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WARM FROCK FOR COOL DAYS



Soft brown velvet is utilized in this stunning and warm street frock for crisp fall days. "Walls of Troy" cut in matching cloth, edge all the hem.

HANDBAGS MUST BE USEFUL

Compartments as Important as Style

Duvelyn Fille, Silk and Canton Crepe, Materials.

Smart compact bags are the keynote of the novelties featured this season. Paris has set the pace for handbag appearing handbags, and American manufacturers have adopted this idea with variations to suit the needs of American women.

They are carried more for utility than for decoration by American women. It is pointed out, and there are good reasons for it, that the most important are as important as the style. To give the bag a smart and at the same time make it strong has taxed the ingenuity of manufacturers, but they have succeeded admirably in combining the two.

These are being made so small and at the same time spacious enough for toilet articles, that the term "small" is liberally applied.

The envelope bag, square and oblong shape, is the most stressed style, but bags on frames and draw strings developed in new materials are also conspicuously featured.

Duvelyn fille, silk and cotton materials used this season and are combined in many cases with steel mesh. There is a strong tendency toward fur bags. Some manufacturers are bringing them out in American material and the cheaper makers are approximating this by using fur fabrics or imitations.

FABRIC GLOVE IS APPROVED

Even Those Accustomed to Wear Kid Have Declared Preference for Newer Handcovering.

The fabric glove has found favor with the most fastidious; even those accustomed to wear the kid glove exclusively have declared preference for the fabric glove for general wear.

Led by the fancy kid glove, which has had its quota of success, the fabric glove has begun to be decorated in various ways. One of the novelties that have come from France and, to be sure, it has been developed with all thought for an American climate. It is an armure of fine cotton which has been passed through an emerald green leaving it with a velvet finish and a dull sheen. It is said to be lighter in quality than the chambray, which is the one liked best in the heavier gloves.

Among the shades preferred, gray and beige are now in the first rank with such differences in tones as to make in each color with white and black and, not infrequently, combinations of the two.

INDIAN DESIGNS ARE LATEST

Indications Are That Sport Clothes Will Copy Many of the Motifs and the Scandinavians.

If the wintery which have been seen are an indication of what the coming season's fashions are to be, the remaining world of sport clothes will resemble the Navajo tribe and Scandinavian sportsmen.

Light backgrounds with Norwegian and Swedish designs in all the primary colors and darker backgrounds with Nordic patterns are the latest things in sweaters. As to colors, the heaviest shades are in the lead, but every color the rainbow has ever displayed or suggested vies in popularity.

Mending the Blouse. Sometimes when a favorite suit shows signs to pieces under the arm, a new piece of material may be hemmed to the worn place most satisfactorily.

THE LATEST PATTERNS IN WALL PAPER

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Lucas Paint, 2c a pound, Floor Stains, 65c a quart.

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Mr. Gimlet's Best Christmas Present

BY CHRISTOPHER G. HAZARD



Mr. Gimlet was sitting all alone by himself. The cold December days that played on the wall were like the thoughts that went to and fro in his mind in the light of the memories of the brighter days of the past. The empty chairs reminded him of his friendliness, the thinking of the old clock, as he tried to be a companion, only to find his feet how lonely he was. He felt as much out of the world, as far away from his gladness as the picture of his grandfather that hung over the shelf.

Mr. Gimlet was wondering what he would get for Christmas. He had spent many years in wondering what he would get, and had gotten a good many things. No one had a better house than he, few had as much money as he had. There was a park, there was a garden; within and without and all about him were the things that money can buy. Yes, Mr. Gimlet was as rich as money and things can make a man. And yet, although all these things had made him happy, he was wishing for more. He did not know any better than to wish for more, and though he could not think of anything that he needed, he hoped that someone would think of something that he might give him a gleam of real Christmas joy.

Away out on a prairie the Bump family were holding a consultation. After the children had gone to bed, at that moment the father and mother of the family were in a quandary as to what to do. The Bumps had been practicing farming for some time, but without anticipated results. The children didn't see anything the matter with farming. The move out of the smoky city had been an entrance into paradise for them. Don had had ten hens and a rooster. Dorothy owned two Muscovy ducks, with green feathers. Kenneth had a little pony that they called "Biggie," because they thought it would grow. Shall Edith keep a pig? Edith had called her "pigs," and she was a pony cart. They had had a 45-pound watermelon. The rest of the Bumps wouldn't count to a hill of beans, but it had. There was apt to be enough for your cake, with raisins in it, to go around. Why, it was like a perpetual miracle! And even now, with all things under the snow his feet and the pony and the two cows safe in the

blanket that does not keep things warm, but makes them cold, and wondering what a mortgage could be, and why no one could take it off without money. In his dream Donald heard a boy singing this song:

"Sing, little Jesus, sing for me,
There's nothing on my Christmas tree."
You see, this little boy had a tree, but there wasn't a thing on it not even a leaf. So he planned how to get something to grow up on it. Finally, he sang the song that Donald heard in his dream, and the next time he looked out there was his tree, full of red and gold apples, with leaves on all the boughs and many pretty things among them, and Donald saw it all in his dream. So, when he awoke, Donald thought he would sing the song too, and see if Jesus couldn't take the shadow of that awful mortgage away, and he sang:

"Sing, little Jesus, sing for me,
There's a mortgage on our Christmas tree."
When Dorothy awoke she remembered that she had dreamed about writing a letter to Santa Claus, and so she went and wrote it. This was the letter:

Dear Santa Claus:
There's something the matter with our cows. Only money can cure 'em. Please send me some, so we can have a Christmas tree. I will be good.
Your hopeful
DOROTHY.

Then, when father went to town, with the little pony, Biggie, he put the letter into the post office, only he directed it to Mrs. Bump's brother, Mr. Ephraim Gimlet.

Mr. Gimlet was very much surprised to hear from the Bumps. His friend had written him a letter, and he had had a letter from the Bumps. He had written him a letter, and he had had a letter from the Bumps. He had written him a letter, and he had had a letter from the Bumps.

The next day the carrier brought a most promising looking big box from Uncle Gimlet, so that the Christmas tree was full of happy surprises for the little folks and a gift or two for the big ones. Mother made a big pile in the dishpan and the children found out what was in it. Dorothy found a yellow sugar heart. Kenneth got a white sugar heart. Edith got a yellow sugar heart. Mother said it was Uncle Gimlet's kind heart that had made them all so happy.

Then Mr. Gimlet got another letter. It was a round robin from all the Bumps, with the little Bump names and marks upon it, too. It made the old man very happy. He was sitting among a lot of pleasant things that had been sent in for his Christmas tree, but he was not thinking very much of them. He saw the letter in his hand and a far-off look in his eyes as he thought of the sweetness of love, and felt that the best gift that he had received was the happy surprise that he had given to the people on the prairie farm.

"Divinity" Fudge. Boil together two cups of granulated sugar, one cup of maple syrup, one cup of water and a tablespoonful of vinegar in a little of hot water, and then add a teaspoonful of vanilla and take from the fire. While this mixture has been cooking, a cupful of granulated sugar should have been put over the fire in another saucepan, with a half-cup of water, and boiled until the mixture spouts a throat from the tip of a spoon. This should at this stage be beaten up with the still whipping whites of two eggs, and this stirred into the first preparation, which should by now have cooled slightly. Beat the two hard until they begin to stiffen, when turn in two cupfuls of chopped nut kernels. Drop on paper or pour into pans and cut in shapes desired. Delicious.

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Winning a Job and Son-in-Law

By HARRIET JENNINGS.

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Like a man running into a shower of gold, a pauper finding a diamond in the dust of the street, an invalid suddenly discovering an heir of a fortune, Dugald Morris gave a great shout as he read in a newspaper he had picked up on a park bench a brief, but to him a vitally suggestive item. It ran: "Honorable Walter Reeves of Colorado, newly elected congressman, is at the Hampton hotel."

A vivid picture dream ran riot in the mind of Morris. It seemed as though a sudden blaze of golden sunshine had come to illumine a life beset with clouds. He had drifted here to the nation's capital with his motherless daughter, Beulah, hoping to find some governmental position.

Dugald Morris was a trifle depressed when he imparted to his daughter the inspiring information that he had found a real friend at last. When her father named Walter Reeves a strange quiver crossed Beulah's face. Her face flushed, and when the story was ended she said simply:

"I would ask in favor of a person who has possibly long since forgotten us, and who probably has newer acquaintances to consider, and it may be some other Reeves."

"Oh, no. It was to Colorado our friend went. I'll be glad to see him, outside of what help he may give me in getting a political job."

Beulah turned aside as if to busy herself at her work. There had been a romance to the going away of Walter Reeves. He had never asked Beulah to be his wife, but plainly as could be had indicated for her that he would think constantly of her while away.

Beulah had put aside the shattered remnants of that old love dream. She said nothing as her father got ready the next morning to call at the Hampton hotel. Her heart ached a bit, but she did not mind that now.

Dugald Morris arrived at the hotel to find that the Hon. Walter Reeves occupied Suite A on the parlor floor. He was admitted to the ante room. An official usher asked his business.

"I want to see Walter Reeves," replied Dugald in his blunt, friendly way.

"Sorry, sir," announced the usher, a few minutes later, "but Mr. Reeves doesn't know you."

"What's that?" fairly shouted Morris. "Walter Reeves doesn't know me—Dugald Morris, who—oh, say! I'm some mistake."

"I have reported my message, sir," responded the man hesitantly, and waiting for the visitor to vacate the room.

Dugald Morris bowed his head on his hands. In a flash it had occurred to him that Walter Reeves did not want to know him.

"Young man," he spoke, his voice quivering, "soon go back to your master and tell him that old Dugald Morris is in this room, waiting for him five years ago, and that he won't stir a peg from here until he gets it—with interest!"

"What's that?" voiced a portly, dignified man, appearing at the doorway of the inner room. "Dugald Morris? Fifty-seven dollars? Jones, you had better call an officer."

"Not until I see Walter Reeves!" declared Morris stanchly.

"I am Gimlet," announced the newcomer.

"Oh, you? Oh, I've made a mistake, and I'm sorry to have troubled you," said Morris in a crestfallen way. "You see, I knew a Walter Reeves years ago at Frankton, and I thought—"

"Oh, you mean my nephew and namesake?" said the congressman, something in the earnest, honest face of Morris appealing to him. "He is my secretary. This way, Mr. Morris."

The high heart of hope and delight of Dugald Morris rose chokingly as two minutes later the real object of his search gave him the welcome of his life! And then explanation—money sent to Morris at Frankton, returned unclaimed. And finally, a vital, eager question from the young man: "And Beulah—that is, Miss Morris? She is— is still single?"

"Oh, yes; she would never leave her old father!" wanted Morris.

He changed his mind, as coming home two evenings later, pulled up a trifle with the consciousness of at last having a fat government job, he found two consciously smiling persons on the porch.

"It's all right, Mr. Morris," observed Walter Reeves with a gay, happy laugh. "Beulah isn't going to leave you, and neither am I; we are simply going to take you in to live with both of us."

Americas of a Bygone Day. A lady reader sends us this morsel of old-time humor:

It happened in grandma's day that a young lady at a party lost her glove. The finder was a wealthy old bachelor named Fudge, and he returned it to her with the following note:

"If from your glove you take the letter 'G,' that glove is love, and that I have for thee."

To this the young lady replied: "If from your name you take the letter 'F,' then Fudge is love, and that won't do for me."—Boston Transcript.

Fast. "Is this a fast train?" the salesman asked the conductor. "Of course it is," was the reply. "I thought it was. Would you mind my getting out to see what it is fast to?"—From Sonora Bell.

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T. C. B. HOWARD, General Mgr.

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