What Can We Do?

Trained nurses are urged by the Red Cross to enroll for service in European hospitals. Nurses who can leave this country at any time, for foreign service, are needed or will be, and it is very necessary that they should enroll at once.

The woman's bureau of the Red Cross has published a leaflet which may be had by applying at any chapter, describing layettes for French or Belgian mothers who may need them. With regard to these simple outfits of warm baby clothes the Red Cross has issued the following:

"The articles and garments in the layette have been chosen upon the advice of the woman's bureau representatives who have returned from a two months' investigation of allied needs in France. The Red Cross is anxious that these baby clothes be made by women working at home instead of in the chapter workrooms.

"The garments are very simple. Great emphasis is laid on the purchase of extremely durable materials, since owing to the coal shortage in France hot water is available in most villages only twice a week, while the greater part of the laundry work is done in icy streams. The method of cleansing is by pounding with stones. Warm baby clothes will save many a child who otherwise might perish this year.

"The layette will, if necessary, serve also for civilian relief here in America.

"Patterns described in the leaflet can be obtained at Red Cross chapters, and at practically every retail dry goods store with a pattern counter. The outfit calls for:

"Two daisy-cloth or outing flannel dresses, one flannel or knitted or crocheted jacket, three bleached muslin jackets, three thin white flannel brassieres, one flannel or daisy-cloth hood, two pairs of bootees, two swadding cloths or woolen blankets, three flannel binders, twelve diapers, three undershirts, one bonnet and a bag filled with sundries for the little newcomer into a warring world. Wherever possible the Red Cross urges that the layette be completed before it is turned over to the chapters for shipping. Where this is not possible, single articles will be acceptable.

"Members of the Junior Red Cross, little girls in the grammar grade sewing classes, have offered to help with the baby clothes; and many women in rural districts will find these simple contributions to the winning of the great war and the comforting of French motherhood, easier to make than cutting hospital garments for men, struggling with the wool scarcity when they have volunteered to knit."

Attending to Our Knitting

There is no prospect now of a respite from the necessity to knit and if such a respite were in sight there are many women who would not take advantage of it. This knitting for the soldiers turns out to be a fascinating occupation that quiets the nerves and satisfies the heart's desire to do something worth while.

There is no end to the demand for warm sox, for scarfs and sweaters and helmets, and there is no limitation to the willingness of women to make them; so we are destined to go on knitting. Even the end of the war will hardly see the end of our devotion to the good, old-fashioned art. By that time we shall have become addicted to it—and also to the necessity of being useful.

The knitting bag is the outward and visible sign of our patriotic industry and every day brings out new ones. The last arrivals are somewhat smaller than the sweater bags that were so numerous in the summer and fall followed by knitting bags patterned after them. Satin and ribbon are used for making many of these new bags, in plain and printed weaves and in brocaded and embroidered patterns. They are designed so that they can be easily carried on the arm and to make the knitting so accessible that everywhere their wearers sit down for a quarter of an hour, or even less time, the knitting goes faithfully on. Three ribbon bags are shown in the group illustrated. The largest bag is made of rose-colored ribbon in five strips, herringbone-stitched together. The end strips are trimmed in a curve and the edges are finished with a narrow plaiting of inch-wide satin ribbon matching the bag. Small rings with cover of crocheted silk floss suspend the bag from large metal ring handles.

The bag at the lower left of the picture is made of black satin ribbon set at each side of a handsome brocaded ribbon, with black ground and flowers in many rich colors. It is suspended from two narrow metallic rings, one of them set with a few mock jewels in colors. A handsome black silk tassel finishes each end of this dignified bag.

Wide black velvet ribbon at each side of a richly embroidered satin ribbon serves to make the handsome bag at the right. The trumpet flowers embroidered in red silk in a black ground are enriched with silver threads entwining their stems and foliage and brightening the blossoms. This bag is lined with soft green satin and is suspended from large satin-covered rings.

Julia Bottomley

Feather Hats.

The feather hat for afternoon deserves a place all by itself. All the best French milliners have sponsored it and, what is more to the point, have sent over such models that they are sure to be taken up and worn.

After all, in a new mode the principal thing to make it a success is that it shall be so new and attractive that a woman just cannot ignore it.

Embroidery on Velour.

Women are used to wool embroidery on street suits. And now they find floral designs, worked in silk, on suits of velour—floral designs such as once could have been considered suitable only for centerpieces!

Rich Shades of Color.

Among the colors which dyers have produced of late are the various shades of red, including beetroot. They have also found an odd purple. These shades will be seen largely in winter tailored suits, and in millinery they are attractive, for nearly every woman can wear a velvet hat in the beetroot shade. If a gray gown is liked it need not be all gray. There are many colors that can be used with it. Certain shades of blue are effective, and with gray will go violet, heliotrope, salmon, watermelon pink and flame red.

Fanciful Gloves.

Some recently arrived gloves from Paris are of gray suede with pipings of white suede and embroidery in mauve and white. Another pair is of white glace kid with purple embroidery on the backs and a turned down purple velvet cuff reaching almost to the fingers. Even more lively are tan suede gloves with embroidery and piping in red.

DADDY'S EVENING FAIRY TALE

By MARY GRAHAM BONNER

THE GRAY WOLF.

"My beautiful children," said the mother gray wolf, as she looked at her young and taught them the ways of the great world into which they would soon have to go by themselves for adventures.

"You must heed me while I tell you of hunting and of the ways of escape," said Mother Wolf.

They listened politely but they thought to themselves, "Poor old mother, she is growing old. She does not know as much as we do. We are young and brave and we want wild escapes from dangers. We will listen to her because she is old, but we will do as we like."

But the mother told them of the things she had learned through experiences and adventures, and she taught them the lessons all wolves must know.

She thought her children were going to be perfect and that they would not have some of the narrow escapes she had had. The little wolf who thought he was the wisest of the lot paid no attention when his mother told of the danger of the gun which the creature called man always carried.

Her Eyes Looked Wild.

"I will not be shot by a gun," he said to himself. "I will not be the big men get me, no indeed." And so he boasted to himself.

"Little wolf, my beautiful child," said his mother looking at him. "The gun is very apt to get you. Be careful. Do not feel you know it all."

And the little wolf said, "I will do as you say, dear mother." Though he still felt how wise he was. He felt that his mother was nervous—too nervous and a little bit foolish.

"Now," said the mother wolf, "there are fine things for us to hunt for, but the finest we can get in the real country, not the wilds. What is more delicious than anything else is a nice, juicy lamb or even a tender colt."

Mother Wolf smacked her lips and showed her great strong teeth. And her eyes looked wild and her face very cruel.

The children began to feel that their mouths were watering for some of the fine food their mother had talked about.

"When can we go hunting?" they asked.

"Tomorrow night," said their mother.

"Good," they all called.

"Remember," said the mother, "be careful of guns. Keep out of danger. Have sport, go hunting, but try to come away safe, for no food is good if we are too wounded to eat it, and of course if we should be killed there would never be any more huntfig."

And at this the wolves looked a trifle serious and decided they would be careful. They did not want to be killed. Certainly not! Life was far too sweet for that, and the thought of nights and nights of hunting and of delicious sheep dinners was too nice.

Of course Mother Gray Wolf had warned them even more than she needed to, for the wolves are very clever and not apt to get caught. They can destroy many sheep and colts and calves and still they will not be caught.

"Just one more thing," said Mother Gray Wolf, "if you are caught or brought right up to a fight, never be a coward, and remember your great jaws. They are very powerful and they will protect you! Remember. Be careful, but be a fighter! This is for everyone of you."

For she had noticed that the little wolf who thought no gun would ever get him had not been paying attention.

No one had ever been able to get Mother Gray Wolf, and oh, how many had tried, for she was very dangerous and the farmers all dreaded the times she came around. For she had fought the dogs and won every battle, no trap nor gun had ever captured her, and still she had a sheep dinner whenever she wanted one.

The following night they went hunting. And the little wolf who had felt he knew so much was killed. He had been foolish and had gone too near where the sound of a gun had come from.

The others had gone to another sheep farm where they hunted and killed and ate the rest of the night.

As for Mother Gray Wolf she was more victorious than any of them and they realized that she was a wise wolf and a very great huntress.

Trifle Skeptical.

Mamma—But don't your conscience tell you that you were doing wrong?

Little Edwin—Yes, but papa told me I shouldn't believe all I was told.

Got the Periods Mixed.

"How is Europe bounded?" said a teacher, who believed in early cramming to one of his little pupils.

"I, thou, he, she, it," was the reply.

"For shame, Johnny! Try again."

"Oh, please, sir, I remember now; that is the answer to one of my grammar questions, and I thought I was to be heard in my grammar first."

Manly Little Men.

Grown men like to see boys who are manly little men, but nobody admires a boy who is prematurely mannish.

AT THE CHURCH

By VINCENT L. PERRY.

(Copyright, 1917, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

It was Irene White's wedding day and Irene was in tears. She had felt all along that she didn't mind taking this step, but now she knew she did mind, and the thought frightened her. It would not have been so bad, she told herself, if she had ever seen the man she was going to marry, but she hadn't, and there was Claude Roy, the man she had pledged to marry three years before at the commencement ball.

The fault had not been Claude's, she told herself. He was too good for her; that was the trouble, and she, silly little thing that she was, had thought herself too brilliant to be a minister's wife, for he had entered the ministry against her wishes. Her frivolity had killed his love, she thought.

As her wedding hour approached, Irene tried to dry her tears and get ready. She would show her friends that she would make as pretty a bride as any of them. If only the groom was attractive her wedding would be a success from appearances, at any rate. But what if the groom was bald, or had a beard or some other hideous oddity that would make her a laughing stock? The thought chilled her. He wrote very nice letters, but it was hard to tell what type of man he was from that.

It lacked fifteen minutes of the time the ceremony was scheduled to begin at the church when Irene was finally dressed.

Her guardian had made all arrangements at the church. There was a large crowd waiting outside to see her enter and she sailed majestically through it, followed by her bride's-maids. The cries of: "Isn't she sweet!" "What a beautiful gown," and numerous other compliments did not escape her. She was glad Mabel Duran was one of the bridesmaids and could hear them, too. Mabel also looked sweet, but all eyes were on the bride.

Irene was in the vestibule waiting for the procession to be formed. The church was crowded, they told her, and she was pleased. If the groom was only good-looking, she thought again. But where was the groom? He had not arrived yet, her guardian announced somewhat nervously. Had he missed his train? Would he come? This was the worst suspense of all, she decided, but she wouldn't cry, for she just had to look nice and fresh for the ceremony. The train was late, her uncle announced after he had telephoned the station. Thank goodness it was that instead of his missing it! She was able to breathe again.

The guests were growing impatient so the other members of the wedding party took their places to be ready upon the groom's arrival. Irene was left alone in the vestry. She wasn't going to have much chance to have a look at this man before she married him, she could see that. It was no one's fault save her own that she was in such a predicament and she did not blame any one. How different she would feel if she was to stand at the altar with Claude Roy, she thought as she fought back the tears.

"Irene!" It was Claude's voice and she sprang from her chair.

"Claude!" she gasped as she faced a young man in clerical clothes, who had just entered.

"So you are the bride, Irene?" he said slowly. "Accept my congratulations."

"No, no, Claude, don't congratulate me; I am making a fool of myself and I can't stand it!" All her fortitude had gone now and the tears came with a rush.

"There, there, little girl," he said, soothingly, and he put his arm about her. She sobbed it out on his shoulder.

"I hate myself, Claude! I am marrying a man I have never seen and just for money. It's all through a stupid old will my uncle made. I had a false idea of my position in social circles and its relationship to my happiness, that's why I sent back your ring. But I love you, Claude, and I would give it all up now, but it's too late!"

"I am glad you have come to your senses, dear," he said kindly. "I am glad you have seen that a life of work that counts is far superior to a butterfly existence. It isn't too late to call this wedding sham off, sweetheart. You will never regret it, dear."

"I know I never will, Claude. I will call it off no matter what anyone says. It will be an awful shock for this poor cousin that I am supposed to marry, but he can't really care for me and the money is all he wants. If I marry you he will get it all and I don't care." She had stopped sobbing and the sign of tears had almost disappeared from her eyes.

Her guardian rushed into the vestry. "Here is a telegram; open it, quick! It is probably from him," he said excitedly.

Irene's nerves had about reached their limit. Claude took the telegram from her guardian's shaking fingers, opened it and read:

"Forgive me. I have just married the girl I love. I couldn't sacrifice her for money."—Fred Morgan.

"Thank God!" breathed Irene.

"But the wedding?" gasped her guardian.

"The wedding will go on," Claude said briskly. "Tell Mr. Wallace he will have to conduct the ceremony without my assistance, for I am to be groom."

Art in America.

The first school of painting to establish itself on American soil was that of Spain, following in the train of viceroys and prelates after the Indian commonwealths had been subjected and Spanish towns had been built. To the present day there exists in the city of Mexico the oldest academy of the fine arts in the western world—the Academy of San Carlos. It is nearly as old as the Royal Academy, London.

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ORDER APPOINTING TIME FOR HEARING CLAIMS.

State of Michigan, the Probate Court for the County of Oakland. At a session of said Court held at the Probate office in the City of Pontiac, in said county, on the 29th day of December, A. D. 1917. Present, Hon. Ross Stockwell, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of

DANIEL BOYLAN, Deceased.

James Boylan, administrator of said estate, having filed in said Court a petition praying that the time for the presentation of claims against said estate be limited and that a time and place be appointed to receive, examine and adjust all claims and demands against said deceased by and before said Courts it is ordered that four months from this date be allower for creditors to present claims against said estate. It is further ordered that the 29th day of April, 1918, at 9.30 o'clock in the forenoon, at said Probate office, be and is hereby appointed for the examination and adjustment of all claims and demands against said deceased.

A true copy. ROSS STOCKWELL, Judge of Probate

GEORGE A. BROWN, Register of Probate. 4-18jan

MORTGAGE SALE.

Default having been made in the conditions of a certain mortgage made by Elmer O. Mutchler and his wife, Lena Mutchler, of the City of Detroit, Wayne County, Michigan, dated the 8th day of February, A. D. 1911, and recorded in the Office of the Register of Deeds for the County of Oakland, and State of Michigan, on the 24th day of April, A. D. 1917, at 2:20 o'clock P. M. of said day, in Liber 237 of mortgages, on page 382-383, on which mortgage there is claimed to be due at the date of this notice for principal and interest the sum of two hundred ninety-four and fifty-two one-hundredths dollars. ($294.52) and an attorney fee of thirty dollars ($30.00) as provided for in said mortgage. It is expressly agreed by the terms of said mortgage that should any principal or interest be not paid at the end of thirty (30) days from the time it is due, the mortgagee can, at his option, declare all of said principal and interest due, and more than thirty days having elapsed, and said interest not having been paid, said mortgagee hereby declares all principal and interest is due and payable, and no suit or proceedings at law having been instituted to recover the moneys secured by said mortgage, or any part thereof, notice is hereby given that by virtue of the power of sale contained in said mortgage and the statute in such case made and provided, on Monday, the 18th day of February, 1918, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, the undersigned will, at the easterly front entrance to the Court House in the City of Pontiac, Oakland County, Michigan, (that being the place where the circuit court for the County of Oakland is held) sell at public auction, to the highest bidder, the premises described in said mortgage, to wit: Lot No. 11, Fruit Ridge Addition to the City of Pontiac, Michigan. Dated November 12th, 1917.

DANIEL L. DAVIS, Mortgagee
M. D. DAVIS, Attorney for Mortgagee
601 Majestic Building, Detroit, Mich.
16 Nov.—8 Feb

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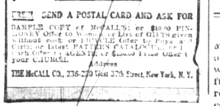

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Must Find Trouble.

There are some people in this world who would not be just sure they were living if they couldn't scrape together a collection of small troubles, either their own or other people's, about which they might feel irritated.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

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