

SHORT COAT-AND-SKIRT MODELS; VESTEES AND JABOTS IN FAVOR

ACCORDING to the recent couture openings Paris counts tailor-mades as a spring fashion to be reckoned with, especially the short coat-and-skirt type. It is important to relate in this connection that navy blue has been rediscovered by the Parisian fashionist. Furthermore, there is considerable interest manifested in the tuck-in blouse to be worn with these suits, also very smart, carefully buttoned waistscoats. And again the lingerie touch is relied upon in many instances to feminize these conventional tailors.

Suits favored most by the Parisienne are excessively simple as illustrated herewith. The last word in French tailored modes emphasizes the supremacy of the slim short-coat boyish

describe the fascinations of the prepossessing French millinery creations which will top millady's smart tailleur. A record season is foretold by stylists for smart neckwear and clever accessories. "Nuff said!" Preparedness is the word. Every woman of fashion should accumulate in advance a supply of pretty things which add chic to the costume.

Her two-piece tuxedo or bolero suit is going to call for a frilly vestee set or a strictly tailored waistcoat. Note in this picture to the right, what a smartness the tuxedo takes on when worn with a white crepe de chine vest bound with navy blue silk. Where there is a will there is a way "to own just such a practical and charming costume accessory as this. Not only do the

The TALE of KIDDIE KATYDID
By Arthur Scott Bailey

A PAIR OF RASCALS

MR. FROG reached home just as the sun peeped over the hills. He slipped hastily out of the water, sprang up the bank of the creek, and in three jumps landed on the roof of his tailor's shop. There he squatted, while his queer, bulging eyes scanned the sky in every direction. He was watching for Mr. Crow, and all but bursting with the news that he had for the old gentleman.

Mr. Frog had not sat there long before he heard a hoarse caw, caw! in the distance.

"There he is!" cried the tailor aloud.



"Why Not?" Mr. Frog, the Tailor, Demanded to Know.

"There's the old boy! He'll be in sight in a moment."

And sure enough! soon Mr. Crow flapped out of the woods and came sailing over the meadows.

Thereupon Mr. Frog set up a great croaking. And to his delight his elderly friend heard him calling and dropped down at once.

"I've some news for you," Mr. Frog announced, as soon as the old black scamp alighted near him.

"It'll have to keep," Mr. Crow replied. "I'm on my way to the cornfield. I haven't had my breakfast yet. And a person of my age has to eat his meals regularly."

The sprightly tailor looked slightly disappointed.

"I don't know whether the news will keep or not," he replied slyly. "It's very important. And I may have to tell it to some one else first if you don't care to hear it now."

"What's your news about?" Mr. Crow asked him gruffly. "I suppose you've made another suit for somebody. And you remember I told you I couldn't put that news in my newspaper any more unless you paid me something. It's advertising. And nobody gets free advertising."

"This news is something entirely different from anything you've ever heard," Mr. Frog insisted. "It's about Kiddie Katydid. He's a—"

"Wait till I come back from the cornfield!" Mr. Crow pleaded.

"I can't! I simply must tell it now!" Mr. Frog cried.

"Very well! But please talk fast; for I'm terribly hungry."

"Kiddie Katydid is a fiddler," Mr. Frog announced. "He fiddles every night. And that's the way he makes that ditty of his—Katy did, Katy—"

"Don't!" Mr. Crow begged. "Please don't! It's bad enough to have to hear that silly chorus every time I happen to wake up during the night—bad enough, I say, without being obliged to listen to it in broad daylight."

"Very well!" the tailor yielded. "But he fiddles it, all the same. And when you tell my tale to Brownie Beaver I guess he'll be surprised."

"I shan't tell him," Mr. Crow declared, thereby astonishing Mr. Frog. "Why not?" the tailor demanded.

"We've had a slight disagreement," said Mr. Crow with a hoarse laugh. "I'm not his newspaper any longer."

"Well, there's nothing to prevent your telling this story to other people, is there? And you certainly will be willing to mention me at the same time, won't you?" Mr. Frog inquired with an anxious pucker between his strange eyes.

"Where do you come in, pray tell?" Mr. Crow inquired coldly.

"Why, I discovered the secret!"

"Perhaps you did—and perhaps you didn't," Mr. Crow observed. Being very, very old, he was very, very wise. And he had long since learned that Mr. Frog was a somewhat slippery person. "If I spread any such news as that about Pleasant Valley I shall do it in my own way," he remarked. And thereupon the old gentleman rose quickly and disappeared in the direction of the cornfield, without so much as a "Thank you!"

Mr. Frog gazed after him mournfully.

"If that isn't just my luck!" he lamented. "I ought to have kept the secret till after the old boy had his breakfast. Then perhaps he'd have been better natured."

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Marion Harlan



This winsome "movie" comedienne is the daughter of Otis Harlan, noted actor, and was born in Long Branch, New Jersey. She is a petite miss with dark brown hair and brown eyes. Miss Harlan inherited much dramatic talent from her father.

The Hotel Stenographer
By Ros Fulkerson



"IF THEY cremate me, Kelly, I will have to do it when I am unconscious," cried the Hotel Stenographer spiritedly.

"Ha, ha!" laughed the House Detective. "That's what they always do when they cremate them. They wait till they are unconscious."

"Then watch out when you are passing again out of a little bunch of ashes. It will be job enough to do, anyway."

"Kelly, think of the chance after they put your ashes in a vase, of getting knocked off the parlor mantel by some careless person and laying on your side for a week or two on the hearth until somebody sees you and sets you back again. If you set on the bookcase the cat is apt to prowl around and knock you out of the window. I want to be buried in the regular way and have flowers put on me when they happen to think of me and have mocking birds sing in the cedar tree over my head and all."

"Kelly, no one will ever cremate me without me raising my voice in protest. I like the fresh air and a hot room always makes me sneeze and then my complexion runs and if they want to make me happy they better keep me out of one of those furnaces."

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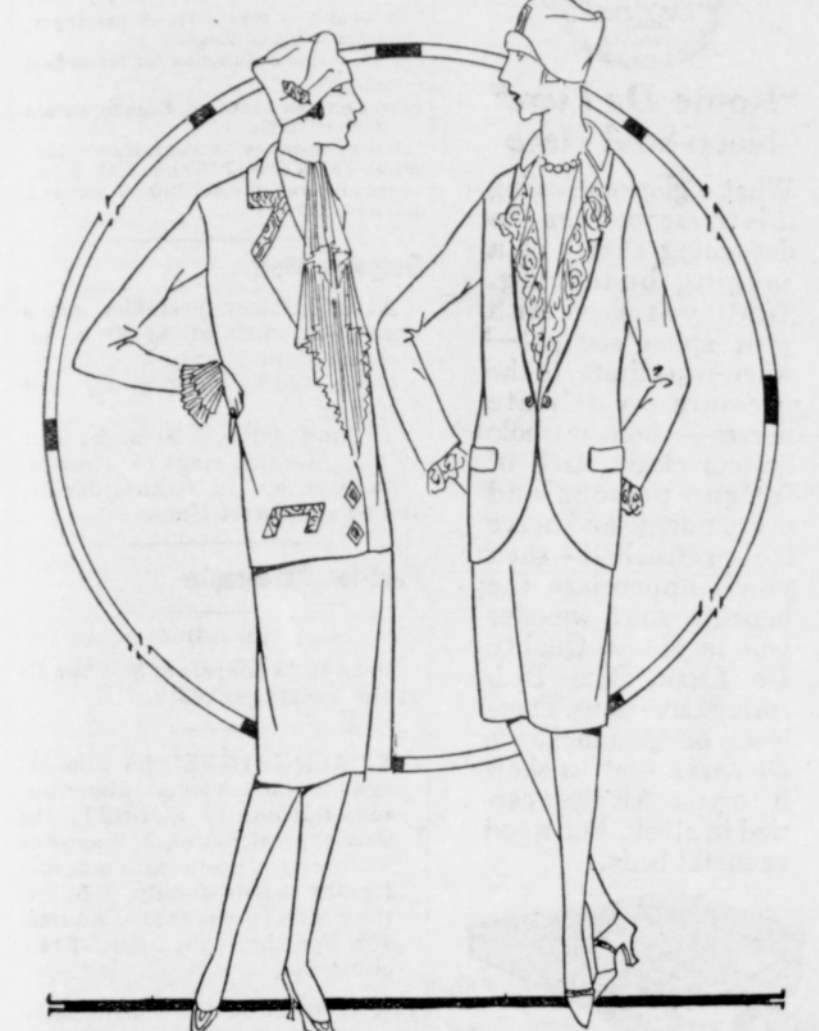
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TWO PARIS MODELS

type, usually with notched lapel and plain sleeve but sometimes with softer shawl collar. Also the tuxedo lapel is approved on street types. Some jackets have rounded corners, some square, some have one button, some have two and the double-breasted effect is also sponsored.

Skirts are short and narrow, wrap-arounds being emphasized, that is if they are not of the plaited version.

The introduction of white pique vestees, plaid silk blouses or waistcoats conventionally tailored of pastel-colored suede cloth or flannel gives a note of individuality. Frilly jabots also lend a note which is distinctly feminine in its charm.

The vogue for the tailored suit has certainly renewed interest in the separate blouse. It is even hinted that

neckwear departments carry items of this character, but those who glory in home sewing will do well to spend leisure moments in making more than one dainty vestee of this character for the future.

If aspiring to the perfect tailor-made, why not fashion a waistcoat of pastel-colored flannel or broadcloth? Of course it must be very precisely buttoned up the front, even including the close-fitting choker collar.

Having once glimpsed the handsome flesh-colored satin tailored vestee sets, there will be no peace of mind for the woman who appreciates effective details until she becomes the happy possessor of one just such. This, too, can be made at home or purchased at will. Indeed, neckwear departments are featuring handsomely tucked, plaited and



SHOWING VESTEE AND JABOT

the tuck-in style may come back. Just now plaid taffeta is receiving marked attention by the Parisian blouse stylist. The plaited, pin-tucked and quilted satin blouse is very smartly in vogue this season.

French tailors accent twills and tweeds, also corded weaves, tricotines and hairline stripes. Twills appear in navy, black and a range of super-velvety spring colorings.

Tweeds take on a mannish character through check, stripe, mottled patterning, specializing heather and moorland tones.

stitched vestees of delicate pink tub-satin.

Soft and lovely is the "tie-around" jabot. To be sure, the girl who wears it must be deft-fingered enough to give it just the proper "tie." The model to the left in the picture indicates just how to arrange the loops and ends. The cascading jabot is made of white crepe de chine edged with black. Those who have an eye for color may justifiably substitute a plaid piping for the black, for a touch of plaid is the pet hobby of the style world this season.

Accessory details, so dear to the heart of la Parisienne, are particularly depended upon to supply the distinctive touch to this spring's tailleur. Briefly spoken, handbags are of the colorful envelope type, gloves are fancifully cuffed, handkerchiefs are gay, shoes have high spike heels, novelty belts are exploited, umbrella handles are amusingly carved, and the chapeau—two would require endless chapters to

In regard to neckties and scarves, without which very few costumes will appear, remember that the slogan is "It's all in the way you tie it." Scarves are wound high about the throat, bows are brought to the side.

The latest fad is for the short, gay necktie, made of plaid silk or gorgeous metal brocade.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.
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"What's in a Name?"
By MILDRED MARSHALL

Facts about your name; its history; meaning; whence it was derived; significance; your lucky day, lucky jewel

FREDERICA

FREDERICA is the feminine counterpart of the popular masculine name Frederick. It signifies "peace ruler" and comes originally from the old Freyr of Teutonic mythology. Freyr meant "free," which is loosely translated to "love of peace." The idea was personified into a god of very high rank who later was disintegrated into a brother and sister, called Freyr and Freya.

Freya named the sixth day of the week and presided over love and marriage and drove over battlefields in a chariot drawn by panthers to conduct the slain to their appointed places in Valhalla. While Freyr was progressing by direct route into Frederick, the feminine form was slower in becoming Frederica.

The saintly daughter of the lord of Oxford bore the name of Frithwald and lived in a little cell at Thornbury and had curious adventures which are portrayed in a window of the cathedral of Axford. She was also patroness of the university and cathedral. The cumbersome name of Frithesantha was borne by the wife of Geoffrey Luttrell in the Fourteenth century.

Frederica is purely an English invention, though Portugal and Italy had adopted it intact. The French call it Frederique and the Germans Fridrika.

Onyx is Frederica's talismanic stone. It will guard her from lover's quarrels and assures her of a sweet lovable nature. Thursday is her lucky day and 1 her lucky number.

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A LINE O' CHEER
By John Kendrick Bangs

LIGHTENING THE LOAD

THE surest of roads to a real Peace, the Peace that is good and true, is 'er to be off with the old Hate before you are on with the new.

To cherish Love with a whole heart, and lighten the path you trudge

By leaving behind at the starting point the weight of your favorite grudge.

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THE WHY of SUPERSTITIONS
By H. IRVING KING

THREE KEYS

THIS charm is highly recommended for young women who are anxious to know whether that young man who has been phillandering about so long is going to propose or not. Buy three small keys: the them together with a small cake of dough on which you have scratched the initials of the young man's name and place the bundle under your pillow when you go to bed at night. If the youth is destined to be your future husband he will appear to you in your dreams—otherwise not. Here we have the sympathetic magic of the key, and also the magic of names—nomancy as it is called—which was such a favorite with the ancients, especially the Romans.

The key, of course, locks things. When the Bulgarian peasants want to keep the plague out of a village they go out with a lock and key and perform the operation of locking upon all sides of the settlement. This, by sympathetic magic, locks out the pestilence. The maiden's three keys are for locking to her the affections of her lover, the said lover being represented by the initials of his name which she has inscribed in the cake of dough.

For primitive man considered, and peoples living in a primitive state still consider, and the civilized Romans considered, that a man and his name were so strongly affiliated as to be practically one. In choosing three keys we see a hint of the magic of numbers—arithmancy. The selection of a cake of dough upon which to inscribe the lover's initials brings in something else—an invocation to the consort which our barbarian ancestors of northern Europe worshipped.

Now in the night spirits and "external souls" of living people—the "astral bodies" of the ancients—are more loosely attached to their corporal bodies than during the day. Sleep, the primitive man thought, released them; and so, if the maiden and her lover are to wed the three keys lock to the maiden the initials, the name, of the lover and he appears to her in her dreams. All good primitive magic, thousands of years old, as firmly believed in today by its votaries as it was in the dawn of history—as efficacious.

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WHEN I WAS TWENTY-ONE
BY JOSEPH KAYE

At 21—Prof. Irving Fisher Was in Vocational Doubt.

"AT THE age of twenty-one I was in my senior year at Yale university. When it came to choosing my life work, I was in doubt. I liked to be a lawyer, and I also thought well of teaching mathematics. I eventually decided upon the latter course and entered the graduate school the following year with that end in view. I then became interested in mathematical economics and ended by becoming an economist.—Irving Fisher."

TODAY—Professor Fisher is one of the most famous economists in America, with an international reputation. He is at present professor of political economy at Yale.

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WRINKLES ARE LETTERS TO SPELL WHAT YR THINKIN ABOUT

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