

Fancy Jersey for Country Costumes

Some Winsome Garments Trimmed With Leather; Jumpers Are Longer.

In the Suzanne Talbot spring collection sport and country costumes are made of fancy jersey cloth in good autumn leaf shades of brown. They are trimmed with touches of leather, wooden buckles, lacings of fine leather like dog leashes, bands of grosgrain of various widths and colors and also with folds of leather of different shades. Jumper suits are many, says a Paris fashion writer in the New York Herald-Tribune, but the jumpers are longer than those of previous seasons, and they are usually worn with a belt.

Plaited skirts, shorter than ever, play an important part in the collection, and there is an amusing one in Scottish plaid taffetas which is worn with an eon jacket, starched white linen collar and cuffs accompanied by an attractive black felt hat with a hunter's quill.

The Bedouin cape-coats are both original and practical for they have close-fitting hoods that cover the head and protect it from dust and wind in a manner that is ideal for long-distance motoring.

Color is cleverly used by Suzanne Talbot. She has an ensemble in three



Capelet That Is Detachable Gives Added Jauntiness.

shades of green that could have been originated only by an artist. The soft, straight coat is of moss-green kasha. The two-piece dress of shantung has a jumper of apple green slashed at the hem to show a lining of jade that is arranged to form plaits under the tabs of apple green. The jade-green skirt has the same tabbed and plaited hem lined with the lighter green.

Grosgrain ribbon is again an effective trimming in the hands of Suzanne Talbot. In navy blue she uses it in wide bands applied in diamond shapes on a straight gown of navy jersey. Lighter blue is used in graduated widths to form horizontal stripes on another navy frock. In beige, navy blue and orange it forms a wide basque band round the hips of a third.

Quilted Effects Shown in Coats, Hats, Bags

The quilted coats, which have been in white and the pastel shades among the displays of southern wear, are now among the spring offerings.

They come in short and full lengths and in straight or flared models. A short red coat quilted in gold is further embellished with gold painting along black satin. The coat has a deep quilted border at bottom and sleeve edges stitched in silver and a gray satin lining. The two-in-one idea is carried out in a long red taffeta coat quilted in white stitching with the reverse side of white taffeta stitched in red.

The quilted silk hat also promises to be popular. The shapes are varied and particularly good. One prominent New York shop is featuring a smart draped toque in quilted satin with a handsome pouch bag to match.

Decorative Schemes for New Linen Handkerchiefs

Small and dainty are the new colored-French linen handkerchiefs. Cut-out work, finely scalloped edges and floral motif corners furnish the decorative schemes. These small handkerchiefs also may be had with fancy appliqued designs, a touch of hand embroidery or a double hem of net. Handkerchiefs of a larger size and decidedly practical when of white linen, are finished with oddly cut appliqued colored borders, which supply a pleasing contrast. For evening use the gayest and most delicate of chiffons are favored. Floral effects, modern and futuristic designs and the conventional little field flowers are all represented. In each instance, however, the color combinations are emphasized.

Colorful Blouses Worn With Sedate Tailcoats



There is nothing sadder about the newly arrived tailored suit for spring, even when it appears in the popular black or navy. A gay silk blouse lends it a vivid color note. Here is one of peach damask with collar and cuffs of silver cloth.

Glove Silk Lingerie Is on Spring Fashion Card

Glove silk lingerie has wedged its way to the fore. The new spring models cover every type and style of garment desired, from the simply tailored sets to the very lacy ones for evening.

A two-piece set consisting of a "top" and vest is very practical. It has two new features: the fitted waistband on the top and the fitted effect of the bodice part of the vest, eliminating the necessity for a drawstring. The new waistband is about three inches in width. It permits the garment to fit snugly about the hips. It is also made to button either at the hips or in front, and its fullness is achieved by tiny plaits or deep shirings stitched in a smock-like fashion. Vests with their fitted bodices and fancy-cut tops are worn outside the top-ins.

Military or tailored sets have, for decoration, bindings of the same silk in contrasting colors. These also have the fitted tops and are cut very deep under the arms. Another set has hem-stitched ruffles, with colored plaits to finish the top and the vest, thereby carrying out the idea of a molded figure. For evening sets, lace insertions and dyed net are quite extensively used. In these garments the fitted bodice top is very effective. The low-cut front and back in the "V" shape are seen. White and all the pastel shades of lavender, flesh, peach, green and maize are used.

Pajamas, sleeveless affairs, are of dainty silk, satin or other materials, decorated with dainty hand-embroidery in either the same or of a contrasting color.

For basic slenderness choose a costume slip with slim lines. Select a radium habit or glove silk or silk jersey, whatever you prefer. Also make a shadow hem. Ribbon straps are used, also a piece of wide lace insertion as yoke and above hem of the skirt. Dainty embroidery decorates the center front.

Hint of Summertime in Winsome Horsehair Hat

A delicious hint of summertime is given in a white horsehair hat with very wide brim, slightly drooping, and high square crown. It has one large pink feather rose with leaves and long stem fastened across the front of the crown. This hat was made to wear with a simple white crepe de chine gown at Palm Beach. One of the same sort is pale yellow straw with a cluster of jonquils and stiff slender leaves painted directly on the front of the crown. A large, loosely arranged cluster of roses in delicate pink and tea shades is painted with fine lines of gilt on a hat of pale pink horsehair, touched off quaintly with a narrow black velvet ribbon circling the crown. Some dainty, dressy hats of tulle and lace are among the French novelties. (One dashing model is in black chantilly lace frilled and wired to stand erect around a crown of silver tissue. This is worn with a frock of silver gray taffeta with a shoulder cape of black chantilly finely plaited.)

Variety Marks Popular Two-Piece Jumper Frock

Each week brings further proof that the ingenuity and cleverness of designers in creating new versions of the popular two-piece jumper frock have not been exhausted. So generally becoming are these costumes and so youthful and smart that it will probably be some time before they pass out of the fashion picture.

Among the latest models to be brought out are those fashioned of shantung or rajah silks. They are an equality and come in such a wide range of colors that they are adapted both to street frocks and to the colorful models designed for sports and country wear.

Taffeta also has found its way into the realm of the jumper dress and is used for several of the most attractive models shown this season.

Black and White

Black and white continue to form an effective alliance, especially as they appeared in a new version, which consisted of a frock of white taffeta flounced with black lace and sashed with coral velvet ribbon tied in an enormous bow on one hip.

HOW

PAPAGO INDIANS SECURE THEIR SUPPLY OF SALT.
The Papago Indians along the Arizona border follow strange customs when they go on their long expeditions for salt. They feel that a great deal may depend on the way in which every small detail is carried out.

The expeditions usually consist of thirty or forty men, and the trip is made in almost complete silence. The young men are not allowed to speak at all the only ones to talk being the older men who have made the trip before. On the road to and from the salt deposits the Indians eat and drink very sparingly, their only food being a handful of ground grain three times a day. It is mixed with water, and whatever happens to stick to the cup after the meal is finished must be buried in the ground. No one is allowed to take a drink of water without special permission from the leader.

The leader carries six pointed sticks. These are to be left at different spots—one in each of the two places where water is found on the long trip, one at an ancient waterhole, one in the salt, one "where the sea used to be" and one in the sea.

When the sea is reached the men walk down in single file to the salt, the leader bringing up the rear carrying a prayer stick. Then they run long distances, some times as long as twenty miles. After the race is finished they rub their chests, arms, legs and faces with salt, and then they walk out into the sea. Standing knee-deep in the water, each man watching for the waves, throws one pinch of cornmeal, caught with all fingers, on each of four successive waves. Toward evening the salt is placed in sacks, about one hundred pounds in each, two of these making a load.

How to Raise Lizard as Pet of Household

"Pets often lead a miserable existence," says Professor Jones. "If one takes home a lizard from the woods, one ought to study its wants as he would those of any other helpless thing depending for its very life upon him."

"In captivity the 'chameleon,' as many people wrongly call it, soon learns to take food from the fingers. Mealworms and flies are the favorite diet; it will also take roaches. The sugar-and-water diet so often imposed upon these reptiles by kindly intentioned but misinformed people is only taken by the lizard to quench a killing thirst, for these little animals drink much and if deprived of water will rapidly weaken and die. Their method of drinking is to lap the drops of dew from vegetation. The quarters of captive swifts should be sprinkled daily, that they may drink in this manner; they do not readily find a dish of water."

Professor Jones said that he had had the rare experience of once watching a lizard lapping the dew from a spider's web.

How Rainbows Are Formed

A glass prism splits light up into its seven primary colors. A mass of falling raindrops will do the same thing. The rainbow is the reflection of sunlight from a shower of falling water. We never see a rainbow except when we are between the falling water and the sun. A person standing only a few feet nearer or farther away from the rainbow does not see exactly the same rainbow as another. The fact is the sky is full of rainbows, but any one person standing still focuses only one. If he takes a step forward or backward his eyes focus a slightly different reflection.

How Criminals Are Traced

In addition to the usual police announcements concerning criminals, the Berlin authorities now give information concerning persons wanted by the police by electric light signs flashed in five different places about the city. The police warnings are interspersed through the usual advertisements and news proclamations, which never fail to draw crowds.

How "Wobblies" Got Name

Various explanations have been offered as to why the L. W. W.'s are called "Wobblies." A plausible one is that a Chinese cook in an L. W. W. camp was asked what he was. Not able to pronounce the L. W. W. clearly, he made his sympathies plain by saying "I Wobbly Wobbly."

How to Care for Ice Box

The bureau of home economics says that when an ice box is not being used the doors should be opened and no food should be placed in it. If your ice box is stuffy, scald it out with hot water and keep the doors open and remove any food that you are keeping in it.

How Germs Aid Bacteria

Growth and activity of bacteria can be speeded up by the kind of light supplied by the moon. T. F. Morrison, graduate student of Princeton university, has discovered through experiments on the kind of micro-organisms that cause dead fish to shine in the dark, says Popular Science Monthly.

The Lord Helps Those

By CORONA REMINGTON

(Continued)

HELEN JOHNSON dropped her suitcase in the middle of the tiny living-room floor and stared about her with disgust.

"Uncle Eph! I'd be ashamed! You can't tell me you don't know how to sweep even if you are a man. Why, the dirt in this place is enough to bring the rats and roaches. And I nearly broke my neck through that hole in the porch. Surely you don't expect me to live here!"

"Seems to me like if it's good enough for your uncle it's good enough for you. Besides, orphans can't always be choosers. I'm poor and I know it. Forsooth, I died we was poor, but things has gone from bad to worse since she went. Seems like I ain't got a chance. Everything and everybody's agin me, but the Lord will provide. I've still got my faith in my religion left, and that's all that keeps me alive!"

"Well, I haven't much faith in your kind of religion anyway. It's wrecked more lives and excused more laziness than any other doctrine in the world. Do you suppose if you sit there in the middle of a work day plying yourself and smoking that dreadful old corn-cob pipe that the Lord's going to send manna out of the heavens as He did in the days of the Israelites? There's one thing certain, Uncle Eph, I don't have to stay here and unless you get up and get to work I'm leavin'. Good, smart orphans can find plenty of places to go. Don't you worry about that. Now, it's high time the garden was planted. You'd better go hitch up and start plowin'. I'll get this mess cleaned up and cook some supper."

"It's too late to commence today. It's two past two o'clock," he protested.

"Never too late to mend," she corrected. "And remember one thing—if you want any supper you'd better plow. The Lord helps those who help themselves!"

She nodded significantly at him and moved toward the kitchen door on a tour of inspection. Dirt and disorder greeted her everywhere. By night the little house was a different place. It fairly reeked with the pleasant odors of fresh, clean air and soapy water, and when Uncle Eph came in from his labors a tempting supper greeted him. At six the next morning she called him.

"If you aren't down by 6:30, no breakfast," she warned.

At 6:25 he came downstairs with an agility surprising in a middle-aged man.

"Kinder tore and stiff," he complained. "Don't reckon I'll be able to do nothin' today."

"Oh, yes, a little more plowin'! soon limber you up again. It's just because you aren't accustomed to working."

He glared at her across the table. "Well, by Heck, I ain't goin' to hit a lick today. 'Understand'?" he roared at her.

"That's all right," she answered coolly. "No lick no dinner."

He took the hint and fairly stuffed himself of sausage and pancakes and the noon hour passed without too much discomfort, but when five o'clock came and Helen showed no signs of cooking supper a feeling of terror gripped him. His own unpalatable cooking was scarcely eatable, and in less than twenty-four hours Helen's delectable meals had completely killed his appetite for his own efforts.

Weeks passed in this way—back and forth—outbreaks of rebellion followed by starvation and then silent acquiescence to Helen's wishes. It was like working with a balky mule, but a balky mule is better than no mule and by summer time the place had almost an air of prosperity. The garden flourished, the porch was mended, the roof patched, a coat of white paint put on the house and flowers blossomed everywhere. And it was the flower beds that had caused the worst rebellion. To take his glorious strength and time to dig beds to stick a whole "passel" of seeds in that didn't do no one any good when they did come up! But he knew that hunger was his alternative, so he dug the flower beds.

The neighbors passing by stopped to gaze at the neat little place and often wondered how Helen had brought about the reform.

"Your place is sure lookin' good," said John Alton one day. "Now, nothin' I got ain't doin' no good. 'Pears like everything's agin me."

"The Lord helps those that help themselves," called Uncle Eph. "That's my religion every time. Now, you go on home an' try it an' see if it don't work," he added significantly.

And Helen, back in the kitchen, heard and chuckled with glee.

"He stole my thunder, but he's welcome to it so long as he keeps on usin' it," she laughed. "Guess he's in a good humor now, and Mr. Alton's gone. I guess I'll go and break the news."

"Uncle Eph," she said casually a moment later, "been wanting to tell you something for a week or two. Harry Smith and I are engaged."

The old man showed no signs of surprise. "Been knowin' it was comin' a long time," he answered. "Reckon that's one reason you come back here—so's to git a chance to work on him agin," he grinned.

"Not entirely, Uncle Eph, but sometimes the Lord helps those who help themselves," she laughed.



MARY GRAHAM BONNER

THE COSCORBA GOOSE

"I am not exactly one thing and I am not exactly another," said the Coscorba Goose, named for short Goosey.

"Ha, ha, quack, quack, quack," said the little Coscorba Goose. "Papa is going to make a speech."

"You are all just like me," said Goosey.

"We're all just like Papa," they quacked.

"Ha, ha, just like Papa,"

"Geese children," said their Papa severely. "It is not a joke to be like your Papa."

"It's an honor."

"Quack, quack, it's an honor to be like Papa," they said.

"You should know that without being told," said Goosey.

"We should know that without being told," quacked the little geese.

"Dear me, quack, quack," said Goosey, "my children are more like geese than ducks."

"They are silly and stupid."

"You said we took after you, Papa," they quacked.

"Silence, children," said Goosey, "no impertinence, if you please."

So they all kept very quiet and looked very well behaved while their father settled himself by the bank of the pond and began to speak to them.

"I am not exactly one thing, and I am not exactly another," he began, and one of the children was just about to say that he had told them that before, when one of the others stopped him just in time.

"I am partly duck and I am partly a goose. In size and in my handsome colorings I am handsome Mr. Snow."

Handsome Mr. Snow Geese.

Goosey, of whom everyone has heard.

"Has everyone heard of Mr. Snow Goose, Papa?" one of the Geese children asked.

"If anyone has not," said their Papa severely, "he should be ashamed to admit it."

"Please tell us some more," said one of the other little Geese children who hoped to be given a juicy nugget as a reward for being so polite.

"I have long, long legs which are pink in color and my beautiful bill is pink—and your legs and bills take after mine."

"I have black touches here and there which look very smart. But my nature and ways are half like a duck's and half like a goose's."

"That makes me out of the ordinary, and makes me uncommon, rare!"

"I am no ordinary goose."

"I am unusual."

"They would never have called people geese when they wanted to be rude had they known me first," he ended, with his head high in the air. And the children sang this song:

"Quack, quack, quack, we're neither one, black! we're somewhat ducks! we're somewhat geese! which makes it hard to tell just what we are, just what we are."

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