

His Real Love

Somebody began singing Tosti's "Good-by" and Denny Dubois looked around the club ballroom at the rapt expression on the women's faces. They were certainly sentimental creatures. Even the chaperons, old ladies with snow-white hair and diamond collars around their throats to hide the tell-tale traces of the fingers of time, had dreamy, far-away expressions as if they looked back across the years of youth-time and love-time, when all their world was young. Now, men were sensible, he reflected. They lived each day as it came. To be reminiscent about sentimental things was foolish; to stir up vague, half-forgotten dreams was suicidal to contentment. There was Phillipa Barton openly wiping her eyes. Everybody knew that she had loved Ben Andrews and had married old Smithson for his hundred thousand a year. Why did she allow herself to think of Ben, wondered Denny, savagely, trying not to pity her.

"Good-by to Summer," rang the mellow young voice of the tenor; "good-by, good-by."

Quite suddenly something in the old melody, like the hand of a magician, drew back the curtain of the years, and Denny saw Jane Hamilton as she had looked on that last night he had seen her. His eyes had a vacant, far-away look, and he leaned forward in his chair as if he were trying to discern the figures in his life's drama, a little more clearly.

"What are we waiting for, oh, my heart, Kiss me straight on the brow, We part!"

He smiled as he thought of his mouth on the fresh young lips of the girl he had loved too well. Ah, how he had loved her!

"Good-by to hope—"

Memory snapped the cord that had lighted once more the days of his youthful love. Bah, he thought! Romance and idle dreams were for the mentally deficient. He would play the game like a true sportsman, with no regrets for the might-have-been issues of life.

He saw the pretty little Davenant girl across the room and started to speak to her. She was evidently watching him, for she was smiling at him in her eager, happy way. Then unexpectedly, he came face to face with Jane Hamilton.

As usual, she was the first to recover herself. He had always taken a certain amount of grim satisfaction in the knowledge that she had loved him and had suffered as much as he did when they parted.

"How are you? Have you this dance—with anybody? I can give it to you." She held out a bit of gold-edged paper.

"Of course you will give this dance to me," he heard himself saying against his will. Then with his arm around her, the fragrance of her beauty wafted him back again to heights he had dared to climb but failed to reach. He guided her through a long French window out on a little balcony that overlooked the river, bright as a silver ribbon in the moonlight. It was just there that he had told her he loved her, before time had stretched a weary length of years between them.

"Denny," she said softly, "I have wondered so many times about you, how you were, and if"—her voice broke a little, "if you were happy!"

He turned toward her eagerly. She had remembered, too. "A man must live each day as it comes," he said philosophically, not caring to commit himself. "You are still beautiful," he said, feeling that such homage was due her.

"Have you missed me much?" she whispered, and he found himself representing the warm touch of her hand on his. In the old days, she had been as elusive as the light on far-away hills. Perhaps she loved him and wanted him to know! "I have been miserable," she volunteered. "Life paid me back for mistreating you, Denny. Of course you have heard that I am free again—the divorce was granted last month."

"Divorce?" Somehow, he could not associate clinging, sweet little Jane Hamilton with the sordid grind of a courtroom and lawyers with their intimate questions of life. "Poor child!" he said quietly.

"I just couldn't stand it. He was so jealous, he watched me all the time. I tried and tried to gain grounds for a suit, but he was clever and outwitted me at every turn. And then, oh, Denny," she sighed audibly, "I made up my mind to give him grounds for divorce—and I succeeded."

"He sued you for divorce?" Denny could not believe it. "On what grounds?" he demanded.

"I don't want to talk about it. Denny, dear," she said, bending so near him that he caught the fragrance of the perfume in her hair. "It was all horrid, but I am free now, free as air." "On what ground did he sue," persisted Denny.

"There was a lawyer, quite a good friend of mine, and he helped me. We went around together and I appeared to be in love with him so that—oh, you

know how criminal circumstantial evidence can be—"

"Yes," said Denny so quietly that she looked at him intently.

"Be a dear and come to see me soon! I have apartments in the Valencia. Who is the good-looking, big blond in the doorway? Let's stroll over that way. I think that I would like to meet him."

Denny introduced them and fled. So life had done that to little Jane Hamilton! And her image in his heart had kept him—

The little Davenant girl was talking to a young fellow but her eyes were searching the room with a youthfully hopeful look. They came to rest on Denny and she smiled a welcoming smile that might mean anything. The orchestra began Aloha-Oe and Denny danced right away with her.

They danced around the room and then, steering her carefully away from that fateful gallery, he led her into a little alcove, screened in with palms and flowers. Her little hand trembled in his. She was childishly happy because he had come back to her. The glow in her eager blue eyes kindled a spark in his heart.

"I love you," he whispered and put into the world-old declaration the fervor of maturity. "Will you marry me, dear?" She shyly consented, all her warm young heart quivering in her lips as she lifted them. "I am going to help Life take care of you," he vowed, with deep conviction. "Oh, little sweet heart, I want to keep you always as you are tonight."—A. Maria Crawford in the Chicago American.

Sea as Source of Hides.

A representative of the United States Bureau of Fisheries has undertaken the work of bringing about closer co-operation among fishermen, tanners, and manufacturers in the use of skins of aquatic animals in the production of leather. The bureau will lend all possible assistance in the development of this industry. Wilmington, Del.; Newark, N. J.; New York, Boston, and various other points have been visited for the purpose of getting in touch with tanners who are prepared to take hold of this work energetically. As demands for the raw products develop, visits will be made to the fishing centers for the purpose of interesting fishermen to save and market skins.

The bureau of fisheries recently had an opportunity to examine some additional samples of leather tanned from fishskins, which indicate that considerable progress is being made in the tanning of these products.

Our Real Army.

The Hoosier Limited was speeding northward past many of Indiana's beautiful cornfields. A traveler chanced to be reading a recent editorial in The News on our country's bumper corn crop, which set forth the importance of this crop in defeating the enemy. By his side sat a little girl, singing in happy, child fashion her own compositions concerning what she saw out of the window. The phrase, "Soldiers straight and tall," caught the traveler's ear and he turned from his paper to see with his companion's eyes.

"Where are the soldiers?" he asked.

"There," said the little one. "I call the corn soldiers and those," pointing to the grain shocks, "are the tents."—Indianapolis News.

FLASHLIGHTS

The trouble with an imitation is that it merely advertises the worth of the original.

People dress differently, and talk differently, and walk differently, but when it comes to wanting the best in life for their wives and children we're all the same.

About the only time some folks tell the truth is when it is disagreeable.

The reason a woman would really like to have everything she wants today is because she knows that the styles would change tomorrow.

Oatmeal Blanc Mange.

To make oatmeal blanc mange pour a pint of water and a half a teaspoonful of salt into a double boiler. When the water is beginning to boil slowly sprinkle into it a teaspoonful of rolled oats and let it boil for three minutes. Then let it steam for six hours and strain. Add to it a half-pint of scalded milk, sweeten to taste, flavor with vanilla and stir over the fire for a few minutes. Whip up two eggs and add to it, then pour into wet-cold molds and set in a cold place to harden.

Promotion Slow.

"Your son is in the navy?"

"Yes, but it's slow progress; five years, and still a sub-marine."—Christian Register.

SPARE TEARS FOR THE RICH

Should Anyone Have the Idea That Their Troubles Are Not Real, Let Them Read This.

Apropos of the food conservation drive, a dialogue overheard in one of the exclusive small shops on Fifth avenue, New York, is rather significant:

Said the first woman anxiously: "I don't know what I shall do with my poor little Pekingese. He doesn't seem to be able to eat anything. I buy him the very finest cuts of beef and lamb and chicken, but he won't touch a thing."

"I had the same difficulty," replied her friend. "The hot weather was so terrible that my little darling completely lost his appetite, but I tried dipping his little biscuits in cream, and then he was able to take them."

"Isn't it dreadful," said the first, "and with the prices of everything so high, too, and the government telling us to save food for the soldiers and for those poor people abroad. Do you know, just to feed my little dog alone costs me \$60 a month. His appetite is so delicate that he won't eat anything but the most expensive things."

"I know," said the other, with a sigh. "It's really dreadful. I don't see how we possibly can economize when everything costs so much."

HEROIC TREATMENT



Jimmy—Well, I might like to go back to school as well as Earle Evans does if you'd trained me as his mother trained him.

Mother—How was that?

Jimmy—She licked him every day so he'd be glad to go back.

Improved Magnifying Glass.

The newest magnifying glass is typical of that class of inventions which, without embodying any new principle, combine several old ones so effectively as to produce new results. This magnifying glass has a lens for each eye, thus permitting a stereoscopic vision, superior to the flat field produced by a single lens. The twin lenses are fastened to the head so that both hands are free. On the forehead above the glasses a small flashlight with a reflector is fastened, making a miniature searchlight to play on the object in hand. In surgery, research and delicate mechanics the new glass promises to prove a great convenience.

War the Leveler.

One of the many results of the war in England is an agitation for the abolition of class distinctions on the railroads and a change to a system similar to that followed in the United States and Canada. It is urged that the new plan would be an economic measure in view of the shortage of coal, as at present the third-class coaches are nearly always overcrowded while the first-class coaches seldom carry more than a few persons. Commercial travelers, who suffer severely from the higher rates now charged on the railroads and from the abolition of the week end tickets, are active in the movement.

Sour Milk Griddlecakes.

One and one-fourth cupfuls of thick sour milk, two eggs (well beaten), salt, tablespoonful melted butter, one even teaspoonful soda sifted with one and a half cupfuls flour. Sift three times, add a little nutmeg, about one tablespoonful of molasses, or just enough so the cakes will cook nice and brown. Grease griddle with a piece of clear fat pork. Do not make batter too thick, as the thinner the batter the better the cakes. Try one and then you can tell if they are either too thick or too thin. These are fine if made right. They must be eaten at once.

Lemon in Pie Crust.

When making pie crust or any kind of pastry put in a little lemon juice. This will kill the taste of lard and make the crust exceedingly light and flaky.

Didn't Get a Chance.

Edith—Did you tell the girls at the tea party that secret I confided to you and Molly?

Dolly—No, Molly got there first.

Electrolyzed Sea Water.
Electrolyzed sea water possesses powerful antiseptic qualities, and an apparatus has been devised by which it can be treated and used on ship-board to keep the vessel thoroughly clean.

Coins Wear Away.
By mere waste, caused by coins rubbing one against another, the civilized world loses one ton and a quarter of gold and 85 tons of silver annually.

Doesn't Produce Results.
"A hopeful disposition is mighty fine," said Uncle Eben. "But it doesn't give you no license to sit down an' loaf till your hopes come out."

Had Enough o' That.
MacDonogh (to fourth wife)—The meenster dinna approve o' my marryin' again. But I tellt' him I canna be aye buryn', buryn'.

Concerning Advice.
Advice is like snow; the softer it falls the longer it dwells upon and the deeper it sinks into the mind.—Coleridge.

Then It Becomes Clear.
"We often wonder," remarks an exchange, "how many folks make a living until we have a bill against them."—Boston Transcript.

The Daily Thought.
In prosperity prepare for a change; in adversity hope for one.

The Souvenir McKinley Gold Dollars

Early in 1916 Congress authorized the coinage of one hundred thousand souvenir gold dollars in commemoration of the erection of the McKinley Birthplace Memorial and for the purpose of aiding in defraying the cost of completing the work. The coins bear McKinley's likeness on the obverse and a representation of the Memorial on the reverse side. As Mr. Butler describes them: "The coinage is unique and rare, exemplifying the unostentatious intelligence of the owner of the souvenir, as well as his or her reverence for the great things in American history." When these 100,000 are distributed, no more will be coined; this fact alone will add value to their possession, and that value will increase as the years go on.

On display in the window of

COOK The Optometrist
Eye Sight Specialist

Make Advertising a Study and You Will Soon be Among the Leaders

OPPENHEIMER
Superior
CLOTHES

Insurance Clause—
Every OPPENHEIMER garment is inspected rigidly and then offered for sale with ABSOLUTE GUARANTEE against any defect of any kind whatsoever. Should the slightest irregularity be discovered the makers will correct it without account, quilting, or delay.

Oppenheimer Clothes are Good Clothes

Business and professional men and in fact all men who *must* dress well find that Oppenheimer Clothes give them the quality and the style they require, without the hindrance of high prices. The roominess of the Coat here illustrated suggests genuine comfort. It is a coat suitable for all uses and is one of the most popular of all Oppenheimer models.

Suits, \$15 to \$30. Overcoats \$15 to \$35. Trousers, \$2.50 to \$6.

M. OPPENHEIMER & CO.
WHOLESALE EXCLUSIVELY
115-123 Seventh Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.