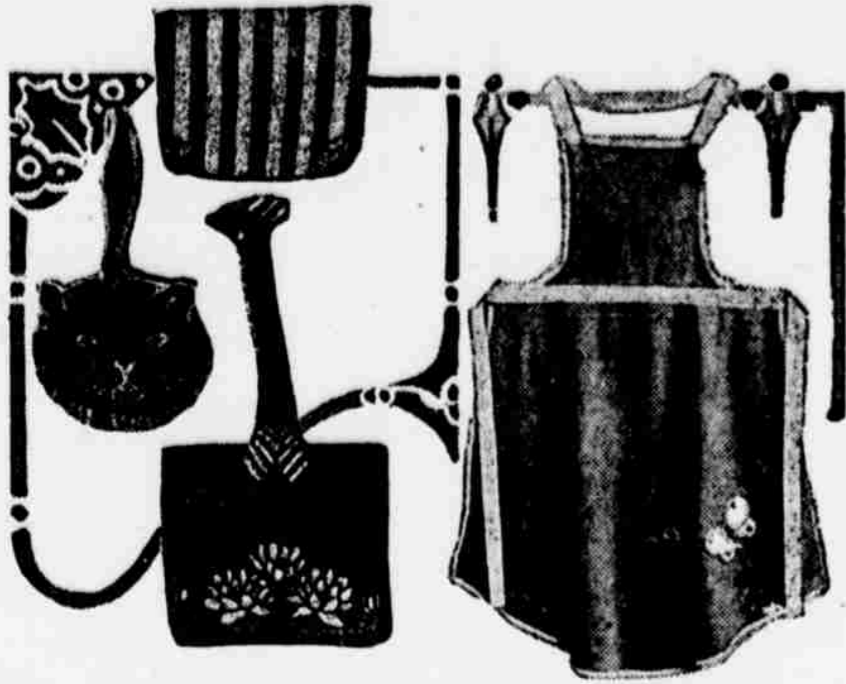


Pretty Things that are made at Home



NOW the days grow shorter and longer evenings provide leisure that most women like to spend making pretty things. One cannot be always reading and working for the fingers does not interfere with thinking or with conversations. A little excursion in the fancywork stores and departments is sure to fire one with an ambition to copy some of the delightful bits of furnishings and personal belongings that they are showing. There are new and fascinating cushions, table and dresser scarfs, woven baskets, candle and lamp shades, luncheon sets, winter bouquets and many other things for the house and there is no end to the personal belongings that will interest the needle-woman.

Above is a group of two bags and a card case that are all good examples of work done with small, colored beads. These are worked on canvas foundations, printed in colors with the design to be covered with colored beads. At the top a card case is worked with beads in two colors to form stripes—as black and white, black and steel, blue and green. At



Two Pretty Afternoon Frocks

each corner a daisy with dark center and light petals introduces a telling finishing touch. Below a the left, an amusing little bag in black and steel beads, simulates a cat's head and at the bottom a bag in a solid color makes a background for water lilies on one side of it and stripes on the handle.

Every housewife will appreciate a waterproof apron like that one shown at the right of the picture above. It is made of rubberized cloth, which may be had in several colors and patterns, and is bound with white tape, which also provides its ties and support for the bib. A cluster of fruit cut from rubberized cloth, is tacked to the apron at one corner, and discarded bathing caps in red, green or other high colors might be used for making these fruit clusters. Rubberized cloth is made in gingham checks and cross bars in all the usual colors, and on these patterns the fruit is not used.

Cross-barred organdie or net with narrow laces, lend themselves easily to the making of fashionable neckwear. The all-white cross-barred organdie is liked for sets consisting of collar and cuffs, or collar, chemisette and cuffs, and cross-stitch or other embroidery in colored floss makes delightful decorations for it. The pieces are finished with narrow hems and these are hemstitched, giving them a decorative value also.

Single collars of fine net are edged with narrow fllet or val lace, and either embroidered or decorated with small squares, triangles or medallions of fllet lace set in at the corners.

brodery and the satin slip forms a plain chemisette at the front where a sequence of five buttons, that correspond with the bead trimming, fasten under the loops of crepe. The sleeves are long, with a slight, pointed flare and the girdle is made of the crepe slipped through handsome metal slides. The model is dignified and with a longer skirt would be well suited to older women.

The pretty frock at the right might be developed either in lightweight wool or silk crepe fabrics. It is distinguished by panels at the sides, each having three tucks at the hipline, and gathered in at the waistline. Little silver buttons outline the panels below the tucks and finish the short sleeves. The bodice is a surplice model, fastening to one side, the overlapping side edged with little buttons. It is cut long enough to serve as a girdle.

Julia Bottomley
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Alpaca Comes Again. It is coming back in favor—alpaca, the fabric that many of us rejoiced in some years ago. Its hard-finished, shiny surface was so clean and dust-repelling, though rather scratchy to the arms and neck. In its appearance a coat and dress of blue alpaca have green silk embroidery and pipings of white organdie, not a bit like the old demure affair that the alpaca coat and skirt suit once was.

Daddy's Evening Fairy Tale

MARY GRAHAM BONNER
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WASP AND MAHALIA

Mahalia was visiting at a farm and what a good time she was having.



"Pails of Berries."

"I've just seen everything," she said. "I've seen the cows milked and I've seen the chickens and hens and roosters and pigs fed. I've seen the ducks and the geese and the pigeons fed too, and I've seen the horses fed also. I've seen the loveliest sunsets and I've even seen old Mr. Sun arise on some of these mornings. The mornings I haven't seen him arise it has been my fault and not the fault of Mr. Sun!

"I've seen all sorts of birds and I've seen wild rabbits and tame ones. I've seen field mice and squirrels, chipmunks and woodchucks and skunks. It doesn't seem to me that there is anything I haven't seen. And oh, I've seen the milk so bubbling and warm and pleasant just after the cows have given it. The country is certainly a wonderful place in which to see a great, great deal.

"And even though there aren't so many people in the country there are so many more animals and so many interesting things to watch which one can never see anywhere else. I've seen the corn grow and the hay and I've seen them gather in the hay and I've ridden on a great hay wagon. I've seen the different crops of vegetables and I've seen the homes of so many creatures.

"The old beaver's home nearby I've seen. In fact, it is a beaver's colony, but one old beaver seems to be the grandpa of all." Now Mahalia was talking all the time of what she had seen and of what she was going to see, and the fun to be had on a farm.

In fact, she talked of nothing else but of the delights of farm life. Especially, did she enjoy being neighbors, as it were, with so many of the animals, getting to know their ways and their habits and their ideas about marketing and work and play.

She had never had so good a time in all her life as she had had on the farm, and she found new and wonderful things to do all the time. Often she would go out with the other children and they would gather pails of berries. Soon now it would be time for nuts—for Mahalia had been promised one nut-gathering party before she had to go home.

Now a little wasp had been in a very bad temper of late. In fact, all of his family were cross, and to belong to a cross family is anything but nice. Mahalia belonged to such a happy, cheerful family that she couldn't have understood a wasp family at all.

In Mahalia's family they believed in laughing with each other and in having fun right in the family, and they believed in praising each other, too. But this little wasp was mad.

In the first place the whole family boasted of how many people they had stung of late, and how mean they had been and they were very scornful of the little wasp who had felt mean, but who had not been able to do much stinging, for somehow people had escaped him.

He had been brushed aside and it had made him mad. His family had been brushed aside, and that had made them mad, too, but they had insisted upon stinging the people to pay them back for brushing them aside.

That was the real wasp way. The more they were shoved or brushed aside, the more they'd come back and sting, but the little wasp had not been so successful.

Well, when he heard Mahalia talking of all she had seen, he said to himself in his mean little wasp way: "I'll keep her from seeing so well for a time, and so she will know of my importance. I'm only little, but I'm powerful and I can sting. I can make people run, too."

"People are afraid of me! I have been lazy lately. That has been the trouble. That has been why my family have had so much more luck." So the little wasp rushed for Mahalia and stung her over one of her eyes, and she had to have her eye bandaged for some little time. But what made the mean wasp mad was that even a wasp bite had not made Mahalia's country visit anything but wonderful.



"Over One of Her Eyes."

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SAM SURELY MISJUDGED MULE

Libelous to Call Animal Blind When Its Only Fault Was Absolute Lack of Fear.

Mose was trying to sell Sambo a mule. The mule was lying on the floor of the barn. "I don't want no dadd mule," said Sambo. "He ain't dadd," said Mose; and with his whip he forced the mule to a standing posture. But Sambo remained cold on the proposition. "Ah see he ain't dadd," said Sambo. "But he kain't run, an' Ah done wants a mule as runs."

Mose, thus challenged, with a vigorous kick so energized the mule that away it went, running down the street, with marvelous speed. But Sam's delight at the activity of the mule was short-lived, for bang, the mule ran head-on into a tree. "Fo' de lord," exclaimed Sam, "he ain't dadd; he kin run, but he's blind. Ah, don't want no blind mule."

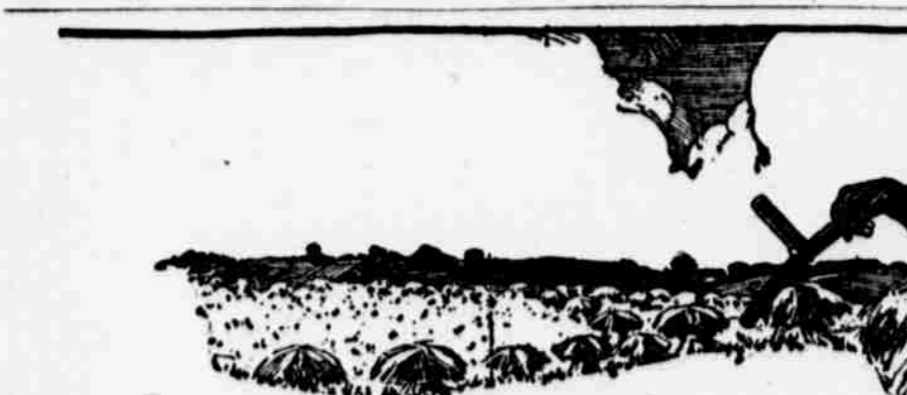
"What's dat you say?" cried Mose. "You all calls a mule like dat blind? Why, lordy, lordy, boy, dat mule ain't blind. He jes doan' give a whoop!"—Judge.

Profession Saves Life. During the riots in Londonderry, when the old Roman city was divided into hostile camps of belligerent Protestants and Catholics, an associate of mine, who went there to report the developments for the Times, was arrested, first by one camp and later by another. Each time he was released, and he was finally given the freedom of the city. When asked how it happened, he replied that, being charged with espionage, he was closely questioned; but his fate was decided by his answer to one leading question, which both parties asked: "Are you Catholic or Protestant?" His reply was simple and effective. "Neither—Journalist."—Carl W. Ackerman in Atlantic Monthly.

Ungallant. The car was crowded, for it was the time of day when working men were returning home from their work. Among the straphangers was a woman who, not being pleased with the service she was receiving, was trying in a roundabout way to induce a certain man to give up his seat. Finding her efforts useless she said in despair, "He would not get up for his grandmother."

The man referred to, feeling that forbearance had ceased to be a virtue, turned to his tormentor: "Do you think a woman should vote like a man?" he asked. "I surely do," she answered. "Then stand like a man," was his reply.—Indianapolis News.

Can you blame a glove for squeezing a pretty girl's hand.



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"Pa, what is personality?" "Personality, my boy, is that peculiar charm which will get a man service in a busy garage when he's really in a hurry."

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MODERN DANCE SUMMED UP

Many Will Say That Farm Hand Was Not So Much Out of the Way, in His Description.

Irene Castle said at a luncheon at Palm Beach: "Some men dance in a way that reminds me of a story. 'Howdy, Josh,' a farm hand said to another farm hand. 'Why ain't ya been comin' to the new dancin' class in the Elks' hall down in the village?' 'Dancin' class?' said the second farm hand. 'Law, haw, haw! I couldn't never learn dancin'.' 'Sure, ye could,' said the first farm hand. 'Why, it's dead easy. All ye got to do is keep turnin' round and wipin' yer feet.'"

Grand Scramble. "You ought to have this clock in the senate chamber." "Why?" "It will run a year with one winding." "Take it away." "Hub?" "Every senator will have a constituent for that job."

Not a Poor Man's Sport. "He is being sued for breach of promise." "That so? I didn't know he had money."