Of Interest To Women

Correspondence

Edited by Cynthia Grey.

Lacks a Beau.

Dear Miss Grey: I am 21, and have not yet had a steady beau. What can be the reason? WORRIED.

A.—It is not an easy matter to answer your question, since I do not know you. Perhaps, however, you scare them away because you are too anxious. Men like to be wooers, you know.

To Kill Lice.

Dear Miss Grey: How can I rid my little girl's hair of lice? F. W. L.

A.—Rub coal oil into the roots and brush down through the hair. Tie the child's head up in a clean towel for ten or twelve hours, then remove the towel and shampoo the hair thoroughly. When dry comb it carefully with a fine comb, a small strand at a time. Go over it completely, to be sure that there are no nits left.

Violins.

Dear Miss Grey: Please tell me when the larger sized violin is used. When the smaller. Also give me the name of one of the best makes of this instrument. READER.

A.—The smaller sized violins are used by children, increasing the size with age until the full size is reached. Names of some of the best makes will be given if you send a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

He'll Come Around.

Dear Miss Grey: I am 17 and deeply in love with a young man of 19. He has told others he liked me, but he seems timid about asking me to go with him. Please advise. ANXIOUS.

A.—Don't worry about it. If he cares for you he'll let you know about it in his own way and time. One thing is sure, he does not want evident advances on your part—that's boy-nature.

Beaux and Belles.

Dear Miss Grey: How old should boys and girls be before beginning to go together? JOSEPH W.

A.—Eighteen or thereabouts, if they are through with school.

Removing Grease Spots.

Dear Miss Grey: What will take grease spots out of brown lansdowne dress? A FRIEND.

A.—Try chloroform.

Kissing.

Dear Miss Grey: Is it right for boys to put their arms around the girls and kiss them? COUNTRY GIRL.

A.—Girls are very foolish to allow these privileges, for boys will think less of them for it. No young man wants to marry a girl who has been kissed by others. The act in itself cannot be called wrong, perhaps, but great wrong may come from it. You will understand when you are older and have little girls of your own. Then you will feel just as I do.

USE OF TABLE OILCLOTH.

Considering the trifling outlay to begin with, there is nothing to compare with the table oilcloth as a labor saver. To begin with the kitchen: After you have covered your work table with it line each drawer in the kitchen and pantry.

The next day you will want to cover your molding board on both sides. Then get the pretty scalloped kind and use instead of paper on your pantry shelves. Oilcloth will make bibs for the children and napkins to put under the plates.

Pink each piece neatly. Put squares of oilcloth under the tablecloth where hot dishes are placed. If you use an oil heater have some boards fastened together, cover with dark-colored oilcloth and place castors underneath. Some pieces to place under potted plants, when you wish them on mantel, piano or window ledge, are handy to save the wood finish.

Oilcloth also makes neat washstand covers and splashers for the servants' or boys' room.

SUMMER FOOTWEAR FOR DRESS AND STREET

Harmonious color combinations of stockings and shoes are more and more insisted upon. The new summer offerings are especially designed to meet this demand. On the left is a street pump in black or tan, with stocking of the same shade. Next is a dress pump with buckle of suede and matched stocking. The dress boot on the right, of patent leather and kid, calls for the black silk stockings shown.

DAILY MENU

BREAKFAST.
Apple Sauce.
Oatmeal. Cream.
Creamed Sweetbreads.
Popovers. Coffee.

LUNCHEON.
Canapes of Asparagus.
Sliced Pineapple.
Cocoa.

DINNER.
Clear Soup.
Roast Beef. Browned Potatoes.
Beans.
Strawberry Custard.
Cafe Noir.

Popovers.

Two cups of flour, sifted twice with one teaspoon of baking powder, half a teaspoon of salt, two cups of milk, one egg beaten light. Beat for four minutes and bake in buttered gem pans in a brisk oven.

Canapes of Asparagus.

Take slices of bread about two inches thick, and stamp them out into neat rounds with a biscuit cutter. With a smaller cutter mark a circle in the centre of each round and scoop out the crumbs to the depth of an inch, taking care to leave the sides and bottom quite firm. Arrange these in a shallow dish and pour over them a half pint of milk, to which a beaten egg has been added. Then take up carefully and slip into a kettle of boiling fat. They will brown almost immediately and must be removed when a pale golden brown. Drain on soft paper. Cut the tender part of asparagus into pieces of an equal size, rejecting that which is woody. Wash and simmer in salted water until tender. Drain. Put a heaping tablespoonful of butter into a saucepan with a tablespoonful of flour; then add a quarter of a pint of water in which the asparagus was cooked; let it come to a boil; add the asparagus, the juice of a lemon, and a teaspoonful of fine chopped parsley. Fill the canapes with this; arrange on a platter and garnish with cress or parsley and sliced lemon.

Strawberry Custard.

Make a custard of one and one-half cupfuls of milk, three-fourths cupful of sugar, one or two eggs, two level tablespoonfuls of cornstarch, and one-half teaspoonful of vanilla. Heat milk in double boiler, then add cornstarch, dissolved in a little cold milk; let come to a boil, then add eggs and sugar beaten together very light. Remove from stove and add vanilla. Have ready as many sherbet cups (I prefer the footed ones) as you wish to serve. Take five strawberries for each cup, cut in halves lengthwise. In the bottom of each cup place a half nut meat; arrange five pieces of your berries around it to look like petals of a flower. Now pour in the warm custard, leaving room enough to repeat the flower design on top. This may be made early in the day, as it is best served cold. A dainty and easily-prepared dessert, and especially economical when strawberries are not too plentiful.

Strawberry Kiss.

Whites of three eggs beaten stiff, add one cup of granulated sugar, one teaspoonful vinegar, pinch of salt, continue to beat for a few minutes. Put in a loose bottom cake tin that has been buttered and bake for a half hour in a very slow oven. When ready to serve add one quart of strawberries that have been cut in half and sugared, cover with whipped cream and serve same as short cake. This quantity is enough for six persons.

Peasant Sleeves.

That the peasant sleeve continues to be the most popular type with the French dressmakers is apparent. Some shops are introducing a sleeve which has more fullness than the peasant and is on the order of the flowing sleeve of a few years ago. This sleeve is mostly shown in evening gowns and wraps.

In the more practical garments the sleeve is on the order of the foregoing, but the fullness is gathered into a deep turnback cuff. This may be a forerunner of a sleeve that will slightly bag below the elbow, as was the fashion some years ago.

The tendency to favor shorter sleeves is more marked than ever. In evening gowns the sleeves, of course, are short, some being merely a sleeve suggestion. In reception and afternoon gowns they just turn the elbow and a few just come above it. For informal wear the three-quarter sleeve predominates. Even in the tailored suits of the dressier type, as well as wraps, the three-quarter sleeve is noted.

A TENDERFOOT'S WOOING

BY CLIVE PHILLIPS WOLLEY, Auther of "Gold, Gold in Cariboo," etc.

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CHAPTER IV.

It was a glorious and memorable ride for all of them, four perfect horsemen in a horseman's country; such a taste of paradise as, in this weary old world generally precedes trouble.

"How much of this belongs to the Risky Ranch, Mrs. Rolt?" asked Anstruther.

"All of it, as far as you can see."

"None of it," corrected Jim, "except a few meadows and some water front on the Fraser as you can't see."

"How annoying you are, Jim! You know what I mean perfectly well."

"Only you don't say it, and he doesn't know."

"Well, if it isn't yours," persisted the puzzled Anstruther, looking from one to the other, "why should not anyone run their cattle over it?"

"They might if they did not need water or hay. These two Harrison boys are trying it now."

"What Jim means, Mr. Anstruther, is that we have corralled—oh, I beg pardon, Kitty—secured the exclusive rights to all the water and all the hay meadows in the district, and without these the run would not be worth anything. Stock must have water, and in winter must sometimes have hay."

"I see, but how do you keep your cattle. I don't see any fences."

"We don't keep them, they keep themselves, in summer, and in winter——" she broke off abruptly, and pointed to where a number of slow-moving beasts were strung out in line of march towards the river.

"Do you see that band? Those are the first of our beasts coming in. For the next fortnight you will see them wandering in by hundreds. They know the seasons as well or better than we do."

"Do you mean that they have been out all the summer and are coming in now of their own accord?"

"Just that. In all sorts of beautiful little parks islanded in that black timber: in groves shady and deep, by little streams we have hardly seen, they have dreamed away their summer undisturbed, and now they are coming home with their calves behind them, our income."

Mrs. Rolt turned laughingly in her saddle to Jim.

"Isn't any work, is there, Jim?"

Jim, who was riding in his shirt sleeves, with his coat tied in a roll at the back of his saddle, looked meditatively at his own bare corded arms.

"Might be some in the meadows in 'skeeter time,'" he suggested. "Rounding up the strays keeps a man in the saddle quite a while, and there's some don't hanker after too much branding and such like, but it's all in a lifetime. If it is work, it is better than any play I ever heard tell of. Guess if I was the boss of the Risky I wouldn't change places with anyone."

"That is pretty of you, Jim."

He looked at her smiling, no ways abashed.

"I guess the boss agrees with me, and he knows England as well as he knows B. C., and has sampled the best there is to be had pretty nigh all over."

"Yes, but he had his fill of England first, Jim, and he is older."

Her eyes followed the laughing couple which preceded them, as her thoughts followed Combe's, and the pain in his honest gray eyes was reflected in hers. She was sorry for her old friend, and knew that it was useless to explain. The old world had called its own, and both knew that Kitty had listened to its call.

Meanwhile the others had ridden ahead, and now holding up their hands to keep the stragglers back, they left their horses and stole quietly on to some tall trees which fringed a small lake, a blue turquoise set in the red gold of the reeds, and islanded among the gray green of the sage brush.

For the last fifty yards the boy and girl—they were little more—crept on their hands and knees, and when they raised their heads above the reeds there was a sudden splashing and scurry as a bunch of mallards sprang quacking from the water. In quick succession four reports followed one another, and two of the ducks tumbled back headlong into the lake. For a moment the rest of the birds looked as if they were going straight away, but some foolish prompting of curiosity brought them back, swinging in a circle high overhead.

"Stand still, Miss Clifford," they heard the Englishman say. "Now let them have it," and again there were four flashes, but even to the onlookers it was almost impossible to distinguish more than two reports.

Again two birds came down, not all aslant on struggling wings, but with their heads under them, dead in midair, killed instantly, as if by lightning.

"That's a fine performance, Miss Clifford. Very few girls at home could beat that," they heard Anstruther say. "You were too quick for me."

"What! Didn't you shoot?"

"No," he lied gallantly. "See, my gun is loaded still, and he threw open the breach, showing the two cartridges which he had slipped in with the rapidity of an old hand almost as he spoke.

"Then I killed those two myself?"

"Unless they died for love of you."

"And who killed the others?"

"I suppose that you did."

"Oh, nonsense, I'm not going to believe that."

"Well, we'll take one each, then, if I can get them. Give me your hand, please, for a moment," and under the transparent pretext of wanting support while he balanced himself upon a partially submerged pine pole, Anstruther managed to retrieve his game.

Perhaps he held the little warm hand a trifle longer and pressed it a trifle harder than the circumstances required, but the girl's rosy face registered no serious protest.

"He's a very fluent liar," muttered Mrs. Rolt half to herself as they rode up.

"Bags his game very neatly," answered Jim.

"And she's a little fool," said the lady viciously; but Anstruther neither heard the criticism nor the praise any more than did Kitty.

In their veins the young blood was beating so that their ears were deafened to everything except their measure of one old song, which once truly learned becomes the music of a lifetime.

For them the scent of the sage brush, the hurry and roar of rising wings, and the blue of lonely upland lakes would be as the keys of paradise as long as they both should live, bringing back dreams with which duck-shooting should have little enough to do.

Unfortunately that song is a duet, and gives pleasure to two only, so that though the pools seem innumerable, and the glory of the day unstinted, an end came to Jim's loneliness. He was all eyes, but his tongue had failed him.

Suddenly, as Jim and the boss's wife followed soberly behind the younger couple, an owl called from the timber which they were now skirting.

The two in front had pulled up, and were waiting for Mrs. Rolt to join them. When they came alongside Anstruther asked:

"Did you hear that owl, Combe? Isn't it early in the day for him to be calling? There, did you hear him? He must be quite close to us."

"That ain't no owl."

"Who is it, then?"

"A Chilicoten telling his pals that there are white men coming. You'll see the smoke of their camp as soon as this timber opens up again. I guess I'll ride on ahead," and so saying he put his horse into a gallop.

"Why is he in such a hurry?"

"I expect he wants to get a glimpse of their camp before they have had time to cache anything," replied Mrs. Rolt. "Jim is looking for things not mentioned in the game list."

But when the three reached the Indian camp they found Jim Combe sitting loosely in his saddle, the bridle thrown carelessly on his horse's neck, talking with the utmost good temper to a gray-headed old mummy, as if he were enjoying a gossip in his native tongue.

"Says that the tribe is hungry, that the wolves have grown numerous, and the deer all gone back away off," said he, as the others came up, imitating the old woman's manner. "Seems like it, doesn't it?" and he pointed to a great square stack of fresh hides. "There's another stack just back of that, under those trees. They must have killed forty or fifty deer. How many squaws have you been hunting?" he asked, turning again to the squaw.

"Ten suns," showing the number on her bent claws.

"And how many men stop here?"

"My son, his father and two more."

"Who is your son? What you call him?"

"Kineshaw," whined the old hag in a curious sing-song.

"Ojul Cultus Jack, eh?"

"Nawitka, white man's name Cultus Jack."

"Then his father is Khelowna. You Khelowna's wife, Enina?"

[To Be Continued.]

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