

ONLY UNFADING FLOWERS

(© by D. J. Walsh.)

MINTA BASSETT raised the window shades just far enough to let in what she thought was sufficient light to display to advantage her newly furnished parlor.

"Though they call them living rooms now, Dora, I had that decorator at the Golden Rule do everything exactly right. It cost a pretty penny, too. Isn't that a handsome shade of lavender in those draperies?"

Dora Hilton said yes, very nice indeed. And tightened her lips a bit as she said it. She had noted the absolute neatness of the room and wondered how Minta managed it with two such active youngsters as Bill and Belle Basset.

"You must have just finished here, Minta? An hour of one seventeenth like Bill would turn the whole place upside down, and from what I can see, Belle is only worse. That mahogany table is beautiful, but a session of lesson-getting with candy and gum as assistants would make the top look like the map of Europe after the World war. How do you—"

"How do I? Why, the idea, Dora! We don't use this room for common. The dining room is plenty good enough for a couple of young animals like mine. Certainly. Now, just look at the quality of this rug—the best of its kind, the decorator told me. See the shades in it—like the insides of hyacinths. A regular picture! I've always wanted something like this—beautiful—to come and look at."

"No, Belle, you can't come in. I'm just showing Auntie Hilton the new room."

"The girls up for supper? Indeed! Not! I can't have them underfoot, and your father likes to read his paper in the dining room. To dance? Mercy, Belle, you'll drive me crazy. Dance? Where? In here? In my new room? What would it look like afterward? The floor is like a mirror now and the new chairs haven't a spot on them."

"Roll up the rugs? Now, Belle, that's enough. Go on out and let me show Auntie Hilton that print I coated you of your father."

Belle went out, but the look on her face was not a lovely one, and the slam of the front door added an unpleasant note to the happening.

"Now, as I was saying, Dora, I've always wanted something beautiful in my home. And with Auntie Minta's legacy to spend, I wanted no time in having this one room made perfect. It is, isn't it? There wasn't enough, though, for pictures, and I hoped that old print from Dick. Simply begged it, for he was determined to buy Bill a radio with the money. A radio would only draw a lot of boys into the house, too—look how they all flock to the Salmons. So I made it plain that this room had to be right."

"Yes—if you'll step out first I'll draw the shades again—these draperies will fade I'm perfectly sure, although the decorator assured me they would not. You'll stay for supper, Dora?"

No, Dora would not. Somehow the air of the house seemed like a funeral. That closed room with its long sweeping draperies of lavender silk, its shining tables and tapestried chairs had made her unconsciously look about for the hearse and mourners.

"Supper? No, I'll be getting back home. It's quite a drive over to Leesburg and I might have an accident after dark—the new road isn't nearly finished, you know."

Accidents and evil chances loomed high after that depressing best room. Living room? Dining room, Dora gloomily thought.

She was still conning over the dreary things which trooped through her mind as she steered her little car down the side street which led to Leesburg. She would need to hurry a bit to reach home by even bedtime and she had planned to stay all night with Minta and have a good, old-fashioned visit.

"To think she could change so over a few hundred dollars spent in furnishing that room. It was such a cozy place before, with the faded, humpy sofa and the sleepy-hollow chair that creaked every third bone to rest as soon as one dropped into it."

"And now they sit in the dining room!"

"No more of those jolly sings they used to have with the phonograph leading the way. A radio would have been even better, too. And Bill and Belle—just the age to need fun at home."

With an added burst of speed Dora turned into a smoother highway that would be better traveling, only to almost collide with a car parked half across the road. Stopping as soon as she could she alighted and went back to see what was wrong, for it was apparent all was far from right in the great touring car.

"Anything I can do—" she began. "Bill Basset! And Belle—what are you doing here? Why, Belle, it's not more than half an hour since I saw you at home. What's going on, anyway?"

Belle had a queer, flushed look, but Bill was clear-eyed, and indeed, the only member of the party who was. He had been trying to arouse the others from the half-sleepy, half-silly mood they were in and now he turned with relief to Dora.

"Why, Auntie Hilton, you know Ed here came along in his dad's car awhile ago and Belle was so mad at moth' for not letting us have any fun at all any more and so she hopped in when he asked us. I got the steering wheel away from Ed just in time—I'll get them all back home safe, but when dad sees Belle!"

"It's all because mother won't let us play at home now—that old room with its curtains that fade and the flowers that the sun will chase out of the tapestry! I wish we had our old parlor—and fun, and candy-makes and dances! Belle never listened to these fast guys before—and there's plenty decent ones if we could stay at home."

Dora resolutely forced back the tears that came to her eyes as she helped Bill get Belle from the large machine into her own small roadster.

"I'll take her home—and I'll make sure that her mother sees her first. You can bring that car, if you like, Bill. Only keep on being as sensible as you are now."

Sensible? Dora fiercely wondered if there was any sense in the world any more. Lavender hangings, hyacinth tapestries, imported rugs were of more value than the immortal souls of a boy and girl.

She said something like that and a great deal more to Minta Basset while she was helping get Belle to bed. What she said hurt, but it cured, as such things do. When she went home the next day she had the satisfaction of seeing the "living room" door wide open and a crowd of jolly boys and girls admiring and envying Bill's new radio set, just in stalled that morning.

Bill hurried out to her car with her and as he gave her a farewell hug, whispered:

"Gee! Auntie Hilton! You're the best ever! Not only on account of that dandy set, but because moth' is human again. She never said a word when I spilled the candy box on that chair."

"You bet you, home's good now!"

It sounded like it, Dora reflected as she started away to the tune of happy laughter. And it was worth doing without that new set of chintz and paper for her own living room. Even in an old maid's rooms, she thought, there should be only unfading flowers.

Balloon Trip to North Pole Proved Failure

Attempts to reach the North pole by way of the air were made as long ago as the Civil war, points out Lieut. Walter Hinton, the famous aviator. In an article in Liberty, "They have tried to reach the North pole in free balloons," Lieutenant Hinton writes, "At about the time of our Civil war, Nadar, a Frenchman, built a colossal balloon with a wickerwork house about thirteen feet square in place of a basket. It even had a boudoir for the ladies who were among the nine passengers when the craft sailed away from Paris one morning, bound for the pole by way of St. Petersburg, Russia."

"They soared merrily across Holland," the writer continues, "and were above Hanover, when the wind threatened to take them over the North sea. An anchor was tossed out. It uprooted a tree and the rope broke. Another anchor ripped the roof of a house and carried it through the air."

"When the rope gave way, the loss of weight sent the outfit bouncing straight up at breathless speed. To prevent the gas expanding and bursting the bag in the rarefied atmosphere, the pilot pulled the cord, thus freeing the gas. The balloon dropped like a shot into a thick woods, breaking the arms and legs of the occupants."

Light and Heat by Sun

Prediction of a time not very distant when office buildings and factories will be so equipped that the sun's rays may be used for heating and lighting has been made.

The theory is not particularly new. But the promise of its early development along practical lines arouses a rather keen interest. Especially so since mortal ingenuity has been doing so many revolutionary things in recent years.

When that day comes what is possible in the factory and office building will speedily be applicable to the home as well. And with a fire resistant, permanent common brick house, upkeep wiped off the slate and sunlight utilized for storing up light and heat, life will really be worth living.

Mrs. Rollingson Was Right

Mrs. Rollingson, who was thinking of buying an automobile, had had the agent show her the carburetor, the differential, the transmission and everything she thought seemed important about the car. Then she said, "Now, are you sure that you've shown me all the things I ought to know about?"

"Why, yes, madam, I think so," said the agent.

"Well, where is the depreciation? I am told that is one of the most important things to know about when you are getting a car."

Mother Dog's Gratitude

Horace Hutchinson of East Braintree testifies that gratitude is another admirable quality of a good dog. He saw a puppy struggling in the lee in the river and a moment later the mother dog plunged in and swam frantically to the little dog. Hutchinson got a ladder and succeeded in rescuing both animals. On reaching shore the mother dog jumped upon him, placed both paws on his shoulders and kissed him again and again. Then puppy and mother trotted out of sight.—Boston Herald.

THE KITCHEN CABINET

(© 1927, Western Newspaper Union.)
He is happiest who hath power
To gather wisdom from every flower,
And wake his heart in every hour
To pleasant gratitude.
—William Wordsworth.

HELPFUL HINTS

Rubbers with leaky heels are worse than useless. Cut out the heel making a sandal rubber.

Rainy days are good days to do the odd things which we have put off for a more convenient season, as on such days we are less likely to be interrupted or there is less desire to go outside.

Looking over boxes, rearranging drawers and closets, looking up the articles in magazines, mending and all sorts of duties which we have slighted may be attended to on a rainy day.

When there are growing children in the house there is nothing more helpful than a scrapbook. Mother may get things cut out and assembled and the young folks will like to do the pasting. One such scrapbook may be made of authors' pictures, leaving a space to write in a short history of his life and works. Any interesting clippings will find a place in this book, which may be handed down to the next group of children to enjoy. Knowledge gained in this way in youth will never leave them. Very young children may have their minds stored with valuable knowledge without the effort of study. The pictures of famous people can be learned as easily as those of other pictures.

When entertaining for a children's party, get a box of animal crackers and after dipping some in chocolate and others in fondant of different colors, stand them up on salted crackers to dry. These will delight little people and there is nothing harmful in such refreshments.

When out of cake put delicate crackers together with frosting in which chopped raisins and nuts are added. They are sufficiently sweet to be satisfying with a cup of tea.

When troubled with rats put unslaked lime around their runways. Once burned they avoid that place again.

Dampen slightly the brush of the carpet sweeper; this will take up lint and save the dust that will rise from using the sweeper.

One of the first things necessary for a woman to learn who does the buying for a family, is to regulate her wants to fit her purse. It develops self-denial to confine herself to the needs of her family and refuse to buy attractive delicacies which she knows she cannot afford.

Perhaps some day we will become as progressive as our oriental brothers who pay their physicians to keep them well.

A leak in the wash boiler may be temporarily stopped by covering with a little corn meal and water. The corn meal will swell and fill the holes. Flour and water can be used in the same way—bake it in.

Seasonable Recipes.

A little care in the selection and arrangement of food will make a common dish something worth while.

Sweet Omelet.—Separate the whites and yolks of the eggs, using four, six or eight, according to the size of the family and appetite. Beat well, season with salt and a dash of cayenne, add as many tablespoonfuls of cold water as there are eggs. Separate the whites and yolks, beating the whites until stiff and the yolks until well mixed, add the water to the yolks and then stir into the whites. Pour into a hot buttered omelet pan to which has been added a half a cupful of blanched almonds. Cook as usual, fold and pour over the omelet a hot maple sauce.

Ramekin Eggs.—Butter small ramekins and drop an egg into each, season well and cover with cream; bake in a moderate oven until the egg is set. Serve garnished with parsley.

Ragout of Mutton.—Cut cold roast or boiled mutton into inch pieces. Take one tablespoonful of butter, add one tablespoonful of flour, one-half pint of stock, season with salt, pepper, three drops of tabasco sauce, a tablespoonful of Worcestershire sauce and a pinch of asafoetida. Add the mutton, heat to the boiling point, then add one tablespoonful of orange juice and one tablespoonful of currant jelly. Serve hot.

Fried Onion Slices.—Cut good-size onions in half-inch slices and cover with cold water for an hour to chill. Drain and wipe dry, then fry in deep fat, drain, sprinkle with salt and pepper and serve as a garnish to steak.

Orange Puffs.—Cream one-third of a cupful of butter, add a cupful of sugar, two beaten eggs, one-half cupful of milk, one and one-half cupfuls of flour and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Flavor with orange and serve with:

Yellow Sauce.—Beat two eggs until very light, add one cupful of sugar gradually and continue beating, flavor with the grated rind of an orange and one-half cupful of orange juice.

Nellie Maxwell

Sports Fashions for Spring Wear

Frocks and Suits That Are Desirable for Informal Occasions.

Days gently lengthening and big windows radiant with fresh blossoms are insistent reminders that spring is here, and that we must be about the business of assembling suitable raiment. It is a pleasant task this year, says a fashion writer in the New York Times, for the models of every description present new standards of beauty in an entirely new order of things in dress.

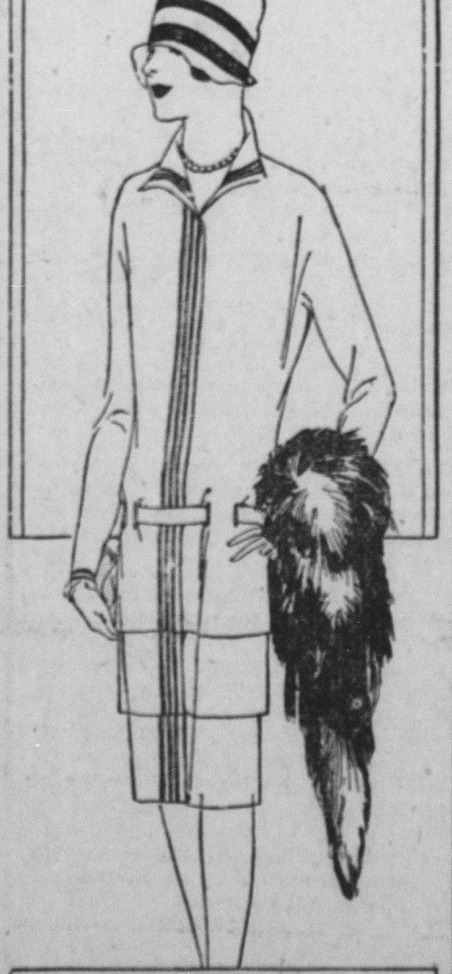
The most misleading title which now attaches to clothes for women is sports dress, the first of the styles to appear. Originally this type of dress was a genuine response to the need of a proper and practical outfit for athletics—serviceable, comfortable and, as earlier models are remembered, often far from beautiful. The materials were sturdy, durable homespun, flannels, tweeds and the like, corresponding to the easy footwear necessary for the fashionable sports—tennis, golf and all the rest. Women who rowed and swam, played vigorous games, climbed mountains and hiked across country dressed for each sport according to its requirements, giving thought to their appearance largely in relation to the game. That first sports costume in whatever form was a husky affair, something more manly than anything else, and was wholly outside the province of the fashionable couturier. In the light of today's fashions that primitive sports suit, the sort of dress a woman wore for those occasions, never by any chance could have appeared at any other time.

Costume is Different.

All that has changed with the years, during which sports dress has come through a number of stages of development, establishing by marked degrees a distinct type of costume that differs wholly from everything that was once thought to belong to an outfit for one in the social world. This began to come about when Paris, which so long persisted in ignoring the tailleur and everything that we now mean by sports dress, entered the progressive scheme of things and began to create the clothes that the younger set demanded. Each different phase, presented somewhat tentatively, has been interesting and the designs more chic and more artistic each season, so that these costumes have come to be worn not only for sports but for almost every other possible occasion except of the strictest formality. Even handsome afternoon gowns and some for evening wear—the sort of dress that is seen at smart restaurants, at the play and innumerable relatively informal affairs—are built upon lines that are basically sports models.

This story of sports dress is engaging and important because of its influence on all styles for women and because it has absorbed the interest of artists and their clientele far more than any other feature in the fashionable wardrobe. Now, at the spring season for both town and country, sports dress is a dominating topic of interest and in the latest models presents many novelties.

First of all there is the recognition given the women's sports dress to illustrate the new and more feminine



Model Displaying Tucking Which is Much in the Fashion Picture.

styles. The very best in design, workmanship and material, and finer expression in every detail are now put into a costume which is named sports, but which is intended to be worn whenever one may fancy. The term sports is amusingly contradicted by the explanation to the purchaser that the chic, dainty frock, suit or costume offered is "not intended to be worn for real sports."

A pretty peach color crepe frock with plaited skirt and tunic blouse, relieved from stiffness by a narrow

scarf attached to the back of the neck, is called a sports dress, but is worn to tea at a smart restaurant. A conventional figured crepe de chine having a tiered skirt and deep cape collar is stitched about the line of the hips to give a belted effect, and is also designated a sports dress, but could be worn with perfect propriety for luncheon, bridge or any other informal daytime affair.

In Color Compositions. In the latest color compositions are some uncommonly attractive costumes. The new red is named "beau-pole," a darker shade, "avarate." Jade green, banshee green and all the olive shades are especially good. Ombre tints are shown from the lightest flesh to Cuba red, and there are flame, coral, lacquer, cuive and Spanish pink. A suit of soft beige rabbit's wool is knitted with a small jacquard figure in terra cotta. Another in beige is combined with a dark, rich shade of olive. Frostinet, which is



Tan and Brown Coat, Collar, Cuffs Pockets of Brown Leather.

very like crepe, is combined with crepe de chine in a suit of two shades of green, the blouse knitted in a small conventional pattern, and a scarf of crepe de chine is added to one side of the neck in lieu of a collar. In the knitted suits in plain colors a motif of some sort is embroidered on the front of the blouse or jumper—a little pennant, a monogram, insignia of some description, even a tiny animal or flower. On an especially pretty suit in drap, one of the latest shades of brown, a seal of official design is embroidered.

A particular style of hat is being shown to complete the sports ensemble. It is, of course, small, and to be correct must match the color of the suit. A fine silk and straw and a wool and straw fiber is used in making these little hats, being crocheted in a delicate, uniform stitch, light as a feather and replacing most gratefully the felt cloche and vagabond shapes. With the demand for belts in the sports suits countless new styles are shown in suede.

New Sports Ensembles.

The ensembles—or, to be more strictly modish in terms, the costume compose—in sports clothes will be received with enthusiasm. The change from winter to spring dress has always been something of an ordeal, and for several years past women have made many sacrifices of comfort in wearing a fur piece with a coat dress shivering perhaps in meeting the demands of fashion. This season the happiest possible solution is offered in the three-piece sports suit. In this the frock itself is the usual one-piece dress, or a two-piece, with the addition of a coat. The new coat is itself significant as a revival of styles that were the last word of smartness in their day. This up-to-the-minute model is a short, straight box coat, longer than the Eton.

Models in this coat differ mainly in the manner of closing. One is fastened at the neck with cravat ends that attach to a narrow band collar. An ultra-smart coat in an ensemble of lightweight wool is made on the lines of a man's cutaway, but lapped and fastened with a single button at the waistline. The coat is black, the skirt black and white checks, a combination that is always effective. In a little suit of French design the jacket of brown velvet, barely hip-length, is double-breasted and is worn with a skirt of Rodier fabric in beige kasha finely plaited. Some of the latest ensemble models are made in one color, but of different materials. One of lobster red has a frock of crepe, the skirt box-plaited with bodice attached, and a short voluminous coat of kasha lined with the crepe all in the same shade. This scheme is successfully repeated in navy, green, brown or black.

Whether the waistline be placed higher or lower, at the normal point or at the hips, is a matter of individual preference. It must, however be defined with a belt of some sort—one of the material itself, narrow wide, shaped or straight. Scarcely a model is shown from Paris or from American designers without a belt such as this.

Insurance Man Advises Tanlac

Illnesses Caused by Run-Down Condition and Accident, Relieved by Tanlac.

S. L. Marable, 111 No. 4th Street, Richmond, Va., a successful insurance agent, says: "After some weeks in the hospital following an accident, I found myself weak, nervous and deficient in strength and energy. I had heard a good deal about Tanlac and started taking it as an experiment. It was so satisfactory that I've continued off and on and will say that it has certainly kept me in prime condition. I have recommended it to many of my friends, who have had the same good results."



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Frey's Vermifuge Expels Worms

Detroit's Buried Treasure

"Speaking of buried treasure," remarked a bank official, "there is several hundred thousand dollars' worth of it right here in Detroit. It consists of bank deposits that have been overlooked or forgotten by depositors, and valuables left in safety deposit vaults by persons who have since died. It would surprise the average person to learn how many people forget bank accounts ranging from \$10 to \$100, and sometimes more. One of the strange things about this 'treasure' is that with the help of bank officers, it is always seeking its owners, instead of being sought."—Detroit News.

His Hall

Mrs. Jones—I hope that some day our son will be in the Hall of Fame. Jones—Then he'll have to quit spending so much time in the Hall of Pool.

Tough

Host—I won this turkey at a raffle. Guest (trying to cut his portion)—Tough luck, old man!—Boston Transcript.

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