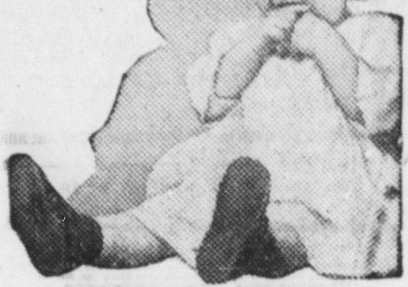


What Will you do



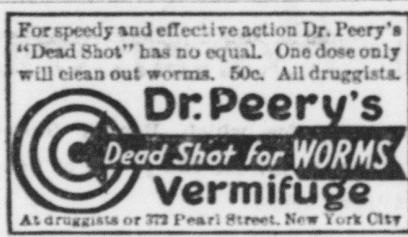
When your Children Cry for It

There is hardly a household that hasn't heard of Castoria! At least five million homes are never without it. If there are children in your family, there's almost daily need of its comfort. And any night you find your very thankful there's a bottle in the house. Just a few drops, and that colic or constipation is relieved; or diarrhea checked. A vegetable product; a baby remedy meant for young folks. Castoria is about the only thing you have ever heard doctors advise giving to infants. Stronger medicines are dangerous to a tiny baby, however harmless they may be to grown-ups. Good old Castoria! Remember the name, and remember to buy it. It may spare you a sleepless, anxious night. It is always ready, always safe to use; in emergencies, or for everyday ailments. Any hour of the day or night that baby becomes fretful, or restless, Castoria is never more popular with mothers than it is today. Every druggist has it.



HALE'S HONEY of HOREHOUND and TAR

There's nothing like this for breaking up colds—amazing relief to sore throats, head and chest—Safe—money back. 30c at all druggists.



Senators, Attention!
First Suburbanite—We are getting up a league of nations in our suburb. Have you heard about it?
Second Suburbanite—No; what is it, a straw vote?
First Suburbanite—No, it's an agreement between those who are planning a garden this year and those who are planning to keep chickens.

Snug Harbor on the Styx
The Shade of Noah—How did you lay your course when you were submerged?
The Shade of Jonah—By compass. I didn't have no periscope.



A Sour Stomach

In the same time it takes a dose of soda to bring a little temporary relief of gas and sour stomach, Phillips Milk of Magnesia has acidity completely checked, and the digestive organs all tranquilized. Once you have tried this form of relief you will cease to worry about your diet and experience a new freedom in eating.
This pleasant preparation is just as good for children, too. Use it whenever coated tongue or fetid breath signals need of a sweetener. Physicians will tell you that every spoonful of Phillips Milk of Magnesia neutralizes many times its volume in acid. Get the genuine, the name Phillips is important. Imitations do not act the same!



W. N. U., BALTIMORE, NO. 3-1928.

ALICE AND THE GYPSIES

KICK-KICK-KICK went the tedder down the long swath. Alice Potter looked with satisfaction at her work, a whole field of grass curling in the hot sun. Her dark eyes sparkled as she estimated the value of the crop. Next winter, when the mows of their neighbors were dwindling, the hay stored in their barn would bring a good price. In fact, her winter's tuition at Gardner high lay at this moment before her. The Potter family, consisting of six persons, was accomplishing what it had been predicted it could never do—make a living on the small farm beside the creek. Being without exception strong and healthy, they were willing and able workers. David, Alice's brother, managed the farm, while their father, who had been a carpenter before he turned to the soil, worked at such jobs as he could find to do. At present Mr. Potter was building a barn for a farmer, therefore the entire work of haying fell upon David and Alice. The twins, Julia and John, were, of course, too young to lend much assistance.

Glancing in David's direction, Alice saw, to her surprise, that he who seldom wasted a moment was leaning on his pitchfork staring at something in the distance. From her seat on the tedder Alice turned to look in the same direction. Down the road came a queer procession—horses, either led or drawing rattle-trap vehicles from which pots and pails dangled and jangled. Every wagon was full of brown-skinned men, women and children clad in colorful garments of red and yellow.

The leading wagon paused and from it a man leaped. "Alice!" The twins came racing down the field, their golden heads gleaming in the sunlight. "Do you see the gypsies?" panted Julia. "They stopped up at the house and asked if they might tent here. Mother said they must ask David. Will he let them, do you think?"

Before Alice could reply the chief of the gypsies had reached the spot. He was tall and swarthy with rings in his ears, but rather picturesque in his wide-brimmed hat and brown corduroys. "You let my people camp here by water?" he inquired anxiously. "No, I guess you better move on," he exclaimed. "Everybody say the same—'Move on.'" He made expressive gestures. "I ask here, there, everywhere—'Move on,'" they tell me. I can go no farther. We have very sick child with us. We must stop."

"A sick child!" said Alice sympathetically. "Oh, David, please don't refuse him!" David flung his sister a vexed look. Finding encouragement in Alice's words, the chief turned to her. "We make no trouble, miss. My people very honest people," he pleaded. "You can go through the lane there and camp by the creek," David said grudgingly. Then, after earnest thanks, the man moved away. "That sick child business was a mere ruse. You should understand the ways of gypsies well enough to know that, Alice. When father comes home tonight and finds that tribe on our premises he will be properly angry. You can take the blame. If you had kept still I would never have thought of letting them stop here."

Thus reproved Alice was silent. Already the procession was winding through the lane to the place designated by David. In a short time the queer patched tents were pitched, the horses feeding, a camp fire sending up its smoke and women hastily washing garments in the creek. At dinner David continued to grumble about Alice's interference in the matter of gypsies. She decided, therefore, to see for herself whether there was a sick child in the camp. Hurrying through the meal she plucked a big bunch of nasturtiums from her flower plot and stole away to the creek. The welcome she received was unmistakably cordial. The women crowded around her with smiles and the children, clinging to their mother's full, swaying skirts, stared at her in shy wonder. Alice could not understand a word of their argot and apparently her English was almost as unintelligible to them. Still she made them understand by signs and gestures that the flowers were intended for the sick child. At that, one of the women seized her by the arm and led her within a tent, where upon a blanket lay a small boy, his dark face flushed with fever. He whimpered when his mother aroused him, but when she pressed the bright golden blossoms in his hot little hands he looked up at her and at the young visitor and smiled. Alice told David, although she was sure that he would scold her for going into the presence of the sick child. To her surprise he said nothing. As a matter of fact David was troubled over a bit of news he had picked up that noon over the little one-tube radio set he had made himself and which was such a source of fun and information for the whole family. When at three o'clock a growl of thunder sounded from the southwest Alice gave a cry of alarm. "David! There's a storm coming!" "I know it," David did not pause

in stacking hay, although the perspiration was streaming down his tired face. "I heard over the radio this noon that a storm was due. This hay is going to get wet after all our hard work. Maybe we can get a small load or two in the barn, but that's all. Say, Alice, un hitch now from the rake and go up to the barn and get the hay-rigging. Tell mother and the kids to come and help. Hurry! Don't lose an instant."

Alice obeyed swiftly. Springing upon Baldy's back, she urged the slow old horse into a trot. Yet it seemed as if she would never reach the barn, never get Baldy hitched to the hay-rigging. One thought turned over and over in her mind. If the hay got wet it would be spoiled the way it was last year. She saw her year at Gardner high, all her bright hopes and plans for the future fading into impossibility if the hay got wet. Continual roars from the distance accompanied Alice, as she drove back to the hayfield. Her mother and the twins were hurrying thither. The five of them began to work like Trojans, oblivious to all else.

"You want help here?" Alice looked up from the great forkful she was trying to lift. The chief of the gypsies stood beside her. She motioned toward the sky, unable to speak. Instantly the man made some signal unknown to her. In response the gypsies came flocking to the field, both men and women, leading their horses, a score of them, by the mane. With swift movements the women heaped the hay while the men bound it with ropes deftly twisted from dried grasses. The great bundles were placed on the horses' backs.

A strange sight, that hayfield! Yet inspiring to at least one of the workers. Alice saw with gratitude swelling in her heart that the dark-skinned folk in their gay garments were determined to beat the storm. When the procession started for the barn and Baldy fell far behind, dragging the heavy-laden hay-rigging, a group of women fell to and pushed the wagon along. In the barn the men mowed away while the women hoisted up to them the great bundles. Then back to the field the whole crowd went racing.

As the last bundle of hay found its place under the eaves the rain began to fall. Mounting their horses the gypsies fled to the shelter of their camp. From the kitchen window Alice watched the driving rain, the darting lances of lightning, heard the pealing of the thunder, which lessened in volume as the storm moved onward. It was dusk before the rain ceased. The world was drenched and torn. Over the radio David was getting reports of the worst storm of the summer.

Down beside the creek the fires of the wanderers glowed brightly. Presently David and Alice and the twins laden with baskets made their way thither. They were bearing generous hospitality to their guests.

Next morning Alice, awakening from the dreamless sleep of youth and weariness, sprang from her bed and ran to the window. The sun was shining gloriously on the place of encampment, but the gypsies had gone. They had, true to their traditions, stolen quietly away in the night. "The little boy must have got much better or they wouldn't have moved on, for they knew they were welcome to stay," she thought.

Varieties of Foods
Nature Has Coupled
One scientist has suggested that the reason certain foods eaten together seem to improve each other is that a certain amount of electrical action is set up between them. Experiments have been made along these lines, wherein two eatables were used as elements in a galvanic battery instead of the proverbial copper and zinc, the idea being to ascertain whether a current would be produced. Articles of diet usually eaten together, such as raisins and almonds, pepper and salt, tea and sugar, were tried, and in each instance the experimenter found electrical action occurring, a current being produced. He stated as a result of his experiments that bitters and sweets, pungents, salts and bitters and acids appear generally to furnish the elements for true couples in this relation.

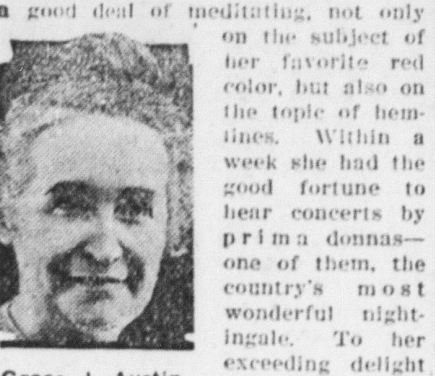
Other articles experimented on were the following: the first mentioned element of each couple taking the place of the attacked element, or zinc: Raw potatoes and lemon juice, tea and sugar, nutmeg and vinegar, horseradish and table salt, onion and beet, vanilla and sugar, starch and iodine.

From the Greek
The word "caduceus" is from the Greek "karykion" meaning "heralds staff." Originally the term described the wands carried by the heralds of ancient Greece and Rome. It refers also to the fabled wand carried by Hermes or Mercury, the messenger of the gods. In its oldest form it was a rod ending in two prongs twined into a knot, for which later two serpents were substituted. The word is used in English literature as early as 1591 by Spenser and in 1606 by Shakespeare.

Early African Traders
On James Island in the Gambia river (West Africa) are the ruins of an old fort built by the "Royal Adventurers of England trading to Africa," who were granted their charter in 1628. The pioneer voyage to the Gambia river, however, is said to have been made by Hawkins from Plymouth in 1530.

Dame Fashion Smiles

By Grace Jewett Austin



This week Dame Fashion has done a good deal of meditating, not only on the subject of her favorite red color, but also on the topic of hemlines. Within a week she had the good fortune to hear concerts by prima donnas—one of them, the country's most wonderful nightingale. To her exceeding delight on both evenings, each artist appeared in a gown of red, and each pleased her audience greatly.

It was Dame Fashion's good luck to talk for an hour with the nightingale lady. "Do you have your gowns made in Paris?" "No, all are made in this country for me. Artists make sketches, and I choose from these, then little models are made up for me, and these are shown me on a little stage, which has red foot-lights." Dame Fashion thought that was just gloriously patriotic and also good common sense, for America is making beautiful garments now for all the world. And also, that idea of the little model stage is fascinating. For most of us, there is no need to plan our gowns for stage appearances, but when we are buying a gown in the shops, or choosing a material and a pattern, it might not be a bad idea to pause a bit and in imagination try to see these in action, to see if they adapt well to it.

And now going on to the hemlines. The nightingale wore one of the evening dresses which we have learned to call "robe de style," with the puffed or hooped effect on the sides, which in itself was a tribute to her slenderness and girlish figure, which she helps to preserve by much golf playing in the summer. Of course her hemlines rose and fell in remarkable ways, but all of us this winter, even if we are only going to "call on the minister's wife," which was quite a test of a great occasion with the grandmothers, are liable to have dipping hemlines on our black satin crepe dresses or our transparent velvets, while young girls and women with their dresses will feel distressed if they have an even hemline.

This matter of the hemline seemed to Dame Fashion so important and poetic that for a group of friends she had to burst into rhyme:

SONG OF THE HEMLINE
(Dedicated to the Nightingale.)

(4 dip, 1 slide; 1 gleam, 1 glide; 1 revealing and come-along; 1 sway and float, 1 sigh and float; 1 in attitudes appealing.)

I'm long, I'm short; I've many a sort
For matron and prima donna;
I sway and float, I sigh and float;
In attitudes appealing.

I'm long, I'm short; I've many a sort
No artist seems planning what adorns
Me—hemline in great honor.

One of Dame Fashion's more critical listeners put in to say:
"Now, poetess, you shouldn't make 'donna' and 'honor' rhyme. How does that come?" Dame Fashion admits she is sorry, but she was born in New England, and there is an "r" right on the end of prima donna for her. And so maybe that proves there are fashions in speech as well as in hemlines! (© 1929, Western Newspaper Union.)

Semi-Fitted Coat-Dress Effects in Limelight



In many instances the new silhouette is defining lines which trend to semi-fitted coat-dress effects. The handsome print velvet model in the picture is an exponent of this very recent vogue. At the same time it exploits the popular two-tier circular cut hemline.

Bizarre Effect
Persian lamb is used in novel fashion for the collar and cuffs of a gray cloth coat. It has narrow strips of the cloth dividing it up into a pattern that looks something like a puzzle picture.

Puritan Mode Noted in Chic Evening Gown



Showing an unusually attractive evening gown embodying a modernistic adaptation of the old Puritan mode. This creation is of old blue rayon taffeta, with inserts of rose taffeta at the hips and at the shoulder collar.

Make Up Face to Match Headgear, New Fashion

Just to prove there is something new under the sun, the New York fashion world recently was introduced to the hat-and-face ensemble. Next season's chapeau will be called the "fisherman's hat" because it is off-the-face, exposing the hair on one side of the head as well as all of the eyes and eyebrows. This type of hat has a brim which droops low on the neck and is extremely trying to the face. For two seasons mildy has hidden her eyes and nose under the tightfitting cloche "The fisherman's hat" makes her face the world again—and thus the question of make-up comes up. It was Monsieur Gaston de Clairville who originated the hat-and-face ensemble. The innovation has spread like wildfire along the fashion lanes and soon will invade other cities, without a doubt. The idea is briefly this: Your face is appropriately made up in the millinery salon so it will harmonize with the brimless hats. Monsieur de Clairville noted at once that the pink and white make-up now worn is hardly effective for the new mode. It is the season to look exotic and subtle. "Faces are most important today," declared Monsieur de Clairville. "Nine out of ten women look terrible in hats that expose the face. This year there will be an entirely new ensemble for the head. Women are growing their hair. There had to be room in the new hats for the extra growth. Cheeks, eyes, ears and curls must be arranged just so—that is why a new make-up is not only important but necessary. The art of eyeshadowing is rather new in this country. It will be the vogue next springtime. With dark powder and beautifully shadowed eyes femininity returns again to the days of ancient Egypt when make-up was an art practiced by goddesses.

New Flesh Lingerie Is Dainty and Elaborate
A lavish use of ecru lace elaborates French handmade intimate apparel of flesh-colored crepe. Indeed it is difficult to decide whether lace trims garments of silk or whether the reverse is true, so equally are the two employed in behalf of feminine loveliness in this genre of apparel. Two-piece sets, chemises, night robes and pajama ensembles are interpreted in these two media. For additional detail exquisitely fine tucks and plaits as well as eyelet embroidery are included in the general embellishment. Very wide lace in this deep ecru tone is employed rather than narrow widths and thus forms a goodly portion of the garments. Flares and even drapes turn the pajama ensemble into a very luxurious and elegant boudoir costume. With this are shown satin mules in flesh color, wearing loosely tied velvet bows in lieu of other decoration.

Plaited Flounce in New and Interesting Guise
Infinite variations are possible to the flounce. This character of trimming has existed since the days of Louis XIV, but only today has it been really combined with the plait as exemplified by the Medici ruff. The smart one-piece dresses of today are characterized only by the flounce. A series of flounces on chiffon frocks start at the hem and ascend to the neckline. But each flounce is plaited in such minute folds as almost to resemble ruching. Most of such frocks are sleeveless.

TOP HEADACHE



Quick Relief

Monthly Pains
Headache Backache
Neuralgia Toothache
and pains caused by
Rheumatism and Neuritis
Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills relieve quickly and without unpleasant after effects. They do not constipate or upset the digestion. Pleasant to take.
We will be glad to send samples for 2c in stamps.
Dr. Miles Medical Company
Elkhart, Indiana
DR. MILES' Anti-Pain Pills

Luxuries of Long Ago
Among the tombs which hold the remains of noble Romans who founded a colony far from their native land in Budapest about the same time that other Romans were fortifying London have been found bottles of perfume, bronze mirrors, valuable jewels, as well as other toilet articles which show that the people of ancient days were fond of luxuries as well as modern men and women.

Must Look Forward
Educational workers must always be looking forward. Unlike the painter or the sculptor, they cannot see the result of their work day by day. They must to a great extent work by faith, believing that none of their work is likely to be without good result if it is wisely directed and is animated by the right spirit.—The Co-operative Educator.

Not Authentic Personage
Mother Shipton is supposed to have been an English prophetess. "The Prophecies of Mother Shipton" appeared as an anonymous tract in London in 1641. Afterward similar books and tracts purporting to be her prophecies appeared frequently. There is no trustworthy evidence that such a person actually existed.

Codicils to Will
There may be as many codicils to a will as a testator cares to make, and where a provision in a codicil is inconsistent with a provision in a will the provision in the codicil governs, as the purpose of the codicil is to express the testator's latest wishes.

Walter Camp Honored
A massive gateway, leading to the Yale bowl and athletic fields, is the memorial being by American colleges and schools, uniting with graduates of Yale to honor Walter Camp and the traditions of college sport which he exemplified.

Thought for Today
We've all got to go to school, I expect, and we don't all get the same lesson to learn, but the one we do get is our'n, 'tain't nobody else's, and if it's real hard, why, it shows the teacher thinks we're capable.—Rose Terry Cooke.

Bird Singing-Masters
Individual birds with exceptional ability as singers are used as instructors for young birds, and are known as "companions." These birds are imported from Germany, where some of the finest canary birds are raised.

Give 'Em Time
Some medical publicists have got along to the point where they deny there is such a thing as a "common cold" or "rheumatism." So far none has said there is no such thing as a grade crossing.—Detroit News.

Holidays in July
On July 1 Canada commemorates the birthday of the Dominion; July 4 the United States celebrates the anniversary of its independence; while July 14 is the national fete day of France.

Musings of a Married Man
Many a married man wakes up to the realization that as far as his wife is concerned he'd still be a bachelor if she hadn't so hated the idea of being an old maid.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Nature Is So Careless
Art Critic—"But the meadow on your picture hasn't the right green."
Artist—"And are you sure that a meadow has the right green?"—Fliegende Blätter (Berlin).

Mystic Insight
The naturalist has, or should have, the integrity of insight of the true mystic. He knows creation is a miracle and he longs to account for it.—American Magazine.