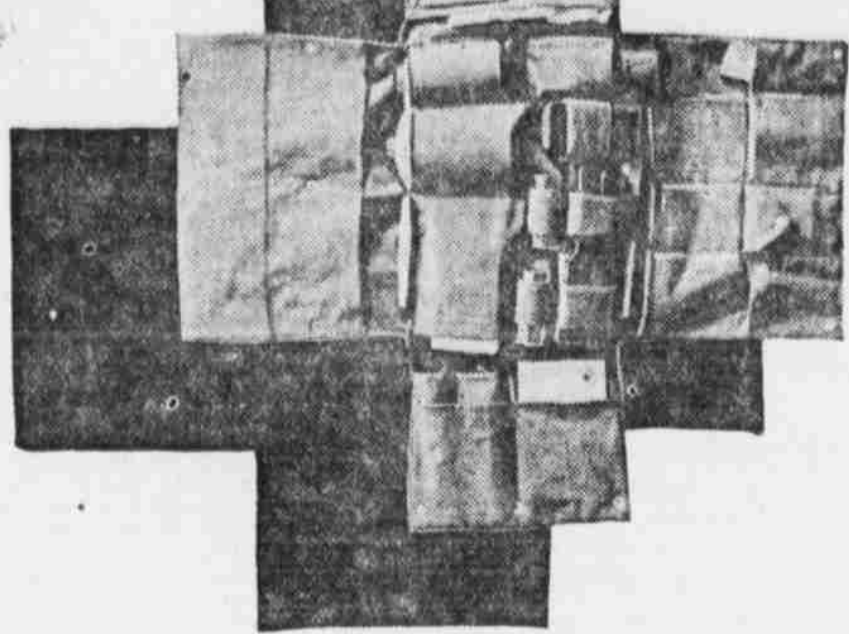


WHAT CAN WE DO?



The most complete and compact comfort kit which has appeared so far is shown in the picture above. The officer or other fortunate possessor of an outfit so compact and practical can carry with him all that he needs to keep him fit and comfortable. It is an evolution; the result of much ingenuity, and several trials on the part of its designer, Mrs. Lillian Craig Clark of Chicago.

It is made of heavy brown denim lined with a lightweight brown rubber sheeting, and cut in the form of a cross. The wings fold over and fasten with snap fasteners so that the kit makes a small parcel, easily carried by its handle of denim. When opened out it is only 27 inches long and 31 inches wide, but it provides 30 compartments for carrying everything needed in the way of toilet articles, stationery, bandages and other things. Its rubber lining protects the contents from moisture.

Each of the wings provide space for pockets of denim, machine-stitched down into large or small sizes. At the

center there are four pockets and six loops (made of strips of denim doubled). These hold hair and clothes brushes, safety razor (in box), shaving stick and cream, comb, talcum powder tooth powder and brush.

The wings make place for many other things and some of the small pockets are fastened down with snap fasteners so that their contents cannot slip out. Besides the articles already named, this case carries paper, envelopes, postcards, pen and pencil, blotter, postage stamps, small French-English dictionary, pipe, tobacco, handkerchiefs, needles, thread, pins, small blunt-pointed scissors, unbreakable mirror, sheepskin roll for shoes, fine comb and a towel, and still there are compartments to spare for some other things, as bandages and medicine, which the individual may fill to suit himself. But when all are placed and the kit fastened, it is unbelievably small and compact—no trouble to carry. Christmas is not so far away; for men in the hospital units, officers or any one else this is a gift to make them envied by their fellows.

What Well Dressed Women Will Wear



Our Work-a-Day Clothes.

If it were not for those master designers who devote their talents to our work-a-day clothes, we might grow tired of the sensible and substantial fabrics that are suited to suits and one-piece frocks that must stand much wear. Taking the same materials year after year, they develop them so cleverly into exponents of new styles that we are strengthened in our allegiance to tried and familiar goods. Blue serge is a part of the play every season, and we are being continually re-convinced that nothing else could be quite as effective. And it is the same with broadcloth, twills, chevils, and all the other old favorites.

Any of them might be used for the one-piece frock, shown in the illustration, with success. It is modish and graceful and is made to stand much wear—a utility gown that will not grow tiresome. Nothing could be simpler than the bodice which achieves a smart distinction with its pointed overlap at the front, short peplum at the back and belt in two widths. The sleeves, otherwise plain, hold their own by buttoning over along the forearm with a row of flat bone buttons. The skirt is laid in side plaits at the

front and back, with a plain panel at each side, where an extra piece of drapery is introduced. This drapery has the appearance of an extension of the plaited front and is fastened at the sides with very large bone buttons, sewed to the skirt. A long, simulated buttonhole, by the side of each button, makes a smart, tailored finish. The belt and bodice are both fastened, with snap fasteners probably, under one of these large buttons.

A white satin collar is worn with this dress, as with coats of tailored suits. Organdie collars of good lace are always good style. With these everyday dresses it is well to have several kinds of collars, since they must be depended upon to furnish a little variety in appearance, as neckties do for men.

Julia Bottomley

Bleach your discolored neck by applying a lotion made of four ounces each of bay rum and rosewater, with a teaspoonful of borax and the juice of half a lemon added.

DADDY'S EVENING FAIRY TALE BY MARY GRAHAM BONNER

BOX TORTOISE.

"I live on the land," said the Box Tortoise.

"You say that as if it were the greatest thing in the world," answered the gray snake.

"Now, don't be rude and cross, Mr. Snake," said the Box Tortoise, "for if you are, you know I can look after myself."

"Is that so?" asked the snake, wriggling. He hadn't thought so much of the tortoise before, but now that he had just heard that the tortoise could look after himself so well, he became rather interested.

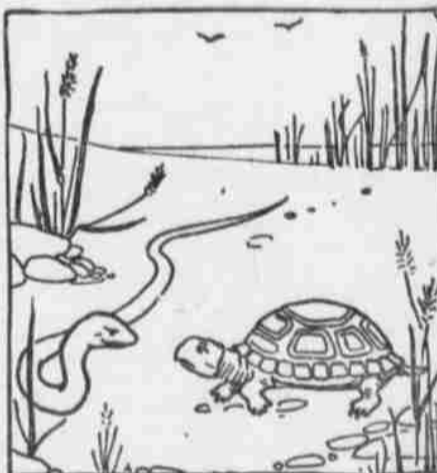
"And what are these wonderful ways you have for caring for yourself?" asked the snake.

"My name tells you," answered the Box Tortoise. He wasn't going to have the snake rude. He would make him polite, and so he decided he wouldn't tell him right away how he could defend himself. He saw quite plainly that the snake was interested.

"I don't know exactly what your name is," said the snake.

"Mr. Box Tortoise is my name."

"I still don't see what that has to do with your bravery or with your ways of defense. Maybe you don't know what



"Now, Don't Be Rude, Mr. Snake."

defense means. It is the same as looking after yourself, only the word defending has a grander sound."

This time it had been the snake's turn to be a little superior, but still he was interested.

"I don't understand. Won't you please explain your name to me?" asked the snake in his most polite hiss.

"Certainly, now that you ask so nicely," said the tortoise.

"I am always called Mr. Box Tortoise," he continued, "because I can completely hide my head and legs. And more than that."

"What?" asked the snake, who was thoroughly interested in this queer tortoise.

"Not only can I draw my legs and head into my shell, but I can hold them there."

"How?" asked the snake.

"I can close them in quite securely by shutting a hinge made in my middle shell."

"Well, of all the amazing things!" hissed the snake, in great surprise and admiration.

"Yes, isn't it nice?" asked the tortoise. "My head and legs are always within my shell if I am afraid danger is near, and if I am extremely timid I hold them in tightly by the hinge."

"And why are you named a box?" asked the snake.

"A box can close, can't it?" asked the tortoise.

"Of course," said the snake.

"And what is more—a box can hide things, too, eh?"

"To be sure, to be sure," said the snake. "Well, I am very glad to have met you and I hope you are glad to have met me."

"I am," said the tortoise. "I have taught you something you didn't know before, and that is worth while. I always believe in teaching creatures things they don't know—especially fine things like the meaning of my name and the way I can hide."

"I must say, though," said the snake, "that you are pretty fond of yourself."

"And why shouldn't I be," said the tortoise, "when I can put my own head and my own legs into my own box!"

Just at that moment the tortoise heard a very queer sound. "I am rather frightened," he said.

And no sooner had he said that, than he hid his head and legs in his shell. The snake watched him and he thought it was quite the most wonderful sight he had ever seen in all his life.

Nothing could be seen of Mr. Box Tortoise but the box, and the snake wondered if the hinge had been fastened.

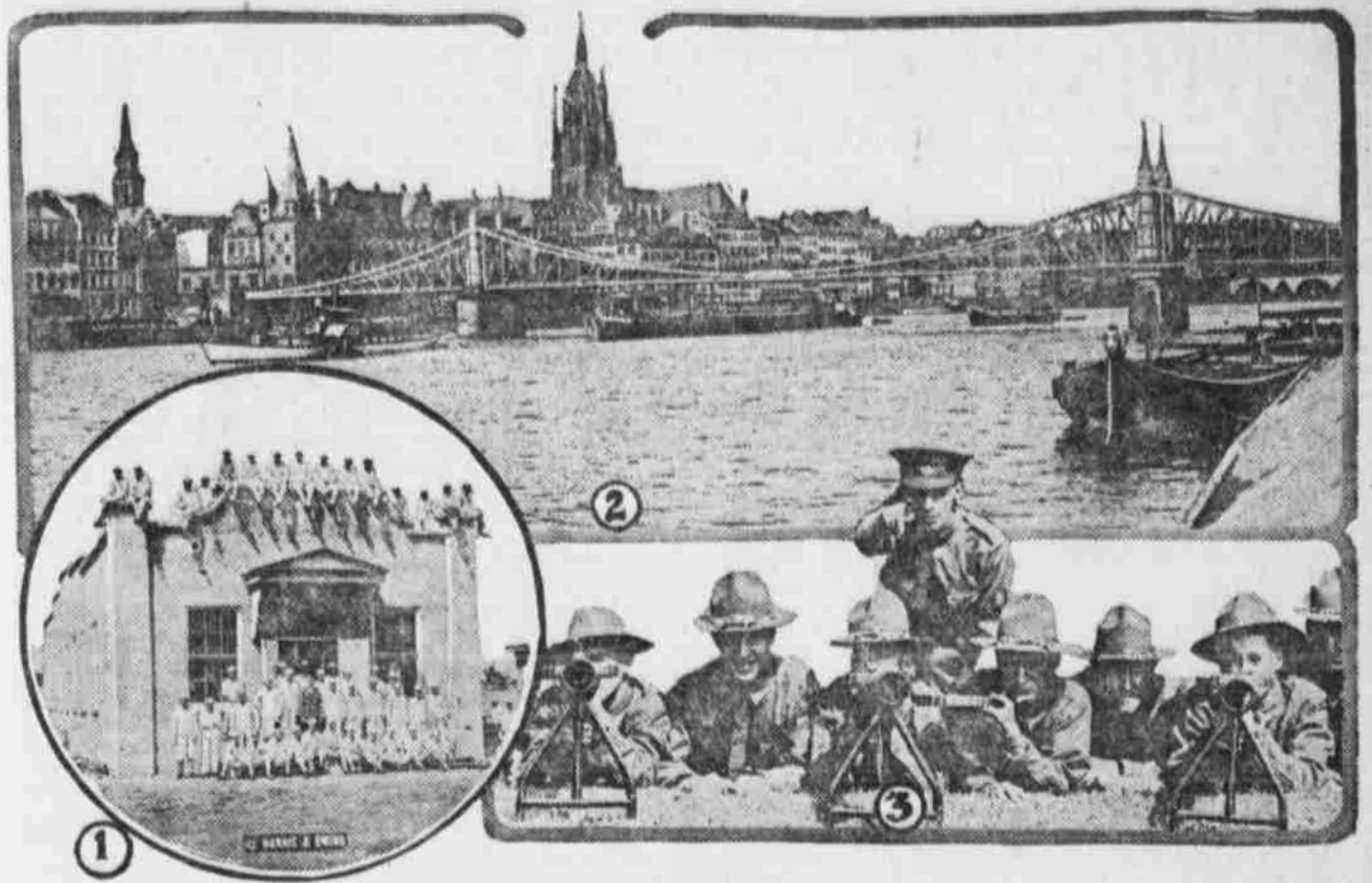
The sound did not amount to anything, and before long Mr. Box Tortoise's head appeared, and after a few minutes his legs came out, too.

"I saw you!" hissed the snake, excitedly.

"Of course you did," said the tortoise. "Didn't I tell you I could hide quickly?"

"And did you fasten the hinge?" asked the snake.

"Certainly," said the tortoise. "I didn't know how great the danger might be, and though nothing happened at all it is always well to be on the safe side when one has a hiding place."



1—Y. M. C. A. building built by the Jackies at the Newport naval training station and paid for by them, after the original building was burned. 2—View of Frankfort-on-the-Main, which was bombed by French airmen in reprisal for aerial raids on French cities. 3—Sergeant Weston of the Canadian forces, who was wounded at Verdun, instructing American student aviators at the school at Atlanta in the use of machine guns.

NIGHT PHOTOGRAPH OF BRITISH GUN POUNDING THE GERMANS



All the time, day and night alike, between the offensives, the British guns keep hammering away at the Germans. This remarkable flashlight photograph shows a squad of gunners preparing one of the big howitzers for action during the night.

WASHINGTON SOCIETY WOMEN ORGANIZE AMBULANCE CORPS



Washington Society women of Washington, under the leadership of Mrs. J. Gordon Harriman, have organized a motor ambulance corps. Mrs. Harriman is now colonel of the organization, which is known as the Red Cross motor corps. All the members of the corps had a year's experience in running their automobiles before they enlisted. The women in the ambulance service wear a distinctive gray uniform that is not unlike that of the British aviators. This photograph shows the entire corps, Mrs. Harriman being in the center, near the seat of the car.

WELCOMING AMERICANS AT BLACKPOOL



This truck load of pretty girls who are making munitions for the allies formed a picturesque part of the celebration of Anglo-American day at Blackpool, England, recently. They are extending a hearty welcome to the new recruits by joining in the procession that was organized to greet them.

MRS. J. HENRY JOHNSON



A notable social event in New York state was the recent wedding of Miss Helen Peck Travis, daughter of State Comptroller Eugene Travis and Mrs. Travis, to J. Henry Johnson of Albany. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Ernest M. Stires at the home of the bride's parents in Brooklyn and was followed by a reception that was attended by many well-known people.