

IT WILL ALL COME OUT RIGHT.

Whatever is a cruel wrong, whatever is unjust, the honest years that speed along will trample in the dust; in restless youth I railed at fate with all my puny might, but now I know if I but wait, it all will come out right.

REALITY.

Just as quietly and mysteriously as Helen Tennant had disappeared from the great Flemish oak settle two years ago, she reappeared now on that same settle. Except indeed that the cushions behind her back were rose-colored now instead of blue, and that the filmy white frock of two years ago was faintly antedated and rusty-looking, the scene itself was set exactly as before—a lovely pastel-tinted room with French windows opening widely toward the garden and the sea; great bowls of ping plox on the mantelpiece; two men and two women playing bridge at a marvelous teakwood table inlaid with mother-of-pearl—and that vague, filmy, fifth figure in one corner of the settle.

"And your hair?" babbled Alice. "Fifty f-fathoms deep, forty-f-fathoms deep, forty-f-fathoms—" Impulsively Wainright clapped his hand across his wife's mouth. "You see—we thought you had been drowned, Helen," he explained laboriously. "Your family were distracted," gasped Bradence. "Your friends—" "Perfectly sure it wasn't that which hoped I'd been drowned?" giggled Helen Tennant quite frankly. "Helen!" protested Bradence. "Helen!" protested Lois.

Wide-eyed and serene, Helen Tennant bent forward suddenly to scan the two dismayed faces before her. Their problem of course was appalling, and its solving, it would seem, being mental as well as physical, lay rather between woman and woman, than between man and woman. Almost tenderly, she reached her hand toward the woman. "Don't worry so, Lois!" she implored her. "I am nothing to Torrey any more, nor he to me, ever, ever any more!" "Helen!" gasped Lois. "Helen!" gasped Bradence. "Another cup of coffee, please," demanded Helen with frank greediness. Eagerly they plied her with another. "It's you who need it most, Harry," she murmured gravely over Wainright's shaking hand. "But—but, Helen?" protested Alice. The girl on the arm of the chair stopped swinging her heels suddenly, and looked at her companions. A rather curious interlaying of established health and transient delicacy lay over her face, pallor masking sunburn, as it were—all the lovely, ruddy-brown tints of summer and sea glowing like an unquenchable fire under the pallor.

Hired of dancing, tired of flirting and fooling, tired, I mean, of always and forever being expected to prance, when the only thing in the world I wanted to do was just to plod, plod, and then rest." "Plod?" shuddered Lois. "Yes, but, Helen dear," protested Alice, "everybody plays—everybody in our world, that is!" "Yes, that's just what I say," smiled Helen Tennant. "The root of the whole matter. It was everybody that I was tired of." "Not—not tired of Torrey?" gasped Lois. "Yes." "Not tired of Lois?" protested Torrey. "Yes." "Not—Alice?" "Not—Harry?" "Yes! Yes!" Before the absolute consternation of the faces before her, the girl on the arm of the chair burst out laughing, and hushed herself to gravity again with an expression of shock almost as great as their own. "Torrey," she asked quite abruptly, "just how old was I when you and I were first engaged?" "Twenty-four," said Bradence, with a faint flicker of uneasiness. "And we were engaged how long?" questioned the girl. "Three years?" "Three years, six months and five days," said Bradence. "It sounds like a tombstone!" stammered Lois Wharton. "It pretty near was!" admitted Helen Tennant. "There were so many play-debts always that were trying to bury love alive! Debts for polo ponies and speed boats, debts for golf clubs and tennis trophies, debts for poker losses and bridge whist prizes! Unless Torrey should be unfortunate enough to lose either his legs or his arms, or come to a wheel chair by some milder way, it didn't look, sometimes, as if we ever—ever—"

most morning! And when they weren't playing bridge or riding roller-coasters, they were tearing round the country in high-speed cars, trying to find some new ball game or summer theatre to go to! And—" "O-h!" smiled Alice Wainright; "so that's when you first began sitting in the corner of the old Flemish oak settle evenings, was it?" "I played bridge, a little," insisted Helen Tennant. "At the very first, you remember, I really tried very hard to play bridge with you a little; but, of course, I never played very well." "No, certainly," conceded Wainright, with the most reassuring bluntness, "you never played bridge very well." "So you rummaged around a bit," persisted Helen Tennant, without the slightest hint of either giving or taking offense, "and found Lois, I think, she attested heartily, with the most amazing smile, cast suddenly direct into the astonished Lois's blinking eyes. "Lois surely was a godsend to us all!" she said. "Oh, if I only thought you really felt so," stammered Lois. "But I do," insisted Helen Tennant. Deprecatingly, with a significant little smile, Alice Wainright reached out suddenly and touched her on the hand. "Poor Helen!" she said. "But I wasn't poor at all," insisted Helen Tennant. She even chuckled a little as she said it. "I liked the sea, you know; it was so awfully busy day and night doing things that really seemed important. Raking beaches I mean, and pounding sands. Nursing tired sea gulls on its teeming breast; breeding great fishes for the food marts of the world; putting poor lost sailors to rest; churning storm and rainbow from the same blue cauldron; sweeping great treasure-laden ships from one bustling, tarry-scented port to another. I liked sitting on the great old high-backed settle through the long summer evenings, staring out into that busy sea!" A faint flush reddened suddenly under the lovely brown tint of her skin. "That is, I liked it very much the first summer," she confessed quite frankly. "The relief of not having to play anything, the relief of—" The faint flush deepened. "It wasn't till about the middle of the second summer, our second visit, you know, that I first began to notice that there was just a little bit of loneliness laying round loose somewhere." With a vaguely deprecatory sort of regret at having to say anything that might hurt anybody's feelings, her eyes turned half speculatively to scan Torrey Broden's face. "Maybe," she admitted, "maybe, really, if I hadn't been engaged it wouldn't have been quite so lonely. But to be engaged and lonely both—well, that was puzzling."

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN. DAILY THOUGHT. Beautiful all-wool blankets are a luxury in these days, but a very desirable one. No other type of bed-covering, unless it is a down puff, will give the same degree of warmth without weight as will fluffy all-wool blankets. It is the nature of the wool fiber to be very elastic; therefore in the weaving and spinning of wool each fiber springs back from its neighbor, causing a tiny air-chamber to be formed between fibers. It is these tiny chambers of still air which makes the blanket or any other wool material comparatively light in weight and warm. If these little chambers of still air are forced out of a blanket, as when a blanket mat or packs down in laundering, then the blankets will feel heavy and will have lost warmth. In selecting a blanket, therefore, choose one that feels rather spongy, slightly fuzzy, light in weight and has a deep wavy or napped surface. Look carefully to see that a heavy nap does not cover weakly constructed cloth. Pull the blanket between the hands; if the foundation yarns have a tendency to separate, the blanket will not give satisfactory wear, as too many fibers have been pulled up from the foundation yarns to make the nap. It is a question whether the commercial all-wool (ninety-eight per cent. wool) blankets are as satisfactory as those in which there is about twenty per cent. cotton. In the first place the yarns of a blanket seem to be somewhat strengthened with a small percentage of cotton added, and secondly, a very small percentage of cotton assists in keeping the wool fibers from matting when laundered. Blankets are usually sold double, but they are much more easily handled if cut apart and bound. The most satisfactory blanket binding is a fine quality of sateen, though many prefer binding blankets, especially when new, with satin ribbon. Regular mohair blanket binding may be purchased at a notion counter. It is easy to use and makes a satisfactory, durable finish. Woolen blankets should be long enough and wide enough to tuck in a number of inches. A double blanket should be folded so that one piece is longer than the other, thus allowing a generous length of at least one thickness about the shoulders. If blankets are folded in this way, it is economical of laundering and more sanitary to place a little washable cotton case about twelve or fourteen inches deep over the end of the blanket which will come next to the face. This case then takes up the soil and the blanket is protected. Sheets which are long enough to turn back over the blanket will save it greatly. Frequent airing of blankets and allowing the wind to blow through them will keep blankets fluffy.—The Delineator.

FARM NOTES.

—Cultivate and clean up ground where vegetables have matured. Decaying vegetables and plants are likely to increase disease and insect damage next season. —The older a hog gets the more it costs to put a pound of meat on it. —Frequent delivery of cream is advisable. Cream held for long periods of time will not make first quality butter and does not bring quality prices. In real cold weather cream may be delivered only twice a week but in warm weather it should be delivered three times a week or more if possible. It is essential that the product be kept in a clean place and in clean cans. —There is difficulty in getting good horses for farm work and this is a serious handicap. Even with the increasing use of farm tractors there is a steady demand for good farm horses and on many small farms the owners depend entirely upon the horse-power available. Because of the low price of horses for several years past most farmers have given up raising colts. This is a mistake. Every farmer should try to raise all the horses needed on his farm. —Cabbages that are likely to burst can be saved by partly removing them from the soil. Bursting is usually caused by over-development, due to excessive moisture. Go through the patch when the cabbages are about mature, and note those which are apt to burst if the heads became much larger. Pull the roots of such heads partly out of the soil, the idea being to break off some roots, leaving merely enough to sustain life. Growth is checked in this way, as there will not be much moisture carried up from the roots to the center of the head. A great deal of damage can be prevented by this trick. The home garden is easily watched for this purpose. —One cannot enjoy the full flavor of sweet corn unless it is cooked within a few hours of the time it is pulled from the stalk. This is because corn dries out quickly, due to the evaporation of the sap from the end where the stalk is broken. This evaporation can be prevented, and the full flavor of the corn preserved for several days by sealing the ends of the stalks with paraffine wax. A few market growers do this. The operation is quite simple. The paraffine is kept in liquid form over a small alcohol flame; the butts of the ears are cut square with a sharp knife, then dipped in the wax, which dries almost instantly. A pound of wax will seal hundreds of ears, so that the work is not expensive. In some sections growers have built up a reputation for sealed corn. Increasing the yield of a crop, by means of soil preparation, fertilizing and cultivation, lowers the labor charges enormously. Costs of plowing, harrowing, manuring, planting, spraying and so forth are the same whether the crop is large or small. Obviously, when these costs are spread over a bountiful yield, the cost per bushel or other unit of measure is substantially lessened. In short, it does not pay to garden indifferently. It must be done thoroughly or it will prove unprofitable. —Pigs self-fed a balanced grain ration while running on blue grass pasture developed weak bones in a feeding test at the Ohio experiment station. This is contrary to popular supposition, for it is known that green growing grass and forage crops in most cases analyze rather high in minerals. The ration used in the experiment was balanced from corn, wheat middlings, linseed meal and salt. This mixture was low in lime and other minerals. After pigs in dry lot were fed this mixture for 166 days their thigh bones showed a breaking strength of only 356 pounds. The bones of pigs on pasture for the same time and receiving the same ration showed more than double the breaking strength, or 728 pounds. However, the greater strength was due primarily to the larger size of the bones of the pigs, as they grew much faster on pasture than those in the dry lot. A third lot of pigs, even though fed the same ration in the dry lot, but with 2 per cent. of ground limestone added, made splendid growth and developed wonderfully strong bones. The breaking strength was 1,122 pounds, 215 per cent. greater than that of pigs under identical conditions; and feed but without limestone. Judged by appearances, the skeletal frame of the pasture pigs was strong enough to meet ordinary conditions, but when the pigs were slaughtered and suspended from gambrel sticks, the thigh bones of three of the seven pasture pigs snapped under the weight of their carcasses. The abundant strength of bone is produced by balancing the ration with feeds high in minerals, such as tankage or fish meal, or by adding minerals as in lot 3 in this test. A mineral mixture which has given good results at the Ohio experiment station is two parts limestone, two parts bone meal, and one part salt. —Dry feeding is superior to slop feeding in getting hogs ready for market, according to J. M. Fargo, of the animal husbandry department at the Wisconsin College of Agriculture. "Hand feeding has proved to be less efficient and economical than the self-feeder," declares Fargo. "Since self-feeders cannot be used with wet feed, dry feeds are the best for this purpose," he points out. To illustrate the value of dry feeding over wet, he gives data from six different experiment stations, where 17 feeding trials with 314 pigs were carried on. Results showed that nine pounds less corn were required for each one hundred pounds gain with dry feeding, as contrasted to wet feed hand fed. Six-tenths pounds more feed were eaten per hog each day under the system of dry feeding, because, as shown by Fargo, the pigs ate during the night and at frequent times during the day, with the result that the dry fed hogs showed a high average daily gain.