

THE WOMAN'S CORNER

RECIPES

Fruit Drops.
Beat four eggs until thick and frothy; then add a teaspoonful each of grated lemon rind and juice, work in gradually one cupful each of chopped nut meats and dates, then the thirty-beaten whites, then eggs and two teaspoonfuls of entire wheat flour; drop by teaspoonfuls onto greased pans and bake until delicately browned in a moderate oven.

Macaroni.
Cream one-fourth cupful of butter; then beat one egg and one cupful of fine sugar; beat until smooth, then stir in one teaspoonful of vanilla, one cupful of chopped pecan nuts, one cupful of flour sifted with one-fourth teaspoonful of baking powder. Drop by teaspoonfuls onto greased pans and bake in a hot oven.

Chocolate Macaroni.
Grate one-quarter of a pound of unsweetened chocolate and mix with one-quarter pound each of sifted, pulverized sugar and blanched almond almonds; add a pinch of cinnamon and mix to a paste with enough white of eggs, beaten stiff and dry to keep their shape when dropped onto greased paper; bake in a moderate oven and cool before removing.

Almond Wafers.
Cream together one-half cupful of butter and one scant cupful of sugar; then add one-fourth teaspoonful of almond extract and one-half cupful of your cream, to which add one-half level teaspoonful of baking soda. Stir in one-half cupful of chopped figs or raisins and enough flour to make a dough that may be rolled very thin; cut into small cakes and bake in a moderate oven.

Japanese Wafers.
Cream two tablespoonfuls of butter and beat in one egg; then one cupful of granulated sugar, one-fourth teaspoonful of salt and one teaspoonful of vanilla; add one cupful of hot milk, one quart of sifted rice flour and then another cupful of hot milk; beat to a smooth batter. Have wafers iron very hot; grease and pour a small spoonful of the batter into them; close and bake over a hot fire, turning twice. As soon as removed from the irons roll up.

DAILY MENU

BREAKFAST
Rolled Wheat, Top Milk, Popovers, Toast, Coffee.
DINNER
Cream of Spinach Soup, Bacon and Eggs, Mashed Potatoes, Cucumber Pickles, Rhubarb and Date Pie.
TEA
Cheese Souffle, Plum Jam, Bread and Butter, Plain Cake, Tea.

Advice to the Cook.

Surely any fool could cook bacon and eggs, we once overheard a housewife exclaim, and we would agree with her but for the fact that we have seen bacon fried to a cinder, as well as served raw, and the accompanying eggs like pieces of sole leather. The bacon must be of the best, for which even in this year of our Lord, 1910, it is not necessary to pay more than 20 cents a pound, if the buyer is discriminating and purchases by the side. Then it must be cold and be cut in thin slices and the rinds removed. Put a heavy frying pan on the stove—not the sheetiron one, throw in the rinds and clippings, and when the pan is smoking hot, not before, add the bacon and stand over it with a fork ready to turn the moment it is clear. When the strips are light brown and begin to curl, remove to a plating hot platter. If doing a quantity it may be necessary to pour off the fat before adding more bacon. When all pieces are done return any fat poured off to the pan, and when smoking hot have ready an egg broken into a saucer and slip into the fat, then another and another. Baste with the hot fat while cooking. Some people like their eggs done both sides, that is turned like a pancake. Remove with a skimmer to the hot platter and surround with bacon.

The souffle for tea is made by sprinkling slices of bread with grated cheese and arranging in two layers with cheese on top. Pour over it three eggs beaten with two cups of milk, and bake a light brown. Eat before it falls.

TRIM FRENCH FROCK



This entire costume is made of plain grey satin foulard. The dress is trimmed with bands of foulard in Persian design, in which rose is the predominating color.

The broad hat is bound with black velvet and simply trimmed with a wreath of tiny pink roses. A small bunch of these roses is worn at the belt.

WOMEN SUCCESS WINNERS

Miss Gertrude Jordan, of Valentine, Neb., has recently been made county treasurer. Cherry County is said to be the first county in the United States to select a woman treasurer. She is 30, a Republican, and has served eight years as deputy county treasurer.

It has been suggested by Lady MacLaren, of London, that the new woman's charter the wife shall have a small but fair share of the husband's earnings for her own use, because she is the constant drudge of the family.

Helen Fooks, 15, of New York, is an effective public speaker and politician. She is the political infant wonder of the east side.

There are 138,443 organized working women in Germany, and at a recent convention of Socialists in Prussia there were 13 women delegates present who took an active part in all proceedings of the convention.

Mrs. Clara Polz, of Los Angeles, has been appointed a member of the state board of charities and correction of California. She is the only woman on the commission, and was the first woman admitted to practice law in her state.

ON CARE OF YOUR FEET

The American woman is said to rival the Chinese in the abuse of her feet. But the Oriental woman has the advantage over the Occidental; she waddles frankly, while the American girl cultivates grace and elegance of carriage in the narrowest of shoes, the highest of heels, or the most treacherous of pumps.

Corns on the soles of the feet are often developed by wearing shoes which are too narrow. They can be removed with a lotion composed of collodion and salicylic acid. Callouses made by the pump which slips can be rubbed off with pumice stone, after which cold cream must be applied.

BY LOUIS TRACY

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

"THE MESSAGE"

He could not be mistaken. He knew the West African hinterland so well that he could distinguish the inhabitants of different districts by facial characteristics, slight in themselves, but as clearly visible to the eye of experience as the varying race marks of a Frenchman and a Norwegian. Coming thus strangely on the heels of the discovery of that amazing calabash, the incident was almost stupefying. The presence of Figueroa in Cotes was perplexing—the appearance of three Oku blacks was a real marvel—that all four should be visitors on board the Sans Souci savored of necromancy. But Warden did not hesitate. He made certain that the strange quartette were being conveyed to the yacht; he took care to note that their arrival was expected, seeing that Baumgartner himself came down the gangway with a lantern to light the way on board; and then he pulled back to the quay. Ere he reached her, the launch had gone shoreward again.

"You've changed your mind, sir," was Peter's greeting.

"You were keeping a lookout, then?" said Warden.

"Aye, nothin' else to do, so to speak, sir."

"Well, jump in and take the oars, I shall be with you in a moment."

Warden dived into the small cabin, rummaged in a box and produced two revolvers. He examined both weapons carefully under the light, and then he ascertained that they were properly loaded, whereupon one went into each of the outer pockets of his coat.

"Now take me to the Sans Souci, Peter," he said. "Where's the launch?"

"What's doin'?" asked Peter, who was by no means observant.

"Nothing, I hope. I may have to talk big, and twelve ounces of lead might lend weight to an argument. But I am puzzled, Peter, and I hate that condition. You remember our nigger friend on the ground?"

"Remember 'im? Shall I ever forget 'im? and the ex-pilot spat."

"Well, three live members of his tribe, and the worst Portuguese slave trader and gin-runner now known in West Africa, have just boarded the Sans Souci. I don't consider them fit company for Miss Dane. What do you say?"

Peter hung on the oars.

"Why not let Chris come and look after the dinghy?" he said. "You may need a friendly hand when the band plays."

Warden laughed.

"We are in England, Peter," he replied; but the words had a far less convincing sound in his ears now than when he protested against Evelyn Dane's unreasoning antagonism of the carved gourd. One of the weapons in his pockets was actually resting on the crackling skin of a man who had been flayed alive—and most probably so flayed by ancestors of the negroes. The thought strengthened his determination to see and speak to the girl that night. At all costs he would persevere until she herself assured him that she had no wish to go ashore. He even made up his mind to persuade her to return to Portsmouth for the night, and it seemed to him that no consideration could move him from his purpose.

Whereas Lachesis, she who spins the thread of life, had spun him a thread as was the distance to be traversed by the dinghy under the impetus of Peter Evans' strong arms, the cruel goddess who pays no regard to human desires had already contrived the wary and wof of circumstances that would deter even a bolder man than Warden from thrusting himself unbidden into the queer company gathered on the yacht.

The pilot was pulling straight to the gangway when a large steam launch whistled an angry warning that he was crossing her bows. He twisted the dinghy broadside on, and both Warden and he saw two officers in the uniform of a foreign navy step on to the Sans Souci gangway, where Baumgartner bareheaded and obsequious of manner, was standing to receive them.

The Nancy's boat was so near that her occupants could hear the millionaire's words distinctly as he greeted the first of his two latest visitors. He spoke in German, and Peter was none

the wiser, but Warden understood, and his errand there for Evelyn Dane's welfare were promptly merged in a very ocean of bewilderment.

"The Nancy for us, Peter," he murmured. "As they say in the States, I have bitten off more than I can chew. Do you know what that is?"

"Which—the little one?"

"Yes."

"Which he's the skipper of the Dutchman, yonder. That's her launch."

"He is skipper of many Dutchmen. Mr. Baumgartner addressed him as 'Emperor.' Give way, Peter. We must watch and take care, but there are affairs afoot—or shall I say about?"

"It behooves not a simple official in the Nigeria Protectorate to meddle with Calcutta. I have earned a captaincy and a year's leave by serving my country in a humble capacity. Let me not lose both by an act of lese-majeste, and it would be none else were I to break in on the remarkable conference now assembled on board the Sans Souci."

CHAPTER IV.

Figueroa Makes a Discovery.

"You don't mean to say—" gasped Peter.

"I do. And the less notice we attract during the next five minutes the better I shall be pleased. Bear away to the nearest yacht and let me apologize for being late."

So, if there were eyes on board the Sans Souci that paid heed to the light saw the coming of an august visitor, they would have seen nothing more remarkable than a small boat visiting a busy quest of one of the hundreds of yachts in the roadstead.

Following a devious route the dinghy reached the cutter from the port side. Warden secured a pair of night binoculars, sorted himself on the hatch, and mounted guard over the Sans Souci. The cruiser's launch was still alongside, and the time passed slowly until the two officers descended the gangway.

Warden's eyes were fixed on the direction of the Royal Yacht Club landing slip. They had been on board three-quarters of an hour.

There was now so little movement about that the pulsation of the screw could be heard until it was quite near the private pier. Finally it was dominated by the strains of the 'Castle Bann' beginning the evening programme with the 'Boatman's March,' and Warden smiled as he thought how singularly inappropriate the lively tune must sound in the ears of a potentate hurrying shoreward.

A brief pause it struck up; after a brief pause it struck up; after a brief pause it struck up.

"The King, Gawd bless 'im!" said Peter loyally.

"No, that is not for the King. They are playing the 'Boatman's March,' Krantz," said Warden, still peering at the Sans Souci.

"Well, it's the first time I've ever heard 'Gawd Save the King' called that!" expostulated the pilot.

"Same tune, different words."

Peter sniffed in his scorn.

"They'll be sayin' the Old Hundredth is a Dutch hornpipe next," he growled.

The Prussian National Anthem might have acted as a foetus to Mr. Baumgartner, for a light was hoisted forthwith over the poop of the Sans Souci, and Warden discerned the tall forms of the three West African natives standing near the tubby man who manipulated rope and pulley. Figueroa was not visible at first. Warden began to be annoyed. Could it be possible that such a social outcast could be left in Evelyn Dane's company?

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PLAYTIME STORIES

TOUSEL GOES TO LOVELAND

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[By George Jacob Spinner.]

Tousel's eyes were closed in sleep. For Sweet Slumber had crept—Then away on Wings of Night—Went these two in happy flight. Soon Sweet Slumber said, "My boy, Here's a place well stocked with joy! Loveland—it's where cupid rules—Day and night he has 'Love Schools'—'Tis where Hearts go pit-a-pat, And don't know just where they're at; Sweethearts wear those longing looks, Read Love Tales from Cupid's books—Sigh and pine from day to day (All who love do that, they say); Then Dan Cupid has a shop—That's the place where next we'll stop—Broken Hearts are fixed up there, Love's Darts you'll find everywhere; Blushes from a Maiden's cheek,

Honeyed words which Lovers speak, Games called 'Hearts' and 'Holding Hands,' And Mute Signs Love understands; Private teachers you will find, Leading those whom Love struck blind— ALL the World goes there, they say, And Love's made 'most ev'ry way—'Course, you tots don't understand What it is to 'hold a hand,' Grow excited, lose your mind, Then wake up some day to find That two Hearts should live as one, And back in Love's rays of sun; But some day you will learn all, And like other Mortals fall; 'Geet it's nice!' is what they say— You'll know how it feels some day."

ALL AROUND THE HOME

BY CYNTHIA GREY.

A kitchen convenience is a medicine chest such as is commonly supplied for bathrooms. This is hung over the kitchen table, and is designed to hold small cooking supplies, such as baking powder, spices, cocoa and flavoring extracts.

Fried tartlets are made with a rich puff paste. Cut it into four-inch squares, and in the center place a tablespoon of strawberry jam. Moistened

edge of pastry, and pinch corners together. Fry in deep fat like fried cakes, drain in colander, and sprinkle with powdered sugar.

When cleaning house, put up a few feet of wide plate rail between the range and the sink, to hold the platters, kettle covers and trays which are most frequently in use. Little brass hooks set at intervals along the edge of the rail are good for hanging forks, spoons and cups.

spills up into fatty acids and glycerin, and from the glycerin a substance (acrolin) which has a very irritating effect upon the poncee coats? Which of these two

All will recall that the fumes of scorched fat make the eyes water. It is not surprising that such a substance, if taken into the stomach, should cause digestive disturbance.

FASHIONS

Gold-colored straw trimmed with black is a popular combination in millinery this season.

Natural colored khaki skirts, made with seven gores, habit back and buttoned down the front in a straight line, are most practical and popular.

High-buttoned fancy boots for children are strapped from the ankle to the shoe top.

CYNTHIA GREY'S CORRESPONDENTS

Dear Miss Grey: On my way to and from work every day I meet a certain young gentleman. I meet him twice a day regularly. Today upon meeting him, he raised his hat and spoke. Is it proper for me to answer him, seeing that I have never been introduced to him?
Answer—No.

FRIED FOODS IN ILL REPUTE

Fat is a valuable food, and the objection to fried foods, because they are cooked in fat seems illogical. The chief reason for the bad opinion in which fried food is held by many is that it almost always means eating burned fat.

When fat is heated too high it