

COMBINATIONS THAT GO WELL IN THE SUMMER

Hot Stewed Chicken and Cold Salad Are Always So Recommended—Some Suggestions That Are Worth Remembering

A hot stew and a cold salad make a good combination for the summer months. The stew is a useful dish for the disposal of leftover scraps of meat, fish, etc.

Tomato Toast—Heat a piece of buttered toast, grate a few slices of tomatoes, one tablespoonful of tomato, salt, pepper and a dash of onion. Melt the butter and add the tomato (either chopped or fresh juice), then the grated tomatoes, with a dash of salt. The filling may be varied, but definitely use the arrangement described upon any tomato toast.

Ham Toast—Since a little leftover ham is very palatable, warm it in a pan with a very little butter. Add a little onion and a dash of pepper. When hot pile on the ham, buttered toast. Any leftover scraps of ham or meat may be used in a similar way and make a very satisfactory breakfast.

Sardine Savories—Sardines, one-half pound, green pepper, 1/2 cup, salt, and butter, 1/2 cup. Wash the sardines and lay them on a dish. Chop the white of the egg into fine pieces and rub the yolk through a strainer. Chop the parsley and dill and mix with the sardines with a dash of salt. The sardines and also chopped parsley. Season with pepper and salt.

Pyrexia Savories—These make a meal when served with a celery salad. Six ounces of sardines, three slices of bacon, fried in butter, one-half cup of onion, the yolk of the egg, the white of the egg, and also chopped parsley. Season with pepper and salt.

Uses of Pineapple Juice. The juice left from the pineapple is a valuable liquid during the summer season to impart flavor to such things as fruit, or the pulp of a piece of pineapple added to the water in which the fruit is being washed. It is also a valuable flavor. For making the pineapple is often put in a glass bottle or other bottle, run through a choker, and then added to the water in which the fruit is being washed. It is also a valuable flavor. For making the pineapple is often put in a glass bottle or other bottle, run through a choker, and then added to the water in which the fruit is being washed.

Banana Cake. Make an one-cup cake, or better still make a sponge cake and bake in round tins, two layers. Add banana cake and butter with the sugar. Bake in two layers, another layer of cake on first and cover again with bananas and cream.

Pineapple Cake. Mix one egg, half a cup of butter, three-quarters of a cup of sugar, three-quarters of a cup of milk, one and a half teaspoons baking powder and two and a half cups of flour. Bake in two layers, another layer of cake on first and cover again with pineapple.

Dumplings That Never Fail. Two cups of flour, two heaping teaspoons of baking powder, one-half teaspoon of salt and one cup of sweet milk. Stir and drop in small spoonfuls into plenty of water, in which mark is boiling. Cook for five or ten minutes, then put over on and boil ten minutes longer. These are very fine with either beef or chicken.

Rhubarb Custard. Stew about one and a half pounds rhubarb in one cupful of water for a soft consistency of one pink milk, two eggs, half cup sugar and one tablespoonful cornstarch in a double boiler. Cook until thick, then pour custard over the rhubarb. Rhubarb is much better stewed in double boiler, too, using a water bath.

Four Cream Dressings. One-half pint of cream, two table-spoonfuls lemon juice, one table-spoonful sugar, one table-spoonful pepper, one table-spoonful mustard. Beat the cream until it is light and thick; add the other ingredients. Sweet cream may be substituted if desired.

Fact Not Generally Known. Contrary to general belief, the fishes in the Wood were not innocent. They were actually the cause of the hills of County Wicklow, Ireland, many years ago.

GEORGE BARR MCDUTCHON ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

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SYNOPSIS

In the New York home of James Brood, his son, Frederic, receives a wireless message from his father, who has been arrested. Brood, the housekeeper, and the other household members are all surprised by the news. Brood is arrested on an immediate home-coming. Brood and his wife, Lydia, are both surprised by the news. Brood is arrested on an immediate home-coming. Brood and his wife, Lydia, are both surprised by the news.

CHAPTER XIII—Continued.

Lydia resolved to take the plunge. Now was the time to speak plainly to this woman of the thing that was hurting her almost beyond the limits of endurance. Her voice was rather hoarse and pitched. She had the fear that she would not be able to control it.

"It should be blind not to have observed the cruel position in which you are placing Frederic. Is it surprising that your husband has eyes as well as ears?"

"I do not want to hurt Frederic," murmured Yvonne. "I am sorry."

"You are hurting him dreadfully," said Lydia, suddenly choking up with emotion.

"No, I do not," pronounced the girl flatly. "If I could only think that of it I would explain everything and I should know just how to treat you. But I do not think it of it."

"You are a wise young woman to know men so well," said the other dramatically. "I have never believed in St. Anthony."

"Nor I," said Lydia, and was surprised at herself.

"Do you consider me to be a bad woman," Lydia? Her lips trembled. There was a suspicious quiver to her chin.

moment of indecision. "I will come tomorrow." Then she blurted out and out of the house, downstairs that she had failed Frederic in his hour of greatest need, that tomorrow would be too late.

Frederic did not come in for dinner until his father had returned. He had gone from the house. He did not inquire for them, but instructed Jones to say to the old gentlemen that he would be pleased that Lydia might be seen if they could allow him the time to "change." He also told Jones to open a single bottle of champagne and to place it on the table.

Later on Frederic made his announcement to the old men. In the fever of an excitement that caused him to forget that Lydia might be seen if they could allow him the time to "change." He also told Jones to open a single bottle of champagne and to place it on the table.

"I am thinking of Mrs. Brood, but of Frederic. Why have you not said this admirable thing to her?" "I did not realize what it would mean to him," said the other, despondently. "I did not open my mouth."

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ticket of admission, however, and lined up with others who were content to stand at the back to witness the play. Inside the theater he leaned over the railing at the back of the auditorium and looked at his brother. What was it that had dragged him there against his will, in direct opposition to his alleged determination to shun the place?

The curtain was up, the house was still, save for the occasional coughing of those who succumbed to a habit that could neither be helped nor avoided. There were people moving on the stage, but Frederic had no eyes for them. He was seeking in the darkness for the figure that he knew was somewhere in the big, tense throng.

The lights went up and the house brightened. Frederic's eyes scanned the aisles. He moved up to the railing again and resumed his eager scrutiny of the throne. He could not find them. The door was shut and the door of a limousine that had just pulled up to the curb.

Without a word, James Brood handed his wife into the car and then turned to the chauffeur.

"Home," he said, and without so much as a glance at Frederic, stepped inside. The door was slammed and the car rolled into the main street.

Yvonne had sunk back into a chair, huddled down as if suddenly deprived of all her strength. Frederic sat at the place of amusement, serenely enjoying themselves. The thought of it saddened him. And then, just as he was on the point of leaving out of the house, he saw them, and the blood rushed to his head so violently that he was almost blinded.

He caught sight of his father far down the street, the dark, half-obscured head of Yvonne. He could not see their faces, but there was no denying them for anyone else. He only marvelled that he had not seen them before, even in the semidarkness. They now appeared to be the only people in the theater; he could see no one else.

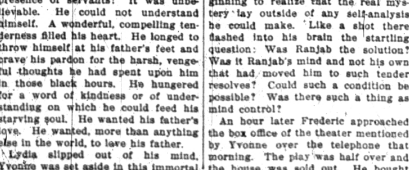
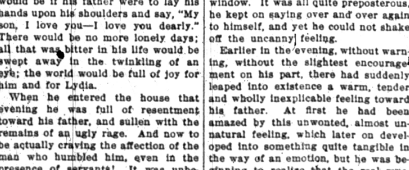
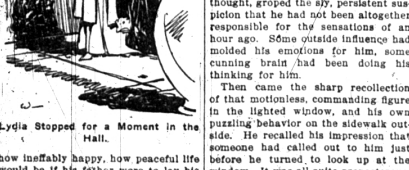
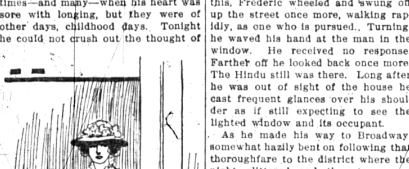
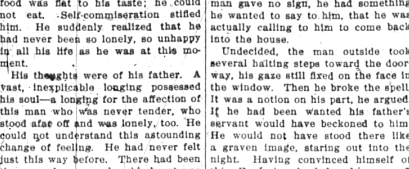
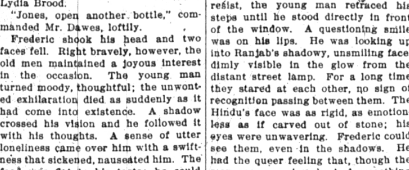
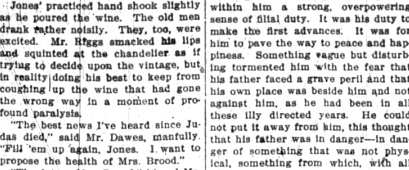
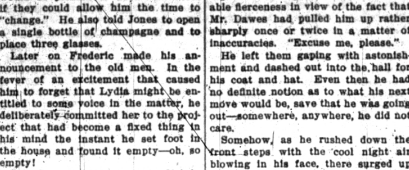
James Brood's fine, aristocratic head was turned slightly toward his wife, who, as Frederic observed after changing his position, was looking at him with a smile, apparently was relating something amusing to him. They undoubtedly were enjoying themselves. Once Frederic had looked back at his father's face, he saw that his father's face was as white as a sheet, and his eyes were staring.

Involutionally he glanced over his shoulder and the face of his heart that somewhere in the shifting throng of his gaze would light upon the face of Ranjab.

Long and intently his searching gaze went through the crowd, seeking the remote corners and shadows of the foyer, and a deep breath of relief came to him when he saw that the Hindu was still there. Long after he was out of sight of the house he cast frequent glances over his shoulder at the street window and its occupant.

As he made his way to Broadway, somewhat hastily bent on following that thoroughfare to the district where he might glimpse the stars and was ashamed, he began turning over in his mind a queer notion that had just suggested itself to him, fittingly and suddenly, as one who is pursued. Turning he waved his hand at the man in the window. He received no response.

He began what he called his "talk" to the spot where he stood concealed. He was actually by a certain sense of guilt, he decided to leave the theater as soon as he could.



KNOW IT HAD TO BE DONE

Rule in Mathematics Puzzled Farmer. Though He Recognized Necessity for Its Observance.

Being Young and Enthusiastic

the young man to enlarge upon the wonders of the distance. He would measure the distance between different planets and even weigh the planets; how we could forecast the coming of a comet or other objects in advance of its actual appearance.

What do you mean?

Inquired the prelate, turning round with a besugnant smile. The teeth bit beautifully. It is the first time I have found myself able to pronounce the Althausian creed with distinctness for these twenty years.

Hydrance to Progress

Nothing so blunders as in what we do, as in the longest after we think this; in so doing, we leave off tilling our own field, to drive the plow