

BULGING SHIRT FRONT

Celia Agnew paused in the act of applying a feathery pink powder-puff to her already powdery-white neck and turned on the bench before her dressing table to face her twin sister. "For goodness' sake, Chris, you look like a wreck!"

We have and appreciate the finer things in life. We have music! Art! Physical comforts. He laughed tolerantly, displaying unusually white teeth. "Music?" he queried. "What could be more wonderful than the music of water coming down over mossy rocks in a mountain wilderness or the song of the birds at dawn? Did you ever hear a breeze whispering up a canyon? Or the rustle of trees in a night wind? And art! Is there a greater artist—anywhere—than Nature? Did ever an artist actually succeed in portraying Nature's true colors on a canvas? Did you ever see the real blue of the sea, the creaminess of the clouds, the golden and scarlet tints of foliage after a frost, the azure colors of the sky at dawn or the tints of a sunset actually produced in their real beauty—by man? Why, my dear girl, all down through the generations our great masters have tried to reproduce the songs and sounds of Nature on their instruments; have tried to reproduce her pictures on their canvases, and you say you have art! Music! The finer things in life!"

you and Chris will be very happy." "And how about you, Cele?" "Oh, father and I will keep house and travel a bit." "How about Montgomery?" "Celia sat up, her arms about her knees, her eyes fixed on the two swimmers, now sitting on the diving raft. They could hear Christine laugh. "Well, I haven't seen much of Arnold since we came to the lake. He is so very busy, you know, and his mother demands a great deal of his time. He asked me to accompany them on a coast trip on their yacht this month, but father had asked the Larkins and Mr. Moore up here, and I couldn't leave all the entertaining for Chris to do. Father is terribly taken with Mr. Moore. Wants him to leave Dave's company and come in with him." "You can't help but like Moore, Cele. I don't blame Chris for enjoying his company. He swims well, too, doesn't he?" "Celia stood up and pulled the bright green cap over her golden hair. She buckled it firmly beneath her chin and turned toward the lake. "I'm going out to the raft, Leigh. Won't you come along?" "Thanks, no. The sun is more friendly to me than the cold water. I'll have a swim when Chris comes in, but now—You might tell her that I'm waiting, if you will." "Celia struck out bravely. She went in daily, but did not swim any great distances. But now she wanted to sit on the raft beside Chris and her companion. So Leigh was going to work, to please Chris. To show her he could do something worth while. He was playing golf, and they would ride horseback. He was going to try Chris how much he loved her by doing the things she liked to do. She looked ahead at the raft. It seemed very far away. She was getting tired. She floated on her back for a moment and then started off again. She was just halfway and she could not turn back. She must go on. She wanted to swim like Christine did, she wanted to sit in the sun on the diving raft. Her arms were rebelling, and then the muscle in her right leg began to stiffen. She caught the flash of Christine's scarlet cap bobbing above the water. Moore was standing on the edge of the raft ready to dive. Celia called frantically once, twice, she waved her arm. She tried to remember all that had been taught her by the swimming instructor years before, she called again and there was an answering call; a silver flash of spray as Moore's arm cut through the water. She relaxed, her head against his chest, as he started to swim on his back toward the raft. She had not spoken. "I am sorry—I troubled you. I thought I could make it." "You should—never have tried it! Don't be so foolish again!" "And then Christine's eager voice with a sob in it; Christine helping her to the raft; Christine's brown arms holding her close. "Cele, my beautiful little sister, why did you ever do it? Of all the toofool stunts, Cele, why? You might have never got here. Cele!" "Well, I did get here." Cele tried to laugh, but her voice trembled. "Yes, thanks to Bart. I didn't even hear you call. I'm going ashore for a boat to take you in, you old tenderfoot. Cele, don't you ever—try such a stunt again. Promise!" She was sitting on the raft in the sun—alone with Bart Moore. He was beside her, his eyes fixed on Christine, who was swimming rapidly toward the distant beach on which Leighton Chiswell sprawled lazily under a striped umbrella. Celia looked at her companion. "It's nice to be out here, isn't it?" "Deucedly hot. I'm afraid you will get sunburned." "I don't care if I do. I'm not afraid of heat and freckles, so little, I am summer and the out-of-door." He turned toward her. "Why did you ever try to swim out here—alone?" he asked abruptly. "Because—I wanted to come. I didn't think it was so far." "Will you promise you'll never—do it again?" "What difference would it make to you?" her breath caught on the last word. "It makes a lot of difference, Cele. You are so little and frail, will you promise?" "Wouldn't you like me better, if I did the things Chris does?" Celia could not believe it was her voice saying these words. "I—couldn't like you better than I do, honey, but you are so little, I am afraid, I love you so much, I am going to give up the chance to go to South America if you want me to, Cele." "I don't want you to give up the chance to go to South America. I don't want you to stay here, I want you to live your life." "Oh, I thought you cared." "I care so much that I want to go to South America with you, Bart. To show you I can live your life, be a good sport. I don't care what we do, so long as I am with you." A big brown hand closed over hers. "Honey, why, I never thought, Oh, I felt like such a big clohopper, so awkward, when you were around. I never once thought." "And I felt so weak and incompetent, and so colorless. Bart, I thought you cared for Chris—until you put your arms around me—out there in the water." "And you care enough—" She nodded happily. "We'll have a double wedding in October. Leigh and Chris." "October," he repeated slowly. "But, honey, if I go to South America, if we go, I mean, we must leave on September 8. We sail on September 11." "September 8—two weeks away. I can be ready, Bart. I don't mind not having a big wedding, as Chris and Leigh will have. I think they are rather foolish, don't you? And I'll ask Chris for all her sports clothes and I will give her my party dresses. She will need them more than I will, staying here in New York. I can be ready, dear, on September 8, and we

will watch nature's paintings together, hear the symphonies, and we'll feel sorry for the people up here who do not know what real living is." Celia Agnew paused in the act of applying a pink powder-puff to her already powdery white nose and turned on the bench before her dressing table to face her twin sister. Christine wore a chiffon frock of coral pink, and Madame Geney had skillfully covered the summer tan and freckles for the occasion. "Behold, thy bridesmaid!" she made a low curtsey. "And the bridegroom and the best man—await without! But, oh, Cele! You should see Bart's shirtfront! It bulges!" Celia carefully powdered her slender white neck. With deft fingers she rearranged the exquisitely marcelled hair in coils on the back of her head. "Well, what of it, Chris? Clothes? Who cares for clothes? You know, Chris, 'stone walls make a man make,' nor do clothes make a man. It's the man—Bart Moore—beneath that shirtfront that counts with me."

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN. Daily Thought. When people get real sin-sick, there is no need of coaxing them to hold up their hands for prayer. The American woman has won her revolt against French fashion dictation, and the short skirt will remain. The test of strength resulted in a compromise, with the moral victory going to America. As at London, in the limitation of armaments the delegates are seeking a compromise against French insistence on certain methods, so in the skirt limitation debate of Paris a compromise was effected, but just enough of one to save the French from utter rout. Legs will continue to be shown with the newest Paris gowns, except in the evening. In the morning and afternoon sun the legs will shine, but not even an inch of stocking must peep from evening dresses. Enough dressmakers' expositions of summer models have now been shown to figure that the average sports dress will be 15 inches from the floor; afternoon and tea gowns from 13 to 14 inches, while evening gowns must brush the instep. One prominent dressmaker solved the problem by showing dresses in six lengths for wearing around the clock, gradually lengthening as the shadows lengthen. Buyers have been extremely wary, however, recalling that earlier this winter they went too far in dress lengths and the American women refused to buy. There is no longer any question of who sways the fashions of the world. Paris still is undoubtedly the dressmaker to the world, but Paris cuts as the American woman dictates. Knees will be covered, but calves remain unhampered—and that represents a purely American victory. Moreover, dressmakers say they are buying twice as many mid-length afternoon gowns as full length evening gowns, and there appeared some doubt, except among the ultra-fashionable, of the extent to which the average American woman will cover her legs completely at night. Lucien Lelong voiced the revised opinion of French dressmakers when he said: "The dress length and waist line should depend on the type of gown and the physical characteristics of the wearer. I should say 12 inches from the floor would be conservative for afternoon wear, 14 to 15 for sport and ankle length for evening. The waist line should be as near normal as possible." A hasty resume of collections so far exhibited showed a general agreement to keep dresses short. The following measurements predominated among leading dressmakers for day wear: Drecollbeer, 13 inches; Germaine Leconte, 13; Marchel Rochas, 13; Lelong, 12. The powers that direct fashion trends have decreed the death of the sunburn vogue. The 1930 "elegant" will be herself. The dark damsel will wear a tan, of course, but the fair girl will protect her pearly complexion even if she has to take to veils and sunbonnets as 1830 predecessors did. It is to be a time of much more individuality among women than when all the beaches were crowded with brunettes. As fashionable colors are naturally designed to set off fashionable complexions, this change of skin vitality affects the 1930 sartorial color chart. Few, if any, crude colors will be used this year. Rather, colors will often be toned with their own complements; for example, blue and orange will be mixed to produce turquoise and peacock tones with a much more lively effect than the grayed pastels. Blue always accompanies essentially feminine fashion epochs—as great painters have chosen it for the mantle of the Madonna as a symbol of purity and spirituality—and it is coming back strongly into the 1930 mode. Navy blue will be one of the leading colors for evening as well as for morning and afternoon costumes. Then there are violet blues; and grayed-violet blues, and blues; lapis-lazuli, peacock turquoise and robin's egg. The well-coiffured mother and daughter of 1930 were presented at the convention of the National Hairdressers' and Cosmetologists' Association. Both had bobbed hair, the mother's rather long on the side and close at the back, making it difficult to ascertain from a front view whether the hair was long or short. Daughter's hair was shoulder-length, soft-waved with ringlets curling here and there and a coil at the nape of the neck caught up in little puffs—one of several styles with which youth can experiment. "Older women are keeping their hair short in the hope of retaining the illusion of youth," observed one coiffeur, "but youth is daring and can afford to be picturesque, coy, quaint, or any other mood which it chooses to express." This hairdresser said he advised clients against dying hair and predicted wigs will have a real place on American feminine heads within a few years. "No one is fooled any way," he added. The youthful sleekly bobbed hair of 1930 may be parted any way—diagonally, zig-zag, right or left or middle. Nut Bread.—One and a half cups of milk, one egg, one cupful of granulated sugar, three cupfuls of flour, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder and one cupful of walnut meats (chopped). Mix these ingredients—the egg need not be beaten in this instance—and place in a loaf pan. Allow to stand for half an hour before placing in a slow oven to bake for an hour. If you want reliable news read the Watchman.

FARM NOTES. In buying and storing apples for winter use it is safe to figure on about 10 apples a day for a family of five. R. J. Barnett, horticulturist of the Kansas station, says that a family supply should amount to about two apples per person each day. One of these could well be eaten fresh and the other cooked. Experimental work at several stations as well as the practical experience of a large number of poultry keepers prove that hens do not need to hunt in the litter for their feed in order to lay well. More and more people are feeding the whole and cracked grain to the poultry in troughs to keep it cleaner, than it would be if scattered in the litter. Litter is highly desirable in a poultry house during the time that the flock is kept confined, but its virtue is in keeping the feed cleaner, the floor drier and more easily cleaned, and the house warmer than when no litter is used, and not to furnish a place to hide the grain feed. Some grain will be dropped in the straw or chaff, or shredded fodder or peat moss, even though troughs are used, and the hens will scratch for it. But deliberately scattering the grain in the litter, unless there is no container available, serves no useful purpose. A full dinner pail for the dairy cow means a full milk pail for the dairyman. Cows like salt. Feed one pound of salt to every 100 pounds of grain mixture. It takes all winter for a good cow to recover from the effects of a poor pasture and no grain. Cows respond to good treatment, regularity of milking, careful management, and liberal feeding. Children and young calves may contract bovine tuberculosis by drinking the milk from tuberculous cows. The tubercular cow should be removed from the milk supply. Safety cannot always be guaranteed by pasturization. Cows love water. Next to air, water is the cheapest food known for health. Water also aids digestion, manufactures blood, and is used to secrete milk. Cool the cream after skimming and keep it cool by setting the can in cold water, changed three times daily during summer. Stir the cream at least twice a day and don't mix warm cream with cold cream. Silage will be plentiful on most farms although the quality may be poor in many cases, the specialists believe. This is due to the early frosts and the wet weather during the silo-filling season which caused a low quality of corn and some mold in the silage. The farm tractor cannot be operated economically unless it is kept at its optimum load. Potassium is a plant food that is very abundant in some fields and others are lacking in this element. To do a job well and to feel that you are a necessary part of the world's progress—that is success or at least a large share of it. Farm manure has a considerable amount of potassium and some of the good efforts of manure may be due to the amount of the element present. It has been found that wet soil does not freeze as easily as dry soil, and it has also been proven that the roots of plants are much less frost resistant than are the tops. On wooded hillsides remove the trees gradually if there is danger of erosion. If the trees are all removed at once, gullies will be formed before the grass has time to get started. In hauling eggs to the market, do not expose them to the direct rays of the sun. Insist that the buyer pay cash for your eggs, and that he buy them on a quality of grade basis. A standard incubator which will successfully hatch chicken eggs should hatch the turkey eggs with equal success. Many have been used successfully. All parts of the incubator should be thoroughly cleaned and disinfected. One per cent formalin can be used. Then level the machine and regulate carefully to the desired temperature. Poultry raisers not being fortunate to have clover, alfalfa or other green feed ranges, or those wishing to plant green feed for summer use in their poultry runs, will find sudan grass very good. Male birds with large combs are most apt to become frosted after they are wet. A lot of poultrymen confuse lice with mites. Lice stay on the birds all the time, whereas mites attack them only at night and hide in cracks and crevices during the daytime. Often ducks make a very disagreeable puddle around the drinking fountain. A good device to prevent ducklings from forming such a puddle, is a wire covered frame. Proper housing of the poultry flock generally pays dividends in more eggs and healthier chickens.