

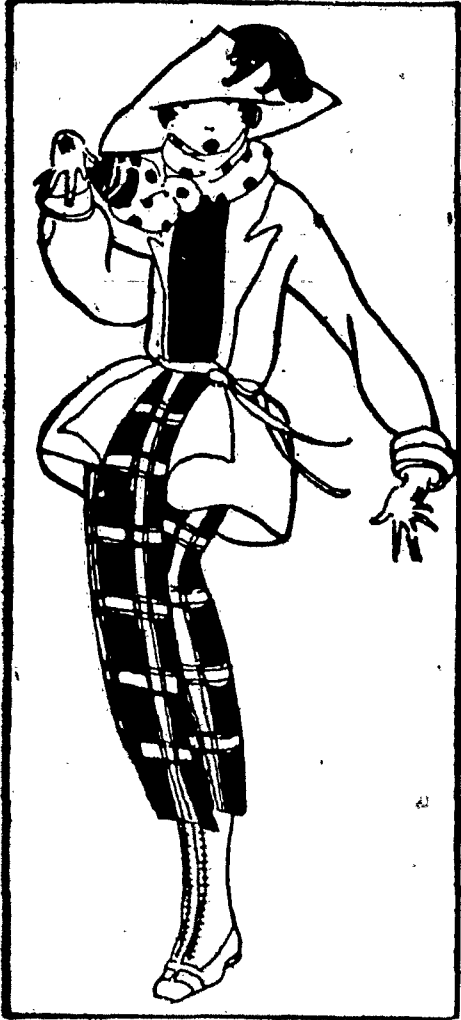
NEW FROCKS ARE HINT OF SUMMER

Organdies, Voiles, Taffeta and Light Weight Materials at Southern Resorts.

DRESSES OF TWO MATERIALS

Combinations Are Holding Their Own; Featured in Sports Clothes of Which the American Woman is So Fond.

Under southern skies, at the southern resorts, is the place to see the new summer clothes worn, and wherever we go there, in search of fashion's inspiration, writes an authority on styles, we are greeted by organdies and voiles, taffetas and summer silks—anything that is light in weight and transparent in texture. From the look



One of the New Sports Suits From Paris Has Cotton Poplin Skirt and Blue Serge Coat.

of the new, thin frocks one imagines that the old-fashioned style frocks have been combed and everything of a mediocre type discarded without further notice, for we are confronted with only the best, the most exquisite, the simplest and the most picturesque of designs. One sight of the clothes in a shop here and a wild desire seizes one to take the first train for the South in search of an opportunity to wear some of these lovely things.

It is necessary for us here to wear furs and woolen wrappings, but many are the fortunate ones who are migrating to a gentle climate, and they are busily buying outfits directly the opposite of the heavier coverings. How refreshing it is to enter a shop and see displayed all those fresh and dainty garments while imagination supplies the necessary surrounding. There comes a picture of the southern sea with its beach dotted by colorful clothes all made according to the latest dictates of a fashion decree. Dimities and organdies and printed muslins are the thin things for dressy occasions that have received the greatest amount of attention. And they are not only for the time being. They are setting a pace for our own summertime later on; any innovation now advanced is one that carries weight, for it may be the thing that will rule the fashions of our coming summertime. They cannot be ignored, these southern fashions. Even if one is not among those who are to wear the newest things at once, still they hold their interest as an indication for dresses to come. Many are they, too, who take advantage of the chance to be beforehand and have their summer things made up at this time of the year. Now there is the most varied choice of new cottons and silks. Later they will be picked over in the stores and not nearly so great a variety will be available. Now one can attend to fittings and designs without being prostrated by the heated blasts of late spring and summer days. One's mind works more freely and is more subject to the inspiration supplied by the fresh new things being displayed around every corner.

Materials Are Numerous. The materials allowed for smart summer frocks are as numerous as the days of the summertime. There is no hard and fast rule about what shall be worn and what shall be taboo. Indeed, if ever there was a chance for latitude it is right here and now, and the individual may choose her clothes according to her own likings and desires with never a fear that they will be running far afield. Organdie is perhaps the favorite of all the thinner materials only because it is so very becoming to almost every type of womanhood and girlhood, and childhood, for that matter. A few years ago it started to rise in popular favor, and its growth in popularity has been a steadily increasing thing. The colors are what make it so extremely attractive, for they have reached the maximum of perfection. The shades are as sch-

ever because so many smart women have adopted it as a part of their outfitting, whether for the city or the country. One of the latest ideas in an informal outdoors suit has a skirt made of a French material that is a red pique weave with a plaid of black stripes making its pattern. It is a most effective piece of material and hangs into the folds of the skirt with the utmost ease and adaptability. Then the loosely fitting very dark blue serge jacket is a proper complement to the vividness of the skirt. This combination promises to be one of the popular ones for spring, for it is one of the most exclusive that has been chosen for exploitation at southern resorts.

(flating us, so much pure color, and the fact that the thinness of the fabric helps to catch and reflect the light is something that is charming in itself. Nothing can set up competition with it. It is safe and sound and unassailable, right there on its own platform. Some of the organdie frocks are made quite elaborately, while others are most simple and unpretentious in construction and workmanship. One of the more intricate models is made of a sort of maize colored organdie, trimmed with inserts of the same color and material made in fine pin tuckings. These shapes are oval, are inserted at intervals on the full skirt and are outlined in bands of lace insertion shaped to conform with the outlines of the oval motifs. The lace is cream colored and adds the only note of relief from the predominance of the maize color. Another organdie model has a skirt with narrower ruffles extending all the way and in close succession from the hem to the waist. A panel just in front is made of the organdie unadorned by ruffles, and there is a finely tucked vest, with a sort of an apology for an e-ton jacket. There is a velvet ribbon girdle of dark sage green, while the organdie in the gown is of that light and singing green.

The Dotted Swisses. Then there are the dotted swisses—sisters to the organdie family. They have dots of color and dots of the same shade as the foundation material, dots that are large and dots that are small, dots that are separated by many inches from each other and dots that are close together. Each new arrangement of the little dots gives a whole new appearance and character to the fabric, and each new handling by a designer gives a new touch that makes the frock stand out as something quite exquisite and fresh among all the others. On the new summer frocks there are overskirts a-plenty, and there is one of jade dotted organdie made in a sort of princess line with side panels that are full and make an effect like an overskirt. The only trimming on this gown is an edging of maize organdie laid on in a two-inch double fold and outlining the edges of the overskirt, the neckline and the bell-shaped sleeves. It is an attractive color combination and a new-idea in the use of a combination of dotted swiss and plain organdie. A dimity frock is an indispensable part of any of the present summer wardrobes, for this fabric has been perfected in a most remarkable manner both as to dyes and weaves. It has a distinct character of its own. One of those in a bright pink cross-bar is made with a full skirt that has tiny flutings of the frock's material running up either side from the hem to the waistline. It has a wide and rounded sash edged by the same sort of flutings, and the bodice is made quite snugly fitting, with the same little platings running about the edges of the neck and sleeves.

There are the sports clothes of which particular notice must be taken, because they do constitute so large a part of our dressing as a whole. They are the foundation of any outdoor outfit, and so great a variety is offered for their choice that it is almost necessary to know just which things are best and which are only nearly best. The sports suit of heavy or light homespun is always good, and this season more particularly than

any other. There are those who prefer a more dainty and feminine style, and for these there is the sports frock of silk or fine cotton. It is a most attractive and becoming thing, and one that is well worth a place in the wardrobe of any woman who is fond of outdoor life. The sports frock is a most interesting thing, and one that is well worth a place in the wardrobe of any woman who is fond of outdoor life. The sports frock is a most interesting thing, and one that is well worth a place in the wardrobe of any woman who is fond of outdoor life.

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The "Tramp"

By HAZEL SMITH

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"Freezing weather in eight states, snow on the Pacific slope, and the equinoctial brewing in the West Indies," said William Mercer, putting down the evening paper and trying to give a cheerful aspect to the announcement. "Yes, the frost will soon be on the pumpkin, neighbor," observed grim Henry Brown. "Hope you've looked out for your winter woodpile." "The fuel question is the least of my troubles," answered Mercer. "I must say the cellar is pretty well stocked, too. It's the payment on the eighty acres that troubles me, and you know it. Let's get down to business. Old Sharp is hard as tack. He's given me just thirty days to settle up, or lose the farm. Will you loan me the money I need?" "Well, I'll help you on one condition," said Brown. "What is it?" inquired Mercer eagerly. "I don't propose to go into explanations, but your daughter, Ethel, and young Harry Lane have been going a good deal together."

"Yes," nodded Mercer, "what of it?" "Just this. Some people say they are engaged and that they correspond. You ought to know that the daughter of a man as poor as you are is no match for the son of the richest man in the district. Break it up. Keep Ethel away from school, drift her out of this silly idea, and I'll loan you the money." It was Mercer who arose to his feet now. He did so with a look on his face that made his visitor cringe and wince. "We're not the Lane sort, eh?" he said, his voice husky with emotion. "And I suppose you think you are. I understand you only too well, Henry Brown. You have plans for your own daughter in that direction, is that it? And you ask me to sell my child's happiness. No! I would as soon interfere between two angels. Go your way; I want nothing more to do with you." Gentle Mrs. Mercer, coming into the room a few minutes later, found her husband with bowed head looking thoughtfully into the fire. "Will Mr. Brown let you have the money, husband?" she inquired anxiously. "No, I demeaned myself asking for it."

"I am sorry, dear! dear! Why does not Uncle Silas at least answer my letter. I wrote him how much we needed help. He has always sent sister and me a hundred dollars at Christmas, and I hoped my letter would move him." "Don't worry, mother," said Mercer, with an effort to look cheerful. "We'll get along some way." Uncle Silas was quite an institution with his two nieces, Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Mercer. They had never seen him, and he had forbidden all his kin to visit him. He was reputed wealthy, but an erratic hermit. He had not replied to the letter, and Mercer felt pretty well discouraged as he went out into the yard to close up the stable. "Hello!" he exclaimed, as he came across a huddled figure sitting near the corn crib. "What's the trouble, stranger?"

"I was wondering if you'd give me a bite to eat and a bed in your hay loft," replied the stranger, a bent, decrepit old man. "I applied at the next farm house. They set the dog on me."

The kind-hearted farmer went into the house, told his wife to fix up a bed in the attic, and went out into the yard again. To his surprise his late visitor was nowhere to be seen. Then he heard a groan. It proceeded from a root cellar he had been digging that day. "Too bad," said Mercer, as he saw the old man lying across the loose timbers at the bottom of the pit. "I had no business leaving him to wander around unwarned."

The old man was carried into the house and a doctor was sent for. "You've got a queer customer in there," the physician told Mercer, as he ended his visit to his patient the next morning. "How is that?" inquired Mercer. "He has insisted that I send Lawyer Jones and Mr. Brown to him."

"Why, I can't understand that," remarked Mercer. "No more can I, but whim or business, he is very persistent, and I'm going to humor him." The lawyer arrived in company with Brown an hour later, both wondering and mystified. The patient insisted that Mercer also should come into the sick room. "Why," exclaimed Brown, "it's the old tramp—" "No more tramp than you," cried the sick man, "you crafty old sinner! I'm the uncle of your wife. I came down here to investigate. You bought the mortgage to crowd out your brother-in-law here, and this lawyer is pretending he owns it. Produce those notes. I'm going to pay them." "You big blundering noodle!" scolded Mrs. Brown two days later. "You've made a nice mess of your smart scheming, haven't you?" It seemed so, indeed, for Uncle Silas had made Mrs. Mercer his heir-ess, the Mercer farm was saved, and merry wedding bells rang for pretty Ethel and her lover when the June roses began to bloom.

Publicity and Frugency. "How did you lay the foundation for your colossal fortune?" asked the young man. "I worked all day and studied all night," replied Mr. Dustin Star. "I attended church regularly and avoided all bad habits—" "Is this the way you would advise me to proceed?" "Why—er—I didn't know you wanted the information for your personal use. That's different, of course. I thought it was an interview for a magazine article."

Going the Limit. The evening party was over, and most of the guests had gone, so the story goes. As one young man took leave of the hostess the lady said: "I'm sorry you found Miss Biggie a poor conversationalist." "Poor conversationalist!" exclaimed the guest. "She's absolutely the limit! Why the only thing she said to me during the entire evening was, 'No,' and I had to propose to her to get that out of her."

Something Wrong. "That guy you seen me wit' just now is either a liar or some kind of a nut," declared Silk Shirt Slick of 12th street. "What's the matter with 'im?" returned Nimble the Nick. "He looks all right; classy dresser, too." "Yeah! But when I asked him how he made his money he said he earned it. Wouldn't that twist yeh?"—Kansas City Star.

Mother's Cook Book

Die when we may, I want it said of me by those who know me best, that I always plucked a thistle and planted a flower when I thought a flower would grow.—Lincoln.

WHAT TO HAVE FOR DINNER. A foreign pie, which is most savory, is one which will be often used after the first trial; it is French Meat Pie. Cut up fresh pork in small pieces and the same amount of veal, brown in a little hot fat and turn into a lined pastry shell. Cover as for ordinary pie with a top crust and bake slowly in a moderate oven. Of course the seasonings are added during the browning.

Roast Veal au Jus. Season a fillet of veal with salt, pepper and put in a pan with a piece of butter, a carrot, bay leaf and a clove. Put into a double roaster and bake in a moderate oven two and one-half hours. Remove the meat to a platter. Put a little water in the pan and simmer for five minutes. Strain and pour the gravy, unthickened, around the meat.

Cincinnati Chicken. Split lengthwise, a pork tenderloin, leaving the halves joined. Pound the meat of each side until about one-half inch thick. Spread with the following stuffing: One cupful of bread crumbs, one-quarter of a teaspoonful of salt, one-eighth of a teaspoonful of pepper, a slice of onion chopped, one teaspoonful each of chopped parsley, pickles, capers and lemon juice, and one tablespoonful of minced olives. Mix into this one-fourth of a cupful of melted butter and one beaten egg. Arrange the stuffing so that it will keep the center and sew or tie the edges together so that it will resemble a plump bird. Bake with careful basting, until well browned.

Macaroon Pudding. Soak one-dozen macaroons in one-fourth of a cupful of currant jelly and two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice; set over hot water. Make a soft custard of one pint of milk, one-fourth of a cupful of sugar, the beaten yolks of two eggs and one whole egg beaten. Flavor with almond extract. Add to the custard four more macaroons, heated in the oven until crisp, then rolled into crumbs. Pour this mixture into the serving dish, add the macaroons and jelly. Pile over them a meringue, made from two egg whites and powdered sugar. Decorate with cubes of jelly and brown in the oven.

Canned Apricots Frozen. Remove the paper from a can of choice apricots and pack the can in ice and salt, using equal measures of each. Let stand one-half hour, then with a can opener cut round the top of the can one-half inch below the edge, take off the top and invert the can to remove the contents. Surround with a pint of marshmallow cream. The apricots should not be frozen too hard.

Nellie Maxwell (© 1931, Western Newspaper Union.)

THE CHEERFUL CHERUB

The people always pity me. Because alone I walk. But I don't feel alone—you see I know that trees can talk.

Something to Think About THE JOB AND THE MAN By F.A. Walker

EVERY man and woman should have a budget. There should be a businesslike apportionment of what you earn to your needs and your tastes. You will have to assign so much to rent. It used to be 25 per cent in the ordinary income. Now it averages more. There will have to be an allowance for food and clothing, for the doctor and the dentist, for amusement and pleasure, for necessary travel and for unnecessary extravaganzas, for we all have our extravaganzas. All these things will be promptly listed and thoroughly looked after. We shall probably be particularly liberal with those items which mean the least in the sum total of human happiness.

The last thing that will be thought about, and the most scanty allowance will be made for it, will be the development and betterment of your mind. How much money did you spend last year on worth-while books—books you are keeping to read a second time—books that added to your wisdom or gave you something valuable to think about?

How much time did you spend in filling your mental storehouse with facts useful in daily life and valuable in your daily work? Did you spend as much for information as you did for gasoline? If you were to add together all the time you spent gaining knowledge, would it be half the time that you spent dancing?

Do you consider that MONEY is the only thing you spend? TIME is your much greater asset. You can earn more money. You cannot, with all the wealth of all the universe, in all the ages, buy one minute of time nor bring back for another and a better use a wasted hour.

Lord Brougham, a man who spent his time wisely and profitably, wrote down this short sentence filled with good advice: "Read something of everything, and everything of something."

There is no excuse for any man, woman or child past twelve years spending less than half an hour a day with a good book. Reading carefully and THOUGHTFULLY you will cover not less than 150 words a minute. That is 3,000 words a day. ONE MILLION SIX HUNDRED AND FORTY-TWO THOUSAND WORDS A YEAR. How much wiser do you think you would be if you did that for only one year?

Knowledge is the freest, the most inexpensive thing in the world, and we think less of it than of anything else. Stop making a pet of your stomach. Stop worrying about your clothes. Give up some of the useless things upon which you spend and waste your time and your money. Make up a budget of your earnings and your hours that shall have in it a liberal allowance for your mind, for your intelligence, for your thinking powers.

What you have inside your head no robber can get, no Ponzi can transfer to his pockets. Not even old age can destroy it, and perhaps not even death can take it away from you. Be generous with your mind. Feed it. Nourish it. Care for it. It is the one part of you that really matters, the one thing upon which you should spend lavishly and continually.

SUNRISE.

SOME folks run to sunset, some folks like the evening's best. With its stars an' moon. Sunsets may be pretty, Neontime fair to see. But the mornin' I like most— Sunrise time fer me!

Some folks like at twilight, Just to set an' dream Of the day that's dyin' there In the sunset gleam. What's the use of cryin' For the day's mistakes? I'm just lookin' for the time When the sunrise breaks!

An' if all the mornin's, All the days an' years, Bring me nothin' that I ask, Bring me only tears— When this life is over— When my soul awakes, I'll be lookin' to the east Where the sunrise breaks!

Swiss Blue Laws. It is not only in New England that "blue laws" have prevailed. They were a part of the Calvinist religion, until even that religion was forced, in a measure, to compromise with the times. In Geneva, in the eighteenth century, people had to rise at five o'clock in summer and six in winter under penalty of a fine; they were allowed but two dishes at their meals and not more than one of them was to be a roast.

On a wretched, nature-loving tramp who had become a tramp, he had turned his own unexpected success. "Remember me to the children," he said. "I've got a good idea of how to run a business."

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