

# The Heart Pirate

By HAZEL DEVO BACHELOR  
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Theodore Caldwell has become engaged to Jimmy Hand and to her surprise is not happy about it. She tells her employer, Richard Blakelee, that she is leaving to be married, and because he feels that she has no rights aside from his wishes, he kidnaps her and carries her off on his yacht bound for a South American business port. However, a broken propeller forces the yacht to seek port, but not before Blakelee, seeing Theo for the first time in a woman instead of an office machine, falls in love with her. He is amazed at her refusal, for he has always had what he wanted out of life. But Theo is determined to remain true to Jimmy in spite of her new feelings. When the yacht lands at Savannah, Ga., Theo escapes and takes the train for New York. The next morning she telephones Jimmy and realizes for the first time that it is not going to be easy to explain matters to him.

## CHAPTER XXVIII The Truth!

"JIMMY, why do you speak to me like that?"

"How did you expect me to speak to you? What do you think I am, anyway, a man with no feelings of decency or honor? I might have known you wouldn't play fair. I would have saved myself a lot of trouble if I had never trusted you, if I had known from the beginning that what kind of a woman you are."

"Jimmy, you don't know what you're saying. Don't say things you will be sorry for afterward. Come in and sit down. I want to tell you something that will surprise you."

She went up to him and slipped her arm in his, trying to draw him into the living room, but he shook her off, pushing her away from him roughly, so that she almost fell.

She reeled back from him, her green eyes narrowing dangerously, but as he strode ahead of her she followed him in silence. She was not ready to speak, she would let him say what he had to say, and afterward it would be her turn.

"I don't know why I came here at all," he said, wheedling on her as they reached the living room. She had dropped into a chair, and she raised her eyes to his now fixed and lowered to any one looking into their orbits would find her impossible to doubt anything she said; any one but a man.

Tomorrow—Jimmy Backs Water

# Recipes From Best-Meal Contest

## Which Mrs. Wilson Recently Conducted

### A Delicious New Sausage for Winter Evenings—An Economical Cake With Orange Icing and Two Kinds of Pickles

By MRS. M. A. WILSON  
Copyright, 1921, by Mrs. M. A. Wilson

**Alabama Biscuit**  
The Alabama biscuit recipe was sent in by Mrs. Edith L. Brown.  
Place in a mixing bowl.  
Three cups of sifted flour.  
One tablespoon of baking powder.  
One teaspoon of salt.  
One cup of lard.  
One cup of milk.  
Sift to mix and then rub into the prepared flour.

**Baked Ham Cutlet**  
Place a slice of ham in a baking dish and cover thickly with thinly sliced apples. Now place in a small bowl.  
Three tablespoons of flour.  
Two tablespoons of vinegar.  
Two shells cup of water.  
Mix well, pour over the ham and apples and bake in a moderate oven, thirty minutes. Then lift to a hot platter and garnish with a border of nicely seasoned parsley.

**Pickled Onions From Holland**  
Select one peck of small white onions and then grade for size. Cover with boiling water and then pour, dropping into pan of water. When onions are all washed, place in a large crock and cover with brine made of salt and water. Use one-quarter of salt to one gallon of water. Allow the onions to stand in brine for four days and then remove the onions and wash them thoroughly. Place in preserving kettle and cover with boiling water. Boil for twelve minutes and then place in sink and let cold water run over the onions for half an hour. Lay stand in the cold water for two hours.

**White Pickle From Old Kentucky**  
Select large white fleshy cucumbers, wash and cut in large dice. Cut salt in one-inch pieces to cover, use four cups. Pour one pint of the small silver onions and sliced one quart of butter beans. Cover with cold water and bring to a boil; cook until beans are tender, then drain and add.  
Three pints of vinegar.  
Two level tablespoons of mustard.  
Two level tablespoons of salt.  
One level teaspoon of red pepper.  
Two cups of sugar.  
Four cups of water.

**Orange Butter Icing**  
Place in a bowl.  
Three cups of sifted flour.  
Two tablespoons of melted butter.  
Two cups of vegetable orange coloring.  
One and one-quarter cups of confectioner's sugar.  
Work to a smooth mix, then spread over the cake.

**Date-Nut Pudding**  
Place in a bowl.  
Five tablespoons of brown sugar.  
One cup of finely chopped nuts.  
One teaspoon of salt.  
Three-quarters cup of finely chopped nuts.  
Three tablespoons of molasses.  
Two cups of flour.  
One cup of sour milk.  
Mix the sugar and flour, then add the three-quarters cup of finely chopped nuts.  
One cup of stoned and chopped dates.  
One-half teaspoon of nutmeg.

**What's the What**  
By HELEN DECIFF  
The young man who is constantly offering the mother advice concerning her dress and appearance, that she had better formal attire, that she ought to be a model for the girls as well as for the boys, these had just together in a charming summer hotel party, and had become good friends afterward. Yet the foolhardy, now seriously interested in the girl, is enjoying his conquest by constantly retreating his steps to that old-fashioned acquaintance instead of standing pat on his present friendship.

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# WHEN YOUR EAR BURNS

## Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

**To Mrs. McC.**  
You can do nothing unless you take the matter to law. Consult the Legal Aid at City Hall. It will mean publicity for you.

**To One "In Sorrow"**  
Why ask Cynthia such questions? If you are puzzled in your religion you know what your church teaches on the subject. Consult the proper person; ask your clergyman a advice. He is the proper one to guide you in such things. Cynthia personally would advise against taking the contemplated step.

**Wants His Picture**  
Dear Cynthia—We are two girls who are in love with a boy. We each have a picture of him. Cynthia, please help us. How will we get them without asking him?

**She's for Shiny Hair**  
Dear Cynthia—I certainly do agree with a "Washington" girl. Don't the girls curl and fix their hair and try to make it look as good as possible? Why, who wouldn't? The boys try to make their hair look nice, too. Because a fellow has shiny hair, I should try to make an appearance as good as possible. I should try to make an appearance as good as possible. I should try to make an appearance as good as possible.

**Would Be Friends**  
Dear Cynthia—You are a constant reader of the "Public Ledger" and I find it very useful for the young. But this is the first time I have written you. I became friends, but I never was at her house and never have taken her to go to a show, but she refused. Recently I met her in the school playground. I had been changed to another school and now I will not be able to see her. I only had chance to get better acquainted with her. Cynthia, please tell me what to do.

**An Answer to "Kensington"**  
Dear Cynthia: To the writer of "She" if your heart and my heart could visit each other, I would like to do so. What a help it would be! What a joy it would be! I would like to go on with a smile.

**Through a Woman's Eyes**  
By JEAN NEWTON  
Divorced!  
"But my dear, she's divorced! One of those women, no doubt, who make light of marriage, get out of it whenever they feel like it, and then look around for new game. Divorced!"

**Another Poem From "Kensington"**  
Dear Cynthia: I know not why. Mystery, I know not why. Mystery, I know not why. Mystery, I know not why. Mystery, I know not why.

**The Woman's Exchange**  
"Disgusted" Wants Some Advice  
To the Editor of Woman's Page:  
Dear Madam: I am a constant reader of the "Public Ledger" and I find it very useful for the young. But this is the first time I have written you. I became friends, but I never was at her house and never have taken her to go to a show, but she refused.

**To Use After Shaving**  
To the Editor of Woman's Page:  
Dear Madam: I have a favor to ask. I have a favor to ask. I have a favor to ask. I have a favor to ask. I have a favor to ask.

**Some Costumes for "Bobby"**  
To the Editor of Woman's Page:  
Dear Madam: I have a favor to ask. I have a favor to ask. I have a favor to ask. I have a favor to ask. I have a favor to ask.

**She Has Written a Poem**  
To the Editor of Woman's Page:  
Dear Madam: I have a favor to ask. I have a favor to ask. I have a favor to ask. I have a favor to ask. I have a favor to ask.

**What's the What**  
By HELEN DECIFF  
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Everything is a sign of a sign, and what they mean. I just know what the signs are and all the signs gathered together.

If the right cheek burns, some one is speaking of you. If the left cheek burns, some one is speaking to your disadvantage. Another interpretation is: If you are a maiden and your left cheek burns, you are being courted by a young lady friend. If the right cheek burns, you are being courted by a young man friend.

Through a Woman's Eyes  
By JEAN NEWTON  
Divorced!  
"But my dear, she's divorced! One of those women, no doubt, who make light of marriage, get out of it whenever they feel like it, and then look around for new game. Divorced!"

**Adventures With a Purse**  
NOW that the fall is coming, the business girl is soon going to start wearing dark cloth dresses and suits. But what havoc is wrought by the shiny wooden chair on the skirt of the dark dress. Before you know it, all the soft glow of the material goes and is replaced, alas, by a conspicuous shine. Which is why it is a good plan to use a felt chair pad.

**Things You'll Love to Make**  
Vein of all sorts are popular this fall. Here is a simple, expediting. Fasten your veil to the front and center of the bottom edge. Make three rows of gathering around a half around the bottom edge of the veil. Finish with a silk tassel. A TIED-IN-FRONT VEIL, which will effect considerable saving in tailor's bills.

**Hot breads**  
To insure light-fleaky muffins or popovers use the perfect blend of milk and sugar.

**What Food-Iron Does**  
It builds true vitality in the food of Nature's own way. It gives strength and energy, red cheeks and bright eyes.

**LAVA-VAR Floor Finish**  
Dries Hard as Lava  
Furniture will get kicked. See those marks on the table—scratches on the sideboard—digs on the chairs—bumps on the woodwork! Apply a coat of "LAVA-VAR" and watch the original, smooth shining surface return. "LAVA-VAR" dries over night. Wears like the glaze on your china. Never turns white. Exceedingly economical.

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# DREAMLAND ADVENTURES

"The Two Mules"  
By DADDY

Jack and Janet are playing circus by the side of the river, when they are surprised to find a strange mule on the other side of the fence. When Jack makes his top circus mule marches the same way. The real mule says "Hee-haw!" to them, as if talking.

## CHAPTER II Just a Little Nap

"WHO ever heard of a mule talking?" asked Jack, staring at the strange mule who had surprised him and Janet as they played with their toy circus.

"Hee-haw! Hee-haw!" brayed the mule, grinning in a very friendly manner.

"There! Didn't you hear him talk?" demanded Janet.

"I hear him say 'hee-haw' but that is only mule talk," replied Jack. "All mules can talk that way, but folks don't know what they say." Janet gazed at this mule. He seemed a very knowing animal, and looked as though he could talk human language.

"Can't you talk real talk—just like folks?" she asked. The mule grinned, wagged his head up and down, winked his eye and opened his mouth. "Hee-haw! Hee-haw!" he said. And, of course, that didn't mean anything to Jack and Janet.

"I told you he couldn't talk real talk like folks talk," said Jack.

"But I think he could talk real talk if we could only understand his talk," insisted Janet. The mule wagged his head up and down as if to say that was right.

"Do you understand what I say?" asked Janet. Once more the mule wagged his head up and down as if nodding. "Well, if you can understand us, show us how we can understand you," said Janet.

"Then the mule did a funny thing. He grinned more broadly than ever, and lay down on the ground. He stretched out, put his head on a pillow of grass, yawned, closed his eyes and gave a big snore.

"Why, he is going to sleep," said Jack. The mule opened one eye, winked at them, grinned, and closed his eyes again.

Jack and Janet stared at the mule, not knowing what to do or what to think.

The mule gave a snort, raised his head and made a motion as if asking them to go to sleep, too.

"I believe he wants us to take a nap," said Janet. The mule wagged his head up and down. "Yes, that is what he wants us to do," added Janet. So the two lay down, putting their heads on soft tufts of grass. At first they only pretended to be going to sleep, opening their eyes every moment or so to see if the mule was still asleep. But it was very comfortable. Lying there—so comfortable that before Jack and Janet knew it they were snoring in a real nap.

A rasping, roaring sound woke them. It was the mule braying. "Hee-haw! Hee-haw!" he said, but now his braying was like human talk. "Hello! Hello!" he said. "Are you going to nap all day? Don't you want to hear me talk?"

Jack and Janet popped their eyes open.

"Why, you really can talk," cried Jack.

"Of course I can talk," brayed the mule. "I have been talking to you right along, but you couldn't understand me until you had been treated with magic."

# A "Coward" Says There Is a Fascination in Doing Things That She Is Afraid to Do

She Calls Herself a Coward, but She Is Really the Bravest Kind of Heroine—Cowardice Is Being Afraid and Not Overcoming It

"I AM petrified with fear," declared the stout girl in the movies. "Cold! Frozen! Terrified! I tell you, I'm a coward!"

She has been in so many thrilling serials and had so many hairbreadth escapes from sudden and terrible death that her name is famous everywhere.

From childhood she has been afraid of the dark, afraid to take chances, afraid of everything.

When this "coward" was asked why she did such stunts, she replied: "Well, there's a sort of fascination about it, for one thing. And after it's over there's a kind of exhilaration in having done it. I suppose it means more to me because I am afraid. You see to yourself, I thought I couldn't go through with that, but I did. And that makes you feel good inside."

This girl is the real type of heroine that is rare.

There is nothing brave in doing something that doesn't scare you, no matter how much it scares other people.

There is no particular bravery or pluck, for instance, in swimming the width of the length of an indoor swimming pool, if you are an accomplished swimmer.

But to the timid beginner who watches you from the safe shelter of her water wings and the shallow end of the pool, you seem to be doing a wonderful stunt.

IT IS in leaving the shallow water, discarding the water wings and striking out, frightened to death, uncertain of the result of the trial, and unassisted, that real heroism and bravery are shown.

That isn't cowardice, being afraid of things. It's cowardice when you give in to your terror, and give up the thing you started to do because you are afraid.

And it does "make you feel good inside" when you have gone through with something that has frightened you.

It isn't only in athletic stunts that you are to overcome "cowardice" sometimes.

There are other kinds of cowardice that are just as hard to conquer. There is the fear of facing yourself with a problem, or a decision; there is the fear of tackling some untold task; there is the fear of meeting strangers; the fear of being firm, the fear of standing up for your own rights.

THEY all hinder you, hold you back from success, and make you a timid, self-shrinking, mediocre person, of no particular importance anywhere.

And you are a coward, a real, ringing coward, if you cannot do as the actress has done with her physical fear—go ahead in spite of it, get the exhilaration that comes with walking over it, and then be able to say to yourself, "I didn't think I could go through with that, but I did."

Oh, there's nothing so satisfying as that! To start out with a hardpan and win the race anyhow—why, it's thrilling.

And, as the movie star said in her story, it was only in little unexpected ways, after the dangerous parts of her stunts were all over, that she ever got hurt, so why should she worry?

It is always the unexpected, the unguarded-against chance that brings you bad luck, and you can't always be looking out for that, so why worry? Put on it with both feet and then go ahead to success.

# New Flannel Skirt Has Jacket of Velvet

Since the tailored waists with the fine knife plaiting around the collar, cuffs and down the front have been in vogue it has been quite a problem to keep the frills in plaiting during the laundering. Unless the plaits are deeply and securely caught it is almost hopeless. It will help a little, however, if before ironing a waist with this type of plaiting you go over it with a damp cloth, brushing the plaits from the top to the edge, straightening them at the same time. Then, when you iron them, start from the side where they are plaited and press to the edge. If the frill is on a collar or cuff do the frill after you have finished the collar or cuff. A trick in ironing the double knife plaiting on the front of a blouse is to place it near the edge of the ironing board, so that the plaiting on one side stands up straight and may be pressed down on the board while that on the other side of the hand is down and out of the way. Then reverse the blouse and press the other frill in the same way.—Good Housekeeping.



With some lucky folks summer is an all-the-year-round sport. These people start off for their country homes in early May, shove off to Newport in late June, return to their country homes in September, and just after Christmas finish the game in Florida. Even, however, if we do not belong to this privileged group of vacationists, we are subject to the week-end party, to days at the country club and to other bits of outwearing in the mellow autumn weather.

For such occasions is recommended the combination of white flannel and black velvet shown here. The coat is trimmed in white braid, traversing diagonally the jaunty pocket, and the skirt of white flannel returns the compliment by choosing bands of black braid. Ruffled under-sleeves and bow of white organdie combine with a girle of white flannel to complete the charm of the costume.

By CORINNE LOWE

Safe Milk For Infants & Invalids NO COOKING

The "Food-Drink" for All Ages. Quick Lunch at Home, Office, and Fountains. Ask for HORLICK'S. Avoid Imitations & Substitutes

After your first taste you no longer wonder why they're not merely called Corn Flakes, but—

Post Toasties—best corn flakes

And you, like thousands of others, will remember to say "Post Toasties" to your grocer—instead of just corn flakes.

It builds true vitality in the food of Nature's own way. It gives strength and energy, red cheeks and bright eyes.

Medicinal iron isn't as natural. Food-iron is easily absorbed and effective. You need but a small bit of food-iron every day, yet this need is vital.

Of all stimulating iron-foods, raisins are the most valuable and the most delicious. Raisin bread, raisin pie, stewed raisins are pleasant foods for iron. Be sure to eat one of these every day.

Raisins are the Iron-Food. Ask for the SUN-MAID Brand. They are most delicious.