Fads And Fancies Of Fashion

HANDSOME FROCK OF SATIN.

The handsome frock of satin appears in the picture to have a bias against symmetry and to be a one-sided affair. But this is the fault of the photograph for both sides of the overdress are made in the same way. The skirt of the overdress, cut in one with the body slopes downward and toward the back, falling in cascaded plaits at the bottom. In the back it is long enough to reach nearly to the bottom of the underskirt.

The underskirt is almost plain, with plaits at each side of the front panel and across the back. It has a wide hem; but simplicity in this model ceases with the underskirt. The overdress is odd and intricate, with graceful, draped body, following the lines of the figure vaguely and extending below the waistline at the front. It takes an expert to manage the cutting of a garment that is unusual in adjustment, like this one. The bodice opens diagonally across the front and the opening disappears under an extension of the front that suggests a wide girdle. This is brought around the figure and fastens at the right side, above the hip.

The sleeves are made of georgette at the upper arm, with long pointed sleeves of satin for the forearm. They are headed by deep cuffs at the elbow and trimmed with pendant buttons. A small shawl collar of soft white satin establishes the relationship of this interesting dress to the modes of the hour.

When we come to think of it, there are many kinds of blouses to choose from this spring. There are two-piece blouses, sweater blouses, kimono blouses and peplum blouses, besides the one-piece blouse without a peplum which occupies so much of our attention. The two-piece blouses are usually of silk or satin made to slip over an underblouse of georgette crepe or chiffon. The kimono blouse slips on over the head, and the peplum blouses are made with either short or long peplums. Each of these varieties is made in so many ways that each is a story by itself.

But the blouse without a peplum, like that shown in the picture, is made in greater numbers than all the others put together. There is really no end to the variations, in details of decoration, in collars, sleeves and cut, that the popularity of this style compels. It is made in all the washable materials—including crepe and other silks, and often two materials are combined in it.

The blouse pictured is of crepe georgette with satin collar and cuffs. It is rather elaborately embroidered at the front with silk and beads and is one among many in which a color contrast is introduced in the embroidery. Among models made of the same materials there are a few that have a vest of satin set in at the front which is extended with a high collar, for the benefit of women who object to the open throat. There are also a few models with convertible collars; but the newly arrived jabot of lace, attached to a high collar is worn with blouses that open at the throat and is destined to save the day for the very thin woman.

VARIETY IN BLOUSES.

Separate blouses with side closings and peplums, quite Russian in line and further carrying out this idea because of their embroidered finish, are sure to be much in evidence.

Julia Bottomley

For Mending China.

An old and tested recipe for a mending substance for china and glass which will resist the action of water and heat is as follows: Mix a cupful of milk with a cupful of vinegar. Separate the curd from the whey and mix the whey with the whites of five eggs, beating the whole thoroughly together. When it is well mixed, sift in a little quicklime and stir until it is a thick paste. This dries quickly and may be used very satisfactorily for broken china and glass.

Washing White Silk.

To wash white silk or crepe blouse, white silk gloves, etc., so they will not turn yellow, wash them in just tepid water and use white soap; rinse well and after two waters add a mite of bluing to last rinse water; squeeze out water and roll up silks tightly in a soft towel, but allow the crepe to dry entirely before pressing. See that you use moderately hot iron, as crepe is easily scorched. The silk blouse may be pressed upon the wrong side before it is quite dry.

Their New Neighbor

By KATHERINE HOWE

(Copyright, by W. G. Chapman.)

"Have you called on the new neighbor yet, mother?"

"No," answered Mrs. Kirk. "And I don't think I shall be in a hurry to do so."

Ogden Kirk looked up in a mystified, questioning way. It was his first week-end visit to the new country home where he and his mother expected to spend the summer. He had hoped that their nearest neighbor in the small house, whose lawn adjoined theirs, would prove companionable to his mother, as she had no acquaintances in the neighborhood.

"What's the matter?"

"Well, I haven't quite made out myself. All I can say, it's queer."

"What's queer?"

"The going-on over there. I have seen no one about but a young girl, a grim-looking old woman and a scrub woman who came in to clean. Yesterday the shrieks and moans and maniacal laughter were enough to curdle your blood. I was almost on the point of going over to see what was the matter, when I noticed the old woman, outside, calmly weeding a flower bed, so I thought if she was so unconcerned over it, I would better stay home. My solicitude would probably be resented."

"Do you suppose," queried the young man, "she has fits of insanity?"

"It must be either that or hysterics. At any rate, it's uncomfortable and creepy. If I had known I was moving next door to a private asylum, I would have gone somewhere else."

"I suppose the old woman is an attendant or some sort of keeper for the young lady. Too bad, isn't it?"

"I should think so."

Mrs. Kirk's tone was sharply emphatic. She was evidently thinking of her own annoyance rather than the plight of the girl which had been uppermost in her son's mind.

"Perhaps," he soothed, "it is only temporary, and won't go on long."

"Perhaps," she assented. "But if it does—"

"Well, we will see," he said.

The next Saturday when young Kirk arrived he jerked a significant finger toward their neighbor, and asked: "What about it?"

"She's had two or three attacks this week; goes on just about the same way."

"I wonder if she is insane."

"Well, a doctor has been there twice this week."

"How do you know it was a doctor?"

"His car looked like a physician's, and he went in with a case in his hand."

"Oh!" said the young man with some feeling. "Then there must be something the matter."

"Did you suppose she was doing this for amusement?" asked his mother, with some asperity.

"Well, no, of course not. But when I came past there the young lady was training up a vine and laughing and talking to the other woman just as—well, as natural as anyone."

"No doubt she has lucid intervals. Perhaps they hope for her recovery in time."

"I should think you'd get so curious you'd have to call," ventured the young man.

"Never! She might return it; and I shouldn't feel safe for a minute. Don't you, either, think of making a call, if you don't want me to pack up and go to town."

Ogden had no at once disclaim any intention of so doing. He liked the place, and was looking forward to spending his vacation there.

The next week he came out to stay for awhile. In answer to his usual question as to the developments next door, his mother replied that it had been unusually quiet. Perhaps the patient had been taken away.

"Well, then she's back again, for I saw the young lady as I passed," he said.

"Perhaps, after all, she isn't the crazy one. They may," she added in a creepy, shuddery tone, "have some poor creature shut up there."

"I see it's up to me to fathom this mystery."

"I don't see anything of the kind," snapped his mother. "You let it alone."

That afternoon he took a little stroll down to a small stream near by to see if it promised anything in the way of boating or fishing. In a pretty woodsy spot, where the branches hung over the water, he dropped, ostensibly to watch for fish, but in reality to be idle and dream. He saw a book lying in the grass a few feet away. He looked around for the owner. There was no one in sight. He listened, but there was no sound of human company; so after waiting a few minutes, he reached for the book. It was Mrs. Browning's "Aurora Leigh," a book not much read these days, but a poem he greatly liked. He began to turn over the leaves, and to read here and there bits that he loved. He saw that many lines were marked, lines that especially appealed to him. This led him to look for the name of the owner. He read on the flyleaf, "Grace Ansley."

"I wonder if that's our neighbor," he thought. "I've never heard her name. Well, I'm going to chance it."

He determined to return the book in person. The door was opened by the grim elderly person. Yes, Miss Ansley lived there, but she could not disturb her just then. Kirk slightly objected to leaving the book if it did not belong to the lady, but she said it would be returned to him if it did not belong to Miss Ansley. She took his name and address, and promptly dismissed him. That evening the elderly lady called with a note which Mrs. Kirk took in. She handed it to her son, and waited with frowning impatience for him to explain. In the note, Miss Ansley presented her compliments, and thanked Mr. Kirk for returning her book.

There was no way out of it for the young man but to tell the truth.

"There, you see," said his mother, "the old woman probably had her shut up, for fear of a fit coming on. I hope, now, you're satisfied."

Ogden said nothing, but he was far from being satisfied. The next day he again strolled down by the river. Suddenly a voice called: "Help!" He hurried to the spot, and saw out in the stream a girl in a rowboat. She was very pretty, and her face wore a look of comic distress.

There Was No Sound of Human Company.

"It's nothing serious," she laughed, "but I had to call you. I'm stuck in the mud!" "If you will please catch this line, so the boat will be safe, I can wade ashore."

"I think I have a better way," he said. And throwing off his shoes, he went into the water and pulled the boat from the shallow place.

"I believe you must be my neighbor," she said. "When I took the house, the agent said no one would likely occupy the large house for some time, as it was for sale."

"Yes, we bought it," said Kirk.

"You see, we came—where we thought no one would be disturbed by the noise. I wonder, now, if you've heard it."

It was Kirk's turn to be embarrassed.

"Oh, I see you have. I might as well confess. 'Murder will out.' I'm studying a big part. If I succeed in this, my way is clear. I shall be where I have hoped so long. It has a tremendous hysterical scene in it, and old Madam Grandet is a terrible taskmistress. She makes me go over and over it till it suits her. Oh, dear! I wonder what you thought!"

When Kirk got up the courage to tell her, her laughter rang out so merrily Kirk was induced to join in.

Mrs. Kirk reversed her decision, and called. And now the question is whether Grace Ansley will give up her profession when she becomes Mrs. Ogden Kirk, or whether she shall make her great debut. He is quite willing she shall have her way.

Pekinese Dog Sold for $2,000.

Literally worth his weight in gold, Nawata Swinley Lillien, a Pekinese dog, was sold in New York for $2,000, said to be a record figure for an animal of this type. He was adjudged the best toy dog of any variety exhibited at the show held recently. The dog was imported to this country about a year ago by Mrs. M. E. Harby, at a cost of $1,750.

GIRL CONDUCTOR IS SUCCESS

Has Little Trouble Performing Strenuous Duties on Motorbusses of London.

The motorbus "conductress" in England is proving a success, according to the Illustrated London News. At first there was perhaps an instinctive feeling that the work voyaging through a sea of London mud and a maze of London traffic might well prove too arduous for women, even in these days when the world of women has been revolutionized by the necessities of wartime. This apprehension, however, proved groundless, and the girl conductor on London's motorbusses and trams has proved a great success.

She is neat in appearance, quick at her work, and, above all, tactful and polite, ever ready to lend a helping hand to inform old people or little children. Nor does she fail in the more strenuous part of her duties. In the thickest fog London has had for years she was to be seen running along beside her vehicle, guiding the driver with her electric torch. She is always careful, too, to keep the outside seats covered during rainy weather. Part of her training consists in being taken for a trial trip on the route where she is likely to be employed, to acquire her "sea-legs," so to speak, and to learn the different fares, and names of stopping places. This is an excellent plan, for London geography takes a great deal of learning; and when girls first took to "conducting," some of them had serious falls before they had become accustomed to keeping their balance.

So What's the Use?

A good story is being told of a reply given by a student to a question set in an examination paper. "If 20 men reap a field, in eight hours," ran the question, "how long will it take 12 men to reap the same field?" The student thought long, and carefully before putting down the answer, and when he handed in his paper this is what the examiner read: "The field having already been reaped by the 20 men, could not be reaped a second time by the 12."

The HOME BEAUTIFUL

Flowers and Shrubbery—Their Care and Cultivation

View in Peninsula Park, Portland, Where More Than 1,000,000 Rose Flowers Are in Bloom at One Time During Rose Festival Week.

THE ROSE CITY

They call Portland, Ore., the Rose city. With its yearly festival where 5,000,000 rose plants are on view it seems to rightly deserve the title.

A visit to Peninsula park, in the heart of the Oregon city, during festival week, which is usually the first week in June, one can see 1,000,000 rose flowers, covering more than 700 varieties all in bloom at one time.

Last year Portland people planted more than 100 miles of new rose bushes. If placed in a row this display alone would reach from Portland to the Pacific ocean 100 miles along the shore line of the Willamette and Columbia rivers.

BITS OF THINGS

The bunches of cobwebs on the trees come before you know it. They are the work of the fall web worm, and the torch is the remedy.

Mosquitoes bad? Take a look around and see if there is not a pool of stagnant water or a rain barrel near the house. The pests breed in such places.

Go over the vines and pinch off the weak and spindling fruit branches, and then give the strong ones a chance to grow.

Weeds going to seed right along now? Get very busy with the scythe, the mower, the hoe and everything else that will put them out of business. Kill that detestable weed, burdock. It flowers once every two years, and if the plant is cut off below the ground after the flowering stalk appears, it will trouble you no more.

Get rid of four old barbed-wire fences just as soon as possible. They are too dangerous.

VIOLETS

By LIMA R. ROSE.

Violets are the flowers, that seem most in vogue always. Unfortunately their season is short in comparison with the numerous hothouse flowers. Notwithstanding the vast strides this industry has made in the past ten years, violet culture is little understood. Raising them to perfection involves endless care and continual battle against insect life at the leaf and stem, while rot may attack the root. Then comes constant cultivation every day in the year.

In the spring all plants are thrown away and the houses restocked and all the earth taken out and replenished from a new supply. During the winter months various stimulating fertilizers must be used on the soil and all vegetable growth cleared away. If allowed to accumulate it would sap the strength of the plants and absorb the nutriment given by this top dressing. Then the withered leaves, dead or poor blooms, must be removed, and water given in the right quantities.

The principal revenue in the violet business is reaped from November to May. In this respect it differs from regular greenhouses where all varieties of flowers are grown. After May the violets grow smaller as the heat increases. Then the plants are thrown out and the houses thoroughly renovated and emptied preparatory to the planting of the new stock. The propagating houses are then emptied also, the young plants being transplanted, as far as desired, in the regular houses, or set in the open ground for a few weeks, after which the planting of the houses is completed and the surplus stock sold. By autumn these cuttings have grown into full-fledged plants and commenced to bloom. These bloomers are small at first, but gradually increase in size as the cold winter days set in and the temperature can be reduced to the desired point.

As long as the violet sheds its glorious perfume will it be the flower of the hour and worthy of cultivation to the lover of flowers or as a financial proposition. There is money and joy in it.

THE WHITE GRUB IN THE STRAWBERRY BED

By M. N. EDGERTON.

In connection with the work of growing strawberries the white grub is a most tantalizing, opposing force. Because of the manner in which it works there is no way of preventing its depredations, other than by preventing its propagation.

Land in sod is the favorite breeding place of these grubs, hence it is good policy to fallow such land two seasons prior to setting to strawberries. This is the only way to clean them out effectively.

As it is not good for land to lay idle and bare for such a length of time, it is best to grow some kind of hoed crop. Corn is preferable to potatoes.

The practice of growing corn after sod, and following with peas is a good one. Thorough cultivation of the corn row kills the grass roots, and the pea crop enriches the soil, both in humus and plant food.

But even when all the precaution has been taken, the grub often remains, although in greatly reduced numbers. Its presence may be detected by the behavior of the plant attacked. When a plant falls to keep up with its fellows in growth and vigor, one may be sure that there is trouble somewhere, and many times one of these grubs will be found at the base of the plant, feeding on its roots.

As this is the only portion of a plant attacked by the grub, the plants cannot be protected by the use of poisons. It is not often that the plant attacked can be saved, but the killing of the grub will save other plants, as a grub grows from one plant to another, destroying a dozen or more if unchecked.

TAKE CARE OF YOUR FERNS

If your Boston fern becomes yellow and droopy-looking and refuses to respond to your most loving efforts to cheer and rouse, it, here is a fertilizer that is said to give the most wonderful results. Use one tablespoonful of dibasic ammonium phosphate and one of potassium nitrate, dissolved in one gallon of water. Pour one pint of the solution on the roots of the fern once a week for three weeks. In the meantime give the plant a little plain water every other day. This will prove a valuable tonic and invariably produce new growth.

Take Care of the Ferns and Palms That Have Been Doing Service Indoors All Winter.

IS CHILD CROSS, FEVERISH, SICK

Look, Mother! If tongue is coated, give "California Syrup of Figs."

Children love this "fruit laxative," and nothing else cleanses the tender stomach, liver and bowels so nicely.

A child simply will not stop playing to empty the bowels, and the result is they become tightly clogged with waste, liver gets sluggish, stomach sours, then your little one becomes cross, half-sick, feverish, don't eat, sleep or act naturally, breath is bad, system full of cold, has sore throat, stomach-ache or diarrhea. Listen, Mother! See if tongue is coated, then give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," and in a few hours all the constipated waste, sour bile and undigested food passes out of the system, and you have a well child again.

Millions of mothers give "California Syrup of Figs" because it is perfectly harmless; children love it, and it never fails to act on the stomach, liver and bowels.

Ask at the store for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has full directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups plainly printed on the bottle. Adv.

Cross Andes in Balloon.

The mighty Andean mountain range of South America, the highest in the western hemisphere, has just been crossed by aeronauts for the first time. The feat was accomplished by two men in a balloon. The aeronauts left Santiago, Chile, on the Pacific side, and descended five hours later in Mendoza, on the eastern slope of the range, in the Argentine Republic. They reported a very difficult trip, and had to rise to a great height to catch a favorable air current. So far the Andes have not been crossed by airplane.

BOSCHEE'S GERMAN SYRUP

Why take ordinary cough remedies when Boschee's German Syrup has been used for fifty-one years in all towns in the United States, Canada, Australia, and other countries, for coughs, bronchitis, colds settled in the throat, especially lung trouble. It gives the patient a good night's rest, free from coughing, with easy expectoration in the morning, giving nature a chance to soothe the inflamed parts, throw off the disease, helping the patient to regain his health, assisted by pure air and sunshine when possible. Trial size 25c, and 75c family size. Sold in all towns in the United States, Canada, Australia, and other countries.—Adv.

His Move Next.

A woman in a railway waiting room the other day had a great deal of trouble with one of her children, a boy of seven or eight, and a man who sat near her stood it as long as possible and then observed:

"Madam, that boy of yours needs the strong hand of a father."

"Yes, I know it," she replied, "but he can't have it. His father died when he was six years of age, and I've done my best to get another husband and failed. He can't have what I can't get."

KIDNEY REMEDY WORTHY OF PRAISE

I am pleased to testify to the merits of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, which I had occasion to use for bladder trouble, which my physician was unable to relieve.

Four fifty-cent bottles of your remedy effected a complete cure.

Yours truly,
PETER VAN DEINSE,
Greenville, Mich.

State of Michigan, } ss.
County of Montcalm }

The foregoing has this 12th day of July, 1920, been subscribed and sworn to before me. Notary Public in and for Montcalm County, Michigan.

Very truly yours,
FRED A. GLEASON,
Notary Public.

Prove What Swamp-Root Will Do For You

Send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample size bottle. It will convince anyone. You will also receive a booklet of valuable information, telling about the kidneys and bladder. When writing, be sure and mention this paper. Regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles for sale at all drug stores.—Adv.

A Wise Precaution.

"Yes, sir," said the station master, "Safety first has spread all over this country. And nobody that comes to Beaver Hill will ever get in no accident for want o' warnin' signs about. Just look at that now."

The stranger gazed appreciatively at the sign nailed on a near-by telegraph post. It's stern message was:

"It is dangerous to walk or stand on these tracks while a train is passing."
—Everybody's Magazine.

CUTICURA HEALS ECZEMA

And Rashes That Itch and Burn—Trial Free to Anyone Anywhere.

In the treatment of skin and scalp troubles bathe freely with Cuticura Soap and hot water, dry and apply Cuticura Ointment. If there is a natural tendency to rashes, pimples, etc., prevent their recurrence by making Cuticura your daily toilet preparation.

Free sample each by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

In the Four Hundred.

Caller—Is my wife home?
Maid—Who may I say called?—Puck.

Only One "BROMO QUININE"

To get the genuine, call for full name LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for signature of E. W. GROVE. Cures a Cold in One Day. Adv.

If an old shoe can't be mended, throw it away. Try the same method on your troubles.

Good health cannot be maintained where there is a congested liver. Garfield Tea overcomes constipation. Adv.

Don't rest at night "from" your labors—but "for" those ahead.