



MELISSA WOULD NOT MARRY A FAMILY.

"He's a perfect gentleman, I think," declared Mrs. Merriwid's maternal maiden Aunt Jane.

Her niece, proceeding with her soft improvisation on the piano, expressed her entire concurrence in that opinion.

"And he's very sweet tempered," Aunt Jane continued.

"Surest thing you know," murmured Mrs. Merriwid, still playing. "Some saccharine, he is."

"And you can't say he isn't good looking."

"I could, but I won't, dearie," said Mrs. Merriwid, executing an arpeggio with nimble fingers. "To save time I'll admit that he's intelligent, a good citizen, a consistent Christian, a nifty dresser, and a patient piecemeal picture puzzler. He departed this house on the ninth day of November, 1912, and

"He'll never come back, he'll never come back, he'll never come back any more."

Mrs. Merriwid sang this with mournful expression.

"I'd like to know why," said Aunt Jane.

Mrs. Merriwid's rich contralto was again raised in song—

"Ever had a collar on?"

"I wonder if you'll ever learn to be sensible," sighed Aunt Jane.

Mrs. Merriwid whirled around on the piano stool and faced her relative. "Darlingest aunt," she said, "I am not the frivolous, unthinking creature you deem me. Beneath this apparent kidding there lies a deep and serious appreciation of Mr. Bludthick's merit—but I am also wise to Uncle John. Uncle's deficiency in the matter of linen gives me what is commonly known as the willies."

"I never—"

"Don't say that you never heard that Mr. Bludthick had an Uncle John, dearie," interrupted Mrs. Merriwid. "I haven't a mother, but I do know that he has a mother and two sisters and several cousins because I have met mother and a sample sister and cousin. Mr. Bludthick isn't to blame for having them, of course, and the fact that he is proud of them does

adequate. No, sister didn't make a hit with me. The sample cousin—well, you saw the hat she was wearing."

"Of course it wasn't exactly the hat I should choose," Aunt Jane conceded.

"Very well, then," said Mrs. Merriwid. "What boots it to bandy words, as Mr. Ruskin remarks? There are the ginkesses who would consider themselves privileged to greet me with a clammy kiss and give me advice and criticize my gowns and ask me what I pay my dressmaker and follow me into the kitchen and borrow my trunks for a month's vacation and tell me what my husband likes and dislikes and direct my attention to my increasing stoutness and call me Melissa." Mrs. Merriwid got all this off in one breath. "Married to them!" she exclaimed. "Of course I would be, and worse. Nay, dear, a man may speak with the tongue of an angel and make love like John Drew in his palmist days; he may be liberal, considerate and unselfish and thoroughly domesticated, but if there is an Uncle John with nothing between the neck and his shirt and his whiskers who is to be considered on visiting terms and entitled to a seat in the chimney corner where he can spit on the hearth, I beg to be excused. Uncle John, figuratively speaking, has done more for the leading industry of Reno than any other factor. They ought to erect a statue of him in the market place opposite the courthouse."

Mrs. Merriwid turned to the piano again, and sang:

"He's a perfect gent, but when I get tied up for life I'll pick An orphan."

"It isn't an orphan asylum I'd send you to, Melissa," remarked Mrs. Merriwid's maternal maiden Aunt Jane.

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Statistics on Intoxicants.

At the temperance conference held at Moscow it was stated that Russia spends annually about a million rubles on vodka, while the consequent diminution of the working capacity of the people and the disorganization of labor are responsible for a monetary loss of at least three million rubles



Mrs. Merriwid's Rich Contralto Was Again Raised in Song.

credit to his heart, even if it argues a certain osseous solidity of the oranium, is Dr. Illay would put it. In other words, I might love him madly enough to forgive the circumstances, but not its open avowal. Do you get me, sweet aunt?"

"You wouldn't be marrying the family," said Aunt Jane.

"I would not," Mrs. Merriwid asserted with emphasis. "Not while reason holds its sway and the tariff question remains unsolved, dearie. Not in a million years. But if I married Mr. Bludthick, I would; that's something that can't very well be sidestepped. I have heard sanguine young bride-to-be say they weren't marrying their husbands' families ere this, and I have seen the pearly Pizzoni courting down their cheeks as they realized too late their fatal error. Take it from me that you might as well try to ignore an ulcerated tooth as a husband's family. There is really no such thing as severing relations; they decline to be severed and they won't be pleasant."

"Mrs. Bludthick seemed to be quite pleasant," observed Aunt Jane.

"She gave me the gloomy eye nevertheless, and I could detect the outlines of a hammer in her skirt pocket," said Mrs. Merriwid. "I understand from her devoted son that she's a Colonial Dame. If she isn't a colonial knocker, I'm no judge of antiques. Her nose is the feature I object to particularly though. I could see little fragments of other people's business sticking to it quite plainly where she had forgotten to wipe it off. If I ever expected another visit, I'd put my private affairs in a bottle of strong spirits of ammonia and leave it where it was handy for her to sniff."

"Don't you like his sister?" inquired Aunt Jane.

"I might learn to like her, but I wouldn't want to take up the study until I had made myself a mistress of German and the higher mathematics," replied Mrs. Merriwid. "She would say, 'Do not you like?' by the way, aunt dear. That little habit she has of raising her eyebrows and cooing, 'Yes-s-s' fills me with emotions too profound for words. Bricks-s are the only things that would be at all

annually. Dr. Sajles, in the report he presented to the conference, gave a scale of the amount spent on drink in various countries. He pointed out that the average American workman only spends on drink 3.5 per cent of his earnings, the German workman 14.5 per cent, and the Russian workman 26.7 per cent, while in some places, as in the government of Ekaterinoslav, as much as 47 per cent of the workmen's earnings are spent on intoxicants.—Westminster Gazette.

What Colors the Blood.

The color of blood is due chiefly to iron in the little blood cells. When the iron is kept in these little blood cells, which are living and traveling around in the blood vessels, the color is red. Hit the skin hard enough to break some of the little blood vessels beneath the surface and the little red cells wander about for awhile in the tissues and die. When they die the iron that made them red before then changes to black and blue coloring. After awhile this iron is taken up by the glands called the lymphatics, and made over again into nice red cells. The iron is taken up much more quickly by the lymphatics if the black and blue spot is rubbed and massaged.—St. Nicholas.

Wrong Way.

Miss Inez Milholland, the beautiful and aristocratic suffragette, detests the male flirt.

At a luncheon in Newport a male flirt sneered at woman suffrage.

"Woman doesn't want a vote—she wants a husband," he said.

"Nonsense!" said Miss Milholland. "It's a fact," the flirt continued.

"The way the average woman worships man is amazing. Why, I myself have turned about fifty women's heads."

"Away from you?" said Miss Milholland.

Her Training.

"Being a carpenter's wife, she had the best of the argument."

"How so?"

"When he tried to tack, she nailed him."

Parisian Street Costume



(Photo. by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.)

The photograph shows the latest street costume with a skirt of blue satin, slashed at the side so as to show plaited underskirt, and give freedom in walking. The buttons and loops running down the side of the skirt are of a darker shade of blue. The coat is of dark blue taffeta with two smart little tails. The jabot and wrist frills are of mulle and the hat of white beaver. The effect is altogether odd.

FLOWERS FOR THE CORSAGE; DESIGNS NOT YET SETTLED

Just Now the Somber Tones Are Most Favored by Those Who Lead the Season's Fashions.

If you'd be quite in the mode this winter you'll have an assortment of the new big velvet flowers that, unlike the real live ones, can be steamed fresh when they seem to wilt.

The vogue for somber tones makes a carefully chosen corsage bouquet a touch of particular importance. To be in good taste, the blossom must always be in season.

Just now it's correct to wear a couple of tawny velvet chrysanthemums, or a bouquet of mountain ash berries. Soon violets will form the corsage bouquet, scented so naturally that one who isn't very sharp will take them for the really-true kind.

The idea of matching the flowers used to catch the stole with those introduced on the corsage bouquet frankly declares itself artificial. A water lily in black velvet, with white satin lining and a gleam of gold in the heart of the blossom, is one of the favorite devices in this connection, while for evening wear the same flower is well to the fore, being used to catch up the soft glistening folds of the satin or velvet robe, while it usually masquerades in metal tissue trimmed with diamonds, as though a shower of dewdrops had been shaken lightly over the flowers.

A clump of two or three full blown water lilies, with a shower of close-set pendant buds dropping from them, makes a lovely decoration for an evening toilet which relies more or less for its effects upon its lines.

Lines of Costumes, That Are Regular in Paris, May Not Suit Women of America.

There are all kinds of rumors as to the new silhouette which one or two of the leading houses on the other side of the ocean are said to be starting. The tight line round the hips and knees of coats is yielding to straight fullness. Some coats gather at the waistline and so descend to the knees, where they often form a point at the back. The straight line of the Russian blouse is ousting the shaped revers. All this we owe to the Russian dancers, but it remains to be proved whether they will suit American women.

These coats are carried out in satin, crepe satin and crepe de chine, not in heavy stuffs. The blouses have deep pink sashes from waist to bust. In this crossing folds of tulle disappear back and front. The sleeves are long. There is no collar band, which is replaced by a Medici collar, the neck left bare, and very often a band of fur surrounds the collar (very narrow), the same on the wrist, with three little tails falling over the hand.

New Bracelet.

If you have an old-fashioned black onyx arm band with pearls wear it. It is again fashionable.

A large band looks smaller below a black bracelet, and one woman with rather red hands wears an inch-wide band of velvet around each wrist, which she has jeweled clasps, changed to match her gowns.

Sometimes these velvet bracelets are set with large diamond or pearl buttons or pinned with a cameo or a seed pearl brooch.

A fashionable series of bracelets that can be had in French jewelry is made of thin hoops studded with colored stones. An emerald hoop, a diamond, a ruby and a pearl one are worn together.

Fur Used on Hats.

Fur is being used on this season's hats in a great variety of ways, and all sorts of fur are being made use of. Broad bands, large enough to cover the side of the crown completely, the narrowest edgings which are made up, in connection with crepe and plush; facings and brims of fur on hats of satin, brocade and velvet, and tall ornaments of fur taking the place of feathers, appear on the hats which will be used in the early part of the season by women who do not care to wear an all fur toque until midwinter is upon us.

Children's Dresses.

The vogue for belted effects continues to be strong as it was this fall, and Norfolk and Russian dresses are shown in a variety of styles, says the Dry Goods Economist. Middy dresses and Peter Thompsons are also prominent in the new lines. Vest effects, covers and yokes are being used to a great extent. The vogue for simple tailor-made effects continues to be as strong as ever, and elaborate trimmings are seldom used, particularly in the colored frocks.

Tattooing on Doylies.

A most effective luncheon set may be made by using plain linen for centers of doilies and finished the edge of each with a row of double tattooing made of not too fine thread. Tattooing of very fine thread is an exquisite finish for a dainty handkerchief.



This dear little suit is of white pique simply made. The jacket has a wide double collar, with wide turnover collar and cuffs of the material and cravat of colored silk.

Elaborate Accessories.

Accessories for the sewing room are growing quite elaborate. Pin cushions come in the form of dolls, with bisque heads and legs, while the body is the fat cushion. Sometimes the same idea is used for a button box. The head and shoulders of the doll come off and the hollow, fat body is used to keep buttons in. In this case the doll is dressed after the order of the Yama girl, with the bloomer gathered tight to the knee and the tiny bare legs dangling.

RUSH FOR WEALTH

Broker's Failure in Business Leads to Happiness Through Strange Inheritance.

By GERTRUDE MARY SHERIDAN.

Warren Talcott took a last look at the long counting room that had once been his, but was so no longer. Some men were erasing the sign "Talcott & Co., Stocks and Bonds," from the glittering plate glass windows. He passed the elevator starter, who halted him by gently catching his arm.

"I've heard of it, Mr. Talcott," he said, his voice quivering. "Sir, my wife didn't sleep all night over it. She says there's a room for you under the roof you helped us save all your life long, if you'll take it."

"Thank you," nodded the broker. "Tell your wife it's such people as you that make a man think there's some good in the world."

Men turned and noted the tall, graceful figure as Talcott passed. There was always something royal in his bearing. Even with "Failure" written that day against his business career, a dauntless courage showed in his kindly, steady eye.

A bootblack whom he had started in business ran after him, winning the ever indulgent smile of the generous broker.

"Mr. Talcott," he said hurriedly. "I've got a savings bank book that says three hundred dollars. I want to loan it out, you see—"

"I see you are a good, loyal friend," interrupted Talcott, placing a gentle hand on the shoulder of the grateful cripple.

The speaker walked rapidly from the business center. Finally he sought the most secluded corner of an humble restaurant and sat down to think.

Frame and face relaxed as he drew out his pocket book. It contained only a few dollars, all that was left of a magnificent fortune. His mind ran back over the past few months. He recalled the warning of his doctor—overwork. He remembered how he had one day given a wrong order. Another when the floor of the stock exchange had gone all black before him, and he had made a confused error in business judgment and lost over two

"There is room for me with the boys. You must be the purse bearer and housekeeper. The motive of your father's life was to save these poor little outcasts. It is a noble purpose. I shall try to continue his plan."

Talcott went to sleep that night feeling the great load of a broken past lifted from his mind. The odd, the new, the unknown life attracted him. He awoke with a headache the next morning. The reaction had come. By noon he had a fever, by nightfall he was delirious.

For him the next twenty days were a blank. He awoke to find himself, weak and emaciated, lying on a bed in the boys' end of the wagon. He glanced from the window. As far as his eyes could reach was a level emerald stretch—grass, flowers, trees everywhere.

Outside two of the boys were carrying a pall of water. They passed out of sight around to the other side of the wagon. From that direction there came the clang—clang of metal sounds. Talcott tried to arise. He sank back weakly with a groan. Instantly from the wagon living room a light form came into view. It was Miss Gregory.

Wonder-eyed and grateful, Talcott learned how the brave little woman had nursed him, had carried out the plan of the journey to "the farm." Here they were, the children industrious and happy, and oh! such grand fortune, and her eyes danced as she told him of it.

"A railroad is building right through your section," she explained, "and the wagon stands on the new town site. A man has been here daily to see you about selling him some of the property."

The man appeared next day. He looked Talcott over shrewdly. Then he said:

"I see you are a keen business man, so I'll talk sense. I am a land speculator. I'll give you ten thousand dollars for a quarter section, and fifty per cent of what I make on another quarter section selling town lots."

"Twenty thousand dollars and seventy-five per cent,"

"I guess I've figured wrong," said the speculator. "You're up to snuff. Well, I'm ready to trade."

"And what is your plan now, Mr. Talcott?" asked the motherly guardian of the little coterie of children a few days later. "You are almost rich again."

"I shall build a nice roomy home," answered Talcott, "and we will all grow up with the country. My dear, good nurse and true friend, I have found hope and ambition where I thought there was nothing but despair. I have found love, too. Will you share the new home, as my wife?"

And when the blushing, lovable Audrey Gregory answered "Yes," Warren Talcott felt that he stood at the portal of a veritable Eden.

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"You Are Almost Rich Again."

Little Lies.

I had something of a shock the other day. I told a man something in what I thought was confidence and he immediately went off and told it. When I saw him again I asked him what on earth possessed him! He said he was awfully sorry, simply didn't think. "But I can fix it up," he said. "The next time I see that fellow" (the one he told) "I'll simply say you didn't say it." "But I did!" said I. "Why, certainly," said he. "But I don't think so much of little lies. You simply have to tell them to get on in business." Well, he went on off, and I don't know just what to think about it. But this I do know, that the next time that particular person says such and such a thing is so, I may and I may not believe it. That's the answer, it seems to me, on the subject of lies, big or little. In the last analysis they may or may not be immoral. But they lower at once the credit of the one who tells them.

A reputation for telling the truth is like a bank account. You can even borrow money on it on occasion.—New York Press.

Four Great Sauces.

A Frenchman has declared that 'man has created the culinary art! he does not eat like an animal—he breakfasts, dines and sups.'

The French are particularly eloquent on the subject of sauces. Among their famous chefs are recognized four great sauces: Spanish, Veloute, Bechamel and German. The Spanish and Veloute were known as far back as the seventeenth century. In the eighteenth they were modified by the masters of cookery, particularly by Careme, who was called "the Raphael of the Kitchen."

The Spanish sauce is composed of juices extracted from a mixture of ham, veal, chicken and pheasant. Veloute is similar, but is not colored. Bechamel is Veloute to which cream has been added, and the German sauce is Veloute plus the yolks of eggs.—Harper's Weekly.

Reduce Cost of Reading.

There are two clubs in New York that are designed to reduce the cost of fresh reading matter. One is composed of women who contribute 25 cents a month and have the use of all the best magazines, which are later sent to a hospital. The other buys new books for the same price to each member and the books are disposed of by a lottery system, although each member gets one. There are hundreds of ways to save money.

Naturally Frightened.

Decayed and fungoid wood is also "fox fire." On one occasion some of this was used for a camp fire, and many of the broken fragments were scattered over the ground where the men were sleeping. The fire died out during the night and one of the party awoke, and in his fright woke the rest, who were equally terrified, believing that they were lying among live coals.

Remember 'Em!

How modest one of those old-fashioned scandalous rainy day skirts looked nowadays!—Washington Post.

Courage and Truth.

Without courage there cannot be truth, and without truth there can be no other virtue.—Sir Walter Scott.

Baking Made Almost Automatic

Science has done many wonderful things in the way of lightening kitchen-work, but possibly the most welcome of its many achievements is the preparation of a baking powder that makes baking almost automatic.

This wonderful baking powder is known as Calumet Baking Powder.

As you perhaps know from your own experience—baking is largely a matter of "luck." If your baking powder happens to be just right, your baking will be good. But if it varies in quality or in strength—as so many baking powders do, your bakings are more than likely to be ruined.

Calumet Baking Powder puts a stop to the dependence on "luck." With it, all quickly-raised foods can be made without the slightest trouble—made pure and wholesome and tasty. For Calumet itself is pure in the can and in the baking—and so uniform in quality, so carefully prepared, that failures are impossible. You can judge of its purity, too, when you know that it has been given the highest awards at two World's Pure Food Expositions—one at Chicago in 1897 and the other at Paris, France, last March. Adv.



Cook—fellow spends a lot of money for Christmas presents, and what has he to show for it? Hook—Paw tickets, usually.

RINGWORM ON CHILD'S FACE

Stratford, Iowa.—"Three years ago this winter my seven-year-old son had ringworm on the face. First it was in small red spots which had a rough crust on the top. When they started they looked like little red dots and then they got bigger, about the size of a bird's egg. They had a white rough ring around them, and grew continually worse and soon spread over his face and legs. The child suffered terrible itching and burning, so that he could not sleep nights. He scratched them and they looked fearful. He was cross when he had them. We used several bottles of liniment, but nothing helped.

"I saw where a child had a rash on the face and was cured by Cuticura Soap and Ointment and I decided to use them. I used Cuticura Soap and Ointment about one month, and they cured my child completely." (Signed) Mrs. Barbara Prim, Jan. 30, 1912.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston." Adv.

Merely an Amateur.

A man who lives much at hotels had some odd experiences during the strike of the waiters in New York and Boston.

On the morning after the strike was called in New York he ordered boiled eggs in a New York hotel. The managers had hired all applicants for jobs at waiting, and the one who took this boiled egg order was a tough person. He brought the eggs, came over and leaned on the back of the patron's chair and said:

"Say, cul, kin I shuck them eggs fer yez?"

In Boston the waiter at breakfast was a big, burly person who seemed unfamiliar with the work. The man at breakfast ventured a mild protest. "Aw, fergit it!" said the waiter. "I ain't no waiter. I come up here to be a strike-breaker in the truckman's strike."—Saturday Evening Post.

Never Liked Oats.

Frenchmen have never liked oats; doctors have urged them to try the national dish of the Scotch, but they have politely refused.

But one group of Frenchmen could not escape; this was a company of the One Hundred and Twenty-eighth infantry, whose captain insisted that his men should eat oatmeal porridge for a month. His had the oatmeal toasted to improve the taste.

To their surprise, his men found that after a month of maneuvers they did not have a single man on the sick list, while other companies had as many as a dozen. They have made up their minds that oats are not so bad after all.

Locating the Fool.

A stout old gentleman was having trouble with the telephone. He could hear nothing but a confused jumble of sounds, and finally he became so exasperated that he shouted into the transmitter:

"Who's the blithering fool at the end of this line?"

"He's not at this end," answered a cool, feminine voice.

Baseball Reason.

"Why was Napoleon so successful?" "He managed from the field," ventured a voice from the rear of the class. "The kings who went against managed their campaigns from the bench."

Best Way.

"How can I float a loan?" "Borrow from the men who are trying to get into the swim."

Help comes to those who are willing to pay for it.

TIRE BLOOD CAUSES WOMEN'S AILMENTS

(Copyright 1912 by the Tontitres Co.)

Tired Blood Causes Backache, Bearing Down Pains, Irregularities, Womb Trouble, Bloodlessness, Nervousness, Lack of Strength and other Complaints, peculiar to women. The blood becomes not only tired, but depleted, and a condition known as Anemia sets in. Much suffering and perhaps life itself may be saved by a timely and thorough treatment of Tontitres, to so fertile and enrich the blood, that it will not lack the elements necessary to perform its various functions. 75c. per box of dealers or by mail, The Tontitres Co., Buffalo, N. Y.