

**CHIC BORDERED PRINT SILKS;  
PIN-DOT FABRICS FOR SPRING**

CUNNING short jackets of entirely different material from the print frocks over which they are worn, or of the same weave then contrasted in color, are in fashion.

These little separate jackets in solid colors, either pastel tints, bright hues or in black or navy, are especially good looking with frocks of vivacious print. The material for these monotone coatees depends largely on the character of the dress. As for instance, bright colored flannel jackets are ever so smart worn over sports frocks of printed challis or figured shantung or silk pique, while with the filmy chiffon afternoon dresses, wom-

merely touches upon the importance of pin-dot patterns.

Whole swarms of pin-dots have descended upon the new spring materials, making no exception either of woollens, silks or cottons. Everywhere one turns whether in the realm of coats, dresses or in the blouse sections myriads of tiniest of tiny dots now greet the eye. Judging from the way these fascinating little dotted effects are "going" there will be a veritable stampede of dots before the new season is far progressed.

Dresses of lightweight woollens in navy or black with white pin dots are quite the rage even now, competing



Showing the Spring Mode.

en will be wearing this summer adorable jackets of transparent velvet in colorings tuned to the flower motifs of the print.

A swanky jacket of black satin tops the rose and black printed crepe satin dress in the picture. Note that the print is handsomely bordered. The latest call of the printed mode is for bordered silks. In this instance the dress print lines the satin jacket. However, this rule is not adhered to in every instance, for many a velvet or satin jacket is lined with white or a neutral color so that it can be worn with different dresses and frequently the colorful flannel, likewise velvet, coats have no lining at all.

The jacket theme promises further development in the way of fancy all-over lace coats to be worn with summer chiffons. Very new, too, are quaintly styled jackets of taffeta which indulge in picturesque bell-shaped sleeves, "pinked" rose-plaited ruchings finishing all edges, for you see, old fashions have this season become new fashions.

The sleeveless bolero is another guise in which modish separate jackets appear. And then there are capes!

for supremacy with those made of printed pin-dot silks. Whether of silk or woolen these new frocks are almost sure to display fingerlike touches at the wrists and at the neckline. The ensemble of dotted navy silk in the picture shown below is an advance model which proclaims a forthcoming voguer for dots.

Very youthful and wearable dresses for this time of the year, are being shown made of pin-dotted challis as well as of navy or black flat crepe printed in diminutive dots. In most instances the sleeves are short, finished with a flare of white organdie petals or a bow and band of the sheer veils, with the same touch of white repeated at the neckline.

Pin-dotted lightweight woollens, the dots being embroidered, are making their debut as media for spring coats. The styling of these coats emphasizes soft girlish silhouettes featuring capelets or scarfs, sometimes both.

This flair for dots is reflected in the revival of dotted swiss. With soft "dressmaker" suits of silk or wool, the sleeveless separate blouse of dotted swiss is listed as ultra chic. It is also predicted that frocks of dotted swiss



Ensemble of Dotted Navy Silk.

If not a jacket, then a cape is the verdict of the mode, for with every costume there must be a complementary wrap.

Not only are daytime silk prints enhanced with jackets, for the separate wrap idea extends to costumes of washable materials. Solid colored linen jackets are worn with dresses of cretonne and of sheer printed voile as well as with frocks of gay patterned hand block self linen.

Pin-Dots in Favor. Now what is next? Pin dotted fabrics if you please. Which being said,

will be much worn this summer, not only by adults but in the children's realm dotted swisses are already being displayed in gossily number.

While on the subject of dots it might be well to call attention to the smartness of polka dots, a theme which is being played in varied moods.

Materials which are starred instead of polka dotted are very new and smart. That is, instead of dots five pointed stars pattern the print silk or woolen, as the case may be.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY  
(© 1930, Western Newspaper Union.)

**A BOX  
OF BOOKS  
FOR THE  
LIBRARY**

(© by D. J. Walsh.)

PHILIP CROSS cared nothing for girls.

"Selfish pigs, always calling every fellow 'Gimme! Gimme!' But they aren't going to call me that!" Philip Cross could well have answered their calling and never missed a gift or so. His income tax had to be filed on a large-sized blank by an auditing firm that made a specialty of this type of work. Philip Cross paid but scant attention to the income tax business or any other business for that matter.

A tall, spare young fellow, Philip was the epitome of a red-blooded he-man, a lover of the great out-of-doors. He was all of that. More, he was a shy lover of romance. And romance had never come to him. Nothing had ever come his way, as he himself said, except gimme girls. Oh, they were quite, quite delicate about it! Yes, indeed! But people, especially of the feminine persuasion, cannot talk for any great length of time without revealing their inmost souls and personalities. And Philip had found only greedy souls.

He treated it in a laughing fashion that completely and successfully hid his disappointment. He wanted a home of his own, a wife who watched for his coming, a rose hedge, a dog or two with faithful eyes and maybe—who could tell—little ones running with outstretched arms to meet him.

And so far he had had only dreams that were growing fainter and fainter with the passing of the years.

"But what do you care, anyhow?" asked his best friend, Ralph Donaldson. "You've plenty of money. You can afford to give and give and give and still never notice that there's anything gone."

But Philip Cross shook his head stubbornly. He would have what he wanted or nothing at all.

Then one day he read in a magazine article about a woman who, far from the center of civilization, had started a library. At the start she had only her own newspapers, magazines and a very few volumes of books. The neighbors had felt free to borrow these. In time tourists who passed and paused sent a few volumes to her upon their return home. The volumes grew so numerous that a little one-room shack was erected by the neighbors across the road from her house. It was no thing of beauty but it was certainly destined to be a joy forever out in that prairie country. Boys rode fifteen and eighteen miles on horseback over the rough roads to borrow a book for a grandparent or some one who was ill. She had never, so the article said, bought a book, so Philip decided cynically that she was getting no rake-off of any sort from publishers or book stores.

"I've nothing to do for a month," Philip told Ralph, "so I'm going to drive out there and take the old lady a couple of hundred volumes of science and economics and heavier stuff. I suppose the major part is light fiction. Anyhow, I'll like to look over the library shack and see what they have."

"How old is this old lady?" asked Ralph curiously.

Philip shrugged. "How should I know? Miss Lavinia Hill is her name. Lavinia! She must be eighty or ninety from the name alone. And people don't get so big-hearted until they're well on the shady side of life. If she were sixty or seventy years younger she'd certainly be the girl of my dreams."

"Why under the light of the sun don't you express the books instead of driving 'way out there on ruddy roads?" asked Ralph.

Again Philip shrugged. "I've a fancy to see the place—and the old lady, too. Besides, who can tell? I might happen to meet the girl I've dreamed about, Ralph. Maybe they make 'em that way out there."

Within a hundred miles of his goal Philip very nearly decided to return. The roads were far worse than any he had ever encountered. Indeed, in some places there was no road except where horses' hoofs had beaten down the long grasses so slightly that he could hardly discern any path at all. He kept going along, mile after mile, until a boy came out of an unpainted shack to talk. Philip genially stopped the motor and leaned back for a chat.

"So you're going to see Lavinia Hill?" the boy said. Then he sighed.

He would not explain that sigh to Philip in spite of repeated coaxings, and so Philip went on after a few moments, wondering why the boy had sighed.

He came upon the shack with its sign "Public Library" much sooner than he had expected to. It was wholly unlike the grand city libraries.

A girl dressed in tuffy pink clothes was going in the door and with keen masculine interest Philip jumped out to follow her. She had evidently not heard the quiet purr of the motor, for she was humming a gay little tune when he entered. Philip's lips curled; he was used to folks like this on the part of girls. But her look was one of genuine surprise when she turned.

"You're quite a library here," said

Philip, feeling awkward before her. Her eyes regarded him seriously. "Yes," she said briefly.

"I'm looking for Miss Hill—Lavinia Hill," he said. "I have a box of books for her."

Immediately her expression changed. Dimples appeared in her soft cheeks. Sparkling-eyed, she said eagerly, "Oh, have you? Let's open them up—please!"

"But they're for Miss Lavinia Hill," he said.

"I'm Lavinia Hill," she told him. "I'm the librarian and the district school teacher and they've even asked me to perform marriages when the traveling preacher was too long in coming!"

"And what's your—honorarium for all this work?" he asked brusquely.

She laughed. "It's more honor than honorarium as you probably think of money," she said. "I'm supposed to get \$35 a month, but in the four years I've been here I haven't had two many salary checks. But they—like me," she defended when he remained silent.

"I should think they would," he said shortly.

He was scowling as he brought in the box of books, but the scowl was only on his face to keep his feet from dancing and his eyes from telling her too much at once. He knew now why that fellow back on the road had sighed. Lavinia Hill wasn't going to be there much longer if Philip Cross could help it!

**Eccentric Daughter of  
Famous Concord Divine**

Miss Mary Moody Emerson, Ralph Waldo Emerson's eccentric aunt, lived in her shroud, says Van Wyck Brooks in Scribner's Magazine. She had stitched it all herself and when death refused to come she had put it on as a nightgown, then as a daygown. She was even seen on horseback once, in Concord, cantering through the village street, attired for the grave, with a scarlet shawl thrown about her shoulders.

Miss Emerson was the daughter of the former minister of Concord, who had died in the Revolution. She was a dwarf, four feet three inches tall, with a bold pinkish face, a blue flash in her eyes and yellow hair cropped close under a mobcap. She was short and erect as an adder about to strike.

She could not sit, she could not sleep; a demon drove her pen. For she had survived; a witness of the lofty and terrible religion of John Calvin, to rebuke what she regarded as the poor, pale, unpoetical humanitarianism of the new day. Her voice was the voice of a sibyl, issuing from the caves of the past.

She was queerer than Dick's hand-band. She was thought to have the power of uttering more disagreeable things in twenty minutes than any other person living. She kept pace with nobody; she had received, she said, the fatal gift of penetration, and her mission was to undermine the vanity of the shallow.

Was some high matter bronched in conversation? Did some rash suppliant invite Miss Emerson's opinion? "Mrs. Brown," the sibyl replied, "how's your cat?" Was some lady praised too warmly in her presence? She pricked the panegyric: "Is it a colored woman of whom you are speaking?" "Give us peace in our boarders," she wrote on one occasion, and, when shown the misspelling, she said it would do as it was.

Magellan Really First to Circumnavigate Globe

It is often said that Ferdinand Magellan did not really circumnavigate the globe because he was killed in the Philippines before his famous voyage around the world was completed, and that accordingly the honor of being the first circumnavigator of the earth belongs to Juan Sebastian del Cano who returned to Spain in the *Victoria* with 31 of the survivors of the expedition. Magellan was killed April 27, 1521, in a battle with the natives on Mactan island, which is 124 degrees east longitude. In 1512, however, while Magellan was still a subject of Portugal, he sailed as far as Banda Island, about 150 degrees longitude east of Greenwich. Therefore he, and not his subordinate Del Cano, deserves the credit of having been the first circumnavigator of the globe.—*Pathfinder Magazine*.

Rich Rejoinder

Winthrop was in the habit of putting on airs when he met any of his friends. One night he happened to arrive very late for a dance to which he had been invited.

"I'm most terribly sorry," he said, to his hostess. "I was unavoidably detained. As a matter of fact, I was dismissing my second footman."

"Really?" broke in an acquaintance, who was standing near them. "Now, isn't that curious? I've just been dismissing my fifth parlor maid."

A look of incredulity spread over Winthrop's face.

"Your fifth parlor maid?" he repeated.

"Yes," said the other. "My fifth since July."—*London Answers*.

Vociferous Motor

Driver of Antique Car—Isn't she purring along beautifully?

Friend (loudly)—What?

Driver—Isn't she purring along beautifully?

Friend (screaming)—What?

Driver—Isn't she purring along beautifully?

Friend (screaming)—I can't hear a word you say for the noise of the battery engine.

**THE  
KITCHEN  
CABINET**

(© 1930, Western Newspaper Union.)

An easy thing, O Power Divine  
To thank thee for these gifts of thine:  
For summer's sunshine, winter's snow,  
For hearth that kindle, thoughts that glow,  
But when shall I attain to this—  
To thank thee for the things I miss?  
—Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

**GOOD THINGS**

Rhubarb is one of our good spring fruits—as it is generally termed a fruit and treated as such.

A simple pudding which is very easy to prepare may be made with a cupful or less of steved rhubarb as follows:

Rhubarb Pudding.—Take one cupful of flour sifted with one teaspoonful of baking powder, a pinch of salt and add enough milk to make a batter not too soft. Grease cups with butter and drop a spoonful of the batter into each, add a generous amount of the steved rhubarb and cover with more batter, leaving plenty of room for the mixture to rise. Place the cups in boiling water not too deep to boil over into them, cover closely and steam 15 minutes. This recipe will make four to six puddings depending upon the size of the pudding cup used. The pudding may be served with cream and sugar or with:

Foamy Sauce.—Take two-thirds of a cupful of rhubarb juice, two egg whites, one cupful of sugar. Boil the sugar and the juice until it stiffens a thread, then pour over the stilly beaten whites and beat until smooth and thick.

Rhubarb Sponge.—Scald one cupful of milk with one-third of a cupful of sugar, add two tablespoonfuls of gelatin which has been softened in one-fourth cupful of water. Stir until the gelatin is well dissolved, then set away to stiffen. Beat well when it begins to thicken and fold in one cupful of rhubarb sauce and two stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour into a mold and set away to chill. Serve with cream.

Rhubarb Sherbet.—Soften one tablespoonful of gelatin in one-fourth cupful of water, add to four cupfuls of steved rhubarb juice, two cupfuls of sugar and boil five minutes, add the juice of two lemons, fold in the gelatin and freeze.

Rhubarb Punch.—Take one cupful of water, boil five minutes, add three cupfuls of rhubarb juice and one cupful of pineapple juice, cool, add ice and serve.

Another Rhubarb Punch.—Take one and one-half cupfuls of sugar, three-fourths of a cupful of water, three pints of rhubarb juice, one pint of strong tea, the juice of three oranges, and one lemon. Chill and serve.

Rhubarb unpeeled, baked with sugar, makes a most delicious sauce. Used in place of apples for Brown Betty, it is also good. A rhubarb shortcake makes a fine dessert, so use it freely while it is fresh and tender.

JELLIES AND MARMALADES

This is the time of the year when the fruit closet looks like a famine where there are husky boys to eat the jellies and jams. Even an immense stock of all the time-honored good things have an uncanny way of disappearing, long before the fresh berries and fruits are ready. Gifts to sick friends, guests, and the constant daily demand for such home prepared sweets depleted the supply very early in the year. To restock, one will not be able to make the summer jellies, but there are any number of good things which will take their places nicely. Marmalades from the citrus fruits are always well liked. Apples may be turned into a dozen tasteful delicacies. Prunes, dates, figs, dried apricots and the canned pineapple as well as the humble carrots, all bring their gifts to be turned into delectable conserves.

A bottle of grape juice and a few apples will make some few glasses of delightful grape jelly with little trouble.

Soak apricots overnight, add a cupful of pineapple, some sugar and cook down to make a luscious apricot marmalade. Here is one with carrot as a base, try it:

Carrot Marmalade.—Take one dozen raw carrots grated, add four cupfuls of sugar, three lemons, seeds removed, and put through the food chopper. Add a cupful of water and cook until thick. Some will like this conserve spiced, so add one teaspoonful each of cloves, cinnamon, and allspice.

Orange Sweet Pickle.—Take four oranges, two cupfuls of sugar, one and one-third cupfuls of vinegar, one teaspoonful of whole cloves, one teaspoonful of stick cinnamon. Peel the oranges and remove all the white membrane; cut into thick slices, steam until clear and tender. Boil the sugar, vinegar and spices for 25 minutes. Add the fruit and simmer slowly for one hour. Place in sterilized jars and seal.

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**Any COLD**

That cold may lead to something serious, if neglected. The time to do something for it is now. Don't wait until it develops into bronchitis. Take two or three tablets of Bayer Aspirin as soon as you feel a cold coming on. Or as soon as possible after it starts. Bayer Aspirin will head off or relieve the aching and feverish feeling—will stop the headache. And if your throat is affected, dissolve two or three tablets in a quarter-glassful of warm water, and gargle. This quickly soothes a sore throat and reduces inflammation and infection. Read proven directions for neuralgia, for rheumatism and other aches and pains. Genuine Bayer Aspirin is harmless to the heart.

**BAYER  
ASPIRIN**

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monocetateester of Salicylicacid

Scoops Up Ocean's Floor  
To aid scientific study, a scoop has been built in California to bring up samples of the ocean's bottom from depths impossible for divers to reach.

Words Most Often Employed  
The eight words most frequently used in English are "and, have, it, of, the, to, will and you."

Can a man be a crook to one person and a good friend to another?  
Men don't talk much about the styles because they have been about the same since Andrew Jackson.

**Finds Youth's Fountain!**

"JUST one thing has contributed more than anything else in my life toward making me the radiantly happy woman I am today," writes Mrs. Walter Ruel, of Glenbrook, Conn. "If this was selling at ten dollars a bottle instead of the few cents it costs, I would scrape the money together, and I don't mean maybe!"

"I guess a good many others feel the same way, judging by the number of people I know who swear by this 'Fountain of Youth.'"

Millions of people all over the world have discovered this simple secret, which is nothing but giving our bodies the internal lubrication that they need, as much as any machine. After you have taken Nujol for a few days, and have proved to yourself how it brightens your whole life, you will wonder how so simple a treatment can make such a great change in your health and your happiness. The reason is this:

Regularly as clock work, Nujol clears out of our bodies those poisons (we all have them), which slow us up, make us headachy, low in our minds. Colorless and tasteless as pure water, Nujol cannot hurt you, no

matter how long you take it. It is not a medicine. It contains no drugs. It forms no habit. It is non-fattening. Try Nujol yourself and see how much better you feel. Get a bottle in its sealed package at any drug store and be sure it's trademarked "Nujol." It costs but a few cents—and it makes you feel like a million dollars! Start taking Nujol this very night!

Here is the Final Word  
"Father, why is victory always pictured as a woman?"  
"Wait, my son, until you get married; then you will find out."

Burning Skin Diseases  
quickly relieved and healed by Cole's Carbolsolve. Leaves no scars. No medicine chest complete without it. 30c and 60c at druggists, of J. W. Cole Co., Rockford, Ill.—Advertisement.

About the only ancestors that have any effect on your character are your father and mother.

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

The weather is balmy in summer and so are people, but in winter the weather isn't balmy.

A lot of trouble in this world is due to love, and a lot more to friendship.

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, it's 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.

Children CRY for it

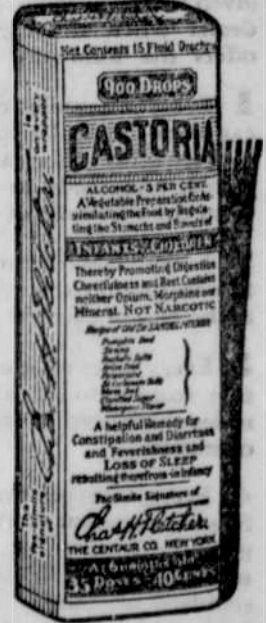
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Nellie Maxwell