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Mrs. E. J. Van Sant, Pres.
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The regular meeting of the Ladies
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on the second and fourth Tuesdays
of each month at 2:30 p. m., at the
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On the Box

By THOMAS R. DEAN

Years ago there were two men living in one of the great cities on the eastern coast of the United States who, though they were father and son, were chums. They were rich and ultra fashionable, which meant then something far different from what it would mean today. In those days the fashionable people of the land were refined and intelligent. Now to be ultra fashionable has a questionable sound. One may be ultra fashionable, yet devoid of ordinary breeding.

The two men referred to looked like gentlemen and acted like gentlemen. Shakespeare has described them in his words "to the manner born." They were always seen together on the street, and one looking at them would think them a pair of noblemen belonging to some lordly English estate. In society they were known as "Dombey & Son."

The father, who was a widower, drifted on, thinking that their companionship would last as long as they lived. What a shock, then, was it to him when his son announced to his father his engagement! The older man could not believe his senses. But when he learned that his son was to marry a girl with no fortune, that the young couple could not retain the position in society that their ancestors, the Van G.'s, had held for 200 years, his desolation was complete. He could not conceive of himself failing to appear at the functions he had from his youth been accustomed to attend, and to go to them without the companion who had always gone with him would be worse than not going at all.

The first quarrel the two had ever had followed. "You shall not marry," said the elder Van G., "unless you marry one of our set and one with sufficient fortune to enable you to keep up a position as a married man."

"I have asked a lady to be my wife," replied the son, "and I will not turn upon my invitation."

"Very well, then, you must shift for yourself." Harry Van G. married a lovely girl; but, since it would have required an income equal to his father's to take her in the society he had been used to going with, he did not attempt it. But this in comparison with the young couple's real condition was a bagatelle. They had nothing whatever to live on and sank rapidly into poverty.

The elder Van G., though it nearly broke his heart to go to functions without his double, chose what he considered the lesser of two evils and went. He saw nothing of his son—not that he blamed him or was angry with him, but that he considered Harry out of the chosen set who had composed society since colonial days and it would be contamination for him to associate with any one except the elect.

One day the elder Van G.—this was several years since he had parted with his son—stepped out of his club to a carriage that had been called for him. Elegantly dressed, as usual, his head covered with a shining silk hat, his feet with white spats, his hands with tan gloves and carrying a cane, he stood for a moment looking up and down the street, then went down to the cab. The coachman annoyed him, for instead of looking straight ahead of him he turned his face in the opposite direction.

Mr. Van G. got into the carriage and told the cabman to drive him to the home of a lady social leader. On arriving at the door some friends of the aristocrat happened to pass, and he stopped on the sidewalk to speak to them. When doing so he happened to cast his eye to the coachman and recognized his son. He was too well bred to show surprise or shock at even this contretemps. Nor did he in any way recognize the fact that his own offspring was his cabman. When his friends passed on he went into the house before which he stood and after making a call came out, directed the coachman to drive him to his home, tipped him and went inside.

The next day the same cab was called at the same club for the same man. On this occasion Mr. Van G. was dressed in his most ordinary costume. As he entered the cab without looking at his cabman he gave his directions as to where he wished to be driven.

The cabman started. He was directed to take his fare to his own humble domicile. He whipped up his horse with as much sang froid as if he had been directed to drive to a railway station, considering as he proceeded what he should do. It was evident that his father had recognized him and was going to see him and his wife, but what for he did not know. Harry and his wife lived in a small suit of rooms in a cheap flat-house. On reaching it his father without the least unbending said:

"Can you direct me to the rooms of Harry Van G.?"

"Certainly, sir," said the coachman, touching his hat respectfully, and he, leading him to his rooms, rang, and the door was opened by Mrs. Van G.

Once across the threshold, a marked change came over the visitor. Taking his son's hand in one of his own, his daughter-in-law's in the other, with wet eyes, he said:

"Come home, my dear boy and girl. I can stand this no longer. I shall give up society for you."

That ended the estrangement. The father was getting old and found more comfort at home than in society.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Buttermilk will insure much softer and lighter hot rolls than plain milk.

If a glass jar refuses to open set it top down in an inch or two of hot water.

When bacon is good and sweet the lean is firm and bright and the fat quite white.

Sandwiches made of chopped sweet peppers are delicious for the school lunch basket.

If potatoes are being cooked for salad boil them with the skins on. They will be less soggy.

If you want to keep fruit cake moist for a long time put a piece of bread in the tin box with it.

SUMMER GOWNS.

Suits and One Piece Costumes of Washable Materials.

Interest has been shown in suits of linens, rattines, eponges, novelty cords and other wash fabrics, says the Dry Goods Economist.

They are made on similar lines to those of the serge and gabardine suits, some showing the new long tunic skirt and others the simple tailored skirt with side front pockets.

The very short jackets are the best sellers, but new models with coatsails in the back are also being shown.

Perfectly plain, man tailored suits of linen or of crash are looked upon with



CRAPE GOWN.

favor and are expected to be good sellers during the hot weather.

Blue cotton crape was pleasing used in the creation of this attractive summer afternoon gown. A touch of sheerness was imparted to the gown by the vest of lace and organdie. Flowered crape was used for the cuffs and girdle. The tunic was embellished by a ripple bounce.

LARDED DANDELIONS.

Wash and cut up fine four pounds of dandelions and put them in a stew pan. At the same time beat an egg and add it to a large cup of cream, mixing the two on the tre until thickened. Then add a piece of butter the size of a nut, two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, salt and pepper to please. Turn this sauce on the leaves, mix and stir until they are tender. Serve garnished with little pieces of fried bacon. Of course this must mean that the greens are cooked before the sauce is added.

The One That Counted.

Her boy had just enlisted and she was sorely distressed, said the woman who saw. Her friends were trying to ease her mind with futile comparisons and hopeful assurances. "It won't last long and won't be very bad," they told her. "It just can't be. And what's four killed, or even a dozen or a score, to the gory wars of times gone by?"

"A score or even half a dozen's quite some!" she sighed and brushed away a tear. "You talk to me as a Russian crowd once talked to a mother," she continued vindictively. "It was during a Crimean war skirmish, and they were gathered round the newspaper bulletin to get the latest account of the engagement. A peasant woman was loudly bewailing the fearful slaughter. 'That's neither a slaughter nor is it especially fearful,' explained a pompous bystander. 'Why, there's hardly any one killed at all! Only one Cossack!' 'It was a fearful slaughter, wailed the woman, 'for that one Cossack was my Cossack!'"—New York Sun.

THE TELEPHONE ALWAYS ON GUARD

There is never a moment, day or night, when your Bell telephone is not a protection.

In the busy hours of the day or the silent watches of the night the switchboard operator is always ready to answer a call.

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More than 70,000 cities and towns are protected day and night by the Bell Telephone system. 7,500,000 Bell telephones are on guard. In thousands of rural communities it is the chief reliance in emergencies and times of danger.

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The Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Co.

Boys who are in the habit of killing song birds with air guns and slingshots are probably not aware that such sport is in violation of the state law, and any person who sees them kill a bird can have them arrested and fined for every offense.

It costs one dollar a gob to spit on the sidewalks in Chicago. The privilege should be no less valuable in our little city.

The religious man who goes about with a long face and his lip hanging down over his chin has mistaken a case of dyspepsia for a change of heart. The true Christian has a ready made smile always on tap and is glad in heart all the day long, from January 1 till the general judgment.

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To enable patrons of the Tidings to easily comply with this ruling this office has put in a supply of the standard sizes of butter paper and will print it in lots of 100 sheets and upward and deliver it by parcels post at the following prices:

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