Clothes for the Daughter;

Blouses in Great Variety

OUR thoughts may lightly turn to for the younger ones are to be cona number of things in the spring, sidered. but in the fall they must confront the say-so in the choice of their belong- this is their only common ground. The

Like the mocking bird who "borwinter and concern themselves with rows his little music scores" and the substantial wardrobe it demands. "makes all minstrelsy his own," blouses Just now mothers are occupied with look to every source for inspiration. the matter of clothes for their daugh- Variety seems to be their dominant ters in school-frocks, blouses, coats, feature and they are, therefore, always hats and all the rest are to be pro- a new story. Two of them, as shown vided. The older girls will have some here, are made of crepe de chine, but



GIRLS' COATS COPY ELDERS' ST YLES

guidance here as elsewhere.

matters. They are specialists and peasant embroidery. The neck is conthey turn out, as a rule, garments ex- sistently managed with its open throat cellently designed and fairly well and flat collar, and silk in two colors made. Their choice of fabrics and is used for the cross-stitch embroidery. styles may be profitably followed by Bugle beads and small steel beads the home dressmaker, since they have work out the curious and fascinating a wide market to choose in, and a flower motif, with narrow border of comprehensive view of styles.

Is only one of selection, as these outer part narrowed to a hip band, with the garments are bought ready made. All fullness under the arms gathered into coats for girls this season are much it. The unfamiliar and fascinating like those worn by their elders, except | flowers that flourish at the front of the that they are simpler and far less blouse thrive so well in the sleeves trimmed. As a rule they are straight- that they almost cover them. This hanging garments with ample sleeves overblouse is so simply made that the and collars of fur or fur-fabric. Very average needlewoman can undertake

ings, but their young judgment needs | long blouse at the left shows the peasant influence and is cut much like a Those who design and manufacture smock, with pockets. It affects the clothes for the young have simplified peasant sleeve and makes much of

leaves, on the blouse at the right. It In the matter of wraps the problem is a slipover model, having the lower

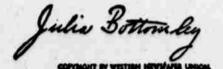


TWO OF THE SEASON'S BLOUSES

simple braid embroidery, buttons and, it. The bead work goes quickly and occasionally, slik tassels make up the white bends are used on grounds in sum of their decorations and a typical any of the fashionable colors, as Hincoat for the young girl may be studied doo brown, Sorrento blue, almond in the accompanying Illustration. Soft- green or black.

round neck and long sleeves. White sleeveless coats to match finish an collars and cuffs of wash goods, prac- ideal outfit for school wear. tical 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

faced cloths and other coatings are | Besides the dressy blouses there are some interesting new shirtwaists of Among the prettlest school suits for white wash silk and pongee that should fall are those having plaited skirts of enter into one's calculation. Tucks Scotch plaid and long-sleeved over- and plaited frills are favored for their blouses of plain serge. Sleeveless simple decorations and they are made coats of the serge give the suits suffi- with long sleeves ending in shirt-cuffs cient warmth for outdoor wear, and or with elbow sleeves with turn-back the coat and straight over-blouse are cuffs. School and college girls and trimmed with flat slik braid. Jersey sportswomen have special need for cloth is one of the most satisfactory blouses of this kind. Straight overfabries for school dresses, and it may blouses of serge, worn with plaid be had in many celors. It is usually skirts, are something new. They are made up into straight-line dresses with trimmed with braid and buttons, and





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 is 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

"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 your-

"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

"I would never think you were rude. 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 shrewswe 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, Fulry, 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





"I was weak and tired and could hardly eat anything until I need Peru-na. Soon my appetite was good and my strength returned. I told my neighbors and every one of them found it a wonderful medicine. You can always get a dose of Peru-na at my house no matter what the war tax."

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NO DOUBT ABOUT GRATITUDE

Any Youngster Will Understand That Poor Boy Was Deeply Appreciative of Tommy's Gift.

heart of her youngest, Tommy, aged for a solution. ten, the sentiment of generosity, which it seemed to her, was not naturally present. In this relation she had been especially careful to commend to poor family in the neighborhood. One day Tommy came home radiant.

gave that poor boy half of the box of candy you bought for me."

dear little man," she said. "Was the poor boy grateful?"

lick him where everybody was looking burst on them. on."-Harper's Magazine.

A Man of Resource. Wife-John, I must have some new leader. clothes. I'm sure the entire neighbor-

hood knows my present wardrobe by heart. Hub-But it would be cheaper to

move to a new neighborhood, wouldn't

ALL FEEL CHARM OF PARIS

Various Spots May Have Particular Application, But There is Variety for Every Visitor.

The fairy tale of Paris belongs to all of us, in whatever terms it may be told. For some it is Marie Antoinette and the Petit Trianon; and, curiously, by comparison with a rather worthless queen, the great war pales. For some it is Napoleon in his cocked hat and white breeches, and his great tomb, one of the fingertips of Paris. For still more it is the Bois and the elegance and luxury and beautiful women; and for the rest, there is always the particular application—the house where Balzac had his printing press, or perhaps only a great stone wall, symbol of the centuries, over which a fruit tree blooms, symbol of centuries continually renewed, writes Muriel Harris in the North American Review.

Only now and again do we realize that Roman and Frank and Gaul; Catholic and Huguenot; artist, priest and warrior; saint, martyr, philosopher, midinette, have really our energies in their grip.

If you use Red Cross Ball Blue in your laundry, you will not be troubled by those tiny rust spots, often caused by inferior bluing. Try it and see. -Advertisement.

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, reports the New York Sun. In the front window he placed a phonograph with

the horn flush against the window. In a coal chute cover on the sidewalk he bored several holes and concealed another machine beneath the walk. Records are played on the machine underneath the sidewalk. Passersby are mystified by the sounds com-For some time Mrs. Caraway had ing from beneath their feet. Naturalbeen endeavoring to instill into the ly they turn to the phonograph store

What Paul Said.

St. Paul, the apostle and not the city, is only an ordinary mortal in Tommy's consideration the son of a the eyes of Billy, age ten. A group of cutting that caper off and on for six young boys was assembled in a park, weeks or such a matter." on one of the overnight camping trips "Well," he said to his mother, "I conducted every week by the Y. M. C. A., relates the Indianapolis News, Before the campfire was put out for the The mother also beamed. "You are night the Y. secretary conducted de- come nigher to me than ten feet or so, votions as usual, reading the passage in Acts where Paul warned his com- doing such childish tricks and never "Yes, ma'am," said Tommy; "he panions of approaching danger and 'complishing anything at it."-Kansas was grateful, all right. He came later said: "Sirs, ye should have City Star. round to the school yard and let me hearkened to me," when the storm

"Shucks!" said Billy. "Paul's just like the rest of us."

"What do you mean?" asked the

"He said, 'I told you so!"

Monopoly.

Mrs. K .- "How many servants do you keep?" Mrs. B .- "One for general houseshirk."- Exchange.

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MERE MATTER OF AMUSEMENT

Arkansan 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. in-law taking a shot at me from over across the holler," was the nonchalant reply. "Them fellers have been

"Great grief! What do you do about it?"

"Nuth'I'g in pertickler. They're the poorest shots on the Ridge and never It sorter amuses me to see grown men

But Not Martha.

Katharine and Martha, six and four, respectively, visited a neighbor woman who had no children. After playing with the girls for a time she said: "My I wish I had two or three girls like you!"

Martha soberly replied: "Mamma might let Katharine come and stay with you, but she wouldn't let me come.



Maybe that hill is not there, after all-

TERY 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.

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

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