ODD WINTER COAT

Photo, Copyright, by Underwood & Underwo od, N. Y.

A civet fur coat brought into use by the continued high price of fur and skins, and will continue to be popular wear this winter. It is trimmed with a fox collar and cuffs and is of a brown shade. A brown soft velour hat, a La Cavalier, will complete the costume.

FAD FOR MASCOT JEWELRY

One of the Prettiest Novelties That Has Been Put Forward for Many Seasons.

She who has money to afford novelties should go in for mascot jewelry. Never has it been more fascinating. Even if you are not superstitious, you are not above a luck charm of some sort.

A safety pin brooch, with a stone in the center, has attached to it by a thin short chain, a lucky tortoise in gold or enamel. The mascot can be further enhanced by using one's birth stone.

A motor bracelet of gold or silver wire can have attached to it various lucky charms, as the lucky finger in ivory, a lucky penny, a tiny rabbit's foot, and horseshoe, and a minute blue bird for happiness as well as safety. Sometimes these lucky pieces are worn around the neck on a fine fold chain, or they form an interesting pendant for the watch fob.

Great favorites are the lucky pig and lucky bear charm, while a novelty for the cat lover is a small bowl of gold chain, or they form an interest-fish in it and a watchful cat at one side.

A fascinating love charm which comes in circular or heart-shape has on it a plus and minus sign with Aujourdhui above the former and Qu Hier beneath it, while beneath the minus sign is Que Demain, which translated means that the donor's love shall daily be "more than yesterday and less than tomorrow."

The fond father now presents mother with a ring containing the birth stone of each child.

SMART DRESS

This very graceful dress is in pale gray satin. The skirt is plain and has a short tunic of ninon finished with a narrow silk trimming. The bodice, of satin, is cut Magyar, with short sleeves, the long sleeves being joined on with wrapped seams; the low round yoke is of lace. The fichu is of ninon edged with fringe, it has long ends falling over front of skirt; these are also finished with fringe.

Hat of dark gray, Tagel, swathed with tulle and trimmed with a feather mount.

Materials required for dress: Four and one-half yards satin, 42 inches wide, five-eighths yard lace, 18 inches wide, two and one-half yards 40 inches wide, two and three-fourths yards fringe.

NEW FEATURE IN MILLINERY

Summary of Points About the Styles That It Will Be Well to Keep Always In Mind.

To sum up this season's new millinery features, we want to remember that the head sizes are large; that the hats set well down on the head; that the crowns are moderately high; that the tailored hats are small, the dress hats large; that everywhere there is irregularity of brim and crown; and that the smartest hats have but little trimming and are in combination effect.

A buckle, for example, covered with fur will give a smart touch to a velvet or satin hat, and just think how little fur is needed. A few scraps of satin can be shaped into wings and finished with an embroidery stitch, and thus make a new style trimming for a last year's hat. And then, too, the idea of having the crown and brim of the hat of contrasting materials is helpful to the woman who wishes to remodel the hat she wore last year. —Woman's Home Companion.

Dainty Work Bag.

A yard of fancy ribbon about five inches wide, and a yard and a half of half-inch ribbon of a harmonizing color, are needed to make a very pretty work bag.

Put a hem three-quarters of an inch wide in either end of the piece of ribbon. Midway in the hem run an extra row of stitching. This will provide a place for the drawstring of the narrow ribbon. Fold the ribbon exactly in half. Turn each of the hemmed ends over to within a quarter of an inch of the center crease. Overcast the selvedges together.

Run the narrow ribbon through the double casing for a draw string, and the bag is complete. It is virtually a saddle bag or ribbon. It will be found most convenient for carrying one's crocheting or other fancy work.

Oxford Eyeglasses.

If you do not wear your eyeglasses all the time try the new ones that fold like a lorgnette and are worn on a ribbon or chain around the neck. They are called Oxford glasses.

These glasses are large round ones and are good for the eyes. They have a wide, folding gold nosepiece with a patent, firm catch and a narrow gold rim. When closed they look like a monocle. A black ribbon, with gold or jeweled slides, is very fashionable.

Acceptable Gift.

A woman who has traveled widely says one of the most acceptable gifts one can make to a friend going on a steamer is a box or jar of stuffed prunes. These are rarely given, can be eaten when other fruits are indigestible, and are mildly laxative.

As one authority advises free use of prunes for nervous people, declaring they have a quieting effect, the eating the prunes on shipboard should help to check seasickness—always augmented by "nerves."

Generous Youth.

"Walter, did you give your brother the best part of the apple, as I told you to?" asked the mother.

"Yes, mother," said Walter, "I gave him the seeds. He can plant 'em and have a whole orchard."—Ladies' Home Journal.

TRAGEDY OF A WIND

By GEORGE I. PALMER.

"Look, Margaret!" said the girl in the toque, sitting up suddenly and staring intently across the crowded waiting room. "Look at that man—the one just getting into the elevator! It's too late. He's gone."

She sank back into her seat. "If he hadn't got away so quickly I should have rushed up to him and asked him to please pull my hair," she remarked pensively.

Her companion looked exasperated. "Helen, you do say the most ridiculous things! Will you kindly tell me why you should want to rush up to any man and ask him to pull your hair?"

The girl in the toque giggled.

"Why, yes, I was just going to tell you," she replied.

"You know two years ago last summer, after I had typhoid and had to have my hair cut off, I went up to a farm in Wisconsin to stay a month."

"I know you stayed only a week."

"That's part of my story. One day when I had been up there nearly a week I started out for a long walk in the woods, in the course of my wanderings I came to a lovely little lake with the most beautiful pond lilies floating on it. There was a canoe drawn up on the beach at one end and a little boat house among the trees—"

"When does the man come in?"

"All in good time, my dear. I'm leading up to him. I looked all around for somebody the canoe might belong to, and then I decided to borrow it for a few minutes and paddle over and get some lilies, trusting to luck that the owner would be kind enough to stay away until I got back."

"Nice, high principled thing to do."

"I paddled over to the lilies and was having a beautiful time gathering a great bunch of them, when I discovered that the paddle was floating around in the water just out of reach. I leaned over as far as I dared, and was clawing for it, when I heard a shout from the shore. A man was gesticulating and gyrating on the beach. 'Hey, look out!' he yelled. 'Wait till I row out and get it!'

"He dashed into the boat house and brought out a rowboat. He rowed over and pushed the paddle within my reach, and I paddled back with him in my wake, feeling the way I used to when I tried to play hooky and got caught—"

"And what has all this got to do with hair pulling?" asked the other young woman restlessly.

"Oh, I'm coming to that. After he had helped me out of his canoe and dragged the lilies out, we looked at each other and laughed. He had the most delightful laugh and dark blue eyes and broad shoulders. And then he wanted to know if he couldn't carry the lilies home for me, and the first thing I knew we were wandering along through the woods and having a beautiful time."

"You didn't think of asking his name or where he came from before you went strolling through the country with him, I suppose?" suggested the girl who was doing the listening.

"Well, everything went along delightfully," proceeded the girl with the toque, "until just as we reached the farm house where I was staying. Then a nasty little gust of wind came up—there hadn't been a breath of air stirring all day—and blew my hat off. And, my dear, it took my wig with it! You know I had to wear one because I didn't have any hair, and there I stood looking like a sheared sheep."

"He certainly must have known how it was."

"I don't know what he knew or what he thought, for the minute he brought my hat back I flew into the house and the next day I skipped the country and came back home. I was afraid I would see him again. Now you know why I want to have him pull my hair.

"Oh, Margaret, here he comes back again, right toward—look, the tall one with the gray overcoat!"

"That man! Why, that's Sidney Hollister. I've known him for ages." Before the girl in the toque could stop her the other young woman had intercepted the young man and he was standing smiling down at him.

"Sidney, this is Helen Benedict, and she wants you to pull her hair, please," gurgled Margaret.

"Pull her hair—" the youth began amazedly, then a light dawned in his eyes as he held out his hand eagerly.

"Is it really you? Well, I think you ought to have your hair pulled for the way you treated me that day, and then skipped the country afterward without leaving a trace. I tried to bribe the people at the farm house—" He broke off and then began again. "I won't pull it here in public, but if you'll let Margaret bring me up to see you some day I'll be glad to give it a little tweak and call it square."

"Didn't you really think—"

"That you always wore a wig? Not for a minute—and anyway," audaciously, "you weren't such an awful eyesore without it."

Easily Fitted.

Colonel Jasper, having a new pair shoes that hurt his corns, decided to give them away to one of the negro holsters at the hotel liverystable, and picked out Zeke as a likely object of his generosity when he saw the old fellow shambling toward him wearing a pair of tattered shoes that looked like sandals.

"Zeke, what size shoes do you wear?" he called to him.

The old negro stopped short in expectation.

"Any size, cunnel!" he exclaimed earnestly. "Any size!"—Judge.

His Real Weed.

"Say, old man, don't get disheartened just because your first investment went wrong; the market is full of good things, and if you will come down to the office I'll give you a pointer." "That won't do me any good; what I want is a retriever."

Every Day.

"Write it in your heart that every day is the best day in the year. No man has learned anything rightly until he knows that every day is doomsday."—Waldo Emerson.

DID IT ON IMPULSE

By GEORGE H. ROSE.

Garble always has been a creature of impulse. To this he attributes most of his successes and all of his troubles. Whether the troubles overbalanced the successes or not is a delicate subject.

One of his wild impulses swept over Garble's soul as he turned to gaze into the face of an excited bellboy. The bellboy had dashed madly through the hotel lobby and around the cashier's glass cage and then had grabbed Garble by the elbow as he stood counting out bills.

"Well, what's the matter?" asked Garble, as the boy stuttered with excitement.

Garble and Rockton had been stopping for a few days at a Chicago hotel. Now they were preparing to depart. They had dropped their bags over on the other side of the lobby as they came downstairs.

So the bellboy stuttered as he grabbed Garble's arm. "Say," he gasped, "them your bags over on the other side-a the lobby? By the door?"

"They are," replied Garble. "Why?"

"Well," said the bellboy, "there's a man trying to steal 'em! You'd better come quick!"

It was then that Garble was obsessed by his sudden idea. He shut his mouth, which he had opened to explain the matter, and stuffed his change into his pocket with an exaggerated display of haste.

"Where is he?" he growled, as he ran after the fleeing bellboy.

Across the lobby he descried Rockton walking away with the two suitcases, headed for the checkroom, where they were to have been left during the day.

Spurred on by authority, the boy seized Rockton.

"Here!" he cried. "Whachu doin' with them bags?"

Rockton turned a mildly surprised face upon his captor and then glanced smilingly at Garble in the rear. He wondered why Garble looked so sour. "Why," he said easily, "one of 'em's mine, and the other is his," indicating Garble.

The boy turned upon Garble a look which spelled complete understanding.

"How about that for nerve?" he asked.

"He's an old hand at it," said Garble, stepping up and frowning upon Rockton. "Drop 'em! And we'll have to see about you!"

Garble pointed to his name card in the tag on his suitcase. "Clever of him," he commented to the bellboy.

"What do you mean to—" began Rockton, indignantly.

Garble transfixed him with a stony stare. "I mean to hand you over to the police for grabbing my grips; that's what I mean," he said distinctly. Then he coughed. He had to, because Rockton's face was so funny. "Call the house detective!" commanded he.

Amazement, rage and the shock reduced Rockton to a state of incoherency, which was easily taken for a sign of guilt. Moreover, the house detective was feeling unusually suspicious that day. And Garble was impressive.

"You come with me," the detective told Rockton.

As Garble, with unholy glee, gazed upon his miserable friend, he thought of an added touch. They had been due to take luncheon with Miss Nedden and her mother at one o'clock and, if the truth must be told, there was quite a contest on between Rockton and Garble as to who should win the favor of pretty Alice Nedden.

"This man's liking for my grips has delayed me," he murmured. "I have an engagement at one o'clock and I don't believe I can make it unless I call a taxi—"

"Don't call one," suggested the house detective. "You'll have to come along to the station to prefer charges!"

It was then that Rockton, catching a glimpse of the consternation on Garble's face, braced up. He even grinned. They sat glaring at each other all the way to the station and then Rockton had his innings.

"Look here," he said to the questioning officer at the desk. "He says he can describe all the articles in both grips! Well, so can I! Why isn't my word as good as his? I tell you, if you'll investigate this you'll find he's the guilty man! He's trying to steal my property by having me locked up."

"It's all a joke," protested Garble, watching the clock hands.

"I think I'll look into this," said the desk sergeant, ponderously.

Which he proceeded to do, with all the frills of red tape known to a conscientious city policeman.

With the combined and disgusted aid of the hotel clerk and two business friends, after they had related the history of their lives from birth and had been threatened with a fine for "getting gay," Garble and Rockton, at 5:30 o'clock that afternoon, finally were released.

Garble was a chastened man. He had been through much since noon. He had not even dared to telephone an explanation to Alice, since it would never do to mix her up in a police case. Besides, how could he explain to her that he was unable to appear at luncheon because he was detained by the police?

They caught their train for the east with only a second to spare. When his rancor had somewhat cooled Rockton approached Garble, who was writing voluminously.

"What are you doing?" he growled.

Garble looked up coldly. "I am writing a telegram," he said distinctly, "to Miss Alice Nedden. And it's hard work!"

Proud of Record.

A clergyman in Chicago, celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of his pastorate, draws attention to the record of happy marriages at which he has officiated. Out of 4,607 couples married, only two couples have been divorced.

Latest Horror.

"Every morning," observed the doctor, "over my coffee, I see in the newspaper an account of some motor car accident." "Yes," said the professor; "that's the auto crash of your breakfast table."

SHARP PAINS IN THE BACK

Point to Hidden Kidney Trouble.

"Every Picture Tells a Story"

Have you a lame back, aching day and night?

Do you feel a sharp pain after bending over?

When the kidneys seem sore and the action irregular, use Doan's Kidney Pills, which have cured thousands.

A Texas Case—

J. H. Lee, 412 W. Walnut St., Cleburne, Tex., says: "For four years I endured misery from gravel. Morphine was my only relief. I had terrible pain in my back and it was hard for me to pass the kidney secretions. Doan's Kidney Pills cured me and since I took them I have been well."

Get Doan's at Any Drug Store, 50c a Box

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

FOSTER-MILBURN CO., Buffalo, New York

SHE COULD ANSWER FOR HIM

Little Comfort for Candidate in Reason Assigned by Wife for Her Being Confident.

Mr. Williams, one of five candidates for the office of sheriff in one of the northern counties of Wisconsin, was making a house-to-house canvass of a rural district, soliciting votes. Coming to the house of Farmer Thompson, he was met at the door by the good housewife, and the following dialogue ensued:

"Is Mr. Thompson at home?"

"No; he has gone to town."

"I am very sorry, as I would have liked to talk to him."

"Is there anything I can tell him for you?"

"My name is Williams, candidate for sheriff, and I wanted to exact a promise from him to vote for me at the coming election."

"Oh, that will be all right. I know he will promise, for he has already promised four other candidates the same thing."—Norman E. Mack's National Monthly.

SUGARED.

Kitty (blushing)—I am angry with Horace, and I only gave you that kiss through revenge.

Harry (laughing)—It reminded me of revenge.

Kitty—In what way?

Harry—Well, you know, "revenge is sweet."

His Point of Vantage.

The mayor of a small town was trying a negro for abusing his wife. She claimed he got drunk and tried to beat her, and she hit him.

The mayor turned to their little girl and asked:

"Girl, was your father under the influence of whisky when your mother hit him?"

"No, sah. He was under the kitchen table," she very quickly replied.—Mack's National Monthly.

BOY'S FACE A MASS OF SCABBY SORES

Awful to Look At, Resinol Cured in Less Than Two Weeks.

St. Louis, Mo.—"At about 11 years of age my face was covered with a mass of scabby sores, awful to look at, and my sleep was broken up by the intense itching, and then after scratching, the sores would pain me just something awful. My mother got salves and soaps to use, but all to no purpose. A friend of mine who was Physical Director at the Y. M. C. A. at that time, told me it was a bad case, and would spread all over the body if something were not done. He gave me some Resinol Soap and Resinol Ointment, and in less than two weeks I was cured, without leaving any marks or scars whatever." (Signed) Ernest Le Pique, Jr., 3021 Dickson.

Resinol Soap and Ointment stop itching instantly, and quickly heal eczema, rashes, ringworm and facial eruptions, as well as sores, boils, ulcers, burns, scalds, wounds, and itching, inflamed and bleeding piles. Your druggist recommends and sells them (Soap, 25c; Ointment, 50c, also Shaving Stick, 25c), or sent by mail, on receipt of price, by Resinol Chemical Company, Baltimore, Md. Adv.

Not New.

First Neighbor—Have you heard tell of them new-fangled trial marriages?

Second Neighbor—I don't see nothing new-fangled about 'em. Mine's been a trial for me for the last twenty years!—Judge.

Good Time to Do It.

"Is your daughter going to practice on the piano this afternoon?"

"Yes, I think so."

"Well, then, I'd like to borrow your lawn mower. I've got to cut the grass some time, anyway."—Judge.

Palliating News.

"Oh, dear, officer, was my poor husband shot when you got him to the station?"

"No, madam; only half shot."

Serious One.

"What was the last operation that famous surgeon performed?"

"He cut his wife out of his will."

FORTUNATE SILAS.

"It certainly must cost to live in New York. Costs $50,000 to b'long to the stock exchange. Why, I kin go daown on court day an' swap steers fer nuthin'.

Daddy's Whack-Whack.

On the occasion of her last visit to a certain Baltimore household a young matron of that city found a little friend in tears.

"What's the matter with little Marie?" she asked, endeavoring to console the weeping child.

"Daddy has just given me whack-whack," the youngster replied between sobs.

"Thoughtless daddy!" exclaimed the young woman, repressing a smile. "And where did he whack-whack little Marie?"

"On the back of my tummy," was the answer.

Righteous Indignation.

Little Ruth was the youngest daughter in a very strict Presbyterian family that especially abhorred profanity.

One day little Ruth became exceedingly exasperated with one of her dollies. In her baby vocabulary she could find no words to express adequately her disapproval of dolly's conduct.

Finally, throwing the offending dolly across the room, she cried, feelingly:

"My gracious! I wish I belonged to a family that sweared!"

Timely Reminder.

"We are still mining ore, growing cotton and manufacturing steel," said the American host.

"Why do you tell me that?" inquired the foreign visitor.

"I just want to remind you that the country is producing something besides politics."

What's the Use?

Church—Do you think the world is growing better?

Gotham—I'm afraid not. I read today that a cornet that can be played by a roll of perforated paper, like a piano player, is a recent invention, and I see Evelyn Thaw's pictures are coming back in the papers.

Most of our comforts grow up between our crosses.—Young.

Liquid blue is a weak solution. Avoid it. Buy Red Cross Ball Blue, the blue that's all blue. Ask your grocer. Adv.

Every time you tell your troubles you are wasting the other fellow's time.

BACKACHE NOT A DISEASE

But a Symptom, a Danger Signal Which Every Woman Should Heed.

Backache is a symptom of organic weakness or derangement. If you have backache don't neglect it. To get permanent relief you must reach the root of the trouble. Read about Mrs. Woodall's experience.

Morton's Gap, Kentucky.—"I suffered two years with female disorders, my health was very bad and I had a continual backache which was simply awful. I could not stand on my feet long enough to cook a meal's victuals without my back nearly killing me, and I would have such dragging sensations I could hardly bear it. I had soreness in each side, could not stand tight clothing, and was irregular. I was completely run down. On advice I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and am enjoying good health. It is now more than two years and I have not had an ache or pain since. I do all my own work, washing and everything, and never have backache any more. I think your medicine is grand and I praise it to all my neighbors. If you think my testimony will help others you may publish it."—Mrs. OLLIE WOODALL, Morton's Gap, Kentucky.

If you have the slightest doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass., for advice. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman, and held in strict confidence.

WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS

REGULATE · STIMULATE · PURIFY THE BOWELS · THE LIVER · THE BLOOD

AT ALL DRUGGISTS

FREE TO ALL SUFFERERS

If you feel "out of sorts"—"run down" or "got the blues," suffer from kidney, bladder, nervous diseases, chronic weaknesses, ulcers, skin eruptions, piles, &c., write for my FREE book. It is the most instructive medical book ever written. It tells all about these diseases and the remarkable cures effected by the New French Remedy "THERAPION" No. 1, No. 2, No. 3 and you can decide for yourself if it is the remedy for your ailment. Don't send a cent. It's absolutely FREE. No "follow-up" circulars. Dr. L. LeClerc Med. Co., Haverstock Rd., Hampstead, London, Eng.

Stockfarm 450 acres. 11 room house. Silo. 7 barns. 80 head stock. $6,000. 20 best farms in U.S., black loam, no stones, $50.00 per acre. Catalogue free. J. D. SHAHAN, PORT HENRY, NEW YORK

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Don't Use a Scarecrow

To Drive Away the Mail Order Wolf

You can drive him out quickly if you use the mail order houses' own weapon—advertising. Mail order concerns are spending thousands of dollars every week in order to get trade from the home merchants. Do you think for a minute they would keep it up if they didn't get the business? Don't take it for granted that every one within a radius of 25 miles knows what you have to sell, and what your prices are. Nine times out of ten your prices are lower, but the customer is influenced by the up-to-date advertising of the mail order house. Every article you advertise should be *described* and *priced*. You must tell your story in an interesting way, and when you want to reach the buyers of this community use the columns of this paper.

You Don't Need a Town Crier

to emphasize the merits of your business or announce your special sales. A straight story told in a straight way to the readers of this paper will quickly reach the ears of the thoughtful, intelligent buying public, the people who have the money in their pockets, and the people who listen to reason and not noise. Our books will show you a list of the kind of people you appeal to. Call and see them at this office.

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$3.00 $3.50 $4.00 $4.50 AND $5.00

FOR MEN AND WOMEN

Boys wear W. L. Douglas $2.00, $2.50 & $3.00 School Shoes, because one pair will positively outwear two pairs of ordinary shoes, same as the men's shoes.

W.L.Douglas makes and sells more $3.00, $3.50 & $4.00 shoes than any other manufacturer in the world.

THE STANDARD OF QUALITY FOR OVER 30 YEARS.

The workmanship which has made W. L. Douglas shoes famous the world over is maintained in every pair.

Ask your dealer to show you W. L. Douglas latest fashions for fall and winter wear, notice the *short vamps* which make the foot look smaller, points in a shoe particularly desired by young men. Also the *conservative styles* which have made W. L. Douglas shoes a household word everywhere.

If you could visit W. L. Douglas large factories at Brockton, Mass., and see for yourself how carefully W. L. Douglas shoes are made, you would then understand why they are warranted to fit better, look better, hold their shape and wear longer than any other make for the price. *Fast Color Eyelets.*

CAUTION.—To protect you against inferior shoes, W. L. Douglas stamps his name on the bottom. Look for the stamp. Beware of substitutes. W. L. Douglas shoes are sold in 78 own stores and shoe dealers everywhere. No matter where you live, they are within your reach. If your dealer cannot supply you, write direct to factory for catalog showing how to order by mail. Shoes sent everywhere, delivery charges prepaid. W.L.Douglas, Brockton, Mass.

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