

EVENTS OF INTEREST IN SOCIAL CIRCLES

WOMAN AND THE HOME

DOMESTIC HELPS AND AIDS TO HOUSEWIVES

Let the Woman's Page Bespeak the Woman--Let It Be a Help to Those Who Desire Help; a Comforter to Those Who Need Comforting, and Above all Let It Be a Friend to Every Woman



We asked the young lady across the way if she could name the members of the president's cabinet and she said she was ashamed to say she didn't believe she remembered a single one except of course Mr. Champ Clark.

WARM WEATHER HERE TO STAY. SUES FOR PAYMENT ON TAXICAB STOCK

Spring has finally come into its own and from now on it will be more or less of a hopeless task to wear the winter clothing that has been made to go up to the present time.

Payment for 200 shares of W. C. P. Taxicab stock in the hands of a suit filed today in the superior court by Alfred W. Church of Greenwicht against the New Departure Co. of Bristol.

Many women who buy no new spring hats because their husbands kick on the bill, go down town and find the same husbands looking for the most stylish dressed women they can find to flirt with.

PROFIT He Who Profits Most Serves Best. TRY OUR SERVICE J. SAMUELS CO. 1127 MAIN ST.

Easy & Practical Home Dress Making Lessons

Prepared Especially For This Newspaper by Pictorial Review

EMPIRE FROCK IN PINK MULL

The lining is very quickly made by closing the shoulder seam and stitching the hem in the back as notched.



Delightful little frock in pink mull made in Empire style for the growing girl.

What is more comfortable and at the same time more admirably pretty for the growing girl than an Empire frock in soft clinging material?

These Home Dressmaking articles are prepared especially for this newspaper from the very latest styles by The Pictorial Review.

Handsome Visiting Toilet Shows Still Fashionable Tunic



A SMART COSTUME

Black silk mullin was used with splendid results, combined with liberty silk. This skirt is a full tunic of mullin over the liberty with a draped yoke.

TODAY'S POEM

LITTLE LIGHT MOCCASIN. Little Light Moccasin swings in her basket. Woven of willow and sinews of deer. Rocked by the breezes, and nursed by the pine trees.

When on the mesa the meadow lark, stooping, folds her brown wings on the safe hidden nest. Hearing the hoot of the owlets at twilight.

CORNER FOR COOKS

Hot Rye Muffins. Mix and sift one and two-thirds cups rye flour with four level teaspoons of baking powder and one-half teaspoon of salt.

Omelet With Tomato Sauce. Beat four eggs slightly to mix the yolks and whites and season with salt and pepper. Melt a rounding tablespoon of butter in a hot omelet pan and turn in the egg mixture.

Quahang Chowder. Cut one-eighth pound of fat salt pork and one good sized onion through the universal meat grinder and fry together to a golden brown and then clean and grind one quart of quahangs; save all the juices and peel and cut up six or eight good sized potatoes. Place all together in

LAURA JEAN LIBBY'S DAILY TALKS ON HEART TOPICS

MISS LIBBEY'S REPLIES TO YOUR LETTERS

Correct name and address must be given to insure attention, not to print. Use ink. Write short letters, on one side of paper only. Address Miss Libbey, 916 President street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

ACCEPTING YOUTHS COMPANY

Dear Miss Libbey:-- We are two country girls of 16 come to you for advice as to accepting a boy's company. Is it proper, or lady-like, to accept a gift from a boy friend to whom you are not engaged?

You are hardly old enough to accept "steady company" from boys. Now and then you may go with them to gatherings but do not keep up their company.

A YOUNG GIRL'S QUERIES

Dear Miss Libbey:-- I am a young girl of 12, and ask your advice. Is it proper for a younger sister at the age of 15 to go in the parlor while an older sister is entertaining a young man?

While it is not entirely improper for a younger sister to go into the parlor where her older sister is entertaining company alone, yet girls of that age feel out of place among older sisters' visitors.

NO KISSING.

Dear Miss Libbey:-- My girl six months. First, we seemed to have agreeable times, but afterward we couldn't agree. She couldn't hold up conversation. Secondly, she never kissed me, which I took to be unfair.

You should not have tired of her, but admired her for being ladylike, and not bestowing kisses on you. Even engaged couples must be chary of kisses.

WHAT HER PARTNERS THINK OF HIM

Dear Miss Libbey:-- I am a young girl 16 years old and am keeping company with a young man four years my senior. I love him very dearly and have every reason to believe that he loves me. I think I

Laura Jean Libbey

FEMALE SPIES.

The first woman to undertake the difficult and hazardous occupation of a spy was probably Aphra Behn.

Corn Meal Mush. Mush made from corn meal needs long cooking. Put in a hot, heavy up dish then it is more fit for pigs than human beings.

Turn into small bread pan rinsed in cold water. Cut in slices and fry in hot bacon or salt pork fat.

Scrambled Eggs. The usual fault with scrambled eggs is to too long cooking. When ready to serve they should be soft and creamy.

Beat the top of a double boiler by setting it over hot water, put in one and one-half teaspoons of butter and when melted turn in the egg mixture.

HORLICK'S The Original MALTED MILK Unless you say 'HORLICK'S' you may get a Substitute. FUNERAL DESIGNS AND BOUQUETS JOHN RECK & SON



A FOOL AND HIS MONEY BY GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON. Copyright, 1915, by George Barr McCutcheon.

(Continued.)

I rushed over and rapped resoundingly upon Ludwig's pudgy knees. The next instant there was a click, and then the secret door swung open, revealing the eager, concerned face of my neighbor.

"What has happened?" she cried. I lifted her out of the frame. Her gaze fell upon the bandaged fist.

"Mr. Bangs spoke of a pistol. Don't tell me that he--he shot you?" I held up my swollen hand rather proudly. It smelled vilely of arnica.

"This wound was self-inflicted, my dear countess," I said, thrilled by her expression of concern. "I had the exquisite pleasure--and pain--of knocking your former husband down."

"Oh, splendid!" she cried, her eyes gleaming with excitement. "Mr. Bangs was rather hazy about it, and he would not let me risk telephoning. You knocked Mary down?"

"Emphatically," said I. "She mused. 'I think it is the first time it has ever happened to him. How--how did he like it?'"

"It appeared to prostrate him." Her face flushed. "I am glad you did it, Mr. Smart."

"If I remember correctly, you once said that he had struck you, countess." Her face flushed. "Yes, on three separate occasions he struck me in the face with his open hand. I--I testified to that effect at the trial. Every one seemed to look upon it as a joke. He swore that they were--were love pats."

"I hope his lack of discrimination will not lead him to believe that I was delivering a love pat," said I grimly.

"Now tell me everything that happened," she said, seating herself in my big armchair. Her feet failed to touch the floor.

When I came to that part of the story where I accused Tarnowsky of duplicity in connection with the frescoes she betrayed intense excitement.

"Of course it was all a bluff on my part," I explained.

"But you were nearer the truth than you thought," she said, compressing her lips. After a moment she went on: "Count Hohendahl sold the originals over three years ago. I was here with Maria at the time of the transaction and when the paintings were removed, Maria acted as an intermediary in the deal. Hohendahl received \$200,000 for the paintings, but they were worth it. I have reason to believe that Maria had a fourth of the amount for his commission. So, you see, you were right in your surmise."

"The infernal rascal! Where are the originals, countess?"

"They are in my father's villa at Newport," she said. "I intended speaking of this to you before, but I was afraid your pride would be hurt. Of course I should have spoken if it came to the point where you really considered having those forgeries restored."

"He will challenge you," she went on nervously. "He has fought the duels, and he is not a physical coward." Her dark eyes were full of dread.

I hesitated. "Would you be vitally interested in the outcome of such an affair?" I asked. "I mean on Rosemary's account. He--he is her father, you see. It would mean--"

"A slow flush mounted to her brow. "That is precisely what I was thinking, Mr. Smart. It would be--unspeakably dreadful."

I stood over her. My heart was pounding heavily. She must have seen the peril that lay in my eyes, for she suddenly slipped out of the chair and faced me, the flush dying in her cheek, leaving it as pale as ivory.

"You must not say anything more, Mr. Smart," she said gently.

"A bitter smile came to my lips, and I drew back with a sickening sense of realization. There was nothing more to be said. But I now thoroughly understood one thing--I was in love with her!"

"I was something of a philosopher. I submit that my attitude at the time of my defeat at the hands of the jeweler's clerk proves the point conclusively. Quite before I knew it I was myself again, a steady, self-reliant person who could take the best of a situation, who could take his medicine like a man."

"She was speaking of my attitude as a lawyer, Mr. Bangs," he said to me this evening. Mr. Smart, to discuss ways and means of getting my mother and brothers into the castle without discovery by the spies who are undoubtedly watching their every move."

"I drew in another long, deep breath. 'It seems to me that the thing cannot be done. The risk is tremendous. Why not head her off?'"

"Head her off? You do not know my mother, Mr. Smart. She has made up her mind that her place is here with me, and there isn't anything in the world that can--head her off, as you say."

"But surely you see the danger?"

"I do. I have tried to stop her. Mr. Bangs has tried to stop her. So has father. But she is coming. We must arrange something."

"I was pacing the floor in front of her. She had resumed her place in the chair. 'My deepest regret, countess, lies in the fact that our little visits will be well, at an end. Our delightful little suppers and--'"

"Oh, but think of the comfort it will be to you--not having me on your mind all of the time! I shall not be lonesome; I shall not be afraid; I shall not be forever annoying you with selfish demands upon your good nature. You will have time to write without interruption. It will be for the best!"

"No," said I positively. "They want jolly parties, and I shall miss them." She looked away quickly. "And--and all goes well I shall soon be on my way to America. Then you will be rid of me completely."

"I was startled. 'You mean that there is a plan afoot to--to smuggle you out of the country?'"

"Yes. And I fear I shall have to trouble you again when it comes to that. You must help me, Mr. Smart." I nodded slowly. "Help her to get away? I hadn't thought of that lately. The prospect left me rather cold and sick."

"I'll do all that I can, countess." She smiled faintly, but I was certain that I detected a challenge--a rather unkind challenge--in her eyes. "You will come to see me in New York, of course?"

"I shook my head. 'I am afraid you are counting our chickens before they're hatched. One or the other of us may be in jail for the next few years.'"

"Heavens!"

"But I'll come to see you in New York if you'll let me," I cried, trying to repair the damage I had done. "I was jesting when I spoke of jail."

"Her brow was puckered in thought. 'It has just occurred to me, my dear friend, that even if I do get safely away you will be left here to face the consequences. When it becomes known that you sheltered me the authorities may make it extremely uncomfortable for you.'"

"I'm not worrying about that." "Just the same, it is something to worry about," she said seriously. "Now, here is what I have had in mind for a long time. Why don't you come with me when I leave? That will be the safest plan."

"You are not in earnest?" "Assuredly. The plan is something like this: I am to be taken by slow stages overland to a small Mediterranean port. One of a half dozen American yachts now cruising the sea will be ready to pick me up. Doesn't it seem simple enough?"

"But there are a lot of 'ifs' between here and the little port you hope to reach. It will not be an easy matter to manage the successful flight of a party as large as yours will be."

"Oh," she cried, "I shall be quite alone, except for Rosemary and Blake--and Mr. Bangs."

"But your mother? You can't leave her here." "You will have to smuggle her out of the castle a day or two in advance. It is all thought out, Mr. Smart."

"By Jove!" I exclaimed, with more insincerity than I intended to show. "If I succeed in doing all that is expected of me, I certainly will be entitled to more than an invitation to come and see you in New York."

She arose and laid her fingers upon my bandaged hand. The reckless light had died out of her eyes.

"I have thought that out, too, Mr. Smart," she said quietly. "And now, goodby. You will come up to see Mr. Bangs tonight?"

Considerably mystified by her remark, I said I would come, and then assisted her through the opening in the wall. She smiled back at me as the portrait swung into place.

Bangs was a shrewd little Englishman. As I shook hands with him--using my left hand with a supercilious apology--I glanced at the top of his waistcoat. There was no button missing.

"The countess sewed it on for me," he said drily, reading my thoughts.

(Continued.)

FIT DO YOUR SHOES? TRY J. SAMUELS CO. 1127 MAIN ST. AND BE SURE