## UCKING VACATION TIME AWAY IN THE HEART THE SUBMARINE DISCUSSED BY ITS INVENTOR

## **VAR-TORN HEARTS CAN FIND REST IN THE BIG OUTDOORS**

Colette Tucked Away a Memory of the Hills Before She Came Back to the City-The Power of the Sky to Prove All Will Soon Be Right With the World

DEAR PLAIN JANE: We are com-ing home. In books I have always read about saying goodby to the scenery on the eve of buying a rail-road ticket. But for myself I have always been too busy collecting my ongings and saying goodby to the der what is coming over me? Last night I went out all by my lenesome to the end of the wharf and said goodby to things, and then, as if that wasn't enough of foolishness for any one very material-looking girl with turned-up nose and knock-knees that thow in a bathing suit, I went down again this morning just to have a lit-tle farewell session in the sunlight.

A lump came into my throat. It is the war, Plain Jane. Sometimes mething sweeps over me that makes me think the whole world is being shot to pieces. The other day a member of our party received news of the death of a cousin. He was only nincteen they have his picture up here. He never knew what it was to do but laugh and play in all his life before. It is at times like this I could cry and never stop.

Soon. And when I book up and around at things and the big plan they rest on, I can't heip but think that the war has its place in the plan too. That if it didn't happen something worse would have, and that we ought to be transfull it happened in time I have never found peace in the out doors like this before. Perhaps it was because I never needed peace.

Do you woulder that I, who used to and never stop.

### Autumn

The morns are meeker than they

The nuts are getting brown, The berry's cheek is plumper,

The maple wears a gaver scarf, The field a scarlet gown;

- Emily Dickinson

But instead I go out and look at all this outdoors and the sky. Maybe you can understand why I just had to go out and say goodby to the scenery. It has been such a friend to me. When the sobs were so near my throat I would cry if any one spoke to me. I've looked at the trees massed against the sky. Then I've looked at the sun, shining on strong and glorious, just the same as ever. And then I get that feeling, "Gods in His heaven and all's right with the world."

OF COURSE, I know all isn't right with the world, but the strength of the sky and the Good Shepherd who is up there back of it tells me it's going to be consider that I, who used to look and sire in strong windows, am now content to gaze up at the stars." Do you wonder that I may be content to gaze up at the stars." Do you wonder that I want to gaze up at the stars." Do you wonder that I want to gaze up at the stars." Do you wonder that the stars. The stars and supplied to tack away some of the bigness of this country into my the to tack away some of the bigness of this country into my the stars and what I my the tack away some of the bigness of this country into my the to tack away some of the bigness of this country into my the st

### A MAID AND TWO MEN

The Story of the Girl Who Was Left Behind By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

a whirl. Helen Brander was going to Jack as a lover had been a very differmarry Jim Townsend—it was the most ent thing from this clutching, tearing

she, Ruth, had never felt it. Why she had never thought of sacrificing for Jack. It had simply not occurred to her, and apparently Helen thought nothing at all about it, pretty sparkling Helen, who had always been the gayest of the gay.

Ruth's feelings were in chaos. She were the sim livile gold band which looked somehow domestic and out of place on lielen's pink, perfectly manicured finger. never thought

Ruth had always been afraid of Helen's envy you."

ARTICLE XII unafraid, conscious that nothing else mattered, so long as she and Jim had reach other, Ruth had a sudden fear the middle of the floor, her brain in that she might be missing something

been all men of wealth, men about town, young but blase, and Helen had boasted that no man who did not possess a car appealed to her for college dances. Was this the same girl who, red-eyed hat running away with a man to be and disheveled, had confessed to Ruth just a few minutes ago that she wanted must be white lace and orange blossoms and a minute way.

when they could be engaged and have all the fun of that, and who could tell, something big might happen before the war was over. Suppose Jim never came back at all—hundreds of men never who was as happy as Helen looked that moment might be excused any wild manner of abtaining that happiness.

Why should Helen take such an unnecessary risk?

But side by side with these thoughts were others. Ruth had never fell so drawn to Helen; there had been an irresistible something about her that Ruth could not understand, a sweetness that

could not understand, a sweetness that but his face was all twisted with pain brought about in Ruth's heart a desire as Ruth heard him mutter unevenly; to do everything she could to help. Good back, old man. God knows I





I have been in touch with the fourth for ten cents. If you will think back a mayal district about your application number of years and remember the joy and I was told that the second-class that such a possession would have given Dr. Jastrow on War and Peace yeowomen are being called as fast as you, you will. F know, take home π set the men are called out to make way as a surprise. I'll warrant too, that even for them. It is the yeowomen stenog-raphers and typists who are in imme-diate demand, however. A memorandum has been made of your letter of trought. has been made of your letter of inquiry

### Afternoon Tea

### ALLAN UPDEGRAFF SCORES ONCE MORE

His Second Novel Is a Brillians Social Satire of an

the large cak at the edge of the field

Jim Estey's horses contentedly crunched their oats, while nearby their brownYouth." his firm novel, a book so differeyed, brown-haired master sat in the ent from the common run of novels that

The first tang of cool air in the morning or o' evenings brings the mornin

The art Medium—In the early part of May I the antics of Charlie Chaplin, and who containing the best of Bierce's voluminate of the first half of it is devoted to stories as youwoman and was given a second-class ratins. Up to the present line I have been nothing concerning the above and write to inquire it movie actor or actress. They come in the above and write to inquire it movie actor or actress. They come in the above and write to inquire it movie actor or actress. They come in the above and write to inquire it movie actor or actress. They come in the above and write to inquire it movie actor or actress. They come in the above are now in progress that the great war now in progress has produced.

Thenking you. has produced.

IN THE MIDST OF LIFE. Tales of soldiers and civilans. By Ambrose Pierce.

New York: Bont & Liveright. \$1.50.

with revealing pro-German sentiments nied the charge with some asperity. But his new book, "The War and the Com-ling Pence," impresses one as having been written to set himself right. He has divided his book into two parts. the first, discussing the war as a moral issue, he admits that it is such, and that Germany has outraged the moral sense of the world. The second part deals with the problems of peace. Here he takes a somewhat detached view, attempting to sit as an umpire in the dispute between the friends and enemies of Germany. He pleads for the rights of the small and backward patiens, protests against annexations, and demands a livable peace for all parties.

THE WAR AND THE COMING PEACE.
By Morris Jastrow, Jr., professor in the
University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia;
J. B. Lippincott Company, \$1.

## What I Do With the Left-Overs

beef, and, being a hungry family, there wasn't much left for Monday night's dinner. There was still some meat, you know, but it was not exactly presentable. So I chopped it up fine, added a bit of spaghetti that I had in the house, mixed in some stewed tomatoes, and flavored the combination with Al Sauce, which isn't a Worcestershire, but is just about the most delicious touch of inspiration that any dish can enjoy. I cooked my left-overs in a oven, and when Jim got through with that dish he said he was going to have left-overs every night, He says it is my way of cooking for him, and I wouldn't have him think

Unusual Kind

it was welcomed enthusiastically by the discriminating. Mr. Updegran's second novel, "Strayed

His great trouble was that he had not been accepted for war service abroad; as unusual a book as "Second Youth." The reading of it is a pleasure; for Mr. Updegraff has a style which is beauttfully adapted to his subject matter. He a farm. Being ambitious, not easily discouraged and ready to work early and late, his farm had responded splendidly to

successful farmer; but other affairs which interested him had not gone so well.

In the spring he had asked Maggie in the stand writers olony in the case in the spring he had asked Maggie in the stand writers are the articles are the articles and some of the natives. The herolms, there is a share his lot, and her answer, I will never be a farmed its grayer of the natives. The herolms, the shall never be a farmed its grayer of the natives. The herolms, the herolms are severe blow to him. Soon after she had gone to the city and he was wondering if she was happy in her chosen work. He was eating his lunch she was happy in her chosen work. He was eating his lunch she and as laden with fancy baskets she came near, he told her that he did not need baskets, and did not care to have his fortune told; but with a tired sigh she seated herself near him.

After sharing his lunch she begged to haskets told as ling that she had sold no baskets told as ling that she had sold no baskets told as ling that she had sold no baskets told as ling that she had sold no baskets told as ling that she had sold no baskets told as ling that she had sold no baskets told as ling that she had sold no baskets told as ling that she had sold no baskets told as ling that she had sold no baskets told as ling that she had sold no baskets told as ling that she had sold no baskets told as ling that she had sold no baskets told as ling that she had sold no baskets told as ling that she had sold no baskets told as ling that she had sold no baskets told as ling that she had sold no baskets told as ling that she had sold no baskets told as ling that she had sold no baskets told as line to be structured to sound sense. As the actory develops the pain and several like told the fall to be submariate to be termed as the rest of the submarial to be submarial to make the submarial to be submarial to make the submarial to make the subm

foil of sait. Put the mining in cross the baked.

2. Sugaries meringue for the top calls for one-half cupful of corn syrup, cooked until the form as hard satisfied gently.

3. Sugaries meringue for the top calls for one-half cupful of content they washed the first as hard seed the same of the

that of Mr. Bierce.

The volume is interesting because is the first that has been made available to the general public who whated to buy anything but Bierce's complete works.

## Dr. Morris Jastrow, Jr., was charged

in his otherwise admirable book, "The War and the Bagdad Railway." He de-War and the Bagdad Railway."

anything else, but really it is Al Sauce.—Adv.



DE NE

and Europe to advocate the lengue, and

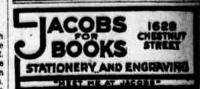
### Trench Poetry

An anthology of war poetry which will have considerable historical value has been compiled by Lleutenant C. E. Andrews, of the aviation section of the Andrews, of the aviation section of the reserve signal corps. It is a collection of verse written by men in the trenches. Naturally the great majority of the poets represented are Englishmen or Canadians. The Americans have not been in the war long enough to develop their poets. Alan Seeger, however, is represented, but he fought as a Frenchman in the Foreign Leg'on. There are also poems by Rupert Brooks and Robert W. Service. The greater part of the volume is filled with the work of men who have won little fame as poets, and much of the verse is interesting chiefly because of the conditions under which it was produced.

Le Gallienne's New Yarn Richard Le Gallienne in "Pieces of Eight" has written a feeble imitation of Stevenson's "Treasure Island." Those who like such imitations will like Le Gallienne's book and those who don't would better leave it alone. But as Mr LeGallienne has a following, there will

it by leading men of both this country and England.

BLOCKING NEW WARS. By Herbert S. Houston, Garden City: Doubleday, Page 4 Co. 11.



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The rose is out of town. Lest I should be old-fashioned

I'll put a trinker on

nd never stop.

Do you woulder that I, who used to But instead I go out and look at all look only in shop windows, am now

Buth Rowland is loved by Sect Raymond and Jack Rowl, drafted men, and problets to marry Rond, who has been exempted. Many little things conspire to make her doubt her wisdom of choire. Heleo Townsend invites her to be present at her secret marriage to Jim Townsend, a solder.

astounding thing that could have hap-pened. Helen Brander, of the fashion-Ruth never forgot that evening when Ruth never forgot that evening when she and Jack stood behind Jim and send, virtually penniless, a private in the army, and nothing but his college, and downtown church and witnessed the recommend him. No wonder Helen had said her mother would never approve. The very act that Helen was going to do this thing was unbelievable. Ruth could remember Helen at college, and the men who had come up from New York to the different affairs. They had been all men of wealth, men about She wanted a real wedding, with a maid.

Ruth never forgot that evening when she and Jack stood behind Jim and Helen, in the dim little chapei of a downtown church and witnessed the rearriage. It wasn't Ruth's idea of a marriage. There was no curious throng of guests, there were no ribbon-bound pews and no flower-scented aftar—just a flower in the dim little chapei of a downtown church and witnessed the rearriage. It wasn't Ruth's idea of a marriage. There was no curious throng of guests, there were no ribbon-bound pews and no flower-scented aftar—just a flower in the dim little chapei of a downtown church and witnessed the rearriage. It wasn't Ruth's idea of a marriage. I

just a few minutes ago that she wanted to marry Jim Townsend in order to stay with him just the short time he would be in New York before sailing?

Sacrifice! Why Helen had sacrificed everything worth while, social prestige, the right to fun and pretty clothes, all her sparkling girlhood to become Jim Townsend's wife. If that were love, then she, Ruth, had never felt it. Why she surely had no money; where were they she, Ruth, had never felt it. Why she surely had no money; where were they she wanted with the surely had no money; where were they she, Ruth, had never felt it.

Ruth's feelings were in case.

Bardly knew what to think. She pitted ger.

Helen and in her heart of heart's thought that she had made a big misstake. And how unnecessary, it was too, when they could be engaged and have when they could be engaged and have the guilt tell in the length of the fluid tell.

Then Helen turned, and for a moment of icinis, is the young woman in the grant that the could be engaged and have caught her breath. If Ruth had doubted the fluid doubt the fluid doubt the fluid doubt the fluid doubt the fluid the

## THE DAILY NOVELETTE THE GREEN APRON By LIZZIE M. PEABODY

IT WAS the noon hour of a midsummer day, and the sweet scent of newly mown hay rose from the fields. Under the large cak at the edge of the field shade of an old gnarled apple tree and

fretted over his disappointments.

treatment, and already he was called a people and not mere talking automatons, successful farmer; but other affairs which interested him had not gone so well.

Impression that his characters automatons, impression that his characters automatons. The scene of the new book is iaid in an artists and writers colony in the Catskills. The characters are the artists well.

Mrs. Brunner would not come, her two youngest children are sick, and I—I thought you might be lonely," she finished gently.
"I have been lonely," he returned

Adventures With a Purse For the girl or boy who likes the movies, who giggles delightedly over the antics of Charlie Chaplin, and who containing the best of Bierce's volumities of the containing the best of Bierce's volumities.

has been made of your letter of inquity and those at the head of the employment promise to look into your application. I hope you are called soon, as I lenow it is hard to wait.

The flappy, backless bath slippers the one pads around the house in are nice enough, but personally, I am much more kindly disposed toward the snug security with backs that enable one to strike out with free bold stride. Those Afternoon Tea

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Will you kindly tell me just what should be served for 'lea' when a friend stops in on a little informal visit in the effection? Should it the served straw or wicker or whatever you call it, and secondly because they come lined in what looks to be Turicish towelling, in should be used for correct service? If you have no tea cart is a serving tray all right?

In warm weather cold drinks, such as iced tea, etc. can be served instead of cents a pair.

The bear song around with a Numer inside and I am ninesten. I am now working that the property of the property

# Sunday, of course, we had roast

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