

EVENTS OF INTEREST IN SOCIAL CIRCLES

WOMAN AND THE HOME

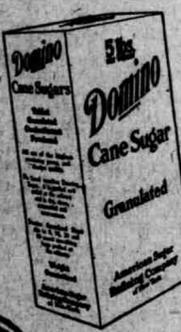
DOMESTIC HELPS AND AIDS TO HOUSEWIVES

Save the Fruit Crop

This is a bumper year everywhere for all manner of fruit. While the supply is large—before a big part of the crops has been allowed to spoil unused—you can buy the choicest fruits at surprisingly low prices.

It is the chance of the year to save. Buy liberally. Put up all the preserves you can use. Next winter you will appreciate the economy of a bountiful supply of delicious preserves.

Your preserves will taste and look the better for the use of **Domino Granulated Cane Sugar**. Boiling to a clear syrup it retains both the natural flavor and appearance of the fruit.



Domino

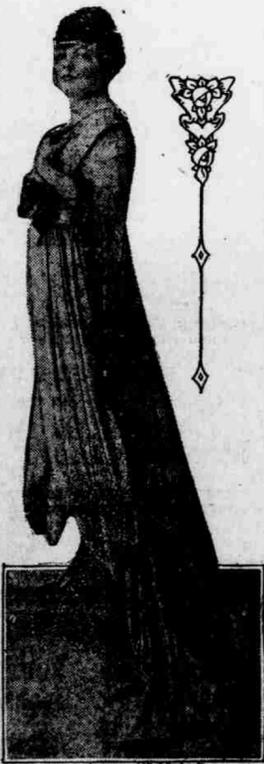
Granulated Sugar

It is all cane, quick dissolving and of highest sweetening power. Kept clean by 2 and 5 pound cartons and 5, 10, 25 and 50 pound non-sifting bags packed at the refinery.

Ask for it by name



Her Dinner Gown Takes These Good Lines



A Modern Queen
Old rose tulle for a train and panne velvet as the body of the gown are the fabrics used here. The tulle falls over a voluminous drape of the velvet and is edged with fur. The velvet front is caught up with two small roses matching the huge one in the corsage, which as a surplice effect.



Then I'll Come Back to You
By Larry Evans
AUTHOR OF ONCE TO EVERY MAN

(Continued.)

They waited—the roomful of river-men. Nothing stirred save the clouds of filmy blue smoke floating against the rafters—that and a bulky blot of shadow outside which shifted a little, noiselessly, just beyond the patch of light that streamed through the door. They waited, heavy breathed, while Harrigan began to recover from the discomfent into which O'Mara's coming had flung him. Slowly the former's lips twisted into a mocking leer; mockery rose and swam with the hatred in his inflamed eyes. He would have spoken, sparring for time, when Steve's hand leaped in and made of the joking effort only a rattle in his throat. Beneath the stiff red stubble the flash was livid where those fingers had been when he was able to draw breath again.



"There's not room for both of us on this river,"

with every shovelful of earth you lift. You ought to know better than that. You ought to know for yourselves that there'll be need for more men in these woods than there has ever been before. But if you don't, if you can't see it that way, why not come around and let me have a fair chance to talk things over with you myself before you decide to turn on this job? I want you to remember that a man who is a liar in one thing is mighty likely to talk loose tongued, no matter what he preaches."

And there, without lifting his eyes from the floor, Big Louie cleared his throat and made answer.

"Maybe," he retorted—"maybe, and maybe not so sure either! I have listened to big words before now, me, that have put no food under my belt, no coat to my back."

"If it's only food and shelter and clothes for your back, Big Louie, you'll not have to worry. But I'm not promising either, mind, that there'll be easy money to blow on white whisky. Were you expecting any?"

"The brain which could cope with but one idea at a time was fertile ground for seed which such a one as Harrigan might sow. Big Louie failed to reply. He sat quiet, deep in thought, when Stephen O'Mara closed the door noiselessly behind him.

It was minutes after Steve had gone back up the hill before Garry Devereau reached out a hand in the darkness and touched, experimentally, what had seemed to be only a shapeless black blotch at the edge of light, a rod or two from the door. And instantly at his touch the shadow was galvanized into life. It reared and plunged and enveloped the slighter man in a crushing embrace and bore him over backward. With the muzzle of a revolver chafing his ear Garry managed to worry his head high enough to free his mouth and nostrils from dirt.

"Get off me! Get off me, you fat roncancer, you!" he whispered fiercely.

An explosive grunt of dismay answered him before Fat Joe let him rise.

In a thin and profane roar he was bidden to explain his presence there. "I couldn't sleep," Garry replied, his voice still peevish, "so I came out for a breath of air. I saw him start this way—saw you following him with that gun in your hand. I just slipped over, too, in case there might be doings. What's the row, Joe?"

Joe took him ungenitly by the elbow, turned him about and started him up the rise.

"An old grudge," he deigned an ungracious explanation. "It's years and years old. Steve kicked him once. Once when they were boys the folks lived down next to Allison's dressed Steve up like a picture book, the nearest I can make out, and sent him to town a-shoppin'. Harrigan, he—"

"I know! I remember!" Garry's eager whisper interrupted. "That is, I didn't know that Harrigan was one of the mob Steve whipped that day. But that wasn't what I meant. Who was the girl Harrigan was talking about when Steve—when Steve?"

Joe's fingers tightened a little as the other cringed a tendency to lag.

"Hurry a bit, will you?" he urged complacently. "Show a little speed! I'm supposed to be up there asleep." And then, gruffly, "It was the Allison girl, of course."

In spite of the hand upon his elbow Garrett Devereau stopped short in his tracks.

"Barbara!" he stammered. "Barbara Allison? Joe, was that the girl he meant tonight when he said he was going to marry one of those women himself?"

Joe peered at him, trying to make out the expression upon his face.

"Why not? Ain't he good enough for her?"

There came a pause; then Garry's stammered rejoinder.

"Good enough!" he repeated senselessly. "Good enough?" He laughed half wildly, as though he had suddenly hit upon a very funny thought indeed. "That man in love with a girl like her—good Lord!"

And Fat Joe, who had failed to understand, swore again beneath his breath because there was no time left in which to argue the matter. His face was still very red from his struggle for self restraint and his whole mental balance so disturbed that he forgot to listen to conceal the blue revolver dangling in one hand when he re-entered the cabin a moment later.

The latter object ruined the effect of his insouciant rendition of "Home, Sweet Home."

"Thought you were going to retire, Joe?"

Steve was already undressed and crawling into bed. His question was slow worded and a trifle stifled.

"I was, I just stepped out to see that everything was tight and tidy for the night; that's all."

Quizzical eyes contemplated the revolver now.

"Taken to carrying a weapon, after all, eh? Well, perhaps that's wisest.



"Get off me! Get off me, you fat roncancer, you!"

And blow out the light, will you, Joe? I'm tired. You'll have to undress in the dark."

Then Steve buried his face in his pillow. But sundry sounds, escaping, were unmistakably hysterical. Joe's mouth opened and closed, fishlike. He stood and stared down at his side in beautifully eloquent profanity, if a stare can be both eloquent and profane.

"You need a nurse," he stated sulkingly at last. He finished the light with a vicious blast. "You need a chap-eron!"

But once again, just before he slept, Steve heard him mutter to himself less injudiciously as he heaved over in his bunk.

"This has been a very busy evening," he opined.

CHAPTER XIV. Law and Lumber.

RAIN fell the following fortnight in a steady downpour that did not cease, even for an hour. Ragged, smokelike clouds hung over the valley at Thirty Mile, dragged so low by their own weight that they not only hid the upper peaks, but shrouded the lower ridges as well. They drove by in interminable files of gray, making sluiceways of every cut and drenching continually the men of the construction gang, who, in spite of the chill of that downfall, still sweated at their labor. But both Steve and Fat Joe, for all that they caught each day a deeper note in the hoarse complaints of those same men—a note no less ominous than that that newer, hoarser one of the swollen river—nevertheless were duly thankful that the leaden sky had at least a tinsel lining. It might have snowed.

A month earlier it had been Steve's plan to span that mile or so of swamp and bridge the river before the cold weather set in. Nor was his altered order of campaign due in any way to the storm which had raised the river and made of the alder dotted stretch of flat bog meadow an oozing, quaking morass. It no longer represented merely a positive not too alluring problem in engineering—that strip of swamp and open water. It had taken on a newer, strategic importance. And the change in Steve's plans, so far as the work at Thirty Mile was concerned, was as much due to the news which Fat Joe brought home with him one night toward the end of the next week as it was the result of the interview which he had held with Hardwick Elliott himself.

Joe had been a whole day absent on the north end of the line. Alone he had been over every foot of that all but completed stretch which ended at the border of swampland, there at headquarters, troubling himself not at all over the unevenness of the road-bed, satisfied entirely with the surety he gained with every inspected mile that a trainload of logs or a dozen trainloads would stand on the rails when the rails were laid and the day came to set wheels rolling. But the further report he brought back with him was far less reassuring.

"I wonder," Joe mused aloud that night—"I wonder, now, why any man who knows anything about handling timber should go to work down here himself with sideways leads down to the river when he knows, as well as I, that it ain't comin' out that way? It don't seem good sense no logic to me, unless—"

He stopped there and left his own opinion unfinished. Since the evening Harrigan had stepped out of the main bunk house and disappeared, black rage in his face and a promise to return upon his lips, that lumberman's red head had been conspicuous only because it was absent from the landscape. So far Harrigan had failed to reappear, and Fat Joe's method of applying his chief of his return to the Reserve company's payroll was distinctly characteristic. But Steve's reception of the news was little more than listless. He seemed to change the subject entirely.

"I don't see why it wouldn't be just as easy or easier," Steve replied, "to cross here on pilings practically the whole distance as it would be to fill and bridge too. And, if we were to look at it in that light, then why wouldn't it be still easier to drive those piles, say, next February or March, while the swamp is still crusted over and hard? It would afford us some sort of footing to work on then other than black ooze and lily-pads. Wouldn't it seem so to you?"

"We'd still have that track north of here to lay," Fat Joe advised, "when we work in from the south with steel."

"Surely," Steve admitted. "Of course. But wouldn't that be a better bet than to stand to see our embankment and bridge?"

He broke off there, just as Joe had hesitated a moment before. The undercurrent of meaning for which the latter's ears were waiting came to the surface, however, when Steve began again.

(To Be Continued.)
Advertise in The Farmer

LAURA JEAN LIBBEY'S DAILY TALKS ON HEART TOPICS

DOES WORK STOP WITH MARRIAGE?

"Will no one tell him what she sings? Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow. For old, once happy far-off things, In the dear old long ago."

It is really a pity for a girl to look forward to marriage, not as the happy blending of the hearts and souls, but as a release from work.

If she weds a young man who is rich in love, but poor in purse, who must earn his bread by the sweat of his brow, she soon discovers that one cannot spend the live long day an idler if the other must toil. If she is a girl who has earned her living in a factory, shop, or office, she learns that, by marriage, she has exchanged one system of work for another.

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.

ODD HAPPENINGS, AS WOMEN REGISTER

Bride writes: "I am a girl who accepted the honor of being a dear young man's bride in June. I hear so much of the women's register as to age, and I don't know what all that I think lawmakers should change it. Instantly, I read of two who were just wed before the judge for papers. Some fun at expense of each other was related. 'You aren't a woman,' said the judge smilingly as the man hesitated over his age. 'I'm pretty near one now,' he retorted glancing at his new wife. 'I'm 47.' Glad wife comes next. Know not her age. 'I am going to find out that.' He learned she was 57."

CRUEL HUSBAND MISTREATS WIFE AND BABIES

E. O. writes: "I do not want to pain you, yet I've heard of children suffering, babe in arms. Left a happy parents' roof to wed this man. Am broken in health, have little strength. Husband drinks, beats and abuses me cruelly. Can I leave him and support us, I pray? Can no longer keep up."

Your pitiful case calls for sincere sympathy. It is hard to advise. Your husband of little brains need your care. You cannot earn a living. Have no parents or relatives to go to. Cannot leave your husband, unfortunately. Pray as you do, his anger is ever upon you. Case calls for law protection. Seems terrible you are to stay with him, and continue to bear children. In your town, authorities will make that husband destitute from brutality and he will undoubtedly have to support his family, leading a better life.

FASCINATING GIRL CHUM TAKES HER LOVER

G. C. writes: "I had a fascinating girl chum if I felt a bit blue, her tears showed sympathy. If I was happy she caressed me, winningly. She wedged around, made trouble for me, and my devoted lover. Now I've lost both. Can I convince him I'm not in the wrong but devoted to him?"

Go frankly, and explain the trouble. Tell him of your lost confidence in the fascinating person. If he believes her rather than you, the tie will sever.

TODAY'S POEM

LAND OF BEGINNING AGAIN

I wish there were some wonderful place Called the Land of Beginning Again, Where all our mistakes and all our heartaches And all our poor selfish grief Could be dropped, like a shabby coat, And never put on again.

I wish we could come on it all unaware, Like the hunter who finds a lost trail; And I wish that, the one whom our blindness had done The greatest injustice of all Could be at the gates, like an old friend that waits For the comrades he's gladdest to hail.

We would find the things we intended to do But forgot and remembered—too late, Little praises unspoken, little promises broken, And all of the thousand and one Little duties neglected that might have perfected The day for one less fortunate.

It wouldn't be possible not to be kind In the Land of Beginning Again; And the ones we misjudged and the ones whom we grudged, Their moments of victory here Would find in the grasp of our loving handclasp More than penitent lips could explain.

For what had been hardest we'd know had been best, And what had seemed loss would be gain; For there isn't a sting that will not take wing When we've faced it and laughed it away; And I think that the laughter is most what we're after, In the Land of Beginning Again.

So I wish that there was some wonderful place, Called the Land of Beginning Again, Where all our mistakes and all our heartaches And all our poor selfish grief Could be dropped, like a shabby old coat at the door, And never put on again.

—Louise Fletcher Tarkington.

INITIATE 25.

Enrico Caruso lodge, Sons of Italy, initiated 25 candidates on Monday, the second anniversary of the institution. About 200 members and friends gathered for the ceremonies which was enlivened by impromptu entertainment among the members.

TO HOLD OUTING.

The Swedish Anti-Tuberculosis association will hold an outing and field day at the Brooklawn baseball grounds Saturday. Special attractions arranged for are an exhibition of strength by Oscar Franzen, known as "The Swedish Iron Kink," and other field sports in which all will participate.

CORNER FOR COOKS

DEVILED SALMON.

One can salmon, 16 large crackers, one small onion, two tablespoonfuls butter.

Flake or rub salmon with a silver fork after removing bones and skin. Roll crackers. Fill a well-buttered baking dish with alternate layers of salmon and crackers, seasoning with pepper, salt, paprika, onion and butter. Pour one pint of hot water over and through bowl, then add one cup sugar, 1-2 cups flour, 1-2 teaspoon baking powder, one-fourth teaspoon salt, one teaspoon vanilla. Beat well. Put all to one side of dish but about two tablespoonfuls of mixture. In to that put two tablespoonfuls of cocoa. Mix well, then stir into the rest by pulling spoon through two or three times. Don't hurry.

MARSHMALLOW COMBINATION DESSERT.

Take one 10 cent package of marshmallows, cutting each piece in four; one cupful of apples, two oranges, four chopped walnuts, one cupful of cream, whipped. Mix apples, oranges, bananas, walnuts and marshmallows together and heap whipped cream on top. This is delicious.

MARBLE CAKE

Put in a cup one egg, half fill cup with melted butter (or half butter and half chicken fat), fill cup with milk; put in mixing bowl, then add one cup flour, 1-2 cups flour, 1-2 teaspoon baking powder, one-fourth teaspoon salt, one teaspoon vanilla. Beat well. Put all to one side of dish but about two tablespoonfuls of mixture. In to that put two tablespoonfuls of cocoa. Mix well, then stir into the rest by pulling spoon through two or three times. Don't hurry.

HAMBURG LOAF

One pound of hamburger steak, six butter crackers, two eggs, salt and pepper to taste, a pinch of rosemary, one-half cup of milk. Roll buttered crackers very fine, add to steak; beat eggs well, mix with milk, then add to steak and crackers. Season and bake.

RICE MUFFINS

One cup boiled rice, one cup sweet milk, two eggs, five tablespoonfuls of melted butter, one-half teaspoonful salt, one teaspoonful powder and one and one-half cups of flour.

Mix milk and rice together. Stir in the well beaten eggs, salt, sugar and melted butter, then the flour and baking powder, sifted together. Bake in moderately hot oven about 20 minutes. This recipe will make about 20 muffins, baked in ordinary size muffin rings or pans. Time in preparation, 15 minutes.

SACO, MONTANA, IS PREPAREDNESS LEADER

Washington, Aug. 3.—Gangway please, and make a place on your Rand-McNally for the little town of Saco, Montana, with a population of 200, as per the 1910 census report.

Saco has 32 of its male citizens serving with Company G, Second Montana Infantry, now on the border, and another stalwart son serving at Pekin, China, as a member of the United States Marine Corps.

"If New York, Chicago and Philadelphia could be induced to give their sons in the same proportion," writes W. D. Miller, editor of the Saco Independent, to the Marine Corps officials in this city, "we'd have some real preparedness."

But in the meantime Saco wants to cast considerable shadow from its new place in the sun.

Copper exports in July totalled 35,048 tons.