

VARIETY THE SPICE OF HATS; MATERIALS FOR SCHOOL DRESSES

FAREWELL and good-by but not "auf wiedersehen" to the all-hats-look-alike period! Passed into history is that era of unimaginative hats—sats the monotony and sameness of which tried woman's patience, not to mention good looks, almost to the point of despair.

Changes now the scene. The pendulum swings from the uneventful to the eventful in the millinery realm. The versatility, the originality, the tuned-to-individuality and to costume and to season of the new hats bespeak the

woolens is going strong. The daintiest, quaintest chail's ever are on the list, also very sheer and very lovely all wool georgettes. A multiplicity of featherweight tweeds, too! And then there are all sorts of wool crepes, also exquisitely fine jersey cloth is widely in use. Lightweight broadcloths, too, if you please and perfectly charming novelty wool weaves by the score, some with interwoven or printed borders.

Contrasting pipings and bandings come to the fore as most important



Individuality in Hats.

development—suppose we call it a millinery complex, since "complex" is a favorite word with this generation.

Not only is the modern modiste inspired to style the hat to individuality, but another element enters in—that of relating the hat to the costume. And still another—that of tuning the hat to the occasion. So there you have it, a whole wardrobe of hats necessary to cater to the demands of fashion.

This millinery complex involves a number of things, outstanding among which are color, contour and the material of which the hat is made.

As to color, in view of the fact that all fashion revolves around the ensemble theme, it becomes necessary that the hat match something, either the dress, the suit-ensemble, or the coat.

Regarding contour, brims "fearfully and wonderfully" manipulated compete with novelty draped turbans, and yet the hat has not yet been told as to the varying silhouettes which add zest to the modern chapeau.

Concerning materials, soft pliant broadcloth is one of the newest mediums and the clever use of fur trimming considers the subject from another angle. Then there are lustrous imported soles, gleaming metal cloths, laces, glistening satins, colorful or black sheer velvets, and last but not least the ubiquitous felt.

Hats pictured above portray characteristic trends of the mode as follows: The velvet turban with a side bow;



Smart School Dress.

to the right at the top one of the felts, the decidedly new lines of which accent elongated sides and back; to the left below, a beige felt shape with a smartly styled up-turned brim, and finally a felt helmet crowned with a circular velvet effect.

Woolens for School Dress.

What's the material for the season's schoolgirl frocks? Well, for one thing the vogue for lightweight

perhaps, godets the hemline finished very likely, with deep scallops. Very practical and ultra-modish is the princess dress made of wool crepe in either navy, bottle green, wine or brown. Usually a handsome lingerie collar and cuff set adds the finishing touch. Kid shoes in an exact color match achieve the "last word" in child

JULIA BOYTT-SMILEY

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The Kitchen Cabinet

(© 1929 Western Newspaper Union.)

Too much idleness, I have observed, fills up a woman's time much more completely and leaves her less her own mistress than any other sort of employment whatever.—Burke.

HELPFUL SUGGESTIONS

After middle age when the average person, man or woman, begins to notice the thickening of the waistline, it is necessary, if one keeps fit, active and ready for the enjoyment of all of the good things that nature provides us, to cut down on starchy foods, eat less of meat and more of the natural fruit

Juices, which are invaluable in neutralizing the acid ash of heavy foods. Acidosis, rheumatism of various forms, get us if we don't watch out.

When heartburn (an acid stomach) rolls up to choke you, take a good glass of fresh orange juice and see how quickly the discomfort will subside.

Drink orange juice daily as much and as often as the stomach demands it. With a system well nourished daily with citrus fruit juice, whether lemon, lime, grapefruit or orange, the dreaded arthritis is routed and the body is kept in perfect condition—provided the food supply is reasonable.

Young people who work off so much steam in exercise may eat more freely of hearty foods, but inactivity and overeating is the cause of a large proportion of disease and death.

Nowadays the wise mother begins with the citrus fruits. She gives her three-month-old babe a teaspoonful of strained orange juice between feedings. The vitamins and mineral matter found in orange juice builds up the tissues and bones and gives the body resistance to colds and infection.

The small glass of orange juice is part of every well-appointed table for the first meal of the day.

As a nation we are being dieted to death. Without a physician's advice it is not dangerous but often fatal to attempt any strenuous method of dieting. One may be perfectly safe to cut down on some of the starches, eat less of hearty foods, but the normal way to diet is to eat what you enjoy and can digest and assimilate well, and take plenty of out-door walking and exercise. The over-fat person can safely cut down on the food, feel better for it, and with plenty of citrus fruits instead of heavy desserts, will get back to normal weight slowly, which is the only safe way to diet.

Fresh vegetables, especially the green-leaf vegetables, like lettuce, chard, spinach and broccoli, should be part of the menu of every dinner. Uncooked onions if eaten at night are both wholesome and a good antiseptic. They also insure solitude, which is another necessity for a normal person occasionally.

The best diet then is plenty of vegetables, citrus fruits and enough starchy and protein foods to keep in normal weight.

Cold Weather Dishes.

Now that the season is here for heartier foods, more roasts, pastry and richer puddings, we need to remember that we must include in this diet plenty of fresh fruits and vegetables, if we are to have a well balanced diet and keep well.

Pot Roast With Vegetables.—Place a two or three-pound pot roast in a small iron kettle or Dutch oven with some suet. Brown well on all sides, then season and add a tablespoonful of boiling water. Cover tightly and cook over a simmer burner for two or three hours. An hour before serving add potatoes and onions, placing them around the meat. Cover and steam until the vegetables are tender. This makes an easy meal to prepare on a busy day, as one has all the meat and vegetables cooked in one receptacle.

Deep Dish Fruit Pie.—Peel and slice enough apples to serve the family, add sugar, orange juice, the grated peel of a lemon, and if the apples lack tartness add some of the lemon juice. Cover with a biscuit dough and bake until the crust is brown.

There is no punch or cocktail that will give a greater zest to a meal or leave one with less regret for the indulgence, than fresh fruit cocktail.

Dinner Punch.—Take two-thirds of lemon juice, one cupful of orange juice, one cupful of sugar syrup—made by cooking together sugar and water to make a heavy syrup. Combine the fruit and sugar syrup and just before serving pour over two bottles of ginger ale, adding plenty of crushed ice.

Lemon Mincemeat.—Take one cupful of raisins, three cupfuls of finely chopped apples, one-half cupful of chopped nuts, one-fourth cupful of finely minced candied orange peel or (orange marmalade may be substituted) one-half cupful of orange juice. Two cupfuls of sugar, one-half teaspoonful of salt, two teaspoonfuls of cinnamon, one teaspoonful each of cloves and ginger. Seal, drain and chop the raisins. Mix all the other ingredients. Add one-fourth cupful of melted butter. This makes two pies.

Neelie Maxwell

AT THE SOUND OF THE GONG

(© by D. J. Walsh.)

IT WAS the first day of school and the first grade was unusually restless. Margaret Rogers, teacher, rapped her desk repeatedly for order. There was a rustle of bodies, scraping of feet, an undertone of whispers, and from one corner of the room came the sound of sobs. Some newly launched traveler on the long road to education was weeping unrestrainedly for home and mother.

"Now we must be quiet!" sternly remarked Miss Rogers, and for a second the noise subsided only to be broken by the shrill shriek of a small, pink-frosted girl in the second row who, half turned in her seat, was pointing a chubby finger at a red-headed boy behind her.

"He did it . . ." sobbed the victim, "he did it . . ." she snapped my neck with a rubber band and it hurt."

Miss Rogers approached the tormentor.

"Stand up!" ordered the teacher sternly. "Stand—in the aisle."

The boy looked up at her and grinned, displaying a wide gap where three front teeth were missing.

"Do you mean me, Miss Rogerth?" "I do!" and Miss Rogers' eyes came to rest on a narrow rubber band about his fist.

"No, ma'am, 'didn't . . . thith elathth band did thith. I'm thorry."

"What is your name?" "My name is David Weatherby Junior."

"Wha-a-t?" demanded Margaret.

He nodded affably, his gray eyes frankly disconcerting.

David Weatherby Junior! The son of the man she had met and learned to love this summer, with a love that had made vacation a long period of golden happiness; the son of the man who had asked her to marry him and then—after she had promised had told her of this boy. The irony of having this boy in her room. The eyes smiling up at her with big Dave's eyes. She turned slowly and walked back to her desk and David Junior scraped his shoes noisily on the floor as he sat down.

"It hur-rt," wailed the small victim, disappointedly.

"Now, everyone will fold his hands and we will sing. What song do you choose?"

"Thankth for the Buggy Ride," came promptly from David's desk and a snicker went over the room.

Margaret was glad when the day was over and the last small person had fled out. She sat at her desk a long time thinking . . . of those splendid horseback rides over mountain trails, Dave beside her. The white moonlight nights when they had sat with a large group around a blazing camp fire and lost themselves in the pine branches overhead. She smiled grimly when she recalled that Dave had been particularly fond of the song, "Thanks for the Buggy Ride." There had been breakfasts at sunrise and long days together, returning to the Wyoming ranch as the sun was losing itself in the golden glory behind the mountain peaks. How happy she had been when he had said he was leaving the city and was to live in the town she called home . . . where his sister lived; and then, he had told her of his love for her, and in a voice infinitely tender he had later spoken of his previous marriage and of his small son left motherless at birth.

Why had he not told her all this at the beginning? It was not fair! He had deceived her! And he had answered:

"It was because I loved you so much, Peggy . . . I wanted to be sure you loved me enough to . . . You would love David boy."

When she had left the ranch to come home, a day or so before Dave had planned to leave, he held her hand tightly in his and said he would wait.

David Junior proved to be a disrupting factor in the first-grade room. He continued to harass the small girls who sat near him; he dropped his books and whispered continuously, his whisper unusually penetrating because of his missing teeth. He continued to grin at her and request that the morning song be "Thanks for the Buggy Ride," although Margaret had never asked him for his choice. He was always eager to talk of his father, who he told her, was away on a long trip but would come back soon. She punished him on several occasions by making him stand in the corner, but he always smiled at her sweetly—with big Dave's eyes.

There had been a long letter from Dave. He was hoping to return soon but business was good and his trip had been longer than he anticipated. His sister, who cared for David, wrote that the boy was getting along nicely in school and enjoyed it. Big Dave was anxious to get back to the little . . . Dave boy's welfare and happiness was about the biggest thing in the world to him. Margaret tore up the letter and dropped it into the waste basket, only to rescue it after school hours and place it back together again.

The next afternoon when David Junior deliberately coaxed an ugly, soiled dog into the room she made him come up and sit beside her all the afternoon, and it annoyed her extremely because he grinned at her affably every time she looked in his direction.

It was on the day that the child had happily confided to her that daddy was coming home that morning that the fire bell rang out—sharp staccato peals! Silence, and then a second alarm, followed by the sound of confusion in the halls, the cries of frightened children. Sharp orders from teachers. Margaret Rogers assumed command of her room.

"Stand!" and they obeyed to a child. The line started toward the door, the children taking their places naturally and easily, but the confusion in the hall broke up the orderly arrangement and pandemonium reigned. The familiar little faces of the first-graders were soon lost in the mad swirl of moving bodies. A red head appeared in the midst of the crowd and was lost again. Dave boy! Dave's baby . . . the one whose welfare and happiness meant so much to Dave Weatherby. Margaret reacted over the heads of the children.

"Dave boy! Dave boy!" He turned toward her. She held out her arms and pulled him from the crowd. He wound his legs about her body, his arms tight about her shoulders.

"Gee, Mith Rogerth," he lisped, breathing rapidly, "when you said 'Dave boy,' you said it—just like—my daddy."

And so it was that Lis Dave Weatherby found them as he came up the steps, two at a time, white-faced, frightened. And as the worst rang through the halls that the danger was over he buried his face in his son's red head while the child clung to him with one arm, the other close about Margaret's neck. Big Dave smiled at her—with little Dave's eyes.

"I know now, Peggy," he whispered. "I know you love me . . . you picked him—out of all those helpless babies . . . my boy . . ."

"I wanted to keep him safe to put him in your arms, Dave dear . . . but I hope there—there is room for me there, too."

Big Fortunes Traced to Days of Privatereering

The American millionaire is a thriving institution today, however you may take him. There are estimated to be 14,000 of his kind in the country. He has greatly multiplied in the last two decades.

Delving back beyond 1914 we find him in fewer and fewer numbers until we arrive—after tracking him back over a surprisingly brief span of years—at the tail of the first American millionaire, American millionaires, in fact, are of such comparatively recent origin that the present incumbents of even our oldest fortunes fall within the category of the nouveau riche.

Many of the wealthy families of today can trace the start of their fortunes to the daring and enterprise of privateers who operated during the War for Independence.

The Cabot, the Thorndike, the Tracy and Peabody fortunes were founded on the deadly guns and keen steel of the American privateers.

George Cabot and his brother went into the privateering business on a large scale. They equipped 20 ships, each carrying 10 to 20 guns, and harvested large returns from their conflicts with British ships.

Nathaniel Tracy, son of a wealthy merchant, took to the adventurous life of a privateer with zest. At twenty-five he commanded a great fleet of war vessels, and for many years was possessed of enormous wealth. Then the British frigates began to gather in his ships one by one until Tracy lost practically all of his fortune.

Joseph Penbody, founder of the Peabody fortune, trod the deck of one of Calot's privateers until he gained enough prize money to equip a ship of his own. More prize money poured in and he acquired and equipped other ships. By 1791 he was so wealthy that he gave up life at sea and established himself as a great merchant.

He continued, however, to add new ships to his fleet until at one time he had 83 vessels flying his flag. On his pay rolls were 7,000 sailors and his ships were bringing rich cargoes from Asia, Europe and the West Indies. His annual taxes amounted to \$200,000.

Marvelous Arch

Architects have been known to make the Journey to Colon in the Canal Zone for the sole purpose of examining the ancient flat arch which entered into the construction of St. Dominic's church, a Seventeenth century relic, now a ruin, except the marvelous arch. The latter is a single span of about 90 feet with only the terminal columns for support and in addition to this, the arch has so little curve to it that it seems to be almost flat. Tradition has it that it fell three times in the course of construction, but on the fourth occasion it is said that the monk who designed it stood under it in prayer as it was finished its fall at that time would have killed him. The surrounding structure is in ruins, but the arch remains. Its existence was threatened recently when a real estate operator secured possession of the property but to save it the municipal council made an appropriation to purchase the land from him.

Ants as Mushroom Growers

In Brazil scientists have observed multitudes of ants which climb trees, place themselves on the surface of a leaf, next cutting with their claws a nearby semicircular incision on the upper side, and later detaching the piece by taking the edge between the jaws and giving a sharp jerk. The leaves are taken into subterranean chambers, where they ferment and decay, forming a leaf-mold, in which the ants grow mushrooms.



Needless Pain!

People are often too patient with pain. Suffering when there is no need to suffer. Shopping with a head that throbs. Working though they ache all over. And Bayer Aspirin would bring immediate relief!

The best time to take Bayer Aspirin is the moment you first feel the pain. Why postpone relief until the pain has reached its height? Why hesitate to take anything so harmless?

Read the proven directions for checking colds, easing a sore throat; relieving headaches and the pains of neuralgia, neuritis, rheumatism, etc.

You can always count on its quick comfort. But if pain is of frequent recurrence see a doctor as to its cause.

BAYER ASPIRIN

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Children CRY for it

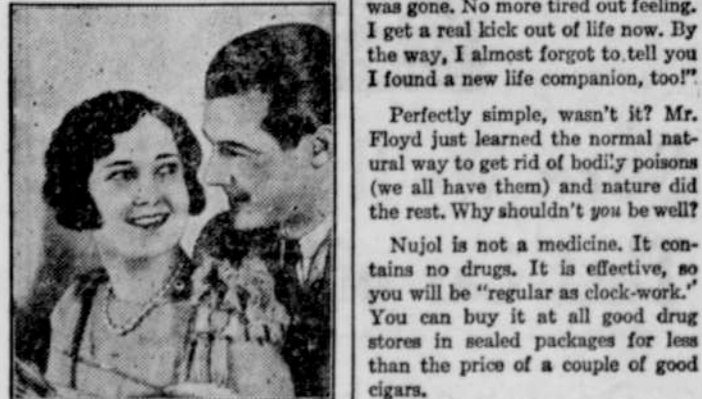
It may be the little stomach; it may be the bowels are sluggish. No matter what coats a child's tongue, its a safe and sensible precaution to give a few drops of Castoria. This gentle regulation of the little system soon sets things to rights. A pure vegetable preparation that can't harm a wee infant, but brings quick comfort—even when it is colic, diarrhea, or similar disturbance.

And don't forsake Castoria as the child grows older. If you want to raise boys and girls with strong systems that will ward off constipation, stick to good old Castoria; and give nothing stronger when there's any irregularity except on the advice of a doctor. Castoria is sold in every drugstore, and the genuine always bears Chas. H. Fletcher's signature on the wrapper.

Wins Wife as First Prize!

If you don't think your whole life can be changed by chance, read this. It is the story of a young man who was pretty well down and out, but he figured he might win a prize if he took some advice.

"As far back as I can remember I had been a weakling," says Mr. Calvin L. Floyd of Orlando, Florida. "A headache, it seemed, was to be my life companion. I was always dizzy in the mornings. Nothing I



ate seemed good for me. Then I attended a health lecture in a sanatorium and the physician talked on 'faulty elimination.' That was certainly my trouble. One of the patients asked him about Nujol. He recommended it highly. I decided to try one bottle to see if there was anything in what he said about natural lubrication for the human body.

"Long before I had finished the first bottle my 'companion-headache' was gone. No more tired out feeling. I got a real kick out of life now. By the way, I almost forgot to tell you I found a new life companion, too!"

Perfectly simple, wasn't it? Mr. Floyd just learned the normal natural way to get rid of bodily poisons (we all have them) and nature did the rest. Why shouldn't you be well?

Nujol is not a medicine. It contains no drugs. It is effective, so you will be "regular as clock-work." You can buy it at all good drug stores in sealed packages for less than the price of a couple of good cigars.

Begin today. Millions have found that Nujol makes all the difference in the world. Nujol will make you feel fine and you can prove it.

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ANONIT the affected parts with Cuticura Ointment. Wash off in a few minutes with Cuticura Soap and hot water and continue bathing. Pimples, rashes and all forms of skin troubles quickly yield to this treatment.

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