

The Skipper comes aboard

You know you are going to have a treat when you see the Skipper's jolly face on the tin.

Just open the tin, and there you are—rows of delicious little fish all ready to eat—no preparation needed, no waste—all pure nourishment.

"Skippers" make a welcome change from the every day-ness of meals. They are such a luxury—so delicious and appetizing; and then, too, they are one of the most nourishing and valuable foods you can eat.

"Skippers"

"Skippers" are Brining with Good Points.

How Weber Came to His Life's "Crown of Happiness."

(John O'London's Weekly.)

"Dearest Elise, always love your sincere friend, Carl von Weber; in the sixth year of his age; Nuremberg, the 10th of September, 1792."

Thus, as a child, wrote Carl Maria von Weber, "the founder of German romantic opera," in the autograph album of his first flame, Elise Viglitz. And from that day until his volatile heart found a final haven in the love of Caroline Brandt, the woman whose love and fro on a hundred waves of infatuation and passion.

At seventeen, when his shiftless father left him at Vienna, after dragging the boy all over the country with his "Company of Comedians," we find Carl indulging in a perfect orgy of love-adventures.

"Faust's Ride to Hell."

No sooner did he escape from one entanglement than he fell headlong into another. At Breslau, where he next went, as conductor of opera, we see him caught in the coils of a pretty singer, who shamelessly exploited his infatuation, "gnawing incessantly at his slender purse." And she, we are told, was but one of many, both within and without the Breslau theatre, who were "allured by the sweet smile and seductive manners of the pale, slender, languishing, but passionately eager young conductor."

When Weber at last shook the dust of Breslau off his feet and went to Stuttgart as private secretary to a brother of the King of Wurtemberg, we see him plunging still deeper and more recklessly into dissipation, in circles "where virtue and morality were laughed to scorn." As member of a society which boasted the title, "Faust's Ride to Hell," he abandoned himself to every kind of dissipation, indulging in the most unbridled licence that he fell under the spell of that "coquettish little serpent," Margarethe Lang, a pretty, plump little creature, as heartless as she was seductive.

From Theresa to Caroline.

It was indeed a fortunate day for Weber when he was expelled from Wurtemberg in disgrace; for he thus escaped from almost certain moral and physical wreckage; though he was still to pass through many perils and adventures before he came to the anchorage of a true and pure love. At Munich we find him dallying with four charmers at the same time.

When he came to Prague, in 1813, the foolish young man lost both heart and head to the handsome and seductive Theresa Brunetti, wife of a ballet-

dancer and mother of four children, who nearly dragged him down into an abyss beyond hope of rescue. It was the last and maddest of all his infatuations—a senseless idolatry, an abject slavery of which the woman took the fullest advantage. She tortured him daily with her caprices and cruelties. But, happily for Weber, a hand was near to rescue him from the "slough of despond" before it engulfed him. It was the hand of Caroline Brandt, opera singer, the woman whose love was to purify and glorify his life—to bring a great peace at last to his storm-tossed heart.

"Small and plump in figure," she is described, "with beautiful expressive grey eyes and fair, wavy hair, and a peculiar liveliness in her movements"—a woman of large and tender heart, and a singularly sweet and selfless nature.

It was a battle between a good angel and an angel of evil for the possession of a soul; and, though the struggle was long and hard, the good angel won. At last the scales fell from Weber's eyes. He saw the loathsomeness of the thing he had cherished in his heart, and the sweetness and purity of the woman who had saved him at the eleventh hour from himself.

"A Sweet Poison."

But though the current of his love had at last been diverted into a pure channel, it was not fated to run very smoothly. Caroline was ready to admit that she was growing to love him as he loved her; but she was fearful, knowing what his life had been, to entrust hers to him. And although, when he was obliged to leave her for three months in search of health, she wrote long and affectionate letters to him, she told him frankly her fears that he might be a "sweet poison, harmful to the soul." And when at last her love proved stronger than her fears, and she was ready to yield, she drew back once more when he insisted, as a condition of marriage, that she should leave the stage she loved so much.

Years of Bliss.

But the time came when no obstacle could keep the lovers apart; when heart flew to heart, and all her doubts took wings when his arm was around her waist and his kisses were raining on her lips. And one November day, in 1817, when Weber, under her inspiration, had begun to compose his immortal opera "Der Freischutz," they were married. It was the prelude to one of the most perfect wedded lives on record.

Then followed nine years of such

happiness as few wedded couples have known—a happiness which absence and ill-health had no power to touch.

And so it was to the last day of their too brief union. When, with the shadow of death from consumption hanging ominously over him, he went to England, in the spring of 1826, to the crowning triumph of his life, his constant cry was "I must go back to my own; I must!" On June 2nd, he sent his last letter, from London, to "my own dear darling."

Three days later he was found dead in his bed.

Hymn-Book Humor.

JOKES—ANCIENT AND MODERN!

Hymns have provided some of the richest jokes that ever raised a laugh. A lay preacher, acting on a request made to him just before the service began, asked the morning congregation to join in singing hymn 986. He was alarmed when he discovered that the first line of the hymn was "The day is past and over."

But his discomfort was not so great as that of a minister who, on the Sunday after his marriage, unthinkingly opened a service with a hymn which reads, "Oh, woe is me; what tongue can tell my sad afflicted state?"

Even the sanctity of the chapel could not restrain the merriment occasioned when a preacher, who had unconsciously sat down rather heavily upon a box of matches in his coat-tail pocket, rose to announce the hymn, "See how great a flame aspires," while all the time his coat-tails were burning.

On another occasion, at a Sunday-school festival, it was arranged that the children, after parading the village, should march into the chapel as the service was beginning. The scene would have been impressive had not the wrong opening hymn been selected. The first verse of "Hold the Fort" had been sung, and just as the school superintendent, at the head of the children, was walking down the aisle the congregation was singing "See the mighty host advancing, Satan leading on."

The Bride's Choice.

An unhappy choice was that of a deacon who, called upon to fill an unexpected gap at a harvest festival service, gave out the hymn, "Lord, what a wretched land is this."

In many churches it is the custom to hold an open meeting once a month, when the young women's and young men's classes meet together. At one such service the leader, perhaps with foresight and in the hope of future fees, opened with a hymn which runs, "Two are better far than one, for counsel or for fight."

The selection of hymns for the marriage service has often led to fun. The bride-to-be who selected "Oft in danger, oft in woe" for her marriage service was under no delusion as to her future prospects. Less confident was the girl who requested that "I know not what's before me; God kindly vells my eyes" should be sung.

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Mainly About People.

Queen Mary's favorite perfumes is lavender water, and she has her own herb garden at York cottage, Candringham. The oil is distilled for her majesty from her own flowers.

Mr. and Mrs. D. Kerr, of Portland, Ore., who are staying at Del Monte, Calif., have hired Peter Hay to teach their son, David, the art of golf. Peter is six feet tall. David is two years and seven months old.

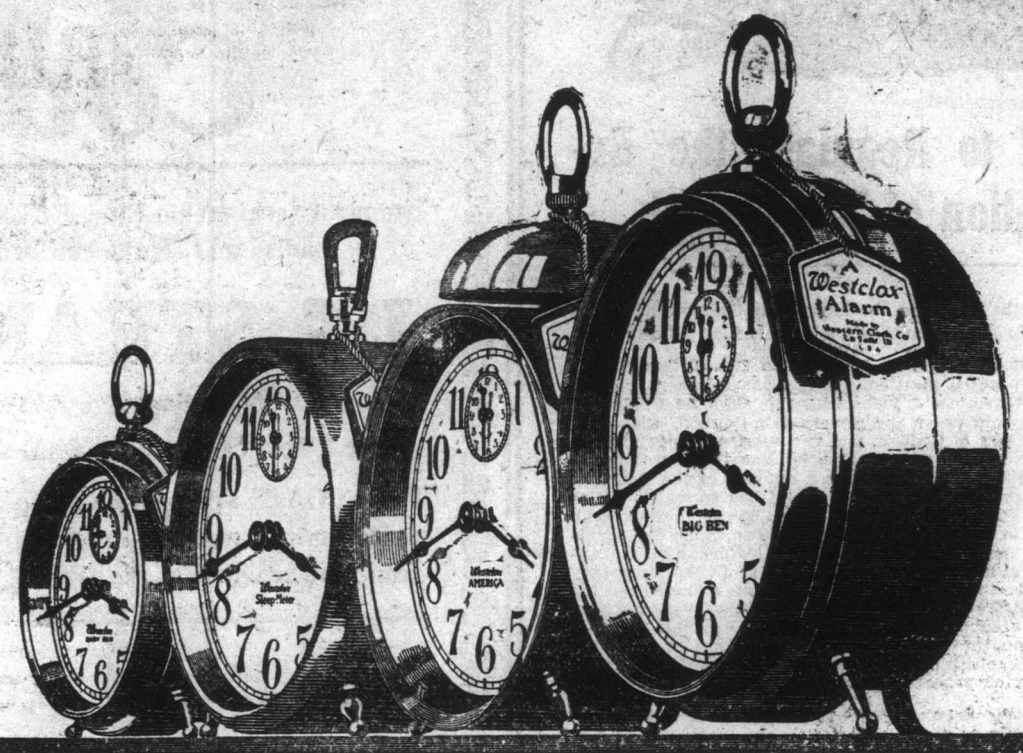
One of the details not generally known about Henry Ford is that his name has been given to the Henry Ford Hospital in Michigan in recognition of the fact that he contributed \$5,000,000 to the building of it.

Mrs. Lydia Le Baron, of Highlands, N.Y., was ill, and friends summoned two physicians, but she refused to deal with them. "I have got along without a doctor all my life," she said, "so why should I have one now?" She is 111 years old.

They say Douglas Fairbanks and his wife (Mary Pickford) have no present intention of appearing in a moving picture together as co-stars. But Mary has exercised a wife's prerogative to the extent of personally selecting the actress who is to appear as the heroine of Mr. Fairbanks's next picture.

A possible figure for the history of to-morrow is the baby born to Prince Andre Romanoff, at Versailles, the other day. The prince is the eldest son of Grand Duke Alexander, brother-in-law of the late czar, says a writer in the Chicago Evening Post. The baby was baptized Michael Romanoff, and has a right, which Soviet Russia will not recognize, to the title of prince. If Russia ever returns to monarchical institutions, Michael Romanoff might be a candidate for the throne.

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Weather Tit-Bits.

WHAT TO TELL YOUR BEST GIRL.
Few pretend to be weatherwise; fewer still are really weatherwise. This is the one subject on which we would rather have the other fellow's opinion.

When a nice girl asks us the night before the picnic if we think it is going to be fine to-morrow, we remark, weakly, that "A red sky at night is a sailor's delight."

This, and the other couplet, "A red sky at morning is a sailor's warning," represent the weather-lore of most of us. It is a rule with so many exceptions that it can scarcely be called a rule.

If we knew more about the subject, however, we could point out to the nice girl that the people of France, Italy and Germany all have this idea, which is of Scottish origin, and asserted thus:—

The evening red and the morning grey.
Are tokens of a bonny day.

Then we could go on to point out that moon-rings are almost invariably precursors of wind or rain, although the halo is often two or more days ahead of the disturbance. We could also observe that the theory, that the stars within the halo represent the number of days of bad weather to come is only another "rumour."

The Man in the Moon.

Becoming still more emboldened, we could show the nice girl how to find "The Lady," "The Kiss," or "The Poodle" in the moon; also "The Moon Maiden." These figures are to be

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found in the moon, but are not so familiar as "The Man." "The Maiden," in particular, is only visible at a certain angle and direction, when the profile of a girl's head and shoulders, with long flowing tresses streaming out behind her in the darkness, are to be seen—with the aid of a little imagination!

Having thus made good with your

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With Cuticura
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best girl, you ingratiate yourself with her mother by allaying her nervous fears regarding comets and meteorites. Point out that absurd statements are made about meteors. Tell her that the most positive assertions are frequently made that the meteor was only a few hundred yards away, when it was actually 100 to 150 miles off.

Again, everyone is more or less nervous about the "collision-with-a-comet" rumour. But not you! Explain that with comets of great size it is distance that lends terror to the view. Let us become immersed in the tail matter, and we are unconscious of the comet's existence! It would give us no "bump"; it would not obstruct even

the light of a star so faint as to require optical aid to render it visible to the eye.

Finally, are your parting shot at the cat. Say that cats are not weatherwise; that when they rub their paws over their heads it is not a sign of rain; and that when they scamper about the house they have no "gale in their tail." Tell them about a cat that was looked upon as infallibly weatherwise, because it tried to get up the chimney whenever a change of weather was brewing—until one day it really got up the chimney and brought down a poor, grimy sparrow.—Ex.

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Libby's Pitted Cherries, 2 1/2's.
Libby's Blackberries, 2's.
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