

FAD THAT IS USEFUL

TWO BODICES FOR ONE GOWN IS PRESENT EDICT.

Women With Limited Means Find Latest Style Great Convenience—Silk Tie Waist Now Reappears for Spring.

Two bodices for one smart gown—this is the present edict. They belong to the rather elegant street suit, or to the fine reception dress—one waist with high cut for day wear and the other slightly or definitely low for evening. In this way one coat and skirt do service for unnumbered occasions, and the fad is certainly a useful one for women with limited means.

There is the most cunning sequence, too, between the day waist and the rest of the costume, for the one-piece effect is supreme and the bodice and skirt of the same goods and which seems to be in one, reigns for day wear over separate waist arrangements. Cloth, silk and novelty wools of all sorts are made up with narrow skirts and taut little bodices joined under a high waistband so as to look in one; the practicality of the bodice is lightened with a dainty gumpie in filmy white or color, and however plain the rest of the suit, the waist has a certain fineness. In this shape the costume is really a three-piece affair, but when the second waist is considered it becomes one of four pieces. A get-up in four distinct pieces! What right have manufacturers to complain that women are using too little material for their frocks, to wit, indeed, that if it goes on they will be ruined? True, we are still very narrow in silhouette and there is a likelihood that we will continue so for some time to come, but there are our costumes of four pieces—does it not take more goods for two waists than one? Nevertheless, the scheme is still economical for woman herself, so let us shed no tears for the manufacturer.

The second waist is a little, dainty, dressy, thing, exactly in the suit color at some point that a sequence with the skirt may still be there, but it is of chiffon with one color over another, or of chiffon and lace, or silk and chiffon cloth, or net fancy and plain. It is rarely in pure white, for the tremen-



The Silk Tie Waist, Which Has Such a Vogue This Season and Now Reappears for Spring.

dous contrast this makes with a black or colored skirt is now thought extremely trying. If the dress is a very plain street affair, too, the second waist, which is to be for the theater, and so on, is rather simple, and with scarcely more than a collar-neck.

Our illustration gives one of the season's addities, although the student of fashion knows that the tie kink of this waist comes down to us from many years ago. Some twenty years since, French makers sent over a few plaid silk blouses which were adjusted to the figure in just this manner by carrying the fronts to the back and then bringing the ends around to the front and there tying or hooking them. The model went like hot cakes then and it has had a tremendous vogue this winter, the women who bought them ready made using them as jumpers over lawn, lace or net bodices, and those who turned out themselves deciding upon the style because so little fitting is needed. The extremely low cut of the armhole is a late and popular touch, and as a plaid silk always looks well in such a waist or jumper these materials are much used for them when the figure is slim enough to carry off the checking. Sometimes, too, there are neither revers or cuffs as here, but a puff finish about the neck and sleeves, with the bias ends of the fronts and the bottom only hemmed. In this last shape the making of such a waist is a joke, and any woman with the least sewing talent can turn out one in two or three hours.

MARY DEAN.

For Covered Buttons.

All the odds and ends of fur are in the small bits to use in another way, they may sometimes be introduced into a costume by covering big buttons with them for use on the waist and skirt.

REPLIES TO QUERIES

HINTS AND ADVICE ON ALL KINDS OF SOCIAL FORMS.

Mrs. Merri, Most Noted Authority on Such Subjects, Also Furnishes Helping Ideas for Varieties of Home Entertainments.

I want your advice—and hope I don't ask too many questions of you. Will you suggest a buffet supper for a simple home wedding?

Does the bridegroom furnish the flowers for the bride and her maid? What floral decorations, and what flower for the bride's bouquet would you suggest for a February wedding?

Is it the proper and necessary thing to make a gift to the bridesmaids and to the pianist also if they are relatives? And for the groom to present the best man with some gift? What would you suggest as being appropriate?

Is a black suit, white vest, white shirt and tie a conventional dress for an afternoon?—Pat.

For a winter buffet supper have scalloped or creamed oysters in patties, chicken salad, cold turkey, coffee, olives, salted nuts, ice cream, cake, bonbons. The bridegroom presents the bride and her attendants with their flowers. In large cities most of the spring flowers, like hyacinths, tulips and jonquils, are obtainable in February; roses are always lovely with carnations, which are acceptable and beautiful at all seasons.

It is quite customary to present the attendants and pianist with some token, usually a pin or something for personal adornment. The men of the party most always have scarf pins or cuff links besides ties and gloves.

Questions From "A. M."

Would you please tell me what would be a proper gift to give to a girl friend whom I have been keeping company with for awhile, as she graduates from the public school this year. Is it proper to give a present when graduating from public schools?

Do you think a boy eighteen years old and a girl seventeen years old would be too young to keep steady company, and go to a show or entertainment once in a while if her parents don't object? Do you think we would be too young to attend private dances at this age?—A. M.

It has become quite the custom to bestow gifts on graduates and I would suggest a new book, a card case, a box of candy prettily put up. I think that young people your age are too young to go with each other steadily, for it is not fair to either of you. See a lot of other girls and boys and be good friends with all. We cannot help having our preferences, but it is just as well not to express them decidedly too early in life. Take the girl out occasionally.

Birthday Party for Ten-Year-Old.

I wish to give my little girl, who will be ten years old the 25th of February, a birthday party. The guests will number fifteen or twenty, ages ranging from seven to twelve years. What would you suggest for refreshments, games, prizes, souvenirs, etc.? I do not wish for anything elaborate, but would like something different. Please answer in the Sunday paper. Thank you.—"Anxious."

For refreshments you must have ice cream, or it would not be a party. Also a big frosted cake with ten candles and "one to grow on." At the age of ten girls love to dress dolls, and I heard of a most successful party where the girls dressed wee dollies, and prizes were offered for the best one. An hour was allotted to the task. A box of letter paper and a box of candy make excellent prizes, or cups and saucers. Canning little baskets may be given for favors.

Questions From "Perplexed."

If a girl of seventeen never has had a sweetheart or does not care to go with boys at this age, do you think it is right to call her "old maid." She thinks it looks unladylike to flirt and have regular sweethearts at the age of seventeen.

Do you think a stenographer is a desirable position for a girl? Which are worn more now, large hats or small ones?—Perplexed.

I think it is most unkind and rude to make fun or hurt any one's feelings and a girl is by no means an old maid. The position of stenographer is often a very desirable one. Both large and small hats are worn, depends upon which is most becoming, and on which occasion it is to be worn.

Card Etiquette.

Please tell me how many of one's own and their husband's cards should be left when calling. Can you recommend a book on such matters?—E. M. F.

When calling upon a husband and wife, leave one of yours and two of your husband's cards; when paying a visit upon a widow or an unmarried person just leave one of yours and one of your husband's. For each unmarried person in society one card is left. The name of a small up-to-date book of etiquette send me a self-addressed, stamped envelope in care of the publisher.

MADAME MERRI.

THE "FRUITS" OF AMBITION.

"If you are ambitious and want to get on in life, don't wait for your opportunity—make it."

So counseled Mr. Kalostick to young Kabbage, whom he had just appointed to the management of a greengrocery stall.

All that day the youth pondered the advice, and he still remembered it when his eye suddenly caught an item in the sporting columns of his favorite paper:

"Clodville Football club requires dates for December."

Two minutes later Kabbage was busy with pen, ink and paper, and in ten more minutes he was proudly composing the following note to the Clodville secretary:

"Dear Sir: I beg to inform you that we have a choice lot of dates in stock. Inclose one as a sample, and will be pleased to supply any quantity at two-pence a pound or four pounds for sevenpence ha'penny!"—Ideas.

VERY POOR ACTORS.



Mrs. Kidder—The play is very realistic. The actors are actually shooting at each other.

Mr. Kidder—It isn't realistic enough. Mrs. Kidder—How so?

Mr. Kidder—None of the actors are getting killed.

Sure.

Oh, why not still be happy.

Though much, in truth, is lost?

The quickest way of winning is not to count the cost.

Didn't Hurt Him.

Towne—My wife's doing her own cooking now.

Browne—Well, you don't seem to mind it.

Towne—No; I say she's doing her own cooking. I get mine done at a restaurant—Catho's Standard and Times.

What Love Can Do.

"And do you really love me, George?" she asked.

"Love you?" repeated "dear" George fervently. "Why, while I was bidding you good-by on the porch last night, my angel, the dog bit a large chunk out of my leg, and I never noticed it till I got home."

The Superlative Degree.

"Can you give me any idea of the mean temperature in this place?" asked the traveler who had just arrived at Devil's Lake, N. D.

"We ain't got any mean temperature here," replied the old settler. "It's all meaneat."

After Seeing the County Treasurer.

Man With the Bulging Brow (raising his voice)—I'm a good citizen, but—

Man With the Bulbous Nose—But, like all the good citizens I know, you do hate the thunder to pay your taxes!

TIME TO LIGHT OUT.



The Maiden—Be reasonable, papa. Tom is the light of my life.

Her Papa—That may be, but I object to having my house lit up by him after eleven o'clock.

The Climax.

The universe is pausing!
The earth shakes, in good sooth!
The solar system's gasping!
For Baby's cut a tooth!

The Wrong Pick.

"I've picked a girl for you, my dear fellow, to go through life with you, who is a live wire."

"Ah, but my journey through life is via wireless."

The Result.

"When your husband came home from our house, did he speak about the punch we gave him?"

"Well, he was just full of it."

SCHOOLS IN SIBERIA

Are More Numerous Than is Generally Supposed.

Various Systems That Are in Use From Elementary to University and Professional Described—Attendance is Optional.

Tomsk, Siberia.—The prevalent impression today is that education facilities are sadly lacking in Siberia and the Russians in general. The average man holds the misconception that Russia has very few schools indeed and Siberia none and no prospect of any better schooling than that of the knout and the onslaughts of wolf and arctic cold.

First comes the Narodnija utchilitscha, the national free elementary school. It teaches practically nothing more than the three Rs, and if you saw and talked to the average Siberian peasant you would see that in his present state of mental degradation this simple fare is about as much as is good for his youngsters yet awhile, writes Bassett Digby in the Chicago Daily News. He himself expresses no desire to go to any school and often enough he makes himself a nuisance by wanting to keep his children at home as wage earners. This type of school exists in all but the smallest and most inaccessible villages, and it is decidedly on the increase. We saw several in small villages that had been erected recently. Attendance is optional.

Then there is the realnala (in German the realschule), with a curriculum of history, geography and mathematics. Special attention is given to geography, the subject being divided into physical and commercial aspects. The realnala are met with in the usual run of villages. They occur chiefly in towns and big villages. Attendance is free.

Next comes the third of the three free school systems—the gymnasium. History, literature and the higher mathematics are taught. French and German are voluntary. English can-



A Siberian Home.

not be taken. Latin and Greek are compulsory, and are rather overdone, according to some of our informants. In 1880 Count A. Tolstoy, cousin of the literary Leo and then minister of education for the Russians, became obsessed with the idea that in copious doses of the classics would lie the dissipation of the empire's social unrest and that their study would foster a spirit of conservatism. So he dealt out Latin and Greek with a generous hand and the rising generation still has to stagger along with his unwelcome legacy. Gymnasias, of course, are to be found only in the towns and cities.

The kommerscheskaja are private and trade schools. The courses of mental instruction are much easier than those of the gymnasias. They occur in the big towns and cities, and are largely filled with the children of the Jews.

In the national free schools of Siberia, only from 2 to 5 per cent of the attendance is permitted to be composed of Jewish lads. This is not much hardship in the villages, but in the towns and cities the position will not right itself. Great numbers of Jewish lads are on the waiting list of every school.

All the Siberian schools, free and otherwise, are filled to the utmost limit of their capacity. In many cases today they have to go on double time schedule, detachments of the same class being taught in the morning and in the afternoon.

Tomsk is the home of the only university in Siberia. Founded in 1894 and opened seven years later, it is now a very creditable attendance which has been considerably increased, by the way, in recent books Siberian affairs. The roll stands over 1,200, and each succeeding year shows an increase of students. The university is non-residential, students having to find their own quarters in the town. Fees are very moderate, 100 rubles (\$50) the year, divided into two long terms starting in September, the other in the new year.

There are two "schools" and law. The former is the important. With it are splendidly equipped anatomy and medicine. It is in the medical school that the medical school is

HAPPY IN A SHED-LIKE

Appl. Kansas Women - Wear in Old Shack - To New House.

Kansas City.—There is happiness in the little Kansas City, Kan., shack of loose boards and boxes that Grandma Bass calls home. The little woman, 78 years old, must sit shivering beside an old broken stove, but she does not complain. She is happy in the promise of the Kansas City, Kan., police that they will build her a new home, a home that at least will keep out the cold. And the haunting fear of the poorhouse, which she has had constantly with her the last two years, has vanished.

Formerly Grandma Bass was used to much better things. Even after the death of her husband several years ago thoughts of becoming a public charge did not enter her life. With the income she obtained by sewing and the money a son brought home for his work at the packing houses the little woman managed. Then the son developed tuberculosis and three years ago was forced to leave. He went up the Missouri river, where he



Grandma Bass' Home.

now is, living outdoors, attempting to regain strength.

Grandma Bass was not at home when visitors called. No smoke was coming from the tin stovepipe, which was stuck through a hole in the side of the little board and box shack, and the visitors could see no door at which to knock. Presently the visitors found one large board leaning against the shack in such a position that it was concluded it might be the "door." At the top the board was nailed to the wall. When it was pulled away a hole was revealed which led into a small dark room.

In the room, which had no floor other than the bare earth, was a table with broken legs, an old commode and a box which served as a chair. Another small room adjoined the front one, and in it was an old bed on which were a thin blanket and a tattered comfort, and a broken bowled stove. A small pane of glass set insecurely in the side of the wall served as a window. The snow was drifting through the holes in the roof of the shack and the wind was blowing through chinks and holes in the walls. The visitors started to leave. Up the railroad tracks a half-mile they came upon Grandma carrying a basket.

"Don't you nearly freeze in that little house?" she was asked.

"Well, it gets pretty chilly sometimes," she answered. "But I've got used to the cold. Once I would not believe I could stand living as I now live, but circumstances force a person to get used to everything," she said, smiling.

HOW HE FOUND THE CULPRIT

Tennessee Man Who Started a Skunk Farm Had Trouble Right at the Beginning.

Louisville.—A farmer of Tennessee started a skunk farm a year ago and stocked it with twenty fine animals. He was beginning to count up his returns at \$2 per head when he began to miss his animals. As the loss was skunk-tight he started one night to learn how they were getting away and was

He Came

Willaber heard the door of his private office open and was convinced that some one had crossed the room and stood at his elbow, but he doubted what he was writing without looking up. Then when he had carelessly looked the line he swung about in his chair. A thickset man with a pale face and close-cropped hair stood before him nervously twisting his hat.

"Dick!" cried Willaber. He sprang from his chair, grasped the visitor's hand and shook it warmly.

"So you remember me, do you, Fred?"

"Remember you? As if I could forget you! Why, man, there has not been a day for the last two years that I have not thought of you!"

"Yes, it has been two years. Two long—"

"Say, do you remember Knowlson's white cherry tree? And Kent's peach orchard? I certainly am glad to see you again! Sit down. You must go to lunch with me! I want to talk over old times! Say, was there a worse pair of boys in the whole village than we were?"

"The neighbors didn't think so, Fred. But I don't want to talk over these times."

"How does it happen—"

"The governor made me a present of a pardon. I was turned loose New Year's morning."

"Well, isn't that fine! It was a shame you were ever imprisoned. I knew you were not guilty. You couldn't be."

"Yes. I was guilty, Fred."

"You—what?"

"Yes," said the other, a note of hopelessness in his voice. "I only got what was coming to me."

"Why, Dick!"

"Well?"

"I—I am sorry. But never mind, you are free now. You will never do such a thing again."

"Do you believe that?"

"I know it! Have you seen your wife?"

"It was the first place I went, of course."

"Have you told her?"

"That I was guilty? Yes."

"How old is the little girl now?"

"Claribel is three now."

"That's great! And you're going to start all over again and the three of you will be just as happy as loads in a barrel."

"That is what I came to see you about, Fred."

"I'm mighty glad you thought of me the first thing. Tell me what I can do."

"I answered an advertisement for a place in a grocery house this morning, and the job has been promised me provided I can get a letter of reference. I asked if a letter from you would do, and the manager told me it would be as good as gold. The place will be held open until noon."

"Did you tell him—"

"That I had been a convict? You don't understand. That would spoil me in a minute. I have got to have a chance to prove that I am on the square before I let that be known."

"I—see."

"You will recommend me, Fred?"

"What can I say?"

"Don't you believe me to be honest?"

"I certainly do."

"Then, you'll do it! By George, always were the squares!"

"It wouldn't be right."

"Oh, well, I suppose you are a fool to help me. You are a man whose good reform and that sort of thing"