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The hands of the intellect are the chief distinguishing marks between the human and the brute...

"Ghost" in the Movies. Bobbie and his father went to a movie show; they came in just in time to see the end of the last reel...

Fatted Calves. Boundaries of the world are so many more artificial limbs nowadays than we were in the days of yore...

For Greasy Woodwork. Paint or varnish that has become greasy should be cleaned with a cloth dipped in turpentine...

Historic Crimes and Mysteries by Walt Mason

THE RED HANDS OF THE DUKE.

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His Explanation of His Scratched Bloody Hands Was Unsatisfactory.

life work to annoy and humiliate her. She loved him with an unflinching devotion, and was shown by her letters to him, made public after the catastrophe...

The Useful Quail. In a plea for the bobwhite, W. L. Nelson, assistant secretary of the board of agriculture, states that a count of the seed in one bird's crop revealed that bobwhites are known to eat at least 85 kinds of weed seed...

Bandages Slipped. A soldier whose head and face were heavily swathed in bandages and who obviously had had a bad time, was being feelingly sympathized with by the solicitous lady...

Instructions Followed. "Don't let anybody impose on you, my dear."

A Prize. Miss Daisy—I heard Mrs. Marigold has secured a great celebrity for her next flower ball.

Sweet William—Yes, I understand he is a dandy lion.

sued. Then the servants remembered a small side door, and they rushed to it, and so made entrance to the room.

There lay the body of the unfortunate duchess, bathed in blood. She was clad in her night dress only. On her head there were thirteen wounds, and a dozen more on the neck and breast.

The room looked as though a tornado had passed through it, and there were blood marks everywhere. The servants, shocked and sickened, ran to the garden, and looking up, they saw dense smoke coming from the chimney of the duke's room.

All this time nothing had been seen of the duke, but when the servants, regaining their courage, returned to the chamber of death, the duke appeared from his own room. When he looked upon his slain wife he seemed greatly affected.

"My God!" he cried, "who can have done this?" He wrung his hands in his distress, and one of the servants noticed that those hands were bloodstained.

One hand was lacerated, and the thumb of the other had been bitten, and both were scratched, as though by fingernails. The doctors and the police arrived, and the latter, after examining the shambles for a little while, were forced to the belief that the duke must have a guilty knowledge.

His explanation of his scratched and bloody hands was unsatisfactory. He said he got them stained lifting the body of his wife, but that didn't account for the scratches and the bitten thumb.

In his own room there was fatal testimony. His dressing gown was stained with blood. He had made an effort to wash it, and there was a tub of reddened water on the floor.

In the grate were the ashes of various papers and garments, and part of a blood-soaked handkerchief.

The duke was placed under arrest, after a prolonged examination by a police official, but, owing to his exalted station, he was not required to go to jail. He remained at his own palace, under the surveillance of police officers.

A day or two later he fell sick and a doctor who was called in said he had cholera. Other physicians being summoned, they declared that he had taken poison.

It being evident that he was determined to destroy himself, it was decided by the authorities to take him to the Luxembourg, and he was hauled there in a sumptuous carriage, escorted by armed guards.

For the people were frantic, and were clamoring for his blood. It was the unusual deference shown this red slayer, because of his pedigree, that madened the populace, and contributed, in no small measure, to the revolution.

After the French fashion, the duke was examined again and again, and the magistrate, at least, was no sycophant. He was merciless in his questions and comments, and the nobleman found it a torture.

He persisted in denying the crime, and told lie after lie, only to have his falsehoods made ridiculous by the keen-witted magistrate.

And all the time he was growing weaker, and on August 24 he was so low that priests were summoned to give him the benefit of religion.

His sufferings were terrible, and at the last he made a full confession of his crime and then went to the reward ordained for such as he.

This account may well close with the remarks of the magistrate, when he had read the letters of the unfortunate duchess: "They are precious relics of one of the most beautiful spirits ever created by the Almighty for the honor of our age—an eternal memorial of the perversity of one of the guiltiest of men."

At the same time they suggest the consoling reflection that Providence has sometimes seen fit to place beside the vilest natures their most angelic opposites, so that eyes, weary and offended with gazing on such guilt, may find thus close at hand a reassuring solace.

Blouse Remains High in Favor

No Change in Styles Has Any Effect on the Demand for These Garments.

TOO SERVICEABLE TO GIVE UP

Those Made in America Fully Equal to Any Sent Over by Parisian Designers—Variety of Materials for Frocks Is a Feature of the Season.

New York.—The people who make and sell blouses are complaining today and the demand for these garments is falling off because the one-piece gown has been found so satisfying, and the top-coat so comfortable.

So they are, the coat suit was only intended as a strictly street garment, but it has been adopted as a costume that serves all purposes, until one retires for the night, and from the way that hundreds of women wear it, one feels they are deprived of actual happiness by having to discard it when the light is turned off.

A falling off in blouses is always threatened as each season advances; and each season sees them selling like peanuts at a circus. Whatever one wears, one is brought up on the tradition that a certain number of blouses are necessary to happiness; they fit in where other garments fail to satisfy.

The men who make them, and nothing else, in New York, say they cannot take another order for six months, and that for six years they have not had a breathing spell even between the seasons.

Smart women who used to order their blouses from Paris, because of the exquisite needlework, have found this method made almost impossible

TAILORED SUIT IN BEIGE.



It is of beige velvet, with buttons of red. The skirt is plaited, and the jacket is belted in the front and hangs loosely in the back.

since the war, and their orders have recently made specialists in this country sufficiently rich to think of going to Europe themselves.

Distinction in Frocks. No one who is going out to shop can fail to be bewildered by the variety of frocks that are offered, and wonder if they are all intended for the same occasions.

Velvet, satin, serge—very little of this, however—velour, medieval homespun, and chiffon follow each other in rapid succession through the hands of those who sell.

And when all is seen, satin is usually chosen. The reason for this universal choice is that it is the lightest fabric to be worn under a topcoat in the open and the smartest to serve in the house.

Fashion allows satin to be employed with more frequency than any other material except chiffon, but the former is a better choice than the latter for no especial reason, unless it be that we are tired of chiffon as we are of taffeta.

No special pleading can make one turn to that silk today for any purpose. The really new note struck in fabrics for frocks is the homespun that is an imitation of the kind spun by the good wives of the middle ages.

For they were not above such work, you remember; one of the proudest noblemen of England was noted for the excellence of her cow-milking. She allowed no henchman to meddle with this part of her many duties.

The master weavers of Paris brought out this rough, serviceable and really lovely material a year after the war started, possibly for economic reasons, and the French women saw its virtues at once. It pleased them, even the smartest of them, to adopt the material of other, and simpler days when barons were at war all the hours of life, and the designers, falling in with the scheme of simple things, invented those twelfth century frocks that were worn for nearly three centuries by their ancestors.

In Homespun Effects. Callot has taken up this homespun in the weave that is like that spun in India and worn by the Hindus, and she has embroidered it in the palm leaf design which was fashionable under the reign of Napoleon. Other designers have built the homespun into severe frocks that hang straight from the shoulders and are

girdled in below the waist with silken cord knotted at the ends.

But the woman who chooses such a frock, while she will have the satisfaction of knowing that it is in the first fashion, must keep well in mind that its opportunities are limited. It will not serve for the theater, the restaurant or an afternoon reception or card party.

It is also heavy and warm under a topcoat, and only gives its full meed of value in those seasons and in those climates that permit it to be worn in the open with nothing additional but a set of furs. By the early spring, it may be in high favor.

Satin Leading Other Fabrics. On the other hand, satin in a thick weave seems to offer itself as a fabric for the majority of activities that fill up the life of the American woman. It can be stretched far enough to take the place of a coat suit if one must be economical.

The dressmakers are using it for morning frocks worn by schoolgirls, for afternoon occasions that range from weddings to restaurant dancing, for informal evening frocks that serve not only the woman who has few opportunities and less desire for the gorgeous gowns that the smart set wears, but also for the fashionable woman who wishes, for a time, to avoid the brilliancy of splendid evening attire.

Along with velvet, it forms the foundation for the most Oriental and medieval ball gown, but in its simpler forms it is in dull colors and merely trimmed with chain stitchery and a bit of metallic thread. Gray has taken

EVENING WRAP.



This wrap by Martial et Armand is of rose velvet embroidered in silver, and trimmed with skunk.

hold of the public as a color that serves the several hours and the introduction of much cut steel and tarnished silver thread gives the opportunity for stimulating a dull color into decided gaiety.

Slavic Designs. That early fashion in embroidery, where thick worsted threads were employed in Slavic designs is still sold in the shops that cater to a large trade, and there is something attractive about its rudeness and elementary attempt at ornamentation, but it is being rapidly pushed into the chaos of things that were, by reason of the preferred method of ornamenting with bullion threads. This is as Slavic as the other fashion, but it suits satin better.

It is not held for evening gowns, but bits of it are spread over a wide range of garments. By the way, it is well to put your thoughts on fanciful chain stitchery, for it is to be in the forefront of fashion during the winter.

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HATS HERE AND TO COME

Information on the Subject of the Season's Millinery That Will Be Found Interesting.

Many women are ready for their second hats of the season, others have just selected their first, and still others have their first yet to select. To all three classes, however, the subject of millinery is an interesting one.

Embroidery is the thing in the way of trimming. A combination of materials is used in many cases to develop one design. On a brown hat a little daisy design has its petals embroidered in ribbon, while the leaves and centers are in silk.

A novel bonnet of velvet has streamers reaching to the shoulders. The streamers are made of several strands of knotted worsted.

Simple trimmings, such as a single rose, an ornament made of feathers or fur, real or imitation, are most effective.

A novel feature is a neckpiece with the ends finished to form small change purses. These are arranged so that they shall be decorative as well as practical.

Rings to Hang Muffs on the Arm. A good many small grandmother muffs provided with bracelet rings of jade or silk are being seen in New York.

Bags and Hats of Chenille. Chenille is now coming to the fore for bags and for hats, as well as embroidery.

Ask for and Get SKINNER'S

THE HIGHEST QUALITY MACARONI

36 Page Recipe Book Free SKINNER MFG. CO., OMAHA, U.S.A.

America's Rat Population. The board bill for American rats is about \$182,000,000 annually.

Dr. Richard H. Creel, who has earned big laurels as an expert in figures, estimates the rate population as equal to the human population. But unless proper preventive measures are taken speedily, the rats in the country will make a charge on our resources far in excess of the present figure.

As rapid breeders, rats leave the guinea pigs far in the rear. From ten to eighteen rats arrive in a litter. Litters are bimonthly events in rat nests, and the young rats begin to multiply when they are from three to six months old. Rats have become a real national menace.

—Boston Globe.

DIDN'T RELY ON GUESSWORK

Youngster Found Out for Himself Just What Was the Hidden Force in Teachers' Bicycle.

A certain country school teacher, in endeavoring to explain to his class what compressed air was, brought his bicycle into the room and leaned it up against the wall.

"Now," he remarked, "under the outer covering of that back wheel there is a hidden force. What is it?" "Inly rubber," said one smart youth. "No. Try again."

The boy tried again, as did nearly every member of the class, but without success. At length one of the youngsters, who had been making a close inspection of the machine, turned on the teacher with a beaming face.

"I have it," he exclaimed. "It's wind—just wind!" After commending the youngster, the teacher asked how he discovered the "hidden force."

"Why," was the astounding reply, "I've just stuck my knife in it to see!"

COULD TAKE IT ON COMPANY

Ticket Collector's "Nip" Was Not Coming Out of Flask That Belonged to Canny Scotsman.

Sir John Jellicoe, the latest recipient of the greatly coveted British Order of Merit, told a good story recently of a train journey he took one bitterly cold night on a local line in Scotland.

His only fellow traveler in the same compartment was a Scotsman, and he had just drawn his flask from his pocket when the train stopped at a little country station and the door opened.

"Tickets, please," said the shivering collector, with a longing look at the flask. "Oo, aye," observed the Scotsman as he fumbled in his pockets. "Wull ye take a nip?"

The ticket collector looked up and down, and as the coast was clear he remarked that he didn't mind if he did.

The traveler handed him the ticket. "Take it out of that, then," was all he said, and he transferred his attention to the flask.

Today is the only time we are sure of.

The setting hen may be peevish, but she's on-nest.

Childish Craving Grape-Nuts. —for something sweet finds pleasant realization in the pure, wholesome, wheat and barley food. No danger of upsetting the stomach—and remember, Grape-Nuts is a true food, good for any meal or between meals. "There's a Reason"