

**CALLY'S VALUABLE ADVICE**

(By D. J. Walsh.)

IT WAS seldom that Cally Herrick received a letter from her rich relatives, the Earls, but tonight there was such a letter waiting for her when she came in from the mill. It lay on the hall table among all the other mail. If it had not turned face upward and so caught her eye as she was going through the hall, she might not have noticed it at all. She took it with her upstairs and read it as she sat on the bed. It may be said in passing that she usually sat on the bed because it was much more comfortable than the one chair which Mrs. Pulver provided for her cheaper rooms.

"Why, Winnifred's written quite a long letter this time!" Cally thought as she glanced over the thick creamy sheet. Winnifred Earl always used beautiful paper. "And she wants me to make them a visit—over the weekend! Oh, joy!"

It was the first time she had ever been invited to visit at her cousin's, and the prospect of doing so now flooded her pretty face with the color of happiness.

"Indeed, I will go, I'll write and tell her, and thank her," she said to herself.

The dinner bell was ringing, clang upon clang, through the house. Cally arose and went downstairs to the dining room. There she found soup, roast beef, spring vegetables and a delicious pudding. Mrs. Pulver was a good cook. Mr. Nichols came and sat down beside Cally. Mr. Nichols was the new boarder; he worked for the electric light company and earned big pay. Already Cally liked him, he was so boyish, so clean spirited, so friendly.

"I'm going away for the week-end," she said, "to visit my cousin at Summerville."

"Summerville! I've been there," said Mr. Nichols. "Who is your cousin?"

"Winnifred Earl."

"You mean Ebner Earl's daughter Winnifred?"

"Yes. Do you know them?"

"I've seen them. Why, they're rich people, big bugs!"

"Why of course," Cally giggled with amusement. "You didn't think I'd be related to just common folks, did you?"

Mr. Nichols gave her a long look out of his thoughtful eyes.

"N-no. But I don't happen to have any rich relatives," he said, with a sigh.

The fact that Cally was going to visit her wealthy cousin at Summerville made quite a stir among Mrs. Pulver's boarders.

"I should think you'd feel too stuck up for anything," little Mrs. Beebe said.

Cally laughed. She had never dreamed that merely being related to the Summerville Earls could make her so important.

"Maybe you'll never come back once you get out there," said old Miss Fletcher. "I shouldn't think they'd let a nice little girl like you work in a mill."

"I don't exactly work in the mill," Cally corrected. "I work in the mill office. But I suppose it all amounts to the same thing."

Mr. Nichols parted with her regretfully. He gave her a bunch of daffodils to remember him by. Considering the fact that daffodils were a dollar and a half a dozen and there were at least two dozen of them the gift was sufficiently valuable. Cally loved daffodils, and when she held the bunch against her little brown suit she looked, with her glowing young beauty, like spring itself.

"Good-by," said Mr. Nichols. He had gone to the station with her, to help her with her baggage. As the train moved away Cally looked back and saw him gazing after it with his hat in his hand.

She enjoyed her journey very much. Journeys were rare with her. When she reached the Summerville station Winnifred was waiting for her in a smart roadster. Winnifred was not as pretty as Cally, and she was ten years older, but she was infinitely more sophisticated in appearance. They drove away through the balmy twilight to the big gray house set back among delightful trees.

Uncle Ebner was casual but kind. "Glad you've come, he said. "I guess Winnifred felt she needed a bit of company."

"I must try to be good company then," rejoined Cally.

"I guess you will be, all right," said Uncle Ebner, giving her an appraising look with his kind old eyes.

Cally slept that night in a room decorated in faded blue and pinks, and dreamed of Mr. Nichols. But next day she scarcely thought of him at all. There was so much going on, even if it was Sunday. A perfectly splendid young man, a Mr. Culver, came to lunch. Afterward he took Winnifred and her guest for a long ride in his beautiful French car, but the occasion was spoiled because he and Winnifred quarreled all the way over things Cally could not understand.

In the evening half a dozen people came to dinner. Cally did not like any of them except Mr. Sanford, a middle aged man, who wore spectacles. She seemed to find something in common with him, but the women stared her out of countenance when they were

not snubbing her, and the other men talked to her only in terms of compliments.

By the time the day was ended Cally was tired enough to go to bed. She had to leave early next morning to get back into the mill that afternoon. She had not asked for more than a half day's leave. She thought that the clatter of the looms was not much worse than the clatter of so many tongues.

She was ready for bed when Winnifred entered. Winnifred had been crying. "Oh, what is it dear?" Cally asked, all sympathy.

"I'm so miserable," Winnifred sobbed. "I—I've got to tell some one."

"Is it Mr. Culver?" asked Cally. "How did you guess?"

"Well, I could see you liked him."

"Anyone can see that, I guess," said Winnifred bitterly.

"That's the trouble. You must keep it to yourself more. I wouldn't let anyone see I cared for him for anything till—the proper time." Cally blushed. "Isn't there some one you can flirt with a little? Let's see. What about Mr. Sanford? I'd flirt with a broomstick rather than give myself away like you're doing."

"Would you?" said Winnifred seriously. "Yes, I believe you would. Maybe it would be a good plan. Carl is too sure of me. That must be it. Thank you for your advice, Cally. I will flirt with Mr. Sanford." "Suddenly she put her arms about Cally and kissed her. "You dear little thing! I felt somehow that you would be a comfort. Stay with me always, Cally. I need you. I'm sure I could make you happy until some nice man happens along who could make you happier."

"I guess he's happened already," said Cally. She clapped her hands over her mouth as her precious secret flew away.

"What's his name?" asked Winnifred.

"Billy Nichols."

"Oh, Cally! You're too precious for any man named Billy Nichols."

But Cally was obstinate. As she stepped off the train next day Mr. Nichols was waiting. At the sight of him her joy broke bonds.

"Oh, Billy, I just knew you'd be here!" she cried. And then she could have bitten her tongue.

But the look that came to Mr. Nichols' face consoled her.

"I've thought of your coming every minute since you went away," he whispered.

Cally had been engaged two weeks before she heard from Winnifred.

"I did flirt outrageously," wrote Winnifred, "and I made Carl jealous and he proposed. Oh, Cally, I'm so happy! You shall have a chest of real silver for your wedding present if you ever marry—"

Cally giggled.

"I suppose I may as well prepare her for the worst," she said to herself.

**Ordinary Day on Beach With Everyday People**

As the morning lengthened whole parties appeared over the sandhills and came down on the beach to bathe. It was understood that at eleven o'clock the women and children of the summer colony had the sea to themselves. The beach was strewn with little heaps of clothes and shoes; the big summer hats, with stones on them to keep them from blowing away, looked like immense shells. It was strange that even the sea seemed to sound differently when all those leaping, laughing, figures ran into the waves.

Old Mrs. Fairfield, in a blue cotton dress and a black hat tied under the chin, gathered her little brood and got them ready. The little Trout boys whipped their shirts over their heads, and away the five sped, while their grandma sat with one hand in her knitting bag ready to draw out the ball of wool when she was satisfied they were safely in.

The firm, compact little girls were not half so brave as the tender, delicate looking little boys. Pip and Rags, shivering, crouching down, slapping the water, never hesitated. But Isabel, who could swim twelve strokes, and Kezia, who could nearly swim eight, only followed on the strict understanding they were not to be splashed. As for Lottie, she didn't follow at all. She liked to be left to go in her own way, please. And that way was to sit down at the edge of the water, her legs straight, her knees pressed together, and to make vague motions with her arms as if she expected to be wafted out to sea. But when a bigger wave than usual, an old whiskey one, came lapping along in her direction, she scrambled to her feet with a face of horror and flew up the beach again.—Katherine Mansfield in "The Garden Party."

Elephant Speed Races

A new amusement has been introduced at Kabul, Afghanistan, in the form of elephant racing.

Bookmakers, garbed in unusual morning coats, induced the tribal chieftains to lay bets on the lumbering runners. The uncertain temper of the chieftains and their tendency to use the dagger lends a thrill to the "bookies' work. Very soon the dromedary will share honors with the elephant.

When racing on these lines has become popular, it is intended to introduce horse racing on modern lines.—London Tit-Bits.

Sarcastic

"Your oratorical friend appears to have exhausted his subject."

"Yes," answered Senator Sorghum, "and his audience also."

**Novel Effects in Wraps and Gowns**

**Thoughts of Spring Being Illustrated in Apparel for Women.**

Early arrivals of couturier coats signally expressive of the American woman in all her types and in all her moods, turn the minds of domestic makers to thoughts of spring. And the close observer of fashion trends keeps her eyes alert to the smartest details in advance of the actual shopping period, says a fashion writer in the Cincinnati Enquirer.

Individuality in dressing is by no means a matter of chance. And by knowing what will best express herself sartorially each season, the American lady is acquiring a reputation for smartness in her attire.

Statements here and there in regard to the flare cause one to pause and wonder if all the fashion world has gone over to the side of the circular cut. Straight lines are well represented, but allied with new details in tailoring; collars and the like do not closely resemble the various types that have gone before.

Three cleverly cut coats are decidedly constructed on straight lines, but the silhouette is considerably softened and feminized. Students of style predict that the straight line will be predominantly the choice of the majority for spring.

Small collars, large full collars, saucy little side ties, the smart cravat of fur, face framing fur shapes less ample than those of winter necessity, and widened revers offer much in the way of suiting the type to one's personality.

**Collars of Fur.**

Very distinctive collars of fur are represented on models of silky short furs affording contrast to the color of the coat. An unusually striking collar is that on a model from Paquin, white fur used on a black crepe coat, the fur stopping at the shoulders and the collar ending in very wide draped jabots.

Balanced fullness at either side of the front skirt section is accented by a hemline cut diagonally across the corners of the closing.

By its sleeve is the straight line of the flared coat directly and emphatically labeled spring. Fullness is inserted below the elbow, sometimes the sleeve hanging free, again caught into a close cuff or wristband. This gives an opportunity for the designer to employ interesting stitching, tiers, godets or even fur bands in a manner not seen before.

Noteworthy is the double band of white fur on a black crepe afternoon coat from Premet, showing an edge of white along the closing, white facing the lapel and a jaunty fur cravat tied at one side.

Typical of the full sleeve is a sports type from Paquin, the coat of blue-suede cloth, circularly cut toward the hem and with a small flared collar of light toned fur. This sleeve embraces the type known as the melon shape, more exaggeratedly illustrated in a coat from Bernard of beige tweed with



Kasha Coat Is Trimmed With Shawl Collar of Ermine.

self-placed tied collar and short tucks placed at intervals down the front and on the puffy sleeves.

Short tucks are placed at intervals down the front of this model and also on the sleeves.

In lieu of fur Yvonne uses tacked black satin for the flaring sleeves, generous collar and part of the front on a straightline model of dark blue woollens.

Tucks establish the circular lines on a Paquin coat of blue suede cloth above described.

And when not tucks, stitching frequently is the trimming element as on a coat from Paton, of gray odorous ornamented in diamond-shaped motifs finished in this design.

**Fabrics and Colors.**

More professional grows the use of color every season. Two fabrics and two colors must needs be combined skillfully or not at all. Color as a whole stands out prominently rather than special emphasis being placed on any given shade or color.

Contrary to all the accepted ideas and natural tendencies to cover light dresses with dark coats, two couturiers do quite the opposite in two models of spring persuasion.

This is not only a fancy in woollens but in silk as well. Germaine Le-comte's ensemble consists of a two-piece frock combining red crepe marocain with a pullover of red jersey, having a draped collar and crepe incrustation. It attains greater distinction through its little chemisette of white crepe.

The coat of this ensemble is in white kashatulla, scarf collared and faced in the red.

Marcel Rochas employs red flat crepe for the dress of the jacket costume, using white crepe for the upper part of the round necked blouse and tops the dress with a collarless short coat of white crepe having bands of brown for trimming.

Glorifying the polka dot, Agnes features an ensemble combining gray dotted crepe with gray kasha. The one-piece dress is trimmed with steel buttons and shows a nice balance in the clever application of the two vastly different fabrics.

A few frocks of Parisian design show an interesting balanced deline-



Advance Model for Spring of Silk Printed Plaid Check.

tion of skirt fullness, appliqued bands on the blouse, widening as they extend to the skirt for full flares.

An example of this is shown in an afternoon frock from Jean Patou, fashioned of a soft green crepe Elizabeth, simple in line but intricate as to cut.

Diagonal crossed bands of the fabric allowing fullness are used on both back and front in perfect balance.

**The Simple Bodice.**

The chastely simple bodice, with moderate décolletage in front and exaggeratedly low in the back, seems to have the single purpose of throwing emphasis on a graceful and elegant skirt in its rich fluffs or folds of fabric.

Color tones have become more important, with black leading, scarlet hues of red, greens, several blues and the tinted white shades being favored out of the wealth of color in the spectrum.

Solid colors are beautifully adapted to the lights and shadows in the hidden folds of skirts, whether the material be a heavier silk or one of the very fine nets.

Augusta Bernard's evening gown in the new red flat crepe, with a yellow tinge, exemplifies the stateliness of this type of frock. It depends entirely upon its color, its cut, the manipulation of its drapery, and is devoid of all trimming. The fullness is acquired by means of three rounded petals attached to the hipline.

Moire, as a fabric for costuming an entire bridal party, is quite a new thought. Dresses for bride, maid of honor, and bridesmaids have been shown all in the same style except that the bride's gown had long sleeves and was of off-white lace trimmed and worn with a long veil.

Beige moire was employed in frocks for bridesmaids with red tulle hats and red shoes; while the maid of honor was costumed in moire dress of garnet red, red moire slippers and a turban of red tulle. The dresses of the bride's party were untrimmed and without sleeves.

The difference in the costumes evolved from this clever and charming idea was brought out by the colors. Particularly novel was the fact that each dress had a long divided train.

**Plaits Provide Manner of Supplying Fullness**

Variations of the plait have returned to fashion's favor. Often two, three or more widths diversify the fullness in one costume. With the straight line frock enjoying renewed interest, plaits are an excellent means of introducing fullness.

Every Parisian collection has shown some frocks in which the blouse falls in a loose line, simulating a bolero and barely covering the belt. When not actually a bolero, a loose tuck or an overlapping edge of fabric at the very least suggests this effect to give animation to the straight line.

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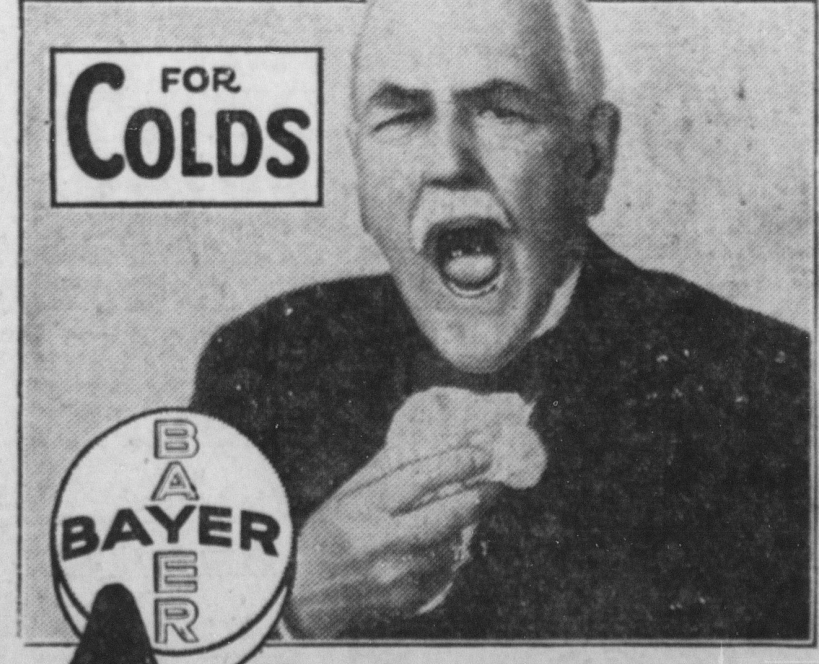
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