

YOUTHFUL BLACK VELVET COATS; FITS FOOTWEAR TO THE COSTUME

COATS which express elegant mode through the medium of velvet are more and more making appeal to women of smart fashion. Paris is saying in regard to the velvet coat of youthful aspect, "black with a touch of color." Just how beautifully the thought may be worked out is demonstrated in this picture of a typically French velvet coat mode. The designer of this adorable garment elects to apply color to cuffs and pocket only, choosing natter blue suede cloth for the purpose. As if to call attention to the fact madam elaborates the scheme with myriads of scallops positioned row overlapping row. Which is a very clever and proper thing to do consid-

of fashion. But what if small fortunes be wafted away on beauty's feet; to attain sartorial perfection one must pay the price.

From Paris comes re-affirmation of the vogue for wearing matching leathers, preferably belts, bags and shoes. Colored suede, pigskin and baby calf are given particular mention, also reptile leathers worked up in combination with solid colors. The composite theme is gaining a momentum which forecasts for spring a vogue for fanciful footwear and accessories intriguingly interwoven with various leathers.

New-type footwear is strikingly illustrated in the smart sports shoes



Typical French Velvet Coat.

er-eg that one of fashion's commands this season is to the effect that pockets and cuffs on winter coats must be unique and interesting.

The prevalence of velvet in both day and evening attire becomes a matter of important style significance. Silhouetted against fashion's background are costumes of every genre from chic two-piece short-jacket suits to picturesque robes de style, not to mention daytime frocks of every type, also evening wraps of utmost elaborateness.

Special emphasis is placed on afternoon frocks of two-piece theme. These

in this picture. For their making, parchment kidskin is co-partnered with brown alligator.

Nothing in the way of a daytime dress shoe supersedes buckled colonialis. In fact, any type of footwear that can be worn with buckles is popular.

The mode declares a trend toward handsome black shoes as well as those of color. Those of ebony kidskin—the name Paris gives to dull-finished leather—are of foremost style prestige. The picture shows a typical French costume all in the fashionable black. Patou creates this daytime



Choice of Footwear Important.

usually have metal cloth or brocade tops with velvet skirts.

A development in present styling is plaited chiffon velvet. Skirts are often treated in rather small side plaits. Of course this evidences the fine suppleness of modern velvet.

A last moment item in fashion's report, is the use of white fur with black velvet. The revival of the white fox scarf is an interesting outcome of this new movement.

Relating of footwear to color and fabric of the costume is the expressed sentiment of the mode. To be sure, it is costing milder a pretty penny to live up to this new whim

frock of black rep, trimming it with a huge flat satin bow on the left side. Black shoes of ebony kidskin give to this costume the cachet of ultra-smartness. Last monotone black appear too somber for a young person, the flat thumb-strap bag has been selected in gray kid banded in snakeskin of the same tones, carrying out the gray of the hose and the light flecks in the fur piece.

Russian boots as shown in this picture are regarded by the younger element as quite the thing for daytime wear.

JULIA BOTTOBLEY.
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The Kitchen Cabinet

(© 1926, Western Newspaper Union.)
Who does his task from day to day,
And meets whatever comes his way,
Believing God has willed it so,
Has found real greatness here below.

THINGS THAT ARE LIKED

If you are fond of liver from any young animal, especially calf's liver, the following will be liked:

Liver Patties.—Scald a pound of liver and then grind it through a meat chopper with one-fourth of a pound of bacon and one onion. Season to taste and form into small cakes. Cook in a little hot fat, turning until both sides are well browned.

Liver Hot Pot.—Cut liver into slices a half-inch thick, soak in cold water a few minutes, then parboil in the water until the water just boils up. Drain, dry and lay in a saucepan, dredge with flour, season and cover with slices of bacon and sprinkle with chopped onion and a tablespoonful of chopped parsley. Cook at the simmering point well covered for an hour and a half. Serve with rolls of fried bacon.

Liver Rolls.—Cut one-half pound of calf's liver into slices and parboil five minutes; wipe each piece dry, lay a thin slice of bacon on each slice of liver; season with salt, pepper and nutmeg and roll up and fasten with a toothpick. Dredge with flour and fry until tender in hot bacon fat. Thicken the gravy, add a teaspoonful of catsup and a little lemon juice.

Liver Dumplings.—Chop half a pound of calf's liver, add a chopped onion, one tablespoonful of chopped parsley, salt, pepper and a dash of nutmeg. Mix with two well-beaten eggs and one tablespoonful of butter. Add enough fine bread crumbs to form balls and boil in soup stock. Serve with the soup.

Stuffed Liver.—Slice calf's liver and parboil it in a little boiling water. Soak six slices of bread in hot water 20 minutes, then squeeze dry. Mix the soaked bread with one-half teaspoonful of salt, a heaping teaspoonful of sage, two teaspoonfuls of bacon fat and one-fourth teaspoonful of pepper. Place a spoonful of the stuffing on each slice, fasten with skewer or toothpick and place the rolls in a buttered baking dish. Add one cupful of hot water and a spoonful of bacon fat, bake during the baking, which will take 45 minutes. Serve with bacon or salt pork.

Wild Duck With Turnips.—Cut up the birds into neat pieces for serving, slice one large onion and one carrot. Melt four tablespoonfuls of butter in a saucepan and put in the duck and vegetables; cook until nicely browned. Strain off the fat, add a cupful of stock and one bay leaf, place in the oven and roast one hour. Peel eight turnips, cut four of them into quarters and fry brown in hot butter, add them to the duck to finish cooking. Boil the other turnips in salted water until soft, then mash, add butter, cream, salt and pepper to season. Take up the duck, remove the fat and thicken with flour, pour over the duck and serve. Wild rice is a delightful accompaniment to wild duck.

Seasonable Sandwiches.
A tasty, well made sandwich is welcome at any meal and is especially nice for an afternoon or a late supper tidbit.

Cream Cheese Sandwich.—Rub to a thick paste one cream cheese, one tablespoonful of butter, the sifted yolks of two hard cooked eggs, season with salt, paprika and a few grains of cayenne. Spread the mixture between crisp saltines, butter thin or wafers. Serve with dinner salad.

Egg, Pepper and Sardine Sandwiches.—Chop fine four hard cooked eggs, add two tablespoonfuls of finely chopped green and red pepper, one tablespoonful of minced parsley, two tablespoonfuls of finely minced chives, or onion, or a bit of grated garlic. Drain a large can of sardines, remove the skins and bones and finely mince, add to the first mixture and toss with a fork until well mixed. Add a teaspoonful of salt, two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice and moisten with mayonnaise. Spread on white bread, cut sandwiches in triangles.

Nut Bread and Cream Cheese Sandwiches.—Work a cream cheese with cream to the consistency to spread. Season with salt, paprika and a pinch of cayenne. Add one-third of a cupful of seeded layer raisins. Spread thinly sliced cut meats with creamed butter. Spread half the slices with the cream cheese mixture. Put together in pairs and cut into triangles. Press a seeded raisin on the top side of each sandwich. Serve with tea.

Hot Toasted Cheese Sandwiches.—Cut white bread into thin slices, toast lightly on one side, cover the un-toasted side with a mild, soft cheese, sprinkle with cayenne, a bit of salt and set into a hot oven long enough to melt the cheese. Serve open on salad plates with lettuce and thousand island dressing.

These sandwiches are very good fried lightly in butter, using the bread untoasted and the cheese as filling.

After Bennington and Mrs. Meldrum left the house Meldrum and Tom went into the library. Meldrum threw himself into a large reclining chair under the lamp, and Tom sat on his haunches

TWO MEN, A WOMAN, AND A DOG

By BENJ. DE CASSERES
(© by Short Story Pub. Co.)

AT THE club Meldrum was always called the Sphinx—behind his back. To his face he was always Meldrum.

He was a silent, meditative man, with cold gray eyes, sensuous lips, a bulldog chin. He was worth a million or two or three, and never smoked nor drank. In business he was cold hard and dry, a "frozen proposition," in the jargon of the street. Shelley's poems were always in his desk. It was said also that he carried in his pocket a copy of the "Imitation." He knew Cellini from beginning to end. He admitted to forty-eight.

The Meldrums, at times, entertained lavishly. Mrs. Meldrum was considerably younger than her husband—just thirty, some said. Tall, dark, swiftest, quick of movement, low of voice, Beatrice Meldrum was considered a beauty. At least among men. Women admired her for her exquisite gowns.

"As happy as the Meldrums," was a little saying in the circles in which they moved, and their house on Riverside drive was the mecca of many troubled souls who aired their nothings to two imperturbable but sympathetic listeners. There were no children, but there was a third member of the household, Tom, the bull-terrier. He belonged to Meldrum and was his almost constant companion when alone.

"Whom is Meldrum talking to in the dining room?" Arthur Bennington, an old visitor to the house, asked Mrs. Meldrum one day.

"Oh," she laughed, "that's John talking to Tom. You know he has queer ideas on the subject of animals—especially dogs. He says that after they have lived with one person for a number of years they can understand everything that is said to them."

"Curious, but not an absurd theory," remarked Bennington.

"Very curious, and a little uncanny I think," replied Mrs. Meldrum, who turned nervously in her chair.

Arthur Bennington was blue-eyed and curly-haired; stood six feet, three inches, in his bare feet, and was just turning the corner of thirty-five. He could talk lingerie for an hour, was an all-around athlete, and five years before he knew anything about life he had written a sensational best seller. Happily for the reading public, an uncle died shortly after the book went into its fiftieth thousand. Bennington inherited about a million. He forewore the Muse, and became the most charming idler in his set. He had a pretty instinct for the wives of other men. The women liked him, and if it was sometimes whispered that his relations were not always according to the divine Plato, it was averred in extenuation that he was no Paolo.

Bennington and Beatrice Meldrum had known each other about a year. They were seen together in public quite often but discretion itself never hid under more veils than the actions of this charming pair. And then Meldrum always "happened in" at the right moment. He had the air of a curious looker-on at the open-air sports of Bennington and his wife. Did Meldrum love his wife? Only Beatrice could have replied to that. Meldrum himself would have been at a loss to say. It was, anyhow, a matter that concerned only themselves. It would be improper for us to look into the matter further.

As Meldrum came from the dining room, he extended his hand to Bennington in the usual cordial manner. Tom sniffed at the feet of Bennington, stood off two or three paces and looked at him ironically and knowingly. He did this regularly when he met Bennington, rejecting the latter's proffered pat by a polite and seemingly unconscious retreat. Mrs. Meldrum seldom got very far, either, with Tom. At most, he would lick her hand and then squat on the floor.

"Can you really talk with Tom, Meldrum?" asked Bennington, pursing his lips skeptically. At the mention of his name, Tom pricked up his ears.

"Well," laughed Meldrum, "I have a theory that I can. Dogs, like monkeys, have a language, and why shouldn't we learn it?"

"How far have you and Tom progressed?" asked Bennington, with just the shade of a sneer in his tone, which Meldrum did not catch, or, if he did, his face did not show it. Tom's eyes, however, shaded to a deep green. Beatrice looked curiously and negligently at all three.

There was a metallic ring in Meldrum's voice as he said, ambiguously enough:

"Why, we'll soon be on speaking terms."

in the shadow. One would have said Pluto and Cerberus. Hour after hour ticked away and Meldrum never moved. His face was lifeless, expressionless. His eyes were problems in moods. Was the sphinx playing with chimera or was it squeezing a rat in its paw?

Ten o'clock struck. Ah, yes, the supper at Rector's; he remembered. He looked at Tom who now lay stretched on the floor, one eye closed one eye on his master.

"Tom, watch, watch," he said solemnly, to the dog. He took from the table a picture of Beatrice and Bennington, and holding them close together before the eyes of Tom, repeated in a voice that had the muffled implacability of the measured fall of a sledge-hammer on a block of lead:

"Watch, watch, watch!"

Meldrum's eyes sank into Tom's eyes like fangs. The dog seemed to have stopped breathing. He was rigid, will-less. The word "watch" fell again and again from Meldrum's lips, while he continued to hold the two pictures in front of the dog's eyes which had a strange, wild, human sparkle. The spell broken, Tom ran distractedly around the room two or three times, then lay down panting at his master's feet.

Meldrum spent a great many of his evenings at the club, and usually Tom was left at home. Bennington came to the house as usual, but so did the Meldrums' other friends. Everything went along swimmingly—except for the fact—almost negligible in itself—that of late Meldrum chewed his perfectos instead of smoking them.

One evening, while the Meldrums were giving a dinner at home, they heard a great uproar in the library. Tom was known, in a general way, to be in that part of the house.

"Tom's got a burglar!" screamed Mrs. Meldrum.

"Be careful, Meldrum, don't go in without your gun," admonished Bennington.

The company had risen, their faces a mixture of fright and pleasurable expectation. The rumpus had suddenly stopped. With Meldrum leading, pistol in hand, they all pushed and craned toward the library, which Meldrum had left well lighted.

Opening the door cautiously and peering in, a somewhat ridiculous sight met the eye. Tom was squatted on his haunches on the chair next to the table breathing heavily. His lips were bleeding. The table, chair and floor were littered with glass, bits of cardboard and sections of picture frames.

Tom had destroyed, chewed, bitten, the pictures of Mrs. Meldrum and Bennington, and, incidentally, had smashed the lamp.

"Why, Tom's had a fit, I believe!" exclaimed Bennington, standing at a safe distance, however, from the bull-terrier. A tremor passed over the body of Beatrice. She rang for the maid, and had the mess cleaned up. The guests were greatly disappointed. No burglar; only the antics of a dog! Bah! Tom was marched to the rear to be patched up.

Meldrum smiled a queer smile and remarked, "Dogs will be dogs," an aphorism of such brilliancy and elasticity that it was remembered at the table for an hour after.

The Meldrums always spent the month of June at Atlantic City. They installed themselves with Tom in one of the large hotels overlooking the ocean, and dawdled their days away with the help of Bennington and some others. Bennington spent most of his afternoons in the ocean, and being an expert swimmer he had the expert swimmer's mania for doing the things that he should not do.

One afternoon, quite late, the Meldrums and Tom sat on the end of a pier looking at Bennington swimming around. The pier was remote and quite deserted at this hour. The one life guard stationed at the spot had gone in, and the bench was lifeless. The monotonous music from a far-away carousel fell on the ear, making itself heard above the dreary splash and boom of the waves against the old wooden supports of the pier. The waters, of an ashy gray, had swallowed up the sun, and a quarter-moon, like a golden shell, caught the vision of Meldrum.

He smoked and chewed the eternal perfectos, while Beatrice watched dreamily the form of Bennington. Suddenly there arose a muffled cry for help and Bennington was seen to sink. Beatrice sprang to her feet.

"My God! Arthur has a cramp! Tom! Tom! Tom!" she grasped the dog wildly and pointed to the spot where Bennington had thrown up his hands.

Tom and Meldrum were studies in bronze and marble. They looked into each other's eyes, the dog waiting for the signal from his master. Meldrum made no motion. His face was rigid; his cheeks seemed swollen.

The dog made no move when Beatrice grasped him. She released her hold, and sprang back from both of them. Her face was the face of a Fury. Her mind had grasped all in a flash.

"Murderers! Murderers! Murderers!" she screamed. She hurled herself at Meldrum with the force of a cannon ball; but before she could reach him, Tom, as if released from a spell, sprang at her throat, and both woman and dog went over the low wooden railing into the sea, the dog's fangs deep in the throat of the woman, the woman's fingers deep in the throat of the dog. The sea swallowed them up without a sound.

Help Kidneys By Drinking More Water

Take Salts to Flush Kidneys and Help Neutralize Irritating Acids

Kidney and bladder irritations often result from acidity, says a noted authority. The kidneys help filter this acid from the blood and pass it on to the bladder, where it may remain to irritate and inflame, causing a burning, scalding sensation, or setting up an irritation at the neck of the bladder, obliging you to seek relief two or three times during the night. The sufferer is in constant dread; the water passes sometimes with a scalding sensation and is very profuse; again, there is difficulty in voiding it.

Bladder weakness, most folks call it because they can't control urination. While it is extremely annoying and sometimes very painful, this is often one of the most simple ailments to overcome. Begin drinking lots of soft water, also get about four ounces of Jad Salts from your pharmacist and take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast. Continue this for two or three days. This will help neutralize the acids in the system so they no longer are a source of irritation to the bladder and urinary organs, which then act normal again.

Jad Salts is inexpensive, and is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and is used by thousands of folks who are subject to urinary disorders caused by acid irritation. Jad Salts causes no bad effects whatever.

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King George a Preacher

While the ex-kaiser, who is unable to find a publisher for his sermons, is a mere layman, our own king—though very few people may be aware of the fact—holds a clerical appointment entitling him to preach. His majesty is a prebendary of St. David's cathedral, receives one pound per annum in respect of that office, and is entitled thereby to preach in the cathedral—but only once a year.—London Tit-Bits.

Tube Under the Tyme

Europe, too, is going in for river tunnels. It is now proposed to construct a tube under the River Tyne, which, it is said, would be used by from 4,000,000 to 5,000,000 passengers a year. Engineers urge that a tunnel of this sort would be much more practicable than a bridge.

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