

## DRESSING FOR THE CAMERA

Good Advice on What You Should Wear When Having Your Photograph Taken.

A writer in Vogue, telling how to dress to have one's photograph taken, says:

As to dress, all artists demand simplicity—always simplicity, in order that the face may be the theme of the picture, with dress merely the accessory, an assistant in the revelation, yet none the less chosen with great care.

A transparent, filmy gown not overladen with trimmings is always effective. Yet care must be taken that there shall be something to provide the right lights. This is best done with crystal trimmings, or it can be done with satin accessories or silk embroidery, but not with lace, which is of the nature of the transparent material. The ordinary lingerie gown is not good, for the reason that the trimmings are apt to be confusing.

If a colored gown is chosen it is best to have it a monotone, for color contrasts nearly always jar. They are apt to prove hard, to make shadows where none should be, and to interfere with the soft melting of tones which yields an harmonious effect. In the monotone gown there are many lights and shadows all of one tone, which the camera will take care of and use with good effect. Black and white, if it is a gown of artistic conception, is extremely hard to deal with.

Black satin and black velvet, because of the play of light and shade on their surfaces, are wonderfully good in camera production. Young girls, however, should never choose them; indeed, a young girl should never select black of any kind for her portrait gown, for the camera makes shadows about her face when none exist; it creates harsh shadows, and hardens soft lines, unaccountably saddening her face. But yet this same black upon a woman of middle age, and it will reveal shadows, tone them down until they melt out of sight, and soften and fill full of lovely light all of the rest of the picture.

## "SKEEZICKS."

The origin of the word "skeezicks" would be hard to define, but it is formerly much in vogue to designate an inconsequential, "no-account" sort of person. It is used to be spelled skeezik, and as the word has so authorized standing one spelling is as good as another. A Washington paper once illustrated the use of the word by saying that at a meeting in Indiana a speaker named Long responded to a loud call and took the stand. But a big, strapping fellow persisted in crying out in a stentorian voice, "Long! Long!" This caused a little confusion, but after some difficulty in making himself heard the chairman of the meeting succeeded in stating that Mr. Long was now addressing them. "Oh, he is," replied the fellow; "he's the little skeezick that told me to call for Long." This ended Mr. Long's usefulness as an orator. The word belongs in the class of colloquialisms that serve a useful purpose in the language of the street, but are never recognized in polite society.

## PURIFYING AIR IN ROOMS

To purify the air of offices or small rooms seek a few pieces of brown paper in a solution of saltpeter and allow them to dry. When desired for use, lay a handful of flowers of lavender, which can be got at any drug store, on a tin pan with a few pieces of the paper, and light. The aroma is refreshing and agreeable and drives away insects. If hot-water is procuring a few drops of oil of lavender in a glass of very hot water is good. It purifies the air at once and effectually rid the room of flies and insects of all kinds. Scientific American.

## DIFFERENT MATTER

"There is nothing morally reprehensible in selling rags, is there?" "What makes you ask such a foolish question?" "I was reading all the comment in the money just investigation over the rag sale."

## WAY TO DO IT

"When you charge that these deaf and dumb people were disorderly, how do you make out they were raising a riot?" "So they were, your honor, but they were making a soundless noise."

## WHERE PUBLICITY IS NEEDED

Auditor's Report in the Average City Is Like Chinese Puzzle to Most Persons.

There is hardly a state, city or town in this country that makes an intelligible statement of its fiscal operations and condition, the Saturday Evening Post asserts.

Every state, city and town publishes once a year a thing it calls a treasurer's report or an auditor's report—usually a very bulky thing, containing an interminable maze of figures. We venture to say offhand that, as to about two-thirds of these reports, the best expert accountant in the United States could not construct from them such a concise and intelligible showing of income, outgo, indebtedness and cash on hand as the New York stock exchange requires from every corporation whose securities it lists. As to three-quarters of them, we venture to say that if any such confused, occult statement were laid before the directors of a railroad those directors would stand up in righteous indignation and discharge the whole accounting department on the instant.

You know what happens in every local campaign. Each party claims that its administration of the state or city was vastly more economical than the administration of the other party—both parties publish wads of official figures to prove their claims; and, except by hiring a corps of expert accountants to overhaul the books and construct a brand new statement, nobody can tell which party is right.

Very properly we demand publicity for corporation affairs. Why not demand intelligible publicity for public affairs? Look up the last annual report of your state, city or town and see what you can make out of it.

## STAMP COST MAN HIS LIFE

French Designer Punished for Catching Unwitting Branch of Court Etiquette in China.

The preparation of a series of stamp designs on behalf of the Chinese government cost one unfortunate Frenchman his life, through an unwitting branch of the rigid etiquette of the celestial court, says London-Tribune. This gentleman, R. A. de Villard, was an artist occupying a high position in the imperial Chinese court when, in 1894, he was commissioned to execute the designs for a series of stamps to be issued in commemoration of the fiftieth birthday of the dowager empress.

On submitting his designs, however, he incurred severe censure for having employed the abbreviation "Imp. China Post" on certain of the stamps, in place of the full inscription of "Imperial Chinese Post." Chinese custom not permitting of any abbreviation of an official title. More serious still, in official eyes, was his crime of using imperial purple in his color scheme, the employment of purple being strictly forbidden in China except by members of the imperial court.

For some time the fate of the hapless artist trembled in the balance, and it was a question whether or not he would be beheaded for his unconscious insult to the throne. Fortunately he was dispatched upon a forlorn mission to the heart of Tibet, amounting practically to a sentence of death, since nothing more has been heard from him.

## GREATEST EPIC

The greatest epic given in any language "On the score of sublimity" is Milton's "Paradise Lost." Of but little practical value, Milton's great poem is, as a mind-expander, the most masterful thing in the world's literature. To be under its influence is like standing out under the star-filled dome of the heavens. It appeals with tremendous power to the sense of the sublime in us, and lifts us up to the peaks of wonder, awe and reverence. Homer is, of course, marvelous, and Dante is among the gods, but Milton overlaps them all when it comes to mental and spiritual uplift and enlargement. The "Paradise Lost" serves no utilitarian purpose, but it helps us to feel "God, freedom and immortality."

## DOING IT NOW

Bacon—This paper says that the tenth International Geographical congress will be held in Rome next April. Expert—But I don't suppose the powers will wait that long to change the map of Europe.

## CONTENTED WOMAN IS PLAIN

Lack of Beauty Has Many Compensations. Though They Are Not Always Recognized.

That most of the contented women in the world are plain is a fact which cannot be disputed. Seldom do we see the marks of unhappiness on the faces of good, wholesome, homely, plain women. It's the plain little mouse of a woman or her large, homely sister that brings comfort to the hearts of all the members of a family when danger threatens or trouble knocks upon the door. It's the plain woman who can master the most difficult situations and have the courage to fight against heart-breaking odds.

Says a delightful little Scotch actress now touring this country in an equally delightful little Scotch play: "A plain woman is nearly always of more importance than she thinks. What would become of the men if 'out' her is terrible to think about. In the house and in the shop she is the only capable woman to be found because she is born without vanity. That's one of the compensations of the plain woman; but she knows always know it."

"Women make a great mistake when they think that all a man cares about is to see ye lookin' bonnie. It's true that he dinna want a woman around lookin' like a hen that's been in the rain. No matter how plain ye are, ye must continue to look attractive enough for a kiss—but that's easy if ye are a woman of sense."

"Dinna ever forget that a man's slippers must be kept warm, if ye want to keep his heart warm. Ye must keep your temper whenever ye can, but if ye will lose it a wee bit, it will do no harm. Even though ye are plain, dinna be so tame as ye look."

## LIMITED FOREIGNER



"What's the matter, daughter?" "Ferdie and I have parted forever."

"Um! In that case I s'pose he won't be around for a couple of nights."

## "PUN" AN ANCIENT WORD

The original meaning of the word "pun" was to pound, pun being an abbreviated form of the longer word Shakespeare makes one of his characters say, "He would pun thee into shivers with his fist." The word pun, in the sense of a joke or a play upon words, was not found in the older English dictionaries, and some have traced the word in that sense to the pounding or hammering on words. However that may be, it is certain that the word pun originally meant to pound. An early English writer gives a receipt for a liniment of "calves' suet and deer's marrow mixed together, with the leaves of the white St. Mary's thistle, punned all together and reduced to a liniment."

## LOST HIS OBJECTIVE

"Object" drawing has brought a new anxiety into the schools. In certain new moving schoolward with hats, coats, knives, banners, dials and similar things, as materials for their drawing lessons.

The other day, just as one of these lessons was about to begin, a small boy was found standing tearfully at his teacher's desk.

"I've swallowed my object," he explained, with an alarming gulp.

"What was it?" asked the teacher, anxiously.

"A banana," replied the would-be artist with a final gulp.

## SECRET OF SUCCESS

"That photographer has a wonderful trick." "Biggest in town." "He must make wonderful likenesses." "He does; they don't resemble the sitters at all."

"What's crying, Julia?" He looked down at the tear. "Then it isn't too late," he asked, wonderingly. "It's never too late for happiness, is it, Joe?" And that's what you mean to me. I don't fear the poverty of money when I can have the wealth of companionship." She came closer to him.

"Then you really are Joe Moffat's girl," he said slowly, and he drew her tenderly into the shelter of his arms.

## ODD RECURRENCE IN READING

Puzzling Words and Phrases Often Come Up Again and Are Made Clear.

Have you ever noticed that when you are puzzled by some unfamiliar word or phrase, that word or phrase will crop up again in a mysterious fashion in some book or paper which you take up shortly afterwards? Most of the people with whom I have compared notes on the subject have had this experience repeatedly.

A busy newspaper man confessed to me that when arrested by any unusual reference in his reading he does not always seek immediate enlightenment. He waits, with a confidence that is rarely disappointed, for the reappearance of the allusion elsewhere to bring the needed illumination.

One of the oddest examples of the kind is narrated by Oliver Wendell Holmes, who one evening was discussing with some friends the subject of murder mystery. He had a vague recollection of hearing of a strange murder committed in England in the last century, but could not verify the matter or supply any details. On the following morning he received a newspaper from a friend in England who had marked for Dr. Holmes' attention a passage in the paper recounting the very tragedy for the particulars of which he was in search.—London Chronicle.

## WHERE HE DREW THE LINE

Jake Tannenbaum owns a theater in Mobile. Furthermore he exercises great care in his scrutiny of the bills any company wishes to present in his house. One morning he received from a celebrated Shakespearean actor the list of plays to be put on during a run of seven days. "I see here 'Romeo and Juliet,'" said Jake, running his finger down the list, "and I will stand for that. But I shrink when I think of that fellow playing Romeo. And here's 'Hamlet.' No living man can play Hamlet as he should be played. And here's 'Othello!' At this point Mr. Tannenbaum leaped out of his chair and hung on the ambient atmosphere a long and lingering groan. "It is too much," he cried in anguish. "I am no fanatic. I am not a crazy man on the race question. But I'm a son of a gun if I'm going to have in my theater any black man handing out a lot of mushy talk to a white woman!"

## PREPARED FOR ROYAL WRATH

William Coke, from whom billy-cock hats derived their name, played a strange trick on the grand duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz when he visited Holkham in 1823. At dinner one evening the talk turned on accidents at the cowshed, and the grand duke declared that if anyone peeped him, even by accident, he would kill the offender on the spot. Next morning, when after parting, his serene highness felt a shower of shot stinging his legs. Turning round furiously, he saw William Coke, with a gun aimed in his direction. "I've got another muzzle ready," said William. "Will you shoot?" The invitation was not accepted.—London Chronicle.

## QUEER MIXUP

"Fashionable people surely do get things mixed up."

"In what way?"

"What should be a horse show, they make a dress parade, and dress parade they call grand opera."

## TOUGH TIMBER

"Why has South America produced so few really great presidents?"

"You can't chop down a mahogany tree with a little hatchet. Neither are they easy to split into rails."

## UNKNOWN TERMS

"You know the fellow in plays they call the heavy man?"

"Yes."

"Is he what they call the stage wait?"

## JOE MOFFAT'S GIRL

Piece of Misfortune Needed to Make the Office Saying a Thing of Reality.

It was New Year's eve, and the crush in the subway was terrific, and Dr. Tavish found herself pushed along with the crowd as she alighted at Times Square. With the shouting and cheering she was forced to mix until she reached the elevator, that took her to the editorial rooms of her paper. There the electric lights burning over the desks were the only semblance of life.

She took her seat at a desk, looked over the mail, then suddenly folded her arms and dropped her head on them, while a deep sigh escaped her. "What is it, Julia?" A large, middle-aged man had come in unnoticed, and gently laid his hand on her shoulder. "Why are you here to night?" he asked kindly.

"Because I wanted to say goodbye to you, and I knew I should find you alone."

"Goodbye?" he questioned. "Oh, Julia, I'm so sorry. So very sorry," he added as he took his seat.

For fifteen years Dr. Julia Tavish and Joe Moffat had worked side by side, he as the sporting editor, and she as the editor of the medical column, and now, after giving the best years of her life to the work, she had been asked to resign, and on the eve of the New Year.

From the day she came to the Times the office force had spoken of her as Joe Moffat's girl, and she had always been secretly proud of it, even though it had never been really true, for apart from the time spent in the office she saw very little of him.

"I'm leaving now," she walked to his desk, holding out her hand. "Thank you for being so kind to me through the fifteen years. It's a long time. Goodbye!" She buttoned her fur coat, and turned quickly, walked away.

The door closed after her before she realized that she had gone; then he jumped up, and running from the room, overtook her at the elevator.

"Doctor!" he gasped. "Please wait a minute. I can't let you go home alone in this howling, seething New Year's crowd, and, besides, I want to talk over your plans for the future. May I?" He smiled hopefully at her.

"How good you are," she murmured. "I'll wait here." She dropped upon a bench opposite the elevators.

In a little restaurant at One Hundred and Forty-fifth street they found a table where they could get a bite, for the sake of the New Year, he told her.

"How, doctor, are you going to live?" he asked when they were seated, "now that you have no position?"

"Live?" she laughed, unsteadily. "I don't know yet. What is there for me to do? I've tried everything except matrimony, and I'm too old for that now. You wouldn't marry a woman my age, would you?"

"Why not?" he asked. "How old are you?" He reflected a moment, then added, "I couldn't. I haven't enough money. But isn't there some other way I could help you?"

"Though I'm poor," she answered proudly, "our friendship has always been greater than wealth to me, and it will be so to the end."

The old year had passed, and with the blowing of many whistles and the ringing of bells and shouting of thousands of persons the new year had been welcomed in, and Julia, as she watched Joe Moffat wishing the table, found herself wishing she could always see him near, for he was so big and strong, and like a hawk of rest, compared to the miserable loneliness ahead.

In her apartment he sat on the edge of a small chair, twirling his hat. "You live here always alone?" He looked about.

She was taking off her hat and merely nodded.

"Aren't you sometimes lonely?" "Very."

"Do you know what they called you at the office?" He twirled his hat very fast.

She nodded again, not trusting herself to speak.

"Well," he rose and held out his hand, "now that I'm going to leave you I wish that for all these years it had been true."

"So I, Joe," she held his hand firmly in both her own. "Is it too late?" Her voice trembled and a tear slowly rolled down her cheek.

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