

# Felt and Fur Toques for Winter



**F**ELT and fur are combined in many of the early winter hats that are now being seen, and the combination is at all times a charming one. Any number of attractive shapes may be found in the felt models for winter wear, and among these is what may be called the Tam-o-Shanter toques, which are made piquantly pretty by the presence of a bandeau which tilts them up in front and gives full effect to the presence of a deft drapery of soft silk through which are thrust two curving quills.

A soft gray-green Tam-o-Shanter, for instance, will be contrasted with pale turquoise blue silk, and tawny brown quills; another is a study in scarlet with a relieving touch of white in the pattern of the soft silk; while again a nut-brown with trimmings of forget-me-not blue is quite charming.

One model which is likely, I think, to be especially popular, represents one of the leading and most becoming shapes for the coming season, the outer folds of soft white zibeline felt, giving place towards the center to vivid emerald green velvet, so arranged as to suggest a crown, though it is not raised at all above the level of the brim, while the two effectively contrasted fabrics are draped low down at the back, and finished off with graceful scarf-like ends. Of course this toque can be obtained in any

other desired colorings that are in vogue this season.

A decidedly piquant little hat displays the fashionable union of blue and green, the dark but bright blue of the felt being flecked with a green, which is repeated in the velvet drawn round the crown, and forming two ear-shaped loops at the back, divided by a long slide of shining paste, while then the plumage of the bird poised so jauntily at the left side, shades from blue to green.

One of the notable novelties has a crown of cream cloth, while the up-turned brim is of fawn chenille, interplaited with white, this quaint and pretty fabric being caught together over the white cloth at the back by interlacings of gold and steel, and finally finishing off towards the left side in a quaintly knotted bow. Quite a new effect this, while for a finishing touch there is a bird of many hued plumage poised on the crown, its dominant tawny tint merging into purple and green and black.

One model I have seen is a smart little hat of hairy white felt, with two long and beautifully marked quills curving right across the front, while, at either side, comes a chou of turquoise tinted satin, with a striped bordering of black, this pretty ribbon being looped together at the back, so that it droops over the hair in the graceful manner demanded by fashion.

# Elaborate Winter Coat Models



Coats for the winter season are showing an elaborateness that has seldom been equaled, and the new models are destined to be unusually popular because of this elaborateness coming, as they do, at a time when the American woman feels that she can afford to indulge in some of Madame Mode's best offerings.

But while the fashionable coats are elaborate they are in no ways loud or gaudy. For the most part they are studies in soft shades of tan and fawn, or delicate biscuit and ivory tones—colors, these, which can be depended upon to harmonize with any costume and to do equally decorative and useful duty for day or evening wear, while it is wonderful to note what a variety of effects are secured in these similar shades by the cleverly devised trimmings.

Illustrations of two of the many attractive models are shown here. The first, a graceful three-quarter coat, made of satin soft cloth in the coloring of old ivory, the saque shape just suggesting the lines of the figure at the sides and fastening down the front with a bordering scroll design applique in darker brown cloth, which makes background for a silken braiding in two paler shades of fawn and

brown, this design giving place about the knees to a bolder and more decorative device of vine leaves, and of clustering grapes, which are wrought in string-colored lace and embroidery with clever touches of black here and there.

Then the wide, bell-shaped sleeves and the deep collar also bear the brodered device, and, in addition, an edging of fur which introduces the darkest brown of all, the lining of white satin brocaded with scattered roses and leaves being the last dainty detail of a charming coat.

The second is of soft biscuit-colored cloth lined with ivory satin brocaded with a design in delicate turquoise-blue, while, for its outer decoration, bands of cut cloth bring the career of the gracefully hanging garment to a decorative career at the knees, and are also a distinctive feature of the bell-shaped sleeves, and the deeply pointed cape collar, which is laid about the shoulders, and so cleverly combined with a yoke and bordering flounces of ivory lace.

Then the fastening in front is effected in quite a new way by means of three sets of rosettes in soft satin centered with blue enamel and gold buttons.

ELLEN OSMONDE.

# TELEPHONE GIRL'S TROUBLES.

Some of the Patience-Testing and Soul-Harrowing Things She Has to Endure.

"The average person in using a telephone does not realize, or rather does not take the time or trouble to think that the 'hello girl' at the other end has anything to do save give the applicant the market, club, office or residence desired," says a telephone authority.

"In point of fact, the long-suffering young women at the central office have more than their share of trouble and probably have their patience tried to a point that the average woman could not stand. The calls at the telephone office are so many and of such a varied nature that it is next to impossible to give the service that the companies desire.

"The central office has come to be thought a bureau of information and if Job had lived in a twentieth century telephone office he never would have gotten a reputation for patience. Whenever the fire bells ring there are from ten to 100 calls on the 'phone to know 'where the fire is,' when in reality the 'hello girls' have no more idea, less, in fact, than the questioner, for the racket in the office makes it quite impossible for them to even hear the fire alarm bell or know that an alarm has been sounded. They are, of course, prepared to answer questions regarding a telephone fire alarm call, as that comes through the office, and they know the street and number from which the alarm came, but not who is the occupant of the dwelling or store or what the building is used for.

"Every time an ambulance or a patrol wagon passes along a street with bells clanging and horses running there is another bombardment of the central office to find out what has happened or where the accident is. Another common worry of the telephone girl is 'how did the ball game come out; what was the score?' The curious questioners do not realize that the girls way up in their sky parlor know less about the ball game than those at the other end of the wire. Queries about the result of prize fights and other sporting events are among the thousand and one questions put to the long-suffering telephone girls.

"For instance, a patron calls up and asks, 'What time is it?' The girl turns to the clock, which is regulated by Washington time, and gives the inquisitive patron the hour. Then this patron says, 'Are you sure that is right?' and on being told yes the person will often say, 'Are you sure?' a second time. That, of course, takes time, and in all probability a call from another number has sprung up and the impatient patron on that wire is nervously tapping the receiver. When the 'hello girl' finally gets to the inquisitive patron and calls 'number' in a voice in which she valiantly tries to dispel the annoyance caused by the inquisitive patron she is roundly abused by the impatient patron for being so slow in answering.

"Sometimes if the operator answers an overinquisitive and troublesome patron a little shortly because they are others wanting to talk, she is reported at the office as 'impertinent.' On the other hand, if she is needlessly detained by a troublesome questioner, she is reported at the office as 'slow.' So that it works both ways, and truly the lot of the 'hello girl' is not a happy one.

"One thing the telephone girls do which is not generally known is to wake people up all over town. They are not compelled to do so, but it is done to accommodate patrons. If a man or woman wishes to take an early train they leave a call at the central office and it is recorded on a slip of paper like a hotel call card. This is watched every night and when the proper time comes the night operator rings merrily on the bell till the person wakes up and answers. There are several calls of this nature every week and many an early riser catches his train by the help of the telephone girl. Some patrons are called regularly every morning at a certain time in order that they may be on time at office or store, and yet the girl is found fault with if she does not answer as quickly as the patrons think she should."

## Pepper Sauce.

Take six large green and six large red bell peppers, open, remove the seeds and chop finely, taking care to handle carefully, else they will burn the hands. Chop finely a medium sized head of sweet white cabbage and two large white onions. Mix all together, cover with a quarter of a cup of salt, and let stand over night. If the mixture seems salty the next morning add water to dilute sufficiently, put into a cheesecloth bag and press out well with a wooden potato masher, using the hands as little as possible. Now put into a bowl and add a rounding tablespoonful each of celery seed and white mustard seed. Dissolve a cup of white sugar in three cups of best cider vinegar, and pour the cold vinegar over all. Put into small jars, cover with cotton batting, adjust the corks of self-sealing lids, and seal cold. Although very hot, this mixture is deliciously flavored. Therefore, if preferred, the number of peppers may be reduced.—Good Housekeeping.



## Doing Better.

A very plain man in Glasgow has a very plain daughter. One day she was sitting on his knee right before a looking glass. She contemplated the reflection of their two faces and then asked:

"Papa, did God make me?"

"Yes, dear," he replied.

"And did He make you?"

"Yes."

Looking again in the mirror, she drew a long breath and rejoined: "He must be turning out better work lately, isn't he?"—Scottish American.

## The Disappointed Woman.

In the dead of night Mrs. Alvira Pankey, wife of a business man in Rogers Park, stealthily arose from her bed, groped around till she found her husband's clothes, and proceeded to search the pockets.

"Good land!" she said to herself. "The letters I gave him this morning are not here! He must have mailed them."

Bitterly disappointed, she crawled back into bed.—Chicago Tribune.

## Court Scandals.

"Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Torkins, "the scandal in high life must be dreadful. I'm glad we belong to the middle classes."

"What are you talking about?" "I accidentally overheard you talking to that friend who called last night about the terrible way in which several kings had beaten several queens."—Washington Star.

## The Wisdom of Years.

Father—Your income is small, and that girl hasn't a penny in her own right.

Son—That's true, but she has lots of rich relatives, who are sure to remember her.

Father—That's the trouble. They will visit you by the dozen, eat you out of house and home, and outlive you both in the end.—N. Y. Weekly.

## Still Looking for Them.

Mrs. Crimsonbeak—Do you remember when we used to go around looking for sequestered spots?

Mr. Crimsonbeak—Yes, I was looking for one last night.

"What?" "I was only playing cards, dear, and there didn't seem to be an ace in the pack."—Yonkers Statesman.

## Brother Millsap Not to Blame.

Sister Durham—Well, you've read the list of conference appointments. How do you like Brother Millsap, the young man that is to preach for your church the coming year?

Sister Middleton—I've got nothing against Brother Millsap, but I don't like the bishop for sending him to us.—Chicago Tribune.

## Time's Changes.

The text, "Suffer children to come unto me."

Is quoted quite differently now. They say, "Suffer children to come if they're good."

But not if they kick up a row."—Los Angeles (Cal.) Herald.

## DECIDEDLY COOL.



His Father—Was your captain cool during the battle?

His Son—He must have been.

His Father—Why so?

His Son—I saw him shivering.—Detroit Free Press.

## Less and Less.

The wireless telegraph has come. The horseless carriage, too. And now, alas, they tell us that the coalless winter's due.—Chicago Record-Herald.

## Sotto-Voce.

"Will you trust me, Fanny?" he cried, passionately, grasping her hand. "With all my heart, Augustus, with all my soul, with all myself," she whispered, nestling on his manly bosom. "Would that you were my tailor," he murmured to himself, and tenderly he took her in his arms.—Tit-Bits.

## Experientia Docet.

The Prospective Bride—I sometimes wish I had more experience in house-keeping and domestic life.

The Old Stager—But, my dear, if you had you would never get married.—N. Y. Herald.

## A Great Hand.

Mike (teaching Pat poker)—Well, what hav' yez got?

Pat—Four trowels and a black sham-rock!—Puck.

## Another Cheerful Soul.

"Hanks always looks on the bright side of things. Do you know what he said when he lost his job the other day?"

"I haven't heard."

"He seemed to be quite cheerful over it. 'You see,' he explained, 'I applied for a raise of salary nearly six months ago and didn't get it. Think how much more I would have had to lose if they'd given me the increase.'"—Chicago Record-Herald.

## The Fair Sex.

We bring them bonbons every night, And when we win their hearts to boot, The darling girls turn round and say, "To make him love you, feed the brute!"—The Smart Set.

## DIFFERENT VIEWS.



She (romantic soul)—He looks so reserved, so subdued—there's a sweet patience about him. I suppose he's loved and lost. Ah! me!

He (clod)—Or loved and married. Ah! me!—Ally Sloper.

## The Season Opens.

Now to the winds with politics, To greater measures bow; The strongest "sphere of influence" Must be the football now.—N. Y. Times.

## Cruel to Cholly.

Cholly (proudly)—By Jove! I'm quite a professor of swimming, don't you know. I taught Mabel Galey how to swim in two lessons.

Jack—Gad! That was a quick throw-down. Cholly (indignantly)—What do you mean?

Jack—Why, she let me give her ten lessons before she learned.—Brooklyn Life.

## Qualified for the Job.

He had been looking over his son's expense account.

"What do you think you will make of him?" they asked.

"Well, I don't just know," he replied, thoughtfully, "but I should think he would be of considerable value to a champagne house that wished to have its particular brand boomed."—Chicago Post.

## An Easy Guess.

"He used to be the black sheep of the flock, didn't he?"

"Well, come to think of it, I believe he was a rather worthless sort of a boy. But what made you ask that?"

"Everybody seems so anxious to praise him for being decent."—Chicago Record-Herald.

## Not as Bad as He Feared.

"Do you believe the world is growing wickeder?"

"Well, I'm not sure. When one of my neighbors shot a hen that belonged in my coop I began to have my doubts. But when he tossed the fowl over the fence, I felt a good deal better."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## She Won Her Bet.

Mr. Timmid—I'er—no doubt, Miss Tartley, you may guess what I'er—have come to say to you this evening, and—er—

Miss Tartley—Yes, and I've got a bet with Madge Brown that you won't have the nerve to say it.—Philadelphia Press.

## Her Version of the Incident.

"I suppose you regard Eve as to blame for tempting Adam to eat the apple?"

"Not at all," answered Miss Cayenne. "Eve was too generous to want the apple all for herself, and Adam was not gentleman enough to let her have it."—Washington Star.

## Anti-Lean Diet.

Housekeeper—The idea of a great, fat fellow like you going about begging.

Tramp—Please, mum, it isn't fat. I was so thin at the last town I went to that a good, kind woman took pity on me, and fed me with yeast-cake.—N. Y. Weekly.

## Sick and Discouraged.

"He used to be so optimistic—always smiling and full of hope."

"I know it. But that was before he found out that he was getting three dollars a week less than the man at the next desk."—Chicago Record-Herald.