



MELISSA PREFERS A SINGLE CODE OF MANNERS.

Mrs. Merriwid's maternal maiden Aunt Jane's eyes glowed with admiration and a faint color appeared on her cheeks. "His manners are simply exquisite, Melissa," she exclaimed. "I don't think I ever saw such perfect politeness combined with such absolute ease. I do hope that he will come again."

"It's the one best bet that he will, dearie," said Mrs. Merriwid. "You may set your fond, fluttering heart at rest. He will come again and yet again, and then some more, but I have a premonition that he will ultimately discontinue his visits, and we will have to pick up our handkerchiefs ourselves and open our own doors with our own weak, incompetent feminine hands."

"I must say that I like a man to be well-mannered," remarked Aunt Jane, rubbing her nose resentfully. "I am aware that there is a modern tendency to sneer at the good breeding that in my younger days was deemed essential, and the manifestation of which, in a refinement of behavior to the opposite sex, was considered the hall mark of a gentleman; but I am old-fashioned enough to appreciate courtesy."

"I'm strong for it too," agreed Mrs. Merriwid. "As Mr. Stoxan used to say, a gentleman wants to cut out the rough stuff when he's around with the skirts. At the same time, dearie, I am of the opinion that there is such a thing as running it into the ground. I always insisted on poor dear Henry Merriwid treating me with politeness. I never let him sit down to dinner in his shirt-sleeves even in the privacy of home life, and if he wanted to use

the opposite sex that would simply make your hair curl. If you dropped a handkerchief, he'd go for it like Ty Cobb making a slide for third, and he would stand bare-headed in the middle of the street with a blizzard blowing if you felt like stopping to talk to him. You couldn't put on your own wrap with Percival around, if he saw you first. No, ma'am! Mayme said that once when she met him, he threw away a ten-cent cigar that he hadn't taken more than two or three puffs of—and did it as if it hadn't been anything more than a cigarette stub. Just like that. He never made one apology at a time. He let them go in thousand lots. 'A thousand pardons, my dear madam!' You know, Oh, he was too darling for any use!"

"I suppose you are trying to be sarcastic, but I really can't see any occasion for it," said Aunt Jane.

"Not at all," said Mrs. Merriwid. "That was the conclusion Mayme arrived at. You see she squeezed into a crowded street car one evening and found Percival there. He had a seat and he had a newspaper that was interesting him so much that he couldn't see an uninteresting old lady who was hanging on to a strap in front of him, and just for a little thing like that, Mayme shook him."

"He's all right," Mayme told me. "I haven't any holler on the way he tips his lid, and he's got a perfectly elegant bow, but when I saw him taking solid comfort there, with grandma pulling her poor old arms out of their sockets every time the car hit a curve, it gave me a chilly sensation about the toesies. I may wrong him cruelly, but I got the strongest kind of a hunch that if we ever went to house-keeping in a flat that didn't have a



Would Stand Bareheaded in the Street With a Blizzard Blowing.

any language unfitted for my shell-like cars he went down to the basement or some place where I wouldn't get anything more than the low, distant rumble of it. If there was a suitcase to be carried when we were traveling, he was the porter, and I always got the easiest chair in the room and the white meat when there was chicken for dinner. Henry was no Chesterfield, but I certainly had him well grounded in the first principles, which is about as much as a woman has a right to expect of a husband."

"I wasn't talking about husbands," said Aunt Jane.

"All men are to be considered in the light of husbands, darling," declared Mrs. Merriwid. "It's the only light that shows their imperfections. You don't get them in the mellow radiance of the melting moonbeams, believe me, nor yet in the electric splendor of the brilliant ballroom where Mr. Scrapper and I first met. You're got to put the subject under the X-ray of domesticity—the fierce white light that beats about the being of men when there isn't company around. Then you get a line on him, pet—and the next morning you go down town and buy smoked glasses."

"You seem to be theorizing to a considerable extent," observed Aunt Jane. "You might call it that, beloved one, but Mr. Scrapper reminds me a good deal of Mayme Satorlee's fiancee," said Mrs. Merriwid. "Mayme was one of the girls in our office, and she was a real nice girl too, even if she did spell it with a y and get careless with her grammar. Well she had the sweetest thing in the fiance line that you ever saw. The rest of us were just a sickly green, he was so perfectly lovely. He was a clerk in a commission house, but he looked like John Drew in the bloom of youth and he acted with a refinement of behavior to

gas range, it would be up to little Mayme to start the fire in the morning while dear Percival was getting his beauty sleep. Of course he may have been suffering from weak back or nervous prostration or eye strain or sumpin', said Mayme, 'but them kind of invalids always did make me sore.'"

"Then a man who is polite to a lady before marriage will be rude to her and inconsiderate of her comfort afterwards?" said Aunt Jane. "Is that what I am to infer, Melissa?"

"I wouldn't exactly say that, honey," replied Mrs. Merriwid, "but I will say that if a man isn't too exuberantly polite before marriage, his wife will be considerably less likely to feel the subsequent jolt."

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**Police With Slingshots After Cats.**  
Armed with a slingshot, Patrolman Spivey will be delegated tonight to break up gangs of fighting cats. Reports over the telephone and letters to acting Chief Slover have denounced the felines as sleep robbers and general nuisances, and because the police have no authority to shoot the animals the war gear of childhood will be brought into play. Spivey made quite a record two years ago when on a fashionable residence beat on the east side. There nightly yowlings were followed by reports to the police. Spivey decided to clean up his beat without help and made a slingshot, arming himself with buckshot. The beat was soon clean, for Spivey was an expert marksman.—Portland Oregonian.

**His Drawback.**  
"This writer has a rude strength."  
"Then I suppose he can never succeed in polite literature."

**WEAR SILKEN LINGERIE**

FEMININITY HAS DISCARDED ALL OTHER MATERIALS.

Sense of Luxury and Comfort That is Imparted Will Never Lightly Be Given Up if It Can Be Afforded.

Never was there an innovation in feminine dress that caused such a reversal of an old and established standard as this modern vogue of silken underwear. Woman has taken up the fad with enthusiasm, and, once accustomed to the luxury and comfort of silken garments next the skin, almost any woman will economize to the last penny in other wearables rather than relinquish her silk lingerie.

Crepe de chine is the favored material and pure white the favored color, though faint pink and palest blue crepe de chine garments of this type are worn by women who go in for color scheme fads in lingerie. Some of the underwear is very plain, with no further garnishment than a picot edge of lace; other models are elaborately trimmed with lace insertions and bandings, even little silk and chiffon roses finding place in the trimming.

One very fetching robe du nuit in mind at the moment is of crepe de chine with a deep yoke and sleeves of shadow lace laid over flesh tinted mull, and the yoke is joined to the crepe de chine gown under a strip of lace insertion, on which is sewed a fastoon of tiny pink rosebuds.

In contrast to this exquisite sleeping robe is a nun-like little nightgown of white crepe de chine, rounded off girlishly at the throat and trimmed with a narrow picot edge of real Irish lace. The short sleeves are also edged with the line of Irish picot and the neck is drawn up on a white ribbon. But the cut of this simple little nightgown is especially graceful, for the garment clings, without any effect of tightness, to the ankles and feet.

Another variety of silken sleeping wear is the feminine night shirt, an in-



Empire Gown of Fine Linen.

novation of this season, and just now more the fad than feminine pajamas, which have become too ordinary and universally accepted now to have an attraction for women seeking sensational effects. The feminine night shirt is patterned exactly after the masculine one, slit at the side seams, narrow collar, long sleeve and all. These garments are made of China silk, with narrow trimmings of futurist ribbons, imitating the braid trimming on a man's cambrie night shirt. Pajamas are of crepe de chine and broad-clothed China silk, the broad-clothed forming the little coat and trousers of crepe de chine having cuffs of the broad-cloth fabric.

A dainty little imported petticoat is made of white crepe de chine. From the knees to the hem the petticoat is trimmed with alternate bands of shirred crepe de chine and same width bands of shadow lace. The bottom of the skirt is finished by a narrow plaited frill of net.

Women who are traveling about or making a series of visits, appreciate this silken underwear, especially because it may be laundered so quickly.

It is even possible to wear the silken garments, washed and rinsed, but unlaundered, at a pinch.

The glove silk underwear, or Italian as it is sometimes called, needs no ironing at all and clings to the figure beneath narrow frocks. Chemies of glove silk come in white or colors, and are the coolest, most luxurious little affairs ever donned beneath a corset. These garments look best when rather simply trimmed with a very little fine lace, and, perhaps, a beading run through the ribbon.

MARY DEAN.

**AFTERNOON GOWN.**



Model of blue velvet trimmed with maline and lace. Effective tunic of narrow Valenciennes lace.

**LACES OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS**

Color Has Wisely Been Left Largely to the Taste of the Individual.

A compromise can be made with a narrow ruching placed above a flat turn-over collar and the effect is good, but it is the wide double ruching that frequent ugliness lies. Fortunately, it is quite as fashionable to wear a loose lace frill that half rolls away from the neck and is caught above the bust with a flicker of ribbon.

There is an admirable way of opening the blouse in front, running it to a deep point, outlining it with two inches of lace that falls backward over a ribbon of black tulle or colored velvet; and in the open space left there is a flat band of lace crossed well up toward the neck and drawn softly down under the blouse. This is a good scheme for any woman whose chest is thin and who does not wish to go in the street with much of her neck exposed.

It is a good idea to remember that a flat collar at the back of the neck is often better than a high one unless it is tight-fitting. One can adopt many different kinds of frills and ribbons and laces at the neck if they will only remember to keep the back and the exact shoulder line flattened by a turnover collar of thin white fabric.

**EASY TO GIVE 'INDIVIDUALITY'**

Child's Frock of Checkered Gingham Will Make Up to Please Both Mother and Daughter.

Such an original little frock of checked gingham as appears today will appeal forcibly to the mother who covets the "individual" in her children's frocks. The little short waist is cut plain and finished on the bottom, edged with aquares piped with white. Each alternate one of these is trimmed with white buttons.



The short set-in sleeve is similarly finished and trimmed. The frock buttons to the left of the front with small

crochet buttons. The straight narrow skirt joins the waist with only a slight fullness.

**Summer Shelter.**

One of the best contrivances for a shelter is the garden umbrella, for it may be under circumstances that would not justify the erection of a permanent summer house or arbor. These umbrellas are to be had in a variety of forms, a very satisfactory kind having a small iron table holding a socket into which the umbrella shaft fits. It is nice to use anywhere that shade is scanty.

Failure is the result of waiting for other people to do things first.

**HOW'S YOUR LIVER AND BOWELS?**

If you are Taking Hot Springs Liver Buttons they are no Doubt in Splendid Condition

If you would be cheerful, healthful, full of life and vigor, don't fool with calomel or any violent cathartic. HOT SPRINGS LIVER BUTTONS are made from the prescriptions of one of the many great physicians of Hot Springs, Arkansas.

If you have been to this famous health resort you know all about them for they are prescribed there generally by physicians for all liver, stomach and bowel troubles.

If you are having trouble with your bowels or liver and aren't feeling as full of energy and ambition as you should, get a 25 cent box of HOT SPRINGS LIVER BUTTONS at your druggist's to-day, take one each night for a week—they do not give a particle of discomfort; on the other hand they are gentle, safe and sure.

They are simply splendid, everybody says, and after you try one box you'll say the same. For free sample write Hot Springs Chemical Co., Hot Springs, Ark.

**Away.**

"See," observed the old man, "I trust you will ere long be able to choose a life partner from among the numerous young men who call upon you."

"Why, papa," exclaimed Sue, "what's your hurry?"

"Simply this—I'm tired of keeping my heavy shoes on till midnight."

To Cure Sore and Tender Feet. Apply the wonderful, old reliable DR. PORTER'S ANTISEPTIC HEALING OIL. 25c, 50c, 1.00.

**Good Wishes From Home.**

When Mr. Brown was away from home on an extended business trip, he got a long letter from his wife. It ended thus:

"Baby is well and lots brighter than she used to be. Hoping you are the same, I remain,

"Your loving wife."

**Such a Foolish Question.**

"My wife lost her purse with \$15 in it today," said a sad-looking man.

"While going to town or coming home?" inquired a sympathizer.

"Didn't I say it had some money in it?" answered the sad-looking man, and every one knew when she lost it.

**Tight Fit.**

"Look," twittered the new man, "isn't this just a lovely waistcoat? I made it myself out of one of her old hobble skirts. Ain't I saving?" And the other new man gazed at the garment in voluble admiration.

**So Like the Summer Girl.**

"What kind of an engagement ring would you prefer, darling?"

"Well, they generally give me—I mean—oh, I am so confused—you're so such perfect taste, Harry, that I leave it all to you."

**The Circle.**

"Why do you play so much bridge?"

"Because it's great training for the mind."

"What does it train the mind to do?"

"To play more bridge."—New York Press.

**Only Way to Fly.**

"I thought you said you were going in for aviation?"

"No, I'm going up for it."

**Post Toasties for Lunch**

Appetizing and wholesome these hot Summer days.

No cooking — no hot kitchen.

Ready to eat direct from the package — fresh, crisp and dainty.

Serve with cream and sugar — and sometimes fresh berries or fruit.

Post Toasties are thin bits of Indian Corn, toasted to a golden brown.

Acceptable at any meal —

**Post Toasties**

Sold by Grocers everywhere.