

In Woman's Realm

Afternoon Suits That Are Correct Exponents of Accepted Mode—
Airy Headwear for Summer.

Two afternoon suits, one of silk poplin and one of taffeta, proclaim themselves correct exponents of the accepted mode, but each has something unusual and chic to boast of.

In the suit of bronze taffeta at the right it is the clever use of shirtings that gives it its bit of distinction. The skirt is extra full and is shaped into the waist with parallel rows of shirtings set close together. This management of the skirt is familiar enough, but the same idea introduced in the coat is unusual. A short yoke and high collar are formed by shir-

sive as to brims has been seen since the days of the "Merry Widow" sailor. But they are of lace braids, hair braids in black or white, in gauzy crepes in pale colors, or in millinery braids of various kinds draped with the sheerest fabrics, so there is nothing heavy or cumbersome about them.

Among the loveliest of many lovely models there are hats in which white velvet and white hair braid are combined in making the shape. Occasionally black velvet and white braid are used together. Then there are hats of



FULFILLING REQUIREMENTS OF FASHION.

rings which gather up the silk and shape the garment to the figure. The collar ends in a narrow frill lined with a second frill of white organdy.

The waist line is outlined with rows of shirtings forming a belt, and shirtings confine the fullness of the sleeves at the head of flaring cuffs. The belt is clasped at the front with ornamental clasps of composition.

In the poplin suit at the left a pointed tunic and peplum suggest a flounced skirt. The underskirt is plain and only moderately wide. The tunic is finished with velvet ribbon in black, and the peplum is bordered with it.

fine georgette crepe over the finest and least conspicuous of wire frames. Leghorns and other straws acquire extra width of brim by the addition of deep borders of crepe, and all the straws used for midsummer millinery are shown draped with shaped flounces of the sheerest crepe in white or in pale tints. Several colors in their palest tones are used together, with the flounces graduated in width. One or two of them are considerably wider than the hat brim they cover.

A hat of black hair braid is shown in the picture, in which the braid is stretched over a very fine wire frame.



AIRY FOR MIDSUMMER WEAR.

In this suit a wide belt and cuffs are made of the silk, with rows of shirtings set very close together and leaving a frill at each edge. The belt and blouse fasten to one side with round silk-covered buttons in groups of three, and they make a pretty finish for the cuffs.

Milliners declare that it is hard to get them wide enough—the hats of midsummer—and nothing so expan-

For trimming, there is a broad wing, made of black gaura feathers, that rival the braid in attractiveness. Black velvet ribbon in long straight loops and ends lends a touch of substantial trimming, mounted against the under brim at the back.

Julia Bottomley

The Quick Asset

By
MAY DALLARMAND

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"Sorry, Mr. Walters, but my orders are definite—you must pay the bill within 48 hours or I shall have to close you up."

"You are subjecting me to a severe hardship, sir."

Mr. Thomas Biggs, senior partner of Biggs, Blunt & Co., opened eyes and palms expansively, shrugged his shoulders, arose from his seat and took up his hat.

"You are asking of me impossibilities," spoke Sidney Walters. "Every dollar I have in the world is invested in this business. Actual orders far overplus my liabilities. In another month we will have not only a free deck, but a surplus. I beg of you to alter your hard decision."

"Business is business," spoke the other blandly. "The house went all over your case before I left the city. You owe us \$2,000. It is 30 days past due. Our rules are inviolable. I came down here to look into affairs. I find that your quick assets are shy over 40 per cent, where in every healthy business they should stand in the proportion of two to one as to active debts. I find almost the reverse. What in the world ever made you bulk all your capital in fixed assets? It is ruinous. It means slow liquidation in case of a failure. Commercially your business proposition is not solvent. We shall have to have our money by Saturday morning, or file a bill for an accounting."

"Which means ruin for me," said Walters drearily. "If you would give me time to go to the city and apply to some of the banks—"

"Impossible. You would have to delay me here for several days, and my time is precious. Can you not get your friends here to assist you?"

"I am practically a stranger," replied Sidney in a low, strained tone, "and the community, as you know, is a poor one."

Sidney, indeed, spoke the truth. When he determined to start in business—the manufacturing of fine contact metal points for intricate vehicle equipment—he had discounted the elements of bulk as to shipments. An abandoned plant at Acton was offered

Mr. Walters?" pleaded Arline Tracey. "I—I have a dreadful headache."

"Surely," acquiesced Sidney. "Something has come up where we will suspend business for a day or two."

He watched her dainty form and colorless face sadly as Arline left the office. It was of her and the workmen he was thinking. If he had to give up business what would they all do. For the girl he had always felt a great interest. She was an orphan, living with some relatives in the village and had come to him asking for employment the day the plant had opened.

He had told her kindly that there was little bookkeeping to do, he could run a typewriter himself and had planned to start out on an economical basis. Arline had told him that she required a very small salary, as her father had left her an investment in the city which brought her a cash return each six months. She would "grow up with the business," she could surely be of some service to him, and Sidney hired her.

Since then he had been glad of it. Arline proved a treasure. She took an interest in every detail of the business. She seemed happiest when the work was hardest and most pressing.

The man from whom Sidney had purchased the plant was wealthy. Sidney wondered if he could not get him to help him out. He went late that afternoon to his home, to find that he had gone to visit a farm he owned at some distance and would not return until the following evening.

Was it fate, or did a sense of regard for Arline, the longing of a lonely, troubled man influence Sidney to lessen his pace as he neared the house where Arline lived? She happened to be at the gate. He was glad to be invited into a cozy parlor. Arline was cheerful, anxious to entertain him. A little elf of a fellow—her cousin—prattled about Arline's pet carrier pigeon.

"She sent it away today," he confided to Sidney, and Arline flushed hotly and had to explain that it was through this medium that she regularly corresponded with a very dear girl friend in the distant city.

Sidney met with a severe disappointment the next evening when he called on the man from whom he hoped to secure a loan. The latter had no ready funds. Sidney longed to stop for another pleasant evening at the home of Arline, but it was late as he reached the house. He passed restless hours alone at home and consequently overslept himself the next morning.

"What is this?" he voluntarily exclaimed, as entering the office the first thing that attracted his eye was a signed receipt in full from the Biggs firm.

"Mr. Biggs left it," explained Arline, and flushed and paled, and began to tremble.

"Why, I don't understand this!"

"I paid it," confessed Arline, almost pleadingly. "Oh, Mr. Walters, don't be cross about it, please! I overheard you talking about quick assets. I sent a quick message to my friend in the city and got my investment changed into a certified check, and the carrier dove brought it safely here, and I paid Mr. Biggs," and Arline broke down there under the intense strain of the moment. The astonished Sidney stared at her, spell-bound.

Arline had saved the day. Arline had won the heart of a true man. And the outcome of the episode was life's noblest, most treasured asset—mutual love.

Hypnotizing Animals.

Hypnotizing a hen is a trick known to most country boys. It is an old experiment, first described by the Jesuit father, Athanasius Kircher, who laid a hen on a table, held it firmly for a little while, and drew a chalk line in front of its eyes, with the result that it remained as if in catalepsy.

In India it is known that a cobra caught by the neck and gently pressed will soon become stiff and remain so for a considerable time. A frog fastened to a board and turned suddenly upside down goes into a trance.

If you pick up a crab and wave it in the air it becomes immobile, a female bending her legs over her abdomen, a male sticking them out straight. The same is true of the fresh-water crawfish.

Among the insects "death-feigning" is common, and is often a means of saving the life of the insect.

The hypnotic condition is induced in man by suggestion of physical inhibition, but in both cases sensory stimuli may assist. These stimuli may be optic (fixing the gaze on some object) or tactile (stroking the skin) or otherwise.

Archer's Advantages.

The eye cannot, of course, follow the progress of a bullet, and the rifleman may miss his game by the measure of one foot or five, yet never know the amount of his error. But the flight of the most swiftly sent arrow may be easily followed, and a "close" miss gives the shooter a self-congratulatory thrill almost equaling the happiness of a center hit. There is a gratification in watching a shaft flash past the head of a justly indignant, much-astonished squirrel. And there is real excitement, too, in watching a steel-pointed arrow leap into the blue, there narrowly failing to intercept that rogue of the woods, the heavily flying crow. The archer's great advantage rests in the comparative silence with which his hunting may be carried on. A shot means the soft twang of a bowstring and the low whisper of an arrow—and these sounds seldom greatly frighten game.—Outing.

THE KITCHEN CABINET

Whenever a noble deed is wrought, Whenever is spoken a noble thought, Our hearts in glad surprise To higher levels rise.

DAINTY PUDDINGS.

Boil a cupful of water and pour into it six tablespoonfuls of cornstarch, mixed with a cupful of fruit juice; cook until clear, add sugar to taste and fold in the beaten whites of three eggs; cook two or three minutes to set the eggs, then add a pinch of salt and pour into a wet mold to cool. Serve with a custard sauce made of the yolks of the eggs. Serve cold.

Prune Whip.—Stew a half a pound of prunes until soft, then set aside to cool after draining off the liquor. When perfectly cold chop very fine. Beat the whites of six eggs to a close firm meringue, add six tablespoonfuls of sugar and add the prunes. Bake half an hour in a deep buttered dish, covered for 20 minutes so that the soufflé has risen to its full height. Send to the table immediately with a sauce made of a cupful of whipped cream, sweetened and flavored.

Rhubarb Pudding.—Roll out a thin piecrust and heap on a cupful or two of chopped rhubarb and a half cupful of raisins. Roll up and place in a deep dish. Add a cupful of brown sugar, two tablespoonfuls of butter and a cupful of boiling water. Place in the oven and bake an hour. There will be sauce enough to serve with the pudding of the juice and sugar.

Date Pudding.—Take a third of a cupful of softened butter, add a half cupful of sugar, one egg beaten, a cupful of milk, two and a half cupfuls of graham flour, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, a little salt and a cupful of dates, cut fine. Steam two hours in a covered mold. A tube mold is better.

Caramel Rice Pudding.—Wash a cupful of rice and cook it in salted water (one cupful) until it is absorbed. Add a quart of hot milk and cook until the rice is soft; then add two well-beaten eggs. Melt three-fourths of a cupful of sugar until a light brown; cover the bottom and sides of a pudding dish with this caramel. Turn in the rice and cook in hot water for half an hour. Turn upside down on a serving dish and let stand ten minutes, and it will slip out easily.

Character must stand behind and back up everything—the sermon, the poem, the picture, the play. None of them is worth a straw without it.—J. G. Holland.

DIFFERENT SAUCES.

The art of making and serving an appropriate sauce is one which should be cultivated as many plain dishes may be made most appetizing by a fitting sauce.

Drawn Butter Sauce.—Cook together a tablespoonful of butter and a tablespoonful of flour until brown and dry. Add a cupful of boiling water, cook two minutes, stirring well; add salt and pepper to taste. Using milk and adding it before the flour is brown makes a white sauce. With half cream and half white stock flavored with mushrooms and a dash of lemon juice it becomes Bechamel; cut out half the flour and add the yolks of three eggs, lemon juice, onion and another tablespoonful of butter for a Hollandaise; double the proportion of flour and it furnishes a thick sauce for delicate croquettes.

Brown Sauce.—Cook a half a tablespoonful of flour in a tablespoonful of butter until well browned; add a tablespoonful of chopped onion with other vegetables if liked; cover and simmer until soft. Add one cupful of water or stock, a half teaspoonful of salt, six peppercorns, a half a bay leaf and simmer gently ten minutes. Strain and serve.

Oyster Sauce.—Parboil and drain a half pint of oysters. Add cream to the liquor to make one cupful, prepare as white sauce adding the oysters at the last.

Lobster sauce is prepared the same way, using stock instead of cream and mincing the lobster before adding it to the sauce.

Bread Sauce.—Crumble fine stale bread crumbs in a saucepan with a half cupful of cold milk and six cracked peppercorns. Let simmer five minutes, then add a half cupful of cream, a teaspoonful of salt, but do not stir; simmer until all is absorbed. This is excellent to serve with roast birds.

Nellie Maxwell

Turks Care Little for Stage.
At Kadi Keul, the ancient Chalcedon, is situated the one and only Turkish theater in or near Constantinople, a rickety, wooden construction capable of accommodating, however, a large number of onlookers. Performances are witnessed only by men, are given three times a week, and take place in broad daylight.

Mr. Pester is Unkind.
"Does your niece sing?" "That is what she calls it," replied old P. G. Pester. "I don't know why."—Judge.

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He Had the Price.

Bill McCabe's Poughkeepsie team was playing the Kingston team one day years ago, in the Atlantic league, and a guy named Fogarty was umpire. In the ninth inning, with the score tied, two of McCabe's men played out, and as Bill had only one man extra, he had to rush the bleacher seats to find a man to fill in. He drew a big hick, who said he couldn't play, but for the fun could fill in. There were two out at the time and the fans were excited.

Our hero, the hick, came to bat. He drew three balls and the next one across he pickled over the left field fence for a homer. Instead of running, the fathead stood there while the crowd howled itself mad. McCabe ran out to him and yelled, "Run, you boob, run!"

The hick turned and faced Bill and in a slow voice drawled: "No, sir, I won't run. I'm no coward. I'll admit I lost your ball, but I got the money right here in my pocket to pay for it."

Similar Brand.

The fair maid was toying with the new engagement ring.

"Did I understand you to say that your first wife's name was Katharine—same as mine?" she queried.

"Yes, darling," replied the widower.

"And," continued the fair one, "I suppose you loved her very dearly?"

"Indeed I did," answered the party of the bereaved part. "That is why I am anxious to secure a dupli-Kate."

A Man's Worth

depends upon his power to produce what the world recognizes as of value.

And when you skirmish around you'll find that this power—which is just power of mind and body—depends to a remarkable degree on the food one eats.

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