

YOUNGEST EUROPEAN CITY.
Odessa is one of the youngest of European cities. Only 128 years ago, Hajji Bey, a little Turkish settlement, nestled on the cliffs that overlook the harbor and dozed under the sultan across the Black sea, writes Sydney Adamson in Harper's Magazine. The long arm of Russia reached out and took it, and planted there, upon the plateau overlooking the bay, the beginners of a commercial city that now holds between 500,000 and 600,000. The revolution in France soon sent refugees scattering over the world, and noble names came to Odessa, and one may read them still on street corners—Daribas, Richelieu and Langeron. Later Englishmen came and brought ships to carry away Russian grain, and then the Crimean war swept across this friendly relation. But the English stood when the war had passed, and then Germany came, and afterward Americans, with reapers and plows and steam traction engines, to help the Russians to grow more richly the grain that the English and the German ships carried out to the world. Last of all came the Jews, and they cut the business so fine that the English starved and gave up; so the business of exporting today is mainly in the hands of the Jews. A few hardy Germans and English are left.

The Mercury de France has been making some inquiries as to the respective popularity of the various modern languages in the schools of Europe, and it finds that French is still far ahead of all competitors. It says that in England German finds less and less favor, and that pupils who have any option in regard to a modern language always choose French. In France, however, since 1870, German has perhaps secured a preponderance over English in the Lycées, says the Westminster Gazette. In Germany the study of French has progressed to the detriment of English, but the government has intervened in order to develop the teaching of English, which it regards as of great importance in commercial matters. French is now taught in Italy more than ever before, but German is also gaining some ground, especially in the north. In Spain French has more pupils than any other foreign language, and English comes next.

The passion for censorship seems to be on the increase. It may properly be considered as a by-product of the growing paternalism on the part of our government. In the newspaper post office bill we have the first stages of a censorship of the press. There is also a censorship of the moving picture industry, which will doubtless in time be extended to the whole theatrical field. Already this is true in England, says Life. What is really needed, however, is a censorship to suppress the truth. The truth is getting very bold in these days, and unless some measures are taken to curtail her activities, lamentable results will follow.

The governor of Michigan urges a sort of church uniform dress for women, plain and inexpensive, which all can wear. So gulleible a theory ought to be followed up by a proposal that horse races should be conducted with a view of affording artistic enjoyment by the easy grace of horses, with all betting eliminated.

A great joke was played upon President Hadley at the recent banquet for the Harvard football team by the Boston alumni. A student, cleverly disguised, and speaking broken English, was introduced to the "Prexy" as "Herr Baron von Keppel," just over from Germany. President Lowell lent himself to the foreigner's entertainment, recalling other distinguished foreigners who had shown interest in the university. When the stranger asked, "What time do you chase the cats on board?" the president promptly recognized him as a Harvard man by his university English.

At a Lacrosse poultry show a \$200 prize hen swallowed a \$200 ruby, which accidentally dropped into her coop and thus increased her value to \$400. This blue-ribbon poultry-show business is making the hens too vain and high-minded for ordinary uses. A \$300 hen ought to be satisfied with her plutocratic position, but the female mind ever aspires to what is fanciful and dazzling.

It is said that the sultan of Turkey is skilled as a pianist. Most of his victims would prefer to be massacred.

They say that the new \$10,000 bill is a work of art. But only the millionaire collectors can afford to have it framed.

A Seattle boy of twelve has a beautiful crop of whiskers. Wonder if they're the latest style?

A woman has asked the law to stop her husband from calling her "dear" and "sweetheart" in public. The public has a right to complain, too.

Whoever invented saloon iceboxes that cannot be opened from the inside conferred a lasting favor upon the robber fraternity.

The discovery of blonde Eskimos may merely prove that peroxide follows the flag.



The SUITORS OF Mrs. MERRIWID

BY KENNETH HARRIS

MELISSA WOULD HAVE NO PESSIONS AROUND THE HOUSE.

"If you have tears, prepare to shed them now," said Mrs. Merriwid, addressing her maternal maiden Aunt Jane. "If you have sighs to heave, heave to, my hearties!—just so long as they aren't too heavy and you don't run any risk of straining yourself."

"Why should I?" inquired Aunt Jane, without taking her eyes from the needles that she was threading.

"On general principles, dearie," replied Mrs. Merriwid. "It's a world of sadness and sorrow where the four-flusher is exalted, as one might say if one used slang, and where honest merit gets it about half way around between the front and back collar buttons, to adopt a metaphor. We are decadent, degenerate, tainted, auntie. The trail of the serpent is over it all and the canker is at our hearts. It's perfectly scandalous!"

Aunt Jane knotted her thread, and then looked over her spectacles at her niece, who had plumped her comely person upon the lounge and was arranging the cushions to suit her angle of reclination.

"That was Mr. Megrin, wasn't it, Melissa?" she asked.

"It was Mr. Megrin, auntie, as you surmise," replied Mrs. Merriwid. "Mr. Megrin, all doped up and looking too sweet for anything. He would be a handsome man if he didn't show so much of his lower teeth, don't you think? But when society is rotten to the core and the spirit of greed dominates the nation, it's hard for a man of any sensibility to keep his lip from drooping. I'm afraid some time he will step on it and have a serious fall. It would naturally be serious, if he had it."

Aunt Jane made a few stitches and remarked that frivolity was not an altogether commendable thing in her opinion. She quoted Longfellow to the effect that life was real and life was earnest.

"And then some, dearie," said Mrs. Merriwid. "It's a vale of tears and a hollow mockery, and one—ahem!"



Aunt Jane Looked Over Her Spectacles at Her Niece.

thing after another. That's Mr. Megrin's idea of it, and at that, life isn't as bad as the people who are more or less enjoying it. It wasn't so absolutely awful before the fatal epidemic struck Virtue and Honor and Decency and Justice and Truth and carried them off, but now it's something fierce. "What's the business?" says Mr. Megrin. "I pause for a reply." "Give it up? Robbery. That's what it is. Cheating and robbing, extorting all that the traffic will bear. What do we find in politics? Do I hear any reply? I can answer in one word: Graft. Demagoguery, ma'am. Mendacity, ma'am. The politician of the present day, from president to poundmaster, is either a self-seeking rascal or a mischievous, dangerous fanatic. Have we any literature, any art? We don't even understand the meaning of the words. The publishers are turning out tons of rot every year and we read it because we are incapable of properly appreciating anything else. Sentimental rot, blood and thunder rot, erotic rot, not worth the paper it's printed on. What's medicine? Humbug and quackery. What's education? Faddism. What are our preachers? Hypocrites or sensation mongers. What are our judges? Venal vampires, ma'am. Oh, it's a cheerful outlook, dearie, believe me, if you take Mr. Megrin's word for it."

"Well, it seems to me there's a good deal of truth in what he says," remarked Aunt Jane.

"And the worst of it is the hopelessness of conditions," said Mrs. Merriwid. "The rich are getting richer and the poor, poorer, and the cost of living higher, every day, and I wouldn't wonder if the mean temperature of Tophet is steadily rising, too. I declare, auntie, I feel quite discouraged. Two or three weeks ago I was pretty light-hearted, for a lady in half mourning. The world seemed to be a good little old world, after all, tra la. I thought I heard quite a few little birds warbling merrily, and it seemed to me that the sun shone brightly every once in a while. Then, Mr. Megrin came along, and the hand played the Dead March from Saul. The sky became overcast, gloom enveloped everything, ravens croaked dimly and wet blankets fell with a dull, soggy thud all over the shop. I began to realize that all was vanity and vexation of spirit."

No, there isn't one single ray of hope athwart the murky horizon, you take it from me, dearie."

"Did Mr. Megrin have anything particular to say, Melissa?" asked Aunt Jane, with apparent carelessness.

"He might have had, but he didn't say it," replied Mrs. Merriwid. "He forgot himself for a few brief moments and began to talk of the joys of married life and the charm of congenial companionship. There was an unmistakable gleam in his eye."

"Forget it, Mr. Megrin," I said, firmly, yet sorrowfully. "Consign it to abysmal oblivion. You know as well as I do what the divorce statistics are. You know the brutality, the stupidity, the inconsistency and depravity of man, and the vanity, levity, fickleness, extravagance and emotional folly of woman, and how perfectly absurd it is to expect anything but misery as a result of their union—excepting children, and you know what children are nowadays."

"There are surely exceptions, Mrs. Merriwid," he said.

"I said, 'My dear man, you must be crazy to think so. Really, Mr. Megrin, I'm concerned about you. I'll tell you what you do. Trot along home, or better still, go to some restaurant and order a light repast of cucumbers and milk and lobster salad and Swiss cheese and pie, and when you've eaten it, you'll feel more like your dear, dyspeptic self.' Well, he got mad at that, and went."

"Poor man!" said Aunt Jane, pityingly. "I wonder if he isn't rather judgmental in the matter of diet."

"Well, I think he's careless," Mrs. Merriwid answered. "This is one time, anyway, that he bit into a Dead Sea peach and got a distinct flavor of lemon."

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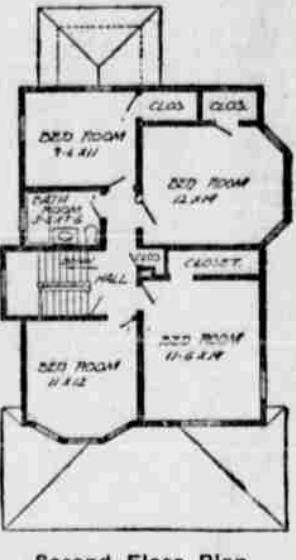
THE AMERICAN HOME

W. A. RADFORD EDITOR

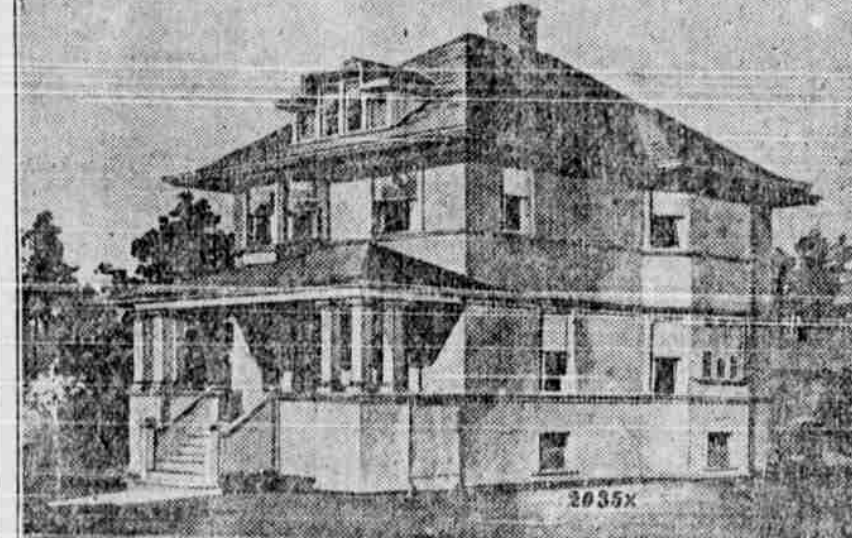
Mr. William A. Radford will answer questions and give advice FREE OF COST on all subjects pertaining to the subject of building, for the readers of this paper. On account of his wide experience as Editor, Author and Manufacturer, he is, without doubt, the highest authority on all these subjects. Address all inquiries to William A. Radford, No. 175 West Jackson boulevard, Chicago, Ill., and only enclose two-cent stamp for reply.

A square-built house plastered on the outside is shown in this design. In many sections of the country these houses are becoming very popular. This type of construction dates back hundreds of years; but it has recently been revived because we have found out how to use cement to advantage in work of this kind. The modern outside cement plaster coat bears but little relation to the old English rough-coat, which used to peel off in irregular patches, spoiling the appearance of the house forever.

One thing that has had a great deal to do with putting modern cement plaster work on a substantial and satisfactory basis, was the invention of metal lath made of expanded sheet steel or woven wire fabric. Until cement mortar was troweled onto and into metal lath it was impossible to provide against expansion and contraction. It is difficult even now to explain why cement plaster on good metal lath will dry and hang free of cracks, when the same mixture spread on wooden lath will spider-leg in every direction. But probably the why is not so important as the fact that we have only lately come to practical understanding of effective methods of using cement. Human knowledge comes very slowly. We often hear some one say that the Romans knew as much about cement as we do; but that is nonsense. They knew how to make a cistern or a tank, or line an aqueduct, how to plaster walls and even make poured walls and foundations, and how to build concrete roads, that endure to this day, but we know more than they did about the general applications of cement, and

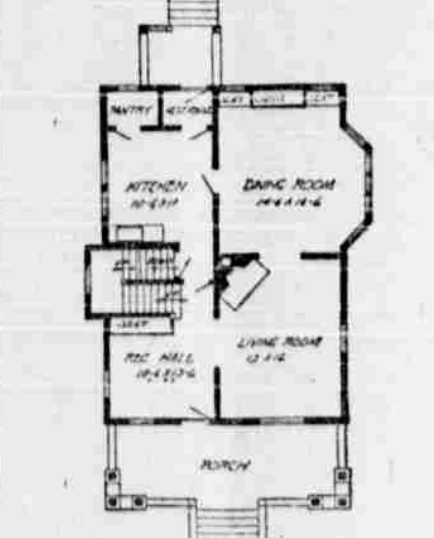


Second Floor Plan.



most of us know by experience that it is an expensive annoyance, because outside painting must be done at the proper season when the weather is neither too warm nor too cold and when there is no dust blowing and there are no flies to stick fast in the fresh paint.

A good many prefer a cement plaster house to a solid cement wall or cement blocks, for the reason that the wall that is plastered both inside and out facilitates the regulation of moisture. Dampness cannot penetrate such a wall. In fact, if properly constructed, a concrete wall of any type will keep out dampness; but there are conditions which many people seem to think demand hollow construction. We all know that beads of moisture, during certain kinds of weather, will stand on the inside of a solid wall. We may not go into the subject deep enough to determine whether the moisture is there because the wall is colder than the air or because we have not provided proper ventilation for the rooms enclosed. It is enough for us to know that this



First Floor Plan.

dampness is there; and we know very well that we seldom see dampness on the inside of a wall that is constructed with a hollow space in the center.

This is a well-finished house without unnecessary expense. It can be built under favorable circumstances for about \$3,000, as the plans show. It contains seven rooms, besides a bathroom and a reception hall. It is so compact that one chimney answers for the kitchen, for the furnace and for the grate in the living room. It is difficult to find any fault with this plan. For a seven-roomed house, it contains all the essentials for comfort, and there is accommodation sufficient for quite a large family.

The little things, such as pantries, china closets, vestibule with a place for the ice-box, linen closets and plenty of clothes closets, and other minor details, have been worked out very carefully. These things always appeal to a person after the house is occupied and the house-keeper has become acquainted with them. The lack of such accommodations in a house is very noticeable and very annoying. The expense at the time of building is not much more. It all hinges on forethought in selecting the proper plan to commence with.

Early Visitors to Kansas City.
The first white men to travel overland from Santa Fe, N. M., to St. Louis were Pedro Vial, Josef Vicente Villanueva and Vicente Espinosa, who left Santa Fe on May 21, 1792, and ended their journey October 7. They passed the present site of Kansas City in September, after having been held prisoners for several days by the Canes (Kaw) Indians. "We reached their village," Vial wrote in his diary, "which is located on the River of the Canes. That river flows into the river called Missouri. We remained there until the 11th of September, when a Frenchman came with a progue laden with various sorts of merchandise, by permission of the government, to trade with that tribe."
—Kansas City Star.

Beginning Afresh.
"Each morning is a fresh beginning. We are, as it were, just beginning life. In a sense there is no past, no future. Wise is he who takes today and lives it, and tomorrow when it comes—but not before it comes. The past is of value only by way of the lessons it has brought us. There should be no regrets or crippled energies that result from such. We have stumbled—All have stumbled."—Ralph Waldo Trine in Harper's Bazaar.

While She "Primps."
"I see that some professor says that the average man wastes fifteen years of his life," she said.
"Yes, waiting for his wife, probably," he replied.



Have You Seen the Coupon Now in Liggett & Myers Duke's Mixture

Liggett & Myers Duke's Mixture makes a great pipe smoke—or will make a roll of real satisfaction that nothing can beat. It is the favorite smoke of thousands of men who want selected, pure, Virginia and North Carolina bright-leaf tobacco. If you have not smoked Duke's Mixture, made by Liggett & Myers at Durham, N. C.—try it at once. Each sack contains one and a half ounces of tobacco that is equal to any 5c granulated tobacco made—and



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Bluffers Had Perfect Right to Be Mad, Considering the Extremely Unfortunate Circumstances.

Bluffers bounced into the club, jammed his hat down on a table with a fierce, resounding bang, and flung himself into an easy chair.

"What's wrong today, Bluffers? You look bad."

"I'll never forgive myself. I kicked a man out of my house last night!"

"Humph! I've kicked out many a one. Young fellow, I suppose?"

"No; past middle age."

"Well, these old codgers have no business to be coming round courting young girls. I would have kicked him out myself."

"Yes, but I have found out since that this man wasn't courting my daughter. He was after my mother-in-law."



ECZEMA CAME ON SCALP

Lebanon, O.—"My eczema started on my thigh with a small pimple. It also came on my scalp. It began to itch and I began to scratch. For eighteen or twenty years I could not tell what I passed through with that awful itching. I would scratch until the blood would soak through my underwear, and I couldn't talk to my friends on the street but I would be digging and punching that spot, until I was very much ashamed. The itching was so intense I could not sleep after once in bed and warm. I certainly suffered torment with that eczema for many years.

"I chased after everything I ever heard of, but all to no avail. I saw the advertisement for Cuticura Soap and Ointment and sent for a sample. Imagine my delight when I applied the first dose to that awful itching fire on my leg and scalp, in less than a minute the itching on both places ceased. I got some more Cuticura Soap and Ointment. After the second day I never had another itching spell, and Cuticura Soap and Ointment completely cured me. I was troubled with awful dandruff all over my scalp. The Cuticura Soap has cured that trouble." (Signed) L. R. Fink, Jan. 22, 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.

Familiar to "Mike."
A negro clairvoyant who for some time masqueraded as a Hindoo, was recently visited by a collector, Mike O'Conner.

"Ah," smiled the clairvoyant, "ze genzelman wantz ze palm reader?"

"No," said Mike, "ze genzelman has ze bill for you."

"When the bill was produced the palm reader forgot his Hindoo ancestors and a stream of perfect English swear words poured from his lips.

"Ah," said Mike, smiling, "ze genzelman sounds more like ze Indiana avenue zan ze Hindoo."—Indianapolis News.

TIRE D BLOOD CLOGS THE KIDNEYS
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When the blood is tired, it fails to burn up the dead matter, which like cinders, clog the little kidney tubes, causing Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Dropsy, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Stone in Bladder, Uric Acid, etc. Tonitives contain substance to fertilize the blood stream and make the tired blood burning complete, so that the kidneys unhampered by cinders may drain from the blood all waste matter, the natural way of eliminating the cause of all kidney disorders. 75c. per box of dealers or by mail. The Tonitives Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

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