

PRINTED CREPE DE CHINE; CHENILLE DOTTED FABRICS



In Colorful Cretonne Patterning

THE woman who makes her own simpler frocks, has a happy surprise awaiting her in the way of suitable and fascinating materials. We have in mind the new crepe de chine which take on the coloring and patterning of gay cretonnes.

Cretonnes, because of their handsome colorings and striking designs have always held a fascination for most of us. Lacking, however, the sheerness and suppleness of silk and carrying with them the flavor of mere drapery material, they did not quite qualify as desirable media for other than sports apparel.

There is a real treat in store for the seeker of "something different" in the way of silks, in that certain enterprising designers have eliminated the "ifs" concerning cretonne as a suitable dress material. That is, by "putting two and two together" or rather adding the silkiness and suppleness of crepe de chine to the colorfulness and designfulness of cretonne, a happy union has been effected. And so it is that a charming series of silk prints are this season available which are just the thing for gay little afternoon frocks.

Just to show you how attractively these silken cretonne prints work up, we are illustrating our story with a picture of a cunning model made of a strictly new crepe de chine in point of coloring and design. It features a

lum of present-day fashion has swung back to chenille dotted fabrics. Not only tulle but materials of all sorts with chenille dots are "in" again.

Seeing that in Parisienne is expressing a special fondness for black-and-white effects, it is not surprising that the gown pictured is right in line with this vogue. The tiers on the skirt stress that sprightly flare which is indicative of the new trend. The scurling of the shoulder in billowy tulle is also expressive of that which is latest.

Speaking of color, among handsome new fabrics for the coming season, are many chiffons in street shades with chenille dots in self-tones, the dots grading from large at the selvedge to small at the opposite side of the wide border. A beige georgette, for instance, with matching chenille dots, makes up effectively for afternoon wear. Black chenille on a black sheer background is especially handsome for dressy occasions as are the



An Exquisite Party Dress

high waistline effect, with a shirred girdle which ties at the back. The bands which trim it are of blue tulle silk.

Striking originality is the keynote of most all of the advance silk prints. In many instances, modern art themes form the basis of highly decorative patternings. Large cubes and conical shapes, zigzag lines and various forms are worked into masses of shaded colors with thrilling effect.

Among outstanding types are silks which adopt pen lines or etching designs. Because of the fineness of lines, the patterns take on an exquisite delicacy which is a welcome change from the more massive effects of solid coloring.

"My party dress is of tulle all dotted with chenille"—could Miss Modern peep within the pages of grandma's diary which she kept in her youthful days, she might find these very words written in the pages of the long ago—which would be the more interesting because the pendu-

various chenille-dotted fabrics in burgundy or navy, or any of the new blues from navy to marine, also green in its many phases is a universal favorite.

Browsing around in voguish places one discovers that chenille is playing a fashionable role in new ways than one. There's shoulder flowers for instance, very chic ones are of chenille. Like huge chrysanthemums are they their supple petals falling in graceful lines. You can buy them in an exact matching shade to your chiffon, velvet or satin gown, and they are even more popular for daytime than for evening wear.

Chenille embroidery is also lending charm and a note of elaboration to many a hat or gown or blouse. Modish millinery also features the chenille-crocheted hat. The beret, crocheted or chenille is especially cited at this time.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.
(© 1929, Western Newspaper Union.)

THE AWAKENING OF BESS

(© by D. J. Walsh.)

BESS YARDLEY had just returned from a pleasant morning's shopping. She had spent some time in Pryne's Beauty shop. She was especially pleased with the way DeRue, Pryne's head man, had clipped and marcelled her hair. It made her look quite as young as she felt—at most cute, in fact. All her life Bess had wanted to be cute looking. A recent inheritance had given her freedom security in life and time to indulge in those first aids to fading beauty which are so expensive and also so necessary to a woman of her years. Bess was thirty-nine—plus—a fact of which she was becoming increasingly conscious, although she hoped nobody else was. One little worry disturbed her—she was beginning to take on flesh. The scales told the story. But how was one to resist the best of food, delicious sweets and inactivity after years of battling for one's daily bread, which much of the time had gone unuttered and was sometimes rather scanty at that. No wonder Bess took to ease and ease as naturally as a kitten. She took comfort in the thought, however, that clever coarsening and straight-line dresses would conceal her indulgence. As for her ankles, they were still slim.

Feeling a bit tired after her shopping trip, Bess, upon her return home, decided to rest a bit before Cady, the maid, would announce lunch. She had just settled herself on the big divan in her charming living room—prepared to read a story from her favorite magazine and nibble a few bites from the box of candied fruit she had purchased that morning from an exclusive little shop on Main street—when the door opened and her brother's daughter, Cozette, entered. On the porch outside Cozette had left some of her young crowd. She was a slip of a young thing with big blue eyes, exactly what Bess had been twenty years before. She was devoted to Bess and always included her aunt in the good times of her crowd whenever possible. Bess loved it and had always prided herself upon the fact that neither Cozette nor her friends were conscious of the differences in their ages.

"Thanks," Cozette said as she pinched her aunt's cheeks and deftly extracted a handful of confection from the box to munch vigorously. "What are you doing this afternoon, Bess?" Cozette never addressed the elder woman as aunt.

"I'm going to an important business meeting at Mrs. Sherwood's," Bess said. "Good for you! Hope they elect you president. Well, so long," she said, and scooped up another handful of candy and left the room. She was greeted by a howl of joy upon her re-appearance on the porch.

"Your old auntie is a dear, Cozette," one bright young voice exclaimed with a giggle. "But she's getting to be a horse for size. If she hadn't gotten so fat Henry Bentley would have married her instead of running around with that slender little widow. And the pay dirt your auntie puts on her face is a caution!" the voice trailed away and Bess was left with a realizing sense of despair.

It was true. She was an old maid and she was getting to be a horse for size—pay dirt—what had the girl meant? And then it came with a sickening flash. Pay dirt! Why, she was referring to the excessive make-up Bess was so fond of using. Almost blinded by a mad rush of tears Bess arose and fled to the seclusion of her room. There passed the bitterest moments of her life. She suffered disillusionment—defeat. At last out of her suffering was born a big resolve. She would diet until she was skinny. Never again would she be called a horse for size or be accused of using "pay dirt."

At one o'clock Cady called Bess down to lunch. Cady was a famous cook who had been handed down along with the inheritance. She had cooked chicken, escalloped potatoes, made a salad with whipped cream, had hot biscuits, crisp and flaky. There was coffee served with cream so thick and yellow as actually to make it necessary to dip it from the pitcher with a spoon.

"Oh, Cady!" Bess groaned looking at the table with a shiver. "Take it all away. Bring me a plate of—of crackers and a cupful of tea without cream."

"Oh, shucks!" Cady said with a disgusted shrug of her plump shoulders and all the assurance of an old servant. "So you've started in to diet, eh? I suppose I'll be expected to serve tea and toast, and toast and tea and for a change toast and tea until you look as skinny as a herring."

Faint with hunger and burning with shame and rage Bess dashed back to her room. Was there no escaping food criticism?

The afternoon passed. Bess cried a good deal and slept some. She dreamt of chicken, ice cream, puffy biscuits—coffee. She awoke famished. It was then Cady came upstairs with the announcement that toast and tea would soon be ready.

"You'd better freshen up your face," Cady said not unkindly. "There's somebody to see you."

"I don't want to see anybody," Bess said.

"Well, he's downstairs waiting. I had no orders not to admit callers; I never heard they were fattening."

Cady's voice showed the exasperation she was feeling at her mistress' actions.

"He? Who?" Bess finally asked. "Mr. Bentley. If you don't want to see him you can tell him so yourself," and Cady hurried away before Bess could reply.

Henry Bentley had come to see her! Bess hadn't seen him in weeks, not since she refused his last offer of marriage. She had missed him horribly and had tried to console herself with the flattering attentions of Bob Frisby. Bob was twenty-two and Bess had tried to make herself believe that Bob was not conscious of the difference in their ages and that he was learning to love her for herself and not just because she let him drive her expensive little sport roadster. But he was callow and smelled horribly of cigarettes and chocolate—Bess was honest enough with herself to admit that she did miss the steady good sense of Henry Bentley's friendship. But she had thought Henry too old for such a bright young blossom that her money had helped her to become. Henry was stout and becoming a bit bald. Lately she had been hearing about his paying court to a slim little widow that was visiting in town. That act partly explained the abandon with which she had fallen for Bob Frisby.

Bess gave her face a good dousing with cold water, which was followed with a rigorous rubbing with a rough towel. Then she went downstairs.

When she arrived the first thing her eyes fell upon was a five-pound box of her favorite candy. She looked at the candy, she looked at the man. If she married Henry she would never again have to go hungry. He must like her? Neither would she be called an old maid—a horse for size. Her lips trembled, her eyes swam. She heard an exclamation and then she felt the comfort of Henry's arms about her. Her head was just upon his rough shoulder when she was brought back by hearing Cady call from the hall door.

"Your toast and tea is getting all cold, Miss Yardley."

Bess raised her head long enough to call over her shoulder: "Mr. Bentley is staying to dinner, Cady," she said. "Get everything that's good to eat in this house—and, Cady, dear, please hurry."

Hindus for Centuries

Believed Cow Sacred

Reverence for the cow as the producer of health and happiness is traced back to 2000 B. C. in researches made by Capt. Max Wardall, psychologist and lecturer recently returned from India. Into the Hindu archives containing the sacred hymns and rituals known as the Vedas. The records describing the greatest and holiest sacrifices in the worship of the Hindus reveal that these ancient peoples not only considered the cow as sacred, the embodiment of good and as necessary to life itself, but even regarded the products of the bovine as possessing the greatest health-giving properties, which scientists of America and Europe today are proving by experiments on animals and children.

An example of the prominent part which the sacred cow held in sacrificial rites was found by Captain Wardall in his study of the ancient tomes in the worship of Agni, the god of fire. Two fire sticks, or drills called arani, were rubbed, one above the other, and were regarded as Agni's parents. The child is born and immediately consumes his parents. His powers are "to dispel darkness, destroy the demons of night and lift the sun to the sky to give the people light." Agni is born anew every morning and faggots are piled on and oblations poured over him. "He grows big, his many tongues shoot up red and fiery, and his teeth shine gold." He lives on what is known as ghee and is called ghee faced, ghee backed, ghee haired and is made to say, according to the record in the Vedas: "The ghee that is poured in my mouth nourishes the gods and the manes. When called by my mouth the gods and the manes come to eat the ghee."

This ghee was made from the butter of cow's milk. It was boiled over a clear fire and constantly skimmed. When all the water was evaporated it was strained through a cloth. Ghee, in the language of the Hindus, was described as "cooling, emollient, capable of increasing the mental powers, useful in eye diseases, dyspepsia, wounds and ulcers." It was sometimes found a hundred years old, dry, hard and earthy looking. Ghee also was used to immerse idols in some phases of the ancient Hindu religion and as a libation while chanting their sacred hymns. It is one of the commonest articles of the diet in the Indian's fare and even today forms part of their meals, especially the Brahmins.

Mine Shaft His Grave

A grim reminder of the tragedies connected with the rush in northern Queensland, Australia, was discovered recently. It was a mine shaft seven feet deep, at the top of which was a stick driven in the ground holding a bank note for \$50 and a note saying "The finder can have the \$50 if he fills the hole." At the bottom of the pit was the body of the prospector who had dug it. He had taken his own life.

Swedish Innovation

Sweden was first to set up an institute of race-biology. In 1918, the University of Upsala subsidized the research of Professor Lundborg into the lineage of peasant families. The Swedish parliament later had his work investigated, approved it and founded an institute, making him director.

DAIRY FACTS

STANCHIONS ARE NEEDED FOR CALF

Turned Loose Too Soon, They Get Bad Habits.

If young calves are not given good attention during the first few months of their lives they will become undernourished, lack in size, and often become practically worthless for breeding animals. When fall and winter calves are given good attention they will generally grow into better cows than spring-dropped calves, as they will be old enough to go onto pasture in the spring and make satisfactory gains.

Milk is the food provided by nature for calves and man has never found a substitute that equals it. Whole milk is needed for the first month, or at least during the greater portion of it. After that time skim milk may be gradually substituted as the calves will commence eating grain and hay. The maximum amount of whole milk to feed is twelve pounds daily and sixteen pounds should be the maximum amount of skim milk used.

Individual stanchions are needed in feeding calves by hand. In this way each calf will get its own allowance of milk. Grain can be put in the pails after the milk is consumed and the calves will gradually learn to eat. If the calves are turned loose too soon after they are through drinking they will often acquire the habit of sucking ears, etc., which will result in poor gains. After two or three weeks the whole milk may be gradually substituted with part skim milk and the proportion of skim milk gradually increased as the calves gain in size and age. The milk from the calf's mother should be fed for the first few days as it is laxative in character and will help get the bowels properly cleaned.

Cleanliness in the calf stables and feed buckets is essential in preventing scours and other similar troubles. Sunlight is necessary if the calves make the best gains. Fresh water should also be supplied as the calves will drink a considerable amount. A sunny, protected lot, where the calves may run during warm days will not only give them exercise but will help to keep their stables in better condition and furnish them sunshine.

Calves Need Some Whole Milk to Get Good Start

Calves which are only one week old need some whole milk if they are to get the best start. However, some people follow the practice of buying calves from dairymen and raising them on substitute rations.

The United States bureau of dairying recommends the following formula which has been used with considerable success by many dairymen: Fifty pounds corn meal, finely ground; 50 pounds linseed meal; 15 pounds oats, finely ground and rolled; 10 pounds of dried blood flour; 10 pounds skim milk powder; one-half pound salt.

The above combination of feeds are carefully mixed together. One-half pound of the mixture stirred into four and one-half pints of boiling water and fed when sufficiently cool makes a feed for a calf which is one month old. Two feeds are necessary daily. The amount may be doubled by the time calves are two months old. Calves may gradually be shifted to a ration that is less complicated at that time.

Dairy Notes

It does not pay to feed good cow rations that are not well balanced.

Drinking water for the calves should have the chill removed.

The proper cleaning of the separator after each separation is of great importance.

Some cows are slow to "give down" and for them the massaging or manipulation of the udder that is inevitable in the process of washing is especially useful.

Every dairy farmer should provide himself with a milkhouse to be used exclusively for the handling of milk and milk products. In building a milkhouse, do not place it too near the stable.

Pumpkins are a good feed for dairy cows. One ton of pumpkins is equal in feeding value to about 400 pounds of mixed hay or 800 pounds of corn silage. This includes the seeds with the pumpkins.

The bureau of dairy industry says that milk produced by sterile cows that are otherwise in good health is just as good as milk produced by other cows as long as it is normal in appearance and flavor.

One of the greatest sources of sour milk and low-grade dairy products is the unsterilized utensil. The tiny bacteria that cause souring, off flavor, and sometimes sickness, grow very fast on the moist surfaces of unsterilized pails, strainers, cans, etc.

ATWATER KENT RADIO

"I know that man—
that is exactly the
way he talks"

SHE was listening to a demonstration of an Atwater Kent. Turning the FULL-VISION Dial from one station to another, suddenly she heard the voice of a friend she had not seen for years. She listened eagerly. It was "exactly the way he talked."

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Model 40 (Electric) \$81

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Solid mahogany cabinets. Panels finished in gold. Full-vision Dial. Model 48, \$53; Model 49, extra-powerful, \$72. Prices do not include tubes or batteries.

Both Naked.
The archdeacon of Nottingham was taking a fling at the younger generation. "They are quite beyond me," he admitted, "and their lack of reverence is appalling. Very soon I think I shall have to put a sign on the door of the ministry reading:

"Men, take your hats off; women, put your skirts on."—Los Angeles Times.

An Object Before Him
Henry—You will never get the dog to mind you, my dear.
The Mrs.—I will with patience. You were just as troublesome yourself at first.

He Knew
"I find the old jokes very popular."
"Yes, they're new to some, to others they're old friends."

Garfield Tea

Was Your Grandmother's Remedy

For every stomach and intestinal ail. This good old-fashioned herb home remedy for constipation, stomach ills and other derangements of the system so prevalent these days is in even greater favor as a family medicine than in your grandmother's day.

It keeps some lazy people busy to invent excuses.

For Colds -



How many people you know end their colds with Bayer Aspirin! And how often you've heard of its prompt relief of sore throat or tonsillitis. No wonder millions take it for colds, neuralgia, rheumatism; and the aches and pains that go with them. The wonder is that anyone still worries through a winter without these tablets! They relieve quickly, yet have no effect whatever on the heart. Friends have told you Bayer Aspirin is marvelous; doctors have declared it harmless. Every druggist has it, with proven directions. Why not put it to the test?

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