WAS JUST FILLING IN

But the Substitute Guest Finds Old Lover Is the Lion of the Hour.

By KATHERINE HOPSON.

When he finished reading his wife's letter, Herman Ingram looked up with a puzzled expression on his genial, middle-aged face. "I don't see how I can scare up an extra girl that Mina wants at a moment's notice," he reflected.

The letter had told of the expected return of his wife and daughter from Atlantic City late that afternoon, bringing with them as a guest a famous engineer in whose honor they wanted to give a dinner. Mrs. Ingram had invited three other guests but was short one girl to complete the desired number.

"Telephone to Alice McNulty, or any other of Belle's friends who can come. I have sent orders to the cook about dinner, and hope things will go all right. However, we can't expect to have a perfectly appointed party on such short notice," the letter concluded.

Ingram scratched his head thoughtfully. He happened to know the McNulty's had started to Michigan the day before.

"Mina said to ask one of Belle's friends but everybody I can think of is out of town here in midsummer. I wish she'd got home earlier—in time to see about this invitation business herself. Still, one girl ought not to be hard to find—"

He looked absent-mindedly around the office, and then his glance fell on Miss Barew, his secretary, working at her desk. Her tact and good sense had helped him out of dilemmas before.

"Maybe she would know of someone —" then a second thought struck him. Why not ask Miss Barew herself?

For a moment Miss Barew looked surprised. Then she quickly recovered herself and graciously agreed to come.

"Its good of you to help us out. I think you'll enjoy meeting the people —they're an agreeable lot.

The matter of the invitation disposed of, they turned again to business. But while her slim figure flew over the typewriter keys, Miss Barew's thoughts, woman fashion, were on the subject of clothes, and she wondered what she should wear.

"If I could go and feel well-dressed, it would seem like a bit of the old life come back."

Mr. Ingram had given her permission to leave the office early, and when she reached her room at the boarding house, the problem of clothes returned with double force.

"There is only one thing left from the wreck of the old days that would be suitable at all." She drew a box from under the bed and took out from its tissue wrappings an evening gown of mauve crepe de chine. Though slightly crushed it was in good condition.

When dressed in the soft clinging evening gown, her bare arms and shoulders gleaming from the creamy lace, she studied her reflection anxiously, and was reassured by the lissome grace which the mirror showed.

The memory of the last time she had worn that dress came back to her. It had been at a dinner-dance to which Horton Campbell had taken her. At that time they were on the perilous border-line between friendship and acknowledged love, and life had seemed all bright-hued. A few days later, Campbell was sent west by his firm on business. Before starting he had telephoned her that it would be only for a short time, but the weeks slipped on into months. During that time her father's business failure and death had occurred, and the map of her life was changed. Two years had passed since then, and she had left the old home town and obtained a position in New York. But in all that time she had heard nothing from Campbell.

"Oh, Horton, why did you treat me so? Surely there was a mistake somewhere!" Tears filled her eyes, and she buried her face in her arms beside the dressing-table.

"This will never do," she resolutely told herself. She put on her wraps. She was just in time, for at that moment came the sound of the motor which the Ingrams had promised to send for her.

The car had been delayed by an accident on the way, and she was the last guest to arrive. Mr. and Mrs. Ingram greeted her cordially. The former swept her an appraising, satisfied glance, this was the first time he had ever seen her in evening clothes.

She was introduced to the Ingram's daughter, Belle, and then the other guests, Miss Gleason, Miss Bard, Dick Walters, and the two Simon brothers. Then from the other end of the long room Miss Ingram brought forward the guest of honor—a tall, distinguished looking man whom she introduced as Mr. Campbell, the noted engineer.

For the first time since that fateful dinner-dance two years ago Elizabeth Barew found herself looking into the eyes of Horton Campbell.

"It is a great pleasure to meet you again Miss Barew," she heard him say.

Then dinner was announced. Miss Barew went in with Billy Simon, and sat across the table from Campbell. Covertly she glanced at his face. He looked older, and more serious than in the old days, yet about him was the indefinable air of one who has succeeded.

At last the conversation which had been between dinner partners became general.

"Mr. Campbell and I have been having a discussion," announced Sadie Gleason. "He maintains that chance or accident plays a strong part in our lives, and I claim that we make life what it is by our own acts."

"I never held with that victim-of-circumstances idea, either, Sadie," replied practical Mr. Ingram.

"Still, we must admit that in the lives of all of us, luck, good or bad, has at some time played a large part," put in Billy Simon.

"Especially in the matter of happiness," agreed Belle.

"That is the point I was trying to make," answered Campbell. "I agree that in business we can, by our own efforts, work out our own salvation to a large extent. But as you say, the matter of happiness is different. I knew a chap once—" his deep voice contained a magnetic quality that held the unwavering attention of his hearers. "A chap to whom at one time everything seemed coming right—business—happiness—all things desirable opening out before him. Then, just as the last-named seemed coming to a climax, he was obliged to go to Denver on business and leave the girl he loved before he had a chance to tell her so.

"For a long time he knew he had been running down, so while there consulted a lung specialist who told him that an indefinite stay in Colorado was the only thing that would cure him. It didn't seem fair to tell the girl and drag her into his wretchedness—for awhile it seemed as if he were down and out. There was another man in the game who was better off financially than he. So he gave her up—"

"Didn't he write or anything?" interrupted Sadie with wide-eyed interest.

"No, that was where he made his mistake. No doubt he thought it best to drop out of her life entirely—that for him there could be no halfway measures."

"Of course it was noble and all that," observed Belle, "but if I had been the girl I'd rather he had told me everything and given me a chance to wait if I wanted to."

During the recital Elizabeth had sat with downcast eyes, her cold fingers toying with the fruit on her plate. It seemed as if old landmarks were being swept away.

"How did it all come out?" inquired Sadie.

"Oh I believe he got well and won out financially."

"But the girl?"

For a moment he hesitated. "I don't know the sequel to that part," he answered quietly. For one second his eyes met Elizabeth's

Mr. Ingram then brought the conversation back to practicalities by asking Campbell about the bridge his company was building near Denver. And soon Mrs. Ingram gave the signal for the ladies to rise.

As the night was hot, they drifted out to the large veranda, and Elizabeth Barew was thankful for the darkness that hid her burning eyes. While to all intent she seemed listening to Belle Ingram's long drawn out account of a house-party she had recently attended in reality her thoughts were with Horton Campbell in his lonely struggle for health. "And we never knew about each other—we never knew," her thoughts repeated over and over. After what seemed aeons of time, they were joined by the men.

Campbell, the lion of the evening, was surrounded. But he who had spanned rivers and tunneled mountains was equal to the feat of evading half a dozen people, and skillfully managed to gain a few minutes alone with Miss Barew before the party broke up. The time was short, but great events are not measured by length of time. When they entered the house there was a new radiance on their faces that was not lost on the others.

Later when Mr. and Mrs. Ingram were alone together, the latter shrewdly remarked: "Herman, I think that story Horton Campbell told was his own. I've heard he was in poor health when he took up that work in Colorado. And do you know, I half believe that Miss Barew was the girl. They said they'd met before. Of course," she ended with a laugh, "I'm glad for her, but I had hoped he would become interested in Sadie Gleason. But that's another air castle gone."

"I'm not concerned about that; but I do know it means a rattling good secretary gone," growled Ingram as he locked the front door.

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Matter of Personal Rights.

"Here, how is this?" demanded the conductor, savagely. "You have thirteen children, and they are all trying to travel on half-fare tickets.

The man and woman addressed looked at each other, and a flush that suggested them to be guilty of trying to swindle the railroad came to their cheeks. But they made no response.

"How old is that girl back there?" continued the conductor, pulling his tawny mustache.

"She will be twelve the 2nd of November," replied the woman, figuring it out on her finger-ends.

"And how old is that boy, next her?"

"If he lives till the 27th of November he will be twelve, too," answered the man sharply.

"Ha, just as I expected!" gloated the conductor. "Now how can you explain the proximity of their birthdays?" and he waited for the confession.

"That's easy enough," ventured the woman, frankly.

"It is, is it?"

"Yes. There is no law I know of that prevents cousins being born the same month."

"This ain't the smoking car," thundered the ticket puncher as he pounced upon a girl eating a banana, to hide his confusion.

Two Meals a Day Sufficient.

Though reticent on many matters, the British officers just released from a German fortress agreed in one matter. They found two meals a day sufficient. In England people are sometimes addicted to five—breakfast, lunch, tea, dinner and supper. The continental fashion is a snack for morning coffee, a midday meal and an evening meal. But when the great army of Xerxes was marching through Asia Minor, and city by city had to provide food for the day, the people thanked God that Xerxes and his army ate but once a day.

In a Pinch.

The old fashioned idea of a good pinch hitter was a man who could clean up a cotton patch with a weeding hoe before the rain came.—Dallas News.

DISARMS THE ENEMY

PERHAPS IT WOULD BE MORE CORRECT TO SAY "DIS-CLAWS."

Anyway, New Jersey Farmer Devised a Scheme Which Resulted in Discomfiture to the Spoilers of His Hen Roosts.

Benjamin Groner, a farmer in the Bird's Eye Hollow neighborhood, just over the New Jersey line from Goshen, in studying the habits of hawks noted that those prowling and snooping birds always perched on the branch of some tree or on a high fence or other good point for observation near a poultry yard and from there took a comprehensive view of the surroundings and their possibilities before swooping down on the contents of the yard. That set Farmer Groner to thinking, and he thought to such purpose that it resulted in his devising a contrivance which he believed would be the ruination of every hawk that came nosing about his premises.

He had a sythe blade made of the best steel he could procure. He ground and whetted the edge of the blade until it was as keen as keen could be. Then he fastened the butt end of the blade with bolts tight to a high pole near the top, edge up, and at an angle of 45 degrees. The pole he then set in the ground, a few rods from his poultry yard at the edge of a wood lot.

In the afternoon of the day he set the trap a hawk came sailing along over the tops of the trees. Farmer Groner was in his barn and saw it and watched its manoeuvers.

The big bird circled about a few times and then dropped down on the outstretched scythe blade, which appeared as a convenient point of observation.

The instant the hawk lit it began to slide down the smooth slant of the blade and the razorlike edge sliced its claws off as quickly and as neatly as a meat cutter slices smoked beef. The bird fluttered to the ground, but as its wings were still at its command it flew away. And it has never come back to Farmer Groner's place again.

Going out to the trap pole and finding the talons of the crippled hawk, Farmer Groner knew that his pondering over the ways of hawks had resulted in a successful demonstration of the conclusion he had come to, and next morning he discovered that he had builded even wiser than he knew, for he found a couple of sets of owl toes on the ground beneath the scythe blade. He had not calculated on owls, but holding to the old fashioned belief that those nocturnal prowlers were habitual robbers of hen roosts, he gloatingly accepted the evidence of the efficacy of his trap as an owl discourager.

Ever since that installing of the scythe trap for business on the Groner farm it has been kept on duty, and the frequent findings of hawk and owl claws scattered beneath it and the noticeable increase in his poultry flock are incontrovertible proof to Farmer Groner that it is doing the work it was planned to do. An owl or hawk that lights on that terrible perch is forever unfitted for stealing chickens, for both birds capture their prey with their claws.

As Advertised.

Charles L. Sinnixon, a London advertising expert, was praising in New York the change that has come over the advertisement.

"In advertising, as in other things," he said, "it has been found that honesty pays, and today, throughout the world, the successful advertiser is modest and conservative in his statements.

"Advertising is no longer mistrusted. Things are no longer as they were in Phatt's day.

"'You know Phatt, our 400-pound bookkeeper?' said one man in the street to another.

"'Yes. What of him?'

"'Well, he saw an ad in the paper —"Fat folks reduced, five dollars"—and he answered it.'

"'Did he get any reply?'

"'O, yes; it was just as advertised.'

"'That's good. And how much was he reduced?'

"'Why, just as the advertisement said, five dollars.'"

Cause for Alarm.

Smith had just been operated upon for appendicitis. During his period of convalescence he became quite chummy with the two other patients who shared the ward with him.

"How are you feeling, boys?" said Smith one morning to them.

"Oh, we are all right," they both answered together, "considering that we had to undergo two operations."

"Why, how was that?" questioned Smith, in an agitated voice.

"Because the doctor assigned to this ward is an idiot. In collecting his instruments after the operation, he missed a needle and a pair of scissors. The former he found in me, and the latter in my friend here on the right. You see now the reason for the two operations."

Just then the surgeon put his head in at the door and asked:

"Has anyone seen my silk hat?"

Smith fainted.

Ornaments Last Longest.

Ornaments last longer than anything else that man makes. There are brooches and necklaces in museums more than 40 centuries old. Monuments, perhaps, stand second, and houses third. The life of furniture is shorter still. There is very little furniture in England which dates beyond the year 1500. Pictures last longer than furniture, and there are paintings still in fair condition which have weathered six centuries of life.

Poet's Lot a Hard One.

The lives of poets in this callous world have ever been characterized by misery and now a New York man is charged with a modern and most ingenious cruelty to an unfortunate band. He advertised for poems, offering to set them to music, and charging the author $21. But most poets would prefer to be "published" before being set to music.—Springfield Republican.

MONUMENT TO CELTIC TRIBES

Prehistoric Encampment in England Had Fortifications Showing Amazing Ingenuity of Builders.

By the purchase of Maiden castle, near Dorchester, through the duchy of Cornwall, the king of England has saved from neglect and possible destruction one of the most perfect prehistoric encampments in Great Britain, the rival of Stonehenge in age and interest. The fortifications were erected by a race who existed long before the days of historical records and who gave it the name of Mai Dun, or Hill of Strength. Maiden castle is an intrenched hill rather than a castle, for on the north side these prehistoric builders raised three great ramparts sixty feet high, with deep ditches intervening, and similar ramparts were cunningly arranged to cover each other on the other sides of the hill. The only entrances are by winding paths, which form mazes among the ramparts and which lead to the top of the hill, where a great dew pond was built, in which, by an ingenious feat of engineering known to the prehistoric people, it was possible to collect quantities of water for the animals and inhabitants of the hill. On the plain at the top, which covers 120 acres, the neolithic man could leave his cattle absolutely secure from attack by wolves or by human enemies. The Romans occupied the fortress in later years and strengthened it with stonework, but the triumph of having created this gigantic intrenchment belongs to the engineers of the forgotten Celtic tribes.

Apt Retort.

"A very good retort!" said Senator Lodge in an argument in Washington over the immigration bill. "A very good retort indeed! It reminds me of Weeks.

"Weeks and his wife were quarreling.

"'The night you proposed,' said Mrs. Weeks, with a hard, scornful laugh, 'you acted like a fish out of water.'

"Weeks sighed.

"'But a very cleverly landed fish,' he said in a musing voice.'"

Society.

Mrs. Wayup—No wonder I look worried, my dear. My husband has just gone out and if he is discovered it will probably cost us our social position.

Mrs. Blase—Goodness! Where is he?

Mrs. Wayup—He has gone out incog. to pay a bill.—Puck.

No Time for Foolishness.

"I hear you and your girl quarreled at the ball park."

"We did."

"What happened?"

"She wanted me to hold her hand with two men on the bases and the score tied."

Kite Trains Used In Warfare.

A new form of kite or kite train which lifts a man in a balloon basket to a considerable height for the purpose of observation, when the wind is too strong to employ a captive balloon, is being used by the French army.

The arrangement consists of two separate trains. The first carries and stretches the cable on which the other —the towing train—pulls up the basket. The entire system uses as many as eight different kites, each of these being made of several surfaces, on the box kite principle, the total surface of the kites being about 1,000 square feet.

A motor car is used to convey the cable drum and draw a second vehicle which contains the kite apparatus.

Photographs which should prove most useful in time of war can easily be taken from the train.

Learning Golf.

A younug woman entered a sporting goods store one morning and the polite clerk went forward to meet her.

"I want," she said, "to see some golf clubs."

"Certainly," replied the clerk. "About how many do you want?"

"Well, really," she responded slowly, "I scarcely know. You see, I am just learning to play golf, and I do not know much about it as yet. Why, I don't even know which end of the caddie to use."—Lippincott's.

To Ventilate School Buildings.

Mrs. Elizabeth M. Anderson gave $50,000 to the social welfare department of the New York Association for Improving the Conditions of the Poor for an inquiry into the question of ventilating school buildings. Governor Sulzer appointed a commission for the purpose of making a study of the subject of such ventilation, the association having requested that he name such commission.

Keeping Up His Record.

"Miss Gwilliams, you hardly looked at me when I met you in the elevator five minutes ago and spoke to you."

"Mr. Makinbrakes, I didn't come up in the elevator; I climbed the stairway."

"Great Scott! Then I've made a blundering donkey of myself again!"

Hard to Do.

"Why don't you beautify your back yard?"

"I don't know how to go about it. Ashes have no decorative value, and tin cans are poor material for getting up anything in the way of an attractive design."

After and Before.

"An after dinner speech should be full of gentle mirth and genial sentiment."

"It ought to be to compensate for the before breakfast remarks that frequently follow."

BREAD HAS NUMEROUS USES

Very Much More Than the Ordinary "Staff of Life" Is That Produced in Siberia.

No homemade bread in the world can vie either in indigestibility or usefulness with the small ringed bread of Siberia, probably the most extraordinary bread in the whole world.

When the Russian engineering parties were constructing the Siberian railroad this white ringed bread was their chief food. As its name implies, it is made in the shape of a ring. It is cooked without salt or yeast and is first steamed and then lightly baked to expel the moisture. It is eaten and used in a wonderful variety of ways.

During the intensely cold winter months it is soaked in hot tallow for a few moments and then eaten with soup or dipped in tea and swallowed. This tallow bread is considered to be one of the most heat-producing foods in existence.

A curious use to which it is put is as a lamp or stove. Half a dozen or eight holes are bored in the "tallow ring bread," and wax vestas are placed in them and lighted. This bread stove will burn slowly for about an hour, giving out sufficient heat to boil the necessary water for tea or coffee for half a dozen people.

During the day, when time hangs heavily, the Siberian peasants play quoits with their ringed bread, the same breads appearing in the soup at the evening meal.

One End Only.

A stout old gentleman was having trouble with the telephone. He could hear nothing but a confused jumble of sounds. Finally he became so exasperated that he shouted into the transmitter:

"Is there a blithering fool at the end of this line?"

"Not at this end," answered a cool feminine voice.—Everybody's Magazine.

Seeking Popular Attention.

"You prefer parades to speeches in impressing your views?"

"Yes, it's much more interesting to see how long it takes a procession to pass some point than to see how long it takes a speech to do the same thing."

She Had Found Out.

"Does your husband ever tell you you have poor taste?"

"Frequently."

"And what reply do you make to him?"

"I think of what I married and say nothing."

Marvelous!

"Oh, Jack, I went to a fortune teller today and she's simply wonderful."

"What did she tell you?"

"Why, when she found out about our engagement, she said right off that the wedding was set for June."

Refuting a Slander.

Hand bills will be distributed about town in a few days by an Atchison woman to disprove the assertions made by her friends that she is cold-hearted, hard-headed and an unsympathetic and unfeeling mother and woman. She recently took her little son to a barber to have his first real hair-cut, and instead of remaining to weep over each ringlet that dropped and quiver at each snip of the shears, she went home calmly without staying to watch the sacred and harrowing spectacle, leaving the boy to come home by himself. The Atchison woman's defense is that she went home so she wouldn't weep.—Atchison Globe.

Aluminum Now Used Like Paint.

German chemists have found that aluminum can be reduced to a liquid of the thickness of paint and used for coating or plating with highly satisfactory results. It is exceedingly valuable in making metal objects impervious to the weather and is likely to be used extensively where tin plating now is the favorite.

The aluminum is applied with a brush and in appearance, when spread upon the surface of an object, resembles dull silver.

Difficult Application.

The teacher meant to convey a profound lesson.

"You must forgive your enemies, boys," she said, "and then your enemies will forgive you. I want you all to try it."

The next morning Johnny Jones came to school with a very black eye.

"Why, Johnny, what's the matter?"

"Aw," replied Johnny, "I've been forgiving Scrappy Green an' makin' him forgive me."

Always That Difficulty.

At the advertising men's convention in Baltimore George Coleman, retiring president of the Associated Advertising Clubs of America, rebuked a faultfinder with an epigram.

"The difficulty with the man who makes a practice of finding fault," he said, "is that, as he gets more and more expert in his business, the demand for his goods becomes less and less."

All for the Best.

"A woman has no sense of humor," said the man who tries to adopt a superior pose.

"Did you ever watch a man propose?" asked Miss Cayenne.

"No."

"Then you don't realize that a feminine appreciation of the humorous would overcrowd the world with spinsters."

Folding Headgear.

"These collapsible opera hats are a great convenience."

"So?"

"Yes; you have no idea how much more room they save in a flat."

A Package of Post Toasties FREE With a Package of Grape-Nuts



Right Now

Grocers in N. Y., N. J., Pa., Del., Md. and D. C.

Are giving away full-size packages of

Post Toasties

Your grocer has a package for you—FREE with our compliments—if you ask him.

Just order a package of Grape-Nuts at the regular price, 15c, and say: **"Package of FREE Post Toasties, too."** The "Toasties" will surely come while the complimentary supply lasts—but it's limited, so be quick.

Post Toasties are crisp, delicious bits of Indian Corn, flaked and toasted—sweet and nourishing.

This is your chance to get acquainted with this dainty, appetizing food, without a penny's extra cost.

Post Toasties and **Grape-Nuts** are both ready to serve direct from the package and save work and worry for the busy housekeeper. Eaten with cream and sugar, they make fascinating dishes. Try a bowl of Toasties with Grape-Nuts sprinkled over—the combined flavor is a "teaser" for jaded appetites.

The grocer has **only one package of FREE Toasties for each customer,** for the complimentary lot—though immense—is limited.

Everybody is to have a package of these "get acquainted" Toasties—

Two Packages for the price of One—While they last.

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