

The Mutual Friend

By Katherine Howe

"Bert Fleming never would have looked at Grace Perry if she hadn't some money."
"Well, he's rushing around there pretty steadily. They go everywhere together."
"I don't know what he can see in her. Oh, I suppose it's the money! And she hasn't got it yet, either. It's a year now since it was left to her, and that will not settled yet."
"Oh, well, you know she's only one of three heirs, and one of them is contesting it."
The two women talking stood just inside the entrance of a room crowded with guests at an afternoon tea. A girl had come up behind them just in time to hear it all. At the mention of her own name she had paused and listened. Then she stepped back into the hallway to regain her composure before entering. It had never entered her mind that Bert Fleming did not love her just for herself, that the fifty thousand she would inherit played any part in his devotion to her. She could not believe it possible, and yet the thought rankled. If it could be true!
"I can't give him up!" her heart cried out. "And yet—if I were sure of



A Girl Had Come Up Behind Them.

that, I would. There couldn't be any happiness in such a marriage. Never!" She went back among the guests, but the words of the two gossips were whizzing through her brain and tugging at her heart.
The elder of the two, the one who had spoken first, she knew, and the woman met her as though she had been her dearest friend. Grace made no difference in her response. After all, it might be all true, and we can't expect too much of the ordinary human creature. Grace was not of the ordinary. She was a girl who thought, who had high aspirations, and who believed that life need not be plodding and commonplace, which would account for the woman of low level not seeing anything in her.
The next evening she said to young Fleming: "I thought that contestant's claim was settled, but it seems not. I may never get that money."
"Well, money is a good thing to have," he said. "For your sake I hope you get it; but if you don't we can worry along on my salary, can't we?"
"I could—and I wouldn't worry," she laughed.
Whereupon Bert's answer was to take her face between his hands and kiss her eyes and smiling mouth.
It seemed while he was with her she could never again let a doubt of him enter her mind. But the next day it came at times with a little stinging pain.
Bert brought to see her an old friend, a college chum, Jack Fisher by name. He had lately entered the law firm that was administering the will of which she was one of the heirs. He became interested in the girl and called occasionally on a pretext of business. On one of these occasions Grace told him what she had overheard at the tea. She wondered the next moment why she had made a confidant of this man. But she was beginning to be overwrought, well-nigh obsessed with the idea that Fleming might be influenced by the little legacy, and she must have some proof of his real devotion. It was so easy to make pretensions.
Fisher stood up stoutly for his friend.
"Bert isn't that sort," he protested. "I'd bank on him any time. Why, he just thinks you're the only one in the world. You're some girl to him."
She gave him a little pleased, grateful look.
"I couldn't believe there was anything that wasn't strong, fine and sincere about him," she said. "But, you see, I can't believe I'm the least bit of

a wonderful girl, or that anyone could see—"

"There!" he broke in. "You're getting morbid! That cat of a woman has got you wuzzy. Cut it out!"

The advice, if slangy, was good, and Grace tried to follow it, but Jack Fisher, being an observant person, could see, as he expressed it, that "it got in on her." He was also becoming aware of a fact which promised some rather painful complications. He could not disguise to care more for Grace than was compatible with loyalty to his friend. Then commenced the struggle between desire and renunciation, reason and sophistry, the angel and the devil which is in every human creature.

One evening Fisher came in on the two in Grace's home. He looked troubled, and seemed to try to cover it by rattling on in a superficial way. Finally he said: "It's not exactly pleasant to have to tell you why I came; but you see I'm right there in the office, and I get things before outsiders, clients, or others, and I thought it was up to me to—"

"For heaven's sake out with it! Don't keep us guessing!" cried Fleming.
"Well, the case has gone against you, Miss Perry. It doesn't look as though they would allow you a cent."

She looked blankly at him, then she said quietly: "Well, I suppose I shall go on living."

"I guess so," said Fleming.
"Please don't let on to anyone I've told you," he added. "It wouldn't do to have them know I had spoken before you were notified from the office; but I thought I ought to tell you." And, making an excuse of an engagement, he took his departure.

Two days after this, Fisher called Grace on the telephone and asked if she would see him. On receiving an affirmative answer he lost no time in getting there.

"Well," he asked, coming directly to the point, "how are things between you and Bert? How did he take the news? You have confided in me—and I have a right to know."

"Yes," she answered, "you have. You were right about Bert. You can bank on him every time. I am humiliated, ashamed to think I harbored those ideas for a minute. Oh, he was so dear about it! What do you think? He insists on the wedding taking place right away—at least in about a week. He says he wants to take me away somewhere to get the disappointment off my mind."

"That's like him," said the man. "I would always have thought that. But, to tell the honest truth, when it came to this affair—when you began to have doubts—perhaps they somehow lodged in my mind—I began to have them, too. And—well, I might as well make a clean breast of it—I began to care so much for you myself—I couldn't bear to think you might be going to a man who wasn't worthy of you. I had to know. I had to see him proved."

She looked at him with growing amazement.

"Why, I never dreamed that you—What do you mean—that you had to see him proved?"

"It wasn't true, not a word of that news I brought. The money is yours all right. But I tell you I had to know. Good old Bert! He deserves you! I wish him—joy!"

There was a break in his voice, and he turned quickly to go, but she caught at his hand, pressing it warmly.

"You are a real friend," she said. "Bert will want you to be his 'best man.'"

Wisdom of the Donkey.

A donkey can learn wisdom from experience. Thales was a Greek philosopher of old times, and he had a very philosophical mule. This humble creature, without pride of ancestry or hope of posterity, was employed in carrying salt from the place where it was used. The intelligent donkey made the journey back and forth alone. One day, in crossing the stream, which had been swollen by rains, he found the salt in the bags on his back, becoming soaked with the water, leaked out, making the wet sack much lighter to carry than the dry load of salt. The next load he carried, he waded in where the water was deep, and unloaded himself again. He kept this up until his owner set a watch over him, and found him wandering about the bed of the stream trying to find a pool deep enough to relieve him of his load of salt. Here is where the wisdom of animals becomes foolishness to men. They put a couple of sacks of wool upon his back, and this, absorbing water, loaded him heavier. Here the mule gave up his fight with mankind.

A Justifiable Blow.

Ever punctual himself, King George III expected similar punctuality in others. Lord Hertford knew and respected his royal master's wishes. So one day, when he had an appointment at Windsor for twelve o'clock, he was overwhelmed at hearing the clock strike the noon hour just as he was passing through the hall. Furious at being a minute late, he raised his cane and smashed the glass of the clock's face. The king, knowing nothing of the episode, let him off with a slight reprimand.

The next time that the earl called on the king, however, he was received less graciously.

"Hertford," said his majesty, "how came you to strike the clock?"

"The clock struck first, Your Majesty," was Hertford's immediate rejoinder.

The aptness of the speech and the mock solemnity of the culprit in delivering it won the king's laughter and forgiveness.—Youth's Companion.

When in Doubt Choose Taffeta



"When in doubt, choose taffeta," for everywhere fashion decrees it the ideal silk for afternoon suits and frocks and for the simpler evening dresses. By virtue of the fabric a simple suit of taffeta is more formal and dressy than a plain cloth suit and all the chances are that it will cost less in time and money, to make it. In addition to these advantages there is the matter of color to be considered. Colors that verge on the insipid in materials that lack luster, are wonderfully attractive in taffeta.

There never was a material that the home dressmaker can handle more easily or one that lends itself better to the making of trimmings. The pretty suit of taffeta shown in the picture illustrates all these advantages which account for the perennial popularity of this long and well-loved silk. It is a simple model with several distinguishing touches that rescue it from the commonplace in designing.

The skirt is straight, hanging from a plain, broad girde of the silk which fastens at the side. It is finished at

the bottom with a ruching of the taffeta having a pleat edge. This ruching tends to make the skirt flare, but its ambition in that direction is held in check by a narrow grosgrain ribbon that is threaded through slashes in the silk, just above the ruching. This apparently helps the skirt from departing from the straight and narrow way of new skirt fashions. The ribbon matches the silk in color.

The bottom of the blouse, or coat, whichever you choose to call it, is encouraged to stand off from the figure by the ruching. It attains by this means the wide hip effect which fashion permits to those who find it becoming. The coat is finished with a deep cape collar, trimmed with ruching, and a baggy pocket at each side. It is confined at the waist with a girde of taffeta with looped-over ends at the front.

A white collar of some kind appears to be always in the mind of those who create styles in taffeta suits or dresses. The collar may be of white crepe or organdie or even of heavier fabrics.

Exposition of Midsummer Blouses



The exposition of blouse fashions for summer is completed, with great credit deserved by those who launch the styles. Unless the unexpected happens, nothing new will be added to it and certainly nothing is needed. Indications point to all white in midsummer styles as preferred over blouses in vivid colors that captivated us all when they made their appearance for spring. But, even so, all white may divide honors with pale colors and combinations of color, in fabrics so sheer that they will look cool in any shade.

Anyway, the dainty, white blouse will always be a safe choice for any season. Nothing exceeds it for elegance and therefore it cannot lose the allegiance of women. For midsummer wear it is made in silk and cotton materials mainly, but fine sheer linen always figures among high priced models in the most authoritative displays.

A blouse of fine, cotton voile and one of crepe de chine chosen as representative of two good styles, are shown in the picture. Each shows pretty new touches—where experience of the season's tendencies lead us to look for them—in the sleeves and collar. These models are commendable from every standpoint.

The blouse of fine voile is made with two wide and a group of three narrow tucks at each side of the front and has a plain back. The rather full, plain sleeves are gathered into a deep cuff, having a panel of embroidered voile set in lengthwise. All seams are hemstitched and there was never anything of greater decorative importance than this hemstitching. The collar is cut in a deep, square cufe at the

back and is extended into long tabs over the shoulder and narrow, square revers at the neck. A dainty pattern in embroidery appears on the revers, tabs and cape and narrow, heavy lace edging makes the finish for edges.

The tailored blouse of crepe de chine is so plain that it hardly needs description. Deep, two-piece cuffs flare at the wrists and large pearl buttons take care of the fastenings. Smaller buttons are used to make a consistently tailored finish for the collar and cuffs.

Julia Bottomley

The Military Touch.

Smart little cone-shaped bunches of red and yellow wrinkled berries are pointed toward the heavens about the crown tip of a boat-shaped red milan turban. Gray novelty braid is made into a military turban with the high front turned back from the face and a sort of chain arrangement across the base in the front, wrapped in gray metalized ribbon and connected at either side to the back by bands of grayorgette.

Steel beads are used for a smart ornament with a high spike of jet coming from the center and this is posed on a military turban of black-and-white novelty straw with the crown tip of white getrette.

Buttermilk Cleans Sponges.

Sponges that are sticky and clogged with soapy water may be cleaned by soaking for 24 hours in buttermilk; rinse thoroughly under the tap, first in warm, then in cold water; dry in a current of air.

THE KITCHEN CABINET

Let us question the thinkers and doers. And hear what they honestly say. And you'll find they believe, like bold woera In "where there's a will, there's a way."

ECONOMY IN CAKE MAKING.

We are slowly coming to realize that other fats besides butter may be used and result in a successful cake. Another idea seems to prevail that milk is another essential; water, coffee, fruit may all be used to take the place of milk. Of course where milk is abundant there is no excuse for the economy, but with milk ten and even fifteen cents a quart the expense may be saved.

The tedious process of creaming the butter and sugar is not necessary for an every-day cake; the fat may be warmed, not melted, then it mixes quickly; the whites beaten and added first, the whites folded in at the last. Another and still shorter cut is performed in the following manner—beat the eggs with the sugar, add flour and other ingredients used and stir in the melted butter or fat at the last, then give the cake a good beating and see what a tasty fine-grained cake you have with little time expended.

When using any fat instead of butter, salt must be added to bring out the flavor. Pastry flour is smoother in texture than bread flour and cakes and pastry made from it are fine-grained and better texture. It does not need the many siftings which bread flour seems to require.

Fats skimmed from the tops of soups is vegetables have not been cooked in it, drippings from roasts and chicken fat are all good fats to use in cake making. When the fat is melted and added last, the cake should not be stirred much until after the fat is added, then give it a good beating, by stirring before, it seems to toughen the texture.

Pastry Cake.—Three eggs, one cupful of powdered sugar, three tablespoonfuls of sour cream, two cupfuls of flour, (two tablespoonfuls or less if you use bread flour), one teaspoonful of allspice, two teaspoonfuls of cinnamon, a cupful of cooked, finely cut prunes, half a teaspoonful of soda and three-fourths of a cupful of melted butter added at the last, then give a good beating.

To do our own thinking, listening quietly to the opinions of others, but to be sufficiently men and women, to act always upon our own convictions.—Creed of the Open Road.

A FEW LOW COST DISHES.

To reduce the meat bill combine vegetables with meat and cook them together in various ways, this saves the meat as a small portion with a generous helping of vegetables supplies a good main dish.

Hungarian Goulash.—Seven people may be well served with this recipe: Take a pound of lean veal, half a pound of lean beef, three tablespoonfuls of drippings or olive oil, one large onion, three cupfuls of boiling water, one teaspoonful of paprika, 12 potato balls, six small button onions, six carrot balls, six turnip balls, one teaspoonful of salt, one bay leaf, one clove, four tablespoonfuls of flour, half a pint of water, and one chopped chill pepper. Slice the onion and brown it in the fat, remove the onion and add the meat cut in small pieces, brown these well, remove the meat to a casserole, add paprika and water, cover the dish and place in the oven. Fry the potato, carrot, turnip and onion balls in hot fat, add them to the meat after it has simmered an hour and a half. Add salt, pepper, cloves, bay leaf and flour mixed with cold water, pour this into the casserole and stir until smooth, add the pepper with a cupful of boiling water. Cover and let simmer for another hour and a half. Serve from the casserole.

Cornish Pasties.—Cut half a pound of mutton into small pieces; add half a pound of peeled diced potatoes, one chopped onion, one teaspoonful of chopped parsley, half a teaspoonful of salt and a quarter of a teaspoonful of pepper and two tablespoonfuls of water. Roll out thin a plain pastry, cut it in large rounds and place a heap of the mixture in the center, wet the edges, press together and crimp with the fingers. Brush each over with a beaten egg and bake in a hot oven for three-quarters of an hour. Serve hot.

Spanish Codfish.—Parboil a cupful of shredded codfish; melt two tablespoonfuls of butter, add a chopped onion and two cupfuls of tomatoes, fry for five minutes. Stir in one tablespoonful of flour, then add a cupful of water or stock, a tablespoonful of chopped parsley and a little pepper. Cook slowly for ten minutes, add the codfish and simmer for thirty minutes. Serve hot on buttered toast.

Any mixture of meat rolled up and tied in cabbage leaves, then cooked for an hour or more makes a delicious dish and adds variety.

Sour milk which has been allowed to sour unskimmed, if sprinkled with nutmeg and brown sugar makes a most palatable dessert.

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Antediluvian Optimism. "It's going to be a terrible deluge," remarked Japhet.

"Yes," replied Noah. But we're lucky in having a good clean ocean ahead of us and no submarines in it."

FRECKLES

Now Is the Time to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots.

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as the prescription ointment—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots. Simply get an ounce of ointment—double strength—from your druggist, and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than one ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and give a beautiful clear complexion.

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Takes Less Time Occasionally. The Highbrow (thoughtfully)—The tide moves a lot in 20 years.

The Lowbrow (who got stung on a suburban land scheme)—It moved mine overnight.—Puck.

Pa's Fun. "What is your father's favorite amusement?" "Joshing ma, I guess."

Chickens are long in coming out of unlad eggs.

A well-bred dog goes out when he sees that he is to be kicked out.

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