

Their Wedding Day

By MARY JAMES

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Jim and Dolly were off at last. The train was moving, and there was nothing to do except furtively pick up the grains of rice that they occasionally found about their clothing. Dolly leaned back in perfect bliss against Jim's shoulder.

"Are you entirely satisfied and happy, dear?" she asked.

"Yes," said Jim. "There's only one thing wanting to make this perfect bliss."

"What is it?"

"Will Lennox always said he'd be my best man, and I was to be his. If he hadn't been sent to Baltimore last year he'd have acted for me, I know."

"But couldn't he have come up from Baltimore, dear?" asked Dolly.

"I don't know—perhaps he couldn't get away," answered Jim.

Hours afterward they reached their destination. Jim proudly signed "Mr. and Mrs." on the register, and they were shown up to their apartment, after dinner.

"Dearest," said Jim suddenly, "would you mind if I went down and got a cigar? You know you told me I was to smoke."

"Of course not, Jim," answered Dolly. Nevertheless, when he had gone she felt horribly lonely in the apartment, with its magnificent furnishings. She waited and waited. Jim must be very careful about choosing



"How Dare You!"

a cigar, she thought. Then she became uneasy and paced the floor. At last, with a foolish, panicky feeling, she went down in the elevator and looked for Jim in the hall. Jim was nowhere to be seen.

"Your husband's just gone up, madam," said the hotel clerk.

Dolly thanked him. She felt foolish to think that she had passed Jim in the elevator. She hurried to the door and was soon taken up again. She opened the door of her room.

"Darling!" exclaimed a manly voice, and she was folded into the arms of a stranger!

Dolly screamed, and the stranger's face expressed blank astonishment. He was a good-looking young man, and it was clear he had not meant to embrace the wrong girl. Still—

"How dare you! What are you doing in our apartment?" cried Dolly.

And suddenly she became hideously aware that it was not her apartment. The furniture looked very much the same, but—well, it wasn't. The paper was a thin black and a thick white stripe, instead of vice versa. And the hat on the table couldn't be hers—she detested artificial flowers.

Dolly, unable to speak, fled, while the stranger followed her in hesitation, as if afraid to make a suggestion. At the entrance to the elevator Dolly saw what was wrong. She had been taken up to the sixth story instead of the seventh!

She got into the elevator, and, as it shot up, she perceived the stranger making for the stairs. With a dreadful fear that he was going to try to cut off her flight, she fairly ran along the corridor of the story above. She burst into the room.

"Darling!" she heard a manly voice exclaim to a girl who was just entering the room. And, looking up, she was horrified to see Jim folding another girl in his arms.

Dolly screamed, but her scream was not so loud as that of the other girl. She wriggled out of Jim's arms and confronted him indignantly.

"How dare you! How dare you!" she cried in fury, while her face grew scarlet. "And what are you doing in my apartment?"

"I—I—I—" Jim began to stammer; had then he caught sight of Dolly.

"How dare you invite that woman in here and kiss her?" Dolly demanded, crying passionately.

"It was a mistake. It—"

"It wasn't a mistake!" Dolly maintained. "You got me to go to the

wrong room so that you could kiss this—"

"How dare you speak of me like that!" demanded the other girl. "Get out of here, both of you, or I shall telephone for the police. I never heard of such a thing."

"It is our apartment," declared Jim hotly. "I thought you were my wife and when you came in I naturally threw my arms around you."

The girl stared about her in bewilderment, and, just as Dolly had felt, so she began to feel as the realization dawned on her that she was in the wrong room. The hat on the table—Dolly's hat—was certainly not hers, for she detested plumes.

"Then where's my husband?" she demanded, turning upon Jim with clenched fists. "What have you pair of conspirators done with him?"

"How dare you speak like that to my husband?" demanded Dolly, realizing how wrong she had been.

"Will! Will! Help!" the girl began to scream.

As if in immediate answer the young man who had kissed Dolly burst into the room. He seemed to size up the situation instantly. He caught the first thing handy, which was a hairbrush, and flung it at Jim. Jim went tottling backward; then he snatched up the first thing that he could find, which happened to be the soap, and flung it at his opponent. It struck him in the mouth. The young man dashed for Jim and the two clinched, while the girls screamed.

Shouts were heard outside, and the hotel clerk appeared. "It's my mistake," he panted. "I got the rooms mixed up. Gentlemen—gentlemen—"

The gentlemen paused in the midst of their battle and, realizing what had happened, looked sheepish. Suddenly a light broke out upon each face.

"It's Jim Vance!"

"It's Will Lennox!"

"You scoundrel! Why didn't you answer my invitation to be my best man?"

"How in thunder could I be a best man when I was getting married the same day?"

"I'm sorry, Will. I guess I got a little excited on my wedding day."

"Same here, Jim, old man."

The clerk retired, grinning and relieved. The ladies adjusted their hair, and suddenly all four were wreathed in smiles. Then there were mutual handshakes, and the ladies embraced. Will turned to Jim with a grin.

"Say, old man, I've put one over on you, anyway," he said. "I kissed your wife."

"Same here," said Jim. "You did not!" declared Mrs. Lennox, flushing scarlet. "You tried to, but I wouldn't let you."

"Well, I'm going to now," said Jim—and did. And Dolly did not care. For, when their friends had departed, she snuggled upon her husband's knee and they made up for it.

LOST CITY OF THE INCAS

Machu Picchu Has Outlook That Is Enjoyed by Few Other Places on the Earth.

The Incas, using the word broadly, showed an extraordinary liking for building on spots where they had an unbroken outlook over all the surrounding world. Lovers of nature, perhaps, they were, above all, practical fellows, moved less by esthetic reasons than by an overwhelming dislike to being awakened from the afternoon siesta by a well-aimed bowlder.

Yet had their only quest been unrivaled situations, that of Machu Picchu could scarcely have been improved upon, a writer in the Century observes. The earth offers few such views as that from the Intihuatana at the top of the town.

The altitude of the city is put at 8,500 feet, and that of the river 6,500, yet it is surprising how clearly, if hushed, the roar of the river comes unbrokenly up the 2,000 sheer feet to the invulnerable city.

Utterly unpeopled, the visible world is one tumbled mass of gigantic forest-clad mountains, rolling away to inaccessible distance—blue ranges rising afar off to snow-capped crests mingled with the sky; not the haggard and sterile Andes of elsewhere, but softened forms so densely wooded that nowhere is a spot of earth visible.

Swing round the circle, and on the other side the gaze falls precipitously into the Urubamba. Three great blue ranges rise one behind another into the great montana and the region of the Amazon, while masses of pure white clouds come majestically up out of Brazil beyond.

In another direction the rolling ranges, faded to purple, die enticingly away one behind another into the great montana and the region of the Amazon, while masses of pure white clouds come majestically up out of Brazil beyond.

Not So Bad as It Seemed. It sounded like a small revolution, but the sophisticated Topekans on the outside of the shoe-shining shop concluded it was only a riot among the Greeks, and they felt sure the police could handle it without the aid of the militia. There were six or seven of them, headed by a particularly fierce-looking Athenian, who gesticulated wildly and seemed about to strike his opponent with his fist. A bystander dashed away to call the police and prevent bloodshed. Just then one of the rioters came outside and was asked what the row was about.

"Alexipolis say he believe he'll buy a shoe-shine shop," he explained. "We all say it's a good thing—make good money. Go ahead."—Kansas City Star.

Separate Capes and Pelerines



Little separate capes and pelerines, to be worn with light summer frocks, are essentially classy affairs indulged in by comparatively few women. Along with saddlebag pockets and the hooped gown, they are for those who are always looking for something new. The cape, as a part of the street dress or coat, is more widely accepted, and in any case there is no smarter accessory of dress.

To think of capes is to think of silk, but the capes of today bring many other materials to mind as well. Taffeta stands at the head as a favorite in the list of available fabrics, which includes linen, alpaca, crepe, organdie, and satin. Changeable taffetas trimmed with ruchings of the silk or with ruchings of black mousseline eliminate any chance of failure if one starts out to make something creditable in a little cape.

A pin-stripe taffeta in two shades of blue serves for the very pretty model that is shown in the illustration. In size, this cape takes a middle course between those that reach almost to the elbows (they are rare) and brief af-

fairs that barely hold out to the point of the shoulder. These two extremes are met with on coats. The cape pictured is scalloped and hemmed and entirely velled with black silk mousseline. It is made with a high flaring collar and all its edges are finished with a ruching of mousseline gathered along the middle into scant fullness.

Rather wide black taffeta ribbon makes a long tie for finishing the neck. It is laid in folds and tacked down about the neck opening, with the free ends just long enough to knot easily. It is a support and a finish for the cape.

Parasols and capes to match are made for those outdoor affairs of summertime that call for formal dress. Both are covered with a mass of full ruchings made of narrow strips of silk frayed at the edges. Inspirations for shoulder capes are to be looked for in the fashions of the past, because it is the quaint, old-fashioned flavor that lends charm to the capes of today.

Julia Bottrill

Neglignee of Silver Cloth and Chiffon



There are negligees—and negligees—made of dainty and colorful fabrics, and the utmost of luxury is expressed in some of them. Those of the richest materials are frankly extravagant, not made for use but for the sole purpose of looking pretty—which is use enough. These picturesque garments are not intended for the light of day, except as it is screened and softened in the boudoir. They presuppose the possession of other more practical things for house wear.

One of these fascinating frivolities is shown in the illustration. Cloth-of-silver and rose chiffon are combined in making it, to their mutual advantage. A long slip, of the silver tissue, is velled with a full straight-hanging sleeveless coat of the chiffon having its edges bound with the silver cloth. For no particular reason, unless it is by way of suggesting luxury, a bit of dark fur finishes the neck across the back. A full-blown rose of silk is very much at home posed at the base of the Y-shaped opening at the front, where it repeats in its petals the sheen and color about it.

At the back of the coat a belt of silver lace confines the fullness of the chiffon in plaits, and serves another purpose in weighting it. The binding of silver cloth makes itself useful in the same way.

Rose chiffon and silver lace make the pretty cap to be worn with this aristocrat among negligees. It is finished with many long loops of baby velvet ribbon. Although they are not in evidence, the chances are that nothing more substantial than cloth-of-silver slippers and rose-colored silk hose answered the question of footwear, to correspond with the cap and gown. Negligees that are more lasting, in charm as well as in material, are made of sheer white fabrics and worn over white or pale-colored slips of this soft silk. Fine narrow laces and hand embroidery enrich them with decorations in keeping with the refinement of the materials used.

Among new models quite a number have coat effects of wide shadow lace or fine net made up with satin ribbons in all the light colors. Flowered voile is a perfect material for making negligees, and vies with much more costly fabrics in effectiveness.

Julia Bottrill

Mother's Cook Book

Shakespeare's mother was greater than her son, for she bore and nursed him. "The destiny of a child," said Napoleon, "is ever a mother's work."

Food for the Young.

Whey has been proved to be a valuable food. In many cases where the milk disagrees with the baby the use of whey has saved its life. Whey may be made artificially by adding a junket tablet to a quart of luke warm milk. Heat the milk until it is just warm, add the tablet, dissolved in a tablespoonful of water, and stir well to mix, then set it aside in a warm place for the milk to jell. Break up the curd with a spoon and strain off the whey. Serve either hot or cold with or without sweetening when served to an adult. When served to a baby the proportions should be carefully given by a doctor's orders.

Beef Tea Custard.

Beat the yolks of three eggs slightly, add a few grains of salt, and, very gradually, a cupful of hot beef tea; cook in a double boiler, stirring constantly, until the mixture thickens, then pass it through a fine sieve. Serve cold in custard cups. If permissible this tea may be seasoned with celery or parsley.

Beef Extract Custard.

Beat an egg until white and yolk are well mixed; add a few grains of salt, a tablespoonful of beef extract, and half a cupful of milk; strain into a buttered custard cup and set in a pan of hot water to bake in a slow oven until firm.

Whole Wheat Foods.

A grain of wheat contains 16 elements and these same substances or elements are found in the body. That is the reason why whole wheat foods are so good for the children. Take good clean wheat, wash and put to soak over night, then cook in a double boiler or in a fireless cooker until the grains are soft. Serve with thin cream or top milk with or without sugar and your child has a well-balanced meal, satisfying and appetizing.

Causes of Malnutrition.

Nutrition and malnutrition are among the most important subjects with which a mother has to deal. A growing child usually needs more food than his parents. Some of the causes of malnutrition are lack of the right kind or sufficient food, lack of fresh air and improper mastication. Tea, coffee and beer prevent perfect digestion, and often nasal obstructions which cause improper breathing will also cause improper oxidation of food and the child will be undernourished.

Nellie Maxwell

Peril of Fly Not Fully Realized

By DR. SAMUEL G. DIXON
Commissioner of Health of Pennsylvania

Reams have been printed about the danger from the house fly. Despite all that has been said it is a self-evident fact that people do not understand how real is the danger from these pests. If they did a single season would be sufficient to wipe out the dangerous nuisances. Let people once understand the part that the fly plays in the transmission of disease and they will look upon anyone who maintains a condition which breeds them as a public enemy to be summarily dealt with.

There is much wasted advice about swatting the fly and trapping the fly. What we must learn to do is to exterminate it by doing away with all breeding places.

While it has not been definitely proven what the fly has to do with infantile paralysis, we have good reason to believe that it takes a part in the spread of the disease. That they can and do carry the germs of typhoid fever and other diseases we know. It is a wise mother who screens the baby's crib.

Thousands of children under one year of age die annually who would be saved if the fly were eliminated.

Fashion's Decrees.

Dark blue promises to be as smart as ever.

Heavy embroidery distinguishes some handsome gowns.

Shirred skirts are in evidence—but are of many, many kinds.

New street and afternoon gowns are frequently finished with soft, wide sashes.

One unusual frock had an apron of satin in front and back—the gown itself being of taffeta.

Orange and black stitching, in heavy stitch, marks the backs of some of the white glaze kid gloves.

Some of the wrist-length glove gloves of white have little cuff sections of black lace, laid flat against the white kid.

Gray is a favorite color in the gloves of the year. There are heavy gray suede gloves, there are dressed kid gloves in gray and there are gray washable fabric gloves, all smart in appearance.

UNCLE SAM WORKS AS A PEACEMAKER

Has Settled Great Many Disputes Between Employers and Employees.

WILL LISTEN TO GOVERNMENT

Both Sides in Labor Controversies, Unwilling to Yield to Each Other, Will Accept Federal Mediation.

Uncle Sam, in recent years, has been playing an increasingly important role of peacemaker between employers and employees who become involved in disputes that result in strikes or lockouts.

Uncle Sam has acted chiefly through the division of mediation and conciliation of the department of labor, but in some cases other agencies are brought into service. The work of this division of the department of labor is of a purely industrial character. Questions affecting railway operation are specially excepted from the jurisdiction of the department of labor and placed under the United States board of mediation.

The work of the department's mediation and conciliation division has been rapidly increasing. Since the department was created on March 4, 1913, approximately 100 labor disputes, involving actual or threatened strikes, have been amicably adjusted. In approximately a score of cases the department's efforts have failed. In the cases adjusted more than 150,000 workmen were directly affected and more than 230,000 indirectly affected.

"The reason why the department of labor is so often successful in preventing or settling strikes by mediation and conciliation," said Secretary of Labor Wilson the other day, "lies in the fact that both disputing parties recognize the government as a superior agency. They will listen to the government when they will not listen to any individual or agency."

No Hint of Compulsion.

One of the curious things is that neither in the law authorizing this new work for industrial peace, nor in the methods pursued under the law, is there the slightest hint of compulsion. The government agents do not even seek to arbitrate. Here is the working plan:

Upon the invitation of either disputant or upon its own initiative, the government steps up to the combatants, and, without even going between them or attempting to pull them apart, says, "Here, don't you think this ought to stop? If so, let's all get together and fix up some kind of agreement." It generally works.

A strike is a little war. All the passion entering into war enters into strikes. The difference is that the government now supplies between groups of citizens the superior agency for settling disputes lacking between nations.

A strike is not only like war; it is like any kind of fight. Both sides want to quit—but quit winner! In the ordinary course, "surrender" is not considered until the one or the other side is down and out. Compromise is disliked because compromise is not "victory."

The would-be peacemaker must be a vastly superior person than either combatant or he'll get beat up. Diplomacy enters in choosing the ways and means of pointing out how all hands can "lay down arms" and still "save their faces." Though unwilling to yield direct to the other an inch in position or a comma in their respective demands, both disputants are generally willing to concede much at the suggestion of the government.

Common Sense Big Factor.

Experience has convinced the authorities of the department of labor that successful strike settlement is generally a matter of inducing all parties concerned to use common sense. The labor spokesmen are not always informed of the general conditions in the business of the employer. They may also not be informed as to wage and time conditions at other points in their own industry. They frequently do not know that the same issues for which they are fighting have been fought out before.

To lay all such facts before labor, is part of the duty of efficient conciliators when the demands are exorbitant. To kill the goose that lays the golden egg—i. e., to unfairly harass the employer and perhaps drive him out of business—to further limit the market for any one kind of labor—is bad business for labor. This is always a factor when the agents of the department of labor deal with particular strikes. The tendency lies towards a big industrial development—the standardization of wages and working conditions in the various industries. As cases multiply, a record upon which to build a standardized structure is being created.

Sewer Pipe Output Falls.

The value of the brick and tile products of the United States in 1915 was \$125,794,844, according to Uncle Sam's figures. This was a decrease of about 3 per cent as compared with the previous year. The product that showed the greatest decline was sewer pipe.