

## LONG HEMLINES PLEASE MATRONS; BRIGHT COLOR IN SPRING SUITS



Flatters the Mature Figure.

AS TO lengthened hemlines for sweet sixteen and her debutante sister, we will not at this moment discuss the pros and cons of this most disturbing question, but when it comes to matronly figures there's no denying that the new downward trend of skirts is proving most flattering. Now that trains are in again evening modes "or the more mature are assuming a grace, a dignity and a charm which has been sadly lacking in gowns for the "grande dame" who moves in the social realm of the present time.

Then, too, trains call attention to back views, and designers have been quick to accept the challenge to create interesting and elaborated effects, such as marks the styling of the gown in upper picture. This evening dress designed for the mature figure is a Vionnet model. It is developed of chartreuse green chiffon crepe. The train sweeps the floor in graceful panels, which fall from a deep cut decollete.

It is undoubtedly so, that the complex styling involved in the creating of the newer modes is redounding to the glory of styles for the matronly. There are, for example, the long-train black velvet gowns whose sweeping lines are accentuated with insets of handsome lace. Madame looks stately in a dress of this description, but mademoiselle!—that is a different story.

And right here let it be said in regard to "real lace." If you are so fortunate to have heirloom laces hidden in the treasure store of the yesteryears, now is the time to let it see the light of day or the light at night for that matter, for the handsomest dressy afternoon and formal evening gowns are frequently garnished with collars

and cuffs, yokes and other fantasies of rare old lace.

Even materials hark back to that which was the boastful pride of our ancestresses—silks that "stand alone." At recent notable fashion events the tendency to supplant the familiar printed or plain chiffons with stiff rustling silks like flowered taffeta was very obvious, also significant as to future trends.

Sweeping trains, velvet, "old lace," silks that "stand alone," at last after many seasons of flapper modes the matron is surely having her day.

Wool Fabrics of Novel Weave. When one compares the daintiness, the sheerness, the colorfulness and the intriguing weaves of modern wool fabrics with the sturdy utilitarian worsted of the yesteryears, one is almost inclined to believe that Cinderella's good fairy is working her

magic throughout the various woolen mills of the country.

Enthusiasm among stylists for the new spring woolens knows no bounds. Not only are modern worsted fabrics good to look upon because of their adorable colorings and cunning weave but they are good to the touch as well because of their sheerness and light weight. Indeed in all those qualities which go to make up desirable fabrics for spring and summer woolens are flinging a direct challenge to the silks, and linens and cottons which once upon a time held the center of the stage.

Features of the new tweeds which are heralded for a tremendous vogue this spring are their extreme lightness and their a vel weave. Many are woven in lace effect, others in loose basket weave, still others flecked and nubbled in fantastic ways. A majority number of tweeds are created purposely for the dress, so dainty are they.

As to tweed suitings which also are exceedingly lightweight, they are contributing a generous dash of color to the spring landscape. The suit on the seated figure in the illustration below is made of a basket-weave tweed, its willow green coloring bringing all the freshness of spring into the style picture. Note that the coat is belted, as are so many of the new jackets this season. With this arresting suit, beige

## DORIS' WINDOW HOME

(By D. J. Walsh.)

DORIS WELLS, drawing herself up as tall as her 4 feet 11 inches would permit, walked jauntily along a busy downtown street. No one could have guessed from her cheerful expression that she wished this city street would turn into Main street, Wendemere, by a sudden wave of some fairy wand.

In Wendemere a girl could be 4 feet or 6 feet tall and she could get a stenographer's job anyhow. If she could take her shorthand notes and read them fast enough later at the typewriter. But in the city it seemed that business men had more compassionate hearts—if one could call it that, taking away a girl's job because she was so tiny!

Only that morning Doris had been writing at her machine when the manager came to her desk: "Get your time, Miss Wells. We have another girl for your desk. I'm sorry, but I just can't stand it to see a girl as little as you are doing that mammoth amount of work every day! It's too much for you."

A hundred answers had sprung to Doris' lips: Wasn't it better to have a hard job than none at all? Hadn't she done the work well, clearing up everything at 5:30 every evening before she left for the day? The girl who had held the position before her had often enough had eight or ten letters left for the next morning. Doris knew this by the soiled-looking notebook that the other girl had left behind her.

And back in Wendemere—Doris sighed. She could have kept on with her job there only it had sickened her to see the girls all making such a dead "set" at Wayne Griswold. Wayne Griswold was the son of the town's mayor. The mayor owned the lumber yard, the coal yard, the ice plant, was president of one bank and a director on the board of the other one—oh, Wayne Griswold was undoubtedly a good "catch" and well worth hunting lands. The government, to afford some relief, has sent out shooting parties one of which got 700 deer and another 500 deer. The hides of these animals were sold at \$1 each, but no mention is made of the destination of the venison.

What the deer overlook the wild pigs root up. So great are the ravages of these descendants of docile British porkers that the government pays a bounty of 25 cents for each snout turned in, but the farmers complain that there seems to be no diminution in the numbers of the wild pigs.

At this moment Doris passed a window where a large, sullen girl was throwing flour on a bright green rug before she ran the sweeper over the floor to prove to the onlookers what a good vacuum was for sale within. The manager of the store, to guess from his assured bearing, entered the window at this instant and said something, that apparently displeased the demonstrator. Probably he had told the girl to smile for he bared his own fine teeth as an example.

The girl stared at him coldly for a moment, shrugged her shoulders and threw with some temper all the flour in the box at hand on the green carpet and walked out of the little door at the back of the window. Doris smiled. She almost ran into the shop.

"That demonstrator has left her job?" she asked of the man who was by now following the large girl out of the window.

"Yes," he said shortly.

"Then I'd like the job," said Doris promptly.

"But you—you're too little to stand there all day demonstrating that thing," he said doubtfully.

"It doesn't take any great amount of strength to run a vacuum back and forth," said Doris, "and, besides, when people see a tiny woman doing the work they will have no doubt that can do it if they are of even ordinary size."

"You win," said the man, grinning. "Ready to work now?"

"All ready," said Doris. "Only that's a silly window advertisement. If you happen to ask my opinion, sensible folks don't pour flour on a good rug and then take it up again. That display doesn't come within folks' experience. Now if you put a little partition between the two halves of the window and made one half up to look like a garden with a large sand box, and, say, a couple of puppies playing in the sand—a couple of bones would insure there digging there—and then have me at the piano or at a sewing table where the dogs run in, bringing sand on their feet. I clean up the sand with the vacuum and—presto—the sales will run up something amazing."

"We'll try it," the man assented. "I'm not sure it will work, but sales have been a little slow."

"Yes, because people have seen that four stunt so often that they pass right by the window," said Doris. "More than that, folks always stop to look at dogs."

Doris enjoyed arranging the window. They had let down a drop like a stage drop to hide them while they worked at the sand and garden part of it. Tall hollyhocks nodded at a back fence of cardboard.

"You can let the curtain up again while I straighten out the living room part," said Doris. "There's no use wasting good time when people are passing the window."

"I believe it's going to work," the manager said, enthusiastically. "And I'm telling you that something had to work and sell cleaners around this shop or I—I was going to be on the outside looking in instead of inside looking out!"

Doris pulled over a little sewing table close to the comfortable davenport and sat down to wait there until the dogs got their feet covered with the dampened sand. She did not notice a familiar face outside of the window looking at her in amazement. She could hear voices in the store and she smiled. That meant customers!

When the little door at the back of the window opened she turned her head. Was the manager coming to congratulate her on her idea or to dismiss her as he had dismissed the other demonstrator? When her amazed eyes saw Wayne Griswold there she sat down again rather suddenly in the deep cushions.

"If you want to make a home so much," Wayne was saying awkwardly, "why don't you make one for us instead of a window home for every Tom, Dick and Harry to stare at?"

"I take it that this is a proposal?" said Doris with a little smile at his embarrassment.

"You take it right," he said, grimly. "And you come along with me or I'll kiss you right in the window for every one to see! The idea of your chasing off to the city here without telling me your address! Only the merest chance that I found you at all!"

"But—but," stammered the store's manager when Doris resigned a few moments later, "I—you can't leave now! The sales are beginning to pour in. I'll tell you—I'll take you both on and we'll have a real domestic scene!"

"My father is mayor of Wendemere," said Wayne Griswold coldly.

"Is that so?" asked the manager.

"I never heard of the town, but I'd make you the same offer if your dad were mayor of our city! That girl has ideas—"

And the last Doris saw of her job the manager was pushing the vacuum cleaner back and forth over the sand the dogs had brought in and a hand-lettered sign said: "My wife's away!"

## Roaming Buffalo Once Looked Upon as Pest

New Zealand complains that it has too many deer and wild pigs and not enough hunters. Red deer imported to the country have retired to mountain fastnesses, multiplied rapidly and now descend on farms and grazing lands. The government, to afford some relief, has sent out shooting parties one of which got 700 deer and another 500 deer. The hides of these animals were sold at \$1 each, but no mention is made of the destination of the venison.

What the deer overlook the wild pigs root up. So great are the ravages of these descendants of docile British porkers that the government pays a bounty of 25 cents for each snout turned in, but the farmers complain that there seems to be no diminution in the numbers of the wild pigs.

It is merely a clever advertisement of New Zealand as a paradise for hunters. It has that attractive sound. But if there is situation as bad as pictured, the New Zealanders should not give up hope of early relief. Just recently W. A. Hoy, a veteran of the Civil war, who has lived in the Black Hills since the early '70s, was complaining of the buffalo in the early days. "We were held up three days and three nights going through one buffalo herd and all the time we could either hear or see buffalos." That was fifty years ago and now the only buffalos in the Black Hills are those in the state park for the tourist to gaze at. Fifty years hence New Zealand will be urging conservation of game and passing laws for closed seasons.

## Under Boots

"Boots!" called the guest in the country hotel, thrusting his head out of his bedroom door. "Boots!"

There was no reply to his call, just as there had been none to his ringing of the bell. He called again and again and at last a small boy in a much buttoned uniform appeared.

The guest looked him up and down. "I want the boots. You're not the boots, surely!"

"No, sir," said the boy, "I'm the socks."

"Socks!" cried the guest. "What do you mean by that?"

"You see, sir," answered the boy, "I'm under the boots!"—Montreal Star.

## Early Episcopal Bishop

The first Protestant Episcopal bishop to be consecrated in the United States after the break with the English church was Samuel Seabury, who was sent to England to be consecrated bishop of Connecticut, but the English bishop found a difficulty in consecrating one unable to take the prescribed oath (which includes fealty). Thereupon Seabury repaired to the nonjuring bishop of Scotland and was consecrated November, 1784, at Aberdeen, Scotland, by Bishops Robert J. Kilgore, Arthur Petrie and John Skinner. Later Doctors Provost and Wood were consecrated by the archbishop of Canterbury in 1787.

## Dr. Phelps' Anti-Dog Weapon

When I took my first bicycle tour in Germany, I noticed that the German wheelmen carried a whip in a receptacle attached to the handlebars. Upon inquiry, it was for dogs. I carried no whip, for I found a more efficient way. When chased by infuriated dogs, which happened three or four times every day, I waited till the monster got close. Then leaning over, I spit in his eye, becoming with practice uncannily accurate. The animal invariably retired. It wasn't the heat, it was the humidity.—William Lyon Phelps in Scribner's Magazine.

## The Kitchen Cabinet

(By 1920, Western Newspaper Union.)

When over the fair face of friend or foe  
The shadow of disgrace shall fall:  
Instead  
Of words of blame, or proof of  
thus and so,  
Let something good be said.—Riley.

## OUT OF THE MOLASSES KEG

Most of us think of molasses as an old fashioned sirup which was used in grandmother's day to sweeten the ginger bread, cookies and juicy pies, that gave an aroma to her pantry which we never forget.

However, molasses goes back much farther than grandmother's pantry, for our Puritan grandparents used molasses in all their cooking, and the full molasses keg was a large part of the food equipment. It was eaten with mush and cereals, on griddle cakes and all kinds of bread, sweetened dried apple pies, baked ham, cakes and puddings, as there was no sugar in those days, such as we commonly use now.

The children enjoyed the molasses candy pulls in those days just as they do today.

Molasses being the product of the South, has its delectable dishes which have been handed down to us from generation to generation. The following are a few worth keeping, as they are choice:

**Louisiana Pudding.**—Take one-half cupful of well washed rice, four cupfuls of milk, one-half cupful of raisins, one-half cupful of New Orleans molasses, one-half teaspoonful of each of cinnamon and salt. Mix well and bake two and one-half hours, stirring often during the first hour of baking. On the last stirring add two tablespoonfuls of butter.

**Southern Waffles.**—Sift one pint of flour, with three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one-half teaspoonful of salt, then add one and one-fourth cupfuls of milk, two eggs, whites and yolks beaten separately, mix and beat well, then add two tablespoonfuls of melted butter. Add more milk if the batter seems too thick. Serve with New Orleans molasses.

**Creole Sauce.**—Cook one cupful of molasses and two tablespoonfuls of butter together for five minutes. Take from the fire and add the juice of two lemons. Serve as a sauce for cottage pudding.

**The Best Gingerbread.**—Take one-half cupful of melted shortening—lard is good—one teaspoonful of salt, a tablespoonful of ginger, one cupful of sugar and one cupful of molasses, one scant teaspoonful of soda, dissolved in one cupful of boiling water. To three cupfuls of flour add the dry ingredients. Beat one egg, add the sugar, then all the other ingredients and mix well, add the boiling water in which the soda has been stirred at the last. Bake in a sheet or in gem pans. This is always good.

## GOOD THINGS TO EAT

Serve crushed peanut brittle over ice cream, it adds to the flavor and is most appetizing.

**Glorified Rice.**—Whip one cupful of cream, add a pinch of salt and a teaspoonful of vanilla. Just before serving, toss two cupfuls of boiled rice into the cream mixture and serve topped with a teaspoonful of raspberry or other fruit jam for each serving.

**Ginger Waldorf Salad.**—Fold together one cupful each of diced tart apple celery, one-half cupful of broken nut meats, one-half cupful of mayonnaise and one-fourth cupful of candied ginger. Marinate with french dressing and rub each salad leaf with a cut clove of garlic. Serve at once after adding the nuts.

**Cheese Sticks.**—Slice six slices of bread and dip into melted butter, then into grated parmesan cheese. Toast on both sides and serve after draining on a paper. Nice with a lettuce salad.

**Loyster Newburg.**—Put three tablespoonfuls of butter into the blazer of chafing dish or in a saucepan, add one cupful of mushrooms, cook five minutes, add four tablespoonfuls of flour and a pint of milk. Add one and one-half cupfuls of lobster meat or shrimps or crabs. Mix two egg yolks with a little of the sauce and stir into the lobster. Cook just long enough to set the eggs. Season with lemon juice, a bit of nutmeg, cayenne pepper and salt.

**Oxtails on Casserole.**—Cut the tails in sections and cook in boiling water to cover; cook five minutes, then drain, dredge with flour, fry in fat with a small minced onion. Season well, place in a casserole with two cupfuls of strained tomato juice, one teaspoonful of salt, one-fourth teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce and one finely minced carrot. Cover and cook in a slow oven for one and one-half hours, adding more as needed. Ten minutes before serving add a cupful of cooked peas. Add flour to thicken if needed, and serve the gravy with the meat.

Neenie Maxwell

## Needless Suffering



The next time a headache makes you stay at home—

Or some other ache or pain prevents your keeping an engagement—Remember Bayer Aspirin! For there is scarcely any pain it cannot relieve, and relieve promptly.

These tablets give real relief, or millions would not continue to take them. They are quite harmless, or the medical profession would not constantly prescribe them.

Don't be a martyr to unnecessary pain. To colds that might so easily be checked; to neuritis, neuralgia; to those pains peculiar to women; or any suffering for which Bayer Aspirin is such an effective antidote.



For your own protection, buy the genuine. Bayer is safe. It's always the same. It never depresses the heart, so use it as often as needed; but the cause of any pain can be treated only by a doctor.

## BAYER ASPIRIN

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

For a Change  
"You are looking happy. I must write you some poetry," remarked the contributor.

"Nothing you could do would make me happier," rejoined the editor.

Humor Practically Applied  
"You have a fine sense of humor." "I need it," answered Senator Sorghum. "The only way I can hope to get away from certain embarrassments is by laughing them off."

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## When Babies CRY

Babies will cry, often for no apparent reason. You may not know what's wrong, but you can always give Castoria. This soon has your little one comforted; if not, you should call a doctor. Don't experiment with medicines intended for the stronger systems of adults! Most of those little upsets are soon soothed away by a little of this pleasant-tasting, gentle-acting children's remedy that children like.

It may be the stomach, or may be the little bowels. Or in the case of older children, a sluggish, constipated condition. Castoria is still

the thing to give. It is almost certain to clear up any minor ailment, and could by no possibility do the youngest child the slightest harm. So it's the first thing to think of when a child has a coated tongue; won't play, can't sleep, is fretful or out of sorts. Get the genuine; it always has Chas. H. Fletcher's signature on the package.

Even tainted money is apt to have one or more strings to it.

Many find Russ Ball Blue good tonic for chickens. Large package at Grocers.—Adv.

Pleasant faces make pleasant places.

## "Always in Good Humor" says Bill "and my Folks, too"

YOUNG BILL FREEMAN, Jr., of 707 South Street, Key West, Florida, has started in early telling the world his secret of health. "I don't know that I would have been the cause of divorce," writes Bill, through his mother, "but certainly the first three months of my life my mother was a nervous wreck, and so was I. I never saw father because he didn't like my disposition—and every day it was a fight at our house—either castor oil or an enema, and I was just about ready to quit home.

"Finally, they started in giving me a half teaspoonful of Nujol night and morning. I am five months old now, and I take Nujol every other night, which keeps me so well regulated that I am always in good humor, and so are my folks."

How simple it is, after all. No drugs, no medicines, no irritating cathartics. Just simple and natural lubrication which our bodies need as much as any machine. Nujol is not absorbed by the body. It is non-fattening; it can form no habit; it cannot hurt the smallest baby. What it does is keep our bodies internally clean of the poisons we all have and which, unless they are swept away as regularly as clock work, give us headaches, make us feel sick, low in our minds, blue, down on the world.

Nujol is as tasteless and colorless as pure water. Start this very night and see how different you will feel



William A. Freeman, Jr., who licks the spoon in preparation for licking the world.

after a few days. It costs but a few cents and it makes you feel like a million dollars. You can buy it at any drug store in a sealed package. With millions of people all over the world keeping well with Nujol there is no reason why you, too, should not be joyous, full of pep, with the happiness that comes of good health. Get a bottle today.