

THEIR HONORED GUEST

By ALVAH J. GARTH

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"NOT a friend in the world!" said Rufus Deane, desolately, at six o'clock in the morning.

"A nest of comfort and true hearts to cherish me," he added that same evening.

For years he had lived alone, occupying a wretched attic room with a poor family in the slums. Long since he had lost the use of both his lower limbs. He had been confined to the one apartment, his wants attended to by his landlord, but living in the most narrow way. Somehow he managed to scrape up the few dollars required to pay for board and keep each Saturday night.

Then that day there had come to his lonely habitation a pretty, neat, out-plained young girl.

"I am Rhoda Leslie," she said. "I was Rhoda Merrill. Do you remember the name?"

"Merrill?" repeated Mr. Deane. "I ought to! It was that of my best friend, Robert Merrill."

"My father," said Rhoda, and her eyes were filled with tears as she noted the helpless condition of this once proud and wealthy man. "He never forgot, and I never will. I thought you in another county, or dead. It was only yesterday that I learned about you—poor, an invalid, friendless. Oh, sir!" and her eyes expressed the genuine love and gratitude she felt, "it seemed that I could not come quick enough to your side. You did everything for my father when he was alive. He told me that it was your money that kept me at boarding school for two years. We owe everything to you. See, sir, I am just married to the dearest young fellow in the world. When I told him about you, he instantly ordered me to remove you to our own little home. We will be as your children, tenderly caring for you all your life."

Then the tears of the astounded and overcome old man mingled with those of this bright angel of hope, who had come to his succor at the darkest moment of his life.

She brought her husband with her that evening, a stalwart, honest-faced young man, who moved about and spoke at the behest of her suggestion, as though her sweet, loving voice were rapt, directing music. It was dusk when the closed carriage they brought conveyed the old man to his new home. He did not see that it was located in a poor street, he did not notice that as they tenderly carried him up the stairs the lower apartments were furnished sparsely, indicating rigid economy, if not a scarcity of money.

As they placed him in a wheel chair and turned on the lights a rapt cry came from his lips, ending in a sob of mingled joy and gratitude.

"This is your home," said Rhoda, sweetly.

"And welcome, thrice welcome, sir," spoke blurt, plain Ernest Leslie. "We realized how you could not get about freely and have tried to make it comfortable for you."

Comfortable! The bedridden old invalid felt as if he had been lifted to a new sphere of perfect luxury. It was a large, roomy apartment, newly papered. Two neatly curtained windows looked out upon a pretty garden. There were soft, warm rugs on the floor, a fireplace, and as they brought up his evening meal all this attention and plenty reminded the old man of the days when he had wealth at his ready command.

"You are the best husband in the world!" said Rhoda, as they left their guest comfortable and content in what was to be his own special apartment.

"I love the old man because he was good to you," answered Ernest simply.

"You are so willing to make sacrifices for others, Ernest," said Rhoda fondly.

"Oh, we are young, and the pleasure of seeing this dear old man happy and comfortable will compensate for the loss of a few luxuries."

"He must not know how poor we are," urged Rhoda earnestly. "He cannot leave his room, you know, to find out."

"No, let him have the fond dream that we are able to surround him with the comforts he so appreciates and enjoys."

Fond dream, indeed! To Rufus Deane there came a period of ease and comfort that made life one continuous round of satisfaction. Never were more ardent friends than the bright, happy couple who ministered to his wants so devotedly, as though they were really his children. He told them mysteriously more than once that "they should not lose by it," but they paid no further heed to the remark than to feel that his gratitude well repaid them for their exertions.

Then came dark days. Ernest Leslie lost his position. It had come about through the firm employing him learning of his negotiations for a little store. These fell through because he could not arrange for the payments required.

One month, two months, passed by and Ernest found no work. Bravely, however, the devoted pair saw to it that their honored guest, the old man upstairs, never suspected their real condition. They denied themselves every luxury. All they had to sup-

port themselves with now was what Rhoda earned by some fine sewing, and a baby was coming, too.

The old man never surmised how hard the shoe of poverty was pinching until one morning, and then quite accidentally. Under the kind ministrations of Rhoda and her husband, good food and sanitary surroundings, Mr. Deane had got so that he could move slowly about the room. As he neared the open doorway that especial morning he was amazed and then startled at a conversation going on below.

Rhoda was pleading with the landlord of the place for a respite of another week on rent payment. Her hard-hearted creditor twitted her with keeping a lazy burden, not even a relative, upstairs. Amid her tearful emotion Rhoda told of the love and duty they felt towards her former benefactor.

"The rent tomorrow, or out into the street you go!" roared the implacable old landlord.

"The coarse scoundrel—my poor, little Rhoda!" raved Deane, and hobbled to a corner of the room, pulled open the top of his old trunk and, after fumbling over its contents, brought into view a well-worn tin box. Then with this he stumbled to the head of the stairs.

He could hear Rhoda sobbing bitterly, he could catch the rough censorious words of the landlord. He started forward. A scream rang from Rhoda's lips and her creditor gazed aghast, as Mr. Deane lost his balance and came rolling down the stairs. The tin box came down with a slam and he on top of it. Remarkably active was the old man. Excitement seemed to arouse his energy. He sat up, shaking his fist at the landlord.

"You insolent ruffian!" he shouted. "Rhoda, my dear, pay this man all up, and ahead if he wants it, and he'll better keep out of my way, after beating you the way he has!"

And Mr. Deane opened the tin box and took out a roll of bills, and besides these there were a dozen valuable-looking documents.

"Yours," he said, tendering Rhoda the box as the landlord retired—"you brave, unselfish dear! I never suspected that you were poor, and kept silent about the little fortune I had. It is all yours, now."

And Ernest Leslie got his little store, and Rufus Deane saw to it that they shared the luxuries of life with him.

Trapper Left Record for Rapid Shooting

In this day of modern repeaters, ten shots a minute is not considered as extraordinary, but in the days of the flintlock when a man discharged six shots in a minute he was nothing short of a marvel.

Such a man was Nathaniel Foster, a hunter and trapper who lived in northern New York during the latter part of the Eighteenth and early part of the Nineteenth century. He was born in Hindsdale, Windham county, Vt., in 1767. About 1793 he moved to Salisbury, in Herkimer county, New York, where he remained for a number of years. He died at Boonville, Oneida county, New York, in March, 1841.

During the youth and middle age, Foster was well known as a crack shot, a most successful hunter and trapper, and an Indian hater.

He is described as having been a tall man, nearly six feet high, well built, muscular, and able to stand a great deal of hard knocks. His eyes were dark and piercing, complexion rather sallow, and hair a sandy brown. He wore the habitual garb of the hunter, buckskin or tow hunting shirt, trousers of the same material, thin-soled moccasins and fur cap.

The elderly gentleman who sat near us in a restaurant yesterday morning suddenly lost his dignity when he tested his coffee. He complained in loud tones that the coffee was bad, not fit to drink, tasted like dishwater, etc. The waitress insisted that the coffee was the usual brand made in the usual manner and that there was nothing wrong with it. But the elderly gentleman pouted on the counter, picked up his check and paid it and walked out in a huff. And then the beautiful young woman who had sat near him made a discovery. She found that the sugar container used by the elderly gentleman didn't contain sugar at all, but salt. That was what was the matter with the coffee.—Detroit Free Press.

Move Inspires Patriotism

The first page of each of the 1,000,000 volumes of school books published at the Kansas state printing plant this year will be devoted to a picture of the American flag. The picture appeared in several editions of state texts last year, but it will be found in every book this year. Insertion of a full-page reproduction of the flag in colors was suggested to the state printer by the Americanization committee of the Kansas American Legion.

A Missed Opportunity

The village bank had been forced to close its doors and Ike, although the town's champion n'er-do-well, was loudest in his denunciations.

"Aw, what are you kicking about?" growled a comparatively large depositor. "You couldn't have had more than a couple of dollars in there."

"Well," retorted Ike, "if I'd known this was gonna happen I could of been overdrawn, couldn't I?"—American Legion Monthly.

Notable Increase in Showy Fabrics

Gold and Silver Incrustations Stand Out in New Paris Models.

This is an unsteady season for the established order. Simplicity, which a short time ago was considered an inevitable fundamental of every new group of fashions, has been rudely snubbed by the haute couture. Profuse details, once shunned as too effeminate for modern mesdames, are now being hailed as the salvation of fashions. And materials, which have invariably been elaborate when the mode was simple and plain, when the mode was ornate have triumphantly declined to follow the habit of years—instead of becoming plainer, according to custom, they too have succumbed to the lavish lure of the new elegance. At all of the Paris autumn openings, writes a Paris fashion correspondent in the New York Herald-Tribune, a notable increase in sumptuous fabrics was manifest, and this condition obtained for daytime clothes as well as for robes and wraps du soir.

M. Rodier was perhaps the most heavily represented fabric designer at the haute couture fall showings, and his new conceptions were more ornate, than in many seasons.

Kasha Clouder is, as its name denotes, a fine kasha woven with a tiny scattered gold design, somewhat Persian in its inspiration, that was well represented for all smart afternoon models at the recent openings. Kashador has a gold thread woven through it and is shown plaited as well as plain.

Two of the most beautiful metal conceptions are Les Meaux d'Or kasha and Les Emaux d'Argent kasha, lovely pastel cloths woven one with gold and the other with silver motifs. Kashaplumelleur has guinea-fowl markings in gold. These three fabrics are used for incrustations, the motifs of metal on wool being cut out and applied with a very decorative effect on georgette and even on chiffon.

L'Oasis is a two-tone kasha printed with palms and date trees. Kasha Chaic de Niris is woven in a design of elephants and Indian trees, replacing the Persian animal design, and Kashemall has a Persian design in artificial silk woven into a wool kasha.

Bianchini Ferter also shows a collection of silks and brocades that sheds a magnificence which brings back memories of the mauve decade. For instance, there is a beautiful repp with a metal thread woven into it in an Italian renaissance design. Plain lames, for which this house is famous, are finer and more flexible than ever and shown in a wide range of exquisite colorings. Others have faint flower designs, discreet and shadowy. The lizard skin design that had such success in the summer on chiffon was repeated on velvets in many lovely colors at the autumn salons.

Soft Velvet Hats With Rippling Brims



Ripple, ripple go the new brims with a lit and a grace most becoming. And the crowns? High, higher, highest! Lots of stitching, too, on these soft, crushable velvet types. 'Tis a fact some of the all-over row-and-row effects are done so closely one can scarcely stick a pin between. The black velvet hats lead in popularity. Two of the newest models are shown in the picture. If it is color you are wanting, then choose from the following fashionable tones and tints: Garnet, chanel red, jungle green, beige tones and a number of lovely blues, also tawny browns.

Enameled Shoe Trees

Enameled shoe trees that fill out the fore part of the scater pumps and the light oxfords have flexible arches that help maintain the natural lines. Decorated with small bunches of French flowers they make most acceptable and inexpensive gifts. Then, too, when used, they add a distinctive touch to an otherwise drab looking row of shoes on either the closet shelf or the shoe stand.

White Coats Are Chic

Extremely smart are coats of heavy white knitted fabrics or of the novelty woolsens that are so stunning and different. Many have collars of clipped wool, while others are discreetly trimmed with white fur.

Chic New Sports Dress and Hat for Fall Wear



This two-piece knit dress of navy blue and stone gray, with a leather belt of blue kid is very attractive for sports wear. The hat is of red velours, turned up in the back and trimmed with a smart moire ribbon band. The large brim and high crown are features of the fall mode.

Dresses Feature Blouse and Bolero Treatments

Blouse and bolero treatments are found on most of the early fall dresses designed for day and formal wear. Where the blouse adds width to the upper portion of the dress the skirt is almost invariably slender. Full, flaring skirts on the contrary often accompany the bolero. The sleeveless bolero designed for formal occasions is posed over a form-fitting bodice. The bolero extends above the normal waistline. A sash is worn about the normal waist, tying at one side, and the full skirt flares at the hem line.

Banded taffeta evening gowns are among the unusual fall models which follow the bouffant lines of period frocks. One particularly beautiful model is fashioned of gold and bronze changeable taffeta beaded in gold and bronze beads. The bodice is slender, following the lines of the bust and narrowing at the waistline with horizontal rows of bead-work forming a girde effect just below the normal waistline. The skirt which gathers on at the waist is widened at the hem where horizontal and alternate rows of gold and bronze beadwork extend to the knees. Black taffeta frocks beaded in white crystals are also shown for dinner occasions.

Organdie dresses have suddenly appeared in numbers. Ecru blond shades posed over black slips and worn with black satin bows with streamer ends posed at the side front are those most noted. A typical frock of this sort, made of blond organdie has a semi-fitted bodice of normal waist length with a full gathered skirt finished with an eight-inch hemstitched hem. Under this is worn a slender black satin slip. The sleeves may be either short or long and the neckline is made in fichu effect. A black satin bow is posed on the left hip with streamer ends extending the length of the dress.

Waistline High in Front and Is Bloused at Back

The typical waistline chez Douleur is high in front and bloused at the back. The hemline is found in the same place as last season—just below the knees—and cape effects are again accented on tailored costumes. Elaborate treatments are presented here in an unusually large variety. There are skirts with short panels at one side and full length panels at the other, there are bolero treatments which emphasize the higher waistline, there are skirt and bodice contrasts; that is, the skirt will be elaborately embellished and the bodice quite plain; there are such lavish trappings as metallic embroideries, bead fringes and velvet incrustations. Velvet, indeed, is the outstanding fabric, and is followed in importance by black crepe-satin which is used on both surfaces. Black is the leading color, after which comes a wide range of blues.

Imitation Astrakhan Popular for Fall Wear

Imitation astrakhan of pressed velvet is nearly as popular as astrakhan itself, as Jenny demonstrates in sundry little jacket suits, all cut after the same model, but made in different colors. The foundation of these suits is a plaited skirt of kasha in beige, black, gray or whatever color the suit happens to be. Over these skirts come tunic blouses whose straight lower edges form flat flounces over the plaited skirts. Usually the sleeves of these blouses are cut after Jenny's new design, tight except just over the elbow, where a little puff is inserted. Finally, comes the tiny jacket of imitation astrakhan, caught at the throat with one button and allowed to flare perkily just to the top of the hips.

THE KITCHEN CABINET

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We are very apt to measure ourselves by our aspiration instead of our performance. But, in truth, the conduct of our lives is the only proof of the sincerity of our hearts. —George Elliot.

LUNCHEON SUGGESTIONS

For a nourishing salad, the following will be liked by those who favor bologna sausage:

Holland Salad.—Mix half a pound of bologna cut into very thin slices with one pint of cold boiled potatoes, also sliced very thin, one medium-sized onion shaved thin, and six sardines freed from skin and bones, then cut into bits. Add two hard-cooked

eggs, sliced. Pour over three parts of oil to one of vinegar, a teaspoonful of horseradish and one of tomato catsup. Serve on lettuce.

Breslau Beef.—Put lean beefsteak through a meat chopper, season with minced onion, pepper and salt, and add one large soda cracker rolled fine. Shape an inch thick in a greased baking pan and bake; cover with slices of bacon after it has baked a few minutes. Serve when the bacon is crisp and brown.

Chicken Griddle Cakes.—Beat one egg, add two tablespoonfuls of melted chicken fat, a cupful of minced chicken, half a teaspoonful of salt, a pint of milk and flour enough to make a cake batter; add three teaspoonfuls of baking powder and beat well.

Pear Pie.—Line a baked pastry shell with quartered pears, add a bit of lemon juice and a sprinkling of the grated rind; cover with whipped cream and serve chilled.

Waldorf Oysters.—Put three tablespoonfuls of olive oil in a saucepan with a small onion sliced, one shredded green pepper, try slowly until well cooked. Add a pint of oysters or more, season with salt, butter, red pepper, and a few tablespoonfuls of currant jelly. Cook five minutes, then add a tablespoonful of tomato catsup. Boil up and serve hot.

Coconut Drop Cakes.—Soften one-half cupful of butter (do not melt it), add a cupful of light brown sugar, a cupful of sour milk, a teaspoonful each of cinnamon, cloves and soda, two cupfuls of flour; beat well, then add one-half cupful of coconut. Drop by small spoonfuls on buttered sheets and bake in a moderate oven. Add more flour if the cakes do not keep their shape.

What to Eat.

For a change from the regular broiled steak, try

Baked Steak.—Rub fine one canned pimento, add a pound of minced beef, one-half pound of minced veal, a fourth of a pound of minced ham, and season with salt. Form into a loaf and lay in greased paper, folding it well together; set on a pan in a hot oven and bake 30 minutes.

When done remove the paper, slip the loaf from the paper on to a hot platter and dot with bits of butter.

Creco Soup.—Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter in a frying pan, add two tablespoonfuls of flour, and when well mixed add a pint of milk and cook until smooth and slightly thick. Season with salt and pepper and add a cupful of cooked carrots which have been put through a sieve. Boil up and serve at once.

Dainty Croquettes.—Mix a cupful of boiled and chopped calves' liver with half-cupful of minced bacon cooked brown. Form into balls, dip into egg, roll in crumbs and fry in hot fat until brown.

Minced Chicken With Green Peppers.—Cover a green pepper with boiling water and cook ten minutes, drain, remove the seeds and cut into narrow strips two inches long. Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter and add one and one-half tablespoonfuls of flour; stir until blended, then pour on two-thirds of a cupful of chicken broth. Bring to the boiling point, add a cupful of diced chicken and the peppers, again boil, and serve on pieces of toasted bread.

Strawberry Trifle.—Cut strawberries into halves and mix with granulated sugar, let stand an hour. Arrange lady fingers log-cabin fashion, fill with the sugared berries and cover with sweetened whipped cream.

Chicken Souffle.—With a cupful more or less of cold chicken cut into bits one may have a most delicious luncheon dish. Prepare a white sauce using half chicken stock and half cream, one cupful, three tablespoonfuls of chicken fat or butter, three of flour, cook until well blended, then add the liquid and cook until thick; stir in the chicken and add two or three well-beaten egg yolks and fold in the stiffly beaten whites. Add cooked mushrooms, cooked green pepper, onion juice, salt and cayenne to taste. Bake until puffy and well-set and serve hot, as it is apt to fall very quickly.

Summer squash cooked in as little water as possible and drained, then mashed, is most appetizing served with plenty of butter and seasoning.

It is better to eat more often and lightly than to take a heavy meal at any time. Exercise in the open air and sunshine is as essential at seventy as it is at seven.

Nellie Maxwell



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