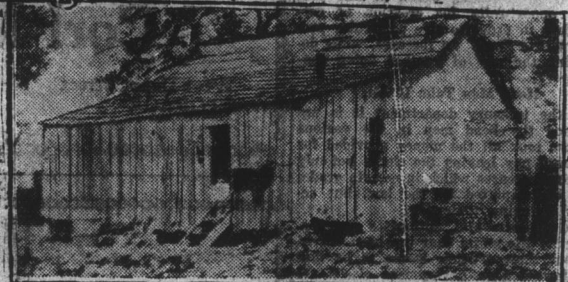


POOR FARM HAND DEFIES WEALTH IN A STRUGGLE TO RETAIN HIS BOY

Boy's Love Scorns Riches



Eight-year-old Jimmy Noles (upper left) would rather sleep with his father on a pile of rags in a shack at the Fulton county (Ky.) poorhouse than go into the home of a wealthy Chicago family that wants to adopt him. County authorities are watching Bert Noles, the poverty-stricken father, with the eyes of hawks, prepared to snatch the lad out of his unsanitary surroundings at the first opportunity. "Nobody's gonna get my boy," vows Bert Noles (lower right). The shack is seen below.

Tiptonville, Tenn., July 18.—The whole world, it seems, has turned against Bert Noles. Everybody is trying to take his boy away from him. Millions of dollars' worth of churches, even the courts—are aligned against the poor, uneducated farm-hand in his fight to keep his eight-year-old son, Jimmy.

Jimmy Noles, whose home is a 10-foot shack; whose bed is a pile of rags; whose father, who used to be club-footed and hobbled along on the outside of his ankles, but who now—thanks to the Sunday school folks and kindly doctors—ramps around like other kids; Jimmy Noles, whom the nurses in Chicago fought to wait upon, and who for weeks kept a big city laughing and crying at the things he said and did!

Jimmy Noles, bright as a shiny new dollar, thought he never has spent a day in school!

Jimmy Noles, whose smile poverty and pain haven't been able to erase! A score of wealthy families are asking for the chance to pay their love and riches at his feet!

It was one Sunday morning more than a year ago. The Young Peoples' Association of the Methodist Church here discovered it would be idle to await unless something, or someone, turned up on which it could center its philanthropic activities.

One of its 50-odd members told of running across a "little clubfooted boy whose parents were destitute."

The class investigated. Hugh E. Whitford, vice president, thus describes Jimmy, as he found him:

"He was a ragged, dirty youngster, surrounded by poverty of the meanest sort, yet cheerful in spite of his handicap."

"He was waiting on his sick step-mother when we arrived at the shack. She told us he could pick 75 pounds of cotton any day."

Much persuasion finally gained Bert Noles' permission for the class to send Jimmy to Chicago to have his deformed feet straightened.

The Bible students raised the money for his fare and \$50 more, bathed him, cut his shaggy hair and decked him out from head to foot.

Dr. R. W. Griffin of Tiptonville got into communication with Dr. Stevenson, a surgeon at St. Luke's Hospital, Chicago. The latter offered to treat Jimmy free.

And the boy was tagged and actually addressed to the hospital and sent on his way alone, in care of a Pullman conductor. That was in May, 1923.

The hospital staff fell head over heels in love with Jimmy. The newspapers "played" him and his smile.

Men and women of wealth came to see him. Several families, right from the start, wanted to adopt him.

For weeks and weeks Jimmy sat with his legs in a plaster cast.

One day a nurse was adjusting the cast—a painful operation Jimmy was bearing without a whimper. He noticed the nurse was crying.

"Why are you crying," asked Jimmy, "when it is my feet that are hurting?"

Last January his feet were pronounced cured. For the first time in his life, Jimmy walked like other boys.

There was a "going out" party for him when he left. Nurses, doctors, his wealthy callers loaded him down with toys. A limousine drove him to the depot.

Jimmy and his father had dropped out of sight. But inquiries revealed they

were back in their shack near Hickman, Fulton county, Ky., just across the line.

Judge Charles D. Nugent and a community nurse went out to see them.

The stepmother was in the last stages of tuberculosis. Jimmy was sleeping on his pallet of rags in another corner of the room.

The family was sent to the poorhouse. A few days later Judge Nugent went out there with the intention of sending Jimmy to an orphan's home, from which he could be adopted.

"But I just couldn't do it," the judge said later. "He seemed to love his stepmother so. He waited on her as tenderly as anybody could."

After the stepmother had died, the Bible class wanted to take Jimmy away from the poorhouse. Noles wouldn't let him leave. He was afraid they would kidnap him.

The men finally took Jimmy into Hickman. Bert Noles went, too. He and Jimmy, all dressed up again, spent a week at Tiptonville, the guests of the class.

Then Bert, conscious that trouble was brewing, took his boy to Calvin Kellison's isolated farm, six miles out of Hickman. There he is helping Kellison "lay by" his crop.

There the interviewer found him watering the stock.

"Nobody's gun to take my boy away," he declared. "I ain't going to let nobody have him. He's mine. And he's going to stay mine as long as I live."

"He's the only one I got now."

And meanwhile, as the fight still wages, Jimmy is having a good time with the old blind pony, and "Bob," the hound, the kittens and the little tame ducks, while wealthy families await opportunity to adopt and educate the boy.

Ready for a Snow Bath



It's summer. And summer is the season for bathing suits. So what does it matter if there happens to be a little snow in winter National Park? The three thinniest girls on the toboggan—winners in a Tacoma, Wash., snow-making contest—are Gladys Bennett, Grace Copland and Myrtle Elliott.



The WELL DRESSED AMERICAN

Taking a Peep Into a Man's Vacation Bag

WHAT wearing apparel shall I take on my vacation? August is considered the hottest month of summer. Vacations are most desirable then, and this year the late spring automatically moved many vacation periods ahead; therefore, it is agreed that August, more than any other month, will see large registrations in Relaxation and Diversion.

What clothing is necessary both before and after the vacation? Consider the necessary things in the way of wearing apparel for these respective activities. Have the right things at the right time, and when you return, the contents of the bags can go directly to the laundry, and the tailor for washing and pressing.

As you scan your present list of friends undoubtedly many names are there because of a simple vacation introduction. The man with an eye for the future will readily understand the value of friends in business, and many dollars have been saved or put to good advantage through valuable contacts created at vacation resorts. Good clothes, worn well, play an important part in inspiring friendships. Why not be on the safe side. Dress yourself "for place," or "to show?"

At the shore a man dons white flannels, a dark coat, sport shoes, and gets a kick out of it. A comfortable suit of knickers at the mountains or country makes him peaceful in mind. To give harmony to these respective attires he includes in his bags collars, both stiff and soft; pleated, soft white and plain colored shirts with regimental striped cravats and bat wings bows. Sport shoes for the beach and mountains; silk hose and wool, Panamas and those present-vogue lightweight felts which have become popular despite the hot weather.

Men's bathing suits have kept pace with women's water garb, so far as trimness is concerned. Males, too, have become addicted to the sensible one-piece suit which gives the appearance of a two-garment suit with its shirt over-lapping the trunks. These suits go on and off in a jiffy. The responsibility being entirely on a single button on the left shoulder strap. Many beaches



The "Pull-Over" Sweater, a Real Vacation Need

at the shore resorts and ponds in the country because of their pebbly bottoms make bathing shoes a comfortable necessity.

There is nothing so comfortable as vacationing in knickers. The free, roomy feeling around the legs makes lying on the beach, hiking mountain trails or wandering through country lanes a pleasure. Three smart style combinations which include knickers have been seen at all vacation resorts this season: The blue coat with white knickers, the white shirt and white knickers, with a blue sleeveless jumper, and a full sleeve jumper with blue crash lined knickers. The sensible man will wear ties, hose and shoes to harmonize with any of the above materials. Those who desire a trifle more formality will find comfort and good appearance in the full lined suit, the pongee and the mohair.

Be sure to have a carton of matches in your bag. Sometimes they are as scarce at summer resorts as double-portioned of dessert. Take along your favorite pipe, a can of tobacco, or plenty of your particular brand of cigarettes. Country stores do not carry varied stocks, and it's like having cream—you get accustomed to one brand. If you're carrying golf clubs, stick an umbrella in the bag, too. Uncle Jupiter Pluvius knows no vacation.

The "pull-over" sweater seems to have been accepted by men as necessary these days. In principle it goes over the head, even as the old-fashioned "turtle-neck" sweater, but is fashioned of the lighter wool. Its V-neck, edged with contrasting color, gives the wearer a certain smartness, but not at the expense of comfort or practicality.

E. B. Kuppenheimer & Co. Men's Annual Tailorings



Fashion Notes

from

New York and Paris Style Bureau

By Miss Katharine Harford, Fashion Director
REAL SILK INSTITUTE, at Indianapolis

NATURE GUIDES THE HAND OF FASHION

NOBODY knows where fashions come from, nor why they come when they do. A mode that originates in France may be accepted without question, a little later, by American women. On the other hand, there have been many times when French fashions reached our shores, made a brief and inauspicious appearance in a very few exclusive shops, and ended their career in flat failure. The launching of modes is ever a gamble.

How many of the women who make daily pilgrimages to the shops and request peach and dawn and Indian skin hostery have ever paused to wonder where and under what circumstances these shades came into existence?

It is now rather commonly known that the "nude" hostery originated in France, in connection with the all-black mode that swept Paris two years ago, but an amusing story, which may be worth much or little, credits the American designer with some of the newer and slightly gayer hostery shades. The story goes this way: Until a few seasons ago it was not thought de rigueur for feminine loveliness to reveal one devastating mark from the sun even at the end of an entire season on the beach. This, one can well understand, made life in the ocean waves very difficult. It meant, often, long-sleeved, high-necked bathing suits (which we never did view in the better fashion magazines without a little smile), it meant high, cumbersome stockings, it meant barem veils (whimsical things they were), and it meant, always and everywhere, a parcel of some description.

All at once, out of a clear sky, things changed for the better. Just as it had previously been a social error to appear sunburned, it now became equally imperative to wear a coat of tan. The day of the white or peach-and-cream indoor girl had passed, and in her place came a doubly charming person with skin of soft pink; pale tan, or even, sometimes, golden brown. And this change of mode was attended with a new comfort and freedom from restriction. The sleeveless bathing suit meant, rolled stockings; the harem veil was tucked away, and heretofore carefully protected complexions joyously defied the elements. Nature did her mighty uttering worst!

An atmosphere of salt spray and soft wind, and the delicious warmth of the sun radiated from the feminine personality. This was utterly charming so far as sports costumes were concerned, and not until the formal afternoon costume or dance frock presented itself, with its accompanying fragile hostery, did a serious problem arise. What, oh what, of the softly pinked, lightly tanned, or dully bronzed ankle beneath the sheers of sheer nude hostery? What, indeed!

It is an ill wind—given a mild summer wind off the ocean—that blows nobody good, and in this case it blew a mode straight across the country, from coast to coast. To the country came the idea of hostery to match varying degrees of tanned skin—the pink, the tan, the brown—the out-of-door woman a simple and charming solution of her difficulties, and to all of us a much-needed color note in a season of severe clothes!

Real Silk Institute—Page 1

He Wins by a Nose



Henry Lewis, trick billiardist, said to be the only man in the world to play billiards with his nose is here photographed making a simple shot, although he is capable of much harder.

A Bathing Beach Campaign!



Chicago chorus girls have started a new fad for the bathing beaches. They are wearing small likenesses of their favorite presidential candidates when they put on their swimming suits. This is Peggy O'Day of the "Artists and Models" company, who shows here that she is going to vote for John W. Davis.



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HOW TO TRAVEL MODISHLY

WE CAN scarcely think of a summer season that will be complete without traveling of some sort. For the woman who plans an ocean trip, down to her who travels only a day or two to reach the mountain or seaside resort, the problem of crowding the maximum of clothes into the minimum of space, and those few clothes suitable to any one of a number of occasions, and not too readily spoiled by packing, looms threatening on the horizon.

And, of course, the week end is really only a glorified form of travel. And here, again, the problem of making a very limited wardrobe appear to the best advantage must be given deep thought.

For a number of reasons the three-piece costume appeals to us as particularly practical for traveling. First of all, the frock may be of silk or a lightweight fabric, and the three-quarter length coat of wool, so the traveler is prepared for any exigencies of weather. Then again, the coat of the costume may present a tailored man and do extremely well for public conveyances, while, when it is removed, the frock may reveal as delicate a fabric, and as semi-formal a design as one can imagine, so that one may be costumed inconspicuously for dinner en route, where tailored clothes would be decidedly out of the picture. The small felt hat, which is so smart for every daytime occasion, is especially desirable for traveling. And chamolles gloves, tan or black calfskin pumps, and hose of one of the tan tones, or a medium gray, should be selected.

A great part of the summer day may be costumed with sports clothes, and here, again, we might suggest, as a saving of space, that the plaited beige or gray skirt one wears with a sports blouse or sweater, by morning, may put on a long, sleeveless tunic blouse of matching crepe and do charmingly for tea. Chiffon scarfs and such accessories in a variety of colors, take up very little room, and give diversity in effect. For example, hat and scarf of pale green, with a gray frock one afternoon, and scarf and hose of yellow on another, will relieve any monotony that might come of wearing one costume several times.

For evening, if one can manage two gowns, one of beaded crepe and another of satin and lace, for informal dinners, would be our suggestion, for neither of these suffer particularly from packing. However, if but one gown can be included for evening wear, we would give preference to that of lace and satin, first, because this combination of tissues is especially good this season, and second, because it can be so treated as to serve at either a formal or an informal occasion better than any other type of gown. Here, again, accessories may furnish variation. Scarfs and little handkerchief bags of chiffon or tulle, in faint shades to match the illusion shades of hostery, such as flesh, lilac green, lavender and light blue, could be arranged in several combinations, and it is amazing how a variety of effects may be obtained through studied selections of modern costume jewelry.

With a little careful thought, and a surprisingly small number of changes, one may pass a week end or longer, as the case may be, with complete freedom from that unpleasant necessity of dignification the necessarily costumed woman so desires to avoid.