right down just over his head and screamed at his heart and called him names to his heart's content. Farmer Brown's boy jumped to his feet, for he knew that it was no longer of the least bit of use to try to steal up to the pond. He threw a pine cone at Sammy, and, of course, this made Sammy angrier than ever. He told everybody within hearing just what he thought of Farmer Brown's boy, and there wasn't a thing that Farmer Brown's boy could do about it. So he shrugged his shoulders and walked over to Paddy's dam. Then he gave a low whistle of surprise. There out in the pond was Paddy's new house! It hadn't been there when Farmer Brown's boy had found the pond. And there was Paddy's canal and the stumps of all the trees Paddy had cut. Farmer Brown's boy no longer wondered who had made the pond. He knew.

"I think I'll have a Beaver skin one of these fine days," said he. "I'll set some traps by and by. Yes, sir, I think I'll have a Beaver skin one of these fine days!" "You'll have to be smarter than you've ever been yet!" screamed Sammy Jay. But Farmer Brown's boy took no notice. You see, he didn't understand what Sammy said.

Next story: "Farmer Brown's Boy Does a Mean Thing."

Health and Beauty Helps

No Charm Like a Good Voice. By Abigail Moore.

If you could choose one attribute of charm above all others you would be wise to select a sweet speaking voice. But do not think this is solely a God-given gift. Not every one may sing entertainingly, but virtually any one may acquire a pleasing conversational voice.

First test your voice. Say, pausing between sentences, "I am going now and I may never see you again." Then, "Oh, there you are!" and "Will you come and sit beside me?" Note carefully, first, whether the tone is pitched either too high or too low; secondly, whether the intonation is melodious or monotonous, and, thirdly, whether the words are clearly approached and rounded.

To improve upon the conditions you find, remember that they probably are due to careless habits which must be overcome by constant practice. Most feminine voices, owing to nervous tension, are pitched too high. Relax the throat muscles and project the tones out of the opened mouth with force directed enough to carry them straight to the listener. Aim your tones, as it were.

Note the regularity and depth of your breathing. This has everything to do with the carrying power of the voice and its quality. Remember that right thinking must necessarily invest the voice with beauty and evil thinking with a discordant note.

Once you have determined upon the pitch your voice should have, practice making each tone vibrant, giving it its full timbre (which does not mean tremble), and then by running up and down the scale with "Oh" and "Ah," practice for smoothness. Although there are scores and scores of different voice sounds and the voice is capable of great range, the majority of persons speak within a range of three or four tones, which makes their voices monotonous.

Train yourself to enunciate clearly. Slur neither the first letter nor the last, and think particularly of pronouncing the vowels. Train your ear to notice other voices, that you may better criticize your own.



Marguerite Clark, who appeals for clever enunciation.

fruit is smooth skinned and contains an unusual amount of sugar.

The San Dimas Lemon association is shipping a car a day at present, and this will be doubled in a short time.

Woodmen Have Class. Hood, River, Or., Dec. 3.—The W. O.

W. lodge of this city initiated 20 candidates last night. A banquet was served at the conclusion of the initiation ceremonies. Several visiting Woodmen of The Dalles were present. The local lodge has a membership of 115.

New congress, but the currency pother will go right on, just the same.

How to Detect the Alum Baking Powder

"Which are the alum baking powders; how can I avoid them unless they are named?" asks a housekeeper.

Here is one way: take the can of a low-priced powder in your hand and read the ingredient clause upon the back label. The law requires that if the powder contains alum that fact must be there stated. If you find one of the ingredients named alum, or sulphate of aluminum, you have found an alum baking powder.

There is another and a better way. You don't have to know the names of the alum powders. Use Royal Baking Powder only; that assures you a cream of tartar powder, and the purest and most healthful baking powder beyond question.



ORANGES SWEET THIS YEAR, REPORTS POMONA

Pomona, Cal., Dec. 3.—The orange packing season opened today, and from now on the golden fruit will be moved rapidly. Nearly a normal crop will be shipped and the quality was never better. The

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