

ACCESSORIES SHOULD MATCH; ADD BOWS, SUBTRACT SLEEVES

FROM simplest dressmaker and milliner to most exalted couturiere and modiste, from bootmaker to handbag specialist, jeweler, glove-maker and scarf designer, the whole world of fashionists have gone matchmaking. This idea of matching this, that and the other of costume accessories has added a very zestful and exciting note to the apparel program. Not only are the stylists who set the mode challenged to play up their most intrigu-

May flowers" fancy lightly turns to thoughts of that which is soon to follow—vacation days. And thoughts of vacation are always largely attended with meditations on "what to wear." Which leads up to the wherefore of the picturing herewith of this very dainty flowery little frock. It is a typical summer-day dress. Just the thing to wear where skys are bluest, and sunshine, green fields and flower-strewn paths say "Come!" It



Mode Calls for Matched Accessories

ing creative talents, but the clientele which they serve are inspired to make of shopping an art. For with fashion's demand for a "perfect match" no longer can a woman who would dress successfully buy casually or impulsively this and that which happens to strike her fancy. Rather must she cultivate to a nicety the study of color values and related design, in order to exercise that fine discrimination in her selections such as will so correlate her attire that each costume will stand out unified and individualized.

The matching vogue plays no favorites. Accessories are expected to match whether the costume be the simplest sort for sportswear or for the street ensemble, or for resplendent evening attire.

In the picture are shown several intriguing "sets." The felt hat banded with the identical silk print of the large kerchief scarf which is knotted nonchalantly about the shoulders presents an appealing idea—especially when the gay print is in vivid tone.

The newest thing in scarfs is the narrow long kind, such as the one sketched with the matching pocket-book in this illustration. A combina-

tion such as this gives tone to any street costume. Shoes-to-match is the latest hobby of the mode—which means that fashionable shoes are this season made of any thing from straw or designful cotton prints to the most exquisite silks and novelty fabrics. The pocketbook and shoes circled in the upper right corner of the picture are handsome embroidered crepe de chine.

Now that April has fulfilled the traditional promise to "bring forth

ing their beauty. Gay print volles, creases, dimities and handkerchief linen make up a goodly part of modish washable fabrics which, being sheer lend themselves admirably to the soft "dressmaker styling" now so much in vogue. Hand embroidery on thin materials finds favor with the mode this season, which to the woman skilled in needlecraft means "opportunity knocking at the door."

JULIA BOTTOMLEY
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The Kitchen Cabinet

(© 1929, Western Newspaper Union.)

Even in ordinary life the unselfish people are the happiest—those who work to make others happy and who forget themselves. The dissatisfied people are those who are seeking happiness for themselves.—Brent.

SOME GOOD CAKES

Take one-third of a cupful of shortening, one cupful of brown sugar, one and one-half cupful of granulated sugar, two eggs, one-half cupful of cold coffee, one cupful of raisins, one-eighth teaspoonful of salt, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, three-fourths teaspoonful of cinnamon, and one-fourth teaspoonful each of nutmeg and clove. Put all into a bowl together and beat until a smooth batter is made. Bake in a dripping pan or in two layers. Use whipped cream or any desired filling.

Modern Pound Cake.—Take one cupful of sugar, two-thirds cupful of shortening, four eggs, one-half teaspoonful each of vanilla and lemon extract, one tablespoonful of milk, one and one-third cupfuls of flour, one-half teaspoonful of baking powder and one-third of a teaspoonful of salt. Cream together the shortening and sugar, add the eggs one at a time and beat well, then add the extracts, sift the dry ingredients and add them to the first mixture with the milk. Bake in a medium-sized cake pan which has been lightly greased.

Fudge Cake.—Take three squares of chocolate melted over hot water. Add one-half cupful of milk, mixed with one egg yolk, stir and cook until it thickens. Stir into this one cupful of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of butter, add vanilla for flavoring and then add one-eighth cupful of flour sifted with one-eighth teaspoonful of salt, then add another cupful of milk. Beat well and add three-fourths of a teaspoonful of soda dissolved in one teaspoonful of boiling water and the egg white beaten stiff. Bake in a medium-sized dripping pan for forty minutes in a moderate oven.

Rich Sponge Cake.—Cream one-half cupful of shortening with one cupful of sugar, add the grated rind of half a lemon, the juice and the yolks of three eggs. Sift together one and one-half cupfuls of flour, one-fourth teaspoonful each of soda and salt, add alternately to the first mixture with the whites of the eggs beaten stiff added lastly. Bake in small muffin pans twenty to twenty-five minutes in a moderate oven.

Chocolate Cake.—Cream three-fourths of a cupful of shortening with two cupfuls of sugar, then add three unbeaten eggs one at a time and beat well. Measure two and one-half cupfuls of sifted flour, with two teaspoonfuls of baking powder and one teaspoonful of salt; add alternately with one cupful of milk, mix well and add four squares of melted chocolate. Beat well and bake in a moderate oven for one hour.

A Few Tid Bits.

The unusual always appeals to the average appetite. Anything out of the ordinary will be tried once by most people.

Sauerkraut and Carrot Salad.—Wash and scrape eight new carrots, then put through a meat chopper, add two cupfuls of sauerkraut, one cupful of cream dressing, one-half cupful of halves of English walnuts; mix and serve on lettuce.

California Mock Duck.—Take one and one-half pounds of steak from the flank, pound it well. Brown quickly on both sides in a hot frying pan. Mix other seasonings as follows: One cupful of chopped prunes, one and one-half cupfuls of crumbs, one beaten egg, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one-eighth teaspoonful of pepper, one teaspoonful of lemon juice and small pieces of suet. Roll and tie. Lay pieces of suet over the top, place in a roasting pan, add hot water and bake one hour. Thicken the gravy and serve.

One of the new discoveries which will be available where the papaya is grown is that the leaves wrapped around a piece of meat for an hour or two will soften the fiber and make it more tender. It would seem that a piece of the leaf added to the meat while cooking would help, too.

Red Star Inn Sauerkraut.—Place the kraut on the heat with enough of the liquor to cover. Add a ham bone and a few sliced onions, cook for an hour. Add enough grated potato to thicken slightly; a few juniper berries and caraway seeds may be added while cooking to enrich the flavor.

Sliced Lemon Pie.—Grate the rind of one lemon, peel the white part from one and one-half lemons and slice the pulp very thin, discarding the seeds. Beat two eggs until light, add one and one-fourth cupfuls of sugar, the grated rind, one-fourth cupful of water, one tablespoonful of melted butter and one-eighth teaspoonful of salt; add the lemon slices and bake between two crusts.

With milk so important, green leaves come next as one of the protective foods.

Nellie Maxwell

HENRY'S HOMECOMING PERFECT

(© by D. J. Walsh.)

THE Ladies' Aid society of the Middleton Methodist church was in a high state of excitement. They had appointed themselves the committee to arrange for the dinner on the occasion of Henry Brewster's visit to his home town on Thursday—Henry Brewster, president of the M., L. & M. railroad, the Henry Brewster they had known as a boy, born and brought up in Middleton, but who had left there twenty-five years ago to seek his fortune. The townspeople of Middleton still claimed him for their own and had followed his brilliant career faithfully. They had named the park down by the depot Brewster park, for had not Henry Brewster's railroad brought Middleton out of the shadows? And now he was coming home—just for a few hours, it is true, but nevertheless, Middleton was preparing to receive her illustrious son!

The good ladies of the "Aid" were assembled in the Sunday school room.

"Of course—soup and chicken," said Mrs. Ezra Miller, president of the "Aid," and ten voices echoed, "soup and chicken."

"William says they have new fancy olives down at the store and we can send to Davisburg for hearts of celery, also salted almonds. I'll bring over my currant jelly and sweet cucumber pickles," volunteered Mrs. Annie Smithers, "and I'll make the salad dressing for the cabbage salad."

"Mashed potatoes, gravy . . . and maybe some scalloped potatoes . . . more tasty, don't you think? 'n' squash, hot biscuit, some clover honey, maybe. I remember Henry was fond of it as a boy . . ."

"Mince pie 'n' pumpkin pie with whipped cream and coffee . . ."

Libbie Adams, Middleton's "old maid," bent her head over her sewing. Libbie was one of the "Aid's" most active members, but today she had remained silent.

"Seems you should take a little interest in Henry's coming," spoke up Mrs. Adams. "You used to be such good friends, sweethearts almost, raised together as you were, Libbie."

"You haven't left me much to say," replied Libbie dryly. "Dinner all planned, banners and town hall—parade—speeches—I haven't had much to say in planning for Henry."

"Well, you might say the plans are satisfactory. It's no small matter, an affair like this, especially for a big man like Henry."

"That's just it. If I had anything to say about it, I would make it a home affair. A good dinner right down in this dining room of the church he attended as a boy, forget all the fuss and feathers. I'm in favor of letting Henry forget he is a rich man, the president of the railroad, a personage. I'd do away with the speeches and banners and fussing; just remind him he is home again among old friends, and forget the chicken and hearts of celery and fancy olives."

"What! Not have chicken?"

"Oh, have it your own way, folks, but I knew Henry Brewster better than all the rest of you. We both lived with my Aunt Minnie for eleven years after his folks died. Don't change your plans. He will appreciate it."

"But not have—chicken," repeated Mrs. Miller incredulously.

"Henry probably eats chicken every day of his life. Chicken isn't a treat for city folks. But as I said, just go on . . ."

"But what could we have—if not chicken?"

Libbie continued to sew, and there was silence for a moment.

"Pears like maybe Libbie is right," spoke up timid little Mrs. Potter. "I presume he does have chicken at all those banquets and such. But I can remember when he used to come here to the church socials—how he would eat! Pears like Libbie may be right."

The "Aid" turned to Libbie expectantly. "Well, suppose you tell us what you have in mind, Libbie," said Mrs. Adams briskly and a trifle sourly. Mrs. Adams was not accustomed to having her plans questioned. "We haven't much time. Here it is Monday and Henry coming Thursday."

Libbie Adams folded her sewing and placed her thimble in its case and wound up a spool of thread. Then she spoke:

"I didn't mean to have you change your plans, folks, but you asked me 'n' I told you. Now, if you will let me take over the dinner for Henry, I'll do it. I'll get everything ready, do the buying and all that and you can settle afterward, but Henry's dinner—won't be—expensive. I am going to give him what he used to say was 'the best meal under the sun and moon.' I can just hear him say it."

As they were about to disband, Libbie added:

"You folks come down here about eleven and see that the table is all right and fix the flowers and all that. I am glad it is fall so we can have asters. Henry used to be so fond of asters and had a bed of them right alongside of the path to the barn."

One by one the ladies of the "Aid" came down the stairs of the church that Thursday morning, sniffed, stopped, sniffed again, advanced another step, stopped and stood still! And then in a chorus, a despairing

chorus, they spoke just two words:

"Sauer kraut!"

Libbie Adams was bending over the stove, her face flushed prettily with the heat. Six juicy elderberry pies, steaming hot, were lined up on the table. She laughed at the dismayed faces before her. Then she bent over and opened the oven door. Two great baking pails, the largest to be found in Middleton, held Henry Brewster's dinner. Sauerkraut and spareribs!

"I'm mixing up the dumplings now," she informed them. "The biscuits are in the oven and the coffee is ready. Will you put the cream on the table—and the flowers? It is train time now and the men have gone to meet Henry. Well! What's the matter. You look scared to death!"

The president of the M., L. & M. railroad laughed like a boy as he came down the stairs into the basement dining room of the church.

"By George! It takes me back to the days when I was a kid. Never ate such good things in my life as we had down here at those church suppers." He stopped short. "What—do—I—smell? Not sauerkraut! Don't tell me—sauerkraut—I can never stand the disappointment if it happens—to-be chicken! Not sauerkraut—honest? By George!"

He sat at the head of the table surrounded by his old friends. His face was radiant. The minister asked grace and out in the hot kitchen Libbie Adams bent her head, her hands pressed tight to her breast. Then she and Mrs. Miller picked up the great steaming platters and entered the dining room. Henry Brewster looked up, pushed back his chair, and rose to his feet. He took the platter from Libbie's hands, deposited it carefully on the table, and then turned and held both her hands in his.

"Libbie, my old friend—my chum . . . you make this homecoming perfect! I have been thinking about you all these years . . . have wanted to come back . . . and now I am—home. Those years have been kind to you, Libbie . . . and we will talk about the ones to come after we have had dinner . . . and there is room right here by me—for you."

An hour later he pushed back his pie plate and leaned back contentedly in his chair.

"The homecoming—perfect! Home town . . . home folks . . . best meal under the sun and moon . . . sauerkraut and elderberry pie . . . and Libbie Adams right here beside me again . . ."

Good Health Maxims Found in Gypsy Lore

A codification of the rules of health, so modern in its spirit that it would appear to have been prepared by present-day scientists, has been found in gypsy lore more than 2,500 years old. The American Magazine, publishing these gypsy health rules for the first time in English, recommends them to the consideration of all who seek physical normalcy.

The gypsy health doctrine is based on the fundamental theory that there is no more dangerous sickness than sadness. As a matter of fact, the gypsy language has no word for "sick." Instead of saying, "He is sick unto death," the gypsy says, "He is sad unto death."

In the gypsy code, happiness means health. A modern scientist, commenting on this ancient health rule, says: "It is only recently that science has discovered that the gastric juices are influenced by the mental condition of the individual, and that food wetted with tears is like poison to the body; that the quality of the food is not half so important as the mental condition of the eater. The gypsy, it appears, has known this for thousands of years."

Investigators for the magazine, studying the gypsy application of these health rules, report: "It is a well-known fact that gypsies eat foods that would kill any white man, yet when a gypsy is not hungry he cannot be made to eat even a morsel. The gypsy wonders that we can eat when we are not hungry, or drink when we are not thirsty; he wonders that we can remain alive after doing so."

One of the gypsy health rules says: "The poison is not in the food; it is in the mouth of the eater."

Plea for Rights of Child

The "child's bill of rights" is the aim of the American Child Health association. "The ideal to which we should strive is that there shall be no child in America that has not been born under proper conditions; that does not live in hygienic surroundings; that ever suffers undernourishment; that does not have prompt and efficient medical attention and inspection; that does not receive primary instructions in the elements of hygiene and good health; that has not the complete birthright of a sound mind in a sound body; that has not the encouragement to express in fullest measure the spirit within, which is the final endowment of every human being."

Mendelssohn's Greatness

Mendelssohn advanced and widened the field of philosophy and criticism by his original and productive work. He was a bright star in the realm of philosophy, and many great men that rose later used him, not only as a source of knowledge, but also as a source of inspiration. He was inspired with a holy and pure zeal for deeper knowledge and for truth.

As a German philosopher, he was the first to write in a clear style and in an excellent language many important philosophic problems. He formed the basis of philosophic and esthetic criticism in Germany.—Boston Herald.

Value of High Training
Figures compiled by the chemistry department of the University of Wisconsin show that industry is daily showing a greater appreciation of men who have been educated in the higher branches of science. Since the World War 56 out of 100 persons who received the degree or doctor of philosophy in that department at Wisconsin have gone into industrial work. Previously, since 1899 when the first degree of the kind was given by the department, only eight persons had entered the ranks of industry.

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W. N. U., PORTLAND, NO. 20-1929.

Are Thin Men Smarter?
Do thin men have the most brains? Recent investigations at Lafayette college, Easton Pa., seems to answer "yes." It was found that those who were underweight stood higher in their studies than those who were normal or overweight. The study was made under supervision of Prof. H. E. Brown, director of physical education. —Popular Science Monthly.

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