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OPEN EVENINGS THIS WEEK

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#### LUCILE'S DIARY

I happened to go over to Frances Marden's yesterday morning and I found her quite upset because a dressmaker she had engaged had disappointed her.

"She was to have made me a silk blouse," she said dolefully, "and now that she hasn't come I don't know what in the world to do, for I am going East quite unexpectedly with Fred to-morrow and I wanted the blouse to wear."

"Won't Mr. Marden wait a day?" I asked. "Maybe your dressmaker will come to-morrow."

"Oh, no; his business engagements would not permit him to delay the trip," Frances answered with an air of importance.

"Well, the only thing to do is for us to make the blouse ourselves," I said.

"We make it! Why, how could we?"

"Very easily," I answered. "I'll cut it and direct the work, for I know a good deal about sewing." I had watched Cousin Fannie make so many waists for me that I thought I understood the process quite thoroughly. "We must have a pattern and then it will be smooth sailing."

"But I haven't a pattern in the house. You know I never do any dressmaking."

"You go out and get one at the nearest shop and I'll work on the trimming while you're gone," I said. "We'll have those dear little Marie Antoinette ruffles on it."

"Aren't they rather old? They have been worn all summer."

"Yes, but they have become more and more popular." I felt sure I could make those tiny frills without any trouble and I wanted to try my hand at them.

I spoke with decision, so Frances went out in search of a pattern.

It seemed wise to have plenty of ruffles if we were to put it around the collar and cuffs and down the front of the blouse, so I cut yards and yards of it, ready for Frances to hem, for I intended her to do the machine work. I am not strong enough for that kind of exercise.

"We'll make the sleeves first," said Frances. "I'll trim the pattern on the silk and then to cut it, for it is always nice to have them done and out of the way, as they are really the most particular part."

I traced the sleeves carefully and gave them to Frances to stitch and she trimmed them with some of the ruffles she had made.

"Don't they look nice?" I asked, as I laid them on the table side by side. "Don't you think we are getting an idea?"

"Yes, they are very pretty, but I don't know how to make them. Oh,

dear, now I know what the matter is. They're not a pair."

"Not a pair?"

"No, don't you see they're both for the same arm."

"Oh, well," I said, "that's easily fixed. I'll just turn one."

"You can't do that, for there's a right and a wrong side to the silk."

"Then I'll have to cut another; but I don't mind the work." I was resolved to be cheerful. So I again laid the pattern on the silk. "Now we have a pair," I said, triumphantly as I gave Frances the new sleeve to sew.

"Have you cut the back and front yet?" she asked.

"Why, no," I answered, laughing. "I've been so excited about the sleeves that I almost forgot the rest of the blouse."

I smoothed out the bewildering tissue paper and started to lay it on the silk, though I hadn't the least idea how the pieces would go together when I got them out. I intended to trust to inspiration. But that was not necessary, for I soon discovered that there was not enough material.

"Why, Lucile, how could that happen?" asked Frances, aghast, when I pointed out the difficulty to her.

"I suppose you didn't buy enough silk," I said.

"I bought six yards, which is more than I usually get."

"Well, we'll just have to run downtown and get some more," I said.

"We can't get any more," groaned Frances. "It was a remnant and I thought I was lucky to find such a handsome piece of silk to make my suit. And now all I have is three sleeves and a dozen yards of ruffling."

She laughed hysterically. Some people have so little self-control; it is really pitiful.

"It is very unfortunate that you should have selected something that isn't alike on both sides," I said. "If you had been more thoughtful about that we should have had no trouble."

"I shall have to dash downtown and buy a ready-made blouse," she declared. "It's after three o'clock now and there's no time to lose. She hurriedly put on her wraps.

"Would you like to have me go with you to help you choose one," I asked.

"No, than, you, Lucile, I don't feel as if I needed any more help to-day," she replied quite icily.

I went home, quite worn out. I should not have minded my fatigue, however, if Frances had shown any gratitude; but she did not even thank me for my long day's work.—Chicago News.

#### SOMETHING ABOUT MATCHES.

Half the Output of the World Used in America.

It is now just eighty years since the lucifer match, the first genuine friction match was invented, and the little match, which has been one of the most potent agents of modern material development, is now one of the things which is giving worry to the friends of the forests.

It is hard for the present generation to realize the inconveniences from which the friction match emancipated their ancestors. The manufacture of this product has become a great, and even a diversified industry, because every section seems to have matches peculiar to itself.

A man who has been a commercial traveler for many years declares that if he were taken up and carried to any point east of the Alleghenies he could tell within a hundred miles of where he was by the matches he should find in use. There is also a national pride in matches. A recent mayor of Manchester, England, visiting friends in Boston, recently, spoke of our "abominable matches," and declared that he did not see how a high spirited, independent, and enterprising people like ourselves, put up with them.

The American people, however, appear to be fairly well contented with the home product, else they would not buy and consume so many with comparatively so little grumbling. They use up about 700,000,000,000 a year or about half of all that are manufactured in the world.

#### With Allowance.

There is an editor in a little New York town who has a well developed streak of gentle humor and a fondness for gardening. Not long ago the man of all work left him, and the editor advertised for some one to fill his place. Among the applicants for the position was a man who seemed to know his business thoroughly, but who failed to produce references as to character when requested. Moreover, his eyes were somewhat shifty.

"You say you have no references?" the editor asked.

"No, sir, I have not," the man replied in a tone of humble pride, "but I think, sir, that you will find honest printed on my face."

The editor smiled a little, "Well—perhaps," he admitted; "that is, allowing for typographical errors."

#### The More Careful Widower.

In a village of Picardy, after a long sickness, a farmer's wife fell into a lethargy. Her husband was willing, good man, to believe her out of pain, and so according to the custom of that country, she was wrapped in a sheet and carried out to be buried. But as luck would have it,

the bearers carried her so near the hedge that the thorn pierced the sheet and awoke the woman from her trance. Some years after she died in reality, and so the funeral passed along, the husband would every now and then all out "Not too near the edge, neighbors! Not too near the hedge!"—Tit-Bits.

**Way to Detect Smokeless Powder**

German military authorities are experimenting with a device by which the location of traps using smokeless powder may be easily discovered. By this device it is proposed to survey the landscape through pale red glasses. The flash of smokeless powder appears strong in red light, while ordinary objects are dimmed. By furnishing field glasses with the device in question, which is provided with screens of the proper tint, the position of concealed marksmen can be detected.

#### Yew Tree 3,000 Years Old.

The oldest yew tree not only in Scotland but in Europe, grows at Fortingal in Perthshire. According to a scientific calculation of its age by the late Sir R. Christison, it is at least well over 3,000 years. If Sir Robert's estimate is correct the Fortingal yew must have been of "goatly size" at the time when King Solomon reigned over Israel.—The Scotsman.

#### New York's High Birth Rate.

The birth rate in New York city during 1907 was 40 per cent higher than that of Paris. In 1907 there were 125,126 births in New York City and 79,205 deaths. There were 13,354 more births in 1907 than in 1906—the greatest increase since 1847.

#### Love Letter Paper.

A man has invented a writing paper that crumbles into dust within forty-eight hours after ink has touched it. This is calculated to prevent a lot of trouble in the world.—Clara City (Mo.) Herald.

#### The Respectable Kind.

Little Willie—Say, pa, what is a "respectable fortune?"

Pa—One that is large enough to make its possessor's opinion on any subject respected.

#### Christianity in China.

It took thirty-five years to build up a church of six members in China, but since 1900 there have been 50,000 natives converted to Christianity.

#### Exquisite Pleasure.

The prevalence of the blues is largely due to the exquisite pleasure most people derive in imagining themselves more miserable than anybody else can possibly be.

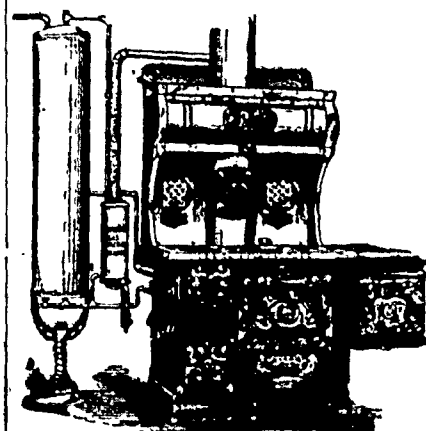
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