

Chic Blouse of Wash Fabrics



The better grades in cotton voiles, marisettes, organdie and other sheer stuffs have proved themselves surprisingly durable and are like crepe de chine and crepe georgette in this respect. They look as fragile as flower petals but wear as staunchly as Scotch madras or any other of the dependable weaves that are relied upon for the practical everyday blouse. They are all in the running now that the time is here for making up blouses for the oncoming season.

With the trend of the public's taste constantly turned toward thin and sheer fabrics for all purposes, and the demand for things washable, cotton voile is likely to stand near the head of the list as a material wanted for spring blouses. It is shown in many patterns employing color, in figures or stripes, on a white ground. These are either woven or printed in, with increasing demand developing for the woven-in designs.

In blouses, as in dresses, there is a fancy for combining materials of two different kinds in one garment. By means of hemstitching, bands of colored organdie are stitched to the collar or cuffs to form a border, in white blouses, and a little embroidery, like the bands in color, provides a relief to the plain body of white. Voiles, with colored dots in graduated sizes, and scalloped edges, finished with but-

tonhole stitching, are among the prettiest of spring offerings. The dots are in rose color, maize, blue, and lavender, and occasionally a light brown or green makes the choice more varied.

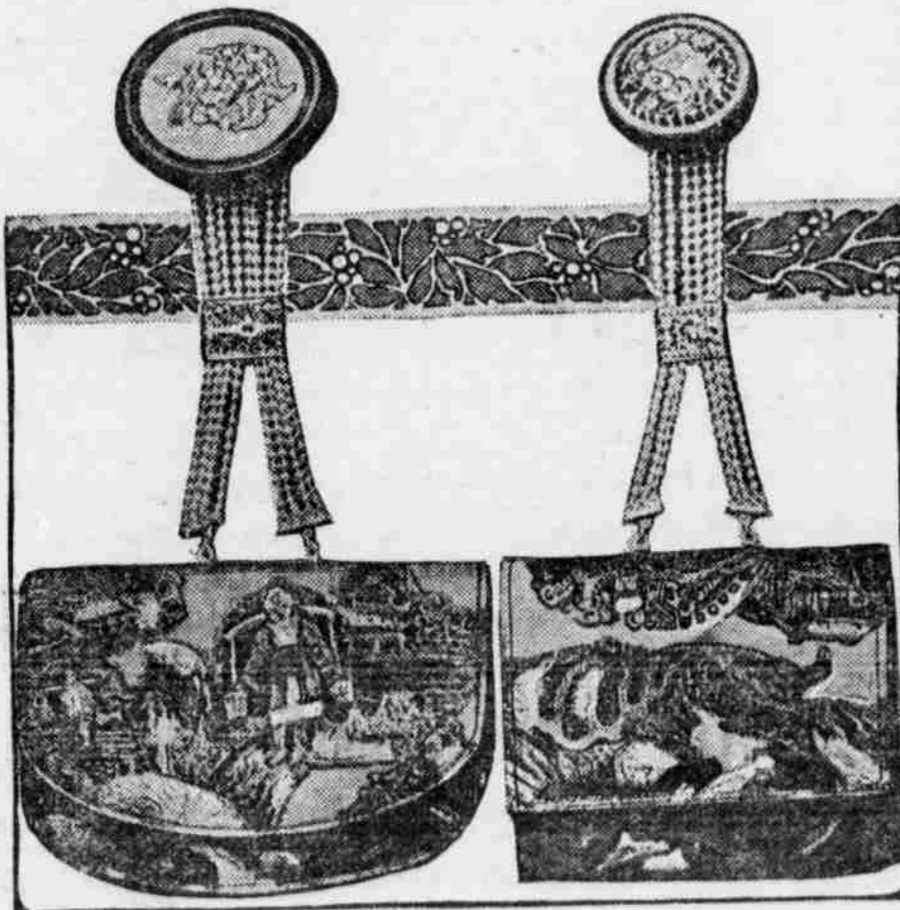
The chic tailored blouse pictured here is made of voile with dotted stripes in a deep tan shade on a white ground. Between these are narrower stripes of white satin dots. The back extends over the shoulders, forming a shallow yoke at the front, and all seams are set together with a narrow piping in white. The fronts are cut to form a narrow panel in white down the center, with a double row of pearl buttons as a decorative feature. In this blouse snap fasteners and a fly make it possible to dispense with buttonholes if desired.

The sleeves are finished with deep cuffs of the voile. A removable collar and cuffs of white hemstitched organdie are the final touches in a design that betrays careful planning. It is a model that may be copied easily in any of the spring wash fabrics.

Julia Bottomley

Black Corduroy Coats.
Black corduroy is said to be coming in for the shorter sport coats. They should be worn with white skirts.

Fashions of the Hour in Bags



Bags of embossed leather in oriental colorings and figures made their entry in the arena of fashions just before the holidays. They made an instant success, sharing the favor given to novelties in silk bags, and nothing more beautiful is likely to replace them for some time.

They are called Tokyo bags and are made in various colored leathers having Chinese or Japanese figures wrought in many rich and harmonizing colors on a solid ground. They follow the mode in the matters of size and shape, as set forth by plain leather bags, and are beautifully lined with plain or moire silk. After these concessions to western needs their allegiance returns to the Orient in the matter of handles. Anything less beautiful than the strands of silver beads and the ivory and silver knobs would be too tame to harmonize with them, and their handles are an indispensable fascination.

Fashions of the hour in handbags make them a delight to the orderly soul. There is a place for everything in them, and everything in its place, as in a watch or a kodak. Compartments for the card case, the notebook, the coin purse and a place for the

packet checkbook or letter or memorandum are all provided. A convenient outside place for the handkerchief and a convenient inside place for the tiny powder box and mirror make the up-to-date handbag a marvel of compact arrangement. There is no reason for a scrap-heap appearance of the belongings which are carried in a handbag these days.

Julia Bottomley

Cape Effects.
An important feature of many afternoon gowns is the cape effect. While this adds a quaint touch to a woman's appearance, one must use judgment in using this feature. On some figures it may be very unbecoming. For instance, the woman who is inclined to stoop or have very round shoulders would appear unbecomingly frocked in a gown made with a cape. The short woman who may have a very graceful carriage should avoid the feature, also, unless she modifies it to such an extent that the cape measures only a few inches wide.

One of great width would do much to decrease the wearer's height.

A Fool There Was

By H. M. EGBERT

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"You are acting foolishly, Tom," said Jim Holloran to his son. "You know very well that the girl's a wail and stray. If you marry her you'll come to regret it."

"She's as good as anyone else around here," answered Holloran indignantly.

His father's opinion was, in a severer form, than the fisherfolks on Clark Island. Seventeen years before a ship had gone to pieces on the rocks in the bay. When the lifeboat men clambered aboard they found a dying woman clutching a puny infant to her breast. The child was a girl; brought ashore, it grew into a comely young woman. The kindly fisherfolks who reared her christened her Helen Clark. That was as far as their imagination could run. Helen and Tom, the son of her foster parents' neighbor, had always been sweethearts. The young fisherman and the girl were engaged to be married soon.

The idea was, not that the girl was unworthy of Tom, but that some day she would be claimed.

In those days the attention of the nation had been absorbed by the Spanish war. The wreck had received but passing notice. There had



A Ship Had Gone to Pieces on the Rocks.

been only three survivors besides the child—fishermen. It was a little coasting steamer. Why should Helen's mother have taken passage aboard her?

"No matter what ever happens, Helen, I shall trust you," said Tom. "I shall always be true to you, dear," answered the girl.

Two weeks before the marriage the man with the domineering face appeared. The older folks recognized him from the photograph Helen had kept. Silently they followed him to the house where the girl lived.

The story that he unfolded was a strange one, but bore the mark of truth. He had quarreled with his wife, 17 years before. She had left him, and he had never associated her with the wreck. There was no reason why he should have done so. He had tried to trace her and the child for years, but had only received a clue from a summer visitor to the island, who had seen the photograph the year before, and heard the romantic story. He wanted Helen to be his daughter in his old age.

He frowned angrily when he learned of the approaching marriage.

"Nonsense!" he said angrily. "My daughter is going to school. She is destined for higher things than to become the bride of a fisherman. I am her guardian, and I refuse my permission."

Everybody was against Tom Holloran. They showed him his selfishness, they proved that he could never marry the girl until she was her own mistress. Finally the magnate, Joseph Henry, proposed, half humorously, a compromise.

"She shall stay with me for four years, till she attains her majority," he said. "If she wants to marry you then, she shall."

Tom was forced to accept the conditions. He kissed Helen as she clung to him.

"I shall never forget. I shall never forget!" she sobbed as they said good-by.

When the father and girl were gone Tom Holloran sat looking at his father across the hearth.

"I told you you were a fool, Tom," said the old man frankly. "What chance have you got with a girl like that? Why, four years will blot out all her memories of this life. She ain't for the likes of you."

"We'll see," said Tom slowly, and left the room.

He had saved \$300 toward the furnishing of their home and purchase of a share in a boat. The same night he disappeared from Clark Island. Three days later he appeared at a small university and asked to see the president. He told him his story.

"I've had a good common school education," he said, "and I want to become a learned man, a gentleman."

The president was interested. "But you haven't been to high school," he urged. "You'll have to go there, or, since you're too old, you'll have to pass our entrance examination. And then to work your way through—why, my boy, your plan is impossible. Give it up!"

Tom shook his head. "I'll try. I've got four years," he said.

A year later Tom Holloran passed the entrance examinations. He entered upon a three years' course. At the end of the time he put his sheepskin into his bag and went to the metropolis, with a decent suit of clothes on his back and a dollar in his pocket.

The banker who admitted him to the financier's house looked at him dubiously.

"I'll give your name to Mr. Henry," he said, in a non-committal manner. He stopped. Tom barred the way.

"Miss Helen—" Tom stammered.

"I'll see, sir," said the banker.

Ten minutes passed. Then the financier entered the room. He did not know Tom.

"I am Mr. Holloran," said Tom. "You remember our agreement—that I was to marry your daughter in four years—"

The banker's face grew purple. "You impudent rascal," he said. "Get out of my house!"

"I shall wait on the doorstep till I see Helen," said Tom.

The banker glared at him and left the room. A quarter of an hour later he returned with a stylishly dressed young woman, who looked at Tom as if he were hardly a human being. But it was Helen. Tom hardly heard her scathing words, he only knew that his pride was crushed. Her ringing laughter dismissed him. He stumbled from the room.

The next day he entered his father's house. The old man, hardly changed, looked up and nodded.

"I recognize you, son," he said. "Still a fool, I reckon. Still hankering after that girl. I warned ye I told ye."

"Yes, I was a fool," said Tom. "I've come back to get a job with the boats."

"If that's all you're worth," said the old man, "you'd best have stayed where you was."

The panic year wiped out many fortunes, and loudest was the crash of the Henry chain of banks. In a day the banker was a ruined outcast, and the next week a suicide. The house was sold. The papers contained strange stories of Helen's discovery upon the island, and reporters came and pestered Tom. But nobody knew anything of the girl.

"Still a fool, Tom?" His father asked one day, as the young man sat brooding over his nets.

"I reckon so," said Tom.

"You've given the best years of your youth to a worthless woman," said his father. "Now is the time to look for another."

Tom did not answer. His spirit seemed broken. All the neighbors thought that. He seemed to take no interest in life. Gradually they accepted him as one of themselves again, and forgot.

There is a legend along the coast that what the sea gives, it takes; what it takes it restores. The winter of that year was one of raging storms. Many a ship in distress far out at sea was sighted, but it was not till February that the lifeboat rockets signaled a wreck upon the rocks in the bay.

They launched the boat, Tom, bending to the oars, saw dimly, through the blizzard the bulk of a great liner lying between the needle-points. The cold cut him like a razor edge. Mechanically he bent his strength to the oar.

As the boat drew near and tried to lay alongside, while the breakers pounded her, a desperate cry of a multitude fell on their ears. A mighty wave had swept the decks of half their huddled humanity. The waves were black with bobbing heads, hands clutched wildly for aid and found none.

Tom leaped into the sea to where a woman's head appeared for a moment in the suck of a giant wave. He seized her by the hair and hauled her to the boat's edge. Somehow they got her in.

Laden to her gunwales with all that they had been able to rescue, the lifeboat made her difficult way toward the shore. But when she reached it at last and the men and fisherwives who had assembled there looked into Tom's face they knew who the well-dressed strange woman was.

Tom knelt beside her, chafing her cold hands. A tress of her hair hung like a wet wisp over him. Her eyes were closed, but a faint pulse stirred in her.

"She will live," said the doctor that night. "But her brain is injured. How far, I don't know. It is impossible to say until she wakes."

"Still a fool, Tom?" inquired his father, watching his face.

"No, sir," said Tom. "I know her for what she is; nothing can wipe that out."

"She's asking for you," said the doctor.

Tom went into the room where Helen lay. Her eyes were open; as Tom drew near she stretched out her hands and found his neck and held him close.

"I am glad it is so near—our wedding day," she whispered. "We must never leave each other, dearest. I shall always be true to you."

The last four years were wiped from her mind forever by the shock. And, as he looked into her eyes, Tom saw that this was the real Helen—come back to him forever.

ECONOMICAL WINTERING OF IDLE HORSES



Profitable Type for Any Farm.

(From Weekly Letter, United States Department of Agriculture.)

At this time of the year all the heavy work on most farms has been finished, and horses are more or less idle. Since idle horses give no return in labor performed, the feeding should be as economical as possible, and proper care should be taken of the animals in order that they may be in the best possible condition for work in the early spring.

Horses should not be confined to the barn during the winter on a liberal supply of grain. It is far better to "rough" them through the cold months. They should be given the run of the yard or lot during the day. They should be provided with a protected shed, one that is thoroughly dry and well provided with bedding. While nature does her part and protects the horse with a heavy coat of hair during the cold months, the shed is necessary in order to afford the necessary shelter and protection against rain, snow and cold winds. Winter winds come mostly from the north and northwest, and the shed

should be so situated and constructed as to give the proper protection from this quarter.

In the feeding of idle horses the highest-priced feeds should be avoided in order to keep them in proper condition at the lowest cost. It has been found that idle horses do very well on a winter feed consisting of all the hay, oat straw, cornstalks, or sorghum they will consume, so that little grain is necessary.

From six to eight weeks before the spring work is started the horses should be put at light work and started on a small grain ration in order that they may be in proper condition for the work required of them. The grain ration may then be gradually increased until the regular allowance has been reached for the working season.

Growing colts require considerable protein. They should be so fed as to secure proper development and at a minimum cost. Rough feed, such as clean mixed hay, alfalfa, or clover, may be fed along with a mixture of bran, oats and corn.

PRACTICAL LITTLE HINTS ON HOG CARE

Muddy Pens Are Disagreeable to Animals—Give Runts Attention—Give Pigs Charcoal.

(By W. D. NEALL, Colorado.)

Birds, dogs or men may carry hog cholera from one farm to another.

Burning the hog that has died of some disease is the only sure method of preventing contagion.

The hog that has been allowed to sleep in the old straw stack will soon cough his health away.

Hogs of all ages and sizes do not thrive when allowed to pile up together.

Muddy pens are disagreeable to the hogs. Watch the hog pick the ear of corn out of the mud and seek a dry place to eat it and you will be fully convinced of this fact.

It pays to separate the runts from the herd and give them special attention. By this method you make them profitable hogs.

Stops should not be carried from the kitchen to the hopen if the good housewife uses all kinds of wash powder in the dish water, for many of them are poisonous.

Pure skim milk is good for the growing pigs. Put a little bran with it and it will be the richer. Do not give much sour milk to very young pigs for fear of the scours.

The dog that "wools" the ears of the hogs or tears their hams should be kept away from the herd even if the hogs do get through the fence into the cornfield or meadow.

Keep charcoal, salt and ashes before the pigs all the time, and it will mean death to worms or bowel trouble.

Put a teaspoonful of soda in the sow's slop, and it will be beneficial to the pigs afflicted with the scours.

Pigs look good in a field of alfalfa, clover or rape, and best of all they do well while running there.

The pig that is weaned will squeal around a good deal. The only way to shut off his squeal is to fill his stomach with food.

Kick the pigs away from the straw stack. Don't let them sleep there. The straw rick is a good place to contract the cholera.

Grade the Apples.
Proper grading is necessary in order to get the best prices from many crops. This is especially true of apples and other products that sell on appearance. A few poor apples in a lot will lower the selling price to that of the poor apples. Better sell No. 1 and No. 2 stock in well graded packages.

HORSES AND MULES SHIPPED TO EUROPE

Animals Bought for Export for Use in the Great War Are Among Lighter Grades.

(By PROF. E. A. TROWBRIDGE, University of Missouri, College of Agriculture.)

About half a million horses and mules have been sent to Europe because of the war. Although the number sounds large, it really includes less than two per cent of the 25,000,000 horses and mules on hand in the United States January 1, 1915, and a still lower percentage when we remember the 1915 colts must be added to this number.

The 400,000 horses bought for export for use in the war are among the lighter animals ranging from 1,000 to 1,500 pounds in weight. Although many of them are of mixed breeding, they are good useful horses, but do not sell for particularly high prices, and there is an opportunity for the raiser to produce others of much better type to replace those that have been sold. The increased cost of land, labor and other things used in horse-raising has gradually widened the gap between the price of good horses and mules, and those of inferior animals until now only the superior animals can be produced profitably.

About eighty per cent of the horses and mules in the country are now owned and used on farms. The automobile, auto truck and farm tractor all help to replace some of these animals, but any great changes in this direction will come about gradually and production will be governed largely by demand. In view of these constantly changing conditions, however, the business of horse production offers unusual opportunities to the man who succeeds in meeting market demands successfully. Horses of the draft or high-class saddle type or mules of good size and quality and capable of doing lots of hard work are likely to prove most profitable.

Cutting Ensilage.
Ensilage should be cut short. Half to three-quarters of an inch is better than longer cuts. The fine cut ensilage will pack better, which means better keeping and it also feeds better. It takes more power to cut into short lengths.

Feed for Calves and Milk.
The cow cannot turn all the nourishment she will get from her food into the milk pail and still have enough to build up her offspring rightly. We need good calves as much as we do good cows.