

SUNBURN FAD IN COLORING; RAYON FLANNEL IS POPULAR

THE sunburn fad, started a year ago, is no longer a fad. The girl or woman who fails to achieve a coat of sunburn next summer will feel as she would if she left off rouge in winter. As a matter of fact, the sunburn fad has gone right through into winter so far. No sooner do we begin to lose the coat of tan achieved last summer than the Palm Beach season opens, and we start to achieve another coat. Little wonder, then, that sun-

shoes and a rose-colored hat complement the ensemble.

Every style-wise woman feels, or should feel the urge to acquire a frock of light-weight woolen. The coat-dress is the big theme among designers who are creating for mid-season and planning for spring. For the making of these practical daytime frocks dainty wools and similar weaves are acclaimed as leading choice. This picture shows a street dress



TWO OF THE NEW COTTONS

burn has had such a tremendous influence on colors we are wearing.

Pale, languid women are out of date. Everything is now animation. It's smart to participate in sports, even if one only holds a golf stick on the links to appear like a sportswoman. We no longer protect our complexion from the sun. Rather we invite its direct rays as we would a beauty treatment. So it is the color that tones in with the sunburned skin that is the most popular. White is very important for this very reason. It's success for evening wear as a complement to sunburned skin during the fall may have encouraged it for sportswear for the coming summer.

White naturally needs a complement of color to give it animation. In the prints of both silk and cotton we find the more animated, clearer colors sponsored by the sunburn trend on white grounds. Usually the prints combine two or three colors in the brighter, clearer tones. To the cottons this gives new, crisp, lively tone. Cottons, by the way, are coming into their own more and more each year. This year is predicted as a banner year by stylists.

A great deal of blue, red, yellow and green is being used in the cotton

developed in soft navy blue rayon flannel. But you say you always thought rayon materials were "stinky" and that we could not get them just as terless—which is an entirely mis-taken idea.

Rayon weaves need not necessarily be lustrous. In fact they are now so produced that many are entirely sans luster, the rayon threads so closely resembling wool it would take a fabric specialist to distinguish the one from the other.

The navy blue cloth dress is ever to be desired, because it is always smart and from the standpoint of utility it has no peer. The one shown here measures up to the standards of modishness in every detail. Its diagonal closing is extremely smart and the circular flare giving fullness to the hemline declares latest styling.

There's an endless showing of materials suitable for the new coat dresses this season. Among them one finds novelty weaves which combine dull rayon threads with lustrous rayon threads. Some effective cloths take on a tweed patterning, those in fascinating reds attracting the widest attention.

Now that the outstanding importance of the cloth street or coat-dress has



RAYON FLANNEL STREET DRESS

prints, and many new weaves have made their appearance.

To complement these costumes of printed silk or cotton on white or light beige grounds, kid shoes of white or beige are invariably worn. Kid has taken precedence over all other leathers for general wear, and unless a fabric shoe of material to match the frock is worn, anything else looks incongruous with these light-tone silks and cottons.

Two of the new cottons are shown in the photographs. They are simple models for which one could secure a pattern for home dressmaking. The one to the left is a morning frock of manchester cambrie, printed in a blue, red and yellow design, with the blue predominating on a white ground. The two-toned bordering is very smart. White kid shoes and a large hat complement the costume.

The model to the right is something quite new in the cotton ensemble. The coat is of pameco cloth, giving it a heavier body than the frock which is of batiste, a very thin sheer fabric. The color and design of coat and frock match, both being printed in rose on a white ground. White kid

been established without a doubt stylists are giving much time and thought to their creation along lines of intriguing originality.

"With a cape" is one of the boasts of the cleverest street dresses. The capes themselves furnish another outlet for "ideas" as "no two capes alike" is the slogan.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY
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FLASH

The Lead Dog

By
George Marsh

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SYNOPSIS

Up the wild waters of the unknown Yellow-Leg, on a winter's hunt, Journey Brock McCain and Gaspard Lecroix, his French-Cree comrade, with Flash, Brock's puppy and their dog team, Brock's father had warned him of the danger of his trip. After several battles with the stormy waters they arrive at a fork in the Yellow-Leg. Brock is severely injured in making a portage and Flash leads Gaspard to the unconscious youth. The trappers race desperately to reach their destination before winter sets in. Flash engages in a desperate fight with a wolf and kills him. Gaspard tells Brock of his determination to find out who killed his father.

CHAPTER IV—Continued

But the feeling of isolation, the momentary desire to see the faces of those he loved, soon left the boy who had inherited from a line of hardy, adventurous forebears a superb body and a fighting spirit. From Kapiskau to Starving river there were no better game shots than Gaspard and himself. If these strange hunters should attempt openly to drive the partners from Starving river out of the country, they had a surprise awaiting them.

In the morning the two scouts worked over the ridges to the eastward, with the purpose of crossing the outlet of the great lake and so returning to their home camp. By noon, they had put many miles of forest and barren behind them without crossing a trail.

"Gaspard, I don't believe they're in this—what in thunder do you see?" suddenly demanded Brock, as his friend stopped in his tracks, his narrowed eyes fixed on a small jack-pine.

Pointing with mitted hand at the tree, Gaspard quietly said: "Ax work. De trail ees snowed o'air."

"By golly, you're right!" agreed the surprised Brock, shuffling to the pine and inspecting the gouge in the trunk.

"Not many weeks old, either."

"Now, what you say?" grimly demanded the half-breed.

Brock shook his head. The joke was on him. "Oh, you're right—as usual," he admitted with a twisted smile. "They're here, these people; but they don't seem to hunt near the lake."

Shortly the scouts reached the edge of a wide barren, and in order to learn whether anyone had entered it since the last fall of snow, agreed to separate, and, following the scrub, meet on the farther side.

Putting the skin case of his rifle into his shoulder pack, Brock pumped a shell from the magazine into the barrel of the 30-30, loosened his knife in its sheath on his belt, and started. The winter on the Yellow-Leg was growing exciting. What if he walked into a couple of these strange Indians? What would he do?

Well, he decided, as he crunched along on his snowshoes over snow dry as sand, the bows crossing each other with a click audible for a hundred yards in the stinging air, he would halt them in Cree, and wait for their next move. But he'd have his right mitten off and his gun cocked!

After a few miles, the thrill in the possibility of meeting the strangers, or of finding their trail, wore off. Gaspard was prejudiced by the death of his father. Because the elder Lecroix had come to grief somewhere in this country, and there were now people wintering to the north, he took it for granted that they had a hand in his disappearance. But it was only a guess—just a guess. Yes, thought Brock, as he propped his gun in a young spruce and knelt on a snow shoe to tighten a loose heel thong, he and Gaspard would probably never so much as see these strange—

At the sudden click of snowshoes in his rear, Brock turned his head as a heavy body catapulted into his back hurling him face down in the soft snow. Through his startled brain flashed the thought of Pierre Lecroix as, gasping for breath, he thrashed desperately with arms and legs, manacled to his snowshoes, to break the grip which held him from the rear.

Half-buried in the snow, with no purchase of solid ground beneath him while he floundered, straining for a grip on the unseen foe on his back through Brock's dazed brain flashed the realization that his assailant had not knifed him as he leaped—that he was trying to take him alive. Then the blood of the fighting McCain's surged through the veins of the desperate boy. No Cree would take him a McCain, in a hand-to-hand fight! His groping right hand found the fingers which gripped his belt. Closing on the wrist above them like the snap of a wolf trap, with a fierce thrust he straightened his thick arm

"Makay!" The cry of pain hissed into Brock's ear spurred him on. With a wrench at the wrist he held, he broke the grip on his belt, and with a twist of his body, turned, to catch from the fall of his eye, the swift face of an Indian, gray with pain.

Then, facing his enemy, as they thrashed in the snow, the superb strength of the boy was unleashed. With his legs gripping the other's, the Cree strained to bury his teeth in the corded neck exposed by Brock's torn sapote. But the fighting rage of the furious youth, confident in his strength, would not be denied. Slowly he forced the writhing Indian beneath him, then reached grimly for the knife in the sheath at his back—but the sheath was empty.

Lifting his head as the Cree's left hand desperately groped for his throat, Brock drove a smashing upper-cut into the chin of the man beneath him. Again the hard fist crashed into the exposed jaw. With a shiver, the Indian lay limp on the snow. Then, as the joy of triumph surged through him and Brock's heart beat high, he heard the click of snowshoes.

"All right, Gaspard!" cried Brock, getting to his feet. "He jumped me from behind, but I got him!" Then the heart of the victorious boy suddenly faltered—his smile faded as he faced two advancing strangers, an Indian and a bearded white man.

"Get him!" roared the latter, as he circled around the body of the unconscious Cree to Brock's rear, while the Indian ran straight at the surprised boy, panting from his recent exertion. His startled blue eyes watching his



Then the Blood of the Fighting McCain Surged Through the Veins of the Desperate Boy.

new enemies as he backed away from the circling white man. If only Flash and Yellow-Eye were with him now! Brock threw a wistful glance at his rifle. It was out of reach. He kept edging away, his fists clenched, but with a rush, the Cree closed in, to meet a smashing swing which bowled him into the snow. Then the white man reached Brock from the side.

Blocking the blow aimed at his face, Brock hooked fiercely into the jaw of the other as they clinched and rolled in the snow.

Then the son of Andrew McCain proved the stuff of which he was made. Fighting like a demon, Brock blocked with chin jambed on chest, the fingers straining for a grip on his throat, while he wrenched an arm free to drive his fist into the other's jaw. Strong as he was, the bearded stranger could not reach the mad dened boy's thick throat, nor turn him on his back.

Again, over the other's shoulder Brock's hard fist hooked into the jaw; once more the fist crashed Brock felt the grip of his foe's arms weaken, and, with a supreme effort tore himself free. Again his elbow lifted but the same instant two knees drove into his back, while the horn handle of a knife smashed into his head.

Twice, three times the Cree hammered the head of the defenseless lad. The knotted face of the man in Brock's arms blurred—the snow went black; then all consciousness faded. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Found Out Just How His Employees Stood

A good story they tell at the American club in London has to do with a crably old manufacturer in a small town who decided after he had made his money that he should run for a seat in parliament. He called his most faithful foreman in and informed him of the fact.

"See what the sentiment in the factory is," he ordered.

"The next day the foreman reported, 'Well, sir,' he said, 'the sentiment is fifty-fifty.'

"What?" roared the old man, "fifty-fifty? Do you mean to say that it is as close as that? Do you mean to say my men have no more feeling for me than that?"

"Well, governor, that's what they say, fifty-fifty."

"Fifty-fifty? What do you mean?"

"Well, 50 per cent of them say, 'Yes' with him, and the other 50 per cent say 'out with him.'"—Exchange.

Banking Terms

Call money is borrowed money secured by collateral, which must be returned on the demand or call of the lender of the money. The borrower of the money, too, may at any time pay the loan and take up the collateral.

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Identification by Ear

Is New Proposition

Although the fingerprint system of identifying criminals is almost infallible, there is always one uncertainty in its use—the ability of a criminal to leave a false set of prints made with rubber stamps.

Because of this there is a possibility that before long the fingerprint system may be replaced in official favor by the shape of the ear. Paris police are reported to be working out systems of classification and description. No two human ears of exactly the same shape have ever been discovered, and their shape cannot be altered surgically without leaving tell-tale marks.

Whereas fingerprints cannot be taken except by force or by the individual's consent, ears can be studied and even photographed without the knowledge of the possessor. Ear photographs may soon be filed systematically and referred to at need, in a similar manner to fingerprints.

Getting in Wrong

Mr. Muddell (after the introduction) —Nobody would suspect you were mother and daughter.
Daughter—Are you knocking me, or boasting ma?



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