

SHORT WRAPS ARE IN FAVOR; THE BOLERO JACKET TWO-PIECE

HEMELINES are having their share of ups and downs this season—"ups" when it comes to evening wraps, and "downs" when it comes to evening frocks. Which being the case, behold an entirely new silhouette—one in which the lengthened hemline of the skirt flares out in sprightly manner, from the tightly-drawn wrap-around hemline of the

pale tints or off-white coloring, women are wearing these velvet wraps without fur, the color glory of which rests in such intriguing hues as pale blue, bright orange, vivid red, striking green and the very new eggplant, fuchsia and dahlia shades.

Popular Afternoon Suit.

No matter how many costumes there are included in the winter ward



Short Length Evening Coat.

short-length coat, just as this picture portrays.

There's no doubt about it, the most interesting thing about the new evening wraps is their length, or rather their lack of length, for the shorter the smarter, according to fashion's verdict. Apparently the abbreviated hemline has become the basic theme of evening wrap modes, the which designers are playing in every key and with every variation.

The illustration presents a very charming exponent of the short-length evening wrap. This youthful model is fashioned of white moire. This lovely wrap makes fur conspicuous in its absence. There's a flowing cape like panel of self-fabric at the back which adds greatly to the beauty of its "lines."

The predominance of white for both

robe, the one which is almost sure to be taken down most frequently from its hanger in answer to the ever-recurring "what-to-wear" question is the bolero-jacket two-piece with a tuck-in blouse, modeled somewhat after the fashion of the youthful looking ensemble in the lower picture.

The formality of these popular afternoon jacket-and-shirt-with-blouse costumes depends upon their materials. When one aspires to be a bit formal, lovely transparent velvet, with satin for the blouse, is the logical choice. For yet more formal occasion latest style bulletins proclaim the choice of sheer novelty metal cloth for the blouse which is worn with the velvet suit.

While dark brown with eggshell is the color scheme interpreted by the velvet and satin suit in the illustration,



Velvet Two-Piece Suit.

wrap and gown in the formal evening mode is unquestioned. Visions of fairy-like loveliness are the delusions of those who wear all white ensembles such as a dress of white moire or of satin and tulle, topped with a coiffe of exquisitely transparent white velvet, the just-below-the-hip hemline being bordered with white fox, the opulent collar repeating the same.

Metal cloth for the evening wrap being in high favor, the white note is carried out in that the brocade is all white with an allover patterning of interwoven silver threads.

Colorful transparent velvet for the furless evening wrap is widely exploited. In developing the velvet wrap, sleeves have become a plaything of the designer, who lavishes upon them much fine detailing in way of shirring, tucking and draping. With their dainty satin gowns so often in

tion, many other lovely color combinations are being exploited. Perhaps in this connection the suit of sheer black velvet with its white, eggshell, or other wise colorful satin blouse should be given first mention. With all due respect to the prestige of black velvet one cannot but be impressed with the fascinating color beauty of such combinations as egg plant, raisin, dahlia or dark green for the velvet with white, flesh, eggshell or any of the modish off white tints for the blouse. With brown black or for

est green, the blouse in bright orange is the latest message from fashion's realm.

Women who showed rebellion at the mere mention of the revival of the tuck-in blouse at the first of the season are becoming quite reconciled to the idea, seeing that skirts have come to the rescue in that they are cleverly designed with yokes with a view to tuning them to the new raised waist lines in a slenderizing way. The skirt flares in a snugly draped yoke which suggests a wide girdle.

The neckline of the satin blouse shown here is interesting in that it exploits one of the new plaited collar-jackets. There is an increasing liking for collars worn in this way, for the effect is notably youthful and flattering.

JULIA ROTTOMLEY

(© 1929, Western Newspaper Union.)

THE MAN THEY OWED

(By Dr. J. Walsh.)

BESS HERRICK glanced at her husband in dismay as he pushed aside the plate she had just placed before him.

"What! Not going to eat your apple pie?" she questioned.

"I'm in too big a hurry. I've got to go to town," Steve rose from the table. As he passed Bess he rumpled her hair with his brown hand, then stooping, kissed her glowing cheek. But he didn't tell her why he had to go to town when there was lots of work waiting to be done at home. And Bess didn't ask him. Their union was of that kind. Each trusted the other perfectly, each forebore intruding upon the other's privacy of thought or action.

But after Steve had gone off down the road in the old car Bess got to thinking. Steve was worried about something—something that he did not feel like sharing with her lest it make her worry, too. Goodness knew they had troubles enough the way things had gone this last year. They'd had just about every kind of setback except a fire. "I hope we don't have that," sighed Bess.

When she had washed the dinner dishes and put the shabby kitchen in its usual spotless order she sat down at the window to darn Steve's socks. It was amazing the way Steve's big feet wore out socks. She drew a sock over her hand and studied it with puckered brows. It was hopeless.

Gobble, gobble, gobble! Bess glanced out the window. With a leap she was out of her chair, scattering balls of darning cotton and socks in every direction. Outdoors she flew, bareheaded, though the wind was blowing an icy autumn gale.

"The old simp!" she raged. "Thinking he can spend the night in that apple tree! He'd freeze to death."

The great bronze-colored turkey saw her coming in pursuit. He fled before her. She sprinted after him, her slim legs gaining in the race. At last she was near enough to grab him. He struggled furiously. But she hung on valiantly. An eighteen-pound gobble was no easy thing to handle, especially when he was flapping his wings, striking at her with his feet, pecking at her with his sharp bill. One blow on that cheek made the blood run. It also made Bess mad.

"Old fellow, you're going back into your coop, and I don't care now if I do pull out all your tail feathers," she muttered.

"Hello, there!" A big car had whirled into the yard and stopped close beside Bess. From the window a stern old face looked out, the face of Henry Homer, rich and shrewd. Some said too shrewd for exact honesty—in his dealing with folks. At that very moment he was squeezing Steve who owed him. But a young couple, just starting out in life, had to owe somebody. The trouble lay in the fact that they owed Henry Homer.

The man got out of his car, coming over to where Bess was trying to thrust the turkey into his coop. He eyed the big bird critically.

"How much will you take for him?" he asked.

"Whatever he's worth," Bess replied promptly.

"He's worth four dollars to me," Henry took out his thick pocketbook, opened it and extracted a pair of two-dollar bills.

"He's worth just fifty cents a pound to me. That's nine dollars," Bess returned, frowning.

He shook his head. "Too much—too much. Here's four dollars for the bird. Take it or leave it."

"I'll leave it."

Henry wanted the big turkey, and whatever he wanted he usually got. For money will buy everything except love, health and happiness, and it will often add to the measure of these. He was being crossed by this slim young thing in faded blue gingham, and he didn't like it, especially as he felt the Herricks were under obligation to him. Hadn't he let them have the money to buy every last thing they had?

"Come, come!" he said. "No fooling. Where's a gunny sack to throw over the turkey's head?"

Bess realized what she was up against. She dared not offend this man and yet—right was right, and she'd worked too hard and long over that gobble to sell him for four dollars.

"You may have the turkey for nine dollars, not a cent less," she said. "You'll find that he weighs up beyond the eighteen-pound notch. I know for I weighed him myself just this morning."

"Look here, young woman," Henry was red with exasperation. "I'm going to tell you something for your own good. Steve has passed up his payment and interest. First thing you know you'll be set out of here. And I won't help you to another cent."

Bess was white now. So that was what Steve hadn't dared tell her—that he'd passed up his payment on the place? Suppose they were forced to leave, where should they go? Steve loved the old place. It had belonged in his family once. He had set his heart on getting it back in the Herrick name.

Henry had turned and was getting back into his car when out of a tight throat he spoke. "Wait! The turkey's yours. The man went right on again. He spoke more loudly. He turned

and looked at her. What he said made her clap her hands over her ears and run into the house.

She stood in the center of the kitchen, her hands knotted under her chin, staring at the uneven floor. Mr. Homer had gone away mad. She had bungled. Better to have let him have the turkey if that was the only way to keep him good-humored.

Gobble, gobble, gobble! She looked out. The turkey had got out of the coop again. More chasing round in the cold, and she was tired enough already. This time she snatched her thick red sweater and put it on as she dashed to the pursuit.

But she lost sight of the turkey in seeing something else far down the road. There stood the big car, stuck in a mud-hole. It wouldn't, it couldn't pull out. Cars had been stuck there before that fall since the heavy rains. Bess thought an instant. Then she dashed to the barn and began to hitch up the big bay horse, which Steve called his right-hand man.

Henry Homer had got out and was tinkering helplessly under the hood when Bess rode up on old Mike.

"Nothing wrong with your car, Mr. Homer," she said cheerfully. "They all do it at this point. Steve pulled out two this morning."

He glanced at her as she slipped to the ground beside him.

"I suppose Steve keeps this mud-hole here on purpose so he can get paid for pulling folks out," he said.

"He did it for nothing. So will I." She was offering him a favor and he hated to take it. But he saw he must or wait until somebody came along with a team. And on a road of this kind he might have to wait hours.

"Go ahead," he said gruffly.

He did help her hitch the horse to the car. She stood at Mike's head. Mike understood. He pressed against the collar with his big shoulders, his muscular flanks strained. Out came the car onto a dry spot.

Bess jumped onto Mike's back and before the man could thank her she was riding home.

She was baking gingerbread for supper when Steve came home. He leaped from the old car and entered the house whistling.

"Pretty near got stuck in that old mud-hole myself," he said. "I'm going to fix it tomorrow. I'll throw in a few loads of stones. Bess, I've got good news for you! I met Henry Homer on my way home and he says he'll fix up that payment for me. He thinks we've done pretty well for a pair of kids, keeping as far ahead of the game as we have this first year. I did get that money that's been held back so long, though I didn't expect to when I went after it today. I've been awfully bothered lately. But all we want is time, Bess. We'll clear ourselves if we have a little time. But I don't see," Steve pushed back his dark hair, "what makes Henry Homer so kind of—of human all of a sudden."

Bess stooped down and took the pan of gingerbread from the oven. She held it under Steve's nose, laughing. But she said not a word.

Claims of Centenarians

Entitled to Respect

Insurance companies were slow to admit the existence of centenarians, and they still hold to the view that most of the reported rounders of the century mark have added, although often honest error, to their ages. Dr. Louis I. Dublin, an official of a life insurance company, went so far as to tell the American Public Health association that "practically every investigation of centenarians has disclosed the woeful lack of reliable records of their true ages."

The mere fact that one cannot produce witnesses and documents to prove that one was born a hundred years ago does not prove the contrary. It may quite conceivably happen, and no doubt sometimes does happen that a person utterly without documents on the subject is right about it. Many among us who have still a good many decades to go to the century mark would have hard work if asked to prove that we were born when we supposed. Some old persons may find it interesting to pile on the years five or ten at a time every birthday, but when do they abandon the habit of pretending themselves younger than they are? Friends and relatives would hardly accept without comment the statement of a venerable person who had persisted at seventy for many years. If the figure jumped to ninety overnight. Nor does the traditional fondness of the elderly for fixed habits encourage the idea that they would find any particular enjoyment in leaping so nimbly from one age group to another as Doctor Dublin's statement would imply.

But it matters little whether he is right or wrong. When we see a venerable fellow being who is alive and reasonably glad of it, we shall feel strongly moved to believe him quite as old as he says. There is comfort in the sight of a traveler farther along on the road and contented to be traveling it.—Brooklyn Eagle.

His Badge

A minister tells this joke on him self: Once when conducting a Sunday school he noticed that at the dismissal of classes, one teacher plumped on her pupils' heads which bore Bible verses. He approached her and said: "Madame, in all my years of church work, no one has ever given me a badge in recognition of my service." The young woman pinned a button on his coat lapel. The woman is now his wife, and he believes she knew his verse read: "Without Me, you can do nothing."



(© 1929, Western Newspaper Union.)

"The man who is ever seeking to do his best, is the one who is keen, active, wide awake and aggressive. He is ever watchful of himself in trifles. His standard is not 'What will the world say?' but 'What is worthy of me?'"

WINTER DAINTIES

During the winter when the citrus fruits are the most plentiful and cheapest, is the time to preserve, candy and dry them for use in various ways.

Sections of orange are glazed in a heavy fruit sirup, making a most attractive and delightful tea-table attraction.

Candied Orange Peel.—Cover the peel of four oranges with two quarts of water, bring slowly to the boiling point and simmer until the peel is tender. Drain and let stand until cool, then remove all the inner white skin and cut the peel into strips. Boil two cupsful of sugar with one-half cupful of water until it spins a thread. Put in part of the peel and boil for five minutes; remove with a fork and roll in granulated sugar. Grapefruit or lemon may be treated in the same way. A mixture of the three, tinting with green, yellow or pink, any one or all of them, makes a very attractive confection to serve with a cup of tea.

Candied Cranberries.—Boil two cupsful of sugar with three-fourths cupful of water slowly for five minutes. Wash and dry two cupsful of large hard cranberries, pierce each with a large needle, then spread the berries in a single layer in a granite pan. Pour over the sirup and set them in a moderate oven until they are almost transparent. Remove and dust with sugar if desired. These are nice to use as a garnish or in candy boxes. They may take the place of the candied cherries.

Fruit and Nut Paste.—Put through the food chopper two cupsful of dates, after stoning them. Mix with one cupful of peanut butter and one teaspoonful of salt. Take spoonfuls of the mixture and form into small apples. Place a clove for the blossom end and a bit of orange peel for a stem.

Filling for a Layer Cake.—Boil two cupsful of sugar until it threads, then pour slowly over three stiffly-beaten egg whites; add one-half cupful of citron finely shredded, one cupful of raisins, one-half cupful of dates or figs, and one pound of blanched and chopped almonds. Spread between the layers of any delicate white cake.

Baked Bananas.—Cook one-half cupful of seedless raisins in one and one-half cupful of boiling water for half an hour, thicken with flour and butter cooked together, add a tablespoonful of lemon juice and pour over the baked bananas. A grating of lemon peel is an addition, or a bit of vanilla.

Things Worth Consideration.

A writer in the Journal of Home Economics points out the responsibility and the example of the American housewife in relation to her foreign neighbor, which perhaps has never occurred to her.

"The simple house furnishings, the spotless window curtains and the well laundered cloth ing, the careful ventilation and the well ordered household activities of the American housewife serve as a guide in helping the foreign housewife to adapt her methods of living to those of her foster homeland."

The foreign housewife, though unable to understand our language is very clever at picking up ideas. The influence of a good housekeeper extends beyond the intimate circle of her family, friends and neighbors and her servants. It has been potent in the Americanization of immigrants coming from lands where cleanliness is not as high as our own.

This influence makes itself felt in a less direct, but none the less real way on the commodities that all women purchase.

"Women as consumers purchase health or lack of it for the members of their immediate households. Indirectly through their demand for clean wholesome food and clothing products, they create a supply of commodities which are available for the less intelligent homemaker, who because of lack of knowledge, is indifferent to the scope of variation in purchasable products."

In keeping her own household healthy and happy, the good housekeeper sets standards for others who have not yet learned to manage their households so efficiently. When she buys such tools as brushes, sponges and cleaners for the duties of good housekeeping and when she insists upon wholesome food, and clothing made of guaranteed materials, she is helping to keep these standards high.

Some like a coat of wax applied to a varnished surface. Rub it well, let it dry thoroughly, then polish with a weighted brush, or electric polisher. Frequent dusting will keep a floor in fine condition. When spots appear if they are wiped up, the whole floor will not need cleaning.

Nellie Maxwell

Old shoes made new for less than a penny a pair



Scuffs disappear. Clean, uniform color returns. More than 70 shades for 50 cents. Black, brown, tan, white and neutral.

BARTON'S
DYANSHINE
SHOE POLISH

Premature Burials Fought

Fear of being buried alive has grown to such an extent in Europe that the Society for the Prevention of Premature Death has been organized. It is arousing public interest in Britain in the building of a large mortuary, where bodies may be kept until there can be no doubt that death has taken place. It will be conducted along the lines of that in Munich, Germany, where, attached to each body is a cord connected with a system of bells, which ring at the slightest movement of the body. Attendants are on duty day and night, and if a bell rings, they dash for a doctor. The new society has 11 tests of death.

Reason Enough

"So she broke your engagement?" "Yes." "Well, wasn't there any reason?" "Oh, yes. She broke me first."

A new house after you have moved in, is interesting for a month while you are setting things to rights.

Hangar Quickly Emptied

A huge hexagonal hangar for airplanes at Los Angeles has been designed for rapid unloading in case of fire. Each of the six sides have doors which may be easily opened by one man and as the floors slope outward, it will be an easy matter for the same man to move one of these planes single handed.

Lighthouse for Ski Users

Devotees of winter sports in Germany are so eager to ski in remote parts of the mountains that many lose their way when night falls. In one place a lighthouse searchlight has been installed on the roof of a mountain shelterhouse. It flashes every two seconds and can be seen at a great distance, serving as a guide in fog and darkness.

Old Insurance Company

The Presbyterian Ministers' fund, Philadelphia, is probably the oldest insurance company in this country. It was established 170 years ago.

Who Wants to be Bald?

Not many, and when you are getting that way and loosing hair, which ends in baldness, you want a good remedy that will stop falling hair, dandruff and grow hair on the bald head. BARE-TO-HAIR is what you want.

For Sale at All Dealers in Toilet Articles Write for Information Scottsdale, Penna.

Knowledge is the antidote to fear.

Take pains in choosing a meal; a bad one can make you unhappy.

One has to be immaculately dressed to wear a flower in his buttonhole.

The politeness of a mean man is more or less disagreeable.

In losing fortune, many a lucky elf has found himself.—Smith.

Use Russ Ball Blue in your laundry. Tiny rust spots may come from inferior bluing. Ask Grocers.—Adv.

If a man picks up a dime in the street he looks for another in the vicinity and never finds it.

When a man will not listen to reason, he may be a little demented. You have got to consider that.

Ignorance about some things should be cultivated. They only annoy.

Effective Remedy

Colly—Can you suggest something that will remove superfluous hair? Druggist—Yes; try matrimony.

Stop the Pain.

The hurt of a burn or a cut stops when Cole's Carbolic is applied. It heals quickly without scars. See and do by all druggists, or send 50c to The J. W. Cole Co., Rockford, Ill.—Advertisement.

Voluble

"Some say conversation is a lost art." "Far from it. My wife can gab for hours over the telephone."

Deafness
HEAD NOISES
Leonard
EAR OIL
A. O. LEONARD, Inc.
70 Fifth Ave., New York City

Garfield Tea

Was Your Grandmother's Remedy

For every stomach and intestinal ill. This good old-fashioned herb home remedy for constipation, stomach ills and other derangements of the system so prevalent these days is in even greater favor as a family medicine than in your grandmother's day.

W. N. U., PORTLAND, NO. 49-1929.

Gardening Pays

Mrs. Neyber—Did you have any success with your garden this year?

Mrs. Nexdore—Yes, I got two new dresses, a hat and a pair of shoes, out of Tom for letting him play golf instead of working it.—The Pathfinder.

His Stunt

"Does your husband ever take any hard exercise?" "Well, last week he was out seven nights running."

So much new slang appears that it is no wonder that slang has to have a whole dictionary.



For COLDS

We all catch colds and they can make us miserable; but yours needn't last long if you will do this: Take two or three tablets of Bayer Aspirin just as soon as possible after a cold starts. Stay in the house if you can—keep warm. Repeat with another tablet or two of Bayer Aspirin every three or four hours, if those symptoms of cold persist. Take a good laxative when you retire, and keep bowels open. If throat is sore, dissolve three tablets in a quarter-glassful of water and gargle. This soothes inflammation and reduces infection. There is nothing like Bayer Aspirin for a cold, or sore throat. And it relieves aches and pains almost instantly. The genuine tablets, marked Bayer, are absolutely harmless to the heart.

BAYER
ASPIRIN
Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monacopolindien of Salicylsäure