

A Woman's Past

By GEORGE MUNSON

The boy looked at the beautiful woman upon the sofa before him, seated resplendent in her evening gown, and his heart swelled with elation. It was the great moment in a boy's life; Charles Ames had won the love of Della Gray.

And that he was twenty-four and she thirty did not move him from his resolution to hold to her promised word and never let her go.

The pursuit had been a long one. At first she had laughed at him, she had striven hard in the net, but at twenty-four she has the resolute ardor of youth; and at last she knew that there was no way of escape for her. She loved as she had never loved in all her checkered life before.

She promised to be his wife, and knew at the same time that the dream was impossible. What would Hardwick Ames say when he learned that his missions were to become the property of an adventuress?

"Till death!" said the boy as he kissed her at parting, in the way boys speak.

Della Gray was not surprised to receive a visit from the millionaire the following afternoon. It was only half a mile from his mansion across the park to her flat, though a whole world separated them.

Della was pleasantly surprised at the appearance of her visitor. She



She Began to Pack.

had pictured Hardwick Ames as a different sort of man, not the polished gentleman who stood before her.

"Won't you sit down, Mr. Ames?" she asked nervously.

He took his seat near her, and studied her intently. "How old are you, Miss Gray?" he asked, abruptly.

"Thirty," she answered, feeling that in the coming battle of wits lies were handicaps.

"And my son has known you?"

"Two months." She twined her slim fingers nervously. "I refused him many times."

"Yes. You do not work, I believe?"

"I have a small competence."

"From your late husband?"

"Yes," she answered demurely. "I took my maiden name again. Many divorced women do that."

"And Charles—my son—knows all this, of course? I see he does. And that you were not the injured party?"

"Yes, he knows everything," she cried. "Have you men, you immaculate men of the world, no understanding of what life may sometimes do to a woman who trusts it too blindly?"

He twisted his mouth to hide the sense of the theatrical in her words.

"Yes," he said quietly. "I had no desire to marry you. But my son is twenty-four."

She twined her fingers ceaselessly. "I have been through all that with him. He wants to marry me."

"And you are willing to marry him and ruin him? You know that a boy of twenty-four, for all his promises, will change. You know there will come a time when he will tire of you. Forgive me if I speak brutally, Miss Gray, but I speak from a knowledge of the world."

"I do not resent your speech," she answered. "Time and again I told him it was foolish, that it could come to nothing; but he insisted."

"And you accepted him. Please remember that. You accepted him, knowing that his life would be spoiled. A man may come out of these affairs better than a woman, but still—the fact remains that you propose to take the unstained life of a boy and mold it—yes, mold it to that of your own."

"How mold?" she demanded sharply.

"A woman of thirty molds a man of twenty-four. You will drag—"

"Drag him down," she said bitterly. "Don't hesitate to be as frank with me as before. Yes, I will drag him down to my level."

"A woman of your experiences must inevitably drag down a youth with

none. I do not mean to reproach you. But now let us come to business. Marriage with Charles—my son—and of course he will remain my son in spite of it—will mean a lucrative—er—investment."

"Go on."

"On the other hand you may not marry him. He loves his mother, and his mother is probably on her knees before him at this moment, pleading with him. You may never get the Ames inheritance. At least, his mother and I will fight against you with all our power. Now, my dear Miss Gray, when you have reached my age—if women ever do acknowledge fifty-five—you will realize that the great factor of successful life is compromise. I will give you a hundred thousand dollars to give up my son for ever and leave town tonight."

The blood rushed into Della's cheeks. For all his smooth words, then, he had mistaken her for a common adventuress for money, her who had never sought anything but love, and had always failed to find it.

At that moment she heard a light step in the hall without. It was so light that the millionaire, who was absorbed in signing his name to the check which he had already withdrawn from his pocket, failed to detect it. The woman's heart leaped up. It was Charles—her lover—whom she loved better than all the world. A surge of anger swept over her.

But the father's words had sunk in deep. She had indeed often thought of what the future might bring to them. She had begun to realize that love may not be captured, that he is elusive to those who seek him and only comes to those whose lives are set in other molds than hers.

A few years with Charles, and, as the father had said, the end would come. At thirty-five he would be in the prime of life; she, at forty-one, a middle-aged woman.

And the spell of the past was on her, and she knew that she, who had loved in vain, could never hope to make this new love hers.

She heard the footstep stop at the door, which was imperceptibly open. Charles had seen his father, or heard his voice, and hesitated, not knowing what course to take.

And in that moment the impulse of renunciation came to the woman.

"Yes, if your check is good I will accept it," she said bravely, stretching out her hand to Hardwick's, to receive the paper.

"It is quite good," said the father complacently. "You agree, then, to leave town tonight in return for a hundred thousand dollars, and never to see my son again? Such an agreement is, of course, not valid in law, but—well, you would find it hard to break it, even if you wished to, which I do not believe."

"I shall leave tonight," said Della mechanically. And she heard the quick gasp behind the door and then the sharp sounds of retreating footsteps.

"Who's that?" cried the father quickly.

"The janitor, I suppose," said Della, indifferently.

He rose. "Goodby, then," he said with quiet triumph. "I am glad we settled that so sensibly. And if ever I can be at your service—"

He was gone, and Della seized the check and tore it wildly into a hundred pieces. Then, with flushed cheeks and tearless eyes, she began to pack.

LAWRENCE came running up to the porch, where his mother and a visitor were sewing. Pausing long enough to satisfy the conventions, he asked breathlessly: "Mother, may I take off my shoes and stockings and go barefoot this afternoon?" The negative answer came short and sharp. Then Lawrence began to tease. "You let me Monday and last week," he reminded her. "I know I did," said mother, "but not this afternoon." There was no reason given, and none required, apparently. It was merely a question of having the last word. Of course, mother had the last word.

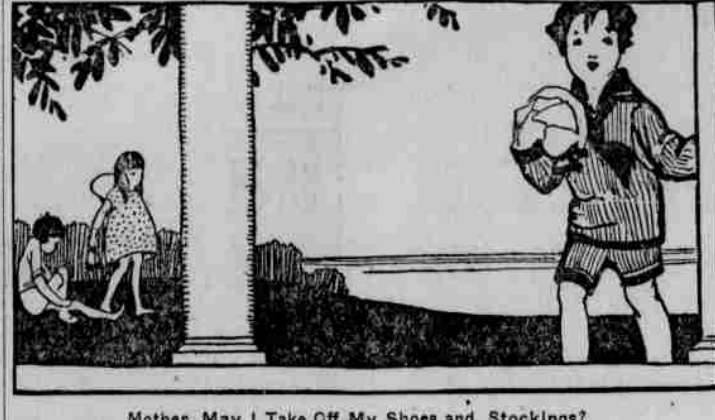
Lawrence took his departure, sulking and resentful. When he was beyond hearing the visitor asked: "Why didn't you let him go barefoot? You evidently don't object on principle, and there is nothing in the weather, and the ground is dry enough." The mother was not proud of her position. She had to confess that she had no good reason for objecting, only a lingering memory of the time Lawrence had cut his toe some weeks ago. But he had gone barefoot several times since; there really was no objection. But having said "No," she had to stick to it, had she not? "Perhaps," suggested the friend, "it's just a habit of denying children's requests because so many of them are foolish and unreasonable?" The mother admitted that probably it was.

Although we hate the idea of bulldozing the young children, we get the habit of saying "No" before considering the merits of the request. Notwithstanding our chagrin on being nagged again and again into making concessions to our children, we get the habit of saying "No." However much we may regret it the moment after, we obey that impulse and still say "No."

Again and again, in your intercourse with children, you will find it advisable and necessary to say "No." Well then, say it; and stick to it! The great problem is to say "No" nine times and then be still able to say "Yes," if need be, the tenth time. In other words, we must avoid getting the habit of giving children any stereotyped answer. Every request and every question must be met with the freshness of a new situation and treated on its merits. Only thus can we expect to retain the children's confidence in our judgment and in our reasonableness.

EVERLASTING NAY PRODUCES LAWLESSNESS IN CHILDREN

By SIDONIE MATZNER GRUENBERG



Mother, May I Take Off My Shoes and Stockings?

Lawrence came running up to the porch, where his mother and a visitor were sewing. Pausing long enough to satisfy the conventions, he asked breathlessly: "Mother, may I take off my shoes and stockings and go barefoot this afternoon?" The negative answer came short and sharp. Then Lawrence began to tease. "You let me Monday and last week," he reminded her. "I know I did," said mother, "but not this afternoon." There was no reason given, and none required, apparently. It was merely a question of having the last word. Of course, mother had the last word.

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NUNAMAKER IS HITTING HARD

Catcher Let Go by Boston Red Sox is Proving Valuable Man for Manager Bill Donovan.

Leslie Nunamaker, the catcher of the New York Americans, has been a real batting sensation to date. Nunamaker was let go by the Red Sox to the Yanks and has proved a valuable



Leslie Nunamaker.

man for Bill Donovan. His work with the stick has been gilt-edged so far this season. If he keeps up his slugger it will be hard work to keep the team from the top, with the other strength it has acquired this year.

Many People in This Strange City Never Saw the Light of Day

In Galicia there is one of the most remarkable underground cities in the world. It has a population of over a thousand men, women and children, most of whom have never seen the light of day.

It is known as the City of the Salt Mines, and is situated several hundred feet below the earth's surface. Its being is due to the greatest salt mine in the world, which, though it has been mined for many generations, seems inexhaustible. The city has its town hall, church, theater, and assembly room, all made from the crystallized rock salt. It has long, wide streets and big squares, lighted by electricity. There are numerous instances of families in this underground city where not a single individual in three or four generations has seen the sun.

MOTHER'S COOK BOOK

Chicken Broth.
To make nice chicken broth scrub the chicken in warm water to which a teaspoonful of soda has been added, using a vegetable brush for the scrubbing. Wipe dry and cut in small pieces, cover with cold water and bring slowly to the boiling point, let simmer for five hours, strain and when cool, remove the fat. This will form a thick gelatine when cold and will keep for some time in a cool place. Barley boiled soft may be added to this soup, or rice makes a pleasing variety.

Chicken Custard.
Take a half cupful of strong chicken broth, a half cupful of rich milk, one egg and a yolk of an egg, salt and pepper to taste. Beat the egg, add the seasoning and strain into two small cups. Set the cups into a pan of hot water and bake until firm in a moderate oven. This recipe will be easily doubled to serve four or more. Serve either hot or cold.

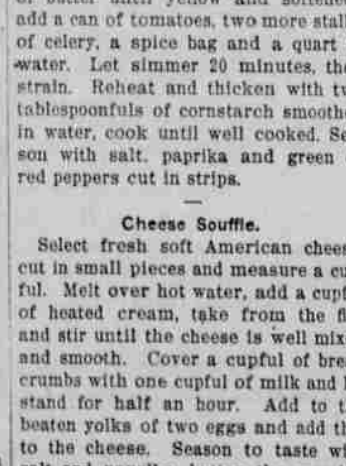
Tomato Soup.
Cook half an onion cut in thin pieces, half a carrot and two stalks of celery, cut fine in two tablespoonfuls of butter until yellow and softened; add a can of tomatoes, two more stalks of celery, a spice bag and a quart of water. Let simmer 20 minutes, then strain. Reheat and thicken with two tablespoonfuls of cornstarch smoothed in water, cook until well cooked. Season with salt, paprika and green or red peppers cut in strips.

Cheese Souffle.
Select fresh soft American cheese, cut in small pieces and measure a cupful. Melt over hot water, add a cupful of heated cream, take from the fire and stir until the cheese is well mixed and smooth. Cover a cupful of bread crumbs with one cupful of milk and let stand for half an hour. Add to the beaten yolks of two eggs and add this to the cheese. Season to taste with salt and paprika, butter the ramekin dishes and fold in the whites of two

Triple Soup.
Use equal quantities of beef, lamb or mutton and veal, add a pint of water to each pound of the meat. Cut the meat in small pieces, adding the bones, then cover with cold water and simmer for four hours. Strain and season with salt. Cool to remove the fat before serving.

For Her Coiffure.
Much attention to the tresses is paid these days. To wear smart hats one's hair must be fashionably arranged. For evening occasions there are many beautiful hair ornaments. The fan-shaped Spanish comb is quite the vogue just now—it suits the new high form of dressing the hair. Fascinating little winged and flower effects, worked out in rhinestones on imitation shell, may be worn with the hair high or low.

IT MADE A DIFFERENCE



ARE YOU AND PAPA GETTING ALONG ANY BETTER, NOW, FRED?

SURE! EVER SINCE I SAW HIM WINKING AT A BLONDE ON THE STREET, HE SEEMS TO HAVE A LOT OF RESPECT FOR ME

GIRLS TRAINED IN BUSINESS SUCCESS IN HOME FINANCING

By JOHN M. OSKISON.

Forty-four girls recently completed a course of training in an association supported by New York department stores. They are the pioneers of a new idea.

In establishing this training school the store directors broke away from the old theory that since the store girl was not expected to stay permanently at work, but would get married, nothing beyond "welfare" work was fitting in her behalf.

Under the new plan the girl is to make a serious study of department store employment. She is to find out what elements enter into the success of the particular department in which she works. She is to know costs and efficiency in handling goods; she is to be trained to look upon her job as one leading to promotion.

From such a store experience, based on the new training, the girl who marries will go into the home with the purpose to study its economic problems and make it a financial success.

SOME SUMMER SALADS

ESPECIALLY DELICIOUS DISHES FOR THE HOT DAYS.

Three Made With Eggs and Different Varieties of Vegetables—Of Water-cress or Asparagus—Mixture is Liked by Many.

Salads, delicious throughout the year, are especially valuable as a part of the summer diet. Here are some interesting receipts for them:

Egg Salad.—A delicious egg salad—now that eggs are cheap again they can be used plentifully in luncheon salads—is made in this way: Boil the eggs hard for 20 minutes and cool. Remove shells and separate whites and yolks. Cream the yolk with a little melted butter and mix with mashed sardine. Form into balls about the size of egg yolks. Place a couple on each plate of crisp white lettuce leaves. Press the whites through a ricer and sprinkle over the yolks. Serve with mayonnaise.

Another egg salad is made in this way: Boil the eggs hard and devill them and serve two halves on a slice of tomato on each plate, with a leaf of crisp lettuce in which a big spoonful of mayonnaise is placed.

Still another good egg salad is made by cutting hard-boiled eggs in half and removing the yolks. Fill the whites with diced beets and peas, mixed with mayonnaise, and put on lettuce leaves. Sprinkle with the crumbled yolks and add a spoonful of mayonnaise to each plate.

Watercress Salad.—Wash the watercress thoroughly and then dip it in salted water to which lemon juice has been added. Shake well and serve with French dressing or mayonnaise.

Asparagus Salad.—Asparagus salad is seasonable. Boil asparagus stalks carefully, drain and chill. Serve three or four on a lettuce leaf for each person and dress with French dressing. Or else on each group of asparagus stalks place a spoonful of mayonnaise and sprinkle generously with red pepper.

Spinach Salad.—Chop cold boiled spinach thoroughly. Dress with French dressing and form into a small mound or a nest on each plate. If made in nest form, add three or four eggs made from the mashed yolks of hard-boiled eggs and sprinkle the chopped white over all. If in the mound, garnish with lengthwise eighths of the hard-boiled eggs.

Cauliflower Salad.—Boil cauliflower and drain it thoroughly. Break it into sections and serve on lettuce with mayonnaise. Garnish with diced tomato.

Mixed Salads.—All sorts of mixed vegetable salads are palatable at this time of year. There are as many combinations as the ingenuity of the cook may devise. For instance, diced cucumbers, diced sweet, red and green peppers and diced celery, mixed with French dressing, are good. Then there are diced tomatoes, peppers and cucumbers. There are string beans, with diced beets, and there are tomato and celery together. All can be served with mayonnaise, but French dressing is better with such celebrated mixtures.

Fish Balls With Bacon.
Cook three or four slices of bacon in a frying pan, without letting either the fat or the bacon become discolored by heat. Cut enough pared, raw potatoes in quarters to fill a cup twice; add a teaspoonful of salt and boiling water and cook till tender; drain, mash and add one can of fish flakes, two tablespoonfuls of cream sauce if at hand, or two tablespoonfuls of butter, one-fourth teaspoonful black pepper and a little hot milk; beat thoroughly, shape in cakes, dip these in flour and fry in the bacon fat. Cold, boiled potatoes, quickly rebolled, may be used in place of fresh cooked potatoes.

Mutual Gingerbread Pie.
Line a deep plate with rich pie crust. Stir together half a cupful of molasses, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of lard and one teaspoonful of ginger, then add a cupful of boiling water with one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in it. Stir in one and one-quarter cupful of flour and beat well with eggbeater; then break into the mixture one egg and beat thoroughly. Pour into crust and bake until a toothpick thrust into the center of cake comes out clean. When cold, spread top thickly with whipped cream, sweetened and flavored if desired.

Codfish Salad.
Put a piece of salt codfish to soak over night. In the morning pour off the water, put on fresh cold water and let come to a scald. Taste, and if still salt, repeat, as it wants to be tender and soft like fresh fish. Pick up, in flakes, cut a hard-boiled egg in pieces, mix with it crisp lettuce leaves, cover with the mixture and pour salad dressing over it.

Cucumber Stew.
Pare and slice one pint of fresh cucumbers, put in kettle with just water to cover them. Cook till tender. Pepper, salt and piece of butter. Add milk for as much as you want. Eat with crackers like oyster stew.

Sweet Pepper Salad.
Take a lettuce heart, cut a green sweet pepper into straw-shaped lengths, arrange on the lettuce, sprinkle with walnuts broken in small pieces and mask with mayonnaise dressing.