



MAKE OLD SKIRT DO

HANDY WHEN CALLER DROPS IN UNEXPECTEDLY.

The Woman Who Is Clever With Needle Can Turn Out Almost Any Novelty, and Have It in Fashion.

If you have a neat looking bodice you can make use of the old skirt, which is still wearable, and be ready for the sudden caller, the afternoon tea, the little evening party and so on. The kimono sleeve is a graceful detail which every day grows more insistent, while the collarless neck, devised for fair youth alone, is the privilege now of almost all ages. The sleeve short at the elbow, or a few



inches below it, is absolutely necessary for a dressy effect, and the very fairies themselves seem to be responsible for the few inches of guimpe and undersleeves that appear, so delicate are they in texture.

Appropos of these feminine details, the woman who is clever with needle and thread may turn out almost any novelty and have it in fashion. A variety of devices is used for lend-

NEW FASHIONS IN VEILS

White Ring Dot Net With Rings in Black, Are Very Popular.

Stylish and becoming are veils of white ring dot net with the rings in black and a fine black lace border to match.

The winter's veil shows large, octagonal meshes, sometimes plain, again with big woven dots.

Care should be exercised in wearing the veils or the nose sticking through the meshes gives a grotesque appearance.

The most becoming veil is a fine mixture of black and white, tiny black dots on white net being better than white on black. These have become known as the beauty veil because so many women wear them regardless of style.

Colored net veils to match hats are shown in the shops, but conservative women wear a black or white veil more often than any other kind.

Watch Worn Like a Cuff Button.

Some of the smart new motor coats have buttonholes worked in one cuff, and in these cuff buttonholes are inserted tiny watches which are held in place by a curved projection at the back—something like the back of an ordinary collar button. It is much easier to drop the eyes to one's cuffs to ascertain the correct time than to stop the automobile and take out a watch depending from a chain or fob. Another convenient watch is the desk watch, which has a thick back, slanted off toward the lower edge so that the watch rests at an angle of 30 degrees, making it much easier to read the time than when the watch face is flat on the desk top.

Sleeves.

The kimono sleeve is being seen in dresses and separate waists, also in many coats.

In dresses and waists there are the bishop sleeve, the sleeve with a little fullness above the elbow and the regulation shirtwaist type.

Automobile and evening wraps show both the peasant and the raglan sleeve, but for street garments the regulation cuff sleeve leads in favor.

For dressy costumes, the three-quarter-length sleeve is fashionable. In evening gowns the sleeve is elbow length or shorter. In tailor-made dresses and waists it is full length.

ing beauty to the soft extension that appears beyond the actual line of the bodice neck and sleeve bottoms—chiffon edged with a striking Persian cotton, a big holed net worked oddly with knitting wool, etc., while sometimes the guimpe and undersleeves are of a finely tucked silk muslin in virginal white. The loud effects once observed in waists—when sleeves were big and gaudy colors admired—are things of the past. The smart bodice, whether shirt waist or a more dressy affair, must have a certain chaste simplicity. You may call the quality maidly, but if you know what is what you will understand that this appearance is only achieved by the utmost art.

A draped waist of the sort shown in the illustration, of course, is made in some thin texture, suited to the folding about the figure and to the elegance of the model. Chiffon, marquisette, veiling, chiffon-satin, mouseline, mousseline, etc., are all desirable materials. There are also many airy fabrics of a cheaper sort which, combined with the right trimmings, would turn out a dainty waist of this kind with considerable dash—and among these may be recommended cotton and silk jacquard, cotton voile, and flowered muslin.

As pictured the waist is of chamois red chiffon, and an edge of the same about the décolletage of the chemisette. This detail itself is of white mousseline, and the lace is of a dull gold tinsel.

HANDY HOOK-AND-EYE BOX

If You Ever Hunted in Vain for Needed Fastener, You Will Appreciate This.

Have you ever hunted in vain for the special size of hook and eye you needed? If not, you are an abnormally neat woman, or one given to buttons or pins.

During that mad hunt through a badly mixed box of sewing utensils you doubtless vowed to have a separate hook-and-eye box forthwith. Then you promptly forgot.

The next time immediately hunt a number of card envelopes, and on the flap of each one sew a hook and eye to show the size and color within. Put these envelopes neatly in a small box and your miserable fishing days are over. There should be separate holders for cards of hooks and eyes, detached ones that have not been used and for those that have been ripped from a dress, as is the habit of some economical women.

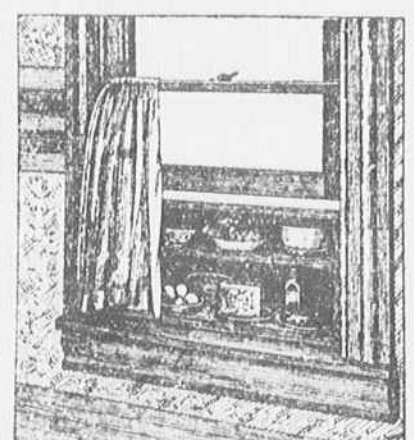
Small boxes with the hook sewed or pasted to the lid may take the place of an envelope, but take up more room and are less easily handled.

NEAT WINDOW STORAGE BOX

Receptacle for Keeping Food That Will Be Found of Especial Value in Winter.

The farmer's wife or the housewife in city apartments will find an outside window box very useful in winter.

A carpenter may be hired to do the work or the box may be "home made." Construct a box that will exactly fit outside a kitchen window, if possible on the north side. The box should come half way up the lower sash and



Handy Storage Box for Winter.

contain two deep shelves, and when the sash is raised the contents of these shelves are easily accessible. In very cold weather the sash may be left up, and thus the box becomes a part of the warmed room. A sash curtain will conceal it from the room.

Another convenient way is to hang a neat wooden box, well cleaned, on strong nails or spikes outside the window. A heavier box should have a tight-fitting hinged lid and be lined with asbestos paper to equalize extremes of temperature, while a lining of oilcloth will admit of easy cleaning. A shoe box would be good for this purpose. It might be painted the color of the house.

Mistake Some Women Make.

If only women knew what men really think of them, no woman would falsely believe that extravagance of attire added one-millionth part to her attractiveness.—Exchange.

Consul to Pango

By GERALD PRIME

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When Adam Hazeltine came from college a full-fledged A. B. and the winner of a prize in oratory, he brought with him two well developed ambitions. One of these—perhaps the one most fondly cherished—was to make himself so essential to the future of Jessica Haight that she could not build an air castle that did not include him as an occupant.

He believed that he had already made considerable progress toward the attainment of this premier ambition, and it inspired him with a robust determination to bring about the speedy realization of the other.

That other was the inextinguishable desire to serve his country as American representative in some foreign port—to be appointed to some consulate on the long list beginning at London. This latter ambition was something he had acquired at college, where he had specialized with direct reference to a future connection with Uncle Sam's diplomatic and consular service.

From the first his scheme to interest Jessica Haight in himself and his plans worked admirably. His campaign was so well ordered that she capitulated without going to the trouble of making even the conventional show of resistance.

Although his easy victory did not come as a surprise, Adam was properly elated; it would enable him to devote his undivided attention to the promotion of his remaining aspiration. Besides, he had secured a very energetic ally in the young woman who had professed herself willing to follow him to the end of the world.

Jessica's opportunity to become active in the matter came immediately. Judge Enoch Haight, her father, was the one man in New Thebes who could, if he would, exert a powerful influence in behalf of Adam's candidacy. Although the judge held no office, it was understood in New Thebes that, despite the changes brought about by civil service reform, he was still a power in the political world, quite enough so to land a consular appointment had he thus elected.

He was not so minded. Jessica was brought to a sudden realization of the fact at her first attempt to make him a party to the pretty scheme which she and Adam had devised. She had spent a good deal of time in thinking up a diplomatic introduction to the business, but when the moment came she couldn't recall a word of it and came out bluntly with a request that something handsome in the consular line be done for Mr. Hazeltine.

"Mr. Hazeltine!" he exclaimed, with amazement written all over his usually placid countenance. "What Hazeltine?"

And then it occurred to the fair promoter that there were at least three families of that name within the limits of New Thebes.

"Why, Adam, of course," she explained.

"Why of course?" he asked, with no apparent modification of his astonishment.

And now she recalled the fact that her father had been given no opportunity to become wise as to the honor which Adam proposed to confer on him. It was a trying situation, but she was a young woman of courage and far too well acquainted with her father to stand in awe of him.

"Oh, I supposed you were interested in him," she answered, with an excellent imitation of indifference, which did not deceive the judge for an instant. "You used to think him very bright, you know."

"He's outgrown it," he returned grimly.

"Very likely," she admitted placidly. "Still, he's spent years and years in preparing himself for the business, and I shouldn't think you'd like—like—"

"Like what?" he interrupted impatiently.

"Like interfering with his career," she said stoutly. Then, realizing the absurdity of her position, she laughed a little and paused to select a more vulnerable point of attack.

"I should think you would be glad to do a small thing like this—for my sake, if for no other reason," she went on.

"Jessica Haight," said her father, with the look of a man about to sentence one of his fellows to capital punishment. "I am a lawyer of average intelligence. I have never been accused of being lacking in the perceptive faculty, but if you will tell me what you are driving at I shall esteem it a personal favor."

"I do not know why I should," she returned, with her head in the air, "since you don't seem inclined to do me the slightest favor."

The old man said no more, but brought his breakfast to an abrupt close and set out for his office. Even before he stepped into the street, he exchanged his look of deep perplexity for one of keen and humorous appreciation. This became intensified as he covered the short distance between his house and his place of business, and by the time he reached the latter his smile was so expansive that the other half of the firm of Haight & Williams, who was the congressman from that district, looked up from his brief and de-

manded an accounting. The judge told the story from beginning to end and found in his partner a sympathetic sharer in the humor of the situation.

"Your little girl's all right," he chuckled gleefully. "Hadden't you better let me get something for the boy?"

"Not on your life!"

Mr. Williams was startled almost into seriousness. He tried it, but he couldn't recall another occasion on which his dignified partner had made use of such an expression.

"Why, why—" he stammered.

"Boy's all right, isn't he?"

"Couldn't be better."

"All satisfactory to you, isn't it?"

"Perfectly."

The congressman threw his cigar stub out of the window, tilted his chair against the wall at an angle that would have been precarious for one less expert and folded his arms.

"I don't know anything better," he said, dryly, "than to quote from your speech to Jessica. Here goes: 'I am a lawyer of average intelligence.'"

"Hold up!" broke in the judge. "Give me a chance to say that it's my turn to do a little trick and I want you to help me."

Whereupon he proceeded to unfold a scheme which appealed so strongly to his partner's sense of humor that he promised to co-operate in its development.

A few days later there came to Adam by mail a franked notice to the effect that he had been named as consul to Pango, and that his confirmation was a certainty. At last the coveted prize had been drawn. Pango? Where was Pango? It didn't worry him a little bit, because he couldn't place it. Pango was the entering wedge that assured his entrance into the world of diplomacy.

Being a woman, Jessica was more curious. Adam confessed that he had always been regrettably lame in geography; that, for aught he knew, Pango might be in the Antipodes, provided it was not in Michigan. Jessica scouted the idea of Michigan, but was not so certain about the Antipodes.

"Why didn't we look for it on the map?" Adam asked with a sudden inspiration.

With the big atlas of the world spread open on the library table, they began the quest of the elusive Pango. It was by no means a disagreeable task, but it proved to be fruitless. Pango eluded their combined vigilance; Pango-Pago there was; and a number of other names that might have been Pango, but weren't.

"Never mind," said Jessica, tired-eyed, but undismayed. "We'll go away."

"Perhaps your father may happen to know," suggested Adam, lamely.

"Don't ask him. Don't ask anybody. I'll manage it. Listen—let me tell you something," she said excitedly. "There isn't any Pango. Papa and Tom Williams are trying to hoax us. It's just as clear to me as daylight. Papa's been too angelic and happy for the fast few days to be natural. I've suspected something all along, and now I know it. He thinks he's got the joke on us. Adam, you must find some way to outwit Haight & Williams."

"Only one way occurs to me—let's go and find Pango without consulting anybody. How does it strike you, little girl?"

"I'll do anything to beat these rascally lawyers," she declared, her voice rather tremulous and her cheeks aflame.

Two mornings later, when the judge sat impatiently at the breakfast table and wondering how it was that his young housekeeper had not put in an appearance, a note was handed to him.

"Dearest father," it ran, "we have gone to Pango. Be sure to take good care of yourself and don't drink more than your usual two cups of coffee."

It was signed: "Your affectionate children, Adam and Jessica Hazeltine."

Stealing.

If a child, when its mother's face is turned away, were to transfer secretly a piece of sugar from the sugar bowl to its own mouth, the kid would become a thief under the spirit of predatory laws of most lands. If when its mother had a piece of sugar in her kind hands he grabbed and snatched it away by violence against his good mother's will, and then put it in his mouth and did eat it he would become a robber. If by false representation of the father's wish that kid would cause the mother with her own hand to present the sugar to his lips, the kid would become a swindler. After this severe statement some folk will think: "Well, anyhow, it's the clever kid who eats the sugar."—New York Press.

The Unfortunates.

Mr. and Mrs. Nonofrus (as Mr. and Mrs. Fullhouse and their six little ones pass)—Poor, unfortunate pair of people! What a life they must lead!

Mr. and Mrs. Fullhouse (as Mr. and Mrs. Nonofrus and their pug dog pass)—Poor, lonely couple! Don't you pity them?

Old Lady's Advice

"If you had seen me, before I began to take Cardui, you would not think I was the same person," writes Mrs. Mamie Towe, of 102 W. Main Street, Knoxville, Tenn. "Six doctors failed to do me any good, and my friends thought I would die. I could hardly get out of bed, or walk a step. At last, an old lady advised me to take Cardui, and since taking it, I can go most anywhere."

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Aching!!
Shivering!!!
Quivering!!!!

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