

THE WOMAN'S CORNER

FASHIONABLE SHOES



They are elaborate and dainty—the shoes of today—and they take various forms. The most notable feature is the lowered heel. The buskin shoe of sixty years ago will be again the height of fashion, and that even the shoes of other styles will indicate the buskin influence in a narrow pointed toe with squared-off tip.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

Save your pound baking powder tins to steam brown bread, to mold your pressed veal or beef, and cornmeal mush to fry. The slices will be round and attractive.

When a fire needs to be replenished in or near a sick room, put the coal in a paper bag. Then put all together in the stove. Saves coal dust and also noise, which is very annoying to nervous people.

A suspicion of onion in creamed fish, crabs and other dishes made with a cream sauce will bring out all the seasoning. The onion can be boiled in the milk and removed before the rest of the ingredients are added.

Where rust has not become too fixed it can often be removed by hard rubbing with a cloth wet in sweet oil. Coal oil is even better. Let the article soak in the oil several hours. Rubbing with fine sandpaper is also good.

To clean boys' clothing, wash in hot suds using white soap and plenty of borax, the quantity depending upon the hardness of the water. Wring and rinse in clear warm water, then again in warm water, adding a little ammonia to the last rinse. Never place woollens in cold water.

When disfiguring marks appear on wall paper or holes from nails want covering the simplest way is to procure a piece of paper to match and tear roughly a piece a little larger than the size required. Tear without any definite shape and paste on carefully. It is the torn edge that will almost defy detection.

You can remove grease spots from wall paper with blotting paper and a hot flatiron. Put the blotting paper over the stain and press it with the hot iron. By this process the stain will be transferred to the blotting paper. Other stains may be removed from wall paper by rubbing them with a piece of bread a day old or with a piece of flannel dipped in dry oatmeal.

An old-fashioned recipe for cleaning light silk garments is to mix a quarter of a pound of soft soap and half a pound of gin. Remove the dust from the surface, then with a small hard brush scrub it with the mixture. Have at hand two pails of cold water; dip the silk in one, shake it well and remove the latter, then dip it in the other, hang up to dry without wringing it. Finally iron it between paper before it is quite dry.

To clean a black skirt lay the skirt as flat as possible on a clean table. Remove all grease spots with brown paper and a hot iron, then with a sponge dipped in strong coffee rub away the whole of the dress, paying special attention to the front and the edge of the skirt. When the whole of the skirt has been sponged and is still damp iron on the wrong side until perfectly dry. It is best to use an ironing board for this process if one is available.

A New Jersey farmer has patented a cover for milking pails that admits the milk through a strainer covered with a cloth that can be removed for cleaning and which keeps impure air from entering the pail.

ALL AROUND THE HOME

BY CYNTHIA GREY.

If a drop of machine oil should fall on white silk when stitching after oiling, a little bread should be crumbled immediately over the top.

Old pieces of velvet are invaluable on cleaning day. They are soft, and give an excellent polish to woodwork or the glass, while they can be washed over and over again.

To renew gilt frames which have become dull and lustreless, a paste should be made of spirits of wine and whiting and laid over the gilt. This must be left until dried into a cake, when it can easily be brushed off and the gilt polished.

The best method of cleaning a mirror is that of rubbing it with a sponge saturated with methylated spirits, and then sprinkling the surface of the glass with powdered indigo. If this is left for a few

moments and then dusted off with a clean chamois, a good polish should be obtained.

When using a lemon in the kitchen for flavoring purposes, it is an excellent plan to heat it before cutting it in half. It may be placed in the oven for a few moments or laid on the plate rack over the fire. When squeezed, the juice will run far more readily than if it were cold.

Beat one egg, add seasoning to it, and a little water. Cut bread, dip slices into the mixture and fry brown. This is often served with poached eggs.

When embroidered linen is stained with fruit, boiling water should be poured through the spot as quickly as possible. Stretch the stained portion over top of a saucer.

DAILY MENU

BREAKFAST.
Cereal and Cream.
Creamed Fish on Toast.
Popovers. Coffee.

LUNCHEON.

Cheese Omelet.
Shredded Pineapple.
Cake. Tea.

DINNER.

Roast Beef.
Potatoes. Asparagus.
Prune Charlotte.
Coffee.

Prune Charlotte.

Soak one dozen and a half large prunes over night, then stew in the water they have been soaked in. When cold remove the stones and chop fine. Whip a pint of cream very stiff, adding three tablespoonsful of sugar. Then whip the minced prunes into this. Line glass dish with lady fingers or thin slices of sponge cake and fill the centre with the prune cream. Put on ice until ready to serve.

CYNTHIA GREY'S CORRESPONDENTS

Dear Miss Grey: (1) My last year's cream serge suit is too small since cleaning. Would a vest of black velvet, and cuffs look all right, or would you suggest something apart and making a one piece dress? (2) What style and material is right for a maternity gown? TREMONA.

A.—(1) The one-piece dress would be more satisfactory. I'm sure. (2) Get a good pattern for this dress, as it is not an easy task for the amateur without. Cashmere, challis, or Panama cloth, or some of the washable cotton materials.

Dear Miss Grey: I am timid when with boys even though I have two brothers. I run out of subjects to talk about when they bring their friends home. Can you help me? (2) After finishing a dance, how can I slip away without hurting my partner's feelings? DIXIE.

A.—I suggest that you enter with enthusiasm into your brother's pleasures and discuss these and other matters of interest to boys with him and his friends. You'll soon forget your timidity and be almost like "one of the boys." (2) Don't do it unless it's imperative. When the next dance is announced, your partner will naturally excuse himself to find his partner. Thus no one's feelings will be hurt.

Dear Miss Grey: What kind of a vegetable salad is best and how is it prepared for the table? C. A. H.

A.—It belongs to the cabbage family, and is prepared by the same methods.

Mme. Anna Rogstad, first woman member of the storthing, lower house in the Norwegian parliament, was teacher in the public schools in Christiania, when elected. When asked for her reasons for believing that women should vote and serve in legislative assemblies, she said:

"There are two reasons. Many women are required to pay taxes, taxation without representation is not right. Women should have a voice in the direction of the schools and all the other institutions that have to do with children. I am a mother and was a school teacher for many years. I believe that those facts qualify me for the duties of my office."

Queen Mary of England is an expert dressmaker and lace-maker, and has taught her daughter the way of working gowns. Queen Mary is also wonderfully clever in the art of cookery.

Changeable photographs of an unprecedented novelty, taken after a method perfected by the secretary of the faculty of sciences in the University of Marseille, M. Estaneve, were lately elucidated before the Academy of Sciences at Paris, and are now creating a sensation in the scientific papers. M. Estaneve, it seems, produced what is called technically a "dia-positive" on glass of a sleeping woman. By including the picture ever so little, and then shaking it a trifle, the eyes of the picture apparently open like the orbs of a porcelain doll. In the photograph, however, the entire countenance becomes radiant with the most animated expressiveness. When the photograph is inclined to its first position, the eyes slowly close once more. Current Literature.

A married woman in Switzerland is entitled to one-third of her husband's income as her independent property, according to a new law.

Much to the regret of New York feminine playgoers who used to drive to the "night and day" bank from the theatre and leave their jewelry in safekeeping, the bank is from June 15 to be closed at night. It will remain open from 3 a.m. to midnight in the future.

ADVERTISER PATTERNS

BEAUTY PATTERN COMPANY.



8748-A PRACTICAL GARMENT FOR THE SMALL MAIDEN.

Girl's one-piece over-bonnet dress, to be worn with or without a gump. In planning for dress to wear for school during warm weather or during the day's heat in vacation time, a simple little dress such as is here shown will at once appeal to every mother. The garment is cut in one piece and the fullness is held by a belt. The neck is cut out square and finished with a shaped band that may be omitted. The sleeves, too, may be made without the band, so that the sewing can be greatly simplified. Chambray, gingham, linen or percale may be used for this model. The pattern is cut in four sizes, 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. It requires 2½ yards of 36-inch material for the 4-year size. A pattern of this illustration mailed with any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

PATTERN DEPARTMENT OF THE ADVERTISER.

Please send above-mentioned pattern, with per directions given below, to:

Name

Street Address

Town

Province

Measurement—Bust

Waist

Age (if child's or misses' pattern)

CAUTION—Be careful to inclose above illustration and send size of pattern wanted. When the pattern is sent to you, you need only mark 32, 34, or whatever size you want. If a child's pattern, give waist and length measure. When a misses' pattern, give only the figure representing the size. It is not necessary to write "inches" or "yards." Patterns cannot reach you in less than one week from the date of order. The price of each pattern is 10 cents in cash or in postage stamps.

THE MESSAGE

BY LOUIS TRACY.

Author of

"The Wings of the Morning,"

"The Wheels of Fortune."

"You would better bring your men ashore, run the launch as far up the bank as possible and barricade yourself in the strongest building available," he said. "The men of Oku are out. Three bend in the river and their occupation is armed with Mannlicher rifles. Escape that way is impossible. Your only chance is to hold the post as long as Allah permits. I shall try to pass the blockading canoes and reach Ibi, though I fear it will be too late."

Colville hardly knew at which he was most amazed, the commanding tone of this haggard son of the desert or the astounding news he brought.

"Say, then, hadji," he cried, half ironically. "What plague has broken out in Oku that the whole line of the Seneg should be threatened?"

"The chief plague is that of blind-ness among officers who fail to see the pits dug for them by crafty natives," was the stern answer. "I speak truly, young master. You have half an hour, at best, in which to make preparations."

"But these war canoes you speak of—they are not at the bend; I have just come up stream."

"Why did I not hear them?"

"They drifted down quietly lest they should arouse the mission."

"And yet you came here? Why?"

"To warn the mission people. Hurry, I pray you, and waste no time in useless talk."

"Oh, I say, Colville," broke in Fairholme, who understood no word of this dialogue and wondered why the English officer should permit an Arab to detain him, "can't Mr. Hume take me to Miss Dene? If she is as sick of this rotten river as I am she'll be jolly glad to see me."

"Certainly," said Colville. "I shall follow you soon. This chap seems to me to be a main here for a few minutes."

Hume, eager to get away, led Fairholme in the direction of the house. The young soldier felt a strong hand grasp his shoulder, and an English voice whispered:

"Colville, don't you know me?"

They were standing in a cleared space where the moonlight gave some degree of light. The Arab had pushed back his burnous, revealing a worn, handsome face, tanned brown with exposure. Though the characteristic traits of his supposed race are the heavy lip, and the hawk-like nose, this man was straight-nosed and thin-lipped. He was cadaverous enough, but no Arab.

Colville did more than gaze, he actually gaped at the other. There was no mistaking the cultured accent of an English gentleman, and yet—the thing could not be, he knew—he was bewitched.

"My dear Jimmie, have I changed so much, then, since last we played snooker together in the club?"

"Well, I'm blessed!" muttered Colville, or to be candid, he used the subaltern's variety of the phrase.

"You soon will be if you don't do as I tell you," came the emphatic assurance. But before I go, for I must give the people a little chance—though it is a thousand to one I shall be too late—who is the lady your friend inquired about?"

Colville wanted to say so much that he found but few words. He could only gasp.

"My dear Warden—didn't you hear?"

"I heard her name, of course, but it cannot be a lady of the same name in whom I would be interested. She is an odd thing it should be mentioned."

"In this, then, who is she?"

"How could any poor devil guess he was in for this sort of stew when he started from Ibi yesterday?"

"I assure you we are wasting precious time, Jimmie. Perhaps it is my fault, but the question was a natural one under the circumstances. Tell your friend all right, or they may want to prevent my departure; they understand those drums, you know. My only hope of success in case I am stopped at the bend is to keep up the pretence that I am a special envoy from the mission in the interior. Some day, if we win through this business, I shall have a fine yarn for you."

"But look here, old chap, I can't let you slip away like that. Confound it! I don't know what to say, but the plain truth is best, perhaps. The girl were engaged to, Miss Evelyn Dene, is inside the mission house now, this minute. I brought her from Ibi. He is the Earl of Fairholme. He told me all about you on the way up. He's a devil, but he is only fair to add—"

A series of blood-curdling yells and a volley of musketry that lit the air with spurts of flame put an abrupt end to Colville's qualifying sentence. He was so taken aback by the extraordinary evidence that Warden should arrive at Kadina almost at the same instant as the man who had come there with the avowed intent of taking Evelyn Dene home to England as his wife, that for one moment he failed to grasp the enormity or extent of the native onslaught.

It was otherwise with Warden. Though his brain might well have reeled at the news he had just heard from a brother officer's lips, the incessant watchfulness demanded by the life of the past five months had trained his mind to such a degree that he did not flinch.

While his heart asked tumultuous questions and found no answer to any of them, his head dictated the steps that must be taken if they were to offer any sort of organized defence.

"Company!" Attention! Warden shouted. "Four men remain with the launch, keep steam up and shove off from the bank; all others follow to the mission. Double—March! Bent Kall, run the canoe ashore and come!"

The loud command, proceeding apparently from their leader, though not in their leader's voice, was promptly obeyed by the Hausas. They came running across the clearing, leading their rifles and fixing bayonets as they ran.

"Now, Colville, take hold!" said Warden coolly. "I'm afraid I started you a little, but they're your men, not mine."

The younger man needed no second bidding. Glad of the night that hid the scarlet in his face, he told the small squad to hold their fire until he gave the word. They were less visible beneath the verandah than on the open ground.

He had rushed out at the first sound of firing, and they were painfully distinct in the light that came from a large lamp inside the room at the back.

"Shout to them to get inside, close the doors, and extinguish all lights," said Warden, keeping close to Colville during the combined rush to gain the obscurity afforded by the heavy beams that supported the upper story.

Colville obeyed. He was honestly glad that a stronger man had taken control. His knowledge of the country told him that a most serious and far-spread rebellion was in progress. Rifles, not gas-pipe guns, were the weapons of a tribe famed for its fighting qualities.

He had a dozen men, not counting the four in thousands. He did not mind the onset of as many as that. He had faced many times, but it was one thing to take on a definite campaign, no matter what the odds, and quite another to find himself plunged into a seemingly hopeless fight in a time of protest against the close of an exhausting journey undertaken to oblige a sporting British peer.

He had to believe his instructions twice before the alarmed occupants of the mission-house quitted the veranda. The sound of his own voice was a help; it steadied him. It was in his natural tone that he growled to Warden:

"Fairholme admits that he is an ass. In an hour, he will be a man. Hume would have more sense than to let the women stand there offering a clear target."

"They are safe enough yet," was the reply. "Their rooms face the river; the attack is coming from the bank."

"Wouldn't it be better to take to the river at once?"

"No, that means certain death. There are three canoes, and each has a Nordenfled mounted in its bows."

"Good Lord, is that a Nordenfled?"

"Yes, and M'Wanga has a dozen 12-pounders in two batteries at Oku. Not exactly the best of much use to them."

"I took care of that. But I failed utterly to get on board the canoes. They were moored in mid-stream, guarded day and night, and the guns were shotted."

Moreover, I have been out of gear nearly six weeks. This is a big business, Colville. How is it no one knew of what was going on?"

"There were rumors, but they died down."

"Did they send Forbes in my place?"

"Yes."

"He explains it. He is a capital fellow in an office. To ask him to undertake Oku plot was to set a bad catching sparrow by the tail."

"The last winter of time to discuss matters took coolly. No West African fighting man would demean himself by delivering an assurance of enemy's position by a preliminary hubbub of yell and wild shooting. It is different when he is the defender."

As a partridge till the noise money that he usually antiquated guns can most effectively belch forth a destroying blast of nails, iron scraps, pebbles and broken glass and pottery."

But the seconds passed, and the minutes, and no word of demonic figures poured across the open compound. The shooting was incessant, yet no bullet struck a house, though the noise was so loud that it was almost deafening.

Indifferent native marksmen could well avoid hitting a big building in which all the staff of the mission were gathered.

The lower part of the structure served as a store.

Hausa soldier-politicians, picked men of the West African Regiment, were trained not to fire without orders. They were far too few in number to line the veranda, and the mission was a goodly one.

In any case, the defence it afforded was worse than useless. The mission was a goodly one.

A year's growth of herbage. In some instances, a passage had been made by the negroes, and the mission was a goodly one.

It would demand many hours of labor by a hundred men to put the mission in a state of defence.

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