

An Excess Weight Shipment

By Florence Lillian Henderson

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"Consignment excess weight one hundred and twenty pounds," announced Joe Morris, general utility man in the establishment of the Wayne Co. jobbers in broom corn.

It was not so large or prosperous a house that such a discrepancy could pass unnoticed. Paul Wayne and his old maid sister, Alice, were working hard to establish the little business, allowed to run down by their careless uncle, who had willed it to them. Their working capital was limited. They purchased small selected lots only, the loyal adherence of old customers just about enabled them to make a living, with the hope of some day expanding the business.

"Call back the driver," ordered Paul.

"Gone, sir." It was one of our own wagons. He just unhitched and rode away. When we came to unload we found—her!

The speaker with a quick smile stepped aside and pushed into sight a young girl.

At her Paul Wayne stared in wonder. His sister, looking up from her bookkeeping, fairly gasped. "Her, the stowaway, the excess weight, stood brushing the straws and dust from a neat but creased dress. She looked rather amused than embarrassed. She was not bold, yet there was a latent defiance in her face.

It was a charming face, innocent, smiling, yet daring. She was not more than seventeen years of age. Perfect girlish artlessness marked her demeanor.

"Why!" spoke Paul in a bewildered way, "what does this mean?"

"Fast asleep between two bales when we found her," reported Morris. "Wonder she wasn't crushed!"

The girl flashed her eyes across all those in the little office, meanwhile arranging her loose braids of hair.



At Her Paul Wayne Stared in Wonder.

She expected an inquisition and suddenly assumed a demure and constrained manner. Miss Alice looked severe. Here, certainly, was a runaway girl. Her social status it was difficult to determine.

"A girl tramp!" whispered Miss Alice awesomely to herself, and shuddered. Her brother waved Morris back to the warehouse. Then he arose and courteously placed a chair for the culprit.

"Sit down, please," he said. "How did you come to be in that load of broom corn?"

"I crept into it last night," said the girl promptly, as if acknowledging the most commonplace act in the world. "You see, I was lost, it was raining, and I was sleepy. I'd kept away from towns and trains."

"Why?" challenged Miss Alice, sharply.

"Because I didn't want to be caught."

"Who by?"

"The people I had run away from," stated the girl, frankly. "Now, I won't say any more. I'd kill myself before I'd go back, and if you want to know my name it's Garnet."

Then she laughed, sobered down as she saw not only interest but pity and sympathy in Paul Wayne's clear, probing eyes, and added: "Please let me go my way."

"My child," spoke Miss Alice, "have you had nothing to eat since you hid in that wagon?"

"Only a few cake crumbs," replied Garnet. "But I've got money to buy food—yes, and to ride on the railroad, when I get—safe."

"Come with me, my dear," said Alice, and she led the way to their living rooms over the office.

Garnet, fed and tidied up, looked re-animated and happy as she came back to the office half an hour later.

"Brother, what am I going to do with this willful child?" inquired Miss Alice. "She insists she is right in leaving relatives—she has no parents. She is going to the city, she says. Why, child, it will devour you!"

"But I want to go to work," declared Garnet, "I have some money and—and other things."

Paul Wayne regarded her seriously. Every passing moment he, like his sister, felt drawn closer to the willful but attractive young girl.

"What shall we do, brother?" submitted Miss Alice solicitously. "What does that child know of the harsh, cruel ways of the world?"

"But I write a quick hand, I am good at figures and I am sure I can run a typewriter after a month's practice," insisted Garnet. "I can pay my way until I learn, and further. I am not afraid of the city. I can mind my own business and make others mind theirs. Why, say," and she sidled up coaxingly to Miss Alice, "this is a delightful place. I'd love dearly to stay here. Can't you give me work? You know," and a roguish gleam came into her mischievous eyes, "I am the overweight, the one hundred and twenty pounds of broom straw you didn't get. Let me work it out, won't you?"

Her bright, pleasing eyes were irresistible. Even the face of Miss Alice softened. The girl had placed a confident hand on the arm of Paul. Despite himself he thrilled. He had never thought much of female society. He began at that intense moment of his life.

Vainly brother and sister tried to draw out their guest as to her former home and friends.

"Home?" she repeated sadly. "I have none. Friends? They were my enemies. They tried to force me to marry a man I detest. That's why I ran away. And I'm going to stay run away," added Garnet, resolutely. "Can't I work here? I don't care for the pay. I only want to please you and be among friends."

There was no other way but her way. She called them friends, and such they indeed became. Garnet wound herself about the lives and hearts of these two lonely people. She became the joy of the little household, always smiling, willing and busy, and singing half the time like a lark.

It became a joy to brother and sister to note how Garnet settled down into a helpful, practical little woman, for all her mirth and girlishness. She was happy, contented, interested in the business and in anything that pertained to the welfare of these two cherished friends.

She was an earnest, thoughtful listener to their business plans one evening. Her face reflected the seriousness of her employer. Paul was troubled. An opportunity to purchase a large consignment of broom corn at a very low price was offered. The bank had declined to advance the one thousand necessary and he had not the capital personally to swing the deal.

"She has run away!" startled Paul the next morning in his sister's excited tones, and so it seemed, and his heart sank. Garnet was gone. She had left in the night.

Two days later she burst upon them, aflame with joy. She had placed before her employer a little package.

"There is the thousand dollars. I loan it to you. I give it to you, if you will take it. Oh! please don't look so wondering. I simply raised the money on my diamonds!"

"Your diamonds!" gasped Miss Alice, astare.

"Yes, that my dead mother left me. They have always been mine, although her estate is still in the hands of guardians. If you don't take the money, I shall cry!"

They had to take it, to be returned in a month. Then, later still, one morning Garnet came into the office to throw her arms around dear Miss Alice and kiss her.

"I am eighteen today!" she cried. "That means I am free. Now they can't make me marry that horrid man! Now they can't keep my fortune any longer. Oh, my dear! think of it! I can give you splendid people all the capital needed to build up the grandest business in the world!"

And she told her simple story of maneuvering guardians. In vain Miss Alice told her that their humble home was no place for a rich heiress, that they could not take her money.

"You shan't turn me out," sobbed Garnet, "I will stay here! Why don't your brother marry me, if he cares so much to keep me?—for I love him, I love him dearly!"

There was a rustle at the doorway. With shining eyes Paul Wayne regarded her.

Garnet rushed into his extended arms to hide her happy, blushing face.

Emersonian Philosophy.

We like only such actions as have already long had the praise of men, and do not perceive that anything man can do may be divinely done. We think greatness entailed or organized in some places or duties, in certain offices or occasions, and do not see that a Paganian can extract rapture from catgut and Eulenstein from a jewsarp and a nimble-fingered lad out of shreds of paper with his scissors, and Landseer cut of swine, and the hero out of the pitiful habitation and company in which he was hidden. What we call obscure condition or vulgar society is that condition and society whose poetry is not yet written.—Emerson.

A Hint.

Despite the chilly day little Wilbur was out playing without his coat. This worried a neighbor, but her advice went unheeded. Finally, she said: "Wilbur, go home and get your coat, and when you come back I'll give you a piece of cake."

The bribe worked and Wilbur soon returned with his coat on and was duly rewarded. Next day he knocked at the door to announce significantly: "I ain't got my coat on today."—Christian Register.

Distinctive Styles in Topcoats



What with topcoats variously named and classified with sports coats, motor coats, tourist coats, and simply overall coats, it takes a fine discrimination to pick out just the coat best suited to one's style and needs.

Sports and motor coats may be considered as one and the same thing. Those chosen for motor wear are likely to be a bit less vivid in color than the sports coats. Tan or blue or green are liked for them, while rose, canary, mustard color, hunter's green, French blue, beige and combinations including strong color contrasts mark the snappy style of coats for other sports.

As to the lines of the newest models, they are flaring, with narrow shoulders and high convertible collars. For motoring and sports pockets are ample and much in evidence, belts conspicuous by their absence.

Of coats for the tourist there is a wide variety in styles, some of them cut along the same general lines as those just described, but often pocketless. Others bear no resemblance to sports coats. Many of these topcoats are made of covert cloth, and very smart models are shown in tussor silk, prettily lined with flowered silk. They shed dust and are as practical as they are attractive.

A conservative and smart-looking coat of covert cloth is shown in the illustration. It is waterproof and in a greenish tan color. The collar and cuffs are inlaid with checkerboard silk in black and white. If one is looking for a coat to be called upon for much service and to fit all the occasions likely to come up in the course of a journey this is a model worth considering.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

Half Boots.

The queerest looking pair of boots seen in a long time are those which look exactly as if someone had taken a pair of scissors and cut away the uppers just a little above the ankle line. The half boots have a seam up the front and are laced at the side, three eyelets being sufficient for the height of the shoe. Black and biscuit-colored boots are most prominent on that score.

Organdie Bodice.

Taffeta will be worn even by those who are adopting the newest fashions, and over them an organdie Moven age bodice ending above the knee, or rather between the normal waist line and knee.

To Lend Beauty to Summer Fetes



Hats that are frivolous, along with hats that are dignified and picturesque, make place for themselves among hats that are merely sensible, for wear on the rounds of midsummer days and nights. But all must be chic and bespeak the part they are to play, leaving no room in the mind for doubt on that score.

Here are two that belong to the dignified and picturesque coterie, shown with examples of flowers that are liked on millinery of this kind. They bring to mind weddings and garden fetes and all sorts of charming, gay occasions to which they lend their own beauty. Millinery holds the center of the stage where those who aspire to elegance in dress assemble and make a part of the occasion.

The wearer of either of these hats will be entitled to feel complacent as to her headwear no matter how much elegance may vie with her own. Honors may be divided, but she will not be outshone. The large light hat is of flesh-pink georgette crepe and malines with daisies and wheat in a wreath about the crown. The wheat is of white chiffon and silk fibers, and the daisies have petals of satin in white and in light blue and pink.

This hat has a double brim, the wider, lower brim of malines bound with crepe, and the overbrim of crepe. A narrow black velvet ribbon encircles the crown and is tied in a little

bow at the back. The ends are brought over the brim and fastened on the under brim, hanging from there in long ties that are never tied. The lovely black hat of malines and lace braid is made on similar lines except that its brim is curving. The lace braid overlay on the malines brim has the effect of a double brim. The wreath of white satin oats is brightened by a single rose that deepens to pink at its center and is mounted on the crown at the left side.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

Scenting Linen.

A formula for a scent to place among her bed linen is usually liked by the dainty woman, and here is a most excellent one: One ounce powdered gum benzoin, one of powdered cloves and two of powdered cinnamon; add to these seven ounces powdered cedar wood and the same of dried lavender flowers; mix, sift and put into flat bags to lay between sheets and smaller ones for the slips; or, if pads are made to fit the shelves it will answer as well. Balsam, the fir tree balsam, gives of its own fragrance from pads made and filled with it and these, with the old-fashioned lavender, can never be improved upon for perfuming bed linen.

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEWIFE

Well Always to Keep Watchful Eye on the Grocer and Butcher.—Splendid Green Salad.

Don't allow the grocer to weigh your butter, lard, etc., in a wooden dish. These dishes weigh from one to three ounces, according to their size, and you are therefore paying for that much wood at the price of butter.

Don't let the butcher weigh your meat and then trim it and charge you for the trimmings that you have paid for. The fat can be rendered into lard and the bones used in soup. The butcher knows that they have a value for when you do not take them he resells them for six or seven cents a pound. Do not be afraid to ask for what is your due and to demand honesty and full measure.

A green salad served with cheese, nuts or eggs, and a French dressing with whole wheat sandwiches, can be made the main course for luncheon. A cheese soufflé served with spinach makes meat unnecessary. Beets stuffed with creamed mushrooms and nuts are delightful, and a ring of mashed potatoes filled with creamed carrots and peas will please the most fastidious appetite. A canape, bisque or puree made of fresh vegetables, or a cocktail made of mixed fruits, is a good beginning to either luncheon or dinner. Desserts should be fresh fruits, fruit ices or gelatin dishes, with sponge cake or other plain iced cake.



Lemon sirup, made by baking a lemon for twenty minutes and then squeezing out the juice in half a cupful of sugar, is very good for hoarseness.

Remove ink and fruit stains from the floor by washing the stained part with cold water, then covering it with baking soda. When dry, wash off the soda.

Never throw stale macaroons away. They can be crushed and stirred into and sprinkled on top of ice cream, giving it a most delicious flavor.

Rub a little butter under the edge of the spout of the cream pitcher; it will prevent a drop of cream from running down over the pitcher.

Before washing lace curtains, baste a narrow strip of muslin along the outer edge, allow it to remain until the washing and drying process is complete.

To cover jelly glasses, cut letter paper in circular pieces that will just fit inside the glass, dip the paper in brandy, cover with tin covers or large pieces of paper pasted down.—Dallas News.

SERVING THE AFTERNOON TEA

Dainty Appointments Have Much to Do With Its Success.—Tasty Cakes for Guests.

If a table or a tea cart is not kept in evidence it is the correct thing to have the appointments brought in on a spacious tray, as a cramped appearance, piled-up cups, etc., is unattractive. If the tea cups are unusual or possibly have histories or have been picked up in travels, so much the more charming will be the tea table.

Some like tea one way, some another, and if a hostess wishes to be remembered with gratitude let her have cream, lemon and rum ready to serve, so that she may suit all tastes.

Some people are satisfied with thin bread and butter, or just plain crackers as a tea accompaniment, but it always seems a trifle monotonous and uncompanylike to have nothing else. Some hostesses prefer to serve the tiny bread-and-butter sandwich along with rich fruit cake and a taste of candied ginger for the second cup. But the various kinds of dainty and appetizing sandwiches and little cakes to serve with tea are beyond description.

Cecils.

Chop enough cold cooked beef or mutton to make a quart, add one-half cupful of dry bread crumbs, one tablespoonful of chopped parsley, one teaspoonful of salt, one-eighth teaspoonful black pepper. Dissolve one-half teaspoonful of extract of beef in one-half cupful of boiling water, when thoroughly dissolved add to the meat and then two well-beaten eggs. Mold into small balls, dip in egg and cracker and fry in hot fat. Serve with brown sauce.

Corn Muffins.

Sift together one-half cupful of cornmeal, one cupful of flour, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one tablespoonful of melted butter, one-half teaspoonful of salt, three-quarters of a cupful of milk and one egg. Mix and bake in greased muffin rings.

Chicken Wiggle.

Four level tablespoonfuls of butter, three level tablespoonfuls flour, one and one-half cupfuls milk, one cupful chicken cut into pieces, one cupful canned peas, salt and pepper. Serve on crackers or on toasted bread.

To Mend Enamel Ware.

Equal parts of soft putty, finely sifted coal ashes and sifted table salt mixed and packed into the holes of enamel ware make a fine cement. Keep a little water in the dish until the cement hardens.

QUICK, DAINTY DISHES

SUPPLIES NEEDED FOR SERVING UNEXPECTED GUESTS.

By Seeing That a Few Requisites Are Always in the Larder, Housewife Need Never Be at a Loss—Eggs Always Mainstay.

Often time is more valuable than money, in the home as well as in business. For instance, if unexpected guests arrive five minutes before lunch hour on the day you had told the cook you would like nothing but a biscuit and a glass of milk you would probably count the expenditures of a little money no extravagance if by spending it you could spread forth an attractive luncheon for your guests. Where there are good delicatessen shops and caterers in the neighborhood they reap the reward of your desire to save time at the expense of money. But where these popular aids to quick housekeeping do not exist, it is necessary to make up for their lack by having a larder furnished with supplies that can be quickly converted into dainty dishes for the unexpected meal.

Eggs can always be quickly turned into an omelet, made savory with the addition of minced ham or chicken, parsley or a little jelly just before it is turned. A baked omelet, too, with cooked macaroni or cooked green peas or asparagus heads added, is good. And a plain omelet served with a sauce of tomatoes and sweet green peppers simmered together with water or a little stock until tender, is good enough to serve as the main dish of a light summer luncheon.

If there is cold meat in the pantry it can be minced, mixed with a little mayonnaise and converted thus into the filling for tempting sandwiches. Or it can be minced, simmered with a little chopped pepper, tomato or parsley, and served on crisp rounds of toast. Or it can be cut into neat dice, mixed with half its quantity of diced celery, or a quarter of its quantity of sweet green pepper, cut in small pieces, and moistened with mayonnaise for a salad—with or without lettuce or some other salad green, which may not be on hand.

For dessert, anything cool is acceptable on a warm day. Whatever fruit there is can be cut into neat bits, mixed with a little shaved ice, sweetened and flavored to taste, and piled into sherbet glasses. If there is no fruit, perhaps there are the ingredients for a whip. To make this, beat the whites of eggs stiff, sweeten with two or three teaspoonfuls of sugar for each white and flavor with anything on hand—prune juice and pulp, grape juice, a little melted jelly or canned fruit juice, fresh raspberries, strawberries or black raspberries, crushed, orange juice and pulp or even cocoa, when nothing else is at hand. Serve daintily, very cold, in long-stemmed glasses. A sweetened omelet makes a good dessert. Whipped cream or bits of plain cake is good. Muffins from breakfast hollowed out and filled with custard, then topped with whipped cream, give little suggestion of their origin and are satisfying, to make up for any deficiencies in the preceding courses.

Lamb's Kidneys.

Soak, pare and cut in slices six kidneys and sprinkle with salt and pepper. Melt two tablespoonfuls butter in hot frying pan, put in kidneys and cook five minutes; dredge thoroughly with flour and add two-thirds cupful boiling water or hot brownstock. Cook five minutes, add more salt and pepper if needed. Lemon juice, onion juice or Madeira wine may be used for additional flavor. Kidneys must be cooked a short time, or for several hours; they are tender after a few minutes' cooking, but soon toughen and need hours of cooking to again make them tender.

Iowa Fruit Bouillon.

Wash twelve prunes, one-half cupful of seedless raisins and one-fourth cupful of rice. Soak them for a few hours in one quart of cold water. Cook slowly in the same water, and when about half done add one tablespoonful of sugar, one diced apple and strained juice of half a lemon. When ready add one tablespoonful of cornstarch dissolved in three tablespoonfuls of cold water. Boil for ten minutes and serve in bouillon cups. These are very nice.

Brownstone Front Cake.

Two squares of chocolate grated, one-half cupful of milk, yolk of one egg. Stir and cook until the consistency of custard, stirring constantly. Add one tablespoonful of butter. When cool add one cupful of sugar, one-half cupful milk, with one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in it, one and one-half cupful of sifted pastry flour, one teaspoonful of vanilla and a pinch of salt. Frost with egg white and enough powdered sugar to spread. Flavor.

Prize Sirup.

One cupful of granulated sugar, two cupfuls of brown sugar, place in a pan, add one cupful of boiling water, put over the fire and stir until it is dissolved and begins to boil; then boil rapidly five minutes. To be eaten on griddle cakes; make the day before you want to use it.

Bran for White Paint.

A plain cloth dipped in hot water and then in a saucer of bran will clean white paint and not injure it. The bran acts like a soap on the paint.