

THEIR ARDENT ADMIRER

(© by D. J. Walsh.)

THE MISSES RUSSELL lived in a lovely old house surrounded by an iron fence with scrolled gateways. The house and the ladies had come into being at that period when exclusion was the thing. Very proper, very sedate, but, secretly, very romantic were the Misses Russell. They would have died before they let any one know that the wonderful electric victrola played anything but sacred music and grand opera. Alone with the aid of the softest needle they revealed in jazz and that order of music which may be collectively designated under one title—"Oh, come, my sheik, to my waiting arms!" It was the same with their literature. The bookcases were filled with classics, the library table groaned beneath weighty reviews, but behind a cushion was kept the naughty novel that made Emilie and Minette forget that they were waxing old and must behave accordingly.

In their youth they had been considered too proud for the young men who might have taken a fancy to them, for their parents had been of the high-nosed order. And when the time came when they might have chosen for themselves nobody wanted them. So they had arrived at middle life unmarried, but teeming with a desire for the one thing that had been withheld from them—romance.

"My dear," Emilie said to Minette one morning just after Bessie, their ugly but efficient maid, had placed their breakfast before them. "I notice that our new neighbors have arrived next door. I can see from where I sit that the shades are up and people moving about. There! They are just coming into the dining room for breakfast."

Minette turned to look and saw through the large double windows of the nearby house two men sitting opposite each other at the table and being awaited upon by a third man who was evidently a servant.

"Oh, my dear!" Minette breathed. "Just look at that young man! He is perfectly handsome."

Discreetly screened by their lace windows the two women gazed at their next-door neighbors. The young man was handsome in a stunning black-and-white way. He seemed full of vigor, too, for he talked a great deal with many gestures. Smilingly his companion listened. This other man might have been the father of the first, for he was plain and white-haired and looked uninteresting. The servant, too, was elderly and plain. But the Misses Russell were only attracted by the delightful younger man.

"We must make their acquaintance—invite them over to dinner," Minette said.

"Poor things, without a woman in the house! I think I will have Bessie take them a tin of her incomparable biscuit for their lunch," murmured Emilie.

Bessie was reluctant to present the biscuit but at last she was persuaded to do so by Emilie's bestowing upon her the gift of an old gown she had found that morning in the bureau drawer—landsdowne, eighteen feet around, and of a gorgeous crimson color. It was a relic of younger days, and Emilie thought that it might be dyed into suitability for her handmaiden, but Bessie loved red.

She returned with a courteous message of thanks from the older men. So far, good.

For a long time the Misses Russell had been wondering who would rent the vacant house next door, which was to be let furnished. Mrs. Tucker, who owned it, had lost her husband and gone to live with a married daughter. The house was very cozy and the Misses Russell had been certain that only nice people could afford to live there, but people with children or dogs—or deprecating cats! The fact that the household was of the gentlemanly, unoffensive kind predisposed them in favor of their new neighbor.

That afternoon as Miss Emilie was weeding her garden she heard a slight cough and saw the handsome new neighbor smiling at her over the fence. He had a gift of red roses for her and when, rather flattered, she entered into conversation with him he immediately took her into his confidence. His name was Harold Frederick Delaney, and he was writing a book entitled "Metaphysical Aspects of the Universe." He was interested in the Einstein theory of relativity, and thought that the extensive use of explosives in the last war had made our planet change poles. So deep was he and with all so charming that Emilie lost her head as well as her heart immediately.

The next morning Minette had a similar experience, only she received white roses instead of red. The conversation was along the same lines and she literally fell for Harold Frederick head over heels.

An invitation to dinner followed and the Misses Russell had the time of their life feeding their darling, Mr. Bowker, whom Harold called Uncle Hop, they didn't like at all. But Harold filled their eyes.

The weather was beautiful and never had the Misses Russell spent so much time in their garden. No sooner did they appear than Harold appeared also. He sat with them on the bench and talked about his book

and love. He had wonderful ideas about love, and sometimes he illustrated his theories by gently pressing the hand of either lady.

And now strange feelings began to possess both women. Minette thought that if it was not for Emilie she might be so happy with Harold, and Emilie believed that Minette stood in her way. Each had lost all sense of perspective. Each saw in Harold only the ideal of her dreams, the culmination of every hope and longing. Each loved him, and each was jealous of the other.

This jealousy grew and grew until it began to interfere with their lives. Minette urged Emilie to go visiting. Emilie urged Minette to take a vacation at a popular resort. Minette sneered at Emilie's nose and Emilie sneered at Minette's eyebrows. They ceased to enjoy their food, their music, their friends and their home. As for Bessie her life was made miserable between them.

The air was scented with secrets. Emilie had found a tempting poem nesting among the roses Harold gave her. Minette had heard him sigh as he gazed into her eyes.

Ultimately so much excitement proved too much for Minette and one morning she could not rise for a sick headache. She suffered all the more because she knew that Emilie was enjoying Harold alone in the garden.

At last she crept down pale and wretched to meet her triumphant rival. No, Harold had not inquired for her. "He cares only for me," Emilie might have added.

This was too much for Minette and she returned to bed. It was three days before she could arise. Meanwhile, Emilie tripped on the foolish high heels she had recently adopted and so jarred herself in falling that she could not leave her room for the same length of time. As for Bessie she would neither receive Harold nor carry messages for him.

Pale and sorry, the sisters were sitting together in their living room on the first evening they were able to be downstairs when Mr. Bowker entered.

"I have come to bid you farewell," he said in a dignified manner. "We are leaving on the ten o'clock train. The time has come when I can no longer manage my charge, and his guardians have ordered him placed in a hospital for an operation."

"Your charge?" gasped Minette. "Harold. It is a very sad case. He was injured in a football scrimmage, a blow on the head and he has not been rational since. But they think by removing a piece of the skull—"

There was more, but neither lady heard it. They endured, however, until Mr. Bowker departed.

"Well," Bessie said as she came in to throw another stick on the fire, "we are going to be rid of that lunatic next door. I'm clear out of patience with his carryings on. Making love to me with his roses and poetry!"

"To you!" Emilie whispered.

Bessie snorted.

Triumphs of Science

Increase Life's Span

Now the claim is made that our scientists are about to fight the germ that causes consumption with a remedy furnished by the bacillus itself. In other words, from the poison it puts into the blood, which the scientists at Berkeley say they have discovered and isolated, they hope to make a serum that will repeat the triumphs won in other fields. This gives point to the recent assurance that the span of life is growing far beyond the threescore and ten formerly allotted us. Indeed, we are told that the meager few who reach the century mark are but the advance guard of the multitude to reach and pass far beyond that record in the near future. To the triumphs already won, in case the first rebout has been carried by some invading disease, must be added the greater triumphs of preventive medicine. The report of the Rockefeller foundation acquaints us with a wonderful work they have accomplished in that direction, not only in this country, but all over the world. The dry pages of the usual report turn out to be an inspiring booklet of great deeds accomplished. Here as elsewhere an ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure. All workers engaged in making broad the pathway of health and longevity—and they are to be found everywhere now—insist that optimism, cheerfulness, throwing off worry and fear as you would a discarded garment, and the cultivation of the right mental attitude toward disease is of the utmost importance. Where disease claims one victim, worry and fear claim a score.

We are living in a wonderful age—in fact, we are just beginning to live as the Creator intended us to. It has required untold centuries for man to gain his present vantage ground. He is just beginning to assume his rightful authority over the many ills to which flesh is heir. We will learn to grow old gracefully when double our present tale of years has run its course. And we will need these added years to gain even a passable knowledge of the wonders and beauties and mysteries; the, at present, little-known forces of the universe in which we have been placed.—Los Angeles Times.

His Trouble

Cashier—You don't look well lately!
Butter Clerk—No; I can't sleep at night on account of lung trouble.
Cashier—Nonsense; your lungs are all right.
Butter Clerk—Yes, mine are; the trouble is with the b's y's.

Chic Fall Frocks for School Girls

Youthful and Smart Costume of Vital Importance to Young Miss.

The problem of clothes for school girls is one of the most important matters that faces the average household each autumn, for being well-dressed at school is half of being happy. The average girl finds it a very comfortable feeling to know that she looks right, and a misery to wear a dress she feels is even just a little wrong.

Being exactly right is not easy. A mere belt may spoil the whole effect these days when smartness counts for more than prettiness. Yet the smarter the clothes the more simple the lines, which means that dresses, even woolen ones, are easy now to make. It is just a matter of choosing the right pattern, one appropriate for the wearer's age and type.

The dresses shown herewith were chosen for the school wardrobe by Jane Warren Wells of the fashion staff of Farm and Fireside Magazine. They are youthful, they are smart, and the girl who wears them will feel well-dressed for almost any occasion. In choosing the material Miss Wells finds that the new fall fabrics have "honest dignity." There are plain tones of warm brown and tan, dull red and navy blue, even black. The newest prints are small and of geometrical design chiefly. They seem to be a little more pronounced than the designs of early spring, yet they are subdued enough to be appropriate for frequent wear.

Among the woolens and fine cottons, checks and plaids abound. The fine woolens have many interesting weaves that add to their attractiveness, especially for the tailored dress. Plain flannels and kashas promise even greater popularity for the fall than they had during the spring.

Accessories are of course a part of every costume, and a most important part they play in the business of being well dressed. This fall, no mat-



Two Charming Dresses Designed Especially for School Wear.

ter what accessories you buy—shoes, hat, bag or hose—consider they are to be unusual in their simplicity. Nothing else counts so much.

In footwear, tan, light brown and black kid shoes have promised to be favored for conservative wear. These are really new because they have been out of fashion for two seasons, now.

Stockings have taken on a little darker tone for fall. They are just faintly lighter in color than the dress itself, except of course where the dress is very dark, then the stockings may be two shades lighter. Sheer stockings are worn for evening with the old yet once again new satin slipper. Satin is gaining favor over dress slippers of other types.

The slip-on glove, as simple as it can be made, is the order of the day. Wash camo and lisle are appropriate for school wear, the heavier kid slip-on for hard service.

The small hat continues popular, yet many hats boast a small, flattering brim. The small metal purse with shell or narrow metal top is chic and interesting and plenty large enough. For evening a shawl is the most attractive wrap the college girl can have.

Crystal beads seem to be the latest fashion but the younger girls are still showing their preference for pearls.

Umbrella Compartment in Under-the-Arm Bag

Paris, which is so used to rainy weather, has thought up another clever way of carrying the indispensable umbrella, or "en cas," as they call the short combination umbrella-parasol which accompanies the Parisienne during the months when rain is to be expected. This time the "en cas" occupies one compartment in a double bag intended to be carried under the arm. The top compartment has the usual fittings, purse, vanity case, mirror, card case and so forth, and directly beneath this is another pocket which accommodates the very short umbrella. This unusual novelty comes in various colors and in the finest quality of crease leather.

Coats, Sports Jackets for Girls' School Wear



For an eager youngster, says the Woman's Home Companion, half the fun of starting off to school is to appear in a suitable up-to-date new outfit. Either the full-length coat of a small-patterned plaid designed for a girl from eight to sixteen years, or the collarless sports jacket of jersey or flannel for the fourteen to eighteen-year-old girl would be both practical and smart for fall. For the lining, revers, collar and cuffs of the plaid coat a plain harmonizing kasha, cashmere or flannel is suggested. The darker-toned binding and cuffs of the sports jacket may be either jersey or flannel.

Washable Bags Among Season's Accessories

In leather imports one finds bags guaranteed to wash. Those of lizard, alligator and ecrase are finished in such a manner that they can survive a moderately severe scrubbing. Washable also are the white bags, developed in German chalk beads. These are for evening wear. A new note in bead bags is the oriental patterning which has quite supplanted in popular favor abroad the usual floral designs. These oriental patterns look somewhat like miniature prayer rugs. Sometimes the coloring is vivid and bizarre, and then the bag will have a mounting of gold, inset with semi-precious or imitation stones. One of these was patterned gayly in reds, blues, greens, gold and silver and had a gold mounting encrusted with imitation rubies, emeralds and sapphires. Most of these bags, however, come in combinations of the pastel shades. Since each one features a variety of colors, the bags, while costly, are practical, for they will harmonize with any number of gowns as a bag of no single color ever could.

For dressy wear are the lizard-skin bags in pastel hues. The fabric receives a treatment which gives it an opalescent effect and adds immeasurably to the beauty and effectiveness of the pastel tone. One stunning bag of this type was in gold lizard with geometric lines and insets of gold kid-skin. The same model was also developed in silver. These bags of a square shape are seen in the pastel tones so much in demand for evening wear, and since they harmonize with evening footwear, also developed in pale-colored lizard, carry out the ensemble effect which continues to be good.

For sports wear a smart bag is of a woolen fabric much resembling flannel. There is a hint of Scotch plaiding against a beige background. The mounting is of the same fabric and the catch is of brown composition much of the shape and size of a lipstick. Also for less formal wear are the always good antelope bags with shell or composition mountings.

Peach-Colored Velvet for Fall Evening Wear

Alice Bernard of Paris is making a lovely frock of gold-brocaded flame, plaited from neck to hem, without a bit of trimming save a jade-green velvet girdle which ties in a huge bow at the side. Another comes in mauve chiffon, the skirt composed of a series of jabotlike cascades of shaded mauve. A simple frock of gold lace is made over a pink satin slip and an exquisite beaded gown in pale pink has a small, straight bolero bodice and plain, slightly full skirt covered with a small all-over pattern in pink beads like the inside of a seashell.

One of the autumn models of evening gowns comes in peach-colored velvet with a deep pointed overskirt, edged with a wide band of fluffy yellow fur, which seems to mean the return of this kind of trimming for evening wear this winter.

Stamped, Hand-Stenciled Apron Ready for Needle

An irresistible ready-made cottage apron that is stamped and hand-stenciled for embroidery on unbleached muslin will surely tempt you to get out your needle to complete it with the required simple but colorful stitches. Together with sufficient floss for the embroidery work, this charming apron costs only a small sum, and so interesting and easy is the task that you will most likely want to make several as gifts for your friends.

The Kitchen Cabinet

(© 1927, Western Newspaper Union.)

"The happy life may be poor in externals. It may have many restrictions, and many privations but, if it enshrines the pure in heart, the power of loving, serving, and sacrificing, it is beautiful in contrast to the worldly life of pleasure that finds no peace or rest in the soul itself, only puerile activity like that of a cloud of insects that will die and leave no trace of the great interest of the world."

WAYS WITH TAPIOCA

Tapioca is not half well enough appreciated as a dessert. It is especially inviting when combined with fruit of various kinds.

Apple Tapioca.—Take one-half cupful of the minute tapioca, one-half teaspoonful of salt and a cupful of sugar with three

cupfuls of boiling water. Cook until the tapioca is transparent, then pour it into a well-greased baking dish and cover the top with peeled and quartered apples. Bake until the apples are done. Serve hot or cold with sugar and cream.

Peach Tapioca.—Use a half dozen or more of fresh ripe peaches or canned ones, sprinkle with sugar to sweeten, then stand one hour. To one cupful of tapioca add three cupfuls of boiling water, one-half cupful of sugar and one-half teaspoonful of salt. Cook until the tapioca is transparent. The peach juice from the can may be used in the cooking. Line a mold with the peaches, fill with the tapioca and bake thirty minutes. Serve with cream.

Tapioca Rabbit.—Cut fine one cupful of rich cheese, add it to a pint of milk, one-half teaspoonful of salt, a teaspoonful of mustard, dash of red pepper and two tablespoonfuls of minute tapioca. Cook until thick in a double boiler and just before serving add a well beaten egg. Serve on toast or crackers.

Tapioca Custard.—Soak two-thirds of a cupful of tapioca one hour in cold water, drain and add four cupfuls of scalded milk and cook in a double boiler for half an hour. Beat three eggs slightly, add one-half cupful of sugar, one teaspoonful of salt and pour on gradually the hot mixture. Turn into a buttered baking dish, add a tablespoonful of butter and bake thirty minutes in a slow oven.

Maple Tapioca.—If the maple sirup or sugar is at hand that is best, otherwise one-fourth cupful of brown sugar with one-half teaspoonful of maple flavoring; add one-half teaspoonful of salt and pour on gradually the following: Three cupfuls of boiling water to which one-half cupful of tapioca has been added. Cook in a double boiler after the first ten minutes and serve cold with sugar and cream.

Picklin' Time. It is surprising how quickly the fruit closet shelves are filled by adding a jar or two, a few glasses of jelly or preserves and conserve as the fruit is in season. Everyone likes a tender luscious slice of watermelon pickle and it should be prepared for the winter months.

Watermelon Pickles.—Peel the rind and cut out into slices. Cover with salt water and let stand over night in water to cover. In the morning drain and cover with clear water, let cook until the rind is tender so that it pierces easily with a toothpick. Drain again and make a sirup, using brown sugar, a little vinegar, and a bag of spices; when boiling hot drop in the watermelon and cook until clear. Place the rind in jars and boil down the sirup until quite thick, then pour boiling hot over the pickles and seal.

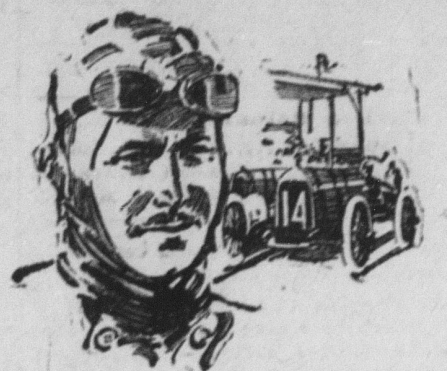
Many prefer the ripe cucumber for sweet pickles. Treat them in the same way.

Piccailin.—Take two gallons of green tomatoes chopped fine, eight large onions also chopped, three quarts of vinegar, six tablespoonfuls of mustard seed, one tablespoonful each of cloves, allspice, mace, celery seed and two pounds of granulated sugar. Let the tomatoes and onions stand over night sprinkled with salt. Drain in the morning, mix with the spices and cook until tender.

Olive Oil Pickles.—Take one hundred small cucumbers sliced thin, leaving the peeling on them. Also take three pints of small onions also sliced thin, three ounces of mustard seed, one ounce of celery seed, one ounce of white pepper and two scant cupfuls of olive oil. Add one and two-thirds cupfuls of salt to the cucumbers and let stand three hours. Let the sliced onions stand in cold water three hours. Drain well and mix the onions, oil and cucumbers with the spices. Put into jars and fill the jars with good vinegar. Keep in a cold place. Good in ten days.

Mint Vinegar.—Put into a quart jar enough fresh mint carefully washed to fill it loosely, fill up with vinegar and let stand well covered three weeks. Strain, bottle and cork. Such vinegar will keep for years. Tarragon, chervil, or any other herb may be used in the same manner.

Nellie Maxwell



The Racer

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"Certainly, sir."

"Well, I want them to go to Nigeria."

The other looked blankly for a minute or so, then:

"I think you'd better give the order to our head office, sir," he ventured. "You see, we've only a small boy with a bicycle here."

Many Uses for Prunes

Once a boarding house delight, the prune has worked itself to the top. It is now used in baking and in the manufacture of ice cream and candy. A fellowship in the food research, maintained at the University of California by the California Prune and Apricot Growers' association, used prune pulp as the basis for 19 different dishes.

God gives sleep to the bad, in order that the good may be undisturbed.—Saadi.

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