

THE WOMAN'S CORNER

ARTISTIC NEGLIGE OF SILK



The craze for black and white is still on. Not only are new hats and gowns in black and white, but veils, gloves, stockings, petticoats and negligees are made of this popular combination.

The photograph shows a charming three-quarter length saque of soft black silk, trimmed with wide white German Valenciennes insertion and lace. The long points in front and the large sailor collar are striking features of this pretty garment.

CULTIVATE VIRTUE OF CHEERFULNESS

Comparatively few persons possess uniformly cheerful dispositions. Most of us have our sad hours and moods. But whatever his disposition, a man is bound by the laws of his own being and by those of his social relations to cultivate the virtue of cheerfulness assiduously and constantly.

He has no more right to injure his neighbor's happiness than to interfere with his pecuniary property, and he cannot indulge in venting his ill-humor and spleen, with gloomy forebodings and complaints, or even carrying a sad, sour, frowning visage, without sensibly diminishing the enjoyment or comfort of others, and thus infringing on their rights.

Any individual who tries to do so can win himself from despondency and sourness. The power of enjoyment is in itself a faculty capable of improvement.

STRATEGY.

The farm boy was charging a dime to ferry the pretty summer girl across the stream.

"You won't charge me, will you sonny?" asked the close girl coaxingly.

The Gorgon's Head

Wonderful Adventures of Persens With the Magic Wallet, the Enchanted Carpet and the Helmet of Darkness.

Once upon a time a very wicked king named Polydeutes ruled over a wicked people on the island of Seriphus. He was so very bad he resolved to get rid of the only good people on the island—Princess Danae and her son Perseus, a noble and courageous youth.

So King Polydeutes sent Perseus on a most dangerous mission, to slay the Gorgon Medusa and bring back her head as a souvenir. He never expected to see Perseus again, for the three Gorgons were sisters, with terrible tusks, and hands like brass claws, and scales like all over their bodies. Instead of hair, hundreds of big snakes grew on their heads, all alive, twisting, wriggling, and thrusting out their venomous tongues. Worst of all, if once you fixed your eyes on a Gorgon's face you would be instantly turned to stone.

But brave Perseus started out, and soon met an odd, brisk, young stranger named Quicksilver, wearing wings on his cap and shoes. Quicksilver volunteered to help Perseus, and led him through the dark woods to find the Three Grey Sisters, funny old women who could direct him to the place where the Nymphs lived, for he could not slay Medusa without first getting from the Nymphs the magic wallet, the flying slippers, and the helmet of darkness. The Three Grey Sisters were the strangest persons Perseus had ever seen, for they had only one big bright eye between them, which they took turns using, and quarreled about all the time. One of them, Scarecrow, took the eye out of the centre of her forehead, and held it out for Nightmare or Snakejoint to take—for they hadn't seen Perseus. Just then Perseus grabbed the eye. They pleaded and pleaded with Perseus to return their one and only eye, but he would not until they told him where to seek the Nymphs. He found the Nymphs soon after and they kindly gave him all he asked. He strapped the magic wallet to his side and with the flying slippers he could fly through the air like a bird. When he put on the helmet of darkness, presto! no one could see him nor the helmet either.

They flew a long, long way over land and sea, until at last they saw an island, on which lay sleeping the three terrible Gorgons. Then Perseus was glad he had polished his shield, as Quicksilver had told him to do, until it shone like a mirror, for in it



he could see the reflection of the Medusa's face, without risking being turned to stone.

The moonlight glistened on these terrible creatures, and the snakes in their hair writhed and twisted, though asleep. Perseus dashed down upon them and slashed off the wicked Medusa's head with one blow of his sword. Instantly the other Gorgons jumped up screaming and struggling, but Perseus flew away again with Medusa's head in the magic wallet, which had quickly expanded to hold it. Back flew Perseus, straight to Seriphus. King Polydeutes summoned all his wicked subjects to see Medusa's head, but Perseus felt sorry for them, wicked as they were, and did not want to show it.

"Show us the Gorgon's head or I will cut off your own," thundered the king.

"Behold it, then," cried Perseus, and as they looked this bad king and all his wicked subjects turned to hard, glittering stone. Then Perseus went to tell his good mother they need fear no more wicked King Polydeutes no longer.

DAILY MENU

THREE MEALS A DAY.
BREAKFAST.
Baked Apple.
Toasted Brown Bread. Chocolate.

DINNER.
Stuffed Shoulder of Veal.
Potatoes Baked with Meat.
String Beans. Cucumbers Sliced.
Lemon Jelly. Coffee.

TEA.
Cheese and Tomato Salad.
Bread and Butter. Waffles. Tea.

Recipes.
For the meat at dinner the knuckle is removed from a shoulder of veal and the place filled with a dressing made of three cups of bread crumbs, two teaspoonsful of summer savory, half teaspoonful of pepper, one teaspoonful of salt, two tablespoonsful of butter or fresh beef dripping. Put beef dripping in the pan, and after the meat has been fried, add the dressing and the peeled potatoes. Baste frequently, salt and pepper them. Allow twenty minutes to each pound of meat.

For the lemon jelly put three tablespoonsful of powdered gelatin in a clean saucepan with three cupsful of water, soak ten minutes, then add one cupful of lemon juice, one cupful of sugar, one inch of cinnamon stick, four cloves, shavings of lemon rind. Stir well, and place the saucepan over the fire until it comes to the boil. Strain and pour into a mold. Serve with custard or whipped cream.

CYNTHIA GREY'S CORRESPONDENTS

Dear Miss Grey: Although of the stronger sex, I never fail to read your page, and from it have received many helpful hints. Will you oblige me by advising as to the following: I am a young married man employed in a large office. Working with me, side by side, are three charming young stenographers, and I find them so inspiring, so helpful to me spiritually and mentally, that I would like to show my appreciation in some tangible manner. At the same time I feel that perhaps it would not be quite the proper thing to send them gifts. What would you advise?

A.—Why not send them three good seats for Melba? They won't mind.

Dear Miss Grey: I have corresponded with a young man a couple of years. Recently he told me he is engaged, but he writes me very affectionate letters, saying he is not happy in his engagement. I have done nothing to make him dissatisfied or to lead him on. What do you think of the matter?

A.—From my point of view this young man is dishonorable. Since he discusses his sweetheart with you, he probably makes fun of you to his sweetheart, and you are, as my opinion, you, too, are doing wrong in corresponding with him.

Dear Miss Grey: I am very much in love with a young man, but someone has taken from me. I have not heard from him for some time. Would it be proper to call him up and ask him to come over? I think that I am at fault and that I ought to call him up.

A.—If you are sure you are at fault I see no reason why you should not call him up.

Dear Miss Grey: Please give me recipes for hot cakes for two, for soft white icing, for stuffing and pickling green peppers, for apple butter without cider, and for cooking Belgian hares. Also tell me how to remove stains from my plumper's husband's shirts and handkerchiefs and from towels.

CONSTANT READER.
A.—Cakes—Add to three-fourths cup of scalded milk and one-fourth cup of butter three-fourths cup fine stale bread crumbs, and soak until soft. Add one well beaten egg, one-fourth cup flour, two teaspoons baking powder, and a little salt. Mix well and bake on griddle in small cakes.

Icing—Beat the white of one egg until stiff. Add two teaspoons cold water and three-fourths cup powdered sugar. Beat thoroughly and flavor.

Stuffed Peppers—Cut tops from peppers and remove seeds. Fill with salt and cover with cold water. Let stand 48 hours, then drain. Leave in cold water over night, then fill with stuffing made of two tablespoons minced cabbage, two tablespoons grated horseradish, a teaspoon minced onion, one-half teaspoon each powdered mace, nutmeg and ginger, a teaspoon each celery, salt and pepper, and a mustard seed, a teaspoon sugar and a tablespoon olive oil. Tie tops on peppers, pack in crock and fill crock with boiling vinegar. Repeat scalding ten days later. Cover airtight.

Apple Butter Without Cider—Not satisfactory.

Belgian Hares—Cook same as rabbit—stewed in pot-pie, or roasted with dressing.

Stains—Use a chloride of lime solution.

Dear Miss Grey: 1. Is Rider Haggard still living? 2. What is his latest book? 3. What is your opinion of him as a writer? 4. Please give a recipe for vegetable oyster soup.

SUBSCRIBER.
A.—1. Yes. 2. "The Yellow God." 3. His ability as a writer is not of the highest order, but his stories are quite interesting. 4. Scrape the roots out into inch lengths and put over the fire in boiling water. Stew until tender. Drain and add hot milk, a little butter and cracker dust; season to taste and serve.

Dear Miss Grey: 1. Do girls of 15 wear the hair in a curl this year? 2. What will be the leading color for a one-piece dress? 3. Is it proper for a girl of 15 to have an escort home from church Sunday nights? 4. Is it proper to call a boy up after he has called several times?

STUDENT.
A.—Yes. 2. Brown. 3. A girl of 15 should not go out at night without a woman companion older than herself. 4. No harm in calling up occasionally, but do not make a practice of it. A girl of 15 is only a little girl and ought to be busy with her lessons when not at play—not thinking about the boys.

When a Man Marries

By Mary Roberts Rinehart.

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"You are—better today?"
"Quite well, thank you."
"I am glad you find tent useful. Does it keep off the wind?"
"It is quite a shelter"—frigidly.

He still stood, struggling for something to say. Evidently nothing came to his mind for the time being, but he was wearing, and turning away, began to work with the wiring of the roof. He was clever with tools; one could see that. If he was a professional gentleman-burglar, no doubt, he needed to be. After a bit, finding it necessary to climb to the parapet, he took off his coat, without even a glance in his direction, and fell to work vigorously.

One does not need to like a man to admire him physically, any more than one needs to like a race horse or any other splendid animal. No one could doubt that the man on the parapet was a splendid animal; he looked quite big enough and strong enough to have tossed his slender bridge across the gulf to the next roof, without any difficulty, and co-ordinate enough to have crossed on it with a flourish to safety.

Just then there was a rending, tearing sound from the corner and a muttered ejaculation. I looked up in time to see Mr. Harbison throw up his arms in a futile attempt to regain his balance, and disappear over the edge of the roof. One instant he was standing there, splendid, superb; the next, the corner of the parapet was empty, all that stood there was a broken, splintered post and a tangle of wires. I could not have moved at first; at least it seemed hours before the full significance of the thing penetrated my dazed brain. When I got up I seemed to walk, to crawl, with leaden weights holding back my feet.

When I got to the corner I had to catch the post for support. I knew somebody was saying, "Oh, how terrible!" over and over. It was only afterward that I knew it had been myself. And then some other voice was saying: "Don't be alarmed. Please don't be frightened. I'm all right."

I dared to look over the parapet, finally, and instead of a crushed and unrecognizable body, there was Mr. Harbison, sitting about eight feet below me, with his feet swinging into space and a long red scratch from the corner of his eye across his cheek. There was a sort of mansard there, with windows, and just enough coping to keep him from rolling off.

"I thought you had fallen—all the way," I gasped, trying to keep my lips from trembling. "—oh, don't dangle your feet like that!"

He did not seem at all glad of his escape. He sat there gloomily, peering into the gulf beneath.

If it wasn't so—er—messy and generally unpleasant," he replied without looking up. "I would slide off and go the rest of the way."

"You are childish," I said severely. "See if you can get through the window behind you. If you cannot, I'll come down and unfasten it." But the window was open, and I had a chance to sit down and gather up the scattered ends of my nerves. To my surprise, however, when he came back he made no effort to renew our conversation. He ignored me completely, and went to work at once to repair the damage to his wires, with his back to me.

"I think you are very rude," I said at last. "You fell over here and I thought you were killed. The nervous shock I experienced is just as bad as if you had gone—all the way."

He put down the hammer and came over to me without speaking. Then, when he was quite close, he said: "I am very sorry if I startled you. I did not flatter myself that you would be profoundly affected, on any event."

"Oh, as to that," I said lightly. "It makes me ill for days if my car runs over a dog." He looked at me in silence. "You are not going to get up on that parapet again?"

"Mrs. Wilson," he said, without paying the slightest attention to my question, "will you tell me what I have done?"

"Done?"

"Or have not done? I have racked my brains—stayed awake all of last night. At first I hoped it was impersonal, that, somehow, you were merely venting general disfavor on one particular individual. But—your hostility is to me, personally."

I raised my eyebrows, coldly interrogative.

"Perhaps," he went on calmly—"perhaps I was a fool here on the roof—the night before last. If I said anything that I should not, I ask your pardon. If it is not that, I think you ought to ask mine."

I was angry enough then.

"There can be only one opinion about your conduct," I retorted warmly. "It was worse than brutal. It—it was unspeakable. I have no words for it—except that I loathe it—and you."

He was very grim by this time. "I have heard you say something like that before—only I was not the unfortunate in that case."

"I was choking."

"Under different circumstances I should be the last person to recall anything so—personal. But the circumstances are unusual." He took an angry step toward me. "Will you tell me what I have done? Or shall I go down and ask the others?"

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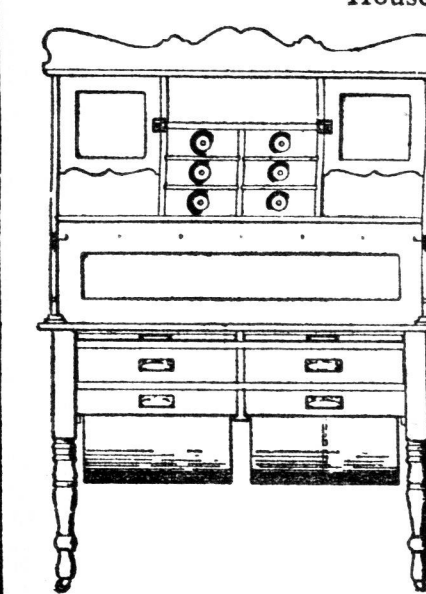
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"You wouldn't dare," I cried, "or I will tell them what you did! He would lay me on those stairs there, and forced your carcases, your kisses, on me! Oh, I could die with shame!"

The silence that followed was as unexpected as it was ominous. I knew he was staring at me, and I was furious to find myself so emotional, so much more the excited of the two. Finally, I looked up.

"You cannot deny it," I said, a sort of anti-climax.

"No," he was very quiet, very grim, quite composed. "No," he repeated judicially. "I do not deny it."

He did not? Or he would not? Which?

CHAPTER XIV.

Almost, But Not Quite.

Dal had been acting strangely all day. Once, early in the evening, when I had doubled no trump, he led me a club without apology, and later on, during his dummy, I saw him writing our names on the back of an envelope and putting numbers after them. At my earliest opportunity I went to Max.

"There is something the matter with Dal, Max," I volunteered. "He has been acting strangely all day, and just now he was making out a list—names and numbers."

"You are to blame for that, Kit," Max said seriously. "You put washing soda instead of baking soda in those biscuits today, and he thinks he has a steam laundry. Those are laundry lists he's making out. He asked me a little while ago if I wanted a domestic finish."

Yes, I had put washing soda in the biscuits. The book said soda, and how is one to know which is meant?

"I do not think you are calculated for a domestic finish," I said coldly as I turned away. "In my case I disclaim any such responsibility. But—there is something on Dal's mind."

(To be Continued.)

IN THE BOUDOIR.

The way the head is held has a great deal to do with a double chin. Be careful always to hold your chin up and sleep with your head in this position. This keeps the skin of the neck firm and prevents it from sagging. A good exercise for this condi-

tion is to throw the head back as far as possible for about nine or ten times several times a day.

If you find a cavity in a tooth, don't wait until you have a jumping, aching molar, but avoid the pain and more expensive dentist's bill by having a small filling put in the day the cavity is discovered.

If you wish to have sound teeth make a practice of having them examined by some good dentist twice a year at least.

You can test your teeth yourself for cavities with the aid of a silk thread. Teeth that are sound present a smooth surface on all sides. The presence of a small cavity is indicated by a roughness which is instantly transmittable to the silk thread. If your thread cuts habitually it is proof that the tooth is decayed, or tartar is present.

Tall women are more apt to walk well than plump little ladies, who, with the keen desire to keep down their superfluous flesh, grind themselves into the tightest of clothes and go about puffing like tiny steam tugs. A short person may get the effect of height by holding herself exceedingly supple and upright.

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