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the Democratic convention at St. Louis. They were there as accredited delegates, backed up by women whose ballots are to be a factor in the choice of the next president of the United States. Half a dozen years ago or less the possibility of the possibility of the control of the state of the possibility of the control of the state of the possibility of the control of the state of the possibility of the possibi of such an event would have been derided as the dream of some visionary suffragette. To-day it is regarded as something ordinary in the natural course of events.

And why not? If the war has done anything more decisively than to smash the whole structure of sophistry and prejudice against giving women equal rights of citizenship with men, we are in ignorance of what it is. Probably not until the history of the present comes to be written with clearness and authority shall we be able to sufficiently appreciate how much the whole British Empire in this time of storm and stress owes to its women.—Ottawa Valley

Summer Longings.

Oh, to be out in the wilderness! Far from the haunts of man, Alone completely and utterly, Just for one brief span.

Away from the fret and worry, Away from carking care, From the things that tease and flurry, And the man-polluted air.

Out in the virgin forest. Or in meadows with unturned sod, Where the seedlings are scattered by angels, And the husbandman is God.

Where the cataracts leap for the glory of it, With never a turning wheel,
And the glassy calm of river or lake
Lies unruffled by plowing keel.

Where the pine trees gossip in whispers With the rustling bracken and fern,— Of deadly axe and rending saw In blissful unconcern.

Where the noise and tumult of commerce Are things unknown, unheard, And the spoils of nature are garnered alone By beast, or insect, or bird.

Where, from impish chatter of squirrel To hymn of the hermit thrush, All sounds with the background of silence Blend in one harmonious hush.

Just to wander unpurposeful, To linger or run at will, And eye, and ear, and lungs and heart With the beauties of God to fill.

Then, should the All-wise will it, Back to the struggle and strife, But laden with treasures no man can And that last till the close of life.

Some Layer-cake Fillings.

Some of the best cooks have but one layer-cake recipe, one that they can carry out well, a "tried and true friend," always likely to be up to the standard. Variety is secured by a number of filling and income which come ber of fillings and icings, which completely change the character of the cake; also by baking the cake itself, now and again, in a loaf, adding to the batter chopped nuts or melted chocolate.

The very nicest layer-cakes are baked in two thick layers; each of these, then, is split in two, and the filling is put in the three places thus left for it. One of the best fillings is a boiled custard flavored with vanilla or almond. custard flavored with vanilla or almond, or mixed with grated cocoanut or mashed banana. A lemon custard, also, is delicious. After a cake is filled in this way the top may be iced in any way one chooses, or may be covered with stiff whipped cream, very slightly sweetened and flavored, or left quite unsweetened, if preferred. if preferred.

Orange Filling.—Take 2 cubes loaf sugar, juice of 1 lemon, 1 orange, 2 tablespoons water, icing sugar. Rub the cubes briskly over the rind of the orange to extract the flavoring oil, then dissolve the sugar in the juice of the lemon and the water. Add enough of the icing sugar to make a thick filling.
Put sliced orange with the filling between the layers of the cake. Sift pulverized sugar over the top of the cake and decorate with slices of orange

dipped in candy-syrup so as to glaze

Fig Filling.—One lb. figs, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 cup water, juice of 1 lemon. Put the figs through the medium

cutter of a food chopper, add the water and sugar and cook to a pulp. When cool add the lemon juice and beat well.

Hasty Filling.—Beat 4 tablespoons preserves or jelly until smooth. Add a tablespoonful of lemon juice, then enough pulverized sugar to make as enough pulverized sugar to make as thick as cream. Put between the layers, and dust sifted sugar over the

Our Serial Story

The Road of Living Men.

BY WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT. Author of "Down Among Men," "Fate Knocks at the Door," "Red Fleece," "Routledge Rides Alone," "Midstream," "Child and Country," etc. Serial Rights Reserved. II.

15

Yuan had waited for me in Washington as a sprinter awaits the pistol. Within three hours after my arrival, a train left for the west—the last that would connect with the steamer for China, it was almost necessary for him to catch. Missing this train meant the loss of a week in Peking. We did some quick thinking. I encountered a really surprising pressure of disinclination to leave him.

Huntoon wanted some of my South America, as he stated it. Yuan and I desired him to have it. The interest of the Chinese in this intrepid and impossible boy, because their heart-interests converged at the same point, has always been a nice bit of human delicacy to me. "Huntoon," said I, "it will make only a difference of ten days or two weeks, if we sail for Guayaquil from San Erancisco—instead of going down Atlantic. Francisco-instead of going down Atlantic

He licked his lips and looked distressed. I expected Yuan to command me not to break the original order; and when he did not instantly-my decision formed.

"I've got a ship sailing from Baltimore to-morrow night," Huntoon said with effort. "My bag's packed. I'd better get it. I don't feel juicy enough to cross the States again—past St. Louis. I'll wait for you in Guayaquil—and we'll go down to—what's this mining we'll go down to—what's this mining

town—?"
"Libertad," said I.
"Together," said he.

I was too rushed to realize that he was suffering, as he told me afterward, from "dry-rot." The incorrigible wings of conduct, clipped to the bone for the St. Louis return, had grown again. He was sick for a ship under his feet and a smoking-room that never closed. I hesitated a second for Yuan to speak, and vaguely understood how he wanted me-when he did not. And so arranged-Huntoon to wait for me at Guayaquil.

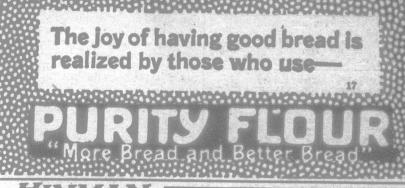
Exactly fifteen hours after I had left Mary Romany in Covent, a train pulled out of Washington for the west, Yuan and I in one of the night coaches. Huntoon and his bag had left for Baltimore twenty minutes earlier from the same station. . . Fifteen hours of the Year gone—I remembered the morning—the rain, the cold and the rending. The next night it was Chicago we were leaving, and Huntoon was at

sea again. That second night, departing from Dearborn Street, Yuan asked me to tell him once more of my call at the Charity House in Philadelphia. The long evening was before us, and I began as one would tell a story to a child—a story that the child had heard often and approved, all the details, all the

The strong elements of the man were whipped and cowering. He lit a cigarette, and it burned to his fingers without touching his lips again. He did not seem to hate China nor to blame the Ambassador. It was his utter acceptance of the fate of Yuan Kang Su which tortured me. The vigorous human nature, repressed so long, had risen with all its accumulated might to protect and treasure this woman. Yet he had not gone to Philadelphia to see her, even for an hour. I think Jane Forbes understood this better than I—as she









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