

Meeting Requirements of Modes in Model in Perfect Taste



A party frock for the social bud, which does its American designer no end of credit, tells its pretty story in the picture above. But half its charm must be left to the imagination, since it lies in combination of colors. Delicate, but not too pale shades of pink and blue, with the introduction of silver lace, make up a flowerlike conception which it is an inspiration to look at.

The underskirt of pink silk net contrives to be fairly full about the hips, and very full about the ankles, by the simple and lovely expedient of the band of silver lace insertion set in, like a girdle, below the hips. It is piped at each side with a cord, covered with pink satin, and the net is gathered to it. This allows the flounce to be much fuller than the upper portion. The flounce is bound at the bottom with a cord covered with satin. Over this underskirt a second skirt of blue net falls, covering its entire length. It is bound with blue satin, which causes it to stand out about the bottom.

The bodice is cleverly designed of blue satin, with a square piece set

on in the middle of the front and back, forming points above and below the waist line. The side bodies are cut into points at the bottom and extend to the arms. There are small ruffled straps over the shoulders. A yoke of the pink and blue nets is filled in at the top of the bodice and gathered to form a narrow ruffle about the round neck. Short puffed sleeves are made of the two nets also. The waist line is defined by two bands of narrow silver gauze ribbon, and the narrowest of silver edging outlines the ruffle about the neck.

All the requirements of the modes of the hour are met by this model of good taste in using them. The very full skirt, the close-fitting bodices and the airy fabrics that fashion approves find expression in it.

The combination of blue and pink, which is a French suggestion, is only one of several combinations of color that might be embodied in a frock made in the same way. But pink and blue used together are met with so often in displays of spring apparel, (notably in millinery) that it promises to be a feature in coming fashions.

Costume for the Small Boy and His Charming Sister



After studying the displays of ready-made clothing for little boys and girls one is inclined to think that it is a waste of time and energy for the busy mother to undertake the making of it at home. In the little suits and dresses, rompers, and aprons shown, the styles are good, the materials excellent and the workmanship satisfactory. The prices are better than reasonable; they are low. There is economy in making fine dresses, on which hand embroidery and hand sewing are used, but for garments that are to be worn day in and out, the manufacturer has met all requirements, including low prices.

One of the prettiest of the new wash suits for the small boy is shown at the left of the picture above. It is a model in medium dark shade of brown with collar and belt in brown and white stripe. The cuffs are piped with the striped material. White bone

buttons fasten the short coat down the front, and machine stitching figures in its neat finish. Heavy linen and cotton materials are used for suits of this kind, and they are made in blue, brown, unbleached linen, and white.

An everyday dress for the little girl, shown at the right of the picture, is of checked gingham, finished with bands of plain chambray. A real pocket is set in, stayed with a band at the top, and a belt extends across the back, buttoning at one side. Any number of similar dresses are shown, and the variations in trimming and color combinations attest to the resourcefulness of their makers. They are neatly made, and will pass without criticism, even when judged by the standards of the capable needlewoman.

Julia Bottomley

HORACE'S MOTHER

By FRANK FILSON.

"What is it, dear?" asked Horace Scott, looking up at his wife across the breakfast table.

"A tragedy," she answered, flinging down the letter she had been reading, with angry tears. "Your mother is coming to pay us a visit tomorrow."

"Good Lord!" said Horace, picking up the letter and reading it.

"Tomorrow, of all times, when the Kerrs are coming to dinner, and a dozen other couples," continued Mildred. "And just when I had all my plans fixed! What will they think of us with that awful old woman?"

"I don't know that she's so bad, dear," said Horace musingly. "Old Kerr was brought up on a farm and was a farmer's boy for two or three years."

"But, Horace, you know very well that people who are in society don't acknowledge things like that. It doesn't matter what one has been; it's what one is. And after I have managed to get Dorothy into that exclusive boarding school, and had laid all my plans for bringing her out! We are fixed, Horace, fixed with the very set of people we want to get in with, and now your mother is coming up from the farm, with her ignorant speech and her bad table manners!"

"I'm not ashamed of her—God bless her!" said Horace fervently.

"Ah, well, if you don't care about your daughter's future, at least you might care about our financial position," persisted his wife. "You know very well that your chance of securing that position as lawyer for the Kerr corporation depends on my ingratiating myself with Lucy Kerr. I have worked to that end for two years, knowing that old Williams wouldn't live long, and that they would be looking round for someone else to represent them. It needs a man who is in touch

with the best set. And it means twelve thousand a year! Now! Are you going to have that old woman at our party tomorrow night?"

"I am," said Horace. "If the Kerrs are such intolerable snobs that they require my denying my own mother, let them go to—blazes! And if we have to tell Dorothy out of that school and send her to a public one."

"Then I wash my hands of the whole affair," said Mildred, rising angrily from the table. "And you can do what you choose."

He could not pacify his wife all day. He sent the telegram that his mother had requested, and waited in something like consternation for her arrival.

Horace Scott was genuinely fond of his mother. She had been devoted to him, and when he left the farm, fifteen years before, to seek his fortune in the city, he had told her that some day she was to make her home with him. But he had married a worldly woman, and somehow that dream had never come to pass. He had seen very little of the poor old woman during the past few years. He realized that she was, socially, a handicap. But he had conscientiously determined that he would never fail in his duty toward her.

Now it was to be put to the test. She came next day, with an immense carpetbag, from which she extracted a couple of jars of homemade preserves, an enormous cake and some homemade pickles.

"There, my dear," she said to her disgusted daughter-in-law. "Don't tell me you ain't pleased with them. I'm reading all about these here adulterations of foods which Doctor Wiley's trying to stop folks from being poisoned, and I thought I'd give you both a starter. My! Ain't you elegantly fixed! Not but what I prefer to have the rooms up and down instead of all a long line of 'em. And these here flats ain't what they're cracked up to be. Now show me my room and I'll put on my black silk in case you expect them friends you spoke about."

"She's impossible, Horace!" exclaimed his wife angrily, after the old lady had retired. "We can't let the Kerrs meet her—that's all. We can't. I'm going to see that she stays in

her room. Don't you dare interfere with me, Horace!"

Horace sighed. He knew that when his wife made up her mind there was little to be done. But his mother had a mind of her own, too. He braced himself for a domestic tempest. However, presently Mildred came back smiling.

"It's all right, dear," she said. "I've persuaded her that she'll be too tired for company tonight. She's going to bed—early. I've put her in the end room, so that she won't hear anything. And she thinks it's just a men's business meeting."

The dinner party was a huge success. The Kerrs were amiability itself. Half a dozen people whom Mildred had never succeeded in getting into her home now appeared to have taken her to their hearts. They adjourned to the drawing room, and Mildred had almost forgotten the old woman sleeping in the end room, when suddenly there appeared at the door a figure clad in black silk. Her heart went into her mouth.

Then it was that Horace showed himself a man. He arose and took his mother by the arm and led her forward.

"Mrs. Kerr—my mother," he said. "My, Horace!" exclaimed the old lady. "I guess your men friends brought their women folks with them after all."

"Delighted to meet your mother," said Mrs. Kerr, making a place beside her for the old lady.

Mildred looked on like a spectator at a dreary drama. The guests had all clustered about the old woman, making fun of her uncouthness, and she, seeing nothing, was telling them all about the farm, the chickens, the crops and the neighbors.

Her heart was bursting. She could not bear it. All the elaborately built plans that she had made were tumbling to the ground. It was too horrible, after all that she had done!

Without an excuse, she rose and walked into her room, and, flinging herself upon the bed, gave way to blinding tears.

At last she rose and dried her eyes. She would hold up her head, at any rate. It was Horace's mother, not hers.

She went back proudly toward the drawing room. A burst of laughter met her. So they were still having fun with the wretched old woman!

Horace met her at the door. "Dearest!" he cried. "Where have you been? I was coming to look for you." "Don't trouble," answered Mildred caustically. "Your mother has certainly been the sensation of the evening. It's as good as a play."

"It certainly is," said Horace. "What do you think? Mr. Kerr knew mother years ago, when he was a boy in Stillwell, and they're having the time of their lives. Mrs. Kerr is positively jealous."

Frank Kerr rose from the sofa and clasped Horace's hands enthusiastically.

"My dear fellow, why didn't you let me meet your mother before?" he demanded. "Say, Horace, that affair is fixed. You're going to take Williams' place. And Mrs. Kerr wants you and your wife to bring your mother to see us tomorrow and have dinner with us. I tell you, when a man of sixty meets his first sweetheart again something's doing."

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WHEN YOUR CHEST GURGLES

Sounds the Doctor Hears Through Stethoscope Tell Him if Lungs Are in Bad Condition.

A doctor hears some curious noises when he places the stethoscope against your chest whether you are fit for the army or not. When the lungs are healthy, a pleasant breezy sound, soft in tone, is heard as the breath is drawn in and expelled, the Toronto Mail and Empire states. If the stethoscope conveys to his ear a gurgling or bubbling sound the doctor knows that you are in what is known as the moist stage of bronchitis. In the dry stage of the same complaint the sound is a whistling, wheezy one.

One of the signs of pneumonia is the soft crackling note that comes through the stethoscope. It is not unlike the sound that can be heard when your finger and thumb have touched a sticky substance, and you first place them together and then part them, holding them close to your ear.

Doctors occasionally hear a dripping sound, and that tells them that the air and water have got into some part of the chest where they have no right.

Lisben's Time Signal.

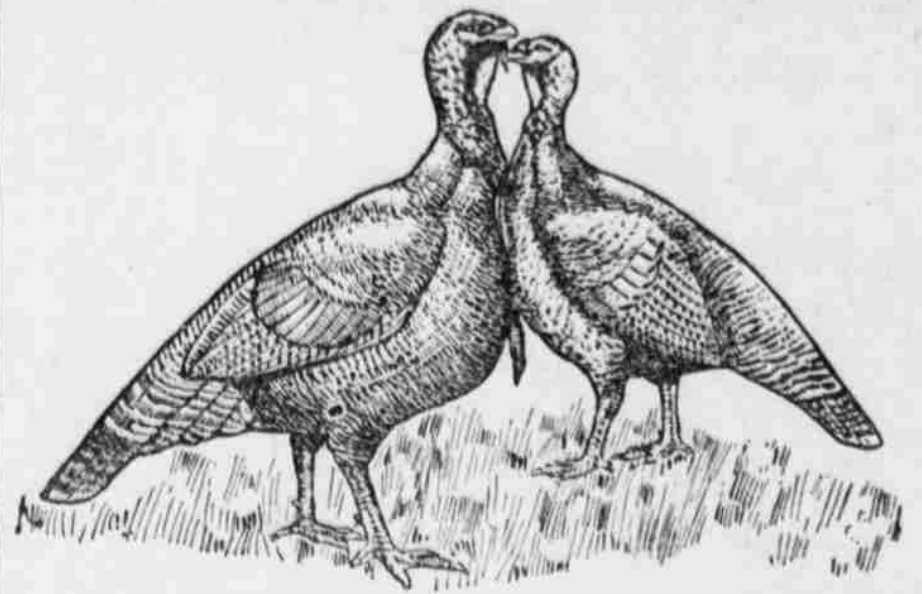
Correct time is announced every hour in the port of Lisbon, Portugal, by means of two lanterns placed on iron columns 100 feet high. The lanterns each have three faces, measuring 6.5 feet by 8 feet. At exactly five minutes before the hour, a horizontal line of light appears on each face, and on the tick of the hour, this light is extinguished. The signals may be seen even in the daytime at a distance of a mile and a half. At night the position of the lanterns is indicated by three red lights. The signals are worked electrically under the control of a clock in the Observatorio Astronomico de Lisboa.

A Sure Sign.

Mrs. O'Toole—Sure, the baby will do the same kind of work that you do when he grows up.

Mike—Phwat makes you think that? Mrs. O'Toole—Why, ivery toime he gets hold of a deck of cards he picks out th' spades.

PRACTICAL HINTS FOR RAISING TURKEYS



Bronze Turkeys, a Favorite Breed.

(By MRS. A. WOOD.)

Young turkeys are not any harder to raise than chickens, if one is careful never to inbreed and keep them free from lice and mites.

I set all the eggs under chicken hens so as to keep my turkeys laying. When the eggs pipped I put them in the incubator, which was set with chicken eggs. Every egg that pipped hatched and they did not harm the other eggs in the least.

It wasn't an unusual thing to have every egg of a setting hatch, and never more than one that didn't hatch.

I never let the young turkeys run with the turkey hen because she takes them too far from home, and it is easier to keep them free from lice when they are raised by hand.

I do not feed the poults for 24 hours after hatching. Then I don't have any trouble teaching them to eat. Soak bread in milk and squeeze it dry for them for two or three days, then feed fine cracked corn mixed with clabber cheese.

I never feed black pepper, as so many do, nor very many hard-boiled eggs; and I raise more turkeys than those who do, in this neighborhood.

Then let them have as much freedom as possible, for they like to pick bugs and tender grass. If they are kept at night in a house that has roosts, they will soon fly on them and do better than if left on the ground. It is necessary to keep these coops or roosting places clean and disinfected, for lice and mites are sure death to young turkeys.

Coarse sand should be provided for them, also plenty of shade, and ashes for their dust bath.

In preparing turkeys for market they should not be fed too liberally during the first few days, but after

they have become used to confinement should be given all they can eat up clean.

Only the very early hatched birds will be large enough for the earliest holiday market, and selections for this market must be very carefully made. The largest birds in the flock should be placed by themselves in a large pen. They should not be closely confined. A large shed, with tight sides on the north and west, with the south and east sides covered with poultry netting, makes a good fattening pen. It must be covered, as the birds must be kept perfectly dry. The pen should be provided with low roosts in the back part, and it should be placed in a secluded spot at some distance from other poultryhouses or barns, as turkeys are very shy birds, and if excited by a noise or other animals or strangers, will not readily take on fat.

The feeding trough should be placed on the outside of the pen so that they can be easily cleaned and filled without continually entering the pen. This work should be done quietly and at regular intervals. The troughs should be kept scrupulously clean. Nothing is better than galvanized iron for this purpose, as they can be scalded, and in this way made perfectly sweet and clean. Wooden troughs absorb a great deal of moisture, and it is almost impossible to keep them as clean as they should be.

It requires from three to four weeks to put young turkeys in fine condition. They should be pushed from the start because a turkey, like a hog, is a losing proposition after it has attained its full growth. The birds should be marketed just as soon as they begin to stacken up in gain, because beyond a certain point in weight they cannot be pushed.

COLONY HOUSES FOR CHICKS

Portable Buildings Enable Farmer to Change Brooding Yards From One Season to Another.

The portable colony house can be used for brooding little chicks in the spring, for housing growing stock in the summer, and for mature stock in the winter. This house is 8 feet deep by 12 feet long. By placing it on runners it can be moved.

Every farmer should raise his chickens by means of portable houses. This enables him to change his brooding yards from season to season and also permits him to move his chickens to the edge of a corn field as soon as they are large enough to roost.

Where chickens are range-raised in this way the farm lanes, corn fields, wheat fields after the grain has been removed, etc., can be utilized. Here the shade, green food, bugs, worms, grasshoppers, etc., furnish conditions conducive to a rapid, healthful growth. A house of this kind enables the farmer to separate his young stock from the old, for, when the two are raised in the same yard, conditions are unsanitary and the young stock suffers because of being overrun.

At the University of Missouri chicks are brooded in these houses by means of portable hovers. Heat is removed as soon as possible and the chicks are kept in the same house until they are put into winter quarters.

CHARCOAL FOR FARM FLOCK

Keeps Digestive Apparatus of Fowls in Good Condition—Good Ventilation is Necessary.

A dish of charcoal placed where the flock can reach it at all times will do considerable toward keeping the digestive organs of the fowls in good condition. The charcoal absorbs poisonous gases and juices and often prevents serious trouble.

Fowls cannot be healthy unless they can have plenty of pure air to breathe. This calls for a well-ventilated poultry house. There is no one best breed or variety of fowls for any purpose. The usefulness of any flock depends almost as much on the way it is fed, bred and cared for as upon the variety.

Not Good Feed for Fowls.

There may be some excuse for feeding sloppy food to hogs, but it will not "work out," except to the disadvantage of the birds and their owners, in poultry practice.

Cause of Soft Shells.

Soft-shelled eggs are often caused by fowls being confined, becoming overfat, and from lack of mineral matter.

IT SELDOM PAYS TO DOCTOR

More Important for Beginner to Know How to Prevent Disease Among Fowls Than to Cure.

It seldom pays to doctor a fowl which has been seriously sick for a length of time. If you should be successful in curing the disease, it would not be safe to use this bird in the breeding pens, writes Dr. C. R. Watson of Miller, Neb., in Farmers' Mail and Breeze.

It is much more important for the beginner in the poultry business to know how to prevent disease than how to cure, or attempt to treat it. In the majority of cases, disease can be prevented by good care and management in the exercise of ordinary common sense. Should your birds become diseased, examine your methods of management, premises, houses, feed and method of feeding, and remove the cause.

Clean up the premises, disinfect, whitewash the houses, scald the drinking vessels or wash them in an antiseptic solution. In case your birds become seriously ill, the best thing to do is to kill every sick bird and bury the carcasses. There is one rule that you should follow; that is never to let a sick bird die on your premises. Kill it and burn the carcass before it reaches that stage.

GRIT AIDS HEN'S DIGESTION

Money Spent in Commercial Grit is Good Investment for Any Poultryman to Make.

An ample supply of commercial grit on farms where poultry has been kept any length of time is money well spent.

In fact, a sack of commercial grit costing 75 cents at any of the country stores is a good investment for the poultryman to make.

Grit furnishes the bidders grinders and if your means of masticating your food supply were taken away, Mr. Farmer, how soon would you be taking treatment from the physician for indigestion?

Iowa Louse Powder.

A louse powder recommended by the Iowa experiment station is made by mixing three parts of gasoline and one part of sulphur. To this is added one part of Portland cement or plaster of paris to take up the liquid. The mixture is then spread on a board for the volatile portions to evaporate. The powder remaining after evaporation will put the lice to rest.

Recent Confinement.

Remember that turkeys are of a roaming disposition and must not be kept in confinement.