

FINE, PLAIN HATS
FOR THE CHILDREN

AFTER she has passed her third birthday the little maid arrives at the threshold of her millinery experiences and begins to wear bloomed hats. It is in summer time she enters into possession of a fine soft millan or other straw and for winter she finds herself in possession of beaver or felt headwear. In either case the hat will be simple in design and in trimming and of the same character as those made for her each season until she is counting her years in "teens."

It is astonishing to find the great variety in shapes and sizes made in these bloomed hats which at first glance seem so simple. But when it is considered that they must suit so many ages and so many types the necessity for numerous shapes and variations of these shapes is plain. There is just the right hat for each little girl and finding this shape is about the only task that confronts her mother in the selection of these bloomed hats, for their good style is assured and has been for years.

A few of the favorite models in millans appear in the group above. At

the upper right a little miss of four or more wears a bonnellike shape with a round crown having about it a band of false ribbon with short ends at the back. Only good qualities in ribbon are used on these hats because they must see much service. At the top of the group a shape that is very successful for girls from seven to sixteen is shown. It is the wide-brimmed French sailor shape in millan with its brim edged with a dangle of the braid in a darker color or shade than the body of the hat. It has a wide color and cash ends of heavy ribbon. At the right of it another little bonnellike shape for younger girls appears with square crown above its drooping brim and sash of ribbon. Below is another variation of the French sailor shape which finishes the group—a square-crowned poke with handsome wide ribbon furnishing a sash with long ends.

Ribbon and the Layette



NEARLY every necessity and all of the luxuries of the layette prove fascinating work when the time comes to make them. Women delight in fashioning pretty, diminutive belongings for the baby, especially if they may be made of fine or luxurious materials, and it seems they are tiring as well as more to ribbons. There is such a long list of things for the layette that it seems as if ingenious and prolific minds somewhere must be busy all the time thinking only of two things—ribbons and ribbons.

Just a few of the new articles designed in ribbons are shown here, but they include such gifts as friends like to make. In addition there are many small bags, ribbon-lined baskets, pin-cushions, booties, gloves and sock garters, bows for the carriage robe and small bows and fasteners to deck out the baby's dress. Each of these, as well as the articles pictured, are made in many different ways.

Little booties of ribbon bid fair to usurp the place of the knitted or crocheted boot and they are provided with booties cases, also made of ribbon. One of these is shown at the top of the picture. It is simply an envelope of satin ribbon having the flap

fastened down with two snap fasteners adorned with two rosettes of baby ribbon placed over the fasteners. These cases are made in several shapes, as circular pieces with pockets attached to one side for holding the booties and shirtings of baby ribbon for decorations.

A coat hanger, as pictured, is made of a thin mill joined together in strips, having the seams bound with narrow ribbon. It is stuffed with lavender and finished off with a rosette of narrow ribbon. In this hanger the hood is wound with ribbon. Wide, soft satin ribbon is used for the cap and jacket pictured, with narrow Val lace and narrow figured ribbon making the pretty decorations. The cap has ties of satin ribbon. The pretty sleeve garters employ satin ribbon gathered over narrow flat elastic with little ribbon roses and loops distinguishing themselves as a finishing touch. There are numberless sachet bags made of bits of ribbon and the devices for holding layette pins are endlessly varied.

Julie Bottorley
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The Kitchen Cabinet

It is easy enough to be pleasant. When life goes by like a song. But the mob whirled while the men with a smile When everything goes dead wrong. —Ella W. Wilcox.

TIMELY FOODS.

The fresh green things appeal to the appetite at this season of the year, as well as the growing things such as mushrooms. Vegetables which are boiled lose much of their valuable mineral content because of its solubility. When the water is drained off and thrown away these minerals are lost to the food. It is a good practice to serve the vegetables in a manner that will conserve the minerals. If cooked in water let it be as little as possible and serve it with seasonings as a sauce with the vegetable. Potatoes, greens of various kinds, should be thus served.

Lettuce, Pepper and Egg Salad.—Arrange a platter of lettuce, sprinkle with finely shredded green peppers and then add three or four hard-boiled eggs cut in eighths, sprinkle with finely minced olives and cover with French dressing. Serve well chilled.

Tomato and Peanut Salad.—Peel the tomatoes carefully and remove the centers so as to form a cup. Fill with chopped cabbage and peanuts, well-mixed. Add French dressing, and when serving put a spoonful of mayonnaise on top of each.

Buttered Beets.—Cook small, tender beets, skin them, then chop rather coarsely. Add olive oil or butter, beat them very fine, season well with salt, pepper and a dash of lemon juice, and serve piping hot.

Vegetable Luncheon Dish.—Arrange on a hot platter a pint of freshly boiled seasoned spinach, adding butter and vinegar surrounding the spinach with one or two half-cupfuls of creamed onions, then around this two cupfuls of thick tomato. Garnish, if desired, with hard-cooked eggs cut in eighths.

Onion and Cream Cheese Sandwiches.—To one small cream cheese add minced onions, spread on buttered brown bread and cut in finger-sized sandwiches. Season the cheese and onions are well seasoned and mixed.

Who said they didn't like June? The month of all flowers bloom; When school is out And we frolic about— Who said they didn't like June?

DESSERTS.

A dessert which is both delicious to the taste and charming in appearance is prepared as follows: Bake

one sheet of cake in a sheet, cut it in squares, arrange on service plates, cover with a layer of cream, sweetened strawberries, then top with sweetened whipped cream or a thin slice of brick ice cream.

Macaroni Charlotte.—Cover one-half pound of macaroni with a quart of hot cream and when cool beat and mix well. Add the yolks of six eggs and a teaspoonful of vanilla, fold in the stiffly beaten whites of the eggs and fill buttered mold. Bake for ten minutes or until the custard is firm.

Blackberry Scones.—Take two and one-half cupfuls of flour, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, two and one-half tablespoonfuls of milk, one tablespoonful of butter and one tablespoonful of any other sweet fat, one-half cupful of raisins, one-half teaspoonful of salt and seven-eighths of a cupful of milk. Roll into four pieces after mixing well and bake in a hot oven. Split open but do not cut clear through. Fill with jam or crushed fresh fruit.

Mock Goose.—Parboil a leg of pork, skin and stuff, using the usual goose stuffing. Put to roast with a little water and baste with the juice of the meat. When half done, sprinkle with sage, pepper, finely minced onion, salt and pepper. Serve with gravy.

Buttercrisp Jelly.—Take one envelope of gelatin, soak in one cupful of cold water, add a half pint of milk, three egg yolks well beaten and one cupful of sugar. Scald the milk and add the sugar and egg yolks. Cook to a custard, flavor and cool, then fold in the stiffly beaten whites of the eggs and pour into molds to chill. Serve with tart jelly and top with whipped cream.

Mushrooms English Fashion.—After washing and peeling the mushrooms, add salt and pepper and toss them in a newspaper in hot butter until well cooked (five minutes is usually sufficient). Dish up on squares of toasted bread and lay on each two thin slices of broiled bacon.

Baked Stuffed Onions.—Parboil large-sized onions and remove the centers. Chop the part removed, add sausage, or other highly seasoned meat, salt and pepper or chopped nuts. Bake, basting during the baking with butter and water, or pour over the onions a glaze. Bake until tender.

Neenie Maxwell

Daddy's Evening Fairy Tale

By MARY GRAHAM BONNER

DICK, THE DOG.

"What were you making such a fuss for?" asked Master Pig of Dick, the dog.

"I heard you just now," Master Pig continued, "and I didn't see why you were making such a noise and such a fuss on a hot day like this."

"I will tell you," said Dick. "I was protecting the house and the people in it."

"Some one came along, some stranger, you see?"

"I didn't see the stranger," said Master Pig. "But you see what I meant," asked Dick.

"Oh yes, oh yes, grunt," said Master Pig.

"I didn't know whether this stranger was going to be friendly or not and I always want to protect the house and the people. They are good to me and I want to be good to them."

"You're very noble," grunted Master Pig. "I suppose you enjoy being so noble."

"That is a very creature who of talking to others who do something useful and which they want to excuse themselves of doing anything unselfish on the ground that they aren't concerned enough to want to be proud of being noble. It is very curious."

"When you tell me I enjoy being noble, I can't quite see why you should like to do nice things for the fam-



"Enjoy a Rest."

ly and for my good friends. It isn't because I enjoy being noble. That is an unkind way of putting it."

"It is because I like to be friendly," said Master Pig, "what's the difference? I don't care. Such things don't interest me, grunt."

"Do you want me to go on with my story?"

"I do, grunt, grunt," said Master Pig. "Begin again for the interruption."

"Oh, that is all right," said Dick, the dog, politely wagging his tail.

"Then I heard the stranger call out and ask if this was the right road which led to the place he was bound for."

"You see I stood out in front of the house ready to protect the house, and to have a good look at the stranger."

"I then knew that the stranger was all right and was only asking a question."

"And then my mistress called out and said that this was the right road."

"Then I wagged my tail at the stranger to show that I was friendly. And to show that I knew the stranger meant no harm I kissed the stranger's hands as he patted me so nicely."

"And when he was on his way off I wagged my tail as he left to tell him I wished him a pleasant journey."

"The first I was making was the barkings I was doing at first in case the stranger wasn't friendly."

"Oh I see," said Master Pig. "So you make friends, do you?"

"Yes," said Dick, the dog. "And I like friends! Bow-wow, I like them immensely."

"I like food," said Master Pig. "I also enjoy a rest on a hot day. I've been having a nice rest sleep under this big apple tree and the ground was nice and cool too. You woke me up, Dick, by barking."

"Bow-wow, I am asleep," said Dick. "It was time for me to get up to have my mid-afternoon meal."

"What is that?" asked Dick.

"That's the best I have in the middle of the afternoon," of course, grunt, said Master Pig. "I feel nice and refreshed and ready for my day. But you can do the work of guarding the house and the people. Master Pig has other things to think about and cannot be bothered like that."

"Bow-wow, you have another thing to think about," grunted Dick, the dog. "And that thing is food."

Useless Tears.

Grandmother had been talking to four-year-old Mary Ellen about becoming angry so easily. After the little girl had listened for ten minutes to her good qualities, she said: "Yesterday my doll got stepped on and broken and I didn't cry a bit or hold anybody."

"That was fine," approved grandmother, very much pleased. "And you stepped on your doll yesterday?" she asked.

And back came the enlightening answer: "Why, I did, grandma."

CHIR-RUP!

By JULIA A. PIERCE

Greta gave her trim little figure one last critical glance in the mirror, fastened the buttons of her hat thoughtfully pulled on her gloves, then picked up the suitcase which contained all of her earthly possessions and stepped out of the room. She did not lock the door, but left the key in the inside, for she would never be coming back.

Since the mill had laid off so many girls three months before, Greta had lived on her meager savings. Now they were gone and she could not stay in the room with no money to pay the landlady. Vainly she had gone from city to city, answering every advertisement for which she was applicable, but the result was always the same.

It was mid-afternoon and the sky was heavy with storm clouds.

Blindly, gloomily, without noticing the weight of her suitcase, Greta walked on and on—out of the dirty city into the country. Finally a large flat stone beside the road met her eye. Yes, she was weary. Placing her suitcase on the rock she sank down upon it—a forlorn little figure indeed.

This young life, who had kept her self pure and sweet through all the trials and temptations of the vile cities had thrown about her, had no place to lay her head that night. No one would miss her, for she had no home and the only friend she had ever known was somewhere in the West—she knew not where. She had received no word from him since she had left her, three years before.

She allowed herself to drop into pleasant reveries and she could see his handsome face as he had tenderly told her of his love and his ambitions. "I will be back before many months, and then—" a last embrace and kiss, and he had leaped aboard the moving express, waving and smiling. Soon afterwards her mother died and she was sold to pay the funeral expenses. Greta was left penniless and alone and was forced to seek employment in the mill hundreds of miles from her old home.

If Francis had ever written, his letters had never been forwarded.

"Chir-rup! chir-rup!" The sound startled her and she looked up. There she saw a wee bird on a cherry bush, looking straight at her. Again he repeated his "Chir-rup! chir-rup!" more emphatically than before.

"Cheer up. How can I?" Greta might have been talking to a person. Instead of a bird, so bitter was her tone.

As though in answer, birds flitted to another branch and again repeated: "Chir-rup, chir-rup, chir-rup!"

"Well, I never!" exclaimed Greta, aloud.

"Chir-rup, chir-rup!" and he flew away.

Greta watched him disappear high up in the clouds. Suddenly a verse of scripture which she had learned in school came to her: "If then God so clothe the grass, which is today in the field, and tomorrow is cast into the oven; how much more will He clothe you, O ye of little faith?" It was as though the bird had dropped this message from heaven, whence she had just flown.

Greta sprang to her feet, tense and alert.

"Faith—faith—O ye of little faith—how much more will He clothe you, O ye of little faith!"

"Yes," she thought aloud, "that is the trouble. I have lost faith—faith—faith in God—faith in mankind—faith in myself! Then a sudden determination and ambition fairly shook her whole being, and, grasping her suitcase, she started at a brisk walk toward the city. Yes, some way could be provided, she felt certain now.

As she was entering the city and was about to cross a street, she halted a moment to let an auto pass which was coming at a law-breaking speed. Why, it was slowing down and the driver was looking at her. Before the car was scarcely opposite it stopped and a tall, handsome man sprang out with a shout:

"Greta! I have found you at last!"

"Francis! Francis!" Greta was swept into his arms and into the car.

They drove on, out into the country, back along the road Greta had just come, and Francis told her how he had written letters after letters with no response, and had finally come East to search for her; how he had canvassed city after city and had decided at last to give up the search and return without his love one. Briefly he related his experiences and pictured to her the great ranch he had bought.

Suddenly stopping the car, he turned and clasped the girl in his arms.

"My own brave, true love, he murmured, 'Are you happy?'

Happy? She could not speak, but nestled closer to him, she shouldered her suitcase.

Presently Greta lifted her head as he turned, and, gazing heavenward, she thanked God for his wonderful goodness.

Power, and its Responsibilities.

"The world is mine!" exclaimed the count of Monte Cristo.

"What'll we do about it?" inquired his secretary, "the rates to the public or reduce them?"

Ernest—Let only one man hunt at a time.

Great Idea.

Ernest—I've got a splendid system for preventing these numerous fatal accidents caused by deer hunters shooting each other.

Edith—What is it?

Ernest—Let only one man hunt at a time.

Just a Little Smile



Too Much.

De Sapp—Do you think that Miss Clever was having fun with me?

De Soft—Well, old chap, give me the details.

De Sapp—You see, I had my bull terrier with me. And I said to her, 'That dog knows as much as I do.' And she said, 'Don't you think \$450 was too much to pay for him?'

Pure Fiction Mostly.

"I see Selman, the traveling salesman, has written a novel."

"I didn't know he had imagination enough for that!"

"Tut-tut! He's been making out expense accounts for 15 years."



SHE WAS TROUBLED.

Mrs. A.—Are you troubled much in your neighborhood with borrowing?

Mrs. T.—Yes, a good deal. My neighbors never seem to have a thing I want.

Robust.

Cupid is a healthy pet. As rugged as an old. He wears no clothes whatever. Yet, He never catches cold.

A Profitable Benefit.

First Actor—How did your benefit come out, old man?

Second Actor—First rate. After I'd paid the expenses I found I was three laurel wreaths to the good.

Light on a Dark Subject.

Counsel—It was pitch dark, you admit. Then how could you see the prisoner, I would like to know?

Witness—Oh, very easily. Don't you observe that he is lantern-jawed.

Record Was Known.

"I have something I want to say to you alone."

"How can you say it to me alone when you've said it to every girl you know already?"

A Guess.

School Teacher—Tommy, what is the feminine corresponding to the masculine "bang?"

Tommy (whose mother is a society leader)—Afternoon tea, ma'ma.

Sat Down Hard, Too.

The Englishman—The sun never sets on British territory.

The American—No; but the Goddess of Columbia did it twice, though.

Had No Voice.

First Vocal Teacher—Are you cultivating Miss Grotzko's voice?

Second Vocal Teacher—No; her imagination.

No Need for Anxiety.

"Jack says if I don't marry him he will blow his brains out."

"Don't worry. That would be a physical impossibility."

Naturally.

"Why don't you make a fierce reply to that man's impudent question?"

"I am afraid a reply in this case wouldn't answer."

Her Hit.

First Hobo—The woman of that house made a big hit with me.

Second Hobo—By her personality? First Hobo—No; with her rolling pin.

Crucial Comment.

"My husband says I am as young and beautiful to him now as when we were first married."

"Then why doesn't he go in time to see a good oculist?"

The Reason.

"There is a great deal of atmosphere about dear Gwendolene's letters."

"Why, is she sending them by the air route?"

Other People's Money.

"I know that man when he didn't have a dollar he could call his own."

"Yes. He has gotten more agree about calling things his own than he used to have."