

THE WOMAN'S CORNER

COMBS ARE GIGANTIC; BUT
THEY ARE NEWEST MODE



Combs, or perhaps it is better to call them pins, are one of the modes in evening hair dressing. The smaller type of ornament of this sort are fastened into the hair by comb teeth; the larger forms are held by pins, after the safety pin fashion.

Quaint little curls are worn with the evening coiffure, and the hair is softly waved about the forehead.

CYNTHIA GREY'S CORRESPONDENTS

Dear Miss Grey: I am eighteen, and have been keeping company with a young man of twenty for two years. He calls on me often when I do not expect him. I would not mind that so much, only all his family come, too, and they always stay to meals. My mother objects to this, as she has too much to do. I think very much of him and would not care to give him up for this reason. Please advise me.

"DOUBTFUL."

A.—Tell him frankly just how much these visits inconvenience your mother. If he is made of the right stuff he will advise you for your frankness and consideration. If not, you are better off without his friendship.

Dear Miss Grey: I am a poor boy. Engaged some years to a nice girl. Recently met another girl. I had believed myself truly in love with the first mentioned, but on meeting this other girl I realized that I had made a mistake. I beg you to advise me whether or not the girl that I am engaged to could take exception if I were to devote considerable attention to the last-mentioned girl. I trust that you will give this serious consideration, as this combination of circumstances has quite unfitted me for my business.

H. E. P.

A.—You will act like a puppy if you go with one girl while you are en-

gaged to another. If the thing is as serious as you seem to think, you should get a release from your engagement. Next time don't get "engaged" until you are sure. It's a pretty serious contract, you know.

Dear Miss Grey: (1) I am sixteen and have brown hair and eyes. What color shall I wear and how shall I have a new dress made? (2) Are suede slippers more stylish than other kinds? (3) How can moles and warts be removed? (4) I wish to go to work this fall. Would you advise me to learn dressmaking?

GRACE.

A.—(1) Pink or blue. In a simple, girlish one-piece fashion, buttoned down the back. (2) No. (3) Consult a physician. (4) Yes, if you are naturally a good seamstress.

Hot Gingerbread—One cup molasses, one-third cup sugar, large one-half cup hard or butter, or drippings, one teaspoon salt, one heaping teaspoon cinnamon, all put into dish; two-thirds cup boiling water with teaspoonful soda dissolved in it poured on the lard to soften it, stir well and add flour to make fairly stiff, adding one well-beaten egg last of all. Beat well, and bake in a moderate oven. I generally put a little corn starch into cakes, as it makes them fine-grained and helps supply the place of eggs.

Soak Salt Mackerel over night, and put in plenty of water; change water in morning, and boil till tender.

If an egg shell is well washed and dropped into the coffee, it will clear it very well.

DAILY MENU

BREAKFAST.
Rhubarb and Prunes Baked.
Barley Porridge. Soft Milk.
Brown Bread Toast.
Coffee.

DINNER.
Crown Roast of Lamb.
Mashed Potatoes. Scalloped Tomatoes.
Honeycomb Pudding.
with Flavored Sauce.
TEA.
Scrambled Eggs on Toast.
Pineapple Marmalade. Pulled Bread.
Tea.

Talk With the Cook.

As long as the weather continues cool, a hot pudding for dessert will always be appreciated. For the honeycomb pudding today thoroughly mix one cup of sugar and one cupful of flour; then add gradually one cupful of molasses. Melt one-half cupful of butter in one-half cupful of lukewarm milk and add one tablespoonful of soda. Combine mixtures, beat thoroughly, and add four eggs well beaten. Turn into a buttered pudding dish and bake in a moderate oven. Serve from the dish with Flavored Sauce. Beat the white of one egg until stiff and add gradually, while beating constantly, three-fourths of a cupful of powdered sugar; then add the yolk of one egg beaten until thick, and lemon-colored, three-fourths of a cupful of heavy cream beaten until stiff, a few grains of salt, and one teaspoonful of vanilla.

"THE MESSAGE"

BY LOUIS TRACY

Author of
"THE WINGS OF THE MORNING,"
"THE WHEELS OF FORTUNE."

But he contented himself with saying:

"I fear I am rather light-headed today, Miss Dane. Let us appeal to Peter, the solid, and draw upon his wide experience. Tell us, then, O pilot, what course shall we take?"

Peter, rapidly restored to the normal by the familiar language coming from the rail of the yacht, glanced up.

"If I was you, sir, I'd ax monkey-face there. Wot time is missis was due aboard. Mebbe the young lady would find her bearin's then, so to speak."

"Excellent. Do you hear, Cerberus? When does Mrs. Baumgartner return?"

The watchman, taking thought, declined to suspend his taunts.

"Why didn't you ax me that at first?" he growled. "I'm only obeyin' orders. Seven o'clock, they said. An' it didn't matter 'oo kem here, if it was the Pope o' Rome himself, it's as much as my place is worth to let him aboard."

"That is final, Miss Dane," said Warden. "There are two alternatives before you. I can either rag and bind the person who has just spoken, thus securing by force what I desire; or, I can entertain you on the Nancy until seven o'clock."

"But I ought to go ashore."

"It is not to be dreamed of, I assure you. Come in, and let me see your shoes. You will be much happier with Peter and me, and we are no mean cooks when put on our mettle."

She yielded disconsolately. Dislike of the Sans Souci and everyone connected with that palatial vessel was already germinating in her mind. If it were not for the considerations outlined in her brief statements to Warden, she would have caught the next ferry to Portsmouth and allowed Mrs. Baumgartner to make other provision for her daughter's companionship or tuition.

"Give me a call when you are let off the chain," said Warden pleasantly to the watchman, as the dinghy curved from the yacht's side.

The girl colored even more deeply. Such behavior was not only dangerous, but it supplied a safety valve for her own ruffled feelings.

"I wish you would not say such stupid things," she cried, vehemently. "What would happen if that wretched man took you at your word? You would be mixed up in some horrible brawl, and wholly on my account."

"He will not come, Miss Dane," he said sadly. "Let me explain, however, that I prodded him thick with set purpose. He is alone on the Sans Souci; he blustered because he was afraid we meant to go on board, ay, or say, is it not extraordinary that such a vessel should be absolutely devoid of owner, guests, servants and crew? The man is not a sailor. Unless I am greatly mistaken he does not belong to the yacht in any capacity."

What does it mean? You may take it from me that it is unusual. I might say almost phenomenal, for a valuable steam yacht in commission to be deserted in that manner."

"But he admitted that 'they,' meaning Mr. and Mrs. Baumgartner, I suppose, would return early this evening."

"I am sure he is right in that. But where are the twenty odd domestics and members of the crew? When Peter and I went ashore at 10 o'clock today the Sans Souci was alive with people."

"I only know that Mrs. Baumgartner seems to have been thoughtless where I am concerned," said the girl, absorbed in her own troubles.

"Nevertheless, she brightened considerably when Warden assisted her to reach the spotless deck of the Nancy. By dint of much scrubbing and polishing, that trait of her character had no reason to shrink the vivid sunlight. At the beginning of the cruise she had been fitted with a new suit of sails and fresh cordage. For the rest, Peter and Peter's 14-year-old son, 'Chris,' roused now from some sleep in the cabin by his father's loud summons, kept brass fittings and woodwork in a spick-and-span condition that would bear comparison with the best-found yacht in the roadstead."

Miss Dane was escorted, with a camp chair aft, while Warden delved into the cabin to change his clothes. The boy, after a wide-eyed start at his employer, was about to busy himself with tying up the dinghy, when Peter bade him be off and see to the stove if he wished to escape a rope-ending. Chris was hurt. He had not expected such a greeting from his revered parent; but he disappeared instantly, and Peter imagined that his offspring was thus prevented from investigating the mystery of the gourd, which he took good care to leave in the bottom of the boat.

As for the girl, her mind was occupied, to the exclusion of all else, by

For the scrambled eggs, for a family of four allow five eggs. Whisk up well, but not light; add a cup of milk, one teaspoonful of salt, a dash of pepper, and a teaspoonful of butter; put another teaspoonful of butter in the pan and pour in the egg mixture, when the eggs begin to thicken stir gently from the bottom, and before they have quite thickened remove to the very back of the stove, or it will become watery. Have squares of toast all ready, dip the edges in hot water, and butter them; then lay one on each heated plate, and pile the eggs on top; send to the table immediately. Everyone who has eaten well-made eggs knows that if done too much the egg curdles or breaks, and the result is an unappetizing dish. This holds good of custards, as well as the one in question.

Recipe for Johnny Cake—This is extremely fine and may be used either in a flat sheet or in roll pan. One cup flour, one cup Indian meal, two table-spoons sugar (or less), one teaspoon salt, one teaspoon cream of tartar and one-half teaspoon soda for two generous cups of baking powder, sifted together with the flour; then add one cup milk (sweet or buttermilk), two table-spoons melted butter, one beaten egg; beat hard, and bake in quick oven.

Sauce—Bring to a boil one pint milk. Mix one generous teaspoon cornstarch in a little cold milk, and one cup sugar, and a speck of salt, and mix with the thoroughly beaten yolk of one egg. Pour the hot milk, stir well while thickening. It is better to make this sauce in the double boiler, as a bit too much cooking makes it curdle. It should be perfectly smooth and creamy. Flavor with a small teaspoon of vanilla. Place a portion of the pudding on each plate and pour the sauce around.

that strange combination of events which brought her a guest on board the Nancy. She was not so much perturbed by the absence of Mrs. Baumgartner as by Warden's manifest disapproval of the lady. A railway return card, sufficient money in her purse to pay for her room and board, and the existence of a friend of her mother's in Portsmouth, a friend whose good offices might be invoked if necessary, made her independent. But she did not want to go back to her home in Dorsetshire. Her father's business had left her practically at the mercy of a step-mother, who enjoyed the revenue of a fair estate until death. The step-mother was not to the liking of either woman, and Evelyn was goaded into an endeavor to escape from it by the knowledge that she was regarded as an interloper in a house that would ultimately come into her possession if she survived the second Mrs. Dane.

The well-paid appointment offered by the Baumgartners was apparently an opening sent by the gods. She had been strongly recommended for the post by a friend, and the recommendation was no reason whatever why it should not prove an ideal engagement for both parties. Yet Warden, unmistakably the person who did not like the mingling of the two families, was a woman to constitute herself part and parcel of the household of one of its leading members.

Her somewhat serious reveries were interrupted by the grateful sound of cooking that came from a hidden region forward. Warden reappeared in dry clothing. The cut on his forehead was covered with a strip of sticking-plaster. He was bareheaded, and a slight powdering of gray in his thick black hair made him look more than his age.

"Our glass and china are of the pilot pattern," he explained, placing a laden tray on the deck, "but we bulare deficiencies in these respects by a high tone in our cuisine. Today's luncheon consists of grilled chicken and bacon, followed by meringues and figs, while the dessert was laid down last week in Plymouth."

"I am so hungry that I can almost dispense with the glass and china," she admitted. "But won't you let me help? I am quite domesticated."

"What? Would you rob the cook of his glory? You must eat and admire, and thank the kindly gods that you waited Peter to the Indian Ocean when he was putting in his sea service, because he learned there how to use charcoal in the galley instead of an admirable oil lamp."

"I was born in India," she said with delightful irrelevance.

"Ah, were your people in the army?"

"No. My father was in the Indian Marine. But he retired when I was two years old—soon after my mother's death. I lost him eight years later, and, having lived thirteen years with a step-mother, I thought it high time to begin to earn my own living."

She fancied that this brief biography might encourage him to speak of the Baumgartners, but Warden's conversation did not run on conventional lines.

"I find your career most interesting," he said. "Now that we know each other so well I want to hear more of you. Promise that you will write every month until December, and report progress in your new surroundings. Here is my card. A letter to the Universities Club will always catch me."

She read: "Captain Arthur Warden, Deputy Commissioner, Nigeria Protectorate."

"Why must I stop in December?" she asked, with a smile and a quick glance under her long eyelashes.

"Because I return to Nigeria about that date, and I shall then supply a new address."

"Dear me! Are we arranging a regular correspondence?"

"Your effusions can be absolutely curt. Just the date, the locality, and the one word 'Happy' or 'Miserable,' as the case may be."

The arrival of Chris with a grilled chicken created a diversion. Peter had to be summoned from the galley. He explained sheepishly that he thought the meal was of a ceremonious character. They feasted regally, and all went well until the unhappy Chris asked his father if the vegetable marrow was to be boiled for dinner.

"What marrier!" demanded Peter, unguardedly.

"The big one in the dinghy."

To Be Continued.

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