

SHOES TO MATCH LATEST VANITY; RETURN TO NORMAL WAISTLINE

AN ADDED vanity has been brought into the program of dress for the school girl—colorful kid shoes. In issuing this call for footwear to match, fashion encourages youth to observe that same nicety of color values, which is so generally observed in the adult style world.

So, when the school-faring miss adopts her favorite color, according to the rules of the fashion game, she

curately matched shade, jersey bands trimming the same.

The young woman who decides upon taffeta for her party frock shows that she is properly fabric-conscious. If she decides on red for the color, then again does the youthful sophisticate follow a fashion-wise course. Not only for evening wear is red an outstanding color, but it is en mode for day time as well. There's nothing in the way of a street outfit for



Winsome Schoolgirl
Costume.

must do so from head to foot, which is just what she did when she chose the winsome frock in the picture above. This girlish model is a one-piece which looks like a two-piece. It is of blue flannel, the upper plaid part being in three shades of blue on a cream ground. The Peter Pan collar is furnished at the throat with a blue silk tie matching one of the shades in the plaid. The shoes are navy kid in a one-strap model, with carefully styled leather heels.

This costume carried out in tones of green would be equally as effective and rich. For beautiful greens are exceedingly smart this season. There would be no difficulty in getting shoes in a handsome green to match, or a wine shade, for that matter, should the dress be developed in the deep toned reds.

For dressier occasions this plaid with plain frock could be carried out most charmingly in velvet, for plaid

youth quite so swanky as an ensemble developed in red-toned tweed, with knitted slip-on blouse to match, the cloth generously furled in black or gray.

As an evering color red is the rage. Perfectly charming and immensely flattering are dresses of red net, coarse tulle, all-over lace or taffeta, velvet or satin as the case may be. Paris creates many arresting gowns in this color, such as, for instance, a Chanel model which uses finely all-over-patterned red lace, most intricately manipulated in way of spirals and a labyrinth of drapes which flutter gracefully about the shoulders.

The model in the picture below leaves no doubt as to the revived favor for waistlines. Of course it takes a slender girlish figure to carry with honors a highwaisted and full-skirted silhouette as is this. But that is how youth is proclaiming itself this season—by victoriously wearing



Youthful Evening Frock.

velvets are easily available and they make up effectively with velvet in a solid color. By supplementing a frock of this type with a matching velvet jacket, the result would be an ensemble of super attractiveness. The costume might be topped with either a matching tam, combining the two velvets, or one of the new chenille crocheted berets would prove a crowning glory.

Very often the contrast in the material which goes to make up the frock is in the weave rather than the color. A happy combination widely featured this season is jersey with satin. As applied to the model pictured, jersey in some one of the popular wines, green, browns or blues would be used for the skirt portion, the blouse top being of satin in an ac-

curately matched shade, jersey bands trimming the same. The young woman who decides upon taffeta for her party frock shows that she is properly fabric-conscious. If she decides on red for the color, then again does the youthful sophisticate follow a fashion-wise course. Not only for evening wear is red an outstanding color, but it is en mode for day time as well. There's nothing in the way of a street outfit for

As said before red is as fashionable a color for daytime wear as it is for evening. Such interesting combinations as black broadcloth and red satin occur in the afternoon mode in this wise—the coat is of the black cloth collared and furled with black carnal, the gown and the coat lining being of the red satin.

JULIA ROTTOMLEY.
(© 1929. Western Newspaper Union.)

THE KITCHEN CABINET

(© 1929. Western Newspaper Union.)

It never troubles the sun that some of his rays fall wide and vain into ungrateful space, and only a small part on the reflected planet. Thou art enlarged by thine own smiling.—Emerson.

THINGS IN SEASON

Some day when the range oven must be used for baked beans or other long baking, try



Steamed Graham Pudding.—Take one-fourth cupful of butter, one-half cupful of molasses, one-half teaspoonful of soda, one egg, one-half cupful of sour milk, one and one-half cupfuls of graham flour, one cupful of raisins and spices to taste. Mix well and steam four hours. Serve with

Egg Sauce.—Beat the white of an egg until stiff; add one cupful of sugar, the yolk of the egg, a pinch of salt, one-half teaspoonful of vanilla and one-half cupful of boiling milk just as it goes to the table.

Fruit Pork Cake.—Chop fine one pound of pork—the salt pork—all fat. Cover with one and three-fourths cupfuls of boiling water and let stand until cold. Measure two cupfuls of sugar, one-half cupful of molasses, five cupfuls of flour, one tablespoonful of cinnamon, one teaspoonful of cloves, one-half tablespoonful of nutmeg, one teaspoonful of soda, and one pound of raisins finely chopped. Mix the spices and flour, add the raisins dusted with some of the flour, add soda and molasses and mix all the ingredients together. Bake in bread pans in a moderate oven. Test with a toothpick before removing from the oven. Ice, and the cake will keep for several months, improving with age. When one has home dried apples the apples may be substituted for half of the raisins. Use the water in which the apples were soaked and stewed for the cake.

Chestnut Salad.—Now is the time that the fresh nuts are so appetizing. Cook the chestnuts until soft, after they are blanched. Season with salt, a little chicken fat, or cook the nuts in the broth for flavor. Add two times the amount of diced celery and any desired boiled dressing.

Serve apple pancakes as a garnish for pork cakes. As much chopped apple to the pancake batter as it will take well. Then cook as usual.

Economy in Foods.

One of the essentials in any family is a small Scotch kettle such as our grandmothers used for frying doughnuts. An iron cover is now made for the kettle and any foods placed in it may be cooked tightly covered and after heating the kettle, at lower

temperature, making a dish with all the flavor, aroma and nourishment preserved.

Creole Soup.—Take an ordinary soup bone from the leg of beef, rub with salt and a cut clove of garlic, place in the Scotch kettle with no water. Cover closely and place in a moderate oven for four hours. At the end of that time the meat will have dropped from the bone and there will be plenty of juice and fat in the kettle. Skim off the fat, if too much; add one chopped green pepper, one small onion chopped, one-half teaspoonful of cloves and one-half a can of tomatoes. Cook in the sauce, tightly covered for a half hour, thicken with a little flour and serve poured over the beef.

The coarser tough portions of meat which need long slow cooking to make tender, are delicious cooked in such a kettle. The flavor, as one knows, is in the muscles of the meat that are used the most, so a flavorful dish. If properly cooked, will be much more tasty than the choicer cuts.

Lamb Haricot.—Cut into two-inch squares the meat from a three-pound roast of mutton. Wipe clean with a damp cloth before cutting, then roll in seasoned flour. In an iron kettle place one pint of lima beans which have been soaked over night, add two sliced onions, a clove of garlic, season well, then lay on the meat. Cover and bake three hours.

New Orleans Pork and Cabbage.—Take two pounds of shoulder of pork. Shred one cabbage and place in the bottom of a well-greased kettle. Season the cabbage with salt, pepper and a few mustard seeds, half a cupful of vinegar and one teaspoonful of brown sugar. Put the pork well seasoned and flour on top of the cabbage and bake covered three hours. Serve with baked sweet potatoes.

Baked Date Pudding.—When the range oven is in use it is best to use every part of it. This pudding needs long, slow baking. Take a half cupful of rice, well washed, put it into a deep crock, add sugar to sweeten, one-half cupful of pitted dates, a grating of nutmeg or cinnamon. If preferred, and two quarts of milk with a bit of salt. Stir occasionally during the first hour of baking and bake until the rice is soft and the milk nearly absorbed. Serve with a hard sauce. This is a pudding you may serve freely to the children of the family.

Heinie Maxwell

HER FOLKS AND HIS

(© by D. J. Walsh.)

THEY were ready to start. Helena had the lunch basket packed. Keith was upstairs changing his clothes, whistling like a school boy. The old car stood in the garage fully equipped with oil and gas for the forty-mile run to Clear lake, where they were to have their day's outing.

Helena hummed a gay little tune. She was as eager as a child to be on the way. They hadn't been anywhere together for ages, tied at home all the time, with one thing and another, company mostly.

A car whirled into the yard past the window where she was standing. Out tumbled two women, three children, a white dog and a man. Before Helena had recovered she heard the door bell ring.

"Keith!" she called. "We have company." Then she went to the door. "Why, Cousin Nell!" cried a stout woman in a red dress. "I didn't know whether we'd find you home or not. But we couldn't go by without stopping to see you."

The children were already investigating the premises. The white dog was chasing Goldy, the cat. Keith came slowly downstairs. They submerged him with greetings. He grinned feebly.

The trip was given up. The visitors, of course, meant to break their journey by staying to lunch, but they had brought nothing to augment the meal. Helena unpacked her basket. Keith stole away to the grocery. They said nothing about their own frustrated plans.

"We hate to eat and run," Cousin George said, as he rose from the table and brushed his bulging front with his napkin.

A chorus of good-bys, of "Come and see us some time," and the big car, a better car than Keith had ever been able to afford, rolled away.

Helena sank into a chair. She was tired, disappointed, close to tears. "We are ridden to death by your folks," she said. "They come and come. They're eating us out of house and home. Look at that mess we had here last week! See what that boy did—spilling a paper of tacks into the drive so we have had five punctures since. And the girl broke my best glass pitcher. We don't get any thanks for our trouble, either. They ask us to come and see them, but they know we never will. They take pains never to invite us specially."

Keith leaned against the table. He took out a cigar George had given him, looked at it and put it back in his pocket. George smoked excellent cigars. Keith did not feel like burning up 25 cents just then.

"When it comes to that," he said in his slow way, "my folks have not got anything on your folks. I guess you forget your Aunt Dusky and your Uncle Pete and those Rixbys from Otis Center. My store bill for that batch of company was just \$30."

"But it's your folks that have spoiled today for us!" cried Helena. Her dark eyes snapped, her cheeks flamed with resentment. She could not hold in to save her life.

"Am I to blame for their coming here?" Keith retorted. He unfolded his long length and moved about the room. "Lord knows—I need a vacation. I haven't had any rest or peace from work in two years. I am the only man in this neighborhood that grinds day in and out, just so we can live in a good house and put on airs over our neighbors."

"I know what you are throwing up to me!" cried Helena. "Of course I wanted a decent home, we'd never had one. I guess I do my part, digging and cleaning and squeezing pennies. But I shall not do it any longer! I've waited on the last batch of your company that I am going to!" She went out of the room and slammed the door.

They had quarreled, not for the first time (for they had long been married), but in a way that could not soon be made up or forgotten.

The house itself was really to blame for all the trouble. It was pleasantly located close to a main, traveled road; a delightful road to travel, and nowadays, when one out of every five people owned a car, the result was obvious. Folks who hadn't exchanged a word, written or spoken with the Salters in five years suddenly evinced a passion for remembering them. Relatives sprang up like bad weeds after a snow. They made it a practice to reach the shady yellow house with green blinds and wide porch about noon if they desired lunch or about seven o'clock if they wanted a night's lodging.

At first Helena had been pained. She loved her home, and was glad to show it off to the people who had opposed her marrying Keith. And Keith, who had a prize in Helena was just as glad to show off his happiness. But it cost heavily to entertain so many unbidden guests. In a short time Helena found herself economizing frantically to make up for her visitors' extravagant demands.

The lost outing to Clear lake produced a crisis. For three days afterward nothing happened. Helena hadn't entirely forgiven Keith. Keith hadn't entirely forgiven Helena.

One morning as they sat at breakfast the telephone bell rang. It was as she had feared. Horace

and Evelyn Fisher called up from the place where they had spent the night to say that the next stop in their tour would be at the Salters'. They expected to arrive at ten. With that the connection was abruptly severed. Helena turned from the telephone to face Keith.

"The Fishers. They are coming here—this morning—at ten. That means lunch. And you know the kind of lunch they will expect. I—can't do it. I don't feel well—" She sank into a chair, looking limp and pale.

"This time," said Keith, "it's neither your folks nor mine. I shouldn't call them even friends. Acquaintances maybe, but that's all. But I'll be kinda glad to see Hod Fisher just the same."

"I never liked her," Helena said. "She is dreadfully high-nosed. She'll expect chicken, Keith; get out the car and take me somewhere. I don't care where, just so I won't have to entertain them."

"Maybe the boss won't let me off," Keith said. "Tell him I am sick—tell him anything. Tomorrow's Sunday. Suppose they should stay over."

Keith called up his place of work. Sure, he could have the day off. Ten minutes later Helena sought Keith in the garage.

"Keith, I can't do it. I'm going to stay home and receive them. I may be very tired, but I am no sneak."

"Well, since I've got my day off I'll stay round home and do some tinkering," Keith said. Suddenly he put his arm around Helena and kissed her.

At 9:30 the Fishers arrived. They had made better time than they had expected. Horace said. They simply radiated prosperity.

"We've come to kidnap you and Keith," Evelyn said gayly. "We are going to take you to the city with us for the week end. It's our treat right straight through. No! We can't stop for lunch. Horace telephone on to the Sagamore for reservations for four."

Helena didn't realize it even when she sat beside Evelyn in the luxurious car.

It was a week-end always to be remembered. Monday morning the Salters took the early train back home while the Fishers continued their tour.

Helena found a note in the mail box.

"Your cousin Sarah and her family were trying to find us Saturday," she exclaimed. They looked at each other and they smiled.

Spinsters Doing Much Highly Important Work

At a recent session of the world congress of the Sex Reform league (what next?) in London, a speaker revealed that surveys have shown a remarkable increase in the number of spinsters throughout the civilized world. This increase, he said, became noticeable about the middle of the last century in England and Wales, more than 40 per cent of the women over thirty are unmarried and probably will remain so. The tendency to forego marriage is especially noted among the educated classes, he said.

But instead of censuring these women, many of whom are unmarried by choice, although the surplus of their sex has something to do with it, the speaker calls attention to the debt civilization owes them. He rightfully asserts that they constitute the backbone of nearly every agency in the world for the relief of human suffering.

What a sorry thing it would be if the vast army of women who have foregone the protection of marriage in order to devote their lives to humanity suddenly should withdraw their services. Many of our most cherished and valuable institutions would collapse. The fields of nursing and teaching, only two of several that are dominated by unmarried women, are among civilization's most precious adjuncts.

Fortunately, the popular attitude toward the spinster is undergoing a gratifying change. There no longer is any odium attached to her unmarried state. A changing economic and social structure has rendered fallacious the idea that an "old maid" is such because no man would have her. In many instances, the shoe is on the other foot. Fortunately for the race, the majority of women choose wifehood and motherhood, but equally fortunate is the fact that thousands of unselfish, humanity-loving members of the sex choose to devote their lives to service to suffering mankind.—Columbus Dispatch.

First Sanatorium

Hermann Brehmer established, in the face of tremendous obstacles, the first successful sanatorium in the world in 1876, founded on the principles advocated by Professor Bodding.

Following Brehmer came Peter Dettweiler, who established the first German sanatorium for the less wealthy class of people at Falkenstein in 1876. He emphasized bed rest for the patient and believed that winter treatment is as effective as that of the summer.—Hyzela Magazine.

Walking Drug Store

Man we read contains far enough for seven bars of soap; sulphur enough to rid a dog of fleas; iron enough for a medium-sized nail; magnesium enough for a dose of magnesia; sugar enough to fill a shaker; lime enough to whitewash a chicken coop; phosphorus enough to make 2,200 match tips; potassium enough to explode a toy cannon, and the whole collection of ingredients can be purchased for the sum of 18 cents.



The Mark of Genuine Aspirin..

BAYER ASPIRIN is like an old friend, tried and true. There can never be a satisfactory substitute for either one. Bayer Aspirin is genuine. It is the accepted antidote for pain. Its relief may always be relied on, whether used for the occasional headache, to head-off a cold, or for the more serious aches and pains from neuralgia, neuritis, rheumatism or other ailments. It's easy to identify Bayer Aspirin by the Bayer Cross on every tablet, by the name Bayer on the box and the word "genuine" always printed in red.



Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monocacetic Acid of Salicylic Acid

Continuous Performance?

"Did you get real angry at him when he kissed you?"
"Yes, awfully; every time he did it."

Paradoxical

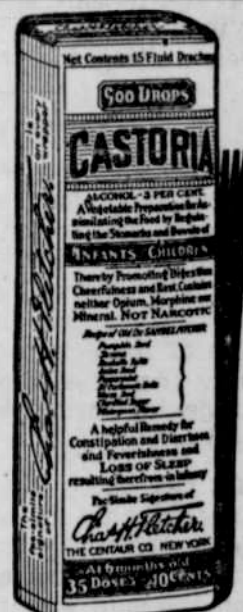
"Here is a telegram from South America that your nephew is dead."
"At last he gives signs of life."

It sometimes happens that the smaller his vocabulary, the more a man likes to talk.

It takes infinite patience to rear a child; and there seems to be an abundance of it.

For any BABY

We can never be sure just what makes an infant restless, but the remedy can always be the same. Good old Castoria! There's comfort in every drop of this pure vegetable preparation, and not the slightest harm in its frequent use. As often as Baby has a fretful spell, is feverish, or cries and can't sleep, let Castoria soothe and quiet him. Sometimes it's a touch of colic. Sometimes constipation. Or diarrhea—a condition that should always be checked without delay. Just keep Castoria handy, and give it promptly. Relief will follow.



Ancient Idealism
"Would you marry for wealth?"
"No," said Miss Cayenne. "I am still simple-minded enough to think a wedding should be a matter of sentiment and not an investment."

Firm as to That
"As a hobo, I suppose you could tell some queer stories."
"Yeh, but I ain't gonna collaborate on no book with yeh," declared the wayfarer, edging off.

Girl Fights Big Handicap

MANY a girl would give up in despair when she found herself snubbed in school and unpopular in college, but not so Mrs. Norma Kussel Jones of 1567 Cramer Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

"When I was seventeen I went away to college," says Mrs. Jones. "Freda, my room-mate, was a very popular girl. Soon she asked to have her room changed. It seems I kept her awake at night, I slept so restlessly. No one knows how I suffered."

"One day one of my teachers found me sobbing. 'Why,' she said, 'sometimes sluggish circulation causes restless sleep. Why don't you try Nujol?'"

"In two weeks Nujol had begun clearing out the poisons in my body, my skin had a clear healthy

appearance, and everything looked brighter. 'What have you been doing to yourself?' asked my room-mate. 'You are a different girl.' The days and years that followed were filled with every activity and not long ago Freda was maid of honor at my wedding. That's what Nujol did for me!"

Such a simple way to health and happiness! Your doctor will tell you that Nujol contains no medicines or drugs—it is simply bodily lubrication—harmless, normal, and it works easily so you will be regular as clockwork. You can get a bottle today and try it. If you are like most other people Nujol will make you brighter, happier, more able to succeed. Don't put off good health! Start being well this easy way, this very day.



Brave American Girls like this one never say die!

Meeting clever people sometimes proves this: That they care nothing for any cleverness but their own. Good resolutions are too formal; they invite contention. Begin living the good life without vows.

New life for old leather

Clean, smooth color restored. Scuffs concealed instantly. The lustre of leather revived. 50 wonderful shines—50 cents. Colors for black, brown, tan and white shoes—a neutral polish for others.

BARTON'S
DYANSHINE
SHOE POLISH