

Clothes for the Daughter;
Blouses in Great Variety

OUR thoughts may lightly turn to a number of things in the spring, but in the fall they must confront the winter and concern themselves with the substantial wardrobe it demands. Just now mothers are occupied with the matter of clothes for their daughters in school—frocks, blouses, coats, hats and all the rest are to be provided. The older girls will have some say-so in the choice of their belongings, but the younger ones are to be considered.

Like the mocking bird who "borrows his little music scores" and "makes all minstrelsy his own," blouses look to every source for inspiration. Variety seems to be their dominant feature and they are, therefore, always a new story. Two of them, as shown here, are made of crepe de chine, but this is their only common ground. The



GIRLS' COATS COPY ELDER'S STYLES

ings, but their young judgment needs guidance here as elsewhere.

Those who design and manufacture clothes for the young have simplified matters. They are specialists and they turn out, as a rule, garments excellently designed and fairly well made. Their choice of fabrics and styles may be profitably followed by the home dressmaker, since they have a wide market to choose in, and a comprehensive view of styles.

In the matter of wraps the problem is only one of selection, as these outer garments are bought ready made. All coats for girls this season are much like those worn by their elders, except that they are simpler and far less trimmed. As a rule they are straight-hanging garments with ample sleeves and collars of fur or fur-fabric. Very

long blouse at the left shows the peasant influence and is cut much like a smock, with pockets. It affects the peasant sleeve and makes much of peasant embroidery. The neck is consistently managed with its open throat and flat collar, and silk in two colors is used for the cross-stitch embroidery.

Bugle beads and small steel beads work out the curious and fascinating flower motif, with narrow border of leaves, on the blouse at the right. It is a slipover model, having the lower part narrowed to a hip band, with the fullness under the armpits gathered into it. The unfamiliar and fascinating flowers that flourish at the front of the blouse thrive so well in the sleeves that they almost cover them. This overblouse is so simply made that the average needlewoman can undertake



TWO OF THE SEASON'S BLOUSES

simple braid embroidery, buttons and, occasionally, silk tassels make up the sum of their decorations and a typical coat for the young girl may be studied in the accompanying illustration. Soft-faced cloths and other coatings are used for them.

Among the prettiest school suits for fall are those having plaid skirts of Scotch plaid and long-sleeved over-blouses of plain serge. Sleeveless coats of the serge give the suits sufficient warmth for outdoor wear, and the coat and straight over-blouse are trimmed with flat silk braid. Jersey cloth is one of the most satisfactory fabrics for school dresses, and it may be had in many colors. It is usually made up into straight-line dresses with round neck and long sleeves. White collars and cuffs of wash goods, practical pockets and long strap-belts of the material, tying at the front, finish these ideal school frocks. Plaid skirts with cotton wash blouses, worn with slip-over sweaters, for the older girls and frocks of wool or knitted dresses

it. The bead work goes quickly and white beads are used on grounds in any of the fashionable colors, as Hindoo brown, Sorrento blue, almond green or black.

Besides the dressy blouses there are some interesting new shirtwaists of white wash silk and pongee that should enter into one's calculation. Tucks and platted frills are favored for their simple decorations and they are made with long sleeves ending in shirt-cuffs or with elbow sleeves with turn-back cuffs. School and college girls and sportswomen have special need for blouses of this kind. Straight over-blouses of serge, worn with plaid skirts, are something new. They are trimmed with braid and buttons, and sleeveless coats to match finish an ideal outfit for school wear.

Julie Bottomley

Daddy's Evening Fairy Tale

MARY GRAHAM BONNER

THE SHREW'S MATE

Once more the little fairy went to call on the little masked shrew to ask him about himself.

"Last time I saw you," said the fairy, "you told me you could hear so wonderfully and you had a very keen sense of touch, but that you could not see.

"You also told me how you had to eat as many ounces or as much as your own weight in and that you had to do this every twenty-four hours.

"Then too, you told me that your whiskers helped you. They could feel either side when you were running through tunnels. And you told me of escapes you had had from bigger creatures than you were. Won't you tell me some more? For I think you're such a wonderful little creature."

"I'll tell you some more," said the shrew. "I'll tell you of the time I had with a water snake. This is true. Everything I tell is true, for I don't think there's any sense in not telling the truth about one's self."

"After all I wouldn't want to have the ways of other creatures. I have my own ways and that is enough."

"I think too," said the fairy, "that the true things animals do are so much more wonderful than anything



"Waiting for Me."

any one could make up or invent."

"Well, that's a good opinion," said the shrew.

"But continue about your experience with the snake," urged the fairy.

"The snake was a water snake and he was having a fine time feeding on fishes. Now if he thought he could feed on me he was mistaken. That snake never fed on me. No, Fairy, that snake never fed on me. He may have meant to do so—but he didn't. He threw out some of the horrid smelling stuff which he carries about his snake person but I wouldn't allow that to upset me."

"He tried to grab me, but I got right at him—and though he was bigger and stronger I kept hold of him until all the life had left his body and I was the victor."

"Perhaps you may think I'm cruel. But I have to protect myself. And then I have to eat so much every day. No one brings me my food, I must get it for myself. I must get it by hunting for it too—often, very, very often by fighting for it. I cannot even see what I'm picking out. I must feel it and hear it! Strange way to do the marketing for one's self, isn't it?" asked the shrew.

"Very strange," agreed the fairy. "You are really the most amazing little animal I know. You are so tiny, smaller than any other animal. You have to eat as much as your own weight in every twenty-four hours and blindly you go in search of your food."

"You're so brave, too. You're not afraid of creatures bigger than yourself."

"Were I afraid of creatures bigger than myself," said the shrew, "I would be afraid all the time. I would spend my little life being afraid. But, Fairy, I do hope you will not think I'm rude."

"No, I don't think you're rude," interrupted the fairy. "Forgive me for interrupting you, but I cannot have you think that I think you're rude."

"No, indeed, you have been so polite to me and you've told me so much about yourself and your interesting ways."

"I would never think you were rude. I couldn't think you were rude."

"No," said the shrew, "I haven't been rude. I have meant to be polite and tell you my ways and I think I have. But I meant to say that I hoped now you would not think I was rude when I started to tell you that I could not talk very long this time."

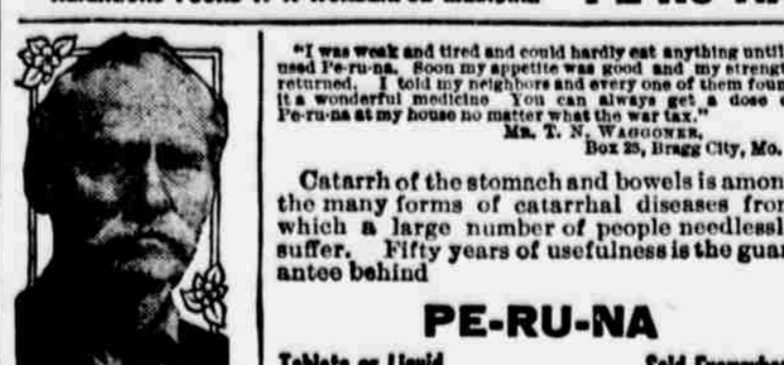
"You see," the little shrew said, "I have a tiny mate waiting for me. We're not very sociable—we shrews—we are off by ourselves most of the time, but I have a little mate, and just now I heard her calling to me from our home below the earth surface."

"Yes, and she said she had a secret to tell me. I think, Fairy, perhaps she'll tell me that she loves me, for that is the secret I love best to hear and I tell her the same secret often. And I'm telling you the secret, fairy, for the fairyland people love secrets!"

At that the little shrew rushed away to talk with his little mate of shrew love and shrew life and shrew news!

Timed.
"When is longhand quicker than shorthand?"
"When it is on a clock."—Boys' Life

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NO DOUBT ABOUT GRATITUDE Any Youngster Will Understand That Poor Boy Was Deeply Appreciative of Tommy's Gift.

For some time Mrs. Caraway had been endeavoring to instill into the heart of her youngest, Tommy, aged ten, the sentiment of generosity, which it seemed to her, was not naturally present.

One day Tommy came home radiant. "Well," he said to his mother, "I gave that poor boy half of the box of candy you bought for me."

The mother also beamed. "You are a dear little man," she said. "Was the poor boy grateful?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Tommy; "he was grateful, all right. He came round to the school yard and let me lick him where everybody was looking on."—Harper's Magazine.

A Man of Resource. Wife—John, I must have some new clothes. I'm sure the entire neighborhood knows my present wardrobe by heart.

Hub—But it would be cheaper to move to a new neighborhood, wouldn't it?

Wins Trade Through Music. A music dealer on East Forty-second street, New York city, has a novel scheme of attracting attention to his phonograph and record display.

What Paul Said. St. Paul, the apostle and not the city, is only an ordinary mortal in the eyes of Billy, age ten.

But Not Martha. Katharine and Martha, six and four, respectively, visited a neighbor woman who had no children.

Monopoly. Mrs. K.—"How many servants do you keep?" Mrs. B.—"One for general householding."—Exchange.

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MERE MATTER OF AMUSEMENT

Arkansas Could Easily Afford to Treat Such Amateur Shooting With the Contempt Deserved.

"What's that?" cried a tourist to whom a resident of Straddle Ridge, Ark., was showing the scenery of the region.

"Aw Just Tug Bald or his brother-in-law taking a shot at me from over across the hollow," was the nonchalant reply.

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VERY often the hill we seem to be climbing is made out of the common mistakes of diet which starve tissues and nerves and slow down energies.

Maybe that hill is not there, after all—

How smooth and level the path seemed to be when we were younger.

Begin today with a dish of Grape-Nuts with cream or milk—and fresh or preserved fruit added if you like.

Simple, natural food may level that hill to a smooth path again.

Keep on with this crisp, delicious, strengthening food in place of heavy, ill-assorted, starchy breakfasts and lunches—and see if the old-time zest and speed on the old-time level path doesn't come back again.

Grape-Nuts—THE BODY BUILDER "There's a Reason" Made by Postum Cereal Company, Inc., Battle Creek, Michigan