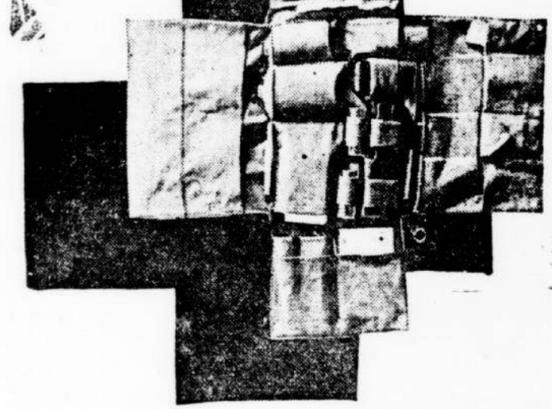


WHAT CAN WE DO?



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 29 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, chevrons, 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 pleum 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.

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.

more often tarnished gold, which may be shot with green.

Rugs From Old Stockings. Rugs may be made of worn stockings. Begin at the top and cut round and round in one long strip, about two inches wide if the stockings are lightweight; join the strips and send to the weaver. They are useful for your summer cottage, and silk ones will make covers for porch pillows. If your collection is sufficiently large, attractive portieres can be made in this way.

Julia Bottomley

FAIR WARRIORS GO OVER TOP

Court Looks on as Amazons Go to It After Case Is Decided.

OFFICERS MAR ATTACK

Rout Two Women Battlers Just as Contest Was Getting Real Interesting—But Who Got Decision?

Chicago.—A good time was had by all.

There were present half a dozen policemen, a sprinkling of bailiffs, police-women, detectives, jailers, and—Mrs. Margaret McMillin of 229 East Superior street; ragside weight, 200 pounds.

Miss Anna Anderson of 146 East Ohio street, 120 pounds.

The judge, Bernard P. Barasa.

Miss Anderson may have been a few grams underweight, but she didn't let that deter her. Neither did Mrs. McMillin. The preliminaries:

Mrs. McMillin had Miss Anderson arrested and brought into the East Chicago avenue court on a charge of slandering her. The judge had heard the evidence and decided the defendant was not guilty.

"Why do you discharge her, Judge?" demanded Mrs. McMillin. "That's unfair to me."

"Over the Top" and Give 'Em H—

Some say Miss Anderson's nose assumed an unnatural tilt. Some say it was just spontaneous combustion. Anyway, before the court could explain the pros and cons of its decision Mrs. McMillin and Miss Anderson went over the top and into executive session with colors and hairpins flying.

The details, as gathered up later into present tense, is in the sporting editor:

Mrs. McMillin uppearts with right and left to hairpins. Miss Anderson counters to both shins. Mrs. McMillin

looks into bangs and curls. Mrs. McMillin leads by two handfists. Miss Anderson makes hay on the right eye while the sun shines for Mrs. McMillin. Maggie puts right and left around Anna and leaves monogram above rear collar button. Anna sidesteps on Maggie's corn. Anna has a shade by some scratches. Maggie bites her initial—

At this juncture, or whatever one would call it, the aforementioned half dozen policemen and bailiffs, police-women, detectives, and Judge interrupted Maggie's teeth and—

"Lock this woman up for contempt of court," ordered the judge.

"Can't do it, can't do it," whispered Mrs. McMillin softly. But they did.

At this moment Edward J. McMillin appeared on the scene to announce that he was Mrs. McMillin's husband. He tendered the family's regrets to the court's dignity and Mrs. McMillin was allowed to go home.

Ah, yes—the decision? Who got it? Ask Judge Barasa.

GIVES UP BOYS FOR COUNTRY

Part of Nation's Reserve Revealed in Spartan Spirit of Brooklyn Widow.

New York.—"I have given my boy and I am not sorry. But it is very hard. And since he went from us to France one of his sisters has died and his cousin Arthur was killed in battle over there—it is hard, hard. Thomas, though, is ready to take his place, and if it becomes necessary one more of my boys will take Thomas' place."

These were the words of Mrs. Sarah Burke, a widow of 1396 St. John's place, Brooklyn, when she received word that her son, William, thirty-five years old, who enlisted with the Canadian expeditionary force at the beginning of the war, had died in France from wounds received in battle on July 27.

Thomas, the other son, is training at Hamilton, Ontario.

NEW MEDICAL USES FOR DYES

Prussian Doctor Said to Have Successfully Treated More Than Four Hundred Patients.

London.—Over 400 patients have been successfully treated with various aniline dyes by Dr. Edwin Baumann, a physician of Koenigsberg, Prussia. Dr. Baumann has been using large quantities of dyestuffs for medical purposes and that as germ killers and arresters of noxious growths these materials are said to be far superior to any antiseptic substances so far known. They are quickly distributed, do not coagulate albumen, and, in the quantities used, are absolutely non-poisonous.

JUST A LITTLE SMILE



THE REASON.

"Come on, good pen-pal! Come on, and behold the wild, strange and curious cross-cheerers from all parts of the world!" stentoriously invited the side-show ballyhoo artist.

"Pardon us," we ventured, "but to gratify our very natural curiosity, pray tell us why you invite only good people to come on. Do you not think that bad people too might wish to view the wonders you mention?"

"Good people are the only come-ons," he frankly replied. "Bad people have already seen everything worth seeing."

Queer.

"Something queer about that man."

"Why?"

"He was hurt in an automobile accident and he admitted that it was his own fault."

Between the Acts.

"I am going out to see a man."

"What, again?"

"Yes, you—"

"But aren't you afraid of eye-strain?"

HASN'T GOT THAT FAR.



Friend—Are you interested in the recall?
Habitual Candidate—Not yet. What I am interested in is a means of getting somewhere in the first place.

Too Easy.

Oh, music once made some demand
On practice and on power;
But now they pull a lever, and
They spelt it by the hour.

Safeat.

"I am deucedly superstitious. When I see my tailor coming I cross my fingers so he won't ask me for his bill."
"I—I generally cross the street."

A New Discovery.

"I've discovered a way to keep a fountain pen from leaking."
"That's so? Let me in, please."
"Forget to put ink in it."

The Attraction.

Small Boy (proudly)—My sister's in the movies.
Ditto Girl (scornfully)—Huh, my ma's there all the time.

At the Club.

"I suppose you tried to save every penny when you started in business."
"I did more than that. I rescued a lot that other people were squandering."

Envy.

Bug—It makes me sore.
Worm—What does?
Bug—Why, old Turtle can take a bath whenever he wants. He carries a bath tub on his back all the time.

Too Witty to Wed.

He (displaying knowledge)—Are brains singular or plural?
She (coolly)—They would be singular with you.

Well! Well!

The Soubrette—Why do they call money "dough"?
The Comedian—Because everybody "kneads" it!

He's Got Them.

"Doctor Smart says it requires lots of patience to run an automobile."
"Well, he's got the patients."

The Trouble.

"Eggs are high."
"You don't have to buy eggs all the time. There are nourishing cereals, oatmeal and such."
"I do have to buy eggs. Trouble is my wife doesn't know how to cook anything else."

True.

"There's one thing I will say for our national anthem."
"What's that?"
"It's a good thing the tune isn't as hard to remember as the words are."

Overworking Freedom.

"Father," said the small boy, "what is a free country?"
"A free country, my son, is one which compels peaceful citizens to put up money for police protection for anarchists who are trying to destroy the government."

Fatal Cause.

"So Smith's illness had a fatal termination, I hear. What caused it?"
"His doctor told him he wouldn't charge him for a mistaken diagnosis, and he died of the shock."

HUSBAND SWALLOWS HER SILVER SPOONS

Disordered Nerves Held Responsible for Philadelphia Man's Peculiar Appetite.

Philadelphia, Pa.—For several weeks Mrs. Joseph Quinlan had been mystified by the disappearance of numerous articles from her household. She changed servants half a dozen times, but the articles, such as silver spoons and pieces of household hardware, continued to be missed. Recently her husband became ill and was sent to the Philadelphia hospital, and



Unable to Overcome His Appetite When Tempted.

there the surgeons cut open his stomach and removed the following articles:

- Thirty-four silver teaspoons.
- One alcohol cigar lighter and chain.
- One pocket.
- Twelve screen door hooks.
- One glass medicine dropper.
- Six ten-penny nails.
- Thirty-six carpet tacks.
- Thirteen metal buttons.
- Six safety pins.
- Forty pieces printers' type.
- Thirty-two coins.
- Four souvenir medals.
- Nineteen screws (assorted sizes).
- Two hundred and forty-seven pebbles.

Disordered nerves were responsible. Mr. Quinlan confessed he was unable to overcome his appetite when tempted, for instance, by a nice nickel-plated screen-door hook.

SHIPWRECK COMRADE LEAVES HIM FORTUNE

San Francisco.—An acquaintance formed in a boat full of castaways half a century ago bore tangible fruit for Frederick Clough of San Francisco, who has been notified that through the will of Henry Ferguson of Hartford, Conn., he is left a bequest of \$100 a month for the rest of his life.

Clough is now seventy-one years of age. When he met Ferguson, Clough was a sailor on the old clipper ship Hornet and Ferguson was a passenger. The ship caught fire in the South Pacific and the two escaped in a boat with 13 members of the crew. After 44 days of extreme hardship, during which they ran short of both food and water, the party finally made one of the Hawaiian islands. There was the only boat saved. Clough and Ferguson both came to San Francisco, the former remaining here and the latter returning to his home in Hartford.

PACKS LOVE MISSIVE IN ICE

Ardent Message on Cantaloupe Wrapper Finds Way to Heart of Illinois Woman.

Calceico, Cal.—Despite the fact that it was sent halfway across the continent packed in ice, an ardent love message on a cantaloupe wrapper found its way into the heart of Miss Rosetta Saylor of Mattson, Ill.

It was sent by Hugh W. Willis of Calceico. Recently they were issued a marriage license by County Clerk Cook, and it is understood the nuptials took place.

Willis was engaged in the cantaloupe business at Heber last year. A sudden impulse drove him to write on the inside of one of the wrappers: "To the girl who gets this—write to lonely Hugh White Willis, Calceico Cal."

Not two weeks elapsed before Willis got a letter from his bride-to-be.

FINDS WOMEN BEST LIARS

Lies Do Not Show on Faces; Men Give Themselves Away, Says Omaha Judge.

Omaha.—"Women are better liars than men, but God bless them just the same," said Police Magistrate J. M. Fitzgerald of the Omaha police court. "Women come into this court and lie right along, under oath. Their lies do not show on their faces, either, but I can tell they are lying because their stories contradict those of reliable witnesses."

"When men lie they hesitate, turn red, swallow, etc. One can tell they're lying just by watching their faces and necks."

"But you can't tell it on a woman. They lie outrageously, and stick to their stories in the face of everything. They know just the right time to deviate from the truth, too. Their lies always count in the outcome of their trials—if they are believed. Men haven't the same knack at the art that women police court characters have."

Land of the Flemings



Battlements of Castle of the Counts of Flanders.

THERE is something about the name Flanders that seems immediately to call up to the mind visions of romance, chivalry, of art and history that are produced by the mention of no other country, unless it be old Venice.

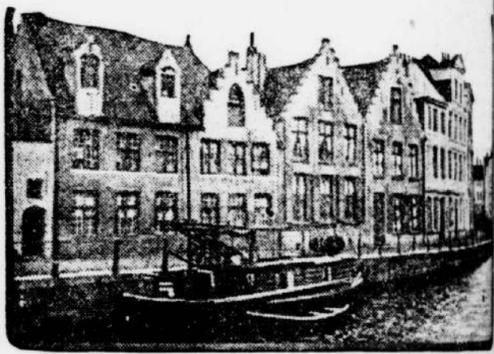
The land of the ancient Flemings and of those medieval counts who ranked almost as high as kings is again living its romance in the bitter struggle against the Germans. We read how the people in London heard the guns roar in Flanders; of how the great offensive was being launched by Flanders, and yet the bonds of Flanders to the average man are something of a mystery.

While Flanders proper is nowadays divided into West and East Flanders, says the Philadelphia Public Ledger, the Flemish peoples of Belgium, who number rather more than one-half of the whole, are in the majority in the provinces of Antwerp and Hainaut also, and in the remaining provinces they may be said to divide the honors.

These few facts tend to show that the Flemings are not by any means extinct, and that those persons who confuse Belgium with Flanders, or believe the two names are synonymous, are not greatly to blame, for they are only technically wrong.

The Flemings are in origin a Germanic people, while the Walloons, the Belgians of the East, are more Celtic in their genesis. The Flemings are kin to the Dutch, and at one time they were a part of the United Netherlands. But they have had a long and strange history, and have, during the last 1,500 years, owed allegiance to many princes and countries; yet they have continued to preserve their own language, to produce their own art and to maintain their love of the picturesque and the simple life.

It is true that the great gambling place, the seaside resort Ostend, lies in Flanders, but it was the late king of the Belgians, Leopold, who made that quiet summer resort what it became.



Canal Scene in Bruges.

With Nieuport it is one of the most ancient towns in Flanders and dates back to the times when the Northmen came down and tried to make the Flemings slaves.

Formerly Opposed the French.

Although the Flemings are fighting side by side with the French, they had for years prior to the war united in opposing everything French, and many parents in Flanders have pursued the inhibition to the extent of declining to permit their children to learn a single word of that language.

There are no braver people in Europe than these selfsame Flemings, but they have been the victims of conquest over and over again. Had it not been that the Walloons dwell principally in the eastern provinces, those abutting Germany, there is reason to believe that long ago Belgium would have fallen to the German empire, and probably without any serious struggle.

The events of the opening days of the present war, however, have changed the entire face of Belgium's history and that of Flanders also. Today the people of Flanders have seen their beautiful cities reduced to ruins and their people enslaved by a cruel conqueror. At the same time they have seen France and England come to their assistance, and Flanders hereafter probably will not be so proud of its Low Dutch language that it will neglect the study of French, which is the language used largely in other parts of Belgium.

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"Potwalloper" Word With History.

Potwalloper is a slang word with a history, meaning literally a pot boiler. There is an old English word walloper, meaning to boil with a bubbling sound. Before the passage of the so-called reform act of 1832, persons in England who had occupied a single room and boiled a pot for six months claimed the right to vote in an election for members of parliament, on the ground that boiling a pot and cooking food at their own fire made them householders. The act of 1832 recognized their claim by providing that those who had previously exercised the right of suffrage on that ground should not be deprived of it, but the act gave a new definition for householder. Pot boiler, the modern form of potwalloper, means one who does literary or artistic work by the job, mainly to keep the pot boiling.

Conserving Tin Cans.

All over the world many uses are found for used five-gallon tin cans. In the Orient, Africa, Latin-America, the West and East Indies, the natives purchase them for innumerable purposes, but little residue.

Some years ago a more or less terminated attempt was made in Belgium to popularize the Flemings. Some of the foremost men in the country concentrated only in that tongue, and Maeterlinck and Verhaeren, but he was at his best in French, the "Belgian Shakespeare," as he has been called, does all his writing in language of France.

Land of Famous Counts.

In the Middle Ages Flanders was a powerful principality, which, under the suzerainty of the French king, was virtually independent. The eastern provinces were added to the Holy Roman empire in the sixteenth century. It is the land of the counts. The first of the counts was Baldwin, the Iron-armed, married the daughter of Charles the Bold of France, and obtained the newly acquired country as a gift from his father-in-law.

In those days the counts of Flanders were regarded as the richest princes in Europe and were said to be more wealthy than many of the kings. Baldwin IX will be recalled as the founder of the Latin empire in Constantinople.

The cities of Bruges, Ghent and Antwerp at this time were and felt their night, bidding to become free cities, and were permitted their independence with the exception of the counts of Flanders. The country was united with the Netherlands in the fourteenth century, but a century later passed to the Hapsburgs.

It has been in the possession of the Spanish and of the French. In 1830 finally liberated itself from the land and from France.

Ghent has been called the City of Flowers and the Soul of Flanders. It was the home of Flemish art, and was to be seen before the war in the Eycl's masterpiece, "The Adoration of the Lamb," in the cathedral of Bayon. It was here that the peace of 1815, which concluded the War

1812, was signed by the commissioners of Great Britain and the United States.

Bruges a City of Bridges.

Bruges is a picturesque old city of bridges and the Venice of the North. There the early printer Simon taught his art to the English merchant Caxton, who carried the art to England and began printing, providing for us some of the most readable pieces of English literature. He was the first printer of Chaucer.

All the arts have flourished in Flanders. Indeed, in the early Middle Ages it might be said to be the center of industrial art in Europe. The tapestries of Bruges, the work of Ghent have their praises sung in the towers of the ancient cathedrals. It inspired a host of poets, for its bells and its ancient architecture have been the joy of artists from every part of the world. Alas! the cruel invasion of the Germans has reduced to ruins the Historic Cloth hall of Bruges, which was built by that Count who won who afterward led a crusade to Constantinople, and have made the towns unrecognizable.

Flanders was the home of the guilds in the Middle Ages, and most of the guild halls are to be seen today, the product of an age of the architecture. The loss to the world of art by the invasion of the Germans cannot be estimated, and most of its art objects are scattered in museums.

There are men engaged solely in buying and selling these contrabands. The tinsmith covers the contrabands with all kinds of household utensils—cook stoves, pots, baking pans, messengers, small pumps, plates, messengers, drinking cups, rat-traps and glass. With one face removed and glass substituted therefor the contraband is a play box for grocery stores, or a tin container. Cut diagonally, it serves as a dust pan. In Latin-America tin cans are used for making tin cans. It is used for making tin cans. It is used for making tin cans.

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Burning Coal Ashes.

This is a chemist's formula for burning coal ashes: one part of coal ash, two ounces oxalic acid, one gallon water. Mix and make into a mixture containing one part coal ash, three parts ashes, and a better fuel cannot be burned. This mixture can be placed upon a burning fire, upon being placed upon a burning fire, upon being placed upon a burning fire, upon being placed upon a burning fire.