

Care Advised in Giving Sun Bath to Baby

Too-Strong Rays Likely To Cause Burn, Is Warning.

By OLIVE ROBERTS BARTON
Dr. A. R. Dafoe, physician to the Dionne quintuplets, discussing sunlight in "Parents' Magazine," warns mothers of very fair-skinned babies and young children, that sun-bathing is not a "fool-proof" blanket prescription." He said "some little ones, especially those with very fair complexions and light hair, have skin which burns easily in the direct rays of strong sunlight. Sunbathing should take sunbath treatment only when the direct rays of the sun are softened and radiated by clouds, or what is called skyshine, obtained on the north side of a building. This diffused light and the movement of the air on bare skin is truly beneficial."

Consult a doctor about sun-bathing your child. Use caution and discretion if you would have your baby get the greatest benefit of the sun's rays.

Examine Child's Pigment

This, I am sure, will be of interest to many mothers, especially those whose children have begun to break out in tiny water blisters on hot days. Adults, too, of fair complexion, who have not already discovered the sun's rays does to them, may be enlightened.

I know of a young woman of twenty-five, also a man of sixty, who never can go out on a bright summer day without large-brimmed hats. Summer to them spells misery.

And so it seems advisable to study one's children for pigment, the coloring matter in skin cells that protects both skin and body. The darker the skin, the less hazard of exceptional sunburn.

Most Will Toughen

Most children will toughen against the sun. But there still remains that exception to the rule, the extremely fair one. The shaded sunlight, so to speak, is best for him when playing.

It is not only the skin that suffers in these cases, but other things can happen as well. Just what harm too-long or too-hot applications of Old Sol can do to the body must be explained by the experts.

Although it is known that sunshine is necessary for health and growth, it is also known that enough is enough, and that time and place play a part.

When Changing Environment

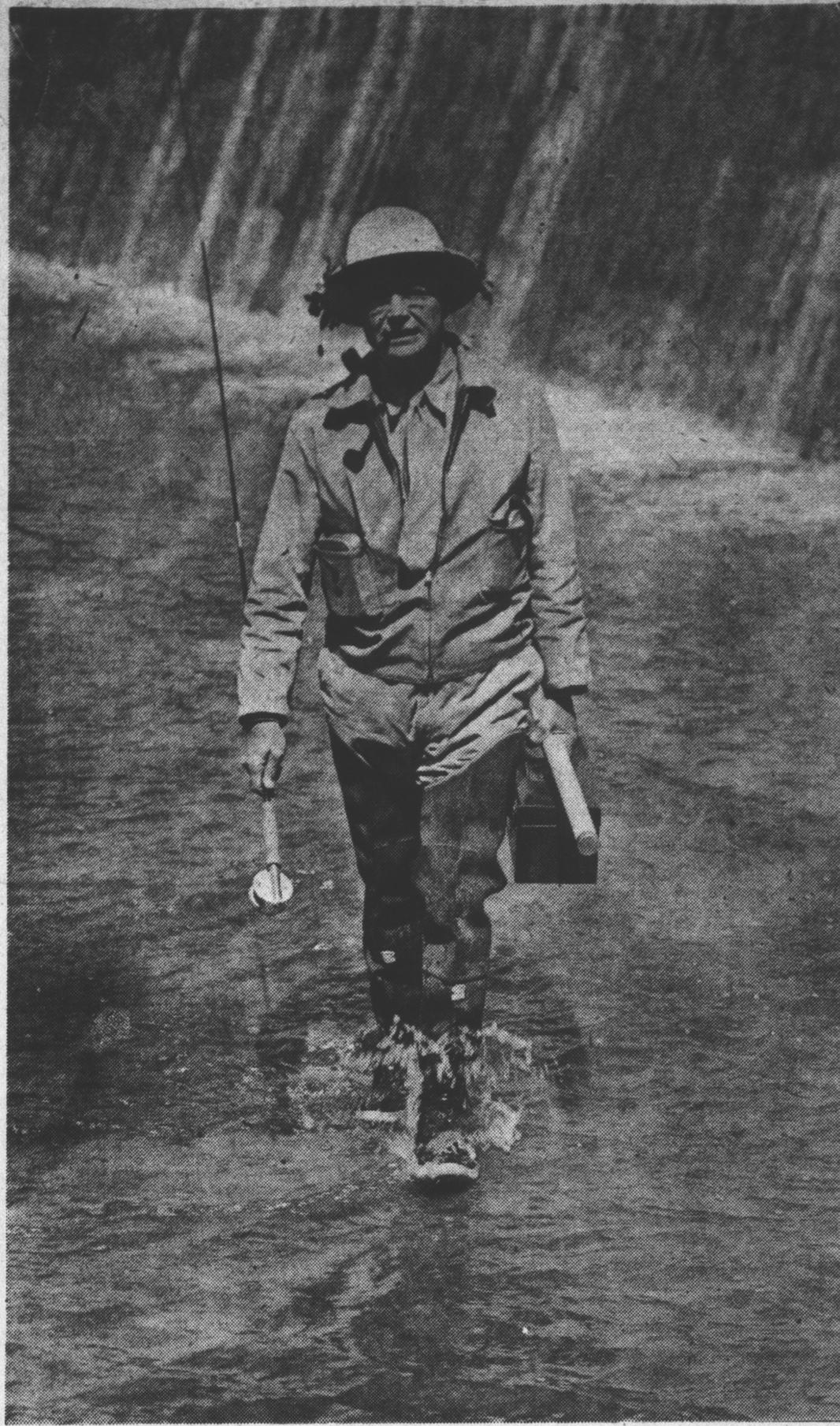
It is not wise, for instance, to take a child to high mountains where the air is thin, and then suddenly turn him loose for all day minus a hat or protective clothing; or any place indeed where the sun's rays of the sun are not filtered by air density, without early precautions.

The child should always wear a hat and be gradually accustomed to the new environment. He probably needs the very rays he is getting, and mountain air is a grand thing; but the wise mother will watch the first few plunges into the bright sun.

As for the baby and his sun baths, the best time of day in this latitude is before 11 and after 3, generally speaking, not that the sun is high. As the good doctor says, "Always has its benefits." Except for short periods, on hot days baby should be in the shade. There is no use cooking him. It is always best to let your doctor direct mothers.

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Latest Fashions From Local Shops



By MARJORIE BINFORD WOODS
Times Fashion Editor

Trout streams are beckoning and there's scarcely a man alive who won't be tempted to succumb to the lure of the fly rod and the come-hither spell of the fishing kit, when the season opens at midmonth, June 15.

Masters of the art are well aware that trout have a phobia against white shirt fronts. Hence, the Indiana State Division of the Izaak Walton League of America has adopted fishing togs that are the last word in stream equipment.

William F. Collins (above), state president of the league, was caught knee-deep in boots on his way to try out a new fly rod and stopped to explain the outfit as it has been developed by the followers of that genteel art.

Trousers, shirt and jacket all are of Kramerton khaki, a sun-

fast, shrink-proof, gabardine that is practically snag-proof. Fly fishermen sometimes get in up to their waist, he explained. Like mules that seem to believe the best grass grows on the other side of the fence, those belted the biggest bass always is on the other side of the stream, with deep water between. So out they go, regardless of depth. For this reason the jacket and shirt have high pockets to keep tobacco out of the water. And the pockets must be large. In one they carry fly books, in another pipe, cigarettes and matches. In still another a map, possibly; a tin of dry fly dope, an extra line, some leaders of fine Siusa, a lunch, pocketbook and fishing license.

WADING, often without hip boots, gives even the best cloth a severe tryout. With the new field suit now worn by this nation-ally-known fraternity of Waltonians, Collins said, they can always come back to camp in the same clothes without feeling they have been poured into a straight jacket or the shrinkage of their fishing tops.

Many of the wives of the Waltonians have adopted the skirt and jacket and have their slacks cut to resemble jodhpurs.

The sun helmet has a rim of soft cloth to hold the multitude of flies and baits every true fisherman believes to be a positive necessity. In a pinch the open crown is used for storing other fishing junk, dear to the heart of a Waltonian. At least that part of the clothing gear is usually kept out of the water unless a mossy stone upsets the program, he said.

Good to Eat

If ten women were to prepare veal for dinner tomorrow night, I daresay that nine of them would order veal cutlet. This is true because veal is an excellent hot weather meat, a favorite in most households and easy to prepare.

So here's a way of solving the situation of having just plain veal cutlet and serving it in a new and exciting way.

It's a small pineapple for this veal dish (you'll only need $\frac{1}{2}$ cup for the meat) and use the remainder of the pineapple for dessert the following day.

A JUNE VEAL CUTLET FOR 6

2½ lbs. veal cutlet
1½ teaspoons salt
½ teaspoon pepper
½ cup flour
½ cup butter
1 cup canned tomato
½ cup fresh pineapple, diced
½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
1 tablespoon parsley, chopped

Cut the veal in six portions.

Sprinkle with salt, pepper and dip lightly into flour.

Melt butter in skillet.

Add veal and fry gently until both sides are brown.

Add tomatoes, pineapple and Worcestershire sauce. Cover and cook slowly for 30 minutes or until tender. Serve it at once garnished with chopped parsley.

Really, this recipe gives veal a lovely flavor and is well worth trying.

FLAPPER FANNY SAYS:



Baby talk in most serious when it comes to babies and such things.

Lists Workers for Children's July 4 Party

Movie Indorsers' Head Names Circle Scene of Event.

The thirteenth annual Fourth of July party for underprivileged children is to be given by the Indianapolis Chapter, Indiana Indorsers of Photo Plays at the Circle Theater.

Mrs. David Ross, president, today announced her appointments. They are Mrs. C. J. Finch, general chairman, and the following committee heads:

Mrs. Thomas Denmerry, house and picture; Mrs. E. L. Burnet, refreshments; Mrs. W. D. Keenan, publicity; Mrs. Bessie Hart, flag and procession; Mrs. Carl Day, finance.

Mrs. Alice Allison, Boy and Girl Scouts; Mrs. Rufus O'Harrow, G. A. R. veterans' transportation; Mrs. W. H. Hodges, music; Mrs. Walter Geisel, hostesses; Mrs. Wolf Sussman, Veterans' Hospital, Salvation Army and Jewish Community; Mrs. L. H. Fouts, Mayer Chapel and American Settlement; Mrs. Robert Motters, Indianapolis Orphans Home; Mrs. Luther O'Hare, Mrs. Mrs. O'Hare, Mrs. Lucy Murray and Boys' Club; Mrs. Burnet, Catholic Community Center; Mrs. H. P. Willerth, City Hospital children, and Mrs. E. J. Hueber, playgrounds.

Married in Recent Ceremony



Mrs. Lester J. Mignerey (right) before her recent marriage was Miss Elaine Henricksen. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Henricksen, 3609 Orchard-av. Mrs. Mignerey is a member of the Indianapolis Times advertising staff.

The GLAMOROUS ADVENTURE

by Jean Seivwright

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BEGIN HERE TODAY
Gail Everett, ambitious to become a designer, comes to New York and finds a studio of luck. A life by name Lizzette, president of an exclusive shop, Madame proves temperamental and difficult to work for.

Derek Hargreaves, young artist, is interested in Gail and offers her friend, a girl friend, that she sees Dick Searles, whose sister, Rosemary, was her roommate at school.

Meanwhile, in Arizona, Mark Chapman, long a wanderer, returns to find his old home in the hands of the Travers Mining Co. Mark suspects the deers is crooked. He doesn't know the whereabouts of his niece, Gail, the rightful owner of the property. Rex Hall, Madame Lizzette's son, is representing the Travers company.

Mark confides in his friend, old Jed Hosker, and writes a letter to Gail. Derek, who has been in love with Gail, asks Gail to marry him and she agrees. Later a misunderstanding comes between them. Lucille Travers tells Derek that Gail is to marry Dick Searles.

Gillie Harding comes to see Gail and she shows him the letter offering to buy the Arizona ranch.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO
IMPATIENTLY Rex Hall glanced through the mall, for his boss had been called away to one of the mines and Rex was in charge of the office. There was no letter from Gail Everett. She should have written by this time, even if only to make further inquiries about her property.

He thought of his mother's erratic handwriting on one of the envelopes and opened it, more from a sense of duty than pleasure.

So the new designer had done some splendid work for the fashion show. Madame Lizzette wrote, "Of course I haven't praised her, for the moment you show them that their work is good they demand a raise or go to some rival firm."

Rex wrinkled his forehead. Why did his mother act like that? Then, as he read the next paragraph, he suddenly gasped.

"WHY, Gail," began Natalie as she sat on a park bench, glad of the little breeze that flattened the blossoms-covered trees, "now that you're so rich, I don't suppose you'll bother about your old friends any more. But before our paths separate I have something to confess."

"Why, Natalie, this money won't make any difference except that I may be able to do a few nice things for my friends. You'll always be one of them," Gail said.

"I don't know. Miss Carolie may have her home address."

"Well, I guess there's nothing for me to do but send in my resignation before I'm fired. At least I'm back in New York. I am that old old Cal for that. Things are better and I'll get something to do—but this time I'm choosing my own job. I don't want any interference from you."

"WHEN the janitor told me that I was sure this Rex Hall must have some connection with the firm, so I called up, and some one who was evidently too busy to discover my credentials told me he was in the western office, but was expected in New York shortly."

"Well, that's clear up another point, when he said the Travers company was back off that offer. Of course my uncle's letter confirmed it, too."

"But, Gail, Mrs. Barton gave me \$25 for the information I gave her. Her it is! I thought I wanted it, but I've been worried ever since I took it."

"Oh, Natalie, put it in your handbag and don't think any more about it. Come on, let's go home. Rosemary she showed me she can call me tonight."

"A S they started back to the club house, Natalie asked, "What does Derek say about your fortune?"

"I haven't seen him or heard from him for days," Gail whispered in a

hurried voice. What was the use of blushing any longer about Derek's neglect?

"You haven't given him up, have you?" Natalie remembered what Rosemary had said about Derek's devotion to her friend.

"It looks as though he's given me up."

"I don't believe it. He's crazy about you. Maybe he's awfully busy with his portrait."

"Not too busy to take Lucille Travers for a walk down the avenue and buy her orchids!"

"What? Who told him up?"

"I saw it. That afternoon I walked over to meet you at the office I saw them together. Oh, well, I don't have to stay in New York now. I'm going to go out to Arizona and get acquainted with that uncle of mine. He must be rather a good sort because he was so anxious to protect me from the Travers crowd."

"BUT that's a shame! I thought Derek and you would make such a grand pair—he with his art and you with your designing. Surely you're not going to give up your plans for a shop of your own!"

"Perhaps after a holiday in the West I may feel inspired to do something, but my experience in the fashion world hasn't been exactly what you'd expect."

"If you were on your own it would be different."

"Maybe," answered Gail rather listlessly.

They were silent as they walked toward the clubhouse. Then Natalie said, "Gail, if it's all off with Derek and you, why don't you marry Dick Searles? He's crazy about you, and think how the family adore you! Artists are all very well for lovers, but give me a substantial man with plenty of common sense every time!"

Gail smiled, but as they crossed the threshold of the clubhouse she felt there was something to what Natalie had said. Married to Dick Searles she would know security. It was ecstasy to be with Derek, and yet must there be heartbreak, too?"

"OH, there's Mrs. Morton!" ex-claimed Gail, as she saw an oddly dressed woman with unusual dark eyes turn away from the desk. "Don't you want to meet her?"

"Yes—but it's you she's come to see," Natalie said. "I don't imagine she knows any one else in this place."

"Oh, Gail Everett, I'm so glad to see your hand," Mrs. Morton grasped the girl's hand.

"Who is your friend?" She favored Natalie with a kindly smile as Gail introduced them.

"Well, Miss Preston, I hope I'll see you some other time," Mrs. Morton said.

"But, I want to talk to Miss Everett on business for a few moments."

"Certainly," Natalie left and went on to her room.

"I suppose you know what my business is?" Mrs. Morton continued.

"What have you done to Derek?" My grandchild's portrait is not going well at all, and he's cross as a bear. What have you to say for yourself?"

Mrs. Morton was silent for a few minutes. Then, as she left

she said to Gail, "Eat humble pie."

"Yes, I'll eat it," Gail replied.

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