

TASTEFUL FROCKS
FOR YOUNG GIRLS

It usually finds the children's spring sewing well under way. If their clothes are made at home, or shopping industriously carried out if their belongings are bought ready made. The shops furnish a taste of things as any one can ask for and as reasonably priced when the cost of labor is figured in. But there is some economy in making children's clothes at home and eliminating the price of labor. Besides there are little individual touches that may be put on by the home dressmaker.

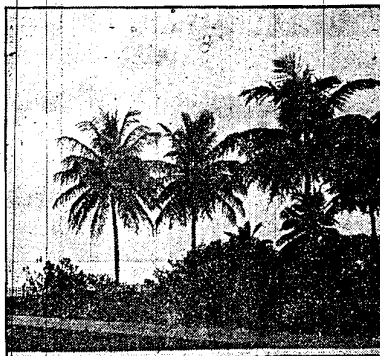
Whatever the means of getting these buttoned together, suggestions as to styles are thankfully received at about this time. The more important matter of selecting spring apparel for grownups calls for attention, with Easter close at hand and proves distracting. Two frocks for little girls are shown here with the recommendation to buy them if they can be found—or something similar to them, or to buy materials and copy them exactly. One cannot hope to improve

on the designs but colors may be selected according to their becomingness to young wearers.

All white or light colors in any of the substantial cotton weaves will make the dress at the left with its box-plaited skirt and belted smock. It fastens at the front where it is lined with narrow black ribbon that slips through buttonholes on each side of the opening. A very simple spray of embroidery adorns the smock at each side near its hem and at the shoulders. There is a narrow belt that buttons at the front.

Chambray with collar, cuffs and vest of plaid make the pretty one-piece dress at the right. It has a shirred front panel in the skirt with the lines of shirring defined by stitches in black mercerized floss and the remainder of the skirt side plaited. A black silk tie finishes the neck. A mercerized cord, that slips through slides in the bodice and ties at the back, is the particular pride of this frock.

IN THE SUNSHINE



Midnight on Bay Biscayne.

A TIDAL wave of tourists from the North has overrun and almost engulfed the coast cities of Florida during the winter months for the past two years. And it is no wonder. The coast resorts are simply heavenly and have reached that stage where they offer in addition to every comfort, unparalleled beauty to their visitors. A new day is dawning for them, too, for great numbers of people are coming to stay, building themselves homes and taking root, intending to spend the balance of their days in this sunny land.

The coast cities have, besides sunshine, the loveliest waters in bays and ocean that ever were. Sunlit, sparkling, white-capped, they are unbelievably brilliant in color, the most vivid blues and greens and purples. Nearly always a snappy breeze is blowing and the bays are full of pleasure craft and other boats. Then there are the palms in groves and noble avenues and the flowering shrubs and trees, gladiolus, hibiscus and many vines covered with flowers. Nature does not take much coaxing to make enchanting gardens. There are splendid highways the length of the coast, the joy ride of motorists, lined with Australian plums and this tree makes a most beautiful hedge also. It is natural that many millionaires have chosen to build their winter homes in such a setting, and that new people coming in should make even unpretentious homes, places that are enchanting.

Each of the coast cities and resorts has its own particular attractions. Palm Beach is the mecca of fashionable, a glittering gem, finished and

SALLY'S VOCATION

By LULU M. PAULEY.

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Sally finished tying a gorgeous pink bow on her long dark braid, and smiled at herself in the mirror.

"This is a great old world," she remarked to her room-mate, Anna Flarity, who was already in bed.

"It sure is," Anna agreed, then added wistfully: "I wish Frank and I were going to be married, along with Peter and you, tomorrow night."

Sally's face clouded.

"I'm not going to marry anyone," she announced shortly.

Anna sat up in bed in wide-eyed astonishment.

"Not going to get married, and the time all set, and everything in readiness?" she gasped. "Why, Sally Day, have you and Peter quarreled?"

Sally shook her head in silence.

"Why aren't you going to marry Peter?" pleaded Anna.

Sally with half-closed eyelids turned and glanced thoughtfully at her companion.

"Anna," she said shortly, "you think you love Frank, and expect to marry him some day. Well, suppose some big thing you had hoped for all your life should suddenly come to you. Which would you choose—this big thing or Frank's love?"

Anna did not hesitate.

"Frank's love," she said simply.

Sally sighed.

"I choose the big thing," she said—

"a literary career."

"Literary career?" Anna laughed openly. "Why, Sally Day, you've never had a thing published in your life—not even gratuitously."

Sally smilingly drew a letter from the folds of her kimono.

"Read that," she cried triumphantly.

Anna read with widening eyes.

"Oh," she exclaimed, "it can't be true."

"It is," excited Sally. "My story has won the first prize of one thousand dollars."

"It will start Peter off nicely in a business of his own, or fix a comfortable home for you both," was Anna's view.

"Peter is out of it," declared Sally, half impatiently. "Marriage would interfere with my future success."

Anna was silent.

"Well?" questioned Sally. "You know, dear, you always said my vocation was a home, husband and babies. What have you to say now?"

Anna met the amused look in her friend's eyes, unflinchingly.

"Since you ask," she replied, "I will say that I think you a mean, unprincipled girl to throw the man who loves you over without just reason. You never loved him, else you would be glad to share his success of yours with him. Suppose all this—this wonderful future you anticipate—should not materialize, and Peter is lost, too?"

Sally yawned.

"What a pessimist you are," she remarked. "Do be quiet while I write to Peter. He will understand, perhaps; but if he doesn't"—she shrugged her shoulders and drew forward her writing materials.

"There," she said when she had finished, "you can mail this for me in the morning. I'm going to take a good rest until lunch time, after which I shall go for my prize money."

It was raining the next day, and Sally with the wet from her umbrella making little pools on the concrete floor of the outer office, waited patiently for the great editor of the story magazine to receive her. Finally she was ushered into the presence of that distinguished personage.

Sally unfolded his letter and laid it before him.

"Ahem," he pursed his lips while glancing the letter over. "Sally Day is your name, I suppose?"

"Yes," Sally looked surprised.

The man opened a drawer in his desk and brought out a neatly typewritten manuscript. "You a pigeon hole he took another, which Sally recognized as her own. He placed the two side by side.

"Miss Day," he said, kindly, "my stenographer made a little mistake, for which I am exceedingly sorry. The winner of the first prize is a well-known writer, Miss Ella Townsend, whose non-de-plume is sometimes Sally Day. Miss Townsend's address is 182 West, while yours is the same number East. Singularly coincidence, is it not? I am indeed sorry because of the disappointment to you."

He held out her manuscript, which she clutched at blithely. Her voice choked, her head swam.

The editor followed her to the door of the outer office.

"Good-day," he said gently, and added: "Don't think me cruel if I tell you story writing is not your vocation."

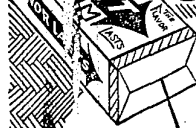
How Sally found her way to the street again she did not remember.

Anna opened the door and Sally fell sobbing into her friendly arms.

"It was all a mistake, Anna," she wailed. "You were right; and now I've lost Peter, too."

"Hush!" exclaimed Anna, drawing the grief-stricken girl into the room and closing the door. "Cheer up! It's no big home. Come, cheer up so we can get dressed and ready by the time Peter and Frank get here. A box of beautiful roses has come. Stop crying and look at them. You won't make a pretty bride if your eyes are red. Yet Peter is coming. You see, I didn't mail that letter you wrote to him last night; I burned it."

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Right!



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In his early professional career, Dr. Pierce realized that every family, but especially those who live remote from a physician, should have at hand an instructive book that would teach them something about First Aid, Physiology, Anatomy, Hygiene; how to recognize different diseases, how to care for the sick, what to do in case of accident or sudden sickness, etc., so he published that great book, the "Medical Adviser," an up-to-date edition of which can be procured by sending 50 cents to Doctor Pierce's Invalids' Hotel in Buffalo, N. Y.

Later, Dr. Pierce added another link to his chain of good works by establishing a bureau of correspondence to which any one can write for medical advice, without any expense whatever, and if necessary, medicines especially prepared in Doctor Pierce's Laboratory will be sent by parcel post or express for use at home, at a reasonable cost. Thus those who have symptoms of disease need not suffer mental agony fearing that they have some serious ailment, but can have a diagnosis made free by a physician of high professional standing. Write to Dr. Pierce relating your symptoms if you need medical advice for any chronic disease. All letters regarded as confidential.

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