

SHOES TAKE ON IMPORTANCE; GIRLS' "DRESS-UP" ENSEMBLES

IT IS all very well to talk about shoes to match every costume, but it is far more clever and takes greater ingenuity to select shoes that are smart and appropriate with several different ensembles. For the woman of average income this shoe problem becomes increasingly difficult as each new season brings forth greater variety in color and material.

The four shoes pictured are suggested as a safe choice for the wardrobe.



Showing the Mode in Shoes.

robe of the woman who does not wish to buy models for every costume.

First in the picture is a tailored pump with solid leather "high-low" heel. It is of the type known as town and country—as smart for mornings in town as for the weekend in the country. It is in brown tweed trimmed with calfskin to match, and the pouch bag is in the same materials. These accessories may be worn with tweed costumes, leather coats and knitted ensembles as well as suits and coats in plain wools.

More formal in character because it has a leather-covered rather than a solid leather heel is the suede two-strap shown below to the left in either brown or black trimmed with matching calfskin. It might be well to mention, however, that the solid leather heel is definitely "in" again, and is made two lifts higher than it used to be, as quite a distinguishing mark. This suede model takes the place of the tweed shoe in the wardrobe of the woman who does not need a "special" shoe. It is not suitable for every occasion, lacking the swagger sports lines of the tweed styles and the extremely formal effect of the model with higher heel. It should be worn, however, with brown or black fur coats, and is smart with cloth coats in the new winter colors.

Glazed python is second only to suede in shoe fashion, and the pump

perfect complements to flat crepe and velvet afternoon frocks, and look well with coats of fur or cloth.

As much attention is being directed to the ensemble theme in the juvenile realm as in that of grownups. Not only do the shops emphasize the matching idea, but mothers who make their children's clothes are given every encouragement in the working out of interesting ensemble schemes.

Many who sew at home have every

FOR THE CLINGING VINES

(By D. J. Walsh.)

THERE were new neighbors in the old Burgin house. Mrs. Lull and Mrs. Rose were delighted for they lived on either side of the old Burgin house. Miss Lee and Mrs. Lake were delighted because they lived across the street. Nothing is dearer to contemplate than an empty house and the old Burgin house had stood untenanted so long that, as Mrs. Rose expressed it, it had got on her nerves.

The new neighbors were sisters, Misses Ella and Lillian Dorr, a bit elderly, blond, gentle and appealing in their soft black clothes. Their mother had recently died at the age of eighty, their old home had been sold and they had come to live in the old Burgin house for the rest of their lives. They brought with them some lovely old furniture, a large palm and a yellow kitten.

Mrs. Rose became quite enthusiastic about them. So did Mrs. Lull. Mrs. Lake invited them to join the neighborhood club and Miss Lee had them in to dinner. In return the Dorr proved sociable and lively. Evenings their windows blazed with inviting lights. For that matter if anybody cared to run in of a morning she found instant welcome.

One noon Miss Lillian knocked at Mrs. Rose's door.

"I am so sorry to disturb your lunch," she began breathlessly, "but can Mr. Rose just step over and see what's wrong with the range to make it smoke so?"

Now Mr. Rose was a stout genial man who let his active little wife look after the kitchen range and everything else in the establishment. He had never so much as driven a nail in his own house. But he went over at Lillian's request. When he came back his shirt was black, his face and hands smudged and his neat trousers ruined. He had had to take the stovepipe down. Yet he didn't grumble so much as Mrs. Rose expected.

A few days later he was called upon again—to get a hornet's nest off the gable of the house. Ellen was horribly afraid of hornets. Stout as he was Mr. Rose climbed to the highest peak and destroyed the gray paper pendant. Before he got down he had been stung twice by the angry insects. For two days his nose was a sight.

"I don't feel a bit reluctant to call on Mr. Rose for assistance," said Lillian to Mrs. Rose. "He is so kind and obliging. How good it must be for you to have a man in the house that will relieve you of all such disagreeable tasks!"

Mrs. Rose said nothing. That morning in desperation she had asked her husband to stick a few shingles in a leaky place on the porch roof and he had been too busy. Whereupon she had climbed up and done the job herself. At this moment she was nursing a bruised finger.

When the yellow kitten strayed into the top of a high tree and would not come down Mr. Rose shinned up at the risk of his life and rescued pussy for the Dorr. The strange part of it was he made no complaint.

"You've got to be neighborly," he said.

"While you're in the mood to climb I wish you'd fix my pulley clothes-line," Mrs. Rose said with an unusual tang in her bright voice.

Mr. Rose looked at her startled. But, as usual, he bent a retreat.

"That's the hardware man's business," he said.

Mrs. Rose had reached that point of exasperation where she began to feel resentful toward the gentle Dorr. The women of the neighborhood were not clinging vines; they built their own fires, even shoveled their own walks, that the tired business husbands could have more leisure. These same husbands who were so helpless at home were continually at the beck and call of the dependent Dorr. There was always some little difficulty at the Dorr house which needed a man's superior strength and wisdom. When Ella caught a mouse in her humane trap she brought it to Mr. Rose to chloroform, which he did in spite of his wife's jeers of amusement.

The gentle Dorr were becoming a nuisance. Mrs. Rose, however, kept her wits to herself. Every time Mr. Rose got his feet off the ground she expected that heavy and clumsy as he was, he would fall and injure himself. She worried about him and began to have nightmares in which she saw him lying mangled before her—a victim of chivalry.

She was peacefully washing her supper dishes, thankful that Mr. Rose was not available even if the Misses Dorr should call upon him when Mrs. Lull came running in with a white, stricken face.

"You've got a phone, Helen! Call doctor—quick!" she cried.

Mrs. Rose obeyed without a question.

"He'll be up in a few minutes," she said. "What's the matter, Julia, what's happened?"

"John has had a bad fall," moaned Mrs. Lull, and was running away when Mrs. Rose caught her hand and ran with her.

Jed Lake and Billy Lee had got Mr. Lull into his own house. He had climbed up to saw a limb off the apple tree at the behest of the Dorr. The ladder had slipped and he had gone down with a crash.

The doctor came. Mr. Lull was

bruised, but not broken—close call, he decided. The Misses Dorr were smitten with anguish. They sent guava jelly, flowers and broth. Meanwhile four women of the neighborhood met in consultation.

"If those women don't get a man of their own pretty soon we won't have a husband left!" declared Mrs. Lake. "Ever since Jim came near having blood poison in his hand where he was bit by that cat he was trying to rescue he's fought shy of them. Now here's poor John Lull, with next thing to a broken back. I think we ought to say or do something."

"What can we say or do?" sighed Miss Lee. "Billy won't hear a word about them. This morning Lillian came over to get him to exterminate a snake about six inches long—he went. And I can't get him to feed the chickens!"

The neighborly conclave became in the end something of an indignation meeting.

"I propose we women go on strike," cried pink-cheeked Mrs. Lake. "Let's pretend we're clinging vines ourselves and let our men folks see how they like it."

"My dear," said Mrs. Rose, "it wouldn't work. I am sure of it. There is nothing we can do but—endure."

A week passed. Mrs. Lull was up again though slightly lame. Since the disaster the Dorr had been gently inconspicuous.

Then one day they were seen to be entertaining a visitor—a thin elderly man who seemed very active about the premises. Lillian came over to explain to Mrs. Rose.

"He is Ella's fiance," she said. "We have known Mr. Bixby always. We lived neighbors and he was so kind to us when dear mother was alive. He was going through the town and stopped off to see us. We were lucky—ing down some hauled—Ella bruised her finger—he stayed to help us. Before the hauled was done, Mrs. Rose, he had asked Ella to marry him! They are going to be married quietly at the minister's this morning with a small reception afterward—all quite informal. We want you to come—we want all our neighbors to come. You have all been so sweet and dear to us. But, oh, Mrs. Rose, I am so thankful that we are at last going to have a man of our own in the house!"

The reception that evening was a great success. The neighbors joined together and bought a fine gift for the bride. After that Mr. Bixby climbed ladders, rescued the yellow tabby and cleaned chimneys for the clinging vines. The men of the neighborhood were allowed to go their way unmolested.

Blind Men Comforted With Pipes and Radio

Contrary to the general belief that no one enjoys smoking if he cannot see the smoke, most blind men love to smoke—whether pipe, cigar or cigarette. In the club rooms of the Bourne boarding house for the blind a man may drop into a comfortable chair in a room which, although he cannot see, he knows is long, softly lighted, with sturdy tables and a genial, quiet atmosphere. He may have a Braille book in his hand or some one may be reading aloud.

There is a piano in one corner of the smoking room, on which some of the sightless men play snatches of popular music which they have picked up by ear as they tapped their way along the street, bits of songs which have filtered from the confusion of sound which comes to them. One or two of the men can read the Braille music books, in which the notes are, like the alphabet, tiny bumps and dots. But usually the Braille music books lie untouched, because the fingers of the blind, sensitive though they are, find it difficult to translate the measures into music without long gaps between "reading" the notes and finding the keys.

Radio music is so much easier. In the cheerful room from early evening the radio throws a gay pattern of audible color on the dark screen of the sightless eyes. Tiny dots are sometimes put on the dial to indicate different favorite stations.

But not only do these blind men keep up on current music. They know the news of the day. Every Tuesday evening a reader comes to the club rooms to read aloud to the men who want to listen—magazines, the daily papers, the best sellers of the month. A vote is taken on the book which is to be kept going. The majority prevails.

For the daily news the person who is reading aloud sketches rapidly through the headlines. When some one wants the whole of the story whose headlines have sounded interesting this is read through.—New York World.

What Is the Ego?

When I lift my hand eight inches and turn a leaf of the novel I am reading, I put into operation more forces than science will ever explain. Indeed, they are so numerous and in effable that science will never complete the mere listing of them. The human intellect cannot know much about the mysteries that are in the action of a muscle. All our philosophers, after twenty-five centuries of ardent analysis, cannot determine whether I resolve to turn the leaf or whether "I" is just a name for the joint action of some neuronic forces.

Our psychologists have no conception of what an "I" is. So nothing can be said of the origin of this motion of my arm. It simply appeared from a region as unexplored as heaven.—From "Exploring the Universe," by Henshaw Ward.



FOUR O'CLOCK

One, two, three, four struck the clock. But the fourth strike had not been sounded before the door bell rang and little Elaine shouted:

"Here they come! Here they come!"

It was at four o'clock that she was expecting her friends to come and see her.

They were going to play "house" and they were going to play "Hunt the thimble," and they were going to play "Still-pond-no-more-moving," and then they were going to have a lovely big tea.

Just as she was opening the door to let in her friends Orrie and Anna who had brought their dolls along, too, up the front path came the other friends who had been invited—Betty and Jane.

"I'm so glad you've all come," cried Elaine delightedly. And all her friends were glad to receive such a fine welcome.

"We're all so glad we've come, too," they said.

They took off their things then and went into the library of Elaine's daddy where they began to play.

They each chose one of the great big chairs in the room for a house and each went behind the chair with their dolls which they had brought.

Back of the big red leather chair Orrie had her two dolls and worsted cat.

Back of the big brown leather chair Anna had her two beloved dolls Viva and Charles—such good and handsome doll children.

Back of the red leather chair which was not quite so large as the chair where Orrie had her "house" Elaine



had her toys, and back of another slightly smaller brown leather chair Jane had her toys.

One would decide that she would be at home and then the others would come and call on her.

"Good afternoon," said Jane to Orrie. They had decided that Orrie would be the hostess for the time being.

"Good afternoon," said Orrie. "Good afternoon," said Betty. "Good afternoon," said Anna.

"Good afternoon," said the dolls and the worsted cat in their make-believe voices.

They had a most beautiful time playing house.

Not only did they call on each other and talk about what their children were doing, and how they were getting along in their lessons, but they kept arranging and rearranging their "houses."

Then they had a surprise for each other at every call.

For example Anna would call on Orrie and she would say:

"Dear me, so you've moved the chair. What an improvement, my dear, what a great improvement."

"It makes the room look larger. And somehow it makes the room look brighter."

Then Orrie would say:

"Just what I thought, my dear, and I am so glad that you agree with me."

They had supper later on, and then the ones who had to go home packed up their things and left, but it had been a lovely little party and every one enjoyed it.

Even the worsted cat had had a good time, so you may know it was a very lovely party.

Reason for Alarm

A friend's little boy, aged only four, was serving as ring bearer at a large and elaborate wedding. The ring had been fastened to the satin pillow by a loose stitch and the little fellow had been warned by his mother to be careful with it.

Consequently, when the minister removed the ring, little Wilfred cried out, "Oh, mudder, the man is taking the ring!"

Who George Was

George and Roger Brown, respectively five and two, often have their names mentioned together. Therefore, when the new neighbor inquired who he was, it was natural that George should think of his brother. He replied: "I am the Brown children."

Baby's Name

A new baby had arrived in the home of a friend. Little Gene, three years old, was insistent upon knowing what the baby's name was. His mother said: "Oh—it's just baby."

"I know," said little Gene, "but what's his name if he gets lost?"



DAIRY FARMER OF FUTURE IS ALIVE

Will Not Permit Cow to Eat Up Profits of Another.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

The dairy farmer of the future will own a modern farmhouse. He will be supported by a high-producing herd of well-bred dairy cattle, which will be fed largely from luxuriant, home-grown crops, raised on well-tilled fertile soil. In short, the dairy farmer of the future will know how to live better and will live up to the best that he knows. That is the prophecy of J. C. McDowell, of the bureau of dairy industry, United States Department of Agriculture.

"The dairy farmer of today is progressive," he says, "but in many cases he is passively progressive. He knows what to do but he does not always do it. The farmer of the future will never allow one cow to eat up the profits another cow is making. He will allow only high-producing and profitable dairy cows on his fertile farm."

"At the present time the average dairy herd produces about 180 pounds of butterfat a year per cow. The time will come when our dairy herds will double that production. This, however, will not result in overproduction of dairy products, because we shall then keep fewer and better cows. By doubling the average production per cow, it is possible to triple the average income over cost of feed. Thus the dairy farmer will make more money."

"But why do dairy farmers want more money? They want it in order that they and their families may have a better living, which includes better homes and better schools. The time is coming when our dairy farmers and their families are going to have not only a good living and the advantages of the open country but also many of the opportunities and conveniences that are now enjoyed by the people of the cities."

Washing Udder Helpful in Stimulating Yield

When cows are stabled much of the time the udders and rear quarters usually become more or less soiled. This can be prevented in a measure by clipping the long hair around those parts but even then frequent washing is necessary.

If the best quality milk is to be produced the udder should be washed before each milking. One man should go through the barn with a soft cloth and a pail of warm water doing this just before milking is started.

Such a plan not only insures cleanliness but it induces the cow to let her milk down more freely so that when the milker comes to her the udder is ready for the process of milking. 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.

Sterilizing Utensils Is Recommended for Dairy

Utensils such as cans and pails may be sterilized by inverting them over a steam jet, although this system is not to be recommended for general farm use. The effectiveness of the jet will depend upon the size of the opening through which the steam is ejected, and the length of time the utensils are steamed. It usually requires about a half a minute to steam a ten-gallon can thoroughly if the steam-gauge pressure is 20 to 25 pounds. If a steam jet is used, the utensils should be steamed until they are too hot to handle with the bare hands. After treatment in this manner, they will become dry from their own heat if placed right side up and uncovered for a few minutes before they are inverted on the rack.

Grading Up Dairy Herd by Using Pure-Bred Sire

At what rate will a grade animal be "bred up" by the use of a pure-bred sire and the resulting offspring of each cross? The offspring from the first cross of a pure-bred sire on a grade female will be 50 per cent grade and 50 per cent pure-bred. This offspring then bred to a pure-bred sire will produce an offspring whose make-up is 25 per cent grade and 75 per cent pure-bred. By continuously repeating this operation, the grade blood will theoretically be bred out, though for registration such an animal can never become eligible. In the seventh generation the animal will be 93.219 per cent pure-bred.

Marketing Crops

On most dairy farms quite a large part of the crops grown are marketed through cows. The kind of crops grown and the way these are fed have a lot to do with their ultimate value when marketed as dairy products. It is true, of course, that the kind of cow fed has much to do with establishing the value of the feed used but the right kind of skill in feeding cows avoids the sending of good crops to market through poor cows.

Dorothy's Mother Proves Claim

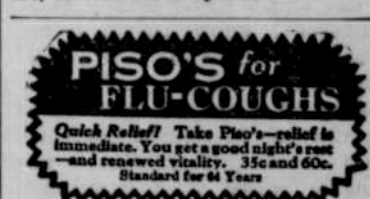


Children don't ordinarily take to medicine but here's one that all of them love. Perhaps it shouldn't be called a medicine at all. It's more like a rich, concentrated food. It's pure, wholesome, sweet to the taste and sweet in your child's little stomach. It builds up and strengthens weak, puny, underweight children, makes them eat heartily, brings the roses back to their cheeks, makes them playful, energetic, full of life. And no bilious, headachy, constipated, feverish, fretful baby or child ever failed to respond to the gentle influence of California Fig Syrup on their little bowels. It starts lazy bowels quick, cleans them out thoroughly, tones and strengthens them so they continue to act normally, of their own accord.

Millions of mothers know about California Fig Syrup from experience. A Western mother, Mrs. J. G. Moore, 119 Cliff Ave., San Antonio, Texas, says: "California Fig Syrup is certainly all that's claimed for it. I have proved that with my little Dorothy. She was a bottle baby and very delicate. Her bowels were weak. I started her on Fig Syrup when she was a few months old and it regulated her, quick. I have used it with her ever since for colds and every little set-back and her wonderful condition tells better than words how it helps."

Don't be imposed on. See that the Fig Syrup you buy bears the name, "California" so you'll get the genuine, famous for 50 years.

Quick Relief! Take Pileo's relief is immediate. You get a good night's rest and renewed vitality. 35c and 60c. Standard for 50 Years.



Music for Bengal Pupils

Bengal has just accepted that music is part of education and culture, and the Bengal government is preparing a comprehensive plan for introducing Indian music in the schools. At a conference of musical experts recently held at Calcutta, a program was prepared for submission to the government.

Attend the Party In Spite of Cold!

Don't despair some day your social calendar is full, and you awake with a miserable cold. Be rid of it by noon! You can, if you know the secret: Pape's Cold Compound soon settles any cold, yes, even one that has reached deep in the throat or lungs.—Adv.

Overrated

The Freshman—Why does Frogmore always put the letters "Jr." after his name?

The Senior—That's an abbreviation of "Junior."

The Freshman—But he's no Junior. He's only a soph.—Detroit News.



Makes Life Sweeter

Next time a coated tongue, fetid breath, or acid skin gives evidence of sour stomach—try Phillips Milk of Magnesia!

Get acquainted with this perfect antacid that helps the system keep sound and sweet. Take it whenever a hearty meal brings any discomfort.

Phillips Milk of Magnesia has won medical endorsement. And convinced millions of men and women they didn't "suffer" just remember Phillips. Pleasant to take, and always effective. The name Phillips is important: It identifies the genuine product. "Milk of Magnesia" has been the U. S. registered trademark of the Charles H. Phillips Chemical Co. and its predecessor Charles H. Phillips since 1875.

PHILLIPS Milk of Magnesia

How to Avoid INFLUENZA

Colds Nothing you can do will so effectively protect you against colds, influenza or grippe as keeping your organs of digestion and elimination active and your system free from poisonous accumulations. Nature's Remedy (NR) Tablets do more than merely cause pleasant and easy bowel action. It tones and strengthens the system, increasing resistance against disease and infection.

Get a 50c Box at Your Druggist's

NR TO-NIGHT

Nifty Costume for a Little Girl.

and matching bag pictured above to the right feature these leathers to advantage. This pump, asymmetric in line, supplements the suede models with high heels, and because of its material is even more the model for dress wear than the latter.

The new elegance characteristic of this season's styles creates the need for such shoes as the suede model with narrow strap, which concludes this group. It comes in dark blue, black, brown or bottle green suede with strapings and insets of matching lizard. These suede models are

frocks for grownups, and they make equally as modish an appearance of "dressy" dresses for little girls. The ones in the picture are handsome Irish crochets.

As to the dainty chapeau which this winsome little miss is wearing. It is made of the same navy blue chiffon velvet as that of the frock. The crown has a bias piece gathered about a circle of the velvet. The flare brim is faced with pale pink georgette which is cleverly shirred.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY

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