

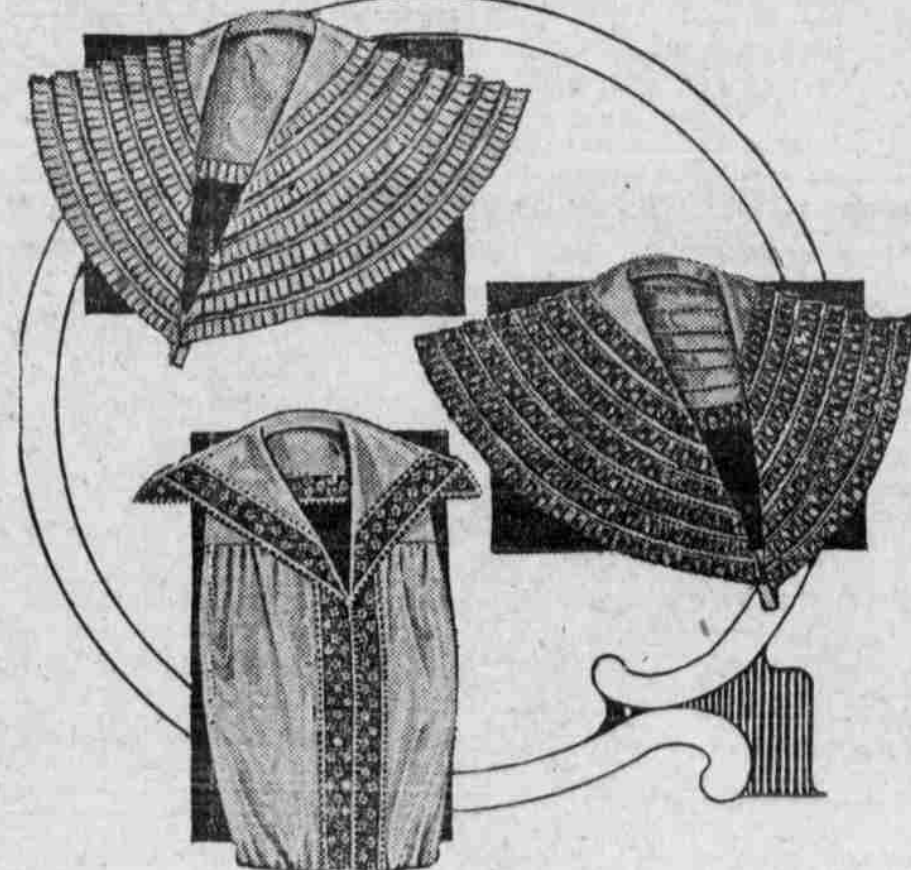
Gowns of Transparent Organdie.

Organdies that look as if they were woven on the looms of the fairies have occasionally appeared among the sheer white gowns for midsummer. These fabrics are as gauzy as the wings of a dragonfly and about as crisp. But they support fine embroidery and have been made in edgings and flouncings of unequalled daintiness.

Evening and afternoon frocks have been made of transparent organdies, often in combination with voile or net. They are to be worn over slips of tulle for the best effects. The inner lingerie laces are used with them and, for the handsomest frocks, princess, renaissance and other handmade varieties are used. Organdie makes the prettiest platings also and many narrow-plaited ruffles help out in the embellishment of airy frocks.

It is difficult to reproduce such unsubstantial and gauzy materials in a picture, although they make a lovely background for fine embroideries. From the illustration only a faint impression can be gathered of the handsome frock of embroidered organdie and lace which shows such clever adaptation of style to fabric. It is made with a full, gathered skirt having a wide panel of lace let in at each side. The front and back are heavily hand embroidered.

The bodice is simple, opening in a V at the front and back of the neck. A small collar, covered with platings, makes a beautiful finish. A drapery of lace at each side forms caps over the top of the sleeves, and the embroidered pattern on the skirt is repeated in smaller size on the bodice and girdle. The frock is in one piece.



To Embellish the Plain Waist.

Here are pictured two collars and a collar with vestee, which are recent additions to the already great array of neckwear. The collars are made of transparent organdie and the collar and vestee of sheer organdie trimmed with Venetian lace insertion. Collars and vestees of this kind are liberally used in finishing plain waists and blouses in all sorts of materials to give them the summery touch and the becomingness of white about the face.

There is little difference in the two collars. Both are large enough to be classed among small capes and both are made of plain, transparent organdie. This material lends itself perfectly to narrow platings, and each of these cape collars is covered with rows of platings set close together. In the collar at the left they are stitched to the foundation cape and turned over, and it is necessary to press them down. In the other collar the platings are hemstitched to the plain cape.

The small vestee is frilled on to a short yoke at the front and slips under the sides of the bodice, leaving the collar free to fall over the shoulders and back. These manufactured accessories are well made and accurately cut and are so inexpensive that it is not worth while to attempt them at home. They are particularly useful for remodeling blouses and are the

joy of the tourist. It is no burden to take quantities of fresh and crisp-looking neckwear on a journey.

Many other sheer fabrics are used for similar collars, but no other is quite so crisp looking as organdie, and it seems to soil less easily than the softer fabrics.

Couch Arrangement.

The following way of making up a couch when used as a bed will prove satisfactory, provided the couch is of that type which has sides that can be let down like the swinging ends or sides of a kitchen table. Make up the bed in the morning the same as ordinarily, but when the sheets and blankets are in place instead of rucking them in at the sides, fold the blanket and then the sheets smoothly from the sides toward the center. Thus the bedclothes will occupy only the top of the couch, leaving the sides free. Drop the sides, spread a cover over the whole couch and a neat result will appear. Have for the pillows, day covers like the couch cover, which can be easily slipped off at night.

Chinese Bracelets.

Plain Chinese bracelets are used as trimming on hats, arranged so that the hat can be carried by them as if they were loops.

The Leading Witness

By FRANK FILSON

(Copyright, 1916, by W. G. Chapman.)

Old Mrs. Susan Jenkins' murder had horrified the town. Suspicion pointed at once to Frank Jenkins, her nephew, who, after being repeatedly cut off and reinstated in the old lady's will, had disappeared from the scene for several years until the week before.

Frank Jenkins struck me as weak rather than criminal. I could not see him murdering his aunt in cold blood. But sentiment was strongly against him. His only friend was Mabel Armstrong, who had helped keep the negro-do-well as straight as it was possible for him to go.

The evidence seemed extremely strong. Frank had been living with his aunt for a week. The old woman, who was irascible, had threatened him again with the loss of her property. So much for the Polish farm hand, had volunteered through an interpreter. Jad was a sullen, ungainly, lout, who could not speak a word of English. He had been employed about three weeks and had come from an immigrant bureau.

The Reeses, who lived next door, had heard cries during the night, but had thought the old lady was merely angry and scolding her nephew. At six in the morning Frank had burst into their home, shouting that his aunt had been murdered. She had been strangled with a piece of tape, and there were signs of a struggle in her room. She clutched a lock of hair in her hand. It was obviously Frank's hair. The boy was arrested as soon as the police came on the scene.

Jad, who had slept in the loft over the barn, deposed that he had heard nothing.

The absolutely damning evidence, however, was Phineas'. Phineas was Mrs. Jenkins' parrot. He was swing-



"Oh, Frank!" He shrilled. "Don't Frank!"

ing on his perch when the detectives entered, and he cocked his head and looked at them. "Oh, Frank!" he shrilled. "Don't, Frank!"

Mabel Armstrong came to me. I promised to do what I could, but Frank already had been committed for trial, and public sentiment was furiously against him. If it wasn't Frank it was Jad, of that I was certain. But I had nothing to work on. I mistrusted the Pole; I knew that he was a frequenter of low places in town, and I knew that his knowledge of English must be more than he pretended. That helped me nothing.

I went to Frank in the jail and became convinced of his innocence from the moment he opened his lips.

"I've been a mucker," he said, "but I never stooped to murder."

"Where were you on that night?" I asked. "How is it you didn't hear your aunt cry if she was in the next room?"

Frank looked me straight in the face. "I was drunk," he answered. "She had been nagging me until I couldn't stand it any longer, and I went out and had a glass of whisky. It must have been doped. I remember going to bed—and that's all, till five o'clock in the morning. Something startled me. I got up and knocked at her door. There was no answer. The door was unlocked, and I went in. Then—oh, God, Mr. James, to think that that infernal parrot should have called my name!"

I told him that I meant to save him, and I meant it too. Mabel Armstrong went to see Frank. She was the calmer of the two. She came away as encouraged as I had been.

I wanted to put a private detective on Jad's trail, but Mabel insisted on watching him herself. She did settlement work in the poor neighborhood where Jad was now living. About a week later she came to me, her eyes exultant.

"We've got him!" she exclaimed. "What, that Polish fellow?" I said. Mabel nodded. "He lives over a Polish barber," she said.

"I don't understand!" I began, and suddenly I saw light. "You mean the

lock of hair? But Frank never had his hair cut in such a place as that!" "No, but Semplovitch worked for Chiozzi, the barber on Main street three weeks before the murder."

"And?" "And he must have gathered a lock of Frank's hair from the floor after it was cut off, and given it to Jad. There's your clew, Mr. James."

She looked so happy and pretty that if she had been five years younger, or I five years older, I think I should have kissed her.

"But that isn't all," she added. "What next?" I asked. "Semplovitch is an animal trainer."

"And keeps birds?" "Canaries, parrots and finches. Teaches birds to talk in twelve hours by covering their cages and using a phonograph."

"Then the parrot must have been taken out of the house?" I exclaimed. "On the evening of the murder!" she answered.

I followed up this clew. I found a little girl in a Russian family residing carrying in a parrot in a cage at nine o'clock on the night of the murder. The parrot lived in Mrs. Jenkins' sitting room, adjoining her bedroom on the one side, while Frank's room was on the other.

The police laughed at my theory, although the lock of hair business impressed them. The parrot was being kept in the sitting room as evidence for the prosecution. And now I confess to a trick I played.

I make this admission with regret, but I was morally convinced of the guilt of Jad and his accomplice. It was necessary to stage the scene so as to surprise Semplovitch into a confession. And so—well, the house was sealed up, but even a middle-aged lawyer can climb through a window with a loose catch upon occasion.

And so, having visited Semplovitch and gathered an impression as to his family relations, much to his disgust and suspicion, I took my phonograph into the sitting room and coached that parrot five successive nights with the assistance of sundry sunflower seeds. When all was ready I induced the police chief to bring Jad and Semplovitch into the sitting room by day. I turned on the barber.

"You took a lock of Frank Jenkins' hair from the floor of Chiozzi's," I said.

Taken by surprise, the fellow yet managed to express blank lack of understanding. So I removed the cover from the parrot's cage.

The bird flapped its wings and began to shriek:

"Take me home! Take me home! Jad's going to kill my mistress! I won't say Frank Jenkins did it!"

Which was not, of course, what it had heard in Semplovitch's shop. But the effect on the superstitious Pole was electrical. He dropped on his knees and blurted out a full confession there and then.

Jad paid the full penalty of his crime, and Semplovitch will be an old man indeed when he comes out of the penitentiary. As for Frank and Mabel—well, they are pretty happy together, and the past has been lived down.

Week-End in Bed.

A philosopher in London Opinion has some views on warm-weather comfort and happiness that are not altogether new but are well worth considering, even on this side of the Atlantic. His view of happiness, or rather of comfort, is to retire to rest on a Friday night and get up on Monday afternoon. He regards the idea as restful and economical, but finds that the household government prevents putting it in practice.

"Sloth," he says, "we are told in the copybooks, is vicious, and a moralist has declared that what maintains one vice could bring up two children. I don't want to bring up two children," declares this lazy philosopher, "but it is pleasant to maintain one vice. Nearly all the worries of life arise from the imitative faculty. If duchesses suddenly developed a taste for breaking coal with a hammer, the assistants in drapery shops would immediately want to do the same—not because they enjoyed breaking coal with a hammer but because it was 'the thing'."

Women and Dishrags.

When a woman declares that she "feels like a dishrag," she is dragging herself down to the lowest level in still life. We doubt not from the personal appearance of that handy article of domestic utility that if any life existed at all in said rag it could not possibly fall lower or feel meaner. However, woman should never offer herself in comparison with so degraded an object, for the simple reason that mankind spurns the dishrag most vehemently, and as woman exists solely for man she should not seek to lower herself in his esteem. When a rag takes up its duties in the dishpan it has reached the tag end of abandoned hope, the climax perhaps of a merry life. But it is not of its past that I speak. It is of its present social standing, its vulgar environments and its utter self-abandonment. 'Tis true that you may feel fatigued to a limp and lumpy degree, but never can you feel so utterly wretched and beyond redemption as a dishrag!—"Zim," in Cartoons Magazine.

Works Both Ways.

"I always like to meet a fellow who came from a farm," remarked Congressman Flubdub.

"Yes?" "Yes. You can advise him to go back to it if he isn't a success, and congratulate him on leaving it if he is."

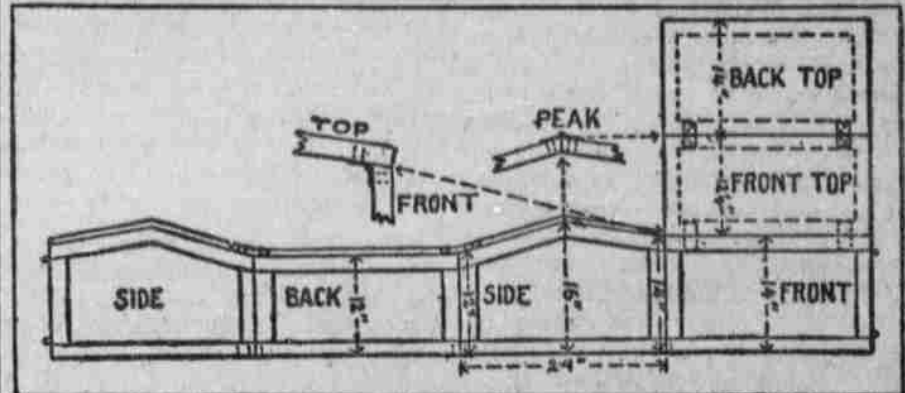
SUPERIOR PARCEL POST EGG CONTAINER



Egg Container Made of Fiber.

A parcel post container, made of the same fiber as used in the manufacture of car wheels, has just been pronounced superior to any others by the experts of the post office department. While light, the container is strong enough to bear the weight of a can. When used for the shipment of eggs an inner arrangement of fiber partitions absorbs all shocks. In a test the box, filled with eggs, is said to have been dropped three feet to a marble floor without breaking an egg.

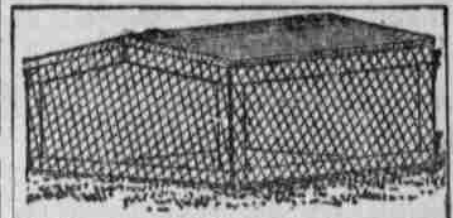
POULTRY COOP THAT MAY BE FOLDED UP



Knock-Down Poultry Coop.

The ordinary poultry coop has the disadvantage that it occupies too much space during the season when it is not in use. As a consequence, such

poultry coop that may be folded up at the close of the season and stored flat in a very compact form.



Coop Set Up.

coops are either destroyed and new ones made each year, or they become an eyesore about the place.

As will be noticed, the coop consists of six parts (see larger drawing), two sides, back and front and a two-piece top. Measurements are shown in the drawing. Anyone handy with tools can make this coop.

The drawings herewith illustrate a

The second drawing illustrates the coop with wire sides, so that it may be used at a run.

GET RID OF HARMFUL MITES

Parasites Sap All Life Out of Hens and Cut Down Egg Supply—Have Thorough Cleaning.

If you are going to be a successful poultryman, young man, you must get after the mites. They sap all the life out of the hens, and cut down the egg supply enormously. They kill off large numbers of the most promising chicks. They are the worst enemies with which your flock has to contend.

But you can get rid of them if you will. Have a thorough house cleaning some fine day. Clean up the dirty floor. Take out the roosts and scrape them, and clean out the dirty nests. If they are too badly infested, burn them up and make some new ones. Brush down the cobwebs from the corners.

Then take a spray pump and spray the whole inside of the poultry house, getting into all the cracks and corners with a mixture of one part crude carbolic acid to ten of kerosene. This kills any of the mites which may have fled to the cracks and crevices for safety. After this is dry, put on the whitewash. It may be put on with the same spray pump, but it sticks better and lasts longer if it is put on with a brush. Lice and mites can't stand whitewash.

After the whitewash has thoroughly dried, refit the house with clean roosts and nests, and put some clean straw on the floor. If you wish, you can dust the hens off with lye powder before admitting them to the house. Repeat dusting again in about a week, or better, apply the blue ointment. It is a very good time to do the job. If you will do this you will find that the lice have departed for some other henhouse whose owner is not so good a poultryman as you.

Infertile Eggs Keep Best.

Infertile eggs keep best and during warm weather the eggs to be marketed should be from flocks containing no males.

Too Much Sand Harmful.

Too much sand eaten by the chick will also cause trouble.

GUINEAS ARE WORTH KEEPING

Where Few Adults Are Kept Loss of Young Poultry by Hawks and Crows is Reduced.

Guineas are a noisy bird and if a few adult fowls are kept the loss of young poultry about the farm by hawks and crows is certain to be greatly reduced. These barnyard cacklers seem to have little use for the guinea's noisy and disagreeable nature. Guineas are great rustlers, and it does not take much feed to mature them. Also they are great insect destroyers. This alone makes them worth their keeping to the farmer. About the only care they require is when quite young, but they are not very difficult to raise, if their natures are properly understood and respected.

We prefer to set the eggs with a good chicken hen, giving her about 18 eggs. If not neglected in the incubation period, nearly every egg will hatch, says a writer in an exchange. When quite young they are somewhat delicate and do not do well if exposed to too hot sunshine, nor will they do well if confined too closely. The best place for them is in the orchard, where there is plenty of shade and no tall weeds wherein rats can harbor. The feed may consist of hard-boiled eggs, cracker crumbs or cracked wheat when they are very young. Cornmeal does not make very good feed for young guineas, but it can be used if ground very fine. It must be fed dry. Also see that they have a good supply of clean drinking water at all times in hot weather.

Digestive Troubles.

When fowls seem to have digestive troubles, or bowel troubles, sometimes epsom salts, a tablespoonful to each pint of the drinking water, given when the fowls have been without drink over night, will be very beneficial.

Clean Up Droppings Daily.

It is time well spent to clean up the droppings daily. When this is inconvenient, two or three times a week will do, but never should the droppings be allowed to remain in the henhouse longer than one week.