FEMININE FANCIES

THE NEW TOPCOAT STYLES.

BY ANNE RITTENHOUSE.

Special Correspondence of The Star.

NEW YORK, February 25.—It looks as though we were intended to wear checks of black and white this season, if the first fashions in topcoats mean anything.

The shops are offering them in similar shapes to those we have worn during the winter; the circular lower part is there, but the moyen age belt above the knees has been replaced by

SMART COAT FOR THE COUNTRY OF BLACK AND WHITE CHECKED CLOTH.

a two-inch loose belt across the front, and the long waist line is given by a cleverly managed bias seam under the arms. It is equally fashionable to let the fronts hang unbelted from the shoulders. This bias seam usually starts from the front pieces, sloping downward toward the end of the spine, and is accentuated by lapping the material and stitching it. This is an effective method of producing a desired line on any garment without the aid of applied material.

The long waist line is continued in the back by the shaping-in of the width which broadens as it goes, giving enough fullness at its sides to pleat and form a decided flare—an important fashion of the hour, by the way, this flare beneath the hips.

Start Unimportant.

Whether it starts just below the waist or begins well down on the hips is not important. If it is managed so that the hem swirls out at the sides of the figure, that is all that is required. Even if there is fullness in the front, there must be none in the back. It is difficult to describe the exact way in which this feat is managed by the different designers. None of them allows the material to pull across any part of the back, and one sees that the entire swing to the garment is given by the manipulation of the material at the side lines.

One of the best top garments brought out, which has commanded an unusually high price, is of small checked cloth, like a well knit flannel that has no disposition to sag. It has width and shapeliness, a difficult combination, as any one who has studied the subject will admit.

The front is slightly double-breasted from the neck to below the waist, and fastens top and bottom with huge bone buttons. The turn-over collar is high at the back and rolling at front. The underarm seam accentuates the lengthened waist line, and the deftly folded pleat at the side gives the fullness required at the hem. In length it reaches to below the knees, and the long sleeves are finished with twelve-inch cuffs of the fabric. There is not a touch of trimming or color on the garment. The only marking is in the black bone buttons at neck and on girdle.

Sweater Holds Place.

This coat is the embodiment of many of the features which will be incorporated into other coats to be worn over all manner of one-piece gowns or separate skirts with wash blouses. The sweater has kept its prominence also, even against the popularity of the sport coat. It is copied from those worn on the Brittany and Normandy coasts last summer before the war broke out. Burnt orange, Belgian blue, Chinese yellow, black and white stripes, and now large checks in the same colors, have made their appearance in a soft wool that is quite becoming.

Evidently, corduroy in sand tones will be at the top of style this spring when the first mild weather comes. Topcoats also are being shown in it, made with the military pointed fronts that the late winter brought out, and with a leather belt run through slides of the fabric, fastened in front with a gun-metal button.

Whether it is because of its name or its color, gun metal is certainly having an unusual popularity.

(Copyright, 1915.)

AMERICAN FASHIONS.

BY LILLIAN E. YOUNG.

Vying with the colors of a nice, smiling summer cloud, this delicate little chiffon dancing frock is made up in blue, white and silver, and, after the manner of clouds, consists pretty much of airiness and fluff—frivolous attributes which are highly recommended as essentials for girlish evening gowns.

First of all there is a white crepe meteor underbodice and skirt, the only exposed portion of which is seen between the V decolletage of the chiffon corsage, in the form of a plain round-necked vest. The rest of the dress is of azure blue chiffon trimmed with silver gauze ribbons.

Very brief kimono sleeves are cut in one with the sides of the corsage and bordered with silver ribbon tied in jaunty little bows on top of the arms. More of the ribbon is crossed over the

NEW DESIGN FOR A YOUTHFUL DANCING DRESS.

bust, describing the outline of the decolletage, and encircles the waist, with the ends tied in another set of bows over the shoulders.

There is a straight gathered skirt of chiffon cut in scallops at the hem and bound with blue taffeta to match the chiffon. Above that are two rows of silver ribbon, some four or five inches apart, finished with little flat bows at one side of the skirt.

The tunic is particularly pretty. It shows a cutaway line in front started several inches below the waist, with the edge cut in scallops and bound with taffeta. It is quite a bit fuller than the skirt and shows a three-inch heading tucked up under the ribbon belt all around. Just in front of either hip the fullness is held flat in a succession of shirrings not more than three inches across.

Another dainty touch may be added by trimming the lower part of the skirt with garlands or small wreaths of pink roses in place of the double row of silver ribbon.

Deviled Crabs.

Pick the meat from boiled crabs, preserving the shells. Flake the meat and mix with it a tablespoonful of melted butter, cayenne and salt to taste, and a tablespoonful of lemon juice. Return to the shells, sprinkle with bread crumbs and bits of butter and bake.

Many Buttons Lend a Military Touch to This Sport Coat.

Very rough, loosely woven worsted mixture in blue and white tone is the material in this good-looking sport coat for Anken wear. The broad belt confines the flare below the waist line and in the belt are set little pockets whose location is emphasized by bright nickel buttons. More of the buttons on sleeves, collar, belt and coat-front give the blue and white a military suggestion that is very modern.

IN THE KITCHEN AND PANTRY

Veal and Chicken Salad.

Unless the salad is to be made of left overs, the chicken should be especially boiled, carefully seasoned while cooking and allowed to cool in the water in which it is cooked. A generous piece of veal may be cooked at the same time with the chicken or cold veal can be warmed over in the chicken broth or in hot salt water, to which a few chicken bones have been added. It also should be allowed to stand in the water in which it has been heated, until cold, then cut up into even dice and use the same as chicken. Where a large quantity of salad is to be made one good-size chicken freshly cooked as a basis with an addition of veal and as much more canned chicken as is necessary to make up the amount required will be found an economy of both money and labor.

In boiling a chicken for salad, put into a kettle of boiling water, add a chopped onion, a couple of sticks of celery or a half teaspoonful of celery salt, a couple of bay leaves, a tablespoonful of chopped carrot and a dozen peppercorns. Just a tiny bit of fat salt pork may be added, if desired. Let the contents of the kettle boil rapidly five minutes, then push back where the water will only simmer, until the chicken is tender. Cooked in this way the dark meat will be almost as light colored as the white.

Now let the chicken cool in the water in which it has been cooked. It is well to cook both chicken and veal the day before the salad is to be used. When ready to make the salad, remove the flesh from the bones, rejecting all the skin and fat, cut the meat into dice and measure. Add as much or half as much veal as desired. If the salad is not to be served immediately, sprinkle the meat with a little lemon juice and set away in a cold place. Cut into dice enough crisp white celery to make about two-thirds the quantity of meat, and have ready a good mayonnaise. At serving time mix with meat and over each quart of the mixture sprinkle a teaspoonful of salt and a half teaspoonful of pepper. Moisten with some of the broth in which the chicken was cooked (for a dry salad is an abomination), and enough mayonnaise to coat every piece. Mix thoroughly but lightly and turn into a salad bowl lined with lettuce leaves, or on a platter where the leaves have been made into little cups, each sufficient to hold a helping of the salad. This looks pretty and makes the serving easier. Spread a little more mayonnaise on top of each service, and garnish with stuffed olives or the little sweet red canned peppers and celery tips. A quarter pound of almonds blanched and quartered may be added to each pint of chicken and veal, if you desire something especially nice for a wedding or other entertainment.

Potato Chowder.

Parboil and slice six fine potatoes, fry half a pound of sweet salt pork (chopped) and when it begins to crisp add a minced onion and cook to a light brown. Pack in layers in a soup kettle, sprinkle each layer with pepper and minced parsley. Add the hot fat, cover with a pint of boiling water and simmer thirty minutes. Turn into a colander and drain the liquor back into the kettle. Have ready a pint of hot milk into which has been stirred a tablespoonful of butter, rolled in flour; add to the liquor, cook one minute, return the potatoes to the kettle and serve.

Clam Pates.

Drain the liquor from a quart of clams. Cook together a tablespoonful of butter and one of flour, and pour upon them a cup of hot milk (in which a pinch of soda has been dissolved), and a cup of clam liquor. Stew until you have a smooth, thick sauce, and then add the chopped clams. Add a beaten egg, drop by drop, and when well mixed remove from the fire, season and set aside to cool. Line pate pans with good puff paste, fill with the clam mixture; put pastry over the tops and bake to light brown. Serve hot.

THE DAILY MENU.

BREAKFAST

Grapefruit — Cereal
Plain Omelet — Griddle Cakes
Coffee

LUNCHEON

Clam Pates
French Fried Potatoes
Dressed Lettuce — Biscuits
Tea

DINNER

Cream of Potato Soup
Veal Loaf — Scalloped Potatoes
Tomato Sauce
Cucumber and Onion Salad
Rice Pudding — Coffee

Old Styles Coming Back.

A detail which has a future before it is the upstanding collar of pleated white lawn, with the pleats opening at the top and spreading out Medici fashion. A narrow black velvet ribbon under the wearer's chin connects the collar's far-apart ends.

Hats are, as yet, little changed. It is almost inevitable that brims will widen in sympathy with hems, but when most forms of headgear have at the moment no brims at all the logical development will probably be delayed.

Several skirts for dancing have old-fashioned lace flounces, two or three of them, festooned under roses, and individualists are elongating their lace sleeves until they form mitts with thumbs to cover the top of the hands.

Pockets are going to be possible—indeed, they are accomplished facts in some of the new skirts; while others show braided side ornamentations which advertise the fact that quite capacious receptacles could be arranged there without affecting the correct silhouette.

Slim, yellow gloves are brought out by the smart glovemakers of Paris and are featured instead of the heavy, outside seam gloves of the last decade.

DECORATIVE SCHEMES USED FOR FASHIONS

By your sofa cushions your taste may be known. This might be a wise saying of the interior decorator, because there is no detail of the furnishings of a room that tells so quickly about the taste of the decorator as the cushions that grace the lounge, that rest on the arms of the chairs or lie on the floor—for nowadays one uses cushions for foot rests quite as readily as for the lounge.

If you are thoroughly up to date, if the newest tendency in decorations is yours from the start, then you will have your cushions striped—and best of all striped in black and white, or black and tan bands about two inches wide. This striped material can be brought in linen with a mercerized stripe which washes well.

For the woman whose taste clings to the cubist influence of a year or so ago there are wonderful hand-blocked French linens in delightful shades of blue, red and yellow—elementary colors in luscious hues—in designs of fruit and of flowers—crude yet highly effective.

For the woman whose taste is subdued and extremely refined, the woman who clings to the autumnal colors, as many do sincerely, there is nothing in the way of pillow covers more attractive than raw silk or pongee silk in shades of golden brown or green. One collection of cushions covered to carry out this color scheme ranged in shade from a dark, dull green to a golden brown, and from an ashen green to a soft yellow green, suggestive of the blades of new grass.

Then there is the woman whose frivolous fancy dotes on the new French rococo interiors—the woman who has pictures of Marie Antoinette or Mme. de Pompadour over her bed, and who likes nothing better than to sup her chocolate in bed at 11 o'clock in the morning from the daintiest of Sevres china. Of course, she covers her cushions in the ornate fashion of the Louis XV or XVI period.

You may talk to her all you will about the beauty of simple lines, the germ-collecting tendency of cushions that are decked out with wreaths of rosebuds and gold braid, but to no avail. And there is indeed something delightful in the exaggeratedly ornate cushions of the Marie Antoinette period, providing, of course, that they are kept in suitable surroundings. But woe to the woman who indulges her taste for the French rococo period to the extent of placing a pillow covered with gold galloon, light blue and rose-colored brocade silk and festoons of ribbon roses on a mission chair or in an "arts and crafts" surrounding.

Then there is the woman whose keen perception of the beautiful leads her to love all things oriental. She it is who will select the coverings of her lounge pillows from among the faded samples of Japanese and Chinese silks in some out-of-the-way oriental bazaar. And usually this woman does not pile her cushions on top of one another, but makes every one count for something in the scheme of decoration.

CARING FOR PETS.

The woman who likes and keeps pets of any kind should like them well enough to keep them well. Their health should be of enough importance to her to warrant the expenditure of sufficient time and attention on her part to insure it.

Suppose she has a dog. Of course, the dog is hers for her amusement, entertainment and diversion. But she should see to it that the dog is allowed only regular feedings. Perhaps it is pleasing to pamper him with bonbons whenever he begs for them; but he will have to suffer, eventually, for this indulgence and he does not know it. Only the superior intelligence of his mistress can reason from the cause of sweets given injudiciously to the effect of painful rheumatism in his dog old age.

With a cat the obligation is the same. The cat must be given air and food of the right kind and amount. It must be guarded, if it is a highly bred cat, against colds and pneumonia, for cats have notably weak lungs. And both cats and dogs must be given water enough. Some animal lovers think that water should always be accessible to both dogs and cats. Others say that water should be given at regular intervals and in prescribed amounts, as the constant drinking of water, always accessible, leads to fatness—a calamity to be guarded against, as it brings real suffering to the animal in its wake.

Even a canary must be cared for judiciously, if its life is to be happy. Regular exercise outside its cage is desirable, if its owner has time to look after this exercise. A scrupulously clean cage, fresh water and seed every day, greens of some sort—lettuce, celery, plantain—once or twice a week, and enforced abstinence from sugar, sweet biscuits and other odds and ends that are often fed to birds—these details insure health and therefore happiness to the caged bird. Perhaps the fact that it is caged, that it has so few ways of making its wants known, should make its owner more careful of its health than she would be even of the health of a dog or cat.

Household Hints.

If the candle is too big for its holder, plunge the end of it into hot water and it will accommodate itself to the socket speedily. If the candle is too small for the candlestick, apply a match to the end, and, while the grease or wax is dripping, place it in the socket. The melted grease or wax will harden and hold it firmly in place.

Every housekeeper needs a box of assorted corks, such as are supplied by housefurnishing departments. It's a very orderly house that can supply a cork of required size without more or less prolonged search and preparation, unless there is such a box at hand. Another useful addition to the kitchen is the glass cover that is supplied with grooves which fit it to any size dish. This puts the makeshift sauce plate and saucer, with their inconvenient edges, back into their legitimate place.

THE EVENING STORY.

ELENOR AILEEN.

(Copyright, 1915, by W. Werner.)

The Ogden estate lay just beyond the village. Carr, the firstborn of the Ogdens, could not remember a time when he had not loved every foot of the fields and meadows, the sloping hills with their great trees, the lake, a skating rink in winter and a place for fishing, rafting and swimming in summer.

"Some day," he would proudly say to the chums watching with him the acorns in the hot ashes of the great fireplace and the long row of wrinkling, red flecked apples on the hearth, "it will all be mine. The marsh by that time will swarm with ducks. And, chaps, every fellow of us must save up his money for a gun. Well——"

He stopped there, his cheeks glowing and his eyes shining and each boy silently hugged himself in anticipation of that greatly to be desired day.

But between that scene and the present long years had drifted. The shining eyes now glowed with a steady light, the smooth forehead bore lines not altogether of age, the crispy black hair showed hints of white; the enthusiasm of the boy had burned out and the childish prophecy, "Some day it will all be mine," had only just now come true.

"It came too late," he thought, bitterly. A sharp October breeze suddenly showered him with its burden of dying leaves, and he shifted his seat and drew his coat about him. If it could have come when he and Loris, the girl he had loved and married, found heaven in the plain little home out west, where his work had kept him, perhaps——

But no. Lack of money was not the barrier that rose between them. Loris had been satisfied with what he had to give, and, remembering tedious hours of poring over ledges and pages of figures, feeling that merely getting home was sufficient compensation for them, he groaned aloud. If Loris had only been what he believed her to be, or, if he had never known, then he might not have been a wanderer over the earth until father and mother and the brothers and sisters who had come so tardily, by a mighty scourge of typhoid had been swept from time and the old home had become his.

And what a small beginning the ruin that finally ingulfed him had had! He remembered as though it were yesterday the evening when he picked up a book she had been reading and idly turned the leaves found the inscription, "From F. G. W."

"Who is he?" he asked.

Loris had looked over his shoulder. "Oh," she said, "a friend of the old days," and in a moment added, "Some time I'll tell you all about him."

She had left the room immediately and something seemed to drag him bodily to the library shelves. Even when there he was ashamed to touch a volume. He told himself he was not curious, neither was he suspicious, yet before he turned away he knew that more than half the volumes bore the same legend and that many pages were copiously interlined.

"Hullo!" he called to her. "This fellow doesn't seem to have confined himself entirely to quoting."

Loris appeared inquiringly at the door and her voice, when she spoke, was peculiarly tender. "It was his way of expressing his thoughts of the book," she said.

At the moment he was not conscious that a doubt of Loris was in his mind, but in constantly poring over the books he read more between lines than in them, and she, often silent and sometimes moody, unconsciously added to his convictions. Presently he had come to the point where he believe her unhappy in their marriage, and then one day he—disappeared.

"My goodness!" a thin little voice close by suddenly enunciated, "you look as blue as I feel."

"At any rate," he replied, encountering the gaze of a pair of wide, black eyes, "I don't feel as gay as you look."

The child laughed comfortably. "I do look nice," she said. "Red is becoming

"YOU LOOK AS BLUE AS I FEEL."

to me." She smoothed down her red coat, and lifted a cap of like color from a mass of tousled black curls. "Now, what I want more than anything on earth is a pair of red shoes," she confided socially. "Then I'd look just all right."

"Still," he demurred, "I rather like the nice black ones you are wearing."

"Oh, do you? Well"——she lapsed into silence and appeared lost in thought. Presently she roused. "Two of my names are Elenor Aileen," she vouchsafed. "It's no use to tell you the other one because it's to be changed today. Maybe it's done now. It is if it's 3 o'clock."

"Why, how is that?"

"How do people usually change their names?"

"Grown-up ladies change theirs by getting married, I believe."

"Well, that's the way it is with me, only it's mother who is going to get married. And my name has to be like hers, doesn't it? So my name is now Elenor Aileen Daley."

Carr laughed in spite of himself, but sobered at the troubled expression of the little face and the faraway look in the great eyes. "My father deserted us," she said, abruptly. "That was before I was born. We don't know anything about him." Then, as Carr made no comment, she went on. "He ran from a guilty conscience. At least that's what Aunt Silvas says. Aunt Silvas is our neighbor, but I call her aunt, and I'm staying with her till mother gets back from her wedding trip. We're here visiting Aunt Silvas' daughter.

"Mother sewed to keep the wolves from the door," she continued, after a long pause, during which Carr's dissatisfied gaze swept the landscape. "That's in a book Santa brought me last Christmas. Whenever I read that story to mother she would say, Elenor Aileen, somewhere in the world a treasure waits for us, so just let the wolves howl.' Then we'd laugh like everything. Oh, we joked a lot. But sometimes, when sewing was scarce, she cried a good deal, and one day——"

The little voice suddenly trembled and stopped, and the tears overflowed and ran down her round cheeks. Carr reached out, surprised, himself at the act, and silently patted her hand. "Poor child," he said. "Poor little girl."

"That was the only day we were ever just hungry, and other said to me, 'Elenor Aileen, I can't see you starve. I'm going to give you a new father. We won't wait any longer for

ELENOR.

the real one. He's forsaken us.' And now she's to marry Mr. Daley, our landlord, and I'm to live with them. I heard mother tell him so."

"I hope you'll be very, very happy."

"Well, I won't," she retorted, fiercely, "for he has three boys, and they're always scrapping, and he's always beating them. If he should beat me——"

She suddenly broke down and burst into a storm of sobs that shook her whole body. One hand groped for his and when she found it her fingers curled in his palm and lay there quivering like a wounded bird. Carr sat motionless, his eyes roving back and forth across the great estate. Then his gaze came back to the child, who had crept close to him, her hand still in his, and a change swept over his face. "Elenor Aileen," he whispered, "how would you like to live here and be my little girl?"

For a moment she seemed not to breathe, then she sprang wildly up. "May I? Oh, may I?" Her shrill little voice rose to an ecstasy of excitement. "Oh, I'd like it. Do you mean it? Do you truly mean it?"

"If your mother will give you to me, dear."

"She will," she said with conviction. "Then, if old Daley doesn't behave himself we'll sneak her away and bring her here to live with us. No?"

Carr surprised himself by laughing heartily. In all his nine years of wandering he had not felt so light-hearted. Elenor Aileen had climbed into his lap and was holding his head with both arms while she kissed him. The act somehow carried him to his own childhood and he suddenly held her off and gazed into her flushed, shining face.

"Why—why," he stammered, and broke off to mutter—"a chance resemblance. There are no more Ogdens. I'm the last of the race."

In an instant quick footsteps had halted and a tense voice called "Mother couldn't do it, dear. Will wait a while longer. Father will surely come. Oh, I know he'll come. Come to mother, Elenor Aileen."

But Elenor Aileen refused to move. She clung to Carr's hand, even when he had risen and stood shaking like a leaf.

"Loris!" he cried.

"Carr!" Then repelling hands shot out. "Your desertion, Carr Ogden—what have you to say for yourself?"

"Desertion! Loris! My God!" his gray lips mumbled. "Didn't you understand? I gave you freedom. I gave you to the man whose initials were in your books, and on your brooch and a bunch of letters in your desk. I thought you regretted him. I thought if I were out of the way——"

He stopped, watching breathlessly the haughty coldness fading from her face. "Oh, Carr," she sobbed, "why couldn't I have known? They were bequeathed to me by my dearest friend. They were from the man who became her husband and who died a year before she did."

"It's a lot better to ask questions when you don't understand things. But it's all right, anyway, now that you've come."

Elenor Aileen's reproving tone changed to one of satisfaction and Loris smiled. "Yes," she said, tremulously, "it's better to ask questions when you don't understand. But it's all right anyway—now that you've come."

(THE END.)

The Modish Veil.

The sailor hat has surely come into its own again, and for practical wear there is nothing smarter. When accompanied by a modish veil the sailor hat leaves nothing to be desired in the way of true chic.

Sailors of rough chip or whole straw in all the lovely tones of blue, red, green and tan are seen.

In black and white also they are worn with black or sand-colored veils, either of a plain mesh with a border or in all-over figured designs.

Many of these designs are rather bizarre in effect, for they are woven to represent almost everything under the sun—in fact, old Sol himself is represented—the setting sun being a favored pattern.

On a black honeycomb mesh there is a spider's web, with Madam Spider waiting for her prey—in this instance a glance from the passer-by.

Butterflies, dragon flies, bees, lady bugs and insects of all varieties are appropriated to adorn the fashionable veil of the moment. Sometimes the illusion is disconcerting. Imagine seeing a lifelike, red, spoted lady bug crawling over the fair cheek of a demure maid.

If you were a man, and didn't know that Dame Fashion had decreed that such insects be worn, wouldn't you consider it your duty to inform the lady of the bug's presence, or would your impulse be to brush it off?

Reptiles, such as snakes and lizards, are also allowed to rest against the cheeks of the modern beauties. While decidedly fashionable, one cannot truthfully say that they inspire admiration.

Veils are lovely, and should be worn this spring, but be careful in the selection of your designs. Rather lean toward the conservative—they are always in good taste and are wonderfully becoming as well.

FASHIONS AND FADS.

Smocking and shirring are both seen on the new cloths.

Middies will be more than ever in favor for the young girl.

The crepe most in demand is a crepe with the nub stripes.

Black and white promises to be a striking favorite among color schemes. Colors themselves will be soft and quiet, with no hint of the futurist about them.

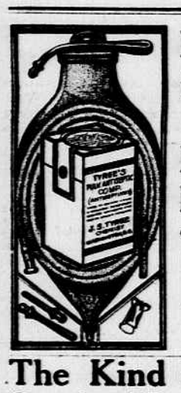
The old-fashioned pointed and buttoned-up basque appears.

It is suggested that we shall soon have ribbon-trimmed dresses.

Millinery for the early spring is of the severely tailored style.

Long princess effects are expected to rival the round, full skirts.

One may now have a raincoat that folds up into pocket size.



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Don't stay gray! Look young! Either prepare the tonic at home or get from any drug store a 50-cent bottle of "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound." Thousands of folks recommend this ready-to-use preparation, because it darkens the hair beautifully and removes dandruff, stops scalp itching and falling hair; besides, no one can possibly tell, as it darkens so naturally and evenly. You moisten a sponge or soft brush with it, drawing this through the hair, taking one small strand at a time. By morning the gray hair disappears; after another application or two, its natural color is restored and it becomes thick, glossy and lustrous, and you appear years younger.

How to Treat Croup Externally

Rub Vick's "Vap-O-Rub" Salve well on the throat and chest for a few minutes, then cover with a warm flannel cloth. Keep the covering loose around the neck that the soothing medicated vapors arising may loosen the choking phlegm and relieve the difficult breathing. One application at bedtime insures against a night attack. 25c, 50c, or $1.00. At druggists.

THE GENUINE HAS THIS TRADE MARK "VAPORUB"

VICK'S Croup and Pneumonia SALVE

Freckles

February and March Bring Out Unsightly Spots. How to Remove Easily.

The woman with tender skin dreads February and March because they are likely to cover her face with ugly freckles. No matter how thick her veil, the sun and winds have a strong tendency to make her freckle.

Fortunately for her peace of mind the recent discovery of a new prescription, othine—double strength—makes it possible for even those most susceptible to freckles to keep their skin clear and white. No matter how stubborn a case of freckles you have, the double strength othine should remove them.

Get an ounce from your druggist and banish the freckles. Money back if it fails.

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Says Vinol Creates Strength.

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