

NEW HATS HIDE MILADY'S HAIR; PEPLUM ADDS SPRIGHTLY LINES



PAGE the beauty doctors, please! The summons is urgent. 'Tis a special call from fashion's clientele for "facials," for be it through the steaming and massaging process or how, brows must be unfurrowed, without a wrinkle else the picture of the new hats which reveal the forehead so uncompromisingly, this season, will be marred.

Ours is not to question why fashion insists on putting our features so severely to the test in introducing hats which allow not a wisp of hair to soften the effect. It is enough for us to know that in the name of "style" we must accept. Of course, for those who are young, these petite chapeaux which cut so uncompromisingly across the forehead are perfectly charming, but for women who have reached years of discretion—well as said before, the beauty parlor is the one resort, for there are all women made youthful and lovely these days.

Anyway this much can be said of the new forehead-revealing hats, while they may not always prove entirely flattering they possess to a high degree that other element, that elusive something, which really counts for more than mere prettiness nowadays—smartness, chic, style or that which by any other name leads to distinction.

A quartet of brow-revealing types make up the millinery group in this picture. The first hat is rose beige felt cut and slashed and generally manipulated as only a milliner who knows "lines" would dare to do. The front of the brim is cut away as if to more decidedly emphasize, through pliant detailing, the width of the sides and back.

The "placid brow" is set off to perfection by the little hat to the right.



A Handsome Evening Dress.

This youthful and very smart become effect is of black soieil with black galyak fur.

Of course, not every woman can successfully wear the new bonnet types which are such smart mode, but for those who can they are proving quite an attraction, from the standpoint of "something different" in the way of a silhouette. The model centered in the group is a bonnet all but the ties. It is made of green felt with an iridescent dragonfly.

The hat with a veil is fashioned of a soft jerseylike cloth. While it is an extreme type it eloquently bespeaks the trend of the mode. Wispes of lace mesh, which Paris calls veils, are smartly introduced into millinery design this season.

A detail which is very successfully entering into the scheme of dress

No Wisp of Hair Allowed to Show.

design this season is the peplum. Whether wide or narrow, whether placed at low waistline or lower hipline, these circular flares never fail to animate the silhouette with sprightly lines.

The wide use of crisp taffetas and other of the modish stiff silks, also the handsome metal cloths highlighted by fashion for the evening frock has redounded to the glory of the peplum, for these flare movements are at their best when interpreted through materials which have enough body to stand out in pert and piquant lines.

The handsome evening dress in the picture demonstrates that velvet also yields effectively to the peplum theme. Rhinestone embroidery in lattice design adds interest to this deep circular peplum which so distinctively stylizes this handsome model.

Not all peplums, however, are as decorative as this one. In most instances the peplum is a matter of "lines" rather than detail. One appreciates this fact in connection with the many molre and satin gowns which

TAKE "MAIL" FROM AIR MAIL

(By D. J. Walsh.)

LORIN struggled up the hill. Could she make it? There was her car across the corner but that letter had to be mailed. It was a very important letter and the striped airmail box was just ahead. Clutching tighter three packages, her favorite thin notebook and the bulky envelope, she tried to hurry faster.

She must catch the car. It would be ten minutes before there was another and she was hungry. She had been shopping and going back to that lawyer's office after those papers since one o'clock. Then suddenly all the stores had closed and she had one car token and four cents in her purse.

She reached the box at last. One eye on the car, her hands went up. There were still three people to get on. The flange of the mail-slot clanged as it fell shut. Now—maybe she could catch that car.

A young man faced her, hat in hand. "But that is an airmail box," he said quite reasonably, with a small note of protest in his undeniably pleasant voice.

In blank astonishment Lorin stopped. Why, he did not look like a masher. Of course, she should be angry, only she hadn't time. And he—looked nice! He stood squarely in her way.

"Is there anything about me," she demanded in her puzzlement, "to indicate that I couldn't mail an air letter?"

"Then why didn't you?" His tone was only interested inquiry as she tried to edge around him.

Lorin looked down. The air letter was in her hand.

"Oh," all the assurance went out of her in a long gasp. "I've mailed my note book!" She looked at him, at the mail box. "What can I do?"

He stepped to the box, ran his finger down the schedule.

"It says here that the next collection is at 7:10. We could wait. It's a quarter past six now."

"But I'm so hungry," cried Lorin in a small, involuntary wail as her car went past. Then she stopped in horror at what she had done.

"I was just going to suggest; this looks like a nice little place. Please, I'm hungry myself," and he led her wondering at her own docility. Into the small corner restaurant and up some stairs to a balcony.

"We're in luck. Here's a table and a window. We can watch that mail box from here," he helped her out of her coat and held her chair for her.

The food was good. She couldn't help eating.

"You've a great little town here," he told her. "I'm just in from the East. I like it already." He smiled across at her.

"I don't know what to think of myself," she stirred uneasily—"I never—did anything like this before."

"Neither did I," he passed her the celery.

"The stores were closed—I couldn't cash a check. That unlucky letter," she laid it face up on the table. I mustn't lose it. It's to my cousin. He is selling some lots for mother."

From where it lay he could not help seeing. "Mr. John Smith" in a business block in Baltimore.

"May I take you home when we leave here?" he asked after a pause. There was a queer little quirk to the corner of his mouth.

"No," she stiffened instantly.

"I'd like to very much," he persisted quietly. "There is every reason why I should."

"There isn't a ghost of a reason," she informed him uncompromisingly. "I don't even know your name. I suppose it's only what I might expect after what I've done." She laid down her fork miserably.

"Please eat your dinner. My name," he went on cheerfully, "is John Smith."

"I'm. Yes. Mine is Jane Brown." She went on eating.

"Please, Miss Jane Brown—"

"My mother," she told him gloomily. "would faint on the threshold."

"Your mother would be glad to see me. Look!" He shoved back his chair, pointing to the street below. He's early. The mail truck was stopping on the corner. "Sit still I'll go." He snatched up the letter and vanished down the stairway.

Lorin leaned forward and saw him retrieve her notebook. How strong and sure he looked. What fine poise in his whole figure, his well-shaped head. Both he and the postman were laughing.

Then he was back. He laid the notebook beside his plate.

"Did you mail my letter?"

"Oh, assuredly," he laughed, "irrevocably—the fastest air mail you ever saw in your life. I might say instantaneously. Can't you imagine that Mr. John Smith has it in his possession this minute?"

"You are too old—or too young—for such flights of fancy," she answered severely. "How did you get past the cashier?"

I gave her a ten, a quarter and two pennies to hold. Then I got them when I came in. He spread them out on the table, fingering the ten experimentally. "May I call a taxi for you?"

She shook her head. The meal progressed, her thoughtful silence

facing his amused one across the table.

"How do you know," he asked as they came out on the street, "that I won't be right on that car with you?"

"I don't. I'll just have to trust you. I really do thank you for the dinner and for being a gentleman so far." She looked squarely up into his eyes.

"You win," he said softly and helped her on the car. Then he stood back watching her through the windows, his hat in his hand.

But when she got off at her own street a taxi was following. As she turned up her own walk it stopped and footsteps hurried after her. On the steps she turned.

"You promised—"

"I didn't promise anything."

"My mother—"

"I told you your mother would be glad to see me!"

The front door opened. Her mother fell on his neck.

"Oh, John. I got your telegram about four o'clock and I knew that Lorin had mailed the letter to you. Whatever shall we do? I can't imagine—Lorin, did you mail the letter? I thought—"

John pulled Lorin through the doorway. Then he fished the letter out of his pocket, ran his finger under the flap.

"Yes," he said, "we mailed it."

Lichtenstein One of Europe's Toy Kingdoms

A comic opera kingdom, where goose girls drive snowy geese through winding lanes, and turreted castles top massive hills, has broken into print again through the announcement of the engagement of its ruler, Prince Franz, to a Viennese woman. Engagement announcements are not always of international interest, but Lichtenstein is famous as one of Europe's four toy independent states; San Marino, Andorra and Monaco. Lichtenstein is next to the largest with its overwhelming area of 65 square miles:

"A visit to Lichtenstein in its jewel-like setting in the eastern alps between Austria and Switzerland, is like a journey into the past," says a bulletin from the headquarters of the National Geographic society. "Electric lights and other modern improvements do not detract from the picturesqueness of the countryside, with its wayside shrines and tall crucifixes or the famous castle, Burg Vaduz, the home of Prince Franz, with its gabled towers and mullioned windows."

"The winding roads that travel the small country's mountain sides are traversed as often by long strings of cattle or huge wagons loaded with hay as they are by tourists' automobiles," the bulletin continues. "Agriculture is the chief industry of Lichtenstein's 10,000 population and scenes such as those that inspired Millet's famous picture, 'The Angelus,' are common throughout the countryside. The farmhouses are either natural color wood structures that merge into the colors of the landscape or small, cheerful stucco affairs that resemble the Swiss chalets across the border. Hay is stored in wooden huts, whose roofs are kept on by large stones placed on them."

"Until the Seventeenth century Romansch, a language derived from the Latin, was spoken by the now German-speaking Lichtensteiners. The old language still persists in some of the place names like Samina, Gavadura or the capital, Vaduz."

"Vaduz is the fairy-tale capital of a story-book land. The old castle looks like a medieval robber baron's stronghold as it tops a hill overlooking the town. It has been restored in a Sixteenth-century style of architecture and the illusion of medieval life is helped every summer when the Lichtensteiners, dressed in raiment of ancient styles, put on old plays there depicting the lives and loves of the minnesingers, the famous bards of the Middle Ages."

Circus Old Institution

The circus may be traced back to Roman times. At that time it was a building for the exhibition of horses and chariot races and other amusements. The oldest building of this kind in Rome was the Circus Maximus. The circus in modern times, although having the same name, really has little in common with the institution of classical Rome. The popularity of the circus in England may be traced to that kept by Philip Astley in London at the end of the Eighteenth century. Astley was followed by Ducrow and later by Hengler & Sanzer in America a circus actor named Ricketts is said to have performed before George Washington in 1780, and in the first half of the Nineteenth century the establishments of Purdy Welch and company, and of Van Amburg, gave a wide popularity to the circus in the United States.

California Forests

It is generally conceded by those who know that the tree growths of California just north of San Francisco are the world's greatest, although there are many other beautiful forests.

The mild climate, heavy rainfall and generally humid atmospheric conditions that prevail along the coast have resulted in the production of a forest that is more wonderful in the density of its growth and the majesty of its development than is to be found anywhere else.

The sequoias of California are the giants of the vegetable kingdom. The Douglas fir, Sitka spruces and the giant arbutus vitae (Western red cedars) of Oregon and Washington are second in size only to the sequoias.

Wildly the Wind Blew

Freddy was an excellent sailor in every way but this was even for him—too much.

"Say," he admitted after a half hour's terrific battling with the wind and high sea, "we shouldn't have come."

Harold silently agreed. But he didn't say anything. They were here now. There was nothing that could be done about it.

"Why didn't you say you knew this was the kind of a storm we were going to have?" Freddy yelled above the wind, anger, fear and a sort of horrified excitement in his voice, together with reproach. "You're supposed to know more about the weather than I am. You always did know more about it—when the storms were coming up—how bad they'd be."

"Gee, this is fierce. It'll wreck my boat and us, too."

"It will be all right," Harold answered. He was cool and composed as could be, though he worked quickly, shifting from side to side, helping Freddy with the sail.

Inwardly he was frightened beyond any words. Harold had more imagination than Freddy. He could see ahead. It was an unfortunate quality, he told himself very often.

Now he could see their ship being wrecked, them selves drowned in this sea, the suffering of their families. He thought of his mother—of his dad—how they would suffer—how terribly they would suffer.

He had even thought of this—a little—before they had started out. He had been very afraid then, but he had been more afraid of being considered a coward. But now he was being the brave one and during that sail—which in the end turned out all right—Freddy realized how splendid Harold was!

All Wet

Teacher—Iszy, give me a sentence using the word officious.

Iszy—Ven Ikey and Able fell in de lake, Ikey holiered, "Oh, fish us out!"



THE SAIL

Freddy and Harold were great friends. They lived near the coast and they loved to sail above all things.

It was a stormy afternoon that it all happened, a very, very stormy afternoon.

Freddy was thinking of sailing this very afternoon. It had not begun to storm hard as yet but there was a stiff wind blowing and it showed that the storm would become much worse any moment.

While Freddy was looking at the sailboat and the weather, Harold came along.

"What do you say to a sail?" Freddy asked.

"I guess not," Harold answered. "It's going to be a bad afternoon. You can see the storm clouds for yourself."

"A bit of a blow will be all the more fun," Freddy said, and his clear blue eyes looked delighted at the prospect.

"A bit of a blow is all right," Harold answered. "But this is going to be a terror."

"Aw, what's the matter with you, anyway?" Freddy asked, disgustedly.

If there was one thing Harold couldn't stand it was when Freddy taunted him.

And now Freddy was taunting him. In his expression, in the sound of his voice, in his manner.

"Come along, don't be a coward."

That was another thing Harold couldn't stand—being called a coward by Freddy.

"I don't think it's wise," Harold murmured, and hated himself for his own lack of determination, and the weak way he replied.

If he were going on so foolishly a trip he should be more brave about it.

And if he were going to influence Freddy to stay back, as he well knew he should—if he only dared argue more with Freddy—he should be more vigorous and convincing in his arguments. As it was he felt himself weak—weak in the way he was going—weak in not having the strength of mind to definitely admit the fear he felt.

"Sure I'll go," he said. And they went.

They sailed out of their own particular cove, down the bay. And then the storm came up.

Wildly the wind blew, wildly the water came foaming, rushing into the boat.

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Conceal scuffs this easy way

A touch or two of the dauber conceals scuffs like magic. Color is restored uniformly to faded shoes. More than 50 long-life shines—50 cents. Colors for black, brown, tan and white shoes—a neutral polish for others.

BARTON'S
DYANSHINE
SHOE POLISH

Heron Made Short Circuit

A farm community near Plymouth Wis., was without electricity all of one night when a heron perched on a 2,300-volt power line and its tail came in contact with an adjoining wire. The resulting short circuit put out the lights in the surrounding farm homes.

Pelicans Struck by Lightning

A flock of pelicans flying at an altitude of 500 feet was struck by lightning in an electric storm at Salt Lake City. Nineteen were found dead near the city, while a few were able to make their way to bushes outside of town, where they hid themselves.

Neal's Mother Has Right Idea

Within a few months there will be no more feverish, bilious, headachy, constipated, pale and puny children. That prophecy would surely come true if every mother could see for herself how quickly, easily, and harmlessly the bowels of babies and children are cleansed, regulated, given tone and strength by a product which has proved its merit and reliability to do what is claimed for it to millions of mothers in over fifty years of steadily increasing use.

As mothers find out from using it how children respond to the gentle influence of California Fig Syrup by growing stronger, sturdier and more active daily they simply have to tell other mothers about it. That's one of the reasons for its overwhelming sales of over four million bottles a year.

A Western mother, Mrs. Neal M. Todd, 1701 West 27th St., Oklahoma City, Okla., says: "When my son, Neal, was three years old he began having constipation. I decided to give him California Fig Syrup and in a few days he was all right and looked fine again. This pleased me so much that I have used Fig Syrup ever since for all his colds or little upset spells. It always stops his trouble quick, strengthens him, makes him eat."

Always ask for California Fig Syrup by the full name and see that the cartoon bears the word "California." Then you'll get the genuine.

Aeronautics in College

A departure in pedagogy affords public school teachers a course in elementary aeronautics. The course is offered by Boston university and includes instruction in the elementary theory of flight, airplane structure, the theory of aerial navigation and the future of air travel.

Russ Ball Blue goes farther, makes clothes whiter than liquid Blue. Large package at Grocers.—Adv.

Entertaining

"Why did you quarrel with your wife?"

"She insisted on entertaining."

"Should you object to that?"

"I think so. She wanted to be a night club hostess."

A light weight building tile, recently invented, may make it possible to build skyscrapers higher than the present limits.

The gods have bestowed fortitude upon some men, and on others a disposition for dancing.—Hesiod.

True gladness does not always speak; Joy, bred and born but in the tongue, is weak.—Richter.

Children's Friend

Joseph Lee of Boston has earned the affectionate appellation, "father of the playground movement" in America. There are now more than 12,000 playgrounds and athletic fields in daily use in the United States and Canada.

Wooden

"I hate to have the leading man get interested in the star."

"It will happen."

"Yes, and it makes their love scenes so unconvincing."

It is said that life is a story. Most girls today divide it into "Chap One," "Chap Two," and so on.

In conversation, study to say what people want to hear.

It sometimes happens that the bride is the best man at the wedding.

Nearly all of one's talk is unappreciated; so why waste words?



To Identify Genuine Aspirin

THE increasing use of Bayer Aspirin every year is proof that it has no ill effects. It is the accepted antidote for pain. It always helps; it never harms. Quick relief when you've a headache, or cold; or are suffering from neuralgia or neuritis. Rheumatic pains yield, too, if you'll only give these tablets a chance. But you want genuine Aspirin, so look for the Bayer Cross on every tablet. The box always bears the name Bayer and the word "genuine" printed in red. Proven directions inside.

