

Aunt Maria Hies Her To Market, But Coueism Gets There First

Finds Absolutely New Table Delicacy and Alderman Visiting "Woodyard."

"Day by day, in every way, I am growing better and better and better," piously replied a little lady to the inquiry with regard to "how she did," on Saturday. The rapture of the ardent convert to a new religion was in her countenance—not on it.

Thus has Coueism invaded even the good old conservative, orthodox Covent Garden market.

"Oh, you should try it," she continued, her voice lilting like a bird song. "It is wonderful, wonderful. I keep saying it over and over again to myself, 'Day by day, in every way, I am growing better.' And it is true. I AM growing better every way. I work very hard, as you know, often until late in the evening. But I am never tired, depressed. I get up in the morning feeling so rested and alive. Last thing at night I say, 'Day by day, in every way, I am growing better.' First thing in the morning I repeat it."

"Then Coueism really works?" asked Aunt Maria.

"Works!" came the emphatic exclamation. "You should just try it." "I did the other night," confessed Aunt Maria. "I said to myself, 'Day by day, in every way, I am growing better.' Then I added: 'Tomorrow morning I'm going to wake up exactly as I feel, feeling wide awake and willing to get up. I'm going to hop right out of bed at 7 o'clock feeling better and better.' I didn't even hear the alarm go off, and when I did struggle back to consciousness at a quarter to eight, I groaned to myself I wished I were a bear and could sleep all winter. How do you account for that?"

"The disciple had the inspired answer right on tap."

"Your sub-conscious mind knew you needed the sleep and that you would be better and better for it," said the absent-treatment patient of the wizard of Nancy.

"But suppose it had been necessary for me to catch a train," protested Aunt Maria.

"Don't give up so easily," pleaded the little lady. "You see, I say 'I'm getting better and better and better.' I don't just say 'one better.'"

"Then you think eventually I might wake in the morning at the hour I wanted to and get up feeling I really liked to do so?"

"I'm sure of it," was the fervent reply.

"What would happen to the alarm clock trust if everybody took to Coueism?"

"Ye Alderman's Furnace."

"Egad, it looks like the good old days to see the woodyard setting to business again on the market," exclaimed the most typical alderman in London as he arrived at the southwest corner of Covent Garden Saturday. His seaman-blue eyes beamed good cheer, and his face was wreathed with genial, reminiscent smiles.

"How much for the big load?" he inquired of the owner, who stamped about trying to keep up circulation.

"Eighteen dollars," said the country youth, "a little better than four cents."

"Wouldn't last my furnace two days," said the alderman. "What do you think of that?"

"Good-night, some furnace!" exclaimed the alderman, who had a little knot of wood sellers gathering to hear more of the greedy trader.

"Burnt a lot of wood, didn't you?"

"Burnt \$150 worth of coal this season already. All the wood here to-day would only be a drop in the bucket."

"Some furnace," came an admiring chorus. "How big is she?"

"Not big at all," answered the alderman. "But you should see how she eats. Fill her right up and go upstairs. Come down in an hour and all the coal's gone. Got to start shovelling again. Well, I must get along and see if I can get some coal. Have practically need to nothing to last me over Sunday. Takes 500 pounds of steam before you get up any heat at all. What do you think of that?"

"Good-night," said the owner of the big load, too overwhelmed with awe to think of anything else to say.

"When the country youth had time to recover his breath he remarked a good many people seemed to be buying wood for furnaces this year, owing to coal shortage. He just sold eight cords to a man down in London East for the purpose."

"Twelve dollars was asked for a two-cord load right next. 'All maple, not a limb in it.' A three-cord load in the sleigh to the north was offered for \$15, and beech and maple."

"And wood in the country gets scarcer," remarked a thoughtful country boy. "Too bad, nobody attempting to replant. Country will soon look bare as the prairies, and we'll be getting cypresses. We have been getting a good deal of western weather down in Western Ontario."

"Amen," said Aunt Maria.

The flocks of geese and turkeys which had invaded the market over the holiday season had all but vanished. Geese found were offered at 25 cents a pound. Ducks were scarce, hovering around \$1.25 and \$1.50, and the floods had subsided of plump chickens, leaving, with a few exceptions, a scanty lot of indifferent specimens. They ranged in price from 90 cents to \$1.50 each.

A hind quarter of beef, weight

about 150 pounds, was offered for \$15, and on the same load a side of mutton at 10 cents a pound. Fresh pork was 17 cents for front quarter, and 19 cents for hind.

Cottontails were scarcer than for some moons, going quickly at 40 and 50 cents a pair.

There were a few squabs at 35 cents each.

What About Coon

But, if novelty is the spice of life, and spice is desired, why not try a nice stuffed coon for the Sabbath festive board?

No madam, we do not refer to the kind turned out by the taxidermist for ornament only, and to testify to the family's prowess in hunting. We are talking about coon to eat, with all the "feathers" off; coon that is beautifully skinned, trussed and ready for stuffing.

The coon edifice was a discovery on Saturday, displayed enticingly on the back of a "high-powered" automobile. The smartly-dressed young girl in charge was obliged to name it before Aunt Maria could possibly guess the family to which it belonged.

Economy is all on the side of the coon.

It was stated that coons had appeared on the market on several occasions within the past few weeks. Further, it seems that a number of people consider coons great delicacies, and rivalry is keen to acquire them.

"Live and learn," as the poet says.

Rhubarb is Debutante.

The first of the rhubarb or cellar-grown rhubarb braved the frosty weather to give a spring-like touch to the early January market. Fifteen cents was the price named, and 5 cents for the little green onions which hob-nobbed with it.

While the market square was bleak and ashy, the rhubarb was the majority of the familiar landmarks gone in the way of regular stands, the basement stalls blossomed with tropical array of colorful green vegetables. Flowers which had stubbornly refused to bloom for Christmas or even the New Year, opened their buds lavishly just a week later.

There were primrose clusters of rose hue, amethyst, coriander, cream, faintly pink and white.

Among a mass of healthy green foliage. And the plants were selling at 40 and 50 cents each. There were cyclamens like peonies, and wispies, delicate "baby primroses," spikes of giddy salvia and rich crops of Jerusalem cherries.

Around the long tables the "basket makers" were a bit disconsolate because the city folks were slow in coming.

Eggs, Jelly and Cuddly Puppies.

Eggs frolicked about sixty and fifty-five cents a dozen. All laid within the past week," asked a shopper of the man selling for 60 cents a dozen.

"They were all laid," he said cannily.

"I'm coming back to buy a whole lot of things from you some time," said the woman who went farther to get eggs.

The honest egg dealer still had some late autumn eggs, 75 cents a basket. Apples were still plentiful.

Little jars of real home-made black currant jelly were a country homemaker for 45 cents each. In a basket beside them lay further evidences of her skill in domestic science. Biscuits and art. You should see how she eats. Fill her right up and go upstairs. Come down in an hour and all the coal's gone. Got to start shovelling again. Well, I must get along and see if I can get some coal. Have practically need to nothing to last me over Sunday. Takes 500 pounds of steam before you get up any heat at all. What do you think of that?"

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Portrait by Darragh Studio.

MRS. GEORGE A. BENTLEY, NEW YEAR'S DAY BRIDE.

Quaint and picturesque among recent weddings in London was that of Miss Dorothy Bentley, daughter of Rev. Horace E. Bentley, 115 High Street, and Dr. George A. Bentley of Detroit, which took place on New Year's afternoon in St. George's Anglican Church, London West. The bride wore her mother's wedding gown and veil. Note in the picture the old-fashioned arrangement of the veil which is becoming once more the vogue, and the medieval style of the ivory duchess satin dress, a striking note in modes of the moment.

Women Sacrifice Beauty to Style

Venus Figure Makes Exit With Corset, Says Moni.

Chicago, Jan. 6.—American women are selling out their beauty to the style mongers. Dressing to the dictates of fashion is ruining the feminine figure, Ralph Moni, instructor in women's dress design at the Chicago Academy of Fine Arts, made these declarations in addressing a convention of art students here today.

"The American woman has fallen prey to the French dressmaker and is sacrificing her beauty to the fads and fancies of fashion," declared Moni, who teaches that dressing is an art, and each woman a canvas to be made or marred by the right strokes of the design. It is not for the fashion writers to tell a woman that she should wear according to Moni. "Each woman has her own problem of dress to solve, depending on the shape of her figure," declared the style expert.

The long, loose, slinky skirt with belt draped around the hip line, which is a woman's beauty, emphasizing her hips, which are anything but beautiful. The passing of the corset is ending the Venus out of the feminine figure, according to Moni.

"The old iron slave models are to be condemned," said Moni, "and every woman should wear at least a corset from the waist-line to the hips. Checking corsets is a fact that is developing large undulating hips at the expense of good-looking busts."

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