

## THE HATED WOMAN

(© by D. J. Walsh.)

ELLEN CASS closed the door behind her and ran out to where her husband was doing some last tinkering on the newly acquired second-hand flivver. As she appeared he drew his head from under the hood with a sigh of satisfaction.

"It will get you there now, I guess," he said. "But drive carefully, dear. No speeding."

"Speeding! On these roads!" Ellen laughed as she jumped in. "All right. Here I go. Don't forget to pop the potatoes into the oven so they'll be baked by the time I get back."

It was the first time since her marriage that Ellen had gone to town alone. But Dan had some important things to see to and could not accompany her. Although it was a new experience to drive unaided, she loved new experiences. Her heart was light as she bounced along, her cheeks glowing, her blue eyes bright with the exhilaration lent by the wind, motion and excitement.

The sun was shining. A day of days full of tang and charm. Her pulses raised as the vigorous little engine throbbed its way forward.

A turn by the waterfall and she came upon a woman who was taking some papers from the battered mail box by the roadside. The woman lifted her head, her eyes met Ellen's, she half smiled in recognition, but Ellen fled without a sign.

Speak to Amy Lester! Never! Why, she hated Amy with the one evil spark in her young heart. For Amy had been Dan's first love. He had told Ellen about it—how near he had come to marrying Amy. Just so near as Amy would let him, that is. She had refused him with that scornful laugh of hers; that sidewise glance of her beautiful dark eyes. The idea of any normal woman refusing Dan! Though that was not so bitter as the thought that Amy had first place in his heart. No, she could never forgive Amy that, never! What girl could who feels she has taken second place? Not that Dan now cared for Amy. He was all wrapped up in his wife, Ellen knew. But it was left for Ellen to show Amy how much she had then lightly regarded his love, she must see now that it had been good enough for a superior woman. And Ellen felt she was superior in looks and intellect and all that makes a desirable woman.

Still, even the sight of the hated woman could not spoil Ellen's good time for her. She enjoyed her drive, enjoyed her town with its shops, people and general attractions. She popped into the candy kitchen for a taste of soda. She bought a new magazine for Dan and took great pains with her household list, choosing coffee and sugar as if they were silk and satin. She went to the bank for Dan, she got a wrench at the hardware store and then was ready to go home.

The flivver had grown cold. It shivered and rebelled as she applied the starter button. Then it gave in and away they went on their home journey.

A few miles out of town she had a blowout. This meant changing a tire, and she had never changed a tire before although she knew how. By the time she was on her way again she noticed that the weather had changed. The sky was gray, right down to the tops of the hills the wind was beating Ellen's cheeks, trying to run away with her hat and scarf.

"We're going home no more to town," Ellen always sang that on the return journey. She sang it now, but somehow it failed of its effect. Perhaps it was because she was alone.

And now suddenly she felt a cold caress on her chin. She looked up. Snowflakes! A million of them up there swarming like gnats. Snowflakes on her brown coat, gumming the windshield, covering the radiator. It was difficult to drive, for even after Helen had turned on the headlights she found that they penetrated but feebly into the fast-thickening gloom.

Suppose she got lost! It was possible, especially when she came to the forks of the road. There was no sign post here; if there had been she could not have read it.

She began to drive slowly and cautiously, fearful of getting off the track, which the snowflakes fast obliterated. She felt queer and miserable. Then suddenly the car jolted terribly, burped into something and stopped.

Ellen gave a sharp little cry. The cry was torn from her by that swift terror of concussion. Then she regained calm.

"What a fool I am!" she thought. "There's nobody to hear me."

She got out of the car and tried to make an examination of the damage done. She could not see a thing, but she felt here and there—at the headlights, the fenders, the radiator. All safe. The bumper had saved her. She had struck something hard, but the good old bumper had not given way. The obstacle, however, had gone down in the shock of impact. A small tree—or post. She touched something with her foot, heard a rattle and picked up a tin box—a mail box.

And now she knew where she was. This was Amy Lester's mail box that she had knocked down. It meant that

she was not out of the road—at least not far. She hesitated, inclined to go on, yet feeling she ought to do something about the mail box. She called as loudly as she could through the snow, "Mrs. Lester! Mrs. Lester!" A voice answered. "Hello! What's the matter?"

"I ran into your mail box and knocked it down," Amy shouted. "Wait! I'm coming."

Through the opaque veil of the snow a shadow appeared—Amy Lester.

"What happened?" she asked. Ellen told her. "Oh, it's you, Mrs. Cass! I remember seeing you go by. Come into the house and stay until it stops snowing. It's only a squall. Can't last much longer. If you go you may run into something more than a mail box. Here! Give me your hand. Now come along. Look out for that step! Here we are."

She opened the door and Ellen found herself in a warm, pleasant room with flowers, color and the glow of a golden lamp.

"Take off your things and sit down. I'll make a cup of tea," Amy said. She was a spirited, dark woman with flashing white teeth.

"Don't bother," Ellen murmured. It was nice to be in out of the storm, to stop fighting the white cobwebs. In a few moments she had a cup of tea in one hand and a cake in the other, just as Amy had. They sipped, nibbled, looked at each other and chatted sociably.

"Don't bother about the mail box," Amy said. "Tom will see to that. I am glad you struck that instead of the big ash the other side of the road. Well, at least we are acquainted—at least, and I'm going to like you. And you're going to like me. No reason why we shouldn't be friends. I'm married and you're married and we've both got the best men in the world." She laughed. "Do you know, Dan Cass didn't care a rap for me? He is four years younger than I am. It was his mother who wanted him to marry me. But I knew better. Land, yes, Dan and I would never have got along—oh, here's Tom!"

A big handsome young fellow came in at the back door. There was an interval during which introductions were made and a few pleasant things said.

"Say, Tom laughed, 'storm's over, you girls noticed it?'"

They hadn't, but it was true. Ellen sprang up, her face beaming. "I've got to scud home. But before I go I want you folks to promise to come over tomorrow night to supper. Even if you are the best cook in the world, Mrs. Lester, I've simply got to show you how good I can fry chicken."

They laughed as they gladly accepted the invitation.

Over the snowy road facing a suddenly golden sunset Ellen made her way. Her heart was light. The hated woman—why, there wasn't any hated woman any more. There was just Amy Lester, her friend.

### So Many Uninteresting People, and Just Why

Take language, for example—you think you use almost a limitless number of words. As a matter of fact, few of us adults use more than 18,000 words. Most of us get along on less than 2,000, many get along on 500 to 800 words.

Society in America as we have it today calls upon us to possess such a simple set of adjustments. Our accomplishments, even our words and sentences, are so limited and stereotyped that you can pretty well predict what the majority of men and women are going to say and do in most situations. We are so stupidly uninteresting.

That is one of my quarrels with society. We let the individual stop at the 12 by 12 multiplication table. We let him get away with rotten tennis, unscientific and unsound business methods, with conversation at the level of a moron.

There used to be a guild system where perfection of hand and finger responses was called for, almost up to the physiological limit of the individual's ability. Think of the tapestry that used to be woven, of the fine laces that used to be made, of the carvings that even the boys could make. And in the vocal field remember that once every troubadour was a virtuoso.

This is not a cry for the good old days. It is not a wall that we have degenerated in eye, hand and muscle. Not at all—the stuff is there crying to be whipped into shape. It is a cry for getting some kind of shock or punishment in the environment which will force all of us to develop to the limit of our capabilities.

I have an undying respect for what we can do with that squirming mass of protoplasm we call the human infant.—John B. Watson in Harper's Magazine.

### Pictures Long Hidden

Pictures that had been hidden for many years were revealed recently by workmen renovating an ancient building in Prague, Czechoslovakia. The walls of the structure were decorated with figures producing an effect similar to that on pottery, and when the coating of dust and paint was removed, the art work was clearly shown. The pictures had been worked in plaster, an imitation of bas-relief being effected by laying a coat of white over one of black and then removing enough of the upper coating to expose the black in the desired designs and patterns. They are being preserved as curiosities.

## Longer Skirts to Be Mode in Paris

### Brevity, However, Continues for Sports Clothes for Sake of Activity.

Paris has already signed her Letter of Fashions for late summer days and the early days of autumn, so that as fast as one successful wardrobe is completed, one's mind and eye turns to the edicts of the famous couturiers in Paris. The "dernier cri" in matters of good dressing says a Paris fashion correspondent in the Kansas City Star, come to the world through collections of models shown for the "demi-saison," as the French term midseason clothes. But when all is said and done, the new models do not mean those exclusively for between seasons but herald, as well, coats, suits and many frocks which are to be worn in the early autumn.

One of the most important topics in the world of fashion is that of the length of skirts, and upon this pivots one of the most exciting bits of news that rushes out of the dressmaking portals. They are longer. With these few words, it seems that the whole story is told, but much more is to be said upon this vital subject in the ways of the mode. Sports clothes obviously hew to the line of brevity for the sake of activity, so that the distance of the hemline from the ground instantly segregates fashions into two wholly different classes: those of sports character and dressy types. For afternoon and evening wear Paris not only sponsors but accepts the longer skirt, an idea which glided forth in many guises for the early summer modes and which now stands as an established fact. Midseason showings have emphasized the longer-skirted frock, not only in its illusion, but in its reality, and frankly shows that the lengthened skirt is not a fly-by-night fashion, but one that is descending upon us with avidity.

In an attractive frock named "Folle," the loose panels, which remind one of box plaits, come below the body of the dress, which in itself is longer, while the panels add a few more inches to the depth. But this is only one of hundreds of frocks shown in Paris wherein the skirt is longer. Circular skirts are both longer and wider. Draped models always descend at the point of the drapery whether this is in the center front of the skirt or one side, while fan-plaiting is inset at both sides of the skirt to give fullness as well as depth at these side points. A point of length, shown in earlier collections—the long jack dip in evening gowns of chiffon—finds emphasis in the midseason shows so that one is guided into safe channels of correct fashions by choosing a simple unadorned gown in either a pastel tone or one of the small floral prints which have such great vogue this season.

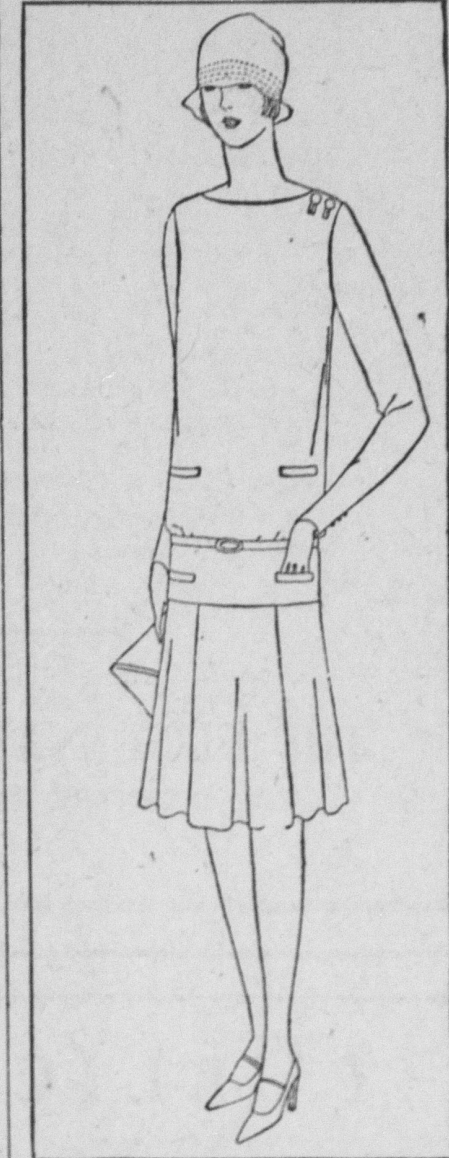
As if a vote had been taken as to which color would be most popular for late summer and early autumn, the couturiers of Paris showed quantities of gray in every imaginable type of frock, coat and ensemble. Unlike the grays we used to know, which were hard and cold, the new grays have a pinkish tone, and some appear to be mixed with white, which softens them enough to become many types of coloring. Blues are passing because the strain of popularity is too great to hold them for the late mode, and in the place of blue comes golden and reddish brown shades, which taper to points of biscuit and delicate tints of champagne. Green stands among the unbanished, while purple tones, such as those of the pansy and violet ink, advance with enthusiasm in the procession of colors.

### Chic Street Frock of Saturn Red Frost Crepe



Yvonne Taylor, motion picture player, wearing a smart street frock of saturn red frost crepe. The two tiers of the skirt are edged with red and white checks, while the same motif trims the bell-shaped sleeves and the square neckline. The yoke in the bodice is tucked with georgette. A black patent leather belt is worn.

## New Combination Dress; Two Fabrics; Two Tones



This combination dress, according to the Woman's Home Companion, is thus named because it lends itself to the use of two fabrics or two tones of one color. This design has three versions: Jersey or other wool material for street, a combination of crepe and metal cloth for afternoon and chignon and lace for evening.

### Colors Becoming to Castilian Brunette

The true Castilian brunette has fair colorless skin, brown eyes and brown or black hair. Her becoming colors are given below. Remember always that the shades of these colors must correspond to the shade of your type.

Red—In all the clear, transparent and not too vivid shades.

Orange—With a yellowish cast, and not too vivid.

Yellow—In every shade; undoubtedly the most becoming color of all for this type.

Green—In all the clear, transparent shades, ranging from yellowish green to bluish green.

Blue—In rich, vivid shades again; not the soft pastel blues that belong to the blondes.

Purple—Clear, without too much intensity, but not the rich wine or heather shades.

Orchid—Becoming in transparent tones rather than smoky pastel shades.

Gray—Wearable, but not as becoming as:

Beige—Which this type can wear better than any other type.

Brown—Not especially becoming.

Black—Becoming, but sometimes too heavy and somber for the personality unless lighted by a color touch.

White—Ideal.

Silver—A bit more becoming to the personality than gold.

### Voile Handkerchiefs of Man-Size Proportions

Fine voile handkerchiefs of man-size proportions are decorative as well as useful, for they add a pleasing note to any sports costume when seen drooping from a pocket. Wide hems and hand-drawn work with a bit of colorful embroidery here and there furnish the means of embellishment. These lovely kerchiefs come in the light shades of rose, beige, lavender, maize and blue. Large squares of chiffon and georgette make the most entrancing handkerchiefs, especially in patterns favoring the floral themes, where several shades of one color may be artfully blended in an all-over design. Tiny rolled hems stand out especially, for they usually are of black and so narrow that they supply the right amount of color contrast.

### Fringed Neglige One of Season's Favorites

The fringed negligee is perhaps the most feminine one of the season. The fringed negligee is the only extremely feminine type which bears laundering well since lace-trimmed models are not durable unless continually dry-cleaned. Fringe washes well and after washing all that is required is hanging the garment on a dress hanger. After the fringe is thoroughly dried one can press the satin foundation with an iron. The most attractive fringed robe is made exactly like a cape-coat except that it has no sleeves. The main portion of the robe is plain, opened in front and sleeveless and a hip-length cape extends over this. Cape and skirt portion have fringed borders. A narrow satin sash extends about the low waistline.

### Stepping in the Right Direction

Pumps of red, blue or green lend a striking dash of color to the black and white costumes that are so generally popular.

## The KITCHEN CABINET

(©, 1927, by Western Newspaper Union.)

If you were busy being kind, Before you knew it you would find You'd soon forget to think 'twas true That some one was unkind to you. If you were busy being glad And cheering people who are sad, Although your heart might ache a bit, You'd soon forget to notice it.

### SUMMER DISHES

As the summer season is with us we need to find foods that are appropriate to the season and serve our meals with as little waste energy as possible. Juicy fruits, leafy vegetables, cooling dishes and ices of various kinds are always welcome during the warm days.

**Veal Croquettes.**—Put a pint of veal through a

meat grinder, add a tablespoonful of pika, a tablespoonful of lemon juice. Melt three tablespoonfuls of butter, add two tablespoonfuls of finely minced onion, three tablespoonfuls of flour and three-fourths of a cupful of veal stock or milk. Cook together five minutes, add two well-beaten eggs, stir until well mixed; mix with the veal. Shape, allowing a tablespoonful of the mixture for each croquette. Dip in egg and crumbs and fry in deep fat. Serve with a white or a tomato sauce.

**Lemon Sherbet.**—Take the juice of three lemons, two cupfuls of sugar and one quart of milk. Mix and freeze as usual.

**Cherry Pudding.**—Mix together the following ingredients: One and one-third cupfuls of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of butter, one cupful of milk, two cupfuls of flour sifted with two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, the yolk of an egg and the white beaten stiff and folded in. Pour this batter over a quart of pitted cherries and steam one hour. To make the sauce add sugar to the juice of the cherries, with a tablespoonful each of butter and flour and cook well together. A bit of nutmeg may be added.

**Vegetable Dish.**—Cook together young onions, new carrots and green peas in as little water as possible, adding small cubes of fried salt pork, a half cupful to a pint of vegetables. When the vegetables are cooked add seasoning with enough milk to serve as a sauce with the vegetables.

**Picnic Lunches.**

During the picnic season we are looking for foods easy to carry and prepare for serving, which will be otherwise popular.

When one is planning for a trip of several days and wishes to take food for the entire trip, nut bread will be found a good one, as it keeps moist for several days.

**Nut Bread.**—Take one cupful of sugar, one egg, three-fourths cupful of walnut meats, two and one-fourth cupfuls of flour, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one-half teaspoonful of salt. Mix the dry ingredients, beat the egg, add one cupful of milk, mix and beat well and add the nuts. Let stand twenty minutes before putting into the oven. Bake forty-five minutes in a moderate oven.

For a doughnut that keeps moist the following will be a good one to use:

**Potato Doughnuts.**—Cream three tablespoonfuls of butter, add three-fourths of a cupful of sugar, the yolks of three eggs and one white, one cupful of freshly mashed potato, one-fourth of a cupful of milk, two and one-half cupfuls of flour, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one-half teaspoonful of salt and flavor with grated nutmeg. Cream the butter, add the sugar, then the eggs, stir in the potato which has been lightened with the egg white, beaten stiff, add milk and the flour gradually. Chill on ice before rolling out and less flour will be needed. The less flour used the more moist will keep the doughnuts.

**Lunch Cake.**—Take one-third of a cupful of softened butter, add one and one-third cupfuls of brown sugar, two beaten eggs, one-half cupful of milk, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one-half teaspoonful of cinnamon, one-half cupful of raisins and one and three-fourths cupfuls of flour. Put all together and beat three minutes. Bake forty minutes in a moderate oven.

**Beef Fricadelles.**—Take two cupfuls of cold cooked beef minced fine, season with salt, pepper, sage and thyme, lemon juice and grated rind and a tablespoonful of grated onion. Add one-half cupful of bread crumbs or cold cooked rice and one egg well beaten. Add water if needed, form into flat cakes and fry in hot butter.

**Frizzled Beef With Eggs.**—Cut into strips a few slices of dried beef, fry in a little butter and two or three eggs and a few tablespoonfuls of milk; stir until cooked and serve with buttered toast for breakfast. Bacon served in the same way is especially good.

*Nellie Maxwell*

## SICK WOMAN SOON RECOVERS

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"Aw, I see!"—Kansas City Star.



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