VOGUES AND VANITIES

By JULIA BOTTOMLEY

In Her Party Frock.

The little miss, with the pretty curls, looks well in the simplest of her clothes, but she is adorable in her party frocks. She is sweetly conscious of being "all dressed up" and is entirely satisfied with things as they are. This is a state of mind most comfortable for all concerned.

The little party frock pictured above is made of such simple and inexpensive materials that every small girl is entitled to have her instinct for finery indulged. It requires nothing more extravagant than albatross cloth in cream white, a little venetian lace in an all-over pattern and plain cream white net for the sleeves. The albatross is a light weight wool fabric in a crepelike weave which has the advantage of being washable. It comes in white and all colors. Venetian lace is familiar as a pretty and serviceable sort which is just as washable as the plain net of which the sleeves are made.

In this dress the skirt is joined to a plain short sleeveless waist. With its fullness disposed in a group of plaits at each side the skirt hangs in a panel at the front and back. The short body is supported by narrow straps over the shoulder and fastens with small buttons and button holes in the back. The sleeves are gathered into three shirred sections over small cords and finished with a band of lace. The little slip-over jacket of lace is gathered over a cord into a round neck and bound with scallops at the back and front that lengthen into points at the side.

A wide sash of soft satin ribbon in one of the light tints is finished at one side with a big rosette bow with a single end. With a knowledge of the materials used and the small amounts required for a little girl, it is easy to figure the very modest cost of this pretty little party frock.

Lingerie Blouses.

The colored blouse of organdie, voile, georgette and wash satin has taken such a hold on the popular fancy that it is quite difficult to find a really attractive plain white blouse, excepting those for sports wear. Pale pink, all tones of tan and yellow, soft blues and grays predominate. The costume blouse of pale cream lace or Georgette usually has an interlining of the palest fish chiffon; the blue waist is piped with pink or another harmonious contrast. It is indeed a season of color and one may indulge to the heart's content.

For the Little Kindergartner.

The little miss who is about to take her initial step on the endless road of knowledge must be fitted out with plain and pretty frocks for school wear. Most of these are to be had ready made, in reliable materials and at prices so low that it is hardly worth while to make them at home. But others in which simple handwork in ornamental stitches is used for a finish are comparatively high priced. Here is one made of plain "India linen." This by the way, is an unsuitable name for a beautiful cotton fabric that needs no false colors for smooth sailing.

The plain full skirt is modeled at the top with mercerized crochet cotton and the edge of the frill about the neck is finished with overcast stitches set close together. This cotton is in a color contrasting with the dress and in this instance delft blue is used on white. The top of the wide hem is outlined with diagonal stitches set close together and the edges of the small bands about the sleeves are done in the same way as the collar.

The greater number of dresses for school wear are made of heavier cottons and linens in colors. The fad for a reserved use of decorations made with the simplest of embroidery or other needlework stitches, shows no sign of decreasing in popularity. This quickly made and elegant-looking finish for the everyday clothes of little girls is in keeping with the familiar serviceable materials it is used on. It is not too fine for them. Fortunate the little miss whose home people can decorate her frocks in this way. Unconsciously she will be educated to a fine "sense of clothes."

Stanch and True

By Jessie Ethel Sherwin

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"Barry Joyce took the thousand dollars, of course," declared Squire Marvin, man of leisure and gossip of the little town of Virden.

"Nobody believes that who really knows Mr. Joyce," disputed his daughter Helen, across the breakfast table.

"No," her mother supported her—"Barry Joyce may be responsible for the stolen money, but he never stole it."

"H'm," muttered the opinionated head of the household, half sneeringly—"a champion of the misguided gentleman, it seems!"

"He needs such!" burst forth Helen vehemently, and there was a conscious flush on her fair face.

"He went away, didn't he? Was discharged from the plant? Does that look like innocence?" challenged Mr. Marvin stubbornly.

"The heedless talk and suspicions of unthinking people drove him to it!" asserted Mrs. Marvin spicily, and her husband, with a shrug of his shoulders, left the house.

"Poor Doctor Joyce!" sighed Helen. "I met him today, and he looks careworn and broken down. It is wicked, all this censure of his son."

Helen spoke from a full heart. Barry Joyce and she had been close friends, when the theft of the town steel plant harshly terminated their companionship.

It had been the sensation of the town for a month. One morning John Purtelle, owner of the works, had come down to the office to find a thousand dollars in banknotes missing from a drawer in his desk, where he had carelessly placed them the evening previous.

At once there was an investigation. When they came to question Barry Joyce he had acted troubled, but

He Opened It to Find Ten One-Hundred-Dollar Bills.

frankly admitted that the evening before he had let himself into the office about nine o'clock to get his light overcoat, secured it, and immediately left. This act, openly confessed, bore a certain possible construction of guilt and in a day or two he was discharged from employment.

"I can't stand the talk around the village," he told his father one day, "and I'm going somewhere to make a new start in life. Father, if you promise absolute secrecy, I wish to intrust you with an important commission."

"I will respect the confidence, as you know," pledged Doctor Joyce gravely.

"The night of the loss of the thousand Don Purtelle was with me."

"The dissolute nephew of Mr. Purtelle?"

"Yes, poor fellow!" answered Barry. "He was not himself, as usual. When I stopped for my overcoat he waited outside. He was angry at his uncle. He claimed that he owed him money, and that he was going to 'get even with the old man.' I had loaned him some money and he proceeded to drink it up. I could not restrain him, and finally put him on the train for Newton, where he lives. You know what happened that night. He was picked up with a broken skull and has been in the hospital at Newton ever since. The doctors say he will never recover his reason. If he ever does, I want you to write me at once—will you?"

"Certainly," promised the doctor.

One week after that Doctor Joyce made a discovery that nearly crushed him. Happening to look into an old desk of his son, he came across a heavy manilla envelope tucked away under some books, as if hidden. He opened it, to find within it ten one-hundred-dollar bills, the amount stolen from Mr. Purtelle!

His son was guilty—he could not doubt it now, and the gentle spirit, crushed and sorrowful, bent silently beneath a consuming grief.

A few days later, from some mysterious source Mr. Purtelle received his thousand dollars back. Had Barry Joyce sent it to him? The mean and suspicious so surmised.

A new series of emotions came to Doctor Joyce shortly afterwards. The case of Don Purtelle had puzzled the physicians at Newton. They sent for Doctor Joyce. He was a skillful surgeon. He examined young Purtelle. It was a peculiar case. The patient was up and about, cheerful, almost jolly, but his memory was gone. He could remember nothing back of his arrival at the hospital.

Doctor Joyce went home in agony of spirit. Through his accurate knowledge of surgery he was able to diagnose the trouble with Purtelle. He did not tell the consulting physicians that he could remove a certain bone, perform a second operation on the skull and restore Purtelle to reason.

He hesitated. A sense of guilt pursued him, but he wished to reflect, to decide a powerful problem of conscience, of justice, of humanity against a selfish impulse to protect his son.

For, in his mind Doctor Joyce believed that Purtelle and Barry had committed the robbery, that the money had been hidden by Barry until he was sure that Purtelle was permanently incurable, for fear if he recovered he might reveal the truth.

The true manhood of Doctor Joyce conquered. He exercised his closest skill and care in behalf of the unfortunate Don Purtelle.

His heart was in his mouth when the patient came out from under the influence of the anesthetic. The eyes of the patient bore a new expression.

"Why, Doctor Joyce, have I been ill? All bandaged up, too! Oh, I remember!—the night Barry tried to get me to go home, Doctor," added Don quite anxiously, "I wish you would send Barry to me. I lost something the night of—the night I last saw him."

"Barry has left town," replied the doctor, "but I will write him.

The next morning a hurry call came for him from the hospital. Perhaps Don was dead—that would mean silence, safety for his son. But the true-hearted man fought the temptation to hope for this.

Don Purtelle was all excitement, waiting for him. He had heard of the robbery. His first words electrified Doctor Joyce.

"They suspected Barry!" he cried. "I never knew until this morning. Why, doctor, it was I who got that money. I stole it while Barry was not looking. I confess it. I defy my uncle to prosecute. He owes me that—and more. Send for Barry at once. I must clear his name."

It was when Barry came that the other end of the story came out. Barry had taken the envelope from the pocket of Don, fearing he would lose it. He had left it in the desk when he went away, planning to write his father, should Don recover. He had never known that, along with some proofs in the envelope that the plant owner owed him money, Don had inclosed the thousand dollars he had taken.

Don got well, and as there was some basis to the money claims of that reckless young man, he was not prosecuted. Vital good came out of his rigorous experience, for he mended his ways and became reconciled to his uncle.

The brave little defender of Barry, loyal Helen Marvin, was filled with joy at the establishment of the innocence of her favorite friend. He could not but hear of it, and went to see her the second day after his return to Virden.

"You were stanch and true, as you always were, Helen," he said.

"Do you think I could mistrust you, Barry, after knowing you all these years?" she asked simply.

"No, dear, and—"

He paused—the word had been spoken not so unthinkingly as naturally.

For she was his "dear," and therewith, having broken the ice, he told her so, and she was content.

MINER FINDS QUEER BEETLES

Specimens Similar to Ones That Puzzle Scientists Found in Mining District of Oregon.

Beetles bearing Masonic and other markings that have proved a puzzle to the Carnegie institute, have been found by Fred Steen of the Steen mine in the Cornucopia district in Oregon. The insects are of the general type of the long-horned wood borer, but, according to the Carnegie institute, there is an apparent variation from any hitherto known species.

The backs are black, and the markings are traced as though in white ink. Some markings form a combination of letters and Arabic numerals. Many have the marking "V U 6." Others have the Masonic emblem of square and compass plainly discernible.—Portland Oregonian.

Shifting of Pearl Trade.

Lingah, a seaport of Persia on the Persian Gulf 300 miles southeast of Bushire, and once a very prosperous port, is experiencing some hard times just now. In former years, according to an excerpt from the Indian Trade Journal published in a commerce report, it was an important center of the pearl trade and a distributing point for European merchandise. However, Bahrain, where the wealthy European and Indian pearl merchants go now to make their purchases, has pushed Lingah completely out of the pearl trade, and since Debai has been made a regular port of call for the boats of the British India Steam Navigation company, foreign goods intended for Oman go there direct.

KEEPING HENS IN ORDINARY FARM FLOCK

Ordinary, Mixed Farm Flock.

Experience has convinced many that it pays in the ordinary farm flock to keep hens for three years before turning them off.

The greatest egg yield can be expected during the pullet year, and many poultrymen advocate keeping them only for that length of time. They pay about as good returns for the work and expense given them during the succeeding two years in the average farm flock.

One of the big outlays of both time and capital in the poultry business is the raising of chicks. If the hens drop off laying in September or October and get busy once more early in the year, they can be carried through the period of rest much cheaper than pullets can be raised. So, since poultry is only a very profitable side line with us, many believe the keeping of hens reduces the work of chicken raising without materially reducing the income, says a writer in an exchange.

Most hens generally consider their year's work completed in September or early October. They are as carefully and generously fed during the molting season as when they are laying. An occasional bird begins laying in November, a few more during the next month, and by the first of February you can depend upon a generous basketful. With the Leghorns there seems to be no tendency toward overfatness. The few that become broody as spring advances are "broken up" in a humane manner and are back on the nest with a "red face" in a few days.

They are given a free range and all the care vouchsafed the pullets. Last year our hens made an average of ten dozen per head. Many of these were laid during the months of cheap eggs, but not all by any means. During August they laid as heavily as in April, and August prices are not to be scorned. At that time they picked much of their living about the fields and grain stacks. It was very dry, so we supplied them with all the green food in the way of early cabbage and sprouted oats that they would consume. Abundance of food postponed the molt and kept them "on their job."

At the end of their third laying year they are sold at once. After that age hens seem more susceptible to disease, and we consider it a risk to keep them longer. The secret of getting old hens to lay seems to rest in keeping them busy, giving them free range, plenty of good food, an abundance of green stuff.

CAUSE OF SOFT-SHELL EGGS

Lack of Lime May Be Aided by Feeding Oyster Shells—Another Help Is Green Stuff.

The laying of soft-shelled eggs may be caused by the lack of shell-forming material in the food they get; for example, the lack of lime. This can be aided in a measure by the feeding of oyster shells, that is, the ground prepared shells. These contain so much lime that they help out in a great measure. Another help is the feeding of a little slaked lime in the soft feed, say a tablespoonful of lime to 15 to 20 hens. This lime will aid in the production of eggs very materially if fed regularly for some weeks. Another cause of soft-shelled eggs being produced by a good healthy flock is the lack of green stuff. This furnishes the shell-forming material in the best possible form and should not be neglected. This is one reason why hens so often lay them in the winter time.

Another fruitful source of the trouble is the feeding stimulants and condiments of various kinds. Poultry keepers so often get the habit of feeding stimulating foods in order to get their hens to laying in cold weather, forgetting that such a course, while they may obtain the desired results, yet is at the sacrifice of the health of their hens. Such a course may be all right where one has a bunch of layers that he does not care for further than to get all the eggs from them that he possibly can. If he does not expect to keep such hens but the one laying season, and does not want to use any of their eggs for hatching, it may be all right. But all such stimulation by the feeding of so-called egg producers, cayenne pepper and the like, over-stimulates the organs of reproduction until they become weakened and unable to hold the eggs as formed until they are shelled over, and for that reason they are voided while in that soft state.

TREATMENT FOR BROODY HEN

Practical and Humane Way Is to Isolate Her in Open, Airy Coop in Sight of Others.

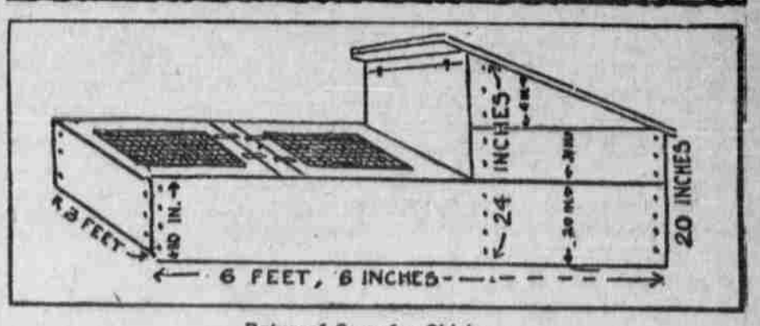
The sensible way to treat a broody hen is to treat her as a laying hen. She has temporarily stopped laying, and with proper treatment can soon be brought to laying again. The practical and humane way is to confine her in an open, airy coop in sight of the outside hens, and provide roost for her at night. While confined, give the same, or better, care in the way of food, drink and comfort as the hens outside receive.

Confining a broody hen for a day or longer in a tub of water where she must stand up continuously, or hanging her up in a sack for three days without food or water are methods that are neither humane nor economical.

Compel Hens to Exercise.

If hens are confined, a good way to feed corn is to feed it on the ear, thus compelling the hens to exercise in getting it off the cob.

HOW TO MAKE A RATPROOF CHICKEN COOP



Ratproof Coop for Chicks.

The accompanying illustration shows one of the best coops for either incubator chicks or hen with chicks that we have ever used, says a writer in Farm Progress. The coop is composed of brood chamber and run, being in total length 6 feet 6 inches and 3 feet wide. The brood chamber is 2 feet by 3 feet, inside measurement, by 20 inches high in the rear and 24 inches high in front.

The run is 10 inches high, being constructed of planed boards 10 inches wide, which extend in one piece the full length of the coop. Pine lumber is used throughout.

For handling the chicks and cleaning out the brood chamber this compartment is provided in front with a hinged door. From a center board running across the middle of the run at the top two cover doors for the run are hinged. These doors are simply light, wooden frames covered with small-meshed poultry netting to let in sun and air and to keep out poultry enemies. They are easily raised and lowered in feeding and caring for the chicks.

The roof of the brood chamber and the floor of the same are of matched pine flooring, very heavily painted with the best white lead and oil paint. The underside of the floor and all wooden parts resting on the ground are heavily painted for preservation. The entire coop is heavily painted inside and outside to seal small cracks against disease and insects.

The floor is on two-inch crosspieces two inches above the ground to insure dryness of brooder floor. Heavy wooden strips are nailed vertically in all corners for added strength. About 50 feet of lumber was used in the construction, which costs $1.25. The cost of the paint was 75 cents, or a total of $2 for the finished coop for material. I did the work myself.

The special value of a coop of this kind is that it is a good protection against cold spring winds, while being well ventilated and sunny inside. It is easily moved about, safe and durable