

LAPORTE ..... PA.

Georgia may yet desire to cast its vote for Tyrus Cobb.

The gladdest words of tongue or pen are: "Fair and warmer," weather man.

Boston astronomers have discovered a new star. Second base or short-stop?

Occasionally the weather man forgets himself and lets us enjoy a pleasant day.

Explorers tell us that there are valuable coal deposits at the south pole, not to mention the ice.

The prodigal son no longer comes back to share in the fattened calf. He prefers to wire for a draft.

Some think a Chinese wall should be built along the Mexican border, and then let them scrap it out.

Another blow to the popularity of the turkey trot. A judge in Connecticut rules that it is not immoral.

The Pulitzer school of journalism has refused to admit women. There will, therefore, be no journalettes.

A Missouri man hit his wife with a pound of butter. He seemed to think a soft answer would turn away wrath.

Scientists say it is too cold on Mars to support life. Perhaps, though, the planet is like Boston—merely intellectual.

Butter can be made directly from grass, says a scientific sharp, and perhaps it can. We have long had apple butter.

Massachusetts legislators propose a tax of \$5 a year on bachelors and some of them claim the freedom is worth it.

A Philadelphia citizen says he lives on \$1 a week, but he does not say who feeds and clothes him in the meantime.

The druggist who boasts that he has accumulated 175,000 prescriptions has no statistics to show how many of them cured.

In Nyack, which is in New York, not Tasmania or Saxe-Meiningen, the best elective offices are seeking men to fill them.

A London specialist proposes to cure baldness by grafting hair on the dome. This will create a demand for ivory experts.

A health expert avers that standing on the head will clear the brain, but too much of it is likely to develop a race of flatheads.

The average baseball fan cares not a whit about the malefactions of the baseball trust as long as the home team wins a pennant.

A Baltimore man has just undergone his twenty-fourth surgical operation. In one way he is qualified to be the village cut-up.

An astronomer in that dear Paris informs us that the earth is 100,000,000 years old. What are a few ciphers more or less?

Modern court procedure is said to be a joke, but the joke is on the poor wretch who has not enough money to hire a flock of lawyers.

With both poles discovered and public interest on the wane, it looks as if our professional discoverers may be forced to go to work.

The Arctic explorer says dog meat is delicious. In spite of which expert opinion it seems cannibalistic to be eating man's best friends.

A preacher man tells us that the saddest hour of the day comes after sunset, but our saddest hour comes when the alarm clock rings.

It took a woman to run down New York's taxicab bandits. Next thing we know we shall hear of the adventures of Mrs. Sherlock Holmes.

A financier informs us that the man who earns \$19.25 a week is worth \$25,000. The only trouble is that some financier has charge of the \$25,000.

A Chicago man is being tried for having married seven women, but there are those who believe that he should be examined by a flock of alienists.

A Maryland citizen committed suicide rather than submit to an operation for appendicitis. Evidently he preferred an undertaker's bill to a doctor's bill.

A dispatch from England tells us that schoolboys of Eton are now allowed to wear soft shirts. Verily, the British monarchy is falling to pieces.

A New York woman sent her congratulations to her divorced husband when he married again. She should have sent her regrets to the new wife.

Our damsels wear rings on their fingers and feathers on their shoes, but there is no danger that they will wear bells on their toes—not in this climate.

# Advertising Talks

## AFTER MANY YEARS

### Never Can Tell When Advertising Brings Results.

The man is not a grouch; far from it. He is a successful merchant on Canal street. He pays his bills, and does the right thing in other than financial matters.

But he does not know much about advertising. He advertises in nearly all the cheap ditches that are presented to him. With him advertising is an expense, and not an investment.

If he should, some day when he gets a little more money, ever go back to the soil, it is doubtful if he wouldn't kick on planting any seeds that would not come up the very next day and bring a large profit.

When a solicitor for the "Fair Book" went to him to talk about the advantages to be derived from bringing several hundred thousand dollars to the city during fair week, he looked thoughtful for a moment and then said he would think it over.

Nothing would change that attitude. He wanted to think it over. The missionary for the fair went away and returned the next day, hoping that the merchant's thoughts had been steered in the right direction.

"Nothing doing," said the merchant, when the hopeful solicitor shoved his nose in the doorway. "I have been looking over my books, and I fail to see where the Fair does me any good. My sales are never larger that week than at any other time in the fall."

"Well," observed the solicitor, "you can't expect every man who brings money here during fair week to walk straight to your store with it and shove it under the door if you chance to be out. You've got to wait for some man who wants something in your line to get hold of this new money and bring it to you."

"Nothing doing," insisted the merchant.

Now, the solicitor was prepared to demonstrate—with a fountain pen and a pad of copy paper—that a certain per cent of all the actual currency handled in his city is every year invested in the sort of goods this merchant exposed for sale. Have you ever figured that out?

But that merchant would not listen. He would not even give the solicitor a couple of hours in which to make himself understood on the law of averages. If the money that came to town in the pockets of fair visitors during the Fair didn't reach him the first day the visitors struck the city, that settled it.

He was willing to admit that the Fair would be likely to bring a heap of money to the city, but he expressed the further conviction that if his fellow merchants got hold of it first that would be the end of it for him. He knew he had to pass his own cash receipts out to Tom, Dick, Harry and the good Lord only knows who else, but he seemed to think that his contemporaries kept theirs.

Well, while the merchant and the solicitor argued over the matter Uncle Ike came into the store and sat down by the radiator near the desk. Uncle Ike is a favored character there. He sat listening to the war of words for a time, and then hunched closer to the speakers.

"Nothing doing," he heard the merchant saying. "What I wouldn't get during the Fair I wouldn't get at all."

"That's funny, too," said Uncle Ike. "What's funny?" demanded the merchant.

Uncle Ike grinned at the Fair man. "Ever hear about Aunt Sarah's new silk dress?" he asked, pretending to ignore the merchant, but, all the same, watching him out of the corner of a shrewd eye. "It was funny about the new silk dress."

"Come on, Uncle Ike," the merchant said. "You've got a story secreted about your person somewhere. Out with it."

The merchant wasn't overly anxious to hear the story just then, but he was anxious to have the stream of eloquence pouring out of the solicitor shut off. Even the stories of a lazy old man were preferable to the long-winded arguments of the Fair book man.

"Aunt Sarah would go to the World's Fair," Uncle Ike began, "and the worst of it was that she had no one to go with her but me, her long-sufferin' brother. Someway, we always called Sarah 'Auntie.' I got into the notion by hearin' others call her that, and just dropped into the habit, although I am her brother."

"So Sarah and me started off to the World's Fair. Sarah gave me the money she had saved up for the trip, and I put it with mine. Altogether, we had somethin' over \$100 in cash, besides the return tickets, an' I felt like we could buy about everything there was in Chicago if we wanted to. I kept the money in an inside pocket of my vest, an' kept the vest buttoned up mighty tight, at that."

"The reason Sarah did not want to carry it was that she had a brand new silk dress, made by Alimra Tailor, made out of the best silk to be bought at

Simon's new store. She was proud as a peacock of that new silk dress. She used to keep lookin' behind her on the Fair grounds to see was effect its magnificence was a-creatin'. She thought it was about the swellest thing that ever took a year's savings up to get.

"You know how it was in Chicago World's Fair year—hot and close and crowded—with a lot of hotels just knocked up out of pine boards and furnished with stuff from the installment stores. We got into one of them hotels down near the Fair grounds."

"Sarah's room was right next to mine, an' there was a transom over each door. We had been there a week, and was most ready for a square meal back on the old humstead when somethin' happened. About 1 o'clock in the mornin' I heard Sarah a-poundin' on the inch pine wall between the rooms an' shoutin' like she was crossing of the dark river an' no boat in sight."

"I hits the floor mighty quick, thinkin' of all I had heard about thieves an' murderers in Chicago, an' prances into Sarah's room. I finds Sarah in a panic, a-rockin' back an' forth on the side of her wrenchin' an' screechin' bed, an' a-liftin' up her voice like all go-bang."

"Oh, Ikey," she says to me, 'I've been robbed. I folded up my new silk dress in a neat package and hung it on the wall there, an' now it's gone. Some man reached right through the transom an' took it. I saw his hand.'"

"There ain't no use tryin' to console a woman for a new silk dress when it's been stole from her, so I didn't try. I just stood there and expressed my opinion of Chicago, from Kensington to High Ridge avenue."

"Now, Ikey," says she to me, when I stopped on account of havin' nothin' more to say that was original, 'I'm never goin' back without that new silk dress. I'd be the laughin' stock of everybody. You've got to take enough of our money an' buy me a new silk dress. I'll save up eggs and butter money until I've paid you back.'"

"It might be a mistake," said I. "You lie quiet for a day or two an' mebbe the party what took the dress will bring it back. In the meantime, I'll advertise it in the newspapers."

"So I went back to my room to put on my new suit, an' the vest wasn't under my pillow where I had put it. It was tucked away in a corner under the bed. When I looked in the inside pocket there wasn't any more money there than a robin could carry in his left eye. An' us with the hotel bill only half paid and the tickets back home gone. I could see the finish for the new silk dress."

"I ain't a-goin' to tell you what I said to Sarah for losin' of her dress, nor yet what she said to me for losin' of our money. She wouldn't go out of her room until I got money from home, an' I was mighty hungry before I thought of pledgin' my new gold watch. But I put the advertisements in as soon as I could, and offered a reward for the return of the dress."

"So we went back home an' waited eighteen years for that new silk dress to be brought back. Every letter Sarah's got in all that time looked to her like it had a hint about that dress in it, until she got it open."

"Don't be impatient," I used to say to her. "Give the advertisement a chance to percolate." So she waited, and I waited, and the other day it come."

"What's that?" demanded the merchant. "You never got that silk dress back again, did you? Where was it all that time? Who stole it?"

"It wasn't stole," replied Uncle Ike. "A man who was leavin' the hotel reached through the wrong transom an' got it. It was three weeks before he found out his mistake, and then there was no tracin' the occupant of that room. Well, sir, not long ago, he bought some seed onions of a farmer, and the farmer's wife went to the garret and brought out an old, old newspaper to wrap them up in. On the way home he noticed the paper was dated World's Fair year, and so he read it, kind of to bring that time back to his mind, I guess. And there he saw the advertisement for Sarah's new black silk dress. After more than eighteen years that advertisement brought results! I heard you two talking about advertising, and I thought I'd tell you about Aunt Sarah's new silk dress."

"Is that right?" asked the merchant.

"Sure! The dress came back good as new. Hadn't never been taken out of the package, so it was wrinkled some, but Sarah's wearin' of it today. Made over? Why, yes, a little, but it's a pretty good dress yet. Wasn't that funny? After eighteen years."

"And if you don't get returns the same day," laughed the agent, turning to the merchant, "you think you have been defrauded."

"It begins to look to me," said the merchant, "as if you brought Uncle Ike in here to tell that story! Any-way, I'll take that advertisement. If it doesn't bring results for eighteen years I may be dead, but my son will be right here in business, and he'll get the benefit of it."

You never can tell when a properly written advertisement will bring results. A mail order man told a friend, the other day, that it was the advertising he did last year that was selling goods for him now.—Alfred B. Tozer, in The Michigan Tradesman.

**A Nightmare.**  
"Oh, hubby, I had a dreadful dream last night."

"What did you dream about?"

"I dreamed that in all the world there were no show windows"

# Hints and Advice on Social Forms

By MME. MERRI

## From "An Anxious Girl."

I have been reading your part in the paper every Sunday and am wondering if you can help me. I am sixteen and a half years old and engaged to be married to a young man twenty years old. My parents have consented to my engagement. Do you think it would be wise to get married when I am seventeen? I would like you to tell me next Sunday, please.

"ANXIOUS GIRL."

I am truly sorry that I could not tell you "in next Sunday's paper," but when your letter came it had already gone to press. I am very much afraid you will not like my advice, for I most certainly think seventeen is too young for any girl to be married. Wait at least until you are twenty. You will then have had some girlhood and realize a bit more the responsibility of the step which, you know, is for life, and for better or worse. Enjoy these next few years and you will be better fitted to be a wife.

## Two Questions.

Will you please tell me the best thing to use in polishing a brass bedstead? What is the most stylish goods for spring suits?

MRS. O.

Neither one of your questions come under my department, but as I always dislike to disappoint a correspondent I will say that I was told not to attempt to polish a brass bed, but to wipe it carefully with a soft cloth. Most brass is lacquered and only needs care; if in the process of time the brass wears off it should be relacquered.

Whipcords, lightweight broadcloths, serges, shepherd's checks, all sorts of novelty suitings, are being worn; also Ottoman silks and taffetas made into suits.

## Proper Way to Leave Cards.

Kindly tell in your "Questions and Answers" how to leave cards in paying an afternoon call, if there is no maid to answer door.

HELEN.

If the lady of the house comes to the door do not hand her your cards, but lay them quietly on the table in hall or living room as you are taking your leave. If a child or an unknown member of the family should answer the bell you may hand your cards and ask that they be given to the one on whom you intend to call.

## Reply to "Pussy-Willow."

Is it ever proper to send a postal card to a boy before he sends you one? Do you consider it wrong for a boy to kiss a girl good-night when they have been chums all their lives? How can a girl refuse a boy's invitation to the theater when she just prefers going with her girl friends?

"PUSSY-WILLOW."

You mak think me very strict, but I most honestly do think it wrong for girls and boys to kiss each other, unless they are relatives. A girl cannot be too careful, and I wish I could explain just what harm might come. Won't you ask mother all about it? I see no harm in sending the first postal, especially if you are on a trip. Just tell the boy that you are obliged to him, but you girls would rather go together; but how about coming home? You know I do not approve of girls being unprotected on the street at night.

## Suggestions for a "Shower."

I'll be very thankful if you will please help me. I want to give, in honor of a friend of mine, a "White Shower." Please tell me how to decorate, just what would be nice to serve and some games to play.

HOPEFUL.

As far as possible use white flowers, and you can serve vanilla cream or pineapple sherbet with white iced cakes. I do not think you will need any special games, as opening the parcels usually furnishes enough excitement. If the guests like cards you could have a few rubbers of "Hearts."

## Tin Wedding Dinner Menu.

Please suggest refreshments for my tenth wedding anniversary next month. We want to have dinner about seven.

M. E. H.

I am afraid you want something more than "refreshments" at a dinner, so I would start it with soup, then a meat course with vegetables, a salad, and dessert with a cake bearing ten candles in tin holders. I would use tin cups for coffee, have a tin wedding bell over the table and a tin breadpan to hold fruit and flowers for a centerpiece.

## Mystical Letters.

I am a constant reader of your column, and will appreciate it very much if you will answer the following question: In a recent note of thanks I received, at the close were the following letters, S. Y. L. Will you please give me their meaning?

TOM.

I do not know the meaning of the letters; the best way for you to find out is to ask the writer of the letter.

## Send Addressed Stamped Envelope.

I wish to procure an up-to-date book on social forms. Can you suggest a book of that kind?

H. E.

Please send me a self-addressed envelope in care of the paper, and be sure to stamp it. It is against the rules to give names of books or firms in this department.

MADAME MERRI.

## Let the Hair Show.

Don't make the mistake that many do of putting their hats down over their foreheads without letting a lock of hair show. It is really necessary to have the hair arranged around the face to soften the features as well as the line between the hat and forehead.

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# The KITCHEN CABINET

GIVE me a breadth of vision which will see my littleness—The petty limits of this soul—And raise me from the stress Of self-distrust, of cramping fear, Of somber bitterness.—Muriel E. Windram.

## HOUSEHOLD RUTS.

The housekeeping rut that is deep enough to engulf many an otherwise successful household, is monotony in menu making. The same old thing in the same old way is repeated until appetite is gone and one loses all interest in food. When the housekeeper is mother, cook, nurse and general manager, there is still greater need to meet conditions with a trained mind.

If the system has never been tried, one can hardly realize what a help to make things run smooth, well organized plans can be.

In a convenient place, on a door or wall, place a tabulated list of dishes, those which are liked by the family, for example. Under rice have a list of ten or a dozen ways that it may be served as a vegetable, a dessert and in combination with other foods. Prepare these dishes in turn, and it will not be necessary to inflict them often than once in five or six weeks, and by that time they will have forgotten the dish and it will seem like new. This plan can be followed successfully with all the foods, adding to the list, as one surely will when you have such a chart before you for inspiration.

Potatoes are a food that is on our table, often twice and many times three times a day. Learn and serve a new dish of potatoes each week, and you will still have a hundred and fifty new ways still to learn.

Meats are our most expensive foods, and they may be pieced out in many dishes making just as appetizing and nourishing dishes at much less expense.

The addition of dumplings, vegetables and cereals to stews, broths, and soups makes the meat flavor go further and lowers the cost.

Economy does not mean spending as little as possible, but getting the best returns for money spent.



That man is idle who does less than he can.

## HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Don't fail to try the new marmalade which is cheap, pretty and very, very good. The proportions are one and a half pounds of carrots, two lemons and a pound and a half of sugar. Scrape the carrots and put them through the meat chopper, add enough water to moisten and put into a double boiler to cook. Wash the lemons, cut fine, excluding the seeds and the white portion; put them on to cook in a double boiler. When they are well cooked, combine the two and add the sugar. Boil until thick, watching carefully to avoid burning. Put in glasses or jars, as desired.

One may vary this recipe by using two oranges and one lemon, which will be similar to orange marmalade. When you can't think of anything for luncheon or supper, try sardines on toast. Put the sardines into a frying pan and heat through. Place on hot buttered toast. Serve with raw onion chopped fine. The onion may be put in lettuce leaves and arranged around the plate.

Quick Egg Soup.—This is a wholesome and appetizing soup for children, and can be used for any meal. Stir a teaspoonful of beef extract into a quart of boiling milk, add a grated onion, an eighth of a teaspoon of celery seed or a little chopped celery, half a teaspoonful of salt, pepper to taste; stir constantly until it boils; strain over the yolks of two well-beaten eggs. Add four tablespoonfuls of cooked rice and serve very hot.

Rice water will remove rust stains. Soak the spot in the water over night if the stains are obstinate, and they will disappear.

Spanish Toast.—Cut up two green peppers, a slice of onion and two sprigs of parsley; cook in a tablespoonful of butter and add a cup of thick strained tomato. Simmer until smooth and pour over buttered toast. Prunes and chestnuts cooked together make a delicious sweetmeat.

Nellie Maxwell.

Education's only good culture, it changes the size, but not the sort.—A. Beecher.

Well Trained.  
"She's awfully proud of her husband."

"That so? Has he had his salary raised?"

"Oh, it isn't that. He can not only wash the dishes, but he can put everything away in its proper place."

Mean Thing.  
"Bixby should be arrested for cruelty to mechanism."

"Eh! What did he do?"

"Hid a dictagraph in the meeting place of an afternoon bridge club."