

THE WOMAN'S CORNER

NEW SHOES OF
400 YEARS AGO

Speaking of new and novel styles in footwear, here are a couple of samples displayed in the Paris shops of 1512—just 400 years ago. They have been preserved in good condition in a French museum.

The peg heel of the one shown above was covered with leather, while the main part of the shoe is of openwork leather, over satin. The toe comes to a decided point. There was point to almost everything in those days. But look at the big, ungainly slipper below. It was intended for street wear, with a very high heel and a very thick sole to keep some dainty "tribe" from the thick mud of Paris. The sole is hollow. The flowers on the toe are a peculiar feature.

TO A LADY

On Her Art of Growing Old Gracefully.

You ask a verse, to sing (ah, laughing face!)
Your happy art of growing old
With grace
O, Muse, begin, and let the truth—but, hold!
First let me see that you ARE growing old!
—John James Platt.

CYNTHIA GREY'S
CORRESPONDENTS

Dear Miss Grey: Please answer the following questions: 1. When a young man calls on a lady frequently, is it necessary to serve refreshments? 2. Is it wrong for a young man to put his arm around a girl's friend? 3. When a girl objects and he persists, what should she do?
DOLLY.

A.—1. No. 2. Yes, unless they are engaged. 3. Tell him he cannot call again.

Dear Miss Grey: Is black lace used this season? I have a bolt of black Valenciennes an inch wide. Can it be used to trim an afternoon or evening dress? If so, please suggest something inexpensive, also color.

A.—Lace was never more fashionable than now, and there is a host of black lace for this season. Use your lace with sheer black lawn or dotted Swiss. Make the dress with low-cut neck and very short sleeves, just above the elbow. The lace would make a pretty trimming for a thin white dress, but it would be necessary to rip it off before laundering the dress.

Dear Miss Grey: Please give recipe for cocoanut pie.
L. S.

A.—Mix together one-half cup butter with one and one-half cups sugar. When light and smooth add one cup grated or shredded cocoanut. Fold in the beaten whites of five eggs, flavor. Pour into pastry shell which has been previously baked and brown it quickly. Serve cold with cream and sugar.

Dear Miss Grey: 1. What will take green dye stains out of a white linen dress? 2. I am 17. Please give me an easy and stylish way to arrange my hair. 3. I have brown hair, grey eyes and medium complexion. What colors

shall I wear? 4. Are girls of 15 old enough to go to parties with young men?
INQUIRER.

A.—1. I fear the case is hopeless. 2. Part and roll the hair and "do up" in a figure eight coil low on the nape of the neck. If your skin is sallow, all colors except shades of brown should become you. 4. Not unless chaperoned.

CUTS SIX SLICES OF
BREAD AT ONE JOB

Here's a new bread knife, made to cut off a slice for every member of the family at the same time—no favoritism! Father, mother, Susan, Jimmie, Mary and Baby Joe all get theirs in equal portions when the knife descends on one of those crisp, brown loaves.

Some restaurants have more elaborate devices for slicing bread, but the feature here is simplicity. This kitchen weapon is simply six knives attached at one end to a cross-piece, to which the handle is fastened, and at the extreme tips joined together by a round piece of metal.

FASHIONS

Many fashionable suits of white or colored linen have cuffs and collars of flowered cretonne.

Linen hats embroidered with coronation braid or rat-tail cord are popular outing hats.

Parasols are made of flowered and figured muslin to match summer gowns.

Tailor-made linen waists for out-of-door sports are made with long or short sleeves and with or without collars.

RECIPES

Ginger Beer.

A good ginger beer is made by placing two or more ounces of ground ginger root in a kettle with half an ounce of cream of tartar, two large lemons sliced, two pounds of broken loaf sugar, and two gallons of boiling water. Let simmer over a slow fire for half an hour. When the liquid is nearly cold, stir into it a large tablespoonful of the best yeast. Let it ferment for about 24 hours before bottling for use.

Stuffed Eggs.

Boil the requisite number of eggs slowly for 15 or 20 minutes. The longer a hard-boiled egg is cooked, the more palatable and the more digestible it will be. When the eggs are cold, split them lengthwise, remove the yolks and crumb them into a bowl. Add minced chicken and ham, melted butter, pepper, salt and a little cream of vinegar. Pile the filling into the egg whites and seal each half in a piece of oiled paper. The more trouble you take in preparing a picnic meal, the less it will require to serve it, and the eggs can be passed about in their neat paper wrappings without danger of breaking or becoming dusty.

HILMA

William Tillinghast Eldridge.

(To Be Continued.)

"He must be persuaded to change his allegiance."

"You don't think—" she started to ask.

"I think that with such a man money will go a long way."

"Kurlmurt and Karl should be back before this. They said they would return if they did not find you at once."

"If they don't hurry we may lose a great chance."

"Tomorrow will do as well," the princess suggested, leaning back in her chair. "If they are much later we will have to wait until tomorrow, though I hate any delay," she said.

"How will you go about it?" she asked, leaning half across the table, her arms folded under her perfect chin.

"I shrugged my shoulders. 'It's either money or force,' said. Then I stopped, remembering the request of the countess as I came out the door. That was the discovery I had made which was anything but clear. I resolved to see if the princess could make the matter out."

"Do you know of any reason why Heinrich of Vankle should care to stand particularly well with the British legation?" I asked.

"I can't say that I do," the princess answered. "Why?"

I told her of the Countess Meredith's request that I say nothing to Sir Charles of the incidents of the evening before seeing her again.

The matter seemed to puzzle the princess as much as it had me.

"Sir Charles was a great personal friend of my father's. Otherwise it would

seem to indicate that he was in some way connected with the affair."

"It looks so, if it were not impossible," I agreed, "and as I feared I might tell him of my discovery. But what difference would it make if he should know? They can't be fearful he will tell Zergald."

The princess shook her head to all the suggestion of make, and finally we gave up the matter.

It grew late; Kurlmurt and Karl remained away, so I was forced to give up all idea of seeing Heinrich that night. And then with the chance of immediate action gone we discussed the subject and talked of other things.

The princess asked me of America. The evening was soft; I had broken bread with this woman now seated by my side. Was it any wonder if for an instant I forgot myself on for an instant, I say, and it was only for an instant.

A flash flashed through me that we two sat there in America, not Scandinavia. We had just come from the dance, the music I could almost hear floating softly on the air as we spoke of my country.

But it was the very freedom of the thought of the fact. To think I could so soon after having met her dine thus. The trust and faith placed in me I felt deeply. Yet she was a princess, a private gentleman, bent on her service, and so we could not have been a dance, even had there been a dance.

The change in mood made me restless, and I longed for Karl or Kurlmurt to come back. Suddenly I saw some one moving in the park near by and turned quickly.

"It's one of the guards," the princess said, following. "Lieutenant Barnsmark is in the hall outside your door and he has three men in the park. My uncle insisted on my going out, we did not know but what something had happened. He felt there might be danger."

"And there was in your coming here?" I said, suddenly realizing the facts.

"Hardly so, much as in your call on the countess."

"That was really a very enjoyable affair," I said, smiling at the recollection. We had got back to the matter in hand again, and it was as well.

"Then you really—" I looked at her in surprise, for she asked the question almost eagerly.

"Why not?" said.

"Then why take it?" she asked.

For a moment I tried to see the meaning of the question in her face, then I turned and looked over the park, then back at her.

The sentinel passed out of sight, but his presence seemed to say there was real danger, of which she asked if I had a pleasure in partaking.

But the reason that I looked at her and then away, then back again, was because she had given me a chance to answer her question to tell her truly why I liked this danger and took it.

And then as I was about to answer her in a way I'll not set down here I remembered Karl had told me there was danger in the matter long before I met the princess. So, of course, the answer that I would have made could not have been the reason I took it at all. And yet I must make some answer, so I said:

"For the sake of turning the furrow straight after one getting my hands on the plough."

At my words she sprang to her feet. "Ah, you are a diplomat as well as a ploughman!"

And then she stopped, hesitated and went on as if almost asking me, "And I'll try at least to be a ploughman!"

I looked at her vaguely, she spoke so suddenly, and then before my slow brain could catch her meaning there was a step on the gravel, and she called out that Kurlmurt and Karl were returning.

As I rose to watch them coming forward under the trees, Karl caught sight of me and waved his hand. The princess came back to me and waved a welcome back to them.

"I knew he could care for himself," Kurlmurt growled to Karl as they mounted the steps.

"Yet he's had an adventure," the princess declared.

"The papers are in Zakhar," I said. "They both stopped where they were and stared open-mouthed at me."

"And the woman?" Karl demanded eagerly.

"Is in Zakhar as well."

"How did she get in?" Kurlmurt asked. "I shook my head. I might know that she had arrived, but as to the manner of her coming and the method she employed to pass his spies I did not know."

"I don't know," I said. "But before they all down and told me the final set-back of the matter."

"Our rearranged programme is certainly a bit postponed," Karl said.

"Has Zergald the documents?" Kurlmurt asked.

"You've got them!" Karl exclaimed. "I laughed at his assurance. If Zergald did not have them then I must. That was Karl's reasoning. But before they could ask any more questions I sat them all down and told them what I had already related to the princess."

"Now, I asked as I ended my story, 'Why does Heinrich care to keep these papers instead of giving them to Zergald?'"

"There's money in them for Heinrich," Kurlmurt replied promptly.

"That's what Mr. Converse said," the princess exclaimed, clapping her hands. "I take it Heinrich of Vankle hired the countess, and now that he has the papers from her he'll tell Zergald there are none," Karl said.

"Or possibly he has turned them over to Zergald, but is telling the woman he has not so as to put off the matter with her," Kurlmurt suggested.

"They all looked at me in astonishment. Kurlmurt growled, Karl laughed, but the princess continued to look at me.

"He's been in love before," Karl said in anything but a complimentary tone.

"I don't think he's lying to the countess," I insisted.

"Nor do I," the princess agreed, speaking slowly and still looking at me.

"Well, however, it may be what's to be done," Kurlmurt exclaimed.

"Call on Heinrich and suggest there is money to be had from us," I said.

"But there isn't," the princess said slowly. "We haven't it to bid against Zergald. He is in full power, and Heinrich can get almost anything he may ask with such evidence in his hands."

"He'll be a grand duke," Karl said.

"I saw the largeness of the stake for which Heinrich was playing."

"If we can't bribe him we'll simply have to take them from him," I said.

"Yes, very capital," Kurlmurt sneered, "but how?"

"Mr. Converse will find a way," the princess said. She said it as if it was settled and needed no more discussing, so much so, in fact, that she looked out absently across the lake as she made the remark.

We all glanced at her in some surprise. What Kurlmurt or Karl thought of the wish that I could not say, but I knew I understood the confidence they indicated in the wish that I did know a way.

And then, as if to end the discussion, Lieutenant Barnsmark came through the room, saluted and handed me a note.

"I took it in some surprise, opened it and read the contents in still more surprise.

I turned to them as they stood looking at me, but spoke to the princess.

"Here, perhaps."

"The Countess Meredith, you'll remember, asked to see me before I spoke to Sir Charles. Well, here's a note from her saying I'm to call tomorrow evening at ten. The interview may result in something."

"Where are you to meet her?" Kurlmurt asked.

"Wurtsmurtion," Karl exclaimed.

"Yes," I answered, referring to the note where I first saw her, and Heinrich. The sure of the street, and it should be the number."

And then she stopped, hesitated and went on as if almost asking me, "And I'll try at least to be a ploughman!"

I looked at her vaguely, she spoke so suddenly, and then before my slow brain could catch her meaning there was a step on the gravel, and she called out that Kurlmurt and Karl were returning.

As I rose to watch them coming forward under the trees, Karl caught sight of me and waved his hand. The princess came back to me and waved a welcome back to them.

"I knew he could care for himself," Kurlmurt growled to Karl as they mounted the steps.

"Yet he's had an adventure," the princess declared.

"The papers are in Zakhar," I said. "They both stopped where they were and stared open-mouthed at me."

"And the woman?" Karl demanded eagerly.

"Is in Zakhar as well."

"How did she get in?" Kurlmurt asked. "I shook my head. I might know that she had arrived, but as to the manner of her coming and the method she employed to pass his spies I did not know."

"I don't know," I said. "But before they all down and told me the final set-back of the matter."

"Our rearranged programme is certainly a bit postponed," Karl said.

"Has Zergald the documents?" Kurlmurt asked.

"You've got them!" Karl exclaimed. "I laughed at his assurance. If Zergald did not have them then I must. That was Karl's reasoning. But before they could ask any more questions I sat them all down and told them what I had already related to the princess."

"Now, I asked as I ended my story, 'Why does Heinrich care to keep these papers instead of giving them to Zergald?'"

"There's money in them for Heinrich," Kurlmurt replied promptly.

"That's what Mr. Converse said," the princess exclaimed, clapping her hands. "I take it Heinrich of Vankle hired the countess, and now that he has the papers from her he'll tell Zergald there are none," Karl said.

"Or possibly he has turned them over to Zergald, but is telling the woman he has not so as to put off the matter with her," Kurlmurt suggested.

"They all looked at me in astonishment. Kurlmurt growled, Karl laughed, but the princess continued to look at me."

"He's been in love before," Karl said in anything but a complimentary tone.

"I don't think he's lying to the countess," I insisted.

"Nor do I," the princess agreed, speaking slowly and still looking at me."

"Well, however, it may be what's to be done," Kurlmurt exclaimed.

"Call on Heinrich and suggest there is money to be had from us," I said.

"But there isn't," the princess said slowly. "We haven't it to bid against Zergald. He is in full power, and Heinrich can get almost anything he may ask with such evidence in his hands."

"He'll be a grand duke," Karl said.

"I saw the largeness of the stake for which Heinrich was playing."

"If we can't bribe him we'll simply have to take them from him," I said.

"Yes, very capital," Kurlmurt sneered, "but how?"

"Mr. Converse will find a way," the princess said. She said it as if it was settled and needed no more discussing, so much so, in fact, that she looked out absently across the lake as she made the remark.

We all glanced at her in some surprise. What Kurlmurt or Karl thought of the wish that I could not say, but I knew I understood the confidence they indicated in the wish that I did know a way.

And then, as if to end the discussion, Lieutenant Barnsmark came through the room, saluted and handed me a note.

"I took it in some surprise, opened it and read the contents in still more surprise.

I turned to them as they stood looking at me, but spoke to the princess.

"Here, perhaps."

"The Countess Meredith, you'll remember, asked to see me before I spoke to Sir Charles. Well, here's a note from her saying I'm to call tomorrow evening at ten. The interview may result in something."

"Where are you to meet her?" Kurlmurt asked.

"Wurtsmurtion," Karl exclaimed.

"Yes," I answered, referring to the note where I first saw her, and Heinrich. The sure of the street, and it should be the number."

Come Saturday for Big Bargains in

LADIES' WHITEWEAR

The great BANKRUPT SALE of WHITEWEAR is a huge success and has already attracted crowds of thrifty shoppers. The big rush, however, will come tomorrow, for those shopping yesterday and today will spread the news of the marvellous values to be found in this immense disposal of ladies' whitewear. Saturday, the last day of the sale, will be a hummer.

Ladies' White Cotton Underskirts

Full gored, deep flounce of embroidery or lace insertion and fine tucks, finished with frill to match. Regular \$1.00, for 69c

White Lonsdale Underskirts

With 16-inch flounce of embroidery and tucks, also lace trimming. Regular \$1.50, for 83c

White Cambric Underskirts

With 16-inch flounce of fine Swiss embroidery, finished with two-inch bead- ing and ribbon. Regular \$2.50, for \$1.75

White Lonsdale Underskirts

Full gored, trimmed with 22-inch Swiss embroidery, flounce finished with dust frill. Regular \$4.50, for \$2.89

Ladies' White Cotton Night Gowns

In Hubbard and slip-over style. Reg- ular 75c, for 45c

Fine White Lonsdale Night Gowns

Slip-over or yoke styles, trimmed with lace or embroidery. Saturday only 69c

White Cotton Night Gowns

With yoke of insertion and tucking, neck and sleeves trimmed with embroidery edg- ing. Saturday 98c

Ladies' Wash Waists

Ladies' Waists of white and colored vest- ing and linen, broken lines. Worth \$1.50, Saturday only 98c

Clearance of All Summer Suits and Dresses

SOLE AGENTS FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL PATTERNS.

GRAY & PARKER

PHONE 1182.

150 DUNDAS AND CARLING STREETS.

"A vile hole Wurtsmurtion is," Karl said. The princess came close to me at that, and as Karl turned to Kurlmurt she asked, "It may be a trap full of danger."

"For Heinrich?" I asked.

"Is he to be trusted?" the princess asked. "The princess says that she will meet me alone and that I am to come unat- tended."

"Can you trust her?" I smiled at that and considered for a moment my answer. Then before I could speak she laid her hand on my arm over so lightly and asked quickly:

"Why, no," I said, a little surprised at the question. "I think, though, there will be no danger."

"But if there was you would still be the ploughman?"

"I'd try," I said, "and also to be diplomatic, meaning by that I would have the countess to deal with, and the inter- view would by all means require diplom- acy."

But the princess seemed to see a different meaning in my words and her face changed.

"Yes, we must both be diplomatic," she said, "and diplomacy is rarely real."

With that she turned quickly to her uncle and bade him take her home.

(To Be Continued.)

Iceland has no jail, no penitentiary; there is no court, and only one police- man. Not a drop of alcoholic liquor is made on the island. Its 78,000 people are total abstainers, since they will not permit any liquor to be imported. There is not an illiterate person on the island and not a child of ten years unable to read.

Bushido, in a word, is the popular literature of the Mikado's realm. It includes country theatricals, tales of story tellers and musical compositions. It is not only a literature; it is an idea and an ideal. The word means loyal- ty, fidelity, devotion, and it may be expressed in dozens of different ways.

"Can you trust her?" I smiled at that and considered for a moment my answer. Then before I could speak she laid her hand on my arm over so lightly and asked quickly:

"Why, no," I said, a little surprised at the question. "I think, though, there will be no danger."

"But if there was you would still be the ploughman?"

"I'd try," I said, "and also to be diplomatic, meaning by that I would have the countess to deal with, and the inter- view would by all means require diplom- acy."

But the princess seemed to see a different meaning in my words and her face changed.

"Yes, we must both be diplomatic," she said, "and diplomacy is rarely real."

With that she turned quickly to her uncle and bade him take her home.

(To Be Continued.)

Iceland has no jail, no penitentiary; there is no court, and only one police- man. Not a drop of alcoholic liquor is made on the island. Its 78,000 people are total abstainers, since they will not permit any liquor to be imported. There is not an illiterate person on the island and not a child of ten years unable to read.

Bushido, in a word, is the popular literature of the Mikado's realm. It includes country theatricals, tales of story tellers and musical compositions. It is not only a literature; it is an idea and an ideal. The word means loyal- ty, fidelity, devotion, and it may be expressed in dozens of different ways.

"Can you trust her?" I smiled at that and considered for a moment my answer. Then before I could speak she laid her hand on my arm over so lightly and asked quickly:

"Why, no," I said, a little surprised at the question. "I think, though, there will be no danger."

"But if there was you would still be the ploughman?"

"I'd try," I said, "and also to be