



# HEARD and SEEN at the CAPITAL

## Thanksgiving Day Especial Event in Washington

WASHINGTON.—Thanksgiving time brought a brightening of Washington hearts and turkey-scented invitations in honor of the lads about us in national livery who are far from home and mother. Rare the Thanksgiving board this year that did not boast a khaki-covered guest or so. Father and mother piled high the strangers' plates joyously. Never mind the mist in their eyes.

"Yes, I'm proud of my Jimmy; but I'm not a heroine. I'm just his mother!" Exalted eloquence!

They had a grand memorial service for Jimmy at Evansville, Ind., his home town, when the dread word came that Private James B. Gresham, enlisted at nineteen—such a kid!—was one of the first three Americans killed in the trenches of northern France. And Jimmy's mother in her anguish, thanking God for the proud gift of such a boy, sobbed out to those who would fain console her. "I'm not a heroine—I'm just his mother!"

And I'm rather inclined to think that she was both.

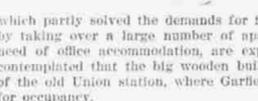
The other night there was an interesting cavalcade entertainment given by patriotic local talent before the men at Washington barracks. The wee daughter of Representative Kincheloe of Kentucky accompanied her mother to the performance. Mrs. Kincheloe, a versatile artist, was one of the headliners of the excellent bill. The orchestra was filling up the space between two numbers with a strenuous rendition of "Over There" when tiny Miss Kincheloe, just three years old, escaping from her protector, inspired by the stirring strains, scrambled up on the low stage and began to dance in a spontaneous baby way that overwhelmed the soldiers with delight. The regular program had to wait. The laddies wanted more of the baby. Grown folk were everyday affairs. A kiddie was a treat.



## Government Departments Hard Pressed for Room

THE treasury department is in the market for 185,000 square feet of floor space for office purposes, and is having great difficulty in getting even a small portion. Other government departments are hard pressed for office accommodations for employees, and it will not be until various new buildings authorized by congress are completed that real relief will come.

The government's executive and administrative activities are now so badly scattered throughout the city that persons having business with Uncle Sam often find trouble in locating the particular bureau or division they are looking for. Many times they are sent from one place to another. The war and navy departments, which partly solved the demands for floor space at the beginning of the war by taking over a large number of apartment houses, and are still badly in need of office accommodation, are expecting relief by March 1, when it is contemplated that the big wooden buildings at Sixth and B streets, the site of the old Union station, where Garfield was shot by Galtman, will be ready for occupancy.



## Would Fight to Prove Nationality of Bambino

IT IS a street of second-hand smells. Also, there are noises—the babel shrill of foreign parent voices outclashed by the raw Americanism of their juniors; the insistent call of the push cart, and always, always the coming and goings of job-lot humanity that must buy other people's cast-offs, because—everybody knows why.

But at one corner the other morning the sun lay like a yellow blanket on the pavement and the leaves swirled down from the trees as if dying were a gay sort of dance. Also, there was a box, and on the box sat a small girl in blue holding a baby with rings in its ears. The girl was a skinny little tacker, with a dark face, mostly eyes, and as she cradled the baby her crooning voice somehow suggested olives, Vesuvius, wayside shrines and banana canes. But there was nothing Latin about the fat, bald-headed baby, except the rings in its ears. As the two made a picture worth looking at, the woman paused and offered the baby an apple from a bag.

"She Amerry-can baby"—the girl explained it with a pride that was something like to see. "She is not no dago. She have earrings because my mar-mer she say so, and her saint name is Magdalena—but my par-ber he say it is Maggee for Amerry-can and if she be a boy she be president, maybe!"

"Why, that is splendid. And what is your name?"

"I am Marree-ah, after the Mother of God. My mar-mer give me to her at the cathedral in Milan. I wear blue all the time I am a child. When I am beeg I have a pink ribbon bow in my hair and a green dress and fellah to go with. But the bambino—no, the babee she come when we get here. No boy shall call her dago. I will fight heem. I will keep heem if he call her dago."

That's about all, only—

One would like to know in advance what America will do for Maggee, whose saint's name is Magdalena, when she is no longer a fat, bald-headed baby with rings in her ears.



## Opinions as to the Training of Officers Differ

A COMPREHENSIVE plan to train reserve officers and their more systematic employment in the war has been submitted to the secretary of war by the Training Camps association. In addition to establishment of a school or schools for training of officers, to continue without interruption instead of for a few months only, as in the training camps, the association recommends that a certain number of reserve officers should be sent to France for actual experience with the troops in the field and later brought home to act as instructors of troops being prepared for war service.

The association also notes an objection to the understood purpose of the war department to abandon all training camps for officers and to obtain a supply of officers in future solely from the ranks, with the training for commissioned grades given at the headquarters of the several military divisions.

Apparently the proposal that reserve officers be sent to France for training under actual war conditions and then returned to train the National army does not appeal to the war department.

## War Has Had Remarkable Effect on the Capital

IT IS a much more picturesque Washington than it used to be, although it used to be the most picturesque city in the country. The uniforms give variety and color to crowds that formerly were somber or drab. But the air of leisure is gone. No more can Washington be described as "Sleepy Hollow."

It is impossible to walk along the streets without being impressed by the sense of importance in many of the faces, the consciousness of being engaged in great affairs. The idealists jostle the exploiters who have come in swarms to struggle for a share in the big contracts. In competition with the men of legitimate business. Many of the idealists have left fine positions at home to work here for small salaries or for no salaries at all, happy in the thought that they are being of public service. Hotels, apartment houses, lodging and boarding houses, are so crowded that prices have soared dizzily. To find a place to lay your head is to have something to boast of. Behind this situation there is the local prosperity that makes the Washingtonians of all the year round particularly cheerful.

There is so much business to be done as a result of the war that the demand for stenographers has lifted stenography in Washington among one of the most remunerative of industries, and has offered stenographers great temptations to commit the sin of pride as well as to indulge in usury. One stenographer in one of the large hotels receives \$8.50 an hour for dictation.



# BAG MATCHES HAT

This is the Last Word in Fashion for the Shopper.

Handsome Affairs of Velvet, Silk, Satin and Metal Brocades Have Replaced Those of Cretonne.

We started with lovely cretonne knitting bags, blooming with roses and chrysanthemums, others made gay with gorgeously colored birds and butterflies. These were shirred and ribbon-trimmed and often had clusters of silk fruit as the finishing touch.

But these cretonne bags, attractive as they were, have quite faded into the background, making way for the more handsome affairs of velvet, silk, satin and wonderful metal brocades, writes Eva Shepherd in the Detroit News. Nor are they confined to knitting only. The knitting part is secondary. They are the most convenient and smart shopping bags one can imagine and the most troublesome of bundles disappear like magic into their vast depths.

The last word in fashion is the shopping bag with hat to match. The sketch shows an example of these. A huge shopping bag was developed in metal brocade, done in gold and black, was made on the order of a huge purse. The wide opening, bound with gold braid. The strong handles were of gold braid, too, and were fastened

## COLORFUL TURBAN OF VELVET



The popularity of the turban never wanes, especially when it is made on lines particularly suited to the tastes of the majority. This model strikes a new note in that it is built up with bands of red, blue, yellow and black velvet trimmed round and round with strands of gold cord. The crown and tiny bunch of grapes are made of mole-skin.

## COLORS ADD TO FURNISHINGS

Painted or Lacquered Chairs, Tables and Other Pieces Are Found in Many Shops and Modern Homes.

Charming, indeed, are the old chairs and small tables, breakfast suites, sun parlor pieces and others of painted or lacquered furniture to be found in the best shops and the up-to-date homes today.

Many of the latter are decorated by native Japanese artists, with lines and bandings of antique gold on the black or colored pieces, and with shadowy pictures on table tops and flat surfaces showing characteristic Japanese figures, or birds, or rustic scenes.

Base colors of soft Normandy blue, robin's-egg blue, parchment and bone yellow, old red and dull green lacquers are all most decorative when "brought out" (to use a technical phrase) with black-and-gold decorations of this kind. A single piece, well displayed, will often lend the finishing touch of distinction to a room.

## Coats or Capes for Evening

In evening wraps there is a choice between the cape and the loose coat. Capes are attractive when they are well put on, and they have the advantage of being simple and easy to make, but there is more genuine warmth to be found in a coat. Broad-cloth, satin, silk, brocade and velvet are favorites and suitable materials, with a lining of either brocade or a plain satin. But the lining must always be of a good quality, for it is the lining that gets the wear. There is no economy in a cheap lining. If the lining is to be bought it is well to remember that the better materials are apt to come in wider width, and that the wider material cuts to best advantage.

## A Practical Dress

The one-piece gown of serge or gabardine must not be forgotten in the winter wardrobe. It is needed for everyday wear as a house dress, or to go under the long coat. Made on the popular long lines that suit the young girl and the older woman such a gown can be quite without trimming other than a few fancy buttons, and the necessary white collar. A broad box-pleat at either side of the front and back runs under the wide belt and gives a graceful width in walking that does not interfere with the straight-line appearance of the dress. Big, outstanding pockets cut in diamond shape give character to the skirt portion. They start from under the belt.



Hat and Bag to Match.

To the bag with gold braid rosettes. It was attractively lined with gold-colored silk. The hat to match made on military lines, was very smart with its erect brim—if brim one might call it—of the gold and black brocade.

The crown was soft and made of black velvet. A paradise spray added height and richness. This set was very striking, worn with a French blue satin coat with collar and cuffs of soft lustrous moleskin. The wide girdle was trimmed with narrow silk braid, and a bit of hand-embroidery, done in blue and gold, was used effectively on the waist.

According to a scientific observer, the lobster is akin to the butterfly.

## MAKE NEW PURSE FROM OLD

Handbags May Be Easily Transformed Into Latest Fashion With Little Effort and Slight Expense.

Have you any old purses? If you have, did you realize that you could easily transform them into new purses?

You can, without much expense and without much trouble.

To begin with, get a paper pattern for making a handbag. Then get your material.

The old handbag is used merely as a foundation for the new one. That is, the old clasp is requisitioned—with the rest of the old frame. A new covering is made of the new material, and this is slipped over the old frame and fastened securely. If you wish to, you may simply cover the old purse with an envelopelike section of the new material. Or else you may fasten a lining bag to the old frame as big or as little as you please, and put the new outside over that.

If you have a bit of velvet left from a velvet frock, buy a pattern for

## ANTIQUUE TINTS IN RIBBONS

Old-Fashioned Hues Are Being Effectively Used, Affording a Natty Addition to Dressy Gowns.

Ribbon plays an important part in dress trimmings, accessories, etc., and never have they been more beautiful than they are this year. Many are interwoven with gold and silver, and some are formed almost entirely of dull gold or silver tissue. There are ribbons of satin with paisley spots in old-fashioned tints, and pale taffeta ribbons in rose, mauve and natter blue, over which are sprinkled at intervals "lucky" ladybirds brocaded in dull gold or silver.

Striped or checked faille ribbons are extremely fashionable, and among the novelties are ribbons with long weaved fringe at the ends.

Various are the ways in which these ribbons are utilized for frock trimmings. They are introduced in the form of inset bands, plaited, shirred or plain, and sometimes as frillings or ruchings.

For instance, a delightful little

slip-on sack of pale silk jersey was outlined at the neck, sleeves and at the hem with a ruching of narrow pink ribbon of the same shade. At the throat there was a knot of the ribbon with long ends which fell down the garment front.

Striped ribbons serve excellently for trimming. An example is an indoor gown made with large capelle effect formed entirely of wide Roman striped ribbon. The cape of ribbon is drawn into a high girdle also of ribbon which is folded around the waist the second time and knotted loosely at the right side. The ends fall to the skirt hem. There is an endless variety in neck-wear made from ribbon, but the most popular form is a bit of soft pliable ribbon drawn around the neck under a turn-down collar of linen or silk, and knotted loosely at the throat. Often the ribbon is finished at the throat with loops or a rosette.

## Fisher Fur in Sets

Fisher is a variety of fur which is expected to figure prominently for trimming and sets during the coming season.

## Dora's Resolution

"Wish you happy New Year!" called Dora from her pillow, to her sister Agnes, who stood before the dressing-table, brushing her curls. "What makes you get up so early? It isn't breakfast time yet. It is so warm and cozy here in bed, I'm going to lie here and think up lots of good resolutions for the new year. Then I can write them out after breakfast. Why don't you make some resolutions, Agnes?"

"I don't know. I hadn't thought about it," replied the little girl. "I have been hurrying to get dressed, for I was afraid mamma would want me; Freddie has been crying all the morning."

"Freddie is such a cry-baby!" returned Dora. "Well, perhaps I'd better get up, seeing you are all ready to go down. Tell mamma I am coming right away," and she crawled out of bed as Agnes closed the door.

Dora reached the dining room just as her mamma and sister set the

breakfast on the table. Freddie had been restored to good humor, and everybody seemed very happy as they gathered around the first morning meal of the new year. Bright faces, merry voices and good wishes made it a charming family group.

Dora and Agnes cleared the table when the meal was finished, for there was no servant in the house, and the two sisters helped much with the work, that mamma might get more time to sew.

"Shall I wash or wipe the dishes?" asked Dora.

"Oh, I'll wash them, and you can wipe them," said Agnes, "for you'd rather, and I don't care."

"Well, then I'm going upstairs to write out my New Year's resolutions; I'll be down by the time you have the dishes ready to rinse," and Dora ran up to her room.

Dora spoiled several sheets of paper before she had her resolutions written to suit her. Finally she read them over with a certain degree of pride:

### New Year's Resolutions of Dora Buckingham Prescott.

"I will get up early in the morning and help mamma with the breakfast. I will go to bed at night without making a fuss about it."

"I will dress Freddie every morning. I will take my turn at washing the dishes, even though I like better to wipe them."

"I will dust the parlor every day, and not leave it for Agnes."

"I will not forget to make the beds when it comes my week."

"I will take care of my bird every morning."

"I will amuse Freddie, and not be cross to him once this year."

"I will sew on my buttons without being told."

"I will not let Agnes do my share of the work, just because she is obliging."

"I will always be pleasant to everybody—"

"Dora, mamma wants you—"

"Oh, don't come bothering me now, Aggie!"

"Mamma wants you to see to Freddie."

"Oh, dear! Why can't you?"

"I've got to go down to the post office."

"Oh! Why, have you finished the dishes?"

"All done," said Agnes, with a little smile that had not a note of superiority in it.

"But I meant to come and wipe

them," said Dora, with a guilty flush.

"Never mind," said Agnes, "I knew you were busy."

"Dora followed her sister downstairs, thinking she would put the rooms in order and feed the canary before Agnes returned. But to her surprise, the parlor and sitting room were dusted, Dora was eating fresh soup with great relish, and it was ten o'clock. How long a time she had spent over those resolutions!"

After making Baby Fred happy with a big block horse, Dora slipped upstairs and brought down her paper of "New Year's Resolutions" and quietly laid it on the parlor fire.

"I'll keep my eyes and ears open, as Agnes does, and try to be as pleasant as she is. That will be better than writing out a thousand resolutions!"

—Youth's Companion.

## Old Year Adieu.

Old Father Time, with visage grim,  
Marks finis on another year;  
His harvest he has gathered in;  
The swath was wide both far and near.

The strife of battle rages round  
The ranks of fighters in the van,  
But clashing arms and shouts resound  
Of victor and of conquered man.

The aged sire, with trembling hands  
And hoary lock of silvery white,  
Perceives the passing of the sands,  
The sunset's glow, the clouds of night.

Mayhap there is a vacant chair  
At home, but recently resigned—  
A loved one gone abroad to wear  
The crown of bliss by angels twined.

The path to glory may not lead  
With roses strewn about the feet,  
But hope and strive by word and deed  
Some goal to cheer. The New Year greet!

—T. J. Dehey in Pittsburgh Dispatch.

## New Year Song.

"New Year, true year,  
What now are you bringing?  
May day skies and butterfies,  
And merry birds a-singing?  
Freddie, play all the day,  
Not an hour of school?"  
But the merry echo,  
The laughing New Year echo,  
Only answered, "School!"

"New Year, true year,  
What now are you bringing?  
Summer roses springing gay,  
Summer vines a-swinging?  
Jest and sport, the merriest sort,  
Never a thought of work?"  
But the merry echo,  
The laughing New Year echo,  
Only answered, "Work!"

"New Year, true year,  
What now are you bringing?  
Autumn fruits all ripening,  
Autumn horns a-singing?  
Keen delight of moonlight nights,  
When dull folks are a-bed?"  
But the merry echo,  
The laughing New Year echo,  
Only answered, "Bed!"

—Laura E. Richards.

## Satisfied.

A group of pleasant faced children were playing in the sunny corner of a dooryard on a bright New Year's day.

Sustie was saying: "Yes, I know my doll is littler than yours, but I do love her so! She's my own doll—my own doll!" And she sung it over and over, cuddling her doll close.

"Yes," said Lela, "my doll is bigger, but yours is ever so much prettier, for mine is only a cloth doll, and yours is wax with real hair. I love to look at it, but I'm afraid to touch it for fear it would break. I suppose a doll that won't break is the best. Mamma says I'm hard on dolls."

Roy was looking at Johnny, playing with his jumping-jack. Johnny said: "I did want a rocking-horse, and I was most sure Santa Claus would bring me one. I thought he'd know I wanted one so much! But the jumping-jack is a dandy, though!" and he pulled the string hard.

"The little figure turned two or three

somersaults, and ended by standing on its head. Johnny giggled, and little Roy, looking a trifle sober, said: "Your Johnny-jumper is awful nice, and I like to see you make him go it. I didn't get anything this year, but I hope times will be a lot better to our house next Christmas, and then I'll get enough to make it all up. But," said he, smiling now, "I've got all my marbles that I had last year, and my top is most as good as new, and I tell you she's a hummer! Come, Johnny, let's have a game of marbles."

are very valuable, and so far, I believe, no specimen has reached any zoological society. They live in thick forests in cold, high altitudes, ranging from 8,000 to 30,000 feet above sea level. A great number have been captured and kept in the country, but when they are shipped to Europe they always die coming through the Red sea."

Nowadays it's not so easy to get cheaper cuts of meat as it is to get cuts of cheaper meat—at top-notch prices.

## ODD TYPE OF SIMIAN TRIBE

Colobus Monkey Has Long Black Fur and White Oval Patch Down Center of the Back.

Very few people, when inspecting the various exhibits in a "zoo," stop to ask themselves how the animals got there. As a matter of fact, the task of capturing wild beasts alive and shipping them out to civilization unharmed is an infinitely dangerous and difficult undertaking, far more thrill-