

**BUTLER PLANS  
HOME-COMING AT  
EARLHAM GAME**

**Special Features to Mark  
Welcome to Alumni and  
Visitors.**

The complete program for Saturday, Oct. 22, which has been designated as homecoming day at Butler College, has been announced by the faculty committee in charge. The Butler-Earlham football game, which will be the feature of the occasion, is only one of a series of entertainments which the committee has devised for the benefit of the host of alumni and visitors who will be on hand and the homecoming this year, from advance indications will be the most successful in the history of the school.

The doors of the college will be thrown wide open throughout the day and beginning at 10 o'clock the program will be on. The student body and the many present-day problems of the home are solved by working on the budget that Mrs. Hooper has evolved and found practical. Follow them down for an interesting review of their home life and learn to meet the conditions of the high cost of living with them.

**THURSDAY.**

"There is a good deal of shopping to be done today, Helen," said her grandmother as she was leaving for school. "I wish you would come home as early as you can; so I will be able to get into town in time to do it. I don't like to leave the house alone, and ordering over the telephone hasn't been entirely satisfactory."

"The man at the market told me to tell you that he had a lot of fine apples that were selling very cheap," said Roger. "I wish you would get some, grandma. I'm dying for some baked apples and apple sauce, and this is the time of year we usually have so much of it."

"Do you think you could put in that pane of glass in the cellar window if I order the glass, Roger?" inquired his grandmother. "Oh, shall I tell them to send a man to mend it?"

"We've spent such a lot of money this week on the housework that we don't want to have that bill, too."

"I like that," said Roger, boisterously.

"When she was perfectly willing to have father spend a whole \$12 on a dress for her."

"I sent it back, didn't I?" retorted Helen. "Just because I thought it was awfully to spend that much money on a dress for me and not that I didn't like it, either."

"Well, I'm going to mend the basement window for the same reason," laughed Roger. "Order the glass and I'll put it in. I wonder how it ever got broken."

"The ice man bumped it and cracked it the very day Betty got sick," said Helen. "If it hadn't been around she would have made a good soap container on the crack, and then I wouldn't have fallen out, but would have lasted for a long time. Now we have to buy a whole new pane."

"It's a wonder you didn't notice it when it happened, Roger," observed his grandmother. "He never notices anything unless mother tells him," said Helen sweetly.

"I bet he'll be surprised at all the things he hasn't done in the last three

weeks just because she hasn't been around."

"What, for instance?" stormed Roger. "Oh, there are so many I haven't time to count them all," said Helen, hopping airily down the front steps followed by her grandmother.

"Now, children," called their grandmother after them, "don't you quarrel with your mother when you are having your time to school. Your mother will probably be downstairs next week and everything will be all straightened out again."

At the door Helen and Roger had gone. Mrs. Hooper's mother went out into the pantry to make a list of the things that were needed. Most of the supplies were running very low, because she had kept on using everything without adding a little to each staple every week, as Mrs. Hooper to keep any one article from ever

running out.

Her flour and sugar, and rice and beans and spices were almost completely used up, and the tea and coffee were both low, so that she realized this would have to plan to market economically at the butchers and for her fruit and vegetables because she would have to spend so much of the week's allowance for groceries.

She was having a nervous time, ever suddenly having to stop and try to balance things in the middle of the week because she never permitted her supplies to all run out at once, but her mother was confronted with the problem that annoys many housekeepers who are trying to live within a limited income and who really conscientiously follow their budgets. When she started to list in the grocery store, she found she had to provide the necessary grocery supplies following to be bought at the butcher shop: Four lambs' kidneys at 8 cents each; two pounds of veal for stew at 3 cents a pound; a pound of sausage meat at 30 cents; one pound of chopped lean beef at 45 cents; one-half pound of bacon at 45 cents; a quarter of a pound of soft pork at 34 cents, and four pounds of a quartered of lamb at 40 cents for dinner on Sunday. At the fish shop she was given one-third of a pound of halibut cod for 10 cents, two pounds of halibut at 40 cents a pound, and two pounds of weak fish at 32 cents a pound. For the dairy supplies she allowed herself two pounds of table butter at 50 cents and a pound of cream at 33 cents and two dozen eggs at 50 cents, besides the regular supply of milk that was delivered daily.

She had to go to the vegetable and fruit from the fruit closet and to use the cabbage and cauliflower that were now making their appearance in the vegetable garden.

They need toilet soap and tooth powder at the drug store and the laundry supplies needed replenishing—but with the two days' wages for the laundry out of the budget for the week again she

was still as she flew o'er its silver top.

The man, with a big lasso, Lassoed over the brim where the sky was dim.

And threw it around her shoe. So what could the poor cow do?

And since that night when the moon is bright.

You can see the Milky Way, Which the big Moon Man with his milk-can can.

Has sprinkled with curds and whey, All wrinkled and crinkled like spray.

Oh, the little stars blink and they twinkle and drink.

And the old Cow gives a moo, As the Man in the Moon with his silver spoon.

Travels the whole sky thro' Sprinkling the milky dew.

And the farmer's wife gave a sigh as she finished her song, for she was very fond of the spotted cow, and, of course, she didn't believe the Man in the Moon would ever let her come back, for how was he to make Green Cheese if he didn't have milk and cream?

"The last time I saw the Cow that Jumped Over the Moon," said Little Puss Junior, "she had the rheumatism and could only dance a bit on the meadow. She didn't dare to try for a jump over the moon, although the cat played on the saddle and the little dog barked and the fish ran away with the spoon, just as they do in the first rhyme."

"Of course, this is New Mother Goose Land, and everything here is so different, even the Mother Goose Rhymes." After that he said good-bye and went upon his way with his faithful comrade, Goosy, Goosy Gander.—Copyright, 1921.

(To be continued.)

**DAILY FASHION HINTS.**

By David Cope

Well, as I told you in the last story, the farmer's wife opened the door and asked Puss Junior to enter, but before he did so he asked if he might bring Goosy Gander in, who, you remember, was still sitting on the roof of the red barn because he was afraid of the farmer's dog.

So the farmer's wife tided him up, and the Goosy Gander flew down and went into the house with Puss Junior, and when they were all seated around the table eating cookies the farmer's wife asked Puss if he had been up to the moon lately. "For a minute," he thought, "you might have seen our spotted cow!" Puss looked so puzzled that she began to recite this poem, a sort of New Mother Goose Land poetry, in a singsong way:

Oh, children dear, you have heard the tale

Of the cow that jumped over the moon, But you've never heard how that Bovine Bird.

As the dish ran away with the spoon, Was caught by the Man in the Moon.

Well, just as she flew o'er its silver top,

The man, with a big lasso, Lassoed over the brim where the sky was dim.

And threw it around her shoe. So what could the poor cow do?

And since that night when the moon is bright.

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Altogether, while very new and fashionable, it is a thoroughly practical and charming gown, possibly not for one but many types of women to wear. A combination that is sure to be an attention to the town, its advance of a touch of brilliant color, and of the use of two materials. The latter makes it so much more possible to make over an old gown or to utilize a short length in a new.

**INGROWN TOE NAIL.**

How to Toughen Skin so Nail Turns Out Itself

There is nothing more refreshing for baby than a warm bath with Cuticura Soap. If his skin is irritated or rashy gently touch any irritation with Cuticura Ointment after bathing.

Cuticura Talcum is also excellent for baby's skin.

Sample Pack Free by Mail. Address: Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. 150, Malden 45, Mass. Solvents—Soaps—Ointments—Bath and Bed Remedies—Cuticura Soap shaves without mug.

There was an address by the president of the national association, James E. Edgerton of Lebanon, Tenn., who has been in Washington at the national unemployment conference, who spoke of the work of the conference and discussed labor conditions throughout the United States.

The general counsel of the association, James E. Emery of Washington, D. C., spoke on tax questions and on pending legislation in Congress.

It is the custom of the national association to give luncheons for its members in each State, at which its officers speak instead of holding an annual convention or delegates from the State.

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