

EVENTS OF INTEREST IN SOCIAL CIRCLES

WOMAN AND THE HOME

DOMESTIC HELPS AND AIDS TO HOUSEWIVES

CORNER FOR COOKS

BEANS SAUCE. To make it take some cold roast or braised beef and cut it in thin slices...

MINT SAUCE. The best way to make mint sauce is with a boiled sugar syrup. Add the chopped mint to this when it is hot...

CREAM OF BEET SOUP. Steam or bake new beets, allowing one rather medium sized beet for each cup of milk used. Grate the beets and add to it one cup of milk...

COCONUT CREAM PIE. Cook together three cups sweet milk, three well-beaten eggs, sugar to taste, butter half size of an egg...

RICE PUDDING. Rice pudding may be prepared quickly from left-over boiled rice, by heating the left-over of two eggs into two cups of new milk...

TOMATO CRAMNETTES. Should be made by a cup of stewed tomatoes of two large sized fresh tomatoes left, tomato crumettes may be made. Peel the fresh tomatoes, wash with a heavy spoon add an egg...

General aviation headquarters on the largest field in the country will soon be established near Amityville, L. I.

Carl D. Sheppard, a Washington newspaperman, has been chosen political secretary to Charles E. Hughes, Republican candidate for President.

Because of a more peaceful outlook on the Mexican border, Senator Chamberlain had the army appropriation bill amended so as to cut out \$35,522,895.

FUNERAL BOUQUETS AND DESIGNS. JOHN RECK & SON.

Easy & Practical Home Dress Making Lessons

Prepared Specially for This Newspaper. By Pictorial Review

A Charming Summer Coat.



A giraffe coat for summer wear, suitable to development in striped flannel, lawn, pongee or faille.

Topcoats For Vacationists and Seasoned Travelers



READY TO START.

One of the fall models of topcoats is this, put up in navy velour, a light weight, cut with a voluminous collar, "cuffed" hem and fullness which is confined by triangular buttons.

As a result of collision between two automobiles at Hempstead, N. Y., four persons were severely injured.

Col. Louis D. Conley, former commander of the Sixty-ninth regiment, arrived in New York from the Mexican border.

Safe Milk for Infants and Invalids. HORLICK'S THE ORIGINAL MALTED MILK. Rich milk, malted grain, in powder form for infants, invalids and growing children.

LAURA JEAN LIBBY'S DAILY TALKS ON

HEART TOPICS

Copyrighted, 1915, McClure Newspaper Syndicate

THE FUN SOME WOMEN GET IN GOING OFF SUMMERING

"Ah! what a fatal web we weave. When that we practice to deceive!"

This fall when you happen to meet Mrs. Snob you must not believe all that she tells you of the glorious time she and her daughters have had the past summer as you, who have had to be a stay at home, listen with a twinge of envy.

The average wife, after her call upon Mrs. Snob, walks home feeling as blue as indigo, often raking up grievances unperceptibly, by the hot coals of her displeasure to give her a summer during when he was earning quite as much salary as the husband of Mrs. S. He tries to figure it out, but cannot, declaring, at last, that the wife must have private means in order to afford such a trip.

Most men are not good at subterfuge-dodging questions. In the depths of his heart poor S. was mightily nervous over the subject of his family's outing. The family servants had been sent away until the fall, but instead of enjoying a glorious outing his wife and the girls had shut themselves up behind the barricaded door, making martyrs of themselves and upsetting some life and its comforts for pride's sake.

How much better it would have been to keep the house open, aired and running in its usual fashion, remarking they had decided to summer at home for a change, than to go to unnecessary torment or the sake of keeping up the appearance of having means. More than one summer shut-out derives her sole pleasure in writing for booklets of fashionable places, reading them over and over, day dreaming she is here or there, one of the gay, happy, giddy summer vacationists.

MISS LIBBY'S REPLIES TO YOUR LETTERS

Miss Libby's answers to your letters. Correct name and address must be given to insure attention. Initials printed. Write short letters on one side of paper only. Use ink. Personal letters cannot be answered. Address Miss Laura Jean Libby, No. 946 President St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

TWO STRINGS TO HER BOW.

A. W. writes: "I am a bright girl of 19, engaged to young man three years my senior. He went away West months ago. Promised me at our parting he would send the engagement ring to me. Haven't seen it yet. Seldom do I hear from him. Am to give him up or continue to love and not be loved? Days, nights are dreary. Kindly decide."

TEAZING GIRL MAY NOT MEAN IT

L. R. writes: "I am a young man of 24, considered nice looking. My sweet heart, 21, is also nice looking. Gone together two years. I love her dearly. She says she returns affection. Sometimes she acts distracting. Seems to hate me. Tells me to go. Doesn't want me any more. Easter at all-day picnic she came home with another. I asked her to choose or I would. Said she loved me. Still she tried to pass me as her brother. Do you believe there is pure, deep interest in me only? May be. There's no accounting for

NOT TRUE TO HIS ENGAGED GIRL

N. M. writes: "I am a girl of 21, true hearted in my affection for a young man of 22. Met him a year ago far away. We were to leave town shortly after. He wanted me to write. I consented. Didn't get his first letter. He wrote again. Every time, no answer. He kept writing, lovingly. We are engaged. Correspond. Doesn't reply to letters soon as I expect now. Writes to another girl. Tells not to show letters. I ask him if it's true. Says he's no intentions for her. That I must not be jealous. Think he cares for me and loves just me? Await your wise opinion."

Cannot tell much about his uncertain ways. One girl is sufficient for him to correspond with. That is the one he is engaged to. Strictly remind him that two are company, three are none. It is unfair to both girls.

TODAY'S POEM

IT DOESN'T TAKE MONEY. To make the heart glad, When the days are so sunny How could we be so sad? With a little bird singing High up in the trees And his songs clearly ringing Light-hearted and free.

Oh, it doesn't take money To make the heart thrill Or some wonderful story Of magnetic will.

Oh, it doesn't take fame here To make the world fair, Or a beautiful name, dear, And heard everywhere To set the heart beating For high honors won. But the welcome, the meeting At setting of sun.

No, it doesn't take money Or glory or fame To make the world sunny And bright as a flame.

In one simple direction In the friendships, affection Each day that we meet. Myrtella Southerland, in Detroit Free Press.

LITTLE BENNY'S NOTEBOOK

(By Les Eggs)

Me and Puds Simkins and Sam Craws was standing by the lamp post, and Sam sed, Miss Winkel sed, and I sed, "I can see them from our setting room window, they're in there about a week, they awt to be ripe now."

Wats all those things, Miss Winkel -bottles? sed Puds Simkins. Bertyn thare bottles, cant you see? Sure thare bottles, sed Sam Craws, are you blind, wats in them, Miss Winkel?

Never mind about the bottles, get off the fents immedielly, dont you heer me telling you its weak, sed Miss Winkel. Is it root beer, Miss Winkel, I sed. G, sed Puds and Sam sed is it, Miss Winkel?

Ill see weather youll get down or not, sed Miss Winkel. And she ran and get a broom and started to come after us with it, and we quick put our legs on the outside of the fents and stoppe down and Sam Craws had a piece of chalk in his pants pocket, and he rote on the back gate in big letters, The stingiest woman in the world lives in this house, please nock without enterin.

Young Mothers, Attention!

Young mothers will find selecting their baby a carriage a simple matter if they visit Nothnagle's baby homefurnishing store. Over a hundred carriages, go-carts and stulikes are on display for her to select from. Among them are many novelties in various soft color effects such as ivory, coral, delicate blue, soft greys, etc. It is certainly a display to attract the attention of all fond parents. On the same floor with the carriages is a new line of cribs, a splendid assortment of highchairs, infant folding baby yards. A visit to Nothnagle's baby goods department will prove interesting and profitable. Enter 1149 Main street, corner Elm street.-Adv.



(Continued.)

Caleb left in the limp fingers of the head of the Jenkins' household a yellow tinted note of a denomination which they had not even known existed. He left them half doubting his genuineness until later when there came an opportunity to spend it. And Sarah was waiting at the door of the white place on the hill when Caleb wheeled into the yard at dusk two days later.

"You've found him!" she exclaimed as she glimpsed his face when he entered the hall.

Caleb shook his head, his heart aching at the hunger in her question.

"No, I haven't found him, Sarah," he said gently enough. "But I—I've found out who he is."

They forgot their supper that night. With heads close together they hung for hours over the ink smeared sheets of papers which the tin box yielded up. Most of them were covered with a cramped and misspelled handwriting which they knew must be that of the one whom Steve had called "Old Tom."

Some of them were hard to decipher, but their import was very, very clear. There was one picture, a miniature of a girl, eager of face and wary of hair. Her relationship to the boy was unmistakable. Sarah found that and wept over it silently, and while she wept Caleb sifted out the remaining loose sheets.

"It's not hard to understand now, is it?" he said. "It's a pretty plain now why he had to go. And we, Sarah—who were going to 'make something of him'—why, we should have known absolutely without this evidence. They laughed at him, they made fun of him, and there isn't any better blood than down in that boy's veins! He was Stephen O'Mara's son, and no more brilliant barriester than O'Mara, ever addressed a jury of a prisoner's peers and—broke their very hearts with the simplicity of his pleading."

Sarah folded her thin hands over the woman's picture.

"I like his mother's face," she murmured faintly. "And I'm jealous of her. Call you don't have to remind me of the rest of it, either. For I recall it all. She died and he—he went all to pieces. They said at his death that he was destitute. And when he did follow her—across—they hunted everywhere, didn't they, and never found the boy? Didn't some of the newspapers argue that a servant—a gardener—had stolen him?"

Caleb nodded his head. "Most of them ridiculed the suggestion, but it was true. Just the same that servant was Old Tom. And the only defense he makes is just one line or so in—in this." Caleb dropped a hand upon the half legible pages. "He says that he wasn't going to let civilization make of the boy's life the wreck which he, poor, queer, honest soul, thought it had made of his father's. And do you know, Sarah, do you know, I can't help but believe that this overzealous thing which the law would have prosecuted was the best thing he could have done? I'll take these things now and look them in the safe for the boy until he comes back home!"

But Sarah Hunter kept the picture of Stephen O'Mara's mother separate from the rest; she took it upstairs with her when she went, white and tired faced, to bed. And it was Sarah's faith which outlasted the years which followed. She never weakened in her belief that some day the boy would come back—she and one other whose faith in his last boyish promise, phrased in bitterness, also endured. For during the next five years there was not a summer which brought Allison into the hills but what the first question of his daughter Barbara, motherless now herself, was of Steve.

"Has—has Stephen come back?" she asked invariably.

At first the query was marked by nothing more than a child's naive eagerness, and later, when it was brought up in a casual, by the way fashion, it was, nevertheless, tinged with hope. Five years lengthened into ten, and still Steve did not come. But whenever Barbara asked that question Caleb remembered, as though it had happened only yesterday, that morning when she first appeared to the boy.

Then came a morning when Stephen O'Mara did return. All winter and throughout the summer, too, the Hunter place had been closed until that day in late October. It had been a warm week—a week of such unseasonable humidity for the hills that Caleb, rising somewhat before his usual hour, had blamed his sleeplessness, as usual, upon the weather. He was glad to be home again that morning. Caleb was wondering if Barbara would be with her father on this trip. Barbara had, he knew, been two years on the continent, "finishing," Allison called it, always with a wry face and a gesture toward his wallet pocket. He was wondering as he came down the stairs if she would ask him again—?—and then at the sight of a seated figure outside on the top step of the veranda he pulled up sharp in the doorway.

Caleb didn't have to wonder any longer.

soon, I should say that you are my man O'Mara. Mr. Elliott himself has informed me that four quite spectacular success in one or two vital campaigns has been entirely due to the fact that you are an—opponent! I agree with Mr. Elliott absolutely—that is, if my first premise is correct. Barbara's face had cooled a little in that moment since Steve's eyes had left her face. Now she forgot her confusion—forgot to be annoyed, even at her father's clumsy banter.

"Your man, O'Mara!" she exclaimed indignantly. "Your man! Why, he—he's my"— And that was as far as she went.

Her voice thinned into nothingness, but words were not necessary to tell either Caleb or Steve that she had been about to assert a prior claim which dated back years and years.

"I have always insisted to Mr. Elliott," Steve said, "that the solution of all the difficulties, which he chooses to view as gloriously romantic tilt with Destiny, depends one half upon luck and the other half on being on the ground personally when the affair—starts." He half faced toward Allison.

"I am O'Mara," he finished very briefly. "Your man, O'Mara—if you happen to be the East Coast Development and Timber company."

There was at most no more than the barest suggestion of it in Steve's crisp question, but Caleb sensed immediately that Allison's placid appropriation of the blue flannel shirted one as his own particular property was not a mutually accepted status. Deater, however, faltered or chose to read nothing in the drawing room.

"I'm it," he agreed jocularly—"that is, I and two or three others, including Mr. Elliott, our esteemed president. I've heard much of you, Mr. O'Mara. I've looked forward to this meeting," he added as he shook hands. "Now I want to tell you that I am proud to know you. And so you didn't get my message after all?"

"I had to come down river yesterday," Steve explained. "Your telegram found me here, and I waited over until this morning, as you suggested." "Surely—surely! I see—I see!" Allison emphasized his comprehension. "Not that it was anything of vital importance, I just wanted a short conference with you, that was all!"

"Would you—would you mind finding Miss Sarah, Steve?" Caleb asked. "Will you tell her, please, that we are to be subjected to another—neighborly imposition?"

Allison shook his head and led the way to a chair. "I didn't know that you were acquainted with him, Cal. Have you known him long?"

"Um-m—yes!" Caleb weighed his reply. "Quite some time, I think, I might say."

He shook with scarcely suppressed laughter, but Allison ignored his senseless mirth.

"I'd like to claim that boy as my own discovery," he avowed, "but I can't, not without fear of successful contradiction on Elliott's part. And in point of service it isn't fair to call him a boy, either, though I suppose both of us are old enough to be his father. He's Elliott's find. Elliott suggested him as the one man for this job when I consolidated with the Almsley crew and they took up the contract to move the reserve timber from Thirty Mile and the valleys above. Elliott knew of him, but I've been looking up his record pretty closely since he took hold in earnest."

"He's in his twenties, as near as I can make out, but he's come through on one of two jobs that might well make an old campaigner envious. He took a fortune in hard woods out of San Domingo for a Berlin concern; he was the only man on the St. Sebastian river job who said the construction was too light. He said it wouldn't stand when the ice began to move in the spring; and it didn't! Oh, he knows his business! But it wasn't his successes which caught Elliott's eye. It's the way he has failed a couple of times, ever attempted in this north country, when all the rest had quit, that made me anxious to get an older man who can outfigure him on loads and stresses, but as a field general he stands alone. He can handle men. And when it comes to meeting conditions just as they arise Elliott says he's a wonder. He can out-guess dear old Mother Nature herself."

"That's why the East Coast company brought him up here to build its bit of road," he went on slowly. "They've got to move that Reserve company timber. They have a contract that'll break 'em—break us—if we fall down. And do you know, Cal—I—I can't help but believe that the thing is beyond the pale of possibility. I believed it six months ago, when Elliott and Almsley and the rest of them were so keen for it, and I believe it still, even though I have seen Elliott's engineer and know what he has already accomplished. That track'll never go through on schedule—and that's why I'm up here for the winter. It's going to be a hot little race against time, with some millions for a purse. It'll break the East Coast company if he fails, and—his voice became oddly intense—"and I tell you again that it—can't—be—done!"

Allison lay back in his chair and breathed deeply, slowly, and Miss Sarah appeared that moment in the doorway, pinker of cheek and more tremulous of lip than her brother had ever seen her before. She dropped Allison an old fashioned courtesy, which was an exceedingly frivolous performance for Sarah.

"Breakfast is served, Cal," she fairly chortled, "and there are two very hungry children inside."

(To Be Continued.)



"I always told them that you would come back," she murmured.

roy, and, although he had never seen him in all the months that the latter had been in his employ, Allison knew this must be the one in whose keeping lay, directly or indirectly, the success or failure of the biggest thing he had ever attempted in this north country—the man to whom he always referred, whenever he boasted of his exploits, as "my man O'Mara."

"I always told them that you would come back," she murmured then. "Just as you—you said you would."

The remark was barely loud enough for even Steve to hear, but hard upon its utterance she caught her breath in anger at herself for her own senseless confusion, which had led her into saying the one thing she least of all had wanted to voice. Even an insane remark concerning the weather would have been better than that girlish naïveté which she felt seemed to force upon him, too, a recollection of the very letter of a promise which had, no doubt, long since become in his mind nothing but a quaint episode not untinged with absurdity.

"Hum-m—m!" puffed Allison. "Hum-m—m!" He spoke directly to Stephen O'Mara, who half turned his head at the first heavily factitious syllable. "So you did get my message, eh? I rather thought that it wouldn't reach you up river until today." An ample smile embraced the tall figure in riverman's garb and his own daughter's crimson countenance—a most meaningful smile of roguery. "Well, from what I've heard," he stated, "and what I've "

THE PRETTIEST FACE and the most beautiful hands are those distinguished by an unobtrusive, it can easily be removed in a few days without pain by using CYRUS WART REMOVER. For sale only at the CRYUS PHARMACY, 415 2nd Ave. N.Y.C.