EVENTS OF INTEREST IN SOCIAL CIRCLES

WOMAN AND THE HOME

DOMESTIC HELPS AND AIDS TO HOUSEWIVES

CORNER FOR COOKS

Soft Molasses Cakes.

One cup molasses, 1-2 cup and more of butter and drippingsc, 1 cup of brown sugar, 1 cup of milk, 3 1-2 cups of flour, 1 teaspoonful soda in a little hot water, 1 teaspoonful ginger, 1-2 teaspoonful cassia. Bake in small drops on tin sheets.

Chocolate Cream Pie.

One whole egg, piece of butter one-half size of an egg, 1 cup of sugar, scant 1-2 cup of milk, 1 1-2 cups of flour, 1 even teaspoon of soda. Spread on two tins.

Cream for Filling—Scant pint of milk, 1-3 cup of sugar, 2 eggs, 1 1-2 tablespoons of cornstarch and 2 squares of melted chocolate.

Banana Charlotte Russe.

Press through a sieve enough banana pulp to make one cup, add one-fourth cup powdered sugar, two teaspoons lemon juice. Beat until very thin, then fold in one-half pint whipped cream. Have ready some sherbert cups lined with sponge or delicate cake, fill with the prepared cream and chill before serving.

Tomato Omelet.

Six ounces of breadcrumbs, two large tomatoes, one-half pint of water one-half pint strained tomato juice, four eggs, one onion, one ounce of butter, pepper, salt and mace.

Put tomato juice, water and butter in clean pan and bring to boil. Then add bread crumbs, stir and remove from fire. Separate yolks and whites of eggs; beat yolks and add to bread crumbs; chop onion finely and mix in together with seasoning and the pulp of the two tomatoes. Beat whites of eggs to stiff froth and add. Bake in a souffle dish in a moderate oven.

Mayonnaise Sauce.

If the weather is hot, choose a cool place for the operation and place the mixing bowl in a pan of cold water. Be sure that the oil is good and of fine quality, and use wine vinegar rather than malt. Place the yolks of two fresh raw eggs in a basin, add half a teaspoonful of French and English mustard mixed, and a dust of cayenne. Some persons like to add half a teaspoonful of onion juice. Work well together and then add drop by drop, thre gills (a gill is a quarter of a pint) of oil stirring all the time. When thick and creamy add, drop by drop, dessert spoonful of vinegar, half the same of lemon juice and half the same of tarragon vinegar mixed. If the oil is added in too great a quantity it will not mix with the egg and the sauce instead of being smooth and creamy and of the consistency of a rich custard and a good yellow, will be dark and oily and thin. If too much vinegar is used the sauce will be too thin. It should be thick enough to coat the salmon ,etc. over which it is poured. If the sauce should curdle, beat another egg yolk and mix the sauce with it, drop by drop.

Wouldn't You Think This New Blouse Is a Dress Waist?

LATEST MODEL.

The vogue for separate skirts has brought in every variety of blouses. This dressy one of navy taffeta, white striped, has a deep vestee of white organdie, the neck extending in a cartridge plaited frill at the back. The tiny buttons are covered with a navy blue stripe of the silk.

We are showing all the latest shapes in felt hats for immediateu se at E. H. Dillon & Co., 1105 Main street.—Adv.

FUNERAL BOUQUETS AND DESIGNS. JOHN RECK & SON.

Easy & Practical Home Dress Making Lessons

Prepared Specially for This Newspaper By Pictorial Review

An Interesting Summer Frock.

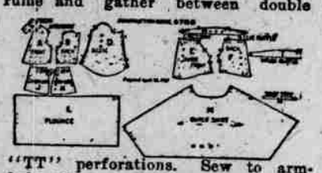
Dotted muslin combined with dainty pink net forms this pretty costume, youthful in its charm. Narrow bands of silk outline the waist.

The little frills and furbelows and the gathered skirt with deep shirred tucks make this summer frock extremely interesting. It is fashioned of dotted muslin and trimmed with plaited frills of plain pink net, which give an indescribably dainty air to the design. The dress closes in the back and there is an underblouse of linen lawn, with or without sleeves. In medium size the design requires 1½ 36-inch lining for underbody and foundation gores, 9 yards 40-inch muslin and 2 yards of net.

The costume consists of underbody, sleeves, outerwaist, foundation and outer skirt, all of which are properly marked for joining. The construction must be studied carefully before sewing is commenced. Then take the underbody. Face front and back then close underarm and shoulder seams and turn the hem in the back. Plait the underbody as notched and adjust a 3-inch belting underneath plaits for a stay.

When used for formal occasions the sleeves are omitted, as the illustration indicates.

For the outer waist close the underarm and shoulder seams then turn under the hem. Gather along the shoulder seam and the lower edge and stitch a band of tape the length of the shoulder stay, under the gathers at the shoulder seam. Close seam of sleeve ruffle and gather between double



"TT" perforations. Sew to armhole edges, notches and shoulder seams even.

The outer waist is now ready to be arranged on the lining. The center fronts and back of each piece must be even. Bring large "O" perforations near shoulder seams together and tack. Stitch lower edges together and upper row of gathers to position.

If it is desired to trim the waist with a band and ruffle, stitch a bias band of material (1 inch wide when finished) to position on outer front and back leaving band free a little above center-front; cross band in surplice style and bring around to center-back for closing. Gather upper edge of ruffle between double "TT" perforations. Sew to lower edge of band, from center-front to center-back.

The foundation gores are joined next, then the center back seam is closed from large "O" perforation to lower edge and the edges finished above for a placket. Then close the center back seam of the flounce. Gather between double "TT" perforations. Stitch frills to lower edge, neatly, facing the seam and sew to lower edge of foundation, center fronts and backs even. Sew to lower edge of waist.

Now, form a shirred tuck in the outer skirt, creasing on slot perforations. Gather 2 inches from folded edge and draw gathers to fit stay pattern; the stay pattern is only given for size to draw in gathers. Close center-front and center-back seams, leaving back seam free above large "O" perforation for a placket. Plait lower front edge placing "T" on corresponding small "o" perforations and tack. Gather upper edge between double "TT" perforations. Adjust stitching upper edge over upper row of gathers in waist, small "o" perforation over under-arm seam of underbody.

The simple girlish costumes of the artist Reynolds will be strikingly fea[illegible] for the remainder of the season.

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

LAURA JEAN LIBBY'S DAILY TALKS ON

HEART TOPICS

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WOMEN IN THE HOUR OF NEED

"That dream ahead holds the soldier up
Through the storm of a ceaseless fight;
When his lips are pressed to the wormwood cup,
And clouds shut out the light."

"If this country should be involved in war, what would the women do?" is a question put by a writer in a newspaper to its readers. The article goes on to state that "the women of America are far more helpless, less resourceful in such a crisis, than the women of Europe, etc."

I dd not agree with that statement. In time of disaster American women have proven themselves Spartans to meet bravely the dangers that have menaced, aye, overtaken, them, conquering adversity with a courage that has stamped them as among the world's bravest. Let me tell you what our women would do if troubles like those that have come to other unfortunate countries should fall upon us. There would be no weeping or wailing to take the heart and courage out of the men who love them, who are called to defend their country. On the contrary, they would imbue them with courage to depart, fight and win. Women who have lolled in the lap of luxury all their lives would show their men folks that the lessons of the unhappy foreign women who have put their shoulders to the plough in time of need had not been lost upon them.

All American women have been reading and pondering deeply as they read, turning over in their minds what they would do under like circumstances ,or strive to do. They have been delving deeply into the burning question of preparedness and each has her course of action pretty well mapped out. Every woman, from the wealthiest down, would learn from actual practice the lesson of how to sustain life on the least possible amount of food, its values, what could be done without and the preparation of a meal. Women who have never sewn a stitch in their lives would take their place at the sewing machine, turning out the work at home as far as possible which is being done in factory and shop, that their tired sister workers who had heretofore gained their livelihood in that manner could go forth to the fields doing their share of mans work in tilling the soil to bring forth life-saving sustenance. They would fill the positions of their husbands, sons and brothers in counting room or office.

Whatever the women of other countries have been called upon to face and endure, our women would uncomplainingly accomplish. There would be work for all willing hands to do and it will never be said of them that they shirked a responsibility.

Our women have been learning the lesson that each and every one of them should be able to earn her own living in case of need by as many different occupations as they may have wisely mastered in time of peace and plenty. Every woman and young girl should have mastered the knowledge of becoming a good seamstress. She should have learned how to cook, how to give first aid and the importance of being a capable nurse not only to the wounded, but to those who are ill at home. Luxurious living has made women too dainty. Life in the open, camp life and its rigid discipline, soon harden them to exposures of wind and weather, fitting them for possible hardships such as the women of war-swept countries are enduring.

There is scarcely a thinking family in America where the mother and daughters have not been carefully considering how they could help the great cause in time of need. There are few ' any, positions now held by men that women would hesitate to tackle.

The grave warning concerning preparedness has been taken to heart by all American women. In the hour of need they will show all nations what they can do.

MISS LIBBEY'S REPLIES TO YOUR LETTERS

Miss Libbey'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 Libbey, No. 946 President St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

PROPOSED; LEFT. CAN HEARTS BE UNITED?

B. D. A. writes: "I am a single woman of 30, ask advice. A young man I met called on me nearly every day or evening for over three months. Was at my brother's then. Went and had charge of widower's home, four miles off. He called Sundays or twice a week. Proposed for me to marry him. Said, yes, I'd accept. Left good home, back to brother's. Adored moved ten miles distant. Wrote to him day before leaving. Also day after I got home. Received no answers. Told me he loved me only. Life here is hard. Lonely I am. Please aid if our hearts can be united. Thanks."

Engaged lover should answer promptly, call often and decide on wedding. Be not faint-hearted. Loss of one (fickle) is the gain of another; choice of the best.

LOVES ONE; CORRESPONDS WITH ANOTHER

J. W. writes: "I am a young, busy fellow past 19. Keeping, occasionally, company with a young girl of 18. She is rather good enough for any one to desire her society. True, she's a hasty disposition. Is awfully jealous. I please my folks by corresponding with a girl away. She is coming to visit us. I have seen the girl several times. Her disposition is grave, thoughtful. Girl I go with says I will 'have to take my choice or quit.' Please advise."

It is right by both girls to take your choice or quit. How would you like to have a girl who corresponds with and visited another? "Choose one and to that one be true."

RICH UNCLE MAY RETURN GOLDEN RULE TO HER

C. W. writes: "Please advise one of many readers. I have a rich uncle who came West a year ago. We, his kin, are not rich, yet refined. Have a cousin. She stays with grandmother. He buys her everything. I do not care for that indulgence. But grandma likes me best. I try to please her and all. Uncle tries to make us trouble. So does cousin. Please suggest. We love peace."

Family thoughts of jealousy will blow over by not heeding mischief makers. Go on trying to be good and kind to each member of the family. Do not heed unkind acts. Good for evil will be returned to you as you show them the Golden Rule.

TODAY'S POEM

POLLY.

Let others sing the praises of
Their foreign nurtured lasses,
The little maiden that I love
Their every charm surpasses;
For France's dainty Seraphine
Or England's lovely Molly
Is not to be compared, I ween,
To my Virginia Polly.

She doesn't know a wondrous lot
Of modern fads and fancies,
And doesn't care—I fear she'd not
Shine in these new romances
But she is such a merry elf,
So tender and so jolly,
That I'd surrender fame and pelf
For my Virginia Polly.

So fair is she, so wise is she,
So filled with comprehension,
So lavish with her sympathy,
I quite exhaust invention
In framing compliments that fit;
To try it is pure folly,
For no words that were ever writ
Could justice do to Polly.

Let others sing of other lands
And damsels there abiding,
Of modern maids in ancient strands,
Where goddesses found hiding;
I really feel these swains should be
A prey to melancholy,
For that, poor lads, they ne'er may see
My own Virginia Polly.

—Richmond Times-Despatch.

SIMON LAKE PURCHASES MUNSON HAWLEY REALTY

Rumors among the realty operators of this city that another apartment house is to be built at the southwest corner of State street and West avenue, opposite the one planned upon the old Thomas C. Wordin property, discloses the fact that Simon Lake has purchased the property, known as the Munson Hawley estate.

Mr. Lake has become one of the largest realty investors of the year in this locality, his purchases aggregating many thousands of dollars in the Stepney, Black Rock, Stratford and Bridgeport townships.

FOUR DOCTORS DISAGREED

Pains Disappeared After Use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Wilmingt n, Del.—"I was suffering from a terrible backache and pains in my side, with bearing down pains and was very nervous. I was always tired, always drowsy, never could get enough sleep and could not eat. I had four doctors and each told me something different. I read of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and decided to try it. I got good results and I now feel better than I have felt for years and I am gaining in weight. I can gladly recommend it to all women."—Mrs. GEORGE W. SEBOLD, 1611 West 4th Street, Wilmington, Del.

Backache and bearing down pains are danger signals which every woman should heed. Remove the cause of these aches and pains by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, that good old root and herb medicine. Thousands of women have testified to its virtues.

For forty years it has been making women strong, curing backache, nervousness, ulceration and inflammation, weakness, displacements, irregularity and periodic pain.

If you want special advice write Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. confidential, Lynn, Mass.

Advertise in The Farmer!

(Continued.)

"We couldn't move until he, of his own accord, expressed his enthusiasm for the plan and asked for a share in the holdings. You know perhaps how he can laugh too. Well, he laughed that way and confessed that we had just beaten him to it. He said it would tap a gold mine—this 'strip of steel,' as he called it. He even told us that he'd parallel our road with a competitor, jokingly to be sure, if we hadn't tied up the only available and practicable right of way.

"He came in. He opened up, merely through his own name and all there is behind it, loan possibilities for which we might have struggled uselessly the rest of our lives without his help. Between us Mr. Ainnesley and I just managed to hold the balance of stock control and—and that's how deep we are in, Mr. O'Mara."

Both men sat and smoked, each avoiding elaborately the other's eyes. After a long pause Elliott cleared his throat laboriously.

"This morning," he continued slowly—"this morning I am in receipt of a communication from Mr. Ainnesley himself advising me that another right of way has been applied for for a single track road here in the north. The gossip which chanced to come his way was rather obscure. Little could be learned about the whole affair save that it was being put forward with a view to tapping the ore and timber lands all the way to and beyond the border. But as nearly as he could ascertain the southern terminus of such a road would seem to be about—about at the mouth of that valley southernmost in the Reserve company's timber holdings. Rather a remarkable choice for a railroad terminus, Mr. O'Mara, wouldn't you say so?"

"Do you mean that they've thrown out your earlier application for just such a grant?"

"That would be a rather harshly definite way of putting it," Elliott smiled wryly. "Ours is apparently just tabled—oh, tabled pending certain immaterial changes in the form! You asked me a moment ago—or did I offer to guess?—who might be responsible for the report which is costing us our men. I wonder if I need to tell you who controls this new northern route?"

"Maybe you've been telling me," Steve came back coolly. "You have already mentioned"—

"Wickersham!" Hardwick Elliott corrected. "Wickersham—that is, through allied interests which he represents or controls. O'Mara, I doubt if I would even insinuate this to any one else; I haven't even intimated it to Ainnesley as yet. Wickersham is reputed to represent huge moneyed foreign interests. But have you ever stopped to wonder whether he might not represent big local interests as well? I'd like to ask you—what do you think?"

"Yesterday," Steve answered, "yesterday—well, I couldn't guarantee just what I might have thought twenty-four hours back. But doesn't one fact remain unchanged still, no matter what we think? Suppose we admit that some one else does want this stretch of track we're laying. Suppose somebody is figuring on picking it up cheap at a bankruptcy price if we forfeit to the Reserve company. You know yourself that you would never have begun it simply for the profit there will be in moving the Reserve logs and the millions on millions of feet of lumber, both to the east and west, which can't be touched at anything but a prohibitive figure without this road. We were going through to the border too. And if some one else is betting that we don't, if some one else is betting that we can't yank a trainload of logs down to this end of the line before the 1st of May, that doesn't alter our case any, does it? Even though we suspect that some man is playing us to lose, do we have to know exactly who he is?"

Slowly, but very surely, the older man's face began to smooth.

"Once or twice," he stated, "I've thought to anticipate you, perhaps because I have it on you a little, as they say, in the matter of years. I'm not going to attempt it any more, for I thought that this conversation would be at least a surprise to you. You sit there and take it very quietly for a man who has been badly startled."

"Fat Joe has been preaching it for a month." Oddly enough, Stephen O'Mara chose that point at which to laugh softly. "And I, for a month, have been ridiculing him. That's one of Fat Joe's pet diversions, you know. When all other excitement fails Joe invariably falls back upon an imagination too totally vivid to be wasted on technical things. I laughed at him until last night. Do you—but, of course, you know Garry Devereau?" he finished.

"Knew his father," Elliott answered succinctly. "Know him well. Good blood, good brains, big heart! Why?"

And then for the second time that day Steve related the salient points of that episode which had ended with the first gray streaks of returning day. During the recital the expressions which chased across Elliott's face were as varied as they were full of concern.

"Then I wasn't merely hysterical, was I?" he brooded after Steve had finished. "Who—who did you say you thought might be behind the man who would have had your plans had it not been for Mr. Devereau?"

"I didn't say," replied Steve, and for the first time since his entrance there was mirth in the unison of their laughter.

"It all brings us back to the point from which we started," the younger man went on when they were grave again. "It's a plain enough issue so far as we are concerned. We've got to be at the mouth of that lower valley by May. We're going to be! And as I see it, wasting time and energy in—shall we call it sleuthing, Mr. Elliott?—won't help us much. We thought that lack of time and the general nature of this country were going to be handicap enough. But now your money is in and I—I never did like to be beaten. Can't we let it stand like that, at least until some one else makes a plainer move? We know the cards we hold. If others care to sit in perhaps we'll all come to a showdown next spring at Thirty Mile. It'll be easy enough to explain just how we did it. Alibis based on veiled opposition would not interest the Reserve people much if we left their timber there to rot. * * * And I'm trying not to overlook any bets, Mr. Elliott."

Hastily the iron gray man thrust his hat back from his forehead. He came to his feet and crossed and clapped one hand upon Steve's shoulder.

"Next May!" he barked. "O'Mara, I'm glad you came down this morning. I've been carrying a lot of those ideas around in my head until they had become nightmarish. But I'm through now. You won't hear me croak again. I staked what I had on you months ago. I'd do it again this minute. What's the odds, after all, who it is that's playing us to lose? It's only the fact that somebody may be fighting us that needs to occupy our attention. I'm done worrying. Do you hear? But what about those men who are quitting us? You are sure it would be unwise to import labor? It's cheaper, you know."

Steve, too, had risen.

"We'd have the prettiest kind of a scrap on our hands the first day we tried to use them," he explained. "It would be dead enough before we got through. I guess I'd better run right out and have a talk with McLean. He knows these men even better than I do, and I'm almost one of them, you know. And I'll get a line on some of these delinquents who are crying calamity for the countryside. I'd better, because we'll need them. They simply haven't become thoroughly interested yet; that's all. It will take something to jolt them, something to set them on fire. And then—then just watch my plaid shirted boys go! They'll eat up your sledge swingers!"

Something of that promised fire was reflected now in Hardwick Elliott's eyes.

"By Gad," he exclaimed; "by Gad, if it wasn't for Ainnesley, I'd say the thing was worth it, win or lose, just for the game itself! You go ahead and see McLean. I'll be out there later myself. I promised Allison that I'd show the works to some of the young folks up there on the hill. His daughter—but I keep forgetting that you've known her longer than I have. There's quite a party of them. She announced her engagement to Mr. Wickersham last night, I believe. Heard that this morning. Was too busy to go up last night myself. Maybe you'll find time to help me play the host."

Steve turned toward the door. "So I heard," he replied, without facing around. "I'll try to be on hand."

CHAPTER XII.

That Weeds Rat.

BETWEEN Dexter Allison's monopoly of his time and the persistence with which Miriam Burrell clung to Stephen O'Mara Barbara Allison had opportunity for little more than a perfunctory word or two of greeting that afternoon during the first hour or two that followed a jolting ride on the flat car which trundled them to the head of operations. Almost as soon as her feet touched the ground Miriam's eager survey singled out a tall figure at the edge of the farthest embankment, and in spite of the fact that he was at the moment in sober conversation with white haired, white bearded McLean she crossed instantly to take hold of both of Steve's arms and have his undivided attention. Barbara, at Wickersham's side, glancing now and then in their direction, knew well what subject was engrossing them to the exclusion of all else. But Allison's acceptance of that arrangement as time passed grew less patient.

For a time Allison was content to stroll along with the rest—content with his facetious comments on Elliott's explanation of this matter or that. Yet whenever his eyes strayed toward Miriam and that other figure whom a week or two before he had designated as "my man O'Mara" his jovialty faltered a little, his manner grew restive. After a time he, too, detached himself and sauntered in the direction of that wholly preoccupied pair.

"See here, my lady," he accosted the girl, who turned extremely bright eyes upon his approach, "this won't do at all! How do you suppose I am going to get a minute with Mr. O'Mara here if you persist in clinging to his elbow? You'll have to run along. You run over and listen with the rest to Elliott's heroic tale of this scarring of the face of nature. I've waited a good many days to talk business with Mr. O'Mara. I'm not going to lose him now I've got him cornered."

Had Dexter Allison been less occupied with other thoughts the face which Miriam Burrell turned toward him would have surprised him if only because of the unusual color burning in her cheeks. At that he was vaguely aware that he had never before seen that quiet, self contained girl so pulsingly happy. She stood and gazed at him a moment, then made him a low and mocking obeisance.

"Don't flatter yourself that I haven't noted your covetous glances," Miriam flashed at Allison. "I've been talking very fast because I knew this interruption was coming. But we've finished, thank you, so I'll leave you to—to bore him now!"

She turned back toward O'Mara. "And thank you," she murmured not very audibly. "Thank you more than I ever thanked anybody before in my life. You've made me very, very happy."

No one could have missed the depth of real thankfulness in those last words. Even Allison stood astonished at it, mouth open, following her rapid withdrawal toward the group fifty yards away.

"Huh-h-h," he snorted. "Huh-h-h. A mighty strange girl!" And then, as abruptly as he had interrupted their low conversation: "Well, how does it go, chief? How does it look to you as far as you've gone?"

No man's good humor could be more infectious than was that of this big, noisily garbed man. Steve smiled and met his cordiality more than halfway.

"Not too bad," Steve answered. "Not too bad." He swept the ground before

"You've made me very, very happy."

them with a short gesture. "You are not beginning to worry, too, are you?"

"Worry?" Allison's frown was barely perceptible. "Why should I? I never let anything worry me. Who is beginning to fret? You aren't, are you? You don't look—much disturbed."

"Not a particle!" Steve still smiled. "I never do, either, unless there is something worth while to make me. I just thought perhaps you might have contracted it from Mr. Elliott. He's been bothered, you see, by the way some of the men are acting. We're short a lot of labor this week."

The big man wheeled and squinted at the droves of men sweating under the unseasonably hot sun. He peered keenly at each clump of laborers, some of them scarcely distinguishable knots of humanity in the distance.

"Not very short," he stated comfortably. "I don't claim to be a wholly competent judge, but it looks to me as though they would be in one another's way if there were any more of them. What's wrong?"

The chief engineer's answer was drawling in its deliberation.

"I wish I knew," he replied. "I wish I could be positive. And there aren't too many of them; they are altogether too few. We're going to need them, and more, too, before we finish, Mr. Allison. Perhaps I'd better figure on—perhaps if they continue to quit on us, by twos and threes, as they have in the last week, I'll have to"—

His pause seemed almost an invitation that the other suggest a remedy, and, whether it was or not, Dexter Allison was quick to seize the opening. His suggested solution was heartily bluff.

"Import some more," he said. "When you've employed these men as long as I have—the type of man who has worked all his life on the river—you'll know as well as I do just how uncertain and unreliable they are. What you need is a gang that doesn't want to think for itself. This crowd has too much imagination for a grind like this."

Steve nodded very thoughtfully.

"If it is all imagination," he wondered. "But they're not merely discontented, you see, Mr. Allison. They—they are misleading themselves. They seem to think, from what I've gathered from McLean and a few with whom I have talked, that they are working themselves out of a job for good when they help to build this strip of railroad. They think so. They have been convinced that such is the truth. Personally, however, I feel sure that between us we can correct that impression."

(To Be Continued.)

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