

BABIES, WASTEBASKETS, POLITICS

(© by D. J. Walsh.)

BOSS PETER DOOLEY descended heavily from his car, slammed its door and stalked across the pavement toward the old red courthouse. He scowled at four blond children playing around a small cot tied to a wire not far from the windows of the jail. Must be the kids of that woman. It was to see "that woman" he had on a busy day driven to the county seat from Parmalee, twenty miles away, the flourishing city of the county. It was to see "that woman" and tell her a few things. How she had ever got the office of register of deeds was beyond him, expert politician though he was. The farmers had inexplicably voted for her, everybody in the county, in fact, save the intelligent citizens of Parmalee. And now there were complaints. Naturally. A woman with a great wild mob of children trying to run an important county office! No wonder, the complaints had come largely from Bill Platt who had run for the nomination and Bill's friends, but no doubt there was some ground for them. It was hard on the party to have an inefficient officerholder drawing a fat salary and doing nothing.

Boss Dooley tramped savagely up the stairs.

"She'll get out!" he growled. I'll tell her she doesn't get a second term, tell 'er so she'll know it. 'N' she'll get out before she's drove out, too. She'll stay at home 'n' tend to 'er brats, that's what she'll do."

He threw open the door beneath the sign "Office of the Register of Deeds." Well—At a long desk sat a blond young woman with her head bent over papers. At a desk with his back to the door a lank figure of a man stood writing assiduously in certain great canvas-backed books. The room was very still save for a small, mysterious shuffling and rattling somewhere. The head of the young woman was attractively sleek. She wore a cool, rather severe blue dress. She did not look up immediately upon the entrance of Boss Dooley. When she did it was with evident reluctance, the papers before her possessing an interest no visitor might approach. But she recognized Boss Dooley—as who in the country did not?—smiled and held out a hand across the desk. She did not rise, was not effusive.

"Will you sit down, please?" she said in a cool, pleasant voice.

He sat down. Like a tongue-tied schoolboy Boss Dooley sat down. The room again became still, save for the faint shuffling and rattling that came not from the top of the low desk nor yet from the high desk where absently worked the man. Boss Dooley, sitting still and waiting for "that woman" to give him her attention, became, in spite of himself, at least externally cooled off. A breeze redolent of rain-washed leaves, came through a high window and fanned his thick neck. But say, this was a nice way to treat a man of some importance, now wasn't it? Couldn't leave off looking at a bunch of papers a minute to hear what he had to say. Well, she'd hear good and plenty when she did pay him some attention. H'm, a nice breeze. Say, where in heck did that noise come from.

The young blond woman pushed a button. A girl came from an adjoining room.

"Yes, Mrs. Foster," the girl said, "Make two carbons of this, please, and return at one for dictation."

"Yes, Mrs. Foster."

The girl disappeared.

Mrs. Foster glanced presently at her wrist, smiled at Mr. Dooley.

"You are coming to lunch with us, Mr. Dooley," she said, and wrote rapidly on a small paper, "so we can talk.—Horace," she then murmured.

The lank man turned from the high desk. He was kindly, not too forceful, inoffensive, middle-aged. He took the paper. And then he stooped at Mrs. Foster's side. He picked up something and set it for a moment on the top of the desk. It was a wastebasket. The wastebasket was large. A blue comforter lined it. Different kinds of rattles were tied to its rim. "Horace" lifted out a baby perhaps nineteen months old, draped it expertly over his arm, walked to the door, disappeared. With the baby's departure, the queer noise ceased.

Mr. Dooley continued to wait. Mrs. Foster continued to work with papers. A whistle blew. Mrs. Foster with swift fingers rearranged the papers, weighted them and rose, smiling, cool, kind, "business-like" and yet the considerate hostess.

"I have been wanting to see you, Mr. Dooley," she said. "I have, as you know, an unusual opportunity for keeping in touch with the developments over the county. I have been interested in the coal situation down in the southwest corner. Dongola is growing. Believe the party ought to be doing some pioneer work there—"

Peter Dooley was interested in the Dongola coal lands. Eagerly he followed the blue-clad, slim figure of the register of deeds of Lattrease county down the stairs, asking questions, receiving surprising answers. The woman had a head on her.

At sight of them at the courthouse door the four children left off baiting the coyote to run smiling up to Mrs. Foster.

"I must walk with Mr. Dooley,

children, today," she said. "Run on and wash up for lunch. Our house is only a block south, Mr. Dooley. We always walk."

She continued to discuss the affairs of the party, as did Mr. Dooley.

When they reached the house she handed him a weekly current events magazine, indicated a chair on the porch and disappeared. Mr. Dooley sat in the chair, opened the magazine. H'm, well, plenty of time yet to speak about that second-term business. In a surprisingly short time a bell tinkled within the house. A tiny blond girl appeared, touched Mr. Dooley's massive knee and shyly said: "Please come in to lunch."

Mr. Dooley, wondering why, by George, he hadn't gone to the restaurant, followed his small guide into the house. It was cool, rather bare, to be sure, but not too unattractive.

In the dining room were set two tables. One was low, with four small chairs drawn up to it. The other had three adult chairs and a high chair in which a baby sat blissfully and industriously imbibing graham crackers. Mr. and Mrs. Horace Foster appeared simultaneously from the kitchen, one with a platter of chops and a plate piled high with rolls, the other with two vegetable dishes. Coffee percolated on the larger table, glasses of milk sat on the small table. The chops were done as he liked chops. Mr. Dooley discovered. The coffee was strong, as he like coffee to be. Well. And the children, though they laughed and murmured among themselves, were not too noisy. The baby became a sight presently, what with graham crackers and mashed potatoes from the ear to ear and eyebrow to bib, but Horace picked him up and vanished with him before Mr. Dooley quite died of him.

After lunch a small colored girl began to clear up the tables. The family proceeded en masse to the courthouse. The eldest child carried picture books, the second and third boxes of colored pencils and scissors, the fourth clasped a doll to her bosom. In his perambulator, wheeled by Papa Horace, the baby clutched a bottle of milk against his clean, rosy countenance and went to sleep.

And all this while the register of deeds of Lattrease county, Mrs. Gertrude Foster, and Boss Peter Dooley talked together of important and complicated things.

At the courthouse door, however, Boss Dooley discovered himself courtously dismissed. He shook hands with the tall, kindly not-too-forceful Horace, then with the small blond register of deeds herself. It was not until he had got almost back to Parmalee that Boss Dooley left off thinking about politics in the large long enough to realize that he had not told that woman—oh, well, Bill Platt was a blamed whiner.

Community Gathers to Roof Neighbor's House

In the African colony of Nigeria the natives have a community enterprise that for ingenuity and usefulness goes the quilting parties and corn-husking bees of our grandparents one better. Whenever a native builds a new home, the entire male population of the village leave whatever work of their own they happen to be doing and come together to build a roof for their fellow tribesman.

This roof is made in one piece, and as it must cover the whole dwelling its construction is no light task. A score of men work on it at once. Some bring in from the forests great loads of slender young stalks. Others trim the stalks to make them smooth and usable for the work of construction, in which the stalks must fit closely side by side with little space between them if the roof is to be satisfactory. Others fasten the stalks together with thongs attached to circular pieces that serve as hoops to hold the roof in proper conical shape. When it is finished, the workers hoist the one-piece roof on their shoulders, carry it to the new house, and slide it into place on the baked-clay walls.

The community-built roof is sturdy and capable of withstanding even the heavy downpour of tropical rains. The pulpy stalks of which it is made swell in wet weather so that it is practically watertight, while in dry weather it shrinks to admit sufficient light and air for health and comfort. The natives do not see anything remarkable in their co-operative enterprise. Every house must have a roof to keep out the scorching heat of the sun and the driving storms of the rainy season. They know of only one kind of roof, and that cannot be built nor put into place by one man alone.

For centuries their ancestors have worked together to build the roofs of their homes. Each man knows that his own house was roofed by the help of his neighbors.

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Ball Before Wheel?

What in the world would present-day sport do without the ball? Think of the games that in one way or another depend on knocking about some kind of ball. Truly, it is said that the wheel is man's greatest invention but perhaps the ball came first! The wheel connotes labor, and as primitive man probably hadn't thought of the motto of later days, "Business before pleasure," maybe the ball was first and the wheel evolved from it.

Dame Fashion Smiles

By Grace Jewett Austin

(© 1927, Western Newspaper Union.)

In these days of simple and artistic patterns, widespread knowledge of the sewing art, and unusually beautiful materials, there are a great many dresses being created in homes.

Dame Fashion stood the other day and studied for quite a long while some soft beautiful material, and could seem to vision little school-girls, and all sorts

of women wearing it. One reason why Dame Fashion studied it was because it has been practically off the market for a number of years; it is "challie." There were dark, dignified hair-line stripes for the elderly and matronly woman, and figures of all kinds, down to the pretty little blossom-clusters that look so sweet on little girls, especially when there is a sash or hair-ribbon of blue or rose somewhere to give color-emphasis.

"Hair-ribbons, Dame Fashion!" some one says. "Aren't they as extinct as the dodo?" Ah, but they are coming back. It would be unthinkable to let a whole generation of little girls grow up without the happiness of having a collection of pretty hair-ribbons. For some time now French mothers have begun again to send little daughters to school with gay-colored hair-ribbons, and the fashion has already crossed the water. One bow-maker in a famous New York retail shop has now, for over a month, averaged tying 75 hair-ribbons a day. Most of them go with a clasp that can cling tightly to a lock of bobbed hair. For long braids and long curls are still rare on school girls.

But coming back to these "challies," where do you suppose they are made? With two guesses you might say Massachusetts or South Carolina. But it is not so. They, too, have traveled in great boxes in a ship's hold, and they, too, are the work of the clever Czechoslovakians. Wouldn't it make quite a tour of travel if we could journey to see the sheep, perhaps of Montenegro, which were sheared to make this cloth, and watch all the individuals who have worked upon it before it came to us?

Not but what America makes plenty of beautiful cloth. Dame Fashion lifted exquisite breadths of chiffon velvet. "I suppose this comes from France?" "Not at all," declared the director. "This is a true American product." And nothing could be lovelier if it had crossed a dozen oceans. Black velvet, like a popular novel, is a "best seller," and yet there are so many rich and wonderful shades in color. Can you not see "corkscomb red" in your mind; "bishop purple," "wood thrush brown" or "Cleopatra blue"?

Satin or satin-faced crepe combines so well with these velvets, and if there proves to be a spot that seems to lack something, that is the place either for a rhinestone ornament or a velvet bow; you may have your choice, for both are equally good. Dame Fashion saw a most modish gown of simple and perfect lines which looked not so hard for the home dressmaker. It was a black velvet dress, really one piece, though it simulated two, and from the flat belt of velvet at the low waistline there trailed out a pretty four-inch wide knife plaiting of satin, while at the side front of the skirt there was a straight panel of the same width plait, running up and down.

And New York is naming now such pretty dresses as "Sunday-Night Frocks." They are long-sleeved, and have such a gracious appearance of adaptation for a time of special pleasure, yet after all, an informal function.

Peach Karaku Trimmed With Rich Peach Fox Fur



One of the most beautiful coats of the season is made of peach karaku trimmed with peach fox fur collar and cuffs.

American Broadtail Is Chic for Afternoon Wear



Myrna Loy, charming featured motion picture player, who is soon to be seen in "A Girl From Chicago," has chosen two coats for winter day wear. For the afternoon theater or tea she wears the coat of black American broadtail. The collar is an unusual combination of white ermine and sable. The simplicity of this coat makes it well suited for street wear and the richness of the fur makes it qualified to wear in the evening.

Longer Skirts Promise to Be Winter Mode

In the sphere of daytime clothes observes a Paris fashion writer in the Louisville Courier-Journal, the changes which have taken place this season have been all in the direction of greater maturity. Thus longer—only slightly, but longer notwithstanding—skirts have already earned a certain niche in the winter's styles. So, too, have the high and marked waistline, the flared hemline, elaborate sleeves, a lower and preferably V-neck decolletage, while among the materials velvet is acknowledged the fabric of the season. How shall these various innovations be regarded by the younger dressers? Shall they be adopted, adapted or discarded?

For one thing, the longer skirt, whether in fact through an added inch or two or in effect through the uneven hemline, may be just as well omitted. Paris has been anything but unanimous in preferring it, most of the haute couture also including the knee-length curtailment. Some have suggested the slightly lower hemline for the young matron—youth can be quite as attractive in these skirts which just cover the knees. Of course, not even uninhibited youth need go to ridiculous extremes, and it will be decidedly de mode for winter to disclose the knees.

The high and marked waistline should really be the undisputed property of youth, and youth alone. None but the very young can appear smart and happy under the modern flexible silhouette with a normal and sharply defined waist. Indeed, it is because older women have had difficulty in gracefully exploiting the raised waistline that its revival has been so long deferred and so difficult of achievement. At all events the normal line is the badge of the younger set—it need not be exploited to the exclusion of a lower line, but it should be worn wherever it can be attractively included.

Youth, in a word, may still roam the modal fields unfettered, untrammelled, irrepressible and fancy free. To it has been delegated the inspiring task of keeping the best in yesterday's mode vividly alive. No better champion is required.

Leather Jackets Show Snappiest of Shades

Leather jackets in jaunty little hip-length styles are shown in bright red, vivid greens, clear blues, tans and grays and lined with soft kasha in matching shades. The dark browns, navy blues, purples and black, on the other hand, are lined with bright plaids, the backgrounds of each corresponding with the color of the leather. In addition there are some models made in full-length styles; these, however, are mostly in single-breasted, the idea being to eliminate any sense of bulk or undue clumsiness. Evening shoes are following the vogue for rich embellishment, but one pair that is unusually dazzling is made of black satin with tiny little mirrors applied over the entire surface. On the toe and straps the mirrors are much smaller than those used on the back sections. The heels are made of a composition resembling ebony in their shininess and are studded with clear crystals that glitter brightly because of their fine faceting.

An interesting necklace to wear with the metallic blues or velvet dresses is made of a fine gold fox chain broken up in sections by small stones of imitation jade.

A Wife's Transformation

The Story of the Comeback of a Woman Gone to Seed
By Mary Culbertson Miller

INSTALLMENT VI

Skin Treatment.
"MY LIPS are badly chapped. Aren't they?" said Helen, sitting up in the chair and examining them in a hand mirror.

"Yes, madame, if you are not afraid of a little smarting keep dabbing them with spirits of camphor. The astringent helps the scab by drying the surface and protects the tender part while healing goes on. Vaseline and camphor ice are more soothing, but take longer to heal."

"You didn't use the patten you spoke of, did you?"

"Not today, madame, but I shall tomorrow. I'll tell you about it."

"It's a specially contrived instrument for the purpose of applying stimulation to the facial and throat muscles in the most scientific manner without irritating the skin. It is made of rubber with a long flexible handle. By means of this, the friction can be applied by a vertical stroke, assisting the skin and its underlying tissue to become firm and elastic. It is particularly convenient for home treatments. It gives the 'sting' so hard to get with one's own fingers. It should be used to pat in the astringents, lotions, and skin foods."

Start in Young.

"Is it always the women who have neglected themselves that come to you?" Helen asked in a rather small voice.

"No, oh no. One-fourth of our clients are young girls, debutants whose social activities and outdoor athletics devastate their face skins. After twenty-five every woman needs a skin food for her face whether it is fat, thin or medium. This is necessary in order to prevent the laughing lines from becoming wrinkles and to prevent the furrows of fatigue around the eyes and mouth. We also have a number of business girls. Hard work and a sedentary life play havoc with their complexions. So many of them clearly use cosmetics—paints and pigments—that are often worse than the defects they seek to cover up. They are on the wrong track, seeking to hide the trouble rather than to remove its cause."

"I suppose you think it's absurd even for the normal skinned person to buy commercial preparations hazardous to smear on the face ignorantly?"

"Certainly, madame! Each case needs different treatments. Some skins are dry, others oily. Some are very delicate, while others are of coarse texture. Some faces are plump, others thin. Each condition calls for a special kind of cream, lotion or powder to get the best results."

Individual Attention.

"But it is now very nice for the girl or woman who has to count her pennies for she can go to the toilet goods departments of the larger stores. There an authorized agency is usually established. In those departments there will be one or two ladies who have received instruction from the author of their particular preparations. They are supposed to advise each individual according to her needs, suggesting preparations and the time and manner for their use for beneficial results."

"No wonder some of these business girls are so fragrant and lovely." The remark seemed to well up from jealousy. And Helen was, of course, thinking of the perfection of her husband's secretary.

"They have to keep their jobs, madame, and naturally they realize what a tremendous asset beauty is in business. And they keep the wives of their employers stepping to hold their husbands, too." A little inward smile came to that. The woman in the chair felt she might soon be exceeding the speed limit, in her effort to hold hers.

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Pertinent Query Not Answered by Caller

Being near-sighted, Horace Greeley wrote with his face close to the paper and with such absorption that it required considerable effort to attract his attention. One day a pompous person who had been offended by an editorial came to the Tribune office and demanded that his card be sent in. He entered right on the heels of the office boy and saluted the back of Greeley's head with a vigorous "Good morning!"

No response coming, the visitor took a turn of the room and stepping to the side of the desk, in a loud tone said: "Good morning!" Still no pause in the writing, so he took another turn and then with rising wrath fairly shouted: "Good morning!" Still getting no recognition, his slight hold on his temper slipped and he exclaimed: "Mr. Greeley, I have sent my card to you like a gentleman. I have spoken to you three times, like a gentleman. Now if you continue to pay no attention to me I shall be obliged to conclude that you are no gentleman."

The moving finger ceased to write and with an amused smile on his cherubic face, the editor looked up for a moment and asked: "Well, who in thunder ever said I was?" The other was so nonplussed that he forgot both his anger and his errand and went quietly away.—Kansas City Times.

The BABY



No mother in this enlightened age would give her baby something she did not know was perfectly harmless, especially when a few drops of plain Castoria will right a baby's stomach and end almost any little ill. Fretfulness and fever, too; it seems no time until everything is serene.

That's the beauty of Castoria; its gentle influence seems just what is needed. It does all that castor oil might accomplish, without shock to the system. Without the sick taste. It's delicious! Being purely vegetable, you can give it as often as there's a sign of colic; constipation; diarrhea; or need to aid sound, natural sleep.

Just one warning: it is genuine Fletcher's Castoria that physicians recommend. Other preparations may be just as free from all doubtful drugs, but no child of this writer's is going to test them! Besides, the book on care and feeding of babies that comes with Fletcher's Castoria is worth its weight in gold.

Children Cry for



Deep Chest Colds or a Raw Sore Throat END QUICKLY WHEN YOU USE CAMPHOROLE

Stubborn Coughs and Colds that do not clear up quickly, may lead to serious trouble of the Nose or Throat, such as Fullness in Ears, Deafness and Head Noises or extend into Chest followed by Bronchitis or possibly Pneumonia. You can avoid them with CAMPHOROLE, the new ideal treatment, which acts two (2) ways, as it soothes and heals the inflamed membrane, and loosens up a Cough or Cold in the Throat or Chest. It kills the germs. Then you'll know how soon a nerve-racking Cough with a sticky, clinging mucus can be eased.

It's surprising how promptly it opens up clogged nostrils, and takes hold of a stubborn Cough, as it soothes and heals the sore irritated lining of the Throat, Bronchial Tubes and Chest, loosens up phlegm, stops annoying tickle in the throat. You'll then know why thousands prefer CAMPHOROLE, since you have tried it for Colds in Head, Throat and Chest, Asthma, Tonsillitis, Bronchitis and Catarrhal Affections.

At All Drug Stores



Ends pain at once!

In one minute pain from corns is ended. Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads do this safely by removing the cause—pressing and rubbing of shoes. They are thin, medicated, antiseptic, healing. At all drug and shoe stores. Cost but a trifle.

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads Put one on—the pain is gone!

Put one on—the pain is gone!

ASTHMA

DR. J. D. KELLOGG'S ASTHMA REMEDY for the prompt relief of Asthma and Hay Fever. Ask your drug-gist for it. 25 cents and one dollar. Write for FREE SAMPLE. Werthrop & Lyman Co., Inc., Buffalo, N.Y.

Dr. J. D. KELLOGG'S ASTHMA REMEDY

Coughs and Colds

are not only annoying, but dangerous. If not attended to at once they may develop into serious illness.

Boschee's Syrup

is soothing and healing in such cases, and has been used for sixty-one years. 50c and 90c bottles. Buy it at your drug store. G. G. Green, Inc., Woodbury, N. J.

HALE'S HONEY OF HOREHOUND & TAR

At the first sneeze, banish every symptom of cold, chills, etc. with HALE'S. Relief at once—Breaks up cold positively. 25 cents at all drug stores.