

A Summer Idyll

By Jessie Douglas

Priscilla sat on her own white steps with her slim arms clasped about her knees and listened to the thin notes of the victrola that drifted down to her from the house above.

It was early summer and Helen and Catharine and Jane were taking advantage of it, talking and laughing and dancing away the summer night, while here she—Priscilla—sat getting lonelier and lonelier every minute.

Not that she blamed any of those girls, they were her friends; nor the boys who had left her out. Instead she thought they were quite right to choose Helen and Catharine and Jane and let her stay here on her white steps alone.

For those men—as Priscilla called them—frightened her so. The more she tried to talk to them, the more the words froze on her lips, and the more she longed to run away, until finally she did run, wishing all the time that some one would be bold enough to free her from the prisonhouse of her shyness.

When she had climbed the stairs to her own room much later she stood before the mirror and looked very seriously and very sternly at herself. Although she could not see them in this light, she knew how those seven freckles lay across the bridge of her high little nose.

"If I wasn't quite so plain," Priscilla told the reflection sadly; she turned away before she saw the glittering drops that made her wide green eyes like the eyes of a mermaid. She put out her light and knelt down beside the open window.

She let down her hair about her shoulders, hair that was like rusty gold and framed her face softly like the face of a Botticelli madonna.

She stayed there very still watching the moonlight that did glamorous things to the garden, and lent a silver pallor to the patch of grass beneath her window. All the loneliness and the tiny hurt smoothed itself away and she lingered there feeling the caressing fingers of a stray breeze that ruffled her hair about her white face.

But the very next day Priscilla had forgotten that she was "left out." She always did forget it with girls, for Helen and Catharine and Jane thought she was "a dear" and no party would be complete without her if it was just girls.

"Priscilla is so different with girls," Helen laughed. "She's such a darling, anyway. But any one can see she's frightened to death of men; and it's much kinder to let her do as she pleases."

The girls had been down to "the village," as they called their overgrown town, to shop and Jane had selected a blue dress because she said Harris liked blue, while she blushed just the tiniest bit.

Helen had chosen a yellow muslin, to be made up with ruffles, although she did not say why she had chosen yellow, and Catharine had picked out a pink-sprigged dimiti. Priscilla could not resist the temptation; she knew she might not need that pale green organdie that looked like the foam of a sea wave—would not need it, in fact; but it was not so expensive. And then the girls were all going to make the dresses themselves.

She might be left out when they wore them, but not when they made them. They had boarded the car, almost taking up a whole seat themselves, and while the others discussed tucks and pockets, ruffles and gathers, Priscilla fell to dreaming.

For right in front of her sat the kind of man she had always wanted to know. She knew he was the kind just from the back of his head. His ears were so well shaped and so close to his head his blue serge was so white above his blue serge shoulders—and his hair was so shiny smooth—then Priscilla noticed a queer thing, for as she watched him a red tide began to mount from that neck to the very tips of those well-shaped ears.

She saw then that the conductor was standing beside him and saying, "Fare, please!" while he searched first in one pocket and then the other. He didn't have a cent. Priscilla knew it. She reached forward and slipped her best nickel into his hand and she felt the coolness of his fingers and then she heard, "Priscilla! Priscilla! Don't you know you get off here?"

Catharine and Helen and Jane had already jumped off and were standing in the road laughing and calling to her. Priscilla stepped down very quickly, thankful from the depths of her heart that they had not seen what she had done.

They teased Priscilla a moment for dreaming, and said, "Who is he, Priscilla?" and to their amusement Priscilla flushed hotly right up to the roots of her hair; but fortunately they didn't know of what she was thinking—and fortunately they had their dresses to plan, which was much the more important.

Priscilla stitched and sewed and tucked and ruffled with the rest, and when she had finished they all agreed that her dress was "adorable;" but she knew that there would be no one to care particularly if she did look like a tiny lost mermaid in that Nile-green organdie.

But just the same she put it on that evening and went out to sit under the moonshine on the white steps.

She sat down very carefully, so that not one of the precious ruffles would be crushed, and she knew she was very lovely.

But what she did not know was that to the man who came whistling along the white walk she looked like a moon fairy. Just then her mother called, "Priscilla!" and she darted indoors, to find when she had come out a few minutes later that a tall figure was standing on her white steps. "Miss Priscilla!" he asked very gravely.

Priscilla's heart began to beat very hard, and a lump grew in her throat and she knew she would never be able to say a word to this good-looking stranger.

"I think I owe you this," he said, holding out a shiny nickel.

"Oh! how—did—you know?" Priscilla managed to gasp.

"I'll tell you all about it, if you'll let me sit down here on the lowest steps."

It was the fact that he had come to this very street and walked down under the trees listening at each corner for some clue that would show him where "Priscilla" lived, for he had heard her name as she joined the others yesterday morning. After he had come to thank her, he wanted to stay very much. And after he had left her he knew he would have to come back again the next evening if she would let him.

And Priscilla, sitting in her little green dream on the white steps of the porch, knew that she was not going to be "left out" again. And because she must do something she leaned down and picked up the nickel that she had laid on the edge of the step, while at this very moment at the end of the street a young man with satiny hair above a very white collar was whistling a very gay tune and thanking his stars that he had found the girl he had always dreamed about.

PERSIA'S BELT OF DESOLATION

Legend Ascribes Desert to Divine Punishment Visited on King Who Forgot His Creator.

At the southern end of the valley in Central Arabia where progress toward the Persian gulf is blocked by a broad barrier of sand, lies a district called Khari, which was once fertile, and still retains some of its former prosperity. H. St. J. B. Philby describes in the Wide World Magazine a group of ruins which appear to date back to the medieval times when the country was under the domination of a Persian colony. Close by it are the remains of an important irrigation system which almost certainly points to a Persian origin, the main point of interest about which is that it depends on a group of three great reservoirs or pools, believed to be bottomless.

A similar phenomenon exists in a district farther south, called the Afa, where there are no fewer than seven "bottomless" pools of varying sizes, among which is a fair-sized lake, the "Mother of the Mountain," which is the largest sheet of water known to exist in all Arabia. It is about three quarters of a mile in length by a quarter of a mile broad, and was in its day the center of a mighty kingdom. There, according to a legend, once stood the palace and capital of Ad Ibn Shaddad, one of the greatest Arabian kings.

The legend tells that this king built himself a new capital south of the Afa district. In this palace he gathered together a stable of 2,000 peerless steeds, a bodyguard of 2,000 warriors and a harem of 2,000 maidens, among the fairest in the world. The legend tells that the king forgot his Creator, who visited him with a dread scorching west wind, overwhelming the king and all his glory with waves of blazing sand which to this day covers an area nearly half a million square miles. This territory is known from its utter desolation as the "Empty Quarter."

Best Way to Cut Bottle.
If you ever want to cut a glass bottle, here is a good way to do it. This is thought to be very difficult to do, while in reality it is very simple, and has been done many times successfully.

Get a brick or some other noninflammable substance of the height you wish to cut the bottle. Now put a heavy or preferably a short length of one-half inch iron rod in the fire and heat about six inches of the end to bright red heat. Then, using the brick as a rest or guide, turn the bottle slowly, keeping the red-hot bar well in contact with the bottle until the bar just ceases to be red. Then quickly plunge the bottle in a pail of cold water, and, if carefully done, a fine crack will be the result. Upon plunging in the water a click will be heard and the neck and upper part of the bottle will remain in your hand, leaving an edge cut as clean as if cut with a glazier's diamond.

Salt and Alkaline Rivers.
Many of the rivers in the world are far from being pure. There is a salt river in Australia, and another in the Rio Salado, in the Argentine republic in South America. The Athabasca river of Canada has two important salt branches, one of which rises in a natural salt spring, and the other has its source in the Caribou mountains, which contain vast deposits of salt rock. Another salt river, having its origin in a similar formation, is one of the tributaries of the Great Slave river. Many of the streams and lakes of eastern Oregon are strongly alkaline in character. The Rio de Vinagre—the Vinegar river—of New Granada, in Central America, is sour from the sulphuric acid in the water.

Lovely and Flattering Hats



SINCE it is the part of beauty and style in dress to impart pleasure, gifted designers of millinery are great assets to civilized peoples. In hats the fancy has freer play than in other apparel; they may be more unusual in shape and more colorful than almost anything else with which women undertake to express their love for beauty in color and form. Our respect for the milliner's art increases as we learn more and more about it and recognize the fine discrimination with which they clothe and adorn heads so as to reveal character and express personality. At the same time they reflect in headwear "the glory of the year," the joys and vicissitudes of the seasons.

The four hats shown in the group above proclaim the heart of summer. At the top there is a graceful flaring-brimmed dress hat having a crown of satin ribbon and a braided brim of silken straw that turns upward and sweeps backward at the left front. Here wide ribbon is posed on the brim in three deep plaits and in each plait berries and other fruit, leaves and grasses, all made with loving fidelity to nature, compel our admiration.

This is a hat that will be equal to the demands of formal dress.

Just below it is another model for formal wear. It has a crown of satin folds veiled with malines and a brim of several thicknesses of malines that enmesh gorgeous peacock feathers. There are flower-like fancy feathers on the upper brim and a scarf of malines that extends from the back of the crown and swaths the throat. This same idea appears with flowers instead of feathers, showing through the malines.

At the left a charming off-the-face street-hat contrives by such simple means as wide ribbon and jet cabochons to achieve distinction which is a consummation devoutly to be wished—in street hats especially, and last, below it, there is a sports hat—the type of millinery that really holds the center of the stage in summer millinery. It is made of organdy with a straw brim—facing and cut-out figures of silk are applied to the brim. Sports hats make themselves much at home almost everywhere and some of them are made of very rich materials.

For Every Day the Year Round



FOR every day and all-the-year-round wear, sensible mothers put their toy boys and girls in rompers or overalls that give them perfect freedom and keep them clean. More or less heavy cotton goods, fast color and sturdy, are used for these garments and they are commendable from every point of view for youngsters from one or two years to seven or eight. They save darning and washing and foster self-reliance and independence in their small wearers.

There is nothing to be said against dressing little lads and lassies for play in exactly the same kind of garments up to their sixth year at any rate. After that the girls may be large enough to look well in middles and in dresses of similar character for every day and these are depended upon until they have made some progress in their teens. But specialists who design children's clothes have made some garments for the exclusive use of winsome little maids that are a little more fanciful than those intended for boys—as a concessor to the eternal feminine and by way of making something more graceful. An example of this kind of designing appears in the picture. It is made of blue chambray and white percale for summer wear, the peg-top knickers being of the chambray and the body of percale. The skeleton waist, collar and bands on the short sleeves of the chambray.

Some little girls are self-conscious and uncomfortable in overalls or knickerbockers and some mothers prefer skirts. In either case the little one-piece dresses with bloomers or sturdy, are used for these garments and they are commendable from every point of view for youngsters from one or two years to seven or eight. They save darning and washing and foster self-reliance and independence in their small wearers.

Julia Bottoroli

Brown Fashionable Color.

Brown continues to be one of the most fashionable colors. We might have expected it to be entirely superseded by the lighter colors in midsummer things, but it has not. Brown taffeta, brown net and all sorts of straws and ribbons for hats in this shade are in the very smartest clothes.

Chic Decoration.

An awfully smart idea for bags and belts is this—cut any kind of flower you like from black or colored suede or kid, applique it on your material and make the leaves and stalks of green ruffa.

THE KITCHEN CABINET

All the beauty born of light
At nature's proud command
Abides anear with evergreen might
In common things at hand.
It is no far-off visioned trance
For spirits high and lone,
But dwells within the constant glance
The common eye may own.
—Mary Flanagan.

FOOD FOR ANY DAY.

A salad which is nourishing enough to furnish the main dish at a luncheon is prepared as follows:

Veal Salad.—Cut one cupful of veal into dice, add three-fourths of a cupful of diced cooked carrots, one-fourth cupful of finely cut celery, one tablespoonful of minced onion, salt and paprika to taste. Mix all the ingredients, add a boiled dressing to moisten, arrange on lettuce and drop a spoonful of mayonnaise on each salad and serve. Peas or other vegetable leftovers may be used instead of carrots.

Seasoned Spaghetti.—Cook three cloves of garlic in four tablespoonfuls of olive oil, add one cupful of dried mushrooms that have been soaked in water until soft, add the water and mushrooms to the garlic with four tablespoonfuls of butter or any sweet fat. Add two cupfuls of stewed veal, two cupfuls of tomatoes, a bay leaf, one-half teaspoonful of thyme, salt and pepper to taste. Simmer for two hours, stirring occasionally. Cook one and one-half cupfuls of spaghetti in salted water until tender, drain and blanch. Put a layer of spaghetti in a buttered baking dish, add a layer of meat and gravy; continue until all is used. Bake in a moderate oven 20 to 30 minutes.

Where maple sirup is plentiful, it may be used in various ways to save the scarce as well as expensive sugar. A little maple sirup poured over grapefruit is delicious. Many, however, prefer a little salt on grapefruit and find it more appetizing than sugar. This is a good point for those who are reducing in weight.

Green Peas.—Cook in an uncovered saucepan in just a little water as possible, using a pinch of soda and a teaspoonful of sugar to a quart of peas. Serve with the liquor from the peas, adding cream or butter or both. A sprig of mint is added to the peas by some cooks, removing it before serving.

Great Mother Woods, stretch forth your arms to me.
For I have come again with falling dre,
My only strength the urge of my desire,
A patient for your tonic greenery;
Your roots are deep in wisdom as the sea,
And yours a singing soul of wind-tossed mirth.
To heal me as you healed the scars of earth
With kiss of moss and tenderness of tree.
—Amanda Benjamin Hall.

WHAT TO HAVE FOR BREAKFAST.

Fresh fruit in season is always a welcome breakfast dish. Cherries served very cold with the stems or garnished with the natural leaves make a most pleasing fruit.

Currents in cracked ice with plenty of sugar are delicious. The fruit should be very ripe. When other fruit cannot be obtained there is always the wholesome dried fruit—prunes, figs, dates, apricots and pears. These when well cooked are especially healthful eaten in combination with cooked cereal.

A fried egg to be cooked so that it will be digestible should be dropped into a well-greased frying pan, adding a tablespoonful of hot water, then cover and steam in the pan.

Ham Omelette.—Prepare an omelette as usual and just before folding spread with a cupful of finely minced ham. Less may be used for a small omelette. Place in the oven for a few minutes to finish cooking.

Eggs in Peppers.—Cut a thin slice from the stem end of a green pepper and take out the seeds. Cut a slice from the smaller end so that the pepper will stand level and place on a slice of buttered toast. Make a hollow in the toast and break an egg into each. Bake until the eggs are set.

Codfish a la Mode.—Flake one cupful of codfish very fine, soak in cold water. Mix two cupfuls of mashed potatoes with two cupfuls of top milk or thin cream, add two well-beaten eggs. Season to taste, mix well and pile into a well-greased baking dish. Bake 25 minutes. If it does not brown, brush the top with melted butter the last five minutes of cooking.

Maple Custard.—Take three-fourths of a cupful of maple sirup, three cupfuls of milk, two eggs, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of cornstarch, a pinch of salt. Cook the custard and pour over one-half a peach placed in small molds. Chill, unmold and serve.

Beuregard Eggs on Toast.—Cook five eggs until hard; drop into cold water and remove the shells. Cut and separate the whites and yolks; press the yolks through a sieve and chop the whites very fine. Have ready five squares of toasted bread, placed on a platter. Prepare a rich white sauce, season well and add the chopped whites; place piping hot on the buttered toast, sprinkle with the yolks, salt and pepper, and over all a sprinkling of finely minced parsley.

There comes the morning with a golden basket in her right hand, bearing the wreath of beauty, silently to crown the earth. And there comes the evening over the lonely meadows deserted by herds, through trackless paths, carrying cool draughts of peace in her golden pitcher from the ocean of rest.—R. Tagore.

APPETIZING DISHES.

Take just plain cottage cheese, add cream, salt and paprika to taste, then

a few finely minced chives and half a green pepper shredded, serve plain or on lettuce with a spoonful of mayonnaise as a salad. Another

delicious cottage cheese dish is this: Prepare the cheese with cream, then serve with currant or raspberry jam. Strawberry preserves as well as cherries are delicious with cottage cheese, taking the place of the more expensive bar le due currants which are such a luxury.

Tongue and Spinach Salad.—Mix two cupfuls of cooked spinach, one cupful of diced cold boiled tongue, half a cupful of minced celery, salt and cayenne to taste. Mix with enough boiled dressing to moisten and pack in small molds. Chill and turn out on lettuce and serve with a spoonful of mayonnaise.

Coconut Custard Pie.—Beat the yolks of three eggs slightly with half a cupful of sugar and one-fourth teaspoonful of salt. Add one cupful of grated coconut and two cupfuls of milk. Pour into a pastry-lined pie plate and bake in a moderate oven. Beat the whites of the eggs until stiff, add two tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar, cover the pie and put back to brown lightly.

Asparagus Eggs.—Make a sauce of three tablespoonfuls of butter, four tablespoonfuls of flour. Cook together until smooth, add three cupfuls of milk, one-third of a cupful of cheese and one and one-half cupfuls of asparagus tips. When very hot add six eggs unbroken and allow the eggs to set. Serve on hot buttered toast.

Creamed Ham on Toast.—Take one cupful of chopped ham; add to a cream sauce, made by using two tablespoonfuls each of butter and flour and one cupful of rich milk. Melt the butter, add the flour and when well mixed add the milk; cook until smooth, then add the ham and pour over well-buttered toast.

I feel the earth move onward,
I feel the great march onward,
And take with joy while living
My frehold of thanksgiving.

EGGS IN MANY FORMS.

Eggs are well liked, usually easy to procure and always in the market.

Eggs are food which may be given to sick or old, and served in such a variety of ways that one need never tire of them.

Scrambled Eggs.—Brown a small leek, cut in thin slices in a little butter or butter substitute. Break four eggs into a bowl, with four tablespoonfuls of cream, four tablespoonfuls of water or stock, and a teaspoonful of butter; beat for a few minutes until thoroughly mixed; turn into the cooked leek and stir until the eggs are a jelly-like consistency. Serve at once on slices of buttered toast on a hot platter.

Poached Eggs With Tomato Sauce.—Where eggs are served at a meal for the main dish this method is a good one: Put half a can of strained tomatoes in a saucepan; add a slice of onion, a bay leaf and a sprig of celery. Cover and simmer gently for five minutes, then strain again; add two tablespoonfuls of butter to two of flour and rub to a smooth paste. Stir constantly until boiling; add a teaspoonful of salt and a few dashes of pepper. Cover a platter with slices of bread, nicely toasted. Poach the eggs, slip them on top of the toast and pour around them the tomato sauce, sprinkled with finely minced parsley.

Eggs for Sandwich Filling.—Take as many hard cooked eggs as are needed for the number of sandwiches, chop fine and rub to a smooth paste with a little butter and a half teaspoonful of anchovy paste; salt, pepper and paprika to taste. Spread on slices of buttered bread with a crisp spray of water; cover with buttered slices and serve.

Nellie Maxwell

Samoans Want Hard Candy.

With a total population of 31,000 in western Samoa, of which less than 1,000 are whites or half-castes, the demand in confectionery is mainly for hard candies, better known locally as bottled lollies, retailing at 25 cents a pound. These are small varieties, differing in color and flavor, and imported in five-pound tins. Lollies are little known. Taffies and chocolates suffer from the extreme humidity of the climate, which makes necessary their being imported in sealed metal tins, retailing at from 50 to 75 cents a pound.

Woman Wants to Be Fire Fighter.

Firm in her belief that the era has passed when men were looked upon as superior to women in regard to hard work, Mrs. Pearl C. Stone of Holliston, Mass., has applied for a stationary fireman's license, the first woman in Massachusetts to ask for such a permit.