

FITTED PRINCESS SILHOUETTE; CALL OF THE SPRING MODE

AFTER all, it is the simplest frock which is usually the loveliest. At least that is the message which the exquisite gown of white moire in the picture conveys.

This lovely princess frock can scarcely be said to be of the off-sung "sweet simplicity" type. Rather does its every line bespeak that "sophisticated simplicity" so eagerly sought.

Let the technique of the molded-to-the-figure princess lines with their low-placed flares prove too severe, designers are adding a softening note in the way of a huge bow placed either at one hip as illustrated, or at some

latest call of the mode is for the suit which features the jacket with a shoulder cape and a collarless neckline. The model in second illustration is thus fashioned. Two-toned yellow tweed is used in its development.

The tweeds and novelty woolsens employed for the new suits and ensembles are for the most part very colorful. Such high colors as red, violet, grayish greens, blues and pinkish tones are sponsored by leading stylists.

Not only are jackets and top coats made with capes but the majority of one-piece cloth street frocks usually flaunt capes. Sometimes the cape is



Huge
Bow Softens
Silhouette.

other equally as advantageous point. Repeatedly, these enormous bows enhance the formal evening silhouette. They are for the most part of self-material.

The hemline of the white moire gown pictured is interesting for the reason that it is even, or at least, very nearly so, all around. The newest modes call for even hemlines rather than the pointed, jagged and generally erratic effects.

If there is any fabric which yields more beguilingly than moire to the new princess evening silhouettes, dressmakers and couturiers have yet to find it. Of course, the moire pastels are good to look upon, and their number is legion, but there is that about the all-white moires which spells enchantment to even a greater degree. Now that the charming blonde, Princess Marie Jose selected white moire for one of the frocks in her

merely a little shoulder affair attached to the jacket or coat, then again the cape is made a separate item to serve in place of either jacket or coat. In fact all signs point to a widespread vogue for cape-and-skirt costumes.

The two-piece ensembles which have a cape are stunning. Usually, the skirt of very colorful loosely-woven soft tweed is plaited or cut circular, for there must be a flare. The blouse of crepe, shantung or challis favors the tuck-in type. As to the cape, the smartest are three-quarter length.

Some of the most arresting models among the new caped versions top a one-piece sports dress of handsome cloth with a cape of self fabric, the same plaited into a yoke, the skirt flare repeating the plaits.

Whether it be a jacket caped or a two-piece ensemble which is suited it is apt to abound in interesting "dressmaker touches." That is the severely



Featuring Jacket
With
Shoulder Cape.

trousseau with a coat of the same lavished with white fox, the impulse has been obviously quickened to employ this delectable material for both formal daytime and evening wear.

Very long and very decollete white gowns, whether of satin, tulle, moire or taffeta, are outstanding among the newer modes for midseason, social occasions. In many instances the big-bow theme is exploited for these queenly white gowns. In that a huge bow is placed at the back, the long widening streamers developing into a graceful train.

Cape Theme Emphasized. Throughout spring styling, emphasis is placed on the cape theme. The

tailored types are outnumbered by those which exploit clever manipulation in the way of tucks, godets, fancy insets, applied bands of self fabric which are generously stitched, fancy contrast pipings and other intriguing manipulation which makes for effective styling.

Stunning ensembles are fashioned of lace-woven jersey, which in turn is trimmed with plain jersey, the latter criss-crossed in designful bands and forming fanciful borderings. Quite a few of these jersey models have capes which also combine the lace-patterned with the plain.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY
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UPON THE HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS OF THE LAND

(© by D. J. Walsh.)

AFTER graduating from college at the impressionable age of twenty-three Lee Barton threw off the restraining garments of convention with a grand flourish, and with serene confidence set out upon the highways and byways of the land, ever cherishing a sublime faith in a romance that lurked just around the next corner. A merry vagabond was Lee, ready to embrace golden fleeces, lady loves, proven treasure, holy grails, or whatever delectable gifts the gods of chance deigned to bestow upon him.

Headless of his father's desire that he enter the commercial lists and establish a branch office of the Barton Plate Glass Company in a distant city, Lee took the road. And now, after four months, he found himself on a park bench in a bustling midwestern city, penniless and rather seedy in appearance. It was the same city, he reflected, in which his father desired him to open a branch office.

On a nearby bench an attractive girl of about twenty sat reading a newspaper. After a while she dropped the paper, and as it fluttered to the ground Lee saw her dash furtively at her eyes with a small handkerchief.

"Why, the girl's crying," he muttered to himself. "A fair damsel in distress. To the rescue, Sir Galahad!" He strode across the walk and seated himself on the bench beside the girl. "Pardon this unseemly liberty," he said, "but something in the paper has apparently distressed you. Tell me what it is and I'll go over and challenge the editor to a couple of duels."

"I was reading the want ads," answered the girl. "Looking for a job."

"A job?" repeated Lee. "You mean a job-of-work?"

"Of course," replied the girl. "Work."

"Work—what a vulgar word," proclaimed Lee. "What an uncouth word. Work? Why, the idea is—"

"If you just came over to make fun of me," sobbed the girl, "please go away. Perhaps, if you were hungry and tired—as I am—you'd—"

Now, Lee had an honest face, backed by personality plus. He set himself diligently to the pleasing task of winning the girl's confidence, and in a short time they were chatting amiably. Across the park was a small restaurant, and, with charming politeness, Lee invited the girl to dinner.

"I'll go on one condition," answered the girl. "Providing that as soon as we've finished dinner you'll let me go my way unmolested. Your only reward will be the happy thought that you've done a kind deed."

Lee consented, smilingly, to these terms. They entered the restaurant and were soon enjoying a tasty and agreeable meal. The girl proved a most agreeable dinner companion, and Lee skillfully drew out her pathetic story.

It was the old tale of a working girl with an invalid widowed mother to support. Her name was Rose Fraser and she was an expert stenographer. Although her story moved him deeply, Lee took a huge delight in studying her face and found a vast pleasure in her company. The meal came to an end all too soon for Lee.

"Now we'll stick to our little agreement," he announced, "so you just run along. But here's my last request. In a few days you will see a want ad in the local papers, in which the Barton Plate Glass company advertises for a stenographer. If you're still afflicted with the vulgar impulse to work please answer that ad in person. Remember—the Barton Plate Glass company."

As soon as the door closed behind the trim figure of the girl Lee rose and sauntered back into the kitchen. Here he calmly removed his coat, rolled up his sleeves and heedless of the astonished stares of the cook reached nonchalantly for a white apron that he spotted hanging on a peg.

The proprietor of the restaurant, a rather corpulent Greek gentleman, had deserted his post at the cash register and came bustling back into the kitchen.

"Here, what's this?" he blustered. "What's going on? What—"

"Please calm yourself, my dear sir, I beg of you. Be careful of your blood pressure," admonished Lee. "That poor girl was hungry, perhaps starving, hadn't eaten for ages. So I brought her in here to eat, perhaps saving her sweet young life. Very noble of me, I'm sure. I congratulate myself. Now to business, for I perceive you are a business man. How many hours must I work in order to pay for those two excellent meals and also earn a nice, bright, shining dollar in United States currency?"

At first the proprietor was quite taken aback by Lee's glib defense, but he soon smiled and entered into the comedy spirit of the situation.

"Don't know what your game is, young fellow," he affirmed. "But if you wash dishes, help the cook and bus boy and make yourself generally useful until 9 p. m. you can have supper and I'll slip you the dollar."

At 9:30 Lee was in the telephone office writing a message to his neglected and much worried father.

"Am ready to open branch office at

once in this city," he wrote. "If O. K. wire expense money and send—"

At 10 o'clock he was curled up for his night's slumber on the sawdust pile of a lumber mill. For sawdust is clean and easy to brush from one's clothing.

Four days later he was sitting in a swivel chair in a spacious office located in one of the city's principal business buildings, watching a sign painter embellish the outer door with "Barton Plate Glass Co." Also he appeared to be waiting for some one. Three young ladies had already applied for the stenographic position in response to his ad, but had been summarily dismissed. Then the well-remembered figure of Rose Fraser appeared in the open door. Recognition was immediate.

"You—you!" she gasped. "Why—"

"You're hired!" shouted Lee. "Take off your hat and coat."

Eskimo Offer of Wife

Just Friendly Gesture

Something should be said about the legendary eagerness of an Eskimo to offer his wife to every passing stranger and the wife's eagerness to be so offered. The report is greatly exaggerated.

Every good Eskimo provider, in the course of time, is likely to accumulate a number of superfluous women. Each winter many hunters at the ice edge, thirty miles or more from land, are lost, and because of this and other reasons there is a chronic deficiency of men.

Eskimo economy rests inescapably on the co-operation of man and woman. The woman cures fish and venison, tries out blubber for oil and does a thousand other things; and all through the winter evenings she chews away on heavy, hairy skins of seals, making them as soft and pliable as cloth and fit for clothing. In turn she is dependent upon the hunter.

Since an Eskimo man has a kindly, friendly nature presumably he shows consideration to the extra women who, because of the death of their men relations, come into his family. To call those women his wives, however, is a gross misuse of the word. They are, more often, only so many additional mouths to feed. When an Eskimo presses one of his so-called wives upon the passing stranger he is very likely hoping that the stranger may be moved to make a bid for her. —Jonathan Mitchell in the Mentor Magazine.

Holstein Cattle Winter in Luxurious Quarters

Speaking of the winter care given the famous Holstein cattle by the dairymen of Friesland, Holland, the National Geographic society says: "Barn and dwelling are under one roof, which rises high into the sky in order to provide loft space for the immense amount of hay needed as cattle feed during the long winter. The whole gives the appearance of a one-story cottage pushed low into the earth by weight of an immense pointed roof, which reaches above the tops of the tall trees lining the roadway."

"A hall separates the living quarters of the farmer's family from space set aside for cows, which as a rule is the larger portion of the house. Visitors testify that these barns are spotless and odorless. Each stall is sanded and has a window of its own. Inevitably decorated with a fresh white window curtain. Every cow has a bath daily and many of their tails are tied up with ribbon."

Cheerfulness Wins in Life's Strenuous Game

Cheerfulness is a wonderful tonic. If you are enjoying yourself thoroughly, how much you can do. It is hard to tire out a happy person. It has been proved, too, that gloom is wearing. You can exhaust yourself worrying and while you are lying abed and not moving a muscle. If you worry, you seldom do good work, because you have not energy enough to go around. You use it up in worry, and there is not enough left for your work. It follows logically that if you wish to make the most of life, you must cultivate cheerfulness and discard gloom. If you forget your trouble in helping some one else, however, you will find that you can always put gloom to flight and get the mastery of fear. It is your only chance for happiness.—Exchange.

Great American Rivers

The Mississippi proper is about 2,900 miles long, 2,101 of them navigable. From the mouth of the Mississippi to the headwaters of the Missouri, however, is a distance of 4,200 miles, and 2,682 miles of the Missouri may be navigated. The navigable tributaries of the Mississippi number 45, and the entire system offers 16,000 miles to traffic. The area drained is 1,257,545 square miles.

Huh?

Some Americans were standing in front of St. Paul's cathedral in London. A fellow countrywoman drove up and stood near them—apparently drinking in the majesty of the cathedral's beauty. Suddenly she turned to one of the group. "What do you suppose that church weighs?" she asked. —London Tit-Bits.

Electricity From Rug

The bureau of standards says that electricity generated by walking on a heavy rug is a common experience in winter, when the heated air indoors is very dry. There is no effective way of preventing such charges except increasing the humidity of the air. The electrical energy is small.

Daddy's Evening Fairy Tale

A MARY GRAHAM BONNER

FAR NORTH

"Our men sailed over these far Northern seas, on voyages of discovery in small, unsteady boats, long before Columbus was so much as born!" said the gentleman whose name was Scandinavia. "Our people visited North America, too. And our Northmen founded Iceland and Greenland. Oh, what a land this has been for explorers and adventurers. It's just the land you should visit, as you're an adventurer."

David was much pleased at Scandinavia's praise.

Nearby was a rushing tumble of water and all around were little islands.

"This peninsula of ours is covered with great forests and swift-moving streams," Scandinavia said gayly. And, as David finished his lunch, he looked around a little, and could see cataraacts leaping from ledge to ledge of the rocks. Above him came the noise of the flapping of the wings of great eagles, while sea gulls cried shrilly and wildly, and their cries were echoed through the rocky caves and crevices. The pine trees shook with merriment in the breeze, and high up on some of the topmost cliffs he could see glaciers and snow.

On the nearby hills purple shadows danced in long streaming lines beneath the glittering rays of the sun. David felt, somehow, more interesting himself, to be seated here near this sort of that was so deep and narrow, with such jagged rocks on either side.

"You're in Norway, of course you know," Scandinavia continued, "and Norway is so full of strength that even the sea could not have its way here."

"Norway faces the sea—looks it straight in the face, and yet the sea cannot have its way. The sea used to argue with Norway—still does, for that matter."

"Let's come closer, Norway," the sea would say, and Norway would push the sea back, saying:

"Oh, no, you don't. Oh, no, you don't! In some of these very heavy arguments Norway would give in a little way, as one will in a very heavy argument, but not much. She has a rocky coastline which she says shows



Norway Faces the Sea.

that she has let the sea in here, and there, but only a little."

"I think a lot of Norway for having her own way," David said admiringly.

"This sort of," Scandinavia continued, as he smiled in agreement at David's remark, "and all the floods are made up of the sea's arguments with Norway. For a flood is a kind of bay or cleft made by the ocean when journeying inland."

"As for Sweden—well, Sweden plays around with the Baltic Sea and the Gulf of Bothnia. They're fine playmates for her. They've played together for years—always have been friends, and there is no reason that I can see to prevent them from always being friendly. In the south of Sweden you'd find the best farming country, and there are wonderful supplies of lumber everywhere, for we supply paper pulp in huge, vast quantities."

"I know Sweden has matches," David said, glad of the chance to air this bit of information.

"Correct," said Scandinavia. "She's handy, is Sweden. Proud of her iron mines and the fine-edged tools that she makes. Now there's Lapland, up North, but maybe you won't have time to go there, as Denmark has a song to sing for you later, and would be so unhappy if you didn't turn up."

"Isn't there any sand in Norway?" David asked. "Everything seems to be rocky land that I can see, except for the little valleys between the rocks."

"Sand? Dear me, no," said Scandinavia. "Norway has always said: 'No soft sandy beaches for me. Give me rocks and forests and deep, gorgeous fjords, and scenery that isn't tame. That's the kind I like.'"

"You'd find lots of sand in Denmark, white, white sand, and white houses and a blue sea and dark green forests and grass coming out of the roofs of the houses, but no sand for Norway."

"No wonder the eagles and the sea gulls like to fly over Norway," David said, and watched them again as they swooped about and cried their excited cries.

"But you've been all through for sometime," Scandinavia remarked, "and Denmark is really expecting you. Ah, there's Wind. He'll take you south in a second. It's not far south only a little distance."



As We Grow Older

We Should Keep Careful Watch of our Kidneys.

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5218 Happy People

Give up Their Secret

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How to get this health? The way that all of these people had discovered was not some magic medicine, not some powerful drug, not some difficult course of training—but only a simple, harmless, natural method. It was to keep the body internally clean, sweeping its natural poisons away each day, regularly as clock work—by the use of Nujol.

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Between Lawyers

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